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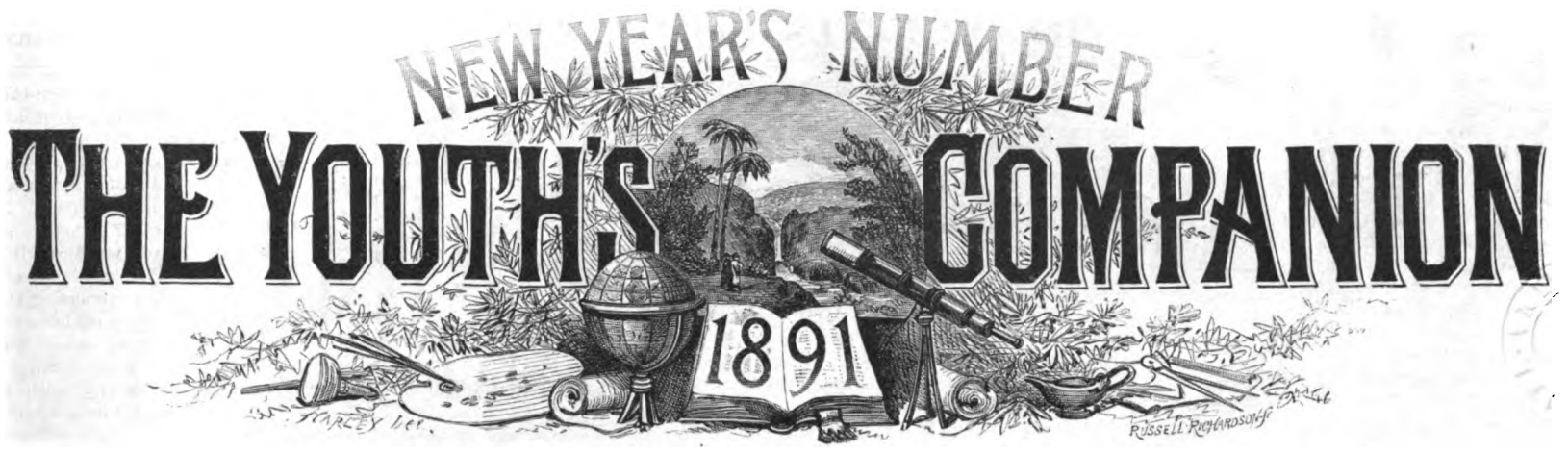
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For the Companion.

KENT HAMPDEN.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

The Package.



ONE cold evening in September, nearly seventy years ago, two men were walking up one of the four hilly streets of Wheeling. Now a large manufacturing centre, Wheeling was then only a quiet village in the northwestern part of Virginia. Its four streets straggled along the slope of high, wooded hills. In front of them the Ohio ran, while a wide creek of a peculiar emerald clearness cut them in two, and emptied its green flood into the muddy river.

Two or three steamboats from some point down the river usually lay at the little wharf, which was piled with cotton bales brought from the South, or with freight which had been brought in wagons along the new National Road. The wharf was faced by large warehouses for the storage of this freight, and during the day was alive with joking, leisurely groups of merchants, clerks, and negroes. The little town then put on an air of lazy industry.

But now, in the twilight, wharf and streets were deserted, and through the windows of the dwelling-houses shone the red lights of the huge coal fires within.

The wind blew sharply down the gorge, behind the town. The men buttoned their long frogged surtouts tightly.

"What a pull up that hill!" said one, a man with an unctuous voice that smacked of sixty years of good meals. "I'm glad, on the whole, that Duff isn't going, and that we can get Hampden to take the package to Philadelphia for us. My legs are giving out and —"

"And you smell Mrs. Hampden's supper," said Jarret, laughing. "I am of the same mind with you, judge. Let us go in."

They turned into the cross street. Their change of plan, as they thought, affected only the question of supper. But, in fact, it determined the fate of more lives than one.

The house to which they now hastened was a plain brick building, standing near a church. A row of locust-trees grew before it. At the side and back was a large garden, shaded by lilacs and huge cherry-trees.

Little Carey Hampden was perched in one of these trees. She scrambled down when she saw the men. Mr. Jarret nodded to her.

"Queer child! They are a peculiar family, judge; not like Wheeling people. Hampden himself never seems to be quite one of us."

"Hey? Well, now, Jarret, that never struck me. There is not a more popular, hospitable fellow in town than Ralph, and his wife is one of the finest women I know. Why, I'd trust her eye to choose venison as soon as my own! Oh, I see what you mean! Hampden likes to dress, to give game suppers? You think he's an airy, feather-headed fellow, hey?"

"No; not that precisely. His easy ways are not to my liking—but these make him popular. Why, they talk of electing him to be Mayor instead of Coles! Now, Coles's grandfather took up a tomahawk claim here by the side of Zane and Wetzel; but who is Hampden? Had he ever a grandfather? I went down to Orleans rafting one summer, and when I came back, here was Hampden, established, and everybody's friend!"

"Oh, yes! He began as a bookkeeper, and soon pushed his way up, opening a forwarding-house. He's a capital fellow, is Hampden."

"Of course, he's a capital fellow! Everybody says so. But *who* is he? We old Wheeling people know each other—the Zanes, the McCulloks, the Chaplines, and the rest. But did you ever hear Hampden, with all his jokes and stories, allude to a single day in his life before he came to Wheeling?"

"N—no; though it never occurred to me before. Why do you bring this up now, Jarret? Have you any fears about entrusting the package to him?"

"No, of course not! But I saw to-day in the *United States Gazette* a mysterious advertisement for a certain Ralph Hampden Stoughton. It struck me that he might be a kinsman of Hampden's, and that we might get a clue to his early history."

"Just so! There certainly is something a little mysterious, perhaps, about him! Now I think of it, he is talkative about everything but that. Have you that newspaper about you?"

"It's in my pocket."

"Aha! Read it to him to-night. Mind you, when I am there."

Next to a piece of venison pie, the judge relished a racy bit of gossip.

They had been standing not far from the steps as they talked. They knocked, and Kent Hampden opened the door. He was a boy of fifteen, with much of his father's cordial, winning manner; but the boy's eyes were dark and slow-moving, while Mr. Hampden's blue ones kindled with every changing thought.

"We saw you coming," the boy said, leading them to the supper-room. "Mother is pouring your coffee now."

They met a hearty welcome. When Judge Morris shook hands with his host, and looked up into his handsome, beaming face, the small cloud of suspicion melted from his brain as fog does in broad sunshine.

"Ha! A bear-steak!" he exclaimed, glancing expectantly at the table. "I did not know that any trappers had been in town to-day. You think too much of the good things of this life, Ralph. And waffles! We all know Mrs. Hampden's waffles. We did not intend to make this foray upon you, madam; we started for Captain Duff's. We had heard he was going with you to Philadelphia to-morrow, Ralph, and we thought we would ask him to —"

"To transact a little business for the bank," interrupted the cautious cashier. "But we have learned that he is not going, and so we must ask you to do us this favor."

"Command me in anything, gentlemen," said Mr. Hampden, courteously. "Try a spiced pear, judge. Have you read Mr. Calhoun's speech on the tariff?"

The conversation drifted into politics. Mrs. Hampden and Kent exchanged anxious glances. They guessed the business which had brought the officers of the bank to the house.

There were no express companies or telegraphs in those days. The mails were carried in coaches, or on horseback, and were not used as they are to-day. It was a universal custom to entrust large sums to individual travellers. A journey across the Alleghany Mountains was a serious event, talked of long before it was undertaken. The traveller was usually encumbered with parcels and letters.

"Father will have to take the great trunk, now," said Kent, when he was alone with his mother.

"No. It is probably money that they wish him to carry. It will not be bulky. But —" she stopped significantly.

"I wish you or I could go with him, mother."

"He has twenty commissions already," said Mrs. Hampden.



"I TRUST NO BUSINESS SECRETS TO BOYS."

"Father would lose the nose from his face! Excuse me, mother! I did not mean to be impertinent," Kent added, hurriedly.

"You forget yourself," his mother said, sternly. "If your father is careless about trifles, it is because his mind is occupied with matters which children cannot understand."

Kent sat down to his lessons, while his mother, her sewing in hand, entered the parlor. Mr. Jarret stopped speaking as she came in.

"Go on," said Mr. Hampden. "I have no secrets from my wife, gentlemen. She is the balance-wheel of this household. My dear, Judge Morris wishes me to take charge of a package of money for a bank in Philadelphia. You must stitch it in a belt to be worn under my clothes."

"You have so many commissions already, Ralph," she ventured timidly, "and Captain Duff is going."

His face clouded. "One would think you were afraid to trust me, Sarah. You will give our friends the impression that I am careless. Captain Duff has changed his plan, and is not going. Send the package to me to-morrow, judge."

He walked with an irritated air up and down, stirred the fire and threw up the window-sash. Then, his vexation suddenly gone, he seated himself, smiling affectionately to his wife. Judge Morris hastily brought out the tariff again for discussion.

Mrs. Hampden saw that Mr. Jarret's eyes were fixed upon her husband with a keen scrutiny. He had taken an old newspaper from his pocket, and was slowly unfolding it. Then he waited.

Mr. Hampden had begun to relate an amusing anecdote of General Jackson. He was an excellent story-teller, even for that day, when men studied conversation as the first among personal accomplishments. His wife watched his dramatic action and sensitive, animated face, and glanced with secret pride at Mr. Jarret to see if he were listening.

There certainly was something peculiar about the cashier. He was a spare little man with hair, skin and eyebrows all of one sandy hue, and a pair of round, watery gray eyes, which were now staring admiringly at her husband. But the mouth was the aggressive feature of his face. It never was at rest. Now the teeth were grinding together, now he smiled, now he bit his dry lips, puckered them to whistle, wet them with his tongue or showed his teeth like a wolf. The mouth seemed to have escaped from his control, and to act for itself. Carey, watching him through the glass door, made a picture of him on her slate as an ogre.

He flattened and patted his newspaper, until the story was finished.

"What a wonderful memory you have, Hampden!" he said. "Ahem! I observed a singular item in the *United States Gazette* to-day, on which I thought you might be able to throw some light. Let me see! Where was it?" He ran his finger down the rows of tiny black pictures of houses, horses, and runaway slaves in the advertising columns.

Mr. Hampden tossed back his curly hair and smiled. He liked to be consulted, or asked for advice.

"Oh, here it is! It is an inquiry for a man who left Maryland about the time you came here. I thought from the name, he might be one of your kin."

He peered up, his finger pointed to the advertisement. Hampden was not smiling now. His face was quiet, and void of expression.

"What is the name?" he asked.

"Ralph Hampden Stoughton. Oh, you have heard it before! I thought he must be one of your family. Hampden's an uncommon name, and so is Ralph."

Mr. Hampden raised his hand to his hair, and let it fall as if with uncertainty, but said nothing.

"Eh? A relation? You never have told us anything about your people, you know."

"No," said Hampden; "I have no kinsman of the name of Ralph Hampden Stoughton."

"Oh?" The busy mouth gave a slight incredulous curve, while the rest of Mr. Jarret's body was bowing deferentially. "It was just a notion of mine. Would you like the paper?"

"No, thank you." But Jarret thought he saw an alarmed eagerness in the way in which his eyes followed it.

"Well, I must be off," said Judge Morris, rising. "Good luck, Ralph! Eat some terrapin at the Indian Queen for me. *Bon voyage!*"

As he and Jarret went down the hill, he said, "I suspect that this missing man is related to our friend, and that Ralph is ashamed of him."

Jarret did not reply directly. "I had no idea," he said, after a few moments, "that Hampden was so successful a man. He has just bought that house. He will no doubt be elected Mayor, and I hear he is going to ask Colonel Congdon to appoint Kent cadet at West Point. It seems to me that is a good deal of headway for a man

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whom nobody knows. Mind, I like Hampden; I trust him. But," he lowered his voice, "after what we have seen, I am sure that many people would suspect that the missing Ralph Hampden Stoughton is our friend himself."

"Absurd!" growled the judge. "Hampden is as honorable a man as any in Virginia!"

He was crusty with Jarret the rest of the way, feeling that the cashier was unduly suspicious. Yet he was secretly uneasy, and almost wished that Duff had not decided not to go.

Mrs. Hampden, after they were gone, sat silent, furtively watching her husband over her sewing. She hoped he would say something about the advertisement. Why had he evaded Jarret's question? At last, she threw down her sewing and went to him. "Ralph, is this missing man one of your family?"

"I said that he was not, Sarah."

"Yes, but—you kept something back! You have always kept a part of your past life hidden from me!"

It was said at last! Hampden turned away. His unnatural quiet showed how deep the blow had sunk. He looked at her presently with an expression on his face which she had never before seen there.

"Sarah," he said, taking both her hands, "you must trust me. That is all I can say."

She was wholly repentant. Was there ever a nobler soul than that which looked out of his kind eyes? Had she not known for sixteen years how honest and true he was?

And yet, that night there came into her mind many stories of good men who had been tempted to errors and sins in their youth.

No secret crimes, apparently, clouded Mr. Hampden's spirits the next morning. He went gaily about the house, singing as he packed his things in a great carpet-bag before starting on his journey, while Carey trotted at his heels. He sent her away presently.

"What shall I bring the child, Sarah? I thought of a crimson silk frock, or a chinchilla turban with a gold buckle."

"Nonsense! You fill the child's head with vanity, Ralph. We cannot afford such finery!"

"No, I suppose not," he said, with a vexed, boyish laugh. "But I'd like to give you and her and Kent all the good things of this life! I often think, what if I should find a great fortune—a pot of gold, say? I would build a house with —"

"Hadn't you better finish your packing?" said Mrs. Hampden, dryly. She opened the carpet-bag. "What a mess it is in! Coats, shirts, papers, all jammed down together! I will pack it for you, Ralph."

"You are a good soul, Sarah. Is that Kent playing hockey with the young Jarret yonder? I'll go stretch my legs with them."

But the boys met him in the hall. "My father is coming," said Josiah Jarret. He was a slow, quiet lad, with his father's gray, lack-lustre eyes.

"I have brought the package," said the cashier, as Mr. Hampden ushered him into the parlor. "It is very kind in you to burden yourself with it. Ten thousand dollars. Count it, if you please. Wait—one minute!" He closed the door leading into the dining-room, and drew the curtain over the upper half, which was of glass.

"Nobody there but Kent and Si," said Mr. Hampden, as he counted the notes. They were of large denominations and easily counted.

"I trust no business secrets to boys," said Mr. Jarret. "Nobody knows from me that you have this sum in charge. The amount is correct?"

"Yes. Will you have some cider? I keep nothing stronger."

"Cider, eh?" said Jarret. "I observed last night that there were no decanters on your beaufet. You are a queer fish, Hampden! No—no cider for me. Oh, here is the receipt. Just put your name to it."

This formula was unusual in those easy-going days. Mr. Hampden's color rose as he signed his name.

"Well, good-by, and good luck!" said the cashier, pocketing the receipt. "Come, Si, to your dinner."

The boy hung back. "Let him stay," said Hampden, courteously, though he wished to be alone with his wife and children. His father gave his consent, and took his way down the hill.

Mr. Hampden turned to meet his wife. "That pettifogger asked for a receipt!" he exclaimed, as the boys left them. "As if he were likely to forget that he gave me the package, or that I had taken it. Feel the weight of that!"

The notes were folded in an oblong bundle, wrapped in heavy foolscap, and again in several thicknesses of brown paper. The whole was put into a case of black oilcloth.

Mrs. Hampden, like Jarret, shut the door. "It is very cumbrous," she said. "They are afraid of dampness, I suppose. Wait, I can manage it."

The chief treasure of her wardrobe was a crêpe shawl, brought to her by a sailor uncle. It was kept wrapped in Chinese silk paper. She ran upstairs, and brought down this paper.

"How clever you are, Sarah!" He stood by, praising her deftness while she folded the notes in the light, tough web, and tied them in a sheet of the brown paper, replacing them in the oil-cloth case.

"You can hang it by a strap to your shoulder, under your coat, Ralph."

He made a wry face. "It wouldn't do to put it in the sack? There, there! Don't lecture me! I'll not let it go out of my sight once. Ten thousand dollars! Why, here is the pot of gold! I could buy that house now."

"Do not talk so idly, Ralph. If any one should hear you!"

"Any one would know I am not a thief," he said, quietly. "Let us have dinner. The stage-coach will soon be here."

The meal was hurried and quiet. The journey was as much as a voyage to Europe is now. All the neighbors were on the watch to see the departure. Mr. Hampden had not left the table when the great red coach, with its four white horses and its many-caped driver, dashed around the corner and stopped at the door.

Mr. Hampden ran upstairs to get a forgotten parcel, followed by his wife and Carey. When they came down again, Mrs. Hampden brought the package out of the parlor. "You would actually have forgotten it!" she said, reprovingly, "but for me. Promise me, Ralph, you will not let it go out of your sight again!"

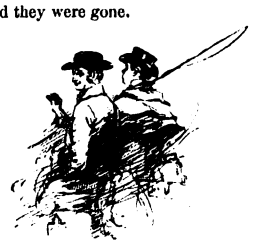
He kissed her, laughing. "Possess your soul in patience with me, Sarah."

Carey was under his feet, Kent and Si were dashing madly in and out, clamoring for leave to ride on the boot as far as the toll-gate.

"How many passengers, boys?" asked Mr. Hampden.

"Three, sir. A lady, a clergyman, and a blind man. The driver says there's not one to Philadelphia but yourself."

"All aboard!" The bugle blew, the horses strained their huge flanks, the neighbors waved their hands. Mr. Hampden kissed his hand from the coach roof—there was a great cloud of dust, and they were gone.



"God send him home safely," murmured Mrs. Hampden, as she wiped away her tears. "But oh!—that money!"

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

THAT NEW YEAR TREE.

It was the Sunday before New Year that old Mrs. Rideout came out of the aisle of the village church, tapping the floor sharply with her gold-headed cane, and stationed herself upon the porch. Evidently she was waiting for some one.

Looks of expectancy and amusement were exchanged between neighbor and neighbor, and nobody, it seemed, was in a hurry to depart. Upon the porch, upon the steps, and all around on the snowy ground, the congregation of the chapel found places—not even Jerry Williams, who seldom attended church, being absent.

Mr. Thompson, the minister, stopped short as he reached the door, wondering what was the occasion of the pause on the part of the congregation. He had been well satisfied with himself, apparently, for delivering a fine sermon without so much as a glance at the notes which he always kept on hand in case of need.

The minister looked graciously upon his flock, and smiled. He was exceedingly glad that Jerry Williams had been there to hear that sermon.



Mrs. Rideout's gold-headed cane gave two imperative taps upon the porch floor, and the old lady turned to the minister, and regarded him for a long minute through her spectacles.

Jerry Williams's wide mouth widened perceptibly, little Harry Lovett chewed noiselessly upon the edge of his mother's overskirt.

"I heard your sermon," said Mrs. Rideout, "and I waited to tell you that I put the cap on, and it fits me pretty correct."

The minister's face flushed. "I meant nothing personal," he said. "I declare to you positively, Mrs. Rideout, there was nothing personal to you in anything that I said in my sermon."

"Is there anybody around here that's proud exceptin' *me*?" inquired the old lady, in her sharp, shrill voice. "Is there anybody around here but *me* that don't belong to the societies?"



The minister rubbed his hands one over the other. His self-complacency had vanished. "A man of God does not take advantage of the pulpit to hurl personalities at his congregation, ma'am," he said, a little loudly. "I wasn't thinking of you at all; I was speaking generally, not particularly."

Mrs. Rideout bowed low. "I have put the cap on and it fits pretty correct," she repeated. "It's about as comfortable as these snoods the girls are wearin' round sleighin'!"

She made another bow, lower than the first, and, drawing her green veil over her face, passed down the steps and along to her wagon, while the minister glared in astonishment, and the others suppressed their smiles and turned to bid him a pleasant good-day.

"Mrs. Rideout has made a great mistake," he said.

"She's as spunky as she's proud," muttered Jerry Williams, admiringly, but under his breath.

"Well, if it fits, let her wear it," said Mr. Thompson, with energy. Bowing to everybody, he tramped down the road toward the parsonage. "Perhaps my sermon may do more good than I anticipated," he said to himself. "How foolish we are to lose our tempers so easily!"

When Mrs. Rideout reached home she ate her dinner in silence, though her woman, Almira Peacock, who attended another church, made overtures to compare sermons with her.

After the modest meal she betook herself to her parlor, and sat down in her favorite chair. Although she allowed Almira to sit at table with her when she would else be alone, she did not suffer her to remain in the parlor unless she herself was in a very talkative mood. This afternoon her talk was for herself; and it was of a sneering and unkindly character.

"I'm to throw my bread upon the waters!" she said. "And to enter all the societies! Feeding the hungry and clothing the naked means taking care of them what have folks to take care of 'em, but who drink."

Then her voice changed. Her proud old face looked mockingly about the room. "Have they ever asked me to enter the societies? Have they ever come to me and asked me, politely, to enter the societies? Haven't they kept away from me, and talked at me, knowing all the time that I could buy and sell every one of 'em?"

She leaned back in her chair and smoothed out her black gown. Then suddenly she burst into a satisfied cackle.

"I'll go in for helping the negroes," she said. Again her sharp laugh rang through the sombre room. "The negroes are kept out of the societies as well as me."

What Mrs. Rideout said was true. The society for bestowing gratuitous clothing upon the poor in the neighborhood never made any pretensions to assisting the colored people who lived in the "Porter's Lane" region.

These colored people were neat and industrious, but they had a hard time to get along. The men's services were sometimes indispensable, and the women took in what washing they could get; but they were expected to give full measure of work for the money they were paid. Their small houses were overflowing with children. Gratuitous garments of any kind would have been a godsend to them. But they had their merry-making and their music, and would not, under any consideration, be miserable. So the society never even gave them a thought.

The old lady, sitting in her high-backed parlor chair, got a great deal of enjoyment out of her thoughts in the next half-hour. She would take such a departure upon charity's wide road as to set all her sisters in the church talking afresh. She would "*spite*" them as sure as her name was Maria Rideout.

Her mind once made up, she set to pondering the best way to carry out her intentions. She was determined that not only the right hand, but all her neighbors, should know what the left hand was doing.

"If it were Christmas, I'd give 'em a tree. I'd be equal to the society," she said, with a grim look and something like a mocking laugh, as she added, "I'll give 'em a New Year tree!"

She took great pleasure in telling Almira Peacock, at the supper table that evening, that the sermon was more eloquent than usual, and that, thinking about it, she had decided to give a New Year tree to the negroes. Miss Peacock's indignation was boundless. "In the house?" she screamed. "Is your minister crazy, Mis' Rideout?"

"Is your minister Christian, Almira Peacock?" retorted her mistress. "Did God or man make some folks black?"

"It were a curse," said Miss Peacock, solemnly. The next day Almira declared that she wouldn't make the cakes. "I've lived with you fer thirty-five year," she said, "without any fuss, but I've never yet ben ast to make cakes fer the negroes!"

"And have I asked you now?" cried Mrs. Rideout. "Is hunting the pans making the cake?"

She fancied that she could hear already the neighbors whispering how she gave a tree to the colored folks, and made the cakes herself. She had not performed this duty for many years, and she discovered, or rather remembered as she drew the pans out of the oven, that ginger cakes scorch easily. Almira sneered openly. Her ginger cakes were her special pride; but Mrs. Rideout said, quite cheerfully, that scorched cakes were good enough for the purpose.

The colored man who was employed to cut Mrs. Rideout's firewood was ordered to bring a Christmas-tree, and put it up in the dining-room. She was glad to have it there early, for Almira's contemptuous sniffs during meal-time lent zest to the affair.

The old lady was not altogether sure what she ought to hang upon the tree. She had no intention of spending any money. She went up into the garret to make search.

Mrs. Rideout's garret was full of things. Every summer her daughter came home, bringing the children to enjoy the country air, and every summer added to the stock of miscellaneous articles in the garret.

Mary Rideout "that used to be" was not mean; she was rather extravagant. When small holes appeared in the children's stockings, she threw them aside. She never mended a white apron. She thought it foolish to rip and turn her small boy's cravats. Her mother gathered together the cast-off clothing and put it away, telling Mary that when a rainy day came she'd be glad to see all these things. This was the way in which the garret came to be full of cast-off garments.

Mrs. Rideout looked them over very particularly; she would not take the best. She picked out the stockings with the largest holes, and the torn aprons which she felt sure, even on the rainy day, Mary would refuse to mend. She had gay petticoats and bright frocks from which to choose, but she resolutely picked out the worst.

"Good enough for colored folks," she said, and carried down her arms full to deck the tree.



She wondered how Almira would act when the day came; whether she would seek the refuge of her room, or prefer to remain in the kitchen and watch the proceedings.

The tree, when it was finished, was a ludicrous sight. The old clothes dangled from the green branches, a pair of brass-toed boots which Mary's little son had bought with his own money showing conspicuously. She had been to no expense in the way of candles; a lantern was placed at the top of the tree, and a

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colored glass shade threw the light downward. But, to increase Almira's disgust, Mrs. Rideout had brought out some of the parlor ornaments, and fastened them securely to the boughs.

One disappointment happened to the old lady. The day before New Year, after she herself had driven down to Porter's Lane and announced to the dazed but grinning colored people that she had come to invite them up to a New Year tree in her dining-room, and that they were to enter by the back hall door, and to be sure to wipe off their shoes, Almira Peacock was taken ill.

When Almira announced that she was ill, and was going home, her mistress laughed scornfully, and told her sharply for pity's sake to go, and not to come back until she was ready.

But it was not necessary that Almira should be on hand on that eventful evening in order that the news of the New Year tree should be bruited far and wide. The shrieks of delighted mirth that rang out from Mrs. Rideout's old dining-room told their tale more forcibly than Almira, at her strongest, could ever have done. The colored people were vastly pleased.

Mrs. Rideout did her part well. She acted the part of a pleasant, charitable hostess, handing around the old garments in quite a Lady Bountiful way. She saw her guests to the back door, holding the lantern to light them, and she heard them screaming and laughing as they went on down the road.

Then she closed the door, and wondered grimly what the neighbors would have to say. She was going to give her little chuckle, because she herself always expected it after a sarcastic speech, but instead she set the lantern down hurriedly, and sank beside it on the lower stair step. Putting her wrinkled hands over her face, she moaned out, "Oh dear, I'm afraid I'm goin' to have a fever!"

For two days Mrs. Rideout managed to rise, but on the third day she kept her bed. Her room was cold and comfortless; there was no one to get her breakfast, but she was too wretched to care for that. The man who cut her wood had not made his appearance on the previous day.

Suddenly, as she lay there in bed, she heard the sound of the axe rapidly chopping—so very rapidly that for a moment curiosity surmounted all other feelings, and she drew aside a corner of the curtain from the window at the head of the bed. Tim Moon's never cut wood like that.

There, at the woodpile, was a small colored boy. She was far-sighted without her spectacles, and could see him distinctly. He was chopping briskly, and whistling as he worked.

The boy had a little straw hat perched on the back of his head; he wore a blue cravat, and his thin red stockings were patched at the knees with red Turkey calico. As Mrs. Rideout watched him curiously, the wind blew off his summer hat, and he ran after it and thrust it back upon his head. A sudden pity awakened in the sick woman's breast. "He ought to have a comforter over his ears," she muttered. "He can get cold, if he is black."

About noon Mrs. Rideout heard a strange sound, first in front of the parlor door, then down at the end of the passage, and then just outside her own door. It was the sound of a bashful giggle.

"Come in," cried the old lady, with feverish irritation. The door was opened hesitatingly, and a young colored girl entered. The sight of Mrs. Rideout in bed covered her with fresh confusion, but by degrees she managed to blurt out her sentences.

"Josh, he said some'n' must be de matta. He come up to cut de wood, 'cause Tim Moon wa' sick. An' he aint done fo'got dat New Yeah tree. I'se sent up to see ef some'n' wa'n't de matta. Josh, he say Miss Peacock sick, too. I kin cook," the girl went on rapidly, "I kin do mos' anything. We didn't all know you wa' in bed, or we'd ben up soona." Then for an instant she showed her gleaming teeth. "I aint done fo'got dat New Yeah tree, needer, Mis' Rideout."

Mrs. Rideout was very ill. She was in bed for three weeks, and the doctor said that if she had not had such excellent nursing she would never have recovered. Old Aunt Sake, who "hadn't fo'got dat New Yeah tree, needer," constituted herself head nurse. Lindy crept around the house, suppressing her laughter, and Jeff got Jim and John and Jonas to help "tote de woodpile way out in de lot," so that the noise of chopping would not be heard at the house.

But the old lady, lying back among her snowy pillows with all this kindness about her, was enduring a horrible nightmare. "Dat New Yeah tree," with its worn and warmthless garments, would wave its branches perpetually before her eyes. Only when she recovered sufficiently to arrange her thoughts did it disappear.

Then another tree arose before her. New, woollen garments, made with her own hands, hung upon it, and there was the glory of light about it, and the beauty, too, which doesn't cost too much. She had thrown a few scorched ginger cakes upon the water, and what had come back to her?

To the colored people down in Porter's Lane, a new life was opened. By reason of the fame of her nursing of Mrs. Rideout, Aunt Sake's services were greatly in demand. Jeff, as a wood-chopper, was without an equal. They would never have understood Mrs. Rideout's horror of it, for all their prosperity commenced with "dat New Yeah tree."

LOUISE R. BAKER.

For the Companion.

THE CHAINMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

In one of the low sheds near the iron factories at Cradley Heath, England, a man, two boys and a girl were at work making chains. The man wielded, with brawny arms, an immense hammer, as he fashioned a cable chain, while the sweat stood in great beads on his toil-worn face. Dave, his son, a rather sullen, heavy-featured boy of nineteen, perhaps, with a smaller lad, was working the bellows. The man's daughter, a tall, slender girl of fifteen, was rapidly fashioning a smaller chain.

"Yes, dad," she said, "I'll soon finish it now."

The three fires were almost unbearably hot, yet no one thought of complaining. These four human beings worked almost as mechanically as so many machines.

The last link finished, the girl threw the chain over her shoulders, staggering a little as she did so, and went out, bareheaded, into the daylight, now fast melting into dusk.

It was a strange, dreary world that Grissel Sandys came out into. There stood the great iron factories with their glowing furnaces; here the outbuildings back of the rows of red cottages,—these last with streams of sewage in front of them,—while the ground the girl walked on was rough and uneven from the excavations of the collieries beneath, which made the buildings tottering and unsafe, even though they were "tied" by iron girders.

Although it was early spring, there was no sign of it in the landscape. Everywhere were heaps of old iron and black mud. Here and there were groups of ragged, dirty, quarrelsome children.

The slight, unformed girl hurried on in spite of the burden she carried, until she reached a house somewhat superior to those around it. Slackening her pace, she went around to the back door.

It was opened by the "fogger" himself. He was the middle-man who stood between the iron-masters and the chainmakers, and wrung profit from the poor people who were at his mercy.

He glanced at the girl suspiciously, as he carefully examined and weighed the chains. Grissel accounted for every pound of iron used, and for her week's work she was paid five shillings, which she held tightly in her hand.

She walked on, when once outside, but not toward her home. Her head throbbed, and she felt that it would burst if she went directly home to get the meagre supper. As she hurried on at her rapid, nervous pace, a voice called her name.

She turned, and saw, running after her, a girl near her own age.

"Prim, is it you?" asked Grissel, with a cheerful tone in her tired voice.

"I was so 'feared you'd not hear!" said the other, panting, as she took Grissel's arm in hers. "Have you been to the fogger's?"

Grissel nodded. Then she burst forth, as they walked on together, "I hate it all! Nothin' but iron everywhere; an' I works at it so much till I feels sometimes I'm a part of it, too, and dad and Dave. We oughtn't to feel and think. I wish we were just machines, Prim. Nothin' but work, work, work! I've never knowed nothin' else, an' I must go on this way till I die. Somehow, when I feel so dead tired, Prim, and my head aches so, I'd be glad to die. I wouldn't be afeard to."

The pale girl by Grissel's side shivered. "Don't talk so!" she said. "We can't help it; we has to stand it; our mothers did."

"Yes, until they died," interrupted Grissel, "when they couldn't bear it no longer. But I aint a-goin' to stand it. I'm a-goin' to live my life, and get some'at besides hard times out of it. I'll just go crazy if I can't get out of this misery. Folks says they has green fields and flowers and sunshine at Malvern, and I know I could walk to Malvern."

"When would you get the time?"

"If I goes away, I don't come back. I'd rather die!" said Grissel.

"O Grissel, don't go without me!" Prim begged, holding her fast.

"Yes, yes, you must go if I do," Grissel replied. With a hurried good-night, the elder girl left her companion, and walked back toward home. It was a miserable hut that she entered. Lighting a candle, she prepared, in a short time, the scanty evening meal. Her father, brother and cousin did not come in till it was ready. Grissel handed her wages to her father at once. The meal was eaten silently; there were no jokes, there was no laughter. Enoch Sandys's face, hard, thin and stern, looked as if want and never-ceasing, monotonous labor had turned him, as Grissel said, into iron.

"We're goin' to work to-night, Grissel," he said, as the three men left the bare table; "but you can stay at home."

Grissel's worn face brightened. After her work was done, she went into her close bedroom, and soon fell into an exhausted sleep.

Next day Grissel ventured to ask her father the question she had had in her heart for weeks. It was at the evening meal, and with her heart in her mouth she said, suddenly, "Dad, why couldn't I go away from here, and get work some'rs else?"

"Gals don't get any good," her father said, with no change in his stolid face, "gaddin' from home. Do as other gals do, and don't be frettin'. Mind yer business, and don't get notions! You'll never get away from here, so that settles it."

He shut his thin lips together, and strode out of the house, followed closely by his nephew, Roger.

Grissel covered her face with her hands. She had not known until now how much hope was in her heart.

"Don't be frettin', Grissel. What 'd I do if you was to go? I'd never stand dad and the work with you gone."

The girl lifted her face in sheer amazement. There stood Dave, his usually dull face kind, and with an awkward yet real interest in his gray eyes. Before she could answer, the young fellow was gone.

Grissel could not afford the luxury of idle misery. Her chains awaited her—but her mind was made up.

Late that night she stealthily left the house, and with her heart beating rapidly, went on her way. She had little to carry or wear. Her dress was ragged, her shoes full of holes. When she reached a cottage at the other end of the town, she tapped quickly on the casement. A m more, and Prim English's dazed face appea the little window.

"If you want to go with me, come out said Grissel, in a strained whisper, "a quick!"

Almost in an instant Prim came out. G glanced at her critically. "Where's yer sh she asked.

"I aint any," Prim replied. "Dad sol for gin."

On went the two forlorn figures. Prim dered, and drew closer to Grissel as they p one of the many public houses in Cradley H "Dad's there now," she said, as shouts drunken laughter floated out to the girls' ear

The two went on in silence. Tired as were with their long day's work, and in spi the black mud clinging to their feet, they n good speed. Toward morning a teamster ; them a lift, and two hours later they were sight of Malvern, only a few miles from Crad Heath, and yet what a glorious miracle had wrought! Loveliest green grass everywhe even now sweet smells in the air, and the sing of birds! Above, the blue sky, and everywh the sunshine.

It was the first glimpse of spring these girls ever had. Prim sank to the grass in a kind ecstacy, which ended in a flood of tears.

"I do' know what makes me cry," she sobb "only I'm so glad!"

Grissel's eyes were dry. She spoke in strained tone of half-suppressed excitem "Come, Prim," she said, "we must get on Malvern."

Prim dried h eyes, clutched handful of gra and walked on Grissel's side.

"What are yo goin' to do?" s ventured, timidly.

"I do' know, bu something," sa Grissel, in her reso lute voice. "An I'll take care o you, Prim, neve fear."

A party of young ladies and gentlemen came down the broad drive of a beautiful villa, all mounted on fine horses. As they entered the road, Grissel, with a sudden impulse, placed herself in the way of a beautiful girl.

"Oh, please, miss, do you know any work we could find?" she asked, with an intensity that made the girl draw rein. As her eye swept over Grissel's ragged, travel-stained clothes, she drew back.

"Indeed, you must go to the proper authorities," she said, hastily, and rode on, laughing. The gay party passed by, absorbed in their own pleasure, and Grissel, with her whole soul filled with dismay, and faint with fatigue and hunger, took Prim's hand, and led her out of the town to the side of the road under a tree.

"We have green grass and sunshine, Prim," she said, brightly.

"Yes, I don't mind anything as I did at home," Prim replied. But her voice was weak, and it was not long before, to Grissel's satisfaction, she was fast asleep; but Grissel could not sleep. She felt more helpless and discouraged than she was willing to own to herself. The sight of those young people in their ease and prosperity, so carefree and merry, roused many thoughts which had been unknown to her before. The difference—the cruel difference—between them! She only asked for work; she did not care if it was hard, with a little breathing space, fresh air, and a chance to feel herself a human being.

It was poor Grissel's first sight of so wide a contrast in worldly circumstances, and she was human.

Here was Prim dependent upon her, and yet where could they find even the meanest kind of labor? Must they finally go back to the slavery they had left? No; she would rather die.

Something made Grissel look up. At a little distance from her she saw a young girl dismounting from a white pony. Holding her dark blue riding habit in her hand, she came straight toward Grissel. She glanced at Prim, fast asleep, and beckoned to Grissel to come further on.

"My cousin just told me of you," she said, quickly. "Are you very tired?"

The tone was the kindest Grissel had ever heard. Her resolute mouth and chin quivered, but she said, "We're tired, miss, but we're wantin' work."

"And what can you do?" asked the girl.

Grissel's face fell. "Nothin' but chain-makin', but oh, we could learn *anything;* we'd try so hard!" she said.

The earnest appeal, perhaps her appearance,



"ARE YOU VERY TIRED?"

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seemed to affect the young lady. She said, in a voice that trembled a little, "Come with me; or stay, we must not waken your—sister?"

"No, it's just Prim," said Grissel. "But she's awake now, miss."

Prim sat up, staring with all her eyes.

The young lady mounted her horse, and the two girls followed her into the town. But before they reached it she stopped, and turning suddenly to Grissel, asked:

"Are you from Cradley Heath?"

"Yes, miss."

"Is it such a dreadful place, and are the people as—do the rest of the people have as much trouble as you must have had?"

"More, miss," said Grissel, briefly, while Prim, forgetting her shyness, added, impulsively, "And oh! it's so hard, 'cause we never has good times, and it's all so dark, and everybody's so tired, and hasn't time to be kind nor nothin', and the fogger grinds us all so hard."

Did Grissel fancy it, or did a change come over the girl's earnest face at Prim's last words? Surely that deep flush was not in her cheeks before!

There was silence until they reached a pretty villa in the town. "This is my home," said the girl, as they turned into the drive. "You must come in and see my aunt. She will know what to do—she always does."

Giving her horse in charge of a groom, she led the two girls into a comfortable room, and telling a maid to let them bathe and tidy themselves as best they could, but above all to give them food, she hurried upstairs and rushed into a pretty room where, by the window, an elderly lady sat reading.

"O Aunt Pen," she said, "I have something to tell you. We came upon two miserably poor young girls as we were riding. Something made me turn back after Cecilia told me that they asked for work. I felt that I *must* help them in some way, for they are from Cradley Heath, and are very wretched. The younger girl said their misery was so increased by the fogger's injustice. Aunt Pen, cannot I do something to atone for my father's hardness toward these poor people? Must I always have this to remember and bear? Sometimes I feel that I cannot suffer it, and to-day it has been brought home to me again! The elder girl is strong and proud—how it must all cut her—and the younger is pretty, or would be if her face were not so drawn and white; and she is timid and gentle."

Marian burst into the tears she had been struggling to repress.

The older woman soothed her. As Marian had said, she would know what to do. Her plans were soon made, though she assured Marian that her new charges must only be taken on trial. Before her arrangements could be carried out, the girls must be properly clothed.

"I shall see to that," said Marian.

After telling them what her aunt proposed to do, she said, bravely, looking past Prim into Grissel's determined face, "Won't you let me give you clothes?"

Grissel was about to refuse, but Marian seized her hands and said: "Listen; you must let me help you. My name is Marian Darrow." She scanned the girl's face, but it did not change. "I—I am the fogger's daughter. Don't hate me, but let me do something for you!"

The fogger's daughter! The words echoed in the girls' ears, but it was hard for them to associate this bright, warm-hearted girl with the hard-visaged, grinding man who seemed to them the embodiment of all evil.

While Prim looked on in silent amazement, the other appreciated somewhat of Marian's desire, and a warmer feeling came into Grissel's heart.

"You can't help bein' kin to him," she said, quickly, "and you're good to us, and please, Prim and me'll take clothes as a loan, miss."

No one but Grissel knew what these words cost her. She was born with a horror of charity in any form.

"I was never allowed to live in Cradley Heath, and my two sisters and I were sent away to school," Marian explained, briefly. "Then when my mother died, relatives took charge of my sisters, and Aunt Hastings adopted me. But do not let us speak of painful things again."

Mrs. Hastings's shrewd yet kindly eyes seemed to look, as Prim said, "to the soles of their shoes,"—for by this time Prim had shoes,—but she was not unwilling to make a trial of the girls. It was arranged that Prim should stay at the villa and be trained in a maid's duties.

Grissel was taken on trial, at Mrs. Hastings's request, by the landlord of the hotel in Malvern as a waitress. She had been offered the maid's place at the villa, but yielded it at once to Prim; it was the easier employment.

Grissel was awkward and uncouth at first, but never did waitress try harder to learn, and never was girl more patient and obliging, and she succeeded.

Within a few weeks one would scarcely have known either girl. The sad, drawn look had gone out of their faces. Prim sang softly about her work. She never tired of looking at the grass and flowers, and always had a bunch of violets or primroses in her room. Burying her face in them, she seemed to draw from them comfort, and fresh inspiration for living.

Some months passed, with Malvern a paradise for both girls. One warm September evening, Prim was awakened by the calling of her name softly outside her open window. She looked out and saw, in the half-moonlight, the figure of Grissel.

"Can you come down without waking anybody, Prim?" she asked, in a low tone.

Prim threw on her clothes, and, her mind full of misgivings, hurried downstairs to Grissel.

"Oh, what is it?" she asked. Grissel's face had something of its old, hard look.

"Come and walk with me, Prim. I felt as if I couldn't go without seein' you," said Grissel, as they walked on.

"What do you mean—go where?"

"I've been thinkin' for weeks, Prim, and I've been full of worry and trouble. You see, mam said to me, when she was dyin', 'Don't forgit Dave—don't let him go to the dram-shops like most of the men does,' and before I come away, Dave himself said he'd never bide with dad without me. But I went away and left him, and dad, too. Dad hasn't got no heart, I know, but he don't drink. But it's Dave that's on my mind. Prim, I'm a-goin' home!"

"Home?" echoed Prim, in a tone full of dismay. "O Grissel!"

"I must. I give the landlord warnin', and he's got some one in my place, but I didn't want nobody else to know, for fear I'd turn back if a word of coaxin' was said to me. It was the preacher as finished me, Prim, when he said that people mustn't turn their backs on home work and near duties. And I says, 'Grissel, that p'ints at you.' Now, Prim, be a good girl, and don't say a word. I must go."

Prim was sobbing softly. When she could speak she asked, "Do you think I'd oughter go back to dad, too, Grissel?"

"No, no—your dad can't miss you. He's too far gone with drink all the time. No, you stay here—it would break my heart to have you leave."

There was a long embrace, and the girls parted.

Grissel walked on, carrying her bundle, her mouth twitching with long repressed crying. But she dared not trust herself with another sight of Prim. She tried to divert her thoughts by remembrance of the little gifts she had bought for her father and Dave. Why, they'd never had a present in all their lives!

But as the miles behind her increased in number, and she drew nearer to Cradley Heath, the girl's heart almost failed her. She fancied she could see the desolate, dreary place—all the more unbearable after Malvern. She could feel the stifling heat of the room where she must work days and often nights. Then, what reception would her father give her? Perhaps he would beat her, or even refuse to let her in.

The wear of mind she had endured for many days was telling upon her. Her head ached—she was faint. She would lie down under these haystacks and rest.

Grissel awoke with a start and a terrible shock, as if she had fallen. Everything was dark about her. She groped with one hand, and felt earth beside and above her. Was she dead and buried? Where could she be?

She tried to move, and uttered a groan. What was the matter with her left arm? She must try and help herself. Another attempt—another groan.

At that moment a man's voice called from somewhere. It seemed above her.

"Is any one down in the hollow?"

Dave's voice! "Is that you, Dave?" Grissel called back.

"What! Grissel?"

In a moment more Dave was beside her, full of questions and wonder.

"I was goin' back to you, Dave. I oughtn't to have left you," the girl explained, as she briefly told her story.

"And I was a-huntin' you now," said Dave. "You see, dad's got married —"

"What do you mean, Dave?" interrupted Grissel, forgetting her arm in her surprise.

"Yes, he's got another wife, Grissel, and I wasn't wanted, and I was that lonesome without you, and she has a temper—whew!"

"But what'll dad do without you blowin' the bellows?" asked Grissel, anxiously.

"Don't fret," said Dave, coolly. "Her son takes my place, and he's got his mam's airs and temper. And oh, Grissel, but you ought to 'a' seen how mad dad was when you left! 'I hopes the baggage'll stay away,' he says; 'she'll come to no good.'"

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have gone," said Grissel, thoughtfully.

"It was as well," said Dave. "Dan Storey told me dad was a-goin' to marry her all along, and you'd 'a' died livin' there now."

But the next thing was to get Grissel out of this place, which was a deep ravine in the meadow. With the weight of her journey upon her mind, Grissel had risen in her sleep and fallen into a deeply furrowed gully.

Daylight was faintly visible, and the brother and sister could see each other's faces. Dave looked intently at Grissel, and then exclaimed: "Why, Grissel, you're a-gettin' pretty!"

Grissel blushed. It was her first compliment.

"Oh pshaw, now!" she said; but she was not displeased.

Indeed, this meeting with Dave gave the girl new strength and courage. She bore the intense pain in her arm without a sound, as with Dave's help she climbed up the steep sides of the hollow.

The two reached Malvern, how, Grissel hardly knew. The old landlord at the hotel took them both in. He had learned to trust and like Grissel, and Dave was given work at the stable. Though Grissel was disabled for a time with her broken arm, she soon returned to her old duties.

Prim still lives at Mrs. Hastings's pretty villa, and is devoted to Marian, who, as she grows older, devotes herself more and more to good works.

DAISY R. CAMPBELL.

THE NEW.

Only a night from old to new;
Only a sleep from night to morn;
The new is but the old come true:
Each sunrise sees a new year born.

—*Helen Hunt.*

For the Companion.

A CRACK IN A WINDOW.

"Hi, there, M'r'arty!"

Moriarty turned around and went back. At the door of the modelling-room he stopped, and placed his roll of paper against the wall, and looked in.

Moriarty was early that morning—there were still fifteen minutes before school-time. There were only two students in the room when he looked in, Brastow and Jim Parker. They were in their working garb—the long, clay-colored coats and jaunty white caps that distinguished the modelling class from the rest of the art school.

Brastow stood before his easel, drawing rapidly upon the surface of damp clay before him. He was at work, as Moriarty knew, upon a portrait in low relief of his chum, Jim, who sat perched on a table close at hand.

It was Jim who had given the sharp call, "Hi, there, M'r'arty!" It was he, too, who spoke to Moriarty when he appeared in the doorway.

"Here you are, M'r'arty! Brastow wants you to gaze at his masterpiece."

Moriarty stepped in front of the easel, and looked at the clay. For five weeks now he had been in and out at the art school as the errand-boy from the store of Wirt, the dealer in art materials. Already he had become a critic.

He began at once to find fault with the nose of the portrait of Parker. He said it was altogether too long. Brastow declared it was rather short. At last, in the excitement of the discussion, Moriarty seized a modelling tool, and drew Jim Parker's nose in one corner of the clay.

This decided the matter. Moriarty's drawing was plainly right; but Brastow was much bewildered.

"I say, Moriarty," he began, "where did you learn to draw?"

"Why, I don't know," said Moriarty. "It's easy enough. You only just put down what you see."

"Well, here now, draw something else; anything, I don't care what—here in the corner."

Moriarty laughed. "Why, what for? I aint got time. I've scratched your clay all up now, that's enough. Well, I must be going. Good day!"

He hurried across the room, shouldered his bundle, and went softly down the hall. As he left the studio, Jim Parker slipped off the table, and stood looking at the clay.

"Moriarty's a bright fellow," said he. "I've watched him sometimes—the way he looks at the pictures when he comes in. If it was so he could have a good training here at the school, he'd make his mark."

"Wonder if he ever thought of it?" said Brastow. "How old is he, do you think?"

"Oh, fourteen or so; I don't know. All I know about him is this: I saw him coming up the avenue one day with a big load of canvas for the life class. It was about as much as he could manage,—he's a slight chap, you know,—so I helped him along. Since then he's been pretty neighborly with me. He came from somewhere up country this spring. I've an idea he's got a father up there that keeps a store.

"I've rather thought Moriarty might have gone into an art store with some notion of working up, because of his interest in pictures. But I think the fellow's lonesome. That's why I called him in this morning."

"Then we'll have him in to-morrow morning," said Brastow.

So the next morning, when Moriarty went past the door of the modelling studio, he was greeted again: "Right along here, M'r'arty! Exhibition in here to-day! Free to artists!"

Moriarty's eyes gleamed at the sight of the portrait. This time his criticism was all favorable.

After this he did not wait to be called, but came in every morning of his own accord to see the improvement. Sometimes he made a suggestion, sometimes he made none. In either case he refused to draw. He was always "too busy." The boys laughed at him about this, but nothing moved him. He obstinately refused to touch a modelling tool of any kind.

One morning he came into the studio unusually early, just as the boys were getting into their coats. His whole face was radiant.

"What's up, Moriarty?" said both of the boys. Moriarty gave a merry little leap, and caught Jim gently by the arm.

"You know what next Saturday is—the seventeenth of June? I'm going up home for over Sunday, and I can go Friday afternoon if the work comes out well. There's a fellow down there who's going to help me out if he can. There's just one train goes up in the afternoon,—that's at two o'clock,—and I'll get home by four o'clock, and father and I'll go fishin'. Aha, now!"

He was as happy as a boy could be.

"Hum!" said Brastow. "You're a nice boy, running away because you can't draw as well as I can. I see through you!"

"Look out now!" retorted Moriarty. "Maybe I'll do something when I get back! Well, good luck! See you next week!"

"I don't know whether you will or not," said Jim Parker. "I may be roasted by that time. At this rate I shall be. Here I sit smothering in this stuffy old corner, and every time I turn my head round inside my collar, Brasty calls to me to 'keep the pose.' I'm sure I shall before long smash a hole in that window!"

Moriarty looked up at the great plate-glass window behind the easel.

"Can't you open it?" he asked. "Let me try." He sprang lightly upon the sill, and stood for a moment fumbling with the catch, his agile little figure in picturesque relief against the light.

"Get down, M'r'arty," said Brastow. "The catch is out of order, and it won't go either way. Billy says every day he'll fix it, but he's something like you; he can talk, but he don't practise. Get down, child! I want to work, and you're in my light."

"Oh!" said Moriarty, and down he jumped. "If you wait till Billy gets round —"

Billy was the janitor. He was no favorite with either the students or Moriarty.

"I sha'n't wait much longer," said Jim. "I'm afraid I shall throw a chunk of clay through the window before you get back. Never mind, I'm all right! Good-by! Catch a lot of fish!"

Moriarty sped away on his errands. It seemed to Brastow that he had taken the luck with him, for all day long the portrait failed to improve. Brastow complained to Jim on their way down the corridor after school. The other students had gone, and in the silence of the long hall Brastow upbraided Jim for his sober face. "You make me spoil it all," he said.

"I can't help it—I feel sober," said Jim. "I tell you I have a headache every minute—sitting on that table in that hot old—*oh*, I forgot —"

He ran back into the studio. There was a crash and a clatter, and then Jim came out again quite flushed and breathless.

"My color-box," he explained. "Wainwright brought it back to me on his way out, and I forgot, and left it on the table. I was going to put it away, but it tumbled down to the floor, and the paints rolled in every direction. But they've just got to stay there till to-morrow."

"I thought you'd thrown something at that window!" said Brastow. Jim laughed a little, and they went on together down the street.

The next morning, as it happened, Brastow was late in coming to school. His first thought, as he went up the steps of the building, was that he had lost his morning call from Moriarty. Then he remembered that Moriarty was not to be there that morning, and went in, whistling softly. In the hall he encountered Wainwright, who spoke to him roughly.

"I say, Brastow, one of your friends 's been getting into trouble."

Brastow stopped whistling, and looked hard at him.

"You know it don't hardly do for boys to go round staring in windows."

"Stop your nonsense, Wainwright, and tell me what you're talking about."

"Well, then, Parker's going to be up before the faculty for smashing in the big window in your studio; that's all I know. Billy tells a straight story. He says Parker was the last fellow in the room last night. After Parker left, he locked that studio door directly, without going into the room. This morning the crack was there. There are two great spidery cracks just across the upper light. All I wonder is it didn't break the glass right out. Billy thinks Parker did it just out of spite—you know he's been making complaints about that window all along."

"Well, but what does Jim say?"

"Jim says he doesn't know anything about it. Only he says Billy must have been in the room after he left, because he left his paints all over the floor, and this morning they were all picked up in the box. That's the box I borrowed, you know."

"If Jim says he didn't do it," said Brastow, "he didn't."

"So I think," said Wainwright. "But it makes a lot of talk. You know Jim has got that twinkle in his eye. There are some of them think he really did do it for the fun of the thing."

"Nonsense!" said Brastow.

Yet, as he hurried to find Jim, he did not feel as cheerful as he looked. Of course Jim did not smash the window if he said he did not. But it was a disagreeable experience, to say the least. There was that clatter in the studio the night before.

Brastow was extremely annoyed, but he spoke to Jim as brightly as possible.

"What have you been doing, Jimmy?"

"Nothing," said Jim.

"Been a bad boy?"

"No," said Jim, indifferently.

"Then you didn't crack it?"

"No, of course not. It makes a lot of talk now, but it'll blow over all right. They know me better than to think I did it. I didn't do it. I don't know who did unless it was Billy, trying to pry open the catch. I don't understand why he should want to lie about it if he did. The less said the better. Come, get to work."

Brastow said he didn't feel like work—his luck had gone with Moriarty.

But Moriarty was not yet so very far away. All the morning long he had been running about the city. There was so much to be done before two o'clock! Moriarty had a confidence in his ability to put his work through, and felt every moment that he should fish, that afternoon, in the little trout brook at home.

At one o'clock help came to him. Hardy, his mate in the store, said to him quietly, "Here, 'Rarty, I'll fix the rest of your work somehow. Go get a square meal, and then scud for your train. Trot, now!"

So Moriarty dusted off his brown jacket, and his much-worn boots, and put on his new straw hat with more care than usual. All the money that he owned was in one of his pockets. He patted that pocket confidentially as he strolled out through the store into the street. One of the clerks said good-by as he passed. Moriarty touched his hat and smiled, with all the importance of one who starts forth upon a summer of holidays.

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Two whole days and a half a day were his! Great things could be done in that time!

But first there was his dinner—a real "square meal" it should be, as Hardy had told him. Down town he sauntered, and dropped into a restaurant that he had never noticed before. He felt like an explorer. He ate a very wonderful dinner indeed. He was rich in time, for once. He lingered over that dinner until a quarter before two o'clock. That left just time to get to the station. He came out from the little restaurant, and ran directly against Hardy.

"Oh!" said Moriarty, hurriedly. "It's you! Where have you been?"

"I thought I'd strike you round here somewhere," said Hardy. "Getting tony, aren't you! Say, hold on! I've some news for you. I've just been up at the art school, and that Parker fellow you tie to is in hot water, and no mistake. They've got him up in the principal's office for smashing a window. Some don't think he did it, but a good many do. Isn't that great now? By-by!"

Moriarty bounded after him. "Hardy! *Hold on! Hardy!*"

But Hardy had vanished. Moriarty stood quite still on the corner of the sidewalk. His face had lost its brightness. Already five minutes had passed. Two street-cars came clattering along, one toward the station, the other toward the art school. Moriarty sprang into the car that was going toward the art school, and sat down to think.

He had lost his train; but he said to himself that he had had no choice.

At the art school building he jumped from the car, and ran in and on upstairs to the principal's office. School was over, but the sound of voices was still to be heard within.

Moriarty stepped noisily to the door and knocked. He took off his hat and brushed back his damp hair from about his face. He heard the principal's quick questions, the answers of the janitor, and now and then the sturdy, deep voice of Jim Parker. He knocked again. The principal's chair banged against a desk, and the principal himself hurried to the door and pulled it open.

"Well, my boy, what's wanted? I'm busy now." Moriarty stepped back a little, and stammered for a moment.

"I—I want—what I mean is—I mean about that crack in the window—sir. Parker didn't crack it. *I—cracked it*—sir."

"What?" said the principal. He closed the office door and led Moriarty gently into the corridor.

"Come this way. You're the boy from Wirt's, aren't you? Yes, yes, I see. Well, now, how is it? How did it happen?"

"I'll tell you how it was," said Moriarty. "That's the corner where Parker sits when Brastow's doing him in clay. When I'd be in with the bundles, I'd stop to see how it was getting on. They were good fellows. They tried to get me to draw for 'em some. I guess they thought I couldn't, and they had a good deal of fun to themselves about how I couldn't draw.

"Parker, he got tired in that hot corner—sitting still so. He said he'd a mind to smash in that window. That was yesterday. Well, this morning I came up here with a package. I was in a big hurry, and I came up before it was time for the boys to get here. I came in at the janitor's door, but I didn't see him nor anybody—only I went right up stairs.

"Coming back I thought I'd look at Jim—I mean the things Brastow's making—the *relief*—for goodness, like. I was going up home to-day. Then I saw Parker's paints all dropped out onto the floor, and I went to pick 'em up for him, and then it all came into my head how they laughed at me because I couldn't draw, and what Parker said about how he'd crack that window before I got back; and I thought what a joke it would be on him, and I never thought but what he'd see through it in a minute. But I just grabbed the paint-box and the brush, and I got up on the window-sill, and I painted cracks all over the pane—and—and that's all."

There was a deep silence in the hall.

"I can wash it out, sir," said Moriarty.

Then the principal spoke. "Well, my boy—well—well! I see how it is—but you know, really, it doesn't do to go round painting cracks on other people's windows."

"No, sir," said Moriarty, meekly.

The principal retreated into the office. Moriarty heard laughter—he was sure of that. Presently out came Jim Parker and Brastow, and they were certainly laughing. And then, almost for the first time, Moriarty realized keenly that his fishing was lost.

"Here's the boy who can't draw!" shouted Jim. "Get down on your knees, Brastow, quick."

"The floor's dusty," said Brastow. "But I tell you I'm proud of you, Moriarty, in more ways than one."

Moriarty's responses were rather subdued.

"I'm sorry I got you into it, Parker," he said. "I thought sure you'd see through it in a minute, and rub it right out."

He moved slowly away down the stairs.

"Where are you going?" demanded Brastow.

"To wash it off," said Moriarty.

"Nonsense! Hold on here—*stop!*"

Moriarty sprang headlong down the stairs, and fled into the modelling room. When Jim and Brastow reached him the crack was gone.

"That's too bad!" said Jim. "That's too bad, Moriarty. It ought to have stayed—it was the best thing out. I declare, that's too bad. I say, M'r'arty, what paints did you use?"

"I don't know," said Moriarty, carelessly. "I just took the brush, and then dabbled round in the paint-box, and made streaks on the window. Nothing to know. Well, good day."

Then Jim remembered.

"O M'r'arty, your fishing! That's a shame! I say, M'r'arty, come on down town with us—we'll have some soda."

And down town they went, Jim and Brastow and Moriarty. The next morning Moriarty went home for Sunday. He was back again Monday, brisk as ever, bringing the luck with him. Brastow's portrait in clay was finished that very morning, and Moriarty approved it.

Then came the close of the school year. Moriarty bade good-by to the boys with many parting jests and much advice. The long summer vacation came and went. On the first day of the fall term, as Jim Parker ran up into the art school hall, he saw Moriarty standing on the stairway above him, his brilliant hair shining in the sunlight.

Moriarty did not stir, but stood quite still and smiled. He had no bundles and no hat.

"Why—M'r'arty! Glad to see you! Aren't you late?" said Jim.

"*I belong!*" said Moriarty.

Then he explained, with a good deal of dignity in his manner. "I talked things over with father that Sunday, and I put in and worked all summer, and here I am. I've seen Brastow. He says the crack in the window will bring me good luck after all. That's true, I guess. It was what you and Brastow said to me, going for that soda, that made me think of coming here to school, anyhow."

"Good!" said Jim. "Now go ahead, Moriarty, and make your mark—but not on window-glass, mind you!"

"I'll make it, somewhere," said Moriarty.

NATALIE L. RICE.

For the Companion.

THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE.

I.—THE EARTH.

By Prof. N. S. Shaler,
Professor of Geology, Harvard College.

The branch of knowledge known as geology, which, in plain English, means the science of the earth, has come into existence in relatively modern times. Long after the students of nature had won their way to a tolerably correct understanding of the relations of the far-away heavenly bodies, they were still in almost complete ignorance of the history of the earth beneath their feet. They knew nothing of the past ages, in which the globe had been slowly growing to the stage in which we now find it; nothing of the slow and stately processes by which the great lands had been fashioned, or the living creatures which dwell on the continents or in the seas gradually had been led upward from the simplest beginnings to the present variety and beauty that we find in the animal and plant life of the world.

It was, in truth, much harder for naturalists to understand the past of the earth than to unravel the mysteries of the stellar spaces. The planets and fixed stars are displayed to every eye. With the aid of the telescope, observers were able to sound far into the depths of space, to determine the form and much of the peculiarities of the spheres of our solar system, and to explain the order of the remoter fixed stars. By means of many mechanical inventions, and with the aid of mathematical science, itself one of the oldest branches of human contrivance, men gained their first great triumphs in the way of learning in the realms of the sky, and left the nearer world about them to be interpreted in later days.

To explain the past history of the earth requires far other means than those which have availed so well in the realm of the stars. The geologic ages, once all as living as our own time, have left but faint traces of their events, and these fragments of their history are commonly buried deep in the rocks.

Early Views of the Earth's Formation.

Very naturally the early students of the earth were generally convinced that this planet had endured for only a few thousand years; it was a long time before they could be brought to the assured conviction that it had existed for ages to which all recorded history appears but a moment of time.

Believing that all the beds which compose the earth's crust had been formed in a short time, and that the vast elevations of the mountains were even of more recent construction, they were in a way compelled to the opinion that in the earlier ages of the planet we had a succession of convulsions, each of which had hurriedly led to vast changes in its conditions.

Moreover, when, in time, they found the remains of animals and plants in successive layers of rock, one bed above another, to the thickness in all of many thousand feet, they did not dare to believe that the remains were indeed the buried forms of creatures which had once lived on the earth. These early students were led to fanciful notions as to the origin of these fossils, such as would make it possible to account for their occurrence without supposing that they were once alive.

Thus arose some very curious notions concerning petrifactions which resemble animals and plants. One school of philosophers held to the theory that all the matter of the earth was striving to take on the living form, and that these fossil remains were, in effect, instances in which the earthy matter had taken certain steps toward the higher state of living, but had failed to gain the breath of life. Other speculators held the idea that the stars, by some mysterious influence, quickened the lime or clay of the earth, and shaped it into semblance of animated beings.

We may note with profit the fact that we owe to the great painter, Leonardo da Vinci, who died in 1519, the first clear and conclusive arguments in favor of the theory that fossils were the remains of creatures which had once lived on the surface of the earth. Leonardo was not only one of the greatest of painters, but also a very skilful engineer, and an inventor of distinguished capacity. It was while employed in constructing canals in Northern Italy that he probably found the chance to observe the nature of fossils.

It is less than three hundred years since the students of the earth came generally to believe that fossils were the remains of creatures that were once alive. When this point was settled, another at once arose. It was for a long time held that these remains were all due to the flood of Noah. It required more than a century of debate to make it clear that such could not have been the origin of the vast succession of deposits, in which we have preserved endless generations of remains, belonging to creatures which evidently lived and died on regions of the sea floor which have now become land.

The Record of the Rocks.

It was only about two hundred years ago that Dr. Robert Hooke, of England, first called attention to the fact that the rocks contained many fossils which had no kindred among the living animals and plants, and that different groups of strata seemed to have peculiar species of these remains. Hooke suggested that, by a study of these petrifactions, it might be possible to determine a chronology of the earth, or, in other words, to divide the past into successive ages.

It was not until about the beginning of the present century that naturalists began patiently to follow this plan of explaining the record of the rocks, aided by the light their fossils afford. It is, indeed, the triumph of our own age to have divided the twenty miles or more of the layers which generally compose the outer part of the earth, into district divisions, each of which was formed in a geological period in which time lived peculiar animals and plants, that contributed enduring monuments to the strata.

To this task of interpreting the ages of the past through the record written in the leaves of the great stone book by fossil remains, many hundred men have devoted their lifetime of labor. Slowly the inscriptions have been made intelligible, and from their story we have been able to form some general idea of the processes which have led to the growth of the continents, as well as the steps by which organic life has climbed the long ascent in the grades of being which have led up to man and the other highly organized creatures of the world. Gradually the panorama of the ages has been unrolled, until we now behold a succession of vast periods, extending backward into an immeasurable past.

Geologic Periods.

It seems clear that not less than one hundred million years have elapsed since the germs of life appeared in the ancient seas. Such a duration eludes the imagination quite as much as does the depth of the stellar spaces. The reader may, however, gain some faint idea of what is meant by a million years by the following simple contrivance: Let him draw on some straight road or plain a line one mile in length; let this line represent in space the duration of one million years; then let him consider that the oldest living man can recall at best only the events of a single century.

On this line of a mile in length a period of a hundred years would be represented by a little more than six inches. To have the line denote the duration of geologic time which has been interpreted by students, we should have to extend it away for at least a hundred miles.

Further into the past, beyond the time when living beings were first introduced upon the earth, lie yet greater ages, in which the sphere was cooling from the original fiery state and taking the shape which would fit it to be the dwelling-place of animals and plants. Into this portion of the planet's history we can only grope our way, for we are denied the help which is given by the fossils, which have aided us so much in understanding the later ages.

As yet naturalists know little of those far-off periods from any evidence which the earth itself affords; they are forced to interpret the history of these stages of this planet's development by the aid of the revelations of astronomy.

By means of the telescope, it has been pretty certainly determined that the stars in the far spaces, as well as the planets and sun of our own solar system, were, in the early stages of their growth, and often still are, in the form of exceedingly hot masses which require a great lapse of time to cool down to the state in which life could exist upon their surfaces. In the case of our earth, the unrecorded ages which elapsed after it became a distinct planet, and thence down until it was fit for the occupation of living creatures, were doubtless vastly greater than the part of the records which we can explore.

All these earlier stages of its history are lost. The rocks which may have been formed in these olden times have been so changed by heat, that they are no more to be interpreted than the ashes of a printed page after they have been scattered in the fireplace.

Much fruitless effort has been given to the task of unraveling the history of the earth in the period before life began. Geologists are now generally assured that the matter is beyond their means of search. They have, therefore, of late limited themselves, in the main, to the study of problems which seem likely to reward their labor. Of these the world is yet full, and it will require centuries to explore the evident mysteries of the fields which we can see before us.

The Continents.

Among the problems which are now the most general subjects of inquiry we can note only the most important. First among these, we may place the history of the successive stages of growth which have led to the formation of the great continental lands.

It was, until recently, supposed that the lands frequently changed place with the ocean. Modern studies are making it plain that this is not the case; and that, instead, the continents have risen upward in a tolerably continuous manner from very early ages, portions of their surfaces from time to time sinking beneath the sea, but soon recovering their place above its surface. In a word, these great dwelling-places of the higher life have grown steadfastly, and in something like the orderly development which marks the growth of the living creatures which dwell upon them.

The true reason for the growth of those singular corrugations or foldings of the rocks that we term mountains, is still an unsolved geological problem. It seems clear that they are mainly due to very great strains, which compress the rocks into a smaller area than they originally occupied, much as if the reader should press the pages of this paper from the sides so that the sheet folded in ridges and furrows.

It has long been supposed that these foldings were altogether due to the fact that the central part of the earth is losing more heat than the outer parts, for the good reason that it has more heat to lose; and that in consequence the inner part shrinks more than the outer portion, which is compelled by its weight to fold in the manner of mountains.

This seems a simple explanation, and, in fact, it has been found too simple fully to account for the facts. There is clearly a great deal to do before we shall have a satisfactory account of the causes which lead to the formation of mountain ridges and valleys.

Perplexing Subjects of Inquiry.

Again, the changes in the climate of the earth, which are shown by the history recorded in the rocks, afford most perplexing subjects of inquiry.

A few thousand years ago—in the geological yesterday, as we may say—the northern part of North America was generally covered by great fields of ice, which were a mile or more thick in their deeper parts, and extended south as far as Central Pennsylvania and Northern Kentucky.

In a somewhat earlier time, but still in the modern days of the earth, delicate plants, such as would probably not now grow in the open air north of Tennessee, flourished in Greenland within about seven hundred miles of the north pole.

How shall we account for such vast changes of climate? This is a question which is still troubling the thought of many naturalists.

Then again, there are the problems of volcanoes and the great question of the condition of the deeper parts of the earth's interior which are still in the stage of debate; and as each of these or many other questions have light thrown upon them, new regions of inquiry are dimly seen beyond the field which has been illuminated by intelligence.

In fact, the naturalist is in the position of all others who journey forward; as fast as he climbs each near-by height, he sees still other heights beyond. The higher the elevation he attains, the wider the field which invites his zeal for exploration.

No part of the realm of labor which is open to those who devote their time to the study of the under-earth has attracted so large a number of students as that which pertains to the commercial needs of man. Geologists have from the beginning of their science been effective helpers of the miners. Their science may, indeed, be said to have had its firmest foundations laid on the mines of Europe.

This ancient and crude knowledge concerning the arts of winning subterranean wealth has been combined and shaped by science, and vastly increased in amount, so that the geologists, who originally owed much to the untrained laborers in the dark realm of the under-earth, have repaid their debt a hundredfold. Gradually the most important work of the miner and quarryman has come into the domain of the geologist. From this collaboration of science with practice, civilization has made great gains in its most important arts.

Although natural science is full of resources which aid every department of human activity, it is perhaps more useful in the fields of the under-earth than in any other realm. Where, but for learning, there would be only darkness, science often affords sufficient light to guide the laborer's way. From this association of science with the work of the miner, it has in good part come about that modern States are vastly richer in material resources than those of a century ago. The men of to-day use on the average, each year, ten times as much iron and steel as our forefathers of the Revolution could command. And by the use of this, the most profitable, if not the most precious, of all metals, they command the land with their railways, and the sea with their steamships.

While the people of two centuries ago won about a score of products from the under-earth, we make use of hundreds derived from the pit and mine. Each year sees this relation of men to the rocks beneath their feet become the closer, and the profit greater.

In every step of this marvellous advance the students of the earth, by combining the knowledge won in a thousand different fields, serve as guides and captains in the great work of subduing the under-earth to the needs of mankind.

For the Companion.

BOYS' TELEGRAPH.

The present generation is so accustomed to the electro-magnetic telegraph that it is hardly remembered that there were various forms of telegraphing, that is, of communicating messages instantly to a distance, before the Morse telegraph was invented. Perhaps it will interest the readers of *The Companion* to be told how two boys reinvented one of these forms of telegraphing when they could not put up a wire to be worked by a battery.



These boys, Tom and Eugene, were sons of a physician, and lived in the backwoods of North Carolina, far from railroads and towns. Eugene attended a school in the neighborhood, while Tom was older, and a clerk in a country store near by. There was often a need of a means of communication between the store and the doctor's residence, especially after dark, and as the distance was nearly a mile, these boys conceived the idea of constructing a telegraph line between the two places.

As a preliminary to this work, they learned to

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write in the telegraphic alphabet, which, as every boy knows, is composed of dots and dashes, thus:

— . . . . . — . . — .

This is called the Morse code, because it was invented by Prof. S. F. B. Morse, and they soon became quite expert in writing it and in spelling sentences to each other by the sound of rapping on a table with a key or pocket-knife. They were now ready for the wires and instruments, but were astonished to find that the necessary outfit, at that time, would cost them upward of twenty-five dollars, a sum far beyond their means.

Since their leisure time was mainly after dark, they concluded to try some means of signalling to each other by using a lamp. The apparatus they finally made was so simple and effective that any boy, handy with a jack-knife, can easily make one.

By referring to the cut, it will be seen that it consists of a lamp inside a small box, with a hole on the side at the height of the flame, and a means of opening or closing the hole easily and rapidly. The box was an ordinary cigar box, and the lamp a small one burning kerosene oil. Several small holes were made in the bottom of the box to admit air, and a large one in the top just over the lamp-chimney.

When closed the light was entirely concealed, except when the cover to the opening on the side was pushed back. This cover was shaped as seen in the cut, and made of thin cigar-box wood also. It had a single screw at the bottom, and a small knob to push by. The movement of the cover or shutter was from side to side, like an inverted pendulum. There was a tack on each side, one to keep the shutter from going too far one way, and the other to stop it exactly over the hole, when closed. A small spring of whalebone or a rubber band served to hold the shutter in its closed position.

When this box and lamp were used at night, the opening and closing of the shutter served to show the light as a succession of quick or long flashes, which look at a distance exactly like a firefly. To open and close the shutter very quickly makes a spark to represent a *dot*, and to make a dash the shutter is held open about half a second. For a long dash, representing an I, the shutter is simply kept open a trifle longer than for the regular dash.

A little practice will soon enable one to make the short and long flashes corresponding to the characters of the Morse code, and the signals are easily read, even at a distance of several miles. Of course the operations must take place between stations visible from each other, and the box must be turned in the direction of the distant observer. For very long distances a larger lamp and reflector will be better.

With such a box under his arm, while out of doors, or at a table near a window looking in the proper direction, Tom would telegraph long conversations to Eugene, and read his replies in the distant sparks. On cold, dark or rainy nights these boys were able to talk with each other, and were sometimes able to send messages of importance, which saved them many steps.

The main drawback to the system was the want of a means of attracting the other's attention, or to "call," as the telegraph men say. This was done by setting the box open, and showing the light till noticed at the other station. The "call" would soon be seen by the other boy, because he would occasionally glance in that direction.

They also agreed upon a system of signals, meaning "Repeat," "Do not understand your last word," "All right," "Go ahead," etc.

Many a boy or girl may thus find a means of amusement in communicating with friends, even across wide rivers, or at long distances in a hilly or mountainous country, with such a home-made telegraph. There are situations where a couple of enterprising boys might make considerable money out of it.

T. C. HARRIS.

YANKEE EXPRESSIONS.

Writing about the "Pine-Tree Coast," Mr. S. A. Drake says that whole neighborhoods are found there where there is but a single surname. It has an odd effect to hear the neighbors speak of each other, the surname being dropped, as Miss Mary Clem, Aunt Sally Josh, Aunt Hannah Eben, or Aunt Sam Paulina; but if all these several people are Toothakers, or Sidelingers, or Kennistons, it is hardly worth while to add the surname every time one of them is mentioned.

If the traveller is of a philological turn, he will be gratified by hearing in daily use archaic words and strange idioms.

One day Mr. Drake, while walking to Portland Head, was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and sought refuge under a shed. He found there two natives, who also were waiting for the rain to cease.

"Well," said one to the other, "Felt's dead; died this morning. They found him hanging to a beam in the barn. Shed was piled full of wood he'd been choppin' all the week. Seems as though he must have thought of somethin'."

"Well, Felt was always forehanded, that's a fact."

At Biddeford Pool, Mr. Drake asked a man scrubbing fish-scales from the inside of a wherry, if he would set him across the gut to Wood Island.

"I haint no objection," answered the man, barely looking, but not pausing in his work.

"Is there anything worth seeing at the island?" asked Mr. Drake.

"There it is; see for yourself."

"But is there anything about it worth knowing to a stranger?"

"Yes, sir—ef you're a stranger, you want to keep well off to the nor'ard, so as to keep off'n the rocks."

"Did anything ever happen there that you know of?"

"Oh, that's what you want to know, is it?" said the fellow, straightening himself up, and drawing his wet sleeve across his perspiring face. "Well, yes; Tom Cutts caught a lobster there that weighed one hundred pounds!"

"I hear that lobsters are becoming scarcer and scarcer. I suppose those men must think of Tom with regret," said Mr. Drake, pointing to several great hulking fellows mending their lobster-pots.

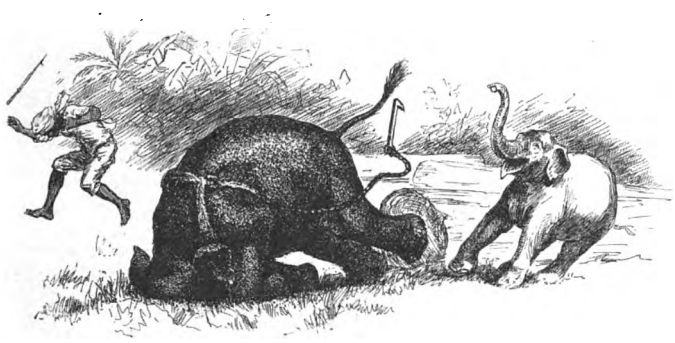
"You needn't pity them," answered the man; "small ones sells now for as twice as much as big ones used to. Them that's under lawful size, they darsen't sell, but they eat themselves. Them that has eggs, they scrape the eggs off on, and nobody knows the difference."

For the Companion.

A DAY WITH THE ELEPHANTS.

Those who have seen the elephant only as a part of a menagerie can have but little idea of the wonderful sagacity of that enormous animal. It has been my good fortune to come across him in a field where his instinct and strength are made to serve the purposes of man, and where they are displayed to much better advantage than they can possibly be in a menagerie.

For over two years the vessel in which I had shipped in the capacity of able seaman was engaged in the East India timber trade, carrying teak, or "Indian oak," from the timber ports in British Burmah to the navy-yard at Bombay, and returning in ballast.



A Naughty Young Elephant.

It was anything but a pleasant trade, especially during the southwest monsoons or rainy season.

Occasionally, in port, we had a "liberty day," as the sailors call it, leave of absence for twenty-four hours, with a month's pay to squander in that rapid and foolish manner which only Jack ashore fully understands and appreciates, and we had the Sundays to ourselves. It was on a Sunday, which with the Burmese is not a day of rest or worship, that I first saw the elephant in all his wonderful strength and sagacity.

Our ship lay at anchor in the Salwin River, about five miles below the busy town of Maulmain, in Burmah, and opposite a large timber-yard. A bend in the river hid the town from view, but adjoining the mill was a little village of perhaps fifty houses, almost buried in a grove of cocoanut palm, bamboo, banana and other tropical trees and shrubs. The gilded dome of a small pagoda, built on a slight eminence in the centre of the village, showed above the foliage. Far as the eye could reach was a dense jungle, bounded only by the dim peaks of the distant mountain ranges. It was but a dull lookout for our first Sunday in port.

Our Day Ashore.

Since our arrival we had been busy discharging ballast and getting ready to take in cargo. The bow-ports, two on each side of the stem, had been taken out, and there were now holes in the bow of the vessel through which one could almost drive an ox-team.

Great coils of spare line were lying on deck, ready for use in mooring the rafts of timber as soon as they should be brought alongside, and tackles had been rove off and derricks rigged out over the bows to hoist the logs up to the ports.

In our spare moments during the past week we had been eagerly scanning the shore in the neighborhood of the mill for a sight of those enormous animals which, we had been told, were the necessary adjuncts of every Burmese timber-yard.

We had seen their huge forms moving among the piles of slabs and tiers of logs, and had watched them taking their evening bath in the river after the day's work was over. Now, Sunday morning, with the decks washed down and our breakfast hurriedly swallowed, we hailed a *sampan*, or native boat, and six of us were speedily landed. It was a busy time at the yard, and the mill was in full blast, Sunday though it was, so we had an excellent opportunity of viewing the elephants.

Elephants at Work.

There were seven full-grown elephants, all of them over eight feet and a half in height, and each capable of lifting logs that fifty coolies could hardly move. The teak is cut in the forests some hundreds of miles above, and rafted down the river. Near the yard was a wide creek, into which the timber was floated, and the entrance was guarded by a boom.

From this creek a couple of elephants, harnessed with a breastplate and tugs like a horse, were busy hauling the round logs to the mill, about one hundred yards distant. A pair of iron timber dogs, or hooks, were driven into the wood, and the chains attached to them were hooked to the elephants' traces. The animals were driven by *mahouts*, or native drivers, who, perched on their shoulders, guided them by pressure of the feet on their necks, occasionally using the *ankus*, which is a sharp iron goad.

When the mill was reached, the animal, at a sign from his driver, stepped back, and kicked the dogs out with his hind feet. He then proceeded to the further end of the log, and with one forefoot and his tusks, pushed and guided it upon the carriage which fed it to the saw. The slabs cut from the log were picked up by him and piled in a stack, and the finished log was laid carefully away on one side.

Remarkable Intelligence Shown.

The animals seemed to understand everything the drivers said to them, and without hesitation, would pick out the particular log or slab that was wanted at the slightest hint.

It was wonderful to see the careful manner in which they picked their way past the machinery of the saw-mill, carrying loads of slabs twenty feet in length, often along paths scarcely wider than themselves. This latter feat was accomplished by turning the pile as nearly lengthwise their bodies as possible.

While we were there rafts were being made up to be floated off to the vessel at high water. Each of these rafts consisted of ten logs fastened together by cross slab pieces and small chains. Some of the elephants were detached for this work; and they dragged the logs, sometimes two at a time, to the sloping banks of the river, using their forefeet and tusks to place them in position at right angles to the current, with their outer ends square with each other.

The log was hauled to high-water-mark, and then, the hooks being cast off, the elephant would go to the other end and push upon it, glancing along the log as a marksman would along a rifle barrel, and pushing more gently each time, until the logs were all as carefully aligned as a carpenter would lay the planks of a floor.

When high-water came, which happened before we went away, an elephant was stationed at each of the two inshore corners. With a whistle and a push the two great animals put their tusks to the huge raft, weighing from thirty to forty tons, and slid it off into the water as easily and steadily as a vessel glides down her ways at launching.

The most amusing part of our day's experience was connected with the young elephants, of which there were two in the yard. These little animals, not more than four feet in height, were as lively and frolicsome as kittens. The cows, their mothers, were at work, and the youngsters gave them no peace.

A Ludicrous Trick.

I saw one of the calves play a most ludicrous trick on its mother. The older animal was hauling a heavy log from the creek to the saw-mill, quite unsuspicious of any guile in the bosom of her offspring.

The youngster took a turn with his trunk around one of the chain traces, and pulled back with all his might. This additional weight caused the mother to stop and look behind her; but, on discovering the cause, she gravely shook her head, and prepared to resume her task of drawing the log to the mill.

Now this halt was just what the little imp expected; and, before the strain was put on again, he had kicked out the iron dog which fastened the chain to the log. As the mother again began to pull, he held back with all his strength on the chain until all her muscles were in full play, and then suddenly let go.

The effect was disastrous in the extreme. Down went the old elephant on her knees, and the *mahout* described a most graceful and prolonged curve before he landed on the ground. But, like a cat, he struck on his feet, and, blurting out some heavy Burmese exclamations of wrath, he whispered a few words in the ear of the amazed victim of this unfilial practical joke. She seemed to understand him at once, and there ensued one of the most exciting chases it has ever been my good fortune to witness.



Another Naughty Young Elephant.

The calf scented danger the moment he saw the *mahout* whisper to his mother, and he placed a large stack of timber between the enraged animal and himself as speedily as possible. Elephants seem too clumsy to do much running, but these two coursed up and down the yard in a manner which would have put to shame many professional racers. The youngster could turn much more quickly than his older and bulkier antagonist; but at last he was cornered.

Then his whole demeanor changed. With a shrill little whistle he trotted up to his mother, and rubbed up against her. But he was not to get off so easily. Giving him a butt with her head, she turned him about, and brought her trunk sharply across his loins four or five times.

The first time he felt the maternal chastisement he uttered a shriek of defiance, but at the second stroke he dropped on his knees, and took his punishment bravely and patiently.

A few minutes later he walked past us to his shed; but his trunk was drooping, and the great tears were coursing silently down his india-rubber cheeks. I was sorry for the poor little fellow, and I noticed that at dinner-time his mother was gently rubbing him down with her trunk, and manifesting many signs of affection.

Knocked His Hat Off.

In the meantime, the other youngster had been engaged in an affair of his own, which resulted much more to his advantage than did the little joke of his companion. One of our company wore a large Panama straw hat of which he was very proud.

Elephant calf number two took quite a fancy to Joe's headgear, and slipping up quietly behind him, swept the hat from his head with a graceful flourish of his trunk.

Then he turned round, kicked it with his fore feet, charged and kicked it again, and then finally put his foot on it.

This was more than Joe could stand. To have his hat knocked off his head by an elephant was bad enough; but to have it crushed into a shapeless mass was carrying the matter too far, and was more than he would endure.

Seeing a stout club on the ground near at hand, he picked it up and made a rush at the offending calf. To his astonishment, the calf did not turn tail and flee before him. Far from it! Instead of fleeing, he charged to meet him. In fact, Joe had just time to turn the corner of a shed when the calf rushed past him like an avalanche.

Running for His Life.

Now the mother of this calf happened to be standing within sight when Joe took up the cudgel, and as soon as she saw her bold offspring charge on the offender, she gave a shriek and bore down on the scene. The American superintendent of the mill, who had been showing us about, perceived the man's situation, and told Joe to make for the creek, which was but a few rods distant. This he lost no time in doing, and reached the shore end of the boom of floating logs before the elephants could turn to make a second dash at him.

This boom, which was used to prevent the timber floating out of the creek into the river, was composed of large squared logs, floating end to end, and fastened together by small rafting chains. The first log of this floating bridge was a very large one, nearly fifty feet in length; and our shipmate, who, with all his faults, was "every inch a sailor," found no difficulty in running out to the end of it.

Now the elephant, although such a brave animal, is extremely cautious, and his very sagacity makes him test the strength of every structure before he trusts his ponderous avoirdupois to it. When the elephants arrived at the water's edge, they looked at their game, then at the log, and then up and down stream; but they did not essay the boom nor did they plunge into the water.

Our friend on the other end of the boom observed their hesitation, and threw his arms about his head and gave vent to several prolonged shouts of triumph.

They were his last. The calf looked at his mother, then, putting one foot on the edge of the log, suddenly threw all his weight on it. The log gave a heavy cant to one side, and over went the sailor, head first, into the water. The elephants looked at each other, threw their trunks over their shoulders with derisive whistles, and trotted quietly off to their shed; and we almost thought we could see their huge sides shaking with laughter as they passed us.

Our shipmate easily climbed upon the log again, for the water was quite shallow at that stage of the tide; but he was a most woebegone object. Though there was not much water, there was plenty of mud, and it took him the rest of the day to make himself clean.

I heard the superintendent tell him that it was lucky he did not hit the calf, for they would have chased him to the death. Their *mahouts* can do almost anything with them, but a stranger must beware how he offends them. They will remember an injury as long as they live, and repay it with interest, if possible, some day. Our friend did not venture ashore again at the yard during our stay.

But at last the day draws to a close with tropical suddenness, and we see the flag which signals our recall hoisted to the peak. From the village come the sounds of the tom-tom, cymbals and castanets, as the village orchestra takes up its nightly refrain. Soon the strange and weird chorus of the tropical night begins, and above, below and all around us we hear the chirp, mutter, whispering, humming and screaming of innumerable creatures, while afar off in the jungle echoes the wild and unearthly cry of the jackal in search of his prey.

We jumped into our *sampan*, all but Joe well pleased with the experiences of a day with the elephants; and, after haggling with the boatman

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about his fare, we found ourselves once more aboard the old ship, with the consciousness of a day well spent, but with dire misgivings as to our ability to handle, on the morrow, those enormous logs of which our friends the elephants made so little account.

A. J. GRANT.

QUICKENED.

——In hearts depraved to sin
Some sudden gracious influence
May give the long-lost good again,
And wake within the dormant sense.
—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

For the Companion.

AT LOS VALLES GRANDES.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

Going to the Station.

After two years' service in the Army of the Potomac, I was ordered, in the summer of 1863, to join my regiment, ——th United States Infantry, in the Territory of New Mexico. The companies composing the regiment were scattered over a tract some three hundred miles in one direction by two hundred in another.

At that time there were no telegraphs nor railroads west of the Missouri River. The swiftest means of communication between military posts were mounted couriers, the stage-coach, and the army ambulance, while all stores and supplies were moved by ox or mule-trains over long stretches of plain, and through rugged, winding mountain defiles.

Two companies of the regiment were stationed at Fort Marcy, at Santa Fé. Here were the regimental headquarters, as well as the headquarters of the department. The Civil War was still in progress.

Many of the company officers held commissions as colonels, and even generals, of volunteers, so that at this time both my captain and first lieutenant were in the East, leaving me, the second lieutenant, autocrat of the company.

A few of us had served brief periods in the East, and had been sent West at the time of Sibley's invasion of New Mexico from Texas. After the check and retreat of the Texans, we took no further part in the Civil War, but turned our attention to punishing the Navajo and Apache Indians, who had been carrying on a war of reprisal with the New Mexicans for many years.

The Navajos.

The home of the Navajos lies between the Rio Grande on the east, the Rio Colorado on the west, the San Juan on the north, and the Colorado Chiquito on the south, but from time immemorial they had roamed east and west to a considerable distance beyond these borders.

They have always been known as a pastoral race, raising flocks and herds, and tilling the soil. They owned, at the time we began making war upon them, sheep and horses by the thousand, and raised large quantities of corn, wheat, beans, and other products.

They numbered about twelve thousand, and could put three thousand mounted warriors in the field. They were industrious; the men did all the hard work, instead of putting it upon the women, as do the Indians of the plains and most of the marauding tribes. They manufactured all their wearing apparel, and made their own weapons, such as bows and arrows and lances. They wove beautiful blankets, often very costly, and knit woollen stockings, and dressed with greater comfort than did most other tribes. In addition to a somewhat brilliant costume, they wore numerous strings of fine coral, shells, and many ornaments in silver, and usually appeared with a handsome blanket thrown over the shoulder.

How the War Broke Out.

These Indians and the New Mexicans were almost constantly at war. Expeditions were frequently fitted out in the border towns by the class of New Mexicans who possessed neither land nor stock, for the sole purpose of capturing the flocks and herds of the Navajos; nor did they refrain from taking the Indian children, to be sold to the wealthier citizens to serve as household drudges or *peons*. There were few prominent families in the Territory, at the time of which I write, who did not possess one or more of these servant-captives.

The Navajos retaliated in kind, making raids upon the settlements and pasture lands, and driving off sheep, horses and cattle to the mountains. Complaints were made by the property-holders, and war was declared against them.

Their chiefs, in an interview with the United States department commander, assured him that they considered the Americans as their friends; that they robbed and fought only those who robbed and fought them.

It was explained to them that, since the war with Mexico, the New Mexicans were a part of the great American nation, and that their interests were ours. They were also assured that, if they would refrain from retaliating, the government would protect their interests, and prevent depredations in the future. The chiefs retired, promising to preserve peace if the Mexicans kept out of their country.

But the irresponsible *griso* had little to lose and much to gain in an Indian war, and kept up his thieving forays, in spite of military vigilance. The Navajos retaliated, and war was ultimately begun. The government determined to conquer the Navajos, and remove them to a reservation at the *Bosque Redonda*, on the Rio Pecos, five hundred miles east of their homes.

The department was in good condition to carry on a successful war, having, besides our regiment of regular infantry, two regiments of California volunteer infantry, and one regiment each of California and New Mexican volunteer cavalry. The New Mexicans were under the command of the celebrated Kit Carson.

When the Navajo went upon the war-path he was terribly in earnest, and his methods of waging war were like those of the red man everywhere. With the knowledge that the American soldier was an ally of his old-time enemy, and that the Mexican was wearing the uniform of the "Great Father," he no longer hesitated to look upon us as his enemies, but resolved to combat us up to the very walls of our posts.

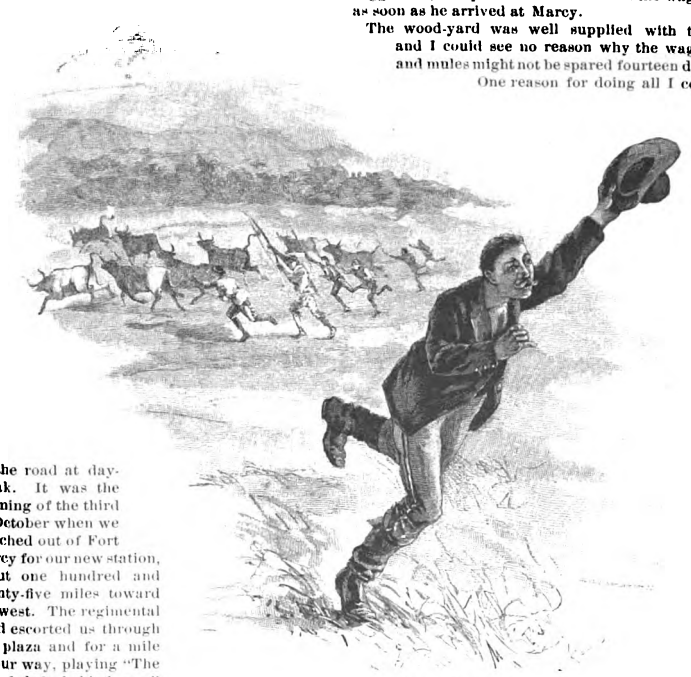
No road in the Territory was safe to the traveller; no train dared move without an escort; towns were raided and women and children carried into captivity. Frightful cases of mutilation and torture were constantly occurring throughout the Territory. Troops took the field, and prosecuted with vigilance a war in which there was no glory, and plenty of suffering and hard service.

Every band of Indians captured was taken to the *Bosque Redonda*, where a large fort had been built and was occupied by six companies of infantry and two troops of cavalry.

Social life at Santa Fé was very pleasant. Parties given by the ladies of the civil and military departments of the Territory, and the leading Mexican families, helped to make Fort Marcy a desirable station for the young officer who was socially inclined.

I was thus inclined; and I was not overjoyed when, one evening, I received an order to leave the city with my company to take post at Los Valles Grandes, The Great Valleys, there to relieve a company of California infantry, which had been watching an Indian trail which passed through there.

The order was peremptory. We packed our baggage during the first hours of the night, and were



Giving an Alarm.

on the road at daybreak. It was the morning of the third of October when we marched out of Fort Marcy for our new station, about one hundred and twenty-five miles toward the west. The regimental band escorted us through the plaza and for a mile on our way, playing "The Girl I left behind me," after immemorial custom, and "Aint you glad you've got out of the Wilderness?"

On the morning of the eighth, after four days of gradual and constant ascent from the valley of the Rio Grande, we began the slow ascent of the most difficult portion of our march.

The woods were full of wild turkeys and mountain grouse, made fat on the pine nuts, and our company huntsmen were given permission to shoot a supply for the first meal in our new home.

It took us from early morning until noon to reach the highest point of the road. What with the frequent halts for the men to aid the over-taxed mules up the steepest places by means of drag-ropes, to fill gullies and sloughs with stones, logs and earth, to pry the mired wheels up to firm ground, and repair broken harnesses and wagons, we were over half a day in going a distance which could have been accomplished in two hours by soldiers unencumbered with a baggage and supply train.

First Glimpse of the Valley.

The downward march on the western slope was made rapidly over a good road and without halt. From the lower limit of the forest we caught the first view of Los Valles Grandes. The valley before us was fourteen miles long, and of a nearly uniform width of eight miles.

It was almost surrounded by mountains; in fact, while there were many trails leading out of it, there was but one practicable wagon-road—that by which we had entered. But at the southern extremity there was a precipitous cañon, through which flowed a considerable stream. To the west was another cañon called La Puerta, the doorway, which led into the valley of San Antonio.

The great valley, on the eastern edge of which the company now halted for a few moments' rest and observation, was lower through the centre than at the sides, not unlike an oblong platter, and was perfectly treeless, except that opposite us a bold, wood-clad point jutted out from the mountains about three miles, like a headland into the sea.

The whole valley was verdant with thick grass. This feature made a marked impression upon the soldiers, for New Mexico is a dry territory, where the land is cultivated only along the water-courses, where it can be irrigated. The arid higher country bears a grass which grows in tufts, and never covers the ground with a sod or turf.

From where the road left the forest to the camp of the volunteers, the distance was six miles, a gentle descent all the way. The encampment was at the end of the wooded point, detached from it and a little less than half a mile to the south, on a small flat enclosed by a gently sloping ridge of horseshoe shape. The ridge was, in fact, a veritable horseshoe in shape, the row of sixteen cabins stretching across the curve, and looking out of the opening toward the eastern side of the valley. Fifty yards in front of the cabins, stretching across the horseshoe from point to point, flowed a crystal stream of water, sixteen feet wide and two feet deep, which rose from forty-two springs near the northern end of the valley. The ridge enclosing the encampment was nowhere more than fifteen feet above the level parade.

The cabins were of pine, flanked on the north by the kitchen and stable, and on the south by a storehouse. Behind the row of huts, at the centre of the horseshoe curve, two-thirds the way up the slope of the ridge, and overlooking the encampment from the rear, stood the guard-house, in front of which paced a sentinel.

Glad to be Relieved.

Resuming our march, a brisk step soon brought us to the encampment. At the brook before the parade I was met by the volunteer officer, a tall, graceful lieutenant, who seemed overjoyed at the prospect of leaving what he considered a life of unbearable exile. Even before the customary civilities were passed, he asked me if my animals were in a condition to warrant his loading the wagons with his company property as soon as I discharged mine, and making an evening's march toward Santa Fé.

I told him they were, provided he took the two wagons belonging to the camp in addition, so that the loads would be light. He approved of my suggestion, and promised to send back the wagons as soon as he arrived at Marcy.

The wood-yard was well supplied with fuel, and I could see no reason why the wagons and mules might not be spared fourteen days. One reason for doing all I could to hasten the departure of the Californians was that my men desired to move into the cabins at once.

With my first glance at the encampment, it had seemed to me too open to surprise. The adjacent forest-clad point crept up near the left flank, offering an effectual screen to an attacking party, and the overlooking sentinel at the guard-house did not have a range of vision to the rear of more than fifty yards.

He was not on the summit of the ridge by at least half that distance, and walked along the side of the guard-house next the parade. He could see nothing of the surface of the valley to the west of the ridge, and when passing along the front of the building, as he paced back and forward, he saw nothing to the rear of his beat.

I expressed my opinion of the situation to the volunteer officer, but he replied, "Pshaw! you might as well take the sentinel off for all the good he does as a lookout for Indians."

"Have you seen no Indians?" I asked.

"Not a redskin except an occasional Pueblo since I have been here."

"I suppose you have scouted the country thoroughly?"

"There isn't a trail within thirty miles or more that we do not know, and in some directions we have scouted twice that distance. These bundles of wolf-skins and other pelts you see going into the wagons are pretty good evidence that my men know the country."

We walked to the kitchen and found, hanging on the walls of a store-room, a dozen quarters of venison, the carcass of a bear, and several bunches of wild fowl.

"We are not obliged to kill our cattle here to supply the men with meat," added the lieutenant. "We kill them only when we desire a change from wild meat."

"I suppose you intend to take all this game to Santa Fé?"

"Not if you will accept the gift of all but a couple of quarters, which we will take in, with a few turkeys, to friends."

"Thank you and your men. We shall be grateful for a change from beef, mutton and pork."

We went back to the parade, and stood looking at the surrounding mountains in the deepening twilight.

"What other ways are there in and out of the valley, besides the one by which we entered?" I asked.

"Well, on the east and south sides there is a trail between all the peaks, four in all, and one good bridle-path to the Indian Pueblo of Jemez, which descends from the valley level to the Jemez River bottom, a perpendicular distance of nearly three thousand feet in a distance of twelve miles."

"And to the west and north?"

"To the north there is a trail to Abiquiu, rarely travelled, and to the west there is only La Puerta into which all the other trails concentrate, for parties going west. It is to watch La Puerta that this camp was established."

"You have seen no Navajos or signs of them since you came?"

"Yes, signs; but we have seen no Indians. Parties have gone through here in the night, but none of them were driving stolen stock."

I learned all I could from the lieutenant, while his men hurried their baggage and stores into the wagons; but he was so much excited over the prospect of leaving the Valleys, and so curious to learn of events in Santa Fe that I met with little success. When the guard of regulars relieved the volunteer guard, I placed my sentinel on a beat a dozen yards in the rear of the guard-house, which enabled him to see several hundred yards back of the ridge, and yet not show himself prominently to an approaching foe.

The company under my command at the time I entered the Great Valleys consisted of but forty-five men, and ten of these were general prisoners in charge of the guard—three of them wearing ball-and-chain riveted to the left ankle—under sentence of courts martial for various infractions of discipline. These prisoners went to the guard-house, while the other men spent the afternoon in making the cabins comfortable for the night.

The inner walls of the cabins had been neatly hewn smooth with an adze, and the names of the former occupants had been carved with a pocket-knife, or burned in with a hot poker along the upper courses of the logs. Each had a broad, open stone fireplace and chimney set in one corner, after the Mexican fashion.

No uniform plan had been observed in the construction of the cabins, but the occupants had followed their own ideas as to what would be comfortable. The height, width and depth were variable, but their fronts made a perfect alignment.

The hut which fell to my lot, simply because it had been built for and occupied by my predecessor, was about the shabbiest of them all. It stood at the extreme right of the line, far from kitchen and stable, and was built of poplar, the only one not of pine in the row. It was ten by eight feet on the ground, and five feet high. This house I occupied only until a more spacious one was built for me, a little more retired from the vicinity of the men.

The first cabin had no windows, but its ample fireplace furnished so much heat that the door stood open most of the time to admit the daylight; and at night the pitch-pine flames made candles useless. There were no sawed boards in camp. Doors and floors were made of puncheons. The doors were hung on creaking wooden hinges, and fastened by wooden latches raised by leather thongs.

Preparations for Winter.

The day following our arrival was spent in making arrangements for passing the winter in the valley. The men were busy filling bed-sacks, cutting firewood, and repairing the cabins. Ten head of beef-cattle had been turned over to me with the other property of the camp, and I had placed them in charge of a soldier, with orders to herd them in the valley immediately in front of the opening, where they could be plainly seen from the parade as well as the guard-house.

At noon two Mexican hunters, father and son, rode up to my door, the former mounted on a mule, and the latter on a *burro* or donkey. The elder said their names were José and Manuel Cordova, of Cañoncito; that they were looking for deer, and would like permission to make the camp their place of rendezvous. I gave them permission to do so, and their two animals were turned loose with our stock.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, tired with superintending the work of repairing and arranging the quarters, a work to which, in the case of my own cabin, I had lent my personal assistance, I sat down with my feet to the fire, and my back to the open door, to read.

Half an hour had passed in this way, when I was startled by a shouting, out in the valley. I went quickly to the centre of the parade, where the men were fast assembling with their arms, and saw the herder running toward camp at the top of his speed, waving his hat and shouting. Behind him the steers were running in the opposite direction, driven by six Indians on foot, who were waking the echoes with their war-whoops.

CAPT. C. A. CURTIS, U. S. A.

For the Companion.

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

The Big Trees of California represent the largest growth known in the vegetable kingdom of the world, with the exception of a species of the Eucalyptus of Australia.

One who has never seen these great monsters can have no just conception of their immensity, nor of the impression made by them upon the mind. In the Eastern or Atlantic States, we think we have seen monsters in the tree world when we have stood beneath a pine or an oak which measures four or six feet in diameter, and is a hundred feet high. But the largest trees in California have limbs that are six and one-half feet in diameter, one hundred feet from the ground.

"The Grizzly Giant," one of the most famous of the trees in the Mariposa Grove, has its first limb one hundred feet from the roots. The limb is six and one-half feet in diameter.

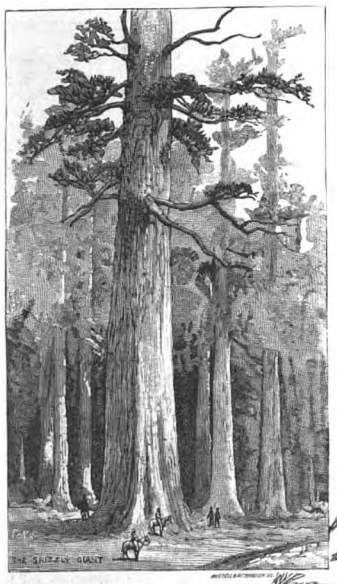
Nine feet from the ground the tree is twenty-seven feet in diameter, and below that height its thickness increases. The tree stands grim and grizzly, far apart from any of its companions, with a sublime solitariness in its grandeur.

All the largest and most prominent of the Big Trees have their distinguishing titles. Each of the States has its representative among the names;

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and many of America's most famous men are honored in the appellations. General Grant has a namesake, as grim and stolid as the great General—who was present, I believe, at the christening of the tree.

One of the greatest of the trees lies fallen on the earth. It is called the "Andrew Johnson,"



or the "Fallen Monarch." The title was given at the time of the impeachment of President Johnson. It is estimated that the "Fallen Monarch" was, when standing, about four hundred feet high, and nearly forty feet in diameter. The bark and sap are now gone, but the tree still measures nearly thirty feet in diameter as it lies prone on the earth. A long ladder is used in mounting to its crest.

The very largest of the Big Trees of California are in what is known as the Calaveras Grove, which is owned by private parties. Among these there is a dead and fallen tree, which is supposed to have been forty feet in diameter, and four hundred and fifty feet high when standing. It is estimated that it has been prostrate a thousand years. The sap and bark of this tree are gone, but the diameter of its trunk still measures thirty-four feet.

The tallest tree standing is called the "New York tree;" it is thirty feet in diameter, and three hundred and sixty-six feet high. There is another tree, not so tall, which is thirty-seven feet in diameter, and the bark alone measures thirty-one inches in thickness.

In the Mariposa Grove there is a tree known as the "Telescope." The trunk is a hollow cylinder, open at the top, about one hundred feet away. The cavity at the base is large enough to shelter half a dozen men on horseback. One of the largest of the fallen trees is also hollow. One may ride in at the lower end, and go out at a knot-hole one hundred feet up the trunk.

One of the most remarkable of these gigantic trees stands directly over the broad roadway which has been constructed through the grove. There is an archway for the drive, cut through the base of the very tree itself. This archway, which was bored and burned through, is some ten feet in diameter and twelve feet high, and on either side there yet remains ten feet of solid wall of wood which supports the tree. Into the archway, under the vertical trunk of the tree, a stage-coach drawn by four horses may be driven, and can find there secure shelter from rain or storm above.

There are in all some six hundred of these Big Trees in the Mariposa Grove. The lands—twenty-five hundred acres—have been withdrawn from sale by the general government, and they are now kept as a National and World's Park, held in trust forever by the State of California for the people of the world. The reservations include the Yosemite Valley.

The regions are visited during the summer—for they are inaccessible usually during the winter and spring in consequence of the deep snowfall there—by tourists from all parts of the world, and especially by people of the Old World, who find these stupendous phenomena of very great interest. In the travelling party with me during my visit there were representatives of England, Scotland and Australia. In a party of seventeen making the tour to the reservation there were only three Americans.

The big trees are botanically known as the *Sequoia Gigantea*, though they have also been called by some botanists *Sequoia Washingtonia*, honoring our greatest and most illustrious name. The tree is oftenest called in England, Europe and Australia the *Wellingtonia*, in honor of the Iron Duke, though the correct name, *Sequoia Gigantea*, is replacing all other appellations.

The wood is a variety of the cedar. The Redwood of the Pacific is of the same family. Some of the trees standing in California are estimated to be, at least, four thousand years old. Some suppose they are old enough to have been growing at the time of the Deluge.

The heart of the tree is supposed to be indestructible by the decay that is usual in other woods exposed to atmospheric influences. This certainly does not rot under ordinary climatic action. Furthermore, the wood does not shrink like other timbers, since it contracts from the ends and not from the sides or edges, as is usual with other varieties.

Specimens of these trees are not allowed to be taken by tourists from the National Reservations. Not even a twig or shrub or flower is permitted to be plucked. There, policemen and guards are stationed throughout the parks to prevent spoliation by tourists. However, licensed parties live upon the reservation who have for sale the seeds of this species of wonder-wood. Foreigners are usually the heaviest purchasers.

Many young trees of the Big Tree species have been started in various parts of California, and are now growing thriftily. They are found in the streets of Los Angeles, San Bernardino and other Southern California cities. Though it might be supposed that a tree whose age is reckoned so great would be of very slow growth, the young *Sequoias* are found to grow quite rapidly. The Californians of one thousand years hence may see them in their full prime.



Cone and foliage
⅓ size



Within the reservation an English artist has established a studio, in which he devotes himself almost exclusively to painting the scenes in the Yosemite. His pictures have become famous.

M. V. Moore.

For the Companion.

A PANACEA.

Frown if you must: laugh if you can!
Is good advice for every man.
A laugh that tickles in the throat
Is any ailment's antidote!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE IRISH CRISIS.

Just at the time that the British Parliament assembled for its autumn session,—it met on November 25th,—a sudden and exciting crisis occurred in the two parties which for four years have been allied in the support of Irish Home Rule. The crisis arose from the exposure, in a court of justice, of conduct on the part of Mr. Parnell, the leader of the Irish Nationalists, which cast a stain upon his personal character.

The immediate result of this exposure was that Mr. Gladstone, as the leader of the English Liberals supporting Home Rule, declared that he and his party could no longer remain in alliance with the Irish Home Rulers, unless Mr. Parnell ceased to be at their head.

Before, however, Mr. Gladstone's letter, making this declaration, was given to the public, the Irish party had met, and in spite of the stain upon Mr. Parnell, had unanimously re-elected him as their chief.

But Mr. Gladstone's declaration, as soon as it was made known, quickly brought about a sharp division in the ranks of the Irish Nationalists. One section strenuously advocated sustaining Mr. Parnell, in spite of the attitude of Mr. Gladstone and the English Liberals.

But another, and as it proved, much larger section of the Irish party, wishing to maintain the alliance of the Gladstonians as the best hope of obtaining Home Rule, as earnestly favored rejection of Mr. Parnell as the Irish leader, and the choice of some other to take his place.

After a week of most exciting incidents, the latter section carried the day. Mr. Parnell was repudiated by a decided majority of the Irish members, and Mr. Justin McCarthy was chosen by them to take his place.

All the Irish envoys visiting America, except one, issued a statement in which they resolved to repudiate Mr. Parnell, and to stand by Mr. Gladstone and the English alliance; and soon after, the Irish Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops published a declaration to the effect that, in their opinion, Mr. Parnell should no longer remain at the head of the Irish party.

Thus the Irish Nationalists, who for four years have stood shoulder to shoulder, a perfectly united body, and who have followed Mr. Parnell during that period with disciplined obedience and harmony, have been split into two bitterly hostile factions; and thereby the cause of Home Rule, which seemed on the eve of victory, is probably postponed for a long period.

One important incident of the crisis was a manifesto issued by Mr. Parnell, in which he professed to repeat a conversation between himself and Mr. Gladstone over a year ago, as to the provisions of a Home Rule Bill.

He declared that Mr. Gladstone proposed that, in the event of an Irish Parliament being established, the judiciary, the land question, and the control of the constabulary, should still remain in the hands of the English Parliament.

But this would not be a satisfactory measure to Ireland. Mr. Parnell declared that, for effective Home Rule, these three matters should be given over to the Irish Parliament, when it was established. Mr. Gladstone denied the Irish leader's accuracy in reporting the conversation.

The disruption of the Irish party, and the confusion which the events described have brought into the party of the Gladstonian Liberals, will lend a deep interest to the transactions of British politics in the coming weeks and months.

LIVING KINDNESS.

Ah, friends! dear friends—if any such there be—
Keep not your loving thoughts away from me
Till I am gone;
I want them now to help me on my way,
As lonely watchers want the light of day
Ere it is morn.

—*D. F. Hodges.*

THE POST-OFFICE.

No adjunct of modern civilization has had a more rapid development than the carrying and distribution of the mails.

The United States surpasses all other nations in the amount of its mail matter carried, in the number of its post-offices, and in the proportion of post-offices to the population. While the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has some eighteen thousand post-offices, or one post-office to about every two thousand of population, and France seven thousand offices, or one for each five and a half thousand people, we have in the United States more than sixty-two thousand post-offices, which means that the average number of people to every post-office is about one thousand.

The United States post-office handles many more letters than any other country. While somewhat more than a million and a half letters were delivered in the United Kingdom in the last reported year, in our own country nearly one million nine hundred thousand were transmitted.

There is one important difference between the administration of our post-office department and that of most European countries. There is no attempt on the part of our government to make a profit from the carrying of the mails. While the British Government derives a net revenue of several millions of dollars each year from its post-office department, our own was operated during the last fiscal year at a loss of somewhat less than six million dollars.

The reason for this is plain. No government of a civilized modern State really desires to make money out of the business of carrying the mail of the people, and all such governments have gradually reduced the cost of postage. But the great majority of the European nations have expenses which exceed their revenues, and their governments are pressed to obtain revenue wherever it is practicable.

In the United States, on the contrary, our national revenues have for several years been in excess of the needs of the government. This surplus revenue has been an excellent occasion, therefore, for the extension, improvement and cheapening of the postal service.

The deficit in the post-office department is not due, indeed, to any loss of money in the actual carrying of letters. As a matter of fact, there is a yearly profit of nearly thirty millions of dollars from letter-postage. But it takes all this profit, and more too, to transport the other and cheaper classes of mail, to carry the immense mail of the government itself, and to extend mail facilities over newly settled regions.

The development, extension and improvement of the postal service has by no means reached its limit. Many proposed new steps in advance are discussed in the postmaster-general's annual report, lately submitted to the President. The early reduction of letter-postage to one cent is one of these measures; and it is shown that the existing deficit, which now hinders a farther reduction of letter-postage, could be removed, or very nearly removed, by legislation which would prevent certain large losses in the administration of the department.

Other changes or improvements looked forward to are a postal telegraph system, under which the government would take to itself the business of telegraphic communication in the same way in which it takes the carrying of letters; the use of pneumatic tubes for messages in large cities; the establishment of savings-banks at post-offices; the establishment of house letter-boxes, where letters can be received and mailed; and free delivery in smaller places than any which now have delivery by carriers.

DRAW IT OUT.

A Pennsylvania farmer, ignorant of modern science, was lately watching an electric motor at work.

"Where does the power come from?" he asked. "I see machinery, but no power to drive it. Where do you get this tremendous force?"

"It is latent in the earth," he was told, "in the air, the iron, the wires. We simply call it forth, set it to work."

Is not the same fact true in the world of mind as of matter? There is a power, an energy for good, latent in every human soul, which, when called out, controlled, set to work, can move the world; but how few men know how to reach or master it!

One woman may pass through her life as sister, wife and mother without influencing the destiny of a single human being. She feeds the people near to her, makes their clothes, pays them their wages, but she and they touch each other only as the cold iron does the cold earth. The force is latent in both, but no spark calls it forth into strong, useful action.

Another woman will sweep her whole family with her up into happy, loving thoughts and high endeavor.

This boy, warm and genial, influences every comrade on the play-ground; that other remains morose, cold and friendless.

The same story can be told of nations. The Puritan came to New England, and the Scotch-Irishman to Pennsylvania, and too often saw in the Indian only a savage, who must be slaughtered or burned to keep him from slaughtering or burning. The Moravian and Quaker, and some Puritans as well, found in the same Indian a man and a friend, who welcomed them to his hearth and gladly knelt at their altar.

These last found the secret light-giving force in the red man's soul, while the others never knew that it was there.

It exists to-day in every human soul, no matter how degraded or debased.

The electrician draws his mysterious motive power out of every object in nature, however seemingly dead. Let us not be blind to the lesson which he teaches us.

ESCAPE-VALVES.

A clergyman from New York, whose standards in literature, art and music are high and severe, passed his vacation last year in a town which has grown into some importance by reason of its attractiveness as a summer resort.

During the season an exhibition of pictures and a concert were given for the benefit of some charity. Our critical friend listened to the very ordinary music and looked at the rather crude paintings with impatient contempt. The next time he met the village minister, he asked:

"Why do you encourage your people to sing without better instructors, and to dabble with paints when they have neither knowledge nor talents? It is a pure waste of time. Of what use can music or pictures be to them?"

"They are escape-valves," was the wise pastor's prompt reply. "They are a vent for the fancy or the impulses or the passions which might otherwise get the mastery of them. The lives of these people are mainly spent in labor. These poor songs and pictures make their holiday, and are, to a large extent, the safety-valves of their lives."

Busy Americans who are still influenced by Puritan asceticism are apt to neglect too much the "escape-valves" of life. Nature has provided some such relief for many men and women from the strain of overwork, in a taste or fancy which is often oddly at variance with their occupation.

Anxious parents sometimes regard with disfavor the hobbies of their children, the rage for photography, sketching, animals or collections of all kinds, which they fear "will take their minds from their studies."

If the pursuit is a harmless, healthy one, and followed with moderation, it will probably keep their minds fresh and vigorous for study.

The parents themselves would often find their own minds and tempers in more healthy condition if they had some escape-valve for their energy and imagination.

GIRLS WHO WOULD BE BOYS.

The few girls who wish they were boys are about fourteen years old. From babyhood they have enjoyed the freedom of boys in their play, and still love their freedom. They have climbed high trees, clambered over great stone walls, vaulted fences, played various kinds of ball, swam, skated, rolled over with the dog on the grass, played games in the summer evenings, and tumbled into bed as tired and thoughtless as a boy.

But they have reached the mature age of fourteen years, and now begins what they call their slavery. Their mothers insist on lengthening their dresses a little, and have new ideas about arranging their hair, both of which are hindrances to freedom of movement. They discover that there is a precious thing that goes by the name of complexion, of which they had scarcely heard before, and they find it a perfect despot. Elder sisters object to the vaulting of fences and the climbing of tall trees, as no longer proper, and maiden aunts are shocked at the running of races on the sidewalk.

Gradually the truth forces itself upon the minds of these girls that they cannot have quite the liberty that boys continue to enjoy all their lives. They still believe that they ought to enjoy it, and

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will enjoy it in the future, but at present they are obliged to conform to the usages of their country, and they do not like it.

What would they have thought if they had lived half a century ago, when almost every innocent exercise of girls was looked upon with disapproval, and girls were in reality "slaves" to an erroneous idea of decorum! Many of them, as a contemporary remarked the other day, were "carefully bred as if for residence in a consumptives' home."

At present, a girl of good sense can enjoy, not, indeed, the full freedom of a boy, even the breezy, muscular brother whom she likes best would not approve of that, but freedom enough for the full development of her bodily and mental faculties.

A girl who in summer swims, plays tennis, rides, rows, sails, and in winter does a fair share of household labor, and takes her daily outdoor walk for exercise, need not suffer for want of freedom. Nevertheless, there will always be girls who wish they were boys, and they will generally be about fourteen years old.

MAGNANIMOUS.

A good book might be written on the amiable traits of great men; and for such a book a good chapter might be drawn from Darwin's reminiscences of his famous contemporaries among men of science.

The tone of the reminiscences is of itself a fine illustration of the magnanimity, the spirit of kind and generous appreciation, which ought to characterize men of genius and scholarship. He loved to dwell upon the best and strongest points of his fellow-workers, and even of those who might be thought his rivals.

Darwin felt, as he says, a high reverence for Sir John Herschel, whom he met at his home at the Cape of Good Hope, and afterward in London. "He never talked much, but every word he uttered was worth listening to." Darwin was doubtless a good listener.

In all history there is probably no finer display of mutual generosity and magnanimity than occurred between Darwin and Wallace in connection with the publication of their theory of descent, now commonly known as Darwinism, or the doctrine of natural selection. Darwin had been experimenting and reasoning upon the subject for twenty years, and had already communicated his hypothesis to Lyell, Hooker, Asa Gray, and others, when Wallace, who was then in the Malay archipelago, sent him a manuscript essay in which was embodied the very theory on which Darwin had so long been laboring.

Lyell at once urged that the two essays, Darwin's and Wallace's, should be published simultaneously, and this was finally done; but it is pleasant to see how handsomely Darwin refers to the matter.

"I was at first very unwilling to consent," he says, "as I thought Mr. Wallace might consider my doing so unjustifiable, for I did not then know how generous and noble was his disposition."

Great intellect, great industry, great success, these must always be objects of admiration; but by themselves they can never touch men's deeper feelings like simple greatness of soul.

SUGGESTIONS.

Our readers will observe that, with the beginning of the new year, the Historical Calendar, which has occupied a conspicuous place at the head of the sixth page of *The Companion* during the last three years, is displaced, and is succeeded by a new department of brief "suggestions."

There will be found in this place, every week during the present year, something to study up and think about—useful hints that will, if followed up, train the powers of observation and of thought. Our readers will see, as the weeks go by, that the topics suggested cover a wide range, and open fields in all branches of knowledge. They are intended to be such that any bright boy of twelve or fourteen years in any part of the country can follow the suggestions.

We wish it to be understood that we do not ask or expect any answers to the questions proposed, nor do we intend to give answers to the questions. In short, the new department is not a puzzle column, but what it purports to be, a collection of suggestions for the boys and girls to ponder upon. But if any readers wish to keep a record of the number of points suggested which they have investigated, and send us the result at the end of a year, we shall be glad to learn the fact, and to recognize publicly the merits of those who answer the largest number of questions.

UNWELCOME REPLIES.

A partisan inevitably weakens his position when he gives the other side a chance to retort. Such an opportunity was unwittingly afforded by an English clergyman, who hoped that three noted statesmen, in whom he believed, might "all hang together."

"Amen!" fervently responded a member of the opposite party.

"I mean," said the minister, in haste, "that they may hang together in accord and concord."

"It doesn't matter what sort of a cord it is," was the immediate reply.

A Russian gentleman of distinction once dined with Sir Stafford Northcote, at a time when England was supposed to aim at interfering between Russia and Turkey in their disagreement. In the course of conversation the Russian became very loud in abuse of England, and Sir Stafford made no response until his guest exclaimed, "You English are like the pigs which hunt in dirt for truffles."

"Say rather, monsieur," remarked Sir Stafford, "the dogs which drive the pigs away."

During the rest of the dinner England's sympathy for Turkey was a forbidden subject.

"I have at least one mercy to be thankful for," said an irate Englishman one day, in the course of a dispute with a patriotic Frenchman, "and that is that I was born on this side the Channel!"

The Frenchman looked him over with a dawning smile.

"I, too, am glad, monsieur," said he, sweetly. "We are the most civilized nation on earth. You would have died of homesickness."

OBJECTED TO TIGERS.

When commercial treaties were entered into between Japan and the Western Powers, the Japanese objected to the admission of foreign goods so far as they could. It was necessary to prepare schedules of articles to be imported, and the rate of duty imposed. All "unenumerated articles" were detained by the customs officials, who made the best terms they could with the consignee. The English Consul writes of the business at Yokohama in 1860:

Among the curiosities of imports, I found duly entered two tigers! Worth about one hundred dollars in the Straits, they sold here in Japan for purposes of exhibition for three or four thousand dollars. And in this, as in other things, the appetite appeared to grow by indulgence, for the tigers led to an order for a brace of elephants.

But even here there was an impediment to be got over on the part of the Japanese authorities, and the following story was in circulation:

Whether they objected because tigers were not in the tariff, or on some other equally valid ground, certain it is they did object. As the importer was a Dutch subject, it became a matter of discussion with the Dutch Consul, who solved the difficulty with great readiness.

When the Japanese Custom-house and the Consul seemed to have come to a dead-lock, the question arose, What was to be done with the article? The Custom-house would not pass it, the ship could not take it back—what was to be done with the beautiful beast?

"Oh, very well," said the Consul, seeing it was time to make a last stroke for his countryman's merchandise; "since you say it is impossible to allow it to be entered and sold, there is nothing left but for the merchant to lose his money and let the beast out."

"Let it loose!" exclaimed the officials, in various tones of horror and dismay; "why, it will eat us all up!"

"Really, I don't know. Perhaps he is not hungry. In any case I cannot compel the merchant to keep him."

It is not necessary to add that the interdict on his sale was soon removed, and, instead of making a meal of the Japanese, he served to feast the eyes of thousands at so many cash per head.

THANK YOU, SIR!

Mr. Balfour, in his "Leaves from My Chinese Scrap-book," says that a most amusing chapter in the history of official etiquette in China might be written under the heading of "The Emperor is Thanked." He says he is reminded by this Chinese formality of a pedagogue who always insisted on his pupils' thanks on every occasion. If he asked a boy what time it was, the proper form for his reply was, "Half-past two, sir, thank you!"

The constitutional maxim, "The King can do no harm," might, in Chinese official language, be translated, "The Emperor can do nothing that is not benevolent."

An amusing incident occurred not long ago, in connection with a Manchu officer of high rank, Wulahsich-ungah, the President of the Board of Ceremonies. This gentleman returned thanks for the honor of having been invited to a sacrificial feast by the Emperor, and the next day a terrible snubbing was administered to him.

It appears that the Emperor had not invited him at all, and was much astonished.

"His name," says the Decree, "does not appear in the list of guests approved by Us, and in thus thanking Us he has been guilty of a great piece of carelessness."

The Committee of the Board of Punishments allotted a penalty to poor Wulahsich-ungah, who should, according to etiquette, have been grateful for that also, though his thanks are not recorded.

TEN MUSES.

With many people, all other considerations must yield to their notions of symmetry, which often turn out to mean mere balancing or measuring of one part with another, and not the higher harmony of parts which sometimes involves a little irregularity. The artist finds that the symmetry of his picture is helped by making the objects which he represents at one side of the canvas higher than those which he depicts on the other.

Not so, however, was it with a worthy man, by occupation a carpenter, who once had charge of the arrangements at an exhibition given at a country town in aid of a charity. A tableau was to be given in which the editor of the local newspaper, who was a poet of no little reputation in the country around, was to be shown seated in a chair and surrounded by the muses.

At the rehearsal, the young ladies representing the muses came upon the stage, and took their places, five on one side of the editor and four on the other.

"See here," said the director of the exhibition, "there has got to be another of those girls."

"Another muse!" said one of the ladies; "why, there are nine of us. Didn't you know that there were only nine muses?"

"Can't help that," said the carpenter; "symmetry requires ten muses—five on each side!"

So another young lady was decked out, largely in copies of the editor's newspaper, and made to represent the muse of Journalism!

THE SHORT-STOP.

The base-ball field is not the place where one looks for literary wit, yet now and then it happens that a good pat saying is heard there which shows not only readiness, but familiarity, with literature.

It was on an occasion when a college nine was playing the nine from a fitting-school, and the short-stop of the latter was an absurdly tall and thin fellow, named Brown, apparently some ten years older than the boys with whom he was associated. He played very badly, muffing and fumbling, until it was suggested that he was only put on the nine for the joke of having so long a man as short-stop.

"He is like the Ancient Mariner," one of the college nine said; "he is 'long and lank and Brown.'"

"He is more like the Ancient Mariner," quickly and wittily returned the friend to whom the remark was made, "because 'he stoppeth one of three.'"

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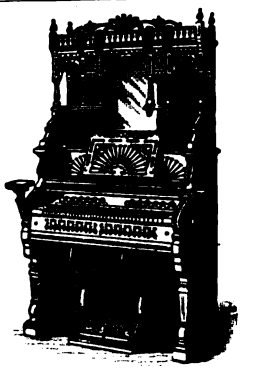
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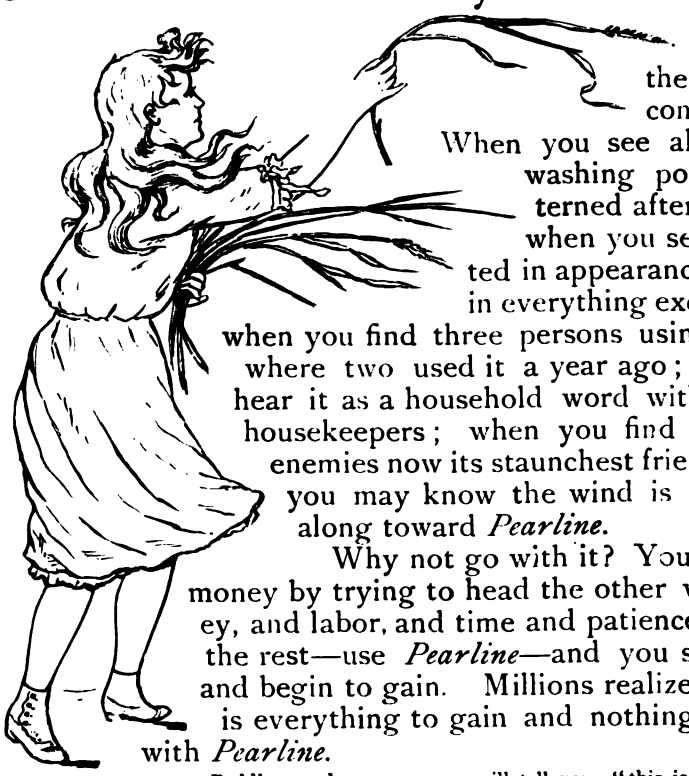
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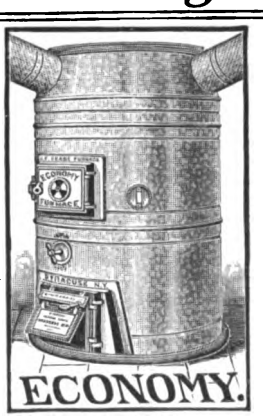
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SUGGESTIONS

HOW ANIMALS EAT.

What domestic animals have no upper teeth? Note how they chew their food.

How does a horse draw hay and grain within reach of his mouth?

Observe that the ox has another way.

How do birds masticate their food?

Observe a kitten's tongue when raising milk from a saucer.

For the Companion.

THE OLD YEAR AND YOUNG YEAR.

I.

Said the year that was old,
"I am cold, I am cold.
And my breath hurries fast
On the wild winter blast
Of this thankless December:
Ah who will remember
As I shivering, go,
The warmth and the glow
That arose like a flame
When I came, when I came?
For I brought in my hands
From Utopian lands,
Golden gifts, and the schemes
That were fairer than dreams.
Ah never a king
Of a twelvemonth, will bring
Such splendor of treasure
Without stint or measure,
As I brought on that day
Triumphant and gay.
But alas, and alas,
Who will think as I pass,
I was once gay and bold?"
Said the year that was old.

II.

Said the year that was young—
And his light laughter rung—
"Come, bid me good cheer,
For I bring with me here
Such gifts as the earth
Never saw till my birth;
All the largess of life,
Right royally rife
With the plans and the schemes
Of the world's highest dreams.
Then—Hope's chalice filled up
To the brim of the cup,
Let us drink to the past,
The poor pitiful past,"
Sang the year that was young,
While his light laughter rung.

NORA PERRY.

For the Companion.

PASS IT ON!

The farm-house was on fire. It was ten miles distant from the nearest town where there was a fire-engine. The neighbors collected, and according to old country usage, formed lines to the nearest well. The full buckets were passed from hand to hand to the burning dwelling, and the empty ones back to the well.

Deacon Payne was in the first line; but the old man was absent-minded and slow. His thoughts were on his own house. What if it should take fire? So he took the pails hesitatingly, passed them on slowly and awkwardly, and finally dropped one, and spilled the water it contained. The farm-house would have burned to the ground had not some of those who stood near the deacon told him that he had better get out of the line, and leave the work to be carried on without him.

There are many Deacon Paynes in the world. There is always some house on fire in our sight, a case of poverty, or sickness, or misery; a burning evil which hearty and well-directed effort might put out.

But there are men and women in every community and family who make no effort. They have the help in their pockets, or in their brains, or their hearts, but it does not go out. The currents of sympathy and aid stop with them. There they stand, cold and passive, in the crowd which each day is becoming more generous and cordial and helpful.

The young reader of these lines probably thinks that they are meant only for middle-aged or gray-headed people. Let us see.

Whatever your age, you have some blessing given to you fresh each morning from God. Pass it on.

Is it youth, with its strength and light-heartedness? Do not keep it for the ball-field. Give your tired mother some of it in a hearty kiss and tender word, or such gentle help as you can render.

Do not disdain to brighten the breakfast table with school gossip and jokes. It will cheer your father all day to feel that his boy takes him into his young life. Let every one who comes near you be the happier because you are young and happy.

Or, you have a sweet voice and a talent for music? Do not keep them for display, that they may bring you applause. Sing at home, or in church, or beside lonely and neglected children, or wherever your music will carry comfort or peace.

Or, you have studied and read much? Whom does your knowledge help? Do you use it simply for yourself, or to make your little world brighter and better?

You are, perhaps, a professed servant of Christ. You ponder long upon your sins. You read your Bible. You pray morning and night. You go to church. You are intent on saving your soul. But what help do you give to the souls of your brothers?

God does not give you the water of life to be thrown upon the ground. Pass it on! The man who stands in the line, but does not work, is worse than useless. He is a positive hindrance.

THE STORY OF NEESIMA.

The romantic and touching history of the Japanese missionary, Neesima, and his chrysanthemums, which have now grown famous, is told by Mr. F. Schuyler Matthews in "The Golden Flower," a book about the chrysanthemum which has lately been issued. It is a story of a great service repaid with flowers—but with flowers which became famous, and have themselves made famous a beautiful life.

Neesima was the name of a Japanese who was born in the city of Yeddo in 1844. As a boy, he was disposed to studiousness, and before he was twenty he received from a friend a small tract, called "The Story of the Bible," which was written by a Christian missionary in China.

The reading of this tract was the beginning of a new life for the young man. He determined to learn more of the "Light which shone in the East," and to this end resolved to find his way to America. This was no easy task in those times in Japan, for the strictest watch was kept over the people to prevent their going to foreign countries.

Neesima left his home, however, and went to the seaport town of Hakodate, where he remained for a season, planning a means of escape. By the help of a friend, he concealed himself in a little boat, laden with supplies that were being taken to an American vessel in the harbor.

As the little boat left the quay, an officer caught sight of it, and called, "Who goes there?" "*Ore da?*" (It is I!) shouted the boatman, and the craft was allowed to pass.

Neesima reached the vessel in safety, and the captain concealed him in a closet while the Japanese officers made a tour of the boat before she sailed. At Shanghai he was transferred to a ship belonging to the late Alpheus Hardy, of Boston. He told the master of this ship that he wished to go to America to be educated, and was brought across the ocean by the kind-hearted captain. At Hong-Kong he supplied himself with money by the sale of his sword, the badge of his social rank in Japan, and bought a Chinese New Testament.

On his arrival in Boston, young Neesima was taken to Mr. Hardy, and told him of his desire to learn more of the "Light in the East." Mr. Hardy assured him that there was indeed a Light in the East, and that it should shine for him and his people. He gave Neesima an education at Phillips Andover Academy, at Amherst College, and at the Andover Theological Seminary.

Joseph Hardy Neesima, as he was now called, was ordained to the ministry in Boston in 1874, and went to Japan soon after to found the school of the Doshisha, or "The One Purpose," in Kioto, and he was connected with the school to the time of his death.

In 1887 Neesima sent to Mrs. Hardy, in Boston, a collection of some thirty varieties of the chrysanthemum. These were given by Mrs. Hardy to two gardeners to propagate, and from them came some of the most wonderfully beautiful flowers ever seen, of forms hitherto unknown in this country, whose fame has filled the Western world.

In the midst of the celebrity attained by the great white, frosty flower, called the "Mrs. Alpheus Hardy," came the news of the death in January, 1890, of Joseph Hardy Neesima in Japan. With its comrades, the flower was a dying token of light and love from the man whose tongue had often repeated the words:

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

ARMY BALLOONS.

Recent French newspapers describe the public drill of one of the army balloon companies, consisting of one hundred and twenty-seven men, with new and greatly improved apparatus. The crowd of spectators was intensely interested in the proceedings, which were certainly very novel and curious. The company was provided with a train of wagons, each adapted to its special purpose. One of them contained the balloon and its appurtenances; another was loaded with ready-made gas, compressed in vessels, but capable of immediate expansion when wanted. The nature of the vessels and the mode of storing away the gas in them are secrets that belong to the French war department.

At the word of command a connection was made between the gas-vessels and the empty balloon, which filled with a rapidity never before seen. The French reporters say that the inflation was almost instantaneous. The balloon was then attached to a third wagon, in which were a capstan and a small steam-engine, the balloon being connected with the capstan by a rope six hundred yards long. The steam-engine was to provide the force with which to draw the balloon downward.

All being ready, one of the most skilful members of the corps took his place in the car, and the balloon was allowed to rise to the extreme length of the rope. Four horses were attached to the wagon, which was drawn up and down the plain at the direction of the commanding general seated next the driver. By means of a wire that formed part of the rope which held the balloon, the general conversed freely with the aëronaut through a telephone, and he was thus enabled to observe the "enemy" from a height of six hundred yards.

It was a striking spectacle, the course of the wagon, drawn by four horses going at full gallop, over rough and smooth country, plowed fields and grassy levels, up hill and down, with a balloon following in the air hundreds of yards above it.

After a run of a few miles, the wagon came to a halt, the balloon was wound down by the steam-engine, and again ascended, bearing the chief of staff and other officers. The commander-in-chief finally made an ascension, after which the balloon was emptied of its gas, and the gas put back again into the reservoir for future use.

The weather was perfect for ballooning, and all the experiments of the day appear to have been successful. Each balloon corps is accompanied by twelve wagons, several of which contain the materials of which the gas is made, though gas enough for one inflation is always kept in readiness.

BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

Gentleness often proves more effective, with a man who is out of temper, than hot argument, harsh words, or even force. The New York *Sun* says that a coal cart was delivering an order the other day, and the horse, after two or three efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, became obstinate.

The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eyes, and the bystanders were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down, along will come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached, and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here, and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole, and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man looked around in a defiant way, but, meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled, and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, many hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.

For the Companion.

HUMAN NATURE.

If life were not so sad a thing,
Who then could think of being merry!
If God's will would bear altering,
His plans we should not try to vary!—
Were we once free from pain and care,
We straight would seek some cross to bear!

If upon love a seal were set,
How many seals would then be broken!
If gentle speech were hard to get,
How many kind words would be spoken!—
If Heaven were once denied us all,
How we should then to Heaven call!

MARY A. MASON.

PROMPT ACTION.

There is a famous quickener of enterprise which is commonly known as "the spur of the moment." Under its influence many great things have been accomplished. Mr. Irving Montagu, in his "Camp and Studio," has a chapter entitled "Links in the Chain." As one of the links he describes an interview with Mr. Thomas Cook, whose name as an "excursionist" is familiar to all readers. Mr. Montagu was then a young man, with his reputation as a painter and a war artist yet to make.

I was passing Mr. Cook's office, when it suddenly struck me—not a new idea by any means—how delightful it would be to go to Paris, if I could only afford it. The advertisements in his window had doubtless suggested it. Pondering thus, I went some distance in the direction of Charing Cross, when, without being actually uttered, the words "Art and enterprise, art and enterprise," so tickled my tympanum that I was constrained to return to that office.

Was Mr. Cook in?

He was. Was my business of a private nature?

"Yes; certainly."

"Oh, then I'll go up and see," said the clerk in the lower office.

He presently reappeared, and directed me to a room on the first floor, where Mr. Thomas Cook was seated.

"I have an idea with reference to art and enterprise," I began.

"Art and enterprise!" He evidently thought I was either a harmless lunatic, or else supposed myself to be speaking to some other Mr. Cook. "Art and enterprise! Isn't there some mistake?"

No, there was no mistake, though I had some difficulty in putting the idea into practical form. It was this—that if Mr. Cook was half as anxious to be possessed of pictures of foreign places as I was to see foreign places, a combination of art and enterprise might be effected by which we should mutually benefit. I gave him a case in point.

"I want to go to Paris, but can't afford it. You, on the other hand, would like a picture, say, of Notre Dame by moonlight. You give me a return ticket to Paris—Notre Dame by moonlight will be added to your collection on my return."

"And, pray, when did this enter your head?"

"Five minutes ago."

"And you put it in practice at once?"

"Yes; why not? I'd nothing to lose."

"On the contrary, everything to gain," said he.

"Just so."

At this point Mr. Cook said something down a speaking-tube, and a few moments afterward a clerk entered and gave him a blue envelope, which he handed to me.

"What's this?" I said, inquiringly.

"A first-class return ticket to Paris."

I was wonder-struck.

"But you don't know me, Mr. Cook. My name even is—"

"Exactly so. I'm quite willing to lose a return ticket to Paris, if I am wrong in my conjecture that you are right. I believe you to have had a bright idea, and I put it at once, as you say, into practice. To justify my good opinion remains with you. Good morning."

I went away fully determined to produce the most marvellous moonlight that had ever been painted; and perhaps, from certain points of view, it was unique. Suffice it to say, for years I travelled over all parts of Europe by a mutual arrangement of this kind with Mr. Cook; and it was undoubtedly the experience thus obtained which gave me a zest, and fitted me for the profession of my choice.

WHERE IT WAS.

The crowd of loafers in the little country store at Spurville had just listened with great interest to Job Landers's account of his recent sufferings from a large boil on his leg. Various comments expressive of sympathy were offered by one and another, but these were suddenly interrupted by Andrew Criler, who began:

"A bile's a mighty mean thing fer a man ter have, 'n' no mistake." After a short pause, he continued:

"I don't s'pose I shell ever furgit one 't I had more 'n twenty year ago. 'Twas on my right arm jest above the elbow, 'n' I couldn't do anything ter speak of, fer nigh onter three weeks. How it did ache! Why! I couldn't sleep a wink no more 'n if somebuddy 'd been borin' right inter that arm with an auger; 'n' it swelled up so 's 't I couldn't git my shirt-sleeve down over it. I had ter keep it wropped up in an old shawl of Lyddy's all the time.

"It got so bad finally 't I jest couldn't stan' it any longer; so I went over ter old Doctor Coblet 'n' got him ter look at it.

"'Wal,' says he, 'that's a pooty bad arm, but it aint ready ter be opened yit. Ye'll have ter come agin in a few days.' So home I went, mad enough ter kill. I jest walked the floor all that night, 'n' I shouldn't wonder if I said some bad words 'long to'ards mornin', fer that bile did ache wuss 'n any toothache.

"Wal, next day I went ter old Coblet agin, 'n' told him he'd jest got ter open that bile right off. So the old feller cut it open, 'n'—wal, mebbe I didn't holler! I thought fer about a minute that I'd give up the ghost. Wal, the bile got well pooty soon after that, but it left a big scar 't I s'pose I'll alluz kerry."

"Le's see it, Andrew," cried the crowd, anxious to behold even the traces of so famous a "bile."

Nothing loath to display the memento of his past sufferings, Andrew pulled off his coat and drew up his right shirt-sleeve. No sign of a scar, or blemish, of any kind was to be seen.

A trifle disconcerted, he exclaimed: "Thar! It's queer I sh'd furgit 'twas on t' other arm, but I guess 'twas."

Up came the other sleeve, and the crowd again pressed forward to see the scar. Alas! this arm was as unblemished as the other.

Andrew tried to look perfectly dazed at this result, but a moment later, with a twinkle in his eye, he said: "Wal, I vow! It is queer how a man's mem'ry sometimes deceives him, aint it? I remember now jest ez plain 'z day, that bile wuz on *brother John's arm*."

UNSOLICITED.

A correspondent of *The Companion* was not long ago sitting in a street-car next to two young ladies. Presently one of them said to the other, "It's Fourteenth Street, isn't it?" "Yes," said her companion, anxiously, "and I wouldn't miss it for the world." To the involuntary listener it seemed plain that they intended to alight at Fourteenth Street. When Fourteenth Street was reached, and the two ladies seemed oblivious, our correspondent signalled to the conductor, who brought the car to a halt.

"This is Fourteenth Street, ladies," said the gentleman, politely.

"Thank you," answered one of the young ladies, with freezing courtesy. "We know perfectly well where we wish to alight."

Then it became evident to the man that he had not divined their intentions correctly, and had received the usual reward for unasked advice.

Last summer, at Atlantic City, a ludicrous scene was witnessed by the few people who happened to be at the shore end of Georgia Avenue early one August morning.

Among the strollers on the beach was a stalwart man from Ohio. He had arrived the night before, and was taking his first sniff of salt air, accompanied by a large dog.

All at once he paused, and his face assumed an expression of horror. A few yards from shore a stout man was floating in the surf. He was enjoying himself hugely, but the Ohio man jumped to the conclusion that he must be either drowning or drowned, and called to his dog.

With half a dozen great leaps, the huge animal had the supposed "floater" by the collar of his bathing robe. The Ohio man, regardless of his clothing, waded in the water up to his waist, and between them they hauled the "floater" upon the beach.

In the operation the man was so choked by the dog and strangled by the water that for a moment he was unable to speak; but when the rescuer began to roll and pound him, according to the rules of the Humane Society, he found his tongue, and fell to berating the man from Ohio.

The man who had been rescued was a German who knew but little English, and could not be convinced of the good intentions of his rescuer. While he stormed and threatened, the Ohio man explained, the big dog growled, and the crowd roared with delight, until a policeman appeared, and marched rescuer and rescued to the police station. Matters were satisfactorily explained, of course, but the Ohio man now belongs to the grand army of people who never give advice or aid unasked.

STEADY NERVES.

An incident which recently took place at Plymouth, Massachusetts, called for the possession of a good deal of pluck on the part of the two actors. A young man of about twenty was leading a bull that had always been peaceably inclined, when the animal seemed to be seized by a sudden fury, and made a lunge at him.

The stick which was fastened to a ring in the animal's nose snapped short in the young man's grasp, and almost before he knew what had happened, he was thrown into the air from the bull's horns.

His clothing was torn nearly from his body, his cheek was cut open, and he was much bruised, but when he fell, almost under the feet of the bull, he had presence of mind enough to realize that his only safety lay in keeping so close to the head of the animal that he could not be thrown up again. He managed to get three fingers of his left hand into the ring in the bull's nose, while with his right hand he grasped one of the horns.

Meanwhile the farmer who owned the animal, and who is an excellent shot, had got a rifle from the house, and hastily put into it two cartridges. The young man, finding his strength failing, called out to the other to shoot.

"Fire, for pity's sake," he said. "I can't hold on much longer."

The bull, astonished by the clutch of his victim, had for a moment stopped, but when he should again start there would be small chance of the life of the young man. The animal stood so that his forehead was presented to the farmer, but the young man's head was within a few inches of the spot which the bullet must strike.

"If I fire," the farmer called, "the ball may flatten on the bone, and kill you on the rebound."

"Fire any way, and quick," the other cried out, as the bull showed signs of moving.

The farmer put his rifle to his shoulder, and fired. The shot was so true, that the bull dropped in his tracks without a struggle.

BIG LOAD.

The History of Templeton, Mass., contains an interesting account of what was long known in that neighborhood as the "great load of wood." In January, 1822, Colonel Leonard Stone, who lived in the north part of Templeton, and had a saw-mill on Otter River, was drawing a load of hard wood as a present to his minister, Mr. Wellington.

As the sled was crossing the common, Colonel Ephraim Stone saluted his brother with the question, "Why don't you take the minister a *load* of wood, while you're about it?"

Colonel Leonard replied, "Don't the size of this load suit you? Well, I've been sawing out lumber down 't the mill, and there's any quantity of slabs there. You may take a load of them, as big as you like, to the minister. I'll give you all you can haul."

Colonel Ephraim stirred up the people to make a full acceptance of the offer. A sled was improvised with runners thirty or more feet long and placed eight feet apart, with a tongue for the attachment of oxen in front of each runner. This sled was taken to the mill, and the slabs were eagerly piled on.

Eighty yoke of oxen were attached, and the load was easily drawn around through Baldwinville, well up to the more level ground. Then common sleds were brought into service, and the men hauled and piled on more slabs until the supply at the mill was completely exhausted.

All the men and boys, to the number of two hundred, more or less, turned out to assist in this wood-hauling. It was night before the sled was fairly loaded; so the men repaired to their homes, and returned the next day to finish the work. The next day they drew it to the minister's door, where it remained several days before it was unloaded, and people from far and near came to see it.

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For the Companion.

WHO IS HE?

A jolly little stranger
Is in the town to-day.
He came last night at stroke o' twelve,
So I hear them say;
And every one is smiling
As merry as you please;
Pleasant words are flying, too,
Like leaflets in a breeze.
People, calling here and there,
Walk and drive about;
Young folks, old folks, boys and girls,
All are mustered out.
No one thinks to give a frown;
Skies and eyes are bright;
E'en the prim old gate-posts,
Having donned their caps of white,
Wear the jaunty, pointed things
With an air of glee,
You would laugh, as well as I,
If you chanced to see!
Every face is full of fun,
Every heart is gay;
All small quarrels are forgot—
Forgotten let them stay;
Rub the old score out, my dear,
Begin anew to-day.

For the Companion.

ARKIE'S HILL.

Mamma Burke was bustling about her sitting-room, dusting and putting it in order, and Arkie was rocking away in his little chair, and singing in a way that would do your heart good to hear, when the bell rang with a great "jang-lang-lang!" that made them both jump.

"That must be the expressman," said mamma; "no one else pulls the bell so hard." So she hastened to open the door, and presently returned with so big a package in her arms that Arkie ran to her, crying: "O mamma, let me help carry it. It must be so heavy it will break you in two!"

"No, it won't," said mamma, laughing, "for it isn't very heavy. You may help me untie it," she added, as she placed it on the floor.

"What does it say on this card," asked Arkie, eagerly, as he caught sight of a tag attached to one end of the package.

"A Happy New Year to Arkie Burke," said mamma, stooping to read the card. "It must be a New Year's present from Aunt Amy."

"How splendid! how splendid!" shouted Arkie. He was so much excited, I am afraid he was not of much use in untying the cords, but when mamma's deft fingers had loosened the last cord, he was not long in tearing off the paper, and a fine, new red sled appeared, with "Snowbird" painted in beautiful white letters on top.

For one minute Arkie stood spellbound with delight, then the corners of his mouth went down, down, down! and his voice went up, up, up! in one long wail!

"O mamma, mamma, how awful! to have such a lovely sled and no hi-hi-hill!"

Mamma didn't know whether to laugh, or be vexed with him. It was so absurd to see a small boy stand and cry beside his new sled!

"Never mind, dear," said she. "Auntie has never lived in Dakota, and she did not realize there are no hills here, but papa will draw you about on the snow, and you will enjoy it in that way. Auntie would feel badly to see you feel so, when she meant to give you so much pleasure, to find she had caused so many tears instead."

"I didn't think 'bout her part of it," said Arkie, trying to dry his tears. "I'll just *try* not even to *think* how fast it would go down hill!"

The next morning, when he opened his eyes he found both papa and mamma looking very smiling and bright. Arkie ran to the window, as he always did in the morning, to scratch a little place through the thick frost, so he could look out and see what sort of a day it was.

"No matter about that this morning," said papa, hurriedly; "just see how quickly you can get yourself dressed, and when you have had your breakfast, I will take you out of doors and show you the surprise the New Year has brought you."

So Arkie hurried, you may be sure, and he hurried his breakfast, too! And then mamma helped him to put on his "out-door things," which were all warming by the stove. First, there were his leggings that reached to his waist, then his chamois-skin jacket, and muffler and fur-overcoat and cap, and last of all the warm, fleece-lined rubbers, for when one lives in Dakota, and the thermometer stands about twenty degrees below, as it did that morning, one needs warm clothes and a good many of them, you may well believe!

Then papa, who had been busy getting into his own wrappings, took his little son by the hand, and together they went out into the sunshine, which shone so bright on the snow-covered ground Arkie could hardly see at first, but as soon as his eyes got used to the light he stood still in astonishment.

"Why, papa, what is that? It looks like—it is a hill! and oh, what a big one! Who moved it here, papa?"

"The wind did," said papa, laughing heartily, "and nothing else, for it is just a big snowdrift packed solid against the barn. See that bit of roof peeping out at the top."

Arkie did not wait to hear any more, he ran for his sled, and presently he and papa were both trying to make their way up the hill, but it was so hard and so slippery they could make no progress, till finally Arkie got down on his knees and began to *crawl* up.

"Here, here!" called his father. "That will never do, you would make holes in both your knees and mittens, which means lots of stitches for your mamma; run and get the hatchet, and I will show you a much better way than that."

Then papa fell to work, and cut steps up the side of the hill, one—two—three—oh, there were dozens before he reached the top.

"There," said he, when the last one was done. "This is a regular toboggan slide, and there isn't a better one in the country!"

And oh, how swiftly the "Snowbird" flew down with the happy little boy on her back, down, down the long hill, and far out over the plain!

Arkie had never known so delightful a morning, and when he was called to dinner he could talk of nothing but his good time.

PENELOPE DOOLITTLE.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

ENIGMA.

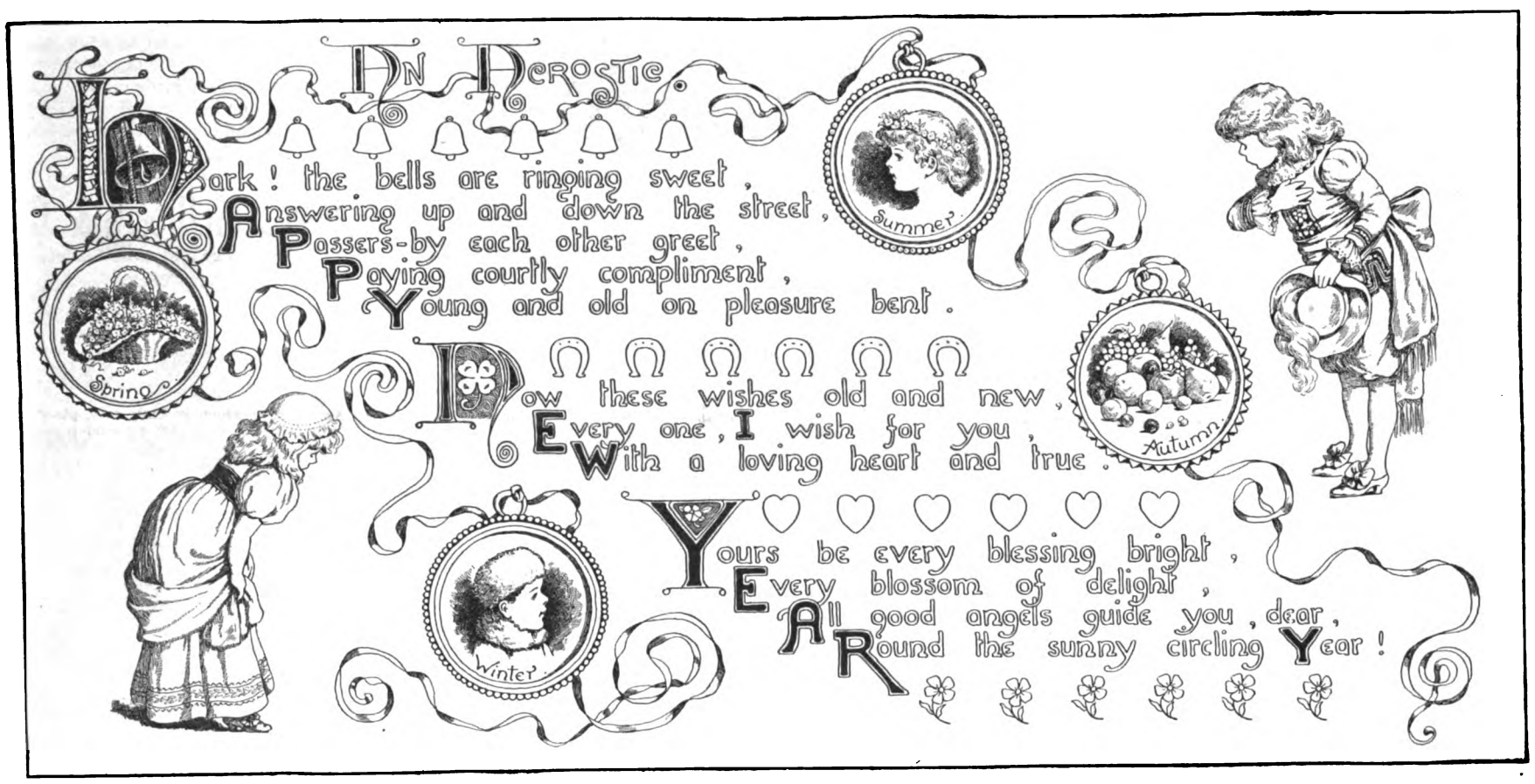
My first is in nice;
My second is in spice;
My third is in wise;
My fourth is in dye;
My fifth is in eel;
My sixth is in heal;
My seventh is in rut;
My eighth is in strut;
My ninth is in deem;
My tenth is in ream;
My last is in gay;
My whole, the first day.

2.

ANAGRAM.

The couplets rhyme. The omitted words are all formed from the eleven letters omitted from the last line.

The clock struck twelve, disturbing * * * * *,
Who shouted loudly, "Whoa, there! * * * * * *!"
He dreamed, no doubt, he rode the * * * * *
Of which he long had felt the need;
And stopping at some grand * * * * *,
Where many dreamland people dwell,—
No doubt, he dreamed he gave him * * *,
Then galloped onward far away.
His pony, though with rockers * * * *,
Could travel far in lands of Nod.
The clock strikes one. It seems to * * *
One hour has passed of the new * * *.



For the Companion.

NEW YEAR GREETING.

"A blue-jay hopped beside me
And chirruped sweet and clear:
'A merry, merry greeting
To you this bright New Year.'"

For the Companion.

WISHES WITHOUT HEART.

"I wish you a Happy New Year, mamma," cried Belle, as she bounded down stairs on New Year's morning. "A Happy New Year to you, grandma! Lots of Happy New Years to you, baby!" she added, kissing the baby's soft cheek.

"Does my little girl know how to help make the New Year a happy one to us all?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes!" snapped Belle, pettishly, "by being a good girl, of course. That's what you always say." And I don't know what more she might have said, but just then she heard her father and brother coming in, and ran to meet them and be the first to give them the greetings of the season. "A Happy New Year to you, papa! A Happy New Year to you, brother Will!"

"I'm going out to slide till school-time," she said, after breakfast.

"I wish you'd sew these buttons on to my gloves," said her father. "I want them to wear this morning, and your mother is dressing the baby."

"Oh, dear!" pouted Belle, throwing down her hood, and going in search of needle and thread, "that's always the way. I never can have any fun as other girls do."

"Won't you wear your cloak to school instead of your shawl?" grandma asked Belle, not long after. "I like the shawl so much to put over my shoulders these cold days."

"Well, yes, I suppose I can," was the ungracious reply. "The cloak is so old and faded that it looks like a fright, and the shawl is new and pretty."

And Belle put on her cloak with so much *vim* that she tore off two buttons and burst out a buttonhole.

Noon time came. "I'm as hungry as a bear!" said Belle, coming in from school.

"Please hurry off your things, and set the table," said her mother. "Dinner is a little behindhand. I've had so much to do, and baby has fretted a good deal."

"I think it's too hard to have to study all school-time and work the rest of the time," said Belle. "I wish you'd keep a servant to do the housework; I don't like it."

Baby was fretful after school that night. "She is cutting a tooth," said mamma, "and feels badly. Can't you play with her a little while, Belle, to amuse her, and help her forget her little aches and pains?"

"I don't think there's any fun playing with babies," Belle said, crossly. "They don't know anything. Come along, then, if you must, you little bother," and Belle took her so roughly, and spoke so crossly, that baby just made up a lip and cried aloud.

"Come and have a game of checkers with me, Belle," said Will, after tea.

"Oh, checkers! You always want to play checkers, and you *know* I hate 'em. I'll play Mother Goose with you."

"That's too simple a game," said Will. "Come, be a good girl, now."

"I'd rather read," was the selfish reply.

And so, before twelve hours from the time Belle wished each of the rest a Happy New Year, she had grieved every one of them by her selfishness. How much heart was there in her good wishes, do you think?

Now all is still:—yet while I * * * *,
I hear a sound. What is it? * * * *!
Unless some vision me beguiles,
Small hoofs are trotting o'er the * * * * *.
Now down the chimney,—what a noise!—
Comes Santa Claus, with books and * * * *.
The night is dark. The hour is * * * *,
But Santa ne'er forgets the * * * *.
He stops not, e'en to warm his * * * *,
But fills with gifts the row of * * * *;
A rocking-horse to Teddy's * * * *,
Then upward through the chimney * * * *.
When morning broke all hearts were glad;
And wasn't Ted a happy * * *?
"Papa, my dream's proved true," he * * * *,
"I'll ride all through * * * * * * * * * *."

3.

ANAGRAMMATICAL CHRONOSTICON.

Irama Thegrowed was born on New Year's Day, at Hare *Chath* in Berkshire *Nutcoy, Delyann*. She wrote an *esteinrex* series of *selrno* and was a *tefdiy* and *sallywinrue* respected author. The year of her birth may be found by taking one letter from each anagram, in order.

LILIAN PAYSON.

Conundrums.

Why is New Year's Day like the letter J? It is the First of January.

Why is a humming-bird like a gentleman making New Year's calls? He often goes from one Rose to another, makes brief visits, and finds refreshment at every place.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Crystal, Human, poweR, sIlver, melodiouS, leT, harMony, Angelic, Symphony—Christmas.

2.

CONCORD	CON	CORD
HEATHEN	HEAT	HEN
IMPROVE	IMP	ROVE
LAPIS	LAP	IS
DARKSOME	DARK	SOME
REDTOP	RED	TOP
EREMITE	ERE	MITE
NOTABLE	NOT	ABLE
SAPSAGO	SAP	SAGO
INTERCEDE	INTER	CEDE
NOWAY	NOW	AY
GORED	GO	RED
INNOVATE	INN	OVATE
NESTLING	NEST	LING
GUNSTOCK	GUN	STOCK

Children Singing Christmas Carols.

3. At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

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SPEAKING OF GUNS.

The first thought of almost every one, on hearing a good story, is to find some one else to whom it can be told. Some people make a few stories stand them in good stead for a long time; and a tale is told of a Vermont man who had just *one* story, and who told that on every possible occasion.

It was an excellent story, without doubt, the story of a gun which had once belonged to a friend of his, and he told it well, though, perhaps, it might have been improved by a little condensation. But his anxiety to bring forward this tale never abated. One new listener in a group of people was quite enough to encourage him to give his "gun" story in all its details.

It is said that he always brought the conversation around to guns, as soon as possible; then he would say, "And speaking of guns reminds me of a good story," and then begin his narrative.

There is a legend in his native town, that on one occasion, a number of people who were well acquainted with this thrilling tale endeavored to keep *guns* out of the conversation, at a dinner, given by a club of which he was a member, to a "distinguished visitor."

In vain the gun man tried to bring the talk round to his favorite weapon, and as time went on, his expression became gloomy in the extreme. As the guests rose from the table at last, so the story runs, he stamped violently on the floor as he approached the distinguished guest, and then said, "Just a little cramp from sitting so long, my dear sir; but that *sounded* almost like a gun; and speaking of guns, reminds me—" and linking his arm in that of the visitor, he bore him triumphantly from the room, to the music of his cherished anecdote.

MOST IMPORTANT.

The painful incidents of life will come. They are guests that cannot be denied. Happy are we, however, if some ray of the ludicrous or incongruous appears also, to brighten their gloom. Says the author of "Recollections of a Private:"

One comrade, whom I will call Jack, had been saying last words to his mother, a little woman with a sweet, care-worn face. At the final moment, though she had tried hard to preserve her composure, she gave way, threw her arms about her boy's neck, and said, between heavy sobs:

"My dear boy, my dear boy, what will your poor old mother do without you? You are going to fight for your country. Don't forget your mother, Jack. God bless you, God bless you!"

There was a touch of nature in this homely sorrow which drew tears of sympathy from all our eyes. One warm-hearted comrade actually sobbed, and his eyes refused, as he expressed it, to "dry up," until, as we were moving off, Jack's mother came rushing after us, with a bundle tied like a wheat-sheaf.

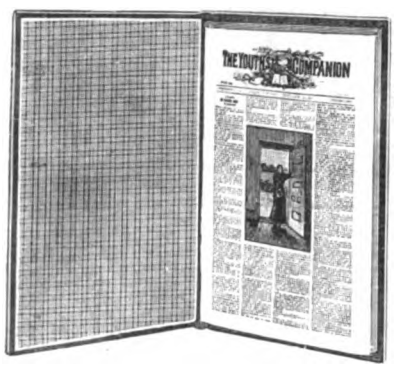
"Jack! Jack!" she called, in a pathetic voice. "You've forgotten to take your pennyroyal!"

We all laughed, and so did Jack, and I think the laugh helped him more than his tears.

About Bird-Cages. No. 19.

If a cage, like anything else, is made of the right material, in the right way, the result is right. This material is hard brass spring wire; this way is to rivet to solid brass bands (no solder anywhere). This is the Hendryx way. [*Adv.*

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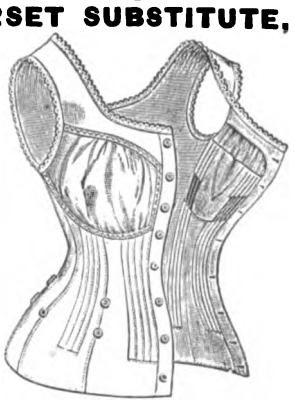
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WRESTLING WITH A BUCK.

Tom Donohue, night-watchman at the Central Park Menagerie, sends to the New York *Herald* an account of a "tough tussle with a vicious buck deer," which he says he shall long remember. He was making his customary rounds, when he heard an unusual noise in the cattle building. On hastening to the door, he discovered that a certain buck, the terror of the collection, had been doing his best to get out of his enclosure. He already had the gate nearly off its hinges, and would soon be at large unless something could be done to stop him.

Dropping my lantern, I went down on my marrow bones in front of the gate, and tried to hold it in place with my hands. My presence seemed to redouble the buck's fury. His fighting blood was up, and he butted me with his horns till my shins were barked in a way that was anything but pleasant.

I was in a very tight place. My strength was no match for the buck's, and it was plain enough that I couldn't hold the gate long against him. But if I let go and took to my heels, the chances were that the fellow would have the gate down, and be after me before I could get to shelter. Then, with his sharp horns, he would make short work of me, and the reporters would write some brilliant description of how Tom Donohue met his death.

I must hold on to the gate anyhow. And hold on I did; but I managed to get my whistle between my teeth, and blew three shrill blasts upon it, the understood signal of alarm. Again and again I whistled, and after a few minutes my signal was answered, but still no one came to my help.

Meanwhile I was getting very tired; I should have to let go pretty soon, whether or no, and trust to luck and my legs. Just then the buck got his horns fouled in the fence. That was my opportunity. I let go the gate, and made for the other end of the alley, where there was another gate.

It was not fastened. I had just time to swing it open, jump through, swing it to, and brace myself against it, when the buck came dashing up.

Then there was another tussle, and again my strength began to fail me; but as luck would have it, I noticed a chain swinging overhead. This I managed to seize, and with it I took a few turns round the gate post, making it temporarily secure.

At this moment, when I was at last out of danger, assistance came. My whistle had been heard, but the men could not for a time locate the sound.

We got the buck back to his cage after a while, "shining" him with the lantern, and nobody was much hurt.

SAVING THE PINE.

At a dinner-party in London, the centrepiece is often a large pineapple, which by its fragrance and beauty justifies its position. But it is whispered that the pineapple is not unfrequently hired for the occasion, and that the butler has been ordered to preserve it from being sliced by the guests.

Many years ago, when Queen Adelaide assisted her stupid, good-natured husband, William IV., to stimulate the social life of England, the Lord Mayor of London was informed that Her Majesty would lunch at the Mansion House on a certain day. At the feast the Queen sat at a small circular table with the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, while the other guests were seated at a large table adjoining that of royalty, on which stood a magnificent pineapple. So attractive was the pine that it drew more eyes than the Queen.

Her Majesty declined to partake of the pineapple, and it remained uncut when she rose to leave the table, and many of the guests congratulated themselves on the fact that there would be more slices to go round.

The Lord Mayor, a canny Scotchman, anticipated his guests' thoughts, and, as he gave the Queen his arm to escort her from the hall, said to a young friend, also a Scot, "Oblige me by saving the pine." No sooner had the Queen left the room, than a rush was made for the pine. The young Scot seized it, held it out of the reach of a score of guests eager to slice it, and by the aid of the butler conveyed it to the pantry.

"Have you saved the pine?" asked the Lord Mayor, on re-entering the hall.

"I have," answered the young man.

"I presume, Mr. Mayor," said one of the guests, "that the pine is to be sent to Her Majesty."

"Nothing of the kind," answered the Mayor.

"Why, then, is it not to be eaten?"

"It was to be eaten by the Queen, not by you," the Mayor rejoined; "but as Her Majesty declined to partake of it, I intend returning it whence it came. I arranged to pay two guineas for the loan, or seven guineas had it been eaten; as it is, I save five guineas."

"Well, to be sure!" exclaimed another disappointed guest, "here is a specimen of Scotch economy for you!"

"Yes," joined in another, referring to the nativity of the Mayor and his young friend, "and how these Scotchmen do play into each other's hands!"

TOO SLOW.

Indians have their own way of watching, and when serving with white soldiers, do not take kindly to sentry or picket duty. An anecdote of a Pawnee Indian picket on Powder River, reported in "War-Path and Bivouac," illustrates the red man's distaste for the methods of the pale face.

One afternoon in March, Lieutenant Schwatka was ordered to make a detail for picket duty, and as the Pawnee scouts were doing nothing, it was thought expedient to give them a turn. A sergeant took half a dozen of them with the regular guard, and having placed the picket post, explained to the Indian chief, as well as he could, that he and his men would have two hours on and four hours off duty until the guard was relieved.

"I'll lend you my watch," said he to the Pawnee, and striking a match, he pointed to the dial. "It's now six o'clock. When the shorter hand moves two points, your first watch will be relieved. Do you understand me?"

"Hey, hey, good!" answered the Indian, and stalked away on his rounds. The sergeant, being fatigued, dropped into a fitful sleep by the low watch-fire of the main guard. Suddenly he was aroused by the Pawnee's hand. The chief was standing over him, the watch in his hand.

"What do you want?" asked the sergeant.

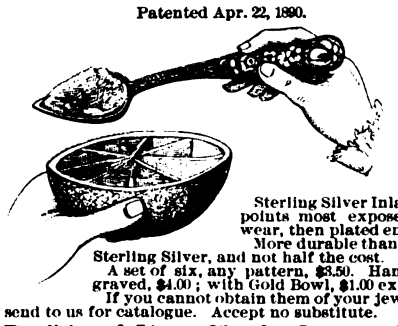
"Injun heap cold; much heap stiff," replied the chief. "Ugh! That thing (indicating the watch) much lie. Long finger (the minute-hand) been all right. Short finger (the hour-hand) him heap tired."

The laughing sergeant tried to show the chief his mistake, for he had been but a short time on guard. "Ugh!" was all the disgusted brave would say, and he would have nothing more to do with picket duty.

To cleanse and preserve the teeth use "*Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.*" Microscopical examinations have proved that the use of soap is the only safeguard against the accumulation of animal and vegetable parasites on the teeth. Camphor strengthens and relieves soreness of the gums. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Sold at drug stores. [*Adv*

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"The merits of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cannot be over-estimated. It allays inflammation and soreness of the throat and lungs, and cures a cough as no other medicine can. I speak from an extended experience with those affections and their remedies."—H. L. SMITH, *City Editor "Helena World," Helena, Ark.*

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MANY VERSIONS.

Most of the jests which have been current in England for centuries are known also throughout Europe. Students of folklore assure us that, to a far greater extent than is generally understood, these jests are of Asiatic origin, many of them having come from as far east as China and Japan. Some of them are thousands of years old, and who made them first is a question that can never be answered.

There is the well-known story of the impudent Irishman in a coffee-house, who looked over a gentleman's shoulder while he was writing a letter, and when he read, "I have much more to say to you, but a fellow is looking over my shoulder, and I can't tell what he wants," cried out, "Sure, sir, I haven't read a word!" This story is found in the *Bahâristân* (Abode of Spring) of Jâmi, the last of the great Persian poets of the fifteenth century.

The story in the "Wizard Mirth" of John Taylor, the water poet, of the countryman in London who tried to take up a stone to throw at a savage dog, and finding them all fastened hard in the ground, declared that these were strange folks, who thought to grow stones, is found in Arabic, and is told in the thirteenth century by the illustrious Persian poet, Sa'di.

Mr. W. A. Clouston, in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, traces a familiar tale, from the ancient Hindoo fables, through Persian, Arabic, and Hebrew, through various versions, in many centuries and languages.

The Hindoo tale is, in brief, as follows: A rich man said to his treasurer, in the hearing of a musician who had entertained him, "Give him a couple thousand panas." The treasurer said, "I will do so," and went out. The minstrel asked him for the money. The treasurer replied, "Formerly, in the rich man, he received this reply: 'Waiting, he you give me that I should make a return.' You gave a short-lived pleasure to my ears by playing on the lyre, and I gave a short-lived pleasure to your ears by saying, 'Wait.'"

In Gladwin's "Persian Moonshee," a poor poet recites verses in praise of a rich man, who promises him a quantity of grain, but later says to him, "You are a blockhead! You delighted me with your verses, and I rewarded you like manner. Why, then, should I give you grain?"

Lucian tells of a philosopher who complained to his pupil because his fees were eleven days in arrears, and was thus answered by the youth's father: "Why, sir, what do you complain of? Has the beguiling you suppose you have had at our hands, since it simply amounts to this: We have given you words of you, and, till now, have paid you no higher coin?"

In "Jacke of Dover, his Quest of Inquirie for the Foole of all Fooles," an English jest-book of the sixteenth century, there is a tale almost precisely like the Persian narrative.

A Japanese story says that Kinsburo, a person of economical spirit, went to the fish-market to buy eels. The appetizing odor of fried eels entered his dining-room and reassured his host of the fact. He sent a servant to settle his bill for the odor of the fish. Kinsburo held the money, asked for on the bill and began to count it aloud. When the man was about to leave, Kinsburo put the money back into his pocket, replying to the astonished servant, "I have made payment for the smell of your fried fish. I do the same for the sight of my money." This story was known in Europe in the fourteenth century.

TRAPPED.

In "Joints in Our Social Armor," recently published in London, there is a characteristic and amusing anecdote of the cunning, cat-like Charles Greville. He was very old, and had gone to see a spiritualistic "medium," who was attracting fashionable London.

The charlatan looked at the gray, worn old man, and thought himself safe. Four other visitors attended the séance, but the "medium" bestowed all his attention on Greville. With much emotion, he cried, "There is an aged lady behind your chair!"

Greville remarked, acutely, "How interesting! She is very, very like you!"

"She has her hands on your head, Greville. She lifts her hands to bless you. Her hands are now resting on your head!" shouted the medium.

At last, the mischievous man said, with a slight tremor in his voice, "I say tell me who this mysterious visitant may be."

"It is your mother."

"Ah," said Greville, "I am delighted to hear that!"

"She says she is perfectly happy, and she watches you constantly."

"Dear soul!" muttered the unscrupulous one. "She tells me you will join her soon, and be happy together."

Then Greville said, gravely, in dulcet tone, "That is extremely likely, for I am going to take tea with her at five o'clock."

He had led on the poor swindler in his usual way, unconscious of the fact that his mother was nearly a century old.

TALL MEN.

Great stature, like exalted station, produces a kind of loneliness. Giants as well as kings may enjoy meeting now and then an equal. This is the point of a little anecdote of incident, which comes from New York.

In the Record building the other day, a man about six feet four in height entered the office to see another giant of similar proportions about inquiring him on with complacency. The two men looked each other over with entire frankness, and then the first said:

"You must be pretty well above three inches."

"Yes, four," said the other, inwardly.

"I've lost a shade under it," said the first man, with a sigh, as they stepped into the same elevator, leaving the other giant standing there with a man who was his companion.

"Now, you see, I can tell no two men address one another in that fashion," he said to his friend. "Men of unusual stature are always interested in looking down into the eyes of other men, that when they are suddenly confronted with a man who looks up into theirs, they are startled, and look at him in a brief way, the effect is almost startling.

"A little chat about unusual heights, and perhaps a number of course," continued the giant. "We men are generally good-natured, you know. You have probably had the same experience it is for me to meet a man of my own height. Sometimes I move along for a year in New York without encountering one."

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For the Companion.

ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE HEROES.

(A True Incident.)

The patter of feet was on the stair,
As the Editor turned in his sanctum chair,
And said—for weary the day had been—
"Don't let another intruder in."

But scarce had he uttered the words, before
A face peered in at the half-closed door,
And a child sobbed out—"Sir, Mother said
I should come and tell you, that Dan is dead."

"And pray who is 'Dan'?"—The streaming eyes
Looked questioning up, with a strange surprise:
—"Not know him?—Why, Sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, through wet and cold.

"The newsboys say that they could not tell
The reason his stock went off so well;
I knew!—With his voice so sweet and low,
Could any one bear to say him 'No?'

"And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried straight home to Mother and me:
No matter about his rags, he said,
If only he kept us clothed and fed.

"And he did it, Sir—trudging through rain and cold,
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets was sold:
But he's dead—he's dead! and we miss him so!
And Mother—she thought you might like to know."

—In the paper, next morning, as "leader," ran
A paragraph thus—"The newsboy, Dan,
One of God's little heroes, who
Did nobly the duty he had to do,—
For mother and sister earning bread,
By patient endurance and toil—is dead."

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

A BEAR'S TOE-NAILS.

One of the difficulties which the keepers of certain wild animals in museums and other collections have to contend with is the tendency of the claws to grow into the flesh, in the absence of the wear and tear which they receive in the animals' wild state. A wild bear, for instance, uses his claws so much in climbing that they are not only kept sharp for use, but are worn down to a proper length. Domestic cats know the necessity of this process, and may often be seen scratching vigorously on the bark of a tree for no other purpose than to keep down their claws.

Recently, in the Museum of Natural History in the Paris Jardin des Plantes, it became necessary thus to trim the claws of a young bear of great strength, cunning and irascibility. The animal would not permit himself to be touched. Strategy was resorted to. The cages of the museum communicate one with another by means of trap-doors. In the cage next to the one occupied by the bear, a movable partition was arranged in such a way that the moment the bear entered the cage the partition could be moved down upon him, fastening him between it and the bars of the cage.

Everything being ready, the sliding door between the cages was opened, and the bear invited to step into the adjoining apartment. This he declined to do. He plainly suspected something, and remained on his own side of the door, eying his keepers doubtfully.

Then upon the floor of the adjoining cage, on the spot where the treacherous machine was arranged to catch him, was thrown a delicacy of which the bear is passionately fond—some dried figs. The bear eyed these deliberately for some time, and then, stretching his paw to an almost incredible length, seized the figs deftly, and drew them through the open door to his own side, where he munched them with a satisfied air, nodding slyly to his keepers as he did so.

Having exhausted persuasion, the keepers tried force, endeavoring to induce the bear to go through the door by punching him with poles; but these weapons he hurled about the cage and through the bars with such violence that the men were glad to abandon this procedure.

Then a rope was brought, and, after many efforts, a knot was thrown over the bear's head, and drawn about his neck. Thus lassoed, the unfortunate animal was dragged by main force through the door, and the mechanical partition closed upon him.

The next thing was to get hold of his feet. Although held fast in the partition, with his feet in the air, the bear made such excellent use of his paws that an hour was spent in trying to pinion him. Several times three strong men found themselves unable to hold even one paw, and when a dozen men had at last succeeded in getting all the animal's paws within their grasp, he kept them moving so incessantly that it was impossible to cut the claws.

One by one, however, the legs were pinioned with ropes, and the plucky bear lay completely mastered at last.

Then an operator, armed with a great pair of sharp pincers, clipped off his toe-nails, one by one. The ropes were untied, the men withdrew, and the bear was freed from his vise.

He rose calmly, walked very quietly into his own cage, and sat down to watch curiously the queer movements of the men outside, who were mopping their sweaty brows after as hard a half day's work as they had done for a long time.

HIS WORKING CLOTHES.

Billy Brown, a tall, athletic Irishman, was summoned to appear at a trial in London, as a witness. The case being against his employer, the prosecuting counsel hoped to get some damaging evidence from him. Billy's daily employment was that of a carpenter; and he entered the witness-box in his ordinary work-a-day costume, very dirty and rather ragged.

The opposition counsel did all in his power to confuse "Mr. Brown," but that gentleman was not so easily thrown off his guard. During the examination he was asked if the clothes he appeared in were his best.

"Ah, sure, indeed and they are not, sir," said he.

"Oh, then you have better clothes which you appear in on a Sunday?"

"It's moighty thrue, sir."

"A white waistcoat, gray coat, knee-breeches and smart ribbons?"

"You've met me somewhere," said Billy.

"No," replied the barrister, "I have not, but since you confess that you have better clothes, are you not ashamed to appear in court in that disgraceful state?"

"Not at all," said Billy, pointing to the judge, "sure h's lordship's in his working dress, and I'm in mine."

"Stand down, Mr. Brown," was the barrister's natural order after this.

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Even parts of internal organs, brain, stomach, liver, intestines, etc., may be cut away, and perfect healing take place. In the case of wounds or ulcers too large to be otherwise healed, bits of skin may be transferred to them from other parts of the body, or from the body of some other person, or even from some young animal, and each bit will become the centre of a new growth, and the wound thus be healed completely, and with little or no disfigurement.

And this power of recuperation is not confined to the flesh. Not only do broken bones readily grow together, but even if large portions are removed, new bone may fill up the space between the severed parts, and thoroughly reunite them.

Furthermore, nature often shows her kind helpfulness by bringing healthy organs to the relief of diseased ones.

If one kidney loses its functional power, the other will enlarge, and do the work of both. If both are more or less affected, the vessels of the skin may come to their aid, and pour out on the surface what would otherwise cause fatal blood-poisoning. On the other hand, when the pores are stopped by a chill, the kidneys come to the rescue, and do a large part of the skin's work. This explains why it is so dangerous for the sufferer from diseased kidneys to take cold.

Our eliminating organs are incessantly at work carrying away from the system waste matter, which would otherwise fatally poison it. What renders some diseases of the kidneys so fatal is the fact of their lost ability to eliminate this effete matter, which thus accumulates to poison and paralyze some of the great nerve-centres in the brain. No city in the world has a sewage system so elaborate and complete as that of the human body.

GUINEA-PIGS.

The secretary of the Selborne Society of England, an association of lovers of wild nature, has lately written an account of the guinea-pig. This creature, the writer says, stands absolutely alone, from one point of view. Do what you will, it is impossible to make a friend of him.

Titmice, robins, squirrels, wild ducks, cuckoos, even rats and mice, have been found amenable to kindness. Even Roman snails, Egyptian beetles, and butterflies have been taught to recognize their masters and show a friendly interest in them; and the snake has his likes and dislikes, his sympathies and his natreds.

A common field snake grew so fond of the writer of the article referred to—a lady—that it would glide in through the window of her drawing-room, coil itself around her dress, and, so far from objecting to be stroked and handled, would, each time that it was taken out and placed on the lawn, return to the drawing-room and submit to the same operation.

It was far otherwise with Fluff, the guinea-pig. He was simply stupidly harmless. "The guinea-pig," this friend of all animals writes, "is the only instance of an animal I have ever known that seemed to be literally without a single habit, apparently without affection, without a temper good or bad, and with no wishes or desires except to be let alone to doze away his aimless life."

The guinea-pig is an absurd little animal for a number of reasons, and one of the most remarkable absurdities about him is his name. He is not a pig of any kind, nor any relation to the pig, and he has nothing to do with Guinea. He is a kind of rat, and his native home is South America.

Why he should have been called a "pig" no one knows, unless it was on account of the slight grunting noise that he makes; and the word "guinea" in his case may be a corruption of Guiana, where the animal has sometimes been found, though it was first brought from Brazil.

His real name is the "cavy," and by that he should be called. In his wild state he is quite differently colored from the domesticated animal, and lacks the spotting of white, black and tawny color which the tamed cavy often has.

It used to be commonly supposed that the guinea-pig drove away ordinary rats, or rather caused them to go away on account of their extreme dislike of him; but even this negative merit is denied to the poor little animal. No one, however, is able to deny his gentleness and submissiveness.

HINDOO ASTRONOMY.

The Hindoo mind deals more with the supernatural than with what comes directly under its observation. As naturalists, Hindoos have never made any great discoveries. Mrs. King, the wife of an English official in India, asked her native servants one evening if they knew any of the stars. This led to an interesting conversation.

Venus was just rising, and they said that was Sukkar, and that he would not let any more rain fall. I reminded them that he was looking over the mountain lately, when that fearful three days' rain fell. Yes, they said, when first he comes there is heavy rain, but after that he puts a stop to it. The planet in the west is his brother, and one of them is always in attendance on the sun, not always the same, but turn and turn about.

They say there are twelve suns, brothers, who shine each for a month. I asked how they knew the suns were not the same, as they looked so much alike.

They said it was easy to know they were not the same. "Some are the elder brothers, and much stronger than the others—so strong that they can kill men. But this month we have a young sun-brother, and next month a still younger one, and then the two youngest, who are so weak that they can hardly even melt the snow."

I asked them what became of the sun-brothers who were off duty. They said they supposed they were at their own home, but did not know where that might be.

As to the fixed stars, they did not have any great opinion of them. They said their names were all written in the Brahmins' books, and some were bigger, some smaller; just like the sahibs, who were some generals, some judges, others captains, and small sahibs,—and who could remember their names?

SHE HIT THE MARK.

Sometimes a single homely phrase has in it so much truth that it sums up an entire situation. Mrs. T.'s cook is, in outward appearance, rather a stupid girl, but she is by no means without a homely wit and a goodly share of common-sense.

Not long since, Mrs. T. had occasion to talk with the girl in relation to a grocer, a man of remarkably plausible manners, but concerning the honesty of whose dealings grave doubts had arisen.

"He is certainly not honest in his weight," Mrs. T. said, "but he is very polite. There is at least that to be said in his favor."

"Oh, yes'm," the girl answered readily, "I always thought he was too sweet to be wholesome."

A MODERN QUEEN.

Four little girls who live in a suburb of Boston were playing together one afternoon, and at last one of them suggested, "Let's play we're queens, and have a court."

"I'll be Queen Elizabeth," said one, "and have a big ruff round my neck."

"I'll be Marie Antoinette, before it was time for her to be killed," said another.

"And I'll be Mary Queen of Scots, because she was so pretty," said the third.

"Who will you be, Elsie?" asked Queen Elizabeth of her five-year-old sister. "I shall have to tell her the name of some queen, of course," she remarked, confidentially, to Mary Queen of Scots.

"Nobody'll have to tell me," said Elsie, with dignity, "I shall be a Queen Anne Cottage!"

HARD TO SUIT.

People sometimes have good ground to complain of their grocers, and not unfrequently the grocers have reason to complain of unjust criticisms on the part of their customers.

One Saturday evening, when there was quite a crowd of purchasers in a grocery in one of the suburbs of an Eastern city, a gentleman came in in a blustering mood.

"See here," he said to the proprietor, "that fancy creamery butter of yours tastes of the firkin."

"I don't see how that can be," answered the grocer, "for I keep that butter in glass jars."

"Well," said the customer, sharply, "it tastes of the glass jar, then!"

RUSSIAN NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

The author of "The Russians at Home" reports a custom of that people which reflects credit upon their humanity, as well as upon their good sense.

The Russians have invented a very ingenious mode of avoiding mere ceremonial visits altogether. Those who do not wish to call on their friends at the New Year send three roubles to the poor; and on New Year's day the journals publish a list of persons who have given to charities the money they would otherwise have spent on cards. This is accepted by every one as a polite and satisfactory alternative.

In a New Haven primary school the music-teacher explained what was meant by "the space below." Then, pointing to the space above the staff, he asked what that was called, and a little girl answered, promptly, "The space behigh."

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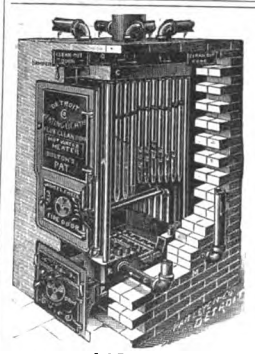
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For the Companion.

KENT HAMPDEN.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Hunting the "Hidden Foe."

Kent Hampden was president of a secret Society. There were five members—just enough to fill the offices: one president, two vice-presidents, a secretary and a treasurer. When Tom Congdon joined, there was no office for him; but his father being a representative in Congress, Tom had picked up so many ideas about the rules of debate, that the Society created an office expressly for him. He was made "parliamentary tactician."

The Society had its by-laws, passwords, a badge and a name. The public—that is, the remainder of the pupils of Mr. Hildreth's school—knew it as the O. W. B. S. Mrs. Hampden, who baked gingerbread for the members every week, alone knew them to be the Order of Wild Beast Slayers. There were bears, wolves and an occasional panther still to be found on the hills bordering the river. None of the boys had ever yet seen one; but hope sprang eternal in their breasts every Saturday, as they set out for slaughter.

Besides, ought not "wild beasts" to include the lynxes, wild-cats, gray squirrels, snakes and musk-rats which they really killed? The members were sworn to "rid their native land of all noxious creatures, the enemies of humanity."

One Friday evening, about five weeks after Mr. Hampden's departure, the six boys were assembled to watch Mrs. Hampden make their new badges. She was embroidering O. W. B. S. with gold thread on little tabs of black velvet, which were to be conspicuously hidden on their waistcoats.

"We must take a big lunch to-morrow," said Joe Doty. "We'll start early. Tom, you, Monroe and Will can go out over Hubbard's hill, and search that range. Kent, Si and I will take the north trail. We'll meet at McCulloch's Leap."

"I don't know that I shall go," said Kent. "This search is all tomfoolery."

His mother looked up, startled at his irritated tone. The faces of the other boys were red and excited; Kent's was annoyed and grave.

"What are you going to hunt?" she asked. "Squirrels?"

The boys looked doubtfully at each other. "Now, Mrs. Hampden," said Tom Congdon, "this is a serious thing—a secret. But we'll tell *you*, if you'll be as dumb as death about it."

"I see no use in bothering mother about it," said Kent.

But Tom hurried on, excitedly. "We have a Hidden Foe! We're going to run him to earth, and punish him dreadfully to-morrow. You see, we used to have the run of all the hills. We set out traps, and left our powder or tackle in our hiding-places just as safely as in this parlor. Why, Kent and I had a secret den where we kept our fishing clothes a whole summer.

"But for six months there's been a thief prowling on the hills. One week the traps are all robbed; the next, the powder is taken. My shot pouch, that I left in the den, is gone, and Si Jarret's brand-new wamus with it. We're bound to run that scoundrel down to-morrow, be he black or white! Come! You'll go, Kent!"

"I suppose so," said Kent, uneasily. "I'll shoot squirrels, and you can play sheriff."

Tom Congdon's badge was the last one finished. Carey, who had come in, was allowed to pin them on, and then she proudly surveyed the boys. "I should think," she said, earnestly, "you would want to go over the river to the Reserve, and fight Indians."

"What a bloodthirsty baby you are!" said Kent, kissing her. "Where are you going, Tom? It's early."

"I know, but my father came home this afternoon. I scarcely saw him, for your father, Si, met him when he got out of the coach, and stayed to have a talk with him."

Tom was an incessant talker, and never so happy as when he had a secret of his own or some one else to scatter broadcast over the town. He went on, gleefully: "Your father was talking all the time of *you*, Si. I listened to his account, and thought, 'Hello! Can this saint be Si Jarret?'"

Josiah wriggled uncomfortably, but said nothing.

"I asked father why Mr. Jarret was singing Si's praises, and—he told me."

Tom paused to glance around triumphantly at the interested faces about him. "He told me that your father asked him to appoint you to West Point."

The boys were too much surprised to notice the look which, at these words, passed between Kent and his mother.



The boys went out, all talking at once. Kent came back when they were gone, and stood by the fire.

"What is to be done, mother? Colonel Congdon will give the appointment to Si! Father has not written to him about me. You see how Mr. Jarret is pushing it. Met him at the coach door—"

"I can't bear that man Jarret!" said Mrs. Hampden.

"He's not to blame for working for his son." Kent was always more moderate than his mother or father. "There is no time to lose. Colonel Congdon said he would make the appointment this term for the next vacancy."

"What if you do not get this appointment?"

"There will not be another vacancy for four years."

"And your father will not be at home for two weeks! I cannot imagine why he has not written!" Mrs. Hampden's voice began to choke, and the tears came. "I declare, I don't know what to do!"

"I know!" Kent seized his hat. "I'll go to Colonel Congdon myself!"

"Oh, my son!" Mrs. Hampden started up. "That is ridiculous. But, no! If he sees you, he will know what a noble boy you are. Go! O Kent, hurry! God help you, my boy!"

Mrs. Hampden and Carey sat by the fire, crying and praying silently all the evening. They imagined a dramatic scene—Kent urging his claims, and the colonel, deeply touched by his gallant mien, consenting; but the meeting really was very commonplace. The colonel was called out of the parlor to see Kent.

"Colonel Congdon, I am Ralph Hampden's son," he said. "My father intended to ask you to appoint me to West Point; but he is out of town, and I came myself. I was afraid—

"That I would give it to Jarret's son to-night?"

The Representative laughed. "Your father not at home, eh? I hear he has been busy in the campaign. Stumping the district for Clay?"

"Oh yes, sir!" Kent said, eagerly. He had been taught from his cradle the fervent loyalty to Henry Clay shared by all Virginian Whigs. The country was just then agitated by the presidential campaign, in which Clay was a candidate.

The Colonel tapped Kent on the shoulder, smiling. "A pity you have not a vote, my lad: I hear that your father is taking a prominent part in local politics now."

Kent's eyes shone proudly. "You might have noticed the big posters, sir, all over town: 'For President, Henry Clay. For Mayor, Ralph Hampden.'"

The Colonel nodded. "Well, my boy, this matter of yours is not to be settled in a minute. I'll look into it."

Kent said good night, and went down the street, walking as if to triumphant music. No promise had been given, but he felt quite sure of his appointment. To be an officer, like Napoleon, like Washington! It had been the dream of his life! The whole future opened before him full of waving banners, of armies, of marching music. He passed the flaring red placards bearing Henry Clay's name and his father's. His father deserved to be ranked side by side with the great man of the country!

In this triumphant mood he struck across the wharf, making a short cut homeward, and passed his father's warehouse.

"Kent!" a voice called from the door. It was Pomeroy, the book-keeper. "Can you come into the office for half an hour?" he asked. "I must go home to supper, but I am coming back. Will you sit here till I return?"

"You'll not be long? I have some important news for mother," said Kent, as he sat down, reluctantly.

"Heard from your father? No? Very queer that he has not written!" grumbled Pomeroy, as he hurried away.

The warehouse was dark and vacant. A single lamp burned in the office where Pomeroy had been at work. Kent took up a paper, but was too much excited to read.

At that moment a hurried footstep sounded without on the cobble-stones, and a tall man, whose heavy cloak and fur cap showed that he was a traveller, stood in the doorway.

"Is Mr. Hampden here?" he asked. Kent rose. "No, sir."

"Shall I find him at his house?"

Kent came nearer as he answered. By the dim light he caught an uncertain glimpse of the stranger's face. His heart suddenly throbbed wildly. Could it be—

"Out of town!" The traveller paused, annoyed and disappointed. "This is vexatious! I have just arrived in the coach, and the boat leaves in a few minutes. I had a favor to ask of Mr. Hampden."

There could be no mistake! There was the towering forehead, the wide mouth; there were the searching eyes. The portrait of the stranger hung in every house in the town. Kent's voice trembled with his excitement.

"Mr. Clay," he said, "I am Mr. Hampden's son, Kent. Could I—can you make use of *me*?"

Mr. Clay lifted his hat again, and held out his hand with a quick, pleased smile.

"Thank you, my boy! The fact is, I find that I am out of ready money, and I wished to ask your father to cash a check for me. But—"

"Oh, I can do it!" exclaimed Kent, throwing open the desk, and drawing out some notes.

Mr. Clay hesitated, with the check in his hand. "But are you sure that you have authority?"

"Oh, indeed, yes! I act as cashier for father sometimes. He says that I am more careful about money than he is."

"That may be," said the visitor, laughing. "Hampden is no fonder of reckoning dollars and cents than I am myself. Well, here it is—one hundred dollars."

Kent counted out the notes.

"This is a real service," said Mr. Clay, as he strapped them into his pocket-book. "I could have asked any business man to cash the check, but I am tired, and wish to pass through the town quietly. Your father is a very old friend."

The bell on the boat rang, but he leaned leisurely against the desk, scanning Kent's face as though he had no other interest in the world.

"And you—what are you going to do with your life, my boy?"

"I intend—I mean I hope to go to West Point."

Mr. Clay was silent and thoughtful a moment. "Very good! I shall keep my eye on you, Kent. We shall be good friends, always."

Kent stammered out something, he knew not what, the words fairly tumbling over one another



In Wetzel's Cave.

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Edward D Duffield Jan91

in his vehemence, and ending with, "Oh, if I only had a vote next month!"

His new friend laughed, shook hands warmly, and left him, having secured a faithful follower for life by a smile and a few words.

Kent heard the cheer as he reached the boat and was recognized. Then, Mr. Pomeroy appearing, he dashed homeward, bursting with his wonderful news.

Colonel Congdon, meanwhile, went in to supper, glad to thrust aside business and politics a while, and to chat idly with his wife and Tom. He soon had heard all about the Wild Beast Slayers, and took a keen interest in the hunt for their Enemy to-morrow.

"We were at just such pranks not very long ago," he said to Judge Morris, who was supping with them. "By the way, Tom, young Hampden also wants the cadetship. Which boy do you recommend?"

"Kent, sir," said Tom, promptly.

"But Jarret's son is at the head of his class?"

"Yes. But Si is a prig, and Kent is always a gentleman."

His father laughed. "Now, do you know, judge, that is what we want in our officers. The high, nice sense of honor—the untarnished character of a gentleman. I am anxious about this appointment. I want the boy sent to be a credit to Western Virginia hereafter. Tom," he said, after a moment's thought, "what would you say if the judge and I joined your hunt to-morrow? I should like to see those boys, behind the scenes. I want to feel a gun in my hands again, and dodge the politicians for a few hours at least."

The Wild Beast Slayers received Colonel Congdon the next morning with loud acclamations. Kent had told them that the Colonel had killed panthers and wolves on the Cheat Mountains.

They bagged a good deal of game during the morning, and then kindled a fire, broiled birds and made coffee. The boys told stories of hunting exploits, while the Colonel lay on the grass.

Tom Congdon had reverted several times during the day to the intended search for the thief who had stolen the game and other belongings of the Society, but each time he had been checked sharply by Kent.

"How will you set about such a hunt as that?" Kent said. "Where will you find his trail? Do you suppose he has hung the pouch and game on trees to blaze the path for you to his house?"

Tom took him apart at last. "What do you mean, Kent? Do you like to furnish both powder and squirrels to a thief?"

Kent looked startled, but he controlled himself. "I have a reason, but I cannot tell it," he said.

They were climbing a steep hill when the Colonel said, "Lewis Wetzel's cave used to be hereabouts. Don't you know it, boys?"

"No, sir! A cave?" They all crowded close except Kent, who hung back, pale and watchful. The Colonel stopped and took his bearings. "Due north from that rock; east of that great gum-tree—I have it. It must be behind that rock."

They climbed through the narrow passage. Tom shouted, "Here, father! Here's the mouth. Hurrah! I'm in first!"

The cave, which was about ten feet deep, was completely hidden by the rock and hanging vines.

"Wetzel used to hide here," said the Colonel, "and imitate the call of the wild turkey. When the Indian followed it he shot him, and—what have you found there, Tom?"

Tom dragged forward a dark mass. "Look at that!" he panted. "The powder-flask! The traps! Si's wamus! All jammed under this ledge. This is the thief's den!"

The boys were wild with excitement, searching for booty, but they found nothing more, and were at last persuaded by the Colonel to turn homeward. Tom observed that Josiah had suddenly grown grave and silent. "What's the matter with you?" he said, enforcing the remark by a thrust in the side. Si drew him behind the others.

"O Tom! look here! Look at that!" His hands shook as he held out a memorandum book, marked on the back, "Kent Hampden." "I found that below the ledge."

"The rascal has stolen it from Kent!" said Tom. "I'll call him —"

"No, no! Look at that!" On the last page was written, "The cave, September fourth, 1824. K. H."

"That is Kent's writing," said Josiah, with a scared face.

"It looks like it. Give it to me." He closed the book and put it into his pocket. "It looks like Kent's writing. But look here, Si Jarret! I wouldn't believe that Kent stole if I saw him do it! I wouldn't believe my own eyes if they made out Kent Hampden to be a thief. No! you'll not have the book. Stand off! I'll find out the truth of this, and if you tell about the book I'll break every bone in your body!"

He stopped Kent on reaching town to shake hands with him, to the surprise of the Wild Beast Slayers, who were not given to such ceremonial usages.

Kent, shouting good night, started to run down the street, for the lights of the house were in sight, and he was impatient to see his mother and Carey.

Candles were flaring in the hall. The doors stood open. What could have happened? He pushed into the parlors. Carey met him. "Father has come," she whispered, with a sob.

Mr. Hampden, still in his great-coat and cap, stood with his back to the fire.

"Yes. Here I am, Kent!" he said, with an unnatural laugh. "But you need not welcome me. I have lost that money!"

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

(To be continued.)

YOUTH'S LONG DAYS.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

For the Companion.

LOTTIE'S ROMANCE.

In a far corner of the attic sat Lottie. Around her were her chief treasures—half a dozen fairy books much the worse for usage, some tinsel and spangled dresses, a game or two and an old stuffed doll, whose head had unfortunately been sewed on hind side before.

This attic was Lottie's retreat on rainy days, and she spent whole hours there, blissfully happy with her enchanted ogres and princes. But to-day her bright face was pouting, and she sat looking moodily out of the window at the farm wagons and people passing in the road below.

Well! who would not have been disappointed? It was her tenth birthday—the first time she could write her age with two figures, and she had no birthday party. She had been promised one long ago. There were to be little frosted cakes with colored candies on top, oranges and tiny three-cornered sandwiches. A hundred times she had told her little friends that they were to be invited, and had secretly shown them her red merino dress trimmed with fancy braid, which she was to wear on her birthday for the first time.

Just three days before, Nancy, the cook, had fallen and fractured her thigh, and Mrs. Harding had more than she could attend to, taking care of the invalid and cooking for the family.

"I am very sorry, Lottie," said the poor mother, who knew well the child's disappointment, "but I have not time to get ready for your party now. When Nancy gets well, you shall have a lovely one."

But Lottie refused to be comforted.

"It would not be a birthday party, coming afterward," she said.

For three days she had whined and pouted, and all the morning of this day which was to have been so merry, her small face was wrinkled in frowns.

Here it was after dinner, and Lottie had not seen a single little friend, had not tasted a frosted cake, and had not even glanced at the red merino laid away so carefully in her mother's drawer.

After a time she sighed, turned away from the window and looked for her "Arabian Nights." All at once her eye caught sight of a new book among the pile, and she lifted it curiously. It was larger than the others, with a gorgeous picture on the outside, and on the fly-leaf, in a round, boyish handwriting, were these words:

To LOTTIE HARDING,
ON HER TENTH BIRTHDAY,
FROM MOSES.

Moses was Lottie's brother, a good-natured, homely fellow, some years older than herself.

When Lottie saw her new gift she forgot her trouble for a time, and turned the pages with interest, wondering which story to begin. It was a picture that finally decided her. It represented a little girl taking leave of her weeping family, while just outside the door stood a magnificent equipage, ready to take her far away. Underneath the picture were the words:

"'Good-by,' said the little foster-child, as she turned to the door, 'you have treated me very kindly, and when I become queen, I shall send for you all to come and live with me.'"

It was a charming story about a little girl who lived with a humble wood-cutter and his family, always thinking she was his daughter. One day he called her to him and told her that her father was the king, and that when she was twelve years old he would send for her to come to him.

Lottie read it all with interest, and pondered long on the story. How strange it would seem to be a foster-child. What, now, if she were one, and some men in livery would drive through their little village, and take her far away to some splendid castle to live! She would wear her red merino, she thought, and all the family would weep when she was leaving. They would be sorry, too, no doubt, that she had gone without the birthday party.

In the midst of her meditations Lottie heard her mother calling her from below, and moving listlessly to the stairs, she answered, "What, mamma?"

"Come down, dear, and get dressed," said Mrs. Harding. "Your Uncle Sandy has come for you to go home with him, and stay all night with the girls. You can wear your red dress."

Now, ordinarily, Lottie would have clapped her hands and hurried to get ready; but the thought of the birthday party restrained her, and she went downstairs slowly, without saying a word. In the kitchen stood Uncle Sandy, a big smile on his sunburnt face.

"The girls and you will have a little party, after all," he said to Lottie, "and we will have muffins and maple syrup for supper."

The little girl did not reply, but went in her mother's bedroom, and silently allowed Mrs. Harding to brush her glossy hair and button the red merino. How bright and pretty it looked! But Lottie did not glance in the looking-glass. She put on her hat sullenly and moved slowly toward the door.

"Good-by, dear," said her mother, "be a good girl, and have a nice time!"

She waited for the customary good-by kiss, but Lottie turned away without it, and Mrs. Harding, with a sigh, resumed her work.

The old farm-wagon did not look like the gay barouche in the fairy story, but Lottie climbed inside quickly, thinking to herself as she arranged her bundles on the high seat:

"I'll pretend I'm going away forever, and this is my carriage."

Uncle Sandy lived three miles away, in the country. As long as she could remember, it had been a great delight to Lottie to visit there. There were three girls—one, Lottie's own age or a little older, and the others, twins, a year or so younger than herself. All three of them stood in the road as the wagon approached, waving their broad hats and calling out to Lottie in their high, childish voices.

When Uncle Sandy helped Lottie down from the wagon, she smoothed out her dainty merino, and walked with her cousins to the house. They looked at her birthday dress with open-eyed admiration, and Lottie held up her head proudly and smiled at their eager comments.

When she had left her package with Aunt Mattie, the children went out in a little arbor Uncle Sandy had built for them, and here Lottie told them fairy stories and related the adventures of Sinbad. She spread her little red gown around her on the bench where she was sitting, and looked down with pride on the pretty red shoes her father had given her.

Her little cousins, in their much-mended and faded calicoes, looked on her as some young princess, and stood a little in awe of their dainty cousin, till Lucy, who was small for her age, climbed up on the bench by Lottie's side and threw her arms around her neck.

"Tell us another, Cousin Lottie!" she cried, burying her own yellow head among Lottie's dark locks.

Lottie drew herself away from the child, and as she did so, the thought of the little foster-child came suddenly to her mind.

"I'm not your Cousin Lottie!" she exclaimed. "Didn't you know I was adopted?"

Lucy paused, startled, and the two others turned and looked at her in amazement.

"Why, Lottie!" said Mary, the oldest girl.

Lottie now grew enthusiastic.

"It was when I was very little," she said. "I have almost forgotten it myself. When I am twelve years old they are coming to take me away in a magnificent—" She stopped suddenly, for Uncle Sandy, hearing their voices, had drawn near the doorway, and now stood looking in upon them and smiling.

"What are you children talking about?" he said.

Lottie sought to speak, but the words stuck in her throat. She trembled with fright lest he had heard what she had been saying.

"O papa!" cried Mary, "Lottie has just told us she is an adopted child!"

Lottie's cheeks crimsoned, and with heart wildly beating she glanced at her uncle, to see the stern look of reproof she knew so well, in his face. But instead, his expression was one of intense surprise.

"Why, Lottie!" he said, "I didn't know that you knew that!"

There was a moment of silence, and then Mr. Marsh walked slowly away toward the house.

Lottie's heart had turned to lead. It was true then! The children all remained looking at her in silence. Finally one of them said, "When did you say they were coming for you, Lottie?"

Lottie started, and grew pale at the thought. When, indeed! They might come any minute, and, besides, who might the "they" be? Uncle Sandy had not said who her real parents were.

"Don't speak to me," she cried, "I want to be alone."

She ran quickly out of the summer-house, and took refuge at the end of the garden, where she sat down to think. Ah! the agony of the thought! To whom did she belong, then? Not to her mamma, who had loved her so well and worked for her so constantly? Lottie sobbed now, as she remembered that she had not kissed her good-by. Not to her father, who gave her the pretty red shoes, and sat up nights with her when she had the fever? No,—and not to Moses,—poor, dear, homely Moses, who always tried so hard to please her?

Lottie's heart seemed breaking. Who was she, then? And who were the people who might come for her? Perhaps they were on the way, even now. Maybe she must go to some horrid old woman like old Aunt Tabby, who lived near the mill, and even if it was a queen, thought Lottie, she would never, never want to go. She looked down the white road toward her home. Never had it seemed so far away to her before! And yet there was time to reach it before dark, if she walked quickly. Moses had done it often!

Eager now to lose no time, Lottie crawled behind some tall cedars, and there, out of sight of the children, climbed the low fence and was soon speeding down the road.

The day was warm and the roads were dusty. Lottie's little red shoes soon became white with dust, and pained her feet cruelly. Her eyes were blinded with tears, and her heart filled with dread and sad forebodings. At last she passed the Gilson farm, which was two miles from home.

She had not gone far beyond it, and was seated by the roadside to rest, when she saw a cloud of dust in the distance behind her, and in a moment recognized old Dan, her Uncle Sandy's horse, and behind him the high buggy. Her quick imagination told her at once what had happened. The children, perceiving her absence, had told their father, and he had started in pursuit. In a minute he would be upon her.

Lottie looked around in despair. Just back of her, on the other side of the fence, was a field of corn whose tall leaves seemed beckoning to her. Hastily crawling between the bars, she hid herself among the corn-stalks just in time to see the wagon pass, and Uncle Sandy's anxious face searching the roadside.

She waited till long after the buggy was lost in the distance, and then, rising from the ground, made her way through the corn toward the fence. Suddenly she heard footsteps behind her, and a harsh voice called out: "Stop there!"

Lottie paused, her knees trembling, and, turning, saw a rough-looking man behind her.

"Why!" said he, as he saw her face, "it is the little lady!"

"Oh! is that you, old Larry?" and Lottie drew a breath of relief.

"I couldn't see you well at first," explained the farmer, "and I thought it was some one stealing my corn. But, land sakes, child, what are you doing here?"

"I'm going home," said Lottie, faintly.

"Old Larry" looked at her curiously. He was an aged Swede, who worked from farm to farm, earning his livelihood, and Lottie had often seen him at Mr. Marsh's.

"You can't walk home," he said, kindly. "Come up to the house, and I'll ask Mr. Gilson to let me harness the horse and take you home."

"No," said Lottie, "I must not wait."

"You'll get there quicker," answered Larry, "and see—you're tired already. It's past supper-time, besides. Have you walked far?"

"From Uncle Sandy's."

Larry was going to ask another question, but perceiving the child's embarrassment, he did not. Feeling it useless to resist, Lottie allowed him to lift her over the fence, and then walked by his side toward the Gilson house.

"I wonder," she thought, "do they all know I am adopted?" After a moment she spoke to the farm-hand. "Did you ever know any adopted children, old Larry?"

He blinked hard at her. "Land sakes! yes, child. Why?"

"I've been reading a story about one," she said, quickly. "Are there any in our town?"

"I've heard tell of *one*."

Lottie's breath came short. "Tell me about her," she said. "It's a girl, isn't it?"

Old Larry waited a moment.

"I've sort of forgotten about it," he commenced. "Some one told me of it when I first come to these parts, five year ago. Seems to me, there was some wandering musicians come along here, long time ago, and the woman that played the harp had a leetle baby. They said she wasn't able to take care of it, being sick an' poor and her husband a drunkard, so some family took pity on her and 'dopted the child."

Lottie's heart sank lower and lower.

"Oh! Larry," she said, "was it a girl?"

"Why, yes," he answered, "seems so! I can't recerlect myself."

Lottie sat down by the roadside. "I'm too tired," she said, "too tired. I must rest awhile."

"Poor little lady," said Larry, kindly.

"Tell me more about her, Larry. Will they ever come back for her?"

"I dunno, like as not, I guess."

"And will she *have* to go with them?"

"Yes, I reckon so."

There was a long silence. Lottie heard the thump, thump of her throbbing heart. Larry finally broke the silence. "Are you rested now?"

"Yes," she said with an effort.

They soon reached the farm-house, and Lottie stayed with Mrs. Gilson while Larry harnessed the horse. The good woman besought Lottie to eat some supper, but the little girl stood silent and downhearted, looking out of the window.

Suddenly, far down the road a wagon appeared. Lottie saw old Sally, their mare, and she knew well who was driving. Motionless she watched it drawing near, till the earnest faces of Mr. and Mrs. Harding could be recognized. Then she saw old Larry come out in the road and hail her father, and a moment afterwards she was in Mrs. Harding's arms.

"My poor little girl," said the mother, tenderly.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" Lottie sobbed, "do not let them take me away from you!"

Mrs. Harding stroked her hair lovingly.

"You are my own little girl, Lottie," she said over and over again. "Uncle Sandy has told me about it. He heard what you were saying, and

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it was only to let you see how wrong it was in you to tell such stories."

Lottie looked up, questioningly, through her tears.

"But the wandering musicians and the little girl baby?" she cried. Her mother looked puzzled for a moment, then a light broke over her face.

"That was the little German girl, who lives on the hill," she said.

Then Lottie drew a heavy sigh of relief, and buried her head in her mother's shoulder.

"Oh, mamma, are you *sure?*" she asked.

Mrs. Harding, laughing now, told Lottie to stand on a stool so she could see their two faces in the square, old-fashioned mirror.

"See how much we look alike," she said, "two little black eyes, one little round nose and black hair just the same."

"But the mouth—the mouth, mamma," said Lottie. "Yours is straight, and mine is so curly."

"Ah, yes," replied the happy mother, "and underneath your papa's beard, his mouth is curly, too."

Lottie put her arms tight around her mother's neck, and kissed her.

"Forgive me, mamma," she said, "and I'll never want to be a little foster-child again."

FRANCES BOARDMAN.

PRESENT FIDELITY.

To-day, to-day, is Nature's song;
Build well to-day, the past forget;
Live for to-day, its joys prolong;
To-morrow is a dream as yet.

—*Ripon (Wis.) Commonwealth.*

For the Companion.

AT LOS VALLES GRANDES.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

Attacked by the Navajos.

To our surprise, the six Navajos who had captured our cattle, and who were driving them rapidly toward the southern end of the valley, made no attempt to shoot the herder, who was for some time within easy arrow range.

First Sergeant Cunningham had got the men into line with the first alarm, but had hardly "counted off" when we heard the report of the sentinel's rifle from the ridge, and his prolonged shout:

"Indians! Indians! This way! this way!"

Looking in the direction of the guard-house, I saw the sentinel and guard rapidly getting into line, and gesticulating wildly to us to come in their direction.

I broke the company to the rear through the intervals between the cabins; shouted to the ten prisoners to procure rifles and belts from the orderly-room and take their place in line; ordered a sergeant to break open an ammunition box with an axe, and distribute packages of cartridges to the men, who, when they fell in, had only the marching allowance of ten rounds; told the Mexicans to lend their aid, and we advanced rapidly and steadily up the slope.

As our heads rose above the crest of the ridge, we saw, scarcely two hundred yards distant, a compact body of about three hundred mounted Indians charging down upon us.

We deployed as skirmishers, the men sheltering themselves behind bowlders, logs and ridges.

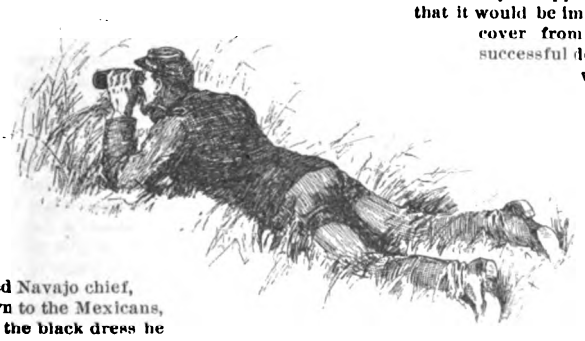
The first result of our appearance and well-sustained fire was to cause a check in the charge, and then a break into two parties, one of which swung around by the right arm of the ridge, and the other by the left.

Death of the Chief.

To meet this change, I divided my men into two equal divisions, each of which moved along the interior slope, the men keeping pace with the running ponies, and loading and firing as they ran.

Before the break the Navajos had lost six men and seven ponies, and had been held in close column only by the efforts of a chief who had been conspicuous in the advance from the first.

Taking careful aim, Cordova fired, and this celebrated Navajo chief, known to the Mexicans, from the black dress he habitually wore, as *El Ebano*, or Ebony, toppled from his glossy black steed to the ground. With his fall the break occurred, and the two parties, without much pause, gradually swept past our two flanks, and reunited beyond rifle range in our front.



Looking at the Enemy.

No serious casualty had occurred to us. Kennedy, one of the men wearing ball and chain, had been shot in the left shoulder with an arrow. Sergeant Cunningham's scalp was grazed by the same kind of missile, and two privates were each cut along the ribs by bullets. A shoulder-strap had been torn from my left shoulder—a fortunate overshot for me.

In accordance with a time-honored custom where prisoners are used in a fight, I ordered the irons knocked off the three soldiers wearing them, and returned the ten to duty.

We now turned our attention to making the camp defensible against a possible renewal of the attack. The advantage of numbers was decidedly upon the side of the Indians, and if they could show the firmness and dash of white men, our chances of repelling an attack were small. Counting the Mexicans, we numbered but forty-eight to their three hundred.

Preparations for Defence.

We were in the centre of a large valley, with no knowledge of our surroundings, nor with any way out except the road by which we had entered, and with no chance of availing ourselves of that; for should we leave the protection of our ridge and cabins, and take to the open valley, we should be at the mercy of our foes.

Even supposing we could pass out of the valley with safety, there were the forests and defiles filled with natural ambuscades, which we could not hope to pass, and reach the Rio Grande alive. Again, the enemy might be reinforced, while there seemed to be no reasonable hope of assistance coming to us.

Only a few hours of daylight remained. Whatever was to be done in preparation for defence must be done at once and quickly.

In the wood-yard there were dry pine logs, many of them four feet in diameter, and all about twenty feet long. With drag-ropes and by rolling, we conveyed the logs to the points of the horseshoe-shaped ridge, and to each end of the guard-house. With them we made a very effective barricade.

While this work was going on, I occasionally looked through my field-glass at the enemy. The Indians had moved a mile to the south, on the western side of the stream. They had dismounted, and appeared to be holding an animated consultation.

After a considerable interval of time, four of their number mounted, and collecting the ten beeves, mule and burro, which were grazing near by, drove them up and down in front of the camp, beyond rifle range, making gestures for us to come and take them.

I did not respond to this invitation. I quite agreed with Private Tom Clary, who, as he placed his brawny shoulder to a big log to roll it up the slope, remarked to his "bunky," George Hoey, "That's an invitation, begorra, I don't fale like acceptin'."

"Ye'd niver make yer t'filet for another assimbly if ye did, Tom. I don't think the Liftinint intends to risk our hair in that way," replied Hoey.

An Attack Well Planned.

To have attempted a recapture of our stock would have necessitated a division of our force, and the main body of Indians stood ready to dash in and cut off a party going out into the valley.

This is precisely what they attempted to do in the first place. Three years later a Navajo chief, who took part in this attempt, told me that El Ebano had caused the valley to be thoroughly reconnoitred three days before the Californians were relieved.

It was his plan that a small body of dismounted Indians should creep up to the herd through the deep grass, whoop, and fire at the herder, taking care not to hit him, in order that the interest of his comrades might be centred in his escape, even if they did not follow the natural impulse to save the stock.

The Mexicans had been seen to enter the valley, and no notice had been taken of them, that the garrison might feel all the more secure.

The chief thought that the diversion of the soldiers in the direction of the cattle would permit the main body to approach so near before discovery that it would be impossible for the soldiers to recover from their surprise, and make a successful defence. Had the sentinel still walked on the beat made use of by the Californians, all that El Ebano planned might have happened.

The Indians knew nothing of the change of garrison, or the alteration in the beat of the sentinel, until too late to change their plans.

But for this almost accidental deviation in routine, the Navajos must have ridden out of Los Valles Grandes with forty-eight fresh scalps, and this true tale would not have been told.

Failing to draw us out in pursuit of our lost stock, the Navajos moved slowly away in the deepening dusk to a point close against the forest on the eastern side of the valley, and nearly opposite our camp. There they built a row of five fires, which soon became in the darkness the only evidence of their presence.

I caused the number of sentinels to be increased, and went to bed without undressing.

Half an hour before midnight the sergeant of the guard aroused me to report that strange sounds could be heard from the rear of the camp.

I went to the top of the ridge, and listened. A noise like the rushing of wind through branches came softly to my ear, with occasional pauses. I sent for the elder Cordova, and he listened long, with his ear close to the ground. He gave his opinion that the Indians were creeping up for another attack.

Orders were immediately sent to Sergeant Cunningham to wake all the men without noise, and assemble them under arms.

At midnight the moon rose over the mountains and bathed the valley in a beautiful light. I stood on the ridge, and saw the silvery sheen slowly descend the slopes of the western mountains, and the deep shadow drawn from the surface of the valley like a dark coverlet from a downy couch. The ripened grasses looked nearly white in the uncertain light.

As the moon cleared herself from the summits of the range, and her rays fell upon the line of the fading camp-fires of the Indians, my field-glass revealed the fact that the raiders had departed.

Ponies and riders were gone. In the whole length and breadth of the valley not a living being was in sight outside of the limits of our encampment.

An inspection made to the rear showed that the dead Indians had been carried away. That accounted for the rushing or creeping sounds we had heard.



Arrival of the Mail.

Accompanied by a dozen men I crossed to the Indian fires, but found nothing there except the horns, hoofs and entrails of the cattle. The meat had probably been packed on the mule and burro to ration a raiding party into the valley of the Rio Grande and beyond.

A well-defined and fresh trail went back through the woods, which Cordova assured me led to the town of Peña Blanca.

We went back to camp. I wrote an account of the attack and repulse, and despatched it by the Mexicans to the department commander at Santa Fé.

The general despatched a hundred troopers to Los Valles Grandes, where they came galloping into camp after dark, two days after my messengers left the Valleys. As Captain Wardwell sprang from his saddle and wrung my hand, he exclaimed:

"Bless you, old fellow, I came out here expecting to bury the bones of you and your men."

It seemed to have been the general opinion at Santa Fé that the Navajos would renew their attack. Perhaps I did not fully realize our danger, but I had not at any time been greatly concerned for our safety.

Life in Camp.

I was glad to see the California cavalry officers, and for the three days which they spent in the valley in order to rest men and horses after a forced march, I did the honors of the region to the best of my ability.

On the day that the troops departed the wagons returned loaded with supplies. With them was sent a fine saddle-horse and equipments for my personal use—a compliment of the chief quartermaster. Instructions were received to return all the wagons but one to headquarters. One was thought sufficient for our use.

With the departure of the cavalry and wagons, life in the Valleys settled down to quiet routine for some time. We rarely received visits from the outside world; the nearest Mexican hamlet was sixteen miles away, and representatives of the army seldom had occasion to visit outposts. The mail arrived from Santa Fé every Saturday afternoon in the saddle-bags of two cavalrymen.

It is difficult to convey any idea of the pleasure it gave us to see those two soldiers burst into sight again around the point of the ridge, and come galloping into the parade with jingling spurs and rattling carbines. One must be similarly isolated to appreciate the arrival of a weekly mail at its full value.

To the soldiers, life in the Valleys seemed to be pleasant. Duty was light, and there were no temptations to dissipation, or to be out of quarters at night. There were no confinements in the guard-house for disorder.

The evenings were spent over books and papers or quiet games, and the days in drill, building, providing fuel, hunting and scouting.

We were in a region of abundant game. Occasionally a bear, a panther or a wild-cat was killed. Floors were covered with skins, and beds were made more than comfortable by fine furs.

I must mention a valued friend who took a prominent part in our hunts, and who, later on, was the means of doing a most valuable service to two of us.

"Vic."

Just as I was about to leave Santa Fé for the Valleys, the regimental adjutant gave me a beautiful young setter, which I named Victoriana, and called Vic for convenience. She was white and liver-colored, with mottled nose and paws, and had a tail like the plume of Henry of Navarre.

She came to me with no education, but plenty of capacity, and I spent much of the time during the long evenings, and on the days when I did not accompany the scouting party, in training her.

She learned to close the door if I simulated a shiver, to bring me my slippers when she saw me begin to remove my boots, to carry notes to the first sergeant, the laundress, my servant or the cook, to go back to my cabin from long distances and bring articles I sent for.

She was an unerring setter and a fine retriever. She was taught not to bark where a sound might bring an enemy upon us, and she would follow patiently at my heels or the heels of my horse when told to do so, and never make a break to the right or left.

Our many scoutings made us thoroughly acquainted with the Valleys and all the trails leading out of them. I have already mentioned that we knew only one means of communication between our valley and San Antonio—that of La Puerta. Perceiving how great an advantage another road between the Valleys would be, I caused diligent search to be made for another route, and was at last so fortunate as to find one, which we cleared with a little labor, and made practicable for men and animals.

It left our valley to the north of the wooded point, and wound tortuously through the forest, threading defiles and climbing and descending many heights until it reached the opposite valley, not far from the western entrance to La Puerta.

We made no use of the new road, but reserved it for emergencies.

One morning, near the close of October, Cordova left the camp on a solitary hunting trip before *reveille*, in order to reach Los Vallecitos, four miles to the south of our valley, before sunrise.

He had been gone but half an hour, and I was sitting at my bachelor breakfast with a book in my left hand, indolently helping myself to food with my right, when I was startled by the rapid approach of some one running toward my door. Presently Cordova tumbled into the cabin, gasping:

"*Muchos Navajos, Teniente, muchos Navajos!*" (Many Navajos, Lieutenant, many Navajos!)

"How many and where are they?" I asked, leaving the table at once.

"Perhaps fifty—perhaps more. Half a league over the ridge," pointing to the south. "They chased me from the Vallecitos trail."

Without waiting for more definite information, I went to Sergeant Cunningham's cabin and ordered him to get the company into line without delay, and took my field-glass and went to the top of the ridge. Lying down before reaching the crest, I looked through the screening grass and saw a party of fifty-three Indians halted, and apparently in consultation.

They were in full war costume, painted and feathered to the height of Indian skill in terrific adornment.

CAPT. C. A. CURTIS, U. S. A.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

The thin crescent of the new moon that is visible to us on January thirteenth has already opened to the vast Empire of China the one grand holiday of the people—their New Year.

The length of the months is reckoned in China by the duration of the moon, each new moon beginning a month, which is known as the "First Moon;" the next is called the "Second Moon," and so on through the thirteen of the year. As a matter of fact, however, only twelve moons are numbered. After the fifth is an intercalary month, that is, the sixth month is not numbered at all, but the seventh is called the sixth, the eighth the seventh, and the ninth is styled the eighth, and so on until the thirteenth, which is called the twelfth.

The First Moon might be styled the Chinese Carnival, for business is suspended, the hum of industry is not heard in the land, and pleasure is the ruling motive of the hour with peasant and prince, with coolie and emperor.

The first day is ushered in with a liberal discharge of resounding fire-crackers. Unlike the more highly civilized Americans, the Chinese do not delight in the noisy fire-cracker merely for its flash and bang, but on account of their belief that the noise terrifies the evil spirits that are ever on the alert, conspiring to work harm. Usually, on these occasions, many bomb or "cannon" crackers are mixed with those of the ordinary kind, and the sound they make is deafening enough to cause the most evil-disposed spirit to decamp without delay, if it has any sensitiveness.

That the Chinaman should be anxious to have

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his one term of holiday in the year unmarred by the powers of evil is not surprising, nor, considering his belief, that he should be very earnest in his endeavor to drive them away. The beating of gongs also adds to the frightful tumult.

The noisy side, however, is not the only one considered. For months, assiduous care has been given to flowering plants, in order to bring them into full blossom at the opening of the New Year as gifts to friends and offerings to the special household gods.



Chinese Salutations

Each grade of merchants and artisans has a special protective deity, whose image holds in the merchants' establishments a prominent place, usually in the public salesroom. Inscribed tablets hang behind and on either side of the idol, and in front is a table, which, in the New Year observances, is lavishly covered with sweets and dainties in small dishes, and also plants radiantly blooming. The eatables are finally given to the poor, by many of the "hongs."

The first duty of the people in the early hours of the New Year is to worship their ancestors in the various temples. After these duties, the joyous season is devoted to receiving and returning visits, and to feasting.

With the gentry the space of two moons, and even a longer time, is often given up to the merry-making. The poorer and lower classes cannot spare a month; but scarcely less than eight or ten days are taken by even the coolie—the common day-laborer.

The best possible attire is worn on these holidays, and if it is not owned it is hired from the pawn-shops, to be returned after the holiday season is over. Thus the coolie, accustomed to the coarsest of garments, arrays himself, if he has saved the money, in silks and satins like the highest in the land. But it is easy to see how unused he is to the dress, despite the satisfaction that overspreads his face.

The streets are thronged with the gaily dressed idlers and with messengers bearing gifts covered with red cloths, for red is the festal color of the Chinese. Low-bending salaams and "chin-chins," with which friends ceremoniously greet each other as they meet, are seen on every side. Each man tries to outdo the other in the lowness of his bows, till the two forms are almost prostrate. The quick nod and hurried passing on, customary with us, are not considered dignified or polite by the Chinese.

The opening day for general business, after the holidays, is selected by the astrologers at Pekin. It may fall on any day after the eighth or ninth of the First Moon; but it must be on a "lucky" day, which sometimes does not occur before the Second Moon. On the day decreed by the astrologers, the merchants meet in their respective guildhalls to settle upon the plan of business for the year, deciding what credit to give, and what rate of profit to charge. Then, in their own places of business, they open their books with much ceremony, burn incense before their presiding domestic idols, and close the important act with a feast.

A stranger in a Chinese city, who was not aware of all that depended upon the "Opening Day," and who was in haste to make purchases, entered a native shop during the closed period. The proprietor was quietly smoking with others. The stranger asked to see some material; but it could not be shown, for "The seals could not be broken." Over each keyhole and aperture of the receptacles holding the goods was pasted thin tissue paper to serve as a seal, and no inducement could avail to break it before the appointed time.

The official holiday lasts a month. The official seals are placed in a locked box on the twentieth of the Thirteenth Moon, and not taken out till the twentieth of the First Moon, when resounding guns at early dawn signalize the opening of the seals.

Goods transported through the Empire must pay certain duties at stations in the waterways, called "lekin stations," and "leakin'" they are said to be to the pockets of the trader. For a few hours after midnight of the New Year goods are allowed to pass these stations at certain points free. Boats loaded to their utmost, and crowded together in the eagerness to pass the greatest amount as quickly as possible, each trader anxious not to fall behind the allotted time, and the boatmen yelling at the top of their voices, make an indescribable scene of confusion and danger. Boats are often swamped, and lives as well as goods lost during this turmoil.

Though the Chinese New Year might be styled a carnival, it has a deeper significance to the people. The Chinese, like most of the people of the East, are, after a manner, made up of tribal villages, the people of each village having a family name. Sometimes many of the descendants still dwell in the ancestral village. At the New Year the widely scattered bearers of a family name, no matter how remote the ancestry, return to the "ancestral halls" as a sacred duty, bringing their offerings from a full store, or scraped from poverty, according as the world has dealt with them. Their ancestors must not be forgotten, whatever the condition of the descendants, whose position in life depends so much on what their forebears have been. A Chinese proverb, translated by a missionary, runs:

"On account of abounding ancestral merit,
Some miss the destruction they ought to inherit;
Others lose the promotion their virtues claim
Through the crimes which adhere to their ancestral name."

M. Georgine Hillman.

SMALL BUT MIGHTY.

The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace remains,
These are the main-springs after all.

—*Selected.*

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

During the last three months of 1890 there was a serious and general disturbance in the money markets of the world. The great financial centres, particularly London and New York, passed through a crisis, the evil effects of which, though great, were so much less than those which have repeatedly affected the business world that there is reason to be thankful that they were no worse.

The cause of all the difficulty seems to have been, as usual, inflation,—that is, over-borrowing and over-trading. But it was not inflation either in England or in the United States, but in South America. Enormous amounts of English money have been lent to the government of the Argentine Republic, and invested in private enterprises in that country.

It was the extremely bad financial condition of Argentina that led to the revolution last year; and when the crisis came, not only was there general ruin in Buenos Ayres, but disaster came to many people in Great Britain, whose fortunes were invested in the new Argentine enterprises.

The great house of Baring Brothers, who were among the foremost bankers of the world, was involved, and was only saved from wreck by the help of the Bank of England.

So intimately bound together are all the great commercial countries of the globe, that the consequences of these disasters were instantly felt in this country. The necessary result of the crisis was a surging movement of money to every point of danger—a movement that always takes place, and is as irresistible as the ocean tide.

But capital is timid; and when the crisis came, all those who had money which they could keep, kept it. They would neither lend nor invest it. Thus the scarcity of money and the high rate of interest were intensified beyond what natural causes would have produced.

Speculation was stopped, except speculation for lower prices. Railroad and other stocks and bonds dropped rapidly, for there were many to sell and few to buy. A panic and general ruin seemed to be impending.

If, at that time, the condition of business had not been good, if there had been an excessive expansion of credit in the mercantile world, if prices had been high as a result of excessive speculation, the consequences would have been terrible.

Fortunately, the crisis came when there was no general unsoundness in the condition of the commercial world, and after a sharp spasm the danger point was passed. The movement of money to the points where it was most needed became natural, and the rate of interest dropped to nearly the normal point.

These events are full of interest to those who will learn. One lesson they have which it is most important to impress upon all who are coming to a share in the business and the government of the country. It is this: Science, and the rapid transportation which is a feature of our modern times, have bound all the countries of the world together into one great commercial community.

No country can separate itself from the rest so as to be independent of the causes which affect others. Neither tariff laws nor currency systems can do it. England, which uses gold alone, was injured by the disaster in Argentina, which has a silver standard; and the United States, which uses both gold and silver, suffered as well.

It seemed, at the close of the year, that the most serious consequences of the great crisis had been met and overcome. But it must not be forgotten that the cause of all the evils was a real loss of capital, and prosperity can be fully restored only when that loss has been made up.

The catastrophe comes suddenly, because the evil condition which causes it becomes known suddenly. The recovery is always slow. We may expect a gradual improvement, but every one must be prepared to see several months elapse before the hopeful situation of last summer is restored.

EVERY YEAR.

The purer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
And earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year!

—*Every Thursday.*

FROM "DARKEST ENGLAND."

The chief of the Salvation Army, "General" Booth, has suggested, in a book that is exciting deep interest, a plan for the relief of what he calls the "submerged tenth" of Great Britain. Mr. Stanley's description, in "Darkest Africa," of the Congo Forest and its people seemed to General Booth so typical of the condition of East London, that he has called his book "Darkest England, and the Way Out."

It is possible here only to assert that the lives of the people of East London, that portion of the great city given over to the lowest and most hopeless classes, reach a point of misery and degradation almost beyond the belief of the more fortunate.

These classes throughout the United Kingdom, inclusive of London, number, according to General Booth, three million souls, nearly as many as all the people of Scotland. The extent of the evil shows the difficulty of dealing with it. In this work it is asserted, and by many admitted, that the Salvation Army has been most successful. Through an extension of its methods, General Booth would show the "submerged" the "way out" of their wretchedness.

His scheme is radical, and of great proportions. He proposes to attack the problem by means of three so-called colonies, the City, the Farm and the Over-Sea.

The plan of the City Colonies is derived in part from that of the Salvation Army Food and Shelter Depots, successful establishments, where all comers are received at fourpence a night in payment for supper, breakfast and a sleeping-place. Under the new arrangement, a Labor Yard will give the opportunity to pay one's way by work. Besides this, a Household Salvage Brigade is proposed for the purpose of collecting the vast waste of food, tins and other scraps that would be utilized by villagers, but must be thrown away in cities.

In these and other minor occupations the inmates, for whom those in charge have not found regular employment or returned to friends, may show their capacity for steady work. When it is sufficiently proved, they are ready to send to the Farm Colony.

The purchase of an estate of five hundred to one thousand acres near London, and close to a railway, is to provide for this second branch of the undertaking. Waste land and waste labor will thus come together. The farm itself is expected to train all capable men in agriculture of various sorts. The care of small fruits will give special opportunities to women.

An Industrial Village, the nucleus of the Farm Colony, will contain factories to convert the Salvage Brigade's scraps into useful articles, the bones into buttons, the tins into toys, and so on through the list. The waste food, such as is not fit for human use, will go to the pigs and other animals on the farm.

From service in this second grade of the enterprise, more persons will be restored to friends and the usual employments of men and women. Others still will show their fitness for promotion to the third and last settlement, the Over-Sea Colony.

In England's foreign possessions General Booth believes suitable tracts for this colony may easily be found. With some knowledge of farm-life, on land prepared by pioneers for settlement, granted to the colonists as their individual property under the sole obligation to repay the expense of their journey and outfit, ruled by good laws, the men and women rescued from Darkest England will have a fair chance to live their new lives.

For the endowment of the enterprise General Booth asks one million pounds, less than the cost of a single first-class ship of war. The evident advantages of the plan are that it begins in the core of the evil it would conquer; from the first it cultivates self-dependence instead of pauperism; throughout it is progressive, leading men on from strength to strength.

Of course objections are raised to the plan: that the cause of wretchedness and misery is largely in the people themselves; that other agencies to accomplish the same end are in operation; that the successful execution of the plan requires more ability of leadership than can be found.

Yet when all is said, the plan surely deserves serious consideration. Such a nation as England might afford enormous experiments, undertaken with reasonable hope of solving one of her gravest problems.

JUST FOR A GOOD TIME.

Lucile Gregg was a pretty girl, merry, and fond of a good time. Whenever there was any fun or mischief afoot, Lucile was a leader. She liked to do things a little daring, just a bit "shocking," and enjoyed seeing some of her friends open their eyes, and hear them exclaim, "O Lucile, how can you!"

"I'm not a Miss Prim," she would reply. "I'm not too strait-laced to have a good time."

Lucile had many admirers with whom she had what she termed "summery flirtations." "There's no harm in it," she said. "It's just for a good time."

Last summer Lucile went to a fashionable resort in the White Mountains. While there she made the acquaintance of George Martin, a young man of good family in New York. He showed Lucile attention, and sometimes she thought, with a little fluttering of her heart, that this might be more than a "summery flirtation."

One day George was joined by his mother and two sisters, and Lucile looked forward with mingled pleasure and anxiety to meeting them; but a whole day passed, and George did not offer to introduce her to his relatives. Lucile was somewhat annoyed at this omission, but did not suppose it was intentional until, just at dusk, she was sitting alone in a sheltered corner of the balcony, when she heard voices in one of the rooms.

In answer to some question, she heard George Martin say, "Oh, that's Lucile Gregg."

"Why, then she must be Belle Merrill's cousin," responded a lady's voice. "You must introduce us. You know Miss Gregg, of course?"

"Yes, I know her," George answered, "but I don't believe you'll care to make her acquaintance."

Lucile ought to have left without hearing more; but the temptation to learn more was too great, so, with burning cheeks, she lingered and listened.

"Why, she belongs to one of those old Boston families," the lady exclaimed, "and why shouldn't we care to make her acquaintance?"

"Well, she does well enough to talk with, and treat to ice-cream and confectionery, but she—well, she isn't the girl a man would like for a wife, or would like his sisters to choose for a companion. She's a little too loud —"

Lucile waited to hear no more. Hot with angry shame and humiliation, she fled to her room. And she had thought that George Martin esteemed her. She knew his real opinion of her now.

Wave after wave of wounded pride and mortification went over her as she recalled certain acts of her own; twice she had smoked cigarettes in George Martin's presence, and he had professed to admire her "splendid independence," and all the while he was thinking her *loud!*

Lucile did not spare herself in this humiliating retrospect. "I never will do so again!" she cried, at length. "No one shall ever have a chance to call me loud after this!"

Whether she keeps this resolution or not, Lucile Gregg will never think of certain events of that summer without a thrill of shame.

Without a thought of wrong, save in merry pursuit of a good time, many a young girl has been led to some foolish act which has left a stain on her reputation, and caused her hours of humiliation afterward.

WITH COLD SAUCE.

A man whose name is familiar to the readers of American magazines was speaking lately of one of his intimate friends.

"He always has a kind word for my work," said the writer, "but he invariably winds up his comments upon my last article, no matter what it is, by comparing it unfavorably with some one of my earlier efforts, and usually he adds an expression of surprise that I don't try something in a different line.

"I know very well that he doesn't mean to discourage me," the essayist continued, "but you can see well enough what is likely to be the effect of such remarks upon a self-distrustful person like myself. If he really desires to please me, and spur me on to better things, he ought to deal out his compliments and his critical suggestions in separate doses—and I have sometimes been moved to tell him so."

Here the speaker laughed good-naturedly, as if, after all, he were not utterly cast down, and went on with his discourse.

"Perhaps you have seen lately, in some of the newspapers, a little anecdote, invented perhaps, but very well invented, which bears upon this very point. It is given in the prevailing dialogue form.

"'Doesn't he praise your cooking at all?' said a young wife's mother.

"'Oh yes, he praises everything.'

"'Then what do you complain of?'

"'Why, you see, when I make a pudding for dinner he says he wishes I had baked pies; and when I bake pies, he wants to know why I didn't make a pudding.'

"That's just it!" exclaimed the modest author, after a moment's pause. "I know precisely how

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the dear little housekeeper feels. Praise is good; but it shouldn't be served with cold sauce."

We need not fear that we shall be held accountable for the faults of our friends if we withhold the "cold sauce." There will be others to give it to them. Insincere praise is one thing; the gracious recognition of the good in others is quite different.

GENIUS AND PINEAPPLES.

The impracticability of many great men is well known, and it is doubtful whether there are any among them who are more impracticable than those who believe thoroughly in their own genius. Balzac, the novelist, was one of this class. His great literary success, after years of hard struggle, convinced him that "All things were possible to genius," and he repeated this formula at frequent intervals in conversation.

The journal of the late Alphonse Karr, also a novelist, but a famous gardener as well as a novelist, relates an amusing episode in Balzac's career. Talking with Karr once about gardening, Balzac suddenly remarked:

"I have bought, as you know, a little estate at Ville d'Avray. I am convinced that the people need nothing so much as pineapples, and plenty of them. But in order that they shall be able to eat them, they must be able to buy them for a franc apiece, and I am going to raise pineapples for the people on my estate at Ville d'Avray."

"But you can't raise them for a franc apiece!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Balzac. "I *can't!* Sir, nothing is impossible to genius! Don't you think that, if a man of the highest intelligence put his whole mind to the task of raising pineapples at a franc apiece, he could do it?"

That very day Balzac had taken steps toward hiring a small store in Paris.

"Well, what are you going to do with that?" Karr asked.

"I am going to sell my pineapples to the people in it."

"But," said Karr, "it takes three years to get your first pineapples after you begin to raise them, and what are you going to do with your store all those three years?"

"Bah!" exclaimed Balzac, contemptuously. "Three years! Why, don't you know, man, that nothing is impossible to genius? Don't you suppose that if a man of the highest intelligence gave his mind to producing pineapples in *one* year, he could do it?"

Balzac departed full of his project, but he had forgotten all about it within two days. Forgetting its own impracticable schemes is fortunately one of the things that is not impossible to genius.

EXACT.

John Ericsson, the inventor, had not only genius but the "immense capacity for taking pains" which sometimes accompanies it. All his work was so exactly done that he could demand from workmen the most rigid observance of details in the drawings furnished for their guidance, without fear that they might go astray.

When the steamer *Columbia* was built, its engines were put in according to his designs. It was customary at that time to get the length of the piston-rod from the engine itself, and a man was, one day, engaged in measuring it with a long baton. Captain Ericsson chanced to go on board, at that moment, and going up to the workman, he roared:

"What are you doing there, sir?"

"Getting the length of the piston-rod, sir."

"Is it not on the drawing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you come here with sticks? Go and get the length from the drawing, sir! I do not want you to bring sticks, when the drawing gives the size."

At another time, a workman was endeavoring to put in the engines of a steamship, and found great difficulty with a small connection which is described as being "crooked as a dog's hind leg." Finally he went to Ericsson, and informed him that the rod could not be put in place.

"Is it right by the drawing?" was his query.

"Yes, sir."

"Then it will go in."

And on another trial, it did. The master brain had left nothing to be supplied by the ingenuity of others.

WOOD MOSAIC.

An important innovation in decorative art is the invention of M. Bougarel, which reproduces as effectively as do tapestries or marble mosaics pictures of the most varied design and exquisite coloring, and employs a material which is in many cases preferable to wool or to marble cubes.

M. Bougarel has invented a process by which a durable mosaic can be made of cubes of wood which have been treated with a coloring matter that penetrates them thoroughly. One result of this thorough tinting of the woods is that if the surface of the mosaic suffers any accident, or if, in course of time, the colors fade, the original brilliancy of color is restored by slightly planing off the surface.

The mosaic is applied to a panel of four thicknesses of wood of different grains, which prevents any evil effects of contraction or dilation of the foundation. For large designs four hundred thousand bits of wood to the square metre are used, and for small patterns one million six hundred thousand pieces to the square metre are used.

The wood is cut by fine apparatus, is treated chemically to eliminate the gums, is colored, and then is subjected to pressure. The operator places the tinted cubes in an apparatus by which he easily puts them in position, fastens them, and presses them together as closely as possible. When the panel is finished, it is subjected to pressure, which makes the whole cohere sufficiently to resist any influence of temperature.

M. Georges Petit, who describes the invention in *La Revue Scientifique*, says, "It affords a wall and ceiling decoration easily kept in repair, and makes possible the popularization of the works of ancient and modern masters, which M. Bougarel may copy in the national museums, and preserve in indefinitely durable form."

MUSICAL ARTILLERYMAN.

"The 'Army of the Potomac' was the people in arms," says Mr. Warren Lee Goss, in the preface to his "Recollections of a Private," and in the body of his book he relates an anecdote which may be taken as an illustration of that saying. He was suffering from lameness, and while limping along, as best he could, in the rear of the army, he fell in with a congenial artilleryman, who had lost his voice. They called at a house belonging to an old man of sixty or seventy years, who was very noncommittal in his sentiments.

His wife was a ladylike old woman, and her two daughters had evidently seen good society. We propounded the usual conundrum about something to eat, and exhibited money to show that we intended to pay.

The young woman, when speaking of the Confederates, spoke of them as "our army," and it leaked out that they had one brother therein, and another in the paymaster's department at Washington. After supper, we were invited into the reception-room, where there was a piano, and I asked for a song.

One of the young women sat down at the piano and played "My Maryland" and "Dixie," and then wheeled as if to say, "How do you like that?" My chum hoarsely whispered a request for the "Star-Spangled Banner," and she obligingly complied, and then said, in a half-saucy manner, "Is there anything else?"

My friend mentioned a piece from Beethoven. "I never heard of it," said she; "perhaps if you should whistle it I should recognize it." But my friend's whistle was in as bad tune as his voice.

"Perhaps you will play it yourself?" said the black-eyed miss, for an extinguisher.

To my astonishment, and theirs also, the rusty-looking artilleryman seated himself at the piano, and under his hands the instrument was transformed. He played piece after piece, and finally improvised a midnight march, in which a band of music was heard receding farther and farther, till the whole died away in the distance. Our parting was more cordial than our reception.

WHAT MAY BE PATENTED.

It may be of interest to the readers of *The Companion* to know what may be patented. A United States patent will be granted to any person who has invented or discovered any new and useful art, machine, manufacture, or improvement thereof, not known or used by others in this country, and not patented or described in any printed publication in this nor any other country, before his discovery or invention thereof, and not in public use nor on sale for more than two years prior to his application, unless the same is proved to have been abandoned.

In this connection the word "art" means the process or method of producing an old or new result. If a method of doing anything contains one or more new steps, the process is new and patentable.

The word "machine" means any device or thing by means of which a mechanical result may be produced, such as a pin, a churn, or a locomotive.

The word "manufacture" means a made-up article, such as furniture, clothing, harness, and the thousands of things which are offered for sale. "Composition of matter" means a chemical compound of ingredients, such as hard rubber, liquid glue, medicine, etc.

Patents may also be obtained for designs for manufactures and works of art, for three, seven and ten years.

Trade-marks may be registered for any arbitrary sign or symbol which is not descriptive; the government fee is twenty-five dollars. Such marks are the exclusive property of the registrar for thirty years, and the time may be extended.

A "label" is any descriptive tag, print or impression to be placed upon any article or its case, and it may be registered for twenty-eight years. The government fee for a "label" is six dollars; but if it contains any special mark or symbol, the office decides it to be a "Trade-mark" instead of a label.

WORTH IT.

Some picture-dealers, as well as certain art critics, have a scent for merit which may be compared to a dog's "nose" in hunting. T. Sidney Cooper, the English artist, gives such an instance of a dealer who could trust his own intuition without seeing the picture.

On the varnishing day I was busy in touching up one of my pictures, when Turner passed me, palette in hand. He stopped to look at the canvas, and then, saying, "Put it out! It destroys the breadth!" he laid a dab of color over the part on which I had been working, and walked away again. Another artist saw him do it, and immediately said:

"Don't touch it again. He has done in one moment all that is wanted."

So I left it, and when Turner passed again, I went up to him and thanked him, whereupon he nodded, and gave a sort of grunt, but vouchsafed never a word.

That afternoon I met Gillott, among other dealers, who at once began asking me about my pictures. I told him that they were well hung, and then mentioned the fact that Turner had put a touch on my Welsh scene.

"What is the size and price of the picture?" asked Mr. Gillott. I told him.

"And did the great Turner really touch upon it, as you say?"

"Yes, he did."

"Then the picture is mine."

"But you have not seen it!" I remarked.

"No matter. Turner would never have touched it if it had not been worth it. The picture is mine at three hundred pounds, so cross it 'sold.'"

TART.

The Oriental notion that no one can insult so violently as a woman, because no one has such a tart tongue, is illustrated by an anecdote translated from an Arabic author:

"I stood on a road, conversing with a friend," said a learned man, "when a woman, halting, gazed at me steadfastly. When her staring had passed all bounds, I told my slave to ask the woman what she was listening to. He came back, and reported that the woman had said:

"'My eyes had committed a great sin. I intended to inflict a punishment upon them, and I could devise none worse than looking at that hideous face.'"

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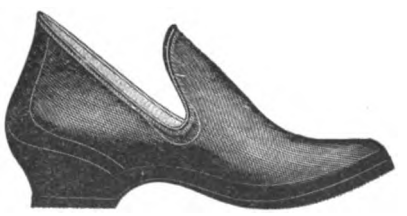
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SUGGESTIONS

LAMP CHIMNEYS.

You have noticed that some lamps have chimneys, while others have none.

Consider the use of the chimney.

The reason why one lamp needs it more than another.

How does the chimney effect its purpose?

Why does moisture gather inside a chimney when the lamp is first lighted?

For the Companion.

THE KING'S COMMAND.

A royal feast lay spread before the king.
"Good cheer," he quoth, "to ye, my courtiers all.
Health, wealth and happiness may Fortune bring,
And to the lot of all of ye let fall."
And then, 'mid clink of glass, the wine was quaffed;
The toast was drunk, the merry round was laughed.

The wit ran high. Staid Wisdom stood unbid
To join the board, and starved and thirsted sore.
When one—a brat-o-brains; a younker-kid,
Unused to royal feasting—gently bore
The grave-eyed maiden in, and then, hey-day!
The tide of talk was turned from mirth away.

"What was man's destiny?" and "How should states
Add power to power?" "What made a nation's strength?"
"The price of labor; and taxation rates."
And so from this to that until, at length,
The universal tongue which one day should
Be proved by all the world to be most good.

One held 'twas A, one B; while no one came
To think his neighbor reasoned past all doubt.
And time sped on with still the tongue of fame
Unproved. Then spoke the king: "A pleasant lout,
Who knows no language save his own and that
But most indifferent well, we fain were gat,

"And brought into our presence. Haste! away!"
Then to his courtiers: "Faith, methinks 'twere well
To prove the question now; sans more delay.
We'll send this bumpkin forth, and let him tell
On his return what language most is spoke.
Beshrew me well, but 'tis a pretty joke."

And so, when 'fore the king the peasant stood,
—An awkward lad, unschooled, untaught in art:
His only knowledge that of doing good;
His one endowment bravery of heart,—
To him was issued forth the stern command
To find the world-tongue over sea and land.

He went. Years passed. Down-pressing cares of state
Weighed on the monarch's mind till he forgot
His pilgrim-peasant. Then, as once he sate
At board, his courtiers with him, thinking not
Of aught to hap wherefore their wits might yearn,
Word came of this: the traveller's return.

"So? Bring him forth," the king said. "Let us hear
How speaks the world—or will speak at the last.
Come forward, peasant. Think thou not of fear.
And hast thou kept our charge both fair and fast?
What foundest thou to be the only tongue
That in all ears the same, familiar, rung?"

The peasant bowed him low. "My lord," he said,
"In every land there found I different speech.
Mayhap that less, this more, its accent spread,
But none was known to every man and each.
And I despaired, at last, of finding one
That all the world might own beneath the sun.

"Until methought how, when I issued hence,
No language knowing but mine own poor tongue,
With naught of rank or power and little pence,
And how, spite all, my hand was friendly wrung—
Methought there was indeed one speech did prove
The language of the world. Its name is—Love."

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

For the Companion.

WORK.

Jane Dewey, said the old village pastor, came home from boarding-school when she was nineteen years old. She had been absent several years, for her father was in quite ordinary circumstances, and not able to bring her home in vacations. She was a pale, worn-looking girl, cold and reserved in manner, and evidently carried some burden of grief or anxiety. After a few weeks she brought it to me, asking my counsel.

"I became a member of the church this spring," she said. "How can I be cheerful or laugh like the rest? I must save my soul. I am full of faults. When I count them, and pray over them, I am miserable."

It was her habit, she told me, to keep a record of all her sins. A certain hour each day was given to this work.

"But have you nothing to do for others?" I asked.

"Others! Is not my first duty to endeavor to overcome my own faults?" she retorted, irritably.

After this she visited me frequently, and wrote me interminable letters, all in the same unhealthy tone. One day she was sure she had committed the unpardonable sin. The next she had doubts concerning some theological doctrine. The third her "heart was cold." So she grew all the time more morbid, and gloomy, and selfish.

I said to her, "You say you have given yourself to Christ? By this you mean, or ought to mean, that you have given yourself to His service. Instead of this perpetual misery, you should be glad and thankful that He has accepted your service. But what service do you render Him? None. The work which He means you to do for others would strengthen and uplift your own soul more than all this morbid introspection."

But she was deaf to all suggestion or argument.

During that summer her mother died, and afterward her father was thrown from his horse, and confined to his bed for many weeks. The charge of the house and five children was thrown upon her.

As the busy, anxious weeks passed, she grew, strangely enough, plump and ruddy and cheerful. She came to me for advice, sometimes; but it was to know how to enliven her father, who was sinking into dull despair, or how to keep David and John away from bad company. The little children, too, required constant attention.

"If mother were but here!" she said. "I am so ignorant! I do all I can, and in my prayers look above for Divine guidance."

"And about yourself, Jane?" I asked.

She blushed. "I have no time now to think of myself," she said. "I must trust Christ for His promised acceptance notwithstanding my errors, while I do this work which He has given me."

Many well-meaning Christians actually nourish faults in themselves by unhealthy broodings over their own condition. The best remedy is active work for others.

THE BOSTON TIME BALL.

The time ball, which is dropped every day at noon, on the Signal Service tower of the Boston Post-office building, is controlled by telegraph from the standard mean time clock at the Cambridge Observatory. The action is entirely automatic, there being no human intervention between the ball and the clock. The ball is three feet in diameter, and is visible to the naked eye at a distance of two or three miles. It is arranged to slide freely up and down on a hollow iron staff, which passes through its centre.

Around the base of the staff is an iron cylinder, about three feet high and three feet in diameter, open at the upper end. The ball in falling drops into the open end of the cylinder, fitting it so closely that very little air can escape. The air thus confined in the cylinder makes an elastic cushion, which breaks the fall of the ball and prevents damage to the building or apparatus.

A stout rope leads from the interior of the tower below, up through the hollow staff, and, passing over a pulley at the top, reaches down on the outside and is attached to the ball. This rope serves to hoist the ball, and hold it in place till the proper time arrives for it to fall.

The dropping apparatus is located in the tower below. It is very compact, and is contained in a little closet about one foot square. It consists of a drum or cylinder, on which is wound the rope leading to the ball.

At five minutes before noon the ball is hoisted by means of a crank, which fits on the spindle of the drum like a clock key. It is then held in place by a catch or pawl, which engages a notched wheel attached to the end of the drum, and prevents it from turning. The catch is operated by a lever, on which a powerful spring is constantly pulling, tending to throw it over and release the drum. The lever is held in place until the proper time by the armature lever of an electro magnet, which is delicately caught on its end like the hair-trigger of a rifle.

When the signal current is sent through the magnet, it draws the armature lever away, and the lever operating the catch is promptly thrown over by the spring, thus freeing the drum. The ball instantly shoots downward by its own weight, unwinding the rope from the drum as it falls.

As the current from the observatory is too weak to operate the dropping mechanism, a powerful "local" battery is placed in the tower to do this work, and is controlled by a delicate repeating instrument, or "relay," as it is called, which is connected with the main observatory circuit. In this way the faintest signal from the observatory throws the full power of the local battery upon the dropping magnet.

As a precaution against the premature dropping of the ball, the local battery is disconnected by means of a switch, in reach of the operator, and is connected about ten seconds before the final signal from the observatory. W. P. G.

BOY AND PRESIDENT.

There are great men who never forget that they were helped on their way, and who express their gratitude by lending a hand to all who need a lift. Doctor Peabody mentions, in his "Harvard Graduates Whom I Have Known," one of the last times he saw Jared Sparks, the historian and former president of the university.

Mr. Sparks was carrying a large bundle of clothes from the washing, and a shabbily dressed little girl was chatting merrily at his side. He had come up with the child, tottering under a burden too heavy for her, and instinctively, for he never missed an opportunity for a kind word or deed, had taken the bundle from her.

He began life as a poor country boy, determined to get an education, but compelled to labor for his daily bread. Until his twentieth year his schooling had amounted in all to forty months. He had, however, done a great deal for his own education, and had learned the trade of a carpenter.

The scholarly clergyman of his native town, the Rev. Hubbell Loomis, owned a barn which needed shingling. Jared offered to shingle it if the clergyman would teach him Latin and mathematics. The offer was accepted, and young Sparks went to work.

One day a brother-clergyman, named Abbot, called on Mr. Loomis, and was told of the remarkable young carpenter then shingling the barn. Mr. Abbot asked that Sparks might be summoned to the study to construe a passage in Virgil. The carpenter's translation was such as prompted Mr. Abbot to bespeak for him a place on the beneficiary list of Phillips Academy at Exeter. The application was successful, and Sparks walked to Exeter, one hundred and twenty miles, in four days, that he might begin at the autumn term.

Two years after he entered Harvard College, where his robust strength of body and strenuousness of purpose enabled him to support himself by teaching, to hold a high rank in his class, and to graduate the first scholar in mathematics. Friends gave him aid, sympathy, and, what he valued most, opportunities to help himself.

When he became a great man, and the president of the university, he loved to recall the trials of his early days, not in self-congratulation, but that the remembrance might keep him up to his rule of life—never to miss an opportunity for a kind word or deed.

CHIVALROUS MINERS.

Chivalry is the same in the nineteenth century, on the plains, as it was when Sir Launcelot rode to tournament, though it may not take precisely the same form. The following true story adds one more to the list of incidents proving the fact. An engineer writes:

A few months after my marriage, I was sent to New Mexico to survey some land for a railroad company. My wife went with me, although we depended upon camping out in the most primitive way. We went across the plains into the very heart of the wilderness.

One day a dreadful rain-storm set in, and continued all night. I lost my bearings, and wandered about until eight o'clock in the evening, when I came upon a miner's cabin, where there was a light. I knocked at the door, and asked shelter.

"Come right in, stranger, and welcome!" was the answer.

Four roughly dressed miners were in the room, which had no floor, and only an open fireplace, over which their frugal meals were cooked.

"My wife is with me," I said. "She is sitting in the wagon."

"Here, boys," cried the spokesman, pulling off his hat and bustling about, "bundle out of this, and help the stranger with his things! Be lively now!"

They brought in our goods, made a roaring fire, and then formed in line, headed by the leader, who said:

"Yer kindly welcome, mum. We aint got much to offer, but yer can take the ranch. Me an' my mates'll roost outside. Jes' make yerselves to home, an' don't mind us."

At the end of this speech they filed out of the cabin, and spent the night in the rain, heedless of our remonstrances.

For the Companion.

ON THE BEACH.

[*The Children's Race.*]

Fleet Atalanta, skimming the gray sands
As runs the hurrying beach-bird, airy-light,
With radiant eyes and floating locks, and hands
Outstretched, and fluttering garments snowy white!
May never golden apple roll between
Thee and thy victory! Keep steadfast on,
Reach thy far goal, and so be crowned a queen,
Thy race accomplished and thy triumph won.
Before thy feet the world is sure to cast
Its gilded fruit: Be faithful to the last;

And run thy race with Time, outstrip thy friends
Not for ambition, empty, feverish, vain,
But shape thou thy life's course to labor ends;
Strive to be foremost a pure heart to gain;
To win forbearance and sweet charity,
Truth, patience, faith, a conscience crystal clear—
For these press on, nor pause, and thou shalt be
Lifted into a peace that knows no fear,
And thy sweet childhood's bliss be thine alway,
As on the breezy sands this summer day.

CELIA THAXTER.

WHAT TO DO.

Unconcern in times of excitement or danger may be a very good thing, but it sometimes results less from real presence of mind than from natural sluggishness of temperament. A case of this sort was that of Jerry Bay, who owned a great three-year-old colt, that had never yet been hitched to a carriage, though it had several times worn a harness. One fine winter's day Jerry decided to give the colt an advance lesson. So he harnessed it to an old sleigh, invited his neighbor, Abner Tilly, to ride with him, and started out on a trial trip.

At first they went along beautifully: the colt behaved like a well-trained horse.

"He's a good one, aint he, Abner?" said the delighted Jerry; "goes as stiddy 'z 'n old hoss, don't he?"

"Yes, he's doing well now," admitted Abner, "but don't you crow too soon. Colts are freaky critters."

As if to prove the truth of this statement, the colt, that very instant, came to a standstill.

"Come, g' long," cried Jerry, coaxingly. But the colt did not budge, and so Jerry touched him gently with the whip.

The effect was magical. Within ten seconds the colt had kicked both his hind feet through the fender of the sleigh no less than three times. Then came a very short pause, followed by an earnest attempt to sit down, which succeeded only so far as to break one of the shafts.

The colt next stood erect on his hind legs for a moment, and then tried bravely to stand on his head. When tired of this performance, he made a most resolute struggle to turn entirely round in the shafts, so as to face his driver. Failing in this, he again began to kick with all his might, and was fast reducing the front part of the sleigh to kindling wood.

Abner had long since jumped out of the sleigh, and was now at the head of the struggling brute, using every effort to soothe and quiet him. Jerry sat calmly in what was left of the sleigh, apparently amused, but not at all alarmed, as the splinters whizzed past his head.

At last it evidently occurred to him that he might take some part in the contest, and he inquired, in a drawling tone, "D'ye think I'd better git out?"

"No, don't!" thundered the indignant Abner; "stay right there, and let the colt kick ye out."

AT THE EAGLE'S NEST.

Folklore, however fanciful and improbable, has always a charm. "The Boy Travellers" found in Ireland a guide who, in expatiating on the echo at a bluff called the "Eagle's Nest," recalled the following explanation of the name. He said:

There was an aigle had a nist there for years and years, and that's why the place got its name. The ould bird was a sly one, and she'd put her nist where it wasn't aisy to get at it. The only way was for a fellow to lower hisself down along the face of the big rock you see over beyant there.

Well, one day, whin the ould bird was away, a sodger said he'd have the young uns out of the nist, onyhow, and so he goes and gits a long rope, and lowers hisself down.

Just as he got in front of the nist, the ould bird come a-flyin' out of a cloud.

"Mornin'!" says she to him, and he says "Mornin'!" to her, jist as perlite as ye plaze.

"Wot ye want here?" says she.

"Nothin'," says he. "I jist dropped down to ask arter the hilth uv yer nice little birdies."

"That's a lie!" says she.

"It's the truth," says he.

"No, 'tisn't," says she.

And thin she hollered out so's yer cud hear her a mile, ez ef she was a-talkin' to the mountain:

"Didn't he come to rob the aigle's nist?"

Av coorse the echo said, "Rob the aigle's nist!" and wid that she hit him atween the eyes wid her ould hooked nose, and away he tumbled into the lake, and he's been there iver sence.

NEAR ENOUGH.

Two English war correspondents—one of them being Mr. Irving Montagu, who tells the story—had planned to drive out of Giurgevo in disguise on their way to Plevna, during the Russo-Turkish War. Their portmanteaus were packed under the seat of the three-horse drosky, and the two adventurous passengers jumped in, lighted their morning cigars, and with a jingle of bells the horses started.

We had not long cleared the town when it became manifest that we had attracted more attention from the gunners at the Turkish outworks at Rustchuk than we either desired or deserved. All at once there was an ominous roar from across the water, immediately followed by the bursting of a shell in some underwood a little to our rear.

Evidently we had been spotted, and should be likely to suffer as soon as the sighting of the gunners became more accurate. Another shell followed, wider of the mark than the first, and we felt renewed confidence. Not so the horses, however, and their plunging and rearing gave the Turks the opportunity they wanted, for in less time than it takes to describe it, the uncanny screech of another shell terminated in a third crash, so close that even now I shudder when I think of it. Our horses were unmanageable, and some moments elapsed before we were again on the way. Our stoppage had given those gunners a steadier aim. Another all-too-familiar boom, a prolonged screech, and then the crash of a shell, which seemed to lift us from our seats.

This last shot so startled the horses that they dashed off in headlong flight, taking us providentially round a corner, and so out of sight of the enemy; but the most curious part of the story is to come.

Arrived at Zimnitza, we decided to remain there for the night. I went therefore in quest of some necessaries from my portmanteau, which had served as a back to my seat in the drosky.

Imagine my astonishment when I found it torn from end to end, and its contents twisted into a conglomerate mass within. No wonder I sank back at the moment of that terrific shock, the cause of which was now apparent. The shell had struck home rather closer than I had any notion of, and my life had been saved by that well-packed valise.

One side of it was in ribbons—leather, straps and buckles being mixed in picturesque confusion with broken brushes, flannel shirts, smashed pots of Liebig's essence of meat, and broken bottles of chlorodyne. Indeed, that smashed portmanteau is still in evidence, a household god, enshrined as a memento of yet another providential escape.

UNDRESS PARADE.

Bravery and good tactics may be displayed in a retreat quite as well as in an advance. Indeed, a true soldier never shows to so good advantage as when he suddenly finds himself taken at a disadvantage. An anecdote which illustrates this point is taken from Mr. Warren Lee Goss's "Recollections of a Private."

Just before the battle of Chantilly, I, with Wad Rider and "Joe," the recruit, had retired to the seclusion of a neighboring wood to engage in a war of extermination against a certain too close an invader of the Union blue.

I had partly resumed my clothing, but not my shoes. Joe had entirely re-dressed, but Wad Rider was still in undress parade.

Suddenly Joe, whose quickness of sight and hearing were remarkable, shouted, "Rebs! rebs!" Down a cross-road on our left came a squad of the enemy's cavalry. I ran barefoot, with my cartridge-box and belt over one shoulder, my musket in one hand, and my other hand holding my garments together.

As I ran I heard a musket-shot, and turned to view the situation. Wad Rider, dressed in nothing but his cuticle and equipments, had shot the leading cavalryman in the pursuit, and shouting like mad for reinforcements, was retreating in light marching order upon the camp.

I dashed through a stump lot, with Joe on my flank and Wad in the rear, still pursued by the enemy, who were calling upon us to surrender. The uproar brought the boys swarming from the camp, and when I regained my feet, after a collision with the root of a stump, the Confederates were making for the woods.

Under a strong escort of comrades we returned to reclaim Wad's uniform and my shoes, but the enemy had gobbled them. Wad concluded he must use the clothing of the unfortunate cavalryman he had shot, and looked grotesque enough in his gray suit.

"First thing you'll hear of," said he, "some fool will be shooting me for a reb!"

INQUISITIVE.

A Western gentleman recently gave a house-warming party, having just moved into a new dwelling. A large company was invited, and the entire mansion was thrown open to the guests. The house was modern in its appointments to the last degree, even to being lighted with electricity instead of gas.

One young man among the guests saw much to arouse his curiosity, and was on the alert for new discoveries.

A celebrated singer had just taken her place at the piano when this young man, who was standing in the lower hall near the parlor door, caught sight of something that looked like a black rubber button in the centre of a small marble disk. What could that be for?

He was so anxious to know, that he could not listen to the singer. The crowd was great, and he felt sure he could examine the curiosity without being noticed. He passed his hands over it slyly, touched the rubber or metal button with his finger, pressed it softly, and on the instant the parlors and hall were in total darkness!

The song of the soprano ended in a little shriek, and the air was full of exclamations.

"Pray keep perfectly quiet," the voice of the host was heard saying. "We will have lights in a moment."

Groping his way through the crowd, stepping on their toes, striking against them, and putting his outstretched hands into shrinking faces, the chagrined host finally made his way into the hall, felt along the wall until he touched the electric button, pressed it, and the rooms were again flooded with light.

The inquisitive young man hadn't presence of mind enough to hold his tongue.

"Oh, is that what that thing is for?" he said. "I didn't know, or I—I—I wouldn't have touched it."

RUSTIC PARISHIONERS.

The Rev. Augustus Jessop, in his "Trials of a Country Parson," tells some amusing stories concerning his rustic English parishioners. The mistakes which hearers make in interpreting sermons, he says, are simply endless and sometimes almost incredible. No invention of the most inveterate story-teller could equal the facts which are matters of weekly experience.

"As you was a-saying in your sarmon, 'tarnal mowing won't du without 'tarnal making—you mind that! yer ses, an' I did mind it tu, an' we've got up that hay surprising!"

Mr. Perry had just a little misconceived my words. I had quoted from Philip Van Artevelde, "He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend. Eternity mourns that."

Not many months ago I was visiting a good, simple old man who was death-stricken, and had been long lingering on the verge of the dark river. "I've been thinking, sir, of that little hymn as you said about the old devil when he was took bad. I should like to hear that again."

I was equal to the occasion.

"The devil was sick—the devil a saint would be;
The devil got well—not a bit of a saint was he."

It seemed necessary to soften the language of the original.

"Is that what you mean?"

Yes! it was that. "Well, I've been a-thinking, if the old devil had laid a bit longer and been afflicted same as some on 'em, as he'd 'a' been the better for it. Aint there no more of that there little hymn, sir?"

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For the Companion.

HE COULDN'T.

Our Ted is full of merry fun
As any boy can be;
Yet, for an errand to be run
Stands always ready, he;
And when he hears his mother's call,
He does not wait to doubt,
But drops his bat, or book, or ball,
With ne'er a frown or pout.

He really is a model boy
We think, as wouldn't you?
His father's pride, his mother's joy—
So manly, brave and true;
For just one little failing, though,
He's chided o'er and o'er:
Come heat or cold, come rain or snow,
He never shuts the door!

On New Year's Day his mother said,
—A twinkle in her eye:
"Suppose you turn a new leaf, Ted,
This morning; won't you try?"
Then Teddy laughed a laugh of glee,
And gave his cap a fling:
"I can't, mamma; for there will be
No new leaves until spring!"

For the Companion.

WINFRED'S MARKETMAN.

"If I only could have a sled, mamma! Don't you s'pose papa will buy me one?" asked Winfred, looking wistfully from the window as the boys on their gaily painted sleds dashed by.

"No, indeed! Your papa has doctor's bills and other expenses since we were all sick so long. We must do without a sled this year," was mamma's answer.

Winfred was quiet for a few minutes.

"There goes Thad Stevens and his papa, with their new horse and sleigh!" he cried, excitedly. "Can't *we* have a sleigh-ride this year—just one?"

"No, dear," said mamma, "I think not. We must take our pleasure in watching other people ride and slide. Then we shall not freeze our fingers or noses, or have our bones broken by a smash-up. Don't you see how much better off we are not to run such risks?"

Winfred did not feel sure of that, but he did enjoy the fun, and laughed merrily when there was a turn-over, and the boys rolled off in the snow.

"Put on your coat and cap, Winfred," his mother said, presently, "and run down to Kellogg's, and get me a spool of white thread. The doctor said you must wrap up warmly, and exercise in the out-door air so as to get strong again."

"If I only had a sled!" said Winfred to himself, as he started down the long hill to the store. "But I'll try not to worry papa about it, for I s'pose he can't afford it." Then Winfred began to whistle, trying to keep time to the merry sleigh-bells behind him.

"Hallo, my lad!" cried a cheery voice. "Would you like to have a ride?"

Winfred looked around, and saw the jolly, red-faced marketman who came around every week in the summer with fresh vegetables and fruit.

"Oh, yes!" said Winfred, with sparkling eyes. "I should like it splendid, but I'm only going to the store."

"All right!" said the man. "I'm going there, too. Jump in!"

The boy was only too glad to obey.

The man tucked the robes around Winfred, and the horses rushed on as if they enjoyed it.

"I believe your name is Winfred—isn't it?" asked Mr. Tinker. "And if I remember, you are the boy who helped me pick up my vegetables last summer when the milkman ran into my team and upset it. Do you remember that?"

"Oh yes," said Winfred, "it was jolly fun; and you gave me some apples and onions. Mamma made us a stew for dinner. It was good."

"Then when some youngsters started my horse once, you ran after them and stopped them—forgot that?"

"Oh no!" said the boy, "and you were *so* kind and gave me a ride, and let me drive. I never shall forget it."

"Maybe you remember running after me, for half a mile, when I dropped my whip," said the man again. "You don't look as if you could run much now—been sick?"

"Yes," said Winfred, "but I'm all right now. Oh, it's such fun riding with you! I'm sorry we've got to the store."

"Well," said Mr. Tinker, "I'm going back as soon as I do my trading, and you can ride home. Now, my boy, look around and tell me what you would like best to have."

"I've had one of the things," said Winfred; "'twas the sleigh-ride. The other was a sled, but papa can't get it this year, so I'm trying to forget it."

"How would this one do?" asked the man, holding up a handsome red sled.

"That's the very one I wanted!" said the boy. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Guess I'll buy it so you'll forget it easier," said the man, laughing.

So when they drove homeward the gay sled went too. "I s'pose it's for his little boy," thought Winfred, looking at it wistfully.

When they reached his door Winfred jumped out.

"I've had two sleigh-rides now," said he, "and I thought I wouldn't have any. Thank you, sir."

"Hold on!" said the man. "I haven't any boys, and what on earth I'm going to do with this sled is more than I know. If you only would be kind enough to take it off my hands I'd never forget it."

Then before Winfred could speak the sled lay at his feet, and the man and horses were far up the road.

Do you wonder that the boy laughed and shouted, and hugged the handsome sled?

JULIA DARLING PECK.

Two of Katie's uncles were married lately. One of them married a very dark young lady, and the other a red-haired one. They live in the same house, and Katie went visiting them one day. When she came home she rushed to grandma's room. "O gran'ma, I've got a red aunt and a black one," she said. Then, seeing the queer little smile on grandma's face, she added, quickly, "I don't mean the bug kind, gran'ma!"



Her first muff.

For the Companion.

DREADFUL!

"Where's mamma?"

Dotty stole down from the nursery to see mamma for a little while; but mamma had gone out.

It was twilight, and the sitting-room was nearly dark, except for the glow which came from the fire in the grate.

"Who's zis?" said Dotty, going toward the lounge.

There was quite a heap of things on it. Edith, her big sister, often threw her hat and cloak there when she came in from school; and now they were mixed up with the slumber-robe, and some body must be sleeping under them, for a bit of black hair peeped out from one end.

"Poor papa!" said Dotty, going up and stroking the hair with her soft little hand. "He's tum home wiv a headache again. I'm sorry. I'll tomb his head, and I won't 'sturb him one bit."

She brought a comb, and carefully worked away at the black locks, whispering to herself:

"Papa always likes his head tombed when he's dot a headache.

"He's fast as'eep, I dess," she went on, finding that he did not move. She put her little face close down to the hair, and half-whispered:

"Papa, does I 'sturb 'ou?"

But papa did not answer, so she kept on combing, saying to herself:

"How g'ad he'll be when he wates up and finds his headache all don!"

But just then the comb caught in a tangle.

"O papa, did that pull?"

No answer, and the combing went on. Another pull, and the head moved a little.

"O papa! I'll be more tareful; 'ou see if I don't!"

But a harder tangle came. The head moved toward her and—fell upon the floor at her feet.

"O-o-o-o-o!" What a scream went before Dotty as she rushed into the hall!

"What's the matter?" cried Edith, who was just coming down stairs.

"What's the matter?" asked mamma, who was just coming in the street-door.

"O-o-o-o-o!" Dotty was too much terrified to answer, but Edith caught her in her arms as she tried to run up stairs.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"O-o-o-o-o!" cried Dotty, sobbing as if her heart would break. "Papa! Papa!"

"What about papa? He's down town."

"No—I've—pulled his head off."

"Nonsense, Dotty. What do you mean?"

"Oh, I have—I did. In there—" she pointed to the sitting-room, but kicked and screamed when Edith carried her toward the door.

"Papa isn't here," said mamma.

Dotty hid her head on Edith's shoulder as mamma lit the gas, but took a little peep out as Edith said: "See. Papa isn't here."

"O-o-o-o-o! Yes he is—he's on the lounge."

Mamma tossed over the things on the lounge. No papa was there.

"But—look on the floor," sobbed Dotty.

Mamma picked up the thing of long, straight black hair which lay there.

"It's my new monkey-skin muff," said Edith.

SYDNEY DAYRE.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

A NEW YEAR EPISODE.

"I have *first!* I'm ahead!"
At the table cried Ned,
"For I *second* five pieces of pie as I said!"
Then Fritz, who is studying German, cried
"*Third!*"
And mamma said, "Absurd!
If you've *fourth*, on my word,
You will want no more pie
Till *the whole* has gone by." E. S. B.

2.

ANAGRAMMATICAL CRYPTOGRAM.

In *sheet* days of *riteclec* cars, when rapid transit has become the *throwcawd* of the multitude, when *vocotennins* both grave and *risetef* are the order of the day, and *shote* who follow them up are hurried hither and thither like *clocktushets*, how often we hear the complaint from young and old alike: "*Heter* isn't time *hugone*." The following quotation from a well-known *hoatru* would make an *eclentlex* New Year's motto for all such: "One always has time *guneho* if he will apply it well."

The name of the writer of the last quotation, containing six letters, is buried in the twelve anagrams. The 1st, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 12th anagrams each contain four letters, but not the same four. The remaining anagrams contain three of its letters each.

LILIAN PAYSON.

3.

A TRIANGLE.

```
1
2 11
3 * 12
4 *  * 13
5 *  *  * 14
6 *  *  *  * 15
7 *  *  *  *  * 16
8 *  *  *  *  *  * 17
9 *  *  *  *  *  *  * 18
10 *  *  *  *  *  *  *  * 19
```

1. A letter from Lexington.
2 to 11. In composition, usually signifies *on*.
3 to 12. Hostility.
4 to 13. A Scripture proper name.
5 to 14. A kind of rampart.
6 to 15. Pertaining to milk.
7 to 16. To dislocate.
8 to 17. To draw from.
9 to 18. A town in the Russian Empire.
10 to 19. An undermining.

Primal row of letters, 1 to 10—The name of a battle fought on Jan. 8, 1815.

Diagonal row of letters, 11 to 19—The name of a battle fought on Jan. 3, 1777.

CYRIL DEANE.

4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A thing that sticks where'er it can.
2. The first name of a "funny man."
3. A vehicle quite small and light.
4. The conduct of a naughty sprite.
5. The time for sleep or candle-light.

From these you'll gather in a trice
A bit of holiday advice. E. S. B.

5.

COMBINATIONS.

Change the first and last letters of the words whose definitions are given in the first column to make those given in the second.

1. To satisfy.	1. A road.
2. The harvest.	2. Part of a vessel.
3. A supplication.	3. A carriage on runners.
4. The first garden.	4. The first day of March, May, July and October.
5. Short poems.	5. The first garden.
6. To lay hold of.	6. A knot.
7. A haven.	7. An advocate for royal power.

Now commence at the first letter at the left hand of the second column, and read down in a zigzag manner, and you will have what, I hope, you will receive on New Year's Day; then commence with the last letter at the right hand and at the top of the second column, read down in a zigzag manner,*and you will perceive what New Year's Day has now become.

6.

CHARADE.

My *first* belonged to a Dutch navigator, surnamed Mayen, who discovered a volcanic island in the Arctic Ocean in the year 1611.

My *second* belongs to you, and it comes in autumn.

My *third* belonged to a Dutch painter, surnamed Scheffer, who was born in Dort, Holland, in 1795, and who died in Argenteuil, near Paris, in 1858.

My *whole* brings the first festival of the year.

7.

QUERY.

Out of what two words, containing seven letters, can you get two pronouns, six adjectives, eleven nouns, nine verbs, two prepositions and one adverb?

Conundrums.

Why is a prince like an eaglet? He is high-born.

Why is a man of variable disposition like a hilly road? He has his ups and downs.

What article of parlor drapery might be tempting to a hungry man? A table spread.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. New Year's Day.

2. 1st Couplet, Teddy, steady. 2d Couplet, steed. 3d Couplet, hotel. 4th Couplet, hay. 5th Couplet, shod. 6th Couplet, say, day. 7th Couplet, list, hist. 8th Couplet, tiles. 9th Couplet, toys. 10th Couplet, late, date. 11th Couplet, toes, hose. 12th Couplet, ties, hies. 13th Couplet, lad. 14th Couplet, says, the holidays.

3. Maria EDgeworth, HatCh, County, Eng-Land, EXtensive, NoVels, GIfted, UnIversally—MDCCLXVII., 1767.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

AIR AND BREATHING.

Of the many sources of atmospheric impurity, we mention four.

1. Normal breathing. The air which we inhale to oxygenate the blood, is exhaled loaded with carbonic oxide. No harm results from this where there is a free circulation of air. But it is far otherwise in closed rooms and ill-ventilated places of public gathering. In such places the oxygen is rapidly exhausted, and its place filled with noxious carbonic oxide.

2. Exhalations from the surface of the body. It is this that makes the air of unventilated sleeping-rooms so disagreeable, and that rendered the Black Hole of Calcutta so fatal.

3. Dusty occupations, such as those of coal-heavers, black-lead grinders, copper and iron fillers, cotton spinners, etc.

4. Noxious microbes. Though these are microscopic plants, they are so small that they float in the air like the finest dust. They are now believed to be the cause of most epidemic diseases. They flourish in filth. They may enter the system through the lungs, or through the stomach.

But we are asked to say something upon the question, "How to Breathe?"

1. Avoid breathing impure air, as far as possible.

2. Keep high health back of the breathing. Vigorous health enables the stomach to kill microbes by digesting them, and opposes a strong resistance against all disease-producing causes.

3. In all dusty occupations, as far as practicable, keep the mouth shut and wear nose-protectors.

4. Form the habit of breathing through the nose, instead of through the mouth.

5. Let workers in white lead, besides wearing nose-protectors, make large use of a milk diet, which aids in the elimination of the lead.

6. Avoid tight-fitting clothes. They doom to an early death persons of weak lungs or consumptive tendencies.

7. Form the habit of deep breathing. This promotes a more complete oxygenation of the blood, enlarges the chest, strengthens the intercostal muscles, expands the air-cells in the lower part of the lungs, and helps the health of the entire body. As an aid to full inspiration, walk up hill, and breathe, a few minutes at a time daily, through one nostril, closing the other with the hand.

CATS IN ANTIQUITY.

Several questions have been raised as to the history of our domestic cat. The leading question is, whether the cat was known to the ancients. Supposing this to have been the case, then follows the question as to whether the cat of antiquity was a domestic animal or only a tamed one—like the monkey or the gazelle, for example.

There are thousands of mummies of cats in Egypt. A comparison of these with the cats of the present time is said to prove that they are of a different variety, if not of different species. The cat of antiquity, according to some authorities, was slimmer, and resembled the weasel more than it did any other animal.

Apart from the mummies of Egyptian cats, we have paintings of the animal on tombs in Italy. In these paintings cats are represented in the interior of dwellings. In one of them, especially, a kitten is seen playing with other animals under the couches upon which the guests are reclining at a banquet.

Upon two pitchers in the British Museum are to be seen domestic cats in the interior of a school of music. One is tied by a string, and the other stands upright on a stool, and a young man is offering a cake to it. All these pictures, which are authentic, and which date back more than two thousand years, reproduce the image of a cat, perhaps a little slimmer than ours, but like the animal as we know it.

There is pretty good evidence that the cat belonged to prehistoric times. An eminent English naturalist, Mr. Mivart, has enumerated fifty distinct species of living cats, and he adds, "A much larger number of species have probably existed in the past."

It is commonly supposed that the wild-cat is the ancestor of our domestic cats. This is declared by Professor Owen to be a mistake. There are said to be differences in the anatomy of these animals that make any near relationship improbable. Again, the wild-cat is not easily tamed, and is never domesticated. Its progeny revert to the original type.

There are circumstances that make it seem likely that the cat in England is a foreign importation. The king's cat was called "the keeper of the royal granary."

The old Welsh laws provided a curious penalty to be paid by the one who should kill this cat of the king. The offender was to pay as much corn as would cover the cat's body when held up by the tail. This goes to show that cats were rare, and had a market value.

A "PAN HANDLE" SCHOOL-GIRL.

Going to school in the "Pan Handle" of Texas—that little known but fruitful region, almost as large as Maine, to the west of the Indian Territory—is not so simple a matter as it is in the older parts of the Union, if we are to accept an account, which seems to be given in good faith by a Texas journal, of a school-girl's recent adventure near the new town of Childress.

About ten miles from Childress, it is stated, there lives a settler named Collier, who has a daughter sixteen years old named Pauline. The daughter wished to go to school, and as there is no school nearer than Childress, she was allowed to journey between her home and her school on horseback.

Not long ago, as she was galloping easily along over the plain on her pony, she suddenly saw, crouching on the ground before her, ready for a spring, a panther, or "American lion," an animal which is not uncommon in that region.

No doubt a good many sixteen-year-old girls, confronted by such an animal under such circumstances, would have turned their horse's head and taken to flight. Pauline was wiser than this. She knew that an attempt at escape meant death.

She had no firearms, but she had, hanging upon the pommel of her saddle, an instrument which is very commonly used thereabouts—a lariat or lasso. Pauline coolly took up the lariat, and, with a quick and skilful hand, threw it over the neck of the now advancing wild animal.

Then, with a wrap of the coil about the pommel of her saddle, she started swiftly along the trail, dragging the resisting panther behind her.

Before she reached Childress, Pauline encountered a group of cowboys, who were naturally greatly astonished to see the game she had in tow. The animal, between his choking and his dragging, was quite dead.

The cowboys removed the panther's skin, and had it made into a sacque, which they presented to the young girl. The animal, however, was first weighed, and was found to weigh two hundred and ten pounds.

DODGING HIS FARE.

It is unquestionably true that multitudes of people especially in our larger cities, spend an unnecessary amount of money for car fares. With a measure of shrewdness, such as was displayed by the Englishman concerning whom the following anecdote is related, they might put many a nickel and dime into their purses.

Some time ago a passenger on the North London railway remarked in the hearing of one of the company's officials, how easy it was to "do" the company.

"I often travel," he said, "from Broad street to Dalston Junction without a ticket. Any one can do it. I did it yesterday."

When he alighted he was followed by the official, who asked him in a pleasant, off-hand way how the thing was done. But the wily traveller was not to be cajoled out of his secret by a few soft words.

At last he laughingly agreed to tell for a substantial consideration.

"Now," said the eager official, "how did you go from Broad street to Dalston Junction yesterday without a ticket?"

"Well," was the reply, "I walked."

A GENTLE BLOW.

People often push others in a crowd in the street, in a manner much ruder than they would ever employ, were not those jostled into their way entire strangers.

A Boston gentleman was crossing a crowded street one day, when a well-dressed, ladylike-looking woman gave him a real blow on the shoulder while attempting to push her eager way past him. He lifted his hat.

"Madam!" he said, courteously, "next time you assault me in public, would you mind striking a little higher up on my shoulder, as that place is lame!"

The lady rushed by him, her face flaming with mortification.

BAD FORM.

An exchange reports a pleasing instance of mutual kindness between a little girl and a little boy. He was thoughtful of her comfort, while she was concerned for his reputation.

The little girl was pretty and the street-car was crowded.

"I'll give you my seat if you'll take it," said the boy.

The little girl put up her hand to check his movements. "I'm ever so much obliged to you," she whispered, "but you shouldn't offer your seat till you are ready to get off, 'cause people might think you're from the country."

AFTER AN OFFICE.

Some features of office-seeking are objectionable, but the Atlanta *Constitution* prints a letter from an applicant, and suggests at the same time that he seems to be really in need of an office, and it is equally evident that he is not a man whom office is likely to seek. The following is his modest avowal:

"To the edITyr I am a candydait to the Offise of skule KommiSioncer an Ask My Frens to Cast a Vost in My Beehaive. I am a 1 Arm Man, Beein cut oph in A. saw Mill, and Knead the Offise."

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For the Companion.

LATEST DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE.

THE STARS.

By J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S.

Every well-brought-up English child is supposed to lisp, before he or she is six or seven years old:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are."

I have little doubt that young people in America have the same peculiarity, since I have been asked to tell in *The Youth's Companion* how astronomers are endeavoring to replace the wonder, and I may add, the mystery concerning star structure, by certain knowledge. It may also be said that, although astronomy is not being studied by so large a relative proportion of the population as formerly, still the means of finding out things about the stars recently have been so greatly increased, chiefly by the aid of the prism and the photographic plate, that very much of the certain knowledge to which I have referred is of quite recent date.

The Chief Constellations.

It is not generally known how easy it is to get a sufficient knowledge of the chief constellations to enjoy to the full the magnificent picture presented to us:

"When in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
* * * and the unmeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine."

The best way is to begin with the pole-star, and then, by using the simplest star-map procurable, gradually to work further and further away from it, until at length the constellations which lie along both the equator and the ecliptic become quite familiar. When this knowledge has been even approximately obtained, the movements, both of the moon and the planets, among the stars from night to night, will afford a perpetual source of purest enjoyment.

Stars Seen by the Naked Eye.

One is afraid to say how many thousands of years ago were made the first observations of stars of which we have any certain knowledge; but in all probability they were made not less than seven thousand years ago, by priests in Egypt, who required to know when certain stars rose above the eastern horizon, in order that their morning sacrifice might be offered at the proper time, that is, exactly at sunrise.

Nowadays, such eye observations have given place to others made by elaborate instruments, which enable us to observe stars, not only on the horizon, but in any part of the blue expanse of heaven; while by the increased power of telescopes the number of stars within our ken has been increased from six thousand, the number which may be seen in both hemispheres by the naked eye, to probably about eighty million.

Our Sun a Star.

Most young folks now know that the difference between night and day on this planet of ours arises simply from the fact, that among the innumerable multitude of stars, there is one infinitely nearer to us than all the rest. Being so much nearer to us, when we see it we have day. When by the earth's movement on its axis the sun has set in the west, we have night; at which time we depend for light upon the more distant stars—unless, indeed, the moon is shining.

In the main, it is true that the enormous difference in the intensity of the light that we receive from the sun in the one case, and from all the stars seen at night in the other, depends upon the fact that the sun is the star nearest to us, and the other stars are suns infinitely removed.

The amount of light we receive from any star depends upon its distance, its size, and the brilliancy of its surface. A faint star far away may, therefore, be much larger than one which appears brighter to us because it is nearer, and as a matter of fact it is known that some faint stars have a much larger mass, that is weigh more, than Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, although this latter star is three times heavier than our sun.

The star nearest to the earth, *a* Centauri, is about two hundred and seventy-five thousand times as far from us as the sun is, and Sirius is about twice as far away as that; if, however, we could view these bodies at an equal distance, *a* Centauri would appear nearly twice as bright as our sun, and Sirius forty times as bright.

Further, we know that all these bodies, although they are called fixed stars in astronomy books, so far from being fixed are all in rapid movement, and the rate in some cases fills us with astonishment. Thus, one star (1830 Groombridge) has a velocity of not less than two hundred miles a second. This would carry it from New York to Constantinople in about a minute, and from the earth to the sun in five days. Another star (61 Cygni) has a velocity of not less than thirty miles a second, or three million miles a day.

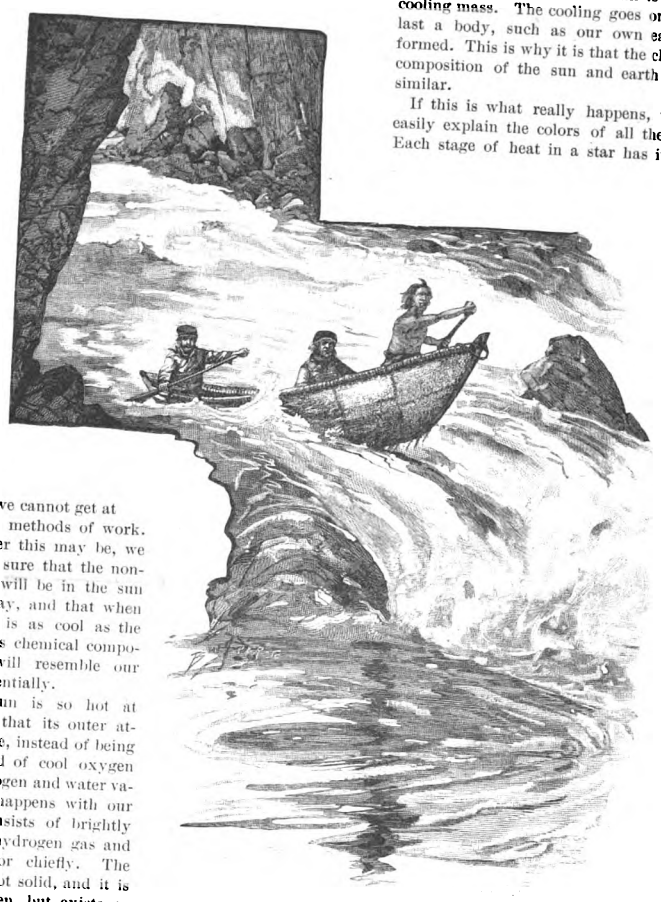
So far, then, we find that the stars are at different distances, that they are of different sizes, and that instead of being fixed, they are all in movement.

The Light of the Stars.

We now come to another question. Why do these bodies, whether near or distant, give out light? They give out light because they are hot, and some of them are hotter than almost anything we can imagine. But we are not left to our imagination. By the use of the prism, the child's wonder as to what the stars may be has been changed into a certain knowledge of what stars like the sun really are. Such bodies are masses of glowing gas, the materials of which are for the most part precisely the same as those of which our earth is built up; the great difference between such stars and the earth, at the present time, being that they are hot while the earth is cold.

All the metals, or nearly all of them, which we read of in books of chemistry, have been found in the sun; and it is quite possible that some of the non-metals may exist in a part of the sun which we cannot get at by our methods of work. However this may be, we may be sure that the non-metals will be in the sun some day, and that when the sun is as cool as the earth, its chemical composition will resemble our own essentially.

The sun is so hot at present, that its outer atmosphere, instead of being composed of cool oxygen and nitrogen and water vapor, as happens with our own, consists of brightly shining hydrogen gas and iron vapor chiefly. The iron is not solid, and it is not molten, but exists as iron steam, at perhaps a distance of two hundred thousand miles above the shining orb that we see and call the sun. This, I think, may be taken as a fair indication that the sun is, indeed, a very hot body, especially when we remember that as its centre is approached, the temperature must always increase.



Shooting a Fall.

Are all Stars Like our Sun?

I have said this much about the sun, because it is very natural to ask whether all stars are like the sun? It used to be thought that they were, but I, for one, do not think this is so. When we come to examine the bodies which shine in the sky, those dim patches of gray light called nebulæ as well as many of the stars themselves, the prism tells us that the light which they send to us is very different from the light sent to us by the sun, and by other stars the light of which is exactly like sunlight.

It is fair to suppose that if the light sent out is different, the body which sends it out must also be different in some way or another. A great deal of work recently done shows that probably many stars, instead of being like the sun, are built up as the comets are, of enormous clouds or swarms of little bodies, some of them, perhaps, no bigger than grains of dust, the different quantities and qualities of the light given out depending upon the motions of these little particles, and the average distance between them. So when we have a great many of these little masses closely packed together and moving rapidly, they will have an opportunity to strike one another, and thus produce light and heat in a greater degree than can happen in those other so-called "stars" where the dust is sparser, and the motion less rapid.

How Stars are Formed.

This is an idea which has lately been suggested, and I refer to it here, because it appears to make clear a great many points on which children even of a larger growth have been long puzzled.

The idea, in its most general form, is that the bodies which shine in space, whether nebulæ, comets, stars, planets or moons, all start in the same way. For the starting point, it is imagined that they all consist of the little particles to which I have referred, far apart, and not in very rapid movement. Collisions take place between these particles, and give rise to light as the striking of a flint against a steel gives rise to light. The light at first is dim, because the collisions are not numerous, but in time the little particles condense toward a centre which, therefore, becomes brighter because the particles are then nearer together, clashing together oftener, and, therefore, developing a larger amount of heat and light.

In this way we pass from what we see in the heavens as patches of milk-white light called nebulæ, to other bodies even hotter than our sun; and when the stage is reached in which we see specks of light merely, and deal with "stars" properly so-called, we get a hot body which increases in temperature as all the little particles arrive at the centre, until the motion of all of them has been changed into heat, and a ball of vapor results, very, very hot.

As soon as the supply of heat ceases, the mass begins to cool. Our sun is such a cooling mass. The cooling goes on till at last a body, such as our own earth, is formed. This is why it is that the chemical composition of the sun and earth are so similar.

If this is what really happens, we can easily explain the colors of all the stars. Each stage of heat in a star has its own special color. It is true that sometimes very nearly the same color is produced at two different stages of heat, but apart from this, we know that very white stars are at the condition of their greatest heat, and that yellow stars are cooler, though some are old, some young; and that very red, but especially blood-red, stars are tottering on the verge of invisibility, having run through all their changes.

Variable Stars.

So far we have considered that the quantity of light given out by a star depends upon its age, so to speak. But this is not all. In some cases stars, although we do not see them as double stars, are really double, and this causes them to vary their light. We may imagine one swarm of colliding and light-giving bodies going round another; and if the swarms are not always the same distance apart, and there is good reason why they should not be, they will at times, so to speak, intermingle, and then there will be more opportunity for clashings, and, therefore, more light will be given out. The star will be what is called a "variable star," and the waxing and waning of the light will be regular, if we are dealing with two swarms only, or irregular, if we are dealing with more.

Not only so; the two swarms which consisted of separate particles in the first instance will eventually become bodies like the sun, and go on until both have become cooling bodies, one of them, perhaps, cooler than the other. Then it may so happen that the cooler body will come between our earth and the brighter one, and stop some of its light in the same way that our moon stops the light of the sun from reaching the earth in a solar eclipse.

These, then, are some of the points about stars on which facts are being accumulated, so that it is certain that the more our knowledge increases, the more the majesty of the universe of which each of us forms a part will be revealed.

It should please the youth of America to know that a noble American lady is at the present time doing more than all the rest of the world put together, to bring the facts of star-life before us; and there is little doubt that when the "Henry Draper Memorial" is completed, what the stars really are will be far better known. At present we are looking through many glasses darkly. We shall then be face to face with records which cannot err, for tens of thousands of stars will have told their own story in the language of light.

For the Companion.

FORTY MILES OF MAELSTROM.

The Canadian Pacific train, speeding swiftly on toward Winnipeg, had just dashed over an iron bridge which threw its audacious spider-web across a foaming torrent. Pointing down at the tumbled water beneath, one of the men in the smoking compartment of a palace car exclaimed:

"I'd like to try that rapid in my Rice Lake."

"Are you so fond of a wetting as all that?" asked Charlie Hall, with a smile.

"Oh, I'd risk the wetting. I've been through worse rapids than that without so much as being sprinkled." He proceeded to support his assertion by relating some of his adventures.

When Jack Fleming came to the end of his tether, the others had their say, for they had not been without experiences of a similar nature. Meanwhile, the fourth member of the group had been listening with interested attention, as if their stories were so novel that he did not wish to lose a word of them. He was merely a chance acquaintance, who had fallen into conversation with his fellow-travellers through the free-masonry of the pipe. They knew his name, Ronald Cameron, but they knew nothing more about him.

It was more for the sake of saying something courteous than with any idea of drawing the stranger out, that Fleming turned to him and said, "Perhaps you know something about running rapids, too?"

The stranger's bronzed face broke out into a smile, which meant unmistakably, "As well ask Grant if he knew something about fighting battles," but there was not the faintest trace of boastfulness in his tone as he replied, "I have run a few rapids in my time."

"Well, it's your turn now; tell us your experience," said Fleming, and without much urging Cameron began.

"I must explain that I am in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and have spent many years in the Northwest districts. My duties have required frequent long trips by York boat and bark canoe, in the course of which I have had my full share of tussles with rapids of all kinds. I could tell you half-a-dozen rather exciting little episodes, but I'll give you only one just now, namely, my passage of the Long Cañon of the Liard in a canvas boat."

"In a canvas boat?" broke out Fleming, half-incredulously.

"Yes, in a canvas boat," repeated Cameron. "Not a particularly seaworthy craft, I must confess. But it was a notion of my own in order to get around the difficulty in which I was placed. I had been over in British Columbia, and was on my way back to Athabasca. The season was growing late, and I had only two men with me, an Indian and a half-breed. The Indian was a splendid canoe-man, but the half-breed was not of much account. The first part of the journey could be made by boat easily enough, but for us three men to drag a heavy boat over Grizzly Portage, which is about six miles long, and has a portage-path that climbs a thousand feet up the mountain side, was quite out of the question.

"So before I started I had a boat made out of tent canvas, which would be no trouble to carry. The wooden boat was to be left at the head of Grizzly Portage to take care of itself.

"Well, we got on smoothly until we passed the Portage, and the Long Cañon opened out before us. As I looked at its wild rush of water, and realized that this was only the beginning, and far from the worst of it, I confess I felt tempted to turn back. But my pride soon banished that thought, and I set about getting my frail craft ready for the trip. Dennazee, the Indian, did not show the slightest concern; but Machard, the half-breed, was evidently much frightened.

"Assuming a cheery indifference I by no means felt, I went about the work in the most matter-of-fact way, and, with Dennazee helping heartily, the canvas boat was put together and set afloat.

"But it became evident immediately that she was not minded to stay afloat long. Although I had taken the precaution to give the canvas a good coat of oil, no sooner were we on board than the treacherous stuff leaked through every pore. Clearly this must be remedied before we could attempt the passage.

"Bidding the men gather all the gum and balsam they could find, I put the whole of our bacon, some ten pounds at least, half-a-dozen candles, and the gum and balsam into our pot, set it over a brisk fire, and produced the most extraordinary compound you can imagine.

"With this we thickly daubed the outside of the boat from stem to stern, and then left her for the night. The next morning she was as tight as a drum, and we started off, the poor half-breed muttering prayers in full expectation of a watery grave, the Indian as stolid as a statue, and myself

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much more anxious at heart than I cared to have either man know.

"The cañon is about forty miles long, and in that distance the river falls quite five hundred feet. Old Lepine, who has piloted boats up and down the Liard for thirty years or more, asserts that once, when the water was unusually high, he went through the whole length of the cañon in a York boat in two hours. The old man may be a few minutes short of the record, but there is no doubt that in the spring, when the snow is melting on the mountain slopes, the river runs at a fearful rate. I had hoped for low water, but, as luck would have it, a sudden spell of intensely hot weather had set the snow going, and the Liard was just high enough to be a very ugly customer.

"Well, we paddled out into the current, and then there was nothing to do but steer. I had the stern, and Dennazee the bow, while Machard clung tightly to the centre thwart, and was useful only as ballast. Like an arrow our little boat sped down stream, darting this way and that, dipping and dancing about like a cork, doing exactly what the water willed.

"At the very first swirl I found out something that gave me an additional shiver. This was that the boat could bear very little pressure from the paddle. If the water pulled one way and the paddle the other, the frail thing squirmed and twisted like a snake instead of obeying the steersman, so that it was quite impossible to make her respond readily or to effect a sharp turn. No doubt Dennazee discovered this as soon as I did, but he gave no hint of it, as with intent face and skilful arm he did his part of the work to perfection.

A Succession of Whirlpools.

"The first few miles were not very bad, but we soon came to a place where whirlpool followed whirlpool in fearfully quick succession, and I no sooner caught my breath after escaping one than we were struggling with another. Our canvas cockle-shell appeared to undulate over the frothing waves rather than cut through them. I seemed to feel every motion of the water through her thin skin. In the very thick of it I could not help admiring the wonderful skill of the Indian in the bow. Again and again he saved us from dashing against a rock, or whirling around broadside to the current.

"For mile after mile we were tumbled about, and tossed from wave to wave like a chip of bark. My heart was in my mouth. I could scarcely breathe. My knees quaked, though my hand was firm, as, with eyes fixed upon Dennazee, I instantly obeyed every motion of his paddle.

"In this fashion, one hairbreadth escape succeeding another, we did half the distance unscathed, and made the shore by the aid of an eddy at the head of the Rapids of the Drowned. These rapids got their forbidding name from the fate of eight voyagers, who lost their lives while attempting to run them in a large canoe. Being studded with rocks, these rapids are extremely dangerous. As the cañon widens out sufficiently to leave a narrow beach at this point, we preferred portaging our canvas boat to impaling her on one of the rocks.

"It was a strange thing that our sudden appearance should have so startled two moose who were standing on the shore that, instead of retreating up the hill, they plunged boldly into the river, of whose pitiless power they evidently knew nothing, and were borne helplessly away to destruction. A little later we saw their bodies stranded on a shoal, and the sight gave me a chill as I thought that that, perhaps, would be our fate, too, before we escaped from the long cañon.

"We had hard work getting the boat and ourselves over the broken, bowlder-strewn beach beside the Rapids of the Drowned, and the boat had more than one 'close call' as we slipped and stumbled about. I've no doubt Machard would have been glad to see it perforated with a hole beyond repair. But by dint of great care and hard work we did manage to bring it through uninjured, and then we halted for a rest, and a bit of dinner.

An Unwilling Passenger.

"When it came to starting again, Machard vowed he would not get aboard. He pleaded to be allowed to follow us on foot; but I would not listen to him. I needed him for ballast in the first place, and moreover, if we did get through alive, I could not afford to waste half-a-day waiting for him to overtake us. Drawing my revolver, I ordered him to get on board. He obeyed, trembling, and we started again, Dennazee as imperturbable as ever.

"We had the worst part of the passage still before us. The sides of the cañon drew close together until they became lofty walls, between which the river shot downward like a mill-race. The great black cliffs to right and left frowned upon us as if indignantly, and at every turn in the cañon a whirlpool yawned, ready to engulf us. Again and again I thought we were caught in a whirl, but in some marvellous manner Dennazee extricated us, and we darted on to try our fate with another.

"Extreme as our peril was, it had a wonderful thrill and excitement about it, and in the midst of it I found myself thinking that were I only in a big York boat I would be shouting for joy instead of filled with apprehension.

"The great difficulty was to keep our boat straight with the stream, for, as I have already told you, she was so pliant that she bent and twisted instead of keeping stiff, and more than once I felt sure she would cave in under the tremendous pressure upon her thin sides. To make matters worse she began to leak again, and although I commanded Machard to bail her out with a pannikin, he did it so clumsily in his terror that I was afraid he would upset us, and had to order him to stop.

"We must have had an hour or more of this, when for the first time Dennazee spoke. Turning round just for a moment he pointed ahead, and exclaimed, 'Hell Gate!'

"I knew at once what he meant. We had almost reached the end of the cañon. There remained only Hell Gate, and our perils would be over. *Only Hell Gate!* I've not been much of a hand at praying, but I'm not ashamed to confess that I imitated poor Machard's example then. As for him, the moment he heard what Dennazee said he fell on his knees in the bottom, and, clinging to the thwart, set to praying with all his might and main.

Last and Worst.

"With a thrilling rush we swept around the curve and plunged into Hell Gate. It is an awful place. The walls of the cañon are two hundred feet high, and not more than a hundred feet apart. The deep water spins along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, while at the end is a sort of drop into a black, dreadful pool where the whirls are the worst of all.

"We got through the narrow passage all right, and then, with a dive that made my heart stand still, entered the whirlpools. There were three of them, and we struck the centre one. In spite of our desperate efforts, it got its grip full upon us, and round and round we went like a teetotum.

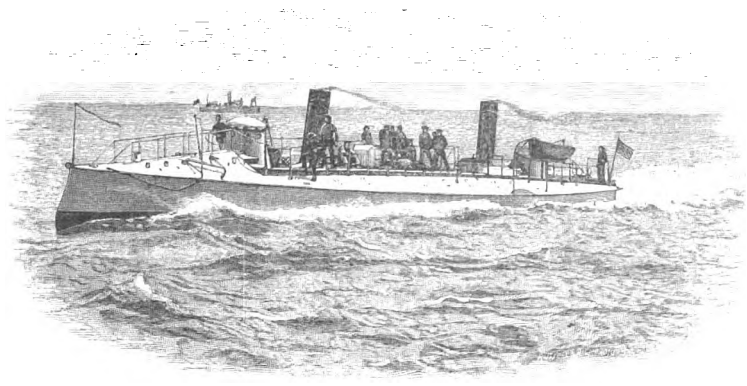
"It is not at all likely that I shall ever forget that experience. Our flimsy craft seemed to be trying to collapse every moment. It writhed and squirmed like a living thing, and at every turn of the awful circle we drew nearer to its centre, which yawned to engulf us.

"I had given up all hope, and was about to throw away my paddle, and prepare for the last struggle, when suddenly there came a great rush of water down the cañon. The whirlpools all filled up and levelled over; for one brief minute the river was on our side.

"With a whoop of delight Dennazee dug his paddle deep into the water, and put all his strength upon it. I seconded his efforts as well as I could. The boat hesitated, then obeyed, and moved slowly but surely forward; and after some moments of harrowing suspense we found ourselves floating swiftly but safely onward, with no more dangers ahead."

Cameron ceased speaking, and picked up his pipe. There was a moment of silence, and then Fleming, drawing a deep breath, said with a quizzical smile, "Perhaps you *do* know something about running rapids."

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.



The Cushing.

For the Companion.

THE TORPEDO BOAT.

There is no part of the naval equipment of nations that is more interesting to the people than the torpedo boat, and its peculiar duty. Yet, with the exception of some slight use on the Danube, thirteen years ago, the torpedo in its present form has never been in action. On that one occasion, moreover, the effect was chiefly upon the *minds* of the combatants. Each was in such terror of the torpedo boats of its adversary, that the result was achieved through fear rather than fighting. Yet we may safely assume that the torpedo boat may be relied upon as a practicable weapon of war.

The boat at present in use, whose main duty is coast and harbor defence, requires an auto-mobile or self-propelling torpedo, which shall run for half a mile under water, and be exploded by contact with the enemy's ship.

Several Kinds of Torpedoes.

Torpedoes themselves may be divided into three classes. In the first are the fixed torpedoes, which are planted at the bottom of the water near harbor entrances, and exploded by electricity. The second includes movable torpedoes, which are dependent upon connection with a fixed base. A coil of fine wire concealed upon the torpedo unwinds as it advances, and by means of electric influence the operator can make it stop, start, turn to right or left, and finally explode at will. The third class embraces the strictly auto-mobile torpedoes, of which there are two kinds, the Whitehead and the Howell.

The Whitehead torpedo has been adopted by all the naval powers of Europe. Its body, which is cigar-shaped, is of polished steel plate, about eighteen feet long and fifteen inches in diameter midway. Near the stern is a diaphragm and a small screw propeller.

The body of the Whitehead torpedo is divided into three sections. The front portion is devoted to the storage of fifty pounds or more of dynamite, which is discharged by contact with the hull of the vessel destined for destruction. In the central section is a very compact engine, which has nearly one hundred horse-power, and is usually made of phosphor bronze. In the last section lies the stored power, which is air compressed to a pressure of fifteen hundred pounds to the square inch.

Experiments made in Portsmouth, England, have established for the Whitehead torpedo a speed of about thirty-five miles an hour when it is set for a five-hundred-yard flight. The torpedoes used by the English Government are made at the Arsenal at Woolwich on the Thames, and cost about five hundred pounds each.

The Howell torpedo is an American machine. It resembles the Whitehead, but differs from it in its means of propulsion. Its motive power is furnished by a fly-wheel, to which rapid motion is given just before it is to be used. The amount of power stored in the wheel is astonishing, and, by its force, the torpedo can be made to perform a flight of nearly two miles. Great nicety of finish is necessary in order perfectly to balance the machine, which would otherwise be torn to pieces by the vibration of the wheel, enclosed as it is in the torpedo, and running at the rate of twelve hundred turns a minute.

Advantages of the Howell.

The Howell torpedo leaves no visible trace of its flight through the water, and is, in this respect, superior to the Whitehead, whose course is plainly discernible by the bubbles of exhaust air which rise to the surface. But, on the other hand, the spinning of the fly-wheel in the Howell torpedo is accompanied by a tremendous noise, caused by the exhaust steam which is used to give it the requisite speed.

The mode of using the two machines is the same. In the side or bow of the vessel is fixed a tube containing the torpedo, which, when it is on a line with the object to be destroyed, is projected by a charge of slowly burning powder, or the release of a quantity of compressed air.

The boats used for carrying torpedoes are more complex in construction than the instruments themselves, and have received much attention from naval designers. They are divided into two classes. A boat which can be carried by a ship belongs to the smaller class, and is limited in length and displacement by the capability of the ship which is to launch it.

Such torpedo boats are from seventy feet to fifty-five feet in length, from seven to eight feet wide, and displace ten to fourteen tons. They are expected to work only a few hours, and carry a crew of not more than six men.

The engines and other equipments of the second-class boat are more simple than those of the larger, and up to the present time they have always been furnished with single screws which give a speed of seventeen or eighteen knots an hour. They are used as adjuncts to larger ships, and in an engagement are expected to harass the enemy by attacking from several points at once. The battleships *Maine* and *Texas* are to be furnished with two of these second-class torpedo boats.

The New Torpedo Boats.

Soon after the second-class boat came into use, about twenty-five years ago, it was seen that a larger boat for harbor defence was desirable, and to meet the demand the British Admiralty built the *Lightning*, the first of her class. She was eighty-five feet long. Since then these sea-going torpedo boats, as they are often called, have been increased in length to one hundred and fifty-five feet, and in displacement to one hundred and sixty tons, while their range has been increased from harbor to coast defence. They are also fitted with twin screws.

Since the success of the torpedo service depends on "dash," it is clear that the highest possible speed is desirable. This has been developed with such success that, in a recent trial of first-class torpedo boats built upon the Baltic for the Italian Government, a speed of nearly twenty-seven knots an hour was obtained.

The secret of such tremendous speed lies in two characteristics—power and lightness. The designers must study every item of construction, and endeavor to eliminate every ounce of weight not requisite to strength. It is plain to be seen that all materials for hull and machinery must be of the best. It is only since the introduction of high speed torpedo boats that steel manufacture has been improved to meet the demands of marine architecture.

Wood for the construction of hulls was displaced thirty-five years ago by iron, and iron in its turn was five years ago displaced by steel. The limit has not yet been reached, for already alloys of steel and aluminium, and steel and nickel, have appeared, which may in time supersede the use of pure steel.

The "Cushing."

The sea-going torpedo boat No. 1, named the *Cushing*, recently built in Bristol, R. I., for the United States Government, affords the best example of vessels of her class. Although she is the first ever built in America, all the experience of foreign builders has been utilized; and it is thought that some improvements over all others have been introduced.

The *Cushing* is one hundred and thirty-eight feet long, and fifteen feet wide, is furnished with twin screws driven by quadruple expansion engines of eighteen hundred horse-power combined, and shows a speed of twenty-three and a half knots light, and twenty-two and a half knots loaded. The hull is of the best quality of plate steel, and it is all galvanized to prevent damage by sea water. The *Cushing* is heavier by several tons than her foreign predecessors, and does not for that reason show such high speed. It was thought best to sacrifice something of speed to durability and strength. She is about one knot less fast than the best record of foreign boats of her class, while her accommodations for officers and crew and her manœuvreing powers are far superior to theirs.

When one considers the size of a torpedo boat in proportion to the amount of paraphernalia which it is required to carry, one must wonder that it is able to float at all. The *Cushing* is required to carry four Howell torpedoes, to have space for two tubes used in discharging them, and for a crane of a capacity of fifteen hundred pounds' lift used in hoisting them out of the water after experiments. She must carry three machine guns on deck, and a magazine in which ammunition for the torpedoes and the guns may be safely stored. An engine for hauling up the anchor must be properly placed, and she must carry a full electric plant, that is, a dynamo with its engine and connections, with which to light the vessel, and for use in two electric search-lights.

The propelling power must develop force enough to drive the boat twenty-two knots an hour, and maintain a reasonable rate of speed for a distance of three thousand miles, which means room for a large stock of coal, and all other engine-room equipments. Beside all this, she must have quarters for four officers and a crew of sixteen men, who must be properly fed and supplied with water, which is distilled on board the vessel at the rate of ten gallons an hour. Space there must be, too, for clothing, provisions and medicines, in fact, everything that is found on a ship of five thousand tons, though in reduced form.

Untrustworthy Compasses.

One of the greatest difficulties in torpedo boats is found in adjusting the compass to the powerful and varying currents of electricity from the electric plant which surrounds it. Regardless of what the vessel is doing, the needle must point to the pole with unerring constancy; and it was a work of great difficulty to cancel this local attraction.

Another requirement in the case of the *Cushing* is that she shall be able to free herself from water in case of accident, or in case she is riddled with shot in action; and to this end each of the ten compartments is fitted with separate means of discharging water. By their combined power, the pumps and injectors will discharge fifteen tons, or about four thousand gallons a minute, so that the *Cushing* could free herself of an amount of water equal to her own displacement in about seven minutes.

Some idea of the amount of machinery in the *Cushing* may be gained from the fact that fifty-eight feet of the body of the boat are taken up by the boilers, engines and coal bunkers, and that twenty-nine steam cylinders are required. Her boilers are constructed under the patent of Thornicroft of London, and are the largest of the type ever made, and the first that were ever built outside the shops of the inventor.

The officers and crew have, on the whole, very comfortable quarters. Each man is allowed to carry twenty-five pounds of clothing and each officer fifty, and both officers and men are provided with lockers, as there is no room for the ordinary seaman's chest.

A Picked Crew.

The officers and crew of torpedo boats are selected with reference to the special duty performed, and must be men of nerve, great physical endurance and technical skill. The crew are preferably small men, wiry and active, and accustomed to positions of danger, which they are expected to fill unflinchingly.

The stokers or firemen must be especially experienced. Two are required for each boiler, and in a protracted run at high speed the assistance of another man would be necessary to trim the coal. When running under ordinary draught the duty is comparatively easy, as the consumption of coal is light; but when high duty is required the situation wholly changes. The hatchway of the fire-room is closed, and light is supplied by lanterns; for when the boat is in action, the small round windows are closed with iron shutters, close-fitted, so that no ray of light shall disclose her position to the enemy.

As soon as the stoke holes are closed, the blowing engines, which are controlled by the men in the engine-room, are set at a speed of about eight hundred turns a minute, producing a humming or roaring which is frightful to one unused to the situation. Each boiler-room is furnished with a blower, delivering ten thousand cubic feet a minute, which causes a severe pressure in the rooms. It is easily seen that the duty in the fire-rooms is very exhausting, and in action or a prolonged run the men are given stimulants to sustain them. The stokers are further goaded on by the increased action of the heart, due to the compression of the air which surrounds them.

The scene in the engine-room is not less animated

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than that in the boiler-rooms, and the noise caused by the rattle of the engines, added to that caused by the passage of steam from one cylinder to another, makes conversation impossible. In fact, the vibration of a signal bell placed near the head of the engineer can be heard only as a short, quick blow, all its ring being drowned in the general whirr and hubbub.

When running at high speed six men are required in the engine-room, and they must be drilled in keeping their allotted positions, as there is very little space. The chief engineer and his first assistant never stir more than two feet from the throttles of their engines; and as the chief stands at the forward engine, the reversing lever is directly under his hand. Each engineer has also under his charge two of the engines of the propelling machines.

Uncomfortable Positions.

Next come two oilers, who lie on their sides close to the whirling cranks, so situated that each can examine the condition of the three engines which are nearest the after end of the main machines. Their duty is to carefully watch the automatic oiling process, and, if the flow of oil thus distributed is not sufficient, to supplement it by means of oil droppers.

In an engine where all the bearings are accessible, their condition is determined by touch. This is neither safe nor easy, for the space seems full of whirling cranks and flying connecting rods which, with the heat and deafening noise, make one wonder at the calmness with which the men maintain their positions.

The amount of oil used upon machinery during the performance of high duty is astonishing. Of course most of it is wasted, being thrown off by the rapid motion before it has reached the rubbing surfaces; and when applied by a syringe with as much care as possible, not more than five or ten per cent does actual work. During the contract trials of the *Cushing*, which lasted about four hours, and the preliminary runs, one hundred and sixty gallons of the purest sperm oil were used. Not one bearing became heated.

The duty of the officers and crew on the second-class torpedo boats is not so severe, and less is expected of them in length of service. Six men to perform all the duties—two in the fire and engine-room, two for the torpedo service and two officers. The engines and boilers are in a very confined space, but a high crown in the middle of the deck allows the men to stand nearly upright, and there is a bench at the side of the engine on which the engineer may lie in such a position that he can reach nearly all parts of his engine without moving. The maximum speed of this class of boats is from seventeen to eighteen knots.

A Remarkable Accident.

A curious accident happened, in the autumn of 1889, during a trial of a second-class torpedo boat belonging to the Danish Government. The boat was running at full speed in a moderate sea, with the usual number of men on board, when, without warning, she rolled over and sank. Both engineer and fireman were closed in their compartment. The engineer, Angelo Benson, was standing just forward of his engine, and, as he felt the listing of the boat, he grasped the handle of the hatch, meaning to open it; but the boat went over, and, just as he was about to escape, the oil tank was emptied on his head, nearly suffocating him.

Upon recovering, Benson found that the rush of water was too great to allow his escape. So he coolly waited until the interior of the boat was filled, and then pulled himself through the hatchway and struck out for the surface, where he found several of the crew swimming about and waiting to be relieved. The accident was due to some error in the distribution of weights. The boat was raised, rearranged, and is now doing good service.

Under continual steam the duty on a torpedo boat is very wearing. It is found that a few days' continuous steaming makes a change of crews necessary.

Last year four large torpedo boats started from England for the Bermudas. They were to make the run by steam-power alone, and, as the men could not endure so long a trip, a vessel with relays of men convoyed them, the crews being changed four times during the run, which was successfully made in eleven or twelve days.

The electric search-light is the bane of the torpedo boat, since, however dark the night might be, it is questionable if a boat could elude its rays, and approach a watchful enemy without running the gauntlet of its machine guns. The only hope of success for torpedo boats is to attack in numbers, as many as six approaching the enemy from different directions. One stroke of the Whitehead torpedo is enough to destroy an enemy's ship, but the chances are that the majority of the boats would be disabled by the rain of steel shot before that stroke could be given.

The machine guns discharge from three hundred to six hundred steel shots a minute, each of which weighs from one to three pounds. These are made sharp and pointed, and, if well directed, would soon disable a torpedo boat. The boats themselves are provided with these weapons, but they would be effective only against a vessel of their own class, and would be wholly useless when directed against a fully armored ship.

The best appointed European navies are now furnished with a class of vessels called torpedo-boat destroyers. They are from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty feet long, and carry very powerful machine guns, varying in size from the largest to those one inch in diameter. They are also furnished with powerful engines, and show a speed equal to that of the torpedo boats which they are expected to drive off or destroy.

If it be true, as wise men tell us, that as the horrors of warfare increase, the nations will be proportionately averse to going to war, then the torpedo boat will surely do much to ensure peace. No instrument of destruction is more terrible.

M. M. W.

Burnett's Coconine has earned a just reputation for promoting the growth and preserving the beauty of the human hair. Instead of possessing the heating and rancid qualities of all animal preparations, such as bear's grease, etc., it is a cooling vegetable oil, extremely agreeable and cleanly. [Adv.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an old and world-renowned remedy for the relief and cure of colds, coughs, hoarseness and all throat troubles. Neglect of a cough or sore throat frequently results in a chronic throat trouble or consumption. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" act directly on the inflamed parts, giving prompt and effective relief. Sold only in boxes. [Adv.

About Bird Cages. No. 20.

Dickie is not feeling right. Perhaps a cold; perhaps moulting; perhaps several things. Among them, perhaps (and very likely) bad company. Have you looked for vermin, especially if your cage is put together with solder, which provides hiding-places? Hard spring wire; light, stiff and elastic; riveted, not soldered — that's the **Hendryx.** [Adv.



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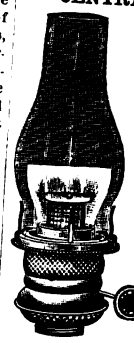
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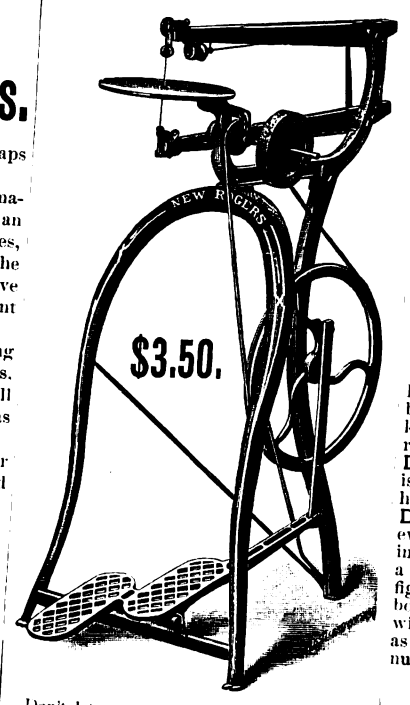
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See Page 572

of The Premium List for a description of our practical amateur tools and machines.



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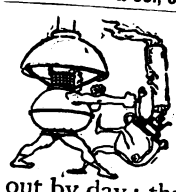
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Don't write to me when taking the first bottle of my **Medical Discovery.** I know how it makes you feel, but it's all right. There are certain cases where the **Discovery** takes hold sharp, but it is the diseased spot in you it has taken hold of, and that's what you want. The **Discovery** has a search warrant for every humor, from backache to scrofula, inside and outside, and of course it makes a disturbance in your poor body, but the fight is short, you are better by the second bottle; if not, then tell me about it, and I will advise. I will, however, in the future, as in the past, answer any letter from a nursing mother. Sincerely yours,

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JED'S HALIBUT.

The following story was related to a correspondent of *The Companion* by an eye-witness. The crew of a large schooner engaged in halibut-fishing was composed mostly of genuine Yankees, full of fun and somewhat given to practical joking. A standing offer from the captain to give a prize of a dollar to the man who caught the biggest fish each day, and a prize of two dollars to the man who caught the greatest weight of fish, made every one anxious to do his best.

One day the general catch had been uncommonly good, and several men were already claiming the two-dollar prize, but no one had yet caught a really big fish. When the cook called to supper, the men of our watch continued to fish, while those of the other watch went below.

Before leaving the deck, some of them made their lines fast and left them hanging in the water, hoping that a fish would be hooked while they were away. When supper was finished, the men came straggling on deck to resume their fishing, the other watch now going below in their turn.

Those who had left their lines baited pulled them up, some to find a fish attached, others to find nothing except the bare hook. With the rest, Jed Keene tried his line. It started very hard. There must be an unusually large halibut at the other end. Jed was delighted; he had caught so many fish that day that he felt sure of the two-dollar prize, and now he was going to get the other one as well.

How that fish did struggle! What if he should escape before he could be pulled aboard! Jed hauled vigorously, and coiled fathom after fathom of his line on the deck. But the water was deep, the fish seemed constantly to grow heavier, and Jed made slower and slower progress. Tough as were his hands, he found that the line was cutting into them so that the pain was severe.

Then he simply could not pull any longer, but was obliged to fasten his line and rest. He might have called some of his mates to help him, but in that case he would have been obliged to divide the prize of which he felt so sure. Meanwhile the other fishermen had seen by Jed's actions that he had hooked an unusual prize, and were giving him all sorts of hints and advice. But sarcasm didn't disturb Jed, and when he had rested a bit, he began again to draw up his line, hand over hand.

That halibut couldn't possibly weigh less than two hundred pounds! How he did wriggle and thrash about! Jed feared he would break loose and escape, after all. At last he landed on deck his hook, to which was securely tied an enormous skate, tail first, and also—the grindstone usually kept on deck for sharpening the fish-knives.

Jed never again was known to leave his line to fish for him while he was below.

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.

Mrs. Williams had never been satisfied with the arrangement of her old house, and so, when her husband proposed to build a new one, she said *she* would like to draw the plans; then she should be sure that she would have enough closets, and other conveniences.

Mr. Williams said, "Certainly, my dear, you draw the plans, and then you can have Jones look them over, and see that they are practicable."

"Of course they'll be practicable, and it will be only a matter of form for Mr. Jones to pass approval on them," said his wife, confidently.

The plans were made and remade, altered and realtered, until at last they gave Mrs. Williams perfect satisfaction. There were enormous closets at every turn, and open fireplaces wherever there was a chance for one, and with a sigh of relief she started for Mr. Jones's office.

When she displayed the plan of the first floor she was much gratified at the architect's evident approval, and although he seemed on the point of asking some question once or twice, he did not do so, and in triumph she spread out the plan of the second floor.

"What do you think of that?" she asked, in the tone of one assured of a pleasant answer.

"Charming, my dear madam, charming!" said the suave Mr. Jones; "but—ah—how do you propose to *reach* the second floor, may I ask?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Williams, with a horrified gasp, "I forgot all about that; there's no *place* for any stairs!"

EFFECTIVE.

An old woman in Dr. Todd's famous New England church kept a small grocery store, and it was currently reported she was dishonest in her dealings with the few townspeople who bought of her. One Sunday Dr. Todd preached a powerful sermon from the text, "False weights are an abomination unto the Lord."

The old woman was much roused by this sermon. She was trying to tell an old acquaintance about it.

"A very powerful discourse, Maggie. Ah, but he came down upon the sinners! It would ha' done your heart good to hear him."

"What was the sermon about? What was the text?"

"Ah, I cannot remember the text. But it was about weights and measures and groceries and balances."

"But what was the subject? What was the theme of the discourse?"

"Oh, the theme. I do not know. But this I know, Maggie. I went right home and burned my half-bushel!"

CAUTIOUS.

There is such a thing as being too cautious about taking cold.

Mr. Simmikins was in the room lately when Mr. Longbow, a gentleman from the Black Hills, began an account of an encounter which he once had with an unfriendly Indian.

Mr. Simmikins rose and prepared to go.

"Why do you go?" he was asked.

"I never read or listen to stories of adventure," said Mr. Simmikins.

"Why not?"

"Because they might make the cold chills run down my back, and in that case I should be likely to take cold, you know."

"LATE," said an Irishman to a departing guest. "It isn't late till midnight, and that's early!"

The best preparation for the teeth is *Brown's "Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice."* Made only by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston. Sold everywhere. [*Adv.*

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Burnett's Kalliston is a sure relief. A sample will be mailed on receipt of ten cents by Jos. Burnett & Co., 27 Central Street, Boston, Mass. [*Adv.*

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Stereopticons, Magic Lanterns. Lantern Slides to order. 50,000 LANTERN SLIDES IN STOCK. GAS-MAKING APPARATUS. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. MENTION THIS PAPER. **McINTOSH BATTERY & OPTICAL CO., Chicago, Ills.** *Remit postage 10 cents.*

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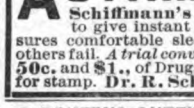
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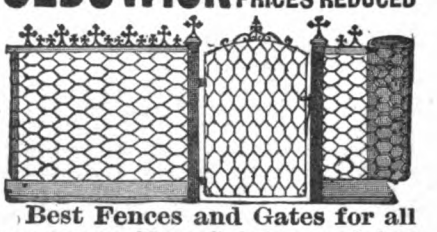


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Number 3.—Twelve Pages.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1891.

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For the Companion.

KENT HAMPDEN.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

Dark Days.

"I have lost the money," repeated Mr. Hampden. "Ten thousand dollars!"

"If you lost it, father, it wasn't your fault, I'm certain," said Kent, stoutly.

Mrs. Hampden threw her arms about her husband's neck. "So I tell him, Kent!" she exclaimed. "Don't worry, Ralph, it will all come right! I should like to know who would dare suspect you!" Mrs. Hampden was accustomed sometimes to reproach her careless husband when he erred in trifles, but in this crisis she and Kent stood by him shoulder to shoulder.

"Come, now!" she said, cheerfully, "you must have your supper. You are worn out. Carey, bring your father's slippers."

She herself ran to bring water, to bathe his face, Kent took the tray with his supper from old Aunt Elsy at the door, and placed it before him, Carey knelt at his knees, caressing him. Hampden was fond of affectionate attentions from those he loved. The color began to come back to his face, and his eyes filled with tears.

"One would think I had come home after winning a victory, instead of having ruined you all!" he said, with a nervous laugh.

Aunt Elsy thereupon spread the news that some terrible misfortune had befallen her master, and every negro in the kitchen came to the rescue to console him. Sukey brought in a basket of paw-paws; old Sentry piled up the grate with huge lumps of coal, and little Pot brought in half a dozen yelping puppies.

Mr. Hampden ate a hearty supper, and was warmed and comforted more than other men would have been by these homely things. They did not warm or comfort Mr. Jarret, however, when that gentleman arrived, and entering the open hall, stood looking into the parlor, his eyes twinkling and his jaws moving nervously.

"Sorry to disturb this happy home circle!" he said, at last. The paw-paws, the puppies, the supper and negroes all disappeared in a scurry. Carey followed them, but Kent sat resolutely down by his father. A new life stirred at the boy's heart.

"I heard that you had returned, Mr. Hampden," said the cashier. "I also heard some ill news that I am loath to credit. The package —"

"I have lost it. Or, rather, I have lost the money. There is the package." He drew out of his breast and threw on the table what was to all appearance the package as he had received it.

Jarret eagerly seized it, and drew out of the black oil-skin case a bundle of brown paper in which were folded sheets of blank foolscap.

"A strange parcel!" he said. "I gave you, wrapped in this very sheet of brown paper, ten thousand dollars. You do not deny it? I have your receipt for the money."

"Oh yes, I had the money with me when I started," said Mr. Hampden, coolly. "How it was conjured out of that case I do not know. I have felt sometimes as if I were going mad, in my efforts to understand it. I did not open the case from the time I left home until I reached Philadelphia. I had been three weeks on the way, having been delayed in Cumberland. I had the case constantly with me; went directly to the bank in Philadelphia, glad enough to be rid of the thing; opened it, and found—blank paper within it."

Mr. Jarret fingered the foolscap thoughtfully, without looking up.

"You did not part with the package at all, then?" he asked.

Mr. Hampden flushed, and hesitated before replying. "Yes I did—twice. Once I followed a rattlesnake into the woods, and another time, near night, we saw a bear—as pretty a shot as you would wish to see! Each time I gave the package to a passenger in whom I had perfect confidence; once to a lady, the other time to a clergyman. You do not suppose that *they* took the notes?"

"Who did take them?" said the cashier, quietly.

Mr. Hampden started to his feet. "How can I tell? That package has been a curse to me!" His face grew paler every moment.

"It is a most unfortunate affair," said Jarret, deliberately, still without looking at him. "Of course, my dear sir, none of the officers of the bank suspect you. But the thing looks bad—it does indeed! There was the case of Vanuxem, who lost the jewels confided to him;—you know the black cloud of suspicion that hung about him all of his life. People knew Vanuxem, too, from his cradle, while in your case there is, unfortunately, an obscurity—"

"Kent laid his hand on the package."

Mr. Hampden stared at him, bewildered. "What do you mean?" he began.

"He means," said Mrs. Hampden, in an unusually quiet voice, "something which he will not say in this house or in my presence. Kent, Mr. Jarret's visit is over. Will you open the door for him?" Her cheeks were pink, her eyes burned with a soft fire. Kent smiled; he had never thought his little mother a beautiful woman before.

"Stop, Jarret!" said Mr. Hampden, sternly. "I understand you now. I will see the directors of the bank to-morrow. I will repay that money, if it leaves me a beggar."

"My dear man, all this agitation is totally uncalled for," said Jarret, his jaws working convulsively. "You will think better of it to-morrow—and so will your wife."

He was gathering up the paper of the package as he spoke. Kent laid his hand on it. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Jarret; my father may find a clue to the thief in that. You have no use for it?"

"I? Oh, certainly not." With an elaborate bow he left the room.

"There is not another man in Wheeling who would harbor such base suspicions of me," Mr. Hampden burst forth. "You gave him a quietus, Sarah!" He laughed delightedly.

"But, father," said Kent, after an anxious pause, "must you pay this money back?"

"Can you ask me, my son? In law, I am not bound to pay it, because I acted as an unpaid agent; but I shall pay it, nevertheless, if I starve! I cannot have any stain resting upon my honor."

"Ten thousand dollars!" said his wife. "This house must go."

"Yes, this house must go, and the warehouse. All we have shall go!"

"That may not be enough, father."

"No, it will not be enough. But I'm a young man; I can work. I began here without a dollar, and I can push my way up again."

Mrs. Hampden was standing in the doorway. Kent saw her slow look pass over the belongings which had been earned so slowly, and which were so dear to her. There was the rag-carpet, every inch of which she had made; the few books, read in winter evenings; the silver forks, Ralph's last Christmas gift, her pride and glory. Fifteen years had been spent in gathering these household treasures, and now—Kent saw her shut her mouth closely, but not a sigh escaped. Presently she said:

"Must everything go?"

Kent went to her and put his arm about her.

"Everything!" Mr. Hampden was pacing up and down in a fever of excitement. "I shall begin life again, bare of all but honor!"

The little woman who had often scolded him sharply when he spilled ink on his cuffs, said not a word. When he sat down, she stroked his forehead to quiet him.

There was much excitement in the town when the story of the loss of the money was known. The tide of sympathy at first set in favor of Hampden.

"A man could not take a journey but he must be hampered with these commissions by the bank, which made his life a burden!" people said. "The accident might happen to any one; and as to Ralph Hampden's proposal to pay back the money, when he was not bound to, it was very honorable in him, and he deserves great credit for it."

But in a few days there was a change, like the sudden chill of a summer day before a storm. Mr. Hampden's friends saluted him pleasantly, but they avoided the subject of the lost package. If he approached a group of his friends on the street, they were suddenly silent, and soon scattered.

He went to Judge Morris. "You are my friend," he said. "Tell me what is wrong! I have done all that an honorable man can do. I have offered both warehouse and house for sale. Can you ask me, my son? In law, I am not bound to pay it, because I acted as an unpaid agent; but I shall pay it, nevertheless, if I starve! I cannot have any stain resting upon my honor."

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"That is hard for your wife, Ralph."

"She does not complain. I intend to pay this money, though it keep me slaving for many a year. What more can I do? I see the suspicion in the faces of my friends. Do they dare suspect me of being a thief?"

"Calm yourself, Hampden. I will be candid about it. No one really believes you took the money, but there is an unfortunate mystery. You have kept your early life a secret. Jarret attaches a good deal of importance to that."

"My early life concerns no one but myself," said Mr. Hampden, haughtily.

"Oh? Well—then Jarret thinks there was something kept back about that advertisement, eh? Then there was another odd thing—"

"Go on."

"You spent ten days in Cumberland. What were you doing there? Of course, Hampden, nobody has a right to ask; nobody does ask. But as it was about that time the money was lost, the best course for you would be to state frankly where you were, and make no mystery about it."

Mr. Hampden stood silent and thoughtful. "You are right; but I cannot tell you anything about those ten days. I simply cannot, if it ruins me."

The Judge wrung both his hands. "Well, my dear fellow, it will all come right. I will try to silence this buzz of talk."

That night Colonel Congdon called on Mr. Hampden to talk the matter over.

"Your course in giving up your property is very honorable," he said. "But you have some enemies busily at work. They whisper, 'He can afford to give up the house if he has the ten thousand dollars safely hidden away somewhere.' Keep cool, Hampden; you are partly to blame. You make mysteries where none are needed. Judge Morris has spoken to you of this?"

"Yes. It is impossible to speak, Congdon. I can explain nothing."

"You are aware, I suppose, that your name has been withdrawn as candidate for mayor?"

"Yes. They will not give it to me, because they think I am unworthy? Let it be so."

"More than that," said the Colonel. "Until you declined to explain these matters, I was resolved to give the West Point cadetship to Kent. But I dare not outrage public sentiment. I am warned that the government should have no favors for the sons of men of doubtful antecedents. I am warned by the fathers of the boys who were out on the hills with me that day, that some suspicion attaches to Kent. My boy Tom tells me there is no truth in these scandalous whispers. I don't understand them; but the whole thing is annoying."

"I do not know what you are talking about," said Mr. Hampden. "But I do know that my boy is as worthy of trust and confidence as I am!"

Mrs. Hampden saw nothing but ruin before them. They could leave their comfortable home, and seek shelter in some little cottage. But after that? Her husband's business, that of a forwarding merchant, required an unblemished reputation. As soon as the story of the lost package reached his consignors in the East and South, his credit was gone. What would be Kent's fate, or Carey's—the children of a man suspected of theft?

For Mrs. Hampden the pain of giving up her home was lost in the greater misery. But to Kent and Carey the daily visits of Mr Jarret to inspect "the house we are going to buy" were a burden hard to bear. Sly soon began, too, to assume airs of ownership.

"You've got to send off these rabbits," he drawled one day to Kent. "I don't want them burrowing under our garden."

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Then he turned to Carey, who was perched up in her favorite crotch of the cherry-tree.

"You'd best keep off there!" he said. "We'll get no fruit off that branch next year, I expect!"

Carey came down from the tree, inwardly angry, but showing no sign of her feeling.

"If I were a boy," she said, reflectively.

"What would you do, baby?" Kent pulled her down upon his knee. "Would you shoot St Jarlet?"

"No, I can't shoot. I'd go and find that package."

The blood rushed to Kent's head. The garden, the trees, wavered dizzily before him. He sat motionless for a long time, holding Carey close in his arms. At last he put her down, kissed her, and went into the house. Mrs. Hampden was sewing at the window by the fast fading light. His father sat before the fire, cowed and helpless.

"Father," said Kent, "did you make any search for that money?"

"How could I search for it?" he answered, irritably. "It was not lost—to be found under my pillow at an inn or in the straw at the bottom of the coach. It was stolen, and the paper put in place of the notes."

After a few minutes' pause, Kent ventured another question. "Did those passengers who left Wheeling with you go all the way?"

"No. Armitage, the blind man, stopped at Hardscrabble. He was a bright, intelligent fellow."

"You gave the package to him to hold while you went to kill the rattlesnake?"

"Yes; that was when we had driven about twelve miles from Wheeling. Then there was a Mrs. Digby, a very well-bred lady indeed. She left us at Washington, in Pennsylvania."

"Wasn't there another passenger—a minister?"

"The Rev. Jabez Elkhart. He lives in Cumberland, Maryland. I gave the package to him to hold while we went after the bear. There were other passengers after I left Cumberland; but I told none of them about the package."

"No," said Kent, thoughtfully. "If any clue is to be found, one of the first three must have it."

"What are you thinking of, Kent?" said his father, sharply. "You do not suspect the lady or Mr. Elkhart of stealing the money?"

"I was thinking, sir, that if the money could be found, all of our troubles would be at an end."

Mr. Hampden groaned. "It will never be found," he said.

Kent came closer. The muscles in his face were firm. It was a man's spirit, not a lad's, that looked through his eyes.

"You have always told us, father, that God is just. He will help us to find the money!"

His father stood up, pale, unsteady. "And who will undertake the search?" he said.

"I will, sir," said Kent, in a low voice.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

(To be continued.)

THE STARS.

What are their years? The night's unfathomed deep
Rings back no answer, gives no glimmering key;
And still unknown, and beautiful, they keep
The silent courses of Eternity.

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

BONNIE'S HOROSCOPE.

In a quaint, little old house in a pretty suburban village lived two quaint, little old ladies, Aunt Priscilla and Aunt Mary Robbins, as they were called, and with them lived their orphan niece, Bonnie. Bonnie's real name was Laura Ann, but some young relatives, who loved her very much, had first called her "Bonnie Annie Laurie," and afterward that had been shortened into Bonnie.

The name suited her well; she was bonnie. Her face was fresh and rosy, her teeth white, her blue eyes bright and sparkling, and she was frank and open as the day.

Her two aunts loved her to the point of weakness. All their affection was concentrated on Bonnie, and if she had not been a very sensible girl, and naturally well disposed, she must have been sadly spoiled.

Bonnie's father and mother had died young, and this fact made her aunts fearful that she would not be long-lived, notwithstanding her appearance of perfect health. The fear of losing Bonnie was the bugbear of their lives, and of Bonnie's, too, for a healthy, active child does not like to be unnecessarily restrained, nor to be constantly dosed with herb tea, pills and powders. One thing was certain: Bonnie had really a very good constitution, or she would have died from coddling and from taking so much medicine.

Her little moods of listlessness or of high spirits, common to most young people, were often taken by her over-careful guardians as symptoms of approaching disease, and she was "doctored" accordingly. If she was perfectly well, they gave her medicine to keep her so.

One evening in early autumn the two old ladies sat together in their little parlor before a cheerful open fire. Aunt Priscilla was sewing, while Aunt Mary read the paper aloud. Bonnie had gone to bed. There had been company the evening before, and she had been allowed to sit up later than usual. So it happened that on this particular night, and in accordance with the invariable rule of the house, she was sent off to bed at seven o'clock, in order to make up her sleep.

The aunts themselves were accustomed to early hours, and when the little clock on the mantel struck ten, Aunt Priscilla folded up her work and began to yawn, and Aunt Mary, having pretty much finished the news, began to yawn also. She was just giving the paper a last cursory glance when her eye caught the following advertisement, which she read aloud:

MADAME KOREB,
THE RENOWNED ASTROLOGIST,
367 ELM STREET.
Sittings, $2.00. *Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.*

She laid down the paper, and looked furtively at her sister over her gold-bowed spectacles. Aunt Priscilla was gazing thoughtfully into the fire, but presently she spoke: "I shouldn't think of such a thing for ourselves, at our time of life —"

"Of course not; no, indeed!" supplemented Aunt Mary, eagerly, "but for —"

"But for Bonnie," continued Aunt Priscilla, "I *should* like to have her horoscope told, and kind of feel as if I knew whether she's going to die young, as her parents did before her."

"Yes," sighed Aunt Mary, "what a relief it would be to know that she would grow up and live to a good old age, oh, what a blessed relief! But," she added, reflectively, "what if the astrologist should tell us that she will die, say, in five years, in one year—this very month! O sister, I couldn't bear that, could you?"

"Yes, I could!" answered Aunt Priscilla, bitterly. "Anything would be better than this constant worry and fear. If we knew the worst, we should be prepared for it, and in time grow reconciled."

"There is something in that," agreed Aunt Mary, "but do you believe she can tell, this astrologist?"

"I don't know what this particular woman can do, but I believe in astrology," said Aunt Priscilla. "Why, don't you remember how Napoleon—was it Napoleon?—and Lincoln and Garfield, I think they were the men, it was somebody, anyway, had their horoscopes told, and everything happened exactly as it was predicted—everything!"

"Oh yes! I've read the very same in regard to—somebody; I don't recollect the names. Well," after a pause, "what do you say to our going in town to see her, Priscilla?"

"I say we'll go to-morrow morning," answered Aunt Priscilla.

They took off their slippers, and toasted their feet before the fire for a few minutes, and then went to bed.

They found number 367 Elm Street and Madame Koreb without any difficulty. The "madame," notwithstanding her foreign-sounding name, had every appearance of being a keen, shrewd Yankee woman, as undoubtedly she was; and when the two little old ladies, looking pale and nervous, were ushered into her presence, it is not unreasonable to suppose that she guessed their character fairly well at the first swift glance. Such people often become wonderfully expert in judging of people's character.

The "madame," in a brisk, business-like way, took a pencil from over her ear, and inquired if they had come for "a sitting." Aunt Priscilla answered, with some composure, that they had.

"Both of you, or only one?"

"Oh, neither of us!" they answered together in a breath, blushing at the very idea of it.

"We shouldn't think of such a thing for ourselves!" said Aunt Priscilla, with dignity. "We have come to get the horoscope of our niece, who lives with us."

"And who is all we have, and very dear to us," interpolated Aunt Mary.

"Our niece," continued Aunt Priscilla, "is not strong, and we are very anxious about her; we always have been —"

"And if we *could* be sure that she will live to grow up, that we are not going to lose her," faltered Aunt Mary.

"If we could know the worst, whatever it is, and be prepared for it," said Aunt Priscilla, firmly.

The astrologist waved her hand. "I understand," she said. "Well, we shall see. Please give me the year, month, day of the month, day of the week and the hour on which the young lady was born."

"Oh dear!" cried Aunt Priscilla, much disturbed. "I'm afraid we can't give you the day of the week nor the hour, can we, sister? Will that make any difference in the horoscope?"

"We may do without it," said the "madame." "You can give me the year and day of the month, I dare say?"

"She was born on the first of November, 1876, and that makes her just twelve years and ten months old," answered Aunt Priscilla, concisely.

Both aunts leaned back in their chairs, with eyes fastened intently on the astrologist's face, and waited with beating hearts.

The astrologist consulted an almanac, a sort of chart, made a great many rows of figures on a sheet of paper, laid down her pencil and looked up at them in impressive silence.

"Will she live to grow up?" gasped Aunt Mary, breathlessly.

"Why don't you tell us? What are you waiting for?" said Aunt Priscilla, impatiently.

"Do not spare our feelings; we will try to bear it!" said Aunt Mary, tearfully.

"She will live to grow up—to be old—very old —"

"Oh, how glad we are!" the old ladies exclaimed together.

"*But* —" said the astrologist.

"But!" cried Aunt Priscilla, sharply. "But what? Didn't we tell you we wanted to know the worst?"

"She will have a severe illness—a fever. She will be sick nigh unto death —"

"When? Soon?" gasped the two aunts.

"She will be taken down this very month," returned the sceress.

"There!" exclaimed Aunt Priscilla, solemnly. "I knew, I felt that she was going to be sick. I have had warnings! Well, we can be prepared for it now. But you are sure she will recover?" She fixed her sharp eyes upon the astrologist.

"Quite sure. Have I not said she would live to be very old?"

The aunts rose. Heroic resolve had taken the place of the old feeling of anxiety and uncertainty. Visions of doctors, of sweats, of mustard plasters, and of remedies without number began to flit through their minds. They must hasten home, and commence at once active preparations for the terrible visitation.

Bonnie came flying down the walk at home to meet them. What a picture of health she made! Her cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled, and her pretty face had as many smiles and dimples as it could contain. She danced up to them, and, clinging to a hand of each, skipped on between them up the walk, chatting and laughing as she went; but the two aunts scrutinized her face with a thrill of horrible expectancy.

The dinner that day was the regular Saturday dinner of roast beef and vegetables, which also made a nice cold dinner for Sunday, and for dessert there was a delicious steamed pudding.

Bonnie, with her usual appetite, began the meal by enjoying it very much; but when she asked for a second slice of beef, Aunt Mary, who was carving, hesitated, and turned questioningly to Aunt Priscilla.

"Perhaps she ought not to overload her stomach. What do you think?"

"I don't know, really. In case of fever —" returned Aunt Priscilla.

"Yes; a low diet, I suppose, would be safer," murmured Aunt Mary.

"Please! please!" said Bonnie, impatiently, moving her plate a little nearer. "Do give me my meat, auntie! I'm almost starved, and it's ever so good to-day! But what are you talking about? Is anybody sick?"

Aunt Mary's kind eyes filled with tears.

"Bonnie, dear," she said, coaxingly, "we want you to be a little careful about eating for a few days; so much depends. Not to overload your stomach, you know."

"Oh yes, I will be careful, but I haven't had half enough yet. Another slice, please!" said Bonnie, her eyes still fixed on the platter.

Aunt Mary thrust the fork into the roast, and proceeded to cut another slice, very thin and small, to be sure; but her sister interfered.

"Bonnie," she said, firmly, "we have made up our minds that it is best for you to eat sparingly for a few days, and you know we must be obeyed. Now be a good girl, and do not tease."

Bonnie looked aghast. "Oh dear!" she cried. "I don't see what you should starve me to-day for. I'm sure I haven't got any symptoms, not a single one!"

"We are not going to starve you, child, but to save you unnecessary suffering," answered Aunt Priscilla, solemnly.

Bonnie said no more. The indications were a little unusual; she saw that there were tears in both pairs of eyes, but this fact gave her no encouragement. Her experience told her that from Aunt Priscilla's decision there was no appeal. Why waste her breath in teasing or in asking questions? She put down her plate with a sigh of forced resignation.

"Well," she said, "if I must, I must, I suppose. Am I to have any pudding?"

The pudding was denied her, but she was allowed an orange instead, with which she tried to be satisfied, though she did not find it so "filling" as could be desired.

At supper that night Bonnie was so happy and bright, so gay and funny, that the two old ladies laughed heartily in spite of themselves, and forgot for the time all their terrible forebodings. They forgot, also, to count the slices of bread and butter that Bonnie ate, so that, for once, her appetite was fairly appeased before she herself realized how it had come about.

But this is what Bonnie heard Aunt Mary say to Aunt Priscilla a little while afterward: "How full of life and spirits she seems!"

Aunt Priscilla responded, "Yes, it is hard to see her so, and believe that she is standing on the threshold of the great crisis of her life." Then they both sighed deeply.

As the last days of October slipped swiftly by, the aunts grew more and more anxiously expectant. The suspense became almost unendurable, and at last both ladies grew so strained and nervous as to be hardly sane and accountable. They examined Bonnie's tongue and pulse almost incessantly, watching her every movement with such extraordinary care that Bonnie became more cross and irritable than she had ever been in all her life before.

"Auntics," she protested, at last, "my tongue is tired, and my wrist is tired, and I am tired all over! I do wish you would please, please let me alone! Why can't you look after each other some? Don't you ever have any symptoms of your own?"

"Bonnie, dear," said Aunt Mary, "if you are so tired, how would you like to go to bed and rest awhile—be all nice and quiet in your own room, you know?"

"Oh, I don't care!" answered Bonnie, wearily. "I don't know that it makes much difference, as long as I can't play nor have any fun, nor anything good to eat, nor—nor anything! I might as well be in bed. I don't care."

So she went to bed. The next day she slept a good part of the time. She was so tired, and there was nothing else to do. On the thirtieth she felt so much better,—so much rested and refreshed,—that she proposed to get up and dress; but this, of course, her aunts would not permit, and consequently Bonnie became more dejected and fretful than ever. They would not let her play with dolls nor read, so she begged Aunt Mary to tell her a story.

"Tell me a sad story," she said, "about a poor little girl that was very, very unhappy. Make it awfully sad, please, so I can cry, for I think it would do me good to cry."

But Aunt Mary thought it better to tell her a story of a happy, obedient little girl, who always did right and never had any trouble. Bonnie found it very dull, and when her aunt had finished, she turned over wearily and closed her eyes.

"Thank you, auntie," she said. "I guess it is a nice story, but it is not very interesting." Then she thought she would go to sleep.

The next morning,—the morning of the thirty-first,—when she awoke, she found that the shades were all down and the curtains drawn close. It was so dark that she could not see distinctly the pictures and familiar ornaments about the room.

She knew it was a pleasant morning, for she heard the milkman saying cheerily to somebody, "Good-morning! Fine day!"

Oh yes; without the sun was shining, and the trees were looking gay in their October finery. If the shade were only lifted, she could see her own particular maple, that had turned so beautifully spotted this year, all red and yellow and green. How pleasant it would be to lie and look at it!

A sudden impulse seized her. She sat up in bed and listened for a moment intently. Then she stepped softly out upon the floor to the window, and threw up the shade.

The gorgeous maple, her maple, flamed in upon her! She gave one long glance around, which took in everything; the deep blue sky, the beautiful lawns, still green as in June, and the dear little bird perched silently on the gate-post, and apparently looking at her.

A marketman was driving slowly along the road with his load of vegetables, and a young girl, about her own age, sat on the seat beside him.

Bonnie followed them wistfully with her eyes. "Oh," she thought, "I only wish I was that little girl! How happy she must be!"

She crept back into bed, and lay feasting her eyes on her maple, until by and by Aunt Priscilla came softly in, bringing a thin slice of toast and a cup of weak tea on a tray.

When she saw the shade was up, she started back in dismay.

"Why," she exclaimed, "how could sister be so careless!" She put it down at once.

"Auntie," expostulated Bonnie, "why don't you let the shade be up? How can you see anything in such a dark room? I'm sure you must have cat's eyes."

But Aunt Priscilla did not reply. She came to the bedside, and taking Bonnie's wrist between her fingers, began counting her pulse.

"Quicker," she muttered, "much quicker! And this is the last day! It must be time to send for the doctor. Yes, I think it is high time to send for the doctor."

When good old Doctor Mack, who had attended the family ever since Bonnie could remember, came into the room, and she heard his kind, cheery voice, somehow she felt encouraged.

The first thing the doctor did was to send the shades spinning up and throw back the curtains, grumbling something about "shutting out God's light and sunshine." Then he came over and stood by Bonnie's bed, and looked down at her very kindly indeed. He was very fond of her. The aunts were close at his elbow, watching his face anxiously.

He looked at Bonnie's tongue, laughing to see her put it out without being asked, and was just beginning to count her pulse by his big gold watch, when, greatly to his surprise, Bonnie threw an arm around his neck, and drew his head down to her lips.

"Dear, dear doctor," she whispered, hurriedly, "can't you please send my aunties away a minute? I want to tell you something."

"Now, Bonnie!" remonstrated Aunt Priscilla, supposing that she was coaxing the doctor to allow her something to eat.

"One, two, three—um—um—um!" counted the doctor. "I guess you had both better go and prepare a hot bath, while I am looking her over a bit."

When they had gone he questioned Bonnie.

"O doctor, dear," she explained, "you know how they are always giving me lots of medicine and—and coddling me when I'm not sick at all? Well, along back they've been worse—much worse! Last week they went into the city together, and when they came home they began to be awfully solemn and—and mysterious, and to starve me,—I mean to keep me on a low diet. Oh, it was very low, doctor dear! You haven't any idea how low! And they said it was to save me from suffering so much in the fever that I was going to have, for they think I am to have a fever and be 'nigh unto death.'"

The doctor gave a low whistle.

"Yes," Bonnie went on, "I heard them say those very words: 'Nigh unto death!' Isn't it terrible, doctor? But I'm not really sick one bit; oh, you can see that I'm not, can't you? Only hungry and cross and tired. Why, you haven't any idea how many times I have had to let them feel my pulse and see my tongue—more than a million, I guess!"

"Your tongue seems to be in good running order yet," remarked the doctor, dryly, when she finally paused, out of breath.

He asked a few questions; then he looked down at his big gold watch, which he still held in his hand. Bonnie thrust out her wrist mechanically; she thought he was going to count her pulse again, after all.

The doctor laughed. "Bonnie," said he, "I give you just five minutes to dress yourself. I will go out in the hall and stay till you have finished. Brush your hair, put on the blue ribbon and the—the bangs—all the gimcracks, you know, and fix yourself up pretty. Then I'll come in and show you something I've got in my pocket." And he went out and left her.

When the two aunts, having prepared the bath, came tiptoeing softly back, and opened the door of Bonnie's room, they experienced the most decided sensation of their lives. There, beside the doctor, sat Bonnie, dressed, and looking bright and fresh as a rose, and they were both laughing heartily at some object in her lap.

"Oh! oh! Doctor Mack, how could you!" gasped Aunt Mary.

"Bonnie, go back to bed this instant!" commanded Aunt Priscilla, in a terrible voice.

"Now she will die! She will surely die!" wailed Aunt Mary.

"Nonsense!" said the doctor. "She's no more sick than I am!"

"But her symptoms —" began Aunt Priscilla.

"She has none, except symptoms of perfect health. And yet, perhaps I ought to say she has decided symptoms—of hunger, an unappeased appetite, you know."

"But the—*the horoscope*, sister!" ejaculated Aunt Mary, in great bewilderment.

"Ah-h-h! The—the horoscope!" repeated the doctor.

He studied their faces a moment in silence. He asked no questions, but recalling what Bonnie had told him, he had no difficulty in guessing the truth.

When he spoke at last, it was very gravely. "My dear friends," he said, "our 'horoscopes' are with God. Let us thank Him for present good, and trust Him for the future. The child is well; do not treat her as if she were sick until you are quite sure she is so."

Just as he was about to take his leave, Bonnie, who had only forgotten her hunger in the excitement of the moment, sprang forward and seized

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his hand, and clung to it. Looking up into his face, and then back at her aunts, she said, half-laughing, half-crying: "And no more low diet, doctor dear? Plenty to eat, aunties?"

"Yes, yes, certainly!" said the doctor. "Give the child a good hearty breakfast at once," and he went out laughing.

BELLE C. GREENE.

THE SOUTHERN PINE.

The Southern pine has a minstrel's voice
And a proud, commanding mien—
And he sings the songs of the winds that smite
His musical boughs of green!

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

AT LOS VALLES GRANDES.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

Warlike Pueblos.

The party of Indians remained halted for nearly ten minutes, apparently in dispute, and accompanying their talk with much gesticulation. I had time to notice that the details of dress were not like those of the three hundred Navajos who had recently attacked us; but as the old hunter Cordova had pronounced them Navajos, I gave the matter little thought. They did not seem to be aware of the existence of an encampment of soldiers in the Valleys, and after a brief delay went on toward La Puerta.

Returning to the parade, I ordered the six mules brought to my door and the pack-saddles got ready. The saddles were adjusted for two men to ride in each. Sergeant Cunningham was mounted on my horse and placed in command of this hybrid cavalry. Fortunately the mail riders had arrived from Santa Fé the evening before, and I ordered them also to accompany the party.

The sergeant was directed to take the "reserved trail" through the hills into the valley of San Antonio, and bring his party into the western end of La Puerta before the Indians could pass through it. I impressed it upon him on no account to fire unless the Indians showed fight; to leave his mules and horses concealed in the timber at the entrance of the cañon, and so dispose his men as to convey the impression that fifteen were but a part of his force.

My Plan of Battle.

For myself, I proposed to follow up the Navajos with the rest of the company as soon as they were fairly within the cañon, and I expected to capture them without bloodshed.

Meantime I kept my men out of sight. When the Indians disappeared in a depression, I started with all the remaining men except the guard, at a double-time step in the direction of La Puerta. When the Indians were fairly in the cañon we deployed right and left, and closed up rapidly.

The redmen showed much astonishment when they perceived this unexpected and warlike demonstration, but soon recovered, and then, feeling the superiority of the mounted man over the footman, they broke into derisive shouts and made gestures conveying their contempt for us. This went on for a time, when the Indians suddenly showed confusion. They dashed at a gallop to the north side of the passage and skirted it for a considerable distance, as if looking for a place of escape. Failing to find one, they next rode wildly to the other side, where they met with no better success; and then they halted and consulted.

Presently one of their number rode out and waved a white cloth. Upon this I approached alone, and made signs for them to dismount and lay down their weapons. They did so, and at another sign withdrew in a body, when my men picked up everything and collected the ponies.

I was certainly somewhat surprised at such a bloodless result of my strategy. The Navajos are a brave people, and do not often surrender without some show of fighting, unless the odds against them are greater than they were in this case. I could but congratulate myself upon the success of my manœuvre, and after shaking hands with the chief, began my return march to camp.

Why the Victory was Bloodless.

We had gone but a short distance when I overheard the veteran Irish soldier, Clary, say to Hoey, his mate: "D'ye moind the cut o' thim chaps' hair, Jarge?"

"Indade I do, Tom," replied George.

"Thim's no Navijos!"

"Not a bit of it! I'd as soon expict to see one in curris!"

I had a wholesome respect for the opinion of these old soldiers, for they had campaigned against Indians in Texas, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico long before I had seen a more savage redman than the indolent, basket-making descendants of the Passamaquoddies and Penobscots. Accordingly, without appearing to notice their remarks, I approached the chief and said, interrogatively, "Apache?"

A shake of the head.

"Ute?"

Another shake.

"Navajo?"

"*Si, señor!*" he said, with a bow of the head. I was satisfied that my fifty-three prisoners were Navajos, and marched triumphantly on.

But presently I heard Clary ask, "Jarge, did ye iver see Navijos with blankets like thim?"

"Niver!" said Hoey, emphatically.

These comments disturbed my confidence in the belief that I had made a capture of Navajos. But if not Navajos, Apaches or Utes, who were these warlike men? There were no other hostiles in the Territory. These men were painted in war tints and characters, and were armed for fighting. They were Indians, and they were on the war-path.

When we had approached within a mile of camp we were met by Cordova, who had remained behind, during the strategical capture, to recover from the fatigue of his four miles' run. As soon as he came up to the Indians there seemed to be an immediate recognition. He and the chief met and embraced, and conversed for a few moments in a language that was neither English nor Spanish. Then the hunter approached me, looking shame-faced, and said, in Spanish, "Lieutenant, these Indians are Pueblos."

Pueblos on the War-path.

Whoever knows the character of the Pueblos will appreciate the joke. Many of the towns of New Mexico are inhabited by Indians, a relic of the civilization which Cortez found when he entered Mexico. The towns stood then where they stand now. These Indians, who are called Pueblos, are an excellent part of the population, being temperate, frugal and industrious. In their towns they dress in Indian style, generally, and when at war, paint and disfigure themselves like any other Indians, so that a green soldier would see no difference between them and the wilder tribes.

The Pueblos explained that they were in pursuit of a band of Navajos who had stolen fourteen of their cows the night before. When they first saw Cordova they attempted to approach him to inquire if he had seen any Navajo "signs." Seeing that he appeared to be frightened and ran away, they gave up the pursuit and resumed their march.

My appearance and warlike demonstration had greatly astonished them. When I put the questions, Apache? Ute? Navajo? the chief thought I was asking him if he was in pursuit of a party of one of those tribes, and accordingly he had answered *no* to the first two and *yes* to the last.

The Santo Dominicans had told the people of Jemez that if they interfered to prevent the slaughter of the Navajos they would be considered by the military authorities as allies of that tribe, and treated accordingly.

Unnecessary Delay.

Inasmuch as mounting two men on each saddle would make progress slow, I tried to persuade the agent that much the best course would be to start at once, so that there could by no accident be a massacre of the women and children; but evidently the man had determined to pass the night in sleep, and not on a night march of twenty miles or more.

As my orders from the General were to conform my movements to the wishes of Mr. Wetherell, I could do nothing but wait. He strongly insisted that there was no special reason for us to start before morning, as the Dominicans were not to leave their pueblo before noon.

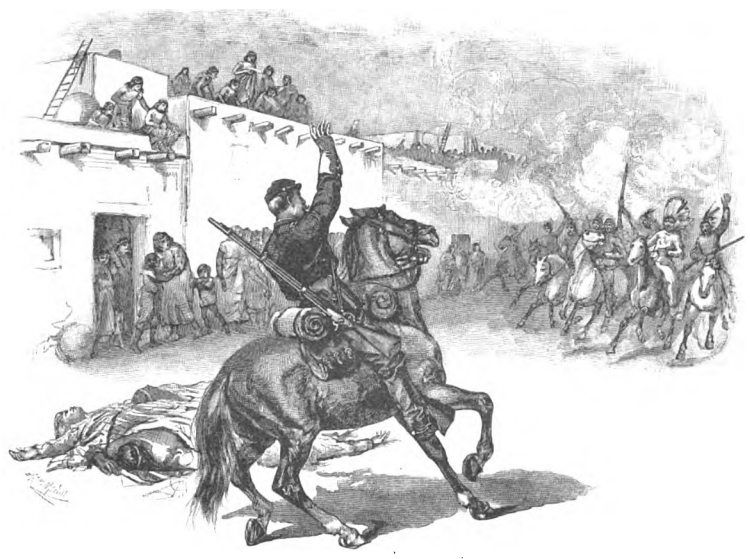
We set out before four o'clock the next morning, leaving the camp in charge of Second Sergeant Mulligan. First Sergeant Cunningham accompanied us. We were twelve in all.

We passed some very interesting hot springs, where the road from the mountains descended into the valley of the Jemez. We also passed Cañoncito, where José Cordova lived.

As we came within sight of the tinned spires of the church at Jemez, we heard a distinct murmur upon the air. We halted and listened.

In a moment what had before seemed but a murmur swelled upon the quivering air an unmistakable Indian war-whoop.

It was very evident that the Dominicans had arrived before us. We ought to have started the night before, come as far as the hot springs, and encamped there until morning. The road was so rough in many places, with so many steep descents and ascents, that for a great part of the way we had gone no faster than if we had been on foot.



'Stop where you are!"

Of course the two mail riders who had taken part in this exploit carried an amusing account of it to Santa Fé, which, coming to the General's ear, caused him to send for and examine the cavalrymen thoroughly as to the nature of my attempt and its result. The next mail brought a kindly letter from him approving of the construction of the "reserved trail," and assuring me that he had no doubt that I would have succeeded as well had the Pueblos been actual hostiles.

A Call for Help.

A week after my captives had returned to their homes in Santo Domingo, at the close of a fruitless hunt for the cattle-thieves, a gentleman, mounted on a bronco and accompanied by a Mexican similarly mounted, rode up to my cabin late in the afternoon. He introduced himself as Mr. Wetherell, United States Agent for the Navajos, and handed me a letter from the department commander, which stated that the bearer was on his way to the Indian Pueblo of Jemez to prevent the massacre of a number of Navajo women, children and old men who had sought asylum there, and authorized me to furnish him all the aid in my power.

After dismounting and entering my quarters, Mr. Wetherell stated that the Navajo country being overrun by the national forces, many of the principal men had sent their women and children with a few old men to Jemez for safety; that the party of Dominicans which had been recently captured by us had returned home very much vexed at their want of success in retaking their lost stock and inflicting punishment upon their enemies; that a Jemez Indian had told them of the presence of the Navajo women and children in the town, and that they had determined to wreak vengeance upon the cattle-thieves by killing these defenceless creatures.

Upon my expressing some surprise that the Pueblos of Jemez should permit such a grave outrage of the laws of hospitality when they outnumbered the Dominicans by several hundreds, Mr. Wetherell further explained that the Jemez Indians were in no sense to be considered friends of the Navajos, but that their advanced position toward the country of those predatory nomads made it necessary for them to be on good terms with them, so that they had not dared to refuse asylum to the women and children.

As soon as I heard the war-whoop, I told Sergeant Cunningham to bring up the men as rapidly as possible, sticking to the travelled road, which here made a long curve around the corn-fields, and accompanied by Mr. Wetherell, I put spurs to my horse and dashed toward the town.

Our route was through the cultivated land, while that of the soldiers was on the hard ground along the foot-hills. Ours was in a direct line, over deep, soft earth, frequently crossed by water ditches, while theirs, although nearly double the distance, was over firm soil without break. We struck directly for the church spires, which I knew stood upon the plaza.

Often we plunged down the banks of *acequias*, carrying avalanches of soil with us into two or three feet of water, to make a hard scramble up the crumbling wall of the opposite sides; and as we neared the pueblo, the louder grew the discordant war-whoops. Being better mounted than Mr. Wetherell, I took the lead by a few rods.

As I reached the border of the plantation I found, between me and the street, a cactus hedge about four feet high, with no passage through it except at a considerable distance to the right. Distrusting his bronco's ability to leap it, Mr. Wetherell veered away toward the opening, while I gave my good cavalry horse his head and rode sharply at the hedge, clearing it at a bound and receiving but a few scratches from the spines as we went through the branching top.

The Victims.

Clear of the hedge, I found myself at the foot of a narrow lane which passed between two tall buildings and entered the plaza near the centre of its western side. I took it at a run, and when half-way through saw directly before its inner entrance, facing to the north, a group of old, gray-haired Navajos standing alone, with their arms folded, and holding their blankets firmly about their shoulders and breasts, while in their immediate front were some one hundred mounted Indians, painted and ornamented in true aboriginal style.

On the terraced fronts of the houses and the flat roofs, and along three sides of the square, seemed to be gathered the entire population of the town, looking passively on.

Before I had more than taken in the situation, a rattling discharge of rifles came from the direction of the Dominicans, and the twelve old men fell in a heap to the ground. Covered with dust and mud, my horse reeking with foam, I burst through the crowd of spectators on the west side of the plaza and gained the open space just as the firing party was advancing with wild yells to complete the tragedy by scalping the slain.

Raising my right hand, I shouted in Spanish: "Stop where you are!"

The Pueblos halted, and at the same moment a group of eighteen women and nearly three times as many children, who had been reserved—as I afterward learned—for later shooting, ran into the space and clung to my feet, stirrups, and the mane and tail of my horse, entreating with eyes and tongues for protection. What their eyes said needed no interpreter, although I did not know the meaning of a single spoken word.

The war-cries had ceased, and the Dominicans had gathered in an angry and gesticulating group, when Sergeant Cunningham and the rest of the men appeared on foot, running into the plaza from a side street, and formed in line before me.

CAPT. C. A. CURTIS, U. S. A.

(To be continued.)

SIN FOUND OUT.

It is the law of life that retribution
Shall follow wrong;
It never fails, although the execution
May tarry long.

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

For the Companion.

A PRINCE AT COLLEGE.

Crown-Prince Constantine of Greece, heir to the throne of the King of the Hellenes, whose marriage to the Princess Sophia of Prussia was celebrated with such pomp at Athens not long ago, was a student at the University of Heidelberg, during the summer semester of 1888. He had been graduated a year before from the gymnasium or college at Athens, and had spent his first semester in Leipzig. Following the custom of the wealthier Germans, he had decided to pass the warm season, which was to end his collegiate career, in the ancient University of Heidelberg, hallowed by the traditions and history of five hundred years.

It was a beautiful morning in April when the Prince arrived. The sky was Italian in its clearness; the hills about the town were clad in their full foliage; the vines on the old castle were already in leaf, and the whole valley was in that incomparable state of beauty which has so often inspired the poets.

The city was in a mild state of excitement and expectancy. It was the first coming to the old university of an heir to an independent throne. He was received at the station by the heads of the municipal government, clad in knee-breeches and velvet coats, ornamented with gold lace and weighty chains, and escorted, after appropriate addresses, to his residence on the tree-lined Anlage.

The Duke of Sparta—to give him his more popular title—was then twenty-one years of age, and a fine specimen of physical manhood. He followed the characteristics of the Danish royal family—his father's—in point of height, as he stood six feet one inch tall, with breadth proportionate to his height and years. His face was beardless save for a light pair of whiskers on his cheeks. His hair was blond, and his eyes were as blue as a Hellenic sky.

His apartments on the Anlage, opposite the Wrede-Platz, were not extravagantly furnished. He had a suite of six or seven rooms in the third story of a house whose apartments were let, regularly, to the students of the University. The two front rooms were occupied by the Duke, while the others were used by his tutor, Baron Von Lüders, his marshal and the several servants of his retinue.

On the morning following his matriculation, the Duke attended the lectures for the first time. The students always greet the entrance of a popular professor into the auditorium with stamping of feet or clapping of hands, but they are rather indifferent to one another. They were so toward the Greek Prince. There was no curiosity manifested to see him.

The professor proceeded with his remarks upon extradition, and the pencils of the students worked busily on while the Prince, accompanied by his tutor, found a place on one of the benches. After the lecture was ended, they hurried from the room, jostling one another as usual, totally unmindful of the presence of royalty.

I chanced to sit near the Duke in the class on International Law, and had excellent opportunity to observe his industry, attention and assiduity. Although the lecture was at eight o'clock in the morning, the early hour did not deter the Prince from regular attendance. On the contrary, he rarely missed a day, and was seldom late. He paid the very closest attention to the words of the learned professor.

The lectures in Political Economy and Civil Government were delivered privately to the Prince by Professor Karl Knies, one of the sages of the University, who has sent many men into the world of science and politics. This privacy was due not so much to the wishes of the Crown-Prince, as to the desires of the professor himself, who was somewhat liberal in his views, and in his lectures upon Civil Government was wont to attack monarchical institutions, and fearlessly express reformatory principles. It was deemed unpleasant for a future occupant of a throne to hear these criticisms in the presence of other men.

With these exceptions, the Duke of Sparta was merely one of the mass of students, and was subjected to the same discipline, obliged to conform to the same laws, and taught the same principles as the others. It was my fortune to make the

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Prince's personal acquaintance some time later at the house of Privy Councillor Von Bulmerincq. In company with several other students and a number of professors, I was invited to meet him at dinner. He seemed to be not only a thorough "good fellow," but a capable man in every way.

His knowledge of English was surprising. He



A Prince in Heidelberg.

spoke our language with almost the fluency of a native, and showed but little of the accent of a foreigner.

The Prince was not a master of English alone, but was a linguist of no mean pretensions. His German was as good as his English, enabling him to converse with students and professors with perfect ease.

He is a master, also, of Danish, and the kindred tongues of Norway and Sweden, in addition to French, and, of course, modern Greek. All who were present at the dinner were impressed with his intelligence; he appeared to good advantage in discussing abstruse subjects with the old professors of Heidelberg.

His position was a trying one. Royalty, even among the aristocracy of the intellect, is half-deified in Germany, and age is not taken into consideration. But the Prince acquitted himself modestly; his deference to the professors, his complete suppression of his own rank, his perfect tact, proved him the well-bred son of one of the best rulers in Europe.

The Prince's remarks throughout the dinner, at which he had as a neighbor the celebrated philosopher, Kuno Fischer, and over the cigars and coffee in the smoking-room, were not brilliant, but they were sensible, and worthy an older head than his.

The Crown-Prince remained in Heidelberg until the beginning of August. He joined the "White Caps," or Saxo-Borussian corps,—a society of the students,—soon after his arrival. He was, of course, exempted from fighting duels, as the members of the blood royal are beyond the scope of challenges.

He attended their "Kneipes" or feasts, and joined with zest in their songs and pranks. Although he was always addressed as "Royal Highness," he was on terms of intimacy with some of the leaders as complete as though he had been called by the commonest of names.

One evening he was denominated a "bier Junge" or "beer booby" because he failed to empty a glass as rapidly as the adversary who had challenged him. He accepted the unmanly title in the spirit in which it was given, and laughed over his defeat, which was rather a credit than a discredit.

The Prince's betrothal to the Princess Sophia was announced while he was at Heidelberg. In fact, the greater part of the royal courtship took place during his residence at the University. He had met the Princess during a former visit to the court of Berlin, and decided at once to win her as his bride.

But the old saying that the "course of true love never did run smooth" was exemplified in his case, too, for the summer was filled with doubt. Political reasons, State complications, and diplomatic entanglements played their part in obstructing one of the purest of royal love-matches.

The young man's devotion was romantic and touching. His room held many mementos of the Princess—little trinkets which she had made, and photographs taken every year of her life. They were on the mirror above his bureau, on the tables and writing-desks, and on the wall above his bed. The whole University was interested in the romance, and wished that nothing might prevent it. When at last word came that Emperor Frederic had decided that the young people should be married, all the students very heartily welcomed the happy look which appeared in the Prince's eyes.

The people, too, were sorry when the day came for his departure. He had become, during his short residence, a part of them; one whom every school-boy, maid and coachman knew by sight and respectfully saluted. They had learned to appreciate the feeling of deference held by the people in Athens for this native Greek, and they wished, with them, that he might realize their dreams by restoring Christianity to Constantinople and to make the mosque of St. Sophia once more a Christian temple.

ROBERT JOHNSTONE MOONEY.

For the Companion.

HUMILITY.

'Tis always nearest to the ground
The honey of the cane is found!
They taste life's sweetness full and free
Who bow in true humility.

GEO. B. GRIFFITH.

SENATOR CONTESTS.

The terms of one-third of the members of the Senate of the United States expire every two years. Inasmuch as most of the State Legislatures, which make the choice of Senators, begin their session about the first of January, this issue of *The Companion* will reach its readers about the time when many of the elections will be taking place.

The rules governing such elections are established by a national law, and are quite simple. The election is made by the Legislature which is chosen next before a vacancy is to occur. The time for beginning the election is the second Tuesday after the meeting and organization of the Legislature.

On that day the voting is in each House of the Legislature separately. One or more votes may be taken, until some person has a full majority of all the votes given. On the next day, at noon, the members of the two Houses meet in joint convention, and the journal of each House is read. If the same person has received a majority of the votes given in each House, he is declared elected.

In case the same person has not been elected by both Houses, the members in joint convention proceed to elect. At least one vote must be taken on each day of the session until an election has been made, and a clear majority is required to make a choice. All the voting is open, or *viva voce*. As ballots are not used, it is not correct to say that a Senator was elected "on the first ballot."

The situation in several of the States where elections are to take place this month is extremely interesting. The elections in November were disastrous to the Republican party. In certain States, which have not for a generation been represented in the Senate by a Democrat, the opposition to the Republican party will be able, if it can unite upon candidates, to choose Democratic Senators for a full term of six years.

A senatorship, however, is a great prize, and is contended for most keenly. It is easy to foresee possibilities of long contests in States where all the members of two parties in temporary alliance cannot be induced to support one man. In such cases it frequently happens at last that a comparatively obscure man, who has not been regarded as a candidate, is taken up as a "compromise" candidate.

There have been some protracted contests over the election of Senators. They have not been so frequent since 1866, when the present law regulating elections was passed, as they used to be before that time; for then there was no law governing the matter, and the Legislature of each State chose Senators when and how it would.

The most notable contest in recent years was that in New York, in 1881, when the two Republican Senators, Mr. Conkling and Mr. Platt, resigned their seats in consequence of a difference with President Garfield. The election devolved upon a Republican Legislature, and each of the Senators who resigned desired a re-election. The contest was very bitter between the two Republican factions, and lasted many weeks. In the end neither of the old Senators was chosen.

Again, in 1885, Senator John A. Logan was a candidate before the Illinois Legislature for a re-election. He had, in the autumn previous, been the Republican candidate for Vice-President, and was unanimously nominated, by the Republican legislative caucus, for election as Senator.

But the Legislature was exactly divided between the two parties, there was a long delay in organizing it, and the voting did not begin until the tenth day of February. The election dragged on until the nineteenth of May, when, at the one hundred and eighteenth vote, General Logan obtained a bare majority and was chosen.

It is somewhat remarkable that at the end of six years the successor of General Logan, who died in 1886, confronts a situation in the Illinois Legislature not unlike that of 1885.

The only long contest two years ago was that in West Virginia. Mr. Kenna was re-elected after a struggle that lasted a whole month, on the forty-fifth vote, and by a majority of one.

WORTH LIVING FOR.

If I might do one deed of good,
One little deed before I die,
Or think one noble thought, that should
Hereafter not forgotten lie,
I would not murmur, though I must
Be lost in death's unnumbered dust.

—*F. W. Bourdillon.*

DISCOURAGED PATRIOTS.

Our younger readers may be puzzled to account for the doleful manner in which some conspicuous men speak of their country, its institutions and prospects.

We have among us a society called the Sons of the American Revolution, which has recently proposed the holding of a Pan-Republican Convention at Washington, April 30, 1892, composed of delegates from all the republics now existing in the world. The object of this convention is to celebrate at once the one hundred and third anniversary of President Washington's inauguration, and the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

The Sons of the Revolution hope in this way to exhibit the success of republican institutions, and to recommend them to mankind.

But *are* republican institutions successful? To this question some of the gentlemen consulted have given very positive answers in the negative. One of them, a descendant of George Washington's family, avows his belief that every experiment of self-government that has ever been made upon our planet has resulted in disaster, and that this nation is now "whirling down the descending grade to destruction."

Another gentleman, an admiral in the navy, is of opinion that although we are a much larger nation, we are neither as great, nor as virtuous, nor as valiant as the three millions of people who achieved our independence.

Another discouraged patriot, recently the president of a famous college, expresses the opinion that our system is correct, but "we are not good enough for our institutions."

A fourth, the scion of an historic family, remarks that he has such a sense of the failure of democracy that he has no heart even to talk about it.

Finally, a veteran sea-captain comes forward to say that, until recently, there was one good government on the Continent of America, the late Empire of Brazil, but now there is not one.

This language is very different from that usually employed at our school-house flag-raisings, with which our readers, young and old, are familiar. Which expresses the truth?

There is truth in both. On the one hand, compared with other countries, the United States is the truly fortunate and happy land. On the other, there are defects and faults in the conduct of public affairs which are grievous, and to persons of melancholy temperament discouraging. We advise our readers not to overlook either the glory or the shame of their country, and to spend their lives in enhancing the one and redeeming the other.

Let us remember that during the Presidency of George Washington there were more men who despaired of the Republic than there are now, and that Washington himself, even to the end of his life, regarded the government over which he presided as an experiment, which he *hoped* would be successful.

The number of educated men who fully believed in government by the people was not large, and few of them were free from occasional apprehension concerning it. After the lapse of a century, it is much stronger in the confidence of thoughtful men than it was during the administration of President Washington.

A more important fact to remember is that government by the whole people is an experiment that has been tried but twenty-seven years, reckoning from the abolition of slavery.

Now, the institution of monarchy had endured for unknown thousands of years, and was always bad. Certainly, it had had abundant time to perfect itself, but it never became anything better than a choice of evils. Under it, the mass of the people remained ignorant, oppressed, degraded and miserably poor, while the ruling class was often dissolute, extravagant and unfeeling. Nor had monarchy in itself any means of self-rectification. It could only be reformed by revolution and massacre.

It is the special happiness of the American system of government that it does actually possess within itself the means of self-improvement, and now the great majority of the people are deeply interested in applying remedies for existing evils, some of the worst of which are in course of removal.

An American citizen whose memory goes back fifty years, and who judges his country from the facts, and not from distorted reports of the facts, can adopt as his own the well-known statement of the late Lord Macaulay, when he said that all his life he had been hearing of decline and deterioration, while he had seen nothing but improvement.

IS SHE CHARMING?

Katy Darcy is the daughter of a good-natured, well-meaning man and a gentle, modest woman; but Katy has suffered from the disadvantage of hearing from friends and companions that she is a charming girl, and that a charming girl is born to rule.

When she starts out in the morning, therefore, she arrays herself in brighter colors and more gaudy ornaments than are suitable to the street. She casts furtive glances at young men whom she meets, but with whom she has no acquaintance, or tries with her eyes to express her admiration of the taste of well-dressed ladies who pass by. The girl is innocent of wilful wrong-doing. She is not even flirting, intentionally; but she is trying her power. If she is charming, must she not charm?

But if you will watch her through the day you will discover that she "draws the line." There are people, evidently, whom she makes no effort to charm. Perhaps she thinks they should be grateful to her for accepting their favors.

She enters a street-car with one or two companions. They hold by the straps, swinging to and fro, giggling, and obtrusive in manner and conversation. An old man rises with a bow to Katy, and offers her his seat. She flumps down into his place without a word of thanks.

Or, she is going on the railway to a suburban town. She arrives late at the station, crowds through the line of quiet, waiting passengers, marching straight on, her head erect, casting supercilious glances at the "common people" around her. All plain-dressed men and women whom she does not know are pariahs to this young American aristocrat.

Once through the gate, she hurries into a car, fills one seat before her with her bag and shawl and dog, while she reads a novel or nibbles candy in the seat that is opposite. If any other passenger attempts to take one of the seats for which she has not paid, she glares at him as if he were doing an impertinent act.

She speaks to tradespeople, servants or officials, imperatively and with rudeness, to show what she thinks is her superiority to all working people. She is happy in the belief that she bears herself like a charming young woman, while in fact she has only been noticed as an extremely vulgar, underbred girl.

Such girls may be seen in the city shops, or in the street or steam-cars. Foreigners sometimes call her the typical American girl.

Can nothing be done to reform her? There is good material in her. As Matthew Arnold said of American buckwheat cakes, "They are really not half so unpleasant as they look."

FIGHT IT.

A member of an Arctic exploring expedition said, lately, Whenever I see a man making a brave fight against despair, I am reminded of the Moravian missionary at the most remote station in Greenland.

He was a middle-aged man, and had left family and friends behind when he went to this lonely hamlet within the Arctic circle to preach to the Eskimos. He had not a single companion in the frozen North.

For one or two years his eager zeal sustained him, then he was suddenly overcome by a terrible homesickness. He would look out upon the vast and awful icy solitudes until he felt that he should go mad unless he could hear the voice of one of his own people, or see a familiar face.

He struggled against this depression, but in vain. Then his common-sense came to his rescue. He went to work vigorously to convert a chamber in his cabin into a likeness of the living-room in his old home.

The plain wooden chairs and the desk were easily copied. Pictures from Danish papers covered the walls. He had with him the cup and saucer which he had used at home. He brought them out. He taught his native servant to prepare Danish dishes.

Once a year a ship from home came to the station bringing supplies; among them back numbers of a daily paper for a year. Instead of reading them all with greedy haste he stored them away, and every morning the paper of that date for the year before lay on his breakfast-table.

These little homely means slowly effected a cure and restored him to cheerfulness.

Not many of us have the courage or intelligence to fight sorrow with the shrewd rational remedies with which we would meet other ills. Submission

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and prayer are the only cure for the soul; but the shattered nerves need more commonplace, practical treatment.

"Gin ye canna kill your trouble, gang aboot it," is a wise Scotch prescription which we would do well to heed.

SELLING THEIR GODS.

The Shan States, as the country lying between Burmah and China is called, have been explored by Europeans lately for the first time. In "A Thousand Miles on an Elephant in the Shan States," an English traveller, Mr. H. Hallett, gives an account of the places where the Shan boys, or such of them as are fortunate enough to receive any instruction at all, go to school.

They are taught by the monks and abbots of the Buddhist monasteries, and sleep, with the acolytes and some of the priests, in the rooms where they are taught. The monasteries consist of a hall divided into two portions; one part level with the veranda, where the scholars are taught, and the other part, where the monks receive their visitors, two feet above the rest of the building.

In the larger buildings the monks sleep in the cloisters; in the smaller ones, their beds may be seen rolled up, with those of the acolytes and school-boys, round their pillows against the walls.

A conspicuous object in these halls is the row of images of Buddha on a raised stand against the wall in the background. Before them are offerings of taper candles, flowers and prayer-flags. Perhaps the largest image is made of alabaster, in which case it has been carried a great distance, from the quarries of Burmah.

Standing about this image, or on a lower shelf, will be other images, some of wood or clay covered with gold leaf, some of silver having a core of hard resin, others of soapstone, and some of terra cotta, the last greatly resembling the images of saints in their niches sold in Italy.

One who has an eye for curiosities is naturally attracted by these images, and seeks an interview with the abbot, who is teaching a class of boys. After he is asked many questions, he will very likely say that his eyesight is much impaired, and will more than hint that a present of a pair of spectacles would be acceptable.

When the visitor hints that he would like one or more of the images of Buddha, the abbot is very greatly shocked, and declares that he cannot think of parting with one, because they have been offered by the people.

But if the bargainer pulls out a handful of silver, the abbot will probably give the boys a recess, and with much haggling about the price and a show of reluctance, will sell some of the gods.

He is sure, however, in order to salve his conscience, to exact a promise to treat the image with respect, declaring that if you do not, evil things will happen to you, as well as to himself.

QUEEN AND PRINCE.

"Silence is a test of friendship," said some one, meaning that two persons, who are friends, can enjoy each other's company for hours without conversing. Mr. Cooper, an English artist, tells an anecdote of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, which suggests that a test of matrimonial happiness may be the ability of one to be amused by a joke at the other's hobbies.

The artist, who excelled in painting domestic animals, was invited by the Queen to the Isle of Wight to paint the portrait of a fine Guernsey cow, which had been presented to her by the Corporation of the Island. The artist went down to Osborne and began painting the animal and her calves, a yearling and a three-months-old. While the picture was unfinished, the Queen expressed a desire to see it, and Mr. Cooper carried it to Osborne House.

As soon as the Queen saw it, she exclaimed, "Oh yes, that is my Buffie!"

"But, Mr. Cooper," said Prince Albert, "how about those dock-leaves that you have put into the foreground?"

"Your Royal Highness," answered Mr. Cooper, "still-life helps the pictorial combination, and the dock-leaves enable me to avoid the monotony of grass and earth."

"Well," said Prince Albert, jocosely, and with a look at the Queen, who was fond of farming, "they are beautifully painted and assist the composition, but they don't give evidence of good farming."

The Queen, shaking her finger at the Prince, said: "How about that pool of water in which the heifer's hind-legs are standing?"

The Prince saw the point, for his specialty in farm-work was good drainage, and said, laughingly, "I think it is a beautiful artistic idea, and gives a stamp of nature to the scene."

"Yes, Albert," replied the Queen, "and I like its introduction; but that pool is not evidence of good draining."

Upon this Queen, Prince and artist laughed heartily.

INTERFERENCE.

Abraham Hayward, an English wit and author of the present century, had a genius for society. He knew everybody considered worth knowing, and cultivated conversation as a fine art. As age crept upon him, his appetite for admiration increased with a dislike of being interrupted by other ambitious talkers.

One day, he was dining at a house where an eminent Frenchman, who was among the guests, talked much and well. He cut into Hayward's best stories, and with the skill of a practised *raconteur*, talked the Englishman down.

After dinner, Hayward approached his hostess, and said to her with that familiarity which was his privilege:

"Lady Waldegrave, you really must not have Count X—— here to dine again."

"But why, Mr. Hayward?"

"Because he spoils conversation."

This reminds us of an old lady who protested against selling the discarded church carpets by auction, on the ground that such an act would be irreverent.

"Put up at auction them carpets we've kneeled on so many years!" cried she.

"But, Sister Gifford," remonstrated an acquaintance, "they must be sold."

"So they must," replied she, impulsively, "and I'm ready to buy 'em. But if they're put up at auction, Sister Pinkham will run 'em way up to spite me!"

COINCIDENCES.

Many a person has been surprised by events occurring, as it seems, at the immediate suggestion of the victim. The excitement of the moment claims fate, Divine Providence, an unknown law of association or power of mind over matter as suitable explanations; but calm reason classifies such phenomena under the vagarious realm of pure coincidence.

A well-known insurance magnate, who was in the habit of taking almost daily trips between Albany and New York on the train, had the uncomfortable experience of having a wheel break right under his seat while the train was going at full speed. By a fortunate jump he narrowly escaped with his life. This experience made a deep impression upon him.

Some weeks afterward he took the same train, and as it happened was in almost the same seat. As he was chatting with a friend, he happened to look out of the window, and recognized the landscape and the spot of his narrow escape. Naturally he told his friend the story of the broken wheel.

"It was exactly in this spot it happened. The train was making the same speed. It was the most awful grinding noise I ever heard. It makes me tremble to think of it. Great heavens! There it is again!"

The identical accident had actually happened on the same train, almost between the same two fields adjoining the track, and the victim of this strange coincidence barely escaped the same way as before.

Such coincidences happen frequently, but are always difficult of credence. Darwin, in his "Voyage of a Naturalist," mentions one of the same kind, though different in degree. One of the party was speaking of the earthquake of Talcahuano, in Northern Chili, where his father lost all his property, and he himself had barely escaped with his life in the earthquake at Valparaiso.

He mentioned a curious coincidence which then happened. A German, one of the party, got up, and said he would never sit in a room in these countries with the door shut, as, owing to his having done so, he had nearly lost his life at Copiapo. Accordingly he opened the door, and no sooner had he done this, than he cried out, "Here it comes again!" and the famous shock commenced. The whole party escaped.

MAKING RICE-PAPER.

The so-called rice-paper is not made from rice, as its name implies, but from the snow-white pith of a small tree belonging to the genus Aralia, a genus represented in the United States by the common sarsaparilla and the spikenard. The tree grows in Formosa, and, so far as is known, nowhere else. The stems are transported to China, and there the rice-paper is made, which is used by native artists for water-color drawings, or dyed of various colors and made into artificial flowers. Mr. Hosie, in his "Three Years in Western China," describes the process of making the paper.

I was invited to visit a worker in pith after nightfall. Although somewhat surprised at the hour named, I accepted the invitation.

On arriving at the house, I was ushered into a badly lighted room, where a man was sitting at a table with his tools in front of him. These consisted of a smooth stone, about a foot square, and a large knife or hatchet with a short wooden handle. The blade was about a foot long, two inches broad, and nearly half an inch thick at the back. It was sharp as a razor.

Placing a piece of cylindrical pith on the stone, and his left hand on the top, he rolled the pith backward and forward for a moment until he got it into the required position. Then, seizing the knife with his right hand, he held the edge of the blade, after a feint or two, close to the pith, which he kept rolling to the left with his left hand until nothing remained to unroll; for the pith had, by the application of the knife, been pared into a square white sheet of uniform thickness. All that remained to be done was to square the edges.

If the reader will roll up a sheet of paper, lay it on a table, place the left hand on top, and gently unroll it to the left, he will have a good idea of how the feat was accomplished.

It seemed so easy that I determined to have a trial. Posing as a professional worker, I succeeded in hacking the pith, and in nearly maiming myself.

A steady hand and a keen eye are required for the work, and hence it is that the so-called rice-paper is manufactured only at night, when the city is asleep and the makers are not liable to be disturbed.

CHRONIC RAIN.

Young men who ape English manners and customs are reviled daily by newspaper wits. One of them is even represented as carrying an umbrella on a fair day, "because it's raining in London, doncher know!" An equally logical reason is ascribed to the artist, Fuseli.

One of his peculiarities was that of carrying a large gingham umbrella of a conspicuous color, generally red, whether the weather were fine or not. One day, a friend met him bearing his usual burden, and called to him:

"Halloa, Fuseli! What do you want that old umbrella for, this fine day?"

"What do I want it for?" answered he. "Oh, I'm going to see Constable."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Why, whenever I go to see him, he's always painting rain!"

HE WAS SELFISH.

An Arabic anecdote, illustrative of the subtleness of selfishness, which enables it to glide into the heart of a saint, is told of the holy Mohammedan, Sakati.

He said that for twenty years he had never ceased imploring Divine pardon for having once exclaimed, "Praise be to God!" On being asked the reason for such persistent praying, he answered:

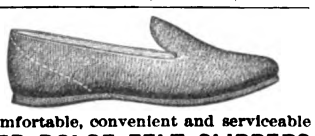
"A fire broke out in Baghdad, and a person came to me and told me that my shop had escaped, on which I uttered those words; and even to this moment I repent of having said so, because it showed that I wished better to myself than to others."

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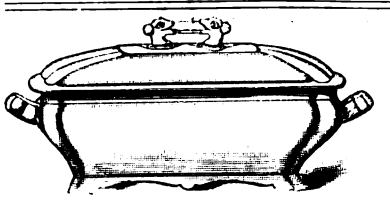
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WINTER HUMORS

Cold, raw winds of winter fan to fury itching, burning, and scaly humors and diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood. No pen can describe their severity, no language can exaggerate the suffering of those afflicted, especially of little babies, whose tender skins are literally on fire. *Winter is the best time to effect a permanent cure.* **Cuticura Remedies** are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure, and



agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unfailing success. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, heals raw and irritated surfaces, cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence, the **Cuticura Remedies** cure every humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

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SUGGESTIONS

ABOUT THE MOON.

Watch the new moon several successive nights, through an opera-glass, if possible.

Is the concave or the convex side turned toward the sun? Why?

Why does one edge always look notched?

Do the dark spots on the moon ever change in size, shape or position?

Read what you can about the moon.

For the Companion.

THE BRISTOL BELL.

When George the Second in Albion's Isle
Defended the Faith, 'twas a weary while
Ere a ship that sailed from Rhode Island's shore
Could return to the colonist port once more.

And the Churchmen of Bristol, who'd hoarded well
And sent across seas for an English bell,
Had waited full many a month and long
For the cheer of their new-built steeple's song.

But at last the good vessel at Newport lay,
And a brave little sloop sailed down the Bay
To carry the bell to Bristol town,
That should bless St. Michael's with wide renown.

Though the brave sloop's men numbered only two,
Their pride was enough for a galleon's crew,
And their bosoms swelled as they fondly thought
Of the fame for themselves in the bell they brought.

The sky never looked so blue to them,
And even "Despair" seemed an island gem
In the beautiful spread of the sun-lit Bay—
For when pride is at work, it works that way.

"The deck is too lowly a place," they said,
"For our glorious cargo; high overhead
Let's hoist it, that there its far-heard peal
May speak for the righteous joy we feel."

So up to the cross-trees the bell they swung,
Forgetting by mere mischance its tongue;
"What matter!" cried brawny Waldron, "I
Will smite it myself 'neath the arching sky!"

Then aloft he sped with a mighty sledge
To waken the sounds from the slumbering edge
Of the Church's treasure: no greater bliss
Had fallen to Waldron's lot than this.

"Give ear, good helmsman!" he cried aloud,
As he reached the top of the slender shroud,
And praise to himself for his prowess spoke,
And curved his arm for the wondrous stroke.

D-o-n-g! Glorious tone! How its echoes ran
Around and across the horizon's span!
Did ever a sound so full and clear
Enrapture a listening mortal's ear!

"Again!" cried the steersman in mad delight;
"Still a lustier note from the metal smite!"
And exultant his comrade called back, "Be it so!
And Bristol shall hear it this time, I trow!"

Oh, the ponderous blow that descended then—
'Twas beyond all telling of song or pen;
For, alack and alas, by ill-fortune's whim
It cracked the church-bell from top to rim!

Then woe for the pitiful homeward sail,
And the crestfallen heroes glum and pale,
With an eager crowd on the wharf, to be met
With naught but a prayer to forgive and forget!

How sing of a welcome turned to tears,
A payment in worthless weight for years
Of the parish thrift? What words for the shame
That asbore with the crew and their cargo came?

In briefest measure their tale they told,
But they'd learned a lesson that's never grown old:
When pride, on land, sea, river or bay,
Is at work, it can work in a wretched way.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JR.

For the Companion.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Jared Lincoln, an uneducated man, who had made within a few years a large fortune by speculation, while driving out to Central Park passed Mr. Crounse, a plainly dressed, middle-aged gentleman who was on foot.

"That man," he said to his wife, "belongs to one of the oldest families in New York. His grandfather was one of the signers of the Declaration. He has been brought up in the midst of refined and scholarly people. He belongs to a set into which I cannot enter. I would give half that I am worth for his start in life."

In the meantime Mr. Crounse looked at the carriage and its sumptuous equipments, and thought, "If I had some of that man's money, how many comforts I could bring into our bare lives!"

Down one of the leafy avenues a man sauntered thoughtfully, whose name is known throughout the country as a brilliant magazinist.

One of the foremost men in Wall Street rode past him. The men, having met at the club, bowed to each other. "Ah," thought the novelist, "if *I* could live without writing anything but checks!"

"That fellow is famous!" thought Dives on horseback, with an envious sigh. He had in his pocket-book a yellow newspaper clipping in which his name occurred as having made a few remarks at a dinner. Dives thought of this clipping and said to himself, "What happiness it must be to see one's name in print every day! How much finer a gift than money is fame."

The minister's wife, whom somebody had taken out to drive, saw one of the parishioners pass, a woman who ruled in an exclusive fashionable clique. A thrill, almost of envy, disturbed her calm breast. How pleasant it must be to live in a social atmosphere pure and refined, to escape all that is vulgar and painful in life!

The other woman's eyes grew troubled as she looked wistfully into the serene face of the clergyman's wife.

"Oh, to have her faith!" she thought. "When sickness and death come, to know where to turn as she does! To live always apart from the worry and pain of the world, close to God!"

So each man and woman went on a separate way, envying the other. For the great mistake in life is, that each of us overrates the peculiar blessing which God has bestowed upon our brother, and is blind to the good which He has given to us.

FRANKLIN'S BIRTHDAY.

The birthday of Benjamin Franklin, January seventeenth, is celebrated every year by the printers of the United States with a ball or a banquet. To the last years of his long life, when he was President of Pennsylvania, after having been American Minister at the Court of France, he styled himself "Benjamin Franklin, Printer," as indeed he was, for he always had a printing-press in his house, and used it, much as we now use the type-writer. Besides thus claiming fellowship with the honorable guild of printers, he rendered it some solid services.

He did not invent the art of advertising, but he originated the American way of advertising. He was the first to use pictures in advertisements, some of which he engraved with his own hand and penknife. His cut of the runaway apprentice might be termed an "unkind cut," for he had been himself a runaway apprentice.

Having a newspaper of his own, he advertised everything that he bought or sold with the greatest amplitude and profusion—books, pamphlets, paper, rags, lampblack, ink, wine. He was the man who discovered the mighty power of advertising, and the first who perceived what an important thing it is that an advertisement should be written and printed in just the right way.

He rendered printers another service in showing them the effectiveness of humor in enhancing the value of newspapers, and in promoting good causes. In those times there were no journalists except printers, and commonly the same hand wrote and set in type the paragraphs of news. From first to last, he knew the value of a little fun in the newspaper, and how helpful it may be made in exposing false pretensions and in recommending virtuous habits. His first boyish essays, timidly thrust under the door of the printing-office, and the last piece he ever wrote, done a few days before his death, were humorous.

At the same time, he never abused the power of the press by harsh criticism or insinuations of bad motives. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in the thirty years' file of his Pennsylvania *Gazette* an article intended to wound the feelings of an individual.

The printers do well, then, to celebrate the day on which the great printer of America first saw the light, one hundred and eighty-five years ago; but we are all equally indebted to him. It was he who first set the brain of America at the work of inventing and improving, in which it has continued ever since, to the great benefit of the whole world; and he it was whose electrical discoveries gave the irresistible impulse to the development of electrical science which to-day is flooding our cities with light, and supplying our engines with power.

But the best of him was his goodness, his charity, his tolerance, his admirable temper, his patriotism, his humanity. So far from being penurious or penny-wise, he was the very soul of generosity, the man to share his last shilling with a friend, and to risk joyfully his whole estate for his country, both of which he did more than once.

He was one of the men who value money without overvaluing it, and he knew precisely when he had enough of it. At the age of forty-two, when he had been in business twenty years, and had created the most prosperous establishment of the kind in the colonies, he retired, in order to devote his whole time and strength to the pursuit of science. He had acquired an estate of seven hundred pounds a year, and he considered it enough.

At the call of his country, he gave up all his chosen pursuits. He laid aside his electrical apparatus, his musical glasses, his books and his collections to spend laborious and troublesome years in the strife of politics and the devices of diplomacy, from which his country issued victorious and free, himself ranking, in the importance of the services he had rendered and in the esteem of his fellow-citizens, next to Washington.

CAST-IRON "BRICKS."

Most of the building materials now in use have been employed with greater or less skill for thousands of years. Since primitive man discovered the adaptability of stone, wood and burned bricks composed of clay and sand for house-building, no equally useful building material has been added to the list. According to the *American Furniture Gazette*, a German mechanic has recently patented an invention which has certainly many advantages over the old-fashioned brick of clay, though use may not prove it to be in all respects superior.

Its practical design and ingenuity are characteristic of the modern tendency of inventions. It is in the form and of about the size of an ordinary brick, but is composed of cast iron and is hollow.

The shell is so thin that the brick weighs less than one made of clay. A wall is built of such bricks without the use of mortar, and no skilled labor is required in laying them. The upper and lower sides of the bricks are provided with grooves and projecting ribs, which fit into each other easily and perfectly and form a wall of great strength.

There are also two large circular openings in the upper side of each brick, arranged so as to receive projections on the lower side of the brick that is to be placed above it. One of these projections is hook-shaped, which insures a solid hold. A wall of the bricks is very quickly put together.

After the wall is built it is covered with paint. This closes all the cracks, renders the wall air-tight, and prevents the bricks from rusting. By the use of good paint the wall can be made highly ornamental. The bricks are very durable, and a building made of them is perhaps as nearly fire-proof as possible.

A wall thus constructed can be taken down or rebuilt as readily as it can be put up. There is no mortar to be removed, as there is when clay bricks are used. A house with such walls is cool in summer and warm in winter, for the large air spaces prevent the passage of heat.

With a supply of such bricks a man can put up his own house, and be entirely independent of bricklayers, mortar-mixers and hod-carriers. If he does not like his house, he can take it down and build another with the same material, which is always as good as new.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

A writer in the Boston *Democrat* relates an incident which proves that genuine humanity is not confined to those who are sufficiently well-to-do to contribute liberally to the funds of humane societies. The writer was passing along one of the business streets of Boston early on a summer morning, at an hour when few people had risen. The streets, lined only with stores and warehouses, were almost deserted.

Presently he saw a workingman, carrying a dinner-pail in his hand, come around a corner. The man wore soiled and tattered clothes, and looked as if he might be making his way to the docks or coal-yards for a long day's work.

Just at this moment a thin and forlorn cat came out of an alley and walked toward the passing workingman, mewing piteously. The man stopped, bent down and stroked the cat, which responded by arching its back, rubbing against the man's legs and hand, and mewing louder and louder.

"Hungry, I'll be bound," said the workingman. "Some one's gone and left ye."

He opened his dinner-pail, took out one of two sandwiches which were there, opened it and removed the piece of corned beef that was between the slices of bread, and gave the meat to the cat, breaking the beef up and feeding it to the animal bit by bit.

Just as the cat was greedily eating the last of the meat, a small and very lean and dirty dog came running up, looking wistfully at the proceeding. The cat made no movement toward flight. The dog was evidently an acquaintance.

"Companions in distress!" said the workingman. He said nothing more, but, taking the other of the two sandwiches out of his pail, opened that, removed the meat, and fed it to the dog. Then he went on to his day's work, without any meat for his own dinner, but leaving the cat purring contentedly and the dog lying in a sunny doorway with the air of one who says:

"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day."

For the Companion.

THE GOLDEN HOUSE OF NERO.

In earth's dark bosom Nero's palace lies;
Huge vaults and arches crumble in decay,
Like skeletons which pass in dust away.
Along the corridors the sad wind cries
And mourns the past, and light of sunny skies.
Weird reptiles creep amid the twilight grey,
And waters drip like one who weeps for aye
The fame which passes and the love which dies.
But far above us, where the daisies stare,
The wild bird pours into the list'ning blue
Its song of hope and pleasure ever new;
And seems to say, "Tho' ruin scatter low
Brave hall and palace, still the world is fair,
And where a stone decays, a flow'r may grow."

MARGARET THOMAS.

MARCHED TO DEATH.

Mr. Goss, in his "Recollections of a Private," says that few Generals seemed to understand how to march troops to good advantage—so as to cover long distances without needless fatigue. "Officers, unencumbered with baggage, with good horses and well-filled flasks, thoughtlessly marched men to death." A wise General, he says, halted his troops often, and in that way made long distances, and yet brought his men in comparatively fresh.

Little Day was not a handsome boy, but as brave a patriot as ever fired a gun. His face was bronzed by long campaigning, but he was hollow-cheeked, and his eyes, dark and expressive, seemed the largest part of his face. Joe said there didn't seem to be much to him but his pluck, yet he never reported sick, and was in every fight with his regiment.

He had been slightly wounded twice in battle, but had told me that he was hoping to come out of the service rugged and strong, and afterward to complete his education. "Then," said he, "I shall be proud of having fought through the war."

The marching, since we left camp, had been very hard, and our brigade had been marched in such a way as needlessly to exhaust the men. One night, after one of our long marches, Joe came to me, and said, "Little Day is kind of petered out. I guess you'd better come and see him."

I roused myself from a sleep, and went. Little Day clasped my hand, and said, "I knew you would come!"

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"I'm all marched out," was the reply.

"Don't lose your courage," said I, "and you'll come out all right."

"I never have lost my courage, but there's no more march in me."

There is little you can do for a sick man on the march, except to give him sympathy, so I stayed by him during the night. When I awoke it was broad daylight. Little Day lay with his eyes wide open, looking wistfully, as if he would make a request.

"What is it? Is there anything I can do for you?" I inquired.

"Yes, turn me over so I can see the sun rise," he faintly whispered.

When I returned from roll-call, rough, stalwart Joe, with tears on his cheek, touched my arm, and said, softly, "Little Day is dead!"

He had fallen asleep to wake, I trust, in a more glorious sunrise. The verdict of the boys, as they crossed his thin hands over his breast, and closed his mournful eyes in their last sleep, was, "Marched to death!"

ON A GLACIER.

Tobogganning on a glacier is a sport which might daunt any but an adventurous soul. Evidently it is an experience never to be matched or forgotten. A descent over a part of the Silvretta Glacier, which lies nearly ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is for the most part smooth and free from the dangers common to glaciers, is described by Miss Margaret Symonds in the *Pall Mall Budget*:

Herr Guler had for a long time entertained the plan of tobogganning over a large portion of the glacier. As the autumn advanced, and the surface of the glacier grew smooth, he urged me to join the expedition, and I consented willingly, tobogganning being my favorite sport. Four toboggans had to be carried up the four thousand feet, and the march was, of course, slow and laborious.

At half-past four we reached the club hut, a tiny stone edifice with two rooms, a table, an iron stove, and hay to sleep on. Soon afterward the glacier was in shadow. Darkness fell suddenly. It was a wonderful world of snow and stars upon which we gazed before we went to sleep.

At three o'clock in the morning we were aroused, and continued our march for fully an hour and a half up over the snowfields, stopping about every forty yards to place a stick in the snow, which should guide us on our downward course. Finally we reached the top of the glacier, and after some delay, Christian and I took our seats, and started slowly forward over the first gentle incline. Guler followed with my friend.

Smooth and very slow at first; then, on a sudden, my toboggan glided more easily, then bounded forward. I realized that I was on the verge of the great rounded summit of the Silvretta Pass. Below me lay the billowy sea of unending white; beyond that again broken bits of moraine; then glimpses of the verdurous Prättigäu, surmounted by innumerable ranges ending in Tödi and the whole Bernese Oberland. Then followed the most breathless flight I have ever flown.

Up dashed the fresh snow into my face, filling my eyes, my eyelids, my mouth and nostrils, and plastering itself in upon my chest. All power of controlling my headlong course had vanished. For a second all consciousness of danger forsook me. I was seized with the intoxication of movement, and hurled forward with closed eyes and lungs choked by the driving snow, which rose in a cloud before me.

When I recovered my senses it was to find myself launched forth upon a gentler slope, and many metres to the left of the assigned course. A few feet in front of me I became aware of an old scar of a crevasse. It was neck or nothing, and I had no energy to stop. I shot across it, and steered out upon an even plain of ice. I had descended through the sunlight, in the space of five minutes, a tract of snowfield which it had taken us more than an hour to climb at dawn.

IN MORTAL PERIL.

Dr. C. C. Abbott, in "Outings at Odd Times," tells a tragic tale of an adventure which once befell an old lady, "long, long ago." The spot where she lived was almost a wilderness, and was beset with the perils of a new and scantily settled land.

The now almost forgotten Camden and Amboy Railroad was in operation, but though scarcely a mile distant, it was as nothing to her. She knew neither what nor where it was. But where the best whortleberries grew, in the back swamp, that was knowledge worth her possessing.

Although her cousin Abijah had killed a bear there, during the winter, she did not stop to think of that, but one day started for berries where few men would care to follow. With a light heart she gathered and gathered, until at length an ominous shrieking fell upon her ears.

"Could it be another bear?" thought she, and turned her face homeward. Her big basket was not quite full, and there were such loads of fruit within easy reach! This was tantalizing, but all her doubt vanished with the second shriller, more unearthly scream.

The path was no longer plain, nor was she sure-footed. As she pitched recklessly forward, the berries were bounced by handfuls from her basket, and finally, in despair, she threw aside the basket itself.

And still sounded through the swamp the terrible screeching of that angry bear. At last, she could see her cottage through the thickly set trees, but not so plainly the tortuous path. One misstep, and she sank, waist-deep, in the yielding mud of an old well, and there she stood screaming, until her husband came to the rescue.

"Do be still, Hannah," was his first remark, after she had chokingly called his attention to the still audible cries of the bear, "that's only the new-fangled steam-ingine whistlin'!"

"And to think," the old lady was wont to remark, on concluding this story, "to think I lost all them beautiful berries!"

SETTLING A DISPUTE.

It is not often that a criminal testifies against himself, but a correspondent mentions a case in which the temptation proved too strong. A man had been shot, under very peculiar circumstances, and the conviction or acquittal of the prisoner turned upon the evidence concerning his exact use of the weapon.

It was argued by the prosecution that, from the nature of the wound, the accused must have been in the street at the time of the shooting, and fired the pistol while on horseback. Furthermore, it was asserted by the lawyer that the pistol must have been held by both hands at the time of its discharge, and certain ingenious theories were advanced to support the statement.

On the other hand, it was alleged by the counsel for the defence, that the shot must have been fired from within the house.

The accused had shuffled very uneasily in his seat during the discussion of this point, and finally he broke in with the remark:

"You're both on you wrong about this shootin'. An' I'm blessed if I don't tell you how it was, seein' as I did it an' ought er know. 'Twa'n't done with any pistol, an' 'twa'n't done on horseback nor in no room. I was in the corn-field acrost the road, an' I sighted the old double-barrel gun on a stump an' blazed away. An' now that p'int's settled, I hope the court will give me credit for tellin' the truth."

The court did give him credit for telling the truth, and also gave him ten years for an attempt at manslaughter. But it was a satisfaction to have that "p'int" settled.

HONEST.

A gentleman who passed the autumn some fifty miles from Philadelphia pays a tribute to the honesty of the Quaker lady with whom he boarded. He passed several weeks at her house, and when the time came for him to leave, he packed up his belongings, paid his bill, and said good-by, leaving the house by the stage-coach, which, in primitive fashion, was to take him to the nearest railway station.

The stage stopped for a few moments at the village post-office, while the mail was made up, and the gentleman, sitting on the box, saw his landlady coming down the street. The driver came out and mounted to his place, but the Quakeress made signs to him to wait, and in a moment she was at the side of the coach.

"I found this in thy dressing-table," she said, extending something wrapped in a wisp of paper.

"What is it?" the gentleman asked, it being rather difficult to reach down to where she stood.

She unrolled the wisp of paper with the greatest gravity, and showed—a discarded quill toothpick.

"Oh, thank you!" the gentleman said, endeavoring not to smile. "It is of no value. You may keep it."

"It is of no value to me," she responded, with unmoved seriousness, and standing upon the step she reached to him the wisp of paper.

There was manifestly nothing to do but to take it, and so the ridiculous scene was ended by the gentleman's pocketing the quill, and thanking the bringer as gravely as if it had been a gold watch.

SURE OF HIS WIFE.

"Pooh!" said one man in the horse-car, as a group of business men were on their way down town, "my wife is the most methodical, careful, neat woman you ever saw. It is all nonsense for a woman to let a house run into disorderly ways. You ought to see how my wife does things."

"Well, of course that is all very well in theory," responded another; "but the best housekeeper gets behind, or something, sometimes."

"My wife *never* does. She is always the same. She keeps everything in first-class shape."

"She must be a remarkable person," said another man. "How long have you been married?"

"Ten years. And she never disappointed me. Why, gentlemen, she always puts everything in the same place, and you know just where to find what you are after. For instance, I went to my handkerchief drawer this morning before daylight, and took out a handkerchief and put it in my pocket before starting out, and I know just as well as I know my own name that that handkerchief is just such a size, and has my initials worked in silk in one corner."

And the boastful man put his hand in his pocket and pulled out—and unfolded—a white night-cap, with long strings dangling from it.

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For the Companion.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.—I.

Now here's a Calendar bright and new;
Come, Daisy, this one is just for you.
We'll learn the letters crooked and queer,
And what they stand for, Daisy, my dear.
Here's J A N at the top,
you know,
Which stands for plenty
of ice and snow,
And skates and sleds, and
snug little beds
That are cozy and warm
when the north winds
blow.
It stands for the good re-
solves we make,
That we'll haste to mend
if ever they break;
For cakes and calls and
Happy New Year;
For sleigh-rides merry,—
for January—
That's what it stands for,
Daisy, my dear.

For the Companion.

ONE DAY AT GRANDPA'S.

"I wonder if I can borrow two or three children for a day or two?" called a familiar voice at the door.

"Oh! oh! it's Uncle Gerald!" cried three eager voices, and three pairs of feet hurried into the hall.

Then Uncle Gerald was hugged and kissed, until he cried for mercy.

"Do somebody help, or I shall be strangled! Call the police!"

Mrs. Bastow looked on, laughing, but did not offer to help him. She knew very well that her brother enjoyed it fully as well as the children.

"If you only will come in and stay a long time," said Phil, trying to pull him into the sitting-room.

"You are always in such a hurry," said Clare. "Please do sit in the arm-chair, till we look at you."

Uncle Gerald seated himself, and took Dolly on his knee.

"Ask your mamma if you may go home with me, and stay till to-morrow afternoon," he said. "Pine Hill is smooth and hard. It's fine coasting, and the 'double ripper' hasn't had a slide this year."

"I am almost afraid to have them go," said the mother, doubtfully, in answer to the children's eager entreaties. "They might get hurt coasting, or take cold."

"Bless your heart!" cried this funny uncle. "There isn't the slightest danger. The hill, you know, is half a mile long, and from the top you can see half-way across the continent—or less. Besides, there isn't a team a month which thinks of going to Europe that road, and as for their taking cold—haven't they a grandmother and two or three aunts, ready to rub them in sweet oil, roll them in cotton batting, and bake them in the oven, if they even dare to sneeze?"

"Well, then, if you'll promise to bring them home 'safe and sound,' early to-morrow afternoon," said Mrs. Bastow, "they may go, but —"

The excited children did not wait to hear the last of the sentence, but hurried away to find clean aprons, coat, cloaks, and hats, and very soon after, they were seated beside their uncle in the sleigh, behind the big gray horses.

The snow was smooth, and there was enough crispness in the air to make their cheeks rosy; but the sun shone bright and warm, and Uncle Gerald told funny stories, and it seemed but a very short time before the city was left in the distance, and they drove up to the farmhouse door; and there was Grandpa and Grandma Avery, and Aunt Grace, and Aunt Jessie, and their four little cousins from across the way, to welcome them.

"We're going to have such fun to-morrow," cried Leon and Roy. "Mamma says we must all go to bed early, so we must go home just as soon as we've played a little while."

"We will," said Phil. "Dolly always gets sleepy by seven, and we had all better go then, so we shall have all the more time in the morning. O grandma, how good your muffins do smell!"

After this hint grandma asked them all to taste her muffins, and after supper the children played a few games, and then went to bed, to rise with the sun. Well muffled in warm clothing, the seven merry cousins started, with the long sled, for "Pine Hill." But grandpa came out from the stable with "Old Dan" harnessed.

"See here, children," said he. "You'll get pretty tired walking up that long hill, and if you'll be very careful, and let him take his own time, you may hitch on 'Old Dan' to draw you up."

Was there ever such fun before? The gentle old horse easily drew them to the top of the hill; then he was unhitched, and trotted down again, while the children went swiftly down on the "double ripper," for almost half a mile.

How they laughed and sang and shouted! They never thought of being cold; and the morning was so short! But they were quite ready for grandma's delicious dinner.

They had such appetites that Uncle Gerald declared "that they should all have to go to the Poor House if Phil and Leon and Roy stayed another day."

After dinner Uncle Gerald brought the sleigh and horses again to the door, and Phil and Clare and little Dolly were wrapped up warmly, and kissed and tucked in.

"We thank you all ever and ever so much for the good times we've had," said Phil, who was the oldest and most thoughtful of the children. "I never had so good a time in all my life, but we always *do* have nice times when we come here—the very nicest times."

"We ought to thank 'Old Dan' too," said Clare. "Oh! wasn't it such fun?"

"You must come and see us just as often as you can," said grandma, tucking a bag of walnuts under the sleigh seat.

Grandpa brought out a basket of red apples, and Aunt Grace a bag of pop-corn, and then Uncle Gerald whipped the horses with the reins or "there wouldn't be a thing left in the house," he said, laughing.

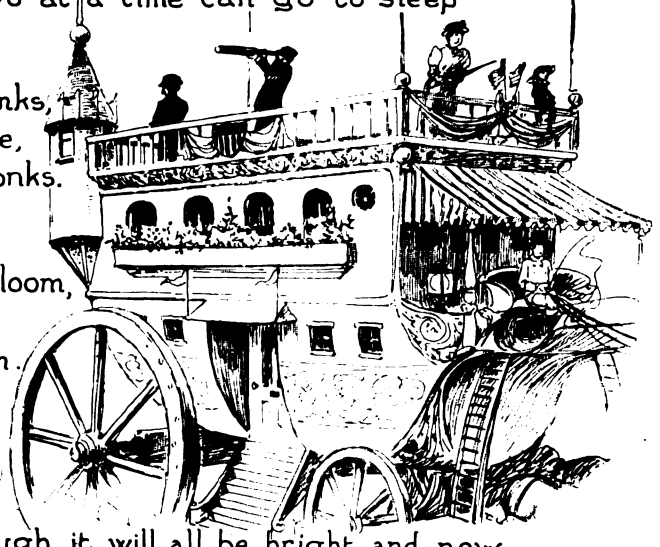
Then they all said "good-by" for the third time, the bells jingled, and the happy children were driven, merrily, to their city home.



THE LITTLE BOY PLANS.

I'll tell you what—when I'm a man
I mean to own a splendid Van,
And travel all the wide world over,
India, China and Japan.

Six horses I shall always keep—
Some of the places will be steep
And when they're not, and it's easy pulling,
Two at a time can go to sleep



The lower part shall be for trunks
And for nice little rooms with bunks,
With only room for a chair and table,
Just like the cells of good old monks.

Above shall be the drawing-room
With window-plants that always bloom,
And a little closet in the corner
To hold the dustpan and the broom.

We'll have to do our eating there
And I shall like it, I declare!
There will not be a thing about it
We mustn't rub, or muddy, or tear

Though it will all be bright and new,
A flag in every corner, too,
And the mantelpiece and all the windows
With hangings of red, white and blue!



I'll have a railing round the top,
And then, wherever I choose to stop.
I can go up there and look about me,
And the railing will not let me drop.

And all the wide world over there's not
A single country, cold or hot,
Where I will not go—but about the ocean?
Oh well! I shall have to keep a yacht!

Margaret Vandegrift

For the Companion.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

One day Owen was riding with his papa and mamma in the country, when he saw a cow in a field with a calf by her side and a bell on her neck. "Mamma," said he, "why does that cow wear a bell?" Mamma did not answer, her attention being otherwise employed. Owen waited a little, and then said, "Is it to call the calf to dinner?"

—

Little Harry came rushing into the house one day, saying, "Mamma, Mr. Clark is sick." "Is he?" said his mother. "What's the matter with him?" "The doctor says it's a theoretic throat," he answered.

—

"Mamma, what made the preacher keep saying something about his ears?" asked Georgie. "I didn't hear him say anything about them," said mamma. "Well, he said, 'Oh, my hearers,' and I thought that meant his ears."



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

You may find in my *first* if the princess
Were lost or won;
My *second* is spurned by thousands,
And loved by none;
My *whole* is a singular person
The frivolous shun,
For he deems my *first* the best thing
Under the sun.

2.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

Numerical Enigma.

The whole, composed of 58 letters, is a quotation from a celebrated novelist, quite appropriate in expressing the character of a well-known inventor, who was born on Jan. 17, 1706.

The 1, 29, 49, 36, 18, 6, 55, 16, 2 is illustrious.
The 3, 4, 32, 22, 5, 42, 8, 10 is to line with boards.
The 7, 19, 9, 34, 11, 28, 54 is an enigma.
The 31, 52, 33, 46, 13, 12 is a whirlpool.
The 15, 21, 25, 14, 17, 45, 27 is web-footed.
The 20, 24, 23, 30, 26, 41 is to cover close.
The 40, 35, 43 is to regret.
The 38, 57, 37, 39 is a decoction of flesh for food.
The 47, 56, 51, 58 is a kind of wine.
The 44, 48, 53, 50 is a child's title for a father.
The name of the author of this quotation and the one to whom it refers will be found in the following.

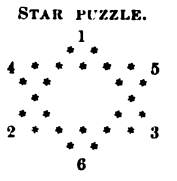
Double Cross-Word Enigma.

In caitiff, not in slave;
In dastard, not in knave;
In villa, not in house;
In coney, not in mouse;
In kicking, not in fight;
In fellow, not in wight;
In running, not in walk;
In singing, not in talk.

CYRIL DEANE.

3.

STAR PUZZLE.



1 to 2. A grand or lofty style.
1 to 3. A thin satin.
2 to 3. The name of an American statesman, who died on Jan. 15, 1865.
4 to 5. The name of an American statesman, who was born on Jan. 18, 1782.
4 to 6. Makes pure.
5 to 6. Wanderers.

GILBERT FORREST.

4.

ANAGRAM.

Uo ff fe em.

These mystic words with meaning fraught
A horror hold beyond your thought,
And yet with smiles full many a time
You've traced through them historic crime.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. 1891 (won—ate—nein—won).

2. 1. *These*. 2. *Electric*. 3. *Watchword*. 4. *Conventions*. 5. *Festive*. 6. *Those*. 7. *Shuttlecocks*. 8. *There*. 9. *Enough*. 10. *Author*. 11. *Excellent*. 12. *Enough*.—The author's name is Goethe.

3.

N
E P
W A R
O Z N I
R E D A N
L A C T I C
E L U X A T E
A B S T R A C T
N I K O U L I N O
S U F F O S S I O N

1 to 10—New Orleans. 11 to 19—Princeton.

4.

Bur R
E l I
G i G
ImpIsH
NighT

5.

S A T E		P A T H
C R O P		P R O W
P L E A		S L E D
E D E N		I D E S
O D E S		E D E N
K N A B		S N A G
P O R T		T O R Y

Zigzags—Present, Holiday.

6. January (Jan-u-Ary).

7. New Year.—We, ye. Wee, wary, weary, wan, raw, any. Wen, ware, way, war, ray, yew, yarn, awe, ear, eye, ewe. Ween, wean, were, wear, warn, ran, yearn, are, earn. Near, ere. Nay.

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For the Companion.

HOUSEHOLD CHEER.

All readers know that dark, lowering days tend to depress the spirits. The effect is partly physical, partly mental. Invalids feel the depressing influence seriously, and even those in vigorous health are sensible of it to a greater or less degree.

Analogous to this effect of dull weather is the effect of gloom in the household. Indeed, the influence is even more marked in this case than in the other. Cloudy days are the exception in the outside world, and are soon succeeded by sunshine; but in gloomy homes there are few rifts in the all-encompassing cloud.

The hygienic influence of such a state of things is very bad, to say nothing of its moral and social effects. It is like the atmosphere of a malarial region, which one cannot help inhaling.

It is thoroughly depressing, and this means that every inherited morbid tendency in the members of such a family is strengthened; that every incipient disease is helped toward development; that where disease is in progress, the power of resistance and recuperation is weakened; that where epidemics are prevailing, the danger of exposure is greatly increased; that the brain itself, the great centre of all vital forces, works with impeded action.

Is it surprising that in gloomy homes there is a lack of spirit, hope and energy? That dark thoughts, impatient acts and unkind words prevail? That little things annoy? That husbands are unreasonable, mothers irritable, and children cross?

We need not spend words in attempting to describe the effect of a cheery home, where love and kindness reign, and husband and wife and children daily bask in a sunshine nearly allied to the glory of heaven, and in turn radiate it into the world around.

But what shall be done to change the gloom to cheer? In some cases, where ill health is the cause of the difficulty, the doctor's advice should be sought. In other cases, a habit of petty fault-finding is the source of the trouble, and must be corrected. Sometimes there is a natural physical tendency to fretfulness, and the will must be aroused to counteract it.

A gentleman who found a habit of gloom steadily growing on him, at length one morning delared, "By the help of God, I will not yield to it any longer!" He set a watch upon himself, and gradually overcame the evil tendency.

In many cases gloomy and irritable moods are due to overwork, want of sleep, improper food, foul air in dwellings, deficiency of exercise in the open air and sunshine, or to lack of change of scene. In such cases, the prime thing is to remove the cause of the evil.

WALKING FISHES.

It may seem absurd to speak of fishes as walking. The flying-fish is well known, but its flight looks much like swimming in the air. We naturally think of fishes as living all the time in water, as being incapable, in fact, of living anywhere else. But nature maintains no hard and fast lines of distinction between animal life which belongs on the land and that which belongs to the water. If we can believe the accounts of naturalists,—and there are no grounds for doubting them,—there are fishes that traverse dry land and others that walk on the bottom of the sea.

It is reported that Dr. Francis Day, of India, has collected several instances of the migration of fishes by land from one piece of water to another. Layard once met some perch-like fishes travelling along a hot and dusty gravel road at midday. Humboldt saw a species of *dorus* leaping over the dry ground, supported by its pectoral fins; and he was told of another specimen that had climbed a hillock twenty feet in height.

A French naturalist published in the "Transactions of the Linnæan Society of Normandy," 1842, an account of his observations on the ambulatory movements of the gurnard at the bottom of the sea. He observed these movements in one of the artificial sea-ponds or fishing-traps, surrounded by nets, on the shore of Normandy.

He saw a score of gurnards close their fins against their sides like the wings of a fly in repose, and, without any movement of their tails, walk along the bottom by means of six free rays, three on each pectoral fin, which they placed successively on the ground.

They moved rapidly forward and backward, to the right and left, groping in all directions with these rays, as if in search of small crabs. Their great heads and bodies seemed to throw hardly any weight on the slender rays, or feet, being suspended in water, and having their weight further diminished by their swimming bladders.

When the naturalist moved in the water the fish swam away rapidly to the extremity of the pond; when he stood still they resumed their walking and came between his legs.

On dissection the three anterior rays on each pectoral fin are found to be supported each with a strong muscular apparatus to direct its movements, apart from the muscles that are connected with the smaller rays of the pectoral fin.

TRADE.

The spirit of barter is one which very early animates certain American children. As soon as they have possessions enough to "swap" for others more desirable, they are happy indeed. The St. Paul *Press* gives a recent instance of such devotion to trade.

"Please, sir," said a boy to the foreman of a paving gang, "will you give me one of those round cedar blocks?"

"Yes, I'll give you one if you will tell me what you want it for."

"To cover it with carpet, and make a hassock."

"What do you want with a hassock?"

"Oh, I can trade the hassock to Mrs. Brown for a bird-cage. Her bird is dead."

"But what can you do with a bird-cage without a bird?"

"Oh, I don't want the cage, but I can trade the cage for an oxidized picture-frame."

"Well, of what use is a picture-frame without any picture?"

"But Mr. Oliver has a picture of General Sheridan, and he said he would trade me a hanging-lamp for a good oxidized frame."

"So it's the lamp you want!"

"No, I've no particular use for a lamp, but I can trade a good hanging-lamp for a Persian rug, and the rug for a Mexican parrot, and Tom Higbie will give me his banjo for the parrot. It's the banjo I want."

MUST YOU GO?

Mr. Hammond was a man of violent temper, which he tried to restrain, but which sometimes got the better of him, in spite of all his efforts. This happened one day when a neighbor who owed him money on a note had, for the twentieth time, asked for further extension of time.

Hot words were passing between the two men, when Mr. Hammond's young grandson, Georgie, who was playing about the room unnoticed, came to the visitor, and spoke to him as he had heard his mother speak to departing guests:

"*Must* you go?"

He was such a little fellow, and the hint for going was so plain, that the angry neighbor almost smiled.

"Must you go now?" said Georgie.

"Well, yes, I think I must," he said; but the absurdity of his dismissal so much mollified Georgie's grandfather that he afterward consented to the extension of the note.

The phrase became almost a watchword for peace in the two families, so that when quarrels were imminent, if some one said, "Must you go? Must you go now?" tranquillity was easily restored. Try it.

WHAT SHE MEANT.

The language of the Irish "servant-girl" sometimes requires interpretation before it becomes intelligible to the average listener. Old words in new senses have something of the difficulty of a dead language.

"What are me duties, if ye plaze, ma'am?" asked Bridget of her new mistress.

"You'll be expected to do all the cooking, the washing, some of the sweeping, and other things which I will tell you as they come up," said the mistress. "And Thursday afternoons, when Mary is out, you will have to answer the bell, and wait upon the table at dinner."

"An' will yez stretch for yerselves, or will I stretch for yer?" asked Bridget, doubtfully.

"What do you mean?" asked her mistress, who, after an explanation which took some moments, discovered that her new cook meant to ask whether she would be required to pass the various dishes at dinner, or whether the family would serve themselves.

ECONOMICAL TRANSLATION.

A young man called upon a retired school-teacher not long ago, to consult him about studying French. He wished to learn the language, but could not afford to take lessons of a regular teacher, and asked what books would be suitable to enable him to acquire a reading knowledge of French.

The old pedagogue fitted him out with a simple book for translation, a vocabulary and a grammar, and left him to work out the problem for himself. A few weeks later they met again.

"How are you getting on with your French?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, first-rate! first-rate! Why, yesterday I translated two whole pages of that book you told me to buy. I got out the meaning perfectly, and had a lot of French words left over!"

VALUABLE CARP.

The Census Bureau, with all the rest of its work, has been attempting to ascertain the value of the carp which have been introduced into American waters. A writer in the Boston *Transcript* says:

One man, to whom a schedule was submitted, replied that the carp in his pond had been worth a thousand dollars to him in the past six months. His wife had been sick, and he had fed her exclusively upon carp, to which diet he attributed her recovery.

She was worth a thousand dollars, at least, and therefore he estimated his gain on his investment at that sum.

The Throat. For Coughs, Hoarseness, or any trouble of the Throat, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents. [*Adv.*

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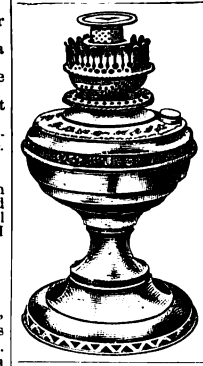
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THE BRONSON SUPPLY CO., Cleveland, O.



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With honest descriptions and illustrations.
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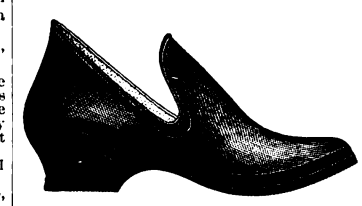
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For the Companion.

LATEST DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE.

THE GULF STREAM.

By J. E. Pillsbury, Lieutenant U. S. Navy.

What is the Gulf Stream? Whence does it come? Where does it cease to flow? To what cause is it due? These questions have been asked from the time when Columbus made his great voyage of discovery, four hundred years ago, down to the present day, and even now some of them have not been satisfactorily answered.

Lieutenant Maury began his description of this wonderful phenomenon with the expression, "There is a river in the ocean." The phrase explains in few words exactly what the Gulf Stream is. It flows along the coast of North America from the lower extremity of Florida to Cape Hatteras, and thence crosses the Atlantic toward the shores of Europe. Like land rivers, it has its source, the Gulf of Mexico, which is fed from the Caribbean Sea. This in turn receives its water from the eastern Atlantic Ocean, into which the Gulf Stream itself pours its own supply, so that there is, in reality, a grand circular movement of the whole ocean, of which the Gulf Stream is a portion.

Our ocean river does not run dry, like those on land, nor does it do much harm when, like the Mississippi, it overflows its banks, because its banks are water, and can easily be pressed aside. It always flows in about the same place over the bottom, too, and when it does change its position it is only in accordance with a law, which makes it return to its original position after a regular time as certain as that spring follows winter. It does not always flow on the surface of the sea, for occasionally it dashes along below the waves; but the same law guides it, and after a while it is sure to rise again to the light of day.

Peculiarities of the Gulf Stream.

This river is very warm, because it comes from the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, where the sun has been heating it for a long time. Of course, after it has left its southern home, and is making its journey across the Atlantic, it is gradually becoming cooler; but, nevertheless, it maintains to the shores of Europe, even well up toward the Arctic regions, a much higher temperature than that of the surrounding air or water.

It has its own finny inhabitants and other animal life: curious little fish and crabs that make nests in the floating sea-weed; beautiful little jelly-fish called thimble-fish, floating or swimming near its surface in such countless numbers that at times the waters are brown with them; and the graceful flying-fish, which dart out of the water in schools; and countless myriads of minute animal life floating about, so that, when the sun is shining high in the heavens, the water seems to be filled with motes. These little things, dying, sink to the bottom, and their diminutive skeletons or shells go to form an ooze, which, if exposed to the air and to pressure, resembles chalk.

This ocean river is quite unlike the rivers of the land in point of size. The Mississippi, at a point below its lowest tributary, is about two thousand feet wide and one hundred feet deep. At places it is wider than this, but there it is shallower. The Gulf Stream, at its narrowest point in the Strait of Florida, is more than two thousand feet deep, and over forty miles wide.

A Rapid Stream.

In point of speed, but few navigable rivers in the world equal the Gulf Stream. It hurries along three, four, five, and sometimes over six miles an hour. Even three miles is fast enough to delay or assist in a great degree, in the course of twenty-four hours, any vessel which happens to be in its influence.

The water is a beautiful deep blue, and so clear that one may look far into its depths. On the edge nearest the coast, where it presses against the colder shore water, its line of meeting with the shore water is frequently so sharply defined that at one end of the vessel you may have the clear warm water from the south, while at the other end is the cold murky water from the north.

Nature is always wonderful, and one can hardly fail to be impressed by the grandeur of high mountains, lofty precipices, immense forests, glaciers and waterfalls, but the Gulf Stream is the greatest of all of nature's wonders on this earth. It is impossible to realize the immensity of it, because it does not appeal to the eye, and the mind can hardly grasp its magnitude by the aid of an array of figures.

We all know that the sea water is salt. Contained in every thousand pounds of water there are thirty-five pounds of saline matter. Now if you could stand on the shore of Florida, and could take all of this saline matter out of the water of the Gulf Stream as it flowed past, during only one minute of time, all the vessels in the world at the present time would not be enough to carry the load.

When Columbus crossed the ocean to America for the first time in 1492, he discovered the existence of the current which enters the Caribbean Sea, and helps to form our Gulf Stream. All the old Spanish navigators noticed this current, and wondered what could be its cause.

Grotesque Theories.

Columbus gave a reason which was generally accepted as correct for many years. He saw that the heavenly bodies appeared to rise in the east, and go down in the west; that the winds in the tropics always blow from the east, and the currents of the ocean move in the same direction. So he concluded that the fluid and gaseous elements on the earth's surface, the air and the water, simply partook of the motion of the sky, and all went around the earth together.

The Gulf Stream itself was not discovered until the famous Ponce de Leon went to search for the Fountain of Youth. The natives told of a wonderful well or spring on the Island of Bimini, and the Spaniards, who were always on the lookout for remarkable or valuable objects, fitted out this expedition of discovery.

They did not know where Bimini was, except that it was somewhere northwest of Porto Rico; but they set out, hoping to find the means of cheating time, and making the old young again. They sailed along the eastern side of the Bahama Islands, and finally reached the coast of Florida. Then they turned south, and sailed against the current for several hundred miles, all the time wondering where the water came from without exhausting the supply, and where it went to without filling up some other place.

After several years it was concluded by many persons that all the water of the sea was moving; that it reached a hole in the earth and went down, and at some other point, a great distance away, returned again to the surface at the starting-point of that or some other current.

Its Effect on Navigation.

For a long time after the settlement of the country which is now the United States, vessels coming from Europe made a very long detour toward the south to avoid the Gulf Stream. Instead of sailing from England to Virginia in the most direct line, they went to the West Indies, and sometimes even around the Island of Cuba, in order to have a favoring current all the way. They did not know that they might avoid the Gulf Stream by sailing north of it.

By and by it was noticed that this great river was always found to be flowing at nearly the same place along our coast, and that the edge was marked by a great change in temperature. The captains of the whaling vessels and Atlantic packets avoided the current by testing the temperature with a thermometer, keeping in the cold water when sailing west, and in the warm water if going east.

A knowledge of this fact led Benjamin Franklin to investigate the subject, and finally to publish a chart defining the limits of the Stream. This happened to be just at the time when the American Revolution was breaking out, and as the information would help the English vessels engaged in the war, Doctor Franklin suppressed its publication, so far as he could, until the contest was over.

After that time, the importance of the study of the Gulf Stream was everywhere admitted. The advantage of a knowledge of it to captains of vessels, who might gain its assistance in their voyages, was evident.

It was also proposed, since it had so great an effect on the climate of Great Britain, to keep swift sailing-vessels in the Gulf of Mexico and the Strait of Florida to carry reports to England whenever its temperature or volume changed materially. This was before the days of fast steamers or the electric telegraph.

Ship captains were requested, and naval officers of most countries were required, to make all the observations possible of the temperature and other features of the Gulf Stream, and regular expeditions were fitted out solely for this purpose by the United States. They devoted a great deal of time in finding the temperature, but there was, at that time, no accurate method of determining the velocity of the water.

The usual way employed to ascertain this velocity was this: A vessel at sea is moved by its own power, or by the wind, on a certain compass course; but at the same time, a current is impelling it in some unknown direction.

Laws Which Govern the Stream.

After a while the captain takes an observation of the sun, or some other heavenly body, by which he is able to calculate almost exactly where the vessel actually is; and the difference between this position and the one where he supposed himself to be he attributes to currents. By collecting many thousands of these results, a fair idea of the general direction and velocity of the currents has been reached.

This method could only tell the general average, and could not enable any one to predict a change in the position of the current, or any variation in strength or direction.

It is also delusive to depend upon the test of the temperature of the water to show the direction of the flow, because the wind and waves, crossing a current of warm water, always carry it, on the surface, beyond the limit of the current.

People who bathe on a sea beach notice that when the wind is blowing toward the shore the water is warmer than when it is blowing in the other direction.

This is simply because the wind slides or pushes the surface water, warmed by the sun, and every wave, large or small, also carries some of the heated water toward the beach. When the wind is blowing from the land the warmest water is carried away, leaving the colder water from below to take its place.

This is also the case in the ocean, with the Gulf Stream.

In quite recent years the government has started out in a more certain way to ascertain the laws of this river. A steamer is anchored in the ocean, and from it the speed and direction of the water, as it flows past, is measured directly, not only on the surface, but hundreds of feet below. Steamers have already anchored in water nearly two miles and a half deep, and probably there is no spot in the ocean at which we shall not be able, before long, to observe the currents.

Instead of employing a chain, as vessels ordinarily do when anchoring in harbors, these steamers use a long, steel wire rope, which is lowered, pulled in, and wound up on a large iron spool, by steam-engines.

In this way we have learned that this great river is governed by laws such as those which govern the tides. You will remember that the tides rise and fall generally twice each day, the greatest rise and fall during the month coming about the time of the new and full moon.

Changes in the Gulf Stream.

In the same way the Gulf Stream's current varies in strength every day, and at different times in the month, depending upon the position of the moon in the heavens. It varies in temperature according to the season, and in position, too, a little; but the grand stream is not erratic. All its movements are fixed by laws that do not change.

It is maintained by some, that the current moved so far to the northward a year ago that it bathed the shores of Nantucket and Long Island, causing the weather in New England to be warmer than usual.

This conclusion was based upon the fact that sea captains found the warm water farther north than usual, and on the finding of a floating sea-weed, peculiar to warm waters, much nearer the shore than customary. But as we have seen, the temperature is a poor guide as to the limits of the current; and the same wind and waves that can carry the water can also carry the small fragments of floating weed.

A Popular Delusion.

Then, too, if the current did reach the shores, it could hardly temper the climate far inland unless the wind carried the heated air; and this the wind can do about as well from the regular position of the current as from any position to which it may have moved.

The month of December, 1889, was very warm for the season of the year, and the cause was assigned by many to the erratic movement of the Gulf Stream. East of the Rocky Mountains the United States Signal Service has eighty-six signal stations, and at sixty-five of these stations, many of them over a thousand miles from the sea, the temperature for the month was many degrees above normal.

At Cape Hatteras the stream is always, winter and summer, very near—indeed, it is just outside the shoals—and yet here the temperature was more than six degrees warmer than the normal.

For the cause of this we must look to the air, and not the water. As it happened during December, the air pressure as shown by the barometer was higher than usual in the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico and the Southern States, and much lower toward Canada, so that the general movement of air was from the warmer toward the colder parts of the continent. The Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf Stream are warm, and the heated air, rising from them, was carried north, and so tempered the weather for the month.

Now what is the cause of the Gulf Stream? Some say that the water in the tropics, being heated, and consequently lighter than the cold, heavy polar water, flows northward on the surface, and the other water southward, underneath. Others say that the trade-winds, always blowing in one direction toward the west, blow the water along, too, and so begin and afterward keep up the movement.

Both are, perhaps, right to a certain extent, as to currents in general, but the Gulf Stream is probably almost wholly due to the wind and the waves alone. The water is pushed by the wind, and thrown by the waves into the Caribbean Sea, from the western end of which the accumulation of water runs into the Gulf of Mexico, and from there it escapes through the Strait of Florida into the Atlantic Ocean.



A Toy St Sebastian

For the Companion.

MY ADVENTURE IN TOYLAND.

I was bound for St. Ulrich, a village in the Tyrol, where Donald, my chum and fellow-countryman, had gone sketching. I was sure of a welcome, for I carried with me Donald's summer allowance, a stout little bag of twenty-mark pieces, which his people at home had been slow in sending.

To protect this treasure, and my own precious person, I tucked a pistol into my flannel blouse, saying to myself as I hid it guiltily away, "Tom Thorne, you are a silly fellow, arming yourself against those peaceful, honest, sleepy Tyrolese peasants; not one of them would hurt a kitten, and you know it."

Leaving the last railway station on my route, I climbed to the top of a crazy old yellow diligence, in which we swayed and rattled about for hours through the Grödnerthal. The shining white peaks of the Marmolata and Seisser Alp seemed to swing from side to side of the valley, as we wound up the long zigzags of the road. Occasionally the horses, and one, at least, of our passengers started at the creaking, heavy roar of an avalanche up among the solitary crags.

The last three hours of the journey I made alone, on foot. It was a lonesome way, still as an empty church. At intervals a tall, wide-armed crucifix lifted itself from the thicket, the life-sized wooden figure nailed upon it terribly real in appearance, in the deepening twilight. Madonnas in gay silk dresses and chains of pink paper roses smiled at me from wayside shrines, and, coming suddenly upon a gaunt, black-robed St. John of Nepomuk, standing beside a foot-bridge, I jumped like a timid maiden at the sight of a mouse.

The rumbling of wheels was a welcome sound, and presently an open cart, filled to overflowing with nothing more nor less than wooden legs and arms for dolls, creaked slowly by—plump pink arms and sturdy legs painted with white stockings and red, yellow and green boots, thousands of them, and of all sizes.

Then I began dimly to recollect that St. Ulrich, besides being famous for its wooden statues for churches, convents and wayside worship, specimens of which had given me the shivers along the road, was also one of the most thriving capitals of Toyland. I was nearing the place which sent out into the world countless cargoes of wooden toys—the Noah's Arks with their spotted animals, the unsteady villages with frizzly, tipsy green cones of trees, all sticky and strong-smelling of their gaudy paint, which had so delighted my childhood.

Entering the village, I saw abundant signs of the chief industry of the place. A girl sat at a window, painting, with a hand swift and sure as a

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machine, round red spots on white hobby-horses. Her neighbor, across the way, was doing exactly the same thing, only the spots were black, on gray horses.

Piles of dolls' heads reached to the ceiling in some rooms, all to supply one German firm which buys thirty thousand dolls a week. One family of six persons carves nothing but skulls and cross-bones for the bases of crucifixes. I saw crowns of thorns by the binful, and here and there a stark, stiff figure lying under the workman's chisel or paint-brush. This disjointed, distorted wooden company visited me freely in my dreams that night.

Donald had gone on a sketching cruise up the Tschlippitbach, and was not expected back at the Elster Inn till the second day after my arrival.

The first day, I had to amuse myself as best I might, and I found the time heavy on my hands. Over the cold stone floor of the dining-room cats, chickens, a goat, and two young chamois ran about fearlessly. Some rough fellows, with bare knees and short stockings covered with green embroidery, sat in the garden with their noses buried in tall stone pots of beer, served by an apple-cheeked girl with tow-colored plaits of hair.

Down by a dark, sedgy pond stood the remains of a summer pagoda—a round roof supported by many shaky props, heavily moss-grown, looking surprisingly like a giant hairy-legged spider sprawling down to the water. A stupid-looking young man with bare feet, and ragged trousers rolled up above his knees, came plunging through the mud to ask if I did not wish to go fishing, with him as assistant. Not liking his looks, I declined his offer, and directed my steps elsewhere.

I was melancholy and lonesome, and heartily wished for Donald's return, so that we might set out upon a long planned walking-tour through this part of the Tyrol.

I went to my room, and, for pastime, opened Donald's little bag of money to make sure the sum was quite right. While I was counting the bright new goldpieces, I saw, in a plum-tree a few feet from my window and on the same level, a pair of muddy bare feet and legs fringed with ragged trousers. Half hidden among the branches of the tree was the remainder of the evil-looking fellow who had asked me to go fishing.

I had foolishly spread out Donald's money without drawing my curtain; and this fellow had, of course, seen me counting it, like a miser. In my melancholy condition, I assured myself that to be robbed and murdered in my bed would be really no greater punishment than I deserved for such stupidity.

I thrust the money back into my breast, and set out for a long tramp over the hills. I did not return till long after dark, and was so tired and hungry that my recent folly was forgotten. After supper my only desire was to tumble into bed as speedily as possible.

While undressing, I dropped a cuff-button on the floor. Sleepily fumbling about for it in the dim light of one tallow dip, my eyes fell upon something which opened them round as cart-wheels in an instant. In the deep shadow under the bed I saw what seemed to haunt me everywhere in this dismal place—a man's bare feet and legs! He lay perfectly still, trusting to the darkness to conceal him; which it would have done if I had not dropped my button.

"So, my ragged friend of the fish-pond and plum-tree, you liked the looks of Donald's money, and are here to make off with it to-night? Well, my hearty, we shall see who comes off best in the tussle. You are a blundering rascal, or you would, at least, have put on your stockings to hide those feet, which I have had the pleasure of seeing once too often."

These thoughts and many more flashed through my brain, but I was quiet as a mouse, and gave no sign that I knew the man was there till I had my pistol in my hand. How lucky, after all, that I had had the forethought to bring it!

With my thumb on the trigger I exclaimed, boldly, in my best German, "Come out from under my bed, you thievish vagabond!"

This invitation produced no effect.

"Crawl out at once," I repeated, "or I'll shoot you at once!"

Again no response. What an abject coward he was! My blood was up, and after one more loudly uttered warning, I fired—low, so as not to inflict a mortal wound. The dead silence that followed even these violent measures chilled me to the bone, and I repented bitterly of my hot haste. I had doubtless killed the poor half-witted creature, who was not responsible for his actions.

My pistol-shot made a sensation elsewhere in the Elster. Presently the landlady, wild-eyed and trembling, burst into my room, followed by a lank, black cat, and a crowd of retainers.

"*Donnerwetter noch e' mal!* What has happened? Is the gracious young gentleman murdered in his bed? Help! fire! Ach! send for the Herr Pastor and a mustard-plaster!"

I explained, with dignity, that I was unhurt, but that my property, and probably my life, had been in great danger at the hands of the ruffian concealed under my bed; and I pointed with tragic gesture to the ten dimly visible toes.

The landlady bent her portly person with some difficulty, and peered beneath the valance of cotton crochet round the bed, my tallow candle affording the necessary illumination.

Frau Wobber of the Elster did not display the emotions I was prepared for. On the contrary, she exclaimed with a scornful grunt, "*Ach donner!* all this fuss about Benny's St. Sebastian!"

She seized one of the feet with scanty ceremony, and dragged forth—a carved wooden figure of the luckless martyr Sebastian, stuck over with more than his usual allowance of arrows.

"My son Benny carved it for the convent at Hirsch Insel, but the sisters thought it too dear. Such nonsense! Look at the work on him! How beautiful he is—and how bloody! Benny was always a generous hand with the red paint, and it costs a pretty penny. Na', Benny would not take the stingy little price the sisters offered, so we stowed away Sebastian here under the bed, to wait till the church at Erlenfeld is finished.

"I ought to have told you, sir, to save you a fright, but what with pig-killing last week, and my Clärchen going to be married next Sunday, my poor head is all in a flurry. Your bullet has gone clear through his leg, but Benny can stick in another arrow in the hole, and it will do all the better for Erlenfeld."

If Donald had been there with his brush, he might have made a telling picture of the group in the dingy little bedroom of the Elster; the gory, rigid statue on the floor; the old hostess in her mob-cap and short red petticoat, beneath which the witch-like cat cowered, glaring at the company with its big yellow eyes; I with my pistol in my hand, and in the background, a crowd of open-mouthed bumpkins from the kitchen, stables and lodging-rooms.

If they had all stayed in the background! But alas! somebody advanced, stealthily and unnoticed, farther into the room, to his or her profit and my considerable loss. I discovered, all too late, that while I was congratulating myself upon not being a murderer, some of the rabble who had trooped to my room had really made off with Donald's money—a fact which prevented me from appreciating the full absurdity of my adventure till long afterward.

I made every effort to recover the money which my stupid blunder threw in the thief's way, but it was a total loss.

All this painful part of the affair I kept a profound secret from Donald, replacing his money with my own, and living on what old Moses Schneider in Munich allowed me for my watch and best sleeve-buttons. Donald's jokes about St. Sebastian were hard to bear, for they carried a deeper sting than he realized.

RACHEL CAREW.

For the Companion.

A PANTHER IN THE HAYSTACK.

The valley of the Clark Fork, in Montana, is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque regions in America. Owing to the fact that winters here are not quite so severe as in the adjoining mountain



valleys of the same latitude, the Flathead Indians had, for many years before the railway was built and white settlers came, been accustomed to drive hither their herds of ponies or cayuses to pass the snowy season in the sheltered, grassy vale of this beautiful, clear-tinted mountain river. One of the railroad stations perpetuates the name of Horse Plains, while another bears the yet more alluring appellation of Paradise Valley.

In a pleasant nook of the river and the crags, a Scotchman, McClerg by name, built a log-cabin about twenty years ago, and beginning with a single ewe, soon possessed a flock of sheep. He fenced with logs, and cultivated a small vegetable garden, had a shed for his sheep and cow, and was accustomed to cut and stack hay for the winter season near his little homestead.

McClerg brought from Scotland a wife, a little girl, and a boy about thirteen years old. The boy, who was a chubby, resolute fellow, was named Duncan, or, as they pronounced it, Dooncan, although he was more commonly called "Doonkie."

The first winter which the family spent in Paradise Valley brought them many surprises. They marvelled at the extraordinary severity of the cold, the "snapping" of the trees from the frost, and the great snow-falls.

McClerg himself, who suffered from rheumatism, would scarcely stir forth from the cabin when the great snow-drifts piled up about them, but Doonkie was more plucky. He shovelled paths through the snow-banks to the shed where the cow and the three sheep were sheltered, and attended to their food and water, which was no light task, for the water had to be brought for them in a bucket, from a hole in the ice, down the Fork, or else the creatures had to be driven there once a day to drink.

It was with difficulty that the "drink-hole" was kept open in the severest weather. Ice formed fully three feet in thickness, and during one week the snow-banks quite overtopped the cabin and the shed.

In addition to these cares, the lad was obliged to cut and draw in firewood on his hand-sled from pine-trees, which grew at a little distance. Later in the season, he had to draw hay to the sheds from the stacks which his father had made in August. But in this labor he had the cow's help.

He made a "crooked yoke," and led the cow attached to the hand-sled along the path which he opened to the stacks. Although he was kept so busy, the boy enjoyed his responsibilities. He liked to be stirring and bustling about.

He drew in the hay only as fast as necessity for fodder arose, and used the supply in the nearest stacks first. So as the winter advanced and the snow deepened, he had farther and farther to go. It was not very good management, but was pardonable in emigrants who were new to the country.

The farthest and largest stack stood nearly a hundred rods from the cabin, near a tall, blasted pine-tree, and near also the rocky bank of the Fork. On the other side, distant fifty or sixty yards, rose a crag of jagged, wild aspect, crowned by pines.

A great deal of interest attached to this stack in the lad's mind, for during the winter he had frequently seen large black animals about it. Sometimes there were two, sometimes three or four, and once five had been seen pulling out mouthfuls of hay.

Doonkie perceived from the cabin that they had made sad inroads upon the stack. Neither he nor his father knew that they were elk, but the fondness of the animals for fodder suggested that they were some kind of deer.

For a fortnight or more Doonkie noticed the black animals at the stack every day. Then nothing more was seen of them for three or four days. About this time it became necessary for Doonkie to make a trip there for hay. He yoked the cow one morning, and having hitched her to the sled, led her along by a rope attached to her horns, while he walked ahead with hay-fork and shovel to open the path to the stack.

Approaching it, he perceived that the snow had been trampled, and that a good deal of hay had been scattered about. There was a path which led from the stack up the valley, and a little way along this trail he could see where the elk had wallowed through a snow-bank, eight or ten feet in depth.

All these signs the lad's eyes noted with great curiosity, but going around to the other side of the stack, he saw something which at once thrilled him with alarm. There lay gnawed bones, bits of black hide, and the head and antlers of a large elk. The snow was discolored with blood-stains, and there were other indications that a great struggle had taken place here.

With wonder and growing fear the boy peered about, stepping very cautiously now. Beneath the stack, close down to the trodden snow, there was a sort of hole or opening, under the hay. With heart thumping audibly, he stooped to look into it, when his eyes encountered those of some savage animal which was apparently in the act of creeping out!

Terrified now in good earnest, Doonkie darted around the stack to where the cow stood, harnessed to the sled. Then he turned to see if the beast had come out. There it stood, crouching on the snow, not twenty feet away, switching its long tail to and fro.

There is no doubt that the animal was a panther, but Doonkie McClerg knew only that it was a fierce and terrible creature of a species utterly unknown to him. With a howl of affright which his mother heard at the cabin, he dashed past the cow and started to run home.

The cow, frightened at the sight or smell of the panther, turned to run almost at the same instant; and with good cause, for the ferocious brute sprang upon her back as she turned to bolt, and fastened its claws into her shoulders.

The cow, a sturdy creature, galloped along the path, bellowing, bearing the panther and jerking the sled behind her, helter-skelter. She went at such a pace that the lad was overtaken after a few rods, and knocked aside into the snow, where he fell, rolled over and lay nearly buried. The sled had barely missed him, and as he raised his head and scrambled up a little, he saw it as the cow galloped, bounding alternately high in the air, then plowing into the snow.

Once or twice the sled seemed to fall upon the panther, and this circumstance discomfited the beast, or, perhaps, actually knocked it off the cow's back. It lost its grip before the cow gained her shed, and then stood in the path a hundred yards or more from the cabin, looking wistfully after its intended prey.

It was at this juncture that Mrs. McClerg came out to ascertain what had caused Duncan to cry out in so strange a manner. Seeing the cow dash past, and then perceiving the panther standing in the path, the poor Scotch woman was horror-stricken, and stood for a moment as if petrified. Then she cried out:

"Me bairn, oh, me puir bairn! That fearsome beastie has eaten him up!"

The lad, meantime, lay as low as he could in the snow, in mortal fear lest the panther should turn about and find him. He heard his mother's lamentations, but probably felt that it was better for her to be mistaken and grief-stricken for a time, than to have her guess made right by his calling out.

Next the boy's father came hobbling forth. Strange to say, although this settler had wandered so far into the great West he did not possess a gun. He laid hold of his axe, and advanced past his wife, but awed by the savage aspect of the panther, took second thought and stopped short.

Mrs. McClerg, whose motherly anxiety had now risen to the pitch of frenzy, ran back into the cabin, and, seizing with each hand a smoking brand from the fireplace, ran straight along the path toward the beast, brandishing the sticks and uttering shriek on shriek.

She presented such a singular and formidable appearance to the panther, that its switching tail dropped, and, suddenly turning, it trotted back along the path. As it came past where the boy lay in the snow, its flashing, yellow eyes fell upon him. It paused, and for one terrible moment, he thought that the beast would surely pounce upon him. But with a backward glance it ran on again, passed the haystack, and was lost from view along the elk path.

Duncan McClerg, now grown to be a man, tells the story in a very graphic manner. The sudden appearance of the panther from under the haystack plainly made a very vivid and indelible impression upon his boyish mind.

For the Companion.

INDIAN MEDICINE AND MEDICINE MEN.

Probably there is no greater impostor than the so-called Indian doctor, who pretends to have derived from the Indians his herbs and his knowledge of their use in the cure of disease. Such impostors abound in all our larger cities, and though some of them have a smattering of medical lore, and know, at least, the names of the diseases they profess to cure, it is certain that, be their knowledge of diseases and simples much or little, it is not obtained from the Indians.

It is true that a few of the Indians now have a slight knowledge of diseases, and resort to herbs in their cure, but this knowledge is not their own; it is obtained at second-hand from the whites. The old-time Indian theory of disease, that which the Europeans found in possession of the Indians when they came to America, is possibly the most curious of their many strange ideas; and if their theory of the nature and origin of sickness is curious, the methods they employ to restore the sick to health are not less so.

The Indian is intensely superstitious; and although superstition is common enough now among us, who think we are civilized, it is difficult to understand the extent to which superstitious fancies govern every act of the Indian. The free savage exists only in the mind of the poet. The savage is, in fact, a slave, a slave to his own fancies, which never for a moment leave him free.

Does he intend to go hunting? He must first fast, and invoke the aid of his fetich. Is he bent on the more important and hazardous business of horse-stealing or the war-path? His abstinence from forbidden things must be longer, his fasting more rigid, his religious dances and ceremonies more devoutly performed, his prayers to his fetich more earnest.

The fetich is of a variety of shapes. Now it is a weasel's skin, or a stone curiously colored or curiously shaped by nature; now it is a bit of stone or wood rudely carved to represent some animal god. These fetiches, or guardian spirits, are revealed to the Indian in a dream after a prolonged fast, and they must never be shown or their nature revealed, else their protecting power is withdrawn. Bad luck causes the Indian to change his fetich; for of what use, argues the savage, is a god unless he is able and willing to look after the interests of his worshipper?

When he is taken sick, there is no doubt in the Indian's mind as to the cause of the trouble. He has neglected some duty, has transgressed some obligation to his deity, or, more likely still, is bewitched.

Witchcraft is of all things most dreaded by the savage, and as belief in witchcraft is universal among all primitive tribes, it is small wonder that civilized folk, who after all are removed but a few thousand years or less from the savage, should retain many survivals of this belief. It is not so strange, after all, that the good Puritans of New England hanged people as witches. They merely retained a little longer than some others an extreme form of a well-nigh universal belief.

When sick, then, the Indian believes that his body is possessed by spirits which assume various shapes, according to the part of the body affected, or the tribe entertaining the belief. Thus a toothache is supposed to be caused by a small worm which is busy gnawing at the root of the tooth; and the shaman or medicine man, when called upon to assist the sufferer, prays to a bird or squirrel to take away the worm, and put it into the hollow or forks of a tree.

Rheumatism is caused by the deer or by the measuring-worm, the idea being suggested in the latter case by the manner in which the measuring-worm arches his body in walking, which is supposed to be like the contortions of a rheumatic patient. On no account must the patient eat a squirrel or touch a cat, since the manner in which these creatures arch the back indicates an affinity with the disease. Nor must he eat the legs of any animal, since, as every one knows, the limbs are most frequently affected with rheumatism, and by eating the legs of an animal the "disease spirit" residing there might be taken in.

The above are certainly curious beliefs, but the cure resorted to is even more curious. Every one has noticed ferns as they spring up from the ground in spring. The stalk and leaves are curled into a ball, which slowly uncoils under the influence of the sun and warm rains. The patient is given an infusion of the roots of ferns, and is supposed to receive power from the friendly plant to straighten the members which are curled and crooked by the spirit of rheumatism, just as the fern straightens its own stalk.

The terrapin is thought to have much influence

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in causing sickness, and the terrapin disease is either a rheumatic affliction about the chest and ribs, or possibly some pulmonary trouble. The association of the terrapin with diseases in this portion of the body, doubtless, originates from the fact that the ribs of the terrapin are not free, as in the case of most of the higher animals, but are united into one piece.

An Indian who was ill applied for relief to a shaman, and was asked, "Did you not, when a boy, tie strings to the terrapin's tail and worry the creature?"

The patient admitted that he did.

"Well," said the medicine man, "that is what is the matter. It is the terrapin's turn now, and the terrapin is paying off old scores. You have the terrapin sickness, and all your ribs have grown together, and to your breastbone."

The shaman administered the proper remedy prescribed in such cases, I forget what it was, and the man thought he was cured.

"Beggars' lice" or "ticks," as they are called, which stick to the clothes of every one who saunters in the woods, are thought to be a sure cure for a short memory. A tea made of the ticks will make facts stick to the mind; and what is more, if administered to your sweetheart it will fix her affections upon you. If one would be a good singer, let him drink a tea made of crickets; for has not the cricket a pleasant voice, and does he not sing merrily all day long?

So on through the whole list. Childish enough such fancies may seem to us, but they are real to the Indian. Moreover, such notions constitute the first crude conceptions which ultimately ripen into the more scientific medicine of to-day.

The Indian theories of disease originated chiefly among the shamans, and they claimed to be able not only to cure the disease, to drive away or coax out the afflicting spirit, but also to send "disease spirits" to whomsoever they chose. It was this supposed power which made them so greatly dreaded, and conferred so much influence upon them.

The implicit reliance placed upon the word of a shaman, and his influence over a fellow-tribesman, may be illustrated with this anecdote. A Sioux Indian, who had lost a relative by death, vowed to kill the first living thing he met. This was once not an uncommon practice among our Indians.

Issuing from his lodge, he chanced to meet a missionary—a man much beloved by all, from whom this Indian had received many favors. Unwilling, but bound by his vow, he shot his benefactor as he passed. Indian usage did not sanction a bloody retribution on the murderer, since the obligation of his vow was recognized by all.

The shaman, however, upbraided him for his act, and pronounced his doom, saying, "You will die within the year."

The Indian, though apparently a well man at the time, was seized by a wasting disease, and actually did die within the specified time, a victim to his own superstitious imagination.

Usually, in bewitching a person, it was thought necessary to possess something closely connected with the victim, as a lock of his hair, a nail-paring, or even a small quantity of his saliva.

The belief engendered by the shamans often had very serious consequences to innocent persons. If a shaman told a patient that he was afflicted by a disease which a certain man or woman had charmed into him, the consequences to the supposed offender were often serious enough, and such beliefs led to many deaths.

This is particularly the case in Africa, where the same belief occurs, and thousands are yearly sacrificed, because they are supposed to have afflicted others with disease spirits or to be the authors of misfortunes of one sort or another.

The power to "hoodoo," that is, bewitch, is believed in by a very large number of the negroes of this country. In fact, such beliefs are common to the ignorant everywhere, be they red, white or black.

We should not be too ready to despise the Indian who holds them, since faith in charms, fortune-telling and similar nonsense survives to-day among civilized people who ought to know better, and many are they who thrive by the practice of such arts. Credulity does not die with sorcery and barbarism, but lives on, and will continue to live until men grow much wiser than they have yet grown.

H. W. HENSHAW.

WHO ARE THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE?

The Earl of Derby answered this question recently in an address to the Scientific and Technological School of Liverpool, an institution of which he was one of the founders. He said:

"Having known men of many professions, I should say that the happiest lives are those which have been devoted to science. Every step is interesting, and the success of those who do succeed is lasting.

"What general, what orator, what statesman, what man of letters can hope to leave a memory like that of Darwin? An invalid in health, a man who seldom stirred from home; a man until his later years very little known to the outer world, but who from his quiet study revolutionized the thought of Europe, and will be remembered as long as Newton and Bacon.

"If fame be ever worth working for (I do not say it is) that kind of fame is surely the most durable, and the most desirable of all."

These words are true of the disinterested men of science. We have never had in this country men more uniformly cheerful and good-tempered than Franklin, Rittenhouse and Jefferson, who spent most of the leisure of their lives in the pursuit of knowledge; and Professor Agassiz was noted for the buoyancy of his spirits in every company where he felt at home. But we can say something similar of every person who has a pursuit suited to his talents and circumstances.

The happy people are they who have an occupation which they love, apart from any advantage it may bring them, one that they pursue with generous ardor. It is the element of disinterestedness that cheers their lives, whether they are engaged in ordinary or extraordinary avocations; and this is the reason why earnest students have such a keen enjoyment of existence.

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DONALD KENNEDY
Of Roxbury, Mass., says:

I have kept a Scrap Book for a good many years of letters received from patients; some are long, too long to publish; some are short, short and good. Rainy days I sit down and read them, and have learned a good deal about the human body from some poor, sickly woman or overstrained man. Here is one of them. I call it a good letter:

TRENTON, TEXAS, Sept. 28, 1886.

"To Kennedy of the Medical Discovery, Roxbury, Mass. I am so proud of my recovery as to express my feelings in thanks to you. The RHEUMATISM has made me four-legged for six years. At last I have traded off two of them to Bell—Druggist—for four bottles Kennedy's Discovery. I am yours, gratefully and unsolicited, J. B. IVY."

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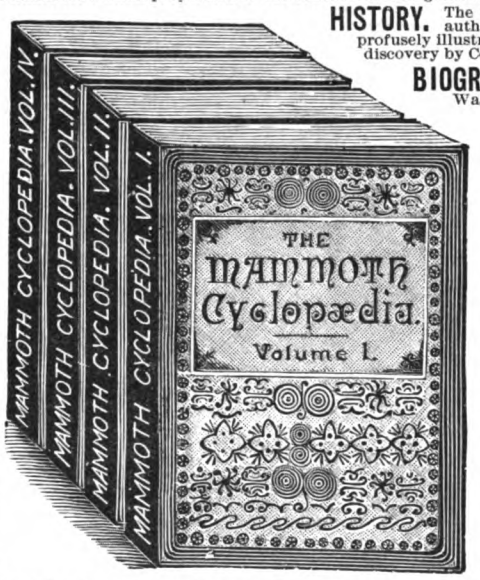
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THE NOSE OF BRASS.

One of the most famous of the colleges which, taken together, form the great English University of Oxford is named Brasenose. It is officially known as the King's Hall and College of Brasenose, and was founded in the year 1509. The origin of this singular name, which plainly seems to have some sort of reference to a *brazen nose*, has been a matter of controversy. Many scholars maintained that it had nothing to do with a nose, but was derived from the Latin *bracinum*, malt, and the English *house*, and testified to the fact that one of the old halls at Brasenose, since absorbed into the new foundation, had been used for brewing purposes. This explanation seemed rather forced, and a recent event has put the authorities of the college on record as accepting the opposite theory.

In fact, the true "brass nose" of Brasenose has been found, brought back from another English town to Oxford, after an exile of five hundred and sixty-six years, and set up in a place of honor in the college.

The recovered nose, carried upon a velvet cushion, and followed by the principal, vice-principal and other authorities of the college, has been received in state, and its restoration commemorated by addresses by those functionaries, by the Bishop of Salisbury, and by several eminent professors.

It is known that, in the year 1334, Oxford University was temporarily removed to the ancient town of Stamford, in Lincolnshire. There is no record that the university possessed a brass nose among its symbols at the time of the removal; but Anthony à Wood, an antiquarian who wrote in the seventeenth century, tells of a certain building in Stamford "near to one of the Tower gates, which to this day is called Brazen Nose, and hath a great gate and a wicket, upon which wicket is a face or head of old cast brass, with a ring through the nose thereof."

He adds that the name of the building was written in leases and deeds "Brazen Nose." This is held by authorities to have been a part of the belongings of the university.

BY TELEPHONE.

The telephone accomplishes many useful and wonderful things nowadays. One of its most important functions is the enabling of patients to communicate promptly with their physicians. Sometimes the instrument may be of doubtful service to the doctor.

One afternoon a city doctor was called from the dinner-table, just as he had finished his carving for the family and begun to eat on his own account, to answer the telephone.

"Hello! Hello!" came a sharp, eager call over the instrument.

The doctor recognized the voice of a very nervous man of his acquaintance.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm not well at all, doctor, but I haven't got time to come and see you, and I want you to cure me by telephone, you know."

"Well —"

"Well, just hear this cough: ahum! ahum! ahum! Isn't that pretty bad?"

"But," the doctor began, "I can't —"

"And what do you think of my breath? Now, I'll breathe into the telephone. Fhwee! Do you get that?"

"But I can't judge of your breath through the telephone!"

"You can't, eh? So you can't—that's a fact! Well, I haven't any time to come and see you, nor to wait here until you come down, so I guess I'll call in at Doctor Handy's on my way down town, and get him to prescribe for me. Oh, I say! Don't put this in your bill, now!"

As the doctor goes back to his cold roast he speculates as to whether the absurdly thoughtless and nervous man or the telephone is the greater annoyance.

AS FREIGHT.

Those were bustling days on the Western rivers, fifty years ago, when emigrants from the East flocked to the prairies of the West. Some of the emigrants, being poor, paid in part for their passage by helping to "wood the boat," that is, by carrying wood down the bank, at the wood landings, and throwing it on the boat. A writer in the *Century* tells of an impecunious Irishman, who did not wish to pay full fare nor to carry wood.

He boarded a Western steamer, at a landing, and asked the fare to St. Louis. Being told, he then asked:

"What do you charge for one hundred and fifty pounds of freight?"

Upon learning the price, a small amount, he said, "I'll go as freight."

"All right," replied the captain; "put him down in the hold, and lay some flour barrels on him so that he won't roll about if we have heavy weather."

KNOWLEDGE AND INSTINCT.

James Hogg, a Scotch poet known as the Ettrick Shepherd, was a close observer of life under many different forms and conditions. A conversation with a fellow shepherd upon the habits of the salmon is reported, in which shrewd native reasoning is shown. It brings out the Scotch love of metaphysics.

Shepherd—I maintain that ilka saumon comes aye back again frae the sea till spawn in its ain water.

Friend—Toots, toots, Jamie! Hoo can it manage till do that; hoo, in the name o' wonder, can a fish, travelling up a turbid water frae the sea, know when it reaches the entrance to its birthplace, or that it has arrived at the tributary that was its cradle?

Shepherd—Man, the great wonder to me is no hoo the fish get back, but hoo they find their way till the sea first ava, seein' that they've never been there afore!

THE New York *Tribune* reports that a woman of that city is disturbed by the irreverence with which the newspapers speak of public men. "Take the case of Major William McKinley," she says. "It would be bad enough to call him Bill McKinley, but here are all the papers calling him McKinley Bill." She thinks it must be an imitation of the cowboy style.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

KENT HAMPDEN.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

The Dwarf.

A month earlier, Kent's mother would have regarded his proposition to set out on a long and perilous journey as sheer madness; but now she welcomed it, and began the next day to pack his knapsack, praying and praying silently as she did it. She was stunned by the hopelessness of the whole calamity.

When Kent told her his plan, she said that God had put it into his heart. She would send the boy out in faith that God would help him to prove his father's innocence.

In order to travel independently, Kent must go on horseback.

"What is your plan?" his father asked.

"I suppose, sir, the money must have been stolen between here and Cumberland. You say you have confidence in the three passengers?"

"Perfect confidence, my boy."

"Then the money must have been taken by the coachman or by some way-passenger. I shall go to those who were with you all the way, and tell them the story. Perhaps they may have observed something which will be a clue."

"Very good! very good!" Mr. Hampden's spirits rose with this gleam of hope.

"You will not tell any one that I have gone, father?"

"Not a soul! I did mention it to Congdon, but I charged him to keep it secret. By the way, Tom Congdon wants to go with you."

"Tom Congdon!" exclaimed Kent, dismayed.

"Yes. His father thinks the adventure will make a man of the boy. Do you object?"

"N-no," said Kent, who on second thought found the idea of a companion not unpleasant. "If Tom knows about it, it will be much better to have him go."

Tom was delighted with the prospect of adventure. Besides, his going as Kent's comrade and friend would, he knew, prove to the boys his contempt for the scandal about Wetzel's cave. He still kept the note-book, but he would not add to Kent's trouble by telling him of the suspicion resting on him.

Colonel Congdon consented to Tom's going, "because," he said, "if Kent should find the money alone, the town would say his father told him where to look for it. They would quote the old saw, 'Hiders are good finders.' But no one will dare hint that Tom is an accomplice."

It was a cool October morning when the two boys started, Tom riding his frisky mare Bess, and Kent his father's black horse, Conky. Each boy carried a rifle, a change of clothes in a knapsack, and saddle-bags stored with provisions, and sufficient money to pay the expenses incurred on the way.

His father held Kent's hand, his mother prayed that God might be with him. Carey laughed, and threw an old shoe after him.

He looked back at the corner of the street, and saw Carey perched on the cherry-tree, watching them.

"How she does want to come!" said Kent. "That baby has a heart as big as Jack the Giant-Killer's."

"What a chance she's a girl!" said Tom.

The fields were covered with white frost, which disappeared as the sun came up. The road climbed up the sides of the hills, which now wore their royal autumn robes, gold and scarlet and crimson.

There was a measureless splendor and silence in the forest that would have awed any one but a boy with a gun. The only interest Tom and Kent had in the woods was the hope of seeing wild game. If they could bring home a bearskin with the money, their glory would be almost too great to support.

The road was not a very lonely one. Sometimes they met a traveller on horseback, with pack and gun like themselves; sometimes there were great freight wagons from Philadelphia going West and South. Twice they passed huge emigrant wagons, with high canvas tops, and drawn by eight horses, each carrying his arch of chiming bells.

One of these was filled with emigrants going to "the Ohio," which was then the West. They were from the Austrian Tyrol, and wore their picturesque costume; the women with their white sleeves and high red velvet caps peeping out of the huge wagon, and the men marching outside, each shouldering his gun.

Kent drew a long breath. "It is a fine thing to get out and see the world," he said. The trouble at home dwindled and shrank on the open road. He became absolutely certain of success in his task of clearing his father's reputation.

"I have no doubt the driver robbed father while he was napping. It will be easy to find him by inquiring in Hardscrabble."

"As easy as treeing a coon!" shouted Tom. "Then seize the money, hand the thief over to the sheriff, and march home. That will be a great day! The whole town will turn out to meet us!"

He whipped up Bess in his excitement, and just at that moment one of the men with the retreating wagon uttered a shrill Tyrolese *jodel*. Bess cocked her ears, danced wildly down the hill, and then changing her tactics, stopped and threw Tom clear over her head.

"Oh, she's done it before!" he sputtered, as Kent pulled him out of the mud. "But I—I don't want to keep you back; I'll mount."

With the word, he reeled and fell senseless. The blood was oozing from a deep cut in the head. Kent brought water from a neighboring spring, sprinkled his face, tied up the wound with his handkerchief, rubbed his hands, and shouted in his ear.

But Tom, for almost the first time in his life, had nothing to say. He lay still and white, the blood soaking through the handkerchief.

There was a rattle of wheels behind them. "What's the matter?" said a squeaky voice. "Don't yell that way in the boy's ears!"

"He's dead!" said Kent, looking up, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

The man gave a perplexed whistle. "I reckon not, sonny," he said. "Hold on a minute."

He hurried off to his wagon—a queer structure, built like a little canvas house in front, with a square box behind. The canvas was painted red, and the box striped brown and yellow, like a tiger's back.

The man was as extraordinary in appearance as his wagon. He was a dwarf, not more than four feet high, with a heavy chest, thin legs and a round, babyish face.

He climbed like a cat to the box, opened it, and in a minute was back with a sponge, plaster, scissors, and a bottle.

"Wet the sponge, my boy," he said, taking Tom's head in his lap, and expertly clipping the hair about the wound. "It won't need a stitch."

Kent watched while the dwarf, with the skill of a surgeon, dressed the cut and bandaged it.

"I have not introduced myself."

Tom opened his eyes. "Take this," said the queer little man, pouring a few drops of the medicine into a cup. "Aha! That brings the color! Take his legs, and we'll carry him back into the shade."

"I must push on—push on!" muttered Tom. "I am keeping Kent back."

"You mustn't push on for an hour or two. Give your blood time to cool. It's dinner-time, anyhow. I was just going to have my cold repast. Will you take a bite with me, gentlemen?"

"Thank you, sir. You've been very good indeed to us!" exclaimed Kent, wringing the hand which his new friend held out. "I'll bring our saddle-bags."

Tom regained his senses rapidly as the cold tongue, buttered biscuit and chicken were spread on the grass. The dwarf whistled and sang as he hopped about, tetigging at last from the wagon a tiny stove, in which he set some chips burning.

"Coffee!" he said. "And sausages!" He produced a miniature pot and pan. The savory steam soon rose through the trees.

"I'm sound as a trivet!" said Tom. "I never was so hungry in my life!"

"Set to, then, gentlemen!"

The dwarf himself ate little, but beamed down on his companions thoughtfully, running to the wagon to bring knives, salt, mustard, and whatever he fancied they might want. Suddenly he stopped, drawing himself to his full height.

"I have not introduced myself," he said. "I am Nero Fife, at your service; peddler, travelling dentist, and mediciner. I can furnish you with stuffs, hats, pins, tapes and jewelry; can apply dry cups and leeches, cure cancers and corns, pull teeth, and play the fiddle for the dances of the *long tang*."

Tom laughed aloud, but Kent rose and shook hands with him gravely. "This is Tom Congdon, Mr. Fife. My name is Kent Hampden," he said.

"Hampden of Wheeling?" said the dwarf, with a keen glance at Kent's face.

"He has heard that my father stole the package!" thought the boy, his blood hot in his veins. The dwarf was silent for a minute; then he began to chatter with fresh energy.

"Yes, sir! This is the famous Nero Fife," he said, clapping his hands on his breast. "Known throughout the Alleghany Mountains! My mother was the beautiful Miss McJilton, celebrated for having been stolen by the Indians when an infant. Not rescued until she was sixteen! She taught me the great secrets of the red man in the healing art—cancers, corns, —"

"Well, you worked a wonderful cure on me, Mr. Fife," said Tom, pulling out his purse.

"Mr. Fife to the world," said the peddler, loftily. "Doctor Nero to my friends. Put up your purse, sir. Foes from indoor patients; but here in the woods we are all jolly good fellows."

Doctor Nero would not allow Tom to mount until the heat of the day was over. Seeing their impatience to be off, the little man sought to beguile the time by playing on the fiddle and singing, in a high, cracked voice, the ballads of "Lord Lovel," "Barbara Allen," and others, and telling stories, to which the boys listened with great interest.

"The salt in my stories is that they're true," he said. "I've been twenty-five years a-travelling these mountains in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, visiting the same house twice a year. Nothing goes on in these houses—marriages, murders or ghosts—but Nero Fife keeps the run of it.

"I know some secrets. There are tales I could tell of men now living that would make your blood freeze at your heart! But Nero Fife knows how to hold his tongue! I carry news from house to house the year round; but no man can say that Nero Fife ever made mischief."

About three o'clock he permitted the boys to go on, forcing a bottle of medicine on Tom. With all his chatter, he had not questioned the boys as to their destination or errand. When they were ready to mount, Kent said, "We are going to Cumberland. Shall we meet you again?"

"It's likely. I keep the road pretty close, this trip. I'm sold out, and am going to Philadelphia to lay in stock. I made some heavy sales in Wheeling 'tother day. So you're Colonel Congdon's son?" he said, turning abruptly to Tom.

"Do you know him?"

"Know him? I knew your grandfather and —why, I could tell you a story of your grandfather's uncle that—but no matter! Who is there that I don't know?"

The dwarf's face, when he laughed, broke up into the countless wrinkles of old age; the next minute he had the vacant, smooth face of a baby. He came to Kent when he had mounted.

"And you're Ralph Hampden's boy?" he said, peering shrewdly up at him.

A sudden wild fancy rushed into Kent's brain. Could this strange creature, who had been going up and down the hills so many years, know anything of his father's early life? He shut his teeth to keep the question back. It was not for him to pry out his father's secrets from strangers.

The dwarf's blue eyes were on him. "You don't ask me if I have any stories about your grandfather? No? Well, good-by, and good luck to you, Ralph Hampden's son!"

He reached up and patted Kent's knee, and then turned and trotted off to his wagon.

"There's something almost scary about that man," said Tom. "Sometimes he looks old enough to be the Wandering Jew."

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About sunset they reached Hardscrabble. Kent's pulses quickened. Here he would find the first clue! He rode up to the inn-door.

"Can you tell me where I shall find Mr. Armitage?" he asked of the hostler, who sat lazily on the end of a mossy trough by the pump.

"Blind Peter Armitage?"

"Yes."

"Went to Pittsburg last week. Comin' home Thursday. Light, boys?"

Kent and Tom looked at each other in dismay. They consulted in whispers.

"We can't follow him to Pittsburg; we've no time," Tom counselled.

"A blind man, anyhow, would have been the least likely to see what was going on," said Kent. "Let us push on to find Mrs. Digby in Washington, and if she can give us no clue we'll go to Cumberland to the clergyman."

"Take yer hosses?" drawled the leisurely hostler. "Supper? Bed?"

"What do you say, Kent?"

"I say, let us cover more ground before night. We've lost too much time already!"

Tom trotted off, and Kent followed. The wind was chilly and damp. The boys were disheartened by their disappointment.

A couple of miles farther on the stage-coach dashed past them, full of drowsy passengers. The driver lifted his whip by way of salute, and the guard blew a single note on his bugle.

"Those fellows will sleep in Wheeling to-night," said Tom, dolefully.

Kent said nothing, but he felt suddenly that his back was turned toward home, and that the world into which he was going was big and cold and unknown.

"I wish," said Tom, "we had kept with Nero Fife. He was a good fellow!"

"You called him the Wandering Jew just now!" said Kent, crossly.

Tom laughed, but prudently made no answer.

The road now wound through thick forests. It dipped between two little hills into a gorge. At the side of the road in this gorge or hollow was the bed of a dried stream, thickly overgrown with briers and high grass. As the boys passed this point the briers moved.

"Sh!" whispered Tom. "Did you see that? A bear!"

"It can't be! It's too near the farms. A wild-cat, probably."

They unslung their rifles in desperate haste, looked to the priming, and cocked them. All the chill and ill-humor were gone. Each whispered "Sh!" and "Keep back!" and pushed his horse closer.

"It stirs again! Fire!" cried Tom.

"Foh heben's sake, massa, doan shoot pore nigga!" a man cried, scrambling out of the undergrowth up to the road. He, too, carried a gun, and his hat was slouched over his eyes.

"What are you hiding there for, then, like a wild beast?" said Tom, angrily, letting down the hammer of his rifle. "I had almost put a bullet through your head!"

The man eyed them sullenly but said nothing, and the boys rode on. When they were out of hearing, Kent said, "Tom, there was something queer about that fellow. He did not talk like a real negro, and while his face was jet black, his hands were white."

Both boys turned and looked back.

"Kent, there are two of them!" said Tom, shading his eyes. "Don't you see? One man is sitting on the road and the other is creeping up out of the briers. What rascality can those fellows be up to?"

"I'd think they were runaway slaves, but I tell you that man's hands were white," said Kent.

"They've broken jail, more likely. Look there! Come back in the shade, or they'll see us and send a bullet after us. There they go, creeping down into the thicket again! What shall we do?"

"Nothing; what can we do? They are in hiding for some reason, but they've done us no harm, and we have no cause to meddle with them. Besides, we've lost so much time already. Come, let's ride on."

"Just a minute!" pleaded Tom, trembling with excitement. "I want to know what they're up to. They're back among the brambles as still as death!"

The boys waited in silence. There was not a sound to break the stillness except the drowsy lapping of a stream in the woods. The sun had sunk out of sight, but the red shafts of light still struck up from behind the hills, while the hollow lay in twilight.

"Well, we may as well go on," said Tom, reluctantly. "They seem to have settled themselves with the snakes and frogs for the night."

They had hardly ridden twenty paces when the rattle of wheels behind them broke the silence, and a shrill voice piped out:

"And out of her grave there grew a red rose,
And out of his a brier,
And they grew and grew to the church steeple top
Until they could grow no higher,
And twined at the top a true lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire—mire,
For all true lovers to admire!"

"It's Nero!" the boys exclaimed in a breath.

"He is behind us. Let us wait for him to come up. He must be in the hollow now," said Tom.

They drew rein and waited. The sharp lilt rang out nearer, as the peddler's wagon began to descend into the gully.

"Tom!" exclaimed Kent, "Nero said he had made heavy sales. He must have his money with him. Those fellows in the swamp!"

Tom gave a smothered cry. Both lashed their horses into a gallop, unslung their rifles and loosened the pistols in their holsters. As they reached the top of the hill, the dwarf's song stopped. A wild shriek rent the air. Below, in the hollow, was the peddler's wagon, and a confusion of black figures.

"They're on him!" muttered Tom.

"We're coming, Nero!" shouted Kent, as they went thundering down the hill.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

(To be continued.)

FOR HONOR'S SAKE.

The day will come when men have grace
To know themselves, and sometimes take
A humble task, a lowly place,
And use it well for honor's sake.
—*Marianne Farningham.*

For the Companion.

MISS COX.

"Take off your things and rest a spell, do! You look real tired, Miss Cox."

"Well, I don't know. It *is* dreadful hot," answered Miss Cox, irresolutely.

She took off her black "mitts," rolled them carefully together, and tucked them into the lining of her hat, which she gave to Mrs. Bowen. Then she leaned back in the big rocker with a sigh of comfort.

She was small and faded; she might once have been pretty, but now her blue eyes were pale and sad, and the once golden hair was a dull drab.

Mrs. Bowen came hurrying back, with some soft white ruffles in her hands. "Rosie finishes at the 'Cademy next week," she said, with her mouth full of pins, "and I'm making her dress. She looks like a picture in it."

The front gate opened, and Rosie herself came down the path. She was a very pretty girl of sixteen. The walk had given her a bright color, and made her eyes sparkle like jewels under her fluffy golden bang. Miss Cox leaned forward with an eager look on her thin face.

"Good-afternoon, Rosie!"

"Why, how do you do, Miss Cox?" Rosie answered, carelessly.

"Your ma says you finish at the 'Cademy next week. I should like to see you."

Something in the pathetic voice touched Rosie, and she answered with pretty graciousness, "Nothing is easier, Miss Cox. You only need to be invited, and I invite you. Won't you come?"

A faint flush of pleasure came into the thin cheeks, but it quickly passed away.

"I wasn't begging an invitation, Rosie; I didn't mean it," she said, humbly.

"Of course you didn't, Miss Cox, but I mean it," Rosie persisted.

Miss Cox looked up wistfully. She loved this pretty, spoiled girl deeply, for in her fresh beauty she saw reflected her own girlhood, and that of the sister who had been dearer to her than life; but she only said, in her prim little way, "Thank you kindly, Rosie; I'll be pleased to come."

Rosie chattered gaily. Miss Cox drew a thimble from her pocket, and began hemming one of the ruffles. The shadows of the elms stretched farther across the road, and the clock pointed to half-past four. Miss Cox put back her thimble, shook her narrow skirts, and rose. "I must be going now," she said.

"What's your hurry?" said Mrs. Bowen. "I calculated to have you stay to supper. Do sit a while longer."

"No, thank you, Mis' Bowen. I always give Foxy his supper at five, you know, and it's quite a ways home."

Mrs. Bowen brought her hat from the front room. Miss Cox pinned it on, and then drew on her mitts with great care. She seemed nervous, and unlike herself.

"I remember when Elviry finished," she said, hesitatingly, "she looked reel pretty, Elviry did. 'Twas before pa died, you know. He was set on having her educated, she was so smart. Elviry had flowers. Will you have flowers, too?"

"Oh yes, indeed!" laughed Rosie. "Lots of them! The hall will be all trimmed, and then the girls have them sent by friends sometimes, too."

Miss Cox's eyes brightened. "I'd like to send you something to wear then, Rosie. Would you wear it? 'Twas Elviry's, and it's real. I wouldn't ask you if it wasn't nice." She looked up eagerly at Rosie.

"Of course I'll wear it," answered Rosie, sweetly. "It is lovely of you to think of me, Miss Cox."

"You look so much like Elviry!" said Miss Cox, softly, and then added, hurriedly, "Well, good day! *Good* day, Mis' Bowen!"

All the way home Miss Cox was in a state of excitement. Her little straight figure, in its scanty dress, looked as prim as usual, but old Mrs. Gowan, seeing her pass, peered through her spectacles, muttering:

"For the land sakes! If there aint Marthy Cox, trailing her black alpaca through the dust just as if 'twas common! And she hasn't had it more'n seven years. The Coxes always *did* lose their faculties early!"

Miss Cox opened a gate at the right side of the road, and walked down the narrow path. The black alpaca brushed against the low hedge of box that bordered the flower-beds on either side. A big gray cat that had been sitting on the door-step came slowly toward her with his tail erect. Miss Martha gave a little start.

"I do believe I'm late!" she said, feeling under the door-mat for the key. There was no reason why Miss Martha should leave her key there, since she lived alone, but everybody in Greenfield did it, and she had lived in Greenfield all her life.

The door opened into a narrow hall, carpeted with oil-cloth. Foxy followed Miss Cox gravely as she went upstairs to change her dress, and then back again as she came down and prepared his supper. Miss Cox prepared her own supper as well, but ate very little herself. She washed the few dishes, and went upstairs again.

Her excitement had given place to a troubled look, and she sat down by an open window, with her hands lying idly folded in her lap, and thought.

"Elviry, you *wouldn't* care, would you?" she whispered. "It's because I love you so, and she looks like you, and—and—I'm so lonely!"

There was no sound but the swish of a long elm branch against the roof, and a single sleepy note from a bird in the big lilac bush beneath the window. Foxy rubbed against her skirts, but she did not notice him. She still looked toward the graveyard.

Suddenly she rose. "Anyway, I promised Rosie," she said, decisively. She lighted a small hand-lamp, went to a bureau in the corner of the room, unlocked the upper drawer and took out a wooden box, and from that a small pasteboard one, which she opened. It contained a large brooch of thin, pale gold, filled with a lock of light hair. Miss Cox lifted it reverently to the light, and brushed off a speck of dust; then she wrapped it in a little piece of paper, and tied it with a pink string.

"I'll carry it over to-morrow," she said. Foxy jumped up in her lap, and she stroked him absently. "I mistrust it isn't too rich for a young girl to wear," she said, anxiously. "It's real gold; you don't see gold like that nowadays. And then it's for Rosie, and she reminds me so of Elviry. Maybe she'll come and stay with me sometimes. It's dreadfully lonely here!"

She ceased to stroke the cat, and he rubbed his head protestingly against her hand. She did not feel it; she was thinking of Rosie.

The June days came and went, until the one arrived which was to end Rosie's school-life. Miss Cox was up very early. She put the house in order, brushed her best dress and bonnet, and then went out into the little garden, and made a very large bouquet, with a big rose in the middle, then a circle of phlox and mignonette, then more roses, and last an edge of box. Miss Cox looked at her work with pride.

"It makes a proper nice bunch," she said. "I guess she won't have any nicer one."

Half an hour later old Mrs. Gowan was astounded to see Miss Cox ride past in the stage-coach, holding an immense bouquet of flowers, whose stems were wrapped in paper, and then in an old handkerchief, to keep them from soiling her gloves.

The Academy was five miles from her house, and Miss Cox, slightly tired by this unusual journey, walked up the steps, and then stopped at the door. A pretty girl in white came toward her.

"I—I came to see Rosie," began Miss Cox, hesitatingly. "I aint too late, am I?" The shifting crowd bewildered her.

"Oh no," answered the girl, pleasantly, "the exercises don't begin for half an hour. Come this way, and I will give you a seat."

There were many curious glances at the queer, little, old-fashioned figure, but Miss Cox supposed they were all for her pretty companion, and trotted quietly down the broad hall to a seat near the front.

"There!" said the girl, stopping. "I am sure you can see Rosie from here."

"Thank you kindly," answered Miss Cox.

The hall was filling rapidly. Miss Cox began to feel a touch of the excitement around her. A soft color came into her cheeks, and she looked eagerly at the groups of white-robed girls. They were so different, with their dainty dresses, and rapid school-girl chatter, from any girls she had ever known. Ah, this would be a day to remember all her life!

More girls came in behind her. "There's Rose Bowen!" said one, "doesn't she look pretty!"

Miss Cox looked eagerly. Rosie, dressed in white, with pink ribbons, stood among a group of girls. Miss Cox could not see the brooch.

"My eyes aint what they were once," she thought, with a sigh.

The girls behind her were laughing. "Rosie's a cute one!" said one.

"Why, what now?"

"Oh, the most comical thing! I can't begin to tell it as she did. I wish you could have heard her! You know, down in Greenfield, where she lives, there are a lot of queer people. One of these is an old maid. She was engaged thirty years ago, but her lover went West and never came back, and Rosie—she's so funny, you know—says she never could get married because she's matched already."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, she has rhymed herself all up! Her name is Miss Cox, and she lives in a little house whose yard is bordered with box, and her garden has phlox and stocks, and her very cat is named Foxy. Isn't it comical? Well, it seems she thinks that Rosie looks like a sister of hers who died ever so long ago, and so she's taken a fancy to her; and when she heard that Rosie was going to graduate, she sent her an old brooch to wear that used to be her sister's."

"The idea!"

"You ought to see that brooch! It's as big as a silver dollar, and full of hair. Rosie showed it to us. Of course she couldn't think of wearing it; 'twould spoil her dress, so she managed it so nicely. You know no one could see, on the platform, whether she wears it or not, but she has it in her pocket, and when she sees Miss Cox, after the exercises, she will put it on, and then take it off again. She says —"

But Miss Cox heard no more. She was not conscious that she had been listening. She thought only that these girls and Rosie—Rosie, whom she had so loved and trusted—were making fun of what had been Elviry's.

She trembled violently, and the color rushed to her face. She could not at first collect her thoughts, but gradually one thing became clear to her. Rosie was seeking to deceive her.

She was pale and faint now. "If she'd only told me 'twas old-fashioned!" she thought. "I might have known, I suppose, but 'twas pretty, and I didn't think. And she's going to pretend she wore it all the time! 'Twas Elviry's, too, and Elviry was *so* honest! Oh, what can I do?"

A thought came to her. If she did not stay, she would not see Rosie, and then Rosie would not have to wear the pin.

She rose in trembling haste; something dropped at her feet. It was the bouquet of phlox and box. Mechanically she stooped and picked it up, and then hurried down the hall. Many turned to look after her, but she went straight on. At the door the pretty girl stopped her.

"Are you going?" she said, "and before the exercises?" Then, catching a glimpse of her face, "I'm afraid you are ill. Let me get you a glass of water."

Miss Cox sat down, faint and trembling. The girl soon came back with the water.

"Now let me get you an easy-chair, and you can rest here," she said.

Miss Cox shook her head and rose. "No; I must be going."

The girl's sympathetic face looked down at her. Miss Cox glanced at her big bouquet, now partly crushed, and then up at the girl. Would she be like Rosie—pretty, faithless Rosie? Something in the clear eyes encouraged her, and she put the flowers in the girl's hand.

"Will you take these, with an old woman's thanks?" she said.

She had never thought of herself as an old woman before that talk.

It was eleven o'clock, and the sun shone hot and bright on the dusty roads. The coach did not return to Greenfield until three o'clock, and then Rosie and her mother would be in it. She must walk back. She lifted her dress carefully and started down the street. It grew hotter and the trees gave less breeze, but she did not falter. She became faint, for she had eaten nothing since early in the morning. The dust settled in all the folds of her dress. She walked wearily on.

About four o'clock Mrs. Gowan saw a pale, dust-covered little figure enter Miss Cox's gate.

"Wal, I *never!*" she exclaimed; "Marthy Cox, with her best dress, in *that* state!"

Miss Cox shut the front door, and then dropped upon the stairs. She did not move until, an hour later, she heard Foxy crying for his supper. Then she opened the door.

"Come in, Foxy," she said; "you're all I've got now."

The cat rubbed against her dress, and she stooped to stroke him, her pale eyes full of tears. The coach came down the road, leaving a cloud of dust behind it, but she did not look up. It stopped before her gate, and a girl got out and hurried down the path.

It was Rosie. She had her arms full of pale pink rosebuds, and she wore Elviry's brooch. Miss Cox turned very white. She felt weak and dizzy, and sank down on the doorstep. Rosie knelt beside her with a little cry.

"Miss Cox, *please* don't look so! Oh, what have I done? Dear Miss Cox, what can I say to you? I know it all, and I am so sorry—so sorry!"

Her blue eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled, but she went on bravely:

"You heard what the girls said! Oh, Miss Cox, if you knew how sorry I felt the moment I had said that! I don't ask you to forgive me—I don't see how you can, I only wanted you to know. Miss Cox, I wore the brooch all the time—I did indeed! I put it on after I said that, and I never took it off; but oh, I felt so wretched and mean, and when I found you had gone, it was all spoiled for me. I deserved to have it so, I know!"

Miss Cox looked up. "You wore it all the time, even if 'twas 'old-fashioned?'" she said, with a strange eagerness.

"Every minute," answered Rosie, earnestly.

Miss Cox smiled faintly up into the pretty, humble face. "Thank you, dear," she said, simply.

"Do you mean you are not angry with me,

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that you can ever forgive me?" cried Rosie, eagerly.

A look of surprise came over the little pinched face. "Me?" she said, wonderingly, "I had nothing to forgive. I always loved you, Rosie. 'Twas only for *her*." Her eyes wandered to the little church-yard.

Rosie understood, then. She lifted her rosebuds from the doorstep.

"Miss Cox," she said, hesitatingly, "would she care—do you think—we might take her these?"

Miss Cox looked incredulous. "But they're yours, Rosie. They were given to you!"

For answer Rosie laid the flowers in Miss Cox's arms. The fragrant rose-petals rested against the black dress. As Miss Cox moved, their sweetness was shaken out into the warm summer air, but more of it was breathed into her lonely, colorless life.

The sun was shining low behind the trees, and two swallows were dipping their wings in the golden air. The purple blooms of the long grass made a soft, violet haze across the meadow, and beyond that lay the quiet churchyard.

"Come," said Rosie.

DOROTHY E. NELSON.

For the Companion.

AT LOS VALLES GRANDES.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.

In a Navajo Trap.

The massacre had ended with the death of the old men. I sent the Pueblos, who turned out to be the same party that I had arrested at Los Valles, back to their own reservation, and spent the night at the house of Padre Gutierrez, the hospitable priest of the village.

Early next morning I had the mules examined, and found that most of them needed a day's rest before starting on the return march. Finding one of the leaders tolerably fresh, I told Sergeant Cunningham to take it and get ready to accompany me to Los Valles Grandes. I gave orders to the rest of the party to remain in town until next morning, and then make a leisurely march to camp by way of the hot springs.

Instead of ourselves returning by this route, we took a shorter and rougher one pointed out to us by Padre Gutierrez. It was almost as straight as an arrow, but led through a country which we had not scouted. The Sergeant and I rode away at half-past nine o'clock, Vic bounding and barking at my horse's head.

Six miles up the valley our road, which had now narrowed to a path, entered the forest, and ran along the side of a small brook, which it followed several miles, and then rose gradually to the side of a range of hills. We were walking our animals along the side of this acclivity, at a considerable distance above the brook on our left, their hoofs making no noise in the soft, black earth, when I was startled by the braying of an ass somewhere in the valley.

Sergeant Cunningham threw himself quickly out of the saddle, and held his mule closely by the curb-bit beneath the jaw, to prevent its responding to the call. I also dismounted.

Sighting the Enemy.

We were in a clump of trees which commanded a view of the valley, and covered us from sight in all directions. Looking across the valley, I caught a glimpse of a party of Indians a little beyond the brook. Using my field-glass, I saw clearly twenty-one Navajos sitting about a camp-fire, eating their dinner.

As many ponies were grazing near, and a mule and a burro. From some peculiar marks, I had no difficulty in recognizing the donkeys as the property of Cordova, lost at the time of the Navajo raid into our valley, and I had no doubt the mule also was his. Packs were lying near the fire, showing that the captured animals were being used as beasts of burden.

All this time I had entirely forgotten my dog Vic. If I had thought of her in season, it would have been easy to keep her close at my heels; but I had left her free to wander.

Suddenly I heard a chorus of grunts from the Indians, and looking in their direction, I saw Vic stand for an instant with her forefeet on a prostrate log, look questioningly at the savages, and then drop down in the furze and disappear.

The effect of this sight of a white man's dog, wearing a brilliant metallic collar, was electrical upon the red men. They sprang to their feet at once, seized their arms, and began saddling and bridling their ponies.

"Vic has betrayed us, Sergeant," I said. "There is nothing for it but to get out of here as fast as possible!"

As we sprang into our saddles and regained the trail, Vic came with a bound before us, and I immediately gave her positive orders to keep close at our heels. We rode as fast as it was possible to do without making a noise, hoping that we might get a considerable distance away before we were discovered; but we had not gone far when a yell from the direction of the Navajo dinner-party announced that we were seen.

A Place of Refuge.

As we galloped on I noticed, quite a distance in advance, an eminence or butte, which lifted its summit nearly three hundred feet skyward, and which presented on the side toward us an almost perpendicular wall. When we approached it, we saw a neat log-cabin close at its foot, nestling under its over-arching brow. We dismounted, led our panting and utterly exhausted animals into the cabin, closed the doors, and went to the windows with our rifles.

I afterward learned that during the Confederate invasion of New Mexico from Texas, two years before, this cabin had been a station for pickets, to prevent an approach by way of The Great Valleys. It was about thirty by twenty feet, and stood with one end close against the perpendicular wall of the butte, with an overhanging cliff a hundred feet above it.

At the end of the cabin farthest from the wall the ground broke off perpendicularly twenty feet downward to the spring, the source of the brook. The only way to cross from one trail to the other, except by going a mile down the brook or to the north end of the butte, was therefore through the cabin, and for this purpose the soldiers had left a door on each side. The cabin could be approached or attacked only on the east and west sides. It could not be reached from above, for the cliff jutted out over it at least thirty-five feet, so that a stone dropped from overhead would fall five feet outside the south wall of the cabin.

There was a small window in each of the walls, except the one that rested against the precipice, and here was a wide stone fireplace. Two men, if provided with plenty of rations and ammunition, could make a good defence. Water could be had by lowering a bucket or canteen from the window in the southern end to the spring, twenty-four feet below the window-sill.

Indians Reconnoitring.

The Indians had discovered our escape, and joined by all but five, who were in the woods at the east, had returned to the west of us. They showed great respect for our place of refuge and our rifles, for they kept well out of range. Our Springfields could throw a ball farther and could be loaded more rapidly than any guns in their possession, for this was before the Indian trader had sold the tribes the modern improved firearms.

We removed the saddles and bridles from our animals, and hitching one on each side of the fireplace, began to discuss our prospects.

"If we could keep a couple of fires going before the doors during the night, sir," said the Sergeant, "we might keep them away."



Vic takes a Message.

"I am afraid a fire would be a greater advantage to them than to us. I wonder if the roof is covered with earth? It is flat."

The Sergeant easily ascended the wide-mouthed chimney by stepping on the projecting ends of the rough stones of which it was built, and after looking out of its top a moment called down to me:

"Yes, sir, it is covered with two or three feet of earth."

"All right then. If we can get pine enough to keep a blaze going we will have one. A fire on the roof will not confuse our vision, but will that of the Indians. It will throw them in the light, and us in the shade."

Preparations for Defence.

We set at work at once and pulled down all the bunks, breaking the pine puncheons and posts of which they were made into fragments with large stones taken from the fireplace. Then Cunningham once more ascended the chimney and tore away one side of the part which projected above the roof—the side looking in the direction opposite the precipice. This would enable us to replenish the fire, and at the same time remain concealed from the enemy on our flanks. As we could be fired at in two directions only, a man standing in the top of the chimney was safe.

Fortunately, Padre Gutierrez's housekeeper had put up for us a lunch sufficient to subsist us, including Vic, for a couple of days, and water could be drawn easily through the southern window with a canteen and lariat.

"Now, Sergeant, I am going to put Vic's education to a practical test," said I, taking my note-book from my pocket. "Keep a sharp lookout as I write."

"What! Going to send her to Jemez for the men?"

"No: I could hardly make her understand my wishes in that direction. But there is no doubt she can be sent to camp."

"Yes, sir; I think she will go to the Valleys. She has several times taken messages nearly as far. Look at her!"

Vic had come forward and sat looking intelligently from one to the other as we talked.

"All right, little girl," I said, patting her, "you shall have a chance to help us after dark. Go and lie down now." The dog went to a corner, and lying down, appeared to sleep.

I wrote a letter to Sergeant Mulligan at the camp, telling the story of our situation, the Sergeant keeping watch at the windows. I also took a flat pine stick, smoothed it with my pocket-knife, and wrote upon it in large letters, "Examine her collar." I intended she should carry the stick in her mouth, as she had hitherto carried articles and messages, fearing she would not understand she was to go on an errand unless all the conditions of her education were observed.

During that day the Navajos simply showed their presence occasionally among the trees, far away on either flank. We once heard the rapid strokes of an axe, as of chopping, and wondered what it could mean. It was by no means unusual for these Indians to fell trees. They had white men's axes, and were fairly well skilled as workers in iron.

Our foes seemed disposed to wait for night before beginning operations, whatever might be their intentions. As dusk began to settle among the trees, I called Vic and attached the note to her collar, wrapped in a piece of the lining of my blouse.

Sending a Message for Help.

"I think, Sergeant," I said, "we had better send our message before it gets darker and the Navajos close up nearer, or we light our fire."

"Yes, she can't leave any too soon, sir, I think. It is going to be pokerish work for us before morning, and I shall be mighty glad to see a few of old F Company appear round that rock."

After fastening the note securely in the dog's collar, I placed the stick in her mouth, and opening the eastern door, said, "Now, little Vic, take that stick to the Sergeant,—go!"

She walked across the room and dropped the stick at Sergeant Cunningham's feet. The Sergeant stooped, and placing his hand under her chin, raised her face upward. "Well, Vicky," he said, "there is but one Sergeant in the world to you, and he is here, isn't he?"

"That is true. I never sent her to any Sergeant but the First Sergeant. I'll have to send her to another of her warm friends—perhaps, in her estimation, her best—the cook. Here, Vic,"—placing the chip once more in her mouth,—"take this stick to the cook—go!"

The setter looked at me an instant and then at the Sergeant, walked to the door, looked out, and then glanced questioningly to me.

"Yes, little one—the cook—go!" I repeated.

She bounded through the doorway, and turned the corner of the butte at a run, bearing our message to our comrades at Los Valles Grandes.

For a while after the departure of Vic, the Sergeant and I stood at opposite windows and gloomily watched the darkness deepen in the woods. In order to husband our fuel I was disposed to put off the lighting of our bonfire as long as it appeared safe to do so. As the evening advanced into night we heard a crushing sound as of a heavy wheel rolling over twigs and gravel, but were unable to guess its meaning.

Fearing that any further delay to light our fire might bring disaster upon us, I told Sergeant Cunningham to kindle it. He ascended the chimney, lighted a few splinters of pitch pine and placed them upon the roof, and as soon as they were well lighted added to them half a dozen billets of wood which I passed up to him. Soon a blaze was leaping upward, and, being reflected strongly by the white sandstone of the overhanging cliff, lighted the whole space about the cabin.

What Did It Mean?

As soon as the Sergeant descended to the floor we looked out of the windows. Everything about us was plainly visible to our eyes, and we were certain that our movements could not be seen by the Navajos. To the east all was silent, and for a long time we had noticed nothing in that direction to suggest a lurking foe. To the west we could see no enemy, but the same puzzling sound of crushing and grinding came to our ears. What could it be, and what did it threaten? Adjusting my field-glass I looked out of the window in the direction of the mysterious sound, and on the edge of the wood, saw a log about three feet in diameter and twenty-five feet long rolling slowly toward us propelled by some unseen power.

Passing the glass to the Sergeant, I said: "The Indians seem to be rolling a log in our direction. See if you can make out their purpose."

"I think it is quite plain, sir," replied the Sergeant, after a long look. "When we came in here our range from the windows was clear for over two hundred yards, and the Indians had no chance to harm us, for they couldn't approach without being exposed to our fire for a long space. That log seems to me to be a movable breastwork, which can be rolled up to our very door."

"That's so, Sergeant. Probably they are lying low behind it and rolling it forward. Rather a black prospect for us if we cannot stop it."

We stood silently, watching the slow approach of the moving breastwork.

CAPT. C. A. CURTIS, U. S. A.

(To be continued.)

DIVINELY APPOINTED.

Doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen, and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
Not as I will.

—*Helen Hunt.*

For the Companion.

PRAIRIE SIGNS.

The Dakota prairies are not uninteresting, as many travellers would have their readers believe. Their monotony is only apparent. A close study of even the most level and apparently characterless stretch of sod will yield the most surprising and interesting results. It is like the ocean in its immense sweep and in the changelessness of its lines, and the great variety of its shades of color and its light-effects.

But it is unlike the ocean in retaining traces of change upon its surface—mysterious marks of storm and fire. Looked at closely, the turf is a page closely written with strange and often pathetic lines—whole histories of storm and stress of war.

One of the signs first to strike the eyes is the sight of the buffaloes' bones scattered thickly over the plain. The living buffalo has long ago disappeared, even from these prairies, and the freshest "crib" of bones dates back ten years.

Many of these, I suppose, may be twenty-five or even fifty years old. Of these last nothing remains save the hardest part of the skull and the teeth. The burial-places of others, still older, are indicated by the more luxuriant growth of grass.

Dakota boys soon found that the buffalo carcasses on the upland were good places to look for arrow-heads, for the Indians sought the young and strong animals, and generally killed them on the open plain. I have seen arrow-heads and spears driven quite through the shoulder-blade, showing with what great force they were sent.

Next to the bones in interest come the buffalo trails, seen everywhere as deep, crooked furrows. At the place in Dakota which I have in mind, they ran from the southeast to the northwest. These undoubtedly show the course of the buffalo, as they came and went from the feeding grounds to the watering-places.

Occasionally, on the prairies, one comes upon an Indian trail, shown by two parallel furrows more direct and purposeful than the buffalo trails; and still more interesting are the circles of stones found very plentifully in this part of Dakota,—McPherson County,—indicating where the *tepees* were pitched. The stones, I suppose, served the purposes of pegs, being laid on the edges of the tents. As they were simply rolled off when the tent was folded, they served in turn for others.

I well remember what a stir it gave my imagination, one beautiful May morning in 1863, as I stood in the midst of the level sward in McPherson County. On the west was the low, irregular line of treeless hills, and on the east the fresh, green, level plain, stretching into the misty distance like the Atlantic Ocean—the far-away, advancing line of shanties, like a fleet of little boats, keeping up the illusion of a sea.

I was in advance of civilization. There was no sound save the trill of the lark, the cry of the plover or the short, shrill shriek of the hawks. It was a weird scene. I stood in the centre of one of these rings of stone, and in imagination I recalled what must have been a characteristic scene—as characteristic of the land and people as the tourney of feudal England.

I saw the group of tents, surrounding the large one of the chief; the horses picketed, waiting the morning mount; on the far-away hills dark masses of buffalo and swifter masses of antelope.

On a distant mound, like a figure of bronze, the wolf stood, with long body alert, and head thrown sidewise. Men were swarming about the tents; some mounted, with arrows slung at the back and spear in hand, impatient to be off, while the rest consulted and motioned toward the distant herds.

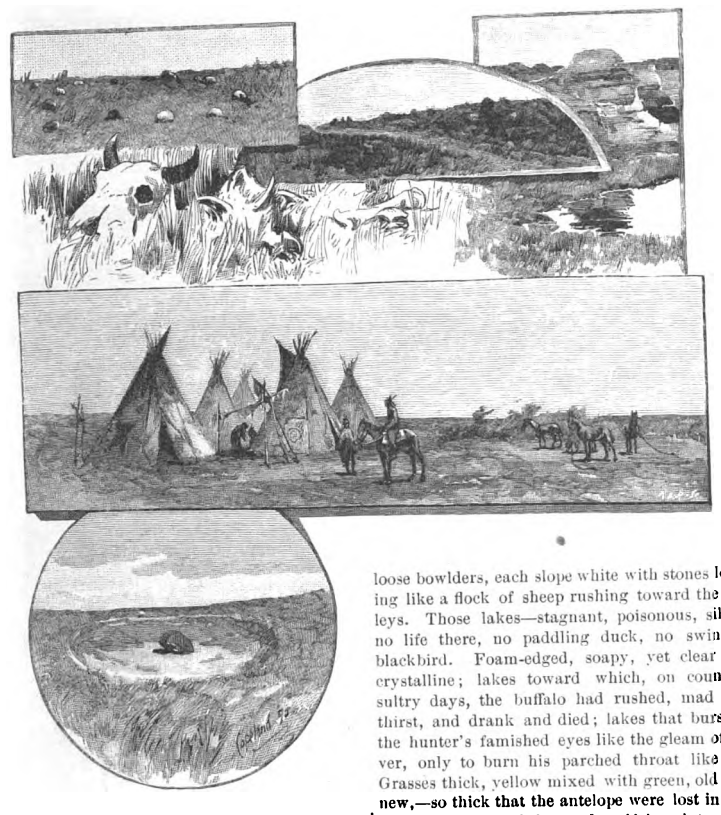
I imagined with what joy the young men vaulted upon their horses, and how impatient they were to start. The sunlight fell upon the plain, and the springing grass was as sweet to the eye as the word to the lip. The white man's world was still far away—almost unknown.

It is probable that the Indians' real life and emotions will never be written; but it seemed to me that morning that I got nearer to the feeling of the wild huntsmen of the buffalo than ever before or since. These Indians were not beasts nor demons, but men living under conditions which required and produced savagery in some things.

One "sign" which I have never seen written of at any length, nor satisfactorily explained, is the "fairy circle." These marks on the sod are figures wrought in grass of a darker green than the rest, usually found in places where the ground is perfectly smooth. They can only be seen at

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favorable seasons of the year—say the first of June. On this morning of which I write they were very plain, and excited the greatest wonder in our minds. The circle is of even breadth, and looks like Fig. 1. It is thirty or forty feet in diameter, and has an appearance as if dark-green grass had been planted by a gardener in the midst of a yellow-green sward.



Sometimes the "rings" are mere crescents, (Fig. 2), or crescents with a supplementary line (Fig. 3). Sometimes the supplementary line is

Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3. Fig. 4. Fig. 5.

complete (Fig. 4)—a circle, in other words, having one side much broader than the other. Sometimes it seems to be an attempt at representing a bow (Fig. 5). This last form is very rare; I have seen but few like it.

What these are I certainly do not know. They are too large to be the result of tent-setting and, besides, they would not be found in low ground in such case. It has been supposed that they are the marks left by electrical vortices during storms, but they are as yet unread signs. I think they are the result of intelligent force; but I have no theory.

I am no more sure of their cause than I am of that of another phenomenon to which my attention was called. There are many instances where, in the exact centre of a shallow basin in the sod,—a "dip" thirty or forty feet across,—there rests a huge bowlder. The whole effect is that of a "circus ring," and the children call these depressions by this name. The depression is so round and the stone so exactly in the centre that one cannot rid himself of the impression that the spot was a threshing-floor or a circus ring. If the ground beneath were of limestone formation I think I could explain it; but as it is clay for thirty feet, and an impervious layer of slate at last, I simply retire from the field of discussion.

Another mark almost equally baffling is the shallow pit, or "wallow," which is not unfrequently found in Dakota. These pits are quite unlike the "hog-wallows" or "buffalo-wallows" of Iowa and Minnesota. They are on the upland, have abrupt perpendicular sides, and look precisely as if the soil had been lifted out bodily a foot or two deep, leaving the clay subsoil exposed. The bottom is generally covered with gravel.

There are many theories as to the cause of these. It has been claimed that the cavities were burned out during great drought, and also that they were worked out by the buffaloes pawing the dust. Others see in them the work of the wind as well. My opinion is that the buffalo and the wind together did the work.

These are a few of the signs which the observant eye of the traveller will see as he rides or walks across these strange stretches of short, crisp grass. As I rode, on the morning of which I have spoken, toward the hills, entering through narrow defiles into valleys holding alkaline lakes surrounded by deep grasses, it required little effort to imagine savage men signalling from peak to peak of those bare and stony hills.

I could imagine a gigantic sentinel buffalo standing like a figure of granite outlined against the sky, watching the surrounding valleys for his foes, the red men, and roaring a sudden warning upon his herds as he thundered down among them. It was so silent and so lone, and the landscape was so peculiar, that I had gone beyond the reach of anything I had ever known or loved. I shall never be able to forget that scene, as we lay in the shade of our wagon and looked at the hills, the faint, delusive gleam of the distant lakes, and saw the cranes rise out of the grasses.

Those hills! Prodigious mounds of clay and loose bowlders, each slope white with stones looking like a flock of sheep rushing toward the valleys. Those lakes—stagnant, poisonous, silent; no life there, no paddling duck, no swinging blackbird. Foam-edged, soapy, yet clear and crystalline; lakes toward which, on countless sultry days, the buffalo had rushed, mad with thirst, and drank and died; lakes that burst on the hunter's famished eyes like the gleam of silver, only to burn his parched throat like lye. Grasses thick, yellow mixed with green, old with new,—so thick that the antelope were lost in it,—shelter for the cold fox and wolf in winter, into which the antelope cowered when the north wind swept over the hills.

Once again, as I write, the wild-geese pass by overhead, the shadows of clouds slide down the hills, the hawks scream in their sport, the wolf looks down at me from a distant swell, and out of the unknown west the wind drives the white puffs of cloud.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

For the Companion.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

He towered among mankind as I do here;
Like me, his genius, shining far and clear:
And mine it is to stand and honor him
In whose bright glory I myself were dim!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE CANADIAN PREMIER.

It is rarely that a statesman in a colony—even if it is a large colony like Canada or Australia—achieves a reputation that is world-wide. One reason of this is that the political affairs of colonies are, to a large degree, local in their scope. Colonies do not usually have diplomatic relations with other countries; they do not make treaties with them, or declare war and conclude peace.

But one colonial statesman, by reason of his abilities, his political power and success, and his long occupancy of office, and by reason of the extent and importance of the country which he leads, has attained to an eminence similar to that occupied by statesmen of high rank in larger States.

This is Sir John Alexander Macdonald, the present Prime Minister of Canada, who is always familiarly spoken of in his own country as "Sir John."

Sir John's political career in Canada has covered a period of forty-six years. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in January, 1815, but when he was five years old his father emigrated to Canada. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty, and at twenty-nine years of age was elected a member of the Parliament of Upper Canada.

Ever since that time he has been constantly engaged in public life, and a greater part of the time he has held high office in the colonial government. He first took office in 1847, when he had only been three years in Parliament.

Since that period he has been Attorney-General, Minister of Militia, of Justice, of the Interior, and of Railroads, and has several times been at the head of the Cabinet as Prime Minister. He had the distinction of being the first Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada, after its formation in 1867, and continued to hold the post till 1873; and again from 1878 to the present time.

But the record of Sir John's political achievements is not expressed by the mere statement of the many offices he has held. He has done more than any one else to build up and strengthen the Canadian Dominion, to foster its commerce, and to develop its industries and business.

To him mainly Canada owes it that, instead of comprising a number of small, separate colonies, it was transformed into a united federal State, with a central government and Parliament; a State very similar in its construction to that of the mother country, Great Britain.

Sir John's services to Canada include the adoption of a large number of important measures. It was he who established the Canadian civil service on the permanent basis it now occupies; whose energy aided in the successful establishment of the great railway line which connects Canada with the Pacific coast; and who introduced the policy by which manufacturing on a large scale was introduced in the Dominion.

To him Canada owes it that it has direct steam mail communication with Europe; that its system of public education has been extended, and that a well-devised election law has come into force.

He was selected and served as one of the Joint High Commissioners by whom the Treaty of Washington, that settled the famous Alabama Claims, was framed, and received the high honor of being created a member of the Imperial Privy Council for his services.

Throughout his political career, Sir John has been the leader of the Canadian "Conservative" party, and it is owing, no doubt, to his great ability and popularity to a large degree, that that party has so long remained in control of office and power. As a party leader he has great tact; he is somewhat mysterious and silent, and he has the art of conciliating men, and attracting them to his leadership.

The value of his services induced the Queen to confer on him the rank of knighthood in 1867, and in 1872 he received a similar honor from Spain. His scholarship was recognized by the University of Oxford, which conferred on him the degree of D. C. L. in 1865.

At seventy-six, Sir John's activity and ambition seem as vigorous as ever, and he is not unlikely to be for some time to come the chief figure in Canadian politics.

For the Companion.

JANUARY IN VIRGINIA.

Tall rose-trees bend, with swelling buds agleam,
The quaint red quince flowers flaunt their bits of flame,
Some strange white petals breathe a fragrance rare
Across the languor of the Southern air,
And graceful golden sprays of Jasmine fall
In witching sunshine on the hidden wall.

The May-sprites must be dancing in the breeze;
The Jasmine holds the magic of the Spring,
And sends me memories, longings, smiles and tears,
Which only Northern violets used to bring.

LILIAN B. MINER.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The President has lately issued a proclamation which gives the final sanction of the government to the World's Columbian Exposition, the international exhibition to be held at Chicago in 1893, and invites foreign nations to take part in it and appoint to it representatives.

The issue of this proclamation means that the President has been satisfied that the necessary sum for the prosecution of the work of the World's Fair—not less than ten million dollars—has been duly raised, and that suitable grounds for the buildings of the exhibition have been provided.

The law which authorized the exhibition provides "for celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, by holding an international exhibition of arts, industries, manufactures and the product of the soil, mine and sea."

Columbus landed on the island of San Salvador in 1492, and the exhibition is not to be held until 1893. In order to bring the celebration within the fourth centenary of the discovery, a double character has been given to it. It is provided by the law that the buildings shall be dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, on the twelfth day of October, 1892. This dedication will serve as the inauguration of the celebration.

The exhibition itself will be open to visitors not later than the first day of May, 1893, and may continue open until the last day of October of the same year.

The active work of preparing for and managing the business of the exhibition is done by a Board of Directors of forty-five members, representing a corporation chartered by the State of Illinois; but the most important acts of this board, affecting the general public, are under the supervision of, and may be vetoed by, a national commission representing all the States and Territories of the Union.

The national commission has exclusive control of certain matters, such as the allotment of space for exhibitors, and all dealings with foreign participants.

The World's Fair of 1893 differs from the international exhibitions of a similar character given in the Old World in the fact that it is paid for out of private contributions instead of national revenues, and is managed directly by a private corporation instead of by government functionaries.

However, the supervision of it which has been assumed by Congress through a national commission, and the invitation to foreign nations to take part in it, put the seal of government authority and responsibility upon it.

The site of the exhibition was fixed at Chicago by act of Congress. The exact location of the buildings has been determined since by the Board of Directors and the national commission. The site is a double one; certain buildings are to be erected on the shore of Lake Michigan, very near the centre of the city, and the others in a great park on its southern outskirts.

One of the most interesting features of the great fair will be the exhibit of the United States Government itself, for which Congress appropriates a million and a half dollars. All the government departments, and all the enterprises which it maintains, such as the Smithsonian Institution and the Fish Commission, will be illustrated in a large building erected for the purpose.

Provision is made for separate displays by the States and Territories of the Republic, and a new feature among world's fairs is a board of "lady managers" required by the law, and to be appointed by the national commission to look out in a special way for the representation of women's part in the arts and industries of the nation.

NOT DRIVEN TO IT.

The following pitiful story is from the columns of the daily newspapers, and is given with very little alteration except in the names. It carries an especial significance to every young girl who is forced to earn her own living.

A young woman of nineteen, whom we shall call Jenny Darr, the educated daughter of a mechanic, supported herself as a book-keeper in a large store until last winter, when she was attacked by rheumatism, and forced to go into a hospital. When discharged, she again found work, but in a week or two again became ill, and returned to the hospital. She was released in September, but now found it impossible to secure a place as either book-keeper or saleswoman.

She was fully competent to do the work which she sought, but every place was full. She went from shop to shop in search of employment, meanwhile selling or pawning all that she had to keep herself alive.

"At last," we are told, "finding that her choice must lie between death and dishonor, she wrote a word of farewell to her friends, and swallowed a sleeping-draught which put an end to her sorrows."

She was found dead in her bed in the morning, and her pathetic story was told in all the newspapers, with comments upon the "cruelty of a social condition which drove a young girl to suicide."

The story is pathetic; but the false sentiment with which it is clothed is calculated to do great harm to young girls who read it; for it is not true that the social condition of any American city drives a young girl to commit suicide to avoid a dishonorable life.

On the day on which this girl ended her life because she could not find work as a clerk or saleswoman, hundreds of housekeepers in the city where she died were offering a home and high wages for competent help in their households. She chose, not between death and crime, but between death and work of a lower grade than that to which she was accustomed. She was a victim not to cruel fate, but to the unreasonable dread of losing caste by her work.

Any girl-reader is liable to be placed some time in the strait of this poor girl. If she is ever so unfortunate, let her remember that any innocent occupation is honorable.

It is not the work we do which degrades or ennobles us; it is the mind which we bring to the work.

IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

No one can say truly that the United States has not a hereditary nobility. An announcement was made at the last anniversary of the Children's Aid Society of New York showing that we have at least one noble line.

For thirty-six years the secretary and manager of that organization was the late Charles L. Brace, to whose fidelity and skill its long-continued prosperity is chiefly due. At the last anniversary, quietly held in a bank parlor, Mr. George S. Coe, the Treasurer, used the following language:

"While sincerely lamenting the death of Mr. Brace, it is at the same time my grateful duty to introduce to the patrons of the society Mr. Charles Loring Brace, son of our departed friend, whose honorable name he bears and whose benevolent spirit and charitable devotion he earnestly desires to perpetuate.

"The trustees are not only unanimous in their choice of him as a successor in this important trust, but they cordially congratulate the public that the gentleman now elected willingly leaves an honorable business career, at no small financial sacrifice to himself, to enter upon this good service."

The appointment has given great pleasure to the people of New York, where the Children's Aid Society is one of the most favorite and popular charities. Mr. Coe might have added that the new Secretary is the third of his name to acquire note as a philanthropist. The father of the late Secretary was John P. Brace of Litchfield, Conn., where for fifty years he was esteemed as an educator, author, editor, and public-spirited citizen.

There were two William Pitts in England, and here in America there is a somewhat numerous natural nobility, which for several successive generations has given true noblemen to the public service. In philanthropy, which sometimes involves much painful and even loathsome toil, the hereditary line has often been abruptly broken, the son recoiling from the father's career of self-sacrifice. John Howard's son, for example, was a melancholy failure in every respect.

During the thirty-seven years which have elapsed since the late Mr. Brace founded the Children's Aid Society, more than a hundred thousand newsboys have been inmates of the Newsboys' Lodging Houses under its charge.

Similar societies now flourish in all our large

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cities, the good effect of which in improving the character of newsboys and many other boys who earn their living in the streets, is plainly to be seen. Fewer boys find their way to the House of Refuge and Blackwell's Island, and fewer girls go astray.

HOW IT WAS WRITTEN.

When Mr. Stanley invited his publisher to travel from London to Cairo, in order to assist in the preparation of his manuscript, "In Darkest Africa," he may be said to have done an almost unique thing, even in these days of fast travelling over long distances. Mr. Marston, the publisher, on arriving, found the great explorer absorbed in his work. He had taken a room removed from the bustle and noise outside the hotel, and rarely left it, even for a stroll about the garden.

"I have so many pages to write," he said. "I know that if I do not complete this work by a certain time, when other and imperative duties are imposed upon me I shall never complete it at all. When my work is accomplished, then I will talk with you, laugh with you, play with you, and ride with you; but let me alone now."

Nothing worried him more than a tap at the door while he was writing; he sometimes even glared upon his guest like a tiger ready to spring, although the intruder was of course privileged, and came always with the purpose of forwarding the work. When the courier knocked, trembling, at the door, Mr. Stanley would cry:

"Am I a prisoner in my own house?"

"I've brought you this telegram, sir."

"Well, I detest telegrams! Why do you persist in bringing them?"

Sali, the black boy who travelled with him on his expedition, is a youth of sufficient resource to escape the penalties of such intrusion. Until his master engaged on this terrible book, he had free access to him at all hours; now he never approached the den without expecting the inkstand to be hurled at his head.

At length he hit upon a device for saving his threatened skull. Having a telegram to deliver one day, he fixed it on the end of a long bamboo, poked it into the room through a crack of the door, and bolted.

One day Mr. Marston succeeded in drawing him out for an hour, to get a glimpse of the Nile and enjoy the cooling air. After looking at the river a few seconds, Stanley remarked:

"Six months ago I drank its waters at the eastern source, which I discovered years ago. On my recent expedition, I discovered its western source. Now that you have discovered its mouth, let us go back to work."

SAINT HUBERT.

On the third of November, in the churches of France, it was once permitted to the people, and even in certain places expected that they should bring their dogs to church with them.

Even now, on that day, though the people do not go to church accompanied by their Newfoundlands, their pugs or their bull-terriers, they talk as if they were going to do so, and pleasantly ask one another, in the afternoon, "Did you take your dog to mass this morning?"

The third of November is St. Hubert's Day, and Hubert is, in a measure, the patron saint of dogs. He is, first of all, the patron saint of hunters; but he is held to have special authority over dogs, and to him are addressed prayers for cure or protection from hydrophobia.

Hubert was, away back in the early days of Christianity, a prince at Liége, now a town of Belgium. He was so passionately fond of hunting that he neglected his duties as a chieftain and as a man, and, accompanied by his beloved dogs, continually engaged in the chase. Even on holy days the sound of his horns and of the baying of his pack clashed discordantly with the ringing of the church bells and the chanting of the choirs.

But on one of these holy days—it was Good Friday—Hubert, while hunting, was confronted, it is said, with a vision of a stag bearing a bright cross between its antlers.

By this the knight was so deeply impressed that he gave up his boisterous life, undertook a pilgrimage, and became a bishop, of holy life and beneficent influence.

But even in his sainthood, which was afterward decreed, it was said that he never lost his wonderful influence over dogs and other animals.

The custom of taking the dogs to church on St. Hubert's Day, as if to share in the beneficent influence of the life of a holy man who loved them, was not without its beauty. The animals certainly should have kept very quiet on such an occasion, though it is to be feared that they did not understand the significance of the ceremony in which they were participating.

NOBLE.

Our War of Independence was no exception to the tendency of a revolution to raise a neighbor's hand against a neighbor. The patriots of those days hated the Tories more intensely than they did George III. and Lord North. The fact that a patriot and a Tory lived in adjoining houses intensified their political animosity, and not unfrequently caused them to exchange epithets and blows.

When the Revolution began, the high sheriff at Portland, Maine, was William Tyng, whose father commanded the provincial fleet sent against Louisburg in 1745. One day Tyng, an irascible man and a rank Tory, met General Preble, an ardent Whig, on the street. Hot words passed between them, and Tyng called the General an old fool.

"Repeat those words, and I'll knock you down!" shouted the angry General. The excited sheriff answered the threat by whipping out his rapier; but before he could make a pass, the General, an old man, seized Tyng by the collar, and shook him until the bystanders parted them. The sheriff was a gentleman, even if quick-tempered, and he asked the old General's pardon.

Tyng was kind-hearted if hot-tempered, and his willingness to serve even an enemy is illustrated by an anecdote which Mr. Drake tells in "The Pine-Tree Coast."

When the British troops entered New York, Tyng went there. Hearing that a son of his late antagonist was a prisoner on board the Jersey Prison Ship, he sought him out. The young man was found suffering from an illness, which in that floating charnel-house meant speedy death.

The refugee Royalist secured the prisoner's release, took him to his own house, nursed him through his sickness, and restored him to his family, who had mourned him as dead. The young man became Commodore Preble of Tripoli fame.

PIGEON MESSENGERS.

The employment of carrier pigeons to aid operations in Wall Street is a novel idea, which has proved a decidedly happy one for a stock-broker who has a farm in Somerset County, New Jersey. The broker did not find the telegraph service satisfactory, especially when an excited stock-market necessitated quick communication with New York, and he decided to establish a messenger pigeon service of his own.

A hamper containing several birds is kept in his office, and when he is passing a day or two at his farm, forty-three miles from the city, and his manager wishes to communicate the condition of the market, it is quickly done by means of one of the birds.

This gentleman went to an isolated point in Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, on a fishing excursion, the only communication with the mainland being by a small steamer, which arrived about twelve, noon, and departed at one o'clock.

One day, after the steamer had departed, the broker opened his mail, and found that the stock-market had taken an unexpected turn, which necessitated immediate communication with his office.

A message was quickly written and attached to a tail-feather of one of the birds, while to insure absolute safety, a duplicate was attached to another bird. They were released at three o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at the broker's farm early the next morning, so that the order which they transmitted was acted upon at the opening of the Stock Exchange, and resulted in saving a considerable sum of money for the owner of the pigeons.

OUACHITA.

Perhaps we are all familiar with the man "who knows more than the captain," as the saying goes. We meet him on the railway and hear him tell the conductor that the train is behind time. He finds fault with workmen who are doing a street job, and in a general way he informs the world that he can do anything better and knows more than any one else.

One of these conceited fellows was exhibiting his superior knowledge in a Cincinnati cotton warehouse recently. He was a nephew of the junior partner of the firm.

A consignment of cotton had arrived that morning, each bale marked, "From Jerome Lavalle, Ouachita, La." It happened that Mr. Lavalle arrived with the cotton and was close at hand, but the young man did not know that.

"Ah," he said, airily, to a clerk who was weighing the bales, "Here's some cotton from *Jeremy* Lavalle of *Oochita*."

"Ouachita, young man," said Mr. Lavalle, with a smile, giving the word its proper pronunciation of *Washitaw*.

"You're mistaken," returned the youth, coolly. "I think not," said Mr. Lavalle. "I was born and raised there."

"Well," retorted the other, stubbornly, "Jeremy Lavalle doesn't call it that."

"Maybe not, but *Jerome* Lavalle does. *I* am Jerome Lavalle."

At this point the youth should have sunk through the floor in confusion, but he didn't. "Are you?" he said, lightly. "I guess it's been a long time since you went to school and studied geography."

JOLLY.

There are many people, old and young,—as many who are old, perhaps, as young,—who never stop to think of the words they are using; who, for instance, never examine their speech, to see whether they are not employing one word over and over again in such a way as to make their friends weary of it, even if the word itself has no sense of being overworked.

The other day an actual conversation which was much like the following was heard on the street near a public school-house:

"Say, Edith, my father gave me the jolliest sled you ever saw for Christmas."

"Oh, so did my uncle give me one! Mine's awfully jolly, I tell you! Been coasting on it?"

"Not yet, but they say there's jolly coasting down by the Falls."

"Oh yes. Marian and Henry and the Williamses and all of us went down yesterday afternoon, and it's just the jolliest place, and here come Eleanor and Dick, and let's all go now! We'll have just the jolliest —"

"Oh, well, but if my mother don't know I'm going, she'll be jolly angry about it."

"Well, I guess we'll go, but if you'd come too it would be lots jollier."

The young people disappeared, still talking, and how many times they used the word "jolly" before they separated it would be useless to try to conjecture.

EDISON'S ADVICE.

It is the little things that give the best insight into a man's character, things which he does involuntarily, and when he is off guard. Any man may learn much about himself by taking notice how he is accustomed to spend his odd minutes and his loose change.

For the same reason there is no little shrewdness in a saying which is attributed to Edison. According to the story, a gentleman introduced his son to the famous electrician, and in the course of the conversation suggested that he should give the young fellow a motto for his business career, upon which he was about entering.

Edison was silent for a moment, and then said, "Never look at the clock!"

Probably the boy was more or less mystified by this laconic utterance, but he will not be long in the company of clerks or day-laborers without discovering that those who take so little interest in their work as to be continually asking what time it is, are not the ones who get on in the world.

Success is not for the lazy or the indifferent. As some one has said, "The carpenter who stays fifteen minutes after hours to finish a job is working towards a shop of his own."

Ladies' Underwear should be made from KING PHILIP CAMBRIC, LAWNS and NAINSOOKS. Send stamp for samples. King Philip Mills, Worth St., N. Y. [Adv.

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Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back*. 245 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

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Patented Apr. 22, 1890.

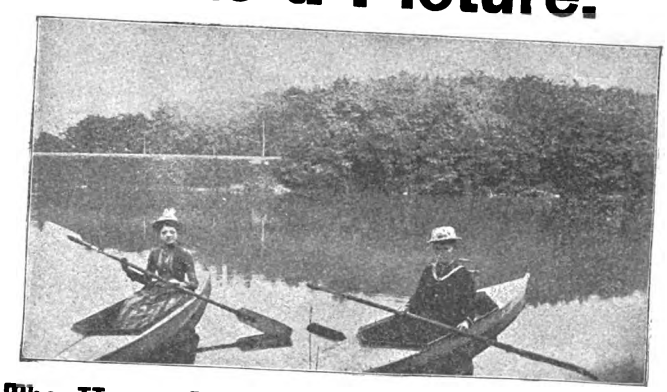


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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

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SUGGESTIONS

AROUND THE WORLD.

What places around the globe are in your latitude?

How do they differ in climate?

Can you find a reason for the difference?

"The sun never sets on English soil." Locate her possessions.

What are "lane routes" across the ocean?

What nations have possessions in Africa?

For the Companion.

OUR FRENCH ALLIES.

Dark was that hour before the light
That ushered in the morn
Of that great day, when to the world
A nation's life was born.

For foes without, and foes within,
Had threatened at the start,
Till men once brave, and men once bold,
Did falter, faint of heart.

Yet staunch and firm—their faith and trust
Untouched by fear or doubt—
That little band of patriots stood
To fight the battle out;

To fight and win their freehold right
Unto the soil they trod,
The homes their pilgrim fathers held
As a free gift from God.

The homes on which old England laid
The pressure of her hand,
And taxed at will, until uprose
A protest in the land;

And force met force, and might met right,
While parliament and crown
Swore out a mighty oath to bring
"Those boasting Yankees down."

But day by day, and week by week,
And month by month, went by,
And still "those boasting Yankees" dared
Old England to defy.

"What folly this," the British cried,
"What madness, when the end
Is ours to take, and ours to make
These rebel subjects bend,

"And own the power they now defy,
And pay the rebel debt
Of treason's scope, which now they flout
With braggart thrust and threat."

Still grimly-staunch, they held their place—
The little patriot band,
By foes without, and foes within,
Beset on every hand.

Half-clad, half-fed, they faltered not;
When round about their way
The shadows closed, they only said,
"To-morrow'll bring the day."

'Twas then, just at the darkest hour,
When hope was well-nigh spent,
And prophecies of ill were rife,
That France her message sent.

Oh gallant word of cheer and help,
Forerunner of the deed
That followed fast, what life you brought,
In that dark hour of need!

What life, and health, and courage, then,
Sprung up afresh to give
New power and strength, new hope and heart,
And bid the nation live.

Oh generous land, when other lands
Looked on in cold disdain—
Who sent your timely aid to us,
Not once, but once again,

Whose costly fleets brought out to us
Your country's pride and flower,
What hearts have we, what memories,
To overlook that hour!

To hear indifferently his name
Whose youthful ardor spurred
His country on to such response
Of gallant deed and word!

Whose noble eloquence inspired
King Louis' timid soul,
Whose fiery courage caught and held
All France in its control!

Ah, let the land that gave him birth,
Indifferently forget,
Or hear without a thrill at heart
The name of La Fayette,

But never, while the world endures
And time and seasons roll,
Let my America forget
Her debt to that great soul.

Let her remember year by year
What France with him bestowed,
How generously in time of need
Her warm heart overflowed.

Oh my America, to-day
Strong-limbed, of giant power,
Look back with gratitude and love
To that long vanished hour.

Look backward, then with outstretched hands
Go forth to seek her there—
There where she sits beside her Seine,
This kingless "France the Fair."

Go forth with gifts, love-gifts to her,
Nor longer make delay;
Let loose the flood-tide of your heart,
America to-day!

NORA PERRY.

For the Companion.

KILLING THE SOUL.

A man was tried in the criminal court of a Western town not long ago on the charge of poisoning his children. One of them had died; the others were enfeebled for life. The poison, it was alleged, had not been given all at once, but in small doses, mixed with their food during a long period.

The man was an ignorant drunkard, who had inherited a cruel, cold temperament; but his neighbors could not be convinced of his guilt by any proof, so terrible and unnatural was the crime. That a father should slowly kill the bodies of his children, and watch them waste away through months and years, unmoved, seemed to them incredible.

Yet do parents never kill the minds and souls of their children by such slow, inexorable poison?

The man who by the force of example, by words and habits, gives to his sons a love for brutal sports, or for stimulants—what is he doing?

The man who, in the same way, gives to his boys a cynical, sneering temper, who teaches them to laugh at honesty, at the purity of women, and, more than all, at religion, is he less guilty than the murderer who poisons the bodies of his children?

Is the mother innocent of murder, who debases her child's soul by incessant petty doses of vanity? That soul might receive thoughts as broad as charity, and as high as heaven; it might be filled with love and truth and God Himself. It becomes, instead, a shrine for new gowns or scandalous gossip.

"Thou shalt do no murder," was not meant only for those who kill the body.

SIZES OF BOOKS.

The words folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, and the like, have almost, if not quite, lost their original meaning. At first they had reference only to the number of leaves into which the sheets used in making the books were folded. Thus, if these sheets were folded once, so as to form two leaves or four pages, the book was called a folio; if the sheets were folded twice, so as to form four leaves, the book was called a quarto; if they were folded four times, so as to form eight leaves, the book was called an octavo, and so on.

The duodecimo, or 12mo, is an irregular size. To make it the sheet must be folded so as to form twelve leaves—not an easy thing to do off-hand, as the reader will find if he tries it. The process is, nevertheless, simple when it has been learned. Fold one-third of the width of a sheet lengthwise upon itself; next fold the paper across its breadth in the centre. Next fold the sheet across its length,—that is, fold the two leaves upon the four. Finally fold it again across, and you have your sheet in duodecimo form, and, what is more, in such shape that it may easily be sewed in with others to form a book.

But though, strictly and historically, quarto, octavo, etc., have reference solely to the manner of folding the sheet, they are, as a matter of common practice, used to specify the sizes of books.

If the sheets on which books are printed were of uniform size, a quarto page would be as unvarying an area as a square foot or an acre; and before the invention of machines for making paper, there was such uniformity in the sizes of sheets.

The paper-moulds in which the sheets were made had fixed, conventional sizes.

But when paper-making machines were introduced, and the use of moulds was abandoned, sheets came to be made of all dimensions. As a result, quartos and octavos had all sorts of dimensions, and the terms, when used strictly to indicate how the sheet was folded, became worthless as designations of size. The use of the old terms was nevertheless not abandoned; but, instead, they were first used to indicate a rather wide range of sizes, and finally were attached to certain more definite sizes, without reference to the method of folding.

The practice of the publisher nowadays is first to determine what size of page he wants. The sheet he uses will be large or small, according to the capacity of the press at his disposal. On that sheet he may print, say, eight octavo pages, or he may print thirty-two; but he will call the book an octavo, though by its folding it should be called either a quarto or a 16mo.

In other words, the publisher calls his book by the name of that one of the old sizes to which it happens to come nearest.

The confusion which resulted from the changes noticed here has not passed away yet; but efforts have been made to give definiteness of meaning to the old words. The American Library Association has agreed upon a set of definitions based upon the lengths—or heights—of books, which are gaining favor, and are likely to become authoritative in America.

AS HEROES DIE.

The famous naval duel between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* was fought in the English Channel off Cherbourg, on the 19th of June, 1864. Dr. John M. Browne, in his description of the battle, in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," makes special mention of one of the heroes of the contest, an ordinary seaman on board the *Kearsarge*. His name was William Gouin, and deserves to be remembered. He died in the hospital three days after the fight. Says Doctor Browne:

His behavior during and after the battle was worthy of the highest praise. He was stationed at the after pivot gun, and was seriously wounded in the leg by the explosion of a shell. In agony, and exhausted from the loss of blood, he dragged himself to the forward hatch, and concealed the severity of his injury, in order that his comrades might not leave their stations for his assistance.

Here he fainted, and was lowered to the care of the surgeons. When he revived he greeted the surgeon with a smile, saying, "Doctor, I can fight no more, and so come to you. But it is all right. I am satisfied, for we are whipping the *Alabama*."

Afterward he said, "I will willingly lose my leg, or my life, if it is necessary."

As he lay upon his mattress he paid attention to the progress of the fight, so far as it could be known by the sounds on the deck, and his face showed satisfaction whenever the cheers of his shipmates were heard. With difficulty he waved his hand over his head, and joined in each cheer with a feeble voice.

When a wounded shipmate complained, he reproved him, saying, "Am I not worse hurt than you? and I am satisfied, for we are whipping the *Alabama*."

Directly after the enemy's wounded were brought on board he desired the surgeon to pay him no further attention. He was "doing well," he said, and all aid should be given to "the poor fellows of the *Alabama*."

In the hospital he was patient and resigned, and happy in speaking of the victory.

"This man, so very interesting by his courage and resignation," wrote the French surgeon-in-chief, "received general sympathy; all desired his recovery and lamented his death."

At a dinner given by loyal Americans in Paris to Captain Winslow and two of his officers, a telegram was received announcing the death of Gouin. His name was honorably mentioned, his behavior eulogized.

HIS FOOTPRINTS.

A few years ago a French scientist of wide reputation, who had written several books against Christianity, was one of a party which was crossing the great Arabian desert. The servants were all Mussulmans, and of course, at each sunrise and sunset, and several times through the day, no matter what difficulties were in the way, they knelt upon their little praying mats, in the heat of the sun and on the burning sand, and repeated their Mohammedan prayers.

The Frenchman was very witty, and often made some joke upon their devotions, at which, I am ashamed to say, we all laughed more or less.

One evening, as the sun's red disc was dropping below the horizon of sand precisely as the red moon comes up out of the horizon of water at sea, the men had made their final salaam toward Mecca and were rising from their knees, when the Frenchman spoke to the leader, saying,

"Do you not waste your valuable time in so many of these operations? How do you happen to know so well that there is a God out here in the desert?"

The Arab replied, "Sahib, how did you know so well, this morning, that a caravan had passed our tents last night when you were asleep?"

"By the footprints in the sand, of course," said the Frenchman.

The Arab pointed, very solemnly, to the last fiery tip of the sun's disc as it appeared upon the line of sand, and replied:

"Sahib, that is not the footprint of a man."

For the Companion.

THE BRAVE OLD CEDARS.

The banners of Autumn are waving bright
From tower and hill and mountain,
Her cohorts and phalanxes gleam with light,
By shining river and fountain;
Her armies are standing in dress parade,
Equipped with a martial splendor,
But the gallant old Cedars are undismayed,
They die, but never surrender.

The Maples, in close serried ranks, uphold
Their standards of red and yellow,
The orchard is burning in crimson and gold,
The meadows are ripe and mellow;
The sentinel poplar and sycamore
Give welcome to every new-comer,
And doff the brave colors which once they wore
In honor of sweet, green summer.

But the Cedars lift boldly their rugged arms,
The favors of Autumn scorning,
And keep their green bravery, though the alarms
Of surly Winter give warning.
So loyal and true, so valiant and strong,
The snows and the tempests daring,
The gallant old Cedars, a whole life long,
The same old standard are bearing.

ZITELLA COCKE.

UNCOMMUNICATIVE.

There is no impropriety in addressing a civil question to a stranger in a railway car, or in any other public place; but if the stranger manifests a disinclination to talk, it is rude to attempt to drag him into conversation. He may have perfectly good reasons for wishing to remain silent. Whether a woman should speak to a strange man in a car, is quite another matter. The Cincinnati *Inquirer* reports a recent instance in which one woman was sorry she had taken such a liberty.

A man boarded a train the other day, and took a seat in front of a woman who was very curious about the country. She asked about the crops, the price of land, the characteristics of the people, the climate, and many other things. To all her inquiries the stranger returned a respectful, "I don't know, ma'am; I really don't know."

"Is this as good a climate as New York?"

"I think so, ma'am, but, really, I cannot say."

"Do the people seem to be well contented?"

"I don't know."

"Whom do they seem to prefer as a presidential candidate?"

"I can't say, ma'am."

"Are the farmers low-spirited over the decline in wheat?"

"They may be, but I have no means of knowing."

"Should you say this was a good State for a young man to begin life in?"

"I shouldn't like to give an opinion."

His non-committal answers annoyed the woman. She was silent for half a minute, and then began again:

"Have you been in Michigan long?"

"Three years, ma'am."

"And yet you don't seem to be very well informed about matters and things."

"Well, ma'am, to tell you the truth," he replied, as he turned about, "I'm a resident of Ohio. I came up here and stole a horse, and was sent to the Ionia prison for three years. I haven't been out more than two hours yet."

His questioner rose and took the fourth seat back, "in a way to make the dust fly," as the reporter expressed it, and did not open her mouth again, even to the conductor, until the train was running into Detroit.

MONEY FOR JIMMY.

Persons who are outside of the great world of business can hardly be blamed for not understanding the law and practice of commercial exchange. If a woman is awkward in a bank, a man might not be perfectly at home in a kitchen. For all that, one-half the world enjoys laughing at the other half's ignorance and blunders.

A little old woman, with an expression of awe upon her face, walked into a Chicago bank the other day, says the *Herald*. She looked at every window till she came to the exchange clerk's.

"Is this the place where I can get a draft to send money to California?" she inquired.

The clerk, an obliging young man, assured her politely that it was. "You want a draft on San Francisco, I suppose?" he added.

"Yes," she exclaimed, as her face brightened. "That's where my son Jimmy is, and I want to send him twelve dollars."

She produced from the folds of her dress a handkerchief tied in knots, and after considerable labor displayed a heap of small change.

"A draft on San Francisco will cost you twenty-five cents, ma'am," said the clerk, "but I can sell you one on New York for ten cents, and it will do just as well."

The old woman reached for the handkerchief of coins and pulled it toward her. "Young man," said she, "I have no time to go to New York. I want Jimmy to get this right away."

The polite exchange clerk attempted no explanation, but made out a draft on San Francisco for the twelve dollars and declined to accept any fee.

KEPT HIS WORD.

There are some people who seem fated to be imposed upon at every turn, and Nathan Graves was one of these guileless unfortunates. It did seem as if nothing would ever teach him to be cautious. At one time good fortune had come to him, in the shape of a comfortable legacy from a brother, a well-to-do merchant in the city.

"It looks now as if Nathan was provided for," said his patient wife; but before six months had passed she changed her mind.

An enterprising stranger came to the town, and easily persuaded Nathan to embark with him in a "patent medicine" enterprise, for which the newcomer had plenty of capacity, but no ready money.

Nathan promptly supplied him with this necessary article, and for about two months took great pride in a glittering sign which bore the names of "Sharp and Graves." At the end of that time, however, Sharp suddenly vanished, taking all the money he could lay his hands on, and leaving poor Nathan only the patent medicine, which was literally a drug in the market.

"Pretty hard on you, Nathan!" said one of his fellow-townsmen, who had warned him against the smooth-speaking stranger.

"Well, yes, it is," admitted Nathan; "but then," he added, "the man spoke the truth; he said he'd 'do something by me,' and I'm sure he's done it."

YANKEE SPEECH.

A contributor to the *Christian Union* furnishes a batch of odd Yankeeisms, which he says are taken from "a note-book of twenty-five years' standing." He once asked a rustic citizen of Connecticut, who had recently paid his first visit to New York, what he thought of the great city.

"Waal, I never!" answered the man. "Why, there on Broadway it allers seemed 's though meetin' was jes' out!"

Another Connecticut man was given to addressing his cattle in rather emphatic terms. One day, when the cows were more than usually frolicsome, he was heard to exclaim: "Yes, scatter, will ye! Blast ye! If there war'n't but one of ye, ye'd scatter!"

A third farmer always had a prodigious number of last words to say whenever he was leaving the farm for the city. On one occasion the hired man's patience gave out. "Mr. F——," said he, "you'd be an awful bad man ter die. You'd have so many last words that the undertaker's bill would come in before yer was dead."

Mr. B—— was an odd character, especially noted for his ardent defence of the doctrine of election. One day at dinner he was "argyfying" with a neighbor, and as he lifted a piece of meat upon his fork, he remarked, "I have no more doubt of the doctrine of election than that I shall eat that meat." Just then, with the emphasis of his gesture, the meat flew off, and was instantly devoured by the family dog.

Mr. W——, a Democrat in politics, was greatly incensed when his neighbors plied him with copies of the New York *Tribune* during a presidential campaign. As he told the story himself, he flung the papers into the stove, exclaiming, "I'll teach 'em to cast their pearls before swine!"

A farmer is said to have replied to a customer, "Can't let yer have no eggs to-day; we're a-settin'." Another man, with whose feelings many readers will be able to sympathize, was heard to say, "These confounded corns hurt me so I 'most want to walk backwards."

TOO SAVING.

Aunt Betsey Hicks, a New England woman who had been left a widow after a few years of married life, "carried on" her late husband's farm with a good deal of ability, but with such close economy that her saving devices grew famous in the country round about.

Next to her economy of provisions, her economy of firewood was perhaps her chief concern. At one time a sister of her late husband, from "down country," came to make her a visit, and soon became convinced that Betsey was endeavoring to freeze her out. But perhaps this was not so, since the temperature was as Mrs. Hicks usually kept it.

"I declare," the visitor ventured to exclaim, "I should think you kept it pretty cold here, Betsey!"

"That 'ere pesky thermometer's to blame, Susan," said Betsey. "I guess it's got choked up. I can't get it above fifty to save my life!"

Then she turned over the stick of wood in the sheet-iron stove, while her guest walked up and down the room with her hands thrust up the sleeves of her dress.

The visitor remained at Aunt Betsey's for several days, however, in spite of the choked-up thermometer, spending much of her time in bed, or watching a chance to smuggle a stick into the stove when her hostess was out of the room.

Late one afternoon she happened to go out into the woodshed, and found Aunt Betsey there, with an old shawl wrapped around her shoulders and a stick in her hand, engaged in violently stirring something in a large tin can. A strong smell of petroleum filled the air.

"Betsey Hicks," said the visitor, "what be you a-doin'?"

"Wal, if you want to know," said Aunt Betsey, "I thought I'd see if I couldn't stir a leetle mite o' water int' the karosene. I reckoned it'd go a leetle fu'ther, 'th so much comp'ny in the house as *I* seem to have!"

Her guest went away early the next morning on the stage-coach.

TAUGHT A LESSON.

A man with large business interests and a handsome income married a lady who, accustomed all her previous life to the luxuries of wealth, had never formed any clear conception of the worth and purchasing power of money. For some months the indulgent husband gratified his wife's every whim.

One day the lady, to carry out some caprice, asked for a check for so large a sum that the gentleman was disturbed. He saw that such prodigality, if persisted in, meant ruin; but not wishing to grieve his wife by a downright refusal, he determined to give her a lesson in finance. He therefore smilingly remarked that he could not give her a check as usual, but would send up the money from his store.

About noon the promised money came, not in crisp bills, as was expected, but in silver dollars, the sum total filling several specie bags.

The wife was first vexed, then amused, and finally, as the afternoon wore away, became deeply thoughtful. When her husband came home to supper, she took him gently by the arm, and leading him into the room where the ponderous bags of specie were still standing, said:

"My dear, is this the money I asked you for this morning?"

"It is, my love," was the reply.

"And did you have to take this money all in dollar by dollar, in the course of your business?" was the next question.

"Yes," he answered, gently; "it represents the results of many weeks of hard labor."

"Well, then," she said, with tearful eyes, "send a man to take it back to the bank in the morning. I can't use so much money for so trivial a purpose. I didn't understand about it before."

DISTRESSING OVERSIGHT.

The most famous view in the Yosemite Valley is that from Inspiration Point, where the traveller gets his first sight of the whole valley.

It is a splendid bird's-eye sweep, in which are gathered more scenic wonders than are contained in an equal space elsewhere in the world.

A gentleman who has recently visited the Pacific coast describes the hush which fell upon the occupants of the stage-coach as the driver pulled up his horses at this point. Their delight and enthusiasm were too keen to be put into words.

The silence lasted for a minute or two. Then a woman on the back seat suddenly exclaimed, with a mighty sigh, expressive of the deepest feeling:

"Oh my! I wonder why they don't have lace curtains at the Wawona Hotel!"

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For the Companion.

AN UNBELIEVER.

He didn't "b'lieve a word of it"—about the flakes of snow.
That they were dainty feathers from the angels' wings, you know.
Nor that they were the bits of down from out the clouds' soft beds;
Nor that they were but rain-drops with white night-caps on their heads.

Oh no! he knew *much* better, so when some one chanced to say
The flakes were tiny crystals formed in very wondrous way,
He almost laughed to hear it, until some one made him spy
Thro' the microscope the snow-stars that had fallen from the sky.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

For the Companion.

THE STORY OF A MONKEY.

The beautiful sunbeams streamed in through the western window of a family sitting-room one afternoon, and shone upon the brown-gold wavy hair of little Stuart Hunter.

He was sitting perched upon a big Webster's Dictionary at the library table, printing a letter. His small mouth twisted itself into very funny shapes as it tried to follow the letters made by the little cramped, ink-bedaubed fingers.

And this is what the letter said:

DEAR, DARLING MONKEY:

I mis you very mutch. Do you mis me? I love you just the same. I hope the dockters will make you well soon and let you come home. The elefant has got his throte cut. Paul did it cuz I whittled up his fore new led pensyls with my new nife. Hannah Jane is having her face painted over. Wen you see her she will have brite red cheeks. Good-by.

from yore loving master, STUART HUNTER.

The monkey to whom this was written was not a live monkey, as you might think, but only a toy.

Years ago a gentleman bought him in London for his little niece, Golden-locks, who lived in New York City; but when he was presented to his little mistress, she ran shrieking to her mamma, and buried her face in her lap.

All their efforts to pacify her were in vain, so the monkey was sent down to Nantucket to little Stuart Hunter, whose mamma was a dear friend of Golden-locks' mamma.

When Stuart awoke, bright and early on Christmas morning, and found a glossy black monkey, with a long, sleek tail, standing up in his stockings, he was perfectly delighted. Seizing him in his arms, he danced about the room, hugging and kissing him wildly.

The monkey thought it a much warmer reception than the one Golden-locks had given him.

There was only one drawback to that first happy day in his new home. Stuart had a little black kitten. He was all black, without a speck of white on him anywhere, and his name was Zebadiah Henley. Stuart named him for a dignified old Quaker gentleman whom he greatly admired.

Now when Zebadiah came into the library, late that afternoon, and saw the monkey sitting in a little rocking-chair by the fire, his own favorite resting-place, he was very angry. With a growl and hiss he sprang upon him. The two black creatures rolled over each other upon the floor, and when at last the children succeeded in rescuing the poor monkey, alas! both of his yellow glass eyes were gone and Zebadiah's sharp claws had torn out several patches of fur.

Stuart cried over the lost eyes, but his mamma fastened two shiny boot-buttons in the monkey's head, and he was satisfied.

Next to the monkey, an elephant stuffed with cotton and an old-fashioned doll were Stuart's favorites.

The doll's name was Hannah Jane. She had very long legs and arms, and a stiff, hard body. Her head was a painted wooden one, and was made on board a whale-ship fifty or more years ago.

When Hannah Jane was dressed in her striped silk, lace mantilla, and old-fashioned bonnet with a dotted lace veil, she was very ancient and aristocratic-looking.

The monkey, the elephant, and Hannah Jane often went out riding together.

People would stop to look at the little family in the baby-carriage. They always admired Hannah Jane, but always laughed at the monkey, which made Stuart very indignant.

By the end of his third year in Nantucket, poor monkey's fur was nearly all worn off, he had been kissed and hugged so much by his affectionate little master. He was a queer-looking object indeed, and people laughed more than ever when he went out riding with Hannah Jane.

One night, about a week before Christmas, Stuart's mamma proposed sending the monkey to the hospital to see if the doctors could not make a new coat of fur grow.

So when Stuart was fast asleep the monkey, who always slept cuddled up in his arms, was taken away and hidden in mamma's big mending-basket,—for that was the hospital she meant, and she was to be the doctor.

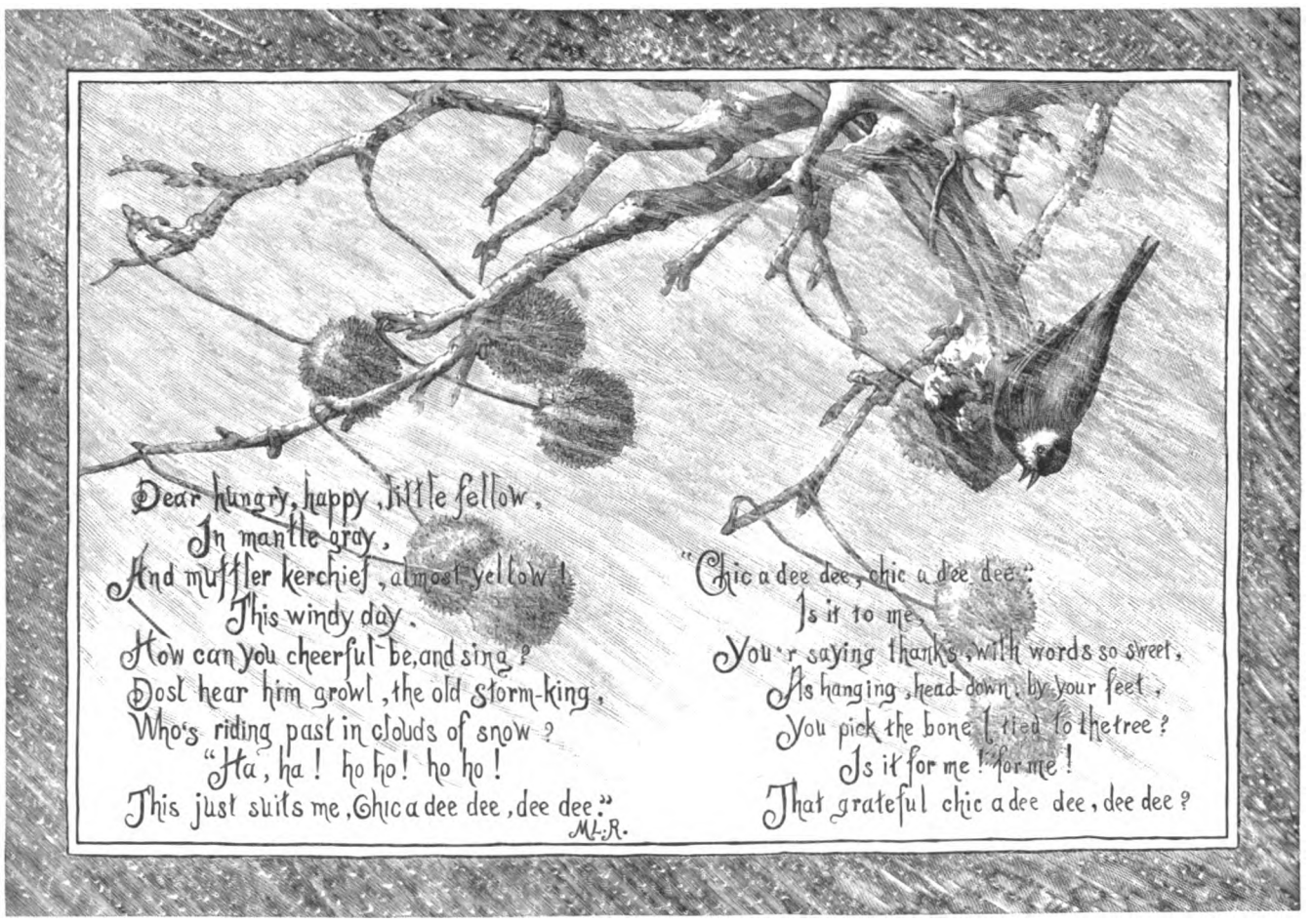
Stuart's letter was written to him while he was upstairs being re-covered.

On Christmas morning, there he was, in a brand-new suit of gray fur, standing up in Stuart's stocking just as he did three years before. His welcome home was all any little monkey's heart could desire.

Hannah Jane in her "brite red cheeks," and the elephant with his throat nicely sewed up, were very glad to see him, and this time Zebadiah purred and rubbed against his soft sides, showing very plainly that he wished to make him forget the past.

FANNY LOUISE WEAVER.

"CAN I go with you, papa?" said little Charley, aged four years, as he saw his father preparing for a walk. "Oh, no," said the father, "I am going to walk a long way, and your legs are too short." But the little fellow was not convinced; stretching forth one of his limbs to its utmost length, he exclaimed, "Just look o' there, see what a great long leg that is, and the other one is a great deal longer!"



For the Companion.

WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMS TO GO WRONG.

When it rains, and you hoped 'twould be pleasant;
When the thread knots up in your sewing;
When you're asked at a tea to be present,
And toothache keeps you from going;
When all things look hopeless and dreary,
And your joy seems turned into sorrow;
Don't fret, but smile and be cheery;—
Perhaps there'll be sunshine to-morrow!

For the Companion.

ESKIMO RAY.

Ray had often seen the pictures of the homes of the Eskimos, and thought snow-houses must be very nice indeed, so nice that he decided to make one for himself.

"Not to live in all the time, mamma, but just to rest in when I'm tired of playing," he said.

He began with a small ball, and rolled it over and over through the damp snow until it was almost as high as his head.

And papa helped push it along, until he could stand on his tiptoes and not see over the top of it.

Then he began work in earnest with his bright new shovel, and before night the huge snowball was hollowed out and changed into the cunningest snow hut you ever saw, with a United States flag stuck into the top of it.

"'Course I want folks to know I'm a Yankee, if I *am* an Eskimo," explained Ray.

He did not like to leave his hut when night came, and travelled to the window many times before he went to bed, to see how it looked in the bright moonlight

"What if it storms to-morrow, mamma. What'll I do if it storms?" he asked, anxiously.

"Do as real Eskimos do—make the best of it," smiled mamma.

But the sun rose brightly, and, before noon, the water was dripping from the eaves.

Ray begged a candle to keep in his house, and hunted up all of the broken dishes he could.

Then he harnessed dog Snyder into the hand-sled, and thought he was an Eskimo at last.

Suddenly there was a rumble, a crashing, a smothered scream and a faint yelp.

Mamma ran to the window, and beheld a scene of utter ruin. An avalanche of snow from the roof had buried the beautiful snow hut, Eskimo Ray and dog Snyder from view!

Snyder scratched his way out, and ran for the barn, barking loudly, and as frightened as a small dog could be.

Mamma took the bright new shovel from the snow bank near by, and began to dig for Eskimo Ray. Soon a very astonished and woebegone little face popped up. "Are you hurt, darling?" asked mamma, anxiously.

"No, *I* aint," he answered, and his lip trembled, "*I* aint hurt, but—but my feelings are!"

Then he crept into mamma's arms, and she comforted him as mammas alone can comfort eight-year-old boys.

"I pity the poor Eskimos, mamma," he said, as he stood by the window that evening. "But I don't want to be one any more."

HARRY'S elder sister had been reproving him for making so much noise with his feet, when he went to his mother, saying, "I haven't the life of a dog; I can't even wag my foot."



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORDS.

In husband, not in wife;
In squabble, not in strife;
In barter, not in sell;
In rattle, not in bell;
In model, not in form;
In sprinkle, not in storm;
In midnight, not in noon;
In Venus, not in moon;
In Christian, not in Jew;
In honest, not in true;
In flounder, not in shark;
In hyphen, not in mark;
In awning, not in blind;
In reeling, not in wind;
In aiming, not in shoot;
In sandal, not in boot;
Two noted events I have hidden here,
Occurring the very first month of the year.

C. D.

2.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

1. Generating tears.
2. A peddler of religious books.
3. Anodyne.
4. One who is proposed for some office or state.
5. Fire-arms.
6. Affected with paralysis.
7. Furnished.
8. Disorder.
9. Delicious.

Diagonals.

Left to right: An English poet, born on Jan. 22, 1788.

Right to left: An English author, born on Jan. 22, 1561.

G. F.

3.

ANAGRAM.

Gild one lock.

When you read of me you'll all agree
To say, "What a jolly old man was he!"

4.

PUZZLE.

1. Behead and curtail a monomaniac, and leave moved swiftly.
2. Behead and curtail a kind of fastening, and leave in like manner.
3. Behead and curtail a figure having equal angles, and leave a nutritious starch.
4. Behead and curtail the plea of a person unfairly accused of guilt, and leave a nickname of Elizabeth.
5. Behead and curtail that by which you are called, and leave a form of the verb to be.

The curtailed letters transposed spell one of the largest cities of the world—the beheaded letters transposed spell the country of which it is the capital.

A. M. P.

5.

CHARADE.

Nobody likes to be my *first;* everybody likes to do my *second;* nearly everybody likes to eat my *whole.*

6.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

Examples:

1. A writer of note; kills game far or near.
2. A brute of much use; to weaken in fear.

Ans.—Hunt, hunter. Cow, cower.

Is done with the tongue; a fluid this means.
Spanish general dead; book for "bonnie wee weans."

A hardy old tree; a sort of a paint.
A method of cooking; a priest, though not saint.

A magical staff; to travel around.
A pain which annoys; a measure of ground.

A thing which supports; whatever is right.
The spirit; pertains to the sun and its light.

A kind of a bird; a snickering laugh.
A dainty perfume; marks diameter's half.

ELGIE BELL.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Bookworm.

2. "He was a most exemplary man; fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book." *Key-Words*—Honorable, wainscot, vortex, mystery, palmate, muffle, rue, soup, hock, papa.
Double Cross-Words.—C. Dickens, Franklin.

3.

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      S
      U A
W E B S T E R
  H L   I A
  I     N
  M T   G E
E V E R E T T
    N R
    S
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1 to 2. Sublime. 1 to 3. Satinet. 2 to 3. Everett. 4 to 5. Webster. 4 to 6. Whitens. 5 to 6. Rangers.

4. Fee fo fum.

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For the Companion.

THE PULSE.

The blood is in a state of constant circulation through the system, propelled by the heart through the arteries, and returned to the same organ through the veins. The arterial current conveys material for nutriment, heat and force to all the tissues; the venous current receives the dead waste of the tissues, and conveys it to the different eliminating organs.

The propulsive action of the heart is due to its successive contractions. These contractions occur about seventy times a minute in a healthy male adult, more frequently in women, and much more frequently in infants and children, being at birth from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty, and gradually sinking to about one hundred at the sixth year, and to ninety or eighty-five at the tenth.

The arteries are unlike the veins in that they share in the beating of the heart; but the beating of the heart is readily perceived only where an artery passes over a bone near the surface, or when some inflammation of a part causes an enlargement of an artery, and an unusual sensitiveness of the accompanying nerves. In its normal condition, the pulse is most conveniently felt at the wrist.

The blood is the natural stimulus of the heart, and when the poison of disease changes the character of the blood, the action of the heart is correspondingly affected. It is also affected by organic disorders of the heart and arteries; by general weakness; by nervous excitements; by the state of the stomach, and by stimulants or depressants of various kinds. Hence, as the heart-beats and the arterial beats accord, the character of the pulse is of great service in determining the patient's physical condition.

It will be seen that, in feeling the pulse, age and sex are always to be taken into the account. Further, one's pulse when lying down is about five beats slower, and when sitting about ten beats slower, than when standing up. The pulse is slower at night, also, and during sleep. A tall person has a slower pulse than a short person.

An increased pulse-rate indicates a feverish condition, as it rises with every increase of temperature.

There is often an omission of a beat. Sometimes this is at regular intervals, say the tenth or twentieth; at other times the omission is irregular. In some persons such omissions are habitual and without significance; more generally they indicate some disease, nervous or otherwise.

When the pulse is under sixty, it is regarded as slow. In not a few persons this is natural. The pulse is slow also in persons recovering from a feverish condition, the heart being weak and exhausted, like the rest of the body; also in digestive diseases and jaundice. Certain poisons slacken the pulse, while others quicken it. The dying condition is characterized by a very rapid but feeble pulse.

RESISTING COLD.

A correspondent of *La Nature* records a curious observation, made last spring, upon an amaryllis growing in the central part of France. The spring opened in that region unusually early, and by the last of February one of these little plants blossomed in the garden of the writer.

On the first of March a "cold wave" passed over the country, and the thermometer fell in the night to twelve degrees Fahrenheit. The next morning the flower was found bent over to the earth, and apparently dead.

Strangely enough, as the sun rose higher in the heavens and the temperature reached fifty degrees, the amaryllis arose from the earth, resumed its usual upright position, and was evidently none the worse for its untimely refrigeration.

The following night was again extremely cold; the same movement was repeated, and a closer examination of the flower showed that it was, undoubtedly, a measure of self-protection. The bell-shaped corolla touched the earth lightly, but closely, and was cemented to the soil by the frozen moisture around its rim, thus enclosing the stamens and other important organs of the flower in a temporary tent, as it were, and protecting them from the outside cold.

This movement was repeated for four successive cold nights. On the fifth night the temperature moderated, and although snow fell, the flower and stalk remained in their usual upright position; and in due time the flower withered and produced seed.

These remarkable spontaneous movements of the plant seem almost to be allied to those of certain low forms of animal life, and are extremely difficult to explain, as is also the remarkable resistance to low temperatures of many other early flowers, such as the snowdrop and crocus.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

It is undoubtedly true that occasionally "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The New York *World* gives an instance that illustrates the truth of the old proverb. A newsboy took the Sixth Avenue elevated cars at Park Place, and sliding into one of the cross seats, fell asleep. At Grand Street two young women entered the car, and took the seats opposite the lad.

The boy's feet were bare, and his hat had fallen off. Presently the younger girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat who had seen the kind act smiled, and without saying anything, held out a quarter, with a nod toward the boy.

The girl understood what he meant, hesitated a moment, blushed a little, and then reached for it.

The next man, who had seen the act and enjoyed it, just as silently offered the girl a dime, to be used for the same purpose. A moment later a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and before she knew it, the girl, with flaming cheeks, was offered money from every passenger in that end of the car, each smiling and enjoying the little episode.

The young girl quietly slid the amount into the sleeping boy's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without arousing him, and soon after rose to leave the car at Twenty-third Street. As she did this, she included all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head, that seemed full of thanks, and the possession of a common secret. It was a very pretty little incident, and will not soon be forgotten by those who saw it.

CLEVER COLLIE.

T. Sidney Cooper, the English animal painter, says that he often made valuable studies in Cumberland, at places where Scotch drovers halted with their cattle for the night. On such occasions, he often had a chance to see illustrations of an animal's intelligence, as well as of its physical perfection.

One day, when there was a pouring rain, a man consented to sit for me at the inn where I was staying. He brought his collie with him, and both of them were dripping wet; so he put off his plaid, and laid it on the floor by the dog.

I made a very successful sketch of the man, but before I had finished it, the dog grew fidgety with the wet plaid, and his master said, "Tak' it awa', mon, tak' it awa'!"

The dog took the end of it between his teeth, and dragged it out of the room.

After I had finished the drover's portrait, I asked him if he thought his dog would lie quiet for a time, as I wished to sketch him.

"Oh yes, mon," he answered, "he'll do anything I say to him. Watch! Watch!" he called, and then "whustled" for him, as the Scotch say.

As the dog did not appear, we went together to look for him, and found him sitting before the kitchen fire, with the end of the plaid in his mouth, holding it up to dry. I expressed my admiration of his intelligence, and the master replied:

"Ah, he's a canny creature, sir! He knows a mony things, does that dog, sir. But come awa', mon; the gentleman wants to mak' your picture."

So we returned to my room, and the handsome collie sat for his portrait.

MYSTERIOUS.

Every one who has attempted chemical or other experiments, knows how severely the patience is tried when every detail of the process has been carefully attended to, and yet the expected result does not follow.

A student of chemistry, says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, was testing the ashes of his cigar for lithium, a very light alkaline metal, which is supposed to be present in tobacco leaves. He applied the proper tests again and again, but the expected red flame did not appear.

In his perplexity he went to his professor. The learned man made one or two experiments, with no better success. Then he turned to the student and said: "My dear sir, you smoke very poor cigars."

BETRAYED.

People who are sly should also be discreet. A lady who had a servant somewhat given to curiosity, inquired, upon returning from a visit one afternoon:

"Did the carrier leave any mail, Mary?"

"Nothing but a postal-card, ma'am."

"Whom is it from, Mary?"

"And did you think I'd be reading it, ma'am?" said the girl, with an injured air.

"Perhaps not; but any one who sends me messages on postal-cards is stupid and impertinent—that's all."

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," said the servant, loftily, "but that's a nice, purty way to be talkin' about your own mother!"

INNOCENT.

When a man is conscious of his innocence, and perfectly sure of his ability to prove it, he has little to fear.

An old negro went to the office of the commissioner of registration in Kansas City lately, according to the *Times*, and applied for registration papers.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down the cherry-tree?"

"No, sah; no, sah; I aint de man. I aint done no work for nigh onto a yeah."

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For the Companion.

LATEST DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE.

THE SUN.

By Professor C. A. Young, of Princeton College.

The sun and the moon are the only heavenly bodies which exert a perceptible influence upon human affairs, and the influence of the moon, near though she is, is not great, except in the matter of the tides.

In the sun, however, we find the main-spring, so to speak, of every form of earthly activity, all other sources of energy being insignificant compared with the solar heat. To this heat science traces more or less directly, but certainly, all the power of wind and water, of steam and electricity, and even the force of animals. The cessation of sunlight for even a single month would reduce our world to a frozen, inert and lifeless mass. Naturally the study of the sun's radiation has greatly occupied the attention of investigators.

It is reasonable to put first in importance, among the recent advances in solar science, the results obtained by Professor Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in his researches into the total amount of solar energy received by the earth, and the distribution of this energy in the different parts of the spectrum.

Heat of the Sun.

The first measures of the quantity of heat received by the earth from the sun were made nearly fifty years ago by Sir John Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope, and almost simultaneously by Pouillet in France. Subsequent observations confirm, substantially, their estimate of the amount of heat which reaches the earth.

But in order to calculate truly the heat really emitted by the sun, we must allow for all that is stopped in passing through the earth's atmosphere. Just here a formidable difficulty is encountered, and an insufficient estimate of the loss was for a long time accepted. Professor Langley detected and pointed out this difficulty, and invented a new and exquisitely sensitive heat-measurer, known as the bolometer, with which he was able to secure the observations needed to correct the error.

By observations made at the sea level, combined with others made upon the summit of Mount Whitney at an elevation of more than fifteen thousand feet, he has proved that the amount of heat absorbed by the air is very much greater than had been supposed, and therefore that our estimate of the total quantity of heat radiated by the sun must be correspondingly increased by fully twenty per cent. at least.

Astonishing as were the former statements respecting the quantity and intensity of the solar heat, they were seriously inadequate; the solar fires are considerably more intense and powerful than we supposed.

The crust of ice which the sun could melt from its own surface in a single minute would be fully sixty feet thick instead of fifty; and if the solar heat were uniformly distributed over the surface of the earth, it would melt in a year a shell of ice one hundred sixty-four feet thick, instead of one hundred and thirty-six feet thick, as stated in our recent text-books.

Of what is Light Composed?

Professor Langley's demonstration of the extent of the solar spectrum is hardly less interesting. He has detected in the sun's rays a long range of ether-waves before unknown. Light is composed of minute "waves" or pulsations of extreme rapidity, transmitted to us from the sun, not by air, as sound-waves are, but by the "ether," the subtle substance which seems to fill all space, and constitutes the only medium of communication between the worlds.

The waves by means of which we see, and which we recognize as light, range in length from about one-thirty-five-thousandth part of an inch to one-sixty-thousandth part; but besides them the sunbeams contain others, some of them much longer and some much shorter pulsations, which though invisible, are yet extremely effective in the transportation of energy and heat.

Two or three years ago the greatest length of any heat-waves known was about one-ten-thousandth part of an inch; but Langley has now detected, with his bolometer, waves fully twelve times as long; and these long, slow-swinging waves—slow, that is, in comparison with the shorter ones—are just those that are characteristic of the heat-rays emitted by a body of low temperature, a block of ice, for instance; for cold bodies radiate heat just as really as warmer ones, though less, of course, and the waves are of lower pitch. In the rays of the sun we now detect the whole range of such radiations as fully represented as in the moonlight.

Hardly less important than Professor Langley's results are those which have been attained by Professor Rowland, of Baltimore, in mapping and identifying the lines of the solar spectrum.

When sunlight is transmitted through the narrow crack or "slit" at one end of a spectroscope, and examined by the eye at the other end of the instrument, the observer sees a long, vividly colored ribbon of light, which is red at one extremity and violet at the other.

If the instrument is not too powerful, he can take in the whole length of this "spectrum" at once; but with a large instrument the spectrum is so extended that only a small portion of it is visible at a time.

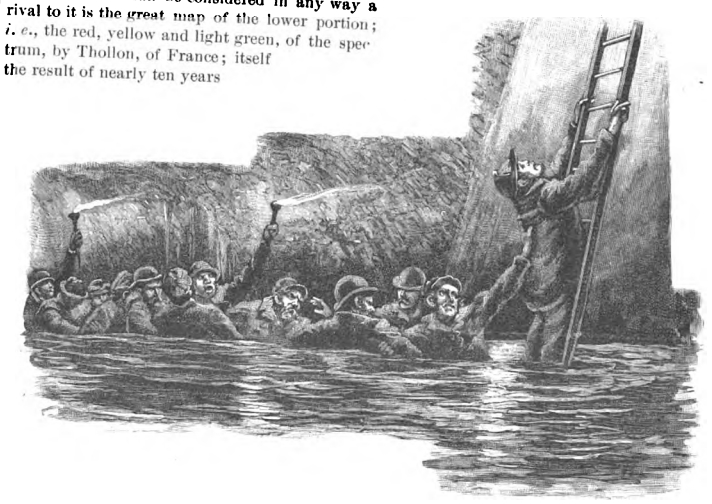
Now this spectrum is crossed by myriads of dark lines, some of them fine and black, others broad and hazy; and they always occupy the same positions, and are as capable of being mapped with accuracy as the roads and cities of a country.

They owe their interest to the fact that they are known to be due to substances in the state of gas present in the atmosphere, either of the earth or of the sun—mainly the sun. Their accurate charting and identification is a matter of high importance in the information it gives about the constitution of the sun.

Professor Rowland's Map.

In the mapping of the solar spectrum Professor Rowland has fairly distanced all competitors, so far, at least, as all but the red and orange portion is concerned. By the use of a "concave grating" of his own invention, which is more powerful in separating the colors than a prism, he has been able to make a photographic chart of the spectrum on a scale, and with an approach to perfection, heretofore undreamed of.

It entirely supersedes all previous maps; the only one which can be considered in any way a rival to it is the great map of the lower portion; *i. e.*, the red, yellow and light green, of the spectrum, by Thollon, of France; itself the result of nearly ten years



of solid work, with an immense spectroscope using hollow prisms filled with bisulphide of carbon. The accurate construction of such an instrument as Mr. Rowland's is one of the most delicate and difficult of all mechanical problems. The gratings which he uses have a ruled space about four inches by six, containing about ninety thousand lines.

Chemistry of the Sun.

In connection with the photography of the solar spectrum, considerable advances have been made in the recognition of the chemical elements present in the sun. Copper, silver and vanadium have been transferred from the list of the doubtful metals there to the certain; and very recently Rowland has found clear evidence of the presence of silicon, the apparent absence of which has been long a standing puzzle.

The evidence in favor of the presence of carbon also seems to gain strength, and the same is true in the cases of aluminium, cadmium and zinc. The fact that the lines which reveal the presence of silicon are almost entirely in the ultra-violet, invisible portion of the spectrum warrants the expectation that photography may soon find there evidence of some of the other still missing elements, such as boron, phosphorus and sulphur.

But no new light yet appears in reference to the mysterious absence from the sun of oxygen, nitrogen and chlorine, which play so important a part in the chemistry of the earth; except, indeed, that the results obtained by Janssen last summer, on the summit of Mont Blanc, are conclusive that the great "B" line of oxygen, which is so conspicuous in the solar spectrum when the sun is near the horizon, is entirely of earthly origin, and not in the least solar.

The veteran astronomer, still enthusiastic and full of pluck, though unable to endure any severe physical exertion, had himself carried by a small army of guides and porters to the very summit of the mountain, and there obtained decisive observations.

As regards the "photosphere"—the luminous surface of the sun—and sun-spots, there is little news to note. Janssen at Meudon has made real improvement in the processes of photographing the spots, and the details of the solar surface; and recent observations of the displacement of the lines of the spectrum at the eastern and western edges of the sun, made by Duner of Upsala, have confirmed the law of the sun's swifter rotation at the equator—a law which, though first discovered more than thirty years ago, had recently been called in question.

It still remains as much a mystery as ever, how the great cavities which we see as spots come to be formed in the sun's surface, why they are so limited to the two zones on each side of the sun's equator, and why they show such a regular increase and decrease in numbers every eleven years.

Sun-Spots and Terrestrial Magnetism.

It is worth noting that certain recent, and still unpublished, investigations by Doctor Veeder, of Lyons, New York, appear to show beyond question that there is a distinct connection between the visibility of a solar disturbance from the earth and its effect upon the earth's magnetism; that is, that when an active sun-spot or solar prominence is brought by the sun's rotation to our side of the solar globe, then an effect is immediately felt which was not felt so long as the disturbed area, however active, was out of sight on the other side of the sun.

This seems to indicate that the disturbing energy, whatever its mode of operation, is propagated like light; a result entirely in harmony with the recent remarkable experiments of Herz and others upon the transmission of electric induction.

As regards the solar "prominences," the great flame-like clouds of scarlet hydrogen and other gases, which are usually seen on the edge of the sun during a total eclipse—there is nothing new to report. They can be observed, at any time when the sun shines, by means of the spectroscope, and they have now been assiduously observed for twenty years; but the last ten have added disappointingly little to our knowledge of them.

One or two unsuccessful attempts have been made to photograph them, the difficulty being due largely to the scarlet color of their light. But there is reason to hope that we may soon be able to photograph a red object as easily as a blue one, and when that time comes we may look for more satisfactory results. Photography would have great advantages in securing accurate representations of these objects, which change so swiftly as to defy the most rapid draughtsman.

With the corona, the beautiful halo of pearly radiance which surrounds the eclipsed sun, and is visible only during an eclipse, the case is, perhaps, a little better, and some real progress seems to be making toward an intelligent understanding of the subject.

While in recent years the eclipse expeditions have been unusually unfortunate in the matter of the weather, many photographs of the corona have been collected, taken under very different conditions; and there is reason to expect that the careful comparison and study of these pictures which is now in progress will soon give us a better insight into the real nature of this most lovely and most mysterious of all solar phenomena.

Theories of the Corona.

Two different theories are under special investigation, one proposed by Professor Bigelow, that the streamers of the corona are analogous to those of the earth's aurora borealis, and have their positions and directions determined by the sun's magnetism, just as the earth's magnetism determines the auroral streamers; the other proposed by Professor Schaeberle, of the Lick Observatory, that the streamers are projected radially from the sun-spot zones, and owe their apparent arrangement simply to perspective.

The two theories lead to distinctly different results as to the appearances that ought to be seen, so that a thorough discussion of the existing photographs will lead to a decision between them, or, very possibly, it may result in showing that neither is right.

One thing is already clear; that there is a close connection between the corona and the sun-spots. When the spots are numerous and active, the corona is smaller and more brilliant than usual, and its longest streamers are found over the two sun-spot zones on each side of the sun's equator. In years of sun-spot scarcity, on the contrary, the corona is fainter, but larger; the portions near the sun's equator especially sometimes reach an enormous extension, while the shorter streamers which appear to issue from the regions near its poles are more conspicuous than usual from the clearness and sharpness with which they are defined.

In 1882 photographs were also obtained of the coronal spectrum, and they show that while in the lower portion of the spectrum there appears to be only a single conspicuous bright line, the well-known green "1474" line, discovered in 1869, the blue and violet regions are on the contrary very rich.

The great H and K bands, which form the boundary of the visible spectrum at its violet extremity, are especially conspicuous in the corona for their brilliancy and extent; the lines of hydrogen are also prominent, and there are many others which may or may not be due to the same mysterious "Coronium," as it has been provisionally called, which produces the "1474" line.

To sum up, we may say that while there has been no discovery relating to the sun within the last ten years that can be compared in importance with Kirchhoff's discovery of the elements that go to compose the sun, or with the discovery of the periodicity of the sun-spots, or even with that of the gaseous nature of the solar prominences, and the method of observing them with the spectroscope, yet there has been a steady progress, and there is every reason to hope that before very long we shall reach the solution of some of the problems that have long defied us.

For the Companion.

IN THE ADDINGTON AQUEDUCT.

Caldwell Ransom arrived at Lake Village with a fund of professional knowledge in his head, a Polytechnic School diploma in his pocket, and in his brave young heart a great determination to succeed.

When he began work as assistant engineer of the Addington City Water Works, he found himself at once opposed to a score or so of rude men who could not comprehend his knowledge, cared not a straw for his diploma, and were more than ready to render success impossible.

The twenty-one laborers—heavy, muscular, broad-backed, hard-handed fellows—looked with contemptuous dislike upon the slender young man of twenty-three years, with his refined face and gentle manners, who had taken the place of tough old blustering Ingalls, who was always prepared to back up a rough tongue with a rougher fist.

"Him our boss? That little whipper-snapper?" growled Mart Hoxie, strongest man and ugliest fighter of the twenty-one, and consequently a sort of leader and spokesman. "Why, there aint one of you couldn't put him in your pocket. What business has he givin' orders to men?"

"And getting fifteen hundred a year for it," added another.

"While we break our backs for a dollar and a half a day," concluded a third.

These three speeches, expressing the three passions of scorn, envy and discontent, promised anything but an easy task to Caldwell Ransom in his government of the men; but he was prepared. Engineer Franklin had said:

"Ransom, you will be in charge at the upper dam and along the tunnel. You have a hard road before you, my boy, for the gang need a firm hand, and —"

"And you don't feel sure that mine answers the description," said Caldwell, smiling.

"Well, yes, that's about it," returned Franklin, relieved at being so well understood. "You see, we can't employ the kind of men we'd like, but must take what we can get, and they're a pretty wild set. Ingalls could whip any of them, and would do it, too, without much pressing, and did not get along very well at that; but as for you —"

"As for me, I cannot whip them, and I would not," again supplemented Caldwell, still smiling. "I don't believe in that kind of management, but I do believe that I can manage those men. Although I expect more or less trouble at first, I shall come out all right in the end."

"I hope so."

"I know so."

But in spite of his confidence, Ransom could not help feeling that he was like a very inexperienced tamer just going into a cage of extremely unruly animals, who were much more likely to eat their trainer than to obey him.

In some ways, things began better than he had expected. The men soon found that he understood his business; and this was one great point gained. They also perceived that he considered their comfort as much as he could; and this was another. Then, too, he was plainly not afraid of them; and this was a third.

But though his ability prevented them from

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criticising his orders, and his kindness kept them in reasonably good-humor, while his disregard for their hostility was not without its effect, they really obeyed rather from the lack of any reason to the contrary, than because they felt compelled to obey. In short, he was not yet their master.

"Good enough little fellow," said Hoxie, summing up the collective opinion, "and smart in his way, but he's got no *zip* in him." By which he meant that Ransom was deficient in pluck and energy of the rugged, danger-defying kind.

Ransom happened to overhear this judgment, and he meditated over it thoughtfully. "Perhaps that's true," said he to himself. "I'm sure I don't know." He did not know; for no one ever does until he is tried.

One of the most important duties of the assistant engineer was the inspection of the tunnel twice a year to ascertain the condition of the masonry, and repair any damage which might have been caused by the immense friction of the water rushing through it night and day for months.

It was a long, disagreeable, much dreaded task; and when the men, some carrying lights, others tools and materials for the work, went down one by one through the narrow man-hole into the black, dripping tunnel, they were all serious and not a few reluctant. Of course the gates had been closed, and the water shut off to enable the party to make their explorations.

"We shall be all day and a part of the evening, Matthews," said Ransom to the man in charge at the dam, "but you may turn it on at eleven o'clock. You understand, don't you? No mistake on that point, you know."

"Oh, I understand," said Matthews. "Eleven o'clock. All right, sir."

The last man was down. It was as if they had suddenly been plunged a thousand feet deep into some mine, so remote seemed the bright sunlight and fresh air they had left behind.

It was, in truth, a dismal place, a great tube of wet bricks, glistening in the unsteady flashes of the torches, filled with a chilly, dank atmosphere like that of a well, and multiplying every sound into complicated echoes reverberating from wall to wall, and from roof to floor.

The men drew close together within the circle of the lights, and were silent. Ransom walked ahead, sharply scanning every inch of surface as he went, until some defect was found, and then, instructing the men what to do, he stood watching the work. The repairs completed, the little procession moved on.

Time went by thus monotonously till it seemed that a whole day must have passed since they had taken leave of the sky; and, indeed, they had been in the tunnel several hours.

The men were now better accustomed to the gloom in which they worked, but nevertheless were far from being in good spirits, no matter for wonder when one remembers that, far up the long cavern, thousands of tons of water were pressing against the gates.

Suppose those gates should break! One roaring gush down the great pipe, and they would be swept away and drowned like insects.

This thought was constantly in the mind of every one of the party, although none spoke of it. Even big Mart Hoxie had once or twice started nervously and turned to look back, as if he expected to see the black front of the descending flood rumbling down upon them.

An unusually bad place delayed them for some time. All the men were occupied upon it, grouped together against the wall, and working quickly in order to finish as soon as might be.

But Ransom seemed strangely negligent of his superintendence. He stood apart, gazing at a little stream which ran down the tunnel, made up of the drainage from its emptying crevices. Several times he sounded it, and measured its width with the long stick he carried.

"Hurry, men," said he, at last. "We've some distance to go yet, and there may be more work ahead."

Some minutes passed. He sounded and measured again. Then he drew out his watch and looked at it.

"Quick! Leave off your work. We must be moving!"

Something in his voice made the men instantly abandon the work and wheel about. One of them uttered a loud exclamation, and threw down his hammer.

"Pick that up again, and keep still!" said Ransom, quietly.

"But the water's raisin'! We'll all be —"

"Keep still, Mackey! Pick up that hammer!"

Mackey, a large, sullen-faced man, somewhat inclined to unruliness and turbulence, scowled at the engineer, who looked him steadily in the face. Finally he stooped and took up the tool.

The other men stood about, some looking at the rapidly swelling current, others casting wild looks down the tunnel, where, as they knew, the nearest man-hole lay, though distant many hundred feet. Several were beginning to sidle off in that direction, but Ransom placed himself before them.

"Listen, men," said he. "There's been a mistake at the dam. Matthews thought I meant eleven in the morning, instead of eleven at night; he's a little deaf, and he's letting on the water. In a few minutes it will be up to our waists, in a few minutes more, up to our necks. But we have time to reach No. 13 man-hole before the stream gets too strong, if you do as I tell you. But if you don't, every one of us will be drowned."

"Oh, we'll be drowned anyway!" moaned two or three. "We'll never walk the top of the ground again!"

"Every man for himself!" shouted another. It was Mackey, who was shouldering his way through the crowd, to make his escape. He must be stopped at all risks, for others were preparing to imitate him, and a panic would certainly follow.

"Hoxie!" called the engineer, in a sharp tone that the men had never heard. "Keep that man back!"

The giant, obeying instantly, put two immense hands on Mackey's shoulders, crushed him down on his knees, and held him there.

"Steady, now," continued Ransom, calmly, "There are twenty-one of you. Hoxie, come forward here with me. The rest form two ranks across the tunnel, and lock arms."

The party did as they were commanded, without delay or demur. Like all men in desperate situations, they yielded to the only one among them who had the brain to conceive a plan of escape, and the strength of will to carry it out. From that moment the question of mutiny was settled.

The water reached their knees by this time, and its force began to be strongly felt.

"Forward," said Ransom. "Keep step and a straight line. I'll set the pace. Don't crowd."

The two ranks tramped along at a rapid walk, following their young leader, who looked like a child beside Hoxie's towering shape, and yet was his superior, and the superior of every man there in the intelligent courage which could alone save their lives.

They all knew it. Already they were in better heart, feeling the support of one another's bodies, and the moral strength that comes from order and a definite purpose.

"Hoxie," said Ransom, in a whisper, "you and I must see this thing through. The pinch will come when we get to the hole, for only one can go up at a time, and the last men will have a hard pull of it."

"Yes, sir," answered Hoxie.

"They will have to help the others, and they may be drowned in doing it."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm one, of course. Will you be the other?"

"Yes, sir."

Ransom shook his hand without saying more.

The stream kept rising, and hissed over the smooth floor with continually increasing power. The men marched on, crouching and leaning backward against the current which swirled around their hips. Occasionally one of the lightest staggered; but his neighbors were able to pull him up again.

They had gone on in this way for some time, when a cloudy, gray light came into view far ahead, daylight streaming through the open man-hole they were aiming for, and a cheer went up from the struggling procession. It was but a faint one, however, for breath and strength were both failing under the incessant effort of walking in the deep water, and resisting its swift rush.

In perfect silence they splashed toward the light. They were submerged to their waists, now, and the ranks, no longer straight, but curving and irregular, were hardly maintained. Occasionally some man fell and was dragged to his feet.

"Halt!" shouted Ransom.

They stopped, at the foot of the iron ladder which led up through the round opening, down which came a cylinder of radiance which dimmed the yellow flicker of the torches. It was but a few steps to life and safety, and every man thought how easily he, if alone, might make them; yet all remained where they were.

"Nobly done, men," said Ransom. "Do as I tell you, and we'll all be saved. But, if you lose your wits, not a quarter of us will get up that ladder."

By his directions the first rank formed across the tunnel, while the second rank, in single file, pressing closely together, began ascending the ladder, one by one. After four or five had gone, the others could not keep their feet, and were swept down against the first rank, which held them by its united weight.

"Go in there, Hoxie, and help them up," said Ransom.

Hoxie, clinging to the foot of the ladder with the bend of his arm, seized man after man by the collar, hauling and lifting them, half under water, half out, until they could reach the rounds themselves.

Finally, only the one rank remained, fighting with the breast-high current to reach the position to which Ransom directed them—above the ladder, in a line up and down the aqueduct instead of across it, beginning at the upper end with Hoxie, the engineer next, and so on down to the ladder, which the last man of the eleven could just touch.

"Let go, Dolan!" sounded Ransom's voice, not so strong or ringing as it had been.

The last man slipped his arm from the one above him, clutched the ladder, and fighting desperately with the torrent which bore him down, succeeded in pulling himself out and began climbing. The others moved down a pace. They were so much the weaker for his safety—some scores of pounds of resistance were gone.

"Connor!"

Another man safe—another hundred-odd pounds lost to the help of the others. So it went on till but three men, grasping one another in a little group, were left. They could just keep their feet, and that was all.

"Let go, Jim!"

"But it's the death of you and the boss, Hoxie, if I do," protested Mackey, somehow changed from coward to hero during the long battle. "It's murdering you both!"

"It aint murdering me," said Hoxie, gruffly. "I can make out. But I can't save the boss alone, and if he don't get out, I don't. He's too light to help himself, and he's nearly gone, besides, Jim."

In fact, Ransom was almost completely exhausted.

"There are two of us for the job," answered Mackey, simply.

Taking Ransom between them, and exerting every muscle in their weakened bodies, the two worked their way toward the ladder luckily gained it at the very moment that the flood carried them off their feet, and after a confused, blind scramble, somehow succeeded in thrusting the young engineer into the hands of the men waiting at the top.

Then Hoxie, dragging Mackey after him by main force, labored through the aperture, and all were saved.

"Hurrah for the boss!" roared the twenty, waving their dripping caps.

"Yes, hurrah for the boss!" repeated big Hoxie, looking tenderly at the slender young fellow, lying white and panting against Connor's broad chest. "He's the best man of us all, and his brains and pluck are worth our muscle forty times over. Now let me hear somebody say different!"

But no one did "say different," for no one thought so. There would never be any doubt about that again.

MANLEY H. PIKE.

For the Companion.

THE BOYS OF MEXICO.

On the highlands of Mexico, where most of the people of that country live, and the largest cities are, no such resources exist for out-of-door amusement for boys as there are in the United States. There are few fish to catch, few ponds or streams in which to row or sail a boat or swim. The large lakes are far apart, while small ponds are scarce. The streams are many miles apart, very swift and often muddy; and sometimes all the water is taken out of them to water the fields.

In some of the rivers are found catfish and suckers, both much larger than those of the eastern part of the United States, and a few small sunfish, shiners and minnows. But in most of them no fish are found that are worth catching; and some of the prettiest brooks, whose foamy waters tumble clear and cold down the dark, rocky glens of the higher mountains, have never contained a trout within the memory of man.

Of course there is no skating and no coasting. On the great mountains like Popocatapetl and Orizaba there is deep snow all the year, and in winter it is cold enough for thick ice; but few of the boys ever climb so high, and thousands live and die in sight of everlasting snow without ever touching it.

Except in the high mountains, there is little timber on the greater part of the highlands of Mexico. There are few groves to roam, few nuts to gather, few squirrels to hunt. One may wander long in search of a shady picnic ground, and even trees large enough to hang a good swing from are none too plenty. Nearly all the low mountains and hills are rocky, and bare of almost everything but low bushes and cactus.

Along the streams there is a little timber, and it grows well enough in most places when planted, but upon the great plains there is little natural vegetation but cactus and low bushes or scrubby mesquite or pepper-trees.

Nearly all the brush is well armed with thorns of all degrees of sharpness; hence there is little pleasure in a stroll beyond the city pavement, and the city boy does not look forward to spending his summer vacation in the country with the same pleasure that the American boy has.

But the Mexican boy has plenty of play, though he cares little for hoops or balls, tops, kites or marbles. Unless he is unusually poor, he has a horse and saddle of his own, especially if he lives in the country; and no matter how poor he may be, he either has a donkey, or can borrow one in five minutes.

He often learns to ride when he is so small that he has to climb up the foreleg of the horse, pull himself up by his mane, swing one leg over the neck of the horse, and then slide down on its back. He soon learns to reach down from the saddle, and pick up things from the ground while the horse is in motion.

One day, starting out to shoot ducks in the State of Durango, I was followed by a native boy about seven years old on horseback, who went to pick up the game.

It was almost as much sport to see him get the ducks, as it was to shoot them. Through mud, water, brush, and among rocks he rode at a gallop with about equal ease, always reaching down from the saddle to pick up a duck, and coming back with it like the wind.

Sometimes, when the water was very deep he made his horse swim out to the duck; and if the mud were too deep along the edge of the pond he threw his lasso over the duck out in the water, and pulled it in to where he could reach it without getting his horse fast in the mud.

Learning to ride so early, and spending much of his time on the horse, the Mexican boy becomes a wonderful rider. He would not make a very graceful appearance in Central Park in New York, but there is no monkey in the museum there that can cling to a prancing horse more firmly than he can. And yet generally he rides without clinging at all. He does not press the horse with his knees or legs, but maintains his position simply by keeping his balance.

The most common plaything of the boy of Mexico, and the one he enjoys above all else, is the lasso or *riata*. It takes the place of pea-shooters, popguns, slings, bows and arrows, and nearly all else but the horse, and is a plaything of which he seldom tires.

He begins to throw his mother's clothes-line as soon as he is able to make a noose in the end of it and coil it. With this he practises until he can throw it quite easily over a post, or the head of his younger brother. As soon as he begins to tire of this, for the reason that it does not show enough skill, he tries to catch the domestic animals as they run. To do this well requires a great deal of practice; but at last he becomes so skilful that he can cast the noose over any foot of an animal in full run, and soon afterward learns to do the same from the back of a horse while in full gallop.

Most of his early practice is upon the dog or cat, or some member of the family, or upon the goat or pig in the yard. Very soon the dogs and donkeys in the street begin to suffer; but when donkeys are scarce, and the dogs have all taken to their holes, the boys practise upon one another, taking turns in running past their comrades, and trying in all possible ways to avoid the noose with their feet.

Many of the dogs in Mexico have been lassoed so often, that they will run for cover at the sight of a rope in a boy's hands; while others have become so hardened that they will stand and watch the rope with cool indifference, and spoil the boy's fun by not running at all.

This is a harmless amusement, for the rope is so light that it does not hurt, and animals learn to stop the moment the rope is fast around them. It is an amusement that might well be practised, under proper guidance, by boys in our own country; for the ability to coil a rope, and cast a noose over an object forty feet away in less than half a minute is an accomplishment that may be useful in many ways before one is done with this world.

Mexican children are very seldom rude or saucy. They are taught to be polite under all circumstances, and to all people. Some parents would rather have their boy be almost anything else than a *grosero* or rude person. For this reason one hears little quarrelling or rough talk among children playing, and sees hardly any fighting or bullying of little boys by larger ones.

For the same reason Mexican boys are not as mischievous in many ways as the children of some other countries. The glass would stay for years in the windows of an empty house in Mexico, and one is never in danger of being tripped by a string stretched across the pavement.

Many of the children brought up away from the cities in Mexico never go to school, and never learn to read or write. On the great farms or "haciendas," thousands of children are born, grow old and die without seeing or knowing anything of the great outside world. Some of these farms are larger than certain whole counties in the United States, and some of them have hundreds of laborers, all of whom, from father to son, are born, live and die on the same farm.

The boys in such a place begin to work when very young, generally herding cattle on horseback, and seem to enjoy life as much as any boys.

But in every town of good size there are public schools, as with us. These are well attended, though most of the rich Mexicans send their children to the schools of the City of Mexico or to foreign countries, or have private teachers for them; and to finish their education, they are often sent to Europe or the United States. The great majority are left at home, however, and the schools are well filled.

A public school in Mexico sounds like a large beehive. During one-half the day the children all study aloud, each one trying to make as much noise as possible. The rivalry thus stirred up is relied upon to make each one look at his book and learn something, whether he wants to or not.

The young children generally are quite as bright as those of the United States, and many a little Indian boy whose father can give him nothing to eat but plain cakes of corn or wheat with a few beans and peppers can read, write and spell as well as the boys of our own country.

One of the most interesting things to a strange boy in Mexico is the regiment of the School of Correction at the City of Mexico. This is composed of nearly a thousand naughty boys who, instead of being sent to jail or allowed to run the streets, are sent to school and trained to be soldiers.

They have a full field uniform with little knapsacks and little rifles, and a brass band of some twenty pieces, which plays pretty good music, although none of the players are over fourteen years old, and few of them over twelve.

The regiment is divided into companies according to the size of the boys, the largest being made up of boys from twelve to fourteen, and the smallest of boys from seven to eight.

All the officers except the colonel and the leader of the band are small boys, and some of the officers are not more than ten years old. Besides these there is a battalion of boys too small to carry arms. These, too, are all in uniform, and have a band of little buglers.

Every week or two all these little soldiers have a parade in the streets in full dress, when they go through their drill, marching and countermarching, and making all the military movements, both private soldiers and officers looking as earnest and proud as those of an army just returned from victory.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

For the Companion.

FOOTSTOOL WITH WASHABLE COVER.

From strong cotton cloth cut two round pieces each thirteen inches in diameter.

Sew a strip of the goods nine inches wide around one of these, and fill the bag as full as possible with excelsior, or anything that will answer the purpose. Sew the remaining round of cloth over the top (Fig. 1), and the footstool will be ready for the cover, which may be made of blue denim couched in decorative design with heavy soft white cord, or of common crash outlined with the heaviest turkey red cotton.

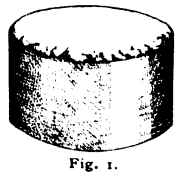


Fig. 1.

To make the cover, cut a circular piece of the denim thirteen inches in diameter, and sew on this a strip twenty inches wide, which has previously been hemmed on the upper edge.

Place the cover on the stool, and with strong doubled thread gather it up in the centre on the top (Fig. 2), leaving a frill for a finish.



Fig. 2.

The cover can readily be taken off, and laundered when it becomes soiled. If a casing for a drawstring be made at base of frill, then it may be drawn up like a shopping-bag, and the cord tied in a bow with small tassels on the ends would enhance the appearance of the cover.

White Bolton sheeting embroidered with heavy yellow wash linen floss in different shades would

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make a dainty and serviceable cover, as it could be laundered without injury; or any combination of colors or materials that will harmonize with the furnishings of the room can be used.

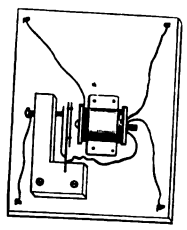
For the Companion.

AN INDUCTION COIL.

In rheumatism, neuralgia and nervous diseases, electricity often is of great benefit. If it does not effect a cure, it may still render important service in alleviating the sufferings of the patient. The electricity employed is what is termed induced electricity, and, to be effective, must be supplied in a series of rapid shocks.

Instruments which can be used for this purpose are, as a rule, quite expensive; but the amateur may easily construct one for himself. The instrument is but a slight modification of an electric bell, which was described in *The Companion* a few months ago.

Around a round stick, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, wind two or three thicknesses of paper, sticking them together with flour paste. After they have been dried, remove the hollow paper cylinder, previously cutting it to a length of two and a half inches. In one end of this fasten, by means of glue or sealing-wax, a piece of three-eighths round, soft iron, half an inch long, allowing an eighth of an inch to project. Then attach at each end a button of pasteboard an inch and a quarter in diameter.



On this paper spool wind four layers of silk insulated No. 22 copper wire, connecting the ends as shown in the cut, and as was done in the case of the electric bell. Outside of this coil, and not connected with it, wind a large number of layers of the finest silk-covered copper wire that you can obtain; No. 34 would be the proper size. Fasten the coil, thus wound, to a base, by means of a strap of tin plate. Connect the two ends of the fine wire with two binding-posts.

Cut a number of straight pieces of No. 16 iron wire, two and a half inches long. Bind them together into a bundle having a diameter a little less than three-eighths of an inch, and so that it may be easily slipped in and out of the paper cylinder.

After the coil has been fastened to the base, place on the side of the end containing the solid piece of iron an interrupter the same as on the electric bell. This consists of an L-shaped piece of wood, in a slit in which is inserted the bent end of a piece of spring brass which has been bent back upon itself.

On the end of the spring which is next to the coil is bound by fine wire a piece of soft iron, an eighth of an inch thick by one and a half long. The other end of the spring rests against the point of a brass screw, which passes through the longer arm of the L.

One end of the battery is connected with this brass screw, and the other end goes to one end of the inside winding of the coil.



The brass spring is then connected with the other end of the inside coil. The battery causes the spring to vibrate, which in turn opens and closes the main circuit. Each time that it vibrates it produces an induced current in the outside coil of fine wire, which is led to the body of the patient. The strength of this current can be regulated by pushing the bundle of iron wires in or out of the hole in the centre.

Electrodes, with which to apply the electricity to different parts of the body, may be made by attaching small sponges to a round wooden handle. These can be kept in place by a few turns of bare copper wire, leaving one end of wire long enough to attach to the binding-posts.

GOOD ADVICE.

That there may be more than one interpretation to passages of Scripture which each reader considers quite simple has been demonstrated again and again.

A little pupil in an English girls' school, hearing the story of Joseph for the first time, took a decidedly original view of Joseph's words to his brethren. It is easy to see how unquestionable the logic of her reading must have seemed to the small commentator.

A London school-mistress had been talking to her first-class girls about that pathetic portion of the closing chapters of Genesis which deals with the reconciliation of Joseph to his conscience-stricken brethren.

After the lesson, by means of "question and answer," she elicited from the girls how Joseph "could not refrain himself" in the presence of his brethren, but wept aloud before them; how he cried, "I am Joseph. Doth my father yet live?" how he told them that they must return to Canaan, and straightway bring back the aged patriarch, and, finally, how the great wagons were brought out for the journey.

"And now," continued the mistress, "what did kind Joseph give his brothers before they started?"

Of course she expected the reply, "Provisions and changes of raiment." However, this was not the answer she received.

"Yes, you may tell me," she said, pointing to one of the girls.

"Some good advice," responded the pupil without hesitation.

"What do you mean?" inquired the puzzled teacher.

"Why, madam," replied the little girl, "Joseph, knowing that his brothers were not accustomed to the use of wagons, thoughtfully said to them, 'See that ye fall not out by the way!'"

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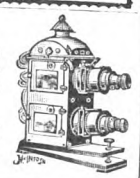


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I have kept a Scrap Book for a good many years of letters received from patients; some are long, too long to publish; some are short, short and good. Rainy days I sit down and read them, and have learned a good deal about the human body from some poor, sickly woman or over-strained man. Here is one of them. I call it a good letter:

TRENTON, TEXAS, Sept. 28, 1886.

"To Kennedy of the Medical Discovery, Roxbury, Mass. I am so proud of my recovery as to express my feelings in thanks to you. The RHEUMATISM has made me four-legged for six years. At last I have traded off two of them to Bell—Druggist—for four bottles Kennedy's Discovery. I am yours, gratefully and unsolicited, J. B. IVY."

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Some Children Growing Too Fast become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of **SCOTT'S EMULSION** OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES **Of Lime and Soda.** They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. *Avoid substitutions offered.*



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SCALING THE HEIGHTS.

It takes a small brother to inform the world of a big brother's accomplishments, says a contributor to *Harper's Magazine.*

Two boys were bragging of the respective merits of their older brothers, when one was overheard to say:

"My brother's doin' a big business. He makes ten dollars a week by sittin' at a big desk and doin' sums."

"Poh!" returned the other, scornfully; "my brother writes poetry. He's had two half-calf books printed already."

JUST LIKE HIM.

The features of a pug dog are of an irregular cast, and in themselves considered, are hardly to be called handsome.

A young gentleman gave his sweetheart a pug dog as a birthday present, says the Philadelphia *Times*. It was of the purest blood, with its nose burned off particularly short.

The grateful recipient was profuse with her acknowledgments.

"Oh, thank you, James!" she said; "thank you! You are so kind! It's just like you!"

A HYPOCRITE.

Hypocrisy is always the pretence of other people —not our own. Witness this little dialogue:

"I despise a hypocrite," says Boggs.

"So do I," says Cloggs. "Now take Knoggs, for example; he's the biggest hypocrite on earth. I despise that man."

"But you appear to be his best friend."

"Oh yes; I try to appear friendly toward him. It pays better in the end."—*Brooklyn Life.*

AN Illinois newspaper wickedly invents the story that the Massachusetts State Board of Health has recommended that "every ship sailing upon the high seas should be well supplied with chewing-gum, so that in case of shipwreck the unfortunate passengers may have something with which to beguile the weary hours."

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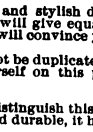
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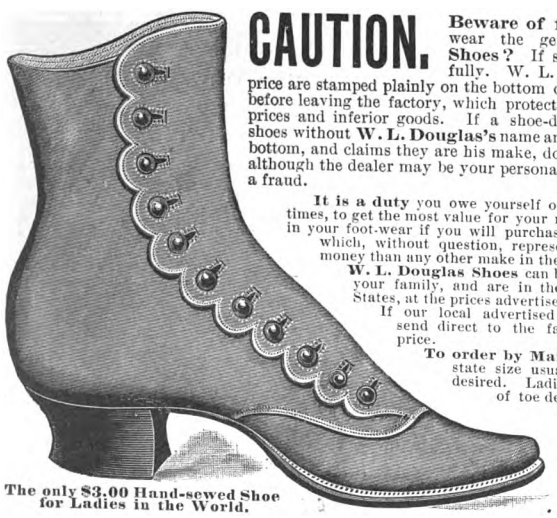
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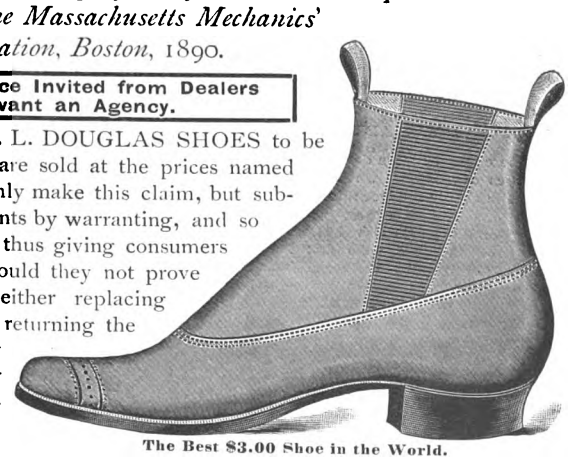
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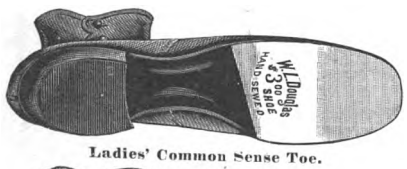
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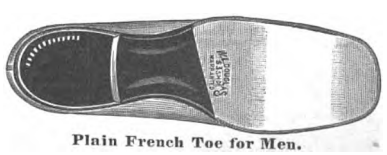
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64th Volume.
Number 5. Twelve Pages.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1891.

$1.75 a Year.
Single Copies, Five Cents.

For the Companion.

KENT HAMPDEN.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

SEEKING A TRACE.

One of the robbers who had pounced upon Nero was at his horse's head, and the other tried to drag the little peddler out of the wagon; but Nero clung to the seat with one arm, while with the other he dealt heavy blows with his loaded whip upon the man's head and shoulders.

The highwayman had just drawn a knife from his belt, when the boys rode down the hill, yelling wildly. The man hesitated.

"Fire on them!" shouted Nero.

The rifles blazed at the same instant, but both the boys aimed over the heads of the robbers.

"It's easy enough, you see, to shoot at a bear or snake," Tom explained afterward to the Wild Beast Slayers, "but a man is a different matter. Something inside of me knocked up my arm as I pulled the trigger."

The men found the noise and firing together more than their courage could face, and hastily disappeared into the swamp. Nero sent a shot after them.

"Hi, yi!" he shouted, derisively, dancing on the seat of the wagon. "You're no highwaymen! You're nothing but miserable sneaks, trying to rob a poor cripple!" Then he scrambled down, panting and puffing, and hugged and patted his horse.

"Well done, Billy! You stood like a man! We settled them! Did you see me whack that fellow, Billy?

"I beg your pardon, boys," he said, with a sudden change of voice. "Billy and I are old companions, and when anything uncommon happens, if I don't speak to him first about it, he feels it. He has the feelings of a gentleman, sir. Most horses have. Well, shall we go on?"

The red and tiger-striped wagon soon was rumbling up the hill, with Tom and Kent on each side as guard. As they reached the top of the hill a bullet *pinged* past their heads. The boys stopped, but Nero urged them on.

"It's those miserable bullies! Don't let them see we're afeard of them!"

When they were safe on the other side, Nero said, "Gentlemen, now that those fellows can't hear, I'll confess that I owe you my life. If you had not come up, it would have been all over with me. Nero Fife will not forget it!"

They rode in silence for a little way. "There's a good inn here," said the peddler. "Let us stop until morning."

The boys gladly dismounted, and all were soon seated before a meal of fried chickens and waffles at a snug little table in a separate room. The dwarf turned the key in the door.

"We will say nothing of our adventure," he said, "until I reach Philadelphia. Here is what the rogues wanted." He unstrapped a belt from his waist. "I have over a thousand dollars here; I had it changed into bills of a hundred each, to be light of carriage."

As he smoothed out the notes, Kent took up some of them. "These bills are all marked with a little red cross," he said. "Do you always mark your money?"

Nero examined the notes with a perplexed look.

"No," he said, "I did not mark them." He placed them one by one again in his belt. "Well, good-night, gentlemen! I won't forget that you saved my life to-day."

He left the room with a sweeping bow.

The boys slept soundly that night, and were up with the dawn. The morning was bright, the sky a pearly blue, hoar-frost glittering on every leaf and spear of grass.

"We shall find the clue to-day!" said Kent, as they trotted down the road before the wagon. "I'm going to take Nero into our secret, Tom. He's a true friend."

The peddler listened in silence to the story. "I heard something of this in Wheeling," he said, after a pause, "and I guessed your arrant as soon as I met you. Oh, Nero Fife has learned to keep his eyes open and his mouth shut in his business!"

There was another long silence. Then he said, "I'll help you in this matter if I can."

The road wound through beautiful valleys and low, rolling hills. Now it penetrated the forest, and now passed large farms, the soil of the fields showing rich and black beneath the light frost.

The dwellings were, for the most part, spacious houses of brick or of gray stone, already crusted over with brown and purple lichen. The old homesteads of the early settlers in Western Virginia and Pennsylvania were substantial and picturesque. Many of these great stone mansions, with their overhanging eaves and large apartments, still stand unaltered.



"Fire on them!" shouted Nero.

It was to one of these, near the Pennsylvania town of Washington, that Nero conducted the boys to find Mrs. Digby. She was a young widow, and managed a large estate and a swarming household of negroes, lately freed, and white bondmen, or ticket-of-leave men, redemptionists at that time and place.

They found Mrs. Digby a self-confident, comely little woman, wearing a kerchief of fine linen about her neck, and over her fair hair a cap of the same material.

"Lost the package?" she exclaimed, when she heard Kent's story. "Of course! I expected nothing else! I told him he would lose it. It swung in an oil-cloth case over one shoulder, in full view of everybody. It would have been an easy matter to substitute a bundle of paper for the notes while your father was asleep—and he slept every afternoon on the coach. But you say that the bundle substituted exactly resembled the one stolen?"

"Just exactly. Both were wrapped in brown paper, and tied with a red cord."

"Then," said Mrs. Digby, promptly, "the thief must have seen the bundle inside the oil-cloth case, and had time to prepare the substitute leisurely. Now the case was securely fastened; your father showed its contents to no one while I was in the coach. What he did afterward I cannot tell!"

She said this as if her opinion of Mr. Hampden's discretion was very low.

"Then," said Kent, rising, "there is no use for me to stay here longer. You can think of no clue?"

"None whatever," said Mrs. Digby, with decision. "It is useless for you to look for one. The money may have been taken any day, from the time your father left Wheeling until he arrived in Philadelphia. But you must not leave this house until after dinner. You have Doctor Nero with you? I see his wagon outside. A most worthy, honest man! I have bought of him for fifteen years. Go out, my boy, and tell him and your friend to come into the house."

"Thank you," he said. "We will stay, though I cannot afford to lose time. I must push on to Cumberland. I must find the thief!"

Kent was thoroughly disheartened; he had been balked at every step. Mr. Armitage was gone, Mrs. Digby had no clue, and more than all, it was apparent that she stated the exact truth when she described his father's carelessness. What could this minister at Cumberland tell him?

The more hopeless his search appeared, however, the more obstinately Kent was resolved to go on with it. His father might be careless, but he was innocent, and God would surely help him to prove his innocence.

Tom, meanwhile, made the acquaintance of Mrs. Digby's sons, and eagerly explored the house, the kitchen where the negroes were making large stores of pickles, the loom-room where some white maids were weaving table linen, and the parlor, the walls of which were covered with a paper which represented Robin Hood and his merry men chasing a stag, the hunters and prey almost life-size.

A horn was blown at noon for dinner. The meal was spread in a large room, the walls of which were panelled with black walnut, carefully painted white. The table was bountifully spread with chicken-pie, game, venison pudding, hot bread, vegetables, a thick soup and coffee, all served at once.

Besides the boys and Nero, there were two other guests, Methodist itinerant preachers. At that day there was always a welcome at every table for the minister, no matter what his creed. One of these visitors was an old, feeble man, who belonged in the neighborhood. The other, a small, dark, keen-looking man, whom Mrs. Digby addressed as Brother Kaimes, was a traveller, and, as Kent discovered from his conversation, was from Cumberland.

It required a good deal of courage in those days for a boy to speak in a company of elder people, and it was only when the meal was nearly over that Kent said, modestly addressing the preacher:

"I wish to go to Cumberland, sir, to find a minister of your denomination. Perhaps you can tell me if he is there. It is the Reverend Jabez Elkhart."

"Jabez Elkhart? No, my lad, you will not find him in Cumberland. In fact, you would have a long search to find Brother Elkhart anywhere just now. He started two weeks ago on a missionary tour with the great Lorenzo Dow through the wilderness of the Northwest, to be gone until spring."

Kent, who was raising his cup to his lips, set it down hastily. He felt as if he were choking.

"I told you it was a mad undertaking," said Mrs. Digby, as they rose from the table. "You had better take my advice, and return to Wheeling. Brother Kaimes goes there to-morrow. Content yourself here until then, and journey back in his company."

"I cannot go back to my father without good news," said Kent. "I don't know what to do!"

Mrs. Digby, looking at the boy's face, took his hand kindly in hers. "It must come right!" she said, soothingly. "Come aside here, and tell me what were your plans."

"I had no very clear plans," said Kent, feeling as if his whole expedition had been as mad as she thought it. "Nothing could be done at home to prove my father's innocence. He is ruined unless it is proved. His business will be destroyed; he is giving up every dollar he owns to repay the money—and—and there are other things —"

"What other things?" she said, gently.

"I hoped to be appointed to West Point, but the son of a suspected man has no chance. My mother thinks, too, that such a suspicion will be like a black cloud on my sister Carey's life."

"Your mother is right," Mrs. Digby said, authoritatively. She was touched, and suddenly became eager and zealous in Kent's cause. "Your father's innocence must be proved. You must trace the stolen money!" she exclaimed. "What did you purpose to do?"

"I intended to follow his route to Cumberland, making inquiries as I went. There were three persons from whom I hoped to get a clue: yourself —"

Mrs. Digby shook her head.

"Mr. Elkhart —"

"No hope there. Who was the third?"

"A blind man in Hardscrabble, who was in the coach the first day. But he is in Pittsburg."

"I know; Peter Armitage. He is a shrewd fellow; the loss of one sense has quickened all the others. But how could he help us? He left the coach before I did, and assuredly the bundle inside the case was not changed then. But if you think you would like to consult him, stay here to-night. He will be here to-morrow morning on his way home."

Kent's heart gave a throb. "I'd like to see him!" he said. "I somehow counted on that blind man more than on any one else!"

"Very like a boy!" said Mrs. Digby, laughing. "Go out now, to the other boys. They are riding their ponies in the field. You can do nothing for your father to-night. Go; ride with them and forget your troubles."

Tom jumped off his horse and ran to meet Kent as soon as he came on the field. Nero was perched on a fence, superintending their evolutions. Kent told them that he had decided to stay and consult the blind man. The dwarf's face took on its look of grizzly age as he pondered this in silence.

"You're right, my boy," he said, at last. "People that have lost their sight or hearing or speech have a wit that other people don't have; and if the blind man doesn't help you, I will. I'm going back to Wheeling with you!"

Tom and Kent exchanged looks of dismay. The great cancer and corn doctor was hardly an auxiliary that would help their cause at home.

"I'm afraid it will delay your journey," said Kent.

"What can you do to help Mr. Hampden, Nero?" asked Tom.

"I'll do the head-work for you. Nero Fife never leaves a debt unpaid, and I owe you my life, gentlemen. I'll stick close to you till you're out of this scrape!"

He began to whistle and dance, clapping his

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hands on his knees to keep time. The farm-hands and negroes gathered about him, and he delightedly resumed the celebration of his own praises.

"No, gentlemen! Nero Fife is true to his friends! I follow the example of the great and good Roman that I'm named for! They tell me that once when he was leading a battle, and parched with his wounds, a soldier brought him some water. He poured it on the ground, saying, 'I'll not drink it unless I can go halves with my friends!' What d'ye think of that? That's my make-up exactly. Hurrah for the Emperor Nero!"

"Hurrah for Doctor Nero!" said Kent, laughing.

Tom, leading his horse back to the stable, encountered Mrs. Digby and the ministers, who had come out to look at some colts. As he came up, they were leaning over the fence, listening intently to some story which Brother Kaimes was telling.

Mrs. Digby's face was flushed with interest. "That is one of the most remarkable stories I ever heard! And the man has totally disappeared?"

"No. After sixteen years' absence, there was a report that he was seen in Cumberland a few weeks ago, inquiring in a secret way for the two women."

"You are in search of him now?"

"Yes; I make that one object of my journey."

"If you should find him, and justice should be done at last!" exclaimed Mrs. Digby. She drew aside to allow Tom to pass with his horse.

"By the way!" said Brother Kaimes, "our young friend here may be able to assist me in my search. The missing man is supposed to have gone into Western Virginia."

Tom paused, ready to be of use in unearthing this fugitive from justice of whom they spoke.

"He may," said the minister, in his deliberate way, "have gone to Wheeling. Do you know a man in your town of the name of Stoughton?"

"No, sir; no one of that name," said Tom, promptly. But as soon as the words were spoken, his countenance altered. He had heard Mr. Jarret's story of the advertisement for a missing man who, it was suspected, was Kent's father. The recollection came to Tom with a flash of alarm, but he controlled himself and stood attentive and silent.

"Stoughton," repeated the preacher. "Ralph Hampden Stoughton. A remarkably handsome man, with a pleasant smile and winning blue eyes. A gay, light-hearted fellow. I'm disappointed; I hoped to run him down in Wheeling."

"You'll never run him down by my aid!" muttered Tom, as he led his horse into a stall.

He sat down on the edge of a manger to think. His brain, never very cool, was in a whirl. Why were they in pursuit of Mr. Hampden? What crime had he committed that had induced him to change his name? He had been in Cumberland lately. What if, haunted by remorse for some sin of his youth, he had tried to atone for it with money? The package was lost then —"

"I'll not believe it!" said Tom, starting up. But he sat down again and slowly, unwillingly, drew out a note-book.

"The cave, September fourth, 1824. K. H."

"There can be no doubt. It *is* Kent's writing. Can father and son both alike be —?"

His face reddened with shame. He sat a long time in the dark stable, one minute doubtful, suspicious, miserable, while the next his heart would swell and throb with pride and zealous affection for Kent.

He rose at last. "I'll put an end to this! I'll show him the book and ask him what it means," he said. Holding the little volume open at the Wetzel cave entry, he crossed the stable.

"Hello! Tom, where are you?" shouted Kent's voice outside.

"Here! Coming!"

He thrust the book into his pocket. The peddler at the moment came into the stable to look after his horse.

"I never ate a meal in all the years Billy and I've been comrades without giving him his first," Nero said.

He talked to the horse precisely as if he were another Nero Fife. The boy was wretched with doubt and anxiety, and the peddler's homely face shone with honesty and kindness. Tom went to him and laid his hand on his arm.

"Nero, I want to ask you something. Suppose you had a friend you had known all your life. Suppose downright proof should be put before you—proof to your own eyes that he was a worthless scamp; what would you do?"

All the clown dropped from the dwarf as he listened. He had the dignity of age and reason as he answered, looking full into Tom's eyes:

"Just that thing has happened to me—about Billy. Billy and I have been companions for years. I know every thought in his mind, sir! I know his nature. I say he's of good blood, mild and game. He belongs to the horse-gentry, sir. But folks tell me he's of a low, ornary breed—they show me the signs of it in his build and coat and gait.

"But what do I care?" He put his arm about the horse, who whinnied and thrust his head down to be stroked. "I know it's a lie. I know Billy!"

"You're right!" said Tom. "I'll back my man, as you do your horse!"

Going to the house they found supper in progress—the table again heaped with bear-steak, venison, tea, coffee and several kinds of warm bread. Mr. Kaimes sat near their hostess.

"Do you think you will go on to Wheeling, Brother Kaimes," she asked, "since you seem not likely to find this man Stoughton there?"

"Yes; I shall go on in the morning. There may be a chance. Young Congdon may not know him. He is doubtless very poor."

Tom overheard this conversation, and looked uneasily at Kent. Should he warn him of this new, impending danger to his father? But what could Kent do? Tom decided to say nothing. But when the two boys went to sleep that night young Congdon tossed, restless and gloomy, on his bed half the night.

He had the note-book hidden under his pillow, but when his hand touched it he drew it back as though it had been a coal of fire. He fell asleep at last, and woke with a start, his brain full of the same wearisome doubt and pain.

It was a gray, wintry morning. The wind blew with threatening gusts, and a flurry of snow whitened the air. Kent was splashing at the ewer and basin, whistling and singing excitedly to himself. Tom lay watching him in silence, until Kent caught sight of him.

"Hello! Awake, old fellow? I'm up early. Mr. Armitage comes in the coach, and it will pass in a few minutes. What ails you, Tom? You were as dumb as a mole all night."



Tom sprang out of bed. "It's this that ails me!" He pulled out the note-book. "I can stand it no longer. Whose book is that?"

Kent, astonished, took the book. "It is mine. Where did you find it?"

"Look at that turned-down page!" urged Tom, breathlessly. "The writing!—It is not yours? Is it a forgery?"

Kent shot a keen glance at him over the book, then bent his head as if to examine the writing.

"Yes, it is mine," he said, quietly.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

AUNT MIRIAM'S DUCKS.

"I *do* wish people'd mind their own business," Aunt Miriam Yates was saying, as I stepped into her sitting-room one bright afternoon in May; and as she said it, her voice broke a little, and she lifted to her eyes an end of the stocking she was knitting, as if to wipe away a tear.

"Why, Aunt Miriam," I cried, "what's the mat—"

Quick as lightning the stocking dropped into her lap, and with snapping eyes she interrupted my question before it was finished:

"And I didn't make any exceptions when I said I wished people'd mind their own business; so you can close your eyes and mouth, Ruth Mabie! What do you see the matter?"

I have no doubt that my appearance justified this rather scathing rebuke, but as this was the first time in all my twelve years that I had seen Aunt Miriam weep, or otherwise display sorrowful emotion, I could not help feeling that there was some excuse, however slight, for my open-eyed and open-mouthed wonder.

Nor could I account for her curt treatment. She was usually the kindest of aunts. Her matchless pumpkin pies and delicious cookies were always at my disposal, and the occasions were very few when I had visited her without getting a choice slip of some kind of flower.

"Mrs. Perkins gave me two, Ruthie, so there's one for you," was the usual form of presentation on such occasions. The love of flowers, I think, was the chief bond of union between us.

Then, too, I could see, hanging empty on the kitchen wall, a little basket which I often found filled with big white and pale green ducks' eggs, to be handed to me as I was going. Altogether, my reception was so unlike that usually accorded me, that I was quite taken aback.

To hide my chagrin, and a trifling moisture which was rising to my own eyes, I stepped to the back door and looked out upon the flowers, and away to the little brook at the foot of the garden, where the ducks, a beautiful flock of seventeen, mostly white ones, made their headquarters.

Presently a voice which betrayed the change of heart that had taken place in Aunt Miriam's breast since she last spoke, inquired:

"Did your mother send you on any errand, Ruthie?"

"No, ma'am. I just came in on my way from school."

"Go get yourself some cookies, then; I'm narrowing this toe, and I don't want to lay it down till it's finished."

"No, thank you, Aunt Miriam, I'm not hungry. I'm going out to get some wistarias. I see they're opening. Then I'll go find the ducks; they must have dived under the cross fence and gone away; I don't see them down there."

"No, and you won't see 'em," she replied, in a tone of sullen melancholy. "There aren't any ducks to see."

I remembered, in time, to keep my eyes and mouth in their normal positions this time, but was very much surprised, for even her beloved flowers were not so dear to Aunt Miriam's heart as her ducks.

"Why, what's happened to them?" I asked.

"I've given 'em away," said she, going into the pantry as she spoke; and when she returned, after an absence that was very long, considering that her errand was simply to get a plate of cookies and some jam, she continued:

"I gave 'em away on Mrs. Wilson's account, Ruth. She's been finding fault ever so long about 'em. First it was that they climbed through the fence and ate up her grass; then, when I built a picket fence across the brook, she complained that they made such a noise every morning, just at daybreak, that she couldn't sleep.

"I acknowledge they did make some noise; but she was two doors away, and my next-door neighbors on both sides never complained a bit, even when I asked them if the ducks bothered them; and I know very well they never bothered me.

"And they just didn't trouble her, either, Ruth," she continued, with some vehemence. "It was nothing but spite. I complained when her puppy worried two of them to death when they were little, and she never could abide my ducks since. That's the long and the short of it."

"And you gave them away!"

"Yes, I gave them to Cousin Pheenie, in the country. She isn't any too well off, you know, and she'll appreciate them, and take good care of them. I tell you, Ruthie, I hated to do it. I thought a great deal of my ducks, but I can't live in a pitched battle all the time, and rather than do it I let 'em go."

The narrative saddened me, for I, too, was fond of the ducks. It could not well have been otherwise, for none but the stoniest heart could help responding to Aunt Miriam's accounts of their accomplishments, their virtues and their affectionate ways, and they really were remarkably intelligent, for ducks.

So the brook looked very lonely, and even their corn-pan, half-full as they had left it when last they "shovelled" from it, took on a pathetic look.

I could see a little line of paddling tracks in the earth of the garden, leading out toward the gate. At sight of it, I found it necessary to bring the corner of my apron to my eyes.

Everything was accounted for now — Aunt Miriam's vexation, and the empty egg-basket.

I cut my visit short without partaking of the cookies and jam.

"Ruth," Aunt Miriam called, as I was going away, "isn't this your examination week?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, then, ask your mother to let you stay over night with me, part of the week at least, so you won't get all tuckered out walking."

I lived a mile and a half from school.

"That is," she added, "if you'd like to, of course." She knew perfectly well that it was a treat to me, but she liked to have me assure her of it, as I did promptly.

"Very well, then, bring your piece-work, and come as early as you can."

This on the morrow I took care to do, and four o'clock found us cosily seated at work, I at my delightful patchwork, and Aunt Miriam at her knitting. I had just got one point of my "rising sun" put together, and was lost in admiration of it, when in came Cousin Pheenie, with some excitement showing in her meek, pale face.

"Miriam," she said, "didn't you send me those ducks yesterday?"

"Didn't I? Why, of course I did. What do you mean, Pheenie?"

"Why, when I went out to feed 'em this morning, I couldn't find so much as a feather of them, so the only way I could account for it was, that possibly I might have dreamt it. I do have such real dreams, sometimes," she went on apologetically, seeing the look of amazement in Aunt Miriam's face.

"Dreamt it! No indeed, you didn't; I sent them out by your neighbor, Mr. Cowles. But where are they? Haven't you found them?" she cried, losing her logic in the excitement. "Did you hunt for them?"

"Yes, I've hunted everywhere, but it's no use. They must have been caught by muskrats."

"Muskrats!" said Aunt Miriam, in a scornful aside to me. "No, I guess muskrats didn't carry 'em off," she said, aloud. "They may have been stolen."

"Oh no, they haven't been stolen! There's nobody in the neighborhood mean enough to do that. I know my neighbors are honest."

"Well, well, my poor ducks!" said Aunt Miriam, in a quick, impatient way, while her fingers worked on her apron as if running a scale on a piano, a nervous trick she must have brought with her from girlhood, when she had "taken lessons," for I had never seen her play. Then, with an effort, she put the matter away, and invited her cousin to stay to tea. But Cousin Pheenie said she could not stay.

Not a word was said during the meal. Aunt Miriam showed no agitation, but I noticed a little red spot on each of her cheeks.

When the tea-things had been cleared away, and we were sitting again at our sewing, I ventured to return to the question.

"Why don't you think the rats took them, Aunt Miriam?" I asked.

"Why, child, do you suppose those ducks didn't know any better than to get themselves eaten up by muskrats? No danger of it! Now if she'd said weasels, it would be a different thing, for weasels are cute, there's no denying it. But muskrats! two-legged muskrats, I say."

She paused a moment, and went on. "But I wasn't going to insist on it to Pheenie. It would hurt her more if she really thought one of her neighbors was dishonest, than if she'd lost all the ducks in the country. She hasn't much feeling in the matter; she didn't raise them. But she has the most faith in human nature of anybody I ever saw. A good thing to have, I suppose, but if she had neighbors like some folks's, I'm afraid she wouldn't be so charitable."

I did not sleep very well that night. The little town was newly blessed with street-cars, which ran semi-occasionally, and always passed the house just as I was on the verge of sleep.

When they had stopped running for the night, a chorus of cats started up, punctuated twice during the night by the roar of a train, so that, altogether, the place was far less quiet than my own home, where only the bullfrog broke the silence of night in May.

At last I fell asleep, and seemed to have been sleeping about five minutes, although it must have been as many hours, when the bed began to rock violently, so that I was rolled from side to side.

Dreadfully frightened, I awoke to find Aunt Miriam shaking my shoulder, and calling softly:

"Ruthie, Ruthie—do you hear anything—did you hear that?" She spoke in an awe-struck whisper that chilled my blood, for burglars were the only thing I could think of, so I clung to her, and hid my head on her shoulder.

"Ruth Mabie, do wake up!" she cried, mistaking my actions for drowsiness. "There it is again."

Collecting my sleepy senses, I drew myself away from her and listened intently.

This time I heard it — an unmistakable soft "quack, quack," such as ducks, wild and tame, make in the morning at the first streak of light.

Aunt Miriam's brown eyes were looking in mine for encouragement before she permitted herself to hope. "It's the ducks, Aunt Miriam; it's your ducks," I said.

"I believe it is," she said, solemnly. "They've found their way home!"

We jumped out of bed, dressed hurriedly, and then ran out into the yard and through the tall, wet grass to the brook, where the most perfect picture of contentment I had ever seen presented itself to us.

Aunt Miriam's ducks, every one of the seventeen, were softly quacking, and taking turns, in the limited space of the "pond," in rising to their greatest possible height, and fanning the air with their beautiful wings—a performance which was kept up by each duck for nearly a minute.

When they espied their mistress, Mrs. Wilson must have wakened to a sense of her trials; for surely seventeen ducks never made such a noise before. Then I glanced at Aunt Miriam, and for the second time in two days—and twelve years—fancied I saw tears in her eyes.

"Ruth," she said to me, as she looked up defiantly at Mrs. Wilson's windows, which the sun was just reddening, "I shall never part with them again, come what may."

Then an unlooked for thing happened. Mrs. Wilson's door opened, and that lady came out, and approaching as near as the division fence would allow, beckoned to Aunt Miriam.

"Miss Yates," said she, "I see your ducks are back. Did they come home themselves?"

She had probably drawn her inference from our actions at the brook.

"Yes, ma'am, they did," answered Aunt Miriam, uncompromisingly.

"And are you going to send them away again?"

"No, ma'am, I'm not." Aunt Miriam's air was almost aggressive.

"Well, I'm glad of it," answered Mrs. Wilson. "I haven't felt so mean in a long time as I did night before last, when I saw those ducks bundled into a wagon and taken away, and I don't want to feel so again. Good morning."

She turned abruptly, and went into the house.

Aunt Miriam looked at me in a confused sort of way, and as we entered the kitchen, with the

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corn-pan losing its contents from its careless slant on her arm, she turned to me and said:

"I'm afraid I'm a hard old woman, Ruthie. Faith in human nature isn't such a bad thing, after all!"

NELLIE E. C. SCOTT.

FUTURE AND PAST.

Let us model our spirit to chance and change,
Let us lesson our spirit to hope, and range
Through pleasures to come—through years unknown;
But never forget the time that's flown!

—*Bryan Waller Procter.*

For the Companion.

AT LOS VALLES GRANDES.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. V.

A Siege and an Ambuscade.

We watched long and anxiously the slowly rolling log as it came more plainly into view across the level space before our western door. Not a glimpse of the motive power could be obtained; but it ground and crushed its way along with ominous certainty, straight in our direction.

I turned over in my mind many projects for staying its progress, not one of which was practicable. At the rate the log was moving, we could hope for no assistance to reach us from the Valleys in season to save our lives. Just as I had come to this conclusion, the log stopped. I looked through my glass, and saw the cause.

"Sergeant," I exclaimed, "the log has struck a rock. Draw a bead on the log. Don't let a man jump over it to remove the stone!"

The Sergeant stood at the open door, the barrel of his rifle pressed against the right door-post, ready for a movement of the enemy above the log, which had, in fact, struck the only obstacle lying between it and our refuge—a loose fragment of sandstone. All the efforts of the men behind the log had no effect, except to swing the end farthest from the obstacle slightly ahead.

"There seems to be nothing for them to do but to remove the stone. Keep a sharp eye on the log, Sergeant."

I had hardly spoken when a sudden discharge of rifles ran irregularly along the length of the log, and under cover of the fire a stalwart warrior leaped over, seized the stone, and had lifted it nearly to the top, when Sergeant Cunningham's rifle spoke sharply.

The stone dropped on our side; the Indian fell forward, with his arms extended toward his friends, who pulled him over the log, and he was screened from our sight. The fire of the Navajos did us no harm.

The fire on the roof was replenished from time to time, and a vigilant watch was kept up.

At last the Sergeant, who was still at the open door, exclaimed, "Lieutenant, the stone is moving! It's dropping into the ground!"

I was at the moment looking out of the east window. By the time I reached the opposite window, there was no stone to be seen in front of the log.

"It's gone, and here comes the log! They must have dug under the log with their knives, and sunk the stone."

"Yes, sir, and they're safe to move that breastwork up to the cabin door and roast us out."

"If there were two or three more such stones in the way, Sergeant, the delay might serve us until help comes."

"Let's put 'em in the way, Lieutenant."

"What do you mean?"

"If you'll cover me with the two revolvers, I'll run out there and drop a couple of stones in the way."

"All right, Sergeant, and when you return I'll drop two more."

We went quickly to work to carry out our plan. The Sergeant once more replenished the fire, and then selected from the loose rubbish which had been torn from the top of the chimney two good-sized stones.

Removing his shoes, the Sergeant, with my assistance, raised two big stones to his breast, and stood in the doorway with them clasped firmly in his arms. I took the revolvers in my hands and whispered the word, and he started out at a rapid walk, setting his feet down carefully and without noise. He dropped the stones, one before the other, without attracting attention, and regained the cabin without a shot being fired on either side.

Now it was my turn. I made the same preparations the Sergeant had made, but, being a less muscular man than he, I chose stones of less weight. I felt that I must not be outdone by my brave comrade, so I went beyond the place where he dropped his last stone.

At that instant an Indian raised his head above the log and fired. The bullet struck the falling rock, and sent a shower of stinging splinters into my face. I turned and fled.

With the discharge of the Indian's rifle, Sergeant Cunningham opened a rapid fusillade with the revolvers, and successfully covered my retreat to the cabin; but we saw that our last chance at stone-dropping was past.

Several terribly long hours had crept past since we saw Vic turn the butte on her errand to the Valleys, and judging by the time it had taken the Navajos to bore a tunnel under their log and undermine the first trigging-stone, we estimated that two more hours must pass before the four obstructions we had placed in their way could be removed, unless they took some more speedy method.

It was quite nine miles to camp, and the dog could reach it easily in an hour. If she had arrived, help should by this time be fairly on the way; but if she had been killed by the besiegers before she reached the north end of the butte, or had been torn in pieces by wolves!

Should the log once reach our door, we could not hope to do more than make the price of our lives dear to the enemy.

While the Sergeant and I stood at the windows, speculating in no very hopeful vein over these probabilities, there came a scratch at the eastern door. As we stood startled by the unexpected sound, the scratch was repeated, accompanied by a whine which swelled into a low bark.

"Bless us, Lieutenant, it's Vic come back!" exclaimed the Sergeant, springing to the door and flinging it wide open.

In trotted Vic, and coming up to me, she dropped a stick at my feet bearing the words: "*In the collar as before.*"

It took some little time to secure Vic. She capered about the room, licked our hands and faces, jumped up to the noses of the horse and mule, and behaved crazily. We dared not leave the window, lest our watchful foes should have a chance to pick up the obstacles to the progress of their log.

But Vic came to me at last, and submitted her neck for inspection. I found in a little sack a letter which read as follows:

Camp at Los Valles Grandes,
November ——, 1863.

Lieutenant: Message received. Corporal Coffey and eight men leave here at 10.15 P. M.

Respectfully Yours,
James Mulligan,
Sergeant Co. "F," —th Infantry.

"Come here, little doggie!" said Sergeant Cunningham. "If we get out of this, the company shall pay for a new collar and a medal of honor for you."

"If that detail marches at the regulation gait of three miles an hour," I said, "it should be here by a quarter past one, and it now lacks a quarter of twelve."

I had no time even to think of the full extent of my gratitude to the dog.

"The men will do better than that, sir, if they keep on the road. The trouble will be in sticking to the trail. They have never been this way."

"I think the crossing of this and the hot springs trail cannot be far from here. Let's take a shot at that log once a minute from now on, and the noise may attract our friends."

We began firing at once, aiming at the under side of the log, where it touched the earth. I am confident that this sent some gravel into the eyes of the rollers, if it did them no other damage.

Two of the stones we had dropped were soon undermined and sunk, and the log had stopped at the third, less than a hundred yards away.

As it came on, Sergeant Cunningham, who had gone up the chimney to replenish the fire, said he could see the prostrate body of a warrior revealed beyond—good evidence that his first shot had been fatal. If the next two stones should be removed as rapidly as the others, we feared the Indians would reach us, unless the rescuing party prevented, at about half-past twelve.

The time, marked by our periodical shots at the log, dragged wearily on, the Indians slowly and surely approaching the cabin. Knowing nothing of the use to which we had put our dog, they looked upon us as sure prey, and I have no doubt made no haste in their approach, that they might torture us with visions of the horrible fate which they thought surely awaited us.

The third stone disappeared, and the log moved with a louder grating over the gravelly soil to the last obstacle, about thirty yards away, and paused.

"I believe, Lieutenant," said Cunningham, "I could hit those fellows' legs now from the top of the chimney."

"All right, Sergeant; go up and try it," I replied. "A redskin with a broken leg could do us as little injury as one with a broken head."

The words were hardly spoken, and the Sergeant had barely reached the fireplace, when, as if in anticipation of this movement, two figures leaped over the end of the log nearest the perpendicular rock, ran to the corner formed by the cabin and the wall, and by the aid of the dovetailed ends of the logs, clambered quickly to the roof, the shot I sent at them having no effect.

As if the whole thing had been previously planned, the two Indians no sooner reached the roof than they began throwing the flaming brands of our bonfire down the chimney, where they broke into fragments and rolled over the floor, setting fire to the scattered straw.

A blanket was thrown over the top of the chimney to prevent a draught, and soon the whole interior was thick with stifling smoke.

The horse and mule plunged frantically, sending the coals in every direction. Our eyes began to smart painfully, and we felt ourselves strangling and choking in the thick and poisonous atmosphere.

To remain in the house was to be burned alive; to leave it was to perish, perhaps, in a still more horrible way. Just as I was on the brink of despair, the Sergeant gasped rather than spoke:

"They are here, Lieutenant! hark! hark!"

Ping! ping! We heard the sound of rifle-shots, and then a good, honest cheer. Was there ever sweeter music?

The blanket was quickly withdrawn from the chimney-top, and two thuds on the east side of the cabin showed that the Indians had left the roof. A general scurrying of feet and other thuds down the perpendicular wall back of the spring showed the besiegers were in full and demoralized retreat.

We threw the doors open, and our friends rushed in, and before a greeting was said, feet and butts of muskets were sweeping brands and straw into the fireplace, and the roaring draught was fast clearing the air.

Well, we were glad to see the nine men! We shook hands all round, and then went outside to see whether the volleys of the rescuing party had inflicted any punishment upon the Navajos. Two dead Indians lay near the cabin, and farther away the one we had killed. There were traces which showed that others had been wounded.

We kindled a fire outside the cabin, and sat about it for a time to rest and take a lunch. The horse and mule had been badly singed about the legs, but were not disabled. Within an hour afterward we took up the line of march for the Valleys, where we arrived at daybreak.

The evening of the same day, the men who had been left at Jemez arrived without adventure on their march; and Cordova, with his son, at once set out on the trail of the Navajos who had stolen his animals, to ascertain why they were in our vicinity.

Cordova and his son returned after four days of scouting. They found that the Indians had left their camp on the Jemez road promptly after their defeat, and had struck straight through the hills toward the Rio Grande, where they had joined the main body, the same which had attacked us on the ninth of October, and which had recently made several successful raids on the flocks and herds near Pena Blanca and Galisteo.



Piloting the Stolen Cattle.

It was Cordova's opinion that the detachment which had besieged me in the cabin had been to the Valleys to see what chance there was for running the stock through there. Their report must have been favorable, for Cordova said that a party of forty-seven Navajos were now encamped in Los Vallecitos, apparently intending to pass us the following night with their booty.

I prepared at once to retake the stolen stock, and capture the Navajos. Though they were now but forty-seven in number, others might join them before they reached La Puerta.

That the Navajos, if they were watching our movements, might not surmise that we knew of their being near us, I ordered the scouting party not to go out the next morning, and all the men to keep within the parade.

The next evening I marched all the company, except the guard, by way of the reserved trail into the valley of St. Anthony, and entered La Puerta from the western end. This was done for fear some advance guard might witness the movement if we went the usual way, and because so large a party would leave a trail visible to the red men even by starlight, and there would be moonlight before they could cross the valley.

It was my intention to make an ambush in La Puerta. In the narrowest part of that cañon, where it was barely fifty feet wide, the walls rose perpendicularly on each side. A hundred yards east and west of the narrows were good places of concealment. I placed thirteen men under Sergeant Cunningham at the western end, and took as many with me to the eastern.

The Sergeant was instructed to keep his men perfectly quiet until the head of the herd had passed their place of concealment, and then, under cover of the noise made by the moving animals, to slip down into the cañon, and when the rear of the herd came up, make a dash across in front of the Indians and commence firing, taking care not to hit us.

For myself, I intended to drop into the valley with my detachment when the Navajo rear had passed, deploy, and bag the whole party.

It was a long and tiresome wait before the raiders appeared. The men had been told that they might sleep, and many of them had availed themselves of the permission. The moon rose at ten o'clock, and made everything nearly as bright as day in the rarefied atmosphere peculiar to the arid region of the plains and Rockies in which we were.

I sat on a bowlder, and watched through the tedious hours until three o'clock, when Cordova approached.

"What sound is that, Teniente?" he whispered.

I listened, and heard the distant bleating of sheep, occasionally accompanied by the deep lowing of cattle.

Soon afterward I noticed a sound like the rushing of wind in a pine forest. It was the myriad feet of the coming flocks and herds hurrying along the grassy valley.

This was the signal of preparation, and all the men were aroused and made ready for the approaching struggle.

Another half hour passed, and over a roll in the surface of the valley, revealed against the sky and looking many times their actual size in the uncertain perspective, appeared two tall figures, which nearer approach showed to be two mounted Indians piloting the captured stock, which followed close behind.

The Indians entered the defile, and the goats and sheep, which had been spread widely over the open valley, scampered, crowded and overleaped each other as they closed into the narrow way.

There seemed to be fully two thousand of them, intermingled with a motley herd of horses, mules, asses and kine of all sizes and descriptions, numbering three hundred more, all driven by a party of seventy-four Indians.

The cattle-thieves were evidently congratulating themselves upon having run the gauntlet of the military camp and being out of danger, for they had abandoned the traditional reserve of the Indian, and were talking loudly and hilariously as they passed my wing of the ambuscade.

CAPT. C. A. CURTIS, U. S. A.

(To be continued.)

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow. —*Longfellow.*

For the Companion.

SOMETHING ABOUT BELLS.

No single object within the walls of the Kremlin at Moscow, that citadel and city within itself, attracts the stranger with more interest than the famous King of Bells, which is said to have been cracked in the furnace, and now lies at the foot of the Tower of Ivan.

A large piece is broken from the side, but it still weighs about a hundred and ninety tons, for it is over nineteen feet in height, and more than sixty in circumference. When it was cast in 1733, by order of the Empress Anne, the gold, silver and copper consumed in the operation were valued at nearly half a million dollars.

The casting took place, accompanied by religious ceremonies, and royal ladies vied with each other in throwing the gold ornaments worn upon their persons into the great caldron of molten metal. Doubtless this very generosity of contribution served to impart brittleness to the material.

The largest bell in actual use is also at Moscow, and is said to weigh a hundred and twenty-eight tons. The great bell of Pekin, China, is recorded as weighing fifty-three tons, and that of the Cologne Cathedral weighs over twenty-five tons.

Bells were in use in China, Japan and India long before they were known in Europe. In the space fronting the temples of Nikko, Japan, there are enormous bells of exquisite purity of sound, too heavy to be suspended in any tower which this people build, and so they are swung on low frames of stout timber, the bell being only three or four feet from the ground.

They are rung by means of battering-rams, made of long joists of hard wood, suspended so as to swing by the united aid of many human hands. They give out soft and muffled, though deep and far-reaching, notes.

There is a bell before the temple of Amarapura, Burmah, which is hung, after this Japanese fashion, low down near the ground, and which weighs over eighty tons.

The early influence of bells upon architecture is obvious, since we undoubtedly owe to them the building of nearly all the famous towers of the world. Originally these were only raised just above the church-roof to admit a central light, but when bells became common, they were adapted to their use.

Bells are mostly cast from a composition of copper and tin, though other ingredients are often used. When the right proportions of these two metals are combined and reduced by intense heat to liquid form, the mass is poured into a clay mould of the desired shape and size.

The small bronze bells found in the ancient palace of Nimrod contained ninety parts of copper and but ten of tin; in our day the proportions are, say, eighty parts of copper to twenty of tin.

Hand-bells vary more than those designed for public use, and are often composed of brass, silver and even gold. It is a common idea that silver is mixed with other metals in the casting of bells to mellow the sound, but this is a mistake; any large quantity of silver would seriously injure the tone.

It is not alone the composition which determines the quality of a bell; very much depends upon its shape. Moreover, the proportions between its height, width and thickness are all to be taken into consideration. The dimensions, roughly stated, which are deemed to be the best for large bells, are one-fifteenth of the diameter in thickness, and twelve times the thickness in height.

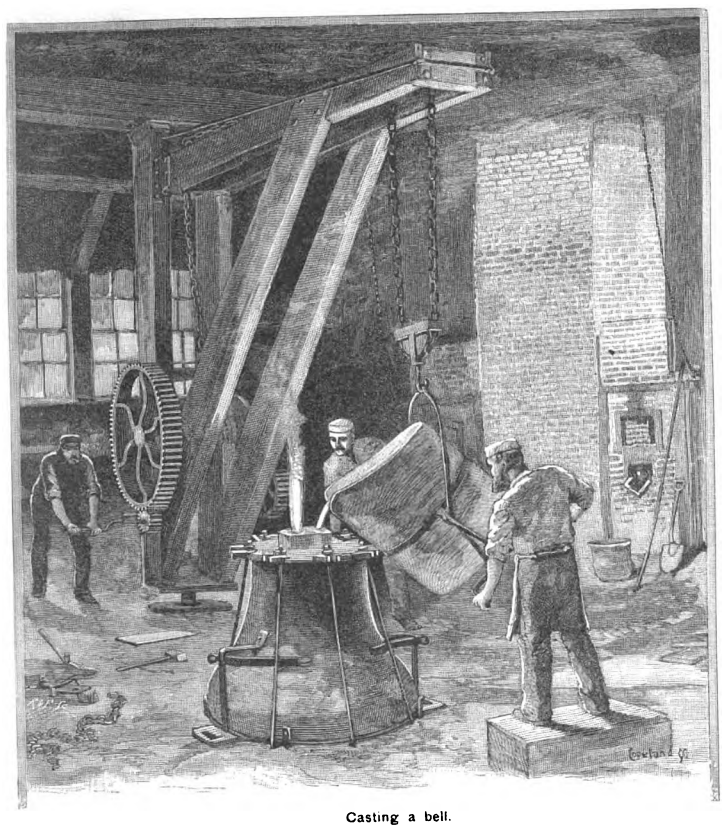
Bells have been cast of steel, but they do not produce the perfect notes resulting from the use of copper and tin. The Swiss have even cast bells of glass, which emit extremely fine sounds, but the brittleness of this material renders them sure to crack in using.

From long usage bells have come to be most

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intimately connected with religious services in all Christian churches, which is thought to be the reason why Mohammedans do not use them, but substitute for them the cry of the Muezzin from the top of the mosques, by which the faithful are summoned to prayer.

The Assyrian chariots were hung with bells intended to terrify the enemy, and spur the warriors to the fray. The head-gear of Grecian war-horses was similarly adorned, designed to create a panic in the ranks of the foe.



Casting a bell.

There are many superstitions about bells. It is recorded that the bell of old St. Paul's Church, London, was rung in ancient times in order to still a raging tempest, and to overcome the electric force of the lightning.

This bell was only tolled on the death of a member of the royal family, and it was long popularly believed that when it did ring it turned all the beer sour in the neighborhood.

Chimes of bells have been brought to great perfection, and we have in this country many fine specimens; but the inventive genius of the Netherlands has rendered that country famous in this respect. In some instances these tune-playing bells are performed upon by means of a cylinder, on the principle of a barrel-organ, though, as is the case in this country and in England, they are generally played by hand.

In the Tower of Ivan, at Moscow, there is a chime of silver bells which daily ring forth the national anthem of Russia, with pleasing effect if one is near the banks of the winding Moskva River.

The custom of hanging bells upon the necks of animals is of very ancient origin. Their usefulness is too apparent to require explanation. The camel-driver of the desert is familiar with them, and the mule trains of South America do not move without them. The leading animal wears the bell, and is instinctively followed by the rest; if the instrument is by chance removed from the leader, the whole train will at once become demoralized.

In an accident which occurred at the Saxon silver mines not long ago, most of the workmen, twelve hundred feet below the surface of the earth, were warned in time to save their lives by the *silence* of their faithful watchman, the bell.

In these mines of Saxony one hears at all times, floating musically through the drifts, the notes of a bell, two minutes only intervening between each stroke of the hammer. It is called the bell of safety, and its peculiarity is that its silence gives the warning of danger.

Flooding is the exigency to be guarded against in these mines. The automatic bell is so operated upon by a water-wheel, that if flooding begins, owing to any obstruction to the deep drainage or otherwise, this faithful watchman ceases to utter the notes of safety.

The Neapolitans deck their gaily caparisoned horses with many bells; the muleteers of the Alps mingle bells and ornamental ribbons upon the necks of their beasts; the young girls at vintage time cap their ribboned poles with them, and the cattle of the Tyrol are heard while yet a long way off upon the hills by the tinkling of their bells.

If the reader should chance to visit Havana, let him not fail to ascend the towers of the ancient Cathedral which contains the tomb of Columbus. Here he will see a number of antique bells, which have summoned the people daily to matins and to vespers for a hundred years and more.

There is an old bell-ringer, a veritable hermit and enthusiast about bells, who lives here with these brazen-tongued instruments as his only companions. He will tell you how, for many years, man and boy, he has summoned the devout by means of these resonant voices; he will speak of the alarms he has sounded, and of the numberless marriage and funeral chimes he has rung out.

It seems almost incredible, but we are told upon good authority that a mere scratch may break the largest bell, and the more perfect its note, the more certain its destruction. A small cord tied closely round the barrel during the vibration will break the structure as surely as will a direct and heavy blow from a sledge-hammer.

M. M. Ballou.

For the Companion.

A SUNBEAM.

One sunbeam shot across a cloudy day
Can brighten all the drear expanse of skies;
One loving smile can make a weary way
A path to paradise.

Clinton Scollard.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Two recent events in France tend to show that the Republic, instead of growing weaker as time goes on, is becoming stronger, and more, instead of less, satisfactory to the mass of the French people.

One of these events was the election, early in January, of a certain number of Senators for terms of nine years. In this election a decided gain of Republican Senators was made, by which the Republican majority in the upper house of the French Parliament is materially strengthened.

The French Senators are elected, not directly by the popular vote (as the Deputies are), but by an indirect method. A convention, composed of the members of the councils of the department, delegates chosen by the communal and city councils, and the deputies who represent the department in the lower house of the Parliament, assembles and chooses the Senators for the department.

This method gives a better chance than universal suffrage for the selection of men of monarchical, or at least conservative, opinions, and thus the election of additional Republican Senators is more significant than would be the case with the election of deputies.

The other symptom of the increasing strength of the Republic lies in the declaration in its favor of a number of prominent leaders in the French Roman Catholic Church.

Foremost among these is Cardinal Lavigerie, who has become famous in recent years for his zealous efforts to suppress the slave-trade. He has declared that the French Roman Catholic Church should not remain in opposition to the settled government, and that it should not encourage pretenders who are seeking to overthrow the Republic, and set up a monarchy in its place.

The stand thus taken by one of the most eminent and liberal-minded princes of the Church has been adopted by other eminent prelates, such as the Archbishops of Tours, Cambray and Rouen.

It is also said that a very large body of the French priesthood have submitted to this view of the prelates, and have declared for the Republic.

The support of the Church is a matter of high importance to the Republic; for hitherto, whenever a republic has been attempted in France, it has always had to meet the hostility of the great mass of the bishops and priests.

They have always been monarchists, believing that the monarchy was the form of government whose interests would best harmonize with those of the Church, and which would be the most ready to defend the Church from the attacks of its enemies.

The French Church, it is true, gave a lukewarm support to the Empire of Napoleon III.; but even during the prosperous reign of that sovereign, the greater number of priests and bishops were at heart in favor of a restoration of the old monarchy.

It is probably good policy for the Church to rally to the Republic. The present government has already shown its ability successfully to resist many and formidable assaults. It has now nearly completed its sixteenth year, its constitution having been voted by the National Assembly on February 25, 1875; while in reality it has existed since the overthrow of the Empire in 1870; and it is much stronger than was any previous French government of the century, although it has attained a greater age than any of them.

The First Empire fell after it had been in power about eleven years. The restored Bourbon monarchy was overthrown in its fifteenth year. The Orleans monarchy and the Second Empire each lasted for eighteen years.

With the suppression of its dynastic enemies, and the accession to its support of the great body of the bishops and priests, which will doubtless bring to it also the support of large numbers of the peasants, the Republic seems, according to present indications, to have still a long life before it.

KING BY AND BY.

In his bright reign all debts are paid;
The ghosts of all crimes and blunders laid;
The penniless one can borrow;
No shadows darken his shining track,
No burdens rest on the toil-worn back,
No clouds hang over us grim and black,
In the glorious reign of To-Morrow.

Selected. —*Lucy A. Furnum.*

THE SUPREME COURT.

The President recently appointed a justice of the United States District Court, Judge Henry B. Brown, of the eastern district of Michigan, to the Supreme Court of the United States. Not long before he promoted Justice Brewer, of the United States Circuit Court, to a place upon the same bench.

These two appointments tend to confirm a tendency, already marked, to recruit the Supreme Court by drawing members from the two lower federal courts.

The Circuit Court, which was created in 1869 to relieve the pressure of business upon the Supreme Court, consists of ten justices. The District Courts are fifty-eight in number, and there is one judge for each district.

The Supreme Court, besides being a body of the highest dignity and importance, is remarkable for the character of permanence which it possesses.

Its justices hold their office for life, and though the United States Senate is also a permanent body, being renewed merely by new elections of individual members, its membership has not, in fact, the character of permanence which marks the Supreme Court.

No other body in the world surpasses the Supreme Court in this quality of permanence. Four lives of its members span the entire continuous period of the existence of the republic under the Constitution—a period of almost one hundred and two years.

Justice Stephen J. Field, who is the senior member of the court, was appointed in 1863 by President Lincoln. When he came in he found upon the bench Justice Wayne of Georgia, who had been a justice since 1835, when he was appointed by President Jackson.

Justice Wayne, in entering, had found Chief Justice Marshall, appointed by President Adams in 1801, still upon the bench, and one of the original justices, William Cushing, appointed in 1789 by Washington, was still in service when Marshall was appointed, and continued in service nine years afterward.

These four terms of service are by no means the four longest of justices of the Supreme Court, but are simply those which overlapped one another in the history of the court. They not only have measured the span of the republic's existence, but have thirteen years to spare.

Justice Story served exactly as long as Chief Justice Marshall upon the bench—thirty-four years. For twenty-four years, from 1811 to 1835, these two illustrious men sat in the court together.

For sixty-three years, from 1801 to 1864, the Supreme Court had but two chief justices—Marshall and Taney.

Several Presidents have had no opportunity to appoint a justice to the Supreme Court, though this has not been the case with any President who has served a full term.

This peculiar character of permanence is eminently fitting. The Supreme Court is itself a substantial guarantee of the permanence of the republic, since its power of passing upon the constitutionality of acts of Congress removes causes of dispute which might otherwise be dangerous to the Union.

No one President, party or decade constitutes it, and it is not subject to passing movements and passions. The President takes his oath of office from its chief; and to influence its decisions, or to affect its character save by at the most two or three appointments, is beyond his power.

MANNERS SHOW THE MAN.

American social life offers more varied and remarkable phases than that of any other country, because of the chances which each citizen has of rising from the lowest to the highest position, and because of the rapidity and frequency of such changes.

A senator, for example, whose parents had been uncultured and ignorant, but honest and respectable people, and who had been himself received in foreign courts, ate with his knife until the day of his death, blew his food to cool it, and embellished his conversation with many "Great Scotts!"

So common is the change in social position, that the lack of education in gentle manners is the most embarrassing difficulty which our people have to meet. The struggle, the hard work, the difficulties in the way of a man who is pushing upward are more easily met than the sharp pain of finding himself awkward and boorish in trivial details of conduct, when he is brought into the companionship of those who have, from childhood, been trained in the social graces.

A poor widow who supported her family by doing chores in the houses of wealthy people was surprised by a visitor lately while at dinner with her children.

The table was daintily laid, and the boys and girls were obliged to observe all the forms which their mother had seen in the houses of her employers.

"Why should they not be taught to behave as well as the rich boys and girls?" she said, without any air of making an apology. "And besides, they may be rich themselves some day. Who knows?"

Few poor boys in America have mothers so keen-sighted or so wise as was this poor woman; and the boys themselves forget, in their hurry to acquire the money or position which will give them distinction, the importance of acquiring the manners without which their distinction may be made ridiculous.

A czar, or a saint, or a great poet might travel incognito around the world, his rank or merit undiscovered. But a man cannot enter a car or eat an apple without betraying how just is his claim to gentle breeding.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

"I see," he observed, walking into the sanctum, "that you need the services of a leader-writer on your paper."

"That position has been filled, sir," was the reply.

He sighed.

"I notice, also," he went on, "that you advertise for a person to address envelopes. Is that position still open?"

"It is."

"Then I'll take it."

This conversation is chronicled in a comic weekly, and is supposed to illustrate the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous; but it shows something else that the writer never thought of. It shows the spirit of common-sense.

Senator Stanford once remarked that he remembered the days of '49 in California, when any man could make four dollars a day, and yet there was a beggar on every corner. Their invariable excuse, when they deigned to give any, was that there was no work at their trade. At the present day there are people in every community who are on the way to starvation or the life of a tramp, because what they can find to do does not suit them.

The boy with the right spirit and the boy with the wrong spirit come into competition every day. A merchant advertises for a boy to help on the books, and gets him. In comes another applicant, and when informed that the vacancy is filled, walks out with his chin in the air. A third boy, on receiving the same answer, applies for a place as errand-boy. Ten to one he gets it, and is soon promoted to a clerkship.

In the early days of Bismarck, now the capital of North Dakota, a city ordinance was passed requiring brick chimneys to be built, and there was not a bricklayer in the place; but the chimneys were built by two painters, one plumber and a carpenter, who would work at anything rather than beg.

This is the right spirit—the willingness to take anything rather than nothing. Success in life depends largely upon adaptability, and it is almost an axiom that the man who looks for something may not find it, but the man who will do anything can always find something.

OUR HEALTH-GIVING GAMES.

A distinguished American author, writing from England, remarks that the "canker" of athletic sports is just as prevalent in the schools and colleges of Great Britain as it is in those of the United States.

Canker is a strange word to use in such a connection. It meant originally the same as cancer, a Latin word for crab, but in modern days applied to a terrible disease that slowly and secretly eats its way to the vital organs.

As all good things are abused, so are athletic exercises, but surely there is nothing about them that ought to suggest cancerous disease. If this American traveller will cross over to Germany, he may there discover a state of things in the colleges

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and universities that savors strongly of canker. He will not find any popular enthusiasm about ball games, nor any athletic or aquatic contests between rival universities; but he will meet abundant evidence that too much anxious study, relieved by fighting duels and drinking beer, produces effects upon students that may be correctly called deadly.

The abuses of our athletic system are known and lamented; but we should not on that account undervalue those sports which not only strengthen and discipline those who take part in them, but furnish exhilarating topics of thought and conversation to the whole community of students.

With us, the years spent in the high school and the college are generally our happiest, and it is rare indeed that an American student has so much as a thought of wickedly taking his own life, or of putting to hazard the life of another.

HER RIDING-HABIT.

An old legend, which makes no pretence to truth, tells us how a kingdom was lost for want of a horseshoe nail. But a recent volume, of sober historical and biographical purpose, written by the Count d' Hérisson of France, makes it appear that the Empress Eugénie, after the battle of Sedan, lost the chance to preserve the empire of her husband by not possessing exactly the right sort of riding-habit.

It was the evening of the third of September, 1870. The news of the surrender of the French army and of the Emperor Napoleon at Sedan had spread about Paris. The city was excited, and there was talk of a revolution, and the banishment of the imperial family.

At this juncture Emile de Girardin, a man who was trusted by the Empress, and who had had no little experience during previous changes of government, arrived at the palace of the Tuileries.

"If your majesty were to appear on horseback in the midst of the people," Girardin said, "and announce the abdication of the Emperor in favor of the Prince Imperial, your own assumption of the title of Empress regent, and the appointment of Thiers as prime minister, the Empire might be saved. Something must be done to turn the tide."

The Empress accepted the advice.

But when this leader of the world's fashion, the reigning empress of proprieties, sought for a proper costume for her performance, it could not be found!

The only riding-habit in the Tuileries was a fantastic one of green, embroidered with gold and silver, made for a festal hunting occasion; and the hat was a not less fantastic three-cornered affair, of the epoch of Louis XV.

The Empress felt that it would not do to appear in this festal garb on such an occasion. Her appearance in it might have the opposite effect upon the people from that which she intended.

The plan had to be given up, the Empress and the Prince Imperial were banished, and the Napoleonic empire was at an end.

GRATEFUL FOR LITTLE.

Turkish justice is a tediously slow as well as an uncertain goddess. The man who goes to court in the Sultan's dominions may expect to be long under the capricious sway of the words, "*Bakaloum, bakaloum*" (We shall see about it).

The author of "Thirty Years of My Life on Three Continents" tells a story which embodies the general belief of the natives as to the mode of administering justice in the Ottoman Empire.

A merchant of Bagdad carried up to Constantinople an appeal against an adverse decision given by an inferior court. The Grand Vizier, the highest fountain of justice next to the Sultan, who is unapproachable, had recently been bullied by a foreign ambassador, and was in a very bad humor.

He would not listen to the appeal, but dismissed the case summarily. He would not even examine the papers.

The merchant, as soon as this hasty decision had been given, began kissing the hem of the Grand Vizier's robe, and invoking blessings on the head of the great man.

"But," exclaimed the puzzled Grand Vizier, "why do you pour benedictions on me? I have dismissed your appeal. You have lost your case, your time and your money. Are these things to be thankful for?"

"Highness," replied the merchant, "I see that the Sultan—whom may Allah protect!—calls only to your high post men of lofty intellect. You have seen and judged my affair in two minutes' time, and condemned me. The will of Allah be done! The reason for my thanking you is that another Grand Vizier, with his '*Bakaloum, bakaloum*,' might have kept me waiting for months to get the same answer, after wasting much of my time and money. Now I can return to my wife, family and business, and hence do I invoke blessings on your head."

The Grand Vizier laughed, and reversed his decision.

SAWDUST.

For several years certain Germans have been experimenting, with a view to utilizing sawdust as a material for mechanical purposes. It was discovered, years ago, that vegetable fibre, after being subjected to certain chemical action, and afterward to a pressure sufficient to expel all liquids from it, could be made into a substance almost indestructible by the elements, and of great utility in the mechanical and ornamental arts.

The difficulty has been that but few kinds of fibre were capable of the transformation by any known process. It might almost be said that the fibre of cotton alone produced satisfactory results.

Scientists are aware, however, that all vegetable fibre is, to a certain extent, identical; that is, it is cellulose more or less mixed with other substances; and they have believed that there must be some means by which the coarser kinds can be made useful for the purpose as well as cotton, which is nearly pure cellulose.

A German scientific journal gives the results of experiments in that country. A substance has been made from common sawdust by means of an acid process, that promises to be of great value. It is described as being exceedingly firm of texture and of great hardness, incapable of being bored by a common gimlet, more impervious to the action of the elements than the ordinary metals, and practically indestructible by fire.

It is said to be stronger than timber, and but a fraction of the weight of iron or steel. The cost of manufacture is asserted to be so low as to bring it into competition with both wood and iron. If all these claims can be made good, the result will be a great change in many important industries.

A RUBICUND ORPHEUS.

In "A Book of Vagrant Men and Vagrant Thoughts," Alfred T. Story gives the following graphic description of a street incident. "I was once," he says, "an eye-witness of an amusing, and at the same time pathetic incident in an East End thoroughfare, in which a poor flutist was the chief actor. It happened one bleak night in December. The streets were almost deserted, and a bitter wind was driving down the streets, carrying everything before it. Few people were about. Nevertheless, a wretched flute-player, despite the wind, was trying to blow a few coppers from the pockets of the chance wayfarers.

"He seemed to be in the last stage of consumption. His long, black coat was pinned across his throat in a way that suggested his shirtless condition, while on his face was written a whole jeremiad of woe.

"Although he blew into his pipe with all the might he could command, yet he produced no sound. The gale was too strong for him. The fierce gusts seemed to be blown through and through the poor fellow, and with such searching keenness that the wonder was that the soul of the man was not blown out of his lean body.

"Presently a big, lusty, well-favored man came along. He observed curiously for a minute or two the poor flutist's efforts to raise the wind; then quietly taking the instrument out of his hands, he applied to it his own lips, at the same time telling the poor fellow to go before and hold the hat.

"He did so, whereupon the worthy citizen commenced to blow out such a liquid flood of melody that every passer-by stood and listened, and many of the listeners put their hands into their pockets, and cast their maravedi into the reversed headcover.

"Thus the two men went the length of the street. Then the rubicund Orpheus returned the flute to its owner, wished him a good-night and a better supper, and turned to go.

"But the poor fluter, grateful for his unexpected windfall, gently detained his benefactor, and thinking he was in the profession, proposed to divide with him the results of their joint efforts; but the stranger would not hear of it, and hastened quickly away, the other meanwhile delaying his much-needed supper to look after him with dimming eyes."

GIVING A LIFT.

It is not often that we find animals giving mutual aid, except in the line of their domestic duties. To meet with instances of helpfulness in creatures so low in the scale as are the "sea-urchins" on our coast is really remarkable. Professor Elder, of Colby University, communicates to London *Nature* what he observed among the *echini* of Casco Bay.

Among the specimens brought back from one excursion were four of the common *echini*. The last one taken had been left exposed to the sun some time before it was noticed and properly cared for.

These four animals were placed alone in a small aquarium, and as we wished to study their action, each was turned mouth up. Soon the action began, with which every naturalist is familiar, and three of the captives slowly rose on edge, and then deliberately lowered themselves into the normal position.

The fourth, the injured one, made much less rapid progress; all it could achieve was a slight tipping of its disk. The two nearest *echini*, from six to eight inches distant, now moved up and stationed themselves on opposite sides of their disabled comrade.

Fastening their tentacles for a pull, they steadily raised the helpless urchin in the direction in which it had started. As soon as it was possible, one of the helpers moved underneath the edge of the disk on the aboral [back] side, and when the half-turn was accomplished, the other took station on the oral side, gradually moving back as the object of so much solicitude was gently lowered to the position nature had made most convenient.

DID NOT LIKE POTATOES.

It seems singular that that nourishing tuber, the potato, now looked upon with such favor throughout the civilized world, should have been severely assailed so recently as the early part of this century. Says Cobbett, a prolific agricultural writer of that period:

"This root is become a favorite, because it is the suitable companion of filth and misery.

"It can be seized hold of before it be half-ripe; it can be raked out of the ground with the paws, and without the help of any utensils except, perhaps, a stick to rake it from the fire; can be conveyed into the stomach in the space of an hour.

"We have but one step farther to go, and that is, to eat it raw, side by side with our bristly fellow-creatures, who, by the by, reject it as long as they can get at any species of grain, or at any other vegetable.

"I can remember when the first acre of potatoes was planted in a field, in the neighborhood of the place where I was born, and I very well remember that even the poorest of the people would not eat them. They called them hog-potatoes; but now they are become a considerable portion of the diet of those who raise the bread for others to eat."

A NICE DISTINCTION.

The following amusing fling at Boston's "culture" appears in the Chicago *Tribune*:

"I desire to insert this small advertisement in your paper to-morrow morning," she said.

"This," said the advertising clerk, looking it over, "will go among the 'wants.'"

"Have you no 'wish' column?"

"No, mum."

"Then, sir," said the young lady from Boston, haughtily, "you need not insert it. I simply *wish* a situation as governess. That is all. It is not a case of *want*. Is there any newspaper printed in English in this place?"

No wonder the name of Burnett is so well known; ask for the best Flavoring Extracts in any part of the world, and Burnett's are handed you. At last the foreigners are finding this out. [*Adv.*



GRAND NEW FLOWERS.

The Wonderful Manettia Vine—the most magnificent flowering vine in cultivation—price 20c. Fuller's new Giant Pansy Seed, 10 packages, magnificent sorts, 25c. Selection of 12 choice packages of flower seeds, 25c.; 12 packages Vegetable Seeds, 25c.; Fuller's Grand New Seedling Gladioli, 12 fine mixed bulbs, 20c. The Excelsior Pearl Tuberose, spikes of pure white, double flowers of great fragrance, 6 large bulbs, 25c., 12 for 40c. Beautiful Catalogue sent free.

J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.

Has Your School

raised a United States Flag? We wish to know. All public schools flying the United States Flag will be entitled to special honors in the National Columbus Public School Celebration Oct. 12, 1892.

Show this notice to your Teacher. Ask her to drop a postal-card to us saying that her school has raised the United States Flag, and state the date when it was raised.

In return for this favor we will send free to your school the Illustrated Souvenir, Raising the School-house Flag.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston.

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GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.



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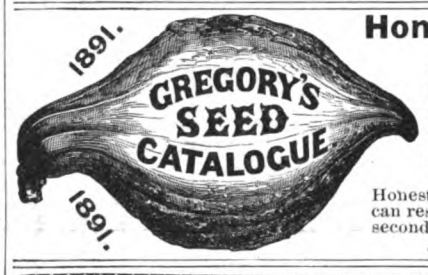
SEED ANNUAL

For **1891** will be mailed **FREE** to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is **better than ever.** Every person using *Garden, Flower or Field Seeds,* should send for it. Address

D. M. FERRY & CO.

DETROIT, MICH.

Largest Seedsmen in the world



Home Grown, Honest, Reliable.

I offer you my Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1891 **FREE.** Note the immense variety of seed it contains, and that all the best novelties are there. Not much mere show about it (you don't plant pictures) but fine engravings from photographs of scores of the choice vegetables I have introduced. Would it not be well to get the seed of these from first hands? To be the oldest firm in the United States making mail and express business a specialty proves **reliability.** Honest and honorable dealing is the only foundation this can rest on. My Catalogue is **FREE** as usual. A matter on second page of cover will interest my customers.

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

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BURPEE'S SEEDS

WE WILL MAIL ALL THESE

5 Finest Flowers —FOR— 26 cts. together with our complete FARM ANNUAL for 1891.

NEW FANCY GERMAN PANSIES. Special selection of only the *brightest and best,* superbly spotted and stained, striped and margined, *Imperial Prize Pansies,* of striking beauty. Flowers of perfect form and large size. The *illustration* shows only one of the *many beautiful types.*

FRINGED STAR PHLOX. *An odd novelty* of surpassing beauty; 40 varieties of elegantly edged and fringed flowers of *star-like form.*

GOLDEN GATE POPPIES. *A grand novelty.* Entirely unique in wondrous variety and brilliancy of bloom; myriads of most gorgeous flowers of every conceivable shade.

CROZY'S CANNAS— **New Large Flowering, Ever-blooming Dwarf French Cannas,** with immense clusters of magnificent flowers, as *richly colored as Orchids,* and *more profuse flowering than Gladioli.* See *colored plate* in *Catalogue.* Neat, dwarf growth, with handsome foliage. They bear their beautiful, large flowers, of many colors, all summer, the *first year from seed.*

ECKFORD'S NEWEST SWEET PEAS. Embracing the *latest novelties,* largest and most beautiful named varieties in *superb mixture.* **Never before equaled.** Pkt. 10 cts.; oz., 20 cts.



For 26 cts. (13 two-cent stamps) we will send all the above— **FIVE FINEST NOVELTIES** with full directions for culture printed on each packet. *If you do not want all of these seeds,* you can select any **Three Varieties** for **16 cts.** If you want any other Seeds, ask for

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37 YEARS. 25 GREENHOUSES. 700 ACRES.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO.,

Painesville, Ohio.

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DISCUSSION.

Resolved, That Minorities are as likely to be in the right as Majorities.

See Matthew Arnold's lecture on "Numbers," in "Discourses in America."

Many moral reforms were at first opposed by Majorities.

The Constitution makes a two-thirds majority necessary in important cases.

For the Companion.

CARMELITA.

"Neber hearn tell o' dat, honey?
'Twas more'n twenty year ago
When we sent dem soldiers flyin'
An' dey didn't run noways slow,
When dey tuk to de woods down yander
Jes' at de set ob sun,
Caps off, an' coats a-flappin'—
Laws! how dem Yanks did run.

"You see it happened dis way;
Ol' marse done gone away,
An' me an' Miss Carmelita
We'se all alone dat day;
Way off in de field ob cotton,
Whar ye see dat riber bend,
All hands were busy to sabe de crap
From de raid ob de Linkum men.

"Men an' women an' chil'en
Singin' an' workin' away,
An' eben de oberseer, Marse Brown,
He had to work dat day;
Kase word had come in de mawnin'
Dat down in de big bayou
Two gunboats waited, full ob arms
Fer de use ob de boys in blue.

"I kin see dat picture now, honey,
A purple mist dat lies
Like a wreath ob smoke on de hilltops,
De fleecy clouds in de skies,
De billowy waves ob cotton
As de soft breeze crept along,
An' de ripplin' wash ob de riber,
Mixed wid de darkeys' song.

"Out on de east veranda
Ol' marse's hammock hung,
An' to an' fro, like a hang-bird,
Miss Carmelita swung;
Wid a bresh ob peacock's feders
I breshed de flies away,
Dat buzzed an' buzzed in de sunshine,
Dey wuz pow'ful mean dat day!

"From de cotton-fields' tossin' billows,
Came de songs now faint, now near,
An' in an' out'n de shadows
Swep' de riber broad an' clear,
An' to an' fro in de hammock
Miss Carmelita swung,
When suddent out'n de bushes
De crack ob a rifle rung.

"Out sprang Miss Carmelita,
Wid a bound like a startled deer,
A little wisp ob a girl, honey,
Jes' turned o' her fifteenth year;
Then ober de hillock yander
Two columns came in view,
The bonnie blue flag wid Early,
An' dem Yanks from de big bayou.

"An' dar stood Miss Carmelita,
As still an' as white as death,
Hardly she stirred a finger,
Hardly she drew a breath;
Wid her wild dark eyes a-starin',
She watched dat bloody fray,
De waverin' lines oh de Union blue,
An' de rallyin' ob de gray.

"Up to de very summit,
Struggled dat line o' blue,
Stood still, an' den retreated,
As de gray came into view;
Dey say 'twas only a scrimmage
Dat passed fo' our eyes dat day,
But de braves' hearts in de kentry
Beat neaf de blue an' de gray.

"An' still in de bloody struggle
Two flags waved in de fight,
One like a strip o' de day-dawn's blue,
An' one all starred with white;
An' still in de waverin' balance
De fate ob dat contest hung,
While cheer, an' yell, an' rifle crack
Through de wooded valley rung.

"An' dar Miss Carmelita
All white an' tremblin' stood,
Hands clasped an' white wid terror,
A-gazin' on dat wood,
Where de struggle still grew fiercer
An' still de banners flew,
De bonnie blue flag wid Early,
An' de ol' red, white an' blue.

"Suddent she turned an' whispered,
In a voice half choked wid fright,
'O, Chloe! will nothin' stop them?
Will nothin' end the fight?'
In de hall, all limp an' tattered,
A riddled flag she sees,
Quick as a flash she seizes it,
An' waves it in de breeze.

"'Fling out de ol' flag, Chloe!
An' I will beat de drum,
Each side will think the other
Has reinforcements come;
Let but the merest fragment
Of the banner meet their view,
An' none can tell the bonnie blue flag
From de ol' red, white an' blue.'

"Den down through dat wooded valley,
An' fur up de mountain side,
Rung de long-roll ob de drum call
Through de battle's fiercest tide,
An' down by de big road yander
Dem flyin' Yankees ran,
An' ober de bluffs went Early,
An' his soldiers—man for man!

"Women aint good fer fightin'?
Wall, mebbe not—but den,
Dey's mighty good fer skeerin'
De braves' kin' o' men!
An' which o' dem men was braves'
Is a question I leave to you,
Some say dey fought neaf de bonnie blue flag,
Some say neaf de red, white an' blue."

JULIA MILLS DUNN.

For the Companion.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

One of the most beautiful and helpful charities in this country is a Babies' Home, in one of our large cities, where children under six years of age, whose parents are not able or not willing to care for them properly, are tenderly nursed and tended.

The peculiar feature of this institution is that, on the first of each month, children whose lot in life has been happier than that of these little waifs are brought by their mothers to the home. Each one chooses a baby to "adopt;" this baby's expenses are paid by the mother for her child, who is taught to think of it as of a little brother in trouble, to share its toys and clothes with it, to visit and play with it, and to pray for it as it does for its mother and brothers.

A visitor describes these children, with their "adopted brothers," playing hide-and-seek in the garden of the Home, poor and rich together, but all clean, rosy and happy. No sermon in after life could so teach them brotherly love as this childish play.

At a recent convention of workingwomen in New York, the daughters of millionnaires and of laborers united heartily in devising practical schemes to widen and elevate the lives of women who are obliged to earn their living outside of their homes.

These and many other such movements show how powerful a hold practical Christianity has taken upon the hearts and lives of English-speaking people of the present day.

Christ's life was never so closely imitated by His followers as it is now, in its direct effort to help the poor, the ignorant and the criminal.

LAMPS AS STOVES.

We often hear people say, "That kerosene lamp is almost as good as a stove," or something to that effect; but the statement is generally considered an exaggeration, and the speakers themselves would probably be surprised if told that their words were literally true. Let us see if they are so. The burning of a pound of kerosene, or other mineral oil, produces about twenty-one thousand units of heat; that is, an amount of heat sufficient to raise the temperature of twenty-one thousand pounds of water one degree Fahrenheit. The unit of heat used in all such calculations is the quantity of heat which is required in order to raise the temperature of a pound of water one degree.

Air is more easily heated than water. One unit of heat will raise the temperature of about four pounds of air one degree. Therefore, the heat produced by burning a pound of kerosene will heat eighty-four thousand pounds of air one degree, or eighty-four pounds one thousand degrees. Eighty-four pounds of air is equivalent to rather more than eleven hundred cubic feet, or about half the air contained in a room fifteen feet square and ten feet high.

This quantity of air can, therefore, be heated about five hundred degrees by the combustion of a single pound, or a little more than a pint, of kerosene, a quantity which is consumed in about three hours in one of the powerful tubular lamps now so much in use. As a matter of fact the air of our rooms never attains any such startling temperature, for several reasons.

In the first place, unless the ventilation is very bad, the air of the room is renewed several times in the course of three hours, so that several roomfuls of air are warmed by the lamp. Again, a large part of the heat of the lamp is radiated directly to the walls, which absorb it if they are cold, and in any case conduct a great deal of it to the outside air. The heat of the warmed *air* of the room also escapes by conduction to and through the walls, to some extent.

The little calculation which has been given, however, shows that an ordinary lamp is by no means contemptible as a source of heat.

A coal-stove, suitable for the room we have been considering, would burn, perhaps, four or five pounds of coal in the three hours in which the lamp consumes a pound of kerosene; but it must be remembered that a pound of coal produces only about two-thirds as much heat as a pound of kerosene, and also that a large proportion of the heat of the best stoves goes up the chimney and is wasted.

There is no such waste in the case of the lamp, the hot gases from which are mixed directly with the air, and heat it very rapidly. The air is heated much less rapidly and directly by the stove, by means of contact with its hot surface, and with the walls of the room, which have been warmed by direct radiation from the stove. It is plain, therefore, that so far as the air of a room is concerned, the heating effect of a single large lamp is not much less than that of an ordinary stove.

The heating effect of a gas jet is also very great, for similar reasons, and hence gas- and oil-stoves are quite commonly used for warming the air of rooms.

No such apparatus should ever be employed in a bedroom or sitting-room unless the ventilation is exceedingly good. The hot gas which their chimneys discharge directly into the air of the room consists chiefly of air whose oxygen has been partly or wholly replaced by carbonic acid and the vapor of water.

If the oil-stove is used for a long time in a close room, it will reduce the oxygen and increase the carbonic acid of the air so greatly as to render it unfit for breathing. Furthermore, such stoves usually produce small quantities of other and very poisonous gases, which soon give rise to unpleasant and dangerous symptoms. Of course, the oil or gas-stove may be connected with a chimney, but its use is then much less economical, as the greater part of the heat escapes up the chimney.

L. B. F.

LOST MONEY.

It was a dark night, and down a retired street in Paris a man rode alone on horseback. Suddenly the horse stopped as if frightened. Then a man rose from the pavement, in the middle of the street, and jumped to one side with a cry. The rider was angry, and exclaimed, "Are you drunk, man, that you lie about in the middle of a dark street to get yourself run over?"

"You might better lend a poor fellow a hand than scold in that way," exclaimed the other. "I had three hundred francs in gold in this bag, carrying it to pay a bill for my master, and the bag has broken and it is all lost over the street. If you have some matches they will do me more good than your curses."

"It's no easy task to find lost money on a night like this," said the rider, dismounting. "I have no matches, but perhaps I can help you. Have you any of the pieces left?"

"Only one," replied the unfortunate fellow, with a sob.

"Give it to me," said the other.

The poor man hesitated. But the stranger repeated the words in a tone of authority, and the last coin was handed to him.

The stranger whistled and a great Danish mastiff stood beside him. He held the coin to the dog's nose, and leaning to the rough pavement, said, "Find them."

The dog sniffed the gold-piece and began the search.

One, two, three; he began bringing in the coins and dropping them into his master's hand, while the poor servant stood by in silent wonder.

Thirteen times he returned with a twenty-franc piece. Then, after a long search, he came back empty, with a grunt that seemed to say, "There are no more."

"We are yet lacking one piece," said the stranger. "Are you sure there was just three hundred francs?"

"Sure as sure can be, sir," the servant replied.

"Then look in the bag again. There must be one left there."

The man looked, and sure enough, found the last gold-piece still there.

"Oh sir!" he exclaimed, as the stranger sprang into his saddle, "you are my deliverer. Tell me your name, that my master may know who has done him such a service."

"I have done nothing," said the stranger. "Tell your master that the one who helped you was a very good and intelligent dog, by the name of Joie."

It was some years afterward, when France had seen troubled times and the royal family was no more, that the master was telling the incident to a party of friends, one of whom had been employed in the palace.

"Joie! Joie!" he exclaimed. "There never was but one dog of that name, and there never was a more remarkable and faithful dog than he. He always accompanied his master when he went in disguise about the city."

"Who was his master?" they all asked.

The reply was brief: "The Emperor Napoleon."

For the Companion.

THE SOUL OF A LYRIC.

With words that flutter their thoughts to utter,
Winged thoughts for the world to hear,
With a trumpet-call, or the rise and fall
Of a fountain crystal clear;
Like the magic roses that dawn uncloses,
Dream-roses that hold no thorn,
With the light immortal from heaven's portal,
Is the soul of a lyric born.

From Death unfettered, like old wine bettered
By the mellowing breath of years,
With a Maytime measure whose tuneful pleasure
Has an undertone of tears;
Through all the ranges of Time's vast changes
With the gold that its thought can give,
Euterpe's token of words unbroken,
Does the soul of a lyric live!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

BURNING TO DEATH.

Among the horrors of the battle of Chancellorsville was the catching fire of an abatis and the burning of wounded soldiers, both Union and Confederate. A wounded man, months afterward, told Mr. Goss, who relates the story in his "Recollections of a Private," that he watched the flames and counted the minutes when they would strike him, but was unexpectedly saved by a little pool of water which arrested the fire just in season. Another man, a hospital comrade, said to Mr. Goss:

"I was among the wounded just outside the abatis when it got afire. This leg you see was as limp as a dish-rag, but I couldn't see the poor fellows burn in that way. So, using my musket for a crutch, I began to pull away the burning brushwood, and got some of them out.

"I tell you it was hot! Them pines was full of pitch and rosin, and made a fire as hot as a furnace! I was working away, pulling out Johnnies and Yanks, when one of the wounded Johnnies, pale as a ghost, toddled up and began to help. He allowed he wa'n't goin' to have a Yankee beat him at anything.

"The underbrush crackled and roared, and the poor fellows howled and shricked when the fire got at them; and by and by another Confederate—I guess he was a straggler—came up and began to help, too, and we fought the fire all together.

"We were trying to rescue a young fellow in gray—the fire was all around him. The last I saw of that fellow was his face. It was a handsome face. His eyes were big and blue, and his hair like raw silk surrounded by a wreath of flame, and then I heard him scream, 'O mother! O God!' It left me trembling all over like a leaf.

"After it was over, my hands were blistered and burned so I couldn't open or shut them, but me and them rebs tried to shake hands. Them two fellers weren't so bad; one of them helped me down to the crossing the next night, and got a darkey to set me across the river.

"What? Well, yes! That leg's a-goner, but I'm not sorry."

VALUABLE CITIZEN.

A lady who had bought a summer home in a small Vermont town found herself in need of several different sorts of workmen. "Who is the best carpenter in the place?" she asked a friend who had owned a house there for several years.

"Carpenter?" said the friend. "Oh, Jerry Calkin is the best man for anything in the carpentering line."

"And whom shall I get to repair my chimney?" she next inquired.

"Oh, Jerry'll put that in order better than anybody else could," said the friend, without hesitation.

"And my well needs cleaning. Who'll do that?"

"Jerry Calkin is the very man. He says he really enjoys cleaning wells."

"Jerry Calkin seems to be a rather unusual man!" said the new-comer, with some astonishment, as she rose to go in search of this paragon among workmen. "By the by," she said, in parting, "I suppose there's no way of my getting ice in this small place?"

"You're greatly mistaken," said her friend. "Jerry Calkin has a large ice-house, and he'll supply you every day, if you like."

During the season the accomplishments of Jerry Calkin became still better known to the summer resident; but his last capability only reached her ears just as she was getting ready to return to the city in October.

"I do wish," she said to her friend, "there was any way of keeping those grapes on the vines for another fortnight! They'll be ripe then, and I think you'd like them for preserving, as you'll still be here. But I know Farmer Brown's boys will have eaten them all long before that; they've taken some already."

"Why," exclaimed her adviser, "just tell Jerry Calkin about it. He's one of the selectmen, you know, and he'll talk to those boys so they won't dare to touch a single grape!"

HER BABY'S GRAVE.

The keeper of a cemetery in one of the Eastern States says that he was at work in the cemetery not long ago, when a poorly dressed and feeble-looking gray-haired woman entered the gate, and said that she wanted to make arrangements for setting up a small tombstone.

"Where is the grave?" asked the sexton.

"I can't tell you just where it is," answered the woman, "but I can go to it."

She led the way to a remote corner, where there were few graves, and there, close to a pine-tree and almost hidden under its low-growing branches, was a little sunken, neglected grave.

"This is it, sir; this is it," said the woman, dropping upon her knees upon the grave, with streaming eyes.

"It's the grave of my little boy, sir; the only child I ever had. I buried him here nineteen years ago. He was only four months and three days old, but he was a dear little fellow, sir, and it almost killed me to give him up."

Wiping her eyes on a corner of her shawl, she added:

"I've never been here since the day we buried him, but I knew I could come right to the spot. I've seen it in my mind every day for nineteen years. We lived close to the graveyard, and in the evening of the day he was buried I slipped over here and set out this little pine at the head of the grave, for I'd no money to buy a stone.

"We moved West soon afterward, and we've been kept poor all the time; but I've saved, little by little, all these years, and now I want to have his grave fixed up, and a little stone put to it—the dear little fellow!"

She laid her wet cheeks down in the rank and tangled grass, and tenderly stroked the sunken clay, and the sexton quietly withdrew, leaving her alone with her dead.

WOLF AFFECTION.

M. Frédéric Cuvier relates a story of a wolf which was brought up as a young dog, became familiar with the persons he was in the habit of seeing, and in particular followed his master everywhere, evincing chagrin at his absence, obeying his voice, and showing a degree of submission scarcely differing in any respect from that of a thoroughly domesticated dog.

His master, being obliged to be absent for a time, presented his pet to the Ménagerie du Roi, where he was confined in a den. Here he became disconsolate, pined, and would scarcely take food; but at length he was reconciled to his new situation and recovered his health.

He became attached to his keepers, and appeared to have forgotten "Auld Lang Syne," when, after the lapse of eighteen months, his old master returned. At the first sound of his voice, the wolf, who had not perceived him among the crowd, exhibited the liveliest joy, and being set at liberty, lavished upon him the most affectionate caresses.

With some difficulty he was enticed back to his den, and this second separation was followed by demonstrations of sorrow, which, as before, lasted for a considerable time.

Three years passed away, and the wolf was living happily with a dog which had been placed with him, when his master again appeared, and again the long-lost but well-remembered voice was instantly replied to by the most impatient cries, redoubled as soon as the poor fellow was at liberty. Rushing to his master, he placed his forefeet on his shoulders, licking his face with every mark of the most lively joy, and menacing the keepers who offered to remove him.

A third separation followed, and proved to be too much for the poor creature's temper; he became gloomy, refused his food, and for a while it was feared he would die. Time, however, which blunts the grief of wolves as well as of men, brought comfort to his wounded heart, and his health gradually returned; but henceforth he permitted the caresses of none but his keepers, manifesting to all strangers the natural savageness and moroseness of his kind.

EIGHT PRIZES.

Any one who has ever visited a "county cattle fair" knows for what a great variety of animals, articles and contests prizes are awarded. It is seldom, however, that one exhibitor has such a successful set of possessions as those of Uncle Ahab Drake.

Uncle Ahab, with his entire family, a large stock of fruit and vegetables, a yoke of oxen and various other animals, went to the fair at Greenby, one fine September day, and returned in triumph two days later. He presented himself at the village shop half an hour after his arrival, evidently anxious to be questioned as to his winnings.

"Well, Uncle Ahab, how'd you come out?" asked one of the men.

"Pretty fair—pret-ty fair!" replied Uncle Ahab, cautiously.

"How many prizes d' you take?" asked another.

"Eight!" said Uncle Ahab, with evident satisfaction. "Yes, I made out to take eight, this time. There was drawin' an' haulin' (oxen), sow an' pigs, cucumbers, bread, butter, garden sass, braided rugs, an' *mother!*"

"Why, how did Aunt Sally come in for a prize?" asked one of his awe-struck listeners.

"Heaviest weight there, to-day," replied Uncle Ahab, cheerfully. "A merciful Providence kept Ann Slater of Greenby Hill away; her boy's twisted his ankle. Ann would ha' turned the scales twenty pound higher than Sally; but as 'twas, there wa'n't another woman there weighed over a hundred and seventy, an' we fetched that prize home along with the rest."

NOT A WRECK.

It is not often that a ship, abandoned as a wreck, reaches port in safety. But such was the case with the ship *Nathaniel Hooper*, of Boston, which struck on the South Shoal, off Nantucket, July 8, 1838. To lighten the ship, Captain Bogardus threw overboard several hundred boxes of sugar; but she remained fast, and as she was pounding heavily, he abandoned her, fearing she might go to pieces.

All hands put off in boats for the nearest shore, and as soon as he was on land Captain Bogardus hurried to Boston. It was two days before he reached the office with his bad news.

"Why, Captain," said the owners, "you are dreaming. The *Hooper* is safe at India dock."

"Impossible!" cried the Captain.

"Go and see," said the owners.

Down to the dock went Captain Bogardus, and scarcely could believe the evidence of his senses. He rubbed his eyes and took a second look. Yes, there certainly was his ship, that he had left aground on South Shoal, with a storm coming up.

Immediately after the crew had left the vessel the wind changed and blew her off the shoal. She drifted until the next morning, when a Gloucester fishing-smack fell in with her, and with the hope of salvage the crew boarded her and made for the port of Boston.

Captain Bogardus was too good a seaman to lose, and after some pretty severe bantering, the owners again gave him command of the *Hooper*.

BANEFUL RAINBOW.

The "bow of promise" is to the people of some parts of China a harbinger of evil.

An English traveller relates that he was once on the road with a company of native followers, when there came on a shower. As the rain ceased, a brilliant rainbow appeared. At this all his servants covered their mouths with their hats, to escape the poisonous vapors which, as they declared, are always given forth by rainbows!

The Englishman, as a matter of course, laughed at their foolishness, and kept his hat on his head.

The curious feature of the adventure was that, when he had gone only a few hundred yards, he was by some coincidence seized with a sudden fit of vomiting.

He received no sympathy, and without doubt his misfortune will long be cited in that neighborhood as fresh proof of the rainbow's baneful influence.

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For the Companion.

A POOR RULE.

Said Mary to Johnny, "O dear!
  This play is too poky and slow;
There's only one bubble-pipe here—
  O Johnny, please, *I* want to blow!"
"No, I'll blow them *for* you," said he;
  "Just watch, and you'll see every one.
That leaves all the labor to me,
  While you will have only the fun."

Said Johnny to Mary, "O my!
  That apple, so big and so bright,
You can't eat it all if you try;
  O Mary, please, *I* want a bite!"
"No, I'll eat it *for* you," said she,
  "And show you just how it is done;
I'll take all the labor, you see,
  And you will have only the fun!"

E. S. B.

For the Companion.

A LONG NIGHT.

The wind was blowing a great gale, whirling the fine snow past the windows in such thick white clouds that Dollie and Viny Collins could scarcely see the sky at times, as they stood at the window anxiously watching for papa to drive home from the station.

How the long, pliant limbs of the great bare elms writhed and tossed as the strong blasts swept over them!

All the doors and windows clattered and rattled, and there was a low, rumbling roar up and down the throat of the great chimney as though it were choking with its own dense smoke.

Viny and Dollie felt very timid, for this was their first winter in Maine. Their home had always been in Georgia.

"Don't mind it, dearies," said grandma, consolingly. "It will be over with by morning. Then there'll be splendid drifts to slide on! Why, when I was a little girl and lived up in one of the north counties there came a terrible storm—worse than this. We lived in a low, log-house of one room, with one window and one door. There was a cow-house close by. We had no barn, for father had just begun him a farm. He went into the woods logging that winter and every winter.

"Grandmother was taken very sick one day during the winter, and sent for mother; so she had to leave us children for a few hours to go to her. There were five of us, and the oldest, Jane, was ten. We thought we should have great fun keeping house, and we did for a little while; then it began to get lonesome, and it began to snow.

"Oh, how it did snow! By noon everything looked all muffled up. We carried some wood into the kitchen, and built up a huge fire to cheer us.

"Toward night the wind blew fearfully, making everything rattle and bang. It would rush down the chimney in spiteful gusts, sending the sparks and ashes flying out into the kitchen, and the smoke nearly choked us.

"Then we knew that mother couldn't get home that night. We burnt up all the wood, and went to bed, feeling pretty sober—Jane and I and little Mercy in the great 'turn-up' bed and Tim and Hezekiah in the trundle-bed.

"Child-like we soon forgot our troubles in sleep. After what seemed a long night, we awoke. The wind was still blowing, but it was yet dark, and Jane bade Hezekiah and Tim to stop their noise and go to sleep, and not be a-gabbling in the middle of the night. But we couldn't go to sleep. We felt all rested up and ready to begin another day.

"Jane kept us quiet a long time; but by and by the boys began to kick and scold, and, in spite of Jane's threats, they scurried out to the dresser cupboards, grabbed each a great crust of brown bread, and scampered back and began to gnaw it under the bedclothes.

"We lay there in bed, and whispered and listened to the wind roaring over the roof, and tried to go to sleep. Pretty soon old Brindle began to bellow, and the rooster crowed with all his might. Now little Mercy whined for her 'breakshuf' and wouldn't be put off; so Jane got up, and as she was poking about in the ashes for a live coal to light a fat pine splinter, she happened to look up, when lo and behold, there was a little patch of blue sky above the chimney!

"We all rushed out of bed, and Hezekiah opened the door. A great wall of snow shut it in dark and tight. Jane drew aside the low window curtain, and it was dark there.

"We lighted a splinter. It was twelve o'clock! Straight noon! No wonder the boys kicked, for I was hungry enough to bite, myself.

"The snow had drifted clean over the little log-house so that it was as dark as a pocket. We couldn't get out, and the wood was gone, so there was nothing to do but crawl into bed again, with a crust, to keep warm.

"Along toward night we heard somebody trampling over our heads, and in a minute more mother hollered down the chimney. Just as soon as the storm had abated, she had started for home—four miles—on snow-shoes, Uncle John coming along with her.

"He found a spade in the cow-house, and he and mother dug through to the door. Mother made a great kettle of mush, Uncle John milked Brindle, and we had a feast, and sat up till nearly midnight."

For the Companion.

HOW THE LOST WAS FOUND.

Two things were suddenly missing one day.
One of them was the baby.
He could not have gone far, for he wasn't a year and a half old.

Grandma thought he was upstairs with mamma.

Mamma thought he was in the kitchen with Hannah.

Hannah thought grandma was getting him to sleep in his crib.

Grandpa came in just as they missed the baby, and without a word to scare any of them, took his cane and hurried down through the garden as fast as he could, for the river ran just below. To be sure, baby had never walked a quarter part as far.

Mamma went out to explore the barn, Hannah hunted through the lower part of the house, while grandma toiled up into the chamber and the attic, all calling "Baby! Baby!"

The other missing thing was the piece of dried beef, all there was in the house.

Hannah was sure that she laid it on the kitchen table. Passing through grandma's bedroom, Hannah heard a little noise like a mouse gnawing, nibble, nibble, nibble.

Lifting the spread, there sat baby on the floor under the bed, gnawing the dried beef!



For the Companion.

IN THE MAIL-BOX.

In a warm bed in an old soap-box in the cellar old Tabby kept her three little black kittens. But sometimes when she sprang into the cellar window and went to the box, she found it empty. Then she always went upstairs to the sitting-room to look for her kittens, and she was sure to find Lulu playing with them.

Lulu was only four years old, and she liked to play with the kittens better than with her dolls. She would dress them up in the dolls' clothes, and take them to ride up and down the room in her little carriage, and put them in the dolls' bed and try to sing them to sleep.

Lulu was very fond of her little cousin Amy, who lived in another part of the city, and came to see her sometimes, and she thought she would like to give Amy her kittens.

So one day she put the three kittens in her apron very carefully and carried them to the street corner, on which stood a big mail-box, painted red.

It was for packages and newspapers that could not be put in the little box.

Lulu had very often seen her mamma put packages in there to send away, and she thought that in order to send the kittens to Amy she had only to put them in the box.

So she lifted the lid, and dropped the kittens in one by one. Then she ran home, very happy over what she had done.

When she had played with her dolls a little while she went upstairs to her mother, and asked if five o'clock had come yet.

"It is almost five," said her mother.

"Then Amy will almost get my kittens," said Lulu, for she had heard that the carrier came every day at five o'clock to take up the mail.

Her mother asked her what she meant, and when she heard that the kittens had been put in the mail-box she laughed a great deal.

"I think we had better go out, and see if they are still there," she said to Lulu.

They reached the mail-box just in time, for the carrier had opened it and taken the kittens out, and very much surprised he looked. He was very glad to put the three mewing little creatures into Lulu's apron, and she carried them home again, where Tabby was looking for them and growing very uneasy.

Amy was given one of the kittens the next time she came to see Lulu, but she carried it home in her arms, and did not try sending it by mail.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

BEHEADINGS.

My *whole* is a word of six letters. I'll state
Its meaning: with lines to variegate.

Behead, and a stomach is left, understood,
When rightly prepared, as a nice kind of food.

Again you behead, and by that means secure
A word which means ready, and also mature.

Again: From my *whole* the last letter curtail,
And a long, narrow piece you will find without fail.

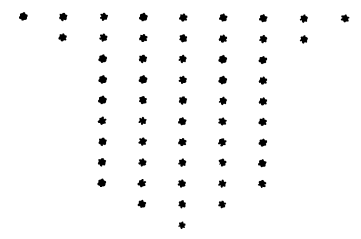
And this you behead, and a journey you leave,
Which means to move lightly, as you will perceive.

Behead it again and a rent will appear—
All these you can find if you but persevere.

ELGIE BELL.

2.

AN ESCUTCHEON.



Across.

1. An aromatic plant.
2. To transfer.
3. A kind of puzzle.
4. A forked instrument used by clothiers in dressing cloth.
5. A graver.
6. To provide food.
7. A musical instrument.
8. To despise.
9. A mermaid.
10. Existence.
11. A letter from Boston.

Centrals read down: A Scotch poet who was born January 25, 1759.

F. S. F.

3.

RIDDLE.

Not too deep to be measured,
Free from fault or decay,
What you hear with your ears:
The three at once say.

4.

ACROSTIC COMBINATIONS.

Each word consists of four letters. The primals of the second acrostic are the finals of the first; those of the third, the finals of the second.

Acrostic No. 1.

1. An animal living in water.
2. A feminine name.
3. A mineral salt.
4. A battle fought between Austrians and French, 1800.
5. To slaughter.
6. To enroll for service.
7. A Bible name, found in Chronicles.
8. A part of speech.

Primals: The name of a statesman born on January 17, 1706.

Finals: The name of a statesman born on January 11, 1757.

Acrostic No. 2.

1. One of two equal parts.
2. A masculine name.
3. A kind of hammer.
4. An image worshipped.
5. A rich earth.
6. A beginner.
7. Fragrance.
8. To summon.

Finals: A President, born on Jan. 7, 1800.

Acrostic No. 3.

1. A place of defence.
2. Noting entrance.
3. A weaver's frame.
4. To jump.
5. A painter; born, 1621—died, 1666.
6. A bone.
7. Restraint.
8. To quiet.

Finals: An infidel, born on January 29, 1739.

CYRIL DEANE.

5.

CHARADE.

My *first* is hasty;
My *second* is tasty;
My *whole* is wasty.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Surrender of Paris (Jan. 29, 1871). Battle of Isandhwlna (Jan. 22, 1879).

2.
L A C H R Y M A L
C O L P O R T O R
P A R E G O R I C
C A N D I D A T E
C A R A B I N E S
P A R A L Y Z E D
A C C O U T R E D
C O N F U S I O N
N E C T A R E A N

Left diagonals—Lord Byron.
Right diagonals—Lord Bacon.

3. Old King Cole.

4.
C ran K
H as P
I sago N
A llb I
N am E

China—Pekin.

5. Baldwin (apple).

6. Lick, liquor; Prim, primer; oak, ochre; fry, friar; wand, wander; ache, acre; prop, proper; soul, solar; tit, titter; scent, centre.

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For the Companion.

IRRITABILITY.

Some people are naturally calm, and not easily disturbed. Others are quick to feel, and strong in the expression of their feelings. The difference is constitutional.

But every one, whatever his natural temperament, is liable to become irritable as a result of physical disturbance. Marked irritability is often the first symptom of undue brain-work. A man who may have been remarkable for his self-control, is surprised to find himself disturbed by trifles. Annoyances such as he once hardly noticed now fairly unnerve him. He is impatient, and expresses himself in tones, if not in words, of which he is soon ashamed.

Overwork of the brain is not confined to professional men. Merchants, the uncertainties of whose business often involve the keenest anxiety, are at least equally liable to it, and in this case the trouble is often aggravated by a luxuriousness of social and personal habits.

Nor are wives and mothers free from the same danger. Woman's work is never done. For her, care seldom ceases while she is awake, and too often it pursues her even in her sleep. Fashion and social life sometimes make large demands upon her, while the petty annoyances of home fall to her lot almost exclusively. At length unwonted impatience, fretfulness, and severity with her children give warning of nervous prostration, and her husband may perhaps precipitate the crisis by his unjust reproaches.

Irritability may have its source in the stomach. The dyspeptic is notoriously fretful and low-spirited. What a difference between him and the well-fed man, who knows only from books that he has any digestive apparatus!

In softening of the brain, one of the first indications of something wrong is increasing irritability; which, however, is seldom referred to the true cause. If the patient is a mother, she finds fault with her children on the slightest provocation, and punishes them with unwonted severity.

Irritability and general feebleness of the nervous centres are frequently due to a lack of suitable nerve-food, just as the muscles may be enfeebled through lack of the food essential to their proper nourishment.

Friends of the morbidly irritable should guard against increasing the evil by their own conduct, and generally should take counsel with a physician.

For the Companion.

NEW DISCOVERIES ON MARS.

Schiaparelli, the Director of the Observatory of Milan, was the first to announce, in 1877, the existence of single or double canals on the surface of Mars. A few astronomers had faith in the discovery, but many doubted, and waited for confirmation. The Italian astronomer, nothing daunted, went on with his work, finding new proof that his practised eyes were not in fault, with every succeeding observation.

The most favorable time for studying Mars is at or near his oppositions. He is then in line with the earth and sun, the earth being in the middle. This brings him at his least distance from the earth. He is, however, much nearer at some oppositions than at others, on account of the great eccentricity of his orbit.

When Mars is nearest to the sun, and the earth farthest from the sun, the two planets are at the least possible distance from each other. This most favorable condition occurs once in about fifteen years. Such will be the case in 1892, and such was the case in 1877, when the two Martian moons were discovered.

For several years no other eye detected the double lines that had been revealed to Schiaparelli's clearer vision, but at the opposition of 1888 two European astronomers, Perrotin and Terby, confirmed his discovery, the doubling of the canals being plainly perceptible to them. Thus the case stood till the opposition of 1890, Schiaparelli, Perrotin and Terby being the little band of believers in the enigmatical lines. A fourth observer now comes forward, and renders full justice to Schiaparelli, Stanley Williams, a well-known astronomer in the south of England. He has identified forty-three of the canals, and clearly seen the doubling of several of them.

When Mars approaches the opposition of 1892, all the powerful telescopes in the world will be turned upon his ruddy face, and everything within human power will be done to solve the mysteries of his being.

TELL-TALE PEPPERMINT.

"The way of the transgressor is hard." Everything works against the criminal; very trivial circumstances may lead to his detection. Though he hold his tongue never so discreetly, and lie never so ingeniously, his very breath may testify against him. So it was with an Indianapolis rogue, whose story is related by the *News:*

The principal of one of the ward schools has been annoyed for some time by the theft of small articles from her office. After a short absence from the room, she was very likely to miss a pencil, an eraser, or an apple; never anything of great value, but always something.

For several weeks she was in perplexity, but gradually her suspicions fastened upon the little son of the janitor of the building She could get no actual proof, however, and if the boy was really guilty, he was exceedingly sly.

One day the principal brought a package of peppermint candy to her office, and placed it in a conspicuous place on the desk. Then she went out for half an hour or so. When she returned, the candy had vanished.

She set out at once in search of the janitor's boy. He was found industriously sweeping one of the brick walks, and as the principal approached he looked up with a bland smile.

He was a good deal surprised when the lady seized him by the shoulders, stooped down, and looked earnestly into his face. He blushed and wriggled, but for a moment she held him fast. Then she rose with a grim smile of satisfaction. The boy's breath was heavy with the aroma of peppermint. The sequel is not related.

FOUGHT FOR THEIR LIVES.

Four woodsmen from Ottawa, Ontario, had a desperate fight with a pack of wolves while returning from work to their camp on the Kippewa River. Two brothers named Barrett stopped on the road to examine a trap, and their two companions went ahead. The latter had not proceeded far when they heard loud shouting, mingled with the barking of wolves.

They hurried back and discovered the Barretts, with their backs to a tree, desperately defending themselves with their axes against a pack of ravenous wolves.

The men looked about them, and were appalled to see that the pack was being reinforced by a number of equally desperate animals.

After fully ten minutes of fighting for their lives, the men fortunately killed seven of the wolves, which had an effect upon their companions, for they turned and fled. All the men were bleeding from the legs and sides, where they had been bitten.

HER FATHER.

The faith of little children in their fathers and mothers is one of the most beautiful things in the world, but its manifestations sometimes provoke an involuntary smile. The New York *Tribune* reports that a Broadway car ran into the rear end of an express wagon with such force as to tip it completely over. A little girl about six years old was on the seat with the driver.

The man was pitched head-first upon the sidewalk, but landed on his hands and knees, and received only a few slight bruises. The child, who clung to the seat, fell underneath the wagon. Fortunately the high seat prevented the weight of the truck from falling on her, and she was drawn from under the wagon-box uninjured.

One of the bystanders, as he stooped to brush her dress, asked if she was hurt.

"Oh no," said the little girl, "my papa wouldn't let me get hurt."

LYING VERSUS STEALING.

There is a half-truth in the reply of the child in the following incident, which is quite impressive; but a lie, frankly acknowledged, is as much a "thing taken back" as is the return of anything that has been stolen.

She came to her mother with the question: "Which is worse, to tell a lie, or to steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad that she couldn't tell which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking about it, and I think it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, unless you've eaten it; and then you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in the little face, "a lie is forever."

DREAMS.

Physiologists theorize a good deal about dreams, but really tell us little more about them than does the little East London girl who writes this quaint essay.

Dreams are those queer, short tales which come into your head when you are asleep. They are not true. If you have had a good supper, they are rarther longer, and not quite so true. Meat or fried fish makes them very long.

When you have had no supper at all, you either do not dream, or else you can't remember them. We genelly dream some dreams over and over again.

FIRST AND LAST.

The increasing prevalence of the scientific spirit, with its passion for exact statement, makes it more and more necessary for men to say precisely what they mean, and nothing else.

"What is your last name, my little man?" asked the new teacher.

"Tommy," answered the boy.

"Indeed! What is your full name?"

"Tommy Jones."

"Then Jones is your last name."

"No, ma'am, excuse me. When I was born my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other for more than a month."

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For the Companion.

UP THE TRAIL.

They stood, a boy and a girl, at the entrance of the Grand Cañon, in the deep shadow of the cliff. They were not absorbed in the wonders of nature, but were gazing solemnly at each other. The boy was known, at least by sight, wherever he went; he had such a straight, clean-cut, well-knit little figure, with honest, friendly gray eyes, and a ready smile.

"He is the stirrin'est boy," the burro-keeper said; "and the girl, she's the stirrin'est girl I ever see. There's just nothing that there little girl couldn't do."

There was evidently no relationship between this "stirrin' pair." She was of a lighter build, more alert, of more nervous activity. The pleasant little face was one to change expression with every passing thought. Just now the soft, dark eyes and pretty mouth showed the serious nature of the consultation.

Pike's Peak was the subject. Pike's Peak was always the subject. They knew what it was, at Colorado Springs, to feel that strange, inexpressible thrill that comes when one looks down the broad avenue in the early morning at Pike's Peak, as it looms up almost overhead, so still, so mysterious, and so grand.

It seemed then as if they could walk to the top in a few hours, and must do it. But at Manitou, "Pike's Peak" was in everybody's mouth. Burro parties went up frequently. A few people walked up, and to walk up was a distinction that the strong and active sought to attain.

The fever seized the children. They had begged to be allowed "just to walk up Pike's Peak," only to be chagrined by the evident amusement of their elders at the proposition.

To accomplish this one thing was their dream. It was discussed at every opportunity. The Cave of the Winds, the Garden of the Gods, Cheyenne, the Ute Pass—nothing was of consequence compared with walking up Pike's Peak.

Now they had decided that go they must. Their plans were deeply laid. On the next day they were to start. It was their last chance, and they knew of no party going up. From the guides they had learned about the trail. It was twelve miles to the Peak from Manitou. Five miles up was the Half-way House; then came three miles of level, and three miles from the Peak was the engineer's camp, where surveys were being made for the cog-road.

They knew the laws of the trail, that the pedestrian should be careful not to drink much, no matter how thirsty, nor how tempting the cold, bubbling springs or streams, and that it was necessary to go slowly and rest often.

Their plan was to start about seven o'clock. "And then, Connie" said John, concluding the conversation, "we shall reach the Peak about two o'clock, eat our lunch, and come just rushing down—that won't take long! And won't the folks leave off their laughing then! Why, I couldn't go back home and tell the fellows I hadn't walked up Pike's Peak!"

They shook hands, and parted with a gravity befitting the occasion.

At eight o'clock the next morning, successful at every turn, they were well on their way up the trail, each carrying a little twisted loaf of rye bread. John had a small, flat flask for water in his jacket pocket. Even at so slight an altitude above Manitou, breathing was a little difficult, and they were willing to stop frequently, and drink in the fresh, sunny air, not yet too hot; to look up wonderingly where the steep, scarred sides of the cañon cut the sky with jagged edges; to notice the few twisted dwarfed trees clinging here and there; to hear the pounding roar of the stream so far below that they could not always see it; to watch the little ice-cold, trickling springs dripping into tiny basins scooped out by the guides beside the trail; to laugh and hear the laugh echoed from cliff to cliff.

By degrees the chasm with its steep, inclosing sides seemed to fade into the background, and they knew they were near the Half-way House. Most of the ascent had been very steep. It was hard work to breathe; the sun was intensely hot, and their sensations inclined them, on the whole, to side with those people, who, having walked only to the Half-way House, declared that was the worst of the ascent, and that the rest of the trip was a mere nothing.

They rather dreaded passing the Half-way House, fearing that some one would stop them there. But their fears were needless; no one was in sight, and they passed the building unmolested.

On the other side the trail wound through a meadow, following the stream, which was now a very mild-mannered stream, indeed, and could be crossed anywhere on stepping-stones. On each side rose gently-sloping wooded hills. They sat on the grassy bank to cool their feet in the water.

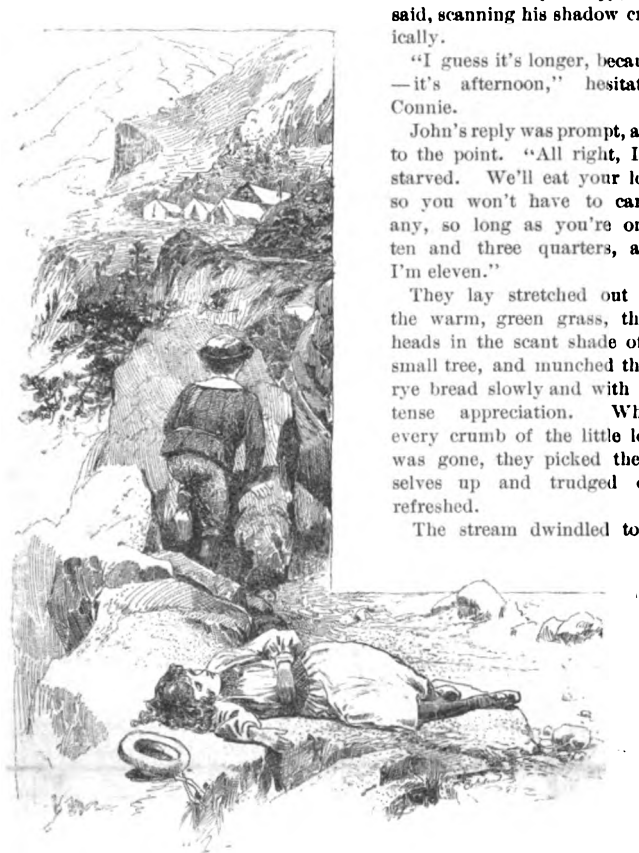
"John," said Connie, thoughtfully, "a good while before we reached the Half-way House we had little bits of fat shadows."

John looked startled, and stood up.

"It isn't so very dumpy," he said, scanning his shadow critically.

"I guess it's longer, because—it's afternoon," hesitated Connie.

John's reply was prompt, and to the point. "All right, I'm starved. We'll eat your loaf so you won't have to carry any, so long as you're only ten and three quarters, and I'm eleven."



They lay stretched out on the warm, green grass, their heads in the scant shade of a small tree, and munched their rye bread slowly and with intense appreciation. When every crumb of the little loaf was gone, they picked themselves up and trudged on, refreshed.

The stream dwindled to a tiny thread, so shallow that John had hard work to fill the flask. Then the trail left the stream altogether, and struck off through thin pine woods that did not seem to give any shade from the oppressive sun.

"I thought we'd have reached the camp long before this, Con," puffed John, feeling the backs of his legs tenderly.

"The camp's above timber line, you know," Connie replied, "and that high hill over there has trees on top."

On they went, silently, to save their breath, resting frequently; measuring each new ascent with a thought to the amount of strength it would require; taking little swallows from the flask to cool their parched throats, though the water was now anything but cold; struggling up, breathing harder and harder, and thankful beyond expression when the sun went under a cloud.

When they were about on a level with the top of the hill Connie had noticed, the trail turned, and they had a wide view spread before them. They could see their track through the meadow, but not farther, hills seemed to cut it off, and then on down below the hills great reaches of flat country, divided off into little parallelograms, reaching to the horizon.

Connie stretched herself out on a flat rock, and lay there panting, watching the darkening sky. The air was cooler.

John undertook to reconnoitre. From a higher rock he saw the engineers' camp, three or four large, square canvas tents. The trail ran past the tents; below the trail, down the steep declivity, were straggling pine-trees. Above the trail, up beyond the tents, were rocks, nothing but rocks. A man, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, and who looked as if he might be cooking, came to the door of the largest tent.

There was no use in trying to pass that man. John sat down by Connie, and they discussed the situation. Their plan was simple in the extreme, merely to wait for a good chance, and hurry by the camp.

They waited and talked in low tones. They even felt enough surplus energy to shy stones down among the timber. The clouds darkened. A mist gathered, and then changed into a fine rain.

The children looked at each other in dismay. "What do you think, Connie? Shall we stop? It's sure to rain now!"

"We won't give it up now! No, sir. I never felt better. I'm all rested. It's only three miles to the top, and you know the mile after you leave the camp is real level."

John's face cleared and brightened. They knew that the last two miles of the three made an ascent of two thousand feet, without a break; but they did not understand the application of that fact to their trembling little legs.

They heard voices, and looking, saw the engineers coming down the trail to the camp, swinging their lunch-pails and talking. They wore heavy boots and oil-skin coats. John looked at his light jacket and shirt-waist, already damp, at his short trousers and black cotton stockings, then at Connie's soft felt hat crowded down on her dark, curly hair, at her flannel dress just to her knees, and constructed chiefly for coolness and comfort, at her thin black stockings, and the scuffed-up little low shoes.

They heard the men say it was hailing farther up, and bitter cold, and that they had quit work. Then the men disappeared in the big tent, and all was quiet.

Their chance had come. The tents were safely passed. John stopped to refill his flask at the spring, the best water on the mountain, the guides had said. John was sure it was at least the coldest; it was so cold that filling the bottle made his fingers ache.

The trail was not very steep; the soil was pebbly, and little green things and tiny yellow flowers grew wherever they best might. The view was fine. The wooded hills and bits of meadow between, the gleaming pools, the level distances were all seen through a soft, transparent mist that lent an unreal glory. The children felt the beauty of it, and held each other's hands and gazed, when they stopped for breath.

They did not talk much; level as the trail was they could go but a few steps at a time. The air was growing piercingly cold; the rain changed to a cutting, wind-driven sleet. John took off his jacket, and put it over Connie's shoulders. She promptly returned it.

"Connie, if you don't put that on I'll leave it right here, and we'll both freeze," he said, stubbornly.

Connie made a movement as if to stick to her refusal; then she quietly put on the jacket, and said they would take turns in wearing it.

Then the trail struck the rocks, and seemed to turn straight upward. It was growing darker and darker; they could just see their way. Their breathing was very labored, and they could hear the heavy beating of their own hearts.

"We'll get there, Con," said John, cheerily; "it's only two miles now, and it can't take forever."

But soon they could not see the trail. They kept in it only because there was no other place to walk. The wind buffeted them, the hail slashed down mercilessly. When they stopped to rest, the cold was bitter, and the rocks chilled them through their thin clothes.

Everywhere there was a sound of running, trickling, gurgling water. It washed down in the trail; they were walking in ice-cold water. When Connie stepped into the little hollows, she could feel the water wash over her low shoes. She felt numbed to the knees. She could hear John's labored breathing just behind her, and fancied she could hear the beating of his heart.

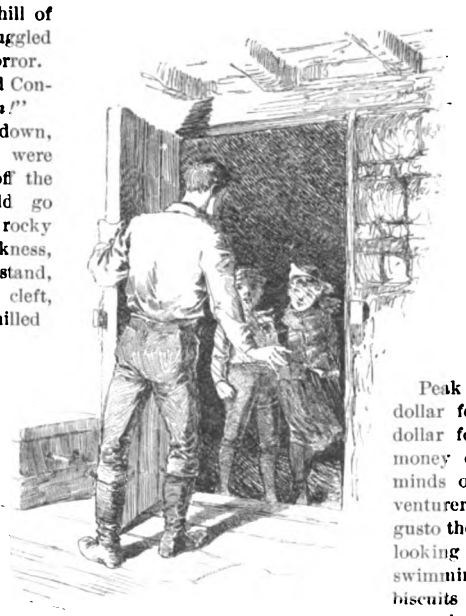
She remembered hearing that some people at the top of Pike's Peak fainted, because the air was so light, and that people with something the matter with their hearts might die from it. Suppose John had something the matter with his heart!

It was so hard to move one foot after the other, and all the time she was saying to herself, half-consciously, "O God, please make me a good girl, please make me a good girl."

Then she stumbled over a rock. John tried to hold her, and fell with her. The rock had acted as a dam for the water, and before they could lift themselves they were soaked with it. Oh, the icy chill of that water! They struggled on, and then came a horror.

"John," half-sobbed Connie, "we're going *down!*"

If they were going down, that meant that they were lost, that they were off the trail, that they would go stumbling around that rocky peak in the fearful darkness, as long as they could stand, only to fall into some cleft, utterly worn out, and chilled past endurance, and—



"Down? We must stop!" said John. "Just wait, Con, don't move."

He went back a few steps. In spite of the rushing of wind and water, she could hear him slip and stumble. Suppose he should fall, and she could not find him?

But she heard a short, quick call above the storm. "Come, Con, right along where I did."

She went, and reached him. They held each other's hands tight, while they waited for breath.

"We'll follow the water; that must come down," was John's brief explanation.

That was the hardest struggle. They did not seem to be in the trail, for they climbed over rocks, up and on, blindly, despairingly, breathing as though their lungs and hearts would burst. Then John gave a desperate cry, and fell face downward on a rock.

Connie dropped beside him. "John, John," she said, chokingly, "don't give up!"

He clutched her hand, and they lay there, whipped by the fierce wind, their bodies heaving with every breath.

Looking down off into the night, Connie saw rows of lights crossing one another, like a little garden; quite near they seemed, and yet so immeasurably far away, so terribly far away.

"Look, John!" whispered Connie.

He roused himself. "Colorado Springs, I guess," he said, after a pause. Then came the thought of Manitou, and his mother. His heart gave way, and he sobbed.

Connie gulped back the knot in her throat, and kept saying to herself mechanically, "O God, please make me a good girl, please make me a good girl."

A lethargy was stealing over John. He thought it was time to go to bed, and he started to say his prayers, and thought his mother was there. "Now I lay me down to sleep," he murmured.

"No, John, no!" Connie shook him with all her fast-ebbing strength. "We must move, we *must!*"

"You go, Con. If we had only reached the top, I wouldn't care so much. It's worse for you, Connie, you're your mother's only one, and there's six of us, Con. Nat can have my—knife."

Connie raised herself by a tremendous effort, and tried to drag John, but she was too weak. She could see a little more plainly; the sky was lighter overhead. It came upon her like a flash that they had reached the top. She was sure she saw something dark ahead, perhaps a rock, perhaps a building.

"John," she cried, with a thrill in her voice that roused the boy at once. "We're here! We're here! John, we've walked it!"

It was the one touch that could have fired the boy.

"Walked it!" He jumped up, new life in his veins.

Surely, the ground was level. It was only a few steps to the dark mass, and it was a building, but there was no sign of habitation.

"It's not the right one, that's all," said John, stoutly. "There are two men at the old signal station all summer, and you know it. *There's* the light now."

They did not mind that awful blackness of darkness; they did not feel the cold, nor the hail and snow, nor their wet clothes. They did not feel the exhaustion beyond effort, nor that horrible beating of their hearts.

They were there! Up to the door they marched, saw the bright light shining through the low window, and rapped on the door with a will.

A young man opened it. There, in the broad path of light, stood the two wet children.

"My soul!" gasped the man, and pulled the children in out of the snow. "My soul, Bob, *babies!*"

The other man stood aghast. John waked up to the humor of the situation. They were in a warm room, not out on that desolate mountain side.

"We walked up," he said, his cheeks glowing, his eyes flashing. "We walked up the trail from Manitou, and we thought we'd get here about noon, but we didn't. Oh, but we 'most died, out here!" He sank down in a chair.

"Please, sirs," said Connie, shaking back her damp hair, and looking from one to the other, "May we have some hot water? John must soak his feet—my mother always says so, and ginger-tea we get at home."

The men put the children close to the stove, made the blazing wood fire seven times hotter, heated water and made ginger-tea. The children laughed and joked, and thought it a "great picnic."

Cots were made up in the room, not far from the fire, and coverlets heaped upon them.

Other travellers who stayed at the Pike's Peak House over night paid a dollar for their lodging, and a dollar for each meal; but no money questions disturbed the minds of these two young adventurers. They ate with great gusto their breakfast of strange-looking fried eggs, fried potatoes swimming in grease, doughy biscuits and muddy coffee, and were planning their return meanwhile. They decided that they could never return down the trail, but would go by the carriage road to Cascade. They knew the distance to Cascade was seventeen miles, but that was nothing to them. They insisted that they did not feel lame, nor tired. The air was invigoration itself; the sunshine seemed to possess a quality unknown to lower levels.

The view was magnificent; it was such a novel

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experience to look at the snow lying all around them, and then off over the green hills, valleys, and fields, so far below them.

Standing on the crest, they could see the carriage road wind like great S's down to the timber-line and farther, and promptly reached the conclusion that they could save several miles going "'cross lots." Watching their chance, and with a parting yell, feeling that they had a fair start in case of pursuit, down they went, helter-skelter, pitching, falling, laughing, up and on again. Life was grand!

They spent the dime that represented John's all for some milk and biscuits at a shanty just above Green Mountain Falls. Conversation with the vendor decided them to go down the Green Mountain Falls gorge, instead of to Cascade, since it was much nearer. Down they went, trembling from sheer exhaustion if they stood still, their legs aching, but their faces smiling and jolly. They had walked up Pike's Peak, and down again, and were nearly home.

Not far from the foot they met a man climbing up, who eyed them narrowly. "Are you the two children who are lost?" he said.

"We're not lost!" they answered.

"I believe you are, you scamps! Your mothers are fairly crazy with grief, and the whole country is being searched. I saw your father, sir, down below here, looking as white as a sheet."

The fun was all gone. Frightened, trembling, feeling all the weariness in them, realizing that it was late in the afternoon, they went on, more and more slowly.

Then they were met by a man who was out seeking them. They hardly knew what happened next. Every one seemed to know about it; strangers wiped their faces and shook hands; women kissed each other and cried; every one on the train from Green Mountain Falls to Manitou congratulated every one else.

A crowd followed them to the hotel. Their mothers were there, and the "stirrin' pair" were cried over, and kissed, and praised, and scolded. Then the two mothers hurried them into their respective rooms and beds, and the children went to sleep like clock-work.

The burro-keeper wound up a certain favorite story of his for weeks afterwards with: "Yes, sir! I'll be blessed if they didn't walk clean from Manitou to Green Mountain Falls, over the top of Pike's Peak! That there boy and that there girl are the two stirrin'est children ever born into this 'ere world."

ELVIRTON WRIGHT.

For the Companion.

STARS IN JANUARY.

One of my earliest recollections is of standing by an open window watching the "Yard L," as it rose slowly above the tops of the trees, and wondering if the line of three stars which forms its stem was exactly three feet in length.

I dare say the reader has never heard of the "Yard L." It is not one of the old "constellations;" that is, one of those quaint figures of men and monsters with which the imagination of ancient star-gazers covered the starry firmament. Indeed, I have never met with the name in print; but that is the name by which I first learned to know the three bright stars—and one fainter star near them—which form the belt of Orion, and which are sometimes called "Jacob's Staff" and sometimes the "Three Kings."

All must be familiar with this splendid constellation Orion, which stands in the heavens like a gigantic letter X, forming on these winter evenings the most conspicuous ornament of the southern skies. To me, its most attractive feature is still the "Yard L."

The ancients saw in this striking group of stars the figure of a giant. Orion was fabled to have been a mighty hunter and warrior of the olden times, who, after his death, was placed among the stars. A very ancient giant he certainly is; we find mention of him in the very oldest books we have—for instance in the Book of Job, where the question is asked, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" This is an allusion to the supposed influence of the stars over the weather and the seasons.

But it is not of these stars as a constellation that I wish particularly to speak. We will take this group as a starting-point for a little ramble among the stars of this region of the heavens, darting about here and there, and picking up such items about them as seem to be of interest.

"Magnitudes."

The stars are not all of the same brilliancy. Astronomers have classed them, somewhat roughly, according to "magnitudes," a word that refers not to the size of the star, but to the brilliancy of the light that reaches us from it. The very brightest stars are said to be of the first magnitude. Orion contains two stars of this class—Betelgeuze, in the upper left-hand corner, and Rigel, in the lower right-hand corner—names given to them by the old Arab astronomers.

There are in the heavens but eighteen or twenty stars of the first magnitude, of which twelve only are visible in the United States, the rest being so situated in the southern hemisphere that they never appear above our horizon. The unequal distribution of the bright stars over the heavens is illustrated by the fact that, of these twelve, six are in or around the constellation Orion, as we shall see.

Stars not quite bright enough to be classed as of the first magnitude—for instance the three in the belt of Orion—are said to be of the second magnitude. Then there are stars of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth magnitudes, the last being the very faintest stars visible to keen eyes on a very clear night.

But we by no means perceive all the stars with the naked eye. The telescope brings into view at least ten thousand times as many other stars, all so faint as to be beyond the range of our vision; and the magnitudes are continued on down to the sixteenth and seventeenth, stars of the last being so exceedingly faint that only so powerful an instrument as the great Lick telescope can bring them into view.

To the left of Orion, and nearly on a line with the three stars in the belt, we may see an exceedingly brilliant star—as brilliant, in fact, so astronomers say, as five ordinary stars of the first magnitude. This is Sirius, more familiarly known as the Dog-star.

Sirius.

There is a curious history in this name *Dog-star*. The name has of course no reference to the madness to which ignorant people have supposed the canine race to be peculiarly subject during "dog-days," in August; nor, perhaps, was it given originally to the star because of any fancied resemblance to a dog in it or in the group to which it belongs.

The name was given to it by the Egyptians three thousand years ago, for a reason which illustrates one very important service which was rendered in former times by the stars and constellations. If you were to rise on a morning about the middle of August, at say four o'clock, while the stars were still shining, you might see Orion hanging low in the east, and beneath him this star, Sirius, just visible above the horizon.

This is what the ancients meant by the "rising" of a star or a constellation; it was its first appearance at daybreak above the horizon in the east. And since the constellations all rise at particular seasons of the year, some in summer and some in winter, they were excellent guides for the farmer in those days before the invention of calendars and almanacs, enabling him to keep an accurate trace of the seasons.

In Egypt, three thousand years ago, Sirius rose, not in August, but about the middle of July, for a reason which we need not stop to explain. Now it so happened that about the same time began the annual overflow of the Nile, which was a great blessing to the Egyptian husbandmen, since it watered and fertilized their land. Naturally the Egyptians, being star-gazers, associated these two events—the rising of Sirius and the overflowing of the Nile; and since the star seemed to preside or keep watch over this latter occurrence, they called it "the sentinel," "the dog,"—a name which has clung to it ever since.

In the Egyptians' tongue the name of this star was Sothis. Its brilliancy and the important service which it was supposed to render to the farmer made it an object of especial veneration. It was believed to be the residence of the soul of the goddess Isis; and the day of its rising was the beginning of the Egyptian year.

This is, by some authorities at least, regarded as the origin of the name. But the Greek astronomers, perhaps seizing on the idea without investigating the reason, found and pictured in their charts of the heavens two dogs. Sirius is in the head of the larger, or Canis Major, while near by is the constellation of the lesser dog, or Canis Minor.

You may see, above Sirius, and at about the same distance from it and from Betelgeuze, another first-magnitude star, named Procyon. These three stars form the corners of a nearly equal-sided triangle. The name Procyon signifies "before-the-dog." This star was so called because it rises a short time before Sirius, and seems to give warning of its approach. It is in the constellation of Canis Minor.

To the right of Orion, and nearly on a straight line drawn from Sirius through the belt, and at about the same distance as Sirius from these three stars is Aldebaran, sometimes called the "Bull's Eye," which is also a star of the first magnitude—the principal star in the constellation Taurus, or the Bull.

Here are five of the six very bright stars of which I spoke. To find the sixth, look directly overhead, at a time when Orion is almost exactly south, and you will see Capella, the Kid, which is the principal star in the constellation Auriga, or the Charioteer.

The Distance of Sirius.

Sirius, because of its great brilliancy, may no doubt be supposed to be the nearest of the stars. Although it is not the nearest, yet it is among the nearest. I doubt if I can give a very distinct impression of how far Sirius is away; but let us see.

From here to the sun is about ninety-three million miles. If we could travel toward the sun with the highest speed of an express train—say at a rate of sixty miles an hour—without stopping day or night, and bearing with us a charm against old age, we should reach our destination in about one hundred and sixty years. Now, the distance to Sirius, according to the latest estimates, is fully six hundred thousand times the distance to the sun. Express-train speed would hardly suit us on a trip to that star.

Suppose that we were to travel with the enormous speed of light, which reaches us from the sun in a little over eight minutes. We would hardly care to travel faster than that; but even at this inconceivable rate, it would take us nearly ten years to reach our journey's end and alight upon Sirius.

And what should we find when we reached our journey's end, and, indeed, long before we reached it? Not a star, as you can easily imagine, but a sun, and a very enormous sun, too. The exact size of Sirius is not easily determined; but in all probability it is a stupendous fiery globe, having a diameter six or possibly eight or ten times that of our own sun.

Our sun, placed by the side of Sirius, would make but a poor figure, shining as a star of about the fourth or fifth magnitude. Indeed, our sun, which to us appears so grand a luminary because we are comparatively near to it, is, after all, a rather unimportant member of the family of celestial bodies, being probably smaller than are the most of the stars which are visible to the naked eye.

The Great Nebula.

We will return to Orion—to the "Yard L," from which we started. Directly beneath the lowermost of the three stars which form the stem of the L,—I insist on calling these stars an L, because I so learned them,—at a distance about equal to the length of this line, is one of the most mysterious objects in the whole heavens—the great Orion nebula. It can be seen well only through a large telescope; but even an opera-glass will enable one to discover here a little whitish spot, resembling a blurred star.

"Nebula" means cloud. It is a name given by astronomers to a class of objects, which are interspersed in great numbers among the stars, some very minute and some of a considerable size, which have the appearance of luminous mist or flecks of bright cloud.

The Orion nebula is the largest of these. It is a splendid object when seen through a good telescope, resembling strangely the head of some monster animal, being quite bright on one side, where its mouth and its proboscis or trunk may be seen, while on the other side its light fades away into a sort of shaggy mane.

Astronomers have long studied this mysterious object and wondered what it is. It is only since the invention of that wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, that they have been able to decide this question; and they tell us that this misty object is a mass of luminous gases.

What is it doing here? Well, it is a strange thought, and yet not altogether a mere guess, that these gases are slowly condensing, and that out of the material which they contain will be formed, ages upon ages hence, new stars, new worlds—stars which will shine in the heavens long after the light has departed from our sun and all life, human, animal, and vegetable, has disappeared from our little globe, the earth.

GEORGE S. JONES.

For the Companion.

CHEATING INSURANCE COMPANIES.

FIRST PAPER.

It was never known how the barn took fire, but certain it is that Joshua Farnsworth never recovered one penny of the large amount for which he had been insured.

He was a sharp, grasping, scheming man, eager for wealth and unprincipled in his dealings, and ready to take advantage of a legal quibble in repudiating any bargain which he regretted, or in compelling the carrying out of any agreement which, however unfair it might be to another, was profitable to himself.

Those who had business with him had to be cautious and alert to save themselves from imposition. He was shunned in the village, and did not seem to regret his loneliness.

But, unpopular as he was, sympathy was not withheld from him, when one morning his home was found in ashes—a heap of charred timbers in place of a commodious house and outbuildings; and suspicion was rife that the fire had been the work of some one who sought revenge.

Joshua himself was positive that it could be traced to an incendiary. Neither lamp nor kitchen fire had been lighted in the house the previous evening, and he had been in bed several hours when aroused by the smoke and flame. He spoke of offering a large reward for the discovery of the miscreant, and turned his back on those who attempted to condole with him, as if he held them responsible in a measure for his misfortune.

Nor did he need condolence particularly. The property was insured for all it was worth, and he at once put in his claim for the amount of the policy.

A Detective in Town.

About this time a gentleman attached to the insurance company came to the village, as it was supposed, to adjust the loss. He was a bland, soft-mannered, low-voiced person, dressed in black, with white hair and white side-whiskers; a clergyman, one would have said, or a retired merchant with a taste for philosophy. He soon became acquainted in the village, and instead of spending but a day there, and then returning to Boston, he remained a week. He liked the air of New Hampshire, he said, and there was nothing to prevent him from taking a little rest.

In conversation he was reticent, and it was only after he went away that those who had talked with him bethought themselves how skillfully he had drawn them out, prompting disclosures without appearing to do so, and asking leading questions without exciting any suspicion as to his motives.

What information he took away with him is not known, but the company did not pay Joshua Farnsworth's policy. He threatened to bring a lawsuit, but he never did. Then it was whispered that he himself had set the house on fire, intending to defraud the insurance company, and that the quiet gentleman had picked up all the evidence necessary during his sojourn in the village.

This suspicion had slumbered and been forgotten for a year or more, when it was revived by the arrest of Joshua Farnsworth for arson in Kansas, to which State he had removed from New Hampshire after the fire. The evidence against him there was conclusive, and he was promptly convicted and sent to prison.

The writer of these lines knows the quiet gentleman very well. He is the special agent of the insurance company, and is employed in investigating claims which are believed to be fraudulent.

"Maybe there's more things in a cyclopedee," I once heard a farmer say of him, "but *his* head aint empty, I tell you."

Ferreting out Fraud.

No lawyer in the land is more adroit than he in the art of cross-examination. He leads the witness on by appearing to agree with him in everything, and thus encourages him to abandon all reservation. He always appears to be on the side of the policy-holder, and determined to vindicate him, while in reality, perhaps, he is convicting him on his own evidence. The innocent, of course, have nothing to fear, but it is seldom that the wrong-doer, like Joshua Farnsworth, escapes this astute detective, whose note-books would supply a dozen novelists with plots. Especially interesting are those cases which he narrated to me, of attempted frauds in life insurance.

Sometimes death is feigned by those whose lives are insured, with such an appearance of reality that doctors are deceived. Again, the policy-holder mysteriously disappears, leaving behind him strong presumptive evidence of his death, though the body cannot be found.

Still another kind of fraud is that by which an applicant for a policy represents himself as another person, who does not appear, the latter being in ill health and uninsurable, while the applicant who impersonates him is in all ways eligible.

An insurance company is brought by these attempted frauds between two fires. In the first place, it must not appear to resist any rightful claim, since to do so would frighten away possible insurers, and thus damage its business. On the other hand, it must be wary and watchful to protect itself from the extremely ingenious plots which are often formed to defraud it.

Let us take an incident out of the special agent's note-book, to show how crafty some of the plots are. Names will be changed, of course, but in all other respects the story is quite true.

Where a Crime Was Committed.

Berkeley is a fishing village, a cluster of straggling houses of gray shingles and clapboards. The high white tower of a light-house rises among them, out of a hollow in the wind-driven ridges of sand, which stretch from the sea-line as far inland as the eye can reach.

Ocean and sand fill the scene in all directions; the sea rolling in with a deep, booming sound, even when the surface is smooth and the skies are cloudless. In the distance is the bright green of the salt marshes on the further shore, and the foliage around a village steeple; but the only vegetation on the outer beach is a bristling fringe of grass along the hillocks and a few clumps of dwarf cedars which have been pitiably warped and bent.

How do the people live in so forlorn a spot? The sea yields them all they have, and sometimes after a storm it tosses up richer spoil than they ever find in their nets. In the dark little village store there are fabrics and flagons which never saw the inside of the custom-house; it's an ill wind that blows no good, and now and then a choice bit of cargo is washed ashore from a wreck on the outer bar.

Besides, the gunning and the fishing are so good—ducks, snipe, mackerel and bluefish—that visitors often come down from the city for the sport. They are usually staid and well-to-do business men, whose clerks would never recognize them in the slouch hats and leather or oil-skin jackets which they wear in their expeditions.

Who Did It.

Such a foppish sportsman is seldom seen among them as the "arrival" who entered "Harry Hastings" as his name in the dog-eared register of the tavern, with a boldness of flourish that would have done credit to a professor of penmanship.

Everything about this young man was new and of the latest pattern, from his gun-case to the dainty little tennis cap he wore on his head. His creamy flannel trousers, the belt that held them around his slender waist, the plated buckle—even the pale yellow moustache on his upper lip and the crisp curls on his head—somehow looked as if they had never been worn before.

Fastidious as he was in dress, he was friendly and hearty in manner, and the prejudice which his first appearance created gradually passed away. Only one person expressed a settled feeling against him, and that was Fred Rutgers, a young boatman and fisherman, who, after a few conversations with him, dropped his acquaintance.

Mr. Hastings, who did not appear to be more than twenty-one or twenty-two years old, gave himself out as a stock-broker in Wall Street, and marvellous were the stories he told of the ease with which fortunes were made there. He glowed as he recounted the sharpness of the operators and the gullibility of the public. The public, he said, consisted of a parcel of fools, and it was a good thing when they were victimized.

"There's no need to have the eyes peeled to see what sort of a business that is," said Fred Rutgers, who was standing by.

"What would you call it?"

"Swindling," replied Fred, coolly.

Mr. Hastings winced and tittered as Fred walked away.

No one listened with so deep an interest to these recitals as Harvey Tucker, a gaunt, sallow-faced young man who acted as clerk of the tavern of which his father was the landlord. In his dress he imitated what he called "city style." All that Harry Hastings was, he would have liked to be, and they became friends and companions at once. They had several qualities in common. Hastings was sharp and unscrupulous; Harvey was unscrupulous but not sharp; though, of course, he believed himself to be a keen-witted youth, whose destiny was to make a stir in the world.

An Accomplice.

A month passed, and the dapper little visitor still lingered in the village, though his reason for prolonging his stay was a mystery, since he seemed to care little for either fishing or shooting. He was too fond of luxury to rise at four o'clock on cold mornings and paddle out into the narrow bays and channels in the salt meadows where the birds might have been found, and he boldly declared that bluefish suited him best when cooked with plenty of seasoning and served for supper.

He announced one day that a chum of his was coming down from the city for a day's sport, and, after instructing Harvey to procure a boat, he invited him to make the third in the party.

A small sloop, with a long, overhanging stern like that of a cutter, was hired, and an abundant luncheon stowed away in the lockers. The "chum"

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arrived in the evening, and soon after daybreak the next morning the three set sail in high spirits, heading for the winding channels of the salt meadows. For an hour or more the white topsail was visible, like a bird hovering over the vividly green sedge, and then it melted in the increasing light of the advancing day.

The Crime.

It was late at night when the boat returned, and Fred Rutgers, who was seated at the end of the crazy old pier, sneered as he saw how carelessly she was handled. She struck the piles with such force that she rebounded, and the mainsail settled down upon the heads of those on board. Harvey was the first to come ashore, and the visitor quickly followed; but Hastings was not visible.

"What luck?" said Fred, as they passed him. He noticed then that Harvey was shaking as with the ague, and the lantern in the boy's hand showed that his face was a ghastly white.

"He's lost—he's drowned!" he cried, in a trembling voice.

"Poor Harry!" said his companion. "He fell overboard soon after dark, and we couldn't see anything of him. He must have struck his head as he fell."

They agreed in their account of the accident. They had been cruising about the "thoroughfares," as the passages in the meadows are called, and had caught some fish and shot some ducks. Harry had been in his gayest mood, laughing and singing all day long. After supper he had gone into the bow, and while they were making for home, and he was still sitting with his legs dangling from the jib-boom, he had fallen overboard.

They had at once put the boat about, hoping to pick him up, but they had not been able to see him, nor had they heard a sound save a gurgling cry, a moment after he fell.

It was remembered that he had always said he could not swim, and that in bathing in the heavy surf on the outer beach he had been very cautious.

The elaborate wardrobe of the unfortunate youth was packed up, and a search for the body having been futile, the friend from New York, whose name was Mallison, returned to the city.

A few days later the special agent of an insurance company appeared on the scene—the same benevolent-looking gentleman who has already been described. Harry Hastings's life was insured in the company for ten thousand dollars, and he had assigned the policy to Verplanck Mallison.

The agent made inquiries, and had a long interview with Harvey Tucker; but, ingenious as he was, he could draw out nothing beyond the simple facts that have already been recorded. He went away satisfied, so it appeared, that Harry Hastings was dead, and that his friend Mallison had a legitimate claim on the company.

So it appeared, but in reality he was not satisfied at all. Without mentioning his suspicions in Berkeley, he went to Atlantic City and quickly employed several surfmen to renew the search for the body.

As usual, he was not mistaken, though it was not the surfmen who verified his suspicions.

The Rogue Caught.

Strolling along an unfrequented part of the beach one night, Fred Rutgers, gun in hand, saw a light glimmering in an old wreck, and, moved partly by curiosity and partly by the spirit of adventure, he noiselessly approached it. The fore part of the wreck had long ago sunk out of sight in the sands, but the poop was still above the surface. The light came through a gap in the cabin, and a faint column of smoke curled up in the cold night air.

Fred peeped within. If he had believed in ghosts he would have quickly retired, for Harry Hastings was there beyond a doubt. Rutgers was startled for a moment, but then he remembered that ghosts do not cook their suppers, as the apparition in the cabin was doing.

He coughed, and put his head into the aperture.

"What—what's the matter?" cried the fugitive, as soon as he recognized him.

"I'm keeping my eyes peeled," Fred replied, calmly. "Just come along with me. If the people of Berkeley were never glad to see you before, they'll welcome you now."

Fred escorted his prisoner home, and in a few days both Mallison and Harvey Tucker were also under arrest. It was soon proved, however, that Tucker had been duped, and that he really believed that Hastings had been drowned.

The confederates had needed a witness to the alleged accident, and had chosen him as one who could be imposed upon easily. Their intention was, of course, to cheat the insurance company, and every detail had been prearranged.

The moment Hastings fell, Mallison took the tiller, and while appearing to put the boat about, had headed her away from the spot. Hastings had kept still on the water until she was out of hearing and had then, being an excellent swimmer, struck out for the shore, intending to escape some night by a yacht which he was looking for when Fred Rutgers surprised him.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

For the Companion.

A POSTAGE-STAMP BASKET.

A pretty little accessory to the writing-desk is a miniature waste-basket.

Of thread No. 40—or thereabouts—crochet a solid bottom. Crochet it round and round, in single crochet, until its diameter is 1¾ or 1⅞ inches.

Then crochet the sides shell-stitch. Make it gently flaring, like a peach-basket, and of a height to correspond with the bottom.

With gold or silver paint go over the whole carefully, taking special pains to preserve the open-work effect.

It is quite a dainty little affair, and useful to hold small scraps or postage-stamps.

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For Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price, 25 cts. Sold everywhere, and only in boxes. [*Adv.*

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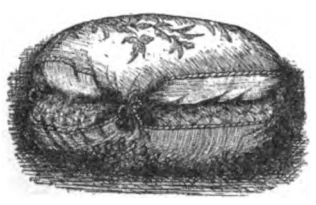


For the Companion.

HANDSOME DOUBLE CUSHION.

Cushions of all kinds—large and small, flat and plump, richly decorated and plain, for ornament and for use—are seen this season wherever one goes, glowing bits of color brightening shadowy corners and recesses or toning down with dark, artistic tints some gaily furnished apartment.

They range all the way from toilet cushions to large, plump double or triple cushions which furnish temptingly easy low seats or serve to add to the luxurious comfort of a broad couch or divan.



None of the large cushions are prettier or more useful than the square or oblong pillow-cushions. The sketch shows a pair of pretty square ones, one placed above the other, tied together at the corners with heavy tassel-tipped cords matching the cord with which the edges of the pillows are finished.

The covers are all of different, though harmonizing shades; one is embroidered, one plain, one brocaded and one braided.

By turning one or both cushions, the color arrangement may be varied, and a desired shade brought into prominence for the upper cover to suit the place it is to occupy.

Such changes may be easily effected, for the cords which cover the seams are left free—but closely drawn—for a little distance at each corner (a few *extra* strong stitches being taken at the ends of the little spaces thus formed), and through these openings the corner cords are passed and closely tied in short loops and ends; of course it takes but a few moments to remove and retie them.

Any handsome material, from silk plush and velvet to Persian-wool goods, is allowable for the covers; four satin-brocaded handkerchiefs are sometimes selected for the purpose. Ribbon bows are sometimes preferred in place of the cords and tassels; then the seams are plainly finished and short ribbons are sewed in, at each corner, which are afterwards tied in bows with tightly drawn centre-knots but full, soft loops and double-pointed ends.

Handsome, warm foot-cushions—for invalids, or others who suffer with cold feet—are made in this way. They should be very plump, but not hard, and about sixteen inches square—or a trifle larger.

Wool furniture-plush or remnants of velvety carpeting make nice covers.

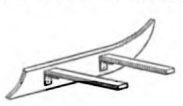
Instead of ribbons or tassels, superfluous on a foot-cushion, pretty gilded or silvered rings are used, one at each corner with both edge-cords passing through it; the rings are also convenient to move or lift the cushion by.

BUILDING A DOUBLE-RUNNER.

It is fine sport to coast down hill on almost any kind of sled, but the pleasure is doubled if the sled is of one's own making. I saw, not long ago, a "double-runner" which a boy had built entirely with his own hands, with the exception of a small amount of iron work. It possessed so many advantages over the sleds one commonly sees, that I have drawn an illustration of it for other young wood-workers, who enjoy making a thing, as well as using it.

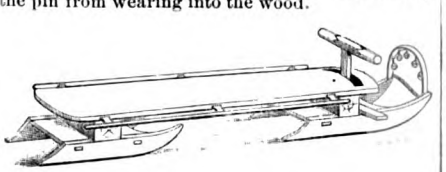
The first advantage which this sled possesses is that it is wide and moderately low, two points that add greatly to the safety of coasting. Moreover, it has a shaft and handles, so that it can be steered with the hands as well as with the feet, and a rail upon each side of the seat to assist in "holding on."

The sides of each sled should be made of hard wood, and two cross-pieces of similar material should be mortised into them, and allowed to project a little on the outside. Iron braces should be screwed into the angles which these cross-pieces make with the sides, as shown in the figure.



The steering apparatus should be stout, and of hard wood, to withstand any strain which may come upon it. The upright piece should be firmly secured to the top of the sled by iron braces. The seat should be of inch and a half plank, thirteen inches in width, exclusive of the rails. At the forward end a piece of hoop-iron may be screwed around the edge, to keep the seat from splitting where the slot is cut for the steering apparatus.

The rear sled should of course be fastened firmly and immovably to the seat. The forward sled turns in any direction upon an iron pin that passes down through the seat and the intervening piece of wood. A thin plate of iron, having a round opening to correspond with the one in the wood, should be screwed upon the top of the sled to keep the pin from wearing into the wood.



The bells may be attached as shown in the figure, or in any other way that the builder may fancy. The forward sled should have a strip of hard wood screwed upon its top, and projecting for three or four inches on either side, upon which to place the feet in steering. The two sleds should be about seventeen inches in width, in order to diminish their liability to upset. W. D.

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For the Companion.

KENT HAMPDEN.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VI.

On the Trail.

The boys dressed without a word. The accusing note-book lay on a table between them.

Tom went out of the room a few moments, and on his return found Kent on his knees by his bedside.

Kent often forgot his morning prayers, or rattled them over with his head full of school, or his dog and gun; but being sorely in need of help now, he prayed like many older people, with suddenly quickened devotion.

As he rose from his knees, Tom faced him.

"Kent Hampden, you're either a saint or a hypocrite!" he said, hotly.

Kent laughed. "I'm neither, Tom. What is it you have against me? Have it out, old fellow. You and I can't afford to quarrel."

"I don't want to quarrel. I've known this thing for a week, and said nothing. I took your part to my father, to Mr. Jarrel, to all the boys!"

"Took my part! I don't understand. What do they accuse me of?"

Tom stammered, choked, and was silent, turning away from Kent's amazed, indignant face.

"Had this note-book anything to do with it? Where did you find it?"

"One of the boys found it in Wettel's cave the day we —"

The color faded out of Kent's face. "The day we found the stolen traps and powder? And they thought that I was the thief?"

"No! no! Nobody really thought it — unless it was Mr. Jarrel and Si. They were hard on you," said Tom, stammering in his eagerness. "Don't be hurt, Kent; it was only whispered about. But you remember that you objected to our going in search of the thief, and you didn't want to go to Wettel's cave?"

"Yes, I remember."

"It thought that looked bad. Of course he made the most of it, to influence my father not to give you the appointment; but father did not believe it, or I should not be here now."

The blood had come back to Kent's white face. He laughed, and said, cordially, "Yes, you have been a good friend, Tom. Who found that note-book in the cave?"

"Si Jarrel. He seemed to be very much worried and scared at first. I threatened to whip him if he told of it; but his father let it leak out."

Kent walked to the window and stood silent, thinking. "Tom," he said, at last, "there is a secret about Wettel's cave. But I'm not bound to keep it, now that my honesty is doubted. When we are at home, I'll tell you the whole truth; but not until then."

"I don't want any explanation!" protested Tom. "I'm ashamed that I told you!"

"Your father and you will not be sorry that you trusted me," said Kent, quietly.

At that moment the note of a bugle was heard, and a cloud of dust rose on the road. The boys seized their hats, and rushed downstairs and across the green in time to see the red Good Intent stage-coach drawn up before Mrs. Digby's house, and a gentleman in a furred cloak and wine-tinged hat cautiously dissend the carpet-lined steps which the guard rattled down.

"It is Mr. Armitage! He is our last chance!" said Kent, under his breath.

The boys would have gladly dragged him aside to tell their story at once, but they were forced to be patient. He disappeared into the house, guided by Mrs. Digby. Soon afterward they were summoned to breakfast, and saw the blind man at the other end of the table, the most honored guest.

The meal was long and wearisome to Kent, who was burning with impatience. Mrs. Digby nodded kindly to him when she rose from the table, and led Mr. Armitage into her sitting-room. In a few minutes she sent for Kent.

"This is the son of our recent travelling companion, Mr. Hampden," she said, when he entered. "He must tell you his own story. He hopes much from your advice."

Mr. Armitage held out his hand. He was still a young man, and had one of the kindest and most cheerful faces Kent had ever seen.

He held Kent's hand in one of his own, while

Mr. Armitage makes a Test and a Discovery.

he passed the other swiftly and lightly over the boy's face.

"Pardon me, but I must see you in my own way," he said, smiling. "Now sit down. Tell me all you know about the lost package, from beginning to end. Do not hurry. Tell me every little detail."

Kent sat down beside him, and told the whole story, from the visit of Judge Morris and Mr. Jarrel until the return of his father, including his mother's attempt to lighten the package by a change in the wrappings, and the statements which his father had made concerning his care of it while on his journey.

"He says, positively, that the package never left his possession from the time he started from Wheeling until he opened it in his room at the Philadelphia hotel twice."

"Then," said Mr. Armitage, "he entrusted it to Mr. Ekhart. *He* did not open it. Once to me, and I did not." He sat lost in thought for some time. At last he said, "I have no eyes, you know, to help me form my opinions; nothing but my fingers. Have you the package that was substituted for the money? Can I take it in my hands?"

"Yes, sir, of course. I will bring it to you."

Kent ran out and across the green to get it. On his way he met Tom, and brought him back with him, introducing him to the blind man as "my friend who is helping me."

Mr. Armitage took the package, felt it carefully, and weighed it in his long, nervous hands. As he did this, his face grew perplexed and anxious. Mrs. Digby, Kent and Tom watched him eagerly.

"The notes," he said, "if I understood you aright, were, when they were brought to your father, wrapped first in white foolscap, and then in several thicknesses of stiff brown paper?"

"Yes, sir. My father complained of the weight. My mother supposed so many wrappings had been used in order to protect the notes from dampness."

"Then she substituted —" began Mrs. Digby.

"Chinese silk paper," resumed Kent.—"two folds. It was light, tough and water-proof. Outside of that she wrapped a single sheet of brown paper."

Mr. Armitage again carefully fingered and weighed the bundle in his hands. The surprise and perplexity on his face deepened.

"Now this package," he said, "is made up of as many wrappings of brown paper as the original one, with white paper inside to take the place of the notes. It is much heavier than the notes wrapped in the Chinese silk tissue would have been."

"Very likely," said Kent, "but my father would not notice that. I believe that the bundle was taken out of the oil-cloth case, and this one put in on the coach. He would not be likely to notice the difference in weight. He is not a very close observer."

Mr. Armitage smiled. "But I am — with my fingers! I supposed until now, as you do, that the bundle had been changed after your father left me. But —"

"Well, sir?"

Kent leaned forward breathlessly. The blind man's face was grave. He stood up, still balancing the package on his fingers, speaking slowly and with reluctance.

"I know the importance of what I am going to say. It is a bold assertion, since I cannot see. But when your father gave me the package to hold, while he was killing the rattlesnake, I weighted it in my hands, as I am doing now — it is a habit which is natural to me. And — *this is the same package.* Notes folded in Chinese silk paper would have been much lighter and more pliable."

Kent stared at him, bewildered and dumb.

"You think, then," said Mrs. Digby, "that Mr. Hampden was robbed before he left Wheeling?"

"Yes. But you must remember," turning quickly to Kent, "that this is but the opinion of a blind man."

"I thank you," said Kent. "I thought you would give me a clue." But he continued to look at him with the same dazed, confused eyes.

"You do not agree with me?" said Mr. Armitage, quickly, noticing the meaning of his tone.

"It is so different from what we thought! It seems impossible!"

"I have only my fingers to support my opinion," said Mr. Armitage, with a little laugh; "but, Kent, they never yet have deceived me. I am positive that this is the same package which I held in my hands while your father killed the rattlesnake."

"Then the sooner we go back to Wheeling, the better," said Tom. "Come, Kent! Let us see to our horses."

He pulled him by the sleeve. Kent moved unwillingly to the door. Mrs. Digby followed them.

"Heather Kaines starts in an hour," she said. "I will give you some lunch and feed for your horses, so that you need not lose time at inns by the way."

Tom thanked her earnestly, but Kent did not hear her. He was going with lagging, despondent steps to the stables. Nero was waiting for them, and as soon as Tom had poured forth the news, he gave a shrill cheer.

"Back to Wheeling! I thought the scent lay in that direction. I'm with you, Kent! What ails you, boy?"

"I am at fault! What clue have I? None! I am going back empty-handed, as I came, and your father there, waiting — hoping!"

The boy's voice choked. Tom and Nero were silent. The three horses were brought out, and-stery, from the visit of Judge Morris and Mr. dled and harnessed.

Mr. Kaines, on a stout brown mare, was waiting for them when they returned to the house. A great basket of provender was stowed into Nero's tiger-striped box. Mrs. Digby, Mr. Armitage and the whole household came to the door to see the departure of the travellers.

Kent and Tom went together to the room in which they had slept to bring their knapsacks, and Kent strapped his with a heavy heart. He had been so sure of success when he packed it, and now he was going back, without a word of comfort for his father, and with nothing but the wild guess of a blind man!

"There's the note-book on the table," said Tom.

Kent stretched out his hand for it. A ray of sunlight broke through the gray clouds, and fell on the table. It was a cheap pocket accounts-book, with a coarse leather binding.

Kent's eyes fell on a discolored patch on the cover. He gave a cry; the blood ebbed from his heart, and he grew sick and faint.

He leaned over the table, caught the book in both hands, and carried it to the window.

It was but a patch of mould!

His eyes seemed blurred. He rubbed them, and looked again.

"Thank God!" he cried, and thrusting the book into his pocket, ran past Tom, who stood dumb with astonishment, down to the green, and

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began to buckle his knapsack to the saddle with furious haste.

"What is it?" whispered Tom, when he came up to him.

"The clue! The clue! Don't ask me now! Wait until to-night!"

Tom caught his excitement, and fell into such a mad hurry of preparation, that he delayed their starting at least half an hour.

Mrs. Digby and Mr. Armitage came out on the road after Kent was mounted, to say good-by once more.

"I wish I could help you, my boy!" said the blind man, wringing his hand. "I shall come down to Wheeling in a few days, and pay my respects to your father."

"So shall I," said Mrs. Digby. The boy's flushed face and resolute eyes touched her. "God help that lad in his work!" she said, as she turned away.

The day was tempestuous and gloomy. The wind blew fiercely, and the sky was gray and heavy with snow that did not fall.

The little cavalcade was not a merry one. Mr. Kaimes and Tom began by talking and laughing cheerfully enough, and Nero now and then volunteered a song, or a few remarks on the merits of the Roman Emperor, Billy, or himself. But they both gradually fell into a sombre, anxious mood.

Kent's silence, the dumb, passionate excitement which possessed him, affected them like an electrical current.

"What is that boy's story?" said the minister to Tom, as they rode apart. "Tell me, if you can. He interests me strangely. I feel as if I must join myself to him—must help him."

Tom told the story of the lost package, and Kent's search. It was no secret; all the town knew it.

"Let me see; what is his name?"

"Hampden."

"And his father's name?" said the minister, excitedly.

"Ralph Hampden."

Mr. Kaimes made an inarticulate sound of amazement, and rode on hurriedly to the front. He did not, as Tom saw, join himself to Kent, nor attempt to speak to him, as he had meant to do.

They halted once or twice to eat the provisions which Mrs. Digby had supplied; but Kent neither ate nor drank. He was in a fever of impatience, urging his horse into a gallop whenever he led the way.

Tom saw him take out the note-book from time to time, and pore over the spot on the corner. Could he have gone mad? The strain on him had been long and heavy.

"What have you there, Kent?" he said at last, riding briskly up alongside.

Kent laughed, wildly, as it seemed to Tom.

"Look at it, old fellow! Can you make anything out of it?"

Tom took it eagerly.

"Nothing but a patch of mould—no, it is a thin web that is sticking to the leather—gray, with flecks of red in it. What is it?"

Kent took the book. "It is the one chance of proving father's innocence. Don't ask me. I may be mistaken." He shivered, but not with cold.

As the afternoon wore on, a heavy fog rose from the creeks. It grew very dark. Nero urged haste, so that they might reach the town before midnight. But Kent, who had been unreasonably eager to push on, now as unreasonably insisted on remaining at a roadside village all night. He appealed to Mr. Kaimes.

"I hope to take with me tangible proof of my father's innocence when I enter Wheeling, but I cannot work in the dark. Do not go on," he pleaded. "Stay until morning, and be my witness that I act fairly."

Tom, who was now almost convinced that Kent's mind was wandering, remonstrated, but the minister decided that they should remain. He went to the house of some of his friends in the village of the Three Brothers, while the others put up at the inn.

Tom, whose curiosity was greatly excited, hoped to get at the secret when they were alone together. But Kent, exhausted by fatigue and excitement, was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

He was up at dawn, however, and had left the house long before Tom was awake. They waited breakfast for him an hour, and when he did not come sat down without him.

The meal was almost finished when he appeared, coming up the road accompanied by a stout, elderly man, and a boy of Kent's age, all three on horseback.

"The boy," said Tom, peering out curiously, "is Henry Doty, Joe Doty's cousin. Joe introduced him to the Wild Beast Slayers one day. He lives out in this neighborhood. What can Kent want with him?"

"The man," volunteered Nero, "is Zach Jourdan, the constable. What can he want with *him?*"

"Kent must be on the track of the thief!" cried Tom, jumping up in wild excitement to meet them. "Come in, Kent! You've had no breakfast."

"I want none, thank you. No, Nero, I can't drink it," he said, as the peddler brought him a cup of coffee. "It would choke me. I can't waste another minute. I must finish what I have to do! Are you ready to take the road?"

"Yes," said Tom. "I'll have the horses out while Nero locks his box. There comes Mr. Kaimes, up the street. Is Henry Doty going with us? Is the constable, too?"

Kent nodded, but made no farther explanation.

He rode apart, while the others were saddling and harnessing their horses. The landlord came to the door to speed his guests. He looked earnestly at Kent, and called to him.

"Aren't you Colonel Hampden's son, down to Wheeling?"

"Yes," said Kent, proudly.

The landlord lounged down the steps, while the hostler, negroes and loungers from the forge next door lent attentive ears.

"There was a man here last week," the landlord went on, "who said he reckoned the folks at Wheeling 'u'd make your father mayor. Hey?"

Kent did not speak for a full minute. Tom, with his foot in the stirrup, waited, his face reddening, his breath quickening, watching Kent.

"Think he'll be elected, hey?" said the landlord again.

"Yes," said Kent, with peculiar distinctness. "I think he will."

With a nod of good-by he rode quickly down the street, followed by the rest of the party.

Tom pushed forward to his side. Kent glanced at him affectionately. Tom noticed that his features were sunken and pinched.

"That's right, Tom. Keep close to me. It gives me courage. But I can't talk. If I should be mistaken after all!"

They rode rapidly through the long valley, and up the range of hills. The day was clear and frosty. In an hour the sun shone out, melting the thin ice upon the mountain streams.

Kent stopped under an old oak that stood by the roadside.

"I must ask you to dismount here, gentlemen," he said, "and follow me on foot."

They climbed down the side of the hill until they came to a trail through the underbrush that led to Wetzel's cave.

Kent drew aside the vines and undergrowth which hid the entrance.

"Now, Henry Doty, lead the way!"

Doty and the constable pushed their way into the cave.

"Shall we go in?" asked Mr. Kaimes.

Kent did not hear him. He was watching for Doty to come out again, to bring the proof! If he should not bring it!

The men, seeing his face, kept silence.

Suddenly there came from the cave a cry of terror, and a tumult of angry voices.

"They have found the thief himself!" shouted Tom.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG FOLLY.

For sake of silver spent to-day,
Why pledge to-morrow's gold,
Or in hot blood implant remorse,
To grow when blood is cold?

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

DICK'S TREE.

"Don't tease! Such a torment as you are! I haven't time; do go away. Ask Nancy, she will mend it for you."

"I will wear it ragged!" said Dick, angrily. "I do not choose to ask the cook to mend for me!"

"What a temper! Really, Dick, I would endeavor to control it. It makes you very disagreeable."

"I might say the same of your selfishness!" retorted Dick, slamming the door as he left the room.

"He is growing positively unbearable!" exclaimed Henrietta, angrily. "He has no more manners than a bear!"

"Poor Dick!" said her cousin, with a laugh, which ended in a sigh.

"It *is* so," Henrietta went on. "He doesn't make the slightest effort to be polite—not even when I have company. You must have noticed it, Emma."

Her cousin busied herself in mixing a fresh supply of paints, and made no reply.

"I know, of course, that you have seen it," Henrietta said, directly, "but, really, I have no influence with him, and papa exercises no authority. I've often said, 'Papa, I think you should tell Dick that he must obey me.' But he only laughs—he is so easy-going. Oh dear! It makes it very hard for me. I think it encourages Dick to be impertinent and overbearing."

Still no response from Emma. Somewhat nettled, Henrietta continued:

"He ought to be sent away to school. It might make a man of him. If poor mamma had lived, she might have had some influence in inducing papa to send him. But I have none. I have used every argument, but it is a waste of time. I cannot think why it is! Papa is easy in everything else, giving me absolute control over the housekeeping, yet he's as firm as a rock about Dick."

"You have a responsible position, Hetty. Does it never seem a heavy burden?"

"Oh, no, indeed! Papa gives me plenty of money, and Nancy is an excellent servant. Papa is quite satisfied with me, I assure you."

"And Dick?" hazarded Emma.

Henrietta's face flushed angrily. "Dick is passionate and impertinent!" she answered. "He will not yield to my authority—he laughs at it, Emma! See! there he goes now, with his elbow out of his jacket. He thinks it will mortify me. He does it purposely! Yet you heard me tell him to ask Nancy to mend it for him."

"Yes, I heard you."

"And you see him now! It is his revenge, Emma; it is his dreadful temper."

"Possibly Nancy was busy."

"There!" said Henrietta. "It is quite time that I should give Nancy her orders for the dessert. Please excuse me, Emma; we are to have papa's favorite pudding to-day, and I am very particular about my sauce; very particular. Nancy quite understands that if it is not exactly right, I shall send it down to the kitchen."

"And eat your pudding without sauce?"

"I never eat pudding myself; I prefer pie. Dick grumbles, of course, when I order it taken away, but papa laughs. He understands that it is the proper way to train a servant."

Her cousin followed her with her eyes as Henrietta left the room, and gave a long sigh. "She is a strange mixture of the child and the woman," she reflected, "and I fear there is some truth in poor Dick's charge. Unlimited authority is apt to foster selfishness. Yet she is little more than a child, and I must not let her suspect that uncle appealed to me. I must work slowly and patiently."

Meanwhile Dick, his heart sore at Henrietta's words, was maturing his revenge. "She needn't have spoken so before a cousin who is almost a perfect stranger to us, and as old as both of us together," he thought, "but I'll pay her for it!"

He walked, as Henrietta had predicted, up and down the streets, displaying the rent in his jacket openly and ostentatiously.

On his way home he passed a small carpenter's shop, which had been always a source of pleasure to him. With a dim thought in his mind, he entered it, and with the freedom of a constant visitor, proceeded to examine the strips of wood which lay scattered upon the floor and workbench.

Half an hour later, he left the building, whistling a lively tune as he walked along, and his face wore a gratified smile.

"It will pay to try it," he thought. "My! won't she be angry, though!"

During the next week he was seldom seen by his sister and his cousin, save at the meals. His cousin furtively studied his face at these times. "If I am to help these poor children to know each other, and to bear and forbear," she thought, "I must first gain their love and their confidence."

She was rapidly taken into favor by Henrietta. "I am so glad to have you with us," she daily affirmed. "I know papa is pleased, and I can already perceive a change in poor Dick. He is less boisterous, I think. I begin to hope that he may yet curb his frightful temper. It would be so trying for me to feel that I had utterly failed in my efforts to aid him! I have so often told him of his faults, yet he seldom receives it well."

At the close of the week, Dick came to dinner, one day, in a particularly gracious mood. He was enthusiastic over some of the dishes, and so lavish in his praises that Henrietta became suspicious.

"He is planning to annoy me!" she thought.

"Let me see," said Dick, as he leaned back in his chair; "this is the afternoon of your Shakespeare Club, isn't it, Hetty?"

"Yes. It is Thursday."

"Is Cousin Emma going with you?"

"Certainly. Why do you ask? Now don't go into my room and meddle with my things while I am absent. Do you hear? I shall know, mind, if you open a single drawer or box; and keep away from the conservatory. Papa does not wish the grapes touched until they are ripe."

"All right."

Dick said this with a good nature that was proof positive to Henrietta that he intended to do mischief. She looked sternly at him, and her voice rose to a sharp, high key.

"Mind you do not go into the drawing-room and put everything out of place!"

"All right!" he said, still cheerfully.

"We shall be at home by six. If I find that you have disobeyed me, I shall not allow you any dessert for a week!"

Even this threat failed to make him show any sign of anger. Looking into his face, Henrietta thought she perceived a faint smile. This was not to be tolerated. Respect for her as mistress of the house must be maintained.

"Remember!" threateningly, "neither puddings nor pies nor sweetmeats."

Dick laughed. "Bread and water and a dungeon, while you are about it, Hetty!"

Henrietta was fully convinced. She left the dining-room, accompanied by her cousin. As they ascended the stairs together, Emma said, "Hetty, dear, do you think you adopt just the right method with Dick?"

"Certainly," said Hetty, in a tone of surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"Only that I have thought a different tone might be wiser. You are so very little older than he, my dear, that perhaps he resents your attempts at control."

"I am two years his senior," said Henrietta, stiffly; "and if papa will not be strict with him, I must. Poor mamma would not have allowed him to be rude to me."

Dick was not in the house when Henrietta and her guest returned.

"He's gone across lots to your Uncle Seth's," said Nancy.

"I did not give him leave! I do not allow him to go out to tea, without first asking papa or me."

"He told me to tell you he'd left something for you in your sitting-room, and maybe he will not stop to tea, and your pa aint at home, either," said Nancy, eager to shield Dick.

"Very well. You may serve tea in half an hour, Nancy. Papa will be here by that time."

"Will you come into my own little room, Emma?" she said. "I must know what excuse Dick offers; he knows my rules quite well."

But upon the threshold, she paused and gave a sudden exclamation. "I knew it! I knew it! I saw it in his face!"

"What has he done?"

"That tree!" said Henrietta, "if it is a tree. Think of it; think of his daring to drag that thing into my own room! He shall pay dearly for this!"

"Suppose we see what it is. I can't make out in this uncertain firelight."

"I will light the gas. Sit down here on this sofa while I find a match. Yes, it is a tree—a tree fastened down by blocks of wood! How dared he!" Henrietta stamped her foot angrily.

"It's a joke, Hetty. Treat it as such, I beg of you. But what did the mischievous boy hang upon it? Is it a tree? It might be almost anything else, from its very curious appearance."

It was, indeed, a young and slender fir-tree which barred the entrance to Henrietta's favorite bay-window. It was fastened to the floor by heavy blocks of wood, and narrow strips of wood were nailed upon the trunk. They formed a cross, and from them there hung a motley collection of torn and ragged jackets, coats, caps, stockings, handkerchiefs and other articles of wearing apparel.

"What did I tell you?" shrieked Henrietta. "I told you he was a bad, revengeful boy! This is his revenge!"

"Wait, Hetty," said Emma, firmly, as Henrietta advanced with the evident intention of tearing the clothing from the tree. "Do not touch them yet. I would like to examine them, if you please."

"Rags and tatters," she slowly said, after inspecting them; "rags and tatters. Poor Dick!"

"*He* made the rags! He tore those holes! He did it purposely. He wished to mortify me!"

"Hetty, I fear you are a little severe."

"In what respect, please? I am sure I try to be a mother to poor Dick. Not a day passes that I do not point out his faults. Certainly I am not the one to blame, Cousin Emma, if he is rude and self-willed. How am I severe?"

"Hetty," said her cousin, "those articles of clothing, which Dick has thus brought to your notice, were not purposely torn, as you will see if you examine them when you are in a calmer mood. They bear the marks of long neglect. Wait, Hetty, dear," she went on, as the young girl drew herself up haughtily, "do not be angry at my plain words. I cannot see you and Dick constantly misunderstanding each other without the wish to help you."

"Excuse me, Cousin Emma, but tea is waiting, and I hear papa's footstep. Perhaps you will finish what you have to say after tea."

She rose as she spoke, and held the door open for her cousin. Two bright red spots glowed upon her cheeks, but by force of will she subdued her voice to the calm tone of the dignified hostess.

"I trust Nancy has the muffins hot," she said. "I am very careful that they shall be precisely the right temperature."

"She is very angry, poor child!" thought her cousin, "yet she controls herself, in order to play the mistress of the house to perfection. If I can only bring that will to bear upon her relations to Dick, how much of misery will be spared them!"

Dick stole in, by way of the kitchen, as the clock was striking nine.

Nancy looked up from her coarse knitting as he softly closed the door. "I guess the storm's most blowed over," she said, encouragingly, "and you'd better sit right down here and toast your feet and eat the muffins I've kept hot for you. Here they are, all buttered and crisp, and precisely the right temperature."

Dick laughed. "Yes, *precisely the right temperature*," he said. "That's not bad, Nancy. And these," beginning to eat the muffins, "why, these are prime."

"I heard her say it," continued Nancy, "as I was fetching 'em in, and I just almost dropped the whole plate of 'em, I was so tickled. But Miss Hetty's got a good heart, and I know it, else I couldn't stand her mistressing as I do. She's plenty of sense."

"That she has!" said Dick, eagerly, "and if she would let me alone and not order me around, I don't believe we'd quarrel so much. But how can a fellow help getting angry? I say, Nancy," with a furtive glance over his shoulder "how did she take it?"

"Pretty bad, judging from the look of her eyes. But I rather guess Miss Emma will soften her down. I heard them talking sort of seriously a while ago, and I wouldn't wonder if she was telling her she'd better have looked after your clothes a bit. 'Twouldn't have hurt her a mite,

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and I've never been handy with my needle. Anyway, it won't do her any harm to see the ragged things you've been wearing for clothes."

Following Nancy's advice, Dick went to bed without seeing his sister that night. There was a slight constraint in Henrietta's tone the next morning, both toward her cousin and her brother; but after breakfast was over, she said, in her usual manner:

"I have my orders for the day to give, Cousin Emma, but you will find the morning paper in the library. I will join you there directly."

"I wonder if *it* is there yet!" thought Dick, as they left the room. He started and colored deeply when he felt a hand upon his arm, and turning, met his cousin's gaze.

"Will you take a walk with me this afternoon?" she asked.

"I'm in for it!" thought Dick, as he agreed to her proposition.

"So," said Henrietta, an hour later, "you advise me to say nothing to Dick?"

"I do, Hetty. It seems wiser to me."

There was silence for a time, and Henrietta walked around the room and busied herself in re-arranging the bric-à-brac.

Suddenly she came to the window where her cousin sat reading. "I have decided," she said, abruptly. "I have thought of all you said last night; and I have decided to be really Dick's sister, instead of his fault-finding mistress. How well the sister will succeed, I cannot tell, but she can try."

"It is practice that makes perfect," said her cousin, "and it is love, patient love, that brings happiness. Hetty dear, I am glad."

"I have thought of something," added Henrietta. "It will surprise poor Dick. Only you must not tell him."

She proceeded to unfold her plan to her cousin.

Dick marvelled, that afternoon, that his cousin did not once allude to the episode of the tree, nor comment upon his too frequent rudeness to his sister. She only chatted pleasantly with him, and entertained him with half-comical stories of her brother, and of his thoughtfulness and attention for herself. "I thought I was trapped for a lecture," he meditated, after tea, "but not a word did she say about it. Yet I—jiminy!" he exclaimed, springing up from his chair, "I believe she meant that story about herself and her brother for me!"

He marvelled still more as the days passed. "What wonderful thing has happened to Hetty, Nancy?" he asked. "She hasn't lost her temper for three days."

"Well, maybe it's that tree; maybe it shamed her. But perhaps you haven't provoked her."

"Where is that tree?" suddenly demanded Dick.

"I haven't seen it since I helped you rig it. I kind of mistrust it's in Hetty's closet, since she's kept it locked lately, and she never did before."

"She's planning her revenge," thought Dick, astutely. "She isn't keeping still so long for nothing. 'Tisn't like her. She always gets angry at a fellow. I'll just keep my eye on her. There's some mystery here."

The mystery was solved the next week. As, one evening, the family separated for the night, Henrietta, who had been very friendly, said, "It is your birthday to-morrow, Dick, as well as the year's. A happy birthday, Dick."

"A happy New Year!" said Dick, as he sprang up the stairs.

"A *happier* New Year," said Henrietta, quickly, looking up at him with a smile.

"Now, what does she mean by that?" puzzled Dick, as he went on and entered his chamber. "'A *happier* New Year!' Well, if she means that the last year hasn't been a very happy one, she is about right. She s nagged me almost all the time, and I—well, I'll not deny that I've been—hello! what's that!"

He turned the gas higher. "It is that very identica. tree!" he exclaimed. "It is her revenge! She's outside! I hear her!"

He sprang to the door, but no one was in the corridor.

"I thought I heard her laugh," he muttered, as he returned and began a closer inspection of the tree.

"Yes! it is the same one!" he said.

It was, indeed, the same slender fir he had placed in his sister's room. "Jiminy!" he exclaimed, discovering among its branches the skates, the books, the seal-skin cap and the box of tools he had hoped to receive at Christmas.

"I was angry then," he meditated; "I thought she was the cause of my not getting them. She knew how I had hinted for them. This is her revenge. She hasn't forgotten a single thing."

Presently his eyes fell upon a pile of clothing.

"Mine!" he ejaculated. "Mended—every one of 'em!"

He comprehended now the meaning of Hetty's words. He rose hastily and counted the money in his purse.

"I'll buy her a ring like Cousin Emma's," he said; "and—if trying counts, we *will* have the happier New Year!"

MARY A. SAWYER.

For the Companion.

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

The kitchen clock was purring, preparatory to striking, when Ben awoke, sufficiently aroused to count the strokes.

"Five o'clock," he said, with a contented sigh, and turned over for another nap, for five o'clock is very early on a cold winter's morning, even on a farm.



The particular farm where this took place was located upon a hill-top, and consisted of a little "garden spot," a few acres of meadow, and a few more acres of stony pasture land. It was in New England, of course, and after a fashion it supported the Becket family.

A footfall in the kitchen adjoining fell upon Ben's sleepy senses; then a line of light glimmered under his door, and in spite of himself he was wide awake.

He had no thought of burglars, for no thief in his senses would choose the Becket house to rifle. "Somebody must be sick," he thought, as he jumped out of bed and dressed hastily; but when he stepped into the kitchen, and saw no one but his sister sitting at the table, writing, he felt as if he had been imposed upon, and had been turned out of his good, warm bed by something like a false pretence.

"*Well*, what in the world are you doing up at this hour, I'd like to know?" he said to his sister in a tone not at all amiable.

"S-sh!" replied Allie, softly. "Come over here and I'll talk to you. You see," she continued, half-apologetically, as he looked severely at some sheets of paper all written over and interlined, "I've been writing essays in my dreams all night, and on all kinds of subjects. One was 'Why Grasshoppers have more Legs than Frogs,' and another was 'Evidences of the Silurian Age in Connecticut,' and the rest came in anywhere between."

But the frown still remained on Ben's face, and as he said nothing, Allie looked up and exclaimed, impatiently, "Oh, go back to bed if you feel so bad! I didn't mean to disturb you."

"Well, I'm glad it'll soon be over," he said, in a gentler tone. "You think too much about it, Allie," he continued, anxiously. "You may not succeed, you know."

"I guess I do know it, Ben," she said, "but I don't mean that it shall be my fault if I fail, for it's the only chance I shall ever have to get a profession."

"Oh yes, Allie, there'll be other chances."

"I don't know where they're coming from. You know how we have to work and manage now, and it's just all we can do to get a living and something decent to wear. And you remember we had hardly that until mother and I made servants of ourselves —"

"Servants! Whose servants are you, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I wonder what you call it—making ice-cream and cake and pies, and furnishing cold milk and hot coffee to every one who comes up the mountain in summer to enjoy 'the chawming view.'" Allie languidly closed her eyes and drawled out the quotation, which, in spite of himself, made Ben grin.

"And the patronizing air they put on in speaking to me! I tell you, Ben, I'm tired of it. It does seem as if I couldn't stand it another summer. I feel that God made me their equal, if I am poor, and I don't want to be looked down on any longer if I can help it. That's why I want to write the best essay—if I only knew what the subject would be, Ben!" she added, meditatively. "But if practice counts for anything, I surely stand a chance."

"Yes, one in a hundred. Don't set your heart on the thing—that's my advice."

When he had given it, Ben returned to bed for "just forty winks," and Allie continued her writing.

"I've got to go to Bolton to-day, Ben," said Mr. Becket at the breakfast table. "I hear there are some likely horses there, so I'll take Tom along, and maybe I can trade or sell him. You can hitch up the one I brought home last night, and take Allie to the station this noon. I hope you'll win, my girl," he said to his daughter, who looked up with a smile to say good-by. "It'll be a great thing for you if you do; more than I've ever been able to do for you, though I'd have done more if I could."

Allie put up her hand quickly, and covered the hard fingers that were laid upon her head as she answered, softly, "I know you would, father."

She looked after him as he went out of the kitchen door and down the path to the barn, and knew he was reproaching himself for the poor way in which his family lived.

Allie could not bear to let him dwell upon it. She finished her coffee hastily, and taking his overcoat on her arm, followed him out. She knew her father loved to have her with him. She laid the coat on the wagon-seat, and with a bright and cheery air began helping him harness the horse.

"Good-by and good luck!" he called out, as he drove through the bar-way into the road.

Mrs. Becket, watching from the window, said to herself, "She's cheered him up again—he's smiling. Dear girl! There's no one can lighten the shadows as she can."

As the day advanced, the cold grew less intense, and for an hour the snow fell thickly. Then came a drizzling rain, which froze as it fell.

"We can take a sleigh, I guess, mother," said Allie. "There's been so little sleighing this winter that I shall enjoy this ride. It seems to me I never saw such a blizzardy winter—plenty of snow, too, but all drifted so that it has been of no use."

"Yes, I like to see the ground white again," said Mrs. Becket, "but I hope it won't be very deep, for your father took the wagon."

"Not much danger now, since it's turned to an ice-storm. It will probably thaw before night."

At half-past ten Mrs. Becket put a "drawing" of tea in the white crockery teapot, and set it on the stove.

"Tell Ben to harness the horse, Allie," she said, "and do you get ready, child. I know it's early, but you'd better not take any chances."

The girl obeyed, and soon returned dressed for her journey, and carrying a little package of stationery, a box of pens which she proceeded to test, and a bottle of ink.

The cause of this excitement in the Becket household was an offer of a prize to the scholar under sixteen who should write the best essay. The prize was to be a thorough education for whatever profession the winner might choose, and the contest was confined to the school-children of the county. This was the afternoon set apart for the candidates to assemble at the county-seat, where the subject of the essay would be made known, and the contest take place.



"Allie!" called Ben, putting his head inside the door. "Come out and hold up the shafts for me, will you? It's a strange horse, you know, and I don't like to let go his head."

She met him at the stable door. He was leading the horse by the bridle, but the animal's fore-feet were all he could be induced to put beyond the sill.

"Why, Ben, he's balky!" exclaimed Allie, in dismay.

"Oh no, I guess not," answered Ben, lightly. "He seems to be stiff somehow, though he walked all right when father brought him home last night. Run and get a few oats in a measure, Allie, and hold them before him."

At sight of the oats the horse stepped outside, and a few paces beyond the door. Then one of his feet slipped sidewise, and in terror, he fairly sat down on his haunches. The sight was so comical that the boy and girl laughed outright.

"I guess he's a Southern horse, and never saw ice before," said Allie.

"No," said Ben; "he's smooth shod. A little coaxing will fetch him."

Allie tendered the oats again. "Come, good old Bill, get up!" she said, patting his nose and walking slowly before him; but as soon as that inducement was removed, "good old Bill" stood quite still.

"Well, if I've got to lead him to the station with an oat-measure, I don't see where the advantage comes in!" she cried, impatiently. "Ben, what are we to do?"

"Children, what's keeping you?" called Mrs. Becket from the door. "You must hurry, Alice, or you will not be in time."

"Mother," she answered, "the horse won't go a step on the ice."

Mrs. Becket hurried out.

"You never will get to the station with that horse," she said. It was quite plain that she was right.

"But I can get her there, mother," said Ben, suddenly, "if you don't mind—and if she isn't afraid," turning to his sister.

"Afraid of what?" asked the girl.

"Afraid to ride down the mountain on my big sled."

"With you?"

"Of course with me. You'd make a good hand at steering, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I'll go—if mother'll let me," she said, turning an appealing face to Mrs. Becket.

"It's the only way, mother, and I'll take care of her," said Ben.

Mrs. Becket did not deliberate long. It must be decided at once, and perhaps her daughter's future was at stake.

"Come!" she said. They ran into the house, and soon, her wraps and waterproof thrown on, a package of cookies and apples in her pocket, and her little satchel in her hand, Allie came out of the door.

In a moment Ben, who had meantime put up the horse, had tucked her snugly into the front of the long, home-made sled, and had jumped on with his feet out behind.

Allie bent her head to the left so as not to obstruct his vision, and in ten seconds more they were beyond the first "thank-ye-ma'am," and out of sight of Mrs. Becket, who stood in the gateway.

What a glorious ride it was! Not a ride, but a flight did it seem as they sped down the icy mountain almost as fast as an express train could travel. Fortunately the wind was at their backs. If the icy mist had driven into their faces the ride would have been impossible.

"Somebody's coming up the mountain, Ben!" said Allie, suddenly.

"Well, let him turn out then, there's room enough to let us pass."

"He *isn't* turning out! Call to him, Ben."

"Hi, there!" yelled Ben at the top of his voice, but the driver of the approaching ox-team paid no attention to the call.

"O Ben," cried Allie in horror, "it's Nate Adams, and he's drunk!"

All this had passed in hardly more than an instant, and meantime the sled on which Ben and Alice were seated was flying toward the approaching team.

They could not stop the sled, as well might one think of stopping a storm. Nor could they slip off it. To attempt that might mean instant death for one or both of them. Moreover, the road was a cut at that point, and the sled could not be run upon the bank.

Allie was praying, although her white lips were unable to move. Ben bent his head over her shoulder, and said in her ear:

"Hold on like grim death, Allie; we'll get through all right, we'll reach Denman's pasture before we meet the team."

"Denman's pasture" was an almost level strip, about six rods in width, which opened directly off the road—a little table-land with the sloping mountain wall on one side, and an abrupt descent on the other.

But could they reach it? That was the question that flitted through Ben's brain again and again, quicker than light.

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Yes; they were just in time. Here was Denman's pasture, and the team still two rods away! Ben threw himself sidewise to turn the sled upon the level ground, but even here, where the road was far less steep than on any other part of the mountain, it was not easy to make the sled respond, and half the "table" was passed before the sled crossed its border.

The momentum was still great, and after whirling completely around, the sled went over the rock, and landed in a snowbank nearly twenty feet below.

A scream from Allie as they went over was quickly stifled in the snow, and when Ben scrambled to his feet his sister and the sled were nowhere in sight.

But the break in the crust showed him where to look; so he thrust in his arms to the elbows, and found Allie's fingers, which scarcely closed over his own.

Snow flew in all directions for a minute, and then Alice was sitting on the strong crust of the drift, while Ben supported her with his arm, and tried to stop the blood which was flowing from her fingers. She had, indeed, held on "like grim death," and her hands, which had struck first, were badly cut by the hard snow.

"Poor Allie! poor Allie!" Ben was saying, and each word was almost a sob. He had never before seen his strong sister in even an approach to fainting, and thought she must be dying.

"Never mind, Ben," she said, lifting her head from his shoulder, and looking at him in pleased surprise at the unlooked-for tenderness. "I'm not hurt much, but I was terribly frightened."

"Can you stand up, dear? Rest against this tree for a minute till I get the sled out, and then I'll take you home."

"Home!" the word roused her instantly. Struggling to her feet she peered through the sleet down into the valley, where the railroad was in view for miles.

"No," she said, "we will go to the station, and we shall have to hurry. Here, tear your handkerchief into strips, and tie up my hands, quick!"

"Allie, you don't think I'm goin' to take you to the train now—after this!"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I sha'n't do it—you're goin' home."

"I'm not going up that mountain to-day, Ben Becket, not one step! So if you won't take me, I shall go alone."

As Ben finished tying up one of her hands, she pulled the waterproof hood over her head, pushed her loosened hair into it, and took up her satchel.

Ben tried hard to be stern and unrelenting, but a look in the pale, scratched face, still full of determination, was too much for him.

"All right, then, Allie, I'll take you; sit on here."

He shook the snow from the buffalo-robe, and placed it on the sled.

They soon reached the foot of the mountain, and then Ben took the rope around his waist and started for the station, now but a short distance away.

The "station" was simply a large box, where trains did not stop unless signalled, but the conductor of the train fortunately saw Ben hurrying over the icy ground, pulled the bell-rope and stopped the train.

"Well, youngster," said he, "why didn't you take a team, or wait for a pleasant day?"

Then seeing the bandages on Allie's hands, one of which pressed a handkerchief to her smarting cheek, he stepped from the platform with a sympathetic expression on his kind old face.

"How did it happen? Where is she going?" he asked in a breath.

Ben hurriedly explained.

"You'll look out for her, conductor, won't you?" asked the boy, anxiously; "she's most used up. I'd go with her if there was any way of getting word to mother, but she'd worry if I didn't get home."

"I'll look out for her—my wife is on the train, and *she'll* take care of her," said the conductor, as he helped Allie up the car steps.

Ben turned wearily to his trip up the mountain.

"Here, Jane, is a patient for you," said the conductor, Mr. Price, introducing her to his wife.

"Why, you poor child," the lady exclaimed, when Allie was seated opposite her.

"It's nothing but my fingers, madam," said Allie, somewhat embarrassed by the lady's kindness. "Just fix my right-hand fingers, please, to keep them from getting stiff."

"Oh, they won't get stiff, my child; or if they do it'll be only for a day or two."

"Yes, but they mustn't get stiff to-day, I don't care about to-morrow. You see I'm going to Harwood to compete for the scholarship, and I must be able to write, of course; penmanship may decide the contest if two papers show equal merit, so that's why it won't be of any use to have my fingers limber to-morrow if they're stiff to-day."

Mrs. Price took Allie to her own house, for a short rest, when the train reached Harwood, and then sent her to the place where the competition was to take place, refreshed and ready to do her best.

In two or three weeks the "notification" came to Allie, the notification of the award which each competitor was to receive, and Ben said as he came up from the post-office with it, "Here's your big envelope."

He said it somewhat superciliously. Ben had never had so much confidence in his sister's ability as the rest of the family; but he changed his mind very shortly, for the notification was a personal one, to the effect that Miss Alice Becket was the winner of the scholarship.

It is now five years since Allie added M. D. to her name, and the little farm on the mountain-top, if it does not yield better crops, is the home of a more prosperous family than it was on that cold winter morning when Ben was tricked into early rising.

Alice comes home as often as she can be spared from her practice, and she never passes the point where the hill road broadens out into Denman's pasture without thinking how narrowly she escaped death when she was setting out to win her scholarship.

NELLIE E. C. SCOTT.

For the Companion.

LATEST DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE.

THE MOON.

By Prof. E. S. Holden, Director Lick Observatory, Cal.

If you should go to one of the famous observatories of Europe, for instance to that of Greenwich, you would very likely find it surrounded by a high wall, and under the charge of a grim keeper, who would not let you in at all unless you brought a special letter to the astronomer. Even if you should get in, there would be little chance of your looking through the telescopes, which are kept for purely scientific uses.

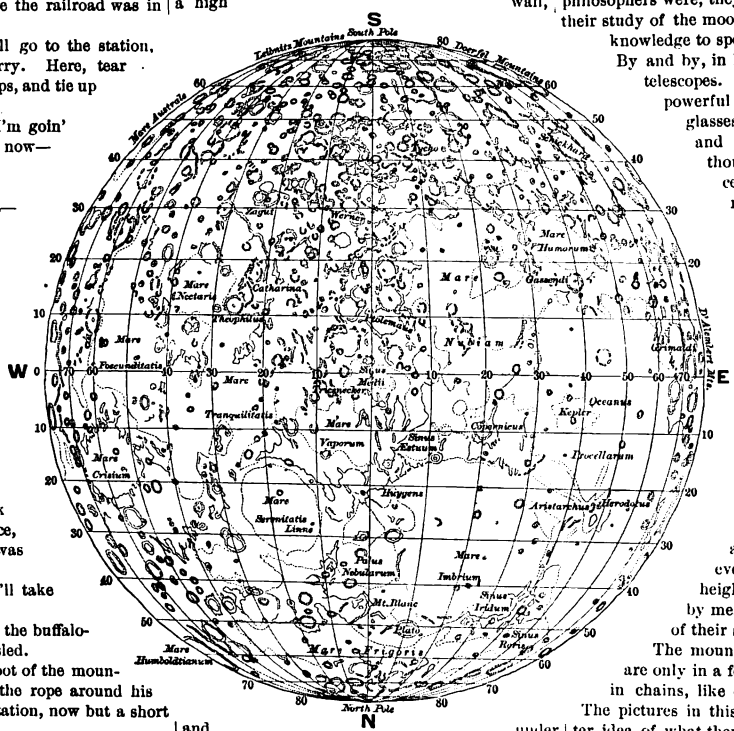


Fig. 1.

In America it is usually different. In many observatories visitors are admitted on one night in the week, the remaining nights being kept for astronomical work.

I think the more liberal spirit in our own country is very largely due to the example and precept of a very great and good man, Professor Henry, who was for many years the chief of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. He was never tired of insisting that scientific establishments, including observatories, should attend not only to their main business,—the advancement of science,—but also to the diffusion of knowledge. Professor Henry lived long enough to impress this idea as a duty upon a whole generation of younger men, who are now at the head of various scientific institutions in the United States.

At the Lick Observatory, which was founded by Mr. Lick in order that it might be "made useful in promoting science," we attend to the other half of our duty also, and endeavor to diffuse knowledge among the hundreds and thousands of people who visit us every year.

If one of the readers of *The Companion* were to climb up Mount Hamilton on one of our visitors' nights,—Saturdays,—he would see the great observatory perched at the very summit of the peak, on a little flat space which has been levelled off to receive it. Under the great dome he would see the magnificent telescope that is Mr. Lick's gift to California and to the world.

If it were a moonlight night, the telescope would surely be pointed at the moon, and the visitor would have a chance to see for himself just what the moon is like, and to ask any questions he pleased.

Now what would the moon be like? As we look at it with the naked eye, it seems a shining, brilliant disc, with a few darker spots on it, which make the face of the Man in the Moon. If you just glance at it, the image is a full face; but if you look more carefully, it changes into a profile of a man's head, with the eyes turned to the left.

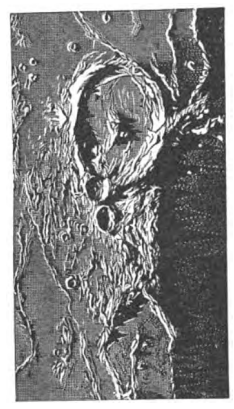


Fig. 3.

The ancients thought that the moon was another earth, and they called the dark regions, "seas," and the brighter ones "continents." Some of them, however, declared that it was nothing but a great metallic mirror in the sky, and that the seas and continents of the moon were nothing but the reflections of the land and water on the earth.

Wise and thoughtful as some of the ancient philosophers were, they could not go very far in their study of the moon, for lack of some definite knowledge to speculate upon.

By and by, in 1609, Galileo made his first telescopes. They were a little more powerful than our common opera-glasses, which magnify about two and one-half to three times, though they were not such excellent instruments in many respects; but they sufficed to add a multitude of new facts on which to reason. Milton made a visit to Galileo, and undoubtedly saw the moon through the telescope he had made. In his "Paradise Lost" he tells us how Galileo, "the Tuscan artist," could "descry rivers and mountains on her spotty globe."

Galileo began to make a map of the moon, laying down the principal mountain-chains and peaks, and he even estimated the height of some of them by measuring the length of their shadows.

The mountains on the moon are only in a few places arranged in chains, like ours on the earth. The pictures in this article give a better idea of what they are like than any description can give The typical form is a ring-shaped wall, ten, twenty, thirty, even sixty miles in diameter, surrounding a fairly level plain, with usually a central peak.

Kepler supposed these walls to be the fortifications of the Selenites,—people that he fancied lived in the moon,—but they really are the rims of great extinct volcanoes.

On the inside faces of these walls are great terraces, or steps, extending around the interior like sea-beaches. The old floor of the crater was much higher than the one we see now, and joined the outer walls in one of these terraces.

The hot lava underneath the floor was constantly pouring out through the central cone, making the floor of the crater heavier, and emptying the space below.

By and by the whole floor would suddenly sink a thousand or five thousand feet, and high up on the walls we can still see the terraces left there at each successive fall of the crater floor.

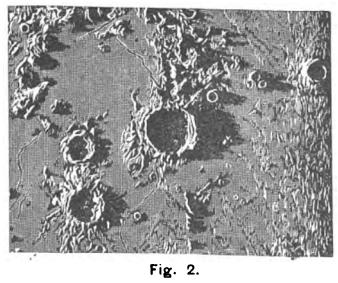


Fig. 2.

At the volcano of Kilauea, in Hawaii, exactly the same thing is happening to-day, and the old beaches, or terraces, are plainly to be seen far up on the cliffs. Just such terraces are found in abundance on the inside walls of many lunar craters.

I should like to give you a notion of the way in which our present knowledge of the moon has been obtained—by what immense and patient labor. Galileo, Kepler and a host of the astronomers of the seventeenth century observed the moon, made maps of its surface, and drawings of its separate craters.

The greatest service was done by Hevelius, at Danzig, whose *Selenographia* (1647) is a huge folio of five hundred pages, with forty copper-plates drawn and etched by himself. In those days an astronomer had to do everything, and Hevelius printed and illustrated his own books after he had made the astronomical observations which they described.

For a hundred years Hevelius's chart continued to be the best. Hevelius's observatory, with all his instruments, and with nearly the whole edition of one of his books,—which he had printed but not yet bound and distributed,—was destroyed by a great fire in 1679. Of all his copperplates, only one exists to-day, and that is a map of the full moon which some thrifty person had made into a tea-tray!

Many of the objects on the moon are still called by the names which Hevelius gave to them, such as the mountain-chains of the (lunar) Alps, Apennines, and so forth, and the seas—so-called—of Serenity, and so forth—*Mare Serenitatis*. It must not be supposed that he considered the great level plains of the moon as real seas and lakes; he expressly said that he did not.

A lunar map by Riccioli (1651) gave the names of celebrated philosophers and astronomers to the different mountains. This system—not a very good one—is in use to-day.

As science grew more and more exacting, the maps and measures of Mayer (1748), Schroeter (1791), Lohrmann (1824), and of Beer and Maedler (1836), began to be marvellously complete. The best of these maps were three feet in diameter, so that an inch was about fifty miles.

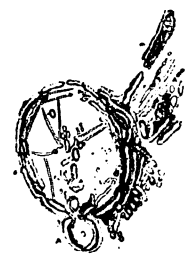


Fig. 4.

I suppose that there is no map of the State of Arkansas to-day, which is as accurate and as detailed as such maps of the moon. Maedler worked at the construction of his map for six years, and it shows nearly everything that can be seen with a telescope of three and one-half inches aperture.

The finest chart of the moon is, however, that of Dr. Julius Schmidt, lately Director of the Observatory at Athens. It is six feet in diameter, and full of details. There are thirty-three thousand craters on it, for example, each one in its right shape and in its right place. The scale is about one inch to twenty-five miles, as if, for example, we drew the State of Connecticut on a rather large visiting-card.

Schmidt's observations on the moon extend over thirty-four years, from 1840 to 1874. When he was only fourteen years old he began to make drawings of the moon as it appeared through a small telescope, and this labor of love was continued for nearly the whole of his life. The final result is wonderful, and it can hardly be improved upon for the purpose which he had in view.

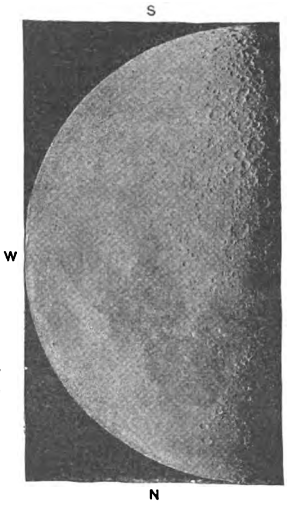


Fig. 5.

Now, what was this purpose? The object of all astronomical observation is to find out the laws which govern the heavenly bodies; and to discover these laws we must usually find out first what changes are taking place in the body, and then secondly, why they take place.

The object of these elaborate maps, into which men put the working energy of a lifetime, is to make such accurate delineations of the moon's surface that a change can be detected if it takes place. Schmidt's map is so detailed and so accurate that if two square miles or so of the surface were materially changed, the change could be detected.

It is as if some one were watching the United States with a large telescope from somewhere off in space, and were able to say when a very large farm in Minnesota was first broken, and the vegetation turned from green grass into yellow wheat.

There have been only two material changes in the moon really proved, and one of these was discovered, and the other verified, by Schmidt. In the first a deep crater-pit *(Linne)* was filled up; in the other a new depression *(Hyginus)* was formed in the midst of a plain.

Photography is sure to become an invaluable means of research in such questions. The comparison of two photographs will yield evidence of far greater certainty than can be had from even the best drawings.

At the Lick Observatory we have already made very promising experiments in this direction, and I do not despair of obtaining a map of the moon as large as Schmidt's which will show far more

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than his, and with each detail impartially and naturally depicted. Comparisons of such a map with the moon or with other photographs will surely detect any changes that may occur, and each one of these changes will help us to understand the nature of things at the moon's surface.

Certainly all conditions are very different there from those which prevail on the earth. There is practically no atmosphere; a barometer on the moon would not stand higher than one-twenty-fifth of an inch, instead of at thirty inches as we have it; and if there is any water, it is surely in the form of ice or snow.

Gravitation acts to pull down mountains and to fill up valleys on the moon as on the earth; but frost, melting and freezing, which is our great agent in such changes, probably does not act on the moon's surface. It is more than probable that the temperature is never above freezing at all.

There are one or two things about the moon that every one should know. Let me mention them.

How bright is the full moon, do you think? Suppose you look up at the moon on the next clear night. The sky is a pure, pale blue and the moon is almost dazzlingly bright against it. If the whole canopy of the sky were made up of full moons, and if one were in the centre of such a shining shell, one might think that the glare would be intolerable.

But let us see. This very same moon you have often seen in the daytime as a pale white disc just barely visible against the background of the sky. In fact, unless you know exactly where to look, you may require a minute or two to find it.

This means that the daylight sky is not so very different in brilliancy from the nearly full moon; or it means that you could very well live under a sky whose every part was just as bright as the moon itself.

We may say, then, that the brightness of the moon is not so very much greater than the brightness of the same area of sky. The total light of the full moon can be compared with the total light of the sun, though it is a very difficult problem, and the result will be that the sun is as bright as six hundred and eighty thousand full moons!

Once again, you ought to know and remember how large the moon is. Its diameter is about two thousand miles—one-fourth of the earth—and its *angular* diameter is about half a degree. As there are one hundred and eighty degrees from the east point to the west point of the horizon measured through the zenith, there is room for three hundred and sixty full moons in an arch spanning the heavens from east to west, each one touching the rims of those next it.

Another thing, too, you should notice and understand. The moon looks larger near the horizon than it does when it is overhead. The common explanation of this fact is essentially the true one; that is, the low moon is near enough to the horizon to be compared with hills, or trees or houses, and consequently it looks large; while the high moon is isolated, and one has no term of comparison.

In both cases the angular diameter is about half a degree, as you can prove for yourself with a little ingenuity.

One of the very commonest and most natural of questions is whether there is "life" on the moon. If it is meant by this, Are there men there,—people like ourselves,—it is safe to say no. There may be vegetable life which, like Arctic mosses, will resist such intense cold; and it is possible to imagine animal life which could exist almost without air.

But we can form no accurate conception of "life" under such conditions; and while its existence cannot be flatly denied, it is safe to say that it is almost certain that no life at all is to be found on the moon, and perfectly certain that there is no human life there.

The moon is essentially a dead world. Even the volcanoes are long since inactive. There is no air, or next to none, and hence there can be no sound. There is no free, flowing water—only eternal ice and snow at the best.

All is cold, silent, dead. It is a picture, too, of what the earth must some day become; for all our life depends upon our regular supply of heat from the sun. We are spending this capital, and by and by we shall have spent it all. When that time comes the earth will be like the moon.

There is something immensely impressive in following out the full course of the history of a planet, from its birth down to its death; but there need be nothing depressing or disheartening. The immortal part of us is independent of material change and decay.

Now let us come back to the question with which we started; how do you suppose the moon would look in the great telescope?

The easiest way to understand just what you would see is to examine the illustrations in this article very carefully. They are taken either from photographs, or from very careful drawings, or from equally careful plaster models.

In these cuts you have a view of the moon as a whole, and of certain parts of it on a large scale.

Fig. 1 is a map of the moon, from Young's Astronomy. Only the more important features are laid down on the map. The points N., E., S., W., are marked as they appear in an inverting telescope. If you are observing with an opera-glass, you must turn the picture upside down. Try to identify the places of the craters shown in the cuts of this article. Archimedes is just ten degrees north of Huyghens.

Fig. 2 shows the Inner Apennines and the crater Archimedes, after a plaster model by Nasmyth. The highest peak of the Apennines is eighteen thousand five hundred feet. Archimedes, the largest crater, is fifty miles in diameter, and its wall is full of terraces. The crater nearest to Archimedes is Autolycus, and the one just below the latter is Aristillus. Aristillus is thirty-four miles in diameter, and eleven thousand feet deep, and is an excellent example of a ring crater with a central mountain. Radiating streams of lava extend into the plain around it.

Notice in Fig. 2 how the shadows show where the sun must be. By measuring the length of these, the height of every peak can be determined. Another curious feature of the moon—radiating cracks in the surface—is well shown in this picture.

Fig. 3 shows the Inner crater Gassendi. Compare this drawing with Schmidt's map (Fig. 4). Gassendi is fifty-five miles in diameter, with an area of no less than two thousand square miles. The principal peaks are ten thousand feet high.

The bright streaks on the floor of the crater shown in Fig. 3, and more accurately in Fig. 4, are *rills* or cracks filled up with lava, probably. So carefully has this crater been studied that more than thirty such rills are known now. It is worth while to map them so carefully because the newest formations are, of course, on top, and in this way we have some idea of the order in which the present features were formed.

Fig. 5 is a reproduction of a photograph of the moon taken at the Lick Observatory in August, 1888. The diameter of the original picture is five and a half inches. If you will take the next opportunity and examine the moon for yourself with an opera-glass,—or, better, with a powerful field-glass,—you will have a real basis for your future knowledge.

If you should ever be able to look at the moon through a larger telescope, you will know exactly what to look for; and if you will think a little about what is written here, and especially about what you have seen for yourself, you will have a whole volume of questions to ask. If you will come to the Lick Observatory, some of us will be glad to try to answer them.

For the Companion.

WINTER EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

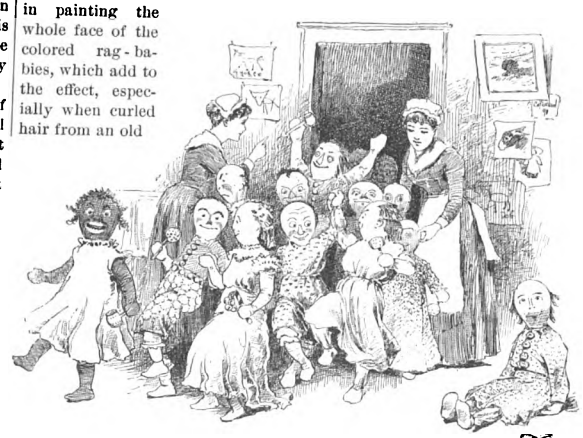
The Rag-Babies' Ball.

The "rag-babies' ball" is a never-failing source of amusement, and both young and old can participate in it.

All are dressed as rag-babies, with the masks described below, a short calico dress of red, yellow or any bright color, gathered at the shoulders and waist. The feet, legs, arms and hands are covered with cotton hose; those covering the hand are sewed into the form of a hand, the rougher the better.

The mask is made by placing a yard of white cheese-cloth over the head, and drawing it down over the whole head, and sewing it firmly over the shoulders and neck, front and back, the seams being concealed by the dress. Cover the back part with black Germantown worsted, which is parted in the centre, and back-stitched to look like the parting of human hair. Another row of back-stitching at an interval of an inch, and others thus arranged on each side, will give the appearance of crimped hair. The face is made by painting the cheeks with a bright red color, the outline of the mouth in the same color, for which rouge or cranberries may be used.

Burnt cork will serve for the eyebrows, and will also be useful in painting the whole face of the colored rag-babies, which add to the effect, especially when curled hair from an old



mattress is used instead of yarn for the hair. The eyes may be painted to suit, and when a china doll is needed, the eyebrows may curl upward.

Boys and girls alike can be dressed in this style, and great variety be used in costume, studies for which can be found in every nursery. Even the artist who decorates these rag-babies need not know who is going through the process, and the most amusing mistakes and adventures are sure to happen.

The voices of the speakers may be changed by pieces of wax or chewing-gum held in the mouth.

Two nurses are in charge of the party, costumed in dark dresses, caps and kerchiefs. When all are ready, the rag-babies emerge in two lines from their dressing rooms, and each takes the partner he first meets, and all march around the room until the ring is full and all are ready.

They then proceed to form the Sicilian Circle, if a dancing-party is desired.

If a concert is preferred, they march about the stage or one end of the room, and form in as many lines as the stage will accommodate comfortably. The last line stands on tables placed in



a row at the back of the room, the next on boxes, and the others on the floor.

At a signal from the nurse, all sing, keeping time with rattles. Elliot's "Mother Goose" set to music, and "Nursery Quadrilles" by John Farmer, have plenty of music adapted to this concert, and the latter pieces furnish excellent material for a set of lively dances.

At a pause, the boys in the line may fall down in a heap, limp and exhausted, and all must hang their arms listlessly by their sides, and when they stop singing, the rattles must drop from their hands, and the nurses must pretend to fasten them again in place with pins.

For the dresses, old-fashioned red and yellow calico, with small figures, will be most useful. Much fun can be had in dressing and painting these quaint figures, and no one who sees or joins in it will ever forget the rag-babies' ball!

Household Fairies.

This fascinating pantomime can be easily prepared by children in any room at short notice, with such appliances as any kitchen can supply, or be used on a stage to raise money for charity.

Two proud sisters, richly dressed, enter at the same moment from two rear corners, or from any doors if no stage is used, in which case they may wear every-day dresses, with sheets or shawls pinned on the shoulders in a box-plait to train on the floor.

They meet in the centre, express great disgust at being obliged to do housework, to express which they try various kinds of work for a moment, and the lady on the right goes to a churn, washtub and ironing table, while the lady on the left devotes a few moments to chopping hash, sweeping and folding clothes.

Each pauses for a moment to come to the centre and complain to her sister in pantomime. The lady on the left touches her sister on the shoulder and points off as if struck with an idea, and then goes off and drags in Mignon, who is very simply dressed in a loose white waist, dark skirt held up by one strap of same color as the skirt, which strap crosses from right to left over the shoulder.

One sister drags Mignon by her right arm to the churn, but hardly has she begun to work when the other sister seizes her by the left arm, and drags her across to the implements of work on the left side.

The first sister then interrupts Mignon, and calls her attention to her own work in the same unkind manner.

This action is kept up until Mignon has been introduced to each kind of work, and then the first proud sister advises her not to neglect any of the work on the right of the stage, and the second sister gives her the same order as to the work on the left, and both go out in the same manner as they entered. Poor Mignon goes to work steadily, trying in turn each variety for a little while, then, despairing of being able to complete all the manifold tasks, she draws a chair to the centre and sinks down upon it to rest.

Soon Mignon yawns, rubs her eyes, and gradually falls asleep, at which little fairies spring in haste from every basket, tub, churn, and table, and each works with might and main, two waltz rapidly around the room, one sweeping and the other dusting.

The tiniest fairy takes up the washboard, places it in the tub, and washes away with all her might. The others take their stations at churn, hash-bowl and ironing-board, and the scene becomes very animated, and never fails to please.

Soon the busy fairies complete their kindly tasks, and after expressing their delight they join hands and dance gaily around Mignon in a merry ring, then dance wildly about the room, and form a line, and, led by the smallest, they march or waltz around each article of household furniture in a gay revel, swinging their arms uplifted high above their heads, and as Mignon begins to show signs of waking, they vanish, and run off the stage.

Mignon slowly wakes, and seems to be alarmed at the lateness of the hour, and goes up to each implement in turn and expresses the greatest surprise that the work is all done. She then seizes a pan from the table, and using it as a tambourine, executes a burlesque ballet dance.

Exhausted by her gay dance around the furniture, Mignon sinks into the chair just as the sisters enter from their sides of the stage, and each seizes her in turn and drags her as before up to the various implements in turn, and as they find the work all done they seem delighted, and embrace Mignon.

The three dance around, and then join hands with Mignon in the centre, and balance to each side and forward to the front and retreat, then they stand still with uplifted hands.

The fairies enter, thread in and out, go around the sisters, then each stands under the arches made by the uplifted hands of the sisters, the other fairies take their places on each side of the sisters in line, and all bow as the curtain falls.

When this pantomime is prepared hastily the children may wear white dresses of any kind, with a little gilt paper sewed on; when presented in public a fairy dress is made by folding two cross pieces over the waist, and sewing six skirts of coarse tarlatan muslin into one band, and spangling the outer one with gilt paper stars.



Sheets are used to cover the table-churn, basket and chairs behind which the fairies hide, when there are no folding doors or curtains. The fairies take their position in the basket, tub and churn of a barrel-churn, and hide under the tables and crossed chairs; a broom, feather-duster, hash-board and knife are also used.

Cherubic Infantry.

The many young people who have enjoyed the Cherubic Infantry, which has been performed in hundreds of places since its publication, will be pleased to hear of it in a new guise.

Its author was invited to Hampton, Virginia, to raise money enough to support a Holly-Tree Inn for the scholars of the Normal Institute, and decided to use the material in an Art Exhibition of a rich and varied sort. Here were scholars of every hue, from the bronze to black, and copper color to clear white, and every type from Caucasian to darkest African.

But the brightest and funniest of all this motley throng were the six lovely little bright black girls who personated the infantry.

Seated on a long table close side by side, each wore a long robe reaching to the floor, and a close-fitting cap of white muslin, a bright sash around the waist. The effect of the shining black faces, bright eyes, laughing red lips and pearly teeth set off by the white costume was very picturesque and pretty.

They were attended by their teacher dressed as a nurse, a beautiful woman with gentle manners and voice like a bird. They sang "Jack and Jill," keeping time with their rattles, "Sing a Song of Sixpence" to the music of their bowls and spoons, and as they tended their dolls sang "Rock-a-Bye Baby" in perfect time.

Last of all they sang "Bye-Low Baby," and all dropped asleep at the last word, each leaning on the next in a graceful row of sleeping cherubs.

A group of real Sioux Indians next appeared in the real costumes of the tribe, now very hard to obtain, which were brought by their wearers from the far West. The weapons, skin-robes and household utensils were also correct, even to the frame, in which the real pappoose was strapped to the back of its squaw-mother.

A most realistic scene followed, the dream of civilization, in which five races appeared in correct costume, each personated by a native of the country, the Polynesian in his huge feather headdress, and shield and buckler of straw.

The Chinese, Nubian, Ethiopian, Indian in war paint and in civilized costume, the colored soldier

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in the uniform of the school, and in plantation garb.

The performance was well patronized by guests from the Hygeia Hotel, including gentlemen and ladies from New York and Boston, who expressed their pleasure in prolonged applause.

But a new surprise awaited them. A studio scene was shown. In a large frame fair teachers appeared as pictures, while in the foreground many others personated classic statues very naturally.

Soon in the midst of them a great bronze statue towered above all the rest on a high pedestal. The effect was wonderful. A bronze-colored muscular man, draped in cloth of the same color, stood in the attitude of the quoit-thrower, immovable and grand. The plaudits which greeted this unique group pronounced it the most successful climax to a very remarkable exhibition.

GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

For the Companion.

HIRAM'S BEAR.

"Hi-*rum!* Hi-rum!"

Mrs. Briggs stood in the open doorway, one hand resting against the door-post, the other grasping a two-tined steel fork, as she thus sent her voice across the road, exploring the sheds and barnyard for her step-son Hiram. Nothing came of the search but a faint, derisive echo from the side of the old gray barn.

Mrs. Briggs drew back into the kitchen, and the screen-door closed after her with a sharp snap. She stepped quickly across the floor, and lifting a tin cover from a steaming iron kettle on the cooking-stove, thrust her fork energetically through the brown-jacketed potatoes that lay in its depths.

"Biscuits brown," she muttered, "pertaters mos' done, 'n' not a sign of that boy yit! Beats me sometimes what men-folks was made for! I sh'd think the Lord 'd be mos' tempted to sweep 'em off the face the earth when He looks at 'em. I aint got His patience. I declare there he is now!" she added, in a different tone.

A long, lank boy appeared outside the screen-door. Both his big hands were filled with brown and white eggs.

Mrs. Briggs dropped the kettle-cover, made three steps to the door, which she pulled open, gathered the eggs into her apron, and then hurried back to the stove, and began breaking them into a spider of hot fat that stood beside the potatoes.

"Hens haint stole their nests, have they?" She raised her voice a little to make herself heard above the sputtering of the fat.

"No'm, guess not," drawled Hiram.

He finished rubbing his bare splay feet on the little braided rag-mat at the door, and stood watching his step-mother as she flew from the stove to the table, from the table to the pantry, and from the pantry to the stove again, but he attempted no reply to her curt:

"Well, you was gone long enough to a-went to Bobadil. I begun to think you was makin' hens, 'n' waitin' for 'em to lay."

Soon the hired man, Leonard, came in from the shed, and they all sat down to the table. Then while he and Leonard despatched the buttermilk biscuits, the boiled potatoes and the fried pork and eggs, and while Mrs. Briggs poured the coffee, Hiram ventured to say, his mouth filled with egg as he spoke, "Seen Rush Foss while I was out aft' th' eggs."

"*That's* what made you so long, then," said Mrs. Briggs, smartly, "gabbin' with that brag!"



"What's Rush got on hand to-day?" inquired Leonard, good-naturedly, as he jabbed his fork into the heart of his fourth potato.

The answer did not come immediately. Hiram had to swallow his egg, and wash it down with half a cupful of rye coffee.

"Wal," he said at last, "he's got a bear-story now."

"Bear!" ejaculated Mrs. Briggs, contemptuously. "He'd never get near enough to a bear to know whether 'twas pink or sky-blue."

"Haint killed none round here lately, has he?" was Len's jocose query.

"He aint nothin' to do with it," said Hiram, stolidly. "It's only what he's heard. He says Perliny Hatch 'n' Nora 'Mandy Perkins went over ter Long Run yist'day, black-b'rin', 'n' *they* seen the bear. They didn't know what 'twas first when they see somethin' movin' the bushes; but they was kind of sca't, 'n' kep' still, 'n' they seen him all plain, pickin' black-b'ries 'n' eatin' of 'em, jes' like anybody."

"Pickin' 'em with his han's 'n' puttin' 'em in his mouth, wa'n't he, sonny, or did he have a pickin' dish 'n' a pail to empty 'em into?" asked Leonard, patronizingly, as he left the table, picking his teeth with a bit of pine wood.

Leonard was a few years older than Hiram, and he seemed to consider that his longer experience of life had given him the right to put all the pricks possible into it for the discipline of those who followed him.

But Hiram was a poor subject for jests. He thrust the last half of a biscuit into his capacious mouth, and pushing back his chair, followed Leonard out to the barn.

"We goin' to mend the line fence this forenoon, Len?" was his question when he reached the barn door, where Len was stopping to eat an apple as easily as if breakfast had been over for hours.

"Yas, 'less you're goin' after th' bear," replied Len between two bites.

Hiram went on to the tool-house without answering, picked up his axe, and started for the upper field.

Leonard followed, eating his apple as he walked leisurely along.

The morning in the field was a quiet one. Once Len cried, "There's your bear, Hi! Shoot 'im quick with a fence-stake!" when a squirrel skipped along a neighboring stone-wall. He made other facetious remarks, which he enjoyed immensely, when the summer wind or a bird stirred an alder thicket near them.

Hiram answered all his jokes with a quiet grin or especially energetic blows of his axe. He would have let the bear-story go as one of Rush's extravagances if Len had not kept it continually before him.

At dinner the truth of the story was, to his mind at least, confirmed. Mrs. Briggs said the minister had called on her in the forenoon, and he was half inclined to believe in Rush, this time, at any rate.

"It's been so dry on the mountings," said Mrs. Briggs, "he thinks it likely the bears is hungry, and has come down to prowl round. Everybody knows they're dretful fond of fruit, so most likely the girls had the right of it. Nora 'Mandy didn't ought to go up there berryin' 'thout somebody to take care of her, did she, Len?" added Mrs. Briggs, mischievously.

Len choked himself with hot Indian pudding, as he mumbled something about "'spose women-folks couldn't do much, ketchin' bears," and then applied himself to mixing milk and sugar in his tea with great care and diligence.

Mrs. Briggs absorbed herself in blueberry short-cake, and did not pursue the subject; half to his regret.

Hiram enjoyed Len's embarrassment so much that he began to wake up. The minister believed in Rush, and Hiram believed in the minister. He didn't think it possible a man could have so much to say as often as every Sunday unless he possessed a tremendous reserve of words that nobody had measured or could measure.

After dinner he stood idly in the woodshed door, waiting for the clock to strike one, and wondering if there really was a bear about, when Len came out of the kitchen.

Hiram heard him say, as he stood holding the door-latch in his hand, "I'm goin' over to see Jim Nichols after supper, 'n' if he thinks there's anything in it, we'll turn out 'n' have a hunt. Holloa, young feller, what you 'standin' there for?" he added, good-naturedly, as he saw Hiram. "You'd better be diggin' them pertaters. I'm goin' to cut second crop."

He walked off toward the barn with his scythe, while Hiram went the opposite way into the garden.

Hiram dreamed that afternoon as he never had before. The strokes of his hoe were aimed at the bear, the brown potatoes he unearthed were the dollars poor Bruin's skin would bring, and the bounty the State would pay for killing him.

The afternoon was warm, and the sun beat down with midsummer heat on Hiram's back and bare neck.

Once as he lifted his sweaty face, and drew his gingham shirt-sleeve across it, he saw a man coming through the field that lay beyond the garden, and as the words "Jim Nichols" left his lips, the young man leaped the fence and stood beside him.

"Where's Len?" he asked, abruptly.

"Down gittin' second crop," returned Hiram.

"All right," and Jim strode across the garden, leaped the beet-bed, swung over the fence on the other side, and disappeared behind the corn-barn.

Hiram had turned the potatoes out of a dozen hills before Jim came back. As he stepped up behind the boy, he asked, pleasantly, "Want to help hunt the bear, Hi?"

"When?"

"Oh, to-morrer night, I guess! Come over t' my house 'long of Len after the chores is done. I'm goin' over t' Hunt's Corner, 'n' git Sam Mason t' lend me his hound if I can," and he walked away whittling.

Hiram's hoe moved more slowly after Jim had put the fence between them again. Len wouldn't let him go on the hunt, he believed.

"If he does, it'll only be to lug the carkis home," he said to himself, almost bitterly.

He had no doubt that Jim and Len would get Bruin if they went after him.

When his work was done he lifted his heavy basket and started for the corn-barn, where the potatoes were spread on the floor to dry before going to the bins in the cellar.

He heard a hoarse toot—toot—toot as he went up the path. Mrs. Briggs was blowing the great conch-shell she kept on the kitchen mantel to tell that the five o'clock supper was on the table; but Hiram stopped to dream a few minutes after he had emptied the basket.

He wondered what would happen if he should get a gun, of his own, perhaps, with the proceeds of his potato-patch this year. The prospect was dazzling, too dazzling for him to consider long, so he put away his hoe, washed his hands in the tin basin that stood on a bench in the shed, and went in to supper.



Mrs. Briggs thought he had been too busy hoeing to come in earlier, so she helped him liberally to new apple-sauce, and made no remarks on his tardiness.

She and Len were talking of going to the meadow the next day to look at the cranberries; and before Hiram had eaten his third biscuit they left the table, Len going to finish bunching his hay, and Mrs. Briggs to look after the milk. Hiram lingered until he had finished the last scrap of warm gingerbread, then he went to the pasture for the cows.

All but one were waiting at the bars for him. Daffy, his own heifer, had failed to come up with the rest, and after the milking was over and the other work was done, Hiram insisted on going after her.

"Want to go along, Len?" was the invitation he tossed carelessly to the young man as he started. Len declined. He had a little business "over t' th' corner," he said. "A little projec'" he was thinking about, "me 'n' Jim Nichols."

"P'r'aps I dunno what 'tis," chuckled Hiram, as he trudged off toward the pasture. "What would you say, ole man, 'f you knew I'd been invited to it? Jim's a good feller if he can't keep nothin' 'tween his teeth," added Hiram, stopping to pick a particularly luscious blackberry that overhung the path.

Daffy was not in the pasture. Hiram called her; she had always come at his call. He tramped along cow-paths, he explored thickets, he looked in every direction, he even climbed a tall pine-tree to make an observation, but all to no purpose.

After he came down from the tree he examined the fence for breaks. The fence at the back of the pasture was made of great stumps and logs, now partially decayed, with brush interwoven between them.

Hiram found a place where the brush had been pulled away, and he thought it possible Daffy might have got through into Captain Goodwin's pasture. The Captain's Jersey had been pastured with Mrs. Briggs's cattle the previous summer, and she and Daffy were friends.

Hiram carefully looked over the fence he suspected of treachery. "I don't b'lieve anything's been through here," he said, "an' Daffy haint a bit breechy—nohow—that's so!"

He pondered a while longer, and then concluded to go on with the search. Captain Goodwin's pasture was a large one, and his house was two miles away, on the farther side of it; but Hiram determined to go to the house if he didn't find the heifer in the pasture, for, as he reasoned, if she went to the barn with the Goodwin cattle, the hired man would only turn her into the pasture again the next morning.

There was a fine moon almost at the full, and it would have been a great delight to the boy to be out in the soft summer night if he had had company. Even at times much despised Leonard would have been vastly better than nobody.

He was not an imaginative boy. In the long, dark shadows stretching away from trees and bowlders, he saw only shadows, but he remembered with a little shiver as he passed through a clump of young pines, that a wild-cat was killed not far away half a dozen years before, and there might yet be creatures in these thickets an unarmed boy would not care to meet.

The moaning of the pines was not reassuring. He instinctively stooped and picked up a heavy pitch-pine knot that lay in the path.

"Je—whew!" he exclaimed, as he raised it. "Aint that a staver! I'll take this home to burn in the fireplace some Sunday night aft' it comes cooler."

He had passed over half the pasture, and would soon be out in sight of Captain Goodwin's house, when an ominous stirring in a clump of bushes on his left startled him.

His feet involuntarily stopped. He thought his heart stopped, too.

"Pooh, it's nothin' but Daffy now," he said, collecting his wits, and making a forward movement, when the bushes opened and the bear stood before him.

Hiram's brain reeled. Then a low growl from the bear recalled his senses, and, scarcely knowing what he did, he raised his pine knot, and brought it down with all his strength.

He had not aimed, he had no idea where the blow fell, but to his amazement Bruin toppled under it and fell on his side to the ground.

Then in his terror the boy hailed blow after blow on the head of the bear, until, satisfied that the creature, which had not stirred after the first assault, must be dead, he rose to his feet, breathless and almost doubting his own being.

He stood and stared at the dead body. Was that the bear? The bear Len meant to kill?

Hiram chuckled now. When he said "Len," things began to seem real again. He must go home and get some one to help him carry the bear to the house.

He moved a few steps, but as soon as he had left his victim he doubted the whole affair. Perhaps he had only killed a big dog.

He went back and looked the animal over. He felt the skin, the shape, the claws, and at last, exclaiming, "It is a bear if they is bears!" he started for home again, exultant.

What would Len say? And his mother? Perhaps she would think him *most* as smart as Len, and Hiram's lip came nearer curling than ever before, for to be treated like a little boy is one of the greatest trials of a big boy's life.

He had to sit down under the orchard fence awhile when he got almost home. He wanted to appear cool about his adventure, as if it were as tame a stroke of work as picking stones in the "Whitten pastur'."

When he felt sufficiently calm, he went on through the garden.

Mrs. Briggs's voice came high and shrill through an open window, "'N' then it's all ready to knead when I come down in the mornin'."

She was mixing bread in the pantry, and talking to Esther Newbegin, who sat in the kitchen holding the cat. Len and Jim Nichols were lounging on the doorstep.

"Your cow fetched in first," said Jim, lazily, as Hiram came up.

"Where's she been to?"

"Oh, she was mixed in 'long of Deacon Stover's cows somehow, 'n' that smart youngster he's got this summer never found it out. He tied her up, 'n' 'f the deacon hadn't happened into the barn she'd 'a' stayed till morning. 'S 'twas they turned her int' th' road, 'n' she come home." Jim liked to tell the news.

"Walk didn't amount to much, did it, young man?" said Len, as Jim finished.

"Something," replied Hiram, dryly. He felt that Len's time for patronizing him was short.

He stepped over the young men, Jim holding one of his feet playfully, while the other reached the threshold, and called,

"Ma'am, can I take the drag 'n' steers down to Goodwin's pastur'?"

Mrs. Briggs came out of the pantry.

"What do you mean, Hiram Briggs?" Her tone was reproachful.

"I've killed the bear down there, an' I want ter git 'im home."

Hiram tried to speak carelessly, but it was only by an effort that he separated his tongue and the roof of his mouth.

"Aint you ashamed to talk so! You've all got bear on the brain."

Mrs. Briggs thought this nonsense was being carried too far.

The young men had not spoken, but Hiram persisted.

"I aint foolin', ma'am. I have truly;" and Esther Newbegin pushed by Mrs. Briggs, the cat in her arms, with,

"Now, truly, Hi, be you foolin'?"

"No, I aint foolin'. The bear's down there, 'n' I want ter fetch 'im up to-night. Say, ma'am, can I take the drag?"

Mrs. Briggs was bewildered.

"If you aint foolin', Hi, we'll go with yer," said Jim, getting to his feet, "but if you're

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playin' any game on us, we'll jest lick ye, won't we, Len?"

Len said yes, emphatically, and as Mrs. Briggs finally yielded to Hiram's insistence, and consented to the drag's bringing up "all the bears Hi'll ever kill," the three set out for the pasture.

Esther Newbegin only waited until they were out of sight before she ran to the Widow Sparks's to tell the news. Benny Sparks immediately sped to the Starbirds', and as Len and Jim told their business to the two or three people they met, the yard was well filled with men, women and children when the drag and the carcass of the bear reached Mrs. Briggs's door.

"Took 'im right on the snout, ker-tunk!" said old Caleb Milliken, as he examined the dead body. "You couldn't do that agin in a lifetime, Hiram."

ANNIE M. L. HAWES.

WARM WITHIN.

Skies may be dark with storm,
While fierce the north wind blows,
Yet earth at heart is warm,
And the snowdrift hides the rose.

Cottage Hearth. —*Celia Thaxter.*

For the Companion.

AT LOS VALLES GRANDES.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. VI.

A Hard Winter.

As soon as the Navajos had entered the cañon, I led my party down to the trail, and, under cover of the noise of the hurrying animals, deployed in their rear without attracting attention.

We had hardly done this when half a dozen rifle-shots rang out, and I knew that Sergeant Cunningham had secured his position.

Almost at once, without whoop or other outcry, the whole party of Indians came down in my direction at a run. A few shots from us caused every pony to stop suddenly, and every rider went to the ground as if he had been killed.

Dead silence ensued, so far as the savages were concerned, and lasted so long that we began to wonder whether our few shots could have annihilated the whole party, or whether they were devising a scheme to turn the tables against us.

At last a voice called out, "*Amigos!*" (Friends.)

I called upon them, in Spanish, to come in and surrender, one at a time.

Soon a solitary figure came toward us, leading a pony, and when within our lines, laid down his arms, which were promptly gathered up by the two Cordovas, and taken with the pony to the rear. Warrior followed warrior, until all had surrendered and were disarmed.

By the time the last one came in day was breaking, and we could see the sheep and other animals contentedly grazing in the valley which opened to the west.

The Mexican captives were assembled, and found to consist of three young girls and six boys, ranging from ten to sixteen years of age. Cordova caused these—boys and girls, for all had been used to the care of sheep and cattle—to be mounted on Indian ponies, and set to work to turn the drove back to the valley near the camp.

The prisoners were retained in a group until the last of the stock had passed, when a chief asked permission to bring in the dead. Consent was given, and we soon saw the dead braves appear, lashed across the backs of ponies. Thereupon we all started for camp.

A troop of cavalry came from Santa Fé in answer to a dispatch, and took my prisoners to the reservation at Fort Sumner on the Pecos River.

When all the cattle whose brands had been verified by the claimants who came flocking in had been driven off, there remained unclaimed fifteen head, all without brands or marks. These were turned in with our beef herd, and I felt that I had recovered, with interest, all that I had lost in my first encounter with the Navajos.

The autumn and winter, up to the middle of December, had been not unlike October in the Northern States; but on the fifteenth of that month about twelve inches of snow fell. Believing that it had come to stay, I caused a sled to be made for hauling wood. The snow deepened rapidly.

On the other side of the mountains, a dozen miles away, there was hardly any snow all winter, but I doubt if any New England or Northwestern winter was ever colder than that in our valley.

The arrival in camp of a surgeon, sent to care for several sick who were getting beyond my skill, somewhat broke the monotony of my camp-life. Doctor Rankin moved into the adjoining room of the double cabin, but was seldom there except to sleep, spending his days and taking his meals in my quarters.

The weather constantly grew colder through January, and the snow deeper, so that it was impossible to pass out of the valley with either a wheeled vehicle or a sled. By constant daily use we kept the wood-road open and well trodden, and steadily increased the size of our woodpile against a possible blockade.

Before long we had reason to congratulate ourselves upon our foresight, for on the twentieth of January a storm set in which closed all communication with the forest, and made scouting and wood-chopping impossible for the rest of the winter. As the cattle could no longer graze, all but four were butchered, and the frozen meat was hung up in the storehouse.

I had no thermometer to indicate the temperature, but it was so cold that the sentinel, let him wrap himself never so thickly, could not walk the usual tour of two hours without freezing his nose, ears, fingers and feet. The thickest clothing seemed to afford no protection against the piercing wind.

The tours of the sentinels were shortened to one hour, and then to half an hour, and as the cold increased, the guard was taken off entirely, and Jack Frost left on post, the solitary and efficient sentinel, across whose beat no enemy would dare to venture.

For a week this weather continued. No clouds were in the sky—nothing but the flying snow, which swept along the surface of the valley so thickly as to give us but fitful glimpses of a cold, silvery sun through the haze of snow.

Hungry gray wolves and coyotes prowled nightly about the storehouse, attracted by the smell of meat, picking up the scraps from the pantry, and mingling their howling, snarling and wrangling with the roaring of the storm.

By the first week in February the gales had ceased, and a still, all-pervading cold reigned through the Valleys. The roads had been broken out, and the wood-hauling resumed, and the sentinels again walked their beats.

At that time I found our store of grain was nearly out, and sent to the quartermaster at headquarters for a new supply. He directed me to purchase it of the Pueblo Indians at Jemez, and not to pay more than a certain price. I immediately made preparations for the trip.

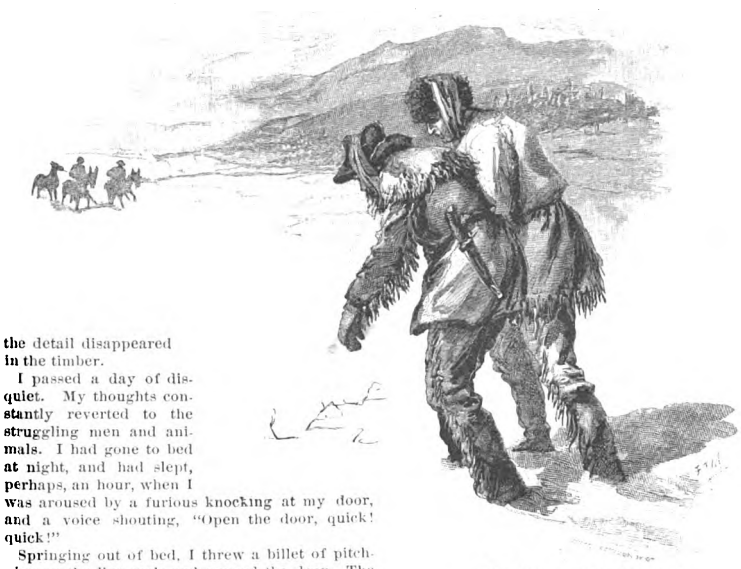
From the top of our lookout the valley presented an unbroken sheet of snow, which we knew was from two to six feet deep. It certainly was a cheerless prospect, and the task of making a path over a trackless waste was not inviting. Something had to be done, however, or our animals would starve.

I sent for Cordova, and found that he thought it possible to get through. Once in the forest, he said the snow would not be drifted, and with each mile travelled the snowfall would be lighter.

The doctor expressed a desire to go with the party to Jemez. I gladly accepted his services, and placed him in command. A corporal, four men and the two Mexicans made up the party.

Next morning at six o'clock, in a biting atmosphere, the detail left camp.

A few hours later I waded to the lookout, and found the party had not gone much more than three miles. The animals were floundering along, and frequently the men dismounted and trod a path for them through a drift. It was noon before the detail disappeared in the timber.



The Return of the Cordovas.

I passed a day of disquiet. My thoughts constantly reverted to the struggling men and animals. I had gone to bed at night, and had slept, perhaps, an hour, when I was aroused by a furious knocking at my door, and a voice shouting, "Open the door, quick! quick!"

Springing out of bed, I threw a billet of pitch-pine on the live coals and opened the door. The pine burst into a brilliant blaze, and by its light Doctor Rankin staggered into the room, grizzled from head to foot with frost. Without pausing to dress, I began to help him out of his wraps, overcoat, boots and stockings.

The first glance at his face showed that his nose and ears were frozen, and upon further examination the ends of his fingers and toes proved to be in the same condition.

"Where are the men?" I asked.

"Outside," he shivered, rather than spoke.

"All of them?"

"All but those Mexicans."

"Where are they?"

"Don't know—left them on the road."

"Are any of the men frozen?"

"Yes, all, more or less. I think Corporal Coffey is the worst."

I ordered the doctor's room turned into a temporary hospital, a big fire started, and cots put up. Several good nurses among the men, and Mrs. Sullivan, the laundress, were on hand without being called, and were soon busy over the men.

Under direction of the doctor, I compounded medicines and dressings, and all were made tolerably comfortable. Corporal Coffey had nose, ears, cheeks, fingers and one foot frozen, but not seriously. Two privates had escaped with frozen ears.

I learned from the men that the travelling had improved after entering the forest, and grew gradually better as the party went on. At three o'clock they were within a mile of the crest of the Hot Springs' Cañon. Here a dispute arose between the doctor and the guides about the way, and the doctor decided to take a route against the advice of Cordova. He soon became bewildered and lost.

When he found he was wrong, the Mexicans had disappeared. They had dismounted from their animals, and slipped away into the forest. Not being able to find the right trail, the party was forced to return to camp.

Next day, at noon, the sentinel reported two objects coming up the valley. Through my field-glass I made them out to be the guides, following the path to camp. They were making slow progress, and Manuel was assisting his father, who sank to the ground from time to time.

I sent two men, mounted on mules and leading two others, with blankets and cordials, to assist the guides into camp.

When the men returned, I found that José Cordova was frostbitten, and chilled apparently beyond hope of recovery.

From Manuel, who was but little affected, I learned that as soon as they found the doctor was determined to go wrong, he and his father dismounted and followed the trail back to Vallecitos, where they turned off to the cabin where I had undergone a siege of the Navajos, intending to pass the night there. When they reached the butte they found that the cabin had been burned, only the chimney standing against the face of the rock.

They built a fire, intending to pass the night, and return to camp next day, but the night was so cold that José was badly frozen.

Before night Cordova sent for me, with a request to summon Padre Gutierrez from Jemez, in order that he might prepare for death. I had intended to make no further attempts to obtain corn from Jemez, but Cordova's request determined me to make one more attempt, and go myself in command.

The following day, with a detail of the same number as on the preceding one, and made up in the same way, except that there were no guides, I left the valley for Jemez. There had been no wind, so that I was able to follow easily and quite rapidly the path which the other party had broken.

At Cañoncito I left word with the family of Cordova of his misfortune, and a younger son and his mother set off for the Valleys without delay.

The dying scout was a man of note among his townsmen, being distinguished as a hunter and Indian fighter. During the time he had been attached to our camp, he had kept us well supplied with wild meat, and since snow fell had killed two panthers and three bears.

One day in the autumn he brought in the scalps, weapons and ornaments of two Navajo warriors whom he had discovered lurking in the vicinity of our camp. Cordova always carried a bow and arrows, as well as his rifle. "It is well," he said, "to be able to take a silent shot. In this country, the very grass has ears."

It was long after dark when I reached Jemez, and delivered my message to Padre Gutierrez. He departed with two attendants, one carrying a lantern on a pole to show the trail.

Next morning I called on the chief of the Pueblo to see if any of his people would take corn to Los Valles Grandes for the price I was authorized to pay.

No one was willing to do it, or for twice the price. I accordingly loaded the pack-saddles of our six mules with shelled corn, and set out at noon.

Arrived at Cañoncito I secured quarters for the night with a Valencia family. By some unsoldierly oversight, in the bustle of leaving Jemez I had neglected to put in any lunch for myself for the road, and at Cañoncito I learned that the entire community were reduced, through bad crops and the Indian War, to a diet of beans.

Over my head in the sala, where I slept with all the rest of the family, were roosting two lean game-cocks, tied by their legs to opposite ends of a roost. I proposed to my host that one of these should be killed for my supper. My host said that nothing short of ten dollars could buy one of those roosters, for they were the champions of the whole region.

In the light of the pitch-pine blaze of the fireplace the rival roosters crowed defiantly from the opposite ends of the pole.

"*Ay, como canta mi gallo, tan claro!*" (How my rooster sings, so clear,) said my host, gazing fondly at the red bird on the right end of the roost.

"*Valgame! que pajarito tan hermoso es el mio!*" (Bless me! what a beautiful bird is this of mine!) replied the eldest son, admiring with equal fondness the yellow trimmed fowl on the left end of the roost.

Evidently, I was not to be allowed to make my supper off one of these champions of the *plaza de gallos*, and upon further inquiry I learned there was not another fowl in town.

I sent a note to Corporal Sullivan, directing him to deliver to the bearer a quantity of corn, the government corn purchased at Jemez. Shortly afterward I heard the grating of a hand-mill in an adjoining room, and knew there was a prospect of corn-cakes for supper. In due time a bowl of *sopa de frijoles* and a stack of tortillas was set before me.

After breakfast, the following morning, I paid my entertainers, and went out to oversee the packing of the mules. When it was completed, I noticed that one bushel sack lay empty on the snow.

"Where is the corn that was in that sack, Corporal?" I asked.

"That's what the Lieutenant ate for his supper and breakfast," answered the Corporal.

"You are sure you did not feed the mules from that sack?"

"No, sir. Each mule was fed from a sack of his own pack."

"Do you mean to say those Mexicans used a bushel of shelled corn for my two meals?"

"That's what the young man said when he brought back the empty sack, sir."

It was useless to scold. The whole household had probably filled themselves from our corn. They sadly needed the food.

Cordova died three days after our return, which was without adventure. His remains were buried on the ridge near the lookout, and the following spring a plain stone, the work of Private Thomas Clary, was placed over his grave.



Under a cross, it bore the following inscription:

AQUI YACE JOSE MARIA CORDOVA,
VECINO DE CANONCITO,
MORIDO DEL FRIO, EL DIA 15 DE FEBRERO,
DEL ANO 1864.
ORA POR EL, CHRISTIANO, POR DIOS.

[Here lies Joseph Maria Cordova, a native of Cañoncito, who died of cold on the 15th of February, 1864. Pray for him, Christian.]

Spring opened early, and in March all the snow disappeared, and the green grass began to show throughout the valley. One day word came from headquarters that the last band of Navajos had surrendered, and had gone to the reservation. We were ordered to prepare to join a column about to start for Arizona.

On the ninth of June we left the scene of the adventures I have related, and at noon of that day I turned my horse, at the entrance of the forest, and took a last look at the broad, beautiful green valley surrounded by its granite peaks, never, in all probability, to see it again.

CAPT. C. A. CURTIS, U. S. A.

The End.

For the Companion.

CARNIVAL IN LIMA.

The merry season of Carnival is prepared for by all Peruvians, several weeks in advance of the eventful period. Numberless *cascarones*, which are hollow shells, generally made of stearine or wax moulded in forms of tiny cannon, bunches of grapes, fish, and other articles, are filled with diluted Florida water.

The cook saves all egg-shells whole, by blowing their contents out for culinary purposes, and then fills them with scented water.

In many families bushels of *cascarones* are laid away for Carnival warfare, and a thriving trade is worked up each year by manufacturers and venders of the missiles thrown in the three days given over to the sports and license of the season.

The Sunday previous to Ash-Wednesday opens the Carnival, and the exercises begin on that day soon after morning mass.

About noon every house seems converted into a fortress, the inmates constituting the belligerents. Señoras, señoritas and children hiding on balconies, peering out from behind screens, darting suddenly from all manner of strange places on the roofs, pelt *cascarones* at the passers by, and the sticky pieces of shell, fastening themselves upon the face, hair and clothing of the victims, make them look like animated pieces of papier-mâché.

The sweetness of the accompanying showers of delicate perfume hardly compensates for the rudeness. The cautious pedestrian, during Carnival, takes the middle of the street, and with an umbrella off the spring, ready to fly open in any direction, thinks himself well protected.

But suddenly some powerful syringe throws out a stream of water from an unsuspected source, and the sparkling drops fall around him in showers. His scowls and other demonstrations of displeasure avail nothing, and he has only to pass on to encounter, perhaps, a still more formidable drenching.

This amusing sport forms itself into a kind of thermometer, measuring the heat of temper in different individuals.

The hot-blooded Irishman, when made the sport of some fair one, involuntarily turns around, and makes use of very bad Spanish, if not bad Irish.

The haughty Englishman is slow to perceive that his dignity has been encroached upon, but when he realizes that the time has come to laugh, does so heartily.

The natives enjoy the fun thoroughly, running the gauntlet with unequalled skill, pelting back their tantalizing tormentors, when they get a chance, and, with their spirits on the crescendo, reach a height of enjoyment a less excitable people can hardly understand.

We were sitting in our hall by an open door one evening when the Carnival had just begun, as we felt the need of a little fresh air after the heat of the day, and were trusting to luck for our protection, when several friends gathered round us. I ought to explain that any gentleman, whether acquaintance or stranger, is fair game for any lady during this season.

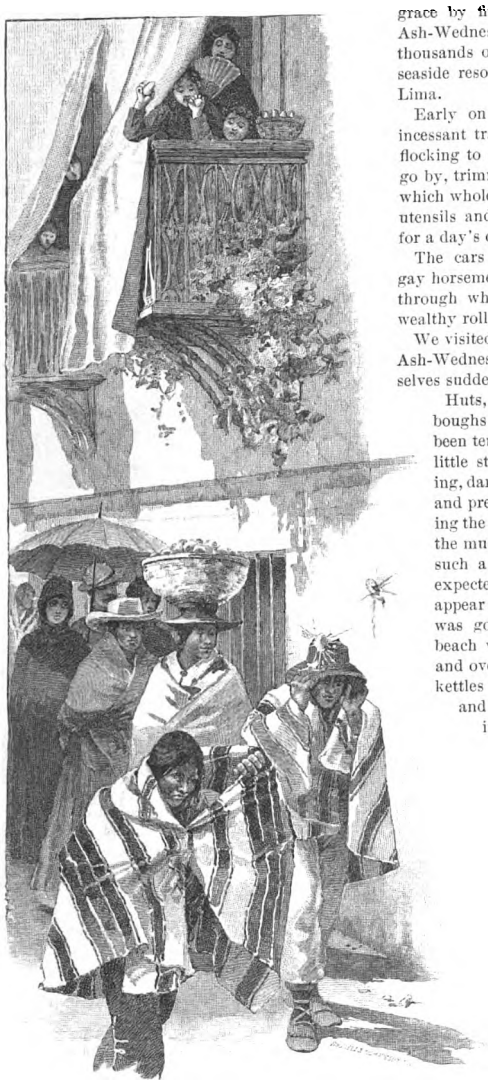
Almost before we were aware of it, we were objectively engaged in the Carnival.

We were reluctant to defend ourselves, as it was the Sabbath, and made a retreat as quickly as possible, thoroughly perfumed with Florida water

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administered by strangers passing, as well as by friends standing near.

Very early the next morning, our young people awoke in a high state of excitement over the expected festivities. Enough water lay secure in



Carnival Fun in Lima.

cascarones in our house to cause a deluge on a small scale.

I soon saw that a general demoralization of the family had taken place, and that our patience would have to be maintained through much tribulation. Before the hour for breakfast the clothing of each child was thoroughly soaked, and soon after breakfast they were saturated again.

At eleven o'clock this wild sport was, by an accident of the play, shifted to a neighboring native house, all the family taking an active part. The throwing of water was not confined to the garden; rooms handsomely furnished, and halls richly carpeted, were thrown open regardless of the damage that would result from the play.

The actors, dressed in bathing costumes, employed their skill and inventive faculties for many an hour, and surprised each other with all manner of curious ways of applying the water. The Carnival had resolved itself into a mimic battle.

According to the custom of the country, after the conflict was over and the participants had changed their clothing, the lady of the house served a lunch, over which a truce was established for a few hours.

Tuesday night being the last of the Carnival proper, the excitement reaches its greatest height. Foreigners as well as natives, completely drawn under the influence of the absurd custom, enter into the sport with energy.

Collected on the balconies and tops of the flat-roofed houses, they not only drench each other, but throw buckets full of water upon unfortunate persons passing by on the pavement. Those who think themselves safe in passing at a distance are reached by the aid of a hose. Bright-colored paints are also brought into requisition.

Some idea of the utter abandon of everybody at this time may be gained from the following incident: A day or two before Carnival a young lady anticipated the occasion by playing a little trick upon her dentist.

He was putting a neat filling of gold into a tooth—one of those delicate and difficult pieces of work of which a dentist is so proud—and was performing the most delicate part of his task, when the young lady quietly passed her arm around him, and bringing her hand up to his ear, burst a *cascarone* into it!

He said it sounded like a thunder-clap.

The water ran down his ear and neck; his nerves received a shock as from an electric battery. The job of dentistry was spoiled, the work had to be done over again, and the father had an increased bill to pay. But this was Carnival fun, and the parties were obliged to laugh and make the best of it.

We enjoyed the novelty of this new experience, but felt, after it was all over, like moralizing upon the foolishness of keeping up such a meaningless custom year after year.

The Peruvians give themselves one day's grace by finishing their Carnival season on Ash-Wednesday. Each year, on this day, thousands of people visit La Punta, a lovely seaside resort situated a short distance from Lima.

Early on Wednesday morning begins the incessant tramp of men, women and children flocking to the place of rendezvous. Wagons go by, trimmed with boughs of evergreen, in which whole families are packed, with cooking utensils and all kinds of crude conveniences for a day's outing.

The cars are crowded to suffocation, and gay horsemen keep the roads veiled with dust, through which the elegant carriages of the wealthy roll luxuriously along.

We visited the impromptu encampment one Ash-Wednesday afternoon, and found ourselves suddenly in gypsy-land.

Huts, constructed of shawls, blankets, boughs of trees and pieces of boards had been temporarily erected in lines forming little streets; within them were wild-looking, dark-eyed Indians, coal-black negroes, and pretty Spanish girls. Some were dancing the *Zamba-cueca*, the national dance, to the music of instruments which produced such a weird, unearthly sound, that we expected at any moment to see hobgoblins appear around us. On every side cooking was going on. Stones from the shingle beach were used in making tiny ovens, and over the fire fishes were being broiled, kettles were hung, filled with green corn and other vegetables, coffee made, and indeed the air was so filled with savory smells that our appetite was sharpened into partaking of many of the dishes.

Huge bowls of *chicha*, the native beverage, were seen at every step, and every one was drinking. They stopped in the dance to drink; they drank standing and often, and this constant drinking excited them to the wildest revels. Thousands were upon the grounds, rushing about frantically, so that one had to be on the alert to reach points of safety.

The pretty cottages by the seashore were made doubly attractive by bright flags waving over them, and handsomely dressed señoritas promenading up and down the verandas. With Ash-Wednesday Carnival ends, and the six weeks of Lent are entered upon with a devotion and ritual prescribed by the Church of Rome, preparatory to the sublimely solemn observance of Holy Week.

MARIA LOUISE WETMORE.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

There are probably not many Americans who would not oppose with all their might any policy tending to make the United States an armed camp. No one wishes the rising generation to be trained to the profession of arms, and no one would like to see the land and sea forces so large that their very existence would be a temptation to engage in warlike enterprises.

But a dislike of the militarism that prevails in several of the countries of Europe, or opposition to war, does not require one to object to a reasonable system of national defence. No matter how peaceable the policy of the country may be, a war may come, unless the United States Government is prepared to grant in advance any demand, however preposterous or humiliating, that may be made upon it.

Let us illustrate what might occur by supposing something which could not occur. Suppose Great Britain were to send word to the Secretary of State that it rejects every principle which implies that this government has any rights in Bering Sea superior to those of any other country, or any control over the seal fishery.

Suppose Lord Salisbury were to add that the Queen's government would regard the sending of a single armed vessel to Bering Sea, for the purpose of protecting the seal fishery, as an act of war.

The receipt of such a notice as that would certainly lead to war. The country might be totally unprepared to fight, but the people would demand, in a voice that would drown every remonstrance by the advocates of peace, that such arrogance be resented. It might be deplorable that the warlike spirit should carry away the people, but human nature is so constituted that even the weakest and most defenceless nation that prizes independence would fight to the death rather than swallow the insult.

Were England to attack this country in its present unprotected state, it could inflict enormous injury before it met with a check. And not England alone, but Germany, France, and even Italy, are so much stronger in the naval arm of the service than is the United States, that the coast cities, New York, Boston, Portland, San Francisco and others, could be laid in ashes before they could be defended.

Those who can recall the events of a few years past will be able to remember more than one question that might have led this country into war, if there had not been good sense and a peaceable disposition on both sides. Not very long ago there was a dispute about Samoa that might easily have brought on a collision with Germany.

Most of our diplomatic controversies with first-class powers, however, have been with Great Britain. In the last quarter of a century there have been three subjects on which a great deal of irritation has been excited: the Alabama claims, the Canadian fisheries, and now the Bering Sea trouble.

It is not wise to create a large army, or even to train the youth of the land to the use of arms. But it would be reckless not to manufacture and store a quantity of rifles and cannon, large and small, for use in case of need.

Every one would oppose an attempt to match the navy of either of the great powers of Europe; but men of all parties are now united in favor of replacing the old-fashioned and worn-out ships of the American fleets with swift cruisers that would be able to break the force of any attack that might be made suddenly upon the country.

Perhaps it will not be long before there will also be provision for a moderate and yet adequate system of defence of the sea-coast. When such a system has been completed, the United States will be in exactly the position every nation should desire to occupy. It will be strong enough to laugh at the bluster of foreign governments, and ready to defend itself from their assaults; but not strong enough to swagger about and to threaten others.

For the Companion.

THE RACE.

He who to run life's race doth dare
With wrong at heart, though fleet he flees,
He may not win although he wear
The sandals of Hippomenes.

But he who keeps a stainless soul,
Albeit by pain and trial shod,
Will reach at last the priceless goal
That stands before the throne of God.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE SPREAD OF EUROPEAN IDEAS.

Two notable gatherings took place in December at Calcutta, the capital of the great Asiatic Empire of Hindostan. One of these was the "National Indian Congress," and the other, a conference to consider reforms in the social laws and customs of India.

Both of these assemblages were composed of natives of various religious creeds. Among them were Hindoos, Mohammedans, Parsees and Christians, and some Indians of high rank took part in the proceedings.

The main subject discussed by the Congress was whether a limited suffrage should be granted to natives, and a portion of the legislative council of the empire should be elected instead of being appointed, as at present, by the Crown and the Governor-General.

In the social conference various schemes of reform were debated, the most notable proposition, perhaps, being one to abolish the present practice of infant marriages.

Both of these gatherings show how far European ideas of government and society have penetrated among the native and heathen races of India. They understand the European political system so far as to perceive the benefits of suffrage and a share in legislation, and to seek for them by meeting, and in earnest debate giving expression to their desire.

India is not the only Asiatic nation which has in recent years received and tried to realize European political ideas and forms.

It was announced several months ago that the Shah Nazr-ed-din of Persia—the most despotic of Asiatic rulers, who holds the lives and property of his subjects in the palm of his hand—proposed that his envoys should study carefully the European forms of constitutional government.

The Shah declared that in case these forms seemed, after such examination, capable of being successfully introduced into Persia, he would be willing to yield up such of his hereditary power as would be necessary to establish a constitutional system.

Japan has already actually entered upon a trial of the European system. It has adopted a constitution, formed a Parliament, and established a ministry, after the English model. Its Parliament has a House of Lords and a Representative House; and the Mikado has given up many powers which he inherited with the crown.

Not only in Asia, but in other parts of the world, we see the adoption and successful operation of the idea of a constitutional, parliamentary system, with responsible ministries, and elected legislatures.

This is true of all but one of the colonies in Australia, and of one of the English colonies planted in Africa, that of the Cape of Good Hope; of colonies in the American seas, such as the Bahamas and Bermudas; of Canada and Newfoundland; of the Republic of Mexico, and the Republics of Central and South America.

In all of these countries, the form of government, at least, is like that presented by the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain, and to some degree by Germany and Austria. In South America the form is sometimes used to establish a dictatorship; but the value of the system has even there been recognized by its general adoption.

The rapid spread, through so many regions of the earth, of the constitutional, parliamentary idea, among races so exceedingly diverse in history, inherited traits, and conditions of life—replacing, in some instances, institutions revered for their great age—would seem to show that this system is the best so far devised by the wit of man, for the orderly government and growth of nations.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"What lazy people!" called out a fresh young voice at the dining-room door. "Just begun your breakfast, and the sun has been up these two hours! Why, I've started on my list of calls!"

There was laughter and welcome, but the dearest face of all looked at the visitor a little gravely.

"What is it, uncle?" she asked, as, at the close of the meal, he offered her his arm for the customary walk on the porch. "Is my hat awry? Weren't the muffins good? Is the new lecture refractory?"

"You call us lazy, do you? We all know it; but never forget, child, that in going before an audience you should compliment, not slander them."

Nowhere does "Well begun is half-done" apply better than in the case of first impressions. A little care at the beginning often saves great exertion farther on.

"If my fairy godmother would make me beautiful just while I am being introduced to nice people," a clever girl said to me, "I could manage the rest. At school, when distinguished visitors come to our table, Elizabeth has only to raise those violet eyes to have all the choice remarks addressed to her. It takes a week for my presence to be noticed."

Why is it we instinctively label our new acquaintance as charming, delightful, refined, cultured, or as shoddy, careless, aggressive? We do not know their characters; we only speak our first impressions. They may be wrong, but they are powerful.

"That woman's hair is adorable, but its glory can never blind me to my first glimpse of it in curl-papers."

"I never heard of this book, but I caught one happy expression as I opened it at the counter, and brought it away."

The golden hair may have won the gentleman, the book may have turned out utterly inane, but the one was against a hundred odds; the latter had a hundred in its favor.

What people think is not, then, to be disregarded. A conciliatory tone may not be a crime. At any moment a new eye may be directed toward us, a new ear open to our speech.

Those who remember how much first impressions count for are taught to be lenient toward others.

Say to yourself, "I will let the rule work both ways. For myself, I will strive, whenever I honorably may, to make that good impression which will help me to friends and to influence; for others, I will remember that the character first displayed is often untrue and assumed—the rugged, defensive armor of a sensitive and ignorant, but beautiful, soul."

A HELPING HAND.

Among the famous benefactions of American men of wealth are several which excel all others in the respect that they are bestowed in a way to direct the energies of working people, stimulate their energies, and lend them a really helping hand in their struggle with the world, often urged against heavy odds. Conspicuous among benefactions of this kind were those of Peter Cooper, of New York.

Recently a series of gifts of this nature, all coming from one man, or from a single family, and for the most part directed toward helping the deserving poor in a way which does not wound their sense of honor or pauperize them, but, on the contrary, tends to make them self-supporting, and increase their earnings, have been concentrated in the hands of a single and novel association.

This is the Robert Treat Paine Association, recently organized in Boston, and so far as at present constituted, composed entirely of members of one family.

The association is a trust created and endowed with a large amount of productive property, to manage a series of gifts and benevolent enterprises already in existence. The creators of this trust, possessing a large fortune, and publicly acknowledging their responsibility, both to the very poor, and also to the great mass of honest, industrious, hard-working men and women, have sought to make some return in this way for the favor of Providence to them.

The most prominent feature of the work is called the People's Institute. It includes a People's Coffee House, where working people may resort for meals and for innocent amusement, and also be educated in selecting economically and preparing healthfully the most judicious articles of food.

In this Institute are reading-rooms, social and amusement rooms, toilet and bath-rooms, and class rooms for useful industrial instruction. There is a department of trade discounts, through which the people may save themselves large sums of money by coöperating in the purchase of supplies at wholesale rates.

Another feature of the trust is the Workingmen's Loan Association, which is devoted to improving the homes of working people, and fostering measures to promote their owning their own homes. This department of the work is a very important one, and has already helped many families to excellent homes, at the same time that it has made them much more thrifty and prosperous than they ever were before.

Working Girls' Clubs are another recipient of the aid and encouragement of this trust; the Associated Charities, for the maintenance of systematic

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charity among the poor, receive a share, as do also certain other purely charitable objects.

The work of the association is not limited, however; and its members, who, it is proposed, shall include all the children and descendants of the family who create it, and such other persons as they shall associate with them, are in effect pledged to perpetual effort to carry out its founders' purposes in the way that seems best to them.

A GENEROUS MAN.

The failure of the Confederacy wrecked many noble men. One of these wrecks was Pierre Soulé, whose life was a romance, and who therefore fittingly represented Louisiana, the most romantic of States. When a very young man, he exiled himself from France to escape punishment for editing a journal opposed to Charles X.

When twenty-four years of age he came, penniless, to this country, and after a short stay in Baltimore, removed to New Orleans. He rose rapidly to distinction at the bar of that city, although he had to begin by learning English, and twenty-two years after landing in the United States represented Louisiana in the Senate of the United States. With a handsome face, lustrous eyes, melodious voice and graceful gesture, he took high rank as an orator.

Mr. De Leon, in his book "Thirty Years of My Life," relates an anecdote characteristic of the generous, trustful nature of the man. On his appointment by President Pierce as Minister to Spain, Pierre Soulé offered to secure for Mr. De Leon the post of Secretary of Legation under him. Soulé was a warm friend of the young man, and anxious that he should remain with him.

Mr. De Leon declined the appointment, as he preferred the independent position of Consul-General to Egypt, which had been offered him by the President.

"I believe," said he, "that in my position, you would act as I am doing."

Soulé paused for a moment, and then said, "Frankly, I believe I should. I respect your independence; but you must let me do something to show my friendship."

He took a sheet of note-paper, endorsed his name on the back of it, and said, "You are going to Paris, where you will be sure to get out of money, and my endorsement at my banker's will always get you what you want."

De Leon thanked him warmly, but assured him that he should not need it. As Soulé persisted, his friend said:

"But at least fill up the paper with a fixed sum."

"Put it in your pocket; do not exceed so much," answered Soulé, naming a liberal sum. "When I repose confidence, it is a whole confidence. I know you will never abuse it."

The senator was prophetic. De Leon did require more money at Paris than he had provided, and was forced to avail himself of his friend's generous provision.

REDISCOVERED.

Walter Besant describes in a London journal his visit to the recently discovered remains of a Roman city at Silchester, in Kent, England. The Antiquaries' Society is excavating the place in sections, which after being studied and sketched, are covered again for preservation.

"You might look across the flat land to right and left," says Mr. Besant, "and never dream that a foot or two below the surface lie the foundations and floors and tesselated pavements of a great city, of which not a tradition or memory survives."

The town was built in square blocks, which can be traced where the corn is standing. The most interesting part of the place is the Forum, the official centre of the town. Here are the great Basilica, a hall two hundred and eighty feet long, chambers for legal and public business, and the shops where the business of the city was carried on.

A perfect ground plan of a villa has been laid bare. The tenant of this house, which was probably of one story only, had a cloister built around three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth side remaining open; it enclosed a small garden; a large garden lay outside.

Behind the cloister were large rooms, those for winter being warmed by hot-air pipes connecting with great underground stoves which can be seen. Behind these chambers was another cloister, and at the back were kitchen, pantry and larder.

The large area occupied by this one villa seems to indicate that the population could never have been very great; but this may have been an exceptionally large house. A great stone wall stretches around the town, enclosing an area of one hundred acres.

LACHAUD'S RUSE.

An adroit lawyer, as all the world knows, does not always depend entirely upon the logic of his case or his mastery of the art of persuasion to bring a jury around to his way of thinking. He has an eye to the individual peculiarities of the jurymen, and does not let an opportunity pass to impress them favorably.

It is related of M. Lachaud, the most famous of French criminal lawyers of the present century, that in pleading a certain case, he perceived that one of the jurors seemed to be hostile to him and his argument.

In the faces of all the other men in the box he saw, with his practised eyes, signs that his oratory or his shrewdness was having its effect; but this man, in spite of all he could do, remained frowning, suspicious, obdurate.

M. Lachaud kept on with his work, and presently saw that his opportunity had come. It was a hot day, and a ray of sunlight had penetrated a crevice on the curtain, and was shining upon the top of the head of this juryman, who was quite bald.

The lawyer paused in his argument, and addressed himself directly to the court.

"If your honor would please," he said, "to order that the curtain in yonder window be lowered a trifle, I am sure that the sixth juryman would appreciate it."

This sign of watchful attention won the obstinate juryman's heart, and M. Lachaud's case.

BISMARCK'S MOTTO.

It is said that Bismarck, when a young man, studying law at Potsdam, never forgot his rank and importance and was careful to preserve what he considered his rights. One day, his chief in law matters, with whom he had business, appeared to forget him; and Bismarck recalled his wandering attention by drumming on the window-sill.

At another time he thought he was kept waiting in the ante-room altogether too long. On being at last asked his business, he replied, "I came to ask for leave, but now I apply for dismissal!"

In spite of his haughtiness in regard to his own claims to importance and consideration, however, he was almost invariably kind and thoughtful to his inferiors in social position. When very young, he always seemed to take just the right way with servants and those under his command, and they always loved him, though he demanded a great deal of them.

At one time, when he and his brother were managing and overseeing the Pomeranian estates, Bismarck severely reproved a certain young landowner for his neglect and shiftlessness. The young man in excuse said that he had not a particle of taste for agriculture, and was tired of farming.

"I have struggled with my dislike a long time," concluded the unwilling farmer.

"Not yet long enough!" answered Bismarck, dryly.

This reply brought the young man to his senses. He continued the struggle, overcame his distaste for the work, became a capital farmer, and to-day remembers thankfully Bismarck's "Not yet long enough!"

This saying, by the way, has been connected with the name of Bismarck since olden times, by a peasant proverb, which begins, "'Not yet long enough,' says Bismarck," and goes on, connecting other sayings with the names of different influential families.

FLIES' FEET.

We frequently call flies a nuisance, set traps for them, poison them, and do our best to annihilate them as worthless and intolerable creatures; and yet the life of a fly is one of busy usefulness for the service and good of man. He is a scavenger of untiring activity, and with so keen and quick a vision that no particle of offensive matter can escape him.

It is his business to pounce upon every such speck, and remove it at once. With every such particle he carries away a miasma that would poison the air we breathe.

Some of these particles are too small to be visible, but as they are infinite in number, if left to accumulate, they would soon be a greater plague than an army of flies. At times the buzzing insects may seem a torment hard to be borne, but their services should not be forgotten.

If the foot of a fly is put under the glass of a good microscope, it may be seen how simple is the contrivance that seems able to defy the laws of gravitation. The foot is made up of two pads, covered with fine short hairs, with a pair of curved hooks above them. Behind each pad is a tiny bag filled with clear liquid gum, the hairs also being hollow, and filled with the same sticky fluid.

As the fly glides rapidly over a smooth surface, every step presses out a supply of gum, strong enough to give him a sure footing, and to sustain him in safety if he halts. So strong is the cement that that upon one of his six feet is quite sufficient to sustain the weight of his whole body. But if he stands still the gum may dry up and harden quickly, and so securely fasten the traveller's foot as to make a sudden step snap the leg itself.

When it is remembered that each pad is furnished with at least a thousand hairs or tubes of cement it is wonderful how many escape unharmed.

"DIVINELY RANCID."

There are many kinds of fashionable foolishness, some of which are best corrected by a lesson in kind. A writer in the Boston *Post* reports such a lesson, which might well be tried in many families. The younger members of the family of one of his friends had fallen into the way of using many senseless phrases. With them everything was "awfully sweet," "awfully jolly," or "awfully" something else.

One evening this gentleman came home with a budget of news. An acquaintance had failed in business. He spoke of the incident as "deliciously sad." He had ridden up town in the car with a noted wit, whom he described as "horribly entertaining," and, to cap the climax, he spoke of the butter which had been set before him at a country hotel as "divinely rancid."

The young people stared, and the oldest daughter said, "Why, papa, I should think you were out of your head."

"Not in the least, my dear," he said, pleasantly. "I'm merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It seems to me rather more effective than 'awfully sweet.' I mean to keep up with the rest of you hereafter. And now," he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef."

Adverbs, he says, are not so fashionable as they were in his family.

NOT POMPOUS.

The Washington *Post* credits Secretary Blaine with telling a story illustrative of President Lincoln's somewhat free manner of receiving dignified officials.

At the beginning of a session of Congress Mr. Blaine had been appointed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives a member of the joint committee to wait upon the President, and inform him that Congress had duly assembled. Senator Foot, of Vermont, one of the most dignified of men, was chairman of the committee.

On being ushered into the presence of the President, Mr. Foot involuntarily struck an attitude, and proceeded to say, in his stateliest manner:

"Mr. President, we have been appointed a committee on the part of the two Houses of Congress to apprise you that they have met and organized, and are ready to receive any communication which it may be your pleasure to make to them."

As he concluded, Mr. Lincoln stepped up to him, and taking him familiarly by one button of his coat, said:

"Now look here, Foot, if it is a matter of life and death with you, I can send my message in to-day; but if it isn't, I should like to keep it till to-morrow to slick it up a little."

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HARVARD ADMISSION EXAMINATIONS.

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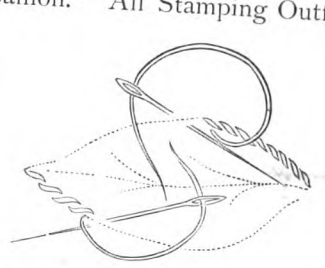
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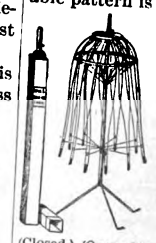
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SUGGESTIONS

LONGFELLOW'S PROSE.

What prose works did Longfellow write?
At what time and under what circumstances were they written?
What is their character?
Why are they so little read or known?
Did Longfellow write any dramas?
What other well-known American poets have written prose?

For the Companion.

THE OLD PLANTATION HOME.

O mammy, yo' wor black, I know,
But beautiful to me,
'Twas first in dear ole Mississip
Yo' blessed face I see;
I recollec' de cabin-room,
De hay-bed on de floor,
And de sugar-cane I used to love
An' always cry for more.

I recollec' de chimley place,
De crackle ob de flame,
De short-cake on de bakin'-board;
An' when de Sunday came,
De little church across de field,
De preacher, Uncle Jim,
I used to cuddle down and sleep
Until de closin' hymn.

I knows dem ole plantation days
Wor misery to some,
But in my heart no other place
Will eber seem like home.
De banjo's tinkle on de step,
De ole corn-fiddle's squeak,
De moonlight on de cabin walls,
De shadows 'long de creek,

De coon-hunts when de nights wor still,
An' all de corn asleep,
An' 'long de ridges ob de hills,
De misty spirits creep,
De paddle of de ole canoe
Along de lonesome shore,
De cane-brake in de moonlight, whar
De bayou made its floor,

I 'members like 'twor yisterday;
And when de cotton come,
De snow dat makes de darkies jump,
An' Yankee spindles hum,
My hands wor never weary den,
For I loved de cotton row,
De pods dey laugh an' nod at me,
Before I lay them low.

Yes, white folks owned us, but de lor!
Dey's alleys good to me,
And mammy, all de chillen loved
To sit upon her knee.
I played wid my young massa, too,
And missy, fair an' sweet,
I teached de double shuffle to,
An' ebery step complete.

Dem days is passed, ole massa's dead,
An' missy's gone to sleep,
Dey killed young master in de wah,
Dars nothin' lef' to keep,
Or I would take my banjo now,
In spite ob age and pain,
An' walk to Mississip to see
De dear ole home again;

And though de rooms wor empty all,
And though de hearts wor still,
I'd think I'd har dar voices thar,
Dar steps upon de sill,
And maybe in de vanished light,
De Lord might gib me grace
To touch young missy's hand again,
An' look on massa's face.

I lives down in an alley now,
What peoples calls de slum,
De white folks neber speaks to me,
Like what dey did at home;
It's nigger here, an' nigger dar,
An' 'pear's like I'se alone;
I used to lub ole massa's folks,
Dey seemed jest like my own.

Ah well, I'se waitin', waitin', now,
It can't be many years,
I'se ripened mighty slowly, though,
An' shed a many tears;
But up in dat bright country, whar
I hopes dey'll let us come,
Dey'll mebby gib me quarters like
Dat ole plantation home.

MARY A. DENISON.

For the Companion.

A PICTURE-GALLERY.

Americans are now known in Europe as persistent and extravagant collectors of pictures. Too many of our people, having more money and ambition than artistic knowledge, pay enormous prices for comparatively worthless paintings. Others show admirable taste and judgment in buying the works of old and modern masters. Some of the collections thus made are intended only to give pleasure to the owner and his guests; in other cases the pictures are regarded as a safe investment, as the work of a favorite artist increases rapidly in money value.

Our young readers probably look upon a picture-gallery as a treasure likely to belong to them only in the far future. It is a luxury which appertains to rich men and to adults only. How should a lad at school bring Meissoniers or Millets to hang upon his wall?

Yet he, too, has a picture-gallery. Every year he adds to it scenes and faces which will remain his, imperishable, forever.

Every one of us has such a secret gallery. We cannot close it; we cannot rid ourselves of it. We cannot help hanging landscapes and faces on the wall; and once hung, we cannot give them away, nor cover them, nor destroy them.

Sometimes these pictures delight and comfort us. But, whether for good or ill, we must keep them; we must carry them with us through the gates of death into the unknown life beyond.

There, upon that hidden wall, hangs, perhaps, the face of the friend you wronged, or the boy whom you saved from a drunkard's grave, or the mother whom you tended so fondly in her old age.

There is a picture of the home you make happy by your work and unselfishness, or some scenes of foul vice into which you have skulked, as you thought, unseen. Secret as you were, there hangs the picture, never to fade. No human eye has looked upon it, but you see it and God sees it.

What picture is this day painting for you in that cabinet?

STANDARD TIME.

No timepiece is perfect, and there are no means on earth of keeping perfect time. The stars, however, furnish the necessary means. At the observatory in Cambridge, there are two principal clocks, employed in keeping the standard time: the standard mean time clock, which telegraphs its signals over the surrounding country, and the normal sidereal clock, which is the main standard of the observatory, to which everything is referred. This sidereal clock, as its name implies, keeps sidereal or star time, which gains about three minutes and fifty-eight seconds per day over mean solar time, with which we are all familiar.

The clock is of the finest workmanship, and is kept in a brick vault, underneath the observatory, where the temperature is as nearly constant as possible.

Every effort is made to protect it from any influence which might effect its "rate," or, in other words, the amount of its gain or loss per day. This is necessary in order that the "rate" may be depended upon to give the correct time during spells of cloudy weather, when no observations can be made.

On every clear evening the error of this clock is carefully determined by observing certain bright stars with an instrument known as the meridian circle.

This instrument consists of a telescope mounted on trunnions like a cannon, and supported by a pier of solid masonry. It is so arranged that it can be directed toward any point on the meridian, but cannot be pointed away from the meridian line. On looking into the eyepiece of this telescope, one sees a series of fine parallel lines, running north and south across the field of view, the middle line marking the meridian.

When a time observation is to be made, the observer first selects a suitable star from a printed star-list, which gives the exact time at which each of the principal stars crosses the meridian. He then sets the telescope at the proper point on the meridian to intercept the star, and putting his eye to the eyepiece, waits for the star to appear.

As the star crosses each of the lines before mentioned, he presses an electric key which he holds in his hand. The signals thus given are recorded electrically on a registering instrument called a chronograph, on which are also being recorded the seconds of the sidereal clock. The chronograph consists of a cylinder made to revolve by clockwork, at the rate of about once a minute.

A paper, wrapped around this cylinder, receives the record traced by a pen, which is connected with an electro magnet in such a manner that any signal, made either by the operator or the clock, causes the pen to make a mark on the paper.

By examining this paper the observer is able to tell, within a tenth of a second, the time which the normal clock indicated when the star crossed the meridian.

Comparing this with the time taken from the star-list shows the error of the clock. A comparison is then made between the sidereal and mean time clocks, which, after allowing for the difference between mean and sidereal time, shows the error of the mean time clock.

If the clock is slow, a slight weight is placed on the top of the pendulum bob, which causes the clock to gain slightly. If, on the other hand, the clock is found to be fast, a corresponding weight is removed, making the clock lose slowly. In this way the standard signals are kept within a few tenths of a second of the correct time. W. P. G.

TWICE SAVED.

"I was sitting before a glowing grate fire, enjoying the lavish hospitality of one of the prominent men of the West," writes a correspondent of *The Companion*, "when something turned my thoughts upon old times and God's providence. 'Believe in God's care and protection!' he exclaimed. 'Well, I think I do. But for His intervention, my daughter there would not be here to-day. I am sure of it. Three times over I have seen it, and I don't know how many times I may have known nothing about it. Let me show you something.' He left the room, and returned a moment later with a soft, brown curl fondled tenderly in his hand.

"You know that wife and I were pioneers," he began. "When we settled here, there was not a house within ten miles of us. When she was born,"—he moved his head toward his daughter, but did not take his eyes from the curl,—"we were all alone in a little one-room log-cabin.

"One by one other settlers were gathering, but it was slow at first. She was three years old, and as pretty a little thing as ever lived in a wild country, though you might not think it now."

He smiled as his eyes turned proudly to his beautiful daughter, who responded with a merry laugh.

"I was cornering some logs one night for an addition to our house, for we were beginning to feel rich. It was hard wood, and I put all my strength into the axe, while Mabel jumped for the chips as they flew. Sometimes she would catch them before they touched the ground.

"She was all ready as I swung the axe, when her foot slipped and she fell,"—he paused for a moment and shuddered,—"with her little head right over the notch. The axe was coming down with fearful force. I could not stop it. It fell. I heard it strike, but I could not see anything. I staggered, and fell senseless to the ground.

"The next I knew, Mabel was pulling at my hand. I sprang up and caught her in my arms, looking for the place where the blow fell. There was not a sign. I turned to the axe. It was deeply imbedded in the log, and at the farther end of the blade lay this little curl. My friend, can I see anything but God's hand in that?

"But let me tell you another. In my joy and thankfulness, I promised Mabel that she should have a real wax doll the first time I went where one could be found. In about three weeks I had an errand to the nearest store, eighteen miles away.

"I started long before daylight, but it was dark two hours before I reached home again. To make matters worse, one of the fiercest blizzards that ever blew in this country came tearing down upon me. The night was as black as Egypt. I let the horse go as he would, while I tried to keep a rubber blanket over the saddle-bags.

"Some two miles from home I distinctly heard a cry. I stopped and listened. Just as I was starting once more, I heard it again. There were plenty of Indians about, and it occurred to me that they might have seen me go away in the morning, and be waiting to trap me; but I called to see if any one was really in trouble. I surely heard a faint reply. It sounded like a child's voice.

"I thought of how Mabel's life had been saved, and said to myself, 'If it is Indians' treachery I cannot help it; if there is a chance that a child is lost in this terrible storm, I am going to save it.'

"Well, I got off my horse, and leading him, followed the cry till, sure enough, I found a child, almost dead, lying on the ground. I rolled the little thing up in the rubber blanket, and started on again. The child sobbed and moaned for a while, and then fell asleep.

"The horse knew the way, and in time I came in sight of my own cabin. The light in the window burned brightly. There were voices inside. Something had happened. Dismounting as quickly as possible, I left the horse to do what he would, and hurried to the door.

"As I opened it, two neighbors were bending over my wife. She saw me, and with a cry sprang toward me, and fell fainting on the floor. Handing my precious bundle to one of the neighbors, I lifted my wife in my arms, to learn that Mabel had disappeared. She had been waiting impatiently for her doll, and they feared she had gone down the road and —

"Well, I sprang for that rubber blanket, and on unrolling it, sure enough there was little Mabel, sound asleep."

For the Companion.

NIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A liquid plain the mighty river lies,
'Twixt shadowy banks uprising sheer and steep,
Another heaven, in whose azure deep
The glassed stars shine as in their native skies.
No ripples kiss the sedge: the tall flags rise
Unvext by waves. Yon white sails scarcely creep.
Is it a dream, or doth the great flood sleep
In perfect rest, lulled by the wind's low sighs?
Father of Waters, rolling to the sea
In such majestic silence, not in vain
Let me behold thee! Teach, oh teach to me,
And all who strive in weariness and pain,
To guide our lives that they may flow, like thee,
Serene and strong to the eternal main.

CHARLES T. DAZEY.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

When the Cherokee Indians were removed from their homes in Georgia to their possessions west of the Mississippi River, John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," was spending a few weeks with his life-long friend, John Ross, chief of the Cherokees. Several prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia in which the tribe was located was scoured by armed squads of the Georgia militia.

While Ross and Payne were seated before the fire in the little hut to which they had fled after the chief had been forcibly ejected from his house, the door was suddenly burst open and eight militiamen entered.

Ross and Payne were arrested and taken away, on horseback. Rain was falling, and the journey lasted all night. Toward midnight, Payne's escort, to keep himself awake, began to sing "Home, Sweet Home."

"Little did I ever expect to hear that song under such circumstances," Payne remarked, gloomily.

"I reckon not," said his escort, "but it's a good song to make a feller think of the home he's left behind him."

"Yes," said Payne. "Do you know who wrote that song?"

"No; do you?" the soldier answered.

"Yes," said Payne, "I wrote it."

"A lot you did!" returned the soldier, sarcastically. "You can tell that to some fellers, but not to me. Look here, if you made that song—and I know you didn't—you can say every word of it. Now start in and reel it off, or I'll bounce you from your horse and lead you instead of him."

Payne answered the threat by repeating the words of the song in a slow, subdued tone, and then sung it, making the old woods ring with the tender melody and the pathos of the words.

As the last notes died away, the soldier said, kindly, "If ye didn't write it, ye can sing it; and gracious! I believe ye did write it!"

He added that the man who could write such a song, and sing it as Payne had done, shouldn't go to prison if he could help it.

When the party reached Milledgeville, the prisoners, much to their surprise, were discharged, after a brief preliminary examination; and Ross always insisted that they had been saved from insult and imprisonment by the power of "Home, Sweet Home," as sung by Payne on that midnight journey.

EFFACING HERSELF.

Mrs. Houseworthy is famous for liking to do for others in peculiar and impulsive ways. She would rather sit on the floor than let any one else have even the faintest ungratified wish for a chair in a parlor or at a concert, and she has been known to do it more than once, to the great distress of her family and friends.

She likes to give up her own bedroom to a visitor, even if there are two or three pleasant unused rooms in the house.

"Why, I would rather travel twenty-five miles than not give up my room!" she declared on one of these occasions, when remonstrated with.

Newly made friends suffer under her persistent attempts at self-effacement, but old friends accept them as part of her odd, though sweet and generous character. Her husband long ago got used to her ways, and recalls with amusement now an example of her overdone unselfishness which annoyed him a good deal at the time.

It was the day the Houseworthy's were married, a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Houseworthy, in gallant fashion, had ordered a carriage and pair sent to the house of his bride to take her to the church, and it was arranged that he was to come from his own home a few streets distant, to proceed with her to the church.

Now there were guests staying at the bride's home, and there was no carriage to take them to the church, so the generous bride said:

"Take ours! take ours! Mr. Houseworthy will get another when he comes!"

So the bridegroom, arriving a moment later, saw his carriage and pair whisking round the corner, and had to trudge away two or three streets in his pumps to get another.

But no other carriage was to be found, and the wedding was delayed ten minutes for the bridal pair to reach the church on foot. Mr. Houseworthy said "I will!" that day with more emphasis than seemed necessary, and he meant it; but he did not really enjoy his walk to the church.

JUST THE THING.

It is difficult for us all to realize that "one man's meat is another man's poison." A dear old lady, whose parents belonged to the Society of Friends, is accustomed to tell a whimsical story of her own childish grief over her lack of finery, and the effort she afterward made to save her little daughter from like privations.

"When I was a child," she says, "it was my great cross that I could not wear bright colors. I longed for blue ribbons and red roses, and one summer, when I was to have a new hat, bought from the milliner in town, it seemed to me my heart would break if it were not like those worn by 'the other girls.' Would not some kind angel interfere, and persuade my mother to order a pink flower, or a glowing ribbon?

"Nothing of the sort happened. In spite of my protests, a white chip hat was selected, and trimmed with a modest white ribbon. I wore it all summer with rebellion in my heart.

"I grew up in due time, and married the minister of a religious body which did not enjoin plain clothing, or sober colors, and when my little girl was born, I resolved that she should have all the childish delights which I had been denied.

"Her little hats were trimmed with warm, soft colors, and when I thought her old enough to choose one for herself, I took her with me to the milliner's. Perhaps I had an idea that I was atoning to my own childhood for its joys denied.

"'Now, dear,' I said, 'you shall have any hat you like, if it is suitable for a little girl. Look round and see what you prefer.'

"The dear little thing was highly delighted, and went gravely about the store, with the important air of a middle-aged shopper. Finally, after examining the entire display several times over, she stopped before a stand in one of the windows.

"'I will have this,' said she, decisively. 'I like it best of all.'

"It was a white chip hat, trimmed with white ribbon, and it was almost exactly like the one I had detested, so many years before."

HUNGRY.

Mr. Goss, in his "Recollections of a Private," quotes the remarks of a Confederate about two famous leaders under whom he had fought. This man said of Stonewall Jackson: "If you-uns had some good General like him, I reckon you-uns could lick we-uns." When asked whether he had ever seen General Lee, he replied: "Yes, I was a sort of orderly for 'Uncle Robert' for a while. He's a mighty calm-like man when a fight is going on." This story is told of General John B. Magruder:

"Our General Magruder thinks a powerful heap of what he eats and wears. He allers has a right smart of truck.

"There was a Texas feller one time who had straggled from his brigade, and he were a pert one, he were, stranger. He were hungry enough to eat a General, buttons and all—that Texas feller were. He saw Magruder's table all spread, with a heap of good fixin's on it, and I'll be hanged if he didn't walk in, pert as you please, grabbed a knife and fork, and opened fire all along the line on them fixin's.

"Magruder heard somebody in his tent, and hurried in and asked that Texas chap what brought him thar. The Texan 'lowed he were hungry. Then the General, stiff and grand-like, said, 'Do you know, sir, at whose table you are eatin'?'

"The Texas chap, he kept drivin' in the pickets on them chick'ns, and he said to the Gen'ral, said he, 'No, old hoss, and I aint no ways partic'lar, neither, since I've come solderin'.'"

"What did Magruder do?" asked a Yankee listener.

"Do? Why, he saw them chicken fixin's were spiled, and he jest put his arm under his coat-tail, pulled his hat over his eyes—and walked out. And that Texas hoss didn't leave anything on that thar table 'cept the plates, not even his compliments.

"Who were he? Well, no matter. He hadn't no manners, he hadn't. He were powerful hungry, stranger, that chap were."

USEFUL WITNESSES.

The government of Palestine, as we are reminded by the author of "Forty Days in the Holy Land," is a corrupt and oppressive one. The people are obliged to pay ten per cent. taxes on all their crops, which, moreover, cannot be housed until the tax-gatherer comes to value them.

A true and amusing story best illustrates the state of justice there. An English resident bought some land, and became involved, in consequence, in a very harassing dispute. He sought the pasha for justice, and that official only said, looking at him in a curious manner:

"Come and plead your cause to-morrow, but remember, you must bring eighty witnesses."

"But there are not eighty dwellers on the soil!" was the Englishman's reply.

"Never mind, sir," said the pasha. "You must bring eighty witnesses."

Perplexed and baffled, the suitor went downstairs to the great man's secretary, and demanded an explanation.

"Of course," said the secretary, "the eighty witnesses mean eighty pieces of gold, but I must give you this hint. Only take sixty witnesses upstairs, and leave the other twenty with me, saying that they were too old and weak to mount beyond my landing."

The Englishman did as he was advised, and having thus secured the good offices of the pasha and his secretary, gained his cause forthwith.

WISE FATHER.

What we wish and what we want are sometimes very different things, although in every-day speech the two words are often used interchangeably. Here, for instance, is a story—taken from the Chicago *Herald*—of a boy who wished for a half-holiday, but, as his father knew, was not really in want of it.

When I was about eleven years old, I one day rebelled against going to school. I preferred the hook and line and the babbling brook, and I said to father—a farmer—at the dinner-table, "Can't I stay out of school this afternoon?"

"Oh yes," he answered, promptly, to my no small surprise.

I ate my dinner with keen anticipations of a jolly afternoon; but as we rose from the table, father said, "Come with me. I need a little help in picking up the fallow ground."

When the trees of the forest were felled, they were cut into logs, rolled together and burned, after which it was necessary to pick up the charred sticks, and make smaller heaps for another fire. When father said, "Come with me," I knew what he meant, and I went.

At night I was black as a negro and sour as a lemon, and the next morning I said, "Father, I think I would rather go to school to-day."

"All right," he answered; "go ahead," and after that I was careful not to ask for a holiday without some very good reason.

SEA-SICK.

The following is a story told by an old sailor to Samuel Adams Drake, and should be appreciated equally by those who love and those who loathe "the thing they call the sea."

Most allus makes more or less folks unwell, the motion does. We had two gents aboard of us last trip. One of 'em was a lawyer. My grief, wasn't he done up, though!

'Tother wasn't a bit. There he sot, smokin' as calm as a kitten. He was a high-up jedge, goin' down to hold court.

"Can I do anything for you?" says he.

"Yes," gasped the sea-sick one. "I wish your honor would overrule this motion."

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For the Companion.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.—II.

Now turn one leaf of your calendar; see,
Here's a grand little month called F-e-b;
With holiday rites it marks the morn
When America's best-beloved was born;
'Tis the shortest and fleetest of all the year,
And the last of Winter—so never fear.
He may whistle and howl and grumble and growl,
But he'll soon be going,
Daisy, my dear.
It stands for hearts and arrows and bows,
For lace as light as the feathery snows,
For sweet little rhymes and gay little times,
And smiles wherever the postman goes;
For February, with Spring so near;
That's what it stands for,
Daisy, my dear.

For the Companion.

HOW ARTIE WENT INTO THE STOCK BUSINESS.

There wasn't much chance to go into business of any kind, one would think, when the "hoppers" had eaten every green leaf in the gardens and fields, so that people hardly had enough to live on.

Most boys would have waited for better times. But I've noticed that when a boy or girl really sets out to do something *whether or no*, a chance can generally be made if it can't be found.

Now Artie was ten years old, and helped papa every day at the barn, and often brought coal and water for mamma. He felt himself quite a man, and had made up his mind to earn something, whether or no.

So he kept watch of all the corners, and by and by, when cold weather came on, he engaged to make fires in the school-house for three months.

It was pretty hard some mornings. He had to get up before daylight, so as to be ready with a good warm school-room at nine o'clock.

He had to walk a mile and a quarter from home, and sometimes he had to fight a cold wind all the way.

He had to split the kindlings with a battered old hatchet, and sometimes his fingers ached dreadfully.

And he had to do these things regularly for sixty-five mornings.

Now how much do you suppose he earned by all this hard work? Just one dollar!

It doesn't seem much, does it? But it was a big dollar to Artie.

It was a great deal too big to spend for a sled or a pair of skates, or even a new book.

He kept it some time, while he looked about for a good investment.

Finally he heard that Mr. Brown had a little calf to sell He went to see him, and found the price of the calf was just one dollar.

"But what can I feed it?" said Artie. "We haven't any milk to spare. Could it eat hay?"

"Well, not yet," said Mr. Brown. "But I've heard that calves could be raised on hay tea."

"That might do," said Artie, "but I wonder if mamma would lend me her teapot. You see it's a real pretty one with flowers on it, and mamma thinks the world of it."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Brown, laughing. "You couldn't make half enough in a teapot. You take all you can stuff into a big kettle, and steep it with a lot of water, and give the calf all it will drink three times a day. I never tried it, but I've heard it was nearly as good as milk."

Well, Artie bought the calf, and three times a day he brought the hay and the water, and borrowed his mamma's two-gallon kettle to make tea for his calf. And the way that calf did grow was surprising. You would have thought it lived on cream.

Maybe it was partly because the wild prairie hay was so sweet and fine, and partly because the spring water was so pure and clear. But I am sure it was mostly because Artie was so faithful in his feeding.

He never forgot it on account of planning a new kite, or delayed it in order to finish a game of marbles.

And as soon as the calf was big enough to nip the tender spring grass, Artie lariated it, as we should say, on the greenest spots to be found.

So it happened that a year from the next fall it had grown to be the fattest and sleekest steer in the neighborhood.

And his father traded him a young cow and calf for it, and sold it to the butcher.

And that was the end of Artie's calf, but only the beginning of Artie's stock business.

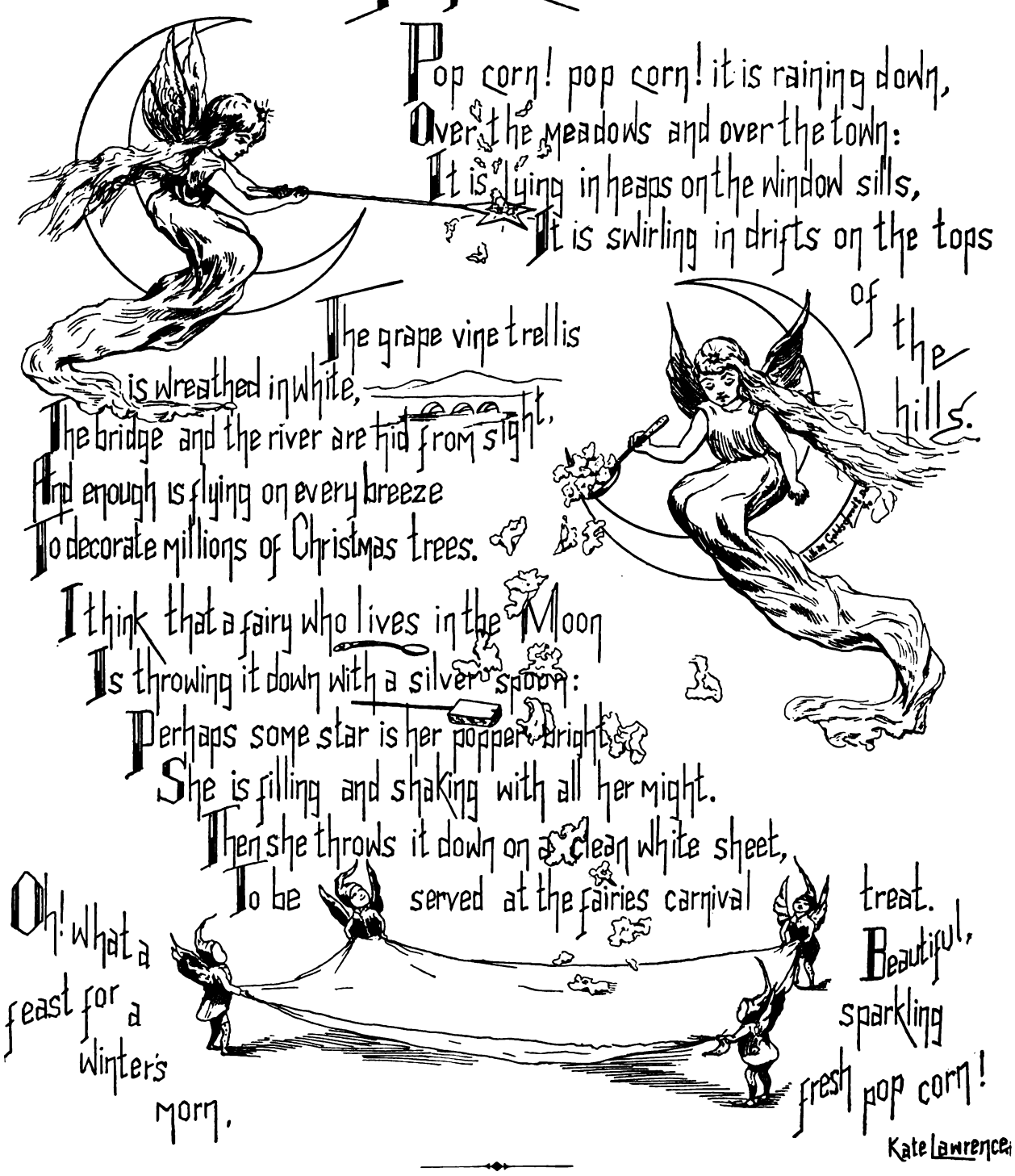
All this was about fifteen years ago, and now Artie has a beautiful home in Colorado, and stock enough to bring him a good income.

He has always succeeded, because he has always worked hard and been careful, not stopping for drought or wind or hail or grasshoppers, but going right on with his business, *whether or no*.

In fair weather, Master Maurice lived the greater part of the day on a gravel heap between the house and the barn, where he can see all that goes on at either place. "Maurice," asked his mother one morning when he came to where she was sitting on the porch, "has Sarah killed a chicken for dinner?" "Yes'm. She's tilled one; but she hasn't dot it pared yet."

Four-year-old Harold, having been out playing with boys a little older than himself, came into the house, and was being undressed by his grandma, when he held out his arms and said: "Grammy, aint I strong; see the ruscle I've got on me" (meaning muscle, of course).

Pop Corn.





Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

OMITTED RHYMES.

Three Presidents' birthdays, my boy,
In February always come.
Now, till this lesson you have learned,
Be still as if your tongue were dumb.
And then repeat,—don't tarry, son,—
"First— * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

CHEATING AT EXAMINATIONS.

The plan now pursued in our public schools of monthly examinations subjects many thousands of boys and girls to a temptation that is hard for them to resist.

The young people are required to write the answer to a certain number of questions in each of the studies pursued by their class, and by those answers their standing for the month is determined. Each scholar receives at the same moment a copy of the paper, and all are allowed the same time to prepare their answers, during which time the law of the school requires that there shall be "no communication" with any person, and no reference to any book.

Let us suppose that arithmetic is the subject, which in all our primary and grammar schools is the one that gives most trouble. A paper containing ten examples is distributed, and the work begins.

For some minutes the whole class is completely absorbed, the silence broken only by the scratching of forty or fifty pencils on forty or fifty paper blocks.

The boys are sitting each at his own desk, but very close together. They know one another's modes of working and degrees of skill, and being neighbors, they are also very good friends, as boys should be.

Now Johnny A—— is well aware that Harry B——, who sits in front of him, is much more likely than himself to have his sums right, and when he hears the aforesaid Harry lift his paper or tear off a sheet of paper, he can hardly help raising his eyes.

One glance shows him that he has put a decimal point in the wrong place; or he may, if the light is good and Harry somewhat deliberate, catch sight of the answer, and discover that it is different from his own.

Now occurs John's terrible temptation. He is extremely desirous of not failing below his record, and perhaps fearful of losing the trip to Boston which an indulgent parent has promised him if he brings home a good report-card.

This John is a little boy, and *for a little boy* he has a good conscience and an average sense of honor; but the moral strength of a child is proportioned to the rest of his powers, and though his conscience tells him that he ought not to use the information accidentally obtained, there is a struggle within him for the mastery between conscience and ambition.

There are boys who would disdain to avail themselves of the chance, and to all such we would bow low in sincere respect; but truth compels the admission that conscience, honor and pride, all pulling one way, frequently yield to the overmastering force of ambition.

In many schools, too, as teachers well know, a considerable number of the scholars have little or no scruple about getting or imparting surreptitious information to their neighbors. A false sense of good fellowship obscures the plain duty, neither to help nor to receive help of any kind whatever.

We are here supposing the case of boys, as if girls were too good ever to be tempted by what is so obviously wrong, and, in fact, girls *are*, as a whole, more conscientious in matters of this kind than boys.

But there are girls, too, who never pass a fair examination, but receive improper assistance, and gain a rank beyond their merits every month in the school year.

There are teachers who have such an ascendancy over their pupils, and possess such a happy genius for strengthening their moral sense, that a large class can be trusted to keep both eyes and ears closed to all improper aid; but probably it would be best, even for children so exceptionally placed, not to be tried much beyond the average moral strength of their years.

For the Companion.

HOW TO MAKE A GLOVE-MENDER.

The materials required for this useful and pretty article can be obtained for a small amount at almost any fancy goods store, as follows:

One celluloid or ivory ring, about two inches in diameter; one plait or braid of assorted thread, one glove-mender, one pair small embroidery scissors, three yards of number one ribbon, one half yard of number twelve ribbon, the same color; and a paper of glove-needles.

On the celluloid ring, either braid, or tie with a loop knot, about twelve strands of the assorted thread. Then tie the scissors to the ring by one yard and a half of the narrow ribbon, and with the remainder fasten the glove-mender in the same manner.

Next tie the wide ribbon on the ring in a neat bow, in one of which weave about four of the needles, and the mender is complete.

Not only is it useful for mending gloves, but for sewing on buttons, and it saves many a bust for the proper shade with which to take the proverbial "stitch in time."

Worms.—In children bad breath and hard, swelled stomach are symptoms of worms. Give "Brown's Vermifuge Comfits." A sure remedy. 25 cents a box. [Adv.

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UNTIL a suitable name is suggested, we shall call this Tomato No. 400. Read the terms of competition below.

The cut shows a fruit one half natural size.

The No. "400" is the largest and heaviest Tomato known. In fact it is so solid as to be almost seedless. Color, rich, dark crimson. The average weight of this Tomato is nearly 2 lbs. each.

We will pay $250.00 for the best name suggested for this grand new Tomato.
Purchasers are entitled to send in a name for each and every packet they buy. The names can be sent in any time before October 1st, 1891, and will be submitted to a committee of three, who shall award the prize. Full directions and conditions for entering the competition will be given in every packet of seed.
Price of New Tomato No. "400," 25 cts. per packet, 5 packets for $1.00.
☞ With every order for a single packet or more, we will send without charge a copy of our magnificent New Catalogue of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" for 1891, the value alone of which is 25 cents, on condition that you say in what paper you saw this advertisement.

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ANECDOTES OF CARLYLE.

The following amusing anecdotes appear in an able work, entitled, "Glances at Great and Little Men." "I never knew Carlyle," says the author, "except by sight. To tell the truth, I did not greatly covet his acquaintance in those last days of his, when alone I could have known him. I was even not without a certain dread of this roaring apostle of taciturnity. Once, however, finding myself sitting opposite to him in a Chelsea omnibus, I ventured to address him. I tried the weather,—the recognized conversational aperient,—but in this case it failed of its usual effect. He gave no answer, but sat there, leaning on his staff in brooding silence and with introspective eyes, until he reached his destination. When he had got out, I, affecting not to know him, asked the conductor who he was. The latter had touched his hat to him.

"'Oh, yessir, I know him well enough. 'E orfen rides in my 'bus. 'E's wot you call a littery gent—writes books wot nobody can understand.'

"The conductor paused, as if mentally summing up from his superior standpoint—the footboard—poor Carlyle's characteristics, and then added, with a touch, half of pity, half of contempt in the voice:

"'E's a bit off his chump, like many of those gents; but he aint a bad sort if you take him the right way.'

"Apparently I had not taken Carlyle the right way, but the conductor did not explain what the right way was. However, he went on to tell me a little anecdote.

"'One night, just as the omnibus was about to start, a poor woman came up and asked the fare to Hoxton.

"'"Sixpence," I answered.

"'"Oh, please, couldn't you take me for thruppence? It's all I've got, and I want so very bad to get there."

"'"Couldn't be done," I said.

"'Then Carlyle, who was in the omnibus, spoke: "Jump in, woman," he said. "It shall cost you nothing."

"'And he didn't even take her thruppence,' added the conductor, with genuine admiration for a disinterestedness so far beyond his ideal.

"Still, even this may have furnished, in his eyes, another proof that the great writer was a little 'off his chump.' The phrase itself tickled me, as did also the mental attitude that prompted the use of it. If the educated ridicule the ignorant, the ignorant have often a genuine contempt for the educated.

"The late Bishop of Ely was once talking to a laborer, and unfortunately let fall a remark which plainly showed that he had no idea how turnips should be sown. Hodge looked at him round-eyed, in an amazement too big for utterance. But when the bishop had turned aside, he said:

"'E a bishop, indeed! Whoy, 'e aint fit to 'old a plow!'"

CHEMICAL FURY.

The fury of the chemical world is the element fluorine. It exists peacefully in company with calcium in fluor-spar, and also in a few other compounds.

Although this element was known and named, it long resisted the efforts of chemists to isolate it,—that is, prepare it in a pure state, unmixed chemically with other substances. For, the instant the compound containing it was torn apart, the free fluorine attacked and combined with whatever substance composed the vessel containing it.

But it has now been isolated by M. Henri Moissan. Fluorine is a rabid gas that nothing can resist. It combines with all the metals, explosively with some; or, if they are already combined with some other non-metallic element, it tears them from it, and takes them to itself.

In uniting with sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, and aluminium, the metals become heated, even to redness, by the fervor of its embrace. Iron-filings, slightly warmed, burst into brilliant scintillations when exposed to it. Manganese does the same. Even the noble metals, which at a melting-heat proudly resist the fascinations of oxygen, succumb to this chemical siren at moderate temperatures.

Glass is devoured at once; and water ceases to be water by contact with this gas, which, combining with its hydrogen, at the same moment forms the acrid, glass-dissolving hydrofluoric acid, and liberates ozone. Even hydrofluoric acid eats into and destroys every known substance except platinum and lead.

HEBREWS' FILIAL RESPECT.

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head," is a text of their ancient Scriptures which the Hebrews seem never to forget. So, at least, concludes a correspondent of the New York *World*, who has noticed the manners of that people during their vacation life.

There is nothing in the world of pleasure and recreation to compare with the beautiful devotion that is paid the old Hebrew people by their children and grandchildren at the various summer resorts. A rude remark is never made in their hearing, nor a disrespectful word uttered to aged mother or father.

The gentle yielding of easy-chairs, the offering of choice things to eat and drink, the last consideration of self where there is a drive or sail for a limited number, and the graceful anticipation of creature comforts, are attributes of the children to which the filial respect of the youthful Christian is not approachable.

"DID THEY?"

There is nothing much more distressing than an unfinished story. A number of people in a London drawing-room were conversing about capital punishment, when a lady remarked:

"How strange it must seem to be sentenced to death!"

"Not so very, very strange, I assure you. I was myself once condemned to death in Africa," said a returned African explorer.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady. "And were you—did they—"

"Did they what, madam?"

"Why, did they execute you, you know?"

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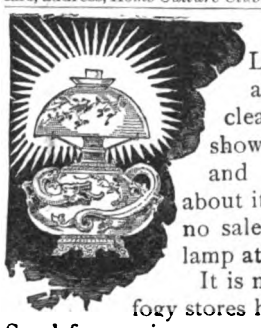


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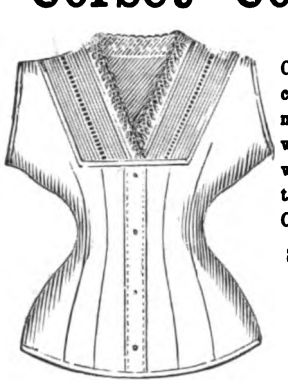
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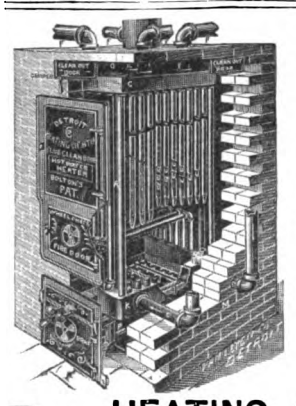
is so high in front that it reaches almost to the top of the boot, and prevents any moisture from leaking in through the button-holes, and it also protects the boot from the dripping dress.

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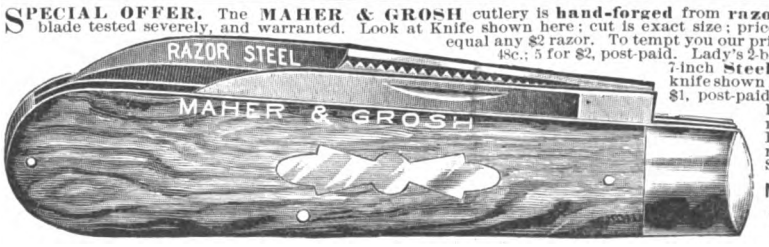


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Waste Embroidery, per oz.,	**40c.**
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For the Companion.

THE NORTH STAR.

When twilight's purple veil is furled
Beyond the dim and misty world,
And slowly o'er the darkened world
The stars come forth in bright array,—
When all the sky is clear and cold,
Upon old Ocean's troubled breast,
Weary of his march through space,
The sailor sees the north star rest;
The sailor on the mountain sea,
The pilgrim of the trackless plain,
Turns northward and take heart again;
For there, above unseasoned heights,
The changeless star unchanged unites
The North Star lifts her crown of youth.

Self-centred in the boundless blue,
Calm dweller of the vast unknown,
Thou seemest from the throne
Serenely from her distant throne
She gazes down the voiceless deep
Where, through the silent ages fleet
And mighty constellations sweep
Around her like an endless fleet;
Yet, though they circle round her throne
The glory of their dancing spears,
The Morning Stars beneath her sing
And while the systems sink and rise
And glances to each other nod
The North Star watches with unwilling eyes
As steadfast as the love of God.

JAMES G. CLARK.

SIDNEY COOPER'S PENCILS.

Some of the earliest sketches of the veteran artist Sidney Cooper, R. A., were made with pencils, given to him by a stranger (whom in later years he met as a fellow-member of the Royal Academy), and sharpened by no less a person than the head of the English Church. The young artist was more interested, at the time, in the important fact that he had free new sketching materials, than in the identity of his two friends. Years later, however, by a pleasing coincidence he and the giver of the pencils discovered each other.

Cooper passed his boyhood in Canterbury. He very early showed a taste for art, and nothing delighted him more than to sketch the cathedral. On a certain day, when he was on the central tower of a slate, when a gentleman who was sketching the cathedral noticed his work, and gave him a bundle of pencils and some drawing paper.

"Years later," writes Mr. Cooper in "My Life," "in the Academy I met the same gentleman, Lord Stanfield, Roberts, Cattermole, one of the Landseers, Frank Stone, Patrick Nugent and others, and when I was introduced it was made that each of us should tell evidence of his early life. I related the incident of the pencils. As I finished, Cattermole jumped up and cried out:

"Why, Sidney, are you the chap? Then know that for years I have wanted really am the very man who gave you the pencils in the courtyard of Canterbury Cathedral, and you are verily the man who win the boy then.'"

But though he now had pencils, he had no knife, and he was obliged to borrow a sharpen them for him. "One day a very serious-looking man sauntered by, with his hands clasped behind his back, and I said to myself, 'That is a prize.' In those days the boys hated all the parsons priests, and I could see that this man was a parson.

"When he had got a few yards away, I gained courage, and ran after him, calling out, 'Sir!'

He turned round and said, 'What, my boy?'

"Please, sir, have you a knife?'

"'Yes, my little man,' said he, 'what do you want?'

"I told him, and he cut all my pencils—twelve—and returning to the coping where I was established, he looked in on my drawing. 'Very good, my boy,' he said, and went on.

"Immediately a door opened near me, and out came a little man with powdered hair, and attired in knee breeches, and had a blue velvet coat with metal buttons; and poking his little nose through the railing, asked me what that gentleman had said to me.

"'Nothing,' I answered.

"'Then what did you say to him?'

"'I asked him to cut my pencils.'

"'And did he?'

"'Yes, he cut them all.'

"'Do you know who that was?'

"'No.'

"That was the Archbishop of Canterbury.'"

AFTER NATURE.

Emerson tells us to "hitch our wagon to a star," or, in other words, follow the course of nature, and nature will help us on. So Mechanic Ali probably thought when he endeavored to imitate natural aspects in building his canal connecting the Nile with the sea at Alexandria.

A French engineer, in the course of conversation, ventured to criticise the Viceroy's plan while the work was still going on.

"Your Highness," he said, "will pardon me for suggesting that your canal will be very crooked."

"Do rivers in your country run in a straight line?" promptly inquired the pasha.

"Certainly not," answered the surprised French man.

"Did not Allah make them?"

"Assuredly, your Highness." By this time the engineer began to think his questioner's wits might be disturbed.

"Well," answered Mehemet Ali, triumphantly, "do you think you or I know better than Allah how water ought to run? Allah made the river crooked, if I had not done so, it would soon be a dry ditch."

The Frenchman was silent, but not convinced, and the canal is certainly a very crooked one.

DANGEROUS.

It is hinted that nowadays, when the French authorities hear of an impending duel, they distress themselves only over the violation of the law, not having much reason to apprehend any loss of human life.

A French satirist professes to have overheard the following fierce conversation:

"You will write me this with the sword?"

"Yes, well, but you are the better swordsman. We will fight with pistols then. You shall mount a velocipede, I will mount the platform of a railway train, and thus planted we will charge upon each other sword in hand!"

Itching Piles.
Burnett's Kalliston is a sure relief. A sample will be mailed on receipt of ten cents by Jos. Burnett & Co., 27 Central Street, Boston, Mass. [Adv.

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Handy Helps for Busy Men. 25 new books. Write for catalogue. Geo. Sully & Co., 21 W. 23d St., New York.

Stamps! 105 fine var., 20c.; 500 fine mixed, 20c.; 150 var. fgn., 25c. Agents wanted for very best sheets at 50 per cent. Pelham Stamp Co., Lewiston, Me.

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STAMPS 20 varied, rare Australian, etc., 5c.; 50 var. and one album, 10c. Illus. list free. Agts. wanted, 50 per cent. P. F. TINDALL, Chatham, N. Y.

12 INDIAN ARROW POINTS of flint pre-historic relics, 25c. Catalogue of Indian relics, curios, etc., 2c. Hawks, Cincinnati, O.

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ladies who DYE! with "FEASTLESS" DYES will produce more brilliant colors than any other DYE. A package containing 40 colors, Black, Brown, Scarlet, Orange, Green, Violet, Blue, Yellow, Fancy, &c., will be sent to any address, postpaid, with sample card and book of directions, for 10 cts. in silver. W. Cushing & Co., Foxcroft, Me.

BIRD manna **SING.** Makes Canaries and Mocking Birds Sing. Makes Red Birds Sing. Makes Parrots Talk. Makes Mocking Birds Talk. Makes Canaries Talk. Makes Red Birds Talk. Makes Canaries Whistle. Makes Mocking Birds Whistle. Makes Red Birds Whistle



CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

An American traveller in Germany finds little to interest him in the newspapers except the advertisements, many of which are extremely curious, and unlike anything of the kind in our own newspapers. A gentleman has translated a few specimens for the New York *Times*:

WANTED, a reliable young lady, or a widow without children, who has had experience as a sales woman in a first-class retail store. The advertiser, who has lately lost his wife, wants above all a capable and honest person to whom an active retail trade can be intrusted, and who can give security. An offer of marriage may be expected when ability to care for the business has been demonstrated.

I ANNOUNCE to the relatives and friends of the deceased that Carl N., to whom I was engaged to be married, was relieved by death of his severe sufferings on July 16th in Hamburg. His deeply sorrowing bride,
HELENA H.

THE welcome arrival of a strong, well-developed boy is announced with joy by Wilhelm J. ——, butcher, No. — Street, and wife.

IT has seemed good to our dear Saviour in His unfathomable wisdom to take to Himself in His home in heaven our faithful and thoughtful and most tenderly loved husband and grandfather, William F., in the seventy-ninth year of his age, whereof, bowed down with grief, we herewith inform all relatives, friends and acquaintances, with the request that our dear one who has gone to sleep may be always kept in kindly and loving remembrance, and in the name of all those whom he left behind. The sorrowing widow,
SOPHIE F.

HIS Royal Highness Prince William of Würtemburg has again been most graciously moved to cause a subscription of 40 marks to be sent to us. For this renewed and munificent assistance to our cause we desire in the most obedient and respectful manner to express our most heartfelt gratitude.
THE COMMITTEE FOR COUNTRY EXCURSIONS FOR POOR, SICK SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

STUTTGART, JULY 23.

PUBLIC praise is hereby given to Hans Jeorg, a student in the Polytechnic School in Stuttgart, for his noble, determined, and courageous conduct in saving a person from drowning. THE ROYAL CITY COMMISSION.

HOW SHE CALC'LATED.

A mathematical brain, or as the country people say, "a good head for figgers," is a convenient thing to possess. But there is one old lady in a Massachusetts town who evidently does not set a high value on her reputation in this respect, though she no doubt considers herself a good "calc'later," notwithstanding.

She keeps a small crockery shop, the only one in the place. Her stock is limited, both as to quality and quantity, but her customers never find fault. "Aunt Judy," they say, "is *so* obliging!"

One day a stranger in the town was attracted by a placard above some glass tumblers in her tiny show-window. "Eight cents apiece, a dollar a dozen."

"That strikes me as rather queer," he said to himself, and walked into the shop.

Aunt Judy regarded him affably over her spectacles as she sat rocking behind the counter, and rose at once.

"Is there anything you'd like, sir?" she asked.

"Why," said the gentleman, "I thought I'd like to ask about those tumblers out there in the window. How does it happen that they're more expensive to buy by the dozen than singly? When I was a school-boy, twelve times eight was ninety-six," he added, in a jocose tone.

"So it was in my day," said Aunt Judy, with some severity of tone; "but I keep those tumblers, young man, to *accommodate*, and the disappointin' a customer who might come in for an extry tumbler, havin' broke one, after I'd sold the whole dozen to one person, is more expense than four cents to me, sir!" and she seated herself in her rocking-chair with the air of a person who had made a telling point.

TOO FAMILIAR.

One may not, according to the etiquette of loyalty, speak too familiarly of kings and queens. As a subject was once reminded who wished to give his sovereign a pair of stockings, "The Queen of Spain has no legs." She must not be supposed to walk, talk, or eat like ordinary mortals, and if one cannot escape the inference that she really is like the rest of humanity, surely nothing need be said of it.

When Queen Victoria visited Salisbury Cathedral, thirty years ago, there was, of course, a flutter of curiosity and loyalty throughout the town. Even the humblest houses had hung out some sign of rejoicing, and at the White Hart Inn, where the queen intended to lunch, the landlady was fluttering about in her best silk, while the servants were gay with white waistcoats and flowers in their button-holes.

But that this show of devotion was not merely skin-deep may be guessed from an occurrence of the late afternoon, when the queen had departed.

In the coffee-room of the inn were two young men, who were complaining to the waiter because they were not given eels for dinner, although the dish had been promised them. The waiter apologized profusely, and remarked, in the way of excuse:

"Her Majesty has been here to-day."

"Did Her Majesty eat the eels?" was the too familiar query, and at this the waiter's loyal soul revolted.

"It's no business of yours or mine, sir, what Her Majesty eats," was his dignified reply.

WISE EXPENSE.

The old Latin proverb, "*Difficilia quæ pulchra*," has often been set as a "copy" for high-school boys and girls. The idea in it is that "the best things are hard to get," and certainly a good personal education usually implies a sacrificing parent as well as a studious child.

An Englishman visiting Sweden, and noticing the care for educating children who were gathered up from the streets and highways and placed in school, inquired if it was not costly.

"Yes," was the answer, "it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to allow a child to grow up in ignorance, misery and crime, to become a scourge to society as well as a disgrace to himself."

It was an English judge who first said, "A boy is better unborn than untaught."

A Good Reputation. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are world-renowned as a superior remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and Bronchial affections. Containing nothing injurious, they may be used at all times with perfect safety, and are especially adapted for children and invalids. Sold only in boxes. [*Adv.*

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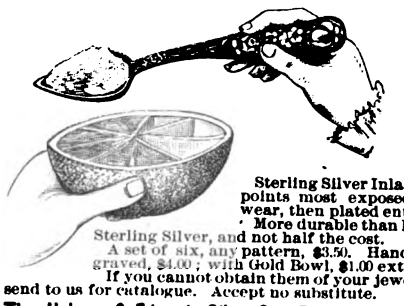
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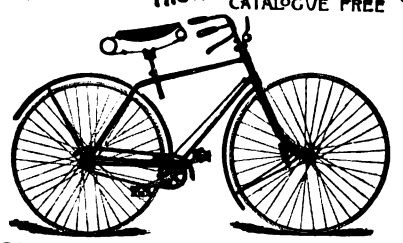
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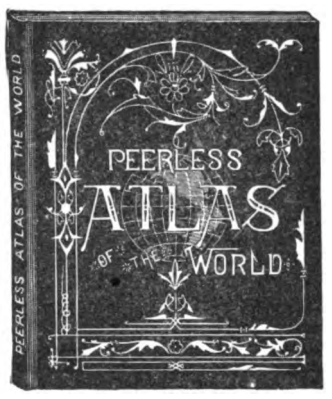
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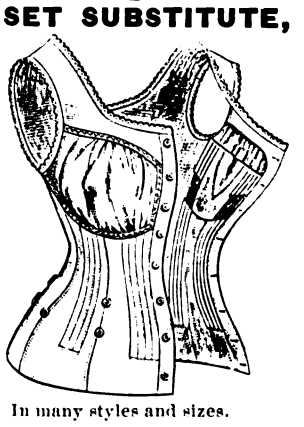
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For the Companion.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

It is supposed that two hundred thousand persons die yearly of consumption in the United States. The number in all the world must rise into the millions. The waste by war is slight in the comparison.

The great plagues formerly filled nations with terror; but they are now well-nigh conquered, and are known mainly as matters of history. Small-pox was a frightful disease, even within the present century, but is now powerless to gain a foothold anywhere in Christendom.

Typhoid is still one of the most common fevers, but it is known to be a filth disease, and has already been limited in its range. Fuller and more intelligent attention to hygienic conditions, private and public, may yet drive it almost completely out of civilized lands.

It has remained for medical science to devise some means for arresting the ravages of consumption. New ground for encouragement was found when the disease was shown to be due to the work of microbes, and at last Professor Koch, the German scientist, believes that he has discovered the great desideratum—a fluid which kills the parasites by destroying the food on which they live.

The publication of this discovery has caused profound excitement throughout the medical world,—an excitement greatly increased by Professor Koch's very high reputation as a man of science,—and physicians are hastening to Berlin from every quarter, to learn more fully the facts in the case.

If Professor Koch's belief proves well founded, he will have become one of the world's greatest benefactors. We must not be too sanguine, however, but await the result of more protracted experiments.

The facts thus far established seem to be that, soon after the injection of the fluid, the cough and expectoration gradually lessen, and in the most favorable cases wholly disappear; the expectorations lose their purulent character; the night sweats cease; the patient's appetite improves, and in a few weeks his weight begins to increase.

Consumption in its first stage seems to be cured, and even patients with small lung cavities seem to be *nearly* cured; but no improvement is visible in the case of those who have many large cavities, and even in the most favorable cases, time enough has not elapsed to warrant the assertion that permanent cures have been effected.

Professor Koch, however, is a man of marked scientific caution, and his belief that consumption, in its first stages, can be cured may well fill us with hope; and even if this shall prove to be the full extent of his discovery, it will furnish ample ground for hoping that the disease may in time be substantially extirpated.

SHEPHERDS ON STILTS.

The *Landes*, the great savanna of France, which stretches from Bordeaux to Bayonne, is a region similar to the Bad Lands of our own country. Many vain attempts were made to induce trees to grow upon it. At last, one M. Brémontier conceived the idea of planting, with the pine seeds, the seeds of the common broom, whose hardy tuft should protect the tiny sapling until it could stand by itself.

The result surpassed hope; pine forests have sprung up and endured throughout the *Landes;* they have broken forever the power of the wind-storms, and their pitch and timber are even a source of some riches to the department.

"There is one striking specialty of this district," writes Mr. Edwin Asa Dix. "This is the shepherd on stilts, the *Xicanque*, immortalized by Rosa Bonheur, and mentioned by many travellers.

"He is peculiar to this region. Perched on these wooden supports, at a perilous height above the ground, he stalks gravely over the landscape, enabled to behold an horizon of triple range, and to outstride the fleetest of his vagrant flock. When so inclined, he is quite able, it is said, to execute a *pas seul*, or even a jig, with every appropriate flourish of his timber limbs, and with surprising grace and abandon.

"His stilts are strapped to the thighs, not the knees, for greater freedom, and he mounts from his cabin roof in the early morning, and lives in the air throughout the day. A third stilt forms his seat, and makes of his silhouette a ludicrous and majestic tripod.

"This genius's chief amusement is startlingly domestic; it is knitting stockings, and engaged in this peaceful art, he sits with dignity and whiles away the hours. How he manœuvres when he accidentally drops a needle, I have not been able to learn.

"A dignitary of Bordeaux arranged a *fête* and procession in the *Landes* on one occasion. Triumphal arches were erected, hung with flowers and garlands, and the feature of the parade was a sedate platoon of these heron-like shepherds, dressed in skins, decked with white hoods and mantles, preceded by a band of music, and stalking by fours imposingly down the line of march."

SYRIAN PETS.

The author of the "Inner Life of Syria" gives an interesting account of the success with which wild beasts have been tamed in that country. The writer, being a lady, and having some singular pets of her own, was the better prepared to appreciate what the natives had accomplished in that direction. At one time she visited the wife of a Hungarian officer.

She was living quite contentedly in a mud hut, and her only companions were a hyena and a lynx, which slept on her bed like two lapdogs. The hyena received me at the gate, and though I was not prepared for it, I innocently did the right thing, as she afterward informed me.

The animal came and sniffed at my hands, and then jumped up and put its fore-paws on my shoulders, and smelt my face.

"Oh," I thought, "if it takes a bit out of my cheek, what shall I do?"

But I stood as still as a statue, and tried not to breathe, looking it steadily in the eyes all the while. At last it made up its mind to befriend me, jumped down, and ran before me like a dog into the house, where I found the lynx on the divan.

Pet No. 2 sprang at me, mewed, and lashed his tail till his mistress came in. She told me that when people began to scream or to drive the hyena away, it took a pleasure in worrying and frightening them.

I went afterward to the husband's reception-room. He had gone out for a short while. The hyena had got in, and I found my husband, the Russian Consul and a French gentleman all sitting on the divan, with their legs well tucked up under them, and looking absurdly uncomfortable at the frightful beast, as the Count called it. I had a good laugh at them, as the hyena and I were already on friendly terms.

CONSIDERATE.

In a certain school the teacher always went to her pupils when they needed help, instead of having them come to her. This habit led, one day, to a rather amusing incident.

Little Tommy Page was being punished by "standing in the floor," while he got his spelling-lesson. Finding a hard word, he raised his hand, and the teacher at once came to his assistance. A moment later this was repeated, and soon his calls for the teacher became frequent.

But, by and by, Tommy's legs began to get tired, and he longed for a seat. A little later, he walked boldly up to the teacher's platform, and calmly seated himself on its edge.

When asked by the surprised teacher what his strange conduct meant, he replied:

"Well, seems to me you're walking too much, and I thought I'd get nearer. I don't want to get you all tired out, same as I am."

GENTLE HINT.

Fred's mamma had trained him by "example and precept" to be courteous, and he seldom forgot the lesson, even under very trying circumstances.

One afternoon a maiden aunt, who was something of a trial to Fred, came to the house while his mamma was away, and insisted on his rehearsing all the new verses and songs he had learned at Kindergarten since her last visit.

He went through his répertoire patiently until he was quite tired, and still his aunt demanded another and another.

At last Fred said, politely, but with considerable firmness, "I'll do just this one more, Aunt Lucretia, and then," looking anxiously at the clock, "I am afraid you'll have to go, if you don't want to lose your train!"

NOT GOSLINGS.

An elderly lady went to an English market one day to buy a Christmas goose. At the booth where she called, two live geese were exposed for sale, both in custody of a cherry-cheeked country lass. The little maid would not sell one goose without the other.

Remembering that a friend had expressed a wish for a Christmas fowl, the customer was easily prevailed on to take both. But as she was concluding the bargain, it occurred to her to ask the maid why she had refused to sell the geese separately.

"If you please, ma'am," was the naïve answer, "mother said as how the geese had lived together fifteen years, and it would be cruel to part them."

IMPOSSIBLE.

The Boston *Transcript* has a story of a little girl who was reciting a lesson in conjugation.

"The verb to love, indicative mood, present tense," called the teacher.

"I love, thou lovest, he or she loves," said the little girl.

"He, she or it loves," prompted the school-mistress.

"*It* can't love anything," pleaded the pupil, and the teacher, suddenly struck with a new idea, simply replied: "Go on."

A YOUNG woman visited a museum of natural history, and for the first time in her life saw a human skeleton.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "How mortifying it is to think that one will ever look like that! It makes me ashamed to be seen!"

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For the Companion.

KENT HAMPDEN.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

At Home Again.

"I'll take heart, Sarah," Mr. Hampden had said, after Kent started on his search. "I will go down street, and talk this matter over openly with my friends."

The resolute energy of the boy had given him strength. He set out hopefully, as he had said; but he found that his friends shunned the subject. There was no direct charge against him, no open enmity shown; but a mildew of suspicion, a dead blight, seemed to be at work upon his reputation and his life.

He went about his daily business, carrying himself, perhaps, with more reserve and pride than was his wont.

He met Colonel Congdon and Mr. Jarret. They both greeted him warmly, pausing to look after him as he walked away. He was a tall, erect man, and the dark, curling hair, the picturesque, wide-rimmed hat then in vogue, the frogged surtout, with its high, rolling collar, and the delicate cambric ruffles at his breast and wrists set off well the noble, finely cut face.

Jarret, who was a slovenly little man, laughed. "Our friend," he said, "walks as if he owned the earth to its centre."

"He walks like an honest man who fears nobody," said the Colonel, curtly.

Two days later Mr. Hampden met, by appointment, several of the leading men of the town, and told them that he was resolved to have an investigation of the charges against him.

"There are no charges, my dear fellow," said Jarret, quickly. "There is nothing to investigate."

"I can bear this no longer!" exclaimed Mr. Hampden. "I am being smothered under suspicion and doubts which no man dares to put into words. If there is anything to fight, let me fight it!"

"I fear you are making a misstep," said Congdon, gravely. "The money is lost. You propose—what neither the law nor honor requires—to beggar yourself to replace it. What more can you do?"

"I must give some shape to this formless suspicion. I will force my fellow-citizens to pronounce me innocent or guilty!" returned Hampden, vehemently. "This is the way I shall do it: I have been nominated for Mayor. It is an honorable office. I have put forth a call for a public meeting to-morrow to decide whether I am the candidate or not. If my name has been withdrawn, I shall force those who have withdrawn it to state upon what charge they have done so, and to produce the proofs of that charge."

"Better let sleeping dogs lie!" muttered Jarret, whose jaws were working convulsively.

Even Colonel Congdon urged Mr. Hampden to give up this new project; but the placards calling the meeting had already been posted.

On the next morning, while Kent and his friends were on their way home after their raid upon Wetzel's cave, nearly all the men and boys in Wheeling were making an effort to get into the town-hall, which was packed to overflowing.

Wild rumors were afloat.

"The officers of the bank are going to prove that Hampden has the stolen money now in his possession," said one.

"Hampden gambled the money away in Cumberland," said another.

"He can prove his innocence!" still another insisted.

While these and many other reports circulated in the crowd, Mr. Jarret went about whispering his opinion.

"I am Ralph's most intimate friend, and I warned him it was madness to force this exposure! 'Never stir up muddy water,' say I. He has not been put on trial. He took the money away, and can give no account of it. The bank did not prosecute him. Any other man would think he had got off easily in such a case, without forcing the town to elect him to its most honorable office. If Ralph's past history were only known!" Jarret sighed. "But there's the rub; it's all mystery!"

So he went from one to another, sometimes convincing his hearer that he was trying to shield his friend, who was a scoundrel, sometimes followed by suspicious and contemptuous looks.

The meeting was called to order by Judge Morris. Colonel Congdon was made chairman.

"Mr. Hampden," he said, "who has been your friend and my friend for many years, has something to say upon a subject which is of interest to us all."

Nero completes the Evidence.

The audience greeted the suspected man with a hearty round of applause. He was under a cloud, but the people liked him.

"Rafe Hampden is a good fellow, thief or not!" said a river pilot at the door; and the men about him laughed and cheered.

"I thank you," Hampden said, gravely, as the people applauded him. "You encourage me to believe you will be just to me.

"Recently you nominated me for an office which is given in this town as an expression of the trust and confidence of the people. Since that nomination I have fallen under grave suspicion, which has never yet been formulated or taken tangible shape. I call upon you to give it shape!

"If the nomination is to be withdrawn from me, I call upon you to state why it is withdrawn. Put me on trial before my fellow-citizens; let them hear the story of the lost package, and of my offers to refund the money.

"I have lived among you for many years an honest, clean life. I will not be trampled out of sight now, unaccused, undefended!"

An impressive silence followed his words. It was broken by Mr. Jarret's shrill, rasping voice.

"Mr. Hampden," he said, "I warned you as a friend not to open up this subject publicly. Now that you have done it, I warn you that you must go to the bottom of it. There is a mystery over your past life. Explain it! Prove that your youth was honest and honorable!"

Mr. Hampden leaned over the rail of the platform where he stood, his eyes fixed upon his accuser; but he answered not a word. The silence grew painful; there was a shuffling of feet and a faint clap to encourage him; but he stood dumb, with defeat written on his face.

While he had been speaking, Judge Morris, Colonel Congdon, and two or three others had been called from the room. They soon returned, followed by several new-comers.

Colonel Congdon stepped forward to his place on the platform.

"We will go to the bottom of this affair," he said, "as I understand Mr. Jarret desires. But we must go over some things which have but just now come to light. Henry Doty, come forward, and tell us what you know of this matter, beginning at the beginning."

Doty, a quiet, diffident country boy, stepped out, and with much hesitation, told of the thefts committed on the society to which his cousin Joe belonged, and of the resolve of the boys to find and punish the thief.

"About two months ago," he said, gaining courage, "Kent Hampden came out to the farm to spend the day with me."

Mr. Jarret nudged his neighbor. "Pay attention," he said. "I heard this hinted before. Kent took the traps and powder. 'Like father, like son,' I fear!"

"I took him out among the hills," continued young Doty, "to show him some hiding-places of game that he did not know. At last we came to Wetzel's cave. We found there—the thief! He was in the midst of his booty, and did not try to deny that he had stolen it."

There was a stir in the audience, as the boys and their fathers all knew that Kent had been charged with these thefts.

"His name! His name!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Be patient!" said Congdon. "You shall hear it."

"We both knew him," said Doty, flushing painfully. "I was for thrashing him and exposing him to the town, but Kent was sorry for him. He begged hard; he said the fellow had never stolen a penny's worth before, and that the shame would kill his father. He promised, if we would keep his secret, he would be a different boy for the rest of his life."

"What did you do?"

"Kent agreed to let him off. He even made a friend of him afterward, to try to keep him straight. I told Kent 'twas no use," said Doty, hotly, "and it wasn't! We found him in the cave this very morning with fresh plunder."

"This is very interesting," said Jarret, "but what has it to do with the lost money?"

"You shall hear," said Colonel Congdon. "Mr. Hampden, when you received the money from the officers of the bank, did you carry the package as it was given to you?"

"No, the wrappings were clumsy. My wife removed them, and substituted a lighter covering."

"Describe it," suggested Judge Morris.

"It was a Chinese silk paper, soft and tough, in color gray, flecked with red. I have never seen any like it. It was brought from China by a sailor."

"Is that it?" said the Judge, holding out a small roll.

Mr. Hampden seized it, trembling from head to foot. "It is the paper! But the money—the money?"

"Ah, if we knew!" said the Colonel. "Officers, guard the door; a man is trying to escape. Let no one pass out! Constable Jourdan, will you tell us where you found this paper?"

The constable came to the front of the platform with a lumbering bow, and said:

"I was called on this morning by young Hampden. He said he had dropped, two months ago, a notebook in a hole they call Wetzel's cave. Yesterday it was brought to him, with a bit of this here paper stuck to it. I was given to understand that it was of importance. So I went to the cave with him, and there we found this roll, with a quantity of other stuff. I arrested the boy that had them."

"Who was he?"

"Josiah Jarret."

"It's a lie!" Jarret, who had tried to escape from the room, now rushed forward to the platform. "My boy steal!" he exclaimed. "Colonel Congdon, it is a trumped-up lie!"

Mr. Hampden interfered. "Take care, Congdon! I don't want a boy's reputation ruined to save mine! The package was changed on the road. How could Si Jarret be concerned in that?"

"The package," said Congdon, "was changed, I believe, in your own house. You left it on the table while you went upstairs. This boy was in the next room alone. It needed but a minute to slip out the bundle of notes from the case, and substitute the bundle of paper which was ready in his hand."

Jarret sprang forward, his hair disheveled, his eyes contracted, his teeth exposed. He appeared, indeed, like an animal driven into a corner, and fighting for his life.

"Prove it! Prove it!" he exclaimed. "What is this trumpery bit of paper? There may be reams of it in town."

Judge Morris came forward reluctantly.

"Yes, yes," he said. "I'll tell what I know, Congdon. I want to see justice done. I marked the money—yes, every note of it, for my own satisfaction. Jarret had made me uneasy about the money, and I marked it with a little red cross in one corner. I told nobody, not even Jarret."

He sat down perspiring, and grumbling to himself.

A queer dwarfish figure stepped into his place. Some of the audience who knew him began to laugh, and some to protest angrily, expecting some ill-timed antics from the corn-doctor. But Nero was grave and earnest, and went straight to the point.

"I am a travelling merchant," he said. "My name is Fife. Last Tuesday I went into the bank to have my small notes changed for larger. Mr. Jarret made the exchange. He gave me eleven one-hundred-dollar bills."

"Show those bills to Judge Morris," said the Colonel.

"That is my mark," muttered the Judge, after he had examined them.

"I heard the story of the lost money," said Nero, "and as soon as I saw the mark on my bills, I suspected I had some of it with me. I turned back with it."

Jarret by this time had controlled himself. He

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stood forward, coolly enough, though his mouth worked convulsively, and betrayed the fury and terror in his soul.

"It is all a clever scheme devised by Hampden to hide his crime!" he called out. "It is a pity he could find no better tools than his own son and a crazy mountebank! Take their evidence away, and what does this fine story amount to?"

"Mr. Jarret," said Colonel Congdon, "it is too late!" He spoke with a faltering voice, for he had known the man for many years. "The notes have been identified with which you paid two tradesmen; and your son, since his arrest, has confessed that at your instigation he changed the package. Judge Morris, may I suggest that, as a magistrate, it is for you to order this man's arrest."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so!" said the Judge. "Officer, take Mr. Jarret into custody."

As the constables dragged him out of the hall, the Judge said, "Well, thank heaven, we can shake hands with Ralph Hampden!"

A loud cheer broke from every man before him. But Hampden was not there to hear it. As soon as his innocence was proved, he had left the hall by a door near the platform, unseen by the crowd.

The people, disappointed of their hero, grew impatient as a thin, dark man, in the long black coat of a minister, rapped on the rail of the platform to command attention.

"My friends, I am not going to give you a sermon, I want to tell you a story."

He paused until the confusion died down into silence.

"It is a short story, an interesting story, and I can vouch that it is a true one.

"More than thirty years ago, there lived in Maryland an obstinate, wrong-headed, wicked old planter, whose name was Stoughton. He adopted a nephew—an orphan boy. Soon afterward he married a widow with one child. This widow had wealth, but she was a meek little woman, whom he could drive and bully as he chose.

"He drove and bullied her into her grave. Her child, a crippled daughter, remained in his house. Although the larger part of his property had belonged to her mother, her step-father had got possession of it. He treated the girl brutally, and when he died, left every dollar to his adopted son.

"The boy, a hot-headed, generous fellow, went to Annapolis, transferred the whole estate to the poor cripple, and to stop all action on her part, disappeared. He ran away, gentlemen; went to seek his fortune, without a penny or a friend.

"The woman tried in vain for years to find him. She died a few months ago, leaving the whole property, which has largely increased in value, to him. I am one of the executors of her will, and have been searching for him for a long time in vain.

"I have found him, here. He dropped the name of his uncle, and kept only his own. It is Ralph Hampden. You have the mystery of his life, now!"

Mr. Hampden, meanwhile, was at home. He was too much excited to sit down, or be quiet for a moment. He caught Carey to his breast, thanking God that the stain was gone from her name, and then set her down nervously, and went to the table where Kent was eating his supper.

"Take care, my son! Tom told me you had scarcely eaten for two days. You ought to eat a very light meal. Carey, cut your brother another piece of meat! You ought to be proud to wait on him; he has saved us all from ruin. He has given me more than life—more than life!"

Then he stopped to scold his wife, who was crying softly by the fire.

"What are you crying for, Sarah? Because you have such a son? Because God has brought us up out of the depths—the depths?"

Then he went to the window and looked up to the clear heavens, his heart throbbing, and his eyes wet with hot tears.

The next minute the silence was broken by the sound of drums and cornets, and tremendous cheering. Then Tom Congdon burst in.

"They're coming, Kent! The town's coming! They've put your father in nomination again for Mayor, and there won't be a single vote against him when election day comes. Mr. Kaimes told his story, Mrs. Hampden, of when Mr. Hampden was a boy in Maryland, and you would have thought the roof would come off with the shouting! They nominated him then by a rising vote, and—oh, I beg your pardon, sir! I did not know you were here!"

Tom rushed out to the door again.

Mrs. Hampden stood up, trembling. "Your story, Ralph? When you were a boy?"

"I am thankful that you are to hear it at last, Sarah. But I am glad you trusted me—you and Kent."

Kent looked after them as they passed into the hall.

"I am glad I trusted him and God," he thought. In all his after life, he never forgot the lesson of that hour.

The noise grew more deafening without. Drums beat, trumpets brayed, and the advancing mass of people shouted.

Kent saw the little peddler at the door, and dragged him in.

"Father, this is our friend to whom we owe so much!" All Nero's swagger had disappeared.

"I knew you as a boy in Maryland, sir," he said. "I kept track of you all these years; but Nero Fife can hold his tongue! If a man has a mind to do a noble, generous deed, Nero Fife is not the one to balk him! The boys saved my life, sir. More than that, they treated me like a man, not like a clown, as most folks do!"

The tears stood in the little man's eyes.

Colonel Congdon entered hastily. "They are calling for you, Hampden! You must show yourself. Don't ask for my place in Congress, old fellow! They'll give you anything you want, to-night."

The Colonel stood inside, laughing, as he heard Tom and Nero join madly in the thunder of welcome.

A shrill shout of "Kent! Kent!" followed.

"The Wild Beast Slayers are calling you, Kent," Colonel Congdon said. "I told them just now that you would represent this part of Virginia in West Point."

Kent came quickly up to him. His lips moved, but he could say nothing.

"Yes, yes, I understand! You deserve it. Go out to your friends, my boy."

Carey had the woman's part of the triumph. She looked through the window of the dark, quiet parlor at the tumult and rejoicing outside, half-frightened and half-indignant. Had these people only found out just now what manner of man her father was? *She* had known it always!

For her, she was most glad that they could keep the dear old home now, and the garden and her trees, into which she climbed every day to look out into the wide world, and think what she would do there, some time.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.



SNOW-WORK.

Come see the north wind's masonry!
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tiles, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake or tree or door.
—*Emerson.*

For the Companion.

THE MANGOLDS' VALENTINE.

"There's nothing against the Mangolds as I know of," the jolly storekeeper at the Rock Prairie settlement remarked, "but it's plain they don't amount to much."

"That's so," spoke up one of the settlers who were warming themselves by the fire at the stove on an early February evening. "They make the two little fellows do all the work. I've never seen the father anywheres."

"Neither have I," said the storekeeper. "They come here in September; the first we see of 'em was noticing the white-topped camper's-wagon standing on the section of government land near the cabin that the Blagg boys left when they found the land wasn't first-class. The two boys have been here for a few things, and always paid for what little they got; but they wouldn't talk much. I guess they're pretty hard up, and I've thought I'd go over and see 'em, but I never got to it."

The other men agreed with this history of the family, and remarked that they, too, had thought of going to see the family, but had never carried out their purpose.

One had passed the cabin about a month before; he had seen a woman through the window, but nothing more was known of them. They were evidently the one family of delinquents in a prosperous community of settlers.

"Nice, open winter," remarked Squire Gillett, as they all rose to go.

"Yes," said the storekeeper. "Plows'll be going next week, though the nights are kind of chilly yet."

"If the Mangolds expect to hold government land, they must get some plowing done right off."

"Correct. Too bad the old man puts it all on those two boys."

Buttoning up their heavy coats, the settlers mounted their ponies, and rode homeward together.

"There's the two boys now," remarked Squire Gillett, when they had ridden two miles or more across the brown prairie. Looking off to the west, they saw two small boys mounted on large, rawboned work-horses, their outlines distinct against the sunset sky.

The two boys were jogging along slowly and in silence. Their slender forms seemed oddly in contrast with the size of the horses they were riding. They shivered in the raw evening air. Heavy clouds were coming up in great black masses from the northeast.

"We must hurry, Joe," said one of the boys, "or we'll get wet."

"I suppose so, for our coats aren't quite waterproof," said the other.

"Say, Clive," Joe went on, after a moment's silence, "don't you think it's been a pretty lonesome winter?"

Joe nodded three or four times, rather ruefully.

"I shall be glad enough when spring comes," he continued, "for then papa can get out of doors and see folks."

"He's pretty sick, don't you think?"

"Yes, Joe, but mamma says he's feeling better, and if we're brave, strong boys, he'll get well again."

"But the plowing? Can we do it all?"

"Do it? We've got to do it, and there are only a few days left before the time will be up, and if we don't have it done we shall lose the claim. It's too bad the harness broke this afternoon, but if the storekeeper has some straps, we'll be all right."

The horses had started into a gallop, and the boys bobbed awkwardly in their seats. Over the swells, down the grassy slopes they went, and then, with a still faster pace, whirled down another declivity, and crashed through the dead sunflower stalks and tumbleweeds that covered the bottom of the slough.

They had gone but a few yards here when the horses suddenly stopped, and sent the young riders sliding forward to the animals' shoulders and manes.

The object which had stopped them was a large and dilapidated "prairie schooner," which stood at the side of the trail. The horses that had been attached to it browsed upon the dead weeds.

A camp-fire had been started beside the wagon, and near it, his hands holding his head and his elbows on his knees, was a flannel-shirted and unkempt man.

He did not look up until the boys called to him, and then he raised a worn, anxious, hopeless face.

"Anything the matter?" Joe asked.

"Yes, something's the matter. It's the little one." He motioned toward the wagon.

"Sick?" asked Joe.

"Yes, and maybe dying. I've come for days from the West, calculating to take the child home to the old folks in Missouri, but the little codger couldn't stand the journey."

The boys slipped to the ground, and by the light of the fire, approached the back part of the wagon. They drew aside the cover, and let the firelight into the interior.

A child, hardly more than a baby, was moaning on the bed of straw within.

"Can't we help you?" asked Joe, anxiously.

"I don't know. I've tried to find a doctor, but I don't seem to make out. Maybe the folks are afraid of me. Anyhow, they don't seem to want me around, and now I've clean lost my way."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Joe. "We'll take you home. Papa can doctor people."

"But the harness, Joe?" said Clive.

"That's so; I forgot it. Well, I'll tell you: You drive home with the man, and I'll go to the store. I aint afraid."

In a few minutes the emigrant was on the road toward the Mangold cabin with Clive, while Joe, his courage just a little weakened by the appearance of the still darkening sky, was riding rapidly in the other direction.

"My goodness, who's this!" exclaimed the storekeeper, as he was putting up the blinds of the lonely prairie store for the night. He could hardly believe his eyes when the young rider presented himself.

"And you've come all this way alone?" he said, when he had heard Joe's story. "Well, my boy, you must be a good one. Look here! I'm going home with you."

He put on his overcoat, and wrapped a shawl about the slender boy's shoulders.

"Come," he said, picking up a bundle which Joe thought was certainly too large to contain nothing more than the piece of harness, "let's go."

Together they mounted the horse, and through the falling rain the two rode on mile after mile, the steady swish of the horse's feet through the dead grasses being the only sound to break the stillness of the night.

At last the faint light in the cabin of the Mangolds shone across the plain, and a few moments afterward the storekeeper and the boy had entered the house.

"I tell you what," said the storekeeper the next evening, when a group of settlers had again gathered about his fire, "it wasn't a pleasant sight. There was the baby moaning and suffering, while the little woman was trying to comfort it. Over in the other corner was Mangold himself."

"The old man, eh?" said the Squire.

"He's sick, boys, pretty sick. He's been a kind of doctor in the East, but was ordered out here for his health. He hasn't been able to go about any since he came, and his brave little wife and the two boys have looked after everything."

"That's it, eh?"

"Yes. And besides that, out of all of us they were the ones to take care of the camper. The poor fellow was about discouraged, and it was a godsend to him that the boys came across him, for the baby'd surely died right there in the ravine.

"More'n that, boys, I found out that the plowing that has to be done on the claim to hold it from the government aint near finished. Those children have been trying to do it, and they've got only a few acres plowed. The time expires on the fifteenth of the month,—that's day after to-morrow,—and the claim's likely to be jumped by some outsider."

"I know two fellows who've got their eyes on it," said the Squire. "They've been wanting it for some time, and are going to make a break whenever they can. They're sharp, and I think they've got wind somehow that the railroad's going to strike through that quarter section."

"It'll be tough on the Mangolds to lose their claim," slowly droned out a lank herder, who was occupying the top of a sugar-barrel, "but then they don't amount to much in the settlement, and the Hay boys being hustlers—"

He got no farther. The look that the storekeeper gave him quite upset him, and he relapsed into silence.

Then a very important conference was held between the storekeeper and the other settlers; and after it the party separated with smiling faces and a satisfied air.

The rain had cleared the atmosphere, and next morning the sky gleamed in such blue splendor as only prairie skies can know. The air was full of the softness and warmth of an early spring morning in Southern Kansas.

At an early hour there were seen here and there wagons wending their way along the prairie. In each wagon there was a plow or a harrow, and in some of them were heaps of corn and other provisions.

Clive and Joe looked out of the Mangold cabin, and noticed that the horses' heads were all facing them.

"Let's hurry and hitch up," said Joe, "and get to plowing. All the folks are coming by here, and we ought to be at work."

They ran out and began harnessing the horses to the plow, the stranger emigrant looking on dolefully.

"Hold on there, boys! Unhitch those horses!"

It was the storekeeper, with a grin on his face.

"All you have to do to-day," he went on, "is to boss. We'll do the work. Now, say, where do you want your forty acres plowed?"

Joe, bewildered, looked around upon the gathering teams, and pointed to a tract around which the boys had made several straggling furrows.

"All right. Now, fellows, hurry up!" shouted the storekeeper.

There was a great rattling of chains and much laughter, as team after team went with its plow to the corner of the field, presently to send a long chocolate ribbon of sod rolling after as it took its way around the great square piece of prairie.

"Twenty-four of them," said Mrs. Mangold, counting, with extended finger, her worn face lighting up with pleasure. The strange visitation, and the pile of provisions brought by the settlers, had almost overwhelmed her.

Following the plows were harrows; and the land rapidly took on the appearance of a field long tilled. The sun was half-way across the sky, when all stopped at a signal from the storekeeper.

"Boys," he said, when the men had gathered around, "now let's eat dinner, and then we'll finish. But while we're finishing how would it do for some one to go to the village and bring out a certificate of entry on the claim? That'll make it all sure. By that time he will be able to prove that the required plowing is done, you see."

The proposition was received with a shout of approval.

"I'll go," said the lank herder, who had been completely converted to the Mangolds' side.

As he had the fastest pony in the neighborhood, he was allowed to take the trip.

Just before the sun reached the horizon, the square of prairie sod had been blotted out.

As the party gathered around the cabin in the twilight, the herder rode up, his horse white with foam. He held a large official envelope in his hand.

"February the Fourteenth," read the storekeeper, aloud, beginning the certificate. "Boys," he said with a laugh, looking up, "this is St. Valentine's Day."

"That's so," said several of the settlers.

"Tell you what let's do," proposed Squire Gillett; "let's give the certificate to the woman for a valentine!"

Gathering together, with the Squire at their head, they knocked at the door of the cabin. Mrs. Mangold opened it, and the pale face of her husband was seen behind her shoulder.

Squire Gillett made a very handsome little speech, and presented her with the certificate as a valentine, accompanying his formal words with some hearty praise of the brave boys.

"And the little fellow," he asked, "how is he?"

"Much better," said Mrs. Mangold. "His father will leave him here, and come back in the summer to get him. It will be safer for him to travel then."

Then she faltered a little. "I—I—cannot thank you enough, gentlemen, for this—valentine," she said, "but you know how grateful we must feel."

"Tut—tut—tut," called out the storekeeper. "No thanking. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves that we didn't help you before, oughtn't we, boys?"

"Of course we had," they all said.

"And before we go, let's give three cheers for the little woman."

The cheers went up, heartily.

"Now three for the boys," said the Squire.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"And three for the baby," added the lank herder.

The cheers went up again.

As the wagons rattled away in the darkness,

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there was great happiness in the Mangold cabin. There was happiness among the departing visitors, too; and the start they had given the stranded family enabled its members to become as prosperous and as hearty as the rest of the community.

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

GREAT AUTHORS.

All that their royal souls possessed
Belongs forever to mankind!
When others fail, the wise man looks
To the companionship of books.

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

For the Companion.

A PRAIRIE CATAMARAN.

The Winter Recreations of a Settler in the Far Northwest.

In Three Parts.—Part I.

It is the first winter on his claim, with its bitter cold winds, its loneliness, its isolation, its nothing-to-do, which tries the soul of the settler in the Northwest. If he pulls through the first winter, and gets in a second crop from his land, he will be quite likely to remain longer. At any rate, I judge so from my own experience.

It was all very well in the autumn. I had enough to do on the land and about my cabin and cow-house, banking up and preparing fuel for winter. That I enjoyed.

But when snow came, and the freezing wind began its ceaseless sawings across the wide, open, bleak prairie, time dragged. Generally the weather was too cold to remain long out-of-doors; so I sat at my little double-pane window and looked across the country, to my nearest neighbor's cabin.

When the sun shone brightly, I could just see it, on a swell of the prairie, perhaps seven miles away. It was a little house, about twelve by fifteen feet square, of fresh new boards, built during the autumn. I did not know who occupied it. On a still morning I could see smoke rising; and when the air was very clear on a dark evening, I could see a faint light there.

Something about that smoke and that light led me to think that a family lived in it. I used to sit and wonder what they were doing or saying, and whether they had ever watched my cabin or seen my smoke.

I did not burn my own little kerosene lamp very much, for I had but two gallons of oil for the winter; but when the evening was clear and there was no moon, I sometimes set the lamp in my window for half an hour, turned up high, with a new tin plate behind it, in the hope that the people in the far-away cabin would notice the light.

A Lonely Life.

I was not homesick; at least, I never owned to myself that I was, for I had made up my mind not to be. Yet I often felt that if I had known how much I should miss my friends and acquaintances, as well as the stir and bustle of life in my native city, I might never have emigrated. I had thought, as hundreds of other young men do, that to "homestead" a claim, make a big farm of it, and grow wealthy in a new country, would be a very creditable undertaking.

I left home with many sanguine projects. I expected to hunt and fish a great deal, and for this reason brought a Winchester, a shot-gun and fishing-tackle.

The fact is, however, that Assiniboia is not an abundant game or fish country, and another fact is that the settler who intends to make a good farm will have little time to hunt.

To make a farm implies steady labor and close attention. During spring, summer and fall, I rarely feel that I can spare a day for hunting; yet it is pleasant to have a good gun near at hand, and on one or two occasions I have been glad I had one.

I bought a dog—a large, brindled mongrel—in Winnipeg. The old fellow was company, and became, I fancied, greatly attached to me; but he could not endure the utter loneliness, and the nothing-to-do of our life there after snow came. Perhaps he tired, as I did, of potatoes, corn-cake and fried pork.

He would sit and look at me, wistfully, for hours, and then would go to the door and howl. I was evidently not company enough for him, and one day he deserted me to follow three Indians and a dog-team that he saw passing at a distance.

I saw the dog when he departed, and called after him. Once or twice he stopped and looked back, but the recollection of our dull life evidently was too distasteful for him. He hurried away, and I never saw him again. I could not greatly blame him for deserting me.

Thenceforward during that winter, until February, I had only my mule and cow for company. Once I saw a small herd of deer crossing the prairie, and wolves occasionally came around the cabin at night.

Thinking of My Neighbors.

A hundred times I had thought of paying my neighbors a visit, and I sometimes wondered that they did not come to call on me. A trip of seven or eight miles, over three feet of snow, with the bitter wind always blowing, and the chance of a blizzard, is not to be lightly undertaken, however, by the inexperienced settler.

Occasionally I saw a thin line of smoke, twelve or fifteen miles distant to the westward, which I presumed came from the cabin of another neighbor; and on my way to my claim, the previous spring, I had passed three cabins, twenty miles to the eastward.

Ten miles is considered no great distance for a neighbor, in Northern Assiniboia, and five miles has sometimes been held to be too near.

In February a foot or two, more or less, of snow fell. The prospectus of a railroad land agent would lead to the belief that very little snow falls in Assiniboia. Perhaps these agents never spent a winter here.

A little later there was rain, not enough to melt the snow, but enough to harden and encrust the surface of it. The whole great, open country then shone under the sun like glass. It was a wonderful sight.

One morning, while I was feeding my mule in the shed, a box got loose on the snow-crust, and the wind carried it away. I saw it slide off, and chased it a long distance; for with a settler on these prairies, the loss of as much lumber as there is even in a soda-cracker box is felt to be heavy.

I could not catch it. Apparently it had started for the American boundary. Perhaps it set out to look up my dog.

Great inventions, it is said, are born of trifling accidents. The departure of my box set me thinking; and as I went slowly back to my cabin, I hit on the idea of a sled or raft, with a sail, for coasting over the prairie on the snow-crust. It was the thought of a moment, and in no sense the result of study. No doubt I needed something of that sort for employment. At any rate I entered upon the scheme with enthusiasm.

At first I made a kind of hand-sled, but soon learned that a sled with fixed runners could not be sailed and steered. I had never seen an ice-boat,



but gradually the plan of one was outlined in my mind. I concluded that my sled should consist of two fixed parallel runners forward, and a swivel runner aft, with which to steer it.

Sled-building Under Difficulties.

In the way of lumber and tools my resources were very limited. For the frame of my raft, I was obliged to take two sticks of joist out of my house, and another from my cow-shed. I possessed an axe, a wood-saw, a jackknife, a hammer and nails. These, with a few bits of plank and board, were all the outfit I had for carpentry.

But I must not forget my pork-barrel, from which I took sheet-iron hoops for shoes to the runners, nor a large packing-box in which my supplies had been hauled from Regina. This box I utilized as a kind of sleigh-body in which to sit, tucked up in a blanket, while sailing.

I worked two days upon the apparatus, and when it was done, the triangular frame of joist was set upon runners, each two feet long by two inches in width and six in height.

The two forward runners were made fast to the frame, but the third, which served as a rudder at the rearward angle, was attached to a swivel-post, and could be turned to right or left by means of a horizontal handle which I made fast to the top of the post at a height of two feet.

A pole which I had wrought for a flagstaff served as the mast. I tied together a few odds and ends of line, and for a sail made use of one of the cotton bed-sheets which I had brought from home. After a few trial trips, I sewed three sheets together for this purpose, for I found that my sled needed a large sail in order to make good time.

I knew little of the art of sailing a boat, but after some experiments, I caught the knack of navigating my raft. I learned how near I could run to the wind, and other details of management.

On the second day after finishing my craft the wind blew in long, steady gusts.

"Now for my nearest neighbor!" I thought. As soon as I had breakfasted, and fed and watered my animals, I banked up my cabin fire and made sail.

The sled slid away rapidly. A gust came on; I went sidewise, turned around, and capsized with great promptness.

Nothing was broken, and I had learned to keep my weight on the rudder runner.

The country about me is not a dead level, but consists of wide swells and depressions.

I flew onward like a bird. I knew I was going at a great pace, but I was so fully employed, handling my rudder and hauling my line, that I did not take an observation for some time.

I had an idea that it would take over an hour to reach my neighbor's house, and to be frank, my eyes were somewhat watery from the sharp air. Half the time, too, I was down in the depressions, out of sight of the house. It was somewhat like being out in a dory in a heavy sea.

When I looked for the house, at first I could not discover it. Then I saw it out to my right, and found that I had already run down abreast of it; but I was about a mile to the eastward of the house, and too far past to reach it by a direct tack.

So I zigzagged back to the northeast for two miles, and after two more upsets, gained a point where I could stand down toward it. Then I let the sled take the course again, with the intention of lowering sail when I had come within fifty yards of the house, and tacking and gliding gracefully into the yard.

It was now about nine o'clock in the forenoon, and as usual at this hour, there came several sweeping gusts. My catamaran shot along like an arrow. It was really great sport, and very exhilarating.

"Won't those folks stare!" I said to myself.

In point of fact, I made them stare much more than I had intended. As I was about to let go and tack, I ran suddenly into a little narrow path, trodden deep in the snow. The path led straight to the house, and my rudder runner dropped into it.

An Astonished Boy.

The jolt almost threw me overboard. For the instant I forgot to lower sail, but jerked and twisted at the handle to turn aside. At the same moment I had a glimpse of a boy, standing on a snow-drift near the house, with eyes wide open, and mouth, too. He turned and jumped toward the house door just as I struck into the deep little path, and I heard him shout:

"Marm, marm, the Old Boy's a-comin' in a sail-boat!"

I was close behind him. My sled dashed on, scattered a little pile of stove-wood, carried away a clothes-line where a row of red and yellow garments were fluttering, and ran straight into the house.

I did not carry the house away, but I struck it hard enough to injure my sled, and my mast and sail went almost over it!

I heard voices pitched at a high key within. Then the door was pulled open, and two tidy women, with frightened but resolute faces, looked out. One of them was quite young.

"Good-morning!" said I. "Don't be afraid. I'm your nearest neighbor!"

"Oh, you are, are you?" replied the older woman, dryly, with a glance at her clothes-line, in which I was badly wound up. "My Tom here thought you might be somebody else."

"So I heard him say. But I am really your next neighbor," I insisted. "My name is Jadwin. Haven't you seen my light sometimes off in that direction?"

"Yes, we've seen a light there, and can just see a house in the daytime," replied the woman, a little more cordially. The younger one laughed outright at the efforts I was making to disentangle myself from the snarl in which I was involved.

"I came to call on you," I continued, gathering up the clothes which had fallen off the line, "but I did not mean to tumble into your house in this style. It was an accident. If I have done any damage, I will try and repair it."

"That is all right," the woman replied. "Don't trouble yourself about the clothes-line. If you came down to call on us, please walk in. Our name is McCausland. We settled here in September. My husband is a carpenter, and he is at work at Regina. Emma and Tom and I are living out the homestead law here."

The McCauslands.

She led the way within. I noticed when she came out that she held something—some household utensil, I supposed—concealed by her dress. As she went before me into the house, I perceived that it was a rifle. She set it aside as if it had been a broom, without remark.

The cabin, like mine, had but one room, but there was a large cooking-stove, and the walls of the room were papered with illustrated newspapers from the United States. I found that, while the husband was from Ontario, his wife was from Vermont.

We conversed for a time about our prairie life, and I explained my catamaran, the damage to which I had by this time succeeded in repairing. Then I took leave of my new friends, and set off to make fresh acquaintances.



My course from the McCausland cabin was almost due west. I could just make the next claim without tacking, as the wind was blowing, and in the course of an hour approached in plain sight of an odd sort of hut, which appeared to be built of stones and roofed with turf.

A blithe smoke was rising from a stone chimney. I came down toward it at a famous rate of speed, for it was built on a descending slope; but mindful of my recent mishap, I decided not to run very close.

But before I had come within five hundred yards of the cabin, a puff of white smoke came out from it, a gun cracked, and a bullet skipped on the snow ahead of me! Upon that I let go my sail in haste, and as soon as I could bring my catamaran to a standstill, jumped off and waved my hat in token of peaceful intent; but though I continued my demonstrations for some little time, the occupant of the cabin did not reply or show himself.

I decided that I had better cut my visit short, and stood away for home.

The return trip proved less enjoyable than the outbound run. A great deal of tacking was necessary to gain a mile, and growing weary of it, I finally disembarked and walked home, dragging my sled behind me.

Quite late that evening, as I was eating my supper, I heard a slight noise outside, and caught a glimpse of a man's face at my window. It startled me, and I called out sharply and ran to the door, gun in hand.

My odd visitor was making off at full speed, apparently on skates. I did not fire at him.

Several inches of snow fell during the night, but next day, as I was attending to my morning tasks, a man, in fur cap and course, blue homespun clothes, made his appearance on the prairie, walking, or rather gliding, on a pair of snow-skates, fully six feet in length.

Approaching, he began an earnest discourse, evidently seeking to explain something. Over and over again he repeated the words, "*Ek thenkja bauth madar*," and made a sign as of firing a gun.

At last I gathered from him that he was the person who had fired on me the previous day. I afterward learned that he was one of the Icelanders who have settled in the British Northwest, and his speech to me signified that he had "thought me a bad man."

He had watched my return to my cabin, and in the evening had come on his skates, to make sure that I was really a settler there, and now, like the kindly-hearted fellow he was, he wished to apologize and make all right.

I readily forgave him. I could understand very little of his strange Northern tongue, but by signs I learned that he had a family of five in his little cabin, and like all of the rest of us, was enduring privations, but hoped for great things for the future.

PALMER F. JADWIN.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

THE VEDDAHS.

Should the reader enter the island of Ceylon on its eastern coast, and proceed toward the interior, he would traverse a primeval jungle inhabited by elephants, leopards, bears, buffaloes and innumerable smaller animals, and with a teeming insect and reptile life.

In this forbidding wilderness he does not look for human habitations. Yet, as he works his way through the matted solitude, his curiosity will be aroused, and possibly his fear awakened, when he descries a clump among the lower branches of the trees, too large for an eyrie and too small for a windfall. He peers, and wonders if any tropical wild creature can build so methodically.

The wail of a child proceeds from the perch, and echoes in the still jungle. He doubts his own senses, but he need not; it is a human voice, and the voice of a babe.

He scarcely dares to approach, lest he be greeted by a volley of bullets or a shower of arrows. Curiosity in a measure overcomes his fear, and he advances. Then the mother of the jungle babe rises from her couch, and supporting herself against the natural pillars of her nest-like home, utters a few guttural sounds, and grimaces a peremptory halt.

Her black hair hangs in unkempt masses about her dark brown back and shoulders. Her appearance is wholly repulsive, and the intruder, taking her unmistakable natural language to mean hostility, retreats into the forest.

Before another mile has been traversed, he may see a curl of smoke issuing from among a mass of vine-clad rocks; and if he can summon courage to enter the cavernous abode, he may there, too, find similar wild human creatures. Perhaps men, women and children are huddled together beneath the dank shelter of overhanging bowlders—the children naked as the monkeys that scamper overhead, and the men and women dressed well-nigh as sparingly.

These strange beings are descendants of the aborigines of the island, and are called Veddahs. The dominant native people now on the island are the Sinhalese.

Wijaho, a dissolute Indian prince, was the first to make conquests in Ceylon. This roving prince established himself on the island about five hundred years before Christ. He found the island occupied by a race called Yakkos, and is said to have married Kuweni, the daughter of one of their chiefs. By her assistance, and through a treacherous massacre, the whole island came under Wijaho's rule.

But the deceitful Kuweni did not long enjoy the fruits of her treachery. Wijaho thought it necessary to have a more noble consort, whom he had no difficulty in finding in a southern province of India.

Upon the arrival of the new and royal bride, Kuweni was put away, after she had borne a son and a daughter. The cruelly rejected spouse wandered to Lankapura, a city of the Yakkos, and while searching the streets for a house in which to live she was recognized by the inhabitants, and killed because of her treachery.

The Sinhalese still hold to the tradition that the Veddahs are descended from the children of Kuweni, who retreated to the jungles. But whether descended from Wijaho's deserted spouse or from the Yakkos in general, it seems to be true that the Veddahs of to-day have been degraded outcasts for two thousand years.

Every succeeding generation finds them a diminishing remnant. Encroaching civilization contracts the narrow boundary of their forest domain, and hastens the time of their extinction.

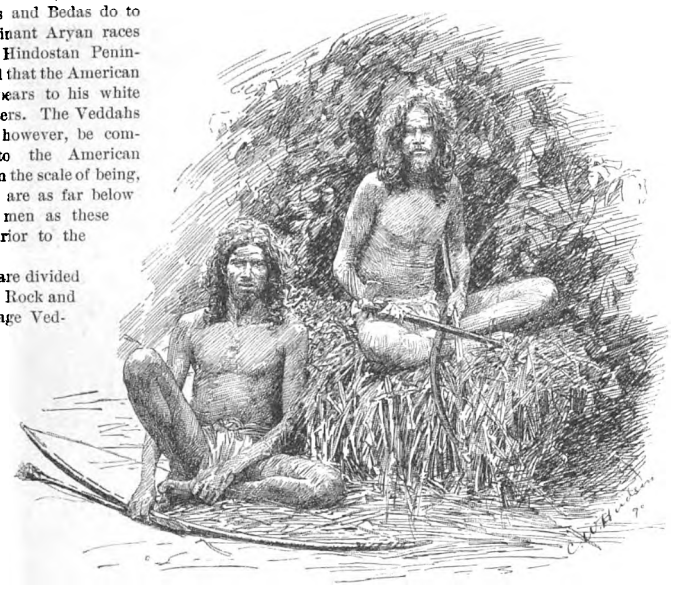
At the time of the Dutch occupation of Ceylon, these remarkable aborigines were scattered along

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the east coast to the extreme north of the island, and were at that time required to pay tribute in elephants to their conquerors. Now they are confined to a belt of territory along the southeast coast, ninety miles long and half as wide.

The Veddahs occupy the same relation to the Sinhalese that the primitive tribes of India, the Koolies, Bheels, Puttooas, Khoonds and Bedas do to the dominant Aryan races on the Hindostan Peninsula, and that the American Indian bears to his white supplanters. The Veddahs cannot, however, be compared to the American Indian in the scale of being, for they are as far below the red men as these are inferior to the whites.

They are divided into the Rock and the Village Veddahs. The Veddahs of the Rock take up their abode in the remote jungle, avoiding all contact with civilized life, seeking shelter among rocks or on stages erected among the branches of the trees.



A Group of Veddahs.

They eat fruit, roots and native grains, when obtainable, but depend chiefly upon the chase for their food, in the choice of which they are almost omnivorous, nothing being too repuisive for their appetites. They devour bats, crows, owls and kites with indiscriminate relish.

For some unknown reason they do not touch the flesh of the elephant, the buffalo or the bear; yet these animals are abundant in the forests which they inhabit.

The flesh of the deer and other animals they dry on elevated platforms, and then store it away in hollow trees, sealing the apertures with clay. They always cook their meat with fire and not with water. They prefer roasted monkey and the iguana lizard above all other delicacies.

The Rock Veddahs are divided into clans or communities, and agree among themselves in partitioning off the hunting-grounds by such landmarks as streams, hills, rocks and trees. Each party has a head man whose chief duty it is to apportion the honey, wax, ivory, dried flesh and other things taken during the season.

Their surplus products are exchanged with traders for such articles as in their rude life they can make use of. They bring their barterable commodities to the boundary-line of their territory, and there leave them, at the same time leaving certain signs, agreed upon in advance, to indicate what articles they want in return.

The most enterprising native traders on the island are called Moors, who bring hatchets, arrow-heads, cloth and salt to this jungle exchange, where the Veddahs have left their goods. Money is useless to them.

The traders read the hieroglyphic orders of barter, and the exchange is consummated; but the crafty and unscrupulous Moormen often take heartless advantage of the ignorant Veddahs.

The Veddah language is limited to a few words, and these are said to be a dialect of the Sinhalese language; but so low are these poor wretches that it has been doubted if they possess any language at all. One gentleman, who resided for a time where he had opportunities to study them, declares that they communicate chiefly by signs, grimaces and guttural sounds.

They have no idea of time or distance—no name for hours, days, or years. They have no doctors, no knowledge of medicine save to apply bark and leaves to wounds. They have no games, no amusement, no music, no education. They are unable to count beyond five on their own fingers. They have no caste, no knowledge of God or a future state; no temples, no idols, no prayers, no charms; no instinct for worship except a slight tendency to devil-worship, by which they hope to avert storms and lightning.

So rude, indeed, are the Veddahs that they do not bury their dead, but cover them over with leaves and brushwood in the jungle.

Although so low and degraded, they are gentle in disposition, and seldom commit grave crimes. In case of theft, the delinquent is required to make restitution, but is not punished.

Murder is almost unknown, and when discovered, is compromised with goods. The Veddahs are said to be fond of their children, and their widows are supported by the community.

The Village Veddahs are a shade superior to the tribes of the jungle, and are so called because they sometimes frequent the neighborhood of villages and build rude huts of mud and grass.

Both classes of Veddahs use rudely made bows, six feet long; their arrows are tipped with the pinions of the pea-fowl, and have long iron heads. Unlike most other savages, they are unskilful marksmen.

The number of Veddahs on the island cannot be correctly ascertained. Some have placed it at eight thousand, but more recent authorities do not estimate them much above two thousand.

In appearance they are unsightly, with prominent teeth and projecting mouths. They have a thin beard, and a matted, tangled mass of black hair. Several attempts have been made by the government and by missionaries to educate and reclaim them, but with only slight success.

JAMES RICALTON.

For the Companion.

JUDGMENT.

Be quick to praise; be slow to scorn:
For what the Future holds, who knows?
To-day, the vine has but a thorn,—
To-morrow brings the rose!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

RUSSIA.

A series of notable events which have been taking place in the Russian Empire have drawn the attention of the world in an unusual degree to that country.

The rule of the Czar, always despotic and severe, seems to have been increasing in stringency, and as a consequence, the condition of the Empire is undoubtedly restive and agitated.

Foremost among the recent acts of the Czar has been the revival of the old restrictive laws against the Jews, and the addition of new restrictions on that portion of the Russian population.

A certain part of Russia is set apart where the Jews are compelled to live, and all Jews who have resided in any town or village for less than eight years are forced, under the new regulations, to remove into this designated district.

No Jew can become an officer, either of the army or of the civil service. He is not admitted to the universities. He is confined to certain mercantile occupations, and by the new law is forbidden to hold or own real estate, or to have it mortgaged to him.

It is stated that the new restrictions, added to the old ones, will deprive two millions of the four millions of Russian Jews of the means of earning their living.

These startling facts have aroused indignation throughout the civilized world, and in some instances great public meetings have been held to protest against the persecution by law of such an immense number of human beings.

Another act of the Russian Government has been to curtail the ancient liberties of Finland, which is under the rule of the Czar as a conquered nation.

The Finns are a sturdy, honest race, and have hitherto enjoyed a large degree of political freedom. But the Czar and his counsellors have, of late, shown a disposition to reduce them also to the same iron rule which holds the rest of the Russian dominions as in a vice.

The condition of the Russian peasantry is described by Stepniak, a Russian exile now on a visit to this country, and a writer of note upon Russian subjects, as being deplorable.

He states that the mortality of the peasantry in some Russian provinces reaches the annual rate of sixty-two in a thousand, which is three times the rate in some American cities; and that the cause of this large death-rate is want of food.

The peasantry, according to this authority, have to pay one-half of their incomes in satisfying the demands of the government. As a result they have had to mortgage their little plots of land in order barely to exist.

There seems, in view of these facts, to be no reason for astonishment that the state of the Empire is one of unrest and discontent, or that we continue to hear of plots and violent attempts of revolutionists against the Czar's life and authority. The murder of a prominent Russian General in Paris, formerly connected with the police, and the killing in Moscow of a lady of rank, who is supposed to have betrayed the secrets of the Nihilists, are evidences of the continued existence of a formidable conspiracy against the government.

In December five Nihilists, several of them young women, were tried at St. Petersburg for engaging in a plot against the Czar, and all but one were sentenced to death. Meanwhile the Czar has to surround himself constantly with every precaution, to defend him from the deadly assault of assassins.

It is well for us not to accept implicitly all the statements that are made concerning the tyranny and cruelty of the rulers of Russia. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they are guilty of many acts of oppression which revolt the civilized world, and the natural result is to create, in Russia itself, widespread discontent and resistance.

For the Companion.

UNCONQUERED.

High o'er the city's roofs a storm-blown gull,
Driven landward from the sea,
Battles against the winds without a lull,
Yet inland farther, ever back
Helpless is tossed with flying rack;
But, messenger of constancy to me,
I joy to see him facing ocean still,
As beaten souls through storm and night
May changeless face the hidden light
By heaven-sent power and strength of steadfast will.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JR.

THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

The campaign against the hostile Indians in South Dakota, which began with the movement of United States troops to the Pine Ridge agency last autumn, practically came to an end during the second week in January.

At that time a notable council and "dog feast" was held, at which speeches were made by representatives of the army and the Indian service and by hitherto hostile chiefs, and there was a general submission and surrendering of arms on the part of the Indians hemmed in by General Miles's troops.

Properly speaking, there has been no war with the Sioux, though there has been a campaign against a disaffected element among that tribe.

The United States Government found that certain chiefs, led by the chief and medicine-man Sitting Bull, had stirred up a fanatical disaffection among the Indians, and that parties were committing robberies and evidently preparing for a general war.

Acting through General Miles, commanding the military department, the government adopted a plan, which it pursued to the end, to forestall such a war.

This plan was to surround the country occupied by the half-hostile Indians, and taking them before they were prepared for war, gradually to draw them in to the agencies and disarm them, without bringing on a fight with them.

The seat of the apparent preparations for an uprising was in the rough and almost impregnable natural stronghold of the Bad Lands. The Indians, after being invested by troops called from all parts of the Western country, were drifting toward this almost impassable country. Sitting Bull, it is supposed, was about to start with his followers to join the armed band, when orders were given to a detachment of Indian policemen in the government employ to go to this chief's house at Standing Rock, and arrest him.

The arrest was made as ordered; but some of Sitting Bull's followers attacked the Indian police, and in the fight which followed Sitting Bull was shot and killed. A considerable number of his followers were arrested, and removed from Standing Rock.

This event increased the number of the hostiles; and a state of actual hostilities was presently precipitated by another unfortunate event.

A band of some hundreds of Indians, under a chief named Big Foot, had been arrested by a judicious movement, had broken away, and had been recaptured. They were being disarmed at a place called Wounded Knee, when some among them made a desperate attack upon the soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry.

In the fight which followed, the military lost about thirty officers and men, and nearly all the Indians of Big Foot's band, including many women and children, were killed or wounded.

After this fight more than three thousand Indians whom General Miles, pursuing his original peaceful plan, had collected at Pine Ridge Agency, broke away and joined the hostiles, and several sharp skirmishes followed.

However, the work went on of closing in upon the Indians, and at the same time endeavoring to induce them to come in peaceably. The hostiles found that they were caught in a trap, and gradually flocked to Pine Ridge Agency and gave themselves up, expressing confidence in the intention of the government to treat them fairly.

The result appears to have been due to two causes: The Indians' expectation of some sort of supernatural aid in a campaign against the whites, which their "medicine men" urged them to make next spring; and their dissatisfaction with the way in which they have been treated and fed at their agencies.

They charge that they have been cheated and starved by the government's agents, and that the government has not kept its promises to them. Many white men believe that this charge is true, and that the superstitious delusion that they were under would have been harmless but for the unjust way in which they were treated at the agencies.

It is estimated that there were at one time about three thousand warriors among the hostiles, and General Miles had under his command about ten thousand soldiers, scattered about at different points.

RUINED.

The corridors of the station-house were lined with benches, on which sat a few burly policemen in their blue and gilt uniform. In the inner rooms were congregated old bloated drunkards, hardened women charged with crime, a terrified young girl, and one or two children.

A small man, with a keen, steady eye, also in uniform, answered the inquiries of visitors.

"Yes, we see strange things here," he said. "But one gets hardened, looking constantly at the black side of human nature.

"I've seen sights here, though, that would wring any man's heart. There was a woman one night sat on that bench yonder that was brought in for petty larceny.

"She was a pretty, gay little body, who had tried to keep her place in fashionable life with little money, but when she was pushed hard, stole a velvet dress.

"She wouldn't give her name, and cried pitifully, begging to be let go. But when one of the officers brought in her old father, she grew still as death.

"'I will never disgrace you again,' she said, and turned her face to the wall.

"When they went to take her out to the prison van, she was dead. The action of her heart was weak, the doctors said, and shame and misery bore on it too hard.

"There was no use prosecuting a dead woman. Her father took her away, and the matter was kept out of the papers.

"But a thing happened one night that seemed to me more terrible than that.

"About midnight two or three carriages drove up, and a party of ladies and gentlemen came in, wrapped in their furs and opera cloaks. They had been at the theatre, and had come down out of curiosity because one of their companions had promised them 'a glimpse of real tragedy, more dramatic than anything they would find on the stage.'

"So in their gay dresses and diamonds, some laughing, some ready to cry, but all pleased with the new excitement, they peered in at the poor wretches.

"Among the prisoners was an old hag, who was near to death with long faithfulness to vice and drink. She held out her filthy hand, begging.

"One of the ladies came up close, and looked at her long and curiously. I heard her name, and knew it. She belonged to a good family in the city, and was famous for her beauty and recklessness. She had been married but a year, and was already divorced. But there was about her an odd, affectionate sincerity which, people said, endeared her even to those who blamed her.

"She stood still, looking at this bleared old woman, her face growing white. Then she dropped a gold coin in the outstretched hand.

"'I wonder,' she said, 'who will give me a gold piece when I sit where you do now!'

"Her friends dragged her away, laughing. I smelled champagne on her breath, as she passed me. But it was a terrible thing, for I knew she had foreseen what would happen to her. It would have been better if she had looked on her own dead body.

"Only we policemen know how many fast, champagne-drinking fashionable women end here at last."

The policeman's story was true in every detail.

We tell it to show how short and steep is the road downward for the woman who, whether thoughtlessly or deliberately, enters upon it.

To conceal such dangers from young girls is as false kindness as to send innocent children to walk over the hot, thin crust of a crater without warning that death lies below.

GOOD IN THE WORLD.

If Sir Thomas More could write to his wife, as he did, on the eve of his execution, "I pray thee, dear wife, be merry in God," the most doleful among us can surely charge ourselves to be cheerful under our lesser misfortunes.

"Serve God and be cheerful," was the motto of good Bishop Hacket, and another voice worth hearing has told us that—

"Cheerfulness is a hymn of praise to God."

There is excellent common sense, also, in keeping up a good heart. The Reverend F. Arnold, author of "Three-Cornered Essays," reminds us that, when Chatterton committed suicide, people were just beginning to inquire about him, and would presently have come to his rescue.

A certain Englishman destroyed himself through fear of coming to want, and all the time a large legacy was lying ready for him. The man who persistently believes in better days is the one who sees them, for he patiently "holds on a little longer."

Perhaps he does so because he has by nature a sunny disposition, and possibly because he loves his kind, and prefers not to inflict on them the sad sight of a woful countenance. He subscribes to that healthful, hearty verse which tells us,

"If the world's a wilderness,
Go, build houses in it."

He is clever enough to have learned that there are bits of brightness to be found everywhere, even if they only flash back from wave-wet pebbles on the beach. Though it may not be bright enough to give us warmth, God's sunshine smiles at us from many such insignificant bits of creation.

Lord Melbourne once told a melancholy friend,

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who was walking with him late at night through the London streets, that he might at least have amused himself by seeing the lights flash from the backs of the lobsters in the fishmongers' shops.

There are few of us who cannot take the humorous suggestion to heart, and adapt it to the varying needs of our days.

A RIDICULOUS DUEL.

Nearly all the world now recognizes the folly and wickedness of duelling, and yet the practice survives in two of the most advanced and enlightened countries of the world, France and Germany.

In France, though it is against the law, public men, legislators, ministers of state go out to fight duels, or pretended duels, though few receive any but slight injuries in them; while in Germany, though civilians seldom engage in "affairs of honor," there is a regular and recognized duelling code in use among officers of the army, prescribed by the Emperor himself.

The epoch when duelling was most frequent and bloody was probably the early part of the present century, or the last days of the last century. It was a period of military expeditions, and all sorts of swashbuckling in Europe, and the swashbuckling spirit overflowed into our own country.

The duelling hero of that epoch, in France, was the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie, whose duels were almost incessant; and one of his affairs of honor was so silly that it helped to set in motion the current of ridicule which has made duelling so much less honorable than it once was.

One day another famous duellist, Pierrot d'Issac, came to see his friend, the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie. It should be explained that in French *pierrot* means sparrow, and *merle* means blackbird.

"Marquis," he said, "I am a Bonapartist, and you are a Royalist. Moreover, I am the Sparrow, and you are the Blackbird. Doesn't it strike you that there is one bird of us too many?"

"It does, precisely," said the Marquis. "My choice is pistols; and as is appropriate for birds of our species, let us fight in the trees."

"Agreed," said d'Issac.

As if it were not a sufficiently ridiculous thing that one man should challenge another, because his name was Sparrow, and the other Blackbird, the duel was actually fought from trees. The seconds stood on the ground below.

The pistols were fired at the signal. There was a rustling among the leaves of one of the chestnut-trees. It was Pierrot d'Issac, who, wounded severely in one leg, came tumbling to the ground "like a ripe chestnut," Sainte-Marie's seconds said.

Fortunately he caught on one of the lower branches, and was helped to the ground by his seconds. At this point Merle de Sainte-Marie began to chirp triumphantly; imitating the song of a blackbird. D'Issac waited until he was recovered from his wound, and then challenged Sainte-Marie for the chirp.

This time there was nothing amusing about the duel. It was fought with swords, and Sainte-Marie was badly wounded. The sparrow had avenged himself upon the blackbird.

FROM RUFF TO NECKTIE.

The necktie, now become a purely ornamental detail of dress, was originally useful. It was intended to protect the throat. Its history may be traced from the time of the Stuarts in England, when immense ruffs, which served as neckcloths and collars, were worn.

Later neckcloths or cravats were adopted, and no doubt were a welcome change from the stiff, uncomfortable ruff. They were of Brussels or Flanders lace, tied in a knot under the chin, the ends being allowed to hang square.

Still later they were worn much longer, the ends being passed through the button-holes of the waistcoat.

The lace neckcloth was succeeded by small cambric bands, but was reintroduced in Queen Anne's reign, and did not go out of use entirely until about 1735. Then a broad silk ribbon, tied in a large bow in front, was worn, and this in turn was followed by white cambric stocks buckled in the back, and by muslin cravats, which were tied in front in an immense bow.

In the early part of this century the stiff linen collar had begun to be worn, and the cravat was passed twice around the collar, and tied in a fanciful bow in front.

About 1820 cravats were made very wide in the centre, and tapered off toward the ends. Thirty years ago stocks and cravats began to disappear, and scarfs began to take their place. From these scarfs, gradually growing smaller, was developed the modern neat necktie.

SKETCHING A POEM.

Few strangers have been admitted into a poet's study while he was at work composing a poem, for poets agree with Browning:

"A peep through my window, if folks prefer,
But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine."

Mr. Gosse, however, has, in his "Robert Browning, Personalia," given us a glimpse of that poet while putting together the frame of a poem.

Mr. Browning, while at Cambridge, proposed to Mr. Gosse, one June afternoon, a temporary retreat from society. They retired to a sequestered part of the beautiful Fellows' Garden of Trinity, where, seated in a garden-chair under the shadow of a tree, Browning talked of his early life and aspirations, and of Italian memories.

In the midst of these reminiscences, he unconsciously betrayed his method of composing poems. He had told a story, narrated to him by a Tuscan nobleman, who had shown him two miniature-pictures, the work of a young artist, for which he had expected to receive the prize in some local contest. Being unjustly defrauded, the artist broke his ivories, burned his brushes, and indignantly swore he would abandon the thankless art forever.

Suddenly Mr. Browning reflected for a moment, and then said, "There's stuff for a poem in that!"

Immediately, with great vivacity, he began to sketch the form it should take, what features should be suppressed, and what should be substituted.

Finally he suggested the moral, in which the spirited defiance was shown to be an act of tame renunciation, the poverty of the artist's spirit being proved by his eagerness to snatch a benefit simply material.

Browning said that he had never before reflected on this incident as one proper to be versified, but in five minutes he had left it, needing nothing but the mere outward crust of the versification.

"It will be a matter of some curiosity," Mr. Gosse adds, "to see whether the poem so started and sketched was actually brought to completion."

RAIN AND EXPLOSIONS.

Under the direction of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture, experiments to produce rainfall by the explosion of dynamite are to be made. The theory that rain may be produced by explosives is based largely on the fact that nearly all the great battles of this century have been followed quite shortly by rain.

During the siege of Valenciennes in 1793, the weather, which had been hot and dry, became violently rainy after the cannonading commenced.

At the battle of Dresden in 1813, the weather, which had been serene and very warm, suddenly changed. Vast clouds filled the sky, and soon a torrent of rain fell.

At Waterloo, according to one authority, the weather during the morning of June 17, 1815, had been oppressively warm. The atmosphere was close, and a dark, heavy cloud hung over the combatants. Brigade guns began firing. The concussion seemed to rebound through the still atmosphere, and to communicate like an electric spark with the heavily charged clouds above. A violent thunder-clap burst forth, which was followed by a great downpour of rain.

One of the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad states that he was compelled to do a great deal of blasting through a part of the country where rain had never been known to fall in considerable quantities, and where it has never rained since. But during the period of the blasting, nearly a year, it rained every day.

Humboldt states that the eruption of a South American volcano in a dry season sometimes changes it to a rainy season.

It is believed also, that in very warm, calm weather the burning of woods and long grass produces rain. Extensive fires in Nova Scotia are generally followed by floods of rain.

Whether rain can be artificially produced without expense too great to make the enterprise worth while, and without dependence on a favorable condition of the atmosphere, are questions which the experimenters have yet to decide.

FATHER'S KISS.

For father and son to kiss each other is not so common in this country as to mean nothing; but it is always a pleasant sight to witness, and only those who have a false notion of what constitutes manliness can see anything "babyish" in it. This incident is reported by the Hartford *Post*:

A father was seeing his son off on the cars for some distant point. There was a moment of quiet conversation between the two, perhaps a few words of such advice as a father should give a son, and then the train came thundering into the station.

As the latter, a tall fellow well along in his "teens," stepped on the platform, he extended his hand and his lips to his father. There was a gentle kiss of farewell, and the two separated. There was no gush, no nonsense, no affectation; just the expression of fatherly tenderness that had followed that son since he lay in the cradle.

Is there any danger of that boy straying from the path affectionately pointed out by his father?

Or is there any danger of that father ever having to excuse that son because he is "sowing wild oats?" We think not. The gentle power of a mother's kiss has been sung by poets, but is there not also a wealth of tenderness and a lasting memory for good in the kiss of a father?

PRIVATE INTERVIEW.

One may sometimes be made to see the uselessness of a foolish habit by being made the victim of similar behavior on the part of another. Here is an example of being paid "in one's own coin:"

A landlord in a country village was busily employed at his desk, when a farmer came to the door, and asked to see him.

The man was asked his errand, but he persisted that he must see the hotel-keeper alone. The latter stepped outside, when the farmer motioned him to follow, and walked around to the rear of the hotel.

When they were well around the corner, the farmer stated that he wished to buy a cow, and had heard that the landlord had one to sell.

"Come on," said the other, and led the way through a garden, a patch of potatoes, and after climbing a fence, through a muddy barn-yard and into the hotel barn.

When they were inside, the landlord put his mouth near the other's ear and whispered,

"Say, neighbor, I've sold my cow!"

TENDER-HEARTED.

Judge Q——, who once presided over a criminal court Down East, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge.

A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the Judge asked.

"Never, never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, *don't* cry," said Judge Q——, consolingly; "you're going to be, now!"

RETURNING THE FAVOR.

A story told of Mr. Whittier by a Boston lady illustrates his gentleness and courtesy:

A few years ago he called upon this lady one evening when the streets were very slippery. When he rose to take his leave, she feared that he might slip and fall upon the steep sidewalk. Accordingly she made a pretence of needing fresh air and of desiring to post a letter, and went with him to Beacon Street, where she slipped her letter into the mail-box, and bade him good-night.

But as she started toward home, he turned also, saying, "Wait! I will see thee home, Elizabeth."

And he did not leave her until she was at her own door.

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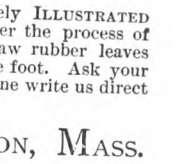
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SUGGESTIONS

IRON.

Where are the world's chief iron mines?

How is iron ore reduced?

Distinguish between steel, cast, wrought, malleable and galvanized iron.

Why will a tin dish rust?

Why does a sudden cooling harden iron?

Why does paper make better car-wheels than metal?

For the Companion.

JEREMY.

A BALLAD OF THE MAINE COAST.

"Why will you take the boat, Jeremy?
Why, my boy, will you go?
The wind is high and the tide is low,
The rocks are bare as a whale's bleached bones,
And out in the bay there the sand-bar moans—
Jeremy!
You're the last son of your mother,
The sea has left me no other.

"Last night, the air was still, Jeremy,
But the ocean could not rest;
The old moon held the new moon on her breast,
Rocking it there like an ailing child.
At dawn, to the eastward, the fog was piled,
Jeremy,
And the sun was red as an oven,
And the water with wind-streaks cloven."

"I must take the boat," said Jeremy,
"Mother, whatever befall me.
They are many—I hear them—who call me.
My father the captain, my brothers seven,
Are under the sea and their souls in heaven.
Jeremy!'
They call me—the souther's a-brewing—
They bid me be up and doing.

"There's a wreck in the offing," said Jeremy,
"I cannot see, but I know it;
They have put forth a boat with two men to row it,
They drift on the waves, and my brothers beneath—
I must go, let me go, if it be to my death,
My father calls me to wrestle
For the life of the crew of that vessel!"

Away in his boat went Jeremy,
His mother stood wringing her hands:
The waves ran up in a crowd on the sands,
The storm descended and smote the sea,
And the shouts of the wind were as evil set free.
"Jeremy!"
But her cry was blown back in her throat,
And her son went down with his boat.

E. CAVAZZA.

For the Companion.

IN TRAINING.

"That," said a Sophomore in one of our colleges to a visitor, "is John Black." He pointed to a wiry, muscular young fellow, who in boating costume was making his way to the riverside. "He is going to take a pull on the stream for an hour. He is completely in the hands of his trainer now."

"And what does his trainer do for him?" asked the ignorant visitor.

"He regulates his whole day. John gets out of bed at a certain minute every morning; he exercises with Indian clubs; is rubbed down; runs a couple of miles on the course; takes a cold bath; is rubbed down again, and so on until night. Every mouthful he eats is prescribed by the trainer. The day is strictly divided into hours for exercise, for rest, for bathing, and for work. The life he leads is as hard as the life of a galley-slave."

"Why does he do it?"

"He is to run against the college champion. He must put himself in training if he wants to win the prize."

"What is the prize?"

"A gold medal."

The visitor was also a young man. He did not want to run or jump or row for a prize, but he had a great ambition to live a high, noble, helpful life.

It occurred to him now, that he had not been working so hard to that end as this other boy was working for a gold medal. When his companion left him, he walked on alone, thinking of it, and he made a resolution which may seem fantastic to some of the readers of this article.

He would put his soul in training. Every morning he would give an hour to his Bible, and seek to bring his thoughts and motives into comparison with the thoughts and motives of Christ.

He would then exercise his judgment as this athlete did his body, to make it stronger. For instance, in the circle of his family and friends, his thoughts were likely to be harsh and censorious, for he was naturally a severe judge. But he would compel himself to find some good feature in each character, to think of it, and look at his friends through its kindly light.

His charity, like the athlete's muscles, would be thus strengthened by use.

The runner gave part of the day to climbing a steep mountain in the neighborhood; he thus gained power and health by the muscular exercise and by breathing purer air than that of the town.

He, too, would try to leave behind the gossip, the trivialities, the coarseness on the dead level of his daily life, and climb to the height of some noble thought, or of some great truth of science.

Moreover, as the daily bath was necessary for the body of the athlete, so must it be for his soul. He would, by self-examination, seek to cleanse it of all the impurities that might originate within, or be gathered by contact with the world from without.

Why, he thought, if this boy puts his body in such severe training to gain a coveted honor in his college life, shall I not train my soul to win a life that is gentle and true and merciful, and that takes hold of the "life that is to come."

THACKERAY'S TWO SIDES.

Mr. G. P. A. Healy, the portrait-painter, contributes to the New Haven *Register* some reminiscences of the famous men who have sat for him, or with whom he has in other ways been acquainted. Thackeray, he says, was never a sitter of his, but he met him on several occasions. Two of these meetings gave him an insight into two of Thackeray's characteristics—his weakness for titles and the society of high-born people, and his real kindness of heart, which he was given to concealing with a kind of false modesty.

One day in Paris I met Thackeray in the street.

"What, you here, Healy?" he said. "I thought you were in America." I replied that I was painting at Number 15 of that very street, and that, if he had a moment to spare on the following Thursday, I should be happy to show him my work.

At the time appointed he called, and was, for him, most amiable. In the course of the conversation he said, "So we are to meet this evening." I looked unintelligent, and he added, "Why, yes, Thursday evening. Didn't you say we were to meet at Lord Holland's?"

"No," answered I; "I am not invited."

"Ah! Really? Good afternoon!" he said, and almost instantly left the place, evidently quite disgusted at having lost his time with one whom Lord Holland had not seen fit to recognize.

Some years later I called on Thackeray in Boston. He received me with a sarcastic smile, assuring me that he felt exceedingly honored that I should condescend to think of a poor man of letters like himself. I answered with great seriousness:

"Mr. Thackeray, you quite mistake the motive of my visit. It is not the man of letters I have come to see; it is the man who cheered the last days of a poor young fellow named Cook."

Instantly his manner changed. "What! Did you know Cook?" and he spoke as feelingly as if sarcasm had not become with him a second nature.

Cook, a young American painter whom I knew in Paris, very poor and friendless, fell ill, and there was nothing left for him but to go to the hospital. There I found him, not only ill, but in terror of the doctors, who, according to his story, made use of him for all sorts of surgical experiments.

"If you can't get me out of this place, I shall die of fear!" he exclaimed one day, when I called.

I immediately started a subscription among the artists, who are never deaf to such appeals, and Cook was taken to the country. He had a cheerful room in a farm-house, and could be carried into the garden, where he enjoyed every ray of sunshine. A more grateful and happy creature I never saw.

The poor fellow's most constant visitor was Thackeray, who watched with him night after night, and cared for this young stranger as if he had been one of his own blood, and I am very sure that, in order to give the dying man one bright hour, the celebrated author would have refused even a duke's invitation.

KITCHEN ETYMOLOGY.

The study of the origins of words brings to light many odd and unexpected relationships. The word "kitchen," for example, bears little superficial resemblance to the word "cook," yet the two are from the same root, the Latin *coquere*, to cook. Other derivatives from the same source are "cake" and "biscuit" (the latter a thing twice cooked), "concoct," to cook together, and "precocious," which means, literally, cooked or ripened before the time.

The word "loaf," from the Anglo-Saxon *hlaf*, is own cousin, as we may say, to two such unexpected words as "lady" and "lord;" a lady is a loaf-kneader, and a lord is a loaf-keeper.

To "sup," or take "supper," is now to eat the last meal of the day; but the original meaning of the term was to drink, a meaning still retained by the closely allied "sip." From the same root we get the words "sop" and "soup."

How curiously terms take on a new significance is exemplified by the word "custard." In these days a custard is a mixture of milk and eggs, sweetened, and then baked or boiled. It may be cooked with or without pastry, but is sharply distinguished from it. Yet the word "custard" is from the same root as "crust," and originally meant a crust or a pasty.

The connection of the word "salary" with "salt" is a matter of general knowledge, but it is probably not so commonly known that "salad," "sauce," "souse" and "sausage" have the same saline origin, the idea of salting or seasoning having been foremost in them all.

When the ordinary reader looks in Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary" for the word "sage," he is most likely surprised to read, "Sage, a plant; see salvation." What possible connection can there be between this familiar condiment, and a condition of safety? But the answer is easy. This odorous herb was supposed to have healing virtue, and, therefore, was named "sage," a term derived from the Latin *salvus*, safe.

If we go to the same dictionary for the word "steak," we read, "Steak; see Stick." A steak was a slice of meat stuck on a wooden peg, and roasted before the fire. We have changed the custom, but retained the word. It is worth noting, also, that "etiquette," "stake," "stocking," "stoker" and "ticket," have come from the same root.

A "chop" is nothing but a "chap" or a "chip;" a "luncheon" is a "lump," a piece broken off; a "stew" is something cooked on a "stove;" and a "pudding"—from "pad," a bag—was originally an intestine filled with meat, in other words, a sausage.

"OUR FLAG."

One dreary morning late in the autumn of 1864, a number of Union prisoners were piloted up the Savannah River, past the historic Fort Pulaski, past the blockade of sunken vessels, and up within the Confederate lines.

Then down the river came a Confederate steamer, and as it turned a curve and came in sight of the Union vessels, there was heard, as if from somewhere within the steamer's depths, a muffled shout, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

This meeting at Savannah was for an exchange of prisoners between the Union and Confederate forces. Two steamers were lashed together, gang-planks thrown across, and the exchange begun. Man for man, a steady double line, one line of Union prisoners and the other of Confederates, walked across the gang-planks for days.

"What was that hurrahing for, as the steamer turned the bend?" one of the prisoners was asked, as he came to the United States vessel.

He smiled grimly and said, "Why, you see, some of us happened to be where we could see down the river, and we caught sight of the old flag, the Stars and Stripes. We told the rest of them, and then they gave the three cheers you heard. They weren't much for strength, but they were the best we could give.

"You, who haven't been where you couldn't see the flag if you wanted to," the prisoner went on, "haven't any idea what it meant to us. In the first place it meant freedom—and freedom's a big word to us who've been penned up so long. Then it meant home—and I guess our boys like that word, too! Ask that boy sitting on the stairs; it meant life to him, and a good many more like him."

The boy on the stairway seemed quite willing to speak, but it was necessary to bend down and listen closely in order to hear his words.

"I was one of them that couldn't see the flag," he whispered, "but I could see them that could see it, and I cheered with the rest. I couldn't make much noise, but I did some loud shouting inside just the same!"

For the Companion.

A VALENTINE.

How shall I my Darling know
From another one?—
By her wealth of golden hair,
Gleaming in the sun?

By the eyes that are so blue—
Eyes to match the sky—
Or the flush the breezes left
As they wandered by,

Touching with their kiss her cheek,
Making it the hue
Of wild roses in the hedge,
Where the sun breaks through?

Nay, but there are other girls
Who have golden hair—
Some of them, the gossips say,
Weave with it a snare.

Eyes and skies of tenderest blue
Sometimes can betray—
So I must my darling know
In some other way.

Fairest cheeks that pinkly vie
With the rose at morn—
They may match the rose too well;
They may hint a thorn.

But if I explore her heart—
Find it true and strong—
Then I shall my Darling know—
I shall not be wrong:

Hair and eyes and wild-rose cheek
Fitly shall combine
To enshrine the spirit's grace
Of my Valentine.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

ORIGINAL VALENTINES.

A queer but kind-hearted and rather sentimental elderly lady, Miss Lavinia Stripe, writes a correspondent, kept a small millinery and notion store in the village where I lived as a boy. Her store was a little box of a place, not more than ten by twelve feet in size, but it was always scrupulously neat, and bright with the gay ribbons and feathers and flowers that made most of her stock in trade.

During the second week of February, Miss Lavinia's shop windows always hung full of valentines, and in each window was a little card on which was printed: "ORIGINAL VALENTINES;" for while part of her valentines were of the usual paper-lace and card-board and tinsel variety, she kept also a goodly supply of fanciful and clever creations which were the work of her own fingers. The verses on these original valentines were also of "her own get up."

Miss Lavinia long ago closed up her little shop, and bade a final farewell to earth, but there are many men and women who remember her for her kindness and gentleness, and for whom each recurring Fourteenth of February calls to mind the little shop and the "original valentines."

I remember how I, a bashful, awkward boy of thirteen summers, slipped slyly into Miss Lavinia's shop one February evening, and laid down a silver dime, saying as I did so:

"I want to get a valentine."

"Yes," said Miss Lavinia, brightly, "and it's for a little girl?"

"Yes, ma'am," with renewed blushes.

"And you want a very pretty one, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," with downcast eyes.

"Light or dark complected little girl?"

"Light, ma'am. With blue eyes."

"Then here is the very one for you. I have just finished it."

The "light-complected" little girl has it still. I saw it only yesterday. It is made of two pink and blue hearts ingeniously woven together, while a golden spear runs through both. On the back is this original verse by Miss Lavinia:

"Oh, little maid with eyes of blue,
May you love me as I love you,
May our two hearts through life entwine,
And so I send you this valentine."

Miss Lavinia also composed valentine verses "to order," charging but ten cents for something like this, with an appropriate name in the line:

"Oh, the name of Mary is pleasant to hear,
And the name of Lucy is sweet to the ear,
And the name of Grace with true lustre doth shine,
But Betty's the one for my valentine."

Little Miss Stripe's verses were in demand, and caused many heart-flutterings and blushes of pleasure; and simple little rhymes as they were, they played an important part in the adjustment of certain affairs whereby sundry of the young people of the village were made happy for life.

RUNNING FROM A GRIZZLY.

Big Bill, a Swede by parentage, born in the United States, and a carpenter by trade, having taken to skin-hunting, had located his camp in the Big Horn range. He was six feet three inches in height, with broad shoulders and long arms. He was a first-rate shot, and used his Sharps rifle to bring down every animal clothed in a merchantable skin.

One morning Sir Samuel Baker, whose camp was only a mile away, strolled over to Bill's camp, and found him arranging skins, which were neatly folded and perfectly dry, without any other curing than exposure to the keen, dry air of the ten-thousand-feet altitude. Bill, in reply to Sir Samuel's question as to his success in hunting on the previous day, said, "I guess I was mostly occupied in running away from the biggest grizzly ever cubbed."

"There," he continued, pointing out the spot, "do you see that low, rocky cliff on the tiptop of the hill just above us? That was the place, just beneath, on that terrace-like projection with a few spruce-trees upon it. There's a steep way down that cliff, and when I got down upon that terrace, there were a lot of big rocks lying about.

"All of a sudden one of 'em stood up on end within ten yards of me, and sat up looking at me with the most innocent face I ever saw. That was the biggest bear I ever came across; he was as big as the largest bull I ever saw in the ranch.

"There he was, sitting up on end like a dog, and almost laughing. There was no laugh in me. I don't think I ever ran so fast in all my life."

"But why didn't you shoot him?" asked Sir Samuel.

"Shoot him?" replied Big Bill. "Oh yes, that's very likely when he wasn't farther than ten yards off, and I would have had a poor start, and no place to run to!

"No, I knew better than that, with a single-barrel Sharps. If I had had your double-barrel, with a big, solid bullet, I shouldn't have run away. But I go hunting for skins with my little Sharps, and I don't want a grizzly to go hunting for my skin, not if I know it.

"I've left him for you, and if you go there this morning, there's some snow about, and you'll likely come across his tracks. If you do, you'll be astonished, I can tell you."

HONEST GHOST.

A ghost story, of the only authentic sort, comes from England, and is related by Wilbert Beale, in his "Light of Other Days." A young man, Mr. A., one night left London to take a trip into the north of England, and had for a companion in the railway carriage but one man, a stranger.

Mr. A. addressed some remark to his fellow-traveller in starting, but the man took no notice of it, and began to read a newspaper with great diligence. Presently Mr. A. went to sleep, and on awaking, after an hour's nap, found the carriage empty. No station had been passed, and yet his fellow-passenger had vanished.

He was puzzled, and believed himself to have been the victim of an apparition or a dream.

Twelve months passed, and again the two travellers met, under precisely the same circumstances. Mr. A. resolved that this time the mystery should be solved. But he had had a hard day's work, and in spite of himself, fell fast asleep. When he awoke, it was to find that his companion had mysteriously vanished.

He now began to suspect that this second illusion might forebode some disaster, and joined his friends with a heavy heart. His sister, noticing his depression, urged him to accompany her to some neighborhood merry-making. He consented, but on entering the hall, started violently.

"There! there it is again!" he exclaimed, with a terrified look.

"What do you mean?" whispered his sister, in alarm.

"The phantom!" he gasped, pointing to an advancing figure. "I have seen it twice, in my journeys up here, and each time it vanished into air."

"How absurd!" said she, relieved. "That is the owner of Harold Park. The railway runs through his estate, and he has a private station, at which the train stops whenever it is signalled. He is deaf and dumb."

WEIGHING THE BABY.

It is hard to be wakened suddenly from a dream of bliss. The Chicago *Tribune* relates a sad experience of this sort by a young gentleman of that city in connection with his first baby. He was very proud and happy, as he had a right to be, of course.

"It's a bouncer!" he exclaimed. "Where are the scales?"

The domestic hunted up an old-fashioned steelyard that had come down from a former generation. It was the only weighing-machine in the house. The baby, wrapped in the fleecy folds of some light fabric, was suspended from the proper hook, and the proud young father assumed charge of the exercises.

"I'll try it at eight pounds," he said, sliding the weight along the beam to that figure.

"It won't do. She weighs ever so much more than that!"

He slid the weight along several notches further.

"My stars!" he said. "She weighs more than ten pounds! Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen! Is it possible!"

He set the baby and steelyard down, and rested himself a moment.

"Biggest baby I ever saw!" he panted, resuming the weighing process. "Fifteen and a half—sixteen! This thing won't weigh her. See! Sixteen is the last notch, and she jerks it up like a feather.

"Go and get a big pair of scales at some neighbor's. I'll bet a hundred dollars she weighs over twenty pounds. Millie," he shouted, rushing into the next room, "she's the biggest baby in the country! Weighs over sixteen pounds!"

"What did you weigh her on?" inquired the young mother.

"On the old steelyard in the kitchen."

"The figures on that are only ounces," she replied, quietly. "Bring me the baby, John."

CANDID.

Old Captain Joe, as he was locally called, was a characteristic type of the New England skipper, and on all that part of the Maine coast where his life was passed he was as well-known as the morning sun. The stories told of him are endless, but the one which most pleases the old men of his own village is the following:

On one occasion Captain Joe was running into the harbor with a schooner very heavily loaded, and with rigging so stiffened with ice as to be almost unmanageable. A sudden squall struck her, and she was driven upon a dangerous ledge near the mouth of the bay. Here she hung in danger of foundering or of breaking in two, until the rising tide allowed of her being kedged off.

This took place in plain sight of the village folk, some of whom even took a boat and went to the assistance of Captain Joe, and the whole village knew what had happened.

The getting of the schooner afloat and up to the wharf was so long a job, that it was many hours before Captain Joe got ashore. As he made his way toward his home he met an old crony, a sea-captain like himself.

"Well, Cap'n," his friend said, "you had rather a hard brush of it this morning."

"Well, yes," Captain Joe answered, "it was rather higher than was comfortable. Some say the schooner run ashore on Thompson's reef, and some say she didn't; but for my part," he concluded, with an air of the most perfect candor, "I shall always allow that she *teched*."

POWERFUL EMOTION.

An old colored man who used to tell stories to a group of children on an Arkansas plantation before the war, had one story which the children were very fond of hearing which ended, "An' when dis innocent and accuse man got 'quitted in de co't, fo' de judge an' fo' de juhy, dey all in de co't-room sobered aloud!"

The idea that many people "sobered aloud" always had a thrilling effect upon his young hearers, although they had very little idea how it was done. Years afterwards one of them asked old Uncle Jeff what he meant by it.

"Dat's de way 'twuz tole to me, chile," said he, "'way back in Allybammy."

"But how could people 'sober aloud?'" persisted his inquisitor. "Don't you suppose they all sobbed in the court-room?"

"Go 'long, chile," said Uncle Jeff, with offended dignity; "what kind o' sorrowful soberness does that 'spress? I tell you what it was, and no 'stakin' it, dey all in de co't-room sobered aloud!"

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For the Companion.

MARGERY'S VALENTINE.

There's a ding-a-ling-ling of the doorbell,
Then a patter of feet on the floor,
And Margery cries, "Oh! goody,
There's a valentine left at the door."

She looks and exclaims, "'Tis a beauty!
But, oh! it's the funniest joke,
For here's dear little baby cousin
With 'Valentine' pinned on her cloak."

Yes, the darling is standing there, bundled
In fur from her head to her toes,
One cheek is as red as an apple
And one is as pink as a rose.

She toddles along to the parlor,
Then holds up her face for a kiss—
"Was a valentine ever," cries Margie,
"So perfectly lovely as this!"

ANNA M. PRATT.

his head right under the orange dish. Off tumbled the yellow balls, and what a scurrying to catch the precious things.

The "Swifts" were upset and there was danger of breaking up the party, but fortunately Mamma Small came to the rescue and helped Bob to the end of his skein, where was tied his "valentine." Mamma Small opened it, and read for him aloud:

"'I will do lame Sally Bonny's chores in the mornings!'"

"Oh dear—if 'taint too cold!" cried Bob, rubbing his bumped spot and looking rueful, for he disliked to get up early.

"'If 'taint too cold!' No! no! you've got to, anyway, cold or hot, so there!" shouted Tom Parsons.

Then it was Tom's turn. He was deft of hand, and soon came to Valentine number two.

"I will learn to sew and knit and be handy, so to help mother. She has to work so hard for me!"

"Girl-boy! girl-boy!" shouted Bob.

"I don't care, I will—see if I don't!" declared Tom, stoutly.

Now Nettie took an end. Her skein was snarly, but her patience held out, and at the end was the promise:

"I will try to keep a soft tung!"

"Good! good!" cried grandpa, pounding his cane on the hearth.

Nan White next whirled the Swifts and got:

"I will not quarrel at home and abroad, and keep my hands clean."

So the Swifts spun round, amid dancing and shouting, bringing to Sukey Allen's hand the valentine:

"I will wate upon gramma and grampa without grumbling."

To Tim Akers:

"I will lead blind Johnny Rich to church every pleasant Sunday."

To Milly Flint:

"I'm a-goin' to turn over a new leaf and be so good that nobody will know me no more."

"Stick down the corner, Milly!" cried grandpa, shaking off his glasses with laughter.

Then came the last skein, and fly-away Jack Mills began it. His ball was one-sided and "wobbly," the children said, but the promise was straight enough:

"I won't kick back if another boy tries to crow over me!"

How they all shouted! Grandma clapped her hands softly, and grandpa drummed his cane harder than ever, making old Dan bark till the room rang.

With each "valentine" was given a present—a silk muffler to Tim, a work-basket with thimble, scissors and needles to Tom, perfumed soap and a nail-brush to Nan, and so on.

I will not say that there were not some failures, for a year is a long time, but I do know that the children's hearts grew warmer, larger and more kindly in this loving, helpful service to others.

WHY is a postman's bag on the Fourteenth of February like a confectioner's shop? There are many sweet things in it.

WHY is it dangerous to go out on St. Valentine's Day? Because Cupid's arrows are flying about in all directions.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

ANAGRAM.

The first and third lines of each stanza rhyme; also the second and fourth. The omitted words are all formed from the fourteen letters omitted in the last line.

Please listen, fair maids, if you wish to * * * * * * *
The myst'ry of love, as it rules in my heart.
Though long I may live, and though far I may travel,
I love best the one whom I loved at the * * * * *.

There once was a time when she saved me from * * * *,
An evil suggestion the Tempter had * * * *,
And me he deceived; but 'twas hard to take two in.
She showed me the wrong, helped me turn and repent.

What wonder I loved her? What wonder I kissed her?
She kept me from falling. She helped me to * * * *.
O, boys and young men! Are you blessed with a * * * * * *?
Take counsel of her, if she's gentle and wise.



"If You'll Exchange Your Heart for Mine
I'll Take You for My Valentine."

For the Companion.

NETTIE SMALL'S PARTY.

"Stop! Stop! Wait a minute! I'm going to have a valentine party!" shouted Nettie Small, to attract the attention of the girls and boys swinging their book-bags, talking and laughing on their way to school.

"Oh, oh! How nice!" from the girls.

"Hurrah! What fun!" from the boys.

"It's going to be real cute! Mamma says we might try to make somebody happy on that day and all the year; and she's going to help us. She says that each one of us must write on a little piece of paper what he would be willing to do, real truly, you know, and send it to my house before the party, and—well, I'm not going to tell you any more about it."

But I'm afraid that the idea was not a pleasing one generally, for on St. Valentine's Eve only four boys and three girls appeared at the party. But they made more noise and fun than a regiment, Aunt Patty said.

Mamma Small had prepared the party room, and a little later the door was thrown open.

In the centre stood Grandma Small's great "Swifts" filled with eight skeins of yarn, the ends of which were held in grandma's hand, and on one side was a table with such tempting dishes of oranges, cakes and goodies as to make the hungry boys cast very longing glances toward it.

First the yarn must be wound, and Bob Murch, being the oldest, was invited to select one from the many threads held in Grandma Small's hand. Then he began to wind—backward, of course.

What awkward work he made of it! The girls laughed at him! The boys called him old Poky! He dropped the ball, and it rolled around all the table-legs. Bob crawled after it, and bumped

For the Companion.

TO EMELINE.

For little blue-eyed Emeline
Is made this little rhyme of mine;
I write my love in every line
To greet my pretty valentine.

O may her day be always fine,
And may the sweetest posies twine,
And may the light of Heaven shine
About my pretty valentine.

And may her loving heart incline
To like this little rhyme of mine,
And send me soon some word or sign
That she will be my valentine.

For the Companion.

A VALENTINE BEE.

"I'm going to write a valentine to papa," said Clara, who was twelve years old.

"*I'm* going to write a valentine to papa," said Johnnie, who was nearly eleven, and taller than Clara, and determined not to be outdone by her, especially where papa was concerned.

"So'm I," put in eight-year-old Bess.

"Me too," said six-year-old Bertie, who could print nicely.

"I'm a-doin' to write 'im a whole lot o' balentimes," said Boy Blue, who was hardly four, and didn't even know his letters.

"Why, of course, let's all write valentines to papa," said mamma, brightly. "Grandma will, I know, for he's her own boy. We'll paste 'em all together with hers at the beginning, and Boy Blue's at the end. Won't that make a grand combination valentine? And I know 'twill please papa."

"We'll have a sort of a valentine bee," said grandma, "like the paring bees I've told you about. Now, let's all sit around the big table and go to work. Boy Blue shall have my gold pencil to write his."

"And we'll write on this legal-fold note-paper," said mamma. "Write just on one side, and we'll paste them end to end, and here's a great long envelope to send them in. Now let's be busy, and get them done before the postman comes."

Papa was away on business. It seemed to the little folks that he had been gone a long time, but, anyhow, they could send him a great big valentine, and the pens and pencils and paint-brushes were very busy indeed for the next hour.

If I could show you all the verses and pictures that went into that valentine, I know you'd laugh.

Each sheet of mamma's paper, when unfolded, was a foot long; so that when grandma and mamma and Clara and Johnnie and Bessie and Bert and Boy Blue had all written and printed and drawn and painted their valentines, and mamma had joined them together end to end, the grand combination valentine was seven feet long.

"More'n a foot longer than papa," said Bertie, as they gathered around to admire their work.

"Now we must put it into the envelope," said mamma, "for it's nearly time for the postman."

"I guess he's coming now," said Clara; "I hear some one."

The next minute there was a rush to the door, and the valentine was left spread on the table.

Nobody cared whether the postman came or not, for there was papa himself, and I can't begin to tell you how pleased he was with his grand combination valentine.

BABY'S Auntie was drawing pictures to keep her quiet, and carefully made a horse. After a long look the little one said, "I like dat squirrel pretty well."

Forget not the old friends for those that are newer.
Above all, ne'er forget the one named in these lines.
Other loves may be true, but her love is * * * * *.
Indeed, she's the truest of * * * * * * * * * *.
LILIAN PAYSON.

2.

VALENTINE PI.

Lo! verses three
I build to thee—
An ague stays our words, I see.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. 1st, William Henry Harrison. 2d, Abraham Lincoln. 3d, George W.

2. *No. 1.*

```
        A
      R C
A B R A H A M
  D I   E O
    V     R
  A E     I O
L I N C O L N
      E N
      S
```

1 to 2, Arrival. 1 to 3, Acheron. 2 to 3, Lincoln. 4 to 5, Abraham. 4 to 6, Advenes. 5 to 6, Morlons. 4 to 5 and 2 to 3, Abraham Lincoln.

No. 2.

```
      C
    H A
C H A R L E S
  U T     E I
    T       N
  E I       C D
D I C K E N S
    L R
    E
```

1 to 2, Chatted. 1 to 3, Calends. 4 to 5 and 2 to 3, Charles Dickens. 4 to 6, Cuticle. 5 to 6, Sincere.

3. Solomon Grundy.

4.

R	E	C	A	L	L	E	D
S	T	A	G	N	A	N	T
C	O	N	D	E	M	N	S
M	E	D	I	T	A	T	E
P	I	L	L	A	R	E	D
E	L	E	V	A	T	E	D
C	O	M	P	R	I	S	E
P	E	A	S	A	N	T	S
C	A	S	H	I	E	R	S

Third row, Candlemas. Sixth row, Lamartine.

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For the Companion.

THRUSH.

Thrush, so familiar to many mothers, is an inflammatory disease of the mouth, caused by a microscopic vegetable parasite, which has been discovered and described only within the last fifty years. The disease is characterized by a white exudation from minute spots of inflamed mucous membrane on the tongue, mouth and lips. The spots are often so abundant that they unite and form curd-like patches, which sometimes cover the entire mouth in front of the palate, and resemble a diphtheretic membrane.

The affected parts are hot and tender; the stomach and bowels are disturbed, and there is more or less fever. In rare cases, the thrush extends from the mouth down to the stomach, and in still rarer cases, to the bowels.

The disease occurs mostly in infants and in the aged. In the aged it is difficult of cure. It also occurs as secondary to acute and chronic diseases, in which case, especially in the latter, it often proves fatal.

Thrush is caused directly by vegetable parasites, the germs of which float in the air; but these germs find the conditions of their development and growth only where the vitality has already been lowered. Hence, the chief prevalence of the disease is among the children of the poor, whose surroundings are bad, and whose food is insufficiently nourishing; but all children of unhealthy mothers are liable to it. So are delicate young women, whose blood is deficient in red corpuscles.

An acid condition of the system is favorable to the development of the disease. For this reason infants are peculiarly exposed to it, since the secretions of their mouths are acid, instead of alkaline, during the early weeks of their lives.

The disease is contagious, as has been proved by inoculating healthy children with the white exudation. Children, therefore, should be guarded from exposure to it. The danger of exposure is increased by the fact that the treatment of the disease requires the mouth to be washed out at every meal.

Thrush may be so mild as to require only the local application, every few hours, of a little powdered borax mixed with an equal amount of sugar, and a careful regulation of the diet, preceded by a mild dose to remove any irritating matter.

The food of the mother, besides being nourishing and abundant, should be alkaline, instead of acid, in its tendency. If the child is brought up by hand, lime-water should be added to the milk in the proportion of one to three.

In most cases it is wisest to call the family physician.

FAITHFUL.

Lovers of dogs and of stories concerning their fidelity will be glad to know that a monument has recently been erected on Helvellyn, a mountain of Cumberland, England, to the memory of that traveller and his dog who inspired the well-known poems by Scott and Wordsworth.

The traditional school-boy, who is expected to know everything, is certainly familiar with Scott's lines, beginning:

"I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn."

Those by Wordsworth are entitled "Fidelity."

In 1805, Charles Gough, the young man in question, was returning to Wythburn, where he lodged, from a fishing excursion in Patterdale. He probably took a false step, during a blinding hail-storm or dense fog, and was killed by falling from the high crags to a ridge of rock below.

This was on April 18th, and on July 20th his bones were found, watched over by his starving dog, a little yellow, rough-haired terrier. She had given birth to puppies, which were found dead beside the corpse.

It is believed that the dog had sustained her own life by means of dead sheep, which are sometimes left on these hills, and it is highly probable that she had to range far and wide to find them, during her three months' watch. The state of her master's body proved beyond a doubt that she did not touch it to satisfy her hunger.

She was taken away, when the traveller's remains were removed, and died, a few years afterward, at Kendal.

The suggestion that the monument should be erected came from Miss Frances Power Cobbe, the unfailing friend and defender of animals.

NOT COMFORTED.

A lady was walking in a country road, and passed a district school-house just as the scholars were dismissed. There were big boys and little boys, black children and white children, tall girls and short girls. The teacher herself came out last, closed and locked the door with a snap, and walked away up the hill.

Only one child was left, a little girl of eight or nine, done up in a purple hood and a knitted "comforter." She lingered on the steps, looking sadly up and down the path and into the doorways, evidently trying to find something.

The lady approached, and asked what was troubling her. It was her mitten that was lost, the child said, with perfect faith in the lady's sympathy; she had only one left, and they were new, and her mother would scold her so! It was a new mitten, the poor little thing repeated, pitifully—red, with open work on the wrist.

The lady joined in the search, but quite in vain. Then she tried a little philosophy on the youthful mind.

She told the little girl not to care; to tell her mother bravely, and not mind the scolding. There were many things in life to be borne with courage, she herself had lost many things—friends and possessions and hopes—but she had learned to be very brave about it.

"Yes," said the child, to whom the argument brought no comfort, "yes, but did you ever lose your mitten?"

DOSING A CAT.

There are emergencies, and they are not infrequent, in which a measure of common-sense, or mother-wit, is of more service than much learning. And so it happens that one may sometimes receive aid from a quite unexpected quarter.

A New York gentleman, according to the *Sun*, had an Angora cat upon which he set a great value. Unhappily she was in somewhat frail health, but could not be persuaded to take medicine. It was put into her milk and mixed with her meat, but all such experiments were unsuccessful.

Attempts to force it into her mouth and down her throat proved equally unavailing. She would not take the disagreeable dose.

At last a young Irish girl, just from the old country, was received into the kitchen, and heard of the cat difficulty.

"Sure!" said she, "give me the medicine and some lard, and I'll warrant she'll be 'ating all I give her."

She mixed the powder and the grease, and smeared the cat's sides with the compound. Pussy at once began licking herself clean, and of course swallowed the medicine.

The master of the house expressed his pleasure and gratitude.

"Faith!" said the girl. "In Ireland everybody knows how to give medicine to a cat."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

An illustration of the truth of this proverb is found in Mr. J. G. Bertram's book, "The Harvest of the Sea." It seems that a monopoly of the extensive fisheries of Scotland and England once came into the hands of a man who kept his agents at the principal stations, and required them to furnish him all facts that came to their knowledge.

At one of his stations in the far North, the fishing had been unsuccessful for the greater part of the season, and there was no prospect of improvement, when he looked into the matter. Upon examining his agent's letters from that place for some years back, he found, by a comparison of dates, that at a certain place herrings were likely to be found. He accordingly instructed his agent to send his boats to that spot.

The fishermen laughed at the idea of a man's sitting some hundreds of miles away and telling *them* where to get fish; but as his orders were positive, they had to obey, and the consequence was that they returned the next morning loaded with herrings.

WHAT TWO MEN SAID.

"Why is it," writes a woman to the Chicago *Tribune*, "that you never hear of the prattle in which men indulge on the street and about the shops?" She thinks their talk is quite as inane as that of the women.

Here is a dialogue which I remember,—I heard it from two men,—though I confess it isn't worth remembering:

"Hello, old man."
"Hello, yourself."
"How's things?"
"Kinder so-so. How's't with you?"
"So-so. Anything new?"
"Same old story."

Then they looked each other in the face for a quarter of a minute and one of them asked, "Where did you get that tie?" and the other said, "Where did you get that hat?"

Then they actually shook hands and separated. They were men. Did you ever hear more meaningless twaddle than that between two women?

WITTILY ACKNOWLEDGED.

A laughable little story is told of a woman on the witness-stand in a French court. She was asked her age, and answered that she was thirty years old.

"But," said the magistrate, "did you not tell me you were thirty when you appeared before me two years ago?"

"I think it very likely," she replied, smilingly acknowledging her falsehood, and not at all abashed. "I am not one of those women who say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow."

CAREFUL.

A wise parent thinks twice before answering a bright boy's question.

"Papa," said Johnny, who has recently joined a debating society, "is it correct to say, 'The noes has it,' or 'The noes have it?'"

"It depends, my son, on whether you are talking about a vote or about a cold in the head."

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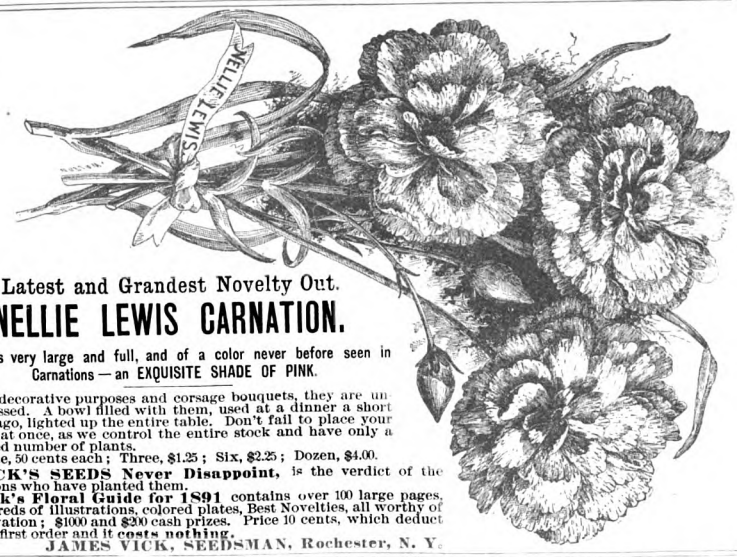
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For the Companion.

PICKERING'S POOL.

Straight out of the North, with a leap from its fountain-lake, hurries the Nepigon River—a tide of clear, green water, wild for forty miles, till it sweeps swiftly round the Red Rock pool, and broadens out to smoothness on the Lake Superior level.

The great speckled trout of this cold river have made it celebrated wherever fishermen congregate.

To have fished this stream is to have taken a degree in angling—it is to have learned that five-pounder, six-pounder, or even seven-pounder speckled trout really do exist; it is to have almost survived churlish doubt of the truthful men who say that ten-pounders have been netted in Lake Nepigon.

But the river itself is even more satisfactory than its wonderful trout. One broods in reverie upon the sparkle of its waters; yearns to know what was to be seen far up the misty, unvisited reaches that he paddled past in the early morning; hears the clash of Nepigon's cascades when he sees a jointed rod; watches his flies of fancy whirled away in bubbles on the edge of its torrents; or in thought goes hurtling along with its incessant and furious forces to the peace of the mighty Lake, into which they are received.

The river pours on as if it had a duty to reach the end, as if angry to be obstructed, and as if striving against barriers with a fierce determination to push through or gather force to sweep the very earth away.

Think of it as a deep, wide rush of green ice-water, now flanking high, brown precipices as if it had crowded them out of the way, then sliding smoothly over long slopes, to race, crashing, through a bowlder-strewn cañon, and again thrusting forth, in the wider places of its bed, eddies that march straight back along the main current with a tumult of crests that mingle, clashing, with the parent flood, and are swept down by it.

Of all these eddies, that of Pickering's Pool is wildest. The savage rapids here completely encircle a great basin of smooth, though swelling water, out of the billowing surface of which trout are ever flashing up and falling back with a splash that you cannot hear above the roar.

Fancy a cyclone raging round a space of quiet air; conceive yourself on the outside of the whirl, and able to see clearly through it to the undisturbed ground within; imagine flocks of fowls there, unconcernedly pecking their food—and you may somewhat realize the sensation of one who watches fish lazily rising out of the inner space of Pickering's Pool, to take gauzy midges that hover over its heaving, but uncreased depths.

One may find himself wondering how the trout got there and how they are to get away; for the imagination balks a little at the thought that even fishes can safely descend the torrent that is hurled into the Pool, or stem the huge swoop of its discharging cascade.

Gazing steadily at the great Pool, one perceives that the smooth billows of its rapid-encircled space have a motion which thrusts foam-patches and branches gradually outward to the raging circumference. These objects are grasped by the mighty currents, and often whirled round and round.

One fancies that the body of a man drowned in that Pool could never find rest, but being preserved from decay by the iciness of the water, would gyrate for days around the swift circle, then be tossed into the smooth centre, and thence be slowly forced out and up, to go flinging round the wild river endlessly.

With such fancies thronging the mind, there is a certain wild joy in angling from the big bowlders that are strewn along the western shore of the Pool in such a way as to suggest that they have been cast up by the rapid, and may be torn away again at any moment by its forces.

Along the edge of the outer bowlders the eddy runs very swiftly; a few yards further out, its waves tear resistlessly up stream, and the angler who there casts a fly has a sensation of being in danger, which is as strong as though he were casting from the very edge of a sheer precipice, with nothing to grasp to save himself from falling.

He has not, of course, the peculiar breathlessness of feeling that one experiences at a great height, but he has a not less intense feeling of being fascinated and almost dominated by an impulse to test the threats of the torrent, and learn whither the waves would whirl him in their grasp.

One looks from his bowlder and estimates the possibility of swimming out; one calculates whether he could, by striking for the middle of the main current, reach water that would carry him beyond possibility of being thrust aside into the central smoothness; and, gazing down the river at the spray that pants up from the cascade below, one wonders if its breakers would dash him to pieces or carry him intact to the short, quiet reach below.

It is all horribly fascinating, this danger of Pickering's Pool; yet many anglers cast from the bowlders every summer, and I have heard but one story of a man slipping from his footing and being carried away.

Louis Polette, my guide of 1887, gazing out over the Pool, gave me the tale in the peculiar dialect of a French half-breed who had learned his English from Highland Scotchmen in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. I will not attempt to render more than a few of the peculiarities of his diction. The story is the main thing.

"Yes, sir," said Louis Polette, "there was one gentleman who got into that water. I think I see him now; I and my brother Antoine were the guides he had—he and his son—that year.

"Five year ago that was, just about this time of the season. The flies was very bad,—same that they are this time now.

"That old gentleman kept all the time calling to his son, 'Take care, Charley! mind your steps, my boy; this is the worst-looking place ever *I* saw. If a man were to step off here, that would be the end of him, for sure.'

"All the time he kept calling that way to his son, and all the time his son kept calling back, 'I'm all right, father; better mind your own eye!'

"The old gentleman, he couldn't mind his own eye close enough, because he was bothering all the time about his son—his son who already had a big beard himself.

"Well, after that had been going on a long time, the old gentleman he hooked a fish. You see that big bowlder up there near the head of the Pool? Yes, sir, on that rock the old gentleman was when he hooked the fish, and then he forgot all about his son.

"Well, the young man went ashore, and sat down to watch the old gentleman play that fish. Pretty soon, by and by, when the fish ran away out toward the smooth place, the old gentleman sat down on the bowlder, to be more safe to play the fish, I s'pose; and then he looked round.

"I was close by him then with the landing net, and he looked around to where his son was when he looked around before.

"My gracious! I never saw such a look as came to that old gentleman's face—so wild! He dropped his rod, he tried to spring up; with that he slip; and just as he slip, he see his son, and in that moment he look all glad—and the next moment he was into the water!

"He never made any cry—not one word. The water caught him right off, all the same as if he was pulled by a horse; and he went under. When he came up he was away up there where the eddy runs against the rapid so hard. There the water made him like as if he was standing straight up and half-way out. It whirled him around that way twice, and those two times he waved his hands to his son as if he was saying, 'Go back! Go back!'

"The young gentleman, when he saw his father fall in, rose up like he was crazy, with a loud shout, and ran for the place where the old gentleman fell in. While he was running, the old gentleman whirled around that way; and just as he motioned that way the second time, the young gentleman tried to jump from one bowlder to another. He fell between, struck his head and fell down as if he was dead, the blood running from his forehead.

"So then I ran to the young gentleman; for what was the use of watching the old gentleman some more?

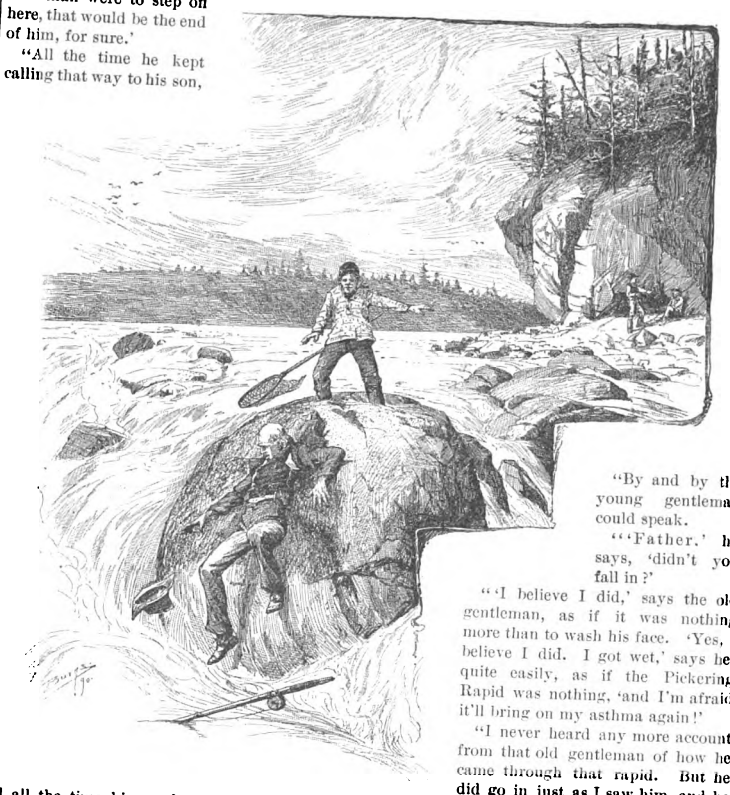
"I did not see the old gentleman but one time more, now, and then I don't just exactly know if it was him or not, but just a black thing come up in the very middle of the big rapid, and seem to swim a bit. Then I turned to the young man, and I don't see his father any more that time.

"By and by the young man came to himself. He stared at me and he cried, 'My father!' He tried to get up, and then he fell down again.

"Well, what do you think? I and my brother Antoine took him up to carry him to camp, away down the rapid, more than two mile—same place where we come from this morning. Well, what you think again? Maybe you won't believe this, but I don't tell lies, me! We were about a mile down from here, way down below the foot of the rapid that goes out of this pool here; and then we heard somebody come tearing through the woods from down the river.

"What you think some more? Yes, sir, that was the old gentleman!

"When he saw his son's head all bloody, he gave a cry, and we put the young gentleman down; and the old gentleman took out his little bottle and gave him something out of that to bring back his strength.



"By and by the young gentleman could speak.

"'Father,' he says, 'didn't you fall in?'

"'I believe I did,' says the old gentleman, as if it was nothing more than to wash his face. 'Yes, I believe I did. I got wet,' says he, quite easily, as if the Pickering Rapid was nothing, 'and I'm afraid it'll bring on my asthma again!'

"I never heard any more account from that old gentleman of how he came through that rapid. But he did go in just as I saw him, and he did come through, for there he was, and I saw him myself.

"If ever anybody else went through that rapid and took it so easy, I would like to know what was his name.

"The young man, he was all right next day, except that his forehead was cut, and they went along fishing for two weeks more, just as if nothing hadn't happened. They were from Montreal, those gentlemen were, and I don't hardly ever come across any men that take things so easy and say so mighty little about it as those two gentlemen from Montreal."

E. W. THOMSON.

For the Companion.

ART IN INDUSTRY.

What is art?

We do not need to look in the books for a definition. Art, nowadays, is visible all about us, in almost everything we use. It is to be seen not alone in pictures on the walls, in the form and ornamentation of public buildings and private houses, and in articles worn for personal adornment. It is in the humblest things we use—in the form and ornaments of the lamp at which we sit to read, in the legs and cover of the table, in the pitcher from which we pour a drink of water and the tumbler from which we drink it, in the handle of a boy's jackknife, in the pattern of a girl's calico gown.

It is impossible to escape the application of art to industry; the farmer sees it in the design painted on his lumber-wagon, and his wife sees it in the castings upon her kitchen stove and in the back and legs of her kitchen chairs.

The making of a lumber-wagon or a kitchen stove, even supposing there were no attempt to make either one of those useful articles a thing pleasant to look at, would be an "art," according to the dictionary definition; but nowadays, when we speak of the employment of art in industry, we mean something else; we mean the attempt not only to render beautiful to the eye objects which are made wholly to be beautiful or pleasing, like a painted picture or a bit of sculpture, but also to render those beautiful in some degree which are made to be useful first of all.

We are no longer content that a heating-stove shall be a square, ugly iron box; there must at least be an attempt to render it pleasing to the eye, and to make its shape conform to the sound principles of art—which is only another term for the fundamental notions of beauty that we derive from Nature's own forms.

We have learned that even a farmer's spade, or a school-boy's lead-pencil, may be made an object of art as well as of utility; and the thing has been carried so far that it is becoming hard to tell where what are called the "fine arts" leave off and what are called the "useful arts" begin.

The two things, indeed, go together in every real industrial epoch, and it is the glory of industry that it stimulates and occupies the fine arts.

Mechanical work goes with all art; for the painter of pictures uses his hand and paints with a brush, and so does the house-painter; but the work of the painter of pictures—or at least of good pictures—is much greater, more important, than that of the house-painter, because there goes with it a high degree of education; and a high degree of education means long years of study and a patient, progressive application of what is learned.

Here is where our American people, and especially American young men and boys and American young women and girls, appear to be different from the young people of certain other countries; and this difference is interesting, and worth looking into.

In the industries now established in the United States, in which beautiful objects are made,—such as wall-hangings, furniture, silver-ware, table-cloths, glass-ware, articles of brass and wrought iron, stone-carvings and the like,—very excellent wages are often paid to skilled workmen.

Skillful stone-carvers—not sculptors, but the men who actually cut the figures and decorations on the façades or interiors of buildings, with mallet and chisel—often receive from four to six dollars a day in New York and Boston. Modellers for jewellers and makers of designs for wall-paper often receive more than that. In Boston and New York good stone-carvers receive higher pay than reporters on newspapers, clerks in business houses or male school-teachers of the lower grades.

But who are these skilled stone-carvers and wood-carvers, makers of designs for wall-paper, modellers in clay, brass finishers, and so on? They are, with some exceptions, Europeans. They have learned how to do their work in other countries, and come here to exercise their crafts.

Formerly these more artistic trades could not be learned in the United States. This is no longer the case. The industries have been established in this country to such an extent that nearly all of them may be learned by the process of apprenticeship; and in the technical schools scattered through the country almost every branch of industrial art is taught.

But when, one day last summer, I asked a large employer of skilled stone-carvers how many of his men were American-born, he answered, "Not one in ten is American-born." I found that this was practically about the proportion which prevails in other fields of industrial art.

When I asked this same gentleman whether this proportion would not presently change, he answered that it was not likely. "We cannot," he said, "get American boys to serve the long apprenticeship necessary to acquire this skill. The aim of our boys is to be done with their apprenticeship as soon as possible, so that they can earn three or four dollars a day. They are supposed to spend four years in learning their trade; but when they have learned it, and leave their apprenticeship to become journeymen, they cannot obtain more than four dollars a day, and are workmen merely—not artists.

"To become really artists in stone-carving, and to be able to earn, as such men do, four to six dollars a day and sometimes even more, they must, in addition to their four years of apprenticeship, spend at least two years in patient study of the artistic side of their work.

"But American boys have not the patience to do that—nor really the humility of understanding that is necessary to follow such an art. They want to earn, but they do not want to learn."

Is this true of American boys and young men? I very much doubt if it will be found so, when American youth come fully to understand the matter. In the meantime, there is too much truth in it. As a people, we are enterprising rather than thorough.

American boys, for instance, do not readily understand how men can have the patience exhibited by some of the European workmen now engaged in this country in making the finer grades of wrought-iron work.

I saw a worker in this trade patiently hammering at a curious convoluted iron ornament for a gate. I asked his foreman how long the man had been at work upon the same piece of iron. "Five days," he said. "And how much is he paid a day?" "Five dollars."

In a stone-working establishment I saw a young man, wearing a striped apron, standing before a board, engaged in deliberately throwing bits of damp clay at a large accumulation of clay upon the board. As I watched him, the clay began to take the form of the capital of a column.

Now and then he moulded it with his fingers or with a little flat stick, giving it the leaf-forms and other shapes lent to architectural decoration.

I found that this man did this work over and

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over, day after day, varying it from time to time to suit the architect's plans, and moulding other things besides the capitals of columns; and I found that his wages were thirty-six dollars a week.

He was a Belgian, and had learned his art by study in Brussels and Paris, when he was between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. His apprenticeship had been long, but he had now, with short hours of daily labor, and in a light, unexhausting toil, an assured income larger than that of many professional men and graduates of colleges.

I know of a young American in New York City who apprenticed himself to learn the mechanical part of wall-paper making and printing with designs. He worked faithfully, laboriously, all day, in the humble way necessary for an apprentice; and for a certain regular number of evenings each week he studied drawing, and other branches of art associated with wall-paper designing, at the Cooper Institute.

For six years he kept up his mechanical work during the day and his evening art studies; and at the end of that time he had so completely mastered both branches of the work that he was offered and accepted a yearly salary of five thousand dollars to design wall-paper.

Learn a Trade.

Not every man could command five thousand dollars a year, after even six years of the most patient work and study. This man may have possessed exceptional talent. But his case shows what a field there is for young men who have ingenuity, taste and patience in the industrial branches of art. He might have failed as an artist, in spite of his natural talent, if he had not been content to "learn a trade" that afforded scope for his gifts.

Sometimes, too, it is hard to tell where art leaves off and business begins. Very often, now as in the past, the man of business employs the artist, supplying him with work fitted to his skill, and relieving him of the necessity of finding patrons, and of anxiety as to his daily bread.

The artist may say, indeed, that the man of business relieves him of a part of the credit due his work as well, and prevents him from having the entire freedom which art should enjoy in order to produce its best results; but the independent artist is not always free. Unless he is a person of commanding genius, he must often do work of the sort which people want, rather than of the sort which he wants to do.

Many of the beautiful vases, friezes, plaques, medallions, and other objects of art designed by the English sculptor, Flaxman, go under the name of "Wedgwood ware," because Flaxman was employed by an intelligent manufacturer named Josiah Wedgwood. The name of the man of business has surpassed in importance, in the commercial world, that of the sculptor whose genius gave him fame; and yet it is said that Flaxman almost surely would have starved if Wedgwood had not employed him.

It is probable that a great part of Flaxman's work would have been lost to the world but for Wedgwood's employment of him through the most important period of his life, and the manufacturer's name is worthy to go into history with the artist's.

As industry is organized at the present time, the manufacturer of beautiful and useful objects generally employs both artists and mechanics.

The Artist and the Mechanic.

Who is the artist and who is the mechanic?

An artist is simply a workman who *knows what he is doing*, and does it as well as he possibly can. The workman of whom this may be truly said is always an artist, and generally obtains an artist's pay.

The mechanic, properly speaking, is the man who does things in a mechanical way. Two men may do the same kind of work with exactly the same tools; but one may be an artist, and the other is called an artificer or mechanic. But one has learned to the uttermost not only the principles and the meaning of what he does, but the very best way of using the tools, to produce mechanical results; whereas the other, perhaps, has gone no deeper than the surface of it, and does it more or less automatically, as he has been taught.

When a young man — it may also be said a young woman, since there is no sex in art, and women nowadays rival men in the originality and skill of their work—has learned enough of any craft or handiwork to make him a good workman, and able to earn a good workman's pay, there is always something more to be learned. This something more will make him an artist, and enable him to command an artist's compensation, which is very often twice as much—sometimes three times as much—as the workman's pay.

No one, moreover, can be a real artist unless he is skilful with his hands as well as trained in intelligence—that is, unless he is a good workman; and the good workman, intelligent, skilled and well-read in his craft, is already an artist. Shakespeare was well-advised when he contrasted "the wise and fool, the artist and *unread*."

American Youth Not Thorough.

A bureau drawer may seem to be a simple, "mechanical" thing to make. In many cases it is, though there is room for art in even the simplest bureau drawer. But in late years a great demand for fine and beautiful furniture has arisen, and richly carved and ornamented articles have been manufactured in this country.

One of the firms engaged in this manufacture in an Eastern city had need, a year or two ago, of a number of "escutcheons," or metal plates used in covering key-holes, for bureau drawers. There was a demand for new things of this sort. The "new things" might well enough have been old escutcheons pretty closely copied; but it was necessary to draw them and adapt them to the new use, and no one could be found in this country who was capable of doing that work. The decorations of these drawers were provided from abroad, and at great cost.

The manufacturers of all kinds of brass and other metal ornaments to be used on wood have had the utmost difficulty in obtaining good designs for this kind of work, and artists in almost every case have had to be brought from Europe.

I asked a manufacturer of certain articles of this kind, "Have you ever attempted to train American youths to design these things?" "Yes," he answered, "but they would not study enough."

This answer had become an old story to me.

It is not to be supposed that a people so ingenious, sagacious, and industrious as the Americans will continue so impatient to earn money that they will not take the steps necessary to earn it most surely and easily. There are signs already that American boys and girls are coming to realize how excellent an opening for their endeavors there is on the artistic side of our growing industries.

J. E. CHAMBERLIN.

For the Companion.

BIRTHDAY OF TWO GREAT MEN.

A Wide Contrast.

The Twelfth of February is a day that deserves to be held in remembrance, not only in the United States and Great Britain, but in other lands. The custom of observing the birthday of Abraham Lincoln is on the increase in this country from year to year, and it does not seem rash to predict that in half a century or less the Twelfth of February will be as universally observed by loyal Americans as the Twenty-second of the same month now is observed.

The Twelfth was the birthday of a man whose impress upon the thought of the world was as deep and enduring and ineffaceable as that which Lincoln made upon the history and tendency of the American Republic. On the identical day that Abraham Lincoln was born in a rude hut in the wilds of Kentucky,—February Twelfth, 1809,—there was born in Shrewsbury, England, not far from the border of Wales, a boy who was to win great fame, and to be known to the world as Charles Darwin.

There was a wide contrast between the beginnings of these two men. Lincoln's latest biographers say that he was born "in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into this world." Darwin's advent, on the other hand, was made in the home of a prosperous, well-to-do and cultivated physician.

One was the son of a poor farmer, and apparently destined to no higher lot than a life of hardship and toil in the backwoods or on the frontier.

The other entered upon life with a most favorable environment, and with some fair chance of achieving distinction in a career of honor and large usefulness.

It is worth while to compare briefly the early years of these two boys.

Lincoln's Boyhood.

Of Lincoln's boyhood the records are scanty. He was born in a cabin on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, in what was then Hardin and is now La Rue County, Kentucky, three miles from Hodgensville. Almost the only incident narrated concerning his childhood is told by himself in the little story that one day he had gone fishing, and was coming home with a fish in his hand, when he met a soldier. He had been taught, he says, that he must be good to soldiers, and accordingly he handed his fish to this one.

If the solitary fish was the sole result of his day's fishing, the sacrifice made by the lad in parting with it was not small. It is a gratification to know that the impulse that dominated the boy was a noble and generous one.

This soldier had undoubtedly been mustered into the service of the country during the War of 1812—15; but Lincoln in later life could recall nothing else whatever in connection with that war.

Darwin's Youthful Traits.

Very different was the childhood of Charles Darwin. With the amplest opportunities for learning, he cared little for study. It is to be inferred from what he himself says that scarcely any perceptible benefit was derived from the years which he spent in study at home, at Edinburgh and at Cambridge.

He tells us that he was considered, when he first went to school, "a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect." Some of his childish characteristics are interesting, though not commendable. As a little boy he was "much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this was always done for the sake of causing excitement." This declaration appears very strange, in view of the fact that his after life was characterized by uprightness, stainless honor, and scrupulous candor and truthfulness.

The naturalist instinct appears to have cropped out at an early period. The boy Darwin was fond of collecting birds' eggs, and it is pleasant to note that he never robbed a nest of all it contained, except on one occasion, when he did so from a spirit of bravado.

At an early period in his life Darwin was sent to school about a mile from his father's house, The Mount, and in going to and fro the boy would frequently run in order to be on time. He says of this habit, "I prayed earnestly to God to help me [in running], and I well remember that I attributed my success to my prayers and not to my quick running, and marvelled how generally I was aided."

Darwin early developed a passion for making collections—it mattered little of what. He collected shells, seals, franks, coins, minerals — anything that pleased or impressed his fancy. In his youth he was fond of poetry; and it is with a pathetic note that he regrets the complete loss of this taste later in life, when he seems to have suffered a sort of spiritual paralysis in this respect at least.

He was given to taking long, solitary walks, during which he became absorbed in meditation; so much so that on one occasion he fell off the coping of a high wall.

At one period in his youth he had a passion for collecting beetles, in connection with which he narrates an amusing incident. He had torn the bark from a fence-post and discovered two valuable beetles, one of which he seized in each hand, when to his surprise and delight he saw a third, of a still rarer species.

In his excitement he thrust one of the beetles he was holding into his mouth, where it immediately threw out an acrid fluid, causing the young enthusiast to eject it in all haste. The result was that he lost not only this beetle, but the third one on which he had set his heart.

True to Duty.

What has been told in reference to the early life of Darwin gives nothing more than a hint, if even so much as that, of the great work which this rather unpromising boy was to accomplish in the world.

In the case of Lincoln the outlook was even less hopeful. Greater credit is plainly due to the Kentucky boy than to the lad of Shropshire. Indeed, I think it can safely be asserted that Abraham Lincoln moulded circumstances to his will, while circumstances of an exceptionally favorable character made Charles Darwin what he was.

In no respect was Darwin more fortunate than in his entire freedom from anxiety about material affairs. His father left him a competency, and he was by means of it enabled to devote himself to researches and experiments requiring infinite patience and a great deal of time, without the necessity of the slightest effort to earn a living.

When well advanced in life, Darwin averred: "I am sure that I have never turned one inch out of my course to gain fame;" and he further said: "Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, or that my work has been imperfect, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been overpraised, so that I have felt mortified, it has been my greatest comfort to say hundreds of times to myself that 'I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this.'"

Happy indeed is he who can say as much! With all sincerity Darwin's words might have been uttered by Abraham Lincoln. He did not turn aside from the plain path of duty in order to gain fame, and truly he worked as hard and as well as he could—harder and better could no man have worked.

ARCHIE EMERSON PALMER.

For the Companion.

ZOURI'S VALENTINE.

It was the Thirteenth of February. The sun had come out and made things look very bright and happy, and in the Southern country its light was so warm and pleasant that three little girls had come out among the grass and trees to write their valentines. These girls were Seth Granberry's three little States, as they were called.

The two Granberry brothers, Seth and Josiah, were farmers, and their large farms joined. The brothers were twins.

They were married on the same day. There had been a sort of agreement between them, that whenever a baby girl came to the household of either, she should be given the name of a State in the Union.

So it came about that, when some years had gone by, there were six little States, three in each family. The boys did not count in this Union, for it would not do to call a boy Texas or Mississippi.

Then came the time when Seth and Josiah ceased to be twins in spirit, for they had a serious quarrel about the planting of a division stake, and the ownership of three or four feet of land. Seth, the more self-willed of the two, had planted the stake where he pleased, and Joe had submitted; but from that day the brothers had not spoken to each other, and the six little States, who loved each other, had been separated.

Seth's Zouri—whose real name was Missouri—had just declared that she should send a valentine to Uncle Joe.

"I met him down at the branch the other day," she said, "and he talked to me real nice. I felt sorry for him, because he said that Tennessee could never go without crutches any more."

Lous'any and Georgia said they were quite sure that Zouri would be whipped if she did not keep away from Uncle Joe's folks and stop sending valentines there. But Zouri was the youngest of the three, and not old enough to be very cautious; besides, she had a little curly red head and her father's own wilful spirit.

The Letter.

She went on, painfully writing the words of her valentine:

"Deer Unker Joe, I luv you I wish you wud cum over an set on the uther side of the chimly like you use to. Pa won't let enybody set there now. Im sorry Tenny has to go on cruches. frum your loving valentine."

"'Taint right, Zouri," Lous'any said. "Pa'll punish you for it."

"Besides, who'll take it over to Uncle Joe?' asked Georgia.

"I will," said Zouri, as she shook back her red curls and picked up her sunbonnet from the grass. "'Taint any use to bother me about it, 'cause I'm going to send it, and I don't care."

Zouri was so young—scarcely eight years old—and so much accustomed to being petted, that such opposition as this hurt her feelings deeply. But it did not shake her resolution.

She had written the valentine that she had meant from the beginning to write. She left Georgia and Louisiana now, and ran, pattering her bare feet over the grass, to the fence that separated the yard from the roadway.

"She's gone to the fields where pa is," Georgia said, as she watched Zouri disappear down the roadway.

"Yes, and what's more," Louisiana answered, "she'll make pa say she can up and do anything she wants to."

They were right in guessing that Zouri had gone to find her father. She knew that he was some where in the fields, looking about his farm and planning the spring sowing.

Every few moments her voice rang out in a loud call: "Poppy, where are you?"

At last, from a distance, she heard the answer: "Halloo! Zouri, is that you? I'm down in the potato field!"

When she reached him he placed her on the highest rail of the fence while he stood beside her and listened. There had always been a strong bond of sympathy between him and this little girl; perhaps because she was "a chip of the old block."

"What's the matter with Poppy's little gal?" he asked.

"It's Lous'any and Georgia; they've been bothering me."

Zouri's cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright, and it seemed as if her hair took on a more defiant curl than usual.

Seth looked at her for a moment. Then he took her sunbonnet from her hand and placed it on her head.

"What have they been bothering you about, honey?"

Zouri quietly took the sunbonnet off as she answered: "Because I said I was going to do something you didn't want me to. But I just have to do it, Poppy! It would make me feel so bad if I didn't."

Seth's face looked grave. It was a puzzle to him, sometimes, to know how to deal with Zouri.

"Well, honey," he said, soberly, "did you come 'way out here to get me to let you do a thing after I had told you you couldn't?"

"No, Poppy," she said, "I just come to get you to make Georgia and Lous'any let me alone and stop being mean to me."

"Zouri, is it anything bad you want to do?"

"No, it aint!"

"What is it, honey?"

"I can't tell, yet; it's a secret."

"Will you tell Poppy sometime?"

"Yes, if you aint mean to me like Lous'any and Georgia."

He was silent. She slipped from the fence and took his hand, and they started together across the fields toward home.

"Zouri, put on your sunbonnet; you'll catch cold."

Zouri obeyed. "Poppy," she said, "what did you and Uncle Joe get angry about? Did he treat you mean when you wanted to do anything?"

Seth started. Joe had been in his mind more than once that day, because it was the anniversary of the planting of the stake, and Seth had stood for half an hour by the side of the stake, recalling the circumstances connected with it.

"No, Zouri; Joe wasn't exackly mean to me. I reckon he was better'n I was, when it comes to that."

"Then *I* aint going to be mad with him," she answered, and the sunbonnet came off again. "Anyhow, Tennessee's got to go on crutches all her life, an' I'm sorry." For once, Zouri was almost crying.

"Is that a fact, Zouri? Little Tenny on crutches—all her life, too! What if it was you, Zouri?"

There was no answer, and they walked home the rest of the way in silence.

Zouri and Uncle Joe.

St. Valentine's Day was clear and beautiful. There was peace between Seth's little States.

Soon after dinner, without a word to any one, Zouri put on a clean dress, and hanging her sunbonnet on her arm, started away on her mission.

Seth had been watching her all day. He saw her start from home, but he said nothing.

She reached the point where the road crossed the head of the old mill-pond. She knew that Uncle Joe's was not far beyond. But Zouri had never been very brave about crossing the pond; there was only a narrow plank-way across, and it seemed so near the water, and so many fishes and noisy frogs and other queer creatures lived right under this plank, and the water looked so quiet and dark.

When Zouri reached this point in her journey, she stopped a moment a little frightened and was almost ready to turn back and go home. But she did not do this. She began to sing, and as she sang she ran lightly across the plank.

Zouri was on Uncle Joe's farm now, and hoped to find him in some field not far away. As she went along the roadway, looking to the right and left, she saw, on a little rise of land, the figure of a man. He was standing between her and the sinking sun, and a warm, soft light shone over his face.

"Uncle Joe! *Oh* Uncle Joe!" she called.

"Land sakes! If that aint Seth's little Zouri," he muttered, as he started toward her.

"No, don't come yet," she called again. "I aint ready."

He stopped, and stood waiting.

"What on the earth's brought Zouri over here? I'll bet Seth don't know it! That child's just the apple of Seth's eye. Well, if she can get around him, there's something in her."

"Uncle Joe, are you listening?"

"Yes, honey—talk on."

"Well, I've put it in that old hollow tree down here. When I'm gone, you go and get it. Good-by, Uncle Joe!"

"Good-by, Zouri! Can't you wait a bit?"

He watched her sunny little figure, the clean, fresh dress, the dangling sunbonnet, and the soft, dancing curls as she flew along toward home again.

"Well, I reckon I'll have to see what it is," he said.

He walked slowly to the edge of the field, vaulted over the rail-fence, and crossed the road to where the old hollow tree stood. He stooped and put his hand within, and then drew it out with a shame-faced air.

"Just one of Zouri's jokes, I reckon. She'll think I'm an old fool to come down here at all."

Then he leaned against the tree with one hand resting on its trunk. "Just four years ago yesterday since Seth and I stopped speaking, and this is the first time one of his family's been on my land, to my knowing. Not another one of 'em would dare to come but Zouri."

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He shuffled around again to the hollow. "I reckon I'll try once more," he said.

This time he dropped upon his knees, put his arm far into the opening and felt carefully around. He found it, all crumpled and not very clean. Then he slowly opened and read it—the little scrawl that had cost Zouri so much to write.

It was like a message from Seth, and all the old-time love for his brother came into Joe's heart as he read Zouri's valentine.

"I'm sorry Tenny has to go on cruches." Here was the great sorrow of Joe's life, for Tenny was to him what Zouri was to Seth, and all her young strength had gone, and left her a patient, suffering little cripple.

So he stood there and wept over Zouri's tender words. "God bless her for sending it," he murmured.

As he stood there he heard her calling from far down the road:

"Uncle Joe! *Oh* Uncle Joe!"

He turned and saw Zouri running toward him, somewhat pale and frightened. He stooped and held open his arms, and she rushed into them. Then he kissed her silently.

"I was afraid to cross the plank at the pond," she said.

"Never mind, Zouri," he said, "I'll take you over the pond."

He held her gently in his arms and carried her as easily as if she had been a baby.

"Did you get it, Uncle Joe?" she whispered.

"Yes, honey, it was the best little letter that ever I had. How'd you happen to send it, Zouri?"

"'Cause I wanted to, after you told me about Tenny; and I aint angry with you any more, Uncle Joe! I told Poppy so, too."

"I'm very glad, Zouri. We'll be good friends now, won't we, honey?"

The day was drawing to a beautiful close. All along by the side of the water and in the woods and fields the sounds of night could be heard, as the shadows of twilight grew longer, and the last rosy light of the day melted into darkness.

Zouri slipped from Uncle Joe's arms to the ground after they had safely passed the pond, but she held his hand, and he saw that he must take her home, or at least within sight of the house.

"Zouri," he asked, "did your father know you were going to bring me that valentine?"

"No; I wouldn't tell him what it was. He knew I was going to do something he didn't want me to; but Georgia and Lous'any knew, and they told me I'd be whipped for it. But I won't!"

They were drawing near home now. The lighted candles and lamps shone with a cheerful light in the darkness.

"I'll leave you at the big gate, Zouri. You won't be afraid, then, I reckon."

Zouri did not answer, and Joe felt a pain at his heart as the thought came that, after all, the child did not care whether he went further or not.

"Here he comes!" she cried, suddenly. "He's hunting for me, I reckon. Now he'll make you come in and sit on the other side of the chimly!"

Yes, there was Seth coming along the road to meet them. Joe pressed Zouri's hand tightly in his, and was silent.

Seth called out in the darkness: "Zouri, is that you?"

"Yes, Poppy, I and Uncle Joe. He brought me home."

Seth stopped an instant, and then came nearer.

"Is it you, Joe?"

"Yes, Seth; me an' Zouri." Joe felt the need of companionship just then.

"Shake hands with Uncle Joe, Poppy! He's comin' in to sit in that chair across the chimly from you. I asked him to!"

Seth held out his hand, and said: "Come on, Joe, that chair's been empty these four years. I reckon you'd better come in and use it to-night. Zouri's got better sense than her father."

"I told him 'bout Tenny, Uncle Joe, an' he's sorry, too," said Zouri.

Seth laid one hand on Joe's shoulder, while with the other he led little Zouri toward the house. Both arm-chairs were filled that evening, and a little curly-headed girl sat first on the knees that occupied one chair, and then on those which occupied the other, until at last she fell asleep in Uncle Joe's arms, and was carried to bed with his kiss and blessing resting on her forehead.

"There aint many like her, Seth," he said. "You ought to be mighty thankful you've got Zouri. I'd lay down and die this minute if I could see my Tenny strong and hearty like her."

Then there was a pause.

"Did you suspect what she was up to, Seth?"

"I wasn't rightly certain but it had something to do with you or Tenny. But Zouri's queer, and when she sets out to do a thing, there's no stopping her. So I generally keep still and wait till she's done it before I say much."

"Did you ever know anybody else like that, Seth?"

Then there was a laugh—a laugh brought back from the past years of love and brotherly kindness, and it was full of promise for the years to come.

In a few days there was a reunion at Seth's home of the six little States.

They were all there, Missouri heading the list. Next to her was little Tennessee, with her crutches; then Lous'any, Georgia, Florida and Virginia.

I do not know if other States have been added to this Union since, but I do know that Zouri's Valentine brought back a peace that has been abiding.

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"Very good. Now you, Chang, may give us an illustration of its meaning," and Chang said, "Melican lady give Chinese boy glishes to wash. One plate fall on floor and blake in thlousand pieces. Melican lady cly loud, 'Oh, mercy!'"

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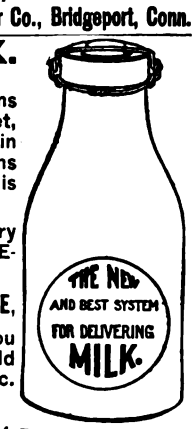
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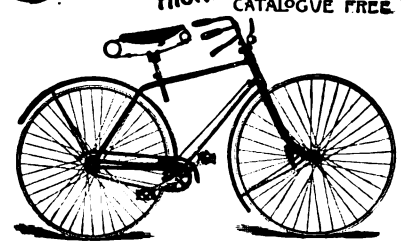
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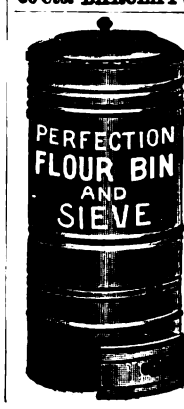
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MESSAGES FROM THE SEA.

The practice of throwing overboard from ships letters enclosed in sealed bottles, is centuries old. Hollow copper spheres and oaken barrels have also been used as sea letter-carriers in attempts to trace the direction of ocean currents, or to send word from persons at sea to friends on land. Barnacles readily attach themselves to these drifting letter-holders, and sink them. Only a few of the many messages that have been thrown into the sea have been recovered.

Columbus encountered a hurricane near the Azores, in 1493. Fearing that his ship would not outlive the storm, he wrote on parchment a description of his discoveries, enclosed it in a cask and cast it into the sea. The precious document has never been found. Clement Wragge, the meteorologist, threw overboard one hundred and fifty bottle messengers during the passage from Australia to England, in 1878. Only six of them have been heard from. One was picked up in Mobile Bay, having travelled five thousand five hundred miles in two years.

Sometimes a sea-messenger long escapes notice on a little-frequented beach. One sent from an American ship, in 1837, was picked up twenty-one years later on the west coast of Ireland. Another, sent adrift in 1826 from the English ship, *Blonde*, was picked up sixteen years afterward on the coast of France.

In 1849 a whaleship found a sealed bottle floating at sea. It contained documents from Sir J. Franklin, dated June 30, 1845, which was but a few weeks after that illustrious navigator set sail toward the North Pole, never to return.

A remarkable message from the sea was that sent from the East Indiaman, *Kent*, by Major M'Gregor. It read:

"The ship *Kent*, Indiaman, is on fire. Elizabeth, Joanna, and myself commit our spirits into the hands of our blessed Redeemer. His grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of entering eternity. D. W. N. M'GREGOR, March 1, 1825, Bay of Biscay."

This message was picked up on the shore of Barbadoes, September 30, 1826. But those on board the *Kent* had escaped the fate which they had awaited with such fortitude. Before the *Kent* sank, a passing vessel rescued its crew and passengers.

CAME BACK IN A SAUCER.

It is usually the owner who tries to find his lost jewels. A lost jewel that tried to find its owner would have a story worthy of the Arabian Nights; and it is pretty nearly that kind of story that Mr. H. L. Constine, of New Orleans, told a reporter of the Seattle *Press*.

"When I was in Atlanta, Ga., some time ago," said Mr. Constine, "I was invited by a friend to visit a peach cannery in which he was employed. After I had completed my tour of the cannery I missed a valuable charm that I had been wearing on my watch-chain. I was sorry to lose it, for it was a gift from a dead sister. I offered a liberal reward, but to no purpose.

"I returned home, and gave up all hope of recovering the charm. About two months ago I came to the Pacific coast on business.

"I arrived in Seattle about two weeks ago, since which time I have been visiting friends who live near Yesler Avenue. Yesterday noon I was down town and stepped into a restaurant for lunch.

"After eating a hearty lunch I called for some peaches and cream. I started to eat the peaches, and was in the act of cutting one of them with a spoon, when the spoon struck some hard substance. I worked the substance out and held it up to the light. It was my missing charm.

"The story is a strange one," concluded Mr. Constine, "and I should hardly be willing to believe it myself if told to me by a stranger, but nevertheless every word of it is strictly true. The only way I can account for the mysterious disappearance and recovery of the jewel is that it became disengaged from the chain when I was watching the performance of a new coring and paring machine, in which I was much interested, and fell among the peaches without my noticing it."

A BLESSING IN THE BELLS.

George Herbert tells us to

"— Think when the bells do chime
'Tis angels' musick."

Many a time their metallic voices have carried to the most discouraged, and even the most hardened, souls suggestions of better things and happier days. The *Young Churchman* says:

A touching incident occurred on Blackwell's Island when the bell of the new chapel was hung. It was rung for the first time to test its sound, which is peculiarly resonant and sweet. After a few minutes' trial, the archdeacon, who had ordered the bell to be rung, sent word to stop the ringing, fearing that it might annoy the inmates of the almshouse. At this moment, a lady who had been visiting in the dormitories came out to ask as a favor that the ringing might be continued.

She said that many of the poor old inmates had burst into tears when they first heard the sound of the bell; and they declared that it recalled to them the blessed Sunday bells of childhood in the home far away. The sweetness of that tolling bell seemed to send a benison through those dreary wards, and to bring back memories full of Christian comfort and aspiration to the inmates.

WASHINGTON'S DEATH.

Mr. George Ticknor, who wrote "The History of Spanish Literature," and "The Life of Prescott," remembered distinctly the death of Washington. He says in his diary:

There never was a more striking or spontaneous tribute paid to man than was paid in Boston, when the news came of Washington's death.

It was on December 14, 1799, a little before noon, and Mr. Ticknor says: "I often heard persons say, at the time, that one could know how far the news had spread, by the closing of the shops. Each man, when he heard that Washington was dead, shut his store, as a matter of course, without consultation, and in two hours all business was stopped.

"My father came home, and could not speak, he was so overcome. My mother was alarmed to see him in such a state, till he recovered enough to tell her the sad news. For some time every one, even the children, wore crape on the arm. No boy could go into the street without it. I wore it, though only eight years old."

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For the Companion.

MRS. RAYNE'S MONEY.

"There's very, very little worth living for," said Margaret Lee, looking disconsolately down the street, as she set out from her mother's house for her daily work.

"That hot, humdrum store; those people, always the same—looking out for themselves, never caring how much trouble they give or how torturing they are with their whims! I always expected to earn my own living, but I didn't expect to earn it this way. I'm tired of it; I'm tired of everything!"

"You were pretty nearly late this morning," said Janet Randall, the girl who stood at the section in the great store next to Margaret's. Janet and Margaret were fast friends, and were talking together in a moment's lull.

"Yes, it was so delightful outside, and so close and stuffy in here!" said Margaret, with a half-groan.

"I saw Mr. Ives look rather sharply at you as you took your place."

"Oh, I dare say," said Margaret. "Let him look!"

"But you might lose your situation. You wouldn't like that."

"Well, I don't know that I should care much. It's one form of slavery here. The worst that could happen would be an exchange for another."

"There comes your terror," said Janet, gliding back to her own place.

The "terror" was a lady who had of late much frequented her counter, looking over laces, giving a great deal of trouble, and seldom making a purchase. The saleswomen were allowed a small percentage upon sales—a fact which rendered such customers a severe trial to their patience.

"I wish to match these pieces," said the lady, showing some samples.

Box after box was ransacked, and after half an hour's search, two of the samples were matched.

"I am quite sure we haven't anything nearer than this," said Margaret, referring to the third. "See; it is so nearly like it that the difference could scarcely be seen."

"We have not looked in those boxes," said the lady, glancing toward a row on a high shelf.

"Those are of an entirely different style, madam."

But the lady insisted, and Margaret opened the boxes, one by one, for her leisurely inspection.

Impatient customers, tired of waiting, went away. From time to time Margaret caught sympathizing glances from Janet, but these were not all. She knew that she was being keenly observed by Helen Winter, a girl who stood near her on the other side. Helen had a cousin for whom she wished to obtain a situation in the store, and Margaret knew well that information of any failure in patience on her part would promptly find its way to her employers.

Margaret showed no sign of annoyance.

"It seems to me you keep a very poor assortment," said the lady, at last, turning away.

Next came a party of customers who, it might be hoped, would be less hard to please—a bevy of laughing high-school girls, who, satchels in hand, had come in to take a peep at finery for the approaching graduation exercises.

They looked at laces, ruching and fans, with long discussions over every article, ending in most cases with a decision to refer the matter to mother or sister. They were not very profitable customers, but it was pleasant to serve them.

As the sound of their merry voices died away, a feeling of longing for the good things which were a part of their happy, prosperous lives took possession of Margaret. She had looked forward to these things once, before the cruel fortune came which had bound her to this tiresome counter. Again the burden pressed heavily on her heart.

As one of the relays of clerks was in the lunch-room, Mr. Ives, the superintendent, entered.

"He has his speech-making face on," whispered Janet to Margaret.

"And he's turning his attention toward us," said Margaret.

"Young ladies," said Mr. Ives, presently, "I am sorry to be obliged to inform you that a customer has lost some money in the store. Mrs. Rayne visited several of the counters this morning —"

"Oh yes, she did!" came in an undertoned groan from one or two victims.

"And has reported at the office the loss of a hundred-dollar bill."

There was a small sensation, while many eyes turned upon Margaret.

"Those of you with whom Mrs. Rayne dealt will please make very careful search for the money among your goods."



Margaret opened the Boxes one by one.

"Too bad!" exclaimed Janet, as the man left the room. "That bothering woman kept you fooling over her trashy bits all the morning, Margaret, and now you'll have to spend the best part of the afternoon looking for her bill. And after all, she has probably lost it somewhere else, or not lost it at all."

"Yes," said Margaret, "I shall have to go to the bottom of every box, and shake out every piece in the stock, for she wouldn't be satisfied until I had shown her the very last inch this morning. But I do hope some of us will find it!"

Margaret used every chance moment of leisure to search for the missing bill. A heavy shower brought a check upon the rush into the great store, and with patient hands and keen eyes she turned over her laces.

At closing-time the girls gathered in little knots, discussing, with anxious looks, the affair of the lost note. Margaret said little, but listened to the others with a face which showed that the graver concern had for the time shut out all minor worries.

"It's a shame, I declare," said Janet, taking Margaret's hand in her own, "for these rich people to come and make trouble for us poor girls about their money!"

"When they've so much of it that they don't know how to take care of it!" chimed in another.

"If I were so careless as to lose it, I should want to keep still about it."

Mr. Ives came about with a sober, inquiring look as the tired girls busied themselves in putting things in order after the day's work.

Margaret began to pack the choicest of her laces, to be stored in the vault in which the most valuable articles were put away at night, her eyes still keeping up their search, although she had given up all hope of finding the bill.

The safe was at the back part of the store, and she made several journeys to it before the things under her care were all put away.

"What's that?"

Just as she was stepping out, after depositing her last armful, something on the floor caught her eye, so vaguely in the gathering shadows that she was not sure that it was more than a passing fancy. Yet how could she be mistaken in that dim flash of dingy green?

With a heart beating in sudden hope, she quickly ran back into the vault, and with a little cry of joy snatched up something, and again turned toward the massive door.

Creak—bang! Just as she reached it, it closed in her face. Without dreaming what this might mean, she pushed on the door with her hand, calling out: "I am here! Open, please!"

But another creaking sound had mingled itself with her words. Mr. Ives, who had seen her come out, had then turned his head to speak to some one else, failed to see her rush in again, and had turned the knob which set the combination.

Janet Randall sprang quickly toward him.

"Margaret Lee is in the vault!" she said, excitedly.

"No; I saw Miss Lee come out before I closed it."

"She ran back. Hear her! Open it at once, please!"

"But I cannot. The combination is set, and I do not know it," he said, gazing at Janet in growing uneasiness.

"Where is Mrs. Adams?" cried Janet to the girls who were gathering near. "She hasn't gone home, has she? Bring her—quick! Margaret is shut up in the safe!"

A chorus of dismay rose, while a number of the girls hurried to seek Mrs. Adams, who was the only employee who knew the combination.

"Margaret!" cried Janet, going close to the door.

"Yes, Janet, here I am!"

"O Margaret, you're not frightened, are you?"

"No," Margaret replied; "but why don't they open the door?"

"They will, in a minute. You see, the combination's sprung, and they're bringing Mrs. Adams to open it."

"I hope she'll hurry."

"She's coming now. We'll have you out at once."

Mrs. Adams, intercepted just as she was going out, was brought back in hot haste. She uttered a little scream when she was told what was the matter.

"Why, I can't remember the combination! Where's Mr. Barrow? Where's Mr. Price?"

Quietly and firmly equal to the every-day demands upon her, Mrs. Adams failed completely in the moment of this emergency. With another cry of distress, she sank down in a hysterical condition.

"Why, the girl will smother—she will die in there!" she exclaimed.

"Where is Mr Price?" Janet asked, in desperation.

"Mr. Price has gone to a lawn festival over in Elm Park," said Mr. Ives.

"Telephone to him, and tell him it is life or death whether he gets here immediately."

"Margaret!" again called Janet.

"Yes?"

"Have patience a little longer, dear. There is a delay in opening, but everything is being done to get you out. Courage, Margaret! Speak to me!"

"Janet," Margaret called, "tell Mr. Ives—"

"Yes, here I am."

"I—I—I've found—"

The voice seemed to die away.

"Go on, Margaret," screamed Janet. But no answer came, save an occasional gasping murmur, and Janet crouched upon the floor in speechless agony.

There seemed no hope. Mrs. Adams was more hysterical than ever, and could recall nothing of the combination. The telephone rang, but Mr. Price could not be reached.

After the closing of the door, Margaret had turned and glanced about her, half-expecting to see some rays of light. But the absolute blackness frightened and oppressed her.

"How dark!" she said. "I never really knew before what real darkness is."

She heard Janet's call faintly through the thick door, and after exchanging the first few words with her, waited with such patience as she could summon.

The confusion of excited voices outside very soon conveyed to her a thought that her danger of suffocation might be greater than she had in the first few moments imagined.

A slow terror crept to her heart, as the sounds seemed to take on increased agitation, and one or two screams reached her strained ears. Her heart-beats came slower, and her breath already seemed difficult to draw.

Janet called again, and each one of her reassuring words seemed to tell anew of the fate which might be closing about her.

She guessed too well what the delay must mean. She knew that Mr. Barrow, the senior partner, was out of town; that his junior lived in the suburbs, and could not be reached before—what?

With strong shudderings she strove to draw a free breath, but already the suffocating air seemed to refuse any relief to her gasping lungs. In a paroxysm of despair she flung herself upon the floor.

Life! life! life! How precious and beautiful a thing it was! How sweet had been the light of the sun, and the freshness of the air! The modest home with which she had been discontented, the routine of work which had wearied her—how their details seemed to stand out in vivid brightness! How delightful would be the hum of the busy store, how kindly the most unsympathizing face in it would seem to smile upon her!

And her mother! With a cry of anguish, Margaret sprang up, and tried in vain to call out. She scarcely heard the sounds without, though

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she had a dim sense that Janet was calling her However, with the thought of home came a determination not to give up while there might be hope. She remembered having heard that bad air sinks to the floor, and again forced herself upon her feet.

But her limbs tottered, and with trembling hands she felt for a small step-ladder which she knew was in the vault. She brought it close to the door, and so leaned upon it that if her senses failed it would keep her from falling.

In doing this, she noticed that she still held in her hand the bill which she had found. She crumpled the bit of paper in fierce anger. Had she, indeed, given her life for it?

Then a fearful thought came; when those without should at last reach her, might there not be some who would believe she had concealed the money with the intention of keeping it?

The dreadful suggestion spurred her to one last effort. If she could tell them how she had found it, no one could think that she had stolen it—

But an iron hand seemed closing upon her throat as she again strove to speak. Her voice sounded to herself hollow and indistinct, as with her last conscious breath, she tried to send it through the iron door.

Two minutes later Mr. Barrow, who was supposed to be at his summer cottage among the mountains, entered the store, and looked in surprise upon the scene of confusion.

"The combination. Open the vault, quick!"

Mr. Ives had gone to find experts to force open the vault, but through the clamor of joy and fear the girls soon contrived to let Mr. Barrow know what was wanted.

He knew the combination, and at a few turns of his hand the heavy door swung open, and Margaret fell forward into the arms waiting to receive her.

In less than half an hour she opened her eyes to gaze into the kindly ones which smiled and cried over her.

"I received a telegram calling me back on important business," Mr. Barrow explained. "I did not guess how important it might prove to be."

"It must have been sent straight from Providence," whispered Janet.

Margaret was taken home in a carriage by Janet and Helen Winter. As the carriage was about to drive away, Janet held out to Mr. Ives the hundred-dollar bill, which she had taken from Margaret's hand.

"No," he said; "let her return it to its owner."

Mrs. Rayne came to see her, and cried and laughed as Margaret told how the bill was found.

"You poor dear child! To think what a result my carelessness might have had! It caught on some of your laces, and then dropped into the vault. Now I shall positively never take it back. I'm sure you earned it, going into that dreadful place for it."

Margaret's face whitened at the thought of accepting the money.

"I shall feel that you have not forgiven me if you refuse to keep it," said Mrs. Rayne. "Put it in the bank for a nest-egg. I think you will have more to add to it, for I have told Mr. Barrow that, of all the saleswomen I have ever met, you are the most patient, attentive and ladylike. I fancy he knows when he has an employee worth paying well."

"I think I found something more than the money," said Margaret.

AN ERMINE BY FLASH-LIGHT.

A subscriber has recently sent us a photograph of a very large and beautiful ermine, in its white winter pelage, taken under somewhat peculiar circumstances.

Our correspondent's family consists of two daughters, young ladies, sixteen and eighteen years of age, who last summer became much interested in photography. Their home is in one of the extreme Northern States of the country, where they have a farm, and what is more to the point of our story, a large hennery.

One morning about the middle of December it was discovered that three fine "Plymouth Rock" chickens lay on the floor beneath their roost, dead—the brain of each having been very cleverly and cleanly removed through a small hole near the base of the skull.

Immediately on observing this peculiarity in the marauder's manner of attack, our friend fancied that a weasel had levied upon him; but after noting the distance which the animal had been obliged to leap, laterally, to reach the roost, he came to the conclusion that it could hardly have been a common weasel, and must have been the weasel's larger and less frequently seen congener, the stoat, or ermine.

He understood the habits of this little epicure among the *mustelidæ* sufficiently well to know that it would, in all probability, return for the brains of three more chickens the following night, and continue the process indefinitely, unless its career were summarily cut short.

The hennery building is a large one, not easily closed to the entry of so small and insidious a robber, and he could think of no better way of procedure than to post himself, with a bull's-eye lantern and small shot-gun, just within a doorway, leading from a passage into the hennery, at about a level with the chicken-roost.

Sitting quietly here, he thought, at the first sounds of commotion from the chickens, he might be able to turn the lantern light upon the roost, and shoot the ferocious little disturber.

But he had no sooner broached this plan at the breakfast table, than his daughters proposed an amendment.

"Let us watch with you!" they exclaimed, "with our camera and flash-light, and get a picture of the rascal! We will flash the light and get a photograph, and you may do the shooting. We will see whether you can shoot quicker than we can take a picture!"

As they were quite enthusiastic, the plan was adopted. During the day the camera was prepared for instantaneous photography, also the little alcohol lamp along with the rubber bulb for puffing a pinch of magnesia powder into the flame, to produce the kind of light necessary for securing a picture. The camera was focussed as accurately as possible, in advance, and all made ready for quick work.

The party began the vigil at nine in the evening, well wrapped up in blankets and robes, for the mercury was almost down to zero.

They had long to wait. It was after one o'clock in the morning that the ermine was heard, effecting an entrance at a small crevice beneath the eaves of the building.

A minute or two later, they heard it leap down upon the roost. A sudden outcry from one of the fowls succeeded, immediately. One of the girls then flashed the light; when they all plainly saw the white, slim creature on the back of one of the speckled chickens, in the very act of turning its neck to bite into the brain.

A perfect picture was secured. And, meantime, *paterfamilias* blazed away with his gun, and riddled both the ermine and the chicken with shot. But he was too late to get his part of the performance into the photograph.

CLIMB.

The easy path in the lowland hath little of grand or new,
But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and glorious view;
Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill the height,
But the peak that is nearer the storm-cloud is nearer the stars of light.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

For the Companion.

THE BRIGAND OF SAN DIEGO.

San Diego is one of the great new cities of Southern California. It lies within only a few minutes' ride of Mexico. There is a pretty little Mexican town on the line between Mexico and California called Tia Juana—pronounced *Te Wanna*. In the centre of one of the streets stands a great gray stone monument, set there by the government to mark the line between the United States and Mexico.

To the south, several hundred miles distant, stretches the long Sea of Cortez, as the conquerors of ancient Mexico once called the Gulf of California. Beyond the Sea of Cortez is the long and rock-bound reach of the west coast of Mexico.

Then come Guatemala and a group of little Central American Republics; then Colombia, Peru, and so on, till at last Patagonia points away like a huge giant s finger straight toward the South Pole.

But I must bear in mind that I set out in this story to tell you about "The Brigand of San Diego," and the South Pole is a long way from the subject in hand.

I have spoken of San Diego as one of the great new cities, and great it is, but altogether new it certainly is not, for it was founded by a Spanish missionary, known as Father Junipero, more than one hundred years ago.

These old Spanish missionaries were great men in their day; brave, patient, and very self-sacrificing in their attempts to settle the wild countries and civilize the Indians.

This Father Junipero walked all the way from the City of Mexico to San Diego, although he was more than fifty years old; and finally, after he had spent nearly a quarter of a century in founding missions up and down the coast of California, he walked all the way back to the City of Mexico, where he died.

When it is added that he was a lame man, that he was more than threescore and ten years of age, and that he travelled all the distance on this last journey on foot and alone, with neither arms nor provisions, trusting himself entirely to Providence, one can hardly fail to remember his name, and speak it with respect.

This new city, with its most salubrious clime, is set all over and about with golden oranges, red pomegranates, great heavy bunches of green and golden bananas, and silver-laden olive orchards. The leaf of the olive is of the same soft gray as the breast of the dove, as if the dove and the olive branch had in some sort kept companionship ever since the days of the Deluge.

San Diego is nearly ten miles broad, with its base resting against the warm, still waters of the Pacific Ocean. The most populous part of the city is to the south, toward Mexico, where seven or eight railroads run together.

Then comes the middle part of San Diego City. This is called "the old town," and here it was that Father Junipero planted some palm-trees that stand to this day—so tall that they almost seem to be dusting the stars with their splendid plumes.

Here also you see a great many old *adobe* houses in ruins, old forts, churches, fortresses, barracks, built by the Mexicans nearly a century ago, when Spain possessed California, and her gaudy flag floated from Oregon to the Isthmus of Darien.

The first old mission is a little farther on up the coast, and the new college, known as the San Diego College of Letters, is still further on up the warm and salubrious sea-bank. San Francisco lies several hundred miles on up the coast beyond Los Angeles. Then comes Oregon, then Washington, one of the newest States, and then Canada, then Alaska, and at last the North Pole, which is almost as far as the South Pole from my subject, the Brigand of San Diego.

He was a little Aztec Indian, brown as a berry, slim and slender, very silent, very polite, and not at all strong.

It was said that he had Spanish blood in his veins, but it did not show through his tawny skin. It is to be conceded, however, that he had all the politeness and serene dignity of the proudest Spanish Don in the land.

He was a student at the San Diego College of Letters, where there were several hundred other boys of all grades and ages, from almost all parts of the earth.

A good many boys came here from Boston and other Eastern cities to escape the rigors of winter. I remember one boy in particular from Philadelphia. He was a small boy with a big nose, very bright and very brave. He was not a friend of the little Aztec Indian, the Brigand of San Diego.

The name of this boy from Philadelphia was Peterson; the Boston boys called him Bill Peterson. His name, perhaps, was William P. Peterson; William Penn Peterson, most likely. But this is merely detail, and can make but little difference in the main facts of the case.

As I said before, these college grounds are on the outer edge of the city. The ocean shuts out the world on the west, but the huge chaparral hills roll in on the east, and out of these hills the jack-rabbits come down in perfect avalanches at night, and devour almost everything that grows.

Wolves howl from these hills of chaparral at night by hundreds, but they do little or no harm in comparison with the innumerable rabbits. For these big fellows, on their long, bent legs, and with ears like those of a donkey, can cut down with their teeth a young orchard almost in a single night.

The new college of course had new grounds, new bananas, oranges, olives, all things, indeed, that wealth and good taste could contribute in this warm, sweet soil. But the rabbits! You could not build a fence so high that they would not leap over it.

"They are a sort of Jumbo grasshopper," said a smart boy from Boston.

The head-gardener of the college campus and environment grew desperate.

"Look here, sir," he said to the president, "these big-eared fellows are lazy and audacious things. Why can't they live up in the chaparral, as they did before we came here to plant trees and try to make the world beautiful? Now, either these jack-rabbits must go, or we must go."

"Very well," answered the president. "Offer a reward for their ears, and let the boys destroy them."

"How much reward can I offer?"

"Five cents apiece, I think, would do," answered the head of the college, as he passed on up the great stone steps to his study.

The gardener got the boys together that evening, and said, "I will give you five cents apiece for the ears of these dreadful rabbits."

"That makes ten cents for each rabbit, for each rabbit has two ears!" shouted the smart boy from Boston.

Before the dumfounded gardener could protest, the boys had broken into shouts of enthusiasm, and were running away in squads and in couples to borrow, beg or buy firearms for their work.

The smart boy from Boston, however, with an eye to big profits and a long job, went straight to the express office, and sent all the way to the East for a costly and first-class shot-gun.

The little brown Aztec Indian did nothing of that sort; he kept by himself, kept his own counsel, and so far as any of the boys could find out, paid no attention to the proffered reward for scalps.

Bill Peterson borrowed his older brother's gun, and brought in two rabbits the next day. The Boston boy, with an eye wide open to future profits to himself, went with Peterson to the head-gardener, and holding up first one dead jack-rabbit by the ear, and then the other, coolly and deliberately counted off four ears.

The gardener grudgingly counted out two dimes, and then, with a grunt of satisfaction, carried away the two big rabbits by their long hind legs.

As the week wore by, several other dead rabbits were reported, and despite the grumbling of the head-gardener, the tumultuous and merry students had quite a revenue, and their hopes for the future were high—especially when that artillery should arrive from Boston!

Meantime, the little brown Aztec boy had done nothing at all. However, when Friday afternoon came, he earnestly begged, and finally obtained, leave to go down to his home at Tia Juana. He wanted very much to see his Mexican mother, and his six little brown Mexican brothers, and his sixty, more or less, little Mexican cousins.

But lo! On Saturday morning, bright and early, back came the little Brigand, as he was soon to be called by the boys, and at his heels came toddling and tumbling not only his six half-naked little brown brothers, but dozens of his cousins.

Each carried a bundle on his back. These bundles were long, finely-woven birds' nets, and these nets were made of the fibre of the misnamed Century plant, the agave.

This queer-looking line of barefooted, bareheaded, diminutive beings, headed by the silent little Brigand, hastily dispersed itself along the outer edge of the grounds next to the chaparral abode of the jack-rabbits, and then, while grave professors leaned from their windows, and a hundred curious white boys looked on, these little brown fellows fastened all their long bird nets together, and stretched two wide wings out and up the hill.

Very quiet but very quick they were, and when all the nets had been unwound and stretched out in a great letter V far up the hill, it was seen that each brown boy had a long, heavy manzanita-wood club in his hand.

Suddenly and silently as they came, they all disappeared up and over the hills beyond, and in the dense black chaparral.

Where had they gone, and what did all this silent mystery mean? One, two, three hours! What had become of this strange little army of silent brown boys?

Another hour passed. Not a boy, not a sign, not a sound! What did it all mean?

Suddenly, down came a rabbit, jumping high in the air, his huge ears flapping forward and back, as if they had wilted in the hot sun.

Then another rabbit, then another! Then ten, twenty, forty, fifty, five hundred, a thousand! All jumping over each other, and upon each other, and against the nets, with their long legs thrust through the meshes, and wriggling and struggling till the net shook as in a gale.

Then came the long lines of half-naked brown boys tumbling down after them out of the brush, and striking right and left, and up and down with their clubs.

In less than ten minutes from the time they came out of the brush, the little fellows had laid down their clubs, and were dragging the game together.

The grave professors shook their hats and handkerchiefs, and shouted with delight from their windows overhead, and all the white boys danced about wild with excitement.

That is, all but one or two. The boy from Boston said savagely to the little Aztec, as he stood directing the counting of the ears, "You're a Brigand! You're the black Brigand of San Diego City, and I can whip you!"

The Brigand said nothing, but kept on with his work.

In a little time the president and gardener came forward, and roughly estimated that about one thousand of the pests had been destroyed. Then the kindly president went to the bank and brought out one hundred silver dollars, which he handed to the little Brigand of San Diego in a big cotton handkerchief.

The poor, timid little fellow's lips quivered. He had never seen so much money in all his life. He held his head down in silence for a long time, and seemed to be thinking hard. His half-naked little brothers and cousins grouped about, and seemed to be waiting for a share of the money.

The boy's schoolmates also crowded around, just as boys will, but they did not want any of the silver, and I am sure that all, save only one or two, were very glad because of his good luck.

Finally, lifting up his head, and looking about the crowd of his school-fellows he said, "Now, look here, I want every one of you to take a dollar apiece, and I will take what is left." He laid the handkerchief that held the silver dollars down on the grass, and spread it wide open.

Hastily but orderly, his school-mates began to take up the silver, his own little brown fellows timidly holding back.

Then one of the white boys who had hastily helped himself, saw that the bottom was almost reached; and with the remark that he was half-ashamed of himself for taking it, he quietly put his dollar back. Then all the others, fine, impulsive fellows who had hardly thought what they were about at first, did the same, and the little brown boys came forward.

They kept coming and kept taking, till there was nothing but the handkerchief left.

One of the professors then took a piece of gold from his pocket, and gave it to the little "Brigand." The boy was so glad that tears came into his eyes, and he turned to go.

"See here!"

It was the smart boy from Boston who had been looking on all this time, and who now came forward with his hand held out.

"See here!" he said. "I've got a forty-dollar shot-gun to give away, and I want you to have it; yes, I do. There's my hand on it. Take my hand, and you shall have the gun just as soon as it gets here."

The two shook hands, and the boys all shouted

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with delight; and on the very next Saturday one of these two boys went out hunting quail with a fine shot-gun on his shoulder.

It was the Brigand of San Diego—the silent little hero of the great rabbit drive.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

For the Companion.

GENEROSITY.

If over the gates of Paradise
Bright emblems of the Virtues stand,
Methinks, above them all, mine eyes
Some day shall see an open hand.

W. B. SEABROOK.

For the Companion.

A PRAIRIE CATAMARAN.

The Winter Recreations of a Settler in the Far Northwest.

In Three Parts.—Part II.

Wolf-Hunting on the Snow-Crust.

Spring was a long time coming in Northern Assiniboia, but it did not happen that there was snow-crust, favorable for using my newly made catamaran, again that winter.

The following summer was passed in yeoman toil. I even broke up the catamaran for the lumber which it contained, for lumber is scarce on these prairies.

That year steady work set me well on my way as a farmer. It broke the hard outer shell of rude nature, so to speak, and gave me a better hold on life.

My nearest neighbors were no longer strangers who felt it necessary to fire on me when I called upon them. I was on friendly terms with the McCauslands. Tom and Emma often rode over to see me, and I visited them frequently.

With three families of the simple Icelanders also, I was on good terms; they are somewhat slow-witted people, but kindly and honest. They will prove desirable citizens of the new Province. It is necessary for the stability of government that there should be a class of citizens who do not change their views too often. The Icelanders will furnish that element.

Better still, an old school-mate from my native city, Sidney Smart, came out to pass the next winter at my place, with a view to homesteading the following spring a claim about a mile distant from my own. A cousin of the McCauslands from Kingston, Ontario, Miss Anderson by name, joined them, and even after snow fell Sidney and I succeeded in keeping a road open to their house. We even talked of having a singing-school!

The lonesome times had gone by. It is the first winter on his claim that tests the settler's courage.

I had procured a load of lumber, and in February Sidney and I built another catamaran, on the same plan as the first, but larger and better rigged. Sidney entered into the project with enthusiasm, and for four days in February we had much amusement, making trips to our neighbors, and on several occasions taking out the young ladies for a "sail" over the prairie.

This was pleasant, of course, in its way, but scarcely worth description. But as it happened, we had an experience, about a fortnight later, of a novel and adventurous character.

A Long Run.

One morning in early March we woke to find the wind quite strong from the north, and the snow frozen hard. There had been several days of cloudy weather, and during one night rain had fallen an hour or two; but on the night before the thermometer had dropped several degrees below zero, and now the snow-crust was like ice.

"Now for a run!" exclaimed my companion, rubbing his hands, after a glance out of the window at dawn.

We did our chores, and breakfasted as expeditiously as possible. Ever since I had rigged the catamaran I had projected a trip to the "timber" about the small lakes and along the river to the northwest. I wished to explore the country in that direction, and also fancied that game might be found there.

The river is the South Saskatchewan—a stream as large as the Kansas or the Platte. Along its course through the northern part of Assiniboia there are clumps of willow, cottonwood, wild rose, wild plum and thorn brush upon the banks, although the adjacent country is for the most part bare prairie.

Still farther north there are considerable forests. About the small lakes there is usually a little brushwood, and here and there a tree. Deer are seen in these localities, and they probably winter here, as do flocks of ptarmigan.

We took our guns, with an eye to this game, and to be prepared for storms or other emergencies we also took food enough for several days, with blankets and other outfit for camping.

Sidney had brought with him a hound which he had kept for several years, more as a pet than as a hunting dog. Thus far we had found no use for the animal, but this morning we concluded to give him a trial. The dog was at first afraid to ride with us on the raft. After some hard running after us, however, we coaxed him into lying cozily down with us in the old packing-box which served as a sleigh-body on the catamaran.

Although a good runner, the hound could not keep pace with us, for we made fully fifteen miles an hour. We were steering westward at nearly right angles to the wind, which blew from the north. This was about as close to the wind as we could run with our snow-raft.

It was very exhilarating. For about twenty miles our course was over bare prairie land. Then we came to the first of a series of six or seven small lakes, three of which were bordered with brush and a little wood.

Skirting the willows along the southerly side of the first of these, we turned the hound loose to beat about, and shortened sail so as barely to maintain headway when gusts came.

Almost immediately a flock of white ptarmigan rose here, and Sidney shot two of them with his first cartridge. We picked them up, and meanwhile the hound ran ahead. A few moments after we heard him challenge, and then saw a red doe dash out on the further side of the brush, and cross the lake on the icy snow.

"This begins to be interesting!" Sidney exclaimed. "What do you mean by saying this is not a good game country?"

The deer escaped us. We saw it dash through the brush on the farther shore, and then make for the second of the lakes. The hound followed, to our vexation.

Eager for the Hunt.

"He will chase that deer all day, and perhaps run away so far that we shall lose him altogether!" grumbled Sidney.

Standing off a little from the brush and gaining the higher ground, we glided on for a mile or two, and skirted the lake. There were ptarmigan in the willows, but they flew too quickly for us, and we continued on at full speed, over rolling prairie, toward the third lake.

When we were well out on the intervening open tract, I observed two black specks on the snow far to the north and a little in our rear. Both were in motion, and like ourselves going toward the third lake.

They were the hound and deer. Slackening sail, so as to still the whirr of our runners, we could hear the hound. The lake was not far from a mile in length, irregular in contour, with patches of brush on the shores, and in one place a clump of timber.

We sat and watched the chase. The deer broke the snow-crust a little, but ran well, heading for the timber, which it reached in a few minutes. The hound was close behind, and a moment later the deer emerged from the timber clump upon the frozen snow of the lake. With her were now three other deer which had been in the brush.

It was a pretty sight to see them bound down the lake, with heads thrown back. We were about a mile from where they broke cover. They came straight down the lake at full spring, with the hound yelping behind them.

We had passed the foot of the lake, but seeing how the deer were heading, Sidney jumped off and ran back with my Winchester. He gained the cover of the willows, then worked through the brush and lay in ambush.

The deer came down rapidly, and as they approached, Sidney fired and shot one. The other three turned sharply off to the west, ran through the brush on that side, up the slope, and out upon the prairie, not more than a hundred yards from the catamaran.

I fired a buck-shot cartridge, but did not stop any of them. The leader was a fine young buck, but I saw that he broke through the crust at almost every bound, now that they were off the lake. The hound was at his heels.

It was too tempting a chance to let pass. Hauling my sail, I started after them, leaving Sidney to overtake me if he could.



A Wolf Chase.

For some moments the wind was slack. I merely crept along. Then another gust fell, and in a moment I was close up with the hound. Taking a hitch with my line, I tried to get aim for another shot, but the sail and dog were in the way.

Then the gust died off, and I fell behind for some distance. Sidney was shouting to me to wait; but I considered that he had just had his good fortune, and when the next gust fell, I made way again.

It was very exciting. In less than three-quarters of a mile, the catamaran overtook the hound and buck once more.

We were now well out on the prairie; and the wind, filling the big sail, swept me on at a rate of quite twenty miles an hour.

As the raft glided up, the dog jumped aside, and I ran fairly abreast of the buck—so near that I could almost have touched him with the barrels of my gun!

Frightened by the sudden looming up of the sail beside him, the animal veered away; but I let go the sail, and shot him without difficulty

The other two deer were smaller, and did not break the crust so frequently. The hound kept on after them, but I now stopped for Sidney, whom I could see toiling on after me.

In about ten minutes he came up, a little out of temper, but he smiled when he saw my buck. He had left his deer to be picked up later. We did the same with the buck, and bore away again, in the direction the hound and deer had taken.

After crossing a swell of the prairie, we sighted the belt of brush and scattered timber which marks the course of the river, about a mile ahead, and were scarcely two minutes running down to it.

Before we had much more than covered half the distance, however, we saw the smaller of the two deer burst from the brush, and run directly toward us for a little way, then away to northward; and a moment after, the hound came out to meet us and howled.

"What's the matter now, I wonder!" Sidney exclaimed, as we dropped the sail, and slid into the edge of the bushes. "They've met something that's sent them all to right about."

Fancying that I knew what it was, I took my double gun, left the catamaran and pushed through the brushwood to the frozen channel. The hound followed me, whining, and Sidney came on a little behind.

After a glance along the nearer bank, I crossed over on the icy snow. The channel was here about three hundred yards in width, and on the farther bank there was a thick fringe of timber. Just as I entered this, I came upon the body of the other deer, torn and partly eaten.

There was no animal in sight, but the hound, coming up behind me, whined as if frightened.

A few steps farther on, I caught sight of three wolves, one almost white, sneaking in the cover of some thick brushwood, near the prairie side of the timber belt. They stood close together, watching me askant, with their heads held low. They had left the deer, as I came across the river, but were not disposed to go far.

Chasing Wolves.

Turning, I beckoned to Sidney, who was a little way behind, to come softly up. I thought we might both get a shot. But just as I was pointing them out to my companion, the wolves turned and ran along the outer border of the timber fringe, for a little way, then climbed the low bluff on that side, and struck off across the open prairie to the west of the river.

I did not believe that they would go far, and crawling to the crest of the bluff, I peeped over it.

In a little depression of the prairie, at a distance of perhaps a thousand yards, the wily brutes were crouched flat on the snow-crust, so low that I could but barely discern their shaggy coats moving in the wind. I slid back down to the brush, where Sidney stood.

"If only we can get our catamaran across, we will have some sport, racing them," I said to him. There was neither brush nor timber in sight to the west of the river.

Sidney thought that we could fetch our craft across at a point a little below; and after some difficulty, we did so, and pushed it up the slope of the bluff.

The wolves were still lying there, but as soon as we made our appearance on the bluff, they took to their heels. We now saw that a fourth wolf had joined them.

Making sail, and heading as hard to northwestward as possible, so as to keep them from getting to windward of us, we glided along after them. On gaining the top of the next swell of the prairie, we saw that the wolves had stopped in the depression beyond it. But a strong gust now filled our sail, and we burst over the crest of the swell upon them at such a speed that the brutes took to flight again, running at the top of their speed to get away from us.

After a momentary lull, another gust swooped down on us, and we flew after them at a great pace. But for our desire to keep as far to windward as possible, we should have run them down on that first heat.

The slippery crust bothered them a little; at first, too, they did not appear to realize that we could overtake them. As they ran, they kept looking back. I wondered that they did not separate, but they did not, for a time.

After two miles or more, there came a little lull and we slowed up, hardly keeping pace with them for a time. But soon another wild gust came, and then we flew again. The wolves were scratching away at a long, keen gallop, but we glided up to them.

They were big timber wolves, brindled-gray and shaggy; long-legged, gaunt old rangers. One, which seemed to be the biggest of the four as they ran, was almost white. They were savage creatures.

As we *whirred* up to them, my comrade looked a little uneasy. "We shall run them down, sure!" he muttered. "Do you suppose they'll attack us?"

I had a notion that they might fight, if hard pushed, and taking a turn of my sheet round a cleat on our box, seized my gun. Sidney had the carbine.

In half a minute more we were right upon them! With a howl of terror, they jumped aside and ran in different directions, snapping their teeth, and snarling in a manner to make one shudder.

We opened fire instantly. I almost scorched the old white one with my first barrel, and sent him rolling over and over. Another one, on my side, had cut back, or else we had run past him. I let him have my second barrel at a distance of about ten yards.

Sidney was firing with the carbine at the other two. They had run up to windward of us. He fired three shots, and missed every time; but with his fourth, he killed one of them. Then we both shot at the other, but he fairly ran out of our reach to windward.

We could not follow him on that course, and he escaped us.

We then pulled the three together, and looked them over. It had been an exciting minute's work. We stood over our game, and gave three cheers.

Skinning the three wolves, there in that biting wind, was a less enjoyable part of the adventure. We had fearfully cold fingers before their hides were off, for the temperature was at zero, even under the afternoon sun.

By this time it was almost three o'clock. Hastily rolling up the wolf pelts, we tacked back to the river, recrossed it and stood away for home. The deer that the wolves had pulled down was in such condition that we did not attempt to secure it, but we picked up the two others.

The wind subsided when the sun set, and for the last ten miles home we were obliged to drag our catamaran and game over the snow-crust.

It was just nine o'clock when we reached my cabin. We had been out thirteen hours. I considered it a fine bit of hunting—the best I had ever done, at any rate.

We had not stopped to take a mouthful of food, and it is needless to say that we were in a condition to enjoy a venison steak.

PALMER F. JADWIN.

(To be continued.)



Giving the Ladies a Sail.

For the Companion.

CHINESE SQUEEZES.

The Chinese squeeze is not exactly the "hug" of affection, nor the close grasp of hands joined in friendship. It is a commercial term, and refers to a pressure exerted upon money, in any form, by the fingers of every man through whose hands it may pass and to whom it does not belong—a pressure which causes a portion of the money to remain in his possession.

It is the x in the algebraic formula of every purchase you make, the value of which you can never discover. The problem is something like this: "If my cook buys ten pounds of beef, and charges me twelve cents a pound for it, how much does it cost him, and what is the amount of his squeeze?"

Or perhaps it takes another form, somewhat like the following: "If I go to a store and buy ten yards of silk, which I bring home under my coat, when my butler discovers the fact of the purchase and goes to the store, how large a squeeze does he extort from the merchant?"

Again, perhaps it takes another form, and reads as follows: "I sent five dollars the other day to a Chinese woman who is very poor. How much did the servant who carried my gift actually hand to her, and how much did he keep as a squeeze?"

The sufferers by this system call it stealing, while those who practise it regard it as a sort of commission.

The Chinese, in their dealings with one another, all suffer from it and all practise it. The system is as old as the Empire, and is said to have had its origin in an ancient custom under which household servants were paid no regular wages, but received food, one suit of clothes a year, and in addition a sum of money raised in this manner:

From the price paid for every article, of whatever sort, used in the family, the gatekeeper or porter retained one piece of "cash" in every fifty. At the end of each year the sum was distributed among the servants in proportion to their positions in the service of the family.

Whether this explanation is correct or not, it certainly is a fact that, in paying out or receiving cash, one gets or gives only forty-nine pieces for every nominal fifty unless there is an agreement to the contrary.

The servants in China are the best in the world. They are quiet, prompt, faithful and affectionate. They seldom complain of late hours or hard work.

As a class they are exceedingly honest. Table linen and silver-ware, and even money may be left in their charge, with assurance that every piece will be faithfully accounted for. In fifteen years, with a large establishment of servants, I never had occasion to charge one of them with theft, or with even the loss through carelessness of any article.

It is commonly and truly remarked that ladies who have lived in China are spoiled for housekeeping at home, with all its difficulties, by the excellent service to which they have become accustomed.

But, honest and faithful as the servants are in every other respect, Chinese servants will squeeze, and, curiously enough, much of their very diligence and promptness, much of their good-nature and patience under hard work and late hours, is due to this very practice. They are amiable under late

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hours and extra service. Why? Because they "charge it in the bill."

The cook remembers the daily reckoning of accounts at nine o'clock in the morning, and in the extra cash which he puts on the price of each article purchased, you pay him for extra labor caused. The other servants share with him in the proceeds of the squeeze.

While Chinese servants never complain because



Chinese Servants.

of much company and consequent hard work, they have been known to leave situations because the family lived too plainly, and had too small a grocer's bill.

All sorts of expedients and devices have been resorted to by foreign housekeepers in China to put an end to this system, and all have failed.

If one does his own marketing, he discovers presently that his servants have followed him up, and quietly levied a squeeze upon every person with whom he has dealt. He also discovers that, allowing nothing for time spent in marketing, his servants can buy more cheaply than he can, even when their squeeze is added to the actual market price. So he has lost not only time but money by his effort at reform.

If one takes pains to inform himself as to the proper prices of all articles used, the servant cheats him in the weight or measure, charging for five pounds when he has actually bought four.

At last, perhaps, the master provides himself with Chinese scales and measures, and weighs and measures every article. He is happy until he discovers that his scales weigh only fourteen ounces for a pound, and that consequently his servant has had a squeeze of twelve and one-half per cent.

Determined not to be beaten, the employer procures a pair of scales that have been tested and found to be full weight. These he keeps under lock and key, and thinks that at last he has circumvented the squeezer.

Not at all. He has weighed his pound of mutton, found it full weight, and has paid only the market price. But after all this is done, and the master's back is turned, the cook cuts off a quarter of a pound from the joint, carries it to the butcher, and is paid for it.

If the master remarks upon the small quantity that appears upon the table, he is gravely informed that "In a dry climate, like that of Peking, mutton shrinks much more in roasting than it does in the master's honorable country!"

A friend of mine, who made the experiment of paying his servant a regular commission of ten per cent. on purchases, in lieu of the squeeze, found that his expenses were increased by more than that proportion. The servant took the commission, and continued his squeeze as before. The Chinaman had reasoned that since his master was able to pay him an open commission of ten per cent., he could safely be bled secretly a little more than before.

The dismissal of a servant found guilty of this practice rarely serves any good purpose. Indeed, it may be found at a later period that his successor is even worse, and is not only making his own profit, but also paying a pension to the one whom he has supplanted.

In one of the Legations in Peking, years ago, the Minister determined to suppress the practice, and dismissed the porter, or gatekeeper, who is always a prominent actor in the system.

Long afterward it was discovered that the other servants, headed by the new gatekeeper, had regularly paid the discharged servant his usual wages up to the day of his death, and then had buried him with much ceremony.

In many of the larger establishments the servants are formed into what may be termed a "coöperative establishment." Under this system each servant deposits his squeezes in a bank, where an account is kept, and at certain fixed periods the sum total is divided.

Large Chinese houses are invariably built in a square and surrounded by a high wall, having, as a rule, but one gate, which is always kept closed, and a gatekeeper is in attendance day and night.

It is easy for this man to know all the purchases made in the "compound," as it is called. If a merchant declines to pay the squeeze demanded, he is refused admission.

The illustration shows a group of Chinese servants, with the head, or, as he might well be termed, "the President of the Jolly Squeezers," in the chair.

With all the expressions of jollity, frankness and honesty found on their faces, they are shrewd students of human nature, and each one could tell, if he would, all the foibles and weaknesses of his master, and especially just how far he can be safely bled, and just at what point the squeezing process must stop.

A foreigner, no matter what his official rank, does not hesitate to enter a market or a store and inquire the price of any article on which he believes his servants are levying too large a squeeze.

But even a small Chinese mandarin would consider it beneath his dignity to make such an inquiry. Hence all Chinese officials are, in these matters, hopelessly at the mercy of their servants. The worst victim to squeezes in China is the most powerful of all the Chinese, His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor.

Probably not more than twenty-five per cent. of the money collected in his name ever reaches his treasury. For every article purchased for his use he pays four times the proper value.

The Chinese say, regarding the milk brought into the city each morning for his use, that each mandarin through whose hands it passes takes out a cupful, and puts in a cup of water, with the result that when it reaches His Majesty not even the color of milk remains.

CHESTER HOLCOMBE.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE.

There, changeless all the seasons through,
That green cathedral lifts its spires,
The first to catch the morning dew,
The last to hold the sunset fires.

—*Independent.*

ANOTHER CHILD MONARCH.

In consequence of the death of King William of Holland, there are now three European monarchs who are under fifteen years of age. They are Alfonso XIII., King of Spain, who was born, after his father's death, in 1886, became King at his birth, and is now in his fifth year; Alexander I., King of Servia, who is in his fifteenth year, and succeeded to the Servian throne on his father's abdication in 1889; and the little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who is in her eleventh year.

But neither of these child monarchs has reached the age necessary for actually taking in hand the reins of government. In each instance, during the minority of the sovereign, the royal power is really exercised by a regency, which performs every public act in the name of the infant ruler.

In the cases of Spain and Holland, the regency is confided to the mothers of the young sovereigns; to Queen Maria Christina, an Austrian princess, in Spain, and to Queen Emma, a German princess, in Holland.

The regency in Servia, on the other hand, is exercised by three Servian statesmen, instead of by Queen Natalie, the King's mother, from whom her husband was divorced a short time before his abdication. The regents are M. Ristich, and Generals Belimarkovich and Protich.

Of the little Queen Wilhelmina, the latest accession to the list of child royalties, it is interesting to know that she is fair and pretty, unusually intelligent, quick in her studies, and fond especially of out-of-door pastimes.

She lives, with her devoted mother Queen Emma, at the Castle of Loo, which has been for generations the abode of the Dutch rulers, and is situated at a short distance from the Hague, the capital of the Kingdom. There she is surrounded by many beautiful works of art, and the carefully tended gardens, where are grown the tulips which her father was fond of growing and made famous the world over.

The life of the little Queen is tranquil and happy. When she rises, at seven o'clock in the morning, she goes to her mother's bedside and says her prayers. From nine to twelve o'clock the Queen is busy with her studies and her music, and at noon she heartily enjoys her simple lunch of eggs, milk and fruit.

After lunch, no matter what the weather, she goes out of doors, visiting her cozy pigeon-house with its one hundred and fifty cooing inmates, or taking a jaunt on her fat little Shetland pony. She dines with her mother at six, and like any other girl of her age, at eight is sent promptly to bed.

The Queen always dresses in white, with kid shoes and white silk stockings. It is not surprising to learn that she is ardently fond of her collection of beautiful dolls, of which she has several dozen, and which are attired in such gorgeous court dresses that they would be sure to arouse the envy of any girl of her age who saw them.

Her nursery, too, presents a marvellous collection of toys, of all varieties, and from every quarter of the globe, which serve to pass away pleasantly many of her leisure hours.

While it is true that, when she comes of age, the young Queen of Holland will have very little royal power, since the real ruling in that Kingdom is done, as in England, by ministers and Parliament, still her bringing up and the formation of her character are important matters to her subjects as well as herself.

For the sovereign, even in a constitutional monarchy, has a good deal of influence, if but little actual authority; and the destinies of Holland, peculiarly as the Kingdom is situated with reference to the politics of Europe, may be seriously affected in the future by its ruler's traits and disposition.

Happily for it, the little Queen appears to be endowed with good sense and good temper, and her mother, Queen Emma, who devotes herself wholly to her daughter's training, has won the confidence and affection of the Dutch by the excellence of her personal qualities.

OUR ONLY TIME.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

—*Mary Lore Dickinson.*

CUTTING OFF DEBATE.

During the current session of Congress, the Republican Senators wished to pass an act relating to the conduct of elections for members of the House of Representatives; but although they had a party majority in the Senate, they were unable to bring the bill to a vote, and were compelled to abandon the plan.

As all our readers should know, debate in the Senate is wholly unrestricted. Any member may speak as long as he pleases; he may offer amendments without number, and may discuss each of them at full length, his own endurance being the only limit placed upon his oratory.

This feature of Senate procedure, the perfect freedom of debate, puts it into the power of a minority to prevent a measure from coming to a final vote.

In the case of the Elections Bill, the Democrats were resolved that no vote should be taken upon its passage, and after one attempt by the Republicans to tire them out by a night session, that plan was abandoned, and another one was tried.

A new rule was proposed, the effect of which would be to enable the majority, in certain cases and after a prescribed mode, to bring a debate to a close, and to secure a vote upon the pending measure. If all the Republicans had been in favor of the change in the rules, this plan might have succeeded.

But several of the Republican Senators from Western States and one from the East united with the Democrats to lay aside the proposition to amend the rules, and thus the plan by which the Elections Bill was to have been passed came to naught.

Almost every deliberative assembly in the world, except the Senate of the United States, has found itself forced to adopt some form of what, in this country, is called "the previous question." In France it is termed "la clôture;" in the British House of Commons it is known as "closure."

The object is either to enable an assembly to cut short the speeches of prosy members, or to allow the majority to control the minority.

It is plain common sense that when a majority is in favor of passing a certain measure, and a minority opposed to it, if the rules make it possible for the minority to defeat the measure altogether, and make it impossible for the majority to accomplish its will against the resolution of the minority—in that case it is the minority and not the majority that governs.

This condition did not arise in the Senate on the Elections Bill; for the Democrats and a few Republican senators who opposed the bill and the amendment of the rules made a majority.

But even when the rules do enable the minority to put a veto upon any measure, it does not follow, as a matter of course, that those rules should be changed. There are great advantages in allowing perfect freedom of debate; and those advantages have been deemed of such importance that the Senate has, for more than a hundred years, resisted all attempts to limit discussion.

At the same time, it must be said that heretofore, except in rare cases, the minority in the Senate has resisted the passage of measures urged by the majority only long enough to make the protest emphatic. Then they have yielded, and suffered the bills to pass.

No one can tell whether we have just been seeing a single outbreak of a new kind of opposition—what the physicians call a "sporadic" case; or whether hereafter this method of preventing legislation which the minority opposes is to become frequent and chronic.

It is greatly to be hoped that the old traditions will be adhered to, and that the present rules will continue to be possible. Of course the object of having a Congress is that it may make needed laws; and the question what laws are needed is properly to be decided by the majority, and not by the minority.

This seems like a party question, but it is not. It happens to-day that the Republicans are thwarted in their attempt to pass what the Democratic Senators regard as partisan legislation, but it may happen within five years that the positions of the two parties will be reversed. Should systematic obstruction become a practice in the Senate, either the rules will be changed, or the usefulness of Congress will be destroyed.

FICKLE.

Little Fanny Dean, the poor orphan whom Mrs. Burt was educating in her boarding-school, was very happy when Daisy Mott made a friend of her, chose her as a comrade in her daily walks, and declared that she would take her home on a visit during the holidays.

Fanny usually spent her vacation alone in the school with the matron. Daisy was quite sincere in her feeling for the child. She raved about Fanny's beauty and cleverness and goodness for six weeks.

But when vacation came she did not take her home, and declared that "that stupid Dean child tired her to death."

The teacher of music thought he had found a pupil in Daisy who would do him credit. She practised several hours a day. She talked and thought and dreamed of Gounod and Wagner. This lasted a month. Then she gave up music altogether. "The everlasting tinkle of the piano bored her," she said.

Daisy did not marry early in life. She had innumerable friendships with both women and men. She was always so zealous, eager and fervent for a few weeks that the object of her affection thought her the most charming of women.

Then she as suddenly grew cool and rude, in haste to be rid of the person whose claims wearied and irritated her.

She married at last a man who had patience to humor her caprices. Since then she has been by turns a devoted and neglectful wife. She has been a leader of fashion, an organizer of charitable work, a religious fanatic and an unbeliever, energetic and vehement in all pursuits and phases.

She has always some protégée whose claims for aid she urges upon all of her friends.

It may be a poor girl, whom she wishes to send abroad to study music, or a widow who needs a situation, or a poor laborer to whom she intends to give a turkey for Christmas.

But she changes the object of her sympathy so rapidly, indeed, that the widow in a short time is turned impatiently away from her door, the musician never reaches Europe, and the poor man's children would go dinnerless to bed on Christmas for all the help she gives them.

Yet Daisy is neither a pretender nor false, as her acquaintances declare her to be. She is sincere in her pity and love and good intentions—while they last.

They do not last long, because when she was young she learned to be impatient, to love excitement, to fly from emotion to emotion in order to keep her mind at fever-heat.

There are women who indulge their brains with new sensations precisely as the drunkard humors his palate with stimulants. The effect upon the character is very much the same.

WASHINGTON.

Ninety-one years have rolled away since the death of George Washington. During that long period many brilliant reputations have shone upon us for a while, only to fade away and lapse into oblivion. His name retains all its interest for us, and probably more people have been particularly occupied of late with his career, its relics and its records than ever before.

At the great sale of Washington mementos, held a few weeks ago in Philadelphia, the prices paid even for trifling objects once possessed by the great man and his family were extraordinary.

A legal document relating to the execution of his will, which his hand had never touched, brought fifty dollars, and an autograph letter eighty-five.

A list of his slaves, written and signed by his own hand, brought four hundred and forty dollars. Two of his memorandum books closely written brought eight hundred dollars. His family Bible was sold for seven hundred and sixty dollars, and books from his library, containing his signature or that of his wife, commanded prices varying from sixty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars each.

Pieces of piano music, which had been played by Miss Custis, brought considerable sums, and a dinner invitation was sold for eighteen dollars.

The sale attracted universal attention, and every one lamented that the whole collection had not been bought by Congress and deposited at Mount Vernon, where it could have been seen by every pilgrim to that sacred shrine.

There is a special reason for this vivid survival of his celebrity, apart from his services to his country, and his singularly varied and interesting career.

From his boyhood to the last week of his life, he was a profuse writer. As soon as he could write well enough, he kept a book into which he copied anything that pleased or impressed him in his reading, and carefully entered his early cipherings and surveys in a book that is preserved to the present day.

During his first journey in the wilderness of Virginia, when he was but sixteen, he kept a pretty full journal of its events, though the task could not have been easy on such a tramp.

In a similar way, but in greater detail, he recorded his early marches and campaigns, one of which was published both in England and America.

From the day when he took command of the Revolutionary Army at Cambridge, his own letters and orders, his reports to Congress and other official documents are the imperishable record of his public actions, as well as the most correct exhibition of his character.

His own writings must ever remain the truest record of his life. Nothing can refute or supersede them. His confidential letters to his brother, to his secretary, to his steward and to his servants, as well as the more formal epistles addressed to

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the President of Congress, all tell the same story and exhibit the same man, one who was intent on discharging every trust, and fulfilling every duty with punctuality and completeness.

A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

The recent anniversary of Robert Browning's death was marked by a strange ceremony.

On the seventh of April, 1886, Mr. Browning, at the house of a friend, repeated a part of one of his poems into a phonograph, and the wax cylinder containing the precious message had ever since been locked up in a safe. On the 2nd anniversary, however, it was produced, and placed upon the machine.

There it accurately delivered the voices of those present at the meeting of April seventh, and while the little group assembled breathlessly about the phonograph, Robert Browning's familiar and cheery voice suddenly exclaimed:

"Ready?"

Immediately afterward it began to repeat, "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."

"I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three."

The poem went on in a spirited manner down to the words:

"Speed!" echoed the —" when the voice said, hurriedly, "I forget it! Er—Joris?"

Some one prompted, and Browning went on:

"Behind shot the posters, the lights sank lower;"

and again the poet halted. "I—I am exceedingly sorry that I can't remember my own verses," it continued; "but one thing that I shall remember all my life is the astonishing sensation produced upon me by your wonderful invention."

Then there was a pause, and some one reminded the present audience that Browning left the tube and returned, on being asked to authenticate his words. Presently came, in a loud voice:

"Robert Browning!"

The murmur of applauding voices followed, with the clapping of hands.

WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

In the little old house in Charles Street, Fredericksburg, Virginia, Washington's mother, who was in her day a famous cook and housewife, was at times fond of giving a "small dance and dinner party."

There, "on the waxed floor of the front room lighted by numerous candles," the belles and beaux of other days "did dance right merrily." In a diary now worn and yellow by age, one knight-eyed belle tells:

"My petticoat was of flowered Peach satin, with long-waisted Coat of White. A lace Kerchief was gathered round my Shoulders, and my Arms were bare to the Elbow. A string of Milk White Pearls did tie around my throat. My hair I had high, and pleasing Powdered. And Silver Buckles were upon my Shoes."

Old Mr. L——, one of the neighbors, happening to drop in one morning while Mrs. Washington was busy in her dairy, was requested to come there if he cared to speak with her. He entered, found Mrs. Washington with skirts turned up and sleeves rolled, busy with the fresh made butter which she was moulding in a wooden tray. "For you know, Mr. L——," she said, briskly, "my tongue and my hands may be employed at the same time without loss."

THRIFT IN FRANCE.

Whenever a new public loan is offered in France, the world is astonished at the eagerness with which it is taken, and the huge sums subscribed by multitudes of small capitalists.

Few of us have an idea of the vastness of the money savings of the French people. If the Eiffel Tower were built of pure silver, it would require something more than two thousand million francs' worth of that metal.

Two stages more would need to be added to the tower to represent the savings of the French people now deposited in the *Caisse d'Epargne*, or savings-bank. A comparison like this appeals to the imagination. It is one made by M. de Foville, the Minister of Finance.

The depositors in French private and postal savings-banks combined now number six and a half millions, and the sums deposited are more than two thousand eight hundred millions francs, or five hundred and sixty million dollars.

Thrift in France, as everywhere else, has one great foe—the public house. The annual outlay for intoxicating drink and tobacco amounts to almost a thousand millions francs.

M. de Foville concludes his summary with these words: "Prosperity, for which so many persons seek utopian remedies, will never disappear, restoured, until driven out of the world by thrift."

NOT THAT END.

That a poor workman quarrels with his tools has passed into a proverb. It is not often that the lesson of the saying is so pointedly enforced as it was in a New York art school.

The gentleman at the head of this school never failed to ratiate the insolency or lay the blame in the wrong place whenever it showed itself among his pupils.

One of the students, who had considerable talent but very little application, found frequent refuge in this excuse, and the teacher was at last at the end of his patience.

"I couldn't get the point of my pencil right," the student said one day, by excuse for a faulty line.

"Mr. Black," the teacher replied with emphasis, "you have been in this school two years. You have the natural ability to do the best work, whereas you really do the worst. If in two years you have not been able to discover that the trouble is not at the pointed end of your pencil, I think you may as well give the whole thing up."

"What do you mean?" the student stammered, taken aback.

"You know what I mean. The difficulty is not at that end of the pencil, but at the other. It is not the point but the pointer that needs correcting."

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

There has lately been established, by order of President Harrison, a "Board on Geographic Names" of the United States, made up of several officers of departments and bureaus of the government. It is charged with the duty of deciding all unsettled questions concerning geographic names which arise in the departments.

The decisions of the board on all disputed points connected with the spelling of the names of places, rivers, mountains, and the like, will be followed by the departments of the government, and eventually, no doubt, by the publishers of maps and text-books.

The way in which this new board works may be illustrated by a single case.

Most of the geographies spell the name of the great arm of the Pacific Ocean which washes the west coasts *Behring* or *Behring's* sea. Maps also have been known, however, since the time of the navigator, Vitus Jonassen Behring, who, while in the Russian naval service, first explored this sea in 1728, as the eighteenth century.

Behring Bay discovered his Danish name into Iran Behring. But the Danish people of to-day always spelled the name of the sea Bering, the *h* having been introduced as a hint to the name, and to spell it Behring was simply to misspell it. Danish map-makers, The board, to which the matter was referred, has corrected the error, and hereafter all government documents issued from the Department will be Bering sea, not Behring sea.

Among the other disputed points of spelling the following may be noted:

It is Chile, not Chili; Fiji Islands, not Feejee; Yosemite, not Yo-Semite; New York, not Yorktown; Hudson River, New York, not Hudson Bay, Canada, not Hudson's Bay; Canada, not Hudson Bay, Canada; Kowloon, China, not Hong Kong; Puerto Rico, not Porto Rico; Mount Rainier, Washington, not Mount Tacoma.

The principles adopted by the board require the adoption in general of the spelling and pronunciation which is established by local usage. The purpose is to make no changes wherever possible.

The decisions respecting foreign names are in accordance with the English official system of geographical naming and spelling. In these foreign names, the vowels are pronounced as in the Italian language, and the consonants as in the English. For instance, in Java, Bantam is to be pronounced Bahn-tahm', Banjermassin as in *father*; in Fiji and Bielefeld as in English *e* in *feet*; as in like or in cow, so that we have Loo-choo, not Liu-Kiu. The hard *c* is rejected for *k*, and we have Korea, not Corea.

WHY SHE WROTE IT.

Some of the most stimulating hymns have been "songs of the night." The whispered shades of gossips forget the hymn, "I love to steal awhile away," which has been the comfort of thousands of tired men and women.

Phebe Brown, the pastor, a wife and mother living in a country, used to steal away at dusk to a neighboring grove, where she could meditate and pray.

The village gossips put their own coarse construction upon her evening walks. One of them, a woman whose home adjoined the grove, said to her, with a tone and manner more irritating than the words:

"Mrs. Brown, why do you come up at evening so near our house, and then go back without coming in?"

That evening Mrs. Brown, grieved in spirit, set down by the fireside, nursing her babe and weeping. Then she laid the infant in its cradle, and gave expression to her feelings in the hymn which has become entitled, "My Apology for my Twilight Ramblings, addressed to a Lady."

Several years after she prepared it as a hymn, suppressing four stanzas and altering a few expressions.

PIKE'S PEAK.

An exchange prints a story of a young lady who went to Colorado for her health, and while sojourning at Manitou, left late one afternoon with a party bound on the hotel piazza.

The gentleman remarked upon the grandeur of Pikes' Peak, which towered majestically before them. The young lady expressed her appreciation of the scene in a single word.

"I suppose," said the gentleman after the conversation had proceeded a little way, "you have ascended the peak to gather interest to say from the fact that you can see Pike's Peak."

Naturally, the young lady answered the lady promptly: "and I may add that we can safely assume is probably increased by the fact that we can see it."

The coincidence was extraordinary, and the story has strong marks of truth. If the young lady had been a little quicker would almost certainly have gone on to say that the acquaintance thus happily begun soon ripened into love, and that she in turn gave place to sentiments of a tenderer nature, and that the young woman soon became, like the mountain itself, Pike's Peak.

SOVEREIGN, BUT A LADY.

The person of fine, large nature thinks of being courteous first and of his own claims to deference afterward. He can even afford to sacrifice his dignity of manner for the sake of being gentle and gracious, knowing that true dignity is a quality of spirit rather than of manner.

On a certain occasion the Queen visited Cambridge University, and the ceremonies which mark the regular Master of Trinity kept his hat on during the proceedings. Just as Her Majesty was about to leave, Lord Palmerston approached and said:

"Your Majesty has perhaps wondered that I should appear so far wanting in respect as to keep on my hat in your presence, but—if perhaps has escaped your Majesty's notice—that Lord Rosse in Ireland, Lord Forester in Shropshire, and the Master of Trinity, have a right to keep their hats on in the presence of their sovereign."

"I am glad to be informed of it," was the Queen's freezing rejoinder.

"I DON'T know what is the matter with me," said a sick woman, "and I don't believe that anything but a *post mortem* will ever show." "Yes," replied the doctor, "acquired the sympathetic visitor. "You are too weak ever to stand that!"

"Brown's Chamberared Magnesia Dentifrice" cleanses and preserves the teeth, and daily it prevents trouble from bad teeth or soft gums. 1.60c.

EMBROIDERIES.

Wonderful bargains in Remnants at the Lace House. Ladies' Jersey Jackets while, for children's dresses, elegant Cashmere Embroideries, 27 inches wide, 25c. per yard, and making up in pattern. These are not an ordinary offering for a few words from a poet, but we are selling agents, and the goods are right. Send for samples. Prompt attention to every request. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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A child can manage the "Pittsburgh" Lamp; all it wants is filling and wiping once a day and trimming once a week.

So much for one year's improvement in lamps!

We have a primer to send.

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$1.87 MOOAR'S "COMMON SENSE"

FLORENCE, BOON CO., KY.

MOOAR BROS., SIRS:—

Shoes have come to hand, and far exceed my expectations. They are superior to any I ever bought for the money. Will take pleasure in showing and recommending them to my friends.

Respectfully, F. E. KERTH.

We wish every lady in the U. S. could see the many unsolicited testimonials like above that we have received.

We have just completed our arrangements for the manufacture of this Shoe, and have added the following new features, which will make this Shoe of much greater value than before:

It will have the inside Rubber Sole, so that no dampness can penetrate through the sole to the foot. It will be made from fine selected skins of Castilian, which is the most durable stock made. It will be hand-sewed and hand-welted, like the English and Hygienic Boots, and will be glove-fitting from the first to the last day of wearing. It will be as neat in appearance as much gain that was ever offered to the people of this country.

We are so sure that this "Common Sense" Boot will give satisfaction that we will guarantee every pair, and will refund the money to any one who buys a pair and is not satisfied.

$1.87 is the lowest price that has ever been named for a guaranteed Ladies' Boot.

Sizes, 2-1-2 to 8. Widths, C, D, E, EE.

PREPAID for $1.87. THINK OF IT.

MOOAR BROS., 1307 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

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An Instant Success.

That "nothing succeeds like success" is illustrated by the instant success of our now famous "Storm Slipper."

That it is a more practical and sensible "rubber" than any style or cut that has ever been offered, has been demonstrated beyond question by the great demand for the "Storm Slipper" from every part of the country since we first advertised it three months ago.

That you will recognize at sight the strong points of the "Storm Slipper"—the actual protection it gives—from the soggy skirt both over the instep and behind, might go without saying.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING SHOEDEALERS. ASK TO SEE IT.

"From the Forest to the Foot."

We have recently published a handsomely ILLUSTRATED SOUVENIR, describing in an interesting manner the process of making a Rubber Shoe, from the time the raw rubber leaves the forest until the finished "rubber" covers the foot. ASK your nearest shoedealer for a copy, and if he has none write us direct and we will see that you get it.

BOSTON RUBBER SHOE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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SUGGESTIONS.

GEOMETRICAL.

Can you find a point equally distant from any three given points?

Can you draw a circle that will just touch the angles of any triangle?

Draw a circle inside any triangle so that it shall touch each side once.

Draw an equilateral triangle so that each side shall touch a given circle once.

For the Companion.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

A king grown old in glory and renown
Of goodly deeds, a wholesome reign to crown,
Feeling the years turn white upon his head,
Thought of his end, and to himself he said:
"Three sons I have, strong types of sturdy youth,
Bred in all honor, manliness and truth;
Honest and brave are they, I know it well,
But traits there are in all that none may tell.
I'll test them, therefore, for I fain would know
Which one shall rule the best when I shall go."

Thereon he sent a slave to call his sons
Into his presence. Strong and manly ones
They surely were, to glad a father's sight,
And mind him of his springtime's virile might.
To whom the king: "My sons, the time draws near
When I, thy sire, shall be no longer here,
And I would know which of you I may trust
To wield the sceptre when my hands are dust;
And to that end I make thee this request,
Which of my three sons loves his father best?"

Then spake the eldest: "Sire, my love for thee
Is deeper, broader, greater than the sea,
Vast as it is, that weds thy kingdom's shore.
Such is my love for thee, my sire, and more."
The second then: "My father and my king,
There is not any yet created thing
In the whole universe, below, above,
To mark the scope and measure of my love."
The youngest simply said, "I cannot tell
Thee more than this, I love my father well."

The king dismissed them with a tender word,
And sate and pondered well that he had heard;
Then called his minister and to him spake:
"My lord, a pilgrimage I fain would make
To far-famed Mecca. That I may atone
For sins unpardoned, I will go alone,
Barefooted and bareheaded; and if I
By Allah shall be called upon to die
While on this pilgrimage, 'tis my command,
That my three sons together rule the land."

A year went by, and yellow were the leaves,
The ripened grain was gathered into sheaves,
And all made ready for the harvest sport,
When through the kingdom—city, camp, and court,
Seaport and hamlet—the sad news was sped,
That the wise ruler and just king was dead.
Loved as a monarch tender, brave and true,
His people mourned him deeply as his due.
His sons were told the words the king had said,
And reigned together in their father's stead.

The calendar had marked another year,
And on the drooping stalk the full-grown ear,
Through golden husk and silken tassel showed,
When wearily along the dusty road
A beggar slowly moved towards the town,
Which reached at last, outside the gate sate down
And rested. Suddenly his thoughts were bent
Upon a man near by with garments rent,
Who sighed, and wept, and beat upon his breast,
And ever made this moan, "I loved him best."

"Friend," said the beggar, "tell, if I may know,
What is the cause and secret of thy woe;
Allah hath certain cure for every ill;
Thine may He soften!" For a moment still
The other sate; then, with fresh tears, he said:
"Great is my loss. I mourn the king that's dead.
Ah! never more shall men see such a one;
My father he: I was his oldest son,"
And then he beat once more upon his breast,
And rent his clothes, and cried, "I loved him best."

The beggar sighed. "Such love must Allah prize.
Thy brothers? Mourn they also in this wise?"
"Not so," the mourner said. "To me in age
The nearest, quickly did his grief assuage;
With horse and hounds his hours are spent in sport,
To the great shame and sorrow of the court.
The youngest bears the pains and cares of state,
Works out our father's plans. To low and great,
Meteth out justice with impartial hand,
And is beloved and honored in the land."

The beggar left the son on grief intent,
And straightway to the court his footsteps bent,
Cast off his beggar's clothes before the throne,
And, clad in purple, proudly claimed his own,
Cried, in a voice that made the arches ring,
"Hear ye, my people! As I am your king,
My power, my crown, my sceptre, and my throne
Go to my youngest son, and him alone!
Son of my soul, I fold thee to my breast,
Who doth his father's work loves him the best."

ROSS DEFORRIS.

For the Companion.

OLD MRS. HEMINGWAY.

A story once told by a famous Methodist minister of a member of his flock in Kentucky will be new to many readers.

Brother Jones was a large, florid, pompous man, so wrapped in self-conceit and arrogance as to be almost intolerable to other members of the church. One elder after another had remonstrated with him upon his monstrous vanity, and reminded him that such pride was unbecoming to a Christian; but he was deaf to hints or rebukes.

At last, after a solemn consultation, it was resolved that the minister should preach a sermon aimed at Brother Jones, and at him only. No word of it was to be applicable to any other man or woman. The rebuke was to be so severe that it was hoped he would be cured of conceit for the rest of his life.

The day came. The church was even more than ordinarily full of people. Many of them had come from curiosity; others hoped to see the vain man, who had often treated them in a supercilious manner, chagrined and mortified. Some of the more tender-hearted of the congregation stayed at home, not wishing to witness his humiliation.

The sermon began. Brother Jones, with a complacent expression of face, disposed himself to listen. The man's infirmity was sketched with bold, severe strokes. He smiled with lofty superiority. As the denunciation grew more scathing, his smile deepened with a touch of complacent pity. At the conclusion of the services he swaggered down the aisle. One of the elders joined him.

"What did you think of the sermon, Brother Jones?" he ventured to ask.

"A great effort, sir! But personal. The pastor aimed his shots too directly. Poor old Mrs. Hemingway! I felt sorry for her. But really that woman's conceit is e-normous, sir!"

We are all ready to give over the rebukes intended for ourselves to some Mrs. Hemingway.

It is not uncommon in insane asylums for a patient to believe that all of his companions are mad, while he alone is sane.

Another singular peculiarity of human nature is that we are most keen in detecting in others the very faults which are worst in ourselves.

If we would learn our own defects we must compare ourselves, not with our acquaintances, but with the One perfect model given to the world for all time.

MANNA.

The manna of commerce comes chiefly from Sicily. It is a sweet substance, obtained from a small tree which is known as the manna ash. This tree can be grown as far north as England, but in that country it yields no manna, and is cultivated for ornament only. The manna is formed from the sap. The trees are ready to be tapped at the age of eight years, when the stems have a diameter of about three inches. The tapping is done by making cuts through the bark to the wood, the incisions being one or two inches long, and about an inch apart.

The first cut is made at the lower part of the trunk. The next day another cut is made just above the first, and so on, day after day, during the dry season. The next year the untouched part of the stem is operated upon in the same way, and the practice is continued in successive years till the tree is exhausted.

The finest manna is that which is incrusted around pieces of stick or straws placed in the incisions. Flake manna is that which has hardened on the trunk. The inferior quality is from the lower incision. After its removal from the tree, the manna is dried on shelves.

There are other plants that yield a similar product. The tamarisk of Arabia exudes from its branches a substance that becomes solid in the cool of the morning. This is known as tamarisk-honey. The exudation is assisted by the puncture of a small insect. It is said that this honey is described by native writers as a dew which falls upon the leaves of the tamarisk and other trees.

The Persians gather a kind of manna from a leguminous plant by shaking its branches, or by picking the leaves and gently beating them over a cloth when dry. Throughout Persia and Afghanistan naturally produced manna is harvested from different trees and shrubs. It is eaten by the people as a sweetmeat, and is exported to India.

In Australia a sweet substance is obtained by the natives from the sandalwood. It is a favorite article of food with them and with the colonists. The manna gathered from the leaves of the eucalyptus is rather a product of insects. The exudation of the sap is due to their puncturing of the leaves, and the same is supposed to be the origin of the manna which is collected from the twigs of certain species of oak.

The notion of the Arabs that the manna was a dew deposited upon the leaves of shrubs reminds us that we have the phenomenon of honey-dew on leaves of the elm in this country. It is to be observed on hot and dry days in August. The upper surface of the leaves becomes varnished with a soluble sweet gum, much resorted to by insects in the morning. It hardens in the hot sun. This appears to be a true natural exudation of sap from the leaves, caused by excessive heat. There is no indication of the leaves being punctured; the visits of the insects are a result, not a cause.

NAPIER.

Sir Charles Napier was famous, even as a boy, for a surprising recklessness of courage, which was brought into full play during the soldier's after career. The three Napier brothers were, at school, the natural leaders of their mates, and their daily departure for home was an event which the villagers assembled to witness.

There were pigs in the Irish town of Celbridge, where the Napiers lived—tall, gaunt animals with wide, flapping ears, and long legs that could gallop over the ground. Mounted on the backs of these lean and agile hogs, the Napier boys were wont to career homeward, with scholars and pig-owners following, in hot pursuit.

One day, when Charles had become a young soldier, he was out shooting with his brother George. Charles fired at a snipe, and the bird dropped, though at a distance, across a deep ditch. In jumping this ditch, the boy fell, and fractured his leg so badly that the bone protruded from the flesh, above his boot.

His gun had fallen at some distance, and he crawled up to recover it, and then succeeded in reaching the snipe. When his brother came running up, deadly pale at sight of the wounded leg, the fallen sportsman cheerfully cried:

"Yes, George, I've broken my leg, but I've got the snipe."

Thus it was through life. Sir Charles Napier was wounded more than once, in the most sickening manner, and was in his later years a prey to ill-health, but he always "got his snipe."

After this accident, it was imperatively necessary that the young soldier should take a long rest, and his General advised an extended leave of absence. To this Napier would not listen, and as soon as his leg was fairly healed, he mounted his little cob and rode away to duty, accomplishing more than a hundred miles in one day. It is easy to imagine that he pushed forward mile after mile, intent upon proving that, despite what Generals or Doctors might say, he was ready for any fatigue or duty.

This was the true soldier's spirit, which not only served him on the battle-field, but enabled him to meet with patience the trials of life.

WASHINGTON'S LETTER.

When Washington returned to Philadelphia after his trip to the East, in 1789, he stopped at Uxbridge, Mass., and was entertained at the home of Samuel Taft. The old homestead, with the great oak before the door, remains yet in possession of the family, preserved in commemoration of the distinguished visitor. Washington was so well pleased with his reception and entertainment at Uxbridge that he wrote the following letter to Mr. Taft, which is carefully preserved in the family:

"*Hartford, Nov. 8, 1789.*

"SIR: Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family (Dandridge); and being moreover very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited more upon us than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself.

"As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even to its being known, the less there is said about the matter the better you will please me; but that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed 'To the President of the United States, at New York.' I wish you and your family well, and am your humble servant,

"G. WASHINGTON."

For the Companion.

ON A GRAVE IN CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.

Turning from Shelley's sculptured face aside,
And pacing thoughtfully the silent aisles
Of the grey church that overlooks the smiles
Of the glad Avon hastening its tide
To join the seaward-winding Stour, I spied
Close at my feet a slab among the tiles
That paved the minster, where the sculptor's files
Had graven only "*Died of Grief*," beside
The name of her who slept below.
Sad soul!
A century has fled since kindly death
Cut short that life which nothing knew but grief,
And still your fate stirs pity. Yet the whole
Wide world is full of graves like yours, for breath
Of sorrow kills as oft as frost the leaf.

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

TOO SUSPICIOUS.

Among the passengers on a railway train was a young mother, with a pretty baby not more than four or five months old. Sitting in the seat behind her was a stout, rather severe-looking old gentleman. The brakeman announced that the train would wait ten minutes for lunch at one of the stations, and the mother, noticing that the old gentleman did not offer to rise, and that nearly all the other passengers were about leaving the car, turned and said politely:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but would you be willing to watch my baby while I go out and get something for my lunch-basket? I don't think she will wake while I am gone."

The gentleman glanced over the top of his magazine at the sleeping child, and said rather gruffly, "Very well, madam."

When the young mother had been gone five minutes, the old gentleman pulled out his watch, and kept on looking first at the watch and then at the sleeping child every thirty seconds for the next three minutes.

Then he raised his window, and looked up and down the station platform, after which he stepped to the door, his face red with annoyance.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

Hastening down the aisle the angry passenger seized the sleeping child, ran swiftly back to the door, and jumped from the car. A policeman chanced to be standing close at hand.

"Here! here!" shouted the old gentleman; "a young woman dressed in black deserted this baby ten minutes ago. She can't have gone far. Take it—quick!"

He thrust the screaming child into the policeman's arms, and jumped back upon the moving train.

"I was a little too smart for her," he said, as he resumed his seat, panting with indignation. "I don't know what ought to be done with these unfeeling persons who try to palm off their own flesh and blood on—mercy on us, what does this mean?"

Well might he ask, for there, coming hurriedly in at the car door of the vestibule train, was baby's mother.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said, as she hurried forward. "I saw a friend in the other car and—why, where's my baby? Who has my baby? Where *is* she? My baby!"

"Pray be calm, madam," said the old gentleman, as he rose to his feet, and began pulling vigorously at the bell-rope.

"How can I be calm when I don't know where my baby is? Where is she? Tell me instantly!"

"In just a moment, madam," as the train slackened its speed. "The policeman will take care of it and—"

"The policeman? What policeman? What do you mean? Oh, I shall go crazy!"

The conductor now hurried into the car, inquiring sharply who had rung the bell.

"It was just a little mistake," explained the old gentleman, in great confusion; "I—I—well, I didn't think this lady intended returning to the car, and I—I—well, I beg a thousand pardons, madam, but I gave the child into the charge of the depot policeman. That's all."

"All!" cried the terrified and indignant mother, while a number of sympathetic ladies gathered around her.

The conductor consented to run back to the station, and the baby was rescued just as it was being transferred to the patrol wagon. The old gentleman kept judiciously out of sight for the remainder of his journey.

BY ONE FOOT.

An Englishman, who had taken a long tramp over the Lesghian Mountains, arrived, near the end of the day, at the door of a small hut. Just then a group of red deer followed one another round the bowlder of a neighboring crag, and the Englishman, being something of a sportsman, determined to "have a try" for one of them. So, though tired, he took a guide from the hut, and started in pursuit, he said.

Our first difficulty was in crossing a sheet of frozen snow, which hung like a sloping roof over the edge of a deep abyss; but the guide swooped hollows for our feet with the butt of his rifle, and we got safely over. The going was then easy enough until we came to a small chasm, which had to be jumped. Here the guide gave out. He declared that it would be impossible to overtake the deer, and returned to the hut.

For nearly an hour I followed the track of the deer, never seeming to get any nearer, though expecting, every time I peered over a ridge, to find the herd in range just on the other side.

But the human frame will not go on moving forever, and my limbs kept reminding me, by certain aches and stumbles, that they had almost reached the limit of their endurance. So I gave in unwillingly and turned back.

My eyes were getting heavy, my feet were like lead. There was no game ahead to allure me on, no guide by my side to advise or direct my steps. I began to regret my persistent pursuit of the red deer. Still, in spite of my fatigue, all went well until I began to cross the roof-like sheet of snow between myself and the hut.

Here the light seemed worse than it had been in coming, and the footholds were hard to distinguish. When half-way across I very nearly concluded my travels, not only for that night, but forever.

One of my feet slipped out of the hole in which I had placed it, and brought me on my face on the snow. Instinctively I fell inward, driving my rifle-barrels with all my strength into the snow, and there, for the worst minute of my life, I hung, one foot still in one of the steps, and the other leg hanging loose on the smooth surface.

I dared not lift myself lest any extra pressure should break my remaining foothold, or loosen the grip of my rifle, and so send me down the slope, over the edge of which I should infallibly shoot into eternity.

However, some good angel buoyed me up; and when, in fear and trembling, I slowly made the effort, I did with difficulty regain an upright position. In a few minutes more I was off that treacherous slope, and experienced a feeling of relief which compensated me for all my fatigue.

"ODD TOM."

Old Tom Weit had a habit of doing queer and unexpected things, and thus came to be known throughout the region in which he lived as "Odd Tom." Sometimes his oddity appeared in some peculiarity of dress, as when he wore his coat wrong side out, because, as he said, he had "got tired of the looks of the right side." One day Tom went to his next neighbor, Zebah Green, to hire his horse for the day.

"What d'ye want 'im for?" was Zebah's inquiry.

"Oh, jest to go down to the village to do some marketin'," was the answer. "P'raps I might go on afterwards as fur as Job Stone's, 'n' look at his oxen."

"Wal, I don't want ye to have 'im," replied Zebah, referring to the horse; "but ye may, jest ter 'commodate ye, if ye won't go no fu'ther'n jest to the village—ye know *that's* 'most ten mile."

"Why, of course not," said Tom, "not onless you're willin'."

"Wal, then, take 'im, but don't ye drive 'im no fu'ther'n the village, or I'll never let ye have 'im agin."

So Tom harnessed the old horse, and started for market. As he passed Zebah's house on his way, he heard, faintly wafted from his neighbor, who stood in the barn door, "Be sure ye don't go no fu'ther'n jest to the village!"

Toward night Tom was seen, laden with bundles, coming slowly up the road from the village—on foot. Out rushed Zebah, open-mouthed.

"What ye done with old Bill?" he cried.

"Wal," answered Tom, with the utmost coolness, "ye seemed so all-fired scairt for fear I'd drive him further'n jest *to* the village that I didn't dare to drive him home agin, 'n' so I left him there, under the store shed."

CABBIES' WAYS.

London cabmen have many temptations to impose upon their "fares," and it is hardly to be wondered at that they sometimes catch a tartar in the attempt. The author of "The Philosopher in Slippers" says that a large part of their undue gains is derived from timid women, who find it difficult to withstand their bluster. Still, even a woman may rebel, upon occasion.

A lady who once gave a cabman an extra sixpence, after paying his proper fare, found that he was not disposed to be grateful.

"Well, mum," said he, ungraciously, "I'll take the money, but I don't thank you for it."

"You haven't it, yet," said she, alertly withdrawing the sixpence, and he never did have it.

A clergyman in London was one night driven home, and paid the cabman what he supposed to be two shillings. He had taken the coins from his waistcoat pocket, but as soon as they had passed from his hands, he noticed their peculiar glitter, and said: "Stop, cabman! I've given you two sovereigns by mistake."

"Then your honor's seen the last of them," said the cabman, whipping his horse and driving briskly away.

Then the gentleman felt again in his pocket, and found that he had given the man two bright new farthings, which he had that day received, and was keeping for his children.

There is something irresistible in a cabman's cajolery, and the man who indulges in it is far more likely to fill his purse than is the bully.

"What's your fare?" asked a gentleman of one such believer in blarney.

"Anything your honor pleases," was the answer.

"You rascal! That means, I suppose, your legal fare, and anything you can get over that."

"No, your honor. I just leave it to you."

"Well, then, here's a sixpence for you."

"Ah, but your honor's a gentleman!" pleaded the man, with such an accent that he carried off double his proper fare.

SHE COULD LEARN.

It is hard for a certain class of people to understand that the successes of art are not the result of clever dexterity alone. The idea of anything like unusual and original power is entirely beyond their comprehension, and they imagine that works of genius are produced by rule, as a cook makes a cake or a pudding.

A person of this kind recently called upon one of the best known of American portrait-painters, and insisted upon seeing him upon important business, although at the time he was engaged with a sitter. When he appeared, the woman said:

"I want you to give me lessons."

"I am sorry," he said, looking at her in some surprise, "but I have not the time."

"Oh, I won't take up any time to speak of," the caller said. "I can learn real quick, and you'll only have to tell me how to do it."

"But I never take pupils," the artist said, with unmistakable decision. "I could not think of taking you."

The stranger regarded him with a look which was hardly less than venomous.

"Oh," she said, jeeringly, "I see how it is! You don't dare to give away your secret for fear it would spoil your business!"

PATRIOTIC.

The attractions of foreign lands never displace his own country in the affections of the right-minded traveller. "Home is best," and we must always feel a certain respect for patriotic enthusiasm. This respect rises to admiration for the sentiment of the young American of whom the Albany *Argus* writes:

A young lady of Seattle, who has been forwarding very interesting accounts of her travels in Europe to her friends at home, sent her last letter from Paris.

She was enthusiastic over the French capital, and after saying everything else that she could in its favor, rapturously declared, "To my mind it is the Seattle of Europe!"

WORTH WHILE.

The discussion of the question, whether or not William Tell ever existed, has led one of his admirers among historical students to make this memorable remark:

"Very well! if I can be assured of having as glorious a fame as William Tell has, I shall be perfectly willing never to have existed!"

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For the Companion.

JOHNNY SPEAKS HIS PIECE.

"He went to the war with a General's hat
And feathers and sword—I should like to do that.
He fought and he fought till the enemy ran—
That's how I shall do it when I am a man.

"The people all shouted the hero to see—
I hope they'll hurrah when they come to see me.
They made him a President, too. If I can
I'm going to be President when I'm a man.

"But perhaps I had better be thinking of how
I may be a little like Washington now,
For they say that his being a hero began
A very long time before he was a man.

"He learned very early to tell what was true,
An excellent thing for a hero to do.
For every small boy it would be a good plan
To learn the same lesson before he's a man.

"How many more things it would tire me to tell
We all must be learning and learning them well
Before we can fancy, in pride and in joy,
We are like the great Hero when he was a boy."

SYDNEY DAYRE.

"1773. The Boston Indians seized the tea,
And turned it overboard into the sea."

"Only they were just make b'lieve Indians," said Dick.

"Yes," said Aunt Sue. "Now we'll begin with the Revolutionary War. I'll take the first year, and we'll go right round. Then we'll read our own. Begin—now."

At least twenty minutes went by before they were all ready. Aunt Sue began:

"1775. Was fought the Battle of Bunker Hill;
The Battle of Lexington as well."

Joe snickered.

"Ho! well and hill isn't poetry," said he.

"That's poetical license," said Aunt Sue, looking at him severely. "Now, Martie?"

"Mine isn't very good," said Martie, blushing. "Don't you boys laugh, now.

"1776. Brave Washington crossed the Delaware,
When snow and sleet were in the air."

"Good," cried Aunt Sue. "Next, Dick."

And Dick, with a grimace, read:

"1777. The British got licked at Princeton; and then
Took Ticonderoga back again."

"Whipped—not licked," said Aunt Sue. "But that's pretty good. Now, Joe?"

"1778. Old Clinton he skipped out of Philadelphia, one night,
Washington took after him, and then there was a fight,"

read Joe.

"That's real nice," said Martie. "Now, let's go round again."

So they all fell to work. It wasn't so hard and didn't take so long, this time; but Joe was ready first.

Aunt Sue's was:

"1779. Stony Point captured by General Wayne;
The Red-coats at Paulus Hook beaten again."

"Read yours, Martie."

And Martie read:

"1780. 'Twas after the Battle of Sander's Creek
That Benedict Arnold was proved a sneak."

"Why, that's splendid," cried Aunt Sue. "Now, Dick."

"Mine's horrid," said Dick; "you see, now.

"1781. New London was burned up by Arnold, they say;
Cornwallis surrendered one October day."

"It isn't horrid either," said Aunt Sue. "Joe?"

Joe's eyes twinkled, as he read:

"1782. They all went right to having peace,
And so I think it's time to stop."

"That's poetical license, Aunt Sue."

Aunt Sue laughed heartily.

"I should think it was," said she. "Why couldn't you say 'time to cease' just as well?"

"Anyhow it's fun," said Martie. "I'm going to write 'em all down in a bunch, and see if they won't look like real poetry. I know they're just as good."

Aunt Sue laughed, and put away her pencil.

"The next part," said she, "will be composed of molasses and popped-corn, down in the kitchen. Who'll get there first?"

Joe did, because he started first.

A. C. S.

EDNA noticed that papa did not kiss the new baby, so she put her arm around his neck, and said, coaxingly, "Kiss it, papa. It won't *bite*."



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

DOUBLE CHARADE.

My *first* and *second* might well remind you
Of Cinderella, so famed in story.
My *third* is the Latin word for "born."
These *three* name a Roman who gained much glory.

My *fourth* is the work which is done on Monday.
My *fifth* is three-fourths of a note or a tone.
These *two* name a hero much like that old Roman.
For his country each fought, till its foes were o'erthrown.

2.

ANAGRAMMATICAL CHRONOSTICON.

Of *Wright G. Anogosene* it has been said: "His *boaminti* was wholly unselfish, and although without the genius of *Caius Stajure* or *Poanabon Polentare*, he has a far purer fame. He clearly and unchallengeably stands out as the purest great man in universal history, and *Criamea* feels just pride in having given him birth. He was an *amplex* of virtuous and beneficent power." He was born in *Garinivi*, and in early life he spent much time in surveying the extensive estates of Lord *Xarfsta*. All school-children in the *Tunis Tadeset* know his *hathyrid* and the story of his public life. The year of his birth may be found by taking one letter each from the 8th, 12th, 30th, 42d, 54th, 76th, 80th, 85th and 88th words, counting each anagram as one word.

LILIAN PAYSON.

3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer, composed of 29 letters, gives the name of an historical event that occurred in February.

The 1, 2, 6, 5, 13, 7, 11 is saving.
The 14, 24, 25, 26, 3, 17 is a root known for its hot, spicy taste.
The 22, 8, 28, 16 is an exclamation.
The 4, 12, 27, 22 is one and the other.
The 10, 9, 21, 18, 19 is an axiom.
The 23, 15, 20, 29 is cut.

GILBERT FORREST.

4.

RIDDLE.

Once I was a distinguished man. I was also this man's nephew, and to me he bequeathed his home. Since then I have been a great many other men. I am a beautiful city, besides being innumerable towns, counties, and streets. I am a university, and I am a mountain. In fact I am many things, and all because I was so famous at the start.

Conundrums.

What is the greatest American ton? Washington.

Why was George Washington like a duke? He was a noble man (nobleman).

What articles of tin-ware must a man peddle in order to be a greater man than Washington? Nutmeg graters, for then he would be a "grater man."

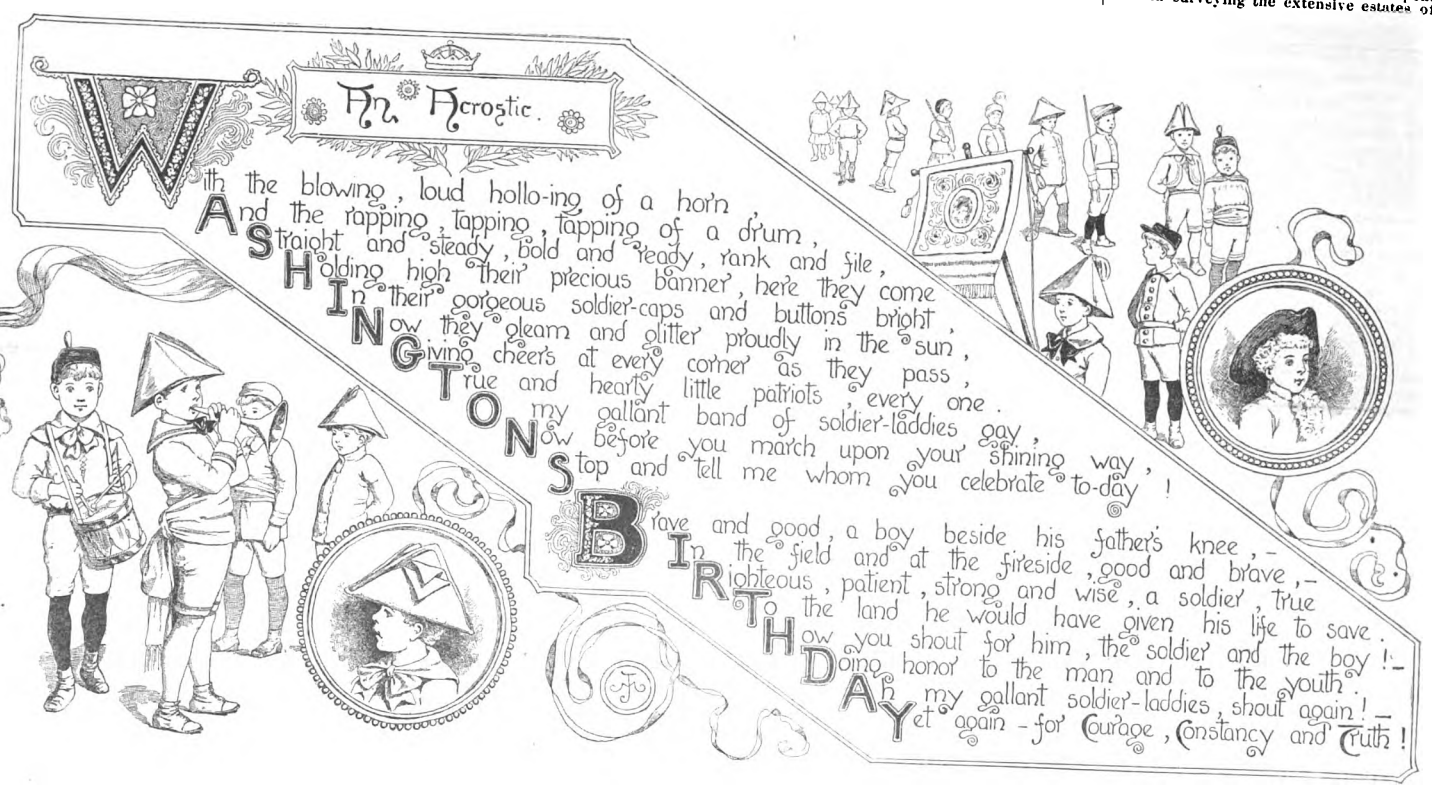
Who may be said to have had the largest family in America? George Washington, for he was the father of his country.

What is the difference between George Washington and a school-girl who is popular with her mates? Washington was a favorite general, and the school-girl is a general favorite.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. 1st Stanza, unravel, start. 2d Stanza, ruin, sent. 3d Stanza, rise, sister. 4th Stanza, truer, true valentines.

2. The rose is red, the violet blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you.



For the Companion.

FUN.

Martie gave her book a toss, and a half-dozen wrinkles grew in her face that instant.

"I wish we could do things the way other folks do!" said she, crossly.

"What's the matter now, Martie?"

That was Aunt Sue, and Martie blushed; she hadn't known Aunt Sue was anywhere in hearing.

"Why, I was thinking 'bout Washington's Birthday," said she. "Folks don't pay any 'tention to it round here; but 'most everywhere, they have a great time —"

"And fire off guns and cannons and things," put in Joe, eagerly, "so it's next thing to Fourth o' July, Aunt Sue!"

"And I think they ought to," said Martie, "such a nice man as General Washington was!"

Aunt Sue laughed merrily.

"Suppose we celebrate his birthday," said she.

"How can we, auntie?"

"We haven't got any guns," said Joe.

"Or firecrackers," added Dick.

"We don't need any," said Aunt Sue. "All we want is paper and pencils—for the first part."

So Martie fetched four pencils and four sheets of paper, and they all gathered around Grandmother Bent's claw-footed table, at which General George Washington himself had once sat down to write.

"Now," began Aunt Sue, "we'll each take some historical fact and write a couplet on it."

"What's that?" demanded Joe.

"A couplet is two lines of poetry —"

"O Aunt Sue Bent! Oh, we can't!"

"Oh, we can!" laughed Aunt Sue Bent. "Something like this:

For the Companion.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"How did George Washington look?" asked Nell,
"What was he like? Won't you please to tell?"
Thus I answered: "A courtly man,
Wearing his honors as heroes can;
Erect and tall, with his six feet, two;
Knee-breeches, buckles, frills, and queue;
Powdered brown hair; blue eyes, far apart;
Strong-limbed and fearless, with gentle heart:
Gracious in manner toward every one;—
Such, my Nellie, was Washington."

For the Companion.

GENERAL JIMMY.

"How I do hate this old 'rithmetic!" said Jimmy, as he looked in the book for the answer, and found he was mistaken again. "Guess I'll never get any farther than addition," he went on, while he rubbed at the wrong answer so savagely that his blackboard clattered against the wall.

"I'm glad enough there won't be any school to-morrow—there can't *possibly* be, 'cause it's Saturday, and Washington's Birthday, too. Wish I could do like Washington, and have an army of men, and train 'em with a big sword!"

"Well," said mamma, "why not play you're General Washington?"

"But, mamma, how can I? I haven't any army nor any sword, and not even a cocked hat. What can I play it with?"

"In the first place, Jimmy, you must try to do just as he would in your place. Now when he had anything to do, he stuck right to it, through thick and thin, till 'twas done."

"Oh!" said Jimmy, doubtfully.

"Why, yes," said mamma. "If he hadn't, you know, we should have had a king or queen to govern our country all this time. You see it's a good plan to stick to a thing till it's finished."

"So it is," said Jimmy, "and I'm going to."

"Now suppose," said mamma, "you play those figures on the blackboard are your soldiers. They stand in columns, you see. Some of them carry knapsacks, and some have cartridge-boxes, and some have guns over their shoulders."

"Hurrah!" said Jimmy, "so they do! and some of them carry flags, don't they?"

"Why, yes," said mamma, "and you're the general, and that chalk pencil is your big sword. Keep them in line. Just call the roll from your book now, and see if there are any deserters."

So Jimmy went carefully over the numbers in the book, comparing them with those on the blackboard. Sure enough, there were four numbers he had not set down at all.

"Four deserters, in all," said mamma. "Draw your sword and bring them to the front!"

So Jimmy flourished his chalk, and set them down at the top of the list. Then he began to add:

"3—8—12—17—26—30—three to carry."

"I can add 'em up just twice as easy when they're soldiers," said Jimmy.

And sure enough, in a very short time the battle was over, and General Jimmy had won a decided victory, for he got his answer just like the one in the book.

E. S. B.

A LITTLE girl in school said dessert was "what you eat when you've got all done eating." And an older pupil spoke of a skeleton as "a man that aint got any meat on."

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
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For the Companion.

HOLIDAYS.

The lives of the Puritan fathers were necessarily busy and earnest, while their religious convictions put them out of sympathy with active sports, and made them intensely averse to everything suggestive of the old-time Roman Catholic "holy days." As a people, therefore, we grew up with slight regard for the great hygienic law of diversion. The year was a treadmill, interrupted only by the seventh-day rest, an annual Fast and Thanksgiving, and an uproarious Fourth of July.

Things are very different now. We understand the laws of health better. We see with alarm the fatal consequences of continuous cerebral tension—increasing insanity, nervous prostration, hysteria, paralysis, apoplexy, heart-failure and softening of the brain. We are multiplying holidays with almost too great rapidity, while many of us make a considerable part of every summer one long holiday.

Reactions tend to extremes, and this matter of holidays is no exception to the rule. The London *Lancet* has an article on the subject, some of whose thoughts may be helpful to our readers.

"With a certain class of persons the holiday is the normal state of life. If they are not having a holiday, they are contemplating one. They are unsettled by the frequency of their holidays. They are never at home except when they are away from home, so that the very conception of home and rest becomes impossible to them. They are never at rest save when they are in motion. Such persons get no pleasure out of their vacations, comparable to that which those get who take them moderately.

"This restlessness is an evil which should be repressed by all sensible people.

"It is more developed still in our American friends, as it is more excusable. They sigh for an older order of things than they see around them, and in the old cities and haunts of Europe, or in the hoary pyramids of Egypt, get a temporary sense of the idea of permanence. But in them or us it is restlessness still, which needs repression and discouragement."

It is to be said, also, that holidays have their drawbacks and risks—accidents from flood and field, two-thirds of them the result of carelessness; infection of typhoid or scarlet fever; lack of sanitation in stately hotels, or in pretty-looking cottages by the sea or in the country.

The *Lancet's* picture may be somewhat overdrawn, so far as it relates to America; but we need to be on our guard against the tendency to restlessness which too frequent holidays may undoubtedly foster.

DEVELOPMENT OF DOLLS.

The talking doll of our later holiday seasons is the lineal descendant of a rude and simple ancestry. We can trace its history, with that of civilization, by the figurines of Tanagra, and the ivory figures of wealthy Rome. By a comparison of customs among the South Sea Islanders, we may satisfy ourselves that dolls were prized by children in prehistoric times.

The daughter of the savage makes her own doll, and invests it with all the graces and charms of form and disposition. Travellers tell us that the make-believe child of the little savage often consists of nothing more nearly human than an ear of corn in the husk, a long gourd or a cucumber, or even, in cases of extreme want, a fig-leaf made into a roll. This she soothes and chides, and sings to, and interests with stories of her own telling.

The ivory doll of the Roman child was too costly for the ages that followed the fall of the Empire. For many centuries dolls must have been chiefly of home manufacture. The first shop-made dolls after the Middle Ages were the jointed wooden dolls of the Netherlands. These were known in England, and in this country, too, in Colonial times, as "Flanders babies."

These "Flemish beauties" are described as having had "round black heads, with a well-defined blush on either cheek." They were of wood from crown to toe. Their legs and arms were jointed. The wig of brown hair was fastened to the head by a row of iron tacks.

Dolls of the latest pattern are now manufactured in great numbers in England and in this country. Yet these countries still continue to import some of the cheaper kinds from Germany. The extent to which dolls are manufactured in England may be judged from the statement, made a few years ago in the House of Commons, that a manufacturer had had an order for five hundred pounds' worth of dolls' eyes.

In 1889, in the State of New York and in New England, there were at least forty factories engaged in making dolls. These mills employ hundreds of persons, chiefly women. For the production of the finest specimens, however, France holds the first place.

ANCIENT CARICATURE.

The fables of Æsop prove that the ancients were not without a liking for fun. And the remains of ancient art tell the same story. Examples of artistic humor are more common than is supposed by most persons. The ancients led a jolly life on the whole, and human nature has not changed much in the course of five thousand years.

A drawing on a tile in the New York Museum represents a cat dressed as an Egyptian lady of fashion. She is seated languidly in a chair, sipping wine out of a small bowl, and being fanned and offered dainties by an abject-looking tomcat with his tail between his legs.

The cat figures largely in the ancient comic groups of animal life. In a papyrus in the British Museum a flock of geese are being driven by a cat, and a herd of goats by two wolves, with crooks and wallets. One of the wolves is playing a double pipe.

There is in the Museum of Turin a papyrus roll which displays a whole series of such comical scenes. In the first place a lion, a crocodile, and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass, dressed, armed and sceptred like a Pharaoh; with majestic swagger he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to whom a bull acts as proud conductor.

A lion and gazelle are playing at draughts, a hippopotamus is perched in a tree, and a hawk has climbed into the tree, and is trying to dislodge him.

Another picture shows a Pharaoh in the shape of a rat, drawn in a carriage by prancing greyhounds. He is proceeding to storm a fort garrisoned by cats having no arms but teeth and claws, whereas the rats have battle-axes, shields and bows and arrows.

AGAINST PROFANITY.

On the anniversary of Washington's birthday it may be a means of grace to some young Americans to read his order against the wicked and vulgar practice of profane swearing. We print only a part of the order.

"HEADQUARTERS, MOORE'S HOUSE,
"West Point, July 29, 1779.

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against that unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing, notwithstanding which, with much regret, the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever; his feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of that Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking.

"For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful."

SUDDEN.

Presence of mind is not always monopolized by the brave and wise, nor is it uniformly cultivated for great and good purposes.

Several of the pupils in a certain "backwoods" district determined not to study geography. The teacher believed that they were old enough to begin the subject, and accordingly called one of the oldest boys to her desk, and spoke to him about the necessity of a knowledge of his own and other countries.

"I sha'n't study g'ography till I git ready!" growled the youngster.

The teacher rose quickly, and seized him by the collar, intending to shake him, when the young rascal hastily added, "But I'm *ready now!*"

AMUSING ANSWER.

The following anecdote is from "Glances at Great and Little Men," by "Paladin:"

A lady of the court told me a funny anecdote of one of the numerous Americans who were presented at the Tuileries. He was a young man, and the Emperor had known his father in America, so the latter, wishing to be gracious, said:

"*Et, monsieur, votre père, vit-il encore?*" (Does your father yet live?)

"*Pas encore, sire.*" (Not yet, sire.)

The Emperor had much ado to refrain from laughing, and put his next question in English.

NOT READY MONEY.

When Johnny's mother sent him to the grocery she put the money for the purchase in a safe place, and told him not to touch it.

"Well, my little man," said the grocer, "what do you want?"

"Fifteen cents' worth of molasses in this pitcher," answered Johnny.

The grocer measured out the molasses, and handed it to the boy, saying, "Where's the money?"

"It's in the pitcher," said the obedient little customer.

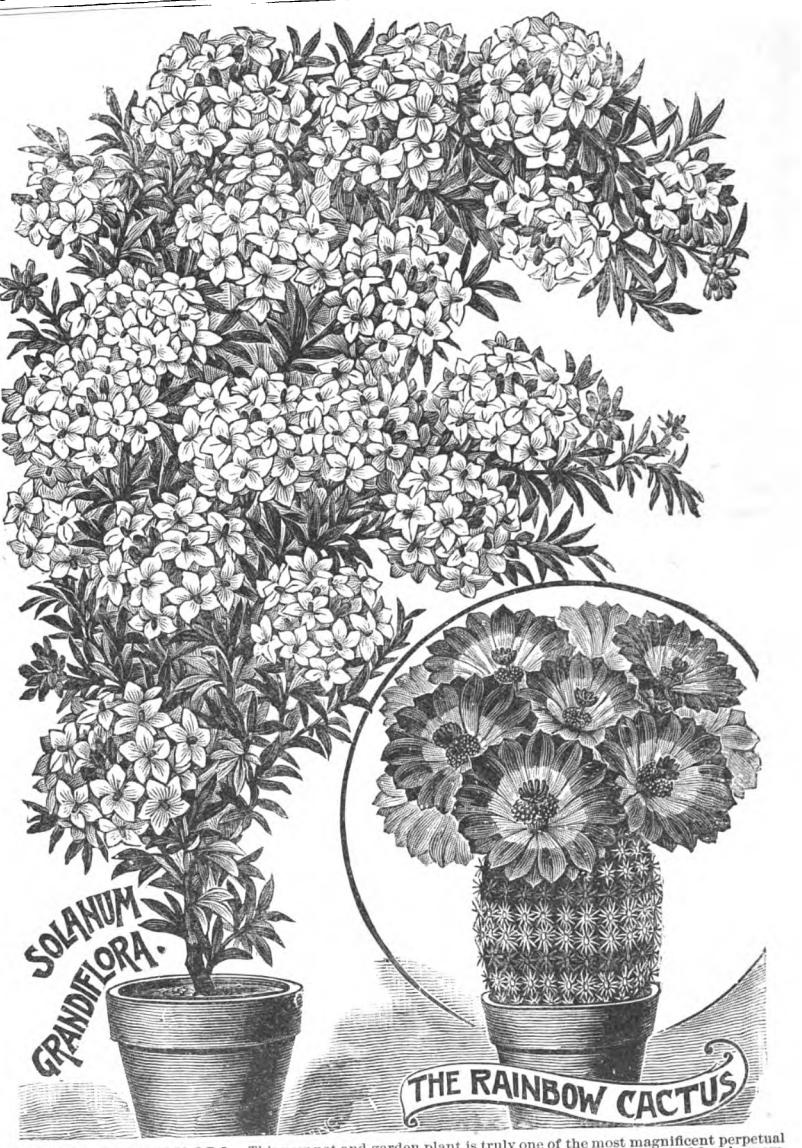
INSECTICIDE.

A young man from the country had been visiting the city, and was relating some of his adventures to admiring friends.

Among other things, he gave an account of how he attended mass in the cathedral. As he described the ceremonies, he noticed that one young lady seemed greatly interested, and when he mentioned the waving of the censers, she suddenly exclaimed:

"O Mr. Stroll, did you really see them burn *insects*, as people say they do?"

A CYNIC remarks that it is always pleasant to be told the truth—about other people.



SOLANUM GRANDIFLORA. This new pot and garden plant is truly one of the most magnificent perpetual bloomers ever seen. It bears by the hundred great clusters of lovely snow-white flowers, which keep perfect a month before fading, and appear at all times of the year. These great panicles of bloom are often a foot across, and are borne by the hundred both summer and winter. As a perpetual bloomer of fascinating beauty and loveliness this plant surpasses everything—even the famous Manettia Vine. It is as easily grown as a Geranium, either in pots or the garden, and requires exactly the same treatment. It can be trained up as a climber or grown in bush form, and in either way its great clusters of glorious flowers will surprise and delight all who see it. Price of strong plants, ready to bloom at once, **30** cents each; **2** for **50** cents; **5** for **$1.** by mail post-paid.

THE TRUE MANETTIA VINE. A magnificent flowering vine which is loaded with brilliant flowers every day in the year. Its charming grace and beauty is unsurpassed. We have the **true** perpetual flowering variety. Price of fine plants **ALREADY BUDDED** and **BLOOMING**, **30** cents each; **2** for **50** cents.

THE RAINBOW CACTUS. Two years ago this wonderfully beautiful Cactus sold at **$5** each. We now possess an enormous stock of magnificent plants which we offer very low. The plant is covered with a network of spines which grow in rings of different color from white to crimson, hence its name "Rainbow." It is a most beautiful plant at all times, but when in bloom its grandeur is unsurpassed, having flowers 4 inches across, bright crimson with a white centre. It blooms profusely and is of the easiest culture in pots. Large plants for immediate blooming, 30 cents each; 2 for 50 cents.

THE BUTTERFLY ORCHID. All know the beauty and value of a good Orchid. Here you can get one of the best for only 30 cents. Tied to a stick and suspended in a window it makes a most unique and beautiful object, growing freely without soil. Cultural directions in Catalogue. It produces great panicles of gay, butterfly-like flowers, which keep perfect a long time. Strong plants of blooming size, 30 cents each; 4 for $1.

THE GREAT SPIDER LILY. An elegant large bulb of the Amaryllis family, which commences to bloom soon after it is potted, sending up great spikes of lovely, large pure white blossoms of exquisite fragrance and unsurpassed beauty. It is one of the oddest, sweetest, and loveliest flowers grown. Large bulbs, which will soon bloom, **25 cents each,** post-paid.

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12 Extra choice mixed Gladiolus, flowering bulbs,	25c.	1 Superb New Grapes, including Niagara,	50c.
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5 Rare Chrysanthemums, 5 sorts named,	50c.	5 " Cacti, different sorts named,	50c.
5 Ornamental Flowering Shrubs, named,	50c.	Our "Introduction Collection," 20 Bulbs and 10 pkts.	
4 New Tea Roses, white, pink, yellow and scarlet,	50c.	Choice Flower Seeds, all different,	50c.

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A Great 25c. Offer.

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This King of Ornamental Plants, the Weeping or Filifera Palm, is stately and beautiful beyond description. It can be grown in any window as easily as a Geranium, and is a superb addition to any collection of plants. It is of a compact growth, with elegant, large fan-shaped leaves from which hang long, thread-like filaments giving the plant a most odd and beautiful appearance. In fact, there is nothing like it in cultivation, and good specimens sell for enormous prices. Plants are easily raised, as the seeds are large, germinate quickly and grow rapidly. It is a plant whose grandeur and beauty will surprise you. For **ONLY 25c. WE WILL SEND BY MAIL, POST-PAID, ALL OF THE FOLLOWING:**

5 Seeds of this lovely WEEPING FILIFERA PALM.
1 Pkt. PEACOCK PANSY, a magnificent new strain.
1 Pkt. CELESTIAL PEPPER, fine ornamental plant.
1 Pkt. PAINTED LEAF, a lovely new plant with scarlet leaves.
2 Bulbs Double EXCELSIOR PEARL TUBE ROSES.
3 Bulbs GLADIOLUS, yellow, white and scarlet.
1 Bulb of the Charming FAIRY LILY.
2 Bulbs SNOW-WHITE OXALIS, and our superb Blue Catalogue of 128 pages and 5 large colored plates.

If you already have our Catalogue for 1891, say so, and we will send something else instead. These rare bulbs and seeds (worth $1.00) will all flower this season, and we send them for 25c. only to introduce our superior stock. Get your neighbors to send with you, and we will send five of these collections for **$1. Order at once,** as this offer will not appear again.

We can supply one-year-old plants of the Weeping Palm at 20c. each, 3 for 50c.

FINAL OFFER. For only $5 we will send by mail, post-paid, everything here offered (which amounts to $6.50). Solanum, Manettia, Rainbow Cactus, Spider Lily, Orchid, Roses, Shrubs, Gladiolus, Tuberoses, Chrysanthemums, Grapes, Lilies, Cacti, Introduction Collection, The Mayflower one year and premium, the great 25c. offer, a plant of Weeping Palm, and Catalogue. **Order Now; these offers will not appear again.** Address,

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For the Companion.

THE SENATE.

By the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin,

Vice-President of the United States, 1861-1865.

The United States Senate may be regarded as one of the most distinguished of all legislative bodies. It has had in its membership thoroughly trained statesmen, skilful and learned lawyers in all the branches of the law, statute, common and international; men of great learning and culture; and others of our most noted and eloquent orators.

Its debates upon important questions have not been excelled.

It is composed of two members from each State in the Union, chosen for the term of six years by the legislatures thereof; one-third being elected every two years, thus making it a perpetual body; while the House of Representatives comes to an end every two years on the Third of March.

If there shall be a vacancy in the office of Senator when the Legislature of the State shall not be in session, the Governor of the State is authorized to appoint a person to fill the place until the next meeting of the Legislature, which will then elect a Senator to fill the vacancy for the unexpired term.

Diverse Powers of the Senate.

The Senate is clothed by the Constitution with three distinct powers and duties of a legislative, executive and judicial character. Its leading and most important power is that of legislation, in which it acts in conjunction with the House of Representatives, each having a negative vote upon the other. So all bills must be passed by a concurring vote of both Senate and House, and then receive the approval of the President, to become laws.

The executive power of the Senate consists in its action upon all nominations made by the President of persons to office. Such nominations must be submitted to the Senate for its confirmation, and without such approval they fail.

Moreover, all treaties negotiated by our government with foreign governments in like manner must be communicated to the Senate for its ratification, and a two-thirds majority is necessary to ratify the same.

The judicial power of the Senate is to try and determine all articles of impeachment found by the House and duly presented to the Senate; the House having the sole power of impeachment, and the Senate the sole power to try and determine the same, sitting as a High Court of Impeachment.

A vote of two-thirds is required to sustain an impeachment found by the House.

By the Constitution, the Vice-President of the United States presides over the deliberations of the Senate, and has the casting vote to determine all questions when the Senate shall be equally divided. In case of the absence of the Vice-President, the Senate elect a President *pro tempore*, who presides in his absence; and if the office of Vice-President becomes vacant, then the President *pro tempore* becomes the permanent presiding officer, without losing any of his rights as a Senator.

A very good estimate of the character and distinguished ability of the Senate may be formed, when we call to mind the great number of the most important positions which have been held by men of Senatorial training and experience.

A School of Statesmen.

During the first one hundred and four years of our government, commencing with a population of about three millions and now numbering more than sixty millions, twelve of the Presidents of the United States have been persons who may be said to have had senatorial experience: John Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, W. H. Harrison, Tyler, Pierce, Buchanan, Johnson and Benjamin Harrison.

Of these twelve, however, John Adams and Jefferson were never Senators, but, as Vice-President, presided over the Senate. One other, Garfield, was chosen a Senator, but became President on the day his term would have begun.

The following named persons, who had been Senators, have been chosen Vice-President of the United States: Aaron Burr, of New York; R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky; John Tyler, of Virginia; William R. King, of Alabama; John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky; Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine; Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee; Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts; and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana; nine in all.

But for a more full understanding, it should also be stated that different political organizations selected as their candidates for President from that body, or who had been of it, the following persons, but failed to elect them: Rufus King, of New York; DeWitt Clinton, of New York; William H. Crawford, of Georgia; Henry Clay, of Kentucky—a candidate three times; Hugh L. White, of Tennessee; Lewis Cass, of Michigan; John P. Hale, of New Hampshire; John C. Fremont, of California; John Bell, of Tennessee; Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois; John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky; James G. Blaine, of Maine. Surely a galaxy of distinguished names—perhaps the full equals of their successful opponents.

The candidates for Vice-President not elected, from the same school and training, were: C. C. Pinckney, of South Carolina; Rufus King, of New York; William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania; Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; William L. Graham, of North Carolina; William L. Dayton, of New Jersey; Joseph Lane, of Oregon; Edward Everett, of Massachusetts; H. V. Johnson, of Georgia; B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri; John A. Logan, of Illinois; and Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio.

Seven out of Eight Candidates.

It is a singular and remarkable fact, that in the Presidential election in 1860, there were four distinct tickets in nomination for President and Vice-President: Lincoln and Hamlin, Douglas and Johnson, Bell and Everett, Breckenridge and Lane; and of all these eight candidates mentioned, there was only one who had not been a United States Senator. That one was Abraham Lincoln, who was the one elected.

But perhaps a still better judgment may be formed of the men of remarkable intellectual and acquired abilities who aided in erecting the high standard of the Senate, when we examine and see how the various Presidents have selected from them so many to fill the most important positions under our government, at home and abroad.

It has been a vast storehouse, from which the men have been taken to man and govern the old ship of State. The list would be too long to give in the space allowed for this article.

Of the offices filled by Presidential nomination and distinctively of the highest order, there have been appointed from that body, eight Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, more than sixty-five Diplomatic Ministers to foreign governments, not including Consuls, nor Consuls-General; and the number of places held as Cabinet Ministers, under the several Presidents, is eighty-four or more.

Quite a number of Governors of the Territories could be added to the list; and many others who have been elected Governors of various States.

But enough. Certainly all this will, beyond successful controversy, determine the distinguished *personnel* of the Senate. These surely are the men to whom the country is greatly indebted for its prosperity and advancement.

Then and Now.

It is sometimes said that the high standard of the Senate has been lowered, and that it does not maintain its early and exalted renown.

Men of little more than middle age, referring to the time when the body was graced by the presence of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton and others, remark that "There were giants in those days," and that it has ceased to be the body it was in the long past.

That is only in accordance with a reverence for what is old and what has passed. Time produces the same effect upon the opinions and judgment of men, that distance lends to the eye. Hence men and things in the past are measured and determined by a different rule from that applied to the present.

One of Mme. De Sévigné's correspondents said that "No man is a hero to his own valet." He knows the faults and failings of his master, better than the world who look upon him in the distance; so to his eye much of the heroic fades away.

I served in the Senate with these "giants;" and indeed they were giants.

Webster was an extraordinary and exceptional man. He was the giant of giants, and was one of the very few whom I have ever met or known whose greatness did not somewhat diminish as they were closely approached. He towered still higher as you approached and associated with him. When in his presence you felt the power of his gigantic intellect.

Excepting Mr. Webster, the Senate, in my experience of thirty years, has had, at times, more of statesmanship, scholarly acquirements, oratory and practical ability, than at the time when adorned by the giants above named.

In the First Year of the War.

At a later time, we see in the Senate contemporaneously, Chase of Ohio, afterward Secretary of the Treasury and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; Seward, of New York; Douglas, of Illinois; Sumner, of Massachusetts; Fessenden, of Maine; Collamer, of Vermont; and others of almost equal talent.

Following them, and partly contemporaneous, were Morton, of Indiana; Conkling, of New York; Sherman and Thurman, of Ohio; Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland; and Blaine, of Maine.

On the whole, it is believed that there has been at all times, about the same degree of ability in the membership of the Senate—excepting a few years after the close of the War of the Rebellion, when the trained and long-experienced men from the South had withdrawn, and their places were not equally well filled.

It does and will vary some, at different times, but taken continuously it has been about the same. At times it may sparkle with a little more of genius than at others, yet there is diffused through the Senate just about the same degree of accomplishment and ability and statesmanship.

Yes, "there were giants in those days," as there have been since, are now, and will be in the future. Public opinion and the historian will hereafter judge of the now present as we do of the past; and do full justice to the high fame of the Senate, which will not be obscured or essentially diminished or lowered.

In the Senate there is, and always has been, a class of men whom the public judgment has regarded as most distinguished and prominent in the body, and entitled to and accredited the highest and first position therein. That opinion is generally quite correct, while it often fails to do equal justice in its estimation of many others.

But the Senate itself measures the value of its members and the standing to which they are justly entitled with greater accuracy than the general public.

It must be so. From close personal association, and in the transactions of the daily business of the Senate, and in its debates upon all questions, great and ordinary, their judgment must necessarily be more accurate than that formed by the public.

Unappreciated Senators.

There is another class of Senators who, in the public estimation, are placed in the second rank, while the Senate, well knowing their true value, will put them in the higher or first class, and who really are some of the most valuable men of the body—more so than some who rank above them.

A large number of names could be given to illustrate the point.

Daniel Webster used to say with decided emphasis that S. S. Phelps, of Vermont, was one of the soundest and ablest men who ever held a seat in the Senate. The Senate unhesitatingly placed him in the first rank, while in the public eye and ear he failed to reach it.

There were two Senators from one State, North Carolina, who, for some cause, in popular opinion did not rise to a standing in this higher classification, although they were readily assigned to it by their colleagues—Willie P. Mangum and George E. Badger.

They were both men learned in the law, and of large experience. They were both eminent men of their time. They had both been learned Justices of the Supreme Court of their State for a term of years, and each was twice elected to the Senate.

Mr. Badger was Secretary of the Navy under President William Henry Harrison, and Mr. Mangum was elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate during the administration of President Tyler, and was *ex-officio* Vice-President. These men were estimated by the Senate at their true value, and regarded as among the foremost men in it. They hardly reached, however, to leadership in the popular judgment, as they did in the judgment of the Senate itself.

Mr. Mangum.

Mr. Mangum was one of the ablest men of his time, and one of the most useful and valued members of the Senate. He was not quite so regarded by the community at large, and why, it is hardly possible to tell, as he was so able and worthy and entitled to the highest standing.

Perhaps it was largely, if not wholly, owing to his indifference to public applause. Circumstances, as in many other cases that could be named, did not conspire to produce that result. It is sometimes said that genius itself will create the circumstances. Perhaps that may be so. Circumstances beyond the power of man do conspire in producing results.

Numerous other Senators, occupying the same position as those named, could be mentioned. But one more only will be referred to, and he might be classed as a non-talking Senator.

He rarely spoke or participated in the important debates, and he was a Senator for a limited time only — Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama. He was a devoted friend and supporter of John C. Calhoun, and sustained him in all his extreme opinions and measures.

He was held by his friends in the South, and by those who knew him most intimately, as a wonderfully wise and sagacious man upon all questions and subjects. They almost worshipped him as an oracle by which they could be safely guided or directed. And when it was said that he was no speaker, his friends, in their devotion, replied dogmatically, and said: "Neither was Franklin nor Washington;" and that was all-conclusive with believers in him.

But in avoirdupois he was the greatest of all Senators. His weight was somewhere near five hundred pounds, and it was persistently claimed that his brain was relatively as large as his body, while many of his associates failed so to see or consider it.

It might be interesting to note the change in the mode and manner of the proceeding of the Senate in its earlier days and the present time; a change produced mainly by the increase of the membership of the body, and a still larger addition to its auditors.

It would also be amusing to refer to some of the quaint men who at different times have been Senators. For at times there have been all sorts, kinds, and conditions of men in the body; but sufficient space is not allowed properly to treat of them.

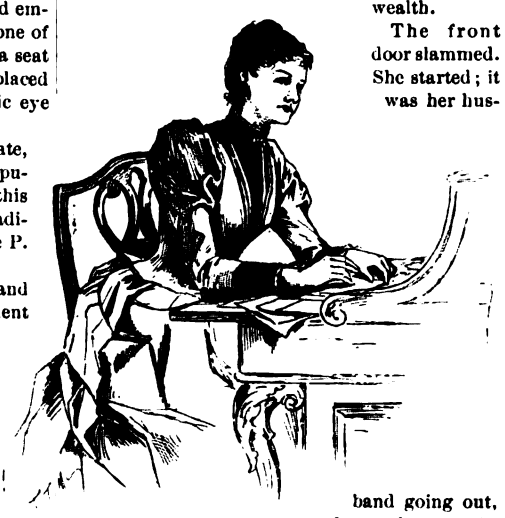
Highly eminent and famous as the Senate has been, it is marked in wonderful extremes, from a Wigfall to a Webster in Senatorial statesmanship and dignity; in learning, from men almost illiterate to a graceful and cultivated Everett or an Anthony; in eloquence and oratory, from the dullest of speakers to the stirring eloquence of a Clay or a Conkling, in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

But there stands the Senate. It has spoken, and will speak for itself, and it will remain a bulwark of defence of our free government.

For the Companion.

LEFT UNDONE.

A woman nearing middle-age sat at her writing-table, which was heaped with notes, invitations, appointments of committee-meetings, and the like. Her face was full of intelligence and sensitive feeling. She was richly dressed; the dainty boudoir, the luxurious appointments of the desk told of great wealth.



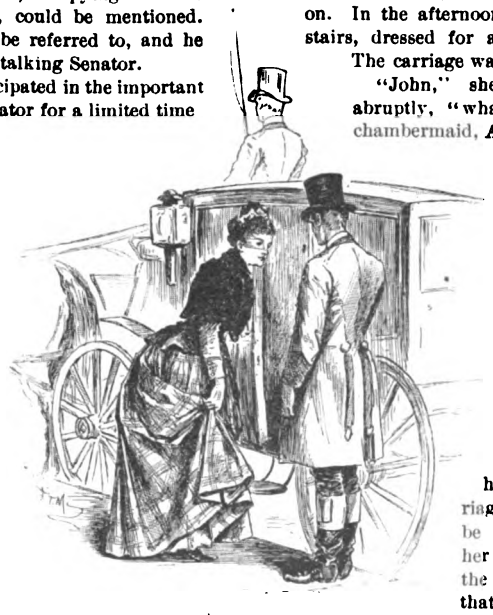
The front door slammed. She started; it was her husband going out, after a late breakfast, on his way to his office. He had looked ill this morning. She had intended to sit with him, to pour his coffee, to urge him to see a physician. But these invitations must be answered, and the time had passed more quickly than she thought.

Probably she would not see him again to-day. She paused, her pen in her hand, an annoyed look on her pleasant face. She was reminded of another duty.

George, her son, had gone to school, and she had meant to have a long talk with him about his lessons, his playmates and his games. The lad had helped to achieve some great athletic victory last week at school, but she had not spoken of it to him, nor congratulated him. If she could win the boy's confidence!

But she was so driven from morning until night—charitable committees, lectures on literature, on art, on archæology—receptions, teas, balls! Homely little duties were pushed aside, and trampled out of sight.

The crowded, breathless day hurried on. In the afternoon she came down stairs, dressed for a round of visits. The carriage waited at the door.



"John," she said, stopping abruptly, "what became of the chambermaid, Ann, who was sick yesterday?"

"She went to the hospital, madam," the footman answered, touching his hat.

"The hospital! Had she no home, no friends?"

"I believe not, madam."

She paused, her foot on the carriage-step. It would be a little thing for her to do—to drive to the hospital to see that the girl was well cared for, to speak kindly to her, and let her feel that she had friends. But she entered her carriage. **The calls must be made first.**

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"If I have time, I will drive to the hospital as we are coming back," she thought.

It was not until late that night, however, that she thought of Ann, whom she had quite forgotten in the hurry of the afternoon's engagements.

She was conscious that these and many other little kindnesses were left undone, but they did not cost her much uneasiness nor any loss of sleep.

A week or two later, the poor chambermaid died, alone and friendless, in the hospital.

George grew up a sufficiently respectable, well-conducted man, but with rather hard and cynical views of life. Some softening influence had been lacking in his childhood. He had a vague perception of what it was, and often said, "I never knew the better class of women when I was a boy. My mother was a busy, brilliant personage; we were never intimate, and my home was a mere boarding-house for me."

Her husband grew farther away from her, year by year. He was kind and considerate, as he was to any stranger. But the lack of the little tender cares, the watchful eye, the loving touch had gradually hardened him to indifference.

She found herself, at last, to be a most busy, important woman in the community, but without a friend. The solitude was hard to bear.

"Why am I not loved?" she asked herself, bitterly. "I have always intended to be kind—to show my love!"

The poet's words are true of the close of life, as of the day:

"It is not the things we have done here,
But the things we have left undone
That will give us a bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun!"

For the Companion.

BERTRAM.

Nathan threw himself down under a tree at the roadside, and looked up at the shifting pattern of leaves and sky. His comely, boyish face relaxed. He was a tramp, he supposed; but he was no longer beholden to any one; he was free! He felt an adventuresome satisfaction, but was impatient because his satisfaction was not complete.

He began to blink. He had walked six miles since noon, and the drowsy insect sounds made him sleepy. He ceased to think, and then ceased to know.

Something roused him suddenly. He looked up, and saw an open buggy with a woman and a boy on the seat, and some bundles and potted plants in the back. The buggy came to a stop.

"We've waked you up," the woman said, as if apologizing. "We thought at first we knew you; we thought you were Oliver Dodge."

That the good-looking boy was not Oliver Dodge, but a tramp with a bundle, seemed to astonish her.

"It's just as well you woke me up," said Nathan, getting up.

"Are you going my way? I might give you a lift," said the woman. "I guess we can make room, Bertram?"

"Yes," said Bertram. He climbed over the back of the seat very promptly, and sat down among the pots and packages. He was younger than Nathan, who noticed his smiling blue eyes and friendly look.

"We've been to the Centre," the woman said, driving on. "I had some errands; and then I saw those geraniums and had to get 'em."

"She's got a yardful now," said Bertram. "I tell her she'll have to go some other road than the florist's, if she wants to have any money left."

"Bertram says so," said the woman, laughing. "I can take you a mile. How much further are you going?"

"To Moxley," Nathan answered, warming to the friendly pair. "That's my home. I've come from Torrington to-day," he added, boyishly willing to tell his chief concern. "I've been working for Mr. Hogan since last year."

"Joseph Hogan?" said the woman. "His is a big farm, isn't it?"

"Sixty acres, and he thinks one man ought to do the whole work and not get man's wages either. I call him a mean man," said Nathan, hotly. "Well, I'll tell you just how 'twas!

"I didn't like the way he treated me. I'm willing to work, but I want to be treated fairly. I just had the brunt of everything, always. I had to work like a slave. Up at four always, and I was lucky if I got to bed by ten, busy times. We plowed till half-past ten, once; he was bound to have it done that day. I've been so tired sometimes I couldn't get to sleep. I never had a day off.

"Well, he's done other things nobody would have stood as long as I have, and I got tired of it. I've earned more than he's paid me; I've known that, and this morning I asked him to give me more, and told him I was doing a man's work for boy's wages.

"He said he'd give what he'd bargained to; and we had some words. I told him I wasn't bound out to him, anyhow, and if he couldn't deal fairly I'd leave, and I did.

"I ate my dinner and fixed up my bundle and started. I'd sent my last month's wages home, and didn't have enough for the railroad fare, and I'm going to tramp it."

"Whoa," said the woman.

Bertram was getting out of the buggy. With a parting smile he took one of the bundles and went in at the gate of a farm-house.

"I thought that was your boy," he said.

"No," the woman answered. "That's Bertram Taylor. I feel sometimes as though he was my boy. I think the world of Bertram; there never was a better boy."

"What does he do?" Nathan said, heedlessly, and feeling that his own hard case had been slighted.

"He does the best he knows how," said the woman, earnestly. "He makes the best of pretty hard circumstances. If his father had lived, he would have had some chance. But he has a step-father. George Hulbert isn't the worst man in the world if he isn't the best, and I suppose he thinks he's doing well by Bertram to give him a home.

"Bertram isn't sixteen yet, but he does as much on that place as Hulbert does—more, I believe. Now, before he's sixteen, he's doing a man's work every day of his life. It has taken him out of school all but a little while winters, and it's taken his strength. I can see myself it has fairly stunted his growth."

"That's pretty hard on him," Nathan murmured, for he felt that he must say something.

"Yes," resumed his companion, "but what he does wouldn't be so great a credit to him as it is, if he didn't do it the *way* he does. You saw him to-day; and no one ever saw him any less cheerful than that.

"Why, I overtook him on the way to town. He had started to walk both ways after hellebore for the currants; he was going to walk five miles in the hot sun, and then go to work again, I suppose. But he was whistling along cheerfully; and that's how you'll find him always.

"But he isn't doing what he wants to do; that's the worst of it.

"He wants to be a civil engineer; as his father was. He's fond of mathematics. He hasn't had much schooling, but he's picked it up himself, in a way that shows he has a wonderful turn for it. I've given him all my boys' old algebras and geometries, and he's gone through them all. When the surveyors were here putting in the new road, Bertram went and helped them, and they told him he ought to go into the business. Bertram's heart is set on it; and here he is hoeing potatoes and taking care of the pigs.



Old Gabriel.

"Folks say he isn't under obligations to Hulbert, and really owes it to himself to go away. But it's for his mother that he does it. He couldn't bear to do anything to make trouble for her, as that would. Hulbert's a strong-willed man, and he considers that Bertram belongs there.

"Then there's his little step-sister; I don't know what Lucy would ever do without him. Bertram always thinks of other people before he does of himself, and he'll do anything in the world for Lucy.

"This spring Hulbert did let him weed onions for the Longs a few days. What do you think he did with the money? He walked to town and bought a pair of buttoned shoes for Lucy that she wanted very much.

"Well, I always like to talk about him—that's my house. Sometimes I could cry, thinking how it is, and then again I feel as though there isn't anything to cry about. He's doing his duty and more than his duty, and anybody that can do that and be happy doing it isn't to be pitied, I say.

"He'll amount to something yet. He's made me think more than once of some of the great men, presidents or what not, who started out poor boys and came to something by their own efforts. Bertram will come to something yet. There's something in him, and it's bound to show. No, I oughtn't to worry about him," said the kind woman, looking at Nathan with misty eyes.

She drove into her yard without halting.

"Wait," she said, "and I'll give you some supper; it's supper-time."

Nathan attended to the horse, and then sat down, tramp-fashion, on the doorstep. But he looked at the tall pink hollyhocks and blue beehives without seeing them. His chin rested in his hands, and his foot made deep marks in the ground.

It seemed to him a long time before the woman called him in, so many were the thoughts which had passed through his sobered mind.

"You'll feel more like starting along when you've had a bite," she said.

"I guess I sha'n't start along," said Nathan. "I guess I'll start back."

"What's changed your mind?"

"That," said Nathan, slowly. "What you told me. I don't know that I know how to say it. It's made me feel mean, though, what you told—awful mean. I've thought all the time I had about the hardest time that anybody has; but I guess I don't. I guess that boy would think my job was easy, anyhow.

"I do work extra time, and I don't have things the way I want them much. I say I *do*, because I'm going back.

"It wasn't right for me to leave like that. Mr. Hogan is paying what he agreed to, and I need what he pays. They need it at home, and I didn't have any right to stop. Maybe I wouldn't get work all summer.

"I'm older than that boy, and my case isn't so hard, either. I feel like a shirk compared with him, and I'm going back!"

His thoughts had run still deeper. He felt as if he were a coward, and in his humility he saw things in a clear light. To have dwelt jealously on himself, to have stickled for his small rights and sulked over his small wrongs—it was unworthy a brave boy.

But to work with a willing spirit; to feel and to show manly concern for his employer's interests; not doggedly to study how little he could do, but how much; cheerfully to realize the truth that money truly earned is more than barely earned; and to work out a worthy destiny with strong and ready hands—that would be worth while.

He felt as does one who has made a pleasing discovery. A happy thrill passed through him.

"I'm glad," said the woman, heartily. "I wasn't thinking of you when I was talking about Bertram; but there! there! you've spoken the right words now. Sit down and eat something."

Two miles up the road, on his return trip, Nathan met a buggy with a farmer-like-looking man in it. It was Mr. Hogan. He cracked his whip at sight of Nathan, and laughed.

"I reckoned I'd overtake you along about here," he said. "Come, come, get in and go back with me! I don't want to let you go. What would your folks say? Come, I guess we can fix it up somehow. Maybe you have had to dig in harder'n you ought to; I guess you have. I'm willing to talk it over and—why, hadn't got started back, had you?"

"Yes, sir, I had," said Nathan, looking up with a smile.

EMMA A. OPPER.

For the Companion.

"OLD GABRIEL."

The death last year in Monterey County, California, of an Indian commonly known as "Old Gabriel" has closed the career of one who was, perhaps, the oldest man in the world. The exact date of his birth is unknown, but enough evidence has been adduced to satisfy the people who lived about him that he was one hundred and fifty-one years old.

It was well authenticated that Old Gabriel was a grandfather at the time of the landing of Father Junipero Serra at Monterey, about one hundred and twenty years ago. Admitting that Indian marriages sometimes take place at the age of fifteen, Gabriel could not have been a grandfather before he had attained the age of thirty-two years.

Gabriel, though ignorant, was gentle and devout, and was much attached to the early Fathers. He made adobes that were used in constructing the mission buildings at Carmelo, Soledad and San Antonio.

The Carmelo mission was erected about 1770, five years before the Revolution of the Thirteen States. Not even the ruins of these old chapels were to be seen thirty years ago.

Probably the best evidence of his extreme age is found in the fact that his son Zachariah, by his third or fourth wife, died some six or eight years ago at the advanced age of one hundred and fourteen years. It is perhaps doubtful if sufficient evidence can be obtained to prove the exact age of this son, but he is known to have been a very old man, without a tooth in his head.

If he was a son by Gabriel's third or fourth wife, it would make the father thirty or forty years older than the son. This, added to the seven or eight years which have elapsed since the son's death, would make Old Gabriel over one hundred and fifty, even if Zachariah were ten years younger than he was supposed to be.

Another fact which goes to prove the great age of Old Gabriel is furnished by José Lauriano, a Christian Indian, who died about four years ago. Lauriano said he was one hundred and ten years old, and his appearance supported his claim to very great age.

He has said that Gabriel was a grandfather as far back as he could remember, and that when Gabriel was a man considerably advanced in life, he, Lauriano, was a little boy. Lauriano was a very conscientious and devout man, and his statements were always believed.

It is said that Gabriel was a Tulare chief, and had been married to seven wives; but always married by the Church, and after the death of a former true and lawful wife. He outlived all of his immediate descendants.

His diet was of the simplest and plainest food, and his habits regular. He never used liquor, tobacco, tea or coffee. His favorite dish was "atole"—a sort of Yankee minute-pudding.

He was, however, very fond of sweets, and the people who knew him kept him well supplied with cakes and candies.

He delighted in wearing a "stove-pipe" hat, and spent much time in sewing pieces of gaudy colored cloth upon his clothes.

Old Gabriel was never known to take a bath—except a sun-bath. As he grew older the Indian characteristics seemed to assert themselves with greater force, and he delighted to stalk abroad in native dignity, with very little clothing besides his stove-pipe hat.

About nine years ago, a citizen of Salinas had the old man committed to the County Hospital, where he died of pneumonia, March 16, 1890.

Gabriel always went to bed early, and arose early. He was a sound sleeper, having none of the insomnia that often attends old age. If the air was at all cold, he slept with his head covered, in Indian fashion.

Like almost all Indians, he had small and shapely hands and feet.

Old Gabriel knew no other than his native language. It was the policy of the early missionary Fathers to discourage Indians from learning the Spanish language, for they feared that, through a knowledge of it, the natives would be contaminated with the white man's vices. The Fathers themselves learned the Indian language, and prevented, as far as possible, the presence of Mexicans around the missions.

It was very difficult to communicate with Old Gabriel except by signs; and almost all that is known of his life is what has been translated from his own lips by his friend, José Lauriano.

If Old Gabriel had been able to carry on an intelligent conversation, what interesting tales he could undoubtedly have told concerning the early settlement of California, and that far-off time when he was in the prime of manhood, fifty years before the rush for gold and the "days of '49."

A photograph of this aged Indian now hangs upon the walls of the Vatican at Rome, as the oldest man in the world. It was sent thither some years ago, accompanied with four affidavits of persons who had known Old Gabriel in their childhood.

CLARENCE URMY.

For the Companion.

WASHINGTON'S PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

We think of President Washington as a grand personage, sitting erect on a fine horse, or, clad in velvet and ruffles, receiving company in the formal manner of the olden time. But there was another kind of Washington in the President's house at Philadelphia.

During the whole of his Administration, exciting and difficult as it was, he was obliged to pay close attention to his estate, and to regulate countless details of its management. He carried it in his mind day by day, considering carefully, not merely every farm and every slave, but every field, building, fence, hedge and forest.

He regulated the rotation of the crops, and fixed the time of plowing. He thought of all and governed all as if he had been at home.

The chief reason of this was that he was served by slaves, nearly five hundred in number, of whom he wrote that he knew scarcely one on his estate fit to be trusted.

In his letters to his manager, to whom he wrote once a week, he continually expresses the most complete distrust of his negroes. Scarcely one of them, he thought, would do his duty unless he were watched. Many of them pretended to be sick when they were well; others stole produce from the farms and sold it in Alexandria, eight miles away, riding their master's horses, and often ruining his young colts by reckless usage of them.

The evil effect of slavery corrupted his white neighbors also; so that his overseers seem to have been little better than his negroes.

He generally contrived to have a competent and honest head-manager, to whom he paid five hundred dollars a year besides a house and provisions; but over each of his five farms he had an overseer drawn from the class that used to be called "white trash," and he had also a gang of negro carpenters, eight or ten in number, superintended by a white man of low character and worse habits.

He was obliged to run a mill, as well for his neighbors' use as his own, and he had on the shore of the Potomac a fishing station that required careful attention. A little neglect of his fishermen in the spring, when the fish were ascending the river, might deprive him of a hundred barrels of fish, on which he depended for varying the food of the six hundred persons directly dependent upon him for the supply of all their wants and the gratification of all their desires, food, clothes, shelter, medicine, instruction, discipline, and recreation.

Much that they wore, and nearly all that they ate, was raised upon the estate, but several articles of prime necessity had to be procured in London.

Occasionally during his Presidency, his knowledge of European politics and of the probability of war enabled him to provide in time for the clothing of his numerous and helpless family. We have a whole volume, and a large volume, too, of his letters to his manager, in which we see him buying thousands of yards of material for summer clothes months before it could be wanted; and nearly every garment worn upon the estate had to be cut and made by his own negroes.

He frequently says that no one could manage negroes unless he had had much experience with them, and he gives his manager a good deal of instruction how to tell whether a negro was shamming sick.

There was a certain Betty Davis, whom he frequently suspected of shamming. He reminds his manager that nobody can be very sick without having a fever, and that nobody can have a fever long without reducing his strength and flesh.

Some of his people, he said, would lie by idle for a month without losing an ounce of flesh, and drawing their allowance of provisions as if nothing were the matter. Several of these he mentions by name, as "Doll at the Ferry," "Ditcher Charles," "Mulatto Will," and "Carter Ben."

At the same time, he cautioned his manager to take the best possible care of the negroes when they were really unfit for work.

What made all this the more aggravating was that he was himself the most orderly, punctual, exact and faithful of men. There was nothing that gave him such pleasure, as he himself remarked, as "to see his farms in good order and everything trim, handsome and thriving about them." To this he added:

"Nothing hurts me more than to find them otherwise, and the tools and implements lying wherever they were last used, exposed to injuries from rain and sun."

He would gladly have had his whole estate in as perfect order as an estate in England, and we may say that he spent the chief energies of his life in a ceaseless endeavor to bring it a little nearer the correct standard. Considering all these things, he was a wonderfully considerate and patient master. He knew what was to be expected from ignorant negroes, and governed himself accordingly; making fair allowance for their weakness, but firmly holding them to their duty, as well for their sakes as his own.

The care and thought which he bestowed upon his farms during the most critical period of his Administration, while Congress was in session, and questions involving peace or war were pending, were most extraordinary. He insisted upon having a detailed report every week from his manager and from each of his overseers, which he thoroughly weighed and punctually answered.

Some of his letters to his manager fill as many as twelve pages of an octavo volume. He gives the most minute directions concerning fences, sheds and small repairs, as well as to more important concerns.

In one letter he says: "Several of the large stone

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jugs, which were sent to the different farms with spirits in them at harvest, have never yet been returned. Call upon the several overseers to give them in immediately, or they will have to pay for them."

These letters present to us the picture of a wise and orderly man striving patiently to get order, beauty and prosperity from the most discordant and intractable elements—slack and dissolute overseers, thoughtless and pleasure-loving negroes, thieving neighbors, bad systems of agriculture, a low tone of morals, and the absence for long periods of the master's eye.

He did the best that was possible for himself and for his servants, but he hated the system, and lamented all his days that he could not escape from it, nor let his slaves escape without doing more harm than good.

JAMES PARTON.

For the Companion.

ELECTRO-PLATING.

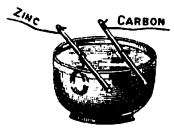
Whenever a current of electricity passes through a liquid which contains a metallic salt in solution, the metal of the salt will be deposited upon the place where the current leaves the liquid. The ends of the wires which bring and carry away the current are called electrodes. The electrode which is connected with the zinc of the battery is the one which receives the deposit.

This principle lies at the foundation of the process of electro-plating, by means of which any cheap metal is covered with a thin coating of a dearer metal.

To experiment with electro-plating you will need three things—a battery, a plating bath and a means of cleaning the article which is to be plated.

For a battery, three cells of any of the batteries hitherto described will suffice. Connect the zinc of No. 1 to the copper or carbon of No. 2, the zinc of No. 2 to the carbon of No. 3, and the remaining terminals of No. 1 and No. 3 are connected with the bath.

As a receptacle for the solution, use a pint bowl—a cheap finger-bowl, or a bread and milk bowl with wide bottom, will do. Across the top of this place two bright copper or brass wires, an eighth of an inch in diameter. Connect the ends of these with the terminals of the battery.



To plate with copper, fill the bowl with a solution made by dissolving two ounces of blue vitriol in a pint of boiling water.

To plate with silver, use a solution of seventy grains each of silver cyanide and potassium cyanide in a little less than a pint of water. These salts are poisonous, and the hands should not be brought to the mouth after handling them.

Upon the wire, which is connected with the zinc of the battery, hang, by means of an S-shaped hook of bright copper wire, the article to be plated. Upon the other wire suspend in the same manner a piece of sheet copper, about the same size as the article.

In order that the article may receive an even coating of metal, it must be thoroughly cleaned. In practice, regular platers pass it through several baths. For most work it will suffice to dip, for a few minutes, in a solution of common commercial potash and water. After its removal, wash it in boiling hot water.

After this it should not be touched by the hands, but must be handled with tissue paper. The perspiration from the hands would prevent the deposit from adhering. In some cases it is necessary to dip the article, for a few moments, in nitric acid, and then thoroughly rinse with water.

After the articles have received a sufficiently thick coating, they may be removed from the bath and washed in an abundance of water. The copper needs no further attention; but silver-plated articles appear dull, and will need to be polished. This can be done with a chamois skin and any ordinary polishing powder.

QUEER CONDITIONS.

It was customary in England, two or three centuries ago, to attach some fantastic condition to the grant of lands by the king.

A Scotch gentleman, for example, who brought water in his helmet to Charles the Second when escaping from the Battle of Worcester, was granted the title of Earl and large estates on the Restoration, on condition that whenever the sovereign of England should cross his territory, he should bring water to pour over the royal hands.

On Queen Victoria's first progress through Scotland, she visited the castle of the descendant of this nobleman, who received her on bended knee, holding a golden ewer filled with water, into which she dipped her fingers.

This custom of attaching odd conditions was observed in many of the early grants and deeds given in this country.

James, Duke of York, granted the land comprising the present State of Delaware to William Penn for the yearly payment of a rose, to be sent to the Duke every Michaelmas.

The deeds to certain lots in the most valuable portions of Philadelphia require that no house shall be erected upon them of more than two stories in height, "for the preservation of pure air in the village." Several of these houses are to be seen, surrounded by blocks of massive buildings but still retaining their insignificant size, no doubt much to the disgust of their owners.

The deed to a large plantation in Maryland requires that the owner shall keep a certain grave upon it free from weeds, and "well-watered in time of drought." The grave is that of a beloved daughter of the first owner, and this provision grew out of his fond hope to keep her memory green.

Such singular interpolations in legal tenures are well worth preserving, as they throw a light, not only on some of the customs of a bygone time, but upon human nature.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine.* It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. [Adv.

Spring, 1891.

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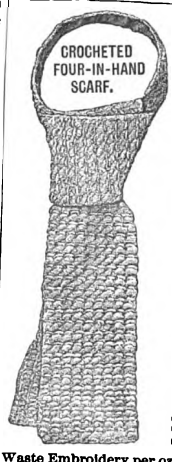
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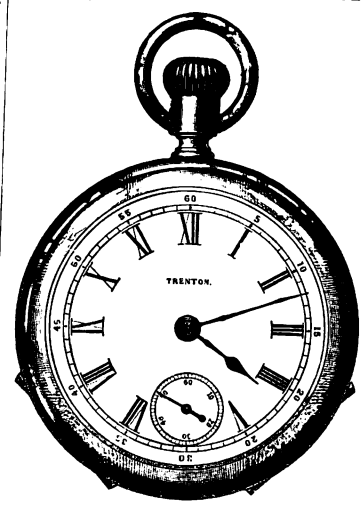
to see the merchant drop his correspondence, the lawyer his brief, the artist his pencil, the editor his pen, and even the boys defer sleighing and bicycling to find out the secret of

The Gopher Hunt,

the newest and best puzzle game invented. Absorbing interest, unlimited fun. Nothing better for winter evenings' amusement. Old and young alike enjoy it. Sent free by mail on receipt of 25 cents. (To introduce it, the first order from any town or city gets two for one price.) Apply quick for territory and terms.

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DESCRIPTION. Gilt Movement; 3-4 Plate; Stem-wind and Stem-set, with improved Back Ratchet (fitting any standard make of 18-size Case), quick-train (18,000 beats per hour); straight line Lever Escapement; Jewelled Balance Holes and End-Stones; Iridium Pallet Stones. The Case is Nickel Silver.

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For the Companion.

LATEST DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE.

The Mound-builders.

By Professor H. W. Henshaw.

In the Middle and Southern States, and within the area drained by the Mississippi, there are a great many artificial mounds. They differ much in size, some being insignificant mounds a few yards in diameter, while others are huge earthworks, like the one in Ohio called Fort Ancient, the embankments of which extend nearly three miles in a straight line, or like the Cahokia Mound in Illinois, just across the river from St. Louis, which is one hundred feet high and covers about sixteen acres.

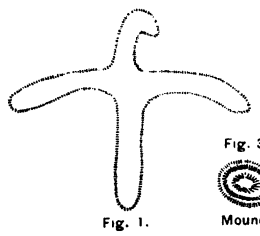


Fig. 1.

Fig. 3.

Mounds.

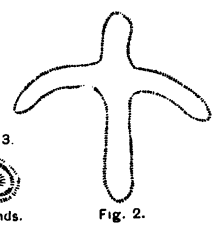


Fig. 2.

The mounds vary as much in shape as they do in size. Some are almost conical, with steep sides; others are oval or rectangular, with gently sloping sides, and others are mere terraces of earth.

Others may be mentioned which are not properly to be classed with mounds at all. They are simply figures in relief of animals and birds, made by banking up the earth in such a way as to form rude outline effigies.

Thus differing, it is evident that the mounds cannot have been erected for one purpose, but that their uses, if not so varied as their size and shape, were at least manifold.

From the earliest times of white settlement, the mounds have been objects of speculation and inquiry, and many conjectures have been made as to their origin and purpose.

For a long time they were believed to be enshrouded in mystery. When interrogated as to their origin and use, the Indians are said to have professed utter ignorance. The mounds were in the country when they came, they said; but when and by whom and for what purpose they were made, they did not know. So these ancient monuments came to be regarded as connected with a race different from the Indian, which had previously occupied the country, and for some mysterious reason had left it.

Some thought that the builders of the mounds had been exterminated by the fiercer and more savage Indian tribes; others thought it more probable that they had been driven away—some said to Mexico and Central America, where they were supposed to have become so far civilized as to be able to construct the wonderful temples and houses of that region.

But within recent years another and very different opinion respecting the mounds and their builders has gained ground, until it has nearly supplanted the old one. This is that there is nothing so very mysterious about them after all. As students came to study historical records a little more closely, it was found that not only did certain of the Indian tribes know much about the mounds, but that they were the actual builders of some of them.

Moreover, when some of the mounds were dug into and objects of European manufacture found far beneath the surface, it became evident that these must have been built since Columbus made his mistake and called our aborigines Indians because he supposed he had landed on the shores of India.

At present it is held that many of the mounds were built by the tribes which were found in possession of the country when it was discovered by Columbus, and that the older mounds about which Indian tradition was silent were simply those which were raised long ago by the ancestors of the present tribes; in short, that all the mounds are Indian mounds, and that to acquire a knowledge of their uses and the meaning of their contents we must study Indian habits and customs. To interpret these habits and customs correctly is to read the riddle of the mounds.

Thanks, then, to the earnest labors of those who have patiently explored the mounds themselves and of others who have diligently studied living tribes and searched into musty historical records, it is now possible to explain the chief motives of those who raised the mounds, as well as the uses of many of the curious implements found therein.

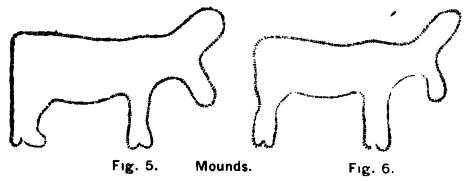


Fig. 5. Mounds. Fig. 6.

Doubtless much yet remains to be done ere the past can be fully reconstructed, and we can claim to know all the secrets of the Mound-builders, if indeed so much as this is ever to be hoped for. But, judging from the success of the past ten years, the future is full of promise.

It was soon found that a very large number of mounds were simple burial tumuli.

While the notions held by our Indians respecting a future state agreed in a general way, there were yet many minor differences. All seem to have believed that the existence of the individual did not cease with death, but that there was another life more or less closely resembling the present one.

According to Indian ideas, the present body was closely connected with this future existence, and all tribes paid great attention to the proper burial of their dead. Many tribes burned the bodies, as did the old Greeks and Romans. Others deposited them upon scaffolds out of the way of wild animals; others laid them carefully away in caves; while others still buried them in the ground.

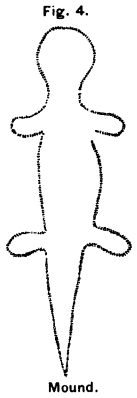
But whatever their form of burial, all tribes paid particular attention to the care and protection of the bones. It was natural that they should, for the bones are the most imperishable part of the body, and with them is closely connected the idea of a spirit, or soul as we call it, crude though that notion is in Indian philosophy.

After much ceremony and doubtless with much lamentation and many tears—for savages are very demonstrative in their grief—the body was placed on the ground or upon a terrace of clay, and around it was gathered the property of the deceased and such articles as it was thought would be useful in his after life, such as a water-vessel or two, some food, paint for decorating the body, and so on. A fire was then built over the whole, and after it had burned long and fiercely, earth was brought in baskets and heaped over all.

Thus the heap of earth above it served two purposes; to protect the remains and as a monument. Doubtless the richer and more distinguished the deceased, the larger and more imposing the mound.

It was the habit of many tribes to bury their dead in the ground or expose them on scaffolds until the flesh disappeared; and then, perhaps at stated intervals, to gather the bones together and deposit them in an indiscriminate heap, the friends sacrificing on these occasions such objects of value as were most appropriate, or such as would best express their grief and love. Thus the mounds often mark the last resting-place of a group of persons who probably were connected by tribal or kinship ties.

Fig. 4.



Mound.

Some tribes buried the bodies outstretched in a horizontal posture; others folded the limbs tightly against the body; and others still wrapped the bones, after the flesh was removed, into a compact bundle. Some buried in stone, coffin-shaped cists; others enclosed the body in bark or in rudely woven blankets and clothing.

All of these methods appear in the burial mounds. Fortunately, when the bodies were cremated, in many cases the fire only half did its work, and many of the objects sacrificed on these occasions have been unearthed, as well as many of the skulls and half-charred bones.

The list of objects taken from the mounds includes everything dear to the Indian mind. That it was believed the deceased would need his weapons in the next world or on his way there is evident from the numerous arrow and spear heads found. Personal ornaments were deemed essential, and vast numbers of shell beads and pendants, pearls, copper trinkets, and various stone carvings of ceremonial or religious import appear in the mounds.

The Indian was always fond of athletic games as well as those of more questionable morality, such as gambling; and objects used in these games are of frequent occurrence. Everything cherished by the Indian as a protection from the evil and disease spirits, by which the Indian world was peopled, was carefully included, and charms of various sorts are commonly found with the bodies.

Many of the objects found in the mounds, such as the carvings, are finely made, and show much taste on the part of their makers. Before these had been carefully studied, it was assumed that they were finer than anything the Indian produced. This conviction strengthened the opinion that those who made the objects could not have been Indians.

But those who maintained this opinion forgot that the first and inevitable effect upon a savage people of contact with civilization, is to deteriorate their manufactures. The savage, finding the tools of civilization better, gradually ceases to make his own; and as he abandons them, he loses his old skill, and becomes indifferent to beauty and nicety of finish.

When, therefore, the most artistic and best finished objects from the mound are compared with similar ones made by Indians whose handiwork has not suffered by contact with civilization, Indian art suffers little or nothing by the comparison.

To raise such immense works as the Cahokia Mound must have required great labor, and the size of the mounds has been urged as a reason to suppose that Indians could not have produced them. But it would require no more labor for a comparatively few men and women to throw up a mound in a long time, than for many to build it in a short time; and no doubt to build such mounds as that of Cahokia must have required many years, perhaps successive generations.

Moreover, the very rude methods employed in mound-building are strikingly suggestive of Indian work. In the case of certain mounds, it has been possible to trace the successive baskets of earth as they were dumped from the shoulders of the dusky carriers.

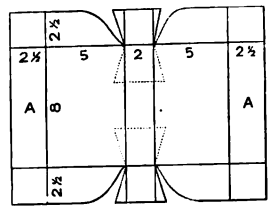


Fig. 1.

Thus far we have spoken only of burial mounds. In many places there are embankments of earth in the shape of squares or parallelograms, the appearance of which too closely suggests rude fortifications for their purpose to be mistaken. They were defensive works—places of refuge.

Such in fact was "Old Fort Ancient," which may have been the work of generations of Indians; and within its ample interior were probably gathered, in times of danger, the tribes that inhabited the neighboring valleys.

Evidences of village sites within its enclosure indicate that in troublesome times villages were established and occupied for considerable periods. Doubtless within it grounds were prepared for the celebration of such feasts, councils, games and ceremonials as always attended Indian social, religious or tribal proceedings.

There is another class of mounds of various shapes and sizes, which apparently were the sites of large houses, where dwelt together several families of the same clan, or of council or "sweat-houses," which were partly for religious and partly for social use.

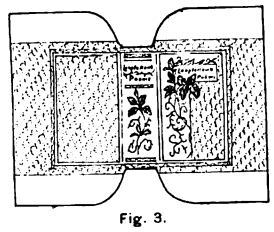


Fig. 3.

Most curious of all are the Effigy Mounds in Wisconsin, a group of which, found in Grant County, in that State, are shown in the illustrations. These relief figures of men, beasts, reptiles and birds are often made on a gigantic scale, and from the nature of their construction are necessarily so rude that they can rarely be identified as of any particular species, though the attempt to identify them has often resulted in false conclusions.

Thus one mound in Ohio long passed as the effigy of a mastodon or elephant; and as this creature has been supposed to be extinct for a considerable period, the effect of this identification was to bring the existence of the animal down to a very recent date, perhaps to historical times, or else to carry the origin of this particular mound far back into the past.

Now, however, the proboscis of the animal, upon which chiefly rested the theory of its elephantine nature, has been determined to be a slide of earth. So the effigy passes from the list of the marvellous to take its proper but prosaic place in mound history as the figure of a bear.

Figs. 1 and 2 are evidently intended for birds; but more than this cannot be said.

Fig. 3 is a small circular mound of a common type.

Figs. 5 and 6 are intended for some large, heavy-bodied animal. We may call them bears, though what are probably intended to represent the ears are enormously exaggerated.

Fig. 4 probably represents an otter, possibly a beaver. Both the bear and otter figure largely in Indian totemic and mythical lore.

As to the purpose of erecting these banks of earth in the shape of animals, students appear to be pretty well agreed. Most Indian tribes have myths by which they trace back their origin to certain animals, as bears, dogs, snakes, and birds.

The figures of these supposed ancestors become "totem" marks, and are tattooed on the persons and pictured on the houses and other property of the Indians. The well-known totem posts of the Haida Indians of Alaska are good examples.

Instead of contenting themselves by carving their totems on their houses, weapons or other property, or painting them on their skins, the Wisconsin tribes adopted a unique plan, and raised on the bosom of Mother Earth their effigy monuments, commemorative of their mythic ancestral beliefs. So inscribed, nature has kindly assisted in their preservation; and though other and more costly monuments crumble away, the effigy mounds live on, mute witnesses of the cherished beliefs of a people whose past history is a cloud-land of conjecture.

For the Companion.

HOW TO COVER BOOKS.

Many persons regard books as among their choicest possessions, and handle them with loving care, but who can refuse to lend a book? and who knows what treatment it may receive in strange hands? Innumerable hundreds of nicely bound books are received annually into the homes all over our land, and are read, handled, passed from one to another, borrowed and lent, until in many cases, when their owners welcome them back again—if they be so fortunate as to do so—scarcely a vestige of beauty is left in the bindings that were once so tasteful and pretty with their flashes of color and glints of gold. Books in dull, worn and soiled covers are all that are left to take their places on the book-shelves.

The best way to preserve books that are to be much read is to cover them before they are ever used; with thick, soft, firm paper cover them so closely that no exposed edges are left to wear out, and so neatly that even the careless will see that they must respect the protecting paper and let it be.

Once learn to cover a book in a neat and lasting manner, and form the habit of covering every newly acquired book before it is handled at all, and one has accomplished something for which he will be thankful as long as he lives to prize the collection of fresh, nice-looking books thus rescued from dullness and tatters.

If boys and girls would begin to save the books they own, would learn to cover them securely, label them with their titles on the back with pen and ink, and number them in the order in which they were acquired, they soon would be surprised to see what a nice beginning of a library they would have, and what fresh interest in it every new book would arouse. Such a collection often forms the nucleus of a large and valuable library.

A young boy, to whom it had hardly occurred that he was the owner of a dozen books, was advised by his mother to begin a library. In some surprise at the idea, he counted up his books, and found that he had nineteen.

Then he was told by his father that when he had twenty-five books, all nicely covered and kept, he should have a neat little book-case. This stimulated him both to increase the number of his books, and to cover them as soon as he had them.

That was several years ago; it seemed a small affair at the time, but the little library thus commenced now numbers over one hundred volumes, and its wide-awake, well-informed owner says its formation and growth has brought him more pleasure than all the rest of his possessions combined. It aroused a desire to obtain books that were worth keeping, and stimulated an ambition to earn the means of procuring some of them; the knowledge thus gained and the efforts made will influence for good his future life.

Are there not many children and young people among the readers of *The Youth's Companion*, who, if encouraged by a little help from their elders, would like to start a library for themselves? If so, the first thing to do, after collecting every book owned at all worthy of preservation, is to get a supply of thick, firm wrapping paper—like that used on the books in public libraries, or by tailors for large, heavy packages; having that, a pair of scissors, a tape-measure, a pencil and a rule, we are ready for work.

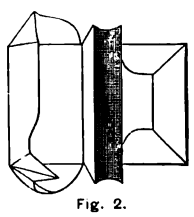


Fig. 2.

We will select a medium sized book on which to make our experiments; one eight by five, and an inch and a half thick, will do. We wish the paper to fold over two inches and a half inside the book-cover, so, drawing the tape-measure around the book from side to side across the back, and allowing it to project two inches and a half beyond both front edges, we find it takes seventeen inches—the measurement shown by the lines extending from right to left across Fig. 1.

Measuring the book lengthwise, allowing two inches and a half at top and bottom, we find thirteen inches are required—as shown by the perpendicular lines of the same figure; therefore from a corner of one of our large sheets of paper we cut a piece measuring seventeen by thirteen inches, and, with the rule and pencil, proceed to mark it off into portions according to Fig. 1, which plainly shows just where and how to shape the rounded corners and the ends of the two-inch back piece.

To fit the cover to the book, turn in the ends of the back piece as shown by the dotted lines, lay

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the open book, face upward, directly in the centre; fold the portions marked A over to the inside of the covers; close the book and crease the two front edges so they will remain smoothly in position; lay the book down, turn one cover back, push the square corners of the paper in between the book cover and the paper over it, and crease it down, when it should look like the upper right-hand corner of Fig. 2. The lower corner on the same side shows the same work; it has been loosened and drawn out to show how it is folded and creased; when replaced, the *point* is to be slipped back *outside* the cover. The projecting flaps now left at top and bottom are to be folded inward, and smoothly creased down, when the finished cover will look like that at the right of Fig. 2. Treat the other side of the book in the same way, and the cover is completely adjusted; write or print the title of the book and the name of the author in plainly readable letters, upon the back with a coarse pen. The exact measurement, the underfolding at the corners, and the close creasing at the edges, all combine to fit the cover so neatly and closely that, after it has been in position a few days, one would almost as soon expect to see the leaves drop out as to find the cover unfolding or slipping off. If for any reason one wishes to secure the cover so that it cannot be removed, the spot marked by short lines at the upper left-hand corner of Fig. 2 shows where a bit of paste or mucilage may be applied just before folding in the end.

Having covered one book satisfactorily the rest may be covered very quickly, let them vary in size as they may, the only difference being in the measurements taken; of course, for small books less than two and a half inches should be turned in, and for very large ones a little more.

Fig. 3 is the same as the opposite or right side of Fig. 1; it shows how the printed paper covers — duplicates of the cover designs — that often accompany new volumes nowadays may be pasted to the outside of the home-made covers if desired, making them stronger and more attractive. Such a cover usually lasts until the volume which it protects has been its rounds as "the latest thing out," and returned "an old story," when it deserves to have its soiled working dress removed (and laid away, to be donned for future journeys) and, with binding fresh and neat, find repose behind the draperies on doors or the bookcase.

For the Companion.

WHAT THE McELROY GIRLS CAPTURED.

Elvira and Candace McElroy, girls of fifteen and seventeen years, live with their father, Joshua McElroy, a lumberman, in the northern part of Aroostook County, Me.

They keep their father's house, for their mother is dead. They support themselves besides, and turn many a slow but honest penny, doing "sale work" for the agent of a Boston clothing firm. They make a pair of pantaloons for twenty-three cents, a waistcoat for eighteen cents, and a coat for a correspondingly small sum.

Even at these very small prices, Elvira and Candace have earned a goodly sum of money during the last two years, and, besides buying and paying for two sewing-machines, have a nice sum deposited in a Bangor savings-bank. If they had left home to go to a factory or to a city store to serve as saleswomen, at six, eight, or even ten dollars a week, it is very doubtful if they would have saved any money at all during the time.

But my story is of something quite apart from sales work or bank accounts.

During the autumn and winter, the two girls are alone at their house, which is a small, new structure standing on a recently cleared tract of land almost a mile from neighbors. Their father and their only brother, Alvin, leave home early in the morning with their ox-team to go to their work in the "logging swamps," where, taking their lunch with them, they are employed all day.

The absence of their father and brother gives the girls the more time for their work, so that they are generally able to finish their "stint" by three or four o'clock in the afternoon. They do not work in the evening, but devote that time either to reading, or to entertaining or calling upon their friends and neighbors. In a cottage of but three rooms there is much less of housework than in larger houses.

They live in a wooded and somewhat wild country.

On one of the last days of last October, Elvira, glancing out at the back window as she sewed, saw a sight which startled her. The cow, with a calf, a yearling and the little flock of six sheep, was feeding in a stumpy field a few hundred yards away, near the border of the woods. There had come out of the forest and joined the little domestic herd, a black animal which seemed very much larger than the cow. Its head was carried very high, and was surmounted by a prodigious pair of antlers.

"Goodness!" Elvira exclaimed. "Come here, Can, and see this great black creature!"

Candace left her sewing-machine at the other side of the room, and hastily joined her sister at the window.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "It will kill old Bonny and the sheep!"

"No, they don't seem a bit afraid of it," replied Elvira. "Only look at old Bingo! He's butting it!"

Bingo was a large, horned sheep, and he had squared off valiantly at the intruder, butting at its long legs several times; but the animal took no further notice of its small adversary than to step aside a little.

The cow continued to feed upon the dry grass;



Caught by the Barn Door.

and even the calf, after smelling the new-comer curiously, showed no signs of alarm.

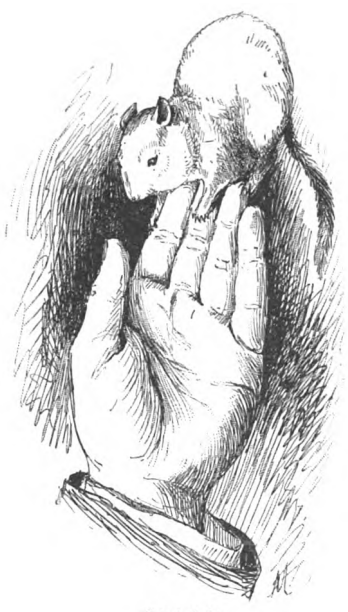
"It must be a moose," said Elvira. "Now, if Al was only here with his gun, he might shoot it. He would get a lot of money for it."

"His gun is here," exclaimed Candace, "and it is loaded! Would you dare try to fire it?"

"It kicks," replied Elvira. "He's got it loaded for that bear they saw, you know. There's a dreadful charge in it. I don't want to touch it."

Nor did Candace. They stood by the window and watched the animal, which was, as Elvira had surmised, a moose, and a large one. It had joined the cattle in a companionable way, and appeared inclined to stay with them.

"Do you suppose it would come up to the barn with the cow?" said Elvira.



"Quirrie."

"Perhaps," replied her sister. "I don't believe that it would go in at the little door, but it might at the big doors, if the cow and the sheep went in ahead and it saw them eating."

It happened that at this time of the year the cattle were in the habit of coming to the barn to be fed, by mid-afternoon. To lure the moose into the barn with them, the girls brought up at least a bushel of potatoes and other vegetables from the house cellar.

Stealing out very quietly, keeping out of sight of the animals, they opened the large doors of the barn, which stood in a field back of the house. With these vegetables they strewed the threshold and the barn-floor.

Then they set the doors wide open, and retired to the house window to watch. The fire was allowed to go out in the house stove for fear the smoke should alarm the moose, and prevent him from entering the barn.

For more than an hour the animal remained with the cattle, moving about the field, and sometimes approaching within a hundred yards of the two watchers at the back window.

At last "old Bonny" began, as was her wont, to feed nearer the barn, and presently came around to its front side. Seeing the doors open, she approached and began to eat the scattered vegetables. The calf, the yearling and the sheep quickly followed her, and all pressed into the barn, munching greedily.

After a moment, the moose, with rounded, wide-open eyes, looked around the corner of the barn. With antlers thrown back, he stared for awhile; then, hearing nothing but the sound of the cattle eating, he stalked slowly forward to the doors and inspected the interior loftily, as if undecided whether to bound away or take a share.

Bingo now tried to drive him away, by butting at his legs again; and this small act of jealousy appeared to settle the moose in an intention to secure some of the provender. He immediately shuffled into the barn, and went forward with the other animals.

The girls, who had been observing every movement of the animal with mingled eagerness and fear, now perceived that the time had come to act, if they had courage to do so. With hearts beating very hard and fast, they crept out to the corner of the house.

"My! who knows what he may do! I've heard that they are dreadfully savage, sometimes!" whispered Candace.

"But we must steal around and shut the two great doors before he sees us," urged Elvira. "Then he cannot get out."

By and by they succeeded in screwing their courage up to the point of starting forth. Tiptoeing out and around, they ran up, one on each side, and, each seizing one of the heavy doors, attempted to close them.

But the moose had probably scented them, if he had not seen or heard them. He turned and made a plunge to escape at the same instant.

As the doors came together, his head and antlers appeared in the narrow space between them; he was caught there, the force of his outward rush being checked, apparently, by that of the two doors striking against him. Then he pulled backward to withdraw his neck, and drew the edges of the doors still closer upon it.

The two girls, who had pushed with all their strength, but who now felt the doors stop and stick fast, glanced up and saw the moose's head almost directly over theirs.

"Oh!" Candace screamed; "he will tear us all to pieces!"

"Hold on! hold on for life! he *will*, if we let him get out!" Elvira gasped.

They braced their feet and held fast. The imprisoned animal struggled violently, first to withdraw his neck, then to push through the aperture; but he was caught at a great disadvantage, and had no opportunity to make full use of his strength to escape. Panting and in terror, the girls pushed against the doors with all their power, for they dared do nothing else. Here they remained, braced and holding fast for quite an hour, notwithstanding their fears, till their father and brother drove their ox-team into the yard after sunset.

"Oh, father, do come and help us quick!" was all that Candace could find breath to call out.

"What in the world have you got there!" exclaimed McElroy, coming forward.

"It's a moose!" gasped Elvira. The lumberman seized his axe and despatched the animal.

It was sold for fifty dollars, which the girls reckoned a very good afternoon's work for two girls.

For the Companion.

A FLYING SQUIRREL.

Some three or four years ago, I went to North Carolina to spend the winter in pursuit of health. Becoming worse instead of better, I had to take to my bed. There I remained nearly four months.

As my trouble was of the brain, I was not allowed to read, and had to console myself with sewing—fancy a man sewing!—and all sorts of ridiculous occupations, to pass away the time. I had dogs, cats, canaries, and a mocking-bird. I was very fond of them all, and my wife was always looking out for something new to amuse me.

One evening, as I lay waiting for a light, Kate was called to the door by some boys, who had something to show her. She came back, quite excited, to get her purse, and presently brought me two little, soft, gray creatures not much larger than mice.

I could see that they were squirrels, but of what kind they were I could not tell. They looked very furry along the sides—not smooth, like other squirrels. After leaving me in perplexity for some minutes, my wife told me that they were flying squirrels.

She had paid three dollars for them, which I thought rather a high price; but then, as she said, they were so pretty!

Without much objection, I put them to bed in a tin box filled with cotton, placed in an old bird-cage.

A flying squirrel is about the size and shape of a chipmunk or striped squirrel, and in color is a somewhat lighter gray than a mouse. The tail is not very full; it is about like a rat's tail flattened out, and has a thin fringe of hair along each side. It curls up over the back about half-way and then the tip curls over outward. It is not at all like the glorious plume of a red or gray squirrel, which covers its pretty owner almost like an umbrella.

The flying apparatus is very simple. You will notice in the hind leg of a dog or a horse, that, just where the thigh meets the side, there is a little piece of loose skin, which is seen better when the leg is stretched out behind; and there is a piece like it, except that it is less in size, under the forelegs of the animal.

In the flying squirrel this piece of skin projects all along its sides, between the fore and hind legs, so that, when the squirrel stretches out his legs, he is of a flat, oblong shape, with his feet sticking out at the corners.

This peculiarity enables him to make the most astonishing leaps, provided he has a high place to leap from; for, instead of falling after the force of his spring is spent, he "scales" down, as a flat piece of tin does when thrown edgewise. This is all the "flying" that he does; but he is a wonderful little jumper.

Our little squirrels were very tame. They had been taken from the nest when young, and handled and carried about in his pockets by the boy who sold them to us. I think they were hardly so large as they would have grown if they had not been caught, but I am not sure as to this.

They were fed on hickory nuts, which, however, had to be cracked for them, for flying squirrels have softer teeth than the other varieties, and cannot gnaw anything very hard, their natural food being grain, roots and soft-shelled nuts. In Southern barns and granaries they run about like rats.

We noticed that our squirrels were awake comparatively little during the day; but about dark—just when I was trying to get to sleep—they would begin to romp and jump about their cage, keeping this up until near morning. As their cage was of tin, this made a great deal of noise, and I was not sorry when one of them died.



Flying Squirrel.

I had to send the remaining one out to the other end of the house at night, and even then I could hear the *thump, thump, thump*, as he jumped to the top of his cage and then down again with the regularity and persistence of a clock.

"Quirrie," as we called him, was soon allowed his liberty during the day. He was a pretty and most interesting little rascal, and so full of mischief that I think he would have exploded like a firecracker if he had been obliged to be good for half an hour.

Quirrie found that a pocket in a night-shirt is a handy thing, though his use for the pocket in my night-shirt was as a nice warm place for a nap, and a splendid hiding-place for treasure-

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trove. Many a comfortable nap he took there, and many a time he "scooted" to me and burrowed under my handkerchief as fast as he could. Then, in a minute, in would come Kate, scolding because the corks were stolen out of the medicine bottles, or some buttons or thimbles gone from her work-basket.

I knew where they were well enough; so I would take out my handkerchief, and there would be Quirrie, looking up at me saucily with his beady black eyes, and cuddling his stolen property up in his paws. When I tried to take the prey, he would turn on his back and bite and scratch like a kitten, and sometimes make his sharp little teeth meet in my finger.

His bite was like the prick of a needle, bringing a bead of blood, but leaving no hole that could be seen.

He learned a great many tricks. He would kiss me by putting one tiny paw at each corner of my mouth and then softly nibbling at my lip. He would climb up the neck of a large port-wine bottle like a little sailor, and steal the cork out of it; but I did not teach him that.

When he was playing about the room, I had only to say "Quirrie, Quirrie!" and make a hissing sound, like "tsip, tsip!" when he would answer me with the same sound. Then he would climb up on the sofa and jump to the rocking-chair, run up the back and jump to the foot of the bed, and thence spring upon my breast and come up to my face with ears and tail cocked, and such a funny, anxious look in his face that I almost expected to have him ask me some time, "Well, well; what's the matter?"

As he played in his cage, he learned to jump up and turn over without touching the top—in effect to turn a back somersault in the air. After a time I induced him to do this on my breast. I would tap him on the back, near the tail, and up he would go, and over, like a little acrobat.

Everything I ate Quirrie had to taste, and sometimes he got things—such as mustard, for instance—that he did not like.

He was very fond of milk, and when I was drinking a glass he always came up on my shoulder, put one paw on my cheek and one on the rim of the glass, and drank with me. The milk he drank did not cost me very much, for a drop or two spilled on the table was more than enough for him.

We were fearful that he would be caught by the cats, for they became much excited when they saw him. When one of them came in as we were sitting at lunch one day, I was frightened, and shouted to Kate to catch it quickly.

Quirrie was on the table, by my plate,—I was able to be up by this time,—and at the first alarm sought refuge on my head. Kate caught the kitten and was going to take it out, when Quirrie started to come down. I told her to wait and see what he would do. She sat down and held the kitten on her knee, and, to make sure, I put my hands firmly around its neck.

Quirrie sat still on my shoulder a moment, and then walked down my arm. Slowly, slowly he came, leaning over after each step and stretching his neck toward the kitten before taking the next one, until he got just within reaching distance. Then he paused, leaned slowly over a little further, nipped the cat savagely in the middle of her nose, and then scampered for my head, whence he sprang to his cage, slipped in and hid himself in his bed.

What a scamp! He knew perfectly well that he was safe.

As spring came I became stronger, and was able to sit out in a hammock the greater part of the day. That was great fun for Quirrie, who scampered up and down the ropes, turned somersaults over them, and "did circus" like a little trapeze performer.

At last, one evening, I took him out of his cage to show him to some callers, and, after showing his tricks, forgot all about him. I saw him once climbing up the curtains of a window which was open at the top, and at my call he came back, but soon wandered away again.

It was after dark, and his nocturnal instinct was at work, I suppose; at all events, I never saw him again, and I suppose he slipped out of the window. I set a trap for him—his own cage, with a "fall" set on the door—but to no purpose. I might have caught him finally, but he escaped only two days before we were to leave for the North, and though I waited over one day, that was all I could do.

It was hard work to come away and leave him. The change of climate might have killed him, but it is likely that he did not live long, for he had never learned to seek his own living.

A year after we came North, as I was looking over some old clothes to give away to a poor man, I came across the corduroy shooting-jacket that I had worn when in North Carolina. Putting my hand in the breast pocket, I found some dried scraps of hickory-nuts. It made me feel sad for two or three days.

I had always kept some nuts in that pocket, ready cracked, for the squirrel, and he knew it well. How wistfully he used to hold his little paws out to me with his plaintive "tsip, tsip!" as I went to his cage in the morning, and how eagerly he dived into that pocket when I let him out!

Poor little Quirrie! I shall never have so cunning a pet again. M. M.

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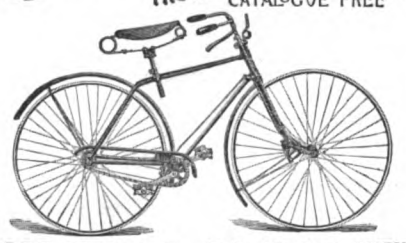
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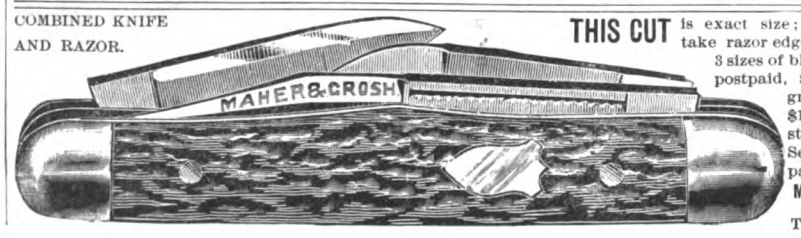
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ANIMALS' TOILETS.

Many, if not most animals are provided with combs, brushes, and other means of keeping their hair smooth and their faces clean. They use these with much ingenuity, and often in a curiously characteristic manner. Seals have fixed to their front flippers a neat little comb. With this, when resting on the rocks, they carefully arrange and smooth the fur on their faces. "Brilliantine," one writer says, "is carried in a small and handy reservoir by all ducks and divers, mud serves them for cold cream and vaseline, and dust for fuller's earth and pearl powder."

"No doubt cats, large and small, make the most careful of animal toilets, with the exception of some of the opossums," writes a contributor to the *Spectator*. "Lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the domestic cat, wetting the dark india-rubber-like ball of the forefoot and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears.

"One of the most charming pets we have kept, and the most particular as to its feet and fur, was a lovely brown opossum from Tasmania. It washed its face every two or three minutes, and would pay the same attention to the ears, hair or hands of any one on whose shoulder it was allowed to sit.

"Once, having upset a bottle of turpentine over its hands, it almost fretted to death because it could not remove the scent. Oddly enough, it would retire during the day to a chimney, and did not object to the soot in its fur, perhaps considering it 'clean dirt,' as children do earth.

"One small spaniel, which we allowed to live in the house, was well aware that if he returned dirty he would not be admitted indoors. About an hour before the close of the day's shooting, he used to strike work, and begin to clean himself; and if urged to do more, would slip off home and present himself neat and clean in the dining-room.

"One day the dog had been left at home, and his master returned and seated himself by the fire, wet and with half-frozen drops of ice sticking to his gaiters.

"Pan ran up and carefully licked off the frozen ice and snow, stopping now and then to give an anxious look which said, as plainly as possible, 'Dear me, if I don't get him clean quickly, he will be sent to lie in the stable.'"

WORD-SHADOWS.

Under this title a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* discourses upon the fanciful and grotesque dialect of the Southern negro. In the "plantation *patois*" are many expressions which display genuine humor and a happy knack at picturesque statement, as, for example, when an unproductive piece of ground is called "fallery lan'," and an obedient and tractable servant an "orderly gal."

The favorite and indispensable bread of the field-hand—that made of corn meal—is "John Constant," while wheaten bread is "Billy Seldom." Our word "accuse" becomes "'scuse" in the negro's mouth. There are few of his race, alas, who have not been, at some time or other, "'scuse of a cow," "'scuse of a pig," "'scuse of a pa'r shoes," and so on down the scale.

A half-starved calf is a "calf dat's been whipped wid de churn-dasher." To keep down grass is to "fight wid Gen'al Green." A matter well accomplished is "essentially done," as, for instance, "When she cooks, she des essentially cooks good." A proud person is an "umptious somebody."

To live easily and happily is to live "jolly and wid pleadjure." To be ill is to "have a misery." To be quite well is to be "des sorter tollerble." Entertaining conversation is "mockin'-bird talk."

Lively tunes are "sinner-songs," or "reels," or "corn-hollers," "jump-up-songs," or "chunes dat skip wid de banjo." Religious songs are "member-songs" or "hymn-chunes."

Not to be a church-member is to be "settin' on de sinner-seat," "still in de open fiel'," "drinkin' de cup er damnation," and many other such phrases. To enter the church is to "jine de band," to "take up de cup er salvation," to "git a seat wid de members," to be "gethered in," to "put on a shine-line gyarment," and so on indefinitely.

WASHINGTON'S PUGNACITY.

It is related of John Adams that when Stuart exhibited his portrait of General Washington, Mr. Adams went to see it. After gazing at it for several minutes he exclaimed, "That's the portrait of a man who knew how to hold his tongue, which this old fool never did!"

The portrait does indicate that the original could be reticent, but it also shows that he could control himself. The square, massive jaw, the full, broad-based nose, and the compressed lips express pugnacity and passion, such as require a strong will to keep them in subjection.

Sometimes even Washington allowed his passion to have sway.

When Glover's Marblehead fishermen and Morgan's Virginia riflemen were engaged in a rough and tumble fight, Washington leaped his horse over the bars of the camp-fence, dashed among the rioters, threw himself off, seized two brawny riflemen by the throat, and shaking them at arm's length, subdued not only them, but the whole band.

It was the victory due to comman ding strength, presence and manner. The men saw that they must obey, and they obeyed.

NEW MOONS.

In former years, the night-watchmen of European towns, as they went their rounds, called out the hour and the state of the weather.

These watchmen were generally old men, whose infirmities, rather than their fitness, made them guardians of the night. Of one of them, a watchman of Canterbury, Cooper, the English artist, tells a story, amusingly illustrative of the mental dullness of the class.

One night it had been raining between the hours of the old man's rounds, a fact of which he was ignorant, having snoozed, as usual, in his watch-box. When he started on his next round, the rain had ceased, and the light of the moon was reflected in many pools of water. As the old man went along, he was heard to call out:

"Past eleven o'clock, a wet night, and more moons than usual!"

Ladies' Underwear should be made from KING PHILIP CAMBRIC, LAWNS and NAINSOOKS. Send stamp for samples. King Philip Mills, Worth St., N. Y. [*Adv.*

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Pansy, large flowering,	**10**
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ALSO FOUR SPLENDID NOVELTIES:	
Blanche Ferry Sweet Pea,	**10**
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MASTER BROWN'S ANTAGONIST.

School-master Brown, seated in his office on the second floor of the big school-house, was listening to twelve different songs which were being sung at the same moment in the twelve school-rooms. Suddenly, mingled with this musical medley, he heard a queer, confused, jumpy tapping, accompanied by a muffled wail which evidently came from the lower story of the building. Master Brown was very sensitive in regard to any noise or confusion in the halls of his school-house, and his feelings may be imagined as the tappings and wailings increased, mingled as the tappings and wailings increased, mingled as the tappings and wailings increased, accompanied soon by a loud noise of many feet scurrying across the floor.

Hastening to quell the tumult, the school-master threw open his office door, when, in the form of a fierce-looking goat, which had invaded the school-house and was now—with frequent bleatings—charging along the entry, he saw the cause of the noise, playful pursuit of some youngsters who were taking this unusual morning exercise to be over, that they might go to their respective school-rooms.

Master Brown, though a strict disciplinarian, was not one of the hard-hearted kind. Accordingly he went quickly down and tried to drive the goat out of doors without using any violence. But Nannie declined to go; she was full of play, and as the whole affair was merely a bit of fun, and she had not yet even viewed the floor a little, she galloped once or twice, and made a pretence of butting her antagonist.

When the school-master tried to drive her in one direction, she sidled away, still bleating and shaking her head, and never got near the steps leading in the door. At last Master Brown dashed at the goat, caught her by one horn and by the tail, and Dan handled her so roughly that she bleated loudly, dove-tailed out into the playground.

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Determined not to go, and not at the outer door either, Nannie gave a grand leap, and rushed into the basement. Here she evaded all attempts to catch her, and seemed likely to stay indefinitely.

At last Master Brown, with a long white-oak branch, which he obtained from one of the school-rooms, and with this made an attack on his enemy. After many failures, he finally got near enough to deliver a vigorous blow, which was not only heavily much appreciated, and certainly indignant at such treatment, Nannie at once dashed out of doors, leaving her antagonist master of the situation.

Master Brown hastened to extend the second outside door, and then left himself to look out at the front door, to see whether his late visitor had taken the hints offered and gone away from the premises. He had not, and Master Brown had to dig open the front door in order to pay the visitor the same visit.

Five minutes later, and to relate, the boisterous Tim Kerfan's grocery, the Gazeka story, about the goat which had driven out of Master Brown's hard-settled and disheveled, chasing up the street an ill-favored-looking goat, barring after her a mingled shower of epithets and good-sized pebbles.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

An American lady visiting in England one day readily alluded to Sir Henry Irving as the great actor, but it was only when he pronounced the name in a slightly horrified tone that she realized that she should have spoken of those effective hearts as "Ahtrys," or applied to them some equally euphonious title. That unfamiliarity with them is confined to their names, rather than their persons, may be guessed from the following story, which is told about a proposed entertainment of performing fleas, a long while ago, before the King of Prussia.

All the royal party had assembled about a platform, on which the exhibition was to take place, and the entertainment was called "Napoleon and his Generals."

The court sat in expectation, but the "professor" did not appear. At last he came, in a state of nervousness and rubbed his eyes in anguish, while he wrung his long hands, and searched up and down his little cage. At last he gasped:

"Napoleon is missing!"

"Sire, sire, madam," he cried, "this exhibition is a poor man's all! Without Napoleon, his generals are valueless. There can be no entertainment without him. An unfortunate mistake. Allow me!"

The princess wore an old-fashioned John. In the fraction of a second, the professor, with a long hand several of the white folds, made a capture, and then quickly returned to his treat. Arrived on the stage, he ventured to relax his hold, and examine the captive.

"Oh," he groaned, in despair, "it is a wild one!"

PROPER.

The pen is mighty, and was never mightier than to-day; but there are times when it is a vain thing for safety.

A gentleman touring through England stayed all night at a prim old lady's cottage, the village inn being full. He was very deaf, and took pains to improve the fact upon his hostess, with instructions that none one must enter his room to wake him at a certain hour, lest he should die.

On waking a good hour later than the time appointed he found that the old lady, with a commendable regard for punctuality, had slipped under his door a piece of paper on which was written:

"Sir, it is half-past seven."

Itching Pilles.
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A FEW SPECIAL OFFERS.

Of the thousands of varieties of Maule's Seeds, Plants and Bulbs we have space to mention more widespread than at present, we call attention to the following choice and exceedingly low-priced offers. FOR SIMPLY COVER POSTAGE, we will send to every reader of this paper will avail themselves of this opportunity of securing these choice selections: Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, at as trifling a cost as possible. **1** Beautiful Monthly Rose, all named sorts and colors, 25 cents, postpaid. **2** Choice hardy Hybrid Roses, all named, 50 cts., postpaid. **3** Rare Chrysanthemums, all named sorts, 50 cts., postpaid. **4** Choice Double Tuberous Begonias, all colors, 25 cents, postpaid. **5** Handsome flowering Shrubs, choice named sorts, 50 cents, postpaid. **6** Gladioli, a grand mixture, all colors, 25 cents, postpaid. **7** Tuberoses, Excelsior Double, large bulbs, 15 cents, postpaid. **8** Dwarf Tuberous Flowering Cape Hyacinths 25 cts., postpaid. **9** Distinct New Dahlias, all named, 50 cts., postpaid.

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For the Companion.

THE LITTLE NUGGET STRIKE.

It is quite ten years since the Little Nugget Mine was opened. It is situated on Knob Mountain, ten or twelve miles from the now thriving city of Aspen. It is about eight years since the Little Nugget strike occurred, in which Ellen Lybec played so conspicuous a part that one still hears the miners speak her name with a sort of wondering reverence.

Her father, Christopher Lybec, had brought his family to Colorado several years before, and his wife had died, after many hardships in their frontier life, just before he had undertaken the superintendency of the Little Nugget Mine.

He had brought Ellen, his only child, to the mine, and there she had lived two years, taking care of his little house, and pouring in upon his lonely life the only sunshine that it knew.

It was rare sunshine for any man's life. At eighteen years of age Ellen Lybec was not what every one would call beautiful, but there was a native refinement in her features and manner quite out of keeping with the rough mining camp.

It was not often that the wives and daughters of the miners cared to deck themselves with the wild flowers that grew in the cañons and covered the borders of the Little Nugget Creek with bloom; but Ellen was rarely without some blossom tucked into the bosom of her dress, or twined in her brown hair.

It was one of many things that showed her to be of a different stamp from the few other women in the camp.

It was a lonely and a rough place for her, but there was nothing to tempt such a girl to yield herself to the moulding influences of the life around her. There was, on the contrary, everything to induce her to resist them.

What she was in her own home, she sought to be in the homes of others, and she had not been a week in the little settlement before it was plain that the camp would be better for her presence.

The superintendent's house was better than any other. It was a framed structure, well put together, with glazed windows, good stock doors, floors well laid, and with three of the rooms ceiled with plaster. There were in it many evidences of Ellen's taste. The wild vines of the cañons had been planted by the door, and trained upward over its frame and the adjoining window, and the ugly barbed-wire fence was well hidden under the same graceful covering.

John Randal's old blind mother could have told of the many long afternoons that Ellen spent in her company, making the hours pass pleasantly in the awful darkness; and when John Randal himself was laid up nearly all winter with the rheumatism, nothing eased the pain so much as Ellen's presence and gentle ministrations.

"Hogerboom's Patent Pain-Killin' and Ache-Destroyin' liniments aint nothing to Lybec's girl," John used to say, "if she only kind of comes around and looks at ye."

It was so when Mike Bender's two children were down with the measles. Mrs. Bender had no peace until Ellen came in each afternoon with fresh stories and flowers.

When Yellow Jim broke his leg down the shaft, and was brought up cursing so that even some of the men themselves were shocked, he became very quiet when Ellen spoke to him in a low voice; and when she did not leave his little cabin for two days and nights, except when her father's meals were to be got, Yellow Jim found that there were some compensations, even for a broken leg.

Discontent had been brewing among the miners in the Little Nugget. These men, who were handling so much rich ore for others, began to feel that their wages ought to be a somewhat larger share of what their labor raised from the ground. Yellow Jim was one of the foremost to stir up the discontent, and it had more than once come to the notice of Christopher Lybec that the little knots of workmen who were talking together under their breath, and broke up when he approached, were centred around Jim.

He was not much surprised when five of the men, with Jim at their head, came to the office one day and asked for an increase of pay.

Lybec knew what this meant. He had no expectation of success when he answered that he would telegraph to New York for instructions. The men did not mean to wait until word could come from directors two thousand miles away. They meant to have the money, whatever answer might be received, and to have it at once.

Lybec was a stubborn man. The insolent way in which the demand of the men was put incensed him. He declared that not a man should have an additional cent until he received definite orders from New York to pay it.

Next morning the men refused to work. Lybec mounted his horse, struck into the trail that led toward the town, and rode rapidly away.

At night he returned, and called Jim to the office.

"You may tell all the men that they may pack up to-morrow morning and be gone," he said. "I shall have no work for them. They can go where they can get more wages, if they can find the place. Take them over to the Clara; perhaps they can get work there."

Lybec laughed as he said this. Yellow Jim knew that the Clara Mine had shut down two days before.

The taunt put an idea into Jim's head. Lybec had probably engaged the miners thrown out of work at the Clara. The game was up.

Jim reported to the men, who agreed with him in his conjecture. No other explanation could be given for Lybec's prompt dismissal of his whole force, when the Little Nugget was showing a splendid output, and every day's idleness of men and machinery meant serious loss to the company.

"What do you say, men? Shall we fight it?"

It was a nearly unanimous vote to fight it.

When Lybec awoke the next morning, the narrow gulch in which the mine opened was walled across by a formidable breastwork six feet high, closing in the mine. Not a man was to be seen in the camp. Not a gun was to be found in any of the cottages.

Lybec was pale with rage, but he mounted his horse and rode away without a word.

Meanwhile the men proceeded with their undertaking. After Lybec disappeared they came out, collected all the food they could find, took one or two of the women of their families to do their cooking, sent the rest into town in charge of two of the younger miners, who were hardly more than boys, and then worked on completing their barricade.

At noon Lybec returned. Ellen met him at the door, and told him what had occurred.



She called to them to stop firing.

"What's the use of their fighting me?" he said. "They are cooped up in that hole; I have the whole universe. The sheriff will be here in an hour, and the new men, too. They have a dozen Winchesters behind the wall; we have fifty, and all the arsenals outside!"

But the reckless spirit of the mining camp did not wait upon reason. The men cared little. The Winchester was a proved arbitrator, and generally left no appeal possible. Let it be so now.

If they were not to work the Little Nugget any longer, the men were determined that no one should work it.

The sheriff and his party, with the new miners lately discharged from the Clara, arrived sooner than Lybec had expected. He and Ellen were still talking, and their hasty dinner was hardly finished before the party appeared.

A hurried consultation followed, and the sheriff looked a little discouraged when he saw the great wall that protected the strikers. He thought it might be better to starve them out.

But Ellen told them of the abundant stores taken in that morning. Indeed, nothing was left in the camp, and it would be necessary to send into town at once for provisions to feed the people in the camp itself.

The sheriff stepped out in front of his command, and called to the insurgents, in formal terms, to come peaceably forth from the mine, and deliver the same to the superintendent, Christopher Lybec.

The miners answered with a derisive shout of laughter. Then a bullet whistled over the sheriff's head.

"Give it to 'em, boys!" shouted the sheriff. "Give it to 'em!"

There was a sharp fight. The sheriff received a painful wound in the thigh, and fell to the ground. His followers got behind such shelter as they could find, leaving the sheriff where he fell.

Cabin windows flamed suddenly forth. An old hand-car sheltered one man behind it, and a hogshead half-full of water protected another. From house-corners came quick rifle reports.

An imprudent exposure brought another wounded man to the ground. At almost the same moment Christopher Lybec's left hand was pierced with a ball, and his gun fell useless from his grasp. He had been firing from the window of a cabin near his house.

As his gun dropped, Ellen sprang across the space between the houses, and was by his side.

But she did not remain long. Her face was flushed, and her breast heaved with excitement.

Before her father could stop her, she ran out again, straight into the middle space between the combatants, and stood above the body of the prostrate sheriff.

Instantly the firing ceased. There was not a man upon either side that would injure Ellen Lybec, as she stood there where an instant before the bullets had been flying.

Ellen took no notice of the wounded man at her side, but waving her hand toward the attacking party, she called out to them to stop firing. Then she turned toward the gulch and the barrier across its mouth.

"John Randal! John Randal!" she called.

The voice rang out, clear and sweet, with no tremor of fear in it. But there was no answer.

At that moment John Randal was gazing in awe-struck wonder upon the face of Yellow Jim, who returned his blank stare in equal amazement. Randal could not have answered if he had wished.

But still came the same clear voice, and when no response was given, the call changed.

"Mike Bender! Mike! Mike Bender!"

"Hello, yez! Hello, what do ye want?"

Mike's faculties were more at his command.

"Mike Bender, show yourself and talk with me. Come out! Nobody shall hurt you."

A moment later Mike's head was cautiously thrust out from the end of the wall. Then he advanced slowly, climbing over the loose bowlders, stopping to lean his rifle against the stones at one end of the barricade.

"Mike," said Ellen, "you know I would never lie to you. But what I tell you now, I want you to tell all the others. Not one of them shall be hurt, if they come out; and not a man shall go into the mine, either, until the men I choose shall decide to let him go in and work.

"Now, you tell the men in there that there's no use in fighting. There are about twenty-five of you. Out here there's a whole world. You are very foolish to fight. The only way for you to do is to make it right with my father. Talk with him; I'll talk with him, too; and then we will see who shall work the mine.

"Come out—you and all the men; or let me come in and talk there."

"No, ye'll not come in here, Miss Ellen," answered Mike. "It'll be no good at all, and nobody knows what may happen. The girl thet risked her life nussing my Nora aint going to run no more risks if I can help it. Just keep them fellows from shooting, and we'll come out."

He disappeared a few minutes, and Ellen used the interval to obtain from the sheriff's party the promise that no shot should be fired and no movement made to arrest the men, until she herself should give the signal.

Mike reappeared, and Ellen again went forward to the spot where the wounded sheriff had fallen. She had sent some of the men to remove him, and he was now in her father's cottage.

"Is it all right?" asked Mike, doubtfully.

"Yes," responded Ellen. "Let them come out.

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I want to see John Randal, and Yellow Jim, and little Tom, and Nugget Dick—yes, and Beardy may as well come out, too."

They came, and ranged themselves in line, beginning with pale-faced young Tom, and ending with the giant Beardy.

Then Ellen began to talk to them. She appealed to each one of them by name; she showed them the folly of their undertaking. She told them she did not want them to go away to work elsewhere; they would not be so well off in any other camp. The Little Nugget had been their home for nearly two years. What would become of the children?

There was not a motive that she did not appeal to. Insensibly, as she spoke, she drew nearer and nearer to them.

The observers at her back lost her words as she passed away from them. They could see that she was not wasting her argument, however, for the men were now gathered about her, listening attentively, and occasionally answering. Now and then Mike could be seen gesticulating with impetuosity.

Ellen's father smiled as he noted that Yellow Jim turned away, and quickly brushed his sleeve across his eyes.

Then came a strange move. Ellen laid her hand on Mike's Winchester. He gave it to her. She took his revolver from his belt. Yellow Jim handed her his gun.

When her arms could hold no more, the other weapons were given to little Tom. The two brought them down into the camp.

In a few moments all the miners filed out from behind their barricade, and marched doggedly down the slope.

"I told them," said Ellen to her father, "that they must do it. I told them you had said you would not take one of them, but that you and I would arrange the whole business, and not one of them should be hurt. Won't you call in Mike Bender, and see what can be done?"

The following Saturday night the secret of it all was freely confessed in Mike's cabin, as he and Yellow Jim and John Randal and little Tom talked over the strike, while Beardy and two or three others sat around on kegs and boxes.

"It warn't no use. I'd 'a' fit a month before I'd 'a' given in, but when that gal stood out there, and any one of us might 'a' shot her down in an instant, and nobody ever knowed who it was, I was that scared that the cold creeps ran up and down my back. She looked just as she did the day she come in and my little Nora hed the scarlet fever. I tell ye, I'd 'a' done anything she asked!"

There was a silence of a few moments. It was broken by a half-vicious kick that Yellow Jim gave to an empty keg, which went whirling across the little room with a bang and a clatter.

"That's the leg she nussed," he said; and he took the pipe from his mouth slowly, looked with commiseration at his leg, gazed a moment into the dark recesses of the rafters, and smoked again.

"What fetched me," said Randal, "was the way she looked at me. Them big blue eyes of hern was—well, boys, my poor, old blind mother! How many days and days has she set and listened to reading thet the gal's blue eyes were doin' for her! It wouldn't a-made no difference if Ellen hed asked me to come out and be shot. I believe I'd 'a' come."

"And then the way she fixed it up! I knew she'd do something. We might have hammered away at Kit Lybec for a year, and we wouldn't have got so much out of him as she did in five minutes."

A man who had been sitting in the dark corner during the conversation, saying nothing, rose and stepped into the circle of light about the stove.

"Boys," he said, "I tell ye 'taint this one thing, nor that one thing. 'Taint the leg, nor blind mother, nor scarlet fever. I tell ye, boys, it's Ellen Lybec. It's character! God bless her!"

GEORGE E. MERRILL.

BY ACTUAL PROOF.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, the noted physician, says that he was once enabled to preach an effectual temperance lecture by means of a scientific experiment. An acquaintance was singing the praises of wine, and declared that he could not get through the day without it.

"Will you be good enough to feel my pulse, as I stand here?" asked Doctor Richardson.

The man did so.

"Count it carefully. What does it say?"

"Seventy-four."

The physician then went and lay down on a sofa, and asked the gentleman to count his pulse again.

"It has gone down to sixty-four," he said, in astonishment. "What an extraordinary thing!"

"When you lie down at night," said the physician, "that is the way nature takes to give your heart rest. You may know nothing about it, but the organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon the rate, it involves a good deal of rest, because, in lying down, the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute.

"Multiply that by sixty, and it is six hundred; multiply it by eight hours and, within a fraction, there is a difference of five thousand strokes; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of life during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets.

"But when I take wine or grog, I do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes. Instead of getting repose, the man who uses alcohol puts on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and he rises quite unfit for the next day's work, until he has taken a little more of that 'ruddy bumper,' which he calls 'the soul of man below.'"

COMFORT OF FRIENDSHIP.

To lie in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder where He meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

For the Companion.

JERRY'S ACCIDENT.

Jerry was eighteen years old when his grandparents came West to make an indefinite stay with their daughter, Mrs. Blandin. John Blandin, Jerry's father, had died some six months before, and old Farmer Simmons had consented to leave his comfortable New England home, and to take charge of affairs until Jerry was old enough to assume the management.

Jerry thought this arrangement entirely unnecessary. He was old enough and knew enough, he said, to run the place already. He was indignant when he heard of the plan, and endeavored to show his mother that she was mistaken; but Mrs. Blandin had reasons for thinking differently.

"Wal, wal!" said Farmer Simmons, the morning after his arrival, as he stood in the kitchen doorway and contemplated the scene without. "I calculate things here will stand looking after a good deal!"

Indeed, it was a sad sight to the thrifty old farmer. Three or four wagons and trucks stood scattered around. Tools, some of them good and some broken; parts of machinery, wheels, pieces of boards and bits of iron and tin were strewn all over the premises adjoining the rough log-house and still rougher outbuildings.

"Maria," said Farmer Simmons to his daughter, who was in the kitchen, "I don't want to speak ill of the dead and gone, but wasn't your husband a little mite shiftless?"

"I am afraid he was not as painstaking as he needed to be, to do well," answered Mrs. Blandin; "but you should remember, father, how differently John was brought up from us. He came out into this new country in the far West with his father. They had everything to start and break in, and as they had a large property and made a good deal of money out of an extensive business, they gave little attention to small things."

"Times are changed," rejoined her father, grimly. "The country is more settled now, and folks don't have it so much their own way. Now these little things have to be looked after, or it'll tell on their pockets."

"Yes," his daughter replied. "John had complained, in his latter days, a good deal about expenses being as large as ever, while his income had grown much smaller."

"Cut 'em down! cut 'em down!" old Farmer Simmons retorted, severely.

"John had become too old and set in his ways to change much," said Mrs. Blandin, sadly, "although he tried hard at times, for Jerry's sake, to take more interest in petty details."

"Wal, wal, Jerry's young yet," said her father, kindly, "and I can make him learn all right enough."

"Don't be severe with Jerry," said Jerry's mother, pleadingly. "Remember, father, that he has not been properly taught."

"No, no, Maria," answered her father, assuringly. "Just leave it to me, daughter."

Farmer Simmons put on his wide-brimmed hat, and started out for a scrutinizing stroll around the ranch. He soon saw Jerry at work upon a piece of fencing not far distant, and walked over that way.

"Good morning, Jerry!" he said, pleasantly. "I see you're hard at work!"

"Yes," said Jerry, pleased with this appreciation of his industry. "I manage to keep pretty busy most of the time."

"Mending the fence this morning, I see," continued Farmer Simmons, scanning its dilapidated and rickety condition. "Done considerable patching on it, eh?"

"Yes," answered Jerry. "It's been lots of bother a long time past."

"How long?"

"Oh, I don't know. A long time."

"Let's see," said Farmer Simmons, musingly, as if to himself. "How long did it take me to build a fence round my big pasture? Yes, it was two weeks, just."

"Was it as troublesome as this one?" asked Jerry, interested.

"Haven't touched it, scarcely, for ten years."

"My! That must be a fence!"

"Wal, I guess it is."

"I wish I didn't have to touch this for ten years!"

"Wal, Jerry," said his grandfather, heartily, "I'll help you fix it so you won't. We'll tumble it down ourselves, for once and all, instead of having it tumbling down of itself everlastingly, and then put it up to stay. What do you say."

"I say yes!" said Jerry.

"All right," said Farmer Simmons, "it's a bargain. Now," he continued, sociably, "suppose you take me around the place a bit, and show it to me. I'm curious to see your home."

Jerry assented, thinking his grandfather a very pleasant old gentleman, with his easy, social ways and kindly interest in his doings.

"What place is that yonder?" asked Farmer Simmons, as they strode along, gazing at a distant house of neat appearance.

"That's where the Leslies live," Jerry responded. "They're old neighbors of ours."

"Ruther a tidy-looking place," said his grandfather.

"Yes; they've got some money, and are always lucky."

"Got any bigger or better property than this?"

"No."

"Any more stock?"

"Not so much."

"Forehanded with their work, I calculate?"

"Yes," said Jerry, "always. I never saw such lucky people! They seem to have everything they want, while we're hard-pressed nearly all the time, and having no end of accidents. And," he added, disconsolately, "they never seem to have any repairing to do."

Jerry had been repairing ever since he could remember, and had well-nigh despaired of ever being done.

"Perhaps," said Farmer Simmons, with a twinkle in his eye, "they keep their silver picked up."

"Their silver!" said Jerry, puzzled. "What do you mean, grandpa?"

"Wal, you can see it right here, my lad." Putting his hand into his pocket, Farmer Simmons drew out a silver quarter, and throwing it down upon the ground, picked up, in place of it, a tin dipper, that although nearly new and still good, was fast becoming worthless from rust.

Then Farmer Simmons picked up a shovel, in imminent peril of being broken by the next passing wagon, and threw down a dollar and a half. Then an axe called for more money, and it was not long before Jerry saw ten or fifteen dollars scattered around him.

"Persimmons!" cried the old farmer, stopping, breathless. "I haven't got money enough in my jeans to scatter round the worth of all I see! The wagons, for instance, must take quite a little in doctors' bills to keep 'em in good health, swelling and rusting in the rain, and shrinking and warping in the sun. There's a plowshare worth ten dollars!"

Turning to Jerry, he said, pointing at the money lying about:

"Is that silver worth picking up, or isn't it?"

"Of course it is," said Jerry, rather sheepishly.

"Wal, then, here's your truck." He pointed to the pile he had collected. "I guess we'll put them where they belong right away, eh?"

"I guess it would be as well," answered Jerry. "How queer he is!" he said to himself; "and yet it would take all that silver to replace that stuff, that's a fact. I suppose that's what he meant by the Leslies keeping their silver picked up. It does look kind of that way."

The dipper was hung up in the well-house, the tools placed in the shop, and the wagons rolled under the sheds.

Things already looked a little more tidy.

Everything that Farmer Simmons touched had to be rebuilt or renewed.

"Patchwork may do for quilts," he would say, "but that's about all."

One morning he sent Jerry to do a piece of work in the corrals.

"The bottom rail in one of the panels of the partition fence, between the rams' and the pony's yards, is broken. You'd better take down the panel, and put in a good, new pole, and then build it up again."

It was a nice, cloudy day, and Jerry had decided that it would be a good day for fishing, and that he would go and try his luck; but he could give no good reason for neglecting his duty, so he went out, rather reluctantly, to the corrals.

He stood looking at the broken rail.

"Pshaw!" he said, impatiently, talking aloud to himself. "Grandfather's too particular. I guess I can fix that pole without taking down all those heavy ones above it. I'll just take a stake and bind it with wire along the splintered part, so it will go well enough."

The stake and wire were soon procured, and propping up the broken rail on a block, and adjusting the splintered ends into each other as closely as he could, he bound the stake to it.

"There! It looks a little flimsy, but I guess it'll hold all right. And now I can go fishing."

Away he went. Two hours later Tom, Jerry's twelve-year-old brother, and his companion, Joe Leslie, were playing "stick-knife" near the corrals, when Joe, happening to look up suddenly, exclaimed:

"Oh, look! look! Old Nebuchadnezzar has got into the pony's corral!"

"Whoop!" yelled Tom, excitedly. "Now you'll see some fun! Oh, see them look at each other!"

In a high state of expectancy, the boys made a rush for the pony's paddock, and perched themselves upon the top rail of the fence.

A large, fine-looking ram, with closely-curling horns, stood just within the inclosure, near the partition which divided his quarters from those of the pony. This was old Nebuchadnezzar, who had cost a good deal of money, and was considered the finest ram in the county.

He was staring, with tawny, wide-open eyes, at the pony, which, standing in the middle of the corral, was returning the stare with interest. With head erect and ears pricked forward, he was evidently much astonished at this intrusion upon his domain.

Presently, recovering somewhat from his surprise, the pony became curious for a closer examination of the intruder. He began to advance slowly and with evident caution, stopping every few steps to take a survey.

Old Nebuchadnezzar continued to stare without moving a limb.

"Old Goggle-eyes don't know what to make of it!" cried Tom. "Wonder what he'll do?"

"Midget's tryin' to smell of him!" exclaimed Joe. "Look!"

Midget, as the little pony was called, had now approached within a few feet of his visitor, and began cautiously to stretch out his nose.

Nebuchadnezzar did not like such familiarity, and moved away, following the fence. The pony followed him playfully; the ram moved faster, and finally broke into a run.

The boys liked the fun and shouted gleefully. This only made the two animals run more swiftly. At last the ram came to bay in a corner, panting, and faced the pony, who began to approach him cautiously. At this Nebuchadnezzar made a savage dive at the pony's fore-legs.

Midget reared to ward off the blow, but he reared too high. The ram passed under the pony's fore-legs, and struck forcibly his hind-legs. Midget was thrown off his balance, and came down with all his weight upon the ram. His forefeet struck old Nebuchadnezzar full in the flank.

With a terrified snort, Midget turned and scampered to the farthest end of the corral, where he faced about, and stood trembling with pain and excitement. The ram did not attempt to rise, but lay on his side, breathing hard.

"Nebuchadnezzar's pretty badly hurt," cried Joe, beginning to feel that something serious had happened. "Let's go and see what ails him."

The boys clambered down from the fence, and ran toward the fallen ram. As they drew near, old Nebuchadnezzar struggled painfully to his feet and limped to a corner, where he stood with drooping head, gasping and coughing, and evidently in great distress.

"My!" said Tom, under his breath, "won't Jerry catch it! I heard grandpa tell him to fix the fence this morning, and he didn't, and that's how old Nebuchadnezzar got in."

"Do you think he'll get a whipping?" Joe asked.

"I don't know," said Tom. "Maybe he is too big. But we aint," he went on ruefully; "do you suppose *we'll* get a whipping for not going and telling about old Nebuchadnezzar's breakin' in?"

"*I* sha'n't," responded Joe, promptly; "I guess it's 'most time for me to go home. Dinner must be pretty near ready."

It was only ten o'clock in the forenoon, and Joe had previously accepted an invitation to dinner at the Blandins, but he felt oppressed with the gravity of the situation, and thought it best for him to take his departure.

Toward evening Jerry came home, bringing with him a fine string of fish. Being in a hurry to do his chores, he merely stepped into the pantry to lay his catch in a pan, and went out without seeing any one.

In a little while the family were gathered at the supper-table.

"H'm," said Farmer Simmons, as he helped himself to a fine, large trout; "pretty nice fish, Jerry, but served with rather a bitter sauce."

"What?" inquired Mrs. Blandin, innocently, "isn't the cream sweet, father?"

Jerry, looking up in response to his grandfather's remark addressed to himself, saw that he meant something else.

"What do you mean?" he asked, uneasily, as he noted the grim aspect.

"Oh, we've had one of those unfortunate *accidents*, that are always a-happening," replied his grandfather. "It seems that that new rail you put in the fence this morning didn't amount to much; for one of the rams worked through and had a tussle with the pony."

"And old Nebuchadnezzar got the worst of it," put in Tom, excitedly. "I saw all of it. And you ought to see the pony's legs! They're swelled up dreadfully; and grandpa says Nebuchadnezzar will die."

"Grandpa" looked sternly across the table at Tom.

"And you, young man," he said, witheringly, "ought to see the fifty cents in my jeans that were going to take somebody to the fair to-morrow, but now will help pay for a new ram."

Tom subsided, crushed. The rest of the meal passed off in uncomfortable silence.

Old Nebuchadnezzar fulfilled Farmer Simmons's prediction, for he was found dead in his pen the very next morning after his encounter with Midget.

The pony—the special property and pet of Mrs. Blandin—was crippled for a long time, but finally recovered, after Jerry, who had imposed the task upon himself as some atonement for his remissness, had bestowed ceaseless care upon him.

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Old Farmer Simmons and his wife remained with their daughter for three years. At the end of that time things had much changed for the better. The stock were thriving and well-cared for; the fences were rebuilt, solidly; the outbuildings greatly improved, and the adjoining premises cleared up tidily.

"I guess," said Jerry, as he shook his grandfather's hand on the day Mr. Simmons left him, "I guess I know how to keep the silver picked up."

ELIHU QUINN.

PLUCK.

Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck;
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.
—*O. W. Holmes.*

For the Companion.

A PRAIRIE CATAMARAN.

The Winter Recreations of a Settler in the Far Northwest.

In Three Parts.—Part III.

A Trip to Moose-Jaw.

My old school-mate, Sidney, proved unexpectedly enterprising. During the spring and summer following our wolf-hunt in March, he not only "homesteaded" a claim midway between my place and McCausland's, but built a much larger cabin than mine, with four full-sized windows and a parlor.

Moreover, he brought up a large, highly ornamented cooking-stove from Regina; and to cap the climax of his enterprise, he ordered a handsome chamber-set, four stuffed chairs and a parlor organ from Winnipeg!

My little, one-room cabin, with its two-pane windows, three wooden chairs and home-made table, was quite overshadowed by this frontier elegance. Sidney's audacity amazed me at first, and I did not perceive his purpose in it until it was too late.

He was much nearer the McCausland place than I, and he abused his advantage. I soon learned that he and Miss Emma McCausland were engaged to be married in October!

It took me several days to recover my breath after that discovery, and I took a rather hasty resolution to make the wedding in October a double one, if Miss Alice Anderson, Miss Emma's cousin, should think well of it, and I fancied that she would.

Of course, I ought to have known better than to attempt to match a little cabin, with only one room and three wooden chairs, against a big house with two rooms, a parlor, stuffed furniture and a cabinet organ. At any rate, I know better now!

My one chance was to have sent for a piano and a horse-hair sofa—on the instalment plan, or some other plan which would produce the goods at once. Instead of enterprising measures of that sort, I went to call on the young lady, trusting solely to personal attractions. I found her packing her trunk to go to Moose-Jaw for the winter, and nothing that I could say could induce her to pause in her packing.

I returned to my little cabin badly disturbed, needing much more than three days to recover my breath this time.

I went to sell my wheat when Sidney and Emma went to Regina to be married. Emma's brother Tom and I went in the same wagon with them, and I stood up with Sidney as best man, and Miss Anderson, who had come down by train from Moose-Jaw, was bridesmaid.

A Young Settler Shot.

This somewhat personal narrative has been given in order to explain why Sidney did not sail the catamaran with me the following winter. He did not appear to take any further interest in it; but as I had nothing to take up my attention during the snowy season, I rigged it again, and for one week in January and another in March went skimming across the country, making the acquaintance of several new neighbors who had settled around us.

One of these trips, in March, made to the river and lakes described in a former sketch, was the occasion of a singular adventure.

I reached the river one noon at a point a little above the place where we had crossed in pursuit of the wolves. I saw no large game, but leaving my catamaran in the edge of the fringe of brush and timber along the east bank, went along the channel, inside the brushwood, and shot three or four ptarmigan.

Following my shot, I heard a dog bark a little way farther up the river, and going on around a bend of the shore, saw a new log-cabin among the trees a few rods from the bank. I walked leisurely to the door and knocked. The door was opened by a very comely, flaxen-haired young woman, who plainly regarded me and my gun with terror.

I assured her, in Canadian French and then in English, that I was a neighbor, on a peaceful errand. She did not understand, and continued to regard me apprehensively, but at this moment some one within spoke in a low tone. She stood aside, and in Icelandic bade me enter.

The cabin consisted of a single small room. On a bed in the corner lay a young man, who I saw at once was dangerously ill. He regarded me fixedly for a moment, and then said, in English, "Me much sick!"

I sat down beside him and felt his pulse, the young woman meantime standing by with an air of greatest concern. My sympathy was at once attracted to the pair. The young man was of strong frame and athletic proportions, and at first I was quite at a loss to understand the nature of his illness.

Noting my perplexity, he showed me a half healed wound on his left side, in the vicinity of the fourth rib, and I saw at once that his whole side bore signs of internal inflammation.

He could speak only a few words of English, and I cannot do much in Icelandic; but by signs, added to the few words which each could understand, he informed me that he had been shot.

The young settler was plainly in a bad way, and an operation was urgently needed to relieve him—one that should have been performed long before. It was an operation requiring the services of an experienced surgeon.

A Quarrel with Half-Breeds.

I learned that the young Icelander, whose name was Tholsen, had taken the logs of an old jetty on the river-bank, partly for fuel and partly to build a shed for his cow. The jetty was on the claim which he had taken, and he thought that he had a right to it.

The jetty had been built by métis, or half-breeds, who occupied it as a landing-place before the Riel Rebellion. Afterward they had been dispossessed and removed by the Dominion Government.

During February three métis, probably the former owners, had come across the country with a dog-team, and in passing took note of what Tholsen had done, and spoke angrily to him.



Rejected.

It is but natural, I suppose, that these métis should feel enmity toward the settlers who possess the lands they formerly occupied. The three half-breeds remained about for some time, threatening Tholsen, and behaved so menacingly that he at last went into his cabin and got his gun.

As he emerged at the door, one of the métis fired, and wounded him in the side. He retreated into the cabin, and the half-breeds went away with their dogs.

At Regina or Moose-Jaw the services of a surgeon might be secured; but the distance was nearly a hundred miles, and that a medical man could be induced, at that season of the year, to make such a journey was very doubtful.

It was just possible, if the wind favored, that I might reach Moose-Jaw in a few hours. It occurred to me that the best—certainly the boldest—thing I could do was to wrap him as warmly as possible, put him into my box on the catamaran, and take the shortest course to Moose-Jaw. If the doctor might not go to the patient, the patient had better go to the doctor.

An Unpleasant Encounter.

As well as I could, with signs and a few words, I explained my project to the two people, and when Tholsen understood he nodded, and said, "Ya! ya!" he would go. Fortunately, he could still walk a little distance. I drew the catamaran as near the cabin as I could get it, and then wrapped Tholsen in blankets from the bed, stowed him in the box, and set out.

I knew that Sidney would go to my house that evening, and that he would take care of my stock. He might be anxious about me, but Tholsen's case was one of life and death. I had brought some food.

We went on at a good rate from one o'clock until four, with a slowly slackening wind.

As the sun set the wind sank, as I had feared it would do. There was scarcely enough to fill the sail, and seeing a cabin not far away, I had barely enough wind to reach it before calm descended over the wide, white prairie.

The cabin was uninhabited. The settler had either abandoned it, or had gone away for the winter; but if he had made his door fast upon leaving, some one had since broken it in, for it stood ajar. There was a stove in the cabin, some chairs, a table and a bunk. In one corner there was a little fuel.

Thus far Tholsen had borne the journey quite as well as I could have hoped. I made him as comfortable as possible in the bunk, kindled a fire, melted snow, and proceeded to warm up my store of cooked food.

While thus engaged, I heard men's voices and the barking of dogs. Going out, I found that a dog-team and two men had come up from the southward.

They asked me, in métis French, if they might spend the night with me. I told them they had as good a right there as I had, and that I would be glad of their company. They unhitched their dogs and fed them, and meantime told me that they had come from Moose-Jaw that morning, and were on their way to Batoche, but that their home was to the west of Battleford. In their conversation, they mentioned each other's names, and also that of a fellow-traveller who had gone to Regina, but who intended to join them at Batoche.

They appeared to be good-natured fellows; and in return, I told them my own name and business there, remarking that I had a man inside whom I was carrying to Moose-Jaw, to see a surgeon, but that I feared he was booked for a longer journey.

The two métis brought in a kerosene lantern from their sled. Striking a match, I lighted it.

I had no sooner set the lamp on the table, than a sudden exclamation from the bunk where Tholsen lay caused me to turn sharply to look at him. He was sitting up, with a strange expression of anger on his fevered face. Shaking his fist toward the two new-comers, he cried out, partly to me, partly to them:

"Dose madars, dose maus—dey shooten me!"

The two métis stared at him in sullen surprise and silence, but did not speak.

For a moment I was quite at a loss what to do. It was out of my power to take the metis into custody, for each man carried a carbine and a knife. It seemed best to pass the matter over, for the time being.

Saying nothing more, I set the food on the table, and beckoned to them to sit up and eat. After a little delay, they did so; and I joined them, giving Tholsen a cup of tea and some toasted bread.

Scarcely a word further was exchanged between us. After they had eaten, they smoked for a time. Then they said that they were afraid their dogs would stray during the night, and that they would sleep with them in the little cow-shed adjoining the end of the cabin.

They went out, taking their lantern.

As I sat thinking, I began to grow uneasy. These half-breeds were plainly two of the party of three that had shot Tholsen, who was likely to die of the wound; and they had told me their names, and enough about themselves to make their identification easy. Dominion law, as they knew, is severe.

Two men in such a situation would be likely to do one of two things: Either they would steal away during the night, and fly as fast and far as possible, or else they would attempt to put Tholsen and me—the only witnesses against them—out of the way.

I struck a match, looked to my gun, then struck another and fastened the cabin door with props, as best I could. Then, laying my gun and cartridges on the table, I sat down beside it.

The fire went out. Not liking to make a noise at the stove, I did not replenish it, but wrapped myself in a blanket and remained quiet. After a time the wind began to blow again in fitful gusts. Several times I nodded, and fell asleep, but roused immediately.

It must have been past midnight when I was waked from one of my cat-naps, by the growling of the dogs in the shed. Shortly afterward they whined. There were other slight noises, and I was sure the métis were astir.

Presently I heard a low sound outside, as if the dog-sled of the half-breeds was being moved slowly on the snow. I stole on tiptoe to the little window of the cabin and peeped out.

As I had conjectured, they were drawing the sled softly away. It was clear starlight; and farther out on the snow-crust I could see the six dogs, harnessed together, ready to attach to the sledges.

"Good!" I said to myself. "If you will but decamp, I shall be only too glad to witness your departure, and let justice wait—till it can catch you."

A Suspicious Movement.

But instead of hitching up the dogs, they turned the sled up sidewise, on one runner, and for some moments were both out of sight behind it. One of them then came toward the house again, with his carbine and something else in his hand which I could not make out.

He disappeared past the end of the house; and I thought he had gone into the cow-shed; but after a time I heard him at the back of the cabin.

What he was doing there I could not imagine. The wind was blowing; and suddenly I smelled kerosene. I fancied it was a stray whiff from the lantern which we had burned.

Five minutes passed. Then I heard the man creep around the end of the cabin to the front side. Peeping out at the window, I saw him there. He had laid his carbine on the snow-crust, a few feet behind him, and held in his hand what looked, in the obscurity, like a can, from which he was pouring some liquid against the boards of the cabin.



Setting out for Moose-Jaw.

I now divined their purpose. The wretches meant to fire the cabin; and when we waked and ran out of doors, they would shoot us from the sled, which they had turned up as a kind of breastwork.

Evidently they had planned to fire it on the back side; but the wind, which had now risen, had probably rendered it impossible to light a match there.

I realized that I must act at once. Dashing out one of the glass panes with the muzzle of my gun, I thrust the piece within six feet of the half-breed's head, as he jumped up, and shouted, "Hands up!"

That is a salutation well known throughout the West, in every tongue. He dropped the can, raised his arms and began to beg for his life.

His comrade behind the sled fired on the instant, and the bullet smashed the other pane of glass beside my face. I leaped back, and my man jumped round the corner of the cabin and got away from me.

In a minute more they had attached their dogs, and were off at a run. The would-be incendiary had left his kerosene can and his Remington carbine on the snow beside the cabin.

The shot waked Tholsen. He called out in great alarm to know if I were hurt, and it was some time before I could calm him.

Knowing that the métis would not come back, I lay down to sleep for two or three hours until morning.

There was a rather light wind after sunrise. I did not reach Moose-Jaw until evening. There I consigned the wounded man to the care of surgeons, who assured me that, following a difficult and painful operation, he would not be able to go out for more than a week.

I went to report the affair with the métis to the Territorial police, and then toiled back home, where I found that Sidney and Emma had almost given me up for lost.

On the evening of the sixth day afterward, Tholsen came to my door on snow-shoes, having literally run away from his doctors. I accompanied him back to his own cabin, and was repaid, in the joy with which his young wife greeted him, for my trouble in his behalf. The three métis have not yet been apprehended.

PALMER F. JADWIN.

For the Companion.

STARS AND GARTERS.

One of the noblest and most ancient orders of chivalry in existence is England's Order of St. George, or the Garter, which may be said to represent the aristocracy of knighthood. The Garter dates from the middle of the fourteenth century, the reign of Edward III., and one who traces its origin may take his choice among several popular traditions which pretend to account for its name.

The story most commonly accepted tells us that, at a court festival, a noble lady, probably the Countess of Salisbury, dropped her garter, at which mishap several of the courtiers smiled. The King, frowning at their lack of courtesy, took up the garter and placed it upon his own knee, with the words, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" ("Shame be to him who thinks ill of it"), adding that the garter should soon be made so glorious that all England would be glad to wear it.

Another account says that the same King Edward used his garter to give the signal of onset at the battle of Crécy, and afterward bestowed it upon his chosen knights as a symbol of the glory won that day.

Still another legend asserts that Richard I., when fighting in the Holy Land, tied leathern thongs about the legs of a body of noble warriors as a reminder that they must win victory and renown. Edward III., it was said, named his order in commemoration of the event.

It is rather absurd, however, to suppose that knights of that period needed any form of "tying a string around the finger" to remind them that they were to fight honorably and to the death.

At the founding of the order, it was specified that no one should become a member who was not "a gentleman of blood, and a knight without reproach," and it is still scrupulously restricted to men of rank, or rank and merit combined.

It consisted at first of the King and twenty-five knights, but was afterward extended to admit lineal descendants of George I., even when the prescribed list should be full. Special statutes have, from time to time, provided for the bestowal of the Garter upon foreign dignitaries; but its list of membership has at all times been very small. The Prince of Wales is always one of the order; and it is interesting to note that the first royal heir thus decorated was the famous Black Prince, the son of Edward III.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries women were mentioned as "Ladies of the Fraternity of St. George." They wore the robe and insignia of the order, and were, so far as possible, admitted to its celebrations and honors. Henry VIII., that royal Blue beard, abolished the custom, and it has never been revived, although three queens, Elizabeth, Anne and Victoria, have scrupulously worn the Garter insignia, or at least its badge and collar, on suitable occasions.

St. George, always the darling of the English soldier, is its patron, and in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, may be seen the stalls where only Knights of the Garter are entitled to sit during religious services or celebrations.

Each member is allowed to place his helmet, crest, sword and banner above his stall, although at his death, when his garter and robe are returned to the sovereign, all these tokens are removed. At the back of the stall is a plate containing his arms and name, and this is left undisturbed, in perpetual memory of him.

A knight dressed in the Garter regalia is an imposing sight. He wears a blue velvet mantle, with a star embroidered on the left breast. His trunk hose, stockings and shoes are of white, his hood and surcoat of crimson. The garter, of dark blue velvet edged with gold, and bearing the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," also in gold, is buckled about the left leg, below the knee. The heavy golden collar consists of twenty-six pieces, each in the form of a garter, bearing the motto; and from it hangs the "George," a badge which represents St. George on horseback, encountering the dragon.

The "lesser George" is a smaller badge, attached to a blue ribbon, worn over the left shoulder.

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The star of the order consists of eight points, within which is the cross of St. George, encircled by the garter.

The Most Honorable Order of the Bath, which was founded by George I. in 1725, is sometimes said to be a revival of an old order of the same name. It is far more probable, however, that the



title comes from an ancient custom of making knights on great and solemn occasions, such as that of a coronation, when bathing was a usual incident of the ceremonies.

When the esquire destined to knighthood arrived at court, he was provided with "two other esquires of honor," who made ready a bath, "handsomely hung with linen both within and without, taking care that it be covered with tapestry or blankets, in respect of the coldness of the night." The esquire's hair was then cut, and he was shaven and placed in the bath. Meantime, many noble knights had advanced to the door, with music and singing, and the chief among them now entered, saying:

"Sir, be this bath of great honor to you."

Then he proceeded to instruct the esquire in the duties of knighthood, and the other knights, entering one after another, did him like service.

When the bath was concluded, the candidate held vigil that night in the chapel, and after many other observances, was presented with a sword and spurs, and declared a "Knight of the Bath."

Sir Robert Walpole was prime minister at the founding of the present institution, and it has been suggested that he inserted the old regulations of bath and vigil into the modern statutes by way of indulgence in a mild and sedate bit of fun.

Imposing as such symbolic ceremonials must once have been, they would doubtless be inconvenient, if not absurd, in the case of a modern gentleman about to be invested with the order; and for many years the rules of investiture have been practically void.

The Order of the Bath is intended to reward civil as well as military merit, and when one of its members is also decorated with the Garter he relinquishes his red ribbon for the blue. The Duke of Wellington, however, under those circumstances asked permission to keep the inferior decoration also, because many of his fellow-officers who wore it had begged him not to cheapen its value by resigning it. His petition was granted.

At first, the Order of the Bath consisted of the sovereign and thirty-six knights; but in the early part of our own century it was greatly extended, and divided into three classes—Knights Grand Cross, Knights Commanders and Companions. The badge is an eight-pointed Maltese cross of gold, bearing with many other elaborate devices, the motto, "*Tria juncta in uno*" ("Three joined in one"), and also the words "*Ich dien*" ("I serve"), the motto of the Princes of Wales.

The Most Ancient Order of the Thistle, or "St. Andrew," claims to have had its beginning in the ninth century, but really, except in the minds of those who dearly love an old legend, dates back to the reign of James II.

At this King's abdication the order fell into disuse, but was revived in 1703 by Queen Anne. The order is intended to take the place in Scotland which is held by the Garter in England. It consists of the sovereign and some of the royal princes and sixteen knights.

The badge is a figure of St. Andrew bearing the cross, and the star, which is ornamented by a thistle, is accompanied by the words, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" ("No one annoys me without punishment").

Ireland's one order is that of St. Patrick, founded by George III. in 1783, and consists of the sovereign and members of the royal family, the viceroy of Ireland, and twenty-two knights. It is modelled on that of the Garter, and is intended only for persons of rank.

The star is an elaborate one, and the badge, which is of gold, surmounted by a wreath of shamrock, contains the motto, "*Quis separabit?*" symbolic of the harmony and union which the sovereign intended to promote by establishing the order.

In 1818 the Prince Regent, afterward George IV., founded the "Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George," for deserving British subjects in Malta, the Ionian Isles, and other parts of the Mediterranean; but in 1877, after the Ionian Isles had been ceded to Greece, all British subjects who had held high or confidential offices in colonial possessions, or had rendered service in foreign affairs, were made eligible to the dignity. The badge is a gold cross, of fourteen points, one side bearing in its centre the Archangel Michael encountering Satan, and the other showing St. George on horseback, conquering the dragon. The motto is the phrase, "*Auspicium melioris ævi*" ("A pledge of better times").

For the reward of merit among British and native subjects in India Queen Victoria has established the orders of the Star of India and the Indian Empire. The Crown of India is bestowed upon the wives of Indian dignitaries, and upon ladies distinguished by social graces or heroic qualities. Seven of these at present are native Indian ladies.

Besides the Distinguished Service Order, which rewards honorable service in war, England has also the Queen's family order, that of Victoria and Albert, which is given only to women of rank, and the Red Cross, devoted to those persons who nurse or succor wounded soldiers.

ALICE BROWN.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Ah, recollections, how ye throng and set
Time's dial back, until the bygones teem
With potent doings! How the child days seem
As dewy as a spring-time violet.

—*Richard E. Burton.*

THE ITALIAN CABINET CRISIS.

A quite unexpected "Cabinet crisis" took place in the Italian Chamber of Deputies at Rome on the last day of January. The government of Signor Crispi was defeated on an important bill by a large majority, and all the ministers resigned their offices.

Only a little more than two months had elapsed since the general election took place in Italy, which resulted in giving Signor Crispi a body of supporters comprising four-fifths of the new Chamber, and it seemed strange that so immense a majority should be converted into a minority in a short time.

The reason of Signor Crispi's downfall lay mainly in the fact that he had promised, before the election, that there should be no demand for increased taxes on account of the military armament of the Kingdom, and that, no sooner had the new Chamber met, than he proposed an increased tax on alcoholic liquors, to be used for military purposes.

With this, Signor Crispi seems also with some want of tact to have uttered a taunt about certain political blunders of the past, which offended not only many of the deputies, but some of his own colleagues in the Cabinet.

The Cabinet crisis in Italy was of great importance to the rest of Europe, since it affected, or at least seemed likely to affect, what is known as the "Triple Alliance"—that is, the alliance between Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, by which these powers have agreed to stand by each other in case either is attacked, and which does not expire until next year.

This alliance has imposed very heavy burdens on each of the powers, but bears heaviest of all upon Italy. So expensive has it proved to that Kingdom that the national debt now amounts to ninety dollars per head of the whole population, and necessitates an income tax of ten per cent.

The adverse vote of January Thirty-first seems to show that the Italian people feel that their financial burden is as heavy as they can sustain, and that they are unwilling that it should be increased, even if it is necessary to do so in order to maintain the alliance with the two larger powers.

The result of the vote has caused a great deal of satisfaction in France and Russia, which are the powers at which the Triple Alliance is aimed, and which it is the purpose of the alliance to restrain from making war.

Should Signor Crispi finally retire from power, the last of the original framers of the Triple Alliance will have passed from the public stage. Andrassy, the Austrian statesman who aided in concluding it, is dead, and Bismarck, who maintained and confirmed it on behalf of Germany, seems definitely to have retired from public life.

Should the resolution of the Italian Chamber, as expressed by its vote of January Thirty-first, remain unchanged, the settled condition of Europe which has been so long maintained will doubtless give place to uncertainties, and perhaps to an increased danger of war. On the other hand, it may possibly lead to a reduction of the enormous military armaments which are now so grievous a burden to all the European powers, and which in all of them are a serious check upon peaceful enterprise and industrial prosperity.

SONG OF THE BARLEY.

I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing,
When put through a mill;
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

—*Selected.*

THE NEW APPORTIONMENT.

One of the most important of recent proceedings of Congress is the adoption by both houses of the bill providing for the reapportionment of members of the House of Representatives under the census of 1890.

This act not only fixes the representation of the States in the lower house of Congress for a period of ten years—except as additional representation may be granted by Congress within that period—but also the representation of the States in the Electoral Colleges which shall choose the President and Vice-President of the United States in the elections of 1892, 1896 and 1900.

Beginning with the Congress to be chosen in 1892, the House of Representatives will be composed of three hundred and fifty-six members, appointed among the States according to a fixed ratio.

This ratio is found by dividing by the number three hundred and fifty-six the population of the States, leaving out of the account the population of the Territories and the District of Columbia, which have no vote for members of Congress.

This number was chosen because it is the lowest one which secures to each State at least its present representation in Congress. The ratio reached by dividing by it is about one hundred and seventy-four thousand. That is to say, one member of Congress is elected for every one hundred and seventy-four thousand people, approximately.

Of course this number does not exactly divide, without a remainder, the population of any State. In the case of each State where, after making the division by this ratio, the remainder left is more than half the divisor, an additional representative was given to that State.

As thus established, the number of members to which each State is hereafter to be entitled, is as follows, the number of electors being two more in each case:

Alabama	9	Montana	1
Arkansas	6	Nebraska	6
California	7	Nevada	1
Colorado	2	New Hampshire	2
Connecticut	4	New Jersey	8
Delaware	1	New York	34
Florida	2	North Carolina	9
Georgia	11	North Dakota	1
Idaho	1	Ohio	21
Illinois	22	Oregon	2
Indiana	13	Pennsylvania	30
Iowa	11	Rhode Island	2
Kansas	8	South Carolina	7
Kentucky	11	South Dakota	2
Louisiana	6	Tennessee	10
Maine	4	Texas	13
Maryland	6	Vermont	2
Massachusetts	13	Virginia	10
Michigan	12	Washington	2
Minnesota	7	West Virginia	4
Mississippi	7	Wisconsin	10
Missouri	15	Wyoming	1

The number of members of the House of Representatives has steadily increased since the adoption of the Constitution. The first House had only sixty-five members, and the present number of members is three hundred and thirty-two. When the last general apportionment was made the number was three hundred and twenty-five; but the six new States have added seven members to the total.

In the same time the number of people represented by a single member has increased from thirty thousand in 1789 to more than one hundred and fifty thousand in the present Congress.

The only reapportionment ever made which has decreased the number of representatives was that made in 1843, which reduced the number from two hundred and forty to two hundred and twenty-three. From 1843 until 1873 the number remained almost the same, except that the members from new States were added to the total.

Though no State actually loses a representative under the apportionment to go into effect at the next election of congressmen several, of course, have a proportionately smaller representation, since there will be twenty-four more members than in the present Congress.

The largest gainer in representation under the new apportionment is Nebraska, which will have six representatives instead of three, and eight presidential electors instead of five. Illinois, Minnesota, Pennsylvania and Texas gain two representatives each, and Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Georgia, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New Jersey, Oregon, Washington and Wisconsin gain one each.

The electoral college to be chosen in 1892 will consist of four hundred and forty-four members, instead of four hundred and one, as in the last election, and two hundred and twenty-three votes will be required to make a majority, instead of two hundred and one.

The influence of the great State of New York in the electoral college will be somewhat diminished, as that State has no more votes in the larger electoral colleges than she had in the ones which were chosen in 1888 and 1884.

The influence of Pennsylvania in the election is proportionately increased, and the centre of political power is shifted farther westward.

TEACH THEM TO OBEY.

A story was told by a citizen of Berlin to one of the American physicians who visited that city to study the treatment of consumption by Koch, illustrative of the practical character of that now famous experimenter.

"Doctor Koch," said the German, "was our family physician when he was a medical practitioner. We had a daughter, four years old, who had an ugly habit of filling her nose with sticks, pebbles, and other rubbish.

"One day we found her shrieking in agony, with the blood streaming from her nostrils and throat. Doctor Koch was sent for, and soon relieved her.

"Placing her before him, he said, gravely, 'Fräulein Helene, as your mother and father will not teach you that you shall not do this again, *I* will,' and then laying her across his knee, he gave her a well-merited spanking."

Very few American parents of the present day would have approved of this homely preventive treatment.

An old and eminent physician remarked lately that his father, when performing surgical operations, found great powers of self-control and endurance among the children of his day.

The reason could be found in the severe training which they received at home and at school. A child, fifty years ago, was first of all taught unquestioning obedience to its parents. It might understand the reason in the command hereafter; it *must* obey now.

The rod, too, was not spared, either at school or at home.

"I do not justify its use," added this physician, "but it did teach a child to endure, and to take pride in endurance.

"My father found his little patients used to submit to authority, while I have found myself called on to explain at length to an infant of five years the reason for the blister or the dose, the immediate use of which was to save its life.

"So intolerant are the present petted generation of young people of pain, and consequently so unable to bear it, that if it were not for anæsthetics, I believe most operations now would be impracticable."

It is well that a child should be told the reason for the commands laid upon it, when its brain is mature enough to understand them, but until then implicit, unreasoning obedience is its only safety.

A SWEET PICKLE OF FOURTEEN.

A great writer speaks of "that hard, slight thing called girlishness." The phrase is one likely to recur often to the mind of any person who sees the daily behavior of many American young girls. Too frequently they do indeed appear hard; and they are apt to be hardest to those to whom of all others the most tenderness is due—their mothers.

True, the hardness is sometimes so mingled with the charming gaiety, the pretty, imperious, unconsciously selfish ways of youth that we scarcely resent its presence even when we feel that it is there.

But again some trifling event throws it into sudden prominence, and we look with wonder at the daughter who, with no sense of cruelty or unfitness, can fling to her tired mother in the tone of a challenge such a question as, "What have you done with my hat? I want it right away!" or, "Dear me! where can you have tucked away my library book *this* time?"

Or perhaps it is the mother who asks a little help in some domestic task, and receives for answer a reluctant and sullen, "Oh bother! *Must* I?"

Yet, bad as these things are, they are not always so bad as they seem. Often they indicate no lack of an affectionate disposition, but merely the lack, common in all young creatures, of judgment.

The same girl who will answer her mother, sister or brother in words that sting like a whip, will frequently lavish the tenderest affection and consideration upon a friend, a dull school-mate whom she helps, a brilliant one whom she admires, a shy and timid one who admires and clings to her.

Of course the girl's family have an infinitely greater claim upon her love and kindness than any of her mates; but odd as it sounds to say so, that is often the very reason she takes no trouble to practise these virtues at home.

The family she loves of course, and of course they know it. It can be taken for granted; and though she does not deliberately say, that therefore crossness at home matters less than ill-temper among friends, she acts as though she did.

It is true also that she cannot measure the effect of her own sharp tongue. She speaks quickly and forgets quickly what she has said, and she expects others to forget as soon. She cannot tell the difference between giving a scratch and a stab.

It is often the sharp-tongued and hard girls who are loveliest and most self-sacrificing in their friendships.

Who has not known some such sweet pickle in her teens to attach herself to another girl, gentler, prettier and more popular than herself, wait upon her, pet her, devote herself to her service, and enjoy at second-hand with touching unselfishness the praise, affection and admiration bestowed upon her friend, which she has not the gift to win for herself?

We must remember that generosity is the grace

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of youth, but justice comes with maturity. Many a young girl gives away lavishly the flower of her finest traits of tenderness and devotion, before she is wise enough to know that the need of them at home is always greater than it can be anywhere else.

Her flickering gleams of good and little spurts of evil, remind one of the snapping, crackling and flinging about of spiteful sparks that goes on at the kindling of a wood-fire on the hearth, which nevertheless forgets presently all about its youthful tempers, and settles down steadfastly and quietly to be the light and joy and comfort of the house.

COMMANDED TO WORK.

In that very interesting little country, Montenegro, which, looking down on the Adriatic from its dark hills, is like a bit of mediæval Europe saved from the wreck of the past, the reigning Prince is still a sort of father to his people, and commands their actions as a parent does his children, though he would hardly venture to oppress a people so warlike and really heroic.

Recently Prince Nicholas, or Nikita, the monarch of this little domain, left his capital at Cettinje to visit France. Before he departed, he ordered the people of a large part of his little country to meet him at the village of Danilograd.

Arrived there, the Prince found the people ready to meet him, and he made to them the following remarkable speech:

"My children, you are valiant and doughty fellows, and there is not one of you who is not ready to fire on the first Turk who comes, and chop off his head.

"But when it comes to the matter of work, you are terribly lazy.

"Oh yes, you fight splendidly, but we no longer live in the times when the warrior can support himself and his family by fighting. One of the most distressing of these new ways of the world is the necessity of working for a living.

"Well, well! If the world has got to work, each one must do his part of it. I want my people to become as brave toilers as they are fighters.

"Look around at these mountains! What grows on them? Nothing at all. No sheep are here, nor is there any grass for them to eat if they were here.

"Now I want you to change all this, and you shall change it. Since the country is fit for the grape and the olive, every warrior shall plant, this very year, two hundred vine-stocks. Each chief of a brigade shall plant twenty olive-trees, each chief of a battalion, or captain, six, each inferior officer five, and each corporal one.

"I have spoken. It is for you, all of you, to go and do what I have told you to do."

The command was received with enthusiasm. The men of the country dependent upon Danilograd constitute a brigade of four thousand men, and they have taken an oath to plant, the coming year, eight hundred thousand vine-stocks and twelve hundred olive-trees.

SCARPOLOGY.

Not long ago people who had nothing better with which to amuse themselves were greatly interested in the so-called science of palmistry, by means of which they assumed to read the character of a person from the hand.

Now another and very curious character-reading "science" has been discovered or invented in Switzerland. A learned doctor of Basle has communicated to a medical journal a full account of his science of Scarpology, which consists of "knowing men by the aid of their old shoes."

Well-worn shoes, this authority maintains, afford a much better means of reading the character than the hand, the face or the handwriting. It is possible, he says, to perceive in an old shoe infallible signs of certain good or bad traits.

If the heel and the sole are worn in the same degree, the wearer of the boot is a business or business-like person, energetic and well-informed; or if a woman, either a good wife and mother or capable of becoming one.

If the shoe is "run over" toward the outer edge of the sole, the wearer, so declares this science, has a leaning toward the fantastic and adventurous. If it is "run in" or worn out upon the inner edge of the sole, irresolution and weakness are indicated.

One might obtain, no doubt, a very interesting account of himself by combining the observations of the professors of all the different character-reading "sciences."

First the phrenologist would read him according to his bumps. Then the physiognomist would look him over, and decide by his features what manner of man he was.

Next the palmister would cast his "horoscope" from an inspection of his hands. A copy of his favorite poem, written in his own handwriting, would enable the chirographist to determine all his peculiarities from his penmanship.

Last of all, he would send a pair of his old shoes to the scarpologist.

Combining all their reports, he would probably learn that he was an erratic, steady-minded, even tempered, irascible, industrious, lazy, bold-spirited, timid, affectionate, cold-blooded, and altogether contradictory sort of person.

But he probably knew that before.

SHE PREVENTED HIM.

Mr. Gladstone, when he formed his administration in 1880, made a blind man, the late Mr. Fawcett, Postmaster-General. The post had sometimes carried with it a seat in the Cabinet, but Mr. Fawcett remained outside of the council-chamber to the day of his death. His wife stood in the way.

Mr. Smalley, in his *London Letters*, explains how Mrs. Fawcett prevented her husband from entering the Cabinet.

Mr. Fawcett's blindness would have made it necessary to confide Cabinet papers and secrets to his secretary. His secretary was his wife, who was also his confidante, adviser, fellow-student, and other self. Had Mr. Gladstone made Mr. Fawcett a Cabinet Minister, he would have made Mrs. Fawcett one also. But the Prime Minister of Great Britain would not have been supported, had he extended the practice of woman's rights to the Cabinet.

LIGHTING LONDON STREETS.

Lighting the streets of a large city in olden times was a far different thing from lighting the streets at the present time. In 1661 the streets of London were directed to be lighted with candles or lanterns by every householder fronting the main road, from nightfall to nine o'clock, the hour of retiring to bed.

In the last year of King Charles II.'s reign, one Edward Hening obtained the right to light the streets with lanterns placed over every tenth door, from six o'clock on moonless evenings until midnight, between October and April.

During the reign of Queen Anne, in July, 1708, Mr. Michael Coke introduced globular glass lamps with oil burners, instead of the former glimmering lanterns. In 1716 an act was passed which enjoined every householder to furnish a light before his door from six to eleven o'clock at night, except on evenings between the seventh night of each moon and the third after it reached the full.

In a few years a company was formed to light the street from six o'clock until midnight, each householder who paid poor rates being required to contribute for this purpose six shillings a year.

Gaslight, at its introduction in the beginning of the present century, presented such a novel spectacle to the eyes of the foreign ambassadors that they were vain enough to imagine that the brilliant lamps were a part of a general illumination to celebrate their arrival.

Electricity is now taking the place of gas, but the change is made far less rapidly in London than in even the cities of comparatively small population in this country.

MR. SIMKINS'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mr. and Mrs. Simkins lived together in accord, but it seems that Mrs. Simkins has a habit, which has disturbed Mr. Simkins a great deal, of searching her husband's pockets after he has gone to bed at night. One afternoon a friend of Mr. Simkins met him as he was on his way home. Mr. Simkins's face wore a fierce and tragical expression, which was so very unusual with him that his friend could not help exclaiming:

"Why, what is the matter with you, Mr. Simkins?"

"What seems to be the matter with me?"

"Why, your face has a look of determination that is perfectly ferocious."

"Ha!" said Mr. Simkins, "I have resolved to be revenged upon my wife. She searches my pockets at night. To-night I am going to search her pockets!"

Next morning the same friend met Mr. Simkins. Instead of a look of fierce determination, he wore an expression of extreme weariness and languor.

"Well," said the friend, laughing, "what's the matter now?"

"Didn't sleep a wink last night."

"What! Did you find something dreadful in Mrs. Simkins's pockets?"

"Hum! I worked half the night trying to find her pockets, and couldn't find one!"

THE COLUMBUS EGG STORY IMPROVED.

"One day when I was a boy at school," says a writer in the *Tribune*, "the class had for a reading lesson the story of Columbus and the egg. In the class was a little Irish boy about my own age, whose name was Jerry Grady, and when school was out at noon, Jerry said to me:

"'Did ye mind that sthory about Columbus and the egg? Sure, that's not the way the thrick was done at all, at all. Come wid me, and I'll show ye how Columbus done it.'

"Jerry's mother kept hens, and when we reached the house he had no trouble in finding a fresh egg.

"First putting a clean plate on the table, Jerry took the egg and shook it violently for some seconds, or until the yolk and the white were thoroughly mixed, like a compound of milk and water. Then, after holding the egg upright on the plate until the mixture inside of it had settled quietly into the broad base of it, he withdrew his hand, and left the egg standing upright and alone.

"'There,' said he, 'that's the way Columbus done it,' and I have no doubt it was, for I have often done it that way, and anybody else can do it."

SMALL WAISTS.

English and American physicians, years ago, made tight-lacing unfashionable. But the mania for small waists is now so violent as to provoke the *London Times* to protest against the barbarous fashion:

"Ah! you go in for waists, I for figures," said a lady of truly artistic taste to a friend who tight-laced. When will the ladies learn that small waists have in them no beauty! The number of deformed-looking girls and women is a sorrowful sight for the artist or the doctor.

The odious custom appears to be more prevalent than ever; and what is gained for cruel torture and the loss of health? Certainly not beauty. Some of these silly barbarians are young enough to be under the authority of parents.

Surely parents who care for their children's lives should peremptorily forbid tight-lacing. The corset is in itself a perfectly needless article of apparel for straight and strong girls. You might as well brace a young poplar in a coat of mail.

A BRIGHT INTERPRETER.

It is doubtful if a dream was ever more ingeniously or more appropriately interpreted than in the following brief story, from a Scotch paper. Indeed, the story is a sermon in itself:

A laborer at the Dundee harbor lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind.

The dreamer, who was superstitious, was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as he had been told that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter.

"The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house, that ye gang till sae often, and the twa lean anes are me and my mither, and the blind ane is yerself, father."

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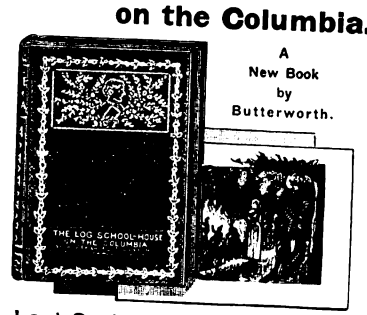
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Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 1.

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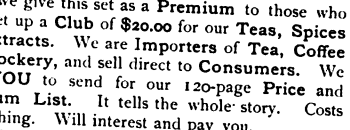
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Name six of the foremost Nineteenth Century Generals.
Six of the greatest Inventors.
Six of the most famous Singers.
Six of the finest prose Writers.
Six of the greatest Orators.
Six who have done most for humanity.

For the Companion.

A PROPHECY.

Cousin Aurelia, bending over
Her 'broidery frame through the long still hours,
Stitching dalsies and purple clover,
And spikes of gorgeous cardinal flowers;
All the sweet bright summer unheeding,
Save when her floss by the wind is stirred,
She chides the rover, her work impeding,
By lifting eyes with weariness blurred.

What will it profit my little cousin?
Will she gain wisdom, or wealth, or fame,
In days that run into months,—a dozen,
While she bends over her 'broidery frame?
Will she be paid when friends shall praise her?
Will she regret when those less kind
With their superior skill amaze her,
Hinting at faults she cannot find?

What does she dream will be the guerdon—?
Forward and backward her needle slips;
Her work, her dreams are sure no burden,
To guess by the curve of her rose-red lips.
What does she dream—? that horn of plenty
Her magic fingers will soon complete;
Cousin Aurelia, fair and twenty,
Your work I label, "sweets from the sweet."

What does she dream, while so demurely
Stitching that tuft of tangled grass?
She will not tell—I'll guess,—now surely,
Something like this, shall come to pass:
Far in the future, dim, uncertain,
A girl of the time will yawn, some day:
"My great-grandmother made this curtain
And ruined her handsome eyes, they say."

MARGRET HOLMES.

For the Companion.

HER CHANCE LOST.

The minister in the morning had appealed to the congregation for more teachers in the Mission Sunday school, and in the afternoon Julia Worth and Hetty Lyon, two young girls who recently had become members of the church, met at the school-room door.

"Are you going to try to teach?" said Hetty, whose face was anxious and paler than usual.

"I am going to teach—yes," replied Julia, calmly. "It seems to be my duty."

The superintendent met them, and assigned to each a class of five little girls.

Julia took her seat, arranged her skirts, wrote down the names of her scholars, and listened to their recitations, all with the same air of cool civility.

It was her duty to teach these girls, and she would do it; but they were the children of washerwomen and mechanics; their faces looked stupid and their hands were grimy, and she could not be expected to take much interest in them personally.

"There really is nothing in common between them and me," she said with dignity to Hetty, as they walked home.

Hetty, the superintendent thought, would hardly make so good a teacher as Miss Worth. She did not show so much intelligence, nor so much self-command. In fact, Hetty was nervous and frightened. It seemed to her a serious undertaking to try to lead these children nearer to God, while she herself was so young and ignorant.

As she sat opposite to them, she saw how poorly clad they were. Most of them came out of wretched homes. They had been starved in both body and mind.

"They have had so little and I so much," she thought. One of them looked almost idiotic; another scowled like an untamed animal.

"Yet for them Christ came," thought Hetty, "and He means that I should tell them of Him!" Her heart beat fast, and the tears stood in her eyes.

After the lesson was over, she said a pleasant personal word to each girl, as they left the school room.

Some of the girls were dull, others pert; one was impertinent. This was unpleasant, but it did not seriously disturb her. God had given them to her to help, and they needed help so much! It seemed to her that she loved them already.

Three years later, Julia Worth and Hetty Lyon were still teachers in the same Sunday-school.

Hetty's pupils were with her still. They were dear friends. She had not helped them as much as she had hoped. Sometimes she thought she had not helped them at all, so slowly does the seed which God plants grow in a human soul.

But she did know that her teaching had kept one from committing a theft to which she was sorely tempted, and another from ruin worse than death. The others listened eagerly to her, Sunday after Sunday, but made no promises.

Only God knew what her work had done for them.

Her own face shone with a surer, higher happiness.

Julia looked at her with surprise one Sunday as they left the school. "What a bore this Sunday-school work is!" she said, yawning. "I think it my duty, and so keep at it. But the ignorance of these little wretches is so dense! I have a new set of scholars every few weeks. They get some scraps of knowledge about the history of the Jews, and the narratives of the good Book. I am sure I bore them, and they bore me.

"One of my girls died a week ago," she went on. "Mother thought I ought to go to see her. But I could not talk to her about the history of the Jews on her death-bed. I never go outside of the lesson."

"And she is dead! You have no chance now!"

"Yes, she is dead."

Julia parted from Hetty at the next corner. But she was startled and disquieted.

"Chance? Chance? What chance had she lost?" she thought. "The girl was dead now."

What chance? Out into the unseen the girl had gone to render her account to God. Who can tell what the lost "chance" meant to the disembodied soul, as it entered its eternal home?

INDIANS' NAMES.

The excitement attending the recent "ghost-dancing" among the Sioux Indians made the people of the country familiar with many Indian names, some of which sounded strangely ludicrous. Sitting Bull's name was already well known, and so were the names of Red Cloud and Rain-in-the Face, two other famous Sioux; but the public in general had not before made the acquaintance of Kicking Bear, Two Strike, Turning Bear, Bull Head, and many other "big men" of the Dakota nation. These names are, for the most part, a mystery to the American people, but the explanation of them is simple.

The names are taken by the Indians themselves in early life, after a period of fasting and seclusion, which is a part of their "medicine" or religion. With some, the first animal seen, with others, the first *thing* seen, by the Indian after rising from this period of seclusion, becomes his totem, or guardian spirit, and also his name.

It is therefore to be supposed that one Indian chief has a romantic name because a *red cloud* was the first thing which fell upon his vision after he came out of his first fasting. Another famous chief had a grotesque name because he saw, or fancied he saw, a buffalo bull in a recumbent or sitting position when he looked about for his totem.

The result of this practice is that Sioux names, perhaps without exception, are borrowed from natural objects of some kind, and do not relate to qualities of mind or to bodily characteristics.

Some illustrations of this practice among the Sioux are the names of the chiefs Big Foot, Short Bull, Gray Eagle, White Swan, Big Turkey, High Pine, Big Bad Horse, Spotted Horse, Bull Dog, White Hawk, Crazy Horse, Wounded Buffalo, American Horse and Running Antelope.

Very often these names are imperfectly translated by the interpreters, and lose much of their significance. The name of the Sioux Indian Hole-in-the-Day once caused a great deal of merriment among white people.

The name was really a romantic one, for the term which the interpreters, translating literally, made "hole in the day" was the Dakota word for eclipse. This Indian's emergence from his fasting period had been signalized by an eclipse of the sun, and this circumstance, commemorated in his name, probably helped to give him his importance among his fellows.

Fast Thunder, another Sioux, and a stanch friend of the whites, would probably be called Chain Lightning if his name had been more freely translated. He took his totem, no doubt, in the midst of a prairie storm, as did also Rain-in-the-Face.

One Sioux, who has been much heard of, is named Low Dog. This name is not so uncomplimentary in the Dakota language as it is in English. The word "low" refers to the stature of the animal, and not to its character; and as accident forced the Indian to take this animal for his totem, it is not fair to assume that the name is descriptive of the Indian himself.

Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, another famous Indian, doubtless owes his very singular name to the same practice. The Indians' names, indeed, often bear strong testimony to the vicious character of the native horses, which were their most frequent animal companions. It is said by some authorities that, instead of Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, this Indian's name should be translated Man-Afraid-*for*-His-Horse. This would take the suggestion of cowardice out of the name, and turn it into a suggestion of solicitude.

Indian names are not alone in "meaning something." Animals' surnames are really not uncommon among Americans, though they are inherited, and not freshly assumed. To say nothing of such names as Fox, Wolf, Hogg, and others derived directly from animals, we have names whose original significance is quite lost—as, for instance, Owen, a lamb, Griffith, a dragon, Arthur, a bear, and Everett and Evarts, both derived from a Celtic word meaning swine.

SAVED BY A BABY.

A lawyer of wide experience says that it is difficult for honest people to realize how distorted the view of a criminal often becomes. In many cases it is practically impossible for him to distinguish between good and evil. Yet there is always a bit of moral sense left at bottom. The lawyer in question was once called upon to defend two men who were accused of robbing a bank. They were evidently thorough-going rascals, but the lawyer was satisfied that in this particular case they were innocent.

They confessed that they had intended to rob the bank; that they had not only made all their plans, but that they had lain in wait for three nights to kill the night-watchman on his round. They declared, however, that they had then abandoned the whole enterprise, but the wife of one of them, who was in the secret, had told their plans to her brother. This man, as was afterward proved, carried out the scheme which they had abandoned, and then managed to throw suspicion upon them.

"Of course when they told me this story," says the narrator, "my first thought was that they were deceiving me; but in the end, though the tale did not sound very probable, I somehow came to believe it.

"The thing which puzzled me most was that they gave no adequate reason why they had not carried out their murderous plans on the three nights when they were lying in wait.

"I pressed them upon this point, telling them that they might as well trust me, for that if I found at any point of the case that they had deceived me, I would unhesitatingly throw up the defence, no matter what the result might be.

"This threat evidently frightened them thoroughly, and each tried to make the other tell. They showed so much shame-facedness, that I confess I was prepared to hear something unspeakably wicked; for I thought that anything which made such scamps ashamed, must be dreadful indeed.

"It took them half an hour to tell me; and then, between astonishment and emotion, I felt the tears spring into my eyes. For three nights they had lain in wait to kill the watchman, who lived in the top of the building; but it chanced, every time, that he was carrying his little baby up and down in his arms all through the middle of the night, and they could not make up their minds to touch him.

"I had no doubt of the truth of their story. Their shame for their soft-heartedness was unmistakable, and I learned afterward that on those particular nights the watchman's wife was ill, and he really was carrying the baby about in his arms."

For the Companion.

AT EVENING.

Eastward the hilltops show
Still where his wheels have run,
All golden in the glow
Of the departing Sun.
Burns now a single spar
In the last crimson light,—
Fades,—and, above, one star
Blooms in the night.

As 'twere a jewel-flower
Set in this garden blue,
Telling the twilight hour
When falls the silent dew;
As 'twere a lantern there
Lighting Diana's way
Through the dim realms of air,
With its pale ray.

Over yon purple line
See, her white face appears!
Breathe once the air divine
Steeped in her fragrant tears!
Out of this silver bath
Flowers shall emerge at dawn
Gracing the narrow path
Across the lawn.

Far in the tranquil deep
Tremble a million eyes.
Guarding the world asleep
Under the summer skies.
Night, like a mother mild,
Tenderly to her breast
Takes up her weary child
And gives it rest.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

FICTION AND FACT.

There is rarely a circumstance or character invented by the imagination that does not find its parallel in real life. A year or more ago a writer, whose name is familiar to *Companion* readers, described in a story the adventures and vicissitudes of an erring lad who ran away from home to follow the sea. The tale was pure fiction, and the author invented for his young sailor a name unlike any he had ever heard.

Soon after the story was published, its author received a pathetic letter from a sorrowing mother, saying that the sailor-boy of the story was her only son, and begging for his address.

"Tell him," she wrote, "if he will only come home I will forget and forgive all the past. I am alone in the world, and if my dear son will but return to me I shall be happy again."

It was hard to write to this poor mother that the sailor-boy of the story, whose name, adventures, and life so closely resembled her son's, was but a creature of the imagination.

"While addressing a jury in a criminal case a few years ago," said a lawyer, "I made up the following story to illustrate the need of coolness and calm judgment before condemning a man.

"A passenger train was pulling into the station of a small New England town. The engineer had seen many years of continuous service on that particular run, and had never failed to stop his engine at a certain point.

"One day a great celebration was held in the town, and when that train came in, the track ahead of the point where the engine always stopped was crowded with people. No one feared being run over, so great was the confidence in the engineer's ability to stop his engine at a particular spot.

"But alas! on this day the heavy train was not stopped, but the engine forced its way through the dense mass of humanity, killing and maiming a score of persons. At first the crowd stood aghast; and then a great wave of indignation broke forth against the engineer who had done this thing.

"'Hang him! Lynch him!' they shouted.

"The engineer stood in the door of his cab, white and speechless—helpless against the fury of the mob.

"'Wait!' cried the fireman, 'See this!' and he held up a broken bolt. 'Here is the cause of the accident—a broken bolt at the throttle!'

"I believe that I won my case on that little bit of fiction, and what do you think! After court had adjourned, a fine-appearing, gray-haired old gentleman came forward, and grasping my hand exclaimed:

"'You told that story well! I was in that crowd at the time of the accident, and saw the whole thing!'"

SWIFT OF FOOT.

"Thou art swift of foot, friend Ishak, as we have all seen, but these Europeans have done wonders. Methinks they would press even *thee* hard, if thou wert set to run a race with them." The words were addressed to a local pedestrian of Jerusalem, at noon of a summer day, and resulted in a trial of speed and endurance between the Arab and Mr. David Ker. Mr. Ker describes the adventure, and frankly expresses an opinion of it, with which the majority of his readers will, no doubt, agree.

Once fairly started, I suddenly realized the formidable task I had undertaken, nothing less than racing an active Syrian Arab (to whom one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade was quite a normal temperature) over four and a half miles of steep and broken ground, up-hill nearly all the way, in the full glare of a sun that had almost shrivelled up like tinder many a man of thrice my strength.

It is true that I was in splendid training, having just come back from "roughing it" with the Turkish invading army in one of the hottest districts of Northern Africa; but apart from the sinewy strength and endurance visible in every line of my adversary's gaunt brown limbs, I, in my thick boots and European clothes, was naturally at a great disadvantage.

There was one thing to do, and I did it. The ordinary Arab's idea of speed is neither a walk nor a run, but a long, slouching trot, kept up with a steady, unvarying tenacity that would tire a wolf, whose usual gait it closely resembles. Of fast *walking*, however, the Arab has little or no idea.

I determined, therefore, to make the pace as severe as possible from the very start, and tempt my opponent, if I could, into keeping step with me, which, from his want of science, would be the most exhausting thing that he possibly could do.

On we went, over rolling stones and gaping hollows and mounds of dust and rubbish, as recklessly as mountain goats; but worse was in store for us.

Beyond the Golden Gate we had to follow a broken, up-hill path, which was literally heaped with sharp, jagged stones, every step on which must have been torture to the barefooted Arab; but ruffian and bully though he was, he had all the indomitable courage of his race, and never flinched or made a sign of pain from first to last.

By the time we had covered two-thirds of the distance, the strain of this desperate struggle was beginning to tell with a vengeance. I felt that I had well-nigh reached the limit of my strength. The Arab still kept up with me, but by an effort too exhausting to last. Meanwhile the sun seemed to grow fiercer every moment.

I gathered the remnant of my failing strength for the final rush, which I now knew to be very near. We passed the huge gray archway of the Jaffa Gate, and there right ahead of us, not twenty yards off, stood the house that was the goal of our race, with my two English comrades standing in front of it.

Darting forward, I entered the courtyard gate a full length ahead, while exhausted Ishak fell just as he reached it, and lay on the hot pavement, with blood and foam round his gasping mouth; and I, with a red mist before my eyes and everything spinning round me, was led away by my comrades to be hastily doctored with such remedies as were to be had.

The elder of the two men, when he heard my story, merely remarked, with that freedom of speech which is the birthright of every Englishman, "Well, I always thought you were a fool, and now I'm sure of it!"

On cooler reflection, I am very much of the same opinion.

GENTLE HINTS.

In former days, doctors were occasionally diffident about charging very large fees, but they liked to be paid "on the spot," when they were called in or consulted. The devices they resorted to in order to obtain a good fee were sometimes ingenious.

Doctor Senter, of Boston, always expected a fee of ten dollars for a consultation; but the price was regarded as so exorbitant that he did not actually require it.

However, he had a little pile of ten-dollar notes left upon his office table in plain sight of his patients, and also in plain sight of his own watchful eyes. Seeing those new bills, looking as if they had been flung down one by one by previous visitors, the patient hardly had any choice but to add one to the number.

One day a merchant, known to the doctor to be wealthy but somewhat avaricious, came to consult him, and took much of his time. In rising to go, the patient handed the doctor a five-dollar bill.

Doctor Senter at once put on his spectacles, got down on his knees, and began to look about under the chairs and beside the table.

"What are you looking for?" said the patient.

"Why, for the other one," said the doctor.

"The other *what?*"

"The other bill. Ah! didn't you drop one?"

The merchant drew out a second five-dollar bill, put it down upon the table without a word, and hurried out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

The city person, it is well known, is often as much a "greenhorn" in the country as the country person is in the city. A girl who had been accustomed to certain city squares and exclusive parks, whose high-barred gates were closed at a fixed hour every night, made her first visit to the country. She was being taken about through the lanes and fields by her mother, when the sun set.

"Say, mamma," said the little girl, "haven't we got to go in? What time do they close the country, anyway?"

It was a city boy, too, who, when taken with him by his country cousin while he dug some potatoes, watched the process of unearthing the tubers for a moment with great wonder, and then remarked:

"Is that where you keep your potatoes? I should think it would be more convenient to keep them in barrels, the way we do."

The "country greenhorn" in the city has this advantage over the "city greenhorn" in the country, that he does not put on airs of superiority on all occasions. It was a city boy in the country who, being taken to a peach-tree full of ripe and delicious fruit, and invited to help himself, remarked, somewhat loftily:

"No, I thank you. I never eat them until they are canned!"

"IF."

That deliberate, almost phlegmatic temperament which once characterized the New England Yankee in Vermont is fast being supplanted by a nervous, jerky, dyspeptic nature which is irritable to see or hear. It is with relief that one finds now and then a relic of the old-time deliberateness.

Old Uncle Maynard, of Royalton, sat on the sill of his barn-floor one Sunday afternoon, and looked quietly out over his barnyard. At that moment a wild goose, a stray bird from a flock, and evidently very tired with a long flight, flopped slowly and heavily down among the tame fowl in the yard.

Uncle Maynard did not even shift his position at this novel sight. He looked at the new-comer for at least a minute, and then said, slowly and solemnly:

"If I had a gun, and if it was loaded, and if I wasn't afraid of hitting a tame goose, and if it wasn't Sunday, and if that goose would stay as near as that, I would shoot that goose!"

By the time he had finished, the wild goose had gone, and Uncle Maynard's excitable nature was subjected to no further temptation.

BAD TASTE.

The buying of articles of dress or of household decoration at the most approved places does not insure harmonious results if the purchaser lacks the skill and art properly to combine what he has purchased. This is especially true in matters of personal adornment, as is neatly illustrated by the reply of a Frenchman to an English lady.

He had complained that he found the English women very badly dressed.

"They have no taste," he said; "no originality. They are a terror as compared to my country-women."

"I do not see how you can say that," the lady responded. "I am sure we buy almost all our clothes in Paris."

"That is very possible," the Frenchman replied; "but if you will pardon my saying it, it is you who select them."

NATURAL.

Young people who do not stop to think of the full meaning that their remarks may have, frequently utter the "things one would rather have left unsaid."

A group of young ladies were talking of their presents, when one of the party, a lady not so young as some of the others, remarked:

"My father has always given me a book on my birthday."

"Oh!" exclaimed a sixteen-year-old, "what a library you must have by this time!"

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For the Companion.

THE SPELLING LESSON.

The teacher sat in her high-backed chair,
Her chair so straight and tall;
Her eyes went flashing to and fro
Among the children small.
At last she spoke, and "Billy boy!
Now answer, Billy Bolee,
And tell me quickly, what does C-O-W spell?" quoth she.

Then up went Patty's hand,
Up went Matty's hand,
Up went Freddy's hand, too;
But poor little Billy,
He *was* so silly,
He didn't know what to do.

The teacher smiled her pleasant smile,
And shook her small, wise head.
"Be quiet, all! for I am sure
That Billy knows!" she said.
"Put on your thinking-cap, my child,
And tie it very tight;
Then C-O-W will not trouble you,
And you will say it right."

But up went Patty's hand,
Up went Matty's hand,
Up went Freddy's hand, too,
And poor little Billy
He *was* so silly,
He didn't know what to do.

But when the children 'gan to laugh,
And fun at him 'gan poke,
Poor Billy thought it might not be
So *much* worse if he spoke.
So lifting up his fearful eyes
All sad and timorously,
"Sure, C-O-W, must spell, *Sobble-you*."
Thus spoke Billy Bolee.

Then out laughed Matty,
And out laughed Patty,
And out laughed Frederick, too;
But *poor* little Billy,
He felt *so* silly,
He didn't know *what*—TO—DO!!!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

For the Companion.

GRANDMA'S PUMPKIN-PIES.

Grandma was expecting company for dinner—the minister and his wife and little girl. So she was very busy that morning cooking all sorts of good things, and among the other things were the famous pumpkin-pies, made just as her grandma had made them.

Her grandma! Why, it almost made Nannie dizzy to think about grandma's grandma.

Nannie was standing on a chair close beside the table, helping grandma cook. She had come out in the country the day before to try and get over *La Grippe*.

"I should think," said Nannie, "that that way to make punkin-pies wouldn't be very good, 'cause it's such old style."

"Old style's the best for pies, I guess," laughed grandma. "You see if it aint. Now I suppose, child, you never do have 'em in the city, do you?"

"Only the kind that lives in cans," answered Nannie. "And papa says they can't hold a candle to yours; but I never could see why they'd want to."

"I should think they couldn't!" said grandma, decidedly. "And now, child, we are ready for the seasoning. Just hand grandma the spice-box over there, won't you?"

Nannie put her nose down to smell when the box was opened.

"Ah, how good, grandma! It smells more like Christmas than ministers' folks, I think."

"There's ginger and mustard standing right beside each other," said grandma. "That's the beauty of doing your own work, dear, 'cause they look just alike; but I could go to them in the dark, and not make a mistake."

Just then some one knocked at the sitting-room door, and grandma had to go.

"Now, dearie, don't get into mischief, will you?" she said, as she started.

And Nannie did not really intend to, but grandma was gone a long time, and by and by Nannie began to think it would be a good joke to put the mustard in the place of the ginger.

"Papa dearly loves a joke," she thought, "and so do I. How they all will laugh!"

So, quick as thought, she changed them.

"Now, p'r'aps it will be better than ginger. Maybe I'll discover something," she thought, trying to quiet her conscience.

When grandma came back, everything looked all right, and she hurriedly seasoned the pies, and put them in the oven.

"The land knows Mrs. Pipkin is the beater of a stayer," she said, as she shut the oven door, and looked at the clock.

But everything was ready when the minister's family came, and grandma's cap and Nannie's apron were stiff and spotless.

The dinner was good, and they all ate as though they enjoyed it. And grandma, who justly prided herself on her cookery, beamed with delight over the way things disappeared.

When the pies were brought on, the minister's wife said, "Now we are to have some of the famous pumpkin-pie that we have heard so much about."

Nannie's heart plumped down like lead as she looked at grandma's happy face as she handed around the great golden wedges.

But what was the matter with it?

They all took one mouthful, and then a hasty drink of water.

Grandma quickly tasted hers, then looked at Nannie's crimson face, and Nannie burst out crying:

"O grandma, it was a joke," she sobbed out.

No one laughed at all, but grandma arose and took Nannie's hand and took her upstairs and put her to bed right in broad daylight.

"O grandma," said Nannie, when they had all gone, and grandma had come upstairs, "I am degraced forever! I'll *never* play a joke again."

"It's no joke at all, when it hurts folks's feelings," said grandma.

And Nannie has been very careful ever since to remember that.

MRS. L. E. CHITTENDEN.

For the Companion.

GOSSIP.

Two sparrows at my window
Exchanged a friendly word.
"Did you ever!" "No, I never!"
And that was all I heard.

For the Companion.

ONE MEANING OF TEMPTATION.

Jeddie was fond of the Sunday-school song, "Yield not to temptation;" he sang it very prettily.

"What is it to yield to temptation?" grandma asked.

Jeddie thought a moment, and then he said:

"Lillie builds her block-house all up high. I want to push it down, and I hold up my foot. Lillie says, 'No, no, Jeddie!' Then I put my foot out, and the blocks tumble over."

LITTLE Leo, aged three, was watching the sunset. It was very brilliant, and the clouds, all crimson and gold, had a mottled appearance. "O grandma, grandma," he cried, "do come quick and see,—the moon is melting the sky!"



THE SPELLING LESSON.

For the Companion.

KEEP STILL.

When vexing words are said to you,
Smile, and keep bravely still;
Annoying tongues will have their way,
Let you say what you will;
Then shut your lips, speak not a word,—
This is the wisest plan,
And silence hurts tormentors more
Than any answer can.

For the Companion.

TOMMY'S SHADOW.

Baby had a little playfellow come to see him almost every evening.

He was a little black boy.

When the lamps were lighted, mamma would say, "Baby, where's Tommy?"

That was baby's name for the little black boy, and it was baby's name, too.

When mamma said that, baby would begin to hunt for him.

Sometimes he would find Tommy behind him, sometimes in front. Usually he would run all around the room, calling, "Tommy! Tommy!"

When he found him, what fun they would have!

They ran races, played "hide-and-seek" and "bo-peep."

Tommy was a very quiet little boy.

One curious thing about it was, whatever baby did, Tommy did.

Whenever baby took a drink, Tommy would, too, but Tommy's cup was black.

If baby sat in a chair with a book, so did Tommy, but his chair and book were black.

Wasn't that funny? Baby liked to watch him.

One evening these two little Tommys were having so much fun that they didn't want to go to bed when the time came.

They each had a little table with dishes, and baby was watching little black Tommy set his little black table with the little black dishes, and drink out of the little black cups.

Mamma told them it was bedtime, but they both shook their heads—what naughty little boys!

After a while, mamma and papa with big sister Grace left the room. They peeped through the door to see what baby would do—but he wasn't lonesome so long as Tommy was there.

Finally, mamma turned the light down, then baby ran to his mother crying, "I go bed now, Tommy gone."

L. L. W.

For the Companion.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

One day, Willie carried his shoes to the cobbler's to have them mended. He entered the little shop unnoticed, for the minister was there talking with the cobbler. Willie heard the minister say: "So your daughter is to be married soon! Whom is she to marry?" "Mr. Winter," answered the cobbler. "Oh," spoke up Willie, with a shake of his small shoulders and a tremor in his voice, as if he were attacked by a sudden chill, "Won't she shiver!"

Eddie came walking in one morning with a very solemn face and a large rent in his little kilt skirt, and, sidling up to his mother, he asked, "Mamma, will you please glue my dress together?"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

PUZZLE.

Seen forwards or backwards
I'm always the same,
Spelled backwards or forwards
You can't change my name.
Never found on the mountain,
At home on the plain,
On the top of still water
I always remain.

Behead and curtail me
And what do we see?
A distant relation
To you and to me.
A beautiful creature,
But too fond of fruit
Her many descendants
Always to suit.

Behead and curtail me,
And, queerest of tricks,
Though only one letter
I'm but one less than six.
Though only one letter
I'm one-fourth of a score;
Now think till you guess me,
I can't tell you more.

2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer, composed of 55 letters, is a quotation from a celebrated American poet who was born in February.

The 3, 5, 21, 16, 17, 1, 24, 55 is rashness.
The 15, 4, 2, 14, 33, 35 is a poem sung by one person only.
The 31, 22, 51, 54, 6, 10, 20 is a plague among cattle.
The 11, 45, 12, 7, 46, 9, 52, 43 is spotted.
The 8, 38, 13, 41, 18, 48, 49 is to manage frugally.
The 37, 26, 27, 34, 50, 19, 32, 23 are sicknesses.
The 44, 40, 28, 47, 39, 42, 29 are collections of maps.
The 36, 30, 25, 53 is a couch.

Now write down the words having the following definitions, in regular order, one underneath the other, and you will find that the first row of letters will give you the name of the author of the above quotation; and the final one, the city of his birth and an abbreviation of the State:

1. The title of a lady.
2. A sacred drama set to music.
3. To adjoin.
4. Moving by steps.
5. Visionary.
6. An insect that lives in a perfect state one day only.
7. Act of disjoining.
8. The left side of a ship.
9. An organical structure.
10. Fees for handling goods at a wharf.

CYRIL DEANE.

3.

DROP-VOWEL PUZZLE.

Th ncnt skt ws smpl bn,
Scrd b crds r things.
Wth ths th sktrs f ld spd n,
Prplld b sticks wth prngs.

Sch skts n Swdn frst wr sd.
Thn Nrw, Hllnd t,
nd Dnmrk, nglnd, clnd, ll
Flld th Swdsh c.

Th Dtch thn nvntd rn kls
n bt-shpd sls f wd;
nd mn nd bs fr cntrs
Prnncd thm vr gd.

N fnc sktng s ll th rg,
n th "cm" nd mn nthr.
nd wmn nd grls ct fgrs nd qrls,
Ths vng wth hsbnd nd brthr.

LILIAN PAYSON.

4.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING LESSON.

1. Fhrwasid—small.
2. Aelirefnn—pertaining to money matters
3. Taihheny—a flower.
4. Aaeiouynnttlss—immediately.
5. Rarteetllu—learning.
6. Begorhin—next.
7. Naabssleeper—divisibility.
8. Nensmyoy—one of two or more words having a similar meaning.
9. Dleerttaasnncn—beyond the bounds of experience.
10. Sugurheltseosnn—the opposite of wickedness
11. Scedsutiiiv—a regular change.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. 1st and 2d, Cin, cin, 3d, natus } Cincinnatus.
   4th, Washing, 5th, ton } Washington.

2. *Anagrams*—George Washington, ambition, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, America, example, Virginia, Fairfax, United States, birthday.

Chronosticon—BoaMinti, anD, unChallengeably, Criamea, amepleX, eXtensive, Xarfifa, TunIs Tadeset, hatbyrId.—MDCCXXXII., 1732.

3. The birthday of George Washington.

Key Words—Thrifty, ginger, shoo, both, adage, hewn.

4. Washington. George Washington, City of Washington, Washington University, Mount Washington, etc.

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For the Companion.

THE SENSE OF SMELL.

The eye is used only for seeing, and the ear for hearing, but the nose is one of the organs that serve a double purpose. It is not only the seat of the sense of smell, but was intended to be the principal organ through which man should breathe. Its circuitous passages, warm and moist, protect the lungs by taking the chill from the inspired air and arresting irritating dust.

The whole nose is not concerned in the act of smelling. The olfactory nerves, which alone take cognizance of odors, are situated in the upper third of the nasal chambers, out of the line of ordinary inhalation. For this reason we do not usually notice odors unless they are somewhat strong; but when we sniff,—draw the air into the upper part of the nostrils and hold it there for a few moments,—we become aware of the faintest scent.

The nerves of smell extend from the great olfactory lobe or centre, in the brain, through some twenty openings in the bony arch, and then branch into a perfect network, their extremities reaching almost to the very surface of the moist, pulpy mucous membrane.

The sense of smell is naturally better developed in some persons than in others, but like the other senses,—taste, touch, sight and hearing,—it may be trained to quickness and accuracy.

Olfactory sensations are probably received from material emanations from the odoriferous substance, the emanations being absorbed by the fluid in which the microscopic ends of the olfactory nerves are constantly bathed. This moisture is so essential to the proper action of the nerves that its absence, as in certain stages of a cold, may for the time quite destroy the sense of smell.

For the same reason odors are less readily perceived in an uncommonly dry atmosphere. Certain surgical operations, too, have been found to blunt the sense of smell by inducing a dryness of the nasal mucous membrane. Catarrhal inflammation may produce a similar result by closing the narrow passages that lead to the olfactory region.

A want of quickness in the sense of smell must be caused by anything which shuts off the air from the olfactory nerves—a polypus, for example, or facial paralysis, which interferes with nasal dilation and the necessary muscular effort in smelling.

If a chronic catarrh has been brought on by working in a dusty atmosphere, the first essential of recovery is a change of occupation. After that, an experienced physician should be consulted for the securing of suitable treatment, and, if necessary, of a surgical operation.

ELECTRICITY IN AGRICULTURE.

It has long been a problem how to apply electricity to the growth of plants. Use of the electric force for such a purpose is still in the experimental stage, but enough has already been done to show that there are possibilities in the case.

In one series of experiments, as reported in *The Ironmonger*, the seeds of beans, sunflowers, and winter and spring rye were used. The seeds were soaked, electrified, and immediately sown. The plants were more fully developed, their leaves were larger, and their color brighter than those grown from non-electrified seed, but the yield was not affected.

In another series of experiments plates of copper and zinc about two feet by two feet six inches were buried at the end of the plots, and connected by their upper faces, the effect being to establish a current through the earth. The result was a larger crop, and vegetables of enormous size.

In the third series electrical collectors were mounted on insulated rods and connected by wires, the effect being to obtain a highly electrified atmosphere. Seeds of rye, corn, oats, barley, peas, clover, potatoes and flax were used. This form of application increased the yield of seed an average of one-half, and that of straw one-third, while the ripening was more rapid.

It was also found that potatoes grown by this treatment were rarely diseased, and as the beneficial effects of electricity on vines attacked by *phylloxera* have already been observed, it is possible that means have been found of combating the microscopic pests which attack vegetable growth.

SELF-ACTING PAPER-CUTTER.

A Calcutta newspaper relates an incident which illustrates the magnificent way in which the Rajahs of India—or at least those of them who remain opulent and powerful—repay a small debt. Not long ago the Rajah Holkar of Indore, in paying a visit to the Viceroy, the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Calcutta, was shown by the Marquis several of the London illustrated newspapers. In cutting the leaves of these journals, Lord Lansdowne used an ivory paper-cutter.

The Rajah had never seen a paper-cutter before, and was much interested in the little instrument.

"If your excellency will make me a present of it," he said, "I will send you another in exchange."

The Viceroy promptly gave his guest the paper-cutter, and the Rajah returned with it to his own dominions.

Lord Lansdowne had almost forgotten the incident when he received notice that the Rajah's return gift was on the way; and he was presently astonished to have brought to him a young and handsome elephant, each of whose tusks had been skilfully wrought into the shape of a paper-cutter.

A servant brought some illustrated newspapers, at which the elephant seized them with his trunk, and proceeded very skilfully to cut the leaves with his sharply-trimmed tusks. He had been trained to this accomplishment under the Rajah's orders.

The living paper-cutter, it is understood, is still in Lord Lansdowne's possession; but it is not one of the ordinary furnishings of the Viceroy's library. For his customary opening of books and newspapers, he keeps a less bulky implement.

HER SIGNAL.

Railway men—conductors, engineers and brakemen—are so accustomed to communicate with each other by means of gestures, that the habit of looking for such dumb signals becomes a kind of second nature. In the early days of one of the great Western railroads, according to a story in the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, it was so common for cattle to be run over that the manager required the engineers to report all such accidents, with full particulars as to place, time, and kind of animal.

One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable cow had been killed on a certain day and by a certain engine. The case was referred to the proper department, but a reference to the files showed that the engineer had reported no such accident.

The manager sent for him, and inquired why he had omitted to report the matter.

"I didn't know I hurt the cow," he answered.

"Then you remember hitting her?"

"Oh yes, and I slowed up as she rolled over on her back; but she waved her feet to me to go ahead, and I concluded she was all right."

HOW TO SUCCEED.

The fact that success is mainly due to hard work has been expressed in many different ways, but one of the best was that recently employed by a very successful "drummer," or commercial traveller. He was talking with a companion, a rather lazy fellow, when the latter exclaimed:

"I declare, Jack, I can't understand why you always succeed in selling so many more goods than I do!"

"I'll tell you why it is," replied Jack; "but," he added, "it's a trade secret, and you mustn't 'give it away.'"

"Of course I wouldn't do such a thing!" was the answer.

"Well, then," said Jack, impressively, "I succeed because, when I'm after business, I wear out the soles of my shoes more than the seat of my trousers."

HIS FAULT.

"I understand," said Mr. Johnson, of the Orthodox church, to Mr. Jackson, of the Methodist church, "that you used to know the new minister that's coming to our church when you lived in York State."

"I did," said Mr. Jackson.

"Is he a good man?"

"I think he is a very good man."

"Well, what are his faults? He must have some fault."

"Since you press me, I know of but one grave fault in your new minister."

"What is that, please?"

"He doesn't know how to sing."

"Hum! Not a very grave fault is it, not to know how to sing?"

"No; but you see, he sings just the same as if he did know!"

WANTED IT TO FLOAT.

Timothy Sheeler had become very rich, but remained very ignorant. Having travelled about the country by land, he began to think he ought to visit the coast States and have a yacht.

He consulted his friends on the subject of the kind of boat he should buy.

"While you are about it," said one of them, "you'd better get an iron boat."

The old man saw in the suggestion only an attempt to play a joke upon him.

"What d'ye mean?" he roared. "An iron boat! Have me go sailin' 'round the world in a cook-stove, would ye?"

OF COURSE.

A little innocent misunderstanding is sometimes very useful in helping one over a hard place.

"Mabel," said the teacher, "you may spell kitten."

"K-double i-t-e n," said Mabel.

"Kitten has two i's, then, has it?"

"Yes, ma'am, our kitten has."—*Chicago Herald.*

A MAINE newspaper gravely informs its readers that a large number of fresh mackerel were lately caught off Portland Harbor.

"HE is very versatile," said one gentleman of another, "only his versatility is all in one direction."

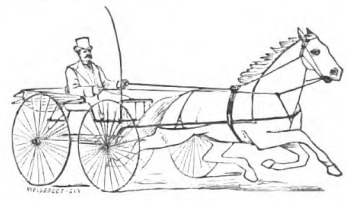
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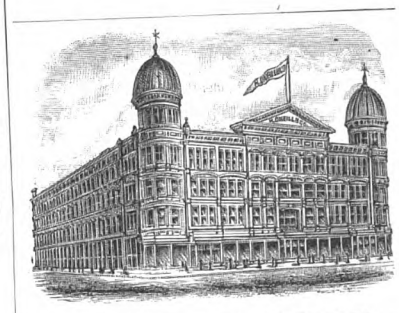
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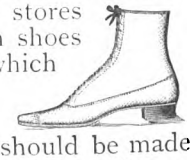
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For the Companion.

THROWN ON HER OWN RESOURCES.

What Can a Girl Do?

First Paper. — By Mrs. J. C. Croly.

Very much of our happiness, as well as of our misery, depends upon the point of view from which we look at the events which mark our lives. You, for example, have been suddenly confronted with the fact that you must, hereafter, provide for your own wants.

By a sudden turn in the wheel of fortune, or by reaching an age when it is felt that you should earn your own livelihood, you find yourself thrown upon your own resources.

This may or may not be a hardship. Whether it is or not depends wholly upon the amount and quality of your practical and mental resources. Active work is a necessity of healthful life. Are you equipped for your part in the battle? Have you courage and energy to carry out a purpose?

Under the little tremor of fear which one must feel in entering upon an untried and strange path, is there not a certain glow of satisfaction at the opportunity to exercise faculties and test their power?

But perhaps you have been wholly dependent, and have no idea of anything you can do that any one else would be willing to pay for. This is the most serious aspect of the case. To be so poorly equipped is a real misfortune, and argues a fault on the part of those who have had the care of you.

But it is useless to consider that side of the question. What you have to decide is what you can do now.

When the farmer is about to plant a new field, he begins by clearing the ground. Let us clear the ground. That is to say, let us begin by getting rid of whatever obstacles may be in the way of obtaining a correct view of the situation.

Stop looking at it as a grievance. Set aside all ideas of special interpositions and special consideration on your behalf. Take stock of yourself. What do you amount to?

What Can You Do?

You are young, reasonably strong, and interested in what is going on in the world. Perhaps you had notions of philanthropy — of setting straight the things in the world that seem crooked. But you may let those go now. Your present business is to keep out of the poor-house — to keep yourself from joining the large, miserable army of absolute dependents.

You are to become really acquainted with the world of active life and struggle; which heretofore you have seen through novels, through stories in a weekly paper, or the pages of your favorite magazine.

Teaching? You do not know anything well enough to teach it.

Sewing? That involves starvation.

Business? No capital to begin with.

The situation does look discouraging. Never mind; try again.

One of the difficulties is this, that you want to "hold your own," to keep the little position you think you occupy, and not lower yourself among your friends.

But how much of your position is your own? Did you make it? In what way does it belong to you, if you did not make it? By right of inheritance? Ah! there is something worth keeping.

But how was it gained originally? By pluck, by energy, by hard work; and now these are required to hold what they were originally employed in gaining.

Have you inherited none of these qualities? Did not they come to you with the reputation they had earned? You have not had occasion to employ them, but they are there. Yes, I am sure of it. You begin to sniff the air like a war-horse; you take a deep breath and say, "I will conquer, and live!" which is much better than, "I will conquer, or die."

Perhaps you cannot do anything thoroughly well, but there is some *one* thing you can do better than another. Whatever it is, do it — right on the spot where you are, where you are known — where honest effort will make you more, rather than less, respected.

Make a Beginning.

Just begin, that is the great point, and begin as if your heart were in it, whether it is or not. That is to say, put yourself in it. Determine that your work shall be worthy of that *you* which is to be better known, and to do a far higher kind of work, some day.

A New York girl, thrown upon her own resources, obtained a position as saleswoman in a great dry goods store. She had not cleared her ground before starting. She did not look upon her place as one of honor and trust, but she wore a grieved and dismal expression. She took every opportunity to tell her story, and to assure customers and others that she had never expected to be "reduced to anything so degrading as being a saleswoman."

One day she rehearsed her woes to a lady who came to buy articles in her department. The lady heard her patiently and sympathetically. Then she said to her:—

"I have listened with interest to your story, because real experiences are always of value; but I am sorry you take such a view of the situation, and I seriously advise you to look at it differently.

"Don't talk any more about your past. Your customers do not care to spend their time in hearing it, and if your employer should know, he might consider that you were wasting his time and send you away.

"You needed an opportunity of some kind; you have got it. Be thankful for it — make the most of it. Make yourself well acquainted with your work, with the goods you have to sell, and the tastes of buyers. You will find it interesting, and it will make you valuable."

Two or three years afterward, the lady who had said this was accosted by the active, well-paid superintendent of the real lace department of the same house — a young woman.

"You do not remember me, madam," said the young woman, "but I remember you. You once gave me a piece of advice that started me to thinking, and was the making of me. It was when I first came here. I began to study up the different kinds of materials and trimmings in my department, especially laces. I found that few of the girls knew more about them than the prices. By and by I came to have a kind of reputation for knowing about laces and trimmings, and I was transferred to the lace department at higher wages.

"I am very fond of lace, and I studied it harder than ever, until I became an authority, and last year, when the superintendent was removed, I was put in his place. This summer I am to be sent abroad as buyer."

There was nothing extraordinary about this. It was a perfectly natural evolution. But it seemed a providence as well, for a mother upon whom the little family had largely depended had proved a broken reed, and the daughter was now her mother's willing and able breadwinner.

She Would Earn Her Living.

At a brilliant entertainment once given in New York, two people were the observed of all observers. One, the gentleman, was a prominent official in the public service; the other was his wife, a young and interesting woman.

The next time I saw the lady she was an amanuensis in an office at a salary of ten dollars a week. Her husband had died. They had no fortune, and in one instant she was deprived of high position, an idolized husband, and her own means of support.

Homes were offered her, but she preferred at once to take whatever work she could get that would pay her board. She worked most loyally and faithfully in this position for several years, in the meantime doing what she could with her pen. Her writings developed brilliant and attractive qualities which soon secured attention. Orders flowed in upon her. She was sent abroad as a correspondent, and now for a long time has been recognized as one of the popular authors of the day.

Generally girls wish to "go away" when they find themselves thrown upon their own efforts. This is quite as much to gratify a craving already often felt, as to avoid humiliation among those who have known them. Distance lends enchantment, and the mirage is never so fascinating as in youth.

Go away by all means if you choose to, when you have earned the right to go; but if possible earn the money to do so at home. It is easier, and more likely to result in success.

This, of course, does not apply to those who are fitted for special work, and reasonably sure of success wherever they engage in it. It is not at all infrequent that such women are offered important positions at a distance, just as men are, and grow into a high place in a new community just as men do.

Wherever it is possible, a girl who wishes to make her way should begin a business for herself.

Women have a special aptitude for business, and especially for the details which men often neglect, and upon which success frequently depends.

One case known to me is that of a woman whose husband had failed to make his business successful. He had really neglected it, and he finally went West, leaving it hopelessly involved, as he thought, and his family almost destitute.

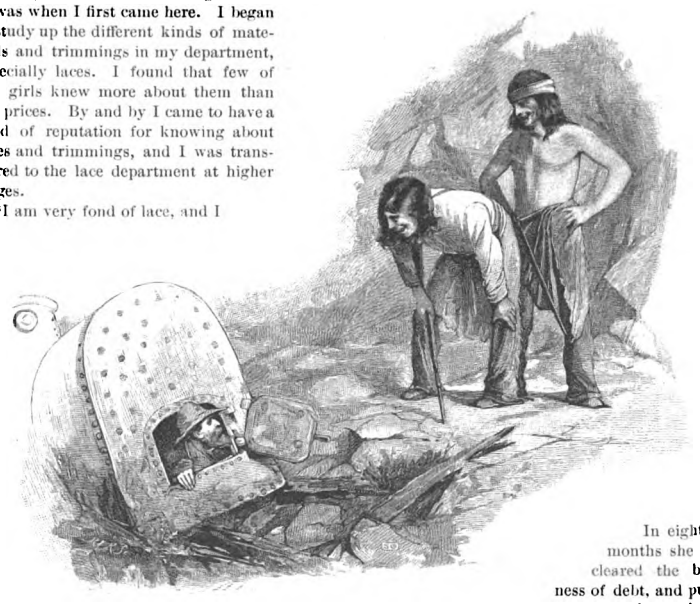
A Business Woman.

The wife was roused by the necessity staring her in the face. She was delicate in appearance, and not strong enough to take in washing or keep boarders. Besides, her home belongings were of the scantiest.

She went down to her husband's shop. She said to the workmen, "I am going to try to carry on this business, pay its debts, and retrieve its fortunes; will you help me?" They said they would, with a will, and they did.

She wrote to each of the creditors, stated her intention, begged for a little more time, and such aid and support as he might be willing to extend to her. Every one promised to wait, and some offered to continue needed supplies.

This little woman, not five feet in height, and weighing only about ninety-five pounds, was in the shop early and late. At night and on holidays she worked for her four children, the oldest of whom was about twelve years of age.



At their Mercy.

In eighteen months she had cleared the business of debt, and put it upon a paying and reputable footing. At the end of that time her husband returned, "out at elbows," and with self-confidence undiminished by his former failure undertook to carry on the business.

As before, he was shiftless and imprudent, and the result was that in a few months had almost undone all that the patient wife had accomplished.

Finally it was represented to him that he had "no head for business"; that his talents were of a higher order, and had a finer field elsewhere. He was persuaded to leave the business in his wife's hands, his name only appearing in it, and to accept a stated stipend for staying away from the "shop."

This he does, and his wife quietly manages the business that supports him.

A Girl Rescues a Business.

It is only a year ago that a testimonial was presented to a young lady of Newark, N. J., the daughter of a shoe-manufacturer, who died insolvent.

This girl, well educated, and not long out of school, had found herself compelled to undertake the support of her mother and young brother, and her only resource in the great emergency was a business burdened with many thousands of dollars of debt.

The testimonial was from the creditors, who had all been paid, as the result of the unceasing labor and persistent energy of this young girl, who took the management of the business, which she now shares with her brother, patiently disentangled it of its complications, and rescued her father's memory from any thought of dishonor that might have attached to it.

Pages might be filled with individual instances of business success all within one's own knowledge. But the most gratifying thing is the fact that women of means are now beginning to invest their money in business, as men do, in order to increase their income.

One of the well-to-do women of New York derives a large income from a laundry, which she established and built up by her own efforts. Left a widow, with a young daughter and a small income, she determined to increase it; she took this method and succeeded.

Another woman, also a widow, began by opening a small store, — a "notion store." Sometimes a novelty or an improvement on an article already in use would be submitted to her as an experiment. She had good and quick judgment, and bought some of these articles.

Her business increased and she began to manufacture. To-day she lives in her own very handsome house, and rides in her own carriage to her business, out of which she draws twenty thousand dollars a year.

JENNY JUNE.

For the Companion.

FOUND IN AN ANT-HILL.

"Fortunes are made in the West in strange ways. The main thing is to get a start. With a few thousand dollars a man may do almost anything if he is shrewd. But he must be industrious and have good judgment.

"The cash for a start is frequently made by some lucky accident. Of the men who come West, bringing money to put into business, five out of every six lose all they bring within two years. At least, that is the way it has been for the last twenty years. After they lose, if they have resolution and persistence, they may make a start, and in ten years become wealthy. I know several such instances."

As the speaker was well known to be one of these instances himself, the writer felt interested in noting down the curious story of adventure which he presently related to the little party of gentlemen in the saloon of the chair-car, as our train sped southward from El Paso to Chihuahua.

"In 1868," said he, "I was engineer and fireman, too, for the people who were operating a mine away up in the Mogollon mountains, above Florence, Arizona. They called it the Twin Mesa Mine, from two round-topped hills on the slope of one of which the mine was located.

"There was no railroad then; but they had hauled a four-stamp mill and boiler up there, with mules, and were trying to crush some pretty good quartz, for silver.

"I was twenty years old, fresh from Iowa, and could find nothing better to do than to put grease-wood under the boiler of this corporation, and try to make steam from it. In fact, I was expected to help cut the grease-wood, up a creek above the mill, and risk my scalp every day; for hostile Apaches were roaming about, and every man of us kept a gun handy, night and day.

"The mine had lost six or seven men by these Indians. It was unsafe to stir out without a strong convoy of troops or frontiersmen. The expenses of working were excessive on that account; so that, although there was good ore in the lead, the mine did not pay, and was abandoned after eighteen months.

"About six weeks before word came to stop work, I made a little discovery. The hillside up to the north of the mill sheds was of a kind of reddish loam, or gravel, packed hard, with here and there the ragged points of ledges protruding through it; while, scattered over the whole hill, were bunches of cactus and occasionally a thorn-bush. You all know how those Arizona hillocks look. And amongst the cactus and thorn-bushes were dozens of ant-hills, each about the size and shape of a bushel basket turned bottom up, though some were much larger.

"I was out here one day, not more than a hundred and fifty yards from the mill, and had sat down beside a bush to look around and rest a bit, when I happened to notice a little clear, yellowish stone in one of these ant-hills, into which I had thrust the stock of my gun.

"I picked up the stone, for it looked rather pretty, I thought, and examined it. I had no idea what it was then; but I thought it was a beautiful object, and fancied that it might have some value. It was about the size of a small plum-stone, and shone with a tawny kind of brilliancy.

"I had a dim recollection of seeing such a stone in a brooch, worn by a wealthy lady whom I had once or twice met in Iowa; but I had no great faith that this stone had any value. However, I poked over the ant-hill, and found another; and then found two others of fair size in another ant-hill close by it. There were also bits of pale blue stone which I afterwards learned were turquoises.

"Apparently the ants had worked these stones upward from the ground beneath, it may be from a considerable depth; for the whole slope was honey-combed by their tunnels and passages. They had brought out cart-loads of dirt and gravel.

"I did not show the stones or say anything about them to the other men at the mill, partly because I had some little hope that they might be valuable, and partly because I did not like to be laughed at for my ignorance.

"But I kept them in my pocket; and after the mine was abandoned, and we had all gone to Tucson, I showed one of the stones to an old German jeweller who used to keep a shop on the corner there, beyond the barracks, and asked him how much he would give me for it. He examined it a long while and tried to find out what I thought it was, where I got it, and so on. But I laughed and kept still.

"At last he made an offer of three dollars for it. I knew then that the stone had some real value, and, putting it in my pocket, I went to another shop. In fact, I offered it in several places; and an army officer, a captain, told me, later in the day, that the stone was a topaz. The captain was of the opinion that so fine a topaz was worth from thirty to fifty dollars in New York city.

"Two months afterwards I sold three of the

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stones for twenty-five dollars apiece in Santa Fé; and I then resolved to go back to the mine and examine the ants'-nests.

"I considered the plan for some weeks. At first I thought of taking a party with me, but finally decided to go alone, although the presence of the hostile Apaches in the mountains made prospecting an extremely dangerous proceeding.

"From the Top-knot Mine, where I finally outfitted for my start, the distance was about forty miles. I made it in two nights' travel, with thirty pounds' weight of ham and hard-tack on my back. I carried a coarse sieve, a navy pistol and a Sharps' rifle.

"The people at the Top-knot thought that I was starting on a general prospecting trip; and they made bets of three to one, that the Apaches would get me.

"The trail over which the mine machinery had been hauled to the Twin Mesa was easily followed; but I found that the Indians had burned the mill. As I looked about the scene of my former labors the place wore a very desolate aspect, in the chilly gray of that early September morning.

"The battery of stamps had fallen over; and the tubular end of the boiler, which had been shored up on blockings, had settled down the hill-side, leaving the fire-box end tilted almost to an upright position.

"I looked down into the fire-box, where I had formerly thrown so many six-foot logs of mesquit. The furnace door was now rusty, and creaked dismally on its hinges. The interior of an old fire-box is not an inviting place; but I had often been inside this one, and it now occurred to me, since there was no other cuddy, that I might put my provisions in it, to keep them from the ants, and perhaps rig up a wicky for myself near by.

"With this in view, I laid down my gun. Then, unstrapping my heavy pack, I lowered it into the fire-box. It slid down upon the mass of old ashes, the ham upon the hard bread. As it was now out of my reach, I got in myself, to arrange my improvised pantry a little more to my liking.

"I had been in there, out of sight, for about a minute, when I was startled—and you can imagine, gentlemen, how much startled—to hear a gruff 'How!' apparently close beside the old boiler.

"I was so much taken by surprise, that I popped my head out without stopping to think, and there I saw two of those painted Apaches, standing within twenty feet of the old boiler-head. They had picked up my gun, and were laughing at my predicament.

"Very likely my astonished and terrified countenance was quite sufficient to excite their mirth. They were sure they had me caught; and it was plain that they intended to amuse themselves at my expense.

"The fact was that these two Apaches had been camping for the night, with a band of stolen horses, among the bushes on the creek a few steps farther up the hollow. I suppose they had heard the creaking of the old furnace door, and had stolen upon me the moment they saw me get into the fire-box.

"I knew that they would show me no mercy; and I had no doubt that my last hour had come. Yet the situation was not quite so bad as it appeared, for my pistol was still in my belt, and as only my head was out of the door-hole, I could draw the revolver without being seen.

"I have no doubt that I looked frightened. Both the savages had guns. They did not point their pieces at me, however, but stood and laughed, exclaiming 'Ho! ho!' and 'How do, brodder?' for they understood a good many English words.

"'Ho, brodder, come out!' said one of them, straightening his painted visage at last.

"Beginning to collect my scattered wits a little, I shook my head, dejectedly. Then they laughed again; and the other said, '*No tira!* No shoot! No hurt brodder. Brodder come out.'

"They were very large Indians, and hideously painted. I was somewhat boyish in appearance at that time and very badly frightened, so that they enjoyed my looks of terror exceedingly. I thought they would burst with laughter. It was the fun of the cat with the mouse.

"I knew enough of their cruelty to be perfectly certain, that, if I should attempt to clamber out, they would shoot me before my feet touched the ground outside. My only chance lay in using my revolver before they discovered that I had one.

"If I had been pusillanimous enough to drop my pistol inside the fire-box and creep forth, to surrender, I should, if spared for the time being, have been saved only for torture and a horrible death a few hours or days later.

"It was my life or theirs, as I knew from the outset.

"I parleyed a little, trying to summon all my nerve for quick work when the moment came for it.

"'*No tira!*' I said, questioningly.

"'*No tira*,' they replied, laughing.

"'All right,' I replied, after appearing to hesitate a little. 'Lay down gun.'

"I made signs to them to put their guns on the ground.

"Still laughing, and after exchanging a word or two in their own language, one of them laid down his gun, while the other, retiring a step behind him, covertly cocked his own piece.

"'*Bueno!*' (Good,) I said, pretending not to see anything suspicious in this. 'Indian now brodder. White man brodder.'

"I then put my left arm out of the hole, drew myself up a little, and, raising my right hand swiftly through the orifice beside my body, shot the savage who held the musket before he could level his piece.

"With a yell of surprise the foremost savage caught up his gun; but as he cocked it, I fired upon him and brought him to the ground."

"A cool bit of work," observed one of the little party of listeners.

"Well, I don't know about the cool part," replied the narrator. "My recollection is that I was terribly scared. I felt decidedly thankful that I had escaped the two savages.

"But I did not know how many more there might be close by. I jumped out quickly, I assure you picked up the loaded guns, and then lay behind the boiler for an hour, on the lookout.

"But these two were all there were in the vicinity. I found their camp and horses, later in the forenoon; and turned the horses loose—for I knew I could not get down to the post-road with them.

"Although I was about the mine for a week, sifting over those ant-hills, early and late, I saw no more Apaches."

"And the topazes?" I inquired.

"I found a hundred and forty-two more of those stones," was the reply; "and the money that I realized from them was what first set me on my feet in the Territory."

For the Companion.

HISTORIC HOUSES.

The Raleigh Tavern.

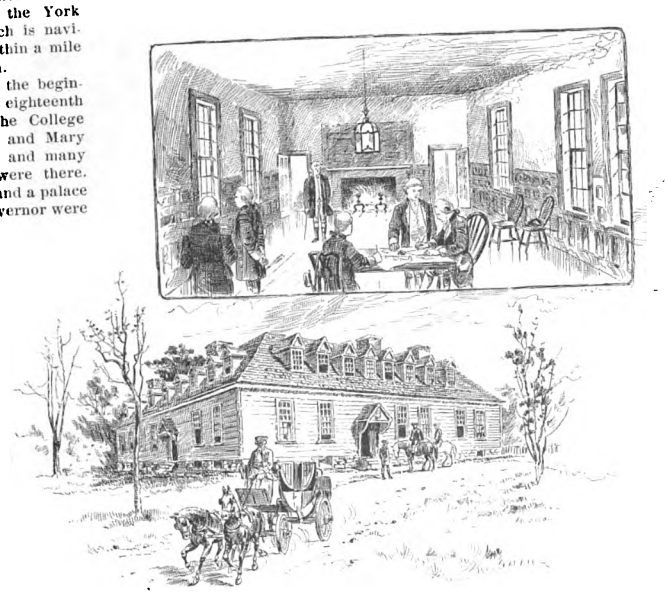
By Benson J. Lossing.

Williamsburg, the oldest incorporated town in Virginia, was settled in 1632, and was known as "The Middle Plantation," being half-way between the James and York Rivers. It became the seat of government of Virginia in 1678.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century a college was established there by a charter, with endowments of twenty thousand acres of land and the receipt from certain customs duties, by the joint sovereigns of England, William and Mary.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the colonial governor laid out a city there in the form of a cipher, composed of the letters W and M, and gave it the title of Williamsburg. It lies on a ridge at the head springs of two creeks, one of which flows into the James and the other into the York River. Each is navigable to within a mile of the town.

At about the beginning of the eighteenth century, the College of William and Mary was open, and many students were there. A capitol and a palace for the governor were built, and a church, the finest then in America, was erected.



The Old Raleigh Tavern.

Population increased rapidly. It was made a market town. The city became the permanent and temporary residence of opulent planters. "Here," wrote Rev. Owen Jones, a Welsh ancestor of Martha Washington, "dwell several good families, and some reside here at their own houses, in public times. They live in the same neat manner, dress after the same modes, and behave themselves exactly as the gentry of London; most families of note having a coach, chariot, berlin or chaise."

The city was the residence of the colonial vice-regal court, and during the sessions of the legislature it became a theatre of great social enjoyment and gaiety. To that court and to society, the pretty, bright, witty and amiable Martha Dandridge—afterward Martha Washington—was introduced at the age of fifteen years.

In its palmiest days, however, the resident population of Williamsburg did not exceed about two thousand white persons.

The transient visitors at the capital, especially those who caused the periodical overflow there at the annual sessions of the legislature, required a public house of entertainment. At about 1710, when Spotiswood was governor, a spacious inn was built, at his suggestion and with his pecuniary aid.

It was named in honor of the famous knight and courtier of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Raleigh Tavern.

It was constructed of wood, in the form of an L, one part extending back from the street at a right angle with the front. Like nearly every other edifice in that little city, it stood alone, with gardens between it and its neighbors.

The Raleigh Tavern was a story and a half in height, the upper portion lighted by numerous dormer windows that pierced a sloping roof, as seen in the illustration. Over the front porch was a leaden bust of Raleigh. That porch was at the entrance to a broad passage that extended through the building.

In the portion of the building which extended back from the street was a large apartment called the Apollo room. It was lighted by six large windows, and was handsomely wainscotted as high up from the floor as half the height of the windows; also over the fireplace.

The walls and ceiling were whitewashed, and the woodwork painted a lead color, when I made the drawing in 1848. At the further end, as seen in the engraving, were two doors, one of which was the entrance from the passage from the side porch, the other leading to a stairway that ascended to the dormitories.

At the period of the Revolution, a large square lantern made of iron and glass, and furnished with candles, was suspended from the centre of the ceiling, while at intervals around the sides of the room were several candelabra with small mirrors for reflections.

The Apollo room was devoted to public gatherings of every kind. During the gay season it was used as an assembly room for dancing, and in it might frequently be seen the most eminent representatives of titles, wealth and beauty of the colonial society of the Old Dominion, especially during the long administration of Governor Sir William Gooch (1727-1749).

Then the vice-regal court of Virginia, with its surroundings, was the most brilliant on the continent; for much of the old Cavalier element was left in that region. Much of the stately etiquette and conventional formality still prevailed at the Virginia capital. The great landholders vied with each other in their display of equipages, dress and retinues.

When the Stamp Act and other oppressive measures were put in operation by the British ministry, the English-American colonists were aroused to persistent opposition, and the voices of Patrick Henry and other patriots were sounding an alarum in the legislative hall of the old capitol near the Raleigh Tavern.

Almost daily conferences were held in the Apollo room, at which measures were devised that, in a quiet way, often effected more salutary results than the most eloquent declamations.

It was in that room that young Thomas Jefferson and two or three others prepared those counter resolutions and addresses in opposition to those of the British Parliament, in the spring of 1769. They were promptly adopted by the Virginia House of Burgesses or Assembly, and produced a crisis.

This act caused the royal governor to dissolve the Assembly. The members met the next day in the Apollo room, formed themselves into a Voluntary Convention, drew up articles of opposition against the use of any merchandise imported from Great Britain, signed and recommended them, and then repaired to their respective districts.

They were all reëlected except those who had declined to countenance the proceedings of the majority. This was incipient rebellion; and similar acts in that room from time to time afterward made the Raleigh Tavern to Virginia, relatively, what Faneuil Hall is to Massachusetts.

Virginia kept pace with Massachusetts in the adoption of revolutionary measures. Her voice was always quick to express sympathy with that generous sister in her struggles against cruel inflictions of British power during the hot ten years' quarrel between the Americans and the imperial government, before they came to blows.

When, in the spring of 1773, the Virginia Assembly received copies of an address issued by the Assembly of Massachusetts, in which the sore grievances of that province were set forth, they promptly declared their concurrence and sympathy with their New England brethren. Peyton Randolph (the Speaker), Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee and others urged immediate and bold action.

A committee of correspondence was nominated the same evening, at a private conference held by the members at the Raleigh Tavern, when strong resolutions were drawn up.

They were presented to the Assembly the next day and adopted, and the committee was appointed, with instructions to obtain trustworthy intelligence of all such acts of Parliament or the ministry as might affect the rights of the colonies. The committee was also authorized to open a correspondence and communication with similar committees of the other colonies.

The royal governor of Virginia at that time was Lord Dunmore, a Scotch nobleman. He was full of aristocratic notions; was deficient in sound judgment and that common-sense which is essential in public life, and was possessed of an irritable temper and vindictive spirit.

When he heard of the proceedings of the Assembly he hastened to their chamber. At that moment they were about to adopt other resolutions equally unsubmissive to royal rule, when the governor, with a loud voice, broad Scotch accent and haughty demeanor, proclaimed the Assembly dissolved.

The next day the committee of correspondence met at the Raleigh Tavern and despatched to the Speakers of the several provincial Assemblies a circular letter containing patriotic resolutions. Cordial responses came back.

So, through documents sent out from the Raleigh Tavern, was formed the first sound link of the chain that united a confederacy which gave birth to a great nation.

When, in the early summer of 1774, the British government declared its intention to punish the inhabitants of Boston for the destruction of tea in their harbor, by closing that port to commerce, the Virginia Assembly passed strong resolutions of condolence, and appointed a day to be observed as a fast.

The offended governor, by verbal proclamation, dissolved the Assembly.

Eighty-nine of the members—among whom was Washington—met in the Apollo room on the following day, organized themselves into a Provincial Convention, prepared an address to their constituents, in which they declared that an attack upon one colony was an attack upon all, and recommended the assembling of a General Congress of representatives of all the colonies.

This recommendation was immediately sent forth by couriers despatched from the Raleigh Tavern It was heartily commended by all excepting Georgia.

Twenty-five of the members of the convention remained at Williamsburg to participate in the religious observances of the appointed Fast Day. They issued a circular to all the burgesses, or members of the Assembly, recommending a meeting of the whole body at the Raleigh Tavern, on the first day of August next ensuing.

Eighty of the members who formed the convention in the Raleigh were present at the appointed time. They adopted resolutions to import no more slaves, nor British goods, nor tea; and resolved that if their grievances were not speedily redressed, to export no more tobacco to England.

They recommended the cultivation of other articles of husbandry; the improvement of the breed of sheep, and the multiplying of their numbers. On the Fifth of August they chose delegates to represent Virginia in the Continental Congress which was to meet at Philadelphia on the Fifth of September. They then adjourned, after each had pledged himself to do all in his power to effect the results contemplated in their proceedings.

During the war that soon broke out, the Raleigh Tavern and its Apollo room were frequently the rendezvous of civil and military officials of Virginia, when they were at the capital, and there the final arrangements for the siege of Yorktown were made by Washington and Rochambeau, in September, 1781.

The Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg, Independence Hall at Philadelphia, and Faneuil Hall at Boston, have equal claims to the reverence of every American citizen.

For the Companion.

RUNAWAY BOYS.

First Paper.

By the Chief Inspector of the N. Y. Police.

A police official in a great city like New York has almost unnumbered opportunities to see different varieties of human nature. Of course many criminal acts come to his knowledge of which he can never speak, or can reveal only in such a way as to conceal the identity of the person or persons concerned.

One of the strange facts in my experience is the large number of runaway boys whose cases come to my attention. I call it strange, and yet it is so common that it can hardly be truthfully termed strange; nor is it a difficult matter to understand the wonderful fascination which the great city, seen afar off, exerts upon the boy in the country or the rural town.

I am convinced that the causes which induce boys to leave their homes without the father's and mother's consent are, in many cases at least, akin to those which have produced the abandoned farms upon the hillsides of Vermont and New Hampshire. In some cases their former occupants have gone to the villages and small towns not far away; in others they have found their way to the greater cities, and of course not a few have gone West in the hope of bettering their fortunes.

The number of runaway boys who find their way to New York, and are here discovered by the police and returned to their homes, will average over two hundred a year. There is a certain similarity among the cases, though the reasons why the boys come here are various; and now and then there is a case which stands apart in its peculiarities from all others of its class.

I think that the trashy and sensational novels and newspapers which so greatly abound, and which are so much read by young people of both sexes, are a prolific cause of this evil, as well as of other evils. These publications do vastly more harm than good.

I have no sympathy with those who contend that it is better to read anything rather than to be idle. It is true that Satan finds some mischief for idle hands, or minds, to do; but I greatly doubt if that mischief would prove as harmful as the results which flow from the reading of the so-called "flash literature" of the period. It is especially deplorable in the case of boys who are very sensitive to impressions received.

If I were to have the opportunity to impress indelibly one thing upon the minds of the fathers and mothers of the country, I should insist upon the importance—nay, the necessity—of wisely selecting the reading matter put into the hands of their children.

Of course I am aware that in some instances where the utmost care is exercised, the forbidden fruit is devoured secretly and the seeds of evil thus sown. But I would have the reading supplied at home so abundant and so attractive that the temptation to read prohibited and harmful matter would be very small indeed. In these days of

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excellent and interesting publications for young people, this is not a difficult thing to do.

But there are very many families in which reading matter of any sort is a thing unknown. Hence the importance, in cities, towns, and villages, of establishing free reading-rooms and libraries.

Many of the runaway boys who come to New York provide themselves with a proper outfit in which to go West and fight Indians. This is a favorite fancy. They want pistols and big broad-brimmed hats and other equipments, and then they intend to set out on an expedition against the red men.

Usually we get on their track before they have quite completed their preparations, and thus their tragic career is cut short—to their poignant, but only temporary, grief.

Then there are boys who run away because they think they have not been properly treated at home. Sometimes they are the sons of wealthy parents, who are able and willing to educate them in the best way and to establish them in business or in some profession.

Such boys may want more money than their parents think it wise to allow them, or some other cause may lead to disputes which end in the sudden departure of the unruly lad from the home nest.

Generally he comes to New York without any fixed purpose, but with the vague hope of obtaining a situation. Such boys know nothing of the difficulty of doing this without references. Sometimes they have stolen the money to pay their fare to the city, and have little left with which to support themselves after reaching New York. In the natural course of things, unless their parents institute a search or they are found by the police wandering about the streets and sent back home, they drift into the cheap lodging-houses which are a bane to the city.

There they are almost inevitably thrown into contact with criminals, possibly with ex-convicts; and nothing is more easy than to initiate them in a career of crime, with all its dreadful possibilities.

Fortunately, in the great majority of instances the distressed and distracted parents cause speedy inquiries to be made by the police, and as a rule the runaways are soon discovered. Scores of them are brought to my office in the course of every year. Not infrequently the boys meet their fathers here, and I have been the witness of many affecting reunions.

I make it a practice to give the boys a good "talking to," and to point out to them how much better off they will be in their homes, surrounded by kind and loving friends, than in the great city with its temptations and pitfalls. Sometimes there is a stubborn case, but generally the boy breaks down in a few minutes, bursts into tears, and is glad enough to be taken back to his mother.

There is another class of boys who leave their homes on account of really cruel treatment on the part of their fathers. Brutality is not too strong a term to use in describing the conduct of some fathers toward their children. And when boys have been almost driven away from home in this way, it is not to be wondered at if the father is glad rather than sorry, and not disposed to take much trouble in searching for the fugitive.

So, too, such a boy, when sought for and found, is particularly reluctant to return to the home which has been so little a home to him. Still, after a few days of wandering about the city, when these boys are finally picked up by the police they ordinarily tell a straightforward story. Then their parents are communicated with, and come or send for them.

I remember one instance of undoubted brutality, in which the boy repeated his charges against his father, face to face with him, in my office. The father became so incensed by what was unquestionably a truthful narrative that he was unable to restrain himself, and lifted his hand and struck his son in the face.

I had him arrested immediately, and I think my readers will be glad to know that he was taken to court, and would have been adequately punished except for the lad's earnest plea for mercy for his father on account of his brothers and sisters at home. That father learned a lesson, I hope, from which he profited.

I do not know what happened to the boy subsequently, but his home could have possessed few of the qualities which we are in the habit of associating with that word.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, for whose work I have great admiration, is able to deal with no more than a fraction of the cases of real cruelty in the treatment of children by their parents.

There is, naturally, a good deal of similarity among the multitude of cases of runaway boys which come to the attention of the police of New York City. A few examples from the recent records of the Police Department, however, may be useful in pointing the moral of the result to which running away from home almost inevitably leads. I shall present them in a second article.

THOMAS BYRNES.

WELL-KNOWN.

He was a cabin passenger, and the steamship was one of the ocean racers. The company, even those who occupy the most expensive staterooms, is not always "select," in the society sense; but this man seemed more than ordinarily out of place. Who was he? No one knew.

One day the mystery was solved. He seated himself beside a distinguished lawyer, and opened the conversation.

"I've read your speeches in the newspapers many a time, and I'm pleased to know you."

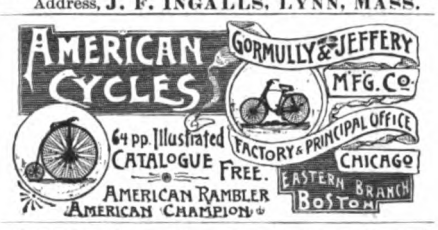
"Thank you," the other answered, and then, improving the opportunity, he added, "Do you live in New York?"

"Why, bless you!" was the answer, "you must know who I am. I'm Mike McCarthy; everybody knows me. I've been a boss teamster in New York for more than forty years."

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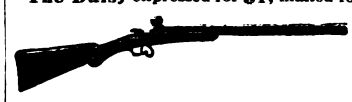
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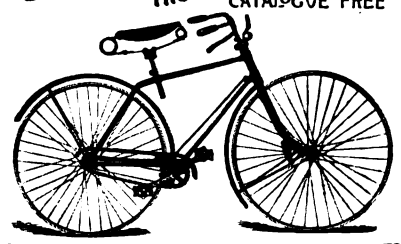
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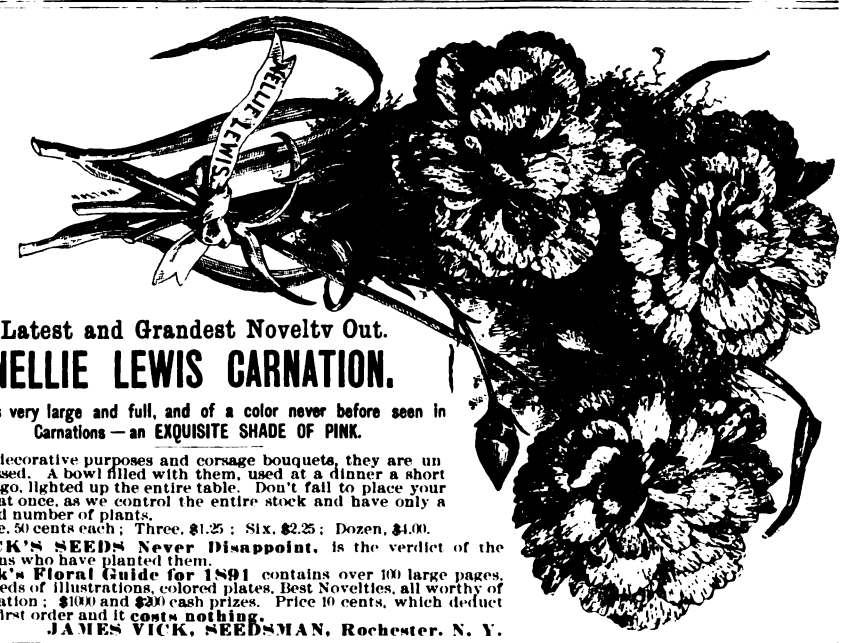
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ANIMAL HAPPINESS.

All animals, from ants up to whales and elephants, play together in youth, and some are fond of taking such diversion at intervals through life. One might search the world over, and not find more playful creatures than puppies and kittens, but there are other dumb animals which not only frisk about, but actually descend to practical jokes.

A Brazilian parrot once succeeded in making a railway party believe that they had run over a child. Sudden cries, followed by a low moaning, rang out from beneath the wheels. The train was stopped, and the employees nervously searched the track, but no child was to be seen. No clue to the situation could be found, until a large green parrot, swinging in his cage, uttered a mocking laugh.

A monkey, on shipboard, used to amuse himself in the cook's absence by turning the water-cocks, in order to enjoy that worthy's surprise when he returned and found the water running over the floor; and there are scores of authenticated instances of actual deception practised by animals to gain some desired end.

A certain Skye terrier used to attempt deceiving its master by going through the action of killing a fly, and then assuming an air of success. One day, however, when proof was given him that his hypocrisy was detected, he slunk under the furniture, evidently quite ashamed.

The merry antics of monkeys are many and diverting. Humboldt was acquainted with a monkey in India which took delight in riding a pig. Every morning the creature caught one, leaped astride his back, and clinging there with great firmness, took his fill of riding. Another monkey, domesticated by a missionary, used to put the family cat, a strong, good-natured animal, to the same use.

The favorite game of others seems to be that of sliding downhill. They climb to the top of a high snow ridge, lie flat upon the stomach, with the forefeet bent backward, and, giving themselves an impulse with the hind-legs, glide down the hill, head foremost. In summer, they select a sloping river bank, which has a clayey soil, and where the water at its base is of considerable depth. Climbing this bank, they start from the top, slip swiftly over the sloping ground, and plunge into the water.

The gambolling of whales is often witnessed by sailors, and Paley says that any observer of fish must acknowledge that "they are so happy they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes and frolics are simply the effect of an excess of spirits."

All these facts are powerful witnesses to the truth that this is a happy world, and that creatures, as well as Creator, may pronounce it "good."

ARABS AS GUIDES.

It is not a little singular that the Arabs of the desert are far inferior to the natives of America in the faculty of finding their way through woods or over plains. They are apt to be near-sighted at the best, and often have the additional misfortune of diseased eyes. In her account of the "Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates," Lady Blunt speaks of this incapacity of Arab guides.

We were no sooner out of the wady, and on the table-land again, than we found ourselves in a thick fog, which would have obliged us to stop if we had been without a compass. By the compass we determined the direction, and then kept to it by the wind, which blew from behind upon our right ears.

It is curious how little faculty the Arabs have of finding their way. Their course seems to be directed entirely by what, I believe, sailors call "rule of thumb." Once out of their own district, they are incapable of pursuing a straight line by the sun, or the wind, or by any natural instinct. They travel from landmark to landmark, and almost always in a zigzag, which costs them many a mile.

Here they had to depend entirely upon us for the direction of El Haddr, a place we had never seen or heard of till two days before; and our knowledge of its position, though simple enough to us, seemed very marvellous to the guides.

When the fog cleared, as it did in the course of the morning, they saw, to their surprise, El Haddr straight in front of them. It was still many miles off, but our course had been correct. I think this fog was a fortunate circumstance, as it raised us in the eyes of all our following, who now professed full faith and confidence in my husband.

THEIR OWN GRAVES.

The punishment which follows wrong-doing is sometimes so evidently just and appropriate that it is natural to speak of it as "poetic justice." The penalty is not only deserved, but is so neatly adapted to the offence as to seem almost ideal, or poetical, in its fitness. Under this head comes an order of General Scott's, lately printed in the *Magazine of American History*.

General Scott was in command at Rock Island when the cholera broke out there, and after various injunctions in this order as to sobriety and cleanliness, he adds this curious paragraph:

"In addition to the foregoing, the senior surgeon present recommends the use of flannel shirts, flannel drawers and woollen stockings; but the commanding general, who has seen much of disease, knows that it is intemperance which, in the present state of the atmosphere, generates and spreads the calamity, and that when once spread, good and temperate men are likely to take the infection.

"He, therefore, peremptorily commands that every soldier or ranger who shall be found drunk or sensibly intoxicated after the publication of this order be compelled, as soon as his strength will permit, to dig a grave at a suitable burying-place, large enough for his own reception, as such grave cannot fail soon to be wanted for the drunken man himself or some drunken companion. This order is given as well to serve for the punishment of drunkenness as to spare good and temperate men the labor of digging graves for their worthless companions."

A MAGAZINE editor once received a long story, in which there was not a single mark of punctuation, except an occasional period. At the bottom of the last page the author had written: "Please put in the decimal points to suit."

A SCHOOL-BOY who read in the Bible of "divers diseases," said he supposed they must be cramps.

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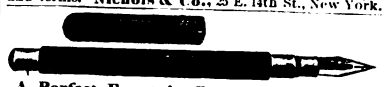
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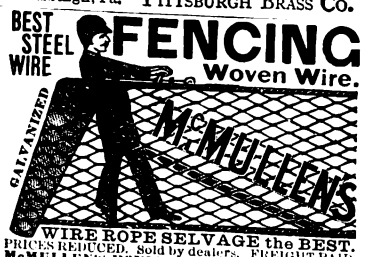


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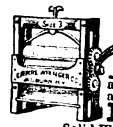


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THE HEYGOOD TEA SERVICE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Miss Dorina's Notable Errand.



IT was the afternoon of a raw November day. The grounds and gardens of the fine old Witheredge homestead in Habersham County, Georgia, wore a wintry aspect under the declining sun; but in the dining-room, overlooking the denuded rose-beds, a cheerful fire burned.

Around this fire were seated three people: Miss Dorina Witheredge, her brother, Colonel Frederick Witheredge, and their young cousin, Sally Witheredge Holmes.

Miss Dorina, a handsome old lady of seventy-five, attired in the fashion of her long-departed youth—scant skirts, high shoulders, balloon sleeves, and a short waist covered by a ruffled cape of whitest, sheerest lawn, crossed in front, and pinned into her stiff, wide belt—occupied her accustomed arm-chair at the right of the chimney.

The Colonel in his arm-chair on the opposite side was spreading his long, thin hands to the grateful warmth of the flames that played about the hickory logs, and repeated themselves in the burnished surface of the great brass andirons.

The Colonel and Miss Dorina were twins, and resembled each other strongly; but he was neither so careful nor so old-fashioned in his dress as she, nor so precise in his bearing. Miss Dorina sat up very straight, while he drooped and lounged slightly.

On a low stool in front of the fire, between these two old people, sat Sally Witheredge Holmes, "like to a rose in a withering bower."

Sally was a cousin two or three times removed; only Miss Dorina could have told the exact relationship. She was a gay girl, delighting in fun and frolic, thoughtless sometimes, as such girls are prone to be, but good-hearted and honorable, and carrying sunshine wherever she went.

The old Colonel was very fond of her, and insisted upon having her at the homestead whenever he could steal her away from her father, who was accustomed to complain jestingly that his only daughter divided her time very unequally between his house and the Colonel's.

Miss Dorina, too, was fond of Sally, but in a less indulgent way. As for Sally, she loved both her old cousins, and though giddy and light-hearted was never inconsiderate of their comfort.

She sat very still and quiet now, while Miss Dorina read the letter old Calamus had just brought from the post-office. It was a letter from kinsfolk in Alabama. Sally was quite sure that it contained exciting news, for there was an unwonted pucker in Miss Dorina's placid brow, an unusual flush in her delicate cheeks, and a tremor in the shapely white hands that held the dainty missive.

Sally thought her old cousin took a needlessly long time to read those four pages; but at last her patience was rewarded.

"Actually, the child is going to be married!" Miss Dorina announced, with tremulous indignation, glancing over her gold-rimmed spectacles at her brother.

The Colonel looked at his sister with an air of mild inquiry, but said nothing.

"Is it Dorina you mean? Dorina of Alabama?" cried Sally, eagerly. "Why, Cousin Dorina, she isn't a child; she is more than a whole year older than I am, and I shall be seventeen, my next birthday."

Sally made a charming picture with the fire-glow playing on her eager, upturned face—a face lighted by large and deep blue eyes that were merry and tender by turns, and softly shaded by a mass of brown hair that rippled over a broad, low forehead.

The Colonel looked at her and smiled with a quiet pleasure; but Miss Dorina frowned.

"I call you a baby," she said, with a glance of mild rebuke.

Miss Dorina found it difficult to realize that her namesake, Dorina Witheredge Heygood, of Alabama, whom she had never seen, was no longer a little girl in pinafores; but that Sally Witheredge Holmes should consider herself grown up was preposterous. "Seventeen is no age at all," she said, as she took up the letter again.

The Colonel looked at Sally with a twinkle in his eyes. He was always ready to accord his favorite the full benefit of her few years.

"Dear, dear!" pursued Miss Dorina, smoothing the letter on her knee; "the child wrote me something of this in the summer, but I paid no attention—she is so young! It's a Brent she is going to marry."

"Ah? one of the Georgia Brents?" asked the Colonel.

"Very likely. They are good people and well-to-do. But it is a long, long journey from Habersham County to Baybridge in West Alabama, and the wedding is only ten days off."

"Oh, if we might go! There is time enough," cried Sally, eagerly.

"Sally—Witheredge—Holmes!" said Miss Dorina, with rebuking emphasis.

Sally subsided with a sigh of resignation, for she knew well that her cousin, a recluse for many years, was not readily to be enticed beyond the gates of the Witheredge homestead.

"I have made up my mind to one thing," Miss Dorina announced with decision. "I shall present the bride with my Grandmother Heygood's silver tea service."

Sally gave the Colonel an involuntary glance of startled surprise. That silver tea service, massive and cumbrous, had occupied for long years before Sally could remember, a shelf in a brass-bound mahogany cabinet, fixed between the windows of Miss Dorina's sitting-room upstairs.

The cabinet was full of old family silver and other such treasures that Miss Dorina had been collecting during many years, at no small cost of money and of management, and even at some sacrifice of good-will and family harmony.

This particular tea service, however, was Miss Dorina's own of unchallenged right, for Grandmother Dorina Heygood herself had left it by will to the granddaughter who bore her name. Sally knew that of all Miss Dorina's possessions that tea service was most prized.

The Colonel knew this too; but his countenance remained so placid that Sally was sure he had failed fully to understand his sister's intention.

But the old Colonel was not taken by surprise, as Sally was. He was quite well aware that his sister had left the famous tea service in her will to Dorina Witheredge Heygood of Alabama, eighteen years before, when she was first made acquainted with the existence of her namesake.

"It does seem providential that I had it all cleaned last Tuesday," Miss Dorina commented, with satisfaction; "for now it is ready to pack."

"But—but—would you trust that silver to go by express?" stammered Sally.

"Sally—Witheredge—Holmes! I am surprised at you, truly!" said Miss Dorina, indignantly. "Trust your great-great-grandmother Heygood's silver tea service to the common express, when it has never been a day out of the family keeping since it came home, twelve pieces, marked 'Dorina Heygood'? No; Fred shall carry it with my blessing."

"H'm!" said the Colonel.

The Fred alluded to was not himself, but his only grandchild, the son of his only child, Frederick Lanis Witheredge, who had been killed in battle when the younger Frederick was but a few months old.

The old Colonel naturally thought he had a closer claim upon this youth of eighteen than any one else could have; but Miss Dorina, who took charge of the boy when his mother died in his third year, had asserted and maintained a superior claim. In accordance with her views, Frederick had been educated at home, and his travels, heretofore, had not extended ten miles beyond his grandfather's fireside.



Miss Dorina tells the news.

"Yes; I shall send Fred," Miss Dorina repeated, with secret self-applause of the boldness of her resolution.

Sally gave a little gasp of delight. She knew how great a pleasure the trip would be to Fred, and she hoped, in her heart, that the Colonel would not oppose the plan.

The Colonel had no idea of offering the slightest opposition. He had, indeed, long been of the opinion that his grandson should see something of the world. He had just given placid expression to this opinion, when Fred himself entered the room.

"Oh, Fred! Such awfully good news!" cried Sally, eagerly.

"Girls did not indulge in such modes of speech when I was young," remarked Miss Dorina. Then she proceeded to explain the matter to her grandnephew.

"Dorina Witheredge Heygood is about to be married, Fred, and I've made up my mind to give her my Grandmother Heygood's silver tea service as a wedding present, for the sake of her name."

Fred puckered his lips for a whistle of incredulity, but Miss Witheredge gave him no chance to utter it, but went on with her announcement.

"And you are going to take it to her, Fred, as my representative at the wedding."

"I?" exclaimed Fred, starting up breathless with astonishment. "Oh, Aunt Dorina!"

"Yes, my dear. I'm too old to travel," his aunt went on, with an emphatic little nod. "I shall have to depend upon you; for as to sending anything so valuable without an especial convoy, such a risk is not to be thought of."

"Certainly not!" Fred agreed, eager for the journey.

"And you need not regret the tea service, my dear boy, for there'll be your great-great-grandfather's solid silver soup-tureen for you, and his tankard and porringer."

"Oh, I'm quite willing to give up the tea service," said Fred, heartily. The untravelled youth would have given up the soup-tureen, the tankard and the porringer into the bargain, rather than forego the trip to Alabama.

"You can start to-morrow morning," said Miss Dorina.

"To-morrow morning?" echoed the Colonel. "Why, you said, just now, that the wedding is ten days off!"

"He must have time to become acquainted with our relatives," Miss Dorina reminded him. "I'll give you a memorandum, Fred, telling you who is who, and you must study it well. We'll send for Arnold at once and pack the silver after dark to-night."

Arnold was Sally's brother and Fred's best friend.

"I'll go myself, and bring him back to supper," cried Fred, hurrying out to order his horse.

"And Sally, my dear," Miss Dorina said, presently, after a few moments' musing that followed Fred's departure, "you shall not be forgotten in the distribution of the family silver; I always meant to give you the two big ladles——"

"When I am married?" interrupted Sally, gleefully.

"My dear," Miss Dorina admonished her, peering over her spectacles, "the age of twenty-two is quite early enough for any girl to contemplate matrimony."

It was at the age of twenty-two that the romance of Miss Dorina's life overtook her, and Sally, who knew the story, became grave.

Miss Dorina Witheredge, wealthy and beautiful, with a host of admirers, had set her affections upon a gentleman of straitened fortunes; and though her family might have overlooked this want of fortune, the young man had wooed and married another girl, not half so handsome as the

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beautiful Miss Witheredge. Miss Dorina did not bemoan her fate, but from the day of the marriage she gave up the world, and had never again passed through the great red gates of the old homestead to visit or to shop, or even to attend church.

The country folk of the hill-sides said that she was "touched in her head;" but she retained quite enough mental force to hold her place in the family life, adorning herself, as had always been her pleasure, in rich laces, shimmering silks and gleaming jewels, and entertaining friends with grace and hospitality.

Her manner and conversation exhibited no trace of flightiness, and her friends said that she was but indulging a whim of which she would tire in time; but as the years went by, it was seen that Miss Dorina became only the more wedded to this whim, until there was nothing for her family to do but acquiesce in it.

No matter how the fashion might vary in dress, in horticulture, in house-furnishing, the cut of Miss Dorina's gowns was never changed, her prim flower-beds remained always the same, the ancient pieces of dark mahogany kept their fixed places against her walls.

Upon the death of her brother's only child, Miss Dorina's pride and hope had centred in her orphaned great-nephew, Frederick Lanis Witheredge, Jr.; but when this Fred the younger was scarcely a year old, there came news from Alabama that gave the boy a rival in her heart.

The daughter of the man whom the recluse woman had loved in her youth had married Mr. Lewis Heygood. Miss Dorina could readily define his relationship to the Witheredges of Habersham County; but that is no matter. It touched her more nearly that Lewis Heygood's wife had chosen to name her first daughter for the old cousin over in Georgia, whom neither she nor her husband had ever seen.

To make the compliment more acceptable, there was no other Dorina in the entire family connection, for Miss Dorina's determination to possess herself of certain pieces of the family silver had created some bitterness, and the name had lost its popularity in the later generations.

Fred returned with Arnold in time for supper, which old Martha, the wife of Calamus, was setting upon the table when the two lads came in.

Miss Dorina, by winks, nods, and frowns that could not escape her handmaiden, forbade any allusion to the silver, or to Fred's journey on the morrow.

Not until nine o'clock, when the Colonel, according to his custom, had gone to bed, and the house was bolted and barred with more than usual care, would Miss Dorina consent that the packing should be undertaken.

That labor was performed by the three young people, under her indisputable, and often contradictory, directions; and after much trouble, the elaborate tea service of Grandmother Heygood was at last bestowed, together with Fred's clothes, in an old-fashioned, rough-hide trunk, marked with a great W in brass tacks on each end.

Arnold had a better trunk which he was entirely willing to lend, but in Miss Dorina s mind, no other would serve so well as this bit of antiquity, which had been dragged out of the dust of the garret by the two boys.

"It will attract so much less attention than one of your brand-new affairs," she declared.

"Fred," said Sally, when Miss Dorina, satisfied with her arrangements, had gone to bed, "don't you remember the tradition in the family that old Father Noah's surname was Witheredge? Now you don't look old enough for Noah, but when the people in Alabama see that trunk, they will surely inquire whether you are Shem, Ham, or Japhet."

"What can a fellow do?" retorted Fred, irritably. "Aunt Dorina thinks the world stands still."

"Grin and bear it," suggested Arnold. "Cousin Dorina is paying your way; and it's a good, strong trunk. But don't forget that you are carrying treasure, young man."

"Oh, Fred!" cried Sally, "I do hope you may have an adventure—a real adventure, to put your courage and presence of mind to the test. If masked highwaymen——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Arnold. "What a goose! There aren't any highwaymen nowadays."

"Oh, yes, it's an every-day, nineteenth century undertaking," said Fred, assuming a travelled air. "Railroad all the way to Baybridge. Grandfather and I studied out the route after supper, while you were telling Aunt Dorina about Cousin Polly Piper and the kin over the river."

"Well, goose or no goose, highwaymen or no highwaymen," said Sally, with some pique, "you'd feel pretty cheap, Fred, if you arrived at Baybridge without your great-great-grandmother Heygood's silver, and no adventure to boast of as a set-off."

"No danger, little cousin," Fred assured her, with a patronizing air that roused Sally's indignation.

"If my words come true, don't expect *me* to sympathize with you," she retorted. "This goose is going to bed; the fire is out, and it is cold; so good-night to you both."

Fred and Arnold followed her example, and soon were sound asleep. But about two o'clock Arnold awakened Fred, shaking him, and whispering excitedly, "Get up, I say, and snatch on some clothes! Somebody is in the house, sure! Do you hear that?"

Fred certainly did hear it. It was a noise of movement somewhere. In an instant he was wide awake.

The sound apparently came from the garret. It was followed by an interval of silence; but while the boys hurried on their clothes, the noise was repeated, as of some one stumbling about in unaccustomed places.

Cautiously they opened the door and peered into the hall. All was silent, and all was dark, save for the faint gleam of the clear, starlit sky that struggled through the half-turned blinds and showed the old-fashioned hair-trunk at the head of the stairs, just where they had left it.

The next instant a light flashed down the spiral garret stair, flickered, and was lost again in darkness.

Fred opened his mouth to shout out an alarm, but Arnold laid his hand over his lips.

"Hush!" commanded Arnold, in a whisper, as he laid his hand on the other's arm. "Look there!"

He pointed upward, where, dimly defined in the faint, uncertain light that emanated from some point within the garret, but to them invisible, a dark-robed figure loomed against the shadows at the head of the garret stairs.

The two boys flattened themselves against the wall within the angle made by the big wardrobe which held the house linen, and waited in breathless silence.

It seemed to them an endless time before the mysterious figure gave any indication of movement, and they had almost persuaded themselves that what they had seen with so much alarm was but a harmless shadow, when a hand was slowly stretched out along the spiral rail, and that hand held a huge pistol.

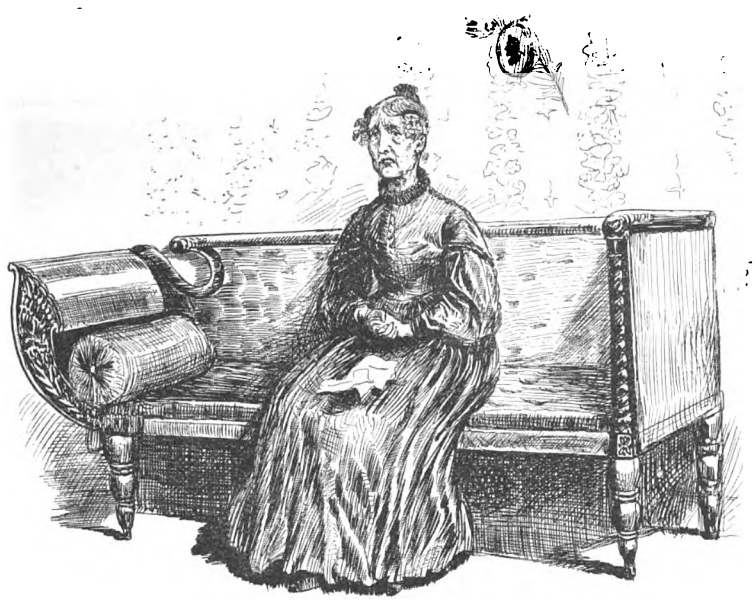
ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

ESTHER'S LONG WINTER.

The funeral was over. Old Mrs. Sparrow had been laid away to rest in the little village burying-ground, and the neighbors who had gathered about the grave had dispersed to their homes.



Priscilla Sparrow

Priscilla Sparrow sat in the barely furnished, dimly-lighted parlor of the little white wooden cottage which had been her home for more than forty years.

She looked the very picture of woe in her black dress. She was more than sixty years old, and very thin and angular. The close-fitting waist and plain, scant skirt made her look thinner and more angular still; it was a dress of her mother's that had been hastily altered, by unskillful hands, to suit her.

But it was not of her dress that Priscilla was thinking, as she sat bolt-upright on the little hair-covered sofa, nor yet alone of the newly-made grave in the churchyard. It was of a great and, to her, most terrible change that seemed impending; a change which her brother, a prosperous farmer in the adjoining county, appeared to look upon as a matter of course.

He sat opposite Miss Priscilla now. He was twenty years her junior, and had a plain, rather hard face, and a matter-of-fact air. He had come to the funeral in his own wagon, and it now stood at the gate, the horses pawing impatiently.

His daughter Esther, who had come with him, sat in the open doorway, apparently watching the horses, but losing nothing of the conversation between her father and aunt.

"It's all nonsense, your talking about staying here, sister. You can't do it. I didn't say anything as long as mother was living; but now you've got to make a change, and you might as well make your mind up to it, first as last."

"I don't see why I can't stay here," said Miss Priscilla, plaintively. "I can get along well enough, and it wouldn't seem home to me anywhere else."

"Pshaw! you'd get over that feeling in less'n a week. I've got a big house, and there's plenty of room for you; and as to staying here all alone, it's out of all reason. You're all run down now, nursing mother. It'll be a new life for you at our house."

"I don't want a new life."

"Oh, you don't know what you want. You've got sort of foolish, living here, so set off from other folks. Mother and the girls'll wake you up."

"I don't want to be waked up!"

"No; you want to stay right along here, and be taken sick some night and die, and nobody know anything about it. That's what you want! It beats me, what you see in this old rack of a house anyhow. It isn't fit for a tramp to live in."

"I've lived in it more than forty years."

"Well, then, it's high time you made a change."

"Oh, I can't go—I can't! It would just kill me, Hiram. I'm too old now to move. And then there's all my things."

"Oh, they don't amount to much. You can take what you need of 'em, and we can sell the balance. They won't bring anything worth mentioning, but they'd be out of the way. There wouldn't be any sense in storing 'em."

Miss Priscilla stared at him, too much horrified to make any reply. The little bunches of stiffly-curling ringlets on her temples seemed fairly to tremble with indignation.

"You'd better get on your bunnit now, and let's be moving. It's getting late, and we've got fifteen miles to drive. You can lock up the house. Nobody'll interfere with anything, I guess, and as soon as I get time I'll come over 'n' clear things out."

"I can't go; I can't; I can't!"

Miss Priscilla's voice rose to a wail.

"Yes, you can. You can't do anything else. You can't stay here, living way off from everybody else. Come now! Esther'll help you pack up while I go out and water the horses."

Miss Priscilla did not move. She sat still, staring at her brother as he walked down the board-walk that led from the little porch to the gate. The grass grew long on each side of it, and weeds were springing up in the two small flower-beds. Miss Priscilla had had no time since her mother's illness to attend to anything outside the house.

The farmer had watered the horses, and was hitching them to the wagon again, when he felt a light hand on his arm. Turning, he saw Esther beside him.

"Father," she said, "I don't think you'd better make Aunt Priscilla go home with you. I believe it would kill her."

"Kill her to go to a good home like that? She'd be pretty easily killed, then!"

"But, father, you don't understand. She's lived here forty years, and she's got used to things. She's too old to begin all over again in a new home. She wouldn't be happy at our house."

"Well, she can't stay here all alone. You can see for yourself she's broken down. She might be taken sick any time."

"I thought I might stay with her," said Esther, hesitatingly.

"Just for to-night, you mean?"

"No; all winter."

"You couldn't stand it. You'd be sick of it in a week."

"Oh, I guess I'd get along somehow."

"You couldn't go on with your music."

"No; I'd have to give it up for the present, but I think I ought to stay, father."

"Well, do as you like. I sha'n't make you go home."

"Well, then, father, you'll tell mother to send over some of my clothes. I sha'n't need many, it's so quiet here."

"Quiet! I should say so. I tell you it's all foolishness your staying; and I don't know what your ma'll say. I don't believe she'll like it."

"Ma won't care. She has Susie, you know. I'll write to Susie to-morrow, and tell her what things to send me."

Esther watched her father as he drove away, and then went back to the house. Her aunt still sat on the sofa. She looked up forlornly as the girl came in.

"I can't go, I can't!" she wailed. "And to sell all my things! Oh, dear! oh, dear! Hiram don't know what he's doing. I don't mind living alone; I'd get used to it. I can't go, I can't!"

She began to grow hysterical.

"Well, you needn't go, Aunt Priscilla," said Esther. "I'm going to stay here with you."

"Oh, one night won't matter much. He'll make me go to-morrow. He said he'd come over here and clear everything out. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"No, he won't, Aunt Priscilla. I'm going to stay with you all winter. Father said I might."

The old face brightened, and a look of relief came into the faded blue eyes.

"Is that so? Do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it, Aunty."

The tears came into Aunt Priscilla's eyes. "You *are* good, Esther! You are awful good," she said. "There aren't many girls that would do that for an old woman like me. But how'll you do about your music?"

"Well, I guess I can get along without it for just one winter."

"Your lessons'll have to stop."

"Yes, I know; but don't fret about that. I'm young. There's lots of time for me to take lessons."

Miss Priscilla rose stiffly and walked into the kitchen as she spoke, moving about it in an absent, troubled way, setting back a chair, and putting away some tumblers that had been left on the table.

Esther had followed her, and stood looking out of the window. The kitchen faced the west, and was all aglow with the sinking sun. Some late roses bloomed on a bush that grew to the edge of the low, wide casement, and the small vegetable garden sloped upward in a gentle incline to the tall privet hedge that divided it from the little strip of pasture in which Miss Priscilla's one cow was browsing.

On the doorstep lay an old yellow dog, half-blind and wholly deaf, but still considered a valuable protector by the old lady, who had raised him from puppyhood. She often said she never felt quite safe unless old True were around.

Esther slept that night in the room that had been her grandmother's, in a high, old-fashioned bed, which was hung about with a valance as old-fashioned as the bedstead. Beside it, neatly covered with worsted-work done by Miss Priscilla in her youth, was a small bench, on which Esther had to step in order to reach the bed.

She felt rather lonely and homesick when she got into bed, and perhaps a little inclined to regret the sacrifice she was making.

It was certainly a very great sacrifice. There was no pleasure to be expected in being shut up all winter with a delicate old woman and a deaf dog, a quarter of a mile from any other house; and Bondville, as Esther knew, was dull beyond all comparison. The dozen houses of which it consisted were widely scattered, and the only form of recreation the people knew was going to church once a month—which was as often as it was possible to have a minister in attendance.

But Esther stayed, in spite of homesickness and loneliness. Her sister Susie tried in vain to induce her to return home; and one day in February, when she had ridden over to see her sister, she asked her aunt at the gate:

"What are you going to do when spring comes, Aunt Priscilla? Esther can't stay here all the time, and you're only putting off the evil day."

The day was very mild—almost like spring—but Aunt Priscilla wore a little black worsted shawl about her shoulders, and had tied a woollen tippet over her head.

"I don't know what I'll do in the spring. I haven't thought," she said, a troubled look coming into her eyes.

"And you needn't think, either," said Esther, putting her arm affectionately about her aunt's waist. "Wait till spring comes."

"It'll soon be here, and Esther's got to come home before planting time; mother said so only this morning," said Susie. "You might as well make up your mind to move, Aunt Priscilla, for it's got to come to that very soon."

"Oh, perhaps it won't. Don't worry, Aunt Priscilla," said Esther. "Don't think about it at all."

But the troubled look did not leave her aunt's eyes.

Half an hour later, Esther, returning from an errand to the village, found Miss Priscilla packing a small haircloth trunk. She had a resolute look on her face, and her lips were closed tightly.

"What are you doing, Aunt Priscilla? Are you going away?" asked Esther, in unfeigned astonishment.

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"Don't ask me any questions! Just help me out to the gate with this trunk," said Miss Priscilla, as she closed the lid, and bent stiffly down to lock it.



Esther did as she was bidden, without further question. The trunk was not heavy, and she carried her end lightly enough; but Miss Priscilla staggered under hers.

"I must be weaklier than common," she said. "I can't lift things as I used to."

The trunk was set down outside the gate, and then Miss Priscilla went back and put on her bonnet and shawl.

"You go to the kitchen, Esther," she said, "and just stay there, please."

Esther, though astonished and somewhat alarmed, obeyed. She heard her aunt go out and lock the door of the little parlor behind her. She listened anxiously, wondering if the poor old woman had suddenly lost her mind.

Presently she thought she heard the sound of crying. She went out of the kitchen door and followed the little path that led around the side of the house.

Outside the gate, on the trunk, sat Miss Priscilla, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"I can't do it, Esther; I've tried!" she said, brokenly, as her niece hurried to her side. "I can't go; I can't! It'd kill me. I can't, I can't!"

"Go where, Aunt Priscilla?"

"I've been pretending I'd left my house and was going to live with Hiram. I was seeing how it would be; and I can't go! I got just so far, and I looked back, and there was the house, and old True a-lying on the step, and it just seemed as if I'd die. I wish I'd been the one to go instead of mother. She wouldn't have minded moving. She'd got too childish to care."

"Now, Aunt Priscilla," said Esther, "get right up and come into the house. I'll carry the trunk. And don't ever say another word about going to father's. You are not going, you know. You worry yourself just for nothing."

"But Susie said that in the spring— "

"Never mind the spring. It isn't spring yet. You just come in the house and take off your bonnet and shawl."

Esther was deeply touched by this incident, and helped her aunt into the house very tenderly.

It seemed to Miss Priscilla, when she took off her bonnet and shawl and unpacked the trunk, almost as if she had been away. She was in a little fever of excitement as she stepped feebly about, putting away the things she took from the trunk.

"Suppose we have a little something extra for supper to-night, Esther," she said. "I'll get out my best tea-things. You've never seen 'em."

Esther was quite willing. She made biscuits, poached eggs, and toasted some bread. As a rule they had only bread and butter, jam and tea, for supper.

Miss Priscilla set the table. She went to a corner cupboard in her bedroom—a cupboard always kept locked—and brought forth her best china—blue, willow-pattern cups and saucers—shallow cups with high handles, deep saucers without a chip or crack to mar their beauty—plates to match, and a white and gold covered bowl for the sugar, oval, with a colored landscape on each side.

There was a fat little china cream-jug, too, which also had a landscape on each side; and for the milk there was a narrow white and gold pitcher with a long neck.

But the crowning piece of all was a glittering silver teapot, with a black handle; a teapot that had belonged to Miss Priscilla's grandmother, and was kept in wash-leather retirement except on rare occasions like this.

Miss Priscilla seemed to enjoy the supper greatly, but she appeared very tired when it was over. The excitement of her pretended departure, and the festivity of a tea-party with her best dishes, was too much for her.

In clearing away the dishes she did not show her usual activity, but sat down once or twice, as if quite wearied. And much to Esther's surprise she allowed her to put away in the cupboard the tea-set, and even the treasured silver teapot.

Esther then put her to bed very early, but she could not sleep. She lay awake until the clock struck midnight, wondering at the unusual excitement of her brain. Then she called Esther.

"I believe I'm getting to the end, deary," she said. "There wasn't any use, after all, in worrying about what I'd do in the spring."

Esther tried to soothe and quiet her, but in vain. She insisted upon talking.

"I want you to have all those tea-things, Esther," she said. "I've written it down that you're to have them; the paper's in the top drawer of my bureau. You'll take good care of 'em, I know. And be sure and keep the teapot in that wash-leather bag."

She talked for an hour, her mind wandering a little, and died as quietly as a child, just as the gray dawn came stealing into the room.

Only a little while before the end came she put her hand feebly on Esther's head, as the girl knelt by the bedside.

"It's such a comfort to die in my own house," she whispered, slowly, pausing between the words, "and I owe it to you, dear."

Did Esther regret then the sacrifice she had made? Did she regard then as wasted the five long months she had spent in the lonely cottage?

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

For the Companion.

THE SENTINEL OF LIVE-OAKS.

"There's never been anything in my life just regular," said Eliza. She was perched on the top rail of a fence, while a little old lady in hooped gown, lace shawl, and wide hat with a tilting veil, stood beside her listening with pleased interest.

"To begin with," continued Eliza, chewing a wisp of her long, fair hair, "I told you we used to live below here in a 'mesh' country, and eight of us children and pa and ma died of malaria, one after another. 'Pears to me there was always somebody sick in the back room. I, being the littlest, couldn't get so many shakes in my system as they had, and I wasn't dead, but got to be a orphan at ten years old.

"That was three years ago. Then Uncle Beach took me, and I couldn't read nor write. He was squatting on your brother's land where you lived all your days, and you saw me, 'n' got int'rested and taught me. I tell you, Miss Vane, I'd lay down my life for you!"

"You must not talk that way; it is wicked," said Miss Vane, promptly. "I suppose, though, it's just your earnest way of speech. Now don't kiss my hand, Eliza; that is not pretty at all. Why, the other day you were kissing my gown. You make me feel like a heathen idol."

"I love you just to death!" cried Eliza, her big blue eyes glowing, her thin little face bright and eager. "Before you took int'rest in me, I settled down to be poor white trash like the rest. The Beaches didn't like me as well as their children, 'cause I wasn't their own folks, but a orphan. But that last year at the manor house with you has been just beautiful, like I dreamed it.

"I knowed it wouldn't last. I said to myself—when you came for me and said the slaves is all gone, and you'd pay Uncle Beach for my services—I just said, 'Lizer Jackson, it aren't true; you'rea-makin' b'lieve all this!'

"Sure enough, now it's gone! I heerd the soldiers was coming, and when I see the man with the buggy driving up, I knowed the Cap'n had sent for you, and I run away down here to cry it out."

She ended with a stifled sob.

"But the very idea!" cried Miss Vane, fretfully. "To leave the house and all my things, that have been in our family over a hundred years, and all my brother's wife's belongings—"

"She that died the bride of a year," put in Eliza, mournfully. She had heard the story so often that it was quite real to her.

"Yes, and all my mother's treasures. Just a few hours to get ready in, and no room to take anything. Just like a man to say, 'Give things up—it can't be helped!' Who will put pans under the leaks when it rains, or air the rooms, or keep the doors locked, and feed the hens? A woman can't give up so easily. O Eliza, it breaks my heart! I am not afraid of the soldiers. The ships will go up the river, and never see Live-Oaks at all. They've something better to do than to rob old women."

"Talking makes it wuss," said Eliza, promptly. "We'll go back and pack the things. When I heard you calling, I felt a chill—a real creepy one. I knew you'd got to go, and I'd woke up from dreaming I lived in the manor."

She helped Miss Vane up the avenue to the big white house, with its pillared portico, green blinds and general air of desolation and decay. It was hidden from the travelled road by a grove, and from the river by a great avenue of live-oaks that led down to the water's edge.

The estate had been in the Vane family nearly a century, but for years the fortunes of the race had been failing, and Captain Vane and his sister had barely sufficient to live upon—not enough to keep up the old place.

The ships of the Union navy were coming up the river, and the families along the shore were hastily abandoning their homes. Miss Vane's preparations for departure were soon made, and very tearful and complaining, the old lady was helped into the buggy.

Her modest bundle of clothing followed; then a package of the family silver, a few other relics, and a basket containing the cat. She bade Eliza return to her uncle's, and if she stayed, to keep an eye on the house.

"If the soldiers don't rob the house, tramps will. 'Taint but twenty-five mile from N'Orleans, and lots of 'em will be comin' this way," said the driver, "so you might as well say good-by to everything."

Too much overcome to speak, Miss Vane could only wave her wrinkled hand in farewell.

Eliza sat on the doorstep in the twilight, a pathetic little figure. A damp wind off the river soughed through the oaks, waving the long palls of moss. In the dim light some of the trees took on queer shapes of gigantic hags, with streaming gray hair and black, waving arms. In the deserted house floors creaked, doors jarred, and the stairway sounded as if pressed by ghostly feet.

Then there came the rattle of wheels. Eliza, hiding behind a pillar, saw her uncle and his family go by in their big wagon, dragging a cow tied behind, and the yellow dog following. Supposing the girl had gone with Miss Vane, her uncle did not look toward the manor at all.

"They're running away, too," said Eliza. "They'd take me if I hollered. But I'm going to stay and set them drip pans, air the mold off things, and feed the hens. I'm going to pay Miss Vane for that teachin'. Soldiers is men, anyway, an' maybe has girls of their own. I aint afraid."

She opened the great oak door, stepped bravely into the dim hall, and went toward the stairs. On her way she patted the big clock, which was nearly twice as tall as she.

"You're such a lively one," she said; "your tick-tock is real company!"

Up to her own room—the tiny one opening out of Miss Vane's—she climbed, and after saying her prayers went peacefully to sleep. The moon rose over the long avenue of live-oaks, traced graceful leaf-shadows on the shelly walks, turned the old manor to a palace of marble, and touched with kindly light the sleeping face of the sentinel of Live-Oaks.

All next day the child worked, hiding away under the eaves and in the cellar Miss Vane's treasures, and at night climbed the stairs, a shrinking, solitary figure. Few men would care to stay alone in such an eerie place as that old house, in the midst of a region overrun with lawless camp-followers and hiding negroes. The child, knowing little, feared less. And Live-Oaks, indeed, escaped robbery, probably because it was so far from a travelled road.



All those days the air resounded with the far-away roar of cannon, like distant thunder. The sentinel heard it, but went about her labors of love unmoved.

The second day of her watch she brought up to the head of the stairs, with great difficulty, a suit of armor. It was so mounted that it looked like a big man, and during Eliza's first visits to the manor, it had been a source of extreme terror to her. Now, however, it gave her a sense of companionship and protection. Before she locked her door she called out good-night to the comforting figure in armor.

One moonlight night a skulking figure crossed the fields. It was a black man in search of plunder. He noted the quiet house, and stealthily climbed the portico, swinging himself up by the stout old vines. Then he peered cautiously in at the hall window, which seemed an easy way to enter. His very wool stiffened as his wild eyes beheld a great figure in shining armor and helmet with visor down, in the moonlit room. His excited fancy gave it a slow and stately motion. He fled for his life; and the little sentinel never dreamed of his presence.

The sixth night of Miss Vane's absence was close and hot. Eliza, leaning from a window, saw a great red glow in the sky.

"Mebbe it's jest a fire in N'Orleans," she muttered. "Or p'r'aps its judgment day—everything's changing so. It smells smoky, too. If it's life everlasting come, I can't be in no better place then here, taking care of them fam'ly relics for her I love more'n all the world."

Secure in her simple faith, she went to her bed. All that next day she saw from a hiding-place, near the bank, great majestic ships go up the stream toward the city that had burned its stores the night before.

"They're going! They're going!" Eliza cried. "They haven't seen our house at all, and Miss Vane kin come home!"

She ran to the house and began a furious putting to rights. She baked a large loaf of corn-meal bread—she had only meal—and tried in her childish way to have everything as Miss Vane would have wished. At night, quite exhausted with her efforts, she sat down on the steps to rest, leaning her head against one of



the fluted columns. "I aint 'fraid 't all," she said; "being brave jest comes nateral after a while."

Was that queer noise the wind? That faint, far-away moan?

"If I was afraid, I'd just run in the house an slam the door," sighed poor Eliza. "That's a sure 'nuff human groan. If the Beaches was here they'd be scared outer their wits."

In the gray light, under the live-oaks, the stooping, limping figure of a man made its way from tree to tree. He staggered on, and then fell at the steps. When he opened his dazed eyes he saw, by the light of a lantern, a child's pale, earnest face.

"I knowed ye, Cap'n Vane! I respected you'd come home," cried Eliza, "and if you'll just try a little, I'll h'ist ye inter the house."

"Who are you?" he asked, when he had reached the hall, where, unable to move him further, she had made him a comfortable bed.

"You aint ben home of late, or you'd seen me," she answered. "I'm the poor white trash your sister teached. I'm takin' care of her prop'ty for her."

She dressed his wounds as he directed, and was such a careful nurse that he grew better rapidly.

"I reckon you're picking up," she said, one morning, as she brought him his breakfast. "But if I kills all the chickens for you, what'll Miss Vane eat when she comes? She's so dre'ful pertikler 'bout her victuals."

"Don't kill any more," he laughed. "What a brave child you are! Why, I wouldn't like to stay alone in this ghostly place."

"Being an orphan and having your relations sorter pick on you makes you 'customed to being lonesome," said Eliza, soberly, "and I do take such comfort in takin' care of her things like she wanted, and I've hid them relics of her arncesters where even soldiers can't find 'em. I haint really had no time to be scared."

One night, two days later, a sudden storm came up, and Eliza, mindful of the leaky roof, rose from her bed to set the pans. She opened the hall window to look out at the rain, so that she might judge of the number of pans required; and then it was that she heard voices and the thud of horses' hoofs.

Quick as a flash she ran to Captain Vane's room. He was sleeping on his sofa, in readiness to depart in the dawn, for he was in the enemy's territory.

"What shall I do?" he cried. "They are Union soldiers, and will make me a prisoner. There is no time to escape."

"Hide in the figger there; I've done it!" said Eliza. "There's lots of room. They'll think it's only a tin man."

Thundering knocks jarred the door, echoing through the house.

"The place is deserted," said a voice.

"What is it?" called Eliza, from the hall window.

"Soldiers seeking shelter. If you don't open the door we'll break it down."

"They've come, they've come!" wept the child. "They'll spile her things! What shall I do? They break everything! I'll let you in if you won't hurt things, misters," she called.

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"That's cool," laughed a man. "Break in the door!"

But before he had finished speaking the door was suddenly opened, revealing the figure of a small girl in a queer calico wrapper. She held a candle in one trembling hand, and with the other pushed the long, fair hair out of her eyes.



Seven blue-coated soldiers crowded into the hall, looking at her with amused interest.

"Are you the sentinel?" one asked.

"I'm taking care of Miss Vane's prop'ty," said the child, bravely. "Her brother made her go 'way and leave all the family relics, and they can't never git no more, 'cause she and him is old an' hasn't no money even to put a new roof on. Mebbe some of you has girls like me, and you wouldn't wanter be mean, on that account. And all Cap'n Vane's wife's things, she the bride of a year, is jest as she left 'em, even her work-basket, an' you wouldn't hurt them things, I'm sure! You see I wasn't no 'count till Miss Vane teached me. Our folks is poor whites, but she's quality."

"You can't make me believe you've stayed in this old barracks alone," said a soldier, gruffly. "I'll stay here and watch. The rest of you go over the house."

He questioned her in a kindly way when the rest had lighted all her precious candles and gone about the house.

But she had suddenly become silent. If they should find Miss Vane's brother! She might say something wrong if she opened her lips, so she placed one trembling hand over her mouth to make herself silent.

She heard the soldiers clattering overhead, slamming doors and knocking furniture about. Then they trooped back, and one man hit the armored figure a sounding blow as he passed.

"A fine old chap," he said, carelessly. The child's heart gave a sudden leap as she drew a quick breath of relief.

They went out into the kitchen and pantry and returned with the meagre store of eggs and corn bread. They spread this meal on the parlor table, and put their muddy feet on the faded satin chairs.

"I kin git them mud marks off the parlor chairs," said Eliza, anxiously, "but them crumbs on the carpet is just awful!"

Every man laughed good-naturedly. Then all put down their feet, and took pains not to drop their food.

"She's an older maid than the old one with the cork-screw curls in the picture there," said a gray-bearded man. "I never saw such an odd one. I hope, sis, the time will come when the two of you can be living here in comfort, in single state, with forty cats apiece."

At dawn they rode away, and the wearied Captain Vane came out of his hiding-place.

"Eliza," he said, as he took up his bundle of provisions and his cane to aid his slow departure, "I'm off now. A friend of mine will see me down the river. I want you to keep these papers. I have willed my property to you when my sister is done with it. She is the only one of my family left, but the old place will be in worthy hands. When my sister dies you will be her heir. You saved the relics; and one relic of the line—the last of the name—will be grateful to his life's end."

He crossed the threshold for the last time, and with one farewell glance disappeared down the avenue, under the old trees that would shade the master of Live-Oaks never again. He fell in Virginia, and was buried there.

"He said I could go to N'Orleans," muttered the child, "and he'd give me money, and put me in some folks's care; but I aint goin' to give up now, if it is so lonesome. Cur'us how skeery 'tis when folks has been here and gone! Mebbe I'm gittin' to see things like loonytics, for there's been a something moving in them trees for ten minutes. I don't care what I sees—I'm just goin' ter be gritty and stay and take care of her things, for she'll come back, I'm sure. She's come!" shrieked the child, darting down the avenue. "That's her, I know, and the very basket she took the cat away in!"

A queer little bent figure in a calico gown and sunbonnet approached the house in a stealthy way.

"You blessed child, are you here?" cried Miss Vane, bursting into happy tears. "And I all the way dreading to be alone here, and bringing the cat for company! But I made up my mind, war or no war, I'd come back and take care of my property. Every time it rained I couldn't sleep for worrying, and I've been three days on my journey here — I'm so slow-footed. I borrowed the cook's gown and bonnet, and dearie me! I've slept in the woods, so I can hardly drag myself with rheumatism."

"All the things is safe," cried Eliza. "The soldiers come, but they only ate the food and greased the carpet a little, and they didn't catch Cap'n Vane neither, for he hid in the tin image and they never respected it! You come up and set down, and I'll tell you all about it, and where the relics is hid; and what a sight of company the cat will be! I wisht so that day you'd left it, but I was 'fraid if you thought I was goin' to stay here alone you'd stay; and if you was killed it would be all my fault—me that just worships the ground you walks on!"

Eliza, kneeling at Miss Vane's side, related all her adventures. The cat, curled up in its mistress's lap, purred a soft accompaniment.

"Don't you ever say poor white trash again," interrupted Miss Vane. "You are going to belong to my family now. You and I will take care of the old place—maybe live on it many peaceful years—and I sha'n't forget, Eliza, what you've done for me, nor my joy at seeing you here. I don't see how you could have stood it."

"I reckon 'cause I was a orphan," said Eliza.

All through the war Live-Oaks was tenanted by its two faithful guardians. The cat grew plump and round, for mice were plenty and bold, but Miss Vane grew thin and worn from short rations, and Eliza grew like a sapling, thin and straight. At last, when peace came, they had the old house still, but little else.

To-day, in New Orleans, in the French market, is a very neat stall kept by a meagre and sallow man named Beach. He will tell you he has always been "misfortunate"; he's lost all his folks but his orphan niece, Eliza, she that lives at Live-Oaks manor. The vegetables come from there; they're the finest in the market, too, and those flowers, the great fragrant roses and dewy violets.

"She's prosperin' as a female farmer," continues the solemn man. "She aint married—haint no gift that way. She's like to be a old maid like the t'other one. Miss Vane's quality, but she's made Lizer one too by eddication. Lizer's a powerful han' fur books. They comes up ter the city onct in a while to do tradin'."

If you are lucky, you may some day see a tall woman, daintily gowned—a beautiful rosy face under a becoming bonnet, a pair of resolute eyes and a firm mouth, a pleasant picture of womanhood; and leaning on her strong arm a tiny, frail old lady who seems very fond of her escort.

The "quality" of New Orleans have begun to recognize the heiress of the Vane estate. Her bright, brave personality, her devotion to Miss Vane and her courage and industry in making the old place a garden would win admiration anywhere. There is very little of the queer, unchildish Eliza in that beautiful woman; but she is the Sentinel of Live-Oaks still.

PATIENCE STAPLETON.

SONG OF THE LIVING.

How beautiful it is to be alive!
To wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive
That we might sing, "How happy is our case!
How beautiful it is to be alive!"

—Henry Septimus Sutton.

For the Companion.

AN OLD BATTLE-SHIP.

On the morning after the old sailing frigate *Constellation* went ashore at Cape Henry, not long ago, probably some ten or twelve millions of Americans read in the newspapers the announcement of the mishap. A few hundred who had sons or brothers or sweethearts among the cadets or the crew felt some personal interest and anxiety; but how many of them recalled the fact that this vessel's keel was laid while Washington was President, or that her ancient timbers saw the greater part of the fighting in the French War of 1799?

How many, indeed, remembered that there ever was such a war, or thought anything at all about the affair?

It was quite different ninety years ago, when all Baltimore put on its best clothes and went down to the ship-yard to see the *Constellation* launched. There were scores of pretty girls in gowns with very short waists, and hats as big as any that are worn nowadays, and plumes, and long gloves.

Madame Jerome Buonaparte "that was to be" was present with her beautiful sisters, perhaps, and there were dignitaries who had driven over from Washington in their family coaches, scores of gentlemen in small-clothes, and a strong delegation of army officers in uniform.

The War for Independence was still a recent thing. Many a school-boy in New York could remember seeing the red-coated English garrison march down to the Battery and board the fleet that lay waiting in the harbor. But now French ships were plundering and capturing Yankee merchantmen on the high seas.

War seemed unavoidable, and we had no navy to speak of. The frigate *United States* had been launched two months before; the *Constitution* ("Old Ironsides") was still on the stocks at Boston. It was the seventh of September, 1797. Washington had just ended his second term as President, and was still living. Adams had succeeded to the Presidency.

Taken altogether, this launch was an event of national importance. The traditional bottle of wine was broken over the bows, the dog-shores were knocked away, and the United States frigate *Constellation* slid down the ways and into the water.

She was the second formidable war-vessel of what was then the "new navy" to bear the flag of the young republic, and she was destined, with her sister frigates above named, to compel a decent measure of respect from the contemptuous Europeans of that period.

With all possible dispatch she was fitted out with her thirty-eight guns. They were twenty-four-pounders, and redoubtable pieces in their day. She went to sea as the flagship of gallant old Commodore Truxtun, who had orders to fight any French armed vessels that he might encounter.

War had not been declared formally, but in spite of all friendly protests French cruisers continued to capture American merchantmen, until the remembrance of timely help during the Revolution was well-nigh forgotten in present wrath. Congress formally abrogated existing treaties, and a state of things very like war was inaugurated.

Commodore Truxtun, with his little West India squadron, did good preventive service for some months without firing a shot. But it was only because he had not seen an armed Frenchman.

At last, on a beautiful February noon in 1799,—it was the ninth of the month,—just off the island of Nevis, the lookout reported a big ship in sight to the southward; and the *Constellation*, setting the Stars and Stripes, bore down toward her under all sail. She could reel off twelve knots an hour with a free wind, according to her log-book.

The stranger set the Tricolor of France, and fired a gun to windward as much as to say, "*Très-bien, monsieur;* I understand that you object to our little capture of your merchant *canaille*. What are you going to do about it? I'm all ready to fight, if you like."

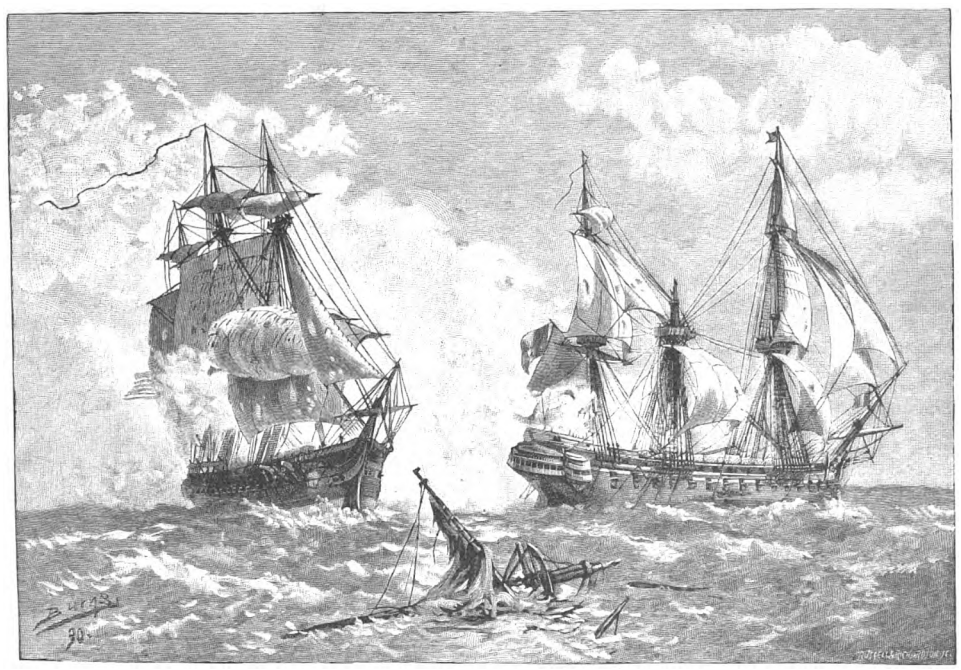
Commodore Truxtun merely nodded to his executive officer, Lieutenant Sterritt. The battery was manned.

"Give her a good full, quartermaster," said Sterritt.

"A good full, sir!" answered the senior man at the wheel, and the gallant *Constellation*, with her yards straining at the braces and her crew at quarters, rapidly drew up within hailing distance.

The stranger proved to be the frigate *Insurgente*, carrying forty guns and four hundred and nine men, against the *Constellation's* thirty-eight guns and three hundred and nine men—a disparity in numbers of which the Yankee commodore was well aware.

"Commence firing!" was the word on board the *Constellation* as soon as her broadside guns could be brought to bear; and the Frenchman was nothing loath to return the compliment. A huge mountain of white powder-smoke rose against the blue sky and rolled down to leeward on the gentle wind.



"Constellation" and 'Insurgente.'

In the heat of the engagement, the foretopmast of the *Constellation* was nearly shot away at the lower cap, and Midshipman David Porter, captain of the foretop, hailed the deck to have the lifts cast off. But the guns were thundering and everybody was on the jump. He could not make himself heard, and all the time the old-fashioned, square topsail was straining at the mast to complete the ruin that the French cannon had begun.

There was no time to lose, so young Porter cut the stops without more ado, and down came the heavy yard by the run, saving the foremast and perhaps saving the fight, too.

It was a grave responsibility for a boy to take, but this boy was "Dave" Porter, afterward Commodore, and father of the present Admiral, and he was not of the stuff to hesitate when he saw a good spar in danger and possible defeat as an immediate consequence.

The battle went on, and just an hour and a quarter after the first gun was fired, the proud *Insurgente*, with spars shattered, rigging shot away, and twenty-nine of the crew dead and forty-one wounded, lay rolling helplessly on the sea, while the American frigate wore round and took position to deliver a raking fire.

Of course the Tricolor had to come down; and from that day the fighting qualities of the new American Navy were recognized by all maritime nations—except Great Britain, which had to be given a special course of instruction twelve years afterward.

Poor Captain Barreault, of the *Insurgente*, came aboard to give up his sword. A prize crew took

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the captured frigate into St. Kitts, where she was refitted and sent to sea under American colors, and Captain Barreault was so much astonished at the treatment he received from the "Yankee barbarians," that he wrote this letter to Commodore Truxtun:

"I am sorry that our two nations are at war; but since I unfortunately have been vanquished, I felicitate myself and crew upon having been prisoners to you.

"You have united all the qualities which characterize a man of honor, courage, and humanity. Receive from me the most sincere thanks, and be assured I shall make it a duty to publish to all my fellow-citizens the generous conduct you have observed toward us."

Within a short time the refitted *Constellation* was actively at work again, sweeping up the small fry of the buccaneer-ridden West Indian waters.

It was nearly a year before another really worthy antagonist came in her way. The *Constellation* had heard of her, and was on the lookout for her at seven o'clock in the morning of February 1, 1800, just off Guadaloupe.

It was the French ship *La Vengéance*, a formidable sloop-of-war, carrying fifty-four guns, which the American Captain knew was cruising in those waters.

To the surprise of the people on the *Constellation*, the Frenchman did not make a show of fight on the appearance of the Yankee man-of-war. On the contrary, the commander, in spite of his fifty-four guns, for some reason sought to avoid an engagement. He crowded on all sail and made a run for it. Then followed a twelve hours' race that must have been exciting indeed.

Think of it, yachtsmen who find no mean sport in a six hours' run outside Sandy Hook or Brenton's Reef, with a silver mug or a bit of bunting for a prize! Think of these magnificent old square-riggers, with acres of straining canvas, plunging through the blue tropical sea from dawn till dark, with the probable prize of a fight to the death at the end of the race!

The prize was won in this instance, for at eight o'clock in the evening the Frenchman, seeing that he could not escape the fleet-footed Yankee, opened on his pursuer with his stern and quarter-deck guns. The *Constellation* returned the fire, ranged alongside, and a terrific combat was begun.

The fight lasted until one o'clock in the morning, when the Frenchman's fire was nearly silenced. In fact, he had hauled down his colors some time before; but in the smoke and darkness the signals had not been observed, and in desperation he had resumed the fight.

But now luck changed. Midshipman Jarvis, in command of the *Constellation's* maintop, found that the standing rigging had pretty much all been shot away.

All hands set at work with a will, Jarvis keeping his men aloft to lend a hand. Just at this juncture down came a West Indian squall, and the tall main-mast went overboard, the top-men and midshipman Jarvis with it. Only one of the men was saved, poor Jarvis going down with the rest.

Thus a brave young life was lost which has not been without honor in history, and the story of which must always inspire patriotic impulses in the breasts of American youth.

Thus crippled, the *Constellation* lost sight, for good and all, of her late antagonist. So suddenly, indeed, did she disappear, that it was feared she had foundered. She was almost in a sinking condition; but with her crew at the pumps, and feeling certain that the terrible Yankee could not pursue till he cleared away the wreck, *La Vengéance* effected a very lucky escape.

The *Constellation* went home to Norfolk for repairs after this action, and was laid up in ordinary till the second war with Great Britain. During that war she was blockaded by a British fleet in Hampton Roads, and only escaped capture through the ceaseless vigilance of her commander.

It was fortunate for the British that she was thus imprisoned, for she was a formidable ship, and if she had been on the high seas during that war, her record might have rivalled that of her sister, the *Constitution*, which was to become the more famous of the two.

The *Constellation* was destined in the main, thereafter, to a peaceful career, though she was in the Mediterranean during the war with the Barbary States in 1815, and took part in the operations of Commodore Decatur's fleet against Algiers.

After that she cruised to and fro to the Pacific, to the East Indies, to Brazil, and almost everywhere, carrying the flag often where it had never been seen before.

The brave old craft now serves as a training-ship for future captains and commodores, whom her very timbers seem to tell how battles were won.

It is inspiring to a youth when standing watch at sea on a stormy night, to look aloft and fancy he can see Dave Porter cutting loose the foretop sail-yard, while the antiquated twenty-fours are pounding away on the gun-deck, and the men, stripped to their waists and black with powder, are yelling themselves hoarse as the fight goes on.

The *Constellation's* model and equipment may be long out of date, but after all there is nothing like a square-rigged ship to teach a sailor his profession, even if he is destined to serve his time mainly on board a modern ironclad.

A man who can tack ship off a lee shore under double-reefed top-sails without the adventitious aid of steam can handle anything afloat—except, perhaps, a modern sailing canoe.

CHARLES L. NORTON.

WASTED VEHEMENCE.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself; we may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning.

—*Shakespeare.*

For the Companion.

HOW REPORTS OF DEBATES IN CONGRESS GROW.

By the Hon. James G. Blaine,

Secretary of State.

The reports of Congressional proceedings are growing, or have already grown, so large as to be burdensome, and in imminent danger of becoming useless. There are two specific reasons for this increase: one is the printing of every trivial detail with stenographic exactness, and the other is the permission in both branches of using written essays instead of making actual speeches in debate.

In the beginning of the Government, and for many years thereafter, the habit of speaking from a manuscript in either branch of Congress was unknown. On every important measure that came before Congress, on the expediency of which members differed in opinion, there was an actual debate, in which positions were affirmed and contested with off-hand speech. In every conflict of this kind the members of Congress were, as a rule, in their seats, many taking part, and the mass so interested as to sit continuously through the debates.

The habit of speech has greatly changed. At this time, any one who will take his seat in the gallery of the Senate, as the Senators assemble, will be interested during the "morning hour," which is often marked by what may be called a sharp debate; but when the "morning hour" expires, and the "regular order" is announced, the spectator will very probably see a gentleman rise and unfold a mass of manuscript and begin to read.

He will next see, out of the eighty-eight Senators, probably seventy-five, and possibly more, if the Senate be full, absent themselves from their seats and retire to their committee rooms to write letters and transact both public and private business, until the pages shall inform them that the reading of the manuscript, in progress when the Senators left the chamber, is about to close.

In the House of Representatives, the spectator, when he seats himself in the gallery, will probably see repeated, as nearly as the analogy of proceedings in the two branches will allow, all that has been said of the Senate, with the addition of a habit which is not extensively, if at all, practised in the Senate, viz.: the permission to print speeches, not one word of which has been delivered; and also the setting aside of odd afternoons, generally Saturdays, for debate only, which means that some one deputed by the Speaker will preside, with the understanding that no business is to be done, and that any member who chooses can come there and deliver a speech upon any subject he may select, whether it is pending before Congress or not.

The essays which are thus read on a single Saturday would often fill a large sized octavo, more extended in point of matter than a volume of Bancroft or Motley.

Few have reckoned the magnitude of the increase in the reports. The general presumption is that it comes from the increased membership of both branches of Congress. This accounts for part of the increase, but is not a sufficient cause for the whole.

The Senate is larger than fifty years ago by a little more than one-half—fifty-two then, eighty-eight now. The House to-day is not one-half larger in membership than it was fifty years ago. But the volume of the reports of either house to-day, compared with those of fifty years ago, is prodigiously great.

The reports of proceedings in the Twenty-sixth Congress—March 4, 1839, to March 4, 1841—take scarcely one-sixth of the space given to the reports of the Fiftieth Congress.

But if we go back only half of fifty years, a striking illustration will be found. Take both Houses of Congress from 1861 to 1865, embracing the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses, and covering the entire period of the war. One would suppose that the proceedings in two Congresses, with an extra session in one of them, during such a period as 1861-65 would be extraordinarily voluminous.

Both houses were filled with remarkable debaters, and the subjects that were continually before each branch were so absorbing in interest that almost every Senator and every Representative desired to be heard.

As the form in which the proceedings are reported has changed since that time, the comparison of different periods can be made with approximate exactness by stating the proceedings in uniform pages of one thousand words each. From March 4, 1861, to March 4, 1865, the number of pages filled by the proceedings was twenty-five thousand four hundred. Twenty-six years afterward the Fiftieth Congress convened. It lasted from March 4, 1887, to March 4, 1889, and the report of proceedings filled twenty-eight thousand three hundred pages.

In an uneventful period, then, with nothing especially to excite or disturb the country, the number of pages filled by the proceedings of a single Congress is greater than during the whole period of the war, with all its mighty issues at stake.

In an earlier era of the Government the contrast would seem still stronger. Take the first eighteen Congresses, from 1789 to 1825,—thirty-six years,—from the inauguration of Washington to the inauguration of John Quincy Adams. All the discussions on the subject of setting the Federal Government in motion, which were very able, and at that time supposed to be very long; all the proceedings on funding the National Debt; all the discussions on the famous Jay Treaty; all the debates during the stormy administration of the elder Adams; all the debates for the periods of Jefferson and Madison, on the Embargo and the War of 1812; all the proceedings for the ten years following the Treaty of Ghent; in short, the entire proceedings of Congress, under Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe are recorded in twenty-six thousand pages, actually less by two thousand three hundred than were recorded in the debates of both sessions of the Fiftieth Congress, and very little more than the words of the first session of the Fifty-first Congress, which adjourned on the First day of October last.

Other comparisons of interest may be made readily. One of the most exciting Congresses—supposed to be one of the most important ever held in the *ante-bellum* period—was the Thirty-first, beginning March 4, 1849, and ending March 4, 1851. The Compromise measures of 1850, involving all the phases of the Slavery question as it then existed, called forth a debate which for thoroughness and ability has perhaps never been equalled, certainly never surpassed, in the history of the Government.

Men who naturally belonged to a former period—Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Cass—were there in full vigor; and the younger men of prestige and power—Seward, Douglas, Chase, Jefferson Davis, Rusk of Texas—were also there in all the strength of mature manhood.

Four years later, the Thirty-third Congress convened, extending from March 4, 1853, to March 4, 1855. It was, if possible, even a more exciting and excited body than the Thirty-first. It was the Congress which repealed the Missouri Compromise—a measure which led to unparalleled acrimony and recrimination in debate. All the deep feeling which had been exhibited on the Slavery question in the Thirty-first Congress was greatly intensified, and the debates lasted on this single question for many months.

The first session of the Thirty-first lasted until September Thirtieth, and that of the Thirty-third until August Seventh, and the proceedings of both Congresses filled only twenty-three thousand pages, less by one thousand four hundred pages than the record of the proceedings of the first session of the Fifty-first Congress.

To make a comprehensive and most suggestive comparison, let it be stated that from the inauguration of Washington, in 1789, to the close of the Civil War, in 1865, the report of the proceedings of Congress, for the entire seventy-six years, filled one hundred and seventy-seven thousand four hundred and ninety pages. From the close of the Civil War in 1865 to the first day of October last, being twenty-five years, the number of words employed in reporting Congress was two hundred and eighty-one million.

Hence the Congressional reports for the last twenty-five years contained one hundred and three million five hundred thousand words more than all the reports from 1789 to 1865.

It should of course be said that the reports of the seventy-six years were not throughout in as full detail as the more recent and current reports, but that is the very thing that makes the first class valuable, and practically ruins the second class to the ordinary reader by its inaccessibility. The Annals of Congress in the first thirty-six years named are readily accessible, easily handled, and well indexed, and give an accurate report of all the proceedings and of all the speeches that had special value.

If the proceedings of Congress for the next thirty-six years from this time are reported upon the increasing ratio that has distinguished the reports since the close of the war, the aggregate will probably require four hundred large volumes, or six hundred million words—equivalent to a library of more than twelve hundred volumes of the ordinary octavo and duodecimo editions.

This evil has grown to such gigantic proportions that every one will admit a reform is not only necessary but inevitable. As to the various phases of that reform, much might be said. At the same time it would involve personal criticism, not of individuals but of classes; and if the reports are limited to readable dimensions, the remote, if not the immediate, effect would be to reduce the list of eligibles for effective service in Congress.

The methods of reform might, therefore, better be left to the day when Congress is ready to enter upon the work. It is sufficient at present to call attention to the abuse, and to illustrate its magnitude.

For the Companion.

MY PET.

Going into my study one morning, I saw something strange on the table. Upon examination I found a wooden, wire-windowed cage, and in it a white rat. I did not then inquire who had put it there, but carefully inspected the cage and rat at my leisure. For a time I did not open the lid, fearing that the little occupant might escape; but after a while I became so curious to see it that I overcame my scruples, and lifting the cover, saw the creature lying quietly in a little loft-nest which had a ladder leading up to it.

Totty—I named her Totty on the spot—looked sleepily up, stretched, and then settled into sleep again, taking no more notice of me than if I had been a fly on the window. I wanted to take her out, but dared not, fearing she might resent such intrusion, and bite me. In time I grew to know better, and handled her as much as I pleased.

In two or three days I became so bold as to take her out and hold her in my hands, and as she did not struggle nor bite, I decided that she did not object to it at all, but rather liked the notice taken of her.

After that I sometimes carried her about with me, and horrified not a few people who saw her mysteriously appearing and disappearing about my person. She liked my coat-sleeve best, and would lie in it for hours, warm as toast, and asleep most of the time. I grew so fond of Totty that I often caressed her, and though very likely she wondered at it, she never resisted more than at times gently to put up her little pink paw, and push away my hand.

As the entrance to the loft-nest at the top of the ladder to Totty's cage was hardly large enough, I made a larger cage of wood and wire, and put her into her new home. She did not at first seem inclined to take to it, love of familiar places being as strong with her as with us, perhaps; but upon climbing all over it, and finding that she could move about in it more easily than in the old cage, and noting, also, that there were several nice ladders to run up and down, she evinced her satisfaction by taking all the hay in the old cage and removing it to the new.

What a mighty bustle she made of it, to be sure! Such a pushing and tugging! Sometimes she would lift the hay up over the edge of the old cage, and drop it into the other,—they stood side by side,—or she would jump down and push it up, with such force as would have completely exhausted any less enterprising animal; but Totty was a worker, and did not leave off until she had her new home fitted to suit her ideas of housekeeping. She even carried a dozen nuts across the room to the cage, storing them away in the nut-bin in her eagerness to be quite at home.

I grew accustomed to having Totty at the table when I ate, and nothing amused me more than to see her pranks as she wandered about among the oases of eatables. She had a sort of routine which she regularly followed. She would first climb the milk or water pitcher, and standing on the edge upon her hind-feet, would dip the liquid out with her fore-feet,—or hands, as I called them,—sometimes using two, and sometimes one. This was always done so gracefully that I enjoyed the drink all the more for her play with it.

The next thing would be to come to my plate and eat daintily from it. Having found out what I had for my meal, she would walk all over the table, nibbling at the various viands until her little stomach was exceedingly full. She was especially fond of new bread, and would eat a small cave into a loaf if I permitted. Sitting upright, she would hold the loaf firmly with her hands, and then eat as if her life depended upon it, now and then stopping to look up, as much as to say, "*Isn't* this just delicious!"

It would be impossible to tell all the pretty ways she had. After she had finished her meal, she would go and stand at the edge of the table and gaze at vacancy with a fixed expression, looking very mysterious, and keeping her whiskers going at such a rate that they glimmered—and that was all there was to be seen of them.

Of course the routine was varied at times. For instance, if she was unusually hungry, she would show a little forethought, and seizing a lump of sugar in her mouth, would go to the edge of the table where there was a convenient chair—this failing she would use me—and climbing down, would run across the floor to her cage and stow the tidbit away, making it rattle as she vigorously pushed and patted it into place in the corner. In this way she would convey twenty or thirty pieces, according to the amount in the bowl, and finally, all being snug, she would proceed to take a "good square meal."

Sometimes I played tricks with her. Among them was this: Taking a bag of nuts into the corner opposite the one in which her cage stood, and shaking it to attract her attention, I soon had her at work carrying the nuts in her mouth, one at a time. When she had them all in her house, and while she went on searching for more, I would take some away from her hoard, and give

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them to her to carry back again. Often she noticed that her heap had diminished; and then she would set off with a will, as if determined to get the nuts all in or perish. Often I played with her in this way for an hour at a time, pleased to watch the pretty little creature come and go, noticing that she always took the same path and never tired.

Totty's principal liking was for griddle-cakes. She would hunt all over the table for them whenever she smelled them, and, if I hid them from her, made much ado until she found them. Then it was her turn to make the cake disappear! When there was but little left, she would look about for another; and if she found it, would take it to her cage, lifting it up before her so that all there was to be seen of Totty, at times, was a pink nose, whiskers and a griddle-cake coming along as if by magic! Sometimes she stepped on the cake, and then there was a tumble; but that made no difference. She got the cake home and hidden in spite of all obstacles.

Totty was a very clean little rat, and was always washing herself. Her way of washing was pretty. She would hold her hands to her mouth and clean them; then she would rub them up and down the side of her face rapidly, reaching behind her ears at times. Then she would swing herself around, still sitting up, and wash the right and then the left side of her body, chewing refractory tufts of hair, and finishing by taking her tail in her hands and scrubbing it, as it were. Often, when she did this, she would lose her balance and roll over, but this was of no consequence to her. She would go on with her toilet all the same, lying on her back or side.

For a long time Totty was my only pet. But one morning I saw a little old man walking along, leading a small, brown, short-haired dog without a tail. On this dog's back were three white rats; and I could not resist the temptation to take one home for a companion to Totty. I bought one, made a new cage, large enough for both rats, and put them in it, each in its own space, and watched them. Totty bristled and puffed, and Tatty—that was the name I gave the other—kept quiet, as much as to say, "Oh, you needn't mind me, I'm only Tatty!"

About a week afterward I let them both out. In a moment the two rats were caressing each other with delight, and from that time were the best of friends.

Not long after that I met again the little old man with the dog and rats, and bought of him another rat, who was so soft and gentle that I at once called him "Gentleman Tooty." Taking him home in my pocket, I introduced him to the other two. They took slight notice of him at first. After a while his gentle manners made them kinder, and all three were good friends. They ate their meals together, and played about the ladders as if they were born gymnasts.

This addition to my rat family made it necessary to have a larger cage. I built one with three compartments, all provided with ladders and places for food and drink—as jolly a cage as ever a rat lived in.

One morning, upon opening her compartment, I saw that Tatty had a wee rat in her nest. Tatty was happy and indefatigable, and brought up that pink, hairless, unopen-eyed baby rat in the most astonishing manner. Totty, the eldest, and the first rat, was also highly delighted at the affair. Whenever I would permit, she got into Tatty's compartment and made a great time over the young one, whom I named Tutty; and they never on any account fought over it or lost sight of it, but did all that could be done to make it comfortable.

Tutty grew to mature rat-hood, and, in the course of time, I had thirty-four rats from this small beginning! My little family never increased after that, and, really, I had as many as I wanted.

It was highly amusing to watch the elder rats take care of the younger ones. Totty, Tatty and Tutty constantly brought the stragglers back again to the place where they slept,—I had arranged a big loft for all,—and they had to submit to this until they were large enough successfully to resist their parents.

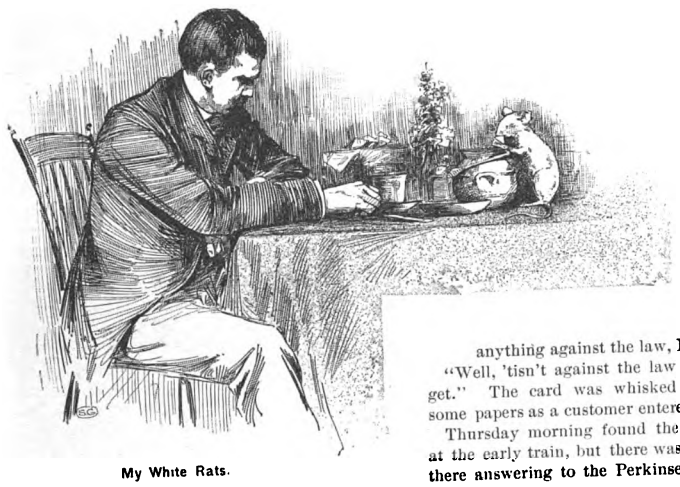
All these rats showed characters of their own. Totty was gentle, loving and wise. Tatty was kind to the little ones, but apt to "boss" the others. Tutty was concerned with nothing and nobody but her own fat self. "Gentleman" Tooty ate and slept and let the world wag on. The thirty ratties were of various dispositions, from kindness to selfishness, and it was a sight to see them rush pellmell for a bit of food thrown in to them.

"Grandma" Totty had that family in her special care, and did all that she could for them. As she grew old they sometimes treated her rather roughly, but she never retaliated, and it was touching to see Tatty come to her rescue when half a dozen ratties jumped over Totty in their eagerness to get something away that she was eating. Tatty sent them right and left, and then she and Totty ate the food together.

They did one thing that was most extraordinary. A whole row of them would cling to the wire sides of the cage and, opening their tiny pink mouths, gape, one and all at the same time, as if they were drilled to perform that way every morning.

Totty went beyond them all in her sweetness of character. Many times she would go to sleep in my hands, lying in any position in which I might happen to hold her,—often on her back,—her little hands clasped together, twitching in her dreams; and would stay as long as I would hold her, never once waking, and having no fear that she would come to harm while I held her in her sleep. She was a wonderful rat!

Cleanly kept and kindly treated, there is no animal, within my knowledge, half so intelligent and sweet in nature as a rat, white or brown; and this in spite of all prejudice to the contrary. Keep the rats in a cage made wholly of wire, with



My White Rats.

a movable tray. Give them little or no meat, but almost anything else. Keep them warm and dry, and they will live for years, and be meantime the most cunning and interesting of pets.

WALD GUSTAFSON.

For the Companion.

THE SQUIRE'S PERQUISITE.

"It ought to be here by this time," said the postmaster of Darby, as he shuffled in from taking a squinting view through his fist down the "turnpike."

"Well, I can't wait. If anything comes, send it up." Jake Perkins picked up his molasses-jug and went out.

The Darby mail was late; and when, a few minutes later, some one announced the approach of the mail, the postmaster felt called upon to vindicate his own position by censure of the mail-carrier, who clambered slowly out of the dilapidated old buggy called the "stage."

"You must have a powerful heavy mail, you're so long getting here," he began.

"Always have a heavy mail when Billy's aboard," said Uncle Billy Tate, winking as he entered with his usual deliberation and threw the mail pouch with a circular motion over the counter and around behind the small cluster of boxes known as the Darby post-office.

"That may all be so," said the Squire, "but the people of this town don't feel obliged to wait all day on a government official, on no solider ground than his being fat and his horse lean. This office is run for *the* people, not for *a* people, and they want their news on time."

"The news'll keep," said one.

"An' the Squire'll never let his perkisites spoil a-layin'," remarked another, with a wink.

These frequenters of the combination village store and post-office knew that the Squire at least wanted the news; and it was no secret that the newspapers and postal-cards that came in the mail for the families living on the outlying hills, gave him an opportunity for supplying his wants—an opportunity not enjoyed by the less favored residents.

In reality the Squire had rejoiced over this fact when he took the office, looking upon it as one of the perquisites of the position, and "perquisites" he always had an eye upon.

He had always reasoned that any one had a right to make a good thing when he could. If he had a better chance than most people for news, why, if there was anything to be made out of it, who had a better right to use it?

He distributed the matter among the boxes, with great deliberation, and entered the sitting-room adjoining the store as soon as the crowd had departed. He slipped a postal-card into his wife's hand.

"Perkinses coming, S'liny."

In a very short time his wife thrust her head into the store.

"Why, it don't concern us; there's no news on it," she said, with evident disappointment. "What of it?" she questioned, as she slid back to the office and reached up to place the postal-card among the P's.

"I'll put that card up, S'liny. Just you leave it down there. So you think that isn't news, and don't concern us! Well, I reckon it does. You wait till I get this mackerel kit down cellar."

Presently he came up from the cellar. "Isn't it eleven miles to Perkins's?" he asked. "And isn't Raf free as water with his money? The man that takes 'em up there's going to get paid for it, and I'm going to be that man."

"You! Why, Dan'l, where's your t'other horse and your wagon?"

"I've thought that out. Fry's mare for a half-dollar, and Job's big wagon another, and I'll clear a full five on it."

"But Jake'll go after 'em, sure, if he gets wind of it."

"Just so! But he's got to get wind of it. To-day's Monday, and I'm thinking he won't get that card before Thursday. See?"

"La, yes, I see, but don't you go to doing anything against the law, Dan'l."

"Well, 'tisn't against the law to forget." The card was whisked among some papers as a customer entered.

Thursday morning found the Squire at the early train, but there was no one there answering to the Perkinses' relatives.

"Perhaps the folks you are looking for will come on the night express," said the conductor, of whom he inquired. "That's due at six."

"At six o'clock it'll be dark," he mused, "and they'll pay almost any price to get there. I'll wait; but what ails that horse's foot?"

Inspection proved that the borrowed animal had cast a shoe, which had to be set. Then he had to have crackers and cheese for the day of waiting; but night and the express came at last, and no Perkinses upon it!

"Well, it's queer, mighty queer!" mused the Squire, as he drove slowly homeward. "They said Thursday, and here 'tis Thursday night—Whoa-p!"

He had run full into a wagon which was being driven along the dark road. By the light of a match he discovered a badly wrenched wheel.

"You come, Dan'l?"

It was late when his wife peered out into the gloom as he stumbled in out of the dark.

"Yes, I have, and that's more than other folks have!" he answered, gruffly.

"Didn't Raf's folks come?"

"No, they didn't, and I don't see what folks want to be writing to make folks traipse 'round after them for like this all for nothing! Anybody been for the mail?"

"No, but a man's been here to buy the old gray, and he said he guessed, seeing that neither you nor the horse was here, he'd back down."

"Jiminetty! If I didn't forget I'd set the day! There's the last chance gone to get rid of Bob. I tell you, S'liny, those Perkinses ought to pay me for this! I'll be out nigh three dollars before I get through with that wheel business!" he groaned. "And all because they didn't come up to their word."

Next day, after the Squire had distributed the mail, Jacob Perkins entered the store.

"Hello, Squire! What's the matter with Uncle Sam this week?"

"Uncle Sam?" the Squire asked, somewhat agitated. Did Perkins know anything about that postal?

"Yes, he's powerfully behind time. I didn't know but Uncle Billy 'd had the apoplexy or his horse 'd got choked by an extra oat, and government hed stopped accordin'ly. I ought to have had a postal from nephew Raf last Monday."

"Perhaps it got delayed. Lots of new men in the service, and Darby's out in the country. Maybe that's it."

He handed out the card with an effort at unconcerned indifference.

"I should say 'twas—and the day after ther fair. If I'd got it when I ought, he wouldn't 've had to got a livery and express-wagon to bring 'em all up, and their trunks."

"Hey! Raf come?" the Squire exclaimed.

"Bag and baggage, Tuesday, just as he wrote he would."

"Tuesday! You sure it was Tuesday?"

The Squire's surprise had got the better of his discretion.

"See for yourself. It's plain as daylight."

"Why isn't that an *h* in there?" The Squire pointed to the word, as he viewed it through his glasses.

"No, sir! You aint so used to Raf's writing as we are."

Perkins laughed, knowing the Squire's curiosity. "As I was saying, if I'd have known it in time, I'd have got you to go after 'em—I was working so like a beaver, and the roads are bad. You might as well have had that ten dollars Raf threw away on the livery fellers—an' better, too. I told him so."

"S'liny!"

"Why, what's the matter, Dan'l?" his wife asked in rising accents of alarm, as he put his head in at the door a few moments after Perkins's departure, a woe-begone expression on his face. "One of your attacks coming on?"

"S'liny, the Perkinses have come—the whole family."

"Land sakes!" She bounced up indignantly. "When?"

"Tuesday," he answered, slowly and solemnly. "Just what that postal said, too. Here we both of us had that thing here since Monday, and read it Thursday every time. And if I'd been attending to my own business I'd 'a' made ten dollars. As 'tis I'm out of pocket instead of in."

"It's a mortal shame!" she exclaimed, sympathetically. "Folks ought to stop writing cards if they can't write 'em plain enough to be read straight."

"Well, I can tell you what's right now." He sat down impressively on the nearest nail-keg. "If this government expects I'm going to spend my time making out its postal-cards to get news, it's going to find itself much mistaken, that's all."

He went back to the post-office with his new determination and a dejected air. His perquisite had lost its value, and such open communications in Uncle Sam's mail were thereafter passed by unnoticed. When his lessened stock of information became a matter of comment, as occurred very soon, he had but one explanation.

"News," he declared, "isn't to be depended on."

But to S'liny he remarked, "It's losing business attending to other folks's affairs without being asked."

So it is a question whether his disastrous speculation ever forced upon him a conviction of the truth in Jake Perkins's opinion, delivered to Raf with a knowing chuckle:

"The Squire haint got as much of a nose for news as he had 'fore he got his come-uppences. I reckon he's learned that his 'perkisites' pay best when they're taken on the square."

SARAH BIERCE SCARBOROUGH.

PURE PLEASURES.

Fresh as the houres may all your pleasures be,
And healthfull as Eternitie!
Sweet as the floure's first breath, and close
As th' unseen spreadings of the Rose
When she unfolds her curtained head,
And makes her bosome the Sun's bed

—*Henry Vaughan*, 1646.

For the Companion.

PURSER WATKINS.

[For this Story the author received the Third Prize, Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, offered by the Publishers of THE COMPANION for the third best Story of Adventure, competition of 1889.]

There was a fierce competition on Puget Sound between two rival lines of steamers. For a long time one company had controlled the traffic between Victoria and Tacoma, but when some enterprising men started an opposition line, there was a sharp struggle between the two.

I obtained a position as assistant engineer on one of these opposition boats. She was a steamer called the *Occident*, brought from San Francisco, where she had been used about the Bay.

The chief engineer was named George Starr. He was a grim, elderly man, who never spoke unless he was addressed, and then replied in the fewest words possible. He was a good mechanic, and kept the machinery in as good working order as it was possible to keep it.

The *Occident's* engine was probably the most complicated and untrustworthy piece of machinery afloat. Sometimes the steamer would make excellent time, easily distancing any steamer on the Sound. At other times she could, only with the greatest difficulty, be made to move at the rate of eight miles an hour.

Ordinarily the trip from Victoria to Tacoma, touching at Port Townsend and Seattle, occupied about twenty hours; sometimes we would do it in seventeen, and again we would be twenty-five or thirty hours on the trip. Once, to our great chagrin, we were forty hours on the way.

Our orders were to make time at all hazards. The travelling public on Puget Sound cared little in those days for safety, and a great deal for arriving at their destination in the shortest possible time.

The Captain knew every foot of the Sound by day or night. He never tied up for storm, fog or darkness, but drove the *Occident* to her destination. Years of exposure to the rains and fogs had given him a disease of the lungs. Often he stood in the pilot-house all night when he should have been in bed, but he had a family dependent upon him, and must keep going.

The purser was a young man who had been educated to the business on the Columbia River. He was bright, dapper, energetic, wide-awake, red-haired and red-moustached. His obliging disposition made him a great favorite on the Sound. He was, too, always looking out for the interests of his employers.

The steamers of both lines left the terminal ports, Victoria and Tacoma, at the same hour, and the boats lay at adjacent docks. Competition had reduced fares and freights to a very low figure, and the rush of business was tremendous. Our lower deck was crowded at every trip with freight and Chinamen, while every state-room was occupied, and the saloon floor often covered with mattresses.

As the hour for departure approached, there were crowds shouting, pushing and struggling on the docks; freight was being rapidly run on board, and carriages and wagons were in seemingly inextricable confusion.

On these occasions Harry Watkins, our purser, seemed to be everywhere at once, securing business for his boat by means that were extraordinary and often comical.

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One evening we lay at Tacoma, preparing for the trip north. The hour of starting was ten o'clock, and it lacked but twenty minutes of the time. Our trip down had been the fastest on record; we had distanced our competitor by more than four hours, and taken the cream of the business at Port Townsend and Seattle.

I was in good spirits, and even George Starr's grim face relaxed a little when he looked over the machinery, which, after hard work, we had successfully got into passable shape.

"If we don't beat our own record this trip," said, clambering down after making some complicated repairs, "I'm mistaken very much."

"Don't be too sure," said Starr.

Having a few moments to spare, I went to the gangway of the boat and glanced out. It was a cold, dripping night. The fog was so dense that the lanterns on the dock made little pelots of yellow light, revealing nothing.

Trucks loaded with freight were coming down the gang-plank with a crash and a rattle.

The Farmer's Children.

I was just turning away when Harry Watkins came sliding down the gang-plank. In one arm he carried a little girl, while with his other hand he dragged a boy about nine years old.

"Hadn't time to go around by the passenger," he said, breathlessly. "Here, Billy," as he caught sight of me, "show these kids about the engine-room, and somewhere where it's warm. They're 'most frozen, poor little things! I'll take care of 'em when we get under way."

Thrusting the little girl into my arms, he was off like a flash.

The little girl, who was about four years old, was trembling violently from cold and excitement. I made my way carefully among the piles of freight and crowds of Chinamen that blocked the main deck to the engine-room, through a narrow passage piled high with freight.

The engine-room was a comfortable place. There was a brond cushioned seat across the end.

As I came in, the Captain was leaning over one of the half-doors that opened into the side passages, talking with the chief engineer. He was on his way to the pilot-house to spend the long, cold, wet night there. No one else qp board was capable of running the Occident in such a fog as this. His glistening eyes, hollow cheeks and harsh, hacking cough told plainly enough that he should have been in his bed rather than in the pilot-house.

I placed the little girl in one corner of the cushioned seat, and told the boy to climb up beside her, and keep perfectly quiet.

Starr growled a little at having the engine-room littered up with passengers.

"Oh, we can't be particular those times," said the Captain. "There's no part of the boat where Watkins wouldn't stow people for the sake of getting business. I hope we'll make as good time as we did coming down."

"There's no depending on that machine," said Starr.

"She looks pretty well now," said the Captain.

"Yes, Billy has polished her up pretty bright." But he shook his head as he spoke.

"Well, do your best, boys, to get her through on time," said the Captain, walking slowly away, coughing as he went.

Promptly at the hour the start was made. The complicated old engine creaked and strained as the many parts were put in motion. Starr handled the engine. I stood by ready to give assistance.

When we were off, I never saw the Occident engine work more smoothly. With a good pressure of steam, the various parts click-clacked merrily, and the boat moved ahead at a good rate.

I stood the first watch. Before Starr retired, he went to look for the Navigation Company's boat, but returned and said that he could not see ten feet from the guard.

Their Story.

About half an hour afterward I sat down upon the broad, cushioned seat beside the boy, keeping my eyes upon the engine. There were not many moments during the whole trip when either Starr or myself was not watching that engine.

"Please, sir, how soon before we get there?"

The little girl was fast asleep, but the boy was sliding bob upright. They were healthy-looking children, poorly but neatly dressed—the little girl very pretty, with a tangle of brown curls about her face, and as shy asbby asbby in the corner.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"To Seattle, and we want to get there awful quick, if you please, sir."

"What's the matter hurry?" I asked, amused at the boy's earnestness.

"Mother hasn't seen Ally and me for more than four months—" said he, confidently.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Why, you see, father and mother moved up to Seattle and left us with grandma till they got settled. We were going by the other line."

"Were you, indeed! And what changed your minds?"

"Oh, the purser met grandma on the dock, and said he'd take care of us, and he just kind of run us on this boat. It's a good boat, isn't it?"

I smiled, knowing Harry Watkins's way of picking up passengers.

"And who's to meet you in Seattle?"

"Oh, mother. She's expecting us, and won't be far off, I guess. She said in her last letter she was going to see me and Ally. My father has got a job at fishing on the Sound. He's a great fisherman. He's caught salmon so long." The boy stretched out his arms to their utmost extent.

Just then Harry Watkins looked in over the half door.

"It's all the nights I ever saw on the Sound," he said, "this is the worst. I thought Columbia River fog couldn't be beaten, but it's nothing to this. Ought to have seen how I got those two passengers! Their grandmother was bound to send them by the Navigation Company; but I rushed her over to our office, and, bein' a person personally responsible for the safe delivery of those young ones."

He eyed them benignantly as he spoke. "Hey! but we're stepping it lively to-night, eh? Navigation boat away behind."

"Yes, she's doing pretty well to-night," I said, "but there's no telling how long it will last. She's very uncertain."

"Well, I'll relieve you of these children now. But what I'm to do with the youngsters I don't know. They've stowed into chinks like rats. I don't like to turn them in with the crowd."

"Leave them here," I said. "I'll be on duty till we get to Seattle. It's a pity to disturb the little girl, and there's room enough for the boy to sleep on the seats. They won't be in my way."

"All right," said he, "I'll just make a pillow for the little girl, and settle the boy right."

He opened the door and came in. In a few minutes he had arranged a very comfortable bed for both.

"Oh, I'm used to it," he said; "I'm the oldest of a family of nine. This is the most comfortable place in the boat.

"I wouldn't like to have anything happen to these children," said the purser, seriously, pausing at the door. "I don't know what makes me feel so, but I'll never take the responsibility of doing any thing like this again. It's all right for people who voluntarily take their chances with us, but to force children, with no one in particular to look after them, on board this boat, is another thing."

Watkins went away, glancing back at the chil dren.

In a short time the boat settled down into comparative quiet. The clattering of the Chinamen ceased, the thumping caused by the men moving the freight was stilled and nothing was heard but the blowing of the steam, the clanking of the engine and the paddles beating the water, as the Occident rushed rapidly along through the fog.

A Series of Accidents.

We were about three hours out from Tacoma when I heard a commotion among the men forward. Presently the bell sounded to go at half speed.

Soon I learned that the Captain had been taken suddenly ill, bleeding from the lungs, and had been carried to his room in an unconscious condition.

The mate had taken charge, but was not at all sure where he was going, for the night was thick and black.

This news made me very anxious, for I knew that no one on board was capable of taking the Occident to Seattle on such a night as this except the Captain.

Soon the gong sounded the signal to stop the engine. We lay quiet, except for the slight rocking of the steamer caused by the swell.

As I stopped the engine, I noticed that something had gone wrong with the machinery. Just what it was I could not at the moment make out, but I was sure, from the jar that I felt, that some part of the complicated machinery had got out of order, as it often did just as suddenly.

I ran hastily over the engine, but could find nothing broken. I concluded that it must be in some of the many hidden parts.

Expecting every moment to hear the signal to go ahead, I stepped to the speaking-tube which connected the engine-room with the room of the chief engineer, intending to call Starr. The speaking-tube was near the door, through which I could see out on the gangway over the guard, aft of the paddle box.

As I paused a moment at the door and glanced out, I was startled to hear a peculiar roar, which I knew did not come from any part of our steamer. Almost at the same moment, right on our port quarter aft, there appeared a great luminous glare through the fog. At the same time the blast of a steam whistle sounded, and following it a scream of terror on our boat, and a scuffle about out of the fog.

Before I had time to use the speaking-tube, the angry clang of the gong sounded, giving the signal to go ahead, followed immediately by the speed bell.

I sprang to the starting bar, but my heart sank like lead as I went. In a moment my worst fears were realized; the engine would not move. Frantically I strove to start it, but without avail. Again and again came the sharp, impatient clang of the gong, and I heard once more the scream of terror; but I knew that if that engine could be started a collision would probably be prevented, but in spite of all my efforts, it remained immovable.

A Collision.

Just then Starr, aroused by the stopping of the engine and the concussion, rushed half-dressed into the engine-room. "I saw him strike a large wreck, and run forward among the wrecks, and I never saw him again.

The next moment came a grinding crash. The Occident heeled sharply over to the starboard. The bow of the Navigation Company's steamer, which had overhwhisled us while we were running at half speed, struck us on the port-quarter aft of the paddle box, and cut through the guard deep into the hull of the Occident.

Amid the crashing timbers, and the clouds of steam escaping from a broken pipe, Harry Watkins came bounding into the engine-room.

"Billy," he shouted, "I must look after these children. I'm stranded in—"

He snatched up the little girl, who had awakened and was crying loudly.

The Occident would probably stick in a few minutes, for there was a hole in her side through which the water was rushing with frightful speed. It had already reached the furnace fires.

Some life-preservers hung in the engine-room These I seized, and, throwing two to Watkins, buckled one upon myself and another on the boy.

I looked around for Starr, but could not see him. He died at his post.

Seeing that I could be of no further use in the engine-room, I followed Watkins, who, carrying the girl and leading the boy, was stumbling to the starboard gangway.

In the meantime the mate and crew were occupied in getting out the boats, which were few and almost useless.

The frightened Chinamen were quite after the first shock, and patiently submitted to be driven back from the boats.

The steamer with which we had collided had drifted away into the fog, but her shrill whistle could be heard not far away.

As Watkins reached the rail of the sinking steamer, a boat in charge of the second mate, full of passengers, was just pushing off.

"Jump in, Watkins!" cried the officer.

"Here, take these children!" said the purser.

"Curs—barely room for one," said the man. While he spoke, the men in the boat, fearing she would be overloaded, pushed off.

A Promise Remembered.

The Occident was now sinking rapidly. It was plain she could float but a few moments longer.

"We must jump into the water, and try to get as far away from the wreck as possible," I said. "The boats from the other steamer may pick us up."

We made our way to the stern, as that afforded the best chance of clearing the wreck.

"Here, Watkins, let me take care of the boy" said I. "You can't look after them both."

"All right, Billy. Don't lose him. Their mother is waiting at Seattle for them, and I promised to see them safe there."

I grasped the boy by the hand, and holding him fast, jumped into the chilling waters of the Sound. Watkins, holding the little girl in his arms, followed immediately after me.

We all rose near together, and drifted rapidly away from the wreck. So dense was the fog that, in a few moments, we lost sight of everything, although we could plainly hear the cries and screams of the drowning people.

Presently Watkins exclaimed, "Billy, one of the life-preserves is gone!"

I saw that the life-preserver he had strapped on the little girl had broken loose, and was nowhere to be seen. The preservers would support fairly well the weight of one person; but I saw that it would be impossible for the purser to keep afloat long, and support the child, too.

"Billy," said he, "I can't keep her above the water this way. I'm going to put my life-preserver on her."

"But," said I, "how will that help you? It won't support any more weight upon her than upon you."

"Oh, perhaps not," he gasped, between his breath "but she don't like water as any rate. Billy, I don't want to die, but I'd rather die than let these children drown. They'd have been safe aboard the other boat if it hadn't been for my meddling. I've got to see them through."

In spite of my remonstrances, he took off his life-preserver, and strapped it upon the child. He could swim but little, and it was hard work for him to make the change. When it was done, the child floated buoyantly, but his head was almost under water all the time.

In the meantime we shouted till we were exhausted. The sounds about us grew fewer, the cries fainter; we could hear the splash of oars, but no boats came our way.

I felt a numbness creeping over me, and I saw Watkins's face deathly white against the gray water of the Sound, almost overwhelmed. He was struggling violently to keep afloat, but with his re maining strength was still assisting the child.

Then I heard the splash of oars near at hand, and a boat suddenly darted out of the fog. There were shouts, and I felt a strong hand grasp my collar. Then I knew no more.

When I recovered consciousness, a few minutes later, I found myself in a boat with two men, one of whom was wrapping the children with his warm, thick coat. The other was chafing my hands. The boy was crying. "Father! Father!" and the little girl was strongly clasped in the man's arms.

It was the children's father, who had been fishing near the scene of the disaster. It was not very strange, under the circumstances, that it was he who happened to pick us up.

"Where is Harry Watkins?" I cried, as soon as I could find my voice.

"That must have been the man who went down just before we could get hold of him," said the fisherman.

HARRY C. STICKNEY.

UNAPPRECIATED.

Noble deeds are held in honor,
Deaths of the world sadly mourn
Words of wisdom live forever,
The words of common deeds.

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

TRADING WITH A BUMBOAT-MAN.

In the eyes of the law a sailor is regarded as entitled to almost as much protection as an infant, and Jack often is as helpless a great, hulking infant, no doubt, but still an infant, in his helplessness on shore. Even in foreign climes, and aboard his own ship, Jack is extremely likely to be victimized; and of all the sharpers whom he meets on his travels, none is more astute and yet more completely honest than the bumboat-man.

Did you ever meet a bumboat-man? If not, take a trip with me to Calcutta, and I will introduce you to the king of his class.

Our good ship *Kindness* is bound up the Hoogly to load at Calcutta for the United Kingdom. The pilot is picked up off the Sandheads.

Talk about "duties!" There is nothing in all the realms of tippery that can surpass the Calcutta pilot. When he boards a vessel he brings a whole establishment with him. He has three native servants, and generally a cook. He has as many changes of raiment as Beau Brummel had; and his servants fan him, dress him, shave him, wash him, and, in fact, attend him as if he were a help less invalid.

In spite of all this effeminacy, the Calcutta pilot understands his business, and is virtually master of the vessel from the time he boards her till he gives her up to the harbor master.

After an interesting sail of about a hundred miles up the Hoogly, the vessel is at last moored head and stern, to a triple line of about nine hundred dollar craft above Garden Reach, a beautiful suburb of the city.

Among the first visitors to the ship are the bumboat-men, of no importance the captain for a chance to supply the crew. It is the bumboat-man who caters to Jack's taste for fruit, "soft tack" and eggs; and, when he goes ashore, acts as his guide and purveyor.

The men of the crew are generally allowed to run up an account of from ten to twenty rupees with him, according to the length of the vessel's stay in port; and this sum is paid by the Captain, and deducted from their wages at the end of the voyage The bumboat-man then leaves the skipper the largest house generally on the job.

The native who manages to carry on a row with the Captain of the *Kindness* styles himself "Yankee Sam," and flies a burgee or swallow-tailed pennant at the stern of his boat, with his Down-east

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cognomen painted on it. Yankees are proverbially smart, but this black impostor is capable of cheating the most knowing one that ever peddled clocks at home or traded to the East Indies.

He appears as black a specimen of humanity as could be found anywhere, but he is clothed from head to foot in white satin-jean, and perhaps the contrast makes him look darker than he really is.



Trading with a Bumboat-Man.

As soon as he has ingratiated himself with the Captain, he goes forward among the boys and begins to call his rivals in trade black rascals, robbers, swindlers; nothing is too bad for them. Having exhausted his stock of slander, he opens a ledger account with the sailors, giving each man a page in his book. Then, making a signal to his assistants, who pull his boat up alongside, he begins to show off his stock in trade.

There are beautiful loaves of milk-white bread, with pats of nice fresh butter beside them. Then come fruits of all kinds, including mangoes, bananas, pineapples and pomegranates; and here are dozens of fresh eggs. Another basket contains jars of preserves and pickles, with tins of sardines and pots of marmalade.

Now he offers you a tempting cheese, and then turns suddenly to call your attention to a package of Burmese cheroots. But his eyes are wandering around in all directions, never still for a moment, and he is suspicious of the slightest movement on the part of his new customers.

Each morning, just before breakfast, he pays the ship a visit, and the spread which every sailor has before him at that meal testifies to the growing popularity of Yankee Sam.

Sunday is his great trading day, and then it is that he shines forth in all his glory. On that day he wears a black suit and a beautifully laundered white shirt, and jewels sparkle in his ears and on his fingers.

The character of his merchandise is changed completely for that day. Here are elegantly embroidered garments for ladies, and lovely Cashmere shawls and opera-cloaks; hand-wrought lace of the most costly kind; jewelry and ivory goods; sandal-wood boxes and cabinets and toy pagodas; Chinese and Japanese curios of every description; fans and fancy screens, and silk dress-goods in great quantity.

This is Jack's opportunity to purchase presents for wife or sweetheart at home; and it is a poor Sunday when our friend does not make two or three hundred rupees out of our vessel alone.

To look at him and hear him talk, one would think Yankee Sam one of the most honorable men alive. There is something almost ministerial about his appearance on Sunday. But, for all that, he is the agent of the worst cheats and swindlers in Calcutta.

Every night his boat comes along under the bows of the *Electron*, and some of the crew go ashore to be introduced by him to some worthy "gentleman" of his acquaintance, who fleeces Jack, and shares the profits with Yankee Sam. The money expended, or rather squandered, on these occasions, is lent by the bumboat-man, and charged on his book to cigars or curios.

He is continually prying around the forecastle, and if he sees a nice blanket or a good overcoat he will kindly inform the owner that he knows of a "gentleman" who would like to buy just such an article.

The article probably goes ashore the same night, and is sold for a mere song. Yankee Sam pockets his commission, and poor Jack, when sober and homeward bound, off the Cape, suffers for want of the overcoat.

"Liberty-day" is our bumboat-man's harvest time. Now you see him at the head of a procession composed of the ship's company in holiday attire. He has promised to "show them around," and he does it well. Every buggy-driver, palanquin-bearer and bootblack knows our friend, and the one who pays him best is recommended to the sailors.

The guide's friends are as rascally as himself, so that poor Jack is unwittingly surrounded by thieves. In the bazaar he introduces his charges to the best paymaster. Sam backs up the dealers in the praise of their wares, and gets an absurdly large price for them while he appears to be making a good bargain for the purchasers.

Each of our "liberty-men" takes a month's pay ashore; and it is safe to say that half of it finds its way, by a circuitous route, into the bumboat-man's pocket.

The last week of the ship's stay in port arrives, and then other attractions are added to our friend's stock in trade. These consist of live-stock—monkeys and parrots.

Miserable green birds are sold to the men, with the solemn assurance that they come of a good race and will "talk like a Philadelphia lawyer" when a little older. Ten to one, before the ship reaches the Cape, each and all of them, bird and quadruped, will have found a watery grave.

The day for sailing arrives. "Yankee Sam" goes aft to settle with the Captain, gets his money after some growling at the amounts debited to the seamen, and leaves in the Captain's hands a good round sum as bonus. Then he goes forward and shakes hands with the boys, wishing them a pleasant trip; and only when the moorings are cast off and the tug begins to forge ahead does he bid farewell to his customers—or his victims.

Strange to say, though he has swindled them right and left, the sailors vow that he is the best fellow for a "native" that ever lived. In their future career, whenever they come across a fellow-seaman bound for Calcutta, they will recommend to him Yankee Sam, the king of bumboat-men.

A. J. GRANT.

SCHOOL-GIRLS.

They are brimming with innocent laughter,
They are blushing like blossoms of spring;
Will the fruit of their distant hereafter
Be as sweet as the blossoming?
Yet I would that life's school were beginning,
And I could commence it well.

Selected. —*Julia Harris May.*

GERMAN EXPANSION.

For many years the Germans have sturdily emulated the English in seeking to occupy and colonize distant regions, and to find new homes and new occupations beyond seas.

There are many reasons why large numbers of Germans should leave their native country to find larger opportunities elsewhere. Germany is overcrowded in population. Its soil is already scarcely able to support its forty-eight millions of souls, especially now that German industries find keen rivals in America, Australia, and other parts of the world.

The heavy taxation and the burdensome military conscription in Germany, moreover, tend to drive many German artisans and farmers to emigrate, and seek a sustenance in regions where such burdens do not weigh so heavily.

We therefore find German communities and colonies established in many parts of the world, and growing larger as time goes on.

The Germans naturally look to this country as one in which opportunities for success are various and large, and where liberty is freely assured to all who work and prosper.

A large proportion of Germans who come to this country repair to the West, and so rapidly have the numbers of Germans increased in our Western States and cities that in many localities they now hold a large, and sometimes a controlling, political influence.

This is notably the case in such young Western cities as Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. There are besides, in Wisconsin and other Western States, whole communities comprised wholly of persons of German birth or parentage.

It must be said, too, that the Germans in America are, as a whole, peaceful, thrifty, law-abiding citizens, whose intelligence and industry are a distinct gain to the country.

But the United States is not the only American country where the Germans have made their qualities felt for good. There are twenty thousand Germans in the extreme southern Argentine Republic, and several thousand in Brazil, and in these countries they comprise the most active and thrifty of the commercial class.

Germans are also found scattered through all the Central and Southern American States.

In Europe the German population has long since overflowed its political boundaries, and has established large communities in neighboring States. The German population in France is very large, and whenever there is an outbreak in that country of the ever-smouldering hatred of the Teutonic race, a popular outcry is made against the foreigners who are insinuating themselves in all the best places.

There are not far from half a million Germans in the Baltic provinces of Russia; and they comprise by far the best element among the dwellers in those provinces. While the Baltic Russians are for the most part ignorant and indolent, their German neighbors are industrious and full of energy. They found and manage the factories, comprise the merchants and artisans, and are the doctors, teachers and land agents.

The superiority of the Germans in the Baltic provinces, indeed, has been such as to arouse both the hatred of the Russian population and the jealousy of the Czar's government; and this has resulted in the deprivation of many of the rights and privileges they once enjoyed.

Besides the Germans in various parts of Russia, there are five millions in Austria-Hungary, two millions in Bohemia, and a quarter of a million in Transylvania; and in all these localities, they comprise the most active promoters of the industries and culture of the community.

The latest German expansion is that toward Africa; where we shall, no doubt, erelong see German colonies growing up, and contending with the British colonies already planted in that continent for commercial and military supremacy.

For the Companion.

MARCH.

O March, thou art a noisy, blustering lout!
What is this yearly uproar all about?
Too rude art thou, with whistle, trick, and shout.

Go, learn thy sister April's gentle ways!
Then shall thy gift of earliest spring days
Be gladly welcomed, and thyself accorded praise.

EMMA C. DOWD.

RECIPROCITY WITH BRAZIL.

The President of the United States recently made known, by proclamation, a modification of the tariff law of Brazil, made by that government in the interest of the United States, and in return for the free admission into this country of sugars, molasses, coffee and hides produced in Brazil.

This proclamation was simply the public announcement of the consummation of an agreement between the Governments of Brazil and the United States. The exchange of products in this manner is properly called reciprocity, and though it does not mean reciprocity in the sense of a completely free exchange of products, it covers practically all the articles of commerce in which there is for a long time likely to be much exchange between this country and Brazil.

The President's action in the matter was taken in pursuance of a clause in the recent tariff act commonly called the "McKinley bill," and although sugars, molasses, coffee and hides are exempted from import duties, in general terms, by this act, a clause of the law imposes a duty upon each of these classes of merchandise when coming from any country that maintains a tariff system hostile to the introduction of American goods. The President is empowered to decide whether the tariffs are friendly or the reverse.

The articles with respect to which the Brazilian tariff is modified in favor of the United States are in two classes, or schedules. The first schedule includes a large number of articles that are to be admitted free when taken from this country to Brazil, and the other includes many more articles which are to be admitted to that country at a reduction of twenty-five per cent. from regular tariff rates.

In the first, or free, schedule are included wheat, corn and other grains, and the flour and meal made of them, potatoes, hay, salted pork except hams, coal, agricultural implements, and nearly all kinds of machinery except sewing-machines.

In the second, or reduced, schedule are included hams, lard, manufactures of cotton, leather, except boots and shoes, manufactures of iron and steel, wagons and carriages, and manufactures of india-rubber.

This arrangement, it is expected, will greatly increase our export trade to Brazil, which has heretofore been very small, although this country imports nearly one-third of all that Brazil has to sell, including almost the whole of her coffee crop.

Of the articles that are now to be admitted free from this country, Brazil has imported, on the average, twenty millions of dollars' worth yearly; and less than three and a half million dollars' worth of these has come from the United States.

Of the articles to be admitted at a reduced rate, almost forty millions' worth per year have been imported into Brazil, and less than two and a half millions' worth has come from the United States.

Of cotton goods, which are to be admitted into Brazil at a tariff rate one-quarter cheaper than at present, Brazil has imported twenty million dollars' worth annually from Europe, while the United States has sent her only half a million dollars' worth a year.

In this one branch of commerce, our manufacturers expect to increase their exports to Brazil twenty-fold.

The immediate effect of the new arrangement, so far as the United States is concerned, will be in exports rather than imports. But it is probable that the Brazilian production, particularly of sugar and molasses, will be stimulated by reciprocity, and her exports of these commodities to this country increased.

Up to the present time, our trade with Brazil has been an importing trade rather than an exporting one. We have imported yearly from sixty to seventy million dollars' worth of Brazil's products, and exported to that country only about nine millions of our own.

One article which we import largely from Brazil is not affected by the present agreement. Crude india-rubber was already free of tariff charges, and remains so.

Unless the commercial arrangements of Brazil with other countries are modified as the result of the new bargain with the United States, we shall have an advantage in that country over all European nations.

Moreover, it is expected that this arrangement with Brazil will compel other countries to modify their tariffs in the same way as the new South American republic has done, in order to enable them to secure the advantages offered by the reciprocity clause of the tariff act, and thus to compete with Brazil for the export trade to the United States.

BETRAYED.

The winter sunset was glowing in the south-western sky, and the lady who was walking toward it seemed to see in it once more the Spanish castle of her youth, and the faces that long ago looked out at her from its windows. She began to hear far-off voices sound, and to dream the old dreams over again. Suddenly a very different voice close behind her broke the spell.

"Sing for nothing? Well, I should smile! I get pay for it when *I* sing, and don't you forget it."

The lady cast a hasty glance over her shoulder, and saw the speaker—a girl of perhaps twenty, well-dressed, with a quick, buoyant step, and a pretty face. Yes, it really was a very pretty face; and the simple yet good toilet looked like a lady's choice; but her speech betrayed her. Slang is not the language of well-bred maidenhood. When you hear a girl finish her sentence with an interrogative, "See?" you need search no farther for indications of what she is. "Well, I should smile!" is as comprehensive as a biography.

In a West End horse-car, the other day, sat a girl dressed as a well-dressed girl should be. If she owned diamonds she had left them at home. She wore good and simple clothes, and had a quiet, self-contained manner. Beside her sat another girl, with diamond ear-rings, a much-feathered hat, and a general air of thinking nothing too good for her. The two girls were talking—and it soon appeared that they had come from the same school. Presently the conductor came along.

The girl with the diamond ear-rings gave him a nickel, and mentioned the street where she wished to stop with an air that was nothing short of arrogance. Then the low voice of the well-dressed girl said, gently, "Will you please stop at Arlington Street?" and the other, who had said Berkeley Street, exclaimed, "After all, I'll get out when you do." When they left the car, the well-dressed girl said a gentle "Thank you!" to the conductor who had remembered her wish, and had taken care to stop in precisely the right place.

"Well, I must say," remarked the other girl, as they walked along, "you couldn't have thanked that man any more graciously if he had been the handsomest fellow in Boston, and had just brought you a bunch of orchids."

The well-dressed girl smiled—what a bright, winsome smile it was!

"Don't you think," she answered, "that there is a certain kind of pleasure in being courteous to those who don't expect it? The people who are used to pleasant speeches take them as a matter of course. I think those to whom almost everybody is rather curt must like a change once in awhile."

The girl of the diamond ear-rings looked at her companion a little curiously, for a moment.

"You are a crank," she said at length, as if she had found in her own mind the word of the enigma, "You are a crank—that's what you are—but I think you are a nice kind of crank, after all."

You see it is all in the point of view. Perhaps the High Priest and the Levite would have thought the Good Samaritan a crank if they had happened to look back, and see what he did when he came up to the man they had "passed by on the other side."

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

The story was told recently in several daily newspapers of a Southern boy who was ambitious to do great work as a journalist. He had a ready pen, broad ideas, and a strong faith that right and justice ought to conquer in the world.

He was eager to help in the fight for them. If he were but the owner or editor, he thought, of a great newspaper or magazine, what blows he could strike for the truth!

But he was only an insignificant reporter on a small daily paper. One hour he was sent to report a fire, the next to find out the price of beef. Now he described the speeches made at a dinner; again, the gowns worn at a ball.

What use was in these things? How petty the work was! How could it tell in the world's progress?

Still he tried, however small the task, to do it well, to put his best self in it.

At last came the great disaster at Johnstown. He was sent to report it, and made his way to the scene at the risk of his life. When some other reporters were alarmed at the outbreak of illness and other dangers, he induced them to stay in order that the nation might know the facts of the case, and send relief. When this work was done, he came home, with his health shattered by exposure, to die.

His chance had come. He had struck his blow for the right, and given his life for it.

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Let no man think because his life is obscure and his work humble that there is in it no mighty opportunity.

It is generally from among the mass of obscure men that God summons His heroes to greatly live and nobly die.

THE LAFAYETTES.

The recent death in France of Edmond de Lafayette, the "last of the Lafayettes," and the grandson of the friend of Washington, has called anew the world's attention to the virtues and public services of the family, now extinct, to which he belonged.

M. de Lafayette was a senator of France, and a faithful and intelligent public servant. He was also a very modest man, and was impressed with the conviction that, while it was his duty to give to his country the best of his abilities, it was also his duty, out of respect to the preëminent greatness of his famous ancestor, to withhold himself from any career of ambition.

"The name will die with me," he said. "It is my duty simply to keep it intact. I cannot add to it."

The famous family to which he belonged had given to the world several soldiers, diplomatists, engineers and financiers. They were always characterized by public spirit and devotion to freedom, and by want of personal ambition.

Everything in their circumstances tended to attach the Lafayettes to conservatism, and to the elegant life of the court; but they set aside everything in their devotion to the principle of popular freedom.

The unselfishness of the great Marquis de Lafayette was well illustrated by an incident of the Revolution of 1830.

The people were at first slow to rise against the monarchy, and it was proposed by some hot-headed young students to throw the old General de Lafayette into the river Seine, in order to incense the people and stir them to revolt.

He was so greatly loved by the people that, these foolish youths argued, such an outrage, if nothing else, would move them to mutiny.

Some one went to Lafayette himself, and told him of this astounding proposition. He answered, with entire seriousness:

"Well, well! That is quite an idea. It's worth thinking about!"

The children of the great Marquis de Lafayette, the "hero of two worlds," inherited his fondness for America and Americans, and at the burial of Senator Lafayette, on one of the first days of the present year, the official representatives of the United States in Paris followed, on foot, his coffin to the grave.

DOVETAILING TWO LECTURES.

Yankee sharpness, which tries to get the most for the least, was amusingly illustrated one night in a country village. Mr. Wendell Phillips, having been announced to lecture in the parish meeting-house, found on his arrival that the committee were not agreed as to the subject of the lecture.

"How many lectures have you brought, Mr. Phillips?" asked the chairman.

"All of them are here," answered the lecturer, tapping his forehead.

"Well," continued the chairman, "we'll ask those in the audience which one they prefer to hear."

The audience was also divided; some called for "Toussaint L'Overture," while others asked for "The Lost Arts." At last an old man arose and said:

"S'pose we have both. Couldn't you give us both?" Mr. Phillips.

"Yes," answered the orator, taking in the humor of the situation—two lectures for one fee.

"He gave both, winding from one to the other," says his biographer, the Rev. Carlos Martyn, "with such deftness that it was impossible to detect where they were joined. The audience retired, feeling they had got their money's worth!"

Mr. Phillips's lectures were all carefully prepared, though never written out. They were all in his head, and he was always preparing them. For he read, studied, thought, with one eye on the platform, and ready to appropriate whatever would increase his mastership of his subject and his ability to make the audience think as he did.

He disliked the pen, and used to say that "Writing is a mild form of slavery—a man chained to an ink-pot."

NEW YORK BOYS' BAND.

There is something very pleasant in the city of New York in the way of a Boys' Orchestra. The boys are rather old boys, ranging from fifteen to twenty years of age, and many of them have had several years' practice upon their instruments. A few are students preparing for college, but most of them, sons of well-known business men, are themselves preparing for business, and regard music chiefly as the solace of leisure hours.

Their original object in forming themselves into a band was improvement in their favorite art, but since they have acquired skill and force as a musical body they have frequently played at asylums, homes and hospitals for the entertainment of the inmates.

The band at present consists of about fifty members, of whom thirty play stringed instruments, such as the violin, violoncello and double bass. There is one pianist among them. Their leader, a lawyer of note, has been a distinguished musical amateur for many years, a man of science as well as skill, who is not content with merely drilling the boys as performers, but gives them instruction in the theory of music.

This is not the only youthful orchestra of the United States. Many of the Conservatories of Music, which have become so numerous of late years, have classes of youthful performers, which naturally develop into bands and orchestras, contributing much to the enjoyment of such public occasions as school festivals and charitable fairs.

After all, the present prevalence of musical ambition among our young people is only a revival on a great scale of a fashion of our colonial period

Men of distinction in the last century, particularly in the Southern colonies, learned to play on musical instruments in their youth, notably Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and many of their young Virginia friends.

In 1760 there was an amateur orchestra of young players at the capital of old Virginia, some of whom met every week for practice at the home of the royal Governor, himself one of the performers.

PLANNING THE CAPITAL CITY.

The city of Washington was long known as the city of magnificent distances. Yet how few of us have ever heard of the man who, with a grand faith in the future, planned the city and designed its first public buildings. Peter Charles L'Enfant was born in 1755, in France. He entered the French army with the commission of a Lieutenant, and prepared to scale the slow and difficult ladder of military promotion. But when the American colonies raised the standard of revolt, he watched their course with keen interest.

As soon as the colonies proclaimed the doctrines of freedom, and declared themselves an independent nation, L'Enfant resolved to give his skill as an engineer to the cause.

He came over with Lafayette in 1777, and almost immediately received a commission in the Continental army. On the Eighteenth of February, 1778, he was made Captain of Engineers, and was a remarkably active and able officer.

In the attack on Savannah he displayed the utmost gallantry, and was severely wounded. On his recovery General Washington appreciated his merits so highly that he placed him on his staff. After the war he employed his skill on various engineering and architectural works at Fort Mifflin.

The selection of a district for the seat of government was a subject of long discussion, and when the present District of Columbia was fixed upon, Major L'Enfant was selected to lay out the city of Washington, and to select the position. He drew the plans also for some of the public buildings, and sketched others as a part of his projected arrangement of the city.

In 1812 this able veteran of the Revolution received the offer of a professorship of engineering in the Military Academy, West Point, but declined the position. He died at his home in Prince George's County, Maryland, June 14, 1825.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

An amusing story is told in connection with the building of the tramway between the towns of Zacatecas and Guadalupe in Mexico, which are a few miles apart. The way from Zacatecas is down grade. The cars go at great speed by their own gravitation; no animals are attached, for the descent is as steep as a toboggan slide.

It requires six mules, however, to draw each car back again. The animals are harnessed three abreast, like the horses in the Paris omnibuses.

Even the projectors of the tramway had no fixed idea as to how it should be operated, and an American overseer has been in charge from the beginning.

The cars were ordered from Philadelphia, and while they were being built, the steel rails, which came from Liverpool by way of Vera Cruz, were laid down from one end of the route to the other.

When the cars arrived, it was found that they would not run on the track, as the rails had been laid on a gauge three inches narrower than that for which the cars were designed.

The Mexicans, in their ignorance, saw but one way out of the difficulty: that was, to rebuild the cars, make the bodies narrower and cut off the axletrees to fit the gauge of the rails.

The present superintendent, a practical American engineer, was in Zacatecas at the time, and took in the state of affairs at a glance. He offered for five hundred dollars to show the owners how to get over the trouble without altering an article on the cars. The money was paid, and with twenty men and proper tools the American took up a few rods of the track, made a gauge for the rest, and in one day had the cars running over the short distance!

The managers of the road at once put the American in charge, and he has held the position ever since.

HALF RIGHT.

Abraham Lincoln was one of the talkers to whom every one loves to listen. His ideas and his language were his own, and whatever might be the topic of conversation, he was certain to say something which no one could have anticipated. An anecdote which has recently been told about him very well illustrates this trait of his character.

A writer in the *Century* says that Lincoln seemed to enjoy the public receptions at the White House, and was surprised when people commiserated him upon being obliged to stand and shake hands with such a crowd of perfect strangers, as they pushed one another past him.

Much of the time, indeed, he appeared to be almost unconscious of the throng, taking hand after hand in an almost mechanical way; but now and then, as he caught sight of a familiar face, or one of his callers made a remark which struck his fancy, his eye brightened, and he would perhaps break into a hearty laugh.

Many of those who shook his hand uttered some little carefully prepared speech, and now and then they received a swift answer.

One night an elderly gentleman from Buffalo said, "Up our way we believe in God and Abraham Lincoln," to which the President replied, as he shoved him along the line, "My friend, you are more than half right."

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

The world is full of people who want to run before they know how to walk. Such people are the ready prey of sharpers. Sometimes this trait of wanting to get something for nothing is exhibited in an amusing way.

A young man afflicted with this failing was offered a situation in Peru, but upon investigation it was found that a knowledge of Spanish was requisite.

"Devote a year to the study of the language," said the manager, kindly, "and you will become sufficiently proficient to be useful."

But that was too slow a method for the aspirant. He spent three months in trying to devise a shorter plan, until one day his eye met an advertisement, stating that directions for learning any language in twenty-four hours would be sent for the small sum of two dollars.

Ah, here was the solution of the problem! He sent the two dollars, and in reply received this printed slip:

"It is extremely simple. Just divide the language into twenty-four parts, and learn one each hour."

He deserved to be thus "humbugged." Let us hope he profited by his lesson.

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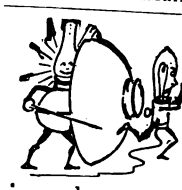
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SUGGESTIONS

BUILDINGS AND MATERIALS.

Why are deep foundations necessary?
What varieties of stone are used for buildings?
In what colors do we find bricks?
For what purposes can iron be used in the construction of buildings?
What is "mineral wool," and how is it used?
To what height have buildings been constructed?
Is paper ever used in form of lumber?

For the Companion.

THE SPANISH MAIN.

DEVON, 1575.

Come, shake out the sails, and clear up the decks,
The wind is piping and free;
Clap hard down the helm, till in snow-storm of flecks,
The foam flies up from the lee;
Once more we begin to live again,
We are off, brave lads, for the Spanish Main!

Get cutlass and matchlock ready for use,—
We are going for more than play!
For throat of the Spaniard get ready the noose,—
The yard-arm is ready alway!
For quarter who begs will beg in vain,
When we settle scores on the Spanish Main.

A galleon sails for Cadiz with freight
Of pearls and opals and gold;
Alert in her track will our stanch vessel wait,
Her ingots shall stuff our hold.
The black-bearded dogs shall lose their gain,
And reckon with us on the Spanish Main.

Queen Bess with a mouth-filling oath shall declare
We're ne'er lads more worthy her grace;
Old Devon shall ring with the names that we bear,
And think of the pride in Drake's face!
Then, hearties, be quick; the very planks strain
In their eager zest for the Spanish Main.

Remember the comrades starved in the dark
Of Spain's black dungeons' despair;
We fight in God's quarrel; what man has a spark
Of soul, and yet could forbear?
Up, lads, we are off to the proof again
If England or Hell rules the Spanish Main!

ARLO BATES.

For the Companion.

WOOD UP!

"The young people of to-day," said the old squire, "can have no idea of the difficulties and dangers of travel fifty years ago. I remember a journey that I made in 1835 from Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania to New Orleans. My chance of success in an important undertaking depended upon my reaching New Orleans before a certain day.

"It was then late in November. The cold was becoming intense. The Ohio River was full of large blocks of floating ice, and there seemed to be imminent danger that the channel would close over before we could reach the Mississippi. If it should do so, there was no chance of my reaching New Orleans by land. Tracts of unbroken wilderness intervened, and the storms were frequent and heavy.

"'Can we make it, Captain?' I asked, as I stood beside the master of the *Messenger* on the deck, watching the wheel laboriously plowing its way through the masses of ice.

"'I don't know, sir,' he said. 'The channel is nearly closed. If we can cut our way through to warmer water to-day, we are safe; but the ice is making fast. Every minute counts.'

"I was trembling with excitement. My future largely depended on the progress of this lumbering old boat. She seemed to me to creep, to crawl; finally, she stood still.

"The wheel was deliberately reversed. The boat quivered, ran to shore, stopped.

"I leaped to the edge of the deck. The pilot stood idle, the captain and clerk joked leisurely together.

"'What has happened?' I shouted. 'Why do you stop? I am ruined if you do not go on!'

"'We are wooding up,' calmly said the wheelman. 'Taking on fuel.'

"The black deck-hands below were throwing the wood to the boat from a heap on shore, accompanying their motions with a slow, melancholy chant.

"I grew wild with impatience. I counted each lost minute as a step towards disaster.

"The boat started again in half an hour, but twice that night it stopped to 'wood up,' each time, as I thought, losing ground hopelessly. But when morning came she steamed triumphantly out of the caking ice into free water. We had passed on our way two boats lying caught among the icy hummocks.

"'They had not fuel enough to keep their engines going,' said the Captain. 'They wouldn't stop at the last station—thought they could make it. In a run like this, you have got to make haste slowly if you want to win.'

"I often think of the Captain's saying, when I see ambitious young people starting on their run for life. They're too anxious, too eager. They are not willing to stop to take on fuel.

"When I see a lad growing thin and yellow over his books, making haste to win his honors at college or his degree in a profession, I feel like saying to him, 'Lay by! Play ball—walk—sleep! You're burning up the fuel in your body; take on more.'

"Or when I see a middle-aged man driving night and day at one idea,—business or book-writing, or even preaching,—I think, 'You're using up all your fuel. Stop. Go out among other men. Take in fresh ideas, fresh emotions—make haste slowly.'

"More than all, when I see men who profess to be Christians, living with no other instruction for their daily life than that of a weekly sermon, I want to say to them, 'You must take in fuel. Read your Bible. Do not omit prayer. You cannot make spiritual progress simply with good intentions. Wood up, or the motive power will die out, and the better life stop midway in its heavenward journey—frozen in the ice!'"

MOTHER SPRATT.

"One of the regular weekly visitors to the school I attended when I was a boy," writes a correspondent, "was an old lady known to all in the district as 'Mother Spratt.' She usually came on Friday, because, as she herself said, 'I wash of a Monday, and iron of a Chewsday, and bake of a Wednesday, and sweep and clean of a Thursday, and that don't leave me no day *but* Friday.' By coming on Friday, moreover, Mother Spratt gave herself the pleasure of being present at the weekly 'literary exercises,' which always took place on that afternoon.

"While other visitors came in for an hour or two in the afternoon, Mother Spratt always came early in the morning, bringing her dinner with her in a little tin pail, and stayed all day.

"I can see her now, in the teacher's chair near the desk on the little platform, knitting a seemingly forever unfinished stocking, and at the same time keeping a sharp lookout over the school.

"'Jimmy Piper's whispering!' this self-constituted monitor would cry out in her shrill, piping voice.

"'I *aint!*' the accused would perhaps retort, angrily.

"'Now, Jimmy, Jimmy,' Mother Spratt would say, in mild expostulation, 'you was, too! I see you with my own eyes.'

"'I was only asking Sam Sharp how to do this example, and the teacher allows me to do that!' Jimmy would explain, triumphantly.

"'Well, it's whispering just the same, and — Sally Plumb is making pictures on her slate! Sha-a-me on ye, Sally!'

"'I wasn't doing any such thing! I was only drawing a map,' Sally would reply.

"'Oh, was that it? Well, well, child, go on and draw your map, and mind you draw it well. Oh, I've got my eye on *you*, Robbie Baggster, and I'll tell the teacher if you jab Joe Hunt with that pin another time. How'd you like to have somebody jab a pin into *you?*'

"Of course interference of this kind was not agreeable to either teacher or pupil, but Mother Spratt was seventy-four years old, and every family in the district was indebted to her for kindness in times of sickness and trouble. So she was never told that it might be better if she did not visit the school quite so often, or seek to take upon herself duties that belonged to the teacher; and there came a time when we were glad of it.

"It was so stormy and cold one Friday morning in midwinter that we felt sure Mother Spratt would not appear, but the few of us who were there had hardly taken our seats when she came in, wrapped in shawls, nubias and veils.

"'It's terrible lonesome to a body living all alone on sich a day as this,' she said, 'so I come to have comp'ny as well as to be comp'ny.'

"She brought the teacher's chair from the platform, and seated herself in a cozy corner near the stove, and there she sat all day, almost finishing the blue-and-white stocking she was knitting.

"After recess in the afternoon we had our usual 'literary exercises.' It was customary to ask visitors if they would make 'a few remarks' on these occasions, and this courtesy was always extended to Mrs. Spratt, who invariably replied that she 'b'lieved she'd nothing to say.'

"On this particular Friday, however, the old lady slowly rolled up her knitting work, and said, in a feeble, broken voice:

"'Well, boys and girls, I don't know as I've got much to say. I aint no gift at speakin' in public, like some, but somehow or other I feel as though I'd like to tell you all how much I've enj'yed coming here Friday after Friday, and hearing you and seeing you.

"'It's kept me from many a lonesome day, me living all by myself, as you know, and I've tried to help your teacher keep you good, and have you mind the rules. It pays best to be good, boys and girls. I'm an old woman, and I've had a sight more experience with this world than any of you, and I know that it pays best to be good. Keep that in mind.'

"We always closed the school on Fridays with a hymn—hymns being all the songs we knew. Mrs. Spratt joined loudly and shrilly in the one we sang that evening, her cracked voice rising highest in the refrain:

"'My home is not below,
My home is not below;
I'm journeying to a better land,
My home is not below.'

"On Monday morning, as soon as we were in our seats, the teacher rose behind her desk and said, solemnly:

"'Boys and girls, I want to tell you that our old friend, Mother Spratt, will not be with us any more. She died suddenly last night. Her house is so near the school-house that I want you to be very quiet on the play-ground to-day, and I wish you would remember what she said to you last Friday.'

"Some of us remember it to this day."

GLYCERINE.

Many years ago, in an obscure mining village in Sweden, an apothecary was making lead plaster in the ordinary way by heating olive-oil with litharge and water, when he chanced to notice that the liquid which was mingled with the pasty lead compound had a strangely sweet taste. On further investigation, he found that the sweet taste was caused by the presence of an oily liquid which was dissolved in the water. No such substance was described in the books of the day.

Scheele—that was the apothecary's name—knew that he had discovered a new substance. He soon found that this sweet liquid was not the product of olive-oil alone, but that other oils and fats would yield it under the same treatment. So he named it the "sweet principle of fats" or "oil-sugar."

More than a century has passed since Scheele's discovery, yet it is scarcely fifty years since "oil-sugar" was found to be of practical value, except for a very limited use in medicine. Chemists have given it the more formal name of *glycerine*, derived from a Greek word meaning sweet.

Every one is to-day familiar with the clear, thick liquid so commonly used for toilet purposes. Its soothing and softening effect on dry or inflamed skin is the quality for which it is best known in most households; but few people have any idea of the variety of purposes to which it is applied.

Among its most striking and valuable properties are its great solvent power, its chemical stability and its sweetness. Moreover, it is digestible, will not evaporate, and owing to this and its hygroscopic qualities, will prevent the drying and hardening of materials with which it is mixed.

These peculiar qualities make it most valuable in the preparation of medicines, unguents and various food products, as preserves and mustards; likewise in beer, wines and other bottled goods, where it is said to act as a preservative. The fact that strong solutions of glycerine and water will not freeze in the lowest winter temperatures has caused its use in our wet "gas-meters."

Some of the more important industries in which it is used are vulcanizing india-rubber, silvering and gilding glass, dressing leather for kid gloves, preserving anatomical and botanical specimens, and the manufacture of what is, perhaps, the most powerful explosive known to science, without whose aid some of the grandest triumphs of modern engineering would have been impossible—nitroglycerine.

In a pure state glycerine is one-fourth heavier than water. After long exposure to a freezing temperature, glycerine will deposit rhombic crystals resembling those of sugar-candy. Its boiling point is four hundred and ninety degrees Fahrenheit. Pure glycerine will burn readily, if first heated to about three hundred degrees. It gives a pale-blue flame similar to that of alcohol, and to the chemist glycerine is an alcohol.

A process has been invented by which animal fats are directly decomposed into stearic acid and glycerine, by subjecting the fat to the action of super-heated steam, at a temperature of several hundred degrees. The resulting glycerine is concentrated, and purified by steam distillation, while the stearic acid, which much resembles wax, and in no way answers to our ordinary conception of an acid, is in great demand for candles.

For the Companion.

LEARNING.

Child! if thou wouldst with truth and honor live
(Better, without, that thou shouldst cease to be,)
Thy first best years, thy first fresh efforts, give
To learning; all beside is vanity.

Learn, while the glorious sun in heav'n rides high,
And nature groans beneath his fervid scars;
Learn, when the silver moonlight floods the sky
Like veil of Artemis on clouds and stars.

Learn, ever learn, while yet thy youth is fair,
When womanhood is lovely in its strength,
When age, like frost, lies lightly on thy hair,
And when thy journey's end is near at length.

Learn! and thy sheaves of gathered learning bear
To brighter regions; thither shalt thou come
With songs of triumph; learning even there,
Amid the gladness of the Harvest Home.

MARGARET THOMAS.

BRIGHT STREET ARAB.

There are various sorts of punishment, and when a gentleman tries to be funny in some disgraceful way, he is apt to receive his just dues in the way of personal mortification. Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Gerald Coxe, two well-known society men in London, were taking a walk together, when a little crossing-sweep asked them "for tuppence."

"No," said Lord Charles, gruffly, "I'll not give you a penny!"

Then a bright idea occurred to him, and he added, "You see that constable yonder? Well, if you'll go and mop your broom up and down his back, I'll give you half a crown."

The boy rushed away, promptly performed the act, and was promptly arrested.

Lord Charles, his conscience pricking him, went over to remonstrate with the officer, and was himself taken in charge. Mr. Coxe then attempted to throw in a few dissuading words.

"Aha!" quoth the officer. "So you want to interfere, do you? Well, I fancy I shall have to run you in, too."

So the three culprits were conducted away to the police station. The inspector in charge there gazed at them austerely.

"So you've been interfering with the constable?" he said, with solemnity. "A serious charge; a very serious charge! Now tell me, sir, what is your name?"

"Mr. Gerald Coxe," answered the gentleman addressed.

Now this name was perfectly well known to the inspector, and it seemed to him extraordinarily funny that it should be claimed by a man who would take the part of a crossing-sweep.

"Oh, you're Mr. Gerald Coxe, are you?" said he, sarcastically. "Yes, you look like Mr. Gerald Coxe! Very good! Capital! And who are you, sir?"

"Lord Charles Beresford," answered that gentleman.

This, in the mind of the inspector, deepened and complicated the joke.

"So you're Lord Charles Beresford!" he chuckled, grimly. "Well, this is splendid! You look like Lord Charles, you do! Splendid! splendid! Now tell me," he added, turning to the small boy, "what's your name?"

The ragged urchin was in a serious quandary. He looked at Lord Charles and Mr. Coxe.

"Look a-here," he said, "I don't know who ye are or what's yer game, but I aint a-goin' back on a pal!"

Then, turning boldly to the inspector, he said, in a tone full of heroic confidence, "I'm der Dook of Wellington!"

ATTACKED BY A BUFFALO.

Sir Samuel W. Baker, in his latest book, "Wild Beasts and Their Ways," narrates an adventure which shows that a hunter's life may depend upon his attention to small details. Sir Samuel and Mr. Dick were shooting in Africa, when they saw a solitary bull buffalo on the opposite side of a small creek. The bull was evidently in a state of great excitement, for as the hunters drew near the creek, he faced them, tore up the turf with his horns, and looked down the perpendicular bank, twelve feet high, as though meditating descent.

Dick, who carried a little rifle, a single barrel, which shot a small spherical ball, had, by Sir Samuel's advice, doubled his charge of powder.

"Aim at the back of the neck, if the buffalo lowers his head," said Sir Samuel to his companion, throwing a hard clod of earth so that it fell into the water at the foot of the bank. The splash caused the animal to look down, exposing his neck. Dick fired. The bull convulsively turned round, and fell upon his side.

The two men waded across the creek at a shallow place, and ran to where the prostrate animal was lying, apparently dead. Dick, standing in front of the bull's head, revelled in the delight of his first buffalo.

"Never stand at the head of a buffalo, whether dead or alive!" exclaimed Sir Samuel, whose experience had taught him to be cautious. "Stand upon the side facing the back of the animal well away from its legs, as I am standing now."

Scarcely had he uttered the words when the bull sprang to his feet, and blundered forward straight at the astonished Dick, not three feet distant. He jumped backward to avoid the horns, but tripped and fell upon his back right in the path of the savage bull.

As quick as lightning Sir Samuel drew his long hunting-knife, and plunged it behind the buffalo's shoulder. The animal fell to the blow. He had received his death-stroke.

If the hunting-knife had not been tempered steel, with a keen edge and a sharp point, the story would have had a tragical ending. The blade, a part of an old "Andrea Ferrara" Highland claymore, was eighteen inches long, two inches in breadth, double-edged, and as sharp as it was possible to make it.

Sir Samuel saw to it that it was always in the condition of a surgeon's lancet. He never left the camp for a day's shooting without first examining its point and edge. No servant was allowed to handle it, and when it needed sharpening, he himself honed it. When he struck the buffalo, the sharp double edge of the long knife divided the great artery of the heart.

WOULDN'T SAY GOOD-BY.

Are there still left any of those dear, old-fashioned people who "hate to say good-by," and who will not watch the departing friend out of sight, "because it is a bad sign?" Aunt Sophia was one of them. She would stand at the railway station, beside the car window, carrying on a soliloquy somewhat like the following, but keeping as far as possible from any allusion to parting:

"I put the doughnuts and cheese right on top of your bag. They won't get jammed there, unless you cram somethin' in on top, and I don't see no need of that. Don't grease your gloves with 'em.

"Dear land! whatever I've come down here to this platform for I don't know. I aint got nothin' to say, and my bread 'll be riz, before I can get back. There comes Elder True's wife. My sakes! if she aint got a new bunnit; but she's put on the old bugles and them lavender flowers.

"'Hear me?' No, she won't, she's deef as a haddock. That reminds me, I found a bone in that picked-up fish this morning. It's a sin an' shame to hire a girl that'll pick up fish, and let her eyes go travellin' down to the Long Medder. If 't had been *her* throat it got stuck in, wouldn't I have pounded her back, an' paid off old scores!

"My! how these cars do jump! I guess I'll stan' aside. You shut the winder, for I don't want you sticking yer head out, and gittin' it cut clean off by them telegraft poles. Well, I guess I'll see if Dolly's stanning quiet. I b'lieve I hitched her out this end of the platform, after all. Wouldn't it have been funny if I'd ha' gone the other way? Now look out for your gloves, with them doughnuts!"

So the cheery soul stepped briskly away, unfastened Dolly and climbed into the farm-wagon.

"Get up there, Doll!" she called, shaking the reins, and no one was there to see that the shrewd blue eyes were wet with tears, and that the mittened hands were trembling sadly from the shock of parting.

WHY HE BLUSHED.

The poet Whittier, who even in his old age is as bashful as a girl, was once embraced and kissed by a man in a crowded Boston parlor. The incident is told by the Rev. Carlos Martyn, in his Life of Wendell Phillips. Dom Pedro of Brazil, on his visit to Boston in 1876, expressed a wish to meet Mr. Whittier, with whom he had corresponded for many years concerning poetry and slavery. A notable Bostonian gave a reception to the Emperor, at which the poet promised to be present.

The Emperor was conversing with Wendell Phillips when the venerable poet entered, but he immediately rose, threw his arms about the blushing Quaker, and kissed him on both cheeks. Then seating him on a sofa he placed himself at the poet's side, ad chatted with him for half an hour.

When the conversation became general, the Emperor told of his driving over to Charlestown to see Bunker Hill Monument. It was six o'clock in the morning, and the keeper was in bed. When aroused, he refused to let the Emperor in, until he paid the entrance fee, half a dollar.

Dom Pedro, having left his purse at home, was obliged to borrow the coin from the hackman. The company laughed, and Mr. Phillips said:

"The story does not end with the payment of the entrance fee. I will tell your Majesty the rest of it. Two hours later, a well-known leader of Boston society entered the visitor's room at the base of the monument. Glancing over the book in which every visitor registers he saw your Majesty's signature.

"'Why,' said he to the keeper, 'you have had the Emperor of Brazil here, this morning. How did he look?'

"The keeper, putting on his glasses, examined the handwriting, and scornfully muttered:

"'Emperor? that's a dodge; that fellow was a scapegrace, without a cent in his pocket!'"

OLD AND YOUNG.

Old age is a relative term. Some men are old at forty, and others are young at seventy. Much depends upon health, and more, perhaps, upon temperament. The Boston *Transcript* describes an amusing little scene in a railway car, as the train was nearing the city. A gray-haired man, bent with age, took up his overcoat, hesitated, and glanced nervously about. Then he spoke to a fellow-passenger across the aisle.

"I shall be much obliged," he said, "if you will help me on with my coat."

"Certainly," answered the man thus addressed, as he rose quickly.

"There—ow! I'm a little stiff. Thank you," said the old man. "You are very kind. Some day you may be old yourself, and then you will be glad of a younger man's assistance."

The other passenger laughed. "Perhaps, sir," he said, "you wouldn't object to telling me how old you are."

"I? Oh no. I'm sixty-three—almost sixty-four," answered the old man, with a sigh.

"Indeed!" said the other. "So old as that? Well, well, I shall be seventy-one on my next birthday."

He spoke the truth, but the man of sixty-three went out of the car looking as if he thought himself the victim of a rather poor joke.

ONE SHORT.

A ship-load of fine horses was recently consigned from Calcutta to Bombay, under the charge of a very honest but somewhat dull agent in the employ of the East India Company. While the horses were being landed at the slip, they managed to break away from the men in charge, and ran like wild animals through the city.

The agent caught one of them, and mounting him, gave chase. After several hours of exciting work, with the help of his men he had captured all but one of the horses, as he counted them.

Finally he made his reluctant way to the superintendent's office to give an account of the matter. The superintendent came to the door, and listened to his story.

"And you say there were one hundred and twenty-four horses in all, and you have eighty of them in the company's stables, and forty-three back in the steamer temporarily?"

"Yes, sir, all safe but one, and we cannot find him anywhere."

"What is that horse you are riding? Have you counted him?" asked the superintendent.

"Well, I am an ass! Of course this is one of 'em!" and the agent rode off in disgust, while the superintendent roared with laughter.

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For the Companion.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.—III.

Now M A R is ahead of the rest;
Just what it means can scarce be guessed;
You'd think from the way it blows to-day
That Winter had made up his mind to stay;
But as soon as there comes a day of sun
The sap in the maples is sure to run,
And Daisy, my dear, we'll help this year
At the sugaring off—my! won't it be fun!
And so we'll say, tho' the clouds are dark,
That it stands for songs of robin and lark;
For little red weeds wherever we pass;
For dear little, brave little, green little grass;
For big brown buds where the maples arch;
For rough old, bluff old, jolly old March.

For the Companion.

A TRUE MAKE-BELIEVE STORY.

"Please, mamma, tell me a story," said Tommy.

"What sort of a story?" asked mamma,—"a true one, or a make-believe?"

"I—don't know," answered Tommy, slowly, "I like both kinds."

He thought a moment, then he shook his plump shoulders, and a light danced in his eyes.

"Mamma," he said, brightly, "a make-believe story is always a make-believe *true*. Now, why can't you tell me a true *make-believe*?"

"Perhaps I can," said mamma, smiling too.

So she began:

"Once upon a time—"

"That's the make-believe part,—they always begin so," whispered Tommy.

"Once on a time, six small, round, black things lay upon a bit of cotton, inside a tight little box, in the very farthest corner of a drawer. They looked very much like the pills which Dr. Gray gave you to swallow, when you were ill, last winter, yet they were not pills at all, but something quite different."

"Shot?" suggested Tommy.

"No. Listen, and you shall guess again.

"Quietly as they lay in the box, they were really all alive. By and by, one said to the others, 'How dark and close it is here!' 'Yes, indeed!' answered another. 'If we only knew what the sunshine was like!' 'I am so tired waiting!' said the third. 'And I!' 'And I!'

"But the sixth said, 'Brothers, we must be patient. Do you not remember what the dear vine-mother told us, while she rocked us in our song cradle? When spring came, she said, they would lay us in the damp earth—'"

"I know!" cried Tommy. "Seeds!"

Mamma smiled, and went on:

"'And then—when we felt the lovely, moist fragrance all around us, and the soft warmth coming down from above—we should know that our time had come, and should reach out each a tender foot, and lift a tiny hand, and climb upward into the beautiful light. Every day, she said, we should grow taller and stronger, the gay breeze would frolic with us, and the fleecy clouds give us drink. We should be dressed in soft green, and crowned with pink blossoms, and hold cups of honey for the thirsty bees and butterflies. O brothers! it must be a rare world, and well worth waiting for!'

"So they whispered to each other, and a little boy heard them.

"'The spring is a long way off,' he thought, for the snow was still on the ground. 'Why need they wait so long?'

"So his mamma gave him a pretty earthen pot, and the gardener filled it with moist, mellow earth. The little boy covered the tiny balls carefully, and set the pot in a sunny south window.

"The small, blind things thrilled and trembled. 'It must be time!' they said, and they began to climb.

"The little boy was watching for them. How he laughed with joy, one morning, to see the six wee heads peering up from the brown mold!

"It was not the great, out-of-doors world which they had expected, but it was pleasant there in the parlor, and they were very happy.

"So they grew and grew, and twined their soft fingers around the delicate trellis which the little boy had made for them. The sun smiled on them through the clear glass, and the little boy through his brown eyes, and every evening he brought water lest they should be thirsty.

"But, at length, there came a change. Something was amiss. The earth in the pot was dry and crumbling, and their dainty green robes hung fading over the rim.

"'How the sun burns me!' said one. 'Ah! how faint I am!' whispered another. 'I must be dying!' gasped a third. 'And I!' 'And I!'

"But the sixth, gathering all its strength, said sorrowfully,

"'Dear brothers, we have been cheated. It was not the spring, or our time to arise. Out there under the blue sky, the dew and the raindrops would never have forgotten us. Here, there is nothing for us but to die!'

"And it, too, drooped its withered head, and was silent."

"O mamma!" cried Tommy, "my poor, dear, pretty sweet peas!"

And he ran for his little watering-pot.

MARY A. P. STANBURY.

A Lesson in Politeness.

Dear Wind, last summer in the fields
We played together, you and I.
You were the gentlest playmate then
I ever had for company.
You kissed my cheek, you stroked my hair,
You scattered blossoms at my feet,
You fanned me when the sun was hot,
With puffs of perfume, cool and sweet.
But now you're grown so strong and rude
My summer friend I scarcely know.
You try to tear my frock away,
And order me my face the studio.
You pull me, pushing here and there,
And whirl me round and round in glee.
Such sports may do for sturdy boys
But they are quite too rough for me.
You stealthy up, but and gayly up cheek,
And pull my hair all out of curl,
Indeed you might remember, Wind,
You're playing with a little girl!

For the Companion.

A QUEER OVERCOAT.

A very odd man who walked out in a storm
Thought he'd wear a brass knocker to keep himself warm;
"Because," said he, "I can plainly see
An outside wrap is the thing for me;
And a knocker is made for an outside rap,
So perhaps it will serve for a coat and a cap."

A. M. P.

For the Companion.

A LITTLE THIEF.

Mrs. Plumb, across the alley, thinks her yellow cat, Buff, the most knowing cat in the world. I begin to think so, too.

I was sitting at my upstairs window this morning when the milkman came and left milk in a bowl on the table on Mrs. Plumb's back porch.

Buff was sunning himself under the table, and never opened his eyes till the milkman was gone. Then, as quick as a wink, he hopped on the table and began lapping the milk, often stopping to look around at the window, as though he feared his mistress might see him.

Two or three times he seemed to think he heard her coming out, and he jumped down and scurried himself under the table as if he were asleep. But no one came out, so he hopped up again.

He ate till he had enough, evidently, then he jumped down, washed himself, and lay down to sleep. Just then his mistress came out.

She looked sharply at the milk, as she took it up, and then at Buff. And would you believe it! That cat opened his eyes and began to stretch and yawn as though he had been asleep a week, then followed her into the house, mewing to be fed!

Later in the day, when my window was open, I heard Mrs. Plumb say to her husband,

"We must get a new milkman. He cheated us shamefully this morning!"

Buff was near by, and it seemed to me he looked as though he understood,—but he said never a word. Wasn't it too bad?

For the Companion.

DOLLY'S BOLSTER.

"It's papa's birthday, and I'd like to have something extra nice for dinner, but I can't go out and leave baby," said mamma. "Could you go to the market to buy a lobster, Dolly?"

Dolly thought she could. So off she went very grandly, with her little basket on her arm.

"What would you like this morning, miss?" asked the old marketman, looking at her kindly over his glasses.

"A bolster, if you please," said Dolly, promptly. "A middle-sized one, not too large nor too small," just as mamma had told her.

"A *what*?"

"A bolster."

"I can't think what you mean," said the old man, scratching his head. "What is it for?"

"To eat for dinner," replied Dolly, a little mortified at being misunderstood.

The old man turned slowly around and looked over his shelves and boxes.

"What color would it be?" he asked at length.

"Red, very red indeed."

"Well, I don't see nothing here at all like a bolster or a pillow neither, so I guess you'd better run home and ask your ma over again."

So Dolly, much mortified, went back with her empty basket.

"It sez a bolster you sent for, wasn't it, mamma?" she asked.

Mamma had to laugh, but she wrote out the word *lobster* very plainly on a piece of paper for Dolly to carry back, and she never forgot it again.

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

WORD-SQUARE.

When March is here my *first* will whistle
Without regard to tune;
My *second* is found in every head,
And the brighter, the greater boon.
Both cousins and aunts I'm sure to see
And my *fourth* you'll see as soon
As you take your pen a letter to write,
Before the sentence you first indite.

J. P. B.

2.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Words of seven letters.)

1. A mild species of onion.
2. One who speaks.
3. To strangle.
4. Worn by rubbing.
5. To take back.
6. A picture of the Virgin Mary.
7. A city of Belgium.
8. The crowfoot.
9. To repeal.
10. Pertaining to a mountain.
11. Unripe; low on the ground.

Primals—A pleasant occupation for March.

Finals—Persons seen in the maple woods in March.

CYRIL URANE.

3.

CROSS PUZZLE.

*****
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*****

Lines Read Across.

1. Gustation.
2. To cut diagonally.
3. Barrels or casks.
4. A name given to those who advocate the views set forth by a series of tracts written by an association of members of the University of Oxford, England, in the years 1833–1835, and called "Tracts for the Times."
5. Interposing.
6. One engaged in plotting evil.
7. A projection in a wall or uneven ground to render it level.
8. A Jewish month.
9. To grow.
10. Grave.
11. The chief magistrate of a city.

The central row of letters will spell the name GILBERT FORREST.

4.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM.

Everybody knows in what year the *Thrafe* of our *Cyclons* was born. In that same year, a little more than a month later, *Dan Freyhoit* first saw the light in a little village in *Tuisova*. Not that he was called by that name in his infancy. His *spiel mobef* name was *Johannes Schidrytge*. His *allaerus* compositions are exceedingly numerous. His *Gobsiah* and *Ekal* are known the world over. At last known, was suspected in his sixty-fifth year, yet it is *refagred* with the fire of youth. He also produced twelve grand *sepphonets*.

LILIAN PAYSON.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Level.

2. "Into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary." *Key Words*—Tenantry, nomenly, murrain, freckled, husband, maladies, climees, sofa.

L A D Y S H I P
O R A T O R I O
N E I G H B O R
G R A D I E N T
F A N C I F U L
E L A S T I C S
L U S T I N E S
L A R B O A R D
O R G A N I S M
W H A R F A G E

Initials—Longfellow.
Finals—Portland, Me.

3. The ancient skate was a simple bone,
Secured by cords or thongs
With these the skaters of old sped on,
Propelled by sticks with prongs.
Such skates in Sweden first were used.
Then Norway, Holland, too,
And Denmark, England, Iceland, all
Followed the Swedish cue.
The Dutch then invented iron keels
On boat-shaped soles of wood;
And men and boys for centuries
Pronounced them very good.
Now fancy skating is all the rage.
Both sexes, old and young, gather,
And women and girls cut figures and queels,
Thus vying with husband and brother.

4. 1. Dwarfish. 2. Financial. 3. Hyacinth. 4. Instantaneously. 5. Literature. 6. Neighbor. 7. Separableness. 8. Synonyme. 9. Transcendental. 10. Righteousness. 11. Vicissitude.

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For the Companion.

ON THE STAIRS.

Baby footsteps patter,
Up the winding stair;
Mother watches, smiling
At her baby fair,
Thinks, "In this world could there be
Baby quite so sweet as he?"

Now he reaches landing,
Takes his lofty place,
Sees way down below him
Mother's smiling face,
Says, through red lips, eyes of blue,
"Mamma, aint oou tummin too?"

Mother running swiftly
Up the winding stair,
Catches little baby,
Kisses golden hair,
Whispers in his tiny ear
"Mamma loves you far too dear."

Twilight shadows gather
All about the room,
Mother by the window,
Sitting in the gloom.
In her hand no more to use,
Lie a pair of tiny shoes.

Now the sunset glories
Bathe the western skies,
Mother looks up sadly
Through her tear-dimmed eyes,
But for her the sun-shaft bears
Just a flight of golden stairs.

Far up on the landing,
Smiles a baby's face,
Little hands are beck'ning
Through the airy space,
Calls a child's voice sweet and true,
"Mamma aint oou tummin too?"

ROSAMOND HOYT.

IT WAS AN ANCIENT EYE.

In the human brain, just in front of the cerebellum and beneath the arched mass of the cerebrum, or larger brain, there is an odd little protuberant body, about a third of an inch in height by a sixth in diameter, which has puzzled anatomists of all times.

It bears the name of the Pineal Gland,—although it is in no proper sense a gland. The anatomist Gray thus describes it: "The pineal gland is very vascular, and consists chiefly of gray matter with a few medullary fibers. In its base is a small cavity. . . . It contains a transparent, viscid fluid and occasionally a quantity of sabulous matter, composed of phosphate and carbonate of lime, phosphate of magnesia and ammonia, with a little animal matter."

In all the standard works of anatomy, the use and function of the "pineal gland" is declared to be unknown. The classic philosophers believed it to be the seat of the soul. Descartes, even, taught that it is the seat of consciousness and the intellect.

But the science of comparative anatomy has made wonderful progress within the last few years; and something definite may now be said of the "pineal gland."

It is found in animals; and when we descend among the lower and simpler orders of life, such as first inhabited the earth, particularly the reptilian order, we find it still in active use,—namely, as an *eye!*

Take the little green lizard of the Southern States, for example; an examination of this small saurian will disclose the fact that it has three eyes, one of them on the top of its head and in the exact position of the "pineal gland" of the higher animals, before the development of the cerebrum eclipsed it.

In many of the turtles and other reptiles in which this third, central eye has fallen into disuse, it still remains more or less perfect as an eye, showing the nerve, eye-socket and pigmentary coats. In man and the higher animals, these evidences of ocular structure are not as conclusively retained, the organ having been longer out of use, and hence more shrunken in size and more rudimentary in structure.

Yet in different animals, from the lizard upward, the steps of the gradual obliteration of this ancient eye can be clearly demonstrated, and a presentation of these facts, by means of a stereopticon, would make a very interesting evening lecture. The subject is one that could be easily popularized.

The "pineal gland" is by no means the only instance of organs which mankind, in its physical development, has outgrown, and which have consequently fallen into disuse and so far shrunken as not to be easily determinable.

The thyroid gland in the throat is the remains of a secretory organ for which man has apparently no longer any use. It is a disagreeable heritage in that it sometimes becomes diseased and greatly enlarged, as seen in goitre.

The same is true of the suprarenal capsule of the kidney, the office of which is still a mystery, but which likewise may become the seat of a fatal disease, known as Addison's disease.

The vermiform or worm-like appendix concerning which so much appears in the newspapers, on account of the fatal inflammations that follow the lodgment of cherry stones, or orange seeds, in it, is still another instance of a disused organ, the shrunken remnant of which we inherit in our bodies from ancestors in the long past.

At one time, in some earlier order of animals, it apparently served as a second stomach, for the temporary storage of recently swallowed food. The ruminant animals have a somewhat similar provision in active use, where hastily eaten grass, or hay, lodges for a time, to be afterward raised and remasticated.

To the modern student of comparative anatomy, indeed, the human organism is a repository of evidences of its humble and very ancient origin;—a record of the thousand vicissitudes and changes in habits, food, habitat and climate, through which man has risen to his present estate of power and eminence on the earth.

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Cruelty to Johnny, Cynthia Sue, Dandy Broadway swell, Dandy Jim o' Caroline, Dawning of the day, Dog and gun, Down east lovers, Dream on, Dwelling with the angels, Elegy on Madam Blaize, Fading still fading, Eureka, Fisher's child, First love, Gaffer Grey, Galley Slave, Huldy Ann, Janet's choice, Chevalier's lament, Clare de kitchen, Coal black rose, Colleen Bawn, Come back to Erin, Concealment, Darby the blast, Dearest Mae, Departed days, Dermot Astore, Ding, dong, bell, Don't come late, Dream is past, Emerald Isle, Ever of thee, Fairy tempter, Farewell ladies, Farmer's boy, Finigan's wake, Flee as a bird, Flying trapeze, Garibaldi hymn, Ginger's wedding, Girls and boys, Give a kiss to me, Green sleeves, Gumbo chaff, Hail Columbia, Happy thought, Highland Mary, In the starlight, I wish you well, I won't be a nun, Jim along Josey, Jim Brown, Jim crack corn, Jim Crow, Johnnie Cope, Johnny Sands, Jolly darky, Jolly raftsman, Jonny Boker, Juanita, Kathleen Aroon, Katty darling, Katy's letter, Killarney, Kitty of Coleraine, Knight errant, Lancashire lass, Lanigan's ball, Law, Life let us cherish, Little barefoot, Little bo-peep, Little boy blue, Little sunbeam, Long tail blue, Long, weary day, Louisiana belle, Love's ritornella, Lubly Dine, Maggie Lauder, Maggie's secret, Malden's prayer, Mary Morrison, Mary of Argyle, Medical student, Mellow horn, Men of Harlech, Miniature, Minstrel boy, Minstrel's return, Miss Lucy Long, Miss Wrinkle, Modest bachelor, Molly Bawn, Molly Malone, Murmuring sea, Mush, mush, Musical wife, My ain countrie, My country, My heart is true, My Nannie, O!, My pretty pearl, National debt, No one to love, Not married yet, O baby mine, Old Dan Tucker, Old Grimes, Old Ireland for'er, Old Joe, Old King Cole, Old King Crow, Old kitchen clock, Old maid's ball, Old oaken bucket, Old Tubal Cain, Ole gray goose, Ole pee de, O Mr. Coon!, Origin of the harp, Our little queen, Over there, Past, Pilot, Poachers, Polly, Poor old maids, Queer little man, Quilting party, Reel o' Bogie, Red, red rose, Resolve, Robin Adair, Robinson Crusoe, Rock-a-bye baby, Rollicking rams, Roslin castle, Rural felicity, Seaside cottage, Settin' on a rail, Shabby genteel, Shule agrah, Solomon's temple, Squeak the fife, Standard-bearer, Standard watch, Stopdat knocking, Sweet Kitty May, Sweet long ago, Swiss boy, Ten little niggers, Three blind mice, 'Tis midnight h'r, Twig of Shillelah, Twilight dews, Virginia roschud, Warblings at eve, Watchman, Whisper of love, Widow Malone, Willie Riley, Work, niggers, Wounded hussar, Yankee doodle, Ye merry birds, Zelma Lee, Star-spangled banner, Stay at home to-night, Such a gettin' up-stairs, Switzer's farewell, Switzer's song of home, There's music in the, There's no home like, There's sure to be a, There was an old wo'n, Those tassels on the, Thou hast learned to, 'Tis the last rose of, Tom the piper's son, 'Twas of the blue, 'Twas only one short, 'Twill nebber do to gib, Uncle Dan'l's jined de, Under the flowers as, Up in a balloon, boys, Vale of our own, Villikins and his Dinah, Watch on the Rhine, Way down South in, Weaving o' the green, What are the wild, What the little lips are, What will you do, When the corn is way', When we meet to part, When you and I were, Where are you going, Kiss me quick and go, Laird o' Cockpen, Lament of Irish moth'r, Lass o' Patie's mill, Letter in the candle, Life on Ocean wave, Little daisy blossom, Little don of Spain, Little bird on green tree, Little Maggie May, Little maid of Arcadee, Little Miss Muffet, Looney Mactwolter, Love among the roses, Maggie by my side, Married man's lament, Marseillaise hymn, Maryland, my Maryl'd, Mary of Tipperary, Memories of mother, Moon behind the hill, Moon dim'd her beams, Mr. Grimgruffinhoff, My friend and pitcher, My little lost Irene, My mother's portrait, My pretty yaller gal, Nelly of the hazel dell, Noble lads of Canada, O fair dove, O fond, Oft in the stilly night, Old arm-chair, Pesky Ike, Ranordine, Shamrock, 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NEW ENGLAND EPITAPHS.

"All that pass by
May look and see
That I was killed
By the fall of a tree."

So runs the epitaph of Rufus Walker, who died January 11, 1821, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in a little hillside cemetery near one of the Deerfield River towns of southern Vermont. It is disappointingly brief. How did it happen? Did Rufus Walker write that himself? If he expected to be killed by the fall of a tree, why did he not keep out of the way? Did he leave any small Walkers to stand wide-eyed about this stone, and spell out their father's last message? An examination of the crumbling stones near by discovers nothing. The demise of no "relict," or other member of the family, is recorded.

Many equally quaint and interesting inscriptions are to be found in old New England burying-grounds. The early pioneers in some sparsely settled districts have left few other records. Between the awkward lines one may read eloquent unwritten poetry. The hardly legible, faulty stanzas are fragments of history of the homes and hearts of the past century.

The following curious epitaph is from a burying-ground at Stafford Springs, Conn.:

"In memory of
the well beloved Mr.
Robert White Jun. whos
Parents and Friends raised
hops were soon mantled
in Darkness (& grate
Expectations environd with
Pitchey and Gloomey
shads) by his falling asleep
in the cradle of Death
on the 22nd day Novem.
A. D. 1746 aged 31 years
7 months and 6 days.
Made by Julius Collins, Lebanon."

In the same cemetery is buried a grandson of John and Priscilla Alden, whose epitaph reads:

"In memory of Daniel
Alden Esq. who Died
May ye 31, 1767 in ye 77th year of
his age.

"The Corpse beneath this Grave
Stone lies in Silent Dust with
Closed eyes. Not honour, wealth,
Nor Grace can save
A Dying Mortal from ye grave
See you in him both low and
high that all of you are
Born to die
Keep in your view Eternity."

CATTLE AND MUSIC.

An English writer on the "Effects of Musical Sounds on Animals" has published some curious observations on this subject. A few of these relating to oxen and cows will be of interest.

Opposite to our house was a large field, in which some twelve or thirteen cows were put during the summer months. One day a German band began to play on the road which divided the house from the field. The cows were quietly grazing at the other end of the field, but no sooner did they hear the music than they at once advanced toward it, and stood with their heads over the wall attentively listening.

This might have passed unnoticed, but upon the musicians going away, the animals followed them as well as they could on the other side of the wall, and when they could get no further stood lowing piteously. So excited did the cows become that some of them ran round and round the field to try and get out; but, finding no outlet, returned to the same corner where they had lost sight of the band, and it was some time before they seemed satisfied that the sweet sounds were really gone.

I have often noticed the power music has over oxen. The other day we had a brass band playing in our garden. In a field adjoining were four Scotch oxen.

When the band struck up, they were at the far end of a nine-acre field, quite out of sight, the field being very uneven. They set off full trot to the garden wall, put their necks over, and remained so till the tune was finished, when they went back to graze; but as soon as the music struck up again they came and put their heads once more over the wall. This went on till the band left, after which they ate little all day, and were continually lowing.

There are many anecdotes that show that the ox or cow has a musical ear. The carts in Corunna, in Spain, make so loud and disagreeable a creaking sound with their wheels, for the want of oil, that the governor once issued an order to have the wheels greased, but the carters petitioned that this might not be done, as the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw so well without their accustomed music.

"PAY BEFORE YOU EAT."

The proprietor of a French café in Paris, on the Rue de Pontoise, was very much annoyed by poor customers who took advantage of the temporary absence of the waiters to step out without paying their bills.

Finally he put up all around the café, inside, large notices—"Pay Before You Eat." The principal dish was a very thin but palatable soup served in large, deep bowls.

One day a man came in, and sitting down before a large bowl of soup which had just been poured out, he began to help himself.

A waiter came up and said, "Pay Before You Eat."

"I guess not. I always eat first."

"Not here. Our rule is, as you see, pay first."

"I don't pay first," said the man, and he continued to help himself to the soup, when, to his intense astonishment, the waiter pulled out of his pocket an immense wooden syringe, and dipping the nozzle of it into the soup-bowl drew the soup all out of the bowl into the syringe.

"Will you pay now?" said the waiter, holding the syringe suspended over the edge of the empty bowl.

The man concluded he would obey the rules, as the waiter had him at his mercy, and back the soup went.

The proprietor of that café must have had a little Yankee blood in his veins. He would make his fortune in America.

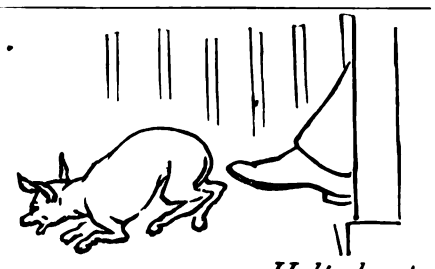
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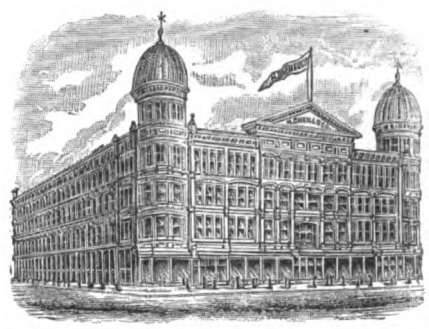
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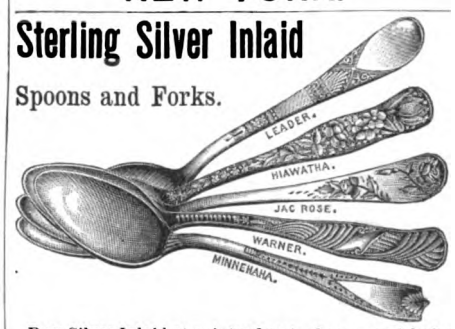
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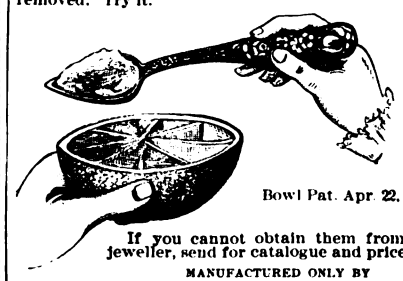


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MUSICAL COMPETITION.

Jealousy among persons ambitious of musical renown is not as rare as might be wished. When it leads to the taking of an unfair advantage, the envious one does not often receive so immediate a rebuke, and find his satisfaction so suddenly transformed into bitterness of spirit, as did Jacob McWilliam, who figures in one of Gordon's sketches of Scotch life. The office of leader of psalmody in the parish kirk, worth perhaps ten pounds a year, was eagerly contested for in Carglen.

Twelve months before there had been a trial of vocal skill, with the result that Willie Jenkins became the new precentor.

Jacob McWilliam considered himself a wronged man from that moment. His vexation had not been shown in any way, except by tremendous musical exertions in the kirk on Sunday. Here was a man, to all outward appearance, lustily singing divine praises, with laudable, albeit grotesque, zeal; but we all knew that, in reality, it was only an opposition pipe to the precentor's.

"Beat that, my birkie, if ye can," plainly said every note.

To do Jacob justice, he had not hitherto indulged in counter-singing to the precentor in a different tune, but had contented himself with shrill sound and portentously lengthened quavers; but lo! to-day we hear something different; the precentor is singing one tune and Jacob another!

All Carglen, in the parish kirk, is horror-struck. In two minutes' time every voice is stilled, and Willie and Jacob alone sing praise. All at once Willie sinks down in his seat, and Jacob remains a triumphant conqueror.

How long he would have continued to shout no one knows; but Saunder Macdonald, the preacher, scandalized with this most unseemly episode, cries in saddened tones, "Let us pray."

Thereupon Jacob stops, with the utmost complacency, his face plainly saying, "I've dune ye noo, birkie, without ae doot."

The minister sorrowfully pleads for the peace of Jerusalem, and for prosperity in its courts, for those persons who have come into the sheepfold like devouring wolves, for those who are sure to go out from us because they are not of us, who desire to serve God for filthy lucre, who seek the praise of men rather than the praise of God.

Then Jacob seizes his hat, and with heavy tread marches down the passage and out of the kirk.

"Brethren, we will now resume our singing," cries Mr. Macdonald, and the place having been purged of its misguided intruder, the exercise proceeds without unchristian interruption.

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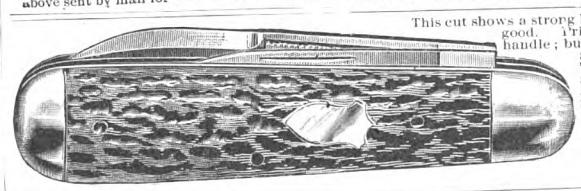
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A WILD MAN.

Lately there was discovered in the Green Forest, in Normandy, France, not far from the city of Rouen, a veritable wild man of the woods, who, dressed in skins, and wearing long hair and beard, slept beneath the trees, and fled on the approach of human beings. It was found that he spoke French very well, and was apparently intelligent, for upon being asked by a forester who he was, he answered, "What business is it of yours? Have I not a right to go where I please in the public forest?"

A "wild man" in a French wood is so much a curiosity that this one, when he was finally hunted by the authorities, was hunted out by several parties of curiosity-seekers who came from a distance. A good part, the wild man promptly disappeared.

It was found that he had taken refuge in the impenetrable thickets of Roumare, where if it quite still lives in security. He is said to sleep on the ground in the coldest winter temperature, and to live upon a store of nuts, and possibly upon some animals which escape the investigations of the officials, who have ascertained that his name is Vesny, and have gathered all his history.

His father and mother, it appears, were excellent people, but they died while he was very young, and his child, leaving his mother to make a hard struggle for her livelihood.

He developed a singular and adventurous disposition, though he was perfectly well behaved, and at the age of eighteen he left home and joined a show who travelled about from town to town with a cage of wild animals. It became his duty to feed the animals, and with the daughter of the proprietor, who was their trainer, he

To this young girl Vesny became much attached, and at length obtained permission for her mistress when a suitable age was reached.

One day the young girl went into the cage, and so terrible a blow to a tiger that her skull was fractured. She did not survive the wound.

Vesny was very ill, but was spared to life himself by saving the life of a sailor boy who had fallen overboard.

He wandered several years about the world, perpetually haunted by the memory of the dreadful disaster in the tiger's cage. In 1887 he returned to France, and lived quietly two years with his mother.

He was supposed to be cured of his wanderlust tendency, but last year he suddenly disappeared, to appear as the "wild man of the Green Forest."

Vesny is quite willing to see his mother, who sometimes visits him in his house in the woods. She declares that he is not insane, but that his desire to live so strange a life is the result of his unfortunate and partly to a too eager reading of "Robinson Crusoe" in his boyhood.

THE "IRISH" POTATO.

The planting of a potato by Clusius, in 1588, in the Botanical Gardens at Vienna, is named as the introduction of the potato into Europe. But there is good reason to believe that it was introduced into England and Spain a few years earlier, and from Spain into Italy and Belgium. It has been said, too, that Christopher Columbus was the first European who ever tasted a potato. What he tasted at Cuba, in 1492, and brought home to Genoa, was the sweet potato.

The potato is a native of Chile. It had been brought from South America by the Spaniard, when Sir Walter Raleigh found it in Virginia and introduced it to England.

During the seventeenth century it was quite a rarity in England. The Royal Society, in 1662, urged its

possessed land should "plant potatoes and raise corn," which is the same, in order to alleviate the distress that would accompany a scarcity of food.

Before this a peculiar law existed against it, being poisonous and unwholesome, probably because it was a member of the nightshade family, and because generally known, and it had even been eaten raw. In 1728 the first field of potatoes was planted in the peninsula of Scotland. He called it the Irish Potato, and the Dutch East Indies, China, and Australia, it is conspicuously recognized.

It is not only as a food plant that the potato is so valuable. It is also a source of starch, and is used for the manufacture of farina. The dried pulp, from which the starch has been extracted, is used for feeding horses. From the stem and leaves a sweetness can be extracted. In some places cakes and puddings are made from potatoes.

The potato disease, which has been the cause of famines in Ireland, is a species of fungus. It appears to dissolve the cells, then spreads to the tubers, devouring the starch, then spreads them, reducing them to a pulp. Various remedies for the other diseases are to render the potato unfit for food.

PAID BACK.

Some years ago I lived in a small town in Southern Iowa, writes a correspondent. There was but one store in the place, and we were in the habit of sending to Chicago or New York for such articles as could not be bought at home.

I frequently send small sums of money with my orders, without taking the precaution to get a receipt for the same, as was my way of doing business. To my horror I received a letter, and it was counted as lost or stolen till about a year after, when, to my surprise, was surprised to receive the following communication, printed with red ink and evidently by the proprietor himself, who I had lost

I found two dollars. First I opened it and sent in my pocket. Within were in it I had not a letter, nor any way of doing business. To

I thought if I ever got that store I'd try to pay you as soon as I could. I have got it now, and Thank you all the and that you have never blamed Sincerely person I am not a man to forget a favor. I am the same with me a part of the

I can only write in red ink but you can read this and this as my now as we. We

I'll send it to-day the Knight.

JOHN PETERS.

This may get be but if it does good how I carry your name all this time in my pocket.

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A Successful Life.

JOHN P. LOVELL, President of the JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.

In the half a million homes where THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is read each week, there are perhaps a million or more young people growing into manhood and womanhood, who would not fail to know some of the leading features which make up a successful business life. Every city and town has its men with whom some are familiar, but seldom have a full knowledge of the traits of integrity and uprightness which have become so widely known, as in the person of Mr. John P. Lovell who recently celebrated the golden anniversary of his establishment in the business now known as the John P. Lovell Arms Co. in Boston. Some of the most prominent men of our country have furnished the characteristics which have led to this man's success, and a brief sketch of his life may inspire many a young man to follow the example which is not only leads to personal happiness, but successful and a benefit to the world.

Mr. Lovell was born in East Braintree, July 25, 1820. At the age of fifteen he left school and went to work in a printing factory. One year later he entered the celebrated boarding house in Boston, and Judge Story, who was then a boarder there, became much interested in the industrious determination boy. Through his influence he entered into the service of his brother-in-law, Mr. Faulkner, who was then a leading merchant of Boston. After an eventful life in California, where he was surrounded. After an eventful life in California, where he was engaged in the mercantile business, he returned to the employ of A. D. Fairbanks, in Boston, in 1850, and remained at a weekly salary of $7, with $10 yearly increase. He was then married, and his wife had to live on $10 per week additional clothing allowance. He was then succeeding year until the year of fourty-one.

In 1851, with a capital of $1,000, he started in business for himself, and his success was so great that in the year 1855 he was admitted to the firm of A. D. Fairbanks & Co., as a partner with one half interest. At this time the firm was doing a business of $1,000,000 per year.

In 1865 Mr. Lovell went to Europe for the firm, which was represented by the great house of John P. Lovell & Son, whose business embrace throughout the world.

In 1868 Mr. Lovell decided to start for himself. In 1871 Mr. Fairbanks retired from business, and Mr. Lovell purchased the entire stock, and with his son Lovell, formed the present firm, which has been steadily increasing in business ever since. In 1884 Mr. Lovell admitted his son Lovell to a partnership, and Mr. Fairbanks was admitted to the firm in 1888. Mr. Lovell has been for many years at the old location, substantially look the same as when he first started in business, and he has always been a firm believer in the old saying that "Honesty is the best policy." The business is represented by the great house of John P. Lovell Arms Co., whose business embrace throughout the world.

The business is located in the manufacture of sporting goods, and Mr. Lovell has been a leading manufacturer of guns, and has been a leading manufacturer of guns, and has been a leading manufacturer of guns, and



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41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

NESTS OF DISEASE.

Houses which are built upon "made land"—made, perhaps, by dumping the refuse of a city upon muddy flats—need to be continually watched, lest they become breeding-places of disease. Not only should the cellars be thoroughly cemented in the first place, but particular care should be used in searching out and correcting all subsequent flaws, as well as all breakages in the drain-pipes due to the settling of the earth.

But a dwelling may be well located, and yet be come a nest of disease; by a concealed leakage beneath the cellar floor, perhaps, or, if the house is situated on a declivity, by sewage from a neigh bor's drain.

Houses are often rendered unfit for habitation by a neglect of proper disinfection after a case of contagious disease. New tenants fall victims to the disease, and in turn become themselves centres of contagion.

Even a country house, with the great advantages of pure air and sparseness of population, may become a nest of disease through the carelessness of its owner or inmates. Slops of all sorts may be thrown out upon the ground, or the well may be so near the cesspool or outhouse that the drinking water is impregnated with the germs of filth diseases. In fact, such diseases—diphtheria, scarlet-fever, typhoid-fever and the like—are relatively more common in the country than in the city.

In crowded cities, however, whole districts are sometimes unclean. Says a recent writer, in speaking of the houses of the poor in some quarters of London:

"Family after family goes into a house only to die of the fever which killed off its previous occupants. In many cases the very ground is saturated with miasma. Here originate epidemics which sweep through more favored districts. These places, too, are the hot-beds of drunkenness and crime.

"In view of this condition of things, a bill has been introduced into Parliament which gives the municipal authorities the right, on sanitary grounds and for the public good, to take possession of such houses at their market value, and utterly clear them away, and provide for the construction of others on sound sanitary principles.

"Experience in Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow has already proved the practicability of the scheme. Hitherto, when philanthropic societies have wished to purchase and purgate such spots, the price has risen to an extravagant figure. Every large city should have the advantage of a similar law. Religion, philanthropy and enlightened self-interest unite in urging its enactment."

For the Companion.

PLANETS AND STARS VISIBLE IN MARCH.

An observer of the starlit sky in the evening of the Fourth of March will see Saturn rising above the eastern horizon, about the time the sun sinks below the western horizon; for the planet will then be in opposition or opposite the sun, and in the best position for observation, being nearest the earth and visible through the entire night.

He may be easily recognized by his leaden tint, by the absence of any bright star in his immediate vicinity, and by the first magnitude star Regulus in the handle of the Sickle on the northwest.

Those who remember the brilliancy with which Saturn shone in 1885 will be disappointed at his present aspect, for his rings are closing around him, his northern declination is decreasing, and he shines with the murky hue that probably led astrologers to consider his influence "malefic" when they cast their horoscopes.

Saturn is, at this time, the only visible planet. Venus shines with transcendent, though lessening, lustre in the morning sky. Jupiter is her companion, but is nearly lost in the sunbeams. Mars is too small, and Mercury too near the sun to be seen, and Uranus, which otherwise would be visible to sharp-sighted observers as a star of the sixth magnitude, is below the horizon.

But the stars that look down from the March sky are always the same. The brilliant red star, northeast of Saturn, is Arcturus. Between Arcturus and Regulus is the cluster of tiny stars known as Berenice's Hair, and north of Arcturus is the semicircle of stars known as the Northern Crown, where long ago a new star shone with fitful splendor, and then faded slowly away.

Vega, recently discovered to be a double star, is close to the horizon in the north, and only the upper part of the Swan can be seen. Perseus, with its wonderful variable, Algol, is farther south, and above Perseus is the brilliant Capella, a guide to Castor and Pollux on the south. The starry Twins point out Procyon, which brings us round to Regulus, a guide to Saturn, our starting-point, and we have made the circuit of the heavens.

The superb winter stars are congregated in the west and southwest. Aldebaran and the Pleiades are in fine position for observation. Orion is in the southwest, and Sirius, the brightest starry gem of the heavens, still nearer the horizon, seems almost to rejoice in his own supremacy.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The native Greenlander is said to have a remarkable partiality for a stooping position. The family food is usually served in a dish, which is set upon the floor, while the partakers sit round upon a great bench, and dive into it with their fingers. They have no tables, and it seems rarely to strike them that the dish might be set upon a chest, or anything which would bring it into a convenient position.

Fridtjof Nansen, in "The First Crossing of Greenland," tells the story of a young European lady's housekeeping experience on the island.

She had one day some Eskimo girls to do her washing, and when she went into their room to see how things were going on, she noticed that her handmaidens were all stooping over the tub, which stood on the floor. Naturally thinking this an awkward position, she had some stools brought in, and placed together, so that they might serve as a support for the tub.

She then left the girls to their own devices, but entering the room an hour later, was astonished to find that the tub was still upon the floor, while the washerwomen stood upon the stools, and bent down to their work from that elevation.

DROPPED.

The aversion of the average Englishman to the eighth letter of the alphabet is perhaps exaggerated by Americans, but it gives rise to many good stories.

An American who is in London for several months every year returned from one trip with a handsome umbrella, on the silver knob of which was engraved a complicated monogram; the gentleman's initials were H. A. B.

One day a friend took up the umbrella, and after squinting at the knob for several minutes, said, "This is rather a queer monogram on your umbrella, Mr. ——. I can see the A and B all right, but for the life of me I can't find the H."

"Why," responded the owner, quickly, "I lent the umbrella to an Englishman just before I left London, and I presume he dropped the H!"

SELF-DEFENCE.

The following suggestive little dialogue appears in the *Home Companion*. A touch of surprise tends to fix the attention, and so to assist the memory.

"Do you think it would be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defence?" a religiously inclined young man inquired of his pastor.

"Certainly not," answered the minister. "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life."

"Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?"

"Neither. I learned Solomon's system."

"Solomon's system?"

"Yes; you will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defence of which I have ever heard."

SHARP.

Mr. Martin was talking at the dinner-table, in his usual clever manner, about the inconsistency of women.

"These young ladies who protest that they are never going to marry!" he broke out. "Everybody knows they will belie their own words at the very first opportunity."

He paused, and evidently hoped that Mrs. Martin would come to the rescue of her sex; but that discreet woman held her tongue.

"Why, Mary," he continued, "you remember how it was with yourself. I have heard you say more than once that you wouldn't marry the best man alive."

"Well, I didn't," said Mrs. Martin.

PIE-PLANT.

An apple-tree bears apples, and a grape-vine bears grapes, but it does not follow that all plant names are to be taken thus literally.

An exchange relates that a young husband came home to dinner the other day, and found his wife in unusually high spirits.

"O Willie," she said, "the nursery-man was here this morning, and I ordered some pie-plant. He is going to have it set out right away, and by next summer, he says, it will be ready for use. Won't it be nice? I can go into the garden any day and pick a fresh pie for your dinner!"

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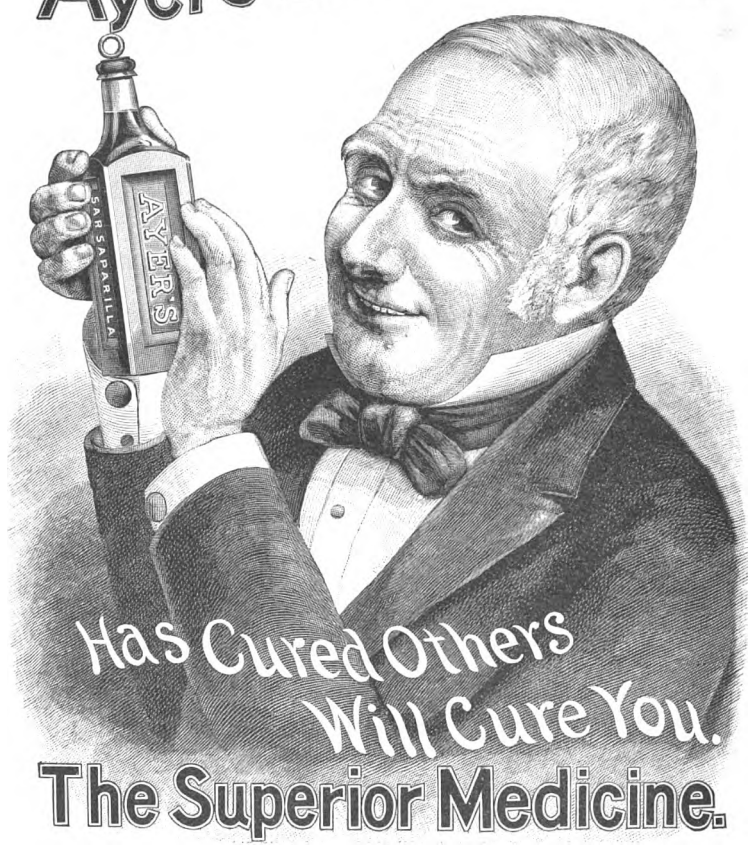
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For the Companion.

THE HEYGOOD TEA SERVICE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Two Adventures.

"We've no weapon," whispered Fred, excitedly, "but we are two against one!"

"Do as I do!" Arnold whispered.

He had resolved to spring upon the intruder the moment he set foot upon that last turn in the stairway, which would bring his back toward them.

But the hand that held the pistol was presently withdrawn, the figure disappeared within the garret, and the light that had faintly illuminated the winding stairway was removed. There were stealthy steps in the garret above, and then a great stillness.

"Let's rush up there!" whispered Fred, rashly.

"Better wait till he comes down again," said Arnold.

A moment later the figure reappeared, bearing a lamp that burned dimly, and was carefully shaded by the hand that still held the pistol—a very clumsy old weapon. The lamp-bearer's face was completely hidden by the hood of the waterproof cloak in which the tall form was closely wrapped.

Slowly this mysterious figure descended; another step, and the turn in the staircase would be reached.

"Now!" whispered Arnold.

"Now!" answered Fred, bracing himself for the spring.

But the figure stood still, peered over the railing into the shadows—and laughed.

"Sally!" exclaimed both the boys. Arnold burst forth angrily:

"This is an outrageous prank, Sally! I'm ashamed of you!"

"Sh!" said Sally, lifting her finger. "You will wake the Colonel and frighten Cousin Dorina out of her wits, you boys!"

"Well, that's cool!" said Fred. "*We* wake the Colonel! *We* frighten Aunt Dorina! What are you up to, Sally?"

"Did you hear any noise?" she asked, uneasily.

"Of course we did," answered Arnold, "up there in the garret."

"Well," said Sally, coolly, "*I* went up there—and found nobody."

"Weren't you afraid?" Fred asked, in involuntary admiration.

"Yes, I was terribly afraid," the girl replied. Her face was very pale, and she shivered slightly. "But there was only a bat up there, and I pulled the hood over my head."

"Suppose there had been a burglar?"

"I was much more afraid of meeting you two boys," Sally answered. "But I had taken care to provide myself with a pistol," and she laughed again as she lifted the clumsy old weapon. "Great-great-grandfather Heygood must have carried this when he fought the Indians. I thought it would match that ancient trunk, Fred."

Fred laughed rather sheepishly, but made no motion to take the pistol.

Early the next morning Sally carried the pistol to Miss Dorina.

"You are a dear, thoughtful girl, Sally," said the old lady, with a devout faith in the effectiveness of the ancient family relic. "I don't approve, in general, of carrying deadly weapons; but self-protection is a duty, and must be remembered when a young man is going into distant parts."

Alabama had been very far away in Miss Dorina's youth, and she had heard that there were Indians and outlaws there.

As Miss Dorina never drove out, there was no need of a carriage in the Witheredge establishment, and the buggy was too small to accommodate the Colonel and Arnold, both of whom wished to see their traveller safely in the train.

Fred, therefore, with his grandfather and his cousin, and the little hair trunk, took his departure for the town and the railroad station in the market-wagon.

It was just as he took his seat in this conveyance that Miss Dorina presented him with the pistol.

"Remember, my boy, it is for defence only," she said, "and not to be vaingloriously displayed."

Fred took the pistol with a rueful glance at Sally, whose broad-brimmed garden hat hid her laughter.

"And whatever you do, don't lose sight of that trunk, Fred," Miss Dorina cautioned. "It is a good idea to sit on it."

"Cousin Dorina thinks you are going to sit there all the way to Baybridge, Alabama," whispered Sally, and the three young people laughed.

"Dear, dear! It's a very solemn occasion—a very solemn occasion, indeed," said Miss Dorina. "I wish you wouldn't laugh."

She wiped her eyes on a silk handkerchief, kissed Fred tenderly, and taking Sally's arm, walked slowly back to the house.

"Don't look after them, Sally, my child! don't!" she entreated, as they walked along the straight, brick-laid path that led from the gate to the piazza steps. "It is bad luck to watch a departing friend."

Miss Dorina was evidently depressed. Whether it was because she was parting with the silver or parting with Fred, she was disposed to take most gloomy views of life.

She had never been given to crying, but she sighed, and assured Sally again and again that this is a world of trouble, until the gay, light-hearted girl was taken with such a fit of sobbing that Miss Dorina herself cheered up.

"Come, come, child!" she coaxed. "It will never do to fall into the dumps, for we two shall be all alone until dinner-time. The Colonel has business in Rigdon that will delay him, so we must do our best to comfort each other. We'll have some mulled wine and spice-cake for our lunch.

"In the good old days that are gone forever, Sally, we always had mulled wine when we were droopy over a friend's departure. Old Martha shall make it by my Grandmother Heygood's recipe, the same that has been used in this family for many, many years.

"Yes, and we'll have it served in that silver bowl that was your Great-aunt Sally Witheredge Holly's christening-bowl; and I've changed my mind about the ladies, Sally. I'll give the ladies to Hetty Gage Witheredge, and you shall have the christening-bowl; so do, my dear, cheer up!"

But Sally, notwithstanding this comforting assurance, only cried the more, and sobbed out that she did not deserve the christening-bowl.

Old Martha, who had been Miss Dorina's maid, and was now her self-willed housekeeper, came in and made the mulled wine under Miss Dorina's vigilant eye; but they disputed over its compounding, and Miss Dorina pronounced the brew a total failure.

It did not taste at all like the mulled wine her mother and grandmother used to serve, she said.

"Hit's you what aint the same, Miss D'rina, chile," said old Martha. She was younger than Miss Dorina, but had always patronized her.

"Perhaps so!" sighed Miss Dorina, and sipped and sighed again, while Sally's tears fell into her great-aunt's christening-bowl. At that moment Sally hated the family silver, and wished she had never seen a piece of it.

Old Martha, who went out with a goodly portion of the condemned beverage for her own refection, remarked, as she shared the spoils with Uncle Calamus, her husband:

"Dat pranky gal is repentin' some o' her sins, sho's you bawn."

Meantime Fred was making the first stage of his journey from his home to the station. Arnold drove, with the Colonel seated beside him; Fred was perched on the hair trunk behind them.

"Fred," said the old gentleman, over his shoulder, as soon as they had turned the bend in the road, "better give me that old shooting-iron. It's only fit to make you ridiculous, and get you into trouble, perhaps."

Fred gave it up willingly.

"It's a joke of Sally's, sir," he explained; "only Aunt Dorina would not take it as a joke."

"She need be none the wiser," the Colonel assured him, as he hid the pistol under the horse-blanket in the bottom of the wagon.

"How do you suppose I've managed with her all these years?" he grumbled, confidingly; and then, repenting this domestic treason, he began hurriedly to give his grandson a great deal of advice, the sum of which was that he must keep a strict guard over his tongue, and not be seen to watch the trunk too closely.

"Of course you *can't* sit on it all the way!" he concluded, testily. "Women, bless 'em, are too mortally exacting; but there's one comfort: once out of their sight, a man needn't do all they expect, poor things! Your Aunt Dorina never was inside a railroad car in all her days. She never saw more of the cars than the smoke of the locomotive across the creek."

The old gentleman would trust nobody but himself to buy Fred's ticket and check the trunk.

"Here you are," he said, dolefully, as he thrust the bit of paper and the bit of metal into his grandson's hand. "Don't lose 'em. You'll change cars twice, remember. It will be by daylight, as near as I can make out, and you must be on hand in an off-hand sort of way, you know, to see your baggage transferred.

"Take care of yourself, dear boy, and if anything goes wrong, telegraph me at once. But—if anything *should* happen to your Great-great-grandmother Heygood's silver, better keep still the rest of your days, or your Aunt Dorina's days, poor soul!"

The bell rang, and Fred, with his heart in his throat and a strange mist, that was not sorrow, in his young, eager eyes, was off at last. He felt like a bird let loose as he waved his handkerchief to Arnold and to his bare-headed old grandfather who stood uncovered in the wintry day to honor his grandson's departure.

It is not necessary to follow this inexperienced traveller all of his way from Northeastern Georgia to West Alabama. It suffices to say that he kept his eyes wide open by day, and only closed them at night when sleep overpowered him.

But he was not watching the trunk; he was taking in impressions that almost effaced his great-great-grandmother's silver tea service from his recollection. He remembered it, indeed, when he changed cars, and assuming an air of travelled experience, he sauntered forth to see his baggage transferred to his new train.

He had trembled lest the little hair trunk should be missing, but when he saw it he was ashamed of it, and turned away whistling, but greatly relieved in mind.

Having seen the trunk safely through the second ordeal of this kind about noon of the second day,—it was a slow train, with many stops and delays,—Fred felt that he might congratulate himself upon having escaped all probable risk of robbery.

He expected to reach his destination at about ten o'clock that night, and already he pictured himself telegraphing his grandfather, "*Arrived safely. Trunk intact.*" He had never sent a despatch in his life, and this one was of great importance in his eyes.

But late in the afternoon Fred heard news that sorely troubled him. He asked the distance to Baybridge, and was informed that the railroad, which was a new one, had not been completed as far as Baybridge. It extended only to Hollow-Cane, about twenty-five miles from Baybridge.

"Only twenty-five miles!" said Fred, between relief and despair. "How am I to get there with—with—with my trunk?" he stammered. The words were out before he knew.

His question was addressed vaguely to a group of men in the seats opposite him. They all turned, and one of them said, running his eye over the lad's trim figure: "Well, youngster, if the wust comes, and your shiny shoes don't pinch, you can walk. Sling your trunk across your shoulders; onleast it's heavy."



"For defence only."



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This was followed by a very boisterous laugh.

"What sort of place is Hollow-Cane?" Fred asked, uneasily, of a sober-looking, middle-aged man, who sat apart, and only smiled when the others laughed.

"It's a roadside hotel," he answered, slowly. "Maybe you can get a bunk to sleep on."

"Could I get a conveyance on to Baybridge?" Fred asked. This time he did not mention his trunk, but he thought of it the more.

"There's a coach running regularly to Winwood—four miles. You might get a conveyance from there to Baybridge to-morrow."

Just as the whistle blew to announce their approach to Hollow-Cane station, the sober-looking man who had given him this information came from the other end of the car, and sat beside him.

"The conductor tells me," said he, "that you can go on to Baybridge to-night. Tom Meyrick runs an open wagon three times a week, and this is one of his nights. He is a trusty fellow, has a good team, and the road is easy. I'll hunt him up and make you acquainted."

They stumbled out into the darkness. The station-house, a rambling building of rough planks, loomed up in the fitful glare of two or three pine torches held aloft in the hands of ragged negroes.

Fred, stiff and half-giddy with long riding, was conscious of a confusion of sights and sounds. How he managed it, he hardly knew, but he had singled out his trunk, and was seated on it when his self-appointed guide introduced Tom Meyrick.

He was not a very tall man, but was powerfully built. His hair and eyes were black, and he had a heavy black beard and bushy eyebrows that were knit in an unprepossessing frown. Fred did not like his looks. In his anxiety for the safety of his treasure, he exaggerated the man's hard expression, and felt sure he was a villain. The young traveller was very homesick and despondent.

"What time do we reach Baybridge?" he asked.

"Put you there by three o'clock. Start right away," Meyrick answered, with a rigid countenance.

"Not an agreeable hour to rout up a family. I suppose there's a hotel I can put up at?"

"Oh yes. Any baggage?"

"Only this trunk."

Meyrick snatched it up to fling it into the open wagon that was drawn up at the end of the platform.

"Well! Well!" he exclaimed, with a grin. "I picked up that old grandmother for a feather, and it feels like it was full of silver bricks."

Fred was glad of the darkness, for he knew that his face told tales, though his tongue was silent.

"Oh, books are always heavy, you know!" said a voice at his elbow. Fred recognized his friendly mentor. "Your passenger looks just like a medical student, Meyrick, hot-foot for the college in Mobile. I know that kind; they always sit on their baggage as if they were hatching the eggs of wisdom."

At this half-untruth, Fred in his anxiety was pleased; though ordinarily he would not have approved of the man's attempt at deception.

"Then it isn't a coach we are going in?" he asked.

"Better 'n a coach," said Meyrick. "Free circulation of air. Aint afraid of chills, are you, Doc?" with a laugh.

"Perhaps I'd better telegraph my friends, in case I should find the night air fatal," said Fred, entering into the joke of the moment.

He had not thought of this before, but it now seemed to him an imperative duty to let the Heygoods in Baybridge know definitely that they might expect him in the morning. As it turned out, it was most fortunate for him that he did so.

At eleven o'clock, Mr. Lewis Heygood received this message:

Arrive at 3 A. M. Stop at Hotel. Breakfast with you.—Fred Lanis Witheredge, Jr.

"Why did he come that way?" was the wondering comment of Mr. Heygood's family. "The A. & C. would have brought him all the way by rail."

"Well, you can't expect those Georgians to know everything about Alabama," said Mr. Heygood. Wishing to do signal honor to his Cousin Dorina's representative, he went down to Baybridge's cheerless "hotel," and lay on the sofa in the stuffy little parlor, in order to be on hand to welcome Fred the moment he should arrive.

Fred, meanwhile, was on his way, seated on the little hair trunk, with his overcoat closely buttoned. He was the only passenger, and it was a lonely road, with never a house in sight, and never a word from Meyrick, who sat with his head bent down—meditating villany, Fred thought, suddenly, as the road turned into a sombre wood where hardly a star twinkled through the intermingling boughs.

On the instant he remembered the remark about the silver bricks, and his heart came into his throat. What if this Meyrick was the villain he appeared? He could easily murder him, and hide his crime in this wood.

Fred reflected that he had nothing but a pocket-knife with which to defend himself. He opened this, and held it ready in his hand, keeping his eyes fixed on Meyrick's rigid back.

"He is trying to make up his mind to the attack," Fred said to himself. "We are going more slowly; before we are out of this wood—"

Just then the wagon came to a sudden standstill. Fred sprang to his feet. The wagon started again, with such force as to throw him violently against Meyrick, who rose, but did not turn as he muttered something inaudible, and got out of the wagon.

Fred got out also. He thought, wisely, that he would be at a disadvantage in the wagon.

They were close upon the edge of the wood, at the corner of an old field grown up in saplings, and separated from the road by a ditch and a steep bank. Meyrick jumped the ditch and climbed the bank, still without looking back.

Fred stood in the road and watched him. He saw him feel in all his pockets, and heard him mutter, "Confound such luck! I've lost my knife." When Meyrick said this, he turned around, and seeing Fred in the road, exclaimed:

"Hello! Didn't know you'd lighted. Snatched a snooze and dropped my whip. I thought I'd cut a saplin'. Have you got a knife?"

"Yes, *sir!*" shouted Fred. "I've got a knife for you! If you come a step nearer you shall have it!"

Meyrick, as he stood on the bank above him, seemed for an instant to hesitate; then he gave a vigorous leap across the ditch, and in doing so stumbled and fell full upon Fred.

Fred made a lunge with his knife blindly, but with frantic force.

Meyrick uttered a scream, and called for help, but then clutched Fred fiercely.

"Coward!" panted the young fellow. "But I shall sell my life dear!"

Again he struck with his knife.

"I've dealt with such as you before now," muttered Meyrick.

Fred, struggling vainly, went down under his antagonist's superior weight. His head struck the gnarled and rugged roots of an oak that grappled the roadside, and he knew no more.

ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

(To be continued.)

REVEALED.

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
That have our envy now?

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

JARED HARPWICK'S TASK.

The task was brought upon Jared Harpwick by a letter, which came to him one September afternoon as he sat reading on his vine-shaded porch. He rose promptly, lifted his straw hat from the floor and put it on, and walked through the front gate to the pike.

Through the long village street and a half-mile along the dusty pike he trudged; then, turning aside into a narrow by-road that branched off at the foot of a steep hill, he came to a rude sawmill. A stalwart man sat upon a large moving log, from which a perpendicular saw was rasping a board.

"Good afternoon, Neighbor Gray," said Jared.

Gray eyed him keenly from under his shaggy brows; then rising, he walked to a lever, pulled it aside, and stopped the saw.

"Sit down on the log, Jared," he said. "We can't hear each other when the saw's going. I see by your face that something unusual has happened."

"I've got a letter from Joe. He's in trouble."

"Just as I supposed. Bankrupt, I'll warrant?"

"That's about it."

"And he has written to you to get me to help him?"

"That's true; but, John, don't be angry. This matter must be considered with our coolest judgment."

"I'll not consider it with cool judgment nor any other kind. He'll get no help from me, Jared."

"Very well, John, very well; but you'll hear what the trouble is, won't you?"

"Oh, I suppose I can listen," replied the father, taking a piece of bacon from a shelf and proceeding to grease the saw.

"Well, Gray, it's a bad embarrassment. A customer bought a thousand dollars' worth of Joe's patent machines, promising to order twice as many more soon. Joe supposed he was perfectly good for it, and on the strength of this ordered two thousand dollars' worth from the man that manufactures them. Well, the customer turned out bad; he didn't pay the thousand dollars, nor order more. Joe lost the machines, and owes the manufacturer two thousand dollars, which he is unable to pay.

"Joe writes that he might have stood this if a fire hadn't broken out, and burnt up this two thousand dollars' worth of machines."

He glanced up quickly, and caught a shade of sympathy upon the sawyer's face.

"The manufacturer is unluckily in a tight fix himself, and he is pushing the boy. Joe writes that this will ruin him, and just when his business was most promising. I tell you, Gray, it's hard on your boy."

"Well, I don't pity him a bit—not a bit. He was determined to go to the city; now let him dig for himself. I gave him a thousand dollars to start his crazy business, mortgaging our little place here, and that's enough. Mother has pinched herself and worked her fingers almost to the bone, and I have slaved early and late to pay it off, and now that it's paid, do you think I'm going right back into that struggle again?

"No, Jared, not for a boy who forgets his old mother, as Joe has done. Why, he hasn't written a line—not a line—to mother or me for a year, and now, when he wants help, he writes to you, Jared.

"Does he deserve help? Just answer me that; does he deserve it? I don't want to hurry you away, but I'm going to start the saw."

He turned decisively, and pulling the lever, set the saw rasping again.

"Very well, John," said Jared, coming nearer. "If that's your decision, I've nothing more to say. I shall have to write to Joe that you refuse. It does seem a pity to leave him in his trouble. He's not a bad boy, but dear knows where this will drive him. Good afternoon, John."

At home he sat down upon the porch again to think it out. He knew well the character of this father and son. Since Joe had been old enough to assert himself there had been antagonism between them. The father was arbitrary in his ideas of right; the son obstinate, and inclined to waywardness.

Jared's relation to the family was almost that of a son. He was to have married Sallie, the daughter, five years before, but she had been taken ill three weeks before the appointed day, and died ten days later. Her last request to Jared had been to watch over Joe as an older brother, and to help to keep him from evil ways.

"Father is growing old," she had said, "and if ever you have a chance to bring him and Joe to a good understanding, do your best. I know you will do your best, Jared—even to sacrificing yourself a little, for my sake."

The final estrangement came when Joe declared that he intended to leave home. He had invented a machine for compressing sawdust into ornaments, and was wild over his prospects of wealth.

Through the mother's influence, aided by Jared, who hoped that gratitude would touch the boy's heart, the farm was mortgaged.

"Here are a thousand dollars," the father had said on the morning Joe went away. "You want to leave us, so go! This is all the help you can expect from me. If you lose it, you must shift for yourself. If you succeed, I shall look for you to pay it back. I wish you success, but I don't expect it."

No sympathy was in the words or tone, and Joe went away, feeling that there was no love for him in his father's heart.

Jared knew that Joe had been lacking in his duty to his parents. He had written enthusiastically of his prosperity, but had not offered to pay back a dollar; so there was at least a little reason for the father's refusal of help.

But something must be done. This trouble and his father's refusal would be likely to drive Joe into recklessness and ruin. As he sat upon his little porch, he almost fancied he heard Sallie telling him that here was the opportunity she had hoped for.

But he did not know what to do. He had little knowledge of business. His early life had been spent in farm toil, and subsequently a lucky rise in land values had brought him resources sufficient for a quiet, humble life.

He saw that help from the father would certainly touch the boy's heart now; but without it, he felt that a hard task was before him. Sallie's request, however, was strong upon him, and he decided to go to Philadelphia next morning.

He arrived in the evening, and sought Joe's room. As he tapped, he heard Joe's voice:

"Come in, fellows!"

Jared entered, and Joe, who had come half-way to the door, stopped in surprise, and then turned, confused, toward a table.

It was too late to hide what lay upon it—cards, a box of cigars, and two or three unopened bottles.

"I wasn't expecting *you*, Jared," Joe stammered. "I thought it was the fellows knocking."

Jared walked forward, and clasping his hand warmly, said, "I see you weren't expecting me, Joe. But I'm welcome, aint I?"

"Yes, yes—certainly. Sit down. Here, take this rocking-chair, and give me your hat."

Joe was handsome, and in stature, attire and bearing a striking contrast to plain little Jared Harpwick.

"I see that I've come at a wrong time, Joe," he said, pleasantly. "Just when you're expecting company."

"Yes, you did—but don't worry about that, Jared."

"Joe, my boy, what kind of company were you expecting?"

"It wasn't good company," said Joe, recklessly. "I've just fifty dollars left of what was a prosperous business, and I don't know where more is to come from. In sheer desperation, I invited two dissipated young men here in the hope of winning more from them at cards."

"And suppose you had lost the money—what then?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"Why didn't you wait till you heard from me, Joe?"

"Well, I didn't expect any help. I knew just how father would act when you went to him—hardly listen to you, and maybe go on sawing. He never has treated me right; but, Jared, I haven't done right either. I know that now better than I ever did. I was never a good son at home, and I've been worse away."

His voice had sunk from harshness to softer tones, and as Jared, looking his sympathy, let him go on, he proceeded in words that showed that now was the time to touch his heart.

"I have thought, Jared, that if father would help me a little, now when I don't deserve it, I could feel better toward him, and we could be as a father and son should be. I should know that he thought something of me. But I can't expect it, and I'm not going to ask you what he said, for fear he has been hard on me, and to save you the pain of telling me."

"I've come with help, Joe," said Jared, "and I—"

A loud, confident knock interrupted. Joe opened the door and stepped into the hall. Jared heard him explain that he "could not have the game." There were angry expostulations in unsteady voices.

By and by Joe returned, and he and Jared talked long into the night, Joe fully telling the circumstances of his failure.

"I've come to try to help you," said Jared, "and to-morrow I'll call upon your creditor and see what arrangement can be made."

"I would go with you," said Joe, "but we had a quarrel the other day, and I guess I used pretty hard language. He says he'll not see me again, and is pushing me now harder than before."

"I'll go alone, then, Joe."

"If you succeed, Jared, I promise you I'll try to be better to father, to compensate him for this!"

A shade passed over Harpwick's face, and he did not reply.

Next morning he went to see the manufacturer, and Joe met him anxiously on his return.

"I've arranged for the payment of your debt," said Jared, quietly, "and the manufacturer agrees to furnish you fifty machines, on time, to start again with. You are on your feet once more."

"God bless father!" cried Joe. "I'll write him a letter thanking him for his goodness."

"No, Joe," said Jared, knitting his eyebrows a little, "I wouldn't if I were you. Let me report it to him."

"Very well, Jared, but I'll go home in two weeks for a visit, and I hope we can meet then as a father and son should meet."

Jared went home, and next day he again trudged out to the sawmill. Gray was rolling a log into place.

"John," Jared began, "Joe is on his feet again."

"He didn't deserve it, Jared," he replied, glumly, picking a cluster of lichen from the log.

"And he is coming home to see you in two weeks."

He saw the old man crush down his pleasure, and his effort in making the incredulous response, "We'll see him when he comes."

He showed no curiosity to know how the matter had been adjusted, and Jared left him.

The two weeks brought the evening of Joe's arrival. Jared met him at the little station, and walked with him toward home. They heard the rasping of the saw from a distance, and as they went nearer, Joe's eagerness to clasp his father's hand and enter upon a closer relation impelled him to start ahead.

Jared quickly caught him by the arm, and said, "Joe, I wouldn't—say anything to him about the money. A word might ruin my hopes. Just act as if there had been no trouble."

The father sat upon a log, and they came quite near before he heard them. He hastily arose. Joe sprang forward, extended his hand, and said:

"Father, I've come back to be a *son* to you."

It had been two years since they met, and Jared, anxiously watching Gray now, saw the old hardness come to his face. But as the father looked upon his boy, he saw a manlier look than he had seen before, and a look of regret and hope as well.

The hardness was driven from Gray's face, and clasping his son's hands in his, he said, with tears starting, "Joe, Joe, you're welcome home, and I'm your father!"

Gray turned quickly and stopped the saw. Then, hurrying to the end of the mill, he called loudly, "Mother! mother!"

His wife soon appeared, hurrying, as if she feared an accident had taken place. Joe was hiding behind Jared, but the old father caught him by the arm, and asked joyfully:

"Mother, who is this?"

"Joe!" she cried; 'my son!"

"And mine, mother; and all forgiven and forgotten."

They walked toward their little home, but Jared said good-by very strangely, the three thought, and turned away.

He stopped after taking a few steps, and called Joe to him:

"I wouldn't say anything until to-morrow, my boy," he said, in low tones. "It might spoil it all. It's glorious that this has been brought about."

He turned away, and the three, watching him, thought he had never looked so sad and lonely since he had lost Sallie.

Next day Joe and his father went to town to see Jared. Their rap at his cottage brought a stranger to the door.

"Jared Harpwick?" he replied. "Why, don't you know that he has sold his place here, and left this morning on the early train? I thought every

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one knew it here. But are you John Gray? Harpwick left a note that he wanted me to give to you."

He brought it, and the old man read:

"DEAR JOHN.—I have lost all my money, except a very little, and am going far into the West to begin life again. God bless you and Joe. Always be kind to him. He is a good boy at heart. Good-by.

JARED."

Father and son turned to each other, knowing then how Jared had performed his task.

H. M. HOKE.

ENDURANCE REWARDED.

Let not one look of Fortune cast you down;
She were not Fortune if she did not frown;
Such as do bravelest bear her scorns awhile
Are those on whom at last she most will smile.

—*Lord Orrery.*

For the Companion.

GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.

Wisconsin is one of the most picturesque of the Middle Western States. In the north, it is heavily timbered and full of game. Thirty years ago two-thirds of the State was a vast wilderness of pine forest, tamarack swamps and hard-wood ridges undisturbed by the whistle of the engine or the steamboat.

Upward along the rivers the lumbermen were slowly pushing year by year, felling the great pines that stood near the water, and letting the sunlight into places where for ages it had not been.

One of the stories I have heard my father tell, relates the adventures of two loggers who were sent up early one fall to prepare the hay for a camp on the Chippeway River.

With an ox-team, a wagon, a sled, and a quantity of food and necessary tools, they pushed away from La Crosse up into the forest, cutting out the road where there was none, and taking advantage of all trails wherever possible.

Miller, the younger of the men, was a short, jolly man, and was called Chub, while Holland was a tall, sinewy young man, with keen gray eyes and curt of speech.

Their progress was slow; but passing at length the last camp—not yet occupied—they pushed on for a river bottom, nearly twenty-five miles beyond.

There they felled logs and made a sort of pen, into which they led the oxen. Then they gathered the branches into a great pile for a bed, and rolling up in their blankets near the fire fell asleep.

In the night, they heard a bear and her cubs eating acorns near by, but they did not allow such a little thing as that to disturb their rest.

In a few days they were busy at their haying. They worked hard, for it was late, and the hay was getting poorer each day, and the snow likely to come. Besides their haying, they had much to do in building a stable and preparing the camp.

The wolves began to come around the camp every night, and sniff and peer and howl among the shadows of the clearing, especially after Holland killed a deer and "slung it"—that is to say, bent down a sapling, and tying the carcass of the deer to it, let it swing back to place.

All went well, however, until the hay was cut and stacked, the barns built, and things made almost ready for the coming of the loggers.

There remained hardly a week's work when Miller fell violently ill one afternoon, with severe pains and vomiting, quite like the effects of poisoning.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when he was taken ill, and by night-fall he lay almost like a dead man, rousing only at intervals in paroxysms of agony.

All night long, while the wolves howled outside, Holland sat beside the bed of his friend, using every means in his power to ease the sufferer.

At last, just as the gray dawn was lighting the tops of the pines, and the wolves grew quiet, Holland rose with sudden resolution, and said to the sick man, whose eyes were on him:

"Chub, old fellow, you're a sick man—you're an awful sick man. Now there's but one thing to do. I've got to lock you in here, and run down to Jinnytown. Doctor Adams, of La Crosse, is there hunting. Now, what do you say? Shall I go?"

Miller shook his head, and with a look that made his friend's heart stop beating for a moment, said, "I don't care."

A Hard Day's Tramp.

Holland arose, pushed a chair near the bed, put a cup of water on it, and a plate of bread and meat. Then he went out, cut a pole just the right length, brought it back into the hut, and put one end of it against the side of the room. He took the butcher-knife as a weapon, and said:

"Now, good-by, old man. I've got forty-five miles to make to-day, but I'll do it. Don't worry about the wolves; when this stick falls into its place, all the wolves in Wisconsin can't break the shanty in. Good-by!"

Holland slipped out through the door, holding the brace with his left hand. He felt it slip down to the cleat—he withdrew his hand. It fell below the cleat. The sick man was safe from that quarter.

The sinewy young fellow settled his coat around his shoulders, put his knife into his pocket, and turned his face to call again from without, "Good-by! I'll be back soon!"

Then he plunged into the forest on his twenty-five mile run.

The dawn was gray and threatened snow, but the air was bracing and full of the odor of the pines.

In the shadows beside the trail, and stretching away under the interminable forests, a noiseless carpet of pine needles lay, brown and crisp, over which the wolf and deer ran soundless as shadows. Snow-birds chattered in the air at times, and in the low places partridges flew up.

Holland ran with a peculiar gait learned from the Indians, a kind of lope that brought all the muscles into play, and was less tiresome than the regular running gait, and much faster than a walk.

Up hill and down, with unflagging pace, the young man pushed, his legs working like some machine of inexhaustible power. At the end of the first half-hour he began to get his "second wind," as he would say, and pushed on at a swifter pace.

Two or three times he saw wolves slipping through the shadows of the wood on either hand, and heard a short, warning sentinel howl behind him answered far ahead. But Holland knew the habits of the wolves, and had no fear of being surrounded by them during the daylight.

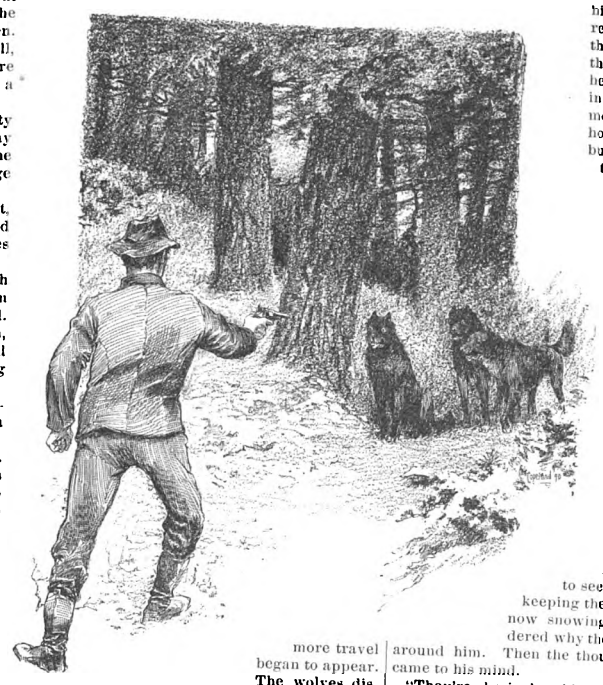
Nevertheless, he was startled, as he rose from a spring where he had lain to drink, to find himself face to face with two great gaunt creatures squatted on their haunches and looking at him. It seemed so easy for them to spring on his back at any moment!

They snarled at the clubs he threw at them, and slipped into the thicket.

In making a sudden turn in the path, he came plump upon a brown bear which was seated in the road, looking very much like a fire-blackened stump.

Holland gave a great shout, and charged down upon the surprised and scared animal; and it crashed into the bushes by the brook, like a huge pig. He could not help laughing at the comical look on the bear's face.

His anxiety for his friend, the twists and turns of the road, and his fatigue and painful breathing made the way seem endless. But at last signs of



more travel began to appear. The wolves disappeared, and at about eleven o'clock he dashed into the clearing around the hotel, sawmill, and dozen houses that made Jinnytown.

All was silent; there was no one to be seen. In the barn some oxen were eating hay peacefully. Holland had forgotten that the day was Sunday!

He rushed up to the hotel where he had been before, and shouted, "Hello, Benson!"

The door opened as he came up, panting and dripping with sweat. A tall, grizzled, elderly man appeared.

"Where's the doctor?" Holland asked.

"Out in the woods somewhere. What's up? what's up?"

Holland explained the case. But there was not a man left in the camp except Benson, and not a horse. Mrs. Benson made coffee hastily, while the men talked.

No plan seemed worth considering. Holland made up his mind that the only thing to be done was for him to return. Benson was too old to make the trip on foot and did not know the way, and the snow was beginning to fall.

Holland leaped up. "Give me a revolver. Put up a little bundle of something to eat—a bottle of milk—not much; I can't carry much. And, Benson, the moment the boys come, you drive like lightning, and overtake me if you can. Dick Wood knows the trail. Bring the doctor, and take your rifles. There'll be a hundred wolves on top of that shanty."

The Return.

It was noon when Holland started on his return run of twenty-five miles, back to the camp.

He saw that he must reach it before night. It was autumn, and night came early. With dark sky and threatening snow, it would come earlier than usual.

He could keep up his jog-trot but an hour or two at the most, and the snow was likely to make the walking slow. Pushing on, not daring to think of giving out, he entered the forest, which began to roar now with the rising wind.

His chief fear was the terrible one that Miller might be dead before help reached him; that the wolves might force him, Holland, into a tree, to wait until the party came from Jinnytown—too late for succor.

A hope rose in his breast that the boys might return early because of the threatening snow. With these thoughts, and a vague comprehension of the awful presence of the wood and wind, he presently became conscious of a new terror—a pain in his chest and a numbness in his thighs.

Just after he fell into a walk, because of the unsupportable pain in his lungs, a wolf not far behind gave a peculiar note at the end of his howl. It went to the man's heart like a cold knife. The siege had begun!

Far ahead the call was answered. Another howl to the right was answered to the left. Shadowy forms crossed his trail, or stepped along in the shadows of the firs and tamaracks in the hollows.

The snow was only threatening. It had not covered the ground fairly, so that he pushed on with a dogged, swift walk, his revolver swinging in one hand, the bundle of food in the other.

Preparing for Trouble.

This bundle troubled him. If he hung it over his shoulder, it seemed to hinder him, and in his hand it clogged him. At last he put the milk in his pocket, ate a little of the meat, and dropped the rest of the bundle in the road. He felt freer.

He reached a creek which he knew was just ten miles from his cabin. Night was beginning to fall.

The young man stopped, and hardly daring to lie down to drink, dipped a little water with his hand. Then he stood still to listen.

There was nothing—save the moaning snarl of the pines, the patter of stealthy feet in the covert of firs, and the call of a lone wild-goose lost from its flock.

For the first time his heart failed him. He had made a run of forty miles over broken ground. He could run no more. The ground was getting white now, and while it helped him to see, it made the footing slippery. He walked on, his revolver in his hand. Thus far he had refrained from shouting, though the wolves showed themselves freely. Now he came on three, seated in the trail, refusing to move. He shouted at them hoarsely as he came up, but they only showed their teeth hideously.

Holland stopped, and taking good aim, fired at the largest of the group.

The animal bounded into the air without a sound, and disappeared with the rest.

Holland now remembered that in his hurry he had not asked Benson for cartridges. He wondered if the pistol had six charges left, but he did not stop to look.

It was now too dark to see, and he staggered on, keeping the pistol ready. It was now snowing fast, and he wondered why the wolves did not close around him. Then the thought of the sick man came to his mind.

"They're besieging him! Well, so much the better; it will let me reach him," he reasoned.

Twice more he cleared his way with a shot from the revolver, only the pure white of the snow enabling him to see the snarling brutes that waylaid him. Once he looked behind, and saw a dim shadow creeping upon him noiselessly. He could not waste a shot, and he was forced to look behind him constantly.

A new fear tormented him now. He was so weak that he feared his ability to climb a tree if the worst came. He had but one hope, and that was to reach the cabin.

But how was he to get in? The door was barred, and would he not be too feeble and too much hurried to climb upon the roof and tear off a slab?

A Welcome Sound.

Suddenly, far ahead, he heard a rifle-shot. The blood rushed to his heart, hot as a flame. Some one else was abroad in the forest!

It cleared his brain and warmed his whole body. The forest was not all the possession of night, the wolves and the snow! A stalwart arm and resolute heart was behind that rifle-shot.

The wild howling of the wolves and their angry, short yelps told the practised ear of the woodsman that the creatures had met their match somewhere.

Crack! sounded the rifle again. The wolves' turmoil ceased for a moment, but soon began again. Those dim gray forms which had followed the runner disappeared, attracted by the noise in front.

Holland kept on the trail, with set teeth and with his eyes peering into the darkness ahead. His thought was that some hunter had taken to a tree, and was firing upon his besiegers. He must reach him somehow.

Crack! went the rifle, so near at hand now that it almost seemed as if he could hear the bullet. Breaking into a feeble run, Holland tried to shout:

"Keep it up! I'm coming!"

He rounded a point of bushes, and stood, stupefied with amazement, not knowing where he was.

Before him was a shanty. From chinks and crannies shone a dim light, and also from a hole in the roof. While he looked a savage, grizzled old wolf, reckless with hunger, leaped on the low roof, and with open mouth and lolling tongue glared down into the room.

Again the rifle cracked, and the brute rolled from the roof. Then a loud voice called:

"Oh, come on! come on! I'm ready for you!"

It was Holland's own shanty, in which the hunter had taken refuge. With a joyous yell, he rushed down upon the camp, shouting:

"I'm coming, Chub! I'm coming!"

The wolves, surprised at this new assault, retreated. As he rushed up to the door, Holland called: "Open the door! Open the door! It's me, Holland!"

He was answered by a sonorous shout within. There was a leap, and the door swung open. Holland, half-fainting, fell into the arms of a large, full-bearded man.

"Why, doctor, is it you?" he gasped, as he sank into a seat.

"Yes, it's I," the doctor laughed, as he closed the door and braced it again.

"How's Chub?"

"He's easier. I always carry a little case of medicines with me. He'll pull through."

"How did you come here?"

"Oh, I thought I'd make you a little visit. I started this morning, and got here about dark. Now sit right down by the fire, Holland. I've got some venison broiling there—that's one thing that brought these wolves."

As he looked up at the hole in the roof, he said:

"I had to rip off a slab to get in. I saw there must be something wrong, and I found Miller pretty low. But he's better now. He's dozing. But you see, I couldn't sleep myself—too many wolves on the roof!"

Chub stirred in his bunk. "That you, Hank?" he said, feebly.

"It's me, Chub—what there is left of me. How are you now?"

"Oh, I'm all right. But I was afraid the wolves 'd down you, sure."

The stalwart doctor clambered out upon the roof and fixed the slab in place, while Holland stood, revolver in hand, to keep the beasts at bay. Then they went back and built up a rousing fire.

"The boys are likely to come in on us at any minute," said Holland.

It was very pleasant to smell the meat cooking, and see the doctor moving about the fire, making coffee and gruel. Sitting thus, the shriek of the wind and the gleaming eyes of the wolves, sullenly squatting in the snow at the edge of the clearing, had no terrors.

When Holland had eaten, he fell fast asleep against his bunk.

"There's a man!" said the doctor, as he rolled him into his blanket. "Fifty miles to-day! Talk about your heroes of chivalry! They couldn't come up to that."

About midnight the relief from Jinnytown came, shouting and shooting through the snow and darkness, making a "lark" of it all, while the wolves slunk away into the forest. The next day the sick man was moved down to Jinnytown.

To this day Holland's breath comes quick as he tells of that long day's run, and the terror of that stormy night.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

For the Companion.

TWO BIRDS.

There is one bird that comes to nearly all parts of our Northern and Eastern States in the fall and winter that is, perhaps, the least known and observed by country people of all our birds. I refer to the butcher-bird, or shrike.

When I was a boy on the farm, and when I was a young man, I do not remember ever to have seen one. Probably not one person in a hundred has ever seen one of these birds, yet they are to be seen every autumn by any one who has his eyes and ears open. Since I have been an observer of the birds, never a fall or winter passes that I do not see one or more shrikes.

It is a good test of one's powers of observation—the hearing or seeing of this bird. It is solitary; never yet have I seen two butcher-birds together. It prowls about the leafless landscape, flitting from tree to tree, uttering its harsh note or indulging its discordant warble, and pouncing upon any small bird it may chance to meet.

It is an assassin in feathers. It murders the small birds,—goldfinches seem its favorites,—and scoops out their brains, leaving the body suspended upon a thorn or from the fork of a small branch. I have never known it to eat any part of the bird but its brains.

Sometimes it catches mice. One winter day, near sunset, as I was walking along a country road, I saw a shrike fly to an apple-tree by the roadside, and proceed to adjust some small object amid the branches. A small owl, that sat in his doorway in an old apple-tree not far off, saw the shrike, too, it seems, for presently he came sailing straight as an arrow and silent as a shadow to the point where the shrike was busy, whether to seize the bird or its prey I could not tell.

The shrike screamed and rushed to the other side of the tree, while its game, a small shrewmouse, fell to the ground. The owl regarded me for a moment, and then flew straight back to his retreat in the old tree.

If the owl could have fastened his talon into the shrike he would have made short work with him. The power of the shrike is not in his talons, but in his beak, which is strong and hooked. But he carries away his victim in his talons.

The other day one of my farmer neighbors asked me if I had seen the new bird that was about. This man was an old hunter, and had a sharp eye for all kinds of game, but he had never before seen the bird, which was nearly as large as a robin, of a dull blue or slate color marked with white.

Another neighbor who was standing by said the bird had appeared at his house the day before. A cage with two canaries was hanging against the window, when suddenly a large bird swooped down as if to dash himself against it; but arresting himself when near the glass he hovered a moment, eying the birds, and then flew to a near tree.

The poor canaries were so frightened that they fell from their perches, and lay panting upon the floor of their cage.

No one had ever seen the bird b fore; what was it? It was the shrike, who thought he was sure of a dinner when he saw those canaries.

If you see, in late autumn or winter, a slim, ashen-gray bird, in size a little less than the robin, having white markings, flying heavily from point to point, and always alighting on the topmost branch of a tree, you may know it is the shrike.

He is very nearly the size and color of the mocking-bird, but with flight and manners entirely different. There is some music in his soul, though

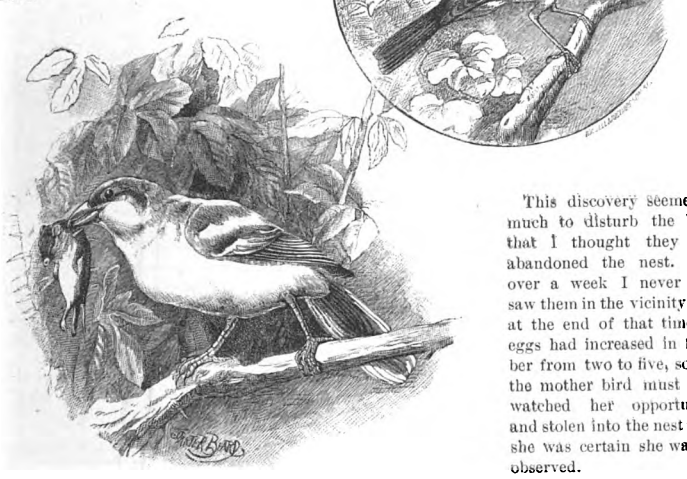
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his murderous beak nearly spoils it in giving it forth.

One winter morning, just at sunrise, as I was walking along the streets of a city, I heard the shrike's harsh warble. Looking about me, I soon saw the bird perched upon the topmost twig of a near tree, saluting the sunrise. It was what the robin might have done, but the strain had none of the robin's melody.

Some have compared the shrike's song to the creaking of a rusty gate-hinge, but it is not quite so bad as that. Still it is unmistakably the voice of a savage. None of the birds of prey have musical voices.

The shrike had probably come to town to try his luck with English sparrows. I do not know that he caught any, but in a neighboring city I heard of a shrike that made great havoc with the sparrows.



The little hawks come to town after sparrows, and are very deft in taking them. One day in February, passing along a street where a number of sparrows were feeding, I saw a little hawk swoop down from behind a high board fence, seize one of the sparrows and bear it away, in the twinkling of an eye. It was one of the cleverest feats of the kind I ever saw performed.

The rest of the sparrows, a dozen or more, followed on screaming, in the direction in which the hawk disappeared, and alighting in a plum-tree, sat there a long time, looking very depressed.

"If we can be snatched up in that way," they seemed to think, "when are we safe?"

The birds do not appear to be afraid of the shrike, as they are of the hawk or owl. Indeed, he is quite an innocent-looking bird. I have never seen him seize his quarry, but I suspect he avails himself of his harmless appearance, and draws near and strikes like the assassin that he is.

One day in October I saw one "working" a flock of goldfinches in some bushes. He had killed one, and suspended it by thrusting its head in the fork of a small twig, and was manœuvreing about to strike another when I appeared upon the scene.

Another bird which will prove a good subject for the young observer to exercise his powers upon is the great crested flycatcher—a bird about the size of the shrike, reddish-brown in color, a barbarian in voice, a pugilist in manner, and sly and cunning in habits.

Like the shrike, these birds are never numerous, but as they come to us in the breeding season they are usually seen in pairs. They may be looked for in old orchards where there are likely to be hollow limbs and decayed trunks, as it is in such places that they build their nests.

They may be expected early in June, and usually disappear by or before August. To me their arrival is announced by a loud call that resembles that of a frog or toad.

The great crested flycatcher's cousin, the king-bird, comes about the same time. The king-bird is the much more elegant and familiar bird,—a bird of every orchard,—while the great crested flycatcher is much more rare.

One of the most curious facts about this bird is that it is said always to use a snake-skin in building its nest. To all my correspondents who write me about birds I say, "If you find the nest of the great crested flycatcher, see if it contains a snake-skin." Some respond that they find the snake-skin; others that they do not.

One correspondent reports an onion-skin, which strikes one as a very good substitute. A nest which I examined in one of my old apple-trees did not contain a snake-skin, but in lieu of it a large number of shad scales.

Apparently, this was the nearest the bird could come to it. Shad scales are not hard to find in early June in the valley of the Hudson, but snake-skins are rare.

I have seldom seen a wood-thrush's nest that did not contain in its foundation a fragment of newspaper—a poor material to build upon in any case, I think, and doubtless every great flycatcher's nest would contain a cast-off snake-skin if it were as easy to be had as newspapers.

The flycatchers nested in my old apple-tree, beneath which we passed many times daily for several years before I discovered the exact place. I made frequent search, but without success, till one day I chanced to see the mother bird fly straight into the end of the stub of a large limb.

With a step-ladder I climbed where I could look into the hollow, and the bird darted out, brushing my face with her wings.



This discovery seemed so much to disturb the birds that I thought they had abandoned the nest. For over a week I never once saw them in the vicinity; but at the end of that time the eggs had increased in number from two to five, so that the mother bird must have watched her opportunity, and stolen into the nest when she was certain she was not observed.

I have never known any other bird so shy about its nest. I could never detect these birds carrying in food to their young, and never at any time heard a sound proceed from the latter; and when they flew away, they stole out as it were in the night, and were never seen in the vicinity afterward.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

TEMPERATE LIVING.

For fear the flesh should wrongly think
To lord it o'er the deathless soul,
Let abstinence in food and drink
The guilty pride of flesh control.
—*St. Ambrose.*

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

Probably the most difficult European State to govern well and to keep in peace and order is the Empire of Austria-Hungary. The reason for this is clear. The Empire is composed of a number of ancient kingdoms, duchies and principalities, inhabited by different and rival races, which have interests often conflicting with each other, and which are only kept together because they are ruled over by the same sovereign.

Less is said in the daily newspapers of Austria-Hungary than of its neighbors of equal rank, yet its history from year to year is peculiarly interesting to observe and study.

Its form of government is very intricate and complex. The Empire is, first, divided into two great Kingdoms,—Austria proper and Hungary,—each of which has its own Parliament, its own ministry, and control over its own local affairs, and in these senses, therefore, is independent of the other.

When the sovereign is crowned Emperor of Austria at Vienna, he also repairs to Pesth, the Hungarian capital, and is there crowned King of Hungary, to show that Hungary is a separate Kingdom.

But the two Kingdoms are subdivided into a number of lesser States, which, in their turn, enjoy a certain degree of local self-government. The most important of these lesser States are Bohemia, Moravia, the Tyrol, Silesia and Galicia.

The two Kingdoms are, moreover, united under one general imperial government, with a legislative body called "the Delegations," chosen one-half by the Parliament of each Kingdom, and with three ministers, of war, foreign affairs and finance respectively, the chief of whom is the Chancellor of the Empire.

The duty of this central government is simply to guard the interests of the two Kingdoms as they exist in common.

But the fact that the Empire contains three leading, separate and rival races gives rise to frequent dangers, and keeps it continually in political unrest.

These three leading races are the Germans of Austria proper, the Magyars of Hungary, and the Czechs (a branch of the Sclavonic race) of Bohemia and Moravia.

The recent politics of Austria-Hungary have turned on the demand of a large party of the Bohemians that that portion of the Empire should be made, like Hungary, a separate and self-governing Kingdom, with a ministry, a Parliament, and the right to make local laws.

The "Czech" party, representing this demand, also urge that the Emperor should be crowned King of Bohemia at Prague (the capital of Bohemia), as he already is crowned King of Hungary at Pesth.

But these demands have always been earnestly resisted by the German element of the Empire, and less strenuously by the Hungarians.

The present Austrian Ministry, however, at the head of which is Count Taaffe, has long been trying to make a compromise with the Bohemian Czechs; and while not yielding to their extreme demands, has been willing to give them larger rights of local government, to allow the official use of the Czech language, and to establish separate schools for the Czechs.

These offers have failed to satisfy the extreme party in Bohemia, and Count Taaffe seems now to have given up the attempt to satisfy them.

On January Twenty-sixth he dissolved the Austrian Reichsrath, or Parliament, and the elections for the new legislature will take place in the middle of March. Upon the result of these elections will depend the continuance of the effort to conciliate Bohemia, or the return to the former Austrian policy of relying upon the German element to maintain the government of the Austrian Empire, without making any large concessions to the discontented race.

These facts serve to illustrate the great difficulty which Austrian statesmen have in keeping the various races in the Empire in tranquillity and order.

For the Companion.

SHIP AHOY!

In dreams I was a ship, and sail'd the boundless seas,
Sailing and ever sailing—all seas, and into every port,
or out upon the ocean,
Saluting, cheerily hailing each mate I met, little or big,
"Ship ahoy!" thro' trumpet or by voice—from me some
friendly merry word at least,
For companionship and good-will to all and each.

WALT WHITMAN.

A YEAR'S FOREIGN TRADE.

The exchange of products between this country and lands beyond the sea increases steadily. The returns showing the extent of the foreign trade for the calendar year 1890 have recently been issued. They show that goods were imported to the value of eight hundred and twenty-three million dollars; the value of domestic goods exported was eight hundred and forty-six millions.

While several of the countries of Europe show a larger average value of foreign purchases and sales, dividing the whole value by the number of inhabitants, we must remember that the extent of this country and the variety of its resources make the foreign trade of less relative importance than it is in small European lands.

To illustrate this fact, if the United States were divided into two countries by an east and west line, every pound of cotton entering New England would become an export of the South and an importation by the North. Thus the whole cotton movement would be counted twice in the foreign trade, the number of people remaining the same, whereas it is now not counted once.

The same statement would be true of every other commodity crossing the line we have imagined. What is known as the internal trade of the country is a great many times as large and important as the foreign commerce.

Nevertheless, the exchanges of merchandise with foreign countries are of huge proportions, and the increase of intercourse is always a matter of satisfaction. To augment it is the object of commercial and reciprocity treaties. To control it and turn it in desired channels is one of the objects of existing tariff laws.

Of the importations of the year 1890 rather more than one-third of the value consisted of goods free of duty. The value of free goods was two hundred and eighty-eight millions; of those subject to duty five hundred and thirty-five millions. The largest single item of importation was coffee, of which more than eighty-four million dollars' worth was received during the year. This, however, was but one million dollars more than the value of sugar and molasses, which has heretofore always held the first place on the list.

The value of textile goods imported is also very large, in spite of the efforts made to secure the market for these goods to domestic manufacturers. Woollens and worsted goods imported were worth fifty-four millions; silk forty-one millions; cotton thirty-three millions; linen, hemp and jute twenty-seven millions.

Other important items of importation are chemicals and drugs forty-six millions, and iron and its manufactures forty-four millions. The articles we have mentioned represent quite one-half of the total value of imports. There are no other articles of nearly so much importance as any one of these.

On the export side the trade is even more closely confined, in its large items, to a few articles. Not less than two hundred and fifty-four millions of dollars was the value of cotton exported, and this alone stands for thirty per cent. of the total.

Provisions is second on the list, one hundred and forty-three millions; breadstuffs third, one hundred and forty-two millions; and petroleum, crude and refined, fifty-one millions, is next. There is no other class of goods which represents as much as forty millions. But the merchandise enumerated includes nearly three-fourths of the value of American exports.

Where do we buy, and where do we sell? The returns of trade by countries are not complete, but the character of the foreign commerce does not change much from year to year.

By far the greatest amount of trade is with Great Britain. One-fourth of all the imports are from that country, and one-half the exports are sent there. Germany is second and France third, counting the trade both ways; but the imports from the West Indies are greater than those from France.

There are three things which public men are now trying to effect, in connection with the foreign trade, namely, to increase the amount of exports of manufactures, to augment the trade with Central and South America, and to restore a part of the carrying trade to American ships. During the year 1890 less than one-seventh of the imports and less than one-tenth of the exports were carried in American vessels.

"NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."

There can be such a thing as loving not wisely, though too well. The mother who slaves all day that her daughter may be gracefully and plettir esquely idle, and so has no time to be her own best self and her daughter's friend and companion, is making a fatal mistake.

We could point out a certain woman whose one object in life is the success of her children. She keeps a simple boarding-house, to which a humble company repair for their daily meals, and all day long in her hot kitchen this woman stands and cooks, till soul and body are weary, and her very heart faints and fails within her.

Of the two children for whom she toils, the son is at college, and he makes gay and prosperous friends, to whom he never speaks of his home.

He would be mortally ashamed should these friends discover that his father drove from Monday morning till Saturday night his peddler's cart, and that his mother cooked the daily food of a score of hard-working young men.

The daughter of the family is a girl as fair and almost as frail as a spring anemone, and she, also, has been well-taught. She can speak French fluently and correctly. She plays, and that not badly, on the piano.

She is gentle in manner, and wears tasteful and dainty clothes. She would seem as out of place in the hot kitchen, where her mother toils from morning till night-fall, as would be a La France rose-bush in a kitchen garden. The mother is content, since she believes that she is doing her best for her children. What matter how hard her own lot? Her son shall be a gentleman, her daughter a lady.

And this self-devotion has its noble and beautiful side; but, after all, it is not wise.

Son and daughter would be better, truer, and even more really happy, if they were more intimately allied with the mother heaven gave them; if they shared to some extent her work and her cares; if they lived within, and not outside, the dull round of her daily life, and warmed her heart with their loving sympathy.

"It's too expensive to be rich," said little Tommy in "Very Short Stories." "Rich people have to buy such a lot of things, and to wear fine clothes!"

Truly, it is too expensive also to be learned and graceful and beautiful, if one has to pay for all this the price of solitude at home; to turn away from the tenderness of household unity; to become a stranger to the daily life of her whose arms sheltered one's babyhood, and whose love is the truest and tenderest that any of us will ever know.

Fair and charming looks the girl whose mother is cooking in the hot kitchen. She goes forth clad daintily, and the very day seems glad of her; the sky, that is no bluer than her eyes, smiles on her.

But the time will come when those busy hands at home will cease their struggle; when the tired mother will lie down for a rest so long that she will never remember to get up from it.

And standing beside her at that last hour, will not the daughter long, with hopeless, unutterable longing, to have the dead past back, in which to be other and tenderer than of old; to share the tasks that she had shunned; to gladden with her responsive affection the heart that had so loved her?

Pity, ah pity, those whose tears of repentance fall on the unanswering face of the dead!

"GOOD SOCIETY."

Mr. Adams, the new pastor, and his wife had taken up their residence at the parsonage, and the leading members of the congregation flocked to call upon them.

"We have very good society in our church," said old Doctor Pratt, drawing the minister aside. "That is, here on the hill. I suppose we ought to be more neighborly than we are with the valley folks, but they are just a little upstartish, you know. All the old families live on the hill, and you will find your congenial associates among them."

An hour later, Mr. Pine, one of the mill-owners of the valley, called on the minister.

"You must learn to know your parishioners in the valley," he said. "You will find excellent society there; fine houses, every luxury of city life, progressive ideas, a liberal hospitality—well, in a word, every good thing which wealth can provide. These poor old fogies on the hill have nothing but their ancestors to boast of. *We* have nothing to do with them."

Mr. Adams and his wife looked at each other hopelessly, when their visitor took his leave. But they heard the same story on all sides. Each clique assured the pastor that he would find "good society" only among its members. Outside of their lines lay barbarism.

Not long after, an old crippled negro, a faithful member of the church, came to pay his respects.

"Mighty fine people in dis church, sah," he said, nodding and smiling. And then it came out that Doctor Pratt had been attending to this poor man for seven years without charge, that Mrs. Pratt and others had been willing nurses, "And all de people on de hill is mighty kind to us, sah."

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"You do not visit the people in the valley then, Jacob?" said Mrs. Adams, her eyes twinkling.

Oh yes, he hastened to say; the valley people were as good friends as he had, and were continually helping him and other poor people of the parish with money, provisions and clothing.

"Old Jacob knows the secret of finding 'good society,'" said Mr. Adams, after Jacob had gone. "He goes below clothes and position and education, and lays his hand on the heart. If we can only do the same, we shall be able to do some little good in the world."

EMERSON AND YOUNG PEOPLE.

Our most useful friends are perhaps those who expect the most from us. The best of men are in danger of being too easily satisfied with themselves, and should be thankful for a wise friend who is always counting upon their improvement.

This attitude of expectancy was one secret of Emerson's peculiar power over young people. His hopefulness on their behalf made them ashamed to do anything short of their best. As his son expresses it, he seemed always to expect from them "something better than had yet appeared, so that he always inspired affection and awe, but never fear."

One of the distinguishing features of Emerson's view of the world was his cheerful belief that things were bound to grow better.

"I hope he will never get over it," he said to Mrs. Lowell, when she told him that her son Charles was discontented with the present conditions of society.

When his own son came home from school after "Speaking Afternoon," he always asked, "Did you do well?"

"I don't know."

"Did the boys study or play, or did they sit still and look at you?"

"Several of them didn't attend."

"But you must oblige them to attend. If the orator doesn't command his audience, they will command him."

"I make no allowance for youth in talking with my friends," he wrote in his journal. "If a youth or maiden converses with me, I forget that they are not as old as I am."

How great his power was upon susceptible minds is illustrated by an entry in Miss Alcott's journal, written on the day of his death:

"Our best and greatest American gone. The nearest and dearest friend father has ever had, and the man who has helped me most by his life, his books, his society. I can never tell all he has been to me. Illustrious and beloved friend, good-by!"

PARTNERSHIP CORPORATIONS.

One sees nowadays over stores in the large cities such signs as "The Smith & Jones Company," or "Wright, Brown & Parker, Limited." What does it mean?

Smith and Jones formed a partnership twenty years ago, and built up a large business; perhaps they are now getting old, and wish to retire from the active management of their affairs, but wish still to keep their money invested in it.

So long as the concern is a partnership Smith can dispose of his interest only by selling it to a new partner, and a buyer of even a half of that interest may not be found easily.

Moreover, so long as he retains any interest in the business as a general partner, his whole private fortune is held for the debts of Smith & Jones, in case of bankruptcy.

In order to avoid this and other disadvantages of the partnership system, it has become common lately to transform partnerships into corporations. The old partners take most of the stock, and usually are directors; and the corporation retains the name under which prosperity was won.

Stockholders in such corporations risk only the money which they invest. The old partners, also, are no longer liable to lose all their property if the corporation fails.

The practice of changing partnerships into corporations began in England, and has been carried on there to a far greater extent than in this country. In England, indeed, it was a great speculative craze. Well-paying properties were sometimes sold to eager investors for two or three times their real value, and there was great disappointment when the exaggerated statements of the prospectuses were found to be not true.

Thus far, in the United States there has been little scandal in floating the companies, and there have been no serious failures to realize the promises made when the change was effected.

TO YOUNG WRITERS.

On Victor Hugo's birthday it was for many years the custom in France to send him flowers. They came in baskets, in bouquets, in poor little bunches tied with grass, in costly masses.

The old poet declared that he could tell which were bought at the shops, and which had been plucked by the hands which had planted and tended them.

"That magnificent lily," he would say, "might be bought at any florist's shop. It means nothing but the money which paid for it. But that bunch of herbs could grow only on the Garonne, and that blue star-flower can be found nowhere but in Normandy.

"They have an individual flavor. They speak to me the peculiar language of their place and people. They alone have real value."

There is for young contributors a wise and significant suggestion in this remark of the great poet.

Every editor receives contributions which, like the odorless, common lily might have come from any person or place. They are usually correct, grammatical, written in accordance with the hackneyed rules of composition; but they have no individual life or color. They are, as a rule, a composite photograph of all the stories or poems which the author has ever read.

Occasionally, however, an editor receives a story or a poem which has a distinctive life of its own. Like the weed from the meadow in Normandy or the rush from the banks of the Garonne, it has the flavor of its place of birth; the earth in which it grew still clings to it; its own sky has colored it.

Even if it bear signs of immaturity, it is worth a thousand plants grown to order, as in a hot-house.

Thousands of made books appear and vanish, forgotten in the course of each year; but the little story or verse which carries some of the author's life to the hearts of its readers becomes immortal.

STRANGELY FORGETFUL.

A poor memory for names and faces is a serious disadvantage to a clergyman. The New York *Tribune* says that Doctor John Hall was leaving his house in Fifth Avenue, not long ago, when he saw a young man looking at the numbers on the doors. From something in his dress and manner Doctor Hall concluded that he must be a recent immigrant from the Emerald Isle, and therefore a fellow-countryman.

The stranger was evidently at a loss, and Doctor Hall asked him if he could be of any assistance.

"I am looking for Doctor John Hall," said the young man.

"I am he," modestly replied the clergyman.

"Are you Doctor Hall?"

"I am."

"Did you come from Ireland?"

"I had the good fortune to be born there."

The stranger looked at him for a moment. "Don't you know me, Doctor Hall?" said he.

"I regret to say that I cannot place you at this moment, though I may have seen you before."

"Well, I think you have. Why, you baptized me twenty-five years ago in the old country, and yet you have forgotten me entirely!"

"It was not a time for levity," said Doctor Hall afterward, in relating the incident; "otherwise I might have reminded the young man how strange it was that he should have forgotten the face of one who had sustained such an important relation to him in his infancy."

INDIAN MAPLE SUGAR.

The question has been raised occasionally whether the Indians learned of the white settlers to make maple sugar, or the white men from the Indians. According to Prof. Henry W. Henshaw, who recently addressed the American Association on the subject, the Indians were indebted to their own powers of observation and invention for their method of sugar-making.

They collect the sap in birch-bark vessels, which hold in some cases a hundred gallons. They take advantage of cold April nights to freeze the sap, and in the morning throw out the ice. They evaporate it by throwing hot stones into the sap.

The sugar is eaten mixed with corn. Sometimes the pure sugar is their only diet for a month. They boil venison and rabbits in the hot sap as they evaporate it. They also make sugar from the silver maple and box elder.

That the Indians made sugar from times unknown is proved by their language, festivals and traditions. Several authors of early times, telling of their visits to the Indians, mention maple sugar, and one of them, in 1756, describes the Indian's method of preparing it. The gathering of sap and making of sugar formed one of their annual religious ceremonies.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS IN WINTER.

We all love the beautiful, deliciously fragrant apple-blossoms that charm us for a short season in the spring, and note sadly the last shower of white petals over the emerald green carpet beneath the trees. All persons do not know, however, how easily these lovely flowers may be caused to bloom indoors in winter.

If large branches are broken from the trees and placed in water in a warm, sunny window in January or February, they will soon flower; and many of the blossoms will be as beautiful and fragrant as those that bloom on the trees in spring.

Care must be taken to select such branches as have an abundance of plump blooming buds, and some of these should be removed, as well as some of the more pointed leaf buds.

Wild pear and wild cherry branches may be flowered in a similar manner; but not so satisfactorily as apple-tree limbs. No doubt many other kinds of early blooming shrubs and trees could be made to blossom in this way.

Here is an interesting field for experiment for flower-lovers, particularly for invalids and children. The satisfaction of sending to a sick neighbor or presenting to a friend a bunch of fresh apple blossoms in winter amply repays the trifling labor required to produce them.

SPOILED BY LUXURY.

Luxury and ease never bring out the highest qualities in a man's character: work and hardship are required for his best development.

William H. Seward, it is said, once ran away from college in a fit of anger at his father, and went to teach a school in a Southern State. After some months Seward thought better of his college, was reconciled to his father, and returned to his studies. A class-mate, one of the most brilliant men in the college, took charge of the Southern school.

Years after Seward met this classmate, who had married a rich Southern lady, had settled down on a large plantation, and had grown fat and lazy, doing nothing in the way of study, and turning out a very commonplace man, without ambition or intellectual power. A fine scholar had been spoiled by a life of luxury.

Mr. Seward congratulated himself on his own escape from such an ignoble fate.

"Had I married a rich plantation," he used to say, "I might have been satisfied with a life of easy indolence."

TOO MUCH "BAWL."

Twenty years ago the energetic Professor Schwarz was conducting a musical society in a New Jersey city. They were studying Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and had reached the chorus, "Hear us, Baal; hear, Mighty God."

The men's voices were booming out sonorously, when the conductor cried out: "No! No! de dreadful vowel! *Don't* say '*Ba-a-l*,' soften a leetle—give de more musical sound, '*Bäl*'—"

Whereupon the chorus took up the strain again: "Hear us, *Bael*—hear us, Bawl," but they quickly realized the peculiar fitness of the sentiment, and broke down in laughter, to the great amazement of the little German, who never saw the joke, but who reluctantly consented to the old pronunciation.

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SUGGESTIONS

THE EYE.

Notice a cat's eye in a very light room, then in a rather dark one.
Repeat, using a mirror, with your own eye.
Why do we, when in a dark room, see better after a time than at first?
Why does very bright light make us scowl?
Why can some animals see better by night than by day?

For the Companion.

EL TEKBIR.

"Do ye hear the voice of angel or of mortal
Chant the praises of the Prophet, far or near?
From the desert round about us, or Heaven's portal,
Falleth any sound of worship on the ear?"
Thus the Caliph questioned close of his attendants
In the still and lonely watches of the night,
While the crescent of their faith with its resplendence
Rendered all the desert landscape ghostly white.

"Not a whisper low from angel lips or mortal
In the stillness of the desert do we hear,
Not a strain of song escaping from Heaven's portal
Cometh to the eager soul or listening ear."
Thus the soldiers spake the Caliph;—by this token
Well their chieftain knew he heard the low Tekbir:
This it was of which his heavenly guest had spoken,
Sounding only to his hearing soft and clear.

Glad he was, for in his light, unquiet sleeping,
In the deep and silent watches of the night,
All unseen, past guards their faithful vigils keeping,
To his tent had come a messenger of light.
By the bedside of the Caliph stood the stranger,
Bade the troubled sleeper be of hearty cheer,
For a voice should lead his people out of danger,
Such a voice as no one else but him should hear.

"Follow," said the stranger, "where that voice shall call thee,
Though it lead thee through the desert wild and drear;
In obedience no evil can befall thee,
Let thy people also follow without fear:
Where it ceaseth thou shalt found for them a city.
War and pestilence shall never more come near;
Rise and lead thy trusting followers in pity,
Rise and listen for the mystical Tekbir."

At the dawn the Caliph forward boldly riding
Bore the standard of the Prophet in the van,
Followed close upon his low mysterious guiding,
Careless aught of earth or sky above to scan.
When at even the mystic chant no longer sounded,
There the tired legion halted, horse and man;
There the Kiblah of the Prophet's faith was founded,
There was traced the holy city of Kairwan.

ISAAC BASSETT COATE.

For the Companion.

THE PATCH OF SKY.

It is a paradox of human nature that they who have the most want the most. The possession of little often cultivates contentment, and sympathetic observers are frequently touched to see how easily the poor are satisfied.

A benevolent woman found in the attic of a six-story tenement-house a simple-minded lame woman who was supposed to need charitable help. She had a cordial and thankful greeting for the lady visitor, and the privation and poverty evident in everything about her gave no sign in her cheerful face.

Her little room had but one window, and this was so placed, under the roof, that it let in no sunshine; but a pitying remark on the scarcity of light through that window brought out the beautiful spirit of the cripple.

One could see, she said, by peeping out at a certain angle through one of the corner panes, a patch of sky; and her pleasure was complete when her visitor, by a twist of the neck, contrived to catch the same glimpse, and she knew that her little bit of prospect was shared by some one else.

"Over that patch of sky I love to watch the white clouds go," she said. "Sometimes they make me think of the sheep and lambs I used to see in the country; sometimes they are snow-drifts; then they sail along like great ships on the sea.

"Once in a while I fancy they are a bridal procession, marching to a grand wedding in the church. And when there are no clouds, and the sky is blue, it is like the blue eyes of my baby that I lost long ago."

Nothing could embitter the sweetness of this poor woman's good-nature, or tempt her from the pleasantest view of life. No one would have called her "bright," but she had a genius for the bright side.

By observation, and by gentle inquiries, the lady learned the woman's most pressing needs; but it was a refreshing surprise to note in that dim garret not only the entire absence of the usual whining complaints and appealing airs of beggar misery, but a temper of cheerfulness and peace that was a real inspiration.

The visitor did not go away without leaving a contribution for the cripple's comfort, but she felt that somehow she had received as much as she had given. That journey up six flights of stairs had been like climbing Jacob's Ladder, and coming down with an angel.

Most of us have, providentially, something more to do than to sit at a window and "watch the white clouds go," but one does not need to be simple-minded to feel thankful for abilities while they last, or for what little is left when these are gone.

The needful thing is the spirit of trust which believes that God never wrongs us.

Contentment, as Epictetus has said, consists not in having more but in wanting less, and true happiness remains if when misfortune reduces our possessions it also reduces our desires.

Christian poverty can say, "I have all and abound," for it looks up and claims heaven. No disaster can take away the humble believer's "patch of sky."

"— What is misery but want of God?
But God is never lost while faith remains."

A TOTAL ECLIPSE.

Few readers of *The Companion* have ever seen, or are likely ever to see, a total eclipse of the sun. The attenuated cone-shaped shadow of the moon sometimes does not reach the earth at all—in which case the eclipse is known as either "annular" or "partial"—and at best makes hardly more than a black dot upon the earth's surface. So small is this shadowed area, from which alone the observation is complete, that, as Professor Langley says in "The New Astronomy," "Many centuries usually elapse before such a total eclipse occurs at any given point."

Professor Langley, at the time of his writing, had witnessed three total eclipses,—in 1869, in 1870 and in 1878,—but had not found the spectacle less impressive upon repetition. Indeed, there is a general agreement that the sight is one to inspire a feeling of awe, not to say terror.

The eclipse of 1869 was nearly central over Louisville, Ky., and Professor Langley's station was not far from the Mammoth Cave. He had some special observations assigned to him, and of course tried to give his undivided attention to them during the few precious moments, but he says:

"A mental photograph of the whole spectacle seemed to be taking without my volition. First, the black body of the moon advanced slowly on the sun, as we have all seen it do in partial eclipses, without anything noticeable appearing; nor until the sun was nearly covered did the light of day about us seem much diminished.

"But when the sun's face was reduced to a very narrow crescent, the change was sudden and startling, for the light which fell on us not only dwindled rapidly, but became of a kind unknown before, so that a pallid appearance overspread the earth with an ugly livid hue; and as this strange wanness increased, a cold seemed to come with it.

"The impression was of something unnatural; but there was only a moment to note it, for the sun went out as suddenly as a blown-out gas-jet, and I became as suddenly aware that all around where it had been there had been growing into vision a kind of ghostly radiance, composed of separate pearly beams, as though the black circle where the sun once was bristled with pale streamers, stretching far away from it in a sort of crown."

Professor Langley was struck with "the extraordinary globular appearance of the moon." "Owing to its unwonted illumination," he says, "its actual rotundity was seen for the first time, and the result was to show it as it really is—a monstrous, solid globe, suspended by some invisible support above the earth, with nothing apparent to keep it from tumbling on us, looking at the moment very near, and more than anything else like a gigantic cannon-ball, hung by some miracle in the air above the neighboring corn-field.

"But in a few seconds all was over; the sunlight flashed from one point of the moon's edge, and then another, almost simultaneously, like suddenly kindled electric lights, which as instantly flowed into one, and it was day again."

The reader will be interested to compare these impressions of the man of science with those which the same spectacle produced upon the ignorant plantation negroes, who had gathered in considerable numbers about the astronomers' tents.

"Those trees there," said one of the observers to Professor Langley afterward, "were black with negroes, and they kept up their noise till near the last. Then they suddenly stopped, and all at once, as 'totality' came, we heard a wail and a sound of tumbling, as though the trees had been shaken of their fruit; and then the boldest did not feel safe till he was under his own bed in his own cabin."

RASH DRINK OF WATER.

A correspondent sends to *The Companion* an account of his experience in killing a tiger. He was travelling through India on official business, and in one of the villages heard of a tiger which committed nightly depredations. He bought a calf for bait, and the natives took it to a point outside the village, and fastened it to a stake under a convenient tree, where a branch, some twenty feet from the ground, hung over it.

Just before night, armed with two rifles and two pistols, all the firearms I had with me, I established myself alone upon that branch. I did not even take my one servant with me. He would only have gone to sleep and fallen to the ground.

Quietly I prepared for business. I hung my ammunition belt over the limb, where I could reach it easily. My pistol belt I hung beside it, with one pistol on each side, so that I could lay my hand upon either, instantly. One rifle I balanced against the tree, and as there was no place for the other, I held it in my hand.

All was ready, and I patiently waited. An hour went by and the moon rose, making it almost as light as day. I could see everything—everything but the tiger.

I had chosen this spot, because there was a spring not far from the tree, and the first thing the tiger would look for after lying all day in the jungle, would be a drink of water. If he came there to drink he would be sure to see and hear the calf, and make for it at once.

Between the tree and the spring stood a cluster of low shrubs. Beyond the spring there was open country, and then the jungle whence I supposed the tiger must come. I had not taken my eyes from it, but though I could see even the jackals on the edge of the jungle, there was no tiger.

Another hour went by. I was growing sleepy, and seeing no danger I took my gun and went to the spring for a drink. I was slowly walking back to the tree, when the struggles of the calf attracted my attention. It was making a most peculiar noise, and a low growl came from the bushes between me and the tree. If blood can run cold, I am sure mine did at that moment.

There I stood, in an open plain, with just one shot at my command, and a tiger between me and my only refuge.

He had evidently been there for some time. He had seen me in the tree, and had been waiting for me to go before he dared to touch the calf. If he was growling, now, at the calf, preparing for a meal, there was hope for me; but if he was growling at my coming back, it meant that he was ready to spring upon me, and there was not one atom of hope.

I did not dare to move. The calf kept up its crying, and the low, ominous purring never ceased. Then each noise grew a little more emphatic, and it was evident that between us two the tiger had decided upon the calf. A little later I saw his huge form stealthily moving about the tree. He was evidently afraid of some trick, and was investigating.

I did not move till he made the leap. Then I hurried up behind the bushes, and could see him crouching over the poor calf, drinking its blood. It was impossible for me to reach the tree. Now, if ever, was my chance. One shot must do the work. I aimed at his head and fired. I saw him loose his hold, heard him give one savage yelp, and then, to my horror, saw him turn, gnashing his teeth furiously, and come creeping toward the bushes.

I sank down on my knees, to get as much shelter as possible, and waited for what seemed as sure a death as ever faced a man. But the growling subsided into a hoarse breathing. Was the tiger dying? I cautiously rose till I could see through the upper branches. Two bright, yellow eyes, like fire-balls, and a sharp growl sent me to my knees again.

The tiger is a coward, and slow to spring upon what he cannot see. He is naturally patient, also, and for the present I dared not be otherwise than patient. So we waited. The rough ground tortured my knees till I thought I would almost rather die than bear the pain longer. Then the breeze would stir the leaves, and a low growl would convince me that I had better bear it a little longer after all.

It was a long time before I dared risk another look. There was nothing there! I crept from my hiding-place. The calf lay dead beneath the tree. The next moment I saw the tiger, almost half-way to the jungle, lying stone-dead upon the ground.

For the Companion.

MY REWARD.

Beside my path a slender tree
Drooped 'neath a winding-sheet of snow,
Its fettered arms appealed to me,
I shook it free, and bade it grow;
Next spring it bore me fruitage rare,
Repaying many fold my care.

Beside my path a fellow-man
Lay prone upon the frozen heath,
Wretched his raiment, pale and wan
His features with the hue of death;
I held my hand to him, and lo!
He scowled, and cursed, and bade me go.

"Alas!" I sadly thought, as then
I left him to pursue my way,
"Have trees more gratitude than men?"
I heard a voice within me say;
"Patience, 'twas Heaven gave the tree
The fruitage that rewarded thee."

W. B. SEABROOK.

ECONOMY AND STINGINESS.

"I declare to goodness," said the farmer, as he leaned on his hoe and watched the lawyer walk by, "that man's stingy as all creation! Got a hoss in the stable, an' walks to and from the station to save wear and tear on his old buggy." It never occurred to the farmer that the lawyer, who was cooped up in his city office all day, was walking for his health. In the same way he misjudged the young doctor, who took care of his own horse to save the expense of a hostler that he might have money to buy books and instruments.

Economy is doing without what you don't need; stinginess is doing without what you ought to have. The man of ordinary means who will not buy strawberries in midwinter is economical; the rich miser who will not buy a nutritious steak or chop, when he is weak and needs it, is stingy.

"Mother," said Harry Harmon, after his first day's work, "I'm working for the stingiest man in town. Instead of sweeping the floor right into the street, he makes me pick out every bit of paper and string, which he intends to sell."

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Harmon.

"Harry," said Mr. Harmon, looking up from his paper, "is the United States Government stingy?"

"I should say not!"

"Yet government employees are expected to account for every penny stamp, ounce of old iron, scrap of leather—indeed, every bit of waste paper and piece of string. That is not stinginess; it is economy."

There is such a thing as mistaken economy. Some things we can hire done more cheaply than we can do them ourselves. It would not be economical for our young doctor to saw his own wood and take care of his horse if these interfered with his duty to his patients, any more than it would be for the wood-sawyer to prescribe his own medicines to save the doctor's fee.

"Do you know," said a prosperous lawyer to his fellow-traveller on the suburban train, "I believe I'll re-shingle my barn during the court vacation. I might just as well as not save the money."

"H'm!" said his friend, dubiously. "I hope you will save money, but I doubt if that is an economical way to do it."

The lawyer did not see the force of this remark until he slid off the roof and broke his arm. Then he counted up his pain, the doctor's bill and the expense of shingling, which had to be done anyhow, and sent word to his friend that if he "saved much more money that way, he would be ruined."

This reminds one of the literary gentleman who undertook to paint the interior of his house.

"My dear," he said to his wife, "the painter is extortionate enough to ask thirty-two dollars for the job. Now I can buy the paint, oil, turpentine and brushes for fourteen dollars, and save eighteen dollars. You know what Franklin said about a penny earned?"

His wife knew, but being a wise little woman, said nothing for a week, and then she laid this account before his eyes:

Paint, brushes, etc.	$14.00
1 Pair trousers ruined	8.00
1 Moquette carpet, daubed with paint and virtually ruined	30.00
1 Mirror broken	3.00
Total	$55.00

"Did Franklin say anything about the cobbler sticking to his last?"

SANG THE BABY TO SLEEP.

A correspondent of the *Merchant Traveller* was lately on the road with a fellow "drummer," when a baby began crying at a violent rate. Every one in the car was disturbed, and conversation became impossible. The baby's mother, meantime, was doing all in her power to quiet it, but without success. Much as the other passengers may have pitied her, not one of them came to her assistance.

At last Walsh said to me, "I'm going to help that poor woman out. She looks sick and tired."

Without more ado he walked over to the woman, and asked leave to take the child. The request was so kindly made that the mother's confidence was gained at once, and with a little urging she put the crying child into Walsh's arms.

The passengers stared, but Walsh had been too long on the road to mind anything so harmless as that; besides, he was a father himself.

He handled the baby like a veteran, and sang what I suppose was the only tune he ever knew, a very pretty melody, by the way:

"By, baby, day is over,
Bees are drowsing in the clover,
By, baby, by;
Now the sun to earth is sinking,
While the cow-bells tinkle, tinkle,
By, baby, by."

He sang the verse over and over till the words were printed upon my brain never to be erased. It was not long before the baby began to lower its tone, and then, except for an occasional sob, it soon became quiet. Then suddenly a gentle murmur of voices was heard from the farther end of the car, humming the same words to the same tune, but in subdued and beautiful harmony.

The singers were members of a college glee club on their way to Chicago. They had quietly learned the words and the tune, and now joined in the effort to keep the baby quiet. A more surprised man than Walsh you never saw, but he soon got his "second wind," as the saying is.

"That's beautiful, boys," he said; "keep it up. I'll do the shooing while you do the singing."

The bargain was struck and faithfully carried out, and the tired mother and the disturbed passengers all had a peaceful ride, thanks to the thoughtful kindness of a dry-goods drummer.

TOO EAGER.

The Companion recently printed a story about a woman who had no doubt that she could paint pictures if a certain famous artist would only "tell her how he did it." The Boston *Courier* has a similar anecdote, and the two, if we are to believe them, seem to indicate that the old saying, "Art is long," is no longer universally believed, even for "substance of doctrine."

A well-known vocal teacher of Boston, whose reputation brings him pupils from all over the country, relates that there once came to him a lady who announced herself as a music teacher from a Western city, and declared her intention of taking a course of lessons. She asked his terms, and pronounced them satisfactory, and then went on to talk about the time of lessons.

"You see," she explained, "I have only a limited time in Boston, and I must manage so as to get the whole twenty lessons into that."

"How long are you to be here?" the other asked.

"Three weeks," she replied.

"Twenty lessons in three weeks!" he exclaimed, aghast. "How could that be done?"

"Oh," she responded easily, "I could take two lessons some days."

"Yes," the teacher answered, "or you might take the whole twenty lessons one after the other all at once. That would only take about ten hours."

The face of the lady brightened.

"Would you really be willing to give them to me that way?" she asked. "Then I could get home inside of ten days, and get my advertisement as your pupil printed before the end of vacation." And the amusing part of the story is, that the woman could not be made to see the absurdity of her suggestion.

HUMORS OF CHINATOWN.

"Chinatown as a spectacle is disappointing," says Mr. Rüs in his "Studies Among the Tenements of New York;" but he found therein some things to tickle his sense of humor, and other things at which he laughed that he might not weep. One evening, while going through Mott Street,—the Chinese quarter,—he heard a woman shrieking in a cellar. Descending with his companion, a policeman, he discovered a Chinaman beating his white "wife" with a broom-handle.

"She velly bad!" shouted the Chinaman, as the two Americans, prejudiced against wife-beating, caught hold of his arms, and released the woman.

"S'pose your wifee bad, you no lickee her?" he asked, turning fiercely upon Mr. Rüs.

"No, I wouldn't; I'd never think of striking a woman," answered the American.

The amazed Chinaman eyed him in silence for a moment, and then contemptuously answered:

"Then, I guess, she lickee you."

Going into a Joss-house, he discovered among the Chinese scrawls on the walls the inscription, in English letters, "In God We Trust." It had been copied from the trade dollar, and the priest explained that the inscription was a delicate compliment to the "Melican Joss," the almighty dollar.

On his own shores John Chinaman may be a thousand years behind the age, but here he has been so influenced by the "Melican Joss" that he is abreast of the age in his scheming to "make it pay." He turns everything, from "Joss" down, into cash, or that which cash buys.

FADING.

In a small town of Northern Vermont the inhabitants are noted for their early marriages. An unmarried young woman who has passed her twenty-fifth birthday is universally regarded as an "old maid," and a young man who has reached the same age in an unwedded state is pronounced a confirmed bachelor, and the young people themselves appear to accept the current opinion.

One handsome young fellow, twenty-six years old, was a great trial to his mother, a bustling, energetic farmer's wife. As she lamented to a summer boarder, "it did seem as if Hiram was possessed to stay single," no matter what she could say.

"An' 'taint likely," she would add, fretfully, "that any girl will be takin' up with him after a year or two, when he's settled down an' beginnin' to look old!"

Hiram himself was not given to sentiment, and furthermore was quite unconscious of his own attractions. He showed the summer boarder some dreadful photographs of himself, which had been taken the previous winter to please his mother, and remarked, gravely:

"Mother was set on havin' 'em, an' I only waited to see if I wa'n't likely to get any better-lookin'. But come last winter I see I was beginnin' to fade, so I had 'em took right away!"

The contrast between the speaker's youthful appearance and his words was almost too much for his hearer.

PUZZLED FRENCHMAN.

Inappropriate words, says an exchange, may convey the meaning unmistakably, without being in accordance with the English idiom. A Frenchman, while looking at a number of vessels, exclaimed, "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock.

To assist him in mastering the intricacies of the English language, he was told that a flock of girls was called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, but that a pack of cards is never called a bevy, though a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, while a host of porpoises is termed a shoal.

He was told that a host of oxen is termed a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is termed a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of bullocks is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called the *élite*.

The last word being French, the scholar understood it and asked no more.

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For the Companion.

THE CHILDREN'S RICHES.

Ralph has a castle, gloomy and grand,
Battled, and moated, and gray,
And over the drawbridge a belted knight
Is galloping hard away.

Beth has a playhouse with lovely dolls,
And sets for dinner and tea.
How strange! its roof is the castle's moat,
And the castle itself, a tree.

And Ernest, our artist, thoughtful and wise—
What wealth is in his stronghold!
Sees a rocky pasture where flocks of sheep
Are hurrying to their fold.

Maude has but a gypsy within her tent,
With turban and cloak so gay,
But the old wife tells her a fortune rare,
That our darling shall have some day.

O wondrous riches! O happy hearts!
A marvel I now declare,
For castle and gypsy and sheep all lie
On an area one foot square.

Alas for the castle, gloomy and grand!
Alas for the gypsy gay!
For the sun shone bright on the frosted pane,
And melted them all away.

KATE LAWRENCE.

For the Companion.

UNCLE TROTT'S JOURNEY TO THE "SETTLEMENT."

"Uncle Trott, did you ever see a wolf?"

Little Gib was busily putting together the "sliced animals," a large box of which Aunt Lena had hung for him on the Christmas-tree.

"Wha-wha-what's that you're chattering about?" said Uncle Trott, sleepily pulling off the big red handkerchief from his head.

"Why, did you ever see a wolf, Uncle Trott—like this, you know?" said Gib, exhibiting his specimen.

Uncle Trott pushed his spectacles, which, in his nap, had slid down to the tip of his nose, up to his eyes again. Then he laughed till his wig fell over one ear and his cane clattered down on the brick hearth.

"Did I ever see a wolf like this?" echoed Uncle Trott. "Why, no, Gib. A wolf don't have a horse's tail, nor a horn on the end of his nose."

"But did you ever see a really wolf, Uncle Trott?" persisted Gib.

"Well, I *thought* I came pretty near it once," laughed Uncle Trott.

"Oh, tell me about it, please do, Uncle Trott!"

"The winter I was ten years old my father went logging away up on Wild River. We lived in the woods, and there was only one neighbor—Mr. Lovejoy, living two miles off—between us and the 'settlement,' five miles away.

"Along toward the last of February we got out of provisions. We had eked and eked, expecting father home every day, till now there was nothing in the house but some unground wheat. This mother used to boil into mush, and with the milk from our cow we managed. But one morning mother started me to the settlement for a little pork and meal. I was to call on my way home at Mr. Lovejoy's for a goose—her name was Nancy—that my mother had paid for by spinning flax.

"With my new '*buskins*' strapped on tight, and my homespun coat well pinned up with buckthorns, I started off in high spirits. I should have done well enough if I hadn't stopped so long at Mr. Lovejoy's. Jim Lovejoy was about my age. He was 'breaking' his yoke of calves, and it was long after sundown before I slung the heavy old goose, pork and meal over my shoulder and started.
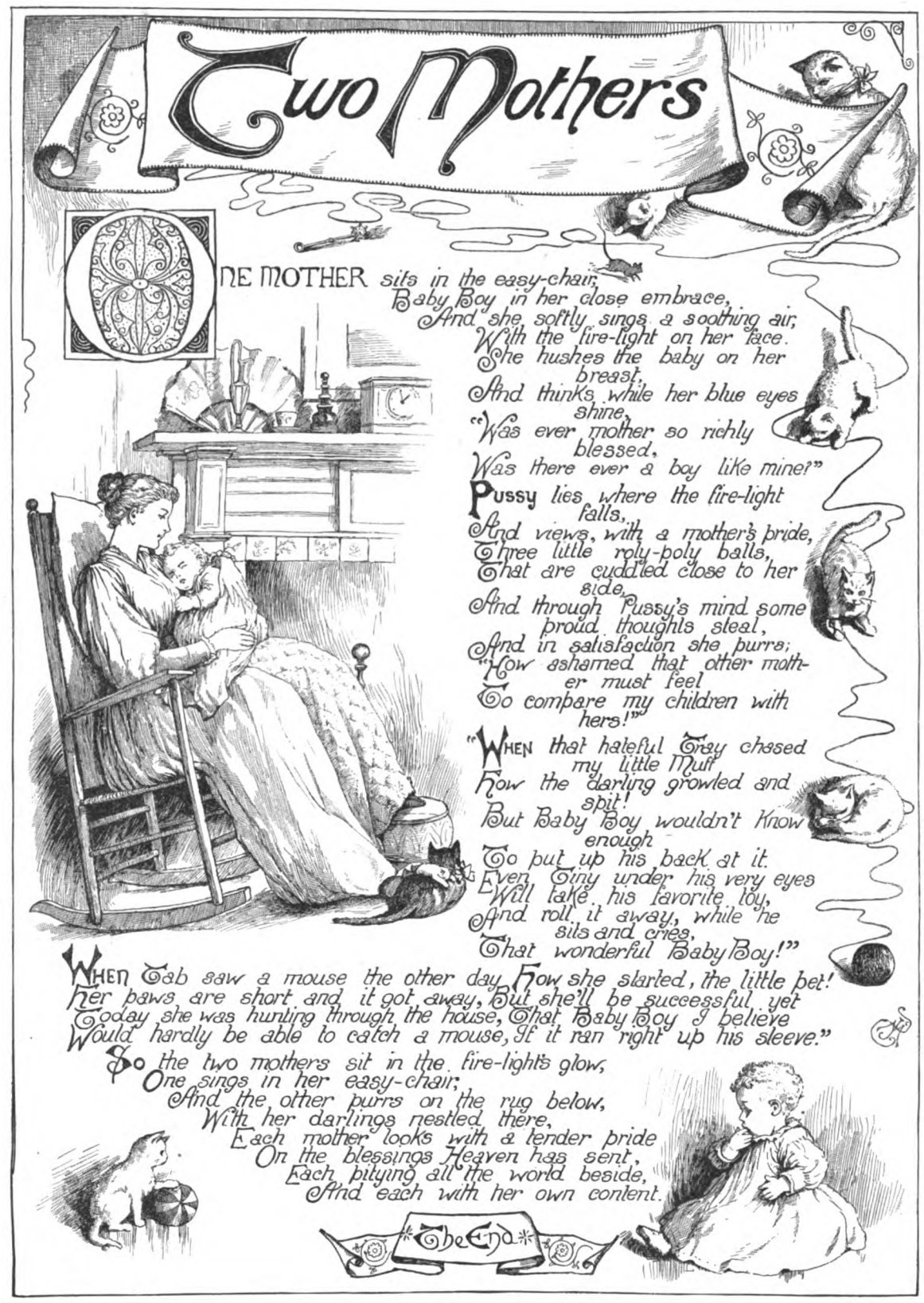
"I hadn't got far on my way when I heard a queer noise in the woods behind me. It frightened me dreadfully, for I thought it *must* be a wolf and I would have to run back to Mr. Lovejoy's, but *it* was between me and his place, so I just put those new buskins into a run for home.

"Oh, how I did run! And it seemed, too, that I didn't get over the ground a mite! But *my wolf* skulked on, too. 'Twas real dark now, and only the silver edge of a new moon hung low over the treetops.

"I had got about half-way home when I thought of the pork, and threw it off my back as I ran, shouting. He stopped to sniff it over a minute, and I got on a good piece—to the great pine-tree on the edge of father's lot. Then I heard him patting in the woods off at one side. Off went the little bag of meal. He didn't sniff at that. Then I knew that he was after the goose. In my terror I just let go her great red feet, and she dropped in the path behind me. I heard a great '*quarking*' as I leaped out into the clearing, and saw mother, who had heard my shouts, running toward me waving a firebrand.

"Mother had no mind to lose her goose that had cost her so much hard labor. Waving her brand she ran on into the woods, and came upon—an old red fox trying to shoulder Nancy and run off with her! I suppose he had got dreadfully hungry, and the delicious smell of the goose had drawn him on to follow me, thinking—if foxes do think—that he *might* get a taste.

"Poor Nancy was quite dead, and mother gave me a great scolding, first for loitering so long at Mr. Lovejoy's, then for being such a coward as to drop the goose for nothing but a crafty old fox."



For the Companion.

BETH'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

In she ran a little after noon, eager to tell mamma all about it.

"I should think I wouldn't ever have to learn another single thing," she cried, all out of breath, "for I learned so much to-day! I like my teacher *pretty* well; she isn't *very* cross, but she isn't near so nice as you are, mamma.

"I sat next to Flossy, which is a real comfort, 'cause we live next door to each other, and are pretty good bosom friends, and I saw a lot of little girls and boys I didn't know at all; and whenever I looked at them, I felt a funny feeling in my throat, and I kind of wanted to come home, and see if you were lonesome without me.

"So I reached across and squeezed Flossy's hand, and I told her I was glad that she lived near me, even if she did make me mad sometimes. Then the teacher came by, and said, 'Don't whisper, dear,' and that's all I didn't like her for.

"By and by we were all hot and tired, and I was thinking how nice it would be if you could cuddle and rock me in your lap awhile. And the teacher said, 'Now let every one of you put your heads down on your desks and shut your eyes tight, till I tell you to open them.' So we did, and pretty soon she clapped her hands and said, 'Wake up, little folks,' and she had drawn a picture on the blackboard, of a dog with a stovepipe hat on, sitting on a chair, with a curly tail!

"I'm dreadful hungry though, and I guess I won't go any more, if you don't mind, 'cause it's so prickly to sit still."

ONE evening a hand-lamp stood on the parlor table beside the big one, and both were lighted. Pretty soon Edna's sharp ears caught a funny sound. "O-oh!" she cried, "dust hear the mamma-lamp singing to its baby!"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

LETTER ENIGMA.

The words in italics contain the letters forming the answer, which is the name of an eminent American statesman, who died on March 11, 1874.

In *Congress*, where the laws are made;
In *Washington*, in which we've strayed;
In *statesmen*, who have speeches great;
In *Representative* of state;
In *politicians*, zealous set;
In *legislatures* that have met;
In *speeches*, that are full of life;
In *politics*, that breed a strife:
Republicans have use of me;
With *Democrats* I'm sure to be;
In *Prohibition* I am placed;
Greenbackers I have often graced;
From Knights of *Labor* not erased.

F. S. F.

2.

A VARIETY PUZZLE.

Vowels are to take the place of crosses in the following incomplete sentences, which are proverbs. When these have been found, select one word from each sentence and write them down, one underneath the other, and the central letters will spell the name of a popular writer of juvenile stories who died on March 9, 1825.

1. Txxrrxshxmxntxfxrgxvxdxvxnx.
2. Thxfxrstblxwmxkxsthxfrxy.
3. Mxrxhxstxlxssspxxd.
4. Xnxblxlxfxkxxpsxffwrxnklxs.
5. Xmxrcxfxlmxnxsmxrcxfxltxhxsbxxst.
6. Xdrxwnxngmxnwxllcxtchxtxstrxw.
7. Lxvxlxkxttxnsmxkxsxbxrxldcxts.
8. Yxxcxnnxtcxtchxldbxrdswxthchxff.
9. Trxthlxxsxnxwxll.
10. Xgxthxnksxllyxxthfxllx.
11. Lxxngrxdxsxndxbtsbxck.

O. D. V.

3.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a personal pronoun.
My *second* is a number.
My *third* is the lower part of a window.
My *whole* is any tool of a trade.

A. M. P.

4.

CONNECTED HALF-SQUARES.

I.

1. Suffering.
2. Performers.
3. Part of a priest's vestment.
4. Alone.
5. Rage.
6. A bone (surgery).
7. A letter from Spain.

II.

1. One of the days of the week.
2. A confederation.
3. A river in Africa.
4. A beautiful, fleet animal.
5. An article much used.
6. A letter from Italy.

The first words connected will give one of the holy days in Lent.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1.

W I N D
I D E A
N E S T
D A T E

2.

S H A L L O T
U T T E R E R
G A R R O T E
A T T R I T E
R E T R A C T
M A D D O N N A
A N T W E R P
K I N G C U P
I T E R A T E
N O D U L A R
G R O V E L S

Primals—Sugar-making.
Finals—Tree-tappers.

3.

T A S T E
C A T E R
C A D E S
T R A C T A R I A N S
I N T E R V E N I N G
C O N S P I R A T O R
R E D A N
N I S A N
A D D L E
S T A I D
M A Y O R

Central row—St. David's Day.

4. Father, Country, Fatner Haydn, Austria, baptismal, Francis Joseph Haydn, musical, Oratorio, Creation, composed, pervaded, symphonies.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

ANOTHER CONSUMPTION CURE.

Doctor Koch's treatment for the cure of consumption is exciting the deepest interest throughout the civilized world, and is already being tried in the United States with hopeful results. It will be remembered that Doctor Koch, though a man of known scientific caution, is confident that, in its earlier stage, the disease can be cured by his method.

Meanwhile, and for several years, Doctor Roussel, of Paris, has been experimenting with another mode of treatment. Doctor Koch seeks to kill the microbes by destroying the material that feeds them. Doctor Roussel aims to kill the microbes directly. Both employ hypodermic injections. Koch uses a fluid peculiarly compounded. Roussel uses a well-known antiseptic eucalyptol, mixed with sterilized olive-oil.

The eucalyptol is carried everywhere with the blood, reaching every tissue, and is finally eliminated by the lungs, kidneys and sweat-glands. It is believed by Doctor Roussel to be fatal to the microbe of consumption. The oil nourishes the system.

Doctor Roussel regards the usual consumptive symptoms—suppuration, expectoration, high temperature and night sweats—as nature's efforts to get rid of the microbes, and holds that the remedy should not aim to check these symptoms, but to attack the microbes themselves. At the same time he does not lose sight of the fact that attention should be paid to general hygiene, ventilation, sunlight and sanitary clothing.

The more fully to test the efficacy of his treatment, he made no changes in the surroundings of his patients, or in their mode of life.

His method requires the injections to be continued several months, to make sure that the eucalyptol pervades every tissue of the body. One of the earliest patients treated was sent to him by the eminent Doctor Fauvel.

The patient's right lung was affected, and the expectorations contained numerous microbes of consumption. In one year the microbes had all disappeared, the man's weight had increased, and he was able to return to work. He has continued well for six years. Many physicians have examined the case.

In 1888 Doctor Roussel brought eighteen consumptives before the Society of Practical Medicine. A year later fifteen of the same persons were brought before the society again, for reëxamination. All appeared to be cured or greatly improved. In thirty other cases Doctor Roussel had similar examinations made by eminent experts, with similar results.

WHAT COLORS TELL.

When one lights a common sulphur match in the dark it is worth while to notice what happens. First, its phosphorus gives out faint yellow rays, and almost at the same time the sulphur begins to burn with bluish beams.

As yet the flame yields little light. In a moment or two the wood of the match takes fire, and then a stream of clear white light pours forth. Each of the materials of the match, its phosphorus, sulphur and wood, has shone in burning with a color of its own.

In a street lighted by electricity and gas, the eye detects at once the difference between the white rays of the one, and the yellow beams of the other. If nitrate of strontia is set on fire we have a splendid red flame. Filings of copper burn with a glow of greenish blue, and a fine, pure blue is had when filings of zinc are ignited. These and other such substances furnish the maker of fireworks with his materials.

Rockets, roman candles and bombs all derive their beauty from the special tints which attend the combustion of their ingredients. And any one who has once seen the colors peculiar to common salt, iron or antimony, as they trace themselves on the evening sky, will always know what is aflame when he sees those colors again.

Sir John Herschel was the first to understand that colors of this kind tell a wonderful story. He well knew how the stars varied in tint, that Aldebaran was ruddy, Arcturus yellow, and Sirius, the most glorious of all, white. Might not the colors of a body aflame, whether on earth or in the sky, really be telling us of what that body was composed?

His suggestion was taken up, and its fruit is that marvel of ingenuity, the spectroscope. One of its principal parts is a prism employed to break up the beam from flame or star into its rays of various hues. These hues, which are divided by many dark lines, make known to us that the sun and stars are built of such materials as compose our own globe.

Yet more, they tell us what kind of atmosphere surrounds them; and most astonishing of all, give us the rate at which a remote star is moving toward or from the tiny orb we inhabit.

TO GIVE AWAY.

A boy of five or six years, according to a story in the Chicago *Herald*, was made happy by the arrival of a baby sister. He had been the only child in the family, and being a good and obedient boy, had been humored till he was perhaps in some danger of being spoiled. Before the little new sister was many weeks old, however, Master Fred began to feel that his own position was sadly altered.

The stranger had supplanted him. Father, mother and servants were all the time talking about the baby. There was no mistake; Fred was no longer king.

The boy began to be unhappy, and just then he remembered a placard which his father had put up at a conspicuous point on the premises some months before,—"Ashes to give away. Inquire within." Fred had taken great interest in this notice, and had inquired minutely into its meaning. He remembered now that very soon afterward a man called and carted away the ashes.

He had been to the kindergarten, and could spell and print after a fashion. So, with such helps and hints as he was able to get slyly from the servants, he managed to concoct the following sign, which his astonished father one day found posted in a sightly position, as he came home to dinner:

"A BaBy tO give awaY.
INquire oF FrED."

AFTER THE APPLES.

A gentleman who some years ago had occasion to take a long journey through the Caucasus, was accompanied by a servant and guide, who told him many stories of the country—stories of danger and peril in that bear-frequented forest land. Once, Stepan, the guide, and a friend of his had observed an apple-tree well laden with fruit, some seven or eight versts from their village in the forest. It stood unclaimed of man, almost the only relic of some once prosperous Tscherkess village. Stepan and his friend arranged to meet at the tree one morning early, and share the fruit.

When Stepan came near the tree, he saw some one already engaged in throwing the apples down. Thinking his friend was trying to steal a march on him, the irate Stepan heaped all manner of abuse on him, and at last, getting no answer, fairly yelled with rage, and began to throw things into the tree.

Then the shower of apples ceased, and with a gruff snort, a huge old bear came tumbling out of the tree, almost on top of the terrified villager. As usual in such cases, Bruin was quite as much frightened as the man, and shambled off as quickly as possible, leaving the apples to Stepan and his friend.

UNTIMELY INTERRUPTION.

Loud talking in public places is vulgar, especially on the part of women, and more especially when the matters talked about are of a private and personal nature.

The Kansas City *Star* reports that a very pretty young lady was lately conversing with a young gentleman in a street-car, and pitched her voice so high that none of the passengers could help hearing every word.

"This is my birthday," she said. Every one was interested, the speaker's escort in particular.

"Is that so?" said he.

"Guess how old."

"I can't."

"Shall I have to tell you? Well, it's my —"

"Twenty-fourth!" bawled the conductor, as he opened the door. The passengers all knew that it could not be true, but the young lady was annoyed, and perhaps angry. At all events, her fellow-travellers heard nothing more from her.

STRAIGHT LINES.

A commercial traveller entered the office of a hotel, as reported by one of our exchanges, and picking up a pen, proceeded to make several perpendicular lines upon the register.

When he had made half a dozen, more or less, he threw down the pen, with some exclamation about its being unfit to write with. Then he took up another, and began making more straight marks, like capital I's with the shoulders cut off.

By this time the clerk was angry, and informed the "drummer" that the register was intended for signatures, and must not be defaced in that manner.

"Oh, don't get mad about it," said the man with the pen.

He made a few horizontal dashes, and giving the register a twirl, showed the angry clerk that he had only been writing his name, which was H. H. HILL.

NOT AFRAID.

Charlie Wall's father had gone out, just at dusk of a winter afternoon, to do the nightly chores. In due time Mrs. Wall asked Charlie to run to the barn, which was at some distance, and tell his father that supper was ready.

The boy opened the door, but as he saw how dark it was, he started back. "I don't want to go, mamma'" he said. "Let Katie go!"

Katie, who was nearly two years older than her brother, at once cried out:

"Oh, Charlie's afraid of the dark! Charlie's afraid of the dark!"

"No, I aint afraid of the dark, either," said the little fellow, stoutly, "but if I get out into it, I'm afraid I shall be!"

We have sold ten thousand pairs of the $1.87 Common Sense Ladies' Boot, advertised in Feb. 19th issue of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. Mooar Bros., 1397 Tremont Street, Boston. [*Adv.*

1890 CENSUS.

AGENTS: Rand, McNally & Co.'s Indexed Atlas of the World, just out. Gives both old and **new population figures.** Over 300 pages, 14½ x 11½ inches; new, double page, large scale maps; latest changes, revised statistics, completed and projected railroads, elaborate diagrams, important chronological and astronomical data, comprehensive index, valuable illustrations. **Popular price, $3.75.** Write to our nearest house for liberal terms, and sample map.
RAND, McNALLY & CO.,
323 Broadway, N. Y. City, & 166 Adams St., Chicago, Ills.

Something Entirely New in
GLOVES.



By means of the **New Healey Fastener** at the wrist, our Saxe Gloves are made perfect-fitting, stylish and durable.
Every pair guaranteed the **best** gloves in the world for **$1.25.** *Colors:* Tans, Modes, Browns. Sent, post-paid, upon receipt of size, price and address.
A 2-cent stamp will bring you a descriptive circular.
HEALEY GLOVE CO., Boston, Mass.



COLORED SILKS.
INDIAS.
Surahs,
Faille Francaises,
Gros Grains,
Latest Spring (1891) designs and shades, largest assortments and LOWEST PRICES.
BLACK SILKS.
All Popular Weaves.
Best Goods in the World.
LOWEST PRICES.
DRESS GOODS, Plains and Novelties for Spring, 1891. Very large stocks.
We Send Silk or Dress Goods samples free to any address.
Catalogue for the asking. Send name.
JOS. HORNE & CO., 609-621 PENN AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Suspender Buttons Off?
That is because the rubber in the old elastic Suspender plays out so often. The New
CENTURY-BRACE
TRADE MARK
is the **Best** because **Always Elastic.** Ask your dealer, and if he does not keep them, send to us and we will tell you **Why** the Century Brace is the best Suspender.
Send 50c. for plain; $1.00 for silk fig'd pair, post-paid.
CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., Roxbury, Mass.

Dress Goods.
The following goods were made specially to our order for Spring and Early Summer Wear, and are of unusual value:
Plain Serge Homespun, 52 inches wide, $1.00 per yard; Flecked, Checked and Plaid Homespun, 52 inches wide, $1.00 per yard; Mixed and Checked Boucle Homespun, same width, $1.25 per yard.
Samples sent on request.
James McCreery & Co.,
Broadway and 11th Street,
New York.

10 cts. Per Yard
For a beautiful wool finish, thin dress fabric made by the famous MERRIMACK mills, known as
Llama Cloth.
In exquisite colorings and patterns, also black grounds with white figures. The width is 30 inches, and 10 yards is enough for a dress pattern. Postage 20c. extra. An entire dress costs but $1.20. Send for samples of one of the best thin wool finish dress fabrics ever sold by
SHEPARD, NORWELL & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.



Awarded the medal for superior quality of material and proficiency in workmanship over all other shoe exhibits, by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, Boston, 1890.



For GENTLEMEN.
$5.00 Genuine Hand-Sewed.
$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe.
$3.50 Police and Farmer.
$2.50 Extra Value Calf Shoe.
$2.25 Working-man's Shoe.
$2.00 Goodwear Shoe.



For LADIES.
$3.00 Hand-Sewed.
$2.50 Best Dongola.
$2.00 Extra Value.
$1.75 For MISSES.
For BOYS & YOUTHS.
$2 & $1.75
SCHOOL SHOES.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE.
Best in the World. **Sales, 1890, 250,077 pairs.**

W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe for gentlemen is now beginning the eighth year of its prosperity, gained by merit alone. It is worn in every State and Territory, as well as in many foreign countries. When once tried, no other shoe will ever give the same satisfaction. Thousands have shown their appreciation of its worth by unsolicited testimonials. None have found cause to complain. This shoe is offered on its worth, and as such is commended to those who have never worn it, with the assurance that it will be found perfectly satisfactory in style, wear and fit. To present wearers:—Your frequent kind words to us fully express your opinion.

Every Pair Warranted.



The full lines of W. L. Douglas shoes, and how to get them, were fully described on page 56, January 22d number of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, to which your attention is directed. As there stated, every pair is worth the price asked, and all imperfections caused through fault in manufacturing are promptly made good upon notification. Be sure that you read carefully the caution, that you may not be deceived by other makes represented to be just as good. Ask your shoe-dealer to write us for samples and terms.

This cut shows W. L. Douglas $3 Congress Shoe. They are made also in Lace and Button and all styles of toe.

TO RETAIL SHOE-DEALERS, AND GENERAL STORE PROPRIETORS.

We wish to call your attention to the desirability of being locally connected with the W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe. The demand for them is constantly increasing, and mail orders from consumers for single pairs make it necessary for us to establish agencies at once in unoccupied territory, as we prefer to do, instead of supplying direct from factory, free by mail to points where we have no local agent.
The increasing business of our agents is, no doubt, due to being advertised in connection with our specialties, and we claim and know that many concerns, on beginning business, have obtained immediate notoriety by taking the agency and pushing the sales of the W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe.
We offer to reputable shoe-dealers and general merchants who will push W. L. Douglas Shoes, an opportunity to secure territory, and we will agree to protect all agents who will show sufficient interest in doing so. Illustrated wholesale Catalogue sent on application only to shoe-dealers and general merchants who mean business.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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For the Companion.

THROWN ON HER OWN RESOURCES.

What Can a Girl Do?

Second Paper. — By Amelia E. Barr.

Thrown upon her own resources, what shall a woman do for herself? If her feet have been firmly set upon the rock of some useful knowledge, if she has had special training for some specified work, if she is rid of the idea that her *tact* will do instead of *skill*, then she has taken hostages from fortune, and fears not the evil day, if it comes. Then she is a woman whom sorrow cannot crush, nor prosperity weaken; for she understands the cunning in her ten fingers; or knows that her brains are good for bread to eat and raiment to put on.

Then she can dare to be that for which God made her; and she can traffic freely, for His honor and her own profit with the portion of skill or intellect allotted her.

But if her education has been so good that it is good-for-nothing, if she can only "play pieces" and "make pictures," if she does not *know* what she *does*, then her attainments are like the flowers stuck into a child's garden without root.

Nothing that she has can be turned into gold by the touch of adversity; and she herself is full of uncertainty and fear, vacillating and weak, with the trepidation of a captivity, mental and social, from which she cannot escape.

How shall such women spring out of their own shadow? How shall they realize that portion of their life which is as yet an unclaimed dividend? How shall they make their wishes and their fate agree, and bring their external existence into harmony with their inner life and their actual physical necessities?

These are grave questions; and the more so because they must depend in some measure upon individuality and environment.

Taste the Best Guide.

But, thrown suddenly upon her own resources, a woman may remember, first, that taste is ever a true touchstone; and that what she likes is significant of what she is, and of what she can do.

Nor is the word "unfeminine" always to be taken as a bar to certain vocations. No one has the right to decide for others what is, or what is not, a proper employment; for the proper employment of all human beings is the largest and highest which they are able to compass and fulfil.

From every field of labor there rises a ladder whose top reaches the highest eminence; and to fashion a horseshoe out of a piece of brute iron is as honorable a duty, if well done, as to write a book, or to paint a picture.

The field of woman's work is wide, and its borders are constantly enlarging; so that a woman thrown on her own resources cannot possibly miss employment if she estimates her own capacities justly, and honestly admits her limitations.

The trouble is, few girls, and even few women, are willing to be so far candid with themselves. They set out on a wrong road to success, and consequently never reach it.

The tendency with all is to seek professional work, because they have an idea that it is more respectable than other work. Many turn instinctively to literature. In one sense this instinct is not at fault, for here the race is fair—if the female pen is fleetest it wins.

But writing does not come by nature. It is an art to be seriously and sedulously pursued. That condition of mental excitement called "inspiration" is of small importance as a bread-winner; it is the exercise of reason, reflection, and study that tells. It is the habit of constantly acquiring information, as just "so much stock in trade." Girls who rely on anything less solid, will find literature a broken reed to lean upon.

This is true also of its asides. To be index-makers—a profitable employment—one must have a clear head and very great patience. To be an amanuensis, one requires a good education, and such a sympathetic mind as will enable one to enter into and follow the author's thought. To be a proof-reader demands a general high culture, and an intimate acquaintance with literature, ancient and modern.

The Field of Art.

In music and art "a fair field and no favor" has also been granted to women; but in their highest branches, public opinion is inexorable, and pitiless to mediocrity. Success is absolutely dependent upon natural abilities, highly and thoroughly cultivated.

Not a few women make good livings by designing costumes, furniture, or wall papers, but the designer is a creator, and this faculty has always been confined to a small number, both of men and women. Before choosing designing as a means of livelihood, girls must reflect that the ability to draw well by no means proves the ability to design.

Drawing is only the tool; the design is the thought; and though schools may furnish natural designers with tools, they cannot make designers.

If, therefore, a girl has not this "faculty divine," years of study will never make her more than a copyist.

Medicine, as a profession depending largely upon insight into individual peculiarities, seems to be specially the office of women. An illustrious physician says, "There are no diseases, there are diseased people;" and the remark explains why women who read character instinctively ought to be admirable physicians.

If use and wont confer any right, then women have an inherited one, wide as the world, and coeval with history, to the practice of medicine.

They are the recognized natural physicians of the household. Who ever dreams of asking his grandfather or his uncle what he shall do for his cold, if there are women in the house? Who ever goes to the men with a cut finger?

A girl who has a taste for the study of medicine has a right to resume the lapsed vocation of her sex; for it is a natural one, and can be barred neither by lapse of time nor by cultivated prejudice.

In some respects the legal profession is preëminently suitable for women. Most lawyers are rather mechanics-at-law than attorneys or scholars-at-law; and in the mechanical part, any women of ordinary intelligence could be as good conveyancers, could follow precedents as carefully, copy forms as neatly, and write out wills, deeds, mortgages, and other documents.

Special pleading is a natural gift of women, and surely their presence in court would add dignity and courtesy to the manners of both bench and bar.

Teachers must be born teachers, for the power to impart knowledge is a free gift of nature. Those who accept the office just for a livelihood degrade both it and themselves; the duties are reluctantly undertaken, the children suffer in point of intelligence, and the teacher suffers morally. For all these professions there must be a conscious true vocation; that is, "a call"—a call so clear and sure that it is stronger than the obstacles that are opposed to it.

Manual Employment.

It is very certain that society restricts the employments of women, where neither physical nor mental restriction is laid. I knew a woman who was a superior saddler, another who learned her husband's trade, and was a clever tinsmith.

Tailoring, the cutting and setting of gems, the chasing of precious metals, printing, engraving, and many other semi-mechanical arts, are the natural work of women.

In France all vocations are open to women; and experience shows that when men and women are left thus free, one-third of the women choose men's work, and one-third of the men choose women's.

Good! "The tools to those who can handle them!" This is the latest social evangel.

Now I will magnify the woman's work generally put lowest of all—domestic service. A girl without special creative or mechanical aptitudes will possibly fail with all her study and diligence. But for the girl who understands the mysteries of soups and jellies, who can invent delicious desserts and confections, who can cook game to a turn, who can make raised pastry for game pies, and braise and pot meats, there is no such word as failure.

Expert Cooking.

The profession of an artistic cook is no despicable one; and it is yet very far from being overcrowded. Expert cooks receive salaries which the majority of professional men never reach; and I am amazed that more women do not study, in a scientific manner, the art which made Soyer and Blot not only rich themselves, but the benefactors of their kind.

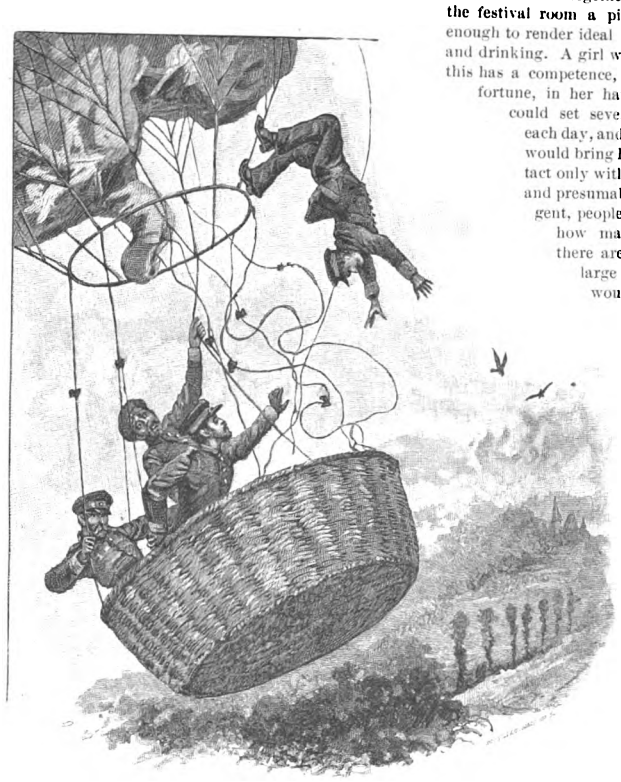
A certain proficient in this science at the beginning of each season has nearly every hour employed. Keeping her own home as a covert, she goes to one house where a great dinner is to be given, and takes charge of the sweetmeats or soups; to another to make the pastry; to a third to make fine force-meats and truss the game.

She is an important person in every house that employs a portion of her time; she is respected by its inmates, and generously and ungrudgingly paid.

Akin to this vocation there is that of table-setter. If a girl has taste, she would soon become known to wealthy entertainers as an adept in the setting and ornamentation of the dinner-table and the dining-room.

It would be her duty to see that the damask, silver, crystal, flowers, bric-a-brac, all served together to make the festival room a picture fine enough to render ideal the eating and drinking. A girl who can do this has a competence, perhaps a fortune, in her hands. She could set several tables each day, and her work would bring her in contact only with wealthy, and presumably intelligent, people. Again, how many ladies there are in every large city who would be glad to delegate during the summer months the cleaning and refurnishing of their homes to a woman who could prove her ability to direct the subordinates under her; to attend to painters, gilders, carpet-layers, to arrange pictures and artistic furniture, in short, to restore to freshness and beauty the home faded with a winter's receptions.

Of course such a post would demand not only trained skill, but a financial guarantee. But such demands imply large remuneration and honorable trust.



A Tragic Ending.

Is it "Respectable?"

If there lingers in any girl's mind a poor, paltry thought as to the respectability of such work, let her remember the multitude of well-brought-up women, forced by stress of fortune to go from house to house and from office to office soliciting orders.

Surely this domestic service, with the peace, privacy and seclusion in which it may be practised, will appeal to every fine instinct as infinitely preferable.

Domestic service will take its proper position when ambitious and intelligent girls prepare for it in a high and accountable spirit; for it is hard to see why it is not as honorable to cook the food as to grow it, or to kill it, or to sell it; or why sweeping a carpet is a lower office than making one.

A good girl draws around her an invisible circle which the innate propriety of her nature never allows her to overstep.

The nineteenth century has indeed been a stern mother to women, but it has also been a kindly and honest one. It has taught them to be ashamed neither of being poor, nor of being compelled to work.

Then let every girl and every woman thrown upon her own resources follow out to perfection the bent of her nature; it is the only line on which she may be sure that perseverance will bring success.

If she does so, whether it be in artistic, literary, mechanical, or domestic service, she will stand erect with conscious power, asking no help nor pity, feeling gladly that it is God's decree that each shall help herself.

For the Companion.

UP AND DOWN IN A BALLOON.

I have twice undertaken a balloon ascension, and each time the earth has received me rather roughly on my return, causing in me a decided disinclination to any further aëronautic experiences.

No doubt my experience has prejudiced me, but I cannot regard as a foregone conclusion the easy descent of which we often read, in which the veteran balloonist drops safely and gracefully to the ground, packs his balloon in his satchel and takes the next train home.

In 1870 the Prussians had encompassed the great French fortress of Metz. The siege threatened to be long and tedious, as only starvation could reduce that impregnable stronghold. The Prussian War Department occasionally ordered a balloon ascension to ascertain what the beleaguered army was doing, and to gain some knowledge of the condition of the city.

The first two balloon trips were successful and uneventful, but the third trip, in which I took part, was a melancholy and most tragical failure.

Why the Ascent was made.

One day some suspicious movements of the besieged garrison created a demand for more information, and a balloon ascension was ordered. Two artillery captains and myself were ordered to make the ascent, under the direction of Major von Roeder. This gentleman was a staff officer and an experienced aëronaut. The rest of us were chosen for our knowledge of Metz and the surrounding country, or for our ability to speak French.

The Prussian War Department may justly claim that it has better maps and a more detailed knowledge of all European countries than the people of those countries themselves have. Certainly the Prussian officers knew more about the topography of France in 1870 than did the French officers. The maps furnished us on the march to Paris showed every path across a farm, every bridge across a stream—in fact, such details as were practically known only to the people who lived in each locality.

Our balloon was about thirty-five feet high; to it was attached a strong wicker-work car, which was provided with a seat running around the sides. Under the seat were four suits of French peasant clothing, a Prussian flag, a French flag, and a white flag of truce. We carried, besides, our telescopes and other instruments, eight hundred pounds of sand ballast put up in ten-pound bags, a large grappling anchor and a gallon can of sulphuric acid.

The purpose of the acid was to destroy the clothing and French flag if we should chance to fall into the hands of the enemy. The French clothing might be useful if we should descend in the enemy's country; but if we were to fall into his hands, it would be best to surrender as Prussian officers. To be caught with the French clothing would mean death as spies.

It was not a very good morning for ballooning, as the sky was partially covered by rain-clouds; but we went up at about ten o'clock, hoping that it would clear.

Reaching an altitude of four thousand feet, a current of air carried us rapidly westward and toward the heart of Metz. At that height a hundred sharpshooters would have put their bullets through our balloon as soon as we were within the French lines, and we should not have returned to tell the tale. So we threw out ballast, and shot up into a low-lying stratum of cloud.

It was impossible to make observations here, but we were safe from bullets. There was nothing to do but drift around until the sky cleared, or else try to return.

We decided to drift, but as the breeze had now carried us a considerable distance, it was necessary to get our bearings. Von Roeder pulled the valve cord, and we soon felt a downward motion. Sinking below the clouds, we found ourselves about six miles east of Metz.

An Attack.

At a height of twenty-five hundred feet, an air current took us to the southwest, and we were congratulating ourselves that we would yet make some good observations, when *zip!* a bullet went close by our heads. Von Roeder shut the valve and ordered all hands to throw out sand.

We had not thrown out more than three sand-bags when we heard the sound of another bullet, and at the same instant a ripping, popping sound which made us aware that the balloon had been struck!

Out rushed the gas on both sides, with a wild, hissing shriek, and we fell about a thousand feet in a minute, scrambling over one another in a frantic effort to throw out our ballast.

Everything went by the board—sand, clothing, instruments and the acid. Then we began to descend more gradually and more steadily. The car had lurched from side to side with our hasty movements. Von Roeder had in the meantime hung out our flag of truce.

No more bullets came near us; we looked in vain for signs of the enemy. We supposed, and

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were no doubt right in supposing, that our assailants were franc-tireurs, as the French guerrillas were called. These irregulars were shot on sight by our men, for in a hostile country the Prussian army recognizes only the uniformed soldier as a legitimate combatant, and extends to him only the martial courtesy of quarter. Any other person carrying a rifle or other deadly weapon is shot.

But we had then no time to discuss the matter. We threw overboard our coats and boots in a vain attempt to ease the descent; but in a few seconds we could do no more than cling to the ropes and await the inevitable crash.

Without ballast the car was too light to balance the balloon, which was rapidly collapsing. The breeze was not strong, but it made the great silken bag assume all sorts of shapes; it flapped and bulged like a loose sail in a gale.

It was then that the brave Von Roeder climbed up to the hole made by the bullet, probably in an attempt to tie together the sides of the aperture. Whether the fiercely rushing gas overpowered him, or whether the violent lurching and jerking of the ropes broke his hold, we never knew. He gave a loud cry and fell to the earth.

We saw his body strike among the trees about five hundred feet below us, toward which we were rapidly falling. We expected every moment to be thrown out ourselves.

The car swayed and swung from side to side. We were jammed and bruised, thrown off our feet and then jerked up again; and once the great bag covered us, and we gasped for breath.

We threw over the anchor in some way, though there was no need of our doing so. About three hundred feet of rope were attached to it, and it caught in a tree. The balloon was going very fast, and a jerk followed which skinned my hands as the ropes were torn from my grasp.

We were all three thrown to the bottom of the car and half-stunned. One of my companions staggered to his feet, and tore a hole about two feet long in the balloon.

Trees seemed to sprout up around us. The car struck a limb with a heavy thud, and then turned over. The officer who tore the hole was thrown out head-foremost, and fell thirty or more feet to the ground. His neck was broken.

I should have followed him if my other comrade had not seized my legs, and held me until I had time to secure a rope.

In a few minutes we were once more on *terra firma*, sick, bruised, cut and bleeding, but with no broken bones. We had just discovered that our comrade was dead, when a squadron of Prussian lancers came up, with the body of poor Von Roeder wrapped in a military cloak. They had not heard the shooting, but, seeing the balloon rapidly falling, had hastened to meet us, expecting to capture some French spies.

We got the balloon out of the tree, and with the help of the troop of lancers, we took it and the dead bodies of our comrades back to our camp.

ZU BEFEHL.

For the Companion.

A WINTER HARVEST.

The traveller who, on a pleasant midsummer day, ascends the Kennebec River in Maine for the first time, is likely to be much interested in the signs, which appear as soon as his boat has passed from salt water into fresh, of a great industry which evidently surpasses all others in importance thereabout.

Along the lovely sloping banks of the great river there are farms, with orchards, cultivated fields and woods. Towns and villages with manufacturing establishments and signs of ordinary traffic are passed. But all the usual industries along a great navigable river flowing through an agricultural country are overshadowed here by another and special occupation, which illustrates the positive value that very cold weather may have to the inhabitants along such a river.



The Harvest in Progress.

At frequent intervals upon the Kennebec, now nestling among trees on the very bank, now looming on the tops of bluffs, are seen great wooden structures. Some of these have wide-spreading gambrel or curb roofs, and, in the natural gray color of the wood or in slate-colored paint, are picturesque and imposing objects in the landscape.

Others are simply vast barracks of rough planks and boards, unpleasant and disfiguring to the shores of the broad river.

All of these are ice-houses, and they are the depositaries of the great ice-harvest of the Kennebec.

In midsummer, scarcely less than in the latter half of winter, these great houses are a scene of activity. Schooners are brought to their very doors by tugs, and there are seen lading with great blocks of clear, blackish-green ice. Vessels in tow are continually putting off down the stream.

From each of the ice-houses a long and slightly inclined plane leads down to the light wooden wharf where the vessel lies; and down this smooth incline a continuous line of blocks of ice, urged on by men and boys with picks, is descending.

This business of speeding the glistening blocks of ice down a run-way, on a bright day in summer, is one that is particularly attractive to boys—for a while.

You may see these boys, as they start out, running up and down the foot-way, sending a loitering ice-block spinning with their spear, starting a whole long train of other blocks bounding behind it, and shouting with glee. It is evident that the work is pure fun.

Somewhat later in the day you may see the same boys guiding their blocks of ice down the run-way in a very dispirited manner. The springiness had gone out of the boys' legs, the elasticity out of the ice-blocks, and the fun out of the whole proceeding. That is the difference between the way things go when one is tired and when one is fresh.

The Kennebec River is a great centre of the ice-cutting business because, joined with a snug winter climate which makes ice a tolerably sure crop, it has a great stretch of navigable fresh water. Clear ice may be cut here over the very spot where ocean vessels may moor the next summer and load it, to be taken directly to the cities on the coast farther south.

Perhaps the business of harvesting ice on a great Maine river comes nearer to the fabled plucking of apples of gold from the trees in the garden of the Hesperides than anything else in modern practical industry.

The ice, to begin with, is Nature's gift to everybody. There is no property in it—no ownership of it by any one—until it has been marked out to cut; and any one may do that, and possess the ice, if he is able to cut it afterward.

But this free gift of Nature brings to the inhabitants of the Kennebec River, along the twenty-five miles from Augusta, where there is a dam, down below the foot of Swan Island, where the water begins to be brackish, a yearly income of from one to four millions of dollars, according to the price for which they sell their crop of a million to a million and a half tons of ice.

To the Kennebecker, therefore, the winter is the real harvest time. That is the season when fortunes are most readily acquired by the enterprising, and employment most easily found by those who need it.

Ice-cutting is made a science here, and has, through the magnitude of the business, developed a new principle in law.

As the people have free right of way on the water in summer, so they have, in theory, free right of way on the ice in winter; but when, on one occasion, a man drove his team through a cutting on the river, and demanded large damages of the ice company because he had right of way there, it was found that another principle intervened.

The Supreme Court of Maine held, in effect, that the business of cutting ice created an interest in the ice, on the part of the people, superior to the interest which they had in the ice as a roadway.

As matters stand, therefore, the person who drives on the ice must look out for himself. The ownership of the ice is common to every one until some one begins to cut it; and then, since it would be of use to no one unless some one *did* cut it, it is private property.

An ice-claim must be marked out anew each year, and "preëmpted" over again as often as the ice melts away.

On the Kennebec, as soon as the ice is strong enough to bear a man, the claim is staked out by setting bushes or stakes in the ice—or often, where it is very systematically done, by setting in joists with boards nailed across them.

The construction of an ice-house on the bank carries with it, in practice, the right to cut the ice on the river in front of it; and as the ice could not be secured without an ice-house in which to store it, only those who are able to get a foothold on the land can gather the ice-harvest, theoretically free to all.

There is nothing to do, after the claim is marked out, until the ice has become thick enough to carry a horse, so that the snow may be scraped off as fast as it falls. Ice will not "make" rapidly under snow, and will not attain its full thickness. The ice-man's most anxious time, indeed, is when there is danger of a snow-fall on the ice before it is strong enough to bear horses to scrape it.

If the snow steals a march on the scrapers in this way, it is often necessary to get rid of it by a very laborious and expensive process. A hole is cut through the ice, and the snow saturated with water. When this freezes the ice will bear a horse; but the worthless snow-ice or "sap-ice" thus formed must be planed off, also by horse-power, with a planer made for the purpose.

The scraping and planing is called "cultivating" the ice, and it is generally a very expensive sort of cultivation. A single night may cause the ice-men an expense of five or six thousand dollars in the cost of the removal of a heavy snow-fall.

The ice-man's crop is nearly ripe when clear ice has formed to a thickness of twelve inches, and then the preparations are made for the harvest.

From the point on the shore where the elevator leading to the ice-house reaches the brink, a canal from five to twenty feet wide, according to the magnitude of the business, is opened out into the river, through which the blocks of ice are presently to be floated to the house.

Here, then, is an open channel, cut clear of ice well out into the river; and it must be kept clear as long as the ice-harvest continues, no matter how many degrees below zero the mercury may fall.

In the day, the constant moving of ice-blocks through the water suffices to keep the channel open. At night, in freezing weather, the necessity gives rise to one of the coldest and most lonesome occupations that one can imagine.

Armed with a great triangle of heavy pieces of wood, which he drags through the water, a man marches up and down the channel all night long, crushing and scattering the thin sheets of ice with his triangle as fast as they form. The workman to whom this cheerless task falls must be heartily glad that the gray wolves no longer make the frozen Kennebec a thoroughfare.

With the opening of the canal comes an interesting result, at once. The thickness of the ice is increased by the exposure of the water and the cooling of its surface. The cold is let into the river, as it were, both below and above the cut.

By the time all this has been done, the middle of January has generally been reached. The date varies, of course, with the season.

The ice has now a thickness of from twelve to eighteen inches. Sometimes it is even thicker than that; but a thickness of more than eighteen inches is a disadvantage, because it renders the blocks of ice hard to "bar off" from the field.

Now the field is carefully marked off, with a sort of grooving machine drawn by a horse, into regular parallelograms, which are generally twenty-two by thirty inches square—the size which the individual blocks of ice are to have.

The ice-field, unlike other fields, is cultivated before it is plowed. It is only now, when the marker has grooved the ice across and across, that the ice-plow is brought—or rather that several ice-plows are brought, for several go over the same ground in succession.

A plow which cuts to a depth of six inches first follows the marker's grooves. Then comes another, which cuts two inches deeper, and then another, cutting still deeper, and so on until the trenches have been carried so deep that the blocks of ice may be barred off or loosened from the field.

Beginning at the outermost end of the canal, and working out at right angles with it as far as the field has been marked, the workmen break off, with a heavy wedge-shaped instrument called a bursting bar, sheets or sections of blocks of ice, making a new channel running off from the original canal.

Through this channel the sheets of ice are forced, by means of hooks, to the main canal, and thence to the foot of the elevator which runs to the ice-house.

At this point a narrow bridge of planks is thrown across the canal, upon which is posted a man armed with an iron bar. Standing with his face toward the shore, this man separates the sheets of ice into single blocks, with quick blows of his bar, as they float beneath him.

With a quick push, too, this man thrusts each block over revolving chains upon the elevator. These chains are provided with "lags" or straight bars of wood; and the block is drawn up the inclined plane into the ice-house by the continual movement of the elevator.

There is here an ingenious but very simple arrangement by means of which the blocks of ice are left at the proper place. At the level of the floor of the ice-house is a "pocket" or open space in the floor of the elevator, through which the ice passes. When it is desired to carry the cakes higher, the pocket or hole is closed with boards; and the ice intelligently keeps on to the next pocket above.

The ice is allowed to form again freely where it has been cut, and occasionally a second crop is taken out; though second-crop ice is not accounted as good as the first-crop.

In the house, the blocks of ice are placed close together on their sides, and left three or four inches apart at the ends, so that they will not freeze together with the melting and freezing to come.

The crop is harvested now; and if the ice-man has had a fairly fortunate season, he has garnered at least a thousand tons to the acre. Not unfrequently the crop reaches thirteen hundred tons to the acre.

In ordinary seasons the Kennebecker obtains about a dollar a ton for his crop, on the vessel, and makes a large profit upon it at that rate; in exceptionally favorable seasons, when there is a scarcity elsewhere, he sometimes sells his ice for four times as much.

The river is at its busiest in February, but the opening of navigation brings another busy season.

All summer long schooners and barges, under tow, ply up and down, lading at the ice-wharves. The blocks of ice are sent down the run-way to the vessel's side, and there lowered into her hold.

Machinery is used here, too, as far as possible.

A lowering winch is placed at the hatchway of the vessel, and the ice is lowered by the aid of ropes and pulleys.

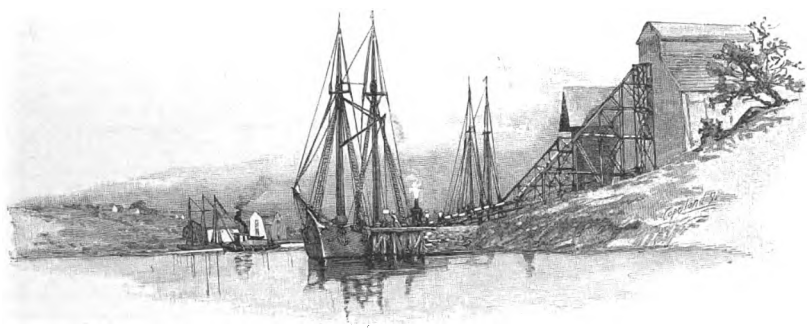
The workers in the ice-harvest are frequently farmers and their sons from the country lying back from the river. Often the ice-workers are engaged in the sawmills in the summer season.

A man who is industriously disposed may manage to work pretty hard the year round, on the Kennebec. So may a horse, for that matter, for the same animal that pulls the scraper and the ice-plow pulls the land-plow, the harrow and the mowing-machine later on. But continuous industry seems to be congenial, both to men and to animals, in the stimulating climate of Maine.

Thus a crop which costs nothing for seed, nothing for the ground to raise it upon and nothing to fertilize, but a good deal to cultivate and still more to harvest, becomes a source of wealth to many, and of profitable employment to many more.

Cold weather in Boston, New York or Chicago raises the poor rates and often makes public relief necessary; on the Kennebec a still intenser cold has practically abolished public relief, and turned into a blessing what else might well be regarded as an evil.

J. E. CHAMBERLIN.



Lading the Ice-Schooner.

For the Companion.

RUNAWAY BOYS.

Second Paper.

By the Chief Inspector of the N. Y. Police.

Having already referred in a general way to the evil effects that usually fall to the lot of the boy who is so foolish and headstrong as to run away from home and try his fortunes in the great city, I will cite a few cases of the many with which the records of our police department abound. All teach the same lesson.

In January, a year or two ago, a boy eleven years old left his home in Albany and came to this city, as he afterwards said, to "see the sights." As day after day passed and he did not return, his parents, greatly worried, made inquiries for him in many directions. The police of this city were asked to join in the search.

The boy had been absent about three weeks, when one day an officer who was patrolling a post in the neighborhood of the docks came upon a boy who staggered as he walked. The officer's first impression was that the boy was intoxicated; but upon making a closer examination and questioning him, it turned out that he was not intoxicated, but weak from lack of food and from exposure in the wintry weather.

The policeman took him to headquarters, and gave him a good meal. Afterward it was discovered that he was the boy from Albany whose disappearance had caused so much concern.

His parents were promptly communicated with, and he was very glad indeed to go home with his father, who came after him without delay.

A few months after this occurred, our police were requested to look for two boys, one fifteen years old, the other thirteen, who had run away from their homes in a New England city. They had good homes and kind parents, but they had tired of going to school.

The idea of wonderful adventures had been put into their heads by the books they had been allowed to read, and they determined to see life for themselves in a larger city than the one where they had been brought up.

They wandered about New York for five days, but found life here a sterner reality than they had supposed. The little money they had was soon spent, and at the end of the five days they were glad to give themselves up to the police, and tearfully asked to be sent back to their homes.

One day last summer a policeman attached to one of the down-town precincts saw a boy, evidently a stranger in the city, sitting on the porch of a house, and soon found that he was exhausted from hunger and partially overcome by the heat. The boy was only eleven years of age.

He had come here alone from a town in Massachusetts, first because he wished to see what the great city was like, and also because he had an uncle here, and expected to be hospitably received. He had the address of his uncle, but as he was totally unfamiliar with the city, he could not easily find the house.

When at last, after much wandering, he did succeed in getting to the street and number to which he had been so often directed, he was worse off than if he had not found them. The hope of finding his uncle had been the one thing that cheered him during his journeyings through the labyrinth of streets.

But now his uncle refused to aid or harbor him. Giving him a little bread and butter wrapped in a paper, he turned the boy adrift upon the cheerless streets. Under our law the uncle was arrested for his inhuman conduct, but he was discharged in court on his promise to see that the boy was taken back to his parents.

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It often happens that the telegraph outruns the runaways, and that they are taken in custody before they reach New York. In such cases prompt notice has been given to the police of the place from which they started, and it may happen that good ground exists for the belief that they had started for New York. In one recent instance, a boy who had set out for the West with twenty-seven dollars was found on a Fall River steamer, in accordance with a telegraphic request from the police authorities of Boston.

It is not as easy as it once was for a boy to escape pursuit. The telegraph is everywhere, and in all large towns the police keep very good watch of all sorts of wandering and homeless people.

The causes which lead boys to leave their homes are almost numberless. I recollect two who left a manufacturing city in one of the Eastern States, where they were employed in a cotton factory, and came to New York in the hope of finding pleasanter and more profitable employment.

They very soon got enough of it. Their common purse, never overflowing, was soon exhausted, and a few days of profitless wandering about the streets of New York was enough to convince them that those who were older and wiser than they knew what was best for them better than they did themselves.

After the ambition to go West and fight Indians, perhaps the desire to go upon the stage is the strongest motive animating boys who take a plunge into the wide world for themselves. More girls than boys are "stage-struck," but the girls do not run away as the boys do—at least not when they are so young as most of the runaways of the other sex.

Theatrical performances, indeed, cause almost as much mischief among the young as bad books. Parents too often foolishly allow young boys to see plays which inflame their imagination, and put false notions of life and the world into their heads.

Not long ago a boy not more than thirteen years old was found about two o'clock in the morning in West Street, down near the North River. A policeman arrested him, and it was discovered that he had come from Philadelphia to "go on the stage." He said he was in search of his cousin, who was an actor.

The cousin was not found: I presume he was out of the city with some travelling company. A Philadelphia detective soon arrived in search of a missing boy, and the would-be actor was returned, not unwillingly, to his parents.

I should like to mention one case of a boy who ran away from New York, and as he has thus far come to no good end, his experience teaches a lesson of value. After a great deal of persuasion the boy in question induced his father to take him out of school and procure for him a place as a district messenger. He worked diligently for some time, and seemed destined to succeed and to rise to something higher.

One day, however, he was sent to a bank to get a check cashed. The possession of a considerable amount of money was too great a temptation for him. He kept the money and set out for Baltimore.

His purpose seems to have been to go upon the stage, for he purchased wigs, cosmetics, and dancing-shoes, and applied at some of the theatres for employment. He was laughed at, and, getting no encouragement in Baltimore, he drifted to Richmond, Virginia. By this time his money was gone, and he was picked up by the police of that city in a destitute and starving condition.

He was suspected of the theft committed in New York, and was brought back a prisoner and identified. On account of his youth, however, and because it was his first offence, he was not punished, but was discharged with a reprimand by the magistrate before whom he was arraigned.

It seemed that his experience must have been enough to convince him that the way of the transgressor is hard; but it did not do so. In a short time he ran away again, and when last heard of he had been arrested in Chicago as a vagrant.

Probably he will continue to lead a life of crime—all because he did not have enough integrity and strength of character to withstand the first strong temptation that came in his way. It is the first step in the ways of evil that often proves fatal.

No doubt the experience gained in running away from home is often salutary. The glamour and glitter that are imagined to surround life in a big city are speedily seen to have no existence save in the fancy, and the difficulties in the way of a strange lad in a strange place who is seeking a situation, even of the humblest kind,—difficulties which amount, practically, to an insurmountable obstacle,—are soon deeply impressed upon the mind. Fortunately, before the matter has gone much further, in most cases a successful search is made for the missing one and he eagerly seeks his father's door again.

But this experience is not one that rational parents would choose for their growing boys. The stern realities of life will come all soon enough in the natural course of things.

As I have already more than intimated, many years of experience in police work convince me that scarcely anything worse could happen to a boy reared in the country or in a small town than to be thrown upon his own resources in a busy and bustling city like New York. The chances are all against his earning a livelihood, even in a humble way, and all in favor of his falling into bad company and leading a worthless, if not a positively wicked, life.

The alluring pictures of city life which are drawn in certain books and papers that are widely circulated have no corresponding reality; and once more I would caution parents to use the utmost care in the selection of their children's reading matter. There is one avenue of discontent that can easily be closed up, or, rather, never opened.

Moreover, the hard and bitter experiences of boys who have attempted to seek their fortunes in the great city, and the gladness with which they welcome an opportunity to get back within the shadow of the roof-tree from which they had lately fled, teach thoroughly the lesson that "To stay at home is best."

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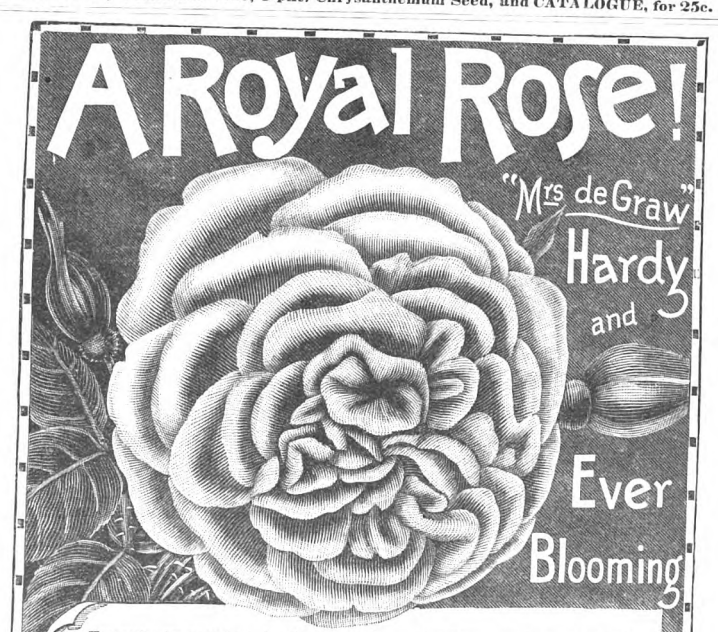
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ERI'S BURGLARS.

Farmer Eri Stebbins, fast asleep after his hard day's work in the field, was suddenly roused to semi-consciousness by a loud crash. Just what or where the noise was did not appear and, after a little vain listening for further disturbance, the tired farmer sank again into slumber. A moment later he was once more roused—this time most thoroughly so—by his wife's voice, whispering hoarsely in his ear: "Eri! Eri! wake up! there's somebody down suller trampin' 'round! Don't you hear 'um?"

Eri did hear some one moving somewhere in the lower part of the house, and he instantly slid out of bed ready to do battle. "Somebody in his cellar! He'd show 'em a thing or two worth remembering." With these warlike thoughts flashing through his mind, the farmer slipped on his trousers and stole softly downstairs to the kitchen.

The noise in the cellar sounded very loud now, but not at all like tramping; rather it was a combination of scuffling and scratching with a queer slopping sound, as of some one paddling in water.

Eri was taking down his loaded gun from its hooks on the wall just as another crash resounded through the house. This time the sound was unmistakable; a pan of milk had been knocked from the table to the stone floor. The angry farmer cocked his gun, hurried to the cellar door, threw it open and then—stopped short.

The bright moonlight streaming in at the outside door of the cellar showed five or six half-grown pigs making a feast of the milk which was streaming over the floor.

Eri at once understood the situation. The pigs, which were pastured in the orchard about the house, had found their way to the outer door, pushed it open, and entered the cellar. The only thing to do was to drive them out.

So, putting his gun back on the hooks, Eri started to eject the intruders.

Now if any one terrestrial quadruped is harder to drive than all others, that quadruped is a pig. However, as the farmer was experienced in pig-driving and thoroughly in earnest, he soon got rid of all except one brute that steadfastly refused to go. He would charge full towards the open door, but when within a few feet of it would suddenly dart aside and rush back to the farthest corner of the cellar. When routed from this lurking-place, he would repeat his former manœuvre with just enough variation to render impossible any attempt to stop him.

After three or four such experiences Eri began to get excited. He would have beaten the pig, but he had no weapon of any sort. At last, however, he got near the brute and, raising his foot, kicked him heavily in the rear. Alas for Eri! he had quite forgotten that he was barefooted.

As a result he nearly broke all the toes of his right foot. The kick, moreover, frightened the poor pig so badly that he suddenly made a bolt up the stairs toward the kitchen.

Now it happened that Dame Stebbins, armed with an old boot and carrying a tallow candle, was just coming to her husband's assistance. There was a fine combination of screams, squeaks and grunts, followed by several heavy bumps as the woman and pig rolled together down the stairs and into the puddle of milk below.

At this ludicrous sight Eri burst into laughter, whereupon his indignant spouse soundly berated him for his hardness of heart, declaring that he would laugh if she were to break her neck.

While the farmer was pacifying his angry wife, prudent piggy slipped quietly out of the door and made good his escape.

GREATLY NEEDED.

An Englishwoman, who passed her girlhood in Paris, relates a touching incident of the loyalty of an old lady who taught her French history. The old lady's one book was a History of France, which she read and reread, sometimes, her pupils averred, turning over two or three pages at a time without finding the accident at all confusing. Whatever the value of the theories which she deduced from her historical studies, her patriotism was of the finest quality.

During the siege of Paris I often thought of our poor old lady, alone with her poodle in the midst of the terror and desolation of the city. By the assistance of the Baroness Mayer de Rothschild I was able to send letters to her, and a draft on the bank of Paris, with which, as I hoped, she would be able to obtain the necessaries of which she must be in cruel need.

Dear old madame did not look in the least surprised to see me, when, after the siege was raised and I had returned to Paris, I walked into her little room. After considerable conversation about recent events, I said, "And now I want to ask you, madame, did you receive the money from Messrs. Rothschild's bank?"

"I thank you, my dear child, I received it—I was about to mention the subject—I knew you would not forget your old friend.

"I needed the money very much," added madame, solemnly. "You will be gratified, I know, to learn the use to which I put it. They had come round to every house in the street only that morning. Madame Martin was with me." Here madame took a pinch of snuff very seriously. "She go to the banker's for me, and she took the money at once and inscribe my name on the list."

"The list!" said I, much bewildered.

"I subscribe it," said madame, "to the cannon which was presented by our *quartier* to the city of Paris."

"What, all of it?" said I.

"Yes, all of it," said she. "Do you suppose that I should have kept any of it back?"

HELD BY ETIQUETTE.

A good story is related by the Washington *Anthropologist*. It seems that at official and diplomatic dinners there is sometimes difficulty in determining whose duty it is to rise and break up the entertainment.

When Dom Pedro, then Emperor of Brazil, was entertained at the White House he had been told by a confused senator that it would be expected that he, the Emperor, should be the last of the guests to depart.

The President's wife, however, informed her other guests that they would be expected to follow, not precede, the royal party in leaving the house.

The result was that no one dared to go for fear of a breach of etiquette. But at three o'clock in the morning a tired woman pretended illness, and the dead-lock was broken.

Great is etiquette, but common sense is, sometimes, allowable.

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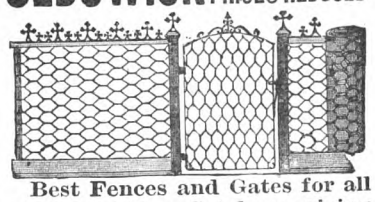
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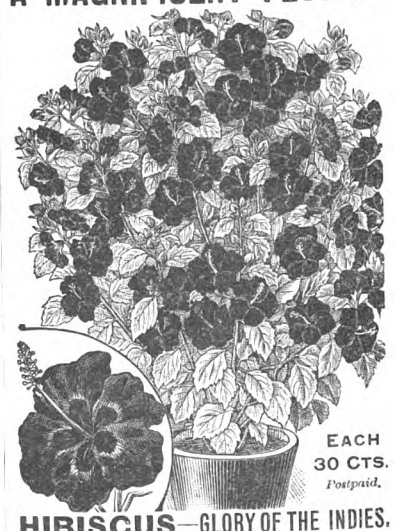
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IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

The Trouble it Made.

Sally Holmes had promised to stay with her two old cousins until Fred's return; but on the morning after his departure she said that she must go home, her father lived not more than a mile distant, "just to see a little after paps, and get some clothes."

In accordance with the pleasing fiction that she was her father's housekeeper—for Sally's mother had been dead some years—the young lady spent a supply of indigestible cake, which, as old Mom Chloe said, could have been better done "bedout Miss Sally's beniknance."

The sun was setting when she returned to the Webber-edge homestead, and Martha was at the gate, waiting for her. The old woman's face expressed concern.

"Anything the matter?" said Sally, as she sprang from her horse.

Martha shook her head ingratiously, "Miss D'rina mighty quare, chile. I 'clare I dunno what ter mek o' Miss D'rina. She jus' been a-goin' 'bout de house a-moanin' an' a-sighin', so 'a I dunno which is de morest worrisome to her, Mars Fred or dat silver."

"What do you know about the silver?" demanded Sally, sharply.

"Law, chile, is I dat fool-ish, you reckin, now? Ain' yo' cousin had me a-clearin' of hit all last Chooesby, whiles you an' Mars Fred an' Mars Arnold was a-carcenin 'roun' de grarden arter dat ball? An' ain' I obsarved de blankness in de cabinet?

"Miss D'rina is altered de placin' o' what's left mighty pretic'lar, but dat tea service o' my ole gret-miss tuk up too much space fur her keep hitse'f a secret; an' mo'over, Miss D'rina done tole me all about hit, fur de easin' o' her mind.

"Hit's all along o' Calamus bein' sich a fool. He had her go find dat ole blaster of a pistol what Mars Fred forgot, an' he hawse-blanket in de markit-wagin; an' jes' 'cause de Colonel didn' happen ter be nowhares handy, Calamus he totes hit ter Miss D'rina; an' Miss D'rina she ain' had no peace o' mind sence.

"She talk how Mars Fred ain' got no perfec-tion, an' he's so forgitful he ain' no better'n a baby, an' she dunno hakkom she let him tek sich a risk. So, bombye, fur her comfort, she done sot dat ole Calamus onto a mule, an' sont him 'cross de river ter fetch Miss Polly Piper."

"That giddy young thing!" shrieked Sally, clapping her hands. "Hurrah!"

"Now, sis' you 'shame o' you'se'f, chile? Now sis' you?" remonstrated Martha, shaking with laughter. "Yo' cousin Polly Piper air fifty years of age, if she air a day, an' you ter go mek me laugh datter way 'bout Miss Polly?"

"I don't care!" cried Sally, hotly. "She is as ready for a lark as ever I was. What can my Cousin Dorcas want of her, when she has me?"

"Oh, you is de wisdom o' Solomon 'long o' Miss Polly, honey; I ain' denyin' hit; but yo' cousin, Miss D'rina, she knowed what she was a-countin' up the turkeys, an' that's how hit happened!" concluded Martha, with a whimper.

"What happened?" cried Sally. "I do wish you would talk sensibly."

"I sin' de one ter blame, I tell you now, Miss Sally," protested Martha. "They was done clean gone, beb' ever I knowed a word. I never knowed nothin', ontel Calamus come back from de deeper, lookin' lak he'd been stealin'; an' I tell you, honey, ev'y hyar on my head rin up when I diskivered, jest a little piece ago, how dem steam-cyars had done whisked off wid Miss D'rina, an' sich a rickety perfection as she's lack-witty Miss Polly."

"My Cousin Dorcas gone!" Sally gasped. "It will kill her!"

"So I do fear, Miss Sally, honey. An' she ain' been ontelden dis gate sence she was young an' bloomin'."

"Does the Colonel know? Oh, what a he going to do?"

"He doan' know hit, honey. He's a-settin' by de dinin'-room fish, an' I ain' got de bumption ter tell him. I ain' had de sperrit fur nothin' 'bout her set up an' hurt my 'pinion at Calamus; an' all de comfort he kin gimme is jes' ter say 'awsmosal, 'Dasso, dasso.' I'm dat thankful you is come, honey, fur you kin tell the Colonel."

"Yes, I'll tell him," said Sally, as she took the red carpet-bag that hung at her saddle-bow, and turned toward the house. "We must follow her!"

"So I do think, Miss Sally, honey," whimpered Martha. "I'd go this minute, myse'f, if I knowed how. An' as for Miss Polly Piper—sho'ly her kind was made ter stay at home."

Sally began to laugh, and ended by crying, and it was some moments before she could compose herself sufficiently to go in and break the news to the Colonel.

She found the old gentleman warming his hands over the blaze in the deep fireplace.

"Where's Dorina?" he asked, without looking up.

Sally put her arms around his neck. "Let us go find her," she whispered, tremulously.

"I forgot; Polly Piper is with her," said the Colonel, yawning slightly.

"Yes; Cousin Polly is with her."

"She's a good woman," commented the Colonel; "Polly Piper—but she never has—given any evidence of—judgment."

"No," said Sally, desperately; "and Cousin Dorina has been making herself very miserable about Fred."

"She would send him," said the Colonel. "Oh, he'll get on. You haven't had any news—any bad news, Sally?" he asked, piteously.

"Oh no! no!" answered Sally; and then she burst out, "O Cousin Frederick, we must go and find Cousin Dorina! She has followed after Fred—with Cousin Polly Piper—on the train—this afternoon."

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel, starting up in a fright. "It isn't possible! Don't cry, Sally. Yes, yes; we must go! Think of it! She is in her seventy-fifth year, and she hasn't set foot on—side those gates since she was twenty-three! It's all on account of that miserable silver, Sally. She wouldn't fret about Fred if he wasn't escorting treasures."

The Colonel rose and walked nervously about the room.

"Five people," he went on, "rushing madly across two States of the Union, all because a girl in Alabama had to go and be named Dorina Heygood! Martha, I say! Calamus! Everybody come here! We must start right away! Saddle the two-horse buggy, and get me some clothes to eat. O Sally, my dear," he groaned, with his hands at his head, "I don't know what I am saying."

"Then don't say anything; leave it all to me," Sally counselled, with prompt decision. "I'll send for Arnold to come and sleep here—"

"But what will your father say to your running off in this sudden way?"

"Oh, we can send him word all about it, and he will know that you can't do without me at this time."

Sally sent for her brother, ordered the horses put to the buggy, and lade Martha hurry up a supper while she herself flew to the garret for a valise, into which she packed a few clothes for herself and the Colonel.

"Is dat all de baggage you gwan tek?" demanded Martha, scornfully.

"How can I take more than I have with me?" retorted Sally. "This is no time to be concerned about finery. Besides, I am sure the kin over in Alabama will fit us out for the wedding."

"Well, I danno what de Witheredges is a-comin' to," grumbled Martha. "But you is allers bons' to have yo' own way, Miss Sally. Gwan tek dat ole red cyarpit-sack, too, ez I live!" she called after them.

"Yes, I am!" Sally answered, defiantly.

"Hit's powerful bodgy," said Martha, disapprovingly; and Sally punched it with her foot, and turned the other side toward her, and finally thrust it behind her, as she sat down to table.

In less than an hour the Colonel and Sally were off for town. The Colonel, who would never have allowed either of the boys a word of suggestion as to the course he should pursue, meekly submitted to the guidance of Sally, and ever afterward proudly boasted of her pluck and energy.

Certainly Sally seemed endowed with a special genius for the occasion. There was, as she had known, no south-bound train until the next morning, but by dint of liberal and judicious telegraphing she learned that the dear "fugitives" were pursuing their journey in safety and comfort. She also discovered that, owing to some mismanagement of Miss Polly Piper, the two ladies had taken a wrong train, and would be detained in Atlanta.

In Atlanta, indeed, the Colonel and Sally found Miss Dorina and Miss Polly Piper.

It was Miss Polly who met them in the parlor of the hotel, beaming with smiles. She was a little, plump, simple-hearted woman of fifty or thereabouts, pretty still and very dressy, and as pleased as a child at this unexpected outing.

"So romantic, cousins!" she said, rubbing her small, fair hands that glittered with rings. "We had barely money enough between us for the cost of the journey, I do assure you, and we had not counted on the expenses of this detention. But fortunately, I had put on all my best jewelry."

"To be robbed on the way?" said the Colonel, somewhat stuffy. "How is my sister?"

"Fee-darfully well!" Miss Polly assured him. "She was quite agitated when we came through the old homestead gates, dear heart, but she had no thought of turning back—not she! And after we were well on the way she became deeply interested in the scenery, and remarked frequently that this is a beautiful world we inhabit, with its hills and valleys and purling streams—"

The Colonel sank down in the nearest chair, and sighed and twiddled his thumbs. It was superfluous to remonstrate with Miss Polly Piper.

That was the night Fred the Younger was taking his memorable drive with Tom Meyrick.

Mr. Lewis Heygood, the same night, was taking his comfortless slumber on the sofa in the parlor of the Baybridge Hotel. It was considerably past three o'clock in the morning when he felt himself shaken and heard himself called.

"The gemman have arrived, sah," said the black boy who had been sent to wake him.

Something ominous in the tone of his voice attracted Mr. Heygood's instant attention.

"All right?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Have been trouble of some kind on the road, sah, but 'comlin' me 'pears the gemman carries, he air the same what you expects. We wouldn' call you ontel we made sure."

Mr. Heygood hastened into the office, where he found a fair-haired young man stretched upon the lounge, insensible, and bound hand and foot. The hotel clerk and a sallow-faced youth of sixteen or seventeen were gazing at him with grave interest.

"We can't get him to swallow a drop, sir," said the hotel clerk, who held a bottle and a spoon. "Looks bad, don't it? But we sent at once for Doctor Smith, and I reckon he'll come as quick as he can."

"What does this mean?" Mr. Heygood asked, turning from the clerk to the sallow-faced youth. "Did you drive, Fergus? Where, then, is Merrick?"

"I drove from the ferry, sir. Meyrick, he's over to our house, pretty badly cut in the neck, and too faint with the scare and the bleeding to drive, so he got me to bring the gentleman."

"Why can't you explain what has happened?" demanded Mr. Heygood, impatiently.

"You I don't rightly know," answered the boy, rubbing his thin jaws with a perplexed air.

"We can't get him to swallow a drop."

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"We was lookin' to hear Meyrick's horn down to the ferry, when we heard somebody shouting for help, and me and my father and my brother Joe, and even my mother herself, we follered the cry ontel we come up with Meyrick and this one to the far corner of the old field.

"This one was knocked plumb senseless, and Meyrick he was that faint and a-bleedin', and father he said—an' mother she said so, too, when she saw him—that he mustn't talk mo'n was needful.

"Father an' me holp to get 'em both back into the wagon, and drove on to the ferry, where Meyrick got out; and my brother Joe, he was sont 'cross lots for old Major Banks, the horse-doctor, to see Meyrick—Meyrick don't have any other sort. And they all agreed I'd best get this one up to town to his friends 'thout loss o' time. So I aint heard any clear account of what has happened up there on the road."

"What is he tied up in that way for?" Mr. Heygood demanded, indignantly.

"Meyrick said he must be."

Mr. Heygood took out his knife and cut the cords from his young kinsman's wrists and ankles. He then despatched a messenger with a note to prepare his wife for the arrival of their helpless guest, while a litter was being made ready for Fred's conveyance.

Just as they were lifting him upon it, Fred recovered consciousness.

"Villain and coward!" he muttered, struggling. He was very much excited, though greatly relieved to find himself surrounded by friendly faces.

"My trunk!" he cried. "Secure my trunk! The villains will make away with it; it is full of valuables!"

"See here," said Mr. Heygood to Fred, "I'm your Cousin Lewis, you know. You are safe in Baybridge, and your trunk is all right. See it over there in the corner? Now you must obey orders and keep quiet. You've had a pretty serious affair, but you are now in good hands, and so is your trunk."

"Have they arrested that villain Meyrick? Don't let him get away!" said Fred.

"Arrested Meyrick? Well, that's a good 'un!" exclaimed the sallow youth, with scornful laughter. "Meyrick a villain! He's the best fellow in the county."

"I tell you, sir, he's a villain!" Fred insisted, turning to Mr. Heygood. "A villain and a highwayman!"

"Well, now, we'll discuss that question later, my boy," interposed Mr. Heygood. "What you want just now is quiet and rest. Meyrick is in safe-keeping, so you make your mind easy."

Fred, being very weary and sore from his journey and the excitement of his recent struggle and that stunning blow on the head, was glad to follow this advice.

ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Mrs. Whitney walked more slowly as she neared the butcher's shop. It stood just on the edge of the drowsy New England village, on the road leading to the shirt factory in the valley.

Mrs. Whitney, who was one of the "finishers," had carried her week's work to the factory, and had her wages in her pocket. She had sewed until after midnight all the week, that she might be able to buy a larger piece of meat than usual this Saturday. Yet, after all, there was so little money in her pocket!

She stopped, inspecting the juicy joints which hung on Mr. Radd's hooks. How strong and cheerful the rich people must feel who could eat such meat as that every day!

Then she went inside to the counter where the small pieces lay. She always took a bit home once or twice a week for her husband, who was an invalid; but to-day she was sorely tempted to buy a larger portion, and eat some herself. She felt so weak as she walked, and the thought of the cold bread at home almost nauseated her.

"Here's a nice bit of steak for Mr. Whitney," said Jabez Radd. "Or—here's a bigger one," the keen-eyed butcher said, catching her wistful look. "You're looking fagged out, Jane. A solid meat meal will strengthen you. I shall let you have that piece cheap."

She turned it over, weighing it anxiously in her fingers.

"Now that Whitney isn't able to work, it won't do to let yourself run down," said the wily Jabez.

That decided the question. "I'll take it," she said, laying down the money. She knew that Whitney would never be able to work again, and that she must alone support him and their child. She could not afford to break down.

It was not a proof of greediness or coarseness that Mrs. Whitney stole into the cellar once or twice to look at the tender, juicy bit of steak, with its rim of yellow fat. She was faint with hunger, and she felt that she had fairly earned this delicious meal. She spread the tea-table carefully, put on two little pats of butter and a loaf of bread, set the tea to draw, and then laid the precious meat in the pan.

"Ha! That smells good!" cried her husband from the chamber. "A whiff is almost a meal!" He rocked the cradle more vigorously, and in a few minutes came out.

Zack Whitney, as everybody knew, was "in a decline," but he was as ready as ever to joke and laugh. "Baby's asleep," he said. "I'll just run to the blacksmith's shop while the supper's cooking, and hear the end of Joe's cow story."

"Don't stay but a moment, or it may be cooked too much," said Jane, anxiously bending over the meat. It seemed such tender beef! If baby was only old enough to eat a bit! Now just a suspicion of pepper; no salt—that would harden it.

As she shook the box, a shuffling sound at the door made her look up hastily.

A boy of about sixteen stood on the step. His clothes were worn and rusty, and his feet were bare. Something in the pale, sunken features startled Mrs. Whitney.

"You look faint and hungry," she said, coming quickly toward him.

He tried to laugh. "I guess I never was so hungry before," he said. "I have walked twenty miles since morning."

"Why have you had nothing to eat?"

She pushed a chair toward him, seeing that he trembled as he leaned against the door.

"I sold my shoes yesterday for my dinner. I had nothing to sell to-day, and I couldn't bring myself to beg—till now."

Again he laughed, but the laugh choked in his throat, and the tears came to his eyes. "I didn't mean to beg now, but you looked so kind, and—the meat smelled so good!"

"It *is* good meat."

Mrs. Whitney turned it in the pan. It was such a little piece, after all, hardly enough for one, certainly not enough for three.

"Who are you? Tell me who you are," she said, with sudden crossness.

He did not answer.

She looked at him. "Why don't you speak? Perhaps you've no good to tell of yourself."

"I have no harm!" He staggered to his feet indignantly. "I'll tell you the whole truth. My name is John Dall. I was discharged from the House of Refuge two days ago. You needn't look scared. I'm no thief! I was put in there for stealing a horse and buggy. I was with the boys who had it, but I didn't know they had stolen it. I thought it was Ben Pratt's father's buggy. I couldn't prove that at the trial, and I can't prove it now; but it's true. I'm telling you the truth as I'd do it to my own mother."

His honest blue eyes looked straight into hers as he spoke.

"I believe you," she said, after a moment's silence. "But why don't you go home?"

"My father has died since I went in there, and I have no other folks. The people in the village wouldn't be very friendly to me. I wasn t a good boy, ma'am—I ran with a bad lot. But I want to go somewhere and start fresh. I'm going to make for the West, where nobody knows me."

Jane Whitney looked at him keenly. Doubt, suspicion, belief and pity chased each other through her face. But his eyes were honest, and she trusted him.

"Sit down, John," she said, heartily. "The first thing for you to do is to eat your supper."

She poured him out a cup of tea, gave him some bread and butter, and then, with a steady hand, cut the meat in two, and gave him half. "The rest is for my husband," she explained.

John ate like a famished boy. When he had finished, he rose and took up his hat. "Some day," he said, gravely, "I'll pay you for this meal."

Mrs. Whitney laughed, but her lips trembled. She felt a strange tenderness for this poor human soul, struggling to escape from the pit of ruin.

"What are you going to do now, my boy?" she said, as he went to the door.

"I will get a job on the farms or boats, and so work my way West."

"Wait one moment." She had but little to give; a pair of old shoes, and a well-patched coat of Zack's.

"I wish it was more," she said, as she put them into his arms. "Here is a book that I've had since I was a child. Read a little in it every day." It was a little pocket Testament. "Good-by, and may God bless you and keep you, so that you will become a good man."

John went to the gate, and then, turning, came hastily back.

"I say! I'm going to do my best, ma'am! You'll hear from me some day," he broke out, wringing her hand, and, waving his ragged hat, was gone.

"Why!" exclaimed Zack, when he sat down to supper, "I thought this was a bigger piece of meat, Jane?"

"I cut off my share," she said, dipping her bread in her tea.

"You might have waited for me. I hope you enjoyed it!" said Zack, irritably.

"More than any meat I ever ate," his wife answered, smiling.

Fifteen years passed. Mrs. Whitney, left a widow, struggled bravely to support and educate her boy. But the village, which was out of the reach of any railway, grew lonelier and poorer with every year. Her house was mortgaged heavily, and was sold at last; and Jane found herself homeless and penniless.

She took service with a neighboring farmer for herself and little Zack. The work was hard for both, and the pay poor. She was now almost an old woman, and the failure of her hopes for her boy had broken down both her strength and courage.

One day, as she came in from milking with Zack, she saw a man leaning on the stile waiting for her. He was roughly dressed and looked like a farmer, but one whose life was fuller and broader than that of the farmers around her. Plenty and generosity spoke in his laughing eye and big breezy voice.

"Mrs. Whitney?" he said, taking off his hat. "And little Zack?"

Jane set down her pails. "I don't think I remember you, sir," she said, stiffly.

"No, I am a stranger in this part of the country. I came from Missouri. I'll tell you my business in five minutes, Mrs. Whitney. My wife wants to come every summer to the sea-coast; it's a custom with us Westerners. She wants to come to a pleasant house kept by an honest, good woman. I said to her, 'I can manage that for you!'"

He twisted his hat, laughed, grew red, became incoherent. Mrs. Whitney stared in amazement.

"I don't understand you, sir," she said.

"No, of course not. I explain myself badly. But this is what I did. When your place was sold the other day I bought it in your name. It's settled on you, ma'am. It's yours, land, house, furniture and all. Now I want you to go and occupy it, and take me and my wife to board. What we pay you every summer will enable you to send this boy to school, and to live comfortably through the year. That's all of it."

"All! What do you mean? Who are you?" exclaimed Jane, beginning to cry. "Why should you do this for me?"

"Why!" shouted the stranger. "Why? Because you saved my life, ma'am! You were a mother to me at the turning-point of my life. I would have gone to ruin if you had not believed my story. You took the food from your own mouth to give me. You cared for me, you blessed woman, and gave me hope and courage. All I am and have, I owe to you, under God. Don't you remember John Dall?"

He drew out an old book, and gave it to her. "There is your own name in it. You cast your bread upon the waters that day, and if God gives me strength it shall come to you again a hundred fold!"

And he fulfilled his promise.



Mrs. Whitney feeds the Hungry.

For the Companion.

OUR TRAMP.

Coming home from school one day on my bicycle, I overtook Tramp. I do not suppose I should have noticed him if I hadn't come very near running him down.

"Well, that's strange!" I said. "A big dog like you ought to be able to get out of the way. You've actually made me get off my bicycle!"

Then I looked at him more carefully, and saw that he was dusty and lame, and so thin that he was probably too weak with hunger to move quickly.

"Well, you are a forlorn-looking wretch, I must say," I said to him, and then I patted him on the head. He looked up in my face with such a pitiful look that it almost seemed as if he had tears in his eyes.

"Come on, old fellow!" I said, encouragingly. "I'll take you with me. Mother would never forgive me if I left such a starveling as you on the road. Come on!"

I mounted my bicycle, after giving him another pat, and whistled to him to follow.

But it was plain enough there was not much come or go left in him. I had to get off my bicycle and help the dog on his way, and if it had not been for the brook, where I stopped and gave him some water, and if I had not made him lie down a few minutes, and fed him with a couple of sandwiches I had left in my lunch-bag, I do not think I should ever have got him home.

After the little lunch and rest, we started homeward. Just as I got inside the driveway father overtook me, riding home from the mills on black Sally.

He reined up long enough to say, "Where did that fine specimen come from? Another stray, I suppose."

Father is always talking about mother's "strays," and pretending to grumble; but he never drives one off, and I'm sure he doesn't really care, for he thinks everything mamma does is just right.

Well, I got Tramp into the stable, made him up a bed in a corner of the carriage-house, and carried out some soup and some bread. He could not eat much, but he looked up in my face and licked my hand as if he wanted to thank me.

I rubbed some oil on his lame leg and left him. He did not stir from that bed for three days.

We all grew very much attached to him. Father had a large dog-house built for him, shingled and painted, like any house, and I put a flagpole on it. Mother never felt afraid of burglars after Tramp came, and she let him go in and out of the house as much as he liked.

I was on my way home from school one day when I saw, going down a side street, a dog that looked just like Tramp, following a ragged, dirty-looking boy about my size. I had a peculiar whistle with which I called Tramp. I whistled, and sure enough, it was Tramp, for he turned and came toward me.

Then the boy turned and whistled, and called out, "Jack!" Tramp went back a little way. Then he stopped and looked at me.

Tramp often came to meet me when it was time for school to be out, so I was not surprised at seeing him, but what did surprise me was that he was following the boy.

I got within speaking distance of the boy then, and called out, "What are you doing with my dog?"

"He aint your dog; he's mine! He's my Jack!"

"He isn't! He's my Tramp! I'll leave it to any of the boys in the village."

The boy looked at me sullenly, as if he did not know what to say. By this time I had got up close to him, and I saw that, though he was very poor and miserable, he had not a bad face. He looked like one of mother's strays, unhappy and neglected.

While I was looking at him, he seemed to be making up his mind what to do, and at last he spoke:

"If the dog knows his name and follers me, you might tell by that whether he's mine or not."

Then he called, "Jack!" and started off.

The dog started after him. Then I whistled and called, "Tramp," and he stood still again and looked first one way, then the other, and then he sat right down in the street and whined piteously.

"Look here!" I called to the boy. "Come back and let's talk it over. Did he run away from you before I picked him up, or did somebody steal him? I suppose he must have been yours once, or he wouldn't run after you now, for he doesn't take to strangers easily, like that."

"No; Jack never took to strangers," the boy said, slowly, and then he said nothing more.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked, impatiently, with my hand on Tramp's

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head. "I've had him more than a year, and father has grown fond of him, and built a splendid dog-house on purpose for him, and mother and Patrick and all of us—why, I don't know what we would do now without Tramp!"

I broke off suddenly, for a sob came up in my throat, and I did not want to act like a baby.

The boy looked at me curiously.

"You've got your father an' mother an' a home an' lots of friends, I suppose, an' as for me, I aint got nothin'—nothin' but Jack. Him an' me, we've been just like brothers. We always stuck together through everything, till they took me away from him. Many's the night I laid awake an' cried for him. I thought he'd be dead; I never expected to find him, but I'm awful glad."

He patted Tramp with both hands, and laid his cheek down on the dog's big head with such a loving expression that it changed his whole face.

"He's gay, Jack is!" he said, admiringly. "I've never seen him fat, like that. I didn't know him at first; he knew me! He's remembered me ever since I've been gone—more'n a year."

I saw a tear drop down on the dog's head, and the boy drew his coat-sleeve across his face.

"That's an awful handsome collar he's got on. I always wanted to get him one, but I couldn't get anythin' but a strip of old leather I picked up and tied together with a string. Did you say he had a house—a real sure enough dog-house?"

"Yes," I answered, rather crossly, I'm afraid, "and I guess he'll miss it some if you take him away. Have you got a good home for him?"

The boy flushed so red that I wished I had not asked him that question.

He muttered low, as if he did not more than half mean that I should hear, "I aint got any home for myself, let alone him."

"Then why do you want to take him away from me, when he's so comfortable and happy?" I urged. "If you care so much about him, I shouldn't think you'd want him to be roaming about half-starved."

I was sorry again as soon as I spoke, but I wanted Tramp so much.

The boy seemed to be trying hard to keep from crying, and when he spoke he turned away his head.

"All right!" he said, slowly. "You keep him. I didn't think he'd be alive, but I was just lookin' round for him, anyway, before I settled down to anything, and if he wasn't in good hands I'd take him. But I won't take him from such a good home! I'll go 'long the road again. You hold on to his collar, and if I don't call, nor whistle, he'll understand. He's bright—Jack is."

He started to go, but he turned back again with a look of misery on his face.

The tears were streaming down his cheeks, and when he tried to move his lips to say good-by to the dog, he could not speak at all.

I could not stand that. I was beginning to cry, too, and I called out:

"Look here now! What's the use of going off that way? You can't be in a great hurry. You come home with me and see the dog-house, and see my mother. Perhaps—I wouldn't wonder—if father or mother could get you some place around here, and then we can take turns having Tramp!"

The boy stopped, and looked at me as if he thought I was joking.

"You don't really mean it?" he said.

"Of course I mean it."

"I guess your mother won't like it if you take such a lookin' chap as me home with you."

"Like it! My mother! You don't know her. You're the very kind she likes to get hold of. She won't like it if I don't bring you home when she hears about you and—Jack!"

I called the dog Jack to please him.

He looked at his hands and his clothes, and said, "I washed my face and hands in a brook this morning, but I'm 'fraid I aint very clean."

"Come on!" I said, "you can wash up at our house."

We started along, and Tramp jumped and ran about from one to the other as if he understood all about it, and was crazy with joy.

On the way I got out of the boy that his name was Henry Marvin; that he had been tramping about the country for two months, getting odd jobs, and sleeping in barns and out under trees, and always searching for Jack. But I could not find out where he had been staying before. He did not even tell me he had had neither breakfast nor dinner—nothing to eat all day.

I found out afterward that he told mother everything about himself before he had been with her half an hour. I knew he would. Every one does.

Father and mother were on the veranda and saw us coming, and as we went up to the house, I heard father say, "Bob's picked up another stray!" and mother hushed him up quickly.

Mother asked Henry to sit down, and father and I went off and left them together. Pretty soon mother called father, and he went back and had a little talk with the boy, while mother went in the house and brought out a bowl of bread and milk. As soon as he had eaten that, father went around to the stable with him, and mother called me.

"Robert, my dear boy," she said, "I'm very glad you brought home that poor unfortunate, for he was in great need of friends. Your father is going to let him have that chamber in the stable that Patrick used to have before he was married. I will give him a suit of your last summer's clothes. In a few days he can have work in the mill, for one of the men is going to leave."

I knew that mother would find some way to help. She always does.

When Henry had been with us about a year, and was doing splendidly, a good-for-nothing fellow came around the village and told some of the boys that we had a "jail-bird" at our house. As soon as I found him out, I am afraid I called him some hard names, I was so angry.

Then mother, after she had talked to me about losing my temper, said that since this slanderer had told such an exaggerated story it would be better to have the truth known. Henry had been taken up and put in a Reform School for vagrancy—not for stealing, for he was always honest, even when he was almost starved. But the poor boy had no parents or home—his father and mother both died of a fever when he was about seven years old—so it's no wonder he became a vagrant.

When they took him away to the Reform School he cried, and begged them to let him take his dog with him, but they laughed at him. He worried about Jack night and day, and when he left the school began searching for him in all their old haunts. He had just given up hope of finding him when they met in our village.

Henry says now he never was so happy in all his life as he was the moment he recognized his old companion that he had given up for lost.

Henry has been with us three years, and father says he never saw a boy improve so fast as he has. He lives with us, and we are all very fond of him. I like him as if he were my own brother. He's a thoroughly good fellow.

Our Tramp is getting rather fat and lazy, but he is just as good as ever. He likes to stay in the house better than he used to, and I left him just now in mamma's little sitting-room. He was keeping Sprite company, as she sat there in a big easy-chair; and they looked very sociable and happy together.

ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

AFAR.

Afar, I worship all that is divine;
Is there not glory on that far-off sea—
A land of promise veiled in mystery
Beyond it and the dim horizon's line?

—*Moses Gage Shirley.*

For the Companion.

STRANGE COMPANIONS IN A STORM.

I happened to be in New York during what was called the great blizzard—the heavy snowstorm of March, 1888, which shut in the city from the outer world. I found it tame indeed compared with the ordinary storm that I saw during the years that I lived in Newfoundland. These storms come with any wind, and they break with the suddenness and fury of a wild beast freed from its cage.

One promising winter morning I set out with my two dogs—a pair of large Newfoundlands—on an otter-hunt. A few minutes' walk from the coast, in the region where I lived, takes one into an unbroken wilderness of treeless marshes, dotted with ponds and threaded by innumerable little brooks.

Here and there a great gulch is cut sheer through the highlands and down to the level of the sea. A brook wanders through the gorge, and scrubby bushes sometimes cling to the sides. Here the otter screens himself from the storm.

A tramp of five or six miles on snow-shoes brought me to the otter ground. I found fresh "bores" in the snow, or rather my dogs found them for me. One large otter fell to my gun as he bobbed about in a "wind-in hole" of the frozen stream.

Slinging my trophy upon my gun, I started home.

My way lay over the snow-covered marshes, and before I had gone far a blinding storm of snow came hissing out of the east. As long as I could see a fair distance in front I could keep my way, but the dry snow soon began to drift and puff into my face, nearly smothering me.

It was not long before I knew that I was astray. I halted, and immediately the dogs saw my dilemma, and started ahead to show me the way. The instinct of these dogs is unerring in the thickest storm that ever blew.

But I did not wish to follow the dogs. I wanted shelter, and without it I must surely perish.

Almost the only growth along these barren stretches is a stunted or creeping fir. This tree grows crookedly to a height of three, four and five feet, and then pushes long creepers in every direction, forming close mats that hardly permit snow to enter, and affording shelter underneath.

With good fortune I happened to see one of these "tucks" or groves, though it was covered with snow, and rose but a few feet above the general level. I whistled to the dogs. They came to me as if unwilling, but when they saw me approach the ground firs, they bounded and barked for joy.

With my hand before my mouth to enable me to breathe, I peered around the edge of the tangle, seeking an opening. The dogs saved me a long quest; they bounded down through a small opening, returning immediately and barking triumphantly. I speedily followed, forcing myself through the thick branches outside, and then crawling along after the dogs.

What an inviting, cozy place I found it! Not a snowflake was to be seen on the long, dry, green moss underneath the branches. Not a ray of light shone through the roof of thick, flat branches above; scarcely a sound of the gale that was shrieking and howling six feet above my head penetrated to my ears.

The accumulated snow of the winter had gathered on the thick branches outside, and I felt sure that, even were the storm followed by a fierce thaw, as often happens, not a rain-drop would come to me here.

I crawled well in toward the middle of the "tuck," and stopped where the dogs lay down. On every side of me were crooked, awkward boles, running hither and thither, in every shape, but the branches were all above.

I took the otter off my gun, felt in my pocket and found that I had matches, looked to my gun to see that it was all right, and then lay back in the moss, resting against a crooked bole. There was very little light here, and that came from two or three small openings at the edge of the "tuck," and there was not a breath of wind. Nor was it very cold, although the temperature must have been below zero without.

There was an abundance of fuel—boles of small trees and moss. As for food, neither myself nor the dogs could suffer so long as the otter remained, and given salt and pepper, I knew nothing more delicious than an otter steak.

I have never felt more contented and cozy than I did here in the midst of this wilderness, in the awful storm and quite unaware where I was.

I took a short nap, and then arose and crawled out as I had come in, to see if the hurricane was abating; but it was far worse than before, and the prospect was that it would rage all day and all night. Of course, the kind-hearted fisher-folk would be alarmed at my absence, but they knew I had some resource, and so long as the dogs did not return they might hope that I had not perished.

I now began to prepare for a stay. I first gathered four or five armfuls of moss for a bed, and a pile besides with which I might cover myself in the night, or make a blaze whenever necessary. Then I gathered a heap of decaying boles, and selected a safe place in which to kindle a fire.

This done, I took my knife, which was quite keen, and carefully removed the skin off the otter. This is not an easy task, as any carelessness takes some of the value from the skin. Then I opened the carcass, giving parts of the flesh to the dogs, which by this time had grown hungry.

At last I kindled a fire, and the ruddy blaze brightened the gloom of my weird abode. I roasted a good cut of the flesh, and although I had no salt it was by no means unpalatable. After eating I went to the entrance of my den, and satisfied my thirst with snow. The dogs followed my example, eating the compact snowballs that I made for them. When they had finished they lay down close to me, one upon each side.

By and by I built a good fire, putting upon it several soggy sticks, so that it would not burn away too fast, and then burrowed into the great heap of moss to sleep. My gun was close at my left hand, and both barrels were charged with heavy-shotted cartridges. My cartridge belt was also at hand, and the fire was two feet or more distant from my heels.

I speedily forgot my situation in sleep.

I had been asleep several hours—I think it was near midnight—when the deep growling of the dogs awakened me. Then there were furious barkings and strange yells, and I sat up, seizing my gun.

The fire had burnt quite low, and the light it shed was dull. On the boles near me it was the color of blood. The dogs were some distance away, and from the yelping, barking and growling, I knew they were in an encounter with wild animals.

I called, and both dogs came back, but they faced toward the place of confusion. There was blood on Nero's side and on Jack's jaws.

I strained my eyes in the same direction as the dogs, and to my horror saw two pairs of gleaming balls looking directly toward me.

I threw some moss upon the fire and flung myself down close beside it, raising my gun. In a few seconds it was bright enough for me to be able to see along the barrel, and take aim at the greenish-yellow eyeballs of the nearest brute. He was moving along furtively, and making a detour as if to avoid the dogs.

The faithful animals immediately sprang toward him, but as I was sure that my aim was good, I called them back. Then I pulled the trigger, the sights being in line with a point between the eyes of the unknown beast.

The report of my gun rang out. There was a frightful cry, a series of yelping sounds, and then my dogs sprang upon the unknown thing.

In a few seconds its cries and moans were stilled, and the dogs came off. It was evidently dead. But there was another remaining; and it, nothing daunted by the fate of its companion or the barking of the dogs, made toward me. Its body was clear in the glow of the burning moss when I aimed just behind the fore-shoulder and fired.

It did not fall at the shot, but darted straight toward me. I had slipped another cartridge into the first barrel, and so was ready, and only that, for when I got my aim the beast was within a few feet.

So much the better. I fired right between its frightful eyes, and the creature bounded and fell straight into the fire. With a convulsive movement, it rose and tumbled over upon the moss, dead.

I again loaded both barrels, called the dogs to my side, threw more moss upon the fire, and carefully crept out to see what I had slain. It was an enormous wolf, and the one I first shot was very little smaller. This one I examined by the light of a moss torch, and found it also dead. It had been shot in the head, and the dogs had finished it.

I then went back to the fire, the dogs at my heels. I found that Nero was frightfully scratched and cut on the side and head, but Jack had come off without a mark. Courageous and strong as the dogs were, they had no chance against the cruel fangs and punishing mouths of the wolves.

I plastered poor Nero's wounds as well as I could by tearing a strip off my linen, and putting some fir balsam upon it. Then I replenished the fire, and began to keep watch. I was afraid there would presently be more wolves in the "tuck," for when wolves hunt in Newfoundland, as elsewhere, they usually go in packs.

As I thought the matter over, it seemed clear to me that the wolves could not have been long in the shelter, but had just come in out of the storm, which I found was raging as furiously as ever.

Hour after hour I sat and watched, and again fell asleep. When I awoke my fire was low, and the daylight straggled in through the two or three little openings in the edge of the cluster. To my great joy I found that the storm had ceased.

I and the dogs had breakfast. Then, slinging the otter-skin across my gun, I started home. I returned the following day with a fisherman, and got the two wolf-skins.

EDMUND COLLINS.



Wolves at Close Quarters.

For the Companion.

TUMBLE-BUGS.

Two tiny negro acrobats, performing daring feats on a great brown ball, caused me to pause, one July morning in my walk through a green lane in the Berkshire Hills. Although the little tumblers were evidently having a private rehearsal and gave me no invitation to tarry, they were doing so well that I ventured to take a seat on the grass and watch their manœuvres.

They were acrobats, certainly, and as black as any African ever born; but I must explain that they had six legs instead of two, and could not talk.

In short, they were "Tumble-Bugs," belonging to a very aristocratic family, which can trace its pedigree away back to the time of Pharaoh, or, it may be, even to the creation of the world.

As I sat watching them, it soon became evident that they were not playing, but had hard, serious work in hand. One kept his place behind the ball, standing on his head and kicking against it vigorously with his hind-legs. The other was in front, and by continually scrambling up the ball and pulling, she helped materially in moving it forward.

They were plainly in a great hurry. They could hardly have shown more haste if they had set themselves a certain distance to traverse in a certain time, and had half the distance still to travel in only one-quarter of the time.

To these tiny workers a rise of a few feet in the ground was as a mountain, and a fallen twig as a prostrate oak. But on they struggled, showing excellent judgment in going around obstacles too large to roll their ball over, and never losing their general direction, no matter how many turns they were obliged to make to avoid stones, twigs or heavy grass.

Once, as they were going down an unusually steep decline, they lost control of the ball, and Mrs. Tumble-Bug, in front, scrambling hard to keep her place, was carried over a miniature precipice, while Mr. Tumble-Bug, behind, much to his astonishment, was left kicking at the sky in a very undignified way.

The female soon recovered herself, and waited for her companion; but as he failed to appear promptly, she resumed her place on the ball, and succeeded in pulling it slowly onward.

Meanwhile the male, having lost both his mate and the ball, was seriously alarmed. He ran hither and thither in his search, but to no purpose. Five, ten minutes elapsed, and still he remained lost and bewildered. I was just thinking that I must lend a hand, when chance, instinct or intelligence put him on the right track, and soon led him to the right spot.

He did not stop to greet his wife or to hear particulars of the accident, but at once resumed his place and his kicking.

If they were prodded gently with a stick, or otherwise actually obstructed in their work, they ran rapidly away to a distance of a few inches from their ball, and worked their bodies so closely to the earth in among the roots of the grass, that they were almost invisible.

They took good care, however, to hide themselves within easy reach of the ball; and as soon as they had reason to suppose that their enemy had withdrawn, they reappeared and eagerly resumed their work.

But what purpose had the little couple? What was the meaning of this tussle with the great brown ball? Simply this: The pair, whom I may introduce without further ado as Mr. and Mrs. *Canthon læris*, of Green Lane, Pilgrim Hill, Great Barrington, Mass., belong to the family of beetles known as *Scarabæidæ*, which deposit their eggs in lumps of enriched soil.

At first the little mass, containing a single egg, is soft and irregular in shape; but by being rolled

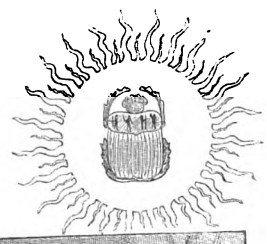
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about, it accumulates earth and grows both hard and round. Then a hole, about a foot deep, is made in the earth, and into this the ball is rolled, covered up, and there remains until the egg develops into a larva or grub.

Awakening to life, the larva subsists upon the rich substance in which it is embedded. It is transformed into a pupa within the ball, and the next season emerges as an imago or perfect beetle.

Plainly, then, our two little friends were intent on depositing their precious ball, with its still more precious egg, in the hole which they had made.

I watched them three-quarters of an hour; and during that time they had moved the ball a distance of ten or twelve







feet. From this estimate may be subtracted ten minutes for delay caused by the accident; and of course, some time was lost in going around small obstacles.

As I have before hinted, these beetles are of distinguished descent. If you look sharply among the treasures of the Egyptian collection in the Louvre, at Paris, or in any similar large collection in this country, you will find beetles cut in stone similar to the one which I have drawn above. In the British Museum, in London, is a very large and famous one.

These all represent the sacred beetle of the Egyptians, or as learned men call it, the *Scarabæus sacer* or *Ateuchus sacer*. This insect was held in such veneration by the Egyptians that it was often embalmed with the dead, and is now found, where it was placed, on the breasts of mummies.

These *Scarabæidæ* were thought to be symbolical of various things, but especially of the sun, which the Egyptians worshipped as the god Ra. They held the notion that these beetles rolled their ball from sunrise to sunset, and this accorded with their ideas of the sun's daily movement.

They also found the beetle a symbol of the sun, because the projections about the head were like the sun's rays, and because the six legs had in all thirty joints, the number of times the sun rose each month. The sacred beetle was often cut in precious stones and mounted in rings, which were worn as charms.

A distinguished English scholar and Egyptologist wears such a ring—not, however, on account of a belief in its power for good or evil, but because it is really ornamental and interesting.

This beetle is, too, occasionally mounted upon a pin and worn as an ornament to the neck-scarf by gentlemen who do not mind a certain eccentricity of decoration.

The Egyptians represented the elytra, or hard coverings for the true wings, as striated, or having ridges. This peculiarity is not found on similar beetles nowadays, although it is possible that some species were so marked in ages past.

I watched the manœuvres of the beetles for some time, and then, as they still had not reached the end of their journey, I put them in my handkerchief and took them home.

In order to test their intelligence, I placed them and their ball in a shallow pan, the bottom of which I covered with grass. They would have nothing to do here with the ball, but directed all their efforts to escape by scrambling over the sides of the pan.

Evidently they reasoned—if they can be said to reason at all—that they had no hole into which to roll the ball; that they were in the camp of the enemy, and that their only business now was escape.

In order to gain an idea of the strength of these gymnasts as compared with men, I weighed first the ball, and then one of the beetles, and found that the ball was eight times as heavy as the beetle.

We have seen that one of the beetles was able to roll the ball without assistance from the other, and that, too, up tiny hills and over what, to so small a creature, was very rough ground. These circumstances would, of course, materially increase the ratio of disadvantage to the insects.

A barrel of flour weighs one hundred and ninety-six pounds, and the strong grocer, who weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, has to exert a good part of his strength to roll the barrel up an inclined plane into his wagon.

Still he is pushing a weight only a little heavier than himself. Even if we put aside all minor considerations which would count in favor of the beetle, we see that this little friend of ours is relatively at least eight times as strong as a man.

If you look closely at both the sacred beetle and the "tumble-bugs," you will see that the second joints of the hind-legs are curved, and the end joints are barbed in order to aid the beetle in grasping and pushing the ball. The head is spade-like, and is used as a shovel in digging.

I put my little beetles to sleep with ether, and now I have them mounted just as I first found them—Mrs. Tumble-Bug pulling and balancing in fine style, and her gallant husband kicking away at the big brown ball with might and main.

These insects are by no means rare. Any one who is given to gathering flowers, or watching the grass, or hunting for four-leaved clover, or playing "stick-knife," is pretty sure to come upon them at their work, at least once or twice in a summer.

Nor are they limited in their range. They may be found in the West as well as in the East.

It is very amusing to watch them; and one gets, in following them, plenty of sunshine, for their natural liking is for sunny pastures and grassy, rather than shady, lanes.

WALTER GEROULD.

BLESSEDNESS.

In the nine heavens are eight paradises:
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in the paradises,
But blessedness dwells in the human breast.
—*From the Arabic.*

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

In recent years, Hawaii has become a subject of special and increasing interest to both Europeans and Americans. It has been felt to be important, by Englishmen, Germans and Americans, to obtain a controlling influence over, if not actual possession of, the government of the island realm.

The recent death of Kalakaua, the King who has reigned over the islands for nearly seventeen years, and the accession to the throne of his sister, Liliuokalani, has notably increased the interest felt in the kingdom by foreign nations, and has made yet more prominent the problem of its future destiny.

The natives of Hawaii, a gentle, cheerful, indolent, pleasure-loving race, have steadily dwindled in numbers for a long period; so that the present population, from having been two hundred thousand rather more than a century ago, has sunk to probably somewhat less than forty thousand.

The foreign population of the islands, on the other hand, has as steadily increased as the natives have diminished. It is stated that of the foreigners, there are resident in Hawaii twenty thousand Chinese, nine thousand Japanese, three thousand Americans, and thirteen or fourteen thousand Europeans, including Portuguese, English, German, French and Spanish.

The important fact about Hawaii is that the foreigners not only control its business interests, but take an important part in the governing of the islands. Englishmen, Americans and Italians have held high offices under the King; and about four years ago the foreigners achieved a successful revolution, by which the King was shorn of a large share of the royal power which he and his predecessors had exercised.

The new sovereign, Queen Liliuokalani, is described by one very familiar with Hawaiian affairs, as "a bright, clever, brilliant woman, possessing the finest judgment and tact, who will make an admirable ruler."

But she is credited with leaning rather toward the English than toward the Americans; and it seems certain that, with several great powers likely to contend for the controlling influence over Hawaii, her reign is not destined to be a very quiet one.

The importance of Hawaii is both a military and a commercial one. The situation of the islands in the midst of the Pacific, makes them valuable as a naval as well as a commercial station, and therefore they are coveted by maritime powers like England and Germany.

Their resources, moreover, have notably increased in recent years. Formerly the chief business of Hawaii consisted in the whaling industry. But with the decline of whaling, the natural fertility and favorable climate of the islands have prompted the cultivation of sugar, coffee and rice; and a considerable trade has grown up between Hawaii and the nearest Asiatic and American coasts.

The United States has already a reciprocity treaty with Hawaii, by the terms of which certain articles, produced from the soil or manufactures of each, are exchanged between them free of duty.

But, in view of the encroachments of European powers, especially of England and Germany, upon the various groups of islands scattered over the Pacific, and their annexation of many of these groups to their own dominions, American statesmen will doubtless gravely consider whether the ties between Hawaii and this country shall not be more closely drawn, and whether their possession, by any European power, shall not, at least, be prevented.

AMONG THE SIERRAS.

The grand old mountains gleam and shine
With everlasting snow;
Beneath and through the dark still pine,
The breezes come and go.

God's words are in each whispering breeze
That cools the brow of Time,
And every form that nature wears
Speaks of His love divine.

—*Edward G. Allason.*

THE SILVER QUESTION.

One of the most discussed and important questions upon which Congress failed to take action during its late session was the "free coinage" of silver.

We may remind our readers of a few facts relating to the silver coinage laws. The silver dollar was a standard coin from the beginning of the government until 1873, when it was dropped from the list; but in all that time, eighty years, only eight million silver dollars had been coined.

An agitation for the restoration of the silver dollar to the coinage was begun in 1876, and resulted in the passage, in February, 1878, over the veto of President Hayes, of an act providing for the coinage of from two million to four million dollars' worth of silver a month.

Under this act there have been coined during the last thirteen years about three hundred and ninety million silver dollars.

Last year a change was made in the law. The government no longer spends a certain amount of money, monthly, for silver bullion, and sends it to the mint; but it is required to buy four and one-half million ounces of silver each month, and to issue silver certificates to the amount paid for such purchases. Inasmuch as the silver bought thus far has cost rather more than a dollar an ounce, the law of 1890 has led to an increase of the currency not much less than five million dollars a month.

The law referred to was not passed without much opposition from those who favored "free coinage." Any person may take gold to the mint and receive its full weight in gold coin. The advocates of free coinage of silver demanded that the privilege should be given to the holders of silver bullion to receive the full weight of that metal in silver dollars.

Much of the time of the recent session of Congress was taken up with this question. After a long debate, the Senate passed a bill granting the privilege of the free coinage of silver, as it had done at the previous session. The Committee of the House of Representatives, to which the bill was referred, gave many hearings on the subject, and made its report, which was against free coinage, so late in the session that the measure was not brought to a vote. Consequently no change was made in the law.

But the question is still a live issue, and is likely to enter into political discussion very greatly during the present year. Possibly it will have a large, if not a determining, influence upon the presidential election of 1892.

The advocates of free coinage say truly that what they ask is but a restoration of the original law which prevailed for eighty years. They also assert, but this is denied by the opponents of their measure, that the reason silver has declined in value, as compared with gold, is that the laws discriminate against it.

The free coinage men declare that it is unconstitutional to make a difference in the laws in favor of gold and against silver. They hold that the country needs more currency, and that this is the way to supply it. They also maintain that a silver dollar is for all purposes and in all senses as good as a gold dollar; that silver is really more stable in value than gold, and that the apparent low price of silver is actually only a high price of gold.

On the other hand, it is urged that the present laws give a sufficient increase of currency for the needs of commerce; that they provide for an absorption of the whole product of the American mines; that at present the profit,—the difference between the market and the coining value of silver,—goes to the government, whereas under free coinage it would be given to the miners; and that the experiment of free coinage, while there is so large a difference as now exists between the market value of gold in a gold dollar and of silver in a silver dollar, would certainly derange the currency, and establish a premium on gold.

The silver question is a very great one. We have but outlined a few of the arguments used by the partisans on one side and the other. It is a question in political economy, but party politics and supposed "sectional" interests are involved, that is, most of the men from one part of the country think their interests are on one side, while most of those in another region drift naturally to the other side.

It is a question well worthy the study of every man and boy in the land, and those who will profit most by studying it are those who divest themselves of all party and sectional prejudice before they begin the study.

IMITATION IS WEAKNESS.

An old man died lately who had held an important position in the post-office of one of our largest cities for more than thirty years. He was appointed "before the war." One administration succeeded another, and one person after another was postmaster, but this man remained undisturbed. When the reason was asked, the postmaster answered:

"There were two: First, his work was thoroughly done. Second, he lived his own life—imitated nobody, flattered nobody. He never looked at other men as belonging to this or that party, or as being above or below him in rank. They were to him only men, true or untrue. He did his own work, and turned the same face to a shoeblack and a governor."

"The man," says the terse Spanish proverb, "who imitates cuts his own throat."

Certainly the nation that imitates another commits an intellectual suicide. Germany, for more than a century, used French books, wrote French ideas in the French tongue. It was when Goethe and Schiller expressed German life in its own language that German literature sprang into new life. The same lesson has been taught in the history of Russian and of our own literature.

Self-assertion and vulgar boasting are not to be confounded with true self-reliance. Nothing can be more weak and contemptible than the imitative attitude which many young people hold on entering the world. They are ready to dress, talk, think, even worship God, after the fashion set by some man or woman whom circumstances have elevated above them socially, but who may possibly be their inferiors in sense, taste and right feeling.

"There must be a bell-wether in every flock," says Sir Walter. The position of the bell-wether is undoubtedly the most agreeable and honorable. Why, then, voluntarily sentence yourself to be one of the despised flock that run forever at his heels?

MOTHER.

When the Japanese princes were in Philadelphia, at the time of the Centennial Exhibition, an American gentleman, addressing the son of a high officer of the Japanese Empire, asked him, "What do you think of your mother?"

"You are the first person in America who has asked that question," said the Japanese, as his eyes filled with tears and his voice manifested his emotion; "why do you ask it?"

"Because," said the other, "the reply to such a question throws a strong light on the domestic life and family ties of a people, as well as on the personal character of its individual citizens, and on the morals and customs and government of the nation."

"Well," said the Japanese, "I will tell you. Since I left home, my mother has, every week, regularly written me a long letter, telling about everything in the family and at home; and every week, in the same way, I have written to her, telling her of all my movements, and of what I see and hear and do.

"If it were not for these letters, I should long ago have been so homesick as to have gone back to see her and be with her. She is always on my heart." And his earnest and tender tones confirmed and impressed what he said.

When he was further asked if such was the general feeling of children to their parents among his acquaintance, and in the empire, he replied, that so far as his observation extended, among the better classes, it was.

"What do you think of your mother?" is a question that shows what is the character and influence of the mother herself; what the love and training she has given to her children; what the respect and honor of children to their parents; what the position of woman in the family and in society; and what the preparation of a rising generation to be good men and women, good citizens and supporters of all that is good in the society, government and institutions of a country.

UNFEELING.

Aaron Burr was, by nature and training, a man of extraordinary self-control. He allowed no circumstance to throw him off his balance. An anecdote told by Rufus Choate to the late Richard H. Dana, recorded in Mr. Dana's "Diary," illustrates the moral callousness which aided Burr so greatly in controlling himself.

Several years after the death of Hamilton—killed by Burr in a duel—Burr visited Boston, and Mr. Devereux, of Salem, paid him some attentions. The visitor was taken to the Boston Athenæum, where, while the two men were walking through the gallery of sculpture, Mr. Devereux happened to catch sight of a bust of Hamilton.

The thought flashed across his mind, that Burr might not care to be confronted with the sight of the features of the man he had slain. But no! Burr was undisturbed. He also espied the bust, and although Mr. Devereux had instinctively

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turned away, he walked up to it and said in a loud tone: "Ah! Here is Hamilton!"

Then, passing his fingers along certain lines of the face, he added, "There was the poetry!"

Hamilton's contemporaries gave him credit for possessing a poetic mind, though his writings betray no trace of poetry, but on the contrary, are as intellectual as Euclid.

LADY PALMERSTON.

The spirit, if not the letter of the adage, "A man must ask his wife's leave to be rich," was illustrated in the career of Lord Palmerston. He owed much of his success as a political leader in the House of Commons to Lady Palmerston, whose popularity and hospitality made her an efficient helpmate.

Her dinners and receptions, where her tact and courtesy showed her a perfect hostess, not only kept her husband's supporters together, but confirmed the wavering, and won over opponents.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* tells an amusing story, illustrative of Lord Palmerston's manners and of Lady Palmerston's tact in avoiding a scene by entering the room at the suitable moment, and in her charming manner insisting on the discontented one accepting her hospitality.

An old diplomatist was recalled from an important but distant legation, and appointed to an inferior post in Europe. On the day of his arrival in London, he called on his friend, the writer, in a state of indignation that he had never been consulted about the change.

"I shall go at once to Lord Palmerston, and let him know in unmeasured terms what I think of his abominable conduct; afterwards I will return and tell you the result."

He did return, and his friend said, "I hope you did not mince the matter with the minister."

"Plague on the fellow! I never could say a word," answered the diplomatist. "I sent in my card, and was kept in the dining-room—while he was, of course, arranging the scene; for no sooner was I shown into his study, than, before I could utter a word, he rushed up and seized me by both hands.

"'My dear, dear friend,' he said, 'I rejoice we have you back amongst us; you exchange barbaric life for civilization; all your friends are so glad to welcome you.'

"'My lord, I am surprised,' I struggled to say.

"'Not a word, not a word! here is Lady Palmerston. My dear, welcome your old friend home; he is one of us again. He will dine with us to-day—won't you? We must keep you, now we have got you back. I am off to a Cabinet. Lady Palmerston, get our friend to tell you some of those anecdotes which used to delight us. I leave him in your care. Good-by—*au revoir*, at eight o'clock.'

"And so he rushed out. I am engaged to dine, and have lost my chance."

RAILWAY ASSOCIATIONS.

The railroad question, so far as the railroad companies themselves are concerned, is this: How to get enough business at paying rates to earn a dividend?

State and national laws, restricting companies in their power to make passenger and freight rates, and requiring those rates to be uniform, place one of two companies serving the same points at a disadvantage. This brings them into direct competition with each other, and one of the companies gets all the business. Then comes a "railroad war," in which each company tries to obtain traffic by making lower rates than the other.

Formerly such a war would have ended at last in the formation of a "pool." All the earnings between competing points would be lumped, and then divided in a fixed proportion; but the law now forbids pooling.

For some time after the Inter-State Commerce law was passed there was chaos and confusion in the relations of railroads to each other. Then, two years ago, the presidents of railroads west of Chicago having agreed upon a plan that was to put a stop to rate-cutting,—this plan was called "the gentlemen's agreement,"—the Inter-State Commerce Railway Association was formed to carry out the plan.

Two years' experience proves that even railroad presidents cannot prevent their subordinates from cutting rates.

At the beginning of the present year a new league, known as the Western Traffic Association, was formed by the same companies, to fix competitive rates and to punish disobedient railway officers.

But the problem still remains the same as before: How to enable a road which is at a disadvantage with its rival to obtain its fair share of business without transgressing the law, and how to prevent the road which cannot obtain business otherwise from seeking traffic by cutting rates.

EARNING A FEE.

At a Western railway station a new porter had been engaged. One of his numerous duties was to announce the readiness of the trains. But, called hither and thither on various errands, this part of his work was sometimes neglected.

One day a New York gentleman was intending to leave the town to go to St. Antoine. Having been assured that he would be called in time, the gentleman sat quietly reading his newspaper in the waiting-room of the station, until at length the porter put his head in at the door, and shouted:

"All them 's is goin' to St. Antoine, the train 's just gone."

This was indeed true. The train was vanishing in the distance.

"Why didn't you call me before the train started?" demanded the gentleman, not very good-naturedly.

"Faith," the porter answered, scratching his head in perplexity, "I did think of it; but I had to put yer honor's trunk aboard, an' I thought that that 'ld please yer honor more 'n bein' told to get aboard yerself, when yer could do it widout assistance."

To find that his trunk had gone did not increase the traveller's good-nature, but there was so evidently nothing to be done that he turned away in silence. The porter stopped him, and said with a suggestive grin:

"Besides, yer honor's goin' to give me somethin' for puttin' his trunk aboard, an' he wouldn't have given me anything for calling him."

WEDDINGS.

Ministers have amusing experiences in marrying people. Many couples are so nervous that they hardly know how to behave, and in their efforts to appear self-possessed, say and do funny things. A clergyman in Connecticut occasionally lets fall an anecdote of his early "marrying days."

At one time a man and woman came to his house to be married. As they were waiting in the parlor for the minister's appearance, the man, without saying a word, got up and left the house.

When the minister came in, there was no bridegroom. They waited, and the would-be bride began to grow uneasy, though she tried to appear unconcerned. At length some one said to her:

"He must have left you."

"Oh, well then," was the reply, with a toss of her head, "it will save me a deal of trouble," but her voice faltered, and tears began to flow.

A half-hour later the missing man returned, wearing a new hat and bringing a ring, which he had gone out to purchase. Tears then gave way to smiles, and the wedding went on.

On another occasion the minister asked the groom what form of service he would prefer should be used.

"What?" was the curt response.

The minister repeated the question.

Then, with a glance at his bride, the man replied, "Both together, and for life."

The marriage fee often reveals odd traits of character. Once the bridegroom presented to this clergyman a bit of paper on which was written, "A wife is a crown to her husband. If she turns out to be a good one in ten years, I'll give you twenty dollars."

The minister pocketed the paper, thinking that the woman would "turn out to be a good one," and that the man would never remember the promise.

But time brought a surprise. Before seven years had passed the clergyman received a gold double eagle, and a note, saying:

"She is good clear through. There is no need of waiting any longer. I ought to have paid you on the spot."

A HOMER ENTHUSIAST.

Doctor Schliemann, the great archæologist, is said to have determined to discover Troy when he was a mere boy. His youthful enthusiasm for Homer developed into a degree of love and admiration which has probably never been surpassed by any student of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The doctor's classic taste showed itself in various curious ways.

He resolved, so it is said, to marry a lady who understood and appreciated the great poet. It is reported of him that he visited the best Greek school in order to look for such a lady, and having heard a Greek girl, Sophie Kastromeno, recite many passages from Homer, with "good accent and discretion," he offered her his heart and hand.

Whether or not this is true, it is certain that Mrs. Schliemann is a person of exceptional scholarship, and has a perfect knowledge of Greek.

Doctor Schliemann changed his wife's name of Sophie to a more Homeric-sounding one, and named his children Andromache and Agamemnon. He bestowed on his servants names taken from the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey." He once startled the passengers on board a steamer by asking the waiter who stood behind his chair what was his Christian name. Being informed that it was Jean, he exclaimed, "No, not Jean; Ulysses!"

On that same voyage he persisted in reciting Homer to his wife. She, being a bad sailor, tried to persuade him that there was a season even for Homer; but in vain. The exhilarating effect of the sea still inspired him to declaim impassioned passages from Homer. In her despair, Mrs. Schliemann found it in her heart to wish that her husband might have one touch of sea-sickness. At last there came a day when it was unusually rough, and he was obliged to lie down and be silent. From that time forth he never declaimed Homer except on terra firma, where his wife's enthusiasm could equal his own.

TO DETECT ERASURES.

The task of the expert who endeavors to detect forgeries and fraudulent alterations of writing is difficult. It is likely to be simplified by the application of discoveries recently made by M. Bruylants. This scientist's conclusions are stated in the *Revue Scientifique*.

When a satin-finished paper is partially moistened, dried, and then exposed to iodine vapor, the part which was moistened takes a violet tint, and the rest becomes yellow or brown. If drops of water are allowed to fall on a smooth-finished paper, and to dry, and then the paper is dipped in water, dried, and exposed to iodine vapor, the places where the first drops fell can be distinguished.

If a paper on which erasures have been made is exposed to iodine vapor, the roughened surface takes a different tint from that portion which has not been tampered with.

If the erasure has been lightly made, only the ink or pencil-lead being rubbed away, and the mark left in the fibre of the paper, iodine vapor causes the writing to reappear. This is because wherever the paper has been roughened, more iodine is absorbed than by a smooth surface. This test is effective within three months after the making of the alteration.

The discovery of the action of iodine on partially moistened paper led to M. Bruylants's discovery of its action on a partially roughened surface, and to his invention of a system of "invisible" writing by using a glass point dipped in water, this tracery becoming visible when exposed to iodine vapor.

PRECISE DIRECTIONS.

Boston boys are no worse, and perhaps no better, than boys who have had the misfortune to be born elsewhere, but newspaper men must have their joke.

"Say, bub," said a stranger to a seven-year-old Boston boy, "where's Boylston Street?" and the youthful Athenian replied:

"While your mode of address, sir, seems to me to savor of undue, not to say unwarrantable, familiarity, you shall have the information you seek. You will perchance descry, some distance up the street, an imposing structure of commingled Renaissance and early Venetian architecture. The street for which you inquire is immediately contiguous."—*Boston Courier*.

Throat Troubles commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. 25 cents. [*Adv.*

Burnett's Cocoaine has earned a just reputation for promoting the growth and preserving the beauty of the human hair. Instead of possessing the heating and rancid qualities of all animal preparations, such as bear's grease, etc., it is a cooling vegetable oil, extremely agreeable and cleanly. [*Adv.*

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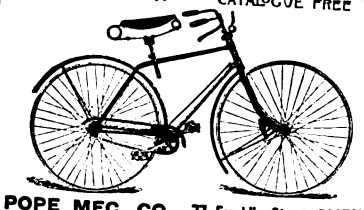
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SUGGESTIONS

YOUTH IN HISTORY.

For what is Joan of Arc remembered?
What was the Children's Crusade?
What part did boys and girls take in the Civil War?
What youthful Kings and Queens can you name?
What baby was born a King?
What youthful poets, painters, musicians and inventors have there been?

For the Companion.

THE DEATHLESS HEART.

The flames ran riot o'er roof and wall
And wrapped the house in a lurid pall.

Through the glare and smoke, through the din and heat,
All eyes upturned in the crowded street

Were filled with pity and yearning fear
For the children thought to be dying there!

Just at that moment of speechless dread
At an upper window the curly head

Of a girl of twelve in the red light shone,
Her arms in the tenderest fashion thrown

Round her weeping brother of five years old,
And her dark locks blent with his locks of gold!

The people urged her to leap in vain
While the sparks came down like a fiery rain,

And the boy was dropped 'mid the widening glow
To the haven of outstretched arms below!

The girl rushed back through the eddying smoke
And never a word to the watchers spoke,

But swiftly again to the window came
A babe in her arms, and her dress aflame!

She wrapped the baby in blankets tight
And leaped at once with her burden light

To the eager hands that were opened wide
Fronting the crest of the crimson tide!

The infant, happy and safe at last,
Was quite unharmed by the peril past,

But the sister who saved her, though breathing still,
Was beyond the reach of all mortal skill!

The fire had fed on her cheeks so fair,
Nor left the ghost of a dimple there.

No trace remained of her eyes so bright,—
Those marvellous wells of truth and light,

And her hair, where the sunbeams loved to stray,
Like sudden darkness had passed away!

The doctor told her, in gentlest tone,
She must go through the Valley of Death alone,

For his healing art and his wish were vain
To bring her back to the world again!

"Oh! thank you, doctor, but don't mind me,
I know you, sir, though I cannot see.

"I've saved our Robbie and baby too,—
'Twas almost more than I hoped to do,—

"But now I'm tired and feel some pain,
And I hear a voice like the far-off rain,

"Or is it—because I know He's near—
Oh! tell me, sir, is it Christ I hear?

"Our Saviour will take me to His kind breast
'Where the weary cease'—you know the rest."

With the words unfinished, but smiling said,
The girl sank back on the pillow—dead!

When her body was wrapped in its winding-sheet
'Twas found that the terrible smoke and heat

Had raged and revelled in every part,
But had left unscathed the stainless heart.

The watchers whispered below their breath:
"What a wonderful token of life in death!"

And a poet, standing in silence near,
Spoke out in a tremulous voice yet clear:

"The flame in reverence dared not touch
The loyal heart that had done so much.

"For more than all triumphs of earthly art
Is one grand deed of a deathless heart."

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

For the Companion.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

A touching story was told of Tamberlik, the tenor singer. Passing through Madrid one bright spring morning, he visited the bird market, and bought every bird in it. He ordered the cages to be carried into the Plaza, and opened. The sunny air was filled with a fluttering host, and from hundreds of tiny throats burst songs of delight. Tamberlik looked after them with tears of pleasure in his eyes, crying, "Go, and be free, my brothers!"

A similar story is told of a kindly old Virginian, who used to celebrate the Fourth of July by buying up all the caged squirrels, rabbits and birds in the neighborhood, and then setting them free, that they, too, might rejoice in the day of Independence. The creatures to whom he gave happiness are long since dead, but the children who saw his kindly act have carried its influence through their lives.

It is one proof of the power of Christianity upon modern life that animals receive more humane treatment at our hands than formerly.

Queen Elizabeth with her maids of honor delighted to see a bear torn to pieces by dogs, but if an American maltreats a horse or cat he can be heavily punished for it.

No moral precepts, no religious training will give to children the spirit and mind of Jesus, in a family where the horse or dog is cruelly treated.

"How much of mind my spaniel hath I know not," says Von Ruppe; "how much of soul no man hath ever discerned. But this I know, that he is God's creature, one of His family—a far-off cousin of my own. Shall I be cruel to him?"

The horse or dog or bird which belongs to us, is given to us, like every other fact in our lives, to test our natures—whether they are noble or mean. These creatures demand especial justice and tenderness from us, as do the absent or the dead, because they are dumb; they cannot protest against injustice or demand their rights.

But when their silent, pathetic faces testify to our neglect and cruelty, there is a Judge Who hears and gives sentence between them and us.

PROUD OF HIS WORK.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London, in an address to workingmen at the Congress of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, declared that "Work, manual work—and that, too, of a resolute kind—is absolutely necessary for every man." He spoke also of the importance of doing one's work, not merely to get it done, but with a feeling of pride in doing it well. In this connection, he said:

I was invited, not many years ago, to lecture at St. Andrew's University, and to listen in the evening to a lecture by another man, like myself, an outsider. I was not personally acquainted with this other man, but I knew that he filled an important judicial office in Scotland, and was considered one of the most able and learned, as well as one of the wittiest, men in that country.

He chose for his subject "Self-Culture," and for an hour held us in a perfect dream of pleasure. For my own part, I could not realize that the hour had fled.

The lecture ended at seven o'clock, and at eight I found myself seated at dinner by the side of the lecturer, at the house of one of the university professors. In the course of the dinner I made some reference to the hall in which the exercises of the day had been held—how good it was for sound, and what a fine structure to look upon.

"And did you like the way in which the stones were laid inside?" asked my new friend.

"Immensely," I replied. "The man who laid those stones was an artist who must have thought that his work would live through the ages."

"Well, that is pleasant to hear," he said, "for the walls are my ain doing." He had the Scotch accent when he was in earnest.

"Fortunate man," I replied, "to have the means to build so fine a place," for I thought, naturally enough, that, being a rich man, he had built this hall at his own expense, and presented it to the university.

"Fortunate, truly," he answered, "but not in that sense. What I mean is, that I laid every one of those stones with my ain hand. I was a working mason, and the builder of the hall gave me the job of laying the inside stone-work; and I never had any job in my life in which I took so much pride and so much pleasure."

That workman still lives, and is one of the heads of the university. While he was working with his hands, he was working also with his brain. He took his degree, went to the bar, and now he is a man honored throughout the country.

But I refer to him here only as the mason at his work, proud of his labor. That man had the idea of the paradise. It sweetened his work; it made it great. We applauded his brilliant lecture; but those silent, beautiful stones before him, which echoed our applause, must, I think, have been to him one cheer more, and a big one.

THE SUN AS AN ARTIST.

In a summer holiday every one's face and hands are more or less tanned by the sun. And the same artist is all the time active among the tenants of the orchard and the garden. A snow-apple, ripening on its stem in October, shows this plainly. The sunward side takes on a vivid scarlet, while the treeward half remains a pale pink. Sometimes a leaf, blown down in a storm, will lodge near an apple stalk. Cemented with a little moistened dust, it clings to the fruit long enough to leave the record of its stay in an outline of its crumpled form.

Where the leaf came between the apple and the sun, the coloring touch of the solar beam was securely kept off.

Young people in France and Germany imitate this stray work of the leaf with very pretty effect. An anchor, a heart, a shield or an initial is cut in paper and gummed to a ripening peach, apple or pear. The fruit is plucked in due season, and when the bit of paper is removed its outline is disclosed in hues much fainter than those of the surrounding rind.

And the sun can destroy color as well as bestow it, as many a wearer of a once gaily-tinted coat or dress can testify. Are not a thousand parlors kept dark and unwholesome lest carpets and curtains shall lose their beauty?

When we come to observe the matter, there is a wide variety in the pace at which the sun can give a color or change it. A winter apple may be a month in reaching its ruddiness; a peach may ask only a week wherein to flush into its mantle of maturity. But the most nimble work of the solar ray in its decoration of fruit and flower is not to be compared with what it accomplishes in other departments. When its power was brought to bear upon some familiar chemicals, it was found that its action was reduced from days to seconds.

Upon this discovery turn all the wonders of photography. At first silver nitrate or lunar caustic, as it was commonly called, was used in the camera. From time to time other substances of greater and greater sensitiveness to light have been produced, every one of them successively giving the solar beam a wider play and more astonishing power.

To-day, with the exposure of a photographic plate for only the one hundred and twentieth part of a second, not only are the beatings of an insect's wings caught in the camera, but also the path of a cannon-ball, the skyward flight of exploded rock, and the sinuous glint of lightning.

EXCITING TRAVEL.

A journey from Calcutta to Jumalpore, described in *London Society* by an English lady, seems to have been uncomfortably full of adventure and variety. It was before the days of railways in India, and she and her friend were carried by natives in palanquins. They were asleep, when suddenly down went the palanquins on the ground, and with shrieks of "*Saar! saar!*" (tiger) the natives disappeared.

Our first instinct was to lock the outside door of our fragile fortress. Round the palanquin the creature kept stalking, switching his heavy tail against the doors. Then he seemed to spring and fall heavily on the roof.

Who could describe our awful terror? What if the natives did not return! We had no fire-arms and little food. We dared not open the aperture an inch for fresh air.

The time wore on. Dawn came. With the first glimmer of day hoarse, unearthly yells resounded close by, and believing that all the wild beasts of the jungle were upon us, we gave ourselves up for dead women.

A trampling as of a million feet, a crowding and scuffling; then the light grew red, as with a fearful jerk our palanquins were pulled asunder, and torches revealed the natives, who had returned at last with a score of villagers. They brandished huge sticks, and informed us by gestures that the tiger had bolted, and that we were safe.

At the bank of a river most of our natives disappeared again. After a long half-hour they returned, with several of the villagers carrying large, wide-mouthed earthen "gurras," or pots. With a good deal of gesticulation, we were made to comprehend that there was only one mode of crossing the river. Frightened and nervous, we each stepped into an earthen pot. Then we were lifted by two natives and launched on the water.

My friend was in front of me, and I felt decidedly uncomfortable as I saw her frail and certainly original bark pushed violently by a native who swam behind. Eventually we reached the opposite shore, cramped, limp, dizzy, and thankful to collapse on a heap of stones, while the palanquins, with each of their feet encased in smaller pots, made their voyage toward us.

We had had enough of excitement and novelty, and were glad at sunset to find ourselves at Jumalpore.

For the Companion.

THE COSTLIEST GIFT.

I give you a day of my life—
Treasure no gold could buy—
For peasant and peer are at one
When the time comes to die;
And all that the monarch has,
His koh-i-noor or his crown,
He would give for one more day
Ere he lay his sweet life down.

They are winged, like the viewless wind—
These days that come and go—
And we count them, and think of the end,
But the end we cannot know;
The whole world darkens with pain
When a sunset fades in the west—
. . . I give you a day of my life,
My utterniost gift and my best.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

TO GAIN TIME.

Some persons have what are called resources. They know what to do in an emergency. As the common saying is, They have more than one string to their bow. What cannot be done in one way, they know how to do in another way. Such a person was a servant-girl, of whom a Kansas woman recently told a story to a reporter for the Philadelphia *Press*. To borrow a political phrase, she was a master-hand at filibustering.

When my husband was a candidate for the State Senate we lived on a farm two miles from our nearest neighbor, and four miles from town. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, a wagon drove up containing four of my husband's influential political friends. They had come to dine with us.

At that moment my Irish maid informed me, to my horror, that there was barely bread enough for our own dinner, and no flour in the house. It was a distressing predicament—four able-bodied men, and bread enough for only two of them! Only a woman with her husband's interests at stake can appreciate my feelings.

I called my oldest son out of the room, put him on a horse, with a bag over his arm, and told him to ride at a gallop to Mrs. B——'s, our nearest neighbor, and borrow all the bread she had, explaining my situation.

As Bob rode away, the servant, Mattie, said, "Sure, mum, the bread will all be gone before the lad reaches the B——'s. But jist leave it to me, mum," she added, with a grin. "Don't worry about it. We'll have it in time."

I went back to the dining-room, and my heart dropped as I saw that only two or three slices of bread were left on the plate, though there was an abundance of meat and vegetables. Suddenly Mattie's head was stuck in the door, and in a voice of consternation, with terror written on her face, she fairly yelled, "Plaze, mum, the sthable's on fire!"

In an instant the dining-room was deserted. Our guests sprang to their feet, and headed by my husband, rushed from the room. Sure enough, bluish smoke was pouring out of the stable door and through the cracks in the boards.

There was a frantic rush for water-buckets and the well, and a long chase out to the barn; but somehow Mattie was there first, with a bucket of water, and had the fire nearly extinguished before the others arrived. It took fifteen minutes to restore order, and by that time Bob had arrived with the bread.

Mattie had started the fire in an old vinegar barrel with some straw. It was a risky piece of business, I thought, until the sharp-witted girl told me that she had dampened the straw so that it would make a heavy smoke, and afterward had covered the barrel with pieces of loose boards thoroughly dampened.

The bread was in season, as Mattie had promised it should be, and my husband was elected.

UNCLE LIJE'S FIRST RIDE.

After half an hour's run through monotonous swamp land, with its labyrinthine growth of cane and cypress, the railroad train pulled into a town in one of the cotton belt counties of Mississippi. Among the few new passengers who got on at the station was a negro Methodist preacher, of the "befo' de wah" school. He had a guileless look on his face, and an excitement of manner that showed that he was indulging in a new experience. His face was made more marked by a wart on the end of his nose. As we left the station and the motley congregation of the old negro's church, who were down to see "Uncle" Lije off, the old man leaned far out the car window, and waved a bandanna 'kerchief to them until their dusky faces and the clouds of dust had passed from sight. He then drew down his window, with the assistance of the brakeman, and sank back uneasily on the cushioned seat.

"I thought you wouldn't ride on the cars, Uncle Lije," was the conductor's greeting, as he punched the old man's ticket and stuck a green slip in a bell-crown beaver hat old enough to have a history.

"Well, boss, I did t'ink I never'd git on the kyars," laying his hat on the seat, and scratching his head, as negroes will do when spoken to, "but Bill Simpson, an elder 'n dat pesky Baptis' church, went to Yazoo City week afore lars, and ebber sence he dun got back he's bin er gallyantin' roun' a-sayin' as how I was afeard to go on the kyars. So I up and sez to him, sez I, 'I haint a-skeared ob no train.' Bill he 'lowed 'f I'd go to Natchez he 'ud pay my fare, and here I iz, boss. Do I look skeart?"

"Oh, you are all right, old man," laughed the conductor, as he passed on and sat down beside a school-girl on her way home to spend the holidays.

They commenced talking about the old negro, and so loud that I could not help overhearing their conversation.

"This is his first ride on the train," said the conductor, as he proceeded to make himself agreeable to the bright-eyed miss. "That old negro belonged to one of the best-known generals in the Confederate army, and fought for the Confederacy throughout the Civil War.

"He was a faithful old soul, and courageous. Once, when some Union soldiers were breaking down the stable door to take the horses of a Confederate colonel's widow, old Lije crept off a hundred yards or so from the foragers, and sent a rifle-ball into a can of powder they had in their wagon. The explosion killed four soldiers and one of their horses. After that Uncle Lije was lionized by the boys in gray so much that ——"

Just then the whistle sounded half a dozen short, sharp alarms. Uncle Lije started up, absolutely crazy with terror, and literally jammed his bald pate through the window glass. It stuck there, and I seized the old man firmly by the shoulders, cautioning him, if he moved, his throat would be cut by the jagged edges of the glass. The train came to a standstill because of some obstruction on the road, and then we carefully broke the rest of the glass from around his head, and got him back into the car. The old patriarch was so badly cut we had to bandage his head with handkerchiefs. The wart on his nose was actually shaven smoothly off.

Fifteen miles further south we met the northbound passenger train, and old Lije was sent back to his friends. The man capable of heroic action for the cause of his master could not drop into the ways of this decade. He had lived beyond his time.

F. D. C.

INFORMAL WEDDING.

A remarkable tale of an "informal" wedding is related by a clergyman who was for some time settled in a small town in Western New York. The father of the bride invited the minister to spend the evening at his house and, incidentally, to marry his daughter. He asked at what time the ceremony was to be performed, but was told that it was not yet decided; the whole thing was to be very informal, and the minister had better plan to spend the evening, as they had arranged to have a "grand good time."

I presented myself at his house, therefore, early in the evening, and found a large company assembled. The young people were playing games in one room, while their elders chatted socially in another.

As the evening wore on, music had its part in the festivity. The bride elect "performed" on the melodeon, while the future partner of her joys exerted his energies upon the flute.

Ten o'clock came, and when the host genially invited every one out to a "spread in the dining-room," I began to think that possibly they had changed their minds, and the wedding was not to take place, after all. But as I stood rather irresolutely, wondering what was expected of me, the host took me by the arm and led the way into the dining-room. He placed me at the head of the long table, while the bride and groom were seated at my right and left.

All hands were busy with the good things with which the table was heaped, when the host, who had been hovering about the company instead of sitting down, whispered in my ear, "I guess this is as good a time as any."

Then he added, aloud: "Stand up, Mary and John!" And surely they did stand up, and I performed the ceremony, with one of the "contracting parties" on one side of the table, and one on the other, their hands being joined over a dish of excellent baked Indian pudding, which had the place of honor before me.

As soon as I had pronounced the pair husband and wife, the groom left his seat, and going around to his bride's side of the table, gave her a hearty kiss, after which he returned to his own seat, and renewed his attack upon the supper.

I have had queer experiences at other weddings, but never one where I felt the absurdity so keenly as on this truly "informal" occasion.

TOO MUCH KNOWLEDGE.

The foreman of a room in one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the country told a friend recently the circumstances of his first going to work there, and the brief story contains a moral which it would be well for many a lad starting out in life to lay to heart. He was sent to the foreman of the factory by a friend who was anxious to get him into the employ of the company, and the following conversation took place:

"Well," the foreman said, "I understand you want to come here to work. What do you know about machines?"

"Nothing," the other answered.

"Nothing!" echoed the foreman, in surprise. "You do not mean to say that you never saw a machine, I suppose?"

"I literally never saw a machine work in my life," was the reply, "except a locomotive."

"Where do you come from?"

"Cape Cod."

"Hum!" the foreman remarked, studying the face before him. "I came from the Cape myself. Do you suppose that there is anything in our business that you will not know all about in six months, if you come here to work?"

The Cape Cod man was puzzled how to answer, and contented himself with saying that he was sure he could not tell.

"The truth is," the foreman explained, "we can get plenty of men, but by the time they have been here six months or a year, they know so much that we have to send them away. They know a vast deal more than we men who have been here twenty years, and they are mostly willing to tell us all they know, too.

"Now if you think there are things that you cannot learn in a week or two, we should like to hire you; but if you are one of the abominably wise kind, you had better move along, and give us a chance to find somebody who doesn't know quite so much."

SHREWDLY DONE.

"Some time ago I was trading in a village store," says a correspondent, "when one of the clerks came to the junior partner, who chanced to be waiting on me, and said, 'Won't you please step to the desk a moment. Pat Flynn wants to settle his bill, and insists on having a receipt.'

"The merchant was evidently annoyed. 'Why, what does he want of a receipt?' he said; 'we never give one. Simply cross his account off the book; that is receipt enough.'

"'So I told him,' answered the clerk, 'but he is not satisfied. You had better see him.'

"So the proprietor stepped to the desk, and after greeting Pat with a 'good morning' said, 'You wished to settle your bill, did you?' to which Pat replied in the affirmative.

"'Well,' said the merchant, 'there is no need of my giving you a receipt. See! I will cross your account off the book;' and suiting the action to the word he drew his pencil diagonally across the account. 'That is as good as a receipt.'

"'And do ye mane that *that* settles it?' said Pat.

"'That settles it,' said the merchant.

"'And ye're shure ye'll never be afther askin' me fur it again?'

"'We'll never ask you for it again,' said the merchant, decidedly.

"'Faith, thin,' said Pat, 'and I'll be afther kapin' me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it yet.'

"The merchant's face flushed angrily, as he retorted, 'Oh well, I can rub that out.'

"'Faith, now, and I thought that same,' said Pat.

"It is needless to add that Pat obtained his receipt."

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For the Companion.

HOW PATTY'S BIRTHDAY CAKE WAS MADE.

"Cut-cut-cadawcut," cried the hen,
"See, I have laid an egg,
And there's another, and a third,
Oh, come at once, I beg!
Come quickly, all these fresh eggs take,
For little Patty's birthday cake."

"Yes," moo-ed the cow, "she's six years old,"
(And how she knew, I cannot tell),
"I'll give my very nicest milk,
And most delicious cream as well.
And with them, cook, please nothing make
But little Patty's birthday cake."

Then James went out into the barn,
And took out Dobbin from his stall.
"Now we will to the village trot,
To buy the raisins, nuts and all."
Old Dobbin gave his ears a shake,—
He too might help to make the cake.

And now cook set herself to work,
The cream she whipped, the eggs she beat,
Citron and raisins stirred in thick,
With all that Patty liked to eat;
And in the oven put to bake
That most delicious birthday cake.

At last then, Patty's cake was done,
All richly seasoned through and through,
With on the top six candles, and
Her name spelt out in pink and blue
So that there might be no mistake.
Oh! what a lovely birthday cake. S.

For the Companion.

THE RACCOON FERRYMAN.

Billy and Bolly were up at daylight, and ran to the window.

"Oh, it's raining again!" they both cried. And they must ride through it all day, in the mail-carrier's open wagon, to get to the bay where they took the steamer!

But Billy and Bolly did not mind it, for they had grown used to rain during their visit at "Grandma's house," in the Puget Sound country.

Besides, they were going home, and now that the rainy season had set in on the Sound, these little mountaineers were homesick for brighter skies.

They stopped at the post-office store to get the mailsack, and the storekeeper's wife ran out to the wagon, all through the rain, with a shawl over her head.

"What! You're not going to leave us?" she said to the two little boys. "Why, I thought you were going to settle here!"

Neither knew what to reply, so mamma spoke up, and said they were going back because they loved the mountains.

"Well," said the storekeeper's wife, "it's a rough road and they will be tired, and they must take this to help them over it." And she slipped two paper bags of candy out from under her shawl, and stuffed them in two bulging coat-pockets.

All the way to the bay, the road ran through the endless forest of firs and spruces; and everywhere it was drip, drip from glooming boughs on fallen logs, and ferns that stood as high as the wagon-wheels.

They came at last to the rope-ferry, and drove right on to the little ferry-boat, swinging to the big cable stretched across the river.

The driver got down and held his horses' heads, for the boat had no guards.

A man stood at the wheel that controlled the boat, and he began to turn it, and out they slid on the racing current, for the river was high from the rains.

The man at the wheel was a big man, and had a black beard that came to his waist.

Any boy but Billy would have known a man with such a beard could do anything with a boat, and he was standing right close to Billy, too, for on the little deck the wagon almost touched the wheel he was turning.

But Billy could not keep from shutting his eyes when the water began to run by so fast on every side.

"Don't be scared, Billy!" said bold Bolivar. "The ferryman'll make the boat go right."

The bearded man heard him.

"The ferryman?" he said. "If you want to see the ferryman, look over there!"

The boys looked, and saw a raccoon sitting on a bench on the opposite side of the boat.

They had never seen one before, and they were so surprised now to be told he was the ferryman that they thought no more of danger.

"Watch out," said the bearded man, gravely. "He will come for the fare in a minute."

Bolivar got out his purse.

"He will not take money," the bearded man said, peeping into Bolly's coat-pocket. "But wait; he will help himself. Here he comes."

The "ferryman" jumped from the bench, and climbed on the wagon-seat.

The two boys made way for him, and sniffing about, he put his funny black hands first in one pocket, then another, until he found the candy bags. Then he took his fare.

"Oh, we must have him to take home with us!" said the two boys when they had landed safely. "What will you take for him?"

The bearded man shook his head.

How could the ferry run, he said, without the ferryman? They must stay and settle on the river, and then they could see him every day.

But this could not be, and so they both shook the funny ferryman's little black hands, and were sorry to say good-by, they liked him so well.

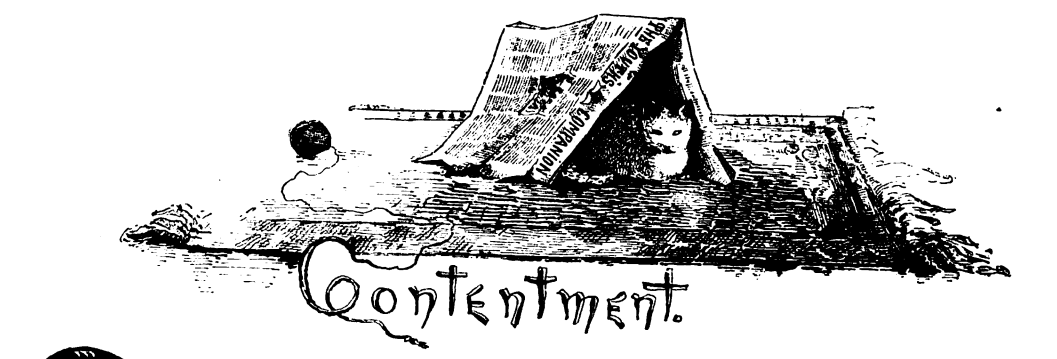
MRS. J. S. OAKLING.

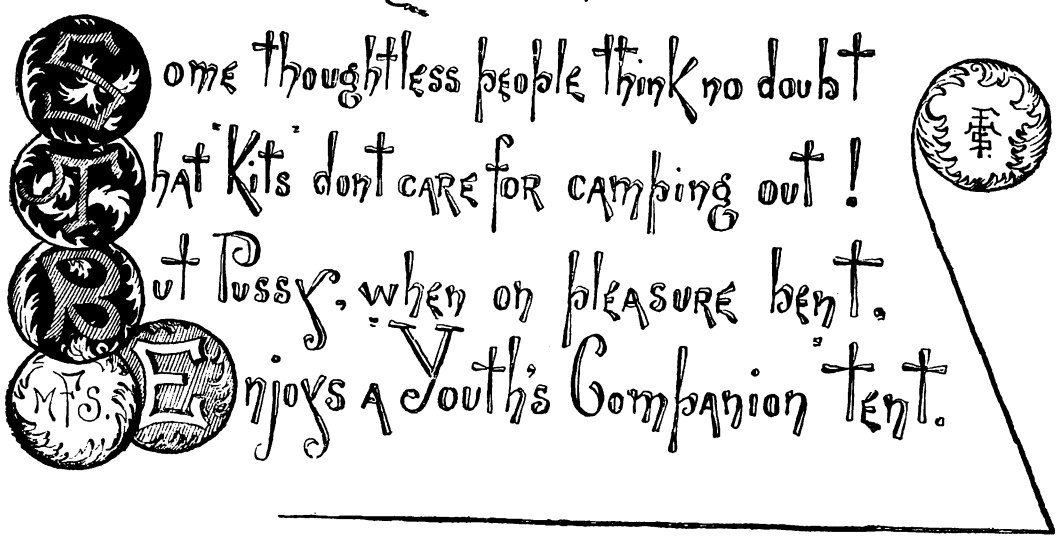
For the Companion.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

ONE Sabbath evening, not long ago, Edith was at the tea-table, and noticed some cheese on a plate before her. "Mamma," said she, "is that the cheese we sang about in Sunday school to-day?" "Why, no, Edith, you did not sing about cheese in Sunday school." "Yes'm, we did. We sung 'Bringing in the cheese.'" Which was her rendering of the familiar "Bringing in the sheaves."

ONE day at luncheon Mamie was very greatly delighted with some honey which had been sent her by a friend who lives in the country and keeps bees. After eating a while in silence, she exclaimed, "Doesn't Mrs. Lepley teach her bees to make nice honey!"





For the Companion.

BABY'S DINNER.

Baby will not eat her dinner.
Baby is a little sinner.
Give it all to Kitty Cat,
What will Baby say to that?

For the Companion.

ONE SMALL MAN'S PLAN.

The "blue-line" street-car stopped at the corner, and a rather anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Rob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bub?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered, politely.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor, but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't, I'll scare the horses and make them run away." The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bub, I'll give you this peach if you pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter. The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more, but the young man opened the bag, and held it out just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Rob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat on the other side, to get off the car, the little boy slipped quickly down, left the temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Rob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said with a sweet glow on her face:

"Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Rob's mother, but no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.

ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

LITTLE Georgia was visiting a short time ago in a family who were fond of lawn tennis, and saw for the first time a racket.

She seized it the moment her eyes fell upon it, and began making mysterious passes across it with both hands.

She labored at this till at last her patience gave out, and she threw down the racket in disgust, exclaiming: "I don't see how you can make any music out of that kind of a fiddle."



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

My *first* is hunted by northern lakes;
At my *second* men eat their fill;
My *whole* full many a farmer takes,
To carry his grist to mill.

2.

REVERSALS.

An act or a writing on parchment, whose name,
Spelled backwards or forwards, is still just the same.

A note used in music, whose time doth proclaim,
And backwards or forwards 'tis still just the same.

A beautiful scent, of very great fame,
And backwards or forwards 'tis still just the same.

One who revives either glory or shame,
And backwards or forwards 'tis still just the same.

My next you will find a feminine name,
And backwards or forwards 'tis still just the same.

A word which doth civil affairs proclaim,
And backwards or forwards 'tis still just the same.

N. T. M.

3.

CHARADE.

Although my *first* is made for all
They're few who daily use it,
And if 'twere offered me to keep
I surely should refuse it;
And yet to be deprived, oh, no!
There's nobody would choose it.

My *second* ever is the type
Of innocence bucolic,
And light o' heels enjoys a life
That's full of frisk and frolic.
Strange that my *whole* should always mean
Confusion diabolic.

4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer consists of 85 letters.

From 1 to 77 gives the dying speech of a famous French orator and statesman.

From 78 to 85 gives the name of the above person, who was born in March, 1741.

The 1, 3, 2, 6, 14, 17, 26, 5, 10 is a voracious bird.

The 4, 34, 19, 21, 13, 52, 8 is a tumor on the finger.

The 7, 23, 74, 60, 41 is to issue forth.

The 80, 44, 43, 9, 65, 42 is depends.

The 25, 22, 39, 68, 11, 16, 48 is stooped.

The 12, 24, 77, 33, 32, 45, 69, 70, 71, 72 is counterfeit.

The 15, 84, 78, 35, 85, 73 is a string of shells used as current money by the native North American Indians.

The 18, 47, 50, 40 is to appear.

The 38, 37, 58, 49, 51, 79, 57, 20 is realization.

The 31, 55, 63, 27 is the woof of cloth.

The 28, 66, 30, 29, 36, 59, 53 is the constituent part of a thing.

The 64, 76, 75, 46, 67, 56, 61 is to send away.

The 82, 62, 54, 83, 81 is a kind of tea.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Charles Sumner.

2. 1. "To err is human; to forgive, divine."
2. "The first blow makes the fray."
3. "More haste, less speed."
4. "A noble life keeps off wrinkles."
5. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."
6. "A drowning man will catch at a straw."
7. "Lively kittens make sober old cats."
8. "You cannot catch old birds with chaff."
9. "Truth lies in a well."
10. "Age thinks all youth folly."
11. "Lying rides on debt's back."

H	U	M	A	N
F	I	R	S	T
H	A	S	T	E
N	O	B	L	E
B	E	A	S	T
S	T	R	A	W
S	O	B	E	R
C	H	A	F	F
T	R	U	T	H
F	O	L	L	Y
R	I	D	E	S

Centrals—Mrs. Barbauld.

3. You-ten-sill—Utensil.

4.

P A S S I O N	S U N D A Y
A C T O R S	U N I O N
S T O L E	N I L E
S O L E	D O E
I R E	A N
O S	Y
N	

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For the Companion.

VACCINATION AND RE-VACCINATION.

The tendency of small-pox to reappear as an epidemic from time to time is noticeable even in countries where vaccination prevails and is somewhat thoroughly enforced.

Are we, then, to infer that vaccination is a failure, as some persons contend? By no means; the carefully gathered facts of all lands prove the reverse. For instance, in the great epidemic in Sheffield, England, four years ago, vaccinated children were seen to be twenty times as safe from an attack as the unvaccinated, and nearly five hundred times less liable to a fatal result. Three things, however, seem to be established:

(1.) Some persons have a susceptibility to small-pox which is not readily overcome, either by vaccination, or by a previous attack of the disease. A Sister of Charity, who had been successfully vaccinated in childhood, had a severe attack of small-pox at the age of thirteen. Four years later she was again successfully vaccinated, and still again in adult age. Persons have been known to take the disease several times.

(2.) During an epidemic of small-pox, the susceptibility to it is greatly increased. Persons who, in ordinary circumstances, might be exposed to the disease with little risk, will often take it readily during its prevalence.

(3.) Vaccination, as a general fact, loses its protective power after a few years, especially prior to adult age. In the Sheffield epidemic it was found that the safety of the twice-vaccinated was twelve times as great as that of those who had been vaccinated only once.

Every child should be vaccinated in infancy, and again at the age, say, of seven. It is safer to repeat the operation again in youth, if an epidemic is prevailing; but in every case it should be repeated after adult age is reached.

Vaccination should be compulsory. Where it is voluntary, tens of thousands of persons neglect it. In Berlin, under compulsory vaccination and re-vaccination, deaths from small-pox are less than two per cent.; in Paris, under voluntary vaccination, they are nearly twenty-nine per cent. The change in Germany from voluntary to compulsory vaccination reduced the death-rate from this disease from thirty-four per cent. to two per cent.

HE REMEMBERED.

A gentleman who is a great traveller, and who is always accompanied in his wanderings by a bull-terrier to which he is much attached, arrived one day last summer in the city of Florence. His dog was for some reason entrusted to the care of a porter at the station, and in the excitement of the crowd and under the unusual experience of being separated from his master, who generally kept the animal with him, Bruno was moved to make his escape.

The most careful search was made, and before going to his hotel the traveller went to the police station to notify the *gens d'armes* of his loss. It was more than an hour before he reached his hotel. When he got there he spoke of his loss, so that if anything was heard of the dog it would be understood that the animal belonged to him. To his astonishment the porter said:

"But your dog is here, sir. He came before you, and we did not know to whom he belonged."

"The dog is here!" repeated the gentleman in surprise. "How came he here?"

"He ran in, sir, about half an hour ago, and after snuffing about the office for a little, he ran upstairs. I gave orders to have him driven out, but the boys have been busy, and he is up there somewhere now."

The traveller, of course, went upstairs at once, and there on the mat before the chamber numbered forty-four lay Bruno, who sprang up with the most frantic demonstrations of delight at finding his master again.

The gentleman remembered that two years previous he had been with the dog in Florence, and had stayed at this hotel. He did not remember that he had occupied this particular room; but on reference to the hotel register such was found to be the fact.

The dog had remembered not only the hotel but the chamber, and when he found himself lost in a strange city he at once ran to the place where he and his master had been together before.

ONLY ONE SAVED.

Almost every dweller by Maine's rock-bound coast has heard that dreaded sound, so graphically described by Mrs. Thaxter:

"When morning dawned, above the din
Of gale and breakers boomed a gun!
Another! We who sat within
Answered with cries each one."

Mr. S. A. Drake tells, in "The Pine-Tree Coast," the story of a shipwreck on Cutts Island, in which all on board perished except the first mate.

The brig *Hattie Eaton* was caught in the equinoctial gale of March, 1876. Captain Cook, seeing that his vessel was driving on a lee-shore, steered for a strip of smooth water among the roaring breakers. A huge wave lifted the brig, and left her wedged between two rocks, a few cables' lengths from the shore. The seas flooded her deck and pounded her to pieces.

People ran up and down the beach, eager to aid, but were prevented by the surf, which threatened certain death to any who attempted to reach the doomed vessel.

The brave, cool captain worked his way out over the bow, where he could be heard by those on shore, and shouted farewell messages to his wife and the owners, till a wave swept him away.

One by one the crew were torn from the brig and dashed upon the rocks. At last only one man remained on board—he held a place at the bow.

The sight roused the shoremen to attempt his rescue. Taking hold of hands, they rushed out in the wake of a receding wave. The foremost man of the living chain got near the brig, and held out his hand. It was seized by the mate, who, more dead than alive, was dragged ashore.

MUCH PASSING.

When a stranger comes upon a person living in a lonely place, he is usually struck by the complete identification of the man with his locality, and the effect is often droll enough. An illustration of this is given in a scrap of conversation between a traveller and a man who lived in an isolated house on a Western prairie.

"You must find it terribly lonely here," observed the visitor, who was prospecting with a view to establishing a cattle ranch. "I suppose there is never any passing?"

"Oh yes," was the reply, "sometimes there is considerable. Why, only day before yesterday there was three hundred went by."

"Three hundred people!" the visitor exclaimed, in amazement. "I shouldn't have thought it possible."

"Oh, not people," said the other, equally surprised at being so mistaken. "Three hundred head of cattle."

"I see," the stranger answered, smiling at his own error. "I have not become part of the country yet, or I should have known what you meant."

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

In the province of Holstein, noted for its superior breed of cattle, the country people are not only very thrifty but exceedingly fond of their cows, as may be gathered from the following characteristic story:

Farmer Jan was walking sadly down the road one day when the village pastor met him.

"Why so sad, Farmer Jan?" said the pastor.

"Ah, I have a sad errand, pastor," said Jan.

"What is it?"

"Farmer Henrik's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him."

"A hard task, Jan."

"Indeed it is. But I shall break it to him gently."

"How will you do that?"

"I shall tell him first that it is his mother who is dead; and then, having opened the way for sadder news still, I shall tell him that it is not his mother, but the cow!"

NEW VEGETABLES.

The soil of Nebraska surely exhibits some queer freaks as a result of dry weather, if the little fellow mentioned below is to be believed.

An almost total failure of crops caused the display of farm products at a county fair in western Nebraska to be very limited this year. Little Georgie had been to the fair with his papa, and came home disgusted, and exclaimed, with much indignation:

"Why, mamma, there wasn't a single thing in the vegetable department, except a goose and two glasses of jelly!"

WHAT KILLED HIM.

A typographical error is thus accounted for by the Whiteside *Herald:*

Compositor: That new reporter spells "victuals" "v-i-t-a-l-s."

Foreman: Yes, he's fresh. Make it right, and put the item in here. We must get to press in just three minutes.

The item was put in place, and this is the way the public read it:

"The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the deceased came to his death from the effects of a gunshot wound in his victuals."

SOMETHING FUNNY.

When a boy wants a favor very much indeed, he can generally find a way to express himself.

Little Charley asked his mother to talk to him, and say something funny.

"How can I?" she answered. "Don't you see I am busy baking these pies?"

"Well, you might say, 'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be very funny for you."—*New York World.*

A PERFECTLY simple and innocent remark may have a queer sound, as when a lady wound up a letter by saying: "Now I must say good-by, for my feet are so cold that I can hardly hold the pen."—*Pick Me Up.*

Children often look pale and sick from no other cause than worms in the stomach and bowels. Give "*Brown's Vermifuge Comfits,*" a simple remedy. [*Adv.*

Ladies' Underwear should be made from KING PHILIP CAMBRIC, LAWNS and NAINSOOKS. Send stamp for samples. King Philip Mills, Worth St., N. Y. [*Adv.*

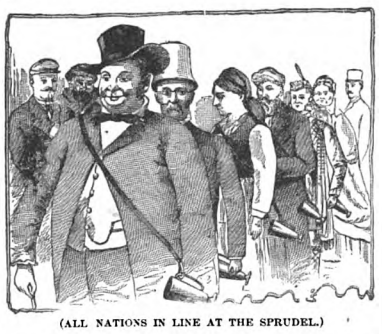


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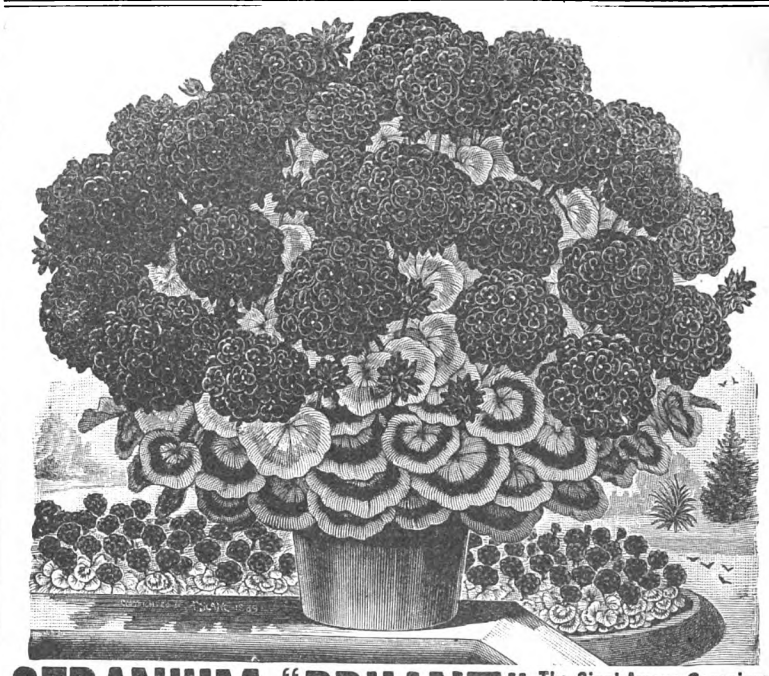
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For the Companion.

THROWN ON HER OWN RESOURCES.

By Mary A. Livermore.

Third Paper.

In no particular has the condition of women changed so greatly for the better, during the last twenty-five years, as in their increased opportunities for self-support.

Fifty years ago the only occupations open to women who were obliged to maintain themselves were teaching, millinery, dress-making, tailoring, household service, factory work, and plain sewing. The available occupations had increased to twenty-seven in 1860, the year before the outbreak of the Civil War.

A few months ago, the Chief of the National Bureau of Statistics of Labor published a report in which he stated the number of employments open to women at the present time to be three hundred and forty-two.

It is possible for the young woman of to-day, with average ability and average force of character, to find remunerative employment. Her compensation will be small at first, but by conscientious work, and by fitting herself to do something better, she will become more valuable, and will command better pay.

In all Northern cities and large towns, there are organizations which endeavor to increase the industrial ability of young women who aspire to better work than they are doing and to larger wages.

In the Working Girls' Clubs, the Helping Hand Societies, the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, I have found girls learning to make button-holes; hard at work, with cash-book in hand, at mental arithmetic, fitting to be cashiers; taking lessons in penmanship, and also in grammar, for the correction of defects in chirography and colloquial speech—all with reference to obtaining a higher place in the world of work.

Two young girls, orphaned, poor and friendless, came to Boston a year ago in quest of employment. They found it in one of the dry goods stores, but were paid only two dollars each per week. Renting a cheap and poor apartment, and carefully husbanding the little store of money and household conveniences they brought with them, they joined a Working Girls' Club, were trained for more valuable service than that performed by cash girls, and now receive each five dollars a week as saleswomen, with a cheerful determination to do better yet.

A young girl of my acquaintance in a suburban town was orphaned some three years ago by the death of her father, who had supported himself and daughter on a salary that was barely sufficient for their daily needs.

Only sixteen years old, penniless, without relatives who could aid her, and untrained in any remunerative industry, her outlook was dreary. But she had good health, a good grammar-school education, energy and courage.

The sale of household goods and of a few valuables belonging to her father, which she could not afford to keep, brought her a little money. She obtained a temporary home with the Young Women's Christian Association, in Boston, where, at moderate cost, she was furnished most excellent accommodations.

She entered a business school to learn type-writing, and, quick to learn, made such rapid progress that in a few months she began to earn a little money by occasional jobs of copying which she solicited.

Then she made the discovery that she would be eligible to a better position if she united stenography with type-writing. Unhesitatingly she bent all her energies to the acquisition of this art. For nearly a year she has been entrusted with almost the entire correspondence of a business house in one of the inland cities of Massachusetts.

One of the firm dictates replies to the letters that are received by every mail, which the lady clerk takes down as rapidly as they are spoken, copies them in correct style upon the type-writer, and takes them to the office for the signature of the firm. Her bargain was for twelve dollars a week the first year, but her salary is to be increased, for her painstaking experience has greatly enhanced her value to the establishment.

I know another young girl, of nearly the same age, who, with a younger invalid brother, was left even more destitute, with less of health, education and ability. A maiden aunt, herself very poor, received the twain into her humble home.

This girl was a fair hand-seamstress, and a very good sewing-machine operator. By the joint contributions of friends she became the owner of a sewing-machine, and timidly sought employment.

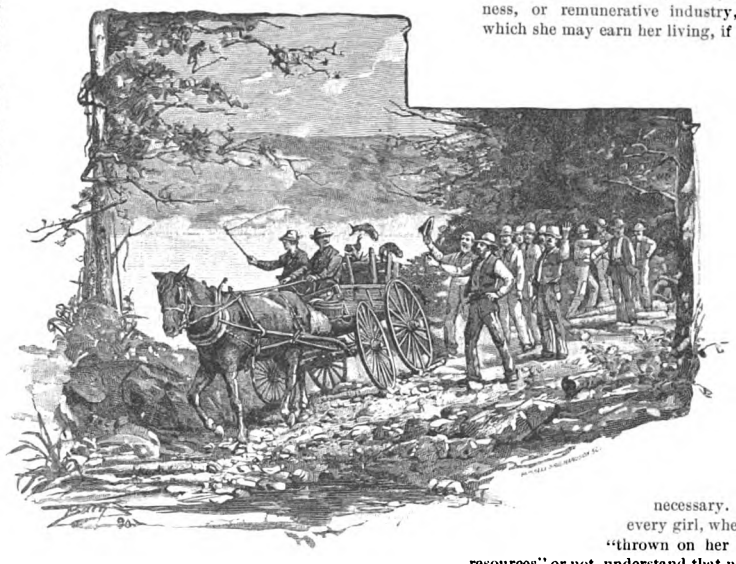
A few women of philanthropic spirit aided her in her quest, and work found its way to her. Sometimes she went out to families to sew by the day, sometimes it came to her by the piece, to be done at her home.

It was impossible for her not to do her very best in any work that came to her hands, for she possessed that kind of conscience which compelled it. Whoever employed her once was sure to engage her a second time, and she began to number among her employers, regular customers, who engaged her to come to their houses to sew by the week.

By and by she was persuaded to acquaint herself with the best methods of cutting and fitting ladies' dresses and children's garments. This added new interest to her work. She developed artistic skill in planning and making dresses for children, while her passionate love for them gave her great joy in the work.

Her health has improved, she has grown happier, brighter and prettier, the demand for her services is beyond her ability and time, her compensation is never less than two dollars a day, and the poor little home, with its beloved inmates, has taken on new life.

There are numerous instances of young girls unable to leave their homes on account of duties there which require their presence. A young girl in Vermont, into whose care was given a blind mother and a paralytic father, needed most urgently an addition to the family income. In the little village where she lived it was impossible to procure it.



Starting again for Uncle Sidney's.

In despair, and with profuse and unneeded apologies, she sent me several pots of fruit jellies, jams and marmalades, which she wished me to examine, and tell her how she could convert them into money. I found customers who immediately bought all her domestic wares, they were so excellent; and as her manufactures increased, they found additional purchasers for her dainties, who paid for them the price she asked.

Another girl, similarly anchored to her home by heavy cares, was in desperate need of money, and yet seemed to be lacking in gifts by which it is acquired.

She applied to several families in the town who were in good circumstances, to be engaged to repair weekly the family wardrobe, and the table and bed linen.

To test her ability, she was at first employed in mending stockings, and carried home with her on the first application forty-one pairs of hose, all needing repair, gathered from eight households. She executed this uninteresting work so well that she was trusted still further.

She has pursued this occupation for at least a dozen years. The repairing of elegant dresses, the re-bosoming and re-cuffing of fine shirts, the mending of lace curtains, with other like work, requiring care and patience, all find their way to her hands, as well as the coarser work of repairing the family wardrobe.

She has elevated her nondescript employment into a business, devotes her whole time to it, and has succeeded so well that she now has in a savings-bank, laid by for "a rainy day," a small amount which is constantly increasing.

I recall another instance of a young girl, living on a Massachusetts farm, whom duty held to the homestead for the sake of her parents and a brother whom they were carrying through college. She got permission of her father to carry out some ambitious plans she had conceived, of raising fine breeds of poultry.

She made her first hennery herself, rude but serviceable. She bought the best books on poultry-raising, and studied the business. She has prospered, enlarged her henneries, found ready customers and good prices for eggs, spring chickens and Thanksgiving poultry, and her profits year before last were nearly five hundred dollars.

I was told of another instance, on a recent visit to Dighton, Massachusetts, where two girls had achieved great success in the culture of strawberries, having cleared jointly, the year before, over one thousand dollars. They had, however, been trained to the employment.

Whether one lives in the city or country, the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 98 Boylston Street, Boston, will undertake to sell in their Exchange any articles made by women and girls, for which they cannot elsewhere find a market.

Any useful or fancy articles, decorated china and pottery, wares necessary to the toilet or for travelling, dainty gifts for anniversary and birthday occasions,—these are always acceptable, if well done, and if possible will be sold at the valuation of the manufacturer, with a ten per cent. commission deducted, to defray the cost of selling.

Women and girls carry thither for sale bread and cake of their manufacture, jellies, crumpets, pressed meats, and all other kinds of portable dainties, which are always good. The demand in this department exceeds the supply.

Let me, in closing, assert my life-long conviction that every girl, rich or poor, should be trained to self-support. No matter what a girl's accomplishments may be, she is not thoroughly educated unless she is taught some profession, trade, business, or remunerative industry, by which she may earn her living, if it be necessary. Let every girl, whether "thrown on her own resources" or not, understand that never have women and girls had such opportunities for self-support as at the present time.

Never have women been so banded together to help one another as to-day; and never has it been so important that girls should do conscientious and thorough work as now, that they may hold all the advantages that have been gained for them, and that others may follow.

For the first step toward advancement in profitable employment is to do that well and thoroughly that comes first to hand, no matter how humble the work may be.

For the Companion.

OVER TO UNCLE SIDNEY'S.

"Going over to Uncle Sidney's" was one of the bright spots in a lonely boyhood.

Uncle Sidney lived not far from the "great river," as the old people of the county quaintly styled the Androscoggin. How many attractions his farm had! To say nothing of Doat, a stout lad of about my own age, and my other cousins, girls, who at that period of my life did not count, there were a foxhound, two Guinea-hens, a horse that we could ride, two trout brooks, a flock of geese, two large old barns to climb in, hens' nests to hunt, calves to yoke and sheep to salt. It was a boy's paradise.

But alas! the distance from my home was nearly twenty miles, and the way was by many a devious country road. I could go only once a year, or twice at most, when lucky opportunities and my personal behavior chanced to open the way.

"If you will be a good boy and work well till the last of April, you may go over to Uncle Sidney's, perhaps."

Thus spake darkly the family oracle. The "perhaps" was depressing. Yet even with that black shadow of doubt across the sunshine of hope, it was worth a great effort; for a visit to Uncle Sidney's meant four or five days of unalloyed joy.

Even when Doat was obliged to work a few hours of the day, there was time for several enterprises, great to us, expeditions, jaunts, hunts, and two or three games of "I spy" and "hide and coop."

It was on one of these infrequent visits at Uncle Sidney's that the following adventure took place.

At dinner on the second day of my visit, my uncle said to Doat, "Eli Bartlett, who lives over at Kimball's Mill, on Stony Brook, has offered to let me have a dozen of his new buff Cochin eggs to set. I want you to take the horse and wagon and go over after them this afternoon."

"Dear me! are you going to pay the awful price Bartlett asks for those eggs, Sidney?" cried Aunt Cordelia.

"Wal, 'Delia, the last time I saw him, he said he would take off a little from the two dollars that he's usually asked," replied Uncle Sidney. "I guess they're really a fine breed of hens," he added.

"I should think they ought to be, at two dollars a dozen for the eggs!" exclaimed Aunt Cordelia. "And it's fully eight miles over there, and a dreadful roundabout road, too. I don't believe Doat can find the way."

"Humph! I guess I can!" cried Doat, who was elated with the idea of the trip. "Anyway, cousin and I have tongues in our heads and can inquire."

"I'm going to give them a map, on a piece of board," said Uncle Sidney; "a map of the road and all the turns and the forks with other roads. If they follow the map they can't miss the way."

We took a half-bushel measure, filled with oats, in which to pack the precious eggs; and after some time spent over it Uncle Sidney handed us a bit of planed bass-wood board on which he had drawn, with a pencil, a map that somewhat resembled the diagram given below.

"This long line is the road you are to follow," said Uncle Sidney; "and these short lines leading off from it are roads which you mustn't take. You keep to the right all the way over there. It is the last house before you come to the sawmill. The little crosses are places where there are houses beside the road. Now mind the map, boys, and you can't miss your way."

Doat took the reins to drive old Dolly. I held the board map, and we set off in great glee.

Two boys of our age, with a horse to drive, are not often in low spirits. Our heads were up. We hallooed to all the boys we saw on the road or in the fields, whistled to all the dogs, *yowled* at all the cats, cackled to all the roosters and ganders, and when in the woods a partridge flew up beside the way, oh, how we longed for a gun!

Everything that stirred we saw. I believe we killed two snakes, and we saw two big hen-hawks.

Spring was now at hand; the afternoon was warm, and only in the woods a few little patches of ice remained from the winter snows. The whole drive of eight miles was one long streak of enjoyment.

Thanks to the map, which we consulted at every turn and fork of the road, there was no difficulty in finding the way to Eli Bartlett's, although, owing to our many halts, we did not arrive there until about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Bartlett was away from home, but Mrs. Bartlett sold us the dozen eggs, for which she exacted the sum of a dollar and eighty-five cents. This she declared was quite too little, since her husband had paid ten dollars for three buff Cochin chickens.

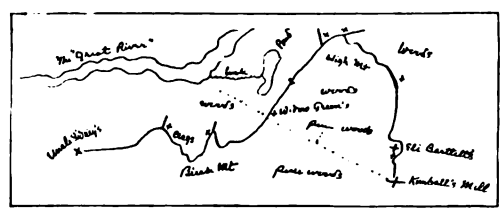
She showed us how to pack the eggs; but before starting for home, we ran down the hill to look at the sawmill, where an upright saw was dancing merrily, up and down, through a spruce log, and at the water-wheel underneath.

We stayed so long at the mill that Mrs. Bartlett came down the hill to call us.

"You've a long way to go, and must drive carefully," said she. "I think you'd better be going. It will be dark before you get home."

The mill men told us that we could save two miles' travel by taking a new road from the mill up through the woods. "It comes out into the old road close by the Widow Green's farm," they explained to us.

We decided to take the new road, so we drove down to the mill and turned into it. The position and the relation of the new road to the old road are indicated by the dotted line in the diagram.



The new road led through pine woods. It was not a well-beaten thoroughfare, and we drove slowly, having the welfare of those precious eggs at heart.

Of course our board-map was of no use to us here. We came to one cross-road, and after a time to another. I thought that this must be the "old road;" and that we ought to turn to the left.

"But where's the Widow Green's place?" said Doat.

There were no buildings in sight near the turn. We heard afterward that they were hidden by a clump of pines a little way along the old road. After some hesitation we drove on, crossing our proper route, and continued along a road—as will be seen from the diagram—which led, still through pine woods, down into the valley of the "great river."

By this time the sun had set; and after going on

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for a considerable time, our courage and our spirits began to fail us, with the dusk and the uncertainty.

We strained our eyes for some signs of a turn to the left; but still the road led on and on through what seemed endless woods.

At last we saw, or fancied we saw, a dark object run across the road, at a little distance in advance. Fearing that it was a bear, we were much inclined to turn the horse and go back; for old Dolly did not show much spirit on this road.

We came to a halt. Doat proposed that we should keep on a little way further, while I counted three hundred, slowly, and then, if we did not come to a turn, that we should go back. He whipped up and I began to count, slowly.

But before I had quite reached three hundred, we heard shouting ahead. The sound of human voices in the darkened woodland cheered us up so much that we resolved to go on and inquire our way.

The road led at once down a long hill. We saw a fire ahead, and what, in the obscurity, appeared to be a wide, open place, where we caught the gleam of water. Dark forms, as of men, flitted in front of the fire; and again a long halloo woke the forest echoes.

"You don't suppose they're Indians, do you?" I asked Doat.

He was not at all sure, but he did not think they were real Indians.

The old horse plodded along; and as we drew near the men, who were gathered about the fire, two of them saw us and ran toward us with a wild whoop. They seized the horse by the bit and pulled him up into the fire-light.

Thereupon a dozen or fifteen rough-looking fellows rose up, and after staring at us a moment, burst out in a loud laugh, followed by another wild whoop.

They were a gang of river-drivers, or lumbermen, in charge of a "drive" of logs going down the river. No doubt, after reaching this place in the afternoon, one of their number had paid a visit to the much too "accommodating" town liquor-agent, and had returned with a large jug.

At his best, a genuine river-driver is not often a gentle-mannered person; and an intoxicated river-driver is sometimes a dangerous character. By the time we arrived, the men had passed considerably under the influence of the stuff they had been drinking.

Earlier in the evening they had been to a brook hard by, and caught a great number of "suckers"—large, fat fish, weighing three or four pounds apiece. Three frying-pans were upon the coals, and bread was cooking in a tin "baker" nearly six feet long, on the other side. Pending these preparations, the men were passing the jug, dancing, shouting, and brandishing their "peevy-hooks."

It was into the hands of these Philistines of the "great river" that Doat and I had fallen.

They crowded around the wagon. "Hooray, bub!" one shouted. "Glad to see ye! Git right out and walk into the parlor! We'll unharness your hoss."

Before Doat or I could remonstrate, they had lifted us both off the wagon-seat, and had old Dolly out of the shafts.

We tried to tell them that we were lost and that we wanted to find our way home, but no one would listen. They caught us up bodily and seated us on a big box, with a lid and padlock, called a "wangin," in which the river-drivers transport their tools and camp kit.

They danced about us, slapped us on the back and shouted in our ears. I was terribly frightened, for I had no doubt they were all crazy. One of them caught sight of the half-bushel with the oats, and ran to set it before old Dolly, who had been hitched to a tree hard by.

"No, no!" screamed Doat. "You mustn't do that. There are eggs in there!"

"Aigs! aigs!" cried the man, swaying about and stirring the oats with one hand. "So they be! so they be! Let's bile 'em, boys!"

"No! no! no!" screamed Doat, rushing up. "They're buff Cochin eggs, worth two dollars a dozen!"

At this the noisy crew laughed loud and long. But "Bile 'em! bile 'em!" was still the cry. One brought a kettle, and another, with unsteady hands, began to put the eggs into it. Doat tried to take them away, and then the good-humor of the intoxicated men turned to ferocity. Several of them sprang up to seize him, uttering threats.

Doat started to run back along the road, but three or four of the crew gave chase, one snatching up a brand from the fire.

I dared not stir from the "wangin." They caught Doat, and dragged him back to the fire.

"Put him into the wangin!" some one said. This suggestion pleased the humor of the others, and they pulled me off the box, threw open the lid, and thrust Doat down into it. Frightened almost out of his senses at the idea of being shut up in such a place, Doat screamed and kicked; but in he went, and down came the lid.

"Oh, let me out! let me out! I shall smother!" screamed Doat. Hearing this last complaint, two of the men hoisted the lid, with me upon it, to give him air. This they continued to do at intervals, for several of the gang were not so tipsy as to have parted with all prudence. By and by they put a block under the lid, and let Doat peer out.

But they boiled the precious eggs, and ate them with their fried suckers and a great molasses sweet-cake, hot from the tin baking-oven.

At sight of the food and the eating, Doat and I stopped crying and looked on with some little reviving interest in life, for we were hungry. After a time one of the men who had lifted the lid brought a generous piece of sweet-cake to me. I found it so good that my tears dried for the time, and I passed some mouthfuls from it under the lid to Doat.

At last they offered to let Doat out, if he would be "a good boy," which he eagerly promised. He was allowed to sit on the "wangin" beside me again. Then we had more sweet-cake.

But as soon as they had finished their supper the jug was brought out again, and great hilarity followed. They ran races, and hauled our wagon around the fire. Then they began to ride old Dolly, on some sort of wager, up and down the road, one after another. One tried to ride standing on her back, "circus fashion," but fell off repeatedly.

I think it must have been midnight before the carousing flagged. At last the one who had given us the sweet-cake declared, in thick tones, that it "was time lill' boys was abed." He threw down some old coats behind the "wangin," and told us that we could lie there. He brought a blanket, too, and spread it over us; and from some strange freak of memory—memory of a boyhood, it may be, when he had known better associations—he sat on the "wangin" and made us say our prayers.

Some of the lumbermen had already lain down beside the fire. We lay still and waited, but at last we fell asleep.

When I again opened my eyes the sun was shining brightly on the river and among the pines. Doat was still sound asleep. The cook was getting breakfast, and all the men were astir.

They did not seem at all like the wild, noisy crew that had made the woods resound the previous night; in fact, they appeared very sober and woe-begone.

I wakened Doat and we edged out to the wagon. At first no attention was paid to us. Old Dolly had been hitched to one of the wheels of the wagon, and we began to harness her.

The foreman of the gang then came and asked whose boys we were, where we lived and how we had come there. When we had explained it to him he said that he was sorry about the eggs.

"Tell your father I'm sorry. Perhaps he'd like a mess of suckers. I'll send him some."

He picked up twenty or thirty large fish from the heap which they had caught, and put them in the back part of the wagon. Three or four of the other men now came forward; and seeing what the foreman was doing, each brought an armful, laughing. They filled the back of the wagon, and then brought stakes and some bits of board and built up a bin, which they filled at least three feet high with fish.

The half-bushel measure was also packed full and set in front. They then gave us each a piece of cold sweet-cake and told us we might go, and laughed as we drove out of sight with our load, which was so heavy that old Dolly could scarcely do more than walk.

We made the right turn this time, and reached Uncle Sidney's at about eight o'clock. As we drove into the yard with our load, Aunt Cordelia rushed to the door.

"Why, you poor, dear boys!" she cried. "Where in the world have you been all night? Sidney's off looking for you. He started for Eli Bartlett's at four o'clock this morning. But for mercy's sake, what have you got there!"

"A mess of suckers," we replied, disconsolately. "But we've lost the buff Cochin eggs."

We poured out the tale of our adventures. By the time we had finished it and taken old Dolly from the wagon, Uncle Sidney came back from his fruitless quest.

But both he and Aunt Cordelia bore the loss of the buff Cochin eggs with much greater fortitude than we had expected. They put down a barrel of suckers in pickle, and sent the hired man over for another dozen of eggs two days later.

C. A. STEPHENS.

For the Companion.

TRAPPERS AND HUNTERS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

I.—The Ant-Lion's Trap.

Most insects that feed upon living creatures take their prey directly with claws and mouth. But some have ingenious ways of trapping their victims which remind one of man's methods of capturing wild beasts.

Among these is the ant-lion *(Myrmeleon obsoletus)*. It belongs to the dragon-fly family—beautiful lace-winged creatures that brighten our landscape as they flit to and fro, seizing and devouring insects in the warm days of summer.

Dragon-flies are not favorite insects among English-speaking people, although their usefulness deserves a better reputation. One may hear them called "devil's darning-needles" and "snake-feeders," to say nothing of the somewhat formidable name already used, which recalls the fabled monsters with whom saints and pilgrims of olden time are said to have done valiant battle, as did Saint George with the dragon.

I like the name by which the French call them much better. It is "demoiselle," or "young lady;" and it shows a sense of the real beauty of the insects.

Our ant-lion has a threefold existence. A part of its life it spends as a larva; another part as a pupa, during which it falls asleep, and wakes up to the third and last stage of its existence, namely, the perfect winged insect.

It is of an ant-lion in its first stage that I wish to write something, and the habit I am to describe gives it its special name, which indicates that it preys upon ants as the lion does upon beasts of the field.

I once had a fine opportunity to observe closely the habits of this insect. Several Myrmeleon larvæ were taken from the sandy soil of New Jersey, during the month of July, and brought in a large bowl filled with sand to my room in the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

In a short time the surface of the bowl was pitted with holes, from the size of a thimble upward. These were the ant-lion's traps. They are little pits in the shape of an inverted cone. They are not dug, but formed in a way peculiar to this insect.

When the larva wants to make a pit, it moves backward over the surface of the sand, directing its course downward and along a spiral line which gradually closes in upon the centre.

The body is just beneath the surface during this movement, and the displaced grains of sand which fall back upon its long jaws are continually thrown upward and well away by sharp jerks of the head. This motion is somewhat sidewise, and not unlike the preliminary passes of a butting sheep or goat.

The larva has another way of forming its pit. It burrows into the sand, just beneath the surface, and commences a series of violent tossings of the head, by which the sand is snapped upward and outward for the distance of several inches. This causes a vortex toward which the surrounding sand runs from all sides, thus naturally forming a cavity or pit with smooth and sloping sides.

In fact, the larva depends upon the well-known law of equilibrium to aid its labor. If the reader will scoop out a handful from a heap of dry sand, he will see all the grains around straightway begin to move toward the centre of the vacuum. They will not stop until they are all in equipoise; and when the motion ceases, it will be found that a cavity has been formed precisely like the ant-lion's pit.

Does the little larva understand this matter? Whether it does or not, it acts as if it did.

When the pit is finished, the ant-lion takes its place in the apex, at the very bottom, with all its body except the head and jaws quite covered over. The jaws are laid flat, extending horizontally and not vertically upward, although the habit may vary in this respect.



Having thus carefully arranged its trap, how does the ant-lion get its victims into it?

The insects most frequently trapped are ants. There is a vast deal of the Paul Pry in emmet nature; and the little fellows peep at and peer into almost everything they encounter.

In the course of its wanderings an ant comes near the ant-lion's pit. There for a moment it pauses, and that pause is often fatal. As it reaches out its two antennæ, waving them to and fro, and stretches its neck over the edge of the crater, the larva within begins a series of violent movements.

There is a popular notion that Myrmeleon throws sand at the ant in order to bring it down; but I have seen nothing to justify this opinion. The fact seems to be that when the ant appears upon the edge of the trap, it is almost certain to dislodge some grains of sand, which roll down and notify Myrmeleon that a visitor is near.

Thereupon, as I have said, it begins a series of violent agitations. The surrounding sand is tossed up by the snapping movements of its long jaws, already described.

In my little colony in the bowl, even pellets of sand as large as grains of rice were hurled clear out of the bowl to the distance of seven inches on the table. The sand was not thrown at the ant, but in all directions. If some of the grains struck the ant, they were chance shots.

This motion causes the agitation of the sand along the sides of the entire pit. Of course the grains dislodged and snapped out of the pit by the ant-lion leave a vacancy, which is at once filled by the grains lying above, and so a general movement downward is caused.

From all sides the grains begin to flow toward the centre of the pit. The sand around the rim shares the movement, and the particles beneath the very feet of the ant standing upon the edge begin to slide into the crater.

When the descent is once begun there is no stopping, and before the little creature knows what has happened, it is borne rapidly down the smooth sides of the pit, and lodged in the jaws of the terrible larva waiting to devour it.

The ants show a strange fascination for the pit, even if they make their escape.

A large Carpenter ant *(Camponotus Pennsylvanicus)* was seized, escaped, rushed out of the hole, then in and out once more, and around the edge as though verily dazed. Perhaps it was only angry, and looking for some one to fight!

It was rather too large an insect for the ant-lion to handle, or it would not have escaped; but I wondered that, having once got out of the trap, it should be disposed to put itself again in danger. However, I cannot affirm that human beings are always wiser, in similar adventures, than this insect was.

I must say that I have rarely seen ants deliberately walk into the pit. The insects usually stopped upon the edge when they reached it in the course of their rambles, then threw up their antennæ and waved them restlessly; sometimes they stretched a forefoot over the brink; sometimes they retreated; sometimes turned and began to walk around the mouth of the pit.

The agitation of the sand produced by these movements generally aroused the ant-lion to action, and by the process above described the sand was withdrawn from beneath the feet of the insect, which slid along with the tiny sand-avalanche into the apex. There it was seized, unless, as sometimes occurred, it was fortunate enough to make its escape.

The jaws of the ant-lion are long, hooked mandibles. When an ant descends into the pit, it is seized by these instruments and held off "at arm's length," so to speak.

Then the larva jerks and threshes its captive violently until it is exhausted. Meanwhile its efforts at defence are made vain by the distance at which it is held from any vital point of its captor.

Ants which are provided with stings try eagerly to use them, but are prevented by this distance from doing so, and are made quite defenceless. In the same way the formidable toothed mandibles of the Carpenter ant, by means of which she excavates her wooden galleries and decapitates her victims with the facility of the guillotine, are rendered useless.

This defence is made more complete by the position of the larva underneath the sand. A Carpenter ant, when seized by a hind leg, was seen to bow her body in order to snap at her captor, but her jaws grasped only the gritty pellets of sand which covered the ant-lion like an armor, and out of which the long hooked jaws alone projected.

A favorite position for ant-lions' traps is near the nests or formicaries of ants. I have seen them placed at the very doors of the immense colonies of the Cutting or Parasol-ants in Texas; and on the Great Divide of Colorado have found them at the entrance of the ant-hills.

Evidently the larva knows how to find good hunting-grounds; or—shall we rather say?—the mother Myrmeleon knows how so to deposit her eggs that her young shall find fitting nurture when they need it.

HENRY C. McCOOK.

For the Companion.

CHEATING THE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Second Paper.

Usually it is the inadequacy of the proofs offered that leads an insurance company to investigate suspected frauds, but sometimes it is the plausibility and completeness of the testimony that first excites suspicion.

Thus when a certain insurance company received a document covering over forty foolscap pages in proof of a death which it had no reason to doubt, the anxiety of the heir to make out his case led the officials to look into the circumstances with more than ordinary care. The result was that the policy-holder, who, it was alleged, had been drowned, was found alive and well, waiting in hiding for the money which he expected his son to get.

The son was a young lawyer, and his desire to show his knowledge of legal forms and the nature of evidence led him into a prolixity which betrayed him. If he had confined himself to a simple coherent statement, he might have succeeded in his dishonest purpose.

Drowning is the cause of death most frequently alleged in attempted frauds on life-insurance companies. A man goes on board a steamer and enters his state-room, but cannot be found after the vessel has started; or he puts off for a row in a small boat, which afterwards drifts ashore without him, having apparently been stove or capsized; or he goes bathing, taking with him some dull-witted person who can be easily deceived, and who, cheated by appearances, returns to tell of his sinking in the water and his failure to reappear on the surface.

One of the most pitiable things in life is the misapplication of talents which, if properly directed, would bring comfort and respect. Turned to evil, they bring only misery and dishonor; for however great the ingenuity may be which is exercised in attempted frauds of this kind, it is circumvented sooner or later, and seldom enables the person endowed with it to escape imprisonment.

An interesting example of the means taken to effect "a mysterious disappearance" is afforded by the case of a young merchant, who had embarrassed his affairs by a long-continued series of forgeries, each committed in the vain hope of concealing that which preceded it.

People who knew him positively saw him leave New York on a Sound steamer one night, but he could not be found the next morning, though the clothing he had worn was in his state-room, apparently just as he had left it after taking it off.

The assumption was that he had thrown himself overboard after finding that the discovery of his crime would be inevitable; but detectives were employed to trace him, and they arrested him as he was about to embark from San Francisco for Australia.

He had merely left the suit of clothes in the state-room of the Sound steamer, and after taking another suit from his valise, had shaved off his beard and gone ashore without being recognized.

There was the similar case of a young cotton broker, who was among the guests at a seaside hotel in Maine one summer.

Sitting with some friends in the parlor, one night, he complained that he was sleepless, and said that he thought an hour's "pull" might tire him and so enable him to find repose. The house was within a stone's throw of the water's edge, where several small boats were moored, and though it was late and dark he rowed off alone.

He did not return. Two days later the boat was found, partly stove in and bottom up, and near it was a "life-preserving" vest, partly filled with air. A further search led to the discovery of the hat which the man had worn.

The cause of his disappearance was plain enough now. He had struck a rock in the darkness, it was decided, and the boat had capsized and drowned him.

"No wonder!" said the fishermen. It was a foolhardy business for a stranger to attempt to row along such a coast on a dark night.

The officers of the insurance companies in which he was insured were not satisfied, however, and began a search which ended in the discovery of the missing man on his way to Canada.

In 1868, a dashing gentleman who called himself General Bowditch appeared, accompanied by his wife, in one of the smaller towns of Indiana, and declared that the place was so attractive to him that he would take up his residence there.

He bought a fine house, drove fast horses, and entertained lavishly. So affable was he, so hearty in manner and so brilliant in conversation, that he quickly became one of the most popular men in the place.

Many honors were bestowed upon him; he was wanted on committees, his advice and encouragement were sought whenever any industrial or charitable project was set afoot. His wife, a small, pretty woman, stood scarcely lower than he did in the esteem of the neighbors.

General Bowditch had seen service in the Civil War, and had been brevetted a brigadier-general! So he said, and no one ever doubted his word or made any inquiry to corroborate it.

When they had lived in the town between three and four years, the "general" and his wife started for St. Louis to take a tour on a steamer up the

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Missouri, and a day or two later the news came back that he had been drowned.

He had not been well, the widow explained when she reappeared, and at about eleven o'clock at night, several hours after leaving St. Louis, he had gone out of his state-room to get some fresh air, and had seated himself on the rail of the boat with one arm around a stanchion. While seated there he had asked her to get him a glass of water, and as she started to do so he had fallen overboard.

"I sprang to catch him, but could not. I saw him reach the water. There was a splash and all was over. No cry was made. I gave the alarm, but it was some time before the steamer could be put about, and nothing could be seen of him then."

The clerk of the boat stated that he had missed the general at the supper table and had offered to send a steward with some supper to him, but that Mrs. Bowditch had said that he did not wish to be disturbed. When the boat returned to St. Louis she pointed out the precise spot where the general had been sitting, and indicated her own position near the state-room door when she saw him fall.

He was heavily insured, and an agent of the company that had written the policy was present on this occasion.

"Are you quite sure that it was here he sat, madam?" said the agent, putting his hand on the rail.

"Yes, I am positive; and he had hold of this stanchion," she added.

"Very sad, very sad! You saw him fall?"

"Yes; he fell backward, and just as I reached the rail I saw a splash, and that was all," she said, repeating the testimony she had already given.

The agent made no further remark, but looking over the rail he saw that it was impossible for any person sitting on it to fall into the water, for the lower deck projected far beyond it. It was the deck that one falling would strike—not the water.

Mrs. Bowditch received much sympathy, and when, a few weeks later, it was announced that the insurance company would contest the policy, there was great indignation among her neighbors. Even the local agent of the company condemned its action, and declared his belief in the justness of her claim. The feeling grew so bitter against them that the officials were at last obliged to compromise; and though they did not pay the full amount of the policy, they paid several hundred dollars to the supposed widow.

She continued to live in the town, and there was nothing in her conduct to excite suspicion, or lessen the respect which had always been shown her. Meanwhile she was prosecuting a suit against another insurance company, in which, also, the general had held a policy, and the case dragged itself along in the courts.

At the end of three years it was still unsettled, and all this time Mrs. Bowditch was living, irreproachably as ever, in the little town where she was so popular.

The body of the general had never been found, and the insurance people held resolutely to their theory that he was alive.

They were not mistaken. He was discovered in Illinois, where, under an assumed name, he had located himself, and where, petted by society, he was waiting for the successful issue of his wife's suit. She had been in constant communication with him, and had she succeeded in winning her case, would have joined him in victimizing other companies.

How had Bowditch managed to escape from the steamer? A moment before she left the wharf at St. Louis he had sneaked ashore in another suit of clothes, leaving behind those in which he had been seen. He was not on board when the clerk inquired for him, and that was the reason Mrs. Bowditch had refused to allow the steward to go to the state-room.

Both of the impostors were arrested, and when they were released both were broken in health.

"They have gone forth," said an official, writing of the case, "without money, health, friends or reputation, and are left to meditate upon the results of their attempt to defraud the insurance companies. They lost all that is worth having in this life, and are able to offset these fearful facts with a knowledge of having realized for all this, a little more than four hundred dollars of the insurance company's money."

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

NOT EASILY EXCITED.

Professor Cox—let us call him—was thoroughly in earnest as a scientific worker. Every event that he observed was made to add something to his knowledge, or to illustrate some truth already learned.

His readiness to make passing events teach practical lessons was well shown by an incident that occurred one day in the lecture-room.

Placed before the class was a machine by which some gas was being liquefied in a heavy cast-steel cylinder by cold and enormous pressure. Suddenly there was a terrible crash, as pieces of the cylinder were hurled violently in every direction. Glass was shattered, plastering knocked down, filling the room with dust, and general havoc reigned.

The condensed gas, suddenly freed from pressure, rushed out like a stream of snow-flakes, adding decidedly to the general effect of storm and destruction. Luckily, nobody was hurt, but two seconds after the explosion every man in the class was scrambling for the door over chairs, settees and whatever else was in the way.

At the door a few of the students paused, and then they heard Professor Cox calling—in the calmest possible tone—for them to return.

Looking back, they dimly saw the professor, a crayon in each hand, standing amid the ruins before the big blackboard, which he was fast covering with the figures of elaborate calculations.

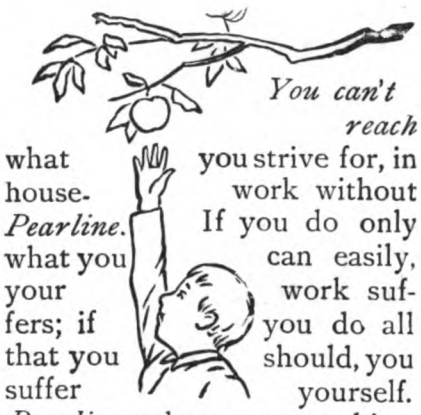
A moment later he began to lecture as quietly as ever, describing fully why the explosion occurred, the amount of work done by it, and the different ways in which this work had been expended. In conclusion he said:

"Gentlemen, never be so excited by any event that you cannot observe it closely, and draw from it some practical lesson."

Well named is the "Multum in Parvo Songster." Where else can you get 600 songs, *words and music*, for 30 cents? See page 142 of March 5th COMPANION. [*Adv.*

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"But," say some, "we have no time; and, besides, we cannot go to a gymnasium." You surely can afford fifteen or thirty minutes a day, and you need not go to a gymnasium, or provide apparatus, unless you wish to: in fact, you may become your own professors of gymnastics, and attain a beautiful form and perfect health by an outlay of only 20 cents; for in the April Number of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE (now ready) you will find a thoroughly practical and complete course of "Physical Training," by the well-known author and lecturer E. B. Warman, A.M., who is an acknowledged authority on the subject. This course gives clearly a system of exercise that can be practiced at home, without any apparatus, and each movement is illustrated, and the special benefit to be derived from it fully explained, so that one may exercise intelligently to attain a desired result. If any particular part of the body needs strengthening or developing, the illustrations and descriptions indicate the proper movements to be practiced for the purpose; and the exercises recommended are suitable alike for men and boys, women and girls. Mothers, buy the April number for your daughters and sons, and you will certainly become interested yourselves; your husbands will also, no doubt, join the Family Class. This number also contains an article by Susanna W. Dodds, M.D., on "Thinness; its Causes and Cure"; "How Art Students Live in New York"; "Mexico, Our Next Neighbor"; "All Kinds of Kites" (for the boys); "Useful French Ways of Cooking Eggs"; "Grotesque Ways of Decorating Eggs for Easter"; "How to Grow Palms," etc., etc., all handsomely illustrated; besides an elegant Water-Color (Easter Lily), that is worth framing. DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE is for sale by all newsdealers; or, send 20 cents to the Publisher,



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WONDERFUL MUSCLES.

Not long ago exhibitions were given in London by two marvellously strong men, one of whom carried a cannon weighing four hundred pounds on his shoulder, and the other lifted his companion, who weighed three hundred and seventy-six pounds, high above his head. Instances might be multiplied in which these feats have been equalled or excelled. Beside those strong men who have appeared in public, there have been others of whom the record is interesting.

Charles Louvier, a carpenter of Paris, found it child's play to roll a tin basin between his fingers into a cylinder. On one occasion he carried off a soldier on guard who had gone to sleep in the sentry-box, and deposited both box and soldier on a low churchyard wall close by.

Another man who sometimes found his great strength a source of amusement was a Danish locksmith, Knut Kundson. He, while standing in a window on the ground floor, lifted with one hand half a bullock from the shoulder of a butcher who was toiling past with his load.

Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, once entered a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod. To show his suite how strong he was, he picked up several horseshoes, and broke one after the other, asking the blacksmith as he did so if he had no better. When it came to paying the bill, the Elector Augustus threw a silver piece on the anvil.

It was a very thick coin. The blacksmith took it up and broke it in half, saying, "Pardon me, but I have given you a good horseshoe, and I expect a good coin in return." Another piece was given him. He broke that, and five or six others. Then the humiliated Elector handed him a louis d'or, saying:

"The dollars were probably made of bad metal; but this gold-piece, I hope, is good."

An Italian, Luigi Bertini, of Milan, performed a similar feat. Besides horseshoes, he broke nails a finger thick.

The Duke of Gramont, the Minister of Napoleon III., frequently astonished the ladies at court by bending a twenty-franc piece in his hand.

A STRANGE LAKE.

A writer in *Donahue's Magazine* tells of a strange lake in Ireland, whose waters have the power of petrifying any substance that may be put into it. Of course it is understood that petrifaction is not the actual turning of a substance into stone, but that the material of stone, dissolved in water, is deposited in its cells where it hardens. A stone is made upon the model of the substance petrified as a casting is made by filling a mold.

An English firm, a well-known cutlery house, heard of this lake, and at once sent a man to examine it. He selected several pieces of hard wood, and having tied weights to them plunged them into the lake, and marked their location by small buoys.

In two weeks he returned and took up two pieces, which he found to be partly petrified. Two weeks afterward the rest were taken up, and each piece of hard wood was hard as flint, petrified through.

Then the firm made experiments with the wood in the different stages of petrifaction, and discovered that unusually excellent razor hones could be manufactured from it. These hones are now a famous product of the firm, but the razor-sharpening world little knows that the stone is, so to speak, wood, petrified in a few weeks in the largest of the Irish lakes.

In several ancient histories there is reference made to the "hard, woody stone," which was taken from the bottom of Lough Neagh for spear and arrow-heads by the early Irish. So that, although Irishmen to day are unaware of the useful peculiarity of their "big lough," those of ten and fifteen centuries ago knew it well, and utilized it. In the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, can be seen several of these spear and arrow-heads made centuries ago.

NEW VERSION.

The mythologies of different nations show how stories of the same action or event are colored by the condition and habits of the story-tellers. The same tendency is illustrated by a deaf and dumb child's version of the famous George Washington legend.

"I have heard and read many pathetic stories," said Senator Hoar to a *Star* reporter in Washington the other day, "but few of them ever excited my sympathy more than one related by Professor Gallaudet.

"The professor had a favorite pupil—a little deaf-mute boy, who was exceptionally bright. Professor Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree. With his nimble fingers the little fellow said he did, and proceeded to repeat it. The noiseless gesticulation continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and his quest for the offender.

"'When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry-tree,' signalled the voiceless child, 'George put his hatchet in his left hand —'

"'Stop,' interrupted the professor. 'Where do you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?'

"'Why,' responded the boy, 'he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree.'"

WHY HE THOUGHT SO.

The mingling of all ranks and trades in the territorial militia now maintained by almost every European country is a great source of amusement, because such mixing of different elements is not very common in that part of the world.

It is related that, at a recent sham battle, a young Lieutenant, posted with his company behind a wall, ordered his men to fire at a detachment of troops who were marching by.

The guns were loaded with blank cartridges, and no harm was done; but the detachment happened to be on the same side of the sham fight as the company which had fired at it.

The commanding officer came riding up.

"Why did you fire at those men?" he demanded of the Lieutenant, hotly.

"I supposed they were the enemy," said the Lieutenant.

"And what led you to suppose they were of the enemy?"

"Because my tailor was at the head of them, and I saw my butcher in the ranks. What else could I suppose, sir?"

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For the Companion.

KITTY'S EASTER OFFERING.

The shade was grateful, for the September sun was unseasonably warm. With a sigh of weariness, Lou settled herself in a corner of the broad Conservatory steps and drew her crutch out of the way of the laughing groups of students, passing in and out. Across the street, the dusty trees of the park stood glorified in the web of golden sunlight cast about them. They were vastly more attractive as a resting-place than the hard step, one would think, yet this was the child's favorite haunt.

There was, in her mind, good reason for it. From the open windows above floated out the sounds of music, to mingle with the city's roar.

So familiar had grown the poor little twisted form, with the patient child face above it, that her presence occasioned no surprise among the gay students, and many smiled a friendly greeting.

From the nearest window sounded the tones of a violin, and, as the bustle outside grew less, the music became proportionally louder. Pretty Katherine Beacham was struggling with the second lesson of the term.

The little lady was not in the sweetest of moods. She looked upon a violin lesson, so soon after the glorious freedom of a summer vacation, as an imposition. The summer's outing had stolen from her some of the skill of her fingers, which stubbornly refused to obey orders.

"Oh, no! It goes not so, mees! You do not attention pay!" Herr Krebs groaned, his patience almost exhausted.

Kitty pursed her rosy lips a little defiantly, and attacked the offending cadenza once more—a rosy danger-signal in her cheeks and an angry sparkle in the brown eyes.

Again the fingers tripped on the troublesome fingering, while the last note scraped most dolefully.

Herr Krebs shrugged his shoulders as he settled his violin in place. The little contemptuous gesture did not escape Miss Kitty's sharp eyes. She listened angrily while the professor played the passage skillfully.

"It is not so hard! Now you vill vonce more play, and do not look around your shoulder!"

This was the last straw. Kitty banged the exercise book together and unscrewed her bow with vigor.

"It's no use, Herr Krebs. I cannot play it, so I'll go home."

He smiled a little scornfully. "You vill play me the same lesson Thursday. Goot afternoon."

He bowed low, with sarcastic politeness, as he held the door open.

As Kitty rushed angrily down the steps, the little crutch lay in her way. With her foot she sent it spinning into the street. Then she went to recover it, and brought it back to the startled owner. It was the work of a moment, but in that moment her anger had taken flight.

"I'm so sorry!" said Kitty. "I hope I have not hurt it."

She looked anxiously into Lou's startled blue eyes.

"Oh, not at all!" Lou exclaimed, eagerly, a wave of color rushing up to the brim of her old brown hat. She was overpowered with delighted surprise that this pretty girl should speak to her. "It is very strong—and anyway it has to be," she said, with a little sigh.

Kitty was much embarrassed, but she made no move towards going.

"I should think you would find the stone steps hard to sit upon," said Kitty. "Don't you like the park?" She looked across to where the fountain leaped in the sun.

"Yes, but there's the music here." Lou suddenly realized that she had been eavesdropping, for she had heard more than the music. "How you must enjoy it!" she added, hastily.

Five minutes before, Kitty had thought she did not enjoy it. The girl's earnestness brought out the real truth in her answer:

"Yes, I do—more than anything else. But perhaps you wouldn't think so if you had heard me quarrelling with my teacher—or did you hear?" she added, quickly, noting the open window and the conscious look in her new friend's eyes.

Lou blushed. "I'm so sorry, but I couldn't help hearing—your voices were so loud."



"It was only a specimen of my naughty temper," Kitty said, and laughed to cover her confusion. "It makes me a great deal of trouble, especially with my music—for one needs all one's patience in that. But he was aggravating!"

"Is it the teacher with the light hair and kind eyes? He looks so tired, these warm days, after giving so many lessons. But I shouldn't think you would mind it, when you play so beautifully."

The girl here extended her hand caressingly toward the violin case.

"Would you like to play the violin?" asked Kitty, absently. Her conscience smote her at the thought of the wearisome round of lessons Herr Krebs had to endure. She nodded to a girl who passed in at that moment. It was Miss Jackson, whose hour followed her own, and against whom Kitty had conceived a jealous prejudice.

"I couldn't play it," said Lou, her voice trembling. "Since I hurt my back I cannot do much anyway."

"Oh, forgive me! I didn't think what I was saying," cried Kitty, remorsefully. "To tell the truth, I was thinking of my rudeness to Herr Krebs. Could I leave my violin with you a moment?"

The girl took it eagerly, and Kitty hastened back into the cool hall, fearing that her courage would not hold out until she reached Herr Krebs's room. Why had she not gone back before Miss Jackson arrived? She knocked hastily. If only Herr Krebs would come to the door! No—it was Miss Jackson's wondering eyes that she saw, and beyond, the cool surprise of her teacher.

"I hope you will pardon my rudeness this afternoon, Herr Krebs," said Kitty. "Indeed I am much ashamed of myself."

Kitty stood, very heated and shame-faced, before the astonished teacher.

"My dear Mees Kitty—don't mention it! I, too, should apologize that I haf so little patience," replied Herr Krebs. He bowed to her as she withdrew, with a very different air from that which he had used so short a time before.

When Kitty reached the door once more, Lou was adjusting her crutch. The afternoon was waning, and her mother would soon return from her day's sewing. She started down the street, with Kitty at her side. As they walked, Lou told something of the cruel accident which had crippled her in her early childhood, and which was slowly sapping her strength.

"You must come to see me," said Kitty, "and I will play to you as much as you like. Perhaps you will come next Thursday after my lesson; I should be very glad to have you!"

"Oh! I should like to so much! If I am able to be out, I will wait on the steps. Sometimes the pain is so sharp that I cannot sit up."

When Thursday came, Lou was at her post, and Kitty led her in triumph to her mother, whose kind heart went out to the shy girl.

This was the beginning of many happy days for Lou. Curled in a corner in the music room, she would listen while Kitty played, with her mother's accompaniment on the piano. Things went better in the lame girl's poor home, for Kitty's enthusiasm led her to make many sacrifices of her time and pleasure in Lou's behalf.

The winter came and passed. Lou's admiration spurred Kitty to greater efforts, and Herr Krebs was astonished at his pupil's progress.

Mrs. Beacham sat before the library fire, one blustering March evening, waiting for her daughter. Her thoughts were upon Lou, who, in spite of loving care, grew weaker every day.

Kitty came in, rosy and breathless from her walk in the wind.

"How did you find her?"

"I'm afraid she is not so well, mamma." Kitty curled herself upon the rug, and settled her head comfortably against her mother's knee. "What did Dr. Loomis say? Surely she will be better when the warmer days come."

"I'm afraid, my dear, that little Lou will never be better." Mrs. Beacham stroked her daughter's brown hair lovingly, her heart full of pity for the other mother who was trying to look bravely upon a coming grief.

Kitty was silent. A lump rose in her throat, and the fire glistened through her tears.

"Dr. Parker was here this afternoon," said her mother, presently. "He wished much to see you. The committee are arranging the Easter programme. Miss Stafford is to sing, and Dr. Parker wishes you to play the violin obligato."

"Mamma!" Kitty sat upright on the rug, with an incredulous face. "Of course you told him it was impossible!"

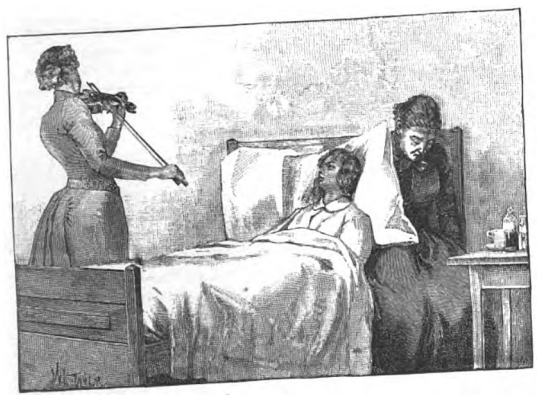
"I told him you must decide."

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"But, mamma—to play in church before the people I have known all my life! Oh! it would be impossible!"

"I objected to the prominence it would give you, but the doctor said it could be arranged so that you need not be visible, and none need know who was playing. The doctor was very urgent; he had seen Herr Krebs, who told him you were fully capable of accompanying Miss Stafford. I thought, dear," she said, as she looked down into Kitty's troubled eyes, "that you might make it your Easter offering."

All through the evening Kitty sat in a brown study, which her mother did not disturb. Kitty



was having a struggle with herself. It was quite a different matter to play in the Conservatory recitals—she had grown accustomed to those. But the church, with its great arches, its solemn-toned organ, its pulpit wreathed and hidden with masses of Easter bloom, and, ringing over and through it all, Miss Stafford's pure voice with its undercurrent of sadness!

Kitty could hear and see it all. She always felt the tears spring when Miss Stafford sung; how could she venture to support that glorious voice—to weave about it the tender notes of her instrument?

But what was it that mamma had said about an Easter offering?

After Kitty had gone to her room for the night, Mrs. Beacham heard her calling, softly, in the hall. "If you think it best, and Herr Krebs says I am competent, why, mamma, I will try," she said.

Now that she grew accustomed to the idea, it did not seem such a trial; and, when the rehearsals began, and Miss Stafford praised her accompaniment, she played with a feeling of elation. Her Easter offering bade fair to be no sacrifice at all, but a gratification.

Of all this Lou heard nothing. Each morning found her so tired, with the pain of the night, that she no longer made an attempt to hobble about the two small rooms, but lay quietly, watching the slowly moving clouds above the opposite chimney-tops, or the sickly sunbeams which flickered over the gay quilt.

Her bright hours were those in which Kitty, perched on the bedside, played softly the music Lou loved so well, or when Mrs. Beacham cheered her with her sweet presence, always bringing some dainty surprise for the little invalid.

Yet Lou knew that life was slipping from her grasp. She could read it in her mother's sad eyes, and in her soft sobbing when night came down.

Easter morning was as bright as even an Easter morning can be. To Kitty's eager eyes, as she peeped through the soft silk curtains, it seemed like a new world. It was late in April, and the air was already balmy with a breath of spring. The parks were decked in their bravery of early hyacinths, and tulips thrust up glowing cups to greet the dawn.

The churches would be well filled on such a day, and Kitty's heart gave a little bound of excitement.

Coming down the wide stairway, in her soft gray dress, with the golden light from the stained glass behind her, Herr Krebs thought her a most winning sight.

"Why, good morning, Herr Professor!" cried Kitty, as she ran down the remaining stairs. "How good of you to come and screw up my courage! Are these for me?"

With a quaint little bow, the musician handed her a cluster of blue violets. "It is a bit of the spring itself," she said, and buried her nose in the flowers.

"Ah, mees, I have the hope that you do not feel timid. Dere is no need! I am not timid for you." He beamed broadly upon his promising pupil.

"Oh, I have only a little scary feeling, now and then. I practised very hard, last evening, and all went well. Yes, Emily, what is it?" she added, as a servant came near.

"The mother of your little friend was here early, Miss Katherine, and asked to see you. She told me to tell you, when you came down, that Lou is failing very fast, and asks constantly for you. I asked her to stay, miss, until she had seen you, but she did not dare to wait a moment."

"Oh, mamma! Did you hear? And I haven't been there for two days! I was so busy with this music!"

Kitty turned helplessly to her mother, who appeared in the doorway. "What shall I do? The first bells will ring in half an hour. Dr. Parker told me to come early, but there is Lou watching for me!"

Kitty stood in the middle of the hall, looking up at the golden glory from the window on the stairs. Her mother and Herr Krebs watched her anxiously, for there were signs of an inward struggle in her face.

Ambition and inclination drew her strongly in one direction; in the other, a pale, wasted, childish face, with its patient blue eyes, appealed to her. She knew how wistfully those eyes would watch the door, and how the quick ear would listen for a footstep which did not come.

With a quick throb of her heart she felt that here was the offering she must make; not of talent, where an admiring congregation should smile its approval, but the same gift of sweet harmony to soothe the anguish and gladden the heart of one of the Master's "little ones."

Thrusting out her hand quickly, as if putting away the dream that this day was to realize, Kitty bravely made her sacrifice.

"Mamma," she said, "it would never do to let Lou wait so long. You will not be disappointed, will you? Miss Jackson will take my place; she has played the same obligato many times at the Conservatory. There is time to let her know. I think she will be willing."

Kitty fled up the stairs.

For a moment Herr Krebs and Mrs. Beacham looked silently at each other.

"You are disappointed, I fear," said Mrs. Beacham, "but Kitty has chosen rightly. Do you think the matter can be arranged?"

"I vill play it myself, as a substitute. Mees Kitty is a goot girl!"

When Mrs. Beacham and Kitty reached Lou's home, they found her propped up with her head upon her mother's shoulder. A change had come, and the great eyes were filled with new meanings. She smiled faintly.

"I knew—you'd—come," she whispered. "Play—once more!"

Kitty did play, as her mother had never heard her play before. Tears filled the brown eyes, but the fingers did not falter, nor the hand tremble that drew the bow across the answering strings.

There was a slight rustle in the room. Mrs. Beacham softly laid her hand upon the strings. Startled, Kitty looked up, and read the truth in the agonized face of Lou's mother.

The sunshine fell upon the pale face, the shining hair, the closed eyes. Lou had gone to the Father, taking with her Kitty's Easter offering.

MARION DICKINSON.

For the Companion.

"NEVER FAILETH."

A young woman stood on the forward deck of a crowded ferry-boat, as it forged its heavy way through the water, making swells which rocked the smaller boats near by and washed high up on the piles at the dock.

The young woman did not notice the shipping, the tall buildings, the noisy landing or the pushing crowd behind. She was thinking; and as the boat jarred against the buffers she said in a low tone to herself, "*Love* is the greatest thing in the world."

No one heard or heeded her but one pale-faced little woman in a black shawl, who stood crowded almost against her. She heard the words, and a look of wonder came into her hungry eyes. But the boat was docked, and the crowd pushed them on, and each went her separate way.

The pale-faced little woman in the black shawl hurried from place to place, but all the time she was turning over in her mind the words, "Love is the greatest thing in the world—in all the world."

Love of what—love from whom? It made no difference. Love was not for her. Youth was gone, hope was gone,—there was nothing for her but work. Her husband lived to work, and desired that she should live to work; and love, she could not remember to have heard the word for years—no, nor thought it.

The little children she used to think some day might be hers had never come, and her husband said it was a good thing, for children took time and money, and she had waited and grieved and worked in silence, until now she never thought of it, except to think that it was better so.

Was love the greatest thing in the world? Then she must miss the greatest thing as she had missed all lesser things. But the hungry eyes looked out of a hungry heart, and the words said themselves over and over, not only that day, but through all the next weeks in a trip which she and her husband made to the West.

They had bought some land in Kansas, with a little one-roomed house on it, and there the work of living began again with ten-fold push. There was not a house in sight, and the sun seemed to rise so early and set so late—those long, long days, when she worked till the very grave would have seemed a pleasant place to rest in.

But all through that summer, as she looked back on it, she could see how the weight that bore her down grew lighter.

She seldom saw any one but her husband. They had no books, and those few words, "Love is the greatest thing in the world," began to fill for her the place of books and friends. When the sunlight was bright, and there were fleecy little clouds in the blue sky, and the prairie was blazing with flowers, and the one cottonwood tree rustled its leaves in the light breeze, there came new meaning into those words.

She thought about herself as a little child, remembered all the old days, and how she had been told of the love of God, and of Christ, His Son. The love of God—that was for her, too, as she remembered it; and as she worked, sometimes the words made music in her heart, and she sang them, and it sounded strange to her, for she was a silent woman.

Finally, though she could not have told when or how, she came to feel the love of God very close to her, and she knew that in some way God must mean that she should give out a little love to other things—love the cattle, and the horses, and the pigs, and the chickens; for she was a simple little woman. She loved them all; the work seemed easier, and the living things throve.

"She's got a wonderful knack," said her husband to a passing neighbor.

But as the capacity grew the hunger grew, and then one day there seemed to her to come a very gift from God.

A little sobbing boy came dragging up to the open door—a little boy with dark eyes, with brown hair just long enough to show a tendency to curl, with dirty hands and dirty face, and shoes cut with stones. Such a little boy! About eight years old, she thought.

He cried and reached up his hands to her.

With a hasty look at the milk she was skimming to churn, she picked him up in her arms and held him close. She felt his hot little face against hers, felt the little arm around her neck, and the little heaving chest and beating heart against her own; she held him tight and loved him, and the tears came into her eyes.

But that could only last a minute; there was the milk. Then she gave him water with which to wash his hands and face outside the door, and after that she gave him a slice of bread and a tin cup of milk. He sat there as if he owned the house, his tears dried, and his quick eyes glancing around.

When his mouth was empty enough so that he could talk, he told his story.

"My name is Charlie," he said. "I was in the prairie schooner, and the woman and the man got very mad at me and put me off and shook the whip at me, and I ran across the prairie till I saw this house, and now I'm going to stay here."

"Were the man and woman your father and mother?"

"Oh, no; my mother is in a coffin in the ground. She caught a fever, and this man and woman brought me along. Oh, I'm glad they're gone. I'd rather stay with you!"

She churned fast and thought faster. Her husband would not let him stay; he didn't like boys, and the boy would eat a half more. Then there were the clothes. No; he would have to go.

Her heart throbbed; had it ever throbbed like that before?

"*I* want to do that," said Charlie, eying the churndasher enviously.

A brave thought; perhaps he could work! She looked hastily down the hill. There was her husband's hat coming around the stack.

"Here, quick!" she said, and as the boy grasped the dasher, she took her sunbonnet and went out with the chicken-feed.

Her husband came up the slope. "Helloa, there, Jayhawker," the boy called out, "look at me shove this shover!"

Charlie with his legs apart, his cheeks red, his eyes shining, drove the churn-handle furiously.

The pale face under the sunbonnet was so eager that the man coming up the slope would hardly have recognized it. He smiled in spite of himself at the little figure at the churn. When had his wife seen him smile before?

She came forward with the empty pan, the eagerness schooled out of face and voice. She told what she knew about the boy, and added, "Perhaps he can work."

A gleam came into her husband's eyes. He was beginning to feel his constant labor. His head had ached lately, and his back ached, and he felt stiff in the mornings.

He tried the muscle in the boy's proudly extended arm, and felt his legs.

"We'll keep him," he said, briefly; "he can do a sight of chores."

That night, when that pale-faced little woman could hear the sound of the little fellow's breathing over there in his quilt in the corner, and could hear him turn in his sleep and mutter something now and then, her heart beat fast, and all the sounds of the night went to the music of "Love is the greatest thing in the world."

So the boy stayed, and for a time there was peace.

"You're looking so spry, Malviny, and put more heft into your work. Kansas agrees with you better'n with me," said her husband, one day.

She did feel a difference. The time she could take to sew a button on Charlie's little ragged clothes, the moments when she could bind up one of the little dirty, stubby, cut fingers, the time she could spend knitting little stockings for cold weather, or making coarse little shirts, or cutting down Isaac's worn-out overalls, the times when she could steal out of bed in the dark night, and kneel down by his quilt, and kiss the soft little cheek, and pray with her whole soul that God would bless him and help her love him well, were a very elixir of life to her.

At first Charlie thought the chores some new sort of play, but that did not last long. By the time he was ten years old he was known by all the neighbors as that good-for-nothing boy of Holt's. He was a "bad boy."

"Charlie, have you fed the calves?" Isaac would say in the morning.

"Yep," came very glibly. And at night, "Charlie, now feed the calves," with the same reply. But perhaps by the time the milking was done Charlie would say, "I aint fed the calves to-day!"

"You said you had!"

"I was thinking I had, but I haint fed 'em nor watered 'em."

Then Isaac, with a kick at the boy, which was skillfully evaded, would tramp wearily out into the darkness to do the neglected work.

Charlie would take a horse at four o'clock in the afternoon to go for the cattle off on the prairie, and would drive the cows galloping home long after dark, with his horse foaming with long and heavy riding. He would disappear for a whole day, and when he came home, Isaac, worn out with rage, would try to whip him; but even if the boy were soundly thrashed, in some way he still seemed to have the best of it.

If he were sent out to cultivate the corn, it was quite likely that he would tie the horses and lie down and go to sleep. At milking time he could seem to milk steadily, and yet only milk one cow while Isaac milked three; or if he were sent to milk alone, he might stand whistling till bedtime, waiting "for the cows to give their milk down." If he were ordered to sow seeds, it would usually turn out that he had dug up a clod and planted all in one hole.

Once, Isaac, going on a short trip for cattle, offered to bring Charlie a knife if he would plant the potatoes. Isaac forgot the knife, but he received a scrawl saying, "You needent to bring me any knife. I aint teched the potates. Charlie."

For the anxious little woman, with the Gospel of Matthew for a text-book,—a book given her years before by a tract distributor, but hitherto unread,—had managed during the bad days in winter to teach the boy something of reading and writing.

When Isaac would vow, as he often did, that Charlie should never stay under his roof another night, the boy would suddenly work so well, doing almost a man's work, that Isaac's wrath was sure to cool. For Charlie was really skilful with the cattle, and so strong that Isaac never could make up his mind to do without him.

There was one person, and only one, who never said he was a bad boy. At night he had more than once waked up to catch a glimpse of a white face, quite near him in the moonlight, and to feel hot tears drop on his face. Usually he turned over and tried to appear very sound asleep; once he choked, and put his arms around her neck, and gave her a great boyish hug and kiss that she never forgot.

But the next day he was worse than he had ever been before, and was whipped three times by Isaac.

Meantime Isaac was failing. "I'm breaking, Malviny," he said one afternoon, coming in earlier than usual. He sat by the table, his head in his arms, never heeding milking time, never looking up to growl at Charlie when he entered.

A great tenderness rose up in the patient little woman's heart, and she stole around softly and made the best supper she could. But he did not lift his head to look at it.

In the morning he started out to milk, but came back and sat again with his head in his arms; and then, not knowing that she could do so, but with a love and pity in her heart that must find expression, his wife coaxed him in timid words to go to bed; and when he was there, the womanly instincts came uppermost, and she tidied the room, and darkened it, and moved quietly and smoothed Isaac's forehead, though it almost frightened her to do it.

She tried to encourage him, and as she walked around she sang in a low voice her only song, "Love is the greatest thing in the word."

He heard the words, and roused himself to listen.

"Come here, Malviny," he said. As she sat beside him he took her small, bony, twisted, hard-worked hand in his large one, and said brokenly:

"I'm sorry I aint been lovin'er to you, Malviny. No man ever had so good a wife as I've hed."

There was a long pause, while the chickens could be heard scratching outside the door.

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"We aint made much of life," he went on. "This day, lying here, watching you and your quiet ways, and feeling your hand, is the sweetest day I ever hed, Malviny."

He said no more. He held her hand, and died at sunset.

The neighbors virtuously hoped that now Widow Holt was left alone, Charlie would do better, especially as he was getting so well-grown. He was sixteen now.

But he did not do better; he did worse. He stayed away whole days from the farm. The milking, and all the hard chores, fell upon one poor little sorrowing woman. She tried to have nice meals, but Charlie was seldom at home to eat them, and the things were put away untasted. Soon she would have nothing to eat, she knew, if Charlie did not help.

When he came home she looked so anxiously at him, trying so hard to say something kind and interested, that he would go outside the house and stay until bedtime; and she would sit reading through blurred eyes her now almost worn-out Gospel of Matthew.

Then she would pray that God would help her love him better. She thought if she had only given him more love, or the right love, he would have been a better boy.

Many rumors were afloat about Charlie. Some of the neighbors' boys were becoming reckless and unmanageable. It was all due to Charlie, the neighbors said, and there was talk of driving him out of the county.

One night Charlie came dashing up on his horse, pale and breathless, and there was a great welt from a whiplash on his neck and cheek. He broke into the little room and said:

"I'm going. Barnes and Clack and Hall met me on horseback at the Corners, and Nat Hall's run away, and they say it's my fault. Barnes cut me with his whip, and they say they're coming up here by midnight, and if I'm not gone they'll horsewhip me out of the county!"

The boy's eyes were like sparks of fire, and his face was white with rage, but not so white as the little woman's who grasped the chair-back.

"I've—loved you so—Charlie!" she said, in a voice like a cry.

The boy's throat worked; the color came into his face and left it; his hands clenched, and then, with a groan, he threw himself on the bed. His strong young shoulders shook, and he sobbed in a storm of tears.

She knelt down beside him. All she could say was, "Charlie—my little Charlie!" She did not know how to talk.

"I won't go," he said, after an hour. "They can horsewhip all they like, but I can't leave you. I'll be good; oh, I'm so bad—so bad! I——" He put his head in her lap, and she smoothed it as she did at night when she thought he was asleep. "I want—to take care of you—but I'm so bad!"

She sat there and soothed him until he fell asleep. She waited until twelve o'clock, but no one came.

Then she looked and looked on the face she loved so much—the square forehead, the tanned, fresh-colored cheeks—on that dreadful welt, the firm chin, the mouth she thought so beautiful, the brown hair with the wave in it, the long lashes on the cheek. It was a reckless face, but it looked like such a good face to her—it always had looked good to her, no matter what he did!

His brows drew together, and he murmured in his sleep just as he did the first night he came. He was only a boy after all; he said he would be good!

"Is love the greatest thing in the world? Can my love for him, and his love for me, and God's love for both, make him a good boy? If it can, love is the greatest thing in the world."

In the morning, when he woke, she was sitting beside him, half-afraid to have him waken; for he was a good boy when he was asleep.

He seemed dazed at first. Then he flushed, and looking square into her eyes said, with a new tone in his boyish voice, "You love me, don't you? Well, I'll show I love you—you see!"

She did see. He was as good a worker as any man around, and he knew it. He began his farming on a small scale, so that he could do everything himself—so "she" could live "comfortable like."

The little woman could not understand the summer that followed. A different look came into her eyes, and Charlie said there was color in her cheeks. Perhaps it was true, for it was a wonderful thing to have a happy voice asking what she wanted, and telling her not to do this or that, but to rest.

Charlie found time to do so many new things! They had a garden with lettuce and tomatoes and sweet peas—things they never had before.

He said that the one room with its shed kitchen was not fit for her to live in, and he worked early and late, and made trades with carpenters, until he added a kitchen and a porch and two rooms for bedrooms.

Then came that wonderful day, the most frivolous day in all that little woman's life, when they took the horses and wagon and started before sunrise for Topeka, and came back by moonlight with a bed, a great rocking-chair, a looking-glass, a carpet, and some dishes.

At night, when everything was all done, and Charlie could hardly contain himself for pleasure, the little woman felt a tickling in her throat, and wondered if she was going to cry while she was frying eggs in the new frying-pan.

Such a night as that was, and such a supper—just they two; Charlie was happy, and looked lovingly at the little woman opposite him.

He was very solemn toward bedtime. He hung over her chair, and held her face in his two big hands, and kissed her, and said:

"You think I love you now, don't you, mother? And we think what you sing—don't we—that love is the greatest thing in the world?"

JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB.

SERMON OF THE SOD.

The grasses and the sod,
They are my preachers. Hear them preach
When they forget the shroud, and God
Lifts up these blades of grass to teach
The resurrection! Who shall say
What infidel can speak as they?

Independent. —*Joaquin Miller.*

For the Companion.

NUGGET'S CHURCH.

They were coming down the mountain from the sluice-head—little Nugget, and her father, Thane Meadows; the one a frail child hindered by a withered foot, and bearing upon her thin neck a



head seemingly too large, but as golden as a butter-cup; the other a tall, heavy-framed, broad-breasted miner, with blue eyes, tangled yellow hair, and a beard that covered his chest like a russet mat.

The miner smiled down into the eyes of the child with a fond and listening look. Her thin little fingers were clasped about one of his big grimy ones, as she half swung and half ran beside him.

"Oh, papa Thane," she cried, stopping and pointing toward the west, "aint the sunset nice to-night?"

Back of them, and on the right and left, the mountains of the California Coast Range rose against a pink-gray sky. The whole gorgeous landscape, soft and sea-like with redwood forests, dropped downward in long, sinking waves, until, sixty miles away, it smoothed out into dim, glimmering wastes of ocean. Faintly there they could descry the town of Eureka, and beyond that the vague curve of Humboldt Bay.

"Yes, Nugget," said the man, with a deep breath, "God don't often hang out pictures like that for men to look at."

"He hangs that on the outside of Heaven so we can see what it is like on the inside, don't he, papa Thane?"

The man's lips twitched slightly in his beard, but he said nothing.

"If men was better, papa Thane, would He hang more of them out, and nicer ones?" she asked.

"I reckon not, Nugget," he said; "but if men was better I have an idee they'd see 'em oftener."

They went on a little farther in silence, then the child's voice came again: "Why aint men better, papa Thane?"

"Oh, I guess it's because almost everything's wrong, Nugget."

"But you are good anyway, aint you, papa Thane?"

"Not so very, Nugget," he said, unsteadily. "If it wasn't for you I'm afraid I'd be purty bad."

The child searched his face a moment with wondering eyes. "How do I help you, papa Thane?" The man reached down, swung her upon his big arm, and held her against his breast.

"It's 'cause you're good, and I like you so, Nugget," he said, huskily. "You're all I've got, and I like you so!"

They came to a point where the trail dropped sharply off into a vast gulch, out through which Mad River pours noisily from the inner Range, and in a few moments reached a little cabin near the bottom. It was rude enough—a sort of human swallow's nest plastered in against the mountain—but with a clean, inviting air. At one side a small spring leaped out of the bank, and slipping down upon the floor of the valley, buried its waters in a tiny garden.

Over the entrance to the little structure, whose whole front was a flaming tangle of California creeper, the prongs of a red deer's horns protruded, and just inside the doorway lay a decrepit old mastiff, who, at the approach of footsteps, thumped the floor with his tail in hearty welcome.

"Well, we're back, Buck," said Meadows. "I see you took good care of things." He swung the child down lightly upon the step, and she embraced the old dog affectionately.

The man turned about and looked up the gulch. The wild beauty of the picture did not attract him. He was looking above it all, where, away along the heights, a ring of pines stood around a cup-like dent in the mountain-side. He could see, in fancy, the spring-fed lake which lay so brown and quiet there, and hear its waters hissing down through the iron mains to a huge red gap in the cañon's side below, and his brow drew itself into an angry knot.

"It's mine if the law did give it to him," he thought. "If I had that water, with what I have now, into my claim—well, Nugget and I and Buck wouldn't be many years longer in these diggin's. One thing he won't forget soon, though, I reckon, an' that's the blow I give him last summer up there by the pond.

"But I hadn't ought to let him go as I did," he thought. "He took the law, and—well, if I had him there again with my fingers round his lyin' throat, I'd—why Nugget!" he burst out suddenly, looking at the little girl.

"Don't, papa Thane! don't!" she said. "You're thinking of Dack Burton again. Your face looked just hard, like a rough bowlder. Don't, papa Thane!"

The man took the child upon his knees and clasped her to him, while she took his big tawny head upon her little chest and smoothed and kissed it. The soft and loving touch of the child's hands upon his head eased him of his dark humor like magic.

That night, when Nugget slept, or he thought she slept, he came out with his pipe and sat down on the threshold. Noises from the big plank saloon among the trees across the river came faintly to him, and he could see, in fancy, the groups of rugged miners about the tables, gambling for one another's "dust," or drinking at the bar.

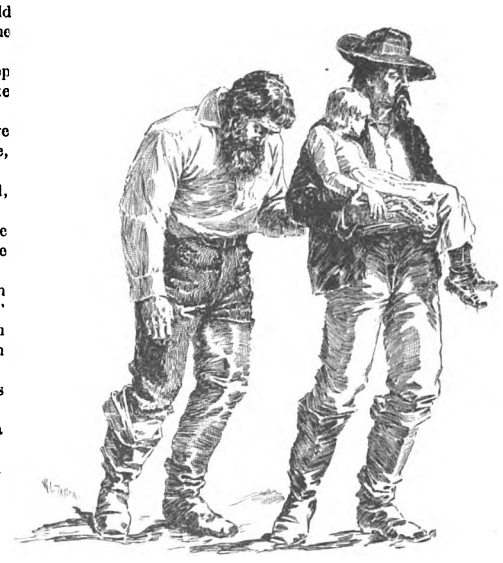
"We are all a pack of fools and thieves," he muttered, and sat a long time, with the fire fallen dead in his pipe, thinking of his plans and defeats, the wrongs others had done him, his attempts at retaliation, and his gradual merging from a careful, scrupulous youth into a manhood hard and embittered with strife, and believing in the sheer necessity of violent deeds.

"Papa Thane!" came a little voice from within. The man laid down his pipe and entered the cabin. Buck thumped the floor with his tail where he lay by Nugget's bed in her tiny room, and the child's eyes were wide open. The man sat down on the bed and took her hand.

"What is it, little darter?" he asked.

"When we was coming down the mountain, you said I helped you to be good, and that other men would be happier if they was better; why can't I help them, too, papa Thane?"

"You do," said the father, fondly. "You help us all, Nugget, just as the sight of something good and purty helps the worst of men. Maybe you don't help others so much as you do me, but



little darter, there's scurcely a man in the gulch nor on these mountain sides, but what'd let his right hand be cut off afore he'd see a hair of your head harmed; 'cept, maybe, Dack Burton."

A light rose in the child's face as he began speaking, but it died away with his closing words. "He'll like me, too, sometime, won't he, papa Thane? He'll like us both if we're good?" she queried.

The man tapped the floor with his heavy foot, and looked gloomily at the wall. The child stroked his hand a moment in silence.

"Papa Thane," she broke out presently, "if I had a gold mine I'd build a church, like the one that used to be down at Nelson's Bar, where mother and I lived before she died."

The father stared at her in amused astonishment.

"I'd not have it as big as that one was," she went on, "but big enough so we could have Sunday-school, and read in the Testament, and sing, and then maybe the men wouldn't be so bad."

"But who would do the preachin', little darter?"

"Couldn't you, papa Thane, if you tried?"

The man broke into hoarse laughter. The picture which rose in his mind convulsed him; the rough, violent, sometimes intemperate and profane Thane Meadows preaching in a church!

When his merry derision had slackened a little, he saw a look of pain and wonder in the child's face that struck him into instant silence.

"Papa Thane couldn't preach, little blossom," he said; "he's not good enough. But if he could, he'd make a little church for her. Maybe he can some day."

The child's eyes overflowed with sparkles, and she lay a little, looking at the bright vision her fancy painted; then, turning her cheek against his hand, she fell asleep.

The man rose carefully, touched his bearded lips against her cheek, and passed softly out to the threshold.

After a time he suddenly got up again and entered the cabin. The reflection of a good and pleasing purpose lighted his face. Pulling out a wooden pin, which stopped an auger-hole in the log wall, he drew a sack of gold-dust from the hole, and lighting a lantern, whispered loudly, "Buck! Buck!"

Followed by the old dog, the man passed out and down along the side of the gulch a little way and stopped.

"Here's a good place," whispered the man; "it's soft, so she can dig it out easy, aint it, Buck?"

He tore the soft soil apart with his strong fingers, sowed a few dollars' worth of the "dust" about in the rents, and covered it up with many a whispered exclamation of delight.

The next morning, starting for the claim, which lay a few hundred yards up the river, he stopped near the point where he had secreted the gold and called the child from the cabin.

"Little darter," he said, as she came limping forward, with her blue eyes peering out inquiringly from under her curls, "you see that place in the bank, nigh the spring, where somethin' has been scratchin' up the ground? Well, I saw signs of pay-dirt there as I came by. You and Buck get some of the loosest dirt into the rocker, there by the spring, and wash it by the time I come home at noon. Maybe you'll find a mine, an' then, you know, the—church, Nugget!"

The child started toward the spot with a happy cry, and the father went onward, smiling, to his work.

The trail, travelled only by men on foot and by pack-mules, which came up out of the rugged redwood country, and wound away through the "diggings" into the mountains, passed just below the Meadows' cabin, and many a little gift and cheery word were left with the gold-headed Nugget by the rough mule-drivers and miners who stopped at the spring to drink.

She was the only child in the gulch—there were no women—and her sweet face drew all that was decent and tender in the rough, homeless men toward her.

Not an hour had passed, after the burly Meadows had gone to his sluice-box, ere a miner came by with his pick on his shoulder, and a bunch of blossoms for the child. Though it was not yet March, there were violets along the streams.

She took the little nosegay from the miner's hand with a look that was pleasant to see.

The man's face was uneven of feature and leathery from exposure, but the light from the child's eyes made it for the time seem sunny and wholesome.

"I pulled 'em for ye as I came down the crick, little un, to pay fer my drink," he said, turning to the spring. "Hello, Nuggy, what's this 'ere you've got in your pap's rocker?"

"It's pay-dirt," said the child.

The man shook the rocker, scraped some of the silt from its bottom into the palm of his hand, and looked at it. Then he gave a long, low whistle. "Where did this come from?" he said, in a gasping whisper.

"From the bank there," she pointed with her bunch of flowers.

The man looked at her a moment with open mouth, then walked over and began humming a tune to himself as he examined the ground with his pick. The child and dog followed his movements with keenest interest.

"No gravel," he said, under his breath; "no bed rock!" then aloud, "Did yer pap tell ye to dig here, Nug?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then he salted it; he did it for luck," thought the man, and he stared mistily at the child.

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"It'll bring him luck, too," his thoughts went on, "it's nigh sartin to. If a man hides gold for a good purpose, for an innocent lame child like her, he's purty sure to find it somewhere's else, and a sight more of it."

He got up and went down to the rocker with Nugget and Buck at his heels.

"You've got gold in the rocker here anyhow, little gal," he said. "You'd best look for it in the bank agin to-morrow."

The child gave a scream of delight, and clapped her hands above her curly head, while Buck barked and whipped the air vigorously with his tail.

"I'm going to have a church built!" she said; "a little church, down there among the trees; and we'll have Sunday-school, and singing, and—oh, won't it be nice, Buck? You'll come, won't you, Mr.—Mr. Bill?"

The man broke into a roar of laughter, but his face fell straight the moment he saw the shocked expression that came into the child's eyes.

"Yes, I'll come, little un," he said, "and bring all the rest of the boys. You jist get her built and we'll all be there. Don't forget to prospect the bank, little un! You'll strike it rich to-morrow!"

There was no need of his advice; the child's heart and mind were all upon her mine. When the father came home he entered into her joy like another child; it warmed him through and through to see her happiness.

When the dark hours had fallen again, he with Buck once more sowed the yellow gold-seed for Nugget's harvest. It was only a few dollars he had planted for her, but his hard bunk seemed to rest him like a couch of velvet after the act.

At midnight another sower, too, came up out of the gulch like a shadow, and dropped a few "pinches" of the precious seed in Nugget's mine. "For love and for luck!" he whispered, as he dropped the yellow grains.

Next day Mr. Bill, as Nugget had called him, flung his hat up out of the hole he was digging in the mountain-side, and sent a shout after it which echoed far up the heights.

"For luck!" he cried. "For luck! Hide gold for good, and ye'll find it!"

He had uncovered a "pocket" for which he had been searching for weeks.

The next night two shadows came up out of the gorge and sprinkled "dust" in Nugget's mine; and again and again, as the nights came and went, shadowy forms flitted in by the dark bank and out again, leaving gold for the innocent child to dig up on the morrow.

Thane Meadows was transfixed with wonder at the sums the child got back from the little he had buried in the bank. But at length it dawned upon him that the miners had learned his secret, and out of superstition and regard for Nugget, were "feeding" her mine.

One night he secreted himself by the spring, with a dark lantern, and watched. He saw a dark form come out of the gloom, advance, and deposit some dust in the little mine. As the form receded, Thane sprang out and flashed his lantern upon—Dack Burton.

The two men glared at each other in silence, their hands upon their revolvers, and then—for each had thought of the sleeping child close by—slowly drew back and parted. The golden kernel of the incident was lost, and the opportunity for peace was missed.

As for Nugget, she was in a transport of delight. "When shall we begin the little church, papa Thane?" she asked again and again. Even in her dreams she babbled of it. But the father put her by, telling her that lumber was so difficult to obtain; which, indeed, was true, since all of it must come up out of the redwood country on the backs of mules.

One night the heavens were black far back over the Range, and the next morning the shores of Mad River were strewn with wreckage. When the torrent receded a huge pile of lumber and logs lay at the bend below the Meadows cabin.

"God has sent it!" cried Nugget. "Oh, papa Thane, now we can have the little church ready for Easter-day! Then we will have it all full of flowers, and my Testament laid on the altar, and the men 'll come, and we'll sing, and read, and —won't it be nice, papa Thane?"

"What is Easter for, little darter?"

"Why, it's the day the Saviour was raised from the dead," she said. "He died three days before, an' on Easter He rose up all new and beautiful again."

The man nodded his head, and sat thinking through a little silence.

"Nugget, I'm goin' to build it for you," he said; "some good may come of it."

Three weeks afterward Nugget's vision became a reality—a little homely shell of a building lifting a cross among the boughs of a sheltering pine. At one end stood a tiny altar of unpainted redwood, and each seat was a single plank with the rudest of legs; but to Nugget it was wonderful, and the builder's heart was warm with her joy.

It only lacked five days of Easter when it was finished, and Nugget began to plan to beautify it. All that day and the next she made wreaths of leaves for the walls, and a fern cross and crown, starred with white flowers and edged with violets, for the altar. They were rude and unshapely things, and would fade, being made so long beforehand, but she could not wait.

Within three days of Easter a miner, half in liquor, stopped at the spring, and, after drinking, said, with a tipsy leer:

"You're out of luck, little yaller-head, in selectin' timber fer your church! Your dad built it out of Dack Burton's flume, which the river ripped out of its banks the night of the storm! Dack and your dad's been having it hot up in your dad's mine this afternoon; but your dad won't pay for it; he says he won't, if he dies in his tracks! How he does hate Dack Burton!"

The child's eyes widened with horror. Her *church* made of stolen lumber? God would not accept such an offering!

She went into the cabin with flushed cheeks, panting with the parching eagerness of her purpose. She brought her little deer-skin sack of gold-dust from its hiding-place, and with Buck, started up the river. Nugget was hurrying and whispering, but hindered by her withered foot; Buck was whining from the pain it cost his old legs to follow.

The sun was falling low when Meadows came home that night. He was hot and flushed with anger. When he had called and searched in vain about the cabin for his child, a chill of fear struck through him that whitened his face. Where had she gone? What had happened? He ran up and down the river, peering into the red flood almost in terror. At last he found her footprints going up the river, and pressed after them with throbbing heart.

He had gone but a little way when a bend brought him in sight of a considerable stretch of the river shore. Half a mile away he saw a spot where the stream was crossed by a large log, which served as a footpath to Dack Burton's mine.



Nugget's Church.

There, upon the log above the rushing torrent, a little figure fluttered. For an instant Thane saw it; and then it fell into the torrent below, disappearing below the bank.

Thane was stopped where he stood by the horror of the catastrophe. Nugget had fallen into the river, and would surely be lost!

How he advanced the remaining distance he never knew. But as he staggered down the bank where the log crossed the stream, he suddenly came face to face with Dack Burton.

Across his enemy's arms lay little Nugget. Her curls were straggling down and dripping, her gown was wet and clinging, and her eyes were closed, but she clung to Burton's neck with a grasp which showed that her rescuer had not been too late. Behind, the old dog limped along, now and then springing up stiffly toward the child's head.

"I was comin' down to kill ye, Thane," said Burton, hoarsely, "and just then I see her slip and fall off the log; and I sprung down and lifted her out of the eddy below, just as she was going down. She was gasping for breath, but she had the gold-bag held tight on her breast. She was coming to pay me, Thane! She was coming to pay me for the lumber! Think once o' what kind of men we are!"

The father took the child in his arms. She had fainted, but she breathed still. Burton had saved her life.

"We would have killed her, Dack! We would have killed her with our wickedness!"

He turned back, carrying the child on his breast; but he staggered with excitement and concern, for Nugget had not spoken yet. Burton took the dripping burden from him, and with the father holding his arm, and dragging his feet through the dead leaves as if they were lead, the two went slowly down the river, up the slope, and into the cabin.

The Easter sun rose golden and clear, and climbed slowly into the soft April sky. The great valley was hushed. No powder was blasting the bed-rock; no rainbows of water tore up the red earth; there was no click of pick, nor sound of voices.

At ten o'clock there was a notable congregation at Nugget's little church. Whether or not the altar was made in due form, you could not tell, for the miners had completely covered it with handfuls of wild flowers picked that very morning; and they had garlanded every window, and hung green things along the wall.

Into her church the rough men came, washed clean, holding their slouch hats awkwardly in both hands, and looking down and then behind them, as if expecting some one.

Presently, from out the strong sunshine came Thane Meadows and Dack Burton, leading little Nugget between them. She was pale, and weaker than usual, but she hardly had need to walk; the strong arms of the men held her up. Both men looked very happy; and not only happy, but clearer-faced and purified.

There was an awkward silence; but presently Thane Meadows rose and cleared his throat with a sound that shook the little church.

"Men," he said, "I aint going to preach, but maybe it's as good as preaching to you to see two men like me and Dack Burton here. If I was a coward, a coward like I was a few days ago, I should be ashamed to stand here before you, knowing that you know that my child nearly met her death trying to be honest in my place.

"But I'm a changed man; I say it in humbleness and reverence to her. If I have wronged any man among you, I ask to be forgiven. If I have made light of honesty before you, I take it all back, here.

"This is her Easter, and it's full of joy for every one of us, especially for Dack Burton and me. I hope and believe the goodness of it, as well as the joy, is in us. Let us pray."

He knelt, and uttered a stumbling but heartfelt supplication. Then, after a little silence, a halting, disjointed prayer went up from the kneeling figure of Dack Burton; and when they rose from their knees, Nugget's clear voice led the audience in a quavering, old-time hymn, sung by the mothers of most of the men in their boyhood.

Many a tear was wiped away, and many a good resolve was taken in silence that blossomed into worthy conduct.

ALVA MILTON KERR.

MISJUDGED.

Marie Antoinette, as one of the ladies of her court relates, was once severely criticised for levity when she was, in fact, quite innocent, and when it was one of her ladies-in-waiting, invisible to the critics, who was not serious enough.

After the death of Louis XV., all the ladies of the court felt it necessary to pay visits of condolence, and to render homage to the new sovereigns.

The ladies, old and young, hastened to present themselves on the general reception day. The Queen bore herself with becoming dignity until the Marquise de Clermont-Tonnerre, tired of standing, as her position at court demanded, behind the Queen's chair, sat down on the floor, hiding behind the ample screen afforded by the full skirts and draperies of the Queen and the ladies of the palace.

Then, to amuse herself, she pulled at the gowns of these ladies, and played other little pranks calculated to upset their gravity. Marie Antoinette herself was several times obliged to place her fan before her face to hide an involuntary smile.

The severe old ladies whom she was receiving decided that the frivolous young Queen was making fun of them; that she cared only for young persons; that she was lacking in good manners; and that they should never again present themselves at her court.

This construction of the Queen's conduct was widely circulated, and gave her the undesirable reputation of having a mocking disposition.

"Eleven years later," says the lady who relates the story, "I was describing the day of mourning for Louis XV. to some old ladies in Auvergne, when one of them at once recalled it as the time 'when the Queen uncivilly laughed in the faces of the elderly Duchesses and Princesses who had felt that they were performing a duty in attending the ceremony.'"

For the Companion.

WHO WAS FOOLED?

A group of young people were discussing a very knotty problem, apparently, but it was nothing more than the question how they should "make a fool" of a certain very wide-awake young man on the First of April.

No threadbare trick would do. He was all eyes, and all his eyes were open. There would be great glory in duping him! Hard to catch, none laughed louder than he when he was caught.

All sorts of traps were proposed and rejected—a cotton-pie, a cornmeal-cake, salt for his coffee, sugar for his potatoes—all were too old and familiar.

But all agreed that it should relate to his eating, for he was noted for his good appetite. Indeed, he boasted of it on all possible occasions.

"I think it would surprise him more," said one bright girl, "to get up something really nice for him. That would be the last thing he would be looking out for from us. You know we always think anything for Bob Reed must be for a joke. Even at Christmas-time he got a jumping-jack, a penny whistle and a Bologna sausage, while we worked days making nice things for people we didn't like half as well."

"That's so! We wouldn't have any kind of a time at all, in this dull town, if it were not for Bob, with his wit and his kind heart—"

"And his horse and buggy."

"Yes, indeed; or his bronco, rather. Don't dignify that little creature with the name of horse. Dear me, girls! Shall we ever forget when he bought him?"

"Or with what fortitude we waited for him to be broken?"

"Or how he rode him up and down the street, and let him shake him off over his head for our entertainment?"

They went back to the question under consideration.

"But how shall we get him up something nice? It mustn't be anything nice to eat—he'd scent that a mile away."

"Oh, I have it!" broke in the landlord's daughter. "Why didn't I think of that before? Why, his birthday's on the First of April! He says he has a good excuse for being a 'born fool.' Let's make him a nice, great big—party!"

"Capital!"

"Just the thing!"

There was general and enthusiastic agreement, and it was arranged that there should be a birthday present which should be a real surprise.

Bob Reed was the hero of the village, and he knew it very well. Not that he had ever rescued any one from fire or a watery grave, but he had rescued many a picnic from failure, and many another pleasant village enterprise from collapse.

He pretended to be a martyr to his heroism, and to rebel against his popularity when he was wanted for a tableau, as was not unfrequently the case. Whether his protests were heartfelt or not, his services were always to be had.

Then, to compensate himself, perhaps, he made so much fun at the rehearsals by throwing in passages that were not in the book, overdoing his part, and making every one laugh, that the girls pretended to be angry with him for making necessary so many rehearsals.

Once when they were practising a pantomime, and he was wanted for his part, he was nowhere to be found. Where could he have disappeared? They had left him safely stowed in a curtained corner of the stage. They were in the second story of the tall school-house, and there were no means of escape.

They stood in wonder. One girl mechanically looked out of the open window, the only possible exit from that corner; and there he hung, his hands grasping the window-sill—his only support! He swung himself up lightly, and promised not to do it again.

He was freight agent, express agent, telegraph operator and coal merchant, all in one, and he was not twenty-one years old yet; but he was going to be.

He said that he and Curly were the same age. Curly was a black, kinky dog that he had adopted because no one else wanted him. Perhaps the dog had been handsome when he was younger and had two eyes; but he had long since outlived his beauty and his usefulness.

At any rate, the only possible use Curly could have been to his master, besides being a dependent and humble companion, was the ready excuse he furnished for buying extra baskets at basket-socials. Curly had to have lunches; he liked

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good things, and got so hungry between meals that an extra basket must be carried for Curly.

But if Curly could have talked, he would have told who else liked lunches, and who got the lion's share of the delicacies; although, as the old dog was so fat that he waddled instead of walked, probably he would have made no complaint.

The little village was soon thrown into a silent bustle. Quick feet sped silently on secret errands. Warning fingers were lifted in silent admonition whenever Bob's well-known figure, usually habited in his ridiculously comfortable plaid blouse, was seen approaching, be that just around the corner or a quarter of a mile away, oscillating between the heavens above and the pony beneath.

Knots of girls might be seen holding noiseless conversations—yes, really!—one moment, and dispersing in all directions the next, looking so very unconcerned and innocent that a far less observing personage than Mr. Bob Reed might have scented a conspiracy. But if Mr. Bob did suspect anything, he held his peace.

The First of April dawned, cloudy, sloppy and muddy. Mr. Bob Reed was not "caught," all day. The boys tried the usual hoaxes, but he would pick up no silver dollars, open no letters, and find no packages that had been conspicuously lost in the middle of the street.

He took a queer notion, that evening. He would scrub the waiting-room! It was muddy and must be cleaned; so he put on his rubber boots, donned a great apron which he called his Mother Hubbard wrapper, and began industriously to carry water.

Presently a young man appeared, and unconcernedly observed, "Oh pshaw, Bob! I wouldn't scrub to-night. It'll be just as bad to-morrow."

"It's got to be done!" answered Bob, sententiously, going on with his preparations.

The messenger disappeared, and presently another young man came in, dressed in his "good clothes."

He had a grin on his face which would have "given anything away," Bob thought.

"See here! You're wanted—over at the hotel."

"Eh? Is that so?" answered Bob, poising his last pailful of water on the edge of the tub.

"A—a—somebody who wants to see you."

"Oh!" He poured the water into the tub with a terrific splash which sprinkled his visitor. "Somebody who can walk? Tell him to come over here."

The messenger carefully wiped the drops from his clothes with his freshly ironed and scented pocket-handkerchief.

"Sorry, Ed," said Bob; "it was careless of me—but you oughtn't to dress up so, for common occasions. You're getting to be a dude. But who is it who wants to see me? Why didn't he come himself?"

"He—can't very well come. He particularly requests your presence over there. He—didn't send any name. Business, I believe."

"Humph! very mysterious business, I should say. Well, I can go, I suppose." He picked up his hat.

"Oh! You're not going to wear that dress?"

"Why, I'll be back, I suppose? What's the use to change?"

He started away, on a sweeping trot, followed by Curly.

The assembled guests saw the party of three—Bob, Curly and Ed—through small, temporary cracks at the sides of window-curtains, amid much silent dancing and doubling and noiseless clapping of hands.

Rushing into the room in his ordinary headlong way, Bob came to a sudden stop. He seemed to be astonished when he saw the big dining-room decorated to distraction and cleared for a party.

He begged pardon; he didn't mean to intrude, but some one had asked to see him—in the office, he supposed—and he was in a hurry, and the nearest way led through the dining-room.

He made as if to go on.

Such stamping and cheering and clapping of hands! Then some one suggested that he stay to the party, inasmuch as he was there.

"But—I didn't receive an invitation."

Then the noise had to be made over again. It took a great deal of explanation, and very many assurances that he would not be in the way, to induce him to make one of the party. Then he excused himself to go to his room and "dress up a little," and sweepingly bowed himself out.

"Caught at last!"

"My! wasn't he surprised?"

"And didn't he take it well after he was caught?"

Mr. Bob Reed grinned all the way back to the office, all the time he was dressing, and half-way back to the party.

It was voted a grand success. The supper was excellent. There were no cotton pies nor frosted johnny-cakes. The present Bob received was not a tribute to his appetite, but a beautiful copy of Shakespeare, finely illustrated.

He accepted it with a modest and appropriate acknowledgment, and with feelings of genuine surprise that he endeavored not to show. Curly received a basket of lunch.

Nothing could have induced Bob to hint that he knew pretty nearly what was going on all the time. But some of the elders shrewdly suspected it, and catechised him. He merely grinned.

The girls said, "I don't believe it! He only acts that way to make believe, because he dislikes to admit that he was caught."

If the girls had presented him with a caricature of a present, in a mock speech, as some of them had proposed to do, undoubtedly he would have turned the tables on them without mercy. But he merely said to himself, "Who would spoil the fun of the party, when they were doing all that, by being mean enough to know anything about it beforehand?"

And no one ever quite knew which was the April fool, Bob or the party; but they had a good time just the same.

SUE GREGORY.

THE PLEASANT MYSTERY.

The child that enters life comes not with knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known, but I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

For the Companion.

WHAT THE EASTER EGGS HATCHED.

"Well?"

Marcia Gilbert looked for an instant into the troubled brown eyes that were searching her face so anxiously. Then her gaze fell upon a sealed envelope lying upon the table, with her own address upon it, and "Rejected" written all over it—in invisible characters.

So that venture had failed, like all the rest! The bitterness born of repeated disappointments crept into the girl's sore heart, and lent an unnatural sharpness to her tones as she said, reluctantly:

"It's just as we thought. I've been to all the principal newspaper offices, and the rates for advertising are entirely beyond our means. Don't you think, Doris," she added, hesitatingly, "that we might build up a business,—a small one, you know,—that would keep us in food and clothes, without advertising at all?"

Doris shook her head dejectedly, and a tear appeared on her cheek.

"Everybody advertises nowadays. There is no other way to call the attention of the public to your wares or wants; and with so much competition, one must do it in a way to attract attention, too. I might hang out my little sign, 'Hats and Bonnets Trimmed to Order,' for years, and no one would take any notice of it, unless I had some handsomely trimmed hats to go with it, to advertise my taste and skill as a milliner."

To this indisputable fact her sister could make no reply, and seating herself in the pleasant bay-window, through which the morning sunshine was streaming, she watched listlessly the passers-by, while, with a weary half-heartedness, she tried to think of something—some way by which she and her orphan sister might earn a decent livelihood.

Perhaps, after all, they would have been wiser if they had sold the pretty home—their only heritage. By visiting relatives a great part of the time, and practising a thousand and one little make-shifts, they might have managed to live in some way upon the interest of their money.

But it did not require a strong imagination to see the reluctant faces of country aunt and city uncle, and to hear the epithets applied to herself and Doris that she had so often heard bestowed upon poor relatives.

It would be easier to go hungry than to endure such humiliation, and in this recoil of honest pride, she felt her heart grow stronger and more hopeful.

She picked up the thrice-rejected manuscript, and laid it away in her desk out of sight with the almost cheerful comment, "By and by, when I can afford to risk lots of stamps, I'll send it somewhere else, and keep sending it. No doubt I shall find a market for it in time, for, you know—"

"Come in!" There was a familiar tap upon the door, and the comfortable figure of Mrs. Duganne entered. She was a widow, who, with her daughter, rented the upper part of the cottage,—a cheery, good-natured body,—who came to borrow an egg, explaining, at considerable length, that her egg-basket was getting low now, so near Easter, on account of her daughter Esther's liking for painting eggs as Easter gifts.

The door had scarcely closed behind her when Marcia jumped from her chair, and kissing her sister's tear-stained cheek, cried gleefully:

"I've got it! I've an idea that'll be better than any of your newspaper advertisements!"

Seizing the egg-basket, she began eagerly to count its contents. "One, two, three, six—nine! Plenty to begin with, at any rate. Now, with your big box of odds and ends, my dear, we'll get up an advertisement that will draw more attention than half a column in any of the newspapers."

She laughed so cheerily and with such an air of confidence that even Doris's sad face brightened.

"What?" she began; but Marcia was too intent upon her new plan to wait for questions.

"I am going to paint these eggs with faces; not like the fashion-plates, all alike, but all kinds of faces: old and young, pale and ruddy, dark and light, long and short—in fact, every kind of face; and you shall furnish each one with a hat or bonnet exactly suited to its own peculiar type. Do your very prettiest on them, and we'll hang them in our front window just before Easter, for an advertisement of your skill in millinery."

Doris looked doubtful, but she would not dampen her sister's enthusiasm by giving voice to her feelings. So she only said, in her always gentle, patient tones:

"Very well, dear. Get your heads ready, and I'll do my best to dress them becomingly. But, really, hadn't you better let Miss Grantly have the lilies, and use the money to pay for a modest notice in one of the daily papers?"

Her voice faltered as she saw the hot flush that overspread Marcia's face, and detected the repressed feeling underlying her words as she said, with a glance at the beautiful stand of lilies, slowly unfolding in the warm spring sunshine:

"I can't bear to sell our Easter lilies, if there is any possible way to avoid it. For the last ten years, ever since I was a little girl, I have never failed to have this one gift of my very own to offer to our Lord on Easter Sunday. Perhaps I am superstitious, but honestly, I should feel if I sold them almost as if I had been guilty of sacrilege."

Doris smiled indulgently. She could not always understand her younger sister's fancies, but she never ridiculed nor opposed them.

"I hadn't the least idea," she said, tenderly, "that you felt like that about them. Of course I wouldn't sell them for any money, if it would make you unhappy. Come," she went on, with a determined effort at cheerful interest, "you might as well prepare your eggs and get out your paints, while I look over my stores, and see what I can make a beginning with."

Perhaps Marcia's enthusiasm as well as the really pretty faces with which she adorned the blank sides of the eggs awakened her less sanguine sister's confidence. At any rate, before the day was over she had contrived several dainty little hats. One of these, when glued upon the crown of a golden-haired, blue-eyed egg-fairy, was "perfectly bewitching," as Marcia joyfully declared, with its trimming of pale blue tips and tiny bows, while the broad Rembrandt brim, faced with black velvet, made still fairer the dazzling brilliancy of the sweet creature's complexion, and set off her yellow bangs to perfection.

"Look at her!" cried Marcia, with exultation. "Isn't she a darling, though, with her pink cheeks and yellow hair? Every blonde girl that sees her will want a hat just like hers."

Doris laughed more gaily than she had done before for many a day.

"Then I hope all the blonde beauties in the city will find occasion to walk past our corner when this one is on exhibition," she said, blithely, as she fished out from her box of remnants a bit of old gold silk that was to be worked into a "perfect love of a bonnet" for the dashing brunette, whose carmine complexion was giving Marcia so much trouble.

As the days slipped by, the work gradually assumed an importance and dignity that neither of the girls had really calculated upon.

Marcia, who really had artistic talent, and was far more skilful with her brush than with her pen, was not satisfied, after a time, with painting ideal faces, but, much to her own and her sister's surprise, succeeded in getting several really creditable likenesses of familiar people who passed their window each day.

A bright-faced, innocent-looking young girl, whose way to school led her directly past their door, was pictured with wonderful exactness, and furnished by Doris with a simple straw hat in one of the fashionable styles, with only a wreath of field daisies by way of adornment.

"It isn't every face that can bear a hat of that peculiar style," remarked Doris, with a good deal of innocent complacency, as she held up the dainty trifle.

"I should really like to see the original in a hat just like this; for I've noticed that her hats are not, as a rule, becoming to her."

These bits of successful imitation gave zest to the work, and made the young artists more hopeful of success with each day. Ten days before Easter found heads and hats all completed, and ready to be put on exhibition.

Marcia had herself designed and painted the placard with the important announcement:

"HATS AND BONNETS
MADE AND TRIMMED HERE."

There was a border of the prettiest spring flowers that she could contrive: Hepaticas, with noses blue from the chill April winds, in spite of their furry hoods; violets, in white and purple; and pink-tipped anemones, that paled beside the deeper rose of the sweet-breathed Mayflowers. Yellow and blue crocuses and hyacinths of every shade of rose and purple broke the stiff outlines of the letters, and made the modest little strip of pasteboard a thing of real grace and beauty.

What a world of anxious thought and patient toil was put into the decoration and arrangement of that one small window—of no importance whatever to the great world outside, but meaning so much to the two trembling, anxious-hearted girls, who had built such high hopes upon it!

Every detail was complete the evening before; and at the first peep of day the sisters were astir, too excited and eager to sleep or eat until they had seen for themselves the effect of their daring venture from without.

With the opening of the shutters, a flood of sunshine poured into the cozy little sitting-room, lighting up the quaintly decorated window with such startling brilliancy that Marcia, who had slipped over to the opposite side of the street, to get a first look at the imposing array, scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry at the impression produced upon her.

The first sight of all these suspended heads, with the saucy sunshine staring full in their unwinking eyes, seemed so much like a diminutive travesty of the scene in Bluebeard's secret chamber, that she involuntarily clutched more firmly the door-key that she held in her hand, while a sudden impulse prompted her to call out to the anxiously watching face in the background:

"What do you see, Sister Anne?"

"The whole thing is simply ridiculous," she thought, and a wave of bitter humiliation swept over her, making her feel as if she would be glad to crush every one of these horribly suggestive mannikins into one heap of broken egg-shells, and then run away, and live a hermit's life forever after.

But as she took courage and a second look, things did not seem so very bad, after all. The bodiless creatures, with their dainty topknots, leisurely swung to and fro, or bobbed placidly up and down with the wind, as if mutely calling attention in their slow, stately way, to the pictured placard in their midst; and a feeling of satisfaction and something like confidence gradually took the place of Marcia's unfavorable first impressions.

This confidence was somewhat increased by the comments that she overheard from the passers-by.

"How lovely those crocuses and hyacinths are!" exclaimed one lady, while her companion laughingly called her attention to the painted faces.

"Only painted egg-shells! But see how very pretty some of those faces are."

"Dear me! The wild-flowers look as if they had grown upon the paper," said a third.

But not a word, when she came to think of it, of the millinery display! But then, of course everybody would understand that the paintings were simply advertisements, and nothing more.

All through the day the two girls, wrought up to feverish excitement, watched and waited for the hoped-for customers, but although almost every passer-by stopped to examine, and in most cases to praise the artistic display, not once did the door-bell ring.

"I don't suppose we can expect people to bring their work to us the very first day," was Marcia's cheerful comment, as she closed the shutters for the night. "But I feel it in my bones that to-morrow will bring us a customer."

Sure enough, it seemed as if her hopeful prophecy was to be fulfilled, when, at an early hour in the forenoon, a portly, kindly-faced lady, who had been standing quite five minutes looking at the display in the window, slowly mounted the steps, and ringing the bell, was ushered in by Marcia, as proudly as if she were escorting a princess.

The stranger looked kindly, if curiously, at the flushed, eager faces of the girls, while she asked with frank directness, "Would you object to telling me who painted the faces on those Easter eggs in your window?"

"Certainly not. It was my sister's work," replied Doris, a little surprised at the question, while Marcia looked decidedly cross. Why should everybody persist in putting the paintings before the millinery?

"Did you mean any of them for portraits?"

Marcia grew very red and embarrassed. "Ye-es—that is, I tried to make some of them look something like the people who pass here. I should not venture to call them 'portraits,' though."

The lady laughed good-naturedly at her embarrassment.

"You have succeeded so well in one case, at least, that I recognized the likeness as soon as I saw it. The little girl in the daisy hat is my daughter. I knew her as soon as I saw the picture, and that was what attracted my attention particularly to your work, which, by the way, is just what I want, myself."

The girls looked mystified, and she went on to explain:

"I am Mrs. Brown, proprietor of the Art Store on Twelfth Street—you know the place?—and I should be glad to buy your whole stock for my Easter trade, if you are willing to sell it."

Marcia uttered a quick protest, but Doris's pale face lighted up hopefully.

"We have put them in our window to serve as an advertisement," she said, "and as such, they are, perhaps, worth more to us than to you."

"My dear young lady,"—she spoke so kindly that even Marcia's ruffled feathers were smoothed a little,—"I see that you are new to the ways of the business world, and if you will take my advice, I can perhaps give you a hint that you may find helpful in the future as well as now, in the way of advertising. A few tastily trimmed hats, and three or four rolls of the latest thing in ribbons, would bring you in more customers in a week than all this artistic display would in a year."

Marcia's lips quivered, and she turned away her face to hide the tears that sprang to her eyes. Their visitor went on with a return to her business-like manner:

"Now I will pay you enough for those pretty trifles so that you can buy the materials that you will need for the hats, if you don't plan too

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extravagantly, and with a few rolls of ribbon, you can make a fair beginning, in a small way."

She named a sum that to the inexperienced girls seemed a small fortune. Nor was this all, for, to Marcia's great delight, she was engaged to supply a certain department in their new friend's establishment with these same painted trifles, in whose manufacture she had developed an originality and skill hitherto unsuspected, even by that most partial of friends—her sister.

Constant and pleasant employment, with fair pay, did not mean reputation or fortune, but it meant a living. And Doris, following the advice so wisely given, succeeded in building up a flourishing business.

But she always persisted, with sisterly partiality, that all the good fortune of their lives was due to those Easter eggs, that hatched out the chickens with golden feathers, instead of the ordinary fowls that they had hoped for.

MRS. H. G. ROWE.

For the Companion.

JERRY LEE.

Jerry Lee and I were almost inseparable when we were boys. His father's farm joined my father's. We were almost the same age, studied the same books, and sat together at school. Our tastes were similar. Both of us intended to be farmers when we were men.

Jerry was not exactly a handsome boy. He was small, shock-headed, freckled-faced, and poorly dressed, for his parents were far from rich. Some people thought he had a stupid look; but he was not at all stupid, and was a hearty, excellent fellow.

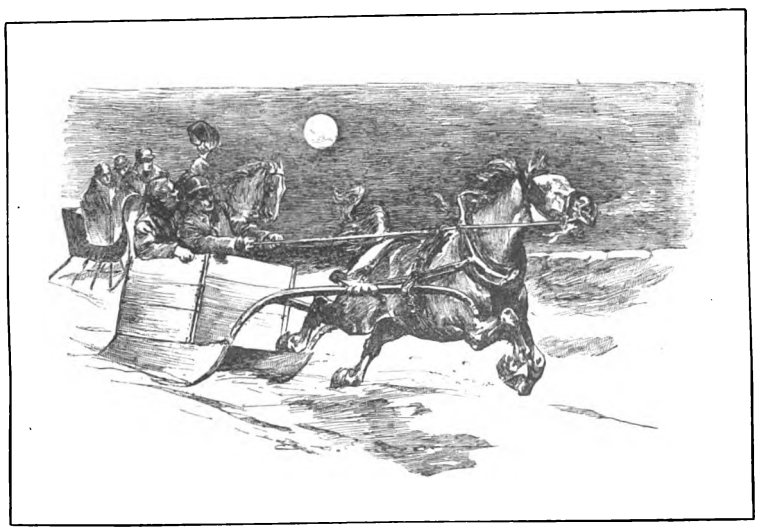
As companions Jerry and I went to and from school together, and together went to the spelling and singing schools or to the "literary societies" held in the schoolhouses in our neighborhood.

The winter we were fifteen years old we made something that I suppose can be correctly called a vehicle, in which to ride to and from these winter evening entertainments, and to use when we went to town on Saturday afternoons.

There was generally good sleighing from December until March in the region in which we lived, and Jerry and I were very proud of our "cutter," as we called it, when it was done, although I do not think either of us would care to be seen in it today on the streets of the cities in which we live.

But now, after the lapse of years, when Jerry and I are boys no longer, it is a pleasure to think of the merry, free-from-care times we had in the clumsy, uncouth old sled, then so dear to our boyish hearts.

The runners of the cutter had been hewn out of solid oak planks, while the upper part was made of a large dry goods box painted red and green, with an attempt at a border of yellow roses around the centre of the box.



Jerry's Second Victory.

When Jerry and I were seated in this elegant and certainly striking turn-out, the tops of our heads were just visible above the top of the box, which was somewhat lower in front than behind.

With a foot or more of clean, dry straw in the bottom of the box, and three or four buffalo skins and blankets wrapped around us, Jerry's father's old horse "Ned" would draw us along the road, across frozen streams and through long lanes, much to our delight. I am sure our laughing and singing must have been heard in many a farmhouse on those cold winter evening rides.

One evening, after school, as we were about to separate at our gate, Jerry said:

"Let's go to the spelling-school at the Long Lane school-house to-night. Can you?"

"Yes, if father's willing," I replied, with the readiness with which I always fell in with Jerry's suggestions.

"The sleighing is fine, and there is a full moon. It will be just the night for a ride. Besides, we will show those Long Lane boys and girls how to spell, and stop their boasting."

Jerry was what is sometimes called a "natural speller"; that is, he seemed almost intuitively to know how to spell the most difficult words, for he never spent much time in memorizing them. Indeed, he could in an hour commit to memory a list of words I could not perfectly learn in several hours of patient and careful study.

He was the best speller in our school, and had had the honor of "spelling down" half a dozen schools in our neighborhood.

But the Long Lane school had not yet been added to Jerry's list of victories.

The Long Lane district was a new one, made by dividing a large district. A school-house much handsomer than any other in our township had been built, in consequence of which the Long Lane boys and girls were very proud, and had done a deal of boasting that was not pleasantly received by the pupils in other districts.

The spelling-school to be held this evening would be the first in the new school-house, and was likely, on that account, to be of unusual interest.

A saucy message had been sent to our school in the morning to come over and "try our hand" at spelling the Long Lane school down, if we wanted to "be beaten all hollow."

There were several reasons why our school did not care to accept the challenge at that time, although we intended to make the trial a little later.

I was, therefore, surprised when Jerry proposed that we should go alone, since he knew well that I would be quite likely to miss the first word I was asked to spell, and he would have to engage single-handed in the contest.

Seven o'clock found us gliding over the smooth roads, a myriad of stars twinkling overhead, and a full moon shedding its mellow light on the snowy fields and hills.

It was three miles to the new Long Lane schoolhouse, and when we reached it there were ten or fifteen sleds and sleighs hitched near by.

"The whole district seems to have turned out," said Jerry, as we climbed out and tied old Ned to a tree.

A dozen or more boys about our size, some of whom we knew, were snowballing each other in front of the house, which seemed crowded to overflowing.

"Hello, you Sand Ridge fellows!" said one of them, as we drew near, "what do you want over here?"

"What do you suppose?" replied Jerry, tartly.

"Come over to show yer ign'rance?"

"No—to show yours!" said Jerry.

"Huh!" was the sneering reply to this. "You'll have to do some tall spelling if you don't want to sit down at the first round. We've got Third Reader spellers that'll make you open your eyes."

As we pushed our way into the crowded schoolhouse, I looked around but did not see a person from our district. I whispered to Jerry:

"I don't believe you've much chance in this crowd, Jerry. You'd better not try to spell to-night, but wait until the rest of our good spellers come over."

"I shall spell if I'm chosen," replied Jerry, stoutly.

A few moments later the teacher of the school, a young man whom we had never seen before, requested all who were willing to take part in the contest to go to one end of the school-room, while all not intending to spell were asked to take seats and keep as good order as possible.

Jerry, in response to this, walked forward with the spellers, and I followed him, feeling very much out of place.

As we were walking forward, a boy I knew said, in a shrill whisper:

"You fellers had better sit down! We've got some brag spellers here from over in the Four Mile district, and they'll beat you all to pieces."

"Perhaps," I said, with a show of confidence. "But they'll find that Jerry Lee can spell a little, anyhow."

He spelled more than "a little" bit on that memorable night. He surprised every one. Indeed, he told me afterward that he surprised himself.

The "brag spellers" were two extremely spruce young men and two pert young ladies with pink and blue ribbons fluttering among their curls. They were the noted spellers of the Four Mile district, and it was easy to see that they felt quite confident of their ability to "spell down" any school against which they might array themselves.

They glanced superciliously at Jerry, when, after a full hour of spirited spelling, they and Jerry were all the scholars that were left standing of the fifty or sixty who had at first engaged in the contest. Indeed, I saw one of the young men wink in derision at the other, and one of the young women elevated her eyebrows loftily while the other one fell to tittering, when only Jerry was left to spell against them.

But Jerry was a boy of remarkable self-poise. He had already won quite a victory without losing his head, and now he stood erect, calmly indifferent to the sneers of his opponents.

I think that those sneers simply caused Jerry to gird himself up more firmly for the contest. He threw back his head, squared his shoulders, folded his arms, and faced his opponents in a manner that won for him the admiration of even those who did not wish to have him win.

Perfect silence fell upon us all as the spelling went on, although I was tempted to pound the floor and scream "Hurrah!" when Jerry calmly and distinctly spelled word after word I felt sure that he would miss.

Finally, the word "procellarian" was given to one of the young women. She gave her head a little toss of defiance as she calmly spelled it with but one "l."

"Next!" said the teacher.

Jerry spelled it correctly, and the young woman flounced angrily into a seat.

Then one of the young men and the other young woman missed "sisymbrium," and Jerry, to my wild delight, spelled it correctly, amid breathless silence.

The defeated ones took their seats with crimson faces, while the sole survivor of the "brag" spellers angrily faced Jerry with a flushed and defiant face.

The next word was "cylinder," and the remaining "brag" speller in his nervousness made the glaring mistake of spelling it with an "s" instead of a "c," whereupon Jerry, amid the wildest applause, spelled it correctly, putting marked emphasis on the "c," and spelling the whole word in a pardonable tone of triumph.

Loud and long were the shouts that rang throughout the house, and even the teacher of the defeated Long Lane school shook hands heartily with Jerry, and said he had spelled nobly, and richly deserved his success.

So much praise was not agreeable to Jerry, and he hurried out of the room as soon as he could, while I followed him to the tree under which old Ned stood. Within three feet of our "cutter" stood a very fine sleigh indeed, and one that quite put our home-made turn-out to shame. It was a light, graceful two-seated vehicle, with a fine horse attached to it.

While we were unblanketing and untying old Ned, out came the defeated quartette of spellers from the Four Mile district, and began climbing into the sleigh by our side.

Recognizing us, one of the young men said:

"Oh, I suppose you feel very smart, over there! If you were a little older I'd box your ears for you."

"Your defeat might be double even now, if you tried it," said Jerry, in his provokingly serene tone.

"Oh, la! Tom, don't belittle yourself by noticing them," said one of the young women, while the other burst into a shout of derision as she said:

"Do look at their elegant turn-out! Ha, ha, ha! If I could ride in such an elegant affair as that, I'd feel smart enough for anything!"

"And such a splendid horse!" cried the others. "I dare say they get their high spirits from him."

We had driven into the road now, which was the Long Lane from which the school-house derived its name. After us came our angry opponents. One of the young men called out:

"Get out of the way, or we'll run over you!"

Then Jerry stood up and said:

"Will you? I've beaten you in spelling—perhaps you'd like to try to even things up a little by beating us to the end of Long Lane, eh?"

Shrieks of derision greeted this challenge, and one of the young men cried out:

"Why, we'll be at the end of the Lane before your old skeleton wakes up from the nap he is taking!"

The road was wide, and they attempted to pass us. Jerry and I stood up in the box of our sled. Jerry took the reins from me as he said:

"Let me drive. Ned will go faster for me!"

The other sleigh had shot past us, and the jeers of its occupants were ringing out when Jerry spoke softly to old Ned and touched him lightly with the whip. The long-legged, long-winded and wiry old horse plunged madly forward with the speed of the wind.

I stood up by Jerry, clinging to the dashboard as the sled swayed from side to side or bounded up and down as old Ned sped on.

In two minutes we were neck and neck with the horse of the other sled, and Jerry was crying out loudly, but firmly:

"Go along, Ned! Go on, old boy!"

The driver of the other team stood up, belaboring his horse, while the whole party yelled and screeched.

On we went, neck and neck, for a moment or two. My cap blew off and I never saw it again. The clumsy sled threatened to capsize at every renewed plunge old Ned made. He fairly snorted as he stretched out his long neck, while the vapor from his nostrils streamed back on either side of his bony body.

Now we began to gain. We were a foot ahead—three feet, ten feet and gaining fast, while our shouts of triumph rang out.

We reached the end of the Lane fifty yards in advance of our rivals, and turned into the road leading to our homes.

On came the other sleigh with unchecked speed. The driver gave his horse a quick pull to the right, and over went the sleigh, sending its occupants almost out of sight into a great snowdrift by the roadside.

The horse started to run, but Jerry and I jumped out, caught him and led him back. Then Jerry said, dryly:

"This is a deceitful sort of a world, isn't it? You see one can never judge correctly by appearances. Good night!"

They gave us a very civil good-night in reply, and we went on our way, though in recalling the events of the evening we felt that while our opponents were certainly conceited and abusive and foolish, our manner to them was after all but a reflection of theirs. We could have shown a less provoking and more gentlemanly spirit.

J. L. HARBOUR.

For the Companion.

MY "RUNNING FIGHT."

In 1871 I lived alone at a ranch on the plains in Colorado. My partner and the hired man were away up in the timber on the Divide, getting out house-logs and poles with which to build corrals. Some one must stay at the ranch and look after our cattle, which were ranging at will. That some one was I, and the nearest inhabited dwelling was ten miles away.

Living alone for a short time is not a bad plan. One has time to think over a great many things, and as there is nothing to distract one's attention, the conclusions one reaches have a chance to sink in; but after a while solitude becomes a great strain on the nerves. To get up in the morning, cook breakfast, wander all day on the vast empty plains, come back at night to a lonely cabin, and lie down like a wild beast in his den, never hearing the kindly human voice or seeing the kindly human face, is a most trying ordeal.

But hard work kept me fairly cheerful. Every morning I saddled my pony, rode out and hunted up the cattle, and counted them. We had but recently settled there, and our stock, which we had driven from the Platte, were not yet well wonted to their new grazing grounds.

When I had done counting them I often hunted antelope, creeping, crawling, hiding, waiting, and then crawling on again till I could get at last the bead of the Sharps rifle against the point on a buck's side where the brown hue of the back ceases and the white of the under side begins, and shows just where to send a bullet through the heart.

About once a fortnight my solitude was relieved by a visit from my partner or the hired man, coming down with a wagon-load of poles or logs, and taking back some of the meat I had killed.

On these occasions there was one question which we never failed to put to each other: "Have you seen any sign of the Indians?" Not very long before this the Arapahoes and Cheyennes had broken out of their reservations, and scalped thirteen men on the next stream to the one where we had our ranch, and had run off two hundred head of horses and mules.

Naturally, I was on the lookout for the Indians night and day. As I roamed around over the prairie I watched for the tracks of their unshod ponies on the sandy soil, or scanned the horizon for the sight of a band of these roving marauders.

I had more than one false alarm. Both cattle and antelope, travelling to water on a hot day in single file, are often so transfigured by the "smoke" or mirage caused by the currents of heated air rising from the surface of the ground that they look very like a line of horsemen.

The flickering, wavering effect of this "smoke" distorts the shapes and sizes of things amazingly. Objects seen through it are blurred and broken, like the reflections in still water when the ripples from an oar cross them. A soapweed half a mile

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away will look for a minute like a tall man walking, and then change and look like an antelope or a wolf, and presently change again into what it really is, a big weed.

The constant changes baffle and confuse the eye. One believes, and disbelieves, and believes again; but no matter how often one may have been deceived, one can never know if next time may not be the grim reality. Your eye suddenly falls on what seem to be Indians, and your heart leaps to your mouth; there is no better phrase than that to express the sudden start and the tightening of the chest when the eye discerns something which it takes to be a merciless foe close at hand.

"There they are!" you say, and brace yourself for a struggle against fearful odds or a race for life. You wait for a minute, breathless, expecting your fate. Then the mirage shifts, or the objects come nearer.

"It's only that bunch of cows, with the black muley in the lead," you say to yourself, and all the imaginary struggle and race for life that filled your mind vanishes like the mirage.

One morning I was out as usual after the cattle. I missed a bunch of them from their wonted haunts, and put spurs to my pony and cantered around looking for them.

I was very young in those days, and I was, moreover, what was called a "tenderfoot;" that is, an inexperienced new-comer from more civilized parts. In order to get my face well tanned, I wore on my head, instead of a wide-brimmed cowboy hat, nothing but a little round cap; it was the next thing to going bareheaded. As I had not been to town for months, my hair had grown long, and hung down almost to my shoulders. Furthermore, as I used to walk considerable distances after antelope, I wore light shoes, instead of the high boots, with the trousers tucked in, after the universal fashion of the frontier.

Add to this that my face was as beardless as a baby's, and you will see that I must really have looked, at a distance, rather like an Indian. But we kept no looking-glass on the ranch, so that this fact never occurred to me.

Well, as I galloped around, looking for my stray cattle, I came to the top of a rise in the prairie. Instantly I pulled my pony up short and looked ahead hard, for there, down in a hollow, were my cattle; and there among them was a horseman.

He sat quite still on his horse and looked at me, as I did at him. He was some three hundred yards away, and it was not easy for either of us to make out what the other was. My figure, being outlined sharply against the sky, must have given him an advantage here.

"What is he?" thought I. "An Indian? No, decidedly not; he wears a hat, and appears to be dressed like a white man. Can he be a cattle-thief? No; he isn't driving those cattle off; he's only looking at them."

But before I could make up my mind, he had jumped off his horse and lain down on the ground flat on his face.

"What on earth's the man up to?" said I to myself. "That's a foolish trick for a man to play—to get off his horse on the prairie, right among the cattle!"

Prairie cattle, though perfectly used to mounted men, are generally very much disturbed and excited by the sight of a man on foot, and are likely to make a rush at him. To dismount in the midst of them a man must have a strong reason.

I watched him more closely than ever. Suddenly from the prostrate figure came a puff of smoke. I heard the crack of a rifle and the *ping-g-g* of a bullet whizzing past me.

"What!" said I to myself. "He's shooting at me! I must run quick and explain—no time to lose about it, either."

Touching spurs to my pony, I rode as hard as I could go, shouting out, "Hold on! hold on!"

He didn't "hold on" at all. He sprang up from the ground and upon his horse, and rode away like the wind. I followed him, still trying to explain, and yelling, "Hold on!" at the top of my voice.

But the more I shouted the more he ran. My pony was fast, and I gained on him. Then I saw him cast a look behind him, and leaning forward in the saddle, raise his right hand and begin to belabor his horse's sides with a blacksnake whip, as if more than anxious to get away as fast, and as far, as he could.

Then it dawned upon my perplexed brain that the man mistook me for an Indian! I halloed to him to stop, and to come and see me at home, and dine and sleep. But no; he only took my halloas for war-whoops, and plied the whip harder than ever.

At last I gave up the chase in despair, and reined in on the brow of a wide sand gulch which wound for miles away through the prairie. Down the steep side of it he plunged; I saw the sand fly in showers from his horse's heels as he scurried across the gulch. Up the opposite side he dashed, and away over the broad flats which stretched beyond.

I must have watched him while he rode three miles; and as far as the eye could follow he was keeping the horse at its fastest pace. Evidently he was badly scared—"stampeded," in fact.

I am afraid I must confess that when I gave up the chase, I had, boy-like, to give a whoop or two that might have passed muster as an Arapaho yell. It tickled my fancy to have been under fire, and to have stampeded a real live cowboy, all by myself.

I returned to my cattle, which proved to be all right, and then betook myself as usual to trying to find antelope. I saw no more of the fugitive.

One evening, about a week afterward, as I was picketing out my pony to graze after his day's work, I saw a man ride up to the cabin, and I recognized him as Pat Higgins, a cowboy from the Divide.

"Hallo!" said I, coming toward him with the axe in my hand with which I had been driving the picket pin, "Is that you, Pat? I'm glad to see you. Get off and look at your saddle; and if you think it would look better off, too, strip it and come in and stop for the night."

"Well," said he, slowly dismounting, "it's going on to camp I was, but indade it's a matther of twelve or fourteen miles further, and the baste's tired."

"Oh, come in," said I; "there's plenty of hay for your horse, or you can stake him out on green grass down by the spring there alongside of mine if you like."

"Tell me now wan thing," said he, as he took off his saddle and turned his horse loose to roll in the dust and then graze around. "Have ye seen any sthray work-oxen around here? There's a big red stag with O B on the hip I'm looking for."

"No," I answered, "I haven't seen him. There aren't any strays with our cattle just now. But bring your saddle inside so the wolves won't gnaw it, and I'll fry some antelope meat and have supper ready in a jiffy."

Pat came into the cabin and sat down on my best chair—an empty box turned bottom upward.



A Frightened Cowboy.

"And tell me now," he began, "where's yer folks? Where yer partner, and the man ye had working for ye?"

"Off up on the Divide getting out house-logs."

Having cut up a frying-pan full of antelope steaks I set them on the fire.

It made me very cheerful to have any company at all, and Pat was a capital fellow. He looked at me now with a puzzled expression.

"But how do ye manage here at all?" he inquired. "Ye don't mean to tell me that ye're living out here all alone by yourself?"

"That's just what I am doing," I replied. "I'm alone here, hunting antelope and minding the stock."

"Murther!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't live alone like that out here for a hundred dollars a month, not if ye paid me for it. Why now, aren't ye afeard of the Injuns? It's a wonder they haven't scalped ye."

"Yes," said I, "I'm always on the lookout, of course; but you see there haven't been any in here this year—at least not nearer than Big Sandy."

Pat opened his eyes wide. "Is that what ye think?" he cried. "This prairie was runnin' over full of Injuns only last week; and however ye kept yer hair I can't tell."

"What?" I almost shouted, jumping up excitedly from the pan, where I was turning the slices of meat with a fork. "Indians in here last week? Why, I've been all about on the prairie every day, and keeping a sharp lookout, too, for tracks, and I've never seen any sign of them."

"Tracks or no tracks, they was right in here on Black Squirrel Creek—a band of about twenty-five bloodthirsty Cheyennes on the warpath. Jim Smart, one of Van Schuyler's herders, up here lookin' for cattle, ran onto 'em in the hills over east toward the head of Big Sandy, and had a running fight with 'em for twenty miles. He says they chased him pretty close, but he killed five of 'em that he knows on. His horse was just about clean give out when he got back to the camp at Crow's Roost."

Naturally I was much excited by this piece of news. Hostile Indians on my range! My little cabin was easily visible from the hills over toward Big Sandy. How had they failed to see it, to creep up to it, shoot and scalp me and run off the horse?

I could not understand how I had escaped.

"Yes," continued Pat, looking meditatively at the frying meat, "Jim must have had a turrible time of it, sure. He's a brave man and no mistake. I'll tell you what he says to me: 'I saw they was too many for me,' says he, 'and I run my horse a bit till I had 'em all strung out, and then I hops off and shoots and drops the foremost wan, and that sort of checks 'em a bit; and then I hops on agin and takes my horse along easy till they begin to crowd me agin, and then I hops off agin and drops another; and that way,' says he, 'I stood 'em off till I got plumb back to camp.' Och now, it's himself that's a cool hand!"

Something in the phrase "hop off and shoot and hop on again" roused my attention. A suspicion flashed across me. Could this hero be the man? No, it was impossible. Still I was not satisfied.

"When did you say all this happened?" I asked.

"Why, the middle of last week," he answered, "when Van Schuyler's outfit was camped down here at Crow's Roost. They've moved from there since."

"Just the time when I had my little encounter with the cowboy who got stampeded," thought I to myself.

"And this man you speak of," I continued, "ran onto the Indians in these hills over east here?"

"That's where he found 'em, or they found him," said Pat, "sure."

Another curious coincidence! That was just where I had found my stray cattle and that strange horseman among them.

"And you say they ran him toward Crow's Roost?"

"That's what they did," said Patrick; "and if you'll hear me talk, you'll not stop here a day longer. It's too lonesome for ye intirely. Ye'd betther move yer stock at wance up on the Divide, where there's more settlers."

His advice fell upon unheeding ears. It was all as clear as daylight to me now. The last I had seen of my stampeded cowboy, he was heading for Crow's Roost as straight as he could go; and I understood very well that Jim Smart, Pat's heroic Indian fighter, was none other than my headlong runaway, and that I by myself was those "twenty-five bloodthirsty Indians" and "five of me was dead!"

R. B. TOWNSHEND.

For the Companion.

JEALOUS CAT-BIRDS.

Some years ago I was living in a town where glass-blowing was a leading business. The glass-blowers often made for themselves and friends globes of glass, which they silvered inside and placed upon their lawns or in their flower-beds as ornaments. Of course these served as convex mirrors, and the surrounding landscape or buildings were reflected in them.

One day a young man connected with the glass-works called to me as I was passing, and asked me to take a look at a cat-bird, which, he said, was fighting its own reflection in one of these mirrors. He had been at it all day, he said, and was just killing himself with his own fury.

Entering the gate near the house, I saw one of these large silvered globes in the centre of a flower-bed, and perched upon the bed was a cat-bird, with his feathers puffed out like an angry turkey's, and eying fiercely his own reflection in the glass.

He was so close that the reflection looked almost as large as himself. He would strike with his wings, bill and feet at the supposed rival, fall back as if almost exhausted, and then rally for another attack.

He continued this for some time, and then hopped and flew feebly away to a neighboring fence, where his mate was awaiting him.

Never was a cowardly warrior skulking away from a fight more indignantly rebuked than the little brown bird was by his dusky mate. She scolded, stormed, sulked, pecked her mate, and said, as plainly as signs and tones can say:

"If you don't go back and finish up that insolent upstart, you and I must part. You are a weak, good-for-nothing little fellow, and I suppose your wife will have to come and help you out of this scrape. I should think you had been long enough about this little affair. Go at once and end it up."

The poor bird literally dragged himself down to the fight once more, and began again its attack upon the glass; while the mate upon the fence kept up a series of harsh cries that sounded like reproaches and insults.

Finally I went near enough to end the struggle for a while; and the pair flew away.

I learned that they returned next day, and renewed the fight for a while; then had another scene of animated discussion, and finally flew away, abandoning a nest which they had just commenced. They could not, evidently, live in peace with their own images.

COMMONPLACE SAMENESS.

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh,
But why should we sigh, as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

TOLEDO AND CORDOVA.

Imperial Toledo—Toledo of the Romans, of the Goths, of the Moors, of the Christians! We were full of enthusiasm as we started from Madrid in the early—too early—morning to find it.

The train seemed nearly empty. We could almost fancy it crawled on for our sakes only; but crawl it did. I suppose that even a snail gets somewhere at last, and at last we came in sight of Toledo, towering up from the yellow Tagus, yellower even than the Tiber at Rome.

The Tagus girdles the town, leaving only one landward approach, which is fortified by Moorish towers and walls.

Like Rome, Toledo stands upon seven hills, and like Rome, everything about it is venerable.

No mushroom place this, built in hot haste, as solace for a monarch's gout. All here is substantial and ancient.

For three hundred and fifty years the Moors held sway in Toledo, and you see Moorish remains at every step. It was the Moors who built the noble gates, of which the finest is the Puerta del Sol, in the picture of which you will note the horseshoe-shaped arches which distinguish Moorish architecture.

Externally, nothing could be more imposing than Toledo, but when fairly into it, one realizes that all is desolate, forsaken, going to decay. It once had two hundred thousand inhabitants; it has twenty thousand now.

But how fascinating it is, even now! The narrow, illy-paved streets wind up and down and in and out, and lead you from wonder to wonder of interest and of beauty.

The carving of the stalls in the cathedral choir is so beautiful that I should like to study it every day for a year, and the stained-glass windows are among the finest in the world.

They sparkle as with jewels, and throw their parti-colored reflections on the eighty-eight columns which uplift the gorgeous ceiling. There are noble pictures and glorious tombs—a collection of works of art, in short, which might be the sufficient goal of any pilgrimage.

The Church of St. John of the Kings must not be forgotten, or its lovely cloister, with its richly clustered pillars on three sides, and its perfect Gothic arches. This cloister is being slowly restored, but meantime the undisciplined roses have their way in it. We gathered great bunches of them.

Outside this church hang chains, which were suspended there as votive offerings by captives who had been delivered from the power of the Moorish infidel.

Two synagogues yet remain to attest the former importance of the Jews in Toledo. The ceiling of one of these synagogues was made of beams from the cedars of Lebanon.

Legends say that Toledo was the place of refuge of the Jews when Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar. So ancient is it that you can believe anything, from the tale that ascribes its foundation to Hercules to that other solemnly enforced and detailed account which asserts that Tubal began to build it one hundred and forty-three years, to a day, after the Deluge.

It looks old enough to have been begun even before the Deluge, and it is certain that, when the Moors first took it, it was largely populated by Hebrews.

You feel as if nothing there ever had been or ever could be young, until you look up to some vine-wreathed balcony, and meet the dark eyes of some Spanish beauty, smiling coquettishly from under her lace mantilla; and then, suddenly, the old, old world seems eternally young, with love and hope and smiles springing up like flowers in the sun of every summer.

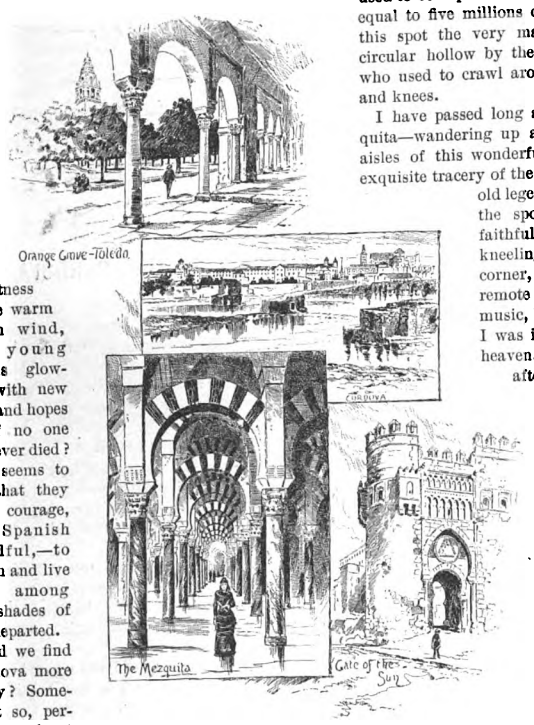
When the Christians recovered Toledo from the Moors they set a heavy tax upon every Jewish head; but the Jews were allowed to retain their synagogues, on the plea that they had not consented to the death of the Saviour. When Christ was brought to judgment, they said, the votes of the tribes had been taken, and one tribe had voted for His acquittal, and from this tribe were the Jews of Toledo descended!

Can you fancy, at all, this quaint old town, high, high above its yellow river, with its substantial Moorish architecture, its narrow streets which wind and climb through the desolate city where two hundred thousand people used to make

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merry, and where its poor twenty thousand live now as quietly as if they were all holding their breath, in order not to wake the echoes of some long-dead past?

Can you fancy, in this solemn, silent place, possessed by ghosts of Romans, Goths, Jews, Moors and Christians, red roses flaunting their brightness in the warm south wind, and young cheeks glowing with new joys and hopes as if no one had ever died?



It seems to me that they need courage, this Spanish handful,—to laugh and live thus among the shades of the departed.

Did we find Cordova more lively? Somewhat so, perhaps; and yet Cordova, like Toledo, is a city which has been, and is not—which belongs more to the dead than to the living; for the gay days are past when it used to be called "The City of the thirty suburbs and the three hundred mosques."

Here, as in Toledo, are *patios*, and though I have heard them called courtyards, a *patio* is not precisely a courtyard, nor yet is it a garden or a room, but it is a delicious combination of all three.

A small vestibule is usually between it and the street. On its four sides rise slender columns, which support a gallery. It is paved with marble. In the centre there is often a fountain. Palms grow in these *patios*—flowers blossom there, ivy climbs round the graceful little pillars; here are statues, perhaps, or busts or graceful urns.

The *patio* is the heart of the home—the place where you go to sip after-dinner coffee, to chat, to lounge, to dream.

Cordova was of importance in Cæsar's time; he half destroyed it because it sided with Pompey. "The Great Captain," who was born there, used to say that other towns might be better to live in, but the place in which one should be born was certainly Cordova. Cordova was renowned, in those farthest off days, for its men of letters, whose wisdom astonished even the Romans.

Roman Cordova yielded to the Goths. But the Goths were conquered in turn by the Moors, and Cordova became the capital of Moorish Spain. It saw, under the Moors, the days of its greatest glory.

In the tenth century it contained nearly a million of inhabitants, three hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, and six hundred inns. How is the mighty fallen! It is said to have some fifty thousand inhabitants, now; but looking back to a sojourn of some days there, I can scarcely remember to have met any one in the streets, save tourists and beggars.

The place still has beautiful suburbs, and to drive out among the orange orchards and the olive groves is a memorable delight.

But to me Cordova means two things—and to find again those two, gladly would I cross sea and land. I would give you all else of Cordova willingly, if you left me the freedom of the Mosque-Cathedral, La Mezquita, and of the Sultana's Garden.

How shall one picture in words the wonders of La Mezquita? Its exterior gives no hint of what awaits you, for it is surrounded by walls from thirty to sixty feet in height; but once you have entered through the Gate of Pardon the Court of the Orange-Trees, the enchantment begins.

It means so little to say, in set phrase, that there are a thousand columns, surmounted by the Moorish horseshoe arches; and that some of these columns are of jasper, some of porphyry, some of verd-antique, and no two alike. You do not stop to think of these details; you wander on and on, as among the countless trees of a forest. You lose yourself in this divine immensity. It is like nothing else on earth.

Look where you will, the interminable vista stretches out beyond, and allures your tireless footsteps.

The stained glass of the windows, when the sun strikes it, throws patches of vivid color against the marbles. The place is so vast that you scarcely think about the Cathedral church, which that royal vandal, Charles V., allowed to be engrafted in its centre in 1523—a piece of barbarity which even he had the grace to regret when he came to see it later.

There is one tiny chapel, with a roof like a shell, which is adorned with mosaics sent from Constantinople. These mosaics are said to be the finest in the world. This is the Ceca, or Mihrab, the Holy of Holies, where the Koran used to be kept on a stand which cost a sum equal to five millions of dollars, and around this spot the very marble was worn in a circular hollow by the faithful Mussulmans who used to crawl around it on their hands and knees.

I have passed long afternoons in La Mezquita—wandering up and down among the aisles of this wonderful forest, studying the exquisite tracery of the carvings, recalling the old legends which cluster about the spot, kneeling with the faithful at their prayers, or kneeling alone in some far-off corner, and listening to the remote sound of the holy music, half able to fancy that I was in some outer court of heaven. It is after such an afternoon as this that I would gather roses in the Sultana's garden, that thus I might be brought back to the simpler joys of our human life, and find rest for my soul after the exaltation born of the Mezquita.

How long ago did the Sultan make this garden for his love? I do not remember how many hundred years have passed since the dark-eyed beauty gathered its first roses, but still they freight the soft wind with their breath, and still the fairy ferns grow green, and the oranges ripen in the sun, and the solemn old carp are happy in the fish-pool; and I audaciously pluck the roses that are the far-off descendants of those of that long-past time, and the Sultana never heeds my trespass. She is as dead as Cordova.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

JOY.

Not by appointment do we meet delight
And joy; they heed not our expectancy;
But round some corner in the streets of life,
They on a sudden clasp us with a smile.
—*Gerald Massey.*

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

For twenty years—ever since the great war of 1870–71—the relations between Germany and France have been watchful, suspicious, and at times threatening to the peace of Europe.

The French have never become reconciled to the loss of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which were taken by the Germans as a part of the spoils of victorious war, and they have not ceased to cherish the hope that those provinces might one day be recovered.

On the other hand, Germany, conscious of this strong feeling on the part of the French, has felt obliged to maintain heavy armaments, and to keep a suspicious eye ever upon the conduct of her republican neighbor.

More than once in the last twenty years the two nations have seemed upon the very verge of another war, which has, perhaps, been averted only by great patience or by the mediation of other powers.

This being the state of things between Germany and France, the sudden visit of the Empress Dowager Frederick of Germany to the French capital, in the last week in February, was an event of marked importance, and had unfortunate results.

The Empress Frederick is the eldest daughter of the Queen of England, the widow of the Emperor Frederick, and the mother of the reigning German Emperor, William II. She has always been known as a woman of great ability, to whose opinions her husband paid much deference.

At first, her visit to Paris seemed to be essentially one of peace and conciliation. A great art exhibition was to be held in Berlin, and it is said that the main purpose for which the Empress went to Paris was to invite the best French artists to display their works in this exhibition.

But if the intent of the Empress's journey was a peaceful one, its result was far from reducing the friction between the two nations. The Parisians became restless, and the more extreme spirits became hostile, as her stay was prolonged; and when she drove to Versailles, in order to visit a spot connected with her husband's memory, so much ill feeling was aroused that it was thought prudent for the Empress to leave Paris promptly.

For it was at Versailles that the Germans, having conquered and desolated France, proclaimed their new Empire in January, 1871, and placed William of Prussia at its head, an event which has always bitterly rankled in the French heart. Moreover, it was her husband's connection with this historic event, so humiliating to France, which led the Empress to go to Versailles.

The fact that the Empress was forced to leave Paris so suddenly, and take refuge from insult in her native England, caused great excitement in Germany. The young Emperor hotly expressed his indignation. The German papers teemed with denunciations of the French, and it was freely predicted that the Emperor would reverse his recent policy of friendliness toward France, and recall Bismarck—always the inveterate foe of France—once more to the chief place in his councils.

Already the administration of the former French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine had been made more mild, while the regulations concerning passports had been relaxed. But after the incident of the Empress's visit to Paris orders were sent from Berlin to Prince Hohenlohe, the Governor of the provinces, to maintain the regulations with absolute stringency.

On the other side, the French artists withdrew their promise to exhibit their pictures at Berlin, and at a ball in Paris the ladies pledged themselves never to dance with a German again.

While it is true that a war between the two nations may not immediately issue out of the Empress's well-meant but unfortunate journey, it is a lamentable fact that the relations between the two have become once more strained and critical, and that a slighter provocation would probably now precipitate a conflict between them than would have sufficed before the recent events occurred.

PROVIDENCE.

Sacred and secret hand!
By whose assisting, swift command
The Angel shewd that Holy Well,
Which freed poor Hagar from her fears.
And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
Of yong distressèd Ishmael. —*Vaughan*, 1655.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Under the laws of the United States as they have existed for many years, a citizen or resident of the country might obtain, for any book, dramatic or musical composition, picture, statue or map of which he was the author or designer, the exclusive right to publish, copy and sell the same for a certain term of years.

This right or privilege is called copyright. It is granted for a period of twenty-eight years in the first instance, with the privilege of renewal for a further term of fourteen years, making forty-two years in all.

The privilege of copyright is regarded as absolute property, in the same way, and to the same extent, as a patent, for the term of its existence, and may be inherited by an author's heirs, or sold to other persons.

A copyright for a book or any other article which comes within the law is obtained of the Librarian of Congress. An author or publisher, in applying for copyright, must send a printed copy of the title-page of his book, and deposit two copies of the book with the Librarian of Congress after its publication.

The privilege of copyright in the United States has never been granted to foreigners not resident in the country until the adoption of a measure of international copyright at the close of the session of the Congress which has jnst adjourned.

Heretofore, indeed, any book published abroad might be reprinted in this country freely, and without payment of royalty to the foreign author. But it has not been uncommon for publishers to give to such authors a part of the profits of the American editions.

For many years the privileges of international copyright have been the rule with most of the countries of Europe. Agreements were entered into between the governments of these countries, and laws adopted by them, under which a copyright might be obtained by a foreigner, even when resident abroad, for a book, a picture, or other such work of the brain, on the same terms as by a citizen or subject of the country.

There have been many attempts to procure the adoption of such legislation in this country, but all such have failed until the passage of the bill referred to. The new law provides that foreigners may obtain copyright for their works in this country, receiving protection for their monopoly of the publication and sale of their works, provided the books are printed from type set in this country or from plates made from type set here.

This provision is different from the international copyright laws prevailing in most foreign countries, and is intended to protect American printers, in the publication of foreign books, from competition with printers in other countries.

When a foreign book has been copyrighted here, the same book cannot be imported from abroad in quantities, though not more than two copies may be imported by any one upon payment of the regular customs duty upon them.

Newspapers and magazines printed abroad are also excluded from importation for sale, under the same terms as books, if they contain matter copyrighted in this country.

Lithographs and certain other pictures, in order to be copyrighted by foreigners, must also be made in the United States.

The privileges granted by the new law apply to citizens of foreign countries only when the countries of which they are citizens grant corresponding privileges to American citizens, which fact is to be ascertained and proclaimed by the President. The effect of the new law will be to prevent the publication of foreign books, and so forth, in the United States, without the consent of the foreign author.

It is expected by the promoters of the new law that it will be of benefit to American authors by discouraging the production of great numbers of exceedingly cheap editions of foreign works—a business which heretofore, it is assumed, has occupied the attention of American publishers to the exclusion of the consideration of deserving American works.

It is also expected that the new law, by discouraging the importation of books printed abroad, will greatly stimulate the business of printing and publishing in the United States.

OUR EARLY EASTER.

Easter comes this year nearly as early as it can. The festival never can occur before March Twenty-second, and we have it this spring only a week later, March Twenty-ninth. The rule which fixes the date was settled many centuries ago. As in some other matters, the Roman and the Greek Churches do not agree in this, but outside of the sphere of the Greek church the day is the same throughout Christendom.

The rule for determining the date of Easter is too complex to be stated in a few words. It does not explain the matter much to say that "Easter Day is the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon which happens on or next after March Twenty-first."

This might answer the purpose if the learned writers on the subject were not obliged to add that "the calendar moon" is not the veritable queen of night which we see in the heavens, nor the mean moon of the astronomers, but "an imaginary moon created for ecclesiastical convenience in advance of the real moon."

It is a pity that the flowers will not comply with the needs of the festival, and bloom two months earlier than usual; but happily for the luxurious Christians of the modern world, our florists know how to create an artificial spring to match the imaginary moon, and they also know how to import from tropical islands the flowers that bloom in *their* spring a thousand miles away.

On Easter Sunday morning of last year a noted florist of New York had fifteen thousand pots of Easter lilies ready for distribution among the churches of New York and Brooklyn, the fragrance of which, it is said, could be perceived at the distance of half a mile.

All through this snowy and frosty winter fields of lilies have been growing for us in Bermuda, and are now exhaling their fragrance in city green-houses. The early Easter, therefore, will not lack its flowery offerings, nor would it lack them if it should come in the middle of January.

The flowers that salute the morning of this beautiful festival connect us with the remotest recorded antiquity. The oldest Egyptian tombs bear testimony, both in their pictures and in their inscriptions, that four thousand years ago human beings made the same use of flowers in the religious festival of the spring that we do in 1891.

Before Pharaoh reigned, the Eastern peoples placed flowers upon such altars as they had in token of gratitude and gladness. Wreaths and garlands of flowers were hung in the temples. Bouquets and mounds and pyramids of flowers were employed precisely as they are with us.

At private feasts a bouquet was offered to each guest on his arrival, and we perceive that it was a polite observance for guests to exchange flowers selected from their bouquets. It would be difficult to think of any use of flowers made by us, whether in private entertainments or in public ceremonials, which was not perfectly familiar to civilized peoples before the Pyramids were built.

If, in some of our conspicuous churches, there is ostentation or excess in the display of costly flowers on Easter morning, we need not harshly condemn an indulgence which has the merit of being harmless, and of giving a banquet of delight to a great multitude of people at the close of such a winter as we have had in this latitude.

Nor is it the waste which it once was, for after the glorious music of the festival has died away and the congregation has dispersed, the potted flowers bloom on as before, and the gathered flowers are carried away to the hospitals and asylums.

AT THE RECEPTION.

Patty and Sarah Amber, who lived in a village in Delaware, were delighted when their cousin, the wife of a cabinet officer in Washington, asked them to assist her at a reception. She advised them as to their gowns and gloves; hence they had no anxiety on that score.

But they were anxious on more important matters.

"I shall see so many wise and brilliant people," thought Sarah. "I wonder if I shall be able to understand their wisdom and wit?" She resolved to pay the closest attention to all that was said, lest some golden grain should escape her.

Patty, too, thought of the many politicians, authors, diplomatists and leaders in society whom she should probably meet that day.

"Just to speak and bow, and pass on!" she thought. "It gives me no chance at all! How can I produce any impression on them in that mere glimpse of me?"

She was busy for days concocting smart little speeches, epigrams and repartees, which she could make in reply to the commonplace greetings of her cousin's guests.

On the eventful day, the girls took their places in the line of ladies who received. Patty, eager, anxious, self-conscious to her finger-tips, did not speak or move or even glance, except for conquest. Every hair in her frizzled bang, every flirt of her fan said, "Look at me!"

Sarah, too, was eager, but it was to catch every

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word which was spoken to her. She listened with such deference and attention to the most trifling remark that more than one pleased guest lingered to talk where his words were so keenly appreciated, and stopped again to tell their hostess how charming her cousin was.

"So well-bred and womanly." "Such singular fascination of manner!" they said.

There could be no doubt that Sarah was the most popular of all the girls in the room, while Patty provoked only some smiles and cynical comments upon her artificial manners.

This experience of the two girls exemplifies the truth of an old saying, "He who gives himself receives all, but he who grasps to enrich himself is left a beggar at the last."

SAVING A LIFE.

It is the practice of some writers of serial stories to begin the publication of their romances before the end is written. In the early stages of the story, they do not know any better than the public who read it how they are "coming out." This is especially the case in France, where nearly every newspaper has a *feuilleton* or department in which a continued story is published.

It is related by M. Aurélien Scholl, in a budget of literary anecdotes just published, that when Paul Duplessis was publishing a serial romance in the *Patrie* newspaper, he was visited one evening by Millet, the artist.

"By the way," said Millet, after a little conversation, "I am seeking a bit of information. You know that in the *Patrie* this morning you left the countess in the most alarming situation; she had fallen into an ambush, and was surrounded by those who have every motive to cause her to disappear."

"Yes?"

"Well, does she die?"

"Yes; she meets her death at the point of the Corsican's poignard."

Millet struck the table with his fist. "No luck for me!" he exclaimed.

"Why, what is it to you?"

"Oh, nothing but ten louis, that's all! I made a foolish wager with a devoted reader of your stories that the countess was necessary to the 'come out' of the romance, and that she would get out of the scrape."

"Dear me!" Duplessis exclaimed. He drew out his watch. "Only nine o'clock," he said. "There's time enough yet."

"Time for what?"

"Time to get into a cab and go to the *Patrie* office and save the countess's life!"

"Truly? Would you do that?"

Duplessis shook the artist's hand solemnly.

"It's very little to do for a friend," said he.

He rushed away to the newspaper office, overhauled his proofs, and made the grumbling printers turn the countess's distressing death into a marvellous rescue.

INDUSTRIOUS INDIANS.

The efforts of the United States Government to render the Indian tribes self-supporting and industrious have been most successful in cases where it has been possible to take advantage of and develop some kind of industry already known among them in at least a rudimentary form.

With such a tribe as the Navajos, for instance, the government has had no trouble, since the wars with the tribe ceased, because these Indians are natural horse and sheep raisers. They have been able to support themselves by dealing in horses and sheep. An attempt to make them farmers in the sense known in the Eastern States would probably have not only failed, but would have demoralized the Indians and made them dependent upon the government.

Other far Western tribes of Indians have subsisted largely in the past by digging roots which grew spontaneously over a great extent of country. It is hoped that these Indians, now that they no longer have free range over a vast tract, may be easily taught that they can make a living by planting other kinds of roots on a more limited area.

One of the difficulties with which the government has to contend in the process of civilizing the great mass of the Indians now classed as "wild," is the fact that they occupy a country of dry plains, where very little agriculture was practised when the Indians were in their primitive state, and where it was comparatively easy and pleasant to derive a living from the herds of buffalo and other game that were to be found ranging the plains.

Such a people must almost be made over again in order to be rendered agricultural. But they have a kindly feeling toward cattle, which are a sort of natural successors to the buffalo. They make excellent herders and very good drivers of oxen.

Cattle-raising, therefore, seems to be the natural means of civilizing these Indians; and they are being encouraged with gifts of stock and instruction in the best means of taking care of it.

TOUCHING LOYALTY.

The grand old Douglas motto, "Tender and True," was once touchingly illustrated by the representative of another Scotch family. The Duke of Athole had a disease which was certain to end fatally. When he was assured that he would soon be taken away, he called on all his tenants, and bade each one farewell with a cheerfulness that testified to his peace of mind. During his last days there occurred a touching incident, which is told in *Blackwood's*.

Queen Victoria visited Blair-Athole to bid adieu to the dying Duke. She had returned to the station, where a crowd of persons had collected, but in sympathy with the solemnity of the occasion, they maintained perfect silence.

The train was about to start, when there was a shout of "Stop! stop!" and a brougham was seen driving rapidly from the castle.

Out of it, wrapped in flannels, staggered the Duke. He went to the door of the royal car, knelt, kissed the Queen's hand, waved his cap and called out, "Three cheers for the Queen!" Then re-entering his carriage, he drove back to the castle, and never left it again alive.

NEEDFUL INFORMATION.

A little girl who was showing a middle-aged woman about the seminary where the latter had once been a student led her finally to a recitation-room with which she had of old been very familiar. "And what is this room used for now?" asked the lady. "The classes in Literature and Languages recite here," was the reply. "And that," said the child, pointing to the board, where some short sentences were written, "that's French!"

Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, who visited America not many years ago, is a man of great ability and wide learning. During his tour through the West, he stopped at one capital where he was given a dinner at the expense of the State.

The feast was an abundant one, and all the great men from miles around were invited to it, to honor the Lord Chief-Justice. His honor had the Governor on one side of him at the table, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the State on the other side. As the party sat down, the *menu* cards had already been laid beside their plates. These cards were very fine. They cost twenty-five dollars apiece, and they bore at their heads the State coat-of-arms, upon which was engraved a motto in Latin.

As Lord Coleridge sat down, he took up this card, and looking at the motto, said to the man on his left, "Very good indeed, and very appropriate."

"What's good?" asked the Lieutenant-Governor.

"I refer to these words," said Lord Coleridge, as he pointed to the motto.

"Yes," replied the Lieutenant-Governor, with a knowing look. "Them words is Latin."

"NO, THANKS."

It is a satisfaction to know that an English traveller who never had learned at home how discourteous is the use of the phrase, "No, thanks," was taught the lesson when he visited Norway and ventured to translate that brief and slangy substitute for "No, I thank you," into Norwegian. The lesson was given him by the waitress in a restaurant at Hamer. The young woman asked him if he would take coffee, and he replied, "*Ikke tak*," which is a literal translation of "No, thanks."

The young woman, writes the Englishman, answered in quick, strong and unintelligible jargon. I knew that magnates and menials intermix in Norway, and concluded that here was a lineal descendant of some fierce Viking princess. Fearful tragedies might have ensued had not a Norseman crossed over to my rescue, and on bowing to each other, I understood him to say to me:

"If you please, what was it that you said, or wanted to say? She says you were not asked to give her anything; and she serves here gratuitously; and she is a free and independent elector; and you ought, at any rate, to have thanked her for her attendance, whereas you would not give her a 'thank you' for her coffee."

"I said 'Ikke tak.' I want no coffee, and I said 'No, thanks,' did I not?" said I in self-defence.

"Ah! you should *always* give 'Tak'!" said the interlocutor, insinuating that I needed instruction.

"Tell me, then, how you say 'No-thank-you,'" said I, bewildered.

"Nai, tak! Nai, tak!" said he, bowing himself away.

SERVING EARLY WRITS.

It was not the easiest thing in the world to bring malefactors to justice in the early administration of the law in Virginia, as the following returns, made to executions, will illustrate. The extract is from the "History of Augusta County."

"In the case of Johnson vs. Brown (1751), 'Not executed by reason there is no road to the place where he (Brown) lives.'"

Again: "Not executed by reason of excess of weather."

"Nov., 1752.—'Not executed by reason of an ax' (the axe being in the hands of defendant, uplifted, no doubt, to cleave the officer's skull).

"Not executed because the defendant's horse was faster than mine."

"Not executed, by reason of a gun."

"Emlen vs. Miller.—'Kept off from Miller with a club, etc.; Miller not found by Humphrey Marshall.'"

"Not executed, because the defendant got into deep water—out of my reach."

"Nov., 1754.—'Executed on the within, John Warwick, and he is not the man.'"

"August, 1755.—Forty-nine executions returned "not executed, by reason of the disturbance of the Indians.'"

GRACEFUL.

The ready and graceful wit of the Abbé de Voisenon once enabled him, in a truly discouraging social difficulty, "to pluck victory from defeat." His courageous effort to escape from an embarrassing situation certainly deserved success.

The Abbé accepted an invitation of the Prince de Conti to dinner, but forgot the date, and at the dinner his chair was vacant. The next day a friend said to him:

"Monseigneur was very angry with you yesterday." The Abbé felt that he had been remiss and attended the Prince's next reception to offer a humble apology.

His Highness, as soon as he perceived his discourteous guest, turned his back. But the undaunted Abbé exclaimed:

"O Monseigneur, you overwhelm me with gratitude. I had been told that you never more would have anything to do with me; but I am happy to see that I have been misinformed."

"How?" asked the Prince.

"Your Highness has turned your back upon me, and I know that that is not your custom before your enemies."

ANALOGOUS.

The Boston *Transcript* reports a conversation between a little girl and her uncle, who is evidently addicted to quizzing:

"Uncle George," said Mattie, "papa says you were a private in the army. Is that something very grand?"

"No, Mattie, not exactly grand," answered Uncle George, with beaming modesty; "not grand, but a post of great responsibility. Mr. Halford is private secretary to President Harrison, and you know that is a position of distinction. Well, I was a private in the army. Do you see, my dear."

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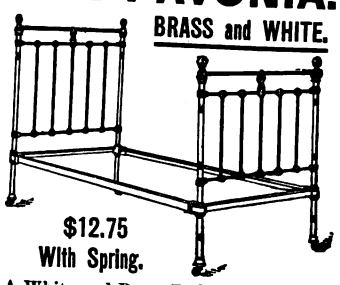
Mix two teaspoonfuls of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham with four tablespoonfuls of cream sauce. Sprinkle one-half of a teaspoonful of salt over three cupfuls of boiled potato cut into cubes, and add one teaspoonful of minced parsley, one teaspoonful of lemon juice.

Stir in gently one-half of the cream dressing and pour the balance over the whole. Garnish the top with sliced hard-boiled eggs and gherkins, and sprigs of fresh parsley.

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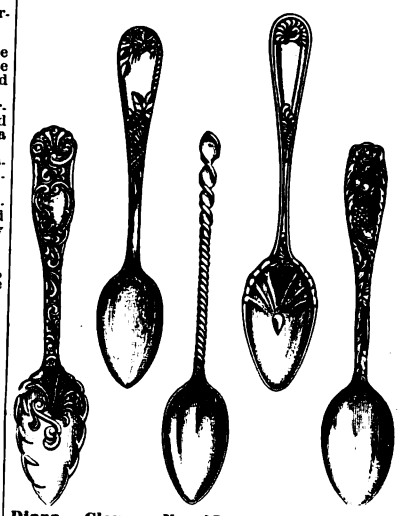
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SUGGESTIONS

EASTER.

What is the significance of the word?

What discussion has there been regarding the time of its occurrence?

How is its date now fixed each year?

Can you find the origin of the use of colored eggs at Easter?

How is the butterfly associated with Easter?

Is Easter universally celebrated?

For the Companion.

EASTER HYMN OF ATHENS.

They stood in the shadows the Court and the people,
And waited the midnight, the priests chanting low,
Each hand clasped a torch, in the darkness, unlighted,
In the palpitate air but one Light rose aglow.
The thin moon sank golden o'er Salamis waters,
The lambent stars burned o'er Hymettus, and white
The Acropolis lifted its blossoming marbles
Theseus's ghost 'mid pale columns of night.
"He will rise! He will rise!" breathed the Patriarch lowly;
"He will rise! He will rise!" said the people, and still
The priests chanted on, the one Christ-light above them,
And faded the moon from the Capitol Hill!

A sound rends the sky, the deep voice of the cannon,
And *Christos anesti!* ascends from each tongue,
From the Christ-flame in air has the King his torch kindled,
And the flame is fast speeding the people among.
Each jubilant torch swiftly kindles another,
The One Flame is filling the city with light;
The noble the shepherd boy hails as a brother,
And the shout of "Anesti!" leads onward the night.
They are shouting, the temples of Pan and Apollo,
They are singing, the shrines of the Muses again,
From Pelion's pines to the groves of Ilissos,
From the gardens of Plato, to Marathon's plain!
The old shrines are shouting "Anesti! Anesti!"
Minerva is vanished, and Delphi is dumb,
And Theseus's columns are empty and broken,
But the Zeus long unknown to his altar has come!

Haste! haste to Mars' Hill, where once stood the Apostle,
'Mid the close-crowding temples of Victor and seer;
The priests in the night the sweet canon are singing,
Haste, haste ye the glorious anthem to hear!
The hymn of St. John of Damascus is thrilling,
The heart of the watchers with rapture divine!
The moon has gone down, but over Hymettus,
The stars of the morning like vestal lamps shine.

"Hail, morn of Resurrection!
To earth proclaim the word!
Now comes to hope immortal
The Passover of God;
Lord, shrive our hearts from evil
And give our spirits sight,
That we may hail with gladness
The Resurrection light!

"All hail! said Jesus risen,
All hail! our lips shall say.
Ye heavens, be bright and joyful
This Resurrection day!
Lord, shrive our hearts from evil,
And give our spirits sight,
That we may hail with gladness
The Resurrection light!

"Let people unto people
Proclaim the joy abroad,
Our Christ has died and risen
The Passover of God,
Lord, shrive our hearts from evil
And give our spirits sight,
That we may hail with gladness
The Resurrection light!"

'Tis morning in Athens, the broad sun is shining
On lone Caryatids, through Propylons dumb,
But the Cross gleams above the dead shrines of the city,
The Zeus long unknown to his altars has come,
The white palace sleeps in the shade of the mountain,
The west winds breathe balm, and the silver chimes cease,
And Peace leads the hours for the Lord has arisen,
And blesses the earth with the gladness of peace!

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

For the Companion.

POWER TO DO GOOD.

Mr. Parks is one of the oldest men in a church in one of our largest cities. He has wealth, education, and a sincere wish to do his duty. He can make money, and gives it liberally to organized charities. He is just and polite to every one, but he is a nonentity in the church and in the community, and he knows it. He feels that, though he has some business influence, he has no influence over men, not even over his own family.

He knows nothing of his boy's struggles in college, and takes no interest in his girl's pursuits or fancies. In fact, he takes no personal interest in any one. If he should meet one of his clerks on Broadway, he could hardly name him.

He wonders why, with his wish to do good, he should so stand apart from other human beings, as if he were one of the stone statues in the park.

John Nasby is one of his book-keepers. John is slow and plodding; a man who will probably remain a poor book-keeper all his life. He has but little money to give away, and is very sorry that he has no more, for there are such hosts of people whom he loves that need it. He does what he can for them. He is so eager in his sympathy, so full of courage and devices to help, that all who know him come to him with their perplexities and troubles.

This morning, for example, he was up before day to explain Bob's problems in algebra. During breakfast Susy poured forth to him her grievances against her teacher, and was tenderly comforted and advised. As he went out of his door, the milkman stopped him to consult him about a mortgage on his farm.

As he bought a paper from the old woman at the corner, he gave her a bottle of liniment for her rheumatism, and when he took his seat at his desk, the office-boy whispered, "He is all right now, sir," with a beaming face. "He" is the boy's father, who had a cataract over both eyes. John gained him admission to a hospital, and he has been sent home cured.

So John goes to his work with a fire in his heart ready to warm every one who comes near him, rich or poor, white or black.

It was a common belief for many ages that a mysterious fluid existed in the bodies of Kings, which enabled them to heal diseases by their touch.

Science disproved this superstition long ago. But it is true that a mysterious spirit in the souls of certain persons gives them the healing touch, and that without it, strive as they may, they can neither cure nor help.

It is simply love for their fellows, giving their sympathy and help, as Christ gave Himself for men.

WHAT THE MONEY DID.

Mrs. Wray, the village doctor's wife, who had not a large sum for her household expenses, had contrived to save ten dollars during the month. She resolved to spend it in plush and silk—materials for making an embroidered table-cover which she had long coveted. She was just starting out to buy them, when a bill for ten dollars was brought in from Pitts, the carpenter.

She scanned it impatiently. "Tell Mr. Pitts he must wait, Mary," she said. "I will pay him next month." But before the maid closed the door she called her back.

"Here is the money," she said, adding to herself, "I would rather see a bare table before me than an unpaid bill."

Mr. Pitts's debtors were not usually so prompt. He took the bill with a chuckle of surprise and satisfaction, and walked down the village street in high good-humor. As he turned the corner he met Sarah Good, the tailoress, who had done many little jobs of sewing for him, for Pitts was not married.

"Here, Sarah!" he called. "I will settle that bill which I have been owing you since Christmas, and here is a trifle over. These button-holes were so neatly worked that my Sunday coat looks like new."

Sarah turned the bright new dollar over in her hand as she left him, with a sudden joyous consciousness of unexpected wealth. She had almost given up hope of ever getting any part of Mr. Pitts's bill, and here it was in full—with a dollar which might almost have dropped from the skies!

At the door of the station stood the Carrsville stage, a Jersey wagon which Jem Bold drove to Carrsville once a week. Jem was standing by his horses, awkwardly cracking his whip, while beside him waited a bent, shabby little woman, who carried a baby.

"I can't do it, ma'am," he said. "The stage aint mine. I'm only the driver, and the owners don't allow me to take no free passengers."

"How far is it to Carrsville?" asked the woman, in a feeble voice.

"Eight miles. There's a storm coming up. You can't walk it."

"What's the matter?" asked Sarah, stopping on the sidewalk.

"This woman come down from the city on the train, an' she hes no money. She didn't know as she'd have to stage it to Carrsville," explained Bold.

The woman came up to Sarah, trembling and pale. "It is my husband that is at Carrsville. He has been drinking hard—he ran away from me a month ago. He was hurt last night—they sent me word to come if I would see him alive—and I can't go—I can't go!"

"You shall go!" said the little tailoress. "How much is it, Jem? Fifty cents? All right. Open the door for her."

She watched the wagon drive down the street, and then took her way home, her money jingling in her pocket, and her heart beating glad and warm in her bosom.

Three months later Sarah had business in Carrsville. As she passed a snug little cabin, a woman ran out and caught her by the hand. Her face was plump and rosy; she laughed with excitement.

"Here you are! I can thank you at last! My husband did not die. They said my nursing saved him. He is hard at work now—he does not touch a drop! Come in and see the baby and our house."

She brought her in, placed her by the fire, and put the baby on her lap. "I am such a happy woman," she said, "and it was your money did it all!"

As Sarah rode home that evening she thought, "It was not my money, but that dollar which Pitts gave me."

Pitts, perhaps, would have traced it back still farther. So little do we reckon, when we plant a single seed of good, into what forests it may grow.

COUNTIES.

A revision of the areas of counties in the United States, made by the census bureau, reveals some facts of interest with regard to these minor divisions of the territory of the Union. The "county" is a territorial division which the United States derived from Great Britain, where the counties correspond to the provinces or departments of other European countries, and in a limited sense, to the States of the American Union. An Englishman addresses a letter to "Bromley, Kent," as we address a letter to "Worcester, Mass.," or "Rochester, N. Y."

One State of the Union, which derived its usages from French and not from English originals, has no counties at all. In Louisiana these subdivisions of the State are still called parishes, both officially and in ordinary speech, though they are now divided into many real parishes of the church.

There are about two thousand eight hundred counties in the Union, with an average size of about one thousand square miles; but this average is enormously exceeded in many instances, and is also frequently fallen below. Leaving out the great unsettled counties of the West, the average county would be about five hundred square miles in extent.

In much of the Western part of the country the size of the county is regulated mathematically. It consists of sixteen townships, each composed of thirty-six square miles, making five hundred and seventy-six square miles in all. In other words, each township is six miles square, and each county twenty-four miles square.

In Iowa there are thirty-nine counties which were formed in this way, each one of which has exactly five hundred and seventy-six square miles. Such divisions were possible in the newer West, where these minor political divisions were made in advance of settlement. In the older parts of the country the territorial arrangements were largely accidental.

The largest county in the United States is Yavapai County, Arizona, which has an area of almost thirty thousand square miles. Nine States of the Union are each smaller than this one county. It is larger than the whole of West Virginia, and almost as large as South Carolina.

The sixteen counties of Montana average a greater size than the State of Massachusetts.

Among the other great counties of the Union are San Bernardino and San Diego, in California, which are not only vast regions, but contain a very great amount of productive territory; Humboldt and Lincoln Counties in Nevada, which are exceedingly sparsely populated, and Lincoln County in New Mexico, which may some time have a large population.

Although the New England States are small, the average size of the counties is greater than that in most of the Middle, Western and Southern States. Worcester County, in Massachusetts, is an example of an Eastern county which is at the same time large in area and very populous. It has more than fifteen hundred square miles, and almost three hundred thousand people. It is larger in area than the adjoining State of Rhode Island.

The smallest State in the Union has the smallest county as well. Bristol County, Rhode Island, is only twenty-five square miles in extent. At one place it is not more than two miles in breadth.

Alexandria County, Virginia, is not much larger, having only thirty-two square miles. Kings County, New York, has but thirty-seven. One of the new Western States possesses an exceedingly small county as well as some large ones; Todd County, South Dakota, is only forty-five square miles in extent.

For the Companion.

BEAUTIFUL EASTER.

Day of the Crucified Lord's Resurrection;
Day that the Lord by His triumph hath made;
Day of Redemption's seal of perfection;
Day of the Crown of His power displayed;
Beautiful Easter, dazzlingly bright;
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light!

Queen of all festivals; glad culmination
Of the bright feasts that encircle the year;
Glimpsing the Life, in a transfiguration,
That shall at length in its glory appear.
Beautiful Easter; day in its height;
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light!

Banish the gloom in the house of the mourner
Keeping the vigil that sorrow compels;
Melt the cold walls of that prison forlorner
Where unbelief in its solitude dwells;
Beautiful Easter, dazzlingly bright;
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light!

Pierce with thy rays those saddest of places
Hearts that are darkened by sin or despair;
Stream o'er the earth's most desert-like spaces
Making them blossom than Eden more fair;
Beautiful Easter, dazzlingly bright;
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light!

Day of the hope that is almost fruition;
Day of Christ's message of "Peace" to His own;
Day of the pledge that His creatures' condition
He will transform to a glory unknown;
Beautiful Easter, dazzlingly bright;
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light!

He who redeemeth, consoleth, forgiveth;
Who His own body raised up from the dead,
Holdeth all evil in bondage and liveth,
Source of all blessing, our Life and our Head.
It is His Glory that maketh thee bright,
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light!

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

HE WENT.

Many stories are told of an old German who formerly kept a small hotel at McGregor, Iowa. The house was noted far and wide for the excellence of its table and the eccentricity of Peter, the landlord, who, as he expressed it, "ran the hotel to suit himself, and if any one didn't like it, he could go elsewhere." One day there came a "drummer" to Peter's hotel, and before retiring he left orders to be called in time to catch the down-river boat, which was expected at the Mc Gregor levee between midnight and daylight.

"Don't forget," said the guest, earnestly. "I must catch that boat."

"All right," said Peter, confidently.

The guest retired, yawning, and Peter, who was very conscientious, sat down in the "office" to wait for the boat. About two o'clock in the morning the hoarse whistle of the *Mary Lee* was heard, and old Peter hastened upstairs and rapped loudly on the guest's door.

"What—what's that?" came the sleepy query.

"It's the boad," answered Peter. "Git oop, quick!"

There was a short silence, and then the same sleepy voice asked:

"What kind of weather is it?"

"Rainin' like cats unt togs," replied Peter.

"Well," yawned the guest, "I guess I won't get up. I'll take the train in the morning."

"Vat!" cried Peter, explosively. "You von't go?"

"No, I tell you."

"Vell, you *vill* go!" exclaimed Peter, giving the door a mighty kick. "Git oop right away!"

The guest was out of bed in an instant, and throwing open the door, confronted the landlord with an indignant face.

"Confound your insolence!" he cried. "Don't you suppose I know when I want to go?"

By way of answer Peter strode into the room, and seized the guest's garments lying on a chair.

"I know dis much," he said, stolidly. "Your clothes vill go if you don't!"

The guest struggled, pleaded, argued and stormed, but Peter was inflexible. He had been told to call the guest for the boat; the boat was at the levee, the guest had been called, and now he must go.

And go he did. He had to dress in the office, and then Peter took his bag and literally marched the drummer down to the levee, and saw him safely aboard the steamboat. Then he returned to the hotel, wet and weary, but exultant in the consciousness of having had his own way.

LUCKY DELAY.

One afternoon some years ago a gentleman, accompanied by his guide, went out upon a foraging expedition in a country where bears were plentiful, and were often shot for food when nothing better offered. The two men took parallel courses along the hillside, where from time to time a slight rustling sound betrayed the presence of the one to the other; but subsequently they drifted apart.

"For a long time," says the gentleman, "Ivan and I had been stalking in this way, without any event occurring to wake the stillness of the wood, when from a point above me, and coming down toward me, I heard a sound like that of approaching game. Slowly it came on, and as the leaves were crushed softly under its heavy, even tread, which stopped from time to time that the beast might listen or pick up a chestnut, I recognized the step as that of Bruin, strolling slowly homeward after an early breakfast.

"Stooping to get a better view through the hazel stems, I saw them swing and shake some eighty yards above me, and caught a glimpse at the same moment of something lighter in color than the covert, and passing through it. Instinctively my rifle covered it, and for quite three minutes, I should think, I followed the bear's every movement with my rifle's muzzle.

"Twice I half-pressed the trigger, as a larger piece of the creature's gray side was visible while he picked his way slowly past me; but just as I was upon the point of firing, he turned and came down hill toward me. Thanking my stars that I had not fired a random shot into the brown of my game, I waited for him to come closer. Twenty yards from me there was a little open space, and here, if he entered it, as he seemed likely to, I meant to kill him.

"Jealously my rifle followed his every movement, dreading a change of direction, and in another moment the shot would have been fired. The gray thing suddenly rose on end, or seemed to do so, parted the thorn-vine with its fore-arms, and walked into the open—my man Ivan!

"For a moment I felt absolutely sick, and I think I was never more unhinged in my life than I was for the rest of the day. Ivan, it seemed, had gone on too fast to the end of his beat, and getting tired of waiting, thought he might as well come back to meet me."

UNSENTIMENTAL.

It is well-nigh impossible for man to understand the mental state of animals. As Mr. Hamerton tells us, "We always commit one of two mistakes; either we conclude that the beasts have great knowledge because they are so clever, or else we fancy that they must be stupid because they are so ignorant." It certainly is a great error to assume that they have a knowledge like that which man has attained through experience and education.

The long-tailed cows of the Lama herdsmen are so restive that they can only be milked by having a calf beside them, to lick meanwhile. Messrs. Huc and Gabet say that one day a herdsman came in, with a dismal face, to announce that the calf belonging to his cow had died.

The Lama forthwith skinned the poor beast, and stuffed it with hay. When the operation was completed, we found that the hay-calf had neither feet nor head; whereupon it occurred to us that it was a pillow the Lama contemplated.

We were in error, but the error was not corrected till the next morning, when our herdsman went to milk his cow. Seeing him issue forth, the pail in one hand, and the hay-calf under the other arm, the fancy occurred to us to follow him.

His first proceeding was to put the hay-calf down before the cow. He then turned to milk her. The mamma at first opened enormous eyes at her beloved infant; by degrees she stooped her head toward it, then smelt at it, sneezed three or four times, and at last proceeded to lick it, with the most delightful tenderness.

This spectacle grated upon our sensibilities; it seemed to us that he who first invented this parody upon one of the most touching incidents in nature must have been a man without a heart. A somewhat burlesque circumstance occurred, however, to modify our indignation.

By dint of caressing and licking her little calf, the tender parent one morning ripped it. The hay issued from within, and the cow, manifesting not the slightest surprise or agitation, proceeded tranquilly to devour the unexpected provender.

"OUR LITTLE DOT."

A writer in the New York *Sun* describes a scene which he witnessed, late one evening, in the streets of St. Louis. A group of gamins were hanging about an old gray-haired woman, shabbily dressed, who carried a large package under her arm. The writer of the sketch followed, thinking to say something at the right moment.

The boys were jeering, and the woman was begging to be let alone. By and by she sat down on a doorstep. Then the young Arabs gathered thickly about her.

"Give us a song, old woman!"

"If you'll dance us a jig, we'll let you off!"

When there was a moment of silence she replied:

"Boys, come closer round me. I've got something here to show you."

They crowded up to her, and she removed the newspapers which concealed the object she was carrying, and held it up before them.

If a bombshell had dropped among them it would not have scattered them more quickly. What do you suppose it was? A piece of board about three feet long by a foot wide, painted white, and on it in black letters the epitaph:

OUR LITTLE DOT
DIED OCT. 17TH, 1886.

It was the headstone for a child's grave—such a headstone as only the poor and lowly erect over the grave of a loved one. Out of pity for her poverty and sorrow, the painter may have done the work for nothing.

The boys could read, and as each read for himself he turned and vanished in the darkness. The last one to go took off his ragged cap and said:

"We didn't know it, aunty; please excuse us."

TO THE RESCUE.

A traveller is likely to be seriously gulled by the practical jokes of foreign countries. With the witticisms of his native land, to which he is accustomed, he can contend, but there is an alarming element of the unexpected in those of other races. Irving Montagu writes, in "Wanderings of a War Artist:"

One evening I met two very fascinating Spanish girls in a quiet quarter of Irun, one of whom, being a blonde, was enveloped in a white mantilla.

It being customary on meeting a white mantilla to extend her somewhat similar homage to that paid to royalty, I raised my hat, and stepped on one side to allow the couple to pass, when, in doing so, I saw, to my horror, by the light of the moon, that they were followed closely by a grim and grotesque reptile, half-lizard, half-frog, which, with a series of spasmodic bounds, was making directly for their heels.

Oh, the horrid beast, the indescribable monstrosity! To rush forward and trample on the uncanny thing was the work of a moment.

I was dumfounded; my exploit of heroism, far from inducing the gratitude I expected, was immediately followed by roars of laughter, the merry ring of which reverberated on the still night air.

"Unconscionable fool" does not express the littleness I felt, as I was subjected to the ridicule of those wily damsels, and if a man is capable of that becoming peculiarity, I must have blushed scarlet.

I had trodden on *El drap*—a piece of cloth cut into the semblance of some monstrous lizard, and attached by a thread to the skirt of the maiden, so that, by certain dexterous movements and hitches, it could be made to leap after her as she hurried along. It was the Basque equivalent for the old English jokes practised on the First of April.

"SENCE DE WAH."

A sale of paintings in New York proved a puzzle to Uncle 'Rastus, if we are to believe Kate Field's bright Washington Journal.

"Tings hab changed pow'rfully sence de wah," remarked Uncle 'Rastus to Aunt Recca, as he laid aside the newspaper and polished his spectacles. "Befo' de wah hit was only de slaves dat war sold; but heah dis papah states dat an 'ole mastah' war sold at auction in New York for a 'normous 'mount er money. Tings hab changed, I tole you."

WHEN a man promises to come at a quarter of twelve, and does not arrive till three o'clock, can he be called punctual?

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For the Companion.

TOMMY DAY'S EGGS.

Dame Dorking sits in the last year's hay,
On a dozen eggs as white as snow,
And where they are hidden safe away
None but I and old Dorking know.
If they should come to Mamma's eyes,
She would take them all for custard-pies.

The hen is mine, and her eggs are, too,
And I want them all for Easter Day;
Some I shall color a lovely blue,
Some shall be purple, and some be gray.
Then Mamma, surprised, will say, "Why, here,
Where did you get those eggs, my dear?"

Now somebody else had heard the news
Of Tommy's hen and her stolen nest,
And Mamma was never known to lose
The chance for a joke or harmless jest;
Besides, she knew, ere Easter morn,
The twelve little chicks would all be born.

So Mamma a secret had as well,
For she kept her paints and brushes there,
And as they broke from the dainty shell,
She touched their down with the softest care,
Till soon they mingled their motley hues,
Chickens in purples, grays, and blues.

Do you wonder whose was the great surprise,
When the brood ran out from off the hay?
Well, a funny gleam was in Mamma's eyes,
And the hen looked puzzled; but Tommy Day—
Oh dear! when he found his mother out,
He just rolled over and gave a shout.

JULIA M. DANA.

For the Companion.

THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

"Aint that bootiful!" whispered Mary, as the peal of the great church organ sounded through the open doorway.

"Luffly!" said Betty. "Let's go in!"

"Oh no, no! I'm 'fraid!" gasped little Mary, pulling back.

"Why, it's a church! There are lots of children in there; I saw 'em go. They won't do nothin' to us. Come, I'm goin'."

Noiselessly the barefooted waifs climbed the stone steps and crossed the vestibule, and at last slipped inside the audience-room.

Awed and half-dazed, they hugged the wall tightly.

The church was very full, and people were standing all around the entrance.

Near the children was a deep window-seat, banked with the choicest flowers. Mary was the first to spy it, and she tugged at her sister's dress, and pointed to the beautiful sight. Betty gazed in rapture, her lips formed into an "Oh!" which she dared not utter.

Then sweet, far-away music, that drew nearer and nearer, claimed their attention.

Soon they saw, coming through a doorway at the right of the altar, a procession of white-robed boys, singing as they came. Betty and Mary had never in all their lives heard such music before, and they were sorry when it stopped.

A man in a white robe began to speak, but they did not understand what he was talking about, so they looked at the flowers and the people, but the flowers most of all.

Their eyes rested longest on a great cross of blossoms in front of the altar-rail, and they wished they could go near to it.

After a little, chairs were brought in for the people near the entrance, and a kind man gave the children a seat, which they shared between them, their arms around each other.

It was a long service, that Easter afternoon; but it was so beautiful to Betty and Mary that they never thought of going. Almost the last thing that took place made these two look on with very wistful eyes. It was the taking apart of the beautiful cross of flowers. The cross was composed of small bouquets, and these were distributed among the children of the Sunday school.

At last, it was all over, the white-robed boys had gone singing as they came, and the people were going away.

"Let's stay, an' see 'em go by!" whispered Betty.

Thus it happened that as Miss Barnard's class of six little girls were passing out of church, they saw two ragged, barefooted children shyly eying them and their flowers.

Sweet Lily Stone was ahead, and without an instant's hesitation she placed her own bouquet in Mary's hand. Tina Gray was close behind, and with a smile she tendered her flowers to Betty. The other four, not to be outdone by their leaders, gave their flowers to the little strangers, and when Miss Barnard came up she found Betty and Mary with flushed, beaming faces, hardly knowing what to do or what to say.

The young teacher gave her class one glance of loving approval, and then turned to the two children, who were still fingering their flowers with intense rapture.

She asked their names and where they lived; she found out that their mother was ill in bed, and that their father did little to make them happy, and when she left them she promised to go and see them soon.

This promise was more than fulfilled, and Betty and Mary found in Miss Barnard one of the best and kindest friends.

"Aint you glad we went in that Sunday?" said Mary.

"Yes, I guess I am," said Betty; "and I do think, Mary, churches and church folks is luffly!"

EMMA C. DOWD.



For the Companion.

WHAT THEY SAID.

What Meg's Brother said.

If somebody sent me a rose-colored egg,
Though I might prefer a blue,
I wouldn't shed tears about it, like Meg,—
I know I wouldn't, would you?

What Meg said.

If my egg were blue and my sister's pink,
When she had been hoping for blue,
'd exchange with her, as quick as a wink,—
I know I would, wouldn't you?

For the Companion.

A CHINESE EASTER EGG.

"Only one Easter egg," said Gracie, in a disappointed tone, "and I know I've hunted everywhere! On my birthday, too! Only just one!"

She sat down by the bay-window to look at it, and all at once she saw that it wasn't a common egg at all.

Then she looked very close indeed, and saw what seemed to be a crack, only it was perfectly straight, and reached all the way around the egg. She pulled gently at the two halves, and they came apart—and out rolled another egg, just like the first, only a shade smaller.

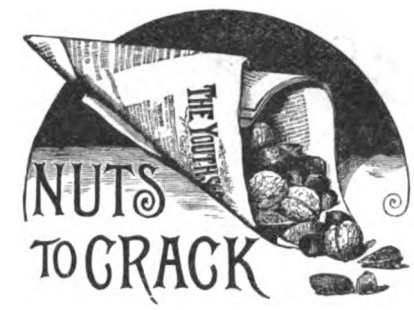
She put the halves together again, and then she had two eggs. She picked up the second one, and found that it opened the same way, and out rolled egg number three.

So she kept opening and shutting till she had ten, all the way, in size, from a hen's egg to a quail's egg. And this last little egg opened like the rest, and there was the dearest little gold ring!

"I'd rather have that for my birthday than anything, mamma," she said afterward. "'Twas the very nicest nest of Easter eggs I ever did see, and to think I felt bad because it seemed like only just one!"

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

MARION went out to make a call with mamma. The children took her out in the garden, and she found an ant-hole. In great haste she ran into the house, crying out, "O mamma, mamma, come out here and see what lots of grandmothers I've found!"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

LETTER ENIGMA.

In the vast "Cathedral" grand,
In each "Chapel" in the land;
In the "Minster," old and gray,
In the "Cloister," where nuns pray;
In the "Convent" and the "Shrine,"
In the "Sacrifice" divine.

In the "Psalms" and "Hymns" so sweet,
In the "Churches" where we meet;
In the "Supplications" laid,
In the "Benedictions" made;
In the "Homage" that we pay;
In the "Prayers" we all should say.

Now find the Feast of Flowers here,
A Festal day that comes each year;
A happy, holy, joyous time,
In honor held in many a clime;
Oh, dear that day to you and me,
For 'tis the Christian jubilee.

F. S. F.

2.

RIDDLE.

Once there was a little house, and in the house lived a tiny creature. After awhile the little creature wanted to go away from home and see the world; but there was no door or window in his house, and he scarcely knew how to get out. At last he made a door large enough for him to go through; but it spoiled the house, so that he could never enter it again. I think he did not want to go back, however, he was so happy in the outside world.

Who was the little occupant of the little house?

3.

EASTER PI.

Aeerst Adnsuy ta Emor si aalswy abcdeceirt hitw aabee. lort aceeilmnors. Ts Eeprst si chlry acddeeort ofr eht accinoos. Eth Eopp aceffilost hist ady ta amss hitw aegrt mopp. Eh si benor inot eth cchhru adeest ni ihs cimnors achir fe aestt, chhiw ersst nopu eth dehlorssu fo enttwy enm ni ehitw beors. Eh aersw eht aairt ro ellprt conrw, adu emnoorsu afns aer benor bdeels imh. Aefrt eht ceemnory fo amss eh aaepprs nopu a abcinoy adn cernopnosu a bdeee llonnt nopu eht eelopp abdee. lmss. No eth eeginnv fo Aeerst Adnsuy, eht deom adn ehort eeertmx aprst fo eth ellnotu fo Ts Eeprst aer ervy abefllituuy adelillmntu hitw almps.

S. S. D.

4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. To censure to the face.
2. A feminine name.
3. Thorny.
4. Wretched.
5. To breathe.
6. To regain health.
7. A special messenger.
8. A castle or country-seat.
9. To become dense.
10. In place of.
11. From beyond sea.
12. To deprive of force.

Primals and finals give two names of a well-known Church festival.

COUSIN FRANK.

5.

CHARADE.

My *first* might be called a governess.
My *second* is a governor.
My *third* is governed in one sense by the latter, in another sense by the former.
My *whole* is a phrase often applied to Easter.

SALEM.

6.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole, composed of twenty-five letters, is an Easter custom and when it takes place.
The 7, 2, 6, 23, 12, 4, 5, 8, 19 is a boatman.
The 16, 17, 24, 9 is a fleet-footed animal.
The 3, 18, 20, 21, 13 is a tropical fruit.
The 1, 25, 14 is a grain.
The 11, 22, 15, 10 is a sharp, rough branch.

7.

RIDDLE.

I am a small animal. I am most admired when I am black, brown, or golden, though some people like me when I am gray. When I am red, I am generally counted ugly, but I am reverenced when I am white. Sometimes I am thin and sometimes thick; I am often many feet in length. I am so shy that I run out of sight whenever I can, yet you handle me and care for me every day. I am said to bring gifts to good children at Easter.

Conundrums.

Which month is the most pleading? May.

Which month is best suited to military orders? March!

How far is it from February to June? A single spring.

Why is a wise man like a manufacturer of perfumes? He is a man of sense (scents).

What carriage might a sailor mention at sight of land? Landeau (land, ho!).

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Buck-board.

2. Deed, minim, Otto, reviver, Hannah or Anna, Civic.

3. Bedlam (Bed-lamb).

4. "Crown me with flowers—intoxicate me with perfumes—let me die to the sounds of delicious music!" Mirabeau.

Key-words. Cormorant, whitlow, exude, relies, couched, fictitious, wampum, seem, fruition, weft, element, dismiss, bohea.

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ECCENTRIC BIRDS.

Ostriches, like all animals, exhibit interesting qualities strikingly like those of human kind, to those who observe their daily actions. When they are setting, the cock takes his place upon the nest at sundown, and at precisely nine o'clock in the morning is relieved by his wife, who assumes her position for the day. At the end of the six weeks' incubation both birds are miserably thin and weak.

One undutiful hen, says the author of "Home Life on an Ostrich Farm," absolutely refused to sit at all, and the poor husband did all the work, until the chicks were hatched out. The next season, however, he evidently made up his mind that he would stand no more nonsense, for he gave the hen so severe a thrashing that she never again rebelled, but sat most submissively.

Another Darby and Joan had a different experience. One unlucky morning the hen injured herself so severely on a wire fence, that she had to be killed, and for two years poor Darby was a disconsolate widower. All attempts at finding him a satisfactory second wife were unavailing. Several hens were successively placed in his camp, but were afterwards rescued from the death which would have resulted from their husband's kicks. Day after day the poor male bird would wander up and down the length of his camp, in the hard-beaten track worn by his restless feet.

When, at length, Darby's time of mourning came to an end, and poor Joan's long vacant place was filled, it became evident that he had entered a state of complete subjection. His spirit seemed broken, and his tyrant even prevented him from obtaining a satisfactory meal, unless stratagem ensured him one.

As a father, Darby was no less devoted than he had been as a husband, and the whole family were set free to roam wherever they liked. This was contrary to the usual custom, but Darby seemed so zealous a guardian that to please him the exception had been made. It was not long, however, before the poor little birds were all dead.

Their over-zealous father, apparently thinking no pasturage good enough for them, kept them continually on the move, and took them such long distances that he literally walked them, as well as himself, to death. Not many days after the last chick's departure, Darby's own poor body, worn to a skeleton by these restless wanderings and his six weeks' incubation, was found on the plain.

Another eccentric ostrich was the possessor of two wives, one of which persisted in setting on the nest where the other was laying. One bird was therefore removed from the enclosure, a proceeding which the male regarded with great disfavor. He expressed indignation in various ways, and at length rushed to the nest, and jumping violently on the eggs, broke them all.

JOKING AN INDIAN.

It is dangerous to joke with an Indian. His sense of humor is so dull that he may think himself insulted, when he is merely made the butt of a bad joke. Mr. Alexander was a decayed Scotchman, who, having strayed into Fort Carlton, served the Hudson Bay Company as a clerk, at one hundred and twenty dollars a year and his food. Life was very dull at the Post, but one day "White Cloud," the Sioux chief, arrived here with seventeen warriors. The chief, an Indian Apollo, stood over six feet in his moccasins, and was proud of his courage and strength.

One day White Cloud was in Alexander's room, who, thinking with Julius Hare that "the next best thing to a very good joke is a very bad joke," put on a pair of boxing-gloves, and told the Indian that with these the white men learned to fight. Showing another pair, he asked White Cloud if he would like to put them on. The Indian, not knowing what would happen—for Indians never hit with the hands, and consider a blow from the fist a gross insult—said he would.

Alexander first took away the chief's knife and pistol and locked them up. Then putting the Indian in the middle of the room, he showed him how to stand on his guard. With one blow Alexander knocked the chief down. He rose, rushed at the clerk, and was again knocked down.

The maddened Indian tore off his gloves, and tried to get his knife from the drawer, but the drawer was locked, and he calmed down and demanded to be let out.

"What will you do when outside?" asked Alexander.

"Attack the fort and kill every man in it," said the chief.

Alexander, seeing what his foolish joke had done, resorted to a desperate measure. He took his revolver from a drawer, and told the chief that unless he promised to give up his purpose and make friends, he would shoot him on the spot. For a minute or two White Cloud was obstinate; but Alexander produced two bottles of whiskey and promised him these.

Then the chief shook hands, and receiving his knife and pistol, left the room, carrying the present for which an Indian will do almost anything. He kept his word, though he never again treated Alexander as a friend.

RESTRICTED.

Summer schools have increased greatly in numbers in the land during the past ten years. They have doubtless been a source of much good to many people in many places, but we do not often hear of just the sort of improvement which has come to Deerfield from the establishment there of the summer school of history and romance.

"The school has done everything for the residents," said one enthusiast. "Why, there is one poor old sick woman there who used to call her disease rheumatiz, and now speaks of it as neuralgia!"

"I know that woman," said another. "I went to see her once, and she said, 'Oh dear, I've got the neuralgy so bad that for three weeks I haint been able to git my knife to my mouth to eat my victuals.'"

HARD TO BELIEVE.

The small boy hears many wonderful things, and some of them are too much for his credulity.

The school-master was talking about Great Salt Lake in Utah, the water of which is so extremely salt that, as he said, no fish can live in it.

"What, sir," said one of his listeners, "can't mackerel live in it?"—*Street and Smith's Good News.*

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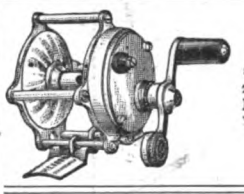
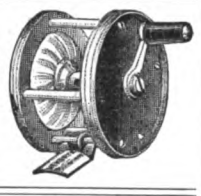
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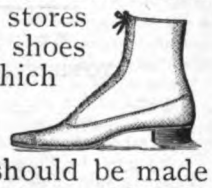

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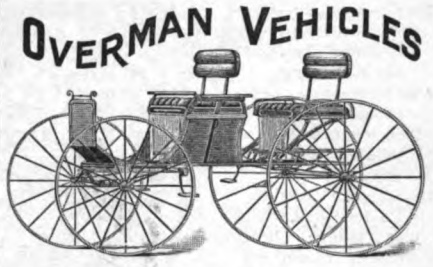

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For the Companion.

THE WHITE DOVE.

The choir was full of children
Singing with heart and word,
With melody almost divine,
The praises of the Lord.
O sweet their ringing voices
Went up to the Father's ear,
And throngs of Easter angels
Drew nigh, their songs to hear.

But not to listen, only;
With heavenly zeal and love,
The angels sing the melodies
Of the great choirs above;
And blending with the children,
Their Easter anthems rise,
Until the rapturous harmonies
Roll out beyond the skies.

So heaven and earth were blended,
In those sweet jubilees,
The unheard voices throbbing
Through the eternities,
Yet with the children singing,—
When lo! far, far above
The listening congregation,
There flew a fair white dove.

Down on the air it floated,
Its wings all silver-bright,
Now in the shadowed chancel,
Now on its pillared height.
As some soft breeze from heaven,
It stirred the listening air,
Like whispers after silence,
Like singing after prayer.

O Christ, thou loving Saviour,
Thine emblem was the bird!
As round and round it circled,
By the grand choral stirred,
Each heart swelled high with worship,
With joy and sweet surprise,
And Paradise to Earth drew near,
And Earth to Paradise.

MARY A. DENISON.

HE PUNCHED IT.

The tact and good temper displayed under exasperating conditions, by a conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad, afforded great satisfaction and amusement to many passengers one day recently. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* gives the following account of the incident:

A graduate of the Pennsylvania Railroad school of manners was conductor on one of the limited trains between New York and Washington the other night. When he entered the first coach he found it crowded, and in one of the front seats upon the left was a young man—perhaps it would be more correct to say a young person of the masculine gender. He was well, even elegantly, dressed. In his hand he held a French novel. Upon his small and ordinary countenance there sat the haughty look of reserve of the imitation gentleman.

When the conductor entered and called for tickets, this youthful person affected to be so absorbed in his book that the conductor passed him by, calling first upon the rest of the passengers, even going clear through the train before he returned to disturb the haughty reader.

When the conductor came back, the young person still refused to pay any attention. The conductor waited a moment, and then called out rather sharply for his ticket. The youthful and now thoroughly contemptuous person, noticing that the man whom he called the guard of the train had addressed him with brusqueness, which he translated into rudeness, took his ticket from his pocket, and without looking at the conductor threw it upon the floor.

The graduate of the Pennsylvania school of manners was fully equal to this unusual situation. He showed no temper, no excitement, nor any lack of repose.

With the calm gravity of a man who is sure of himself, he stooped to the floor, punched the fallen ticket the requisite number of times with great gravity, and then quietly laid it back upon the floor where it had been dropped, and walked calmly on amid the roar of the entire car.

GEORGE.

It is very difficult for a man unlearned and untravelled to understand, in the slightest degree, the customs of foreign nations. George Mabbedy, a Copt, born at Jerusalem, and educated at an English school there, has for many years served as guide to travellers in the East. Yet, after all his acquaintance with "Franks," he fails to understand their customs. "With the Bedouins" contains the following illustrations of his conclusions in regard to an English lawyer, and his mode of life.

He proposed going to England and helping me in my office.

"What would you do there, George?" I asked.

"I stand at door with my sword. This man come in, I let him come. That man go out, I put him out."

His main idea is that I must be constantly engaged on murder cases, and that those whom I am opposing must be always seeking my life. He therefore wishes me to be on my guard against avenging knives.

George has been much puzzled to understand exactly what I do when I am at home, and how I earn my living by the law. After much pondering he proposes this question:

"When one man kill another, and come to see you, what you tell him?"

"When one man kills another, he does not come to me. He runs away. If he is caught, he will be hanged."

"But if he bribe the judge?"

"Judges in England do not accept bribes."

"Well, it is different in Syria," says George with a sigh of perplexity. Life in Syria is to him an open book, but England is too much for him.

"HARD ON THE CHAIRS."

Among the ancestors of Wendell Phillips were several Puritan clergymen. Perhaps it was a push of heredity which made him at five years of age a preacher.

His congregation was composed of circles of chairs arranged in his father's parlor, while a taller chair, with a Bible on it, served him for a pulpit. He would harangue these wooden auditors by the hour.

"Wendell," said his father to him one day, "don't you get tired of this?"

"No, papa," wittily replied the boy-preacher, "I don't get tired, but it *is* rather hard on the chairs!"

Ladies' Underwear should be made from KING PHILIP CAMBRIC, LAWNS and NAINSOOKS. Send stamp for samples. King Philip Mills, Worth St., N. Y. [Adv.

It's Easy

To dye with Diamond Dyes
Because so simple.

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To dye with Diamond Dyes
Because always reliable.

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To dye with Diamond Dyes
Because the strongest.

One can make old dresses look like new, clothe the children handsomely from faded garments, and give the husband's suit a new lease of life, with but little trouble or expense, by using Diamond Dyes. The few who do not know how easily they can be used and what a great saving they make in clothing bills, ought to try them this spring.

Any color, 10 cts.; at druggists' or by mail. Direction book and sample card of forty colors free.

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Send for Humorous Pamphlet P.

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thousands of pieces, 50 cents to $1.75 a yard, the best goods made, hundreds of patterns and most beautiful colorings. Richest shades in Surahs, Gros Grains, Failles, the now popular Moires, and all plain Silks. Elegant Black Silks and the lowest prices.

Dress Goods, in all the plain Weaves, Cashmeres, Serges, Cheviots, Homespuns and Camel's Hairs, and endless variety of patterns in best American and European Goods, in Plaids, Checks and Stripes. The largest collection of Dress Goods we have ever displayed. 25 cents a yard up.

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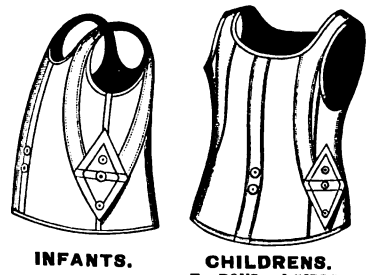
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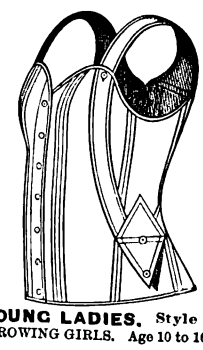
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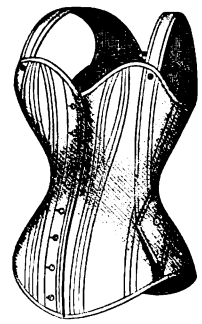


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ALL IT WAS.

A gentleman who travelled in the rural districts of the West some years ago, says that to this day he has a "creeping sensation" when he recalls his experience in spending the night at a farm-house. It was late in the summer and the farmers were doing their threshing, while their wives were emptying their ticks and refilling them with clean straw.

Just before dark the traveller reached a comfortable-looking house, where a hearty welcome was accorded him when he asked if he might stay all night. While eating his supper he heard the farmer's wife say to her husband and son:

"The straw tick from the spare-room bed will have to be filled. I emptied it to-day and forgot all about it until this minute."

When the tired guest was shown to his room he undressed hastily and climbed into bed. Every movement of his body caused the straw to rustle under him, and pretty soon he discovered that it rustled even when he was lying perfectly still. He was of a nervous temperament, and the strange noise disturbed him.

It was only occasional. He would be still for a moment, and then the straw would rustle loudly. He fancied that he felt something moving under him. The rustling grew more frequent, and he wondered what caused it. It might be a rat!

He sat up in bed. At once the rustling became more violent than ever, and he distinctly felt movements under him. He jumped from his bed, lighted his candle, and looked at the straw tick. All was still now.

"I guess it's nothing but grasshoppers or crickets," he said. "I'm not going to be cheated out of my rest by some harmless insect."

He got back into bed, but passed a restless, wearisome night, hearing the rustling sounds frequently. The next morning he said to his host:

"I beg your pardon, but I think that a mouse or some small animal was in the straw you put into the tick on my bed last night. I heard and felt something rustling around constantly."

"We must see about it," said the man. "Henry, you pitch the tick out on the grass and empty out the straw. Like as not some of them plaguy field mice got into it. It was so dark we couldn't have seen it if it had been a ground-hog."

A few minutes later Henry appeared at an open window with a black snake fully four feet long, dangling from the end of a stick.

"There you air," he said, laconically. "That's all it was. He was turrible mad, and come at me the minute I let him out. But I tromped the life out of him in no time."

"And I slept all night with that thing in my bed!" gasped the stranger, shuddering from head to foot.

"Shucks!" said the farmer. "He wouldn't 'a' hurt you none if he had bit you. Them kind of snakes aint pizen."

CONCERNING FOOLS.

From time immemorial, we have been counselled in one way or another, to beware of fools. Disagreeable consequences are mentioned of answering one kind of fool according to his folly, and of refraining to answer another kind. Yet in spite of the general prejudice, there is a variety of fool which is expected to mirror most of the Christian virtues. He is supposed to be absolutely good-natured under ridicule, and never justly revengeful. When attacked, he is expected to smile with his tormentors, and join in the general laugh.

Though he be by nature a modest man, he must bear with equanimity the cross of finding himself suddenly dragged into public notice, with the eyes of a score or more of people turned on him at once.

He must be self-sacrificing, willing to yield his own dignity for the amusement of others. If he but resent ill-usage by a word of remonstrance, he receives contempt as a crusty bear, and a despiser of ancient customs.

This species of fool is born on the morning of April First, and like certain summer insects has a brief existence of one day. If his general insensibility to ridicule, his meekness under abuse and his unfailing good temper should continue in the same measure throughout the year, one might call him a miracle. As it usually happens, however, he is content with a brief exercise of such virtues, and the temporary title of April fool.

DISAPPOINTED.

A dear old lady who was taken to see the sights, not long ago, in the city where her children live, was one night passing with her daughter a huge building full of electric light "plant." They paused by a basement window, and looked down among the swiftly whirling bands and moving wheels.

"Is this a factory?" asked the mother.

"No; it's where they make electricity for the electric light. I don't know just how they do it, but John will explain it to us when we get home."

"What turns the machinery, Malviny?"

"Steam, I suppose. There's an engine on the other side of the room. I've often seen it from the back windows."

"And does all this have to go on, night arter night, for the city to be lighted?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, I don't want to hear another word about electric lights," said the old lady emphatically. "I thought electricity was a gift of natur', free to all, but accordin' to this, you've got to work as hard for it as if 'twas common gas or kerosene."

TOO MUCH.

The Lewiston *Journal* prints a story of a man who lived several years ago on one of the islands of Maine, and was commonly reputed to be a miser. The anecdote does not of itself establish the truth of this common report, but it shows pretty conclusively that he was not a man of the world.

He possessed considerable property, and one winter, during the session of the legislature, had occasion to visit Augusta. He stepped to a restaurant for dinner, and the waiter spread before him the printed bill of fare.

The novice took it for a bill of charges. He ran his eye over it and quickly footed up the figures at the right of the page. Then he sprang to his feet in indignation.

"What!" said he, "all that to pay, and I haint eat a mouthful yet?"

No doubt he thought Augusta people a set of sharpers, and according to the *Journal*, on his next visit to the capital he carried with him a pail of victuals.

Good Housekeepers are fast finding out that a pure Extract made by Joseph Burnett & Co., costing a cent or two more a bottle, goes farther and makes the most delicious of dishes. Avoid goods only recommended by their cheapness. [*Adv.*

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STAMPS 300 mixed, Australian, etc., 10c.; 75 fine var. and *nice* album, 10c. *Illus. list free. Best sheets.* 40 per c. com. *F. P. VINCENT, Chatham, N. Y.*

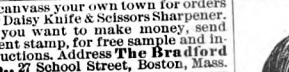
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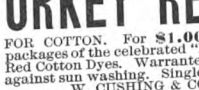
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If your druggist does not keep it, do not let him convince you that some imitation is just as good; send by mail to W. T. Hanson & Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Every box is warranted to cure, or money refunded. Price, 15 and 25 cents.

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For the Companion.

AN APRIL BIRTHDAY.

Child of April! In thine eyes
Are reflected April skies,
And thy mingled clouds and mirth
Suit the month that gave thee birth—
April, with its varied moods!

When the crocus, growing bold,
Shoots its spire above the mold,
When the streamlets flow between
Fields enrobed in tender green,
When arbutus decks the woods,

When the robin's song is heard,
When the buds with life are stirred,
When alternate rain and sun
Aid the springtime's work, begun,
And foretell the summer's sheen,

Then we think that April's best,
Exceeding sweet and rare bequest,
Was that fair child of April, we
Behold and cherish, dear, in thee,
And we hail thee April's Queen!

C. C. D.

NORWEGIAN ENGAGEMENT.

"Leap-year reigns forever in this heathen land!" exclaimed an English tourist, stopping in a Norway village. One evening he had been taking a lesson in Norsk from a young lady, a good-natured Norwegian being present, who had just walked sixteen miles across the mountains. When the lady rose to go to her lodgings in an adjoining house, the Englishman offered to escort her through the darkness.

She declined the offer, and in so abrupt a manner as to surprise him. When she had gone, the Englishman asked the Norwegian if he spoke English.

"Not much—only a few words," he answered. "Tell me what means that ring the lady wears." "She is going to be—how you call it?" asked the Norwegian, in scarlet perplexity. "Going to be married?" "Yis, yis!"

"But," continued the Englishman, "what I am ignorant of is the difference in your rings between married, unmarried, going to be married and never going to be married."

"Oh, you will never tell that," said the Norwegian, laughing loudly. "We cannot mark the women in this country as you do, but *they* mark the men. Amongst us it is the man who wears the ring."

"Oh, I see! That is a new light!" said the Englishman, taking the man's large left hand, on whose fourth finger was a plain solid gold ring. "That is your wedding ring, then?"

"Nai, nai!" he replied, laughing and blushing. "That means I have got to be married!"

"And then what becomes of it?"

"We put it on the right hand instead of the left," said the Norwegian, holding out his hand to bid the Englishman "Godt nat."

Then, as he was closing the door behind him, he said in confidential tones: "Yis, that young lady who was talking to you is going to marry me next month!"

GERTIE'S FRIENDS.

Lady Dufferin, in the sweet old song, has told us that

"The poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love the better far,
The few their Father sends."

A touching "local" in the Detroit *Free Press* shows vividly enough the tender pity which the lowly feel for each other in sorrow and suffering. A passer through Clinton Street one day observed a little Irish boy hiding in a door-way and crying. A sympathetic inquiry brought to light one of the most beautiful stories ever recorded of the sick poor.

In a wretched cellar, a little girl ten years old lay very ill. The window-panes were broken—it was March, by the way—and variously stuffed. For one pane the supply of upholstery had given out. The wind and the boys looked in easily. Just within range of curious eyes the cot of the sick child was stretched.

The *gamins* of Clinton Street discovered her plight. One little fellow dropped an orange through the broken glass; a plaintive voice thanked the unseen giver. Such acts of mercy became the fashion in that poor neighborhood. Every day saw the cubs of the street cuddling like cossets outside the window.

Wisps of evergreen, swept out of florists' doors, broken flowers thrown away, offerings of fruit with the decayed part cut out—every delicacy for the sick that the resources of Clinton Street afforded, went through that broken pane. One little fellow begged a bunch of frozen Malaga grapes from a dealer, to whom he offered his ragged cap in payment.

One day the boys said, "Gertie is dead," and the street-boys became the mourners behind the hearse of the starved and frozen child.

VIRGINIA GIANTS.

If ever the United States Government, like Frederick the Great and the present King of Belgium, requires a regiment of Titans, it can doubtless recruit one without advertising very largely or very long. A correspondent of *The Companion* tells us how big some of the men grow in Pulaski and Montgomery Counties, Va.—and other States are still to be heard from.

Three brothers, Messrs. Henry, James and William McGavock, are respectively six feet, six and one-half inches, six feet, five and one-half inches, and six feet, seven and one-quarter inches tall. Two brothers, near neighbors of mine, Andrew and William Ingles, are each six feet, four inches, while several others in Pulaski County, whose height I cannot give from positive knowledge, are known to be upwards of six feet. In fact I believe the men of this county will *average* at least six feet tall.

In the adjoining county of Montgomery, near me, there are two brothers, one of whom, Mr. James Childress, is six feet, seven inches in height, and weighs two hundred and fifty-five pounds; the other, Mr. Thomas P. Childress, is six feet, six and one-half inches high, and weighs two hundred and five pounds. William Myers, of the same county, is six feet, five inches, and weighs two hundred and forty pounds.

A Mr. Urquhart, of Lynchburg, is six feet, five and one-half inches tall, and weighs three hundred pounds, and a Mr. Fetherstone, of the same place, is six feet, seven inches.

"Brown's Household Panacea" will quickly remove pain and soreness from cuts, bruises and burns. Also an excellent remedy for internal pain. [*Adv.*

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The Family Wash Blue. Always Reliable.
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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
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"Spiral" Cotton Garden Hose.
Because there is no rubber covering to hold moisture. It does not mould, decay nor crack, and will last for years.
INSIST on getting the "Spiral," which has a BLACK LINE running through Covering.



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Rubber Belting and Packing,
BOSTON, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO.



Send six cents in stamps and receive in return a sample can of Snider's Soups:

Tomato,	Chicken Gumbo,
Chicken,	MockTurtle,
Ox Tail,	Consomme,
Bouillon, Pea,	Mulligatawny.

Name your choice, and write your address fully and plainly.
THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa



from which the excess of oil has been removed,
Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
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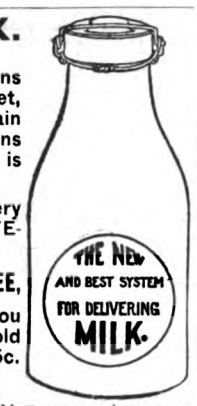
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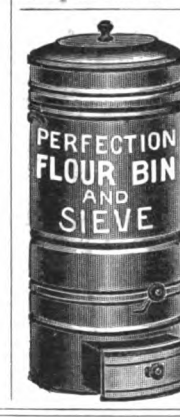
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FOOD DOES NOT TOUCH METAL.
COOKS QUICKLY.
No Need to Watch the Most Delicate Food.
WILL LAST FOR YEARS.



LADIES! You would like this cooker better than you can imagine. It's New. It's Right. It's Cheap to Buy. It will Save You Much. Send us a postal. You'll be glad you did.
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ONE ENJOYS both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects. Prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all, and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in **50c.** and **$1** bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggists who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Cal., Louisville, Ky., New York, N. Y.**

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Not everybody can visit the Spas of Europe, the most famous of all which is Carlsbad, and which has been known for centuries for its healing properties; but every one can have the Spa on his sideboard in the shape of the CARLSBAD SPRUDEL SALT, which is evaporated from the Sprudel Spring at Carlsbad, and exported to the United States.



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For the Companion.

IMPURE WATER.

Comparatively few persons have ever seen absolutely pure water. Even rain-water, which is the nearest common approximation to it, is far from reaching the absolute standard, and though it is good for washing, not many persons would care to drink it. Spring-water is popularly supposed to be pure, but it always contains more or less of earthy or saline substances. Indeed, the value of most springs is due to this fact.

The ocean itself is a huge spring, containing not only salt, but many other minerals, in solution. The Dead Sea is charged with such elements almost to saturation. Only distilled water is pure. By distillation sea-water itself is rendered drinkable, though not pleasant.

As sand consists largely of silex, which water at the ordinary temperature does not dissolve, the water of a sandy region is comparatively pure. The "hard" water of other regions is due to earthy matter held in solution. This earthy matter, however, is seldom harmful to those who drink it.

Impure water, in the medical sense of the word, is water that contains infectious microbes. Water, as such, never contains these; nor does any form of simple impurity ever give rise to them, though it may greatly facilitate their multiplication.

Every case of infectious disease implies a previous case, and when water is infected, it is because infected secretions have in some way entered it, having been thrown upon the ground and thence carried to the well or spring or river which supplies the family or the community.

It should be remembered that the deeper the well, the larger the area from which the rain-water finds its way into it. No discharges or other secretions from the room of a sick person should be thrown on the ground, or buried in it, within at least one hundred feet of the well.

But water which is drank is not the only source of danger. Many a widespread and fatal epidemic has been traced to milk from dairies where the pans had been washed in impure water, or the milk itself adulterated with it.

Is there any way in which ordinary people may test well-water for microbes? We are compelled to answer no. The only sure test is the microscope, in the hands of an expert.

A SHOWER OF MANNA.

The keeper of a pharmacy in the city of Bagdad, in Asiatic Turkey, has sent to the scientific journal, *La Nature*, a specimen of an edible substance which fell recently during a copious shower of rain in the vicinity of Mardin and Diarbekir, in the same country, in August, 1890. The sender of the substance stated that, on falling, it had plentifully sprinkled over a considerable area of country.

The inhabitants came out and eagerly gathered up the substance, and with it made excellent bread. The "manna" was floury, palatable, nutritious and very digestible.

La Nature states that the sample of the "manna" which it received was in the form of small globules, about the size of millet seeds, and the mass, yellowish on the outside, was perfectly white within.

The substance was given to skilled botanists to examine, and they pronounced it to be a vegetable substance of the lichen family, scientifically known as *Lecanora esculenta*.

This lichen is frequently found in the most arid mountains of the desert of Tartary, where the soil is calcareous and gypseous, and grows on the ground amidst the pebbles, from which it is to be distinguished only with the closest scrutiny.

Considerable quantities of lichen are found also in the desert of Turkestan, and in other parts of Western Asia.

Parrot, the traveller, brought home a quantity of this substance as long ago as 1828. It had fallen in a shower in Persia, and was said to have covered the ground to a depth of several inches. Cattle ate it eagerly, and the inhabitants gathered it in quantities.

It is regarded as likely that this lichen, abundant in the country where it fell, had been drawn up by a water spout,—not an infrequent phenomenon there,—and after being carried by a vaporous wind at a high altitude, had fallen to the earth again in a rain-shower.

Showers of manna of the same sort have several times been mentioned in that part of the world, in the course of history.

GENERAL SURPRISE.

The man-eating tiger is a creature both cunning and audacious. One described by Sir Samuel Baker, which became the victim of a practical joke, was not the typical old and mangy animal, but a powerful beast, of almost unexampled ferocity. It was a merciless highwayman, which infested a portion of the road, and frequently carried off the drivers of bullock carts to feast upon them in the jungle.

The natives feared to travel with a single cart, and it became the custom to pass the dreaded spot with several teams together. This, however, proved a vain precaution, for the tiger seized the driver of the hindmost cart, and made away with him, in spite of the cries of those left behind.

At length, Mr. Duff, the superintendent of police, provided two covered carts, each drawn, as usual, by two bullocks. The leading one was fitted with strong bars of bamboo, which formed an impenetrable cage. In this the driver was seated, and Mr. Duff himself sat with his face toward the rear, prepared to fire through the bars at the moment of attack.

This would have been an exciting time for the driver, but that individual was personated by a dummy stuffed with straw, which might prove tempting to the tiger's eye, but would hardly satisfy his palate.

Slowly the carts moved along the dreaded path. Suddenly there was a roar and crash in the jungle. A large tiger bounded forth, seized the dummy driver, and dragged him away. Nothing could have been better planned, but one chance, necessary to success, had been forgotten. No sooner had the tiger roared and bounded upon the cart than the bullocks, terrified beyond control, went full gallop across the country, followed by the other team, all in the wildest panic.

It was impossible to fire, and after a few seconds of desperate chariot-racing, both carts capsized, and lay, with the animals, in a heap on the ground. The victorious man-eater, victim of what he must have considered a practical joke, was left to a dry meal of a straw-stuffed carter, instead of the juicy native he had expected to get.

POOR ME.

The custom of pinning papers on the clothing of unsuspecting persons forms a venerable April fool joke. In fact, it is so time-worn and shows so little inventiveness, that one is occasionally surprised at finding it still considered funny. Sometimes, however, even so ancient a pleasantry takes an unexpected turn.

A little boy was deftly pinning a bit of paper to an old gentleman's coat when the latter suddenly turned, saw him, and laid a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"What's that you're doing?" he asked, gruffly. "What are you putting that piece of paper on my coat for?"

"For—for an April fool, sir," stammered the boy, too much confused to evade the question.

The gentleman suddenly marched him along to a mirror in a shop window.

"There," said he, "look at your own back."

On the boy's jacket was pinned a paper of startling size, which certainly must have rustled audibly as he walked.

"Who did I understand you to say was the April fool?" inquired the gentleman, politely; and the boy opened his lips for one word, more humble than grammatical, "Me!"

HE GOT THEM ON.

Desperate circumstances call for desperate measures, as is laughably illustrated by a story told by the New York *Tribune* of a newly elected congressman.

When a school-boy he was chosen valedictorian of his class. He prepared for the event by ordering a new pair of shoes.

Late in the afternoon of the great day the shoes came, but to Dan's utter dismay they would not go on. He had no other pair fit for use, and was in a sorry plight.

The shoemaker was sent for, and while the perspiration rolled down the valedictorian's face he explained the seriousness of the situation.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Crispin. "Get a couple of eggs and break one in each shoe."

Dan did as he was told, and the result was charming. His feet went into the shoes like a duck's feet into mud.

UNREASONABLE.

A father who is fond of telling his little son about the famous men of old time, was talking the other day about one of his favorite heroes, Philip of Macedon.

"I think he should have been called 'Philip the Great,'" he said.

Just at that moment Aunt Sally, the colored servant, came in. She caught the last three words.

"Fill up de grate?" she cried. "Why, I'se jes' put a hod o' coal on!"

STRANGE GROCERIES.

An invoice received by the caterer of an English regiment stationed in India contained this bewildering item: "One case of Tomcats."

No one had asked the caterer to order any dainties of that kind, and the mystery remained unsolved until the package arrived.

Then it appeared that the grocer's assistant had a fancy for abbreviation, and that "tomcats" was only his way of writing the name of that useful condiment, Tomato catsup.

TARDY.

In politeness, as in quarrels, human language must often be taken in a Pickwickian sense. Some one reports, in the New York *Herald*, a bit of conversation between two gentlemen.

"Did she thank you for the seat?" said the first man—as if one ever needed to ask such a question about a lady!

"No," answered the other; "but after she had settled down in it, she smiled sweetly and begged me not to rise."

To cleanse and preserve the teeth use "*Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.*" Microscopical examinations have proved that the use of soap is the only safeguard against the accumulation of animal and vegetable parasites on the teeth. Camphor strengthens and relieves soreness of the gums. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Sold at drug stores. [*Adv.*

Every Good housekeeper should *at once* send for illustrated circular of "*Never-Break*" Steel Cooking Utensils. The BRONSON SUPPLY CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

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For a good paper every week in the year and a fine supply of choice vegetables this Fall:— see the second cover page of the March 5th double number of The Youth's Companion

Wm. Henry Maule

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We shall be very glad to send you circulars and prices.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

RUSSELL SAGE, the well-known financier, writes:

"506 FIFTH AVENUE,
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"For the last twenty years I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They have repeatedly cured me of rheumatic pains, and pains in my side and back. Whenever I have a cold, one on my chest and one on my back speedily relieve me. My family are never without them."

Russell Sage

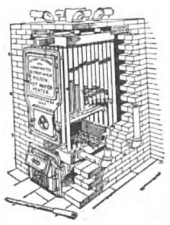
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For the Companion.

THE HEYGOOD TEA SERVICE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

Clearing a Mystery.

Fred found it hard to recollect where he was when he awoke, late in the day. While he was still mulying his dazed wits, Mrs. Heygood came in, and the sight of her motherly face refreshed his memory.

"I am all right," he assured her, "and I'm ashamed to have slept so late."

"You couldn't have done a better thing," she said. "The doctor insists that you must keep your room to-day."

"But I must set my mind at rest about that rascal Meyrick!" cried Fred. "He ought not to go unpunished."

"You must have breakfast first," replied Mrs. Heygood, "and then my husband and the doctor will come up and discuss this matter with you. I assure you, we are all interested in getting at the truth of this strange affair."

"And the truth of this strange affair is just precisely what I can tell you," said Fred to himself.

It was of no avail to remonstrate against breakfasting in his room. The only concession he could win from his cousins was that he might dress, and remove from the bed to the lounge.

Mrs. Heygood and the pretty little bride-elect insisted upon serving his breakfast themselves, and when the meal was ended, Mr. Heygood and Doctor Smith came in with Mr. Brent, the gentleman whom Miss Dorina Heygood was to marry.

Mr. Brent reported that he had been in search of Meyrick, but had not been able to find him, though he had heard, just as he came in, that Meyrick had left the ferry to come to town.

"He must be arrested!" cried Fred.

"So he shall be," Mr. Heygood assured him. "But let us hear your story, cousin. Doctor Smith gives you leave to tell it."

Fred related the details of his adventure.

"It is incomprehensible," said Mr. Heygood, with a perplexed frown. "Meyrick has grown up in this community. He is respected as a sober, honest, steady fellow. It seems incredible that he should have been guilty of such an assault."

Fred could not help being angry. Was his word to go for nothing because this Meyrick had friends, and he was a stranger?

"It happened precisely as I tell you," said he, doggedly.

"Oh, no doubt about that!" Mr. Brent hastened to say. "But you know Meyrick must have something to say. If robbery was the motive, why did he leave you your watch and purse?"

"It was my trunk he was after," said Fred, who had alluded to the present for Dorina without mentioning the silver.

"But didn't you find your trunk all right this morning?" inquired Dorina.

He had found his trunk all right, he admitted, with rather a bad grace. It was too much that Dorina, too, should be against him—this girl for whom he had brought Great-great-grandmother Heygood's silver at so great peril to himself!

Fred's anger was increasing with every moment.

"What I cannot account for, on any supposition," said Mr. Heygood, "is Meyrick's having Fred bound hand and foot."

"The fact is," interpolated Mr. Brent, "that we can't account for any feature of the occurrence satisfactorily. If your guest will pardon my saying so, he is as much in the dark as any of us—only he doesn't know it."

Fred could not join in the laughter provoked by this remark. "It looks to me like a pretty clear case of attempted highway robbery," said he, frowning, "and hardly a matter for jest."

"Then our people have been deceived in Tom Meyrick all these years," said the doctor. "We must hunt him up, Brent, and hear his story."

It was intolerable to Fred that every one should be bent on taking Meyrick's part. So vexed was he at this aspect of the case that, for the present, he could not bring himself to speak of the wedding present, which as yet he had no more than alluded to as something of value.

It was safe in the little hair trunk. Fred had satisfied himself of that fact when he took out a change of clothing, and there was the trunk at the foot of the bed. But Fred was in no mood at the present moment to display the silver.

Three pieces missing.

"Well, if I may credit my eyesight," exclaimed Mr. Brent, who was looking out of the window, "here comes Meyrick now! I'll run down and bring him up."

Without waiting for permission he darted from the room.

Presently he returned, accompanied by a robust, dark man, whose neck was swathed in a red silk handkerchief.

Fred recognized his assailant.

"Well, sir," said Meyrick, advancing toward Fred with a grin, "Mr. Brent here has just been telling me your side of the story, and now I'd like to tell mine. I'll back you in any crowd for a word-and-a-blow sort of fellow; but since we can cry quits, let us shake hands."

Fred would not see the proffered hand. Meyrick turned away with a shrug of his broad shoulders, saying, as he settled himself in a chair:

"It's hard to tell which of us was the worst frightened."

"I wasn't frightened in the least!" Fred declared. "I was simply on my guard; and if I may speak my mind, I am far more surprised now than I was then."

"Like enough," returned Meyrick, coolly. "A good laugh might be the death of me just now, Mr. Witheredge, thanks to that blow with your pocket-knife, so I must keep a sober face while I tell my story. But I aint ashamed to confess that I was scared—mortally scared, sir, when you faced me in the road and defied me as you did!

"For there's no doubt, Mr. Heygood," he continued, turning toward that gentleman, "that I was particularly cross that night. A valuable horse I'd paid a good sum for last week had gone lame, and I was too worried to lay myself out to entertain strangers.

"Besides, I don't commonly talk much while I'm driving. Knowing my road and knowing my team, I can manage to snatch a nap along the way, and I was pretty sound asleep all along that bit of road that runs through the river-bottom for fully five miles.

"But I woke up just before we came to the ferry, and found I'd lost my whip. So remembering what a pull that sand-hill this side the ferry calls for, and knowing my horses would need a little stimulating, I got out the wagon, unsheathed my jackknife, and cut me a switch as innocent as a baby, to provide myself with a substitute for my whip.

"I went up the bank at the corner of the old field, and found a proper sapling, and then I discovered I hadn't my knife. So I turned about to ask the loan of one from my passenger, and there he was in the road, shouting to me to come on, and he'd let me have his knife."

"And you came!" said Fred.

"Yes, gentlemen, I went for him. I had it to do—so it seemed to me. The first thing I thought of was that time, five years ago, when I was driving down from Tuscaloosa —"

All at once the doctor and Mr. and Mrs. Heygood and the pretty Dorina and Mr. Brent began to smile; and the smile grew to a laugh, and the laugh to a shout.

Meyrick sat holding his jaws in his hands, staring wildly, and beseeching them not to be the death of him by making him laugh, too.

"Well," said Mr. Heygood, "we had forgotten that story, Meyrick; but Cousin Fred Witherden doesn't know it."

"Why, sir, you see," resumed Meyrick, addressing himself to Fred, "it was, that time five years ago, driving along moderately in the dusk of the evening, with nobody in my wagon but myself, when I overtook a very nice-looking, middle-aged man. He hailed me, and asked civilly for a lift; so I halted, and he got in.

"Well, a more companionable stranger I never met. He was a man of information, too. But after a while he ran out of talk, and in that silence I dropped my whip.

"Of course I got down to pick it up, and before I could raise my head, that pleasing stranger had bounded to the ground, and was standing over me with an open knife. Said he, scowling fearfully, 'If you don't submit to be bound, hand and foot, I'll cut you to pieces!'

"Well, I tripped somehow over my whip, and the man snatched out a rope from somewhere about him, and almost before I knew it I was bound, hand and foot, and a handkerchief was tied around my mouth.

"How he managed it I don't know, but in that fix I was hauled up into the wagon. That interesting stranger took the reins, turned my horses' heads, and by eleven o'clock delivered me over to the Insane Asylum in Tuscaloosa.

"He was a lunatic gentleman who had got away from his friends, who were trying to take him to the asylum, and I suppose he thought he'd cheat them and the asylum people in the bargain by handing over another man."

"So you thought our young cousin here was another lunatic?" said Mr. Heygood, laughing.

"Pre-cisely!" answered Meyrick, with emphasis. "When I saw him standing in the road there, I thought that whole business was to do over again; and I just said to myself, 'Tom Meyrick, you are a fellow for similarity of crank-sided luck, but you'll have to fan it.' So I thought, being so much heavier and having the advantage of the bank to leap from, I could overpower him with a rush.

"But I caught it, and I'm not ashamed to say I made the woods echo. I knew I was close to the ferry, and I wanted help badly.

"'Give me a good cause, a fair fight, an open field, and a head as level as my own, and there isn't any back down in Tom Meyrick; but a lunatic at dead of night, out on a lonesome road—excuse me! Once is enough of that, thank you, gentlemen.

"Then the Healy crowd came running from the ferry—old Jake and his wife and Fergus and Joe, all of them shouting. But by that time I thought I and my passenger were done for, and you know the rest."

As Fred listened, the humor of the situation dawned upon him. His supposed villain was really an honest man, and each of the two, himself and Meyrick, had been the victim of his own fears.

He laughed with the rest, and held out his hand. Meyrick grasped it with a hearty shake.

You had Fred bound in order to retaliate upon him what you had suffered from your lunatic, I suppose?" said Dorina.

"It looks that way, Miss Dorina," Meyrick admitted. "But the truth is, I was very uneasy about him, and anxious to turn him over to his friends; so I pretended to be worse off than I was, so that I needn't be expected to talk too much.

"I had to consider Fergus's safety, you know, for if I wasn't sure it was a crazy man I had in the wagon, you may shoot me! But on the whole, I think I did my duty pretty well, according to my lights."

"Yes, you did!" Fred declared. "I am ashamed to remember that I was so rash."

"Oh, you're a young fellow; that's what's the matter. You'll cool down as you grow older," said Meyrick, encouragingly, as he went out, accompanied by Doctor Smith and Mr. Brent.

A moment later the mail was brought in.

"A letter for you, cousin," said Mr. Heygood. "It's from Sally!" cried Fred, "and mailed the day after I left! How could it reach here so promptly?"

"You came around your elbow to get to your thumb, seeking an adventure, I suppose," said Mr. Heygood, laughing, "and the letter came direct."

"We thought the route I came was the direct route!" said Fred.

"That's because you Georgians won't take the

trouble to learn all you ought to know about Alabama," returned Mr. Heygood.

Fred was deep in Sally Holmes's letter, which ran thus:

MY DEAR FRED: We miss you dreadfully, and though you left us only this morning, it seems as if you had been gone a month. The Colonel pretends he doesn't mind it, and goes about the house whistling "Bonnie Doon," to keep up his spirits, and keep ours down, I suppose, for I feel just like crying when I hear him, and Cousin Dorina is openly "low in her mind."

To-night, when she was going to bed, she made me bring the big red morocco Prayer-Book that was her father's, and told me to find the prayer "For a Person Going to Sea!" I couldn't help reminding her that you wouldn't catch even a distant glimpse of the Gulf of Mexico; but she said that you would certainly cross many a roaring torrent, and then I had much ado to keep from laughing.

I tell you I felt sober enough, though, when she went on to say that sea and land are just alike to Him Who made them both, and that "the violence of enemies" may overtake a traveller on any road.

O Fred, I do actually *hate* Great-great-grandmother Heygood's old silver coffee-pot and things, and wish I never, *never* had seen a piece of it; and I do pray you may escape "the violence of enemies."

Now what I want to say is, that if you shouldn't have the luck to get to Baybridge with that silver safe and sound in your venerable trunk, do, *do* bear the calamity like a philosopher; and above all, never, *never* let Cousin Dorina know, for I verily believe that it would almost break her heart.

It is late, so no more from

Your affectionate cousin,

SALLY W. H.

P. S. Arnold told the Colonel about our last night's burglar-scare, and he has had extra fastenings put on all the doors and windows, which he bought in town to-day—I mean the fastenings; and it was nothing but a bat and *me*, Fred!

S. W. H.

As he came to the end of this epistle, Fred was inspired with a sudden anxiety about the silver. True, when he opened his trunk that morning, it had seemed to be safe, and he believed it was safe; but he had not examined closely, and besides, it would be a relief to surrender his onerous trust. So he told his cousins of his Aunt Dorina's gift, and begged Mrs. Heygood to take it out of the trunk.

Mrs. Heygood proceeded, with deep interest, to unpack the silver.

"There are twelve pieces, all told," said Fred. "Will you count them, please?"

Mrs. Heygood counted as far as nine. Then she paused, and looked at her daughter.

"We'll begin again," said she, hastily; but she stopped again at nine.

"There's a list pasted in the top of the trunk; compare with that, please," said Fred, who was so much excited that he could not remain upon the lounge.

He stood beside the trunk, while Mrs. Heygood read off the list, and Dorina set the pieces aside one by one.

"What is missing?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Three pieces—the bowl, the coffee-pot, and one cream-jug."

"I have been robbed!" cried Fred, wildly. "How foolish I was to credit that rascal Meyrick's plausible story! He is the man! He, and his crew at the ferry! Oh, wasn't he a sharp fellow, to leave me my watch and my purse? But justice I will have, if there is justice in Alabama."

"Now, my dear boy," remonstrated Mrs. Heygood, "you will make yourself ill, and that would be worse than losing the silver. Go lie down again."

Fred could not obey her.

"Sir," said he, turning to Mr. Heygood, whose silence exasperated him, "I must take out a warrant immediately against Meyrick and those Healys. Delay would be criminal."

"Stay a moment," counselled Mr. Heygood. "Let me think."

"Papa," said Dorina, with her hand on her father's arm, "the Healys, we know, are good people; we've known them always. They are very poor, but entirely upright. It can't be true, and it would be a cruel injustice to bring such an accusation."

"Let us think," said Mr. Heygood, again. "Fred, are you sure you left home with all the silver?"

"Absolutely sure. Sally Holmes and Arnold and I packed the trunk under Aunt Dorina's directions. We counted the silver again and again; it all went in."

Then Fred suddenly remembered the burglar-scare, but as suddenly dismissed that suggestion to the bat in the garret.

Besides, Fred reasoned, no burglar could have abstracted three pieces of silver, and left the trunk to all appearance unmolested. But at that lonesome ferry, while he lay unconscious—drugged in all probability—it was an easy matter to accomplish such a feat.

"Laying aside all personal considerations," said Fred to Mr. Heygood, "I feel it my duty, sir, to expose this proceeding. I shall have these persons arrested promptly; but of course I don't insist that you and Mr. Brent shall countenance me."

"Cousin Fred," said Mr. Heygood, mildly, "you must bear to be told that you are not in a temper, just now, to act wisely. Can't you trust us as friends? I frankly acknowledge that I do not believe these people are guilty; I've known them too long as good, honest folk. But while I would spare them the injustice of a hasty accusation, I have no idea of conniving at the loss of the silver. Suppose you leave this matter in my hands or in Brent's, until to-morrow? In your present condition you ought to remain quiet. Excitement is not good for you."

This last was an unanswerable argument. Fred's head ached violently, and he sank back upon the lounge, murmuring some words of apology for his hasty speech.

He was left to take a quiet rest, and he did not see any of the family again until after dinner, when they came in to spend the evening with him; but no allusion was made to the silver, and Fred had the self-control to ask no questions.

He slept well, that night, notwithstanding his losses, and awoke in the morning with a keen appetite for his breakfast, which was served to him in Mrs. Heygood's sitting-room upstairs, the doctor having counselled prudence.

The servant had just carried out the empty dishes, when Mrs. Heygood came in with a note in her hand.

"You have something to tell me?" cried Fred.

"The silver is found!" she said.

"Where? How?"

"I cannot tell you; I only know that Mr. Heygood left home at half-past six, this morning, to play detective, he said; and just now he sent me this little note which reads, '*Tell Fred that the silver is found.*'"

"I hope," said Fred, with sudden and contrite sympathy, "I do hope it isn't those people you care so much about!"

"Ah, those poor Healys!" sighed Mrs. Heygood with troubled eyes. "Do you know, Fred, we would rather lose the silver? Mr. Heygood telegraphed your grandfather last night, and I hope this note means that you left those three pieces of silver at home."

"That is impossible!" said Fred, stoutly.

"O mamma! mamma!" cried Dorina, rushing in, "the silver was found here in Baybridge!"

"I am very sorry," said Fred.

ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

(To be continued.)

A CHILD AGAIN.

Oh for an hour in that dear place!
Oh for the peace of that dear time!
Oh for that childish trust sublime!
Oh for a glimpse of mother's face!

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

JASPER PRICE'S CORNER LOT.

"I'se *done* wid you, Jasper Price! Yes, sah, I'se done wid you for good an' all!"

A woman's voice rose, loud and shrill, from a little tumble-down cabin by a Georgia roadside.

Evidently the person addressed had no response to make, for after a little silence, the woman's voice rose again.

"I jes' wants you to pack up your traps an' cl'ar out, Jasper Price! An' doan't you nebbah show your face heah no mo' long ez you lib an' breave! I mean jes' 'zackly what I says, an' I doan' want to fin' you heah w'en I comes back from de spring!"

A moment later a short, solidly built, elderly black woman came out of the cabin, holding a tin pail in each hand, and hurried away toward a little spring in a ravine some distance from the house.

Her face was both wrathful and tearful, and she had a worn, tired look. A flapping old calico sunbonnet, drooping about her face, added to her dejected appearance.

A few minutes after she had left the house, a black man, not much taller than the woman, but stouter and slightly gray, came out of the cabin, and walked slowly, and with an evident attempt at dignity, down the dusty road.

In one hand he carried a small bundle tied up in a faded red cotton handkerchief, and in the other a cane, curiously carved, of a piece of gnarled wood. A green cotton bag was on his back, and within it could be seen the outlines of a violin.

It was Jasper Price, who had at last been stung to take this well-deserved rebuke from his wife in earnest.

Jasper had been born with a constitutional tendency toward slothfulness, which his will-power was quite too weak to overcome.

His wife, on the other hand, was a very industrious and energetic woman. She worked early and late, providing by far the greater part of the support of their large family of children. She had provided for her husband's wants as well, until her patience had been quite exhausted by several weeks of needless idleness on Jasper's part.

There had been a most vigorous outpouring of wrath, ending with this command to "Cl'ar out for good and all!"

But she did not suppose he would take her at her word and go.

"Dar aint no sich good luck for me as dat," she said, when she returned to the cabin and found that Jasper was not there. "He'll be back 'bout supper-time. Maybe he'll lay out ontel he gits oncommon hungry; but he'll come home den, sho' 'nough. I 'clar' if I aint a mind nebber to gin him anudder bite to eat!"

She had no opportunity to refuse him food. He did not come back to ask for it. He did not come back at all; days, weeks and months passed without a word of tidings from Jasper from any quarter.

His wife, kindly at heart, though overworked and worried, began to reproach herself. She discovered in her memory traits of excellence in her husband's character for which she had never before given him credit.

"I reckon I was too ha'sh wid 'im," she said. "He come f'm a lazy fambly; his daddy befo' 'im was too lazy for to draw his bref, an' some tink he died on dat 'count. I reckon Jasper's no-'countness was bawn in 'im, an' I done druv 'im 'way for what he couldn't holp!"

She found excuses to talk about him.

"He was mighty willin' an' 'bligin' 'bout some tings," she told a neighbor. "He'd 'ten' de baby by de hour. He'd allus car'y home de washin' I done fer de ladies in de town, an' my, couldn't he play de fiddle *beau*tiful! Dar aint nobody 'round heah dat could bring out 'Moneymusk' an' 'De Swanee Ribber' an' 'Git out'n de way, Ole Dan Tuckah' like Jasper Price could. I does miss his fiddle a-jiggitin' away out on de po'ch ob a summer ebenin'."

Four months after Jasper's departure from home a stout, travel-stained black man, slightly gray, walked slowly and wearily up the trail leading to a new and promising Rocky Mountain mining camp.

He carried a little bundle tied up in a ragged red cotton handkerchief. The outlines of a violin could be traced within a green cotton bag on his back, and he gave his name, at the mouth of a shaft where he stopped to get a drink of water, as Jasper Price.

"Well, old pardner," said the man who gave him the drink of water, "you look as if you'd walked all the way from Georgia."

"You done struck pretty close to de trewf, sah," said Jasper, ruefully. "I'se walked many weary miles ob de way, an' I'd 'a' done walked de hull ob it ef it hadn't 'a' ben for dis yer fiddle."

He had heard wild stories of the ease and quickness with which fortunes were made in this mining camp, and in his simplicity he almost expected to find nuggets of gold and silver unregarded in the streets.

He found quite a different state of things. People here had to work hard for their living as elsewhere; only the rewards of energy and industry were perhaps larger and more prompt than in the older parts of the country.

Jasper could get no farther, and presently he found himself possessed of some share of the restless energy of the people around him. His dormant powers seemed to be aroused by the spirit of activity that was in the crisp and exhilarating mountain air.

No one could be supinely idle long in such a place as this great mining camp. Jasper was soon busy with axe and saw and hammer, putting up a little cabin for himself on a corner lot he had staked out for his own.

When the cabin was done, Jasper nailed a pine board over the door, on which was the one word, "LAWnDry." He could not read nor write, but he had induced an acquaintance among the miners to paint his sign for him.

In his spasmodic hours of industry when at home, Jasper used to help his wife with her daily washings and ironings, and had in this way acquired something of the wonderful skill that had given her the reputation of being the finest laundress in all the country round about her home.

Since Jasper did not know how to do anything else, and as there was a great demand for the one industry in which he had some skill, he had resolved to open a laundry.

His success was great and immediate. There were as yet in the camp very few women, and the prejudice against Chinamen was so great that it was not safe for one of that race to come into the camp.

Before the end of the first week Jasper was so overwhelmed with work that he hired a poor boy who had strayed into the camp as an assistant. Another helper was needed early in the second week, and still a third before a month was done.

Jasper had a flourishing business, and found it necessary to enlarge his shanty. He developed a capacity for business that he himself had never suspected.

His industry increased with his success. There was plenty of money in the camp, and it was not long before Jasper was possessed of ten times as much money as he had ever seen before. Moreover, his head was not turned by his success.

He had a queer habit of going about chuckling to himself and saying, "I mus' write a lettah one ob dese days; for a fac', I mus'. Hi! I bet hit'll be a mighty welcome lettah to de pusson what gits it, c'ase ob what 'll go 'long wid it. Oh, I'se gwine write a lettah by 'n' by, 'deed I is!"

Even-tempered as he had been in the midst of steadily increasing prosperity, Jasper almost lost his head when he was one day offered five thousand dollars for his corner lot. It was needed for a business block.

So fast had the town grown, and so speedy and great had been the rise in real estate, that Jasper's lot had become so valuable as this in less than three months. Fearing a possible decline in values, Jasper prudently sold his lot and removed his laundry.

It was then that he wrote his letter, or rather, had it written for him. Among his patrons was a young lawyer who had befriended Jasper on his first arrival in the camp, and who had taken an interest in him afterward. It was this friend to whom Jasper applied when he was ready to have the letter written, and the lawyer kept his secret.

It was about a month after the letter had been sent that the crowd which always assembled to await the arrival of the two stage-coaches, which came together from the slowly approaching line of railroad in the valleys below, noted the restlessness and peculiar actions of Mr. Jasper Price, who was by far the most prominent figure in the throng.

Newly shaven and spotlessly clean, he was arrayed in a shining suit of black, and wore a glossy high silk hat. He had given a bootblack twenty-five cents for an extra shine on his large shoes. His wide expanse of white shirt-front shone in the sunshine, and upon it was a huge breastpin of red and green glass and a gorgeous necktie of blue and yellow.

On his hands were kid gloves of a saffron hue, while a watch-chain of mighty and shining links was stretched across his waistcoat front.

His black face was beaming with kindly smiles, and he frequently chuckled softly to himself as he moved around restlessly in the crowd.

His excitement grew intense when some one called out, "There they come!" and a great cloud of dust rose at one end of the long, stony street.

The second of the two coaches bore such a load as it had never before carried. The driver, with his hand at the side of his mouth, had told the "boys" as he came up that "all Africa had broke loose."

At the side of the driver sat a short, well-knit, dust-covered negro woman, with a black and happy baby in her lap. Her face was wreathed in smiles as she looked down on the crowd, and a great responsive shout came from her lips when Uncle Jasper called out:

"Jinny! Heah I is! Doan' you see me, Jinny?"

From every window and door of the coach grinning black heads of all sizes and ages, and in all sorts of hats and caps and bonnets were now thrust with cries of "Daddy! daddy! We's come, daddy! Heah we is, daddy!"

"Hit's my fambly!" cried Jasper, as he pushed his way through the crowd. "Dem's my folks, in dat stage. Hallelooyer!"

Down and out they came into his outstretched arms.

"Glory!" he cried. "You's all heah! Heah's Jacky! An' Lotty! An' Libbutty Ann! An' Ab'aham—laws, how dey has all growed! An' de baby! Bless my soul, I'd nebbah knowed dat chile in all dis world—he's growed so! An' dis aint Washin'ton? How he am changed, too! An' heah's Matildy an' 'Minty Jane! Come an' kiss yer daddy!

"What! yo' aint 'feerd o' yer daddy kase he's dressed out so fine? I'se yer daddy, all de same! William Henry aint afeerd, is yo', boy?

"Is yer all out? No, dar's little Moses—I hardly knowed de chile, he's got so big! Well, well, well, if dis aint de happies' day I eber see!"

They made a queer procession as they walked away from the smiling crowd. Jasper led the way with the huge baby on his shoulder. His radiantly happy wife walked by his side, loaded with baskets and bundles, while the nine older children followed, each carrying a pot or a pan or a teakettle which their mother had foolishly seen fit to bring all the way from Georgia.

Fortunate days had dawned for the reunited family. Jasper's industry did not flag, and he and his thrifty wife showed great good sense in the use of the little fortune that had come to them.

When the decline of the camp's prosperity came, and the laundry business was no longer profitable, they went to fertile valleys below and bought a ranch, that their numerous boys and girls might be trained to habits of industry.

There, I dare say, they are still.

J. L. HARBOUR.

TIMES CHANGE.

In a copy of a magazine of the date of February, 1875, which was picked up in an attic the other day, was found a fashion-plate torn out of a magazine of the year 1859; and upon the margin of this older slip a well-known hand had written:

"How ridiculous these old 1859 fashions look, compared with our graceful, tasteful and becoming fashions of 1875!"

The person who had picked up the magazine then opened the large folded, colored leaf which had upon it the pictured forms of half-a-dozen highly dressed figures, and beneath it the legend:

"*Les modes Parisiennes—February, 1875.*"

It was impossible to restrain a burst of hearty laughter at these "graceful and tasteful fashions" of only sixteen years ago.

The women are draped in gowns that seem entirely made up of loops, tucks and bows. Their skirts do not seem to hang downward at all, but to be built up from the bottom in successive layers of flounces and bows, and overhung with immense "polonaises."

Around their necks are ridiculous ruffles. Their hair is built up in "chignons" at the back of the head, and upon the extremity of this projection a bonnet or hat is perched.

From beneath the bright green or dazzling blue skirts of the dresses, the absolutely square toes of a very singular shoe are seen to project.

The same hand that wrote the original comment takes up a magazine of 1891, and inserts between its leaves both the fashion-plates of 1859

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and 1875; but instead of an appreciative note, the fashion-plate of 1891 bears this comment:

"I *know* our fashions of 1891 are nicer than those of 1875; but I suppose they'll look just as ridiculous in 1907."

VEILED PROMISE.

More royal the rays of the rainbow
The deeper the tempest's gloom,
And, the darker the clouds of April,
The brighter the violets bloom.

Western Christian Advocate. —*Luella Clark.*

For the Companion.

THE BOMBAY MUTINY.

On a fine November morning in the year 1842, the ship *Bombay*, fifty-three days out from New York, sighted the Sugar Loaf, and running in past the forts that guard the entrance, anchored in the lovely bay of Rio de Janeiro.

Negroes and natives in curious boats and canoes surrounded the ship, offering for sale a bewildering variety of tropical fruits. The Brazilian Port Captain, in gorgeous uniform of green and yellow, came off to the ship in a barge with wooden awning, flying an enormous Brazilian flag, and pulled by twelve coal-black Congo negroes, naked to the waist.

The *Bombay*, John Gay, master, of six hundred tons register, was considered a vessel of good size in those days. She carried a crew of twelve men, with the Captain, two mates, carpenter, steward, cook and two boys.

I was in the mate's or port watch. Jim, the other boy, who was about my own age, was in the starboard watch. We boys messed in the steerage with the carpenter, a sour-tempered Dane.

On the first Sunday after our arrival, the port watch was given a day's liberty, and I went on shore with the rest. Passing through a great fleet of vessels of all nations at anchor, gaily dressed in flags, we landed, and were soon on the plaza.

I soon separated from the sailors, who sought the drinking shops. Wandering about, I saw many curious things. In a gay carriage, with six horses, outriders in rich livery, and a brilliant cavalry escort, I saw the youthful Emperor, Dom Pedro II., then scarcely seventeen years old.

I spent so much time in sight-seeing that when toward evening, I returned to the place where I had left the *Bombay's* boat, I found that it had gone off nearly an hour before; but for a small fee two black men pulled me off to the ship in a boat of their own.

As we neared the *Bombay*, I saw evidences of unusual commotion on board, and a signal of distress hoisted in the mizzen rigging. Arriving on board, I found what was the cause of the trouble.

Among the naval stores which composed our cargo were six hundred barrels of whiskey. In those days this liquor was served out as a daily ration in the United States Navy; but the practice did not prevail in the merchant service, liquor being allowed on board but few ships, and served as a ration in none.

Sailors were in those days noted for their ingenuity in stealing liquor, and to keep this out of his men's reach our Captain had stored the barrels in the fore and after runs or lowest parts of the lower hold. The sailors were aware of this, and on this day had found their chance to get at it.

Mr. Bowker, the chief mate, and the port watch were on shore, and Captain Gay had gone on board another ship, the *Angier*, to pass the day and dine with her commander. This left Mr. Daniels, the second mate, in charge. He was a rather easy-going young man, and soon retired to his stateroom to enjoy the day in reading an interesting novel.

Chips, the carpenter, after smoking a pipe, went to sleep in his bunk, and the sailors found little difficulty in taking from his chest such tools as they wished. With these the starboard watch proceeded to cut a hole through the forecastle deck, and succeeded so well that by dinner-time they had broken out the upper tiers of stores, and exposed the barrels.

The cargo thus removed they piled up carefully in the quarters of the absent port watch, filling their side of the forecastle up to the carlines.

Not satisfied with broaching one barrel, they rigged a whip and hoisted three barrels of whiskey up into the forecastle, and concealed them underneath their berths.

They then returned the rest of the cargo to its place, and refitted the deck planks so carefully that scarcely a trace was left of their work.

After dinner the watch settled down to the business of drinking and carousing. When, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Daniels, having finished his novel, came forward to call away the boat to bring the liberty men on board, he was startled to find the entire watch drunk, and inclined to be quarrelsome.

The second mate at once sent the carpenter and the boy Jim in the dinghy on board the *Angier* for Captain Gay. The Captain, learning the state of affairs, accepted his friend Captain Edson's offer to send the *Angier's* boat for our liberty men. The two Captains came at once on board our ship in the dinghy. The arrival of the liberty men, who were also drunk, made matters worse instead of better, for the two watches fell to fighting in the forecastle.

This was the disturbance which was taking place when, amidst the cries and shouts of the rioters, I arrived on board. Captain Gay, who was one of the old-time sea-captains, and "a very taut hand" with his crews, ordered the second mate to go down into the forecastle, and bring up any rum he might find there. He supposed that the liquor the men had been drinking was smuggled on board from the bumboat.

Mr. Daniels went down with a very ill grace, I thought. The forecastle was just then a very lion's den. He did not stay long, as you may suppose, but came up with a rush through the hatchway, with a bleeding nose and puffed eye.

When he could get his breath, he exclaimed, "They've got a barrel of whiskey there on tap, sir, and they are fighting over it like a lot of wild Indians! It was all I could do to get out of it alive."

This was nothing less than mutiny, and Captain Gay felt that his action must be summary. Going to the cabin, he returned with four revolvers, and gave one each to the officers and carpenter.

Then, looking down the hatch, he shouted, "Men, come up on deck, every one of you!"

A howl of derision was the only reply.

"I will give you five minutes to get up here, or I'll come down there and find out the reason why!" he cried.

They simply yelled defiantly in drunken chorus.

"Come along, Mr. Bowker," said the Captain. "You and I will start these fellows up. Mr. Daniels, you and the carpenter put the irons on them as they come up the hatchway!"

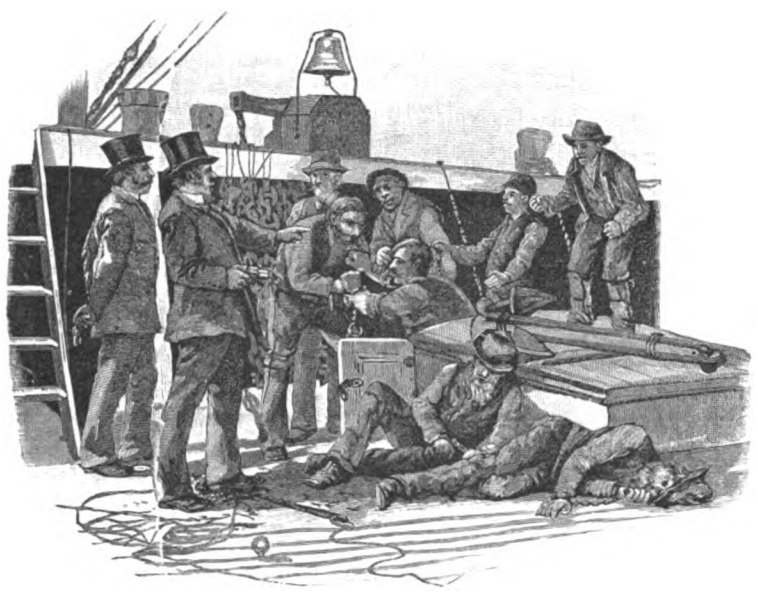
The Captain and mate bravely started down the ladder, revolvers in hand.

They were taking desperate chances. It is no small thing for two men, even with arms in their hands, to face a dozen maddened sailors, at close quarters, in a hand-to-hand encounter such as this must be.

Jim and I had gone forward to see the outcome of the affair. We were, of course, in a high state of excitement as the Captain and mate disappeared below.

For several minutes there was a terrible confusion of voices, and then a sound of blows, followed by the sharp crack of a pistol. Then a pause, followed by a renewal of the uproar. Another shot was fired, and almost immediately the Captain appeared, struggling with a stalwart fellow who had grasped the pistol by the barrel, and was striving to get possession of it.

The carpenter leaned over and struck the sailor a heavy blow with a pair of iron handcuffs, upon which the fellow let go his grasp and fell heavily down the ladder. The Captain then came up, bleeding from a blow on the side of his face, and with his clothing torn to shreds. Mr. Bowker quickly followed in an even worse condition, and without his pistol, which he had lost in the affray.



Quelling a Mutiny.

Mr. Daniels pulled over the scuttle and slipped in the bar. Feeling that the wild beasts were at least caged, our side called a parley.

"I hit one of the scoundrels in the arm," said the Captain. "Did your shot take effect, Mr. Bowker?"

"I think so, sir."

I happened just then to glance through a port, and saw a boat coming alongside. "Here's a boat, sir, with some officers," I reported.

The Captain went to the gangway, and received a Brazilian officer who came on board. Looking curiously at the Captain's disordered condition he said, "I am sent by the Port Captain to inquire what trouble you are in, as you have a distress signal flying."

The Captain explained, and the Lieutenant went forward to investigate. Mr. Bowker opened the hatchway, and the Lieutenant called down in his formal English, "Mariners, I command that you come on deck at once!"

"Who are you, monkey-face?" came a voice from below. "Get out of this, or we'll serve you worse than we did old Bowker!"

A pistol-shot whistled ominously past the young officer, while a chorus of yells and cat-calls saluted him as he drew back.

"But, Captain," said the officer, "this is a mutiny! I must report to my commanding officer and obtain further assistance." He hurried to his boat and left the ship.

By this time it was growing dark, and affairs were in a bad state for the night. The two Captains consulted together as to the best course to pursue. As discipline had become almost a dead letter, we all gathered aft, having first secured the forward hatchway, and several propositions were discussed by the officers.

"Captain Gay," said Captain Edson, "if you take my advice you will not allow the authorities to meddle in this matter, at this stage of the mutiny at least. If you do allow them to interfere they will put you to both trouble and expense, and possibly delay your voyage. I would at least exhaust your own resources first."

"That is good advice," replied our Captain. "But what shall I do with those wild men down there?"

"Come below and we will talk over a plan by ourselves," said Captain Edson, as he glanced at my companion Jim, who, with mouth and ears both wide open, was pushing forward to catch every word. They went below, and Mr. Bowker, now that the excitement was over for the moment, found time to give us his attention. We were soon set at work clearing up the decks, securing the boats and making all snug for the night.

In a short time the steward brought up an order to the mate to take the *Angier's* boat and to go on board the Brazilian man-of-war *Independenzia*, with Captain Gay's compliments, and say that we should not require any assistance that night, but should be glad to have the police boat sent in the morning to take the prisoners on shore.

Before going, the mate was directed to see that the forward hatch was lashed down and a kedge anchor put upon it.

As the "prisoners" were as yet a long way from being secured, we were all very much mystified by this message, and the mate remarked to Mr. Daniels, in my hearing, that he thought "the Captain had better catch his chickens before he counted them."

But he obeyed the order, nevertheless, and we went down into the steerage to supper, there to discuss the mutiny in all its aspects. When the *Angier's* boat returned, Captain Edson went back to his own ship.

That night the mates and the carpenter kept the anchor watches between them, and the crew, long before midnight, succumbed to the effects of the liquor, and were all quiet in the forecastle.

The next morning we were aroused bright and early, and for once found the Captain on deck as early as any one. Jim and I were sent off in the dinghy to bring Captain Edson on board, who came, bringing with him a package of something that smelled very much like matches.

Captain Gay received him at the gangway, and they both went forward with the mates and the carpenter, who to his and our surprise, was ordered to bring his broadaxe with him.

The Captain looked about carefully, and at last ordered the carpenter to cut a hole through the deck planks, about a foot square. The carpenter gazed in astonishment, but obeyed orders, and the chips began to fly.

The Captain then went to the galley and returned with an iron pot, to which he attached a line; and Captain Edson poured the contents of his package into the kettle.

By this time the hole was cut through the deck.

"Stand by to open the scuttle, Mr. Bowker," said the Captain. "Now, men," he called down, as the hatch was opened carefully, "are you ready to come up like men, or shall I make you come up like sheep?"

The men greeted this with more shouts of derision. Many of them had waked, and were again drinking the liquor.

The Captain closed the hatch, and called out, "Cook, bring a shovelful of coals here!"

The cook came with the live coals, which he put, as directed, into the pot.

As the dense white smoke of the burning brimstone in the vessel curled up, the Captain lowered the pot through the hole, keeping it just below the deck and out of reach of the men, and placed two wet swabs over the orifice, so that none of the fumes might escape.

Flesh and blood could not have endured the suffocating vapors that presently filled the forecastle. In less than ten minutes there was a terrific rush up the ladder, and a violent effort was made to raise the hatch, which was prevented by the lashings and the kedge anchor.

"Stand by, now, all of you," said the Captain, "and clap the handcuffs on them as I let them through."

He opened one door, through which the first man precipitated himself. He was secured, and the door quickly closed.

They were let out, one by one, until the whole twelve lay handcuffed on the deck in a row. The last ones were scarcely able to crawl up, so suffocating were the noxious fumes to which they had been exposed in the forecastle.

Captain Gay walked up and down the deck in glee at the complete success of his experiment, and addressed the captives as he passed.

"Oh, you are a precious lot of scoundrels, aren't you? You thought you had the weather-gage of me, did you? I think you will sing a different tune when you find yourselves in the calaboose! Mr. Bowker, signal for the police boat, and send these fellows off as quickly as possible, and let us be rid of them."

He turned aft, and went down to breakfast with Captain Edson.

When the police boat came, which was in a short time, the officer was greatly surprised to find so large a number of subjects awaiting him. They were taken on shore, and after remaining in the city prison until we had sailed, they were finally allowed to ship in a whaler that came in short of hands, rather than be sent home for trial.

Our Captain picked up another crew without difficulty, and went on unlading. We then took on board a cargo of coffee, and carried it to New Orleans.

The new crew remained with the *Bombay* while she loaded with cotton for Liverpool, and thence home to Boston, where all hands were paid off, and the ship discharged.

F. STANHOPE HILL.

For the Companion.

AT HOME IN THE BUSH.

Though, according to the almanac, this is spring, and there are birds to tell us so, there are few blossoms, even in warm nooks, and the "oak scrub" is the last of the underwoods to brighten into life.

At present it looks peculiarly uninviting, seeming determined to keep its secrets hidden from any impertinent Paul Pry. But in spite of scratches and interfering fingers, I struggle into the tangle, and am rewarded immediately.

A restless bit of canary-yellow among the low branches draws near bit by bit, until it is but a few feet away; a summer warbler, surely, but brown-capped like a chipping-sparrow.

There is something suggestively feminine in the agitated manner, and an odd, jetting motion of the tail, as he moves incessantly from twig to twig. Unable to satisfy his curiosity at long range, he suddenly flies up, and poising on fluttering wings, looks straight into my eyes for an instant, then flits slowly away, bush by bush, out of sight.

This red-capped "palm-warbler," as he is called, is apparently of different mettle from our common yellow warbler, who certainly shows neither diffidence nor nervousness, except when his maltese younglings are threatened; then what a fierce little fury he becomes!

In the top of the tallest hickory the brown thrush is pouring out his notes in whimsical hurry, and the catbird, skulking in the alders, answers my greeting with a sulky, discontented squawk. In an open space sparrows, with black stripes upon their caps, are playing a pretty game—a mixture of running and flying; and at intervals they all spring, twittering, into the air together.

There is a flash of bright color through the leafless branches, and down into a crotch above my head drops a larger bird, with velvety black head and throat and crimson pinafore.

There is no mistaking the rose-breasted grosbeak, but this is not his usual song. A quick chirp, as if to call attention, is followed by soft, beseeching, legato tones: "Here! You wouldn't harm us, would you?" Receiving a reassuring answer, he wings away again.

The oak level slopes steeply to the bog, where the triumphant "O glee-e-e!" of the red-wing is mingled with the clear, sweet notes of the meadow lark, and the liquid gurgle and trill of swallows.

Some new birds have arrived since yesterday; notably the redstarts, with their black caps and coats, and bars of orange and flame upon wing and tail. They are as restless as they are brilliant; always in a flutter, spreading wings and tail so wide that they resemble butterflies rather than birds. They are as full of curiosity, too; circling from branch to branch, they peer over at the intruder into their paradise, or alight with handsome tail outspread, head downward, upon the nearest tree-trunk, questioning the while in rapid tones.

Now two or three birds drop together straight down through a swarm of gnats, and we hear the rapid clicking of tiny bills. A solitary speck of yellow is also busy at fly-catching, but you must listen closely to distinguish her contented chirps.

Ah! here is a play worth watching. Moving up and down the path is a linnet, spreading and fluttering his wings to display his bright colors.

Hear his notes of anxious entreaty! He is fairly dancing in the endeavor to make a favorable impression upon his sober-gowned mistress. Would you suspect that she was conscious of a lover's proximity?

Apparently deaf to him, her attention is given solely to gleaning a supper among the weeds. Not a glance nor a syllable does she vouchsafe.

Suddenly she turns and dashes at him angrily. He retreats crestfallen, but she has hardly made feint of forgetfulness before he approaches again.

Allowing him to come quite near, she darts at him with a savage peck, and chases him from the field. Then she comes back to perch upon a bush, to preen her feathers and set her cap anew, with a comical air of having done a very praiseworthy action.

But we have wandered from the oak thicket, where a rustling among the dead leaves tells me that one of my especial friends has arrived. So prepare to fight your way among the thorny bushes, and we will observe him.

It is slow progress, but at every pause the rustling is nearer. Now it is but a few feet away, when up springs "Chewink" to the lowest bough of a hickory, crying, "*Towhee?* Who are *you?*"

There! isn't he a beauty? "Ground robin" the children name him, but his black is not rusty, like that of our more familiar bird. His red waistcoat is much richer in tint than the robin's, and a long tail adds much to his grace and dignity.

"*Towhee?* Who are *you?*" he repeats sharply, hopping a branch higher at every call, until, reaching the treetop, he sails slowly down into the scrub and falls to scratching again.

Following him up, we gradually drive him from the bushes, and in the open have a good view of him and his mate, who has hitherto kept herself concealed. Both are perfectly at ease, merely taking care to keep a dozen or fifteen feet ahead of us, and feeding as they go.

The thicket is beginning to show other life at last; golden-green tassels, crimson tufts and velvet leaves are slowly hiding bare branches. Little by little the bird voices grow fewer. Some of our

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trouble to learn all you ought to know about Alabama," returned Mr. Heygood.

Fred was deep in Sally Holmes's letter, which ran thus:

MY DEAR FRED: We miss you dreadfully, and though you left us only this morning, it seems as if you had been gone a month. The Colonel pretends he doesn't mind it, and goes about the house whistling "Bonnie Doon," to keep up his spirits, and keep ours down, I suppose, for I feel just like crying when I hear him, and Cousin Dorina is openly "low in her mind."

To-night, when she was going to bed, she made me bring the big red morocco Prayer-Book that was her father's, and told me to find the prayer "For a Person Going to Sea!" I couldn't help reminding her that you wouldn't catch even a distant glimpse of the Gulf of Mexico; but she said that you would certainly cross many a roaring torrent, and then I had much ado to keep from laughing.

I tell you I felt sober enough, though, when she went on to say that sea and land are just alike to Him Who made them both, and that "the violence of enemies" may overtake a traveller on any road.

O Fred, I do actually *hate* Great-great-grandmother Heygood's old silver coffee-pot and things, and wish I never, *never* had seen a piece of it; and I do pray you may escape "the violence of enemies."

Now what I want to say is, that if you shouldn't have the luck to get to Baybridge with that silver safe and sound in your venerable trunk, do, *do* bear the calamity like a philosopher; and above all, never, *never* let Cousin Dorina know, for I verily believe that it would almost break her heart.

It is late, so no more from

Your affectionate cousin,

SALLY W. H.

P. S. Arnold told the Colonel about our last night's burglar-scare, and he has had extra fastenings put on all the doors and windows, which he bought in town to-day—I mean the fastenings; and it was nothing but a bat and *me*, Fred!

S. W. H.

As he came to the end of this epistle, Fred was inspired with a sudden anxiety about the silver. True, when he opened his trunk that morning, it had seemed to be safe, and he believed it was safe; but he had not examined closely, and besides, it would be a relief to surrender his onerous trust. So he told his cousins of his Aunt Dorina's gift, and begged Mrs. Heygood to take it out of the trunk.

Mrs. Heygood proceeded, with deep interest, to unpack the silver.

"There are twelve pieces, all told," said Fred. "Will you count them, please?"

Mrs. Heygood counted as far as nine. Then she paused, and looked at her daughter.

"We'll begin again," said she, hastily; but she stopped again at nine.

"There's a list pasted in the top of the trunk; compare with that, please," said Fred, who was so much excited that he could not remain upon the lounge.

He stood beside the trunk, while Mrs. Heygood read off the list, and Dorina set the pieces aside one by one.

"What is missing?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Three pieces—the bowl, the coffee-pot, and one cream-jug."

"I have been robbed!" cried Fred, wildly. "How foolish I was to credit that rascal Meyrick's plausible story! He is the man! He, and his crew at the ferry! Oh, wasn't he a sharp fellow, to leave me my watch and my purse? But justice I will have, if there is justice in Alabama."

"Now, my dear boy," remonstrated Mrs. Heygood, "you will make yourself ill, and that would be worse than losing the silver. Go lie down again."

Fred could not obey her.

"Sir," said he, turning to Mr. Heygood, whose silence exasperated him, "I must take out a warrant immediately against Meyrick and those Healys. Delay would be criminal."

"Stay a moment," counselled Mr. Heygood. "Let me think."

"Papa," said Dorina, with her hand on her father's arm, "the Healys, we know, are good people; we've known them always. They are very poor, but entirely upright. It can't be true, and it would be a cruel injustice to bring such an accusation."

"Let us think," said Mr. Heygood, again. "Fred, are you sure you left home with all the silver?"

"Absolutely sure. Sally Holmes and Arnold and I packed the trunk under Aunt Dorina's directions. We counted the silver again and again; it all went in."

Then Fred suddenly remembered the burglar-scare, but as suddenly dismissed that suggestion to the bat in the garret.

Besides, Fred reasoned, no burglar could have abstracted three pieces of silver, and left the trunk to all appearance unmolested. But at that lonesome ferry, while he lay unconscious—drugged in all probability—it was an easy matter to accomplish such a feat.

"Laying aside all personal considerations," said Fred to Mr. Heygood, "I feel it my duty, sir, to expose this proceeding. I shall have these persons arrested promptly; but of course I don't insist that you and Mr. Brent shall countenance me."

"Cousin Fred," said Mr. Heygood, mildly, "you must bear to be told that you are not in a temper, just now, to act wisely. Can't you trust us as friends? I frankly acknowledge that I do not believe these people are guilty; I've known them too long as good, honest folk. But while I would spare them the injustice of a hasty accusation, I have no idea of conniving at the loss of the silver. Suppose you leave this matter in my hands or in Brent's, until to-morrow? In your present condition you ought to remain quiet. Excitement is not good for you."

This last was an unanswerable argument. Fred's head ached violently, and he sank back upon the lounge, murmuring some words of apology for his hasty speech.

He was left to take a quiet rest, and he did not see any of the family again until after dinner, when they came in to spend the evening with him; but no allusion was made to the silver, and Fred had the self-control to ask no questions.

He slept well, that night, notwithstanding his losses, and awoke in the morning with a keen appetite for his breakfast, which was served to him in Mrs. Heygood's sitting-room upstairs, the doctor having counselled prudence.

The servant had just carried out the empty dishes, when Mrs. Heygood came in with a note in her hand.

"You have something to tell me?" cried Fred.

"The silver is found!" she said.

"Where? How?"

"I cannot tell you; I only know that Mr. Heygood left home at half-past six, this morning, to play detective, he said; and just now he sent me this little note which reads, *'Tell Fred that the silver is found.'*"

"I hope," said Fred, with sudden and contrite sympathy, "I do hope it isn't those people you care so much about!"

"Ah, those poor Healys!" sighed Mrs. Heygood with troubled eyes. "Do you know, Fred, we would rather lose the silver? Mr. Heygood telegraphed your grandfather last night, and I hope this note means that you left those three pieces of silver at home."

"That is impossible!" said Fred, stoutly.

"O mamma! mamma!" cried Dorina, rushing in, "the silver was found here in Baybridge!"

"I am very sorry," said Fred.

ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

(To be continued.)

A CHILD AGAIN.

Oh for an hour in that dear place!
Oh for the peace of that dear time!
Oh for that childish trust sublime!
Oh for a glimpse of mother's face!

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

JASPER PRICE'S CORNER LOT.

"I'se *done* wid you, Jasper Price! Yes, sah, I'se done wid you for good an' all!"

A woman's voice rose, loud and shrill, from a little tumble-down cabin by a Georgia roadside.

Evidently the person addressed had no response to make, for after a little silence, the woman's voice rose again.

"I jes' wants you to pack up your traps an' cl'ar out, Jasper Price! An' doan't you nebbah show your face heah no mo' long ez you lib an' breave! I mean jes' 'zackly what I says, an' I doan' want to fin' you heah w'en I comes back from de spring!"

A moment later a short, solidly built, elderly black woman came out of the cabin, holding a tin pail in each hand, and hurried away toward a little spring in a ravine some distance from the house.

Her face was both wrathful and tearful, and she had a worn, tired look. A flapping old calico sunbonnet, drooping about her face, added to her dejected appearance.

A few minutes after she had left the house, a black man, not much taller than the woman, but stouter and slightly gray, came out of the cabin, and walked slowly, and with an evident attempt at dignity, down the dusty road.

In one hand he carried a small bundle tied up in a faded red cotton handkerchief, and in the other a cane, curiously carved, of a piece of gnarled wood. A green cotton bag was on his back, and within it could be seen the outlines of a violin.

It was Jasper Price, who had at last been stung to take this well-deserved rebuke from his wife in earnest.

Jasper had been born with a constitutional tendency toward slothfulness, which his will-power was quite too weak to overcome.

His wife, on the other hand, was a very industrious and energetic woman. She worked early and late, providing by far the greater part of the support of their large family of children. She had provided for her husband's wants as well, until her patience had been quite exhausted by several weeks of needless idleness on Jasper's part.

There had been a most vigorous outpouring of wrath, ending with this command to "Cl'ar out for good and all!"

But she did not suppose he would take her at her word and go.

"Dar aint no sich good luck for me as dat," she said, when she returned to the cabin and found that Jasper was not there. "He'll be back 'bout supper-time. Maybe he'll lay out ontel he gits oncommon hungry; but he'll come home den, sho' 'nough. I 'clar' if I aint a mind nebber to gin him anudder bite to eat!"

She had no opportunity to refuse him food. He did not come back to ask for it. He did not come back at all; days, weeks and months passed without a word of tidings from Jasper from any quarter.

His wife, kindly at heart, though overworked and worried, began to reproach herself. She discovered in her memory traits of excellence in her husband's character for which she had never before given him credit.

"I reckon I was too ha'sh wid 'im," she said. "He come f'm a lazy fambly; his daddy befo' 'im was too lazy for to draw his bref, an' some tink he died on dat 'count. I reckon Jasper's no-'countness was bawn in 'im, an' I done druv 'im 'way for what he couldn't holp!"

She found excuses to talk about him.

"He was mighty willin' an' 'bligin' 'bout some tings," she told a neighbor. "He'd 'ten' de baby by de hour. He'd allus car'y home de washin' I done fer de ladies in de town, an' my, couldn't he play de fiddle *beautiful*! Dar aint nobody 'round heah dat could bring out 'Moneymusk' an' 'De Swanee Ribber' an' 'Git out'n de way, Ole Dan Tuckah' like Jasper Price could. I does miss his fiddle a-jiggitin' away out on de po'ch ob a summer ebenin'."

Four months after Jasper's departure from home a stout, travel-stained black man, slightly gray, walked slowly and wearily up the trail leading to a new and promising Rocky Mountain mining camp.

He carried a little bundle tied up in a ragged red cotton handkerchief. The outlines of a violin could be traced within a green cotton bag on his back, and he gave his name, at the mouth of a shaft where he stopped to get a drink of water, as Jasper Price.

"Well, old pardner," said the man who gave him the drink of water, "you look as if you'd walked all the way from Georgia."

"You done struck pretty close to de trewf, sah," said Jasper, ruefully. "I'se walked many weary miles ob de way, an' I'd 'a' done walked de hull ob it ef it hadn't 'a' ben for dis yer fiddle."

He had heard wild stories of the ease and quickness with which fortunes were made in this mining camp, and in his simplicity he almost expected to find nuggets of gold and silver unregarded in the streets.

He found quite a different state of things. People here had to work hard for their living as elsewhere; only the rewards of energy and industry were perhaps larger and more prompt than in the older parts of the country.

Jasper could get no farther, and presently he found himself possessed of some share of the restless energy of the people around him. His dormant powers seemed to be aroused by the spirit of activity that was in the crisp and exhilarating mountain air.

No one could be supinely idle long in such a place as this great mining camp. Jasper was soon busy with axe and saw and hammer, putting up a little cabin for himself on a corner lot he had staked out for his own.

When the cabin was done, Jasper nailed a pine board over the door, on which was the one word, "LAWnDry." He could not read nor write, but he had induced an acquaintance among the miners to paint his sign for him.

In his spasmodic hours of industry when at home, Jasper used to help his wife with her daily washings and ironings, and had in this way acquired something of the wonderful skill that had given her the reputation of being the finest laundress in all the country round about her home.

Since Jasper did not know how to do anything else, and as there was a great demand for the one industry in which he had some skill, he had resolved to open a laundry.

His success was great and immediate. There were as yet in the camp very few women, and the prejudice against Chinamen was so great that it was not safe for one of that race to come into the camp.

Before the end of the first week Jasper was so overwhelmed with work that he hired a poor boy who had strayed into the camp as an assistant. Another helper was needed early in the second week, and still a third before a month was done.

Jasper had a flourishing business, and found it necessary to enlarge his shanty. He developed a capacity for business that he himself had never suspected.

His industry increased with his success. There was plenty of money in the camp, and it was not long before Jasper was possessed of ten times as much money as he had ever seen before. Moreover, his head was not turned by his success.

He had a queer habit of going about chuckling to himself and saying, "I mus' write a lettah one ob dese days; for a fac', I mus'. Hi! I bet hit'll be a mighty welcome lettah to de pusson what gits it, c'ase ob what 'll go 'long wid it. Oh, I'se gwine write a lettah by 'n' by, 'deed I is!"

Even-tempered as he had been in the midst of steadily increasing prosperity, Jasper almost lost his head when he was one day offered five thousand dollars for his corner lot. It was needed for a business block.

So fast had the town grown, and so speedy and great had been the rise in real estate, that Jasper's lot had become so valuable as this in less than three months. Fearing a possible decline in values, Jasper prudently sold his lot and removed his laundry.

It was then that he wrote his letter, or rather, had it written for him. Among his patrons was a young lawyer who had befriended Jasper on his first arrival in the camp, and who had taken an interest in him afterward. It was this friend to whom Jasper applied when he was ready to have the letter written, and the lawyer kept his secret.

It was about a month after the letter had been sent that the crowd which always assembled to await the arrival of the two stage-coaches, which came together from the slowly approaching line of railroad in the valleys below, noted the restlessness and peculiar actions of Mr. Jasper Price, who was by far the most prominent figure in the throng.

Newly shaven and spotlessly clean, he was arrayed in a shining suit of black, and wore a glossy high silk hat. He had given a bootblack twenty-five cents for an extra shine on his large shoes. His wide expanse of white shirt-front shone in the sunshine, and upon it was a huge breastpin of red and green glass and a gorgeous necktie of blue and yellow.

On his hands were kid gloves of a saffron hue, while a watch-chain of mighty and shining links was stretched across his waistcoat front.

His black face was beaming with kindly smiles, and he frequently chuckled softly to himself as he moved around restlessly in the crowd.

His excitement grew intense when some one called out, "There they come!" and a great cloud of dust rose at one end of the long, stony street.

The second of the two coaches bore such a load as it had never before carried. The driver, with his hand at the side of his mouth, had told the "boys" as he came up that "all Africa had broke loose."

At the side of the driver sat a short, well-knit, dust-covered negro woman, with a black and happy baby in her lap. Her face was wreathed in smiles as she looked down on the crowd, and a great responsive shout came from her lips when Uncle Jasper called out:

"Jinny! Heah I is! Doan' you see me, Jinny?"

From every window and door of the coach grinning black heads of all sizes and ages, and in all sorts of hats and caps and bonnets were now thrust with cries of "Daddy! daddy! We's come, daddy! Heah we is, daddy!"

"Hit's my fambly!" cried Jasper, as he pushed his way through the crowd. "Dem's my folks, in dat stage. Halleloover!"

Down and out they came into his outstretched arms.

"Glory!" he cried. "You's all heah! Heah's Jacky! An' Lotty! An' Libbutty Ann! An' Ab'aham—laws, how dey has all growed! An' de baby! Bless my soul, I'd nebbah knowed dat chile in all dis world—he's growed so! An' dis aint Washin'ton? How he am changed, too! An' heah's Matildy an' 'Minty Jane! Come an' kiss yer daddy!

"What! yo' aint 'feerd o' yer daddy kase he's dressed out so fine? I'se yer daddy, all de same! William Henry aint afeerd, is yo', boy?

"Is yer all out? No, dar's little Moses—I hardly knowed de chile, he's got so big! Well, well, well, if dis aint de happies' day I eber see!"

They made a queer procession as they walked away from the smiling crowd. Jasper led the way with the huge baby on his shoulder. His radiantly happy wife walked by his side, loaded with baskets and bundles, while the nine older children followed, each carrying a pot or a pan or a teakettle which their mother had foolishly seen fit to bring all the way from Georgia.

Fortunate days had dawned for the reunited family. Jasper's industry did not flag, and he and his thrifty wife showed great good sense in the use of the little fortune that had come to them.

When the decline of the camp's prosperity came, and the laundry business was no longer profitable, they went to fertile valleys below and bought a ranch, that their numerous boys and girls might be trained to habits of industry.

There, I dare say, they are still.

J. L. HARBOUR.

TIMES CHANGE.

In a copy of a magazine of the date of February, 1875, which was picked up in an attic the other day, was found a fashion-plate torn out of a magazine of the year 1859; and upon the margin of this older slip a well-known hand had written:

"How ridiculous these old 1859 fashions look, compared with our graceful, tasteful and becoming fashions of 1875!"

The person who had picked up the magazine then opened the large folded, colored leaf which had upon it the pictured forms of half-a-dozen highly dressed figures, and beneath it the legend:

"*Les modes Parisiennes—February, 1875.*"

It was impossible to restrain a burst of hearty laughter at these "graceful and tasteful fashions" of only sixteen years ago.

The women are draped in gowns that seem entirely made up of loops, tucks and bows. Their skirts do not seem to hang downward at all, but to be built up from the bottom in successive layers of flounces and bows, and overhung with immense "polonaises."

Around their necks are ridiculous ruffles. Their hair is built up in "chignons" at the back of the head, and upon the extremity of this projection a bonnet or hat is perched.

From beneath the bright green or dazzling blue skirts of the dresses, the absolutely square toes of a very singular shoe are seen to project.

The same hand that wrote the original comment takes up a magazine of 1891, and inserts between its leaves both the fashion-plates of 1859

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and 1875; but instead of an appreciative note, the fashion-plate of 1891 bears this comment:

"I *know* our fashions of 1891 are nicer than those of 1875; but I suppose they'll look just as ridiculous in 1907."

VEILED PROMISE.

More royal the rays of the rainbow
The deeper the tempest's gloom,
And, the darker the clouds of April,
The brighter the violets bloom.

Western Christian Advocate. —*Luella Clark.*

For the Companion.

THE BOMBAY MUTINY.

On a fine November morning in the year 1842, the ship *Bombay*, fifty-three days out from New York, sighted the Sugar Loaf, and running in past the forts that guard the entrance, anchored in the lovely bay of Rio de Janeiro.

Negroes and natives in curious boats and canoes surrounded the ship, offering for sale a bewildering variety of tropical fruits. The Brazilian Port Captain, in gorgeous uniform of green and yellow, came off to the ship in a barge with wooden awning, flying an enormous Brazilian flag, and pulled by twelve coal-black Congo negroes, naked to the waist.

The *Bombay*, John Gay, master, of six hundred tons register, was considered a vessel of good size in those days. She carried a crew of twelve men, with the Captain, two mates, carpenter, steward, cook and two boys.

I was in the mate's or port watch. Jim, the other boy, who was about my own age, was in the starboard watch. We boys messed in the steerage with the carpenter, a sour-tempered Dane.

On the first Sunday after our arrival, the port watch was given a day's liberty, and I went on shore with the rest. Passing through a great fleet of vessels of all nations at anchor, gaily dressed in flags, we landed, and were soon on the plaza.

I soon separated from the sailors, who sought the drinking shops. Wandering about, I saw many curious things. In a gay carriage, with six horses, outriders in rich livery, and a brilliant cavalry escort, I saw the youthful Emperor, Dom Pedro II., then scarcely seventeen years old.

I spent so much time in sight-seeing that when toward evening, I returned to the place where I had left the *Bombay's* boat, I found that it had gone off nearly an hour before; but for a small fee two black men pulled me off to the ship in a boat of their own.

As we neared the *Bombay*, I saw evidences of unusual commotion on board, and a signal of distress hoisted in the mizzen rigging. Arriving on board, I found what was the cause of the trouble.

Among the naval stores which composed our cargo were six hundred barrels of whiskey. In those days this liquor was served out as a daily ration in the United States Navy; but the practice did not prevail in the merchant service, liquor being allowed on board but few ships, and served as a ration in none.

Sailors were in those days noted for their ingenuity in stealing liquor, and to keep this out of his men's reach our Captain had stored the barrels in the fore and after runs or lowest parts of the lower hold. The sailors were aware of this, and on this day had found their chance to get at it.

Mr. Bowker, the chief mate, and the port watch were on shore, and Captain Gay had gone on board another ship, the *Angier*, to pass the day and dine with her commander. This left Mr. Daniels, the second mate, in charge. He was a rather easy-going young man, and soon retired to his state-room to enjoy the day in reading an interesting novel.

Chips, the carpenter, after smoking a pipe, went to sleep in his bunk, and the sailors found little difficulty in taking from his chest such tools as they wished. With these the starboard watch proceeded to cut a hole through the forecastle deck, and succeeded so well that by dinner-time they had broken out the upper tiers of stores, and exposed the barrels.

The cargo thus removed they piled up carefully in the quarters of the absent port watch, filling their side of the forecastle up to the carlines.

Not satisfied with broaching one barrel, they rigged a whip and hoisted three barrels of whiskey up into the forecastle, and concealed them underneath their berths.

They then returned the rest of the cargo to its place, and refitted the deck planks so carefully that scarcely a trace was left of their work.

After dinner the watch settled down to the business of drinking and carousing. When, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Daniels, having finished his novel, came forward to call away the boat to bring the liberty men on board, he was startled to find the entire watch drunk, and inclined to be quarrelsome.

The second mate at once sent the carpenter and the boy Jim in the dinghy on board the *Angier* for Captain Gay. The Captain, learning the state of affairs, accepted his friend Captain Edson's offer to send the *Angier's* boat for our liberty men. The two Captains came at once on board our ship in the dinghy. The arrival of the liberty men, who were also drunk, made matters worse instead of better, for the two watches fell to fighting in the forecastle.

This was the disturbance which was taking place when, amidst the cries and shouts of the rioters, I arrived on board. Captain Gay, who was one of the old-time sea-captains, and "a very taut hand" with his crews, ordered the second mate to go down into the forecastle, and bring up any rum he might find there. He supposed that the liquor the men had been drinking was smuggled on board from the bumboat.

Mr. Daniels went down with a very ill grace, I thought. The forecastle was just then a very lion's den. He did not stay long, as you may suppose, but came up with a rush through the hatchway, with a bleeding nose and puffed eye.

When he could get his breath, he exclaimed, "They've got a barrel of whiskey there on tap, sir, and they are fighting over it like a lot of wild Indians! It was all I could do to get out of it alive."

This was nothing less than mutiny, and Captain Gay felt that his action must be summary. Going to the cabin, he returned with four revolvers, and gave one each to the officers and carpenter.

Then, looking down the hatch, he shouted, "Men, come up on deck, every one of you!"

A howl of derision was the only reply.

"I will give you five minutes to get up here, or I'll come down there and find out the reason why!" he cried.

They simply yelled defiantly in drunken chorus.

"Come along, Mr. Bowker," said the Captain. "You and I will start these fellows up. Mr. Daniels, you and the carpenter put the irons on them as they come up the hatchway!"

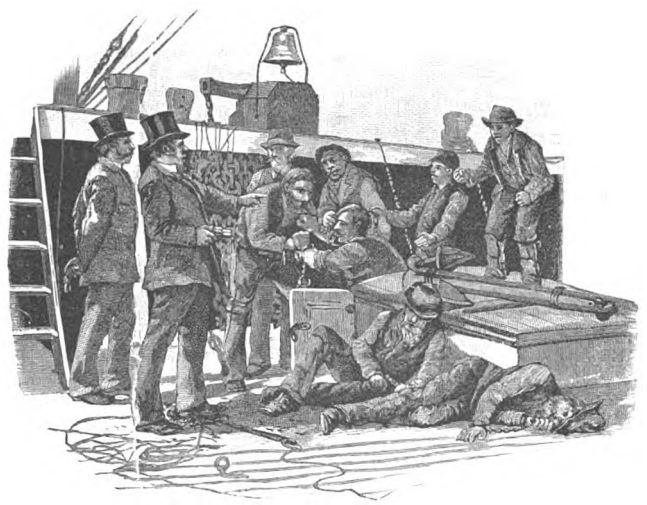
The Captain and mate bravely started down the ladder, revolvers in hand.

They were taking desperate chances. It is no small thing for two men, even with arms in their hands, to face a dozen maddened sailors, at close quarters, in a hand-to-hand encounter such as this must be.

Jim and I had gone forward to see the outcome of the affair. We were, of course, in a high state of excitement as the Captain and mate disappeared below.

For several minutes there was a terrible confusion of voices, and then a sound of blows, followed by the sharp crack of a pistol. Then a pause, followed by a renewal of the uproar. Another shot was fired, and almost immediately the Captain appeared, struggling with a stalwart fellow who had grasped the pistol by the barrel, and was striving to get possession of it.

The carpenter leaned over and struck the sailor a heavy blow with a pair of iron handcuffs, upon which the fellow let go his grasp and fell heavily down the ladder. The Captain then came up, bleeding from a blow on the side of his face, and with his clothing torn to shreds. Mr. Bowker quickly followed in an even worse condition, and without his pistol, which he had lost in the affray.



Quelling a Mutiny.

Mr. Daniels pulled over the scuttle and slipped in the bar. Feeling that the wild beasts were at least caged, our side called a parley.

"I hit one of the scoundrels in the arm," said the Captain. "Did your shot take effect, Mr. Bowker?"

"I think so, sir."

I happened just then to glance through a port, and saw a boat coming alongside. "Here's a boat, sir, with some officers," I reported.

The Captain went to the gangway, and received a Brazilian officer who came on board. Looking curiously at the Captain's disordered condition he said, "I am sent by the Port Captain to inquire what trouble you are in, as you have a distress signal flying."

The Captain explained, and the Lieutenant went forward to investigate. Mr. Bowker opened the hatchway, and the Lieutenant called down in his formal English, "Mariners, I command that you come on deck at once!"

"Who are you, monkey-face?" came a voice from below. "Get out of this, or we'll serve you worse than we did old Bowker!"

A pistol-shot whistled ominously past the young officer, while a chorus of yells and cat-calls saluted him as he drew back.

"But, Captain," said the officer, "this is a mutiny! I must report to my commanding officer and obtain further assistance." He hurried to his boat and left the ship.

By this time it was growing dark, and affairs were in a bad state for the night. The two Captains consulted together as to the best course to pursue. As discipline had become almost a dead letter, we all gathered aft, having first secured the forward hatchway, and several propositions were discussed by the officers.

"Captain Gay," said Captain Edson, "if you take my advice you will not allow the authorities to meddle in this matter, at this stage of the mutiny at least. If you do allow them to interfere they will put you to both trouble and expense, and possibly delay your voyage. I would at least exhaust your own resources first."

"That is good advice," replied our Captain. "But what shall I do with those wild men down there?"

"Come below and we will talk over a plan by ourselves," said Captain Edson, as he glanced at my companion Jim, who, with mouth and ears both wide open, was pushing forward to catch every word. They went below, and Mr. Bowker, gazed in astonishment, but obeyed orders, and the chips began to fly.

The Captain then went to the galley and returned with an iron pot, to which he attached a line; and Captain Edson poured the contents of his package into the kettle.

By this time the hole was cut through the deck.

"Stand by to open the scuttle, Mr. Bowker," said the Captain. "Now, men," he called down, as the hatch was opened carefully, "are you ready to come up like men, or shall I make you come up like sheep?"

The men greeted this with more shouts of derision. Many of them had waked, and were again drinking the liquor.

The Captain closed the hatch, and called out, "Cook, bring a shovelful of coals here!"

The cook came with the live coals, which he put, as directed, into the pot.

As the dense white smoke of the burning brimstone in the vessel curled up, the Captain lowered the pot through the hole, keeping it just below the deck and out of reach of the men, and placed two wet swabs over the orifice, so that none of the fumes might escape.

Flesh and blood could not have endured the suffocating vapors that presently filled the forecastle. In less than ten minutes there was a terrific rush up the ladder, and a violent effort was made to raise the hatch, which was prevented by the lashings and the kedge anchor.

"Stand by, now, all of you," said the Captain, "and clap the handcuffs on them as I let them through."

He opened one door, through which the first man precipitated himself. He was secured, and the door quickly closed.

They were let out, one by one, until the whole twelve lay handcuffed on the deck in a row. The last ones were scarcely able to crawl up, so suffocating were the noxious fumes to which they had been exposed in the forecastle.

Captain Gay walked up and down the deck in glee at the complete success of his experiment, and addressed the captives as he passed.

"Oh, you are a precious lot of scoundrels, aren't you? You thought you had the weather-gage of me, did you? I think you will sing a different tune when you find yourselves in the calaboose! Mr. Bowker, signal for the police boat, and send these fellows off as quickly as possible, and let us be rid of them."

He turned aft, and went down to breakfast with Captain Edson.

When the police boat came, which was in a short time, the officer was greatly surprised to find so large a number of subjects awaiting him. They were taken on shore, and after remaining in the city prison until we had sailed, they were finally allowed to ship in a whaler that came in short of hands, rather than be sent home for trial.

Our Captain picked up another crew without difficulty, and went on unlading. We then took on board a cargo of coffee, and carried it to New Orleans.

The new crew remained with the *Bombay* while she loaded with cotton for Liverpool, and thence home to Boston, where all hands were paid off, and the ship discharged.

F. STANHOPE HILL.

For the Companion.

AT HOME IN THE BUSH.

Though, according to the almanac, this is spring, and there are birds to tell us so, there are few blossoms, even in warm nooks, and the "oak scrub" is the last of the underwoods to brighten into life.

At present it looks peculiarly uninviting, seeming determined to keep its secrets hidden from any impertinent Paul Pry. But in spite of scratches and interfering fingers, I struggle into the tangle, and am rewarded immediately.

A restless bit of canary-yellow among the low branches draws near bit by bit, until it is but a few feet away; a summer warbler, surely, but brown-capped like a chipping-sparrow.

There is something suggestively feminine in the agitated manner, and an odd, jetting motion of the tail, as he moves incessantly from twig to twig. Unable to satisfy his curiosity at long range, he suddenly flies up, and poising on fluttering wings, looks straight into my eyes for an instant, then flits slowly away, bush by bush, out of sight.

This red-capped "palm-warbler," as he is called, is apparently of different mettle from our common yellow warbler, who certainly shows neither diffidence nor nervousness, except when his maltese younglings are threatened; then what a fierce little fury he becomes!

In the top of the tallest hickory the brown thrush is pouring out his notes in whimsical hurry, and the catbird, skulking in the alders, answers my greeting with a sulky, discontented squawk. In an open space sparrows, with black stripes upon their caps, are playing a pretty game—a mixture of running and flying; and at intervals they all spring, twittering, into the air together.

There is a flash of bright color through the leafless branches, and down into a crotch above my head drops a larger bird, with velvety black head and throat and crimson pinafore.

There is no mistaking the rose-breasted grosbeak, but this is not his usual song. A quick chirp, as if to call attention, is followed by soft, beseeching, legato tones: "Here! You wouldn't harm us, would you?" Receiving a reassuring answer, he wings away again.

The oak level slopes steeply to the bog, where the triumphant "O glee-e-e!" of the red-wing is mingled with the clear, sweet notes of the meadow lark, and the liquid gurgle and trill of swallows.

Some new birds have arrived since yesterday; notably the redstarts, with their black caps and coats, and bars of orange and flame upon wing and tail. They are as restless as they are brilliant; always in a flutter, spreading wings and tail so wide that they resemble butterflies rather than birds. They are as full of curiosity, too; circling from branch to branch, they peer over at the intruder into their paradise, or alight with handsome tail outspread, head downward, upon the nearest tree-trunk, questioning the while in rapid tones.

Now two or three birds drop together straight down through a swarm of gnats, and we hear the rapid clicking of tiny bills. A solitary speck of yellow is also busy at fly-catching, but you must listen closely to distinguish her contented chirps.

Ah! here is a play worth watching. Moving up and down the path is a linnet, spreading and fluttering his wings to display his bright colors.

Hear his notes of anxious entreaty! He is fairly dancing in the endeavor to make a favorable impression upon his sober-gowned mistress. Would you suspect that she was conscious of a lover's proximity?

Apparently deaf to him, her attention is given solely to gleaning a supper among the weeds. Not a glance nor a syllable does she vouchsafe.

Suddenly she turns and dashes at him angrily. He retreats crestfallen, but she has hardly made feint of forgetfulness before he approaches again.

Allowing him to come quite near, she darts at him with a savage peck, and chases him from the field. Then she comes back to perch upon a bush, to preen her feathers and set her cap anew, with a comical air of having done a very praiseworthy action.

But we have wandered from the oak thicket, where a rustling among the dead leaves tells me that one of my especial friends has arrived. So prepare to fight your way among the thorny bushes, and we will observe him.

It is slow progress, but at every pause the rustling is nearer. Now it is but a few feet away, when up springs "Chewink" to the lowest bough of a hickory, crying, "*Towhee!* Who are *you?*"

There! isn't he a beauty? "Ground robin" the children name him, but his black is not rusty, like that of our more familiar bird. His red waistcoat is much richer in tint than the robin's, and a long tail adds much to his grace and dignity.

"*Towhee!* Who are *you?*" he repeats sharply, hopping a branch higher at every call, until, reaching the treetop, he sails slowly down into the scrub and falls to scratching again.

Following him up, we gradually drive him from the bushes, and in the open have a good view of him and his mate, who has hitherto kept herself concealed. Both are perfectly at ease, merely taking care to keep a dozen or fifteen feet ahead of us, and feeding as they go.

The thicket is beginning to show other life at last; golden-green tassels, crimson tufts and velvet leaves are slowly hiding bare branches. Little by little the bird voices grow fewer. Some of our

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friends have gone north for the season; others are much occupied with family cares, and have less leisure for mirth and frolic.

The field-sparrow sings rapturously; the catbird is as saucy and voluble as ever; the summer warbler announces every visit to his nest with rapid, golden tones; but the wings that flit about



Early Spring Birds.

the scrub are not so easily distinguished among the green. Our especial warbler—his nest is in the mock-orange bush by the window—objects to anything resembling a crow. He it was who first called our attention to a crow blackbird that was prospecting in the dwarf cherry-trees, long before the fruit began to redden.

One afternoon we were drawn to the window by the excited cawing of the blackbird, who had just discovered that cherries were ripe. He called many times, and answering caws came from the meadow willows; but no one came to see.

"Cherries!" he shrieked, but only received derisive answers.

Then he flew across to his companions, shouting as he went, and there was a stormy discussion. But his friends were incredulous; not one of them would trust him.

Back he came, plucked a sample of the fruit, and taking it across to the unbelievers, brought over the whole noisy troop at once.

We drove them away, but looked out an hour later to find that they had all returned, and were enjoying themselves—in perfect silence.

One sunny October afternoon we were crossing a brook near the shore, when our attention was attracted by the strange behavior of a cow in the meadow. She was standing motionless, with her neck craned forward, looking intently at the further side of the brook, where the falling tide had left a wide curve of sandy mud.

Drawing nearer to see what she was gazing at, we became aware of a large flock of sandpipers. Most of them were feeding along the margin of the stream, but the others—fourteen in number—were engaged in a lively game upon the hard mud of the flat. The players were stationed about three feet apart in two rings, which revolved in opposite directions.

In other respects the game was similar to "leap-frog." Each bird ran forward, and met its opposite of the other "set;" both sprang into the air with a twitter, and, alighting, continued the revolution, to take up the figure again with the next in line.

All were running, leaping, and running on with great rapidity and regularity, so that the rhythm of a dance was kept fairly well. Evidently they had had plenty of practice.

A wagon, rumbling over the bridge, startled the busy foragers, and they rose with a great whirr of wings, and drifted away over the fields seaward; the dancers, intent upon their game, were left behind.

Then appeared the man with the gun. The cow, still "pointing" patiently, prevented any "comprehensive" shooting. We had once eaten bird-pie; for the moment we sympathized with the sportsman's attempt to obtain that tempting delicacy. We were curious, too, to see how he would shoot around the cow without hitting her.

Creeping as near to her as possible, he fired. The cow had learned her dancing lesson well, and during the progress of the tragedy, she imitated every motion of the birds to the best of her clumsy ability. At the first report of the gun she leaped into the air, regained her feet, sidled off a few paces, stopped and pointed at the surviving birds, who, rising at the shot, had dropped back upon the ground, and were attempting to resume their interrupted game.

The cow continued to occupy the most inconvenient position for the perplexed gunner, and continued to watch the birds. This was repeated with each of seven shots that the man fired, until a solitary, bewildered birdling, alone remaining of the merry company, drifted farther down stream among the tall rushes, and we left the cow rigidly "pointing" at the place where it had disappeared.

"All young birds!" said the sportsman, as he regained the bridge. Poor children! They had never been under fire before, and had, no doubt, thought this a very kind and pleasant world.

SARA E. CUSHMAN.

For the Companion.

EVENING.

Slow, slow, the lashes of the twilight
Are drooping o'er the tired eye of day,
And stars are stealing through their shadows
Like dreams of dazzling wonders far away.

CHAS. H. BATTEY.

THE CANADIAN ELECTION.

On Thursday, March Fifth, a general election was held throughout the Dominion of Canada for the choice of a new Parliament. This election was watched with unusual interest, not only in Canada itself, but in the United States and in Great Britain. It was, perhaps, the most exciting and important political crisis which has hitherto taken place in the Dominion.

The main issue of the election was upon the question of the commercial relations between Canada and the United States. The ministry in power, with the veteran Sir John Macdonald at its head, advocated what they called "limited reciprocity;" that is, a treaty with the United States which should exchange a certain limited and specified number of products between the two countries free of duty.

The party in opposition, or Liberals, on the other hand, favored "unrestricted reciprocity," which meant that there should be a general exchange of products, raw and manufactured, between the Dominion and the United States, without the imposition of duties on either side thereon. The Liberals, in short, proposed virtual free trade between the two countries.

While Sir John Macdonald suggested that Canada should only send natural products free into the United States,—such as articles raised on the Canadian farms,—the Liberals were ready, apparently, for a commercial union with our Republic, even if that implied the maintenance of a tariff against the mother country, Great Britain.

But the main issues thus presented at the beginning of the campaign were somewhat modified as it advanced.

Sir John Macdonald suddenly charged the Liberal leaders with the "treasonable" design of aiming at not only a commercial, but a political, union also with the United States, and appealed with great fervor to the patriotism of Canadians, and to their loyalty to the English connection.

This was a shrewd and adroit electioneering device, and no doubt had the desired effect on a considerable number of Canadian voters; the Liberals were put on the defensive, and so lost the advantage, which, at the outset of the campaign, they seemed to have in placing Sir John in that position.

The result of the election was a moderate triumph for Sir John and the Conservatives. At the last general election, in 1887, the Conservatives had carried the day by choosing one hundred and twenty-two members, while the Liberals chose ninety-three.

But since that election a certain number of opponents of the ministry had been won over to its support, so that at the dissolution last February the Canadian House of Commons stood one hundred and thirty-one Conservatives to eighty-four Liberals—a majority for the ministry of forty-seven.

The election just held resulted in placing the relative strength of the two parties at just about the same figures as it stood after the election of 1887. That is, of the new House of Commons, one hundred and twenty-three are Conservatives and supporters of the Macdonald ministry, and ninety-two are Liberals, following the leadership of Hon. Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright.

These figures may be slightly changed by the official count, but they nearly represent the actual extent of Sir John Macdonald's victory.

The results of this election are likely to be more important than appears on the face of it. A very large minority of the Canadian voters, to say the least, are in favor of practically a commercial union with the United States, which would establish virtual free trade between them; and this feeling seems likely to grow instead of to lessen.

Besides, the subject of political annexation to this country has begun to be boldly and openly discussed in Canada, and the sentiment in its favor is evidently more widespread than ever before.

For the Companion.

AN APRIL FOOL.

Snow on the ground,
With June in the skies,
Birds in the air
And gay butterflies,
Sunshiny laughter, with tears all a-flow,
Sap snows, and sweet scent of maples a-blow.
Brooks gleaming with trout, and snowbanks with flowers,
We're nipped by Jack Frost, we're pelted by showers.
South winds to warm us,
North winds to cool us,—
And this is the way
April will fool us.

HATTIE A. PIKE.

SETTLING OLD ACCOUNTS.

Among the last acts of Congress at its late session were the settlements of two very old accounts. One of them finds the circumstances on which it was based in the first year of the Civil War. The other is a claim so ancient that President Polk vetoed it in 1846, and it was then almost half a century old.

The expenditures caused by the Civil War were enormous, but it was a long time before the government could get its great taxing and borrowing machinery in order so that it would yield enough money to pay the bills as they came in.

Among the devices adopted to provide funds was that of a "direct tax,"—that is, a tax laid directly upon the people according to their numbers. Such a tax the Constitution requires to be levied in the same proportion upon the States as representatives in Congress are apportioned.

The amount to be raised was twenty million dollars, but any State which assumed the tax on behalf of its citizens, and paid the sum to the United States, was allowed a commission of fifteen per cent. upon the amount levied. About fifteen and a quarter million dollars was collected under this law.

But while the Northern States paid the full amount, only one of the Southern States did so; though various sums were collected by United States tax-collectors, directly from the people, in every one of the seceded States.

It has long been urged upon Congress that the government should either collect the rest of the taxes from the States that had not paid, or return all that had been collected.

The fiftieth Congress passed an act to refund the amount, but it was vetoed by President Cleveland. The Senate then passed the bill over the veto by more than a two-thirds vote, but the House of Representatives did not vote on the question. At the late session the bill was passed, and signed by the President.

The sums paid by the States are to be refunded to them. Whatever was paid to tax-collectors by individuals will be refunded directly to them or their heirs. And all amounts still due from the people of any State are remitted.

The French Spoliation Claims arose out of the depredations committed by the French upon American commerce between the years 1793 and 1801. The American Government asked merchants to send to it their claims against the French.

By the terms of a treaty between France and the United States, in 1800, these claims were offset to claims which France made upon the United States. This government having thus benefited by releasing the claims of its own citizens, became bound to pay those claims.

These facts were reported to Congress, and the obligation was admitted, as early as 1803. But money sufficient to settle the claims was not easy to get in those times, and Congress never passed a bill favorable to the claimants until 1846. That bill was vetoed; and so also was another—by President Pierce—passed by the thirty-third Congress.

Meantime, and since, reports to the number of between thirty and forty have been made to Congress, not one of which since 1826 has been against the claims.

Finally, by an act passed in 1885, the Court of Claims was authorized to ascertain the amounts due on account of French Spoliations, but it was expressly provided that this act should not commit the government to the payment of them.

Since then there has been in each Congress an attempt to secure the payment of the claims ascertained, but in each case it has failed until the present year. The amount now authorized to be paid is less than two million dollars, but there are many claims not yet passed upon by the Court.

There has been much debate, some of it exceedingly bitter, over each of these two old accounts, and at times it has verged upon political debate. But the appropriations in both instances have been made with the strong approval of members of both parties.

THE REASON WHY.

A crowd had gathered in the village street, watching a bear-dance. Mr. Grove, the storekeeper, passing, laughed at the bears, nodded to his neighbors, but went on his way.

"Say, Grove!" shouted Abe Lake. "Stop and look at this. You never saw anything funnier in your life."

"I am too busy," said Grove, as he hurried on.

Abe, who was plowing a field for Squire Smith, followed the bear and the organ-grinder through the town, pitching pennies to them until his pockets were emptied.

"I'm a poor man, but I can afford to pay for my fun!" he bragged. "There's that skinflint Grove can't waste half an hour or a penny!"

At the end of the day, however, when he went to the Squire for his wages, he was enraged because he received only a half-day's pay.

"You followed the bear all the morning," said his employer, dryly.

Abe's wrath was increased when, a moment later, he met Mr. Grove driving out with his wife in a comfortable carriage. The Squire of the village happened to be passing at the time, and heard Abe call down vengeance on "bloated aristocrats and misers who were rolling in riches, and hoarded every penny and every minute."

"Hold up there, Abe," said the Squire. "Grove is no miser. He gives away more than you earn; but he takes his amusement when his work is done. Did it ever occur to you," he said, meaningly, "that Grove is able to live in a comfortable house and to drive in a carriage because he and his forefathers were industrious and careful of their money and time, and that you are poor because you and your fathers wasted both?"

Abe was silenced, but not convinced.

There are people in every community who act and reason like Abe. They know that they would enjoy riches and the pleasures which riches bring, and rail against Providence as unjust for withholding those pleasures, and against the rich man as unworthy because he has them.

In this country, where the chances are so many and vast, the man who has good health and reason, and yet reaches middle age in want, must, in most cases, be in some measure himself to blame. Wise frugality, and steady, persistent industry, rarely fail to place a man far above want.

A poor man is not necessarily worthy because he is poor, nor a rich one a miser and tyrant because he is rich. In no country have great capitalists used their money so wisely and freely for the benefit of their fellow-men as here, where the money gained by almost every rich man has been by his own personal effort.

WITH A DIFFERENCE.

"So your old school friend did not forget you, when she became an heiress," said a lady, just returned from Australia, to her sister, a sweet woman, rich in everything save money. "When you wrote me that she invited you to lunch and took you to drive I was pleased. I fancied she might be spoiled by prosperity."

"She does invite me to her house," said the other, slowly, "and yet, she does it 'with a difference.' She takes care to ask me when no one else is there, and though my clothes are not of the best, I sometimes think they are not bad enough to shut me out from good society. Janet means to be kind, but sometimes her favors only serve as pins to prick me."

The socially "undesirable" are sure to notice and to feel a behavior thus nicely adapted to their inferior position.

"Why," said a little ragged child, who had picked up the handkerchief of a beautiful and gracious woman, "she spoke just as if I was like her own little girl! She said, 'Thank you, my dear. You are very kind.'"

"And didn't give you a cent!" suggested a coarser-natured companion. "I guess not!" flamed the other. "She was a real lady. She knew better than to spoil it."

Another woman, of a gracious tact, was taking a cup of chocolate at a railway counter, when a pinched-looking newsboy found his way to her, and asked her to buy a paper.

"I have one, thank you," said she. "Won't you take a cup of chocolate?"

Undoubtedly he would, and the beverage was ordered.

"Large or small cup?" asked the waiter, and when the lady answered, "Large," a friend at her side whispered:

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"Why, they're like bowls! give him a small one."

"My own is large," was the answer. "Would it be quite courteous to offer him less?"

A lady who had invited a party of the London poor into the country, for a day, being resolved that they should be treated exactly like her usual guests, had them shown to a chamber, to leave their wraps. When she learned that the idea of a beautiful and dainty bedroom was almost awe-inspiring to a set of people accustomed to herd together on filthy mattresses, she did not regret her hospitality.

"Will you tell me," said one starved-looking girl, to the trim maid in waiting, "if this little white bed was ever slept on?"

Another called out, in irrepressible excitement, "Mother, mother, come up here! Here's a bed with a room all to itself!"

THE CZAR'S BACK.

The penalties of being an absolute ruler are well illustrated in a story of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia which was recently related by Prince Bismarck. It emphasizes the familiar saying that the Government of Russia is "an absolute despotism, tempered by assassination."

At one time, the story goes, the Emperor Nicholas's physicians, to relieve him of some bodily suffering, ordered that his back should be rubbed thoroughly every day.

The Emperor neglected to take steps to have the injunction carried out, and the doctors insisted. The Emperor then wrote a letter to King Frederick William of Prussia, asking him to send to St. Petersburg three or four non-commissioned officers of the Prussian Royal Guard to perform the service required by the physicians.

King Frederick William promptly detailed four stalwart non-commissioned officers of his guard to go to St. Petersburg and rub the back of the Russian Emperor.

They performed the service faithfully, and the Emperor recovered from his malady. When, at last, the men returned to their regiment, they were laden with valuable gifts.

The Emperor, in speaking of the matter to the Prussian King afterward, said:

"As long as I have my people face to face, all is well. But I cannot trust my back to their hands. That would be risking altogether too much."

The fault, however, was not all with the Czar's people. It was with the Czar himself, and the system of despotic authority which he represented.

TOO MANY IMMIGRANTS.

A very interesting report made by Mr. Frank L. Dingley to the Department of State suggests a new fact relating to emigration which deserves attention. Mr. Dingley studied European emigration on the spot, and gives a vast amount of useful information in regard to it.

Picturing a scene at Naples in the spring of 1890, a steamship loaded with emigrants about to sail for New York, he says: "It is an exodus, not of political or of religious persecution; obviously the gospel of this movement seen in those half-fed faces is the gospel of want. There was never in politics so much bread and so little butter."

The fact to which we refer is that the collapse of the finances of South American countries has quite stopped the movement of Italians to the Argentine Republic, and that the stream of emigration is now wholly diverted to the United States.

In 1888 and 1889 South America received four times as many Italian emigrants as came to this country. The passion for emigration has now become so general that there is likely to be no cessation of the movement; and as there is now little inducement for emigrants to go anywhere except to the United States, they will all come here.

This circumstance forces anew upon the attention of our public men the importance of taking measures to regulate and control immigration.

It seems to be time to shut the doors.

DENIED FOR A REASON.

In Germany it cannot be said with truth, as it is said in England and other monarchical countries, that "the King reigns, but does not govern." The German Emperor fulfills many of the actual functions of government.

Not long ago the newspapers of that country ascertained this fact, and at the same time received a little rebuke which was not sugar-coated.

In Germany the telegraphs are the property of the government. The proprietors of a large number of daily newspapers, believing that they were required to pay too high a charge for their telegraphic messages, petitioned the government for a decrease of the press rates.

The petition was referred to the Emperor William. He considered it a few moments, and then wrote upon the margin:

"The present rate is not too high. The useless despatches that the newspapers publish every day prove this superabundantly."

The newspapers did not obtain their reduction.

CONSERVATIVE.

One seldom meets in these days an old-fashioned English Tory, but thirty years ago they were not uncommon. The late Richard H. Dana, during his visit to England in 1856, found one while riding in a railroad car from Salisbury to Portsmouth.

The man was an English farmer of the middle class, a heavy, beef-fed, big-fisted fellow, full of prejudices. He said that the laborers and servants of the country were being ruined. "And, strange to say, sir," he added, "our church is at the bottom of it."

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear that," remarked Mr. Dana. "How is it?"

"Why, they are educating them—for charity. Now there's no use in making a charity of reading, writing and arithmetic. When it's proper they should know these things, there's no master or mistress but will see they are taught them.

"Then too," he continued, "these ladies teach 'em to do crochet work."

Here he made an absurd imitation of crochet-working with his great clumsy fingers.

"And then, instead of making a coarse frock for their father or brother to work in, they are doing crochet work. And then if master or mistress rings the bell, no answer; ring again, no answer; ring again, no answer. You go upstairs to see what the matter is, and she's writing a letter!

"No, sir, that won't do. There'll be nobody left to milk the cows and scour the floors."

HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN.

Doctor Schliemann, who died during the past winter, was one of those men whose dreams come true, but only because he had the indomitable resolution which never fails. First he conquered poverty, and then he conquered ignorance, for he became not only a wealthy but cultivated man entirely by his own efforts. More interested in the heroic age of Greece than in his own time, and fully determined to unearth ancient Troy, he found delight from day to day in making the scene-setting of his life as truly Homeric as possible. As an enthusiastic friend writes from Athens to the *Independent*:

Among his busy servitors were Æneas and Creusa; Bellerophon was his porter, and Priam kept his garden; Circe and Electra were his handmaids. His own children were Andromache and Agamemnon from their birth.

From the day he looked upon the rude picture of burning Troy in his father's lowly parsonage, he knew his mission. From the moment when, apprenticed to retail molasses over a village counter, he heard a drunken *Bursche* spouting Homer, the passion of his soul was constant. He had to wait, indeed; to dig up Troy was a task, he knew, that wealth alone could compass, and to wealth, for Troy's sake, he hewed his way through the very fastnesses of fate.

The goal reached at thirty-six, he sat down, like any little child, to learn his *alpha beta*, and master the mighty epics in the tongue divine. Henceforth Homer was his gospel. He never lay down to sleep without reading some Homeric verses. It was his evening prayer, and even at table his servant would read aloud to him from the master until, in his enthusiasm, he would cry:

"Hear the music! hear the music!"

The lines of Homer were his orchestra.

He went to Mycenæ to find Agamemnon, and he found him. He went to Troy to uncover Priam's citadel, and he uncovered it, even though centuries had piled city upon city on its ruins. And now, his mission accomplished, he sleeps, with his beloved Homer on his breast.

WOOD STEWS.

We have all had our sympathies aroused by the statement that the natives of Northern Siberia are often during famines compelled to resort to wood for food. The fact is that careless observers have simply been imposed upon, or they have jumped at conclusions without caring, or perhaps being able to make inquiries, and because they thought that a statement about being compelled to use wood for food would make a heart-rending page for their books, and by inference show what a distressing time they themselves must have had among such surroundings.

Wood in a certain form is a most common and constant article of diet on the Lena River, all along the north coast, and in the immediate neighborhood of Yakutsk, in fact wherever the Yakut resides.

North of Verchoyansk, except in a few sheltered valleys it may be said there is no other wood than the larch, and for miles south of the tree limit absolutely no other.

The natives eat it because they like it. Even when fish are plentiful it usually forms part of the evening meal, as the many cleanly stripped larch logs near every hut testify.

These people know by experience that the fact of their eating wood arouses the sympathies of strangers, and shrewdly use it to excite pity and to obtain a gift of tea and tobacco. They scrape off the thick layers immediately under the bark of a log, and chopping it fine mix it with snow. It is then boiled in a kettle. Sometimes a little fish roe is mixed with it, and further south cow's milk or butter.

"I have often," says William H. Schuetze, "seen it eaten without anything additional, although, as in the present instance, there was apparently enough other food on hand."

HE WAS "PORTER."

Etiquette is after all so intangible a thing that it is necessary to learn it anew for each situation in which one is placed, and there are often instances where there is a strong temptation to laugh at the whole scheme of social distinctions.

Not long since a gentleman who has travelled much, and has acquired the habit—which certainly is a questionable one—of calling every waiter John, chanced to be in a parlor-car between New York and Boston, and to wish to ask some service of the porter.

"Look here, John!" he began, "I wish —"

But the porter interrupted him with the utmost gravity of manner.

"On this car, sir," he said, "it is etiquette to call me 'porter,' and that I will answer to. You have not an acquaintance with me that warrants your calling me by my Christian name, although," he added, seeing that the stranger was staring at him in undisguised amazement, "if you really wish to know my name, I will give you my card."

The passenger muttered something incoherent, and then went meekly away to sit down and to try to recover his moral balance.

GIVE AND TAKE.

The following story may not be true. Indeed, it probably is not; but we may say that if it were true, it would teach a lesson as well as excite a smile. We find the story in a New York paper.

When Jay Gould arrived in Boston a few days ago, he was confronted by a youngster with an unusually dirty face, who shouted, "Mornen' paper, only two cents!"

The millionnaire bought a paper, and gave the boy a five-cent piece, saying, "Keep the change, and buy a cake of soap to wash your face with."

The newsboy counted out three cents, and dropped them into Mr. Gould's hand.

"Keep your change," said the boy, "and buy a book on politeness."

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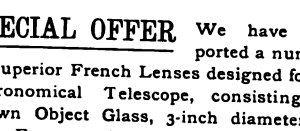
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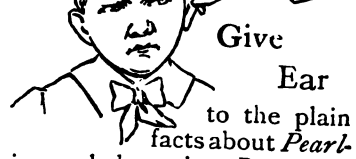
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SUGGESTIONS

GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

Note on a map what was the extent of the United States in 1789.

Where was then the geographical centre of the country?

What was the first new territory gained?

Why and by what means was it acquired?

What territory has been gained since?

Learn why, when and how each piece was obtained.

Where is now the country's centre?

For the Companion.

A REJOINDER.

Why should you deem my faith is gone,
Because my locks are turning gray,
In pixie, gnome and leprechawn,
And all Titania's glad array?
With me 'tis quite the other way.

For all around me, as I walk
Through verdant tokens of the spring,
I hear the tasselled larches talk
Of gifts the elves have toiled to bring,
While nesting birds new love-notes sing.

Estrays from Wonderland they come
Each year, despite what science tells;
From jewel-corniced cave and dome,
Where flower-born sprites endue their spells,
And everlasting summer dwells.

By lake and woodland, sea and strand
All beauty of the year to be
Is forged for us in Fairyland,
And, fashioned where we cannot see,
For bird and beast, for flower and tree.

While oftentimes Frost-gnomes are fain.
When all the land is white with snow,
To picture on each window-pane
Foreshadowings of what months will show
When with all odorous hues they glow.

And so I think that Life, not Death,
Is always potent, always true;
That, after we have stayed our breath,
Love will its own fair germs renew
And open Dreamland to full view!

JOHN MORAN.

For the Companion.

THE DAKOTAS.

Scattered throughout the length and breadth of a great tract of land that soon will be a recollection and a name only,—the great Sioux Reservation,—little bands of devoted men have for many years been at work quietly, but effectively and unostentatiously.

They have learned the various dialects of a complicated language—complicated because of the combination of signs and spoken words that cannot be reduced to any rule; they have healed the sick and bound up the hurts of the wounded; they have quelled tumults, braved death and preached the gospel, and now they stand triumphant and revered, while over them and those whom they guide and teach waves the white banner whose only symbol is the Cross of Christ.

To the missionaries and teachers of the Far Northwest—ranging in denomination from Catholic to Unitarian, but all animated by the same high purpose—is due, more even than to the soldier, the pacification of the vanquished nation of the Dakotas.

In the prosecution of their work what did these self-sacrificing men find? They found, once they had gained the Indian's confidence, that he was not all vicious, violent and bloodthirsty.

They found that, unlike his white brother, he never swore. He never took in vain the name of the Great Spirit, nor even the names of any of the numerous subordinate deities to whom he believed that the supreme God delegated supernatural powers.

If he disliked a thing, he simply called it bad; if it pleased him, it was good. To him whiskey, the curse of his kind, was mini-sica, bad water—only that and nothing more.

The missionaries found also that the Dakota in general was a good husband, a loving father, and a faithful friend. Save as a stratagem of war, he scorned and abhorred a lie.

He combined the attributes of a hero with the foibles, extravagances and follies of an overgrown boy. He was improvident, careless, inconsistent.

With the toothache he would shed tears of anguish. Place him in the hands of his foes, let him be staked to the ground, and a fire kindled on his breast, and the same man would die by the awful torture without a moan, chanting his death-song defiantly to the last breath.

The Dakota was likewise found to be a communist, in the literal sense of the word. Whatever he had, belonged, and was cheerfully given, to any other member of the tribe.

"Shall my brothers starve while I have abundance?" replied a successful hunter to a white friend who suggested that he save his surplus meat against the scarcity of winter, instead of dividing it among his fellows.

His liberality extended even to a foe. If an enemy entered his teepee, and so much as partook of a draught of water, his life was safe; for the Dakota laws of hospitality were sacred and inviolate.

In religion, the teachings of Christ came to the red man as a beautiful explanation of his own vague but often sublime conceptions, and under the mild guidance of the wise and good, he is adapting himself, slowly, it may be, to the spirit of the age, and accepting the restraints by which he is environed, with less of restiveness and friction, because the force which impels him forward toward civilization is that of the soldier of the Cross instead of the soldier of the sword.

NATURAL GAS AS FUEL.

When natural gas was first employed for heating dwellings, several years ago, the devices for adapting it to stoves and grates were very crude, and the amount of gas consumed was correspondingly extravagant. The end of the pipe—from half an inch to an inch—was run into the stove or grate, a perforated iron burner was fitted upon it at right angles, and the cavity filled with broken fire brick, slag from the glass furnaces, door-knobs of porcelain, balls of fire-clay, or other substances that would radiate a great deal of heat.

Frequently the bits of broken brick were whitewashed, as were the back and side walls of the grates; or they were artistically done in water-colors, the gas flames neither smoking the one nor burning off the other. After a time fire-clay was molded into imitations of logs of wood, the cut ends of the logs, the cracks and knots and the bark with moss on it being imitated so successfully that the results could scarcely be told from the real back-logs of olden times.

These imitation logs were placed on large brass andirons, and when the flames were seen issuing from fissures, the illusion was complete to the sense of sight, and to the sense of feeling, too, for while "one side roasted, the other side froze," as used to be said of attempts at keeping warm by the fireplaces of our grandfathers.

But about a year ago it began to be noticed that the supply of gas was diminishing. People woke up on cold mornings to find only a sickly blue flame languishing at the bottom of the grate or stove, where once had been a roaring furnace. They were assured that there was plenty of gas; that some temporary obstruction in the pipes had caused the shortage, and all would soon be right.

And all was right as soon as the weather became warmer; but presently the gas companies were insisting that consumers should burn gas by meter, instead of paying so much for each fire, and consuming all they pleased. This initiated the economic stage of natural gas use.

Inventors set their wits to work, and soon the market was flooded with all sorts of devices for getting the largest amount of heat from a minimum consumption of gas. The deep-set back-walls of the fireplaces built for coal were moved out, and the throats of the chimneys stopped up.

Various metal heaters with reflecting surfaces and draughts arranged on scientific principles were made to set into the fireplaces, until a fire that formerly required from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet of gas an hour could be made to do the same service with a consumption of but fifteen feet. When the price of gas was raised from ten cents to fifteen cents per thousand feet in Pittsburgh last winter, thousands of economic gas grates, ranges and stoves were sold during the first cold spell.

One of the cheapest and most cheerful devices now in use is an adaptation of asbestos to fire-backs and radiating surface. A heavy cardboard, coated with asbestos, is perforated with rows of holes, from which are suspended fringes of skein asbestos, which becomes incandescent in the flame, and gives forth a beautiful, scintillating glow which imparts great cheerfulness to the apartment, and at the same time radiates considerable heat.

But by far the most economical thing is a small sheet-iron stove, not much larger than a man's silk hat. This is lined with copper, and sometimes filled with asbestos fibre, and is connected with the supply pipe by means of gum hose, so that it can be set in the middle of the room or near the wall, as may be desired. One such stove, consuming no more gas than an ordinary argand burner, will heat a medium-sized room to a comfortable temperature, and reduce gas bills to proportions correspondingly comfortable.

THE BABY.

It was the day express train on one of the great trunk lines of railway in the Middle States, filled as usual with through passengers. They sat for the most part silent, each absorbed in his own thoughts. There were two great railway magnates, on their way to New York to consult about a "deal;" there were commercial travellers with their canvas valises beside them; there were merchants, lawyers, farmers glancing over their note-books, reading the papers, dozing; there was a richly dressed, supercilious-looking woman, who, with her child and maid, sat a little apart from the rest; there were chattering, giddy school-girls, an old negro "aunty," and asleep at the back of the car a bloated, shabby old man smelling of whiskey. These people, gathered out of all classes, had no intercourse; they looked askance and indifferently at each other.

The train, with a shriek and a jar, came to a full stop in the midst of the mountains. For a few minutes the passengers sat undisturbed, with the calm faith of the American in the power of officials to set all things right. As the train continued stationary, however, one man after another went out.

They returned with tidings that a bridge had given way, and that the train would be detained for twelve or fifteen hours.

There was a general outcry of annoyance and vexation. It was near noon, every one wanted luncheon. Each man insisted that his business was urgent and could not be delayed. One little woman in the corner, with a baby in her arms, began to weep unnoticed. The other women complained more or less loudly. For a few minutes, every face was clouded, and the car was filled with a babel of angry voices. Presently somebody noticed the mother crying over her child, and spoke to her.

"Oh, my baby!" she sobbed. "It is sick, and I hoped to get home in an hour! I think it is dying!"

There was a startled silence. Then an elderly gentleman at the back of the car came forward. "I am a physician," he said. "Let me see the child."

It was dangerously ill, and in need of active treatment. The haughty woman who had hitherto held herself aloof was the first to speak; she had a box of mustard plasters in her satchel, and she tore up her fine handkerchiefs for bandages. The old negro woman quietly went out, kindled a fire on the roadside, and heated some water to give the child a hot bath.

One woman knelt and chafed its feet; another made a bed for it with shawls. The porter brought pillows; a Hebrew drummer produced from his bag a bottle of laudanum, for which the doctor expressed a wish, and even the poor drunkard at the back of the car urged his flask of brandy on the mother, as being "a first-rate medicine, ma'am." He looked at the child for a minute and turned away. "I'm a poor loafer," he said, "but I kin feel for the baby as much as any of you."

In the course of three or four hours the child was relieved, and fell into a sweet sleep. But before that time the passengers in the car had all become its nurses and kinsfolk. When it was out of danger, and lying calmly in its mother's arms, they went out to the grassy bank by the side of the river, and improvised a picnic.

Some of the men had found a farm-house a mile or two away, and brought bread and ham; a few of the other passengers opened their satchels and produced some dainty morsel. The Jew had potted chicken; a Presbyterian minister, oranges; a farmer passing had cheese. There was but a little of each article as it was handed around, but there was abundance of good-will. They talked, told stories, and one or two who had good voices sang.

When, late in the evening, the engine puffed and whistled, and the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" a company of friendly companions crowded into the car, and when they parted, a few hours later, it was with many hearty hand-shakes and a general exchange of good wishes.

"What good, kindly folks they all were!" said the grateful little mother. "But I believe if it had not been for my sick baby they would never have found each other out!"

We are apt to forget that pain and sickness are keys to unlock the hearts of men toward each other. The happy, prosperous man rarely knows of the depth of tenderness which lies in his brother's bosom, ready to meet his call of need.

For the Companion.

ILLUSIONS.

The free, bright gold-mines of the sunset hills,
The pure, sweet promises that star the stems
When quick-foot May her emerald garment hems
With apple-blossoms; diamond shower that fills
Winter with white forgetfulness of ills—
All cheats! Gold—dross! May's imitation gems!
And where are all the frail, snow diadems
The world has wept away in annual rills?

Yet has the Hand that framed our stately dwelling
Hidden in beauty architrave and beam;
Placed no black orbs in hopeless heavens knelling,
But azure arch with studded stars agleam;
And spirit voices keep on softly telling
To doubt the Doubter and to trust the Dream.

CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

HIS DIARY.

How many of the boys and girls who began the year fully determined to keep a diary have persevered to the present time? Not all of them, it is safe to say. Too many would be able, even now, to match the experience of an old correspondent of *The Companion*. In journal-keeping, as in many other things, it is easy to "run well for a season."

I lately came across a little diary which was started, no matter how long ago, by a boy of ten years. On the first day of the year he wrote:

"*Jan. 1.*—Am going to keep a faithful record for this year. Papa says it will be interesting for me to read when I am a man. I suppose it will. It is a beautiful day. So bright and sunny. Had a two-bladed knife for a New Year's gift. Went skating with Charley Lyons. Fell and like to broke my head. Charley tried to cut a pigeon's wing on the ice, and skinned his nose awfully. Went to entertainment in the evening. No good. Went to bed.

"*Jan. 2.*—Up at half-past six. Codfish balls for breakfast. I hate them. Went to school. Got kept in for not knowing grammar lesson. Went coasting with the boys on Mount Bowdoin Hill. Great fun. Sprained my leg. Struck curbstone, and took awful header in a snow-bank. No more to-day.

"*Jan. 3.*—Most the same as yesterday, only it was arithmetic instead of grammar lesson that I got kept in for. Had quarrel with Jimmie Lane, and shall never speak to him again.

"*Jan. 4.*—Made up with Jim Lane. He had bag of chocolate drops. We traded knives, sight unseen, and came out about even. Too tired to write more.

"*Jan. 5.*—Raining. Traded back with Jim Lane, and he gave me lead-pencil to boot. To bed.

"*Jan. 6.*—Up at six. Snowing. Sleepy.

"*Jan. 7.*—Nothing to write.

"*Jan. 8.*—I aint going to keep this diary any more. It don't pay."

The record ends here.

DESERVED RETALIATION.

Over-shrewd lawyers often furnish their adversaries with weapons. Even the cleverest of them have been put down in open court by equally ready witnesses. "Did you see this tree that has been mentioned, by the roadside?" an advocate inquired.

"Yes, sir; I saw it very plainly."

"It was conspicuous, then?"

The witness seemed puzzled by the new word. He repeated his former assertion.

"What is the difference," sneered the lawyer, "between plain and conspicuous?"

But he was hoist with his own petard. The witness innocently answered:

"I can see you plainly, sir, amongst the other lawyers, though you are not a bit conspicuous."

In another instance, a blow directed against the character of a witness forcibly recoiled.

"You were in the company of these people?" he was asked.

"Of two friends, sir."

"Friends! Two thieves, I suppose you mean."

"That may be so," was the dry retort; "they are both lawyers."

The blow that destroys the effect of an adverse examination is occasionally more the result of accident than of conscious effort. In a trial, not long ago, a very simple witness was in the box, and after going through his ordeal was ready to retire. One question remained:

"Now, Mr. ——, has not an attempt been made to induce you to tell the court a different story?"

"A different story to what I have told, sir?"

"Yes; is it not so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon your oath, I demand to know who the persons are who have attempted this."

"Well, sir, you've tried as hard as any of 'em," was the unexpected answer.

It ended the examination.

MEN FOR SAILS.

To navigate a ship in a violent storm, with the danger on the one hand of drifting on merciless reefs, and on the other of going down in the vortex of a typhoon, requires a high degree of skill and courage. Prof. John S. Sewall describes the thrilling experience of the *Saratoga* when caught in a cyclone off the Gulf of Tonquin, and to windward of that immense tract of reefs and shoals known as the Paracels.

As day wore on, all the sails had to be reefed. All this time we were heading to the northward and eastward on the port tack. Though we were forging slowly ahead, we were drifting very much faster toward those fatal rocks. It was decided to get the ship about, if possible, and run her out into wider sea room.

She was got round on the starboard tack, and headed about southwest; but she made no perceptible headway. We watched the barometer. Are we nearing the centre? Shall we go down in this horrible vortex? If the typhoon is of great diameter, or is passing slowly, the wind must hold for a long time, and there will be no escaping the shoals. In any case, we had better be on the port tack.

Accordingly, preparations were again made for waring ship; but by this time she had become unmanageable. She would not mind her helm. In this dilemma an expedient was adopted which I had read of, but had never expected to witness.

The ship was under bare poles, and not a stitch of canvas could live on her for a moment. With a good deal of persuasion,—some of it more force than suasion,—a hundred or more of the men were driven into the weather fore rigging, where they formed a dense mass, against which the hurricane drove with tremendous pressure.

Drenched with spray, benumbed, whirled and jerked through the air by the writhing ship beneath them, held over the boiling caldron of waters, now on one side and the next instant on the other, it was a miracle that every man of them was not snapped off and shot headlong into the sea. The helm was put hard up; but the poor ship seemed unable to make any further effort.

Half an hour of anxiety had passed since the men crept into the rigging. At last she began to feel her helm and pay off. Slowly and painfully she swung around into the trough of the sea.

It was a perilous moment. Would she roll herself under and go down? But with a few tremendous lurches she shook herself clear of the immense masses of water on her decks, and rose heavily and wearily on the next wave. When she was fairly round on the port tack, it was found that the change had come. The wind was veering to westward, the storm was rapidly passing. By eleven o'clock it was safe to make sail, and crippled as she was, the *Saratoga* did her best to crawl out of the dread neighborhood where she had so nearly met her doom.

ONE MORE.

The man who is always prying into the private concerns of other people would be an unqualified nuisance, but for the fact that he is sometimes amusing and lends himself readily to caricature, as in this sketch from the Chicago *Tribune*.

"Goin' fur, mister?"

The question was asked by a long-nosed, thin-lipped man with pointed chin-whiskers, a slouch hat and a hungry expression of countenance. He was resting his elbows on the seat in front of him, which seat was occupied by a passenger in a gray check suit.

The passenger addressed turned partly around, took a look at his questioner, and replied:

"Yes, I am going to Nashville, down in Tennessee. My business there is to sell four shares of bank stock, dispose of my interest in a farm of eighty acres ten miles from the city, and invest the proceeds in a clothing establishment on North Cherry Street. I am from Beardstown, Cass County, Illinois.

"I got on the train there at 9.35 this morning. It was forty-five minutes behind time. My ticket cost me eleven dollars and sixty-five cents. I shall take the sleeper when the sun goes down. Had my dinner about an hour ago. Paid seventy-five cents for it. This cigar cost me ten cents. I have been a smoker for about thirteen years.

"My name is Chauncey McConnell. I am thirty-nine years old, have a wife and four children, came originally from Harrodsburg, Kentucky, and am a member of the Congregational Church. I was formerly a druggist, but sold out to a man named Treadway, and I am not in any business now. I am worth perhaps ten thousand dollars. My father was a cooper, and my grandfather was a sea-captain.

"My wife's name was Carr before I married her. Her father was a surveyor. That's all I know about her family. We live in a two-story frame house, and the children have all had the mumps, chicken-pox and measles. When I reach Nashville I expect to stop at the Maxwell House."

He stopped. The long-nosed man regarded him a moment with interest, and then asked, in a querulous, dissatisfied way:

"What did yer great-grandfather do fur a livin'?"

THAT WAS ALL.

The masculine mind is not always readier to grasp a situation than is the feminine. Women are said to be unbusiness-like, and yet they are sometimes able to smile at the unpracticality displayed "over the way." A young lady one day went to inquire about the price-list to be observed at a certain hall during the approaching season of a celebrated lecturer. About thirty people were standing in line to buy tickets for an inferior but popular course, and she took her place with them.

On reaching the box-office, she made her inquiry, and the ticket-seller answered, hastily, pushing her a programme, "The fifth page of this will tell you."

Leaving the line, she turned to the page in question, and found that, although it gave the ordinary prices of seats, it did not say whether an advance would be made in the case of the one eminent speaker.

Meanwhile twenty more people had taken their places before the window, and almost at their head was a young man of her acquaintance. He would solve her difficulty, and she need not wait her own turn.

"Would you be willing to ask what the prices will be for Mr. S——?" she said, approaching him.

"Certainly, certainly!"

"I shall be so much obliged!"

His opportunity came, and presently he turned and approached her, his face animated by a consciousness of kindness performed.

"He says the prices will be just the same," was the cheerful announcement, "only higher!"

MAGNANIMOUS.

It is a common human failing to feel an unreasonable impulse to punish any innocent person we may happen to meet, when things are going wrong with us. No such mean-spirited anger was cherished by this sorely tried Louisiana gentleman.

"We had an hour to wait at a railroad junction in Louisiana," says a writer in the Albany *Argus*, "and four or five of us sat down in the shade on the edge of the platform, and hung our legs over.

"While we were talking, a man with a rope in his hand, evidently looking for a stray mule, came out of the bushes opposite us, and stood looking up and down the track.

"By and by he directed his gaze toward our feet, but we didn't mind him until he drawled out:

"'You all, there!'

"'Well?' queried one.

"'H'ist up yer feet!'

"We 'h'isted,' without waiting to ask why, and then looked down to see a big rattlesnake just coiling himself for a strike.

"A handy grindstone was dropped on the snake, and when some one thanked the native he called back:

"'Some men who hev lost a mule and hunted fer him three days would hev been onery about it, but thar's nothin' mean about me.'"

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For the Companion.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.—IV.

This A-p-r. is for April Fool:—
Just season it well with the Golden Rule,
And there's plenty of fun from sun to sun
For every one at home and at school.
It stands for the dear little violets, too,
All of the truest, bluest blue;
For little pink darlings under the leaves;
For spattered windows and dripping eaves;
For mud to mix into elegant pies;
For fuzzy chicks with their beady eyes;
For early gardening far and near;
For the workers gay on Arbor Day;
For the lovely April, Daisy, my dear.

For the Companion.

HOW LELAND WAS APRIL FOOLED.

Leland had tried everybody in the house by turns.

He had dressed up the hat-rack to look like a burglar, to fool grandma; he had slipped grandma's spectacles into papa's spectacle-case to fool papa; he had hidden cook's gridiron, and pinned a big poster to Cousin Lizzie's gown. But in that well-ordered household it seemed impossible to fool anybody.

"Leland," said grandma sternly from the top of the stairs, before the little boy had time to say so much as "April—," "Leland, go right down and put those ridiculous coats and things in their proper places, and move the rack back into the corner where it belongs."

And, disappointed and crestfallen, the little boy obeyed.

"Where is Master Leland?" called Jane from the kitchen. "And would you send him right here to go out into the yard and get me the gridiron out of the limb of the apple-tree where I saw him hide it a minute ago?"

"Where's Leland?" called papa. "Leland, what have you been up to? Don't you know that if I can't find my glasses it will take me a good two hours to get my eyes fitted to another pair, and spoil my forenoon's work?"

Papa spoke gravely; and with a dejected air Leland returned the missing glasses.

Very slyly he slipped behind the chair where Cousin Lizzie sat scanning the forty lines of Virgil that made her day's lesson; very carefully he caught the bent pin into the folds of her gown. And he was just going to say "April fool!" when Cousin Lizzie screamed:

"Leland Wells! you've stuck that pin right into my back. Take it away, this minute!" and again poor Leland obeyed.

There was nobody left but the cat. Leland admitted to himself that it did not seem quite fair to fool pussy, who knew nothing about dates and couldn't understand if she were fooled ever so much; but, as nobody else would submit, he thought he would try just one little trick on pussy.

Jane was busy broiling the steak, but not so busy but that she saw Leland prepare a saucer full of very thick, milky-looking soapsuds.

"Are you going to blow bubbles, Master Leland?" asked Jane, innocently.

"Perhaps I will, by and by," replied Leland with a blush.

Jane said no more; but a moment after, when Leland went out to look for pussy, she set the saucer of soapsuds in the pantry, and placed another saucer, full of sweet new milk, in its place.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!" called Leland.

Then Leland carried the saucer of milk into the yard, and watched to see what kitty would do with a breakfast of soapsuds.

To his great surprise she began to eat at once, and did not stop till she had licked the last drop from the saucer.

"Well, you're a queer kitty!" he said at last.

Just then he spied Jane's face at the window. She was smiling so broadly that he could see all her dimples, and most of her teeth.

"How do you like to be fooled?" said Jane. "It's April fool to yourself this time, for sure, there isn't a better drop of milk in the house than that Miss Puss has been drinking."

Poor Leland! he felt very foolish, and it didn't make him feel a bit better when pussy came rubbing her head against his legs, as much as to say:

"You are a good boy; my breakfast was very nice, and I thank you for it."

But Leland's own breakfast was ready now, and he ran into the dining-room to eat with papa.

"What time is it, Leland?" asked papa; "look on your watch, please, and see."

"It's a dumb watch," said Leland, "and it doesn't keep time."

"But look at it and see!" papa still insisted.

So Leland took hold of the little brass chain and pulled the watch out of his pocket. But—what did it all mean? The dumb watch was gone, and in its place was a real silver watch, a tiny Waterbury, that ticked and kept time just like papa's.

"April fool!" "April fool!" "April fool!" came from all round the table.

How gay and happy everybody looked; even Jane, who had just brought in the cocoa, gave Leland such a good-natured little tap as she passed him that he laughed outright; and papa said, with his pleasantest smile:

"I hope my little son will remember that it is better, even on the First of April, to make people happy than to make them unhappy."

"I do remember it," said Leland; "and after this I'm only going to fool people with pleasant s'prises."

IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

A LESSON SONG



1

Bow down, green Forest so fair and good;
Bow down, green Forest and give us wood!
The forest gives us tables,
The forest gives us chairs,
The bureau and the sideboard,
The flooring and the stairs,
The ships that skim the ocean,
The cars in which we ride,
The crib in which the Baby sleeps,
Drawn close to Mothers side.
Bow down, green Forest so fair and good,
Bow down, green Forest and give us wood!

2

Give up, ye Mines, so dark and deep,
Give up the treasure that close ye keep!
The mines are dug
In the earth so deep.
'Tis there that silver
And gold do sleep.
Copper and iron,
And diamonds fine,
Coal, tin, and rubies,
All come from the mine.
Give up, ye Mines, so dark and deep,
Give up the treasure that close ye keep.



3

O Sea, with billows so bright, so blue,
Full many a gift we ask of you.
Corals, yes and sponges,
Clams and oysters too,
And the radiant pearl drop
The oyster hides from view,
The fish we eat for dinner,
The shells upon the shore,
The whale bone for our Mother's gown,
All these and many more,
O Sea, with billows so bright, so blue,
Full many a gift we ask of you.



4

Ye broad green meadows, so fresh and fair,
Oh, ye have many a treasure rare,
Flowers the loveliest,
Barley and corn,
Oats, wheat and clover tops,
Berry and thorn,
Grass for the flocks and herds,
Herbs for the sick,
Rice, too, and cotton,
The darkies do pick,
Ye broad green meadows, so fresh and fair,
Oh, ye have many a treasure rare.



5

So earth and air, so land and sea,
Give kindly gifts to you and me.
Should we not be merry,
Gentle, too, and mild,
When the whole wide earth doth wait
On each little child?
Should we not, in quiet,
At our Mother's knee,
Praise our Heavenly Father,
Thank him lovingly?
Since earth and air, and land and sea,
Give kindly gifts to you and me:
Since earth and air, and sea and land,
Come from our Heavenly Father's hand!

Laura E. Richards

NUTS TO CRACK.

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

ANAGRAM.

The omitted words are formed from those omitted from last line.

I'm glad I've remembered the date of this day,
Which children delightedly * * * *.
When last I forgot it, I made up my mind
To remember next time without * * * *.

For it cost me a walk of a mile and more,
Quite over the top of the * * * *;
And if I should all my adventures relate,
A twenty-page book I should * * * *.

Suffice it to say,—at the close of that day
Brother Jack said,—"My dear, if you wish,
Translating the words which a Frenchman would use,
I will call you an * * * * * * * * *."

2.

ENIGMA.

24 letters.

Would you know what they say in the Jewish schools,
Of the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 7, 8 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 20, 21, 22, 23, 24?
12, 4, 3 7, 17, 12, 14, 18, 13 was 19, 5, 13, 14 10, 14, 21,
When floods o'er all the earth did flow,
And Noah, 19, 22, 5, 11, 18, 13, 14 20, 17, 7, 9 the 15, 17, 11,
Longed for the time to disembark.
'Twas then he sent a 1, 21, 7, 18, 13, 14 dove,
Which found no rest the waves above,
But when she could no longer 17, 22, 10, 6,
She turned 10, 14, 15, 18, 13 2, 13, 4, 7 her home.
A bootless errand 'twas to her,
On the first day of Noah's year,
Which corresponds to 10, 16, 17, 12, 23 8, 12, 17, 24, 4,
10, 24 15, 19, 23 men know who are well versed
In Hebrew lore. And so they say
That 10. 23, 19 who shal. .orget the day,
2, 16, 5, 13 some bootless errand sent,
Shall learn, 15, 4 23, 10, 24, 4, just why they went.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Easter Sunday.

2. A chicken in an egg.

3. Easter Sunday at Rome is always celebrated with elaborate ceremonials. St. Peter's is richly decorated for the occasion. The Pope officiates this day at mass with great pomp. He is borne into the church seated in his crimson chair of state, which rests upon the shoulders of twenty men in white robes. He wears the tiara or triple crown, and enormous fans are borne beside him. After the ceremony of mass he appears upon a balcony and pronounces a benediction upon the people assembled. On the evening of Easter Sunday, the dome and other extreme parts of the outline of St. Peter's are beautifully illuminated with lamps.

4.

R	E	P	R	O	V	E
E	U	D	O	S	I	A
S	P	I	N	O	U	S
U	N	B	L	E	S	T
R	E	S	P	I	R	E
R	E	C	O	V	E	R
E	X	P	R	E	S	S
C	H	A	T	E	A	U
T	H	I	C	K	E	N
I	N	S	T	E	A	D
O	V	E	R	S	E	A
N	U	L	L	I	F	Y

5. Festivals is governed grammatically by of, and the Queen, Easter, governs the date of other movable church festivals.

1 2 3
Queen of Festivals.

6. Rolling Eggs on Easter Monday; partial answers,—gondolier, stag, lemon, rye, snag.

7. Hare (hair).

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TERMS.

The Youth's Companion is an illustrated weekly paper of eight pages. Its subscription price is $1.75 a year, payment in advance.

Twelve or sixteen pages are often given in six additional pages over fifty issues of the paper. All additional pages over fifty issues of the paper. All additional pages are free to subscribers from the time given for $1.75—are a gift to the subscribers from the publishers.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for The Companion, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-Office Money Order, Bank Check, or Draft, or an Express Money Order. If neither of these can be had, the safest way to remit money is in Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Silver should never be sent through the mail. It is against the law to wrap a bank bill around a letter and send it by mail. Neither should it be sent in any way in a letter sent do it on their own responsibility.

Postal Notes are not a safe means of sending money. Any one can collect them at any Money-Order Post-Office without an order, the money cannot be recovered, as no duplicates are issued. Subscribers who send us Postal Notes must do so at their own risk.

Renewals.—Three weeks are required after the receipt of money by us before the date opposite your name is changed to show that you have paid. Until your subscription is paid, can be changed.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publishers must be notified when you wish your subscription to your paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid.

Recurring your paper will not enable us to discontinue it, as no notice to discontinue is required by us, unless a positive address is given.

Always give the name of the Post-office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Letters should be addressed to

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

THE GROWING AGE.

The brain of a child is proportionately much larger than an adult's, but of much softer consistency, and its convolutions are not complete until the seventh year. This is one of the reasons why early study is dangerous.

The child's heart beats much more rapidly than that of an adult, and the growth of the heart, instead of being regular, like the growth of the body as a whole, is accomplished by fits and starts. The more rapid action of the heart renders the child peculiarly liable to fever, and the liability is further increased by his weaker vital resistance. Hence childhood is the special season for scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, and other similar complaints.

The irregularity of the heart's growth may give rise to disturbances of the organ of a seemingly dangerous character, but with proper care they will pass away as the heart attains its full development. Such proper care includes ample nourishment, sufficient sleep, and the avoidance of special strain.

The season of rapid growth and development, say between the ages of ten and twenty, needs particular attention. Nature is then at work, as it never will be again, in building up the tissues and developing the nervous sensibilities. And in the period which makes the largest demands for an outdoor life, for pure air, sunlight, active exercise, abundance or nutritious food, a vigorous digestive tract, a ready assimilation, and an active elimination of waste.

It is the period of study and ambition, as well as it is wisdom that thinks itself wiser than it is. The increasing mental activity needs to be regulated by experienced teachers and considerate mothers, lest the brain be worked at the expense of other organs and tissues.

Duller minds should not be forced to keep step with those which are naturally more active, and the influences of the home and the school-room should be tranquillizing and adapted to evoke the kindlier feelings. Fretful parents and scolding teachers may do a life-long injury during this susceptible period.

It is a period when neither study nor slight excitements should interfere with sleep; when dinner bowls do their worst work; when soothers need to know what their children read, and to be their confidential counsellor in all delicate matters; when the use of tobacco is specially perilous, almost surely giving rise to affections of the heart, and when spirituous liquors and all opiates are peculiarly pernicious.

For the Companion.

SUN-SPOTS.

For several years the sun has been in a quiescent condition, his surface being comparatively free from spots, and his prominences of comparatively infrequent occurrence and insignificant proportions. The great luminary has been passing through his minimum sun-spot period; for the spot-producing activity of the sun is governed by laws that the close observation of the last two centuries has interpreted, while observers are still groping after the cause of the spots themselves.

It takes about eleven years to complete a sun-spot cycle, though the intervals are irregular. Each cycle includes a maximum and a minimum period, which are also irregular. The spots vary greatly in number. During some cycles the sun's face is never free from them; during others it is unmarred for days, and even for months. As the last maximum period occurred about 1881-82, it is time to anticipate a recurrence of solar activity, and recent observations show that the activity has already begun.

Enormous fluctuations are taking place on the surface of the sun, and will be followed for the two or three coming years by spots of every variety. There will be normal spots, consisting of dusky nuclei and penumbræ, and spots irregular in form or gathered in groups. The sizes of the spots vary from five hundred miles to fifty thousand miles or more, and they are often large enough to be visible to the naked eye. They may last for a few days, or for weeks or months. Their distribution is mostly confined to two zones on the sun's surface, between five degrees and forty degrees of latitude north and south.

Other signs of solar agitation follow in the wake of the sun-spots. Gigantic solar eruptions, known as roy protuberances, rise from the sun's border, like tongues of flame, sometimes to the height of hundreds of thousands of miles. The earth bears witness to the disturbed state of the sun, for aurora flash in the heavens, magnetism reaches its greatest point of oscillation, and electricity takes on its most brilliant manifestations.

The sun-spot periodicity is a subject of universal interest, and little has been sounded of its unfathomable depths. It is known that the cycle is completed in about eleven years, containing a maximum of activity and a minimum of quiescence, that the spots are cavities in the solar photosphere, filled with gases or vapors cooler than the surrounding portions; that the spots move with a varying velocity, and that the spot-producing activity has a direct influence on the magnetism and electricity of the earth.

The cause of the sun-spots, and the nature of the mysterious tie that binds together the disturbed sun and our planet, are among the problems of the future.

VERY CAREFUL.

"Like many admirable people," writes a correspondent, "our Biddy had but one fault. She was tidy, honest and obliging, but she would put kerosene on the fire. Her mistress had remonstrated in vain, and one morning entered the kitchen in time to see her with the oil-can tilted at a dangerous angle over a grate where there were still a few sparks.

"'Now, Biddy, stop at once!' cried she, indignantly. 'How often have I told you not to use a drop of oil on the fire?'

"'Sure, I'm careful,' said Biddy, as she reluctantly set down the can, 'it niver yet did anybody harm.'

"'There are accidents every day from the careless use of kerosene.'

"'Sure, I'm careful, but not when a body's careful like me.' But folks is that afraid of having it used! Why, Mrs. Windsor, at our last place, locked up the can for fear I'd use it, but I got a bottle every morning for me self all the same, so I did.'

"'Were you frightened?'

"'Well, ye see, ma'am, that morning I'd put on a dhrop too much, and it blew all the stove covers off, and split the fireboard!'"

A LIVING ROPE.

Quick thought and prompt action in time of danger have averted many an otherwise fatal accident, as is well illustrated in what came near being a case of drowning last winter. A dozen boys were skating on a pond, when one of them broke through the ice, and the next moment was struggling in the water.

The accident occurred near the middle of the pond; there was no house near to which the boys could carry their unfortunate companion, nor yet a pole or stick of any kind. For a minute they stood aghast, huddled together, watching the poor boy's struggles in the icy water, and his futile efforts to hold on to the edges of the ice as it broke away.

Suddenly David Small threw himself, face down, upon the ice and cried, "Quick! Show me up to the edge. John, you lie down and get hold of my feet, and Ned, you get hold of his. I'll catch hold of Jim's hands. Now, all the rest of you get hold of you fellows grab hi and haul us out of this."

The brave boy took the post of danger himself, and the others followed his directions, and when he had secured a firm hold on the signal was given. All hands pulled with a will, and the drowning boy was saved.

HE LOVED SAUSAGES.

A correspondent sends from Michigan a true story of a farmer's dog who has been found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretenses.

He is extremely fond of sausages, and has been taught by his owner to go after them for himself, carrying a written order in his mouth.

Day after day he appeared at the butcher's shop, bringing his master's order, and by and by the butcher began to suspect that all was not right. Finally, when settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more sausages than he had ordered.

The butcher was surprised, and the next time the dog came for the sausages, he took the order, as he thought, to look the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigations showed that the dog had been in the habit of carrying home a basket-ful of sausages, and a piece of paper, and trotted off to the butcher's.

The farmer is something out of pocket, but squares the account by locking of his dog's intelligence.

DEFECTS AND EXCELLENCIES.

The Boston *Transcript* hears of a school-boy who has found out, what all of us find out sooner or later, that a single fault attracts much notice than many excellencies.

"I am sorry, Henry," said Uncle George, "that you exhibit so little proficiency in orthography. Why, I remember when I was a boy I could spell as well as many misspelled words that I see the whole of the counting-room in a row."

"Yes, I know," said Henry, "That's just the way in this world. There never's a good man's words in that letter that I know were spelled right, but of course I get no credit for that."

BENEVOLENT.

Even the kindest-hearted of us sometimes say things that, without explanation, sound rather queer.

It was one of the best of women who said to her husband, "What a pity it is that none of our neighbors are sick now."

"Why?" was the surprised query.

"Because," she said, "I have just found them some of this new jelly," was the complacent answer.

White Teeth,—"*Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice*" whitens and preserves the teeth. 25c.

OLD FASHIONED
Rubber Garden Hose
is the Best
because it contains
more rubber
than the New "Makes,"
and with care
will last 5 or 6 years.
INSIST on getting Our Hose, marked
"16-EXT BLUE BRAND" on every length.
BOSTON WOVEN HOSE CO.,
Rubber Belting and Packing.
BOSTON, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO.

BRADLEY WAGONS

Extension Top Phaetons
We are making a specialty of fine four passenger Phaetons and Surreys. Our styles are the latest, workmanship the best, and prices correct.
Our Vehicles include a large line of one and two seat Carriages, Two Wheel Cars and Carts, both painted and natural wood finish. Catalogue and complete price list mailed free to any address.
BRADLEY & CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y. 14 Warren St., New York. 86 & 88 Sudbury St., Boston.

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IT IS THE BEST Reclining, Rocking, Reading, Invalid, Lounging, Sleeping, Steamer or Smoking Chair made.
MAXIMUM OF COMFORT. MINIMUM OF EXPENSE.
Our catalogue, showing hundreds of testimonials from delighted users, sent free.
Address LOWELL MFG. CO., Ltd., Erie, Pa.
Mention this paper.

PLANTING FLOWERS
SOME HINTS.
Don't Hurry, Flower-planting over two-thirds of our broad country, prospers until after June. Consider your plans, and *when ready,* plant freely; there are many varieties to choose from; plant thickly and the weeds will have no place; plant for sunshine, for shade, for hardiness, for color, for fragrance, for cutting; and your beds and borders will be a joy all once the. *OUR NEW GUIDE,* 124 pages, *FREE TO ALL* describes and offers the Plants, Bulbs and Seeds to do it *successfully.* Our new Monthly Magazine "*Success with Flowers,*" 25 cents a year, will show the way.—Sample copies *free.*
ORDERS BY MAIL POSTPAID. Safe arrival Guaranteed. Catalogue *free.*
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
WEST GROVE, PA.

SEDGWICK FARM FENCE
PRICES REDUCED

Best Fences and Gates for all purposes. Free Catalogue giving full particulars and prices. Ask Hardware Dealers, or write
SEDGWICK BROS. CO., Richmond, Ind.

This Rose was raised and named by Lincoln. Washington over 100 years ago and is described in the Mount Vernon Guide Book. It is a sturdy hardy grower and blooming climber known, and a plant of it will produce more flowers than any other Rose. Its flowers are pure white, perpetual blooming, and are produced in large clusters, each flower measuring from three to four inches across. Although it has had so many misspelled words that it set the whole of the spelling-room in a roar."

"Yes, I know," said Henry. "That's just the way in this world. There never's a good man's words in that letter that I know were spelled right, but of course I get no credit for that."

OUR BLUE CATALOGUE, 64 superb work of art, in blue, of **FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS AND RARE FRUITS,** is the finest of its kind. 10 pages, hundreds of engravings, no chromos, but many elegant colored plates. Tells how to grow and offers the finest novelties in Flowers, Vegetables and Fruits, notably: Our great Japanese Wonderful Floral Pansies, Our Mammoth Asters, Our Giant Sweet Peas, Our Mammoth Cauliflower, Our Mammoth Cabbage, Our Mammoth Celery, Our Mammoth Onion, Our Mammoth Tomato. This elegant and valuable catalogue will be sent for only TEN CENTS, or if you order extensive sets offered and ask for a Catalogue it will be sent FREE. Address

ALSO THE FOLLOWING EXTRA CHOICE COLLECTIONS BY MAIL POSTPAID:
20 Extra choice Vegetable Seeds, flowering kinds, 25c. | 5 Grand New Roses, including Paradise, 50c.
8 New Annual Pearl Everlastings, 25c. | 5 Grand New Carnations, including Ayrshire, 50c.
5 Rare Chrysanthemums, 5 sorts named, 25c. | 5 Rare Cacti, different sorts named, 50c.
5 Choice Greenhouse Plants, 5 sorts named, 25c. | 5 Rare Cacti, different sorts named, 50c.
The above 8 collections and Mary Washington Rose, by mail, postpaid, for only $1.00.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, Queens Co., N. Y.

A SURPRISE!

The Gem Tin-Type Camera and Outfit.

Given for two new names, and 50 cts. additional.

A New Industry.

The Youth's Companion family is a large one. Its bright boys and girls are numbered by the hundreds of thousands.

THE COMPANION believes not only in providing its family with the best of reading, but it seeks to encourage and develop a mechanical taste among its young readers. To this end THE COMPANION employs mechanical experts whose entire time is given to the work of experiment and of developing amateur industries.

A Difficult Task.

Some months ago our experimental department took in hand a difficult task. The successful result of the effort is here illustrated.

No wonder you are surprised at this mysterious-looking **six-eyed** Camera. Listen and we will tell you all about it.

It's the **first** Tin-Type Camera ever made for the use of boys and girls. The cut illustrates the Camera at two-thirds its actual size. It is made in the best and most thorough manner, and ought to last a lifetime.

The Outfit

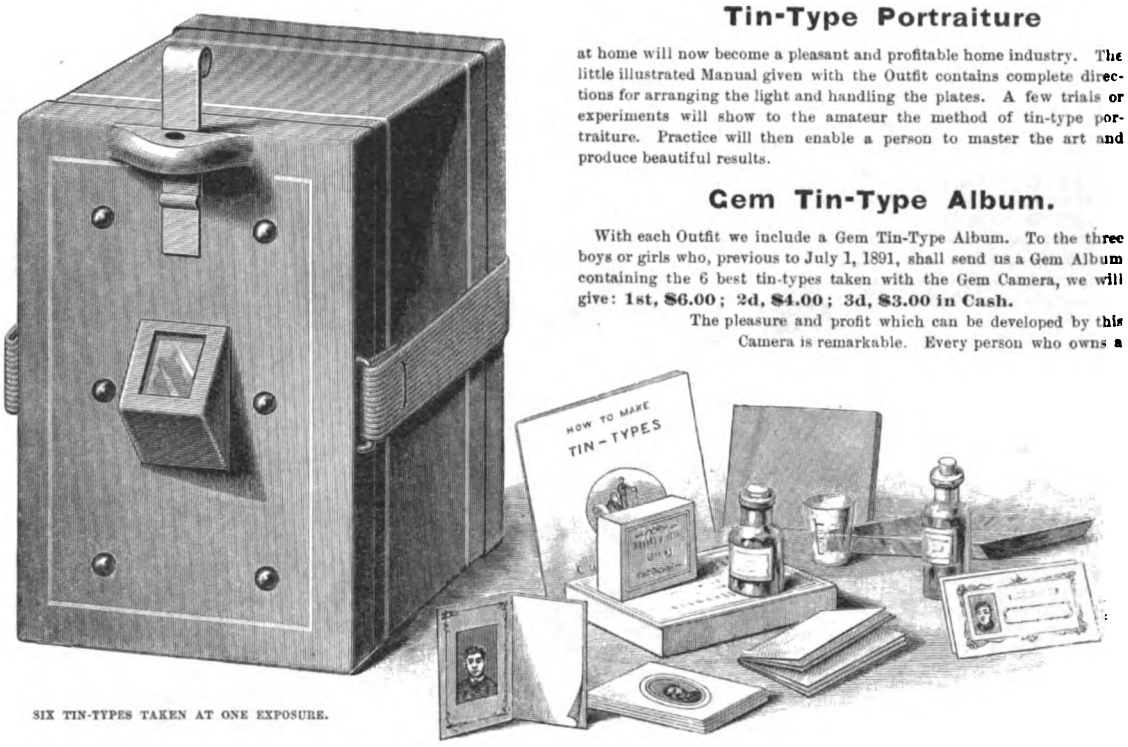
consists of the Six-Lens Tin-Type Camera with complete Outfit and instructions for taking tin-type portraits. Included with the Outfit, we give **24 Gem Mounts, 1 Gem Tin-Type Album, 1 Package Sensitized Plates** (which will make 36 pictures), **1 Graduate, 1 Sheet Ruby Fabric, 2 Bottles of Developer, 1 Box Hyposulphite, 1 Tray, 1 Manual.**

Any boy or girl of ordinary intelligence can learn to take tin-type portraits, and thus be able to earn sums of money in an easy and delightful way.

Exchanging Tin-Types.

At the present time the exchanging of tin-types among both children and adults has become very popular. The possession of a tin-type Camera will enable a person to take advantage of this demand.

The art of taking tin-types is remarkably simple. You have only to "expose" the plate in the Camera, then "develop," "fix," dry and mount the tin-types, the whole process not requiring more than **eight minutes.**



SIX TIN-TYPES TAKEN AT ONE EXPOSURE.

Tin-Type Portraiture

at home will now become a pleasant and profitable home industry. The little illustrated Manual given with the Outfit contains complete directions for arranging the light and handling the plates. A few trials or experiments will show to the amateur the method of tin-type portraiture. Practice will then enable a person to master the art and produce beautiful results.

Gem Tin-Type Album.

With each Outfit we include a Gem Tin-Type Album. To the three boys or girls who, previous to July 1, 1891, shall send us a Gem Album containing the 6 best tin-types taken with the Gem Camera, we will give: **1st, $6.00; 2d, $4.00; 3d, $3.00 in Cash.**

The pleasure and profit which can be developed by this Camera is remarkable. Every person who owns a

With our Outfit, **six tin-types** can be made **at one exposure,** and can be produced at a cost of less than one cent each. This low cost of production will allow a generous margin for profit on all tin-types sold.

We know that you will wonder how we can afford this Camera and Outfit at such a low price. It must be remembered that when an article is made in large numbers and supplied direct, a low price is possible. If this Outfit was made in small numbers and sold through the jobber and retailer, its price would be not less than $5 each.

Harvard should have this valuable Outfit. The Tin-Types taken with this Camera are larger by fully one-half than those taken by Boston professionals. The Gem Mounts given with the Outfit are made in assorted styles and colors.

Remember, we give the Camera and the entire Outfit all ready for work, for only **two new names, and 50 cts.** additional. We offer it for sale for only $3. **Postage and packing, 50 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased, or it can be sent by express, the charges to be paid by receiver, which in many cases will be cheaper.

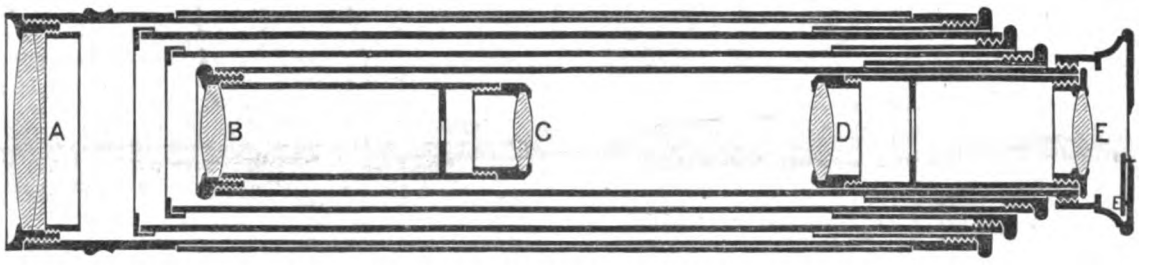
Our Achromatic Telescopes.

Two Watches

may look alike on the outside; it's the inside that tells the story. Two telescopes may look alike on the outside—they may both be called "Achromatic," but it's the inside that tells the story.

The Inside

of our Telescope is here illustrated closed. You can see that lenses are located at A B C D E—five lenses in all.



The lens A is achromatic. It is composed of two lenses in one—one made from flint, and the other from crown glass, so ground and fitted as to make **one lens.** Many of the so-called Achromatic Telescopes so extensively advertised have but two plain lenses, one located at A and the other at E.

We hope that this explanation will be clear to all. Our Telescopes are made to our especial order by one of the best Paris makers. We guarantee each instrument to be absolutely faultless. Although the duty on Telescopes has been increased, we shall not advance the price this year. Both of the Telescopes are encased in French Morocco.

Our Telescopes.

Telescope, No. 12. The first is our No. 12. The diagram illustrates it at its exact size when closed. When open, it is sixteen inches long.

The tubes are made from brass, polished and lacquered, while the body is covered with French Morocco.

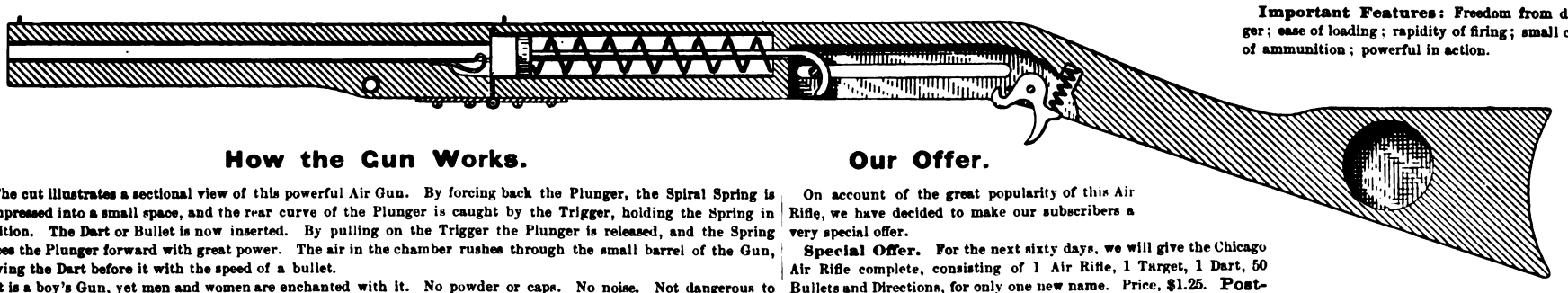
With it the moons of Jupiter can be seen, or the beauties of some distant mountain view. We give with each our Prize Essay on the Achromatic Lens.

Given for only one new name, and 75 cts. additional. Price, $3. **Postage and packing, 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Telescope, No. 22. Given for five new names, and $2.50 additional. This Telescope has four draws. Length, when extended, 36 inches. Closed, 11 inches. Diameter, 2 inches. Power, 35 times, or an object one mile away will appear to be only about ten rods away. This fine Achromatic Telescope is given for five new names, and $2.50 additional. Price, $9. **Postage and packing, 60 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Chicago Target Air Rifle. Special Offer.

Given for only one new name.



Important Features: Freedom from danger; ease of loading; rapidity of firing; small cost of ammunition; powerful in action.

How the Gun Works.

The cut illustrates a sectional view of this powerful Air Gun. By forcing back the Plunger, the Spiral Spring is compressed into a small space, and the rear curve of the Plunger is caught by the Trigger, holding the Spring in position. The Dart or Bullet is now inserted. By pulling on the Trigger the Plunger is released, and the Spring forces the Plunger forward with great power. The air in the chamber rushes through the small barrel of the Gun, driving the Dart before it with the speed of a bullet.

It is a boy's Gun, yet men and women are enchanted with it. No powder or caps. No noise. Not dangerous to handle. Just the thing for target practice. By its use a person can become a good shot. It is 33 inches long. The air-chamber and all working parts are made of brass and steel. The stock is maple, nicely stained and varnished.

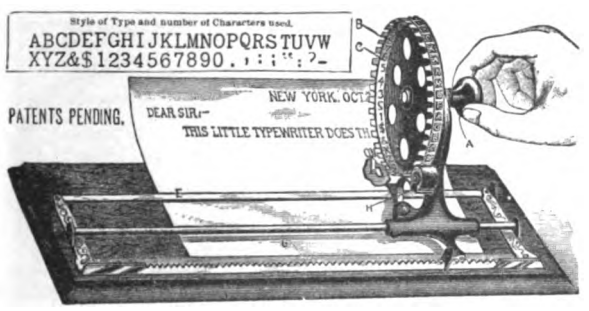
Our Offer.

On account of the great popularity of this Air Rifle, we have decided to make our subscribers a very special offer.

Special Offer. For the next sixty days, we will give the Chicago Air Rifle complete, consisting of 1 Air Rifle, 1 Target, 1 Dart, 50 Bullets and Directions, for only one new name. Price, $1.25. **Postage and packing, 35 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased, or it can be sent by express at the receiver's expense. The weight of this Rifle all packed is less than three pounds. It is carefully wrapped in a pasteboard box.

Automatic Type-writer. Given for one new name, and 10 cts.

This Type-writer has an automatic feed and a self-inking type wheel, uses copying ink, will accommodate the largest sized letter paper, and possesses some of the features of a higher cost machine.



There is a great fascination among the young in sending or receiving a type-written letter. To such a class, this Type-writer will afford almost endless delight and amusement, and also become a most valuable educator in teaching the art of spelling, punctuation and composition.

Premium offer above. Price, $1. **Postage and packing, 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Conditions.

The conditions for obtaining the Premiums offered on these pages are the same as those given in our last October PREMIUM LIST. Any one can purchase premiums, whether subscriber or not.

PERRY MASON & COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

14k Solid and Rolled-Gold Bead Necklaces.

This style of neck jewelry is very fashionable. Each Necklace is thirteen inches in length, is made by hand, and is warranted.

We can furnish these Necklaces in solid gold or silver, or heavy 14k rolled gold, Roman finish. The rolled-gold Beads are unusually heavy, and should wear nearly as long as the solid.

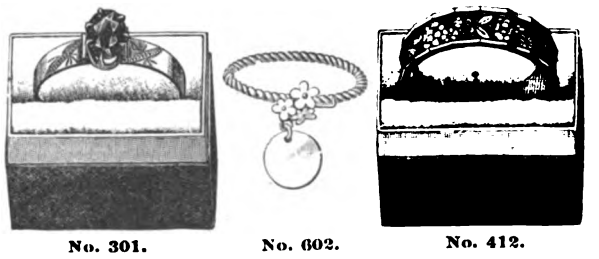
Solid 14k Gold Bead Necklace is given for five new names, and $2.50 additional. Price, $6 each.

Solid Silver Bead Necklace is given for one new name, and $1 additional. Price, $2.50 each.

14k Rolled-Gold Bead Necklace is given for one new name, and $1 additional. Price, $2.50 each. **Postage and packing** on either of the Necklaces, **6 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Solid Gold Rings, with Plush-lined Boxes.

Garnet Ring, No. 301. Solid Gold. This is one of the most desirable Rings we offer. We import the Garnets from Europe, and have them set to our special order. It is just the Ring for a young miss. Given for one new name. Price, $1.25.



No. 301. **No. 602.** **No. 412.**

Friendship Ring, No. 602. This is solid gold, ornamented with two tiny enamelled Forget-me-nots, with gold bangle. Very handsome. A plush-lined box given with each Ring. Given for one new name. Price, $1.

Beautiful Forget-me-not Solid Gold Ring, No. 412. This beautiful Gold Ring is made expressly for our subscribers. Engraved with beautiful Forget-me-nots. Given for one new name. Price, $1. **Postage and packing on either of the Rings, 6 cts.**

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The Complete Harvard Photograph Outfit.

Given for one new name, and 50 cts. additional.

Daguerre and Photography.

In 1827, THE COMPANION'S birth-year, Niepce and Daguerre began experimenting together in Photography. Niepce soon died, but Daguerre persevered and at last discovered and announced the wonderful art. For a while, the world could not believe him. But finally his marvellous sun-pictures forced the truth to be confessed.

Three years ago, we began advertising the Harvard Camera. It seemed impossible that a practical Photographic Camera and Outfit could be sold for $1.75. Still, many of our subscribers believed our statements, and tried the Camera. Friends of theirs saw its work and hastened to secure Harvard Cameras for themselves. So the news spread until now tens of thousands of our subscribers are owners of this wonderful Photographic Outfit. In fact, so great is the demand that our manufacturers find it almost impossible to keep us supplied.

It is no Longer

necessary for us to describe the delights of Photography. The art has become so popular of late, the whole world knows its pleasures and wants to try its hand at it.

How Can We

sell the Harvard Outfit for $1.75? Because there are no middle-men to add to its cost with their percentages. The Camera is manufactured for us and for us alone, thousands being ordered at a time. Were this Camera to go through the regular channels of trade, it could not be sold for less than three dollars.

Rebate Ticket.

But some may say, "I prefer to wait until I can buy a large Camera." To these we reply, Art is not measured by the square yard. As artistic a picture can be made with the dainty Harvard as with a large Camera costing many dollars. Begin with the Harvard, become expert in its use and then, if you want a costlier one, you can purchase it at a discount by means of a Rebate Ticket which we give with every Harvard Outfit.



The Illustration.

The illustration shown above is no fancy sketch drawn from the imagination of our artist, but is a composite picture made from a number of Photographs that have been taken by young people with the Harvard Camera. Each section or figure will be instantly recognized by its taker.

The Harvard Prize Photograph Album.

To provide a way by which present owners of Harvard Outfits may compete for the Prizes named in the next column, we make the following offer: On receipt of six cents in stamps we will mail to any address one Harvard Prize Photograph Album, and will include with the Album a sample Photograph taken by some boy or girl with the Harvard Camera. The conditions which govern the awarding of the prizes, together with full instructions for those intending to compete, will be enclosed with the Album.

The Harvard Camera.

The Camera is made of metal and handsomely japanned and striped. The lens, imported from France, is unusually quick in action and adapted to a large range of work.

The Finder is an ingenious attachment which enables a person to see the view before it is taken. One of our experts failed to see in the Paris Exposition any Finder costing less than the entire Harvard Outfit. But he received a suggestion that finally developed into the wonderfully simple but effective Finder we give with the Outfit.

Amateur Camera Clubs.

Among the thousands of owners of Harvard Cameras, there are multitudes who are anxious to form Camera Clubs. To aid the young people in this direction, we have secured the co-operation of the **National Amateur Camera Club**, a recently incorporated body of enthusiastic lovers of Photography.

Benefits of a Camera Club.

1. **Camera Club Meetings** for papers and practical talks on Photography by members or invited speakers.
2. **A Studio** and other conveniences for the general use of the members of the Club.
3. **Club Albums**, for preserving interesting and meritorious Photographs.
4. **Field Days** for friendly contests in Photography.
5. **Public Exhibitions** of Club work, with awarding of prizes, etc.
6. **Exchange of Ideas.** The members of a Club thus have a grand opportunity to exchange ideas and experiences, and receive the inspiration and enthusiasm of such companionship.

While these reasons should be a sufficient inducement for organizing Branch Amateur Camera Clubs in every town in America, yet the National Club authorizes us to make the following offer:

Offer to Clubs.

Upon the receipt of an application signed by at least three persons agreeing to form an Amateur Camera Club, there will be sent **free**, a Camera Club Constitution, Application Blanks for Membership and General Aids showing how to organize such Clubs.

Each application for Blanks must enclose a two-cent stamp for postage, and should be sent directly to the publishers of THE COMPANION.

Prize Offer.

With each Harvard Outfit we will give **free** a Harvard Prize Photograph Album.

To the person who, previous to July 1, 1891, shall send us one of these Albums containing the best collection of six photographs that have been taken by the sender with the Harvard Camera, we will give a choice of either

1st Prize—Cash to the amount of	$15.00
Or Hawk-Eye Outfit, price	15.00
2d Prize—Cash to the amount of	10.00
Or Anthony's 4 x 5 Photographic Outfit, price	10.00
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The Complete Harvard Outfit.

The Harvard Outfit includes the Camera, Finder and Tripod-head, together with Developing Pan, Printing Frame, Glass Graduate, Ruby Glass, Gold, Chemicals, Mounts, Dry Plates; and Sensitized Paper for making the finished picture. Size of picture, 2½ x 4 inches.

The complete Outfit given for only **one new name, and 50 cts. additional. Price, $1.75. Postage and packing, 50 cts.**, or it can be sent by express at the receiver's expense, which in very many cases will be cheaper.

Regulation Foot Ball, No. 5, with Manual.

Given for one new name, and 25 cts. additional.



This fine Foot Ball is the regulation size—27 inches in circumference—and is made of the best of stock. We give with each Foot Ball an Official Manual, containing Referee's Duties, Score Sheet, Field Chart, and Foot Ball Rules, as authorized and adopted by the American Intercollegiate Association.

The Foot Ball and Manual given for one new name, and 25 cts. additional. The regular price of the Ball and Manual is $2. Our price is only $1.50. **Postage and packing, 20 cts.**, when sent as a premium or purchased.

Although the cost of rubber has considerably advanced during the past few months, we shall not for the present increase the price of our Foot Balls.

Portable Changing Bag, and One Dozen Dry Plates,

Size, 2½ x 4. All given for one new name.



This valuable apparatus will be keenly appreciated by all who own a Harvard or Gem Camera.

By means of it a person can remove and insert plates in a Camera, although the brightest of sunlight is all about; thus being entirely independent of a dark room. By having two boxes in the Bag, one of unexposed plates and the other for exposed plates, any desired number of pictures can be taken on a single trip.

The Portable Changing Bag is made of an impervious and light-tight material, can be rolled up and carried in the pocket, and is very simple in construction.

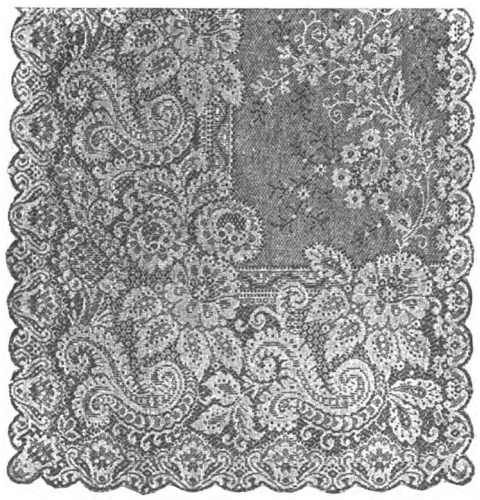
Premium offer above. Price, 85 cts. **Postage and packing, 25 cts.**, when sent as a premium or purchased. Price of Bag alone, 50 cts., postage 10 cts. additional. Send stamp for a Catalogue of Photographic Supplies.

Nottingham Lace Curtains.

Lace Curtains always give a most pleasing effect, not only to the furnishings of a room, but also to the house itself as seen from the outside.

Every good housewife knows the value of Nottingham Lace Curtains. We purchase them by the case directly from the factory. The styles are the latest and most attractive. The patterns are assorted. The one illustrated in the cut was taken at random from a case.

The cut, being a greatly reduced photo-engraving of the lower end of the Curtain, does not give exactly the same effect as the Curtain itself.



Nottingham Lace Curtains, No. 1. These Curtains are nine feet long, forty inches wide, and are all bound with tape.

A pair (two curtains) given for one new name, and 25 cts. additional. Our price only $1.25 for the pair. **Postage and packing, 25 cts.**, when sent as a premium or purchased.

Nottingham Lace Curtains, No. 2. These Curtains are three and one-half yards long, fifty-two inches wide, and bound with tape.

A pair (two curtains) given for two new names, and 25 cts. additional. Our price only $2.50 for the pair. **Postage and packing, 35 cts.**, when sent as a premium or purchased.

Combination Premium Package, No. 1.

Given for one new name.



This Package contains a most valuable assortment of articles for young folks. 1st, a Rubber Printing Outfit, consisting of a 3 A font of Type, Type Holder, Ink Pad, Tweezer, and Directions. Just the thing for marking clothing or printing cards. 2d, a Duplex Call Whistle, having two cylinders of different lengths and capable of producing a most powerful sound. 3d, a practical Fountain Pen, which is easily filled and kept in order. 4th, a package of Calling Cards. 5th, a fine 6-paged Ivorine Pocket Memorandum Book. 6th, a beautiful Gold-plated Pocket Pencil.

The entire Combination given for one new name. Price, $1. **Postage and packing, 10 cts.**, when sent as a premium or purchased.

Wright & Ditson's Regulation League Base Ball.

Given for one new name.



A young man's education is now considered incomplete without at least a thorough technical knowledge of the rules of Base Ball. An acquaintance with the game, acquired by practical contest on the "diamond," is of far more value, however. To afford our subscribers an opportunity to enjoy or perfect themselves in this truly great game, we offer Wright & Ditson's Regulation League Ball. This is one of the leading Balls, and is used by professionals. If you intend to use a Ball, get the best.

Moulded rubber centre, double cover. Weight, 5 oz. Size, 9 in. Horse-hide cover, red-stitched. Each Ball is carefully made, and warranted to be regulation size and weight, and especially adapted for match games.

This fine Ball is given for one new name. Price, 90 cts. **Postage and packing, 10 cts.**, when sent as a premium or purchased.

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For the Companion.

INHUMANITY.

Farmer Snowden, well-fed and ruddy, stood at his door one morning, as Holt, his nearest neighbor, passed down the road. Holt drove a mule so thin and gaunt that its bones almost pierced the skin. The wretched animal staggered under the weight of several bags of grain.



"Isn't Jack overloaded a trifle?" Snowden called.

"No," said Holt. "He's used to it. He likes it."

"That beats me," said Snowden, indignantly, to his wife. "How any Christian man can work a brute to death I can't understand! Is my basket ready, mother?"

Mrs. Snowden hastily finished packing the basket of sandwiches and pie for the luncheon in the field, and gave it to her husband, who followed his haymakers down the road.

The kitchen was in disorder. It was scarcely day, but Mrs. Snowden had already cooked breakfast for three hungry men. The dishes must be washed, a dozen pies made, the ironing done, and the house set in order.

She began to work, but stopped presently to prepare a delicate breakfast and arrange it prettily upon a table in the parlor. Her daughter, a victim of some nervous ailment, came down, and languidly tasted it.

"I have no appetite," she moaned. "I think perhaps I could eat a bit of broiled chicken."

Mrs. Snowden hurried to make ready the new dish. When Laura had eaten it—and she finished every morsel—her mother helped her to creep out to the hammock in the cool shade, brought her a book, a fan, a pillow and a dish of fruit.



Laura spent the morning there, out of sight of the kitchen. She was an educated girl, fond of painting and all beautiful things. She declared that the heat, the cooking and the work made her ill. "Mother had been used to it all her life. She never tired of it. She liked turmoil."

Presently Laura managed to walk as far as the post-office, and brought back a letter. It was from her brother Joe who was in a store in Boston, and was full of amusing gossip about parties, club-meetings, and concerts. In a postscript Joe said,



"Ask mother if she will make me a set of new shirts as soon as possible. It does not take her long to run them off on the machine, and it saves me some dollars. Poor clerks in Boston have to look after the pennies!"

Mrs. Snowden gave a wan smile as she received the message. "I am glad Joey is so saving," she said; but as she oiled her machine for the work she sighed quietly. It was harvest-time. She was busy in the kitchen all day. The shirts must be made after night-fall.

Day after day went by. The family and the two hired men were fed, the house was kept in order, the washing and ironing were done, Laura was nursed and humored—all by the one quiet, gaunt woman.

When night came, she sat down at the machine to make the shirts, with loving thoughts of her boy.

"The doctor says that I need exercise," said Laura, feebly, one day. "I shall try riding horse-back, I think."

Joe, when he received the shirts, merely wrote back that "They were not as neatly finished as those in the shops. Mother's machine must be wearing out."



He often spent in a supper, given to his friends, more money than would have bought the shirts.

When harvest was done, Farmer Snowden congratulated himself on his profits. Some of his neighbors, he said, hired help in the kitchen during harvest. "But I told them mother undertakes it all herself. She is used to work. She likes it."

He took pleasure in abusing Holt, who had worked his mule almost to death. But when he saw his wife's face grow more lean and sallow each day, it never occurred to him nor to his children to consider the drudgery, the dullness, the absence of hope, amusement and cheer from her life, or to think that they were urging her, step by step, each day nearer to her grave.

Into how many farm-houses does *The Companion* enter, in which a Mrs. Snowden may be found?

For the Companion.

HOW TO MAKE DURABLE TABLE MATS.

The materials used are a ball of white corset lacing and No. 40 white cotton.

Cut a 20-inch length from the ball of lacing and mark the centre of the piece cut off.

Commence at one end of the length and roll the lacing toward the marked centre, sewing the roll neatly on one side to hold it in place.

When the centre is reached, take the other end and repeat the operation, only rolling the lacing in the direction opposite from the first.

The figure when completed is a double wheel. See illustration.



Fig. 1.

Make six of these double wheels and one single one. The last made with a 10-inch length of lacing.

Using the single wheel for a centre, sew the end of a double wheel on either side, making a string of five wheels.

Now sew the remaining double wheels in pairs, making two strings of four wheels each, and place one on either side of the first. These thirteen wheels to be used as the centre of the mat. With the lacing, now measure around this centre once and a half, *four times*, and cut the length so measured, from the ball. Cut this piece in two equal parts and fold each part at its centre. Pin the two folds together on a cushion (or anything to hold them) and make a common four-strand braid, and sew it around the centre of wheels.

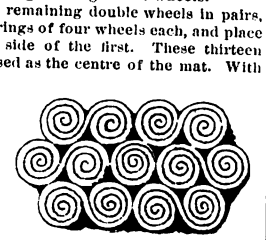


Fig. 2.

Next, measure around braid eight times, find the centre of length, pin down and proceed to make a chain of "True Lovers' Knots" a quarter of an inch apart.

The knot is made thus:—

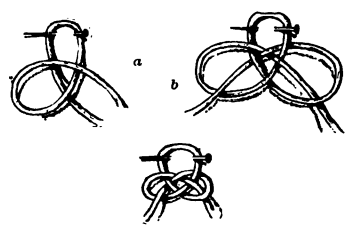


Fig. 3.

The chain when completed to be added to the braid which has just been made.

Now add another row of braid, measuring for it (around the knots) once and a half, four times. Finish with a row of wheels.

This makes a mat measuring about 10x12 inches, and larger or smaller ones can be made by increas

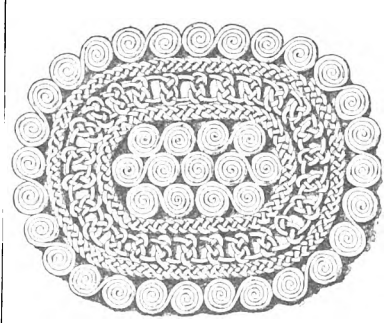


Fig. 4.

ing or diminishing the number of wheels in the centre. One ball of lacing will make several mats.

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CLOSELY WATCHED.

A subject of frequent complaint among American men who travel in Europe is the lack of skill on the part of the barbers, who seldom know how to use their razors without inflicting suffering upon their customers. So few men, comparatively, depend upon barbers to be shaved, in the Old World, that the art is not always mastered by those who practise it. A traveller in England relates an incident, however, which seems to indicate that barbers in the country districts are no more expert in cutting hair than they are in shaving.

"I was travelling leisurely through Warwickshire, the country of Shakespeare," this traveller says, "when, seeing a rather neat barber-shop, and being aware that my hair needed cutting, I went in and submitted myself to the shears.

"I did so with some little uneasiness, for these shears were vast and murderous-looking weapons, which looked as if they were ordinarily employed in cutting sheet-iron instead of men's hair.

"The barber went through many preparations, which gave me a chance to observe that his dog, a wiry-looking little bull-terrier with a singular droop in his left eye, and a vicious expression about his cropped ears, was eying me intently from a point a little to one side of me, on the floor.

"The barber at last set at work at my back hair, very deliberately. The bull-terrier still eyed me as a cat watches a mouse, now tipping his head a trifle on one side, now on the other.

"I stood this eager scrutiny in silence for a few minutes, but presently my curiosity led me to speak.

"'Hum!' I said; 'a sharp-looking dog, that of yours.'

"'Sharp!' the man laughed. 'No more hintelligent beast than 'im in all War'icksh're to-day, sir.'

"'Can you tell me why he is watching me in that way?'

"'Ah, there's the hintelligence of 'im, sir. Sometimes it happens, you know, sir, as 'ow, when I'm a-cuttin' a gent's 'air, sir, as 'ow I chips a little hoff the top of the gent's hear with the shears, sir. An' then you should see, sir, as 'ow Sir Garnet—that's the dog's name, sir—as 'ow he lights on that bit of hear in a hinstant, sir!'

"This very interesting piece of information sent such a cold chill down my back as I had seldom felt before. I did not dare to speak and beg the man to be careful, lest my agitation should cause him to make the unlucky stroke with the shears.

"I certainly did not dare to move. The man took a long time with his hair-cutting, and all that time Sir Garnet eyed me keenly and hungrily from the floor, while the cold drops of perspiration were starting out on my forehead.

"Fortunately I escaped mutilation; but in my dreams, for weeks, I was haunted by the vision of that expectant bull-terrier, watching me with his malevolent eye out for the tip of my ear. I see him in an occasional vision still, and I never expect to be quite rid of him."

FOR RHEUMATICS.

Old remedies for diseases were of a fearful and wonderful nature. It is to be hoped that the world is growing wiser in this regard, but there are still those who apparently have firm belief in strange specifics. The author of "Wild Life on a Tidal Water" became acquainted with the watermen of Norfolk, England, and gives the following specimen of their various remedies for rheumatism.

The conversation turned on "rheumatics," the common ailment of watermen. "Wal, I hev carried a tater in my pocket since Christmas, an' it fare ter me it dew no good; the tater waste, but the rheumatics doant go," said Larin, a swarthy, determined-looking young shrimper.

"An' them magnetic stones fare ter me to be fooleries," continued a stout old eel-catcher.

"Them magnetic belts work better," broke in Horngee, dogmatically, "but arter all, fares ter me nothing like the fat o' a good silver eel. Jest prick 'im an' let the fat run out afore the fire, an' rub it inter the j'ints. I have cured myself like that, an' so hev my missis."

"Wal," rejoined the shrimper, "I hev found a little black rosin, as much as you can hold on a shillin', twice a week, do some good. Wenus turps rubbed on the j'ints do good, but carrying pigs' left fore trotters an' taters an' brimstone fare ter me silly."

"Wal, old matey, what dew you think about these cures?" asked Larin, turning to an old sailor, who had served in the coastguard.

"What dew I think? On'y wiper's oil will cure all yore scrumatics."

"Fares ter me hosses' oil cures quickest," interrupted a little gunner, who had just come in.

"Hosses' oil is good stuff, ah! werry good stuff!" acquiesced each patient, gravely shaking his head.

IDENTIFYING HANDWRITING.

When the experts in handwriting meet on the witness-stand and swear hard against one another, the jury has a difficult task. Nevertheless, there have been remarkable cases of identification of handwriting.

An English gentleman offered a large sum of money for the discovery of a marriage register, the production of which was necessary in an important lawsuit. An officer in a country church wrote him that the missing register had turned up in the vestry box of his own parish. A lawyer and an expert in handwriting were sent to examine the document.

The man showed them the marriage register, and after a careful examination, they went to lunch.

At the table, the expert expressed an opinion unfavorable to the genuineness of the register. It was modern handwriting and did not, therefore, possess the antiquity claimed for it.

"Then how in the world did it get there?" asked the church officer.

"Why, you forged it yourself," quietly replied the expert, who had studied the handwriting in the note sent the gentleman.

The man, being threatened with prosecution, fled the country, and thus confessed his crime.

SIGNIFICANT.

Bridget could neither read nor write, but she was no fool, for all that.

"That was a very nice letter of Patrick's, offering you marriage," said the mistress. "What shall I say in reply for you?"

"You may tell him, if you plaze, mum, that when I gets my wages raised next month, mum, I'll begin to save for the weddin' things."

The mistress laughed, and saw the point.

Itching Piles.

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For the Companion.

THE HEYGOOD TEA SERVICE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

The Culprit Discovered.

When Mr. Lewis Heygood left his house at half-past six in the morning, he knew that it was too early to look for a reply to the telegram which he had sent the night before to Colonel Witheredge; but he was so much troubled and puzzled over the loss of the silver that he hoped by some happy chance to hit upon a clue to the mystery.

He was unwilling to believe in the possibility of the guilt of Merrick or the Hinslys.

He had nevertheless requested young Brent to ride over to the ferry early, and see if anything could be learned there bearing upon the disappearance of the silver. Mr. Heygood thought that he might meet Brent on his return.

He was passing the Baybridge hotel, when he heard his own name in the air, and looking up, saw, at one of the second-story windows, a pretty girl, with a Scotch cap on her head, and a travelling wrap gathered about her shoulders.

The girl did not see him; she was looking down at a group of little negro boys who had been playing leap-frog on the sidewalk, but who now crowded under the window, and sent up a clamor to this wise:

"Me! Me, ma'am! I kin do it!"

"Dinkyer de feller to aim dem two bits!"

"Doan' you mind him, ma'am! He cawn-da' boy, dat feller!"

"She seed me first!"

"Yes, she aint! She seed me fust!"

Words were coming to blows, when the girl, leaning out of the window, commanded silence.

Mr. Heygood turned to watch her dealings with this little rabble, upon whom, at the sound of her voice, had settled a profound, expectant stillness.

The girl lifted her finger and counted:

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven! Do you suppose I am going to pay you all two bits apiece?" she demanded. "I'll take that one over there with the blue gallowses. What is your name?"

"Cæsarbanker Jones!"

"Well, Cæsbanca, you just hold the burning deck until I come down."

The girl disappeared with a laugh.

Apparently Cæsbanca Jones's idea of holding the burning deck was to stand on his head and make faces at his six rejected and crestfallen companions until the young lady came out on the doorstep. Then he regained his feet, and offered to take the red carpet-sack which she carried.

"Oh, I'll manage this," she said. "You show me the shortest way to Mr. Lewis Heygood's, quick!"

At these words the six defeated candidates for the prospective two bits set up a shout.

"Hi-yo! Mr. Lewis Heygood! Dar de gemman! Mr. Lewis Heygood, sah! White lady axin' de way ter yo' house!"

Cæsbanca Jones, who had begun to cry when he saw that there was no further occasion for his services, was pacified with a dime, and the young lady turned with both hands extended to greet Mr. Heygood.

"Oh, are you Cousin Lewis Heygood?" she asked, breathlessly. "I am Sally Witheredge Holmes."

"From Georgia? Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Heygood, as he grasped her hands. "Why—why —" he stammered; but words failed him in his surprise.

Sally nodded, as she surrendered the carpet-sack to his keeping. "And the Colonel," she said, "and Cousin Polly Piper and Cousin Dorrie! We all came!"

Mr. Heygood's surprise was greater than ever. "Miss Dorrina Witheredge do you mean? Why, they tell me she has not been outside her home grounds for over forty years!"

"It's all because of Fred. She found out that he hadn't any pistol, and she was uneasy about all that load of silver; so she ran away with Cousin Polly Piper, and then the Colonel and I followed, and overtook them at Atlanta. We reached here at four o'clock this morning, and they wanted to go straight to your house. They said that was the good old Georgia way, but I told them they couldn't be sure it was the Alabama way. So we stopped at the hotel, and they are all asleep; but I thought I'd hunt up Fred. I suppose he is with you and all right, isn't he?"

"Oh yes; all right now."

"Now?" repeated Sally. "Has anything happened?"

Mr. Heygood briefly related Fred's encounter with Merrick. Sally, though she laughed a little, looked very grave. "Cousin Dorrina must never know it," she said, decidedly.

"Are you Cousin Lewis Heygood?"

"It may not be possible to prevent her hearing of it," Mr. Heygood replied. "The story is all over town."

"Then we must be the first to tell her!" Sally declared. "We must not let her hear it any worse than it is, at least. And the silver?" she asked, suddenly.

"Ah," answered Mr. Heygood, "we are in much trouble about that silver."

"Has he been robbed?" gasped Sally, wildly.

"Not of all of it, luckily; but there are three pieces missing."

"Oh!" Sally uttered this exclamation with a great sigh of relief.

"We are making inquiries in a quiet way," pursued Mr. Heygood. "Fred is sure that he brought it all from home; nevertheless, I telegraphed his grandfather last night."

"Well, my father will get the message," said Sally, beginning to laugh, "and Arnold knows that Fred came away without the coffee-pot, the bowl and the cream-jug."

"Is that indeed true?" exclaimed Mr. Heygood, joyfully. "My dear child, I can't tell you what a relief this is, for Fred's suspicions fell upon those people at the ferry, who have always been esteemed thoroughly honest. It would have been a bitter thing to bring a false accusation against them."

The color flashed up into Sally's face, and then faded out, leaving her very pale. "The three pieces are in this carpet-bag," she said. "That is why I am so anxious to see Fred before Cousin Dorrina sees him. She must never know about the silver; it would worry her into an illness."

"She need never know it, surely. But if it is not too late, I must prevent Brent from going on that quest to the ferry. He said he would ride over before breakfast, but it is just possible he may not yet have started."

"Oh yes!" cried Sally, wildly. "Don't let them accuse any one wrongfully. Let us hurry! Let us run!"

Mr. Heygood had torn a slip of paper from his memorandum-book, and was writing upon it, while Sally stood wringing her hands in a fever of impatience.

"We will do all we can," he said, smiling at her as he put up his pencil. "Brent must pass this way to reach the ferry, and if he has not already gone, we cannot miss him. I'll send this message home to let them know that the silver is found, but I haven't said anything about you; that will do for a later surprise."

Sally was about to start at once, but Mr. Heygood reminded her that it was not considerate to steal away from her cousins at the hotel, and leave no account of herself.

"No, it isn't!" Sally admitted. "But I am always doing something I ought not to do."

Mr. Heygood hurried into the hotel to provide for the delivery of his message home, and leave word for Colonel Witheredge. He returned speedily, and set out homeward, past the Brent place, with Sally.

Fortunately, as it happened, young Brent was not an early riser, and he was but just mounting his horse when Mr. Heygood and Sally stopped at his gate. Their news was told in as few words as possible.

"Hurrah!" shouted Brent. "Dorina will be delighted. I'll gallop ahead and tell her."

"As if there were nobody but Dorina!" said Mr. Heygood. "I've already sent them word; but you may gallop ahead, if you will, and tell them to order the carriage at once."

"All right!" cried the young man, springing to the saddle again. "Suppose I relieve you of this satchel?"

Sally seemed to hesitate a moment, but finally consented.

Thus it came to pass that Dorina Heygood was enabled to announce that the silver had been found in Baybridge. She laughed when Fred said he was sorry.

"I am sure there can be nothing to distress us," said she, "for Mr. Brent is in such high spirits. I may not yet have started."

"Oh yes!" cried Sally, wildly. "Don't let them accuse any one wrongfully. Let us hurry! Let us run!"

Dorina snatched the carpet-sack from him, but it was locked.

"Tell us all about it!" demanded Mrs. Heygood and Fred in a breath.

"It's a good joke on you, Fred," said Brent, "but you must wait for Mr. Heygood. All I can tell you now is that there is a great surprise in store about that silver."

Presently the rattle of wheels was heard, and Dorina flew to the window to see the dingy "hack" which transported passengers to and from the depot stop at the gate.

Three persons got out: a gentleman and two ladies. "Why," cried Dorina, "who in the world are these people? A tall old gentleman, a tall old lady, so queerly dressed, and a short, little, oldish-young-ish person, with a rose in her bonnet as big as a cabbage."

"It must be the Witheredges!" cried young Brent, impulsively. "Fred, come and see!"

"See whom?" said Fred, indifferently. He was thinking of the silver, and he resented this interruption; nevertheless, he went to the window.

The three strangers were coming leisurely up the walk, the old lady leaning on the old gentleman's arm, the other lady tripping along behind.

Fred could not believe his eyes.

"My grandfather and *my Aunt Dorinda!*" he gasped. "And that red rose—that can be nobody on earth but Cousin Polly Piper! Am I dreaming?"

Mrs. Heygood and Dorina did not stay to debate this point. They hurried downstairs, and met the strangers at the door with the warmest of welcomes.

"Ah! Ah!" cried the old Colonel, rubbing his hands, "I said this was what we might count upon—a real Georgia welcome. We'd have been here fresh from the train, at four this morning, but Sally Holmes was for being so formal. However, I stole a march on her. I slipped out and ordered a conveyance to be in readiness at half-past seven; so here we are!

"And this is the little Dorina?" he went on; "give me a kiss, child. Why, upon my word, you are a pretty creature, as pretty as Sally Witheredge Holmes."

"Of course she is, Frederick; what else did you expect?" said Miss Dorina Witheredge, who had her arm around the girl she had always considered peculiarly her own. "I am so glad I came, my dear, so glad I came!" she sighed.

"Ah, it's so romantic!" whispered Miss Polly Piper, ecstatically. "We are all glad; I'm sure I am."

"Let me take you upstairs to my sitting-room," said Mrs. Heygood; "there you shall see Fred, while I have breakfast made ready for you."

"Is anything the matter with Fred?" asked Miss Dorina, with sudden misgiving.

"Oh dear, no," Mrs. Heygood reassured her; "only he had—a rather rough trip, and we are coddling him a little."

"Ah, yes; the blessed old stage-coach days were much more comfortable for travellers," sighed Miss Dorina, whose last trip had been made when she was twenty, and strong to endure.

At the head of the stairs they came upon Fred, not yet recovered from his surprise.

"You didn't expect me, of course, Fred," said Miss Dorina, placidly; "but I was so disturbed about you that I couldn't rest at home. O Fred, how careless of you to leave that pistol!"

"Don't say a word, Fred!" whispered the Colonel, on the other side of him.

"And the silver, Fred? Grandmother Heygood's silver? Is it all right?"

They were in the sitting-room, now, and Miss Dorina's eyes fell, at once, upon a table where the famous tea service was displayed. She went immediately to examine it.

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"It's—it's all right," stammered Fred, at her elbow. "Don't bother now."

Miss Dorina would not listen; she was counting the pieces.

Young Mr. Brent strove desperately to fit a key to the red carpet-bag.

"I don't see the coffee-pot, nor the bowl, nor the little cream-jug!" said Miss Dorina, turning toward the company. Then, struck by their tell-tale faces, she exclaimed: "Fred, speak the truth! *You've been robbed?*"

Fred looked helplessly from his aunt to Mrs. Heygood, from Mrs. Heygood to Brent, who, despairing of a key to fit, had burst the lock of the red carpet-sack.

"No, no, no, Miss Witheredge!" said he, pulling out the missing pieces. "There has been a—a—a little *confusion*. But we have all the silver here, at last, you see; and—and—you shall hear the whole story, presently; it's a little—mystery."

"I should say 'mystery'!" shrieked Miss Polly Piper, "I'll never trust my eyes again, if that isn't the identical old red carpet-sack that Sally Witheredge Holmes brought with her, and insisted no one should touch but herself!"

"Ah!" interpolated Miss Dorina, nodding her head sagaciously.

"I did wonder what could make it bulge out so," Miss Polly rattled on; "but when I tried to feel of it, I surely thought she'd bite. It was that old coffee-pot —"

"It *is* old," said Miss Dorina, rebukingly, "and eminently respectable. They don't make such silver nowadays."

"No indeed!" Miss Polly assented, promptly.

"But where *is* Sally?" Miss Dorina inquired, looking around. "We were told that she had come here ahead of us."

"Oh, she will be here presently," said Brent.

Mrs. Heygood and her daughter and Fred exchanged bewildered glances that signified, "If we wait patiently, perhaps this mystery may be unravelled."

"You see," pursued Brent, "it is a long way round by our house, and they —"

In the midst of his words Sally Holmes burst into the room, unannounced; for when Mr. Heygood indicated where Fred might be found, she had rushed upstairs, leaving him to follow more leisurely.

"O Fred!" she exclaimed, with outstretched hands. Then her eyes fell upon Miss Dorina, and her hands dropped to her sides. "Cousin Dorina!" she faltered, and hung her head, and stood silent.

"Sally Witheredge Holmes," said Miss Dorina, with calm, but inexorable severity, "what prank is this you've played about your Great-great-grandmother Heygood's tea service?"

Sally covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"For," pursued Miss Dorina, unmoved, "from what I know of Sally Witheredge Holmes, whenever she has any connection with any trouble, a prank of some kind is a foregone conclusion."

"I'm sure you do her injustice," said young Brent, warmly. "Fred left these three pieces at home; therefore, Fred is the guilty party, don't you see?"

"No," said Sally, lifting her face; "no, Cousin Dorina! Fred is not to blame. It is I that am guilty, and no one else. I tried hard to manage so that you would never know anything about it; but since you must know, you shall hear the truth. I wasn't playing a prank on you; it was Fred I was trying to tease; he felt so important he could not help putting on a few airs!"

"Umph!" said Fred.

"Come, come, Sally; that's not true," said Miss Dorina, sharply. But the Colonel smiled shrewdly, and nodded.

"And," continued Sally, who had caught this little by-play out of the corner of her eye, and taken heart at it, "I thought it would be a good joke to have him miss a part of the silver. I did not once dream of bringing suspicion upon innocent persons; I thought it would be the easiest thing in the world to set it all right, for I meant to get Arnold to take the three pieces to Centreville and express them from there, with some baffling message.

"I found a key to fit the old trunk, and I took out the silver in the middle of the night, and hid it in the garret! I took the first pieces I came to—I was so scared—and I put everything back as if the packing had not been disturbed.

"I rode over home the next day on purpose to tell Arnold, and such a scolding as he gave me! He promised not to betray me, but only on condition that I would promise never to do the like again; and I never, never will!

"But when Martha told me you had started for Alabama, Cousin Dorina, oh, it was then my punishment began."

Sally wept afresh.

"Oh, oh!" said Dorina Heygood, "this is too bad. We haven't had a chance to kiss her and give her welcome!"

She went to Sally, and put her arms around her. Mrs. Heygood, too, tried to comfort her with the assurance that "all's well that ends well."

This gave Mr. Heygood an opportunity to greet Miss Dorina, and the Colonel, and Miss Polly Piper.

"Ah!" said Miss Dorina, when these greetings were over, "Sally Witheredge Holmes always was a wild thing, but she has no mother. Come here, Sally; you are not a bad girl, after all, my dear; you've a good heart, and many a pretty kindness have I received at your hands."

"Aren't you going to forgive me, too, Fred?" said Sally, on her knees at Miss Dorina's side.

"It was rough, Sally; it was rough!" Fred declared, frowning. "You made me make a fool of myself."

"No, Fred," said Sally, demurely; "I only furnished you an opportunity to exercise your natural talent."

A general shout followed this thrust, and Mr. Brent said:

"Come, Fred, there's nothing now for you to do, but be magnanimous."

"I suppose so," said Fred, ruefully, "Sally always contrives to come out ahead."

Just then a servant came in with a telegram for Mr. Heygood. It was from Arnold Holmes, in answer to the despatch sent the night before; and this was Arnold's message:

"*Hope all is right by this time. Please forgive Sally.*" ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

The End.

ECHO'S HOME.

In some mountain cave, methinks,
Where the white owl sits and blinks;
Or in deep sequestered dells,
Where the foxglove hangs its bells,
Echo dwells.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

For the Companion.

THE GREAT CHESHIRE CHEESES.

The Masons, whose history I used to hear, were among the founders of New Providence, the vanished village of the autumnal Berkshire Hills. I well recall the stories of Elder Leland that I used to hear in my old Swanzey home, and especially the awful ghost-story that the courtly evangelist used to relate confidentially to a few friends. No Rhode Island farmer's boy of thirty years ago will ever forget that, and any allusion to it would make, in those days, young feet nimble in dark chambers and on lonesome roads.

Times have, indeed, changed. No ghost-story, however vivid, would be likely to make a Rhode Island boy nervous to-day.

I recall also the more cheerful story of the great Cheshire Cheese, as we used to hear it, and have often repeated, in my young churning days, the New Providence receipt for turning cream into butter under the miracle-working influence of the old-time dasher:

"Come, butter, come,
Peter stands at the gate
Waiting for the butter-cake,
Come, butter, come."

The rhyme of this persuasive ditty is not perfect, and I am unable to say who "Peter" was, though the name sounds Apostolic; but the Cheshire and Rhode Island farmers' wives could all declare that this brief invocation gave a wonderful efficacy to the churn-dasher.

I shall never forget my first excursion into Cheshire to visit the once famous farms of New Providence, and the graves of Elder Leland and the heroes of Bennington. It was a glimmering September day, such as brings the tourist of New York to Lenox, not far away.

The sky was an over-sea of gold. The Housatonic lay, here like a mirror of glass in the brown woodland pastures, there purling amid purple gentians over mossy dams.

The wrecks of old orchard trees dotted the landscape; fading beech-trees, with their bark perforated by the long bills of the golden-winged woodpeckers; aftermath in alluvial meadows; corn-fields with orange banners on the uplands, and over all Greylock, green-wooded and maple-tinted, looking down the valley.

Graveyards—like little villages of the dead—with mossy stones touched the heart and fancies, and the town at last came full in view, with its white spire and faded inn.

"Where is New Providence?" I asked of an old man who had stopped to rest on the cool russet sward under a leafy maple, where the locusts were singing in the bright air.

"There is no New Providence any more," said he. "It is all gone; the hotels, the stores, the churches, all—there is not a house left. There is where it *was*."



He pointed toward a sunny slope. How beautiful was the situation! But there was not so much as a house or an orchard. Shades of Oliver Goldsmith! Could it be possible that here in New England was a veritable Deserted Village?

"The inhabitants of New Providence all sleep in a little graveyard under the hill," said the stranger, filling his pipe. "That was once New Providence Purchase, and was settled from Providence Plantations. It is now called Stafford Hill.

"Old Captain Joab Stafford, the hero of Bennington, is buried in the old graveyard, near the road. You can see his grave as you pass by."

New Providence began in a pleasant joke. Old generous Captain Stafford, who was brought wounded at last from Bennington to his pleasant home and tavern, built his house in New Providence Purchase before he brought his wife from Rhode Island.

When his fine house was completed, he went after Mrs. Stafford, but refused to give her any description of his new place. Across the Connecticut on horseback they hastened toward the mountains.

"Now as we ride along," said he, "and notice the new settlements, tell me when we come to just such a house as you would like."

They rode through Cheshire, once called the Kitchen, and at last the good woman lifted her eyes to a bowery hill almost in the shadow of Greylock.

"How beautiful!" said she. "There is just such a home and place as I should like to have. If I could only live there, I would be perfectly satisfied."

"You shall live there," said her gallant husband. "That is our home."

Out of that vanished house he was borne down the hill to his last resting-place in the valley below, and poets and orators spoke his praise.

Elder John Leland, born in Grafton, Mass., in 1754, came to Cheshire when quite a young man. He was on one occasion called upon to speak from the pulpit, when the pastor was absent. There came to him a flow of words and ideas which astonished his hearers much and himself more, and he felt that he was allotted to be a preacher. He was a Baptist-Quaker, like Roger Williams.

It has been asserted that his influence made Madison President. He travelled to a distance of many thousand miles, preaching; crowds followed him everywhere, and queer stories of his eccentricities were repeated by every fireside.

Among the old Cheshire humorists and the old story-tellers of the tavern at New Providence, and the half-way inn at Cheshire on the old Boston and Albany stage-route, were gallant Captain Stafford, the Bennington hero, Freelove Mason, the jolly mistress of the first regular stage-route hostelry, William Brown, or "Sweet Billy,"—the "Artemus Ward" of Berkshire,—Elder John Leland, whose jokes were echoed ever by the sounding-board over his tall pulpit, and the rich old farmers by the name of Mason, Brown, Wood and Cole, and the stage-drivers.

The story of the great Cheshire cheese was once a New England wonder tale, but was seldom correctly told, in all of its essential details. The making of it furnishes a picture of the early humor of the village, than which few pastoral scenes can be more pleasing, or more widely in contrast with many of the grim Puritan legends. Cheshire has a cheese factory now; then every farm had a cheese-press. There was joy among the industrious dames of Cheshire, when the old stage-driver of the Berkshire Hills blew his horn, and swung his hat and shouted, "Hurrah for President Jefferson!" The buxom dairy-women had been well schooled in Democratic politics by Elder Leland, himself an intimate friend of Jefferson, and a disciple of the broad principles of the Declaration.

"Toot, toot for Jefferson!" rung out the horn and voice of Cameralsman, the lusty stage-driver, as he passed through the thrifty Mason farms.

"Jefferson it is!" said Freelove Mason, the ruddiest dame of the Berkshire Hills; "and how shall we celebrate our victory like free and honest people that we are?"

"How?" said the Cheshire dames. "We will make the biggest cheese ever pressed in America—such a one as the farmers have been joking about—and send it to the new President for a present. Every cow in Berkshire shall furnish the milk for the curd."

I need not say that the great cheese was made. All the Yankee world knows that. The summer of bobolinks and morning-glories that followed the political spring of happiness in Cheshire saw a great gathering of curds on a certain day, and all the kirtled dames met at Elisha Brown's and compounded the mammoth gift to the President.

It was pressed in a cider-mill, and if it did not require four horses to draw it, it is said that that number was harnessed to the vehicle that brought it from the press where it had been pressed for ten days. It weighed one thousand two hundred and thirty-five pounds, was carried to the Hudson and shipped to Washington. Elder Leland went with the great cheese, "preaching," as he said, "all the way."

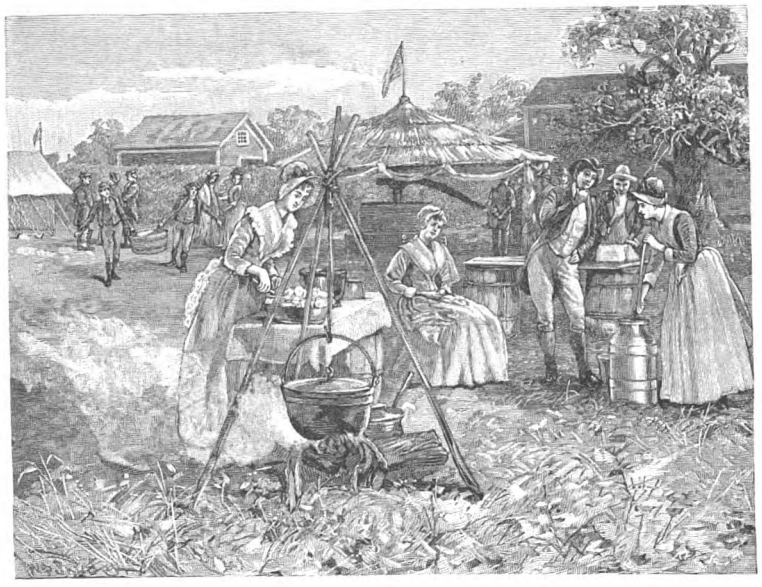
The stately correspondence between Leland and Jefferson, in offering and accepting the gift, is still preserved. Those were the days when every voter supposed himself to be a born king by right of the Constitution, and it took the old formal style of writing to express the sentiments of the new monarchs. Jefferson's letter accepting the great cheese was worthy of the author of "When in the course of human events."

Elder Leland, tall and courtly, was well adapted to the dramatic part of the occasion. A grander commoner never entered the Republican court. Jefferson had often met the great revival preacher in Virginia, for Leland depopulated towns to listen to his fiery eloquence wherever he went. His calling to the ministry, like St. Paul's, had come, as he believed, in the form of a voice out of the skies, and his tongue, to use the old Hebrew simile, common in the old days, had been "touched by a burning coal from the altar."

There are few preachers like Leland to-day. Eloquent as the old Methodist field preachers, elegant and courtly as a Camille Desmoulins, witty as a Swift or Steele, and far in advance of his times in the liberality of his opinions, a theological disciple of Roger Williams and Samson Mason, and a political follower of Jefferson, he was not only a remarkable preacher, but one of the most noted men of his time. He labored as a winter revivalist in Virginia for many years, before he made his home in Cheshire.

It was one of the humors of the time to relate events of a pleasing character in the style of the Hebrew Chronicles, and the Chronicle of the Cheshire Cheese was once well-known in the story-telling town. It began:

"And Jacknips said unto the Cheshirites, 'Behold the Lord hath put a ruler over us that is after



Making the Great Cheese.

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our own hearts. Now let us gather together our curds, and carry them into the valley of Elisha unto his wine-press, and there make a great cheese that we may make a thank-offering unto the great man.' Now this saying pleased the Cheshirites, so they did as Jacknips had commanded."

The great Cheshire cheese was shared by the President with the Governors of several States, to whom samples were sent. The story of it was a great advertisement of Berkshire County; and it was resolved to make a still larger cheese, which should weigh sixteen hundred pounds.

Elder Leland's church was famous for its psalmody. He himself wrote many hymns, among them the almost Ambrosian tone picture—

"The day is past and gone."

He used sometimes to ascend the pulpit singing.

There was one of the numerous Brown family of Cheshire who was a famous singer in his day, and to him we will assign a popular story of the time. His voice not only filled the church, but went out of the window. His bass notes were deep and full—"foot-notes," he called them—and it was his special pride to inform the people in the then masterpiece of country church choir music how

"The angel of
The angel of
The Lord came down,
And glory shone around,
And glory
And g-l-o-r-y, etc."

During the great winter revivals in Elder Leland's church, Singer Brown was all eyes, ears and voice. But the dairy-making season that produced the sweet butter and mammoth cheeses for which Cheshire became famous was very trying to his eyelids, during the long Sunday sermons, and the tithing-man often had a sore trial to keep his attention steady after the "sixthly" or "seventhly."

It was all so restful in the old church. The bobolinks singing in the clover outside, the red-breasted robins in the tall trees! The cool breezes came into the windows from the hay-fields, over which the cloud-shadows passed.

Then, too, even fiery Elder Leland's voice had a far-away sound when he came to the usual part of a New England sermon about the Jews in Jerusalem, and still more dreary was it when the Jews were in Babylon.

Singer Brown, on such occasions, would become oblivious of both the Jews and the Gentiles, and would have to be waked by the vigilant tithing-man.

Elder Leland himself had a genius for waking people on such restful and balmy days. Once, when a farmer under the gallery had fallen asleep and tipped back his head, with his mouth stretched open from ear to ear, some very imaginative boys in the gallery stuck a pin into a bean and lowered it down by a string to the open mouth, like a bucket into a well.

When the tall Elder saw it he didn't rebuke the boys, but seizing the Bible, slammed it down on the pulpit with a cannon shake, at the same time calling out to the poor man: "Wake up! wake up!"

The industrious farmer's slumbers were broken by these gentle circumstances, and he was enabled to follow the wanderings of the Jews during the rest of the sermon.

But Singer Brown on one Sunday fell asleep beside the old bass-viol amid such scandalous consequences that the tithing-man, the clerk and the venerable deacons never forgave him.

It all is supposed to have happened in the summer of 1803, the third year of the reign of the universal Kings under the good King Commoner, Thomas Jefferson, when ambitious people of Cheshire had put their heads together to make a bigger cheese than the one that had been made for their chosen President. The history of this cheese is often confused with the Jeffersonian present.

One Sunday morning in June, Goody Brown gave to her consort, Singer Billy, the long-necked pitcher, and sent him to the neighbors for milk. Billy went from house to house, but was refused.

"Not to-day, Billy," said every one; "we are saving our milk for the big cheese, you know."

After Billy had wandered about amid the dews to the Masons', the Waggoners', and others, without success although all the pantries were overflowing, he obtained a pint of milk at last from a Federalist, who was not in full sympathy even with the enterprises of the community.

It was now church time, and he was to sing bass to "The Lord descended from above" that day; in his view a stupendous performance. So he took his milk-pitcher along with him to the church, and up into the choir-loft.

A red curtain hung on rings ran before the singers in the choir. The music books were placed on racks, and the choir was directly over the high pulpit, the deacon's seat and the clerk's pew. A huge sounding-board hung over the pulpit, which was a kind of mahogany pen, with stairs on each side, and doors. The top of the pulpit reached almost to the choir.

Singer Billy sang well that morning the sonorous music of William Billings of Stoughton, and touched the "foot-notes" with impressive clearness.

Then he felt that his work was over, and began to be oblivious to the truth that was being proclaimed under the sounding-board. The old deacons, too, after all the excitements of mowing, milkings, and the preparations for making of the new cheese, were not in the most receptive mood, but felt the world gliding away from them in various ways.

The clerk fell quite asleep, and wandered away in the far regions of air beyond the solid continents of all theologies. Even the tithing-man had dropped his rod.

In this hour, when watchfulness had ceased, disaster came, and brought a scandal upon the descendants of the heroic Samson Mason and upon all.

A dog came trotting up the choir stairs. He, too, had found milk scarce that morning, and smelling Singer Billy's pitcher near the red curtain, looked around and found that Billy and most of the singers were quite indifferent to current events. He ran his head down the long neck of the pitcher towards the pint of milk in the great hollow below.

But while the descent of his head into the pitcher was easy, the withdrawing of it was otherwise. His head would not come out. He put up his inefficient paws and rubbed the outside of the pitcher; he moved to and fro, backward and forward. At last, not knowing where he was going, he passed quite under the red curtain and finally succeeded in pushing the pitcher over the balcony.

There was an alarming crash in the deacon's pew. Was ever anything so extraordinary? It was not a centaur that had come down, half horse and half man, but a yet more marvellous beast, half dog and half pitcher. The pitcher was broken to fragments; the dog howled pitifully; the clerk and the deacons all awoke at once, and the tithing-man leaped to his feet.

Singer Brown, too, suddenly came down from the blissful clover gardens of dreamland, and looking over the curtain on the scene of mystery and disaster below, comprehended at a glance all that had happened. He prophetically calculated the future, and quickly slipped down the stairs, and out of the church.

When questioned about the matter, he said, with unusual dignity:

"What but humiliation could you have expected from a people whose hearts had turned to the worship of cheeses?"

I stood recently in the old Cheshire churchyard by the grave of good Elder Leland, and read with a tender reverence the following simple inscription, on his tombstone, which had been prepared by himself:

"Here lies John Leland of Cheshire, who labored to promote piety and to vindicate the civil and religious rights of all men."

His "Evening Hymn" is his true monument, but he will long be a figure in the history of that quaint past.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

For the Companion.

MISS DILLOWAY.

Miss Dilloway locked the back door of her small house, and hung the key in plain sight near the kitchen window. How far the safety of her goods and chattels was ensured by this simple act she never stopped to consider; but nothing would have induced her to leave the door unlocked.

On her way down the narrow gravel walk she stopped to pull a weed here and there from the flower-bed, and to pick up an obnoxious piece of paper which had somehow found its way into the midst of the flowers. She straightened a young Balm of Gilead tree, and tied it more securely to the small stick which served as a prop; then, closing the gate carefully behind her, she walked briskly down the village street.

She had walked rather timidly along the platform of the little railroad station, and was about to enter the waiting-room when she was accosted by a man standing near, who was checking a solitary trunk.

"Wal, wal, Miss Dilloway! Goin' on a journey?"

"Not much of a one," she answered, curtly.

"Wal, go right in, and I'll be in in a minute."

He soon appeared at the ticket-office window, curiosity written all over his face. Miss Dilloway noted it.

"I want a ticket to Preston. How much is it?" she said.

"Oh, to Preston! Eighty-five cents. Let me see; got any relations up that way?"

"No. Can you change five dollars?"

"Oh yes—twenty-five, if you say so! Wal, didn't Ezry's folks move up Preston way, or nigh there?"

"No; they moved to Clar'mont. How soon'll the train go?"

Old Mr. McQuestion leaned forward and looked out through the office window at the clock on the wall.

"In 'bout fifteen minutes. Set down; set down over there in the rocking-chair, and make yourself comfortable. 'Taint every depot that's got a rocking-chair. Ahem! Goin' to be gone long?"

"No," answered Miss Dilloway, with a slight smile, rather enjoying the situation.

"No? H'm—h'm! Wal —"

But the good man's curiosity was not to be gratified that morning. A call from the baggage-room necessitated his hurrying away, and the ten o'clock accommodation soon bore little Miss Dilloway out of sight and hearing.

In two hours' time she was standing before a large brick building, over the massive door of which were the words, "Home for the Friendless." She trembled a little as she ascended the granite steps, and waited a little time before she rang the bell.

A white-capped servant showed her into a small reception-room. It seemed as if her nervousness increased with every moment's waiting, and when a tall, serious lady came slowly into the room, Miss Dilloway wished very much indeed that she were safe at home.

"You came to see our little ones?" said the lady, with a smile which drove all the stern lines from her face.

"Ye-es; I *did* come to get one—to adopt; but now't I'm here, I don't know that I'd ought to."

"Perhaps you can tell better after seeing."

"Yes, yes, I suppose I can. You see I made up my mind rather suddenly. Mr. Thornton, our minister,—I come from Rentham,—preached a most powerful sermon last Sunday from the text, 'Whoso shall receive one such little child,' and that sermon has been haunting me ever since. He had just come from a visit to Boston, where he saw an Orphan Asylum; and he said it made his heart ache to see so many little children who never knew what it was to have a mother's kiss on their foreheads."

Miss Dilloway wiped a tear from her eye, and went on:

"And then he said, if the Lord was going to ask us by and by what use we had made of the talents He had given us, he didn't see why He shouldn't ask us what use we'd made of our homes, especially those folks who had been given houses bigger than they needed. He asked them if the people didn't think it wasn't burying rooms, as the man buried the talent, to keep them shut up; and he urged them to open their hearts and homes—to be mothers and fathers to some little waif who didn't have any parents.

"Then he capped it all by saying that he and Mrs. Thornton had just adopted a five-year-old boy from that very Asylum. They've got seven already! But that's like Mr. Thornton; he always practises what he preaches.

"Well, when I sat down that afternoon with my Bible and hymn-book, I couldn't get my mind off that sermon. When I heard it, it didn't seem as if 'twas meant for me, but for married folks; but somehow the thought of Abby's chamber upstairs—Abby's my sister who died last year—kind of worked its way into my mind, and I wondered if the Lord would say to me, 'Cynthia Dilloway, have you kept that room of yours hid in a napkin?'

"Then I thought of the cellar full of provisions, and more than enough in the bank to take care of me if I lived to be a hundred; and before I knew it, I'd said aloud, 'I'll do it! I'll give one of those poor things a home, and I guess I can be a kind of a mother to it, if I am an old maid!'

"It's surprising how much company just the thought of having a little girl around has been, for I made up my mind, of course, it should be a girl. Since then I've been kind of getting ready—and—well, here I am!"

By this time little Miss Dilloway was wiping the perspiration from her face. She had talked an unusually long time for her.

"My friend," said the matron, who had been listening with interest to her story, "I am sure you will be blessed in sharing your home with one of God's unfortunate ones. Come with me and let me show you my 'family.'"

She led the way up a broad flight of stairs. Miss Dilloway soon found herself in a large room, which contained so many children that the first sight of them almost took her breath away. She had expected to see a dozen or twenty, perhaps, but here were surely a hundred. How could she choose from among so many?

Over in the corner one of the older girls was trotting a baby. Miss Dilloway was very fond of babies, and she stopped instinctively to speak to this one.

It looked up into her sweet face confidingly, and then held out its small arms toward her. She took it eagerly, and pressed the little form close.

"I do love babies so!" she said, half-apologetically, to the matron, who was looking on with a smile. "I often say to the folks at home that I don't envy them their husbands, their big houses, or their rick-rack, as they call their ornaments nowadays; but I do envy them their babies. They seem to think it's queer, but I don't see why old maids shouldn't love babies as well's married folks."

"Why not adopt a baby?"

Miss Dilloway had intended to adopt an older child, and the suggestion that she should take an infant took her so much by surprise that she hastily returned the baby to its young nurse, and sat down in a chair. Then a strange thing happened: the baby's lip began to quiver; tears gathered in its eyes, and its arms were held out again appealingly to Miss Dilloway.

She took it instantly, and asked the matron:

"She aint more'n six months old, is she?"

"He was just seven months old yesterday."

"He! is it a boy?" she almost screamed, looking at the child as if he were to blame for not being a girl.

The baby seemed to realize that an important moment in his young life had arrived. He patted Miss Dilloway's cheek with his fat palm, and then snuggled close to her side.

Miss Dilloway cleared her throat.

"Well, I never liked boys very much after they're grown up, but if I should take this one, I guess I should get used to his ways before that time. Do you know anything about his parents?"

"Yes. They were very nice people. The father died only eight months ago, and the mother was so affected by his death that she never rallied after the baby came. The little fellow seems to be wholly alone in the world."

Miss Dilloway's mind was made up from that moment, and early in the afternoon Mr. McQuestion, for the first time in his life, lost his voice as little Miss Dilloway got off the train with a baby in her arms.

Of course the people of Rentham were surprised. It seemed a very amusing thing to some of them that Miss Dilloway should adopt a baby, but those who knew her well and loved her, commended her worthy act and rejoiced in her new happiness—for happy she certainly was.

It was certainly a beautiful sight to see Miss Dilloway with the baby in her arms. The child crowed, cooed, and was unmistakably very fond of his foster-parent.

Donations of slips, stockings and sacks for baby's wear came in almost daily. One thoughtful neighbor sent in a cradle. Children came in with toys innumerable.

Miss Dilloway held council with the mothers in the neighborhood, as to the merits of anise, and the demerits of soothing syrups. Advice was freely given, but often of such a contradictory nature that poor Miss Dilloway was puzzled. Nevertheless, baby grew and prospered, and made sunshine in the little old lady's heart.

One day, about three months after baby's advent in Rentham, a very unusual sound rang through Miss Dilloway's dwelling. There were one, two, three clangs of the brass knocker, on the seldom used front door.

When, with baby in her arms, she opened the door, she faced a tall, square-built man of substantial appearance in more senses than one, with streaks of gray in his hair.

The man glanced at the baby and said, without ceremony:

"I guess I've struck the right place. This is Miss Dilloway, aint it?"

Tremulously, holding the baby very tight, and with an awful foreboding at her heart, she answered: "Ye—es. Will you walk in?"

"Well, yes, I reckon I will, seeing I've come all this distance to see the little fellow. There, now, don't get scared! I've no notion of taking him from you. I shouldn't know what to do with him if I had him."

Miss Dilloway's face continued to express astonishment.

"Well, well," said the man, "I guess I'd better introduce myself. I'm Reuben Russell, late of Minnesota, at present of nowhere in particular. I got to Preston three days ago, and went to work the first thing to hunt up my niece Clary. I didn't know she was dead until I reached the place where she used to board. I hadn't heard from her for over a year, and I was pretty well taken aback when they told me of her death and her husband's, so nigh together.

"But I was more taken aback, when I heard she'd left a baby, and that it had been sent to an asylum. Clary Dayton's baby, my nevvy—or grand-nevvy—in an asylum!

"I travelled pretty quick to the place, and I don't know whether I was glad or sorry when I heard it had been adopted. Anyway, what I came here for's to see the little chap—look round here, sonny!—and to make some arrangement with you about his—board—or whatever you call it. I don't want Clary's child to be living on charity."

"But it isn't charity, sir, it isn't charity! You see he belongs to me." Miss Dilloway said this with a half-vindicative air. "I had the papers regularly made out."

"Well, by and by, when he grows up, he'll have to be educated, and clothes bought for him. I'll start him a bank account. What's his name?"

"I—I've always called him 'Baby.' I haven't thought of any name yet," answered Miss Dilloway, not just liking this "look ahead," when this bit of humanity in her arms would need education and boy's clothes.

"Land o' liberty! Clary's baby without a name! Well, well. Ahem! Wh—what do you say to calling him after me—Reuben?"

"I don't know that there's any objection," said the little woman, somewhat meekly.

"Well, you think it over. I've got a little business down this way that needs looking after, so I shall probably be round here for a day or two, and I'll come in again."

Mr. Russell's business must have required more "looking after" than he at first supposed, for it detained him in Rentham more than a week. There seemed to be an hour or two in each day, however, when it did not require his attention, and these were spent in "looking in to see how Clary's baby was getting on."

It would not have got on at all if Miss Dilloway had not been present to interfere, when gingerbread horses and highly colored sugar-soldiers found their way from Mr. Russell's pockets to baby's mouth. Something was brought for baby's amusement at every visit—a jumping-jack, a rattle or a woolly sheep—until Mr. Russell and his small grand-nephew became very good

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friends. Mr. Russell returned to Preston, and was gone just two weeks. At the end of that time he might have been seen one afternoon going toward Miss Dilloway's residence, boldly pushing a handsome baby-carriage before him.

He was hardly seated in Miss Dilloway's small sitting-room before he cleared his throat and began:

"I've been thinking a good deal since I left here a fortnight ago, Miss Dilloway, and I found I'd become a good deal attached to—to the baby; and—ahem!—it struck me that, as you're alone in the world, and as I'm alone, and as the baby seems to kind o' belong to both of us, it wouldn't be a bad idea to make one family. What do you say?"

Perhaps what one of the neighbors said a short time after may throw some light on Miss Dilloway's answer.

"She's sixty, and he's sixty-five if he's a day; and it's too ridiculous to see them together—with that baby!" CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

For the Companion.

A NEW EARTH.

Some mystic hand unlocks the icy gates;
Once more through happy fields the blue veins run,
While with expectant hearts come one by one
The robins to make ready for their mates.
A momentary hush, as Spring awaits
A further signal from the watchful sun,
And from the old a new earth is begun.
A memory in each flower again creates
A likeness of itself. The same sweet thrill
Stirs in each bird-breast the desire to sing;
And heaven once more the cup of earth to fill
Bends lightly over with unwearied wing;
In shining companies by rock and rill
Rise up the lovely followers of the Spring.

MARY A. MASON.

For the Companion.

DOCTOR KOCH AND HIS REMEDY.

By Harold C. Ernst, M. D.,

Instructor in Bacteriology in the Harvard Medical School.

I have been requested to present to the readers of *The Companion* a short statement of the nature of the material which is exciting so much interest in the world at large in connection with the disease called tuberculosis, and to give some idea of the man who has presented it to the world, and the methods which are used in its preparation.

It is a difficult task to make the matter perfectly plain to those who are not accustomed to hear the terms commonly used in such discussions by men of science. But I shall try to exclude scientific terms as far as possible, and to give a plain statement of the facts.



Robert Koch.

In the first place, a word in regard to Doctor Koch. He is a man who now stands, at the age of forty-seven, at the head of the medical world of scientific experimenters. He began his medical life in the Franco-Prussian War as an assistant surgeon in the army, and served through that war. He established himself after peace had been restored in a small country town in North Germany, and there attempted to build up a practice.

While doing this, his interest was excited in the low forms of life which are known as bacteria; and he occupied all the leisure that came to him in the study of these forms. It was through work in this field that he first secured prominence in the scientific world, and it is scarcely fourteen years since his first work was published.

This work was printed in a journal called *Cohn's Beiträge zur Biologie der Pflanzen*. It was more a study of the general characteristics of the lower forms of life than an effort to connect them with special forms of disease; but these first papers were followed by the publication of a little book upon "Wundinfektions-Krankheiten," which attracted attention among all scientific medical men, and secured for its author a call to Berlin.

He was given a position there under the Imperial Board of Health, with all the facilities necessary for the prosecution of further work in the study of the cause of disease.

The work that Doctor Koch carried on before he went to Berlin was prosecuted under great difficulties, and he overcame obstacles that would have blocked an ordinary man's efforts and discouraged him entirely. But, animated by the same scientific enthusiasm and dogged spirit of persistence that he has shown ever since, he conquered all obstacles.

From the time of his removal to Berlin, and for a time before that, his main effort was toward the solution of certain problems in connection with the disease that is known by the scientific term "tuberculosis."

This is a disease which may attack any part of the body. It occurs very commonly in the lungs, and is there called "consumption." It may also occur upon the skin, and there are different forms there, the most common and terrible of which is that known as "lupus."

There is even a possibility that the dreaded disease called leprosy may be classed as a variety of tuberculosis. It occurs in the bones, in the joints and in the lymphatic glands of the body, and may also attack the various mucous membranes.

Inasmuch as tuberculosis is said to produce, in the form in which it appears in the lungs alone, one-seventh of all the deaths that occur among civilized people, it is plain how important must be anything that will permit of even a hope of its arrest or of its prevention.

There is hardly a family of which at least one member has not been attacked by this disease, and it is its wide-spread existence that accounts for the great interest and excitement that has attended the announcement of the probable discovery of a means of its arrest after it has attacked a victim.

My own acquaintance with Doctor Koch began in the fall of 1885, after his return from India, where he had been sent by the German Government at the head of a commission for the investigation of cholera.

At that time he had been made Professor of Hygiene in the University of Berlin, and had had placed at his disposal a building which occupied as much space as the whole of the Medical School building in Boston does, for purposes of general medical education.

At that time—and there was no change when I saw him last in December—he would impress one as a self-contained, thoroughly balanced man of science, modest and unassuming. Close contact with him confirmed this impression.

Two months ago, when he was surrounded by all sorts of men, all full of praise and excitement in connection with the announcements that he had made in regard to tuberculosis, these same characteristics were those which struck one first.

The great modesty and unassuming character of the man, in the face of one of the most tremendous and momentous discoveries that medical science had seen, and the fact that was borne in upon one, that all the work and all the sacrifices that he has made, have been done purely for the sake of humanity at large, and not for personal aggrandizement or pecuniary reward—this is the most striking thing at first sight in the character of the man; but it is not in the least surprising to one who has known him before.

So far as the experiment has gone, he has been perfectly justified in what he has claimed for his material, as employed against tuberculosis. But this is something very different from what newspaper accounts have led most people to believe.

The modesty of his announcement and the modesty of his claim are in accord with the character of the man, and have at no time meant that there has been a cure discovered for the most advanced form of the disease.

The implication and assertion that such has been the case have led to many painful scenes, and many fatal disappointments on the part of patients who have had false hopes aroused.

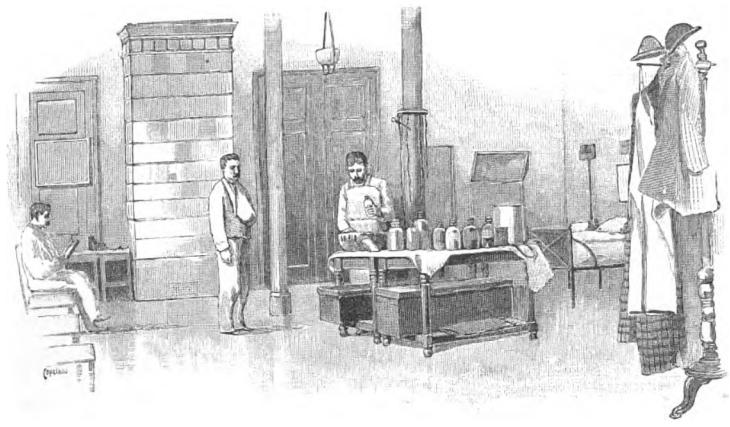
The claims that have been made by authority are that in the external forms of tuberculosis the process may be arrested by the employment of this material; that in the early stages of pulmonary tuberculosis the same thing may occur, and that by its use a means for discovery of unsuspected tuberculosis is furnished.

So far as our knowledge yet goes, these assertions are borne out by what has occurred in the hospitals.

The material which is used, and to which the name paratoloid has been given, is one of extreme power and activity; but the method of its action is very different from that of ordinary drugs.

The disease tuberculosis is produced by one form of the low plant life called bacteria. It is a special bacillus, a minute body having a rod shape, which is possessed of very great vitality, that is to say, which is difficult to destroy, and which grows in the different parts of the body where the disease is situated.

This organism was first discovered, studied and described by Koch, and it was the evidence furnished by him that this minute plant was actually the cause of tuberculosis, that furnished the possibility for the first great advance in the study of this human scourge.



In Dr. Koch's Hospital.

Having shown this, the next step was, of course, to attempt the solution of the problem, to wit: the discovery of something that would prevent the advance of the disease by preventing the growth of this minute plant in the body.

The difficulty of such a research is emphasized by a knowledge of the fact of the minute size of the organism with which we have to deal. It varies in length from one-half the diameter of a red blood corpuscle to the full diameter of the same object. It can be seen only with the very best microscope, and, in dealing with such minute bodies, the difficulties are almost insurmountable.

But the solution of this problem, with many others, has been becoming more and more clear, as work in the department of science called "bacteriology" has progressed in different parts of the world.

From the knowledge gained in laboratories devoted to this specialty, it was not difficult to determine very closely what this particular material, used against tuberculosis, is, even before the announcement by Koch of its composition.

In order to understand what it is, a few words in regard to the development of bacteria in general are necessary.

This "paratoloid" is not a chemical that can be made like other drugs by an ordinary chemist in an ordinary laboratory. Its chemical nature is not yet understood, and the probabilities are that it will be a long time before it is understood. It is not a compound that can be made by ordinary chemical reaction; but it is a result of the vital activity of the bacillus of tuberculosis when grown under artificial conditions in the laboratory.

It is only one of a great class of complex chemical compounds that have come into our knowledge within the last few years, as the study of the life history of bacteria has progressed.

A short account of what occurs in the test tubes used in the bacteriological laboratory for the cultivation of bacteria will serve better than anything else to make plain how these compounds are formed, and what this material in particular is supposed to do when it is introduced in the human body.

When one attempts to grow a pure culture of bacteria, it is done by transferring a minute quantity of the bacteria upon the point of a needle to the interior of a tube which contains a substance in which they will grow, and which will give them nourishment. The plants are sown by plunging the needle through this substance from top to bottom.

This being done, for a few days the bacteria go on developing into what is called a colony, a mass of them becoming large enough to be perfectly distinguishable by the naked eye.

After this development has gone on, however, for a short time, it ceases, and the colony does not enlarge at all, although the vitality of the bacteria contained in the colony is unaltered.

Now this cessation of growth is a constant occurrence, and is not due to the fact of the exhaustion of the nutrient material—of the elements proper for the growth of the bacteria. It is due to the formation of a new series of compounds on the edges of the colony, between it and the remainder of the nutrient medium, which compounds prohibit the further development of the bacteria themselves.

These compounds are made up of the chemical elements left behind in the substance which nourishes the bacteria after they have taken out the other chemical elements necessary for their own development. They are of extremely complex organization, and are exceedingly unstable, so that they cannot yet be studied by the ordinary means at the command of analytical chemistry. But they are of constant occurrence in all nutrient media in which bacteria are grown, and each bacterium,—not each individual, but each variety,—so far as our knowledge yet extends, produces a special form of compound which prohibits its own development, and may have no influence upon other bacteria at all.

Such compounds form parts of a new class, to which has been given the name of ptomaïnes. They are apt, when extracted in a pure state, to be extremely virulent poisons. They certainly do prevent the growth of the bacteria that produce them, and if introduced in sufficiently large quantities into nutrient media, will actually destroy the bacteria themselves.

They are easily destroyed by heat; at any rate, that has been supposed to be the case with all of them until recently; but there are now known to be a few which resist the temperature of boiling water—that is to say, are not destroyed or decomposed by it; and that is the case with this material of Koch's, which resists with more or less persistency the application of heat up to the temperature of boiling water.

Now, bearing in mind what has been said of the formation and action of these compounds in the experimental laboratory, that they prevent the further development of the bacteria about which they are formed, it is not difficult to understand what occurs in the body about tuberculous nodules when this same material is introduced.

It does not cure by destroying the bacilli, but, in a way, by erecting a wall of necrotic tissue about them, so that they spread no further in the body, and are deprived with greater or less certainty of means of nutrition. That is what is supposed to go on when this material is employed.

Certainly its action is as wonderful as anything that has been used in remedial medicine. It is used in extremely small doses; usually, to begin with, not more than one milligram of the original material, and it is not taken by the mouth, but is introduced directly into the lymphatic circulation by injections under the skin.

It produces no effect when taken by the mouth; nor when introduced under the skin even in exceedingly large doses, unless the person be affected with tuberculosis.

The results that have been obtained thus far are most encouraging in cases of external tuberculosis, as well as in the tuberculous affections of the bones and joints. One reason for this is that the results can be more easily seen, and another that the opportunity for getting rid of the diseased material is greater.

So far as the cases of tuberculosis of the lungs are concerned, the results are not yet definitely obtained. Certainly, in many cases, there has been a very marked improvement in the general condition, and equally an improvement in the local disease of the lungs; but sufficient time has not yet gone by to enable us to determine exactly how far these beneficial results will extend.

There is no question, however, that one of the greatest boons has been conferred upon suffering humanity, and that, while its benefits may not extend so far as our desires may at first have led us to hope, we nevertheless have reason to believe, that in the early stages of all forms of tuberculosis, pulmonary as well as others, we already have a means at our command for the prevention of their further development.

The especial lesson that this fact should teach, particularly to the medical profession, is the absolute importance of making an early diagnosis of the existence of the disease; or, as one of my own patients put it the other day, "that no cough or cold should be neglected," and that every case of the kind should be subjected to all the modern means for diagnosis that scientific resource has placed at our command.

NATIONAL NICKNAMES.

Most of the nations of Europe have nicknames, which willingly or unwillingly they have accepted. The appropriateness of some of them is evident, but to explain the origin of some others would be difficult. A writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* has collected some interesting facts on this point.

Englishmen have submitted to the name of John Bull, as suited to the national character. A Scotchman is Sandy; the Irishman derives his name, Paddy, from his national patron saint; while an ancient nursery rhyme records the fact that Taffy was a Welshman. English sailors call the Frenchman, in contempt, Johnny Crapaud; but in France he is Jacques Bonhomme, or as a bourgeois, Monsieur Prudhomme.

Cousin Michel is the name by which the German is known to the Continental nations. Mynheer Closh, an abbreviation of Nicholas, sums up the Hollanders, who are often known simply as the Mynheers; while the Switzer rejoices in the name of Colin Tampon.

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Don Whiskerandos is almost a national nickname for the Spaniards, dating from Elizabethan times. Italians are known as Lazzaroni, and Danes as Danskers.

PSALM OF THE BROOK.

The brooklet answers to the calling river,
And singing slips away through arches dim;
Its heart runs over, and it must deliver
Unto the King of Kings its liquid hymn.

Religious Telescope. —*Alonzo Hilton Davis.*

For the Companion.

THE STORY OF MY BOYHOOD.

By Jules Verne.

Reminiscences of childhood and youth? You are well advised in asking them of men of my years. The things seen or done by us in childhood are more deeply impressed upon our memory than are those of maturer age.

When one has passed beyond the number of years usually allotted to man, the mind takes pleasure in reverting to early days. The images it evokes are of those that never fade. Like indelible sun-pictures, time only serves to bring them out into clearer relief.

Thus is justified that deep saying of a French writer, "Memory is far-sighted." It lengthens as it grows older, like a spy-glass when the tubes are drawn out, and discovers the most distant features of the past.

But are such reminiscences likely to be interesting? I cannot say. At any rate, perhaps the readers of *The Companion* may be curious to learn how the calling of a writer, which I still follow, although more than sixty years of age, first suggested itself to me.

So, at the request of the editor of that paper, I pull out the tubes of my memory, turn round and look back.

In the first place, have I always had a taste for stories wherein the imagination gives itself free scope? Yes, doubtless; and my family have always held arts and letters in honor; whence I conclude that inheritance accounts in a large measure for my instincts.

Then again, there is this further reason that I was born at Nantes, where I spent nearly the whole of my childhood. The son of a father who was half a Parisian, and of a mother who was quite a Bretonne, I lived in the maritime bustle of a big commercial city which is the starting-point and goal of many long voyages.

I still see the river Loire, whose numerous arms are connected by a league of bridges, its quays encumbered by freight in the shadow of huge elms, along which did not then run the double railway track and the tramway lines.

Ships two or three rows deep line the wharves. Others sail up or down the stream. No steamboats were to be seen in those days, or, at least, very few of them. But there were many of those sailing-vessels, the type of which Americans were shrewd enough to retain and improve into clippers and three-masted schooners.

In those days the only kind of sailing-vessels we had were the lubberly merchantmen. What souvenirs they recall! In fancy I climbed their shrouds, triced their maintops, and clung to their sky-rakers. How I longed to cross the swaying plank that connected them with the quay, and set foot on their deck!

But, childishly timid as I was, I did not dare. Timid? Aye, I was indeed; and yet I had already seen one revolution, the overthrow of a régime and a new royalty founded, although I was only two years old; and I still hear the rattle of the musketry of 1830 in the streets of the town, where, as in Paris, the people fought against the royal troops.

One day, however, I did venture to scale the netting of a three-master, while its watchman caroused in a neighboring wine shop.

I was soon on deck. My hand caught hold of a halyard that slid in its block. What joy was mine! The hatches were open, and I leaned over their sides. The strong odors that came from the hold went to my head; odors in which the pungent smell of tar mixes with the perfume of spices.

I rose, went back towards the poop and entered. The interior was filled with those marine scents which give to it an atmosphere like that of the ocean.

Yonder appear the cabins with their creaking partitions, where I should have wished to live for months, and those bunks, so hard and narrow, wherein I should have liked to sleep whole nights. Then there was the room occupied by the captain, a much more important personage in my opinion than any King's minister or lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

I came out, mounted the poop, and there actually made so bold as to turn the wheel a quarter round! I fancied the vessel was about to leave its moorings; that its hawsers had been cast off, that its masts were crowded with sail, and that I, an eight-year-old helmsman, was about to steer it out to sea!

The sea! Well, neither my brother, who became a sailor a few years later, nor I had yet seen it.

In summer all our family kept within the bounds of a large country place not far from the banks of the Loire, in the midst of vineyards, meadows and marshes.

It was the residence of an old uncle, formerly a ship-owner. He had been to Caracas and to Porto Bello. We used to call him "Uncle Prudent," and it was in remembrance of him that I gave the name to one of my personages in "Robur the Conqueror." But Caracas was in America—a country which fascinated me already.

Not being able to sail the sea, my brother and I drifted about the open fields and threaded the woods together. Not having any masts to climb, we spent whole days at the tops of the trees. He was the greater fellow who made his nest the higher in them. We chatted, read, or projected voyages, while the branches swayed by the breeze, gave us the illusion of the pitching and rolling on board ship. Ah, those delicious leisure hours!



Votre tout dévoué
Jules Verne

At that time people travelled little or not at all. Oil street-lamps, breeches, the National Guard and the flint and tinder-box were then quite the fashion. Yes, I have witnessed the genesis of phosphoric matches, detached collars, cuffs, letter paper, postage stamps, pantaloons, the overcoat, the opera hat, women's boots, the metric system, the steamboats of the Loire, which are said to be "inexplosive" because they blow up a little less often than the rest, the 'buses, railways, tramways, gas, electricity, the telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph.

I belong to that generation which is comprised between those two geniuses, Stephenson and Edison. And I now witness those astonishing discoveries, at the head of which marches America, with its movable hotels, its sandwich-making machines, its movable pavement, its newspapers printed with chocolate ink, upon stiff, thin sheets of pastry, which are read first and eaten afterward!

I was not ten years old when my father bought a small place at the extremity of the town, at Chantenay—a pretty name that! It was situated on a hill which overlooks the right bank of the Loire. From my little room I could see the river winding over an extent of two or three leagues, between the meadows which it flooded when the waters overflowed in winter time.

Ah, the Loire! If it cannot be compared with the Hudson, the Mississippi, or the St. Lawrence, it is none the less one of the finest rivers of France. It would no doubt be looked upon as a small stream in America; but then, America is not simply a "country,"—it is a whole continent.

Nevertheless, at sight of so many passing ships, I felt an eager leaning toward the sea. I was well versed in the seaman's language, and understood naval manœuvres sufficiently to follow them out in the maritime novels of Fenimore Cooper, whom I never tired of reading, and still read with admiration.

Looking through a little telescope, I saw the ships, ready to tack about, hoist their jibs and gather in their sails, shifting first abaft, then at the bows.

At the farther end of the port there was a man who kept boats to let, at twenty cents for the day. This was a heavy sum for our purses. It was also imprudent to embark in the man's boats, for they leaked sadly.

The first one we took had but a single mast, but the second had two, and the third had three, like the coasting luggers and fishing-smacks. We went out with the ebb-tide, luffing against the west wind.

What a schooling was ours! The blunders we made in steering and in working the sails, the sheets let out at the wrong moment, and the shame of tacking with a back wind, when the waves ran high in the broad basin of the Loire, in front of our Chantenay!

Generally we went out with the ebb and came back with the flow, a few hours later. And, as our clumsy hired craft sailed heavily along between the banks, what a look of envy we cast on the pretty pleasure yachts that went lightly scudding over the bosom of the river!

One day I happened to be alone in a sorry yawl, which had no keel. I was some two leagues beyond Chantenay, when one of the planks was stove in, and the water came into the boat. There was no stopping the hole. The yawl went down head-foremost, and I had just time to save myself by swimming to an islet all covered with a thick growth of reeds, the tufted tops of which were swayed by the wind.

Now, of all the books I had read in my childhood, the one I liked best was "The Swiss Family Robinson;" I preferred it to "Robinson Crusoe." I know that Daniel Defoe's work is broader in its philosophical scope. It is man given up to himself alone, who one day discovers a footprint on the sand. But the work of Wyss, in rich facts and incidents, is perhaps more interesting to a youthful mind.

Meanwhile, I was enacting, on my little island, not the part of Wyss's hero, but that of Defoe's. I was already meditating the construction of a log-hut, the manufacture of a fishing-line with a reed, and of fish-hooks with thorns, and of obtaining fire as the savages do, by rubbing one dry stick against another.

Signals? I should decline to make any, for they would be answered too soon, and I should be saved quicker than I wished to be.

The first thing was to appease my hunger. But how? My provisions had gone down with the wreck. Go hunting birds? I had neither dog nor gun. Well, what about shell-fish? There were none.

Now, at last, I was made acquainted with all the agony of being shipwrecked on a desert island, and with horrors of privation such as the Selkirks and other personages mentioned in the "Noted Shipwrecks" had experienced—men who were not imaginary Robinsons! My stomach cried with hunger.

The thing lasted only a few hours, for, as soon as it was low tide, I had merely to wade ankle-deep through the water to reach what I called the mainland, namely, the right bank of the Loire.

I quietly came back home, where I had to put up with the family dinner instead of the Crusoe repast I had dreamed of—raw shell-fish, a slice of peccary, and bread made from the flour of manioc!

Such was this lively bit of navigation, with its head-winds, its foundering and disabled vessel—everything in fact that a shipwrecked mariner of my age could desire.

I have sometimes heard the reproach that my books excite young boys to quit their homes for adventurous travel. This, I am sure, has never been the case. But if boys should be brought to launch out into such enterprises, let them take example from the heroes of my "Extraordinary Voyages," and they are sure to come safe into harbor again.

At twelve years of age I had not yet set eyes on the sea. Except in thought, I had not hitherto set foot on the many sardine-boats, fishing-smacks, brigs, schooners, three-masters, or even steamboats—they were then styled *pyroscaphes*—which sailed toward the mouth of the Loire.

One day, however, my brother and I got permission to take passage on board Pyroscaphe No. Two. What joy was ours! It was enough to make us lose our wits.

Soon we were on our way. We passed Indret, the huge State establishment, all feathered in dark wreaths of smoke. We left behind the landing-places on either bank,—Coueron, Le Pellerin, Paimbœuf. Our pyroscaphe crossed obliquely the broad estuary of the river.

We reached St. Nazaire, with its incipient pier, its old church and slate-covered, slanting steeple, and the few houses or ramshackle tenements, which at that time made up the village that has so rapidly increased into a large town.

To rush off the boat and dash down the sea-weed-coated rocks, in order to take up some of the sea-water in the hollow of our hands and convey it to our lips, was for my brother and myself our first impulse.

"But it isn't salty!" said I, turning pale.

"Not a bit!" responded my brother.

"We have been hoaxed!" I exclaimed, in a tone which betrayed the liveliest disappointment.

Noodles that we were! It was low tide, and we had simply scooped up from the hollow of a rock some of the water of the Loire.

As the tide came in, however, we found it briny beyond our best hopes.

At last I had set eyes on the sea, or at least on the vast bay which opens on the ocean between the extreme points of the river.

I have since scudded over the Bay of Biscay, the Baltic, the North Sea and the Mediterranean.

With a smaller boat first, then with a sloop-yacht, and with a steam-yacht afterwards, I have been able to make some fine coasting pleasure-trips. I have even crossed the Atlantic on board the *Great Eastern*, and set foot on American soil, where—I am ashamed to have to confess it—I stayed only eight days.

What could I do? I had a ticket to go and come which was only good for a week!

After all, I saw New York, stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, crossed East River before Brooklyn Bridge was built, sailed up the Hudson as far as Albany, visited Buffalo and Lake Erie, gazed on the Falls of Niagara from the top of the Terrapin Tower, while a lunar rainbow could be seen through the vapors of the mighty cataract, and finally, on the other side of the Suspension Bridge, sat down on the Canadian shore.

After which, I started back home. And one of my deepest regrets is to think that I shall never again see America—a country which I love, and which every Frenchman may love as a sister of France.

But these are no longer the reminiscences of childhood and youth; they are those of maturer years. My young readers are now made acquainted with the instincts and circumstances that led me to write a series of geographical novels.

I have made several voyages in the west, north and south of Europe—voyages, of course, much less extraordinary than those described in my stories, and I have now withdrawn into the provinces to terminate my task. That task is to paint the whole earth, the entire world, in novel-form, by imagining adventures peculiar to each people, and by creating personages specially belonging to the regions in which they act.

But the world is very big, and life very short. To leave behind a complete work, one should live a hundred years.

Well, I shall try to be a centenarian, like M. Chevreul. But, between you and me, it is very difficult.

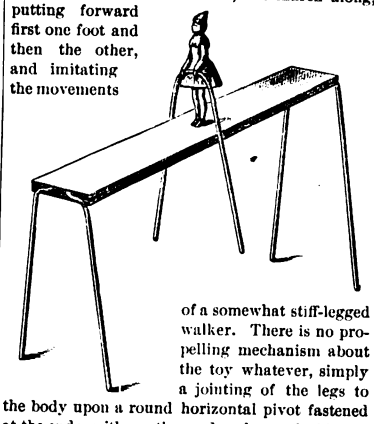
For the Companion.

THE PERPETUAL WALKER.

Quite often the ingenious makers of toys hit upon some contrivance intended to amuse children which possesses genuine interest for those who are interested in mechanical combinations. Such a toy has lately been invented in France, and is described by *La Nature*.

It consists of a puppet or small human figure in metal which holds in its hands, as a sort of balancing-pole, a metal rod bent in the form of an inverted V, or rather of a hair-pin with the ends somewhat opened apart.

By reason of the bringing of the centre of gravity *below* the figure by this rod or balancing-pole, the puppet is kept in an upright position on any support which is narrow enough to be spanned by the two arms of the pole. Placed on a raised board or strip, set at a slight inclination, this puppet, which the French call *le marcheur infatigable* or tireless walker, will march along, putting forward first one foot and then the other, and imitating the movements



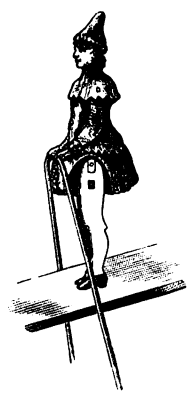
of a somewhat stiff-legged walker. There is no propelling mechanism about the toy whatever, simply a jointing of the legs to the body upon a round horizontal pivot fastened at the ends, with another rod underneath this one and passing through two square holes made in the legs, as shown in the illustration. This second rod prevents the walker from taking too long steps.

The key to this toy's pedestrian talent is a simple mechanical principle. The walker rests the weight of his body upon one of his legs while he is putting the other forward. The axis of his body does not rest upon a vertical plane, and in

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order to cause him to move forward on the inclined support, it is necessary to give him, in starting him, a very slight shake, sidewise. This shake, increased by the oscillation of the balancing-pole, causes the walker to lean first to the right side, and then to the left.

Suppose that he is, at a given moment, inclined to the right. All the weight of the body, that is to say, both of the figure and the balancing-pole, rests upon the right leg; whereupon the left foot, not being supported upon the board, is forced forward by the weight of the object, tending to take a vertical position.



At this moment the body oscillates the other way, and the figure leans to the left, bringing the left foot to the board. The right foot now being free, it in turn clears the board and takes a step forward.

This movement will continue as long as the board holds out at a sufficient incline, which, by the way, need be only slight.

There is no reason why the walker might not travel around the world, if the right sort of path were provided for him.

For the Companion.

THE ROGERS' BRONZE DOORS.

In the city of Rome, in the year 1858, an American sculptor, by name Randolph Rogers, designed and modelled the famous bronze doors placed in the main central entrance to the Capitol, which is a strong point of interest to all intelligent sight-seers in Washington.

Few finer or more enduring examples of the sculptor's art are to be found in any country, delineating as it does the life of the great discoverer to whom we, as a people, owe so much.

The doors are seventeen feet high, nine feet wide, and weigh twenty thousand pounds. They were designed when the sculptor was about thirty-three years of age, and after the execution of some of his most famous works. For these models he was paid eight thousand dollars, and the casting of the metal in 1861 by F. Von Müller, at Munich, cost seventeen thousand dollars.

The door in its entirety, as represented in the illustration, pleases the eye at once by the harmony of its dimensions, and the beauty and skill with which the panels are worked out. Of a rich golden brown, it stands sombre and unique, a silent historian of the most striking events in the life of one of the greatest explorers the world has ever known.

The casing, which is also of bronze, projects forward from the leaves of the door, and is filled with designs emblematic of conquestand navigation. The statues at each corner represent the four quarters of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

Including the semicircular picture at the top, there are nine panels in all, representing in *alto relievo* the most striking events in the career of the great navigator, his aspirations, perils, successes and disappointments, all carefully and lovingly delineated by the hand of genius.

Beginning on the lower left-hand side of the doors they interest the spectator at once by their life-like accuracy and power of expression. The first one is entitled, "Columbus Undergoing an Examination before the Council of Salamanca."

This panel represents Columbus showing his plans and charts, which confidence was meanly taken advantage of by his judges.

The figure in the left niche is Perez, a contemporary of the discoverer. Henry VII. of England stands on the right. The projecting heads in each panel are those of historians of the time of Columbus, with the exception of two. Those at the foot of the lower panels are presumably native Indians of America.

"The Departure of Columbus from the Convent of La Rabida" is the subject of the next picture above.

Wearied with fruitless exertions, and disgusted with the duplicity of crowned heads, Columbus is said to have left Lisbon in 1484. In the meantime, his wife had died, leaving one son, Diego.

Spain was now the goal of his hopes. He was seemingly friendless, and as he begged on his way it is to be supposed that he had no money. He had then reached Andalusia, dispirited, though not defeated, and there at the gates of an old convent in the town of Palos, he stopped to beg bread and water for his little son.

Antonio de Marchena was the superior of the convent. The grandeur of the man who had tarried by the wayside made itself apparent during a conversation held with him, and the ecclesiastic entered at once into correspondence with royalty, and used all his influence with the King and Queen in his behalf. In this panel Columbus appears to be leaving the old convent in good spirits, buoyed up with the hope of ultimate success.

The statue on the left is that of Cortez, conqueror of Mexico; on the right, lady Beatrice De Bobadilla in her court robes. The projecting head at the top is that of our own Washington Irving. Bancroft is also represented, elsewhere.

At last, seven years after his appeal to the good friars of La Rabida Convent, Columbus obtained an audience with Queen Isabella, which is pictured on the next panel.

In the niche on the left of this bronze picture is the navigator Alonzo De Ojeda. On the right stands Queen Isabella with the sceptre of royalty in her hand.

The Queen, who is said to have been very lovely, with fair hair and clear blue eyes, received him graciously, listened, was convinced by his eloquence, and standing up implored the blessing of Heaven upon him.

The "Starting of Columbus from Palos, on his First Voyage," is the next scene. Taking leave of his son, whom the good brotherhood of La Rabida pledged themselves to care for and educate, Columbus is about to embark on his first great voyage.

Vespucci stands at the left of this picture. He claimed to have been one of the discoverers of America, but history disputes the assertion. At the right is Gonzales De Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, at whose table Columbus solved the problem of standing an egg on one end, by crushing the shell.

Then comes the "First Landing of the Spanish at San Salvador."

This is the transom panel, and occupies the semicircular sweep over the whole door.

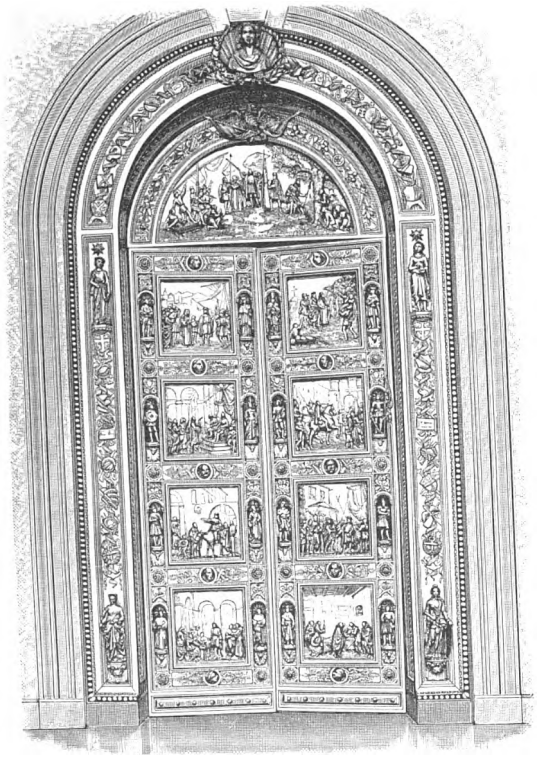
After innumerable perils, and misgivings even in his own mind, Columbus finally sighted land which proved to be one of the Bahama Islands, on which he joyfully landed, and in pursuance of his own intentions and the promise of his sovereign King and Queen, he planted the cross and proclaimed his new conquest San Salvador.

Over the picture in this panel the grand, calm face of Columbus looks out, yet even in its casing of bronze wears an expression of profound sadness. Beneath is the eagle with outspread wings, and still lower on either side are two female heads.

We come now to the "First Encounter of the Discoverers with the Indians."

At first the natives hid themselves, looking with distrust, as well they might, at these powerful white men, and the sacred symbol they planted with all the imposing ceremony of worship.

Columbus himself appeared in a suit of scarlet and gold, and his followers had arrayed themselves with like splendor.



The sailors at once set out on an exploring expedition. The frightened natives ran before them; but by dint of brute force, and not unlikely by recourse to firearms, they succeeded in capturing a young Indian girl, and brought her in triumph to the men in command, expecting to receive their thanks for this cowardly deed.

Instead of that, Columbus sternly rebuked the men, and ordered that the captive be set at liberty at once, which was accordingly done.

This is one of the most forcible pictures, and tells the story at once. The cross shines on the heights in the distance, and the grouping is excellent.

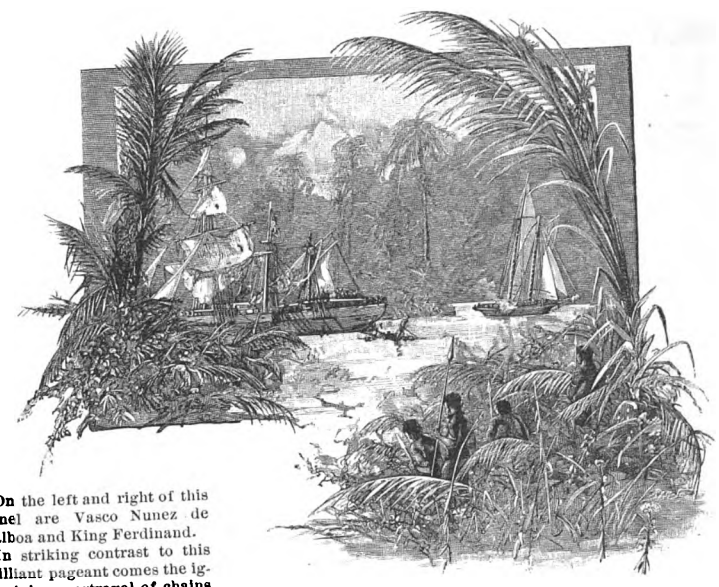
The statue in the niche at the left of this panel is that of Francisco Pizarro, conqueror of Peru. Alexander VI. occupies the niche at the right.

The next panel shows the "Triumphant Entry into Barcelona," and is considered the finest in the portrayal of the story.

The whole scene wears a triumphant aspect. Columbus, richly dressed, is mounted on a spirited steed. Everything that can inspire a man lends interest to the procession. He is a conqueror who has not bought his glory by war and carnage.

Following him come the dusky natives who have been willing to enter his train, brilliant with plumes and jewels and gold from that far new country. Preceding him go the courtiers and priests with banners, music and incense. His crews march in the rear, laden with palm-branches, all kinds of lovely birds, and tropical wonders.

Against the blue sky floats the white banner of the Admiral, bearing the words, "For Castile and for Leon Columbus has discovered a New World."



On the left and right of this panel are Vasco Nunez de Balboa and King Ferdinand.

In striking contrast to this brilliant pageant comes the ignominious portrayal of chains and captivity: "Columbus in Chains."

His enemies had turned the King against him, and Columbus was superseded as Governor by an officer in the royal service named Bobadilla, who had the audacity to send the great discoverer home in chains. His guards, men of power and standing, would have removed his fetters.

"No," said Columbus, proudly, "their Majesties commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name. I will wear these fetters until they order them to be taken off, and I will preserve them afterward as relics and memorials of the reward of my services."

He kept his word, and the chains were buried with him.

The last panel, "The Death of Columbus," has for its left and right support the brother of Columbus and Charles VIII. of France.

Pinzon, a rich merchant and mariner, who aided Columbus with service and money, stands on the right. On the left is John II. of Portugal.

It is an affecting picture, and calculated to teach an enduring lesson of the world's ingratitude. The old priest holds up the cross, and implores him to turn his dying eyes upon it. A friend or two weep at his bedside.

Some good woman, of kin to him, it may be, holds the head that has thought so wisely upon her bosom. Almost a martyr at the time of his death, now he is held by a grateful people in equal respect with our own Washington.

The one discovered a continent on which were planted the germs of a mighty nation. The other was the father and saviour of that nation, which owes its existence to the life, faith and suffering of Christopher Columbus.

MARY A. DENISON.

For the Companion.

BETWEEN TWO ENEMIES.

During the second war with England, an American privateer cruised along the western coast of Africa, touching at different points to take in water or provisions, or chasing English vessels into rivers, bays and inlets. At that time American privateers were to be found in nearly every quarter of the globe. The American merchants had large interests at stake on the ocean, and they fitted out many fast-sailing privateers.

When one of these swift craft captured an English brig off Cape St. Vincent, the captain of the British ship exclaimed, "What? a Yankee privateer in this part of the world!"

"Ay, ay, sir, and they'll soon be found in the Thames," politely replied the Yankee captain. To this rejoinder the Englishman could only mutter aloud, "Extro'nary, extro'nary!"

The *Yankee*, a small privateer, in an eventful cruise of one hundred and fifty days had explored more of the western coast of Africa than any other American vessel. She had cruised all through the South Atlantic, threatening the British commerce with Cape Colony, and then, following the shore, she sailed through the Gulf of Guinea, passed the Cape Verde Islands, the Canaries and Azores, and finally recrossed the ocean and entered Newport harbor.

During this eventful trip in little explored waters, she had captured eight prizes, numerous prisoners, sixty-two cannon, and about three hundred thousand dollars' worth of property.

She had also accomplished a great deal in exploring a coast that was as yet but poorly mapped out for mariners, and in bringing back to this country accounts of a land that is now exciting the interest and wonder of the world. Some strange specimens of plants and vines were also brought to America by the crew of the *Yankee*.

One intensely hot day the privateer was moving slowly before a light breeze, not far from the mouth of the Kongo river. The decks were scorching to the touch, and the awnings stretched across seemed to have no effect in intercepting the heat of the sun's rays.

The *Yankee* had not seen a sail of any kind for several days, and the monotony of the voyage was becoming unbearable.

About this time an English ship hove in sight, and a general stir among the crew denoted the interest they took in the discovery. Every sail of the privateer was set, and a chase began at once.

The Englishman soon discovered that he was pursued, and quickened his speed. But the craft was an old merchantman, rigged with clumsy and ill-fitting sails, and heavily laden with ivory, rare woods, shells and hides.

A Fight on a River.

Her progress was slow compared with that of the free and buoyant craft that was pursuing her.

At first the English ship headed seaward, with the evident intention of attempting an escape on the wide seas. But the *Yankee* overhauled her so rapidly that this plan was abandoned.

Suddenly she hauled around, and changed her course, heading directly for the coast, a few miles ahead.

The captain of the *Yankee* was not acquainted with the rivers, bays and inlets along the shore. Very likely the captain of the English merchantman knew the place well. It was good policy to capture her before she could enter the mouth of some river.

The chase became exciting. The sails were crowded on the *Yankee*, while the captain paced her deck excitedly. The crew stood at their posts. Every effort was made to increase the speed of the vessel; but it soon became apparent that the merchantman had a lead sufficient to enable her to reach the shore first.

"We're creeping along like a snail," said the captain of the *Yankee*, looking critically at the rigging.

"We're doing the best we can, sir," replied the first mate. "We have every sail set, and everything in order. It is the wind, sir, that is to blame."

The captain walked to the bow of his vessel and scanned the escaping merchantman. She was within half a mile of a densely wooded promontory, which seemed to jut far out into the water.

The English vessel was losing ground, but she was also approaching the wooded promontory.

"Is there a river behind that point of land?" asked the captain.

No one knew, for no one had sailed that coast before.

"Well, if it isn't too late we may cripple her. Get the forward guns ready, and aim high. Don't injure the hull, for I fancy she has a valuable cargo. But give it to the rigging hot and heavy."

Two long-range cannon were pointed over the bow of the privateer. In a minute or two they opened fire.

The top of the Englishman's mizzen-mast came crashing down, carrying with it the heavy upper sails. Then the forward mast received two heavy shots, which tore it from its position, and carried it against the stout mizzen-mast, where it hung swinging in the breeze.

The sails were tattered and torn; but the merchantman continued on her course, the English flag flying from the mast's stump.

The captain of the *Yankee* signalled for a surrender, but no answer was returned.

The firing was renewed, the shots this time being aimed at the big black hull, which loomed up as a conspicuous mark.

"Sink her, sink her! Anything but let her escape," shouted the captain, aiming one of the guns himself.

But the merchantman continued on her course, and a few minutes later she rounded the head of the promontory and disappeared from sight.

Although crippled and badly injured, she was still able to stem the current and direct her course up stream.

The firing had to cease, but the anger of the *Yankee's* captain increased. His prize was out of sight, but it had not yet escaped.

"I'll chase them across the whole continent," he said; "but I'll have them!"

Presently the *Yankee* rounded the same promontory. A black, muddy river discharged itself into the ocean on the opposite side of the headland, all along the banks of which the clustering trees and dark, coiling, spiky undergrowth formed such an impenetrable mass that it did not seem possible for man to enter it.

The river had several small mouths; it was like a series of small lakes or ponds, separated here and there by dense lines of trees, bushes and

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grass. It was a place in which a vessel might readily escape an enemy, for she could run up one branch of the stream and be out of sight while her pursuer was searching near by.

When the *Yankee* rounded the headland no signs of the merchantman could be discovered. The captain studied the problem before him, and lost some time in coming to a conclusion. If he sailed up the river the merchantman might lie concealed near the mouth, ready to escape to the ocean when the coast was clear.

On the other hand, the prize might go straight up the river, and find some hiding-place under the dense, overhanging banks, where discovery would be impossible. The captain weighed the chances well before attempting anything definite. He cruised back and forth near the mouth of the stream, keeping the ocean well in sight.

"We must leave a watch behind here to signal if she comes back while we are going up the river," the captain said to his first mate. "We can leave several men on the headland, with a small howitzer to warn us. They can ——"

The captain's words were cut short by a peculiar sound. From out of the woods a series of savage yells blended with the sharp reports of fire-arms in an indistinct roar.

The chattering of the monkeys and the cries of birds were suddenly hushed by these sounds. Every sailor on board the *Yankee* looked in astonishment toward the wall of trees.

The shouts and yells continued, but the firing gradually dwindled down to a few stray shots.

"Follow up the sounds," shouted the captain of the *Yankee*. "Let every man prepare for action. Keep the guns loaded and in position."

The prow of the privateer cut through the muddy waters of the river gallantly. A stiff breeze had sprung up from the ocean, and the heavy canvas was filled so that very good speed was possible.

As the boat proceeded the banks of the river closed in upon it. The river wound and twisted about so that the view ahead and behind was entirely cut off. On both sides was a dense African forest.

It was not difficult to fix the direction from whence the sounds came. As the *Yankee* proceeded they became louder and fiercer.

Suddenly, in turning a curve in the stream, the cause of the tumult became apparent.

The English merchantman, in her endeavor to escape, had tried to conceal herself in a deep creek that ran into the river. The interlacing boughs overhead, and the twining mass of leaves and vines on each side, afforded excellent opportunity for this; but unfortunately another circumstance had not been well considered.

A large band of African savages had been concealed behind the leafy wall. They had followed the ship up to her hiding-place, and as she approached the land, they had rushed out of the bushes in a body, boarded the ship, and attacked the small crew.

The Englishmen resisted the onslaught of the savages bravely, but on account of the suddenness of the attack and the numbers of the savages, they had been driven to the stern of their vessel, where they were unable to use their two cannon.

The battle was sadly one-sided, and the crew were anticipating horrible torture from their savage captors, when the *Yankee* suddenly hove in sight.

Although the vessel was an enemy, the hard-pressed crew of Englishmen gave a cheer, and shouted for help. The savages were swarming all over the prize, but they hesitated a moment when the reinforcement appeared.

Then with one accord the blacks hurled a shower of arrows and spears at the *Yankee*.

The two heavy cannon upon the forward deck of the privateer were aimed at the crowd of savages, and when they were discharged dozens of blacks were swept into the river.

Again and again the guns were fired, carrying death and destruction with them.

The merchantman was finally cleared of most of the savages, and several sailors sprang from the deck of the *Yankee* and fastened a line to her stern.

The vessel was gradually hauled out into midstream, and the few savages remaining on board, becoming frightened, plunged into the water. Meanwhile, hundreds of other savages had collected on both banks, and showers of arrows and spears whizzed over the decks of the two vessels.

But the prize was secured, and the Englishmen saved from a horrible death at the hands of a race whom they believed to be cannibals.

The work of getting out of the river was a long, tedious and dangerous one. The savages, chagrined at their repulse, appeared determined to redeem their honor. They followed the two vessels, and at every turn in the river made a desperate stand; but the heavy cannon of the *Yankee* put them to flight.

Two or three large boats, propelled by oars and poles, and loaded down with black warriors, put out into the stream, and attempted to board the privateer; but again the cannon dispersed them.

Not until the mouth of the river was reached did the crews of the two vessels feel that all danger had passed. Then the wounded and dying were cared for. All the Englishmen were transferred to the deck of the *Yankee*, where they received medical aid.

The captain of the merchantman was only too ready to surrender to the *Yankee's* captain, and in so doing he said that he considered him a friend rather than an enemy. The common danger from the black savages had made the two enemies friends. The cargo of the merchantman was either transferred to the hold of the *Yankee* or thrown overboard, and the ill-fated vessel then scuttled.

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

For the Companion.

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

Several years ago I was employed by a lumber company on one of the streams that flow from the north into the St. Lawrence, first as assistant surveyor, and afterward, when the logs had been floated out to the mouth of the stream, in helping to construct the immense raft train, preparatory to its being "tugged" down the river.

We had a million and a half feet of lumber, which was put into several small rafts, each containing one hundred thousand feet and upward, in order that it might the more readily pass through the rapids.

On each end of each raft, fore and aft, were high row-locks with immense oars secured to them to prevent their being lost overboard when shooting the rapids. A crew of sturdy river-men manipulated the oars when needful. There were upon each raft, in addition to these men, a cook, a pilot, and one or two spare men for cases of emergency.

I had never gone down the St. Lawrence on a timber-raft. I was curious to experience the excitement and dangerous pleasure of shooting the rapids, and engaged to go as a spare man.

The first four days after we started were exceedingly monotonous. We were towed smoothly along. Three times a day the cook served out to us rude meals from his ever-seething pot, hung over a fire built on the raft. We ate hungrily, sitting in various attitudes about the raft.

Between meals we lounged about, at times lying flat on the logs in dreamy content.

At dawn on the fourth morning, we heard a far-off murmur of waters, which soon deepened to a sullen roar. Every man was at once upon the alert.

The pilot gave orders; the tug cast off, and left us to our own pluck and skill. The cables and chains were drawn in and secured with a great rattling and shouting, and each raft was left to battle with the waters for itself.

The men were at the oars with strong hand and keen eyes. On we went; the water began to swirl and growl around us. Swifter, faster we darted on, until, on the brink of the first rapid, the men suddenly dropped their oars to escape the blinding spray that dashed over the forward part of the raft.

We were fairly into the midst of the boiling, whirling Coteau Rapid; but we were soon out of it. This was nothing to what would follow, the pilot told us.

We had scarcely recovered our breath, in the stretch of comparatively calm water at the foot of the Coteau, when the roar of Cedar Rapids greeted us, and we prepared to run its hazardous length.

Bounding forward, we were tossed hither and thither in the mad flood, with every joint and timber in the raft creaking and shrieking.

As each "shoot" was safely taken, we drew a long breath, our tense muscles relaxed, and I, at least, was quite limp.

Another rapid lay just beyond us, "Old Split-Rock," it is called, because, in the midst of the boiling current, here contracted to a narrow channel, a huge jagged rock disputes the river-man's advance, threatening to wreck and crush his craft.

The rafts rushed on, bounding and rocking seemingly to destruction. Every man grasped the thing nearest at hand, and held his breath while the raft lurched beneath him, careened, bounded almost out of the water, and then dashed on as if to its doom. It struck, indeed, and was swung half-way round by the shock, but rebounded, and raked the whole length of its side against the jagged rock, splintering the great pines from stem to stern. But good, honest work was put into that raft. It held together, as the mad current swept us past and out of another danger. Half the crew had been thrown flat on the raft by the sudden shock, and I looked them over anxiously, expecting to find some man missing.

The raft-master who descends the next rapid, the famous Lachine, adds to his already full corps of men a cautious and vigilant Indian pilot.

Our rafts were not expected so soon, and it took time to find a sufficient number of red helmsmen. While we were anchored there, waiting for their arrival, we lay down in the sun and tried to recover our nerve.

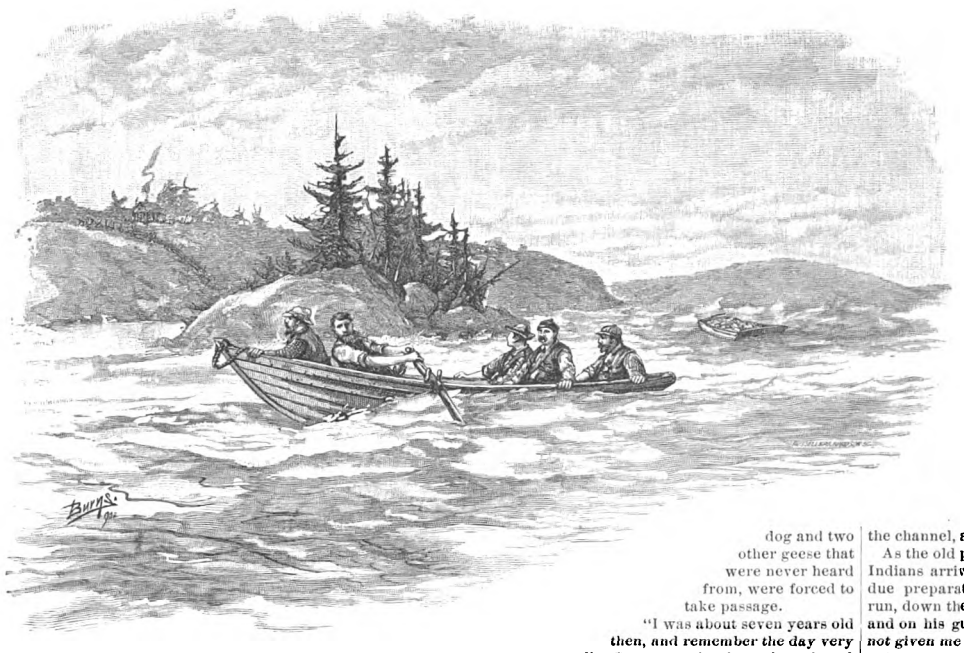
The regular pilot—an old, weather-beaten woodsman, who had worked on the rivers and canals many years of his life—took matters serenely.

"That last run was about the closest shave I ever had at that place, and no mistake!" he muttered, looking back to where the spray and foam of Old Split-Rock glittered in the strong sunlight. "A little more, and we'd have gone to Guinea. I reckon, though, that we didn't fare much worse than some of the rest of them," he added, as the sounds of repairing came from the other rafts, and many detached logs floated past.

"I never come down these rapids," the pilot went on, "but I think of the scowful of men that were rescued from going over Niagara some years ago."

"A raft couldn't go over Niagara with a chance of a whole log being found afterward, to say nothing of the fate of the crew," I suggested.

"That's very true what you say, and, before that time I speak of, nothing had ever gone over Niagara alive, I believe, but a pair of geese on the old schooner *Michigan*, that was sent over the Falls a good many years ago for an experiment. It was a rather cruel one, too, for on that voyage three bears, two foxes, a buffalo, a raccoon, a cat and a dog and two other geese that were never heard from, were forced to take passage.



Saved from the Falls.

"I was about seven years old then, and remember the day very well. Great crowds of people gathered to see the experiment.

"An old Lake captain towed the schooner as near the first rapid as he dared, and then cut her off to her fate. Just as she was about entering the current, the poor dumb passengers began to suspect danger. Two of the bears instantly plunged overboard and swam ashore, in spite of the current. The other bear was seen climbing the mast as the schooner plunged into the rapids; but at the same moment the masts went by the board, and that was the last of that bear.

"The other animals ran about in great distress. The schooner now whirled around in the terrible commotion, and went stern on into the third rapid. The next moment she shot like a flash over Horse-shoe.

"Nothing survived but two geese, and every timber in the old craft was smashed to atoms.

"But the incident I first spoke of happened when I worked up the Lakes. I was born near Chippewa, and I've worked about there a great deal. At the time some business was carried on between Chippewa and the towns above, and all kinds of craft plied on the river.

"This day a large, clumsy old scow loaded heavily was on its way up to Buffalo. It had two horses in the tow, and four men to manage her. Where the natural channel of Chippewa Creek makes into the Niagara, there was a big bend; and to shorten the distance a cut was made on the upper side through which all the boats and rafts ply. It took them farther away from the swift current that even here feels the terrible power of the Falls.

"Well, as the scow's bow was going around the bend out into the Niagara, it ran into a timber-raft that was on the point of turning into the cut. The raft was hugging the shore closely, and being too unwieldy to change its course, it forced the scow to the outside.

"The horses on the tow were whipped to keep the line taut and above contact, but it became entangled on some snag in the raft and parted, and the scow was adrift with nothing to stop her.

"Horror-stricken, the crew shouted to the raftsmen to get a boat and pull for their rescue. In a moment one of them was racing toward the town near by, shouting the terrible news.

"Almost quicker than it takes to tell it, every one that could run was racing down the Creek toward the cut, some shouting 'Get a boat!' while others, more practical, were hurriedly hunting for one.

"Meanwhile, the scow could not wait for any one. It had been caught by the current on the outside of the island between the cut and the main channel, and was speeding along toward the rapids at a terrible rate.

"Some of the men on the scow were shouting and beckoning wildly to us for rescue. One knelt in the bottom, and with white, set face, was trying to prepare for death.

"By this time the shores were lined with agonized people, shouting, crying and wringing their hands in excitement. There was no rescuing boat as yet in sight; it was at a time of day when the most of them were in use.

"We had about given up hope. The scow was rapidly driving to destruction, with the poor fellows helpless and desperate, shrieking for succor.

"Suddenly a boat shot into sight on the Creek and on into the Niagara.

"'It's Louis Gilbert! He'll save 'em! Don't give up! Help is coming!' They sent one cheering shout after another out to the hopeless men.

"It looked desperate enough, but Gilbert was a bold, powerful river-man, and if any one on earth could save them we felt that he could do it.

"Away he sped with the current, on, on, nearer and nearer, till only a few yards of black water lay between them.

"He strained every muscle. The deafening roar of the rapids close ahead almost drowned his voice, as he shouted to the imperilled men to jump for their lives as he came up with them.

"They did not need urging. The moment he came alongside they jumped; and instantly the little boat, now low in the water from its heavy load, was turned with mighty strokes toward shore, fighting every inch as the merciless current dragged it down toward the rapids.

"'He'll never make it!' 'They're lost!' was what every one said on shore. The women covered their faces with their aprons, and some fell on their knees to pray. None but the stoutest of us could watch the brave fellow's struggles.

"Now he seemed to be gaining; then a wave would catch his little craft and toss it off its course into the powerful current. He went rapidly down stream, and yet he drew slowly toward the shore. It did not seem possible that he could make it before the full force of the rapids caught him.

"But Gilbert kept his head through it all, and made his calculations as coolly as an old general. We could see now that he was making for the upper end of an island just at the brink of the rapids, and not far from the Canada shore. If he could get behind its sheltering sides, where the channel was comparatively quiet, there was hope yet of deliverance.

"Gilbert bent all his strength, not only for the sake of the rest, but for his own life. I'm not ashamed to say that I could not stand the sight, and turned away.

"But the next moment a ringing cheer went up that could be heard a mile. I knew that he had made the channel, and the crew was saved."

As the old pilot ended his story, the boat-load of Indians arrived. Anchor was weighed, and after due preparation we started on our last perilous run, down the Lachine, with every man at his post and on his guard. The old Canadian's story had *not given me* an increased sense of security.

On we went in the swift current with the speed of a race-horse, every oarsman bending to his work at the gruff commands of the dusky pilot.

Now we meet the dash and foam of Lachine. Down we go, head on. We feel for just a second that the bottom has dropped out of everything. We toss, lurch, bound this way and that. The water and foam fly over us, drenching us to the skin.

Such a roar is in our ears that the wild shouts of the pilot can scarcely be heard. Now we grind and pound over a jagged rock, lying low below the foam. The raft groans, trembles, reels and whirls around. Its every timber is working and striving to break free. We cling to it with a desperate grip, commending our unworthy selves to the Power that controls even the Niagaras.

The next moment we were through. All perils lie behind us. The sun was shining brightly, and we thank our lucky star for safety—vowing mentally that our rash experiment shall never be repeated.

JAMES HALLECK.

For the Companion.

THE APACHE INDIANS IN ALABAMA.

Nothing could be more novel and picturesque than the village of Apache Indians just outside the walls of the barracks at Mt. Vernon, Alabama. The military post is occupied by the Nineteenth United States Infantry. The force of contrast is here illustrated. Within the walls are the highest refinement and courtesy, represented by the army officers and their families; without, the utmost barbarism, typified by the Apache, his squaw or squaws, and their domestic belongings.

The huts of the Apaches are dotted about without regard to regularity, and their architecture is peculiar to themselves. Many Indians still prefer to live in tents, where they sleep on the earth, or simply raised therefrom by a few pieces of wood and straw. But most of them have log-houses, which are built with two bedrooms, one at each end of the structure, and a square open space between the two. This space serves for hall, parlor, kitchen and pantry.

The cooking is done in the centre of this space, over a wood fire, and the smoke blows where it likes. After a little observation of this method of cooking one feels as he fancies a smoked herring might feel.

The squaws, as a rule, are unsociable and little disposed to make friends with white women who visit them, probably on account of long suppression of the social instincts. They sit most of the

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time on a piece of cloth spread on the ground, and make fancy bead-work.

This work is quite pretty and often artistic, and is done with mathematical precision. The women count the beads, and are so intent on their work that they seldom raise their heads when visitors stand over them. Like Diogenes, their only desire seems to be that you get out of their sunshine, for they glare savagely when their light is obstructed.

That redoubtable old savage, Geronimo, who carried fire and destruction along his path through Arizona and Northern Mexico, now goes to and fro as peacefully as a lamb.

He condescended to shake hands with me, and we exchanged the compliments of the season; but for all his meekness I felt better for the knowledge that ever-vigilant soldiers, with guns in their hands, had their eyes upon him and all the band.



Daisy, the Apache Girl.

Geronimo has lately been awarded a medal for services in the school at Mt. Vernon. He sits in a large red chair and holds a long stick, with which he ever and anon "pokes" a misbehaving boy, and reduces him to silence.

The teacher uses every means to thank and flatter Geronimo for this, since she would, without his assistance, be quite powerless to enforce obedience. Giles, another Apache, who had learned some English at the school in Carlisle, confided to me that "Geronimo no like white man clothes, he like Injun clothes." Nevertheless, he was buttoned up to the throat in a military coat with brass buttons.

Recently the commanding officer at Mt. Vernon distributed among the Indians some military clothing which had become a little obsolete in pattern, but was warm and well-made. The suits were trimmed, according to the branch of the service for whose use they were intended, with three colors. The Indians invariably selected the garments which were trimmed with red.

The women and children are given flannel, calico, and all things needful for garments, but it is next to impossible to make them keep their clothing. On the first warm day they sell it for a very little money, with which they often purchase whiskey. They even exchange their garments for a dog, for scraps of sugar-cane, or any article that suits their whim.

All of them seem averse to too much clothing. Two boys were promenading up and down, arm in arm, who had divided one suit between them. One urchin wore the coat and the other the trousers. Their red skins formed a striking contrast above and below.

Natchey, the hereditary chief, is by all odds the handsomest and most warrior-like Apache in the band. His tall, straight figure, clear-cut features and long black hair approach most nearly to our romantic conception of the aboriginal kings of the forest.

Since General Crook's recent visit to the Apaches, Natchey has looked very dogged and crestfallen. General Crook told him, through the cowboy interpreter, that his want of faith and honor in failing to keep his compact had brought much suffering and humiliation on his people.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the government will soon give these poor pent-up people their promised farms, and let them make the experiment of leading lives of more activity. Their enforced idleness and hampered existence are destroying them, physically and morally.

The most attractive feature of the Apache village is the new school-house, made in New York, and recently erected with the Indians' help. The teachers are earnest Christian women, sent by a society composed of humane and wealthy ladies of Boston. The boys and girls are taught in the morning, the men and women in the afternoon.

On Sundays religious services are held in the same building, and Bible stories are taught the Indians, with the aid of large, brightly colored charts. The singing, with melodeon accompaniment, is entered into with the greatest zest by all the Indians. They know many hymns, and the joyous voices of the children rise in jubilant strains.

One little Apache girl, named Daisy, in whom I felt great interest, was always singing in and out of school. She was neat and clean-faced, and in many instances showed as much innate and natural refinement as any child of her age I have ever seen.

The hymns seemed to impress her young mind deeply. I asked her where her father was, desiring to know something of her parents and home influences. She hung her head, and looked confused and embarrassed. It happened that her father had abandoned his family. At last she looked up, and pointing straight above, said, "Jesus my Father."

I spoke to her of Hulda, one of the Carlisle students, who had been brought to Mt. Vernon recently, and was dying of consumption.

"Where will poor Hulda go when she dies?" I asked.

Without a word, Daisy stooped quickly down and dug a grave with her little red fingers. Then, rising, she pointed to the blue sky overhead. I felt, in seeing this little gesture, that this ignorant child had as much hope as the most enlightened. The most learned would not better express their faith. Through the dark and gloom of the grave, her friend would rise to peace and rest and worlds unknown.

G. R.

THE RIVER.

Through solemn woods and meadows gay
With flowers, by many a happy home
I roam.
I part
The mighty city's restless heart.
Into the ocean's endless deep
I sweep
And sleep.

—*Chicago Post.*

GERMAN POLITICS.

For twenty years Berlin, the capital of the German Empire, has been often the centre of interesting and exciting political events. This has been even more true perhaps of the past two years, since the beginning of the present reign, which has been one of many and sometimes startling surprises.

It is now a little more than a year since Prince Bismarck, who had been the leading spirit of the German Empire ever since its establishment in 1871, resigned the Chancellorship, and retired to private life at Friedrichsruhe; but while the Prince has not been in office, he has been very often heard from.

It seems as if, not having expected his resignation to be taken seriously, he has been embittered by discovering that the young Emperor could get along without him, and has been so free in his criticisms on the conduct of the government as to call forth on at least one occasion a public rebuke from the Emperor.

Meanwhile Bismarck's successor, General Von Caprivi, made a good impression on assuming the Chancellorship, especially by the conciliatory and liberal tone of his first speeches in the Reichstag, or Parliament. His administration since, moreover, seems to have been a prudent and capable one.

Recently, however, it has been stated that Bismarck, weary of the monotony of a private station after so many years of great power and unceasing activity, intends to be a candidate for the Reichstag, and reappear in that old arena of his triumphs as an independent member. It has been rumored, also, that the Emperor desires Bismarck to return to his old post; but this has not thus far been confirmed.

It is certain that Bismarck, holding an independent seat in the Reichstag, with all his high prestige and his still surviving influence over vast numbers of German minds, would be a constant source of embarrassment, if not worse, to his successor and the imperial government.

The death of the veteran Doctor Windthorst, the very able and vigorous leader of the Centre, or Catholic, party of Prussia, is an event of considerable importance in German politics.

Windthorst was by far the ablest leader of the Catholic party, and has for many years occupied a unique position in the politics of Prussia.

He was a native of Hanover, and prior to the absorption of that kingdom by Prussia, was for a long time one of the most prominent men in the government. But since Hanover became a part of Prussia he has never held office. He has been always in opposition.

Yet, although leading a group of members very rarely numerous, by his talents and parliamentary skill he made the Centre party a compact force. More than once Prince Bismarck found it necessary to purchase the support of Windthorst to carry measures which he deemed necessary, by relaxing the laws against the Roman Catholics, which he had himself proposed. Thus Windthorst himself long wielded a power hardly inferior to that of a minister of the crown.

He was a man of great tact and prudence as well as of uncompromising truth to his own convictions, and by his high character as well as by his personal and intellectual qualities, inspired universal respect.

Is is not improbable that the inability to find a chief who will be able to fill his place may result in lessening appreciably the influence of the Centre.

The young Emperor shows as yet no disposition to pause in his career of political activity and change. He is said to be still zealously at work upon his schemes for bettering the condition of the German workingmen; and he has not yet returned to Bismarck's severe policy of repressing the Socialist agitators.

The German army has not only recently been increased, but the Emperor has introduced some reforms into it; one being, to better the position of soldiers of humble birth who rise to be officers.

The Emperor, in short, continues to absorb himself in the affairs and problems of the mighty Empire and people he has been called on to rule over, and to be conspicuous in the eyes of the world. It remains to be seen whether his political ideas will turn out in the end to be wise ones.

DEAREST NOT COSTLIEST.

Those are vulgar things we pay for, be they stones for crowns of kings;
While the precious and the peerless are unpriced, symbolic things.
Lovers do not speak with jewels—flowers alone can plead for them,
And one fragrant memory cherished is far dearer than a gem.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THE TORNADO SEASON.

During the last thirteen years the weather bureau at Washington has paid particular attention to cyclones and tornadoes, with a view to ascertaining their nature, force, direction, and the best means of escaping from them.

Lieutenant Finley, of the United States Army, who gave the readers of *The Companion* last year an admirably clear idea of "the birth of a blizzard," has been for many years in charge of this subject, and has elicited several facts important for all people to know and remember—among them the following:

1. Tornadoes occur in the United States during every month of the year, but are most frequent in April, May, June and July, when the air nearest the earth may be exceedingly hot while the upper air is cold. They may and do occur in every part of the country, but are more common in the great central plain than elsewhere; and are least frequent—indeed they are extremely uncommon—in the mountainous regions.

2. Tornadoes almost always occur in the afternoon, between half-past three and five o'clock.

3. The average number of these storms in the United States is one hundred and forty-six a year.

4. The signs of an approaching tornado are similar to those which indicate a coming thunderstorm, namely, a low and falling barometer, an intense, oppressive heat, an absence of wind and an accumulation of threatening clouds.

5. The clouds which indicate a tornado gather in the west or southwest, and move toward the east or northeast. If there is danger in them, there is soon observed a violent commotion in the mass of black clouds, a rushing toward the centre, while at the point where the observer stands the air is hot and almost motionless. Soon there is heard a great roaring noise, and then is seen the onward rush of the funnel-shaped cloud.

6. The line of safety at such a moment is toward the northwest. If the observer faces the storm, let him turn directly to the right, and make the best time he can. The strength of the tornado is near its southern edge. The thing to do is to get out of its path, or to seek some refuge below the surface of the ground.

7. Lieutenant Finley remarks that sufficient time is usually afforded for escape if people will keep cool and make no false steps.

If they run to the east they must soon be overtaken by a tornado moving from fifty to a hundred miles an hour. If they run into the woods they greatly increase their danger. If within a house or cellar, they should avoid the easterly side, because if the building is destroyed it is that side which receives the mass of crushing material.

8. In a wooden house the cellar is the safest place; in a house of brick or stone the cellar is the most dangerous. The best preparation in a country much devastated by tornadoes is to make an excavation in the west side of the cellar, and make it sufficiently large to provide room for every member of the family. But even this is not safe unless the overhanging earth is supported by heavy timbers and well-constructed masonry.

9. It is well to bear in mind that no building whatever can be made strong enough to resist the tornado at the point where its force is greatest; nor is it possible to change the course of a tornado by discharging cannon-balls into it, nor by exploding dynamite in any quantity. Still less can the fatal cloud be dispersed by the use of any electrical contrivance.

Lieutenant Finley's advice to families living in the Southwest, where these disturbances oftenest occur, is to make a tornado-cave for themselves, and effect a special tornado-insurance upon their buildings.

HIS MOTHER.

A pathetic story is on the police record of New Orleans, which has a meaning and lesson for every young man and woman.

A grave, middle-aged man, whose appearance indicated refinement and culture, appeared one morning at the Central Police Station of New Orleans, handed his card to the officer in charge, and asked leave to inspect the prisoners in the woman's ward. The Sergeant recognizing his name as that of a Western merchant, granted the request.

Among the wretched women awaiting trial was one over sixty years of age, arrested for drunkenness and vagrancy. Her rags and squalor, and the bloated face peering out of white, uncombed hair could not hide the traces of a certain dignity of bearing.

The stranger went up to her, looked her in the face and took her hand in his, but she stared at him without recognition, and mumbled drunkenly. He turned away abruptly, unable to speak for a time. Then he said to the Sergeant:

"This is my mother. I will look out for her. She shall never trouble you again."

After the necessary formalities she was released, and he took her away. Her story was a sad and painful one.

Her husband had died when her child was an infant. She had made no effort to support it, but putting it into a Home for friendless children had given herself up to a profligate life. The boy was adopted by a stranger and taken to California. There he grew up, received a good education, went into business and was successful; but through all these comfortable happy years he felt a restless longing to find his mother, to save her from misery and shame, and make her old age pure and honorable.

He came to the East, and employed agents to find her. It was after long-continued search that he had discovered her, on this morning, among the drunken outcasts of a police court.

The next day, sober and clothed, though not in her right mind, she was taken by her son to his distant home. Whether or not in the little remnant of life that was left to her she reformed her habits, and rewarded his long years of pious self-sacrifice with one gleam of mother's love, there is no record to tell.

But surely each one of us when we read this unfinished story, and think of the love which impelled this man to seek out and care for this degraded woman, simply because she had given him birth, must turn back to our own homes, and ask ourselves how we deal with the woman sitting there, to whom we owe not only life but motherly care and devotion.

Do we repay her in love like to hers?

UNUSUALLY SEVERE.

Spring comes with a peculiar welcome this year, particularly in Europe, because of the severity of the winter that preceded it. The American winter was not unfavorable to either health or enjoyment, but in most of the European countries the cold was of extraordinary continuance and severity.

Even in the south of Italy, as far as Naples, they had what would pass for a winter in New Jersey, for there were deep snows, freezing nights, and many of them.

Southern France fared no better. At Autun, two hundred and thirty miles southeast of Paris, it froze during fifty-eight successive nights, and a deep snow remained on the ground as long. Many leagues of country roads were abandoned, country streams were frozen and lost to view, and the horse-cars were generally laid up.

Strangest of all, wolves came down from the mountains, and were seen on several nights in the streets of the city prowling about in quest of something to eat.

At Nancy, also, wolves were seen in the suburbs, where thirteen of them were killed. Marseilles was without water for several days, and a supply had to be brought in with great difficulty from the country.

The people suffered the more because in the south of Europe little preparation is made for cold weather, so that American travellers find even ordinary winter weather uncomfortable.

The French Government, as usual, came promptly to the relief of the people who were driven from their ordinary shelters by the excessive cold.

President Carnot had the happy idea of converting to this use some of the large vacant edifices of the recent Exhibition, particularly the Palace of the Fine Arts, which presented so brilliant a scene during the summer of 1889. The immense interior was divided into two portions by a plank partition, one for men, and the other for women. A large number of stoves and extemporized fireplaces were set up, which sufficed to render the temperature something more than endurable.

The President himself made nocturnal visits to the building, when the inmates were sound asleep upon their straw beds, and enveloped in rough but sufficient coverings.

The scene, dimly lighted by twenty lamps, was described as being peculiarly impressive, the whole of the vast floor being covered by sleeping men and women, the silence broken only by an occasional cough. In a corner of the building were two enormous soup caldrons, and two or three cart-loads of soup-bowls made of galvanized iron.

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Before lying down, every one was served with a bowl of vegetable soup with a piece of bread, and in the morning with a very good bean soup with bread. The French are great believers in soup, especially if there goes with it a good solid chunk of well-made bread.

But the long winter has passed, and the spring is smiling upon both continents. It brings the joy and relief which a holiday affords to the school-boy, and for the same reason—the hard and troublesome days that went before it.

ABSORBED IN WORK.

Jean Corot, the famous painter, was a patriotic Frenchman, but one who by no means kept pace with the times. So occupied was he with his work that he did not even hear of the *coup d'état* of 1851 until two months after the new government was established. Then a friend found him painting a moonlit forest, with nymphs dancing.

"You are happy," said the visitor. "You paint things gay and smiling, and we have just changed the government. We have strangled the Republic."

"My dear friend," answered Corot, "I have been so busy in making my nymphs dance that it is three months since I have opened a paper."

During the Revolution of 1848 he remained in his studio, working quietly, and after there had been three days of firing, he came down from his room and said to the *concierge*:

"Ah, it appears that they are not content!"

What news the *concierge* had to give in reply, Corot did not hear, for he mounted the stairs again, and seated himself before his easel. Even then he was beloved and respected by the lower classes. The Duke of Orleans had bought some of his pictures, and hung them in the Tuileries, and during the Revolution the doors of the Duke's cabinet were forced open by the mob.

A young painter, recognizing the works of Corot which decorated the wall, sprang before the intruders and barred their passage.

"Respect to art!" he exclaimed. "These are Corot's!"

The mob contented itself with admiring them, and passed on.

But though Corot did not concern himself with political strife, he often took an interest in the peaceful affairs going on about him. When Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine under Napoleon III., was remodelling Paris, Corot one day said to Alphand, a landscape gardener engaged on the improvements:

"You are killing landscape work on canvas. How can you expect the painter, who has only his palette, to contend against artists who make terraces, prepare gardens, and fix points of view so that people may see their beauties? Why, you manufacture nature!"

"Ah, master," replied Alphand, "these are your pictures that I try to copy!"

FRESH-WATER COMMERCE.

Probably there are few people whose attention has not been specially directed to the subject, who are aware of the magnitude of the commerce upon the Great Lakes.

It has been asserted that more tons of freight pass through the Detroit River in a year than the total imports and exports of the United States for the same period.

The commerce of the Great Lakes is carried upon more than two thousand vessels, of which more than half are propelled by steam.

About six hundred schooners, some of them great four-masted craft, ply on the lakes during the five or six months when the straits and ports are not closed by ice. Many more are small schooners; and of these a large number, on the upper lakes, are owned and manned by hardy Norwegian sailors who have emigrated to this country.

Steam is gradually displacing the wind as the motive power of the lake traffic, and steel is displacing wood as a material. The steam vessels, too, are constantly increasing in size. In 1886, there were but six steel vessels on the Great Lakes; in 1890 there were sixty-eight.

At the same time that these changes in the size and material of vessels are taking place, a change is going on in their ownership. There is a smaller proportion of vessels owned by individuals or small partnerships. The traffic of the lakes is rapidly coming under the control of corporations possessing large capital.

The two great items of freight in the vast traffic of the Great Lakes are ore and grain. Many millions of tons of ore are yearly brought through the Sault Ste. Marie canal down the lakes. Seventy million bushels of wheat and four million bushels of flour go annually by water to Buffalo. The corn tonnage is still larger.

Yet the Great Lakes are closed to navigation during at least six months of the year, and winters have been known when Lakes Superior and Michigan were frozen from shore to shore.

READING THE JOURNAL.

They had much trouble in the Fifty-first Congress over the business known as reading the journal, and it recalls an amusing incident which occurred in 1867 in the Kentucky Legislature, illustrating the superior docility of the ordinary legislator as compared with the contentious Congressman.

At the time referred to, George D. Prentice, the wit, poet and journalist, was still the editor of the *Journal* newspaper at Louisville, Ky. Other daily papers published at Louisville at the time were the *Courier* and the *Democrat*.

One morning in the Kentucky House of Representatives the usual motion was made to "dispense with the reading of the journal."

It had been observed that every morning when this motion was made a certain member from one of the mountain counties, who was very fond of reading Mr. Prentice's pungent paragraphs, and who bought a copy of the *Journal* every day, would lay down his paper unread. On this particular morning the mountain member could contain himself no longer.

When the motion to dispense with the reading of the journal was made, he arose from his seat like a vision of wrath, newspaper in hand, and addressed the Speaker in angry and peremptory tones.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I've sat here for more'n a week and submitted to the tyranny of this House, but I can't stand it any longer without a solemn protest, sir.

"Somebody, sir, has moved every morning to dispense with the reading of the *Journal*, and I've lost every paper I've bought for a week by it. Nobody has ever moved to dispense with the reading of the *Democrat* or the *Courier*. It aint fair, Mr. Speaker; it aint just, and —"

The remainder of the gentleman's protest for fair play to the *Journal* was lost in a general burst of laughter such as rarely lightened the gravity of a border State legislator in those troublesome days.

SOUTHERN WIT IN WAR.

As we are reminded by the author of "Four Years in Rebel Capitals," the South, as well as the North, needed to exercise its sense of humor, whenever that was possible, to carry it through the terrible strain of the war. Some of the puns, burlesques and repartee of that dreadful time have become locally historic. Colonel Tom August, of the First Virginia, was the Charles Lamb of Confederate war wits, genial and ever gay.

Early in secession days a bombastic friend approached him with the question, "Well, sir, I presume your voice is still for war?"

"Oh yes," replied the wit, "perfectly still!"

Always to be remembered is General Zebulon Vance's apostrophe to the rabbit, flying by him from a heavy rifle fire: "Go it, cotton-tail! If I hadn't a reputation, I'd be with you!"

Equally forcible was the protest of the Western recruit, ordered on picket at Munson's Hill:

"Go yander ter keep 'em off! W'y, we-uns kem hyah ter fight th' Yanks, an' ef you-uns skeer 'em off, how'n thunder ez thar goan' ter be a scrimmage, nohow?"

City Point, on the James River, was the landing for transports, with soldiers released from Northern prisons on parole. One day a most woebegone and emaciated "Johnny" sat swinging his shoeless feet from a barrel, awaiting his turn, when a pompous Federal major remarked, to no one in particular: "It isn't far to Richmond."

"Reck'n et's near onto three thousin' mile," drawled Johnny, weakly.

"Nonsense! You must be crazy!" retorted the officer, staring.

"Wal, I ent a-reck'nin' edzact," was the slow reply. "Jest thought so, kinder."

"Oh, you did? And why, pray?"

"'Cause it's took'n you-uns nigh onto foore year to git thar from Wash'n'ton," was the settling retort.

WHY GIRLS CANNOT THROW.

Boys from time immemorial have made all manner of sport on the subject of the inability of girls to throw a stone. They suppose, of course, that it is a matter of knack and practice, and that a girl could really throw a stone with as much force as a boy if she "knew how," and threw as many. A medical authority suggests another reason:

The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with his body, and the forearm at an angle of forty-five degrees. The direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, working every joint from shoulder to wrist.

The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collar-bone in the feminine anatomy is some inches longer, and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame.

The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

MISSED HIS CALLING.

The world is full of people who, if we take their word for it, would now be rich or famous only that they are so unfortunate as to have missed their true vocation.

Baron Rothschild one day entered an old curiosity shop to buy some paintings. The dealer was all attention. He brought out all his rare old pictures, dusted them, and set them in the best light.

"Look at this Rembrandt; quite authentic, Monsieur le Baron."

"Authentic, you say? You have got there a Raphael of the first style, which is a good deal more authentic."

"Oh! oh!" said the dealer; "why, you are a connoisseur, Monsieur le Baron."

"I?" observed Rothschild with a sigh; "if I had gone into the old curiosity business I should have made a fortune."—*London Journal.*

IN THE MINORITY.

An African traveller was recounting to a company his hair-breadth escapes in the jungles and savannas about the great equatorial lake region. He had encountered there, he said, the most savage and bloodthirsty race of men in the world.

"As we were marching," the traveller related, "from Nmgosji to Gohangbo, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a most terrible and desperate combat. And what odds! Ten to one!"

"Were you one of the ten?" asked a bystander.

"Sir," said the explorer, grandiloquently, "I wish you to understand that I was one of the one!"

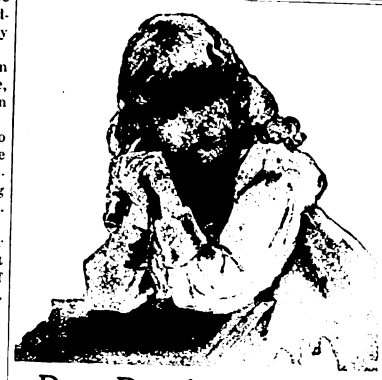
ESS.

The feminine termination has fallen into disuse of recent years, so that poetesses and authoresses are now seldom mentioned; but the Chicago *Mail* calls attention to some new *esses*.

A reporter sess on a St. Paul paper speaks of a lady "who is well-known as a real estate speculatress." A Pittsburg paper alludes to "the presidentress of the board of managers of the world's fair;" and an Indianapolis paper chronicles the elopement of a "dime museum freakess."

If this matter is to go on, it is time the school teacheresses were heard from.

Deserving Confidence.—Sufferers from Bronchial Troubles, Coughs, Hoarseness and Sore Throat should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" They are universally considered superior to all other articles used for similar purposes, and can be freely used with safety. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents. [*Adv.*



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By Miss A. G. PLYMPTON.
With illustrations. Small 4to. Cloth. Price, $1.00.
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Would you if you felt sure of success?
Perhaps our book, "Successful Home Dyeing," will convince you. We would like to send it, and will, if you ask for it by letter or postal; you will also be interested in the forty cloth samples we will send with it, showing just what colors the dyes give.
If you don't wish to take our word, ask your neighbor. Ten chances to one she has used them and can tell you all about them. There are actually more than twenty thousand women using them every day. We have some days over a thousand letters asking for sample cards and Dye Books, and would like to hear from you. "Home Art" is another valuable book on the use of the Dyes, which we send for a stamp. The other is free.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.



The picture means light—ballooning, sand-bag, anchor, telescope—light. The "Pittsburgh" is full of it. What is of more account, no trouble to get it out. The central-draft lamps heretofore have been extremely troublesome. We send primer.
Pittsburgh, Pa. PITTSBURGH BRASS Co.

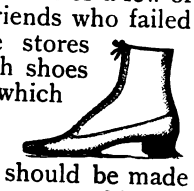
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Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 1.
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A boy's shoe should be made to stand rough usage; this can be done, and at the same time its style may be preserved, but it costs a little extra.
Isn't it worth something?
Ask your retailer for a pair of the Heywood Shoes for Boys—if he doesn't keep them, we will send them to you—Button or Lace—Sizes 13 to 1½, $2.75; 2 to 5½, $3. Three widths.
Send a 2-cent stamp for our circular, telling you how to secure a pair for yourself **FREE.**
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REFERENCE—Any National Bank. [133]

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Because there is no rubber covering to hold moisture. It does not mould, decay nor crack, and will last for years.
INSIST on getting the "Spiral," which has a BLACK LINE running through Covering.



Sample Free if you mention THE COMPANION.
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is not a mere purgative, it is an alterative and a constitutional remedy. Obtain the genuine imported article. Do not be imposed upon by unscrupulous dealers. The genuine must have the signature of Eisner and Mendelson Co., Sole Agents 6 Barclay St., N.Y." on every bottle.

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The Cross Pen Co. have never asked less than $3.00 each for these pens. Our purchase of the entire stock of the factory enables us to offer them at a great reduction.
Our supply is limited, and until it is exhausted we shall sell these Fountain Pens to our subscribers for $1.50 each. Or we will give one to any old subscriber who will send us a new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing, 6 cents additional in all cases. We have a few with EXTRA HEAVY barrels, for use of professional men, that we will supply at same price.
Order at once if you wish to secure one on these terms.
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SUGGESTIONS

WATER IN THE AIR.

Why does moisture gather on cold objects which are placed in a warm room?

Why does dew collect at night?

What is "the dew-point"?

Why do clouds often form in a clear sky?

Distinguish between clouds and fog.

How does water get into the air? How get out of it?

For the Companion.

THE CAPITOL BY MOONLIGHT.

Last night I stood
Beneath the shadows of those silver walls,
Those epopœias of the States that lift
Their airy porticos above the seas
Of cool magnolias, oaks and ivied halls.
I heard no step of sentinel or guard,
Janus had closed the doors and stolen away
And left the marble heroes to their shrines,
Immortal Congresses of deathless forms,
The eternal delegates of men to Heaven,
The final Senate of immortal truth.

Across the trees
The Monument's tapering finger touched the sky,
And o'er the still Potomac's marshy tides
The lights of Arlington gleamed like the stars
In sheltered clouds, and called to thought
The flame-tipped thunders of eventful days
When wheeled the blue brigades in fiery air.

The marble dome
Hung like an outline in the dusky air.
The form of Liberty, that dropped her flag
When boomed the sunset gun, majestic stood,
Her high brow dark with never-varying stars,
Her bronze feet rising from her hemisphere,
As though her mission yet was unfulfilled.

The leafy squares
Were voiceless as the latticed balconies
Where love's last whisper passed upon the breeze.
Perchance some wanderer walked the idle streets,
If so the white shaft followed him from far
And watched him like a jealous sentinel—
All feet are haunted by the Monument—
And dim the dome, where'er he raised his eye,
Stood peering down 'neath the great form of Liberty.
It was the midnight hour.

The east grew light,
And through the path of ebon corridors
The smoky moon came up on wheels of gold,
Resplendent burning as she left the hills
And swung her priestly censers free in air.

There rose a vision—
A picture glorious every eye should see
On such a night as this. All things were changed.
The Capitol whitened like the immortal Taj,
And seemed to wear the garmenture of God.
The light became a clear epiphany,
The shaded river melted into light,
The ivied walls and tenantless arcades
Caught the preludian fire, then thrilled and burned—

And, lo, the Capitol!—
Transfigured stood the Nation's silent throne
And spread her serried wings of porticos
Above the mute and radiating streets,
And high in heaven, all glorious, shone the dome;
And Liberty, on her triumphal arch,
Stood like a guardian in her robe of bronze.

The wonder grew.
The winged portals seemed to open now,
And all the Congresses of colonnades
And marble Senates of immortal men
Stood listening as for the mellow horns
And silver lutes that herald queenly feet.
And Dian now as to Endymion came;
To peristyle and corridors and halls
The full moon came in unveiled beauty down,
And kissed the loveliest structure on the earth,
And she herself became the Capitol.

No palace porches of Persepolis,
With winged bulls and scrolls cruciform,
Or burning tombs of old Golconda's gold
'Mid moonlight chalices of floating flowers,
Or Boro-Budor, Pallas Athene,
Or singing Memnons, or the Acropolis
Was ever visited by night like this,
Beneath the victor feet of Liberty.

I stand and dream.
I would beside that mantled form in air
The form of Peace triumphant spread her hand
And the two sisters held aloof the clouds
That threaten blood and flame and broken homes.

O silent gates that Dian turns to pearl!
O halls commemorate with deeds of war!
Thy greatest hour yet awaits to come.—
And who is he whom only wait the halls
That crown the world's last march of final things?
'Tis He who, teaching that all war is wrong,
Conquers, and falls a martyr to the lance,
And leaves to endless peace the course of State,
And so fulfils the lucent prophecies
Selene brings her new Endymion.

A cloud descends,
The silver Capitol vanishes. Dian
Is gone, and stands a pile of shadows cold and lone,
The pallid altar of Night's silver fire.

H. BUTTERWORTH.

For the Companion.

GOOD SEED.

A physician, whose life had been made beautiful with good deeds and a high faith, said once:

"If I have been happy or useful in the world, it is due largely to the effect on my mind of a chance question from a stranger.

"I was a poor boy and a cripple. One day, standing on a ball-field, I was watching the other boys with bitterness and envy. They were strong, healthy, well-clothed and well-fed. Some of the mothers of the players sat in carriages, waiting to see the game, intending to drive their sons home when it was over. I looked at them with an angry scowl, sick at heart. A young man standing beside me, and seeing, no doubt, the discontent in my face, touched my arm.

"'Say, bub! You wish you were in the place of those boys, eh?' he said.

"'Yes, I do!' I broke out. 'Why should they have everything, and I nothing?'

"He nodded gravely. 'I reckon God gave them money and education and health to help them to be of some account in the world. Did it never strike you that He gave you your lame leg for the same reason—to make a man of you?'

"I did not answer, and he turned away. I never saw him again. But I couldn't get his words out of my mind. My crippled leg—God's gift? To teach me patience and strength?

"I did not believe it. But I was a thoughtful boy, taught to reverence God, and the more I thought of it the more it seemed to me the stranger had told the truth. I did believe that God pitied me—and at last came to feel that it would please Him if I rose above my deformity, and by it was made more manly and true. It worked on my temper, my thoughts, and at last upon my actions. Gradually it influenced my whole life. Whatever came to me, I looked upon as God's gift for some especial purpose. If it were a difficulty He gave it for me to struggle with, to strengthen my mind and faith; if it were a helpless invalid cast on me for support, or even a beggar, I thought,—God has given me another chance to do His work.

"The idea has sweetened and helped all of my life. I wish I could find the man who gave me this password which has lifted my life to a higher plane, and has led me constantly to the Source of all good."

ADMIRABLY DONE.

Bettina Walker tells in her "Musical Experiences" the story of a poor and talented pupil of the great Sgambati, who broke down in playing a piece at an afternoon concert. The poor girl rose from the piano in a nervous panic, wrung her hands, and looked appealingly at the audience. One of the professors led her back to her seat, and gently, but with authority, bade her resume her playing. She succeeded in finishing, by a great effort of will.

I said the next morning that I wondered at her self-control in recovering from her previous fright, and a fellow-pupil replied:

"O signorina, had you but seen her in class this morning, how she wept as she begged Sgambati's pardon, and deplored having given way to such an unreasonable panic! And the professor was so kind to her! He told her she must not cry any more, but think of retrieving herself. He would give her the chance of doing so by having her play at the next pupils' concert, four weeks later."

My sister and I felt very anxious for Signorina G—— as that time approached; we feared she would brood over what had happened, and so mar her future prospects. We finally decided that the best way of helping her a little would be to give her some agreeable surprise during the hours of suspense, and thus divert her thoughts into another channel.

Finally we wrote a letter to the young lady, praising her talent, and begged her not to let her thoughts revert to what was no real discredit to her, the piece that she attempted having been one of enormous difficulty. We did not sign our names to the letter, but concluded by telling her we should be at the concert, and that we fully expected she would play admirably.

I took the letter to her house, and wore a thick veil to avoid recognition.

At the concert Signorina G—— looked very happy, and played with energy and fire. Signor Sgambati seemed all pleasure and satisfaction as he shook hands with his pupil at the conclusion of the piece.

Then he descended from the platform and hurried down the room, glancing to the right and left as he moved along. He came nearer, and I perceived that his eyes were beaming with irrepressible amusement, and even before he addressed me, I feared that all was discovered, and knew I was reddening in a very tell tale manner.

"The family want, of course, to know you," he said to me, with a meaning smile.

"What family?" was my rejoinder.

"Ah, signorina, it is of no use! If I did not know as much as I do, your color would be quite enough to excite suspicion. Come, come, there is no use in fencing! The letter! I have not only heard of it, but I have seen it. Don't blame me if I convey to you the thanks of the whole family, and their wish to be at once presented to you."

As I afterward learned, a fellow-pupil to whom the letter was shown had recognized my handwriting, and made his discovery public.

This incident began for me a most interesting acquaintance, and the following year, and to my delight, as well as her own, she passed an excellent examination, and received her diploma.

INDIAN SHELL-HEAPS.

"All along the eastern coast of the United States," says Mr. E. F. Holden, "are found great heaps of shells containing broken bones of fish and animals, together with many pieces of flint, bone, horn, or other material evidently shaped by human skill. That these shells are the remains of savage feasts, there is not the slightest doubt. Every new heap that is explored gives fresh evidence concerning its dusky builders, and throws new light upon the domestic life of the departed red man.

"Nowhere are these shell-heaps more numerous, and nowhere do they better repay the student, than among the islands which dot the bays and inlets of the Pine-Tree State. The actual number of such deposits within the State is, of course, unknown, but it must be several thousands, at least.

"They are to be found on islands or projecting points near clam-flats or mussel-beds, and extend as far up the rivers as the head of tide-water. But wherever found, they are always on a bank considerably higher than the beach; they are on or very near the extreme edge of the bank, and have a southerly or easterly exposure.

"In area they range from a few square feet to half an acre; in depth, from an inch or two to five or six feet. I purposely omit all account of the enormous heaps of oyster-shells at Damariscotta and Newcastle.

"The heaps are composed mostly of clam-shells, but always contain shells of various snails, of mussels, and in some places, of oysters or of quahogs.

"Let us now in imagination make a short visit to one of these heaps to see what we can find in it. We notice first, as we approach, that the shells have rattled down over the face of the bank on which the deposit lies, giving it a grayish appearance visible at a great distance. The beach below the bank is also strewn with broken shells, and a little search here will be sure to reveal some token of the former inhabitants.

"Yes, here is the first sign, a little sharp-edged splinter of gray flint, which has plainly been split artificially; besides, it cannot have been long on the beach, else the action of the waves would have ground it smooth. No! it came down, not long ago, from the shells on the bank. Now you have found something far better—part of a flint arrow-point; and here, right before us, lies another.

"But you want to see the inside of the shell-heap, now. Well, we will dig a little here on the edge of the bank so that the refuse will slide out of our way. We get down on hands and knees, and with a little digger, made for the purpose, we pull the debris over very slowly and carefully so as not to miss any of the treasures that we unearth.

"What's that? only a rock. But look, it is blackened with smoke and it crumbles easily; it is part of an old fireplace. See! there are ashes and charcoal as fresh-looking as though burned yesterday instead of two hundred or more years ago. Now we find another stone, and then another, all laid so as to form a rude fireplace.

"What now? Ah, this is something like! Bones, teeth, something flat and thin! Why, that is Indian pottery. A fine piece, too; notice the little ornamental marks made in the clay before it was baked.

"And those bones, surely they are thick enough to be those of the moose or bear; notice that every one has been split lengthwise so as to obtain the rich marrow. The teeth! ah! they settle the question; they are bear's teeth beyond a doubt. Here is one with a hole bored through the end; it's part of some big brave's necklace. But what's this? part of a beautiful bone fish-spear; and now you have found a perfect arrow-point of milky quartz.

"And so the digging goes on indefinitely; always something new, something of interest, something to tell us of the rude life that employed it. We get more real knowledge of how the Indians lived from one half-day of such work than from a whole library of books. And this principle holds good in other matters as well; if we want real knowledge of anything, we must dig for it ourselves."

For the Companion.

WITHOUT THE GATE.

This is the day of small things. While I wait
In the cold shades obscure without the Gate,
Keep my life lovable and white my name,
That if I come into the House of Fame,
The glare of envy nothing may extort
That is not lovely and of good report.
Teach me Great Father, so to live my days
That, if the portals ope with sudden blaze,
Each fresh glimpse of my life, that fronts the light,
May make me stand more human in men's sight.
Give me no lightning radiance, but to ray
In every home like hearth shine, when the day
Is toned to twilight, and the lamps, unlit,
Our fight with time a breathing's space remit.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

HIS MESSAGE.

Every one who has used a telephone knows that there are times when it gives sounds so confused that the hearer can make from them almost any message whatever. An experience of this sort fell, not long since, to the lot of a Boston man. He was just getting ready to go to Rye Beach to spend Sunday with a friend, when the bell of his telephone began to ring. What followed is told in his own words:

I went to the telephone, and asked who was there and what was wanted. The answer was nothing but a confused buzzing and jumble of sounds, amid which I caught only the words, "Portsmouth, New Hampshire."

"Well, Portsmouth, what do you want?" I asked.

"Buzz-z-z-z, rattle-tle, buzz z-z, I know a fool, I know a fool!" came from the wire.

"What's that?" I said. "I don't understand you."

"Rattle-le-le-le, buzz-z-z-z, creak, buzz, buzz, I know a fool, know a fool!" said the instrument again.

Now I am rather a patient man, but I must confess that I began to get "riled" at this stranger who took so much pains to tell me that he knew a fool. However, I told him again, as calmly as I could, that I didn't understand, and that I wished he would speak louder.

This time I could barely hear the buzzing and creaking of the first part of the message, but the last came out clear and loud: "I know a fool! I know a fool!"

Well, I fear I lost my temper then, for I know I told him that I knew a good many fools, but that I was sure the biggest one of the lot lived in Portsmouth. Then I hung up the receiver and left the telephone.

When I reached the Beach, my friend said, "I suppose you brought the music I sent for?"

"Brought your music!" I cried. "I never heard of it till now."

It appeared that he had telephoned to Portsmouth, asking the central office there to telephone me to bring the song, "I Fear No Foe in Shining Armor."

COOL.

In a Confederate soldier's "Diary of the War," we find an anecdote of the retreat from Gettysburg, which illustrates amusingly the value of coolness in time of danger. While passing through a thick body of woods, he came suddenly into another road, where he saw before him a hard-looking specimen of a Union soldier. He was seated composedly in the middle of the road, gnawing an old beef hoof.

"What regiment do you belong to?" said I.

"Seexty-third."

"Sixty-third what?"

"Seexty-third Bensylvany."

"Sixty-third Pennsylvania! Where's your regiment, and what are you doing here? You are my prisoner."

"My reg'ment is dah," pointing to the woods in front of him. The road was literally strewn with muskets, for some of Meade's men had evidently stood not upon the order of their going.

I sprang from my horse, seized a loaded musket, cocked it, and presented it at the fellow's head.

"Come on, sir," said I. "Come on, or I will blow your brains out."

He paid no more attention to me than if I had been a fly upon the wall. He coolly went on gnawing his beef heel, and quietly remarked:

"Nein, I don't go already. I hash feets (fits)!"

I couldn't kill an unarmed man, and I couldn't *tote* him, and his regiment was too close for me to make a very long speech; so I bade him "good day," and rode on.

INTRUSIVE AND BELLIGERENT.

A gentleman travelling in a part of Russia where there were no railways was forced to resort to post-horses. It was during the summer, when the roads were heavy with mud, and progress was very slow. After being forced to spend two days in his cart, dragged through morasses and often stuck fast in the mud, it is not to be wondered at that he found his temper somewhat tried.

While in this mood he was astonished one morning, as he lay huddled up in the narrow space which the post-cart afforded, by the intrusion of a man, who jumped into the cart, pushed him to one side, and calmly seated himself without ceremony or apology.

"On my inquiring what he meant, and explaining that the post-cart was hired by me, paid for by me, and intended only to be tenanted by me and mine, the intruder just deigned to tell me that he was a 'tchapar;' that as such he had a right to travel in any cart he chose, and meant to travel in mine, whether I liked it or not.

"Now if this had been true, it would not have made his presence the more desirable; but I fancied it was not true, so I requested my would-be fellow-traveller to make himself scarce at once, and as he persisted in refusing, I hoisted him into the mud over the wheel.

"As soon as he recovered an upright position, he clapped his old flintlock rifle to his shoulder, and putting the muzzle almost into my face, deliberately pulled the trigger. Luckily for me, in his fall all the powder which should have formed the train to the charge had been spilled. Moreover, his barrel was choked with good holding clay, so that, taken altogether, had the piece not missed fire, the danger would have been greater to him than to me.

"After this display of rage and impotence, he turned to the people of the station, and so worked upon them by his arguments that had I not taken the reins out of my *yemestchek's* hands and driven off, I should have been detained under most unpleasant circumstances."

PET LIONS.

An amusing sketch of two lion whelps which were adopted as pets during the writer's residence in South Africa, is given by a contributor to *Forest and Stream*. The lioness appeared to amuse herself by playing pranks on human strangers of her own sex, lying in ambush for them under the dining table.

Fearing that something serious might occur if I allowed my pets their liberty any longer, I had a large cage constructed, and for the first week or two was obliged to spend much time in it with them. The lioness fretted a great deal, and the only way I had of quieting her was to go in and lie down, using the lion as a pillow, while she stretched herself beside me with her head on my chest.

One day the sheriff informed me that he had a summons in his office for me to serve as a juryman. I begged off, but he was inexorable. A few days afterward he rode up to my gate, and I called my servant to open it for him while I hurried to the lions' cage.

Presently I heard him calling me, and on my answering he gradually found his way to the den, in which I was seated on the lion's recumbent body, while the lioness sat behind me with her chin resting on my shoulder. As soon as he saw me he sprang back, and cried:

"Come out of there!"

"Hand that summons in here, and I will do so."

"Do you want my arm torn off?"

"No, but I want you to make a legal service of that paper by handing it to me."

"I shall not take any such risk, but I will tear up the paper if you will only come out and save me from seeing you torn into pieces."

"All right, do so, and I will try to get out alive."

The paper was torn up, and I stepped out of the cage, much to my friend's relief. A short time after I met the judge in the street, who wished to know if my mode of dodging jury duty was the one commonly practised in my own country.

HE PAID IT.

Of all the new ways for collecting old debts which have been devised by "Collection Agencies," it is doubtful if any was ever more ingenious or successful than one reported by a Maine correspondent of "old Jim Johnson," an eccentric character in a sea-shore town.

Ned Stone, a neighboring farmer, owed Jim a few dollars on some cow or pig trade, and after dunning him several times, Jim determined to have "satisfaction."

He notified Ned to pay at once, or "take the consequences." This having no effect, Jim proceeded to act.

He lived on the main road between Ned's house and the city, and thereafter, whenever Ned went to market, he was saluted, as soon as he came in sight of Jim's house, by a blast from a large dinner-horn. The din continued as long as he remained in sight, and woke the echoes for several miles around.

The neighbors were soon in the secret, and many were the comments and grins that greeted Ned as he travelled along the road, where the sound that heralded his coming had preceded him by several minutes.

More than once he made overtures to settle the account, but Jim would accept no compromise. He had decided to "collect it in satisfaction," and for some weeks Ned's going and coming continued to be heralded far and wide by the reverberations of that dreadful dinner-horn.

At last the neighbors persuaded Jim to accept the amount due him. Ned was glad enough to pay it, and is said to have been less dilatory in his habits from that time forward.

WANTED TO KNOW.

Few men were ever fonder of news and gossip than was old Jerry Clishen. Despite this fondness, however, Jerry was not a talker, and rarely took part in conversation other than to ask an occasional question about some point of special interest. One day, Jerry's brother William, who lived some miles away, came to visit him.

William had his right hand heavily bandaged, and this fact, of course, required an early explanation.

"Burnt it 'most off 't the fire t' other night," said William. "Ye see, old 'Square Dean's barn got afire 'n' I went with the rest; but 'twan't any use, 'bout everything was burnt. If I wuz the 'Square, I'd give that boy sech a lickin' 't he couldn't stan'."

"What for?" asked the interested Jerry.

"Why, fur settin' the barn afire," was the reply; "but there! I furgot ter tell ye 'bout that part of it. Ye see the 'Square's boy, great dough-head, he found an owl settin' on the ridge-pole, and so, of course, he had ter shoot at it.

"Wal, the barn winder was open, 'n' the gunwad went right inter the haymow, 'n' 'twan't five minutes afore 'twas all a-blazin'. Everybody turned out, and we got out the old hoss 'n' then Bill Treat said—" and so the old man went on with a long story, giving every detail of what was done, said and thought by each one who was present at the fire.

When at last the story was ended, old Jerry remained for several minutes silently meditating on what he had heard; then he suddenly looked up and gravely asked: "Did ye say whether the boy killed the owl?"

READY ANSWER.

A prudent man has an eye to the future, and provides against contingencies. As a sailor would say, he casts an anchor to windward.

"I have no thought of meddling with your affairs, Mr. Dashaway," said Miss Summit, with a facetious air, "but as I was driving by a well-known pawnbroker's establishment ye-terday, I saw a gentleman inside who, I must confess, bore a strong resemblance to you."

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Dashaway. "Did you see his face?"

"I'm afraid that I did!"

"Then it couldn't have been me. I had my back turned."—*Tid Bits.*

"How many visitors do you have, a day, on an average?" asked a lady of the custodian at a public resort. "Aint no average," he replied. "Some days there's more and some less."

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For the Companion.

DOLLY'S POCKET.

My dolly is so happy,
Her eyes are very bright,
And when there's no one looking
She laughs with all her might.

She's perfeckly ridic'lus,
I'm sure you'd never guess,
It's 'cause I put a pocket
In her pretty gingham dress.

But I've told her that a pocket
Isn't made for peanut shells,
And she mustn't get it sticky
With dates and caramels.

And if she's not partic'lar
To 'member what I say,
She'll find on some bright morning
Her pocket's flown away.

ANNA M. PRATT.

For the Companion.

A GREAT PROCESSION.

"What a procession that was!" said auntie, as she finished binding the heel of a soft little stocking for baby, and stuck the extra knitting-needles into the ball.

And the twins left the cold, dripping window — where they had flattened their noses on the pane and nearly stared themselves cross-eyed trying to find "a piece of clear sky, big enough to make a pair of blue breeches" — and before you could say "Scat!" they had turned the twin kitties out of their twin rockers and were close each side of auntie, asking "When?" "Where?" "What for?" and "How many?" And though brother Fred went on covering his new reader, he was listening to every word just the same.

"Why, 'twas last month," said auntie, "when I was out at the farm. It was a very long procession. It began to pass our house after dark one night, and it was all night and all day going by."

"O my!" said Gertie; and "O my!" said Gracie. "Did you ever!"

"Of course, we couldn't see anything that night," said auntie, "for there was no moon, and the procession did not carry any lights."

"No lanterns!" said Gracie; "And no torches!" said Gertie. "Why, how funny!"

"But we heard it going by," said auntie; "march, march, march, all night. It wasn't just like the sound of feet, either;—more like a great river rushing along. And sometimes it shook the doors and windows. And sometimes we could hear strange moaning sounds. What a procession it was!"

"What a procession!" said Gertie. "Was it ghosts, auntie?" said Gracie. And they hitched the twin rockers very close to auntie's chair.

"It did seem something like ghosts," said auntie, "for when it came daylight we could hear the march, march, march, just as plain as ever, but we couldn't see the procession any more than we could when 'twas pitch dark. And some that were standing by the road shook and trembled as if they were 'most scared to death. And whoever got in the way had their coats and dresses pulled, and sometimes their hats were snatched off, and their hair was tousled into their eyes."

"Must have been funny ghosts," said Gracie. "I should think so," said Gertie. "What else did they do?"

"Oh, sometimes an armful of straw was caught up from the barnyard and carried along," said auntie; "and some towels we had spread on the grass to dry were snatched and hidden away in the weeds and fence-corners. If a farmer tried to work in the field he was pelted with dirt till he could hardly see. And yet in spite of all this mischief along the way, you never saw a procession move so fast;—faster than any horse can trot; about as fast as most railroad trains. And it didn't stop for anything. It went over the highest walls without a ladder. It went over the water without a boat or a bridge. Did you ever see a procession ten miles long? You didn't? Well, this procession was more than a hundred miles long. Yes, it was more than five hundred miles long. What do you think of that?"

"I guess you're telling a riddle-story," said Gracie. "Course 'tis," said Gertie. "And it's a hard one, too."

"What a dust there was!" said auntie. "How tired we were of hearing the noise! for all day long it was march, march, march!"

"Why, of course, girls," spoke up Fred, as he finished his book-cover and looked at auntie with a knowing smile. "Of course, girls, last month was *march* every day, don't you see? If it had been April, you know, auntie's procession might not have been so long or done so much mischief." And he tossed a big apple to auntie, who caught it nicely and divided it with the twins.

"Well, but I *don't* see," said Gertie. "And *I* don't see," said Gracie.

"No wonder," said auntie. "Who *could* see the wind? 'Twas a princely procession of brisk breezes on their way to a colder climate."

"Why o' course!" said Gracie. "That was what kept going by all night and all day, and rattled the windows and stole the towels!"

"But then," said Gertie, "who were the ones that were so scared they just shook all over?"

"Oh," said auntie, "that was Miss Willow, and Mr. Maple and the Apple-tree family!"

IRVING was of a very adventuresome turn of mind, and one day his mother found that he had climbed to the top of a pile of boxes in the store-room. Frightened, she cried, "Irving, come down, or you'll fall and break your head." To which he calmly replied, "Then Irvie see what in it."

LITTLE Eddie had never tasted sassafras-tea until he went to visit his aunt in the country. Then he liked it so much that he passed his cup back, saying, solemnly, "Thank you for more satisfy tea."



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Cross words of unequal length. The primals spell the name of a poet of whom it was said, "So much piety was never married to so much wit." He was born April 3, 1593. The finals spell the name of a great painter, born April 6, 1483, died April 6, 1520.

Homefaring from long months at sea,
The sailor smiles at sight of me.

I tell of gods and heroes bold,
In poems by Norsemen sung of old.

I inform you, o'er and o'er,
That some one waits without the door.

Down on the beach the children play,
Then plunge and take me in the spray.

I plainly hint of something more,
Concerning things you've had before.

A city famed in art and story,
I ruled the world in days of glory.

I wave and bloom in summer days,
And crown with grace the yellow maize.

ANNA M. PRATT.

2.

SPRING PI.

Sharper is low
By farming slow.

E. R.

3.

ACROSTICS.

The first seven letters, read downward, show a precious stone, superstitiously supposed to affect the month of April. The second full row shows the sentiment of the stone.

Across—1. A gem that consists of pure carbon. 2. Perfume exhaled by fire. 3. Pertaining to a ring. 4. A small quantity. 5. The back of the head. 6. The introduction of new words into a language. 7. A large river of Europe. 8. A poisonous plant. 9. An English parsonage home.

E. L. E.

4.

BURIED DISCOVERERS.

There will be a great disturbance if the Dukes of Ripon cede Leo Ninth's property to the Grand Mogul without his children's consent.

During Victoria's reign no bishop has been allowed to give eleven livings to nine curates, for none can have more than one.

Joe said if Bob would use the lawn-mower, he would rake the grass for him.

When Captain Tubal boarded the pirate ship, he was thrown from the deck into the sea.

He made so toothsome a dish we pronounced him a chef.

Sambo keeps a little shop and sells persimmons, tobacco, okra, bandannas, and other necessaries.

I am not certain if Rob is her brother or her cousin.

I should like to pick a new flower every day for a year.

Just as the sailor was rigging the capstan, Leyden came into view.

5.

DELETIONS.

1. Take a letter from complete and leave to the end; another, and leave however; again, and leave tenacious.

2. Take a letter from to attend and leave a large monastic, collegiate or cathedral church; another, and leave a masculine title; another, and leave a person excessively penurious.

3. Take a letter from an old kingdom of Spain and leave a fortress; another, and leave a distinct hereditary order or class of people among the Hindoos, the members of which are of the same rank, profession or occupation; another, and leave condition.

4. Take a letter from to grope and leave to chatter; another, and leave noting the triangular end of a house among the eaves.

6.

CHARADE.

Though I've delicate wings,
Ready poised as for flight,
Yet I stay by the ship,
With its colors bright,
Where I first saw the light,
And never take flight!

I often hold threads,
But no shuttle can trace
By any of them
A pattern of grace.
And though I do well, I truly confess,
That I often am found in a very tight place.
Now, if by my riddle you have not been beaten,
My whole, from the ground, you quite often have eaten.

Conundrums.

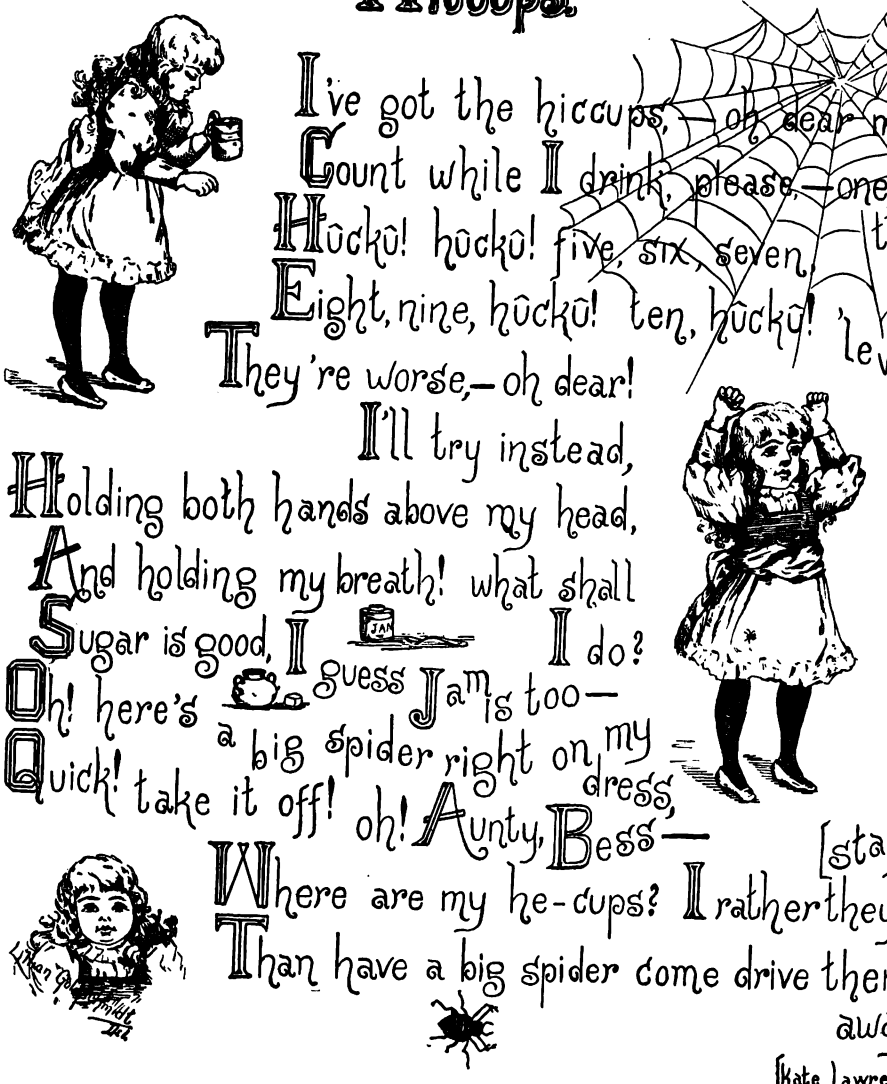
Why is a blacksmith like a safe steed? Because one is a horse-shoer, and the other is a sure horse.

Why should we associate a faithful lover with lard? One is tried and the other is true.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. 1st stanza = hail, fall.
2d stanza = hill, fill.
3d stanza = April fish.

2. 2d line = custom of making April Fools. 3d line = its origin, long ago. 5th line = looking from, ark. 7th line = cooing. 9th line = roam. 10th line = again unto. 13th line = April First. 14th line = as all. 16th line = all. 17th line = upon. 18th line = at last. *Key-words in second line.*



For the Companion.

"MR. WHITE IS OUT OF JAIL."

I called my trusty men and true—
"Thread and Needle, Thimble, too,
Mr. White is out of jail,
Follow quickly on his trail."
They chased the rogue thro' thick and thin,
They brought him back and barred him in.

A. M. P.

For the Companion.

QUEER PETS.

Jake and Jerry were tiny lobsters, fresh-water ones, but just like the ones you see in the markets, only they were of a dirty green color, instead of being red, and they were not much more than two inches long.

Brother Will told us that they would be red, too, if we put them into boiling water, but we wouldn't do it.

I asked him if it wouldn't kill them, but he just laughed and told us to try it and see.

Ray let Jake pinch his ear, because, he said, Brother Will wanted us to kill them.

I saw a big lobster pinch a little boy's foot once, but I don't think that Jake hurt Brother Will very much, because he was so small.

We filled a tight box with water, and put stones and sods in the bottom of it, with a shingle on the top of the water for a raft. Sometimes they would climb upon the raft and have a nice sail all about the box.

They would eat bread crumbs from our hands, but it was funny to see them run backwards when a stranger tried to feed them.

I don't see how they knew the difference, do you?

We kept them all summer, but we didn't know what to do with them in the winter, so we had to put them in the river again.

This spring we found lots of tiny lobsters, under the stones, by the river bank, but I don't think that any of them were Jake or Jerry, because they were so afraid.

Ray says that when we can have a glass tank in the sitting-room, he will tame some more, but I guess that time will never come, for mamma don't like lobsters, live ones, I mean.

ELLA H. STRATTON.

NELLIE, who is a little over three years old, was watching with great interest her mamma making pies; and when the upper crust was being placed in position, she called to her little brother, "O Roy, Roy, come quick, and see mamma put a roof on her pie!"

LITTLE Edie, who had never eaten strawberries, saw some strawberry shortcake for the first time, and exclaimed, "Oh, ma, see the emery cake!"

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NOTHING BUT A MAKESHIFT.

Mrs. Granger made a week's visit to a niece who had married and gone to live in "the city," and on her return to Slowville, brought with her a dozen finger-bowls, and a surplus fund of new ideas. People never gave dinner parties or luncheons in Slowville, and Mrs. Granger did not feel quite ready to start the fashion, but those finger-bowls must be displayed as soon as possible, in some way or other.

Mrs. Granger invited a few friends to her house one warm June evening, and treated them to ice-cream, for the making of which she was famous in the neighborhood.

After the ice-cream had been eaten, there was a little pause, broken by the appearance of Mrs. Granger's stalwart maid-of-all-work, who entered the room with a large tray on which proudly reposed the entire dozen finger-bowls, with a good-sized dinner napkin under each one. Mrs. Granger endeavored to assume an easy manner, through which her sense of the importance of the occasion was plainly visible, however.

"Will each one please be helped to a finger-bowl and napkin," she said, as the tray was borne around the circle to her eight guests. And as the tray reached her, she set the example to her astounded neighbors, by dipping her fingers well into the bowl, and drying them thoroughly on the napkin; in which proceeding she was followed with due solemnity by the others.

Then the finger-bowls were collected by the maid-of-all-work, who had stood, bearing the tray with the three unused finger-bowls, while these lavatory exercises were going on.

With true New England grit no guest displayed her ignorance by any question, and it was not until the advent of some "summer boarders," fully six weeks later, that the least doubt of the propriety of using finger-bowls after eating ice-cream entered the minds of the "first people" of Slowville.

"An' after all," said Miss Malvina Slocum, when the matter was mentioned to her, "what odds did it make, anyway? The main thing with Sarah Granger was to show them finger-bowls, an' she done it, certain sure! Of course, I s'pose they may be useful in the city where folks are always in a racin' hurry from one thing to another, an' can't really take time as they'd oughter for anything; but for my part I want a real good hand-washin' when I've finished my meals, an' finger-bowls, after sticky fruit, wouldn't seem much more'n a makeshift to my mind!"

CLIMATE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The British Empire covers so large a proportion of the surface of the globe that its reports upon climate may be taken as a report for the whole world. The recently published table of returns for the year 1889 shows interesting results. One of the most important facts brought to light is this, that the same stations year after year monopolize the extremes of heat and of cold, of dryness and of humidity. No other inference can be drawn from this fact than that climate is far more regular and unvarying than we are apt to suppose.

The highest temperature in the shade, noted by the British observers, was at Adelaide. The point reached was one hundred and nine degrees, and this was on January Thirteenth. The reader will bear in mind that Adelaide is situated in the southern hemisphere, and that it is midsummer there when it is midwinter with us.

For the last five years Adelaide has recorded the highest temperature in the shade. The record for 1886 shows a temperature of one hundred and twelve and four-tenths degrees. Last year it had the highest temperature of any place in the sun—one hundred and seventy and seven-tenths degrees. It was also the driest station, having a mean humidity of sixty-three per cent.

The lowest shade temperature in the Empire was recorded at Winnipeg, on February Twenty-third, forty-two and six-tenths degrees below zero. This station had also the greatest range in the year, the greatest mean daily range, the lowest mean temperature, and the least rainfall, fourteen and ninety-five-hundredths inches. It does not appear as though the precipitation in the form of snow could have been reckoned in with the reported rainfall.

The highest mean temperature for the year 1889 was reported from Bombay, and the greatest rainfall was observed at Trinidad. It is curious to find that London was the cloudiest of all the stations in the Empire, and that it was also the dampest, its humidity averaging eighty-one per cent. The brightest of all stations was Malta. This had only a little more than half the cloud of London.

MATTER OF OPINION.

There is an old, but ever good story, of a man who did not play the violin, but "thought he could if he tried." He was not alone in his density of self-appreciation. One little boy, at least, is fitted to bear him company.

He belongs to a very musical family, but is himself entirely destitute of appreciation or "ear." Knowing so little of music, however, he is ignorant of what he has missed. One day, a visitor was present when the other children were singing delightfully at the piano, while Frank sat at a distance, in aggrieved silence.

"Why don't you sing, too?" asked the guest, during a pause in the music.

"They won't let me," was the injured response.

"Don't you sing?"

"Sometimes, but *they* say I sing out of tune."

"Oh, then you're not musical, like the others?"

"I don't know about that," retorted Frank, still more aggrieved. "The trouble is, nobody thinks I am!"

EXAGGERATED.

It is fashionable just now to say that women are wanting in politeness in public places, and true also. Mr. Jones was discussing this subject the other day, says the Washington *Star*.

"You may talk as much as you please about the impoliteness of women in street-cars," he declared, "but I've been riding on this line for ten years now, twice a day, and I've never given up my seat yet that I haven't been thanked for it."

"How many times have you given it up, do you suppose?" inquired his interested auditor.

"Once."

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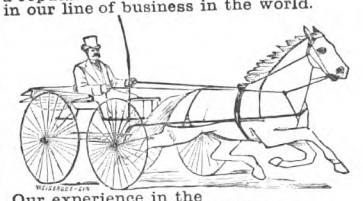
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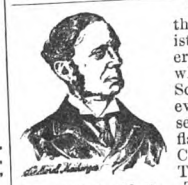


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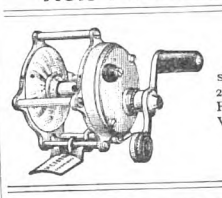
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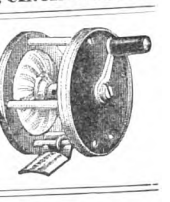


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SPRING DRESSMAKING.

"Old clothes in winter are not as nice as new ones," sighs Rosabella; "but they are not an affliction. It is old clothes in summer that are the worst! Summer is different. You want everything new. You want everything fresh and dainty. You don't want to have to think and plan and worry about letting things out and taking things in and mending things up. You hate the idea of a made-over dress.

"It is all out of harmony with the season to stew in a close room, ripping and hemming and running a tiresome sewing-machine; and then go and steam in the kitchen, pressing out seams with a horrid, hot, heavy flatiron; and then very likely have shabby spots in your gown that can't be hidden after all. How can anybody ever feel cool or fully satisfied in such a dress when it's done? If only clothes grew ready-made without a price-tag, what a blessing it would be!"

Most ladies have at one time or another shared poor Rosabella's mood of despair. Nevertheless, there are compensations to be found for the toil and wear of temper consequent on spring-dressmaking, even when it is done in the house and by the household.

Perhaps when the dresses are finished they are less stylish than if a professional dressmaker had produced them, but there is an equal chance that they are better adapted to the individual tastes and peculiarities of the wearers.

Perhaps some of them cannot by any degree of skill and careful planning be so made that a keen eye may not discover a shabby spot, or guess at one from the arrangement of the trimming which conceals it. But how great the triumph if the effect is so tasteful and becoming that none mind the shabby spot, even when they know it is there!

Some people may recognize the reappearance of a long-enduring fabric for another season's wear. Perhaps a malicious one among them will really say,—though it is infinitely less likely than the owner of the garment imagines,—"Dear me! There is that same old pongee again! Let me see—is this the fourth summer she has worn it?"

But then how happy she feels when a friend remarks admiringly, "My dear, I do hope that pongee of yours will never wear out. You will never have anything else quite so becoming."

Variety has its charm in costume, but it is far less important than suitability, taste, becomingness, and in fact any of the other attractive qualities which clothes may possess. It is hardly possible for a dress that is truly beautiful and becoming to weary the eye, and the less it is changed to accord with the whim of fashion the better.

Indeed, to the persons who care most for the wearer, and whose opinion she should most value, time often lends an added charm, making it seem almost a part of herself, like her hair or the color of her eyes. They hate to have it finally discarded, and require time and coaxing to become reconciled to a new garment, which afterwards they may perhaps like better than the first.

Besides, after the heavy fabrics and soberer hues of winter, any summer dress is a variety, and needs no other charm than grace of line and pleasing color. We do not say when the violets and roses come, "There are those same old purple flowers again! And the roses pink another year! Why can't they blossom blue or scarlet, for a change?"

ACHIEVEMENTS OF INDUSTRY.

The real dignity of labor is well symbolized and set forth in those single acts at the beginning or end of a great work which represent to the imagination the whole enterprise.

The corner-stone of a great building is generally laid by some official dignitary, who, in an unaccustomed apron, and with a trowel which he uses clumsily, makes a pretence of doing the actual work of putting the stone in place. Crowds stand about to witness the work, and orations are made and hymns sung.

The knocking away of the prop which sends a vessel off the ways and into the water is an event of equal consequence and interest, because it represents the noble task of constructing a great ship.

When one of the greatest engineering works of all time was completed—the construction of the Pacific railroad—it was regarded as a great honor to drive the last spike that bound the last rail to the earth; and the spike which served, at least temporarily, for the work, was made of silver.

Emperors, Kings and Presidents start with their own hands the machinery of great industrial exhibitions, themselves typical in a high degree of the importance of manual labor.

In a certain sense it would be more fitting that these ceremonies, which concentrate into a single instant's act long periods of hard labor, should be performed by one of the real workingmen who are engaged upon the enterprise. It is they who do the work, and they might well claim that the honor of the key ceremony belongs to them.

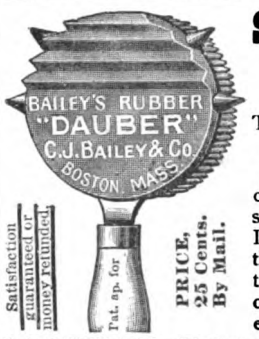
This was what was done, indeed, when the first blow of the pick was struck recently in the construction of the buildings for the World's Fair of 1893 at Chicago.

In a cold winter wind some five thousand people assembled to see a workman strike, with his pick, a blow into the frozen ground on the shore of Lake Michigan, where will be the office of the superintendent of construction of the exhibition.

In a certain sense, however, and perhaps in a more important one than the other, it is fitting that such typical acts as the laying of corner-stones and the launching of ships shall be performed by the highest of dignitaries, as representing the fact that it is really the whole people who build and use great enterprises.

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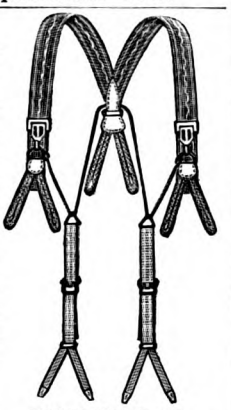
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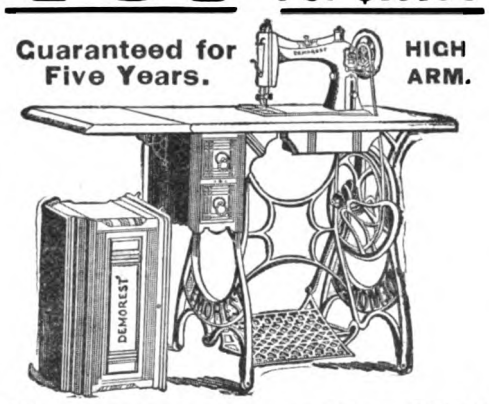
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JACOB.

If any one is desirous of having for a pet an embodied joke, he should import a secretary-bird, or take up his residence in Africa, where these strange creatures dwell. The author of "Home Life on an Ostrich Farm" describes one such pet, named Jacob, who proved to be a most amusing companion. His personal appearance was decidedly comical. He always reminded the author of the book of a little old-fashioned man, in a gray coat and tight black knee-breeches, with pale, flesh-colored stockings clothing the thinnest and most angular of legs, the joints of which might have been stiff with chronic rheumatism, so slowly and cautiously did Jacob bend them.

Not by any means a nice old man did Jacob resemble, but an old reprobate, with evil-looking eye, yellow parchment complexion, bald head, hooked nose and fiendish grin; with his shoulders shrugged up, his hands tucked away under his coat-tails, and several pens stuck behind his ear.

His objectionable noises were very numerous, and some of them unpleasantly suggestive of a hospital. He would begin with what seemed a frightful attack of asthma; then, for ten minutes, he would have violent and alarming hiccoughs, and the performance would conclude with a repulsively realistic imitation of a consumptive cough. His favorite noise was a harsh rasping croak, supposed to be a gentle intimation that he was hungry, though the old impostor had probably had a substantial meal before coming to pose as a starving beggar beneath our windows.

When it seemed impossible to get rid of him, we would fling toward him a large dried puff-adder's skin, which always threw him into a state of abject terror. He seemed quite to lose his wits, and would dance wildly about, jumping several feet from the ground, in the most grotesque manner. At last, grunting his loudest, and with the pen-like feathers on his head bristling with excitement, he would clear the fence, and rush, at railway speed, across the common, and only return at dusk to squat solemnly for the night in his accustomed corner of the garden.

Though friendly enough with us, Jacob was very spiteful and malicious towards all the other creatures on the place. At one time, we found that he had been systematically inflicting a cruel course of ill-treatment on one unfortunate fowl, which was enclosed, with a view to fattening, in an old packing-case, which had wooden bars nailed across the front.

Somehow, in spite of abundant mealies and much soaked bread, that fowl never would get fat, nor had his predecessor become so. We had grown weary of feeding the latter for weeks with no result, and had at last killed and eaten him, a poor bag of bones.

One day, however, the mystery was solved. Jacob had devised an ingenious way of persecuting the poor prisoner, and on witnessing it, we no longer wondered at the fowl's careworn look.

Jacob would approach his box, and make defiant and insulting noises at him, until the imbecile curiosity of fowls prompted the victim to protrude his head and neck through the bars; then, before he had time to draw back, Jacob's foot would come down with a vicious dab on his head.

The foolish creature never seemed to learn wisdom by experience, though he must, many times, have been nearly stunned, and his head all but knocked off by Jacob's powerful foot and leg; yet, as often as the foe challenged him, his poor, simple face would look inquiringly out, only to meet another buffet. As he would not take care of himself, we removed him to a safe place, where he fulfilled his destiny by becoming respectably fat.

POWERFUL HEAT.

We hear much in these days about "solar energy," and it is not long since Professor Young enlightened the readers of *The Companion* as to the more recent discoveries of astronomers in relation to it. Here is an illustration, borrowed from an exchange, of a sort which the Professor did not mention.

A young newspaper man found himself stranded in Whitman County, Washington, five hundred miles from his base of supplies, and destitute of money. In this predicament he hired out to a farmer, who set him to plowing with a pair of horses.

Both man and beasts were new to the business, and as a natural result, the furrows looked as if they had been run by accident rather than design.

At the close of the day the farmer came to look at them, and expressed his mind somewhat freely. The newspaper man listened as meekly as he could, and finally said:

"Yes, the rows are rather crooked, there's no denying it; but you see, sir, the sun was exceedingly hot to-day, and it must have warped them."

The answer turned away the farmer's wrath, and kept him from turning away the new hand, who, since then, according to the story, has become his employer's son-in-law.

IGNORED.

Prince Bismarck declares that he wishes it might be possible for him to travel about Germany without attracting attention. "My ideal is," he one day said, "to be able to walk about Hamburg without seeing a single head turned to look at me."

Such a declaration is full of a simple and sweet humility, but it is a question whether the Prince would not regret the incense of public recognition if he were really deprived of it.

A natural wish to avoid being mobbed by the vulgar herd has almost become a monomania with the poet Tennyson. Yet even he is capable of a pang when the annoyance is denied him.

One day he was taking a country walk with a friend, when a man was espied in the distance.

"We must turn back," said the poet. "That fellow means to waylay us."

His companion, however, persuaded him to continue his walk. They overtook the enemy, and passed him; he took not the least notice of them.

"What an extraordinary thing!" cried the irate poet. "The fellow seems to have no idea who I am!"

HORSE-CAR HUMOR.

A shrewd guess is sometimes almost as valuable as exact knowledge.

"Why do you suppose they put hay in the bottom of these horse-cars?" asked a young woman of her escort.

"I don't know," he answered. "Probably to keep the passengers' feet from getting warm. You know they pack ice in that way."—*Lowell Citizen.*

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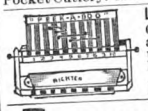


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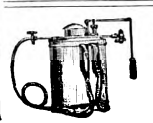
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SNOW STATUES.

Boys and girls who make "snow men" may not be aware that they are artists, but in a humble way they are, and many stories have been told of sculptors who have obtained the inspiration of their career from the making of figures in snow. Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, was one of these. He was instinctively an artist in snow before he became an artist in clay and marble. Furthermore, trained sculptors have condescended to make statues in snow.

Pietro de Medicis, a great patron of art in Italy, employed Michael Angelo, during a particularly severe winter in Northern Italy, to make snow statues, and the sculptor executed these singular commissions with fidelity.

Under the reign of Louis XIII. of France, a splendid statue in snow was erected at the crossing of several streets in Paris with verses in neat raised letters upon it which may be translated thus:

"Remember, you who pass, the day
When you, like me, must melt away;
And pray that winter rule the sky,
For when it thaws, alas! I die."

During the severe winter of 1784, King Louis XVI. of France ordered his finance minister to use the public moneys to alleviate the condition of the poor of Paris; and in return the Parisians raised to the King a fine statue of snow in one of the most public places of the city. The pedestal bore some very ordinary and perfunctory verses, somewhat like the following:

"Great Louis, the poor, whom thy bounties protect,
To thee but a statue of snow may erect;
But to thy generous heart it is pleasanter, sure,
That the marble should pay for the bread of the poor."

Six years afterward another very cold winter came, and the people then cared very little for the benefactions of King Louis. Snow statues were again the order of the day, and one of them, a representation of the goddess of Liberty, was said to have borne this somewhat ironical but prophetic inscription:

"This is Liberty! Worship her, for to-morrow she will be gone."

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

A letter of introduction is usually supposed to be a sure passport for the bearer to the favor of the person to whom it is addressed. But according to the experience of Anton Rubinstein, the pianist and composer, it is sometimes well to investigate the contents of such a letter.

When Rubinstein went to Vienna, in 1846, full of talent and hope, he took a dozen letters of introduction to prominent people in that city, from the Russian ambassador and his wife, in Berlin. Vienna was the residence of Liszt and one of the great musical centres of Europe, and young Rubinstein anticipated making many warm friends.

He made his calls and left his letters at the houses of the people to whom they were addressed, and then waited for replies and invitations, but none came. After five or six letters had met this response of absolute silence, he was utterly at a loss to understand the meaning of such treatment.

"I will see," he said, at last, "what is said about me in these letters." Accordingly he opened one, and this is what he read:

"MY DEAR COUNTESS: To the position which we, the ambassador and his wife, occupy, is attached the tedious duty of patronizing and recommending our various compatriots in order to satisfy their oftentimes clamorous requests. We, therefore, recommend to you the bearer of this, one Rubinstein."

The riddle was solved. The enraged pianist flung the remaining letters in the fire, and resolved to rely on his own unaided efforts to procure friends in the future.

AFTER A MATCH.

The average person notices the arrangement of a room surprisingly little, says the Albany *Argus*. Its dimensions and the relative positions of the furniture may seem to be familiar to him, but in reality they seldom are. The way to become convinced of this is to hunt for something, a match for instance, in the dark.

You have the mantel, and make a grab where you imagine the match-safe stands. Down goes a piece of bric-a-brac to the floor.

More care is used. You find the end of the mantel, and run your hand along the marble slab. Off goes a vase or two. You strike the clock; you've got it. No, it's on the other side. Not there! Ah, then it's on the table.

After running against the stove and tripping over the chair, you find—the sofa. Keep cool and take your bearings. The table is north of the sofa, and the sofa runs east and west; north, therefore, is in front of you. Now you have it. That article that dropped to the floor sounded like the match-safe. But it's the ink-well, and your fingers are dyed with a color warranted not to fade.

A bright idea—the stove! You burn your fingers, and warp your patience, but you secure a light. And the match-safe? It is on the mantel-piece in front of the clock—the only place you didn't search.

WELL SATISFIED.

When the late Archbishop Tait was passing some time in a little village of Perthshire, he received an unexpected and no doubt a pleasing expression of appreciation. As far as it went, the tribute to his ability as a preacher was sincere. He had given instructions for his letters to be sent to the local post-office, to be called for.

The day that he arrived in the village he walked down to the general shop, which also did duty for the post-office, and asked, "Are there any letters for the Archbishop of Canterbury?"

The storekeeper had something to say before he answered the question. "Maybe you'll be that yersen yersel'?"

"Well," said the Archbishop, "as a matter of fact, I am."

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Galled Horses.—See Moore Brothers' offer in another column. Of interest to horse-owners. [*Adv.*

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For the Companion.

THE ADULT AGE.

The adult age is the period of physical and mental maturity; the ripe fruit for which blade and stock, bud and flower have been the preparation. It is the period of achievement. The bodily tissues are consolidated, and the different organs fully developed in size and function.

But the adult age has its own peculiar drawbacks and perils. Even of those persons who come to it with the best of prospects,—their native vigor preserved by a virtuous and well-guarded youth,—there are many who do not live out half their days, or who prepare for themselves a feeble and painful old age.

One peril which besets adult life is inordinate or misdirected ambition. The resulting unwholesome feverishness is well exemplified in the case of the professional politician. The mental and physical strain incident to hotly contested elections, the alternate hope and despair, the unseasonable labor and exposure, all tend to break down those who engage in them. Those who have watched public events for any considerable length of time have seen many strong men killed by such excitements, labors and disappointments.

Still more dangerous, because more generally engaged in, are the undue ambitions of the business world. Men who are eager to be rich take upon themselves incessant anxieties, and submit to ruinously close confinement. At the same time they have many temptations to high living, and the results are seen in the great number of the picked men of the race who die suddenly of apoplexy or heart failure.

In short, the danger of the adult age, especially in the highly artificial conditions under which a large part of the race now live, is excess. This excess, or over-stimulation, it may be of the brain, the stomach, the animal passions; or it may run to amusements, or even to gymnastic sports. Whatever direction it takes, the end is nearly the same—premature enfeeblement or death.

Something should be said, also, of those whose lives are shortened by domestic labors and worries. The rearing of children, the care of the sick, the conduct of the household, the pressure of social duties, the demands of fashion, the endless attempt to make a scanty income go as far as possible—these are among the causes which bring naturally strong women too early to the grave.

The moral is obvious. Hard work is not to be avoided; perhaps it is best that it cannot be; but those who wish for health and long life should aim to live as far as possible simply and naturally, and especially to avoid rivalry and worry.

DOGS AND LANGUAGES.

Certain experiments are gravely proposed, among French and English men of science, which have for their object to determine whether man cannot, by persistent training through several generations and by selection, introduce a totally new faculty into the brain of an animal. It is proposed to make the experiment with dogs, and ascertain if it is possible to produce a dog which will utter articulate sounds, like those of human speech.

There is already, in France, a dog which makes a sound not unlike "*ma manima.*" It is little more than a howl, but the dog appears to be striving to "talk," and it is proposed to begin the series of experiments with him.

M. Paul Bert, a French man of science, who died five years ago, has left on record a statement, which, if demonstrated to be true, seems to prove that dogs sometimes understand ordinary spoken conversation.

An old woman, to test her dog's devotion, feigned to be engaged in selling him to a friend. "In an ordinary tone of voice, and without gestures, without resting upon any particular word, she agreed upon a price for the dog, and concluded the bargain; whereupon the dog came up to her, whining and rolling at her feet in a supplicating way."

Stories have been told of dogs which understood the same command in two different languages. A companion to this story is one related, on very good authority, of an English dog which was taken to France and left among people who spoke only French.

For a considerable time the dog appeared confused, disconcerted, ill at ease and even melancholy. It was plain that he understood nothing of what was said about him. Everything was new and strange.

After a time, and little by little, he recovered his gaiety, self-possession and intelligence. He was himself again; he seemed, indeed, to have "learned French."

BEATING A WOLF.

It is not often that a wolf story is told in a way to show the cowardly nature of the animal. For this reason the following account, given by the author of "Twenty-seven Years in Canada West," has its own value and interest.

My wife's youngest sister had a pet sheep that she had brought up from a lamb, and to which she was much attached. One afternoon she was going down to the spring for a pitcher of water, when she saw a large dog, as she thought, worrying her sheep, upon which she picked up a large stick, and struck the beast two or three strokes with all her strength, thus compelling him to drop his prey.

This, however, he did very reluctantly, turning his head at the same time, and showing his teeth with a most diabolical snarl. She saw at once when he faced her, by his pricked ears, high cheek-bones, long, bushy tail and gaunt figure, that her antagonist was a wolf. Nothing daunted, she again bravely attacked him, for he seemed determined, in spite of her valiant opposition, to have her pet lamb, which he again attacked.

She boldly beat him off the second time, following him down the creek, thrashing him and calling for aid with all her might, when, fortunately, one of her brothers, attracted by her cries, ran down with the dogs and his gun. But he was too late for a shot, for when the wolf saw the reinforcement, he scampered off with all his speed.

HIS CRITICS!

"What it takes to make a Paradise," some one has said, "depends upon the person who is going there." There was once an artist who painted a picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. It was exhibited publicly. One day the painter, entering the hall, saw two men, who appeared to be farmers, standing before the picture.

"Now," said the artist to himself, "I can hear an unprejudiced opinion of my work."

He drew near, and listened to what the farmers were saying.

"Well, John," said one, "what do you think of it?"

"It's pretty good," said the other, "but there's one thing about it that strikes me as a little mite queer."

"What's that?"

"Why, he's got Eve with a Rhode Island greening in her hand."

"Well, what of it?"

"Hum! Seeing that the first Rhode Island greening was raised in this century, I don't quite see how they could have had them in Paradise!"

"No greenings!" exclaimed the other, contemptuously; "how do you suppose they could have got along in the Garden of Eden without Rhode Island greenings?"

MARCH!

Even an extremely aggressive enemy can be easily conquered by strategy; it is only a question of employing the stratagem exactly fitted to the case. An open-air preacher of East London understood this very well, and his stratagem fitted to a charm. He was addressing a crowd, when a soldier who had been drinking came up, and loudly ridiculed the service.

Finding that it was useless to ignore the man, the preacher said, "Ah, my friend, you're no soldier; you've only borrowed those gay red clothes! No servant of the Queen would get drunk and interrupt a peaceful service."

The man warmly protested that he was a soldier, and invited the preacher to test him.

"Very well," was the reply, "I will. Now then, stand at ease!"

This the soldier did as well as his condition allowed. "Right about face!" This order was also obeyed, though with some trouble.

"Now, quick march!" and off went the valiant soldier, marching down the Mile-end Road at a vigorous pace, while the preacher resumed his discourse.

NOT TO BE BORNE.

"Oh, it must be dreadful to be poor," said a fastidious little girl. "You have to be so dirty!" The state of uncleanness is, nevertheless, not always necessary, as many a poor person can testify, but it is often a condition of choice rather than destiny. Says the *Philadelphia Record:*

A "poor white trash" girl from the mountains of North Carolina was received into the house of a lady in Raleigh, for training. She was taught to be orderly and clean, but suddenly discipline ceased, for she fled to her mountain home. Thither the lady went to find her.

"Why did you leave me?" she asked.

"Well, Mis' Blank," was the reply, "I couldn't stay. I was just *cloyed* with neatness!"

NOT FRESH.

The "tramp" nuisance is largely abated, at least in some parts of the country, but it has left its mark upon literature.

"Where is your wood-pile, lady?" inquired a tramp, to whom the kind-hearted housekeeper had given "a bite of something to eat."

"It's out in the shed. How thoughtful of you to offer to split some wood."

"Oh, I'm not going to split any wood. I want the axe to split this biscuit."—*Boston Herald.*

UNDESERVED.

Trouble begins early with some people, as says the New York *Herald.*

"Why, Clarence," remarked a visitor, pleasantly, to a precocious four-year-old, "how much you look like your father!"

"Yes, sir," answered Clarence, with an air of resignation. "Everybody says that, but I don't think I deserve it."

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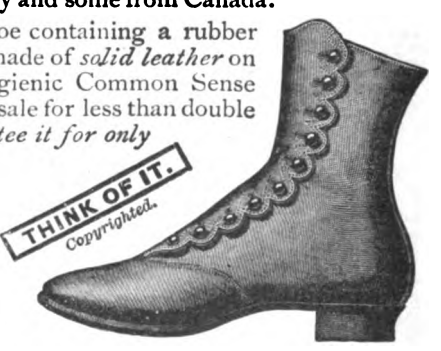
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For the Companion.

CRIPPLE JIM.

The hour was late, but Cripple Jim had hardly slept at all, and now he was fully aroused by hearing his father's voice, somewhat hushed but still heavy, through the thin board partition.

"I tell you, boys, it's got to be done to-morrow night!" said the voice. "There'll be nobody there but Wash and his wife and that young preacher. Wasn't it Wash Magee that sent word to the revenoos and had our stills broke up? Didn't Wash and his boys run your son off to Texas, Jack Hardy, on a charge of cuttin' Mike Woodsell, which you know was all an accident? Haint Wash into every sort of meanness, fust one way and then t'other? I've 'lowed to get even with him for a good while, and I say now, the time has come."

After this Jim heard a clinking of tin cups, and he knew the men were drinking. He shivered with fear. They were desperate men, yet Huse Turley, their leader, was his own father.

One of the mountain feuds had long divided the Magees and the Turleys. Its influence had extended until friends and relatives had been drawn into it. It had sacrificed life and ruined good names; it had made men fugitives, and women and children homeless.

At this period Huse Turley and Wash Magee were looked on as the leaders of their factions. A recent affray with the revenue officers and some reckless testimony at the county court had intensified the ancient hatred, and occasioned the plotting which was partially overheard by Cripple Jim.

"That preacher, Lamb, is some kin to the Magees," said Jack Hardy, "and that 'minds me 't I see your Jim and him together down by the gap this very day."

"My Jim?"

Turley brought his fist heavily down upon the table before them. "'Long o' that preacher Lamb, was he? I'll whip him if I ketch him runnin' atter his father's enemies! But like enough he's a-listenin' now! I'd forgot he was sleepin' in yander."

Jim had risen to a sitting posture on the bed. He made an agitated movement, and his crutch, which had been leaning against the bed, fell to the floor.

The talk had stopped. Then Jim heard his father rise, open the door, and approach his bedside. A heavy hand was laid upon him, and he was dragged out into the next room.

"Were you a-listenin'?" his father asked.

"I couldn't help hearin', when ye talked so loud," replied Jim.

"Had you any idee of tellin' any one what you heard—your preacher man, for instance?'

"Why—why, no, father! I'd skasely thought—of that—yet —"

Turley struck the table with impatience as he noticed Jim's hesitancy.

"See here, son," he said, "I'm a man of not many words, nor do I chew 'em over more'n once. You've heard, and likely you know something of what we're up to. If you cheep a word to any one, I'll find it out—mind that! And then the punishment you'll git from me you'll never forgit the longest day *you* live!"

Jim's silence, his very fear of his father, seemed to exasperate Turley the more.

"Why don't you hold up your head?" he roared. "You look like a son o' mine, don't you?"

Jim still did not reply. Then, as the father gazed, the son's infirmity began to plead for him. Turley saw two large tears upon the lad's cheeks, and something stirred him to remember that this poor boy was, after all, his own son.

"Come, now," he said, more gently, "I only wanted to warn you what you might expect if you was fool enough to be tattlin'. Get back to bed, and—here's a dram to settle your narves."

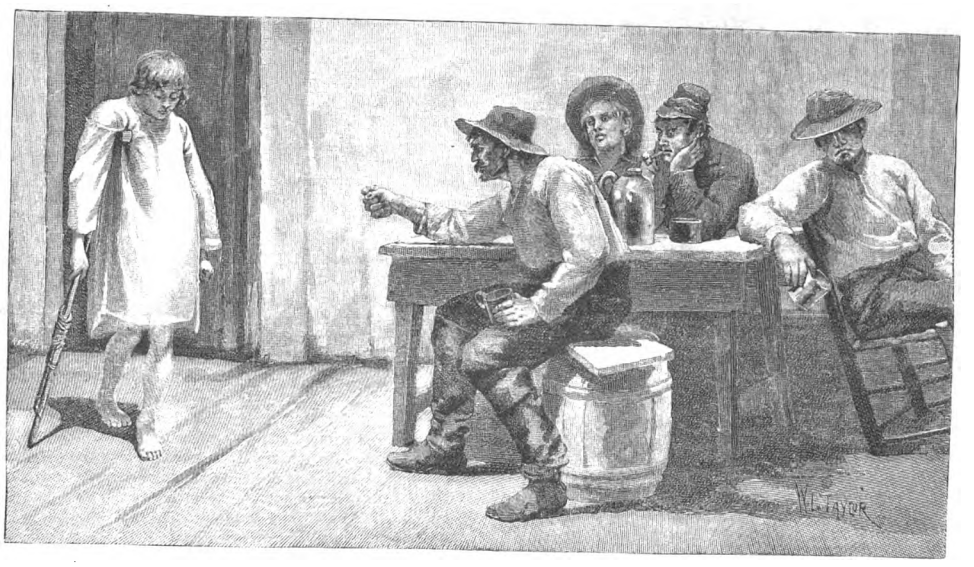
Jim, disregarding the cup that was offered him, fixed his eyes appealingly upon his father.

"Father," he said, "you know I only wish you well. Who else have I got to keer for since mother was buried? But I want you to give up this plan. You and Wash have been a-jowerin' fer months, and what good do it do?"

"Git to bed, I say!" exclaimed Turley, his anger rising again.

"I must speak, if you strike me!" cried Jim, excitedly. "What good do all this swearing and drinking and fighting do? Father, don't do this thing!"

"What thing? Is the boy crazy?" Turley gazed at the others in pretended surprise.



"Why don't you hold up your head?"

"Why—why —" Jim hesitated. He had heard nothing definite, yet he felt that some revengeful deed was contemplated. "You know what, father!"

"Listen at him! He'll be makin' out next that his pap wants to hurt some one. See here, Jim, don't you bother your head. I want to be good to you, if you'll let me, but you mustn't meddle. Now git to bed, and when you feel like listenin' agin, wrop up your head in the blanket; hit'll be safest for you."

The boy gave his father one haunting look and hobbled away. After that the men conversed in low tones for a while. Then the visitors rose to depart.

"Mind now—to-morrow—about moon-rise —"

That was all Jim heard. It did not still his fears that some wicked thing was on foot to injure the Magees.

Jim's infirmity had left him almost alone since his mother's death. He had neither brothers nor sisters, and his father was absent much of the time. Moreover, there was not much in common between him and his father. The boy loved him in a dumb, dependent way, and the father repaid this love with pity rather than with affection.

Jim spent much of his time wandering in the mountains. With his one steel-pointed crutch he was singularly active, and his solitary life had bred in him an unreasoning love of nature.

The next morning after the scene in his cabin, Huse Turley shouldered his long rifle and went away. He had hardly spoken to his son, who, feeling lonely, wandered off, after he had eaten his midday meal, into the woods. He took an out-of-the-way course, fearing that he should meet Mr. Lamb or some one of the Magee family.

He was tortured by a conflicting sense of desire and duty. He felt that some one should be warned of what his father and the others were about to do, and yet what did he know of it? Was it right to go against his father, or to assume that he was worse than he knew him to be?

He was still debating this when the crack of a rifle rang out near by. Then a gentle-faced, tall young man came over the ridge with two squirrels at his belt and a gun on his shoulder.

"There," thought Jim, "it'll all come out now! I came this way on purpose not to meet him, and here he is."

"Why, Jim," said Parson Lamb, pleasantly, "I didn't expect to meet you here!"

"Neither did I you," replied Jim.

They spent some time together, while Mr. Lamb talked without seeming to care to hunt any more; but all the while Jim thought, "Shall I tell him? shall I tell him?"

The young minister found Jim rather absent-minded, and this, perhaps, inclined him to leave the boy. When he had gone, Jim, more distressed and undecided than ever, wandered still further, dreading to go home. Loitering on thus, farther and farther, he found himself at sundown within a mile of Wash Magee's cabin.

"How did I get 'way here?" he asked himself. "Looks like I must have felt I ought to come this way, seeing as I didn't tell the parson. I'm master tired. Seems like I'll have to rest."

Instead of making his way homeward, Jim lay down at a spot whence, in the gathering twilight, he could see through the open door of Magee's cabin. The trail passed just below him.

His long mental struggle was growing painful, yet he could not decide what to do. Meantime the stars appeared, the night wind sighed, and many weird sounds rose fitfully, adding to his depression and increasing his sense of helplessness.

"Father'll wonder what has 'come of me," he thought. "Maybe he'll think I've gone to let 'em know!"

He still waited wearily, fearing now either to return home or to go forward. The moon rose. Jim could soon find his way—but whither?

After a while the silvery light whitened the opposite mountain-side, so that the course of the trail was visible. Looking back once, he noticed a line of dark objects crawling around a bare shoulder of white cliff, which he knew the road leading from his father's cabin must cross.

Turley and his friends were evidently coming, and Jim understood that their mysterious threats were soon to be put in force. Violence of some kind—perhaps murder—was intended!

Jim hesitated no longer, but set out for Magee's cabin. He had nearly a mile the start of them, and he had but a mile to go. His excitement was so great that he did not notice rocks and thickets. He scrambled down the glen and onward along the trail.

Inside the cabin Wash Magee and his wife, two small grandchildren, and the young preacher Lamb were sitting by the fire, when there came a sharp rapping upon the door. Before any one could rise, Cripple Jim hobbled into the room, his pale face paler than ever, his bare head wet with dew, and in his eyes a strange, eager light. He turned to the young preacher.

"They're comin'! they've got their guns! I wanted to tell you to-day, but—I couldn't!"

Wash seized his rifle, and hastily sent his wife and the children to the loft. Mr. Lamb led Jim to the fire.

Soon there was a sound of rapid footsteps without; then the door was violently burst open, and in rushed Huse Turley and three others, fully armed.

In such encounters no time is lost, and Wash Magee, having his rifle ready in his hands, would doubtless have fired at once upon Turley if the young preacher had not stepped between them, leaving Jim crouching in the corner.

"Stranger," said Turley, "this yer is a family matter. If you are for Magee, say the word."

"Father!" cried Jim, hobbling to the front and grasping his father's arm.

"You here, eh?" said the father. "I'll mind this, boy, when I get you home!"

"O father!" cried the boy, "have you forgot the man that nursed you through the small-pox, winter before last, down at the log camps? 'Cause, if you have, I have not. Look at him! You shall not —"

Turley and his companions had covered the two men in the cabin with their rifles, but now Turley fell back a step, staring at the young preacher.

"What?" he exclaimed, "it can't be the same—and yet you favor him mightily."

"Jim is right," said Lamb. "I should have visited you, but I am Magee's cousin, and seeing the state of feeling between you all, I waited to see what could be done."

Turley turned to his companions.

"He's right, boys," said he. "I know him now. If he wasn't kin to the Magees, I'd fight for him anywhere in the world. I reckon I owe him my life, for he stood by me when every one else run from me. I can't touch Wash, with him standing by. So our job's up—for to-night, boys."

The men grumbled, yet seemed to assent. Wash Magee stood silent, watching Turley, with his finger upon the trigger of his rifle.

Suddenly Cripple Jim sprang forward on his crutch.

"Father," he said, "now you and Wash must shake hands. I know ye both —"

"Here you are again!" Turley interrupted, not sorry to find some one on whom to vent the disappointment he really felt. "Always a-meddlin'!"

He pushed the boy away so savagely that Jim dropped his crutch, and was caught by Lamb, who whispered in his ear, "Stay with me until your father gets over this."

Turley and his friends were now leaving, and Jim seized his crutch.

"No—no;" he said, "I must go. I can't leave father! He'll be sorry for this, when he gets sober—for they've been drinking! all of 'em."

"But you are worn out. You can't walk so far. You look feverish."

"I'll make out to get home, I reckon."

The last the parson saw of him he was hobbling hurriedly down the trail after the others.

In the morning, when Turley called his son, Cripple Jim did not answer. The father had made the fire. Jim's usual task was to "put on" the breakfast. In the night Huse thought he had heard the boy moaning, as if in pain, but half-stupefied himself, he had paid no attention.

Jack Hardy was with them, though the other men had gone to their homes.

Turley walked over to Jim's bed and shook him, but the lad's arm fell back limp, and his flesh felt cold and clammy. His eyes were half closed, and the pupils unnaturally set and staring.

The father uttered an exclamation. Was his feeble, derided, sensitive, yet always loving boy, his only child, was he leaving him forever?

He felt a sudden horror, as if he had found

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himself his son's murderer. He sank on his knees beside the bed.

"Go," he said to Hardy, "fetch some one here! Jim's taken bad. Don't stand there! Don't ye see my poor boy is a-dyin' ?"

The man left the cabin at a run. Turley raised the boy in his arms, and rocked him to and fro. He had never realized the strong ties of nature until now—now when to feel them was agony.

Minutes that seemed hours passed before Hardy returned with two men, Parson Lamb and Wash Magee.

"They was the fust I seed," Hardy said, apologetically, to Huse, who looked at them entreatingly. There was no enmity in his heart then against any living man.

"Can't you do suthin' for him ?" he asked, as Mr. Lamb felt the lad's pulse and carefully examined him.

"He has had a congestive chill, I think," said Lamb. "It was probably brought on by overexertion and exposure. They are dangerous, but not always fatal."

Then he busied himself like one who knew what he was about, while the father watched him as if life hung upon his every movement. Magee surveyed his old enemy with softening features.

At last Jim's breathing grew regular, his lips lost their purplish hue, his skin grew warmer, and his eyes opened.

When he saw, not only his father, but Magee bending over him, he smiled feebly and made a motion as if to join their hands. Turley looked puzzled at first; then, seeing Jim's meaning, compressed his lips and held out his hand.

"Wash," he said, "I've only just found out what it is to have a son, by seein' what it might be to lose one. Jim wants us to be friends, and what he says now, I say, too. If that aint enough, I'll ast your pardon—eh, Jim ? and if that aint enough, I might make out to git plum down on my knees—eh, Jim ?"

Here Wash struck his large hand into Turley's.

"Don't say any more," he exclaimed. "We haint been neighborin' for a good bit, Huse, but it won't be my fault if we don't in futur'."

After this, Huse turned to his son for his approval.

"There, Jim," he said, "me and Wash have shook hands. But if there's anything more a-bearin' on your mind, your poor pap 'll get down on his all fours yet, but what you shall be satisfied."

Thus, while Cripple Jim hovered between life and death, peace was made. Perhaps it had a curative effect, for Jim did not die. Perhaps he was spared in order that his presence might soothe the after irritations that would occasionally rise.

"I don't begrudge anybody anythin' now," said Huse, long afterward, "and I'd as soon fight a cirkylar saw as to raise a disturbance with that thar boy a-settin' by. Therefore, me and Wash stays friendly—but it's mostly owin' to Jim."

WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

For the Companion.

BETHY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Wayfarers.

"Aint that a person up there, Ezry, or aint it ?"

"I guess most likely it's a sheep, Esther," said Mr. Dudley, hardly glancing up from his paper; but the woman continued to peer over her spectacles through the window, and up the high hill.

The house was very large, and gray from lack of paint.

A few feet from its narrow piazza stood a half-dead buttonwood-tree. From the tree there swung a faded tavern sign, upon which, however, could still be made out the words, "Entertainment for Man and Beast."

At the left stretched a long line of deserted sheds, and behind them was a barn.

This building stood on what was once a stage-road; but it was forty years since a stage-coach had been there.

Ezra Dudley would not take down the sign; he said it would bring bad luck to touch the old thing. "Aunt Esther," as every one called his wife, used to declare that a nervous person could not stay there, the sign creaked so in a southerly wind.

It was while Mr. Dudley was milking the first of his nine cows that his wife heard a knock at the open door of the porch.

She was just in the act of putting some biscuits into the oven. She shut the stove door and hurried to the porch.

"Please, ma'am, I'd like 'entertainment for man and beast,'" said a tired voice.

At first Aunt Esther's surprise was so great that she could not speak. Then she exclaimed:

"The land! You don't call yourself a man, do you ?"

"I mean for girl and beast. You see, I've been reading your sign."

"Where's your beast ?"

"Here. He'd just as lief run, but I'd rather carry him sometimes. He's such a comfort! Just to feel him cuddling under my arm makes me forget to be tired."

The girl opened her thin shawl far enough to show the bright eyes and frowsy head of a Yorkshire terrier, which gazed sharply at the woman, and then insisted upon getting down and attempting a closer acquaintance.

"But he isn't really any more a beast than you or I," added the girl.

She now leaned heavily against the door-post, and looked hopefully at Mrs. Dudley. "I suppose this is a tavern, aint it ?"

"Law, no! It hasn't been a tavern since long before you was born." The woman gave another glance at the young and weary face before her, and continued: "But you can come in just the same. Sit right down. The biscuit'll be done in fifteen minutes. I hope you aint going far ?"

She pushed a small calico-covered rocking-chair toward the girl, who sank quickly into it.

"I hope I aint going far, too," she said, tremulously. Then she fought away the tremor.

After a few moments, during which the terrier sniffed at everything in the kitchen, and appeared perfectly satisfied, his mistress said that she had been so glad when she saw the tavern sign, for she would like to stay over Sunday.

"But if 'taint a tavern, I suppose I can't stay. I've got money to pay for what I eat. I'm not a beggar. My dog isn't a beggar, either."

"I guess I shall let you stay over Sunday, even if I don't keep a tavern," said Mrs. Dudley. "I sha'n't charge you very heavy, either. Have you got much money ?"

"Eight dollars and twenty-five cents," she said, as if she were mentioning millions. "I had ten dollars, but I had to spend some of it for my ticket on the cars, you know. I mean to get work and earn more before this is gone. But I'm kind of tired now."

She suddenly sank back in her chair and felt as if she should cry, in spite of all her efforts to be brave.

"I guess you're hungry, too."

Mrs. Dudley brought a bowl of milk and a plate of crackers for the girl, and some pieces of cold meat and johnny-cake for the terrier, who broke his fast eagerly but daintily.

As the two wayfarers ate, their hostess thought rapidly. Although the sum the child had spoken of was not a large one with which a girl and a Yorkshire might begin the world, it seemed to Mrs. Dudley that to have been without a penny would have suited better the appearance of the two strangers.

Where did she get the money ? She couldn't be a thief. There were never more honest eyes in a child's head. She would ask her, and see what she said.

"Where'd you get the money ?"

The question was asked suddenly, just as the girl had finished her crackers and milk, and had begun to look refreshed. It seemed, however,



perfectly natural to the girl that any one should wish to know where such an enormous amount came from.

"Uncle Henry gave me five dollars once, and I earned the rest picking huckleberries last summer. I kept it secret, and I saved it, for I felt every day as if I couldn't stand it another minute. But I did stand it all for almost a year."

"Where'd you come from here ?"

There was silence.

Mrs. Dudley looked at the girl almost sharply as she repeated the question.

"I'd rather not tell that."

The girl picked up the terrier, who took a position as if he were used to being carried. The two looked ready to start again at a moment's notice.

Mrs. Dudley was curious. She was somewhat offended, too.

The girl stood up very straight, and flung her head back.

"I haven't done anything wrong, if you're thinking that!" she cried. "Unless it's wrong to run away from the cruellest folks that ever were!"

The woman could not help believing these words, which were uttered in a ringing young voice. It was in vain that she told herself that she ought to be suspicious; that appearances were against her guest. There was something in the worn young face, in the attitude, that went straight to Mrs. Dudley's heart.

"You needn't get so angry," she said. "Sit down again. You aint going to leave this house till you've had a good rest. Perhaps you haven't any objections to telling me your name."

The girl's breath came quickly, but she sat down and hugged her dog close to her.

"My name's Bethia," she answered, "but they always call me Bethy."

"Bethy what ?"

Again there was a pause. When it had lasted two or three minutes, the girl rose and went to the door. She was almost sobbing.



"Dear little sweetheart," she said to the dog, holding him up to her face, "I guess we've got to go. I can't tell my last name, for I'm afraid somebody'll find me out and take us back."

Mrs. Dudley's hand was put on her arm, and she was gently pulled back to her chair.

"No matter," said she. "I aint obliged to know all about you. 'Taint as if I was going to adopt you for my own. What's your dog's name ?"

"Nip-'n'-Tuck."

"Nip *and* Tuck! He's got more names than you have."

Bethy became suddenly animated.

"You see, ma'am," she said, "he was given to me and my brother; and I wanted him named Nip, and he wanted him named Tuck, and we were both real set about it. Finally Uncle Henry, who gave us the puppy, said there wasn't any reason why we shouldn't call him Nip-'n'-Tuck, and then we should both be satisfied. So we did."

"Where is your brother now ?"

Bethy's lip quivered, and then she began to cry violently. Poor thing! She was worn out with fatigue.

It was at this moment that Mr. Dudley came in from the barn with his pail of foaming milk. He set the pail down suddenly, and stared in silence.

"She's just used up," cried his wife, "and no mortal knows how far she's travelled! I'm going to put her right to bed."

Mr. Dudley lifted the pail and began to strain the milk.

"When you've done it, maybe you'll tell me if she dropped down from the sky, or sprung out of the earth," he said, in his slow, good-natured way.

Mrs. Dudley put her arm around Bethy, and helped her into the small bedroom which led from one end of the kitchen. She brought a basin of warm water and a towel. The hot, dusty face was bathed. Bethy did not resist, nor speak, except to say in a whisper:

"You'll let my dog stay with me, won't you ?"

Mrs. Dudley nodded her head. The tears were not very far from her own eyes. She was thinking of the baby girl she had lost one summer fourteen years ago.

Perhaps the thought made her touch more tender.

In a few moments Bethy and the dog were in the profound sleep of exhaustion.

When Mrs. Dudley returned to the kitchen she closed the door behind her, and sat down quickly. The tears were now running undisguisedly down her cheeks.

"I declare," she said, "I do' know when I've felt so sorry for anything."

Mr. Dudley had been waiting before going out again to his milking. His wife hurriedly told him every particular of the arrival. When she had finished, she rose and came to his side.

"Ezry," she said, solemnly, "do you know what I've a great mind to do ?"

"Give 'em both a good breakfast in the morning," he said, smiling.

"Keep 'em!" said his wife.

He looked grave. "Keep a girl that won't even tell her name, nor where she came from ?" he asked.

"She could have made up a name glib enough if she'd been used to lying. She could have had a story all ready. I tell you, she's no liar! She is honest. I suppose she's got faults enough, but I like her."

Mr. Dudley advised his wife not to decide the matter that night. The girl might not like to stay, or things might look very different in the morning. Then he went to finish his chores.

Mrs. Dudley bethought herself of the biscuit in the oven. They were burned black, and were put in the "pig-pail." The Dudleys supped on bread and milk, as Bethy had done.

That evening, after Mr. Dudley and his wife had sat nodding in weariness from their hard day's work for about two hours, they went softly into the bedroom where their two guests were sleeping.

Nip-'n'-Tuck opened his eyes and looked at them brightly through his soft hair; he did not think it necessary to growl. But his mistress did not stir at all. She lay as she had fallen down from Mrs. Dudley's hands upon the pillow.

She had a great deal of light-brown hair, which Mrs. Dudley had pulled out over the pillow. The face was thin, and the youthful mouth almost pinched. It was not a very pretty face, but even now, with the frank, blue eyes shut, there was an expression of honesty not to be mistaken.

"Poor thing!" whispered Mr. Dudley.

The terrier slightly wagged the end of his tail.

Mrs. Dudley pushed her husband noiselessly out of the room, holding the lamp so that its rays should not fall on Bethy's face.

When they were in the kitchen again they looked questioningly at each other.

"Ezry," she said, "now don't you tell me you're going to put anything in my way."

"No, no," he replied, "I sha'n't. But don't say anything to her before Monday. Let's watch and see what kind of a child she appears to be."

The lovely summer Sunday morning looked in through the small panes of the window where Bethy and her dog lay. The terrier stood up and stretched. Then he gazed intently at his mistress, and licked her face and punched her with his cold nose until she woke.

Several minutes passed before she could remember where she was. When she did remember she lay back on the pillow, saying to herself:

"Now I know. I'm safe! Oh, wasn't she kind to me! And I forgot to thank the Lord before I went to sleep. But I can thank Him now, though."

She began to say a few words of prayer, then dressed herself hurriedly and opened the door. The terrier dashed gaily into the empty kitchen, and at the same moment Mr. Dudley came in from the porch.

The girl looked so bright and eager, after her long rest, that Mr. Dudley did precisely what he had warned his wife against doing. He asked Bethy if she would like to stay with them.

The child clasped her hands with enthusiasm.

"Just live here ?" she cried.

"Exactly; and help us, you know. We shouldn't make you work too hard."

"Would you take Nip-'n'-Tuck, too ?"

"I guess so."

Bethy stood silent a moment, her hands still clasped. But there was no mistaking that silence, and the man felt his heart warmed by it.

"It would be just blessed to live with you and her," at last said Bethy, in a low voice.

"I hope it would be," said Mr. Dudley, almost reverently.

Soon he bethought himself of what he had done, and added, "You see, Bethy, how we're trusting you, when we don't know anything about you. Remember, we trust you."

"You and she sha'n't be sorry," Bethy said. Her voice began to tremble. She appeared to wish to say something more, but could not.

"I guess it'll be all right," said Mr. Dudley, turning away, as his wife came in from the back yard. "We've just ben fixing it all up, Esther," he said, cheerfully. "She's going to stay here and make us young again, she and that clipper of a puppy. I guess, if it isn't too near noon, she wants some breakfast."

"I can generally risk you to do a kind act, Ezry," said Mrs. Dudley.

The long, warm hours of that Sunday passed in a state of blissful quiet to Bethy, who sat on the grass with Nip. She helped with the dishes, and expressed a wish to milk some of the cows. It was plain that she had been used to work, and to hard work, too.

But there was only the absolutely necessary work done on a Sunday at the old "tavern stand."

Bethy sat on the ricketty piazza and saw three open carriages, drawn slowly by heavy farm-horses, go by to church. The occupants of the carriages stared hard at her and at the terrier, disporting himself on the grass.

"To-morrow I've got a big wash, and you can be real useful," said Mrs. Dudley, when Bethy went to bed that night.

After she had gone, the woman told her husband that it did seem as if she must find out what the child's last name was. She must call her something when folks asked about her.

"Perhaps folks 'll have to put up with knowing no more than we do," said Mr. Dudley.

That night the weather was very sultry. Bethy saw distant lightning, and was dreaming that the thunder was crashing in the sky, when Nip barked shrilly. She started from the bed. The sound had been a violent knocking at the back door, nearest to her.

With a vague fear in her mind that people would track her from whence she came, she flung on her clothes swiftly.

By the time Mr. Dudley had come downstairs, and gone to unbar the door, she was dressed, and

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had caught the dog in her arms and put her hand over his mouth.

She listened, much frightened. She could not hear at first; but then a voice said, "I hear you've got a girl and a dog here."

Bethy did not listen any longer. She let herself down from the window, which was open and near the ground.

With her precious friend held close in her arms, she ran with all the fleetness of youth and fear.

Ten minutes later Mr. Dudley came in from the barn with a lantern. He had been harnessing his colt into the gig.

He paused an instant before the closed door of the kitchen bedroom.

"I hope she hasn't been disturbed," he said to himself. "She was tired enough. But young folks can sleep through anything."

Then he went upstairs.

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

(To be continued.)

BEGINNINGS OF EVIL.

Let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice
Whose steep descent in last perdition ends.
—*Young.*

For the Companion.

A BEAR-HUNT REVERSED.

"Jack, Davy and I went out for bear once," said my friend Bob Arcaster, as we reclined on a bed of boughs watching the stars through the light cloud which rose from the camp-fire. "Never told you about it, did I?"

We had been talking about our two young friends, who had a day or two before left home to take places in the East Indian Civil Service. Bob had seen more of them of late years than I, and had been amusing me with stories of their adventures together. So it was with the expectation that he had something to tell worth listening to that I replied, "No, what about it?"

"Well, we went out for bear once," he repeated, and began in his peculiar, slow way to poke the fire.

"You said that once. Did you get any bear?"

He had an annoying way of beginning a story, and breaking off without the slightest warning. He paid no attention to my question, but went on with his occupation with provoking slowness.

When he had completed this performance to his satisfaction, he lay back upon the boughs, closed his eyes, and remained silent so long that I had almost forgotten that I had asked him anything. After a long interval he answered, "Oh yes, we got one," and relapsed into silence.

There was no use in trying to get him to tell a story except when he was in the mood for it, and then he could not be stopped. So I held my peace until such time as it might please him to go on with his story. It came at last.

"Jack, Davy and I went out for bear once. You remember what Jack was like when he left college. Green! He knew everything about Greece, Rome and such places, but about real things, such as salmon, trout and bear, he knew no more than a baby.

"Why, he was greener than Davy, and *he* had never been out of sight of a clearing until we went out for bear. And conceited!—there's no use in denying it! He was a thoroughly good fellow, but he had not had the experience that has since made him manly, strong and modest.

"Well, we were up in Madawaska, and a Frenchman told us that bears were as plenty as blackberries up Green River. Jack, who had a beautiful Winchester with him,—we were just loitering through the country, you know, fishing here and there in the streams, and had brought our guns along more for their company than for any other reason,—Jack, I say, was impatient to get where he could shoot a bear.

"Davy was not quite so eager. In fact, the little fellow seemed more than half-afraid; but when I chimed in with Jack, he made no further objection, and we got a Frenchman to pole us up the stream in his canoe. Ever been on Green River?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I need not tell you what a splendid stream it is, and what trout-fishing we had. At the close of the second day we reached the ground where the bears were said to be waiting to be shot. Selecting a nice, grassy spot, we built a lean-to hut with poles and bark, made a fire, and had supper.

"We were a jolly party, although I noticed that Jack did not seem to care about going far from the fire, and he questioned the Frenchman very closely about the habits of bears in general, and Green River bears in particular.

"The Frenchman did not know much more than Jack, but taking it for granted that I knew as little as the others, he bestowed upon us a marvellous mass of misinformation. According to our genial guide, we were in imminent danger of being charged upon at any moment by a dozen or so of ferocious bears of assorted sizes and patterns, and the boys were about half-frightened out of their wits.

"I interrupted Jean Baptiste's flow of horrors with a vehement denial of the state of things which he pictured.

"'Ah!' said he. 'I only mak' de little fun.'

"Reassured, the boys consented at last to turn in, but, as you will understand, it being their first night in camp, they did not go to sleep very readily. There was an owl somewhere near us, and it kept up an unceasing hooting. Of course, when its dismal notes first came out of the darkness, the boys were startled. Jack's teeth chattered, and little Davy, looking as pale as a ghost in the firelight, got up and seized his gun.

"'Come back to bed, Davy,' I said. 'It's only an owl.'

"'Yes, that's all, Davy,' said Jack; but his voice had its tremolo stop on, whereat the Frenchman laughed.

"You know the thousand and one unaccountable noises you hear when you are in a strange place and can't get to sleep, especially if it is your first night in a camp.

"The boys heard them all, and kept up a constant fire of, 'What's that? What's that?' until after midnight, when they fell asleep.

"Next morning they were up bright and early, feeling like old campaigners. It is wonderful how one night in camp seasons you, isn't it?

"The Frenchman started off down river after we had breakfasted, promising to come back in two days, and we set out to look for bear.

"We did not see any, though we found some tracks, some of them quite fresh. The fresher the tracks, the less anxious were the boys to go on. This was especially the case with Davy, who frankly owned that he should much prefer fishing to bear-hunting.

"I knew perfectly well that we might tramp about for a week without coming in sight of a bear, unless by pure accident, for one seldom sees bears when he is looking for them; so I readily agreed to Davy's suggestion that we should return to camp.

"It was quite early in the afternoon when we got back, but the boys were tired and lay down to rest, while I went down alone to the river, seated myself on the root of a great birch-tree, and dropped my flies over a little pool just below.

"I had not been there long, and had just hooked a fine fish, when I heard a shout. Being busy landing my trout, I did not look to see what was the matter, and it was only when I turned to find a place to put my fish



Treed by a Bear.

that I noticed Jack climbing a small maple-tree as if for his life.

"'What is it, Jack?' I shouted. 'Where's Davy?'

"He made no reply.

"'Davy!' I called, without getting an answer.

"Springing up the bank, I saw what at first seemed very amusing.

"Before the camp was a small fire, and within the hut, at one corner, was our bag of provisions. The front of the hut was not more than four feet wide; and across the entrance, busily engaged in testing the quality of our larder, was a huge black bear!

"Jack was, as I have said, well up the branches of the maple; but Davy was nowhere to be seen.

"'Where's Davy, Jack?' I cried.

"Jack had by this time recovered his presence of mind and answered, in a tone of horror:

"'In the hut!'

"Then the brave fellow began to descend from his perch. He was somewhat given to boasting, perhaps, and was very excitable, but he was full of real pluck. The way he came down the tree showed the stuff that was in him.

"Looking within the hut, I saw that Davy was there, and likely for the present to stay there. The only place where the roof was high enough for a person to stand up was now occupied by the bear, who had forced himself part way into the hut. Davy was crouched at the back part, with a look upon his face that I shall never forget.

"He was badly frightened, but the look was not one of fright only. He told us afterward that although he expected every moment to be engaged in a life and death struggle with the bear, he could hardly keep from laughing at the way Jack had disappeared when the brute poked his nose around the corner of the tent.

"It seems that the boys had been talking about what they would do if they saw a bear, and Jack, with his Winchester in his hand, was telling just how he should bring him down with a shot.

"'Under the ear, Davy,' he said, 'is the vital spot.'

"At that moment the bear's head had appeared. A better chance to try the effect of a bullet behind the ear would probably never occur again; but Jack was better in theory than in practice.

"Dropping his rifle, he gave a scream, sprang over the fire and took to the tree, while the bear, without so much as a glance toward him, stalked slowly across the front of the hut and began helping himself to our pork.

"But Davy was really in danger, and we must help him. I called to him to crawl out under the back of the hut. But that was more easily said than done, for the poles were very close together, and must be moved before he could get through. Moreover, there was no telling what our four-footed visitor might do if his attention was especially drawn to Davy, as it would be if the latter began to move about the hut.

"'Tell you what, Bob,' said Jack, who had joined me, 'you go behind the camp and move the poles, while I occupy the brute's attention in front.'

"The suggestion was as good as any that could be made, and I ran around to the back of the camp, while Jack went off to one side and stood directly in front of the bear, not more than twenty feet from him. The bear eyed him, but went on eating the pork.

"I was not long in moving the poles so that Davy could get through, and had told him to hurry and come out, when to my utter amazement he reached for my hunting-knife, which was sticking in the top of the hut, and seizing it firmly, gave the bear a fierce thrust in the side. Then he sprang out through the hole I had made.

"The bear gave a frightful growl, and seeing Jack straight before him, leaped directly upon him. Jack was watching Davy so intently that he did not think of running until it was too late. When we came from behind the hut, poor Jack and the bear were lying in a struggling heap together.

"'He has killed Jack,' cried Davy, 'and it's my fault!'

"Before I could stop him, Davy sprang toward the struggling pair and began to kick Jack's antagonist. I ran into the hut, picked up the Winchester, and made toward the group.

"The bear was lying upon its left side, and endeavoring to tear Jack with his hind feet, but the boy was too close to him for that. The expression upon Jack's face was no longer one of fear. He had a firm grip upon his huge antagonist, and kept his head well below the terrible jaws.

"'Shoot him, Bob!' he cried. 'I'll take the chances.'

"As Davy still continued his kicking, and consequently was in the way, I told him to get to one side, and drew near so as to make my aim certain, when suddenly the bear's struggles ceased. His hold on Jack relaxed, and he rolled over, dead.

"Jack was on his feet in an instant, little the worse for his tussle. There was amazement in every line of his countenance; but he was no more astounded than the rest of us.

"What had killed the bear? Could it have been Davy's thrust with the knife? It did not seem possible, yet it might be so. Before proceeding to investigate, to make assurance doubly sure—or as Jack put it, to show him that there was a punishment after death for stealing pork—I placed the muzzle of the Winchester close to the beast's forehead, and sent a bullet into his brain.

"Clearly it was a cartridge wasted, for there was no sign, in even the slightest tremor, that there had been a spark of life remaining.

"'Where did you stab him, Davy?' asked Jack.

"'Just behind the fore-leg.'

"'What did you do with the knife?' I asked.

"'Left it sticking in the wound. I did not think he'd appreciate an effort to remove it as a favor.'

"'Here, boys!' I said, 'let's turn him over.'

"We seized the legs, turned the body over from the left side to the right, and found the knife buried to the handle in the animal's body.

"Here was the explanation of the sudden collapse of the enemy. What Davy's arm had not been strong enough to do, the struggles of the beast had completed; and the knife, left in the wound, had, by the animal's own weight, been pressed into his heart.

"So it was Davy's bear, without a doubt. We did not give the Frenchman more particulars than were necessary. Jack, looking at the maple-tree, said there were certain features of the adventure which possessed no special interest to the public at large.

"When we returned to the settlement, the Frenchman told the story in his own way, and spread the fame of little Davy's achievement far and wide, with sundry embellishments."

CHAS. H. LUGRIN.

HIS FIRST BOAR.

A Russian officer at one of the military stations in the Caucasus, hearing of the presence in his neighborhood of two gentlemen in pursuit of boar, sent to them an invitation to join him on the following day, when he would give them a taste of real sport. With many thanks they accepted the kindness, and at the appointed time set off.

During the day many shots were fired at one thing and another, though at least one of the party had seen no boar. As the afternoon wore on and the daylight began to disappear, one of the Russian's guests, who had wandered away from his friends, found himself rather fagged, and felt that it was time to stop.

Just then he heard the dogs baying something not far from him, and after creeping up to within about thirty yards of them, he crouched behind the bole of a huge oak, and waited for his eyes to get used to the darkness. He was soon able to make out the dogs' tails waving to and fro, and then, under a leaning tree-stump, the indistinct outline of their enemy. Meantime, the boar kept up a half-grunting, half-growling noise, while the dogs barked their loudest.

"Suddenly," says the gentleman, "the mass moved, and a dog went flying belly uppermost, and his yells were added to the discord. But this movement of the boar's was fatal to him; it brought him into a more open position, and I rolled him over with my 'express.' He rose and tried to charge, but though I fired again, I believe it was unnecessary, as he was too hard hit ever to have reached me.

"This was the first really large game I had killed, and I rushed up to him with the delight of a boy. I had never seen a wild boar before this morning, and now, as I contemplated my fallen foe, a strange uneasiness beset me. There was something so homely in the innocent face of that dead pig that my heart for a moment misgave me; but I banished my foolish qualms, the reaction after my triumph, probably, and as I heard the tootle of my friend's horn approach, I sat down on the broad side of my game, and indulged in a victorious whoo-oop.

"The bushes parted asunder, and my host burst into a cheer and loaded me with praise. But, alas! What is this? As my friend approaches nearer, slowly the gay smile fades; the applauding voice is still; the horn drops from his nerveless grasp, and the merry little visage lengthens out in a telescopic fashion truly uncomfortable to behold.

"'*Moe domaschne habân!*' Those were his fatal words. 'My own house-pig!'

"The blow was too painful and sudden. My pride fell, and gradually the fact was borne in on my already half-awakened mind that wild boars are black, but this beast was white. The fact was, this wretched animal had broken out of his sty some time before, and gone to the forest to take his fill of chestnuts and other pleasant things, and at the time of being shot had been battling with one of his black-skinned brethren."

IN ITS OWN TIME.

'Tis vain o'er next year's drought to pine,
The wise will never borrow;
The gold now hidden in the mine
May be a crown to-morrow.
—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

An artesian well, properly speaking, is a well like those in the Province of Artois, in France, which are narrow, tubular openings into deep, water-bearing strata, reaching water which is under sufficient pressure to be forced through the tube to or above the surface of the ground. The name is often applied to deep bores in which the water rises to a point more or less below the surface, and from which it has to be pumped.

In any case, where water rises into the bore to a height greater than that at which it is struck, the rise is due either to pressure from a higher fountain-head, or to the expansive power of gas contained in the water. Sometimes it is due to both forces.

The pressure which causes the rise is the pressure of water confined under an impervious stratum of rock or earth having a certain inclination or pitch from the horizontal line. The impervious stratum may pass down the hill at one side of a valley and turn up at the other side, so that a positive head is produced at any point below where the stratum begins to dip.

In other cases, the impervious stratum may pass on down a steep, long incline, the flow of water through it being greatly impeded by friction against the sand, gravel, or other loose material of which the water-bearing stratum is composed.

In this case, without the more positive head that exists in the first instance, water finds a freer exit through the open bore than through the sand and gravel, and rises in the well.

Whatever the conditions may be, the rule applies that water, under a head or pressure, seeks the easiest outlet, and, if confined, will rise as high, or nearly as high, as the head at the higher part of the inclined water-bearing stratum or distant elevated reservoir.

The action of confined air in causing water to flow from a well, is the same as that which is developed when a bottle of soda-water is uncorked, the expansion of the gas blowing the water out of the mouth of the bottle.

The "blowing wells" of the oil and salt regions are wells discharging by the pressure of natural gas—either of gas confined in the water or oil, or of gas confined in chambers, bringing pressure to bear on the surface of the liquid.

The elements of the work of boring the hole to reach the water are illustrated in the use of the post-hole auger and the rock-drill. A hole may be bored through earth or soft, disintegrated rock by the use of a revolving auger-like tool, and it may be continued through the rock by the use of a chisel-drill worked up and down like the "jumper" drill of a stone quarry.

The oldest bores of this character were probably made in China more than two thousand years ago. These wells were probably sunk after rock was reached, by the use of a chisel-drill suspended by a rope of bamboo fibres, and supported by a spring-pole of bamboo strong enough to hold the drill some distance above the point of working.

With ropes connected to the end of the spring-pole, by which it is pulled down, or by the jumping of a man on a platform on the spring-pole, the drill is made to strike its blow, recoiling with the aid of the spring-pole when tension is released.

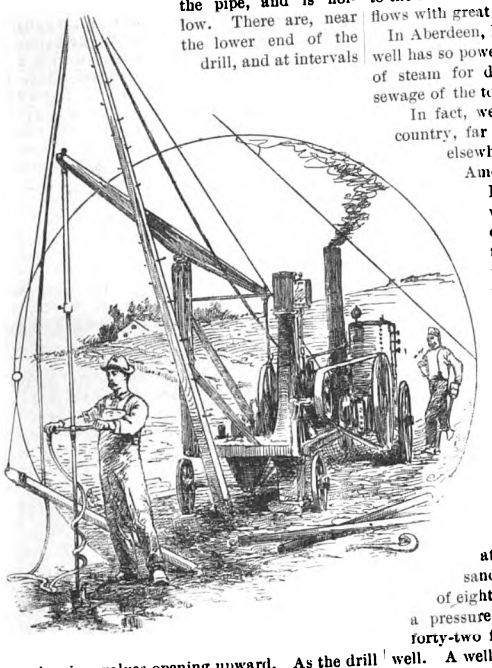
This is substantially the principle of modern drilling with the chisel-drill and its various modifications, and is the one used in the Pennsylvania oil regions, where the churning movement is imparted to the drill by a working beam attached to the shaft of a steam-engine by a crank and pitman.

After the completion of the well, the same appliances are used for pumping the oil. In the artesian wells now bored, it has the great drawback that it becomes necessary at frequent intervals to withdraw the drill, and sink what is called a sand-pump. This is a long, metal bucket, having at its bottom a valve opening inward. This is worked up and down in the bore until it becomes sufficiently

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filled with the powdered rock and water, when it is drawn to the surface.

An important improvement was made when the combined drill and sand-pump was introduced. The drill in this apparatus is suspended, not by a rope, but by a series of iron pipes screwed together at their ends. The drill itself is screwed fast to the lower end of the pipe, and is hollow. There are, near the lower end of the drill, and at intervals



up the pipe, valves opening upward. As the drill is dropped, "sludge"—that is, water and crushed rock—enters the lower valve, and little by little works its way upward. Each valve in turn helps to raise the mass without bringing so much pressure on that at the bottom as to compact it immovably in the tube.

As the drill and tube are much heavier than the sludge, they drop faster in the descending movement, and the sludge, caught by the valves, gradually works toward the top, where it overflows. The well is thus self-cleansing in its construction, and the drill need be removed only so often as is necessary for sharpening, the interval depending on the hardness of the rock.

If the necessary water to form a movable sludge has not been developed in sinking the well, water for that purpose is poured in from the surface.

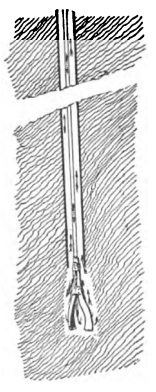
Another very successful method of drilling with a tool supported by hollow pipes is by the use of the water-jet. In this case, the water is forced down, under more or less pressure, through the rods and through the tool nearly to its point, so as to create a strong upward current in the bore



outside of the tool. The flow in this case is necessarily of sufficient velocity to carry up the crushed rock with it, the sludge flowing off at the surface of the ground as in the former case. Here, also, it becomes necessary to withdraw the tools only for sharpening.

Another very important improvement in well-boring lies in the use of the casing as a means for carrying and working the tool. For this process, the lower end of the casing is furnished with cutting teeth, or for work in very hard rock, with cutting diamonds. The casing is revolved by steam-power. Its whole weight is borne on the cutting edge, and the working is rapid and true. The boring of five hundred and eighty feet in ten hours has been effected by this appliance.

The casing, whether used for revolving the tool, or only as a casing, has its bottom length perforated like a sieve, so that when the final water-bearing stratum is penetrated, the water flows freely into the pipe.



In all well-sinking with any form of chisel-drill it is necessary that the tool shall be turned constantly, so that it shall not strike twice in the same place, and so that it shall secure the boring of a round hole. This rotating movement is applied either to the rope suspending the common jumper, or to the pipe used in drilling with a water-jet.

One of the most useful forms of the drill is made in two parts, which are hinged within the drill-rod, and which are so formed that when they strike an obstruction they spread out, making a fan-shaped bit of a diameter wider than the outer diameter of the casing, which may thus be lowered without resistance.

When the tool is raised against the lower edge of the casing, its hinged wings are closed together with a sheer movement, and become narrow enough to be drawn out for sharpening.

When, in using the revolving process, a very hard formation is reached, a chisel-drill may be used in connection with the revolving process, both working together, but independently.

The use of artesian wells is increasing enormously as population spreads over the comparatively arid regions of the West. Generally water may be found and brought at least near enough to the surface for economical pumping. It often flows with great force.

In Aberdeen, Nebraska, the flow of an artesian well has so powerful a head that it is used instead of steam for driving the engine by which the sewage of the town is pumped to irrigation fields.

In fact, we are, in our recent work in this country, far surpassing all that has been done elsewhere.

Among the most famous wells in Europe is one at Aire, in Artois, which has been flowing steadily for over a century at the rate of fifteen thousand gallons per hour, and the water rises eleven feet above the mouth of the well.

At Lilliers, in the Pas-de-Calais, France, there is a well which has been flowing since the year 1126. The famous Grenelle well of Paris is almost eighteen hundred feet deep, and flows at the rate of twenty thousand gallons an hour, with a maximum temperature of eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit.

A well at St. Augustine, Florida, is fourteen hundred feet deep and twelve inches in diameter. It flows at the rate of over four hundred thousand gallons per hour, at a temperature of eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and with a pressure sufficient to form a jet fountain forty-two feet high above the mouth of the well. A well at Louisville, Kentucky, over three thousand feet deep and only three inches in diameter, flows at the rate of nearly fourteen thousand gallons per hour.

GEO. E. WARING, JR.

THE FOOL'S TIME.

The happy have whole days, and those they use;
The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.
—*Dryden.*

NEWFOUNDLAND'S TROUBLES.

In *The Companion* of June Twenty-sixth last were explained the causes of the differences between the English dwellers in Newfoundland and the French fishermen who use a certain portion of the coast of the island for the drying and curing of their fish.

It was stated, moreover, that a temporary agreement had been made between Great Britain and France by which things should remain as they were until some permanent settlement of the dispute could be reached.

The question of Newfoundland, during the past two months, has acquired yet larger importance, and the situation in regard to it has become a critical one.

While the subject of the rights of the French fishermen was pending, the Newfoundland colony made an attempt to conclude a reciprocity convention with the United States. They desired that their fish should be admitted into the United States free of duty, in return for which they were willing to give the privilege of getting bait and other supplies in Newfoundland to American fishermen.

At first Great Britain, of which Newfoundland is a colony, seemed willing that such a convention should be made; but the Dominion of Canada protested against the making of a convention with us by Newfoundland alone, and declared that it ought to be included in the arrangement.

On this subject the British Government has so far supported the Dominion of Canada that it has not yet ratified the convention.

Meanwhile the other subject relating to Newfoundland—the permanent settlement of the dispute as to the rights of French fishermen on the coast—became a matter of negotiation between the British and French Governments, and it was finally announced that those governments had agreed to leave the question out to arbitration.

But the subject to be arbitrated was to be confined to the question, not whether the French had the exclusive right to occupy the coast, but whether the treaties under which they held it admitted of their using it for the building of lobster factories and the canning of lobsters.

Against the conduct of Great Britain, both in delaying the convention with the United States, and in agreeing to a limited arbitration as to the rights of French fishermen, the Newfoundlanders have vehemently protested. Resolutions condemning the former action have passed the Newfoundland legislature by a large majority, and the people have openly talked of seeking the protection of the United States, and even of annexation to our republic.

Great Britain is in the dilemma that she must either disappoint and enrage her island colony, or run the risk of a grave misunderstanding, perhaps even a war, with France. The result seems to prove that between the two alternatives, Great Britain prefers to adopt the former.

Although the Newfoundlanders are divided into two political parties, both these parties are agreed in opposing the claims of French fishermen to the coast they occupy. They declare that the French occupation of the coast obstructs the development of the island, and especially the completion of railways which are of the highest necessity to the prosperity of the inhabitants.

They have demanded of Great Britain that by some means the French in Newfoundland be got rid of altogether; that Great Britain make concessions to France in some other part of the world, in return for the departure of the French fishermen from their coast.

Thus Newfoundland has really become a pawn on the chess-board of European politics, and is not unlikely to be a victim of that complicated game. The outcome of the trouble will be watched with eager interest; for no American can look with indifference upon the destiny of a colony so near our shores, which is, moreover, in some sort identified with our maritime industries.

THE CROCUS.

By the light of a glowworm's friendly spark,
She softly crept up the stairway dark,
Out through the portal of frozen mold
Into the wide world, bleak and cold;
But somehow a sunbeam found the place
Where the snow made room for her lifted face.

Ladies' Home Journal. —*Madeline S. Bridges.*

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Although the internal commerce of the United States—that is, the trading within the country between its inhabitants—is greatly in excess of that of any other country of the globe, yet it is quite natural that an enterprising people should wish to extend their trade relations to the remotest corners of the earth.

That has been done, for during the year 1890 the imports and exports amounted in value to more than sixteen hundred and eighty million dollars, which represented goods brought from and sent to every continent and almost every island of the sea.

But there is one feature of the foreign trade of this country that is not satisfactory to any one. Of the whole value of nearly eight hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars representing imports, six hundred and fifty-eight millions' worth came in foreign vessels, and only one hundred and twenty-four millions' worth in American vessels. The rest was imported overland by railroad.

The facts regarding domestic exports were even more humiliating, for while the value of American goods sent abroad in foreign ships was seven hundred and forty-one million dollars, the value of such goods exported in American ships was only seventy-five millions.

The truth is that the condition of the American carrying trade has been going from bad to worse for many years. There is not a single line of passenger steamships flying the Stars and Stripes sailing between this country and Europe. There are British, German, French, Italian and other steamers, but not one American.

There are various theories of the cause of this sorry condition of affairs, and of the remedies to be applied. Every one admits that American shipping labors under disadvantages as compared with that of other countries, and all are agreed that if there is a way to restore the prosperity the carrying trade enjoyed forty years ago, the means should be adopted to restore it.

It has become almost a party question what shall be done to this end. Most of the Democrats hold that the chief cause of the trouble is that merchants are not permitted by the navigation laws to buy ships built abroad and register them as American, and that the proper course is to change these laws.

Republicans, on the other hand, for the most part maintain that the permission to buy ships and register them under the United States flag would close all our ship-yards; and they have advocated the encouragement of ship-building for the foreign trade by a system which involves "subsidies" or "subventions" to steamships engaged in such trade.

At the late session of Congress an act was passed in which there is a provision for payments to American steamships in the form of liberal compensation for carrying the mails. This is one of the ways in which some of the governments of Europe keep their flags flying over steamships in foreign commerce.

Heretofore the United States has paid to ocean mail-carriers only the "ocean postage," that is, the difference between the two cents that carries a letter within the country, and the five cents that takes it to an address beyond the seas. By the new law the government may contract with American steamship-owners for the carriage of the mails, and pay them certain amounts to be agreed upon, more than the ocean postage.

Of course the effect of this is to give to such steamships a bounty in consideration of their continuing in the foreign trade; and the idea is that the bounty will equalize the conditions, and offset the disadvantages under which Americans labor. The measure was in general supported by Republicans and opposed by Democrats; but not all the members of either party voted with the majority of their associates.

While there is this diversity of opinion as to the means of restoring American shipping, all men are agreed that the restoration is a most desirable object, and probably all will rejoice if the method adopted is successful, however objectionable it seems to them as a matter of national policy and of public economy.

TWO KINDS OF SUCCESS.

In the story of David Lloyd's life many of the young men who read *The Companion* may trace the outlines of their own, and perhaps gain a useful hint or two.

David's father was a successful lawyer, and was resolved that his son should inherit his practice. He never doubted that the boy had inherited his ability and energy. While David was still a child he had French and German nurses and teachers. But at fifteen he spoke only his own language, and that not fluently.

Bob Dawes, Mr. Lloyd's errand-boy, used to pore over French books at night, and by day incessantly tried his phrases on the French barber and the cook at the hotel. After a year or two he chattered to them, not with a Parisian accent, but well enough to express himself clearly and with ease.

David was sent to the academy of the town. He was fond of literature, and pored over books of history and travel. But he was at the foot of every class. Mr. Lloyd protested loudly against the inefficiency of the teachers, their bad system of instruction, and the injustice of the methods of grading the pupils.

Bob Dawes had saved up money enough to pay for a year's tuition, and in that time he absorbed knowledge marvellously, in spite of many drawbacks.

When David was admitted to the bar, his father took him into partnership. But clients did not care to put their cases into the hands of the gentle, dull young fellow.

Mr. Lloyd then declared that it was a drawback to a beginner to be overshadowed by his father's reputation; besides, the East now afforded no opening for professional men; the West was their field. Young Dawes, a fellow without money, with but little education or influence, had gone out to Wisconsin, and had already secured a lucrative practice.

David was sent to one of the growing towns in a new Western State. He opened an office, and patiently waited for clients. None came. Men of energy with half of his natural ability pushed past him. He was like a weed washed on the shore while the merciless current swept by.

After two or three years he came home.

"I shall always be an unsuccessful man," he said to his father. "Look at Dawes, with half of my chances, influential and successful. I will give up. Let me, at least, be happy in my own way."

He settled on a little farm, married, and led a quiet, obscure life. He did not gain money, power or reputation; but his wife and children loved him. His friends honored him, and the number of the poor and needy whom he helped was known only to God, who was his friend.

In the hot struggle for place and wealth in this American life, success can be gained only by men who have energy and a certain swift decision in seizing the occasion as it passes, and compelling it to give up to them its possibilities.

The boy or man without these qualities will probably be thrust aside by the crowd in school, in a profession, or a trade, at the East or at the West. But there are higher successes in life than that of making money, or a business or a professional reputation. These are within his grasp.

HER FIRST READING OF "IVANHOE."

As soon as she has swallowed her breakfast, she snatches the precious volume and curls up in the most sequestered nook she can find for a half-hour's eager reading before school.

When the clock warns her that she has stayed until the very last possible minute, if she does not mean to be late, she draws a long sigh, looks regretfully at the title of the next chapter, pushes her hair out of her eyes, gives herself a little shake, claps the covers together with an air of desperate resolution, and tears herself away.

Coming home at noon, she flings her hat and sack upon the nearest chair and rushes once more to her corner, where she remains, oblivious even of the dinner-bell, till her little brother is sent to find her.

She does not hear him the first time he speaks, and when he shouts "Dinner!" at her ear, she jumps as if she were shot, calls him a mean thing, and insists on finishing the paragraph before she will accompany him to the table. During the meal she appears preoccupied and dreamy, and is occasionally observed to sit gazing at the ceiling, with a piece of potato growing cold upon her fork, which she forgets to lift to her mouth.

She plays out of doors for a while after the afternoon session, but before tea-time she is once more in the house, with the book on her knee. She is too deeply absorbed to notice the arrival of callers to see her mother until they are on the very threshold of the parlor, when, blushing and breathless, she dashes out of one door just as they enter at the other, and retires to the stairs to sit, bent double and in a bad light, but happy, on the top step in everybody's way.

In the evening she hurries through her lessons and reads till bedtime and later, having begged so piteously to be allowed to finish the chapter—assuring her family that she could not possibly get to sleep unless she knew whether or not the hero escapes and the heroine is rescued—that she is allowed an extra half-hour, which she coaxes hard but vainly to have prolonged to a whole one.

Her views on English history at this time undergo some curious changes, and she is quite sure that Richard Cœur de Lion was the best and most delightful monarch who ever wielded a battle-axe and neglected more useful occupations.

She names the family of the household cat Rowena, Rebecca and Black Knight, and wishes that her unromantic parents could be persuaded to change the appellation of the family horse from

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Billy to Ivanhoe. They refuse, on the ground that Billy himself would not like it; but she thinks better of him, and believes privately that it would increase his spirit.

During this romantic period her friends and relatives laugh at her, of course, but most of them have a clear enough remembrance of their own youth to sympathize. They hope, too, that while the glamor of ancient chivalry will soon wear away, the taste for literature that is breezy, wholesome and excellent may remain, to her lifelong pleasure and advantage.

IDLE TEARS.

Self-control among women has fortunately come into fashion, and a heroine cannot expect to add to her charms, either in novels or real life, by giving way to a "sweet sensibility."

Mrs. Thrale, Doctor Samuel Johnson's friend, often had, as a visitor at her house, a young woman named Sophy Streatfield, who was universally acknowledged to be a most fascinating young woman. She was, moreover, one of those who, even in that tearful age, proved decidedly amusing from her habit of unnecessary weeping. One day Mrs. Thrale promised Fanny Burney, who had never witnessed the phenomenon, that she should "see Miss Streatfield cry." As Sophy was taking her leave, Mrs. Thrale urged her to stay, adding: "If you go, I shall know you don't love me as well as Lady Gresham."

Then, indeed, the tears came into Miss Streatfield's eyes, and rolled down her pretty cheeks.

"Come here, Miss Burney!" called Mrs. Thrale, in triumph. "Come and see Miss Streatfield cry!"

The young lady did not seem to be in the least offended by this, but gently wiped her eyes, and became composed again.

At another time, as Madame D'Arblay's "Diary" relates, Doctor Johnson and another gentleman had a dispute, upon which Miss Streatfield, who was present, began to cry.

"Well," said a bystander, "I have heard so much of those tears that I would have given the universe to have a sight of them."

"Oh," put in Mrs. Thrale, "she shall cry again if you like."

"Oh, pray do," said the gentleman, "let me see a little more of it!"

"Yes, do cry a little, Sophy!" said Mrs. Thrale, in a wheedling voice. "Pray, do! Consider now, you are going to-day, and it's very hard if you won't cry a little. Indeed, Sophy, you ought to cry."

Now for the wonder of wonders! When Mrs. Thrale, in the coaxing voice of a nurse soothing a baby, had run on for some time, two crystal tears came into Sophy's eyes, and rolled gently down her cheeks. She did not offer to conceal them, and, indeed, she was smiling all the time.

CONSULTATION AT SEA.

A certain physician in a large New England town had acquired an unenviable reputation for making his bills as large as possible without much regard to the state of his patients' purses. There were people who furthermore said that it really seemed as if there were "visits" on his bills which had never had existence anywhere else.

But he was a skilful physician, and his tendency to overrate his services only served to amuse some of his patients who had plenty of money, and were not especially sharp in looking after it.

"Why," said one man to another, speaking of the doctor, "he brought my daughter Jennie up from her attack of pneumonia, when two other physicians had said there was no hope for her; but when she was quite well again he charged me for three calls he made, to 'inquire in a friendly way how she was getting on!'"

"That seems a little forced," admitted the other man, "but it's nothing compared to an experience I had with him, at the seashore a year ago.

"We happened to be in bathing at the same time one day, and I swam up to him, and inquired for his wife.

"'She's very well,' said the doctor.

"'And your daughters?' I asked.

"'They're perfectly well, both of them,' replied he, rather shortly, I thought. So I said, 'I'm delighted to hear it; remember me to them,' and swam away.

"And what do you think I received from him a week or two later? An itemized bill—one item.

"'To consultation at sea, five dollars!'"

Although no one has ever seen that bill, the story clings to the doctor's name to this day, after a lapse of many years.

POPULATION AND CLIMATE.

In former ages, when men were more at the mercy of the elements than they now are, the great masses of population were located in warm countries. They swarmed in the lands where they needed little shelter and little clothing, while the cold northern countries were thinly populated.

In the present age, when men may make a tropical climate for themselves within four walls, when warm clothing is abundant and easily obtained, the centres of population are found in what may be called the colder half of the temperate zone.

Some figures recently issued by the superintendent of the census show in an interesting way the distribution of the people of the United States with regard to temperature.

The mean annual temperature of the whole United States, excepting Alaska, is fifty-three degrees Fahrenheit, and the figures show that the part of the country where this is the actual mean temperature is the centre of the greatest density of population.

In other words, the greatest density of population centres between the line where the mean annual temperature is fifty degrees and the line where it is fifty-five degrees; and as one goes north or south of this line, to a colder or a warmer average, the density of population rapidly diminishes.

More than half the population of the country lives under a mean annual temperature between forty-five and fifty-five degrees.

At the same time that the mass of population has sought a moderately cool climate as best meeting the needs of life under present conditions, it has sought a region of abundant but not excessive rainfall. Figures put forth by the superintendent of the census show that three-fourths of the people of the United States inhabit the districts where the annual rainfall is between thirty and fifty inches.

The greatest density of population is in the area which has from forty to fifty inches of yearly rainfall. On either side, as the rainfall increases or decreases,—the maximum of the country being above seventy inches and the minimum below ten inches,—the population diminishes.

"BABOO" NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

In India, the native writer for an English paper accomplishes curious results with the idioms and metaphors of which he believes himself to be master. He proudly makes use of them on every possible occasion, and now and then he composes a truly remarkable phrase, according to the author of "Baboo English as 'Tis Writ." One paper, referring to the death of a distinguished Englishman who had taken great interest in Indian affairs, expressed a hope that the Almighty would "pour his mantle" on some other member of Parliament. Another journal commented thus on a critical political situation in Europe:

"We cannot from this distance realize the intensity of the crisis; but it is certain that many crowned heads must be trembling in their shoes."

Ignorance of the double meaning of some words causes ludicrous mistakes. During the Franco-Chinese war-news came that the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce had appealed to the British Government to prevent the blocking of the Woosung bar by the Chinese—the bar, of course, being the natural barrier at the mouth of the Woosung River.

A native editor concluded that an attempt was being made against the liberties of the Chinaman, and wrote:

"Woosung, we suppose, is a Chinese town, and to prevent the overcrowding of the local Bar by Chinese lawyers is a monstrous proposal."

In an animated description of a fire, a reporter wrote, "He ordered his shop-coolies to hasten to the wells, and in an instant water was on hand's end. Several gentlemen, with their lives at frequent stake, stood on the burning huts amid constant boomings, and loosened away the blazing roofs with mighty strength and Herculean labor that astound the natives to behold from afar. They were also simultaneously busy to pump water to the tops of houses with extraordinary agility and bravity that makes our hair stand on end, and our senses on their standstill."

"TO BE CONTINUED."

A continued story is rendered the more readable by "leaving off in an interesting place," but this very common literary procedure may be overdone. One instalment of a story recently published in a French newspaper, for instance, ended in the following startling way:

"Upon hearing this, the young girl, rendered hopeless and indifferent to the world, allowed herself to fall negligently from the fifth-story window.

"(To be continued next week.)"

This situation was evidently borrowed from a continued story once written by Artemus Ward, entitled, "The Fair Inez." In it the heroine was left, at the end of one instalment of the story, falling from the top of a tall tower to the earth. She had dropped about one-half the distance when the story was interrupted, "To be continued in our next."

In the next number a farmer very opportunely passed beneath the tower with a load of hay, upon which the fair Inez fell without injury.

Still another way of continuing a story is to break it off just where it happens to come, without reference to what the situation may be. This method has been satirized by another humorist, who asserts that a story in a German periodical was broken off in the middle of one of the long German verbs. Not all the verb could be got into the first number. The interest of the foreign reader, at any rate, was heightened by his desire to know in what combination of letters the word could possibly bring up.

LINCOLN'S POLICY.

President Lincoln's humor was of the genuine sort, the sort which is associated with a habit of true seriousness. The New York *Tribune* credits General Palmer with telling a story in point. He was in Washington in 1865, and called to see Mr. Lincoln on a matter of business.

I was shown into an anteroom, and waited for some time. Senators and others went in and out, and finally I was called. Mr. Lincoln was being shaved. I was "home folks," he said, and he could shave before me. I said:

"Mr. Lincoln, if I had supposed at the Chicago Convention that we were to have this terrible war, I should never have thought of going down to a one-horse town and getting a one-horse lawyer for President."

I didn't know just how he would take it, but rather expected some answer that I could laugh at; but he brushed the barber aside, and with a solemn face turned to me and said:

"Neither would I, Palmer. I don't believe any great man with a policy could have saved the country. If I have contributed to that end, it has been because I have attended to the duties of each day with the hope that when to-morrow came I should be equal to its duties also."

Then he settled back into his chair, and the barber resumed his work.

WORKS BOTH WAYS.

To honor one's ancestors is an excellent and praiseworthy thing, but pride of ancestry is a very poor basis upon which to build one's whole life. A man who had never done anything for himself, was boasting, one day, in the presence of a self-made man, of the distinction of his ancestors.

"There is nothing," he said, "like having respect for one's ancestors to keep one out of degenerate ways."

"It is a very good motive," said the self-made man, "and you do well to be proud of your ancestors; but I think that my respect for my descendants is about as good a motive."

"Respect for your descendants! What do you mean?"

"Why, you see I want them to be proud of *their* ancestor!"

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For the Companion.

THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

Almost every civilized boy thinks at some time in his life, that he would like to be a civil engineer. He would not be a boy if he were not attracted by the manly, out-door life and the chances of doing hard and bold things, and being a "boss." Indeed, civil engineering is a noble business; but a boy cannot understand, and few grown up people do understand, what a dangerous, anxious and wearing business it is.

An engineer's greatest triumphs and his hardest fights are hidden away where they are never seen. Only other engineers know much about them or understand them.

No other profession is so much like war as civil engineering. The chief engineer, like the general, must make his plans with the greatest patience and care. He must know the exact facts and guess at nothing. When he cannot avoid guessing, he must weigh all the chances with careful judgment; and when he has done his best he may meet sudden and unlooked for emergencies, in which all his care will not save his work from ruin.

Then, if he lacks courage and skill and swift and clear judgment, he may lose in an hour the honorable reputation made by a lifetime of good work.

The unexpected dangers do not often come in building structures in the open air and above ground. The difficulties that cannot be foreseen come more frequently in tunnels and deep foundations, and in building works in swift rivers and on exposed coasts.

Of all engineering work that which is least certain is what is called subaqueous tunnelling—that is, driving tunnels under rivers or other bodies of water. Usually the tunnel must be driven in clay or river silt or sand and gravel, with, in any case, more or less loose rock and boulders. The trouble is to keep a tight roof, and, if the material is very soft, to keep the tunnel itself in shape.

There is great danger that the water will break through the roof and flood the work, or that the sides of the tunnel may be crushed in by the pressure of the water and the half-fluid material beneath it. The St. Clair Tunnel is the latest subaqueous tunnel completed, and is one of the most remarkable in the world. The tunnel is six thousand feet long, about a mile and one-seventh. Including the open cuttings on each end, the work is eleven thousand six hundred feet long.

It was driven through blue clay. Above the tunnel flows a swift river, forty feet deep. Between the tunnel and the water is from fifteen to twenty feet of clay, sand and gravel.

The work was done by an almost untried method. When it is complete it will have cost about three million dollars.

The novelty and magnitude of this work, the difficulties met, and the boldness and speed with which it was done, have made it a matter of great interest to engineers all over the world, and perhaps the boy who intends to be a civil engineer will also be interested in a short account of it.

The Grand Trunk Railway crosses the St. Clair River from Sarnia, Ontario, to Port Huron, Michigan. About sixty trains cross there now by ferry, and at least seventy will go through the tunnel every day when it is completed. On the St. Clair River there is a shipping commerce five times as great as that which passes through the Suez Canal.

The river is from half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and the current flows at from six to eight miles an hour.

For many years trains have been taken across on great ferry-boats. This is comfortable enough for passengers, but it takes up precious time; the boats are expensive to keep up and to operate, and in winter, when the river is full of floating ice, the delays and cost are serious.

To carry the tunnel, which it was decided to build here, through clay, with occasional pockets of gravel and quicksand, and with a great river flowing only fifteen feet overhead, was a difficult problem.

Let the civil engineering boy stop here and think how he would do it. How would he keep out the water always pressing down on the roof, and how would he keep the roof, sides and even the bottom of his tunnel from collapsing when he struck the quicksands?

The collapse of his tunnel would not mean merely running away to begin in another place, but it would mean burying in the bottom of the river two or three million dollars of money, and the bodies of scores, or perhaps hundreds, of men, and his own professional reputation.

It was decided to do the work inside of steel tubes, called shields, which should be pushed ahead as the work advanced, and to line the tunnel with rings of cast iron as fast as the shields went forward. In this way the danger of collapse of the tunnel would be avoided, and it would be practically finished as fast as it was dug.

But to keep the water or soft material from flowing in at the open front of the tube was another thing. How that was done will be told later.

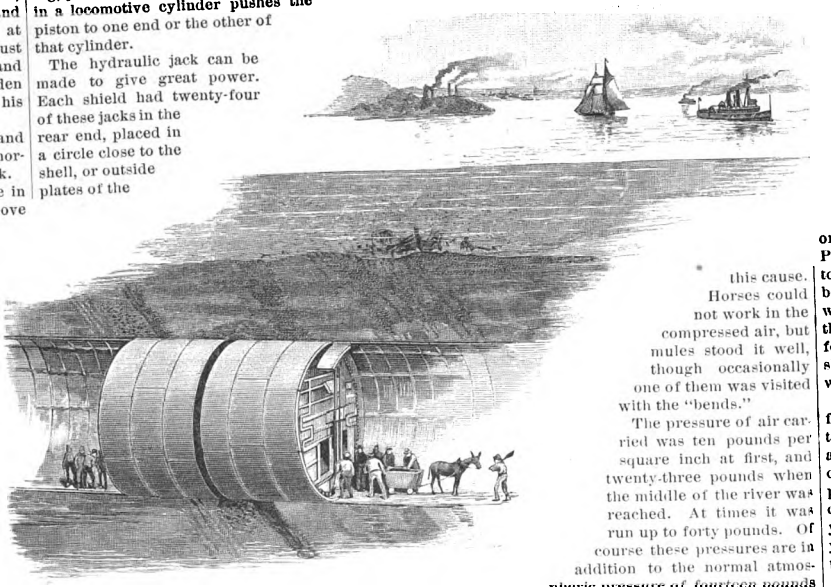
One shield was started in from the Michigan side and one from the Canadian side. Each of them was a tube twenty-one feet and six inches in diameter, and fifteen feet, three inches long. It was made of steel plates one inch thick. The plates at the forward end of the tube were sharpened to a cutting edge all around the circumference.

This tube was stiffened by steel plates put in up and down and crosswise, dividing the inside into square cells. Five feet from the back end of the tube was a partition, also of steel plates, in which were two square doors near the bottom. The men worked in the front part of the tube, cutting down the clay and throwing it back through the doors. Then it was loaded into small cars, and hauled away to the rear on a narrow railroad track, by mules or horses. There was a second track to bring in the empty cars.

As fast as the shield went forward the tunnel was lined with rings of cast iron. Each of these rings was twenty-one feet in diameter and eighteen inches long, measured in the direction of the length of the tunnel. The ring, being of less diameter than the shield, could enter the rear of it; and so there was always a complete tube of steel and iron from the face of the clay where the men were digging, to the entrance of the tunnel.

Each of the iron rings is made of thirteen pieces of cast iron, each of which weighs about half a ton. The pieces are bolted together, and each completed ring is bolted to the one behind it so that the tunnel is lined with a continuous tube of iron two inches thick and water-tight. The cast-iron lining weighs about twenty-seven thousand tons. The shields were pushed forward by hydraulic jacks. The hydraulic jack is a cylinder into which water is forced; and the water, entering, pushes a piston just as the steam in a locomotive cylinder pushes the piston to one end or the other of that cylinder.

The hydraulic jack can be made to give great power. Each shield had twenty-four of these jacks in the rear end, placed in a circle close to the shell, or outside plates of the tube, and also so placed that when their pistons were thrust out they would push against the cast-iron ring forming the lining of the tunnel.



The Hydraulic Shield.

They could push with a force of three thousand tons—a power sufficient to lift up bodily a large ocean steamship. This tremendous power was found to be twice as much as was needed to force the shield forward into the clay.

At each step the shield was pushed along eighteen or twenty inches. Then a new ring was added to the tunnel lining; the clay was cut down as far as it could be done safely, and carried away. Then the shield was pushed forward another step.

This was all very simple so long as the work was under the dry land; but when it reached out under the river it was necessary to find some way to keep the water out. Otherwise, when seams of loose material were struck, water would have poured in and flooded the tunnel, and that would have ended the matter. To prevent this, compressed air was used.



Profile of the Tunnel.

Every one knows that he can hold up a column of water with a column of air. Let him fill a U-shaped glass tube half full of water, hold it upright, with the open ends upward, and blow into one end of it.

The water will rise in the other leg of the tube, and the harder he blows the higher the water will rise, and the longer will be the part of the tube free from water.

Now, if one could put a fly in the dry leg of the tube and stop the end of it, the water would be held in the other leg, and the fly could move about at his pleasure, dry-shod.

This is the principle on which compressed air has long been used in deep foundations and other subaqueous work. At the St. Clair Tunnel the dry leg of the tube was the tunnel; the wet leg was the river, and the workmen were the flies.

It must be remembered that in all of this description I speak of one-half of the tunnel. It was built from the United States side and from the Canadian side, simultaneously, and the work at each end was entirely independent of that at the other, until the headings met under the middle of the river.

A brick partition, eight feet thick, was built in the tunnel just where it passed below the edge of the river. This was to hold the air in the tunnel. The air was pumped in through tubes built in the brick partition, and the pressure was always kept up to the point where it balanced the weight of the water overhead.

It will be understood that the deeper one goes, and the higher the column of water, the greater the air pressure that must be carried.

The men, mules and clay cars went in and out of that part of the tunnel which was filled with compressed air by means of an air lock in the brick partition. This was a big tube extending through the partition with a door at each end, both doors opening against the air pressure—that is, toward the working end of the tunnel.

To get into the tunnel from without, the air in the lock was allowed to escape until the outer door could be opened. Then one entered the air lock, shut the door and opened a valve by which compressed air from the tunnel ahead was let into the lock. When the pressure there was equal with that in the tunnel ahead, the inner door could be opened and one could pass into the tunnel. To get out the process was reversed.

The painful part of the journey is in the air lock, at the time when the pressure is changing. There people often suffer severe pain in the ears from unequal pressure on the two sides of the ear drum, and sometimes the suffering is so great that they cannot go on.

After one has been a little while in the compressed air the pain ceases; but there is a trouble which is peculiar to working in compressed air, and which disables a good many men and kills a few. The men call it "the bends." It is a paralysis, more or less complete, of the muscles, and especially of the muscles of the legs.

Sometimes it is not painful, but more often it is so; and sometimes it is very painful indeed. At the St. Clair Tunnel there were three deaths from this cause. Horses could not work in the compressed air, but mules stood it well, though occasionally one of them was visited with the "bends."

The pressure of air carried was ten pounds per square inch at first, and twenty-three pounds when the middle of the river was reached. At times it was run up to forty pounds. Of course these pressures are in addition to the normal atmospheric pressure of *fourteen pounds* per square inch, which is always present on every body and every surface in the open air.

The air pressure was kept up by pumps, and to guard against accident there were two sets of air compressors at each end of the tunnel. If the supply of air had failed for a moment the water would have rushed in and drowned the men.

Besides the air-compressing plant, machinery had to be provided for pumping out any water that drained into the tunnel during the work, and other machinery for lighting it by electricity. There were hoisting engines and derricks with which to lift to the surface the dump cars as they came out loaded with clay.

It happened repeatedly that the shields, as they were forced forward, entered pockets of gravel or quicksand going deep down into the blue clay.

Then the air would escape through the loose material, and the water would begin to flow in.

Generally this could be stopped soon by increasing the quantity of air pumped in, but not always. Sometimes the air blew out through the bottom of the river so fast that the air pumps could not keep up pressure enough to stop the flow of water.

More than once it seemed as if the tunnel would be flooded in spite of all that could be done, but luckily the engineers were always able, by plastering over the face of the gravel with clay, and by working the air-compressors up to a pressure of as much as forty pounds to the square inch, to hold back the water long enough to get the shield through the loose gravel into the clay beyond.

On the thirtieth day of August, 1890, the shield from the United States shore met that from Canada, under the middle of the river. This was just one year after they started on their strange journeys; and I do not believe that Meade, on the Fourth of July, 1863, was happier or more thankful than was the chief engineer of the St. Clair Tunnel on this August day.

H. G. PROUT.

HE RAISED THE BID.

"I wonder why it is," asked a physician, the other day, "that nothing so surely provokes a laugh as a fall? I have noticed it on the stage as well as the street. Now there is nothing intrinsically funny about a person falling down, since it is certain to inflict a jar on the nervous system and may result in permanent injury."

"I will explain the mystery," said his friend. "A fall arouses laughter because it is unexpected and therefore ludicrous. If a man could descend to the pavement slowly, as a feather floats downward, there would be time for the mind to prepare for the shock, and the element of the ludicrous would disappear."

This is true of all humor; unpremeditated or unconscious wit being always most keenly enjoyed. An apt illustration of this principle occurred during an auction sale in one of our large cities.

The room was crowded and the collection of furniture, art and bric-à-brac being unusually choice the bidding had been very spirited. During an interval of the sale, a man with a pale and agitated countenance pushed his way to the auctioneer's side and engaged him in a whispered conversation.

Presently he stood aside, and the auctioneer rapped attention with his little hammer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a loud voice, "I have to inform you that a gentleman present has lost his pocket-book, containing three hundred dollars. He offers fifty dollars for its return."

Instantly a small man in the background sprang upon a chair, and cried, excitedly, "I'll give one hundred!"

For the Companion.

ROMAN STATIONERY.

Do the boys and girls of to-day, who use "Irish linen," smooth white paper, tablets, pens of the finest make, and jet-black ink, know what kind of paper and pens were in vogue nearly two thousand years ago?

At this time, when the youth of our land are forming clubs and circles for the purpose of studying the events of the present, when "current topics" are becoming a feature in school life, it may not be amiss to ask the readers of *The Companion* to look for a little while into the far-off past, to compare the writing materials of the ancient Romans with the elegant stationery of our time, to learn on what Cæsar wrote his warlike "Commentaries," Cicero his eloquent speeches and charming letters, and Virgil his story of the trials of Æneas.

The materials used as paper were of three kinds: the rind of a plant or tree called *papyrus*, parchment made of skins, and wooden tablets covered with wax.

The papyrus plant grew in swampy places, and was especially common in the valley of the Nile. The Romans called the inner rind or coat of the stem of this plant *liber*, "book." Pieces of the thin rind were wetted and then joined together; a layer of the pieces was placed on a board and a cross layer put over it; these layers were pressed together and afterwards exposed to the hot Egyptian sun. The paper was then ready for use, but when a finer style was desired, the sheet was rubbed with the tooth of some animal, which rendered it smooth and glossy.

Their sheets were about ten inches long and from three to twelve inches wide. At first an author or scribe of any kind wrote upon the sheets and pasted them together at the sides in regular order, but after a time long rolls of sheets already pasted together were sold. Sometimes a book occupied sheets pasted together which stretched fifty yards. Some rolls of papyrus sheets nearly fifty yards in length are now preserved in one or two museums in Europe.

When a book was finished, a stick was fastened to the last sheet and all the sheets were rolled together in a way similar to that in which we roll our maps. The name of the book was written in red ink on a piece of papyrus which was attached to the roll. Sometimes the author's portrait was placed on the first sheet.

To give some idea of the antiquity of this kind of paper, it may be added that it was in use long before the year 484 B. C.

Belonging to a period quite as ancient was the second kind of paper, that made from the skins of sheep and goats and called *membrana*, parchment. The hair was taken off and the skin was made smooth by the use of pumice. A remarkable fact in connection with writing on parchment was that the ancients often used the same piece twice or even three times. They did this by rubbing or washing the writing off. Such parchment was called *palimpsest*, which means "scraped again."

In 1816, a famous scholar, Niebuhr, found a manuscript containing the writings of St. Jerome. His practised eye detected evidences of an older writing, and by the use of some chemical preparation, he brought out the work of a celebrated Roman author. Writings of well-known ancient authors were found under portions of the Old Testament.

The third kind of writing material was the waxen tablet, which the Romans used for almost any purpose, but chiefly in writing letters and making notes, and by school-boys for writing exercises or working out problems. The writer once saw a photograph of a terra-cotta figure representing a Roman lad with a tablet in hand, looking mournfully upward, as if appealing to his heathen gods to help him with his knotty "sum."

The tablets were made of wood, generally beech or fir, sometimes citron-wood, covered with wax. There were several sizes, none of them very large, one kind, called *pugillares*, small enough to be held in a partly-closed hand.

The Romans took the wood, cut and polished it a little and then smeared wax on one side. In order to prevent the wax of one piece from rubbing against that of the other when they fastened two pieces together with wire, they left a rim around the wood. The wire fastening the backs of the tablets served as a hinge.

When a writer had finished his letter, he placed the tablets together, bound them with a strong string, tied this into a knot, placed wax upon the knot and stamped it with his signet ring. Here a curious fact may be mentioned. Many of the Romans were either too lazy or else too industriously occupied in war or speech-making to write their own letters; so their secretaries, who were nearly always slaves or freedmen, wrote for them, and as it was not the custom to sign names to letters, the only signature that letters had was this stamp of the signet ring.

Letters began in this way: "M. Tullius Cicero to C. Julius Cæsar, greeting." The shortest letter perhaps of ancient times was the one written by Cæsar to his lieutenant Cicero, brother of the orator, when Cicero was besieged by the Gauls. It was written in Greek, and the translation is, "Cæsar to Cicero: Expect help."

Now, as you have learned what the Romans used as paper, the next matter is to tell you what kind

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of ink they had. When they used paper made from papyrus, they wrote with ink composed of lampblack and gum. With parchment, they used a mixture of gum and oak-galls. Sometimes they made an ink by boiling and straining the dregs of wine. It is said that occasionally they used as ink the black fluid emitted by the cuttle-fish.

That the ink was of excellent quality and very lasting we know from the fact that even to this day on certain fragments of ancient Egyptian *papyri* the writing is legible. In addition to the commonly used black ink, the Romans had red, green and purple ink. The emperors wrote their names with a costly red ink which all others were forbidden to use. There was also invisible or sympathetic ink which would appear only when heat was applied or some chemical preparation was poured upon the paper.

A Roman author (Ovid) tells us that people occasionally wrote with fresh milk, and that the characters could be seen only when coal-dust was sprinkled upon the paper. Single and double inkstands, the latter for ink of two kinds, some round in shape, others hexagonal, with covers, were found at Pompeii.

All the stationery needed by a writer has now been mentioned except the pen and pencil. With the papyrus and with parchment the pen used was called *calamus*, a reed of nearly the same shape as our old-time quill pen. It was split like our pens, and so had the name "cloven-footed." Certain Asiatic peoples use this reed even now.

With the waxen tablets a sharp iron instrument called *stilus* was in use. One end was sharpened for scratching on the wax; the other end was flat, and was used as an eraser. Erasing was performed by smoothing the wax and thus rendering it capable of receiving new impressions.

When a writer desired to draw lines on parchment, he used a leaden plummet, made out of a small round plate. This served as a pencil and ruler.

It may be interesting next to consider how the ancients sent their letters and other mail-matter. There were no post-offices or post-routes. Under the Empire there was a system of couriers, but they carried only state despatches. When a person wrote to a friend, he had to send his letter by a special messenger or by some friend who happened to be going in the desired direction. In the former case, when a man in Rome wished to write to a friend in Greece, he had of course to pay his messenger's expenses. Naturally, therefore, only the well-to-do could afford the luxury of letter-writing. Poor people wrote no letters at all if they had to be sent to a distance.

On the walls of a house in Pompeii, Doctor Rich tells us, was found the picture of a letter folded and sealed, with the directions. Near this picture were representations of the pens and pencils of the old times. These pictures and others found there have thrown a wonderful light upon the subject of Roman stationery.

A. P. MONTAGUE.

For the Companion.

LOST AMONG BUBBLES.

While spending a few weeks shooting in Labrador early in a recent autumn, I had an adventure which was so singular that I am sure the like of it has never come within the experience of any one else.

I was living at the house of a fisherman who had a little hut among the rocks at the foot of a great cliff. From this place I could pass, at low tide, to the east or west of the cottage for a considerable distance along the coast.

The coast was a series of bights or coves, all open to the ocean, but nearly every one sheltered at the sides by a long reef of rocks which ran far out into the sea. The point always protected the cove, and made it smooth when the wind blew up or down the coast.

During such a gale myriads of sea-birds seek the sheltered side of the reef and dive for small univalves which cling to the rocks.

One morning I took my dog to a cove which I knew would contain many sea-birds. It was surrounded, save for the front, by high cliffs, and at one side a high ridge of rock ran out into the sea. It was blowing a gale, and throngs of ducks floated under the lee side of this point, as the water there was smooth.

As I lay on one of the shelves of this reef, I noticed that a constant stream of foam passed across from the windward side of the point, where the sea was chafing and churning against the rocks, to the little cup-shaped cove beyond.

Great masses of this foam, lighter than thistle-down, had already gathered in the shelter; and as a flaw from the gale touched it, the mass quivered from end to end.

What a mass it was! I could hardly believe my eyes as I stood among the rocks and looked across at it. It was probably about an acre and a half in area and how deep I could not tell, though I was sure that it must have been forty feet deep well back in the cove, and not less than ten feet anywhere.

The mass was not white, but yellowish, though whenever the sun burst through the scudding clouds the bubbles all along the top gleamed in rainbow colors. Still more foam came drifting across the reef, settling on the top and rolling along to find a level.

Great masses of foam like this are very common in the far north. They disappear in a few hours after the storm which causes them, leaving nothing but a soft, greasy paste on the rocks. It was pretty generally believed at one time that meerschaum or sea-foam pipes were made from this matter.

This great, unstable, quivering mass had an unaccountable fascination for me. I was seized with a strong desire to go down and into it; and that was just what I did, leaving my dog beside my gun on a small patch of sand.

Now as I have said, the cove into which this froth was heaped was closed round with straight cliffs except for a little opening in front through which the sea ran gurgling in a narrow channel. I had to jump across this channel; and then I found eight or ten square feet of bare beach, from which the foam rose slantingly backward. The bubbles were of all sizes, some of them being no larger than a grain of shot, some of them more than an inch in diameter.

The dog jumped across to where I stood and looked into my face, wondering what I was about. I ordered him back, and he turned away very unwillingly.

I first thrust my hands and arms into the heap, and it became nothing in my grasp. Of course all the bubbles had air in them, and I was sure that I ran no risk of suffocation in plunging into the mass.

Ducking my head I went in, under a mass fully forty feet high, advancing carefully lest there



A Great Mass of Bubbles.

should be holes or rocks in the way. It seemed to me as if I was moving the whole mass in the cove, and very likely I was.

I put the bubbles away from my face, and opened my eyes; before the foam closed down again I noticed a faint light. But my attempt at breathing was not comfortable. When I inhaled, a number of bubbles went into my mouth and broke there, but the air they contained was pure, and went into my lungs.

I then found it best to hold my hand across my mouth, straining the air between my fingers. As I drew in my breath many bubbles pressed against my hand, and I could feel the tiny, soft explosions.

I had walked thirty or forty paces when I shouted again and again. My voice seemed very low, but I could hear a million bubbles quivering round me and above me. Wherever I was sure the ground was level, I walked on rapidly, flinging my arms about me.

But in spite of the air in the bubbles, the sensations I experienced were not agreeable, and a dull pain came into my head. The light I had noticed on opening my eyes was dimmer, and I supposed I was near the cliff at the back of the cove. So I turned about to go back, having had my very novel experience, and taking, as near as I could judge, the way by which I had come. Walking as rapidly as possible for three or four minutes, I supposed that I must be close to the spot where I had entered. But evidently I was not, for the hard face of the cliff stopped me.

Then I turned and walked along the edge of the cliff towards the opening; but presently a great rock rose in my way. In my confusion and groping to feel for the cliff I inhaled numerous bubbles, so that a salt, slimy paste began to form in my mouth. It did not take me long to realize that I had lost my way, and that my predicament was one not to be envied.

So, with my left hand over my mouth and my right extended, I crossed and moved in every direction that I thought likely to bring me out. Several times I fell by stumbling against large stones, and my knees and arms were badly bruised. The pain in my head, meantime, grew worse, and there was a strange buzzing in my ears.

After I had been in the place about fifteen minutes, the weariness grew so great that I was obliged to sit upon a stone. I now thrashed the pressing bubbles from my face with both my hands and found some relief in the larger quantity of air that I was able to inhale.

But how was I to get out of it? It was only too certain that if I found the place of egress it could only be by accident.

What were they saying, all those thousands of bubbles, that pressed around and above me, so soft, so evasive, but so persistent and so numerous? For there came into my ears the strangest din of small sounds that the ear of mortal ever heard.

Sometimes it was like the crying music that you hear in a sea-shell; again, it seemed as if a myriad voices were whispering mockeries in resentment of my intrusion upon their domain. I flung up my hands and dispersed the crowding tormentors, but they settled down upon me immediately.

Though my senses were becoming dull and benumbed, it was very clear to me that my situation was serious. It occurred to me that some of the coast people might have dropped around this way and that, having seen my dog and gun, they would make search for me. So once more I cried out.

As before, the sound seemed nothing, though it made the mass all about me quiver and tremble violently. There was no human voice in response; but once I thought I heard the faint barking of my dog. I nerved myself for another trial, counting my chances of success. Alas, they were small!

The thought came burning through me, Would it not be awful to die in this way? After a time the storm would cease and the foam would not drift across. My body would be found there, and the people never could guess the cause of my death.

I stumbled on and on, and, as usual, went against the cliff. Turning again, I set out in the opposite direction, becoming more confused all the while.

My heart was beginning to sink and I longed to lie down, with this vast covering above me, and go to sleep. Nevertheless I stumbled on and on, not knowing whither. Then my foot touched something soft, which moved. Then the thing, whatever it was, rose and touched me upon the body. Then it barked. It was my dog.

The dear brute jumped about in the wildest excitement, continually darting away from me and then returning. Stooping, I laid my hand upon the dog's neck, and said as loudly as I could, "Home, Jack! On, boy!"

This was just what he needed. He set off at once at a rapid walk, I still feeling him with my hand. He led me, as it seemed, by the most devious ways, around great rocks, gently across great holes, over level places, till it seemed to me as if I had travelled miles.

Then a great flash came upon my eyes. It was the honest light of day, and I was saved.

EDMUND COLLINS.

For the Companion.

GENERAL VON MOLTKE.

Count Hellmuth Carl Bernhard von Moltke was born at Parchim, in Mecklenburg, Germany, on the twenty-sixth of October, 1800. He is now, therefore, in his ninety-first year.

His parents having removed in his early boyhood to the province, then Danish, of Holstein, he studied military tactics at Copenhagen. In 1822 he entered the Prussian Army. He soon became



prominent as an officer, but was not famous until the series of wars which began with the campaign of Prussia and Austria against Denmark, growing out of the Schleswig-Holstein dispute in 1864.

There, as chief of staff of the Prussian Army, he proposed a plan for the capture of the bastions of Alsen, which was so daring that not even his own staff would at first support him. However, the plan was tried, and succeeded, and it virtually ended the war.

The Prussian victories in the war of 1866 with Austria and Bavaria, and in the war with France in 1870-71, were the result of Von Moltke's strategy. He formed the plans and saw them carried out, and to him, more than to any other one man, belongs the credit for the success of the military operations.

He is a singular personality, unconsciously attracting attention wherever he goes. Large and tall, with a smooth, intellectual, unsoldierlike face, he looks what he is—a student.

That has been his work in the army always—the student part. He has not troubled himself with details of execution. He has never given much attention to discipline or routine; but after considering how many men, how many divisions, how many guns he had, and after examining the strength and position of the enemy and the nature of the ground before him, has formed his plan of battle and left the rest to his officers.

The plan is always flexible, and ends with the one sentence that embodies the policy of his lifetime: "Here is the plan for to-morrow; but in case the enemy is not there, seek him and fight him where you find him."

It is this quality in his character that has brought him his success—the faculty of making his plans according to the best military strategic rules, but never letting them bind him down to his harm.

Often it is a cruel policy; for Count Moltke plays at war as one plays at chess, throwing away a thousand men to open a passage for a charge, as carelessly as one throws away a pawn to open the way for a queen.

Though the aged general lives now alone, a widower, in the beautiful building erected for the superior officers at Berlin, his life is as simple as it was when he was a lieutenant.

Such a life, lived in the midst of all the etiquette and form of the imperial court, could not fail to give rise to many anecdotes. He seldom thinks of driving in anything but a cab, unless some one puts im into an imperial carriage; and he often walks in preference to driving at all.

Each morning of his life he makes his own coffee, as he has done for nearly three-quarters of a century; and for him there is no greater pleasure than to have some congenial spirit come in to breakfast and praise the flavor of the coffee.

The night before the battle of Sedan—perhaps the most momentous fight of modern times—he played his regular game of whist as he did on the night before that, and has practically done every evening since. All that afternoon he had been planning something that was to demolish one army or the other on the morrow.

To-day the coffee is not as good as it used to be; and were it not that Count Moltke makes it, the congenial friend might privately express the opinion that he had had better. In like manner the game of whist lags of an evening now, because the old general sometimes goes off into a nap.

People say "he is growing old," and yet he walked a year ago, in the middle of winter, among the generals and noblemen who followed the Empress Augusta to her grave, and stood out one of the tallest and almost the straightest of them all.

All his active military positions have been given up within the last two or three years—the command of the German Army among them—and he now employs his time in writing his memoirs and in attending to his duties as a member of the Reichstag, or Imperial Parliament.

Day after day one may see him in a public cab on his way to his seat in the Chamber. At the closing of the session a year ago, after cheering the Emperor, the three hundred and ninety-seven Representatives of the German Empire gave Count Moltke three long cheers as their "oldest and most respected member."

J. H. SEARS.

BAD WORDS.

Boys alone can put a stop to the practice of using bad language out of school; the teacher cannot know what his scholars say in the ball-field or the streets. Parents cannot know for the same reason, and least of all mothers, who would be most shocked by improper words, and could do most to prevent their utterance.

There is one power only that can put down low talk in a playground, and that is the public opinion of the school.

But that can do it! There is nothing boys fear so much as the disapproval of their school-mates, particularly if it is expressed in a mode which conveys contempt.

It is a curious thing that the boys who are most likely to use bad words are most susceptible to this kind of influence. They are pretty sure to be weak characters, with much vanity in their composition, and therefore more likely to be afraid of the opinion of others than of falling in their own esteem.

Unfortunately, many boys, otherwise pretty good, are slow to perceive either the evil or the disgrace of using bad language, and are apt to regard the practice as a sign of a sort of courage that takes no note of trifles. Others feel the need of eking out their short supply of words by exclamations more or less violent or indecorous.

An Eton boy, in describing recently the ideal Etonian, remarks that he must have courage, truth, self-reliance, tact and resolution, but need not make his conversation at all times "fit for the *Ladies' Pictorial*."

Eton is not the only school where a notion of this kind prevails. No matter what inexperienced boys may think about it, all reflective men, accustomed to trace effects to causes, know that bad words are most closely related to bad conduct.

It is surprising how easily and quickly the custom of using bad language can fall into disuse, if there are only a few boys who hate and despise it. A single boy has brought it about in a large school.

The reform does not take place in a day, nor in a month, but one after another the boys catch the better feeling, perceive the beauty of decorum, and soon he who uses vulgar words is either exceptionally reckless or a new scholar.

We are very well aware that boys do not like to be preached to on this subject, and therefore make our sermon short. We merely remark, in conclusion, that the use of language either violent or improper is not a sign of strength, courage, or independence. On the contrary, it is an unmistakable sign of weakness, ignorance and vulgarity.

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SUGGESTIONS.

MOSS.

Observe the moss clinging to old boards. What does it feed upon?

Is the same moss found on trees?

Do its roots reach the tree's sap?

Does it have flowers and seeds?

Note its changed appearance after a shower.

Does it serve any purpose in Nature?

For the Companion.

THE MILKY WAY.

Over the Milky Way,
The ancient Hindoos said,
Unseen by light of day,
To Swarga go the dead.
Along its gleaming reach,
Between th' ethereal poles,
When Yama calls them, each
Must tread the Bridge of Souls.

Over the Milky Way,
Sang Grecian poets old,
Once, driven far astray,
The Sun's red chariot rolled.
And each Olympian god
That same wild path above
With winged sandals trod
Up to the throne of Jove.

Over the Milky Way,
The Northmen tell with pride,
As ray meets answering ray
Sulahmid met his bride.
Lonely in heaven afar,
His love's resistless might
Built out, with star on star,
That viaduct of light.

Over the Milky Way
Our later fancy runs
With Science' self at play
Among its maze of suns,
Where reason can divine,
As sages wisely guess,
Those thicker orbs outline
The cosmic wilderness.

Remoteness infinite,
Where sight its course may urge,
Where thought may fearless flit,
And touch creation's verge!
But swifter faith o'erleaps
The farness of the spheres
To where God's splendor sweeps
Thro' all th' eternal years.

His love yon pathway high
Built to life's summit land,
And bade this emblem sky
Tell us, who longing stand,
As stars in countless sum
One stream of light prolong
There joys so frequent come
They make one all-day song.

Ah, not in vain for hope,
And not in vain for me,
That lane up heaven's blue cope
Trails its white nebulæ:
I see the same eyes glow
That looked where Jacob lay,
And the same glad wings go
Over the Milky Way.

THERON BROWN.

For the Companion.

GONE.

Seth Smith was a tall, slender lad, son of the Widow Smith who did the washing for any strangers that might stop at the village hotel. Ten minutes earlier on that pleasant morning Seth went down the street, whooping and calling to people whom he knew, but no one turned to listen, or to answer him.

Now he was quite still and silent, but the passers-by gathered about him, awe-struck.

His eyes were closed and his lips were white, but it was the same hungry, poor boy whom they had always known. There were the worn, patched clothes, the bare feet, frostbitten and bleeding. The innkeeper's wife, a stout old woman, suddenly stooped and covered them tenderly.

"I might often have given him old shoes easily enough," she said to herself, turning away.

"He was a willing, kind boy," said another woman. "He worked hard for his mother. Many's the time, too, he brought my little Peter safe home." She remembered that she had often thought of giving him some decent clothes, but had put it off.

The village teacher passed, on his way from school, and stopped where Seth lay on the porch of the inn.

"Who is it? *Seth!*" he said, peering down at the quiet boyish face. It was full of accusations against him.

His heart seemed to stand still for a moment. He had noticed for years that this boy was quick-witted and eager to learn, but he worked all day, and could not come to the school. The master, in a vague way, had intended some time to give him lessons at night, to make a man of him.

He never had done it. He never would do it now. So he thought as he walked home with a heavy sickness at heart.

The young minister came hurrying down the street. He, too, stopped.

"Seth?" he said. "The Widow Smith's boy?"

The minister was always a busy man, with all of his flock to look after. He had noticed this lad only as a merry fellow who never came to church, probably for lack of decent clothes and a little kindly encouragement. He had meant to speak to him as he met him, to tell him of the one Friend who is better than all others, and to give the lad a word of kindness and of help.

He had not done it. A great horror seized on the young man as he stood looking down at the boy's pale face.

Did he know of Jesus? Where was he now?

Wherever Seth had gone, these old friends who had known and neglected him so long, could not follow. Whatever his need, they could not call to him, nor touch him, nor help him.

They were the same. The same sunshine fell upon the dusty village street along which he ran noisily a minute ago. In an instant he had passed out of their reach forever.

There is not a friend nor a servant nor an acquaintance whom we neglect to-day, who sometime may not turn to us Seth's white, accusing face. The pale lips will be silent. But a voice will speak for them. Some of the words of the Master will make themselves felt. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

TAMING A TARTAR.

A gentleman who was travelling in Russia upon scientific pursuits found himself obliged to subsist almost entirely upon what he could shoot. One morning he had been out early in search of game, and not having found anything, was about returning to his camp, when he heard some one calling to him in Russian. The speaker turned out to be a rather smart-looking Tartar, who was standing in a big flat cart, with a *troika* of capital horses before him. He was asking the gentleman to take a seat in his cart, assuring him that he, too, was a sportsman, and would take him to a place where game abounded, and bring him back safely before nightfall. Rather doubtingly the gentleman finally got into the cart, and was driven rapidly away.

"After a verst or two," he says, "I began to find that my friend was no braggart, for in a short time we had bagged several hares and a few quail. His sight was marvellous. He pointed far in advance, and said, 'Lo, a hare!' We hastened in that direction, and after a tramp of one or two hundred yards, sure enough, up started a hare from the very spot.

"And now the object of the Tartar's morning drive was revealed. On a hillside near us was a mighty flock of sheep. Dismounting and removing his shoes, the man plunged in among them, and after much labor secured four or five fat animals, and got them into his cart. These he carried with us to a neighboring village, where they were peddled out piecemeal to the natives, the whole operation of slaughtering, skinning and cutting up being carried out at a stone trench hard by.

"Much time was consumed by this work. Anxious to get back to my quarters, I suggested as much to the Tartar, when he coolly informed me that I had better make up my mind to pass the night at his house at J——, naming a village of some half-dozen houses, at which a horrible murder had occurred some months previously.

"It may have been the memory of this murder, or it may have been his ghastly handiness with the butcher's knife, that made me resolve I would not go there. I reminded him of his promise. All the satisfaction I could get was that if I wanted to go back I must walk.

"Did I know in which direction my camp lay? Yes, out yonder, over that low line of hills. A grim laugh, and the assurance that the camp was in an exactly opposite direction increased my suspicions of my quondam friend, as I knew he must be lying.

"A moment's consideration showed me that a walk at this hour would end probably in a night on the steppe, at the mercy of this man or any other who chose to stalk me. So I changed my tactics. He had no firearms, and sat on the edge of the cart. I had my gun, and sat behind.

"I mustered what little Russian I knew, and let him understand that he must keep his promise; that on no account would I go to J——; that our home-track was the one on our right, and if he refused to take it, I would blow him off his cart with a charge of No. 5.

"This was a rough argument, and he seemed nonplussed. He tried to argue me into going another way, and to laugh me out of my suspicions. He even began to bully. I simply watched him, repeated my proposals, and sat still. Meanwhile the horses were pulled up.

"Then my friend tried to slip off his seat, and so get out of his awkward position in front of my gun's muzzle. I cocked my gun with a click, and brought it in line with his back. There was a moment's hesitation, and then with a curse he took the right road at a sulky pace.

"All that drive I never took my eyes off him, and never let go my gun. Gradually he became better-tempered, and when we were within half a mile of camp he turned and spoke to me, saying that nothing should make him go further.

"So, satisfied that I could now get home in safety, and taking with me the small amount of game which I had shot, I took leave of the Tartar, glad indeed to get off so well."

EDIBLE DOGS.

Almost at the same time that the Sioux braves were partaking of a dog feast not far from Pine Ridge, certain English *bon vivants* were testing the merits of the flesh of the Chinese edible dog, and pronouncing him a very good dog indeed. Their verdict was quite different from that of the French people who were forced to eat the flesh of dogs during the siege of Paris, and who all agreed that it was thoroughly detestable.

The difference, however, is easily explained by the culinary authorities who have taken the matter up. It lies wholly in the character of the food upon which the dog has subsisted.

The Chinese edible dog is destined from the beginning for the table. Like the edible "rat" of the same country, he is fed mainly upon vegetable food, which is often delicately prepared and specially devised in order to give the dog's flesh a peculiar flavor and aroma.

The result is something quite different from the flesh of the ordinary dog of the Western world, which feeds generally in a very miscellaneous way, and never with a view to the suitability of his flesh for human consumption.

The genuine Chinese edible dog is known by his bluish-black tongue, which is a peculiar mark of his variety. In his infancy and early youth the dog's tongue is red; and upon reaching maturity and the edible age it suddenly becomes black, sometimes within a single fortnight.

Another peculiarity of this dog is his lack of the barking faculty. It is said that the dog can bark, and on occasions does so; but these occasions are rare. Ordinarily he is entirely taciturn.

Many experiments, most of them unwilling, were made with the flesh of dogs during the Paris siege. Newfoundlands and St. Bernards were preferred, under a mistaken impression that they would prove more eatable than other varieties. They proved to be detestable in all cases.

It is related by several persons who passed through this siege that the dogs seemed to be aware that they were being considered for culinary uses.

"My dog Marius," says M. Fulbert-Dumonteil, a writer who has described the events of the siege, "was perfectly aware that the sword or the cleaver of Damocles was suspended above him. He continually crouched down before me, made himself appear as little and as emaciated as he could, and regarded me with a supplicating air which seemed to say:

"'O master! Can't you see how lean I am? If you only knew how terribly tough I am!'

"I spared him; but toward the end of the siege he was stolen from me, and undoubtedly eaten up. And that was the way my poor Marius died for his country."

For the Companion.

"MY GOOD FRIEND DEATH."

[*Inscribed to the honored memory of David A. Wasson.*]

A touching incident occurred on the day preceding Mr. D. A. Wasson's death. The patient old man had been growing weaker and weaker, the vigorous constitution he inherited from sturdy ancestors with difficulty relaxing its tenacious grasp upon life even after years of illness, and with a sigh of ineffable weariness he said to his wife: "Have you seen my good friend Death anywhere about here? If you see him tell him he will be very welcome." The next day his "good friend" came.—*Boston Letter.*

"See you his face, dear Wife, the good, old friend
Who helps the weary on their journeying way?
His quiet steps draw near, I think, to-day,
And this, indeed, shall be of pain the end.
When his strong arm he graciously shall lend
Through what vast wonder-regions shall we stray,
Where he is King, and none can say him nay!
Shall I his triumph share as on we wend?"

So spake he. Night bent low to watch his bed
With starry eyes. Sad winds called round the place
For that "good friend" whose coming seemed so slow
To him who waited. But when morning shed
On him the glory of her radiant face
From light to light Death led him, glad to go.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

LINCOLN AND HIS CRITIC.

The language used by President Lincoln has, in some cases, become classic and memorable, chiefly for the reason that he conveyed his meaning in the simplest and most direct way. That he knew what would appeal to the multitude rather than scholars, is plain from an incident described in an account of life at the White House, by William O. Stoddard, one of his private secretaries.

The President had been writing something, and had in his hand several sheets of foolscap paper.

"Sit down," he said. "I can always tell more about a thing after I've heard it read aloud, and know how it sounds. Just the reading of it to myself doesn't answer as well."

"Do you wish me to read it to you?"

"No, no; I'll read it myself. What I want is an audience. Nothing sounds the same when there isn't anybody to hear it, and find fault with it."

"I don't know, Mr. President, that I should care to criticise anything you had written."

"Yes, you will. Everybody else will. It's just what I want you to do. Sit still, now, and you'll make as much of an audience as I care for."

The manuscript was long—a letter nominally addressed to some gentleman in Illinois, but really to the country, and to the world. He was satisfied that it was about what he intended it should be, and laughed silently, when, at last, he put it down on the table.

"Now! Is there any criticism that you wanted to make?"

"Well, I was thinking, of course, it's as nearly beyond criticism as it well could be—but there's one place —"

"What's that? Take the paper, and show it to me."

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, some people will find fault with this: 'Nor must Uncle Sam's web-feet be forgotten. At all the watery margins they have been present, not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou, and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have been and made their tracks.'"

The silent laugh of the President became heartily audible, as he listened to that bit of criticism.

"I reckoned it would be some such place as that. I'll leave it in, just as it is. I reckon the people'll know what it means."

"That's about the only fault I can find, but I never saw a web-footed gunboat in my life. They're a queer kind of duck."

"Some of 'em did get ashore, though," and the silent laugh came in again, this time. "I'll leave it in, now I know how it's going to sound."

Lincoln knew just how that paragraph would ring in the ears of millions on millions all over the country, and he didn't care for the literary critics, here or in Europe.

PROVOKING.

Country servants have been the theme of more than one humorist, but there are many still undescribed. One of these said she was willing "to oblige" a Boston woman last summer, when the second girl was ill, and the distance from the city to the country house where the family were staying was so great as to render it difficult to get servants. The new-comer was a tall and gaunt widow, who called herself "Mis' Gere," and lived, as she said, "to Snowfield Corner."

She was not very satisfactory in her new position, and she had a haphazard way of doing things which made it unsafe to trust her. She would lay the table so imperfectly that it would be necessary to call for dishes throughout the meal, and if she was remonstrated with, and asked to see that everything was on the table before summoning the family, her invariable reply was:

"Wal, I did look before I rung the bell, an' I didn't see anythin' that wa'n't there."

At last it was decided that Mis' Gere was worse than no maid, and she was accordingly told that her services would be dispensed with, a communication which she received with the remark, insolently delivered:

"Wal, I dunno's I blame ye fer sendin' me off. I shouldn't want a girl in the house myself that I thought was too good for me to eat with."

The lady of the house smiled, but made no reply. Mis' Gere waited a moment, and then, in a reproachful voice, continued:

"I sh'd think you might 't least have said somethin' to that, so's I could 'a' had an excuse to sarse yer some!"

WOODPECKER'S JUSTICE.

"A year ago last spring," writes a correspondent, "a pair of red-headed woodpeckers determined to peck a hole in the boarding under the eaves of a house, as woodpeckers often do. The owner of the house, not liking such mutilation, after repeated efforts succeeded in driving them away, and they went to work at once and dug a hole in the nearest tree.

"When the birds' home was finished and housekeeping had begun, the farmer's boys captured the female as she sat in the nest, and kept her in a cage, hoping in that way to catch the male also, which had flown away when his mate was seized.

"Two days later he returned with another wife. The boys relented at the sight. They gave Mrs. Woodpecker number one her liberty, and awaited results.

"To their surprise the male woodpecker, after a relentless pursuit of about six hours, killed her. Then he destroyed the one egg which she had laid, and continued housekeeping with wife number two as if nothing had happened."

The tragical story leads our correspondent to ask several questions: Have birds a language, by means of which they communicate one with another? If so, did the woodpecker give his wife time to explain her absence before rendering judgment and proceeding to execution?

Was not Mrs. Woodpecker at a great disadvantage for want of a vocabulary with which to describe the unheard of experience of captivity?

Is it possible that she was punished for criminal carelessness in permitting herself to be captured?

HE MEANT WELL.

Some weeks ago, writes a Wisconsin correspondent of *The Companion*, a young temperance lecturer, in his travels from town to town, fell in with an Indian, who made signs for a ride. He was allowed to get into the buggy, and pretty soon it appeared that he was intoxicated.

The lecturer, who believed in being instant in season and out of season, began forthwith to labor with his passenger. He dwelt upon the disgrace and death which follow the use of liquors, and wound up by entreating him to forsake his cups.

The Indian did not understand a word of the exhortation, but judging the lecturer by himself, thought from his pleading eyes and earnest manner that he wanted a drink. Accordingly he drew a large, black bottle from under his blanket and offered it to the white man.

The lecturer was elated. He had made a convert, he thought. He took the bottle and dashed it to the ground, where it flew into a thousand pieces.

The Indian could not have been angrier if his scalp had been threatened. He sprang from his seat with a tremendous war-whoop, seized the white man by the arms, dragged him to the ground, beat him in the face, and was reaching for his knife, when the lecturer managed to break away, and ran at his best speed for the next town, where his wounds were dressed.

According to his own version of the affair, he meant well, but showed a lack of judgment.

SPECTACLES.

The period of putting on spectacles is often long deferred by middle-aged people, who "hate to seem old," or dislike confessing to themselves that they have reached one of the significant turning points of life. People have, however, different ways of accepting the inevitable. One charming woman, who has passed this visual limit, declares that her comfort is thereby daily increased.

"I was always so lazy!" she says. "Nevertheless, I had to do a thousand things I hated. Now when I go out for an afternoon, I can leave my glasses at home, and so, when I am asked to look at photographs, try a new crochet stitch, or read 'dear Mary Ann's last letter,' I can refuse with a clear conscience. And it is such a rest of mind and saving of tissue!"

Another woman, and a very pretty one, owns to a bit of tacit deception in wearing her cross.

"I try to put my glasses on with the air of having always worn them," she confesses. "I can't help hoping that people will think me near-sighted from childhood."

But a dear old gentleman, who can't see without glasses, actually goes to the length of declaring that he doesn't need them at all. He proves his case by standing at a distance from print, and reading it without difficulty.

"There's nothing the matter with my *eyes*," he then explains, humorously. "The only trouble is, my arms aren't long enough!"

SHE SAID IT.

The modern system of advertising makes the public familiar with the names, and in some cases, with the countenances of inventors and manufacturers; and so strong is the power of association that, on meeting one of these much-advertised persons as a private individual, it is difficult for some persons to refrain from asking him instantly about the article to which his features seem to be only a sort of trade-mark.

A lady who was making an evening call met a man by the name of Brown, who had invented an improved buttonhole-making attachment for a well-known sewing-machine, and whose name, preceded by a hideous caricature of his face, had been omnipresent in the advertisements for some time. He had two charming daughters whom the lady had been greatly pleased.

During the entire call, she had succeeded in addressing Mr. Brown by his rightful name only by great mental exertions, as another word was constantly trembling on her lips.

At last he rose to go, and with a sigh of relief she heard his "good evening;" to which she responded with her sweetest smile, and added, "Please remember me kindly to the Misses Buttonhole!"

RESPECTFUL.

If any reader stands in need of a vacation, and doesn't know exactly how to ask for it, he is advised to study the following model, said to have been written by a young Hindoo to his employer:

MOST EXALTED SIR: It is with the most habitually devout expressions of my sensitive respect that I approach the clemency of your masterful position with the self-dispraising utterance of my esteem, and the also forgotten-by-myself assurance that in my own mind I shall be freed from the assumption that I am asking unpardonable donations if I assert that I desire a short respite from my exertions; indeed, a fortnight holiday, as I am suffering from three boils, as per margin. I have the honorable delight of subscribing myself your exalted reverence's servitor.

JANJANBOL PANJAMJAUB.

FOR THE WORSE.

When a cook begins to experiment with new rules things are sometimes likely to be "worse before they are better," as the common saying goes. At all events, the man below had his joke about it.

"Hello, old boy!" said Mr. Wicks. "Where 're you going now?"

"I'm going to the hotel to get my dinner," answered Mr. Hicks.

"Indeed! Why don't you dine at home? I always heard that Mrs. Hicks was an excellent cook."

"Ah! my dear fellow, that was before she bought a cook-book."—Boston *Transcript.*

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For the Companion.

A DISCOVERY.

Bertha, in the field, one morning,
Found a tiny stranger maid,
All among the dandelions,
Sobbing, trembling, and afraid.

Whence, we asked, had lassie wandered?
But she could not tell her name,
So I kissed away the tear-drops,
Till the smiles and dimples came.

"I guess who she is!" cried Bertha,
"O mamma dear, don't you see,
You said April cried and laughed so,
And I'm sure it must be she!"

For the Companion.

HOW THE COUNTERPANE GOT SMUTTY.

"Lyddy Jane, have you been in the 'fore room'?" That was what Grandma Higgins sternly demanded of Aunt Lyddy Jane ever so many years ago, when she was a little girl.

The Higginses lived in a low log-house with two rooms.

There was the great kitchen where the brick oven was that was large enough for a man to crawl into, and a cunning tin baker set up before a roaring fire in the deep fire-place, in both of which Grandma Higgins did all her cooking. That was before stoves came in fashion. One corner of this kitchen was given up to the big loom, with its stout frame, its great yarn beam and cloth-beam and treadles and pulleys and harnesses and sleys. In this grandmother used to sit on a high seat, and *click-clack! thump-thump!* all day, weaving long webs of linen and woollen for gowns and jackets and trousers.

There were a cunning pair of cards, too, in this corner, with which in the long evenings she used to card wool into "bats" for spinning, sitting in the firelight.

Then there were the "swifts," the mother-wheel with a deep grum voice for spinning wool and tow, and the baby-wheel with a hum like that of a bumble-bee for spinning the soft flax into linen.

These filled that corner full.

The big round table and the "dresser" for the pewter dishes, little chairs and big chairs, all with bottoms of "basket-stuff," with a "turn-up" bed in another corner and the cradle—there was *always* a cradle in the kitchen in those days—made even that great room so full that Grandpa Higgins used to declare that there wasn't room enough "to swing a cat around by the tail."

And I don't believe there was—without hurting the cat.

In the "fore room" was the high bedstead with its white netted canopy and dimity counterpane. This was the company bed.

Lyddy Jane nor Sam nor Amaziah nor any of the other little Higginses were allowed to go into this room alone, to even peep into the great mahogany bureau drawers or to tilt one of the spindle-legged chairs.

So it was with horror and astonishment that grandma one day discovered great blotches of smut upon her snow-white counterpane.

Lyddy Jane stoutly denied any knowledge of it, so did Sam and so did Amaziah, but that didn't save them from being sent to bed in the low chamber without their suppers of mush and milk, and threatened with having their mischievous act made known to Parson Whipple, a worthy travelling preacher and family counsellor who was expected to sleep under the netted canopy the next night, and to preach in Squire Brown's new frame barn on Sabbath day.

It took grandma all the next day to remove the spots and get the quilt ready.

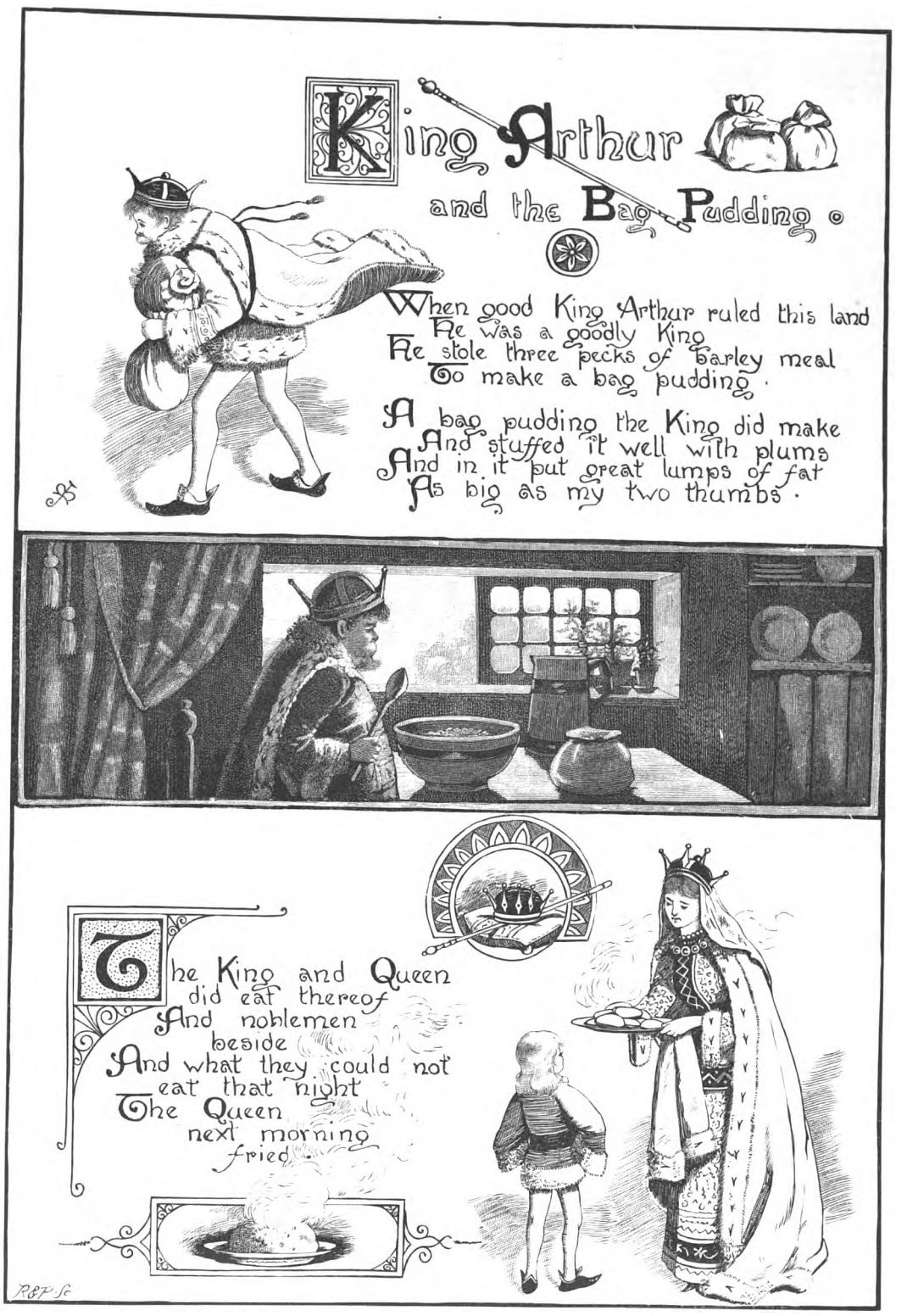
Parson Whipple came, and Lyddy Jane and Amaziah and Sam, with their hearts ready to jump out of their mouths, sat primly in their little chairs all in a row, while the baby Higginses hid in the great loom.

But grandma didn't tell him then.

Well, when Parson Whipple went to hop in under the netted canopy that night, after he had *snuffed out* the candle-light and rubbed his fingers on grandma's big braided hearth-rug, what should he do but hop right on to Dib—the old white cat—and her great family of brand-new kittens. He was a stranger, and Dib flew at him in a rage. It is safe to say that Parson Whipple hopped out from under the canopy much quicker even than he had hopped in. And didn't he shout!

Grandpa ran in, and there was old Dib, covered with soot as a chimney-swallow, standing on the edge of the bed and spitting at Parson Whipple with all her might, her hair standing up every which way. She had come down the big low chimney to find a soft bed for her family.

That was how the counterpane got smutty.



For the Companion.

MISCHIEF.

Lots of little raindrops, quite too bright and proud,
Think they'll go a-sailing in a floating cloud:
Naughty wind espies them: gives a mighty blow:—
Get out your umbrellas, earth-folks down below!

For the Companion.

A LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.

Little Lou's Primary Geography was made up of questions and answers.

In the lesson on Brazil they ran thus: "For what are the wild cattle on the plains caught?" Ans.—"For their tallow, hides and horns." "For what are the ladies of Brazil noted?" Ans. "For their beauty."

Lou learned readily by rote, and recited correctly when the questions were put in the order of the book.

Sometimes the teacher "skipped about" and Lou made funny mistakes.

"What are the ladies of Brazil noted for?" asked the teacher.

"For their tallow, hides, and horns," answered Lou.

Little Hazel was permitted to go to the city with her mother for the first time, and on entering a street-car she gazed eagerly up, down and around, and then whispered, "*Mamma*, is this an *Excursion?*"

Little Lena was watching Cousin May getting ready for a walk, and as she put on her hat, Lena, looking at the cluster of forget-me-nots with which it was trimmed, exclaimed, "Aren't those remember-me's very pretty?"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

Full of freaks my *first*;
Full of rain my *second*;
Sometimes full of both
Must my *whole* be reckoned.

E. S. B.

2.

PUZZLE.

```
          1 2 3
        7 * * * 4
      8 * * * * * 5
    9 * * * * * * * 6
  10 * * * * * * * 18
    11 * * * * * 17
      12 * * * 16
        13 14 15
```

Read the outside letters in the order of the numbers, and find an Indian designation for April.

Across—To make a noise like a cow. The result of a mixture of red, black and yellow. Prominence of figures in architecture or sculpture. A Russian general who figured in recent war. A criminal, who, in answer to a king's question, replied, "Desperate diseases need desperate remedies." The natural abode of a plant or animal. Fidelity. A mountain and a parish in the north of Scotland.

GUILFORD.

3.

BIOGRAPHICAL CRYPTOGRAM.

The name of this man is buried, one letter in each fourth word, beginning with *learned*,—his pseudonym in each fourth word, beginning with *printing*.

He early learned printing,—loved to read books, and to publish, also,—also established first library in our American country,—made discoveries regarding electricity. At Albany Congressional Commissioner,—in Europe seeking help,—everywhere his practical character aided America desiring freedom. Died April seventeenth, seventeen-hundred ninety.

LILIAN PAYSON.

4.

DEFINITIONS.

The words here defined form a sentence, uttered by one whom we honor, April 15, 1865.

1. An article. 2. An institution designed to secure the rights of men. It was discovered in 1785 to be inefficient in the United States. 3. A preposition. 4. The name of an American officer to whom a King of France sent a commission, appointing him Lieutenant-General of the armies of France. 5. Nevertheless. 6. Actively remains.

5.

ENIGMA.

Take one-eighth of sunshine, two-fifths of storm, two-sixths of warmth, one-eighth of a moonbeam, one-fifth of shade, two-tenths of spring rain, one-fourth of acid, one-third of red, and one-fifth of sugar, and make something delicious to eat.

6.

ANAGRAM.

Beth led in crime.

You've sung the story of our woe,
Our thoughtless race, our cruel foe,
And found the song beguiling;
A luckless band of brethren three,
'Tis plain not one of us could see
The reason of your smiling.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1.
```
H A R B O R
E D D A
R   A P
B A T H
E X T R A
R O M E
T A S S E L
```
Herbert. Raphael.

2. April showers bring May flowers.

3.
```
D I A M O N D
I N C E N S E
A N N U L A R
M O D I C U M
O C C I P U T
N E O L O G Y
D N E I P E R
A C O N I T E
R E C T O R Y
```

4. Ponce de Leon. Livingston. Drake. Balboa. De Soto. Cook. Frobisher. Kane. Stanley.

5. 1. Thorough, through, though, tough. 2. Minister, minster, mister, miser. 3. Castile, castle, caste, case. 4. Grabble, gabble, gable.

6. Peanut.

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For the Companion.

AN EPISODE AT WEST POINT.

Several years ago, when I was at the Military Academy at West Point, I had an opportunity to witness as brave a deed as was ever performed by the heroes of antiquity.

In the corps of cadets, at that time, there was a young man about twenty years old, named William Bradford. He and I were members of the same class, and consequently often drilled together.

During the months of August, November and April, the cadets of the second class at the Academy are exercised at what is known as the seacoast battery. This consists of one eleven-inch smooth-bore and four eight-inch rifled guns, all of which, I may say, are pieces of an obsolete type, very old, and more or less dangerous to fire.

The mechanical part of this drill is considered quite important, and occupies the first two of the months mentioned. The actual practice at the target takes place during the latter part of April.

On the day to which I refer, we had a new instructor, as the officer of artillery who usually drilled us was absent on leave. Owing to the danger of firing these great guns, it had always been customary for the gun detachment—with the exception of No. 4, who fired the piece—to get back on the terrace directly in rear of the battery, and from there observe the fire and its result at the target on Cro' Nest Mountain, about two thousand feet away.

This day, however, for some reason, the lieutenant in command directed us to retain our posts at the pieces until they were discharged.

The practice was begun with the big smooth-bore. After "calling off," I found myself No. 1, at this piece, with Tom Hitchcock No. 2, and Billy Bradford as gunner. The duties of Nos. 1 and 2 were to "sponge out," insert the charge and projectile, and immediately after firing to jump upon the parapet in front of the muzzle and sponge out again with the huge sponge and rammer staff.

All being ready, the instructor gave the command, "No. 1, ready. Fire!" The huge gun sent forth a flash as large as the side of a house, and the roar which followed rendered us almost deaf for several minutes. Then No. 2 was fired, and so on down the battery.

After all the pieces had been fired singly, the command, "Fire by platoon," was given. This meant that the guns were to be discharged two at a time.

Finally came the command, "Fire by battery! Battery, ready!"

Every No. 4 grasped his lanyard firmly, and, facing to the left and rear, waited for the command to fire. Billy stood at his post directly in rear of his piece, facing the same way as the battery. The rest of us, expecting to be more or less deafened by the shock, listened for the word.

"Fire!"

A sheet of flame and a tremendous concussion shook the very earth under our feet, while the smoke filled the battery until it was impossible to see anything. "Sponge out!" was the order, however, and all the Nos. 1 and 2 jumped upon the smoking parapet to execute it.

Hardly had I reached my post when I saw Billy, who should have been at the breech, come leaping through the sulphury haze right in front of the muzzle.

"Down for your lives!" he yelled; and seizing each of us with a hand, he hurled us over the parapet.

As I went down I heard a terrific report, and felt the clods of torn earth strike my face. Then I reached the bottom, and knew no more.

When I recovered consciousness, several cadets were standing over me. Close by another group surrounded Tom Hitchcock, who was still insensible.

"What's the matter?" I asked, feeling rather giddy, but experiencing little pain.

"The old piece hung fire," said McLeod, the chief of section. "If it hadn't been for Billy Bradford, you two men would have been blown to bits. He was the only one that saw it."

Then I realized what had happened. The gun had "hung fire," as it is called when the discharge is delayed, and owing to the noise and smoke of the other guns, no one but Billy had noticed it. His only chance of saving us was to hurl us down the embankment at the risk of his own life.

"Was he hurt?" I asked, as we slowly started to climb the parapet.

"Pretty well blackened, and a little burnt by the flash, but he got out of the way of the shot with about one differential of a second to spare," answered McLeod.

When we got into the battery again, we saw Billy lying on the grass with his shell jacket off and his face and arms black with powder. The lieutenant was bending over him with a can of water.

"Tom," said I to Hitchcock, who had regained consciousness, "we owe our lives to Bradford there. Let's shake hands with him."

The next evening, after parade, we heard this report on the "skin book":

"Bradford—gunner at sea-coast battery drill. Leaving post without authority 5.05 and 5.10 P. M."

"Discipline or no discipline, I think I shall take this report off," said the old commandant, after hearing the particulars. Then he made a note in a little book he kept for a certain purpose.

Bradford never referred to the episode during the remainder of second-class year, but the rest of us understood a thing or two when in June he was promoted to first captain over the heads of no less than eight others who ranked him.

A. D. SAYER.

See Moore Brothers' offer in another column. It should interest every horse-owner in the country. [Adv.

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EPILEPSY. Dr. WILLIAMSON'S SANATORIUM, New London, Conn. Conducted on the German system. Number limited. Every home comfort. Cir. free.

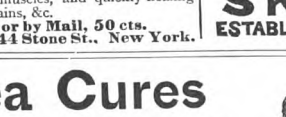
A NEW USE FOR EGGS Poach them in the Buffalo Steam Egg Poacher. The handiest little utensil you ever saw. Poaches eggs by steam. The easiest the best way. See one at hardware store or write sole manufacturers, Sidney Shepard & Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

SELL MUSIC We will pay a liberal Salary to Agents who will take subscribers for Woodward's Musical Monthly. Send four cents and receive sample copy *with five complete pieces of latest vocal and instrumental music.* Address, WOODWARD'S MUSICAL MONTHLY, 842 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MEKEEL'S WEEKLY STAMP NEWS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

Send 5c for sample copy of above 4-col. stamp newspaper; $1.00 a year, subscriptions for 3 or 6 months at same rate. A COLLECTION OF 350 STAMPS AND A LARGE STAMP ALBUM, $1.00. C. H. MEKEEL, ST. LOUIS, MO.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED IN ANY PART OF the United States.



We issue a 100-page Catalogue of Musical Instruments: Accordions, Banjos, Cornets, Fifes, Flutes, Guitars, Harmonicas, Books, Jew's-harps, Music, Music Boxes, Strings, Violins, etc. Send your address to C. W. STORY, 28 Central St., Boston, Mass.

BABY CARRIAGES!



I make a specialty of manufacturing Baby Carriages to **sell direct to private parties.** You can therefore, do better with me than with a dealer. Carriages **Delivered Free of Charge** to all points in the United States. Send for Illustrated Catalogue

CHAS. RAISER, Mfr., 62-64 Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

RHEUMATISM CURED BY Mitchell's Rheumatic Plasters.

SURE REMEDY for Rheumatism, Neuralgia & Sciatica. Sold by druggists, or by mail, 25 cents.

Novelty Plaster Works, Lowell, Mass.

ALL ABOUT DYSPEPSIA and how to cure it. Mailed to any address. A book of priceless value to every sufferer. **John H. McAlvin,** Lowell, Mass. 14 years Tax Collector.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. LAWN TENNIS, BASE BALL, GUNS, TENTS, RIFLES, FISHING TACKLE.



BOYS' 25 in., SAFETY, with Brake and Mud Guards, $18.00
BOYS' and GIRLS' 24 in., Ball Bearings, Diamond Frame 22.20
BOYS' and GIRLS' 26 in., adjustable Cone Bearings, 21.60
GENTS' and LADIES' 28 in., Ball Bearings ALL over, 48 00
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E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

AMBROSIA CREAM Removes Freckles, Blotches, in fact all **FACIAL BLEMISHES.** The purest and best preparation manufactured. Highly medicated; in use 20 years. $1 per jar. Delivered free in the U. S.

H. M. C. LAVENDER SALTS. Inexhaustible, Unchangeable, Unapproachable. Best Made. Handsome Bottle. Price, 50c. Either article sent on receipt of price. Send for Circular.

THE HOME MEDICATION CO., 885th Ave., N.Y.





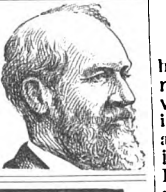
BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN. ESTABLISHED 1801.

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c.

All Druggists or by Mail, 50 cts.

BARCLAY & Co., 44 Stone St., New York.

Garfield Tea Cures



Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet. Garfield Tea overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; cures Constipation. Send for Free Sample to 319 West 45th Street, New York. Mention COMPANION.

Constipation & Sick Headache.



A FLORAL TREAT ALL FOR 3 STAMPS. [Value

1 copy **Park's** New Illus. **Floral Guide**—*All About Flowers*...10c.
Sample **Park's Floral Magazine**—a charming monthly..... 5c.
1 pkge. **Choice Mixed Flower Seeds** (nearly 1,000 sorts).....15c.
1 **Conditional Certificate** or Order for Seeds, your choice...25c.

☞ All of the above for only three 2-cent stamps.

This is **our best offer** and the **last one** of the season. *It will not appear again.* You'll miss a floral treat if you neglect it. Write at once. Tell your friends. **GEO. W. PARK, Libonia, Pa.**

P.S.—Park's "All About Roses" 10c. 18 splendid ever-blooming **Roses $1.** or 10 Roses and Magazine 1 yr, $1.

CANARY BIRDS that have ceased to chirp either from illness, exposure or on account of moulting, can be made to warble tuneful melodies by placing a cake of BIRD MANNA in their cages. It acts almost like a charm in restoring them to song. It is an absolute necessity to the health, comfort and hygiene of CAGE BIRDS. It is made after the Andreasberg recipe. Sold by druggists, grocers and bird dealers. Mailed to any P. O. in the U. S. or Canada for 15 cts., by the BIRD FOOD CO., 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Bird Book free.



Sir Morell Mackenzie, the eminent Throat Specialist, says: "The Soden Mineral Pastilles (Troches), which are produced from the Soden Mineral Springs by evaporation, are particularly serviceable in Catarrhal Inflammations, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis and Lung Troubles." For sale by all druggists for 50 cts. Trial box mailed for 25 cts.

SODEN MINERAL SPRING AGENCY, 6 Barclay Street, New York.

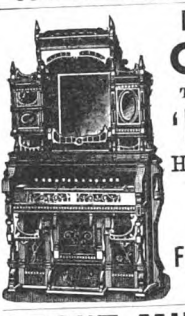
SHANDON BELLS PERFUME

DELICATE, FRAGRANT, LASTING.

If your dealer doesn't keep it send 50c in stamps for a bottle to

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

JUVENILE, the Only Toilet Soap.



DO YOU WANT AN ORGAN?

Then buy the best, the **'Packard Organ.'**

Handsomest Cases, Finest Tone and Best Finish.

Catalogue Free.

Fort Wayne Organ Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mention THE COMPANION.

ABOUT MILK.

Dipping milk out of cans peddled about the street, subject to dust and rain and drip from the reins and hands of the driver, is unhealthy and dirty.

Ask your dealer in every place to use the WHITEMAN MILK JARS.



SEND FOR CATALOGUE, FREE, and give it to them. You will never have it the old way again. Samples, 25c.

A. V. WHITEMAN, 144 Chambers Street, N. Y. Patented, April 17, '88.

SPRING PLANTING AT FLOOD TIDE

Millions of beauty loving eyes, and millions of hands kindly to Flowers are now in harmony to aid nature smile around the Homeplaces of our great country. How the Flower-planter longs for flower-wisdom; the best way, the best varieties, how to get them safely and at the right price—they always stop to listen. We think ***OUR NEW GUIDE,*** 124 pages, illustrated, gives more practical information about **Roses, Popular Flowers, Hardy Plants and Vines, Summer Flowering Bulbs and Seeds**—varieties, uses, collections, prices—than any other book of the kind. No matter where you live our wonderful mail system obliterates the distance—a postal card from you brings the Guide—your order flies to us—your postal official hands your flower-order to you post-paid—contents guaranteed by us.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO. Rose Growers and Seedsmen.

WEST GROVE, PA.

DONALD KENNEDY of Roxbury, Mass., says

My Medical Discovery seldom takes hold of two people alike! Why? Because **no two people have the same weak spot.** Beginning at the stomach, it goes searching through the body for any hidden humor. Nine times out of ten, **inward humor** makes the weak spot. Perhaps it's only a little sediment left on a nerve or in a gland; the Medical Discovery slides it right along, and you find quick happiness from the first bottle. Perhaps it's a big sediment or open sore, well settled somewhere, ready to fight. The Medical Discovery begins the fight, and you think it pretty hard, but soon you thank me for making something that has reached your weak spot. Price, $1.50. Sold by every druggist in United States and Canada.

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"SEATED BULL'S" EXPLOIT.

The notion that the United States is a country principally inhabited by people of Indian race still clings to a great many Europeans, and even to some of those who are educated. The most singular misapprehensions concerning the Indians and the part of the country they occupy are continually appearing in the newspapers of Europe. A French periodical called *Science Pour Tous* (Science For All), which declares its aim to be the enlightenment of the public, recently published the following absurd article:

"We have received some interesting information concerning the incidents which preceded the recent rising in arms of the Indians in the West, and one of the first engagements.

"The Seated Bull, their chieftain, having resolved to make known the fact that the Indians had not received their annuities and certain promised munitions, betook himself to the Capitol at Washington.

"There he laid before the president of the Legislative Body his complaints of the governmental agents, who, he declared, had stolen what was the Indians' due.

"He was informed that his declarations would be taken under consideration, and he departed. But the promise having remained without performance, the Seated Bull once more came to the Capitol.

"This time, in the midst of the assemblage, the Seated Bull did not utter a word, but drew his tomahawk and dealt with it a terrible blow upon the marble table which was before him. The table was broken in two, and the chief's tomahawk buried itself in the floor beneath.

"It was the token of the chief's declaration of war.

"The Seated Bull then left the Capitol without any one daring to lay a hand upon him. Returning to his canoe, which he had tied to one of the piers of the great bridge across the Potomac River, he paddled rapidly back to his own territory."

NOVELTIES IN SPELLING.

Editors, who of necessity spend much time over other men's manuscripts, soon come to the opinion that spelling is an art by itself, having no very close connection with what is called education. Some of their nicest and most acceptable contributors are found not to be above writing "inflamation," "frivilous," "nickle" and the like. It is not surprising, therefore, that sign-painters and placard printers should sometimes be uncertain in their orthography.

A correspondent of the Detroit *News* reports that he saw an Irishman standing before this sign:

WASHING AND CAIN CHARES SEATED.

"Sure, now," said Pat, "I guess that's where I'd better get some o' me washin' seated."

In another street the reporter came upon this legend, printed in chalk before an eating-saloon:

DINNER ALL READY.
SIRLON STAKE.
TEA AND COFFIE.
ALL MELS 25 C.

In the foregoing cases the artists probably made no attempt at originality; but the man who conceived the following advertisement must be given credit for a high degree of ingenuity.

The Grand Army of southeastern Michigan was holding an encampment in Detroit, and a saloon displayed a sign appropriate to the occasion:

FRESH LA—G.A.R.

GEOMETRY.

Three elderly gentlemen, all college graduates, were discussing the effects of time in obliterating early training at school. One of them, Mr. A., asserted that they had all forgotten nearly everything they learned at school, and this the second gentleman, Mr. B., as strenuously denied.

"For instance," said Mr. A. to Mr. B., "what do you know about Geometry now? Anything at all?"

"Certainly," said B., "a good deal."

"Well," said the third man, Mr. C., breaking in, "let's have a little examination. A., what is the shortest distance between two points called?"

"A railroad," said Mr. A., promptly.

Mr. B. laughed heartily.

"Well, B.," said C., "perhaps you can tell me what the shortest distance between two points is?"

"A telegraph line, of course," said Mr. B., triumphantly.

INCOMPETENT.

The doctor in the following little story, from the Chicago *Times*, was in a position somewhat like that of the colored minister whose church sent him his resignation.

"I have sent for you, doctor," said a lady, anxiously, "to see if you can tell me what to do for my poor little canary. He mopes, and—"

"I am not a bird doctor, madam," interposed the physician, with proper professional dignity.

"Don't you know anything about the diseases of canaries?"

"Most emphatically I do not."

"Well, you really must excuse me then, doctor," she said, "if I call in a more experienced physician. I think a great deal of my bird, and must do the very best I can for him."

UNREASONABLE ANGER.

The value of compliments depends in great part upon their seasonableness.

"I've got a bone to pick with Watts," said Mr. Briggs. "I intend to find out what he meant by calling me 'small potatoes.'"

"Why, man, there was no harm in that," replied his friend. "It is really a compliment this year to be called any kind of potatoes."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Now, ma'am," said the English servant, "'ow will you 'ave the duck to-day? Will you heat it cold, or shall I 'eat it for you?"

Itching Piles.

Burnett's Kalliston is a sure relief. A sample will be mailed on receipt of ten cents by Jos. Burnett & Co., 27 Central Street, Boston, Mass. [Adv.

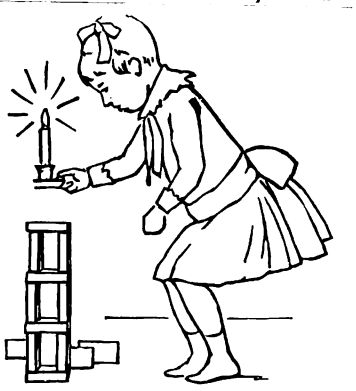


That's the "Pittsburgh" —only the "Pittsburgh" don't smoke. No other central-draft lamp is in sight of it.

Send for a primer; but see the lamp at your nearest store.

Pittsburgh, Pa. PITTSBURGH BRASS CO

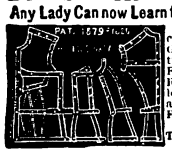
Intelligent Ladies
WILL APPRECIATE THE NEW ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET-BOOK, ENTITLED
A Modern Hygeian
CONTAINING ARTICLES ON
Sensible Dressing
NOT RADICAL DRESS REFORM.
BY CAROLINE M. DODSON, M.D. PRES. NAT'L WOMANS HEALTH ASS'N OF AMERICA, OSCAR B. MOSS, M.D. MRS. ANNIE JENNESS-MILLER AND OTHER EMINENT WRITERS
Free to Everybody
UPON APPLICATION TO
GEORGE FROST & CO. 31 BEDFORD ST., BOSTON.



Light house-work.

That's what housework amounts to when it's done with Pearline. Your labors will be light, though they may be many. They will be better done, and with safety. In washing clothes, dishes, paint, glass, anything that gathers dirt, Pearline will do the work if you will look after it. Look after your own interests by using it JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Perfect-Fitting Dresses.
DRESSMAKING SIMPLIFIED.
Any Lady Can now Learn to Cut Perfect-Fitting Dresses.

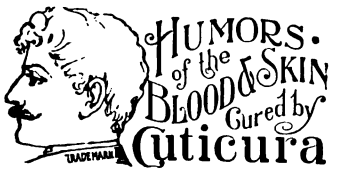


No one using a Chart or Square can compete with The McDowell Garment Drafting Machine in Cutting Stylish, Graceful and Perfect Fitting Garments. Easy to Learn, Rapid to Use, Fits any Form, Follows every Fashion. An Invention as Useful as the Sewing Machine. Free 30 days to test at your own home. Send for Illustrated Circular.
THE McDOWELL CO., 6 West 14th St., New York City.

We know the advertisers to be thoroughly reliable and that their machine is a really wonderful invention.—*Ladies' World*

The favorite Fashion journals are "*La Mode de Paris*," "*Album des Modes*" and "*La Mode*." Reason—They give the styles one month in advance of other books, hence only reliable fashions, and each month contain practical lessons on dressmaking, found only in these journals. Ask your newsdealer, or send 35 cts. for copy explaining latest style garments.

CARLSBAD SPRUDEL SALT
is not a mere purgative, it is an alterative and a constitutional remedy. Obtain the genuine imported article. Do not be imposed upon by unscrupulous dealers. The genuine must have the signature of Eisner and Mendelson Co., Sole Agents 6 Barclay St. N.Y." on every bottle.



HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND Scalp, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Blood and Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Backache, kidney pains, weakness, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25 cents.

The Second Summer is the most critical period of a child's life, because the

Pains of Teething

increase the susceptibility to disease and lessen the resistive power. A catarrhal attack, an indigestion or an eruptive fever, coming at this time, acts upon a system less able than usual to combat injurious influences.

"Tooth-Food"

will prevent or cure all teething pains and carry the child comfortably through a period of unusual irritation and danger. This remedy is made of the nutrient elements necessary to bone growth, and is absolutely harmless. A bottle, with full description of the remedy and directions for its use, will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar.

THE REYNOLDS M'F'G. CO., CINCINNATI, O.

Your druggist should have "Tooth-Food," and before sending to us you had better ask him for it.

For Boils, Pimples
carbuncles,
scrofulous sores,
eczema, and all other
blood diseases,
take
Aver's Sarsaparilla
It will
relieve and cure
dyspepsia, nervous
debility, and that
tired feeling.
Has Cured Others
will cure you.

THE ICE KING ONLY $10
Best and Cheapest Refrigerator in the World.



Warranted to keep Ice longer and Food better than any other.

Hardwood Antique Finish, Six Walls, Zinc Lined, Air-tight Locks, Cold Dry Air.

Size, 40 ins. high, 17 ins. deep, 25 ins. long as shown. $10.00. Other sizes equally cheap. For sale by the trade or factory.

Send for Circular.

We pay freight where we have no agent. Don't miss this bargain. Address: NORTHERN REFRIGERATOR CO., 15 FERRY ST., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

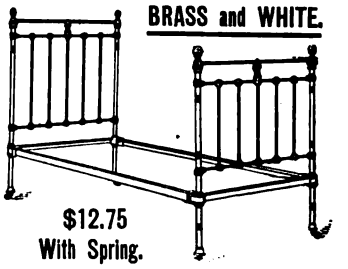
DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES.



WHY not buy from the Largest Factory of its kind in the world, and SAVE Middlemen's or Dealers' profits.
Over 1,000 Articles sold *direct to consumers*, thereby saving 30 to 50 per cent.
Our New Automatic Brake on all Coaches, FREE.
Write at once for Catalogue.
Send stamps and mention goods wanted.

THE LUBURG MANUFACTURING CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
DEPT. A 99. No. 321, 323 and 325 NORTH EIGHTH STREET.

"THE PAVONIA."
BRASS and WHITE.



$12.75
With Spring.

A White and Brass Bedstead of good design, attractive, and perfect in construction.

Price, with Woven Wire Spring,—
6.4x3 feet, $12.75; 6.4x3.6 feet, $12.75; 6.4x4 feet, $13.75; 6.4x4.6 feet, $13.75.

Burlap and Packing, 50 cents. No charge for packing for lots of six or more.

ESTIMATES for furnishing residences with Silver, Brass and Iron Bedsteads and Fine Bedding of every description given upon application. Mention COMPANION.

PUTNAM & CO.,
546 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

MADAME GRISWOLD'S
Patent Skirt-Supporting Corsets
CONTINUE TO BE THE DRESSMAKERS' FAVORITE.



Do you wish to be well-dressed?

Madame Griswold's Artistic Corsets, adapted to all figures and always graceful, will insure symmetry and comfort.

TRY THEM.

The Madame Griswold Patent Horse-Shoe Corsets are made with the springs in them. These Patent Corset Springs entirely prevent breaking at Hips. Can be put on any style of Corset made by her,

and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. **Lady Canvassers Wanted Everywhere.** Exclusive territory given. Ladies make this a profitable and permanent business. Orders by mail promptly filled.

For circulars and terms to agents send to
MADAME GRISWOLD,
923 Broadway, N. Y.; 7 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.; or to General Agents, M. M. Wygant & Co., Fredonia, N. Y.; J. B. Putnam, 126 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

SCOTT'S EMULSION



Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy* for **CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.**

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

DON'T WEAR STIFF CORSETS.
FERRIS'
CELEBRATED
GOOD SENSE
Corset Waists
are now made in
FAST BLACK
drab and white.



Sold by all
LEADING RETAILERS
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago,
Wholesale Western Agents.
FERRIS BROS., Sole Manufacturers and Patentees, 341 Broadway, N. Y.

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The Youth's Companion is an illustrated weekly paper of eight pages. Its subscription price is $1.75 a year, payment in advance.

Twelve or sixteen pages are often given its subscribers in a single weekly issue of the paper. All additional pages over eight—which is the number given for $1.75—are a gift to the subscribers from the Publishers.

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Payment for The Companion, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-Office Money Order, Bank Check, or Draft, or an Express Money Order. WHEN NEITHER OF THESE CAN BE PROCURED, send the money in a Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Silver should never be sent through the mail. It is almost sure to wear a hole through the envelope and be lost, or else it is stolen. Persons who send silver to us in a letter must do it on their own responsibility.

Postal Notes are not a safe means of sending money. Any one can collect them at any Money-Order Post-office, and, if lost or stolen, the money cannot be recovered, as no duplicates are issued. Subscribers who send us Postal Notes must do so at their own risk.

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Returning your paper will not enable us to discontinue it, as we cannot find your name on our books unless your Post-office address is given.

Always give the name of the Post-office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Letters should be addressed to

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

THE AGE OF DECAY.

Birth, growth, maturity, decay, death—such is the normal history of man. The three periods of life should sustain a certain proportion to each other: twenty years of growth, sixty years of maturity, twenty years of decay. This is what might be counted upon as the ordinary course of human life, but for the fact that we labor under a load of ancestral transgression of physical and moral law, supplemented and intensified by our own personal delinquencies and follies.

How pleasant is the picture! Twenty years of happy childhood and youth, sixty years of intellectual progress and achievement, with domestic and social joys, and then twenty years of slow, almost unconscious decay, characterized by serenity of mind, pleasing memories, and joyous anticipations of a grander life beyond the grave.

Sadly different is human existence as we see it. We look with wonder upon Gladstone, past eighty, still vigorous in body and mind, still strong and wise to lead the great Liberal party of England. We accept threescore and ten as life's natural limit, and expect only labor and sorrow if this limit is passed.

We are doomed, we think, by our inheritance; and to some extent this is true. But we should remember the law of recuperation. The torn flesh heals; the broken bone reunites. Diseases tend toward recovery. The weary toiler rises from sleep strong for new labors. The wise physician bases his hopes upon this law.

And this tendency of nature to heal herself may be greatly assisted by careful and intelligent living, so that it is always possible that the man of unfortunate ancestry may secure for himself a good old age, and start his posterity upon an ascending plane.

Do what we will, however, life must have its end. When the age of decay is reached, hidden changes are going on, the culmination of which is the last great change. The muscles shrink; the brain shrivels; the nerves lose their sensibility and active power; the arteries, perhaps, become chalky or fatty; the heart is weakened; the circulation enfeebled; and at last the end comes.

During this final period, then, we must take things calmly; avoid excesses of all kinds; guard against exposures to cold; keep up a degree of mental activity; cultivate cheerfulness, and look forward with hope.

For the Companion.

WILD GEESE.

Thousands of wild geese go to solitary places on the Labrador coast, and I know that hundreds upon hundreds of thousands go to silent spots in the interior of Newfoundland, building their nests around the gravelly shores of the ponds and lakes.

Think of this flight from the mainland out over the stormy waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the birds have often to make their way through leagues of fog with nothing to guide them!

They usually leave the mainland with a southwest wind, rising slowly into the air, and ascending very high. They wheel this way and that, as if establishing their bearings, and then slowly begin their way toward the distant island of Newfoundland.

They fly by night and day, and often there is not so much as a star by night to guide them. As far as I can learn, the wild goose will not take rest, under any stress, on the sea.

I have watched them in the autumn take their departure from Newfoundland for the continent. They gather from the interior in large flocks, feeding about the uplands till a steady northeaster begins to blow. Then I have seen them float up, up, till they appeared as small as mosquitoes; but no captain that ever sailed the seas can lay out his course with greater accuracy than these birds. The land is not visible to them when they leave, nor for many hours afterward.

The captain of a schooner trading between Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, and St. Johns, Newfoundland, tells a curious story. He says that he was lying to in a storm in the Gulf late in the fall, during one of his usual trips, and was awakened in the morning by the mate, who said, "Come on deck and see what we've got here."

"Judge my astonishment," he said, "to find perched all about the deck between twenty and thirty wild geese, as tame as chickens."

The birds, it appears, left the coast with a northeaster after them, but when they were midway across the Gulf the wind chopped round and it became foggy.

They became bewildered but would not alight in the sea, preferring rather to perch on the schooner's deck. This is all the stranger because the wild goose is one of the wariest of birds, and one of those most afraid of man. E. C.

FIGHT WITH A LEOPARD.

A wounded leopard is an ugly antagonist, as two unfortunate African farmers recently found. They were returning from a hunt, when they roused a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase. The leopard at first endeavored to escape by clambering up a precipice; but the hunters pressed hard upon him, and wounded him by a musket-ball.

Frantic with rage, the animal turned and sprung upon the nearest man. He fastened upon the hunter's shoulder with his teeth, and tore open a cheek with his claws.

The other hunter, seeing his comrade's danger, ran up and attempted to shoot the brute through the head, but missed his aim. While he stood a few feet away, reloading his gun, the maddened leopard abandoned his first victim, and darted upon hunter number two.

So fierce and sudden was the beast's onset that the man had no time to act in defence. He managed to get out his hunting-knife, but before he could use it the leopard struck him over the head with his paw, the sharp claws tearing the scalp and leaving it hanging over the man's eyes.

The hunter grappled with the beast, which fought with tooth and claw, and they rolled together down a steep declivity. Before the farmer who had been first attacked could start to his feet and seize his gun, they had rolled to the foot of the bank. As speedily as possible he reloaded his gun, and rushed forward to save the life of his friend. He was too late! The man was dead.

His comrade had only the satisfaction of completing the destruction of the beast, which was already dying from the wounds it had received.

ENGLISH SPELLING.

Some compositor, disgusted with the inconsistencies of English orthography, has been at the pains to construct the following elaborate travesty, which appears in the *Printer's Album*. The ingenious reader can lengthen it at his own pleasure. Know won knead weight two bee tolled thee weigh too dew sew.

A rite suite little buoy, thee sun of a grate kernel, with a rough around his neck, flue up thee rode as quick as a dear. After a thyme he stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raze his fare, pall face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips.

The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with awl her mite, for fear her guessed wood knot weight. Butt when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her ayes at the site.

"Ewe poor deer! Why dew you lye hear? Are yew dyeing?"

"Know," he said, "I am feint."

She boar hymn inn her alms, as she aught, two a rheum where he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his choler, rapped hymn up warmly, gave hymn a suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourth as hail as a young hoarse.

NOT RIGHT.

Those who undertake to correct the speech of their fellow-mortals sometimes get unexpected results.

"Bridget," said a young housekeeper, who was somewhat fresh from college, "it would be useless for me to disguise the fact that your ignorance of grammar is very marked. Let me try to correct you. For instance, does it sound right for me to say, 'Bridget, you've been a-settin' in the drawin'-room?'"

"No, ma'am," said Bridget, frankly, but with evident surprise; "no, ma'am, it don't sound right, but I were only a-settin' there the mather of a half-hour or so wid my cousin Terence, who is just over. I s'pose that second girl has been a-tattlin'."
—*Exchange.*

WHICH WAS CORRECT?

Two young girls who were considered bright scholars in the high school were looking over a birthday book, which was arranged alphabetically, a handsome, illuminated letter forming the heading for each page.

"I wonder," said one of the girls, "if there are just as many pages as there are letters in the alphabet, or whether there are some duplicates? Count the pages and see, Maud."

Maud turned the leaves rapidly, and announced, "There are no duplicates; only thirty pages, just as there are letters!"

"Why, you goose!" said Alice. "You'd better go back to primary school. Don't you know there are only twenty-four letters in the alphabet?"

MUSIC.

In the class in physiology, a bright boy was being questioned to bring out his general knowledge of the subject.

"What is the nose?" asked the teacher.

"The nose," said the boy, "is an organ."

"What is an organ?"

"An organ is an instrument of music."

"Ha! And what leads you to suppose that the nose is an instrument of music?"

"When Mr. Dash snores, in meetin', sir!"

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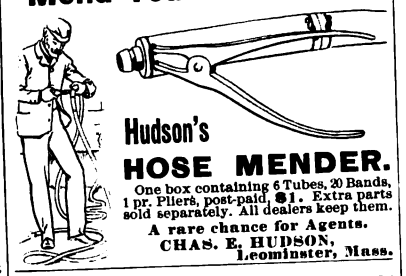
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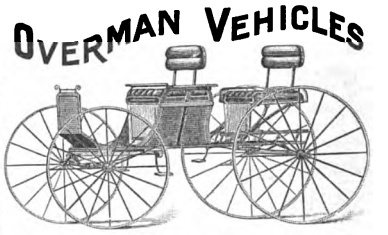
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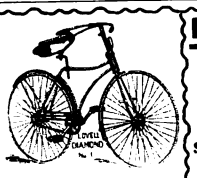
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For the Companion.

THE "TOWER OF BABEL."

Half a mile from the little town of Kelton, California, the steep hillside rose with rugged abruptness from the valley of the San Lorenzo into a high ridge. It was furrowed with deep gullies, and studded with the blackened stumps of great trees.

Among these stumps the monarch of all the trees upon the hillside remained untouched. On a bold point, twenty rods up the steep slope, stood a gigantic redwood-tree. Twenty-four feet in diameter at the ground, and scored with deep corrugations like niches, the enormous trunk contracted until, at a height of twelve feet, its diameter was lessened to eighteen feet. Thence it rose, like a huge column, to an altitude of nearly three hundred feet, and for two-thirds of that distance it hardly seemed to decrease in bulk.

More than one hundred feet from the ground the first gaunt limbs were extended, and above loomed the drooping branches of the vast top, not shapely and graceful, but irregular and contorted, and clothed in scant, dark-green foliage.

The pinnacle was a gnarled spire of dead wood, bleached to a gray whiteness, and punctured in a thousand places by the bills of many generations of woodpeckers. A multitude of these birds made their home in the lofty top, and morning and evening filled the air with querulous clamors as they flitted about, or beat loud rolls on the resonant wood.

Some imaginative person, listening to this discordant chorus of the woodpeckers, had called the great tree the "Tower of Babel," and by that name it was known in the country roundabout.

The Tower of Babel had not been spared from sentimental motives. The ground was so rough and broken that it seemed impossible to fell it without breaking it into fragments, so it was left unmolested until a more favorable time. Not far above the "Tower" three other large trees in a group had been spared for the same reason.

Edward North, who had come to California to engage in ranching and fruit-growing, had admired the Tower of Babel from afar when he first stepped from the train at Kelton. After looking about, he bought a tract of land at the foot of the mountain, almost in the shadow of the great tree; and there he built a pretty and picturesque cottage, and surrounded it with lawns and flower-gardens.

Ralph Kepler, a poor boy who lived with his mother in a shanty on the road to Higgins & Foley's mill, never forgot Mr. North's arrival in Kelton. Ralph was honest and faithful, but he was rude and unmannerly.

A deformed man, employed at the sawmill, occasionally passed his mother's house. He was a hunchback, with long, powerful arms, and swarthy features deeply pitted with smallpox. Ralph called after him one day, "How are you, 'Humpty-Dumpty?'" The dwarf suddenly turned and rushed upon him.

The boy tried to escape, but the man clutched his collar, and he was dragged into the road and shaken violently.

This happened at the moment of Mr. North's arrival in the place. He had separated the two, and told Ralph to apologize to the dwarf; but the boy had taken to his heels.

The dwarf gazed after Mr. North as he walked on with a look of perplexity, and at last shambled slowly away, muttering to himself: "He seems to be a gentleman. I know I've seen him before somewhere, but I don't know where."

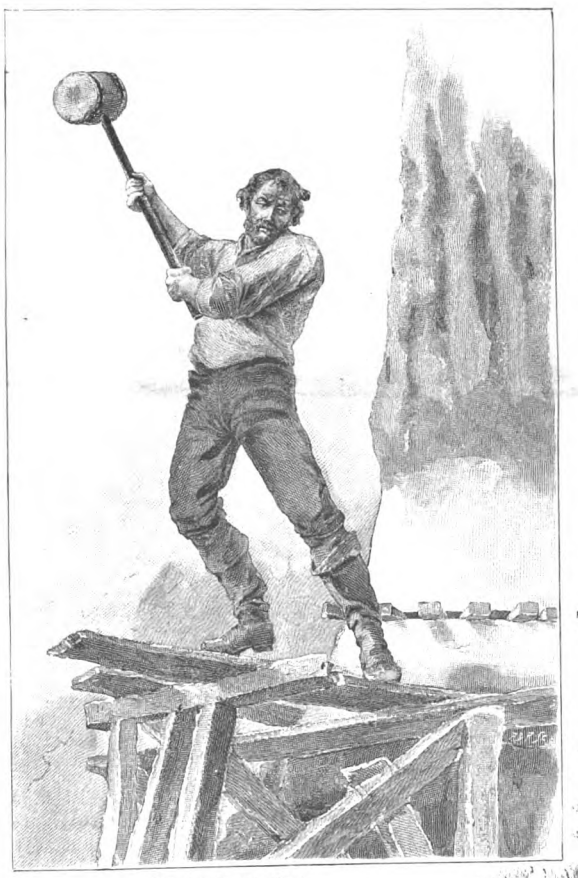
Mr. North was unmarried, and though he employed a man and his wife constantly at Mount Hope, he had occasion now and then for Mrs. Kepler's assistance in keeping the house in order. Ralph worked in the garden. Mr. North gave him books to read, and, seemingly without intention, gave him many manly lessons.

Ralph tried one day to find the dwarf in order to apologize to him for his rudeness, but the sawmill had been moved twelve miles away, and the dwarf could not be found.

A few months after his house was completed, Mr. North announced that he was going East, and that he should be absent about six months. The two servants were dismissed, and the charge of the place was given to Mrs. Kepler and Ralph.

Three months after Mr. North's departure, Mrs. Kepler was taken ill and died. She charged Ralph to take care of the place faithfully, and gave him a purse containing the money which Mr. North had left with her. Thirty dollars of the amount, she said, belonged to Ralph, but the rest must be given back to Mr. North.

One day, as the boy was working quietly in the garden, an old man who gathered herbs on the mountains told him that the Tower of Babel was slowly but surely going down.



Big Jim Strikes Hard

"It's going down, sure, right down onto this gimcrack of a house!" said the old man. "It leans downhill, anyhow, and the top's gone over a foot since week before last. Get some timber-fallers to look at it; but no mortal man can wedge that tree uphill. And Higgins won't let it be cut, unless it can be kept from breaking."

The old man went away, leaving upon Ralph's mind a weight of anxiety and terror. Three good timber-cutters whom he brought from Kelton agreed that the Tower would certainly "turn up by the roots" within a short time, and that it was impossible to cut it and wedge it so as to cause it to fall uphill. In any case, it would be shattered to fragments on the rough ground.

But each one of the men said, in conclusion, "You go and see Nick Mar, at Higgins & Foley's. He can do it if any man can. He's the best timber-faller in California. You get him and Big Jim to try it—if you can catch Jim sober."

Ralph went to see Mar, as they advised, but was overwhelmed with confusion when he recognized in him the dwarf whom he had insulted. His intended apology came to his mind, but he saw the impossibility of making it now. He stammered: "I'd like to have you come and cut a big tree that's going to fall on a house."

"What?" growled the dwarf.

Ralph repeated his errand timidly, but added, with fortunate wit, "The men at Kelton daren't try it. They said you were the only man that could do it."

"No," said the dwarf, still angrily. "I guess Humpty-Dumpty couldn't do it!"

He took a long-handled axe from the door and shambled away.

After trying unsuccessfully to find some one else who would cut the tree, Ralph started homeward sorrowfully. At a turn in the road, a quarter of a mile from the mill, a voice saluted him from the hillside above.

"Well, young fellow, you're down in the mouth now, I guess."

Looking up he saw the dwarf. Behind him stood a powerful man, whose face bore the marks left by strong drink. This was Big Jim—a quiet and well-bred man while he was sober, but a terrible ruin when drunk. Ralph could hardly keep back his tears as he saw the mocking face of the hunchback. He turned away and hurried on, but the man called to him again, and he paused, hopelessly.

"I'm a humpback," began the dwarf, slowly, "but I may not be as mean as you think. What tree do you want cut? I reckon I'll be over that way day after to-morrow."

"It's the Tower of Babel!" cried Ralph.

"What!" The dwarf whistled in amazement. "I reckon I'll be over there to-morrow.

"Let's go, Jim," he said, turning to his companion, "and we'll get Higgins to go over, too; but I'm afraid he won't let us cut it."

"Very well, let's go," said Jim, hoarsely.

Nick Mar, Big Jim and Mr. Higgins arrived at the Tower of Babel early in the afternoon. Higgins pretended to scoff at the idea of imminent danger from the tree, and refused to allow it to be cut unless Nick Mar could save at least ninety feet of the trunk unbroken. This seemed impossible, for the steep hillside was not even for more than forty or fifty feet in any direction; but Nick Mar examined the tree carefully, and declared that he could fell it and save the required length.

His plan was a daring one, requiring great skill, but he explained it to no one but Big Jim.

Higgins then refused to allow the tree to be cut unless one hundred and fifty dollars were deposited with him, to be forfeited if it were broken.

Ralph still had the money which his mother had left him, but she had told him to return all but thirty dollars of it to Mr. North. He could risk but thirty dollars—his own wages—for this purpose.

He was about to give up the plan when the dwarf said, kindly: "Haint you got the money, my boy? Never mind. I'll put up what you can't. Nick Mar aint afraid to back up his figuring with coin."

Ralph gladly accepted the proposition, and having deposited his thirty dollars with Mr. Higgins, Nick Mar became responsible for the rest, and the work of felling the Tower of Babel began.

In felling a large redwood-tree, a deep notch, called the under-cut, is chopped in the trunk, facing the direction in which it is to fall. Then a ring of the thick, tough bark is removed entirely around the tree, and two men saw into the other side horizontally, with a long cross-cut saw, until the tree breaks off and falls. If a tree begins to lean the wrong way, long steel wedges are driven into the saw-cut to force it over.

Nick Mar and Big Jim first erected a staging, so that they could cut the tree at the height of twelve feet. But even there the diameter was so great that they were obliged to cut two notches, each four and one-half feet deep, at right angles with the under-cut. This reduced the diameter from side to side to nine feet, and barely enabled them to saw the tree with a ten-foot saw.

Then they reversed the usual order, and began the saw-cut before chopping the under-cut on the uphill side. They sawed into the tree about six feet, and Big Jim, with ponderous blows, drove twenty long steel wedges into the saw-cut. This was to wedge the tree up firmly, so that when the under-cut was made it would not swing.

Then Nick Mar chopped the under-cut. Standing first on the staging, and afterward in the cut itself, he swung his axe for two days, till the great, yawning notch was completed.

An interested crowd watched the work from day to day. Some woodmen suggested to Nick Mar that he was aiming the tree so that it would strike the clump of trees on the hill. He replied that "it might come pretty close."

The time came when the saw-cut was to be completed, and the great tree wedged over. In the early morning Nick Mar sat on the staging, and Ralph stood below, waiting for Big Jim.

He did not come. Nick Mar sent Ralph to Kelton to search for him. He found Jim in a saloon, intoxicated and worthless, declaiming in hoarse tones to a crowd of loafers. He refused to come and finish his work; but Ralph succeeded in engaging two other woodmen to help the dwarf.

The loss of Big Jim was severely felt that day, and for the first time Nick Mar seemed nervous. He worked fiercely and tirelessly. The saw sank deeper and deeper into the tree, and all day long the hills echoed with the sharp blows of the mauls on the wedges.

When the evening train came in the station was deserted. The men and boys were all gathered where they could see the big tree fall.

Night had fallen, but the wind was beginning to rise, and the work must be finished now. The tree had been sawed as far as it was safe. Nick Mar was striking furiously upon the wedges when he happened to turn toward the house. There was a light in it!

"Who's in that house?" he shouted. "Run quick, Ralph, and tell them to get out of it."

Ralph ran down the hill toward the house. As he came near he saw a man peering in at the window. It was Big Jim. Within the house, at a glance, he saw people who had evidently just arrived from a journey.

He shook Jim's arm roughly.

"Jim! The tree's going back on 'em! Go help 'em! Run!"

Jim turned on him with a strange look, like a man awakening from a beautiful dream. Then he flung Ralph to one side and was gone.

Ralph rushed in. Mr. North stood in the centre of the room beside a young lady. She was looking with pleasure at a picture on the wall, of

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Edward U Dunfield Jan92

which Mr. North was evidently speaking, for he had a hand extended toward it, although he was looking at her. On the other side stood an aged lady, with a very kindly though sad face.

It took but a moment to warn them of the danger, and they hurried from the house.

Meanwhile, Jim had hurried to the tree. Nick appealed to him fiercely:

"Jim! Brace up! She's trying to go back! Jump up and hit the wedges while I cut out the centre! *Hit* 'em! Hit 'em hard, Jim, and never stop!"

Nick sprang up and leaped into the under-cut. He raised his axe, and at that instant the Tower quivered to its heart with the blows which Big Jim was showering upon the wedges on the other side. Swiftly and carefully Nick Mar began to chop out the centre of the tree.

Suddenly a deep, hollow, stunning *crack* sounded as the wood broke. Nick Mar, tingling as if with an electric shock, threw up his hand. The great slanting bevel of the under-cut was closing down upon him. The tree was falling.

He sprang out on the staging and then to the ground, ran swiftly two or three rods to one side, and looked up. The majestic top of the Tower was slowly and grandly describing its tremendous arc in mid-air, and Big Jim stood on the staging, at the gaping saw-cut, still striking the wedges, which now flew from under the blows far into the heart of the tree.

"Look out, Jim!" screamed Nick Mar.

He had time for only one cry, for then the descending mass struck the largest tree of the clump above squarely. It bent far back, but perceptibly checked the momentum of the fall; and the recoil whirled the great butt of the Tower off the stump and projected it down the steep declivity, filling the air with flying rocks and earth.

This was the successful consummation of the dwarf's plan, for the Tower of Babel lay with the butt forty feet below the stump, and one hundred and fifteen feet of the trunk unbroken.

Nick Mar was not thinking of his triumph. He called for Jim, but there was no answer in the stillness that followed the downfall. Lanterns were brought, and after a time Ralph and the dwarf found poor Jim, hurled down the hill, with the pallor of death on his face.

The men bore him down to Mr. North's house, and at the door they met the aged lady whom Ralph had seen. Her face turned white, and she threw herself down beside him with a moaning cry, "Jamie!"

Jim opened his eyes, and his face lighted up with a smile.

"Mother," he sighed, faintly. She kissed him and wept, and smoothed his damp hair, and spoke to him tenderly as she had done when he was a little boy. His head drooped, and he died in her arms, with the light still lingering on his face.

Mr. North came and knelt beside her, and said, "We have found him at last, mother."

CHARLES E. BRIMBLECOM.

For the Companion.

BETHY.

In Three Chapters.—Chapter II.

A Waif's History.

When Mrs. Dudley came into the kitchen early Monday morning, she hesitated a moment, with her hand on the latch of Bethy's door. She was wondering if she should call the child to help her. It was washing-day, and there was much to do.

She decided that she would not "make company" of her. Bethy might as well begin to work. She pushed open the door.

The room was empty. Child and dog were gone.

Mrs. Dudley was surprised at the keenness of her disappointment. Not until this moment had she felt how unreservedly she had trusted the girl, and she was no more than a common tramp! It was hard to believe it. Perhaps she was a thief, too.

With a very sober face, Mrs. Dudley went to an old desk. She opened the small drawer where she and her husband kept their small amount of ready money. She counted it tremblingly. It was all there. Then she counted the silver spoons. Not one was gone.

She went back to the bedroom, and found that Bethy had not taken her hat. This seemed strange.

"It's just as if she's been frightened away," said Mrs. Dudley to herself.

She was too greatly depressed to go about her work with her usual activity.

"I was 'lotting too much on having a bright young thing about the house," she said aloud.

She sat down in a chair, and leaned her elbows on her knees.

"Oh, what will become of her, wandering 'round so?"

She rose and went toward the barn, where Mr. Dudley had already gone. Half-way along the path she paused, and looked vacantly down into the little valley at the foot of the mountain. It was on that mountain that she had seen Bethy the Saturday before.

As she looked a figure detached itself from a clump of savin-trees and came toward her rapidly—a bareheaded, girlish figure, which seemed to fly between the bushes. Then some very small creature came bounding to her feet. It was Nip-'n'-Tuck!

Bethy paused, and seemed to be in doubt. Then, when it was plain that there was no one else at the house but Mrs. Dudley, she came faster and faster.

Mrs. Dudley caught her in her arms. She could not help it, though she told herself that it was not prudent to show such affection before she even knew the child's name.

"You gave me a terrible start," she said. "I thought you had run away!"

"I did run away," replied Bethy, panting, "but I couldn't stay! I kept thinking how good you and he had ben to me, and I just had to come back."

She paused and looked uneasily about her.

"They aint here, are they?" she asked. "I've watched as sharp as I could. They came after me, didn't they?"

"Nobody's been after you, child! I don't know what you're talking about."

Bethy told what she had heard in the night, and Mrs. Dudley explained that it was Deacon Swift, who had come for Mr. Dudley's fast colt to go to town for the doctor, because Mrs. Swift was "threatened with one of her spasms."

"But he asked about me!" said Bethy.

"He wanted to know who you was."

Never had Bethy worked with such good-will as on that day. She brought water; she rinsed clothes and put them on the grass; she picked peas for dinner; she hugged Nip at every opportunity, and the little dog shared her joy, giving short, sharp barks just from sheer spirits. To crown the triumphs of the day, at dusk Nip caught a large rat near the corn-bin, and was so proud of his deed that his three friends laughed at him until they were weary.



"Put him down!"

The whole week passed in happiness to the girl. She worked hard. There was butter and cheese to make, and the innumerable duties to do which make up the labors of a farmer and his wife.

Bethy shared nearly all of them. She hoed and weeded. "Uncle Ezry"—for so they told her to call Mr. Dudley—said to his wife in Bethy's presence that he had "never had his onion-bed wed in such good shape in his life."

Bethy had not seen a young person in all the week. Two or three middle-aged men, driving by on the road, had stopped their horses and sat in their open wagons talking with Mr. Dudley, and one woman, in a clean print gown, white apron and white sunbonnet, had brought her work and spent an afternoon.

This visitor had a mild, inexpressive face, and after she had asked the girl her name and been answered that it was Bethy, had asked no more questions in Bethy's hearing.

She had put several questions to Mrs. Dudley, however, which could not be answered. Aunt Esther looked so sober and preoccupied after her visitor had gone that Bethy became sober, too, and went to bed in a melancholy state of mind.

It happened that it was the very next day, when Bethy was picking currants in the back yard and Nip was nosing at a toad he had found, that a boy's head appeared above the wall behind the bushes, and the next moment the owner of the head vaulted over the wall close to Bethy. She sprang back, but restrained the scream she wanted to utter.

Nip flew at the heels of the new-comer, who caught up the dog by his back and held him off to look at him, while Nip growled and wriggled furiously. If there was anything Nip resented, it was to be lifted in that way.

"Put him down!" cried Bethy, impatiently. "Don't you see he doesn't like it?"

The boy, who was almost a young man, obeyed after a moment.

"I hope he doesn't expect to get out of everything he doesn't like," he said.

Then he began to pick currants, and to put them in Bethy's basket. Bethy wished he would go away, but she could hardly ask him to do so.

She kept glancing at him from under her sunbonnet. He was tall and good-looking, and was dressed in a brown linen suit of very different appearance from the clothes generally worn by country boys.

As he brought a very large handful of currants, he said, "You must be the girl they were telling about over at gran'ma's."

Bethy did not speak, but her face grew red. She was afraid he would ask her questions. She shut her lips close, and bent over the bushes.

"My gran'ma," the stranger went on, "is Mrs. Noble. She said she saw you here the other day."

Bethy knew it was the mild old lady who had not disturbed her. She nodded her head.

"My name is Donald Noble," he said. "Now it's fair for you to tell me your name."

He stood up and whistled to the terrier; but he was listening for her reply. She bent still lower after currants.

"My name is Bethy," she said.

"But that isn't the whole of it?"

"No."

"I hope you are not ashamed of it?"

"No!" she answered, sharply.

"Then why don't you tell?"

Bethy now raised herself very upright indeed. "It's none of your business!" she cried. "I didn't ask you your name. I won't tell! They'll find me if I do! Oh, it's too bad! If I behave myself, it's nobody's business that I can see!"

Young Noble looked at her in silence a moment. It seemed as if she were ready to cry hysterically. He could not help seeing how sensitive she was, and how quick-tempered.

But he was very fond of teasing. He opened his mouth to say something tantalizing, when she stopped the words by flinging her basket of currants violently at him, and then running swiftly away down into the valley, followed by Nip at the top of his speed.

Noble gathered up the fruit as well as he could, and walked into the house with it.

"That's a regular spitfire you've got out in the garden," he said to Mrs. Dudley. "Who is she, any way? She almost flew at me when I asked her name."

Mrs. Dudley did not know what to say. Donald sauntered across the fields toward Mrs. Noble's house, "'round the mountain."

Very soon after, Nip-'n'-Tuck's black little nose was thrust into the open kitchen door, and then his mistress entered.

Aunt Esther was picking over the currants. Her face showed that she was annoyed.

Bethy came slowly and sat down on a cricket. She sighed tremulously.

"I watched and saw that hateful thing go away," she said.

Aunt Esther turned quickly toward her.

"I've been wondering," she said, "if you've thought how Ezry and I trusted you, taking you so, and not knowing a thing about you. You might have ben just a common tramp, the same as you seemed."

Bethy's face overflowed with gratitude.

"Oh, don't I think of it all the time?" she cried in an unsteady voice.

"I believe you do," said Mrs. Dudley, gently. "But I guess you haven't thought how we must feel, with you not trusting us even to know your name."

Bethy grew more agitated. It was plain that she had not thought of the matter in that light. Aunt Esther went on.

"I suppose a good many folks would say Ezry and I were very imprudent, taking you as we've done; and maybe we were. But when I saw you looking so forlorn, I thought of my own girl that died when she was little. What would she have done? Somehow I have her in my mind most of the time. If she had got into trouble and needed a friend, and didn't find one—"

Her voice failed her for a time; or, perhaps, she had no more to say.

The girl had listened with her wide eyes intently fixed on Aunt Esther, and when she ceased speaking she knelt quickly down at the woman's side, and leaned on her knees.

"I'm goin' to tell you now," she said, "but I've ben afraid even to whisper things to myself, for fear she'd find me out. She told me once, when she was angry, that she'd find me if I went to the ends of the earth, if I ever dared to run away. She was good sometimes, but she was just awful when she wasn't good.

"You see, I haven't got any father or mother, only Uncle Henry, and he lives 'way off, and my brother; and he had to go out West so he could earn a living for us both.

"Charley—that's my brother—he's about as old as that boy that was here to-day, only he's handsomer and nicer; he is the best brother that ever lived in the world. Uncle Henry gave Nip-'n'-Tuck to us both. When Charley went away I had to go and live with Uncle Jacob's wife. Uncle Jacob is dead, but his wife isn't dead.

"Charley thought he could send for me in a year. He left Nip with me, and said I must take good care of his part of him, and love him for both of us. And don't I? And what do you think—"

Here Bethy rose in uncontrollable excitement, and walked about the kitchen.

"What do you think she did? She said she would drown my dog—Charley's and my dog—and one day she did grab him up and throw him into the hogshead of water. That was the day before I ran away. I was kept watching all the time for fear she would get him when I didn't know it.

"I tell you I couldn't stand it. But I never wrote Charley about it, it would worry him so. I thought I could bear it till he sent for me.

"I think I could have borne being whipped, and almost anything if I hadn't suffered so about Nip. He was all I had; and he seemed somehow like having part of my brother with me. It did seem sometimes as if I should die, just worrying for fear she'd get him when I didn't know it.

"She made me work, you'd better believe; but it wasn't that. Folks said she had spells of drinking; but I don't know, I never saw her drink.

"After she threw Nip-'n'-Tuck into the hogshead, I made up my mind. I took my money—my ten dollars that I had hid, you know—and I went away that very night. I don't think she heard me go, but I ran till I couldn't breathe, hardly. I had Nip in my arms most of the time.

"I got to the station—that was eight miles off—just before a train came along. I got on the train, and was frightened enough when the conductor looked at me so sharp. But he let me keep my dog. He said I looked as if I were running away. That made me think I wouldn't let him know when I got off. I watched my chance, and after I'd ridden about three hours, I slipped off the other side of the cars at some station.

"Then I begun to walk as fast as I could; but I didn't know where I was going. I only felt I was gettin' further and further away from her.

"It wasn't a great while after it grew light that I met a baker's wagon, and I bought some cookies for Nip and me; and we drank at a trough where the water dripped into it from a spout.

"I walked about all that day for fear I shouldn't get far enough away. I inquired where I was, and I knew enough to go opposite from the way I came from.

"When I came down the mountain there, I saw this house, and you know how I came here. I can't ever tell you how thankful I am!"

The tremulous, girlish voice stopped. Bethy looked at Mrs. Dudley with a very passion of gratitude in her expressive face. Her throat swelled, and it was plain she could not speak at once. But she struggled to go on.

"My name is Bethia Gordon Adams, and I ran away from Maysville. Uncle Jacob's wife's name is Rachel Andrews. That's all. I hope you won't think I don't trust you! It did seem as if she'd get me somehow if I told any living thing. You can forgive me, can't you, Aunt Esther?"

The piteous tones were very low, but Mrs. Dudley heard them. She smiled, and the girl was content that she was forgiven.

"'Tisn't a bit likely she'll try to find you," remarked Mrs. Dudley, comfortingly, seeing how the imaginative child's fears had been roused, and believing what she said.

For the rest of the day, and for many following days, Bethy was almost at rest. She grew gay. She began several letters to her brother, but they did not quite suit her. She wished him to feel that she did right in running away from Mrs. Andrews, but she could not write the story as well as she had spoken it.

She took up the studies she had been obliged to drop. She had the promise that she could go to school in the fall.

Meanwhile, the summer days were going swiftly. There was no cloud now between her and her friends. It was a great relief to Mrs. Dudley to be able to tell every one that she knew Bethy's history, though she declined to tell it. She did not doubt the girl's word. It would have been a very suspicious person who could have looked in

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Bethy's face, and listened to her, and still have suspected her. Bethy was washing dishes one morning when Donald Noble came into the kitchen. He had made friends with Nip, who now flew at him with welcome.

After a few moments of talk with the dog, Noble drew a newspaper from his pocket. He leaned against the door, and deliberately unfolding it, cast a meaning glance at Bethy.

"I found an item that I thought might be interesting," he said. Then he read aloud:

"We chronicled some weeks ago the fact that Bethia Adams had run away from the kind care of her aunt, Mrs. Rachel Andrews. We now understand that the place of her present residence has been discovered, and that she will probably be brought back."

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

(To be continued.)

BEHIND THE SHOWERS.

Shall we love not the smiling of April
Because of the teardrops it brings?
Oh, this earth would be Paradise nearly,
If we'd look at the bright side of things.

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

IN THE GREAT JAVAN UPHEAVAL.

In Two Chapters.—Chapter I.

A Night of Terror.

On the morning of Saturday, the Twenty-fifth of August, 1883, we were in camp on the bank of the Ello River, a small tributary of the Progo which falls into the Indian Ocean thirty miles west of the city of Jokjokarta, near the southern coast of Java. Distant about three miles, and in plain view from our camping-ground, stood the vast, still grandly beautiful ruins of the sculptured temple of Boro-Budor. In the northeast rose the frowning peaks of the great volcano Merapi, and in the west the ill-omened Kendengs, or War-Drum Mountains. Southward in the distance lay the blue sea.

Boro-Budor, deserted now for eight centuries, silent and without a votary, stood venerable and awe-inspiring still. Nearer at hand, on the bank of the Ello, almost buried in detritus, was the beautiful *tjandi*, or shrine, which we, foreigners and strangers in the land, had come so far to excavate, photograph and describe.

The day before our ten Javanese laborers had sunk a shaft beside one of the old bell-shaped domes to a depth of twenty feet, and penetrated one of the chapels which stand in rows about the central shrine.

At seven o'clock, on the morning to which I have referred, my companion, whom I shall call Natt, and who had gone out to see how our Javanese were coming on with their work, hastily returned.

"Come, old fellow, you had better wake up!" he said. "Puteh and Enda-a, with their little Minek, have gone to hide. Lee and all the shovel-men have disappeared. There!" Natt continued. "Do you hear that sound?"

I had heard, as he spoke, a sound as of a far-away cannon-shot.

"That's what they've been hearing for an hour or two," remarked Natt. "It sounds like heavy guns a long way off. The laborers came at six o'clock, Wah Lee says, and went to work in the shaft; but suddenly they came clambering out of it, declaring that a stone Buddha had spoken to them!"

I was not slow in getting out and looking about.

As we soon found that there was no prospect of getting the men back to their work that forenoon, Natt and I set off after breakfast and went down to the great ruin, Boro-Budor, where we busied ourselves for several hours, obtaining another series of photographs of the long rows of stone chapels.

There are not less than two hundred and sixty of these stone chapels within the area of this vast structure, each highly ornamented with carvings, all done in the hard trachyte stone peculiar to this region.

The chapels were built upon three concentric terraces, which rose one above another toward the central dome. The outer terrace was not far from twenty-five hundred feet in circumference. Vast flights of hewn stone steps ascended from terrace to terrace on all four sides of the temple.

During the morning the distant explosions had almost ceased; but as we walked back, three heavy reports jarred the earth. They seemed to come from the westward. The volcano of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, was in eruption that forenoon, and after several terrific explosions, sank completely out of sight beneath the sea. Its destruction was the beginning of the great convulsion which followed, during which thirty-five thousand people, it is said, perished.

I noticed what seemed to be a vast cloud of smoke hanging low over the rugged Kendeng Mountains, twenty or thirty miles to the southwest of us.

These great mountains extended westward to the Java Head for a distance of seventy miles, but during the third night of the cataclysm they exploded and settled bodily down. Enormous waves from the Indian Ocean rushed in upon the land, and more than two hundred square miles disappeared altogether.

What we were hearing that forenoon was the prelude of the approaching tragedy.

Returning to our camping-place, we found that Puteh, our Javanese servant, and his wife Enda-a had cooked food as usual, and their daughter, little Minek, was playing near.

Before we had finished our noon lunch I saw a dark mass of smoke roll up into the sky from the long, irregular ridges of the mountain Merapi, distant eight or ten miles to the northward. The smoke-clouds over the Kendengs, too, were growing denser and blacker. The sight disturbed me not a little.

Still, I said to myself, it is merely one of the volcanic eruptions which occur in this part of the world at intervals, and although there is always a chance that such an eruption may prove severe, it is far more likely to do no very great damage.

Wah Lee, our Chinese servant, who was setting things to rights about our tent, chanced to pass us, and I pointed to the smoke on the mountain, and asked him what he thought of it.

"Oh, velly black," said he, with a bland smile, and went about his work quite unconcerned.

"That's the true philosophy," remarked Natt, with a smile. "He knows better than to become excited about things he cannot help."

The boom of distant explosions came to our ears at intervals, and I noted five slight shocks of earthquake during the afternoon and evening.

The night came on as dark as if there had been thick fog and clouds. We lay down in our tent, and after a while fell asleep.

About midnight I was aroused by a heavy explosion, which shook the earth. I started up, much confused at first. I became dizzy, and was seized with nausea.

It was no longer dark. A strange, blood-red light was diffused everywhere.

Natt woke at the same time. "Something's on fire!" he muttered.

We went to the flap of the tent and looked out. Objects could be seen dimly. I shall never forget the strange aspect of the earth under that flood of deep ruby light, which seemed to fill the whole western and northern heavens.

Then came a sudden, vast lighting up of the entire landscape. For a few moments the light changed from red to yellow—a blinding glare which showed everything as plainly as daylight.

Before the explosion came which followed we counted fifty, and estimated that the flash must have come from Merapi in eruption; and yet most of the light seemed to have come from the Kendengs.

There was another flash, even brighter than the former. Again we counted fifty-four. Then came a tremendous explosion.

"That was not over ten miles away," said Natt.

A moment after we heard several minor crashes, which appeared to be at no great distance, and the nature of which I did not immediately understand.



Wah Lee Rescues a Fellow Countryman.

We stepped out of the tent. Natt put out his hand.

"Does it rain?" he said. "Something is falling. It is earth; it's ashes," he added.

Soon there came another flashing of the light. We now stood where we could look toward the mountain, and saw shining, fiery masses mount slowly, as it seemed, to a great height, till they appeared to hang far out over the place where we were. Then they came shooting downward in lines of red fire, falling over a vast expanse of country. Soon we heard crashes again, caused, no doubt, by the concussion of these hot rocks in their fall to the ground. One or two of them, I thought, descended at a distance of not more than half a mile.

"This is a grand sight!" I exclaimed, involuntarily. "An awful spectacle!"

"It is," replied Natt, "and I think we had better be going before it gets any grander!"

At my order, Wah Lee proceeded very calmly to strike the tent, roll up our clothing, and collect every dish and kettle of our outfit.

But much of our property was necessarily left behind. I secured our firearms and blankets; Natt shouldered his boxes of plates and negatives, and insisted upon taking along his camera, too. With greater good sense, Wah Lee loaded himself and Puteh with buckets and kettles, in which he stowed such articles of food as were most readily portable.

My friend led the way down the slope toward the bank of the Progo; and Enda-a, carrying little Minek, who had been taken up out of sound sleep, followed in our rear.

Stones were now falling like the first big drops which usher in a shower of rain. Just as we reached the road which runs along the bank of the river, an enormous rock, glowing like an ember, struck in the river-bed among the boulders in the water with a frightful sound, and splitting to pieces, flew out on all sides.

One ugly, red fragment whizzed across the road a few yards in advance of Natt, who said not a word, but ran on, looking neither to right nor to left.

As we hurried down the valley, casting a last glance toward Boro-Budor, indescribably grand in the blood-red light, we heard the cries of frantic fishermen in a village at our left.

Farther along the river delta, to the eastward, there were still other villages, toward which many natives, laden with their household goods, appeared to be making their way.

A great deal of dust was settling slowly down out of the air. We placed our blankets as a shelter upon two poles, and sat down beneath them to see what would follow. No stones had as yet fallen so far down the valley, and it seemed as safe a place as any.

A towering pillar of fire had risen to an enormous height over the Kendengs, and a moment afterward there ensued so frightful a shock of earthquake, that we all instinctively cast ourselves at full length on the ground. Our shelter fell down upon us. Dust everywhere filled the air.

For some moments I was so dizzy and nauseated that I could not rise. Meanwhile there came another shock, which felt like a violent wrench of the whole earth.

An exclamation from Natt roused me to open my eyes.

"Look at the volcano!" he said, in a tone of awe.

Merapi seemed to be wreathed in flames. Down toward the Kendengs two more fiery pillars had mounted into the heavens.

We decided to make another start, and journey along the shore to the eastward.

There was a path along the marshes, and we followed it past two small villages of bamboo huts.

Then, above the booming from Merapi, we began to hear a heavy, roaring noise which seemed to come from off the lowland.

We stopped to listen.

Wah Lee, who was now behind, shouted to us at the same moment to "see the water!" Then we saw what caused the noise. A great wave was sweeping in over the flats from seaward.

Three or four hundred yards away, there was a hillock where stood a rude light-house. Natt started to run toward it, and the rest of us followed.

At the same time we heard a confused outcry in the direction of the native villages. The roar of the advancing waters grew louder, but I for one did not stop to look behind me, till I had gained the little hill.

"Heaven help the poor wretches!" said Natt. "They are drowning there together! And it may be our turn next," he added, "for there comes another wave!"

"Tlimb on house!" cried Wah Lee. We all hastily mounted to the bamboo platform of the crazy old structure.

With a frightful roar the wave came rolling in upon the land, the turbid water rising to the very threshold of the old hut where we stood. We had seen four or five human beings making for the hill, but all lost their footing and were swept away save one Chinese, who reached the hut splashing through water waist-deep.

Wah Lee, reaching down a friendly hand, helped the poor fellow upon the platform of the hut, and began to talk with him in his own language.

Terrible reverberations now rose, apparently from the earth under us. For some time the earth was continually jarring and shaking as if a giant hand were groping and grasping for something deep at the heart of things, leagues beneath our feet.

"Do you suppose that when the end of the world comes, if it ever does come, it will seem any worse than this?" said Natt.

"I doubt it," I replied. "Perhaps this is it."

"Perhaps," said Natt, thoughtfully. "Scientists tell us that the crust of the earth may break up; that the old continents may be submerged, and new ones rise above the ocean. It has happened in the past, and will no doubt happen again. This may be the beginning of a general overthrow of the present order of things."

Several waves, not quite as high and violent, succeeded the first two, and then the waters receded across the flats. But as we could not know how soon another wave might rush in from the sea, we improved the chance to set off inland, and shaped our course toward the hills in the direction of Jokjokarta.

The Chinese refugee showed a disposition to join his fortunes with ours, or rather with those of his compatriot, Wah Lee, who told us that his name was Eng Kee, and that he was a baker by occupation. He gave him a sack of rice to carry.

At last we reached a kind of highway, leading from the coast toward the interior of the island, and followed it several miles. The light of day had begun to soften the wild, volcanic glare of the night. I saw by my watch that it was six in the morning—Sunday morning.

Presently we recognized certain landmarks along the road, and knew ourselves to be on the government post route by which we had come over from Samarang, on the north coast, two weeks before.

As my father and sister, who had come out to Java with me, were at Samarang, my greatest desire was now to reach that place, and learn if they had been touched by the catastrophe.

The road led past several villages, and we met many natives, some crying out as if demented, others lamenting the loss of their friends or their property. One Malay told us that the distance to Samarang was sixty miles.

"But what do you seek in Samarang?" he turned to call out to us.

"Our friends," we replied.

"You will seek them among the dead, then," he cried. "Samarang is swallowed up."

My courage almost failed me, and my heart sank.

EDWARD H. HAMLIN.

(To be continued.)

THE GROVE.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines, ye venerable oaks,
Ye ashes wild resounding o'er the steep—
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.

—*Thomson.*

For the Companion.

A SLANDERED DOG.

In these days, when it is the fashion to set right the reputations of notorious personages of the past, it seems only fair that a kindly, intelligent, loving creature, which has been so misrepresented that his very name causes a "creepy" feeling, should be put forward in his true and more pleasing colors.

The creature which needs this redress is the bloodhound. Most persons, when they hear this name, are wont, by an accustomed association of ideas, to picture a ruthlessly fierce creature, tearing with savage vindictiveness through the dank morasses of a swamp after a fugitive black, eager to overtake the panting slave, and showing him no mercy when run down.

This notion is radically wrong. The thoroughbred bloodhound is as gentle as a sheep, as affectionate as a child, and intelligent to a more than ordinary degree.

To many such a picture of the bloodhound may seem too good to be true. Very recently I chanced to meet the chief breeder of this class of dogs in this country, and what he told me of them was so pleasantly novel that it has seemed worthy of being communicated to others, who may labor under as great a misconception as my own was in the matter.

This gentleman was waiting on a dock in New York until a steamer should swing down the stream from her anchorage higher up the river, and deliver to him two valuable bloodhounds which he had imported from England for his Vermont kennel.

"The popular estimate of the bloodhound is all wrong," he said to me. "Much of it is no doubt due to the influence of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and to the character of the Southern bloodhounds. The dogs that were used on the slave plantations were really of an ill-natured grain; but this was not due to the bloodhound in them. They were all a cross between the bloodhound and a dog which is known sometimes as the Russian hound, sometimes as the Dutch hound, sometimes as the Great Dane.

"This is a fierce dog, and the savage character of the Southern bloodhounds is due to this strain in them.

"The thoroughbred bloodhound is entirely gentle, rather timid in its nature—a ladies' dog more than anything else. It may sound absurd to you to say that a harsh word or scowl has a very depressing effect on the bloodhound, owing to its sensitively affectionate disposition; but it is true. Why, when the dogs overtake the man they are chasing, they fawn upon him with an expression of delight.

"I can give you an instance that will illustrate the gentle nature of this dog. On my farm in Vermont, where I have several bloodhounds, there is one celebrated dog named the Duchess of Ripple.

"One day I was in the yard when my attention was attracted by the deep, mellow bay of one of the bloodhounds. There was nothing fierce in it, but hearing it two or three times at intervals, and seeming to detect a sort of complaint in the cry, it struck me that it indicated something unusual. I went into the front sitting-room to see what it was.

"There was the Duchess of Ripple sitting on the floor, her dark, mournful eyes turned toward me with a melancholy gaze. There is always a pathetic look in the eye of a bloodhound, something that is hard to resist, it is so humble and pleading.

"My little boy, not more than two and a half years old, who was always fond of playing with the hounds, was sitting astride her back with a pair of small scissors in his hand. He had been snipping at the hair of the dog's long, silky ears, and two or three times, without noticing it, had cut the

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flesh so as to bring the blood. The dog bayed in meek protest against the pain, but would not throw off the child to escape, for fear of hurting him.

"There she sat, uttering this mellow bay under the pain, but making no effort to shake off the boy. When I lifted him away she sprang up, and by her demonstrations of affection for him, said as plainly as a dog could, 'I know you didn't mean anything by it, but it hurt me, so I had to speak.'

"Almost any female dog is inclined to be fierce when she has young puppies, and they are handled. But you may approach a mother bloodhound, take up the puppies and carry them about, and she will show no anger at all.

"The gentleness of bloodhounds makes them quite useless as watch-dogs; and



Bloodhounds.

here is another popular delusion about them. The only time I have ever seen them at all resentful was when they were interfered with when they were closely following a scent. This is such a passion with them that if they are taken from it they protest against it, as if mechanically.

"There are not more than three hundred pure-blooded bloodhounds in the world, probably," said this gentleman. "The two that have been sent to me on this steamer are both well-known dogs. One of them, Belhus, was the bloodhound that was employed by Sir Charles Warren, at the time of the great excitement in London over the series of terrible murders in Whitechapel, in an attempt to track the murderer.

"A dog could not be put to a more difficult test than the following of such a trail. It is crossed and recrossed perhaps a hundred times, and there is nothing but the friction of the boots on a hard pavement to leave the scent. The dog would have been kept at the work, but Mr. Edwin Brough, the owner of the hound, wished Sir Charles Warren to assume the responsibility of the possible loss of the dog, which is worth about a thousand dollars. Sir Charles was unwilling to do this, and so the experiments were discontinued."

When the steamer came in, I went on board to see these famous hounds, Belhus and Rosemary. They were taken out of their kennels, and seemed quite overcome by the strangeness of everything. One might almost have supposed that they were cringing, so timid were they. Still, they accepted gratefully the caresses of strange hands, seeming to have the most confiding trust in all who approached them.

Belhus, in his shape and style, presented nearly all the strong "points" of the thoroughbred bloodhound. The frontal bone was very high and peaked, the head long, and the ears of great length also.

The skin of the bloodhound is exceedingly loose, lying in wrinkled folds about the eyes and mouth, giving an odd, aged expression to the face. But no one could look upon these dogs and not feel that they were gentleness itself.

Belhus has a long, narrow, peaked head, which is always a characteristic of dogs with strong scenting powers, and a loose, abundant dewlap. His legs are rather shorter than they should be, giving him a somewhat squatty look. He has the black-and-tan color which is now most sought in bloodhounds.

The black surface is so sharply defined on his back and sides as to have the appearance of a blanket. The legs, feet and part of the face are tan.

Another delusion common to many in regard to the bloodhound is that he takes to following human trails naturally. The dog requires to be trained to this task.

Mr. Edwin Brough, who has for years made a specialty of training bloodhounds, says it is not well to rub with blood the feet of the person to be followed, as this makes the dogs less keen in hunting the "clean boot."

Puppies three or four months old are taken out after a man, and encouraged to find him. When they become reasonably expert in doing this, difficulties are thrown in their way more and more, until, in overcoming these, the dogs' education as a scenting creature is perfected.

It is an exquisite delight to the bloodhound to follow a trail. Sometimes he will actually pause on the trail to bay his satisfaction, and the mellow, vibrating tones can be heard for miles.

Formerly the bloodhound was chiefly used in following criminals, but he is equally skilful in tracking deer and other animals. He is rather a slow runner, but has great endurance, and is so passionately fond of following the trail that sometimes he will persist in it until he drops dead with fatigue.

The scent of bloodhounds is so keen that they can follow a man on horseback, or keep a trail while several yards away from it.

The bloodhound, then, instead of being a savage brute, ready to bite himself rather than be deprived of the delight of rending something, is a good-natured, affectionate dog, who bites nothing but his food, and is devotedly attached to people about him and sensitive to kindness.

Mr. Brough, who has his kennel at Scarborough, England, is a man of large wealth, and breeds these noble dogs only as a diversion. He says that if one wishes to become thoroughly fond of dogs, a well-bred bloodhound should be kept as a constant companion and friend. The dog's individuality is largely determined by the nature and intelligence of his human associate, and he makes the stanchest of lifelong friends to those near to him.

JOHN J. A BECKET.

THE TONGUE.

From Hebrew wit this maxim sprung:
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."
The sacred writer crowns the whole:
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."
—*Chicago Globe.*

NORWEGIAN DISCONTENT.

It is rarely that the affairs of the united northern Kingdoms of Sweden and Norway attract the world's attention. For the most part their affairs have moved along, if not quite tranquilly, at least without making noise enough to be heard beyond their frontiers.

In recent years Sweden and Norway have not been entangled in the meshes of Continental politics. They have kept pretty clear of wars and foreign complications; but of late a crisis has taken place in Norway, which bids fair to have results of large importance, and which may end in the separation of the two Kingdoms.

The Norwegians have always exhibited a more or less lively state of discontent at their union and relations with the larger neighboring Kingdom of Sweden. Ever since Napoleon's general, Bernadotte, was chosen Crown Prince of Sweden, eighty years ago, and later brought about the cession of Norway from Denmark, against the wish of the Norwegians, these people have felt that they have not been on an entire equality with the sister Kingdom.

One of the main causes of this discontent is the fact that while, nominally, the two Kingdoms are distinct, but are linked together as Austria and Hungary are, by being under the same King, in reality the foreign relations of both Kingdoms are controlled by Sweden alone. The King, with two Swedish ministers, manages the foreign affairs of both. In foreign matters which especially affect Norway, however, a Norwegian minister is consulted.

As each Kingdom has its separate Parliament, ministry, army and navy, and civil administration, and thus governs itself as to local affairs separately from the other, this unequal tie as to foreign affairs is the chief cause of difference between them.

There are in Norway, as in almost every European country, two parties, one of which is moderate and conservative, and the other progressive and radical, and it is the latter party which most forcibly represents the popular discontent.

For the past two years the Conservative party has held power, with Herr Stang as Prime Minister; but a majority of the Storthing, or Parliament, is liberal and radical.

It therefore happened that, late in February, a motion was made in the Storthing for a constitutional amendment securing to Norway an equality with Sweden in managing foreign affairs. This was bitterly opposed by Herr Stang and the Conservatives, but was adopted by a vote of fifty-nine to fifty-four.

Herr Stang went out of office, and Rector Steen, a college professor, and leader of the Radicals, became Prime Minister, at the head of a Radical Cabinet.

This event was very distasteful to the reigning monarch, King Oscar, whose sympathies are strongly with the Swedes and with the Norwegian Conservatives.

Herr Steen, the new Prime Minister, is at the head of the College of Stavanger, and has been the leader of the Radicals for more than twenty years. He is, perhaps, the most obnoxious politician in Norway to King Oscar, because it was in consequence of his action that the veto power was taken from the crown.

The new ministry has resolved to act cautiously, and not to take any extreme step until the election of a new Storthing, which will take place in the autumn.

But the excitement in Norway caused by the accession of Herr Steen is very great, since this event, it is thought, may lead to a complete separation between the two countries, and possibly to the establishment of a Norwegian republic.

"Unless we obtain the fullest self-government," exclaimed Herr Steen, shortly before becoming Prime Minister, "the union between the two countries will be completely dissolved."

From these facts, it is likely that the world will, in the near future, receive more interesting news from "The Land of the Midnight Sun" than it has heard for many years.

THE WIND'S FLIGHT.

The wind is awake and away!
Her loose hair streams behind her
Over hill and hollow,
Where none may follow,
She flies where none may find her,
And only God's hand behind her.
—*Gertrude Alger.*

GOOD YEARS AND BAD YEARS.

In the year 1890 the United States raised only about seven-tenths as much corn as it did in 1889, and less than five-sixths as much wheat. Were the farmers who raised and sold this crop the poorer for the decrease in the amount produced? Assuredly not,—notice that we do not say all farmers, but only those who raised this grain,—for it is estimated by the Department of Agriculture that the smaller crop of corn and wheat of the year 1890 will turn out to have been worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars more than the large crop of 1889.

This is an interesting example of the working of the law of supply and demand. It has been repeatedly and truly said that the increase in the amount of money which the farmers received for their grain was not merely in spite of the reduction in the amount raised, but on account of it.

The crop of corn in 1889 had been the largest in nine years. It amounted to more than two thousand one hundred millions of bushels, and for this crop the farmers received an average of twenty-eight cents a bushel—the lowest average price in nine years.

The corn crop of last year, on the other hand,—less than fifteen hundred million bushels,—was actually the smallest for nine years, notwithstanding the many thousands of new farms that have been opened; and it is not surprising that the average price of corn should have risen to its highest figure in nine years—a little more than fifty cents a bushel.

It may appear from this that a great drought, or some other condition which makes farmers' crops small, is a blessing rather than a calamity; but it should be remembered that the picture has another side.

The "blessing in disguise" was, as we have already hinted, only a blessing to those agriculturists who succeeded in growing a crop, and had more than enough corn for sale to compensate them for the decrease in their products. Many thousands had none to sell, and many thousands had to purchase corn or sell their stock, losing the profit which they hoped to gain from feeding the stock.

Moreover, on account of the scarcity and high price of corn, millions of half-fattened swine, which the farmers could not afford to feed, were sent to market, causing a low price of pork, and a loss in that direction even to many farmers who succeeded in raising a surplus of corn. The consumers of beef have also obtained a poorer quality than usual.

Nor, though a smaller aggregate crop may be worth more than a larger one, is it to be supposed that it is of advantage to a farmer to raise less corn or wheat than the acres he devotes to either of those crops can be made to produce.

If there is abundance, and the farmer raises a thousand bushels of wheat for which he can get only sixty cents a bushel, it is more to his advantage to have a thousand bushels to sell than it is to have only five hundred.

On the other hand, if crops are very poor, it is perfectly evident that the more wheat the farmer can raise the better off he is. It is not scarcity on his own farm that helps the farmer, but scarcity on other people's farms.

Of course in a year of light crops the number of those who suffer is vastly larger than of those who gain. For scarcity means high prices to all consumers, diminished railroad receipts, a smaller quantity for export and exchange with foreign commodities, and a generally reduced surplus of savings. It is, therefore, a disaster to all except the particular persons who raise a surplus which they can sell at a high price.

It is a practice of producers of grain, sometimes not fully taken into account, to keep back as much of their crop as possible for the period when prices are best. In March, 1891, more than one-third of even the small corn crop of the year before was still on hand, and more than one-fourth of the wheat crop was still in the farmers' granaries. These proportions are considerably larger in years of abundant crops.

Meantime, whether crops are large or small, the quantity used for food steadily rises. Of the small wheat crop of 1890, more was actually consumed in the country than of the large crop of 1889; and for it the consumers paid an average price—to the farmer at his farm—of about eighty-four cents a bushel, as against about seventy cents for the crop of 1889.

The average inhabitant of the United States consumes four and two-thirds bushels of wheat per year; and in most of the Northern States the consumption is about five bushels per head.

HIS FRIEND.

"The American," wrote a keen-sighted French traveller, "has himself, his wife, his child and his business partner in the world; but he has no friend."

There is more truth in this criticism than at first appears. The American is apt, in his hurried struggle from the cradle to the grave, to make many agreeable acquaintances, with whom he good-humoredly exchanges service or kindness.

But how seldom does he form an enduring friendship with another man, a friendship so pure and strong that through life he rejoices in his comrade's success, hastens to help him in his failures, or makes large personal sacrifices for him?

The tie is not so uncommon between men of other nations.

In the dark ages it was usual for men who had thus chosen each other as brothers to exchange a few drops of blood taken from their veins as a solemn pledge of fealty. These bonds and ceremonies may seem fantastic and exaggerated to us, but there was a reality fine and true, in the unselfish affection of which they were the symbol.

"I count myself," says Shakespeare, "in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends."

"Gather not to thyself," says Epictetus to a young man, "herds of oxen, but hosts of friends."

"What matters," exclaims another wise heathen, "how long the road or dark the way, if my friend travel beside me, bearing wine for me in a golden cup?"

Is there not danger that the American, busy with his fight for money or place, who jeers at this tie of friendship as unsubstantial sentiment, may put out of his own life this strong factor for good?

The question is at least worthy of serious consideration by young men who have yet measurably the choice of the elements which will make up their future.

CLUMSY FINGERS.

"It is of no use my trying to sew," said a girl in her late teens; "I am so clumsy with a needle. My stitches are an inch long! Mamma does my mending. She says when I do it myself my things look so that she is ashamed to let me wear them."

But if the mother were less self-sacrificing, it is probable that a few hours' practice under her direction would easily reduce those clumsy stitches to a respectably small fraction of an inch in length.

Another young lady admitted, the other day, with a laugh, that she always darned her stockings by drawing the edges of the holes together with the thread, because weaving it in and out as her mother did took so much more time and care.

Girls of this sort belong to the untrained or the lazy class. But the careless are quite as common, and perhaps more exasperating.

"Oh, I'm very sorry; but you know I always was a butter-fingers," explains calmly the dreamy young person who spills gravy in a lady's lap at dinner, because she is passing the gravy-boat with her mind on the last chapter of a story, and does not notice that she is tipping it.

Presently she helps to butter, with the same vague expression in her eyes, and sends the bit, which she attempts to cut from the hard pat without looking at it, flying across the table.

"Did it spot your dress?" she asks her sister; "I hope not; but, of course, I couldn't help its flying off. I'm very sorry." But the trouble is precisely that she is *not* very sorry; at least, not sorry enough to prevent the same thing from happening again.

It is worth while to remember that there is such a thing as being stupid with one's fingers. There should be direct communication between the hand and the brain; but some people, with otherwise excellent brains, do not seem to realize this fact, and allow their hands a kind of helpless liberty which works disaster among bric-à-brac, and makes many simple tasks absurdly formidable.

COURTESY TO A GUEST.

A story, familiar perhaps to the readers of *The Companion*, is told of Mrs. Bingham, a woman of high social position in Washington in the early part of this century.

She once invited a rough Western farmer to dine with her. The guest was dazzled by the splendors and gay company, and while trying nervously to appear at his ease, broke one of a set of costly Sèvres cups. He sat staring at her, speechless with dismay.

Mrs. Bingham laughed. "Ah, that ridiculous china! It breaks with a breath!" and taking up one of the cups as she spoke, she carelessly crushed it in her hand, and dropped the fragments upon the table.

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The color came again to her guest's face, and he finished his dinner completely at his ease.

"Give to your guest," says the Irish proverb, "the best in your larder, the best in your head, and the best in your heart."

HEROIC ACT.

In the late Admiral Aube France lost a devoted statesman and patriot. The work of his later years was the reform of the administration of the French navy. From the time that he entered a naval school as a boy, his career was marked by a fine courage, sincerity and good sense.

When he was senior midshipman of the *Tonerre*, and not yet twenty-two years old, he distinguished himself by an act of intrepid daring.

The *Tonerre* was anchored in the port of Genoa. One night a fire broke out in the military arsenal of the place. The commander of the French ship at once sent out a boat with a party of sailors to assist the garrison and the inhabitants. The fire threatened to be terribly destructive if its spread could not be checked.

Aube was placed in command of the aiding party. The struggle against the fire was going on well, when suddenly a panic seized the Italians, and they fled precipitately.

A sudden breath of wind had changed the direction of the flames. A quantity of debris on a low structure, the roof of which was only six feet above the ground, burst into flame. This structure was the powder magazine.

Quick as thought Aube perceived and acted upon the one plan by which he could master the situation. He sprang on the smoking roof, climbed to the ridge, and seating himself calmly, went on directing the men from this point of observation.

Electrified by this act of heroism, the Italians retraced their steps, and they and the sailors attacked the fire with vigor and success.

Then Midshipman Aube descended from his perch, and tried to return quietly to his ship; but an ovation was not to be escaped. He was surrounded and carried to the ship's boat, which awaited him, in the midst of enthusiastic applause and expressions of appreciation.

THE AUDUBON MONUMENT.

Audubon was a splendid example of the value of enthusiasm—enthusiasm of the real sort, which does not burn out in a few weeks or a few years, and is not to be quenched by any amount of what the world rightly calls "cold water." He was born to do one thing, and he did it.

When he had been at work for fifteen or twenty years upon his studies of American birds, and had filled his portfolio with about a thousand colored portraits, he was obliged to go upon a journey.

His treasures were deposited, meanwhile, in the warehouse of a friend, and on his return, after a few weeks' absence, he found that the rats had destroyed every picture.

The shock brought on a fever, which was near to proving fatal, but as soon as he recovered from it his natural buoyancy and energy reasserted themselves. He took up anew his gun and his pencil, and after three years of hard work his portfolio was again filled.

Audubon died in 1851. His grave, in Trinity Cemetery, New York City, is unmarked by so much as a common gravestone, and the New York Academy of Sciences has been engaged for several years in raising money with which to erect a suitable monument over the spot.

At this time of the year, when we are all rejoicing in bluebirds, robins, orioles, sparrows and warblers, why not overwhelm the Treasurer of the Audubon Monument Committee with a flood of small contributions? His name is Doctor N. L. Britton, and he is to be addressed at Columbia College, New York City.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S MEMORY.

The prodigious memory of certain great men has often been remarked. It is a surprising fact that military men, whose minds, one would think, would be filled with great and startling circumstances, to the exclusion of all small matters, often remember trifling occurrences.

General Sherman, three years ago, was visiting in Philadelphia. Standing one day at a window, he saw a big policeman, with a very long beard, go by on the street.

The General uttered an exclamation of surprise, but said nothing more. Next day he saw the same long-bearded policeman go by, and this time sent a messenger out and asked the man to come in.

The policeman presently entered the room, and made a military salute to the General.

"Yes," said General Sherman, "it's the very man! Do you remember me, Mr. Officer?"

"Certainly I do, General," said the policeman.

"And do you remember where we first met?"

"Yes, sir. It was in California. You were only a lieutenant then, and I was your drummer."

"That's it," said General Sherman; "and instead of that beard, you had barely a hair or two, maybe, on your chin. And if I am not mistaken, your name is Hutchinson."

"So it is, General," said the policeman.

They entered into a conversation on the old times in California and Mexico. The General had not seen the old drummer since the Mexican War, and had never seen him with a beard, but recognized him at the first glance on the street after forty years had passed by.

A TIMELY FAVOR.

A sense of humor has never been a bar to ecclesiastical preferment, and, indeed, it sometimes happens that dignitaries of the church are famous for their witticisms. This is the case with a certain clergyman of the Church of England, a man of Irish birth, who was lately raised to an exalted bishopric.

Accompanying his appointment, there was a certain readjustment of employments and preferments in the diocese, and with it came a few promotions.

At this time the new bishop was visited by a curate whose manners and services had not commended him to his ecclesiastical superiors, and who thought that his time had now come to make a decided push for a "living"—that is, the charge of a parish.

"Well, my lord," said the curate, "now that it's raining livings, what are you going to give me?"

"I can lend you an umbrella!" said the bishop, coolly.

The curate departed without his preferment.

OVERCOME BY JOY.

In 1839 Philip H. Gosse, afterward so well known as a writer upon natural history, and the father of Mr. Edmund Gosse, was in London in a state of downright poverty. He had just returned from America, and had but a few shillings in his pocket. His only immediate resource was the manuscript of a book which a cousin of his, Mr. Thomas Bell, who had already achieved a reputation as a naturalist, had offered to read and pass judgment upon. The anecdote is related in Mr. Edmund Gosse's biography of his father.

The manuscript was "The Canadian Naturalist," and it pleased Mr. Bell so much that he recommended it strongly to Mr. Van Voorst, the distinguished publisher of scientific works.

Philip Gosse's pride made him conceal his real state from Thomas Bell, and though the latter knew his cousin to be in need of employment, he did not suspect that he was in such bitter straits.

Mr. Van Voorst appointed a day for the young author to call on him. Meanwhile the shillings, nursed as they might be, were slipping, slipping away. The practice of going once a day to a small eating-house had to be abandoned, and instead of it a herring was eaten as slowly as possible in the dingy attic in Farringdon Street.

At last the day broke on which Mr. Van Voorst's answer was to be given, and with as much of the gentleman about him as he could recover, the proud and starving author presented himself in Paternoster Row. He was ushered in to the cordial and courteous Mr. Van Voorst.

He no longer had hope, and expected in a few moments to be out again in the street, with his miserable roll of manuscript in his hands. The publisher began slowly:

"I like your book; I shall be pleased to publish it; I will give you one hundred guineas for it."

One hundred guineas! It was Peru and half the Indies!

The reaction was so violent that the demure and ministerial-looking youth, closely buttoned up in his worn broadcloth, broke down utterly into sob upon sob, while Mr. Van Voorst, murmuring, "My dear young man! my dear young man!" hastened out to fetch food and minister to wants which it was beyond the power of pride to conceal any longer.

STRIKING LIKENESS.

A great many ludicrous mistakes have occurred from the resemblance one person bears to another. A gentleman who is a twin relates the following, with the apology that as we are advised "not to spoil a story for relations' sake," he thinks the rule should hold good where the point of the joke strikes one's-self:

My brother Tom and I are much alike in appearance, being twins, and it is our daily experience to be mistaken the one for the other, and many is the laugh we have enjoyed at some mistaken friend's expense. Not until the other day, however, have I found myself wondering whether I was myself or some one else.

I was in a hurry to see Tom, for it was nearly train time, and hastened for that purpose to the hotel where he was staying.

The rear entrance being nearer, I entered in that way. This door opens into the wash-room, where a mirror extends the entire length of the wall opposite the entrance. Upon opening the door I saw, or thought I saw, Tom in all his manliness approaching from the opposite direction, and I, holding out the article I wished to entrust to his care, began giving certain directions concerning it, but was surprised to see him extend to me, at the same instant, a similar parcel, and —

Well, I had merely mistaken myself for my brother, which had been done hundreds of times before by others, and I suppose I have as much right to do it as they.

AMBIGUOUS.

Most of us would pray to be delivered from an ambiguous epitaph, though perhaps the truly benevolent man would gladly contribute to the world's fund of amusement, even after he is no longer present to join the mirth. In "Scenes Through the Battle Smoke" is the following example of ill-chosen eulogy:

A missionary in India was shot, as he sat in his veranda in the dusk of the evening, by his own *chowkeydar*, or watchman, whether intentionally or by accident will never be known. Near a public road stands his solitary grave. On the stone at the head is the inscription:

Sacred
To the Memory
of the
Rev. —— Sonnenthal.

He translated the Scriptures into the Afghan tongue, and was shot by his own chowkeydar.
"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

A DESPERATE CHANCE.

A Russian exile relates how he once saved himself by a desperate artifice. A police official searched his house for compromising papers. There was in his possession a document the discovery of which meant serious danger to himself and his friends.

Wherever he might hide it, it seemed certain that it would be found. He coolly handed the document to the official, who scarcely glanced at it, and handed it back.

After the most careful search, the official, his nose blackened with soot and his hair decorated with feathers, — for he had even examined the stovepipes and the bedding, — departed empty-handed.

"I SEE, Fraulein," said a professor, "that my remarks on the ancient Romans do not interest you!" "Ah, yes," replied the hostess, wearily, "pray go on." "No," said the professor, kindly, "I shall change the subject. We will now consider the ancient Greeks."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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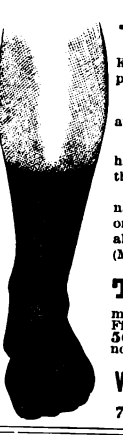
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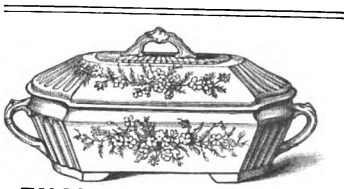
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Get a handful of clean sand.
Are the grains angular or rounded?
Why is this so?
Are the grains transparent or opaque?
Where did they come from, and what brought them?
Read Professor Shaler's "First Book in Geology," or his "Aspects of The Earth."

For the Companion.

DIES AETERNA.

There is no night,
No darkness to cushroud
The worlds in sable cloud;
A shadow falls, and proves
How every planet moves
In sea of light;
One Day's effulgent tide
Flows on through ages wide;
Night is each planet's own,
And darkens it alone.

There is no night;
O soul, God's face benign
Is ever seeking thine;
God's love makes radiant day
While thou art in the way
Of Truth and Right;
Face thou the godless vast,
Love's light will shadows cast;—
The shadows are thine own,
And darken thee alone.

There is no night,
No night of death to bar
Life's all-transcending star;
O Love, why mourn apart?
The cherished of thy heart
Hath found the Light
That casts this shadow Death;
Life never yet drew breath
To tread the vale alone;
This shadow is Life's own.

EDWARD GLENFAUN SPENCER.

For the Companion.

"SOMEBODY PAYS."

A druggist in one of our large cities said lately, "If I am prompt and careful in my business, I owe it to a lesson which I learned when I was an errand-boy in the house of which I am now master. I was sent one day to deliver a vial of medicine just at noon, but being hungry, stopped to eat my luncheon.

"The patient, for lack of the medicine, sank rapidly, and for some days was thought to be dying.

"I felt myself his murderer. The agony of that long suspense made a man of me. I learned then that for every one of our acts of carelessness or misdoing, however petty, some one pays in suffering. The law is the more terrible to me because it is not always the misdoer himself who suffers."

This law is usually ignored by young people. The act of carelessness or selfishness is so trifling, what harm can it do? No harm, apparently, to the actor, who goes happily on his way; but somebody pays.

A young girl, to make conversation, thoughtlessly repeats a bit of gossip which she forgets the next moment; but long afterward the woman whom she has maligned finds her good name tainted by the poisonous whisper.

A lad, accustomed to take wine, persuades a chance comrade to drink with him, partly out of a good-humored wish to be hospitable, partly, it may be, out of contempt for "fanatical reformers."

He goes on his way, and never knows that his chance guest, having inherited the disease of alcoholism, continues to drink, and becomes a hopeless victim.

Our grandfathers expressed this truth in a way of their own.

"For the lack of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the lack of the shoe the rider was lost,
For the lack of the rider the message was lost,
For the lack of the message the battle was lost."

Our blindness to the consequences of our shortcomings is a merciful provision of God. Who could look composedly upon the rank outgrowth of all his vice or folly from childhood to middle age?

But though we do not see it, we do well to remember that it is there; and to remind ourselves at the beginning of every day, that each careless act, each unkind word in it, will be paid for, not by us, perhaps, but in the want or pain of some one.

FORGETTING SELF.

The story has many times been told of the storm-chilled traveller, half-paralyzed by the fatal drowsiness of cold, who stumbled over a prostrate man dying in the snow; how in stirring and chafing the freezing stranger he forgot his own distress, and warmed himself to wakefulness and safety by the toil that saved another.

The story might come as a happy inspiration to many an uneasy heart. To the aimless and indolent children of wealth, "dying of ennui;" to the proud, fretting under a personal or family blemish; to the ambitious, discouraged by continual privation; to the morbid, brooding over a secret sorrow; to all such the relief of some useful occupation would be a gospel of light and blessing. After a generous giving of self to active ministry in others' behalf, one can never again take life at its narrowest and worst—

"Nor whine at woes his own right hand can heal."

Every life has some burden. To the Christian the burden becomes a blessed cross, that he finds it easy to bear so long as he imitates his Master by doing good.

STEAM AGAINST GRAVITY.

"I think the most exciting race I ever witnessed was one in which steam and gravity were the contestants, and a human life the stake," writes a *Companion* contributor. "In the autumn of 1885 I allowed myself to become financially interested in a drilling well in the central part of Butler County, Penn. Naturally enough, I spent considerable time round my venture, particularly after the well was nearly finished. Two thousand feet was about the usual depth for that field, and at the time of the accident of which I am to tell, the drill was thundering away more than nineteen hundred feet below us.

"The drill was about forty-five feet long, and weighed something over two thousand pounds. Attached to this was twenty-five hundred feet of cable, which passed from the mouth of the well, over the crown pulley at the top of the derrick, and then down to the windlass, on which the surplus length was coiled. The windlass was operated by the 'bull-rope' running from a band-wheel, which, in turn, was connected with the engine. The tools were pulled from the well by means of the engine turning this windlass and winding up the cable.

"On the day in question the tools had just been pulled, the battered bit unscrewed from the stem and a sharp one substituted, the bailer sent on its three or four long trips into the earth for its load of muddy water, and the tools swung back to place and started down the well.

"All went smoothly for a few seconds,—everything goes by seconds about an oil-well,—when suddenly the drill stuck and stopped, perhaps four hundred feet below the surface. Like a flash the engine, relieved of the strain, ran wild, and began to reel off stiff and dirty cable over the derrick floor at a dangerous rate, throwing one coil of the squirming mass squarely over the tool-dresser's body just as the driller, who acts as engineer, shut off steam.

"Before a hand could be raised to release the unfortunate captive, the blood was nearly frozen in our veins to see that mass of loosened cable running like lightning down the well. The drill had started. We could not reach the man. The floor was literally piled with an animated, writhing mass of horrible death. Stiff and slippery with dirty water, the loops and kinks were hurled about as though in search of other prey.

"The tool-dresser stood in the centre of this twisting heap, unable to make an effort at escape. It seemed there could be no help for him. In an instant or two more the cable would glide down that little hole, and then, with the final jerk of more than a ton of falling metal on the unfortunate man, the force would come again upon the windlass, there to stop or break the line. What matter which to the poor fellow who must die just before?

"Fully half of the loose cable had rushed down the well, when, with a mad impulse to do something, I sprang to the brake.

"'Stop! Keep back!' yelled the driller, and his own hand opened the throttle.

"It came upon me in an instant then that to stop the drill was to throw the full weight on the man's body, while so long as the line could be kept slack he was safe. Then I understood. The driller meant to unreel the rope as fast as it descended.

"Hardly an extra coil was left upon the floor. The line was nearly taut. But at the other end it rolled loose with a speed that was frightful, and gliding swiftly about the man's waist as round a post, plunged out of sight.

"What a race that was between two giant powers working at either end of the same line! The derrick quivered under the strain of that flying windlass, while the drippings from the rope were thrown in all directions, covering the place from end to end.

"In the engine-house one must have trembled, fearing the engine would be torn from its block, but still the driller at the other end of the connecting rod urged it forward.

"Would he never gain on his antagonist? It seemed as if he must, running at such a frightful rate, but every coil of the cable was snatched down the well as soon as it left the windlass. True, he did not lose ground, but when the very slightest loss meant death to the man before us, there was no great assurance of safety in that.

"Fortunately, extra steam had been raised for pulling the tools, so that there was no lack of power. Nor was it spared. The crown pulley was threatening to jump from the block, but the weight held it back. The windlass bearings were sending out clouds of smoke. The bull-rope groaned and creaked. The floor was trembling under the vibrations of the flying wheels, and the very ground shook as though torn by an earthquake. Now stop, at last, the straining engine, for the race is over. Steam has won.

"As soon as possible we released the prisoner. He was burned somewhat about the waist, where the cable had passed, but not so badly as one would have expected. The stiff line had not bent up close, but stood out like a revolving barrel-hoop.

"So the novel race ended well. But I never lost my admiration for the man whose coolness, at so trying a time, prompted him to assist instead of checking that runaway drill."

TOY HISTORY.

It may be a surprising discovery to girls, who think of their dolls as the especial property of girls and of nobody else, that grown people used dolls before children did, and that, in Europe at least, it never seemed to occur to parents that children would find dolls interesting to play with until they saw the children picking up pretty puppets designed for their elders.

The French of the fourteenth century, who first brought the use of dolls into Europe, did not make them to play with, as the grown-up Chinese are said to have done from remote antiquity, and as they still do.

The French ladies of the period we have mentioned used dolls for quite a different purpose. Having no fashion plates, they employed little images as models of the fashions. These figures or dolls were dressed in the latest mode, and sent from one great lady to another, and from one capital to another; and from them the costumes of the period were copied.

In the year 1391, it is recorded, the Queen of France sent the Queen of England a doll "fashioned in the form of a demoiselle [young girl] mounted on horseback, and followed by a varlet on foot."

If any of the little princesses of the English Court happened to get hold of this richly dressed "demoiselle" on horseback, followed by a walking servant, what new emotions of joy must have been aroused in the royal little girl's bosom!

Perhaps it was the accidental discovery of some such childish rapture that first suggested to a royal or rich mother the purchase of a doll for her children.

Europeans and Americans, however, do not seem to have discovered that there may be fun for grown people in playing with dolls. The Chinese are said to cite as a proof of the inferiority of the civilization of the Western world to their own, the fact that the Europeans leave the joys of playing with dolls and kites entirely to children, who thus seem to be wiser than their parents!

The ancients, whether they played with dolls or not, had many toys, which corresponded pretty closely to some of our own. The Romans, for instance, spun with a lash a sort of top, which they called *turbo*. Boys whipped their tops on the streets of Rome in the days of Cicero, and perhaps in the days of Tarquin.

The Roman and Greek youths, indeed, were very well off in games. They had many that have fallen into disuse now; but they played with bat and ball, very much as American boys did in the days before the present somewhat complicated game of base-ball was invented. The Roman ball was made of tow or oakum.

Horace gives an account of the ringed hoop which Roman children used to trundle. They were encouraged by their parents to roll the hoop, because the exercise was regarded as very good for them. The boys and girls of Rome called their hoop *trochus*. Sometimes, too, they called it *Græcus*, because it was borrowed from Greece.

For the Companion.

MORNING.

I feel that every dewdrop has a tone
And sings for ears more sensitive than mine,
While all the flowers their modest heads incline,
And list in fragrant reverence. Alone
And mute I stand before the Morning's throne.
The birds have speech, the breeze, the rhythmic pine,
Each brings its offering glad unto the shrine
Of the fair one, and only I bring none.

Yet, as I feel her breath upon my cheek,
And know there are sweet sounds I cannot hear,
And languages I know not how to speak,
Around me in the dreamy atmosphere,—
For what I've not I neither ask nor seek,
And what I have seems every morn more dear.

MARY A. MASON.

TWIRLING HIS HAT.

William Murdock, a young Scotchman of Bellow Mill, had heard much of the inventions of James Watt. Ambitious to become a skilful mechanic, and eager to see and know what this great inventor was doing, young Murdock resolved to go to Soho, and apply for "a job" at the famous manufactory of Boulton & Watt. When he arrived there, in 1777, he called at the works and asked for employment. Watt was in Cornwall, looking after his pumping-engines; but the young Scotchman had an interview with Boulton, who was usua ly accessible to callers of every rank.

In answer to Murdock's inquiry whether he could have a job, Boulton replied that work was very slack with them, and that every place was filled. During the brief conversation the bashful young man, like most country lads in the presence of strangers, had some difficulty in knowing what to do with his hands, and unconsciously kept twirling his hat with them.

Boulton's attention was attracted to the hat, which seemed to be of peculiar make. It was not a felt hat, nor a cloth hat, nor a glazed hat; but it seemed to be painted, and composed of some unusual material.

"That is a curious sort of hat," said Boulton, looking at it more closely; "what is it made of?"

"Timmer, sir," answered Murdock, modestly.

"Timmer? Do you mean to say that it is made of wood?"

"'Deed it is, sir."

"And pray, how was it made?"

"I made it mysel', sir, in a bit laithey o' my ain contrivance."

Boulton looked at the young man again. He had risen a hundred degrees in his estimation. A fellow who could turn out a hat like that in a lathe of his own contrivance was a mechanic of no mean skill.

"I think I can find a place for you," he said at length. "Can you come in again this afternoon?"

"I can, and thank you, sir," said Murdock, giving a final twirl to his hat.

Such was the beginning of William Murdock's connection with the firm of Boulton & Watt. He was put on a trial job, which proved so satisfactory that he was engaged for two years.

He began as an ordinary mechanic, but he did not stop there. His industry and skill marked him for promotion, and he rose from grade to grade until he became Boulton & Watt's most trusted coworker and adviser in all their mechanical undertakings of importance, and was himself an inventor of no small distinction.

He is best known by his invention of illuminating gas. The slide-valve, the rotary engine, the cylindrical crown-saw for cutting columns out of solid rock, a chemical paint, a cast-iron cement and many other useful inventions owe their origin to William Murdock.

HER DOVE.

An old fisherman who lives in a Maine village, and who has had many experiences by sea and land in his time, told this touching incident to a lady who was passing the summer at the shore, and used to be fond of listening to his quaint "yarns."

"It was all of a dozen years ago," he said, "maybe more; I aint so sartin of times as I use to be. That winter we'd hed some of the toughest storms we ever hed along this coast. I never seen nothin' worse than some of them gales. There was several vessels come ashore along here that year, but there wa'n't no women folks on none of 'em that I knows, 'cept the *Marthy Ann*.

"The cap'n of the *Marthy Ann*—I forgit his name now; he come from along somewhere down Eastport way, but I forgit his name—he sot great store by his wife, and always took her along with him wherever he went. He had her along when the *Marthy Ann* went ashore over to the Davis Point rocks; them that I pointed out to you t'other day when you was out in the boat.

"Wal, it seems that that woman hed a pet dove along 'ith her on shi'board, and one of the crew that was fetched to over to Ira Johnson's house said she always set great store by that dove. When they found her,—it wa'n't till the next day, ef I remember right, an' I aint over sure that it wa'n't the next day but one,—but 't any rate, when they did find the body, it was lyin' in the seaweed on the beach, an' there sot that white dove right on the woman's breast.

"They never thought nothin' 'bout the bird, of course, an' it was kind of scart of them, an' so they took the body an' carried it up to Ira Johnson's house. An' that dove come a-flyin' along behind them, an' the fust thing they knew it was peckin' at the winder to get in.

"Ira was tellin' me 'bout it, an' he said it made him feel jest as ef a sperit was there; but they let it in, an' it stayed right by the dead woman till they took her away an' buried her; an' when they hed the funeril, ef you'll believe it, it perched on the hearse and rode all the way to the grave. Yes, ma'am, that's jest what happened, an' there's all the folks over to Johnson's Beach that will tell you it's jest as I say."

"But what became of the bird?" inquired his listener, as the old fisherman paused to chew meditatively at a bit of shingle he had been whittling.

"Wal, Ira Johnson, he said he couldn't bear to hev that critter starve to death or freeze, an' it bein' early in the spring, the nights was liable to be considerable cold then; so he caught it an' took it home. But it never done well with him. It got kinder picked, an' then it pined away an' died. It was use' t' pettin', I cal'late, an' didn't know how to live without it. Anyhow, it pined away an' died."

He was silent a minute, and then he added:

"An' Ira Johnson, he jus' took it an' buried it at the foot of her grave. He said it seemed kinder the right thing to do."

SHE CAUGHT A PICKPOCKET.

A wealthy lady of New York was going down town in an elevated car, with a considerable sum of money in her purse. At one of the stations there came into the car a man by whose face she was struck, and she instantly said to herself that he must be a pickpocket. When he sat down beside her she thought of her well-filled purse, and resolved to watch him closely.

Suddenly, her suspicious neighbor put his hand down at his side. She felt it slide down until it touched her purse, and instantly she put out her own hand and seized the stranger by the wrist. He did not struggle, and she was in some perplexity as to what she should do next; but she thought that if he should attempt to get away she could, at least, show that she had him by the wrist with his hand in her pocket.

She said afterward, that she could not tell why she did not give an alarm at once, but she sat quiet, waiting for her neighbor to make the first move.

They rode in this way for some distance, when to her amazement the stranger at one of the down-town stations prepared to rise.

"If you will let go of my arm, madam," he said, with the utmost coolness, "I will get out here."

He half-rose as he spoke, and to her utter confusion the lady discovered that his hand, instead of being in her pocket, was thrust into the pocket of his own ulster. The garment hung down so that his hand had pressed against her purse without being in contact with it, and she had been holding him by the wrist with no apparent excuse whatever.

She was overcome with confusion, but managed to say that she had thought his hand to be in her pocket. The stranger smiled and went out, while a gentleman near by leaned forward to say:

"Don't you know who that is, madam? That is the Reverend Doctor Blank."

The name was that of one of the best-known clergymen in the city!

QUEER PENSION CLAIMS.

Among the thousands of applications for government pensions there are, as a matter of course, many that are oddly expressed, as well as many that are put upon queer grounds. The Washington *Post* mentions a few examples.

A Wisconsin veteran was salivated by the excessive use of salt pork, and now puts in a claim for a pension on the ground that he "got salvation in the army."

A Maryland man, in order to show that he was incapacitated for manual labor, sent to Washington a batch of affidavits from his neighbors. In one of these documents the writer said that he had known the claimant for ten years, and that he "wouldn't work unless compelled to." Such testimony was not likely to create a favorable impression, but the man meant to say that the old soldier was really unfit to work, but was sometimes under the necessity of trying to do so.

The widow of a Pennsylvania volunteer reported that her husband had received an axe wound in the right foot. A question or two brought out the fact that the accident occurred in 1879, in Pennsylvania, while the man was splitting wood.

The pension attorney inquired, naturally enough, what bearing such an occurrence could have upon the matter of a pension.

"Why, sir," said the widow, curtly, "the axe he cut his foot with was one he brought home from the war. It was an army axe."

One of the most remarkable declarations on file at the pension-office is that of a Michigan veteran. He makes oath that he picked up a shell on the battlefield of the Wilderness, and took it into his tent. While he was holding it between his knees, examining it, the missile exploded, and "badly shattered his nervous system," though by some miracle it did no other injury.

HOW HE DID IT.

It is one of the marks of a wise teacher, that he aims to impart knowledge in such a way as to make a strong impression upon the pupil's mind. In other words, he keeps in view the well-known law that what is most clearly and vividly realized is longest remembered.

A Yankton correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says that two young women were alone one day, when a young Indian brave, with whom they were acquainted, came to see the man of the house. The man was absent, and the Indian sat down to wait for him.

The girls were of a lively turn, and improved the opportunity to increase their knowledge of Indian life and character. They questioned the brave about this and that, and along with the rest of their inquiries asked him to give a war-whoop, and show them how he scalped people.

The Indian evaded the point, and after a while the young women ceased their talk with him, and fell into a conversation between themselves. Suddenly the brave sprang to his feet, with a scream that made the house-top ring; at the same moment he seized a big knife that lay on the table, laid hold upon the hair of one of the girls, and ran the back of the blade around her scalp.

The girls were frightened almost out of their wits, but the Indian laughed. He had done nothing more than they had asked him to do, but had taken his own time for it.

HIS TRIAL.

Mr. Bennett is one of those persons who naturally refer isolated facts to some general law. He was talking recently with his neighbor, Mr. Slade.

Mr. Slade was in a low-spirited mood. Sometimes, he said, life seemed to him hardly worth living.

"You must keep busy," answered Mr. Bennett. "Remember the poet Gray's maxim that occupation is the secret of cheerfulness."

"But that's just the trouble. I can't keep my mind employed."

"Well, well," said Mr. Bennett, thoughtfully, "it's easier said than done, I know. It's the little things that trouble us most in this world."

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For the Companion.

YOU!

"Choose you a tree, my girlie,
To plant on this holiday;
Maple, or elm, or cherry,
Which shall it be, I pray?

"Sycamore, spruce, or holly?
Cedar, or yew, or pine?
What shall it be, my girlie?
Choose one among the nine."

Quick flashed a merry sparkle
Into her eyes of blue.
"Why," came the roguish whisper,
"Papa, dear, I choose yew!"

A. C.

For the Companion.

TWO ORCHARDS.

"I wish we could plant some trees on Arbor Day," said Jim.

"So do I," said Tom; "but the town is so full of trees now that some folks say it is too shady. I don't think so; I like shade myself."

"Well," returned Jim, "I wish we could do something on Arbor Day."

"Begin an orchard," said Jim's father, concisely, appearing on the porch where the boys were lounging.

"How?" cried Tom.

"Where?" said Jim.

"You would have to save up all your spare pennies," said Mr. Fairfield, "but it wouldn't be a bad thing for either of you."

"But what do you mean?" urged the boys.

"I can't tell what your father will do, Tom," said Mr. Fairfield, "but if Jim will agree to stick to it, I will fence him off a piece of land in the south pasture,—a capital place for an orchard, too, on that sunny slope,—and he may set as many trees there as he can afford to buy. The best fruit is the cheapest, so I should advise one good variety to a dozen worthless kinds."

"O father, that is grand of you!" cried Jim. "You mean to set out the trees on Arbor Day?"

"It wouldn't be a bad time," said his father.

"I'm going to ask father if he will, too!" said Tom, starting off on a run.

Jim Fairfield and Tom Blanchard lived on adjoining farms, and were dear comrades. What one did, the other always did or wanted to do, so it was no wonder that Tom was anxious to begin an orchard with Jim.

Of course Farmer Blanchard was willing to do as well by his son as Farmer Fairfield had offered to do by Jim, and for the next few days the two boys were deep in the catalogues of well-known **nurserymen**, and they made all sorts of inquiries **concerning the merits of certain varieties of apples, pears,** peaches and plums. It took them much time to decide which they would have, but at last their orders were off, to everybody's relief.

By Arbor Day Jim found himself the happy possessor of two fine young peach-trees, two apple-trees and a pear-tree. Tom's purse had been fuller than his friend's, so he was able to add an apricot to his collection.

What fun the boys had planting the trees! Of course the two fathers had to be present, to see that everything was done as it should be; but the boys did the work themselves.

"Just you wait till next Arbor Day," said Jim, as he helped Tom set his apricot-tree, "then perhaps I'll have as many as you! I'm going to earn all the money I can this year, and save up."

"Guess I can earn and save up, too," was Tom's laughing reply.

For the Companion.

PLANTING ANGELINA.

O Angelina, are you all here? I'll have you out in a minute. Oh, I'm *so* glad I found you! And I *hope* you haven't caught cold. I did want to help plant some trees this Arbor Day, but O Angelina, I never thought of planting you!

I can't begin to 'magine how I did it. I b'lieve you must have crawled into the hole yourself to look at the roots or something.

How many times have I just begged of you not to be so careless?

I was so worried I couldn't eat hardly one speck of dinner, and I hunted everywhere for you.

I really thought I never should see you again. But at last papa came along here, and he said, "Why, what a queer toadstool! Must have grown since we planted this tree."

And I hurried to look at it; and I just 'most cried and said, "Why, it's Angelina's own dear little foot!"

"Well, bless me!" says papa, "have you been planting Angelina? I don't believe she'll grow!"

I just ran to get the trowel, and I dug and dug, and here you are!

Oh dear, Angelina, I'm 'fraid you'll get the croup.

Come and have your face washed and your clothes changed, and *do* be more careful after this, or you'll really break my heart!

For the Companion.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

One day in January Edna stood at the window watching a little boy playing in the snow, in the yard across the way.

"What is he doing?" she asked mamma.

"I should say he was turning somersets," mamma laughed.

"Why," said the little girl, quickly, "*I* should say 'twas *winter*-sets, mamma!"

A little girl, when recovering from scarlet fever, drank a great deal of water. Her nerves were weak, and she cried for slight causes. "I wouldn't cry," said her mother, as the tears began to come. "How can I help it," sobbed the child, "when I am so full of water?"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In daughter, not in child;
In forest, not in wild;
In album, not in card;
In author, not in bard;
In carol, not in hymn;
In shoulder, not in limb;
In garment, not in dress;
In berry, not in cress.

The whole, a time of joy
To many a girl and boy.

2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole, composed of twenty letters, is what we should all do.

The 1, 3, 7, 14, 16, 5 is a bird of gay plumage.
The 15, 9, 13, 4, 10 grow in the garden.
The 2, 19, 18, 20 is a title.
The 6, 8, 12, 11, 17 is a musician.

3.

ANAGRAMS.

The trees that Tommy wishes to set on Arbor Day:

Yethrie Cork; Green Teora; Arsage Plum; All Mango; Poangam-tree; Laurenor Peach; Cusynrow Pear.



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For the Companion.

THE ARCH OF ELMS.

At noontide, on a sultry day,
Two travellers walked a shady way,
Where elm-trees lifted high an arch
That fiercest sun-rays could not parch;
Said one: "God bless the kindly hand
That set this archway cool and grand!"
The other cried: "Ah, who can say
What comfort yields this leafy way!
Better such monument of green
Than marble pile of King or Queen."

EMMA C. DOWD.

For the Companion.

CHESSIE'S ARBOR DAY.

Jimmie Savage is a very naughty boy, if he is my cousin. Mamma and papa said so, and you will say so, too, when I tell you about it.

Yesterday was Arbor Day, and I didn't know how to keep it, so I asked Jimmie. I keep Valentine's Day by sending valentines, and I make presents at Christmas, and I eat all the good things I can Thanksgiving; but I didn't know what to do on Arbor Day.

Well, Jimmie said that all the little girls must take their dolls and their sewing, and go and sit in the arbor all day long, and that was Arbor Day.

So I dressed all my dolls in their best clothes, and took the handkerchief that I am hemming for Blanche, and carried them out in the arbor.

Then I asked Katie for a lunch, and she gave me some beautiful jumbles and a cranberry tart, and I got a banana and an orange off the sideboard—just what I would eat for dessert if I were there to dinner, and I carried it all out to the arbor.

I thought I had better put on my thickest coat and cap, because it wasn't so very warm, and I put the dolls up on one seat, in a row, and gave them some bits of jumble to keep them quiet, while I sewed on my handkerchief.

It was very pleasant there, because the sun shone in so brightly, and the wind didn't blow much that day.

I almost finished the handkerchief, and then I was hungry and I ate up all my luncheon, and then the sun made me shut my eyes, and I suppose I went to sleep. For the next thing I knew, I was lying on the seat, and there were papa and mamma, and mamma said:

"Why, Chessie, child, what are you doing out here?"

When I told them how I was keeping Arbor Day, they laughed; but mamma cuddled me up in her arms, and hurried me off into the house, because she was afraid I had taken cold; for there it was the middle of the afternoon, and they had been looking everywhere for me, and I had been asleep all that time.

Papa said Jimmie was a naughty boy to tell me such stuff, and he told me that Arbor Day was to plant trees, and not to sit in the arbor at all, and he says I may plant a tree this afternoon, because it is so long to wait till next Arbor Day.

I suppose I shall have to forgive Jimmie, because he is my cousin, and he lets me wind up his engine and take my dolls to ride on his railway-train.

4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The name of a crime.
2. What you do when you climb.
3. To talk like a goose.
4. A thing of great use.
5. For a girl a sweet name.
6. A gown for the same.
7. A curious bird.
8. An affirmative word.

My *primals* name a holiday grand;
My *finals* the State where first 'twas planned

Conundrums.

What kind of cards are most used on Arbor Day? Spades.

When people enter into the general occupation of Arbor Day, what kind of trees are they? They are plantain trees (plantin' trees).

What is the difference between the century plant and Arbor Day? One is a day of many plants, the other a plant of many days.

What kind of trees are never planted on Arbor Day? Axle-trees.

What tribe of Indians are people like on Arbor Day? The Diggers.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. April. (Ape-rill.)

2.
```
      M O O
    B R O W N
  R E L I E V O
I G N A T I E F F
G U Y F A W K E S
  H A B I T A T
    T R U T H
      N I G
```

3. LearneD, Read, puBlish, First, AmeRican, regArding, coNgressional, seeKing, practicaL, desIring, seveNteenth = Dr. B. Franklin.

Printing, bOoks, alsO, libRary, countRy, electrIcity, Commissioner, Help, chAracter, fReedom, seventeen-hunDred-ninety = Poor Richard.

4. "The government at Washington still lives."

5. Strawberries.

6. Three blind mice.

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For the Companion.

SELECTION OF EYE-GLASSES.

Never purchase glasses from a peddler or a jeweller. Even opticians, except the most careful ones, practically allow the customer to make his own selection, and if he is near-sighted, he commonly selects glasses which are too strong, while if he is far-sighted, he selects such as enlarge the print, or else are of too low a number, from the false idea that this will favor a longer preservation of his sight.

Many persons suffer from astigmatism, a defect which prevents the rays of light from converging at the same focus. The trouble may be slight or severe. The afflicted person is sometimes born with it, but sometimes it develops after adult age is reached. Any one who has astigmatic eyes should consult a skilful oculist.

Sometimes there is spasm of the muscles of accommodation. In this case, the person may seem to be near-sighted while really far-sighted, or greatly near-sighted while only slightly so. The oculist alone can treat such eyes.

The medical name of near-sight is myopia. In this defect the rays of light converge to a focus before reaching the retina. The opposite of this, in which the converging point is beyond the retina, is called hyperopia. Hyperopia gives rise to headaches and neuralgia, from the constant strain of the muscles of accommodation in viewing distant objects. Persons afflicted with it need convex glasses, but naturally select concave ones. The glasses should be the strongest that can be worn with comfort, and should be used all the time, both for far and for near vision.

In myopia, the glasses should be the *weakest* that bring the sight to nearly normal vision when the print is at a distance of fourteen to sixteen inches. Many persons, when first fitted, are unable to wear with comfort any glass that makes the vision perfect. They complain of vertigo, and objects appear small and unnatural. In such cases the strength of the glass should be decreased, even though the person does not see so well. It is desirable to wear the glasses about half an hour before deciding on them.

Old sight—presbyopia—begins at about the age of forty. It is first noticed by the tendency to hold the paper further off. The glasses should not enlarge the letters, but simply render them clear and natural at the ordinary reading distance. Whatever the ocular defect, the proper glasses should be obtained as soon as it is discovered.

In addition to the above defects, there may be a weakness of one or more of the ocular muscles, with a constant strain on the weaker, in order to do its full share of the work. This strain may cause severe neuralgia of the head and nervous symptoms generally. In such a case, consult a skilful oculist.

In the above we have given the substance of an article in *Medical Classics* by Doctor Norton, professor in the New York Ophthalmic Hospital.

PAPER HORSESHOES.

Railroad car-wheels are now quite often constructed of paper. It would be hard to make an announcement of a new use of that material which should cause any lively surprise. And yet the introduction of horseshoes made of paper in the cavalry service of the German army seems extraordinary enough to excite interest.

Several cavalry horses were first shod with paper shoes, and the effect was observed. It was found that not only did the lightness and elasticity of the shoe help the horse on the march, making it possible for him to travel faster and further without fatigue than horses shod with iron, but that the paper shoe had the property of being unaffected by water and other liquids.

It is now proposed to replace iron with paper horseshoes in the entire German army.

The new shoes are made of a great number of thin sheets of paper pressed closely together, one above another, and rendered impermeable to water by the application of oil of turpentine. The sheets are glued together by a sort of paste composed of turpentine, whiting, gum and linseed oil, and then submitted to a powerful hydraulic pressure.

Paper horseshoes are also made by grinding up the paper into a mass, combining it with turpentine, sand, gum, litharge and certain other substances, pressing it and afterward drying it. But these shoes are less tough and elastic than those which are made of thin sheets of paper laid one upon another.

The paper shoes are fastened to the horse's feet either by means of nails, as in the case of the ordinary shoe, or with a kind of glue composed of coal-tar and caoutchouc.

The German cavalry horses are reported very happy and lively in their new shoes.

WOULDN'T ACCEPT IT.

People who strive to elevate certain classes in the social fabric, often find, to their surprise, that these very persons jealously guard the barriers of class distinctions. The following illustration of that fact is given by the author of "Four Years in Rebel Capitals."

A Richmond lady had a maid who—devoted and constant to her mistress—still burned with curiosity for a sight of everything pertaining to "Mars' Linkum's men," and especially for "de skule."

For swift indeed had new-comers been to preach the gospel of Alphabet, and negro schools seemed to have been brought in by every army ambulance, so numerously did they spring up in the captured capital. So, early one day, Clarissa Sophia donned her very best, and with shining face, hied her, like anything but a snail, to school.

Very brief was her absence; her return reticent, but pouting and with unduly tip-tilted nose.

It soon came out that the teacher had begun by impressing the children with the fact that all present were born "free and equal," and that each of them was quite as good as she was.

"Wa' dat yo's sayin' now?" interrupted Clarissa Sophia. "Yo' say I'se jes' ekal as yo' is?"

"Yes, I said so, and I will prove it to you."

"Ho! 'taint no need," was the response. "Reck'n I is, sho' 'nuff. But does yo' say dat I'se good as missus, *my* missus?"

"Certainly you are."

"Den I'se jes' gwine out yere, right off," cried Clarissa Sophia, suiting action to word. "Ef I'se good as *my* missus, I'se goin' ter quit, feer I jes' know. *she* ent 'soshiatin' wid no sich white trash like you is!"

SLIPPERY.

It is not always pleasant to see ourselves as others see us, and it is perhaps well for our peace of mind that we cannot always read our neighbors' mental comments upon our conduct, or upon our personal appearance. Here is an illustration:

A trader named Smith, from the interior, visited Galveston, and purchased a bill of goods from a prominent firm there. He was politely received, and one of the proprietors conducted him over the immense store. On reaching the fourth floor, the customer perceived a speaking-tube on the wall, the first one he had ever seen.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Oh, that is a speaking-tube. It is a great convenience. We can converse through it with the clerks on the first floor without taking the trouble of going downstairs."

"Can they hear everything you say through that?" asked the visitor.

"Certainly, and they can also reply."

"You don't say so! May I talk through it?"

"Certainly."

The visitor put his mouth to the tube and asked, "Are Sam Smith's goods packed up yet?"

The people in the office supposed it was the salesman who had asked the question, and in a moment the distinct reply came back:

"No, we have not packed them yet. We are waiting for a telegram from his town. He looks like a slippery fellow."

HUNTING BEARS.

General E. F. Burton describes a novel method of catching bears practised by the native hunters of India. Four or five sturdy men are armed, two with long spears, cross-barred on the handles close to the sharp two-edged blades, and two or three with ten-foot bamboos, of which the ends are smeared with bird-lime.

Thus equipped, and leading several powerful dogs, the hunters sally out an hour or so before dawn, and pass along the base of the hills with the fresh morning wind blowing up from the plains below.

If the hunters have luck, it is not long before the fierce dogs wind the bear; and though dogs of this species hunt as silent as death, their straining on the leash informs their masters that the shaggy game is nigh.

The dogs are slipped and disappear in the darkness, and soon the roaring and growling show that they have found the game. The hunters run up to the spot where the bear is fighting with the dogs.

The men with limed poles poke the bear in the ribs, and adroitly twist the ends in its long hair, thus holding it fast on either flank, and the spearmen complete the tragedy by repeated spear-thrusts. It is said that a party of experienced men with good dogs never fail to secure the bear in this way.

PERTINENT.

The force and value of a remark depend largely on the age and standing of the person who utters it.

Leslie Robinson is a boy about four years old. His father was employed for a few days by two maiden sisters, who had some work to be done about their place.

One of them, wishing to see him, said to the other, "Where is Robinson?"

Leslie overheard the question, and responded at once in a very demure, drawling manner:

"How—would—it—do—to—call—him—Mister—Robinson?"

JUST IN TIME.

An Irish gentleman getting upon a street-car found one place vacant, which he proceeded to occupy.

"Sure," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "I came just in the nick of time."

"How is that?"

"Arrah! If I was to come *now*, I shouldn't find a seat in the car!"

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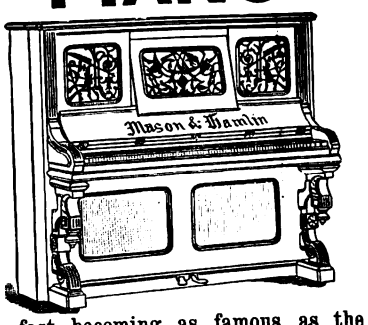
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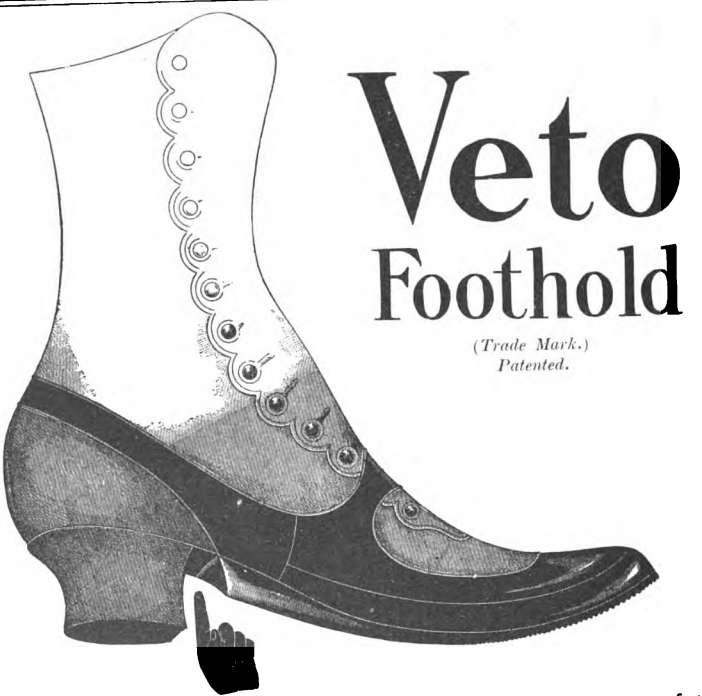
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For the Companion.

THE MERIT SYSTEM

By Hon. Theodore Roosevelt,

United States Civil Service Commissioner.

By civil service reform we mean the introduction of the merit system of making appointments to the public service. In the early days of the republic, under Washington, and to a somewhat less extent under his immediate successors, appointments to the public service were made with comparatively little regard to politics, and the appointees were very rarely removed for merely political reasons. Gradually, however, the spoils system, or patronage system, of making appointments and removals was introduced.

This system proceeds on the theory that "to the victors belong the spoils," a sentence which one of its founders boastfully uttered in public. For over fifty years succeeding 1829, when Jackson was inaugurated as President, the federal offices were administered purely on the patronage system.

Under this "spoils" system men are appointed to office primarily because of the fact that they are in sympathy with the politics of the dominant party for the time being, and are removed when the party in power changes, solely because of their politics, without regard to their efficiency.

Three-fourths of the offices in the federal government are still administered in accordance with this theory; but during the last few years a fourth of them have been made non-political, and put under the control of the Civil Service Commission.

Under the patronage system any man who wishes to get a public office must first of all placate some powerful politician, and persuade the latter to get the office for him. Under the patronage system, therefore, the active party workers are the ones who usually get the offices.

Sometimes these workers fulfil the duties of the offices well. Sometimes they do not; but they are always appointed and removed primarily for political reasons.

Most of the smaller governmental positions, however, really ought to have nothing at all to do with politics. The founders of the republic had no idea that they were political offices, and they would not be so considered to-day if people had not grown accustomed to regard with indifference the abuses of the spoils system.

A government clerk, a letter-carrier, a railway mail clerk or an official stenographer does not really occupy a political position at all; his politics should have nothing to do with his appointment to or retention in office. His duty is to serve the whole public, and it is wrong to pay him with money obtained by taxation from the whole public merely in order that he may work, or in order to reward him for having worked, for the benefit of a particular party.

The public at large is interested in having its letters delivered speedily and accurately, but it has no concern whatever in the question whether the letter-carrier believes in free trade or protection, monometallism or bimetallism.

Of course when letter-carriers, custom-house employees, departmental clerks, and the like, are appointed by the intercession of powerful politicians, these politicians take care to see that none but their own friends have the benefit of the government patronage, and they use the appointees to build up machines or political organizations, drilled with the discipline of an army and bound to support the wishes of their party chiefs.

These party chiefs thus have at their control organized bands of political mercenaries, who take an active part in running politics simply for the sake of the offices they receive. This tends to establish a caste of office-holders, appointed for political reasons, and interested in controlling politics, not for the good of their country, but for the benefit of themselves and their partisan leaders.

Such a system is very demoralizing in its effect upon public life and upon public men. During the last sixty years it is safe to say that no other one cause has had so strong a tendency as this has had to degrade and demoralize our politics.

The merit system, or civil service reform system, does away with all this demoralization and degradation, and not only immeasurably betters the tone of public life but also gives the government a better service.

We have now applied this merit system to about thirty thousand government offices, including almost all the clerks and subordinate officials in the departments at Washington, in the railway mail service, and in the larger post-offices and custom-houses. These men get their places now purely because in a series of practical competitive tests they have shown themselves to be presumably the men best fitted to fill the positions.

All questions of creed and politics are ruled out. If, for instance, a young man wishes to be a government clerk in Washington, he does not now have to apply to some prominent politician, and hang about in a miserable state of suspense for months, wasting his time and destroying his moral fibre and self-respect.

On the contrary, all he has to do is to write to the Commission for a set of blanks, which are forwarded to him at his home. These contain full information as to where he can be examined and on what subjects. He has to furnish testimony to his good moral character, and then, at his own convenience and without interruption of the regular work in which he may happen to be engaged, he takes one of our examinations.

The examination is thrown open to him and to all other competitors without regard to favoritism of any kind. If he desires an ordinary clerkship, he is tested in exactly the subjects on which a clerk needs to show proficiency; that is, in spelling, handwriting, copying, letter-writing, grammar and arithmetic. No questions of any other sort are asked, and all the questions are absolutely common-sense and practical.

He is marked by examiners who do not even know his name. He is then graded according to his mark, and if he stands high enough, compared with the other competitors, he receives the appointment.

If he wishes to become a letter-carrier instead of a clerk, he is tested chiefly as to his knowledge of his own local delivery and as to his skill and accuracy in reading addresses. A stenographer is examined in stenography. A railway mail clerk is examined as to his knowledge of United States geography, and especially as to his skill and accuracy in reading addresses, and his knowledge of the various railroads of his railroad district.

Every examination is perfectly practical in character, and men of all parties — Democratic, Republican, Prohibitionist, or Farmers' Alliance—are admitted without any discrimination whatsoever. Once in the service, they stay in just as long as they do their work faithfully and intelligently, without regard to change of administration.

No man nowadays who seeks a position in the classified service need neglect his work or pay court to a powerful politician, nor in any way do aught that would make him forfeit his self-respect. He simply has to show, in fair, open competition, by a series of practical tests, that among all the applicants he is the best fitted to perform the duties of the position he seeks; and he is then appointed without regard to politics.

If he gets his appointment, he has the right to feel, with the utmost satisfaction, that he owes it to his own capacity and not to the favor of any one, and that he has fairly earned it, as all American citizens should earn everything, by his own capacity and industry, under a system which guarantees fair play and justice to all.

For the Companion.

OVER THE CLIFF.

About four miles west of Independence, Kansas, stands a timbered hill, known as the Table Mound. This large mound, which is situated on the right bank of Elk River, rises to a height of over a hundred feet above the surrounding country.

At its base the river is narrow and rapid, and for nearly a mile dashes over a bed of jagged rocks. A long line of precipitous cliffs extends along the bank of the stream, varying in height from ten to fifty feet.

Here, on the banks of this stream, at the foot of the Table Mound, there lived, not many years ago, a man by the name of Henry Dykeman. He had a wife and two children, Tom and Bessie.

Tom was a bright, industrious lad fourteen years old, fond of out-door sports. He spent nearly all his spare time hunting squirrels and ducks along the stream, or fishing for black bass in the cool shadows of the cliffs.

Bessie, three years younger, was a shy, pretty child, with a cloud of light hair falling about her shoulders, and great blue eyes.

Early one June, a heavy rain had been falling for two days; but on the third day the clouds broke away, and the sun came out bright and warm.

It was too wet to work in the field, and in the afternoon Tom took his fishing-tackle and started toward the river.

Bessie, who was perched in the branches of a large cherry-tree, dropped nimbly to the ground, disappeared into the house, and quickly returned with her mother's permission to accompany Tom.

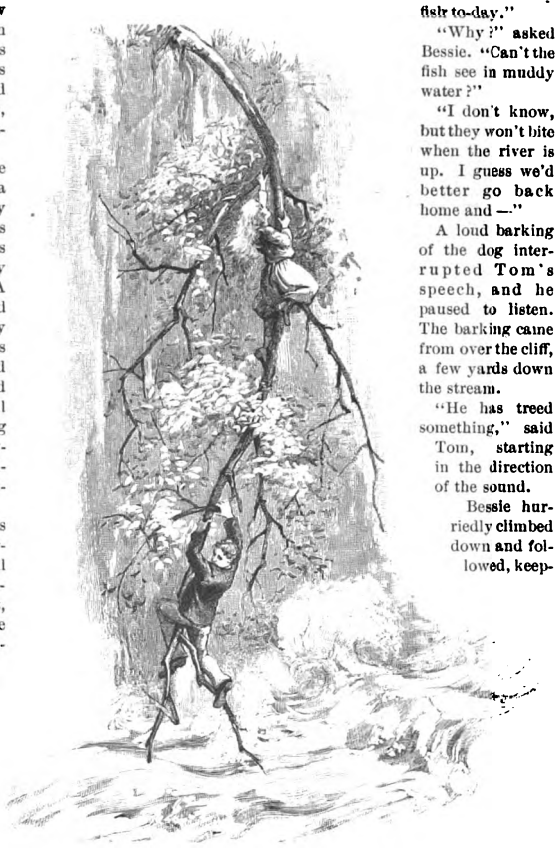
"Mamma says I may go with you if I won't go near the river," she exclaimed.

Tom was quite willing, and the two walked on along the grass-fringed path, Tom's dog Ring running ahead and barking with delight.

At the bank of the river Tom stopped to dig bait, while Bessie, who was as fond of climbing as a squirrel, had climbed into the branches of a mulberry-tree, and was gathering the large black berries and putting them into a little cup which she had made of leaves.

Tom had dug his bait, and was going a little farther down the stream, where the cliffs were not so high, when he happened to notice the swollen and muddy appearance of the river.

He gave a long whistle. "I forgot about the rain making the river rise," he said. "I guess I sha'n't catch any fish to-day."



How Bessie saved Tom.

"Why?" asked Bessie. "Can't the fish see in muddy water?"

"I don't know, but they won't bite when the river is up. I guess we'd better go back home and —"

A loud barking of the dog interrupted Tom's speech, and he paused to listen. The barking came from over the cliff, a few yards down the stream.

"He has treed something," said Tom, starting in the direction of the sound.

Bessie hurriedly climbed down and followed, keeping well back from the high cliff that overhung the river, in obedience to her mother's wish.

As Tom drew near the sound, he found that it came from over the cliff, down next the river. The cliff at this point was about twenty-five feet above the water and almost perpendicular; but nearly twenty feet below the summit a long shelf projected from its face. As Tom looked over the rocks from above, he saw the dog standing on this shelf, barking furiously at something that had taken refuge in the rocks.

"I wonder how he got down there," exclaimed Tom, looking for some way to reach the place. By going up the stream a short distance he discovered a place where he could, with some difficulty, descend to the water's edge. Here he found a footing on the ledge of rock that protruded out from the cliff and extended several yards along its face.

Taking his fishing-rod with him, he ran hastily along the ledge toward the dog, which was still barking sharply. The shelf extended slightly upward, and on reaching the dog Tom found himself several feet above the water.

The dog was barking at one of several large holes in the cliff.

"Ground hog, I guess," said Tom, stooping down and trying to peer into the holes. "Whatever it is, I can smoke it out."

He drew some matches from his pocket, and, gathering some leaves and sticks that had lodged on the rocks, he kindled a small fire in the mouth of the holes. Then he took his hat and fanned the smoke back into the openings.

For a long time he replenished his fire and fanned the smoke, but nothing appeared. Then he took his fishing-rod and thrust it into the holes. He thought he heard a low growl, but he was not sure of this, for the roar of the waters drowned the sound.

Tired at last, he called his dog, and turned to retrace his steps along the ledge.

Then he made a startling discovery. The river had risen several feet, and had completely cut off his retreat. Patches of driftwood and huge logs were now running rapidly on the surface of the stream, and a strong, swift current was setting in toward the cliff.

He looked about for some means of scaling the rocky wall, but could see nothing but the smooth face of the cliff, rising nearly twenty feet above his head, and nowhere upon its face could he find a foothold.

If he could only manage to scale the wall far enough to reach the branches of a little sapling that leaned over the edge of the cliffs, he could easily draw himself up; but even its lowest branches that hung down over the ledge were many feet above his head. He must look for some other means of escape.

He might call Bessie and send her home after a rope, but he did not care to have her venture too near the edge of the cliff unless it was absolutely necessary.

Perhaps the river would soon go down as rapidly as it had risen; and in that case he could go back by the way he had come.

He felt quite sure that he was in no danger. The river, he was satisfied, would not rise above the rock he stood upon. He would wait a little while, at any rate, and see.

He was about to seat himself on the rocks, when he uttered an exclamation of surprise. The river was beginning to flow over his rocky shelf! Then it dawned upon him that his position was a very perilous one. If the river continued to rise at the same rate, it would soon sweep him away.

He was a good swimmer, but as he looked across the broad waste of foaming waters, covered with floating debris, he saw how hopeless it was to attempt to escape from his position by the way of the river.

He examined the face of the cliff again. By thrusting his fingers into small crevices in the rocks he managed to draw himself up three or four feet. Then his hold gave way, and he fell back to the rock.

The water was now running rapidly over the shelf beneath his feet, and the roaring of the river through the rocks grew louder and louder. Great trees swept past swiftly, and a little farther down the stream Tom could see these trees turn over and over and leap wildly through the seething waters.

Tom cast a startled glance about him and shouted loudly for Bessie. That was his only hope of escape now. He must send her for his father, and no time must be lost.

He shouted again and again, and then watched eagerly for her to appear on the cliff above.

The water had now risen to Tom's knees, and as he clung to the cliff for safety, he saw his dog swept from his position on the rock, and a few moments later, disappear down the foaming rapids.

Just then Bessie looked down from above, and saw Tom's situation. She glanced hurriedly about her, with a terrified little sob, but could see no way to aid him.

"Run home and tell father to bring a rope!" Tom shouted.

But his voice, drowned by the roaring waters, reached Bessie only in an indistinct sound. She could see that he was giving some command, and knew that she must try to help him.

The current of the river was now changing, and setting in rapidly toward the cliff, roaring and leaping in foam against the rocks. Now a mass of floating timbers swirled shoreward, and striking the cliff with a loud crash, was swept under the boiling waters to reappear at the surface a moment later to be swept onward.

Bessie's face was white with fear.

"Oh, Tom!" she sobbed, "what must I do? What can I do?"

Tom was about to call to her again when a thought occurred to him, as his eyes rested on the slender tree that leaned over the cliff. Perhaps he could throw his fishing-line over the limbs, and draw them down within his reach.

This thought gave him a gleam of hope, and he hurriedly unwound his line. Then, reaching upward as far as he could, he swung the rod to and fro, and making a swift movement upward, threw the line over the slender limbs.

To his delight it wound around one of the branches and held securely. He heard a little cry of joy from Bessie.

The line was a strong one. Slowly Tom begun pulling on the rod. The slender top of the tree bent downward. Bessie watched with beating heart the branches bending lower and lower.

"Oh, if it will only hold!" she gasped.

As she spoke, the small end of the rod broke with a snap, and the top of the tree flew upward to its place.

Bessie screamed as she saw Tom stagger backward, drop the rod into the water and clutch the cliff for support. Tom turned his face, white with fear, up to Bessie as the hurrying waters rushed about him.

"Go—home—get father!" he shouted slowly.

The words came faintly to Bessie above the roar of the rushing stream, and, with a face as white as the foam on the river, she ran toward home.

Tom saw her disappear. The water was now up to his waist, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he kept his footing on the rocks. If he relaxed his hold on the cliff for a single moment, he would be swept away.

The river was rising still more swiftly. He could feel it as it crept about him. It was a half-mile to the house; help could never reach him in time from that quarter.

A look of despair settled on his face. He could only hold on a few more minutes, and then —

A shadow appeared on the cliff above.

Bessie had gone but a little way when she halted

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suddenly and hurried back to the edge of the cliff, a look of determination on her white face.

Throwing her hat aside, she climbed swiftly out on the little tree that leaned over the edge of the cliff. Tom, looking up from below, saw her, and called loudly:

"Go back, Bessie! Go back!"

If she heard him she did not heed his warning.

The slender sapling swayed beneath her weight as she crept out among its branches. Then, as she climbed farther and farther, the tree bent downward foot by foot, till its top was many feet below the summit of the cliff.

She paused now, finding the incline so great, and, turning about, crept downward feet foremost. She reached the slender top branches of the tree, and they bent downward rapidly under her weight until she hung suspended in the air, only a few feet above Tom's head.

A strong wind, sweeping along the rocks, swung her to and fro like a pendulum.

For one brief, terrible moment she hung suspended over the boiling waters, her face white with fear—her little hands clinging desperately to the swaying limbs, her long hair streaming in the wind. In that brief time she saw the turbid waters plunging among the rocks below.

A great tree that had been uprooted by the floods came swiftly in toward the cliff, and, striking on some hidden rock, rose majestically from the foaming waters, and stood for a moment as if rooted in the bosom of the stream. Then with its broken and splintered branches quivering as if moved by a mighty wind, it reeled downward and was swept away by the roaring flood.

"Quick—now—catch the limbs," Bessie called out. At that very moment Tom leaped upward and grasped the branches of the tree.

Bessie felt the tree sway with the additional weight. She heard Tom calling to her to climb back—and she knew she had succeeded.

Then hurriedly clambering to the top of the cliff she fell in a dead faint on the rocks above.

A few moments later, after he himself had climbed up, Tom found her there and carried her safely home.

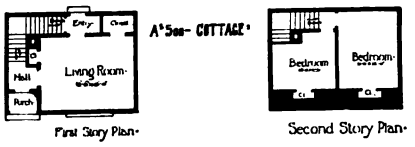
WILL LISENBEE.

For the Companion.

TASTEFUL COTTAGES.

The purpose of the following sketches for houses, to cost from five hundred dollars to two thousand dollars, is not merely to show how much may be given for the money, but to present something that will also be artistic. Of course a house having





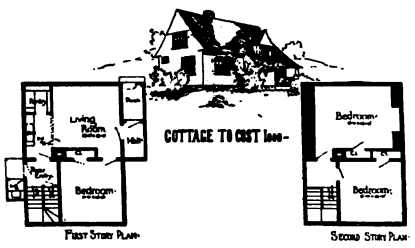
First Story Plan. Second Story Plan.

neither beauty of exterior nor a convenient arrangement may be made larger for the same cost than the houses built after these sketches. All that I can do is to show what can be done for a small sum in planning the rooms so that they shall be convenient, and give what I think are pretty exteriors. I hope thus to help some young people who have limited means, but more taste, to a snug little home—something that they can feel has a character of its own, and is distinct from its neighbors.

A Five-Hundred-Dollar House.

A house to cost only five hundred dollars must of necessity be small and simple. The sketch is for such a house. It will have a cellar only under a part of it. One room on the first floor will suffice for a living room and kitchen, and there are two bedrooms on the second floor. The following rough specification will give some idea of how the house is built.

The cellar is six feet deep, and the underpinning of field stones laid in mortar. The walls and roof are covered with clear cedar shingles. The veranda has posts and railing of rustic cedar. The



outside finish is of second quality pine, painted in two coats; the shingles are not to be painted.

All the floors are of second quality spruce. The walls and ceilings are plastered, one coat. The windows are of second quality glass, without blinds. The stairs are a box flight with no posts or rail. There is a white-pine plank sink with one and one-quarter inch lead waste carried to cesspool. All the doors and inside finish are of whitewood, finished with two coats of shellac.

A One-Thousand-Dollar House.

This has a cellar under the whole house six feet deep, and the underpinning is of field stone. The outside walls and roof are covered with cedar shingles, and left in natural color; the other outshingles, and left in natural color; the other outside finish is painted two coats, and is of white pine. There are no gutters.

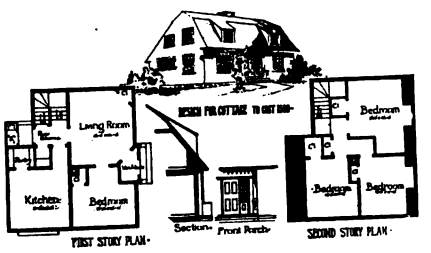
The floors are of spruce, except in the living-room, which is of birch. The doors are of second quality white pine, and the finish of the same; all to be painted two coats.

The stairs are of seven-eighths-inch white pine, the treads and rises painted.

The pantry has shelves and cleat doors underneath. There is a common iron sink, with a cupboard underneath, with lead supply and waste to cesspool or sewer.

The windows are double sliding and glazed with second quality American glass. A wood mantel in the living-room will cost ten dollars. The chimney is of hard bricks, with thimble in each room. The walls and ceilings are plastered in two coats, to be papered by the owner.

This house is arranged with two rooms on the first floor—a living-room and bedroom—with two



bedrooms on the second floor. The living-room is also used for the kitchen by placing the sink in a recess so that it can be screened from the other part of the room. The pantry, also, can be reached from the recess.

Each bedroom has a good closet.

A Fifteen-Hundred-Dollar House.

As will be seen by the plan, this house will have six rooms. The first floor is arranged with a sitting-room, kitchen and bedroom. The stairs are conveniently placed for easy access from the living-room, and also to the cellar from the back entrance, so as to be near the kitchen and living-room.

The chimney is between the three rooms, so that there may be a thimble in each room if necessary, and in two of the rooms above. As the plumbing in such a house must be very simple, the plan is arranged for an earth closet.

The cellar, under the whole house, is six feet deep, and has coal-bins and so forth. The underpinning is of rough, common bricks, burned ends, with cobble stones built in. The chimney is topped out to match the underpinning.

The outside walls are of second quality cedar shingles, with one coat of stain. The roof shingles will be left in their natural state. The other outside finish will be of second quality white pine, painted with two coats of white. All the inside finish will be of whitewood and painted two coats. The doors are of whitewood with four panels.

The floors are of second quality spruce, except that of the kitchen, which is of birch. The stairs have birch treads and whitewood rises. The windows are with double-hung sash, and have no blinds.

The only plumbing will be for a sink; cold water supply and waste to be carried by two-inch drain to open cesspool, should there be no sewer.

The pantry has shelves and cleat doors. All walls and ceilings are plastered, two coats.

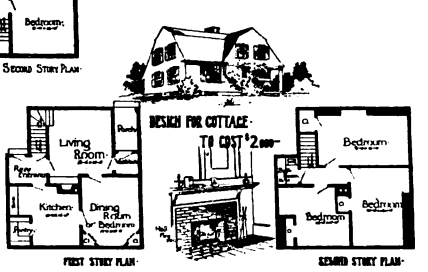
A Two-Thousand-Dollar House.

This plan is for six rooms and a bath-room, though the only work that could be put into the bath-room would be a water-closet, with a chance to put in a tub later.

The sitting-room has a fireplace in a small recess, which gives a cozy effect to the room. A vestibule in front gives a protection to the living-room, and the arrangement of the passage or back entrance cuts the living-room off from the odors of the kitchen. The third room in the first story can be used for a dining-room or bedroom. The stairs go up from the living-room, and the cellar stairs are reached from a back entry.

The cellar has a room for vegetables and coal-bins. A furnace may be put in at any time, but not for the price given.

The cellar is to be six and one-half feet deep. The underpinning is of local ledge stones laid in mortar, and a cemented floor. The walls and roof are shingled with clear cedar shingles, and there will be paper on the walls. The floors are of spruce except that in the kitchen, which is of birch; all



other outside finish to be pine. All outside finish on the walls will be stained red. All the inside finish will be of whitewood, except in the sitting-room, which will be of cypress; all are to have two coats of varnish.

The doors will have four panels, and be of white wood or cypress. The fireplace in the sitting-room is of common brick, with facings and hearth laid in red mortar; the mantel to cost fifteen dollars.

All the walls and ceilings are to be plastered two coats. The windows are double hung and glazed with first quality American glass. The iron sink will have lead supply and wash. There are short hopper closets, and the house is piped for gas.

SANFORD PHIPPS.

For the Companion.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

The ambition of my girlhood was to become a shining star in the theatrical firmament. Theatre-going was my ruling passion. I remember, with much amusement, the exciting rehearsals upon which I wasted much time in the privacy of my own room. There I essayed the most difficult rôles of comedy and tragedy. The natural displeasure of my guardian at my determination to go upon the stage, the bitter feelings which possessed me, when Fate, in the form of ill-health, nipped my brilliant plans in the bud, the tears of disappointment shed in those hours, I recall with new force in the light of later experiences. I have learned that the destiny or the circumstances which order our life-work other than we have planned it often prove kind when we have deemed them cruel.

Lately I was compelled by business to travel for several days with a company of professional actors, a small company, but one above the average of merit, and of the sort in which, under ordinary circumstances, an actor must be trained before he can hope to be successful.

The company consisted of the star, Mrs. S——, her husband, and a few young actors and actresses. Though it was engaged in playing only in the smaller cities and towns, several of its members were credited with the possession of dramatic talents of a fairly high rank.

Let us visit the little theatre at the company's first stopping-place. Here, in the recesses of a cramped and gloomy stage, upon a cold day, the "leading actors" are hard at work. Heavy trunks must be dragged up a flight of rickety stairs, and, as help is scarce in the town, some of the company must lend a hand. There is certainly nothing romantic about this occupation.

At last the trunks are in the dressing-rooms or upon the stage. Such scenery as the stage contains must be taken down and the company's scenery set up. The stage manager, who is also the leading actor, has gone through this many times, but there is scarcely a theatre or a hall which does not present new mechanical difficulties for him to solve. It is hard and taxing work.

In the meantime Mrs. S——'s room at the hotel has been transformed into a dressmaking establishment. The costumes for a new farce must be prepared.

One lady sits at a borrowed sewing-machine—borrowed with great difficulty, too, for all the women in the town seem to be a little suspicious of "those actresses." She is stitching industriously. Another sews together, by hand, widths of filmy China silk, and the "star" herself measures off the lace to complete a costume.

The next two hours are spent by the "star" in examining a play which has been written for her, to adapt it to her own use.

She cuts out passages here, adds sentences there, and molds her part to suit her own taste and ability. This is more interesting than the dress-making, perhaps, but more wearing to the nerves, for the actress is quite uncertain how her arrangement of the matter will "take" with the public, which is to be the judge.

At four o'clock a rehearsal of a new farce is called. This with professional actors is downright hard work, and has none of the diverting features that it might be supposed to possess.

A light supper—probably a very poor one—follows, and then the company are ready for their evening's work.

A feeble ray of light, struggling through a dusty lamp chimney, barely prevents the ladies from breaking their necks as they climb to the forlorn dressing-rooms, which are separated from one another only by rough board partitions. A few nails driven into the walls, cracked looking-glasses, and shaky tables are the only toilet conveniences provided. Everything is uncomfortable, squalid and depressing.

After the play each actress must pack her own trunk. The men of the company take down the scenery and pack it away. It is twelve o'clock when the tired company return to the hotel.

They are tired still, when at eight o'clock next morning, with scanty sleep and scanty breakfast, they take the train to continue their journey to the next town. Their incessant travel is laborious, uncomfortable and wearisome.

The private wardrobes carried on such a trip are meagre. All trunks, save those containing costumes for the plays, are left in the large city around which the troupe is circling. Mrs. S——'s valise contained a loose wrapper and slippers for bedroom wear, the scantiest provision of necessary clothing,—which, if washed at all, must be washed and dried in her own apartment,—a bottle of camphor and one of ammonia, an alcohol lamp, a package of ground coffee and a tiny coffee-pot.

"You see," she explains, "it's very handy to have these for one-night 'stands.' If we leave directly after the performance and travel all night, a cup of good coffee is a great comfort."

Neither lodgings nor meals are good. One musty bedroom succeeds another, and one illy-cooked meal is like all the rest. As I went about with this company, how these unpleasant surroundings made me long for my own pleasant home!

The actress has no home ties, no home life. The family reunions at Thanksgiving, Christmas, or on other occasions are unknown to her, although she has a husband, sons, and other dear relatives. Holidays find her at work the hardest. The migratory life she leads deprives her of all social enjoyment.

The contract which the ladies of her company sign forbids them to accept social attentions. One young lady was obliged to decline an invitation to attend an afternoon concert given at a military post near the city in which the troupe was then playing—a deprivation to any pleasure-loving girl.

If, among my readers, there are any who, after this glimpse behind the scenes, still feel the spark of dramatic ambition burning, and think that in such a life they could find happiness, let them study well over the following questions:

Have you an iron-clad constitution which will withstand the wear and tear of late hours, constant travelling and stage draughts?

Is your digestion strong enough to defy dyspepsia—the ghost that sits unseen at every hotel table?

Are your nerves hardy and your heart stout to brave early failures, criticism and social ostracism?

Are you willing to work early and late, and forego all the ordinary pleasures and comforts of life?

If you can truly answer all these questions in the affirmative, perhaps you are fitted for a dramatic career, but you are also fitted for almost any other more desirable profession as well.

ANNA S. RICHARDSON.

For the Companion.

THE TRANSPLANTING OF TREES.

Perhaps you have some time lain under the great bell of a flowering cherry-tree in May, and looked up through its full, fragrant, white, arrested snow-storm of blossoms, and when you shut your dazzled eyes, the droning of the bees made music in your ears, even as the blossoms had filled your eye with their white beauty.

"The music of the bee a witchcraft hath for me," and Arbor Day comes in the midst of the witchcraft of the spring, when all nature—birds, bees and flowers—takes part in the joyous celebration.

But were it not for those who long ago transplanted the cherry-tree from its home in the East, we should have no white-domed cherry-trees full of blossoms under which to look up to a blue heaven and dream away a spring day. We must go a long way back to find the proper person to thank for the delicious fruit of this tree.

It was Lucullus, who, after the war with Mithridates in Asia Minor about 70 B. C., introduced cherries from Pontus into Italy.

The fruit found great favor, and Pliny says that one hundred and twenty years later it passed over into Britain. But these cherries from the city of Cerasus in Pontus were lost during the Saxon period, and were only restored by the gardener of Henry VIII., who again brought them to England from Flanders.

The planting and transplanting of trees is not a novelty, but the setting apart of an especial day in which groups of children take part in planting trees is indeed a feature of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Arbor Day claims a place in the calendar which every one is delighted to accord to it. It adds interest to the day to know that we are carrying on the work of public-spirited and practical men, who in former years and centuries have transplanted from other climes and countries the fruit and shade trees which we could never have enjoyed without their labors.

Isaac D'Israeli, the father of Lord Beaconsfield, gives us in his essay on the "Introducers of Exotic Flowers, Fruits, etc.," much interesting information. He says, "Had Evelyn composed only the great work of his 'Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest Trees,' his name would have excited the gratitude of posterity."

Evelyn himself says in his dedication of the book to Charles II., "I need not acquaint your majesty how many millions of timber-trees, beside infinite others, have been planted throughout your vast dominions at the instigation and by the sole direction of this work."

It is said that Henry IV. of France gave up his orangeries, which were a personal luxury, in order to introduce mulberry-trees into his kingdom. De Serres (1599) made the king acquainted with these trees. To him, as having made silk culture possible by this means, France owes much of her national revenue to-day.

It would require too much space to speak of all the trees which transplanters have brought from the East to England and thence to our own country.

But when we read that apricots—first known in England in the sixteenth century—were originally no larger than damson plums, and contrast them with the fruit produced in our California orchards, we can appreciate the improvement consequent on care and culture.

We may recall a tract of Samuel Hartlib, to whom Milton addressed his tract on Education, entitled "A Design for Plenty by an Universal Planting of Fruit Trees." The project consisted in enclosing the waste lands and commons, and appointing officers, whom he calls fruiterers or woodwards, to see that the plantations were duly attended to. He says, "The child and the poor man prefer fruit before better food, as the story goeth which he has preserved in these ancient and simple lines."

"The poor man's child invited was to dine,
With flesh of oxen, sheep and fatted swine,
(Far better cheer than he at home could find.)
And yet this child to stay has little mind.
'You have,' quoth he, 'no apple, froise nor pie,
Stewed pears, with bread and milk and walnuts by.'"

Fruit and shade trees symbolize refreshment and rest. They cannot be too carefully guarded when we have them, nor too sedulously labored for when we do not possess them.

A tree is a thought of God. The beautiful outline existed in His mind before it took shape and threw its glorious head up to the sun. Every one, therefore, who plants a tree is reproducing a thought of God.

If we have helped to plant a tree we cannot

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thereafter regard a tree indifferently. In the planting of thousands of trees all over our country this Arbor Day of 1891, many will no doubt begin a life-long study and heartfelt love for the crown of the vegetable world—a tree!

MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

For the Companion.

GARDENING APRON.

A handsome gray linen towel with fringed ends and colored borders was chosen for the apron which served as a model for the accompanying sketch.

About one-third of the length of the towel was cut off for the pocket-piece; the side borders cut from the remaining two-thirds were made into a long belt, and finished with a large button at one end and two buttonholes at the other. The extra buttonhole was for raising or lowering the apron; also to accommodate different members of the family.



The fringed end of the longer piece—after the plain end and sides were hemmed—was folded over the waist band and stitched firmly to it; then the pocket-piece was stitched in position as shown, a double row of stitching in the middle dividing it into two parts.

The fringed ends, at the waist and at the bottom, were held slightly full, but not enough for gathers.

Being washable, as well as strong and serviceable, it was in almost daily use throughout the season, and was so pretty and convenient that it has many times been duplicated by those who have observed its usefulness.

It is very handy when gardening to have twine, wire, cord, pegs, shears, gloves, etc., conveniently near, where one may get them without a moment's notice. It is handy to have a protector not too nice to rest one's soiled, tired hands on when enjoying a short rest from labor. It is also handy, when one is done gardening for the time, not to be obliged to restore every little thing used to its own separate box, drawer or shelf, but instead, to simply take off the apron, button the belt, and suspend it—bag-fashion—upon a hook, where, with contents undisturbed, it may remain until again wanted; and that is just what the possessor of the towel-apron of our sketch had and did.

If preferred, a narrow strip might be cut from the top of the pocket-piece and be stitched across the apron above the two large pockets, and divided into several small pockets, for packets of seeds, by cross rows of stitching a few inches apart.

Similar aprons made of bed-ticking for clothes-pin-holders have already been described in a former number of *The Companion*.

For the Companion.

"OUR DONATELLO."

No sculptor, save Michael Angelo, more potently influenced Florentine art and architecture than did Donatello. His name was Donato; but Donatello is the "love-word," the affectionate, friendly form, for Donato; and Donatello was what all Florence called Donato, and calls him to this day.

If you wonder why, the key is easily found in the sculptor's character. A glimpse or two at his life will reveal it. He was very ambitious when he was young, and eager to do good and great things. He had a friend—his most intimate friend—named Filippo Brunelleschi, the great architect. Filippo was ambitious also, but not in Donatello's outspoken, sincere way.

Both were very young when Donatello made a crucifix of which he was very proud. It stands now in the Church of Santa Croce. It was Donatello's first important work, and he was impatient to show it to his friend. He had spoken of it so lovingly that Brunelleschi expected great things of it; but when he stood before it, his lips curved in a curious smile and he said nothing.

Donatello, troubled by his silence, pressed him for an opinion.

"If you will have it," said Brunelleschi, "it is a peasant that you have hung upon the cross—a peasant, and not the Christ."

Donatello's quick, frank temper was roused, and he cried, "Perhaps it is not so easy as you think. You had best take a piece of wood and make one yourself."

Brunelleschi smiled again, and said nothing; but secretly he went to work on his own behalf. It took him several months to carry out his idea; and all this time he seemed busy about other matters, and said nothing.

At last his task was accomplished, and he asked Donatello to come and dine with him. On their way to Brunelleschi's room they went through the market, and bought their bread and fruit and eggs; and as Donatello wore an apron, he volunteered to carry in it these materials for their little feast.

When they reached the door, Brunelleschi said he had another errand to do, and sent Donatello in alone.

He opened the door, and there, in the still room, he saw Brunelleschi's crucifix. He was so seized upon by its perfection that he forgot what he carried, and threw up his hands in wonder. The contents of his apron fell upon the floor, and all the eggs were broken.

Brunelleschi came in, saw the wreck, and cried out, laughing, "How shall we dine when the eggs are broken?"

"Dine as you please," said Donatello, "if you want any dinner. I have had my share for this morning."

His love for what was noble conquered whatever of envy he may have had, and he said, humbly, "To you it has been given to make the Christ. I could only make the peasant."

After all, I think one would rather have been Donatello of these two.

He could be as enthusiastic about his own work, when it deserved it, as about that of another. He made a statue called the "Zuccone," for the decoration of Giotto's Campanile, and was so much pleased with it when it was finished that he struck it with his hand, and called on it to "Speak!"

His strongest oath thereafter was, "By my faith in my Zuccone!"

He never became rich, for he kept all his money in a basket, hung upon a beam in his workshop, and allowed his friends and workmen to help themselves, according to their needs, without rendering him any account. But he never suffered the pangs of want.

When he was growing old, Piero de Medici gave him a farm which brought him in a large revenue. Before a year was over, Donatello came to Piero begging him to take back his gift, for it was so much trouble to see to his workmen that he would rather die of hunger.

Piero laughed, and resumed possession of the farm, but gave the sculptor, instead, a pension, on which he lived comfortably and without care.

Death met him at last in the street, when he was on his way to take a look at his Zuccone, and led him in another direction. But he had lived already to be eighty.

He lives in Florentine hearts, still. Mothers point out his works to their little children, and say, "That was done by our Donatello!"

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

For the Companion.

A PERSEVERING TREE-PLANTER.

In Mr. E. A. Dix's interesting book on the Pyrenees, he tells of a very persevering intendant, or governor, of Bigorre and Béarn, Baron D'Etigny, who was especially devoted to the beautiful town of Luchon. Luchon, however, did not accept kindly the improvements which he designed for her benefit.

Having built many roads throughout the surrounding country, D'Etigny built still better ones for Luchon. He levelled the rough ground in the city, and proceeded to make greater innovations, opening three additional avenues, and planting them with quadruple ranges of trees.

This focussed the growing opposition. Every chair-carrier and pony-hirer in Luchon, together with every owner of the land condemned, spitefully resented the opening of the new routes. Combining with the neighboring mountaineers, they rose one night, and demolished all three of the avenues, and uprooted the young trees, leaving the ways strewn with debris and wholly impassable.

D'Etigny calmly built them up again, and with increased care.

They were demolished again.

Even the intendant's patience failed then. He built the roads a third time, but in addition to trees he studded them with troops.

They were not molested after that. Their enemies found they had a man against them who meant what he said, and was prepared to stand by it. Eventually they veered around even into respect. Luchon in the end grew to rejoice in her *allées* unreservedly.

They stand to this day, and D'Etigny's name is all but canonized under the lindens which once heard him vigorously cursed.

DISEASED PERCEPTIONS.

An American physician, eminent as a specialist in nervous diseases, has said that a certain kind of insanity is frequently preceded by what may be called a mania of the sense of smell.

The patient is tormented by certain imaginary odors, generally of a foul and offensive character. One man detected the scent of decaying bananas wherever he went; another was haunted by the odor of the small-pox ward of a hospital in which he had been a physician. A rose, the salt sea air, the most dainty and pure things all gave out to his diseased nerves only this sickly, poisonous odor.

The victims of this peculiar hallucination cannot be convinced that the offensive odor does not exist. They insist that it is there, but that the perceptive faculties of other men and women are too blunt to detect it.

There is another hallucination very like to this, and much more common and better known. It is that of certain well-meaning people who have a sleuth-hound scent for detecting bad motives and purposes in every human being whom they meet.

If their friend is gay and talkative, he is, in their opinion, shallow and frothy; if he is reticent, he is grim and morose. If he is cold in his manner, he is ungrateful, while if he professes friendship to them, he is false and tricky.

In the least action they find some sinister motive; the most honorable man is, to their keen sense, a rogue; the best woman is deceitful and not to be trusted.

Unfortunately, too, this diseased moral sense is contagious. One suspicious, uncharitable man or woman will taint a whole school or family, or even a church, with evil doubts.

Lunatics of the first class are much to be pitied; but surely it is better to go through life haunted by the smell of decaying bananas than by the imaginary presence of vice in the innocent people around us.

For all purposes of a pain-reliever, for both internal and external use, "*Brown's Household Panacea*" is highly recommended. Price, 25 cents. [Adv.

ECIFFO TRADE MARK is guaranteed to rid any building of Water Bugs and Roaches or money refunded. A fatal food, yet non-poisonous. Insist upon having it. Scores of testimonials. If your druggist or grocer does not keep it, send 60 cts. for pound package to **HOUGHTON & CO., 25 Hawley St., Boston.**

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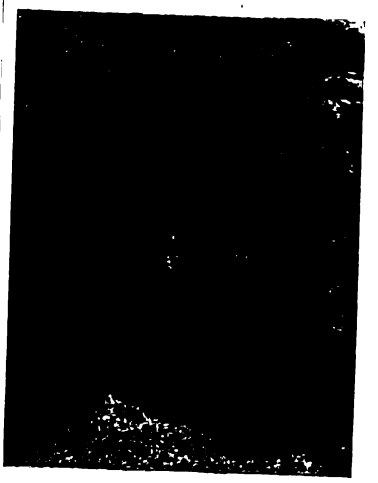
A perfect combination of Window Guard, Inkstand, Reading and Drawing Table, Artists' Easel and Music Holder. Substantial and Elegant. **$3.50 and $5.00** from agents or manufacturer. **WM. R. ROOS,** 512 W. 48th Street, N. Y. **Illustrated Catalogue Free.**

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If not for sale by your local dealer, address THE JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"From Andante to Allegro," an illustrated pamphlet, will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen.



The above engraving was made by one of our pupils, who began the study recently, when 17 years old. It is all done by means of chemicals, the use of which, at home, any bright young person of either sex may learn from our illustrated book of instructions, and find a pleasant and remunerative employment, experts earning as high as $50 weekly, as explained in the book, sent on receipt of $1.20. Address the publisher, **T. W. MORRISON, 11 Somerset St., Plainfield, N. J. Lock Box I.**

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One two-ounce bottle Pure Vaseline,	10cts.
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Or any single article at the price named for it. **$1.10.**

If you have occasion to use **Vaseline** in any form, be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take **Vaseline** put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an *imitation without value*, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal **Vaseline** is sold by all druggists at **ten cents.**

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For the Companion.

THE POWDER-MONKEY.

By Rear Admiral S. B. Luce, U. S. N.

The word *monkey* is a diminutive often attached by sailors to another word to denote a smaller object of the same kind. Thus we have *monkey-jacket*, a short pea-jacket; *monkey-yard*, a small yard with the sail bent, crossed on one of the masts a few feet above the deck, for the exercise and instruction of boys; *monkey-reef*, a short extra reef formerly put in topsails and shaken out in a free wind. A *monkey-tail* was a short iron bar used in training a carronade, and so on.

So the smallest and youngest member of a gun's crew was assigned to the duty of bringing the charges of powder from the magazine to the gun, and was sometimes called a powder-monkey, but more generally a powder-boy.

Readers of Scott's novels may remember that, in "Guy Mannering," the young hero, who was proclaimed by Meg Merrilies, the gypsy-queen, at the Kairn o' Derncleugh, as Henry Bertram of Ellangowan, had been sent in his early youth, by a wicked relative, as "a cabin-boy, or powder-monkey, on board an armed sloop or yacht belonging to the Revenue."

This is one of the very few instances, it is believed, where the expression appears in a printed narrative.

Farragut as a Powder-Boy.

It is interesting to know that Admiral Farragut was once an amateur powder-boy. When a little less than thirteen years of age he served under Commodore Porter, on board the United States frigate *Essex*, in her memorable fight with the English frigate *Phœbe* and the sloop-of-war *Cherub*, off Valparaiso, in 1814.

He tells his own story with characteristic simplicity. "During the action," he says, "I was like Paddy in the catharpings, 'a man on occasions.' I performed the duties of captain's aid, quarter-gunner, powder-boy, and, in fact, did everything that was required of me."

He then goes on to describe the "horrid impression" made upon him by the sight of the first man he had ever seen killed, and continues: "Soon after this some gun-primers were wanted and I was sent after them. On going below, the captain of the gun opposite the hatchway was struck by an eighteen-pound shot, and fell back on me. We tumbled down the hatchway together. I lay some moments stunned by the blow, but soon recovered consciousness enough to rush up on deck. The captain, on learning that I was not wounded, said, 'Where are the primers?' This first brought me to my senses, and I ran below again and carried the primers on deck.

"When my services were not required for other purposes, I assisted in working a gun; would run and bring powder from the boys, and send them back for more, until the captain wanted me to carry a message, and this continued to employ me during the action."

Equally interesting is it to know that one of our most eminent journalists and men of letters served as a powder-boy on board a line-of-battle ship for a full cruise of three years. During that time he circumnavigated the globe. His ship, one of our staunch old "seventy-fours," after rounding the Cape of Good Hope, touched at Java, lay some time in Canton River, passed thence through the Yellow Sea and visited Yedo Bay, Japan, thus antedating the arrival of Commodore Perry by about seven years. At the Sandwich Islands he enjoyed the experience of seeing "two Sundays come together," and finally reached the coasts of California in time to take part in the Mexican War.

The Powder-Boy's Duties.

The part of a powder-boy, though somewhat subordinate, requires activity and judgment; for while he must keep his gun so well supplied with powder as not to lessen the rapidity of fire, he must not allow the cartridges to accumulate on deck, lest an explosion take place and cause more destruction than the fire of the enemy.

In the desperate encounter between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the English frigate *Serapis*, an accident took place from that cause on board the *Serapis*.

The powder-boy must exercise great care also, to prevent sparks or fragments of burning cartridges from getting into his passing-box—the leather box in which the cartridge is carried. As a precaution, the passing-box on being presented for a fresh cartridge, must be carefully shaken over a tub of water, to empty it of anything that might communicate fire.

An explosion at the magazine passage would be likely to communicate to the magazine itself, and blow up the ship.

History furnishes a number of instances of ships blowing up in battle. The case of the *L'Orient*, the flag-ship of the French fleet at the battle of the Nile, which took fire and subsequently blew up, gave rise to Mrs. Hemans's beautiful poem, "Casabianca." No doubt young Casablanca acted very much as young Farragut did, and contributed his full share to the fight, according to his years.

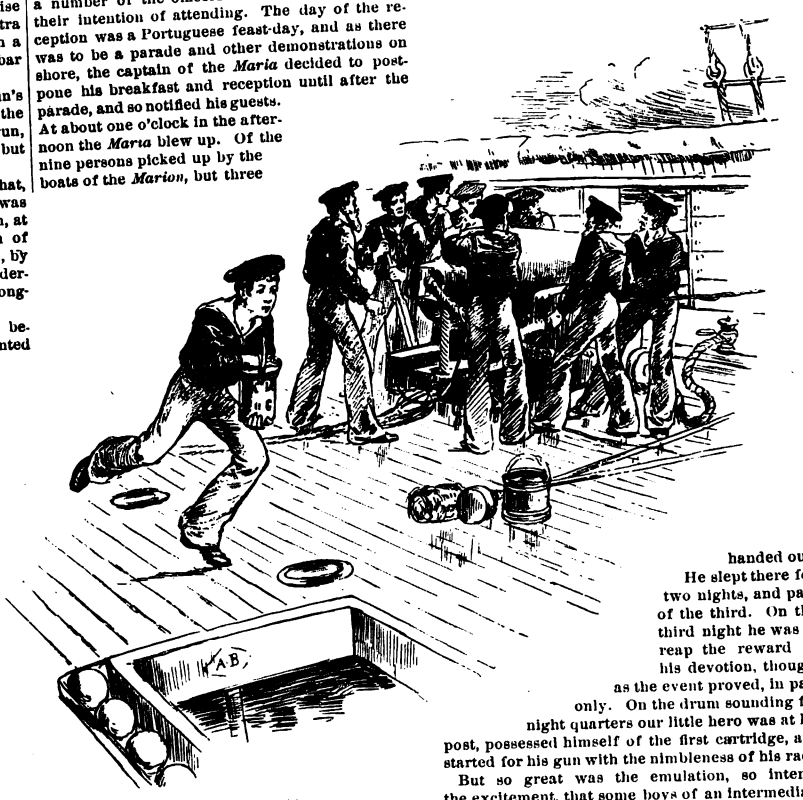
In the same way the *Congress*, frigate, blew up at Newport News, Virginia, in 1862. And was not that powder-boy a hero who brought up the last cartridge that enabled the *Cumberland* to fire a parting shot as she sank beneath the waves?

The magazine from which the powder-boy draws his supplies is always a source of danger. History records a number of instances of ships being blown up while lying quietly at anchor in a friendly port. Among the most noteworthy cases may be mentioned that of the English frigate *Amphion*, Captain Pellew. The ship was lying in Hamoaze, Plymouth, England, in 1796, the crew being employed in overhauling and refitting the rigging.

Captain Pellew was drinking a glass of wine with a friend in the cabin, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, the ship blew up with a terrific explosion, killing and wounding many of her people.

About the year 1850 the United States ship *Marion* and the Portugese "jackass frigate" *Donna Maria Segunda* were lying at anchor quite near each other, in the Typa anchorage, near Macao, China. As the *Donna Maria* was about to sail for home, the captain had sent out invitations to a breakfast, to be followed by a reception, and a number of the officers of the *Marion* signified their intention of attending. The day of the reception was a Portuguese feast-day, and as there was to be a parade and other demonstrations on shore, the captain of the *Maria* decided to postpone his breakfast and reception until after the parade, and so notified his guests.

At about one o'clock in the afternoon the *Maria* blew up. Of the nine persons picked up by the boats of the *Marion*, but three survived. It is estimated that, including visitors, bumboat women and trades-people, together with the ship's company, fully three hundred people must have perished by the explosion. Owing to the postponement of the hour none of the American officers were on board. It is supposed that the firing of the magazine was due to the deliberate act of the gunner, who sought that means of revenge for the ill-treatment he had received the day before, at the hands of the captain.



Carrying a Cartridge.

In 1829 the United States steam-frigate *Fulton*, since known as the *Fulton the First*, while in service as receiving-ship at the Navy Yard, New York, blew up, killing Lieutenant Breckenridge and forty-seven others, and wounding as many more. She had been built in 1814 under the immediate supervision of Robert Fulton, and was the first coast-defence vessel ever constructed in this country.

But, as the French say, let us return to our mutton, or rather, our monkey.

Quick Work at a Gun.

The experiment has been made of stationing crews of boys at the great guns of a vessel of war, to ascertain how far, by careful training, they could be brought up to a high state of efficiency. The results were very satisfactory.

The pieces to be handled were the Dahlgren smooth-bore, nine-inch gun, weighing in round numbers nine thousand pounds. The iron carriage weighed twelve hundred pounds, the cartridge thirteen, and the loaded shell seventy-three pounds, making a total weight of the gun to be run out to battery—not counting metal sights, and side tackle blocks—more than ten thousand pounds. Each of the sixteen boys who form the crew of a nine-inch gun had six hundred and forty-two pounds to handle. This estimate does not include the powder-boy himself.

After a few months' instruction at the battery a series of competitive exercises was instituted, and the result demonstrates the potency of drill. The first day of the series, the ship being at sea, and the battery properly secured for heavy weather, on the drum beating to general quarters a nine-inch gun was cast loose, run in, loaded, run out and fired in one minute and thirty-seven seconds.

On the day following, for a test of accuracy combined with rapidity of fire, a nine-inch gun was fired four times at a regulation target. The time of the first fire being recorded, the gun was loaded and fired three more times and the time called at the fourth fire, the interval being one minute and forty-eight seconds.

The first shot struck, and completely demolished the target, distant from eight hundred to one thousand yards. The remaining three shots were fired without much regard to accuracy.

On the third day of the series, the guns being secured for sea, the ship's company, without previous warning, was called to quarters a little after midnight, when a nine-inch gun—handled, as in the previous cases, entirely by boys—was cast loose, run in, loaded, run out, and fired (the shell exploding) in two minutes and eight seconds, counting from the first tap of the drum.

Now, the statement that the call to quarters was "without previous warning," must be taken with some qualification. The crew knew that "night quarters" was one of the exercises belonging to the series; but no one, save the commanding officer, knew what night, or at what hour of the night, the summons would come.

Every one was on the *qui vive*, of course. Moreover, the powder-boys knew that success in the competition depended in a great measure on the prompt supply of powder. This idea was so fully impressed on the mind of one powder-monkey, as we shall call him, that when it was his watch below, instead of repairing to his hammock, as any well-ordered powder-monkey would or should do, he preferred rather to pick out a soft plank, on the lower deck, near the entrance to the magazine passage, so that, when the hour of trial came, he would be on hand to receive the cartridge first handed out.

He slept there for two nights, and part of the third. On the third night he was to reap the reward of his devotion, though, as the event proved, in part only. On the drum sounding for night quarters our little hero was at his post, possessed himself of the first cartridge, and started for his gun with the nimbleness of his race.

But so great was the emulation, so intense the excitement, that some boys of an intermediate crew, their spirit of rivalry quite overcoming their sense of justice, caught the poor little fellow "on fly," as it were, "downed" him, took the cartridge from his box, passed it to the loader of their own gun and thus won the prize.

From "Monkey" to "Donkey."

But to quote Sir Walter Scott once more:

> "Old times have changed, old manners gone,
> A stranger fills the Stewart's throne."

The sportive monkey is giving way to the demure "donkey."

When the young laird of Ellangowan served as a powder-monkey, the charges of powder weighed not more than from four to six pounds, and the powder itself, tied up in a woollen bag, looked like coarse black sand. With an increase in the size of the gun came an increase in the weight of the projectile, and a demand for an increase, not only in the quantity but in the energy of the powder.

If to this be added the change in the method of loading a gun, by inserting the charge in the breech, instead of at the muzzle, as formerly, it will be seen how greatly the conditions have been altered, and how necessary to employ new agents to meet those changes.

For example, in the account of the recent accident on board the French battle-ship, the *Admiral Duperré*, due to the bursting of one of her guns, being a calibre of thirteen and four-tenths inches, we read that the projectile weighed seven hundred and twenty-six pounds, while the charge of powder weighed two hundred and fifty-eight pounds. The powder was of the description known as "cocoa," a brown prismatic powder of hexagonal prisms. Prepared for use, it is placed in a long metal case, the handling of which would be rather too much even for such an one as the late "Mr. Crowley" himself.

To work guns of large calibre, therefore, and to supply them with ammunition, machinery must be resorted to. To run the machinery there must be steam, and to generate steam for minor purposes a donkey-boiler is used. Hence the transformation.

The prefix "donkey" is applied to a small engine also, in common use on board ship: so called, probably, because it does a great deal of honest work with very little pretension. What more natural then, that, as a labor-saving machine, the donkey should be employed to hoist ammunition from the magazine to the guns, and thus supplant the monkey?

The charge of powder of the eight-inch breech-loading rifles of the *Boston* and the *Atlanta* weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. The charge of the ten-inch guns of the battle-ships is to be two hundred and fifty pounds, while that of the twelve-inch guns of the *Texas* will be four hundred and twenty-five pounds.

Verily, to pass such a charge of powder by the old plan would require a "wilderness of monkeys" of the powder variety. When the distance is inconsiderable, these heavy charges are "whipped up," that is to say, they are hoisted from one deck to another by means of a small purchase or tackle called a whip.

So between the *whip* and the *donkey* good-by to the *monkey*.

For the Companion.

PHEBE AND THE PHRENOLOGIST.

The store windows in Birchville were gay with posters. They were not in the least like those which announced the coming of a circus, and the oldest inhabitant could not remember to have seen anything of their sort before.

At the top was the picture of a human head with a mild but animated countenance. Here, however, its resemblance to the ordinary head ceased; for the crown, instead of being adorned with anything suggesting hair, was platted off into small sections, labelled "Veneration," "Approbation," "Acquisitiveness," and the like.

Below this enigmatical wood-cut was the announcement, in very black letters, that "J. Manville Herring, the greatest living phrenologist," had arrived in Birchville, and was prepared to disclose to each citizen, by cranial examination, his or her exact character. The importance of the examination was set forth more fully in smaller handbills, headed "Know Thyself," which were sprinkled plentifully about in door-yards.

Great was the sensation that followed. "The new science," as the posters called it, was discussed by the loiterers at the post-office, and by the ladies at the sewing society.

But it was among the pupils at the Birchville Academy that it gained most credence. It seemed to their youthful minds quite within reason that science, which has discovered so much, should have devised this time-saving method of reading human character, once for all.

There was not one who took the matter quite so much to heart as Phebe Graham. Her own eager, faulty little self had always been a most interesting subject to Phebe, and she longed inexpressibly to know what the phrenologist would say about her.

Moreover, Phebe had ambitions. In her secret heart she cherished a dream of doing something else than housework when she was a woman; but it was a dream in which no one encouraged her.

It seemed to Phebe not impossible that this acute phrenologist, if he had the opportunity, might make some suggestions as to the true bent of her talents which would open her Aunt Eunice's eyes, and make that good woman a little less irritable if she found her niece scribbling away in the corner of the garret when she might have been darning stockings.

Phebe thought the matter over, as she took the long walk home from school one night, and arranged a little plea by which she hoped to win her aunt's consent.

After supper, as she stood at the sink wiping dishes, she remarked, in quite a casual manner, "Do you know, Aunt Eunice, there are ever so many people going to that phrenologist, and they say it's perfectly wonderful the way he tells them all about themselves!"

"H'm!" said Aunt Eunice. "'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"

Phebe flushed a little. "I don't see what there is foolish about it," she said. "Everything he tells them is true. It seems as if he could look right into people's minds. It's just as if he'd known them all their lives."

"I don't believe a word on't," said Aunt Eunice, scraping fiercely at the spider she was washing. "It don't stand to reason that a perfect stranger can come up to you, and just by feeling round on the top of your head tell all about you. The Lord didn't make folks to be found out that way."

"Well, but, Aunt Eunice," said Phebe, a little vexed, "I should think people who have been to him ought to know, and they say he tells perfectly. Bert Fry had an examination, and his mother owned up that she couldn't have told as much about him as the phrenologist did."

"H'm!" said Aunt Eunice, again. "Well, I never did think Mrs. Fry had much sense about that boy."

After a moment she demanded sharply, "And what good would it do if he could tell folks all about themselves? They ought to know their own faults already, and the less said to 'em about their good points the better. I tell you, Phebe, I haint a mite of patience with it."

"But, Aunt Eunice," protested Phebe, "he tells people more than just their faults and virtues. He shows them what kind of work they are best fitted to do. There are thousands who fail in life just because they try to do things they were never designed for."

Aunt Eunice did not answer, and Phebe went on. "Mr. Herring says that is why there are so many unsuccessful people in every kind of business, and that what folks need more than anything else is to have somebody put them on the right track while they are young."

Phebe had revolved this little speech on her way home, and felt that she had made a strong point; but Aunt Eunice shook her head inexorably.

"I guess if folks do their duty according to the light they've got, and mind the leadings of Providence, the Lord'll give 'em the kind of work He wants to have 'em do. Of course if a body haint got any heart for a thing, he hadn't ought to go into it; but if he has, and takes right hold the best he knows, there aint any need of his making a failure."

She paused for a moment, and then gave the subject a practical turn for which her niece was quite unprepared. "I'll tell you one thing, Phebe Graham, if you don't learn to put your mind on your work and stop dreaming over it, you'll never amount to anything. Here you've been wipin' on that nappy for the last five minutes and you haint got it smooth an' shiny neither. Put it back in the pan and give it another rensing."

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Phebe obeyed with a dejected expression. It was clear that with Aunt Eunice's consent she would never enjoy a phrenological examination. For a moment the good woman, who had stood to her in the relation of a mother ever since she could remember, seemed to her a sort of dragon, keeping her back from the tree of knowledge.

She wiped the rest of the dishes in silence, and then stole out to the barn to confer with Ted.

Ted was her brother, a year or two older than herself, and though Phebe sometimes considered him the greatest trial of her life on account of his propensity to tease, she could not help appealing to him for sympathy at a time like this.

He was giving the cattle their last feed for the night, whistling cheerfully as he went from stall to stall.

Phebe watched him for a few minutes in melancholy silence. Then she burst out, "O Ted, I do wish Aunt Eunice wasn't so set against my having a phrenological examination!"

"What do you want of one anyway?" asked Ted, bluntly. "I wouldn't give the fellow a wisp of hay for all he could tell about me."

"Why, Ted," said Phebe, "can't you see that it might be worth something to you if a person should point out your strong qualities, and show you what you could make of yourself if you tried?"

"I know what I mean to make of myself," said Ted, sturdily, "and I wouldn't thank any stranger for putting in his advice."

Phebe made a gesture of despair. "Well, Ted," she said, rather bitterly, "everybody doesn't feel as certain as you do, and some people—have aspirations."

The last clause was unlucky. Ted's eyes gleamed with sudden mischief.

"Yes," he admitted with a reflective nod, "some people aspire to write poetry and keep their diaries in rhyme for weeks at a time. I tell you, Phebe, it's a clear case what a body's cut out for when they can make up such verses as —"

"Ted!" shrieked Phebe, putting both hands over her ears.

But Ted was not to be headed off. He went on without mercy:

"'To-day, alas, that cruel Ted
Killed a poor blue jay,
Dead, dead, dead!'"

Even with her ears closed Phebe knew perfectly what he was saying.

"Ted Graham, you're real mean!" she cried, her eyes flashing. "You know you stole my diary and read it when you had no right to. Besides, that was the worst rhyme in it. That's why you always torment me with it."

She fled from the barn back to the house, resolving not to say another word on the subject to her unfeeling relatives.

But the next day put a different phase upon the matter. There was news at school that J. Manville Herring was to give a free lecture at the town hall the following evening. The citizens of Birchville, one and all, were invited to attend.

Phebe's hopes revived. Perhaps Aunt Eunice could be induced to go, and the strong arguments which the phrenologist would surely put forth in behalf of his science might have a convincing effect.

But Aunt Eunice could not be induced to go. She declined to be enlightened on a subject for which she declared that she cared no more than for the man in the moon. However, she consented that Phebe should hear the lecture, and, as Ted showed no very lively desire to accompany her, suggested that the girl should spend the night in town with her friend May Allen.

Phebe wore her best dress to school the next morning, and through the day could scarcely study for thinking of the great event of the evening.

Long before it was time for the lecture to begin, she and May, with Lu Brown, another special friend, were in the hall, seated well to the front, where they could be sure to see and hear everything.

The small room filled rapidly, and when, at eight o'clock, the lecturer stepped upon the platform, it was a good audience which gave him greeting.

He was well provided with charts and diagrams, and the manner in which he demonstrated his theory seemed to Phebe, at least, in the highest degree convincing.

After an hour of fluent discourse the lecturer paused and said:

"Now, my friends, to test the truth of what I have been saying and my own power as a teacher of this great science, I propose that some of you come forward and take a phrenological examination. I shall be most happy to give it to you free of charge."

There was a minute of silence. Then a foolish titter ran around the room, but no one started.

"Don't be backward," said the orator, encouragingly. "I assure you it is not a painful ordeal."

Still no one started. The phrenologist sent a keen glance around the room, and his eyes fell upon the three girls seated in the front row.

"My young friends," he said, bending towards them with a persuasive smile, "will you do me the favor to step forward to the platform? I am sure there can be no better subjects in this room than yourselves."

The girls looked at each other with startled faces, and Phebe's grew for an instant decidedly pale.

The lecturer saw the hesitation, and went on more coaxingly than before:

"Of course I should not have time to read your characters in detail, but I could outline, in a general way, your special gifts. You are young and hopeful. It might be of lasting service to you."

Phebe's heart began to flutter. She had not a doubt that he was right in the last suggestion. Still it was not she who made the first move forward. Lu Brown put up her hand and began to whisper.

"Come on, girls," she said, her black eyes dancing. "Let's all go up together. He won't dare to say anything bad about us, and 'twould be lots of fun."

Lu had always been a leader among her mates. She liked to do striking things. When she rose and gave a determined little pull at May's sleeve, May started, and Phebe, gasping a little, followed.

"I thank you, young ladies," said the phrenologist, impressively.

He set three chairs for them on the platform, and invited them to take off their hats quite as if he were receiving them into his parlor. The girls did as requested, and sat blushing like three peonies.

Phebe, for her part, felt very foolish. She had a distinct impression that it was not a nice thing to do, this going forward to be talked about in the presence of others, and she was glad Ted and Aunt Eunice were not there.

The examination began with Lu, and whether the phrenologist read it in the conformation of her brain, or drew his conclusions from the very poise of her head and the expression of her bright, fun-loving eyes, he quickly credited her with the energetic and venturesome qualities which her schoolmates knew so well.

Pretty, gentle May came next, and certainly he did not miss the mark when he spoke of her generous disposition and good-natured fondness for pleasing everybody. He even dwelt a little on her excellence as a scholar, which made Phebe open her eyes and wonder what he would say about her. She had always had to help May with her grammar lessons and with the greater part of her essays.

Poor Phebe! she was destined not to hear anything from the phrenologist on that point. Perhaps, having bestowed so much praise on the others, he felt that it would be well to make a little variation in her case.

Perhaps, as she afterwards reflected, her style of wearing her hair gave him a better chance to discover her cranial defects. It was not crimped or coiled like the others, but drawn straight back from her forehead, and cut off just below the tips of her ears, in the manner which Aunt Eunice considered most appropriate for a girl of fifteen.

The phrenologist felt her brown head solemnly. Then he cleared his voice and began in an impressive manner:

"Order is Heaven's first law, but it is evidently not the first law of the young person on whose head my hand is now resting."

Phebe felt herself flush to the very roots of her hair. It was true enough that order was not one of her strong points. To have a place for everything and keep everything in its place, was, in her opinion, the hardest commandment which had ever been added to the decalogue, and was the one in which she most constantly failed.

After dwelling at some length on the importance of order, the phrenologist proceeded to point out a graver fault.

"It is a common error among young people," he remarked, "to be somewhat too fond of their own sweet wills. In the case of our young friend, that fondness would seem to be peculiarly strong; and I should be unworthy of my profession," he continued, with a firm, but fatherly accent, "if I did not warn her against the danger of following too obstinately her own inclinations, instead of accepting the judgment of those who are older and wiser."

The fire in Phebe's cheeks burned ten times hotter than before. It seemed to her that the worst must be said of her now, but the examiner had still another point to make.

"A strong will and an impetuous temper do not always go together," he continued, "but in this subject we find both combined, each in a marked degree. I do not find here the evidence of a disposition which cherishes resentment, but our young friend is liable to hot and hasty outbursts of temper, in the course of which she is likely to say things which she has cause to repent of at her leisure."

Phebe writhed in her chair. She bit her lips and clenched her small hands desperately.

From the time of stepping upon the platform she had not been able to lift her eyes. Something at this instant seemed compelling her to do so. She looked across the audience, and there, at the back of the hall, leaning easily against the door, stood Ted Graham!

She remembered now that she had heard the door open just as the phrenologist began to talk about her. No doubt her brother had entered then, and had heard every word.

Phebe started up and walked straight down the aisle, amid a profound silence, her gray eyes looking almost black, and a little red spot burning fiercely on each cheek.

"Ted," she whispered, as she came up to him, "let's go home!"

Ted nodded, and they passed out of the door together.

"What in the world did you come for?" she demanded, when it had closed behind them.

"To hear the nice things that were being said about you, of course," gurgled Ted, who seemed to be undergoing some kind of inward convulsion. Then, straightening himself, he managed to say more soberly, "Why, you see Aunt Persis and the children came over from Goodrich this afternoon, and we thought you'd better come home."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Phebe. "I wouldn't stay with May now for anything."

When they were seated in the wagon she asked piteously, "Ted, are you going to tell every word of this as soon as you get home?"

"Not if you don't want me to," said Ted, generously. "But I say, Phebe, what made you go up? I could have told you all that, and so could Aunt Eunice."

Phebe groaned.

"Oh, it was dreadful to go up there! I know it; but I had no idea he'd go into things the way he did. What he said about the others was real nice," she added, bitterly.

"He didn't have time to get to your good points. Perhaps if you had stayed he might have brought in something about the poetry," said Ted.

Phebe was afraid he was going to recite that rhyme again, but he refrained, and on the whole she felt that his behavior was very good.

He kept his promise and said not a word of the affair to Aunt Eunice, but he reserved the right to make a private allusion to it himself now and then.

If his sister appeared with a hole in her glove he was apt to remark, in an oracular manner, "Order is Heaven's first law," and the glove was sure to be mended. If she showed signs of a gathering temper, he was certain to draw down his face, extend his hand, and observe solemnly, "Our young friend is liable —," at which point Phebe usually bit her lip and kept silence.

Really, though not in the way she expected, perhaps the queer little phrenological examination was not without its benefits.

CHARLOTTE M. VAILE.

For the Companion.

TRAPPERS AND HUNTERS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

II.—The Purseweb Spider's Trap.

A few years ago I spent an April in Florida, and my hap was to fall upon "Fairyland," a plantation at the southern end of Merrit's Island, on the Indian River. While wandering through the palmetto grove of my host, keeping a sharp lookout for the living creatures that inhabit the woods, I noticed many ribbon-like strips of soiled silk hung against the trunks of trees close to the ground. In fact, they penetrated the surface.

These were the nesting-tubes and snares of a species of spider long known as the black Atypus, but whose proper scientific name is *Atypus abbotii*, and its popular name the Purseweb Spider.

In visiting Florida I had hoped to determine the life behavior of this animal, of whose habits I knew something in a general way. Here was my chance! Everywhere in the beautiful park and surrounding groves and jungles I found its tubular structures.

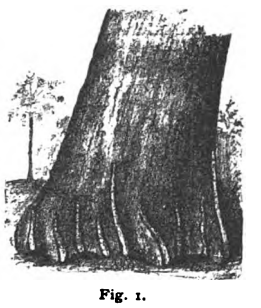


Fig. 1.

Here, against this palmetto tree, I count thirteen tubes. (Fig. 1.) Some are large, some are small. The large are half an inch to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and eight or ten inches high; the small a few inches long, and not much thicker than pipe-stems.

This is a colony of Pursewebs, young and old, all having found support for their tubes upon one trunk. Almost every sapling that I examined had a similar tube attached to it, the longest that I have seen being fully a foot in length.

The first thing that attracts one's attention is that these tubes are almost the color of the tree from which they hang. They are attached at the top and at several other points by clusters of silken threads that show distinctly against the bark, being of a steel-blue color; but all the rest of the tube is so much the tint of the tree that the careless passer-by would be apt to overlook them, or at least to think them nothing more than stems of decayed plants.

This appearance is not the result simply of the ageing or weathering of the web. The spider has assisted the work of the elements, for the tube, from the very top to its entrance into the ground, has been carefully covered with particles of sand and bits of vegetable mold and sawdust, brought from the ground beneath, or scraped from the outer surface of the bark.

Evidently, the intention of the builder of this snare is to disguise its appearance. What can be its motive for doing this? We shall see presently.

Meanwhile, let us follow this tube along the base of the trunk to its terminus in the ground. We dig away the sand, which is thickly mingled with brown, decaying vegetable mold, and find that the web runs downward into the ground for a distance about equal to its length above the surface, but generally a little less. (Fig. 2.) Sometimes one finds a short branch running out to this side or that into the adjoining sand, and often a rounded cell or den at the end of the underground tube. Within this den one will be pretty sure to find the occupant of the snare, if he has not bit upon it before. (Fig. 3.)

It is an odd-looking creature, as it lies bunched up in one's hand. It has a broad chest or cephalothorax, widest at the head, two black, curving mandibles or fangs, eight black legs, rather short and stout, with whitish rings marking the joints of the limbs, a plump abdomen covered with black, furry hairs, and having at the tip four pairs of spinnerets, of which the upper ones are twice as long as the others, and jointed like the legs.

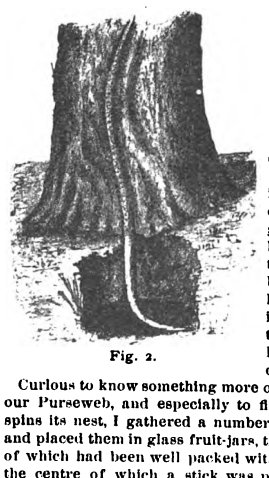


Fig. 2.

This is the Purseweb Spider of Florida. It is half an inch in length or more, if full grown, and of less size down to the little baby spiderling that lives in a tube no thicker than a knitting needle.

Curious to know something more of the habits of our Purseweb, and especially to find out how it spins its nest, I gathered a number of specimens and placed them in glass fruit-jars, the lower parts of which had been well packed with sand, and in the centre of which a stick was placed. It was thus intended to give the animal an environment as nearly like its natural habitat as possible.

For a while the captive spiders did nothing to satisfy my curiosity. They lounged around their artificial home, and sunned themselves upon the surface of the sand. But at last I caught one of them at work, and solved the problem that had vexed my curiosity. I discovered how the Purseweb Spider builds its tube.



Fig. 3.

First she stretched a series of silk lines against the lower part of the stick, fastened at one end to the soil in a half circle, set a short distance from the point where the stick entered the sand. The other ends were carried about an inch and a quarter upward and attached in a like circle to the bark of the twig.

These threads, to use a familiar illustration, looked like a lot of straight bean-poles leaned up against the trunk of a tree, their tips touching the bark and their butts placed in a circle upon the earth. (Fig. 4.)

These lines were the framework of a tube. The spider next placed herself inside the frame, grasped several threads with her feet, threw her body upward, and set her little spinning factory working.

Thick filaments of white silk rapidly issued from the spinning tubes, and as her body moved down and up, down and up, this spinning stuff was beaten against the lines, to which it readily adhered. Then the spider ceased her spinning for a moment, and, moving her long-jointed spinners back and forward over the material already spun, she plastered it down and smoothed it over, much after the manner of a mason who is plastering mortar against the lathing of a wall.

One little patch being thus finished, the weaver moved to an adjacent point and repeated the process already described, until at last she had encompassed the whole inner surface and covered herself from view. (Fig. 5.) A similar stretch of silk was plastered against the stick, which united with the part woven against the framework lines, and completed the tubular snare.

Now I possessed the secret of the spider's handicraft, and it was not long before I was able to determine that the tube is gradually carried up the tree by simply repeating the process already described. That is to say, the tube is built in sections and carried up story after story, until it has reached a height which quite satisfies the ambition of the cunning architect.

I cannot affirm that this is the only mode of construction, but that it represents the ordinary manner I have no reason to doubt. It certainly shows an admirable method of work.

One would think that our Purseweb Spider would be quite satisfied with such a structure; but no! there is something more to be done. The tube is entirely too white, and perhaps much too sticky by reason of the silken material of which it is composed, to suit the purposes of the architect. She therefore descends to the earth, gathers a pellet of sand within her jaws, remounts her tube and deliberately proceeds to daub the outer surface with the sand. This process is continued until the exterior of the tube is sanded over.

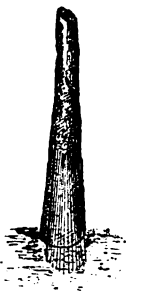


Fig. 4.

Thus it seems probable that the peculiar appearance of the webs is not accidental, but results from a deliberate purpose. As the sand in the groves and woods is mixed so thoroughly with brown mold of decayed leaves, the white appearance of the silk is soon destroyed, and the tube, as it hangs against the tree, has the color of the trunk which supports it.

If one cuts the tube open, however, he finds that the inside is kept scrupulously smooth and clean.

Having thus studied the character of the snare and its method of construction, and determined the fact that it is deliberately disguised by being daubed with sand or forest mold, we may ask, What are the uses of this snare, and the purpose of this "mimicry?" Why should the spider wish to make her tube look like the tree on which it is supported?

If we have patience to sit in the woods and watch during the day, and perhaps also throughout the night, we may find an answer. The trunk of a tree is a favorite gangway for insects. All sorts of flies, beetles, and ants are in the habit of passing to and fro upon it in search of food or resting-places.

One may sometimes see a column of ants streaming up a tree, and, close by, a similar column streaming down and straggling away into the woods.

These are foragers who have been to the outmost branches for honeydew, perhaps, and who, having filled themselves with the delicious store, are on their way home to feed the workers, antlings, winged sexes and larvæ.

From such insect travellers the Atypus secures her prey. See that insect slowly climbing the tree. It straggles, at last, towards the point where the Purseweb snare hangs.

The web lies almost flat against the bark and looks so much like it, and feels so much like it to the delicate touch of the insect, that it is no wonder it does not suspect it to be the fatal trap of its hereditary foe.

But the spider is well aware of the matter. She is lurking inside her tube with her back against the tree and her legs outspread, lying as motionless and seemingly dead as the bark alongside her tube.

The unwary insect has reached that part of the snare just over the spider. Swift as death the eight claws close in, swinging the folds of the tube

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around the victim, while with equal rapidity the sharp fangs, and perhaps also the claws, cut from the inside a slit into the snare, through which the jaws are thrust and the insect seized.

The prey is secured, and through the opening thus made is dragged into the tube. When the victim is devoured, the spider proceeds to close the rent it has made, plastering it over with silk and carefully covering with sand the new material used for this purpose, so that it may look like the rest of the snare.

An English observer, Mr. Enoch, has fully described this method of trapping insects as practised by an English Atypus (*A. piceus*), closely related to our Florida Atypus.

This species makes a burrow in the ground, and an external tube precisely like that of our Florida Purseweb; but instead of carrying it along a tree and attaching it perpendicularly to the same, it bends the tube, just after it leaves the burrow, and supports it upon the surface of the ground or tufts of moss, grass or other vegetation growing on the surface. (Fig. 6.)



Fig. 5.

An American observer, Mr. Poteat, has recently seen a similar mode of trapping prey practised by our Purseweb Spider in North Carolina. When an insect alights upon the tube, the spider is advised of the fact by the agitation of the web, and stealthily creeps up to it. Then she flings the folds of her tube around the hapless victim, slits the snare and drags her prey inside.

A French savant, M. Eugene Simon, says he has often taken the European Atypus while holding earthworms within its mandibles, and he believes that these creatures form much of the spider's nourishment, thus dispensing with the need to mount to the surface for prey.

This seems to me a curious fact, indeed; and it raises the suggestion, May not the burrow of the Atypus and other spiders of the Trap-door family be made, in part at least, with the intention of capturing other burrowing animals?

We know that earthworms are restless creatures, moving to and fro in the ground, and edging their way upward to the surface. There they leave those little mud-towers or "casts," as they are called, which one may see in great numbers on a spring morning, and which form the subject of the last book written by the distinguished naturalist, Charles Darwin.

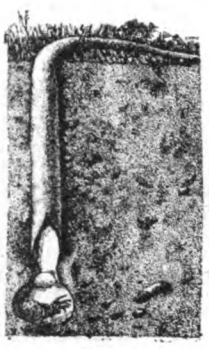


Fig. 6.

Of course one cannot think of the Atypus travelling outside the limits of her den to hunt worms; but we may imagine the worms thrusting themselves unexpectedly into the den of the Atypus. What must they think, when, after pushing their gimlet-like noses through the slight silken lining, they find themselves suddenly within such strange quarters? Not much time can be given them for thinking, however, for if M. Simon's theory is true, the lurking Atypus suddenly pounces upon the intruding worm, snaps off a part of the head and body, and retires to enjoy the luscious morsel.

No doubt burrowing insects, such as beetles, also find their way within the silk-lined hall of the Purseweb Spider.

Perhaps, also, the peeping noses of ants are thrust through the silken curtain, only to bring their owners into the clutches of their hereditary foe.

Strange things are these which are wrought in the secret places of the earth. What struggles for life! What battles for daily food! What romances of "hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach" could one unfold, if he could enter the subterranean realms of insect and spider world, and attune his ears to the stories which, in their dumb language, these creatures of the ground might tell!

HENRY C. MCCOOK.

SELF-SATISFIED.

Schopenhauer, the great German philosopher, afforded one of the most remarkable examples of self-complacency that has ever been known. His naïve eulogiums on his own productions are almost beyond belief.

In writing to his publishers of his work, he says, "Its worth and importance are so great that I do not venture to express it, even toward you, because you could not believe me;" and he proceeds to quote a review "which speaks of me with the highest praise, as the greatest philosopher of the age, which is really saying *much less* than the good man thinks."

"Sir," he said to an unoffending stranger who watched him across a table d'hote, where he acted the part of the local "lion" habitually, "Sir, you are evidently astonished at my appetite. True, I eat three times as much as you, but then I have three times as much mind!"

Auerbach, the German novelist, also had a great appreciation of his own powers and work, and many stories are told of the obtrusive way in which he displayed his vanity. A German writer says of him:

"Every year Auerbach visits three or four fashionable watering-places, at each of which the following episode occurs at least thirty times. The novelist indulges in small talk with the little children of the natives, and invariably ends the conversation thus: 'Knowest thou who has been talking with thee? Berthold Auerbach! Tell that at home!'"

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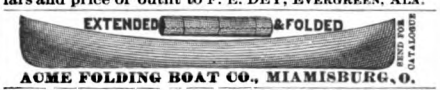
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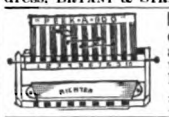
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A TROUBLESOME PET.

An elephant is a very pretty and pleasing pet under certain circumstances—if one has plenty of room for him, experienced servants to care for him and keep him in health, and abundance of money to spend in making his surroundings just what they should be. But a pet elephant in a great city, with no better place in which to keep him than an ordinary city stable, is likely to turn out an "elephant on one's hands" in fully the proverbial sense.

Notwithstanding the proverb, a New York gentleman, Mr. R—, in visiting Europe about a year ago, was so greatly pleased with a baby elephant which he saw at Hamburg, that he resolved to purchase it and bring it home with him.

The elephant was only two years old, but it already weighed two tons. Its name was Mademoiselle Fanchon, and it was born in captivity in Hamburg. It did not need any taming, for it was already perfectly tame.

Mr. R— brought his new pet to New York on a steamer, and set about giving her a brilliant education for an elephant. She was lodged in a stable across the Hudson in Hoboken, but was so poorly taken care of there, and seemed so plainly to be entering upon a decline, that Mr. R— removed her to his own stable in New York city.

Here she made famous progress, and not only increased rapidly in strength and size, but learned how to put a tall hat on her head with her trunk, to take it off and bow gracefully, and even to ride on a great velocipede and balance herself upon a ball.

All went well with Mademoiselle Fanchon until one day Mrs. B—, the wife of Mr. R—'s coachman, was astonished and alarmed to see the young elephant enter the door of her kitchen. Mrs. B—, uttering a shriek, rushed upstairs and the elephant followed her.

Then Mrs. B—, seizing her children, rushed out and down the front steps of the house into the street, still uttering cries of alarm. A crowd gathered, but Mrs. B— was so much excited that she could not tell what was the matter.

Presently the elephant appeared at the front window, and the crowd understood the woman's alarm. Mr. R— and a policeman were sent for.

All sorts of efforts were made to make Mademoiselle Fanchon go downstairs. She could neither be coaxed nor forced to take a single step downstairs. Whoever had taught her to go upstairs had totally neglected to teach her to go down again.

Hours and days went by. Mademoiselle Fanchon was apparently quite well satisfied with her new quarters. She sat at the front window, waving her trunk back and forth at the crowd which gathered on the street.

The daily newspapers learned of the affair, and sent their reporters to record the baby elephant's funny proceedings.

In the meantime Mr. R— set carpenters at work making a staging and a gradual descent to the street, down which Fanchon was to be persuaded to walk. When this was done, and a great crowd had gathered to see the descent, and a detachment of police had formed a line in front of the staging, Mr. R— and a colored servant appeared at the front door with the elephant.

Mr. R— held Fanchon by the trunk, and the colored man pulled her by one ear. She advanced unwillingly upon the staging, and just as she did so she made a quick turn which pushed Mr. R— off the staging and upon the ground, fifteen feet below.

The crowd gave an exclamation of terror, but laughed when Mr. R— sprang up uninjured.

It was evident that Fanchon could not readily go down the slope, so several bundles of hay were brought, spread carefully around the foot of the incline, and the elephant pushed bodily down.

She landed upon the hay without any injury, except a scratch upon one of her fore-legs, and soon resumed her old quarters in the stable.

INQUISITIVE.

Children are all the time holding up a mirror in which older people may see their own characters reflected. Here, for example, is a picture for nervous invalids.

"Have you got a pain, my little puss?" said Mary's mother.

"Yeth, mamma; it hurth like anything when I touch it."

"Then I wouldn't touch it, dear."

"But, mamma, I want to thee how much it hurth."
—*Jester.*

AMBIGUOUS.

He is a very discreet man who never says either too much or too little.

At a business meeting, reports the Lowell *Citizen*, the chairman announced:

"Brother Skinner submits his resignation as a member of this society. What action shall be taken upon it?"

"I move you, sir," said one of the parliamentarians present, "that the resignation be accepted, and that a vote of thanks be tendered to Brother Skinner."

TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Old words are continually receiving new definitions. Two negroes were talking about their respective employers.

"Well, now," said one, "nobody can't say but Mr. Loftus is a real gentleman."

"Oh no," answered the other, "he's well enough. But he aint no such man as my boss. My boss is always jes' so. Why, I see him step on a bananer peel t'other day, an' it didn't frustrate his dignity the leastest bit."

HONORABLE MENTION.

Newspaper notoriety is an evil not confined to the United States. A German paper reports this dialogue:

Customer (reading a newspaper): Here I see I am referred to in the paper again.

Landlord: Indeed! What do they say about you?

Customer (reading aloud): "At the close of last week Berlin numbered 1,573,421 inhabitants." I am one of that number.

PATRICK was numbering his family for the census-taker. "There's a b'y," he said, "and a b'y and a b'y; meself, me wife and a b'y; and three great grown girls—and a b'y."

Ladies' Underwear should be made from KING PHILIP CAMBRIC, LAWNS and NAINSOOKS. Send stamp for samples. King Philip Mills, Worth St., N. Y. [*Adv.*

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Direct from the Mills. Every Lady uses Plushes. Before buying elsewhere, send for our prices and samples. Enclose 10 cents towards paying for the samples and postage, and we will send you 30 good-sized samples, no two colors same shade.

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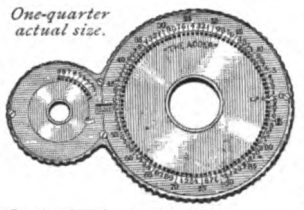
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AGENTS are making big money. Write quick. Address SHERMAN, TANGENBERG & CO., 489 & 491 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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quicken the appetite, prevent complications, and tone up the System

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Why Suffer One Moment

From Torturing Skin Diseases

When a single application of the **Cuticura Remedies** will, in the great majority of cases, instantly relieve the most agonizing of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, and point to a permanent and economical (because so speedy) cure, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail? **Cuticura Remedies** are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used by the youngest and most delicate with perfect success.



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CORNS IF A PORTION OF THE cuticle or scarf skin becomes greatly thickened, and penetrates into the true skin, causing great pain and annoyance, it is called a corn. Corns are commonly spoken of as *hard* and *soft;* the hard are those situated on the more exposed surfaces of the foot, where the cuticle gets dry and hard, and the soft, where the cuticle is moist, generally between the toes.

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ICE CREAM MADE IN THIRTY SECONDS. Throw Away Your Old Freezer.

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Send for Descriptive Pamphlet.

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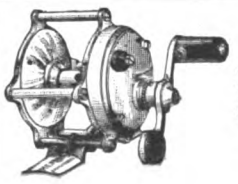


A FAIR FACE cannot atone for an untidy house." ~Use SAPOLIO~

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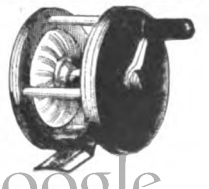
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SIGN OF GRACE.

In 1843 the great mass of Scotchmen left the Established Church, and cast in their lot with the Free Church. Those who remained were called moderates, and were rather despised as lukewarm church-members by their more decided brethren. In "Scenes and Stories from the North of Scotland" is an anecdote concerning a new minister in the parish of Alness, who resolved that he would act as if all church-members were his parishioners, whether they would or not.

One day he visited a Free Church elder, who was no friend of the moderates. The minister did his best to be affable and conciliatory, but his reception was cold, and, in fact, little more than civil.

At length, without any special intention in the act, the minister drew his snuff-box from his pocket, and invited the elder to make trial of its contents. A decided thaw set in immediately.

"Oh, ye tak snuff, do ye?" said the Free Kirk man, yielding to a gentle smile.

"Oh, yes," said the visitor, somewhat afraid that the admission might lead him into trouble. "I take snuff; but what of that?"

"Well," said the elder, "that's the first sign o' grace I've seen about ye."

"Sign of grace! Why, how do you make out that snuff-taking is a sign of grace?"

"Nothing easier," said the elder, with a knowing twinkle in his eye. "Don't you remember that in the ancient temple all the snuffers were of pure gold? That denotes the best of all qualities."

HIS "BRAWSES."

The American system of checking trunks is sometimes a puzzle to foreigners. An amusing story is told in the Chicago *Tribune* of a young Englishman who evidently understood one part of the subject—namely, that the checks must not be lost.

"Have me bawxes arrived?" he said to the hotel clerk.

"Hey?"

"Me bawxes."

"Eh! Oh, your trunks. Front, find the gentleman's trunks!"

They were not to be found, and their owner decided to go to the station for them himself.

"Have you me bawxes here?" he said to the agent.

"Huh?"

"Me bawxes."

"Trunks, d'ye mean? Let's see yer checks."

"Me checks! checks!" was the puzzled answer. "Bless me stars! Cawn't understand! I —"

"I want your trunk checks. Here, these things," explained the agent, showing a check.

"Oh, it's me brawses you want? I locked them in me bawxes. I'll have to get me bawxes first."

"Well, that beats my time!" ejaculated the baggageman. "Oh yes, certainly, I'll find 'em," and he did.

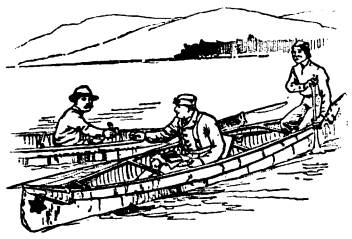
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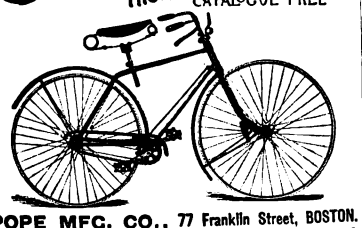
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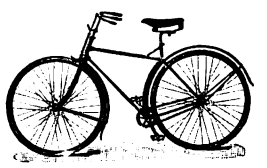
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Fortify the System by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

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64th Volume.
Number 18.—Twelve Pages.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1891.

$1.75 a Year.
Single Copies, Five Cents.

For the Companion.

HOW SIGISMUND WON.

"A carpenter in our family!" cried Karl Edelmann. "Never! We have been musicians for generations. My grandfather was a good violin-player; my father was a better one, and Munich may speak for me. Sigismund, too, shall play the violin, and he shall outdo us all. Is it not so, my son?"

"A worse fate might befall him than to have a good trade, with which he might support himself and family," replied his wife Elise, who was always practical.

"It shall never be!" exclaimed the violinist. "But why anticipate such a misfortune? Why, if all the boys who whittle were to become carpenters, we should soon have nothing else in the world!"

The mother shook her head. "Mark my words: you will never make a violinist of Sigismund. Content yourself with his sister Lieschen. In her we have something quite different. She has the voice of an angel, and already it is a joy to hear her play the piano."

"She is two years older."

"That does not make the difference. When she was a baby she would listen hours to your playing. When did Sigismund ever notice your music?"

"He shall notice it, and from this time!" responded Karl. "I have neglected him too long. To-morrow his lessons shall begin. But now, my dear, I must go to the rehearsal. I am late already."

Taking up his violin-case, and kissing his wife and child, he hurried away.

Karl Edelmann was a member of the great orchestra at Munich. He was already quite celebrated as a musician, and had many pupils.

He gave Sigismund his first violin lesson next day. It was not pleasant, either to Sigismund or to his father.

The lessons went on for a year, during which time the boy made so little progress that even his sanguine father was well-nigh discouraged. However, after a time the unpromising pupil began to improve. He could hardly have failed to possess some aptitude for music, and skilful instruction and two hours of daily practice were not without fair results.

But with all his progress, many of those who heard the child play felt that a bitter disappointment was in store for the father. His brother artists ventured to hint something of the sort to him, but he said:

"You shall see what patience and courage can do. It is impossible that he should not possess the genius of my family. It sleeps, it is under some spell. But when it is waked at last, the melody that will burst forth may thrill the heart of all Germany. You shall see!"

It was soon evident, even to his mother, that the boy was not destined to be a carpenter. He continued to find his chief delight in a piece of wood and a knife, but the articles that he made were carved solely that he might have the pleasure of ornamenting them afterward.

Wood-carving cannot be done very successfully when the only available tool is an old knife; but little Sigismund's patience seemed inexhaustible.

Sometimes his mother, who was a Swiss, talked to him of her Interlaken home, and of the wood-carvers and their pretty work; and she promised that he should see them all some day, if he would be a faithful boy and please his father by learning to play the violin.

"The child is becoming sullen and moody," she said to herself, "it will cheer him to look at this bit of brightness on beyond."

She did not imagine how everything in Sigismund's life began to revolve around this darling dream of seeing the Swiss wood-carvers. The mother only smiled when she was awakened in the morning by the sound of his violin, and thought perhaps her husband was right, after all.

Three years passed slowly away. Sigismund toiled on with true German courage and perseverance. His heart was made glad by a word of praise from his father, for each hard-earned "Bravo!" carried him one step nearer Switzerland. He could afford to work and wait.

But the mother often sighed as she listened to Sigismund's playing, and one day her husband asked her why she was always so melancholy when the boy was practising.

"Ah!" she replied, "Patience and faithfulness may accomplish great things, but, after all, they will never work miracles. Dear heart!" she added, tenderly, "He has done his best."

"Yes," said Karl, with a grave face, "that is true. The boy has done his best."

"He deserves a holiday, Karl," she said. "May we not go to visit my parents now?"

After a little reflection, Karl consented, and on the morning of his twelfth birthday Sigismund awoke in Interlaken. He could hardly believe that his dream of years had come true, and he pinched himself and rubbed his eyes vigorously to be sure that he was not still dreaming.

Sigismund's Victory.

Early on the very first day he disappeared to seek the wood-carvers. Twelve o'clock came, but Sigismund did not appear. His grandparents were hurt at his absence, and his mother was seriously annoyed. All the long, bright afternoon Elise sat in the little porch with her sewing, watching for a glimpse of Sigismund.

Just as the day was drawing to its close, she descried a familiar figure far down the dusty road. She dropped her sewing and ran to meet him. The boy looked pale and tired, but there was a radiant light in the blue eyes.

The mother understood, and her heart misgave her. Perhaps it would have been better if Sigismund had never heard those stories of her Swiss home; and yet she had only longed to help and encourage Sigismund in his irksome task.

She had unwittingly brought fresh trouble to the boy and vexation to her husband. Well, it was done now. Sigismund must have his holiday; she must abide by her promise.

The month in Interlaken passed away far too rapidly for Sigismund, and the day of departure drew near. He bade farewell to the men in the little hut of wood-carvers which he had found by the mountain-side, and carried away with him the pretty things he had carved and the few tools which the kind carvers had given him.

All the way from Interlaken the box which held these treasures was the boy's chief care, and as soon as the first greetings had been exchanged at home, he opened the box and proudly exhibited its contents.

His father frowned.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "This has been a mischievous journey. Sigismund has been led into folly. We shall see how he will play the violin to-morrow!"

Sigismund's fingers had suffered from lack of practice, and he played next day much worse than usual. Elise paused at the half-open door a moment, hearing her husband's loud voice.

"Oh," she said, "Karl will always try to make a nightingale out of a woodpecker, and in the end he will have neither! It is a pity, for the woodpecker is a good little bird, after all!"

The tempest in the music-room raged on. At last Karl Edelmann lost control of his temper. He seized the violin and bow from Sigismund's hands, and threw them to the floor.

"Have you, then, no heart," he cried, "that you can play the divine melodies of Mozart in such fashion?"

Poor Sigismund! No heart! He stood quite still on the spot where he had been standing when the storm burst upon his head, the picture of silent woe. His hands were tightly clasped, and his face was white and set.

Suddenly the father took his own violin and bow from the piano and began to play. At first the music was stormy and passionate, but gradually the player's mood changed, and the music grew softer and sweeter.

Lieschen, who had been in the next room, crept softly in and stood before her father. She was now a graceful girl of fourteen, with the enthusiastic, emotional nature of a born musician, and was a constant delight to her father. He glanced at her as she entered the room, but continued his playing, well pleased that she had come.

It was always an inspiration to play for the child, who sighed or smiled at the will of his bow, and this afternoon he seemed to find a rare enjoyment in watching her sensitive face. Finally he closed with an exquisite lullaby.

As he laid down his violin, the overwrought girl threw herself into her father's arms, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"My little Zoldan lary," he said, "responsive to the faintest breath that passes over you! You have feeling; you have a soul! But your brother Sigismund! I do not understand him."

He turned to address the boy, but Sigismund had slipped quietly away, and was in his little room in the attic. His troubled mother had followed him, hardly knowing what she could say when with him. Her heart ached for her boy, but she was a dutiful wife, and most loyal to her husband.

When she opened the door, she was alarmed by Sigismund's haggard face.

"Mother," he cried, angrily, "I hate the violin! I can never play to satisfy father, and I am never going to try any more. I will play just as badly as I can, and then perhaps he may see how useless it all is, and allow me to give it up and be a wood-carver."

"No, no, my dear child!" said his mother, soothingly. "Only those who wait patiently may realize the desire of their hearts. An undutiful son can never hope to succeed. Who knows what may be in store for you, if you are dutiful?"

Before Sigismund could answer, his father entered the room.

"Father," said the boy, "let me give up violin-playing! You will be disappointed in me, and ashamed of me. If you will only let me carve, I will work until you are proud to call me your son."

The violinist started toward Sigismund's work-table with an angry gesture.

"This has made all the trouble," he exclaimed. "We will have an end of it."

Sigismund darted in between his father and the table. "Father!" he cried, wildly.

The violinist paused and looked into his son's excited face. "Foolish child!" he said. "Did you think I would harm your dear transperry?"

"Father, you do not forbid me to carve!" he said, imploringly.

Edelmann reflected a moment. If he forbade the boy to carve, would he not be tempted to deceive him? The more he was opposed, the more determined he might be. He would allow Sigismund to go on as before, hoping that the passion might wear itself out.

Reluctantly he gave the boy permission to continue his carving.

He turned away as he spoke, and went downstairs, followed by his wife.

"Karl," she said, "did you love the violin when you were a boy?"

"Did I love it?" repeated the violinist. "Yes, with all the might of my young heart."

"Karl, if your parents had denied you the joy of following your own choice, and had forced you to learn a trade —"

"Hush!" he said, flushing and putting his hands to his ears. "Will you oppose me, too?"

"You are wiser than I," said Elise, "but listen to me this once."

Edelmann left the room, but her words went with him; and try as he might, he could not escape them. He returned home at supper-time, but said little during the meal, and all the evening he looked grave and preoccupied.

As Sigismund took his lamp and said, "Good-night," he motioned to him to wait. He went to the boy, and laid his hand kindly on his head.

"God forbid that your father should be the cause of a life-long discontent," he said. "Now listen. I have little faith in your carving, but when you can prove to me that you will make a better carver than violinist, you shall choose for yourself. Meanwhile, the violin lessons shall continue as before, and in the future, as in the past, you will do your best."

Sigismund was so overcome with surprise and delight that he could not speak; but no words could have touched his father as did his happy, grateful face.

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The lessons went on more smoothly. Sigismund's gratitude led him to work harder than ever, and his father was more patient and gentle.

Sigismund began to feel dissatisfied with his progress in wood-carving, and to long for instruction. One day, his father sent him to a part of the city that was unfamiliar to him. As Sigismund was walking through a narrow street, his attention was arrested by the sight of a man who sat near the window of his shop, busily engaged in carving a large panel.

The door was open, and that was a sufficient invitation to Sigismund to enter. The man glanced up at the sound of the footsteps, but continued to carve, merely nodding by way of salutation.

Sigismund had never seen such work before. It made all that he had thought so beautiful seem rough and coarse.

For an hour he stood watching the man. Then he said, "I must go. May I come to-morrow?"

The man nodded again, and Sigismund went home, full of hope and wonder.

Day after day he went to the little shop, and stood silent and watchful before the skilful old workman. His quiet, respectful demeanor and his intense interest in the carving finally won Fritz Wagner's approval, and one Saturday he gave him a piece of wood and some tools, and pushing a model toward him, said shortly, "Begin!"

Sigismund had always worked in soft wood before, and he found it far more difficult to carve the piece of oak now in his hands.

For two hours, Fritz and Sigismund worked in silence. Then the old carver laid down his panel, took the pipe out of his mouth, and examined Sigismund's work.

A few questions sufficed to draw from the lad his story, and the sympathies of his new friend were at once enlisted.

"You shall win," he said. "Listen. Every day you shall come to me. How long? Two years."

Sigismund uttered an exclamation of dismay and disappointment.

"As you will," returned Fritz, shrugging his shoulders. "I shall be spared the trouble of teaching you."

"Oh!" said Sigismund; "I will do anything that you want, and wait any time if you will only help me."

Good times began with the lad. He studied and carved patiently, and the two years passed quickly, even for Sigismund, for he was busy and happy.

Most of the time had been spent on an oak cabinet, which was designed to hold his father's music, and was to be presented to him on his forty-fifth birthday.

It was finished just a week before the appointed time, and Fritz Wagner surveyed his pupil's work with pride and delight.

"Courage, child!" he said, kindly, noticing the anxious face before him. "You have won!"

The eventful day dawned—the day which Sigismund instinctively felt was to decide his future career.

Karl Edelmann arrayed himself in holiday attire, and seated himself in the parlor to receive the felicitations and gifts of friends and pupils. A *Geburtstag* is a very important anniversary in Germany. Karl's parents, his wife and daughter presented their remembrances early in the morning; but where was Sigismund?

The morning slipped away, and then the afternoon, yet Sigismund offered neither presents nor congratulations to his father. Occasionally he stole quietly into the room for a few moments, but soon vanished again.

At the close of the afternoon, as Herr Edelmann stood at his door, bidding farewell to the last departing guest, two men appeared before him, bearing an oak cabinet. They placed their burden in the hall, and then Karl noticed that Sigismund was there. His face was pale, and the hand which he extended to his father trembled.

"Dear father," he said in a low voice, "I congratulate you."

Edelmann took the lamp in his hand, and examined his son's gift in silence. He passed his hand critically over the beautifully adorned pilasters. No rough work there! Then he examined the doors. As before, he passed his fingers over the vine that ran around the margins, and touched gently the violin and scroll of music that were carved on the two doors, beautiful in design, and faultlessly smooth and clean-cut.

He raised the lamp, and above his head read these words carved in German text across the top of the cabinet, "For a Remembrance, on your Birthday."

For some minutes the violinist remained standing with his back toward Sigismund, apparently still attentively studying the words. Then he walked to the hall table, set down the lamp and approached Sigismund.

"My boy," he said in a husky voice, "you have earned the right to choose for yourself."

Sigismund caught his father's hand in both of his own and tried to thank him, but he could say little.

"No, Sigismund," said his father; "rather thank your patience and faithfulness—your courage and perseverance."

Sigismund, looking up, saw for the first time that there were tears in his father's eyes.

"O father!" he cried, remorsefully. "I will play the violin just as before. I can do both!"

"No, my child," replied the violinist. "Life is too short. It is seldom that one can excel in two callings. Remember," he added, smiling, "you are to become famous, and be your father's pride. I shall hold you to your part of the bargain, Sigismund."

Did Sigismund fulfil his promise to his father? The end is not yet, for he is still young; but it is with mingled pride and amusement that Herr Edelmann hears himself designated as "the father of that wonderful young wood-carver."

"Ah, well," he says, when regrets sometimes come to him that his son is not following his own career; "it is art, and high art; and if one may believe what one hears, perhaps Germany may yet ring with the praises of my boy. Who can tell?"

SUSAN CURTIS REDFIELD.

A LEAFY FRIEND.

Fair tree! for thy delightful shade
'Tis just that some return be made;
Sure some return is due from me
To thy cool shadows and to thee.

—*Lady Winchilsea.*

For the Companion.

BETHY.

In Three Chapters.—Chapter III.

Bethy's Burglar.

When Donald Noble read the paragraph from the Maysville paper, Bethy dropped the dish she held in her hands, and she did not notice it as it crashed on the floor. She was very white. She turned and called to Nip, who ran to her, and lifted himself up to be taken.

"Where is Aunt Esther?" she asked.



Charley.

She went toward the door. Donald hurriedly placed himself before her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, earnestly. "I didn't know you would care so much; I didn't, indeed."

"You didn't care, anyway!" she cried, in a sharp tone. "You don't know what it is to live with Uncle Jacob's wife! Oh, where is Aunt Esther?"

She flung out of the room, and Donald heard her rushing upstairs, saying to himself that he felt like a sneak, and went out of the house.

He heard the stamping of a horse's feet in the barn, and went around to the wide-open doors.

To his surprise, there was Mrs. Dudley harnessing the colt into the gig.

"Do take hold, Donald!" she exclaimed, when she saw him. "I can't seem to bring buckle and tongue together. Ezry's going to try to get to Marlow's station to catch the train to reach Maysville. Do you suppose the colt can do it?"

Donald was glad to help. He harnessed the horse quickly, and looked at his watch.

"I guess this colt can do it, if Uncle Ezry starts right off," he said.

"That's just what I'm going to do," said Uncle Ezra's voice. "You're just the boy to go to Marlow's with me, and drive back the colt," he continued. "Jump in!"

Donald was glad to do as he was told.

As the two settled themselves on the narrow seat, a light figure seemed to fly into the barn and upon the hub of the wheel next to Mr. Dudley. Donald had a glimpse of a white face; he saw two arms go round the old gentleman's neck, and heard a voice that seemed half-strangled say:

"Dear Uncle Ezry, good-by!"

The girl was gone. The light gig whizzed out of the yard, and as it turned the corner into the road, Mr. Dudley shouted to Bethy and his wife:

"Don't you worry one grain! I'll fix everything, and be back to-morrow."

Bethy kept very close to Mrs. Dudley. The two milked the cows at night and did all the barn chores.

It was unfortunate that, when they were resting at twilight, after their work was done, some one who had been to the post-office should stop and leave the mail. It consisted of Mr. Dudley's weekly paper and a letter returned from the Dead Letter Office for Bethy. This proved to be her own letter, sent some time ago to her brother, wherein she had at last told him how she had run away, and what friends she had found, and had begged him not to think she had done wrong.

Bethy was bewildered as she looked over the familiar lines upon which she had so labored. For a long time she could not understand that Charley had never received the letter, and that, because she had given her address, it had come back finally to the writer.

"But where *is* Charley?" she asked, a new terror coming into her mind.

Mrs. Dudley was somewhat puzzled, too; but she tried to explain that perhaps Charley had gone to some other place; that he might have written to Maysville to tell his sister, and if he had done so, of course Bethy would not have received the letter.

This was all perfectly reasonable, and the girl tried to accept it and believe it.

When bedtime came, Aunt Esther locked the doors carefully—for she and Bethy were alone with Nip-'n'-Tuck for a protector—and went to Bethy's door and anxiously looked in.

There was Bethy, lying with very wide-awake face on the pillow, and cuddled closely in at the back of her neck was the little gray ball which was the terrier.

"I hope you aint afraid," said Mrs. Dudley. She herself had a certain sense of timidity, as she thought of the great house with its many untenanted rooms.

"I aint afraid of anything but Uncle Jacob's wife," said the girl, fervently.

As Mrs. Dudley slowly went up the stairs, she said aloud that she wished she had asked Donald Noble to sleep there that night. She did not know why she was so "fidgety."

She paused on the first landing, and looked out of the small-paned, blindless window. It was a black night, the clouds hanging low and shutting out the mountain entirely. A south wind was making the old sign creak and moan.

"I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night," she thought.

But when she lay down she was so tired that she fell asleep immediately, and was in a heavy slumber when she began to dream that she heard the terrier barking. Finally she became conscious that the dog was indeed barking furiously.

She sprang out of bed and began to dress in the dark, having an odd notion that it would be better for her not to light a lamp.

Just as she had flung on a dress she heard a creaking on the stairs, and Nip's barking came much nearer.

The next moment she saw the glimmer of a light under the door, and then the door was flung open, and Bethy appeared with a small kerosene lamp in one hand, and in the other and resting on her shoulder, was an old-fashioned shotgun which generally stood behind the door in the back kitchen.

Close to the girl's heels, and never ceasing to bark, was the terrier.

"Aunt Esther," cried Bethy under her breath, "there must be somebody here!"

She set down the lamp, and looked at the cap and trigger of the weapon.

A new terror was added to Mrs. Dudley's fears. She tried to get behind Bethy.

"It's loaded!" she exclaimed.

"I know it," replied Bethy. "Uncle Ezry said it was loaded to shoot crows. I'm thankful enough, for now I can protect you, Aunt Esther. It's burglars, aint it?"

She had closed the door by which she had entered, and the terrier was scratching furiously at it, keeping up his shrill bark.

"Did you hear anything?" Mrs. Dudley asked.

"Yes. I was 'most sure I heard somebody out by that door next the sheds; but Nip keeps up such a racket I can't listen. I'll go down and see, and I'll have my gun ready."

Mrs. Dudley was pulling on her shoes. She did not hear what the girl said, and Bethy directly left the room, Nip-'n'-Tuck squeezing out with her.

Bethy had never been so much frightened before; but she felt that it devolved upon her to protect Aunt Esther, and she felt that the shotgun was the only means by which she could do it. The gun was very heavy; but, having carried it upstairs, she succeeded in getting it down again.

She entered the long passage that ran outside what was once the tavern dining-room. There was a door at the end of this passage, toward the sheds.

She again heard, unmistakably this time, the sound of feet. She ran forward. This door was now never used. It was bolted, and it also had a chain upon it. Bethy had not neglected to explore and examine every bit of the old house.

She set her lamp down on the floor, and quickly flung open the door the few inches of the length of the chain. Nip put his nose out and snuffed.

Bethy thrust her gun through the opening.

"I shall shoot!" she shouted at the top of her voice, and then Nip burst out again, almost barking himself off his feet in his energy.

When he made an instant's pause there was the sound of feet moving outside.

Bethy was startled unspeakably by feeling some one grasp her arm. It was Mrs. Dudley, who whispered in her ear:

"We've got to run away! I guess the house is surrounded!"

She pulled the girl along, the gun dragging its stock on the uneven floor. Bethy was not at all afraid of it, but Aunt Esther feared the old gun, quite reasonably, almost as much as she feared the burglars.

They came to what had once been the bar-room. The counter and shelves were still there. It was Mrs. Dudley who now carried the lamp.

"We'll get out here, and run round the mountain to Mrs. Noble's," she whispered in Bethy's ear. "You must stop that dog's noise! They'll follow us, as sure's you're alive!"

Bethy hurriedly set the gun against the counter, and caught up Nip, enveloping his head in the folds of her skirt.

Just then the gun fell; its hammer struck the floor and it was discharged.

Luckily, neither Mrs. Dudley nor Bethy was shot; but both were frightened much worse than before. In spite of her fears, Bethy tried to say something against going away from the house; but Mrs. Dudley hurried her to the bar-room door, which opened on a porch. She opened the door, the rusty hinges creaking.

"Le's run!" whispered Mrs. Dudley.

The two ran over the grassy yard, quite unable to see anything, and apparently going against a black wall.

It seemed as if a voice shouted something. Bethy paused. A strange emotion darted through her heart. Nip writhed in her skirt but was held fast, and could only give a strangled bark.

The girl looked back. She saw the sudden glow and fading of the tiny flame of a match held by somebody.

Then Mrs. Dudley pulled her along again. They found the road fence and followed it. After a little it seemed to grow lighter, or their eyes became accustomed to the darkness.

Aunt Esther panted heavily, but she would not pause until they had gone around the mountain to Mrs. Noble's. Nip had ceased barking, and now appeared greatly depressed.

Perhaps he was weary. His companions certainly were, and the moments they waited before they could rouse any one were very long.

Mr. Noble said something about going back to the old tavern with Donald and some pistols, but finally put off the expedition until daylight.

Bethy and the terrier slept uneasily on the lounge until dawn, when the covered wagon was harnessed, and the refugees were taken back over the road they had come in such terror a few hours before.

Mrs. Dudley said that she expected to find the house in ashes; but there it stood, with the bar-room door open just as they had left it.

Nip began to grow excited again. He sprang out of the wagon before the horse stopped, and rushed in at that open door. One would have said that he was possessed by joy instead of any other emotion.

Bethy was on the ground almost as soon as the dog.

"He is certainly glad," she cried. She ran after him.

On a bench in the bar-room lay the figure of a man; and at that figure Nip leaped and writhed and twisted and whined, and licked as if beside himself.

Bethy was not much behind him.

"O Charley!" she cried, half-articulately. She had recognized her brother.

The figure of the young man rose with Bethy in one arm, and Nip in the other. He was standing thus when the rest of the party came up to the door.

"You see, it was Charley," said Bethy, laughing and crying, "and I might have shot him!"

Charley Adams did not use many words to explain that he had come East unexpectedly on business for his employer; that he had two days to spend with his sister, and not finding her with Uncle Jacob's wife, had started on the evening train for Marlow's, and walked from that station, arriving after midnight. He had had difficulty in getting upon the right road.

"Then I was taken for a burglar, and Nip barked so, and the wind blew so, and my sister protected so, that I couldn't make any one hear a word I tried to say."

"It did sometimes seem as if Nip was barking for joy," said Bethy, "but, of course, I thought I was mistaken. He knew you all the time."

"Certainly he did. You can't deceive a Yorkshire."

"What about Uncle Jacob's wife?" asked Bethy.

"She told me how you ran away, and how she had found out, through some one that came from Marlow's, where you were. It was lucky for me she did know, or what should I have done? She said she 'got along fully as well without you.'"

"Uncle Ezry's gone to see about it," said Bethy, with some pride.

That day Charles Adams had a long talk with Mrs. Dudley. He said he had intended to find a different home for his sister before he went back West, for, in truth, Mrs. Andrews was not a proper guardian.

When Mr. Dudley returned that afternoon he also asserted that Mrs. Andrews ought not to have the care of any one.

"Not that I believe at all in running away," he said, gravely.

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"It was to save Nip-'n'-Tuck," said Bethy, earnestly. "I'd have borne almost anything myself, but when it came to him —"

The months went by rapidly. Bethy went to school; she was eager to learn. Hardest of all her struggles was the struggle to control her quick temper, but she made headway in that battle.

One day she brought herself to ask young Noble's pardon for her rudeness to him; better than that, she was careful not to be rude again.

"She's just been a blessing to us from the day she come," said Uncle Ezra one day to Mrs. Noble. "I've watched her, and I see she always wants to do the right thing. I do' know how we shall get along if she ever leaves us. Yes, I know we took her in; we ought to be kind to all poor human beings, but you don't always get paid for your kindness as we've been. There she is, now."

Coming up the same path from the valley which she had followed almost a year before was a girl with a rough terrier under her arm. She was singing. When she saw the group on the porch she waved her hand gaily, and hurried forward.

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

The End.

For the Companion.

IN THE GREAT JAVAN UPHEAVAL.

In Two Chapters. — Chapter II.

Adventures by the Way.

Natt did not accept the native's statement that Samarang had suffered so great a calamity.

"Don't confide in such a rumor," he said. "There must be more false reports than true ones at such an hour."

This was quite reasonable, but the apprehension that my father and sister were involved in the catastrophe had taken a disturbing hold upon my thoughts.

We continued along the post-road, and gradually ascended the wooded plateau to the northeastward of Merapi. Volcanic dust was sifting down in a continuous shower, and the trees were becoming loaded with it.

We saw several herds of the *rusa* deer and even rhinoceroses in the woods near the road. Presently Natt called my attention to two striped animals which lay outstretched near the foot of a palm.

"Tigers!" said he. "But they look as if they were frightened or dazed."

We could have shot them, but we had no thought of firing upon any of the poor brutes.

About noon we gained the summit of the plateau, and entered what in the old days must have been an extensive public garden. The remains of sculptured masonry were to be seen on both sides of the road.

Toward five o'clock we came to a large, rectangular monument, or mausoleum, more than thirty feet high, and carved with subjects connected with the religion of Buddha.

We passed the night beneath this old mausoleum. Despite the glare and the thunderings of the volcanoes, I dozed through the night, with many strange dreams. We had been quite worn out with the excitement and constant walking.

All the food which we were able to prepare was sprinkled with dust and grit. After making such breakfast as we could, our forlorn little party resumed its way along the government road, across the plateau, and afterward down the slope of a long mountain-side of partially cleared land.

Here and there we passed deserted villages, but for eight or ten miles we saw only a single human being, a woman gathering bananas from a dusty garden. Everywhere the fields of cane, paddy, indigo and tobacco were loaded down beneath the thick coat of ashes and dust.

We passed many cracks in the ground across the road, some of them a yard in width, caused, no doubt, by the shocks of earthquake which, with diminishing violence, recurred every few minutes during the whole forenoon.

At length, turning the base of a hill, we heard a confused babel of human voices, and presently found ourselves in the suburbs of a large town many of the houses of which had fallen, or had been burned.

It was the town of Kedoe, Puteh said. The place was thronged with despairing, panic-stricken Javanese who had flocked in from the surrounding mountainous districts.

They stood or sat in little family groups amidst the rubbish of the fallen houses, the men and women clutching packs and bundles of household articles, and the children clinging about them. Some of them appeared to be quite distracted with terror or grief.

We looked about in vain for any representatives of authority in the town. Both the native and Dutch police had decamped. Yet it was a time when there was far more need of the strong arm of municipal authority than one would have at first supposed, for the jails appeared to have been emptied of their criminals, and we learned that gangs of robbers, who ordinarily had their haunts among the mountains, had come forth to take advantage of the general confusion.

Our party had taken refuge inside the small front yard of a house the roof of which had fallen down. On the other side of the wattled fence fifteen or twenty natives were gathered, many of them holding packets or baskets containing their most valuable worldly goods.

A sudden outcry from this woebegone company attracted our attention. Glancing among them, we saw three savage-looking natives, with *krises*, or curved Javan daggers, in their hands, in the act of throttling a woman and dispossessing her of her ear-rings. The deed at such a moment seemed so extraordinary to me that I was at a loss to understand it at first.

"What's the trouble over there?" I said to Natt. "A family quarrel, is it, in the midst of their other afflictions?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied my companion.

The other natives of the group drew back, uttering cries, but not one of them advanced to the assistance of the woman. Still we did not quite know what the circumstances were, and looked on with more curiosity than sympathy.

A minute later, having thrown the woman aside, the ill-looking natives advanced upon a man of the party, assassinated him before our eyes, and rifled his clothing afterward.

"Look here!" exclaimed Natt in great excitement to me. "Are we going to stand here and see such work as that go on? Where is that gun?"

He snatched up the carbine, exclaiming, "Stand by me, will you?" and leaped over the fence. I followed, and drew my revolver.

Seeing two white men advancing on them with fire-arms, the three miscreants drew back a few yards, but stood with their knives ready for use, and their evil eyes fixed sullenly on our faces. They were evidently desperate characters.

"Leave! Clear out!" shouted Natt, raising his piece. "Be off, you scoundrels!"

It is not likely that they understood a word of English, but they understood what the muzzle of a loaded gun meant, and slunk aside, sliding away into the throng of people like so many serpents.

"They are worse than beasts of prey!" muttered my friend. "Tigers at such a time lie by the road as harmless as dogs. But here are creatures in human form who improve the chance which this terrible catastrophe affords to murder and rob their fellow-men!

"They shall not keep up this fiendish business if I can help it!" he suddenly added. "I'm going after those rascals, and if I see them commit further outrages, I'll open fire on them. If the world is coming to an end, I will at least do one good deed beforehand."

He set off through the town, and I could do no less than follow him, leaving the two Chinamen in charge of our property. We threaded our way



A Panic among the Natives.

among the groups of natives, following first one narrow, obstructed street, and then another.

Presently screams attracted our attention to a low structure, apparently a market-place, adjoining which was another, more pretentious, which I supposed to be a temple. Here we got into a very dense crowd, but, pressing through it, passed the low building and came to a large, open square, or yard, inclosed by it.

Within this yard a fight was raging. We pushed our way through, and saw that twenty or thirty natives, having in their hands sticks, choppers and anything which they had been able to seize for weapons, were resisting ten or twelve ruffians of ferocious appearance, armed with daggers and evidently of the same gang as the three we had previously seen.

We had scarcely entered when the hard-pressed natives, who were getting the worst of the encounter, fell back toward the market building, and we were suddenly involved in a frantic backward rush.

It was with great difficulty that we kept our feet. Many natives went down and were trodden under foot. Above the screams of the people rose the savage yells of the ruffians, and the tumult was terrific.

We were crowded into a sort of stall or booth, near the wall of the building. In a moment more, the struggling crowd had swept past us, and we were left face to face with the ruffian gang, and not more than three yards from them. They rushed upon us, and we were forced to fire in self-defence.

Both Natt and I fired as quickly and with as good aim as we could. Twice they approached so closely that their long knives flashed before our very eyes; but our point-blank shots were too much for them. I emptied my revolver, and Natt fired seven times with the carbine.

Those of our assailants who were not disabled fled, and we saw parties of enraged townspeople pursuing them with clubs and stones.

"Reload, quick!" cried my young companion. "They may get reinforcements, and return any minute. But we are good for 'em. Let 'em come!"

As we were putting in fresh cartridges, I saw Wah Lee worming his way in our direction, through the press of wondering natives in front of the market-place. He had our large carving-knife in his hand, and looked the picture of determination. He had heard the firing, and with true grit, had come running to our assistance.

Seeing that the multitude of Javanese were regarding us with perplexity and astonishment, Natt bade Wah Lee assure them in their native tongue that we desired only to protect them from robbers, and request as many as had arms, or could procure them, to come to the square inside the market-place as fast as they could.

In an hour several hundred presented themselves. We selected from them enough to make several parties of twenty men each. To each squad we gave as promising a man as could be picked out as leader or captain. As fast as a squad was organized, we sent it out to make a circuit through the city, and return to the square to report.

Comparative quiet seemed to have been restored, but our army of police soon began to grow hungry. In order to keep them from disbanding to go in quest of food, we were compelled to seek something for them to eat.

A store of rice in a fallen warehouse was at last discovered. The owner of it had either lost his life or gone away. Thirty sacks of this stock were confiscated for the public use. Rice we must have, or we could not keep order in Kedoe.

Kettles were set boiling in the open square by the market-house, and Wah Lee went to fetch Eng Kee to superintend the cooking. He soon returned, saying that Eng Kee had gone, no one knew where, and also that Puteh, Enda-a and little Minek had disappeared, taking with them our property in kitchen ware, food and blankets.

We were not surprised that Eng Kee had gone about his business; but we were troubled as to the fate of our Javanese servants. They had never shown themselves otherwise than honest. I believe they were throttled and robbed.

We sent out a squad of our police to search for them throughout the entire quarter, and shout their names, but were unable to learn anything of their fate.

Native cooks were persuaded to attend the kettles, and rations of rice and sugar were served out in the market building, not only to our "army," but to such others as were hungry, as far as our supplies would extend.

The throng was enormous. I almost hesitate to say how many people we estimated were gathered at this place, but it could not have been much less than a hundred thousand.

Throughout the night the squads of armed natives were kept patrolling the town. There were many fires, and at times shouting, screams and a great clamor would arise. Wherever a disturbance was heard or reported, thither we despatched a force to restore order.

There had been but one severe shock of earthquake during the night, and the lava fires on the mountains were not as terrifying as before. The air was somewhat less oppressive, and less dust fell. The sky still remained dark with smoke, but the shower of ashes had ceased in great part.

I had been making inquiries, meantime, of many natives, for tidings from Samarang. Some had heard and believed that the town was destroyed, but I at last found a man who had come up from the coast during the night, and who declared that very little damage had been done there.

Though the city was about ten leagues distant, my anxiety was so great that I proposed that we set out for Samarang at once. Somewhat to my surprise, Natt refused to do so.

"We ought to see this thing through," he urged. "We've undertaken to govern this town—we have usurped the government, I may say—and now it's our duty to maintain order. It would be cowardly to slip away and leave it now."

"But I must go," I said. "My relatives have stronger claims on me than these natives."

"It is a matter of conscience with me," Natt replied, "to stand by these poor people, and do the best I can for them."

"Very well," I said. "Stay if you will, but I must go." We shook hands and parted.

Taking Wah Lee with me, I set off on foot for Samarang, having now nothing left of all my outfit save my revolver. The carbine I had given to Natt, who was likely to need it more than I.

We walked fast, and had proceeded for about ten miles along the government road, when we came to a junction with another branch of the highway, leading down from Sourabaya to Samarang. Here we sat down for a few moments to take breath.

As we sat here, I saw a cloud of dust approaching along the road from the direction of Samarang. The dust cloud concealed a post-coach, and was raised by the horses' feet, stirring up the ashes which lay in a thick coat on the road.

As they came up, I hailed the driver, and asked what news he bore from Samarang. I had hardly spoken, when I heard a cry from within the coach. Next moment the door flew open, and my sister sprang out. My father quickly followed her.

"Thank Heaven, my boy," he exclaimed, "that you have come through this awful catastrophe alive!"

They had started at the earliest moment that it was possible to procure a coach, to go to Jokjokarta in quest of me. If Wah Lee and I had arrived at the junction of the two roads five minutes later, I should not have fallen in with them, for they would have taken the other branch.

After such a remarkable piece of good fortune, I had no longer any great apprehension that we should not escape from the island in safety. The coach was turned short about on the road, and we drove back to the seaport.

From my father and sister, I learned of the terrific eruption and subsidence of the volcano of Krakatoa in the Straits of Sunda, the destruction of Anjer, and the overthrow of a large part of Batavia, Buitenzorg, Cheribon, and many other towns. Samarang had escaped serious damage; and telegraphic communication had been maintained in a wonderful manner, considering the nature and extent of the disaster.

We had had enough of Java, and we sailed from Samarang within a few days, taking Wah Lee with us. The young Chinaman remained in our service for nearly three years.

Natt remained in Kedoe, and governed that terror-stricken town much after his own fashion, for a week or more, till the Dutch Government resumed sway. In consideration of his services and the summary manner in which he rid the place of numbers of *ladrones*, he has been given a profitable official position by the authorities at Batavia.

EDWARD H. HAMLIN.

The End.

FIXED STARS.

The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain.

—*Schiller.*

For the Companion.

RIBBON AND CROSS.

The French Revolution abolished, with other institutions belonging to monarchy, all the existing orders of chivalry in France; but in 1802 Bonaparte, then First Consul, proposed the founding of a new order for the encouragement of merit in all classes of society.

Although the project was opposed as undemocratic, Bonaparte had his own way, and the "Order of the Eagle," as it was then called, was definitely established.

The Chief of the State was its Grand Master. All soldiers who had previously been given swords of honor were its original members, and civilians who had earned decoration by exceptional merit were admitted to its ranks.

The order gained at once a great political and social influence. Its effect upon the army was undoubtedly stimulating. It helped Bonaparte to increase his hold upon the brave but ill-disciplined troops of the Convention and Directory. They soon became the best-disciplined army in Europe. Every soldier saw within his reach the Cross of the Legion of Honor, as it was finally called, and was determined to obtain it.

Courage alone could not earn it; good conduct was also required. The man who wore the cross refrained from intemperance and foul language to avoid bringing disgrace upon his order, and he who longed for the decoration sought to buy it by sobriety and subordination as well as bravery.

Many incidents showed how highly the cross was valued. A native of Nazareth, Syria, a member of the Guard, had been decorated at Austerlitz, and at Eylau, just as he pierced the ranks of Russian infantry, he was killed by a bullet through the head. His brother, fighting at his side, leaped from his horse at a moment when delay promised destruction, and took the cross from the dead man's breast, that he might carry it home to his family in Syria.

Napoleon's manner of bestowing the decoration so heightened the enthusiasm of his soldiers that they believed his recognition of heroism to be unerring as well as generous.

After the battle of Ratisbon the Emperor noticed a corporal who, though wounded in several places, had remained in the ranks.

"Here is something which will heal your wounds," said the great commander. Stooping over the lad, he pinned his own decoration upon his breast.

Literary and scientific men had reason to feel that the Emperor and nation delighted to honor them, and those who furthered the industrial arts were by no means forgotten.

At one time the price of sugar was greatly increased by the English blockade, and the cost of cotton goods also became very high. A French gentleman devoted himself to experiments for making sugar from beet-root, and another established a calico manufactory. Both were decorated; and Napoleon said to the cotton manufacturer:

"You are making a formidable war against England, and thus you are allied to the brave of my army. You must bear the sign which distinguishes them."

At the downfall of the Empire and the accession of Louis XVIII., the monarchical orders of chivalry were revived, but the Legion of Honor was so highly regarded that it was retained, although the effigy of Henry IV. replaced that of Napoleon in the centre of the decoration, and the *fleur-de-lis* was substituted for the imperial eagle. The King became its Grand Master. All the older decorations took precedence of it in point of honor.

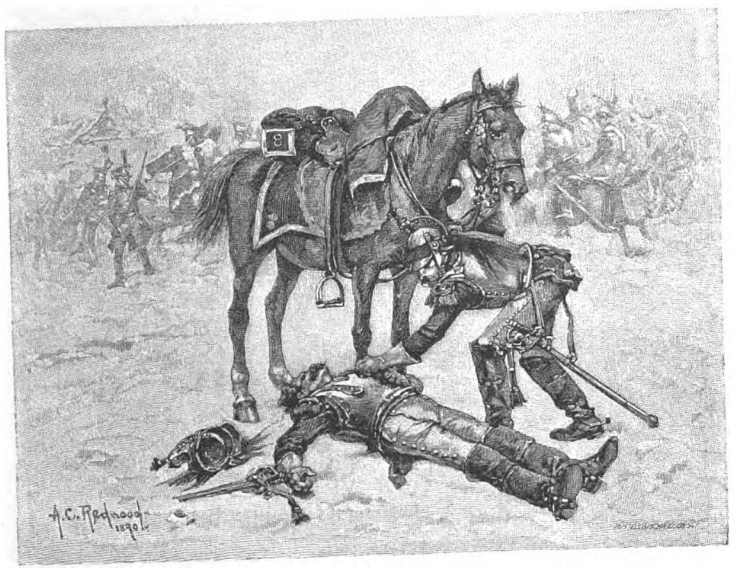
These latter, however, were abolished, in their turn, by Louis Philippe, the "Citizen King," who distributed the Legion of Honor with the greatest prodigality; and though, after his flight, it was suppressed by the Republican Government, it was revived by Napoleon III., who spread it broadcast, and increased his own popularity at the expense of its dignity.

The Legion of Honor is now the only order of merit surviving in France. In its ideal it is a democratic institution, intended to distinguish the brave, wise and virtuous, without regard to their position in society.

Even a rag-picker has been known to wear the cross, concealed beneath his shabby blouse; and he, as much as any dignitary thus decorated, would be entitled to military honors at his burial.

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It is not uncommon among European nations to find that an order has been created for the decoration of women alone; but France admits them, though sparingly, to her Legion of Honor. More than thirty women have already been made "chevaliers." The majority of them are nuns who have nursed wounded soldiers, and encountered danger on the field of battle.



Saving the Ribbon.

Under the First Empire, two women were decorated for military achievements. One of them, dressed as a man, took her brother's place in the ranks, because he was delicate, and unfit for the hardships of war. The other enlisted from a love of military life, and both could show a record of battles and sabre-cuts quite equal to that of their fellow-soldiers.

Among French army nurses of the present time, Sister Maria Theresa, Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in Tonkin, might serve as a type of heroism and devotion. She has identified herself with the French army for more than thirty years. During the war with Germany, she seized a smoking shell, which had fallen into the midst of a field-hospital, and ran with it into an adjoining meadow. The shell burst as she dropped it, and she was severely injured.

In Syria, China and Mexico she has worked where the fire was hottest, and has been three times wounded.

Two or three years ago the French Governor of Tonkin decorated her with the cross, in the presence of all the troops. The prominence which she was forced to accept was evidently not at all to her liking, for when the imposing ceremony was over, the Sister, who thought less of glory than her duties, said, modestly:

"And now may I return to my wounded soldiers?"

Sister Rosalie, decorated about thirty years ago, was well named the "Mother of the Poor." Through war and pestilence she nursed the sick of Paris, and founded there many charitable institutions which are still in flourishing existence.

In 1864 the Empress Eugénie made the personal acquaintance of the celebrated painter of animals, Rosa Bonheur, and was so delighted with her and her work that she begged the Emperor to confer upon her the Cross of Honor. As it had never been awarded to women except for acts of bravery and charity, the Emperor hesitated; but when Eugénie was acting as regent, the next year, during Napoleon's absence in Algeria, she seized the opportunity to bestow the decoration upon the artist.

The Empress visited Rosa Bonheur at her studio near Fontainebleau, and surprised her by pinning the cross on the breast of her working blouse.

There are five classes, or grades, belonging to the Legion of Honor: chevaliers, officers, commanders, grand officers, and, highest of all, the grand cordons or crosses. All these, when in full dress, wear the cross suspended from a red watered ribbon.

The chevaliers wear an enamelled silver cross and a simple ribbon, and the grades above a gold cross, with some slight modification or elaboration of the ribbon, which, for the grand cross, becomes a broad sash, extended from shoulder to hip.

In addition to the cross, the two highest grades wear also the badge, which consists of a jewelled star of five double rays, resting on and surmounted by a wreath, half-oak and half-laurel. On one side is the head, symbolizing the Republic, with the words, "*République Française*," and on the other two tricolor standards, with the device, "*Honneur et Patrie*" (Honor and Country). The star is similar to the badge, with rays issuing from every angle, and is destitute of the wreaths.

The President of the Republic is Grand Master of the Legion; it has its Grand Chancellor, its laws, revenues and festival days, and not only reward the deserving, but can inflict public disgrace by removing from its ranks those who have in any way forfeited the rights of citizenship.

Thousands of foreigners wear the cross of the Legion of Honor, though they share none of the privileges belonging to the order. During the late universal exhibition in Paris, it was distributed with the utmost generosity, and perhaps the American whom France took most delight in decorating was Thomas Edison, whose inventions excited such enthusiasm there.

ALICE BROWN.

A HURRYING LIFE.

A little while to pause and rest,
A little space to draw full breath—
Ah me! we are too sorely pressed
Who run for life and death!

—*Argosy.*

THE BONAPARTES.

Time was when the death of Prince Napoleon Joseph Charles Bonaparte, who passed away at Rome on the Seventeenth of March, would have created not a little excitement and discussion in Europe, and especially in France.

For this Prince Napoleon—as he was usually called—was a nephew of the great Napoleon, being the son of the great Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome, and for a while, at least, was recognized as the chief of the Bonapartist party in France, who, if the Empire were restored, would succeed to the throne.

The great Napoleon settled the line of descent in his family, so that the children of his brother Lucien should be excluded from the throne, and so that, if his own issue failed, the children of his two younger brothers, Louis and Jerome, should in turn be the heirs.

As a matter of fact, Louis Napoleon, the son of his brother Louis, did attain the imperial throne; but he lost it again, and died in exile in 1873, leaving the right of succession to his only son, Louis, the Prince Imperial, then a lad of seventeen years.

Louis was accepted by the Bonapartists as their candidate for the throne in case the Empire should be restored.

But the Prince Imperial was killed by the Zulus in South Africa, whither he had gone with the British Army, in 1879; and thus the line of the great Napoleon's brother Louis became extinct.

Then came the turn of the line of the youngest brother, Jerome, in the person of the Prince Napoleon who has just died at Rome, and who was at first recognized by the Bonapartists as the legitimate heir to the throne.

But the career and character of Prince Napoleon had been such that a large section of Bonapartists were unwilling to accept him as their chief. He had been the enemy of the Empress Eugénie; had sometimes opposed the policy of his cousin Louis Napoleon; had been at times an outspoken Republican; was suspected of cowardice, and had lost, by his untrustworthiness, the confidence of large numbers of Frenchmen.

The Bonapartists who were opposed to him chose his eldest son, Prince Victor, as their chief, and this caused a breach between the father and son. The party was divided into two factions, and its prospects of restoring the Empire thus became more hopeless than ever.

When Prince Napoleon died the other day, he ignored his eldest son, Victor, and declared his second son, Louis, to be his heir. But the Bonapartists, with the ex-Empress Eugénie at their head, adhere to Prince Victor as their chief.

The late Prince Napoleon, besides bearing a very striking personal resemblance to his famous uncle, was a man of great ability, an accomplished scholar, and a brilliant orator. But he was never popular in France, in spite of his great attainments and his family relationships.

The fact of his death is rather interesting on account of his personal traits and career, than important as a political event. The Bonapartes and their adherents have seemingly ceased to be formidable enough to imperil the safety of the French Republic. Divided among themselves, and repeatedly rejected by the people, they seem powerless ever to revive the Empire.

The French Republic, as has been well said, "has got into the groove of life." It has withstood the hostility and strain of twenty years. It has now received the support of a large body of the priesthood and the peasantry, the most conservative and once the most monarchical elements of French society; and it is apparently stronger, more orderly, and more firmly established in the confidence and good-will of the people than ever before.

It has, therefore, little to fear from Bonapartes or Bonapartists, and may witness with indifference the death of one Bonaparte prince, and the leadership of another.

APRIL.

April, young April,
Ever fresh and dear,
"Sweet sixteen" among the months,
Darling of the year!
Ere your smile can flash and die
Lo! a tear o'ertakes it;
Ere the tear is fully globed,
Dainty laughter shakes it.
Loose your curls upon the wind—
That shall 'tice the swallow;
Press your lips upon the spray,
And the rose shall follow!

Spectator. —*Frederick Langbridge.*

ROTATION IN OFFICE.

On the same day, during the present month, that the resignation of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, was made public, we read in the "City Hall Gossip" of a newspaper published in one of the largest cities of the country a statement something like this:

"Alderman Billy Nims says that the Mayor's nomination of Mr. Tucker for the City Weigherships was rejected partly because the boys wanted to have a little fun, and partly because Tucker has been in office too long, and is a —" naming one of the two parties.

Of course we have changed names and the title of the office to be filled.

On that same day, as we have said, Mr. Edmunds made public his retirement from the position of United States Senator from Vermont, after a service of twenty-five years, and with two years of his term unexpired.

The two incidents illustrate admirably two opposed views of the question of office-filling and office-holding. In the one case a competent and faithful officer is rejected partly because a board of Aldermen takes a frivolous view of its duty; partly because, in the city where the incident took place, offices are "spoils of victory," and partly because one man having had his turn at the "public crib," it is thought to be time for another man to be fed there.

In the other case a gentleman, chosen to a position because he is able to give valuable service to his State and country, is kept in it because the longer he stays the more valuable that service becomes, and retires of his own will while his constituents are still desirous of retaining him in the position.

Both of these views cannot be right. Which of them is correct?

It is quite unnecessary for us to say that we regard that view of office-filling which implies that public positions are favors to be bestowed as wholly erroneous and mischievous. The object of government is good government, and only that.

Just so far as the machinery and the revenues of any government, great or small, are devoted to giving employment and an income to those who have obtained the control of the government, rather than to procuring the best service the public money will provide, so far the machinery and revenues are diverted from their proper objects.

The practical wisdom of a system that rejects the old doctrine of "rotation in office," that is, the doctrine that each man shall have his turn and give way to another, is illustrated by the experience of those States which, like Vermont, have been accustomed to seek out their best men, and then keep them in Congress as long as possible.

We find, upon examining the list of Vermont senators, that since Dudley Chase became a senator in 1813, and Isaac Tichenor in 1815, only sixteen different persons have represented the State in the Senate. Three of them have died in office, and three, including Mr. Edmunds, have resigned.

In spite of the fact that four of the sixteen senators were appointed by the governor for short terms to fill vacancies thus caused, the average length of service of all who have filled the position during the last seventy-five years is almost ten years. And Mr. Edmunds's resignation makes the first change in the delegation in twenty-four years.

Maine has been represented by only nine senators since 1848; and this, too, means an average length of nearly ten years' service.

The position and influence of senators who have been long members of the body in which they sit, is markedly greater than that of men who serve a single term only, or a part of a term, and are then displaced. The fact deserves not only to be noticed as a general law in politics, but to be acted upon by those who have the duty of choosing senators.

POINTS OR CULLINS?

Mr. A——, a colored man who died last winter in a Northern city, was accounted one of its most respected citizens. He had accumulated a fortune, had helped to found one or two charitable institutions which greatly benefited the community, and had devoted much of his strength and energies to the education and elevation of his race.

As his funeral passed through the street, an old citizen said to his companion, "Did you ever hear how A—— was started on the road to success?"

"No."

"He was a poor lad who kept a little oyster cart on the street, moving from corner to corner. One evening Mr. B——" (naming a prominent citizen) "was standing near the cart, waiting for a friend, when an order came to A—— from a neighboring house for forty Blue Point oysters on the half-shell.

"'I have no Points left,' said A——.

"'Serve 'em Cullins,' urged the messenger. 'They'll never know. I don't want to go any farther.'

"'No,' said A——.

"'All the dealers do it,' said the boy.

"'I never do,' replied the mulatto.

"Mr. B——, unseen in the twilight, had heard the colloquy. He knew that an order for forty oysters was a serious item in the day's sales of so small a dealer.

"He walked on to his club. He happened to be one of the committee who overlooked the commissary department.

"That evening he summoned the *chef*, and asked him why he so often served inferior oysters on the shell.

"'Because the dealer cheats me,' was the prompt reply. 'The "Cullins," or small refuse oysters left after the best are chosen, or culled out, look very much like the fine Blue Points. He makes a tremendous profit by pushing them off on me.'

"'I can send you to a dealer who will not do it,' said B——.

"A——'s success in business commenced from that day. The custom of the X Club was very large, and it brought him orders from all of the members. His trade increased until he became a rich man. He was always an honest one."

"It was lucky that Mr. B—— happened to stand near the cart," said the listener.

"The luck, I think," said the story-teller, "was in the habit which A—— had formed of selling Points, and not Cullins at Point prices. I have a theory that honest dealing in trade always, in the long run, comes to the knowledge of the public."

A lucky accident may bring a trader custom, but custom does not stay with the tricky dealer. A Power higher than luck backs the man, though he be but a poor negro, who, against all odds, is inflexibly honest.

EATING.

There has never been a time when so much attention was paid to the art of cookery as at present. The society of New York cooks some time ago gave their annual exhibition, at which they displayed steamships, villas, Eiffel towers and groups of statuary, which, beside looking very pretty, were all good to eat, being composed of meat and vegetables ingeniously disguised.

A man could devour the chimney of a cottage, the mainsail of a favorite yacht, a man-of-war's boat, a celebrated trotting horse, or the coachman of a coach-and-four, and find them all delicate and digestible.

About the same time, the noble society of cooks in Paris held a similar exhibition, where were seen a gigantic windmill, a castle of the Middle Ages, Swiss chalets, a full-sized Grecian helmet, and a large green lion, all good to eat and pleasing to behold.

The French cooks invited to their show a number of artists, authors, statesmen and other notable persons, one of whom pronounced a fine eulogium upon the art of cooking as practised in France with brilliant success for many centuries.

The orator, who was M. Jules Simon, made one remark of much importance. He maintained that the special excellence of French cookery is that it delights the palate without overtasking the digestive powers. Then he made the following observation:

"To know how to eat is to give one's-self good digestion, sound sleep, a receptive mind and muscular strength."

We can all agree with the venerable statesman, that to know how to eat goes a long way toward securing "good digestion, sound sleep, a receptive mind and muscular strength." This would be an excellent motto to place over the door of the Memorial Hall at Harvard, where several hundred students take nourishment every day, while commenting with great freedom upon the manner in which the cook performs his duty.

What we need as a people is not the fine-art cookery displayed by the artists of New York and Paris, nor the luxurious banquets described in the volume of Ward McAllister, who expatiates upon the singular cheapness of a dinner which only cost ten dollars a plate. Nor do we desire terrapins at three dollars a mouthful, and can dispense with champagne that has been kept at the vineyard for seven years.

Our great need is better cooking of the plain, nutritious food that the people can afford to buy, the right kind of bread, well-cooked vegetables and meat, and a leisurely, cheerful habit of eating them.

"We are always hungry at our college," said a young lady the other day. The reason appeared to be that no great importance was attached by the governing powers to the proper nourishment of the students.

There were competent persons employed to teach Greek, Latin and chemistry; but the great and

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difficult art of supplying a great throng of eager students with "good digestion, sound sleep, receptive minds and muscular strength" was left to anybody that would undertake to supply them at four dollars and a half a week.

The food of students should be like that described by M. Simon. It should please their pleasure-loving palates, and not overtask their digestive powers.

LINCOLN'S SHOOTING.

When President Lincoln was a captain of militia in the Black Hawk War, he had to wear a wooden sword a whole day. Orders had been given forbidding all firing within or near the camp. Captain Lincoln went out and fired his pistols too near the camp. The colonel punished him.

During the Civil War, an order was issued forbidding the discharge of fire-arms within the limits of Washington. All sorts of magazine and breech-loading rifles had been sent to the White House for the President's inspection. He had studied them, and one afternoon he said to Mr. Stoddard, one of his private secretaries:

"They say you're a pretty good marksman. At half-past six to-morrow morning we'll go out on the mall and try some of these guns."

In the morning the President said to his secretary, who tells the story in his book, "Inside the White House," "You take that thing, and I'll take this, and we'll go right along."

"That thing" was an old Springfield musket, filled with a cartridge chamber that went on and came off with a screw twist. Mr. Lincoln selected a Spencer rifle.

The secretary fired and made a good shot, though the Springfield kicked him. President Lincoln crouched, that he might hold his Spencer with an elbow resting on his knee, and squinted along the blue barrel.

A short sergeant and four or five men on guard-duty, hearing the firing, had run up to the two marksmen.

"Stop that firing! Stop that firing!" exclaimed the sergeant.

Bang went the rifle, and the President's tall, gaunt form shot up to its height. He smiled upon the shouting sergeant, who, recognizing him, stood still, and was silent. Then the squad, without uttering a word, executed a "Right-about, face," and with a double-quick, raced to the guard-house.

"Well, they might have stayed and seen the shooting," said the President, with a laugh.

VOTERS WHO KNOW SOMETHING.

The Legislature of Maine, at its recent session, proposed to the people of the State an amendment of the Constitution, providing that no one shall be allowed to vote or be chosen to office in Maine who cannot read the Constitution in English, and write his name. The amendment is to be voted upon in 1892, and if a majority of the people favor it, it then becomes a part of the Constitution.

Three classes of persons are excepted, by its terms, from the operation of this amendment. Those whom physical disability renders unable to read or write; those who are already voters; and those who are more than sixty years old at the time the amendment is adopted.

By means of these exceptions the new constitutional provision is prevented from depriving any man of rights which he now possesses, and also from bearing harshly upon aged and disabled persons who cannot read and write. Both in its positive requirements and in its exceptions the proposed amendment is similar to the Massachusetts Constitution.

This idea of restricting the suffrage to those who are capable of exercising the right intelligently is one heartily to be commended. So long as the national law permits the countries of Europe to spill the overflow of their population on our shores, and allows new-comers to become citizens before they know anything about the national institutions, so long should the States protect themselves against the rule of ignorance.

Self-preservation is the first law of States; but to invite ignorance to accept as great a share in the government as is conferred upon intelligence, is an act of self-destruction.

No doubt there is an idea that it is not "liberal" to restrict the suffrage even to those who have the rudiments of education. But it is better to be safe than to be liberal.

IMPORTANT.

A high opinion of himself and his importance to the rest of the world is undoubtedly a most comfortable thing for a man to possess, but it is sometimes amusing to those who do not rate him so high as he rates himself.

Eli Saunders was a tall, thin, gawky man who had always lived in a little village, and had never accomplished anything worth mentioning; but he had a little money, more than most of his neighbors, and considered himself a very valuable member of society.

He was decidedly eccentric, and there were people who contended that his "head wasn't right." However this might be, he went his way, regardless of criticism. He was fond of music, and insisted on "pumping" the little organ in the church, Sunday after Sunday, year in and year out, "just for love," as he said.

"What's the use of hirin' a flighty boy that most likely won't pump even strokes," he inquired, "when here I be, ready an' willin'?"

As he grew older he became more and more convinced that his part in the music on Sundays was one of great importance, and often spoke of the skill it required to pump an organ as it should be done, neither too fast nor too slow.

One day a fine organist from a distant city came to the little place, and played on the organ on Sunday. He held a short conversation after church with Eli, who went home much elated.

"He said I pumped stiddy an' sure as anybody he'd ever had;" announced Eli in triumph to his meek, admiring wife.

"S'posin' I had give up pumpin', as some of 'em have sujested, I'd like to know how you think that hop-skippin' Mason boy's manner of pumpin' would have struck this city man? Throwed him all off his base, more'n likely.

"But I let him see I knew I pumped better'n common. So when he'd passed me a few compliments, I jest said:

"'I'm used to it, an' there can't nobody beat me at it, I presume to say. Jest let me git my bearin's, an' a little insight into the tune, an' I can pump any piece you've a mind to play.'

"An' he said," added Eli, "that was more'n he could say, fer no doubt there was any number of pieces I could pump that he couldn't play. So what d' you think of that, Sarah?"

ELECTION DAY IN GREECE.

"'Election day' is an exciting one in Greece," writes a correspondent of *The Companion*. "The last one was especially so in Athens. The people were to vote for members of Parliament. The election occurs every four years. For a week previous to the polling, all the men and boys were parading the streets, headed by a band. The Greeks are blessed with most powerful lungs, and their shouts of '*Viva!*' fairly drowned the braying of the donkeys. The interest was so intense that the young children shared it, and an American lady, passing a 'mite of a boy' on the street who was escorting a little girl home from school, gallantly carrying her books, heard him ask her if she had a vote!

"The voting takes place in the churches on Sunday, consequently the customary service is dispensed with. In the church to which an American gentleman succeeded in finding access, there were ranged round the church forty-two boxes, that being the number of the candidates.

"These boxes were something the shape of a tea-box, one-half painted white, with 'Yes' on it, and the other half black, with 'No' on it.

"Tin tubes projected from the front outward. Looking through these tubes, one could see that the boxes were divided into two compartments. Beside each box stood a representative of the candidate, and over the box appeared the candidate's picture. Each voter, as he entered the church, had his name and address registered, and a check given him. The above-mentioned representative then gave the voter a bullet, or vote, made of lead.

"Formerly the dishonest voter would slip another bullet up his coat-sleeve, and as he raised his arm to the tube the bullet would roll down, and two votes instead of one be cast; but the representative now watches to prevent cheating. Negative votes as well as affirmative must also be cast; that is, if a voter objects to a candidate, he must cast a negative bullet. The voter, of course, casts one vote at each box, or forty-two in all."

FAME AND A SYLLABLE.

A gentleman in Washington who devotes his time to hunting up all sorts of information, says he can prove that the greatest men and women in the world's history had names that ended in "on." He gives the following list of famous men, to which the reader can add at his leisure:

Samsen, Solomon, Napoleon, Washington, Wellington, Newton, Bacon, Johnson, Nelson, Hamilton, Milton, Byron, Jefferson, Jackson, Emerson, Edison, Harrison, Clinton, Madison, Hudson, Gibbon, Addison, Walton, Whittington, Wilson, Farjeon, Morton, Audubon, Chatterton, Tennyson and Lytton.

That is all very well if the greatest men of the world have been Englishmen and Americans of English descent, whose names so frequently end in *ton* or *son*; but to say nothing of the fact that some, at least, of the names given are not those of the greatest men who have ever lived what a mistake it was that Abraham, Moses, David, Xerxes, Demosthenes, Cicero, Cæsar, Pompey, Charlemagne, Shakespeare, Dante, Gladstone, Bismarck, Lincoln, and some thousands of others who might be mentioned, had names that did not end with *on*.

Moreover, a pretty good case can be made out for *er* as a rival termination. Here are a few names that suggest themselves at once: Alexander, Peter, Luther, Spenser, Hunter, Webster, Turner, Bulwer, Wagner. It would be a pretty good mental exercise to extend both these lists, and see which will come out ahead.

TESTING THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

In the town records of the city of Boston there is a curious passage which records how a school-master was examined, and what happened. The manner in which the visit of inspection is recorded makes one incline to the view that the unlucky school-master may not have had fair play, although if he was really inefficient, he may be said to have been judged by his peers.

In the record for the Twenty-second of May, 1722, it is set forth that:

"Coll Pen Townsend, Jeramiah Allen Esqr, & John Edwards together with the Select men. Visitted the wrighting School at the Southerly End of Boston on Thirsday the 24th apll 1722. and Examined the Scholars under mr Ames Angers tuition as to their proficiency in Reading writing Scyphering & the masters ability of teaching & Instructing youth his rules & methods therefore And are of Opinion That it will be no Service to the Town to Continue, mr anger in that Employ."

Whereupon it was voted that the said Mr. Ames Anger should not continue master of the "Said South School."

It is true that nothing is said of the methods of spelling inculcated at the "wrighting School," and it is also possible that a clerk rather than the committee was responsible for the errors of the record; but there is certainly something absurd in the passage as it stands.

"BULLS."

Grave historical writers are occasionally guilty of what are called "Hibernicisms." The following passage occurs in a popular history of France:

"It is extremely doubtful whether this prince, Merovæus, ever existed at all; but he had a son, Childeric, whose existence is well authenticated."

The following is also from a historical work:

"— Like Samson of old, who, armed only with the jawbone of an ass, put eleven hundred Philistines *to the sword*."

ACCORDING to the Bangor *Commercial*, a Maine school-girl compared the adjective "ill" after this original fashion: "Nominative, ill; comparative, worse; superlative, dead."

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For the Companion.

MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION.

By Sir Morell Mackenzie, M. D.

FACTS.—First Paper.

How is it, that, in spite of the ceaseless lamentations of medical Jeremiahs over the hard work, scanty pay and general unpleasantness of their profession, the number of young men who seek admission into it grows larger every year? In Europe, and, I believe, in America also, doctors increase and multiply out of all reasonable proportion to the number of their prospective patients. What is the subtle attraction that induces so many parents to put into the medical profession lads who might easily find more profitable scope for their talents in other walks of life?

The profession is, of course, a high and noble one, and great in its aims, at any rate, if not always in its achievements.

"It may be said of our profession," says Sir Benjamin Brodie, "that, unlike most others, it has for its constant and sole object to confer benefit on others. The advocate at one time pleads for the guilty, and at another endeavors to convict the innocent. The soldier engages to go wherever he is sent, that he may destroy the lives of those from whom he never received an injury; but the physician and surgeon are engaged only in lessening the afflictions and prolonging the existence of their fellow-creatures."

But these considerations are hardly likely to have weight with many parents and guardians. I am rather disposed to think that the attraction in the eyes of those estimable persons is the facility with which, as they imagine, a fortune can be made by the practice of the healing art.

They have been, perhaps, to some great medical luminary, and have had to pay two or three guineas for a few minutes' interview with the oracle and a cabalistic-looking scrawl from his pen, the inditing of which did not appear to tax his intellectual resources to any great extent. They may also have heard from time to time of large fees paid by wealthy patients, and of a vast fortune left by a successful physician.

No capital seems to be needed for the business, and under these circumstances, it can scarcely be wondered at if many fathers think it just the thing for their sons.

Touching this question of capital, however, I may quote the well-known story of Northcote, the painter, who, on being asked what he mixed his colors with, replied, "With brains." Without a certain amount of capital of the same commodity, a doctor's chances of making enough to pay his washing bills are a negative quantity; and it is well to bear in mind that in medicine, as in every other career, many are called, but few chosen.

Occasionally a sensational fee may come to an exceptionally lucky doctor, as in the case of the medical attendants of Mr. Hyatt, the West Indian millionnaire, who, after being operated on by Sir Astley Cooper, gave three hundred pounds to each of his physicians—Doctors Lettsom and Nelson—but threw his nightcap in the surgeon's face, saying, "That is for you!" Sir Astley replied, "I will pocket the insult," and on opening the nightcap, he found it contained a thousand guineas.

Occasionally, also, doctors both in ancient and in modern times have left large fortunes. Alcon, a surgeon in the time of the Emperor Claudius, was fined and sent into banishment, probably to punish him, for being too rich—a crime looked upon in those days with some severity by rulers, who were always ready to appropriate the large fines inflicted on the wealthy. But on Alcon's return to Rome, the illustrious physician speedily recovered his practice and made good his losses.

Thessalus rebuilt his native city, and was very extravagant in his mode of life, and yet managed to leave a great fortune.

The famous Doctor Radcliffe, who lost the post of physician to Queen Anne by rudely telling Her Most Gracious Majesty that she was suffering from the "vapors,"—the eighteenth century equivalent for hysteria,—left a vast sum behind him, part of which he bequeathed to the University of Oxford for the foundation of a noble library and for the establishment of travelling scholarships for young physicians.

In our day Sir Erasmus Wilson and Sir William Gull have left very large amounts; but in these last two cases it is well known that the great bulk of the money was not made in the practice of medicine, but in fortunate speculation.

Some patients, too, are so grateful for benefits obtained from a doctor's advice that they are not content with giving merely the proper fee, but add handsome presents.

Occasionally, physicians of Spartan virtue decline all gifts except the strict honorarium, and the famous French physician Trousseau was one of these. The mother of a child whose life he had saved once offered him a purse which she had worked for him, but he told her of the resolution he had taken, and added that his fees came to five hundred francs. The lady took back the purse and counted out the exact amount asked for, saying that she was sorry he could not accept her little present, which contained four thousand francs.

Thus was the physician a martyr to principle after a novel and unexpected fashion.

Until we reach that millennium of social equality, prosperity and happiness depicted by Mr. Edward Bellamy in his "Looking Backward," every man who has to earn his livelihood must struggle for existence with hundreds and thousands of fellow-workers who have chosen the same profession as a means of subsistence.

The question of how to gain a living has become a very serious one, and it is intensified for men, nowadays, by their having to compete with women in so many fields of labor. It is true that, at present, women doctors are the exception and not the rule; but, as Professor Case said to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford the other day on the occasion of the decision by the Congregation to admit women to the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine, "Remember, sir, the pertinacity of women."

Those who enter the medical profession with the hope of making large fortunes will most likely be disappointed. Professional work does not lend itself to the amassing of wealth, and every one who has given attention to the subject feels certain that, if the leading practitioners of London, New York, Boston and Philadelphia or other large cities had been the employers of other people's labor instead of their own brains, they would in most instances have been ten times as wealthy as they are.

In the case of a professional man, whether he is a lawyer or a doctor, the clients always wish to see the man himself, and are rarely or never satisfied with the advice of a substitute, however skilled he may be.

A manufacturer, or a man engaged in commerce, can have all the details of his business carried out by subordinates, while he has only to superintend and advise; but the more famous a physician becomes the more anxious the patient is to see him personally. Hence, it happens that, at a time of life when the tradesman is able to retire into the country, leaving a number of clerks and assistants to make money for him, the poor physician is called upon to work harder and harder.

The ideal method of dealing with a large income is that followed by the late Doctor Agnew of New York. So far from believing it a merit to die rich, he considered that the accumulation of wealth was no evidence that time and opportunity had been judiciously employed. Though for years Doctor Agnew obtained one of the largest incomes in New York, he left a very small fortune behind him, having devoted nearly all he gained to works of charity.

I have endeavored to show from a practical point of view, that those who become doctors with the object of making money by it are likely to be disappointed. But a more weighty consideration than that of profit and loss should deter a young man from such a step, and that is the degradation, not of the profession, but of his own intellectual and moral nature which such a course would inevitably entail.

Bacon, when pleading the cause of the cultivation of learning for its own sake, says, "No kind of men love business for itself but those that are learned, for other persons love it for profit, as an hireling that loves the work for the wages. . . . Of all men, they (the learned) are the most indefatigable, if it be towards any business which can hold or detain their mind. . . . I do not mean when I speak of use and action (of learning) that end before mentioned of the applying of knowledge to lucre and profession, for I am not ignorant how much that diverteth and interrupteth the prosecution and advancement of knowledge, like unto the golden apple thrown before Atalanta, which while she goeth aside and stoopeth to take up, the race is hindered."

STEERING AN ARMY.

When General Wolseley decided to attack the Egyptians' stronghold at Tel-el-Kebir, he marched his army, at night, across seven miles of sandy desert. It was a dark, clear night; there was no moon, but the stars shone out.

A naval lieutenant, Wyatt Rawson, had been detailed, because used to navigating by the stars, to guide the army across the desert to the enemy's entrenchments. With his eye on the stars he steered the force as he would have steered his ship. So accurately did he lead that the first gleam of the breaking day revealed to the British troops the long line of solid earthworks, three hundred yards ahead.

The assault, within half an hour, put the earthworks and the Egyptian army into the possession of Wolseley's troops. The skilful "steerer," charging with the men he had led, went across the ditch, up the embankment, and over the first line of earthworks. Then he fell, shot through the body.

"Didn't I lead them straight, general?" he asked, as the commander-in-chief bent over him.

"Those words should find an echo in the hearts of all true Englishmen," writes Chaplain Male, in "Scenes Through Battle Smoke." "Every man is a soldier if he live truly," adds the chaplain, "and before each stern duty stands to lead him forward to things higher and nobler."

For the Companion.

CHIMÉ.

A Boy Patagonian Giant.



IT was while we were "levelling" in the Picunche Pass that we first fell in with Patagonians. We had surveyed our way through the Pass from the west, or Chilean side.

Arthur Allen, a young "tech" from the United States, and I, were working in behalf of an Argentine railway company. We were accompanied by an old Chilean surveyor named José Juarez, and his son Ramon. These two represented the Chilean government, the territory under survey being on the boundary between Chile and Argentina.

Our four servants were Chileans from the large island of Chiloe, which lies in the gulf to the westward of the Pass.

After spending three weeks among the stupendous gorges of the Andes, we had emerged into the foot-hills of the eastern slope, and on the Fourteenth of April we had encamped a few miles to the southwest of Lake Nahuel Huapi, amidst pleasant groves of beech and wild-apple trees.

April, it is hardly necessary to explain, is an autumn month in this half of the world. There was a late September chill in the air, and the beeches rustled in the wind the following evening, as we tramped home to camp, after a hard day's work in the Pass.

In the distant east the darkened heavens were piled with broken clouds; the goat-like bleat of a guanaco came faintly from the dusky hillside across a ravine. Flocks of grouse rose here and there, and we startled some odd-looking squirrels, which, unlike their northern congeners, appeared to be very busy in the twilight.

As we came in sight of our three tents, and saw the gleam of the camp-fire, Ramon Juarez, who was a few steps in advance, stopped short.

"What in the world," he exclaimed, in Spanish, "is up now? Our camp has been taken by Indians!"

A blithe fire was burning at the camp, before which we could see four sides of guanaco roasting; while lying on the ground, or moving around the fire and the tents, was a large party of men, who seemed from their dress and mien to be savages.

Not one of our Chilotes, whom we had left at the camp, could be seen among the throng; and the disagreeable thought occurred that they had been murdered or otherwise put out of the way.

There was a hasty mustering of such fire-arms as we carried, as we watched the camp from the shelter of the beeches. Old José said that the interlopers were Tehuelches, a tribe of Patagonians whose reputation has never been good. But as we saw among the Indians a few women and children, we hoped that the foray was not a hostile one.

It was agreed that José and I should advance and accost them, while Ramon and Allen remained a little in the rear, ready to shoot if the natives attacked us. We went forward, quite ill at ease, and when within fifty or sixty yards, José called out, "*Hola!* What's this? What are you doing here, Tehuelches?"

I confess to gripping the handle of my revolver rather nervously, in my blouse pocket, when ten or a dozen great fellows started up, with deep, guttural grunts, and stared at us. My nervousness was increased at hearing a rapid clicking of carbine locks in the shade behind us, for I did not know how much discretion Ramon and Allen might use.

But the Patagonians were merely surprised by the suddenness of Señor José's salutation. Their faces relaxed immediately into friendly grins, and in a moment we were surrounded by gigantic men, among whom we felt like little boys. Their brawny, brown hands were outstretched for a shake, and good-nature was written all over their big, ugly faces.

Our Chilotes now made their appearance from a little to one side, and informed us that this party of Tehuelches had come along shortly after noon, and could not be persuaded to go away before they had seen the white men. They had plenty of guanaco and ostrich meat with them, and had proceeded to make themselves comfortable at our camp.

Their chief man, as we learned through the Chilote, Fenchel, who partly understood their language, was named Jock-Ketchem, or something which sounded like that. This personage grinned complacently to us when his name was mentioned, and, striking his brawny breast with his fist, exclaimed in Spanish, "*Yo amigo.*" (I am a friend.)

Jock-Ketchem was certainly not much below seven feet in height, and so broad and muscular that I should estimate his weight at three hundred pounds. His wife, who had set up her *toldo* or tent of skins beside ours, was a very stout woman with a face not unlike one of those great, broad, smiling masks which we sometimes see in the toy-shop windows.

Though they were an interesting study, it was not wholly pleasant to entertain them. They were intensely curious, and the younger ones of the party showed a disposition to be light-fingered in the matter of such small articles as case-knives, spoons and tin dippers.

The older ones begged for "wiskee," but we had none for them, and treated them only to a cup of coffee all round, receiving as an offset all the roast guanaco we desired for our dinner.

Jock-Ketchem was the possessor of an old revolver and a percussion-cap gun. Several of the other Indians also possessed guns, and they had a troop of fifty or sixty very good horses.

In addition to their fire-arms each adult Indian and every boy possessed a *bolas*, and some of them carried lances ten or twelve feet in length.

The *bolas* consisted of stone or iron balls plaited into the ends of a green hide line about six feet long, one at each end of it, with sometimes a third line and ball attached to the middle of the first line. The balls are from two to four pounds' weight each, so that the entire weapon weighs from seven to ten pounds.



A stalwart Patagonian will seize the *bolas* by one ball and will hurl it with tremendous force at a guanaco, an ostrich, or an enemy. The balls rotate in the air as the missile flies, and, striking round either the body, the neck or the legs of the game, trip it up and disable it.

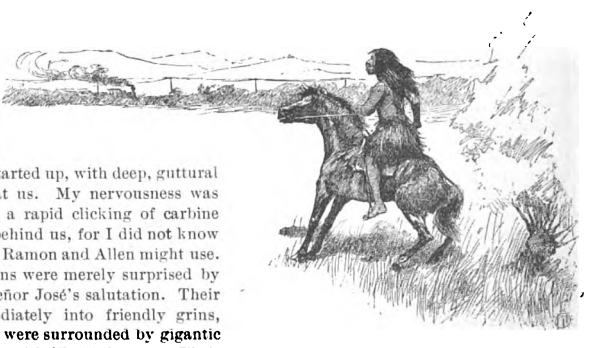
Much against my wish—though fortunately no harm grew out of it—Allen wrestled during the evening with two or three of the Tehuelche youths of about his age. They easily lifted him about, but he understood a few Yankee tricks in tripping and leg-locking which enabled him to throw them, not a little to their astonishment. They took it very good-naturedly, and bestowed on him the broadest of admiring grins, with certain complimentary exclamations which Fenchel translated as "*Chiquito, pero muy pronto!*" (Little, but very active!)

We had very little sleep that night. The next day Señor Juarez asked of Allen and me a dollar each to present to Jock-Ketchem. We gave it, and Juarez and his son each added a silver dollar. The four bright coins were then given to the old chief.

In less than an hour after receiving the money, the Indians began to show signs of uneasiness, and before noon all set off for the trading-post, forty or fifty miles down the river Limay, the outlet of Lake Nahuel Huapi. It was only then that we realized that the present had been a ruse to get rid of the Indians; and it gave us no little distress to reflect that the Indians would probably spend all the money for "wiskee."

"Fire-water" is the bane of the Tehuelches as of almost every other Indian tribe on this continent. It is the white man's gift of death to the aborigines; and as for the white man himself, it does not often spare him.

Our Tehuelche visitors had been gone for about an hour, when we were surprised to see one of



them returning, at a hard gallop. He was a boy, about thirteen years old, whom we had been led to notice particularly, while the party was with us, on account of his size and his intense curiosity to see and examine everything belonging to us.

The boy now rode up, tied his horse to a tree, took off the saddle, and, bringing it to our tent,

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placed it inside. Then he sat down by the fire, with the general air of one who had come to stay; and when Fenchel asked him why he had come back, he said that he had come to go across the salt water with the white men, and that hereafter he should always live with them.

He told Fenchel that he had given his companions the slip while going through the copses.

Though manifestly little more than a child in years, he was about five feet, eight inches in height, and would have weighed at least a hundred and sixty-five pounds. He had the "making" of a three-hundred-pound savage, when fully grown. Fenchel advised him to return, but he gave us to understand that his mind was fully made up to spend his days with the white men.

His name, he told us, was Chimé. In earnest of his honesty of purpose, he produced two spoons, a fork and a glass bottle, which he or some of the other children had stolen from us while the party was with us.

In the morning Ramon and Allen, thinking to frighten him out of his design, intimated to him, in certain dark hints and pantomime, that in the white man's country boys had to suffer horrible things; that they were compelled to sit all day in a fearful instrument of torture called a school-desk, with their eyes fastened down to another instrument of torture, called a book; that they were shut up all the while in a great *toldo*, made of stones and bricks, named a school-house.

Chimé observed most attentively, but the grin on his face showed that he placed no great confidence in the story. He even asked, through Fenchel, how, if that were the case, white boys came to be out, going around the country. Breakfast, too, was now the object of his keenest regard, and he verified his fondness for civilization by drinking two pint dipperfuls of coffee.

During the forenoon he was as happy a boy as can well be imagined. He mounted his horse and gave us some exhibitions of his skill as a rider; and he began to instruct Allen, to whom he took a great liking, in the use of the *bolas*.

Shortly before noon two Indians were seen approaching at a gallop. They proved to be Chimé's parents.

"Look, Chimé!" Ramon exclaimed. "You will catch it now!" Chimé watched their approach with a countenance in which the usual stolidity of the savage blended curiously with disdain and disgust.

Dismounting, the Indian and his squaw rushed toward the prodigal, and, much to our surprise, embraced and fondled him after the most endearing fashion. We had already noticed that the Tehuelches were excessively indulgent to their children, but this appeared to us to be carrying parental fondness too far, especially as Chimé seemed not much affected by it.

His parents had, as they told Fenchel, been searching for him all night long. That they should feel no resentment toward him was almost incredible, yet they showed none at all. At last, after fully an hour of coaxing, they succeeded in persuading him to go back with them.

Chimé's reclamation was a great relief to us, and we thanked fortune as we said good-by.

Judge, then, of our dismay, when, two days later, while at supper, we espied a horseman of unmistakably familiar aspect, riding hard, in the dusk, to reach our camp.

"It's Chimé again!" exclaimed Allen, with a groan.

It was Chimé; he again threw his saddle into our tent and informed us that he was very hungry, and that he had given his family the slip for good this time, since they were now all at the trading-post, and helplessly intoxicated.

We were now on the very eve of departure, having finished our work in the Pass. Señor Juarez, Ramon and the Chilotes were to return into their own country, while Allen and I had before us a ride of several days to the westerly terminus of the railway, on our way to Buenos Ayres.

In despair what else to do with him, I at length decided to let Chimé go with us and the two Gaucho guides who had come to escort us across the plains, and turn him over to the Argentine authorities.

During those days on horseback across the pampas, Chimé was quite in his element. He boasted, rode races, threw his *bolas* at stray cattle, and in general disported himself as a lad will who anticipates great things not far ahead.

His expectations received an untimely shock. We came in sight of the terminal station of the railroad just at nightfall. Between us and the station there was a small river. As we rode across the half-dry channel and emerged from the willows, I heard a train moving out, and presently we came out in plain view of it, steaming noisily away in the twilight.

Chimé had never seen and probably never heard of such a thing as a locomotive before, and though it was a pleasant object to our eyes, it was far otherwise to this young Tehuelche.

We had stopped to watch it for a moment. Chancing to think of Chimé, I turned to see what he thought of it, and was at once struck by his amazed and terrified expression of countenance.

The locomotive, like all those in use on the *pampas*, was fitted with a peculiarly wild, discordant whistle, to be used in frightening cattle off the line. While we stood there, we heard it several times, at a point below, and I never saw a person exhibit more genuine evidences of terror than Chimé. His swarthy face looked quite pallid, and he fairly trembled in his saddle from fear and excitement.

In such words as he could command, he asked what it was. Out of mischief, Allen shook his head mysteriously and gave him to understand that it was a thing peculiar to the white man's country, and that it killed many people every year and carried off thousands!

We lodged that night, ourselves and horses, at a miserable little *fonda*, not far from the station. It was plain to see that Chimé's high spirits had deserted him. Moreover, he kept close to either Allen or me all the evening, and when we retired, he lay down on the floor of the same small room where we slept.

No more locomotives were heard that night, but at about daybreak next morning I heard one whistle several times, at the station-house near us, in what, half-awake as I was, I deemed a particularly exasperating manner.

The emotions which it roused in the mind of Chimé must be left entirely to conjecture, for when we rose, an hour or two later, he was missing. The *gauchos* about the *fonda* informed us that he had got his horse and left in great haste before it had grown light.

We never saw him again. I have little doubt that he took the trail back, and rode hard and fast for his own country. As he had his *bolas* and was accustomed to hunt, he probably obtained food on the way and reached his people in safety.

No doubt he had fearful stories to tell of his brief excursion into the white man's land.

ANSON BURRILL, C. E.

For the Companion.

IN A STATE PRISON.

Life in a State Prison! What is it like? Perhaps no one has lived it, under conditions which prevail nowadays, who has had at once the ability and the disposition to describe it as it is.

The sufferings in the old traditional kind of prison life—the solitary confinement in a dungeon



The "Swallow Holes" from the Rotunda

cell, in chains and darkness—have been described by men whose pens have made their readers feel something of what they felt in such captivity.

That kind of imprisonment, the purpose underlying which was punishment, retribution, has practically passed away, under the influence of the growth of humane feeling. A form of imprisonment, often called "detention" rather than punishment, and which is outwardly much less terrible, has taken its place.

Now, prison convicts, through a good part of the day, are ordinarily in one another's company under guard, outside their cells; they have the blessing of work to engage their bodies, and good books and journals to occupy their minds; they are fed with good food, and their health is looked after.

Has this bettering of the external condition of prisoners rendered their confinement something no longer to be dreaded and feared?

Perhaps some people who know little or nothing of a convict's life may have thought so. Let us look into a great State Prison, and see what life there is like.

We are in a central rotunda, or great open room, from which the wings of the prison radiate in three directions, the offices and the residence of the warden and his deputy making a fourth wing. The air of the prison seems to fill this rotunda. One looks from it, through a partition of heavy vertical bars, closely placed, out upon rows of cell-doors, which are like great stacks of swallow-holes rising one tier above another.

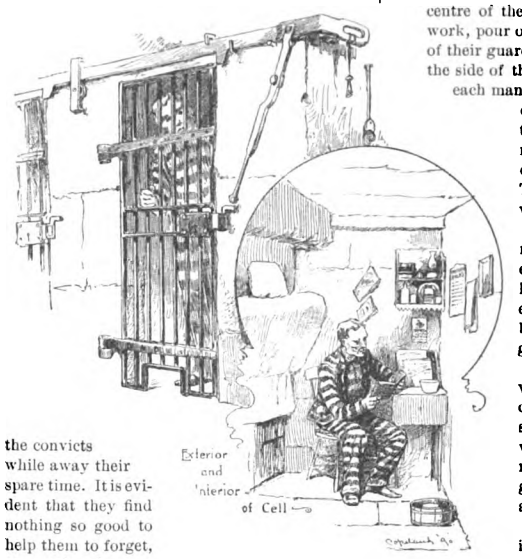
These cell-doors do not look out upon the daylight, but on the inside light of a corridor. The cells constitute a building of themselves, built up within another building.

If we look into these cells, it is likely that we shall find them empty. The convicts are at work in the shops—the long, plain, two-storied brick buildings that we may also see from the central rotunda, across an empty yard.

In the narrow cells are bunks, coarse blankets, plain bedding, a chair—perhaps a rocking-chair—and upon the thick, whitewashed walls are almost always to be found knicknacks and cheap colored pictures and advertisements, put up in a melancholy attempt to make things look "cheerful."

But a few of the cells are absolutely without an attempt at anything to brighten them. Their occupants have lost all thought of anything cheerful. They live on squalidly and miserably—not living really, but barely existing, and doing only what they are forced to do.

Here and there one finds in the cells a few mechanical tools and bits of wood-work, upon which



the convicts while away their spare time. It is evident that they find nothing so good to help them to forget, as work of some kind; for to do work which they are not compelled to do is something like being free.

Here is a very pathetic sight. It is the cell of a man of education and cultivation. The desire to be quickly rich, which has ruined so many men and women, led him to become a forger, and now he is a convict.

He had, in his youth, learned to paint and was a somewhat skilful artist; and here is a canvas, on a rude easel, upon which he has been occupying his spare time in prison. It is a landscape, with a river bank, a copse of trees, a meadow, and beyond, a village with the church-spire rising high. The man is reproducing from memory a long-remembered scene of his boyhood, and, in a narrow cell of a great prison, where nothing green or growing is to be seen, and where he lives among felons, he spends his time in picturing a landscape which breathes innocence and freedom and godliness. Could anything be more sad?

But let us look at the convicts themselves. We find them in their workshops, with guards overlooking them. They are in a dress of dull, coarse cloth marked with stripes. Their caps and short jackets or "spencers" have a dismal jauntiness about them, which their loose, straight trousers do not possess.

These clothes bring the convicts down to a certain resemblance to a moth miller or some grotesque and gigantic insect. They seem to reduce the man to his lowest terms, concealing any beauty or grace his body may have, and rendering his appearance hateful to the man himself.

Nearly all the men have an air as if they despised these clothes and suffered within them. Besides being a badge of their servitude and a mark of their crime, they have a distinct unpleasantness and even repulsiveness of their own. Some of the men are at work at harness-making, some at cabinet-making, some at gilding; the occupations are various. Most of them appear listless and melancholy, and work in a dull, spiritless way.

A few others work nervously and hurriedly, as if they killed the time better in that way. But there is no cheerfulness in the work of either kind.

If you may speak with them, you find them talking of little else than the time of their release, if they have release to look forward to. One man who has the greater part of a twenty-years' sentence before him, knows exactly how many years, months and days he has still to serve, making allowance for the deduction for good conduct.

The great majority are eager to get out of prison. They certainly do not like the life so well that they prefer it to freedom, no matter what hardships, privations or humiliations there may be in the free life outside.

"The great majority," I have said. But here is a man who, the keepers declare, would not escape if he were left on the street, but would come back into the prison.

Why? Because the prison life has stamped out all the manhood that was in him. It has dulled his senses and extinguished his normal desires. Shut up here so long, seeing nothing of the outside world except, now and then, from an upper window of the workshop, the topmast of a tall ship being towed by in the river near, his mind has preyed upon itself until little of it is left.

"He is an imbecile," the keepers say, "and ought to be transferred to the insane asylum." There are many such as he in the prisons of the country.

There is nothing more melancholy, in a great prison, than the way in which the convicts come to their meals, and eat their food.

At twelve o'clock a great bell is rung in the centre of the prison. The men leave their work, pour out of the shops under the eyes of their guards, and form in single file along the side of the building. They stand there, each man close behind his neighbor,—so close that their bodies often touch,—the right hand of each resting upon the right shoulder of the man in front of him. Then, at command, they advance, in step.

This is the "lock step." The men march in snaky movement entirely around the yard, their legs moving all together, and each man's so close to his neighbor's that the line looks like a great, many-legged reptile.

This march is peculiar to convicts, and is another reminder of their condition. In it they seem to heave themselves forward rather than to walk. The resemblance of the line to some great serpent is most striking, and even revolting.

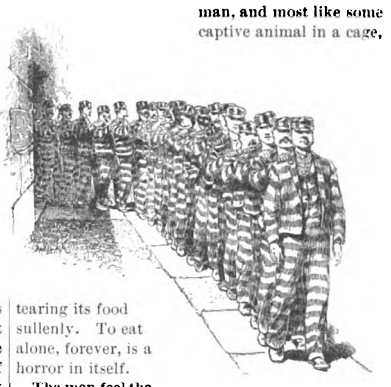
The men enter the main prison in this way. Here the lines separate, the men dividing according to the wings of the building where they are confined; and, stopping before apertures in the kitchen wall, beneath the rotunda, they receive, upon a tin dish, their allowance of food. Each man, with this dish in hand, goes up the iron stairs to his cell,—to his solitary swallow-hole among the rest,—shutting his iron-barred door behind him with a bang. The constant "clack" of these doors echoes loudly through the prison.

When all the men are in, the guard, standing at the end of the corridor, moves a great lever which fastens all the cell-doors upon one tier at once. This lever itself is locked down, and the men are closed in.

There, in solitude, the food is eaten. If you pass down the corridor, you see face after face, in the dim light within the cells, looking out toward the broader light outside.

Each man munches in silence, looking outward, and the eager, unsatisfied eyes tell most plainly that, though the hunger of the body may be satisfied thus, there is no food here for hungry eyes, hungry affections and hungry souls.

It is at this time that the convict seems least a man, and most like some captive animal in a cage,

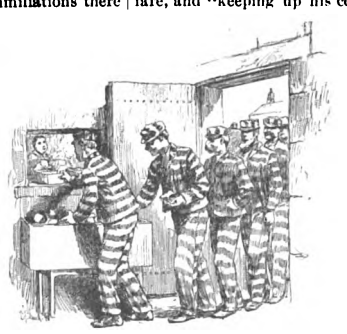


tearing its food sullenly. To eat alone, forever, is a horror in itself.

The men feel the pressure of all upon their minds and moral natures. One man who has two years longer to serve remains in his cell during a severe illness, declining to go to the more comfortable infirmary, or to take the more delicate hospital food.

"No," he says, "I must keep up my courage, for if I do not I shall be lost! I am saving myself up for freedom. If I let go my grip upon myself, and go to the hospital, I shall fall into a decline of body and mind which will be fatal to me when I come back to the ordinary prison life."

So he lies for months on his mattress in his cell, alone, miserable, tortured with his thoughts, suffering acute pain, but clinging to the prison fare, and "keeping up his courage for freedom."



Few convicts have this courage to begin with. It is possible that this man himself will find, when free at last, that what moral stamina he had left is gone. But when that longed-for time comes, he, like all other convicts whom years of separation from the light and beauty of the world have not reduced to a condition bordering upon imbecility, can only look upon prison life, after experiencing it, as a weariness, a sorrow, a horror.

J. E. CHAMBERLIN.

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SUGGESTIONS

BIRDS ON THE GROUND.

What birds do you often see on the ground?
What ones are seldom, if ever, seen there?
Which get their food on the ground?
What do the others do there?
Which birds walk or run?
Which hop?
Are there any that both walk and hop?

For the Companion.

TWINS.

"The one so like the other, as could not be distinguished."

Through the snow and through the rain,
There go now the sister twain!
"Must breathe clean air every day;
Can't live on other terms," they say:
The stout old twins.

Short gray dresses, boots abused,
And their hats not too well used,
With strange flowers trimmed you see;
Just as like as like can be,
The mated twins.

Dark bright eyes and curls of gray,
They have both a downright way;
Both together speak their mind,
Lips of both are kith and *kind*;
Their thoughts are twins.

One begins, one ends a speech,
Each one quickly capping each:
Each one wears the other's clothes.
Neither cares and neither knows:
Shoes are quadrins.

One for other blame will take,
No word said of such mistake.
Neither owns that thanks are due:
"They're not meant for me but you,
You best of twins!"

Was't their very sturdy selves
Once were lightsome fairy elves,
Dressed alike by mother hands,
Coming side by side from lands
Where life begins?

W. HENRY WINSLOW.

For the Companion.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Probably every boy or man who reads *The Companion* has at some time heard the parable of the Prodigal Son, and heard it as a pathetic story with which he had nothing to do. He is no prodigal. His living has never been riotous. He is at home, well-behaved, comfortable and beloved.

Does it not occur to him that he is the fortunate elder son, and that somewhere he has a brother who has sinned and is in want, and whom he may help to bring back to his Father's house?

There are thousands of such prodigals; boys who, a short time ago, were innocent children, but who are now embryo thieves, drunkards and murderers. They can be found in the slums of our cities, in jails, in Houses of Refuge and reformatories.

In such penal institutions they are too often thrown into the companionship of criminals more hardened than themselves, who only teach them vice.

Two or three years ago a man who believed that these unfortunate boys, if properly treated, could be brought back to health and cleanliness in mind and soul, gave a farm of six hundred acres, situated in New York, on the banks of Lake Queechy, with all the buildings, stock and tools necessary for a Reform School.

Boys under sixteen are received by the trustees of the school at their discretion, either from penal institutions, by committal of magistrates, or by surrender of parents' and guardians' rights. They are divided into families of twelve or fifteen, each of which occupies a separate cottage under the control of a manager.

For seven months of the year the boys are kept at work on the farm, in which time all the simple, healthful influences of country life are brought to bear upon them. During the other five months they are busy in school and in learning trades.

The peculiarity of this effort to reform vicious boys is that a direct, paternal influence is exerted upon each individual. The directors and the teachers of farming, carpentering, cobbling and painting are not paid instructors, but men who "for the love of Christ and of human souls" are willing to sacrifice their lives; to work hard and live poorly; in order that they may make useful citizens and Christian men out of these friendless children.

They are the "house-fathers," who not only give instruction, but study the character of each boy, care for him when sick, and encourage and reward each feeble step which he makes toward a good life.

This method of reforming boy criminals, though new in this country, has been tried with complete success in Europe.

More than fifty years ago a zealous German philanthropist, named Wichern, founded the "Rough House," a family school near Hamburg. Later, M. Auguste Demetz, a wealthy French judge, gave up his profession and his fortune to "try to save the children." He established the farm school at Mettray, near Tours, in which eight hundred boys are taught, and trained in small families.

But three per cent. of the boys at Mettray have returned to a vicious life after dismissal. M. Sauvestre says of them:

"These children are strictly guarded and trained; but great care is taken not to bruise the poor young hearts frozen by neglect, or withered by vice before they knew anything of life; they are led to goodness by fatherly tenderness and trust."

PRINCE WILLIAM.

A contributor to the *Sunday School Visitor* relates the following characteristic incident of Frederick William, Crown Prince at the time the incident occurred, and afterwards Emperor of Germany. It was during the war of 1870, when the German troops were marching on Paris, Filippe Lerouge, a young French girl living not far from the city, had a pet cow, Fauchette, which was almost the only support of her family. To save the animal from the Germans she was taken out to graze only at night, and kept hidden in the daytime.

It was Filippe's task, as soon as she had cleared away the supper things, to take Fauchette to the meadow where she grazed, and stand guard over her for the hours necessary to give her sufficient time for her meal. It was a lonely and dreary vigil, and many times Filippe felt her heart sink while undergoing it.

One night, when the new moon gave just enough light to make out objects clearly, Filippe was suddenly startled by the sound of horses' feet coming along the road. It needed no glance in that direction to know that a body of horsemen were approaching at a slow gallop.

With the swiftness of the wind she flew to Fauchette's side, and, with her hand on the gentle creature's shoulder, was about to push her away toward a clump of tall bushes. But through some carelessness the bell had not been removed, and either it gave out a tinkling sound or Filippe's swift running had drawn attention to herself. At any rate, before she could move the cow, a gruff voice called to her in her own tongue:

"Hold on there! We see you! Don't take that cow away!"

Overcome with terror, Filippe could only stand with her hand against the cow's shoulder, looking in the direction whence the gruff voice had come.

The soldiers had halted. Some had already dismounted, and were climbing the fence. Others tore a wide gap and entered through it on their horses. How their guns and sabres glittered in the moonlight!

"O Fauchette!" exclaimed Filippe with a burst of tears, as she threw her arms around her dear cow's neck, "I am afraid they are going to kill you!" Then with a sudden determination she cried, "But if they do, they shall kill me first!"

"Let go that cow, girl!" said the same harsh voice, now unpleasantly near to her. "We must have her."

"What do you want of her?" asked Filippe, raising her head and wondering at her own bravery.

"To eat!" was the gruff response.

At these words Filippe burst into tears. To eat! Her beautiful Fauchette? No, no, no!

"Are you going to get away or not?" the man asked again. "If you do not, I shall take you away by force. Come!"

She did not move, but stood with her arms firmly clasped about the neck of Fauchette. The officer turned to two of the men who had dismounted and were standing near.

"Seize her!" he said.

They started to obey orders. Filippe saw them coming, and her screams rung far and near. They were echoed by an angry exclamation from the direction of the road, and the next moment a horseman on a powerful horse came galloping through the gap into the field.

He was a man in the prime of life, with an air that bespoke the commander. When they saw him the men who had been about to seize Filippe moved away. Only the officer held his ground, looking confused.

"What does this mean?" sternly demanded the new-comer. But he didn't wait for an answer; he seemed to comprehend the situation at a glance.

"There, little girl, do not cry!" he said in the kindest tones. "They shall not take your cow. Go home with her. It is late for a little girl like you to be out."

Then while Filippe, smiling through her tears and courtesying, drew Fauchette away, the commander turned and she could hear him, after she had gone some distance, angrily reprimanding the soldiers.

Filippe did not know until long afterward that the noble-looking horseman who had come just in time to save her dear Fauchette was no less a personage than Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany—the good "Unser Fritz," as he was called, who died nearly three years ago, so universally loved and regretted.

COLONIAL SUMPTUARY LEGISLATION.

The founders of Boston were thoroughly English in their social traditions. They believed in distinctions of rank. Only a few persons of unquestioned eminence, including ministers and their wives, received the title of Mr. or Mrs. The higher magistrates also took the title, but deputies to the General Court were not honored with it. They, along with the great body of citizens, were dubbed Goodman, and their wives Goodwife.

If a Mr. lost his reputation—in those days that followed immediately upon his loss of character—he was degraded to the rank of Goodman. Officers of the church and of the militia received the titles of their rank or office. Servants were not honored by any prefix to their names. They were plain John or James.

The distinctions of rank were also preserved by differences in the style and material of dress. But a democratic leaven and a desire for fine clothes were both at work. They soon told upon the manners of the settlers.

Within fifteen years of the settlement of the town, men in humble station began to dress as their betters. Doubtless they felt as Pat did, who gave it as his opinion that "every man was as good as any other man, and a great deal better."

The statute-book shows that the magistrates were sorely troubled, both to preserve the traditional distinctions in dress and to keep fashion within the bounds of decorum.

A man not worth two hundred pounds was forbidden to wear gold or silver lace, or buttons, or points at the knees. Women whose property did not reach two hundred pounds in value were ordered not to wear silk, or tiffany hoods, or scarfs, or any apparel with any lace on it, gold, silver, or thread.

The General Court was plain-spoken in giving its reasons for enacting this law. It records "its utter detestation and dislike that men . . . of mean condition should take upon them the garb of gentlemen."

The court's "detestation and dislike" also extends to "women of the same rank," who wear the garments "allowable to persons of greater estates or more liberal education." Such practices, "in persons of such condition," the court judges "intolerable."

One cannot help but ask, what would the General Court have done with the servants of these days, who not only imitate their mistresses' dresses, but sometimes wear them?

But though "intolerable," the court had to endure not only this levelling spirit, but the desire for display. They passed laws against "slashed clothes," which showed the linen underneath, and against "short sleeves, whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered."

But the democratic spirit, aided by the women's fondness for dress, was too strong for the legislators to master it.

They reluctantly acknowledged that the colony had outgrown its minority, and was not to be retained in leading strings, by abolishing these sumptuary laws. The fops and coquettes thenceforth were allowed to dress as their want of taste should dictate.

For the Companion.

SUNSET.

The lurid sun steals down the solemn sky,
And tints with living red the burning west,
Like some lone warrior creeping home to die,
The lifeblood ebbing slowly from his breast.

A mist floats up and hides the glorious flame
Transfused in clouds of darkness, solemn, dread;
As time shall hide in night the warrior's name,
And steal away the fame for which he bled.

But sleeping on the murky vapor's breast,
Behold the crescent of the moon appear!
As tho' the soldier's spirit from his rest
Smiled at the frail renown he toiled for here.

MARGARET THOMAS.

WHITE SQUAW VERY BRAVE.

The early annals of the West abound in anecdotes of fortitude under suffering and heroism in circumstances of peril among the wives and mothers of the early pioneers. Many were the instances in which, when their cabins were attacked by the savages, these brave women displayed wonderful courage and presence of mind. In December, 1791, a small party of Indians attacked the dwelling-house of Mr. John Merrill in Nelson County, Kentucky.

Mr. Merrill was alarmed by the barking of his dog, and opened the door to see what was the matter, when he received the fire of seven or eight Indians, by which his leg and arm were broken.

The Indians at once attempted to enter the house, but Mrs. Merrill and her daughter shut the door against them. Then they hewed away a piece of the door, and one of them wedged himself part way through the opening. The heroic mother dealt him a fatal blow with an axe, and hauled him through the passage into the house.

The other savages, unaware of the fate of their companion, and supposing that they had now nearly succeeded in their object, rushed forward. One by one they pushed themselves through the door, and were despatched and drawn inside by Mrs. Merrill, till five dead Indians were in the house. Then the others outside discovered what was going on.

They retired for a few minutes, but soon returned and renewed their efforts to force an entrance. Despairing of succeeding at the door, they attempted to descend the chimney. Mr. Merrill heard them, and anticipating their design, ordered his small son to cut open a feather bed, and throw the feathers on the fire.

Two of the Indians were already descending the wide-mouthed chimney. The smoke and heat from the burning feathers greeted them most unpleasantly. Choking, coughing and well-nigh suffocated, they came tumbling down into the room!

Mr. Merrill seized a billet of wood and despatched the half-smothered redskins, and Mrs. Merrill in the meantime was defending the door against the efforts of a single savage. Finally he, being wounded, retired, and the family were not disturbed again that night.

A prisoner who escaped from the Indians soon afterward stated that the wounded savage was the only one of his party of eight braves that escaped. When he returned and was asked, "What news?" he answered:

"Bad news for Indian; me lose son, me lose broder. White squaw very brave; she fight better than 'Long-Knives'"—the name given to the white men by the Indians because of their long swords.

CAUGHT.

A man was on trial for stealing a gold watch, says the *Continent*. A pawn ticket had been found upon him, and the watch was identified by a gentleman as one that had recently been stolen from him. The prisoner's lawyer set up the defence that the case was one of mistaken identity, that the watch was really the property of the accused man, but that he had fallen into difficulties and was obliged to pawn it.

Several witnesses testified that they had seen the prisoner have such a watch before the date of the robbery, and matters seemed to be progressing smoothly for the defence. At last the accused took the witness-stand on his own behalf.

He stoutly denied his guilt, and declared that he had owned the watch for at least five years.

On the cross-examination the prosecuting attorney drew the prisoner's mind away from the watch for a time, and then suddenly asked him how often he had been in the habit of winding it. He answered promptly: "Every night, just before going to bed."

"And that has been your custom for the last five years."

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, how would you wind it—from right to left?"

The fellow grinned at the idea. "No, sir, from left to right."

"Well, now," said the attorney, handing him the watch and a key, "please show the jury how you wound it up."

Unsuspectingly the witness took the watch and key, turned to the jury with a confident smile, opened the back case, and sought to fit the key into the hole—but the watch was a stem-winder.

A FASHION SPOILED.

A curious instance of a fashion nipped in the bud took place in New York during the early part of this century, as related by the *Clothier and Furnisher*. A party of young men—possibly the advance guard of the present army of Anglomaniacs—one day rigged up a coach-and-six, and drove around town in style.

This incited another clique of young men, who, not to be outdone at this sort of thing, immediately fitted out a coach-and-eight, and appeared upon the principal streets in great splendor. So amusing was this to the workmen of the town, that a party of sixteen carmen determined to burlesque the whole affair.

They dressed themselves in clean, white frocks, and appeared in the most fashionable parts of the town in a new coach, which was driven by no less than sixteen horses tandem. Each man had his hair powdered. Thirteen of them acted as postilions, and their extraordinary appearance sent a laugh from one end of the town to the other.

So ridiculous did the carmen make the new custom appear that no further attempt was made to introduce it on the part of the young swells, who, however, took the affair in such good part that one of them wrote an ode which, by a happy Latin pun, he entitled "Carmen Triumphe."

RATTLESNAKE MILK.

In Florida rattlesnakes have all seasons for their own. One day in February Doctor White, the black rabbit-hunter of St. Augustine, went over to the island after rabbits, and came back with a rattlesnake. With pleasant pride he displayed his trophy to the admiring crowd of tourists and negroes. Some one measured the ugly beast. From the tip of its unlovely nose to the button on its musical tail there was an interval of six feet nine and a half inches. As a finish there were fifteen rattles and a button.

A fine specimen, everybody declared; but Doctor White was doleful.

"I gwine lose money on dat ar snake!" he sadly declared. "All I git outen um now am de oil. I try um out 'nd git right smart roomatiz oil; but I gwine lose money. Ef I had de skin now! But I jist was impelled ter shoot um, 'nd spile de skin. Ef he ben cut in de open, I cud switch um ter deff, 'nd save de skin. But he 'guile hisself unner de bushes whar I hab ter shoot um. I gwine lose money on dat ar snake!"

"I'll give you fifty cents for the rattles," said a tourist. "That will help out."

"Mek it an even dollah, sah. Dem rattles am wuff an even dollah!"

"Brer White, doan' yo' do it! Doan' yo' cut off dem rattles!"

The protest came from a white-wooled old negro on the outer edge of the little crowd.

"Wharfo' won't I cut off dem rattles, ef I kin git an even dollah fur um?" Doctor White demanded.

"Doan' yo' cut off dem rattles, I tole yo'! Doan' yo' do it, not fur ten even dollahs. I'se a-talkin' ter yo'. Now yo' mind!"

"Wharfo'?"

"Dis yer wharfo'. Yo' cut off dem rattles 'nd yo' go blind! No even dollah gwine pay yo' fur dat!"

Doctor White did not believe this, and said so.

"It am de troof!" asserted the croaker. "De milk fum a daid snake's rattles gwine mek yo' blind ebery time. Yo' cut off dem rattles, 'nd de milk fly up in yo' eyes, 'nd yo' go blind. Shuah! No doctah kin holp yo'. Doan' do it! Doan' do it, Brer White!"

Brer White pondered a moment. Then, with a cheerful chuckle, he announced his decision:

"Ef any gen'lemum gib me an even dollah fur dem rattles, he kin have um! I gwine cut um off 'nd *go* blind! I'se seen ernuff, anyhow!"

HOW FISHES BREATHE.

The severe frost of last winter froze many rivers and lakes in England that are usually open all the year round, and a gentleman who found small fishes dead wrote to *Nature* to ask, "How is it with the fish in countries like Siberia? Do they desert those parts of the rivers which are frozen over, or are the currents more rapid, so as to transfer air beneath the ice from unfrozen parts, or, as in some glacier streams, are fish altogether absent?"

Any one who has caught fish through ice three feet thick on Maine ponds will understand that fish live very comfortably so long as any part of the pond remains liquid. The waters of Siberia are likely to be abundantly stocked with fish, which will be found in the best condition when their house is sealed with frost.

It is not necessary to suppose that air is carried under the ice from open places in the brooks. There is air enough in the water at all times to answer the purposes of the fish. The presence of the air is best discovered by allowing water slowly to become warm in a vessel of tin or iron. The air, which is held in the water very much as water is held in a sponge, is expanded by the heat, and may be seen gathering in small bubbles attached to the surface of the vessel. This must be a matter of common observation.

It is this air that supplies the fishes with breath. It may be thought by some persons that fishes breathe water, for the writer has heard this statement made; but such a view is not correct. The fish has no power to decompose water and get the needed oxygen from that source.

As he is constituted he needs very little air. He is furnished with but little blood, and this is sufficiently oxidized by coming in contact with air in the water forced through his gills, which are his breathing apparatus.

The effect of the air is seen when the fish is taken from the water. The gills suddenly redden. This is due to the rapid oxidation of the blood. The fish is killed by the excess of air. In the water he gets only the proportion that he needs. Altogether the fish must be very comfortable under the ice during our hard winter.

THE CHINAMAN'S PURCHASE.

The Chinese are not supposed to have much talent or liking for humor, but a little story related by the author of "Three Years in Western China" shows that they are not altogether deficient in that respect. It may be taken also as an illustration of the truth that a man may be given to some form of wickedness and folly, and yet be capable of wise conduct in other directions.

Several of my followers were opium-smokers, and one of my bearers had contracted a great craving for the drug. He was somewhat disreputable in appearance, but a willing worker. His baggage consisted of the clothes on his back, and a small bundle containing his opium pipe and the necessary paraphernalia for smoking.

On leaving a certain village I noticed that the bundle had assumed larger dimensions, but my speculations as to its contents proved to be wide of the mark.

A few miles to the west of Yang-lin a halt was called for rest, and the cakes on the roadside stall were quickly bought and devoured. The opium-smoker, meanwhile, sat apart on the edge of the stone road.

"How is it that you are all eating and drinking," said he to one of his comrades, "and I haven't a single cash to follow your example?"

The other man put his thumb to his mouth, and pretending to inhale, pronounced the single word, "Opium," at which the smoker smiled and was silent.

On the following day we were suddenly overtaken by a sharp rain-storm, and when the other bearers were searching for shelter, the smoker solemnly produced his bundle, gravely undid the cover, and proceeded to unfold and put on a first-class water-proof coat which he had wisely purchased in the village to which we have referred. The astonishment on the other men's faces, and the look of triumph in which the smoker indulged, were a study.

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For the Companion.

LOST: A LITTLE GIRL.

With laughter and song
She was tripping along,
With bonny blue eyes and with hair all acurl.
With merriest play
The long summer day—
O where has she wandered,
our precious wee girl?

A maiden has come
Straight into our home,
And taken the place of the
little one gone.
As sweet and as fair,
With braids in her hair,
And sweeter and fairer with
time growing on.

She is filling her place
With daintiest grace,
But, thinking of days which
are faded forever,
The mother heart sighs
With tears in her eyes,
That the dear little girl will
come back to us—never.

S. D.

For the Companion.

BACK-YARD MANNERS.

The twins were in a bad humor that morning. Fred snatched a piece of buttered toast from Ted's plate, and the latter hit his head with the syrup-spoon. The butter-knife fell on the floor and made a big grease-spot, both mugs of milk were upset, and there was general confusion.

"Tut! tut!" quoth grandma, as she wiped the syrup from Fred's matted locks. "The idea of young men six years old having back-yard manners!"

"Wha-what do you mean?" asked Ted, stopping his howling, while Fred, too, paused to listen.

"Back-yard manners, don't you know what they are?" said grandma. "Well, then, you just carry out this pan of food for the hens, and if you'll stand there awhile and watch, I think you'll know what I mean."

Considerably mystified, the twins carried out the big pan, full of scrapings from the table, together with a generous sprinkling of corn.

Now grandma's hens were very tame, and as soon as they saw the pan, they ran to it as fast as they could. First came the rooster, "Robinson." If you were to ask grandma why she gave him such a name, she would say, with a twinkle in her eye, "Why, because he *crew so!*"

Well, there was "Snowball," the white Leghorn; "Nugget," a cute little yellow hen; "Donna Inez," a shining Black Spanish; "Crosspatch," a big brown hen, who was always scolding and pecking; "Jenny Lind," who had a happy, contented way of singing as she wandered around the yard. Then there were "Rose" and "Priscilla Standish," the two plump Plymouth Rocks, and—but dear me! I can't begin to tell all the names! Ted and Fred put the pan on the ground, and there was a great fluttering and scrambling.

Nugget seized a long stem of macaroni; Donna Inez caught hold of the other end, and both pulled till the piece was divided. Rose Standish pecked away industriously at a big crust of graham bread. Snowball showed a fondness for stray bits of meat, while Jenny Lind made a raid on cold potatoes. Priscilla worked at a lump of bread-pudding, and seemed quite as delighted as Jack Horner when she found a raisin in it, and when she held it up on her beak all the other hens jumped for it so that she only saved it by eating it with one big gulp.

As for Robinson, he stood quietly helping himself to the corn, swallowing kernel after kernel down his long throat like a miser putting gold-pieces in his bag.

They all crowded, jostled, pecked at and scolded each other with many a prolonged "*Ker-r-r-r!*" until both Ted and Fred were quite disgusted.

Pretty soon, the hens had finished it all. Every scrap of food was pecked from the tin, every kernel of corn scratched out of the dirt, and beaks were briskly cleaned off by scraping them on the edge of the walk.

Nugget and Donna Inez strolled down to the brook for a drink; Snowball took a dust bath; Robinson jumped up on the fence, flapped his wings and gave an exultant crow; the rest of the fowls stood with necks awry, sleepily rolling their eyes—that is, all except Priscilla and Rose Standish, who were pulling and tugging and quarrelling over a bit of gristle.

"Hens *are* greedy things!" said Ted.

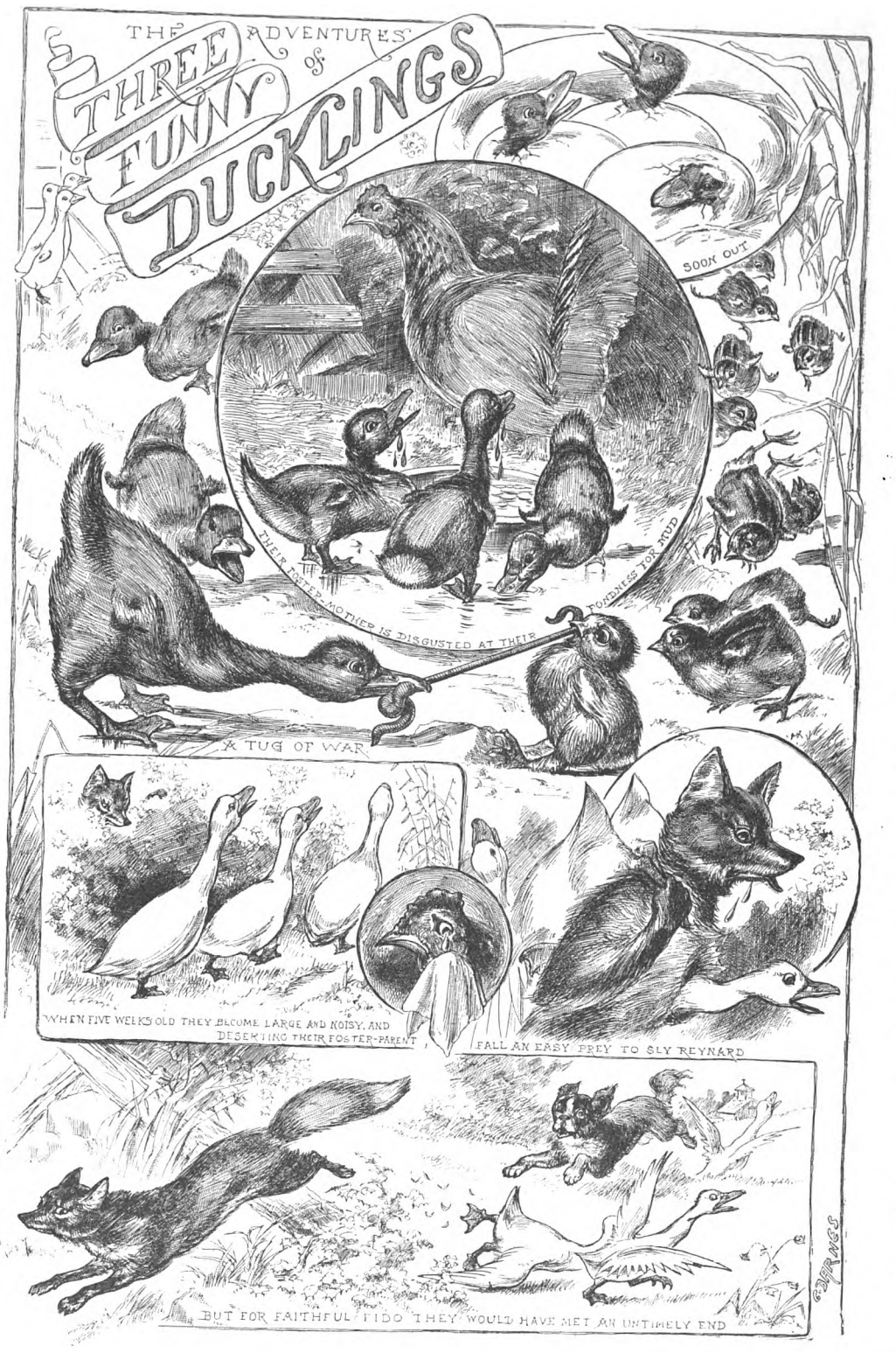
"*Awfully* selfish!" added Fred, sorrowfully.

"Well, you see how it is," observed grandma, coming to the door to hang out her dishtowel. "Back-yard manners *aren't* very nice, are they?"

The twins looked at each other, and grinned sheepishly as they thought of their fuss at the breakfast table, then they answered grandma's question by a low, but very decided, "*No'm!*"

Mary E. Brush.

A LITTLE tot came to her mamma with her fluffy yellow hair all unbraided, saying: "Mamma, my hair's all unlaced." Big brother Ray laughed at her, but, boy-like, did not correct her, so she said, "Then it's all unravelled."



For the Companion.

SORE EYES.

The baby had sore eyes, and nothing seemed to help them. Goldie was afraid he would be blind.

"The dust from an honest miller's hat will cure sore eyes," Goldie heard a man in the street say one day.

Her heart gave a great bound. She was so very anxious to have the baby's eyes well, that she would go to the grist-mill this very minute, and get some dust from Mr. Chase's hat.

People didn't call Mr. Chase an honest miller, but Goldie didn't know that. They said he would call to his big boy that helped in the mill:

"John, have you tolled this grain?"

Then, without waiting for John to answer, he would go on:

"Of course you haven't, you lazy boy! You never do anything."

Then he would toll the grain over again, we are sorry to say.

When Goldie went into the noisy mill and saw Mr. Chase, she said, timidly:

"Please, will you give me a little dust off your hat?"

"Eh! what for?"

"To cure the baby's eyes. I heard a man say it would cure sore eyes, and his are dreadful bad."

Mr. Chase looked queer. He must have heard the old proverb, and he knew he wasn't an honest man.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I shook my hat a little while ago, and there's no dust on it now. I'm afraid it wouldn't help him any if there was. But you're a good little girl."

Baby's eyes got better, after all.

And, somehow, people called Mr. Chase more honest after that.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CURIOUS COMPARISON.

Positive.

I'm the manner of performing—
By some I'm called the mode;
Again, I'm a direction,
Another time a road.

Comparative.

I balance and consider,
Sometimes add and oft subtract,
But my work amounts to nothing
If I am not exact.

Superlative.

I'm anything that's worthless,
A foolish, vain excess,
Yet I form a quite important part
Of every lady's dress.

Cleveland.

2.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

Define each of the italicized groups of words by one word. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the primals will spell the name of a strange land we often visit.

All the *dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts and barons* of England carry silk umbrellas when it rains.

'Tis a sad fate when a child is *bereft of parents.*

The lady wore a necklace of *precious stones* that sparkled like dewdrops in the sun.

3.

ENIGMA.

I live in the country of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, though I am not a 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 by birth. I love a beautiful girl, and 2, 3 shall soon 2, 3, 4. Now my home is more like a 4, 5, 6 than a decent habitation; but I have laid by some money, thinking I should 6, 5, 3, 4 it when I married, and when Barbara is my wife we will try to make our home a little 3, 4, 5, 6.

4.

HIDDEN NAMES.

In the following sentence there are eight names, six males and two females, which you are required to discover. Cordelia, Miranda and Cleopatra are names found in Shakespeare's plays. We think Leonidas is also one of Shakespeare's characters; but we cannot say, certainly.

5.

ANAGRAM.

Milmon's pies.

Tho' I'm not as wise as Solomon,
I'm thoughtful, if you please,
For instance—I have noticed
Fish do not grow on trees.

When cravings of my appetite
With dainties I would stay,
Like many folk I cannot eat
Because I cannot pay.

6.

DROP-LETTER PROVERBS.

E-a-p-e -s -e-t-r -h-n -r-c-p-.
F-n- f-a-h-r- m-k- f-n- b-r-s.
A -o-t-n-e- m-n- i- a -o-t-n-a- f-a-t.
H-n-e- i- t-e -e-t -a-c-.
I- n-v-r -a-n- b-t -t -o-r-.

7.

CHARADE.

My *first* ought to interest somebody besides the maker, or it has no excuse for being. My *second* is a despised creature. My *whole* is a curious person, who is apt to be entertaining if you can make him talk; but he is inclined to be unsociable.

Conundrums.

When are little children heaviest? When they are Christmas waits (weights).

When is a cook unkind? When she beats eggs and whips cream.

What letter will turn a white rose-bush into a pink one? I, for it will make it blush.

When does a chicken talk by proxy? When you speak for one.

What is the difference between a doll and our dog Rover? One is a puppet and the other a pet pup.

Why is a violent man under arrest like the Monday's wash? He must be ironed.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Arbor Day.

2. Plant trees on Arbor Day. Parrot, beans, lady, tenor.

3. Hickory-tree, orange-tree, sugar maple, magnolia, pomegranate, European larch, Norway spruce.

4.

A R S O N
R I S E
B L A B
O A R
R O S A
D R E S S
A U K
Y E A

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HOPTON'S COMPROMISE.

There is a familiar story, said to have its basis in truth, which tells of an impecunious debtor, upon whom persistent dunning had not the slightest effect. As a last resort the creditor sought a personal interview, and in consideration of prompt payment offered to throw off half the debt. "Very well," assented the debtor, "and not to be outdone in generosity, I'll throw off the other half!" This absurdity is equalled, if not surpassed, by a tale from Georgia.

Near a town in the southern part of the State lived Mr. Branscombe, a wealthy fruit-grower, who was embroiled in a perpetual feud with a poor trucker named Hopton. The feud was based on Hopton's hog, which committed havoc in Branscombe's garden, and Branscombe finally shot the animal.

War was at once declared by Hopton, not against Branscombe personally, but against all his belongings. He tore down fences, wrung the necks of chickens, smeared Branscombe's front steps with paint, and continued this petty persecution until the fruit-grower was exasperated beyond endurance.

He set a watch on Hopton, and finally caught him in the act of pouring turpentine into the pump. The next day Branscombe swore out a warrant for Hopton's arrest for malicious mischief, and it was served that afternoon.

Hopton resisted violently, but finally calmed down, and while on his way to the office of the justice of the peace expressed a wish to see Mr. Branscombe and "settle the whole affair." The constable was an obliging fellow, and acceded to this request.

"Kunnel," said Hopton, when brought before Branscombe, "let's compromise this matter."

"Very well," assented Branscombe, readily. "During the past six months you have committed damages to the extent of two hundred dollars. What is your proposition?"

"It's this, Kunnel," drawled Hopton. "You drop this prosecuting me, and I'll let ye off."

IMPOSING, NOT JOLLY.

After the marriage of Napoleon and Maria Louisa the city of Paris gave them a splendid banquet, which Captain Coignet describes in his "Narrative." He was on duty at the Hotel de Ville, where the banquet was served, with a squad of twenty grenadiers.

The table was horseshoe-shaped, and around it were placed arm-chairs. The dishes were of solid gold. When the master of ceremonies announced "The Emperor," Bonaparte entered, followed by his wife and five kings. Having seated himself at the table, the Emperor made a sign to the guests to take their places.

As soon as all were seated the table was cleared, as is usual at great dinners, and every dish was carried into an adjoining room where the carvers did their work. Behind each king there were three footmen about a step from one another. Other footmen communicated with carvers, and passed the plates without turning more than half-way round to get them.

When a plate came within reach of a king, the head footman presented it to him, and if he shook his head the plate was withdrawn and another brought immediately. If the head did not move the footman placed the plate in front of his master. Not a word was spoken.

Each napkin, as soon as once used, disappeared, the footman slipping in another. When the banquet was over, a pile of napkins lay behind each chair.

No one was permitted to speak except when the Emperor addressed him.

"That may be imposing, but it is not at all jolly," is the Captain's comment.

AHEAD OF TIME.

Thousands of every-day things would be mysteries to us, only that we happen to be in the secret of them. Now and then something happens, either to us or to our neighbors, to make us aware of this fact.

A lady went to a photographer in Birmingham, Ct., according to the New Haven *Palladium*, and sat for her picture. The next day she appeared again for the proof, which was given her in the photographer's business envelope, in the corner of which was printed, "Return after five days to ——, Birmingham, Ct."

She kept the proof much longer than customers usually do, and the photographer remarked the fact, because she had told him that she was in special haste.

On the fourth day she came to the studio, and apologized for being one day ahead of time. She had business in town that day, she explained, and so ventured to anticipate his appointment.

It took the photographer twenty-four hours to see that she had taken the five-day return notice as fixing the date when the pictures would be done—which shows that he was as dull as his customer.

JANE.

A mayor's wife is no doubt entitled to due deference, and in her own opinion, perhaps, is not so very far removed from the privileges belonging to the great ones of the earth.

At a recent exhibition in an English town, the Queen was present, with the Princess Henry of Battenberg. The local mayor, a highly respected tradesman, accompanied by his wife, was of the royal party.

As usual, the Queen placed her name in the visitors' book as "Victoria," the Princess following with "Beatrice." Then came the mayor's wife, who, seeing what had gone before, wrote with a bold, steady hand, "Jane."

GETTING PARTICULAR.

All in all, it is generally well to say an unpleasant thing outright rather than to hint it.

"Here, Bill, take this chair," said the grocer.

"An' let you stand?" answered the customer. "I don't want you to stand on my account, not a minute."

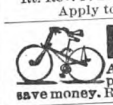
"Gittin' dreffle particular all at once, aint ye?" said the grocer. "I've knowed things ter stand on your account over a year."

The outcome of the matter was the transfer of Bill's account to the other store.—*Exchange.*

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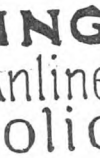
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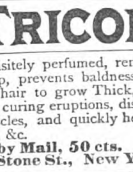
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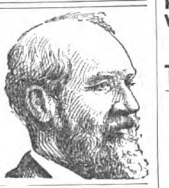
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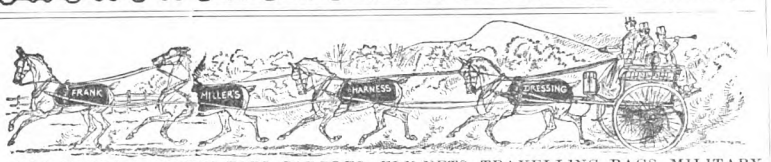
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WHAT HE REQUIRED.

There are some public speakers whose appearance is so impressive, so indicative of intellectual power, that their audiences, almost of necessity, expect too much from them. And the same is true of certain men in other departments. It is impossible for them not to excite great expectations. They have an air about them—not to say airs—which forbids the beholder to imagine that they could ever say or do anything petty or commonplace. Here, for example, is a story from the *Upholsterer:*

"By the great guns, sir," said a stout man in an ulster and white necktie, looking down from the balcony skirting the upholstery department of a well-known dry goods store; "this is an immense place—huge, simply stupendous."

"Oh, yes; nice store," said the clerk, obligingly.

"The Bon-Marché isn't a comparison. No, sir; not a comparison, sir. How much of a stock do you carry?"

"About two hundred thousand dollars' worth."

"Good! First-rate! And furniture—how about furniture?"

"Over one hundred thousand dollars."

"Admirable! Take a house and go right through it, I s'pose,—furnish it complete, could you,—from top to bottom, eh?"

"Yes; everything from carpets to bric-à-brac."

"And lace curtains and tapestries, you keep them?"

"Keep everything."

"And you know what style is, too—renaissance, Pompadour, Henry II. and the Louis?"

"No one better posted than our manager. P'r'aps you'd better see him. Mr. X——, here one moment," and the manager came up with a smile on him like a half-moon.

"No idea of it," mused the ulster. "No idea. Had an impression you had to go to Europe for such things. Good taste—everything correct, surprising, really."

"If you could give me an idea," ventured the manager, "of about what you required, you know——"

"Ah, yes, I forgot. I want two and a half yards of green shade fringe. Magnificent establishment!"

CRISPI'S TACT.

A dramatic incident related by Félix Narjoux, the biographer of Francesco Crispi, lately prime minister of Italy, illustrates how slight a thing may alter the current of emotion, and change the plan of action of men who have in their hands the making of political history. A moment of right feeling may serve where argument has failed to set forth a questionable policy in its true light. The King of Italy, and Crispi, who was then at the head of the Cabinet, had been passing a few days in Berlin, as guests of the German Emperor.

The King was inclined to return to Italy by way of Strasburg, accompanied by the Emperor. Crispi protested that to go to Strasburg, under the circumstances, would be considered an affront by France, and that if the purpose were persisted in he should feel it to be his duty to resign.

Soon after the Emperor, the King, Bismarck and Crispi were driven in a carriage to the tomb of William I., on which they placed a wreath.

As they were driving through Unter den Linden, Crispi saw at his left an immense flag which hung from a balcony. The wind blew it in great folds, and he watched it for a moment with deep emotion. Then with characteristic daring, and true to his motto, "the Friend of the King, not his Valet," he jumped to his feet, and took off his hat.

The flag which he had saluted was that of France, floating from the balcony of the embassy. King Humbert had watched the movement and the eloquent gesture of his minister. Probably in that moment he recalled Magenta and Solferino, and remembered fighting at his father's side, under the shadow of that flag, for the independence and unity of Italy. He, too, saluted the flag of France.

The Emperor had not observed what was passing, Bismarck appeared to have seen nothing. And, concludes M. Narjoux, there was no further mention of a journey to Strasburg.

COMPANIONS.

When a good and respectable man has been frivolous, it is no doubt a comfort to him to find that some worthy friend has been frivolous also. An English clergyman writes:

I was at Innsbruck with a friend, and as we sauntered about one afternoon, not quite knowing what to do with ourselves, we came upon a *carrousel*, or merry-go-round. We walked on, and then I said:

"Let us go back and see the Xaverianum," a public collection of paintings.

"No," said my companion. "I don't feel inclined for the Xaverianum. I'll go down by the river."

So we parted. Now I had not gone far along my way to the Xaverianum before I said to myself:

"I don't want to see pictures either, but as my friend is away—upon my word—I am unknown here! I'll—yes, I *will*—I'll go and have a round on the whirligig!"

So I retraced my steps, and on reaching the merry-go-round, what should I behold but my friend seated on a piebald horse, with a short sword in his hand, aiming at the targets he passed in his revolution. He was a bald-headed man, with a long gray beard, and his face and head became like a beet-root when he saw me. It was not long, however, before I offered him the consolation of companionship.

WHOA.

A little Indian boy who attends school at Oldtown, Me., takes an intelligent interest in his lessons, and does not simply learn them by rote.

The teacher had been giving instruction in punctuation, and closed by saying, emphatically:

"Now when you come to a period, you must stop!"

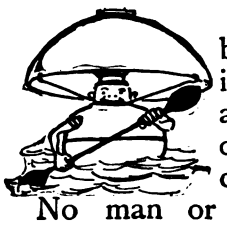
A little black-eyed girl then got up to read, and went on in a reckless manner, paying no attention to the periods, whereupon the bright little Indian boy poked her in the side, and called out, lustily:

"Whoa!"

SOME one said that there was no difference between occupation and business. "Why," replied Lord Palmerston, "the French are in occupation of Ancona, but they have no business there."

The Throat.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" relieve all Throat troubles, and are not injurious. Sold everywhere, and only in boxes. Price, 25 cents. [*Adv.*

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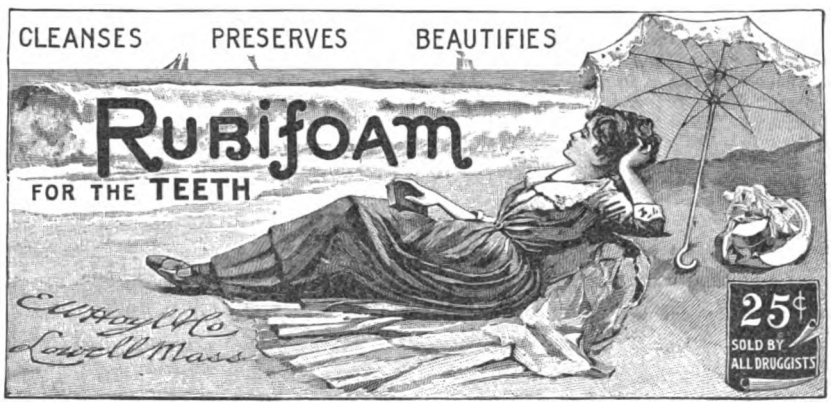
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For the Companion.

BICYCLING.

The bicycle has come to stay. It is not a craze, one of the many that sweep through the land like the latest fashion. It has established itself among the permanent utilities. Of course, it is not equally adapted to every country, nor to every portion of any country; but wherever the roads are good and not too steep, it will more and more come into practical use.

Already bicycles and tricycles are extensively used in England as economical substitutes for horses, needing no barn, no feed, no grooming, and no medical care.

With such a machine, the pastor easily makes his calls in the most distant parts of his parish. The country doctor finds it still better suited to his needs, ready at the most sudden and urgent call, and able to wait at the patient's door with no risk from cold, however long the visit.

With its aid, too, the traveller explores the country on roads far removed from railways, and in its most picturesque parts. The bicycle must have a great future in the level West. The relation of good roads to its use is seen at Washington, where many thousand bicycles noiselessly roll over the smoothly cemented streets.

But the utility of the bicycle is not confined to the more practical ends of locomotion. It furnishes a new means of valuable exercise. This exercise is exhilarating. It is in the open air, and the rider is not forced to it for his health, but drawn to it by anticipations of pleasure.

The various modifications of the bicycle adapt it to both sexes, and in many cases invalids might be pleasantly helped by it to health again. Pure air and a cheery state are often more effective than exercise or the most potent drugs.

As a rule, bicycling is less desirable than horseback-riding; but many persons need the more quiet exercise, and many others can afford neither to keep nor to hire a horse. As for carriage-riding, it is much too passive an exercise for the needs of most, while the constrained posture is a great drawback in any case.

As compared with bicycling, walking is better for some persons, and not so good for others. Walking is far less violent exercise, but the movement in either case brings into active use the muscles of the arms, chest and back.

Most people who can have the use of a bicycle find walking too slow and irksome, and the mental state is an important factor in all physical exercise.

For the Companion.

SATURN.

An observer on starlit nights during the first week in May, looking toward the meridian about eight o'clock, will see a bright star, which is the planet Saturn. He may be easily recognized by the absence of large stars from his immediate vicinity, by his serene and steady light, and by his forming an irregular triangle with Regulus, a first magnitude star in the handle of the Sickle on the northwest, and Denebola, a second magnitude star on the northeast.

He is the only one of the larger planets visible in the evening, for Venus and Jupiter now shine in the morning sky, and Mars has dwindled into invisibility.

Such is the appearance of Saturn to the unaided eye, but if the observer has access to a powerful telescope, he beholds the most magnificent object which the heavens present. The planet is transformed into a glowing sphere, nearly as large as the moon, crossed by bands of delicate tint, cradled in encircling rings, while moons, like tiny points of light, appear in the field of view, and increase the loveliness of the picture.

The present aspect of the rings forms a study of exceeding interest. These curious appendages take on constantly varying appearances during the revolution of Saturn around the sun—a period of nearly thirty years. Sometimes they are open to their widest extent, then gradually close until they disappear, seven or eight years later, the edge of the ring being turned nearly to the earth. Again, they open wide, exhibiting a different face, close for the second time, and finally, the circuit completed, open as when first seen.

The last epoch of greatest opening occurred in 1885. The rings have been closing around the planet since that time, and will disappear on September Twenty-second.

When Galileo with his imperfect telescope first examined the planet, he imagined that he saw a large globe between two smaller ones. A year or two later, observing again, he found but one planet instead of three. "I have seen it triple, and now I see it single!" was his perplexed exclamation. Nearly forty years passed before Huyghens, in 1655, proved that Saturn was surrounded by a ring.

Telescopes rapidly improved after this time, and practised observers were more numerous. The division between the two rings was discovered, and a third or crape ring became one of the great marvels of the day. Satellite after satellite has been found, until the list now numbers eight. The result is the complex Saturnian system with its three rings and eight moons, unparalleled in the sun's family, and invisible elsewhere.

HUNTER AND BUCK.

An exchange prints an adventure narrated by an old trapper living among the Pennsylvania mountains. It took place, almost fifty years ago, on Pine Hill, when the ground was covered with deep snow. The snow was new. There was no crust or anything that made a noise under his feet, and he was still-hunting for deer when he discovered a big buck not twenty yards away.

I fired the instant I saw him throw up his head, and down he went as suddenly as though the bullet had gone through his brain.

I stood my gun against a tree, snatched my knife out of my belt, and hurried toward him. As I reached down to pull up his head, he struck out with one of his forefeet and knocked the knife out of my hand.

He was on all fours in an instant, and the only thing I could do was to grab his antlers. I never saw a madder animal. He snorted, bucked, struck with his feet, and tried his best to kill me. At that time I was a strong man, but for fifteen or twenty minutes I thought my time had come.

My only hope was in clinging to his horns. Several times he doubled himself up and made great efforts to tear me with his hind hoofs, but I managed to keep out of their way.

By and by the buck began to weaken, and I myself was about exhausted. Finally I let go one horn, got out my pocket-knife, and finished him with it. On examining his head afterward, I discovered that my bullet had struck the root of his left antler, and temporarily stunned him.

CRUEL.

There is a general opinion that the American Indians have not been honestly dealt with in times past by the agents of the United States Government, and now the Detroit *Free Press* narrates the experience of a youthful brave of that city which goes to show that unfair treatment is not confined to government officials.

A boy eight or nine years old stood on a street corner the other day, with head up and arms folded. He had three hen's feathers stuck in his cap. He had a bow slung to his back, and in a quiver made of buffalo hide he had three or four arrows.

In his belt was the family bread-knife, and in his right hand was a war-club. As he thus stood, casting his eagle eye about him, a telegraph-boy came along, and stopped and looked him over. The inspection lasted a full minute, and then he asked:

"Playing Injun?"
"Yes."
"Got a name?"
"Red Cloud."
"Humph! No go."
"What's the matter?"
"You've been eating bread and butter with syrup on it, and forgot to wipe off your mouth. Better stay in the back yard and scare the baby. You're no big Injun."

BETTER AT HOME.

New England people, like all serious, tenacious bodies, are apt to be rather "set" in their ways. "What should we do if the sun rose in the west?" said one good old dame of Puritan stock, who was much given to like reflections. "I expect 'twould make us awful homesick, it's such a nat'ral place to look for it in the east."

Another good woman was listening one day with intense interest to her daughter's account of a long stay in Italy. The different customs of life were touched upon, and when the narrator paused, Aunt Hetty drew a long breath and said, "Well, I'm thankful I've been called to end my days in New Hampshire!"

"So you don't think you'd like Italy, mother?"

"No, not a mite."

"Not the pictures and churches and wonderful climate —"

"I might put up with them," interrupted her mother, "but I guess I should get pretty well beat out sometimes, wishin' for a good riz doughnut!"

THRICE DEAR.

Family affection is a beautiful thing, but as a writer in the Boston *Globe* observes, the public expression of it may be overdone.

A man and his pretty wife were parting upon a street corner, and he was overheard giving her this final caution:

"Don't forget, dear, to take a car at Park Square, dear, and remember that the number is three hundred, dear, and thirty-seven."

EXCUSABLE IGNORANCE.

When will employers learn not to expect unreasonable things of their servants?

A New York gentleman was put out of patience by some blunder of his new groom.

"Look here!" he cried in his anger. "I won't have things done in this way. Do you think I'm a fool?"

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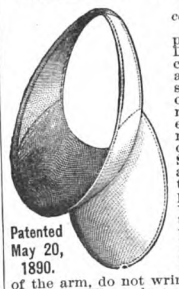


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For the Companion.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter I.

Jack and Tony.

The broad, white road which separated the Marrowbone plantation, where Jack Randolph lived, and the little weather-beaten cottage at Lone Point, where Jack's friend, Tony Scaife, lived, separated two families as widely unlike as could be imagined.

Marrowbone was what is called in lower Virginia a "river plantation," and its fertile acres lay upon one of the broad, salt rivers that make in from Chesapeake Bay, while Lone Point was a mere strip of sand, having upon it three lonely pine-trees, and the little frame cottage where the Widow Scaife and Tony lived their quiet lives.

At Marrowbone was a great country-house, once splendid, but now painfully shabby.

There were large stables and kennels going to decay, and a perfect village of whitewashed "quarters," where, "befo' de wah," as the negroes said, the two hundred Marrowbone slaves had been housed.

The grounds had broad, gravelled walks, now overgrown with weeds, and what was once a fine garden had become a tangled wilderness of climbing roses, mock oranges and lilacs, growing in wild and beautiful profusion.

Inside the house was the same air of departed luxury, and the family belonged as much to the dead-and-gone time before the war as did the place.

First, there was Jack's grandfather, old Colonel Marmaduke Randolph, a tall, handsome old man, stiff and dignified, who idolized Jack, but expected the same dignity and elegance of a healthy, fun-loving, sixteen-year-old boy as if he had been of the Colonel's own age.

Colonel Randolph had been in the army, and was disposed to keep everything under martial law. So was Uncle Josh, who had been Colonel Randolph's body servant for more than forty years—a venerable black man, who was continually preaching to Jack.

"Boys wa'n't troublesome an' tormentin' befo' de wah, like dey is now," he would say. "Yo' pa, he shoes allers shine like de sun, an' he was jes' as nice as any young lady in he ways."

Jack thought the boys before the war must have been rather a queer lot, judging from Uncle Josh's highly colored account; but when he asked his mother about it, Mrs. Randolph laughed, and said that she supposed boys were always much alike.

Uncle Josh had been with Colonel Randolph in all of his campaigns, and was consequently a military critic of the highest acquirements, according to his own opinion. He had been with "ole marse" through the Mexican War, and taking that as a groundwork, he professed to have had an active share in the Revolution, as well as the War of 1812.

"Was I in de Resolution? Co'se I was in de Resolution! 'Twan' so long ago," he would say, stoutly, to Jack, when that young gentleman would start Uncle Josh on his reminiscences.

"Wa'n't ole marse an' Gin'ral Washington de bes' o' frien's? An' at de battle o' Yawktown I was wid Gin'ral Washington all de time."

"But grandfather wasn't born until after Yorktown, Uncle Josh."

"Chile, I'se ol'er den yo' gran'pa, an' I tell you *I* was dar. An' I fit de Britishers agin in 1812,—dat was arter de Resolution,—an' Gineral Scott an' me an' yo' gran'pa fit in de Mexican War."

Then there was Mam' Betsy, Uncle Josh's wife, who had nursed Jack, and his father before him, and was consequently Jack's "mammy," who spoiled him, stuffed him with cakes and home-made candies, and always took his part, whether he was right or wrong.

Fortunately for Jack, he had a mother who could balance all of the old Colonel's injudicious severity and equally injudicious indulgence, Mam' Betsy's pampering, and Uncle Josh's wonderful tales of the splendor and importance of the Randolph family "befo' de wah."

Mrs. Randolph was a tall, slight, handsome woman, who always wore widow's black for Jack's father, and who was the sweetest of mothers. Jack not only loved her with all his boyish soul, but he admired her, for she knew all about poetry and history, and could play on the piano and sing beautiful sea-songs and hunting-songs. She could help Jack out with his Latin and French, and in fact knew more altogether than the schoolmaster.

Mere boyish restlessness and perversity on Jack's part never disturbed her; but the old Colonel, at Jack's noisy times, would roar:

"By George, sir, I think you are better fitted to be a professional acrobat, or a clown in a circus, than a Virginia gentleman—a Randolph of Marrowbone!"

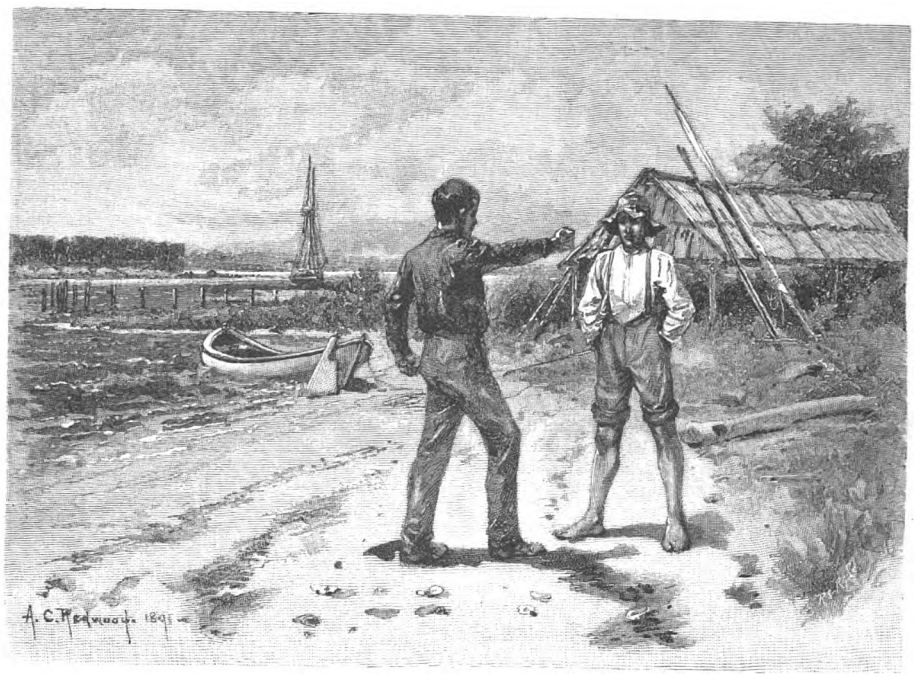
Jack did not greatly mind this; but upon the few occasions in his life when he had done shabby or mean things, he had a terrifying recollection of his mother's displeasure. Her punishments commanded Jack's respect, because he knew how dear to her he was, and also how dear to her were uprightness and integrity.

The old Colonel, who blustered about and found fault with Jack a dozen times a day, always protested vehemently against any punishment that was visited upon him.

Jack went to a school which was maintained in a fitful and uncertain manner by a schoolmaster who had to eke out his living by surveying, and who kept the school or not, according to his other engagements. But the boys who attended it were by no means uncultivated, and the very poverty of the school led to habits of reading and education at home among them.

Jack, who was a very fair type of the education of his class, was weak in mathematics; but at sixteen he was well read in the English classics, and his taste for reading was for the most wholesome in literature. He liked exciting stories, as most boys do, but he found plenty of the fiction of adventure among the authors in the old-fashioned library at Marrowbone.

His mother only smiled when she saw Jack stretched upon the lawn reading a book, with one of his numerous dogs sprawling over him; but the old Colonel would shout at Jack: "Upon my soul, sir, I think you need to be parboiled and sand-papered and hung out to dry before you will be fit to appear in the society of Virginia gentlemen, after the way you are hugging that dog!"



A Bad Beginning.



Tony Scaife, in the shabby cottage at Lone Point, had more liberty than Jack had in the big house at Marrowbone. The Scaifes were strangers from a strange land, and when the widow and her boy came there, and offered to buy the little point of land from Colonel Randolph, paying part in cash, no one knew anything about them, except that they came from New England.

Tony was a fisherman in summer, and an oysterman in winter, and but for him the chronic hard times at Lone Point would have been harder still. Mrs. Scaife, a quiet, gentle woman, kept her poverty and her affairs to herself, and Tony, too, had early learned the lesson of the poor, to suffer and say nothing about it.

There was no old grandfather to preach to him what it was to be a Virginia gentleman, and he had no time for French or Latin. Nor could his mother help him with his school lessons, for he had none; but during the long winter evenings Tony would sit curled up on the wooden settle by the fireplace, where the driftwood burned with the blue and yellow lights, and would work manfully at his spelling-book.

Mrs. Scaife, who had a soft and plaintive voice, would read stories in American history for Tony, when he was too tired to read himself.

The friendship between Jack and Tony began rather inauspiciously for Jack, and he remembered it for many a long day after. One bright September morning Jack got out his boat, the *Undine*, and started for a sail down the river.

The possession of the *Undine* was the one point upon which Jack, with the assistance of his grandfather, had carried the day against his mother. The boat was long and narrow in the beam, and carried sail enough for two. She also had an uncomfortable trick of capsizing when the wind was fresh; but this was not so much the boat's fault as Jack's, for he insisted upon keeping up all sail until the very last minute.

Mrs. Randolph was a brave woman, but she never saw Jack put off in the *Undine*, with the big sail almost lying in the water as the boat careened, that she did not utter a prayer.

But the old Colonel said, "By George, madam, the boy sha'n't be a molly-coddle; and if the boat turns over, why, let him crawl out on the bottom, to be sure!"

Crawling out on the bottom was an accomplishment that Jack excelled in; but nevertheless it was rather a risky business.

So, on a particular September day, with a fresh breeze from the southwest, as Mrs. Randolph saw him lying down in the stern of the boat with the tiller in his hand, and the big sail swiftly drawing the little shell down the river, she felt a sinking at the heart.

But Jack sailed down gaily enough, until he got to Lone Point. The sun was shining brightly; but just ahead of him, on the broad bay, was a shadow moving fast across the green water, and turning it black as it ruffled the waves.

"That's a squall," thought Jack. But as usual, he concluded that it was not time yet to take down the sail.

Just as he had reached this opinion, the squall struck him. The sail flapped wildly for a moment, and then bent lower and lower toward the water. Suddenly, the boat gave a lurch, and Jack, following his usual tactics, clung to the mast, and soon found himself drenched to the bone, but clinging to the bottom of the boat, which was driving on the sandy shore.

Tony Scaife, who had just come in from looking at his nets, was standing in the water, with his trousers rolled up, as the boat drifted his way. He waded out as far as he could. The long tiller rope floated toward him. Tony caught it, and in two minutes Jack was on shore very wet, but otherwise all right.

Tony helped him haul the boat up, to take the sail out and spread it on the sand to dry, and then the trouble begun.

"Why didn't you take your sail down when you saw the squall coming?" asked Tony.

"Because I wasn't afraid," answered Jack, coolly.

"That doesn't mean being afraid," said Tony, with equal coolness. "That's common-sense."

Jack took fire at this.

"You had better mind your business, and keep a civil tongue in your head," he snapped.

"I'm civil enough," replied Tony, in a sort of drawl that infuriated Jack, "but I thought when I saw you sailing down with that squall just a-humming across the bay, 'That fellow aint fit to be trusted in a boat by himself!'"

Jack stared at him. No other boy had ever talked to him in that way. He had too good an opinion of his ability to take care of himself.

"Look here!" said Jack after a minute, eying Tony very hard. "Aint you a Yankee?"

"Well, I rather guess I am," said Tony.

"Then," said Jack, "you're a rascal, and you know it."

Jack was much larger than Tony, though only

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a year older, but by the time the words were out of his mouth, Tony was upon him.

Neither wasted any words on the matter, and presently they were rolling over on the sand together, fighting desperately.

Tony showed unexpected strength, but Jack was too much for him. It took about five minutes for Tony to be thoroughly whipped. Then Jack let him up.

But although Tony had been beaten, his spirit was unbroken, and he was as plucky in defeat as in victory—which, after all, is the only real courage.

"Now," said Jack, breathing very fast and folding his arms, "Don't you dare to speak to me or to look at me, you rascal."

"I'm no rascal," gasped Tony, looking Jack straight in the eye, "you're bigger than I am, that's all; but if you had been my size, I'd have given you the worst whipping you ever had."

At this Jack jumped at him. But Tony was too quick. With a sudden jerk, he laid Jack sprawling on the sand, and was well out of the way before Jack could get up.

It was about two o'clock when the *Undine* was tied up at the Marrowbone Wharf. Jack came swaggering up to the house to tell his adventures to his mother.

Mrs. Randolph, sitting on the broad porch, where the overhanging branches of the elms and big live-oaks made a flickering shade, heard Jack through without a word. Then she said, very quietly:

"So, after the boy had helped you with the boat and the sail, you called him a rascal for telling the truth."

"Y-yes'm," answered Jack, rather surprised at the new way his mother put it.

"And then you whipped him, although you were twice as big as he."

"Yes'm," again answered Jack in a low voice. The true view of his conduct began to dawn upon him.

"Then," said Mrs. Randolph, rising, "go upstairs at once, change your clothes, and walk down to Lone Point. Ask for Tony, and make him the very best apology you can for your unmanly conduct. Go into the cottage then, and ask his mother's pardon for fighting on her land; and when you come home I shall have something further to say to you."

Jack looked at his mother in amazement. There was no trifling with her; besides, it came home to him how mean and tyrannical his conduct had been.

Without a word he went to his room, and came back within ten minutes. He went up to his mother, looking very pale.

"Mother," he said, "you are right. *I* was the rascal, not Tony. I promise you, I'll never, as long as I live, do such a thing again."

His mother said nothing. She was not often displeased with him; but when she was, she did not quickly relent.

Jack set off, with a weight of shame upon his heart. He a Virginia gentleman! He felt like a sneak and a coward, and everything else that was mean.

When he reached Lone Point he found Tony sitting on the little porch, mending his nets, while his mother sewed industriously on a ragged sail.

Tony was very silent. He felt keenly how he had been treated, and being a very human sort of a boy, he longed to be large enough to fight Jack Randolph and whip him.

"Why," said Mrs. Scaife, looking up, "here comes that Randolph boy now."

Jack, with his face deeply flushed, and looking down guiltily, was walking up the narrow path to the little porch. When he reached the foot of the two or three rickety steps, he took off his hat, and without knowing it, put on his best manner.

"How do you do, madam," he said. "I believe you are Mrs. Scaife."

The widow was not often addressed so formally. She rose in a quick, embarrassed way.

"Yes," she said. "I'm Mrs. Scaife."

"And I'm Jack Randolph," continued Jack, still keeping his head uncovered. "I came to ask your pardon for fighting on your land to-day. I know it was very ungentlemanly, and I feel very badly about it, and so does my mother—and I hope you'll overlook it."

The widow glanced toward Tony. He had told her about the fight, and she felt sore that this tall, stalwart young fellow should have beaten Tony, who was so small for his age. She remained silent, while the flush on Jack's face grew deeper.

Jack turned to Tony, who had stopped mending his nets, and was looking very hard before him.

"I hardly know what to say to you," said Jack. "You helped me with the boat and the sail, and you didn't say or do anything, and I'm bigger than you, and I behaved like a bully—and a coward, and I'm ashamed of myself. I came here to tell you so, and to ask you to shake hands and overlook it, too."

A queer look came into Tony's blue eyes.

"I don't think you're a coward. I think you're a pretty brave fellow," he said. Then the two boys shook hands.

The Widow Scaife's eyes filled with tears.

"I thought hard of you before you came," she said, "but now, I think you're a real man, and I forgive you. I hope Tony will."

"Yes," said Tony, "and if you'll come down here some morning, we'll go fishing together."

The two boys began to talk about fishing then, and got on very well. Mrs. Scaife went in the house, and brought out a wooden pail of buttermilk and some crackers, which the boys shared quite amicably.

Jack went home, feeling in his heart that he and Tony Scaife were friends.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

(To be continued.)

BLESSED IN BLESSING.

A poor man saved by thee, shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong,
Thou shalt thyself be served, by every lease
Of service thou hast rendered.

—*Browning.*

For the Companion.

THE BOOM AT BULLIONVILLE.

The town of Bullionville greatly needed a railroad. The richest ore veins of the vicinity had all "pinched out," and it was not profitable to work the large quantities of low-grade ore, or ship it away without a railroad.

It was not practicable now to work the great timber resources of the country without means of transportation. Everything in Bullionville languished for a railroad, and at least half the buildings in the place bore a sign, "For Sale or To Let."

The town had a good location at the junction of two rivers, and in the centre of a fertile farming tract, and the surrounding hills were rich in coal, limestone, lead, iron and low-grade silver ore.

The weekly Bullionville *Echo* had proclaimed these advantages month after month, until their reiteration came to be a matter of course, and no one paid any attention to them. They helped, however, to convince the people that a railroad was all that was needed to make the town a metropolis.

But would the railroad be built? This was the question which some of the town people asked young Morris when, one day in August, he made his customary trip from his camp, a few miles down the river, up to the post and telegraph offices at Bullionville.

Morris had been employed as clerk to the contractors who had built the last stretch of road beyond. He was ambitious to complete his education, particularly in geology, which was his specialty; and he had been glad to get this position, as it gave him an opportunity to make geological researches in a country rich in specimens.

He had answered this question about the railroad to the best of his ability nearly every day for a month, but he replied, good-naturedly:

"I don't know, gentlemen. Nothing new has developed."

"You aren't thinking of moving away the outfit, are you?"

"I have had no such intention. I will explain the whole thing. You know I am merely the clerk of the contractors who hope to build the road when the time comes. They finished it to a point about thirty miles from here last fall, and then moved their outfit, stock, tools, tents and all down into this valley for the winter.

"They hoped to get the contract to build the remainder of the road in time to begin work last spring, but, as you see, were disappointed. I report to them frequently, and I have standing instructions to keep things ready to begin work on short notice.

"But you see it is all guess-work. The company may not intend to build the road at all, or it may intend to go along the other side of the valley."

About a week afterward a group of men who had nothing to do were discussing the great topic in the post-office.

"It rather looks as though we weren't going to have a railroad," said the proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel, in a slow, melancholy tone, as if each word were forced from him.

"I don't give up yet," said a real estate owner. "I believe that party of engineers in camp about forty miles down the cañon has some business connected with the building of the road, in spite of all they say."

"It's about time for that young fellow Morris to be up after his mail, isn't it? Maybe he knows something more about it," said another.

"He won't be here till late, then," said the ferryman. "He got me out of bed to take him across the river this morning, and has gone down the other side. You know the bridge down below his camp was washed away."

"I wonder if he didn't go to consult those engineers?" said the editor of the Bullionville *Echo*, eagerly.

"No; he said he was going down to see the stock, and to get a fresh saddle pony; but he was in a great hurry, and I tell you he looked mightily pleased at some letter he was reading on the ferry."

There was a general increase of interest at this announcement.

"I tell you," said the real estate owner, "that young fellow knows how to take care of himself. Like as not he will be the first to get the news, and will have half the town bought up before the boom begins. But I tell you, he won't get a foot of my land unless he pays a boom price for it. I haven't waited here five years just to be hoodwinked at the last."

"I'll bet something's up," said the editor. He started toward the telegraph office.

The ferryman was right in his surmise that Morris was pleased about something. He had received a letter which gave him assurance at last that he would be able to go East and enter college. This was to him the most important event that could take place, and it was with a very merry heart that he set about making his preparations to depart. The opening of the college year was near, and as he wished to have a day or two in which to complete a collection of geological specimens, he made all haste to get his work in shape so that he could spare the time.

It was almost sunset when he started from the herder's cabin on his return trip, but it was a clear, starlight night, and he found the ride enjoyable.

As he rode along the river, he ran over in his mind the preparations it was necessary to make, and the best means of getting his geological specimens to the college, where, he felt sure, the professors would recognize them as the nucleus of a very fine collection.

Before starting out to take his position with the railroad contractors, he had left some of his books and geological specimens with a friend at Portland. He wished to announce his good luck to this friend, and also to get the rest of his specimens; and as he rode along he framed in his mind the telegram which he should send.

He afterward said that he felt rather piqued to find that news of such importance could be compressed into so few words as these:

"*Going to Columbia. Send rest of outfit. Remember Idaho granite.*"

Even the last three words, he had to acknowledge, were superfluous, as he knew that his friend would never consider his "outfit" complete without those interesting granite specimens; but he thought he might as well make the message ten words long, since it did not cost any more.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he reached Bullionville. Dismounting before the telegraph office, he was chagrined to find that it had been closed almost an hour. He had forgotten that the office was closed at nine o'clock.

He made some inquiries for the operator, but could not find him. Having already taken so much trouble in the matter, and having so little time for his preparations, he resolved to ride up the line five miles to Whitewater, where he knew the operator slept in the office, and would get up, if need be, to send a telegram.

He had no notion what an excitement his conduct had caused in Bullionville. Groups of men began to gather upon the street corners, and the story was rapidly told that the contractors' agent had just come up from the engineer's camp with some very important news, and that he had ridden all the way up to Whitewater to save a few hours' delay.

Morris found the operator still up when he reached Whitewater. Taking a blank, he proceeded to write out his message.

The worn-out pen furnished for the public convenience made a bad blot upon the first blank. Crumpling it, he tossed it out of the window, and took another.

A man standing in the shadow of the building reached out and picked it up. It was the enterprising editor of the *Echo*, who was on his track

As Morris galloped back through Bullionville, an acquaintance, whom Morris was surprised to see up so late, stepped out and hailed him.

"We hear you're going to move at last," said the man.

Morris was too weary to be pleased at their interest in his college prospects.

"Yes," he said, shortly, "I'm going to Columbia this year."

"How are you going?" was the next question.

"Why, by rail, of course!" Morris said.

"Columbia is pretty near the salt water, aint it?"

"Salt water? Well, within two or three miles, I guess."

He was tired and in no mood for further talk, so he rode away.

"Boys," said the questioner, triumphantly, to a group at the hotel, "I guess none of you will dispute that the road is going to be built now."

Before morning the report had gone through the town that the road was to be pushed westward at once through Bullionville to the mouth of the Columbia River. Morris had said so.

If Morris had made his accustomed visit to the town next day, instead of going down the river in quest of geological specimens, he would have hardly known Bullionville. Activity and excitement had taken the place of listlessness. Men were busy staking out lots, and others were buying and selling real estate in the stores and on the corners. Lumber, brick and building-stone had advanced fifty per cent. in price, while the wages of mechanics had increased threefold.

Improvised real estate offices had been opened in a dozen places, and were doing a thriving business—though not, it must be admitted, a cash business, for money was as scarce in the town as ever.

So much bartering and swapping went on that an *Echo* extra estimated that on that day "over sixty thousand dollars' worth of Bullionville property had changed hands."

Meanwhile, the cause of all this excitement was collecting specimens, and making notes of the various geological strata fifteen miles away. About noon he went in search of a feed of oats for his horse, and had to call at several ranches before he obtained it.

Soon after this he met the stage-coach, coming up, and as usual without passengers.

"Prospecting?" asked the driver.

"Yes," said Morris, "I find wonderfully rich ground in this valley."

He was speaking geologically, for he had picked up the tooth of an extinct animal that very day.

"That's what I've been preaching for nigh onto seven years," said the driver, and went on.

In the *Echo* extra appeared the following paragraph:

Full particulars regarding the new development in railroad circles are not at this writing obtainable, inasmuch as the contractor's agent is at present down the river looking over the work, and buying up the grain in that neighborhood. To persons who have met him, however, he has expressed himself in glowing terms.

From that time the "boom" proceeded without much restraint. No rumor was too wild to be credited. Reports were rife that immense railroad buildings would be located in the town, that numerous syndicates were endeavoring to get possession of land, that manufactories would soon be started. All these reports seemed to start from nowhere, and yet to go everywhere.

It was after sundown when Morris rode up to the town. He saw at once from the air of haste and importance which dominated the crowds on the streets, that something important must have taken place. He began to make inquiries, but every one seemed too busy to notice him—even long enough to ask the usual questions about the road.

But presently a copy of the *Echo* extra gave him an inkling of what had taken place. The people had deceived themselves. He must undeceive them with as little shock to their new-found prosperity as possible.

After ascertaining that no message or telegram had really arrived for him, he went to the office of the *Echo*. He found the editor busy upon an article entitled, "The Future Metropolis."

"Come in! glad to see you!" said the editor, looking up from his work. "But you must excuse me if I don't talk much. You see we are desperately busy."

"Mr. Bastian," said Morris, earnestly, "it is all a mistake about this railroad—a very unfortunate mistake, and I came to request you to help me correct it. There is no news about the road."

"Indeed," said the editor, incredulously.

"I tell you it is not true. There is no more reason now to suppose that the road is going to be built, than there was a week ago. You people had no reason to interpret my actions as you have done."

The editor gazed steadily at Morris for about a minute.

"My dear boy," he said, slowly, "perhaps we know more than you think about your recent doings. What about taking out Idaho granite, and going to the coast *by rail*? I can readily see how it might have been to the advantage of your employers if the announcement had been deferred, but they should have thought of that before. If you have made a false move, it's too late now to withdraw it. No, sir; I know my duty to the public too well; and I haven't any more time to discuss the subject."

Morris felt himself completely crushed.

"I suppose," he said, "that I can publish a card over my signature?"

"Every inch of advertising space is engaged for over two weeks in advance," said the editor.

"But, Mr. Bastian," Morris persisted, "do you intend to go on deceiving these people?"

"I mean to continue telling the plain truth. If you are prepared to make an affidavit that your former statements were incorrect, I will publish it. Otherwise—good evening."

Morris rushed indignantly out of the office, and the editor proceeded with the writing of an article which began thus:

New York has its Brooklyn, St. Paul has its Minneapolis, Salt Lake has its Ogden; but Bullionville has no adjacent rival to break the circuit of its commercial empire.

Morris did what he could to explain the state of affairs to the citizens. But they would not listen.

People accosted him on all sorts of subjects connected with the railroad. Grain speculators wished to contract to furnish quantities of grain to his employers, merchants offered him supplies, and brokers sounded him on the land question. When he denied having any use for their commodities, they said knowingly:

"Oh, that's all right! but as soon as you are ready to 'spring it,' give us a chance."

Even the children stopped him to tell of some long-cherished object that they were going to carry out, "now that the railroad was coming."

The citizens showed remarkable method and energy. A Board of Trade was organized, and tents and other temporary quarters provided for the influx of immigrants that must soon begin. Committees were appointed to inquire into improved means of drainage and water supply.

The Mayor issued a proclamation, calling upon the citizens to "use every effort for the maintenance of law and order, and to support the dignity of the city in the trying position which the enlarged relations must entail."

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Three religious denominations matured long dormant plans for the erection of churches.

The "boom" had gone quite beyond the power of one young man to check.

Meanwhile, a report of the unwonted activity at Bullionville became a subject of discussion in the office of a great railway company in the East.

"It must be that the other company has given the word to put its line through," said a director.

"I think we have the best of evidence to the contrary," said the secretary. "It has done no more than survey the route, just as we have done."

"Be that as it may," said the president of the corporation, "I think we had better tap that Bullionville country at once. It is a rich section, and a town with so much faith in itself is sure to become an important distributing centre."

A similar discussion must have taken place at the office of the rival system, for when Morris reached New York he had positive information, this time, that each company was trying to outstrip the other in the construction of its line, and that Bullionville was really "booming."

It is an important city now. It was only the other day that the *Daily Echo* contained some reminiscences of a well-known geologist who was a contractor's clerk in the town in its early days; and the chief item among the whole was one which told how the editor obtained confirmation of some railroad news of vital importance to the town by reading a blotted copy of an important telegram which the young man had carelessly tossed away.

WARREN L. WATTIS.

For the Companion.

BILL GATES AND THE SCHOONER "BELLE QUEEN."

On the Lake road in the town of Sheridan stands a weather-beaten old farm-house that belongs to Captain William H. Gates. Captain Gates is one of the prominent men of the town, prominent in that he has several times served his fellow-citizens in public offices, is possessed of many acres of Chautauqua County soil, and owns stock in various sorts of lake craft.



Though eminent now, time was when Captain William H. Gates was simply Bill Gates, and much to the humiliation of his relatives, was said to be the most stupid, and at the same time the shyest and most awkward boy in the whole town.

That he was eventually enabled to demonstrate that he was a lad of unusual abilities was due to the fact, as not unfrequently happens with such boys, that a neighbor, instead of his own parents, discovered the natural bent of his mind.

Bill was the oldest of several children. As soon as he was large enough he was set at work about the farm and garden; but somehow he never did his work well. If he had the onion or the beet-bed to weed, he pulled up or trod down so many of the vegetables as to excite his father's anger, and often bring about his own punishment.

Besides, when set at the work, sooner or later he would stop and gaze off over the waters of Lake Erie; then down would drop the hoe, and away he would go, dragging his feet over the ground as if they were lead, until the brook or the lake was reached.

Then he would squat on his heels and throw pebbles or bits of dirt into the water, or set sticks afloat upon it. The fact that his father might be at work near by, and was sure to resent this idleness, did not make the slightest difference.

At the school which he attended regularly when it was in session he did but little better than in the field, save only in two studies. He was a good pupil in arithmetic, and could commonly tell more about what was in the geography than his teachers could. In all other studies he was a failure.

There was a self-appointed task that he never wearied of, and that was whittling toy boats. The number of ill-shaped hulls that were launched on lake and brook it would be impossible to enumerate. To call them ill-shaped does not convey a good idea of what they were like. His conceptions of what a ship was like under water were very vague.

Nevertheless, when he was sixteen years old Bill determined to build a row-boat. He said nothing about his intention to his parents. He occupied such hours as he could get when not at his work in walking up and down the beach, searching for boards to use in making the boat, while every stray nail and screw that he picked up was secreted in a corner of a manger in the barn.

At last on a rainy day, having obtained enough boards to build three row-boats, if the boards had been of the right sort, he took the old buck-saw, the axe, and his knife to the barn, and began work.

The model chosen was that of a scow, but one considerably narrower at what he intended should be the bow than at the other end. He had two planks suitable for the side walls, and having cut the ends somewhat into the shape of a sled-runner, he put them on edge, and began to nail boards upon them to form the bottom and the ends.

Some of the boards were thicker than others, and some were warped. In sawing them to the required length, he was unable to cut them either square across or at the angle to fit the sides of the boat. Some of the nails were so large as to split the ends of the boards.

However, he did not see the defects, and as the form of the boat grew his interest in it increased, till his blood bounded through his veins.

His awakening was rude, but unusual in the respect that he did not feel the whip that his father had used to bring it about. As he was fitting the last board in its place, he glanced up and saw both his father and mother standing near by, and looking at him. The tears were in his mother's eyes, while his father's face was twitching as if he, too, were affected by some strong emotion.

Bill simply put down the axe with which he was about to drive a nail, and turning his head in his dull, heavy way toward the lake, which could be seen through the open doors of the barn, gazed silently over the water.

No wonder the mother cried, and the lines in the father's face worked nervously. The father was now quite sure that his oldest boy was really a fool, and the mother, whose heart was tortured because of her boy's trouble, could find no words or arguments to alter that conclusion.

As the boy dropped the axe, the father said, sternly, "Go into the house—no, stay where you are! Mother, go and tell Captain Lanphere to come here, where he can see that thing. Whatever made him think our Bill could be a sailor, or anything else, is more than I know."

The boy flushed violently, and began to stammer, "Don't, father! Please let me go in —"

Then he stopped. He had been proud of his boat, but now that Captain Jerry Lanphere, who lived up the road and commanded a schooner that sailed on the lakes,—a real schooner, as the boy had said to himself,—now that Captain Lanphere was to see it, the ill-shapen model, the cracks between the bottom boards, the hacked ends of these boards, the utter absurdity of the craft by way of comparison was very apparent to the poor lad.

But the father was inflexible, and the boy, in hopeless misery, stopped talking.

After a brief time Captain Lanphere entered the barn.

"Hello, Bill! How are you?" said the captain.

Bill turned around with a shamefaced smile, and said:

"Ye-es, sir."

"Been building a boat, eh?"

The boy's face flamed up, but he turned away his head without a word.

"Why," continued the captain, in a burly voice, "you needn't act like a school-girl over the thing! 'Tisn't much of a boat, but you tried to make one, didn't you? Why, my wife was telling me this morning about your whittling at boats all the time. She said you were counted just as much of a fool as ever, too.

"Somehow I'd never heard about the boats. When she said you were always making them, spite of the whippings your father gave you, I told her you weren't so much of a fool as folks thought. I used to make boats myself, and got whipped for it, too. How'd you like to go sailing?"

Go sailing! The boy could not for a time believe he heard aright. Ever since he could remember anything he had dreamed about going on the lakes as a sailor. Not that he had ever really thought he could go; it would have been the height of presumption in him, after what every one had said to him about being a fool, to think it possible that he could do the work of a sailor.

But now here was Captain Jerry Lanphere, the real master of a real schooner, asking him how he would like to go sailing!

Next morning Captain Jerry's hired man drove the Captain and Bill to Dunkirk, and by ten o'clock Bill was on the deck of the schooner *Belle Queen*, lying at the lumber docks in Buffalo Creek, with everything ready to pass a line to a tug that soon came along to tow her into the lake. Before twelve o'clock Bill was at last afloat on the great fresh-water sea.

It was late in the month of May, and the *Belle Queen* had made one round trip to Saginaw and back for lumber, and was bound up again on the same charter.

How the boy found himself in a new life; how he, as it seemed to him, worked his way through a mental fog that had shut him in; how he was at first ignorant, but not awkward, about the deck; how he was kicked and cuffed for his ignorance by the mate of the schooner; how he was never kicked or cuffed twice for the same mistake, because he never needed to be told a thing more than once; and how he very soon won the approval of even the men in the forecastle by his eagerness to learn and to do everything that was to be learned and done about the little vessel, need not be told.

By the time the *Belle Queen* had sailed through the rivers and was fairly afloat on Lake Huron, Bill Gates was able to do handy work on mainsail and topsail, and was even made to take his turn at the wheel in ordinary weather.



For twelve months thereafter Bill never left the schooner. He was invited to go up to Sheridan once, when the *Belle Queen* was in Buffalo and Captain Lanphere was going; but something, he could not have told what, held the boy back. Yet during all these months there was not a day when he was not homesick, and half-ready to cry from a desire to see his mother and the weather-beaten old farm-house, with its back yard running down to the pebbly beach of the Lake.

Bill had gone away from home leaving behind neighbors, and his own father, who believed that he was not bright mentally. Now he would not go back until he had in some way shown himself a sailor, or had at least finished out the season "man fashion."

The opportunity to show his qualities as a seaman came unexpectedly.

It was during the last week in October. The *Belle Queen* had cleared the Detroit River, bound for Buffalo after a very successful trip to Saginaw for lumber, and was again in the familiar waters of Lake Erie.

Here she hauled to the wind until well past Point Pelee, and then, as the wind canted to the east, stood off still further into the lake, intending to come about after a little, and go booming on her course to Buffalo.

It was between nine and ten o'clock at night when Captain Lanphere put her about. The wind meantime had freshened, and the air was full of heavy mist which drove along in clouds, now thickening until nothing could be seen a vessel's length away, now thinning till the horizon seemed almost a mile from the vessel, but never for a moment leaving the air clear.

It was a "dirty night," and the Captain was somewhat nervous over it. Finding the rain increasing, he stepped into the cabin for his oil-skins, leaving the second mate in the starboard waist, and Bill at the wheel.

Hardly had he left the deck when the lookout on the forecastle shouted:

"White light on the starboard bow."

"Hard a-starboard," shouted the second mate.

"Red light on the starboard bow," continued the lookout, instantly. "Red and green lights under white light."

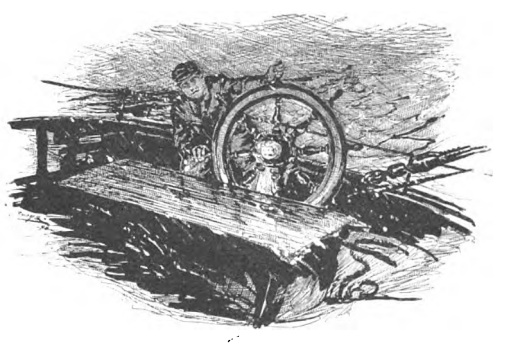
"Port! Port!" yelled the mate. "Port your helm!"

But it was too late.

The huge black hulk of a steamer came out of the mist not three lengths away, towering above the little schooner like the shadow of death. The second mate had made a mistake, and the *Belle Queen* was lying helpless in her path. If the steamer had been blowing her whistle, no one on the schooner had heard it before she was seen; told to put the wheel hard a-port, and hard a-port it must go.

As he worked at the spokes, there was a shout and a commotion on the deck of the steamer that was answered by the yells of the schooner's crew, and then with an awful crash the steamer struck the schooner. Bill was thrown across the deck by the whirling of the wheel.

For a moment the schooner heeled to port until her rail was out of sight. The deck-load of lumber slid off into the water, carrying all the men with it. The schooner, eased of the pressure of the helm and this weight, forged ahead, and the steamer swept past, and was lost to sight in the thickening fog.



It was all over in a minute, but when Bill had picked himself up from the deck there was not a glimmer of the steamship or the deck-load of lumber to be seen, though the shouts of the schooner's crew clinging to the floating planks could be heard plainly.

The first thought of the boy was of the effect of the collision on the schooner, and he ran to the broken rail to starboard, and gazed over the side. It was so dark that he could see little, yet it seemed to him that she had received no more than a glancing blow, from the bluff of the steamer's bow. It had "made basket-work," to use the sailor phrase, of the schooner's counter, but so far as he could see there was no very large hole that reached down under water. She was sure, in any event, to be a long time filling.

As this came to the boy's mind, he remembered that she was laden with pine lumber, and could not sink even if full of water. The idea that this thought suggested set his brain on fire.

He would stay by the schooner, and sail her into Buffalo single-handed.

He turned hastily to look off astern. He could see the steamer lights faintly. She was coming slowly back, and put out boats to pick up the men. She would come to the *Belle Queen* and take him off, and leave the schooner to be wrecked on the shore.

He thought he could save her, and in his stolid way, without thought of danger, he made up his mind to try.

The booms were flying to and fro across the deck, and the wheel was whirling, for the schooner was almost up in the wind. No matter. He must get away forward, and flatten aft the jib—get it to windward if possible.

It was a hard pull, but the boy worked with a will and succeeded. The flat-bottomed little vessel moved like a top to the impulse of the wind.

Now aft to the wheel, and take a look at the compass.

"Whoop!" said Bill, now greatly excited. She would lay her course already, for the wind was still canting to the southward. Away forward again, and let the jibs down to leeward!

By the time it was done, and the boy was aft at the wheel again, the fore- and the mainsails were drawing, and the *Belle Queen*, lightened of her deck-load, leaped to the impulse of the wind, and headed once more for Buffalo.

Bill turned to look astern. He thought it was lucky he was not taken off by the steamer, but after a little the excitement wore off. Then he began to realize where he was, and what was before him.

Turning his head once more, he gazed into the night, where he had last seen the steamer's lights. They had disappeared. He began to feel depressed. Turning forward, a dash of icy spray carried on a gust of wind caught him full in the face. He cowered under the blow.

Then he thought of the wound in the counter. Securing the wheel, he crept to the rail and peered over the side of the schooner. As he did so, her stern rolled low in the trough of the sea, and the open seams sank out of sight under water. The schooner was surely filling, he thought.

The wind was increasing slowly. Strained by the collision, the vessel might be torn to pieces by the violence of the gale. He might not be able to keep her to her course, and she would then drive ashore where he would have no hope.

but now its hoarse roar only added to the terrors of the disaster as she bore down on the unfortunate craft which she was plainly bound to strike on the starboard quarter.

At the first hail Captain Lanphere came on deck. He saw the situation at once, and shouted:

"Forward, men, for your lives!" Every man but Bill clambered over the lumber in a wild scramble for safety. As for the boy, he had been

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He was alone on a wreck; he had thrown away his chance of rescue, now he must face the probability of an awful death.

Bill was only a boy. He had been half-wild in his ambitious enthusiasm, but now the reaction had come.

There were other ills, too, for him to face than the fear of death. He had gone to the wheel at eight o'clock feeling fresh enough, but now he was tired from work and excitement. The weather had grown colder. Snow was driving along on the wings of the gale where mist had been flying before, and the flakes struck his face sharply. He was wet to his skin, and his outer garments soon were glazed with ice.

For ten long hours, should the schooner float so long, he must stand at that wheel before even daylight would come to cheer him.

How those hours passed he has never been able to tell. But daylight did come at last. It found him almost dead with exhaustion and cold, but still standing at the wheel.

Somehow the light revived him, and he realized that he was terribly hungry. Securing the wheel, he dashed into the galley. There lay a big piece of boiled beef and a loaf of bread, with the teapot still standing where it had been left by the cook. Catching up these he ran on deck again, and placing them on the top of the cabin, helped himself to his food and drink with one hand while he steered with the other.

Nothing revives a tired boy like a hearty meal. Bill was soon gazing about more hopefully. He noticed then that the wind was aft on the quarter, so he secured the wheel and ran forward to ease off the sheets.

This made the schooner jump. Bill could see that she had taken in much water, but she was still able to make good speed, with that wind to drive her.

This set him to speculating as to the whereabouts of the schooner. She might even be abreast of Long Point, he thought. No land was visible, but he was sure she had had a fine run, and he had held her on her course. If he were so far along as that, the big elevators of Buffalo would loom up through the snow before dark.

That was a cheering thought. It served to help him pass the greater part of the day.

During the afternoon the wind increased, but the vessel did not gain in speed. This made him anxious about the safety of the masts. But there was nothing for him to do but hold on as he was, and look and pray for a sight of the Buffalo elevators.

But the night drew on, and no elevators appeared. The weather was so thick that he could not see the land if it had been in sight, and he could not tell where he was. He was likely to run ashore at any time.

He became more depressed than ever. He was almost exhausted for want of rest and sleep. Could he stand at the wheel another night?

He thought not. But he could and he would stand there till he dropped. Remembering the old days when everybody had thought him a fool, he resolved that if ever the vessel was seen by any one again, he would be found by the wheel, dead or alive.

Then night fell, and once more he found himself facing the gloom that had filled him with terror the night before. He nerved himself as best he could to stand to his post; but his thoughts wandered, and somehow he began to feel as if he were suffering less from the pains that had racked him during the day. He was even becoming easy in mind and body. His thoughts seemed to carry him in reality to the place to which they wandered.

But just as he began to feel delighted with this, he realized that these feelings were due to the influence of a sleep that could end only in death. By a mighty effort he would rouse himself, only to doze away again a few minutes later.

Men on shipboard sometimes fall asleep standing, and in the face of danger. The lad was doing worse than that, for he was suffering from the cold as well as from exhaustion.

How many times he slept and roused himself he does not know; but at last he dreamed, as it seemed to him, that the rest of the crew of the *Belle Queen* were once more on board, that they had just tacked the schooner and were heading away for Buffalo, and that a big steamer was bearing down on them as the one had done the night before, except that now her lights were flashing up in brilliant red flames at intervals, only to die out and disappear at times.

There she was, on the weather bow, drawing nearer with every swell, while he stood unable to turn the wheel or do anything to avoid the impending collision. The Captain and the mates yelled at him to put down the wheel, but though he strained every muscle not a turn could he make. Then, with a blow that knocked him across the deck, the steamer struck the schooner, and Bill awoke.

He was certainly lying on the deck, but not as the result of a collision. He had fallen down from sheer exhaustion. With his teeth chattering with terror—for he realized the peril in which he was placed by fatigue, and his inability to longer resist its influence—he scrambled to his feet. The vessel had broached to when he fell, and with a hasty motion he put up the wheel. She fell off at once, and the next moment Bill had forgotten alike his danger and his fatigue.

One more feature of the dream was real. Not only had he been knocked down, but there was the flashing red light fair on the starboard bow. Quickly turning his head further to the right, a fixed white light was plainly seen through the night, while the lights of a tug headed for the schooner were visible below the big white light.

Before him was Buffalo harbor and safety and rest.

He had saved the *Belle Queen*. And now the lad who had been called the most stupid boy in Sheridan was received when he went ashore as a hero. In great danger he had shown remarkable presence of mind, and under the most trying circumstances had exhibited unusual seamanship, bravery and skill. His conduct was commented upon and lauded in the newspapers, and everybody, both strangers and his own townsmen alike, echoed his praises.

Bill had found his vocation in life. He was a born seaman, and stupid though he had seemed in his youth, his early and his riper manhood showed that the dormant intellect of the boy only needed favoring conditions in order to develop qualities that would command both admiration and respect.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

DO TREES FEEL?

Trees of the forest, and the open field!
Have ye no sense of being? Does the air,
The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass
In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,
All unenjoyed?

—*Bryant.*

For the Companion.

BROWN BETTY.

As most people know, the chief point of landing for emigrants coming to this country is now New York; but as many people do not know, there was once a time, when our grandfathers were young, that many emigrant ships discharged their living freight at St. John, New Brunswick, from which point the would-be citizens went overland on foot to reach their destination.

Some of them were bound for the city of New York, and others for the distant prairies of the West; but all travelled, on foot or by such other means of conveyance as they could find, through the State of Maine.

Across the line into our territory they came in straggling parties of from two to several dozen, perhaps—men, women and children.

One party would be made up entirely of a single family, each one, except the babies in arms, carrying a bundle or pack upon his back, while another contained several families, probably neighbors in the land from which they came.

Occasionally a single man or boy would be seen pushing on alone, impatient of the slow progress of his companions, and eager to be in the midst of the new world before him.

All these people ate, drank and slept by the roadside, save when a small party was given a dinner by some friendly housewife, or when, as more frequently happened, some kindly farmer threw open his wide barn doors, and gave permission to sleep upon his haymows.

About forty miles west of the line between Maine and New Brunswick there lived, at the time of which I write, a family by the name of Gilkey. It consisted of the farmer, his wife, and their two boys, called Phil and Teddy, who were about fifteen and thirteen years old.

These boys had the usual joys and sorrows that come to young people on isolated farms. There was rather more joy than sorrow, for there was good fishing in the river that flowed by the farm and partridges in the woods, besides much other game. The sheep, the lambs, the calves and colts engaged their attention and furnished them many companions.

They were especially fond of one young mare. She was named Brown Betty, and was a strikingly beautiful filly, whose coat was like silk in texture, and in color a beautiful rich seal brown.

Brown Betty had a thoroughbred ancestry, which she showed in every line and movement of her body. Her clean-cut limbs would be able to trot a great many rapid and tireless miles when their muscles had become hardened to work; she was but four years old, and had been used but little.

Her head was a delight to look upon, with its evident signs of spirit, intelligence and affection.

From the day she was born Brown Betty had been the boys' special pet, and between her and them had come to be a most perfect understanding. She would come at the call of either, and stretch out her beautiful neck for the apple or cake which she was pretty sure to find, either in their hands or pockets.

One evening in early summer, while the boys were milking in the yard in front of the barn, two men appeared, coming along the road, with emigrants' packs upon their backs—huge bundles supported by rough sticks across their shoulders.

They were unkempt and dirty. The open barn doors no doubt suggested to them a hope of a night's rest on the hay.

One of the men approached, and in broken English asked Phil for permission to sleep in the barn.

Farmer Gilkey happened to be away from home, having been drawn as a juryman to attend court at the county-seat, twenty-four miles away, where he must remain more than a week. Phil, the elder of the boys, seeing no reason why he should go contrary to his father's usual practice, hospitably told the men to go in and help themselves to a bed on the hay.

Both boys noticed that the men eyed Brown Betty sharply as they went through the yard. The mare always came up into the yard to get the nibble of corn or oats which she was sure to find awaiting her.

But admiration for the colt was too common to excite any other feeling than one of satisfaction in the minds of the boys.

When their "chores" were done for the night, they closed the doors of the barn, leaving the emigrants comfortably lodged in the hay, and went to bed. No harm had ever come before from such hospitality to wayfarers, and they had no thought of any now.

At about five o'clock the next morning, the boys, after lighting the kitchen fire and bringing in wood and water for their mother, took the pails and went to the barn for the morning milking.

Teddy was ahead, and when he saw that the colt was not in the yard, and that the side doors opening into the wagon-room were thrown wide apart, the truth flashed over his mind.

"They were thieves, and they have stolen Brown Betty and run away with her!" he screamed, dropping his pail and rushing into the barn.

He was followed by Phil, no less excited. The wagon, a harness and the colt were gone, and also the two very disreputable-looking lodgers.

For a moment the two boys looked at each other in blank despair.

"Run across the bridge, quick, Ted," Phil gasped, "and see which road they took! If they went round by Shattuck's Mills, we'll catch 'em yet!"

The road which came westward from the State line ran in a direction nearly southwest; but when it had passed the Gilkeys' house, it crossed the river and followed its western bank about twelve miles in a southerly direction.

But just across the bridge another road ran westwardly to the small settlement of Shattuck's Mills, a dozen miles away, and then, curving toward the southeast, after a circuit of nearly thirty miles, joined the river road ten miles below the bridge.

Both roads thus led to the same point, but one was direct and level, while the other was roundabout and hilly.

Ted needed no urging. He vanished at the top of his speed.

It was easy to trace the wheel-tracks, for no other wagon had passed at that early hour, and the ground was wet with dew.

When Ted had crossed the bridge, and had come to the point where the road branched, he saw at a glance that Brown Betty had been turned into the western road. The thieves had very naturally supposed that this was the right way, since it ran toward the west, whither they were going.

Ted had hardly re-crossed the bridge when he saw Phil running toward him with their two guns, which he had seized, after telling his mother what had happened, and what he was going to do.

Mrs. Gilkey made no objection to their going; indeed, in view of what we know of the women of that time, it is perfectly plain that if duties at home had not prevented, she would have gone too.

"Come on, Ted!" said Phil, rushing down to the edge of the river as soon as he had heard which way the thieves had gone, and casting off the old flat-bottomed boat in which the boys paddled up and down. "We haven't got any other horse and wagon, and we'll have to row down to the place where the roads come together. If we can only get there first, we'll have Brown Betty back again!"

The oars were pulled out from under the bushes, and the boys were in and away.

How many hours had the thieves been gone? Might they not have covered almost the whole distance already? No matter; the boys would catch them if they could.

The old boat pulled hard, but the boys bent sturdily to the oars. Their arms began to ache desperately, but they thought of Brown Betty, who so often, just at the speaking of her name, came up and stretched out her beautiful neck and laid her head over the shoulder of either one of her young masters, while her cheek softly touched his.

The boys thought of these things, and the thought, though it brought tears to their eyes, nerved their arms.

At that moment they knew Brown Betty was being cruelly driven at the top of her speed over rough roads that hurt her tender feet, up hill and down, by brutal men who cared only to save themselves some miles of plodding; for these men, too, had doubtless thought that they could drive rapidly fifty or a hundred miles, then either sell or abandon the horse and wagon, and continue on foot safe from pursuit.

Nowadays such a theft would hardly be attempted; but at that time there were no telegraph wires to cry "Stop thief!" nor any railroads upon which they might be pursued. And in this case not even a horse was left behind which could be used in a pursuit.

Over the rough road plunged Brown Betty, brutally spurred on by shouts and by the whip, her foaming sides and quivering nostrils showing how cruelly the work was telling upon her.

Down the river swung the great boat, propelled by willing but tired arms. Neither boy had eaten a bite of breakfast, and Teddy was on the point of giving out.

"Pull a little longer, Ted," cried Phil, increasing his own efforts, with a choking in his throat.

Ted thought of the mare, and struggled on manfully.

Within a mile of the end of the journey, as the boys redoubled their efforts, thinking they were so near the junction of the roads, one of Ted's oars caught in the roots of an old stump under the water, and snapped in two near the handle.

Ted took his other oar, and standing in the stern, pluckily plied it as a paddle. But they did not get on as rapidly as before.

Presently, working with all their might, they swung around the last bend of the river, and saw off to the right, upon the crest of a hill on the Shattuck's Mills road just as it joined the river highway, Brown Betty, white with foam, reeling and plunging madly down the hill.

The thieves would get to the joining of the roads first, and they would get away! The two men were clinging to the sides of the wagon, and whipping the half-crazed mare cruelly.

The boys saw the colt swing into the river road. They were too far away to stop her, and they would not have fired at the men, even though they were running away with stolen property.

Believing that the mare was lost to them forever, they sent after her a wailing, heart-broken cry: "Brown Betty! O Brown Betty!"

Like a flash, the mare wheeled sharply around. She had heard the sound of her young masters' voices.

Cutting a quick circle on the sloping bank, she plunged down to the water's edge, and stopped, neighing piteously, and looking at the boat.

As Brown Betty whirled around, the two wheels of the wagon on the inside of the curve leaped into the air, and, turning half over, the vehicle came suddenly down upon the hubs of the opposite wheels. One of the shafts was drawn tightly over the mare's back, straining her downward, but she kept her feet, still whinnying toward the boat.

Meanwhile, the two occupants of the wagon were thrown violently to the ground. The head of one struck a rock, and he fell senseless. The legs of the other were doubled beneath him by the wagon, and broken.

The boys, coming up, liberated Brown Betty from the shafts, and slowly walked her up and down to cool her off.

The two wounded men lay quite helpless, and the boys had no occasion to be in fear of them. They felt that Betty best deserved such comfort and succor as they could give.

Half an hour later a slowly moving procession advanced up the river road. Teddy was in the lead, holding by the bridle Brown Betty, who moved as if in pain, the boy now and then giving her a loving pat or word.

Next came the stout, old-fashioned wagon, right side up now, and apparently uninjured. The wagons of those old days were not made to go to pieces in any ordinary accident.

In the vehicle were stretched an unconscious man and another no less badly injured. In the rear came Phil, pushing the wagon from behind to help the mare.

Poor tired Betty! Her young masters were too inexperienced to know how cruelly she had been abused and overtasked, or what effect such a strain and shock must have upon her.

It was her stout ancestry that carried her over those last weary ten miles, when more than once she tottered on the point of falling, the blood slowly trickling from nose and mouth.

At last the little procession turned into the yard at home; and then kindnesses were showered on the colt in abundant measure. The ridges that the whip had left upon her sides were bathed in water, and her once glossy coat carefully rubbed and covered with a light blanket.

Then she was placed in a stall with great armfuls of clean straw beneath her feet, and into her manger were put the daintiest bites of corn, oats and clover that could be found.

Only then did the boys think of themselves and their helpless captives. There were neighbors not far away to the eastward. Mrs. Gilkey had gone to give the alarm, and by their help the injured men were removed from the wagon.

A distant doctor and a deputy sheriff were sent for, and their wounds and themselves taken care of. The people were much too humane to allow these men to suffer unnecessary pain, even though they had proved themselves brutal and thievish.

In due time they were sent to prison, and there expiated their serious offence.

Ted's breakfast or dinner was a short one. He slipped out of his chair, and ran to the barn to see Brown Betty.

"Why, Betty!" he cried; "you've lain down and gone to sleep without once touching your dinner! Poor Betty, you must be awfully tired!"

He sat down on the clean straw, and throwing his arms around the neck of the prostrate colt, laid his head on her brown shoulder. "Awfully tired" himself, he fell fast asleep.

There they found the two a little later, Teddy's tanned face half-covered by a silky mane, and his arms tightly clasping poor dead Brown Betty's neck.

WEBB DONNELL.

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For the Companion.

MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION.

By Sir Morell Mackenzie, M. D.

FITNESS. — Second Paper.

"A physician's duty is to cure safely, promptly and pleasantly," said Asclepiades. The whole duty of a doctor, thus briefly yet comprehensively set forth by Cicero's famous medical friend, presupposes not only a certain amount of acquired learning within the reach of every industrious and persevering student, but also some qualities which, like the poetical faculty, are born with a man, and cannot be made.

Parents, before deciding to send a son into the medical profession, should carefully consider whether he possesses the qualities necessary to the making of a successful doctor, and when I speak of success, be it understood that I refer to the art of healing, and not to that of obtaining wealth and reputation.

If a boy, when questioned as to his views of a profession, replies, like Tom May in the "Daisy Chain," "I should like to be a doctor if it were not for the horrid sick people," a father may safely conclude that his son might have a turn for scientific investigation, but that he would not make a good practical physician. The true test of the doctor is *to cure disease*, a fact that is likely to be overlooked by men of a highly scientific tendency of mind.

Robert Boyle keenly noted this great error into which learned physicians of all times are likely to fall, and combated it strenuously in his works.

"I cannot forbear to wish," he says in one place, "that divers learned physicians were more concerned than they seem to be to advance the curative part of their profession. . . . I had much rather that the physician of any friend of mine should keep his patient by powerful medicines from dying, than tell me punctually when he shall die, or show me why it may be supposed he lived no longer."

One of your own great writers, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, has said in "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," "Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber, if he has common-sense on the ground floor. But if a man hasn't got plenty of common-sense, the more science he has the worse for his patient.

"Each patient's disease has features of its own; there never was and never will be another case in all respects exactly like it. If a doctor has science without common-sense, he treats a fever, but not this man's fever. If he has common-sense without science, he treats this man's fever without knowing the general laws that govern all fevers and all vital movements. . . . . The men that have science only, begin too far back, and before they get as far as the case in hand, the patient has very likely gone to visit his deceased relatives."

Knowledge, then, is not everything. But the other necessary qualifications are not rare, and where they exist, they may be improved by cultivation.

The medical practitioner ought to possess the faculty of observation in the highest degree. He should be capable of reasoning accurately on ordinary concrete subjects, and he should have a good memory. Physically it is very desirable that he should be endowed with a good constitution, and that his manual dexterity should not be below the average.

Armed with these qualifications, moderate success—a livelihood in fact—can generally be attained; but in order to accomplish great ends and to arrive at a distinguished position, some other things are necessary in medicine as in everything else.

First, there is necessary the power of dogged hard work; secondly, a sympathetic nature, which can freely enter into the feelings of other people; thirdly, the ability to take advantage of that tide which, in the affairs of doctors as of other men, if "taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

Supposing that a lad is determined to venture on the treacherous sea of medical practice. How is he to steer his course for the haven of success?

If the lives of distinguished doctors are studied with attention, it will be found that one feature is common to them all. By whatever way success has been reached at last, they have all worked resolutely and unremittingly during their early years.

John Hunter is the only apparent exception to this rule. It is true that he wasted a good deal of time in his youth, and was never able in after life to make up for his want of what was in his day called "polite learning;" but from the time his brother William took him in hand, and gave him an arm to dissect, till his death in the Board Room of St. George's Hospital, his life was one of constant work.

Ricord, who had to teach English for a living while studying medicine, by persevering efforts reduced his allowance of sleep to five hours out of the twenty-four.

Nélaton was accustomed to read lying on a narrow board placed between two chairs. When drowsiness overtook him, he fell off his voluntary plank bed, and awoke to fresh struggles with his task.

Valpeau, who was the son of a farrier, and whose early education had been entirely neglected, had to study his own language besides Latin, Greek, history, geography, physics, chemistry, botany and other preliminary subjects during his first year of medical study, and successfully passed examinations in them all.

A still more marvellous feat is recorded of a young Japanese student, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten. He entered the University of Berlin some years ago as a medical student, being then entirely ignorant of German, as well as of science; yet in three months he passed an examination conducted in German, and including several branches of the medical curriculum.

It is needless to multiply instances, for, however easily the physician or surgeon in after life may seem to earn his fee, his success is the result of extremely hard work in his youth.

With regard to the second qualification, the sympathetic nature, some one may say that one cannot sympathize with every stranger that comes to him for advice. Nevertheless, that stranger expects sympathy as well as advice, and if he does not get it, his faith in the doctor is considerably diminished, and faith is, in many instances, a factor that must be reckoned with in the working of a cure.

Dean Mansel once said: "Affection is part of insight; it is wanted for gaining due acquaintance with the facts of the case." If we substitute for "affection" the word "sympathy," the maxim applies to the doctor's position.

Every doctor who is conscientiously desirous of doing his patient good, must enter into that patient's feelings, or he will not attain to a full knowledge of his case, and consequently will not be able to afford him all the relief in his power. I believe that the best and indeed only valuable manner for a doctor is one that impresses the patient with the notion that his adviser takes a real interest in him, and is thoroughly in earnest.

Next to solid knowledge and skill, which, as I have already pointed out, can only be acquired by real work, what is called *manner* is perhaps the most important aid to success. George Eliot was evidently of this opinion, for she describes Mr. Lydgate, the doctor in "Middlemarch," as possessing "the medical accomplishment of looking perfectly grave whatever nonsense was talked to him, and his dark, steady eyes gave him impressiveness as a listener. . . . . He said 'I think so' with an air of so much deference . . . . . that she (Lady Chettam) formed the most cordial opinion of his talents."

Sir Astley Cooper, whose manner was singularly winning, used to say that the brusqueness of his great rival, Abernethy, was worth a thousand pounds a year to him—Sir Astley. Certainly, other things being equal, a polished manner and some amount of sacrifice to the Graces — the "minor morals," as the French well call them—will be preferred by most people in a physician to uncouthness and rusticity, and an appearance suggestive of "an abstract idea untidily expressed," as was said of a late philosophical aurist before he remodelled to some extent his mode of life.

The third important element of success to which I have referred, the ability to take advantage of circumstances, is closely connected with what I have set down as the primarily essential quality of a doctor, namely, a capacity for hard work. Unless a man is prepared to profit by good fortune when it comes in his way, it is useless to him.

John Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope and Swift, who was physician to Queen Anne, is said to have owed his first rise in life to having had the luck to be passing by when Prince George of Denmark met with an accident. It is obvious, however, that in such cases fortune only favors the brave; or, in other words, those worthy of her benefits. Arbuthnot, who was so brilliantly successful when he had found his true level among the great and wise of the world, had utterly failed as a country doctor.

Dr. Messenger Monsey, who was physician to Chelsea College, and a noted wit in London society in the last century, was also a struggling country doctor until Lord Godolphin, son of Queen Anne's treasurer, was seized with illness near the place where he lived. Monsey was called in, and his noble patient was so charmed with his conversation that he took him to London.

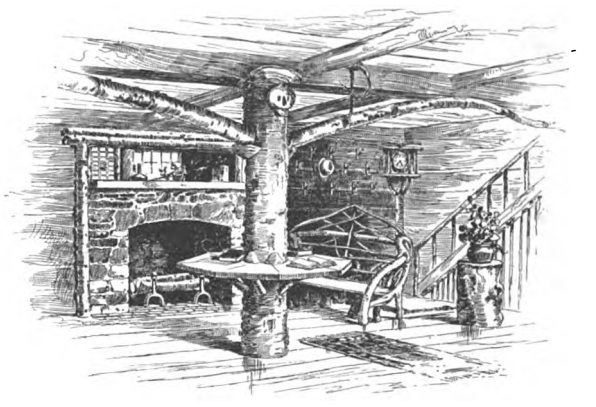
The whole matter may be summed up in the one word: "Work." To succeed in the medical profession, as in every other, a man must be in earnest and he must work hard.

Genius has been said to be nothing more than an infinite capacity for taking pains, and what Ruskin says about artists applies equally well to doctors: "You may have known clever men who were indolent, but you never knew a great man who was so; and during such investigation as I have been able to give to the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, no fact ever looms so large upon me—no law remains so steadfast in the universality of its application—as the fact and law that they are all great workers. When I hear a young man spoken of as giving promise of high genius, the first question I ask about him is always, Does he work?"

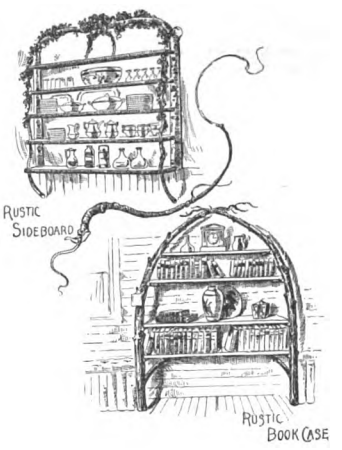
For the Companion.

RUSTIC FURNITURE.

It takes a good deal of mechanical skill to construct rustic furniture and ornaments for the house that will prove at once substantial, tasteful and cheap. Too often the amateur's efforts result in producing some gimcrack or fragile article that is positively ugly, and which has cost far more than a much better article can be bought for in a store.



At Twilight Park, a cottage settlement among the Catskill Mountains, an unusual degree of success has been achieved in making rustic furnishings and decorations, chiefly for two reasons: first, because there is an abundance of excellent material at hand in the shape of birch, wild laurel and "moose-wood" or striped maple in the adjacent forest, free of cost; and second, because skilled native American workmen can be found capable of carrying out designs with ingenuity and "gumption."



As a result, one finds there rustic seats that are really comfortable, and not full of nails and ragged protuberances, railings, archways, stairs, fences, sideboards, tables, bookcases, umbrella-stands, picture-frames, etc., that will bear rough usage, and that do not offend the eye.

The things chiefly sought in designing these articles have been simplicity and strength. Nothing has been done merely for effect, but always with some practical end in view,—to cover some bare space, conceal an ugly corner, shut out an unpleasant view, or render some practical service.

Everything is made solid and lasting. When a rustic fence is built along a dangerous ledge, it is made of massive hemlock posts as thick as a man's body, which look and are substantial, and convey a comfortable sense of security.

Second, there is but little ornamentation, and no labor is wasted on mere detail. Few objects are more truly beautiful than a ship under full sail, yet no thought is given, in her construction, to anything but utility. The same principle applies in other cases, and perfect grace may be best secured by perfect adaptability to a practical end.

The interior arrangements of many of the cottages at Twilight Park show great variety and skill in their design. One very original feature is a table, either oval or circular, made of two sections of inch plank, fitted around a massive birch post, with its gray bark left untouched, and curved brackets below to give additional support.

The top is painted a rich cherry or mahogany color, or it may be covered with some bright-hued material which will contrast suitably with the silvery sheen of the birch post. If desired the table may be made of native woods, inlaid so as to bring out the lustre and fibre, and the whole afterwards varnished. There is no limit to ingenuity in this direction.

A number of very tasteful and useful sideboards have been constructed of birch or maple, by selecting a somewhat thick branch or young tree with a natural curve, and sawing it in half, lengthwise, so as to give two flat pieces having the same bend. These, when joined together, will make a perfect arch. They are nailed to a wall and the space between filled with shelves of smoothly planed pine, painted some bright color, and with their edges faced with narrow strips of moose-wood, whose smooth green surface makes a neat finish and a pretty contrast to the other material.

Such a sideboard serves admirably to set off silverware, glass and china. Or it may be used to hold books, bric-à-brac or ornaments of any kind. The niche just under the point of intersection is just the place for a piece of pottery.

In one cottage a rustic bracket for books was fashioned of rough maple, in triangular shape, and hung beside a hall stairway with some choicely bound books as its sole contents.

A letter-rack in the Club House to receive the daily mail was made of moose-wood, purple in some parts and snake green in others, with divisions like pigeon-holes for each cottager's correspondence, bearing the name of the cottage painted on the panel behind.

An unpretentious yet useful stand for plants, with a broad shelf below to hold periodicals and newspapers, was improvised from a carpenter's bench, faced with split sections of moose-wood and twisted laurel. The wild laurel, found in profusion in swampy places, is, on account of its extreme lightness, toughness and flexibility, admirably suited for picture-frames, brackets and mottoes. It can be fashioned into the most intricate designs, while its russet hue makes a pretty contrast when combined with other native woods.

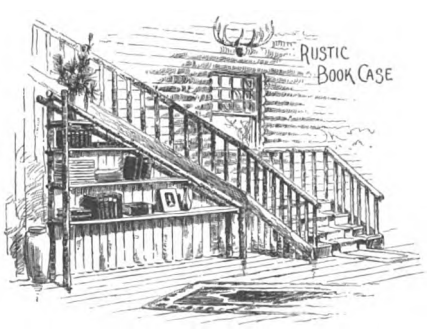
Extra closet room is always in demand at summer resorts. By nailing a rod of any wood across the angle of a bedroom corner, and hanging cretonne or plain drilling from this support, a sheltered nook will be secured for articles of dress, and an ugly corner got rid of.

In one of the log-cabins at Twilight Park an objectionable corner is thus taken up with a bracket and clock-stand made of a huge knotty protuberance sawn from a tree, which has an opening just large enough to admit a clock-face.

A useful and rather sightly hat-rack may be made of a spruce or hemlock tree, trimmed so as to leave branches about three or four inches long at suitable intervals as pegs to hang hats and garments upon. After varnishing, set it in a hallway with the upper end braced to the ceiling. In one cottage, such a hat-rack was placed in the centre of a winding stairway, and reached upward to the second story ceiling.

Another very original hat-rack was made of an ancient ox-yoke with pegs set in it.

In one cottage regular bunks were constructed like berths on board ship by supporting two bedframes and sets of springs upon birch posts, set out about four feet from the wall of the room. When curtained with bright-colored Canton flannel, their use was never suspected, and they were very convenient when an overflow of guests occurred.



Window-seats or divans made of broad, thick planks well supported, and covered with cushions or skins of the fox or other wild animal, are always an attractive addition to a room, especially when there is a pleasant outlook. To such places children bring their dolls and toys and enjoy themselves, and even cats and pet dogs will be found taking their noonday siesta there.

Of course rustic furniture must be in keeping with its surroundings. It would be wholly out of place in a city boudoir or luxurious room; but in

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a summer cottage at the mountains or by the sea the effect is harmonious, and it lends an additional charm to the unconventional out-door life.

A simple cottage with stained floors, open fireplaces and a few Turkish rugs, and some unpretentious ornaments such as have been here described, will be enjoyed, not only on account of its contrast to the luxury of city homes, but on account of their own proper comfort and attractiveness.

CHAS. F. WINGATE.

For the Companion.

CHINESE GIRL SLAVES.

On the border of "Chinatown," in San Francisco, there stands a neat, square frame-house,



surrounded by a well-kept garden, which is used as a mission home for young Chinese girls of the city, who have been rescued from the peculiar form of child-slavery which prevails among the Chinese, or who seek or are given refuge from distress and degrading surroundings.

It seems to be a well-established fact that young Chinese girls—even girls in their infancy—are sometimes bought and sold among the Chinese of San Francisco; and so remote are those people from American customs and influence that it is practically impossible for the laws to prevent this practice, or to rescue its victims, unless specific acts of cruelty can be proved.

In this mission house any wretched or homeless Chinese girl can not only find a secure refuge, but may learn, at the hands of kind American women, how to do many kinds of useful work.

The inmates learn, moreover, what are rarely understood among the Chinese of San Francisco, the virtues and benefits of cleanliness, order, fresh air and light.

The girls who have found shelter in this home spend much of their time upon embroidery, fancy work and sewing, in all of which they show a natural facility. They wear the Chinese costume and are often found at work on the facings of their wood-soled slippers or on their *foos*, as their silk or cotton trousers are called.

How completely accustomed the Chinese of San Francisco are to the idea of selling their female children is illustrated by a story told by a young lady who works as a missionary among them, and who is held in great esteem by them. Among this young lady's Chinese friends was a woman who sought to provide for herself and her four little children by binding slippers for a Chinese factory.



Her husband smoked opium constantly and gave her no assistance. They lived in a damp basement, and had not sufficient food.

The young missionary not only carried food to this family, but spent much time in instructing one of the children, a girl six years old, in English, in order that she might be better able to earn money and help her mother. The child fell ill, and the missionary went often to take her nourishing food. During one of these visits, the mother made her this proposition:

"Miss Emma, you buy baby. I no feed him, baby all so hungly. You buy baby—I got sell him!"

"Him" was a baby girl. As the mother knew, the child had already a small market value with some speculator, because, when she grew older, she could be sold for a considerable sum.

The Chinese girl slaves are generally purchased by the speculators when they are under twelve years of age, and are afterward sold as wives or servants. They are often, indeed, put to regular day labor at an age when a white child might be considered too young to send to school.

The young girls in the mission home are a gentle, sweet-voiced little band, and in this respect there seems to be a radical difference between them and the Chinese boys at the public school provided for them.

These boys, it is said, are often very rough and ungentle fellows. The teacher of this school says that he has frequent occasion to quell small riots among them, and that it seems impossible to teach them American ideas of good behavior in the school-room.

The places in which some of these Chinese children dwell, when at home with their parents, seem quite uninhabitable. In one two-room tenement five women were found living with their children, in a space not exceeding ten by sixteen feet square. There were two small windows in the outer room, but no window in the sleeping-room. In this room bunks were built in tiers, one above another, on both sides of a narrow passage-way. No light or air was admitted save by the door, and here all five families slept. The living-room was six feet square.

The most wonderful thing about the matter was that the children looked well and happy.

Many of the girls who are sheltered and taught in the mission home leave it, when their work in it is done, to become the wives of respectable Chinese merchants, and they carry with them to their new homes many American ideas of cleanliness and beauty.

MARIE FRANCES UPTON.

For the Companion.

THE HORSE-CHESTNUT.

There is no more charming study at this season than the buds and branches of our trees. The buds contain the plan of the growth of next year, and, studying them, we can see the relation of the plan laid down in the bud to the whole character of the tree. The horse-chestnut is an excellent example.

Open one of the large, scaly buds, or, better still, place a branch in water in the house and watch the unfolding.

First the upper scales part a little, showing their inner green edges. The scales are varnished to keep out the wet, and are very sticky. As the leaves within enlarge, the scales are forced apart, and we see the little soft things, covered so densely with wool to protect them from the cold that we can hardly see that they are leaves.

Each leaflet is folded on its midrib, the halves closely pressed together so that it is difficult to separate them, and the leaflets are laid side by side, like the sticks of a fan. There are generally seven leaflets in each leaf.

If we are studying a large, terminal bud, we find the conical flower-cluster in the centre.

But how shall we define a bud? "A bud is the promise of a branch." If we watch its growth, we shall see the joints of stem between the leaves lengthen and grow woody. Everything which the horse-chestnut branch holds exists, undeveloped, in the bud.

If we look carefully at a twig, we shall see three kinds of markings. There are sets of rings at unequal distances on the stem (*a*), large, triangular scars in opposite pairs (*b*), and a round, rough scar wherever each branch forks, or turns aside (*c*). These markings must necessarily correspond with something in the bud, for the branch is only a developed bud, or series of buds.

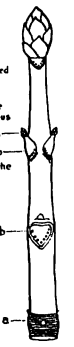
Look at the one that is bursting, and you will see that, while the stem bearing the leaves is pushing upward, the scales remain behind. Pull off these scales, and marks are left exactly like the rings on the branch. These rings are, in fact, bud-scale scars, and as each bud holds a year's growth, the number of rings on the branch tells its age.

Next we notice that the leaves are in opposite pairs on the sides of the stem, and so are the large triangular scars on the branch. These are really leaf scars, and by counting we can tell how many leaves there were in each year.

Finally we look at the round scar in a fork, and see that it ends the year's growth, and is directly on the top of the stem. This is the position of the flower-cluster in the bud, and this round scar is where the flower-cluster fell off last autumn.

Sometimes one of these round scars is apparently on the side of the branch, but if we look carefully, we shall always find a ring, showing the beginning of another year's growth directly above it.

There are two places for buds to appear—at the end of the stem, and in the inner angle which a leaf makes with the branch. This is the axil of the leaf, and these are called axillary buds.



When the flower-cluster is on the end of the stem, it stops the growth of the branch; but the branch must be carried on, and one of the nearest axillary buds develops, or else two of them develop. When two buds grow a fork is made; when only one develops, it soon throws the flower-scar upon one side, because it grows so rapidly and strongly. Even when there is a fork, one of the forking branches usually gets the start of its fellow, and grows so much faster and with so much more vigor, that the other is thrown to one side, and looks like a branch of the stronger one.

This constant interruption of the growth of the limbs makes them very irregular and crooked, as we can see by looking at the tree. In trees where the flowers are in the axils of the leaves, the terminal bud grows every year and the limbs are nearly straight, as in the case with the boughs of the beech and elm.

There is another peculiarity about the horse-chestnut, that it bears so little fine spray, and has such thick, rugged branches. This is because the strong terminal buds take all the nourishment, and the little buds on the sides of the stem are starved.

When, however, the flower-cluster comes, one or two of them are given a chance, because no terminal leaf-bud is formed. There is hardly ever any branching in old trees, except when it is made in this way by a fork.

The little twigs may grow for years and years and be only a few inches long, while their main stem has grown many inches every year.

The axillary buds, or those at the ends of the small twigs, do not contain flower-clusters. In these there are generally six leaves, while the large buds have only four.

The leaf scars have five or seven dots on them, which generally answer to the number of leaflets in the leaf. These dots are made by the ends of woody bundles which make the framework of the leaf.

There is one other kind of marking on the horse-chestnut branch. There are little dots scattered over the bark, which become long and narrow in the older parts. These are the breathing-pores of the stem. Every living thing must breathe oxygen from the air, and through these little holes in the bark the stem gets its oxygen.

When the buds have burst, they grow very rapidly, and the tree is quickly in full leaf. When the leaves are young they droop as if they were not strong enough to hold themselves up. For this position there is a reason. If the leaves were spread out to the sunlight they would evaporate water too freely, for the cell walls are still thin, and the water can escape through them. After the walls have thickened so that the water cannot pass through, except through the breathing-holes, where the evaporation is regulated, they straighten themselves and the tree is in full leaf.

There is no trace now of the wool that covered the tender young leaves. It is no longer needed, and has been cast aside.

Soon the flowers appear; and then the tree is very beautiful. It has been used as a symbol of ostentation, because while the flowers and leaves are so showy, the fruit and timber are worthless.

But the blossoms are very interesting, especially in their fertilization.



There are two kinds of flowers in every cluster, the fertile and the sterile. The fertile flowers, that is, those that ripen fruit, are all near the bottom of the spike; you will always notice in a cluster that the nuts are near the base.

The styles of these fertile flowers hang out even before the bud opens, while the stamens are still immature. At the same time the upper flowers of the cluster have matured their stamens, which are of the same length as the style of a lower flower. In the upper blossoms the pistil is small, has only a rudimentary style, and never develops any seeds at all. These flowers are therefore sterile. Now mark the result. A bee, in search of honey, climbs on one of these staminate flowers, and thrusts its proboscis into the nectar secreted at the base. In so doing, he rubs off some pollen upon his body, and then, flying to a lower flower, leaves some of this pollen on the style, which is exactly in the same position relative to his body as the stamens of the upper flowers.

Some pollen would also probably fall on the styles or be carried by the wind, without the agency of insects.

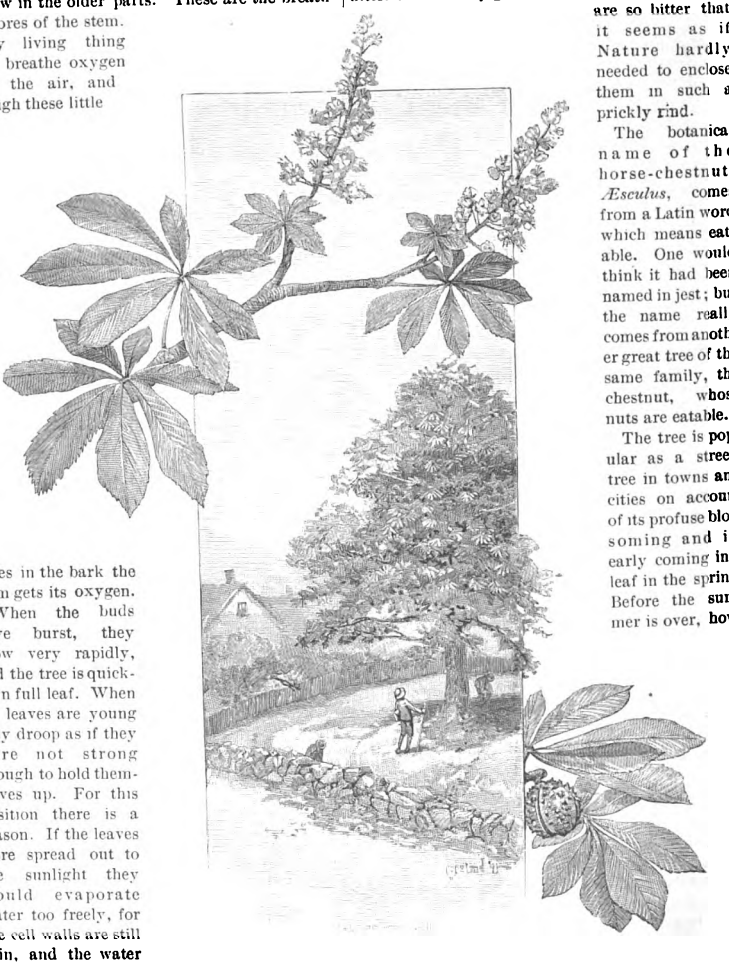
The flowers are rendered attractive to insects by the nectar, and by the bright yellow spots on the petals, which change to crimson as they grow older.

Our bees have a very bad habit of crawling under the flowers, and sucking the nectar from beneath. This is very wrong, for they steal the nectar without helping their host in return. I have sometimes wondered if it were because it is a foreign tree, and the bees had not learned the proper way to the nectar.

The nuts of the horse-chestnut are very dear to the children, dearer, perhaps, because they are of no use but to look at and make baskets of.

Grown men sometimes carry them in their pockets, cherishing a notion that they "keep off rheumatism." Sometimes, perhaps, they carry the nuts in the pocket from a sort of idle liking for their round, polished brown surfaces, even when they have no belief in the rheumatism cure.

If we plant a nut we shall be interested to see how it grows. The hard white meat that makes the bulk of the nut belongs to the thick seed-leaves, which are stored full of food. This nourishment for the young plant is protected by being made so bitter that even pigs will not eat the nuts. They are so bitter that it seems as if Nature hardly needed to enclose them in such a prickly rind.



The botanical name of the horse-chestnut, *Æsculus*, comes from a Latin word which means eatable. One would think it had been named in jest; but the name really comes from another great tree of the same family, the chestnut, whose nuts are eatable.

The tree is popular as a street-tree in towns and cities on account of its profuse blossoming and its early coming into leaf in the spring. Before the summer is over, how ever, its leaves often become brown and shrivelled. The first leaves of the plantlet are within these thick seed-leaves, and the little stem has a small

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pocket of its own in the brown shell. It must take a great deal of pressure to break this hard shell. The first leaves raise themselves above the ground, but the seed-leaves remain buried, and nourish the plantlet till it has roots and can get its own living.

JANE H. NEWELL.

WATCHED BY THE HUNTER.

Shrewd is our bird; not easy to outwit him!
Sharp is the outlook of those pin-head eyes;
Still, he is mortal, and a shot may hit him;
One cannot always miss him if he tries.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

For the Companion.

AT A CALIFORNIA SHEEP-RANCH.

In Three Parts.—Part I.

A "Tender-Lung" among the Mountains.

"Well, young man, you seem to be making yourself at home here! Who are you, anyway, and what are you doing here?"

These gruff words, and the trampling of horse's feet, waked me, and through the open door of the shack I saw a large, roughly-dressed man, black-bearded and sun-burnt, sitting on a powerful roan horse, with a Winchester across his saddle, and looking in upon me with unpleasant curiosity.

I felt sure he was a brigand.

I had nothing to do but to get up and go to the door.

The man looked at me closely for a moment, and then laughed. A laugh tells a great deal about a man, and his laugh at once led me to change my mind concerning him.

"I am a tenderfoot," said I, "or perhaps a tender-lung would hit it better. Three months ago some doctors in the East gave me my choice—to die, or come out this way and rough it, hunting and fishing, for a year or two. I did not want to come, for I had just finished my studies and begun the practice of law; but I decided that this alternative was better than the other. Is this your shack?"

"That's all right," said the Californian. "This 'ere hut is on my sheep-range, but you're welcome. 'Scuse me if I spoke a little rough. Sometimes we find land-jumpers up this way. If you're here only to fish and hunt, why, stay all summer and help yourself."

I expressed my thanks, and told him that I had come up over the range on a mule, and finding no one in this shack, had camped in it.

"I'm goin' on a bit," said the rancher, touching his horse; "but I'll look in on you again this evening, when I come back along."

Not a bad sort of man, I thought, and since, as tenant, I ought to do my landlord some honor, I began to prepare as good a supper as I could.

I had caught several fine trout in the creek earlier in the afternoon, and eight or ten of these speckled beauties, each weighing about a pound, I fried with bacon rolled in corn meal. Cooking, I may remark, is almost my only accomplishment; perhaps some of my ancestors were cooks.

To the trout and bacon I added hot biscuit and steaming, mealy potatoes, bursting their skins, a pot of fragrant coffee and plenty of canned pears.

It was nearly sunset when my "spread" was ready to set out on the slab table, and a few minutes later I heard the tramp of my landlord's horse. Presently the animal was picketed, and the rancher, after washing in the stream, came into the cabin, with saddle pockets and a roll of blankets over his shoulder.

"You're just in time for supper," said I.

"Wal, I must say," he exclaimed, "I didn't expect to strike such a lay-out as this to-night! Kit put up a lunch in my saddle pockets, but I reckon I won't touch it with such a table as this!"

We seated ourselves and began to eat.

"Kit," he went on, "is my oldest girl, and if I do say it, she's the best cook and the best girl in the whole valley. We always have a Chinese cook at the ranch, but there's no Chinaman that can hold a candle to Kit at cooking."

"You just ride down and see us the first chance you get," he added. "Any one can tell you where Dave Hughes lives; we'll all be glad to see you. A man who can cook like you can't be a very bad fellow, if he is a lawyer!"

He was a jolly guest, and when supper was over he entertained me until midnight with incidents of early mining days, encounters with grizzlies and adventures with Indians.

"You'll see more of us soon," he said, after breakfast next morning, as he was rolling up his blankets. "We are going to bring the sheep up here next week, and Bill, my oldest boy, is coming up to herd them."

"Is Bill a young boy?" I asked.

"About seventeen; but he knows these mountains like a book. His mother and Kit don't like to have him up here, all by himself; and I was just thinking that if you were going to be here, and you and Bill could camp together, his mother wouldn't worry about him so much. Bill would be tickled to have your company."

"It would just suit me," I replied.

"All right then. Bill aint so good a cook as you, but you'll find him a lively boy."

Five days later Mr. Hughes, with Bill and two hired men, rode up to my hermitage, driving three pack-mules and a band of twenty-five hundred sheep before them. Hughes himself and the men returned to the ranch next morning, leaving Bill with me, in charge of the "band."

For seventeen years of age, Bill was what we should call a strapping boy in the East. He was a manly fellow and a great worker. No herder his father could have hired would have taken better care of the sheep. His educational advantages had been small, but he was naturally bright, a keen observer, and his big slouch hat covered a head that was full of ideas.

The stock of provisions which they had brought up for our use was something quite astonishing. One pack-mule had been loaded with blankets and cooking utensils and flour, another with bacon, coffee, beans, potatoes and fresh vegetables, and the third mule carried nothing but cans, jars and bottles.

Every two weeks some one came up from the ranch, with a pack-load of fresh vegetables and provisions, and also brought my letters and papers, and during the fourth week Bill's two younger brothers made their appearance. They had heard of the good times we were having, and wanted to "join in."

The name of the older of the two was James Madison Hughes, but of course he was called "Jim." He was a tall, slim boy of fifteen years, whose legs appeared, as yet, to be about a foot too long for him.

The younger was Jim's opposite physically. He was short, "chunky" and fat, and a very jolly, gritty fellow. His parents had christened him Hamlet, but this name had been humorously altered to Ham-fat, as more in keeping with the circumstances of ranch life.

We led a jolly, happy-go-lucky boys' sort of life during the next three or four weeks, hunting, fishing and shepherding.

One day, while Jim and Ham-fat were helping me to get dinner, we heard a rattling of stones up the mountain-side beyond the spring, and glancing in that direction, saw Bill, who had gone out deer-hunting after breakfast, running through the pines, having upon his person no clothing but his overalls.

"He's been tackling a bear," cried Jim, "and has got his clothes torn off!"

"What's the matter, Bill?" I exclaimed, unable to restrain a laugh. "What's become of your clothes?"

"I've got three bears up a tree; that's what's the matter!" panted Bill, "and I left my clothes to keep them from coming down.

"You know that rocky point just this side of Dark Cañon?" he went on, after panting for a few moments. "Well, I was coming down that steep ridge, picking my way among the rocks and brush. I saw something run up a big fir-tree about a hundred yards below me.

"I thought it was a 'coon, and made a break for the tree as fast as I dared, it was so steep and rocky; and I had got down almost to the brink of the cañon where the tree stands, when I saw two more just like the first one, climbing up on the



other side of the tree, only one was a good deal bigger than the other two, and the big one was black as a coal, while the others were brown.

"I was near enough now to see that they were cub bears instead of 'coons. Then I stopped in a hurry, for I knew the old bear couldn't be far away. But the ground all around the tree is covered with rocks as big as this cabin, and all grown up with chapparal and buck-brush, so thick that I couldn't see a thing.

"I could hear her, though, rushing around among the rocks and brush at the foot of the tree, the minute I stopped, and making a kind of clucking noise. She was trying to call the cubs down out of the tree. I knew they would all get away, if I let them get to the ground, so every time they started down I threw stones at the tree. That sent them scampering up among the branches again.

"I guess one of the stones hit the old bear, for all at once she stood up on her hind feet and looked over the top of the thick brush, to see what I was about.

"That was just what I was waiting for. I could see all of her head and shoulders, and then I took aim with my Winchester and gave her a shot right between the fore-paws.

"I thought she would stay and fight for her cubs, but she turned and started up the side of the mountain as fast as she could run. I kept shooting and broke one of her hind legs, but she gathered herself together and got over the ridge.

"I think I must have killed her, though, for I'm sure my first ball went clear through her. I tracked her to the top of the ridge, and then came back to look after the cubs.

"They were all perched up among the branches, about sixty feet from the ground—the cunningest little rascals you ever saw! I made up my mind that we could catch them by cutting down the tree, so I took off my clothes, made a roll of them, and tied them around the tree to keep the cubs from coming down. We can bag them alive."

We ate a hasty dinner, and all four set off, taking the axe and several barley sacks. In half an hour we reached the place. Bill's clothes, tied around the tree, and his hat, which he had hung on a knot, had done good service. The cubs had been



afraid to come near them, and were still perched up among the branches.

They were at least seventy feet from the ground, and while they appeared small and harmless at that height, I knew they would look twice as large when on the ground. They were chubby little fellows, resembling balls of fur as they sat up among the branches—their ears cocked up, and their eyes following every movement we made.

The black one was a third larger than the others, and must have been a stray which the mother bear had adopted, for she was a cinnamon, as were the two smaller cubs. Bill and I began chopping at the tree. Jim and Ham-fat, meanwhile, had torn some of the barley sacks into strips and wound them thickly about their hands and arms, preparatory to grappling with the young bears. Each announced his intention to capture a cub.

We chopped an hour. Then the tree sagged heavily, and poised a moment, during which Bill picked up a club.

The tree fell with a tremendous crash. The huge, thick branches of the top, falling among the brush and rocks, made a great stack of greenery.

One of the small cinnamon cubs must have been killed by the fall, for we could find nothing of it. But the other and the black one scrambled up and perched themselves upon the highest part of the pile of broken branches; but when they saw us closing in around them, both whimpered and jumped off, the little cinnamon on the side next to Ham-fat, and the black one on the other, almost into Jim's outstretched arms.

Each boy made a grab for his cub. But the black proved too good a boxer for Jim; it turned upon him, and gave him so smart a cuff on the side of his head that he went head first into the brush. Bill, however, was close at hand, and before the black cub could get away, gave it a heavy blow upon the head with his cudgel. I had a sack ready, and we popped the whining little rascal into it before it recovered its wits.

Hastily tying the strings, all three of us ran around to the other side of the fallen tree, where the cinnamon cub's squeals and Ham-fat's shouts for help told us that a battle was raging.

Ham-fat had seized the cub the instant it gained the ground, and held on in spite of its vigorous scratching and biting. The creature must have weighed thirty pounds. It was a perfect little fury, and it tore savagely at its captor. In half a minute it had rent Ham-fat's protective wrappings to strings, torn his jacket half-off, and inflicted many scratches and bites on his limbs.

He held fast, till we ran up with a sack; but as he was endeavoring to shift his position, the cub got away from him and ran.

With a shout, Ham-fat gave chase, and the rest of us followed—down through the pines to the open ground near the top of the cañon, round and about among rocks, then down the steep side of the declivity toward the bottom of the gorge.

It was a wild race; but do our best, neither of us could get nearer the cub than the stocky Ham-fat! He was on the point of seizing the creature again when it darted into an old hollow redwood trunk that lay aslant along the steep side-hill.

"I'll soon have him out of there!" exclaimed the excited boy. Throwing himself flat on the ground, he crept in at the hole.

It was a large log, four feet thick, I should think, and the hole was large enough even for Ham-fat.

He wriggled in, first his solid body and then his boots disappearing from view.

"Haul him out!" cried Bill and Jim, encouragingly.

"I've got him by the hind legs!" mumbled Ham-fat; but his boots did not reappear.

"Why don't you back out?" cried Bill.

There was more muffled noise inside, and the log shook.

"O boys! I can't seem to get out," we heard Ham-fat say.

Bill crept in and seized his boots, but could not start him out. He was stuck fast.

"It's uphill!" we heard Ham-fat mumble. "I've got the cub by the leg; but a fellow can't back uphill! Swing the log around downhill, can't you? Then I can back out."

That seemed reasonable. We laid hold of the end of the log to swing it around and bring the hollow end downhill. With difficulty we stirred it from its place, at first, and then partly rolled, partly pulled it half around.

Before we were aware, it rolled over again. Bill grabbed at it. I did the same; but it rolled away from us, and in a moment more was going, sidewise, off down the steep slope.

"Stop it! Stop it!" cried Bill.

"Oh, don't let it roll down!" screamed Jim; and we heard a muffled outcry from Ham-fat, inside.

We threw ourselves upon it, but the ponderous mass kept revolving, and was soon whirling over and over, bumping on the stones and bounding over the inequalities of the rough surface.

A thrill of horror passed through me. I was sure the boy would be killed, for there was an even steeper and rougher descent ahead.

We ran recklessly down the cañon side, and I saw that Jim was almost crying at the sight.

Smash! the log went off a shelving rock, four or five feet high, then over another, then through a copse of dead fir scrub, and finally bounded down a still higher ledge, amidst green bushes, disappearing from our sight for the moment, with a crash in the bed of the creek that ran along the bottom of the gorge. We hurried down through the bush fringe. I expected to find the lad dead there.

But what we now saw was the log, split open across a rock in the shallow water, and Ham-fat making dizzied efforts to regain his legs. He still grasped the cub's hind leg with one hand, but when he tried to rise, fell over, as if intoxicated. The cub, too, seemed quite dazed and powerless.

When we asked if he was hurt, Ham-fat did not reply at first, but presently muttered something about "a sneaking-mean trick on a feller!" We found that he had supposed that we had rolled him down, purposely, for a joke, and in fact we were never able to wholly convince him that it was all an accident.

The adventure made him dizzy and gave him nausea, but otherwise did him no harm.

The cub was put in a sack. We took the young animals first to our camp and afterwards down to the ranch.

MYRON B. GIBSON.

For the Companion.

A SHOWER OF DUCKS.

The old story ran somewhat in this way: A little chicken was peeping under a rosebush to see how such beautiful flowers were made. A roseleaf fluttered down upon it, and the frightened chick scurried off to its mother with the alarming report that the skies were falling.

My story reverses this, for it tells how ducks fell from the skies; and if roses had been peeping about, they must have been the ones to have a fright.

One May morning I was trolling for black bass on Elk River, one of the most bewitching of streams, where it elbows itself, by quick rushes, through West Virginia's mountains.

By rockside and drift-stacks, where the eel-grass floated over watery pockets, or flags held aloft their two-edged leaf-swords from irised shallows, as body-guard to some invisible river nixie; where dark forests of fir-like britterworts swayed in the lazy pools, there the bass lay, fixed and motionless, as though imbedded in solid crystal.

Neither the enticement of gaudy flies and tempting morsels in live bait, nor the glitter of whirring troll, stirred them to more than knowing eye-twinkles. It must have been a fast day with them; or, perhaps in some mysterious way, information had reached them that a dangerous fisherman was coming, with all the allurements of his craft.

At any rate they would not bite. So I rowed my cedar skiff under the shadow of an overhanging beech, and settled myself comfortably in it to watch quietly and enjoy what was going on about me, resolved to have at least as much patience as a fish, and knowing well that I could tell when feeding time began, by the leaps of frightened minnows from their ravenous pursuers.

No one with eyes and ears need be lonely, even in the loneliest of places. Some bird or animal, insect or plant will be busy at its ever interesting life-work, from which strange bits of knowledge can be silently stolen for the observer's store.

Up the trunk of the friendly beech a procession of snails, with their curled-up houses on their backs, were journeying to found a snail-town somewhere; or perhaps the branches of the tree were their mountain resorts, and they were off for a summer jaunt.

"What an advantage," I thought, "to be able to run out one's eyes and send them ahead on independent exploring expeditions as does a snail! What trouble one would be saved if he had no legs to ache from climbing, or if he carried his breathing apparatus on his back, carefully housed against all danger of taking cold!

"How very convenient, too, to curl up in one's shell on a rainy day, or take a nap where wood flies, gnats and mosquitoes would not bother!"

I had almost decided that I should like to be a snail—for a while—when a splash in the water sharply disturbed the stillness.

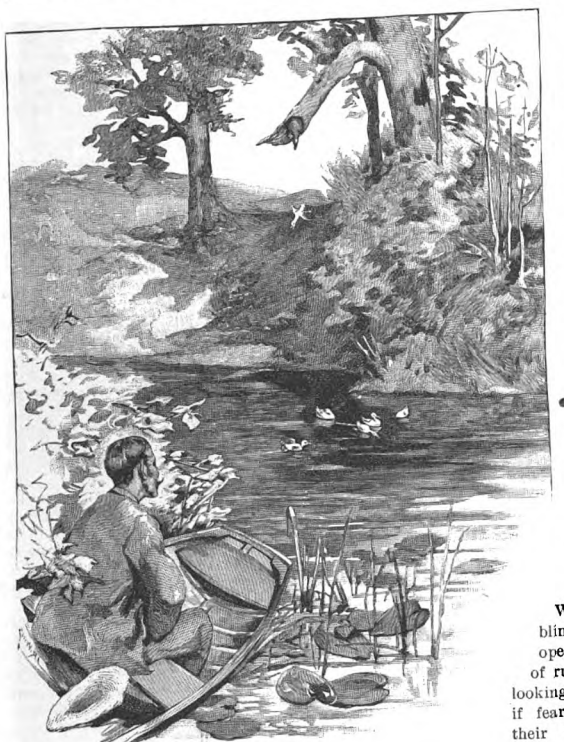
"Aha!" I mentally exclaimed to the bass. "You could not wait any longer; some winged lunch has been too enticing for even your patience."

But no; no bass made those rings in the water a hundred feet or more from me; the bulging swirl

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was wanting. Something had fallen into the stream.

As if by magic, a tiny, downy duck popped up, fluttered its stubby wings, shook its miniature head and sent sparkling pellets of water flying in every direction as it bobbed and scooped and paddled upon the surface.



Raining Ducks.

Surely it was what had made the splash. Where could it have come from? Had it dropped from the sky? Was it raining ducks?

I remembered that I had been told in my childhood that when it snowed, an old woman who lived up among the clouds was picking her geese. Did she keep ducks, too, and had a youngster slipped through her fingers?

As I wonderingly watched the pretty creature, there was another splash. Instantly a second ducklet appeared in the centre of sparkling wave rings, where it paddled and dove with the grace, skill and calm demeanor of a long-experienced waterman.

The two eyed each other a moment in comical surprise, just as if they were saying, "Hello! how did you get here?" Then they bobbed a merry recognition.

A third soon fell to join the swimmers. If bits of the sky had fallen they would not have puzzled me more.

But there are reasons for all things, and most human beings are not as easily deceived as chickens. I began to look about for a likely starting-place from whence could come the shower of ducks.

Directly over where the little fellows were sporting, leaned the white trunk of a hollow sycamore or plane-tree. About twenty-five feet from the water a large branch, with a great, black hole in it, stood over the stream, resembling the spout of an immense pump.

Something moved in the yawning opening. A feathery ball, with a fluffy neck and a diminutive head with wide-open, protesting bill, was thrust from it, held firmly in the air by a wing in the beak of some larger bird, just visible behind it. Then its captor poised it for a moment, took a hasty glance below to see if the way was clear, and dropped it.

The duckling's stubby wings closed tightly to its body. Down it shot, head foremost, struck the water, and disappeared in it, to pop up again quickly, sprightly as an angling cork.

Seven more ducklings followed it at short intervals. Evidently the mother duck was turning her children out of doors; yet not in anger, for, as she loosened her hold on each, she cocked her pretty head to one side, and kept her under eye upon her departing child until she saw it happily congratulated upon its lucky tumble by the merry group beneath.

Only once did the mother bird leave her retreat. Then she came out boldly, without pausing, and stood upon the edge of the opening. In her bill she held one of her children by the wing.

By rapid strokes of her own pinions she circled close to the river's surface, and gently dropping her feathered child as she flew, left it in safety with its comrades. Was this her pet? Was it her latest born, or was it crippled from its birth, and likely to be injured by such a fall?

What a jollification there was among the young navigators! They swam, splashed, dove, stood upon their webbed feet, flapped their tiny wings, preened themselves, joined in lively chases, or sat in ludicrous contemplation of their new surroundings.

At the least sound they huddled quickly together, or pointed their sharp tails toward the sky and were gone under the water in a twinkle. One by one they cautiously reappeared, and, as courage came, resumed their gambollings.

"What kind of duck is this, that tunnels her home in a tree-top and nests her family there?" I asked myself.

The question was soon answered. After all the ducklings had been ejected and unmercifully soused, the old duck flew up the river for a short distance, evidently on a scout, and settled in the water. Soon I saw her swimming cautiously back, closely eying the water's edge and bank for any sign of danger.

What a beautiful creature she was! so neatly dappled about neck and breast; her wings banded with a dark green, rich and lustrous as the finest satin; her shapely head, resplendent with irised colors and striped with velvety white, poised gracefully; her lines more perfect than those of a racing yacht; every fibre of her plumage preened to exquisite exactness.

She was the beautiful Summer Duck *(Anas sponsa)*, the handsomest of her kind.

When quite near to her dabbling brood, she left the river's open and swam into a cluster of rushes, where she sat quietly looking at them for a while, as if fearing to attract attention to their whereabouts by joining them. Presently I heard a low call. Every busy head stood still in quick attention. Another call; and instantly, without a check of hesitancy, twenty little paddles plied the water vigorously, carrying ten propelling ducklings to their mother's side.

A little later I saw the rushes quiver and the living fleet steal quietly away.

CHARLES MCILVAINE.

For the Companion.

DANDELIONS.

The tale of sudden fortune soon is told:
But yester eve no flower enriched the lawn;
To-day the sward is bright with discs of gold
That soon on airy pinions will be gone.

CHARLES HENRY LUDERS.

ENGLISH MARRIAGE LAWS.

A case was recently tried and decided in the English Court of Appeal which attracted a great deal of attention, since it had an important bearing on the rights of an English husband over his wife.

It appears that a gentleman named Jackson, soon after marrying, was obliged to go to New Zealand on pressing business. He left his newly married wife in England. Upon his return, he found that she had taken up her residence with her relatives, and, to his surprise, she obstinately refused to go back to him and live with him.

The husband resolved thereupon to exercise the right which he supposed to be his by the time-honored law of the land, and to capture his wife and compel her to live with him whether she would or not.

With some friends he managed to get access to her, and forcibly seized her and carried her off to his own house. There he kept strict guard over her for several days, using, indeed, no bodily violence, further than to take her bonnet away and throw it into the fire, and forbidding her relatives access to her.

The relatives moved for a writ of habeas corpus, which compelled the husband to produce his wife in court, in order that it might be decided whether he was lawfully retaining her.

The Divisional Court, before which the case was first tried, affirmed the husband's right to hold and keep possession of his wife's person.

But an appeal was made to the highest court, that of Appeal, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and Lord Justice Fry; and this highest court reversed the decision of the lower court, and unanimously decided that the husband had no such right; that he had been wrong from first to last, and that the obdurate wife must be released and restored to liberty.

In this country there would probably be but one opinion as to the justice of this decision. But in England, from ancient times, the idea that the husband has a right to compel his wife to live with him has been rooted in the public mind.

In recent years, however, many laws have been passed in England, regarding the rights of married women, which have been in harmony with modern thought throughout the civilized world.

It is true that the law, which has existed for more than sixty years, forbidding any man to marry the sister of his deceased wife, still remains on the statute book. It has been repeatedly repealed by the House of Commons; but the House of Lords, largely influenced by the bishops, has always refused to do away with the restriction.

While a wife who is deserted by her husband cannot, in England, as she can in most of our States, obtain a divorce from him on that ground, she can compel him to support her, by paying her such a weekly sum "as is in accordance with his means." On the other hand, it seems by the recent decision that a husband has no rights whatever over a wife who deserts him.

By a law passed within ten years, moreover, the married Englishwoman's rights in regard to property have been greatly enlarged. She can now acquire, hold and bequeath property in her own name, without any control or interference of her husband; while she is liable for the debts separately contracted by her. She has thus been placed virtually in the same position, as to property, as a man or as an unmarried woman.

The result of the decision which has been referred to is likely to be, that desertion by a wife in England will be added, in the laws of that country, to the other causes for which a husband can sue for a divorce.

For the Companion.

A NEW HOPE.

I scoffed at the "silver lining;"
I sneered at Hope. The care
That fell about my every hour
Cast shadow everywhere.

My little daughter listened
And, smiling, made reply:
"I thought that shadows never fell
Unless the sun were nigh!"

F. A. WHITING.

THE UNITED STATES AND ITALY.

On the night of the Fifteenth of October, 1890, David Hennessy, chief of police of New Orleans, was found on one of the streets of that city mortally wounded by pistol-shots. Before he died he declared that he had been shot by Italians.

The assassination of Hennessy was followed by criminal proceedings in the courts of New Orleans. At the trial there was testimony to show that Hennessy had been killed by agents of a secret society, called the Mafia, formerly existing—and, it is supposed, at present existing—in the Island of Sicily. Many thousands of the population of New Orleans are immigrants from Sicily, and the society is said to have been introduced by these immigrants.

Within the years in which the Sicilian immigrants have been established in New Orleans about thirty murders have taken place, in nearly every case of Sicilians or other Italians, which have gone unpunished by the law because no proof could be obtained against persons accused of the crimes.

Chief of Police Hennessy was engaged in an effort to break up the Mafia when he was assassinated. Certain confessions made by alleged members of the Mafia, and other evidence, led to the indictment of nine men for the murder of Hennessy, and ten others for complicity in it.

The nine men who were indicted for direct connection with the murder were placed on trial, and though the evidence against them was regarded by the general public in New Orleans as conclusive, the jury, on the Thirteenth of March, rendered a verdict acquitting six of the accused, and disagreeing as to the guilt of the three others.

This verdict caused great excitement in New Orleans, and it was declared in the newspapers and in meetings of citizens that the jury had been bribed and otherwise influenced by the Mafia to bring in a false verdict.

The next day, March Fourteenth, the jail was broken into, and eleven of the alleged murderers and their accomplices were put to death by a mob led by and largely composed of men prominent in the city, who thus undertook to right what they regarded as a wrong against the public peace.

Following this act, the minister of the government of Italy at Washington, Baron Fava, alleging that four of the men who were thus illegally put to death were subjects of the King of Italy, demanded of the United States Government the punishment of the men who had killed the Italian subjects, and the recognition of the principle that a money indemnity was due to the relatives of the victims.

This demand was made under the authority of a treaty between the United States and Italy, which stipulates that the citizens of each of the two nations "shall receive in the States and Territories of the other the most constant protection and security for their persons and property, and shall enjoy in this respect the same rights and privileges as are granted to the natives."

On the last day of March Baron Fava, the Italian minister, notified our government that he had been ordered by his own government to take his leave and depart from Washington.

The recall of an ambassador in this way is always an expression of displeasure on the part of one nation with another. The reason which Baron Fava gave for his recall was, that his efforts had been in vain to obtain an assurance from the United States Government that the persons guilty of the massacre in New Orleans should be brought to justice.

The government, which had already sent, through the Secretary of State, a message to the Governor of Louisiana requesting him to take all possible steps to bring to justice all who had violated the law in New Orleans, replied that it could give no assurance to the Italian Government that the New Orleans rioters would be punished.

No government, Secretary Blaine declared in his reply, could give an assurance in advance of their trial, that accused persons would be punished; and that the Constitution of the United States gave the jurisdiction over the alleged murderers in this case to the State of Louisiana, and not to the federal government. The government admitted the principle of indemnity to Italian subjects who had been wronged.

It has not yet been ascertained precisely how many of those who were put to death by the rioters were Italian subjects. But of course the principle is the same, whether there were two such or a thousand.

The diplomatic complications that have arisen out of this affair are almost novel in the foreign relations of this country. In former times, and between nations less reasonable than Italy and the United States, they might have led to war. But no cool and well-informed person on this side of the Atlantic has feared that these events would result in war.

IN A HOSPITAL.

A visitor to a hospital in Paris, in which diseased children of the most wretched class are received, wrote home lately:

"Charity, so often with us cold and grim in its dealings with the poor, puts on a merry, tender face here. The walls of the hospital were gay with colored prints. Flowers brightened the windows. In the baths into which the grimy, scared babies are coaxed on their entrance floated tiny swans and ships with red sails to entice and amuse them. The doctors placed dolls and bonbons on the operating-table as prizes before the patients were brought in, and addressed these ragged, blear-eyed children of the slums with the courtesy due to princes in disguise, as '*Monsieur*,' '*Cherie*,' or '*Ma gentille demoiselle*.' They put hope and courage into the souls, as well as health into the bodies of their patients."

No wise teacher can long deal with the minds of children without discovering the value of this system of the French physicians.

Twenty years ago a forlorn little mulatto boy sat apart, one summer day, in a school for negroes in Philadelphia. He was idle, mischievous, and as usual, in disgrace. A visitor came into the school, a woman, who, herself one of the "dark people," possessed culture and much wisdom and tact.

"What is this boy waiting for?" she asked.

"A whipping," dryly replied his teacher.

She beckoned the child to her side, and held his hand while she heard the class recite. When they had finished, she asked a few questions about him, and then said to him, smiling:

"You must take your whipping, for you deserve it; but never deserve another. We colored people need great men of our own race to help us—great doctors, great preachers, great scholars. Your teacher tells me that you are fond of arithmetic, and do well in it. Try to be a great civil engineer."

The boy became a man of influence and a help to his people. He said lately, "Those chance words put a soul into me. I really owe to them much of my success in life."

It is not necessary to dwell upon the hackneyed truth hinted in this story. Whether a child or man be white or black, the touch of kindness, hope and courage will often bring all of his energies to work, while the stern discipline of fear may paralyze him.

As long ago as when Æsop lived the driver was told not to whip his donkey if he would win the race, but to hang a green branch before his nose.

WHERE THEY DIFFER.

In a town in the far West, a crowd of cowboys stood around a fenced enclosure, beside the railroad track. In this enclosure was confined a large bull. The cowboys were amusing themselves by annoying in many ways the poor brute, who was fast becoming furious.

Suddenly, one of their number, lightly vaulting the fence, landed squarely astride of the bull's neck, and grasped him by the horns. The infuriated animal plunged and snorted, but his rider, with wonderful agility, quickly leaped to the ground, and before the bull could turn and gore him, sprang over the fence again to be greeted by the applause of his comrades.

Their attention was soon diverted, however, by the arrival of a passenger train which was just drawing up to the station across the street, and the cowboys, with characteristic shouts and laughter, ran across toward the platform.

Meanwhile, the now maddened bull had succeeded in breaking through the fence, and with tossing head and lashing tail was trotting across the street, bellowing as he went.

Just then a young man, satchel in hand, came running down the street to catch the train, passing on his way some farmers who were standing some distance from the bull.

They shouted to the young man as he passed, "Hi, there! Stop! The bull! The bull!" but he kept on, with a wave of the hand and an "All right! I'll look out for him."

The next instant the bull saw him, and with lowered horns, ran to head him off. But the young man was a fast runner. He passed just in front of the bull's head, which, the next instant, brought up with a thud against the side of the station. It was a very close shave.

Dazed by the shock, the bull stood still for a moment, then turned just as two children, who had

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arrived on the train and had passed through the station, started to cross the street. When they turned the corner of the building, they caught the animal's eye, and quick as a flash he charged them.

A cry of horror went up from the group of farmers, as the two little girls, now aware of their danger, started to run hand in hand.

A stalwart young farmer soon appeared a short distance behind them. He took in the situation at a glance. By hard running, he overtook the bull when but a few feet from the children, quickly grasped with both hands the horn nearest him, set his feet firmly, and with one quick, strong, downward and backward jerk, threw the animal heavily to the ground.

With the help of the other farmers, who by this time had reached the spot, the bull was secured and led away where he could do no more harm.

Thus, in less time than it has taken to tell it all, occurred perfect examples of three distinct human qualities, which in the minds of many people are often confounded—bravado, recklessness and courage.

ELIE BERTHET.

The late Elie Berthet was a French novelist of the old school, a writer of tales of adventure, a Republican, and a man of excellent qualities. An amusing incident in which he figures, related by the Marquis de Belloy, occurred when he was at the height of his popularity. At this time he visited Brest. The marine officials received him cordially, and some of them gave a banquet in his honor.

At the close of the banquet Elie and his entertainers sat chatting pleasantly, when the report of a cannon imposed a moment's silence. Elie blushed a little, and looking very appreciative, said, "Ah, gentlemen, this is too much! I thank you, sirs, but it is too much honor."

It was, in fact, an honor not intended for him. The supposed salute was the discharge of the cannon which announced the return of the convicts.

Berthet's Republican sentiments enabled him when he was quite young to assist in, and enjoy, the joke of an old soldier named Fisson, who lived in the same town with him. Fisson was not able to express his Republican sentiments openly, but he derived a great deal of satisfaction from calling this young Republican by name when he met him on the street.

If a police officer was in sight, Fisson shouted, when he met his young friend, *"Eh, liberté! Eh, liberté!"*

The officer would hasten to Fisson and demand, "What did you say?"

"I said nothing," Fisson would reply.

"You cried '*Liberté!*'"

"I cried '*Liberté!*'"

"Yes, you cried '*Liberté!*' and to cry '*Liberté*' in the open street is a misdemeanor."

"Nonsense!" was Fisson's triumphant reply. "I was calling that young man there, 'Elie Berthet.'"

"Elie Berthet?"

"Yes, certainly, Elie Berthet. Come, my boy, I have something to say to you."

Whereupon Elie Berthet advanced, acknowledged his name, and the officer was obliged to retire nonplussed.

BALLOT REFORM.

The introduction of what is known as the "Australian ballot" system of voting has been very rapid considering what a radical change in American political methods it involves.

By the new system each man is enabled to decide for himself, free from the oversight of a political "boss," how he wishes to vote. He votes secretly, and no one can tell whether he has supported one person or another for any office, unless he himself is willing to reveal the fact.

This system has been in operation in the conduct of several important State elections. It has worked admirably, and has given universal satisfaction. This is more especially true of the operation of the law in States that have adopted the system entire. Attempts to combine the old plan and the new by a half-reform have been less successful.

Several State Legislatures have discussed the matter this year, and one at least, that of Maine, has passed a law and adopted the Australian ballot in its entirety.

This is a reform that may be heartily commended to the people of every State. Pure elections are at the foundation of good popular government, and a measure which enables each voter to act his pleasure, free from dictation and supervision, is a long step toward purity of elections.

Indeed, there is but one thing more needed—an honest count and return of the votes. If any one can invent a method by which cheating after votes are cast can be prevented, he may share with the Australian ballot the glory of having solved the question of honest elections.

"AND —."

The time seems to have been reached when the sorrows and the hardships of the Civil War are giving place, in the memory of those who took part in it, to the romance and humor of to-day. Nothing does more to bridge over the much-talked of, but largely imaginary, "bloody chasm" than the jovial laughter of a group of old soldiers, who fought on opposite sides, telling their funny experiences during the conflict.

In 1862 General Bragg led a Southern army into Kentucky in the hope of regaining that State for the Confederacy. He had in his army many Kentuckians, who took advantage of the opportunity to set up a sympathetic government at Frankfort, the State capital.

The regular government had fled to Louisville as Bragg advanced, and there was nothing in the way of carrying out the plan as soon as Frankfort was held by a small body of Confederate troops.

The ceremony of installing the new governor proceeded rapidly, for the Federal General, Buell, was near at hand, and an attack on the small force at Frankfort was feared.

"I don't think I ever witnessed a more ludicrous scene than the conclusion of the exercises," said an ex-Confederate who took part. "Humphrey Marshall was making a great speech inaugurating the new Confederate governor.

"'This,' said he, solemnly and impressively, 'is not to be a provisional government. It has come to stay, and will last as long as the eternal hills that encircle us, and —'

"At that moment a shell from the Federal guns at Devil's Glenn hissed over the town, proclaiming Buell's advance guard. We were too few to give fight. Marshall's speech ended abruptly. Citizens ran for shelter, and in a few minutes, accompanied by the troops, Marshall's everlasting government disappeared in the mouth of the railroad tunnel, going toward Bragg's army at Lexington."

NOT USUALLY EATEN.

The mother of Heinrich Heine, the poet, was particularly careful about matters of etiquette, and her boys were brought up with great strictness, and occasional severity. Among other things, she was extremely decided in her ideas of table etiquette, and her children's manners in this regard were then thought quite irreproachable.

They were taught, when they were guests at a table, never to eat all the food which was put on their plates; a portion must always be left "for respect," so their mother said. Also, they must never take more than a certain fixed amount of sugar in their cups of coffee, no matter what the cravings for it might be.

This last rule was a great trial to Maximilian, Heinrich's younger brother, who had a particularly "sweet tooth."

On one occasion Frau Heine and her children were at a garden restaurant in the suburbs of the city, and had been enjoying the fresh air and good coffee at the same time. As they rose to leave the table, Max, then seven years old, saw that a large and tempting piece of sugar had been left in the sugar bowl. Thinking himself unobserved, he quickly seized it, and put it in his mouth.

Unfortunately for him, he had been noticed by Heinrich, who, without meaning to be a tale-bearer, ran to his mother with an expression of horror on his face, as if he expected some calamity would instantly befall them, and said, in a shocked and astounded tone:

"O mother, mother, would you believe it, Max has *eaten* the respect!"

PROMPT JUSTICE.

In the "History of Beverly," Mass., the following anecdote is related of a good justice of the peace in the old colonial times. On a cold night in winter, a traveller called at his house for lodging. The ready hospitality of the justice was about being displayed, when the traveller unluckily uttered a word which his host considered profane.

Upon this he informed his guest that he was a magistrate, pointed out the nature of the offence, and explained the necessity of its being expiated by sitting an hour in the stocks!

Remonstrance was unavailing; for custom at that time allowed the magistrate to convict and punish at once, and in this case he acted as accuser, witness, jury, judge and sheriff, all in one.

Cold as it was, our worthy justice, aided by his son, conducted the traveller to the place of punishment, an open place near the meeting-house where the stocks were placed. Here the traveller was confined in the usual manner, the benevolent executor of the law remaining with him to beguile the time of its tedium by edifying conversation.

At the expiration of the hour, he was reconducted to the house, and hospitably entertained till the next morning, when the traveller departed with, let us hope, a determination to consider his words more carefully before giving them utterance in the hearing of a conscientious magistrate.

MR. SMITH'S LEAVE-TAKING.

Probably the final story of absent-mindedness will never be told. A correspondent of *The Spectator* vouches for the truth of an anecdote which he relates, apropos of recent discussions about plagiarism. He is, he says, acquainted with the clergyman referred to, whose name he alters for publication.

The Rev. Septimus Smith was many years ago Vicar of St. Cross Neneham. He made no secret at all of his habit of buying ready-made sermons. He was a kindly-natured, easy-going man, and was popular among his people.

One Sunday morning, on going into the vestry after service, he found his old clerk in tears.

"What's the matter, Jones?" inquired the Vicar.

"O sir," replied the clerk, "this is a painful surprise to us all."

"Surprise, Jones, what do you mean, man?"

"Your sermon this morning, sir. We are all very sorry, and you gave us no warning."

"Sermon, Jones, sermon? What do you mean?"

"Why, your farewell sermon. We are all dreadfully cut up."

The Rev. Septimus had actually read to his congregation an old farewell sermon without either intending it, or knowing what he was saying to them.

HIS SIGHT FAILED.

An appalling prospect for any one to face is that of losing the use of the eyes. A writer in the *Albany Press* relates the remarkable experience of one of his friends. On returning home from business, he put his glasses in his pocket and lay down for a nap.

When he went to dinner he found, to his great alarm, that he could not read a letter which his daughter handed to him. He washed his eyes with a sponge and warm water, but to no purpose. For years his left eye had been comparatively useless, and now that his right eye was apparently affected, the prospect was depressing.

He retired to his room at once, with a sinking heart. Probably he could not even see to write. He felt in his pocket, the pocket where he carried the now useless eyeglasses, for a lead-pencil.

His fingers touched something which sent a thrill of joy through him. His sudden blindness was explained. He had found the pebble out of the right eye of his glasses.

PEEVISH.

Fretfulness may be excusable in sick people, but it isn't pleasant to encounter.

"My dear," said a sick man to his wife, "this room is dreadfully warm."

"There is no heat coming from the register," answers the wife.

"Well, see if the dampers are right at once. Do you want a man to stay here and freeze to death?"

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Arrange tastefully and serve on small plates.

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ENGINEERING FEATS.

Name the principal suspension bridges in America.

What great railroad tunnels have we?

What famous tunnels are there in Europe?

What mountains have railroads to their summits?

What noted aqueducts have been constructed?

Has America any ship railways either in operation or being constructed?

What are the jetties of the Mississippi?

For the Companion.

THE MORAVIAN DEATH-HYMN.

Unheard the spoilers' murderous search
Had tracked the woods below,
No watcher on yon village church
In warning waved, to show
Where sighing pine and whispering birch
Concealed a deadly foe.
Sang sweet the robin and the wren
At sunset as if lay
No demon near the homes of men
Before next morning day
That hamlet of the land of Penn
To sweep in blood away.

Came twilight with its lingering gleam
And sparks of twinkling gold,
All silent—save the ceaseless stream
Of Lehigh's waters cold,
And stir of leaves that half in dream
Their drowsy vespers told.
But fierce, with eyeballs slumber-proof
Beneath hate's fiery frown,
The red Mohegans lurked aloof
For midnight darkening down
To smite with ruin, roof by roof,
The small Moravian town.

But list! what strange ethereal tones
Their savage hearts surprise?
They heard the chapel-tower trombones
Like voices from the skies!
The Brethren's trumpet-dirge that moans
The hour a faith-mate dies.
Soft, clear, between the light and dark,
The tubes melodious through
The spirit of Sebastian Bach
His Passion Choral blew,
And all the air stood still to hark
The passing soul's adieu.

As if an angel welcome met,
Before its wing could tire,
The soaring life, o'er love's regret
Sang hope and high desire,
And peace her requiem music set
To join the pealing choir.
As clods in turfless deserts melt
Beneath unusual rain,
The wild assassins trembling felt
That sweet, mysterious strain,
And anger in their breasts that dwelt
Was changed to coward pain.

"'Tis the Great Spirit's voice," they said,
"He breathes some fearful charm
To guard this people's slumber-bed;
We may not do them harm.
Where Heaven its mighty shield has spread
No warrior lifts his arm."
They fled, as flies at fear's command
The baffled plunder-bird;
And still in air that trumpet-band
Their guilty fancy heard
Till all the echoing forest-land
Gave back God's awful word.

And night to morn serenely swept
With all its shining spheres,
While calm the pious Brethren slept
Unvexed with worldly fears—
And time their peril's secret kept
Thro' many after years,
Till told one redman of the gang
That planned that ruthless raid
How ere the skulking murderers sprang
From their dark ambuscade
The solemn horns of cloudland sang,
And made their hearts afraid.

Still from the sacred tower is poured,
When comes the Fatal Guest,
The hymn they love who gave the Lord
Their Bethlehem of the West,
The strain that scared the vulture horde
And saved the turtle's nest.
And still, where death affection smites,
If from the heights of prayer
Faith's song between the evening lights
Surprises blind despair,
The sound the lurking fiend affrights,
And peace stays slumbering there.

THERON BROWN.

For the Companion.

TRUE SERVICE.

The relief corps who worked amid the horrors of the Johnstown disaster speak with gratitude of two women who lived in a house upon a hill which escaped the flood. They were a mother and daughter, educated, gently-bred women.

When the flood had passed, they found themselves safe, but with neither money to give the survivors, nor strength to dig for the uncounted dead, their friends and neighbors, who had been buried before their eyes.

"One thing we can do," the mother said. "We can cook for these starving people."

For weeks they rose at five o'clock in the morning, and worked over a hot stove through each day, cooking the provisions which were forwarded from all parts of the country to feed the survivors. For this they refused to accept any reward.

It seemed a poor little work, and passed unnoticed in the great upheaval of generosity throughout the land.

Was it wholly what it seemed?

A story is told of an old negro who was seen guiding his donkey and cart into Charleston the day after the terrible earthquake. The cart held all the proceeds of his little garden.

"What have you there, uncle?" he was asked.

"Yerbs, sah. No, I don't sell 'em. Dey's fo' dem pore souls in de town. It's all I hed, sah."

During the Civil War there were men on both sides who held back from volunteering, because they could not obtain positions as officers. They would not fight as privates.

God's work goes on all the time in the world for the help of the poor, the hurt, the crippled in the great army of humanity.

Go in as a private. Help, if it is only to bend over a hot stove or to bring a poor bunch of herbs to the needy.

God will accept your service. It is not the marshal's baton or the conqueror's sword that can win you honor in His eyes. His "well done" is bestowed not for showy deeds or high station, but for that inward service which only He sees and knows.

HE COULD FORGET.

The late John Boyle O'Reilly was a political prisoner for several years of his early life, first in England and afterward in Australia; and in Mr. Roche's biography of him it is said that he long afterward spoke of himself as still retaining a kind of affectionate regard for a certain cell, on the iron-barred door of which hung a white card, inscribed, "John Boyle O'Reilly, 20 years." The following anecdote gives the reader an idea of the ex-convict's magnanimity.

At one of the stations to which he was occasionally sent with messages there was an overseer, warden, or watch-dog of some sort, who chose to be an exception to all human kind by conceiving, at sight, a bitter dislike to young O'Reilly. On their very first meeting he looked hard at the newcomer, and said:

"Young man, you know what you are here for," adding, with an oath, "I will help you to know it."

From that time he watched his victim sharply, hoping to catch him in some infraction of the many regulations governing the convict settlement. At last his time came. O'Reilly one day was a few minutes late in making his trip. He found the overseer waiting for him, watch in hand.

"You are late—so many minutes," he said. "You are reported."

Among the penalties of being "reported," one was that the offender should not be allowed to send or receive a letter for six months.

A few days after this incident the overseer called O'Reilly into his office. He held in his hand a letter, heavily bordered with black, which he had just perused.

O'Reilly knew that his mother, at home in Ireland, had been dangerously ill for some time. The letter probably bore the news of her death, but it might contain tidings of a less bitter loss. No one, except the overseer, knew its contents. He said, "O'Reilly, here is a letter for you."

The prisoner said, "Thank you," and held out his hand for it. The overseer looked at him for a moment, and then said, as he tossed the letter into a drawer: "You will get it in six months!"

When, at the end of six months, O'Reilly received the letter, he found that it confirmed his worst fears. The mother whom he had loved and idolized was dead.

Listening to this story years afterward from the lips of the victim, I asked him why he had never published the name of the cold-blooded wretch, for the execration of humanity.

He smiled, and said that he did not bear the fellow any malice; that a man who would do a deed of that kind must be insane and irresponsible—a being toward whom one could not cherish animosity.

"Besides," he added, "I do not know his name now. I have forgotten it."

CULTIVATING WILD FLOWERS.

Persons who like to have wild flowers in their gardens lose a pleasant and interesting experience when they buy from a nursery what they might procure from the woods and fields. One learns, in seeking wild plants, many things which are not mentioned in catalogues and botanical descriptions, and the knowledge so acquired contributes much to one's success in cultivating the plants. Some hints about making the acquaintance of wild flowers in their own homes are given by a correspondent of *Garden and Forest:*

Almost any New England town contains from six to a dozen varieties of wild violets. The best time to distinguish the various kinds, and to transplant them, is when they are in flower.

Go out into the woods and fields in the middle of May and look for them. Lift the finest plants with plenty of their home soil about their roots, using care that they do not wilt. Keep them moist and shielded from the sun, especially for the first few days. Well-cared for, they will make strong flowering stock by the next spring.

At the season when violets are in bloom many other fine things will be found, such as anemones, trilliums, spring beauties, lady's-slippers and ferns. One who begins to collect will be surprised at the number met with, the pleasure each new discovery gives, and, if proper care is bestowed, the small proportion of losses.

Scarcely a day passes from May until December when some wild plants may not be successfully transplanted. A light pickaxe about a foot in length, with a handle fifteen inches long, is the only implement needed for most plants.

A tin collecting case with a tight cover will keep plants fresh a long time, but a closely woven handle basket will, in most cases, answer just as well, and is much lighter to carry. A wet cloth spread in the bottom and another over the plants will keep them cool and moist.

IN THE LOG.

A Southern correspondent sends to *The Companion* a story of war-time. In some parts of the South, and especially in North Carolina, the horrors of war were greatly aggravated by the strife between irregular organizations of Union and Confederate sympathizers, known respectively as "Buffaloes" and "Guerillas." Both organizations were composed of lawless men, and no ultimate good appears to have been accomplished by them, either for the North or for the South.

After General Burnside's capture of Roanoke Island and Elizabeth City, things began to grow very uncomfortable for the Buffaloes, who had made themselves obnoxious to their neighbors by many deeds of mischief. One of their acknowledged leaders put his family into a buggy, and set out for Elizabeth City. On the way he was met by a band of Guerillas, who called upon him to surrender.

He knew that he could hope for no mercy if he gave himself up, and thinking that they might not fire upon his wife and children, he urged his horse forward, at the same time holding his infant child in front of himself as a shield. But the order to fire was given, and he fell back dead, a volley of bullets having reached him through the body of his child.

The horrible deed roused intense indignation, of course, and vengeance was threatened. Unhappily suspicion fastened upon the wrong man, and he was marked for destruction. News reached him upon his farm that the Buffaloes were in pursuit of his head, and he arranged with his wife a code of signals for his protection.

Again and again, by day and by night, his house was searched, but without success. Many times he watched the searching parties as they withdrew, disappointed, from the premises. One day he had a peculiarly narrow escape.

A band of armed men were seen approaching. Evidently they were after him again. He hastened from the house into the field, thinking himself unseen; but his pursuers had caught sight of him, and at once started in pursuit. There was no time to reach the woods, and in his extremity he crawled into a log which lay near the entrance to the field.

Hardly was he inside when his enemies swarmed into the field. "Where is he?" "Where is he?" he heard one and another ask. "We saw him run this way, and he hasn't had time to cross the field. He is hiding here somewhere, and we have him at last."

Some kept watch, and the rest searched the field. After a while all hands came together about the log, and some of them sat down upon it. One would shoot him at sight; another wanted to hang him to a tree and riddle him with bullets. No one suggested a trial, or the possibility of his innocence.

The prisoner was almost afraid to breathe. Another search was made, and his agony of suspense continued. In his distress he prayed earnestly for protection. No one thought to look into the log, and late in the afternoon the sound of the bell notified him that the coast was clear, and he might return to the house.

Many years have passed. The man still lives, and still believes that there was some connection between his prayer and his deliverance.

For the Companion.

ON THE UP-GRADE.

As the horse-car reaches the foot of the hill,
Gray Jerry swings up with a lively clatter:
"Is that you, Blackie? Good day to you, Bill!
A steep one to climb—but 'tis little matter,"
He seems to say, "for I've nothing to do
But to hitch right on and to pull with you!"

He puts new life in the jaded pair,
Their ears prick up and their eyes grow bright;
The car is heavy, but little they care,
For good gray Jerry will make it light.
They trot together without a stop—
Time for rest when they get to the top!

Now the horses are half up-hill,
The driver has little or nothing to do;
Courage Blackie, and pull away Bill!
Jerry will see the whole business through;
He twinkles his eye, and he switches his tail,
And makes the car fly, on the up-grade rail.

A model of active benevolence
Jerry the car-horse appears to me,
With his brave, kind heart and his good horse-sense—
And 'twere well with us, could we always be
Ready as he is, to cheer and aid
The brothers that toil on the hard up-grade!

E. CAVAZZA.

NOT SO POETICAL.

It is not needful to look for illustrations of the old saying that things are not what they seem, since new instances present themselves at every turn. Not infrequently these are a bit droll, and one who had a turn for satire might make something from the incident in which a romantic Boston society girl figured last summer at the mountains.

At the hotel where she was staying with a party of friends appeared a young man who was of the romantic sort of beauty which is especially dear to the heart of sentimentally disposed young women. He had dark, wavy hair, big brown eyes, a silky moustache, and a dreamy air which seemed to the silly girl in question the most poetical thing in the world.

No one whom she knew was acquainted with the stranger, but she was determined to secure his acquaintance, and one evening when there was a hop at the hotel she laid a plan for accomplishing her object.

On the arm of her dearest girl friend, to whom she confided her project, she sauntered toward the spot where the poetical young man stood, his dark, dreamy eyes fixed upon the face of a young lady to whom he was talking.

As she came near the stranger, she said to her friend sentimentally:

"Oh, do let us wait and hear what he is saying. It is something beautiful and poetical, I can see by the lovely and speaking expression of his eyes."

Her friend stopped with her, and the pair pretended to be engaged in examining a stand of plants, while they listened; and this is what they heard.

"And so you have charge of arranging the windows of the store?" said the young lady to whom the romantic-looking youth was talking.

"Yes," he answered, with the air of one who communicates the weightiest secrets of æsthetics; "of course we never put our best goods into the windows, though, for they get faded and dusty; but they let me have anything else in the store to work with."

The romantic young woman clutched her fan firmly with one hand, and the arm of her friend with the other, as she hurried away from the spot.

Not very poetical, was it?

"If you ever tell what a goose I've been," she said in a tragic whisper, "I'll never speak to you again!"

But in the end she told of the incident herself, having learned a lesson cheaply, and being able to laugh at her own folly.

STRONG YARN.

"Did I ever have a fearful adventure?" repeated Mrs. Catherine Cabbage, an old lady of Dedham, Mass., when a party of young people were urging her to tell some of her early experiences. "Yes, fearful enough to me," she added, with a smile. "'Twas the year after I was married. Dedham aint much like what 'twas then. My nighest neighbor was a mile away, but for all that we was a good deal more neighborly than folks be now.

"One winter afternoon I took my knittin'-work—I was knittin' my husband some indigo-blue socks—an' ran over to a neighbor's. I was knittin' the foot, an' I stayed pretty late, hopin' to toe it off; but I jest got it to the narrerin's an' give it up, an' started for home.

"I carried my yarn ball in a bag tied to my waist, an' the sock I tucked into my belt, the needles all in it. 'Twas a bright moonlight evenin', but I was always kind of timid to be out alone after dark. The road was lonesome, an' I walked pretty lively.

"I'd gone about a quarter of a mile, I guess, when I heard a noise behind me. I looked back, an' there was a black creature that looked in the twilight bigger'n a wood-chuck runnin' close after me. I'd heard stories of wild-cats bein' round, an' I thought in a minute 'twas one after me.

"I hurried on, an' I could hear what seemed to be that miserable beast's claws a-scratchin' on the snow, an' the faster I went, the faster he went. I couldn't stand it, so I broke into a run; on came that creature at a run, too. I was terribly frightened. Every time I looked round the wild-cat seemed bigger, an' the scarter I grew.

"How I run! An' *scratch, click, scratch,* came that ugly beast after me! You'd scarcely believe how the size o' that creature grew. I was certain 'twas a panther.

"I was out o' breath an' wheezin' when I got to the house. Sweat stood in beads on my face. I had jest strength enough to push open the door, rush in, slam it together, an' then I fell full length on the floor.

"My husband was scart enough when he see how I was. 'What's the matter?' he cried out.

"'The—pan—panther,' I gasped, 'chased—me—all—the way home!' and pretty soon I got breath enough to tell my dreadful experience.

"Husband went to the door an' looked out. 'I don't see anything,' he said. Then he begun to laugh. 'Here's your panther!' says he, an' he came in holdin' out that indigo-blue sock I'd been knittin' on! Every needle was out of it, an' 'twas still held by the ball of yarn in the bag at my belt, an' I'd been a-draggin' it on after me, an' thinkin' 'twas a wild beast!

"I felt cheap enough over it. But wa'n't that strong yarn to stand all the runnin' an' pullin' it got, an' not break?"

TRUE TO HIS CHURCH.

"In Greenfield Meadows, Mass., about 1848," writes a correspondent, "lived one Edwin Smead, a farmer, whose dog was as constant as his master in attendance at the old First Church. The meeting-house contained a high pulpit, which was approached by winding stairs in front of the gallery containing the singers. When the congregation entered the church, the old dog, with the utmost gravity of manner, always climbed the pulpit stairs, and composed himself for a nap.

"About 1851 alterations were made in the meeting-house. The seats were turned around, a platform was erected at the other end of the church, and a modern desk was placed upon it.

"When the day came for the reopening of the church, the old dog walked in with the rest, and wearing an expression of deep disgust at the changed appearance of things, sought the stairs leading to the old pulpit, which, alas! had disappeared forever. He walked up one aisle and down the other, looking disturbed, and apparently aware that he was the object of ill-suppressed merriment, until at last, hearing the voice of good old Doctor Chandler in the opening services, he reluctantly and shamefacedly mounted the modern platform, and composed himself to sleep.

"Not long after this Mr. Smead died, and his farm was sold to Mr. Parmenter, a good Baptist deacon, who attended *his* church in the village.

"The dog stuck by the farm, but did not take to the new religion. Every Sunday morning, when the family started for church, he was ready, and trotted along by the side of the wagon until he came to the place where the road branched off toward the Congregational meeting-house. At that point he parted company with the family, and stood by his own creed.

"For some years longer the old dog was the most constant member of that society, never missing attendance upon the Sunday services, rain or shine, until his dog days were ended."

TESTING THE OYSTERS.

A Chicago lady called upon Health Officer Wickersham, not long ago, says the *Mail*, upon a mysterious mission. She brought with her half a dozen fried oysters. "They have been trying to poison me again, doctor," she said, as she laid the oysters before him.

"Oh no, I guess not," replied the official.

"Yes, they have," said the visitor, "but I've outwitted them this time, you see. I have brought the poisoned oysters right to you to be analyzed. There they are."

The doctor argued quietly with the lady, trying to convince her that she was the victim of an hallucination, but his labors were vain. Realizing the fruitlessness of argument under these circumstances, the doctor chatted pleasantly with his visitor till she became quieter, and then said: "So the poison is in these oysters, is it?"

"Yes, I'm certain of it."

The doctor picked up one of the bivalves, nibbled at it cautiously for a moment, and with a sigh of satisfaction slipped it into his mouth.

"My stars! that was good!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips. "Your cook understands his business. That was fit for a king!"

And without more ado the remaining oysters, one after another, went to satisfy the hunger of the health department of the city of Chicago.

There was a long period of silence, broken at last by the woman, who said, very meekly: "Doctor!"

"Yes'm."

"I've been a fool. I'm sorry for it, and for the trouble I have caused you."

"I assure you that I am your debtor, madam," gallantly rejoined the doctor. "If all my professional analyses were as agreeable and satisfactory as this seems likely to be, I should be much better pleased with my position."

TOO WELL HIDDEN.

Elizabeth Glover, in her wise and useful little book, "Family Manners," devotes a chapter to deploring the New England habit of repressing one's feelings on the matters nearest at heart, and never allowing them to find expression in words. She says:

There was a railroad accident, and a poor farmer's wife was taken out, bleeding and unconscious. The doctor and a kind woman were working over her when her husband came in and stood a moment, looking on in disturbed silence. His cheeks were drawn in, his eyebrows lifted, his hands in his pockets.

Presently, with some effort, he cleared his throat to speak; and as the doctor looked up he asked, "Ye didn't see a new tin dipper lyin' round where ye picked her up, did ye?"

He got no answer from the indignant doctor, and presently strayed out again in search of his dipper.

Meanwhile his wife opened her eyes, and at once asked for her husband. "He's safe," said the doctor, shortly. She felt his curt tone, and faint as she was, she divined what it meant. "He's a dreadful feelin' man," she said, "but he don't never say much!"

SOMETHING EASY.

Mathematics and imagination are not commonly supposed to have any relation to each other, but there are occasions when a teacher of mathematics, like any other teacher, needs to be able to put himself in his pupil's place. Here, for example, is a case reported in the Philadelphia *Times:*

A learned professor was examining a graduate in the presence of a board of judges.

"What do you know of differential calculus?" he asked.

Deep silence ensued.

"Well, then, tell us something about the binomial theorem."

Another term of silence, deeper, if possible, than before.

"Perhaps you had better begin with some easier question, professor," kindly suggested one of the judges.

"Very good," said the professor. "Well, sir," turning to the shivering candidate, "you will please tell us the distinction between the differential calculus and the binomial theorem."

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For the Companion.

A MAY-DAY PICNIC.

The day was a lovely one, clear and sunshiny, without a cloud so big as a man's little finger in the sky. Amos, who was Grandpa Dent's hired man, declared it was a "weather-breeder," but this didn't trouble the children a bit.

"It's just be-eautiful now," said Maidie, shaking her curls at Amos, "and I think it's going to keep right on being that way! My grandma says it isn't a good plan to beg trouble."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Amos, taking up his wheelbarrow handles, and thinking that Maidie was a very funny little girl. "Well, I hope you'll have a nice picnic," said he.

"Oh, we shall!" chorused the children, joyfully, and it was safe to say they would unless something happened to prevent.

There were seven of them in all, three from Uncle Jack Harvey's, three from Mr. Thatcher's, whose farm joined Grandpa Dent's, and Maidie, who was going to stay until her mamma came home from California—perhaps all summer long.

Of course there were a great many good times, and this was one of them. Aunt Prudence packed a delicious lunch for the picnic, and Grandma Dent added some oatmeal cookies and jam tarts, which nobody else knew how to make so nice. Then away the children went in the sunshine of the bright May morning to the pine grove where the May-flowers grew.

The snow had disappeared unusually early that spring, and the April days had been as warm and golden as they sometimes are in June, and so the buds, hiding under the rusty brown leaves, had burst into masses of pink-and-white bloom just in time for the May-Day picnic.

"How sweet they are!" cried Maidie, sniffing in an ecstasy of delight. "Isn't it funny that such homely leaves have such pretty flowers?" she asked, thoughtfully.

Cousin Ted laughed. "That's one way of evening up things," said he.

"My father says everything ought to be evened up some way."

When they had come quite through the grove, they sat down on the edge of the sunny slope to make the wreath. It was settled in the beginning that Maidie was to be the queen.

"Because you're visiting, you know," said Pet Thatcher.

"Oh!" exclaimed Maidie. "Look, Dolly! What a funny little house over there! Who lives in it?"

Dolly looked. It was a funny little house, painted red where it was painted at all, and with a roof only on one side.

"Oh, that's where Mitty Bliss lives," said she, "and her grandma."

"And Mitty can't walk a step, ever," added Bess Harvey. "She's—she's—"

"Paralyzed," put in Ted, wisely.

"She just sits in a chair all day long," said Pet, soberly. "And her grandma knits and knits, and sometimes folks give her things."

Maidie's eyes were big and bright. "Can't the little—can't Mitty ever go out doors—ever?" she asked.

"No," answered Dolly, softly, "she can't, unless she's carried, and there's nobody to carry her."

The little shed-roofed house on the opposite slope wavered for an instant before Maidie's eyes. She wondered how things were evened up for Mitty. In another minute Ted held up the wreath, all pink and white and green.

"Your crown is done, Queen Maidie," he said, with a funny bow. "Now, where'll we have the picnic?"

"Right here," decided Dolly, promptly; "it's so nice and warm."

"Pooh!" said Ted. "This isn't any kind of a place. We want to go somewhere. We'll have it on the big rock the other side of the woods."

"Nonsense!" declared Jamie Thatcher. "Let's go down there by the brook, under the big elm."

Ted's face grew red. He was the oldest of the seven, and felt that he had the right to decide. He said so, rather crossly, and Jamie answered back; and so the first cloud came up, which grew bigger and blacker until Jamie was ready to cry, and Ted declared he wouldn't have a picnic at all.

"Oh, let's don't do this way," urged Dolly, gently. "Let's let Maidie say, because she's the queen."

A quick little twinkle that wasn't all fun came into Maidie's blue eyes.

"Oh, will you?" she cried. "I'm so glad! And I'll go ahead, just like a real queen."

So the crown was placed on Maidie's head, and Ted took the lunch-basket, and the whole little party with their arms full of flowers followed down the slope.

"Goody!" thought Jamie, jubilantly, "she's going to the brook!"

But Maidie didn't stop at the brook. Over in the little red house a pair of eyes were watching eagerly from the big chair by the window. Old Mrs. Bliss had gone to the village, and Mitty was lonesome enough; and she did hope the party would be where she could see it. She caught her breath when she saw the children tiptoe over the big arms across the brook, and come up the slope.

A MAY-DAY PICNIC.

"I can't see 'em," she said; "they're going where I can't see 'em."

It was a great disappointment. Mitty turned her face away from the window, and shut her eyes tight. But only for a minute. There was a merry clatter on the step, and a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Mitty, all in a tremble.

And in they came, filling the room with lusciousness and sweetness and May-time joy. Poor little Mitty. Her thin cheeks peeled and flushed. The tears seemed ready to fall.

"Oh, don't—don't cry!" said Maidie, springing forward. "We've—we've come to have our picnic with you, and we want you to be the queen. Oh—I thought you'd be glad!"

Just for an instant Mitty hid her face; then she lifted it, trembling and rosy, and fairly shining with joy.

"Oh, I am!" she cried; "I'm gladder than I ever was in all my life!"

They were all glad; a merrier little party never was seen, and Uncle Jack said when he heard of it that it was an "evening up" worth telling of.

ADA CARLTON STODDARD.

For the Companion.

THE COMING OF MAY.

"This way, this way, comes the Princess May!"
The glad bird-heralds sing,
And through orchard lane, in the path of the rain,
The flowers sweet odors fling.

EMMA C. DOWD.

For the Companion.

DORKY'S MAY-BASKET.

"Mamma, I do wish Dorky could come to my May-party!" said little Nan.

"Well, why can't she?" queried mamma, looking up from her work.

"Oh, her dress is so old and worn; and her mother can't buy her another—not till she gets Mrs. Damon's wool done—and that'll take as much as a month, I guess, for there's such a big pile of it, and it's such slow work to grind it out."

"Grind wool! Oh, Nan," teased her brother Tom.

"Well, they turn a wheel anyway," said Nan, "an' isn't that what old Jacob Names does when he grinds corn?"

"To be sure!" laughed Tom. "But his wheels are great stones that crush the corn, and Dorky's mother spins the wool, that is, *spindles* it, because it comes off a *spindle*."

"Well, Dorky can't come to the party, whichever way it is," said Nan.

Suddenly a little plan sprang into her mind, and Nan ran away to the big red cupboard in the dairy where the maple sugar was kept. There was a box full of cakes—round and scalloped and heart-shaped—and *thimbles* of all sizes, which she had made all herself that spring to eat the next winter.

Slipping on her waterproof, she took the cakes, thimbles and all, in a basket, and running down to Mr. Blake's store, bought with them six yards of pink calico for a dress for Dorky.

"It shall be Dorky's May-basket, too!" Nan whispered to herself as she trudged home.

Mamma, who was in the secret, made Nan a big strong May-basket out of brown paper, and putting the dress in it, Nan carried it over to Dorky's house before it got too dark, and tied it to the door-latch.

Dorky was too happy to eat her supper, and went to sleep with the precious bundle in her arms.

AUNT LITTLE Pauline had gone to sleep one night, some one turned her little crib around, putting the head where the foot had been. She was very indignant when she awoke, because she had "slept upside down."

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

ANAGRAM.

The omitted rhymes are formed from the eleven letters omitted from the last line.

If a Frenchman should wander from Paris away,
And reach fair Southern France on the first sky of ——,

Little maids he might see, each
dressed in a —— of blue,
In bowers of flowers, as fragrant and
——
When a child, 'twas my hap to travel
that way,
And under a church porch I saw such
a ——.
Her robe was so white, and her face
was so ——,
And garlands of flowers as covered
her hair,
I thought she was a goddess protecting
her fane,
Though sure, such a thought was
quite foolish and ——.
The smile on her lips was gentle, not
——,
A green wand of olive her scepter to
sway,
And while I admired the pretty
——,
A maid with a basket said, "Please,
for the ——."
My mother some coins dropped the
maid in her ——,
And my pennies I gave, the fair god-
dess to win;
"Now what will she do with our pen-
nies?" I ——,
I asked, as we turned and wandered
——.
The reply:—"She'll appoint a glad
——
When all will rejoice with this
——."

LILIAN PAYSON.

2.

PI.

Gone for Cyprais.

Egrt bio strbiiez yiolaio
Nla tet tsoke ob ytdi sudy.
Agtru mfovire oi bet drsberil ni blet
Ieovsyl p ovrpl.
Tsoke ot ehte ni ehte
Lkash ew ehte ni ehte ngarba
Yrbis cbeiknz at bid sndow ihi lal
bee seobec grel.

3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer, composed of 41 letters, is well known by an English poet to May-Day.

The 20, 17, 26, 1, 23, 34, 16 is reproach of cowardice.
The 2, 3, 44, 41 is to wither.
The 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 is a low, fashioned vessel, driven by oars.
The 7, 21, 30, 40 is sacred.
The 30, 6, 19, 29, 36, 40, 31 is a false appearance.
The 24, 25, 35, 27 is scarcely ever a welcome visitor.
The 42, 43, 45, 23, 31 is to endure.
The 18, 23, 33, 6, 30, 37, 39 is a sharp-corer.

ANN O. TATOR.

4.

CRYPTOGRAMMATICAL ANAGRAMS.

The anagrams are the names of six well-known men who died on May 1, 1796. His surname is buried, one letter in each anagram, in order:

Did Nathan Heudeeyz?
Does Scene Exhale Ifrans?
Thou Hast a Poetry and So.
Themiek
Shall a Nan Do the Picabo?
No Checkmefe.

5.

CONCEALED WORD.

The[y'll] now conceal it thrive,
[Th]e blame it not stay concealed,
And in this dilemma you see
Can see how soon [will] be revealed:
'Tis peering from a yellow flower—
From all that sweet aroma yield.

6.

TRIPLE CHARADE.

I.

I know of no article longer than *my first*.
My second is used in this sentence.
My third is a note in music.
My fourth is used in coining.

II.

My first is what the two suitors wished to do to number one.
My second is the latter half of the cold season.

III.

My first is the result in addition.
My second is the French word for sea.

In an ancient May game number one was a young woman, and number two and number three were her suitors, of whom she favored the latter.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Way, weigher, waxie, waist.
2. Nobility, Orphaned, Diamonds. Ned.
3. Sweden, Swede, we, wed, den, seed, Eden.
4. Ice, ice, I, ire. 2. Loo. 4. Pat. 5. Leon. 6. Ida, Ana. 7. Ben.
8. Simple Simon.

9. Example is better than precept. Fine feathers make fine birds. The smallest mind is a continual feast. Hunger is the best sauce. It never rains but it pours.

7. Bookworm.

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A VERY PECULIAR RIDE.

Time softens all things, including the memory of disagreeable incidents. What, at the time, may have been irritating, perilous or intensely disagreeable, after a lapse of years becomes a matter of pride or amusement. Otherwise, this anecdote, which relates an incident anything but funny at the time of occurrence, would never have been recalled. It was told by a gentleman now in prosperous circumstances.

When I was a young man, said he, I had a hard struggle to make both ends meet, and for a time did any odd job that came to my hand. One very rainy night, very nearly one o'clock in the morning, I was passing along Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia, when I was accosted by a gentleman whom I knew slightly.

"Jim," said he, hurriedly, "I want you to take a message for me to Brown Street" (a locality near Fairmount Park), "and I will pay you a dollar for delivering it, and I'll give you another dollar to pay your cab hire out there."

It must be borne in mind that this was before the days of district messengers, and the local telegraph offices were closed at ten o'clock P. M.

I agreed to carry the message—a letter—and going around the corner of Ninth Street, found a single cab standing there. It was a most dilapidated vehicle, with two wretched horses, and the driver was in keeping, being old, poorly clad, and, as I soon discovered, extremely hard of hearing.

However, it was Hobson's choice, and after some chaffering I got into the cab, and it started. Away we rattled up Ninth Street and out Ridge Avenue, and had gone perhaps two squares on the latter street when a most extraordinary accident happened. The floor of the cab gave way beneath my feet!

I was half-asleep at the time, and when I came to my senses I was stuck in the debris and my toes were bumping along the cobble-stones. I kicked and struggled to regain my position, until the seat as well as the bottom boards fell into the street, except one jagged piece that kept banging the calves of my legs.

Placing either hand on the side sash of the cab doors I trotted along inside the cab, meanwhile crying loudly to the driver; but I might as well have appealed to the wheels. The old horses clattered along at a spirited rate; I dared not drop for fear the jagged board would knock out my brains, and so I was compelled to keep running. In short, I ran clear out to Fairmount Park, nearly four miles!

I could have cried with vexation at the time, and I had a fearful row with the cabman, but now I can afford to laugh at what was as ludicrous a disaster as ever happened in civilized life.

INSECTS AT SEA.

Birds of passage make their way across wide stretches of water with instinct, not only in regard to their course but in regard to the proper season as well. The finding of flies and butterflies a long way out at sea is perhaps hardly more wonderful, but to most readers the fact is not so well known. What Mr. Collingwood found to be the habit of such insects in Chinese waters may be observed over large areas of tropic seas.

When we had stood out some thirty miles from the land, a plague of flies overtook us. The cabin was so full of them that the beams were blackened. Common black house-flies they were, for the most part, with, however, a good sprinkling of large green flies. Where they could have come from was a mystery; but they were a terrible nuisance, and although we swept off hundreds in a net, their numbers were not sensibly diminished.

Another singular circumstance was, that although no land was in sight, large dragon-flies repeatedly flew across the ship; and I observed a large, dark butterfly flit across in the direction of the land, without stopping to rest on the ship. At this time the nearest land was the Chusan Islands, fully thirty miles off.

It is by no means an uncommon circumstance to see butterflies launch themselves off one shore for a short aërial excursion to the opposite shore, half a mile or a mile distant, without the least hesitation; and when we were anchored in harbor, as at Ke-lung, they were constantly flying through the rigging so rapidly that it was impossible to catch them, for they never rested upon the ship. Under these circumstances, they usually fly low, in a straight line, and near the water.

ONE OYSTER FOR TWO.

We laugh at the innocent young housewife who ordered "half a dozen halibut" for dinner. Had she lived in the South Pacific Islands she might have been equally laughed at for ordering half a dozen oysters—not to say a pint. The author of "Oysters, and All About Them" gives some examples that nearly match the giant clams and abalones of the California coast.

Pliny mentions that, according to the historians of Alexander's expedition, oysters a foot in diameter were found in the Indian Seas, and Sir James E. Tennent was unexpectedly enabled to corroborate the correctness of this statement, for at Kottier, near Trincomalee, enormous specimens of edible oysters were brought to the rest house. One measured more than eleven inches in length by half as many in width.

But this extraordinary measurement is beaten by the oysters of Port Lincoln in South Australia, which are the largest edible ones in the world. They are as large as a dinner-plate, and of much the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his habitation so well that he does not leave much margin.

It is a new sensation when a friend asks you to lunch, at Adelaide, to have one oyster fried in butter, or in eggs and bread crumbs, set before you, but it is a very pleasant experience; for the flavor and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoth are proverbial, even in that land of luxuries.

A GIRL.

Readers of John Ruskin's works will probably not recognize his master hand in the following comment on the lines:

No fountain from a rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free,
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

"A girl is always like that when everything is right with her."

Itching Piles.

Burnett's Kalliston is a sure relief. A quarter pint bottle by mail only for 50 cts. Joseph Burnett & Co., 27 Central St., Boston, Mass. Regular size by druggists, $1.



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For the Companion.

A SHARP TRICK.

Anna Mowry was left in charge of her two younger brothers one summer, while her parents went to California. She was with them in a farm-house on the Massachusetts coast, and frequently lectured them on questions of morals and manners. One evening she talked to them on the subject of honesty. "I have often read in the papers," she said, "of young men who are first led into extravagance, and then rob or defraud their employers. If a brother of mine was to be guilty of such dishonesty I would never forgive him—never! I would not acknowledge him as my brother!"

The boys had never been tempted to steal, and the suggestion that temptation and fall were possible, together with their sister's threat, startled and impressed them. The next day, while the question of honesty was still fresh in their minds, Anna came in, eager and excited.

"I hear," she said, "that a woman in the neighborhood has some fine old Satsuma ware. Her husband was a sea-captain and brought it to her fifty years ago. Come with me. I am going to try to buy a piece of it."

The house, when they reached it, was a meagre, forlorn little cottage. The woman was old; her lean, pale face lightened when she saw Anna. She was poorly clad. Here was a chance of earning money!

"Lookin' for rooms, ma'am?" she said. "I have some good ones to let."

"No," said Anna, carelessly. "We just stopped for—a glass of water."

"Why, sister!" exclaimed Bob, astonished at the deception.

She shook her head angrily at him to be silent, and when the woman left the room, she whispered, "If she knew what I came for she would charge twice as high for the ware." Then she followed her hostess, who was opening a cupboard.

"You have some nice glasses there," she said.

"Yes; cost a dollar a dozen."

"Very neat pattern indeed."

Anna turned the cheap, ugly-shaped goblet in her hand, while her keen eye scanned the recesses of the cupboard.

"Queer-looking old china cup, that," she said. "May I see it? Thank you. What is it?"

"Some foreign kind of crockery. My husband brought it to me. I've been told it was worth considerable money."

"Ah? I shouldn't like to give much for it. It's a dingy-looking bit of china. I think I would give seventy-five cents for it—just for the oddity."

"I couldn't let it go for less than a dollar," said the woman anxiously. "My husband gave it to me, but I do need money."

Anna laid the cup down, declaring that it was "dingy," but after some higgling she bought it for a dollar. She hurried away with it, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining.

"Cousin Belle gave twenty-five dollars for not half so good a specimen!" she cried, exultantly, when they were on the road.

"Is this worth so much?" asked Bob, gravely.

"It is worth more; but she did not know it!"

"That was a pretty sharp trick of yours, Anna," said Tom, thoughtfully, after a pause.

Anna laughed complacently. "Yes, I think so," she said.

When the lads were alone that night, Bob said, "Anna said she would not acknowledge us as brothers if we stole money. Didn't she the same as steal that cup from the old woman if it was worth twenty-five dollars? If the old woman had known it she would not have let it go for a dollar. Anna took advantage of her ignorance. She really stole it."

"It looks like that," replied Tom.

"Well, then, I guess Anna wouldn't mind sharp tricks in business if we were men, Tom, would she?"

"No," said Tom.

The seed was planted which would reach a deadly growth hereafter, and Anna's talk about dishonesty was always thought of with derision.

HORSES IN SPECTACLES.

One of the curious effects of the unwonted cold weather in Europe during the past winter was observed in Austrian Moravia, where the inhabitants are said to be very fond of their horses, and humanely inclined toward them.

For many weeks the ground in Moravia was covered with a thick coating of snow. As this was unusual, and the people found that their own eyes were unpleasantly affected by the intense whiteness of the snow, it occurred to them that their horses must be affected in the same way, and needed protection for their eyes.

The farmers, therefore, procured quantities of goggles and spectacles with black, blue, or green glass, which they tied over their horses' eyes whenever they went out.

A market-day in Moravia during the prevalence of the great snow is said to have been a funny sight. Scores of horses, dragging wagons through the snow, or else improvised sleds and sledges, were seen in the streets, and nearly every horse had on a pair of blue or green spectacles.

The white horses were especially comical, and if they possessed a sense of the ridiculous, as some horses are thought to do, perhaps they wished that they were black or chestnut, for on colored horses the glasses were not so conspicuous.

WILL VS. CIRCUMSTANCES.

A writer in the New England *Farmer* makes the following interesting comments concerning the power of will over circumstances.

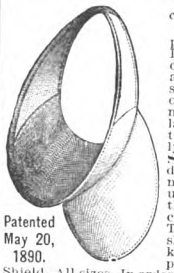
Last summer I chanced to find an old school book which probably had never been opened since its owner, a girl student, died forty years ago. The book was filled with loose sheets of paper, covered with hand-writing, uniform and beautiful. There were drawings of plants and their separate leaves and flowers; there were carefully written notes of lectures; copies of poems which were fresh then, but have now become standard selections. Some difficult mathematical problems were also worked out, and the whole was the work of an earnest student.

My conclusion was, as I reverently laid aside the book, that will is stronger than circumstances. The high-school girl of to-day, bright as she is, cannot show better work than this New England farmer's daughter, of what our girls would term "long ago."

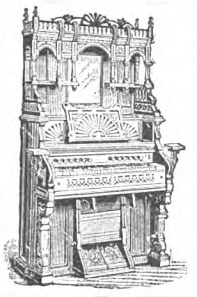
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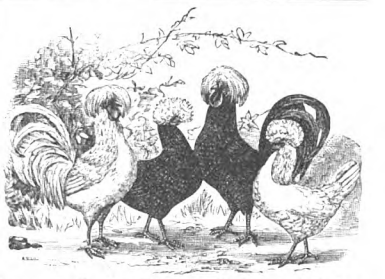
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For the Companion.

RIBBON FRAME FOR PHOTOGRAPH.

If some *Companion* girl intends to present one of her own photographs to a dear familiar friend, who would not wish to shut it away from sight in an album, let her frame it, according to the following directions, with her own favorite color. It will not only be doubly suggestive of herself, but will make a pretty holiday or birthday gift or valentine of what would otherwise be—only a photograph.

Take a cabinet photograph or one of a larger size, put a few drops of paste on the back side, lay it on a piece of heavy cardboard, an inch and a half larger than the picture all around and rounded off at the corners, and press it firmly down so that it will adhere to the back securely.

Over it lay a square of good clear glass a little larger than the photograph card—or what is still better, a slightly convex glass made for the purpose, which may be obtained at a photographer's. Then take a strip of cambric, cheese-cloth, or any thin cloth that will absorb paste readily, saturate with paste, and fold it like a binding all around the picture, letting it lap over the edge of the glass at least half an inch.



Press it on smoothly, rubbing out superfluous paste, and turn the other edge over on the back side and rub it closely down. When dried it will be firm and solid, and no air can reach the picture.

Nor is the picture marred in any way; it can be removed and put in an album if one should tire of the frame. The back may be finished with a neat paper cover, or a piece of thin lining-satin may be fitted smoothly over it by being drawn closely over a little way, on the right side, by a strong draw-thread run into the narrowly folded edge.

For the frame take any pretty ribbon—three-inch satin ribbon is very pretty for a large picture—and arrange it as illustrated, or in any original way that is pretty or characteristic, and tack it securely, beneath the folds and knots, through the cardboard beneath; milliner's stitches, long and loose but still firm and invisible, are better than finer ones for this work.

Bright or delicate ribbons are only suitable for framing children's or blooming girlish faces, while such colors as golden brown, old gold, and olive, are better for their elders.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The figures relating to public school attendance, published by the census bureau, bring out the encouraging fact that the greatest gains in school enrolment and attendance have been made, for the most part, precisely where they were most needed. That is to say, the States of the Union where, ten years ago, the greatest proportion of children were without school advantages are, as a rule, those which now show the greatest gain in public school enrolment.

All the Southern States for which the figures of public school attendance have been collected and tabulated, show a great proportional gain.

In Virginia, for instance, the gain in the enrolment of children in the public schools has been fifty-five per cent.; in Louisiana, fifty-three per cent.; in South Carolina, fifty-one per cent.; in North Carolina, twenty-seven per cent.; in Maryland, twenty-three per cent.

At the same time in several of the States where the public school attendance was already comparatively high, and is so still, the enrolment of pupils in the public schools has not increased in as great a proportion as the population.

This is the case with nearly all the Northern States east of the Mississippi River, and is in most of them due to the increase of parochial schools, maintained by churches.

In two States, Maine and Vermont, an actual loss in public school attendance is recorded. Maine had about eleven thousand fewer pupils enrolled in the public schools in 1890 than in 1880, and Vermont about seven thousand fewer. Yet in each of those States the population had slightly increased.

Virginia and North Carolina have come into the front rank of States in enrolment of public school pupils in proportion to the total population, having over twenty per cent. of school enrolment in proportion to population.

In other words, the tendency of educational development is to equalize the conditions which prevail in the several States. If the States where free public schools have been longest in existence wish to maintain their relative rank, they must take measures to increase their school attendance.

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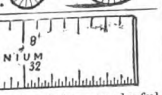


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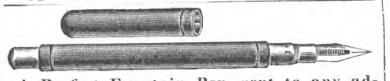


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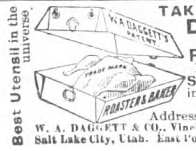
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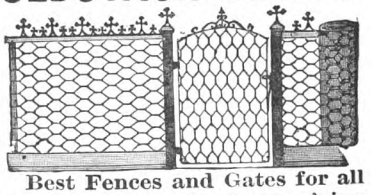
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A CHANGEABLE BUST.

Recently there was displaced from a command ing place in the *mairie* or town hall in a village in the mountains of Auvergne, France, a bust of Napoleon III., whose reign as Emperor of the French ceased in disaster more than twenty years ago. The bust, quite unnoticed by the officials of the Republican government at Paris, had tranquilly presided over the public proceedings of the town ever since the time when it had really typified the highest authority in the land. A bust of the Republic has been enthroned in its place.

This circumstance calls to mind the story of the famous bust of Verrine-sous-Bois, another small French town, which passed through a very interesting career during a long course of years.

This bust, which was in plaster, and was a faithful portrait of Charles X., king of France, was presented to the municipality of Verrine-sous-Bois by a conservative marchioness, in the year 1828.

Two years later, in 1830, King Charles was driven into exile, and soon after Louis Philippe, the citizen-king, ascended a new and more democratic throne.

All the busts of the Bourbons were sent to the attics, throughout France—at least, all but the one at Verrine-sous-Bois. There happened to live at the place a painter named Nicholas Rouffiquac, who was also something of a politician. He set about saving this bust for his fellow-citizens. He painted upon it a pair of side-whiskers, tufted up the front hair, and gave the bust a general appearance of commercial respectability rather than an air of royalty.

The bust was at once recognized as a striking portrait of King Louis Philippe. Shortly afterward Rouffiquac was appointed the local agent of the government tobacco monopoly.

The year 1848 came, and with it the Revolution. Rouffiquac put himself at the head of a mob, and proclaimed the advent of the Republic on the church steps. The mob broke into the town hall, and was about to smash the bust of the discarded Orleans when Rouffiquac intervened.

"Hold, citizens!" he said. "Do not strike the enemy, contemptible though he be, when he is down. Spare the bust till to-morrow, and I will give you a surprise."

Next day the bust had undergone a remarkable transformation. The man had turned into a woman, the monarch into the Republic. The side-whiskers had disappeared, the hair had grown long, and a yellow star shone on the classic forehead.

The bust, covered with flowers, was borne about the town to the music of the "Marseillaise" sung by more than a hundred citizens. A month later Rouffiquac was made tax-collector at Verrine-sous-Bois.

Next came 1852, and with it Napoleon III., Emperor. Rouffiquac was at the head of the Imperialist movement in his town. A crowd of men, armed with clubs and pitchforks, attacked the tranquil head of the Republic in the town hall.

The artist came to its rescue again. His task was a hard one this time, but he painted imperial epaulets upon the shoulders, decorated the breast with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, painted out the long hair and the star on the forehead, put some "beau-catchers" on the temples, and provided the upper lip with a moustache and the chin with a "goatee."

It was Napoleon III. Rouffiquac received public praise from the new imperial prefect of the district, of the work of his "patriotic and distinguished pencil," and afterward was given the cross of the Legion of Honor.

When 1870 and Sedan came, Rouffiquac had gone. The old bust, no longer venerated, was sold to a dealer in second-hand bric-à-brac. It deserved a better fate; for, as Charles X., Louis Philippe, the Republic and Napoleon, it had epitomized the history of France and strikingly illustrated the national character.

NOT LITERATURE.

Farmer Ellsworth lives in the suburbs of a little Massachusetts town, and is a man of considerable consequence among his friends and neighbors. During the long winter evenings he and Aunt Huldah, his wife, read much, and his comments on the literature of the day, though not often grammatically expressed, often display discrimination.

Not long ago he took a book of short sketches of country life from the town library, and when he brought it back, he had to pay a small fine, having kept it several days over the time allowed.

"I'm willin' an' glad to pay it, too," he said, as he laid down his pile of coppers.

"You enjoyed it, then?" asked the librarian.

"Enjoyed it! I should think we did!" said Farmer Ellsworth. "My wife, specially, has read every one of them stories, twice over. But I'm bound to say," he added, in his character of critic, "that it aint exactly what I should call *writin'*. Why, it's jest like *folks!*"

NOT TO BE STOPPED.

The Boston *Globe* tells a story related by the assistant manager of the Symphony orchestra. The Friday afternoon rehearsals of the orchestra, as is well known, are attended by a great concourse of women.

One afternoon the doors had just been opened, and there was a grand rush up the stairs for the unreserved seats in the second balcony. In the crush one woman shed some of her fine feathers, in the shape of an overskirt.

The assistant manager held it up and cried, "Here, madam!"

She turned and looked, but music and a good seat had charms. "Keep it for me," she said, and hurried on up the stairs.

HIS WORK.

In a pretty church on the island of Anityum in the New Hebrides, is a tablet erected by grateful natives to the memory of their missionary, Rev. John Geddie.

On this tablet is written in their language the following:

When he landed
in 1848
There were no Christians here,
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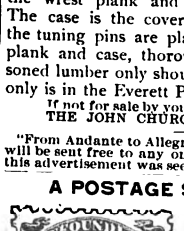
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A POSTAGE STAMP MAN.



Stamp collecting is one of the most interesting and instructive of pursuits, and it is estimated that there are over 500,000 postage stamp collectors in America. A stamp collector, generally speaking, is not one who simply amasses stamps in quantity, but who collects one specimen of each variety of the postage stamps of this and foreign countries, classifying and arranging them in a suitable album or blank book, as a source of study and amusement. These collections are usually arranged in geographical divisions and chronological order, and it is surprising to one who is not initiated, the real pleasure and enjoyment that may be derived from a collection of postage stamps.

Wise parents encourage it in their children because it teaches them something of geography, history, the money denominations of various countries, as well as teaching them to be observing



The subject of this sketch, Mr. C. H. Mekeel of St. Louis, Mo., is a postage stamp man, and although a young man is the most extensive stamp dealer in America and during the last ten years has built up a trade among the stamp collectors of the world that is truly marvelous

His business is to import used and unused postage stamps from every country in the world, and from every remote colony or island that issues stamps, and to furnish them to collectors.

In this way it becomes possible for the collector to add to his collection by the expenditure of a little money, stamps that he might be a long time finding in any other way.

This business which at first thought seems a very trifling one, involves an immense amount of capital, requiring correspondents and purchasing agents all over the globe.

Stamps have been collected as a source of amusement ever since first issued in 1840, and the interest in this direction does not seem to have been confined to any nationality; England, France, Spain, Germany, India, Japan and South America have their stamp collectors, in fact there is not a civilized country on the globe today, where there are not native stamp collectors.

The collecting of stamps is by no means confined to boys; we find lawyers, physicians, professors, military officers as well as business men who have magnificent collections; many of these commenced as boys, and have always kept up their old interest and love for stamps; others have become attracted to it by their children, and have become interested in it, in helping them classify their collections.

Millions of stamps are handled annually by this firm, and a large force of clerks is engaged in classifying the stamps that are pouring in from every clime, and attending to the wants and filling the orders of American collectors. Correspondents in French, German and Spanish are required, and remittances are received and dispatched daily to all parts of the world.

Mr. Mekeel has made several trips to Foreign Countries perfecting his business connections; last summer he went to Mexico, and the year before to Europe.

He is fortunate in having two brothers who are associated with him. His business was organized into a stock company a couple of years ago, and is the largest concern devoted wholly to stamps in America.

This business is carried on almost entirely by mail, over 100,000 pieces of mail matter being handled by them a month; this domestic trade extends from Maine to California.

This article may catch the eye of some one who is not a stamp collector but who may be profited by it.

Many valuable stamps are packed away in old trunks on family letters, or in the letter files of old established banks and business houses.

It would pay you to look up your old stamps and send them to Mr. Mekeel, who will pay best prices.

All U. S. stamps on letters, also stamped envelopes from 1840 to and including 1869, have a market value, the 3c values being the commonest. Some of the other values are very desirable. also the official stamps issued by the various government departments from 1875 to 1884.

Local stamps issued by express companys and local posts from 1843 to 1860, and Stamps issued by Confederate postmasters from 1861 to 1865 are also desirable, and should be kept on the original envelopes or letters to prove their genuiness. as this class of stamps were usually of crude design, and are extensively counterfeited.

The stamps issued by the provinces of Canada from 1851 to 1867 are saleable.

Parties who are able to find any of the above, or who have any old stamp collections will find in Mr. Mekeel a ready purchaser.

The system of submitting stamps to collectors on approval marked at market prices, and allowing a liberal discount on sales or purchases is engaged in very extensively. This firm sends stamps in this way to thousands of collectors, all over this country, and often have as much as $200,000.00 worth of stamps out on approval.

The stamps are neatly mounted on thin sheets of linen paper, and priced. Collectors are allowed to keep them 10 days, and then return those unsold with the money for those retained less 40 % commission.

This is one of the most important departments of the business, and requests for selections are solicited.

This department is in charge of a competent man, who is assisted by two stenographers, two special book-keepers and ten other assistants, which force can be doubled if necessary, and the attention of the readers of the COMPANION are especially directed to the advantage of having stamps submitted to them that they can depend upon.

For those who want to START a stamp collection, a few offers are made:

Outfit No. 1 consists of an album 9x12, with spaces to hold over 3000 stamps, and an assortment of 350 different stamps for $1.00 post free.

Outfit No. 2 consists of a large album with spaces for all stamps ever issued, and an assortment of 500 different stamps, for $4.50 post free.

Outfit No. 3 consists of a fine large cloth bound album, with spaces for all stamps, and 1000 different stamps, for $10.00 post free. A bargain!

Now for those who are already collectors, we have a few offers as follows:

Packet A containing only United States stamps, issues of 1851, 1857, 1861, 1868, 1869, 1, 2, 3, 6, 10, 12 and 15c, and the 30c and 90c values of the three latest issues, also stamps of the Departments of Agriculture, Interior, Justice, Navy, P. O., State, Treasury and War, also some scarce United States envelopes, 100 varieties, some RARE, for $6.00.

Packet B contains only Mexican stamps, issues from 1856 to 1890, including some of every issue and many very rare, 50 varieties in all, for $1.00.

Packet C contains United States stamps similar to Packet A but only 50 varieties, for $2.00.

Packet D contains only Mexican stamps including many RARE varieties, 100 all different $5.00.

Packet E contains only stamps of the American continent, includes all in packets A and D besides, Central, South American and Canada, making 300 varieties for $15.00. A FINE PACKET.

Packet F similar to Packet E, contains all stamps in Packets B and C, and Central, South American and Canadian, making 200 varieties for $7.50.

Many collectors are anxious to deal, and suitable wholesale lots are here offered.

The best lot is a complete stock for $25.00, containing 6500 stamps, a dozen albums, printed letter heads and approval sheets, and a three inch advertisement in our paper; this is in fact everything required to start in the business, and is a better stock than Mr. Mekeel had when he started to deal in 1877.

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All stamps handled by this firm are guaranteed genuine, and exactly as represented.

The following is a partial list of our publications:

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THE PHILATELIC JOURNAL OF AMERICA is the oldest, largest and best monthly magazine devoted to the interest of stamp collecting Although this journal has from 60 to 100 pages monthly, it is only 50c a year, sample copy free.

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The above is a reduced heading of the newspaper, the building at the left is Mekeel's establishment.

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Every stamp collector who reads this article should have something to write about, and to each and EVERY one who mentions this paper a Mexican postage stamp will be presented free.

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For the Companion.

CATARRH.

Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membrane. As the membrane lines every cavity of the body that has an outlet, there may be as many different forms of catarrh as there are such cavities.

The closed cavities are lined, not with mucous membrane, but with one that secretes a thinner fluid—serum—for lubricating purposes, which is readily absorbed after doing its normal work. Still, the serous membrane also may be inflamed, and its secretion abnormally increased.

Thus we may have pericarditis, with its "water" around the heart, from inflammation of the membrane that lines the heart-bag, or pericardium; pleurisy, with its fluid crowding against the lungs, and sometimes causing their complete collapse, from inflammation of the membrane that lines the chest; peritonitis, so painful and dangerous, from inflammation of the membrane that lines the cavity of the abdomen; synovitis, with its painful and puffed-out joints, from inflammation of their similar lining membrane.

A common "cold" is an inflammation of the air passages. When it is confined mainly to the nostrils, it is popularly known as a cold in the head, but medically as coryza.

When it is confined mainly to the bronchial tubes, it is called bronchitis, which, when it has gained a permanent hold, greatly resembles "consumption," and is often mistaken for it by the people.

Catarrh of the ears and catarrh of the Eustachian tubes often cause deafness. Catarrh of the stomach loads the stomach with tough phlegm and interferes with digestion. Catarrh of the gall-bladder obstructs the outflow of the bile, which is absorbed into the circulation, and thus gives rise to jaundice. Catarrh of the bladder is a dangerous disease, from the difficulty of getting rid of the mucus.

Two forms of catarrh are due to pollen: one, in summer, known as "rose cold" or "hay fever;" the other, in autumn, known as "autumnal catarrh."

The word catarrh, as popularly used, means either nasal catarrh or bronchitis. Nasal catarrh is often helped by snuffing up, so as to carry it into the mouth, a weak solution of salt and water, repeating the operation several times a day. Where the disease is very persistent, it is well, when possible, to try a change of climate. In bronchitis the case should be attended by a physician.

TRANSIT OF MERCURY.

A transit of Mercury occurs on May 9th, when the smallest of the planets passes over the sun's face, looking like a tiny black ball floating slowly over a sea of fire.

The transit begins at six minutes before seven o'clock in the evening, and ends at ten minutes before midnight in Eastern standard time, continuing four hours and fifty-six minutes. As the sun sets at eight minutes before seven on the 9th, the transit is invisible in Eastern New England, for it begins about the time the sun sinks below the horizon.

Observers West and North will be more fortunate, as the time is an hour earlier for every fifteen degrees of longitude farther west. The transit will, therefore, begin an hour before sunset, for those who make use of Central time, two hours for those who use Mountain time, and three hours before sunset where Pacific time is used. The whole western coast of North and South America therefore affords favorable conditions for observing the phenomenon.

The cause of the transit may be easily explained. As Mercury revolves within the earth's orbit, he must come between the earth and the sun at every inferior conjunction. If his orbit lay in the same plane as that of the earth, there would be a transit at every revolution. As his orbit is inclined seven degrees to the earth's orbit, he must be at or near his nodes or crossing points, or he will pass above or below the sun, and there can be no transit. The earth arrives at Mercury's nodes on May 7th and November 9th, and transits must occur near these dates.

Mercury is too small to be visible to the naked eye when crossing the sun, and was never seen in this position until years after the invention of the telescope. Gassendi witnessed the first transit in 1631.

Transits of Mercury are looked upon as astronomical curiosities, and have little practical importance. They afford data for measuring the planet's diameter, and for accurate determination of his orbit.

UNPACKING ALLIGATORS.

The author of the "Recollections of a Lion-Tamer,"—"*Les Memoires d'un Dompteur*,"—relates how, after being for some years employed as an animal trainer, he and his wife had, by great economy, saved enough to buy a modest menagerie, and received their stock of crocodiles, serpents and monkeys at an inn near Lyons, France. One evening several alligators came, and were placed in a store-room which opened from the courtyard.

Maria and I, with several persons to hold lamps, set to work to unpack them. You can imagine how agreeable that unpacking was. The alligator is wholly lacking in grace and gentleness. Each of his jaws is ornamented with seventy-five teeth, his body is covered with armor that defies attack, and his tail is an invincible weapon that can overthrow, cripple, or destroy an adversary. Our alligators had had a long voyage.

Never of an amiable disposition, alligators are in particularly bad humor after a journey, and become the most ferocious of creatures if they escape. Ours escaped! What confusion there was! Every one rushed to the door, the lights went out, my wife and I were left in the darkness, face to face with this horrible, invisible danger.

We had climbed on a table. At one blow from the tail of one of the saurians the legs gave way. Terrified, we rushed from one side of the room to the other, hunting for the door. The frightful grumbling of the angry beasts mingled with the sound of their tails and jaws striking against the furniture, the flag-stones and the walls. At last I found the door.

We were free; but that was not the end of the matter. Not to be injured by a stroke of the tail of one of the alligators was one point, and not to be ruined was another, for these delightful companions had cost us our little fortune. I went back carrying a torch. I threw myself resolutely into that *mêlée*, and finally succeeded in getting the saurians into safe quarters.

PROMPT RULING.

It is chiefly in civil courts that complaint is made of "the law's delay." Courts martial are only temporary organizations, and cannot continue cases from term to term. But with all the promptness of military legal procedure, it is not often that a decision is obtained with so little hesitation as in the following case:

An old lady living in "Dixie" in the time of the Rebellion brought her complaints to the headquarters of the Confederate General Bragg, where she was met by his adjutant, and the following conversation ensued:

Old Lady—Is this where Captain Bragg lives?

Colonel Brent—Yes, madam; can I do anything for you?

Old Lady—Well, you see, mister, I live over where the fightin' was, and when Captain Bragg's company skeered the Yankees, they ran rite peerst my house—rite peerst—when up comes Captain Forrest with his crittur company [cavalry] and makes a line of fight rite through my yard, and oversets my ash-hopper, and treads—

General Bragg (sitting near)—Colonel Brent, see that the lady's claim is settled *immediately*.

AN HONEST KING.

Whoever reads the following must own to a feeling of respect as well as liking for the honest king. King Frederick VI. of Denmark, while travelling through Jutland, one day entered a village school, and found the children lively and intelligent and quite ready to answer his questions.

"Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?"

With one accord they cried out, "Canute the Great, Waldemar, and Christian IV."

Just then a little girl to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something stood up and raised her hand.

"Do you know another?" asked the king.

"Yes; Frederick VI."

"What great act did he perform?"

The girl hung her head and stammered out, "I don't know."

"Be comforted, my child," said the king; "I don't know, either."

HOPE FOR HIM.

How often do we hear a parent say of a mischievous boy: "I would not mind so much if I could only believe him." Whatever his other traits, truth is essentially the touchstone of a boy's character. The following case in point appears in the *Christian Leader:*

"I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to the principal of a school, to whom he had brought his son as a pupil, "he is so full of mischief."

"Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal. "Can I always depend upon his word?"

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is honest, he will tell the truth, even when it is against himself; you may depend upon that."

"Then we can manage him," said the principal. "He will make a reliable, manly man."

MODERN COOKERY.

Ignorance of American institutions, on the part of English people, is not unnatural, perhaps, but it is none the less amusing.

A rosy English girl who sat beside a bright young American in the dining-saloon of a Cunard steamer, as the story is told in the Albany *Press*, suddenly put American politeness to the test by propounding the inquiry, "Can you make clams?"

"Clams?" answered the bewildered American maiden.

"Yes; they're a kind of bread or biscuit, aren't they?"

"I will never buy a cheap extract again," said a Mrs. Brown, when she found her child's life in danger from eating an ice cream flavored with an extract recommended for its cheapness. Buy Burnett's and be sure.

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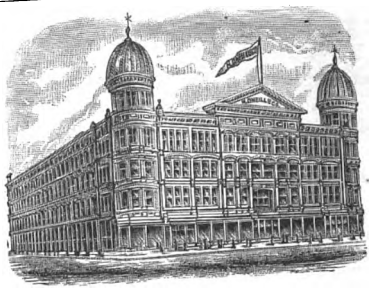
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Containing Four Extra Pages.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1891.

$1.75 a Year.
Single Copies, Five Cents.

For the Companion.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter II.

Tony at Marrowbone.

It was not strange, considering that both Jack and Tony were sturdy and excellent fellows in their way, that they soon became inseparable. A great part of what Tony lacked in education he made up in natural shrewdness, and the two boys, quite unconsciously, were an education to each other.

Jack found thorough manliness and independence in Tony, who had taken upon himself the balance of the payment for the few acres at Lone Point, and worked and contrived to that end. Tony for the first time associated on terms of equality with a boy highly bred and carefully brought up. Their very differences drew them together.

Jack found it great fun to go down to the little cottage and talk fishing and sailing and dogs and horses with Tony. It cannot be said that Tony enjoyed as much his visits to Marrowbone. The first night he came up to tea, after much begging and pleading from Jack, the old Colonel, who had heard the story, quite overpowered Tony with elaborate politeness at the tea-table. He called him "Mr. Scaife," and treated him generally as if he had been fifty instead of fifteen, which embarrassed Tony.

But Mrs. Randolph called him "Tony," and from the minute Tony saw her kind, handsome face his heart was won. Tony had been taught table manners, and although evidently a "working boy," there was an air of decent breeding in all he said and did that made him appear well.

But he felt painfully conscious all the time that his hands were red and rough, and he was not exactly at ease with Uncle Josh eying him, for Uncle Josh, in his heart, strongly disapproved of the intimacy between "Marse Jack, de very fust quality, an' dat ar little fisherman, dat aint nothin' but po' white trash."

Tony was undoubtedly manly, sturdily truthful and industrious. In character he was fully Jack's equal.

The first thing Mrs. Randolph wanted to see was whether Tony really wished to educate and improve himself. She soon found that he did. At Marrowbone there was a fine collection of books, although somewhat ancient, and Mrs. Randolph, after talking with Tony one day, offered him any books he might want.

She perceived that the imaginative books in which Jack delighted did not suit Tony at all; but in browsing about the library, he came upon a volume of voyages made by the early Spanish navigators. Jack, who had been a little vexed with Tony because he would not read "The Talisman" and "Ivanhoe," and had begun to think Tony did not care for books, was convinced of his mistake when he saw him absorbed in this book, which he borrowed and read twice through.

"It isn't bad reading, anyhow," said Jack. "I like that part where the pirates chase the Spanish galleon, and the captain blows her up with the treasure and gets away with the boats."

"Pshaw!" answered Tony. "That isn't the principal thing. Don't you see there's a lot about geography and seamanship in it? I'm going to be a sailor, and I'm going to learn all I can before I go to sea."

This rather surprised Jack, who read from pure love of reading, with very little notion of improving himself, but who managed, as all boys do who read much, to pick up a good deal of useful knowledge.

But Tony went at it with a spirit of dogged determination to find out facts, and read with a system unknown to Jack.

The boys' intimacy grew day by day, in spite of Uncle Josh's notion that Jack was "quality" and Tony was "po' white trash." The first revelation of a difference in their social condition dawned upon them when Jack's mother, as usual, arranged for a birthday party at Marrowbone for him.

"Of course Tony will be asked," said Jack, aggressively, as if he feared some opposition from the old Colonel.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Randolph. "But if he has as good sense as I suppose he has, he will not come."

"Why not?" Jack fired up. "Tony's one of the best fellows in the world, and as good as I am, or anybody else."

"Of course he is," answered Mrs. Randolph, calmly. "But in the first place, perhaps Tony has no clothes that are suitable for a party, and as all self-respecting people like to appear well, probably on that account he won't come. Then some of the boys and girls might affect to look down on him, and Tony would feel it. Besides, the dancing and games would be strange to him. I am afraid we couldn't make Tony have a good time, no matter how much we tried. But you may ask him, and if he chooses to come, we will do our best."

Jack, who did not stop to reason where his wishes were concerned, went at once to Lone Point to ask Tony to the party.

"Well, I thank you very much, but I don't think I can come," said Tony.

"Why not?" demanded Jack, standing very square, with his hands in his pockets.

"Because—because your friends aint exactly my sort, and I'd feel —"

"But I'd make them polite to you—see if I don't!" argued Jack.

"Of course they'd be polite, but I can't exactly explain it. I feel all right with you and your mother—but—all the same I shall not go to the party."

Jack pleaded in vain. Tony was firm. Jack went home disappointed.

His mother's quiet remark was, "I told you so. Tony has excellent sense."

As the autumn came on, Jack went to school every day, and Tony turned oysterman. The boys still kept up their intimacy, though Jack went oftener to Lone Point than Tony came to Marrowbone. Tony was out in all weathers, "tonging" for oysters, and when he came in at night he was very tired, and curled up on the wooden settle in the chimney corner to sleep, while his mother sewed or knitted patiently by the light of one candle.

Meantime Tony, going about silent, hard-working, and apparently without any ambition beyond that of selling his oysters, turned over many things in his mind, and one night, when, for a wonder, he was not too tired to talk, he sat up looking straight at the fire, and then said, calmly:

"Mother, I'm going to sea."

Mrs. Scaife dropped her knitting suddenly without a word; but she uttered a sort of sob that went to Tony's heart.

"I knew it was coming," she said, presently. "It's in the blood. Your father before you would go to sea. The sea has given me all the living I ever had, but it has taken away from me, one by one, everything I ever loved—my father, my two brothers, my husband, and now it will take you, Tony."

"But, mother," said Tony, with a strange light shining in his eyes, "something calls me. I can't be happy on shore. I'm only happy in the boat, and if I live here, I shall never be anything but a fisherman and an oysterman all my life.

"There's that big four-master out in the river, loading with oysters," he went on. "Well, I went to see the Captain. He's a fine man, Captain Staveley is, and he said he'd like to have me, if I had my parents' consent. He said he'd come ashore and talk to you —"

At that moment a loud knocking resounded on the door of the little cottage, and the widow, rising, went and opened the door. A big, burly man entered.

"Why, it's Captain Staveley!" cried Tony, delighted.

The mother was not delighted. It had been hanging over her that what she said was in Tony's blood would come out, and sooner or later Tony would start on a voyage that might be his last.

The Captain was a tall, handsome man, with a great beard that covered nearly his whole face. He shook Tony's hand cordially, sat down in the one big chair, and put his feet out toward the fire.

"Well, ma'am," said he, "this young fellow wants to go for a sailor."

"Yes," answered the widow, in a tremulous voice. "I knew 'twas coming. I felt it. Tony was born with a love for the water. I never knew any of my blood that weren't."

"It's a hard life," said the Captain, after a moment. "But—it makes a man of a fellow."

"And that's what I want to be—a man," said Tony.

"And the grub's poor," remarked the Captain.

At this Tony made a grimace.

"Sometimes I don't get enough grub," he said.

The Captain eyed him, and then looked around the little cottage. In spite of cleanliness and evidences of hard work, there was every indication of poverty—the poverty of the grinding kind, when it is a struggle to keep body and soul together.

"What will become of your mother, boy?" asked the Captain.

"I'll send her my wages, and that's more than I'll make by tonging for oysters," answered Tony, boldly.

"What do you say, ma'am?" asked Captain Staveley, turning to her.

"I say nothing," answered the poor mother, after a pause. "The best part of my life, whenever I've heard the wind blowing at night, I've said to myself, 'Maybe that wind is driving somebody I love to destruction;' and every time I'd hear the waves on the shore I'd say, 'Perhaps at this very minute the water is dashing over my husband, or my father, or my two brothers.' And now that the sea has got them all, I say, when I hear the wind and the waves, 'It'll be Tony next.'"



"What do you say, ma'am?"

At that moment the wind rose, and the sound of the waves dashing on the sandy shore almost drowned the quiet voices in the little living-room of the cottage.

"But, mother," said Tony, "I can't keep away from the sea. It seems to be calling, calling, calling. And, mother, I want to be a man, a real man, and this is the only chance I've got. Though you'll be lonely, and 'll miss me, yet it's the only way I'll ever have of making a good living for you."

The Captain remained perfectly silent. He saw how things were going; and when the widow said, in her patient way, "Tony, do what seems right to you," the matter was settled.

Captain Staveley then offered him eight dollars a month, with a promise that he should become a thorough seaman. When he rose to go, the mother, with a break in her voice, said, "Thank you, sir," and the Captain, putting his hand on Tony's shoulder, said, kindly, "I'll take care of him, and I think he's a good boy."

Bright and early the next morning, Tony went up to Marrowbone to tell the news to Jack Randolph and his mother. When he walked up to the door and knocked, Jack, with another boy about his age, bolted out of the door, and almost bowled Tony over.

"Why, old fellow," shouted Jack, delighted, "I was just going down to see you. This is my cousin, Edgar Mount, who's come to stay with me."

Edgar Mount was a well-made fellow about Jack's age, with a certain fine manner in his bearing, although not so handsome as Jack. He had a very good figure, which he held very erect, and a pair of penetrating dark eyes that took in everything at a glance.

Tony felt instinctively, as the two young fellows shook hands, that Edgar noticed how hard Tony's hands were, and that his clothes, although neatly made by his mother's careful fingers, and scrupulously clean, were not exactly the sort turned out by the tailor who supplied Edgar's perfectly fitting garments.

Tony never felt these differences with Jack, and as a matter of fact, Jack's clothes were home-made, too; but Jack had an air of refinement that made him quite superior to his clothes, no matter what they might be.

"I wish I could go back with you right away," said Tony, "but it's hard to get a morning off, and I have something particular to tell your mother."

"All right," said Jack, heartily; "then we'll wait awhile."

"I think," said young Mount, in a remarkably well-modulated voice, "I won't go with you this morning, Jack. I've some letters to write, and if you'll excuse me, I'll go to see your friend some other day."

Something in the tone implied a slight to Tony. Jack answered at once, with ready coolness:

"Just as you please. Come, Tony, mamma is always ready to see you."

The two boys went off with their arms around each other. As soon as they got out of ear-shot,

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Tony said, with a laugh: "Edgar Mount hasn't any use for Tony Scaife."

"Well, that hardly counts," said Jack, carelessly. "I don't think Jack Randolph has much use for Edgar Mount, to tell you the truth. He only came yesterday morning—he's my cousin, you know. I never saw a fellow exactly like him. He speaks French and Spanish, and last night he sat down to the piano, and played and sang beautifully."

"Does he live anywhere about here?"

"He is from New Orleans, but he was brought up in Paris. He doesn't seem to be afraid of anything. Yesterday he rode Black Prince"—this was Jack's colt which he had broken himself, and not broken particularly well—"and the Prince kicked and shied, but Edgar sat him. But as soon as Prince was conquered, Edgar got off and said he didn't believe he'd ride at all, and went in the drawing-room and sang French songs to the piano."

This type of boy was even more startling to Tony than to Jack.

"And he's got high notions, I see that," continued Tony, with a smile. "I saw the queer look in his eye when he felt how hard and rough my hand is."

The two boys went to Mrs. Randolph's room, and Tony sat down and told her that he was going away to be a sailor, that he could better help his mother in that way than any other.

"You know, Mrs. Randolph," he said, "we owe two hundred dollars still to the Colonel for Lone Point."



Jack seemed stupefied by the news that Tony was going away. Although his mother knew that Jack had grown very fond of the fisher-boy, she did not realize how strong the feeling was until she saw Jack's blank face, and noticed his perfect silence.

Mrs. Randolph, after hearing all Tony had to say, gently encouraged him.

"You are right, Tony," she said. "It is the best chance you have. You can never do more than make a poor living out of Lone Point, and you will at least have an opportunity of seeing something of the world; and if you are best fitted for a seafaring life, you should follow it."

Tony's eyes shone with gratitude. "I don't want to be uppish," he said, "but I should like to get along in the world, and some time be something like you."

"There is nothing uppish in trying to improve one's self," said Mrs. Randolph. "And, Tony, try not only to be a man, but to be a gentleman. You know there is a difference."

"Yes'm," said Tony. "There's Captain Staveley, he's every inch a man, but he hasn't nice table manners, and he'd be very uncomfortable if he was invited to dinner by the Colonel—just as I've been myself," he continued, laughing and blushing.

Mrs. Randolph smiled, too.

"But you are young enough to learn, and when you are Captain Staveley's age, you may, if you choose, be the equal of the Colonel or any man, and not embarrassed if you were to sit at the President's table. That's what I mean when I tell you to be a gentleman as well as a man. It isn't quite so important as being a man—but it's very important."

"I think so, too," answered Tony, quietly.

When Tony was gone, Jack went to look for Edgar Mount. He found his cousin sitting in a deep chair in the old-fashioned library, absorbed in a sentimental novel—a class of literature that Jack did not like.

"How did you come to make such a friend of Tony the fisherman?" asked Edgar.

"Because Tony is the manliest fellow I know," answered Jack, composedly.

"He seems rather a rough customer."

"Do you think so? Well, he may be so. All the same, I'd rather you did not say anything about Tony Scaife. He's my best friend, and he's going away. I think if a fellow said anything against Tony, I certainly should feel very much like whipping him!"

"Tut, tut, tut, little marse!" spoke up Uncle Josh, who had come in at this moment with an armful of wood for the library fire. "Ain' you 'shamed o' yo'se'f, for tu talk to cump'ny dataway?"

Jack turned red and began to whistle, while Edgar Mount lay back in his chair, and laughed in a very disagreeable way, Jack thought.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

(To be continued.)

YOUR DUMB BEAST.

He can't complain, but God's all-seeing eye
Beholds thy cruelty and hears his cry.
He was designed thy friend and servant, not thy drudge,
And know that his Creator is thy Judge.
—*Nashville Farmer.*

For the Companion.

FLOWERS FOR GRANDPA.

"Yes, yes, child, it runs pretty, but it's nothing but weeds. You ought to see some 'sturtions 't we used to have—yaller and red and satiny! I tell *you* there aint *no* flowers of no kind can equal 'sturtions. And on this here perairie there aint nothing but just weeds."

The old man gazed long and vacantly across the brown prairie toward the place where the sun rose every morning—the only reminder of "the East" where he had spent his long life.

The little girl, standing in the low doorway, tried to keep back the tears. She had mourned with her grandfather over the loss of the trees and flowers that grew by their little house in the far-off East; but her bright young wits understood that this brown land would grow green and blossom-filled after a few years of toil, and provide much better for their wants, and for that education that was to be hers some time in the future, than her father's fitful wages could where they had lived before.

The old man had long since forgotten how to hope for the future. His life was in the past. For years his mind had been chiefly occupied with his loved flowers, and when they had been neglected in this new and busy life, and he mourned for them continually, little Millie stole from her household duties and, wandering over the brown lands, found many delicate and pretty blossoms for her grandfather.

"To-morrow's Saturday, and Jamie is going to town for provisions. What shall he get for you, father?" said the brave young wife, coming in from her hard work and smiling cheerily to the little girl, who was setting her daintily prepared supper on the table—dainty because she had made everything as nice as possible, though the fare was simple and the dishes coarse and few.

"I dunno, Mary," mumbled the old man. "There aint nothing I want that I can have."

Millie stole to her mother's side and whispered, "Don't you think I might go, mother? I have a plan. You'll trust me, won't you, mother, if I don't tell you yet what it is?"

Her mother consented, and saw Millie go to her little pasteboard "treasure-box" and take from it a bright dime that some young friend of bygone days had given her for a pocket-piece, "not to be spent forever and ever." She heard Millie heave two or three gentle sighs.

Early the next morning Millie and her father drove to Little Pittsburgh. In this town there were two trading-places. One combined, curiously enough, the post-office and a blacksmith's shop. The other was a general store, containing a small stock of cheap goods of all sorts.

It was to this place that Mr. Ransom drove first, and after leaving Millie there to await his coming, he paid his weekly visit to the post-office.

As soon as he was gone, Millie slipped from her seat in a broken-backed chair, and approached the man behind the counter.

"Please, do you keep 'sturtion seeds?" she asked, in a frightened voice.

"'Sturtion seeds?" asked the man. "Why, maybe there is a package amongst these seeds here."

He took down a few packages which contained seeds of flowers and vegetables.

"Well," he said, "I guess this is what you want. Just one package, and it's been here, I should say, ever since I opened the store."

Millie blushed a little when she saw the long name, "nasturtiums," on the package; and one might have heard the ghost of a sigh when her beloved dime fell jingling into the cash-box.

She slipped the little packet into her pocket, and waited until her father reappeared.

Once at home she ran to her mother, showed her treasure, and told how she was going to have some flowers for grandpa. Her mother was much interested in the little plan; but when the package was opened, and only four seeds, and those much shrivelled in appearance, were found in it, her hope of growing any nasturtiums was faint.

Nevertheless, the seeds were planted in the mold near the house. Never was a plant of rare and wonderful species watched more closely by some great botanist than these nasturtiums were watched by little Millie; and her joy was great when three of the shrunken seeds sprouted and grew, and their shoots began to train prettily up the strings which were stretched for them.

Millie learned, with her three precious vines, as well as did her father with his broad fields of wheat, the need of irrigation in that rain-slighted country, and faithfully watered her flowers.

But poor grandpa, for whom all this trouble was taken, was failing rapidly. It was like asking the oak to be uprooted just as it was decaying with old age, and try to start again in new soil. He had long been feeble, and with the addition of homesickness and loss of old friends, had now reached the point where he lay upon his narrow bed and murmured continually.

Mrs. Ransom cared for him tenderly, fearing, yet never telling Millie, that he could not live till the blooming of the nasturtiums. He knew nothing of them. They did not tell him for fear that they might fail, and then the disappointment would be great.

It was almost the end of July. The seeds had been put in the ground so late that they came late into bloom. But at last the buds had appeared, and buds had opened into lovely flowers, bright yellow and red, and mottled. Millie thought there had never been prettier nasturtiums.

She had watched the buds with feverish impatience. Grandpa had been so restless and wakeful lately, that, if he did not have his flowers soon, she feared he would never see them.

At last she gathered a handful of the precious blossoms and ran to her grandfather's side, bending over him. Poor old man! He had not slept for many hours, and in his half-insensible, half-delirious condition, he imagined he had never slept since he was a child in his mother's arms.

"I used to sleep when I was little," he muttered, slowly. "We had flow'rs then—'sturtions, some of 'em."

Millie almost cried with excitement as she leaned over and placed the brilliant blossoms in his hands. His eyes opened wonderingly.

"It seems to me," he said, "that I see 'sturtions now—red and yeller, and as satiny as any that ever grew!"

He put out his hand feebly, and took the flowers from Millie, who trembled with a sort of fear that she did not understand.

"Well, well!" said the old man; "I shouldn't wonder if I should sleep—some—now —"

Millie stole away to tell her mother that grandpa was going to sleep; and when Mrs. Ransom went to his side, she found that he had indeed fallen into the "sleep that knows no waking."

Millie had never before seen death; and she wondered why people should dread it, if it was only going to sleep, and lying with a gentle smile on one's face, as did grandpa with his 'sturtions in his hands.

VELLIE V. BENSON.

For the Companion.

HOW MEG LOST THE BABY.

One morning Mrs. Sackett put Julia carefully into her carriage. She tucked her up with rugs, afghans and shawls. Meg often wondered how the baby could breathe; but Julia was fat and hearty, and Meg knew that she grew heavier. So it must have agreed with her.

"Keep where it's pleasant and sunny, and take good care of her," said Mrs. Sackett.

She said this every day. Meg took as much care of Julia as any well-meaning but careless girl of fourteen does of a baby. At the crossing she thumped the carriage down into one gutter, and banged it up out of the other. The baby was used to this, and only opened her eyes wide and gasped on arriving at the opposite side.

Meg was just turning the corner when she heard her mother's voice.

"Me-e-eg!"

"Yes'm!"

"Stop at Hurd's and send home three pounds of brown sugar and a half-pound of tea!"

"Yes'm!"

Meg thrust her elbows through the handle of the baby-carriage, and crocheted as she walked. Crocheting tidies was Meg's favorite pastime. She always had a tidy under way.

Hurd's was a corner grocery store, with a door opening on each of the two streets. Meg wheeled the carriage close to the show window, and fastened the wheel with a stone so that it couldn't roll off.

Julia sat still, and gazed with attention at the resplendent advertisements of Jenks's soap and Tompkins's ginger, although she must have known these placards by heart. Babies have to endure so much which they do not understand that it is not surprising that they become philosophers.

Hurd's was crowded, as it always was in the morning, but Meg did not object to waiting. She chatted with Katie Allen and Lou French, and even drew out her tidy and did two rows before the salesman had time to attend to her.

Then she ordered sugar and tea with as grand an air as that worn by Mrs. Ponsonby, who "resided" in a four-story brown-stone house on a stylish avenue, while Meg lived in a "third flat."

"Wait for me!" said Katie Allen. "I've got to go to the butcher's."

"All right," answered Meg.

She waited, and when Katie started, she walked with her, talking briskly, down the street almost a block before she suddenly cried: "Oh! I forgot the baby!"

"What baby?" asked Katie.

"Why, I had our baby with me, and I've gone and left the carriage outside the store!"

"There wasn't any baby at the door when we came out," replied Katie.

"Sure enough," said Meg, "there wasn't!"

She gazed in bewilderment at Katie's round eyes, and then cried:

"Oh, I know! I came in at the other door; that's it! She's round on Harrison Street."

The girls ran laughingly back, and turned the corner. There was no baby nor carriage there!

They stared at each other, and Katie would have laughed but that Meg looked so solemn.

"Perhaps you didn't bring her!"

"Yes, I did! I left her just here. I know I did!"

"Could the carriage have rolled down the street?"

Meg looked up and down the street in vain. No carriage was in sight.

"Perhaps a policeman thought she was lost, and took her to the station-house," suggested Katie.

Meg began to cry. Katie's words seemed cruel.

"Run home quick, and tell your mother about it!"

Meg took Katie's advice. She ran fast, for she was frightened. Mrs. Sackett heard her story, and gave her a severe scolding for carelessness.

"Some boy took it to scare you. It must be about the neighborhoood. Go and look!" she ordered. She was a hard-working woman, and treated things in a matter-of-fact way.

But when Meg came back to report that no one had seen baby or carriage anywhere, Mrs. Sackett became alarmed. She forgot to scold this time. She put on her bonnet, and searched the street thoroughly. She inquired at all the stores, and even went to the police station.

Coming back from her fruitless expedition, she dropped wearily into a chair by the door. Meg could not bear to see her mother's white face. She picked up her hat and crept downstairs.

An organ man was playing a lively tune, and Lou French's little sisters were dancing to the music. They came up to ask Meg "if the baby was found," and Meg, without looking at them, choked and rushed down the street. She walked on in a breathless state for several blocks, and happened to pause for breath just where there sat, on a doorstep, a boy about twelve years old, with a woebegone and tear-stained face.

Meg looked at him and asked, abruptly, "What's the matter? Have you lost a baby?"

"Lost a baby!" shouted the boy, indignantly. "You clear out of this!"

He seemed to look as if he thought she was making sport of him.

Meg was glad to "clear." She had only spoken out of the abundance of her thoughts. She walked along, surveying absently the windows she passed. She wondered if all the babies who lived in those houses were safe, or if their parents were hunting for any of them in grocery stores and police stations.

At the next corner she stopped again. Three women stood there talking. Said one of them, a small woman:

"I told her, says I, 'Mrs. Smith, you'd better report it at the station-house. It belongs to somebody that's looking for it, of course!' says I."

"She wouldn't take the trouble. She's too elegant!" remarked a stout woman, sarcastically.

"That's so," replied the first speaker. "She said, 'Let them that's lost it look for it. Jimmie brought it home, and he'll have to amuse it till the mother comes,' says she. It serves Jimmie right, though," the stout woman added, decidedly. "A pretty trick, to wheel home the wrong baby!"

Meg felt faint. She leaned against the railing. Whose baby were they talking about?

"Where was his own?" asked the third woman, who didn't seem to understand the circumstances.

"Why, you know he left it beside a store while he played marbles, and his mother came along, and took it home to frighten him!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"You may depend she was mad, though, when he brought home a strange baby!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

Could two babies be lost in one day? Meg stood in doubt a few minutes, while the two women discussed the story. She remembered the little boy whom she had seen up the street, and stepped boldly up to the talkers.

"Will you please tell me who's found a baby?" she asked.

The eyes and tongues of all three were directed at her at once.

"Why!" "Well—have you lost one?" "Mercy on us! do you know whose it is?"

Meg colored, but stood her ground.

"Somebody wheeled our baby away while I went into a store of an errand," she explained. "We've been looking for her all the morning!"

The three women were delighted. They all insisted on escorting Meg down the street and into the right house. The mournful little boy sat on the front steps, his attitude showing his thorough disgust with life.

"You'd better go up and take care of your twins, Jimmie!" laughed the sarcastic woman.

Jimmie looked at her, his countenance expressing unutterable things.

"Come, Jimmie, come," cried the sharp little woman; "take us upstairs, we want to see your mother!"

"This young lady has lost her baby, Jimmie," said the tall woman, kindly. "Perhaps it's the one you've found."

Jimmie's face brightened. He stole a glance at Meg, remembering she had spoken to him. He turned into the house, and led the way upstairs.

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"Here's somebody come for that baby!" he announced, gruffly.

He threw the door open, and immediately got behind it, from whence he could easily observe proceedings; or escape, if he should find it prudent.

"I thought somebody would come," exclaimed a drawling voice. "I knew the child would be called for. She evidently belonged to nice people!"

The speaker rocked herself in a low chair. Her hair was in papers, and she wore a pink wrapper. In her lap lay an embroidered tidy, at which she took languid stitches. It may be recorded here that Meg gave up tidies from that day.

She did not stop to examine the lady, however, but snatched up one of the two babies who crawled about the floor, and kissed and hugged Julia more lovingly than she had ever done before.

Jimmie, behind the door, was startled. He wondered if he should feel the same affection for Lauretta, if she were lost for three hours.

The three women all talked together. The lady in the rocking-chair listened complacently, convinced that she had done all that could be expected when she allowed the strange baby to creep on her carpet until called for.

"I told Jimmie," she laughed, "he'd have two babies to take care of, instead of one!"

Jimmie had disappeared into the hall.

"I think I'll take the baby home to mamma; she's fretting about her," said Meg, holding the baby tight. "We're very much obliged to you, ma'am, for keeping her here."

Mrs. Smith bowed politely. She indicated with her forefinger where Meg would find the baby's clothes and wraps.

Meg dressed her and carried her carefully downstairs, followed by a cheerful "*Good* morning!" from Mrs. Smith. With a light heart she tucked Julia once more into her carriage. Jimmie stood watching her from the door.

"Say!" he called. "Are you really glad to get that kid back?"

Meg laughed out of her gladness. "Why, of course!"

"Did you feel awful bad when you found she was gone?"

"Of course," said Meg, again. "What made you do such a stupid thing as to wheel home the wrong baby?"

"Oh," he said, grinning, "I didn't bring her home!" He lowered his voice. "I was playing with Bob Price, and I sent another fellow, and he didn't know her, you see!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Meg, looking at Jimmie with horror.

But Jimmie was bursting with his wrongs.

"Perhaps you think you had the hardest time of it, but if you had to amuse an extra baby three hours, you'd know finding a baby was worse than losing one!"

Meg was so impressed with his air of conviction that she said not a word.

EVA LOVETT CARSON.

For the Companion.

AT A CALIFORNIA SHEEP-RANCH.

In Three Parts.—Part II.

Tapping a Bee-Tree.

The day after their exploit in catching the cub bears, it became necessary that Jim and Ham-fat should make a trip home, and have an interview with their mother with regard to the condition of their clothes. What that worthy woman would say to them was somewhat uncertain, and the faces of the boys lengthened as they pondered the subject.

They went, however. Bill guessed that his mother would not let them come up to camp again; but in this he was mistaken, for during the afternoon of the next day we heard a long "coo-whoop" down the trail, and saw both heading for the shack, driving the pack-mule, "Old Nig," loaded with vegetables.



They were now arrayed in some old suits which they had outgrown, and their first exclamation was that they had found a bee-tree on the way up.

It was not more than a hundred yards from the trail, they said, and about two miles back from the camp, and they insisted that we must go with them to "tap it" that very night.

"We'll do all the work!" cried Ham-fat. "We only want you to go for company and see the fun. We've planned just how to get it."

A mountain-lion had harassed the sheep the previous night, and Bill had intended to watch for the animal that evening; but the boys were so urgent that we yielded and went with them. We started shortly after dusk.

We took the pack-mule, an axe, and two five-gallon tin cans for the honey. Jim had made a hive out of an old nail-keg; for they proposed to get the bees as well as the honey.

There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly, and as the boys had been careful to mark the spot, we had no trouble in finding the tree, which was a stunted oak, about eighteen inches in diameter, standing upon the very brink of a steep, rocky declivity. To fell the tree was out of the question, for it leaned over the crag, and would have fallen at least a hundred feet before striking. Knocking on it with the back of the axe, the boys found that the tree was hollow.

While Bill and I looked on, the two boys lighted a bright fire at the side of the tree, and chopped a hole near the bottom. Listening at the opening, they found that the bees were only ten or twelve feet above the ground. Jim cut a hole as high up as he could reach, through which, by the light of the fire, we could see masses of clear white honey-comb hanging down almost on a level with the hole. The bees had entered through a large knot-hole about twelve feet from the ground. This hole the boys had carefully stopped up at the outset.

Jim now clambered up and adjusted the nail-keg over this knot-hole, propping it up, as he thought, quite securely, with sticks and poles which Ham-fat passed up to him.

When Jim had arranged the keg and drawn out the leaves with which he had stopped the hole, both boys set about gathering sticks with which to make a platform to stand upon while getting out the honey.

They also placed a few live coals in the hole at the bottom of the tree, and heaped piles of leaves and rotten wood over them to make a smoke and drive the bees out.

Bill and I sat and watched their manœuvres, not a little amused. Their plans seemed to work very well, for the bees began to make the tree hum with their buzzing. They were manifestly pouring through the knot-hole into the keg.

Jim now mounted the platform, and swinging the axe at a lively rate, soon began to lay bare the finest and largest store of honey that I had ever seen in a tree.

We had been joking the lads somewhat, not expecting that they would find much honey in the tree, and we doubted Jim's ability to manage the bees; but everything progressed so nicely up to this time that the boys began to laugh at us in turn, declaring that they should secure a pack-load of honey, beside a large swarm of bees.

But they were too confident. The tree contained not only a great amount of honey, but more bees than I had ever seen in one swarm, and before Jim had half finished chopping away the two or three inches of bark and wood which surrounded the honey, the keg literally overflowed with bees.

Bill and I noticed, too, as we lay upon the ground at a safe distance, that the blows of Jim's axe made the keg totter, and that it was likely at any moment to come tumbling down upon the heads of the two boys, who were standing directly beneath it.

"Say, Jim," I called out, "your keg is over-full of bees! Hadn't you better stop chopping and take care of them?"

"No," said Jim, who evidently distrusted my advice. "The bees are all right, and I'm going to bag the whole nest. Don't fret!" he added, with a sarcastic chuckle. "Maybe you think we don't know how to tap a bee-tree. We'll show you."

Whack went his axe again, but he had not dealt many more blows before down came the keg!

Luckily for the boys, it was thrown a little to one side by its props, and went over the brink of the crag. About a pint of the bees fell down upon them, however, and landed for the most part on Jim's head.

They were in a stinging mood, and stung fiercely wherever they touched. Jim dropped his axe and jumped to the ground, screaming, slapping and brushing frantically at the back of his shirt.

Ham-fat fared but little better. They made the hills echo with their outcries. The hills also echoed with Bill's shouts, but his were shouts of laughter.

It was several seconds after the keg went over the crag before I heard it strike. Then it bounded on downward, thumping and bouncing, scattering the bees right and left. We found what there was left of the keg a week later nearly a quarter of a mile from the bee-tree.

The boys soon shook off the bees, but were not rid of the smart of their stings so readily. Jim was half-inclined to give it up, but Ham-fat's temper was of a more gritty sort. Our laughter had hurt him more than the bee-stings, and he was determined now to have the honey at any cost.

"Laugh away, if it amuses you!" he shouted to us. "Awful tickled, aren't you? Maybe you think we're going to back out, but that's just where you are mistaken. We'll have that honey. Come on, Jim, let's finish up the business!"

He and Jim then set to work gathering up damp brush and rotten wood, so as to create plenty of smoke. Piling the wet fuel on the coals of the fire about the roots of the oak, a dense smudge was raised, which soon drove away the bees which were buzzing about.

Under cover of the smoke, Jim again mounted the platform, and succeeded in cutting away enough of the tree to enable him to get at the honey. They then cleaved out large blocks of comb, and soon filled both the cans. There was enough of it, indeed, to have filled several more.

Jim, whose stings no longer troubled him much, was inclined to jeer us.

"Ha! ha! You smart fellows!" he shouted to Bill and me. "What do you think now? You'd like to help eat this honey, wouldn't you? But you won't get the chance! We'll pack the whole of it down to the ranch, won't we, Ham-fat?"

"Yes, and sell half of it at the store for some clothes. Mother won't want so much honey."

They brought up the mule, and set the large cans, which were about a foot square and eighteen inches deep, into the rawhide pockets which hung from each side of the pack-saddle, lashing them firmly in place.



While they were tugging at the ropes Bill and I noticed that now and then a bee was beginning to buzz by again.

They flew blindly, in the darkness, alighting everywhere, crawling rapidly about and stinging, too.

The old mule began to get uneasy. He stamped his feet, flapped his long ears, and shook himself several times. The boys made slow progress.

"Whoa, old mule, what's the matter with you?" cried Jim.

"It's the bees coming back from the keg," Bill whispered to me.

"Why don't you hold the mule?" cried Jim; for the animal was now plunging about, and immediately began to kick violently.

"I can't hold him, Jim," panted Ham-fat. "Something's got into him! Ouch!" he cried, slapping at the back of his neck. "The pesky bees are at me again!"

The bees were no doubt mercilessly at work on the mule. Jerking away from Ham-fat, he kicked, reared and bucked, as only a mule can, till all the fine comb honey was well churned and thrown over the sides of the cans. Then, finding that he could not rid himself of his tormentors, the brute suddenly wheeled about, struck into the trail and started for camp at a terrific gallop.

Jim and Ham-fat gave chase, fighting off bees as they ran.

As soon as we recovered from our laughter, Bill and I followed. The mule had left such a trail of honey and bees behind him, that we found it prudent to keep well to one side. About half a mile farther on we overtook the boys, who had sat down to nurse their wounds; for the bees had stung them pretty badly during this last encounter. Neither felt like talking; in spite of all Ham-fat's youthful fortitude, the big tears would gather in his eyes—tears he disdained to wipe away, but occasionally dislodged with an impatient shake of his head.

When we reached the shack the old mule was standing by the door, his ears lopped over in front, and his head bowed almost to the ground; while, from the tips of his ears to the end of his tail—pack-saddle, ropes, straps and all—he was a mass of dripping honey!

Not more than a gallon was left in both cans, and that was unfit for use.

It was long past midnight before Bill and I fell asleep; and in consequence I was very late astir next morning, though Bill went out at five o'clock, and took the sheep to graze. I was faintly conscious of his departure, and later on was dimly aware that the boys were awake and whispering, but I fell asleep again.

It was almost eight o'clock when I woke at last. I was alone in the shack. Where Jim and Ham-fat had gone I could not guess. I rose and proceeded to get breakfast.

Bill had shot a deer the previous morning, and we had abundance of venison steak on hand. After a time Bill came in from the range, and when I asked him where were the boys, he said he had seen nothing of them.

"I guess they felt pretty sore and babyish this morning, and have left for the ranch," said he.

But as we were sitting down to breakfast the boys came in sight along the trail—Jim with a large can in each hand, and Ham-fat with two buckets all heaped full of honey-comb.

"How's that!" they cried out, in triumph, setting the cans and buckets on the table. "Look at that, will you!"

Their bee-stings had ceased to smart during the night, and their courage had revived. We found that they had set off at six o'clock, and going back to the bee-tree had built a dense smudge, under cover of which they had been able to fill both the cans and the buckets with the comb.

"And we haven't half of it yet!" cried Ham-fat. "The whole trunk of the tree, up above the hole, is full of comb. We are going back as soon as we get something to eat, and get the rest of it."

"Oh, we'll show you yet that we can take care of a bee-tree," added Jim.

Bill was obliged to return to the sheep; but after breakfast all the remaining pails and kettles about the camp, to the number of six or seven, were mustered, and I went with the boys to the tree.

But before we had reached it, we heard a deep humming sound which was almost a roar. Approaching nearer, the air about the oak was seen to be actually dark with bees. Attracted probably by the odor of the scattered sweets, not only the rightful proprietors, but one or more swarms of robber bees had come about the tree, and apparently a terrific battle was raging between them.

While we stood watching the clouds of insects, another would-be robber made his appearance on the scene, in the shape of a large bear which suddenly climbed up into view from over the brink of the declivity.

We had been so loaded down with pails and kettles that we had neglected to take a gun—an oversight which Ham-fat and Jim lamented in eloquent whispers, as we crouched behind a rock.

The bear, a large cinnamon, walked around the tree, inspecting it on all sides for some minutes. If the bees stung him he did not appear to mind it.

"Let's all three yell at him together," said Jim, "and see if we can't scare him off. If he gets his paws into that honey he'll spoil it!"

"He may rush at us," said Ham-fat.

"No, he won't," whispered Jim; "and if he does, we'll run for those little pines back of us here, and climb out of his way. All ready now, *yell!*"

As our discordant shout burst on the bear's ears, he jumped suddenly aside and, as I now think, mistaking the direction from which the sound had come, ran directly out toward the rock behind which we lay hidden.

There was no knowing exactly what his intention was; and if ever three fellows made a rapid movement toward three low pines we were the trio, I am confident. The creature had no sooner seen or scented us, however, than he turned away, and made off through the woods.

"I told you he wouldn't touch us," Jim now exclaimed.

"Then what are you half-way up that pine for?" retorted Ham-fat.

"I didn't know but he might run into me by mistake," muttered Jim.

Brush and decayed wood were again collected, and another immense smudge raised beside the tree; and while I tended it, the boys tore down more than enough honey-comb to fill all our dishes, and Bill packed about a hundred pounds down to his mother next morning.

MYRON B. GIBSON.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

KOREA AND ITS ARMY.

The newest country, to us, of the far East is Korea. Not many years ago it was practically unknown to the civilized world, and it is only nine years since Admiral Shufeldt, of the United States Navy, acting as ambassador, made our first treaty with its King. It was through this treaty that Western civilization was first introduced into the Hermit Kingdom. Since then embassies have been sent from the Korean court to some of the greater powers of the world, and two or three years ago their strange-looking representatives, clad in bright-colored silk gowns and wearing great horse-hair hats on the crowns of their heads, surprised Washington.

Before this a party of the Korean nobility had travelled throughout this country and Europe, and since then many noble Koreans have gone abroad and brought back new ideas to the King and his people.

Not long ago the King bought a steam launch, and he can now sail from his capital to his seaport in a few hours on the great river Han. He has introduced electric lights into his royal palace, and the business of the court, which always takes place at night, is done under the rays furnished by the inventive genius of Mr. Edison.



The King is doing all he can to advance his people in the new civilization, and in order that he may understand what is going on in this new world, he takes American and English newspapers, and has them translated for him. During my visit to his capital, about a year ago, he was having a volume of international law translated into the Korean.

A few years ago the King of Korea resolved to reorganize his army. Being very friendly with the United States, and admiring the Americans greatly, he sent ambassadors to Washington to select four army officers, and promised them large salaries if they would come to his capital, start a military school, and make American soldiers out of the Koreans.

The chief of the officers engaged was General William McE. Dye, who had served with honor in the late Civil War, and who had been employed by the Khedive of Egypt in the organization of the Egyptian forces.

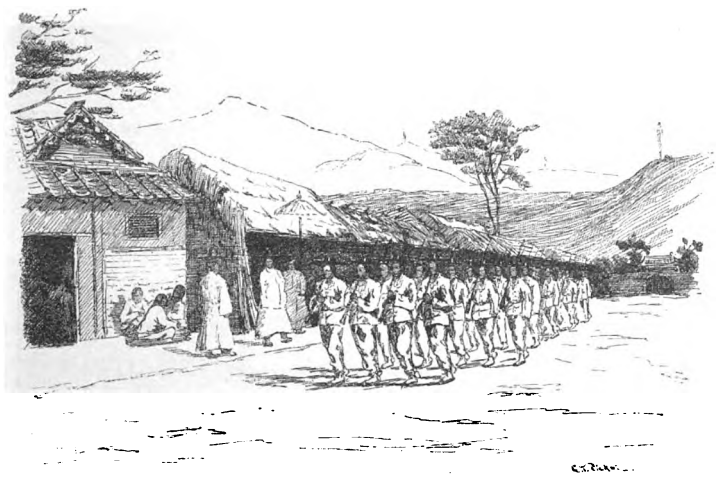
The Korean army, prior to this time, had been drilled after the Chinese plan. The only arms used were old matchlocks. There were very few cannon, and the matchlocks and bows and arrows were the principal weapons. The army consisted of about eight thousand men, about four thousand of whom were at the capital, Seoul. Picked troops were kept about the royal palace, and were used to guard the body of the King.

The uniform of these soldiers consisted of long gowns, and the officers were gorgeously apparelled in gowns of silk, the sleeves of which were blood-red, this color being emblematic of the old fashion of wiping bloody swords upon sleeves. Each army officer of note wore a great embroidered square on his back and breast containing the picture of a tiger, whose wide-open jaws glared at the enemy.

General Dye first attempted to remodel the dress of the common soldier. There is a strong anti-foreign faction in Korea, and he had to work

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very slowly, as this faction was opposed to any change in army matters. He at last got the sleeves cut down from their bag-like shape to the width of a rather full party-dress sleeve of an American lady, cut off the skirt so that it was made into a kind of blouse, and took out four-fifths of the cloth which the Korean soldiers had formerly worn in their pantaloons. He did not attempt to make them change their hats, but armed them with good guns.



The Korean Army.

He organized a royal military school, but had as much trouble to induce the young nobles to adopt a soldier-like dress as Professor Bunker has to get them to study without the assistance of their servants. The young noblemen thought they would lose caste in changing their costume. As they were so high in rank, it was almost impossible to punish them, and the American officers have had hard work to make progress.

The colors used in the new Korean uniform are different from those of any of the armies of Christendom. The shirt-like waists are of purple cotton, faced with red; the hats are black, and there is a bright red band about them. The pantaloons are purple, and the feet are swathed in great white boots of padded cotton.

During my stay at the Korean capital the native General-in-Chief invited me to attend a review of the troops. I rode in a chair borne by four big-hatted Koreans to the drill grounds at the edge of the palace, and saw four hundred soldiers go through all sorts of evolutions, most of which seemed to be those of the gymnasium rather than those set down in military tactics.

The General would give a command, and every soldier would lift his leg and hold it at right angles to his body until another word brought it to the ground again. There was the raising of the arm, the throwing out of the fists, and other exercises which many school children of the United States practise daily.

There was also some very pretty marching, and the men handled their guns with no little skill.

After the review was over, I accompanied the General-in-Chief to an audience with the King, and was much amused at the state of this military man. Two servants walked with him, one on each side, holding up his arms, and a whole retinue went in front with a band of music, shouting to the people to clear the road, for the great general and the foreign dignitaries were coming.

In battle Korean generals are always accompanied by their servants. When he rides on horseback, a general has a servant on each side of his war-horse to hold him in position, and a third stands at the horse's head to hold the animal during the fight, or to lead it to the advance or retreat.

These servants accompanied General Han to the gate of the King's audience hall. They left him there, and he walked alone across the yard, with his head bent and his sword-hilt toward the ground. He walked softly up the steps at the left leading into the room in which his Majesty, the King of Korea, stood, bent down on all fours, and bumped his head before him as a sign of the reverence he felt for his King.

Then, rising, he stood, with his sword uplifted, at the right of the King, while my audience took place. At the close of it he backed out from the King's presence with bended head, and so continued till outside the gate, where he again sprang into greatness, and had a whole host of servants to do him homage.

This Oriental formality runs through all ranks of the Korean army. It is, says General Dye, the ruin of the service. He thinks that Korea will never have good soldiers until the officers learn military tactics by the same hard knocks that our officers do, and until they put themselves more on a level with their troops, and work with them.

The soldiers of Korea act as the police of the capital. The city of Seoul contains about three hundred thousand people, most of whom live in one-story thatched huts. A great wall runs around the city, climbing the mountains and crossing the valleys which surround it, and this wall has a number of gates.

At sundown a band of soldiers, with music much like that of the Scotch bagpipe, marches out of the palace and closes the gates of the city, which, after this, cannot be opened until the morning. At this time the King's military signal corps springs into life on the mountain-tops about the city. Watch-fires built upon them tell him, by means of an elaborate code, whether there is trouble or peace in the different parts of his realm.

This system of watch-fires acts as a sort of telegraph line, reaching from the capital to the remotest districts, and at this hour every night fire after fire appears on the hill-tops throughout Korea.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

For the Companion.

MAY-DAY MEMORY.

A thousand scenes of joy we may forget,
But one in pearls of memory is set,—
The mossy woods, the brook, the sparkling sky,
When first, with childish heart exulting high,
We plucked the May-flower and the violet.

FRANCES L. MACE.

AUSTRALIA.

An event of great interest and importance has recently taken place in the Australian colonies of Great Britain. They have resolved to become a practically independent nation, and to construct a federal union of States, like those collected under our own general government.

The movement to bring the Australian colonies together in a federal bond began eight years ago. Its first result was the formation of a "Federal Council," in 1885; but this Federal Council had but very limited powers. It comprised two members from each self-governing colony, and one from each "Crown" colony.

To it the crown and the colonies delegated certain authority; but it could not bind the action of any colony without its consent. It was, in short, something like our own early Confederation, before the Constitution was adopted. The tie it created between the colonies was but a loose one.

But during last March a Convention, consisting of delegates from the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South and West Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, sat at Sydney, and adopted a constitution for a closer federal union, and in this constitution it took many features of that of the United States.

When this constitution shall have received the assent of each of the colonies, it will be sent for approval to the Imperial Parliament at London; and if it is also approved by that body, the new Commonwealth will have been fully established.

The very name selected for their new union by the Australians is significant. They did not choose the word "Dominion," which was adopted by the Canadians. The consolidated government will be known as the "Australian Commonwealth," a phrase which suggests to Englishmen not the British Empire, but the era of Cromwell, when England had no king.

The taking of this name indicates that the Australians intend to assert a somewhat larger degree of independence than that enjoyed by Canada.

The main features of the new Federal Constitution of Australia are as follows: The Governor-General of the Commonwealth is still to be appointed by the crown, and will be endowed with the power of veto. He will be the only official in Australia appointed by the home government.

The Parliament will comprise two houses, called the Senate and the House of Representatives. The senators will be chosen for terms of six years; half retiring every three years. Each colony will be entitled to eight senators, and will thus be equally represented in the upper house.

The House of Representatives will be chosen for a term of three years, instead of two, as with us. Its members will be apportioned according to population.

The Parliament thus formed will have powers very similar to those of our own Congress. It will deal with the customs and federal taxation; will legislate on the army and navy, on banking, the census, immigration, patents, weights and measures, bankruptcy, marriage and divorce. It will have control of the postal and telegraphic systems of the colonies; and power to legislate on any subject committed to it by one of the States, its acts in this case, however, applying only to that State.

All money bills must originate in the lower house. The Senate may approve or reject, but may not amend such bills.

The executive power, under the Governor-General, will be exercised by a cabinet of seven ministers, chosen from the Senate or House; and these ministers, as in England, will be responsible to the houses for all executive acts and policy.

A Supreme Court of appeal is created, which will be the final resort in all cases, except where the crown desires a revision of its judgment by the Privy Council in London.

The Constitution, moreover, provides that a uniform tariff as regards the rest of the world shall be established for the Australian Commonwealth; and that absolute free trade shall exist between the several States.

Thus comes into being a new and great nation of English-speaking people at the Antipodes. The success of the scheme of Federal Union can scarcely be doubted; nor is it unlikely that the new Commonwealth will, in the near future, completely sever itself from Great Britain.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

Deserted now its windows blank
Stare at the passer-by,
And weeds and grasses, stale and rank,
In wind-swept chaos lie.
No more from pastures green, at night
To farmyard come the kine,
Nor homeward come with hearts so light,
The boys of "auld lang syne."

Boston Transcript. —*W. M. Rogers.*

THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY.

The President took advantage of the long recess of Congress and the comparative lightness of public duties to make a journey to the far South and West.

He set out from Washington on the 14th of April, accompanied by a distinguished party, and proceeded in a southwesterly course as far as the Mexican boundary of Texas, and thence by the southern route to California. His intention is to return in May by another route, so that, in the course of his journey, he will have passed through most of the States and Territories of the West.

The journey was made in a palace. No sovereign, however great his love of luxury or however lavish in his expenditure, ever set forth on his travels under conditions of such comfort and such provision for his daily wants.

Yet vastly greater sums have been expended frequently for vastly inferior accommodations. A hundred years ago money could not buy as much ease for a journey of fifty miles, as a dollar or two and a seat in an ordinary railroad car will procure to-day.

The train in which the President made his journey was constructed especially for the occasion. It is spacious and sumptuous, and is so fully provided with everything that is necessary for the comfort of the travellers that, except for the slight motion of the cars, they are as much at their ease as they would be in their own homes.

One hundred years ago, in 1791, the President of that day, the great Washington, made a journey to what was then the extreme South, namely, to Georgia. The undertaking was a greater one than is Mr. Harrison's trip to the Pacific coast. The time occupied was longer. Bad roads and a jolting carriage made it impossible to cover much more than fifty miles a day without great physical discomfort.

The example set by Washington has been followed by many of the Presidents who have visited distant parts of the country in state. Some of these journeys have become historic, notably the protracted tour of Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Johnson's speech-making trip, which is known as his "swinging around the circle."

It will have been noticed by many of our readers that while Mr. Harrison went as far as El Paso, in Texas, he did not cross the line into Mexico. This is in accordance with a tradition that the President should not leave the country during his term of office. When President Grant visited Maine, on the occasion of the opening of the railroad to Saint John, New Brunswick, he went to the border of the State, but did not cross it.

Another tradition which should never be violated, and which has been transgressed on very few occasions, is that the President should avoid carefully party questions in any speeches that he may make when on his travels.

The President is greeted everywhere by men of all shades of politics, as the official head of the government; and it is due to those who pay him their respects, while differing from him on public questions, that nothing be said to offend them. President Harrison observed strictly this tradition also, and devoted his speeches to helpful hints as to the best means of securing prosperity for the section he was visiting.

Such journeys as this of the President are useful in many ways. Sometimes they bring the Chief Magistrate into regions which he never before has visited, and into contact with people of whom before he has only heard. But whether he is visiting new or familiar scenes, he brings himself before the people, who, with characteristic good-nature, receive and honor him as the first officer of the Republic.

By such means the asperities of politics are softened, and the people, young and old, are taught to respect and reverence the government, when they learn how to treat with distinction the man whom perhaps they are eager to drive from office, because for the moment he represents the majesty of the nation.

UNWISE CASTE FEELING.

At the great convention of workingwomen held in New York last fall, domestic servants, shop-girls, artists, teachers, the daughters of millionnaires and bishops, authors and seamstresses sat side by side, and eagerly discussed the practical and charitable schemes brought before them.

At some of the houses of what is called the exclusive class in New York and Philadelphia, regular meetings of women have been held during the past winter, in which the uneducated and the poorest in purse were welcome guests, provided they could bring warm sympathy, or experience, or good sense to aid in the reformatory work for children, which was being pushed forward.

At one of these gatherings a girl who was a tailoress rose when the meetings were about to close, and said, "I have been cured of some mistakes by coming here. I thought we were the laboring class, and that all rich women spent their time in dressing and lolling in carriages. I sew eight hours, and then I'm done for the day. But as for Miss Blank,"—naming a prominent society leader who was one of the chief promoters of the Convention,—"her work, it seems to me, is never done! I have just found out that brain work is as hard and tiring as hand work, and that there are other kinds of hard labor in the world than that of earning your living in the factory or in the workshop."

King Leopold of Belgium, in a speech made not long ago to the Workmen's Council of Industry, impressed his hearers by saying, "Workingmen in this country are wrong in considering themselves a separate caste. The heads of departments have great labor to perform. I myself am not an idle man. In different grades we are all Belgians, and all of us are workmen."

Great danger lies before this country in the formation of castes, and the prejudices which exist between the rich and the poor. Much of this might be averted if each class of workmen would learn to appreciate and respect the labor of other classes, provided that labor conduces to the general good.

The statesman who directs the machinery of a branch of the government; the editor who furnishes thousands of readers with both facts and opinions; the clerk who bends over the desk all day; the woman who superintends asylums and hospitals; the mason, the tailor, the carpenter and the cook—all are laborers together. The labor of the muscles is not more useful to humanity nor exhausting to vitality than the labor of the brain.

These are platitudes, but platitudes which are apt to be forgotten. Safety to the Republic can only come from our unitedly working together, and in honoring each other's work.

HUNTING FOR HANDLES.

An intimate friend of a merchant who had just lost his property called to express his sympathy, and found the family much depressed, with the exception of the youngest son, who appeared as cheerful as usual.

"How happens it, Bob," the visitor inquired, "that your face isn't so long as the rest of the family?"

"I suppose," Bob returned, "that I have been so busy hunting handles that I haven't had time to pull it down."

"Explain yourself," demanded the visitor, laughing.

"This is all," said the courageous Bob. "When I was a little shaver, my grandfather used to have a carpenter's bench in his woodshed, and one day he sent me for a particular tool, and I brought it to him without the handle. 'What good is that?' he cried. 'Are you a fool, Bob?' Then I was mad, and cried back, 'There isn't any handle to anything there!' He seized me by the arm and said, 'Bob, remember one thing: there's always a handle to everything! *Go hunt the handle!*'

"My grandfather was a man who knew what he was talking about; if he said there's a handle to everything, then, sure as a gun, there's a handle to our affairs now, and I mean to find it!"

No virtue is more easily imparted than that of courage, and it is needless to add that the whole family set about "hunting for handles"—and found them.

NORWEGIAN INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Some of our school-boys have opportunities to learn history without taking much trouble about it. In a large school in some of the Western cities there may be pupils of a dozen nationalities: Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Norwegian, French, German, Hebrew, Irish, Finnish, Russian, and each of these has its own national days, as we have ours on the Fourth of July and the Twenty-second of February. An American boy of inquiring mind will naturally want to know what those national days are, and what they commemorate.

Suppose we take the Seventeenth of May for an example, when all the Norwegian children like to be absent and have a good time somewhere. This is the national holiday of the Norwegian people. What happened on that day that the people of Norway should hold it in such honor?

A well-informed Norwegian boy will answer that on May 17, 1814, the people of Norway "declared their independence." During the Bonaparte

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wars an attempt was made to unite Norway and Sweden on terms that would have been degrading to Norway, reducing her to the rank of a subject province. The people rose against this threatened indignity, and "declared their independence."

It happened that the King of Sweden was Bernadotte, one of the Bonaparte marshals, a man of much ability and some real insight into the nature of things. He proposed to Norway a kind of union that she could accept without loss of self-respect; a union under one king, indeed, but also under one constitution, each State being sovereign within itself, and each governing itself in all matters local and domestic.

This constitution expressly declared that Norway should remain forever "free, independent, indivisible and inalienable." The union was, in fact, an application of the Federal or Home-Rule principle.

This constitution was adopted November 4, 1814, but the day celebrated and beloved by Norwegians is May Seventeenth, when they declared that they would not be joined to Sweden except in an equal and honorable union.

DARWIN'S ENTHUSIASM.

In the summer of 1860, Darwin, then fifty-one years old, was "idling and resting," as he says, at the house of his sister-in-law. Two species of Drosera or sundew—plants which are common in Eastern North America—were abundant in the neighborhood, and he noticed that many insects seemed to have been entrapped by the leaves.

This observation led him to make some experiments, and as he wrote to Dr. Asa Gray, the eminent botanist, he soon became "infinitely amused" at his results.

In the following November he wrote to Sir J. D. Hooker, "I have been working like a madman at Drosera;" and in a letter to Sir Charles Lyell, a few days later, he says, "I will and must finish my Drosera manuscript, which will take me a week, for at present I care more about Drosera than the origin of all the species in the world."

But the manuscript was kept for fifteen years, and finally brought out in 1875.

Meanwhile, he had written and published his work on "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," but had not forgotten his "beloved Drosera." "It is a wonderful plant," he writes to Doctor Gray, "or rather a most sagacious animal. I will stick up for Drosera to the day of my death."

It was enthusiasm of this kind, held in check by sound judgment, which made Darwin so brilliantly successful as a scientific experimenter. In 1862 we find him deep in the study of different forms of flowers on plants of the same species, and writing, as usual, to Doctor Gray.

"I am almost stark staring mad over Lythrum," he says. "It has just flashed on me that you might have Lythrum in North America, and I have looked to your Manual. For the love of heaven have a look at some of your species, and if you can get me seed, do. I want much to try species with few stamens. Seed! Seed! Seed! I should rather like seed of Mitchella. But, O Lythrum! Your utterly mad friend, C. Darwin."

Work done in such a spirit as this is more enjoyable than anything which goes by the name of sport.

RICH MEN OF THE FUTURE.

A leather merchant, not generally known to be a wealthy man, died some months ago in New York. A lawsuit arose from his will, which distributed great legacies among a score of colleges. The suit was compromised, and the legacies will be paid. Out of the estate of this unknown millionnaire nearly four million dollars will be given to thirty-five colleges; half a million more will be divided between several hospitals.

It is impossible to estimate the good to students and the sick that these bequests ensure for years and years to come. There is no doubt, however, that in general a rich man's money had better be given away before his death than after it.

Many years may pass between the making of a fortune and the carrying out of the maker's will. Besides this useless delay there is the danger that bequests will be diverted from their intended purpose. While a man is alive, he can see that his money is spent as he wishes. After his death there is no telling what legal contentions and unforeseen difficulties may bring about.

Money in itself is worth nothing. Its only value lies in what one can do with it. Many young people are going to make fortunes within the next generation or two. If they will devote a share of their wealth, while they can still control it, to the wise, generous service of their fellow-men, the value of money will be realized as never before.

A CHURCH CAR.

The school-on-wheels, or railway car fitted up with school apparatus and provided with a teacher, which the Russian Government some time since sent out upon the line of the new railway in Turkestan, has a worthy imitator in the church car now running upon the railways in North Dakota.

Bishop Walker, of the Episcopal diocese of North Dakota, having long experienced the need of places where he could conduct religious worship in new railroad towns, resolved to have a railroad car fitted up as a church or chapel, which could be hauled from place to place as needed.

By the aid of friends in his own diocese and in other parts of the country, Bishop Walker has been enabled to provide himself with such a travelling place of worship. His new car is marked "Church of the Advent" in one place, and "Cathedral Car of North Dakota" in another. Externally it is not unlike an ordinary palace car, but has a projection upon each side simulating that of the transept of a church.

Within, the car is provided with a double row of chairs, seventy-five in number, with pointed backs, on each side of the aisle. At the end is a raised altar, and in the rear corner a small organ.

There is also a room in which the bishop puts on his robes and sleeps at night. He is his own organist and his own porter, and takes with him no assistant.

The car is now upon its rounds, and has been filled many times with worshipping congregations.

The idea has been acted upon by missionaries of other denominations, and the travelling church bids fair to do a great work in carrying religion to the pioneers of the Western country.

GRANT AND SHERMAN.

Like most silent men, General Grant was little given to witticisms. A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* relates an anecdote, however, which shows that he was not without ability to say bright things on occasion. Grant and Sherman were discussing the plans of a campaign, when a third general, a brigadier, entered the tent—a good soldier, but notorious for his carelessness as to his personal appearance.

The brigadier finished his errand and went out. General Grant pulled upon his cigar for a few minutes in silence, and then said:

"Sherman, I wonder whom that man gets to wear his shirts the first week."

Grant and Sherman were diametrically opposite in temperament, but each believed fully in the other, and their mutual confidence and affection were never disturbed by any of the petty jealousies so distressingly common among army officers.

During the siege of Vicksburg Grant announced his determination to move to a point below the town. All the generals vigorously opposed the plan, and Sherman in particular gave it as his decided opinion that the movement would be fatal.

Grant had studied the situation thoroughly, and was not to be shaken in his resolve. At last Sherman drew up a formal protest, explained its contents to Grant, and asked him if he had any objections to sending it to General Halleck.

"Certainly not," replied the man of few words.

Grant's bold scheme was successful, as all the world knows, and after the capitulation of the city, he said to Sherman:

"You remember that protest you wished me to have sent to the War Department?"

"Yes," answered Sherman.

"Well, here it is. I put it in my pocket. I thought any time would do. I'll send it now, or you may have it, just as you wish."

Sherman took it. Grant never referred to the matter again, and the circumstance was given publicity by Sherman himself.

MORE THAN READY.

"The successful canvasser," once said a business man, "is the one who can persuade you to buy what you don't want." Few persons of refined feeling would care to undertake the business under those circumstances, but even they could scarcely help being amused by some instances of persistence in agents.

A "summer boarder" was one day sitting on the farm-house steps, when a vender of patent medicines appeared, and began to advertise his wares.

"Good for toothache, rheumatism, gout, ague," he said rapidly, displaying a bottle. "Got rheumatism now, haven't ye? I could tell that the minute I set eyes on ye."

"Never had a twinge in my life," said the victim.

"Subject to headache?"

"No."

"Teeth trouble ye?"

"Never."

So the conversation went on, from nostrums to liquids for cleansing purposes, and still nothing was sold. After half an hour's steady effort, the agent slowly packed up his wares and sadly prepared to depart. As he was about to go, a neighbor approached, bringing the morning's mail, and called out, triumphantly:

"I've got two magazines, and there's a story by you in each!"

The agent threw open his bag with a lightning-like gesture. He seized a bottle from its contents, and proffered it imploringly.

"Why didn't you tell me you was a writer?" cried he. "Twenty-five cents a bottle! Best thing on earth for writer's cramp!"

He had conquered; the nostrum was bought, though only to be tossed over the orchard wall.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Taverner, of the Boston *Post*, makes a suggestion which may be commended, with some grains of allowance, to all contributors to *The Companion*. "I doubt," he says, "if Shakespeare himself would have furnished good 'copy' if he had attempted to put down his plays with a pencil and a pad," and he continues:

The late Philip Welch, who flooded all the comic papers and some of the serious ones with the most original, the most concise and pointed paragraphs, wrote each one—they were always short—in the middle of a sheet of good, thick note-paper.

Thus he secured two advantages. Having a sheet of paper for each joke, he was under no temptation to lengthen his witticism to suit the page; and the nature of his material, such as one would use for an invitation to an evening party, naturally led him to be concise and finished—to have a beautiful *bon mot* in the exact middle of a beautiful expanse of white.

I will only add that I make these observations chiefly for the benefit of my friend, Penloper, whose comparative failure as a humorist I attribute to his use of cheap yellow paper and an ill-sharpened pencil.

AS A PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL.

In the popular estimation of Russia, Tolstoi is almost a mightier man than "our father, the Czar." An exceptional personage to every one, he is in his own land a saint and deliverer. One of the authors of "The Czar and His People" gives the following instance of his independence of thought and action:

General Loris Melikoff had been given such unbounded power to act against the Nihilists that, as he said, he was virtually created vice-emperor. He discovered, in the course of his official investigations, that one of the leading Nihilist chiefs was in the habit of visiting Tolstoi, and one day Melikoff himself went out to the novelist's country-house. Before the visitor had announced himself, Tolstoi recognized him, and said:

"You are Loris Melikoff. Do you come to see me officially or as a private man? If you come officially, here are my keys. Search, open everything. You are free to do so."

"I do not come officially," replied Melikoff.

"Very good," answered Tolstoi, and calling two stalwart servants, he said to them, "Throw this man out of the house!"

The order was obeyed to the letter, and Melikoff dared not seek redress.

Victor Cloth—*correction*—in R. H. White & Co.'s advertisement on page 257 of the April 30th issue of COMPANION it should read send for samples—*of*—goods free.

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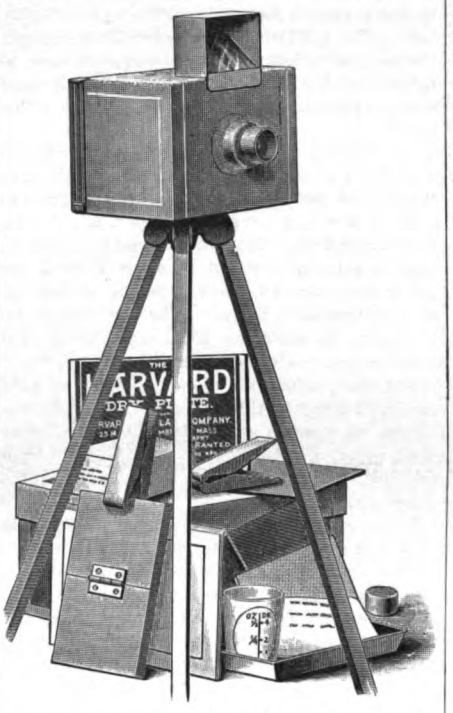
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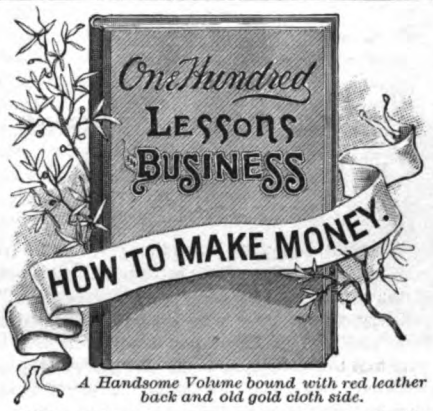
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For the Companion.

MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION.

By Sir Morell Mackenzie, M. D.

FAME.—Third Paper.

"Thought, I say, is always thought," said Carlyle. "No great man lives in vain. The history of the world is but the biography of great men."

Every young man who enters a profession from choice has hopes and aspirations which lead him to strive after some ideal, either vague or clearly defined in his mind. Every French recruit is said to have the marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack, and the office of president is open to every native male citizen of the United States.

The medical profession has its heroes, too, whose deeds may well inspire the young student with a desire to imitate them, and their fame has been gained exclusively by the benefits they have conferred on humanity, which cannot be invariably maintained of the successful general or statesman.

There have been doctors of renown who have actively and intentionally followed the professions both of killing and of curing, like Podaleirius and Machaon, the "two excellent physicians, both sons of Æsculapius," who came to Troy with "thirty hollow ships," and fought as bravely as the rest at the head of their clan.

Their double worth as fighters and physicians was fully realized by their companions in arms; for Homer tells us, in the Eleventh Book of the Iliad, that when Machaon was wounded in the shoulder by Paris, as he was checking the advance of Hector, Idomeneus begged Nestor to carry the wounded hero out of the battle in his chariot; for, he said,

> "worth many a life is his,
> The skilful leech, who knows, with practis'd hand,
> T' extract the shaft, and healing drugs apply."

But, though it is no longer part of an army surgeon's duty to inflict wounds on the enemy, as well as to heal the wounds of his friends, he has yet plenty of opportunity for showing as much heroism as the soldier. In the war of 1877, between the Russians and the Turks, an English ambulance was working in company with the Russian, at a small village called Trnjanè, on the afternoon of September First. About half-past six word came that the Turks were surrounding the village, and a general retreat was sounded.

At this moment, two young English surgeons, Mr. Hare and Mr. Sandwith, were preparing to amputate the thigh of a wounded soldier. A cry arose that the Bashibazouks were surrounding the village, and the panic became universal. Colonel Georgewitch galloped up to the two surgeons, shouting: "Retreat, gentlemen!" but they went on with their operation as calmly as if they had been in an operating theatre, and when they had finished, the patient was conveyed in a cart to a position of safety, while the young men left the village on foot, half an hour before it was sacked and burnt by the Bashibazouks.

The excitement of war is said often to generate courage, even in the blood of men not constitutionally brave; so that grave risks deliberately run amid the methodical and prosaic surroundings of the hospital are, perhaps, greater proofs of a heroic nature than the instance given above.

There have been many instances where doctors have followed the example of the before-mentioned medical hero, Machaon, who sucked the blood from the arrow-wound of Menelaus; and the case of Dr. Samuel Rabbeth, one of the most recent of these, is still remembered by those in England who read their daily papers.

In October, 1884, Doctor Rabbeth was treating a child for diphtheria, in the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, London, and was obliged to perform the operation of tracheotomy to prevent suffocation. In spite of the operation the breathing was not relieved, and Doctor Rabbeth, in order to save the child from immediate danger of death by asphyxia, and fully conscious of the risk he ran, sucked the tracheotomy tube, and cleared it of the obstructing membrane.

The child was not saved, and the doctor was lost; for ten days afterward he died of the diphtheria, caught through his heroic act.

Harvey sat under a hedge during the battle of Edgehill, calmly reading his book, till a bullet from a great gun grazed the ground near him and suggested that he had better move a little further off if he did not wish his circulation to be stopped. He did not, in these circumstances, give evidence of courage so much as of an absorption in the theme that interested him so great as to render him perfectly oblivious to what was going on around him.

But Harvey was a hero in another way. He arrived at his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, after many years of patient toil and careful investigation; but it was long before he could make up his mind to publish the treatise which was to contradict the teaching and confute the theories of men whom he honored and respected.

Unlike many reformers, who are delighted at the chance to expose the errors of their predecessors,—as if the finding out the fault of another of itself added lustre to their own fame,—Harvey had all the humility of a really great mind, which, while it must believe and proclaim the incontestable truths it has discovered, has yet a reverence for other great minds whose researches did not bring them quite so far on the road of knowledge.

Harvey was conscious that the publication of so epoch-making a discovery would rouse a storm of indignation and opposition. "What remains to be said . . . . is of so novel and unheard of a character," he says, "that I not only fear injury to myself from the envy of a few, but I tremble lest I make mankind at large my enemies. So much doth wont and custom, that become as another nature, and doctrine once sown that hath struck deep root, and respect for antiquity influence all men. Still the die is cast, and my trust is in the love of truth, and the candor that inheres in cultivated minds."

Alas for the upright, simple man who trusts in the power of truth and candor to overcome the "envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness" that also exist, at times, in cultivated minds! Harvey's biographer, Aubrey, says: "After his book on the circulation of the blood came out, he fell mightily in his practice. It was believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained, and all the physicians were against him."

Tardy recognition of Harvey's merits came a few years before his death, but he declined the honors offered by the College of Physicians after he had presented that body with a handsome gift, and died in 1657, leaving to the world an example "of a noble independence of mind, prepared to follow the truth at all hazards, while yet imbued with a profound respect for the authority of his teachers."

A greater hero even than Harvey was Edward Jenner. For nearly thirty years he quietly, patiently and perseveringly pursued his investigations in the little town of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, and its neighborhood, making constant experiments in vaccination, often baffled, but never daunted; and when at length he gave his great discovery to the world, he was abused and vilified by his colleagues to an extent almost unheard of in the history of medicine.

But in spite of the opposition of the medical faculty, headed by the venerable College of Physicians, vaccination was rapidly adopted all over the civilized world, America being, as is so often the case, the first to recognize the value of the discovery.

It was made known by Doctor Waterhouse in an article published on March Twelfth, 1799, in a Boston newspaper, the *Columbian Centinel*, entitled "Something Curious in the Medical Line;" and at a meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, presided over by John Adams, President of the United States, the subject was attentively considered, and a resolution was adopted that vaccine matter should at once be procured from England.

The well-known surgeon, Mr. Cline, who was friendly to Jenner, and recognized the value of his discovery, wrote and told him he ought at once to leave the country and set up in London and make ten thousand pounds a year. But Jenner loved science for its own sake, and not for what it would bring in; and he thought with Ruskin "that the things to be desired for man in a healthy state are that he should not see dreams but realities; that he should not destroy life, but save it; and that he should not be rich but content."

His reply to his friend is characteristic: "Shall I, who, even in the morning of my days, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life, the valley and not the mountain; shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and fame? Admitting it as a certainty that I obtain both, what stock should I add to my little store of happiness? My fortune, with what flows in from my profession, is sufficient to gratify my wishes. And as for fame, what is it? A gilded butt, forever pierced by the arrows of malignancy."

Further on in the letter he expresses his fears lest his discovery should suffer through being applied by incompetent persons, and this, unfortunately, did afterwards happen. He did not escape calumny by remaining in retirement. But truth is mighty and will prevail, though it sometimes takes a very long time about it, and Jenner may, perhaps, be considered more fortunate than many, in that he lived to see his discovery welcomed as a blessing all over the world. "Pronounce meditatively the name of Jenner," said Coleridge, "and ask, what might we not hope, what need we deem unattainable, if all the time, the effort and the skill which we waste in making ourselves miserable through vice or error, and vicious through misery, were embodied and marshalled to a systematic war against the existing evils of nature."

Limited space, not want of material, hinders me from multiplying instances of men in the medical profession as heroic as any soldier who ever led a forlorn hope or mounted first in a breach.

"At bottom," said Carlyle, "the great man, as he comes from the hand of nature, is ever the same kind of thing. . . . True, there are aptitudes of nature too. Nature does not make all great men in the self-same mould. Varieties of aptitude doubtless; but infinitely more of circumstance; and far oftenest it is the latter only that are looked to."

Had Jenner lived in the dim ages of which Homer wrote, he would have come down to posterity as a mythical hero half-divine, who had overthrown and slain some terrible, all-devouring monster. Had circumstances made him a modern general or admiral who had been instrumental in killing many thousands of his fellow-creatures, he would probably have been rewarded with a peerage and a fortune by his grateful country.

But he, and such as he, who spend their lives in noble devotion to the cause of humanity, have their names graven in brass; for

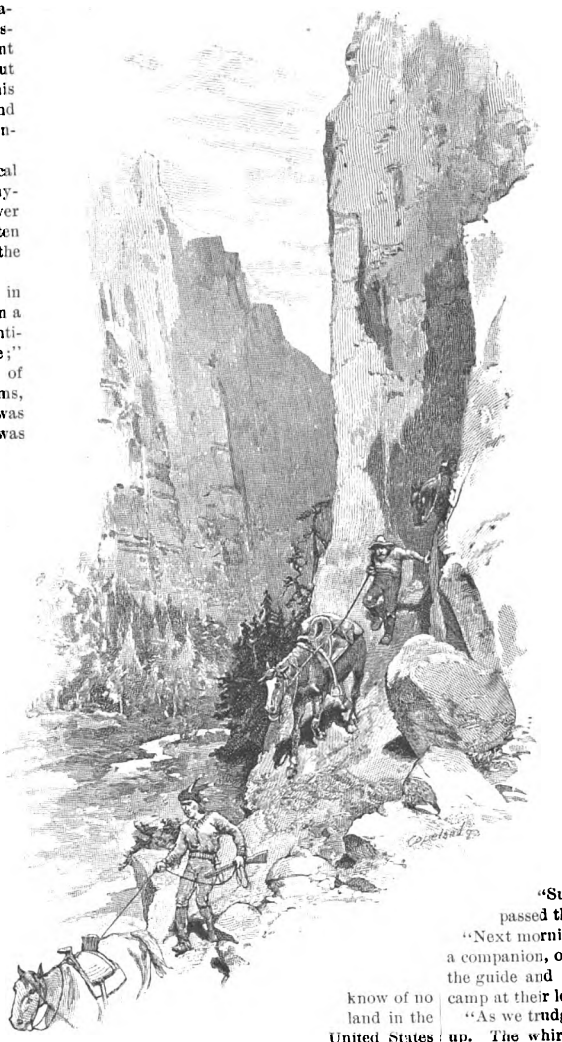
> "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
> Nor in the glistering foil
> Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
> But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
> And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
> As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
> Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

For the Companion.

THE BIG HORN CANON.

By Gen. James S. Brisbin.

So little undiscovered territory is left in the United States, that he who can plant his foot on a spot where the foot of civilized man never trod before, achieves a victory of which he may well be proud. With the exception of a few inaccessible mountain peaks, some portions of Alaska, the Colorado Cañon and the Big Horn Cañon, I know of no land in the United States that has not been well explored.



Though the Big Horn Cañon is located within sixty miles of Fort Custer, in Montana, where I am writing, I can find no one who has ever been through it. Some men have been in it, but did not stay long, and only a few have traversed it for as much as twenty miles.

The only man I ever met on these plains who could give a good account of the great cañon was Lieutenant George P. Belden, the celebrated trapper, guide and scout, who died some years ago. Even old and thoroughly travelled scouts and hunters have had to acknowledge that they knew nothing about the Big Horn Cañon.

Belden often told me about it, and said he had been from its mouth to the top, and once had spent a portion of the winter beneath the friendly shelter of its mighty walls. Belden left some notes in a book giving a partial account of the "sunken plain," as he called it.

"We had been toiling up, up, all day long," says Belden in these notes, "and at night looked far back and below us to the Chetish or Wolf Mountains. They were to the north, and fully forty miles distant. They loomed up from the plain, low, broad, black and flat, and we could see that they had no connection at any point with the giant Big Horn Range. West of us was the Big Horn Valley proper.

"Wishing to strike the Big Horn Cañon at its mouth and go up it to its head, I told our Indian guide so to lead as to bring us to the cañon at its junction with the river.

"Early the next morning we set out nearly due westward. Our Indian guide, although a Crow, and born in the country, had great difficulty in locating the cañon, so broken and uneven was the land. At last he pointed to some pines on a distant hilltop, and, calling out 'There! there!' rode smartly forward.

"At the foot of the mountain below the pines we found an old trail, almost obliterated from long disuse. Taking this, the guide galloped swiftly forward.

"In about an hour he stopped on the brink of a deep ravine, and told us that this was the great cañon. Dismounting, and going forward on foot, I looked over wall rock hundreds of feet high. The Indian said that a mile below was a trail leading down into the cañon, and that we could descend if we wished. He said it was twenty miles or more to the mouth of the cañon, and the descent was more difficult there than by the trail just below us.

"I told him to go ahead, and we would enter the valley at once.

"After rolling, jerking, sliding and tumbling, as it were, down the side of the cañon for fully five minutes, we suddenly found ourselves in a little valley, from which the light was almost excluded by the black walls of rock.

"There was a bright streak of sunshine along the centre of the valley, and a stream rippled by. The tall pines sighed mournfully in the light breeze. Not even the tops of the tallest trees ascended as high as the top of the cañon. They were extremely tall, for they had been sheltered from the storms that had twisted and dwarfed their less fortunate neighbors on the prairie above.

"The little stream was filled with mountain trout. They were of the mountain brook species, and we could see their golden bars flash as they darted through the crystal waters.

"Up the stream was a herd of a dozen elk, and below, almost within rifle shot, two black-tailed deer browsed. There were many kinds of birds, and the cawing of hundreds of crows could be heard up the stream where the timber was thickest.

"When the sounds of the birds, the brook and the trees ceased, the silence was intense. The valley seemed cut off from the rest of the world.

"One has strange feelings in such a place; and I was not sorry when the Indian, who had been creeping down the valley toward the deer, fired a shot and killed the buck. The noise of his gun seemed almost as loud as a cannon, and as the echoes reverberated far up and down the valley, the birds rose screaming in the air, and circled far above us.

"Supping on trout and deer meat, we passed the night by the side of the stream.

"Next morning, wishing to hunt, I set out with a companion, our rifles on our shoulders, leaving the guide and scout to pack and follow with the camp at their leisure.

"As we trudged along, many prairie hens flew up. The whirring of their wings and the loud call of the old cocks attracted the attention of a fine buck. On seeing us, he stooped low, and, creeping away, hid in the nearest bunch of pines.

"He seemed to suppose that we had not seen him. As he tiptoed into the wood, Dan, my companion, laughed outright; but we let the fine fellow go, for we had plenty of meat, and it would have been cruel to kill him merely for the sport of shooting him.

"A mile further up, as we turned a sharp angle of the high wall on our right, we saw a band of over one hundred elk grazing within easy rifle range. The leader threw up his head, whistled danger, and started up the valley.

"The excitement was too much for old Dan. Bringing his gun to his shoulder, he fired, and the leader fell, shot through both fore-shoulders.

"The herd halted when the leader fell and gathered about him. None except the wounded buck had yet seen us. They looked everywhere about in a frightened way, but we had hidden among

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the rocks. Finally they started up the valley again.

"It was a beautiful sight. Nothing but a mass of horns, tips of ears and flying feet could be seen as they moved in a compact mass. The noise of their hoofs and the glint of their red necks reminded us of a flight of birds more than of animals.

"The Indian guide said the true name of this cañon was Elk Cañon, and that elk were always to be found there in great numbers, not only on account of the fine shelter it afforded, but of the warmth and good grass and water.

"After looking at the buck, now quite dead, and taking his hump and tongue, we pushed on up the valley in the rear of the elk. We had meat enough not only for ourselves but for the escort, and we determined not to kill any more, however great the temptation might be.

"We soon began to notice that both the cañon and the stream were becoming narrower rapidly. The stream was a mere rivulet, but still well stocked with red speckled trout. The valley was so narrow that no animal could pass up or down it without coming in close rifle range.

"The wall rock on either hand became higher and higher. Little springs from the side flowed in and bubbled up from the base of the high walls. Pockets, meadows, thickets and ravines increased in numbers, and the great hanging walls above our heads closed until the daylight was almost excluded.

"Deer were very abundant, but all other game had disappeared. Selecting one of the widest of the little pockets or side valleys, we began to climb a deer trail leading up the mountain-side. Since we left camp we had travelled due east, and now we went up the south side of the wall, and soon found ourselves in the wildest of scenery.

"On our right was the snow range, with glistening tops flashing like polished silver. The valley had been very warm, but the change to a colder temperature was perceptible at an elevation of five hundred feet. We were going out of summer into winter, and all within a mile or two.

"The air became so thin that one could not run at all, and every few hundred steps our breath gave out, and a short rest was necessary. We were entering the confines of perpetual winter.

"Working forward over the snow line, we found the stunted old pine-trees becoming more and more gnarled, and most of them dead or dying. Here and there, in the crevice of a rock, we found a bush growing which bore brown berries that were sweet to the taste and not unpleasant eating.

"Here and there little red and striped chipmunks frisked about, and shot in and out of the rocks. They seemed larger than the chipmunks of the East, but were evidently the same animal.

"We also saw several large rock-rats, or mountain-squirrels, which inhabit these high regions. Some of them were as large as small prairie-dogs, and were like them except in their movements.

"These animals are sluggish, and shooting at them does not seem to alarm them in the least. They drag themselves lazily in and out of their holes and act as if they were deaf.

"Above the ground vines rise ranges of granite rock, gray, pink and brown, with veins of delicate purple and blue running through them. There is a rose-colored granite on these mountains that takes a high polish and is very beautiful. I saw an almost jet black marble, the finest stone I had ever seen, and there is much white marble.

"From the top of these granite walls the snow extended over the mountain, hiding everything above from view.

"Standing at the foot of the great granite walls, our feet pressing the snows of many winters, our teeth chattering in the cold mountain air, we looked far down below us to see the Black Cañon with its green trees, grassy valley and sparkling stream, which looked like a tiny thread of silver. With my glass I could see wild sheep on the opposite hills, and far down the cañon a band of deer playing at hide-and-seek as they dashed in and out of the little thickets.

"I had been at the snow-line before, but never at so interesting a place as the Black Cañon.

"Finding the night coming on we began our downward course.

"About half-way down the mountain-side, as we came out from among a group of pines, we noticed a large mound, upon which sparkled millions of bright little objects, having the appearance of bits of broken window glass. The mound, we found upon approaching it, was a bed of gypsum; the thin scales and large slabs gave it the appearance of a huge jewel set in the mountain-side.

"Down, down we went, almost an hour and a half, and then we came out into the little valley once more, and found an escort awaiting us. The sun was still shining on the hills, and we determined to go up the cañon a little way and camp for the night.

"An hour's march brought us to the head of the stream and some fine springs. Here, the guide informed us, we must stop or go a long way to water. We accordingly encamped, and after a good supper went out and gathered Kinnikinnik, or bearberry leaves, to mix with our tobacco.

"We found many curious colored pebbles, some agates and several other stones of value.

"We had explored only twenty miles of the middle portion of the great cañon, and in the morning determined to climb out and go over to Bear Cañon of the Big Horn to hunt for grizzlies."

This is the only description of the Black Cañon of the Big Horn that I have ever seen. It is meagre and unsatisfactory, but if I live until the summer of 1891, I hope to explore, map and photograph the entire region.

For the Companion.

CHOW-WICH-AR.

"You have eaten salmon from the Columbia River and salmon from the Restigouche, you say, and you think that you have eaten good salmon; but let me tell you that you don't know what good salmon are, and that you never will know unless you go to Alaska and taste of a *chow-wich-ar*."

"A *chow-wich-ar* is a kind of salmon, then?" I asked.

"The king of all the salmon. There are five kinds—the *nerkar*, the *gorbuskar*, the *keetar*, the *ki-such* and the *chow-wich-ar*. They all go up the rivers of Alaska, particularly the Yukon; and in size and in flavor the *chow-wich-ar* is above them all. If you have tasted one of these, you will never say much about the other kinds.

"I have seen these fish speared in the Yukon, six feet long, and a hundred pounds in weight. It took a good strong Siwash Indian to get a fish of that size out of the water, too. There was enough in one fish to feed our whole mining-camp two days; and we bought it for about a quarter of one small plug of tobacco.

"We could have speared the fish ourselves; but it did not pay us to spend the time, when an Indian could be hired to bring us such a fish for three smokes. The gold-mining season on the Yukon is too short to leave much time for fishing and hunting."

As the speaker was one of the adventurous miners who have for several summers crossed the "divide" from Chilcat to the upper Yukon waters, I improved the opportunity to ask if, in his opinion, there are profitable gold washings on the Alaskan rivers.

"Well, I've been there three summers," he replied; "I've spent a good share of the time prospecting, hoping to come upon rich pockets, or bonanzas; and I haven't got wealthy yet. At the same time I know of twenty or more different washings where a man can make from ten to fifteen dollars a day, if he is willing to shake a cradle and really work well.

"Speaking of the *chow-wich-ar*," my mining acquaintance went on, "reminds me of a bear-hide I've got among my luggage. I want to show it to you."

He went below, where he had his "traps" stowed away in the steamer's forehold, and presently emerged with a bulky bundle which proved to be, when spread out on deck, an immense grizzly-bear skin. It was nearly ten feet long and almost or quite as wide.

"That must have belonged to a fearful beast!" I exclaimed, as the vast stretch of thick iron-gray was extended along the deck.

"Well, I reckon it did," remarked the miner, laughing. "You should have seen his tracks, too! I saw his tracks before I saw the bear; so I wasn't quite so much surprised when I saw the old fellow himself."

"How did you contrive to kill him?"

"It was while we were prospecting a river which makes down out of the hills into the Yukon, some forty miles below the mouth of the Natchonde. I borrowed a carbine one morning and went out with a Siwash Indian, whom the miners called 'Beany,' in the hope of shooting an elk; for we had lived on salmon, till, good as they were, I thought a change might be wholesome.

"We went up the valley of a swift tributary stream two or three miles. Then, in the sand and gravel around the foot of one of the deep, clear pools, 'Beany' stopped and pointed to what I at first took for holes dug there by martens, but which at second glance I perceived were tracks.

"Well, sir, every one of those footprints was almost eighteen inches long by a foot wide! My first thought was, that they must be the tracks of that mastodon which some of the Hudson Bay Company's men say they have seen on the Porcupine River!

"But Beany grunted out '*markee-mook*,' a word which I had heard meant bear. The imprints were so fresh that I felt sure they had not been made more than ten minutes. We followed the tracks cautiously. You know what ugly customers these bears are. If they find that a hunter is following after them, they will lie in wait and spring upon him.

"Beany and I had been tiptoeing along for half a mile, perhaps, when we suddenly heard a tremendous splashing in the water a little way ahead. The Siwash knew what it meant. He made signs for me to creep along after him.

"The bushes were thick here, and there were several great rocks which shut out from view the pool ahead of us where the splashing seemed to be. But at last we crawled in between the boulders, and caught sight of it—a deep pool down among ledges.

"Right in the middle of this pool was the grizzly, plunging first one way, then another, and spattering the water twenty feet in the air!

"He was not taking a bath, either. There was a bunch of salmon in that deep hole, and old Ephraim was fishing, with his claws for hooks.

"The depth of the water troubled him; but he got hold of a fish at last, and crawled out, snorting, to the top of the shelving ledge on the other side.

"I saw then that the bear was a monster. The salmon that he had caught was about a ten-pound fish, of the common kind; and at just three bites of the bear's big jaws, the fish disappeared down his throat. Then, after smacking once or twice, he began to eye the pool again, on the watch for another, as the salmon swam around and around.

"As often as he saw one that suited him, he would make a feint of plunging in, but did not take the leap for some moments. But at last he made a long leap into the pool, with a tremendous splash. After a tussle for it all around the pool, he got the fish and came out, blowing like a whale.

"This time he had a *chow-wich-ar*, and a fine one. It made a big struggle, and the bear had to grip it close. He clambered up the rocks with it and lay there for some time, waiting for the salmon to die before he let go his grip; for it was a big five-foot fish, and squirmed vigorously.

"As the beast crouched there, across the stream, I seized the opportunity to pull down upon him with my borrowed gun. When 'Beany' saw that I was going to shoot, he crept off as fast as he could. He was making for a tree, I suppose.

"I did not blame him. I am not a great marksman; but I had a splendid chance, and contrived to drive a bullet into the animal's head. It entered near the left eye orbit; and when it struck home, the bear rose on his hind legs, with a strange growl, dropped his fish and pitched headforemost into the pool, dead.

"We pulled the creature out into shallow water, at the toe of the pool, and there 'Beany' took off the hide for me. I think that it is the biggest bear-skin owned in the United States."

For the Companion.

SPRING WOOD-FLOWERS.

Some of the most delicate, beautiful and fragrant flowers bloom in the Northern woods in early spring. It seems as if the deep snow of winter were a nourishing mother to these flowers; for some of them push their delicate petals through the very edges of the melting snowdrifts. Most of them, however, cannot bear the full sunlight, like the glorious daisies and goldenrods of summer and autumn; and those who would behold their beauty must seek them in their quiet retreats.

Ordinarily, the very first flower to make its appearance is the hepatica, or liverleaf. This flower, indeed, has been found in every month of winter, peeping forth from the snow in some favorable situation. It is common in rich, deciduous woods throughout the Northern States, from the Atlantic to Minnesota.

The hepatica's flower, which is generally blue, but sometimes quite white, resembles in form the anemone, to which it is nearly related. It is found lifting its fuzzy stalk and pretty flower against a warm rock or the hole of some ancient tree.

The lovely hepatica is too delicate to bear picking for bouquets. It is puzzling to young botanists, being apetalous,—that is, having no petals,—though the sepals are so richly colored that they look like petals.

Though the hepatica in exceptional cases appears so early that its blossom seems to belong to the year before, its ordinary and copious blossoming time comes when the ground has become well cleared of snow.

One of the prettiest spring flowers, and a near neighbor, though not a relative, of the hepatica, is the "spring-beauty," or claytonia. It sends up a slender stem with grassy leaves, and bears a loose cluster of cup-shaped, rose-colored flowers with pink veins. It is quite common, and, like the hepatica, fades rapidly, and can hardly be brought home in good condition.

The spring-beauty is a wild cousin to the portulaca and the common purslane.

Among the first flowers to appear is the trailing arbutus, or ground laurel—or, as the early settlers of Plymouth named it, the mayflower. Deep in the piny woods it seems to distil the aroma of the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks," and send it forth, refined and sweet, in its clusters of rose-colored and white blossoms.

Nowhere is the "mayflower" more abundant than in the Plymouth woods, where the Pilgrims first found it; and indeed it must have been enough to charm those exiled wanderers' hearts to see the lovely clusters nestling in the pine leaves, and to inhale their delicious fragrance.

It is by no means the exclusive property of New England, for it is found growing from Newfoundland to Minnesota, and even as far south as Florida.

Along the edges of the woods will be found the wood-anemone and the rue-anemone growing together, like twins that must be looked at carefully in order to distinguish one from the other. But the wood-anemone bears but a single flower, while the other has two or more.

When the gentle breeze moves the green leaves and snowy petals of a thousand exquisite anemones by the woodside, we do not wonder that the Greeks called this the *anemone*, or flower shaken by the wind.

Let us follow the brooklet that runs through the woods, and gather the flowers that love its oozy banks. Here, one on each side of the little stream, are the two dicentras. The beautiful, spray-like, light-green leaves are the same in each, but the stem of delicate, peculiar flowers that springs among the leaves of one is different from the other.

On one side we see the yellowish "Dutchman's breeches," and smile at the aptness of the name. On the other side is the squirrel-corn, with flesh-colored, heart-shaped flowers. The flowers of the squirrel-corn are very fragrant. The name has nothing to do with the flower, but refers to the little yellow grains which constitute the roots of the plant.

A little further up the brook we find the royal trilliums. The great purple trillium, or "Benjamin," as it is sometimes called, is a gorgeous bit of dark purple against the green of the leaves and moss; but its odor leaves much to be desired.

The painted trillium is smaller but more attractive, with its wavy white petals marked with deep pink stripes.

The queen of all the trilliums is the great-flowered, white trillium. It blooms a little later than the others; it likes ground a little drier than the banks of our brook, and is rather rare. To come upon a group of these flowers is like meeting a company of woodland nymphs, such as the ancient Greeks delighted to imagine.

Near the brook we shall find also the dog-tooth violets, or yellow adder's-tongue, which is not a violet at all, but a member of the lily family. These flowers love to congregate in some moist little hollow, where sometimes hundreds of their yellow bells may be seen ringing out silent music for fairy dancers.

And who is this so proudly standing beneath his rich and varied canopy? It is Jack, the black preacher, in his pulpit; and though he has never been heard to assert that "the sun do move," he has felt it in every leaf and vein. There is not a more curious and interesting plant in the spring woods than the boys' Jack-in-the-pulpit.

In the edges of rich woods may often be found a magnificent display of blood-root blossoms. I have sometimes found them covering a large extent of ground, and could not withhold an exclamation of delight at such an exhibition of pure white color. I remember that it was a great mystery of my childhood how the bloody rootstock could send up the stainless white flower; and the mystery is a mystery still.

The violets afford an interesting study from early spring until midsummer. I have stood upon a snow-bank and picked the little white, sweet violet, whose blossoms would seem far too frail to venture forth before the warm breezes of June have come.

The most beautiful of the spring violets is the pedata, or bird-foot. It grows in profusion in sandy soils, and is often found a neighbor to the trailing arbutus. It bears picking well, and the children often gather hundreds of the violet flowers into a bunch that makes a delightful bit of color. It will last, when plucked, several days.

The tall and branching violets are found in early summer. Among the most beautiful and interesting of these is the Canada violet, which has a profusion of whitish blossoms, tinged with purple within. Unlike most of our American violets it has a delicious perfume.

Very interesting, too, is the downy yellow violet. It is not so common as the blue varieties, and yet in many districts it is very common indeed.

The reason for the early blooming of most of these flowers is the fact that they do not spring directly from the seed, but from stores of nourishment laid up the previous season. In some instances the buds are well developed before winter begins. Thus the trailing arbutus buds are well grown in the autumn, but they are protected by stiff green scales or sepals from the cold of winter.

The dainty blood-root has a strong and thick rootstock full of juice, and Jack-in-the-pulpit has a large, turnip-shaped root full of nourishment that sends up the stout leaves and spathe with wonderful rapidity.

Two flowers that sometimes appear in countless numbers in favorable localities are the tiny innocence, or bluets, and the red columbine. The bluets are not chiefly wood-flowers, but grow on moist banks and grassy places. The flower is very small, and light blue or almost white in color. The leaves are scarcely to be found, and the flowers grow so closely together that I have often seen a field in June, which was covered with them, look as if it were overspread with little snowdrifts.

The columbine, with its large, peculiarly-shaped flowers, flourishes on rocky hillsides, as if it loved to make a display of its rich beauty. Such a hillside, recently cleared of second-growth trees, I saw covered for half a mile with thickly blooming columbines. I think it was the most glorious exhibition of color that I had ever seen, except in the sky. The whole place seemed to send forth a warm radiance, as if it reflected the very heart of the sun.

Those who love to be "near to nature's heart" will find many other woodland flowers in spring besides those which I have mentioned, and will learn to welcome them with ever increasing pleasure as the years go by. J. MERVIN HULL.

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SUGGESTIONS

EXPERIMENTS WITH A PENDULUM.

Suspend a small weight—a bullet, pebble or heavy button—by a thread exactly two feet long.

Let this swing back and forth a few inches, and carefully count its vibrations per minute.

Does the distance it swings affect its rate?

Repeat, having the thread just four times as long; also, having it just one-fourth as long.

Compare the results with the former ones.

For the Companion.

CRADLE-SONG.

In the garden of Dreamland a flower ever grows,
In form like a lily, in hue like a rose,
With odor like jessamine sprinkled with dew,
And it bourgeons and blossoms, my darling, for you.
Then travel, my baby, to Dreamland.
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby;
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go,
Happily smiling, to Dreamland.

In the garden of Dreamland in summer is heard,
Trilling there in the moonlight, a beautiful bird;
And it sings, and it sings, all the pleasant night through,
And its music, my darling, is only for you.
Then travel, my baby, to Dreamland.
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby,
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go,
Happily smiling, to Dreamland.

To-morrow my darling, refreshed by her rest,
With the bird in her hand, and the flower on her breast,
Shall return to her mother, and frolic and crow,
But to-night on her journey to Dreamland must go.
Then travel, dear baby, to Dreamland.
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby,
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go,
Happily smiling, to Dreamland.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

For the Companion.

WHAT A FREIGHT-MASTER DID.

An engine bumped against some empty cars in the early dawn of a winter morning. A boy who had been asleep in one of them was thrown, dazed and bewildered, against the door, which he had pulled to when he crawled into the car the night before.

Just then a brakeman thrust his head into the car, and reached for his jacket, which he supposed was hanging where he had left it. He was somewhat surprised to find a boy on it, and took it from him without ceremony.

"Now get out of here!" he said, thrusting the boy from the door. "If I catch you in one of these cars again, I'll give you to a policeman!"

"What's he been up to, Bill?" said a man who was putting freight into the next car.

"Up to my coat," he said, giving it a vigorous shake as he walked off.

The boy looked dirty and dejected, as he limped along by the side of the track. The man who had spoken called after him:

"Hullo, there! Do you want a job?"

The boy turned back quickly.

"If you'll help me load them firkins, I'll pay you for it; but you'll have to work spry."

The prospect of a little money brightened the boy, and he set to work in earnest, though he was stiff and cramped and hungry.

"Do you live round here?" asked the man.

The boy shook his head.

"In case we should want to hire a boy about your size, can you give me any recommendations as to your character?"

The boy's face flushed, but he made no answer. The man watched him narrowly, and when the car was loaded, handed him twenty-five cents, saying: "We're short of hands in the freight-room. Do you think you'd like the job?"

"Yes, I would like it." The boy's face was almost painful in its eagerness as he followed the man into the freight-room.

"Now," said the freight-man, seating himself on a box, "we'll have a bit of talk before we get to business. I don't know anything about you, except that you're cold and hungry; you look that. But I think it is likely that you've got into some scrape, for if you hadn't, you wouldn't be loafing about stations and sleeping in freight cars. I'm not going to ask you if you have done anything wrong, but I *am* going to ask if you've got a mother."

"No; she's dead."

"Got any father or folks that belong to you?"

"I've an uncle and some cousins."

"Well, now, if you had a mother, I'd send you to her in no time, for there is nothing that a mother won't forgive; but uncles and cousins are different.

"If I recommend you at the office, they'll take you; but mind, if I do it, I'm going to watch you as a cat does a mouse. You'll have to spend your evenings and Sundays with me.

"I went wrong myself when I was no older than you are," lowering his voice. "An' if it hadn't been for my mother— Well, that was a long time ago. You've got switched upon the wrong track I am very sure, and as you haven't any mother to help you get on the right one, God helpin' me, I'll do it, if you'll let me.

"Preachin' isn't in my line, but there's just one thing you don't want to forget, and that is the good Father is giving you a chance now to get back where you can do right and feel right. Are you going to take it?"

The boy answered faintly that he would try. He was taken into the freight-yard, and was under his new friend's eye constantly, and it was not long before the man had so won his confidence that he told him his story.

There was trouble and dishonesty connected with it, but for two years the lad proved himself faithful and trustworthy in his new occupation. He was then advanced to a more responsible position, but there was something almost pathetic in his devotion to the man who had befriended him, and in his respect for the religion he professed.

Here was practical Christianity, worthy any man's emulation.

E. F.

NUMERALS THAT INFORM.

When our forefathers began to number the houses in their cities, they went to work in a very simple fashion. They put 1 on the first house, 2 on the next, 3 on the third, and so on until they came to the end of a street. Then they crossed over, and if the last house they had numbered was 80, the first on the opposite side was 81, the next 82, and so on until they came back to their starting point, when perhaps number 160 faced number 1. As straight and regular streets took the place of crooked and winding ones, a new plan of numbering came into vogue. The odd numbers were given to the houses on one side of the street, and even numbers to those on the other side. When a street's direction was known, a number at once told whether a house faced north or south, or east or west.

Another improvement became possible when new cities sprang up in America, with thoroughfares as uniform as the lines on a chess-board. Philadelphia is a model in this regard, and its regularity enabled its houses to be numbered in so instructive a way that the plan has been copied in many other cities of the Union.

When, for example, one walks up Walnut Street, he finds the first door above Ninth Street to bear No. 901. This although the next house below it, across Ninth, is, let us say, No. 849. The plan does not tell how many doors there are in the street, but it does something much better: it shows in the hundreds figure or figures of the number in what particular block a door is to be found.

If a tailor advertises coats at 1013 Walnut Street, or any street parallel with it, we know his door to be the seventh above Tenth Street. Tenth Street itself, and all the thoroughfares running in the same direction, conform to the system, and begin a new block with a new hundred for a number. This makes it not only very easy to find one's way about the city, but also to tell in advance how long it will take to get from one place to another.

In hotels and large office buildings a somewhat similar plan is adopted, greatly to the aid of guests and callers. Room 417, for example, will be found on the fourth floor; immediately beneath it will be 317 on the third floor, and over it 517 on the fifth.

Perhaps the most ingenious use of numbers to convey information is due to Mr. Melvil Dewey, State Librarian of New York. He has divided literature into ten great departments, and given each of them one of the ten numerals. History, for instance, is represented by 9, and every historical work has 9 for the first figure in its number.

The second figure denotes the subdivision of history to which a work belongs; 7 as a second figure is marked upon volumes treating of North America. Another and similar step gives 3 as a third figure for histories of the United States.

The works of Mr. George Bancroft, as Mr. Dewey would classify them, would bear the numerals 973. After that number would come the figures pointing out the shelf on which the volumes were to be found. To avoid disarrangement, it is usual in large libraries to leave ample room for new additions in each department; the shelves are not permitted to become quite full.

ANOTHER POCAHONTAS.

The recent troubles between the national government and the Sioux Indians recall to the memory of a correspondent a pathetic incident which occurred in that tribe sixty-five or seventy years ago, and which she believes has never been in print. She is not positive as to dates, but the events are actual, and can be vouched for, she says, by other persons now living, some of them children and grandchildren of the heroine of the story.

About the date I have given, a Scotchman named Laidlaw, belonging to one of the great American fur companies, traded extensively with the Northwestern Indian Tribes. On one of his expeditions his head-quarters were for several weeks among the Sioux. During that time a few men of the tribe, for some fancied injury, or in consequence of some actual disagreement, became mortally offended with him and determined to take his life. One man, a skilful archer, was to steal up to the tepee, and while Laidlaw was busy with his accounts, send an arrow into his heart.

An Indian maiden overheard the men discussing their diabolical scheme, and determined to save the Scotchman's life. She crept quietly to the tepee, but just as she reached it, and before she could warn him, she saw the Indian at the opening of the tent with bow already drawn.

Quick as thought she threw herself before Laidlaw's breast, and the arrow went through one of her arms. The Indian fled, leaving the suffering girl to her fate. Laidlaw, surprised and shocked by the suddenness and horror of the affair, knew not what to do, but the girl's fortitude and presence of mind did not forsake her.

She told him to assist her in removing the arrow, which he did by cutting the stem in two, and gently pulling it out. They then sought her parents, who applied their crude remedies to the wound.

After the maiden's recovery, Laidlaw, in gratitude for her heroism, married her and brought her to Clay County, Missouri, where she died about twenty-three years ago.

Mr. Laidlaw built an elegant house, with spacious and lovely grounds, and kept a retinue of servants. His place was visited by sight-seers and thronged with guests. He had, I think, eight children, whom he sent to the best academies for education. The daughters were fine-looking, though showing in a marked degree their Indian blood. The mother told me that only the two sons had pretty blue eyes like their father.

The mansion was provided abundantly with comforts and luxuries, but while the children enjoyed them to the full, Mrs. Laidlaw seemed to prefer solitude and simple food and clothes.

For many years of her widowed life she lived with one of her daughters, a kind neighbor of mine. I often visited her, and she talked of her husband, her parents and her tribe with so much feeling that I was often moved to tears. She told me that after she had been married sixteen years a Sioux chief, passing through Missouri, heard of her and came to see her; but she could not talk to him, for she had forgotten her native language.

She said it broke her heart. There was so much she wanted to ask him about her people, whom she still loved so dearly, and so many messages she would have liked to send to old friends and kindred.

In her last days, even when partially blind, she wandered every day through the woods, dejected and alone. Though she had kind friends and affectionate children she seemed to shun companionship, and her stately figure, but little bent with age, coming slowly through the woods, was a sight touching in the extreme. It appeared that she could say:

"Of all the pictures that hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all."

For the Companion.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

(With Mendelssohn's Music.)

The sorcery of ancient woods is quelled,
The sunshine falls but half-forlornly fair
Upon the hills, since from our earth and air
The fairy-folk are gone. Yet I beheld,
But lately, Oberon and Puck propelled
On firefly chariots through the mist, to rare
Moonlighted revels. How the tricksy pair
Poor mortals fooled! What eerie music swelled!
Then, by the eloquence of sweetest words,
I knew the conjury of Shakespeare's brain,
And recognized in their companion chords
The spell of Mendelssohn's enchanting strain.
Full clearly sang they both unto my heart:
The fairy of the centuries is Art!

HENRY TYRRELL.

UNTIMELY MIRTH.

Uncle Marcus Parrish was a staid old gentleman, regarded as a model of good sense and decorum by the whole community. On one occasion, however, his conduct was most unseemly. A carriage had been sent to fetch him and his wife to the funeral of their cousin James. Just before leaving the house, Uncle Marcus rushed down cellar to look after the furnace, having donned, according to habit, an old straw hat. After seeing that everything was right he hurried back, locked his front door, and entered the carriage without a thought of exchanging his head-gear for the new silk hat on the hall-stand.

Mrs. Parrish, who was deeply affected by the death of her relative, was in tears nearly all the way, and failed to notice Uncle Marcus's mistake.

Not until the usher was gingerly bearing away the grimy old hat, with the ashes still lingering on its brim, did Uncle Marcus know what he had done. With something between a groan and a laugh, he followed his still unobserving wife into the mourners' parlor.

In spite of his efforts to control himself, his mouth twitched and his eyes sparkled with merriment. With a look half of curiosity, half of shame, his wife said:

"For pity's sake, Mark, what ails you?"

"Nothing, Eliza, nothing. I—I was merely thinking," said he, "what if poor James was alive," and that thought sent him into a worse laugh than ever.

As soon as he had quieted down a little, his wife said:

"Everybody is looking at you, Mark, and I don't wonder. I should think you were at a sociable," and Mrs. Marcus took to weeping to hide her shame.

By this time Uncle Marcus was in a nervous, half-hysterical condition, and could not control himself. The service began, but not once could he forget the absurdity of his mistake. Whenever he looked out through the open door into the hall, he fancied the usher was eying him. If he looked at the coffin of his cousin to steady himself, the knowledge of what a joke James himself would think it was sure to make him laugh.

The eating of troches which his wife handed him served only to make his agony more intense. He coughed, blew his nose, pinched his wrists, bit his lips, but in vain. He could only keep himself from making violent outbursts.

At last the minister finished his words of eulogy, and with a hasty whisper that he must go home,—did not feel equal to a ride to the cemetery,—Uncle Marcus left his wife to the care of his brother, seized the old hat which the usher brought him,—no fear of its belonging to any one else,—and hurried home as fast as he could.

Half an hour later his wife found him sitting before the mirror, the old straw hat in one hand, and the new beaver in the other.

"Well, Marcus Parrish, are you, or are you not, raving crazy?" was her greeting.

"I should have been, Eliza, if that funeral had lasted a minute longer. Sit down now, and I'll confess what was the matter with me."

His confession had to be told to more than one person, and he was forgiven by every one but his wife. She never could quite overlook the fact that he had laughed all through a funeral.

RUNNING FOR LIFE.

While foraging in the vicinity of Tiflis in the Caucasus, one morning, an Englishman spied a herd of antelope, at which, after getting within reasonable distance, he fired two shots, apparently without effect. But a most unpleasant adventure resulted, as the shots roused some savage sheep-dogs who were doing duty over a flock near by. The man was surrounded in a moment, and as the dogs were closing in on him a shepherd ran toward the scene with a shout which still further inflamed the brutes, one of whom rushed upon the Englishman, and bit through one of the tendons behind the knee.

Drawing his revolver the exasperated Englishman fired at the dogs, thus for the moment freeing himself. Then he ran to the shepherd, seized him by the collar, and forced him to call them off, after which he resumed his search for an antelope.

He wandered fruitlessly about for many hours among the hills, and finally stumbled upon a campfire, round which three Tartars were seated—among them his friend of the morning. An invitation to join them was immediately given, which, not being accepted, took at once the form of a command. A signal-cry was sounded, while two of the Tartars made for their reluctant guest.

"My first thought," says the Englishman, "was to stand and fight, for their intentions were obviously hostile. But unless I meant to use my rifle, my chance against the four—for another had now appeared—would evidently be poor; so with a good start I took to my heels and ran.

"Up one hill and over its brow into the valley that separated it from another no bigger than itself—from that to another and then to a third, the chase went on, the pursuers growing in numbers each time I looked back, until, when quite blown, I stopped to see whether my rifle would intimidate them, they had increased to over a dozen.

"A shot from the rifle did stop them for a moment or two; but before I was well at the bottom of the hill from which I had fired, I heard them coming on again. And here I began to feel that things were really extremely serious for me.

"I had killed their dog, and had, therefore, little mercy to expect from them. I was dead beat, and my bitten leg made running all the more difficult. I had only half a dozen cartridges with me, and at the best I could not hope to make a good fight of it, so poorly furnished with ammunition, against so many rascals with their blood up, in a place where there was no stone or bush to get behind.

"But here a double saved me. At the bottom of the little hill was a wide earth-crack; into this I jumped, whilst my pursuers were still on the other side of the summit, and following the course of the chasm I doubled round the base of the hill a little way and then waited. Yelling like demons, the Tartars came over the hill, and to my infinite relief, supposing me probably to have just topped the next rising ground, redoubled their exertions to overhaul me in the direction which they fancied I had taken.

"The moment they were safely past me, I turned and ran back on my track for some distance, and then made for the plains. I am thankful to say that there I found my friends and the horses, and heard no more of either dogs or Tartars."

TWO BIDDERS.

An Iowa man, who is a great lover of horses, and who keeps a grocery store and a livery stable, was desirous of obtaining a certain horse which was to be disposed of at a public sale of a gentleman's estate. He knew that it would never do for him to bid in person, as the auctioneer, aware of his weakness for fine animals, would manage by one means or another to run up the price. The story is told in the Chicago *Herald*:

The grocer and livery-keeper arranged to have another man bid off the horse for him, but when the hour of the sale arrived he felt that he must be present, and see to it that his instructions were carried out.

He arrived a little late, and just as the horse was being sold. Yes, there was his man Jones, true to his trust, in the midst of the crowd that surrounded the fine animal. Just at that moment Jones bid one hundred and five dollars.

Some one must have immediately nodded five better, for in another moment Jones bid one hundred and fifteen. From some unseen bidder the auctioneer received another advance of five dollars.

That was as much as the horse was worth, but Jones had orders to buy it at almost any price, and he promptly raised his offer to one hundred and twenty. So matters went on till Jones's bid was one hundred and thirty-five dollars.

At that point the livery-keeper mounted a box to see what fool wanted the horse so badly. On the further edge of the crowd stood Smith, and just as he nodded another five, it flashed upon the livery-keeper that he had told Smith to do exactly what, in his forgetfulness, he had afterward instructed Jones to do.

He lost no time in stopping the fun, which had already cost him about forty dollars.

CHIVALROUS DEVOTION.

At the most extensive aquarium in England, the Brighton Zoo, the female lobster recently cast her shell. She screwed herself up together on the toes and tail, and suddenly bent her body. Snap went the shell in its centre, and the case of the back came away in one piece. The claws were her next care, and she worked away at them for a long time.

It was a procceding of extreme delicacy, considering that all the flesh of the great claw had to be passed through the small base. During the operation one claw came off altogether, and this must have seemed to the lobster lady a serious misfortune, as it will not grow to its full size again until the second year. The tail and legs gave very little trouble, and the body, when thus undressed, proved to be of a pale blue.

The shell-casting over, the lobster sank on the sand, and this action seemed a signal for the attack of every creature in the tank.

The defenceless victim bade fair to succumb to the fury of her enemies, when the male lobster suddenly came to the rescue. Standing over his shell-less better half, he fought her assailants relentlessly. Day and night did he watch over her, until her shell was sufficiently hardened to protect her in fighting her own battles.

When this happy moment arrived, he deliberately picked up the old claw, broke it in his nippers, and ate the meat. He then dug a hole in the sand, placed in it the broken bits of shell, buried them, and piled a number of small stones above the grave.

AT A WEDDING.

The wedding in question was, in many ways, the most brilliant event of the season. Nothing which could serve to heighten the grace and significance of the affair had been spared. The church, fittingly decorated by a Boston artist, was filled with interested guests. The faint strains of Mendelssohn floated through the still air, and the beautiful bride stood before the altar with her chosen one.

The pastor of the church, ritual in hand, read the solemn service until he came to the critical moment, when he said:

"Repeat after me, 'I, William, take thee, Frances.'"

He did not proceed at once, for to every one's astonishment, before the bridegroom could find his voice, the bride, in clear, firm tones, repeated:

"'I, William, take thee, Frances.'"

There was a dead silence, till the second officiating clergyman, unable longer to control himself, laughed outright. This was the signal for a contagious wave of merriment.

As soon as the pastor could compose his features and resume his dignified voice, he said:

"Repeat after me, 'I, William, take thee, Frances.'"

This time the bridegroom spoke up bravely, and there was no more blundering.

ONCE TOO OFTEN.

A recent German paper tells the story of an elderly man who had for a wife one of those trying persons who, according to their own ideas, are always in the right, and who make it a point of conscience to prove every one else in the wrong.

The poor man was never allowed to make any statement without having it instantly disputed by his accurate but irritating spouse. She had acquired such a habit of correcting and contradicting him, that, according to the story, she one day made a mistake which gave her suffering husband a chance to laugh at her.

"Do you remember, my dear," he said in a retrospective mood, "the letter-case embroidered with pearl beads that you made for me with your own hands, when we became engaged? It was worn out years ago, but I can still see it very plainly. On one side there was embroidered a beautiful butterfly, and —"

"The butterfly was on the *other* side!" interrupted his wife, in her most decided tone.

And she always complained that Mr. Underfeld "was fond of telling stories without any point," whenever he referred to this conversation afterward.

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For the Companion.

MAY.

Little brown bee in this May morning sunny,
Setting full sail on a voyage for honey,
Toward the apple-tree ports and their sweets you are steering,
And now midst their pennons you're fast disappearing.
Do you know that the flowers with their fragrance and honey
And the bees are a part of the May morning sunny?

Blithe little bird in the maple-tree swinging,
My heart echoes softly the song you are singing;
It tells me the woods have put on their adorning,
And have sent me a welcome this sunny May morning.
For sunshine alone doesn't make the May weather,
'Tis the woodland and song and the singer together.

Dear little Goldilocks, merrily playing,
As your laughter rings out I can fancy 'tis saying,
"Be happy! In May there's no minute for sadness,
For now the whole world's running over with gladness."
Ah! I'm sure when the springtime the wide land embraces,
The joy of the May is in children's sweet faces.

ANNA M. PRATT.

For the Companion.

GRANDMA KING'S CLOVE APPLE.

Some years ago it was fashionable to make clove apples, and Grandma King had made one to keep in her bureau drawer, with her caps and neckerchiefs and laces, to give them a sweet odor.

Grandma King was very particular about this upper drawer. Tillie knew it; still many times, when no one was in the room, she pulled it open a crack—just enough to squeeze in her brown hand and take out the clove apple to take long, deep sniffs at its rough, sweet sides. I am afraid that Tillie coveted that apple.

One day last spring, when grandma was out in the garden to see if her sage roots were winter-killed, Tillie scudded into grandma's room to the bureau drawer. She had not smelled of the apple for a week, and she really longed for it. Sieg, her little dog, followed on behind.

Tillie pulled open the drawer carefully, so as not to joggle the cap-borders that were standing up stiff and straight all in a row; she drew the apple out of its nest in the black lace cap, and squeezed her little pug nose into it as far as she dared. Somehow, the next moment she dropped it, and Sieg, standing ready to engage in any mischief at hand, seized it, and ran with all his might, his great ears flapping and his tail whirling around and around in delight.

After the first fright Tillie ran after him, shouting, "Drop it! Drop it, Sieg!"

And Sieg would drop the bitter thing at the word of command, but as soon as Tillie would come near he would catch it up, and run on toward the big ledge where he and his little mistress played many an hour together. He soon arrived there, dropped the apple, and sat down ready for a tea-party or anything that Tillie pleased to do.

But the apple kept rolling toward the deep, narrow seam in the ledge down which Tillie had lost "Annsophia," her best doll, and several of her playthings.

The provoking thing! She knew that was where the apple was going, too, and she ran as hard as she could. But it got to the edge before her, tilted for a moment, then went over into the seam and disappeared.

Oh dear! Tillie laid down flat on the ledge, and put first one eye, then the other, to the deep, dark crack, and squinted till she could scarcely see at all. Then she sat up and cried, and I am sorry to say, boxed Sieg's ears.

Well, she told no one about it, and grandma did not discover her loss till the next morning, when she went to look for a clean cap.

But Tillie had been making plans, and that morning she got permission to go over to Uncle Joe's to stay all day. And she did not ask to put on her clean frock nor her best shoes, which her mother thought queer.

That night when she came home her arms ached, and her head ached, and her face was very red. Grandma was certain that it was an attack of "worms," and *would* give Tillie a big dose of "pikry" which made the little girl fairly groan; but she shut her eyes hard, and took it bravely.

Then she told her mother all about how she had lost grandma's clove apple, and how sorry she was, and how she had worked for Uncle Joe planting corn and pumpkin seeds all the long, hot day for money with which she had bought cloves at the "corner" store.

And now *would* mamma help her make another clove apple for grandma?

Of course she would, and mamma kissed the poor little sunburned nose tenderly, and then, while she very kindly rebuked the meddlesome spirit which prompted her to open the drawer without leave, she pointed out to Tillie how we must sooner or later always suffer for our wrong-doing.

So the *new* clove apple's nest is in the black lace cap; and Tillie has one of her own now that Grandma King made from the biggest Roxbury Russet in the barrel, "to remove all temptation," grandma said.

For the Companion.

BRAVERY.

The bravest lad will never fight,
Except in aid of weakness;
The truly brave seek to do right
In peace and love and meekness.

LITTLE Elsie hung about her mamma's visitor all day with her lips shut very tight, and sometimes with her hand over her mouth. "What is it, Elsie," the visitor at last inquired. Elsie unlocked her lips. "Mamma said I must keep my mouth shut. She's *orfle* 'fraid I shall tell you that Uncle Arthur has to sleep on the floor while you're here."



For the Companion.

A CARELESS DOLL.

Virginia Cleveland, I declare!
You're nothing but a constant care!
Such habits I must try and cure—
This time you'll get a scolding sure!
Of course you're old enough to know,
(How many times I've told you so!)
It's very wrong to run away—
Besides, it wasn't nice to say
That Maud and Ethel teased you to—
For shame! A doll as big as you!

Dear me! this muddy stain, I guess,
Will spoil your dotted muslin dress.
I had to put it in the tub,
And wash, and wring, and scrub and rub.
Perhaps you wasn't all to blame—
But you were careless, just the same.
I might have dropped you in the sand
That time I heard the circus-band.
And Rover ran—he heard it too—
And possibly he stepped on you!
Oh, if he did, why then you see,
I was the careless one, maybe.
To scold myself will never do—
But then!—too bad I scolded you!

For the Companion.

TEDDY.

Teddy wasn't a boy; he was a dear little striped squirrel. Some people call them chipmunks, and I suppose that is their real name.

Our cat brought him in one morning as a breakfast for her three baby kittens, but Ray found him too soon for him to get used in that way.

He wasn't hurt much, and in a few days was as brisk and cunning as ever.

We made an old bird-cage into quite a nice house for him, with a chamber above and a dining-room below.

We put some batting into the little dining-room, but he carried it all upstairs, and made just the cutest little nest for himself.

He was such a little miser, that he would carry all the nuts that he did not want to eat up into his chamber, and carefully hide them in his bed!

He grew quite tame, and we would sometimes let him out into the room for a frolic; but we did not leave him out alone, for he would take everything that he could carry into his little chamber.

When cold weather came, he began to lose his pretty, frisky ways, and would lie curled up in his warm bed, until he gave up going down to his dining-room altogether.

He would eat from his hoard of nuts, but was dumpish and blind until the warm, spring sunshine came to melt away the great snowdrifts. Then, when he knew the cold winter was indeed gone, he waked up from his long sleep, and was a cunning pet once more.

But, alas! affection had no place in his little heart, in spite of all our efforts to win it, for he pushed the door open one night, when we left the cage out on the veranda roof, and we never saw him again.

E. H. S.

THE other day little Ida May, three years old, having just returned from a ride with the other children, ran to her mother, saying, "Mamma, the horse stepped into an awful *tall* hole!"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I can plainly speak, tho' dumb,
For I tell that May has come.

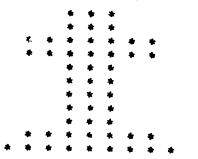
I'm utility indeed,
Habit, custom, common need.

That I am present time is clear,
Always passing, always here.

My primals bring the flowers of May,
My finals keep them fresh and gay.

2.

CROSS PUZZLE.



Across. A Hebrew name, meaning "A foster-son." To contend. To prepare. To diminish. A Hebrew name, meaning "gratuitous gift." Maturity. A certain tree. The Goddess of Revenge. A fox. Prevalent. Defended from any evil.

The central letters, read down, will spell the name of a celebrated explorer, who died on May 2, 1873. C. D.

3.

ANAGRAM.

The initial letters of the following names will give the name of a Christian festival: first Jewish high priest; a Jewish sect; the promised land; a great prophet; the noted proprietor of a vineyard; a Jewish watchword; Jacob's second name; Naomi's daughter-in-law; the brazen serpent. H. A. G.

4.

CHARADE.

One thousand take—nor more nor less—
And add to this what stands for *yes*,
To make the sum of sweetest things
That peasant sees or poet sings.

E. S. B.

5.

PARAPHRASED PROVERBS.

They who hearken at no time receive an impression through the auditory sense characterized by moral excellence concerning the very persons.

One of a large number of veracious oral expressions is uttered in an intentionally expressed ludicrous saying.

The perfect demonstration of a dish consisting of flour or other farinaceous substance with suet or milk and eggs, sometimes enriched with fruit, is in the masticating and swallowing.

6.

BROKEN WORDS.

In each of the following sentences fill the first and second blank with the word to be inserted in the third blank, but so divided as to make two separate words.

Example. She *has ten* minutes in which she can *hasten* to school.

I asked the man to come in and — — once accepted, as the —— made him ill.

The child cried, and said, "There is a — —," but his mother kept on talking about a —— of the church, and paid no attention to him.

My mistress said, "When you opened the — — you find anything wrong about it?" And I replied, "To be —— I did."

— — with us in California where the —— grows.

The doctor gave — — — cure for neuralgia. This is the prescription, please —— it with care.

It is — — who is —— for fine singing.

Conundrums.

If a monkey wished to announce that he was sick, how could he do it and at the same time mention the medicine he wanted? "Ape ill" (a pill).

Why is your tooth like a tendon? It is in you (sinew).

Why is a perfumer like one who coins pennies? He makes scents (cents).

Why are crockery-ware dealers unlike all other shopkeepers? Because it won't do for them to *crack* up their goods.

Why is a young lady's face, when unprotected, like the pleading of a rejected suitor? It is without avail (a veil).

What ape did I see on the parade-ground, to-day? The mandrill.

Why is a camellia like a man who is insolvent? It is scentless (centless).

Why is twilight like the letter Y? Because it is the close of day.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. May; fairy, airy; fay; fair; vain; gay; array, May; (with)in; mamma, afar; "Virgin of May."

2. *Song of Spring.*

Give the children holidays,
And let them be jolly days,
Grant freedom to the children in this joyous spring.
Better men hereafter
Shall we have for laughter
Freely shouted to the woods till all the echoes ring.

3. "Of all the glad new year, mother; the maddest, merriest day."
Key-words. Remorse, fade, galley, holy, mermaid, death, stands, whetter.

4. The HinD and Panther. Ode on AlexandeR's Feast. Essays on Dramatic PoesY. The MeDal. Absalom and AchitophEl. Mac FleckNoe. Dryden.

5. May.

6. 1. The May Ladie. 2. Winter. 3. Summer.
1. 2. 3. 4. 1. 2. 1. 2.

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PAT AND THE "PRIZZIDENT."

The Washington *Post* relates a story of an Irish volunteer who had been wounded and sent back to Washington, where he was put upon guard-duty till he should be in condition to go back to the front. His beat was in front of the War Department.

The Colonel in command instructed him always to present arms to the President.

"Yis, sor. Prizzidint, is it?" said Patrick. "An how will I know him?"

The Colonel tried to describe Mr. Lincoln, and Patrick seemed to understand.

Further on [illegible] arms fast enough if I know him," said the sentry, and with that assumed the position of a soldier at present arms, afterward, as Colonel had instructed, he saw the President looking out of the window, he saw the President looking out of the window, he saw the President looking out of the window



SOBERED BY A JEST.

How much more readily a person who has a keen sense of humor may sometimes be influenced by a quiet sarcasm than by serious remonstrance, was illustrated many years ago by an incident in the life of Captain M——, a famous old navigator of Nantucket, in the days when Nantucket was still a great shipping centre.

Captain M—— had been round Cape Horn more times than any one dared say, and in his later years set up as an instructor of navigation at Nantucket, where he was visited by many young navigators and by some older ones who wished to brush up their nautical knowledge on some of the many points where the Captain was especially well-informed.

Captain M—— was greatly liked by his fellow-townsmen, but he had one grave fault, which was only too common among men of his generation. He was given to the use of West India rum. At intervals he disappeared from view, retiring to his little bed-room, and gave himself up to his jug for hours and even days. At these times the Captain simply gave out that he was not "in port."

His wife, a most excellent woman, expostulated, entreated, scolded, in vain. The Captain seemed beyond her influence.

On one occasion when the Captain had retired to his room for this discreditable reason, and had spent more than twenty-four hours there, there happened to be a great demand for his services on the part of navigators who were just starting out for Cape Horn. They came and went, and poor Mrs. M——, the Captain's wife, was worn out in answering calls for her incapable husband.

Finally there came to the door two young New Bedford men, masters of whalers, who wished to obtain from the Captain some information likely to be of great value to them. When Mrs. M—— opened the door, one of them said, in a rather loud voice:

"I am told that Captain M—— is not in port. Can you tell me when he will be in?"

"Hum!" she exclaimed, turning half around, and speaking loudly enough to be heard in the Captain's room. "He may be expected in port when the wind stops blowing from the West Indies!"

The Captain heard. There was silence for a few moments, and then came a crash of crockery on the stone flagging at the back of the house. The jug had gone out of the window. Then there came a sepulchral voice from within:

"She's stopped a-blowin', Priscilla!"

By and by the Captain came out, dressed in his best clothes, with a clean "dickey" and a neatly adjusted stock. His wife's simple joke had sobered him, and he was not only "in port" that day, but continuously thereafter.

DIDN'T TAKE IT.

It is not often that one can see from without the actual workings of conscience. When it is possible, however, he must rejoice greatly if right prevails. The New York *Tribune* gives the following instance of such moral warfare:

One day, a man on a railway train picked up from the car seat a package that the former occupant of the seat, who had left the train at the last station, had forgotten. He looked at the package critically, and then glanced at the conductor, who was at the other end of the train. He evidently thought himself unobserved, for after a few moments of reflection, he put the package, which was a small one, into his pocket, and then resumed the reading of his paper.

But his mind was not at rest. He tried several times to read, and each time removed the paper from his eyes and gazed into vacancy, lost in meditation.

The conductor passed him, and it made him uneasy. He moved about nervously in his seat. Presently he folded up his paper, put it in his pocket, leaned his elbow on the window-sill, and allowed his head to rest in the palm of his hand.

He was having a hard struggle. It would have been interesting to know the drift of his thoughts. Perhaps the question of the value of the package entered them, but it is to be hoped that it did not. At any rate, his sense of justice triumphed.

He raised his head from his hand, in a determined way, and took the package from his pocket. It was easy to see that he was happier now. The next time the conductor passed, he handed him the package with the remark:

"Here is something the lady who left the train at the last station forgot."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

It is by no means a new theory that a man and woman who have been married a great many years grow to resemble each other, not only in manner and voice, but actually as to features and expression.

A recent number of the *Illustrirte Welt* has an article on this subject, which states that the photographic association of Geneva has quite lately been investigating the truth of this theory by the aid of the camera.

The photographs of seventy-eight elderly or very old married couples were taken, and an equal number of family groups.

The result proved quite satisfactory to holders of this theory, inasmuch as in twenty-four cases the resemblance between husband and wife was much greater than that between brother and sister, and in thirty cases more it was fully as great.

The failure of the other twenty-four old couples to realize the expectations of those interested in the matter is supposably due to "incompatibility of disposition," which time was apparently unable to combat in its effects.

QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

"I'm always perfectly impartial," said an old man, gravely, "but I do hate potato-bugs and furriners." So does many another kindly person.

An English bicyclist was coming, at great speed, down one of the steepest streets in Edinburgh, when his machine capsized, and landed him in the middle of the road. Two carters were passing, and they promptly came to his assistance.

"Maun, hoo did ye fa?" kindly inquired one of the carters. To which he received this answer:

"I was coming down that declivity with such velocity that I lost my gravity and fell on the macadamized road."

The carter turned from the unfortunate rider with true insular contempt.

"C'wa', Jock," he said to his mate. "If I'd kent the cratur' wis a forriner, he would hae lain in the gutter lang eneuch for me."—*Weekly Citizen.*

Good situations for all who enter Palms' Business College, Phila., Pa., this spring or summer. If you mean business, ask for catalogue. [*Adv.*

Children are often irritated and made sick by worms. A simple and effective remedy is found in "*Brown's Vermifuge Comfits.*" They contain nothing injurious. [*Adv.*

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This competition has brought out a large number of most excellent photographs, and we congratulate our friends upon the skill they have acquired in this beautiful Art.

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Log Cabin,	1st,	John A. Tenney, Brule, Wis.
Log Cabin,	2d,	C. G. Ridout, Hutchinson, Minn.
School House,	1st,	R. E. Nelson, West Chester, Pa.
School House,	2d,	John D. Groves, Condersport, Pa.
Post Office,	1st,	Wm. H. Buckley, Guysboro, N. S.
Post Office,	2d,	Randolph Peterson, Sheldahl, Ia.
Store,	1st,	Alfred R. Burr, Thomaston, Conn.
Store,	2d,	A. H. Chamberlain, Portland, Me.
Church,	1st,	Harry E. Loveland, Elizabeth, N. J.
Church,	2d,	M. B. Rich, Minneapolis, Minn.

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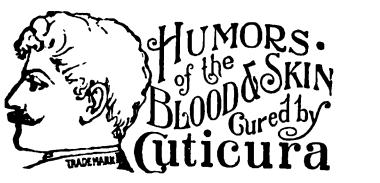
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For the Companion.

SPRING-CLEANING.

By spring-cleaning we do not mean the annual beating of carpets, washing of windows, and general overturn of everything indoors, for which women are famous. What we are thinking of is a spring-cleaning for men—a work which, if it were faithfully done, would lessen the death-rate.

One thing of prime importance is the care of the cellar. The air circulates as freely from cellar to attic as the blood circulates in the body, and that, too, in spite of closed doors. Indeed, the cellar should be kept pure the year round; but if this has not been done, the time to rectify the mistake is before the disease-breeding heats of summer are upon us.

If there are decaying vegetables in the cellar, or rotten wood from boards that rest upon the ground, whether loose or as a fixed floor, or accumulations of useless rubbish in the corners, or under the stairs, or under the front doorsteps, by all means let them be removed.

The cellar floor should be thoroughly swept, and the sweepings removed. Effectual ventilation should be kept up from this time until winter. Where it is possible, have the floor cemented. Wooden floors are often death-traps. Keep the air of the cellar as pure as that of the parlor.

Another important thing is to examine anew the sewage-pipes from the kitchen and bath-room, to make sure that there is no leakage. Such leakage is often going on under floors, which conceal it, but do not prevent the deadly mischief.

Now is the time to clean out the cesspool. Let it be examined afresh, to see that no disease-bearing gases can pass back from it into the house. Note, too, its distance from the well, and if this is less than one hundred feet, remove the cesspool to at least that distance.

If, during the winter, the slops have been thrown upon the ground near the house,—an unwholesome and filthy practice,—see that every vestige of them is removed, and clean sand or soil or green turf put in their place. Let nothing remain that can in any way corrupt the air or annoy the sight. So far as possible, make the surroundings pleasant as well as pure.

UNHORNED CATTLE.

Every one is familiar with the animal which, in the country districts of America, is called the "muley cow," or, as it is sometimes spelled, the "mooly cow." She is an animal without horns. Generally she has not lost them, but has never had them. She has the reputation of being a very good milch cow, but particularly ill-natured.

Though at least one "muley cow" may be found in most large herds, in a great part of the country, and though polled cattle, as hornless cattle are also called, are sometimes exhibited at fairs, it has never, probably, occurred to any one until lately that a race of hornless cattle ought to be bred or developed on account of a greater economy in raising and nourishing them.

Such a notion, however, has been broached by an American cattle-raiser. He maintains that, in raising young horned cattle, and, for that matter, in keeping grown-up cattle, a considerable share of the nutriment given them goes to their horns.

The same gentleman argues that the horns of domestic cattle are a relic of barbarism—a survival of a means of defence associated with a wild life, and are now not only no longer needed, but positively mischievous. The horned bullies of a herd get more and the weaker ones less than their share of the fodder.

But how are the horns to be got rid of? Regularly cutting off the horns of young cattle will not prevent subsequent generations of young cattle from developing horns as they grow to maturity, any more than the shaving of men's beards for many generations makes men beardless.

There is a way, however, in which it could be done. A certain proportion of cattle turn out to be hornless. If only such cattle were used to breed from, undoubtedly a great proportion of their offspring would be hornless, and in the course of time a race of unhorned cattle would be produced—among which, however, individuals with horns would probably be even more common than hornless cattle are now.

Domestication has undoubtedly reduced the size of cattle's horns considerably. Under domestication, the horns are much less used, and consequently are inferior; but they are not got rid of altogether except in rare cases, and then seemingly only by a freak of nature.

"WAIT IN THE HALL."

In London it is not considered "good form" for a gentleman to carry through the streets a parcel, however small or elegantly wrapped. He may carry a book, if it is not too large and is not wrapped up; for a book is a book, but a parcel may be a pound of cheese or a dozen red herring. The restriction is a foolish one; a form of class distinction that is inconsistent with the highest civilization, in which every man will be a gentleman if he is thoughtfully considerate of others, whether he is a laborer or rides in a carriage. The author of "England, Without and Within" gives an anecdote of an easy-going English gentleman, who was not bound by the absurd law against parcel-carrying.

A shoemaker had missent to him a pair of shoes intended for a neighbor, and had probably sent to the neighbor the shoes that should have been sent to him. As he had no prejudice against carrying bundles, he went with the shoes to his friend's house.

On arriving at his friend's door he asked to see Mr. Dash, but was understood by the servant to ask for Mrs. Dash, and was ushered into her presence. The lady, who had never seen him before, looked up and curtly asked:

"What have you there?"

"Mr. Dash's shoes," replied the gentleman.

"Oh, yes; it's all right. Mr. Dash is out, but he'll be in soon, and if you want to see him you'd better take a seat in the hall, and wait till he comes."

"But, madam—" began the gentleman, who was a baronet's son.

"Never mind, never mind; it's all right. Step out in the hall, please, and wait for Mr. Dash."

The gentleman, of course, appreciated the situation at once. But he was too well-bred and had too keen a sense of humor to explain, which would have both mortified the lady and prevented him from enjoying her mistake. He stepped into the hall, intending to give the shoes to a servant and leave the house.

But meeting his friend coming in, he gave him the shoes and, after a few words, bade him good morning. Though pressed to remain, he refused, knowing that his return to the wife's presence would cause her embarrassment.

His consideration for the feelings of another person would have made him a gentleman if he had been a hod-carrier.

TOO MANY BEARS.

A young huntsman of Helena, Montana, was following the upper course of the Milk River, and came suddenly face to face with a bear. He brought his rifle to his shoulder, took careful aim, and shot the bear dead. The next moment a second bear appeared from a rocky den. The young hunter again made a successful shot. To his surprise a third bear came out of the den. He killed this one also, and before he had time to move from the spot, bruin number four appeared. It was exciting sport, to be sure, but there were more bears than he cared to see at one time. However, he made a good shot, and bruin tumbled over, making four dead bears.

While the huntsman stood watching his game, a fifth bear, larger than any of the previous ones, came out of the den and rushed forward. The young man fired, but missed; and before he could reload, the infuriated beast was upon him! One blow of the huge paw sent the gun flying from his grasp, but he quickly drew his hunting-knife, and wounded bruin in the neck. In doing this he received a severe squeeze from the brute, and a fearful bite on the shoulder. Then he lost consciousness.

When he recovered his senses, his horse was between him and the bear. The horse was kicking viciously, and bruin was making but feeble resistance, and soon lumbered off into the brush. The hunter was badly shaken up, and the wound in his shoulder was exceedingly painful. With difficulty he mounted his horse, which was quite unhurt, and rode to a place of shelter a few miles further on, where his injuries received attention, and his game was secured.

CONCISE.

A teacher in a suburban school, not long ago, gave her pupils twelve minutes in which to write an "abstract." A shoe was the subject selected by her, and the boys were to write in the first person. No limit as to the number of lines or words was given them.

Most of the boys wrote—and erased, during the whole time allotted, but the teacher noticed one fellow who sat idle until the time was within two minutes of expiring. As the scholars filed out, she said to him, "Brown, did you finish your abstract?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered.

Curious to see what he could have written in so short a time, she looked over the papers, and found this:

"I am a worn-out shoe; my coffin is the ash-barrel; my grave, the dump."

She says that almost as firmly impressed on her memory as this remarkable composition, is the expression of amazement on the boy's face the next morning when he saw the "100" mark on his paper.

PROVED IN COURT.

It is a little strange, perhaps,—and yet not so very strange when one comes to think of it,—that the truth of a thing is not always the better established because it has stood the test of a legal examination.

A colored man of rather doubtful appearance applied to a coal-dealer for a position as driver, says the Washington *Post*. On being asked for references, he mentioned one of the dealer's old hands, who was called in and questioned as to the applicant's honesty.

The referee rubbed his chin meditatively for a moment, and said:

"Honest? Well, boss, dis yere man's honesty hab been proved befo' de court. He's been tried seben times fer stealin', and escaped ebery time."

And the man expressed surprise that this strong testimony did not secure him employment!

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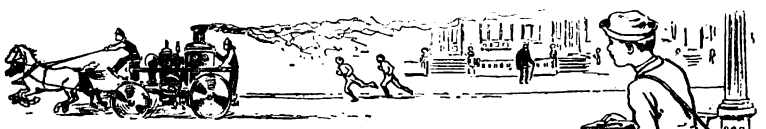
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For the Companion.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter III.

Tony Under an Accusation.

There were two or three weeks yet before Tony was to sail with Captain Staveley in the big four-master, and meanwhile Jack clung to him more and more.

The feeling of dislike between Tony and Edgar Mount steadily developed. Without saying an unfriendly word, Edgar expressed in many actions his contempt for a boy in Tony's position in life.

Tony felt this acutely, but it only made him the more determined to advance by honorable means to a place where neither Edgar Mount nor any one else could look down on him.

The three boys were much together, and although Edgar was a disagreeable third in many of their talks and walks and expeditions—for Tony was taking a little holiday before going away—yet it was necessary to have him, and Edgar Mount himself did not avoid Tony. He rather treated him as if he did not exist.

One morning the three boys went off in the *Undine* for a sail. The day—one of the last that Tony was to be at home—was so warm and bright that it was hard to realize that it was November and not May. All three seemed determined to forget dislikes and to have a good time.

Edgar, who always made himself luxuriously comfortable, carried a big travelling rug in the boat. They had a basket of luncheon, and meant to spend the morning in the boat.

Toward noon they had passed Lone Point, and were sailing along with a fresh breeze. The sun was strong, and they decided to go ashore and eat their luncheon. They hauled the boat up on the shore after taking down the sail, found a sunny corner under a sandy bank, and spread out their luncheon.

Tony and Edgar were nearer being friends that day than ever before. After they had eaten, Edgar said he thought a nap would not be a bad idea, and Jack agreed. Tony rather laughed at them, and when the two boys were snugly rolled up in the rug, falling asleep in the golden noonday, Tony went off down to the boat, and taking out a book began to read.

An hour or two passed, and as afternoon came on, the air began to be chilly. Tony went up the bank, and called to the boys.

Apparently, they were sleeping too soundly to hear him. He went to them, therefore, and began to drag the rug from off them.

They waked by degrees, but in the process of unwrapping them, Edgar Mount's handkerchief, his pearl-handled knife and various odds and ends rolled out of his pocket. Tony stuffed them back again.

"Hold on! hold on!" cried Edgar, half-asleep and half-awake. "Take your hand out of my pocket."

Tony started slightly.

"I was only putting your things back," he said. "You might have left them here on the sand. Come, it's time to be off."

Jack scrambled up, and in a few minutes they were all in the boat. The sail was set, and they were going up the river as fast as the wind could carry them.

A few minutes after they were in the boat, Edgar began to feel in his pockets, as if looking for something, which he evidently could not find. He gave a queer look toward Tony, who was steering; and suddenly into Tony's mind flashed that speech, "Take your hand out of my pocket!"

As Tony thought about it, a dusky red stole into his tanned face. A sort of constraint made itself felt between them. They had nothing to say to each other, and Jack did most of the talking on the way home.

As they passed Lone Point, Tony decided that he would not go back to Marrowbone with the other two, although Jack urged him, and he made them put him ashore. Then the two boys sailed up to the Marrowbone landing.

Scarcely had the boat been made fast when Edgar, jumping out, ran up to the house—a very unusual thing for him, as he was generally as deliberate as Colonel Randolph himself in his movements—and into Mrs. Randolph's room, where she was reading.



Mrs. Randolph looked up as he came in.

"Cousin Emily," he said, "I've had a loss."

"Have you? What is it?" asked Mrs. Randolph.

"It's a good deal of a loss. It is about two hundred dollars that I had for my expenses."

Mrs. Randolph sat bolt upright.

"And, Cousin Emily," he continued, as coolly as if he were saying that Tony Scaife had borrowed his knife, "I think Tony Scaife took it."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Randolph, rising excitedly. "Pray, don't utter such a suspicion again. I would as soon think that Jack did it." But if Mrs. Randolph became excited, Edgar continued cool. She could not but be struck by the calm way in which he proceeded to impeach Tony's character, qualifying it all by saying, "He's only a fisherman, you know—he isn't a gentleman, and of course you couldn't expect very much of him."

Then he said that he had found Tony putting his hand in his pocket.

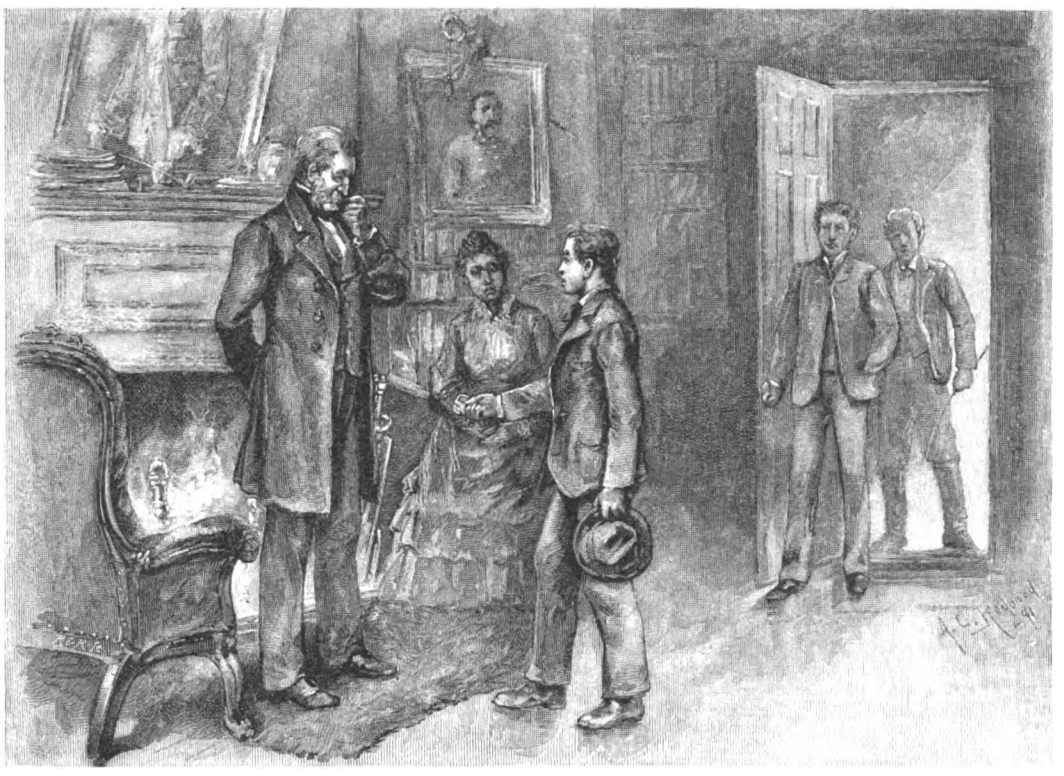
Mrs. Randolph listened, and then said at once, "The boat must be searched. You must go back to the sandbank, and I will have every nook and cranny in the house looked into. But, Edgar, let me warn you to say nothing about this to Jack. Nothing could shake his confidence in Tony; and nothing except finding the money in Tony's possession would shake my belief in him."

Mrs. Randolph went directly to the library and told Colonel Randolph. Like her, the high-minded Colonel had no disposition to convict Tony upon the mere suspicion which seemed so conclusive to Edgar, but he agreed with Mrs. Randolph that a search must be made promptly, and that Jack must be got out of the way.

The Colonel remembered that he wanted to communicate with a man who lived seven or eight miles away in regard to the sale of some hay. He arranged that Jack should go off on this errand, riding Black Prince. It would take him until dark.

Jack out of the way, the search began in earnest. Edgar Mount rode a horse along the shore to the sandbank where he had taken his noonday nap, and came back in an hour, with the report that the most careful search had failed to discover the money.

In the midst of the searching and anxiety, Mrs. Scaife came across the lawn. She seldom came to Marrowbone. Though grateful for the way in which the family treated Tony, she was not disposed to claim the same equality for herself. Sometimes, however, she spent an hour or two with Mrs. Randolph in her own room, and often did odd jobs of sewing and knitting for her.



Tony Pays the Balance due.

This afternoon she appeared with a bundle of work, and went quite naturally to the door of Mrs. Randolph's room and knocked. Mrs. Randolph opened the door, and as she gazed at Tony's mother, so meek, so gentle, wearing her shabby black with an air of refinement, her heart ached for the widow.

Suppose such a charge had been brought against Jack! Mrs. Randolph's heart almost stood still at the idea.

Her greeting to the widow was more than usually cordial and gentle. But Mrs. Scaife, seeing that she was evidently busy and preoccupied, sat down only long enough to rest herself. When she rose to go, Mrs. Randolph went downstairs with her.

As they passed Colonel Randolph's library door he came out. He made Mrs. Scaife a low bow, and said in his most impressive manner, "I hope, madam, you find yourself very well."

The Colonel's elaborate, old-fashioned politeness always hopelessly confused Mrs. Scaife, who was not used to being addressed as if she were a queen. But for the first time in her life she now summoned up courage enough to say something more than "Very well, I thank you, sir," in a very weak voice.

This time, with a little hesitation, she said, "Perhaps you know, sir, that my son, Tony, is going for a sailor."

"So I have been informed, madam," responded the Colonel, with another bow.

"I hope I'm doing right in letting him go. Although I shall miss him," here the widow's voice failed her for a moment, "it's Tony's only chance. And, Colonel, I'm very much obliged—and so is Tony—for your and Mrs. Randolph's kindness to him. It's been the greatest thing that ever was for him; for Tony is a proud boy, and he don't take naturally to the other fishermen hereabouts."

"A proper disposition, madam, to elevate one's self above one's surroundings, is most commendable in any youth," was the Colonel's reply.

"And—and, Colonel," continued Mrs. Scaife, in a tremulous voice, encouraged by the Colonel's suavity, "Tony told me good news just now. I didn't know he had a cent to pay on Lone Point before he went away, but he came to me just as I was getting ready to come here, and told me he had saved up two hundred dollars without saying a word to me, to finish paying for Lone Point.

"Tony is very quiet about his affairs, even with me, and although I wondered if he could save anything out of what he made, I didn't like to ask him too often because it seemed to worry him. And now, he says, he was saving all the time, and made some money I didn't know anything about, all to surprise me. It was a surprise to me, too—the best surprise I ever had in my life. He told me not to say anything about it."

Then she added, suddenly, "Oh, dear! Please don't tell Tony I said anything about it! He charged me not to be talking about it, because he says I never can keep anything, and if it was known we had two hundred dollars in the house, we might be robbed."

If the sky had fallen, Mrs. Randolph and the Colonel could scarcely have been more horror-stricken at this revelation of sudden wealth on Tony's part. The Colonel, his tall figure shaking slightly, looked toward Mrs. Randolph, who turned and walked to the window.

Fortunately, Mrs. Scaife, quite unsuspecting, and embarrassed at her own temerity in addressing the imposing Colonel Randolph, said a hurried good evening, and slipped out of the door.

As it clanged after her, and the Colonel and Jack's mother stood alone in the great, old-fashioned, darkening hall, there was a pause as they stood face to face. At last the Colonel spoke in an agitated voice.

"It looks very black for Tony," he said.

The Colonel had scarcely got back to his library chair, and Mrs. Randolph seated herself on the opposite side of the hearth, when there was a knock at the door, and Tony himself entered. It was dusk outside, but the wood fire, lighted up by snapping "lightwood knots," made bright the whole of the shabby, comfortable room.

Tony, after speaking to Mrs. Randolph, went up to the Colonel.

"Colonel," he said, "I met my mother just now, as I was coming across the field, and she told me what she had said to you about the two hundred dollars. I've got it, sir. I was bringing it to you when I met my mother. I got the last of it this morning."

There was a slight pause, as Tony fumbled in the breast pocket of his rusty jacket.

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The Colonel and Mrs. Randolph looked at each other. Had Tony been older, the fact of his producing the money so soon and so frankly would have been a strong presumption of innocence; but Tony was too young to be expert, and both Colonel Randolph and Mrs. Randolph remembered that inexperienced thieves do the most foolish and self-destructive things very often in disposing of their plunder.

"Two hundred dollars is a large sum for a fisherman to save," remarked the Colonel in a queer voice.

"Yes, sir," said Tony, with a little laugh. "It's taken me a long time, and I've done without Sunday clothes and a good many other things to get it together. But I had splendid luck last summer."

He took the roll of money out of his pocket. It was large, being chiefly in five and ten dollar notes. All at once the door opened again, and Edgar Mount and Jack walked in together.

Edgar, who always took in instantly what was going on, saw the roll of money in Tony's hand, and this was what he said:

"I dare say that's my two hundred dollars now." At that a pin might have been heard to drop. Tony was the first one to speak.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that I lost two hundred dollars out of my pocket to-day, and I caught your hand in that pocket five minutes before I missed it."

The idea that he should be accused of being a thief took some time to lodge in Tony's brain.

"Tony," said Mrs. Randolph, "a terrible charge has been brought against you. Nobody in this house will believe it, though, except on the most positive proof. Edgar, what sort of notes was your money in?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly," answered Edgar, carelessly. "Small notes—fives and tens, and perhaps a twenty."

Tony silently handed the roll of money to Mrs. Randolph, who, lighting the lamp on the library-table, with trembling fingers examined it. The money was chiefly in fives and tens, and there were two twenties.

"Can you identify this as your money, sir?" asked the Colonel of Edgar.

"No, not positively. But I think it's mine, and I know I wouldn't want to be in Tony Scaife's shoes now," replied Edgar.

"Give it to him, Tony!" burst out Jack, in a rage. "Let him have it. It'll burn his fingers every time he touches it."

"No, I shall not," said Tony, stoutly, recovering himself a little. "I worked for every dollar of this money, and even if I had a million, I wouldn't give it to him, and give up my good name with it."

Tony told clearly how he got the money; but most of the men from whom he obtained it were masters of fishing schooners, who had gone away, no one knew where.

The old Colonel cleared his throat to speak. Edgar threw himself into a chair to listen. Tony folded his arms, and stood as if he were about to receive sentence of death. Jack came up and threw one arm around Tony's neck.

"The case is a very unfortunate one. The money has not been identified, but there are circumstances—circumstances connected with it —"

Tony turned around and faced them.

"Do any of you," he said, in a hard, unnatural voice, "Do any of you, who have all been so kind to me, believe that I am a thief?"

"I don't, Tony," said Mrs. Randolph, going up to him. "It is dreadful as it stands, but I haven't lost my faith in you, and I shall not lose it unless the money is really identified."

"Do you believe it, sir?" asked Tony, turning to the Colonel.

"I am in doubt," said the Colonel, "but I incline to the belief that your honesty can be proved. It is unfortunate that the men who paid you the money should have disappeared."

At this Tony shook Jack's arm off.

"Jack," said he, "*you* believe in me—I know you do! But we can't have anything more to do with each other until this is cleared up. Don't think it can't be cleared up, and the time will come when you and I will be just as we have been every day since we had the fight. Good-by!"

Tony, with a white, miserable face, went out of the house.

It was two or three minutes before Jack recovered his self-possession enough to rush after Tony. Tony had made good use of his time, as when Jack dashed out of the hall door he was nowhere to be seen. The moon had risen, and its white light flooded the flat, peaceful landscape.

Jack ran across the stubble fields toward the little cottage at Lone Point. When he was halfway there, he saw a figure lying face down on the ground. It was Tony, sobbing as if his heart would break.

He recognized Jack's quick step over the frosty stubble, and sat up on the ground. He continued to sob, although his eyes were quite tearless.

"Tony," said Jack, throwing his arms around him, "don't you mind it, dear old Tony!"

For the first time, Jack seemed stronger than Tony in will and resolution. He clung to Jack, and then the tears came.

"Don't tell my mother—it will kill her!" was all he could say.

The two boys sat there talking, Tony becoming composed, for an hour, until the moon was quite high. Then, with a last embrace, and a "Remember, Jack, every word I've told you," they separated.

When Tony reached home, his mother noticed that he looked strange, but Tony did not tell her what was the matter. She supposed that he had been parting with Jack. He went to bed soon.

Jack was back at Marrowbone in time for supper. Nobody asked him where he had been, and he ate his supper in silence.

Afterward Edgar Mount, as usual, went to the cold drawing-room, where, by the light of a solitary lamp, he played and sang at the piano. Jack, sitting opposite his grandfather, while his mother, looking pale and disturbed, sat between them, said, after a while:

"Grandfather, did you ever see anybody so cool about taking one's character away as Edgar was? He never quivered while he was doing it."

"I never saw anybody's character taken away before," interrupted Mrs. Randolph, while the Colonel was cogitating a reply, "but I must say it gave me a bad impression of Edgar to see how readily he believed that Tony was guilty."

"I shall be glad, my dear boy, when Edgar Mount's visit comes to a conclusion," was the Colonel's diplomatic answer to Jack's question.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

(To be continued.)

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Stir not the ashes of the past,
Instil not hate with passion's pen.
Forgiveness is the nobler part;
Teach "peace on earth, good-will to men."

—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

For the Companion.

THE NECKTIE PARTY.

One Saturday afternoon in October four Swaleville boys stood on the Willamette River bridge in earnest conversation. These boys represented, at least in their own estimation, the aristocracy of Swaleville.

The eldest, a boy of seventeen, was Percy Drake, whose father kept the Drake Hotel, and was a man of consequence. Ben Tyndal's father had a general merchandise store adjoining the hotel. Harvey Ballard was the editor's son. But the crowning aristocrat of them all was Clinton McKinsey, a new-comer in Swaleville.

It was his father who had mysteriously arrived in the town, as mysteriously purchased the worthless farm of a shiftless farmer named Pete Morley near by, and afterward laid it out in building lots, calling it "McKinsey's addition to Swaleville."

It had afterward turned out that he had got wind of and anticipated the building of a railroad to Swaleville, and his timely purchase made him a person of importance.

In the business development of the place which followed the news of the coming of the railroad, the improvement and embellishment of the "church-house," which served as a place of worship and general assembly for all the religious denominations, might have been neglected if the ladies had not taken it in hand. They began a series of fairs and festivals to raise money to paint and refurnish the unsightly building.

Swaleville had never known such a round of gaiety as it had now. At first the people gave liberally, but when all the new and taking things in the way of entertainment seemed exhausted, the "two-bit pieces" came reluctantly.

At this discouraging juncture Miss Carlisle, the popular village schoolmistress, offered to help the ladies get up a "Necktie Social." It was arranged that each lady who attended should bring a lunch for two, and enclose in it a duplicate of the tie which she wore.

These lunches, put up in fancy baskets or attractive parcels of some sort, were to be sold by auction to the gentlemen. Each purchaser was then to share his lunch with the lady whose duplicate tie came into his possession.

The ladies advertised the affair at once, and the flagging interest of the people in the reconstruction of the church-house revived.

It was not only new, but it was Miss Carlisle's plan. That counted for much.

The boys on the bridge were talking of this party.

"Yes, of course we'll go," said Ben Tyndal, "only I hope the bidding won't run high. I don't want to make a very big hole in my bicycle money."

"I'll risk that," said Harvey. "Father says folks are desperately close with their money. Every one wants to pay subscriptions to the *Informer* in stovewood or apples."

"If I could find out which was Miss Carlisle's lunch, I'd pay five dollars before I'd let any one else get it," said Clinton McKinsey.

"So would I," said Percy Drake. "It would be money in their pockets to let the cat out of the bag about her basket some way. There'd be some lively bidding if 'twas known."

"That's the trouble with this sort of thing. Nobody knows, and everybody goes—all the riffraff. Fancy a fellow's having to lunch with one of the Glass girls, for instance! It takes one's appetite to think of it."

Clinton's nose went up in air.

"Or, worse still, with Betty Morley!"

A chorus of laughter followed this suggestion. Betty was the very unattractive and very uncultured daughter of the worthless Pete Morley.

"Oh, she won't be there," said one.

"I'm not so sure of it. If she gets it through her head what it's to be like, and could make a raise of corn-bread and bacon enough for a lunch, I think she'd go."

"She might stew one of those big pumpkins in her father's late corn-field. They reserved the crop when father bought the place," said Clinton McKinsey.

"Hello!" cried Ben. "Here comes Mark Grannis. Wonder if he's going, too?"

"With Betty?"

"In his overalls?"

"I say, boys," said Percy, hurriedly, and lowering his voice, "I've an idea for a regular lark! It's about Mark and Betty, and the pumpkin comes in. You keep still, or else fall in with what I say, when he comes along. I'll explain afterward."

"All right!"

Mark Grannis's father was hostler and man-of-all-work at the Drake Hotel. His mother took in washing. Mark's social standing was decidedly low; but he led his class in school, and the "upper ten" were a little jealous of the kindness which Miss Carlisle always showed him. What teacher fails to appreciate a bright and earnest scholar, even though he is clad in overalls?

"Hello, Mark! Going to the necktie party?"

Mark shook his head, and was passing on when Percy called out:

"What's your hurry, old boy? Can't you take time to be sociable once in a while? Because you beat us all at school, you needn't put on airs outside, eh?"

Mark had an uneasy suspicion that Percy was making fun of him. Still, in spite of misgivings, the unusual tone of comradeship warmed his heart.

"Why not go?" asked Percy.

"Oh, I don't know. I guess I don't want to."

"Come now, there's no use of a smart fellow like you making a hermit of himself. All the other fellows are going."

"Come now, say you'll go—just to please us!" said Ben. "We're going to try for Miss Carlisle's basket, and the lucky fellow has to stand treat. We shall not know her basket, of course. All that is to be kept secret; but we're going to guess. If it's like her, it will be the prettiest one there. Understand?"

Mark nodded, and a sudden light came into his eyes. To him Miss Carlisle was almost an angel. The thought of her wakened all the manhood in his breast.

"See here, boys," he said, bravely, "what's the use of my pretending to you this way? You know as well as I do why I can't go. I haven't money to buy anybody's lunch. Besides, my clothes aren't fit."

"Pshaw! Lots of the fellows will wear just their every-day clothes, and maybe you can earn two bits between now and Thursday."

"If I can, I'll go!"

"Sure?"

"Yes, sure. I've got two bits now, but I wouldn't like to go to a place like that with less than four bits."

"Give us your hand on it."

Mark went on his way in a strange tumult of feeling. What did it mean? Perhaps the boys were not so bad at heart as he had thought.

"Now tell us what you're up to, Percy," said Ben, as soon as Mark was out of hearing.

"What Clint said about the pumpkin made me think of it. You know how the boys bother Mark about Betty? He's sensitive to ridicule, and if you want to make him angry, ask him about his friend Betty. Now I mean to get Betty to go and take a raw pumpkin for her lunch, and we'll fix it so Mark will bid it off and get her tie."

"Will she do it?"

"I'll make the thing work some way. You'll see."

Before the boys left the bridge the details of the plot were carefully planned, and they parted in high glee.

As the last boy vanished from sight, there was a rustling in a thick clump of willows that grew on the river-bank close by the bridge, and Miss Carlisle, with botany-case in hand and a queer smile on her face, stepped out from their leafy cover, and walked quickly up the bank.

So mysterious were the preparations that went on the next week that one would almost think Christmas was at hand. Each lady wanted to outdo her neighbor in the tasteful arrangement of her lunch, and at the same time keep her secret.

The boys' plot throve well. Betty, through Clinton's skilful diplomacy, was induced to go to the festival and send a pumpkin for her "lunch."

As good luck would have it, Miss Carlisle gave Mark an errand to do for her in the country, for which she paid him a half-dollar. It might have been pure accident that she paid him the money in the presence of Percy Drake.

Another apparent accident happened. She made so elaborate a basket for her lunch that she was obliged to take it to school to work on at recess when the pupils were out. Once, on hearing footsteps, she slipped it quickly in her desk without covering it.

A short time afterward, she sent Clinton McKinsey to her desk to get a book. He had the lid half-raised when she stepped forward to intercept him. It was too late! He had seen the basket, and noted the necktie of fringed white silk which lay upon it.

There was no danger that Clinton would not keep the secret. He even went so far in his self-conceit, as to suspect that she wished that he should know which was her lunch!

The eventful evening arrived. The church-house was filled to its utmost capacity. The boy conspirators sat on a front seat with their unsuspecting victim, Mark Grannis, in the midst. His eyes sparkled, and his cheeks glowed with excitement, for the four boys seemed bent on nothing else than making him have a good time.

Such unwonted comradeship was intoxicating to him. He forgot all about his darned and threadbare best suit—especially after Miss Carlisle came in, and smiling brightly at the group of boys, took a seat facing them, in the "amen corner."

She wore a dress of dark blue, on which a white silk tie showed very plainly. There were white chrysanthemums in her belt, and her hair glistened in the lamplight like waves of gold—at least, so Mark thought.

He even forgot to be annoyed when Ben Tyndal nudged him significantly as Betty Morley came in. Betty was never abashed by a crowd, and elbowed her way to the front, until she had found a seat as near as possible to Miss Carlisle.

Betty wore a dress of gaily flowered red print, upon the breast of which was pinned an enormous tie of green cambric.

Miss Carlisle smiled upon her also, and Betty grinned broadly. Miss Carlisle had paid her a call that afternoon, and the honor of it was fresh in Betty's mind.

Soon the bidding began. Baskets, large and small, fancy boxes and ornamental bags went off in rapid succession. As yet nothing had sold for less than "four bits," or half a dollar, and several had even brought a dollar. The ladies were elated.

When the silk-lined Japanese basket which Clinton had seen in Miss Carlisle's desk was put up, that young man, without the least caution, started the bid at one dollar.

There was a little stir in the audience. It was the highest starting bid yet made.

"One—twenty-five." "One—fifty." "Two dollars," came in rapid succession. "It is the schoolteacher's," the whisper had gone around.

At last, with flushed cheeks and a triumphant glance at Miss Carlisle, Clinton McKinsey laid a five-dollar gold-piece on the auctioneer's table, and bore away the prize.

"Are you sure it's hers?" whispered Percy, as Clinton resumed his seat and rested the costly treasure on his knees.

Clinton nodded. "I know it," he said.

"Well, it's about time for us to be taking in something. Let's try for the next; what do you say, Mark?" said Percy.

He saw the auctioneer's hand upon a brown paper bundle tied with red tape. The red tape had been supplied to Betty Morley for the purpose.

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "don't be afraid to bid on this because there's so much red tape about it. Appearances are sometimes deceitful; and judging by its weight, I should say there was enough in it to feed the heaviest two people in the room. What do you say, Joe Gump? What'll you give?"

Joe Gump was six feet two, and weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds.

"A nickel," responded Joe, good-naturedly.

"Ten cents!" called Percy Drake.

"Fifteen!" said Ben Tyndal.

Clinton nudged Mark.

"Go in for it," he said. "I happen to know something about that parcel, and if I had not been after this, I'd take it in, sure. It's going cheap, too. Folks seem afraid of it because 'tisn't fancy—more fools they. Look here, boys, not so fast! Give Mark a chance."

Harvey Ballard had just offered twenty cents.

"Two bits!" said Mark, half-frightened at his own voice. There was no opposing bid!

The boys in the plot were squeezing their lips together hard in their effort to suppress their laughter. Mark had fallen into the plot more readily than they expected.

As Mark took the clumsy parcel in his hands, the tape slipped, and one corner of the stiff paper fell away, disclosing to the curious crowd a yellow pumpkin reposing on a tin platter bordered with parsley leaves!

Mark turned deadly pale. It was a cruel hoax, planned by those boys, whom he had been silly enough to trust. He had a mad impulse to turn and hurl the pumpkin at their heads; but Miss Carlisle was looking at him.

The color surged back to his face, and tearing the wrapper entirely away, he strode back to his seat, holding aloft his yellow prize with a forced laugh.

"He takes it pretty easily; but wait till he finds the necktie!" whispered Clinton.

"The necktie!" shouted some one from the crowd.

"Yes, the necktie! Show us who likes raw pumpkin."

Miss Carlisle left her seat and came toward them. The crowd fell back a little. She did not speak to Mark, but stood near. It was enough. It kept up his fast-failing courage.

Mark raised the pumpkin from the plate. No tie was there.

Percy and his companions began to feel uneasy. Had Betty been too stupid to put her necktie into the parcel?

"Hello, Mark! your pumpkin's cracked clean across," said some one.

Mark looked. It was not a crack, but a cut. A piece had been taken from the top to form a lid, and so nicely adjusted as not readily to be seen. He took hold of the stem and lifted the cover.

A shout went up from the crowd. The pumpkin had been hollowed out, lined with tissue paper and packed full of lunch; and on the very top, resting on a folded Japanese napkin, lay a dainty necktie of fringed white silk!

"The school-teacher!" "The school-teacher!"

The crowd took up the cry, and sent it echoing about the room.

"Three cheers for Mark Grannis!" were called for. The cheers were given with a will.

None but Clinton's fellow-conspirators saw how pale he turned when Miss Carlisle's tie was found in the pumpkin, so absorbed was every one in Mark's unexpected turn of fortune. Yes—one other saw it, and saw the look of rage that crossed his face, and the consternation of his companions when Betty Morley's green cambric duplicate bow was found inside his costly purchase. Miss Carlisle saw, and stood close by his side when he cast the green tie to the floor, saying, "I'll never do it, never! I'm going home!"

"Gentlemen don't break their bargains," she said, quietly. "Every gentleman who purchased here to-night, accepted, in so doing, the conditions of the sale. Take my advice, Clinton, and make the best of what you think a poor bargain."

She moved away to join Mark, and help him unpack the pumpkin.

It was a goodly store that this homely fruit yielded: Delicate sandwiches tied with blue ribbon, slices of cake, oranges, bananas and luscious grapes. Mark sat like one in a beautiful dream, listening to Miss Carlisle's cheery talk, and feeling sorry from the bottom of his heart for poor Clinton, who, in an obscure corner, was laying slices of

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corned beef, gingerbread and pumpkin-pie before the delighted Betty, but tasting nothing himself.

In the very bottom of his basket Clinton found a card, upon which was written, in a hand well-known to Swaleville youth:

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

ELLA BEECHER GITTINGS.

ITS MISSION.

The filmy wing that wafts the seed
Upon the careless wind to earth,
Of its short life has only need
To find the germ fit place for birth.
—*F. W. Bourdillon.*

For the Companion.

AT A CALIFORNIA SHEEP-RANCH.

In Three Parts.—Part III.

Waylaid by a Mountain-Lion.

Eagles, bears and mountain-lions are a great pest to California sheepmen in certain districts, and cause large losses every year. On the ranges of the coast mountains, where bands of sheep are moving over a considerable territory, they are not corralled at night, but merely "bunched," in as secure a position as possible, near the shepherd's camping-place.

Six sheep were lost out of the band which Bill Hughes was herding somewhat later than the time when Ham-fat and Jim tapped the bee-tree. There was now a moon, and for three nights we took turns in watching for the thief.

On the third night Bill succeeded in shooting a small female mountain-lion, which was doubtless the transgressor, for no further trouble was experienced while we were at that camp.

But about a fortnight later, when we had moved the band to another part of the range, some three miles to the northward, we had a more exciting experience.

The boys had been home to the ranch for a week, and rejoined us for a second visit. Ham-fat then discovered that an old pistol, which he prized highly, had been left behind. He must have the pistol at any cost, so, mounting old Nig, he set off at about three o'clock one afternoon to get it.

We saw no more of him until dusk. About seven o'clock the mule's hoofs were heard clattering on the stones down the trail, and a moment afterward we saw Ham-fat riding rapidly toward the camp.

"He's scared!" exclaimed Jim, eagerly.

"Keep quiet," said Bill. "Let's hear what he'll say. Don't let him know that we think he is frightened."

Up dashed Ham-fat to the very door of the hut; but we appeared to be busy with our affairs, and paid no attention to him. He was bareheaded, and looked wild as he slid off old Nig's back; but not a word was said, and after glancing first at one, then the other of us, as we moved around with our backs toward him, he coolly proceeded to take off the saddle.

Supper was ready. As we sat down, Bill remarked, in a fault-finding way, "Seems to me, Ham-fat, that you've got to riding that mule pretty hard lately!"

Ham-fat could contain himself no longer.

"I guess you would ride if you had a big mountain-lion after you!" he exclaimed.

"Did you see a lion?" I asked.

"Yes, I did, and I tell you he is a big one, too!" replied the lad, with truthfulness in every tone of his voice. "None of your little mangy she-lions!" he added, with a glance of contempt at Bill.



"Where did you see him?" I asked.

"You know that hollow way down the trail, where that old red-wood stub stands? Well, 'twas there. I was coming along, walking old Nig and whistling, when I heard the brush snap, and right there, just back of that old stub, in the weeds, was a big mountain-lion creeping out, wiggling his tail and getting ready to jump on me.

"I tell you he was as long as a fence-rail, and he would have jumped in a minute more, but old Nig saw him and made a spring, and then ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

"I had to hang on so tight that I didn't get a chance to look back till we had gone some way; and then I saw the lion standing out on the trail, looking after us."

There was little doubt that Ham-fat had been waylaid by some animal; though we made allowance for the magnifying power of a boy's eyes, under such circumstances.

That the animal was a mountain-lion was rendered probable by the appearance of one of these destructive creatures the second night afterward. We heard a disturbance among the sheep, a little before midnight. Bill ran out, but as it was very dark, he could see nothing. After firing his Winchester he came back to the hut.

Next morning we found one dead sheep and a trail, marked with blood-stains, showing where another had been carried off. The lion had stolen upon the sheep and, after throttling one and taking its blood, had seized another and decamped, probably frightened by the report of the gun.

"This is a pretty impudent old brute," Bill remarked to me, as we looked about next morning. "He will not come back till he's eaten up his sheep; but he will be back then. The nights are too dark now to watch and shoot him. I'm going down to the ranch to get the dogs."

He made the trip that afternoon and brought up an old half-breed mastiff, named Fan, and her full-grown pup, Tige, and also a trap and some strychnine. The herders make a very liberal use of poison in clearing the country of lions and wild-cats.

The trap was set that night, and baited with a part of the dead sheep; and other parts of it were poisoned and laid about.

Nothing further was heard from Ham-fat's lion, as we called it, for a week. But one night, shortly after we had fallen asleep, old Fan came into the shack, whining and growling in a peculiar manner. Bill immediately sat up.

"There's either a lion or a bear prowling about," he said to me in a low tone. "Fan never whines like that for small game."

We were camped at that time on a little level bench of the mountain, under a bunch of live-oaks; and the sheep were gathered every night in a small open, not more than fifty yards from our bunks.

The dogs continued to sniff the air, growling in a remonstrant undertone. Old Fan finally became so restless that Bill could hardly hold her by the collar. The sheep, too, began to get up out of their beds, and huddle closer to our camp.

"Now's the time," muttered Bill. "Sic 'em, Fan!"

Both dogs dashed out, barking savagely.

Jim and Ham-fat, wrapped in the sound sleep of boyhood, did not wake; but Bill and I, leaping from our bunks, hastily donned our clothes, expecting after a few minutes' chase to hear Fan's baying announce that she had treed the animal.

But instead of that welcome baying, so thrilling and unmistakable to one who has once heard it, there was borne to our ears a succession of spiteful snarls and yelps, which made it plain that the animal, instead of taking to a tree, had turned and given battle.

We stole out in the direction of the sounds with our guns, but had not gone far before sharp howls from the dogs told that they were getting the worst of the encounter.

"It's either a bear or a big he-lion," said Bill, confidently. "If it was anything else, Fan would certainly have run it up a tree."

Before we reached the scene of combat, the outcries suddenly ceased; and a few steps farther on we met both dogs.

Poor Fan was on three legs. She was covered with bleeding scratches, and a raking blow, apparently from a wide-taloned paw, had torn nearly all the flesh off one of her shoulders. Tige had been less bold in his attack, and though scratched, was not much hurt.

We knew it would be useless to look for the lion further that night, and returned to camp.

Next night the lion came back. We had bound up Fan's wounds as well as we could, but she could scarcely crawl about; and Tige was too young and timid to venture out alone. The movements of the sheep revealed those of the lion; but it was too dark to see him. Near morning, when we had fallen sound asleep, the brute came back, stampeded the sheep and succeeded in killing three, one of which, as before, was carried off.

Portions of the dead sheep were again treated with strychnine, and the trap set in another place with fresh bait; but our troublesome neighbor apparently had no liking for anything but living prey.

The boys, who were much disgusted at having been left to sleep the first night, were awake this time. They took an enthusiastic interest in all our schemes for making way with the lion; and a few mornings later Ham-fat declared at breakfast that he had dreamed we caught the lion in a "jerk-up."

I was obliged to inquire how that was done.

"Why, the way Jim and I catch sewellels," replied Ham-fat. Then, perceiving the utter ignorance in which I had grown up, touching such accomplishments, he went on to tell me that the sewellel is a kind of squirrel which resembles a large rat; and that he and Jim had turned a pretty penny by trapping them for their skins, which they sell as fur, and that they had caught dozens of them in "jerk-ups," or slip-nooses of strong twine, attached to spring-poles and placed skillfully about their burrows.

"I tell you what," continued Ham-fat, "I believe that if a 'jerk-up' could be rigged, strong enough, a lion could be caught the same way."

Bill laughed incredulously. "I guess if we wait for you to catch that lion with a 'jerk-up,'" said he, "we shall wait till he gets every sheep in this band."

"Well, I guess we could catch him that way as soon as you can catch him in your trap, or poison him, or shoot him, either!" cried Ham-fat, warmly.

"The idea of getting a lion to stick his head through a slip-noose!" exclaimed Bill, contemptuously.

"The way I'd do," argued Ham-fat, "would be to rig a kind of a brush pen out in the woods, with a hole leading into it on one side, and put a live sheep in it. Then I'd take a good strong lariat, and fix a noose around the hole and tie the other end to a stiff tree-branch, bent down so as to give a great jerk when 'twas sprung."



Jim, who was also in favor of a "jerk-up," argued that a coarse net of dark-colored twine could be rigged over the hole and attached to a line, leading to the "fid" that sprung the tree-branch so that when the lion leaped in to seize the sheep he could not miss pulling the fid out of the loop of the line that held the branch down.

The boys had a wide, practical knowledge of jerk-ups, and planned the device with great cunning.

Bill still pooh-poohed the whole plan. I had no faith in it, but as the boys were very much in earnest, and as there was nothing of much interest to occupy the day, I decided to help them set up their trap. It was worth all my pains, even if we caught nothing whatever, to witness the zeal and boisterous eagerness with which they embarked in the scheme.

Having selected a place under a large oak, on the border of the forest, in the direction from which the lion was thought to have approached the camp, we constructed of stakes a pen about six feet square, and covered it with brush to disguise it, so that it would appear like a little thicket. The hole leading into it and other details of the jerk-up were managed as Ham-fat and Jim had planned.

Bending down a branch of the oak to furnish motive power for the jerk-up proved the most laborious part of the undertaking. The united weight of all three of us, hauling down together, barely sufficed to bend it. Three times it broke away from the anchorage which we gave it.

To adjust the "fid" of the check-line also proved a very nice task. We spent almost all day in experimenting and devising new details for springing the snare. About forty feet of one of Bill's lariats of green hide was used as a noose for the jerk-up.

After supper, a sheep was caught and led out to the pen, to serve as live bait. After the sheep had been bound inside the pen, the noose and net were set at the entrance, and all was carefully covered around with leafy twigs. Little as I believed in the success of their snare, I could not but admire the painstaking skill which Jim and Ham-fat expended upon it.

We left the sheep in the pen and went back to camp. Several times during the evening we heard the poor creature, thus separated from the others, bleating for its mates.

"Good!" Jim would exclaim every time we heard it begin afresh. "That'll draw the old fellow."

No lion came that night, nor the next. Bill laughed. "You'll find that a mountain lion and a sewellel are two different animals," he remarked. "You cannot get a lion into any such silly trap as that."

The boys did not say much, but they punctually let the decoy sheep out each morning and led up another at dusk.

It was either the third or the fourth evening after the snare was set, that just as we were turning into our bunks we heard a yell. Old Fan, who was now a little better of her wounds, started up with a low, gruff bark, and Ham-fat shouted, "We've got him!"

In their excitement, he and Jim dashed out of the shack barefoot, and with very little clothing. Bill and I followed. Both dogs were now barking; but above their noise, there was plainly to be heard the sounds of a frightful snarling and yelling, in the direction of the jerk-up.

"Come on! Come on! Get your guns!" shouted Ham-fat.

I had no small trouble to get the excited boys back into the shack to draw on their shoes and jackets. We lighted a lantern, got the guns, and then, after shutting up the dogs, sallied out.

The whole band of sheep, terrified by the yelling, were pressing closely about the shack. We had proceeded but a few rods when we met the decoy sheep, which had broken loose, and was rushing headlong back toward the band. The frightened creature ran blindly into us; and Jim seized it by the wool.

There was little doubt that, by some fluke of good luck which sometimes attends the efforts of plucky boys, we had ensnared the lion; for its wild screechings and yells were continuous. Heard in the night, the cries were quite enough to make one's blood run cold.

He was caught, no doubt; but how securely caught was the question. With due regard to this uncertainty, we approached with caution from the rear of the pen.

Thrusting up the lantern on a forked stick, we were able to get a partial view over the top of the pen. Evidently the lion had attempted to enter the hole and seize the sheep, when like a flash the bent branch had sprung upward, and the tightening noose had caught the animal just forward of the hips. The recoil of the branch had been powerful enough to swing the beast into the air; and there he dangled, at least eight feet clear of any footing.

I never saw such a picture of ungovernable fury as this beast presented. He swung about like a pendulum, clawing the air, biting, snarling and spitting, while his eyes glared at us like balls of fire.

Every few moments he would double up his body, reach upward, grasp the riata line above him with his forepaws, and try to bite it in two with his teeth. When this task proved hopeless, down would droop the long, supple body again, while the brute gave vent to that ear-splitting, despairing scream, which no other animal is capable of uttering.

Somewhat awed by the savage spectacle, Jim and Ham-fat kept in the rear and said very little. There was danger that the animal would bite off the line. Telling Bill to throw as much light as possible from the lantern upon him, I waited until he had ceased his struggles for an instant, and then sent a bullet through his head.

When the animal was fully dead, we cut him down and removed the hide.

With the sudden cessation of those frightful screams, Ham-fat and Jim had recovered their self-possession, and on our way back to the camp, they executed several war-dances around Bill, poking his ribs and asking him what he thought of their plan now.

"'Twas just chance," Bill maintained, stoutly. "You couldn't catch a lion that way again in a hundred years."

Ham-fat declared that it was the same lion which had attempted to waylay him on the trail, and very likely it was.

From tip to tip, as hunters say, this lion, or rather panther, measured over eight feet, and must rank as a large specimen of his species. His recent diet of fresh mutton had put him in fine, glossy condition; and I was glad to conclude a bargain with Ham-fat and Jim to secure the skin as a memento of my sojourn at Dave Hughes's sheep ranch.

MYRON B. GIBSON.

The End.

SUNG FOR ME.

Wild bird, the song was truly sung,
With tender pauses in each line,
And though 'twas trilled by thy sweet tongue
The King knew that the words were mine.

Baltimore Telegram. —*Paul Rivers.*

For the Companion.

A JOLLY RED-HEAD.

One of the most interesting birds of my acquaintance is the red-headed woodpecker. In Ohio he is the most abundant species of the woodpecker family, the flicker coming next in point of numbers. You may see him almost everywhere; in the city as well as in the country; in the lowlands and meadows, if there are a few trees, as well as in the uplands; in the open spaces and in the dense woods, and wherever found, he is the same jolly, companionable fellow. I suppose every boy knows this bird, which, as Mr. Burroughs prettily says, "festoons the woods" with red, white and blue-black. He may be readily identified by his crimson head and neck, making him look as if he had plunged up to his shoulders into a keg of red paint.

Like all other woodpeckers, he is a hewer of timber, chiselling out a parlor—or rather, perhaps, a nursery—in a dead limb or tree-trunk, where he rears his young and trains them in the way they should go. I have known him to drill his nest in a fence-stake, while the telegraph poles along the railroad, although they must be hard and tough, often afford him a nesting-place, and it is amusing to see him bolt from his cavity whenever a train dashes along.

It is to be regretted that our bird has not a more musical voice, and yet his well-known *g-r-r-u-k*, *g-r-r-u-k* and *g-u-r-r-l*, *g-u-r-r-l* and *kt-r-r*, *kt-r-r* are by no means disagreeable, but are suggestive of the good-nature and buoyancy of spirit that animate his bosom. If he is not much of a vocalist, he still seems to be a lover of music.

Listen to him as he plays a tune on that shell bark hickory-tree, or beats his tattoo on the slate roof. He evidently engages in this exercise, in part at least, for the sake of the musical effect, else why should he drum on the roof, where no insects are to be found, or upon an old tin pan that he has discovered out on the commons?

There has been some dispute as to how he produces this quick succession of raps, several writers contending that he does it by rapidly striking together his mandibles. This cannot be the true explanation, for I have often watched him at his rehearsals, and have always noticed that the sound varies according to the object upon which he hammers.

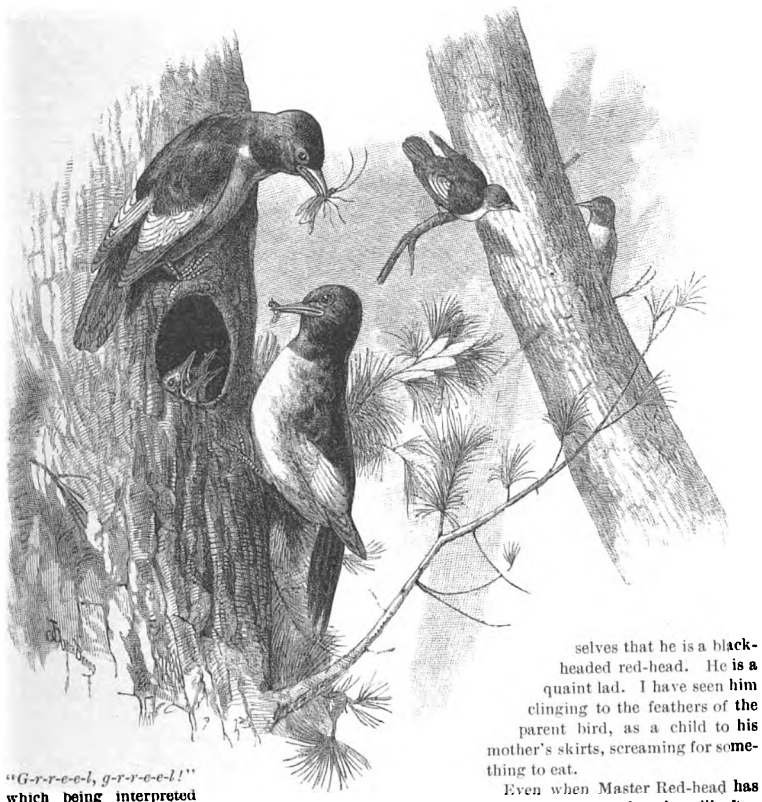
For instance, if it is a large hollow tree, the sound is coarse and resonant, as one would expect. If he beats upon a piece of partly loosened bark, his tune is sharp and penetrating. On a tin or slate roof the sound is precisely what it would be if you or I should pound rapidly upon the same object with a similar instrument. But how can he beat so fast with his bill? Just as a drummer-boy deftly taps his snare-drum so rapidly that you cannot count the strokes, and almost think that his drumsticks must be small boards rounded at the end.

Of all the woodpeckers that I have studied, the red-head is the most expert on the wing. Of course, he follows the fashion of the family when he flies, going in a kind of gallop from one perch to another. But other woodpeckers seem to regard flying as a serious business, and are therefore on the wing only as much as is necessary to secure food and escape from their foes.

Not so with our crimson-headed acrobat, who often performs the most amazing feats of scaling in the air out of pure exuberance of spirits. He

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must have some valve of escape for his rollicksome nature. And so he frequently hurls himself out into the air as if shot from a cannon, performs some exploit, such as poising, whirling, darting straight upward, and almost turning a somersault, and then circles gracefully back to his upright floor of bark, crying exultingly,



"G-r-r-e-e-l, g-r-r-e-e-l!"

which being interpreted means, "Wasn't that a clever trick?"

Often, it is true, he makes a dash for an insect, just as the wood-pewee or the great crested fly-catcher does; but I think that many of his feats are performed for pure love of frolic.

I have watched a dozen or more of these birds engaging in their wing-exercises in a favorite woodland, which might have been called their gymnasium. They had selected a certain tree for a point of departure, and with loud chattering would dash away after one another, describe a graceful circle, and then plunge back into the tree.

At times their cries seemed to be half-angry. Still, the whole performance seemed so jolly that it reminded me of a company of children playing "base" or "black-man." These birds certainly have some sense of humor, and enjoy a romp as much as the most playful schoolboys.

One of their favorite pastimes is playing "hide-and-seek" about the trunks of trees. It is amusing to see two of them peep at each other a moment around the bole of a tree, and then jerk their heads back, precisely as you have seen children do. Besides, they often play "catch" or "tag," dashing pellmell after each other among the trees, until you wonder they do not dash themselves to atoms.

A pair of bluebirds had a nest in a box near my house last spring. They seemed to be greatly vexed by the presence of a red-head which was in the habit of coasting on the maples along the street. They would make a quick dash at him, but the "artful dodger" would slip dexterously around to the other side of the tree out of harm's way.

Sometimes, however, he would stand his ground, and present his long spear of a bill to his enemies as they flung themselves at him, and thus keep them at a safe distance; for no bluebird would care to impale himself on the end of a lance like that.

Still the woodpecker would occasionally lose a feather by failing to be quick enough to evade the swift assaults of his enemies. I do not know whether he sometimes makes a raid on other birds' nests or not. I hope not; but I have noticed that robins and bluebirds have a mortal hatred of him, especially when he comes into the neighborhood of their nests.

Speaking of bluebirds in connection with the red-head, reminds me of a curious freak of bird-behavior that I observed one day in July. I was strolling along the banks of a small creek, when I saw a male bluebird sitting on a limb of an apple-tree, while only a few feet away, a red-head was busy at work in a cavity of the trunk (which he had evidently himself drilled), throwing out the chips at a lively rate, and at intervals peeping from the hole to see if the coast was clear.

I drove both birds away, and then watched them at some distance. In a few minutes the bluebird was again at his post, while his companion had gone back into the cavity to ply his trade of carpentry as before.

What did it mean? Was the bluebird playing the rôle of sentinel for the red-head? Or was the woodpecker hewing out a home for the bluebird by way of accommodation? Or was the bluebird only biding his time until the cavity should be done, when he intended to drive the busy toiler away, and occupy the nest himself? I have never been able to come to a decision in the matter.

From youth to old age our bird is a cunning, tricksy spirit. Ah! yes, there is the red-head, junior—but his head is black instead of crimson; so that we may say without contradicting ourselves that he is a black-headed red-head. He is a quaint lad. I have seen him clinging to the feathers of the parent bird, as a child to his mother's skirts, screaming for something to eat.

Even when Master Red-head has grown as large as his mother, he will often run after her and shriek for his dinner. But when his stomach is full of tidbits, he and his playmates have rare sport tobogganing (though they usually prefer to go uphill instead of down) on the trunks of trees, playing hide-and-seek, and flying race.

LEANDER S. KEYSER.

FULFILMENT.

The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned."
Youth shows but half; trust God, see all, nor be afraid.
—*Robert Browning.*

AT THE BAR OF THE LORDS.

We have explained quite recently the case of Newfoundland, and have described the uncomfortable situation in which it finds itself by reason of the rights secured to the French by treaty, and of the restrictions imposed upon its own people by the same treaty.

The peculiar position of the colony, suffering under what it regards as an intolerable grievance, and yet wholly unable to help itself, was the occasion of a highly picturesque scene in the British House of Lords one day in April. The colony had sent to London a delegation of its most prominent public men to endeavor to dissuade Parliament from passing a bill introduced by Lord Knutsford, the Colonial Secretary, which the colonists of both parties regarded as highly injurious to their interests.

These delegates were permitted to appear at the bar of the House of Peers while that body was in session, and to speak to the House and the country in the name of the colony. There was a very distinguished company in attendance, including the Prince of Wales, and the scene was significant and impressive. The delegates spoke, one by one; they were heard attentively, and the impression they made was a good one.

It cannot be said, at the time we write, whether or not their protest will be effectual; but the event itself is interesting from two points of view.

The appearance of the delegates before one of the Houses of Parliament is a striking illustration of what is known as the right of petition in its most remarkable form. It is a form not unknown to the parliamentary procedure of this country, although the similar right as exercised in the United States may not be generally recognized as corresponding to it.

Delegates from Territories are allowed free access to the floor of the House of Representatives, although they are not members of it, and have no vote; but they are permitted at any time, when they can get the floor, to discuss matters before the House, even when those matters do not concern directly the people of the Territories they represent.

It is a privilege accorded to the Lord Mayor of London, by immemorial custom, to present petitions of the City of London to the House of Commons; and other petitioners have, from time to time, been admitted to the bar of the House, not to speak but to lay their written requests on the table.

But the more interesting phase of the Newfoundland matter is that in which the colony appears as a self-governing community, but as possessing no power and not even a voice in the matter of its most important relations, those to other communities.

Treaties which bind Newfoundland and every other colony are made by the British ministry, and that ministry is virtually appointed by the House of Commons, in which no colony has even a single representative. Canada, with four and a half million inhabitants, has not so much influence in choosing those who are to direct the foreign policy by which Canada is to be governed, as have the people of some small English town.

It is true that Canada does not at present find this situation an unpleasant one. She is entirely satisfied to pay for the privilege of her connection with England by allowing the home government to make treaties that control her.

But it is human nature to be contented with such a condition of affairs only so long as arrangements thus made by another power do not harmfully limit the free action of a community. Newfoundland was contented until the French treaties, as interpreted by Frenchmen, began to bear hardly upon its industries. Its loyalty is now strained almost to the breaking point. And this will always happen, in any liberty-loving colony, so soon as it seems to the colonists that their interests are sacrificed for the benefit of the general government, in the choice of which they have no voice.

For the Companion.

A-MAYING.

Deep in the coignes of forest and wildwood,
Under the shade of the wide-spreading trees—
Oh the wild joy that is thrilling my pulses
With rapturous swell to the summer's low breeze!
Naiads and elfins to-day are here dancing,
Satyrs and fauns and the nymphs are at play—
Friends, do you know me? I once dwelt among you,
Blithe, like the zephyrs, as boundless and gay.
How my cheeks glow with this deep sense of pleasure,
How my heart leaps with a passionate glee!
Give me your hands, for again I am with you,
Vanished my sorrow—to-day I am free.

NELLIE TALBOT KINKEAD.

TOWN IMPROVEMENT.

Among the social movements which have grown into a position of importance during the past ten years is what began as Village Improvement work. The movement has outgrown the comparatively narrow field in which it started, and has become city improvement on the one hand, and rural improvement on the other. Considering it, however, in its work in improving small towns, it has an influence quite beyond the mere effect upon the eye of the beautifying of the streets and surroundings of a place.

Properly directed, it becomes an excellent means of keeping at home the young people of country towns and the region about them, and preventing them from drifting away to the cities, where they often find their ruin.

The town, village, or rural Improvement Societies generally begin their work by planting trees, and this is a good way to begin, for nothing is more "improving," so far as it goes, than a good tree planted in the right place; but presently the society proceeds to other things.

In many towns in this country the Improvement Societies have been the means of laying needed sidewalks and establishing better roadways, and thus facilitating business in introducing some sort of drainage, and making the town cleaner, healthier, safer and more comfortable to live in, and in greatly stimulating public spirit and general good-fellowship, and legitimately "advertising" the attractions of a place.

The Village Improvement Societies are said to have received their inspiration from the Public Green Association of New Haven, Connecticut, which, about one hundred years ago, received contributions of money, of goods and of work from the citizens of New Haven, then a rural town, to "grade the green and plant elms." These very elms have since gone far to make the town attractive to residents and business men.

More recently, in several towns in the older half of the country, the interest awakened by Improvement Societies has led men who were born in the town, and who have become rich there or elsewhere, to present libraries, halls, churches and other desirable things to the town.

The establishment of an Improvement Society is a simple thing. No money is absolutely required to set it going, though money sufficient for necessary purposes comes in various ways, from small membership fees, fairs, lectures and concerts, and presently from individual subscriptions.

A case of peculiar interest is related in connection with this improvement work. In a town which had a large proportion of foreign-born residents, of diverse languages, engaged in quarrying and manufacturing, a society of this sort was organized, and the employers of labor were induced to "shut down" on a given day, on which owners and operatives joined in a great "improvement bee."

"Many hands made light work," it is related, "and all had a good time. From that day the people have all thought more of one another and more of their homes, which richly shared in these improvements, as did the sidewalks, roadsides and other public grounds."

This work of all classes, all together, for the common benefit, promoted good citizenship and willing industry as well as the embellishment of the town.

Sometimes young people fall into a way of depreciating their native town, especially if it is a country village, and of saying, "This is a good place to emigrate from." If their elders were to try to make their towns agreeable, sightly and progressive, is it not possible that their children would have quite another feeling?

If the older people are slow in organizing societies of the kind, it is quite practicable for the young people to take up the work and carry it forward, and they may derive much enjoyment from it while they also confer a public benefit.

The work is being carried into the public schools, and finds fertile soil in them. A School-House Yard Improvement Society may not only result in a great deal of fun for the pupils of public schools, but extend its influence to take in a whole town and its vicinity.

AMBITIOUS GIRLS.

A well-known literary man, who has the charge of a leading American newspaper, was asked lately whether he had gained through his position any new views of life in this country. His answer contains an important suggestion.

He said, "For one thing, I have been surprised by the enormous number of young women who are trying to become independent by earning their own living. This is as it should be. But the least satisfactory feature connected with the fact is that the most of them despise the commonplace methods of money-making, and try to earn it in some unusual, adventurous way. I constantly receive stories and essays written by young girls upon every subject but those which they understand.

"Our publishing firm, since one woman reporter went round the world, have been importuned by girls asking to be sent to 'write up' the Pacific Islands, Iceland, and even Africa. Most of these adventurous young women come from farms or inland villages."

Here is an incident to serve as a companion picture to this sketch of the editor's.

Two women in New Jersey, hearing ten years ago that the butter made in certain dairies in the South of France brought very high prices in London, saved their wages until they had enough to go to the district where the butter was made, and learn the secret of the French dairies.

They returned home, began with the manufacture of a few pounds each week in their father's house, and in two years were able to set their own price upon their butter in New York.

We would not discourage the ambition of any of our girl friends who wish to earn their living, provided they consult, when choosing their occupation, their own ability and knowledge.

If they are fitted by nature and study to be authors, artists, or even navigators, let them keep to their calling; but if not, why slight the homely, commonplace occupations which offer comfort, shelter and success in the quiet ways of life?

Superior butter commands a high profit in all of our cities. Many of our farmers' daughters can make ordinary butter; very few can make superior butter. How many educated American women are trying to succeed in honest trade, as their French sisters have done?

If circumstances require a woman to take upon her more of the world's work than that which comes to her as daughter, wife and mother, let her do it and be honored in the doing.

But let her remember that the baker who makes a good loaf of bread is more to be honored, and is of greater benefit to the world, than the artist who paints a poor picture.

Let her choose to do only that which she can do best.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVERS.

A carriage full of girls was passing at a comfortable pace along a country road when one of the occupants, leaning forward from the back seat and touching the driver, cried out, excitedly:

"Oh stop! Stop! Let me get out! There's a four-leaved clover!"

The young lady who was driving stopped the horse, and followed with her eyes the rapid motions of her companion, who had leaped out and was scrambling up a bank by the roadside. It was covered by a thick mat of clover, but the seeker, without a moment's hesitation, laid her hand upon the stem she wanted, broke it off and returned to the carriage.

It was indeed a four-leaved clover, large and perfect, each leaflet prettily marked with a whitish V, and the extra one scarcely smaller than the others. She was immediately overwhelmed with questions and exclamations of astonishment. "How had she been able to see it in passing, surrounded as it was by a thousand other leaves so nearly resembling it?" everybody wished to know.

"Why, I couldn't help seeing it," was the laughing answer; "it stood right up and nodded at me!"

But the other girls did not think the mystery lessened by this answer. They had been looking in the same direction, and they had not seen it nod its luck-crowned head to them.

The lucky four-fold leaf, always a favorite, is just now especially popular. Its use as a decorative design in jewelry, upon silver-ware, and in painting and embroidery, has perhaps called attention to the green and growing original, which is by no means so easy to procure.

It requires sharp sight, a quick brain to notice what one is not at the moment looking for, often a considerable amount of time, patience and perseverance, before one can secure a four-leaved clover of one's own finding, to tuck away in a purse, a favorite book, or according to a recent fashion, to place inside a silver locket with one side of glass, and give to a friend.

But it is a pleasing quest, in which the seeker often discovers many lovely natural objects beside the one he is looking for.

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He learns, too, how freakish Nature is in the disposal of her rarities. He may search the fields for weeks, and never see a clover leaf not divided by the regulation rule of three, or he may find clovers in fives, sevens, even nines and thirteens, but never one in four—and then, suddenly, when he has given up hope or forgotten all about it, he will chance upon not *one* four-leaved clover, but two or three or a dozen; for it is quite usual for them to grow in colonies, and sometimes a whole field of clover will display a marked tendency to grow by fours.

Whether such abundance makes the fortune of the lucky farmer who owns the field, we have never heard.

WORDS OF PRAISE.

Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, who was one of the most conspicuous men of the country during the administrations of Washington and Adams, seems to have had at the beginning of his career no expectation of becoming eminent. His ambition was limited to gaining a living for himself, his wife and children.

But one day, while arguing a case in court, he heard a stranger say, "Who is this young man? He speaks well."

Those words made Ellsworth Chief Justice of the United States, Minister to France, and United States Senator. He went home after court was adjourned, told his wife what he had heard, and began to think of rising at the bar. In his old age, looked up to and respected as a Christian statesman, he used to say that these words were the turning point of his life.

But young Ellsworth was not only sensitive to praise, he was an industrious young man, who did many things which had no reference to the law because it was his duty to do them.

When, after graduating at Princeton, and having become a member of the bar at Hartford, he began to practise law, his father gave him an axe and a wood-lot.

"Oliver," said the old man, who was a pioneer, "if you wish to get ahead, you must work for it."

Oliver settled on the wood-lot, some distance from Hartford, cleared the land, split rails to fence it, built a log-house, and there received the clients who sought him.

When the term of court began, he walked down to Hartford, argued his cases, and then returned home to his wood-lot. On coming into court, the spectators observed that the young lawyer's hands were swollen and pierced with thorns. That fact did not discredit him with the farmers who served as jurors and witnesses. But after he heard the words of praise, he paid more attention to his books and less to his farm.

SAVINGS.

Within the past few weeks an ingenious toy safe has made its appearance, and has become instantly popular. It is a small cylinder in nickel plate, with an aperture just large enough to take in a dime. The safe will hold exactly fifty dimes, and cannot be opened until it is full. When, therefore, one has begun to save dimes, there is no stopping, or at least no getting at what has been saved, without breaking the holder, until five dollars have been put into it.

So many were the purchasers and users of this little affair that in some communities there was speedily a scarcity of silver dimes.

The idea is, of course, that when one has collected his five dollars he will not spend the money, but treat it as savings, and deposit it in a savings-bank.

We think that there are probably not many people outside of New England who know what an important part the savings-bank plays in this part of the country. In Massachusetts, for example, there are more than three hundred and fifty million dollars deposited in savings-banks; and all of it is in small sums, for the law does not allow any person to draw interest on more than one thousand dollars in any bank.

In many places out of New England—and there are few such banks except in the Eastern States—there is no institution where five dollars, when saved, can be put at interest.

It would be worth while for our friends all over the country to study the savings-bank system of New England, and see what a power there is in a great many little sums when combined in one big sum.

Think of it! The accumulated savings of the working people of Massachusetts would pay one-third of the national debt.

HAPPY QUOTATION.

An interesting scene in the French Senate is recalled by A. L. Sardou in his "*Petites Erreurs et Petites Ignorances*," showing how a presiding officer, with ready wit and good sense, spoke the right words at the right moment, and saved the body of which he was president from committing itself to an absurd and fanatical measure.

At the meeting of the French Assembly on October 6, 1849, after Louis Philippe had been dethroned and the Second Republic established, Citizen Thouret, a representative of the most ardent republicanism, complained bitterly because the *Moniteur* had called him "monsieur." He demanded that the official journal should hereafter give the title of "citizens" to the national representatives and to Frenchmen in general, and that the title of "monsieur" should be proscribed in the Republic as a relic of monarchy.

The president, the senior Dupin, allowed no time for the friends of Thouret to carry this extreme motion, but at once demonstrated the absurdity of it by addressing to them some excellent advice. "Call yourselves *messieurs*, and be *citizens*!" he cried, and the interrupted orator said no more. The Assembly was struck with the significance and good sense of the president's epigram. "As a matter of fact, though few were aware of it, Monsieur Dupin's words were not original," writes M. Sardou, "but he was happily served by his memory, which recalled to him a line from the '*Dialogue entre deux journalistes*,' a poem which that charming writer Andrieux read fifty years before at a public meeting of the Institute."

Notable Articles Next Week.

In next week's issue of THE COMPANION will be printed the first, by *Madame Emma Albani*, of a Series of Articles for

"The Girl with a Taste for Music."

Also the first of two Articles by *General John Gibbon, U. S. A.*, on

"Reading Indian Sign."

An account of the "SEA SERPENT," by one who has seen it, will be read with interest; also a striking Memorial Day Story, by E. W. Thomson.

LITERARY FACTORY GIRLS.

An aged clergyman, who can hardly be other than the venerable Dr. A. P. Peabody, sends to the *Atlantic Monthly* some reminiscences of one of the editors of the Lowell *Offering*—Miss Harriet Farley. The editorial connection of Miss Lucy Larcom with the same magazine—a magazine edited and written by factory girls—will be recollected by many readers. During the several years of Miss Farley's editorship she was the most copious writer for the *Offering*, and her articles indicated not only superior culture, but literary talent, taste and versatility that won more than approval—hearty admiration—from those best fitted to judge.

The *Offering* had a subscription list of four thousand, which meant fully as much as twenty thousand would at the present time.

It was in every respect on a level with the best magazines of the day. Its profits enabled Miss Farley—the daughter of a poor minister—to carry a brother through Harvard College, and to make generous provision for the comfort of the family at home.

The work attracted no little attention on the other side of the Atlantic. A volume containing a selection from its articles was published in London in 1849, and at a much later period, my friend President Felton, in Paris, while attending part of a course of lectures on English literature, heard one entire lecture on the history and the literary merits of the Lowell *Offering*.

During the palmy years of the *Offering* I used, every winter, to lecture for the Lowell Lyceum. The Lowell hall, one of the largest of its time, was always crowded, and four-fifths of the audience were factory girls.

When the lecturer entered, almost every girl had a book in her hand, and was intent upon it. When he rose, the books were laid aside, and paper and pencil taken instead; and there were very few who did not carry home full notes of what they had heard.

I have never seen anywhere so assiduous note-taking—no, not even in a college class where the notes might be of avail in an impending examination—as in that assembly of young women, laboring for their subsistence, many of whom in after life filled honorable, useful, in some instances conspicuous positions in society.

SELF-BETRAYED.

People who jump too quickly at conclusions sometimes have occasion to wish that they had not been quite so clever. "You ought to be ashamed to make fun of my hair!" cried a little girl whose curly locks are red. "Why, I didn't!" was the indignant reply; but the aggrieved one returned, "I heard you. You said, 'Isn't it horrid?' and you *must* have meant my hair!"

A good story is circling throughout Germany about a *Schusterbub*, or cobbler's boy, who was lately waiting outside the palace to see the Emperor come forth for his afternoon airing. Finding the delay tedious, he suddenly exclaimed:

"The booby isn't coming! I shall go."

A policeman at once caught him by the collar, and shouted, "Whom do you mean by 'the booby,' sirrah?"

"Why, my friend Michel!" whined the boy. "He was to have met me here, but he hasn't come."

The policeman of course accepted the explanation, and let him go, whereupon the boy retreated twenty paces, struck a derisive attitude, and yelled:

"And whom did *you* mean by 'the booby'?"

THREE PACES.

Convicts who were forced to drag about a ball and chain at the galleys could often be detected, when released, by their habit of trailing one foot after the other. John Boyle O'Reilly, condemned to convict life in Australia for his Fenian sympathies, had also in after years a habit which told a like sad story. Says a friend in his recent "Life:"

When walking abstractedly and mechanically, he always went a short distance, and then retraced his steps, no matter how wide a stretch he had before him.

It was always three paces forward, turn, and three paces back, exactly like the restless turning of a lion in a cage. One day I asked him:

"Boyle, what was the length of your cell when you were in prison? How many paces?"

"Three," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"Because, when you are absent-minded, you always walk three paces forward, and then retrace your steps."

"CONTRARY-MINDED."

The last Legislature of Kansas will be known in history as the "Farmer Legislature," because the House was composed very largely of men from the rural districts. Some of the members had had experience in parliamentary rules, but many of them were entire strangers to the technical language of law-makers.

One day during the session the regular speaker called one of his farmer friends to the chair to act as speaker *pro tem.* A motion was soon made to lay a certain resolution on the table. The speaker gravely put the motion as follows:

"All those who want the resolution to lay on the table say aye! And all who want to be contrary say no!"

The ayes had it, and the resolution "lay" on the table as surely as if the motion had been put in the good old way.

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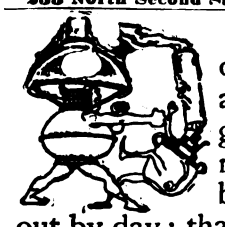


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We have just printed a new edition, in two tints, of the beautiful Illustrated Souvenir Poem, "Raising the School House Flag."
Has your school raised a flag?
If so, you are entitled to the Souvenir. Let your teacher sign the order, and we will send it to your school **free,** postage paid by us.
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Half-a-dozen different lamps are almost good enough at night; but they bother your life out by day; that is, if you are the care-taker.
The "Pittsburgh" is easy to care for.
Write for a primer.
Pittsburgh, Pa. PITTSBURGH BRASS CO.

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The skeleton of a piano is the frame to which the wrest plank and iron plate are attached. The case is the covering. In the wrest plank the tuning pins are placed. In skeleton, wrest plank and case, thoroughly and naturally seasoned lumber only should be used. Such lumber only is in the Everett Pianos.
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Sold by Grocers everywhere.
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ICE CREAM MADE IN THIRTY SECONDS.
Throw Away Your Old Freezer.
Will save its cost a dozen times a year in ice, salt, time and labor.
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2 Qts., $3.75; 4 Qts., $4.50; 6 Qts., $5.50; 8 Qts., $6.50.
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FOOD DOES NOT TOUCH METAL.
COOKS QUICKLY.
No Need to Watch the Most Delicate Food.
WILL LAST FOR YEARS.


LADIES! This Cooker is a real labor-saver.
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On receipt of Ten Cents we will send, prepaid, to any address in the U. S., a package of ALLCOCK'S CORN SHIELDS or a sample of ALLCOCK'S BUNION SHIELDS. They give immediate relief, afford absolute comfort and if continued, effect a final cure.
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The CORN SHIELDS are made in TWO SIZES. In ordering specify size wanted, large or small.
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For the Companion.

CITY LIFE FOR WORKING GIRLS.

Sewing.

Ready-made Clothing from Contract-Shops.

Wretched Wages!

Starved and Hopeless lives!

The leaving of country homes for employment in large cities, by our country-bred girls, brings to most of them severe privations and many real dangers. To show what these perils and privations are, as well as to describe the character of



some of the employments and the treatment of girls in shops in cities, is the purpose of this article and others that may follow.

Prices of Clothing.

Let us first look at the employment of girls upon ready-made clothing as found in the contract-shops of Boston. That we may obtain facts essential to an understanding of this very extensive business, we will stroll down Hanover Street, or any other thoroughfare largely given over to the exposure for sale of men's ready-made clothing. Some one of the many alert Hebrews who pace in constant vigil before their shop doors to entice purchasers, cries out:

"You buy something in my line? Look! Clothing cheap."

We stop long enough to note that the clothing swinging outside, and price-marked on staring cardboard, is indeed "cheap."

A pair of men's pantaloons, of fairly durable material and respectable in appearance, may be bought for two dollars and fifty cents or even less.

A complete black suit of diagonal stuff, men's size, the coat and vest bound with neat worsted braid, and the whole, while coarse of texture, by no means unattractive to look at, costs but ten dollars.

Complete suits for men, made up of shoddy though fairly durable checked cassimeres, lined and trimmed with good-looking material, and quite respectable in appearance, may be had for seven dollars and twenty-five cents, or less; while overcoats are offered in men's sizes for eight dollars and poorer ones for five dollars.

Goods and prices such as these are offered at every shop.

The Contract-shops.

A visit to the contract-shops where coats of all sorts are made up—it is believed that there are at least sixty of these places in Boston—will help us to understand how these seemingly well-made garments can be sold so low.

The proprietors of these shops, who are nearly all Russian or Polish Hebrews, contract with many of the large wholesale and retail clothing-houses to make up coats by the quantity at specified low rates.

The coats are cut, and then sent in bundles to the shops, there to be put together by men, women and girls.

The competition among these contractors in coat-making is very sharp. The goods are made up at the lowest possible price. This, with the profit the contractor seeks to make, compels the hiring of work-rooms in the cheapest old buildings that can be found in the worst sections of the city. Some of the shops are reached by six or more flights of stairs, nearly all of them wooden, and almost invariably foul with accumulated litter and dirt.

Entering one of the work-rooms during the busy seasons, we shall find it crowded with doggedly toiling men, women and girls, with here and there a boy. Compressed closely about the room are long tables on which men, mostly Jews in their shirt-sleeves, are trimming the cut work with shears. Near by are sewing-machines, either arranged on long benches or on small, separate tables, together with presses worked by treadles, which with the operator's aid hold down and push by a complex leverage great hot irons over the cloth that is placed beneath them.

The floor is strewn with litter and heaped up with bundles of work, making passage almost impossible and sensibly diminishing the restricted air-space.

When these shops are crowded, the air is fetid and fatal to health. The workers have an air of suppression such as characterizes a gang of prisoners.

The women and girls are of various nationalities. A number of the better dressed in the shops we are describing were Hebrews. There were also Portuguese, and some who looked like Italians. The majority, however, were of American birth.

Their ages were generally from seventeen to thirty; but there were women of fifty-five or more, and girls who were not over twelve or thirteen years of age.

They were, as a whole, poorly dressed. Many of the faces were drawn and haggard, and, with only here and there an exception, the expression was hard and sad.

How the Work is Done.

The labor in these shops is closely subdivided, though not so closely as it is in the very large establishments of a different order, which make all sorts of garments. In the average contract-shop of the grade we are describing, while the subdivision is not so minute, no worker has more than a small fraction of a whole garment given to her. The following will show the process in a general way:

The coats are first cut, as we have said, and then sent in bundles to the contract-shop with their linings and other "trimmings."

They are then trimmed by men to ensure the exact matching of the parts, and marked with chalk to show where the pockets, buttonholes, etc., are to be placed.

Next the pockets are stitched by a machine operator—usually a man.

Then treadle-pressed by a young girl.

Another machine operator, usually a man, sews the seams.

Then the linings and edges of the goods are stitched.

These stitched edges are pressed by a girl.

Here the whole garment is basted together, ordinarily by girls.

Then the edges of the coat are stitched or bound.

The shoulders are here specially basted by a girl.

The garment passes to that large class of overworked and underpaid girls—the finishers—going through several separate processes, all minute hand-work.

The basting-pullers—very young girls—then receive the work.

The buttonhole-makers follow, and bar-tacking by another girl.

The garment passes on to girls who press the edges through the treadle press.



A man then takes the whole garment, and treadle-presses it.

The buttons are then sewed on.

After which the bushel-girls look over the garment to see that no part is slighted, and with other garments it is done up in a bundle to be returned to the senders.

Processes differ, somewhat, in the various shops, but the above description shows with sufficient accuracy the average proceeding.

The hours of work in the shop are from seven in the morning, or shortly after, until six in the afternoon, or a little later. In some of the shops, through the effect, it is said, of a strike, the closing hour on Saturday is now fixed at five o'clock. Forty-five minutes to an hour are allowed for lunch, and the girls generally get a chance to heat their tea at the stoves.

Time was when industrious tailoresses who were experts in the making of ready-made garments could earn in the busy season fifteen dollars a week. To-day, even in the better class of custom-work establishments, the wages are more than fifty per cent. lower. In the contract-shops of the class we are describing, a coat-baster is fortunate if she can hold her wages for the few weeks during the busy season to an average of seven dollars per week.

Wages Given the Girls.

During the busy seasons when they can get work, thoroughly competent machine-operators, if girls or women, may earn on the average seven dollars a week, or possibly a little more. Bushel-girls hardly are able to earn five dollars weekly; while the expert finisher who is called upon to do a series of exacting small jobs in hand-sewing, exceedingly trying to the eyes and nerves, is fortunate if by working through nearly all of her lunch time, and up to a late hour at home in addition to her regular ten hours of shop-work, she is able to earn five dollars per week.

The finishers are commonly paid by the piece, the other workers, as a rule, by the week. The little basting-pullers will hardly earn two dollars a week.

The business of vest-making is largely followed in small shops controlled by women, and does not appear to be in the hands of Hebrews. In this line of work competition has apparently reduced wages in some departments a little below the prices quoted for coat-making.

These vest-shops appear to be free from many of the objectionable features of the coat-shops. Many vests are put out to be made at the houses of workers.

Wages for workers on pantaloons of the cheaper grades will, it is thought, approximate the contract-shop rates for coats.

It should be said here, that there are large independent establishments in Boston, confined mainly to the making of the better grades of men's garments, where the conditions as to wages and prospect of advancement are much better than those of the contract-shops, and where most of the objectionable incidental features we have indicated are unknown.

Diminished Wages.

The wages given above are such as may be earned by the most expert girls in the busy season. These are lowered by other conditions. In the coat-shops unsatisfactory work is unsparingly rejected, and fines are frequently imposed. Hours are strictly kept, and in some of the shops, perhaps in most, a worker who is not on hand at the minute of commencing work in the morning, is shut off from work on that day until noon, or for the whole day.

Cut-downs on wages are common, and these, with the causes of loss that have been named; the Jewish holidays, consuming eight or nine days of the busy season; and the long stretches of dull times between the busy seasons, when many of the workers can find little or nothing to do, reduce the average sums earned by girls and women far below the figures which we have given. These can be accurately given at from

$2 to $4 per week.

But this is not all. Add to the barren wages, the exacting oversight of the "bosses," forcing the workers to unnatural tension; the prevalent fetor of the air of the crowded shops; the abounding dirt; the enforced association of girls with men of unclean habits and gross speech; the drain upon the health; and the lowering of the moral tone of the girls and women, and you have a phase of life worthy the anathemas of a Hebrew prophet.

What the Girls Say.

The writer has talked with many of the girls, and the accounts which most of them give of their hard experiences throw added light on the statements already given.

One experienced coat-worker says: "We don't learn a trade, nowadays, we only learn a small piece of a trade. No girl in the coat-shop



where I work is free to so much as *look up* from her work. If she does she is talked to by the boss. I don't think any delicate girl can very long stand the strain of working in our shop. I know girls that have broken down, and some that it has killed. The girls do not dare to stop to learn any better trade; they *can't* stop—not for a day. If they do they can't pay for their rent nor their food."

Another said: "The coat-makers advertise decent weekly pay by the piece, but we girls can't earn it without killin' ourselves—and then you can't!"

An intelligent elderly woman, who has spent her life in coat-making and remembers the old times, says: "The contract-men get into the cheapest and dirtiest rooms they can find. They hire the girls for almost nothing and then drive them. My last boss was a hard taskmaster. His eye was on the clock and on your working all the time."

"Above the Average."

Another tells a more cheerful story: "I have worked at one coat-shop for nearly fifteen years. I am a baster. Can earn eight dollars a week when business is brisk. This is above the average. It's very tiresome handling the heavy overcoats, but I don't complain. No girl will do finishing if she can find any other work. Basting pays much better. Little American girls from twelve to fifteen work in my shop pulling bastings; two dollars a week is the highest any of them get. My boss is not so very strict. I think a self-respecting girl wouldn't be spoken to in a bad way by the men in my shop."

But the stories, most of them, we are sorry to say, give a darker picture. Here is another account:

"Ashamed to Tell Where They Live."

"I have worked at coat-basting at several shops for a number of years. They are all dirty. The bosses watch you, and you must work like slaves. The boss I'm to work for now has a way of his own of slowin' the clock so as to squeeze extra time out of the girls. Other bosses do it, too.

"The men workin' where I am now are all foreigners. They are filthy; their language is bad. No girl where I am can escape it. It's frightful hot in the shop in summer when we're crowded, and it's often cold in the winter. Many poor girls workin' with me won't tell where they live; they're ashamed to. They find rooms in attics, in bad localities. God knows how they can live! We get to work at seven sharp at our shop. If you're two minutes late they send you home for the day."

A Pitiful Story.

A vest-maker of life-long experience, who has also done coat-work, says: "I lost my health, years ago, in a contract-shop. It was three years before I could so much as use a needle. If my friends hadn't helped me I should have gone to the almshouse. Now and then a contract-shop boss tries to be honest and fair, but it's hard for him to do it where there is so much competition. There was a time when a girl who did right could do well at vest-making. Most of the girls who work at it now are working over-time and well into the night, and then they can't live half-way decent on their pay. There are those who talk of making much more than others, but if they earn more, they do it by working into the morning hours. They can't keep up.

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"The girls can't make anything like what some of the bosses say they can. There was one poor creature over here that earned something like what the boss said she could. 'She's killing herself,' said I, and sure enough, she worked herself into her coffin.

"I knew others who just killed themselves trying to scrape a decent living. There's many that die of overwork. I am working now at vest-making at home. I can't earn four dollars a week. I am helped, or I couldn't live by my work."

Another.

A coat-finisher and baster of long experience, a very estimable woman, tells her story:

"I've wore out my life in the contract-shops. My bosses were most of them hard men, but one or two tried to do right. I was called one of the best coat-finishers, but I couldn't usually make five dollars a week unless I worked through my noon lunch-hour, and took home the coats to work on over-time; sometimes up to one o'clock in the morning.

"Once or twice I did manage to earn six dollars for a week, by the hardest sort of overwork, but I couldn't hold to no such wages—no!

"You see it's off and on. They give you the work or they don't, as they have it or as the mood takes 'em.

"The men that work alongside of you very often are men who use low language. You can complain to the Board of Health about some things, but you can't prevent your havin' to sit down to work all day by them nor hearing their bad talk."

This woman and a young associate were at last peremptorily discharged for protesting against wrong, and a taboo or boycott was placed upon them by the united action of the contract-men so that they were unable to procure work. A worker thus shut out from the shops is said to be black-listed. The story of this experience, with the final result, is graphically told by the young woman, who introduces her account as follows:

Black-listed.

"All that my friend has told you is true. The shops was often cold in winter, and in the heat of the summer when we was crowded, it was the rule for the girls to have sick-headaches every day. In the summer the worst shop where we worked last was like a sweat-box; when you'd come out of it you'd look like a corpse. Many girls broke down and had to give up.

"I was a finisher and part of the time I kept the books. Finishing is harder on a girl than any other work in some ways. It's a great strain on the eyes, 'specially when you have to work for your life. It's paid the least of any excepting the basting-pulling.

"The boss would ask a week-worker to work over-time in such a way that she couldn't refuse. She'd never get paid for it—'twas do it or leave. That boss was a hard, mean man. Sometimes he'd throw back work to you that was well done an' say 'twas no good; just to take you down, if he thought you was earning too much.

"Well, he got to carryin' on dreadful. He'd say what he pleased to all the girls, and I think all of 'em were tryin' to live right. At last he acted so bad that my friend, who is a married woman, sent for his wife, and she come down to the shop. Then my friend spoke out, and after she had done so, she turned to the girls and says, 'I call upon you all to bear me out and tell the truth you know.'

"Not one of 'em spoke a word, though they knew well what I knew, and had complained among themselves and to me about it in private.

"Poor things! We can't blame them too much; they were afraid for their lives they'd lose their jobs. Not a girl dared so much as say a word, and me and my friend was discharged there an' then.

"Well, we started out to get work. It was hard to find, but at last we was took into a shop, and got the worst pay we'd ever had, but we was glad to get anything. We worked two days and a half, and you could see we was doing work that the boss thought was fine. He was every way satisfied. But at the end of this time he come into the shop *wild*, and run up to where me an' my friend was sittin', took the work out of our hands an' flung it down.

"'Here, you get out of this! Your work's no good. You can't neither of you do good work. Get out!'

"We demanded our pay and left. One of the men hissed us as we went out. We was black-listed.

"We tried other places, and at last got into a big shop run by an American, but with a Jew for foreman and Jew women and men workin' there.

"Well, we was allowed to sit down, but we couldn't get work. The foreman would hand it out to others an' only now an' then give us some bit or other.

"The men would all get together an' watch us, an' laugh and jeer. We complained about it, but 'twas no use. They didn't want us in that shop and meant to starve us out, so we left.

"We tried other places, but could get no work. The contract-shops knew us by this time and were bent on breakin' us down. What we should have done I don't know, if some good women hadn't heard of us an' come to the rescue. They took hold and raised money to keep us while we were learnin' a new trade—dressmaking—and now we've learnt it and we're doing well. Every day we bless God for the change."

As the above statements reveal a condition of wrong and of cruelty that demands a remedy, a question or two may here be pertinently asked.

Who is responsible for the competition that takes advantage of the necessities of these defenceless girls and women?

Not the "bosses" only, or the storekeeper. They cater to a demand. But back of boss and storekeeper is the public, eager for the cheapest goods, and making demands for them with utter indifference to the outrages involved. It is useless, therefore, to cry out against the contract-shops. The public is responsible for the evil.

Where is the remedy?

As society will not protect itself, legislation should step in, and by wise laws regulate the exactions of competition, and save the burdened and unprotected wage-earner from its cruelties.

FLETCHER OSGOOD.

WILL.

There is no chance, no destiny, no fate
Can circumvent, can hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great.
—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

TRAPPERS AND HUNTERS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

III.—Trap-door Spiders.

The animals that use trapping tools for the capture of prey are found, with few exceptions, in the order of Araneidæ, or true spiders. All spiders spin webs of one sort or another, for one purpose or another, but only a part of them use their spinning-work to trap their food. These are known as Sedentary Spiders; while those which stalk their prey in the open, or lurk for them in ambush like the lion, wolf and other vertebrate animals, are known as Wandering Spiders.

Among the web-making species, but lying close to the border between the two great groups, we find the Trap-door Spiders, whose spinning industry has won the admiration of all observers.

These Araneidæ are widely distributed throughout the tropical and semi-tropical parts of the world. Their representatives are to be found in every continent. It has recently been discovered, especially through the admirable studies of the French naturalist, Eugene Simon, that their species are much more numerous, and that there is a wider variety of habit among them, than had heretofore been supposed.

In the United States we have several representatives of the tribe to which Trap-door Spiders belong. Among these is the huge creature known popularly in the Southwest as the "tarantula;" but the typical species is the California Trap-door Spider.

Tourists in California are quite sure to have specimens of the trap-door nest sold to them as one of the curiosities of that land; and mounted specimens of the big tarantula are also offered, by the enterprising boys and "fakirs" of the country, as the creature that builds the trap-door nest.

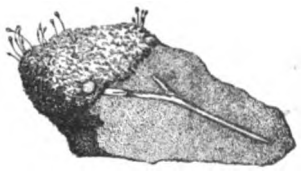


Don't believe it! The tarantula has quite a different habit. It burrows in the ground, and does not build a hinged lid for its den.

The true maker of the trap-door nest is the animal whose scientific name is *Cteniza californica*, and which, when you come to look at it closely, is quite different in appearance from the huge, hairy tarantula. It is of this Cteniza that I am to write.

A full-sized trap-door nest is a tubular burrow in the ground an inch or three-fourths of an inch in diameter, which extends downward for a distance varying from seven or eight inches to a foot. This whole tubular space is lined with beautiful silk, almost as thick as an ordinary piece of silk cloth.

The mouth of the burrow is finished at the surface with a hemispherical door about one-eighth to one-fourth inch thick. It is hung by a hinge of thick silk to the surface, and is bevelled around the edges so that it fits into the mouth of the burrow like a stopper or cork into a bottle.



The edges and inside of this door are covered with silk. The outside is plastered over with dirt, so that, when the door is shut, one can scarcely notice the difference between the surrounding soil and the top of the lid.

It is this ingenious structure which has given the animal its popular name, the Trap-door Spider.

What are the uses of this trap? It serves to protect the inmate of the burrow from its enemies. These spiders, and all spiders, indeed, have many enemies, and the necessity to protect themselves has, no doubt, had much to do in developing their wonderful instincts and industry.

When the Trap-door Spider takes an outing, and is pursued by one of its enemies, it seeks refuge in its burrow, pulls down its lid, and hangs, back downward, with all its eight claws fastened upon the silken lining.

Thus it holds its door tight against raiding assailants. One will generally find in the edges of the lid two or three little punctures, which are marks made by the claws when the spider is thus barring its gates against intruders.

Even when the spider remains at home, it is apt to be visited by hungry creatures who are extremely fond of fresh spider meat. If the mouth of the burrow were open, these enemies would have no difficulty in crawling into it and securing the inmate. But a hinged door, that can be quickly shut on the first approach of peril, is evidently an admirable protection.

The nest is also used as a genuine trap to secure insects upon which the spider feeds. It has several methods of operating. Sometimes it sits at the mouth of its den with the trap-door thrown partly up, and its claws thrust a little over the edge. Ants, beetles, grasshoppers and other insects that are continually passing to and fro along the ground, when they happen near this ambuscade, are apt to peep into the opening, perhaps moved by curiosity, perhaps pursuing their natural search for food.



Such curiosity is fatal, for the lurking Cteniza shoots out her legs, grasps the victim and drags it into her den. If the insects do not come up to the nest, but only pass near by, the watchful spider leaps out, captures them and carries them back to her burrow.

Other species, again, and perhaps all species, have the habit of spinning a little silken carpet or rug just outside the trap-door. They then open the lid, fasten it back by a few threads, and stand on guard at the opening. Passing insects find their feet entangled upon the rug; and as they pause a moment to extricate themselves, they are pounced upon by the lurking spider and slain.

In other cases the underground burrow itself appears to serve as a trap. I have read several accounts of nests that were dug into the midst of formicaries of ants.

M. Simon tells of one, in North Africa, that was thus located within the premises of a large colony of the famous harvesting ant *(Atta barbara)* of Palestine and the Mediterranean. This is the insect to which Solomon alluded when he said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise!"

Now ants are real Paul Prys, as we saw in the account of the trapping-pit of the myrmeleon, or ant-lion. One can hardly blame the little fellows for looking into such a pretty, silk-lined hall and gallery as that wrought by the cunning Trap-door Spider.

What a lovely place! How smooth this silken carpet! How beautiful the tapestry of these walls! How fair and delicate the covering of these ceilings!



Thus on and on the emmets wander, exploring the length and depth of this strange, beautiful underground palace, until they are startled by the grim shape that springs up from the inner recess, and repeats the old, sad tale of the schoolbook rhymes, "The Spider and the Fly."

Besides these uses, the Trap-door Spider's nest serves as a nursery. Within it the mother weaves her egg-bag or cocoon, which is simply a pretty silken sack containing the eggs. This is suspended like a hammock between the walls of the burrow.

In due time the eggs are hatched out, and a brood of a hundred or more Trap-door Spiderlings occupy the nest, with their mother, until they are old enough to set up housekeeping for themselves.

No doubt they have jolly times sporting along the silken chamber, tumbling over one another, playing all sorts of spider games, and feasting to the full upon juices of the insect prey which the mother Trap-door brings home.

Mother-love is much the same in the spider world as among other living creatures; and no one could be more devoted to the welfare of her young than the much abused and wrongly despised spider.

There are stories, which I do not wholly credit, that these spiderlings are not always good-natured and affectionate one toward another, but quarrel as one sometimes sees even boys and girls quarrel.

These quarrels are apt to end seriously. In fact, it has been whispered abroad that, once in a while, a big brother will eat a little brother or a little sister.

But such cannibalism has never been satisfactorily proved, and for one I am disposed to think the story a slander.

By and by, when Nature teaches the little fellows that it is time to leave the home roof and start in business for themselves, they may be seen, upon some bright spring morning, creeping from the open door and scattering throughout the neighborhood.

In a little while, if one will examine the vicinity, he will see miniature tubes, each not much bigger than a darning needle, penetrating the ground to a distance of one or two inches or more, every one a perfect miniature of the mother nest.

There is nothing more remarkable in nature than the fact that these baby spiderlings, without any education or experience, but acting simply from an impulse which is known as instinct, can construct an object so complicated and perfect as the Trap-door Spider's nest.

Even those species that make a double door, that is, a hinged lid on the outside, and a valve-like door opening both ways on the inside of the burrow, build an exact miniature of the maternal tube, in all its detail, from the very moment that they enter upon independent life.

It may be interesting to state briefly the manner in which a trap-door lid is made. In many cases, at least, the spider never changes the site of its home, but as it grows in size enlarges the burrow and the door thereto, to suit its growing proportions.

When a new door must be made, the little architect first of all weaves a silken patch across the mouth of its burrow. Then it scrapes up particles of earth and carries them in its mandibles or lower jaws to the silken patch, within which it drops them, and spreads them equally around.

This is next overspun with silken threads, and woven in closely. Then follow another coat of mortar and another layer of silk, until the proper thickness has been reached. The supporting threads are then cut away, and the edges smoothed and bevelled.

This process is continued for several years, if the spider lives as long as that, as it sometimes, and perhaps frequently, does.

The various layers of which the lid is composed may be separated by taking the trap-door from its hinge and moistening it slightly. If carefully manipulated, these layers peel off one after another like the folds of an onion skin.

The outer one is of course the largest. Each succeeding layer is a little smaller, until the last one is reached, which is the smallest of all and represents the first beginning of the door of the spiderling's burrow.

Baron Walckenær found as many as thirty layers. This process of analysis confirms the method of construction as observed by several naturalists.

One curious habit, practised by a Trap-door Spider of Southern Europe *(Nemesia cæmentaria)* and others, has been described by Mr. Moggridge. In many nests, burrowed through beds of moss and lycopodium, he found that the outside of the lid was covered with the plant growing on the surrounding space. Thus the door was concealed, and so thoroughly disguised that only with the utmost care could one distinguish it from its environment.

This naturalist demonstrated that the spider deliberately deposits these plants upon the door of its den, thus showing a remarkable degree of cunning in the practice of a habit which is known among naturalists as "mimicry."

Colored figures of these moss-covered doors are given by Mr. Moggridge in his book on "Harvesting Ants and Trap-door Spiders." One who for the first time looks at these disguised nests of Nemesia will wonder that such ingenuity can exist in so lowly a creature as a spider.

Another example of this mimicry of natural surroundings is shown by a species of Trap-door Spider that builds upon the trees of South America. Several years ago, while visiting the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington London, I was shown specimens of these strange nests.



The spiders which made them had abandoned their ancestral habit of burrowing in the ground, and fixed their homes and spun their silken tube within the chinks or interspaces formed by the roughly fluted outer bark of certain trees.

The inside of the cells was lined with pure white silk, like the ground burrows of their congeners. But the outside was plastered over with a conglomerate of sawdust, gnawed from the surrounding bark, or brought up from the ground beneath. This so completely disguised the den that it could scarcely be distinguished from the plants on which it was fixed.

At the top of the tube was placed a trap-door of the style of these already described, and hung, like them, upon a hinge. Among the specimens of various sizes shown me were some with dainty little hinged lids not larger than the head of a pin. These were made by the baby Trap-door Spiders.

One can readily see how the builder of such a snare operates to capture prey. Trees are favorite resorts of numerous insects that constantly alight upon them, and run along trunk and branches. At the door of its well-disguised den lurks this tree-loving Trap-door Spider. No reasonable insect would imagine that the den was anything but a part of the tree. Why, therefore, should they avoid it?

Thus, as they pass to and fro, suddenly and mysteriously a bit of bark springs back, a living creature rushes forth, and the unwary traveller is snapped up and dragged into the dismal den to satisfy the maw of a hungry, ambuscading spider.

H. C. MCCOOK.

For the Companion.

HELPING THE MAIDS.

During the War of the Revolution, while the American and British armies were contending in Pennsylvania, General Washington was in the neighborhood of Marietta, Lancaster County. General Lee, with two or three aides-de-camp, rode in advance, and stopping at a wayside inn, informed the landlord that General Washington and his staff officers would quarter at his house for the night.

This news, of course, caused great confusion among the inmates of the establishment. They wanted to do honor to the beloved commander, and bustled about to have all things in readiness upon his arrival.

"Here, you," said the genius who presided in the kitchen to General Lee, ignorant of his rank in the army, "just go out to that woodpile and split an armful for me. I must hurry up this fire, or I cannot get a good supper for General Washington."

The officer, enjoying the joke, obediently took up the axe, and soon the chips were flying in all directions. He was busily working away, when Washington and his staff rode up to the tavern.

"Why, General Lee," said the Commander-in-chief, "what in the world are you doing?"

"Oh," replied Lee, lifting his head, "I am helping the maids in the kitchen. General Washington and his officers are coming here for supper to-night."

Both generals burst into a hearty laugh, in which their companions joined; and even the landlady, who had set the general at work, enjoyed the joke after she had recovered somewhat from her mortification.

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SUGGESTIONS

USEFUL PARTS OF PLANTS.

Name plants that are valued or cultivated for each of the following parts:

1. Root. 2. Trunk. 3. Bark.
4. Sap. 5. Buds. 6. Leaves.
7. Seeds. 8. Coma, or hairy seed-covering.

What root is a deadly poison, and yet is a common article of diet?

For the Companion.

MARGIE.

That lovely brook, I see it
Still flashing in the sun;
And she and I are children
Once more in Idlington;
And Margie on the bank there,
I see as she used to look,
Those summer days when she played with me,
On the borders of the brook.

What wonderful ships and shallops
I made for Margie then,
With leaves and grass for cargoes,
And sticks and straws for men:—
And what brave names we gave them—
"Orlando," "George-a-Green,"
"Sir Galahad," "King Pellemore,"
"The Cid" and "Sir Cauline!"

We cared not much for traffic,
Yet our captains and our mates
Brought often the honeys of Hybla,
And Tunis figs and dates;
But when love called, or honor,
We sent our vessels out
In aid of all who needed them,
With many a cheer and shout.

We wrote to Robinson Crusoe,
That we hoped, now Friday was gone,
He would come straight over and see us,
With all his goat-skins on;
And bring the poll-parrot with him,
So when they stepped on shore,
We should know them both and take them home,
Never to wander more.

As the seasons changed, so we did;—
In spring we dreamed of fame;
And in summer of autumn's riches;
And when October came,
We stripped the yellow gold-trees
And sent our ill-got gain
In caravels to Andaluce,
Across the Spanish Main.

That lovely brook,—I know not
Just where it comes from now,—
But in those days it wandered—
As Margie could avow—
Right out from far Cipango,
And merrily ran on
Till it came to the fairy fields this side
The valley of Avalon.

It heard in Sherwood Forest
Brave Robin's bugle-calls;
And carried off the music
To dash it on the walls
Of the city of Manoa;
And could be seen afar,
In clearest air from Samarcand,
And near to Candahar.

Sometimes I see the windings
Of that brook, as in a dream,
While it flows away to the sunset;
And here and there the stream
Is touched with a light so tender
That it seems to my loving eyes,
The course of a beautiful human life
Ending in Paradise.

And plans and schemes are the vessels,
And hope is the wind that blows,
And all good aims are the harbors,
And time is the tide that flows;—
And then again all changes,
And I see ourselves once more—
Dear Margie and a little boy
Playing along the shore.

HENRY AMES BLOOD.

For the Companion.

THEN AND NOW.

A singular picture of the manners of our forefathers is given in a letter from Lord Peterborough, who visited Pennsylvania in company with William Penn, then its owner and sole ruler.

"All the laws for the Province," says the English nobleman, "are contained in a small volume, and are so good that they have required no alteration since Penn first made them. There are no lawyers in the Province. There are four judges. Each case is stated to them fully by the parties concerned, and after the facts are clearly laid down on both sides, the judges draw lots as to which of them shall decide it. There is no appeal from this decision."

It is difficult for young people of the present day to understand the high simplicity and sincerity of life which prevailed among the early colonists in the Middle States.

"When a young man and woman loved each other and wished to marry," writes an old chronicler, "the men of the settlement gave a day's labor to help raise a log-cabin. The young husband hewed a table and chairs out of logs. One or two iron pots and pans completed the outfit for married life."

The children and grandchildren of such marriages have filled the foremost places in American history, such vigor and purity was there in the God-fearing lives of these people.

In the wilderness the lonely settler felt that God and the devil were always real and near to him. The great facts of his life—love, marriage and religion—were not wrapped or hidden in forms and ceremonies for him.

They are just as real and awful in their meaning now. But there is danger that the attention of young people will be so fastened upon things external as to overlook the truths underlying them.

A great sculptor, to commemorate the virtues of a doge of Venice, represented him lying dead upon his couch, while two angels thrust aside its curtains to reach him, in order to bear him to heaven.

The design was copied for succeeding doges, but each sculptor tried to surpass his predecessors in the drapery of the curtains, until in the tomb above the last of the Foscari, the dead ruler lies surrounded by exquisitely carved draperies, but the angels are left out altogether.

The sculptor failed to provide any means for the doge to rise to heaven!

Curtains are useful and beautiful things, but we must not let them cause us to forget or banish the angels.

BANCROFT AS A SCHOOLMASTER.

We think of the late Mr. Bancroft as an historian, a Cabinet minister and a diplomatist, but he was first known to his countrymen as a brilliantly successful schoolmaster. He came home from Germany in 1822 deeply impressed with the excellence of the German systems of education, and soon after, in conjunction with a friend older than himself, Professor J. G. Cogswell, established a boarding-school at Northampton on the German plan, with American improvements.

It was a novel, bold and wise enterprise. There was a farm belonging to the school, on which the elder boys performed some labor, and to every four pupils was assigned a piece of land to be cultivated wholly by themselves. There was a gymnasium also, and a good swimming-place in the Connecticut, and the boys were allowed to build for themselves a village, which they called Cronyville, where each of them built a shanty with a chimney and fireplace, where he could roast potatoes and apples, and invite his neighbors to a winter-evening feast.

The boys enjoyed long rambles in the adjacent country, accompanied by one of the teachers as guide, philosopher and friend, and every summer one or both of the principals went with the whole school on a pedestrian tour, extending their journey sometimes far up into Vermont or New Hampshire, or into the mountain region of Western Massachusetts.

At the same time the teaching was rational and thorough, much on the German plan, though without prizes, and with scarcely anything that could be called punishment.

The school became immediately popular. A German prince, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who visited it in 1825, two years after it was opened, found seventy-four boys there, and the principals had so many applications for admission that they were about to add a fourth building to the three already existing.

One of the pupils at that time was John Lothrop Motley, then an active, eager and pretty little boy of eleven, afterward so famous as an historian and diplomatist. The first letter he wrote home to his mother gives us a lively idea of the scene:

"DEAR MOTHER: I intend to have now the pleasure of writing you a few lines. I do not know when I have enjoyed myself so much as I did yesterday (Saturday). In the morning the gardens were distributed, and I worked in it an hour before school, and in the afternoon we worked a good while in them.

"After that we went to ride in a nutshell, otherwise a monster of a carryall with five seats in it; each seat holds five, so we had twenty-five in it, and another carryall behind us as full as it could hold. After we came back we went into water, and it refreshed us very much.

"I wish you would send me up some nankeen pantaloons, as my woolenet ones are so tight that they are uncomfortable, and besides that, woolenet is too thick.

"I should like to have you send me up my French dictionary. I am reading Hume's History of England, which Mr. Cogswell lent me, and think it very interesting. I wish you would write as soon as you possibly can.

"I have commenced Spanish, which I like very much. I think this is a beautiful place. From my bed I can see a branch of the Green Mountains; Mount Tom and Holyoke, too. I should like very much to go up them. Give my love to all at home, and believe me your affectionate son,

"J. L. MOTLEY."

It is to be regretted that this excellent school did not finally prosper. The number of scholars rose to a hundred and twenty-seven, but as neither of the principals was a practical man of business, the terms were fixed too low, and they lost heavily by bad debts in distant States.

They struggled along for seven years, and then Mr. Bancroft withdrew. Two years after his partner abandoned the enterprise, after having lost twenty thousand dollars. It was just the kind of school which the country wanted, and which it wants to-day.

THE "COURSE OF EMPIRE."

When Berkeley wrote, in his poem "On the Prospect of Planting the Arts and Learning in America," "Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way," the settlement of America had little more than begun. The expression was perfectly true at that time, and it remains true still. The centre of population and of political influence in the United States continues to move westward, just as for hundreds of years the centre of civilization and power has, with a few fluctuations and apparent backward waves, moved westward in Europe.

Just where the centre of population of the American colonies was when Berkeley wrote we do not know. Probably it was not far from the spot where the first census of the United States, in 1790, found it—just north of the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay, opposite the city of Baltimore in Maryland.

Since then, by the aid of the enumerations made every ten years, it has been possible to follow the centre of population of the United States on its steady westward march.

In the first ten years, from 1790 to 1800, it moved just forty-one miles, to a point eighteen miles west of Baltimore, still in Maryland. In the next ten years (1810), it advanced only thirty-six miles westward—the smallest advance in any ten-year period—and was found in Virginia, just west of the Potomac River.

Ten years more (1820) and it had moved fifty miles; ten years more (1830) it was thirty-nine miles farther west; in 1840, it jumped fifty-five miles; and in 1850, though it had gone another fifty-five miles, it was still in what was then the State of Virginia.

Not until 1860, the immense development of the West and the annexation and settlement of California having given it a long jump of eighty-one miles in the decade, did the centre of population enter the State of Ohio. It was now twenty miles south of Chillicothe, in that State.

The year 1870 found it still in Ohio, forty-eight miles northeast of Cincinnati; but in the succeeding ten years it crossed the Ohio River into the extreme northernmost point of Kentucky.

A bulletin of the census of 1890 shows that it has now marched forty-eight miles still further westward, and by an interesting coincidence is now well into the State from which the President of the United States now hails—Indiana.

It is located on the Muscatatuck River in Decatur County, Indiana, close by Westport, a station on the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago Railroad, and about ten miles south of the thriving city of Greensburg.

During all this period the centre of population has moved but very slightly either northward or southward. In 1790 it was in north latitude thirty-nine degrees sixteen and one-tenth minutes; it is now in latitude thirty-nine degrees eleven minutes and fifty-six seconds.

With the development of the Pacific States, and the probable future establishment of large populations on lands to be made cultivable by irrigation in the arid regions of the West, the centre of population is likely to make, before it stops at last, still farther westward strides.

It has still to go seventeen whole degrees of longitude before it reaches the centre of the *area* of the United States—excluding Alaska. This geographical centre of the country is in Northern Kansas, almost on the very line of latitude—thirty-nine north—which the centre of population has so persistently followed.

For the Companion.

MISERRIMUS.

This is the sole inscription on the stone which covers the remains of Rev. Thomas Morris, in the north walk of the cloisters at Worcester Cathedral. He was a Minor Canon of Worcester who refused to take the oath of allegiance to William III., and was consequently reduced to great poverty. He died at the age of eighty-eight, and at his request this single word was placed upon his tombstone.

"Most wretched one!" No, not to him belongs
Misery's preëminence in this sad world's sight
Who suffereth for conscience and the right,
As he deems right. To him the scourging thongs
Of adverse fortune and the countless wrongs
His fellows cast upon him are too light
Afflictions to endure forever. Spite
Has never hushed one note of heavenly songs.

But he that gains the plaudits of the crowd
For deeds unworthy, hears men name his sins
As virtues, and thereof wax emulous,—
He only that such shameful honor wins,
(Not this non-juring priest), should cry aloud
Past hope, "*Miserrimus! Miserrimus!*"

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

HE DID HIS SHARE.

It was in India. Dinner was just finished in the mess-room, and several English officers were sitting about the table. Their bronzed faces had the set but not unkindly look common among military men. The conversation, at best, had not been animated, and just now there was a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The Major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of fifty-five, turned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar smoke at the ceiling.

The Major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness, and in a quiet, steady voice, he said:

"Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers. I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle."

"All right, Major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes. "Hadn't the least idea of moving, I assure you. What's the game?"

By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way.

"Do you think," continued the Major, and his voice trembled just a little, "Do you think you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes—to save your life?"

"Are you joking?"

"On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?"

The subaltern barely whispered, "Yes," and his face paled slightly.

"Burke," said the Major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer, and set it on the floor here just back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!"

Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the Major had indicated on the floor.

Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a *cobra di capello*, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided towards the milk.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the Major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor.

"Thank you, Major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly. "You have saved my life."

"You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior. "But you did your share."

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A group of emigrants was gathered in the long, dreary passage which opens on the bay at the Jersey City Station, and as the passengers waiting for the midnight train strayed that way they observed a stolid, pathetic look on each face, that told of some greater sorrow than the loneliness of a strange land. There were the aged grandmother, the father and mother, and a family of half-grown children—little men and women—who moved and talked and looked like their elders. But they were all silent now, and sat motionless on the hard benches on which their rude luggage was piled.

Between the father and mother was a rough bed, extemporized from shawls and comforters and a coarse cloth coat, and on that bed the youngest of the family was sleeping; but there was that in the aspect of the group that denoted such a deep sorrow that one of the passengers approached and asked:

"Is the child sick?"

The Danish people shook their heads—it was an unknown tongue to them. But one of the boys, who had picked up a few of the necessary English words from his fellow-travellers on the steamship voyage to this country, answered, without moving a muscle of his face:

"Yesh—shleeps."

An hour later an official stopped and looked at the group. Then he turned down, with no ungentle hand, the coverlid from what he believed to be the sleeping child.

"Why," he exclaimed, starting back, "this child is dead."

"Yesh," said the boy who could speak English, "shleep—dead."

And these people had sat by their dead for nearly eight long hours, racked with anxiety as to what they should do, distracted with grief, yet unable to express a word of their trouble to the many sympathizing hearts that were within reach of them.

They left the little yellow-haired girl baby, consigned to a foreign grave, and went on their way; but though they shed no tears, there was that in their blue eyes that told of a deep wound, and doubtless in their new home they will miss the quaint little figure in its blue woollen dress and round white cap and tiny wooden shoes—the Danish baby that lies alone under the shade-trees of Jersey City.

UNTRUSTWORTHY.

The seminary where Mrs. Langham's daughter was a pupil one night gave a reception, at which that lady was unable to be present. Her husband, however, was there, and solemnly promised before he left home to bring back information regarding the prettiest dresses worn by the girls.

"Now," said Mrs. Langham, when he returned, having left the daughter to spend the night with a schoolmate, "what was the handsomest dress there? Did Edith look as well as any of the girls?"

"Oh yes, yes; better than most," said Mr. Langham briskly.

"What did Jenny Sears wear?"

"Well, I should think Jenny had on a green sack, or something, and a kind of a blue cape over her shoulders."

"A cape and a sack, and at a reception! My dear, do think again!"

"Oh, I'm quite sure of it! I noticed her particularly. And then there was Belle Smith. She had a light blue dress, if I remember rightly, trimmed with purple."

Mrs. Langham regarded her husband in some scorn. Then she deliberately set a trap for him.

"My dear," said she, gently, "what did Edith wear?"

"Oh, Edith? That black and white check, to be sure, that she wears to school."

"That proves it," said she. "After this I shall know exactly how much to depend on your knowledge of dress. Edith wore a new white muslin. Never mind, dear! Go to sleep. We can't *all* be clever in every direction!"

WHAT HE GAINED.

Fairs given to raise money for charitable objects have long been recognized as among the quickest means known for emptying pocket-books and loading unwary purchasers with all sorts of things for which they have no use; and the prices demanded for the articles are said to be usually quite out of proportion to their value. A recent German paper gives an account of a man who strayed into a "Charity Bazaar," and had a trying experience.

He had made several quite unsatisfactory purchases, not knowing how to refuse the demands of the pretty saleswomen, and at last, to prove that he could make one sensible investment, he bought a small match-box, and carried it off in triumph and haste.

Examining it after he had left the booth, he discovered that there was no place on which to light the matches.

So, with the air of one determined not to be cheated, he marched back to the young lady of whom he had bought the box.

"There is a mistake here," he said. "You sold me this pocket match-box, and there is no place on it to scratch the matches."

"My dear sir," said the young lady, "you are quite right; I made a mistake. That is intended for a jewel-box, and costs fifty cents more, if you please."

"And what did you do?" asked a friend, to whom he related his tale of woe.

"If you've ever been to a fair," replied the other, in an aggrieved tone, "you know very well what I did. I paid the fifty cents, of course!"

NOT A CRIME.

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* relates an anecdote at the expense of a clergyman whom we will call Doctor Brown. He is pastor of one of the churches of that city. He is noted for his good works as well as for his good preaching, and is always ready to take a hand in the enforcement of the laws against vice. One day he appeared at the office of the city attorney, leading by the hand a boy of about twelve years.

"Mr. Murray," said Doctor Brown, "I want you to have So-and-so, who keeps a saloon down in Fourth Street, arrested. He gave this boy a drink."

"Well! Ahem!" was the first characteristic utterance of the attorney, as he brushed his hand over his head and face. "What time were you in that saloon, my lad?" he inquired, turning to the boy.

"Just come out a minute ago," replied the urchin, modestly.

"Hum! Yes, yes! How did you come to go in?"

"Don' know. Just happened to."

"Gave you a drink, did he?"

"Yes."

And the boy wiped his face with an upward stroke of the palm of his hand, while Doctor Brown looked on with an expression of satisfaction. Mr. Murray scratched his head a moment, and proceeded:

"Ahem! Well, what did they give you to drink?"

"Glass of water," answered the boy.

"Why didn't you tell me that?" exclaimed the minister, turning very red in the face.

"You didn't ask me, sir," said the boy.

GRANDMOTHER'S PANTRY.

A correspondent of *The Companion*, who evidently has a "sweet tooth," waxes eloquent over the goodies made by our grandmothers, who, as he truly says, had few cook-books, but knew how to cook. He writes feelingly and well, but if he is a married man it is perhaps fortunate for him that his letter is printed anonymously.

It is long since some of us have seen any of the crullers of which we were so fond when grandmother made them.

She used to make, also, a toothsome little seed-cake, fragrant with caraway and anise seeds, with sugar on top, the like of which we have not seen since we used to slip into her pantry, and help ourselves out of the old blue stone jar in which they were always kept.

There was another and larger stone jar on the same shelf, in which she kept those big, puffy, twisted and braided doughnuts that neither looked nor tasted like the degenerate doughnuts of the present day.

Sometimes we chose a cooky instead, a cooky "as was a cooky;" not a thin, wafer-like, dry cooky, like the cookies of this generation, but a full inch thick and almost as large as a saucer—a cooky to delight the heart and still more the stomach of a hungry boy.

You remember, too, the big brown turnover with your initial on it. In these days of elaborate and unwholesome dishes you have never tasted anything better than that turnover.

You found many things in your grandmother's pantry that you never find anywhere now. And perhaps, with the exception of your own mother, you have never found any one so kind and patient and generous as grandmother herself was.

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For the Companion.

"DREENS FOR DINNER."

Into the nooks and corners
Of the fields on the dear old farm,
Tommy goes with his jack-knife
And a big tin pail on his arm;
Cutting the crisp wild lettuce,
Wisely and well he gleans;
Now we shall have for dinner
A savory dish of greens.

Here comes a gingham bonnet,
And a toddler deep within;
A big dull knife she carries,
And a little bright pail of tin;
In it are Johnny-jump-ups,
And wind-flowers airy and light,
With weeds and grass in bunches,
And blossoms yellow and white.

"Dear little girl!" cries auntie,
"She's brought a pretty bouquet.
Here is a vase for the posies,
And here are kisses for pay."
"It aint a botay," pleads Baby,
As she lifts the queer little stuff,
"It's dreens for oo' dinner, auntie,
'Tause Tommy, he didn't dot 'nough."

For the Companion.

SEVEN LITTLE TRUANTS.

Robbie was down by the willow-tree fishing for minnows.

It seemed to him a shame to be in school when the robins were singing, and the old apple-trees in the orchard were covered with beautiful, white blossoms.

He asked a robin if it would not be a good plan to go fishing. "Chee, chee!" sang the robin.

"That means 'yes, yes,'" said Robbie; so he hid his bag under a bush, and promised himself a good time.

By and by he heard a short, cropping noise close behind him, and turning he beheld a sight which caused him to say "Oh, my!" in a very dismayed tone.

There were grandpa's six Alderney calves standing at a respectful distance from him, and saying as plainly as calves can say, "We're playing truant too, Robbie. Isn't it fun?"

"To think I forgot to put up the bars!" cried Robbie.

Then he made a dash and the calves made a spring, all at once. But the bossies had each four long legs, and Robbie only two short ones.

"I guess those calves have come to stay!" he sighed, after he had chased them for half an hour.

Not a calf would go near the bars. Clearly they thought grandpa's orchard as nice a place as he did.

But help came to him at last in the form of his dog, Shep.

"Dear Shep!" he cried, heartily. "Good doggie! Help me drive these calves home!"

Shep understood, and started after the calves with such firmness and method that every bossie went baa-baaing over the rails in considerably less than five minutes.

"Splendid fellow!" declared Robbie, as he put up the bars.

"Ah, but a very naughty boy!" said a familiar voice from the wagon-house. "You've had a fine holiday with the calves, my laddie, and now you must go to school."

"Oh, Uncle Ned!" cried Robbie, hanging his head, while Shep's tail drooped in sympathy.

But there was no help for it, as Robbie very well knew. Uncle Ned popped him into the spring-wagon without another word, and started directly for school.

"Who told you I was there, Uncle Ned?" he asked, very soberly.

"Baa-baas and bow-wows!" replied Uncle Ned, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh!" said Robbie.

That entrance into the busy school-room at half-past ten, and the ache in his poor, tired little legs cured Robbie of truancy. The bossies never had such a good chance again.

LILLIAN L. PRICE.

"If anybody wants some of this jelly let them speak now, or forever after be at peace," is what a little girl said after she had been to a wedding for the first time.



For the Companion.

LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

Little brown bird sat up in a tree,
Little brown bird sang "Fiddledy dee!
Five eggs, five eggs, all lying so close.
Five eggs, five eggs, but nobody knows!"

LITTLE Nellie climbed into Uncle Ned's lap, and began to search his pocket for a penny. Finding a silver quarter, she called out: "Oh, mamma! Uncle Ned has got a penny with a hen on it!"

DANNIE had never noticed the beating of his heart until one day when he had been running quite hard. His eyes grew round, and he said to his mother, excitedly, "Ma, there's something inside of me goes rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub."

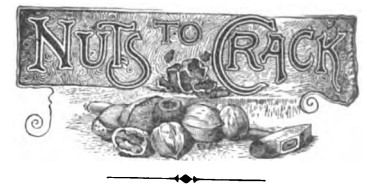
A LITTLE neighbor girl came to us one day, and said, "Where is the 'hang up;' I want it."

"What do you mean?" we inquired, puzzled to understand her.

"I want the 'hang up' to swing in," said she.

Then we understood that she wanted the hammock.

LITTLE Harry went out to see the old hen and little chicks. The mother hen resented his interference, and flew at him in defence of her brood, when he ran into the house exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma, the old hen turned up her clothes at me."



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

RIDDLE.

I am a word of letters seven,
But if you search all under heaven
You will not find, or grasp, or see,
That which you name when you name me.

Divide me now in three and four,
You'll find them both within your door,
Nor need to seek through endless space
When two words give you time and place.

J. S.

2.

ZIGZAGS.

*	*	*	1	11	*	*
*	*	2	*	*	12	*
*	3	*	*	*	13	*
4	*	*	*	*	*	14
*	5	*	*	*	15	*
*	*	6	*	16	*	*
*	*	*	7	17	*	*
*	*	8	*	*	18	*
*	9	*	*	*	19	*
10	*	*	*	*	*	20

Across.

1. A certain insect, remarkable for the light which it emits at night.
2. Hashed over again
3. Of enormous size.
4. One of an austere order of the Roman Catholic Church.
5. To amaze.
6. An artificial channel for conveying water from one place to another.
7. Disposed to unite in families or tribes.
8. An appendix.
9. A pastoral poem.
10. Commoners.

Zigzags.

1 to 10. One of the Church's festival days. 11 to 20 the same.

CYRIL DEANE.

3.

WORD ADDITIONS.

1. Add a feminine nickname to a snare, and make the loadstone.
2. Add the entire sum to indebted to, and make permitted.
3. Add a metal vessel for liquor to a feminine name, and make a dominion of North America.
4. Add to excite to a domestic fowl, and make a pagan.
5. Add to bury, to to entwine, and make to intermix.
6. Add an animal, to to embark in, and make one who concedes.
7. Add a long, slender stem of a plant to a limb, and make part of a vine.
8. Add smooth to a hymn, and make a service of the Episcopal Church.
9. Add a name for the moon, to to spread new hay, and make formed like a half-moon.
10. Add a smaller quantity to existence, and make abates.
11. Add a malicious demon, to to wander, and make to better.

The primal letters of the first words, connected, will spell the name of an Italian political writer, who was born on May 3, 1469. The primal letters of the second words will spell the name of a distinguished author, who died on May 28, 1843.

F. S. F.

4.

CHARADE.

When glowing sparks around are flying,
My *first* among them may be reckoned;
And you as readily, by trying,
Will find a girl's name for my *second*;
My *whole*—of her my only care is
To sing that she was blest of fairies.

J. P. B.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1.
S O D
U S E
N O W

2.
E L I
V I E
P R O V I D E
A B R I D G E
A N N
A G E
A S H
A T E
T O D
R E G N A N T
P R E S E R V E D

Centrals—Livingstone.

3. Aaron; Sadducees; Canaan; Elijah; Naboth; Shibboleth; Israel; Orpah; Nehushtan—Ascension.

4. May (m-ay).

5. Listeners never hear good of themselves. Many a true word is spoken in jest. The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

6. He-at (heat); dog-ma (dogma); can-did (candid); o-live (olive); me-a-sure (measure); not-Ed (noted).

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For the Companion.

"RIZ BREAD."

"Well, I don't care if them other girls are going to write about 'Thought,' and 'The Marble Stan's Waitin',' 'n' 'Genius' and all them other things. Mebbe my M'randy can't say much that's edifyin' on them subjects, tho' it's my opinion she could if she tried. But she can make beautiful riz bread, and she's goin' to tell them how to do it."

With this expression of faith in "M'randy's" powers, Mrs. McGillicuddy gave an emphatic twist to the garment she was wringing out of the suds.

The subject first under discussion was of no small importance in the village, for it related to the graduating exercises at the village High School.

With but one exception, the boys and girls in the class sought topics that would "sound well" and make a good show in the daintily printed programmes.

One of the young ladies began to write on "Twilight Thoughts;" another chose as her subject "Destiny;" another wrote at the head of the first page "Every Cloud has Its Silver Lining."

Of course each one soon learned what subjects had been chosen by the other members of the class, and loud were the complaints when it was known what Miranda McGillicuddy proposed to write about. It was agreed that the class would go down into history forever disgraced.

"But you see," said Miranda, "I don't know anything at all about these high-toned subjects that the rest of you have. I couldn't say one word about them that would be worth hearing, but I think I do know how to make bread, and I'm sure that many in the audience will be interested to know some of the quirks and the twists that turn out a handsome loaf."

"Well," said another, "I envy you the abundance of things you can say about it, but it's so awfully commonplace; why it's—it's as commonplace as—*eating!*"

Graduating day at last arrived, with its flutter of excitement, its flowers, its proud fathers and mothers and sympathizing friends, and its somewhat envious lower classes.

First came the Salutatory, which was listened to with marked attention, as would be the case even with a thoughtful paper on the "Identity of Identity and Non-Identity"—if it came first on the programme.

Then came an oration on "Greece," by a boy, followed by an essay on "Philosophy."

By this time there were signs of restlessness, and some quiet whispering going on among such as were not carefully polite. Fortunately music came in at this point, after which the audience were invited to listen to some "Twilight Thoughts." Then appeared the "Cloud" that was supposed to have a "Silver Lining," but which certainly cast no gleam over the audience.

This condition, strange to say, seemed to be intensified when "Hope" appeared.

At this point the presiding officer announced an essay on "Raised Bread," by Miss Miranda McGillicuddy.

The eager interest that came into every face in the audience was quite humiliating to those who had already appeared on the stage, and still more humiliating was the close attention that was suddenly paid to every word that was said.

The essay discussed the importance of good bread in a hygienic point of view,—the effect which a "flat" biscuit frequently has upon the disposition of the eater as well as upon his stomach; the nutritious and non-nutritious qualities of various kinds of flour, and the whole method of procedure, from the making of the yeast, through the successive stages of mixing, working, raising, reworking, moulding and baking, till that consummate flower of good housekeeping appeared—a light, nutritious and delicious loaf of bread.

Not one word was lost by the audience from beginning to end. The ladies were chiefly interested, perhaps, but men listened very attentively, too. When the reading was finished, the essay was given the heartiest applause of the evening.

After the programme had been finished, and the audience was preparing to depart, Judge Gildersleeve, chairman of the school committee, and the most important citizen of the town, rose to make a few remarks, and this was what he said:

"Before the audience disperses, I have a suggestion to make, chiefly for the benefit of those who may belong to the graduating classes of the future. If you wish, in preparing a graduating essay or oration, to interest your audience—and it is needless to say that you do—let your remarks apply to a period not later at least than a hundred years ago, and better still if they apply to a time not later than a hundred days ago. And let them be on a subject in which you are interested, and in which your audience is interested, however homely it may appear.

"It is not necessary that it should be on the proper way to bake bread, like the very interesting, practical and well-written paper to which we have just listened, or on the right way to make a bed, which would be another good subject; but it would far better be on these subjects, if you know what you are writing about, than upon Time, Genius, or the Ideal, even though you treat them thoughtfully.

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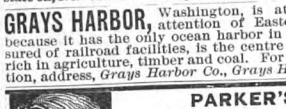
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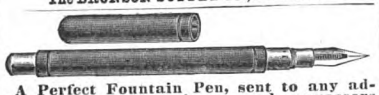
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45 sold in '88
2,288 sold in '89
6,268 sold in '90
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STARVING TREES.

Drought often kills trees the first summer after they are planted, but if a tree has been for some years firmly rooted it may lose all its leaves in midsummer, and yet be revived by the rains of the next winter and spring. A tree which is supposed to be killed by drought had better be nursed than mourned over, and should not be cut down as a hopeless case before the summer of the next year, according to *Garden and Forest*.

A tree which gives signs of perishing by drought ought to receive sympathy and assistance. The wilting, turning yellow and falling of the leaves are signals of distress. Usually the tree is starving. It cannot assimilate and appropriate solid substances, and as there is no water to dissolve its food it can neither eat nor drink.

But a tree of vigorous constitution, growing in its native soil, will endure a long and severe fast. Of course it will not grow while it is starved, and in time it will die. But it should not be cut down because it is having a hard trial.

The trees that are soonest injured by drought have in most cases nearly exhausted the soil in which they stand.

The treatment required is not merely a supply of water, but an improvement of the soil. Grass and weeds should be removed from the ground about the tree as far as the roots extend, and a rich loam or suitable fertilizer should be copiously applied and partially incorporated with the surface soil.

If enough water is then given it from time to time to dissolve the new supply of food, the tree is likely not only to live, but to grow much more vigorously than before.

Great numbers of trees in our towns grow very slowly, become enfeebled, and perish at last, not on account of the drought alone, but because of exhaustion of the soil and an inadequate food supply.

The people of a town ought not to remain comfortably indifferent while the noble trees which embower their daily walks are starving to death. They should take measures for their relief. Very often it would be better not to plant so many trees unless they are taken care of afterward.

In many instances, Arbor-Day planting is the ceremonious murder of beautiful young trees, which are put into the ground with songs and orations, and are apparently not thought of afterward.

UP THE LIGHTNING-ROD.

A reporter for the New York *News* called upon "an old Russian ex-seaman" who is said to be the most expert "rigger" in that city. The reporter wished an interview for his paper, on the subject of steeple-climbing and the like. He found his man pacing the floor of a loft on West Street, and quite willing to talk.

I remember well my first climb on land. It was when I was a young fellow, just arrived in New York. I was walking down Broadway, when I noticed a crowd standing in front of a church. As I afterwards learned, the church, with its fixtures, was being sold.

I mixed with the crowd, and pretty soon I heard a man near me say:

"If I was sure that cross on the steeple was brass, I would make a good bid for it."

I looked up to the top of the steeple, which was about a hundred feet high, and saw a big cross glittering in the sun. I noticed, also, a lightning-rod running from the cross. I was just reckless enough to determine to shin up that rod, and find out for myself what the cross was made of.

Before any one could stop me I was out of reach. The rod was pretty rough on my hands, and I did not reach the end of my climb without risking my neck; but I got to the cross at last, whipped out my jackknife, and scraped away. Having satisfied myself that the cross was made of wood, I slid to the ground, amid loud cheers from the crowd, and pushed my way back to my old position. Presently the man who wanted to bid for the cross came up to me.

"Tell me, young man," said he, "is that cross made of wood or of metal?"

"What would you give to know?" said I.

He slipped a five-dollar bill into my hand, and remarked: "I guess that will pay you."

"Thank you," said I. "The cross is made of wood—rotten wood at that."

That was the first money I ever earned ashore.

PUSSY'S WONDERFUL LEAP.

The old saying, "A cat has nine lives," has a good foundation of fact in the wonderful power of endurance shown by that animal. Not the least wonderful exploit credited to pussy is the following: In 1880, when the Washington Monument had reached a height of one hundred and sixty feet, an adventurous and patriotic cat had ascended the interior of the shaft by means of the ropes and tubing.

When the workmen arrived at the upper landing the next morning, and began to prepare for the day's work, pussy took fright, and springing to the outer edge, took a "header" of one hundred and sixty feet to the hard earth below.

In the descent, which was watched closely by two score of men, the cat spread herself out like a flying squirrel, and alighted on all fours. After turning over on the ground a few times in a dazed manner, she prepared to leave the grounds, and had proceeded almost beyond the shadow of the monument when a dog belonging to one of the workmen pounced upon her and killed her, she, of course, not being in her best running trim after performing such an extraordinary feat.

One of the men procured the body of the dead cat, smoothed out her silky coat, and turned it over to a representative of the Smithsonian Institution, who mounted the skin and placed it under a glass case.

The label on the case tells this wonderful story in a few words: "This cat, on September 23, 1880, jumped from the top of Washington's Monument, and lived."

SMALL MATTER.

It is always well to make the best of small accidents. This was the opinion, at any rate, of a certain colored barber, who, in cutting a gentleman's hair, snipped off the tip of his ear.

The customer leaped out of the chair with a wild shriek.

"Ow," he screamed, "you've cut off a piece of my ear!"

"Sho! Don't cah'y on so, boss!" said the barber. "'Taint 'nough for to affect de hearin'!"

A sure test of greatness is to be used as a standard, and when the country doctor or cheap city grocer tells the consumer that this or that Flavoring Extract is better than Burnett's, we consider it a victory for Burnett's. [*Adv.*

To cleanse and preserve the teeth use "*Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.*" Microscopical examinations have proved that the use of soap is the only safeguard against the accumulation of animal and vegetable parasites on the teeth. Camphor strengthens and relieves soreness of the gums. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Sold at drug stores. [*Adv.*



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DIXON'S "AMERICAN GRAPHITE"
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So simple a child can use it.
Write for descriptive circular.
One box containing 6 Tubes, 30 Bands, 1 pair Pliers, post-paid, **$1.00.** Extra parts sold separately. All dealers keep them.
Agents wanted.
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soon spoil the rubber in elastic suspenders. The
CENTURY-BRACE
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is the **BEST** Suspender because **Always Elastic.** If your dealer does not keep it send for circular, or send 50 cts. for plain; $1.00 for silk fig'd, pair, post-paid. **CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.,** Roxbury, Mass.



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FLOUR BIN and SIEVE
To Put Flour in when it comes from the Store.
Attached to the Wall, over the kitchen table. Keeps flour **free** from vermin or dust, and spilling of flour is avoided; when taken from the Bin, is sifted, ready for use, pure and dry. Made of tin, nicely painted. Where we have no agent, will ship by express on receipt of price, to hold **100 lbs., $4.00;**
AGENTS WANTED **50 lbs., $3.00;**
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"Spiral" Cotton Garden Hose.
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Our flags are especially adapted for School Houses and for decorative purposes.

6	feet	by 4	feet,	$3.50.
9	"	6	"	5.25.
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Made of the best quality bunting, sewed, 44 stars. When ordering give the name of your school, and we will include a Canvas Bag suitably inscribed.
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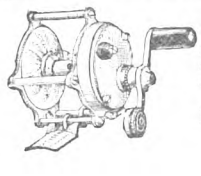
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Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep-Seated Ulcers of **40** years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price, $1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the United States and Canada.

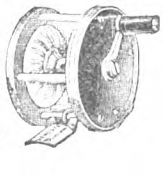
The Second Summer is the most critical period of a child's life, because the
Pains of Teething
increase the susceptibility to disease and lessen the resistive power. A catarrhal attack, an indigestion or an eruptive fever, coming at this time, acts upon a system less able than usual to combat injurious influences.
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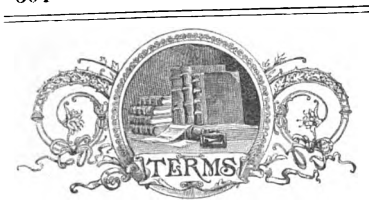


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For the Companion.

SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE.

The constitution of the human mind is such as to give rise to different schools in every department of thought and action—philosophy, science, theology, art, politics and medicine. All is not error outside of "orthodoxy." The bigot devoutly believes himself to have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; the truly liberal man, while cleaving to his own sect, is not blind to the good and the true outside of it.

The old school in medicine has come to be known—though not of its own choice—as allopathic. Its system has descended from the remotest times, but has not remained always the same, either in its remedies or in its methods. In fact, as at present practised, it is substantially a modern system.

Science has largely revolutionized it. It is constantly availing itself of the discoveries of chemistry. The microscope has become one of its most important aids in diagnosis. The cell theory has fundamentally changed its physiological basis, while the germ theory has wrought almost equal changes in pathology. Antiseptic treatment, combined with the use of anæsthetics, has rendered perilous operations comparatively safe, as well as painless.

Of course, every school shares in the benefit conferred by science. The old-school system is purely experimental in its practice; it professes to use any medicine which is found to be practically effective.

The homœopathic school is based upon the theory that a drug which cures a disease always gives rise to similar symptoms in persons who are in good health. Hence Hahnemann's famous "*Similia similibus curantur*"—like cures like.

Very small doses are also essential parts of the system. The theory may be right or wrong, but actual trial is the test of homœopathic remedies, just as it is of the remedies employed by the old school. Homœopathists have already given to the old school some effective remedies. The two schools may in time unite.

The eclectic school employs only vegetable medicines. Essentially the same results may doubtless be obtained from them as from mineral medicines. Still, one class, wisely used, is as safe as the other. Of the two, indeed, vegetable remedies include the more virulent poisons.

OLD WORDS AND NEW.

Some of the words used by old-fashioned country people, and laughed at by those who hear them, are not corruptions of language, but merely survivals of old forms—forms so old that many educated persons have forgotten, or perhaps have never known, that they were once in good and regular standing as English words.

If an old woman "axes your pardon," she is speaking as the most careful English scholars spoke for hundreds of years, down almost to the end of the sixteenth century. Thus in Wycliffe's New Testament—about 1380—we read: "What man of you is, that if his sone axe hym breed, whethir he wole take hym a stoon?" And Coverdale's translation of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, published in 1535, has "Axe and it shall be given you."

So, too, when the same old woman says "piny" instead of peony, she is only following the ancient usage. In William Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals," printed in 1616, the poet contrasts "the ruddy piny with the lighter rose."

It amuses the school-girl of the present day to hear lilacs called "laylocks;" but Walter Savage Landor always said "laylocks," following, as his biographer tells us, a pronunciation "traditional in many old English families."

When an Irishman speaks of his "fader and moder" he is guilty of nothing worse than talking older English than we are accustomed to hear. "Worschipe thi fadir and thi modir," says Wycliffe's New Testament.

The London Athenæum recently printed a hitherto unpublished letter of the poet Gray, written in 1761. It has to do with the shipping of some goods to Cambridge, and contains two flagrant "Americanisms," so called. The goods, he says, may remain packed till he comes, "which will be in about three weeks, I guess;" and then he adds, "Mr. Gillam, I reckon, will stay for his money till I arrive."

Gray was one of the most learned men of his time, and a person of the most fastidious taste, yet he "guessed" and "reckoned" like any countrified Yankee. In other words these two "Americanisms" are simply English forms of speech which have gone out of vogue in the mother country, and which for that reason have a novel, "American" sound to the modern English tourist.

"Axe," "laylock" and the like are now vulgarisms, and as such are to be avoided, but it is well enough to know that they were once as well received in good society as their successors are at present.

TOO FAST.

James De Boe, a lineman on the Great Northern Railway, had been furnished by the company with one of the tricycles which are constructed to run on railway tracks. The machine works with a hand lever, and is capable of running about ten miles an hour.

One day De Boe stood beside his tricycle when a train, for whose passing he had been waiting, stopped near at hand. What seemed a brilliant idea came into his mind. He would take a turn with a section of No. 6 wire on one of the rear coach buffers, make the other end fast to his wheel, and save labor. If the speed became too high, he would cut the wire.

The train was a little late, and the speed soon ran up to twenty miles. De Boe noted with anxiety that the off wheel of the tricycle was jumping a foot clear of the rail every few seconds. He determined to cut the wire at once, and reached behind him for his pliers.

They were gone. The unusual motion had jerked them from the tool-box. The speed increased momentarily, and soon the tricycle was spinning along on two wheels. De Boe began doing his best to unwind the connection with his fingers, when suddenly the tricycle gave a gigantic plunge!

A telegraph lineman shot through the air like a meteor, and landed in a sand-bank beside the track; the tricycle, badly wrecked, landed a few feet further on. That the young man was not killed is almost a miracle, but save for a general shaking-up and a few scratches, he was none the worse for his thrilling experience. He will probably furnish his own motive power in the future.

QUAINT RIDDLES.

These curious riddles, which all have one answer and are familiar to the people of various parts of France, are quoted in the *Revue des Traditions Populaires*.

What goes from Paris to Lyons without moving or taking a step?
What goes to Paris without once pausing?
I am very long; if I rose up straight I could touch the sky; if I had arms and legs I could catch the thief; if I had eyes and mouth I could tell everything.
White, very white, it encircles the earth.
If I were not crooked I could not exist.
The queen's carpet, always spread, never folded.
What looks very long in the sunshine and has no shadow?
What arrives first at the market and first reaches home?
Answer, The road.

HE FED THEM.

A Cleveland correspondent sends to *The Companion* a story of a boy in that city who is commendably kind-hearted and ingenious.

He had some chickens of which he had made pets. He and his father went to their work early in the morning, and while the rest of the family were away for the summer, it became a question how the chickens were to be fed with proper regularity.

The boy was equal to the occasion. He took an alarm-clock, and fastened it securely to one side of the barn by means of two spikes. Next he hung a bucket of corn to a rafter, and connected it with the clock by a stout cord.

He wound up the alarm and set it at four o'clock. At that hour the alarm went off, wound up the string, and tipped over the bucket. And so the chickens were fed by clock-work.

MONEY ENOUGH.

The rich woman who was shocked to hear her daughter say, "A penny for your thoughts," when she ought to have offered a dollar, has a relative in California, of whom the San Francisco *Examiner* relates a "true anecdote."

She is not unknown in fashionable society, her wealth drawing about her a set of admiring followers. Lately she had some affection of the throat, and called a physician. After an examination, he said:

"Madam, I shall have to touch two or three of the affected spots with nitrate of silver."

"Oh, doctor, please don't do that!" answered the patient. "Use nitrate of gold; the expense is quite immaterial."

TOO MUCH HELP.

The Bangor *Commercial* prints a story of an Auburn girl who is likely to make an excellent newspaper reporter, in the natural course of events.

She came home from the grammar school, and asked her mother to help her with a composition upon a certain assigned topic. She sat down to write, and her mother began to dictate the composition, word for word.

"Oh, that's not what I want at all!" exclaimed the girl. "You just give me the facts, and I will embellish them."

GALLANTRY.

A Frenchman's gallantry to ladies is said to be always equal to an emergency. At a party, a gentleman of that race stepped heavily upon the toe of a lady, who looked up with an angry frown.

"Pardon, madame," he said, bowing low, "but I have forget to bring my microscope."

"Your microscope?"

"But yes; for to see ze leetle feet of madame!"

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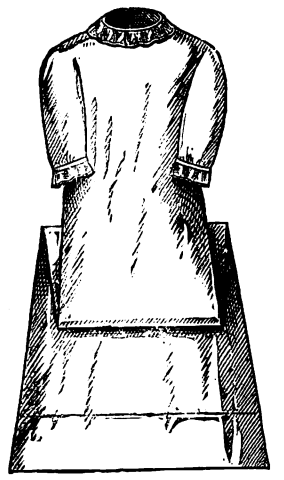
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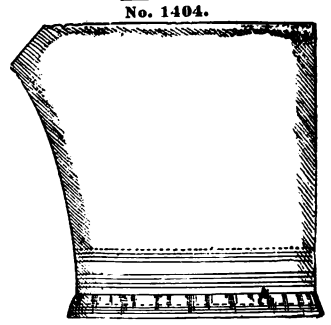
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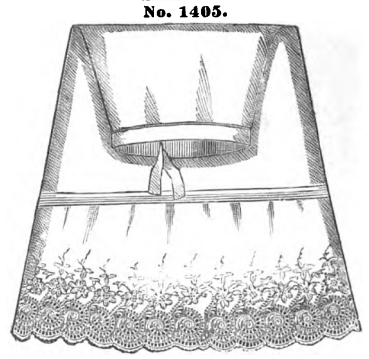
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For the Companion.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter IV.

Jack's Cadetship.

Within a week both Tony and Edgar Mount were gone. Nothing more was said about the money. Mrs. Scaife lived in peaceful unconsciousness that anything had happened, and a huge deed, signed with the Colonel's tremendous signature and big red seal, was proof that the land and tumble-down house at Lone Point were her own. Jack kept strangely silent about Tony. In his heart he felt aggrieved that his grandfather had not the same thorough belief in his friend that he had. He resented the smallest suspicion that any one might entertain, and even his mother's faith was not strong enough for him.

He would go down to Lone Point and talk to Mrs. Scaife for a few moments, then wander restlessly about the little living-room. There were Tony's nets hanging on the wall, and an old boat-hook that Jack had given him standing up in the corner, and there was the wooden settle, where the two boys used to curl up to talk about very important matters. The sight of these and other familiar things went to Jack's soul.

He would hurry back to Marrowbone, and fall to devouring his Scott; but in some way Tony's loss would make itself felt, even in the most exciting parts of "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman."

Mrs. Randolph felt sorry for him, he seemed so lost and lonely.

Meanwhile Jack was growing up into a tall and handsome fellow of seventeen, and what to do with him was puzzling Mrs. Randolph more than anything in the world at that time. His school education was becoming more and more irregular as time went on.

In his early boyhood Jack's only ambition had been to be a soldier. Uncle Josh, who had seen as much service as Colonel Randolph, "'fo' de wah," as well as during the Civil War, was never tired of recounting his military exploits.

He had been "body sarvint an' aide-de-camp," as he loftily described it, to the Colonel when he was a young officer in the Seminole Campaigns in Florida. He had been at the storming of Chapultepec in the Mexican War, and, according to his own account, was by the Colonel's side among the stormers in that glorious day, although the Colonel declared that Uncle Josh always disappeared on the eve of an action, and never put in an appearance until the battle was over.

Nevertheless, he knew a great many stories interesting to a boy, and his embellishment of them, which did not impose upon Jack in the least, only made them more captivating.

But the old Colonel, who had resigned from the regular army in order to join the Southern army, had frowned upon all aspirations Jack might have had for going to West Point.

There was in him, as in all old army men, a peculiar sentiment attaching to the Military Academy, but it took on a strange perversion in Colonel Randolph's mind. He would not suffer West Point to be mentioned in his hearing, and ignored, as far as possible, the thirty years he had served under the United States flag.

For a time, as Jack grew older, and got beyond the influence of Uncle Josh's wonderful tales of military life, his desire to be a soldier seemed to be in abeyance. The Colonel, who could not realize that everything was not exactly as it had been "before the war, sir," insisted that Jack should live on at Marrowbone, "and farm his own landed estate like a gentleman." But Marrowbone was mortgaged, and there was no money to pay for a college course for Jack.

After Tony went away, the feeling that he was fast becoming a man took hold of Jack, and suddenly and strongly the old wish to be a soldier reasserted itself. He did not speak of it at first, knowing his grandfather's opposition to it; but not the less did he make up his mind that he would go to West Point and be a soldier, if he could possibly contrive it.

His mind being made up, he told his mother, and then only waited an opportunity to tell his grandfather boldly what he wished to do.

One night Jack was going through his usual purgatory of reading the newspaper to his grandfather. Suddenly his eye fell on a long article headed "West Point." Jack paused a moment.

"What are you waiting for, sir?" fretfully asked the Colonel.

"Because—because—here's an article I wish you'd let me read to you, grandfather. It's all about West Point, and here's a picture of it, too."

The old Colonel hesitated. Upon every other occasion that Jack had mentioned West Point, the old gentleman had shown the utmost irritability; but to-night it seemed different. After a pause he reached over for the paper, took out his double glasses, and peered at the picture.

As he studied out the familiar outline, his shrivelled hands began to tremble, and his stern old face took on a strangely gentle look. He was carried back to the days when he was a happy cadet. It was so long ago, and there had been so much bloodshed and battle and evil since!

After a long pause he handed the paper to Jack, saying, in a softened voice:

"Read it to me, boy; read it to me."

Jack began. The article was long and interesting. The Colonel listened to every word, his tall form leaning forward in his chair looking at the fire, with his hands clasped on his stick.

When Jack had finished it was nearly eleven o'clock. The fire was dying out, the candles had burnt low in the tall silver candlesticks, and the room was growing cold. Mrs. Randolph had gone, leaving Jack and his grandfather alone.

"Grandfather," said Jack, after a while, "I want to be a soldier—an American soldier."

"It was a great thing in days gone by," answered the Colonel; "but now we are a divided people."

"But we oughtn't to be a divided people any longer, grandfather, and if we serve the same country and march under the same flag, why, we'll not be divided any longer."

The old Colonel got up, supporting himself on his cane. He put his hand on Jack's shoulder.

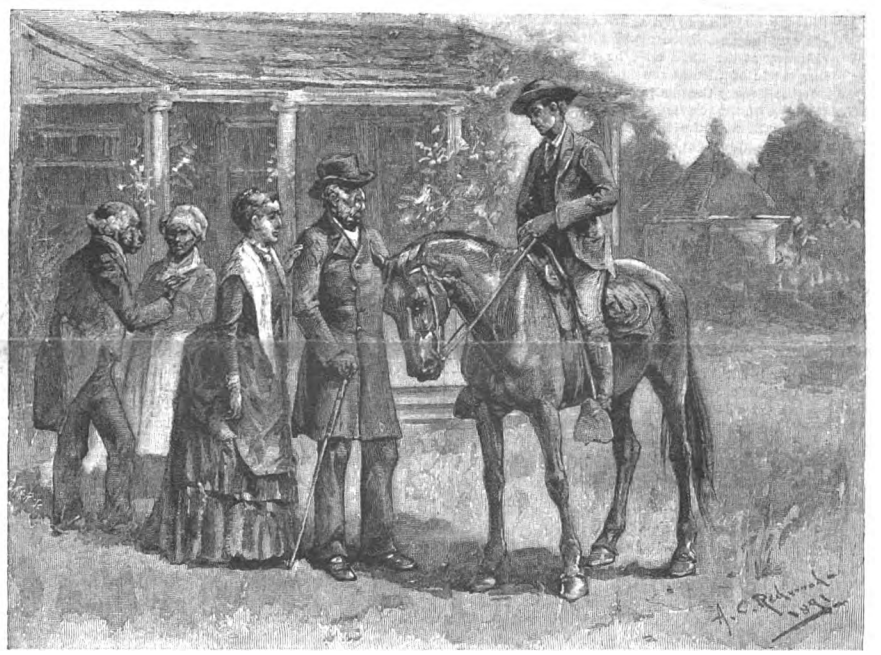
"Ah, how natural it would be to see you in that gray cadet uniform! How it would bring back the old days! I fought against that flag from what I conceived my highest duty, but I never saw it, in battle or in peace, without a thrill."

The Colonel's eyes filled, as did Jack's, and after a pause, the old man said:

"Perhaps you are right, boy."

In a very little while the battle was won, as far as Colonel Randolph's consent was involved; but then came the getting of the appointment from the member of Congress from the district.

Here Colonel Randolph proved intractable. He didn't know Mr. Haycock, the representative in Congress, who lived in the next county but one. Mr. Haycock's father had been a wheelwright, and Mr. Haycock himself was a self-made man. The old Colonel expressed his opinion as follows:



Jack's Return.

"It isn't at all likely that Hezekiah Haycock's son, that I used to see as a red-headed boy in his father's shop, would care about obliging the grandson of Colonel John Marmaduke Randolph, of Marrowbone, and Colonel John Marmaduke Randolph doesn't care about asking favors of Hezekiah Haycock."

This form of reasoning did not appeal to Jack's more modern ideas, but he did not argue the point. On the contrary, he gave it up, apparently, with a suddenness and completeness that astonished his grandfather, but which put his mother on her guard. It was not like Jack to give up so easily what he had set his heart on.

Several days passed without West Point being mentioned. At last one day Jack's mother said to him: "Have you given up your wish to be a soldier, Jack?"

"Not a bit," he answered. "You just wait, mother, and see if I don't manage it."

A day or two after this Jack did not appear at breakfast. It was a clear, cold February day, and Jack was usually up early so that he could take a gallop over the plantation, and look at his rabbit traps, feed the dogs and attend to his chickens before going to school.

After breakfast, Jack still being missing, Uncle Josh reported: "I seed dat boy a-gallopin' outen de gate on Black Prince dis mornin' 'fo' six o'clock. I call arter him, 'Whar you gwine?' an' he holler back, 'I'm projectin' er little 'scursion, Unc' Josh!' an' I see by de way he laugh an' cut his eye roun' he was arter mischief. Dat boy sut'ny is de mischievouses' boy I ever see, mistis."

Mrs. Randolph knew that Jack was able to take care of himself; but Mam Betsy, going to make Jack's room up, came pattering downstairs to Mrs. Randolph with a note she had found pinned on Jack's pincushion.

"Dat chile done got in mischief!" she groaned. "I knows it, 'case I dream lars' night dat de back yard wuz full o' crows, an' dat's a sho' sign dat chile is arter trouble."

Mrs. Randolph opened the note. It ran:

DEAR MOTHER: As grandfather wouldn't write to Mr. Haycock about West Point, I concluded I'd go and ask him myself, as he is home from Washington for a few days. I dare say I can make him understand who I am. It's about sixty miles from here, but I think I shall get back to-morrow or next day. Don't you and grandfather worry about me; and I'm going to be a cadet at West Point, and I'm going into the cavalry, see if I don't; and I am, your affectionate son, J. M. RANDOLPH.

Mrs. Randolph, half-laughing and half-vexed, carried this note to the old Colonel, who was taking his morning walk on the piazza, as straight and stiff as usual.

The Colonel put on his glasses, and managed to get the gist of the note. Instead of blazing out in wrath, his grim features relaxed into a smile. Then a deep-chested laugh burst from him; but he said nothing.

All that day the Colonel was restless. He walked about the house, and then he sat down in the drawing-room with Mrs. Randolph. Every time he spoke it was about Jack.

"I wonder where the fellow is now? He must have stopped somewhere for dinner and to feed his horse. And suppose that Haycock man is not at home? You'd better be uneasy about that boy, madam; there's no telling when he'll turn up again."

"I don't feel at all uneasy, father," answered Mrs. Randolph, calmly. "Jack has excellent sense for a boy of his age. I am only afraid that he will be disappointed, that Mr. Haycock will not give him the appointment. Jack has no right to expect it."

This was more than the old Colonel could bear.

"Jack has no right to expect it, madam! Have you reflected that Haycock is the son of the wheelwright who used to mend my carts and wagons before the war, and who would have thought himself honored if he could have sat down in Colonel John Marmaduke Randolph's back hall? And that my grandson is John Marmaduke Randolph of Marrowbone? You forget these things, Mrs. Randolph."

"No, I do not," smilingly answered Mrs. Randolph. "But times have changed. Mr. Haycock has raised himself to be anybody's equal—and Jack is of no more consequence now than Mr. Haycock's son—and not half so well off."

"Times *hare* changed," growled the Colonel, indignantly, "when a Randolph asks favors of a Haycock, madam, and changed most abominably, too!"

The day passed slowly, the evening more slowly. The Colonel began to fret about Jack. So did Mam Betsy, who, shaking her head dolefully, predicted to Mrs. Randolph that Jack was no doubt "drownded in de crick," if Black Prince had not thrown him and broken his neck before he got so far.

Uncle Josh, on the contrary, took the most optimistic view.

"Dem Haycocks ain' no quality," he remarked, sagely, "an' when one ob de Randolphs in Marrowbone got de condescension for to go an' ax dat ar Haycock man fer ter gin him er re'p'intment at Wes' P'int, Mis' Haycock he gwi' say to little marse, 'Sut'ny, sir, sut'ny. I gin you de re'p'intment, an' anything else yo' wants. 'Taint fer no Haycock, sir, ter be onpleasant wid a Randolph, an' I take it kind ob you ter ax me.' Dat what dat Haycock man gwi' say, *I* know."

Meanwhile, Jack and Black Prince were traversing the fifty miles between Marrowbone and Mr. Haycock's home very merrily and comfortably. Jack made a two days' journey of it, stopping over night at a country tavern.

He was perfectly sanguine, as all young fellows are who know nothing of the world. He felt gayer, more cheerful as he rode along than he had done any day since Tony left.

Where was Tony now? he wondered. Not a

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day passed, and scarcely an hour, that Jack did not think of his friend.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Jack, after inquiring his way from time to time, rode up to Mr. Haycock's door. Jack, who had imbibed not a few of his grandfather's notions, half-expected to see Mr. Haycock, the wheelwright's son, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a black pipe. But instead, Mr. Haycock was a gentlemanly, well-dressed man, who came forward politely as Jack dismounted.

"How do you do, sir?" he asked, offering his hand.

"If you please," said Jack, a little tremulously, for as he saw the man from whom he had to ask so much, for the first time a doubt of his success crossed his mind, "I am John Marmaduke Randolph, grandson of Colonel Randolph of Marrowbone."

"Ah," responded Mr. Haycock, pleasantly, "I know your grandfather well, though it has been many years since we have met—not indeed since my father kept the wheelwright shop at Randolph's Mill."

This open way of alluding to the wheelwright's shop rather staggered Jack, but he had sense enough to see the manliness of it.

"And, Mr. Haycock," continued Jack, his handsome face flushing up very much, "I have come to ask you something. I want to be a soldier. I hear you have an appointment at West Point to give away. Will you give it to me?"

Mr. Haycock stood looking at Jack, and smiling.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Seventeen, sir. My grandfather wouldn't ask for me—so I thought I'd ask for myself."

"I haven't got a cadetship in my pocket, young man," said Mr. Haycock.

"No, but you've got it in your power," boldly answered Jack.

"Come in. You'll have to stay all night, I think, to rest your horse if not yourself," was Mr. Haycock's answer to this.

Jack accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given, and went into the house—a pretty, modern country house.

Things were rather different from the faded splendors of Marrowbone. The hall and staircases were carpeted, the chairs were all strong and new, and there was a general air of modern comfort about things of which Jack had seen but little in his life.

Mrs. Haycock presently appeared—a lady of refined look, who received him cordially. Mr. Haycock talked very interestingly to Jack of public affairs and public men in Washington, and was pleased at the intelligent interest Jack took in both.

Tea was served after a while, and Mr. Haycock and Jack sat up quite late, discussing everything except the West Point cadetship. Jack was shown to a comfortable bedroom, and next morning was downstairs bright and early.

Mr. Haycock talked as pleasantly as ever, during breakfast, and then Jack asked that his horse might be ordered. They were walking up and down the porch in the pleasant February sunshine.

"And, Mr. Haycock," said Jack at last, "can you do anything about the cadetship?"

Mr. Haycock glanced at Jack under his brows. The boy's face was quite pale; he had evidently been nerving himself for that question.

"Do you know that although the examination is not severe in the beginning, the course is very difficult—that it means four years of ceaseless struggle?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jack, doggedly.

"And that it means separation from your home for four years, with only one furlough in all that time, and after that—by the way, what branch of the service would you aspire to?"

"The cavalry, sir," answered Jack, his face brightening.

There was a pause. Then Mr. Haycock spoke.

"I'll give it to you. I have been asked for it by a dozen people, but I have not promised it to any one. I should be glad to oblige Colonel Randolph, but more than that, I see you have the material to make a soldier, and you will make good use of the appointment."

The change that came over Jack was startling. The blood poured into his face, and he clenched his hands with suppressed excitement. Mr. Haycock went on to explain to him the necessary forms, the time it would take before the appointment could be made out, and that he must present himself at West Point in May.

Jack could scarcely thank him, but his gratitude was so plain that Mr. Haycock understood it perfectly. Within half an hour Jack was on his way home, as happy as a bird.

On the fourth day after he had left home, Jack returned to Marrowbone. The negroes had seen him coming down the lane, and the old Colonel, Mrs. Randolph, Main Betsy and Uncle Josh were all standing on the porch as he dashed in at the gate.

He was so delighted that he began to hurrah as loud as he could the minute he caught sight of the group on the porch. In a few words, the success of his errand was told.

"I tole you so," solemnly remarked Uncle Josh. "Dem Haycocks was mighty proud to 'bleege de Randolphs."

Jack's mother was thankful beyond expression—and even the old Colonel, after a few growls about the army not being what it was once, and the service going to the dogs, condescended to show a part of the pleasure he felt.

About the same time, a letter arrived from Edgar Mount. It was written in his usual correct style, being more like the letter of a man of forty than a young fellow of eighteen—the stationery very elegant and sealed with a handsome crest. In it, after telling of what he had been doing since leaving Marrowbone, he added, "And I have been fortunate enough to secure an appointment to West Point, and shall present myself for the May examination."

Jack looked anything but pleased at the information. He could not forgive Edgar Mount readily, for he was a very impetuous, hot-headed fellow. And nothing had ever been heard of Edgar's two hundred dollars.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

(To be continued.)

THE PRIVATE.

It was duty alone in his bosom that glowed
To discharge to his country the debt that he owed.
This was the lodestar, the sanctified shrine
Of the patriot private that cheered in the line.

—*Maurice McKenna.*

For the Companion.

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Charley Wallbridge lay awake listening to the patter of Virginia rain on the worn and veteran canvas, to its drip in the full trench along the hut's side, to the regular breathing of his comrade, Private Bader, to the stamping of horses on the corduroy floor of Company K's stables, and the *sq-uush* of the stable guard's boots on his muddy round.

Toward morning, as the dark deepened, and Charley could scarcely make out the dull white of his carbine and sabre against the mud-plastered chimney at the hut's end, he fancied he heard a low rattle of distant musketry out where he had tried to descry the steeples of Petersburg through the mist of the previous evening.

A month with the Fifty-third Pennsylvania veteran volunteer cavalry had not quite disabused our young recruit of his schoolboy notion that the men of the Army of the Potomac, even in winter quarters, must live constantly within sound of the picket-line.

The boy was very miserable. His bones ached for the billowy feather-bed at home. Should he ever again undress for bed, he wondered, and sink away, unchafed and uncompressed by rough, stiff garments, to sleep? He pitied himself, thinking how his mother would cry if she could see him crouched so dreary in that drizzling March morning, pressed all the more into loneliness by the regular breathing of Bader—old veteran Bader—in the indifference of deep sleep.

Into the vision of home came his gray father's tired face, and little Harry's and Mary's and little Jane's, and the round cheeks of the crowing baby. It was no use; this cavalryman of sixteen, whose one sense of sin was in the recollection that he had passed himself off for eighteen at the recruiting-office in Philadelphia, shed some tears at the thought of the baby. Then he turned an ashamed face suspiciously toward his partner, for Charley would not have had the old soldier witness his breakdown for all the world.

Now came another gust from Petersburg, and this, Charley was almost certain, carried the crackle of rifle-firing on its wings.

"Bader! Bader!" he said. "Bader!"

"Can't you keep still, you Wallbridge?" came Orderly Sergeant Graveley's voice from the next hut of saplings and canvas.

"What's wrong with you, Charley?" asked Bader, turning to him.

"I thought I heard heavy firing out on the picket line; twice now I thought so."

"Oh, I guess not. The Johnnies won't come out such a night as this. Keep quiet, or you'll have Sergeant Graveley down on you. Better lie down and try to sleep, buddy; the bugle will call morning soon now."

Again Charley fell to his reverie of home. It was again the evening when his mother, folding her spectacles, told them, with an air of having considered what to say, that they might soon have to move away to the West.

Their father's business in his little store had not prospered. Some notes were coming due, and he had not the money to pay them, and they had been continued until the holders would continue them no longer.

Jack, the elder son, had gone away to New Orleans to seek his fortune, and nothing had been heard from him since the war began.

In this situation something must be done, and the father, in the sober account of the matter that he had given the children, had declared that if he had not been lame, he would have taken the bounty and volunteered, to give his family something to start on after the store was gone.

It was this which sent Charley so young to the war, though he had long desired to enlist. Three boys not much older than he had already entered the army. It was his duty, he thought, not only to his country but to his family, to volunteer. The combined Federal, State and city bounties paid his father's notes in that last dreadful winter before Richmond fell.

"All would be well with the business now, if only Jack would find his way home," wrote Mr. Wallbridge, "but oh, my dear son Charley, you have saved us at a fearful risk, and laid upon us a heavy load of woe."

As the boy thought it all over, the darkness was turning to gray, and carbine and sabre came out more and more clearly above the ashes in the mud-plastered fireplace. The chill of dawn crept into the hut, and for a time wind and rain ceased.

The quiet deepened; even the drip from the old canvas had stopped. Charley Wallbridge, tired of listening and soothed by the silence, was falling asleep. Suddenly a heavy weight seemed to fall far away—then another—another. The fourth had the rumble of a clap of distant thunder, and a concussion of air seemed to follow.

"Hey! Big guns! What's up toward City Point?" said Bader, sitting up. "I tell you, they're at it! It can't be so far away as Butler. What, on the left, too? That was toward Hatcher's Run. Charley, the Confederates are out in earnest. I guess you did hear the pickets trying to stop 'em. What a morning! Ha! Fort Fury! See that!"

The outside world was dimly lighted up for a



moment. In the intensified darkness that followed Bader's voice was drowned by the crash of a great gun from the neighboring fort.

"The Johnnies must have got in close somehow!" cried Bader. "Hey, Sergeant?"

"Yes!" shouted Graveley. "Scooped up the pickets and supports, too, in the rain, I guess. Turn out, boys; turn out and get ready for a wild day! Kid! Where's the Kid? Kid Sylvester!"

"Here! All right, Barney! I'll be out in a jiffy," answered the bugler.

"Hurry, then! I can hear the Colonel shouting already. Man, listen to that!" Four of Fury's guns crashed almost simultaneously.

"Turn out, Company K!" shouted Lieutenant Miller, running down from the officers' quarters. "Where's the commissary sergeant? There? All right! Give out feed right away! Get your oats, men, and feed instantly! We may have time. Ha! Here's the General's orderly!"

As the trooper galloped across the parade-ground, his horse-hoofs flinging back great chunks of mud, a group of officers ran out behind the Colonel from the centre of the high hedge of faded pine saplings screening the officers' quarters.

The orderly gave the Colonel but a word, and wheeling, was off again as "boot and saddle" blared out from the buglers, who had now gathered at regimental headquarters.

"But leave the bits out; let your horses feed!" cried the Lieutenant, running down again. "We're not likely to march till further orders."

In the cloudy sky the cannonade rolled about; it was broad day, but still so dull that long, wide flashes of flame sprang far out before every report from the guns of old Fury, and in the haze but few of the shells, shrieking along their high curve, could be seen bursting over Hancock's cheering men.

Indistinguishably blent were the sounds of hosts on the move, field guns pounding to the front, troops shouting, the clink and rattle of metal, officers calling, bugles blaring, drums rolling, mules screaming—all heard as a running accompaniment to the cannon.

"Fhwat sinse in the ould man bodderin' us?" grumbled Corporal Kennedy, an old Fenian dragoon from the British army. "Sure, isn't it as plain as the sun—and faith itself's not plain this dirthy mornin'—that there's no work for cavalry this day, barrin' it's escortin' the doughboys' prisoners, if they take any?—bad 'cess to the job! Sure, it's an infantry fight, and must be, wid the field guns plisintly helpin', and the siege artillery boomin' away over the throops in the mud betwigst our own bristworks and the inner line of our forts."

"Oh, by this and by that," the corporal grumbled on, "Gineral Lee's not the gentleman I tuk him for at all, discomfortin' us in the rain, and yesterday bein' an illigant day for fightin'."

"Hoo-ow! did you hear them yell? Fhwat? Who'd a thought it possible? Byes! Bader! Charley! Luk at the Johnnies swarmin' up the face of Fort Fury!"

Off there Charley could dimly see, rising over the near horizon made by tents, a straggling rush of men up the steep slope, while the shrill "hi-yi!" came from a multitude behind on the level ground that was hidden from the place occupied by the Fifty-third.

Literally in the next moment the force mounting Fury's glacis fell away, some lying where shot down, some rolling, some running and stumbling in heaps; then a tremendous musketry and field-gun fire growled to and fro under the heavy smoke round and about and out in front of the fort, which had never ceased its regular discharge over the heads of its defenders and immediate assailants.

Suddenly Charley noted a slackening of the battle. It soon dropped away to nothing, and now there was no sound of small-arms in any direction in the lengthening intervals of reports from the siege-guns far and near.

In ten minutes the Fifty-third had formed in close column of companies. The Colonel had galloped down at them and once along their front; then the command, forming fours from the right front, moved off at a trot through the mud in long procession.

"Didn't I know it?" said Kennedy. "It's escortin' the doughboys' prisoners, that's all we're good for this outrageous day. Police duty! Faix, I might as well be wid Her Majesty's dhragoons thramplin' down the flesh and blood of me in poor Ould Oireland."

Charley heard without heeding. Now they were upon the red clay of the morning fight, brought to halt in open column by the completion of an evolution.

After a little they moved off in fours, and dropping into single file surrounded some thousands of disarmed men, the remnant of the desperate brigades that Lee had flung through the departing night across three lines of breastworks at the great fort they had so nearly stormed.

Poor drenched, shivering Confederates! There they stood, not a few of them in blue overcoats, but mostly in butternut, generally tattered; some barefoot, some with feet bound in ragged sections of blanket, many with toes and skin showing through crazy boots lashed on with strips of cotton or with cord, many, stoutly on foot, streaming blood from head wounds.

Charley, brought to the halt, faced half round in the saddle, and looked with quick beatings of pity far and wide over the disorderly crowd of weather-worn men.

"It's a Louisiana brigade," said Bader.

"Fifty-three P. V. V. C.," spoke a prisoner, as if in reply, reading the letters about the little crossed brass sabres on the Union hats. "Say; is you-uns from Pennsylvany?"

"Yes, Johnny, we come down to wake up Dixie."

"I reckon we-uns got the start at wakin' you-uns this mornin'," said the Southerner. "But say, ther's one of we-uns lyin' dyin' over yonder; his folks lives in Pennsylvany. Mebbe some of you-uns 'ud know 'em."

"What's his name?" asked Bader.

"Wallbridge—Johnny Wallbridge."

"Why, Charley—hold on! You aint the only Wallbridges there are. What's up?" cried Bader, as the boy half-reeled, half-clambered from his horse.

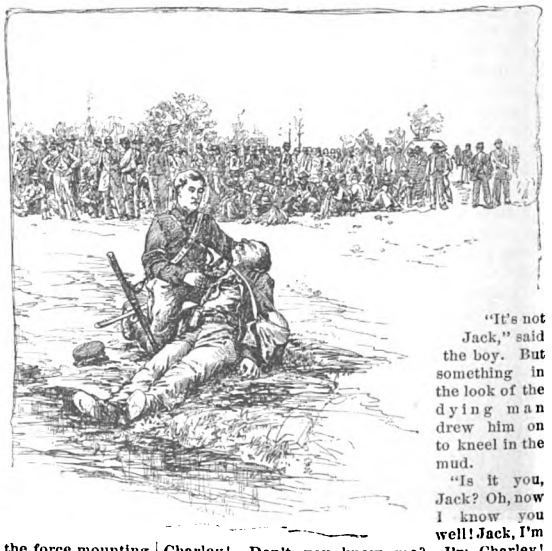
"Hold on, Charley!" cried Corporal Kennedy.

"Halt there, Wallbridge!" shouted Sergeant Graveley.

"Stop that man," roared Lieutenant Miller.

But, calling, "He's my brother!" Charley, catching up his sabre as he ran, followed the Southerner, who had instantly divined the situation.

The forlorn prisoners made way for them, and closing in behind, stretched round in solid array about the scene.



"It's not Jack," said the boy. But something in the look of the dying man drew him on to kneel in the mud.

"Is it you, Jack? Oh, now I know you well! Jack, I'm Charley! Don't you know me? I'm Charley! your brother Charley."

The Southern soldier stared rigidly at the boy, seeming to grow paler with the recollections that he struggled for.

"Not *Charley!*" he shrieked, hoarsely. "No, Charley's only a little fellow!"

He paused and looked meditatively into the boy's

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eyes. "It's nearly five years I've been gone. He was near twelve then. Boys," lifting his head painfully and casting his look slowly round his comrades, "I know him by the eyes—yes, he's my brother! Let me speak to him alone. Stand back a bit."

The men pushed backward into the form of a wide circle.

"Put down your head, Charley. Kiss me! Kiss me again! How's mother? Ah, I was afraid she might be dead! Don't tell her I'm dead, Charley."

He groaned with the pain of the groin wound.

"Closer, Charley, I've got to tell you this first. Maybe it's all I've time to tell. Say, Charley, they oughtn't to have killed me, the Union soldiers oughtn't. I never fired—high enough—all these years. They drafted me, Charley—tell mother that—down in New Orleans, and I—couldn't get away.

"Al-al! How it hurts! I must die as soon as I can tell you. I wanted—to come home—three years ago—and help father. How's poor father, Charley? Doing well now? Oh, I'm glad—of that; and the baby? There's a new baby! Ah, yes. I'll never—see it—Charley."

His eyes closed, and he lay almost smiling happily as his brother's tears fell on his muddy and blood-clotted face. As if from a trance his eyes opened anxiously.

"You'll be sure—to tell them—*I* was drafted, conscripted, and I never fired at any of us—of you—tell all the boys, too."

Again the flame of life went down, and again flickered up for utterance.

"Well, there's this," he went on, "don't ever—hate—my chums—we-uns. They've been as good and kind, marching, wet and cold together, and it wasn't their fault. If they had known—how I wanted—to be shot—for the Union! It was so hard—to be—on the wrong side! But —"

He lifted his head, and staring wildly at his brother, gasped out once more:

"Mind, I never fired high enough!"

Then he lay still in Charley's arms, breathing fainter and fainter till no motion was on his lips nor in his heart, nor any tremor in his hand.

"Come, Charley," said Bader, stooping tenderly to the boy. "The order is to march. He's past helping now. It's no use, you must leave him here to God. Come, boy, the head of the column is moving now."

Mounting his horse Charley looked across to Jack's form. For the first time in three years the famous Louisiana brigade trudged on without their unwilling comrade. There he lay, alone, in the Union lines, under the rain, his marching done, a figure of eternal peace, while Charley, looking backward till he could no longer distinguish his dead brother from the clay of the field, rode on and on beside the downcast procession of men in gray.

E. W. THOMSON.

For the Companion.

THE TRIALS OF A TENDERFOOT.

Why is it that in all countries a new-comer is a target for the shafts of the scornful? In Australia they call him a "new-chum" or a "jackaroo;" in India a "griffin;" in California a "pilgrim," and in Colorado and elsewhere in the West a "tenderfoot."

I fancy he got the name of tenderfoot in Colorado, because, when the Pike's Peak rush broke out in 1859, so many men tramped seven hundred miles across the plains to the gold fields, and arrived with their feet considerably the worse for wear. A new arrival was known by his limping gait, and so the word tenderfoot came to be applied to any greenhorn, even though he came by the stage-coach, and had never a blister to show.

I do not know if the trials which I underwent in acquiring a sort of familiarity with the life of the Far West were more than others endure, but I do know that I shall never forget them.

To begin with, there was my partner—my first one, that is. He was a live Western man. I put in the capital, and he put in the experience, and it took three years to accomplish the interchange of these interests. It was to me a great trial, especially when one of his creditors sued me for twenty thousand dollars.

But I did not intend to touch on the darker side of things. I meant to begin with cooking. My partner most assuredly could cook; at least, he could make the best coffee I ever drank, and his biscuit was a marvel of lightness, though baked in a camp oven.

Those were two points on which he was firm, and under his tuition I, too, learned to make clear coffee, strong enough to float an egg, and camp bread as light as a snow-flake. He also taught me to boil potatoes long enough to make them properly soft.

But he stopped there. He fried his bacon instead of boiling it—an error which gave us both dyspepsia; and being naturally lazy, he never took the trouble to cook anything else but this monotonous food.

One day I had a lame foot, and stayed alone in camp while he and the hired man went off without me to the meadow, where they were putting up hay. I made up my mind to have a change of diet, and give them a surprise when they came back to dinner. Accordingly, as soon as the hay-wagon was out of sight over the hill, I began to rummage the camp stores for something else than the everlasting flour, coffee and bacon.

Our potatoes were already exhausted. Presently I found a large sack full of *frijoles*, or Mexican brown beans. I had more than once heard my partner say that these were very good, but he had never yet taken the trouble to cook any of them.

"Very well," said I to myself; "beans for dinner it is." I felt then they ought to be boiled, although I had indeed heard of baked beans, and I had a vague idea that they took rather longer to cook than potatoes.

"Here goes, then," said I. "I'll put them on at once. If they boil away to nothing, we can have bean soup, anyway."

But the beans did not boil to nothing. I took the larger of our two tin pots, in which we used to boil our potatoes while they lasted, and filled it as full of beans as it would hold. That was the way I had always done with potatoes. Then I went to the pail and poured in water till the beans were well covered. This also was following the same precedent, and on that principle I put on the lid, and set the pot over the fire. Then, selecting a novel, I lay down on the outside of my blankets to take a rest.

After a while it occurred to me to look at the beans. To my surprise, the lid of the pot was pushed up; the beans were rising in a sort of mound above the level of the top of the pot, and the water seemed to have all gone away.

"That's rather odd," said I to myself. "The potatoes never do that." However, I brought another tin pot, in which we used to boil the water for washing up, and putting about half the beans into that, I filled up both pots with water and put them on the fire. Then I took up the broken thread of my story. Some time passed—how long I cannot exactly tell—and then I dropped the book with a start, and ran to look at my beans.

Would you believe it? Both lids were lifted high off both pots by swelling masses of beans, and again all the water had mysteriously vanished.

I flew to the pots, and snatched them off the fire in time to prevent the solder from melting out of their joints. I knew if they stood on the fire without water in them that would happen. I had already melted the small coffee-pot into holes, and had a wholesome recollection of my partner's sarcasm over that performance.

I now took the coffee-pot we were using,—a big one,—rinsed it well, and put some of the beans out of both the other pots into it, filled it up with water, and set all three on to boil. But actually, in a quarter of an hour more those irrepressible beans had filled all three vessels to the brim, and they were swelling still!

In despair, I seized all the utensils we had on the ranch, down to empty tin cans, and deposited beans in them; and, to make a long story short, at noon, when my partner and the hired man came back to dinner, there was a ring of cooking vessels all round the fire, and there were beans enough boiled to feed a company of soldiers.

When I told what had taken place, they shouted with delight, till the antelope a mile away looked up from their grazing to see what was the matter, and it was many a long day before they let me hear the last of my new departure.

Then there was the bucking-horse business. Horses in civilized parts do not buck; perhaps they do not know enough. My first experience with a bucking horse was in Denver, where the keeper of a livery stable sold me a little black California bronco mare at a very reasonable figure, all things considered. I really think he took something off the price for the sake of seeing the performance which was to follow.



A tenderfoot on a bronco was called "a Denver circus" in those days, and, as in most circuses, the spectators generally thought it more funny than the performers.

As for me, I made a grand start, for the helpers at the stable tied my big double gun firmly across the saddle-horn, and my very big roll of blankets to the back of the saddle, and one held the mare down by the head, and another by the tail, I think, till I was fairly aboard. Then both let go together, and we sailed down Larimer Street.

I couldn't come off very well, for I was wedged in between the gun and the blankets, but I did not know how to guide the mare, and we plunged on and off the sidewalks, to the immense delight of a Denver crowd. Some one had left his yard door open, and was sweeping it out, when something prompted the mare to charge in full tilt upon him.

"Hallo there! Where in the world are you coming to?" he yelled, brandishing his broom.

I had just breath enough left to gasp, "Ask the mare!" when, at a thrust from the broom, she whirled around, and dashed back into the street as quick as she had left it.

I am proud to say that I did not come off on that journey; but I sold the mare back to the livery-stable keeper at a reduction, and got something that suited me better. The something had its faults, but it did not buck.

It was not until some time afterward that I again found myself, unintentionally, on a horse that could buck, and on this second occasion I had no gun and no roll of blankets to wedge me in.

It happened in this way. We had bought some cattle, and with the cattle a capital old Texas cowpony to herd them on. I was ambitious to become a cowboy as soon as possible, and I undertook the herding.

Not long after we arrived at the ranch I received



a box of things from home.

Among them were a neat pair of little sharp *spurs*. I was using, at the time, the common Mexican spurs with big blunt rowels universal in the West, to which all the horses there are accustomed; but I thought these sharp racing-spurs would be much more "high-toned." My partner fairly snorted with contempt at the sight of them. However, I buckled them on and sallied forth.

When I was well out of sight of the ranch I found a cow with an unbranded calf which I wanted to get up, and started swiftly to cut her out. Old Billy, the pony, dashed after her in his business-like way as usual, to head her; but I suppose it was not fast enough to please me, and I struck him with the new spurs.

The effect was most surprising. Billy seemed to disappear unaccountably from before my eyes, and I felt myself violently jolted from behind into space. I could see my saddle horn in front of me, and nothing else. The pony had fairly put his head down between his legs, humped his back and bucked.

"Whoa! Whoa!" I shouted, wishing those spurs had never come into Colorado. Then I seemed to shoot forward through the air, and the ground struck me very hard in the face. I turned a somersault, and found myself lying on my back.

I picked myself up as soon as I could, and there stood Billy, ten yards off, with his bridle hanging down, and looking as meek as a lamb. My nose was bleeding. When it stopped I mounted the horse again. He stood perfectly still.

I went back to the ranch and took off the spurs. My partner caught sight of my scratched face.

"Hullo!" he called out, "who have you been fighting this time? Have you run onto another buck antelope on the warpath?"

This was an allusion to another early performance of mine, so I could but answer, "No; I only tried to make a hole in the ground with my head."

"Ah, have ye?" said he. Then looking sagaciously at my feet, he added, "What have ye done with them little sharp spurs, eh? Guess you'll be content with common plug Mexican things now!"

I felt that I was still only a tenderfoot, and I wilted.

But I almost think that the worst crushing I ever received was over my buckskin breeches. I was very proud of them. I had killed the bucks myself and dressed the skins beautifully, as I thought, and cut them out to pattern and sewed them very strongly with an awl and a buckskin "whang" to make them extra stout; and after all, they did not remain soft, but as soon as they had been soaked in a thunder-shower and dried again became apparently as hard as sheet iron.

"You didn't get the right Injun tan on 'em," was my partner's disparaging criticism. "White man's tan aint of much account."

So I found a tame Indian, and got him to put a real red Indian tan on them. Red it certainly was, for the Indian did it with some wonderful root he found in the woods which dyed them nearly scarlet.

Unfortunately, as they had been already sewn up into breeches, the pulling and hauling and stretching of the Indian tanning process spoiled their fit. In fact, one leg came out much tighter and nearly six inches longer than the other, and insisted on remaining so; and then, in spite of it all, the first time I got wet again they shrank up to my knees and dried as hard as ever.

In my impatience I soaked them soft again, cut two small logs, and tightly forcing one log into each leg, left them to dry. They came off as stiff as a couple of lengths of stove-pipe, and felt like it; but as soon as I got them limber they shrank and twisted again.

One day I met a white man driving a wagon—the first white man, except my partner, whom I had seen for more than a month. He was a pleasant-faced man, and I rode eagerly up to him and began to talk. He seemed like a brother to me, who had been separated from my own kind for so long.

He looked at me with a certain quizzical expression; he hardly knew what to make of the sun-burnt face, the long hair, the wild pony, the heavy rifle across the saddle, and those high-colored buckskin clothes. Then he said:

"Stranger, I should like to ask you a question."

"Oh, certainly," said I, "by all means. Go ahead."

He looked dubiously for a moment at the formidable rifle, and observed, somewhat cautiously, "No offence, stranger, you understand."

"Of course not," I replied; "I'm only too delighted to find a white man to talk to. What is it?"

"Wal, stranger," said he, "allus meaning no offence, I should like to ask you, did you make them trousers yourself?"

I looked down at them instinctively—bulging at the knees, twisted in the seams, stiff and creased everywhere as only dry buckskin can crease—and I felt discouraged.

"Yes," I admitted, "I certainly did."

"Wal, stranger," said he, "d'ye know I thought so!"

I was "found out for a tenderfoot" again. It was the death-warrant of those trousers. That night I cut them up into buckskin strings.

R. B. TOWNSHEND.

WHERE SLEEP THE BRAVE?

Where sleep the brave to-night?
Ask the pines in a sunny land,
Ask the grasses that wave
O'er the dust of a gallant band
Laid in a hurried grave.
There sleep the brave to-night.

—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

For the Companion.

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.



For thousands of years it has been a custom with soldiers in the field to form comradeships, one with another, two men agreeing to stand by each other in life and in death, in sickness and in wounds, and after death to execute each other's known desires.

There are traces of this relation in the Greek historians. The Roman soldier under Julius Cæsar called his comrade *commilito*, which simply meant fellow-soldier. It is such an established custom in the French army to form comradeships that we find Napoleon, on meeting a wounded soldier in a forlorn condition, asking him, "Where, then, is your comrade?" as if the relation were recognized in military law.

In an army this strong feeling of comradeship is not confined to the single chosen friend. It includes the company, the regiment, the brigade, the division, the corps, and even the entire army, binding a million men into such coherency that they can move and feel and act as one man.

It was wonderful to notice, in our late war, how strong and how universal this army feeling was. The common object, common perils, common sufferings, common triumphs, knitted close together the hearts and minds of that vast multitude of diverse men.

Finally, when victory crowned the four years' struggle, there was a common feeling of pride in the glorious result, which at once exalted and deepened the soldierly fellowship.

After two thousand actions in the field, small and great, after the enrolment of nearly three millions of men, and the death of three hundred and sixty thousand of them, the army was disbanded at Washington in 1865, and the soldiers rejoined their fellow-citizens in the peaceful pursuits of industry.

At that final review in Washington there was very little left of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" but every soldier's face shone with the light of victory, and every citizen who had within him the soul of a patriot felt the truth of the motto that fluttered along the Capitol: "The only national debt we can never pay is the debt we owe to the victorious soldiers."

Already the desire was strong throughout the army not to let die the fellowships and friendships of the war. Clubs, circles, societies had already been formed, some composed wholly of officers, some wholly of privates, and some of both. The object of all was the same: To preserve the cordialities of the camp, to secure the fame of members by suitable memorials and records, and to give friendly succor to indigent comrades and their dependents.

Eleven months after the close of the war, at Springfield, Illinois, a scheme was conceived of uniting all who had served in the army or the navy, and had received an honorable dismission, into a national society or order, the name of which, it was finally decided, should be the Grand Army of the Republic.

The idea originated in the mind of an officer of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry, Major Benjamin Franklin Stephenson. He thought of it before the war ended, while serving under General Sherman in one of his rapid expeditions.

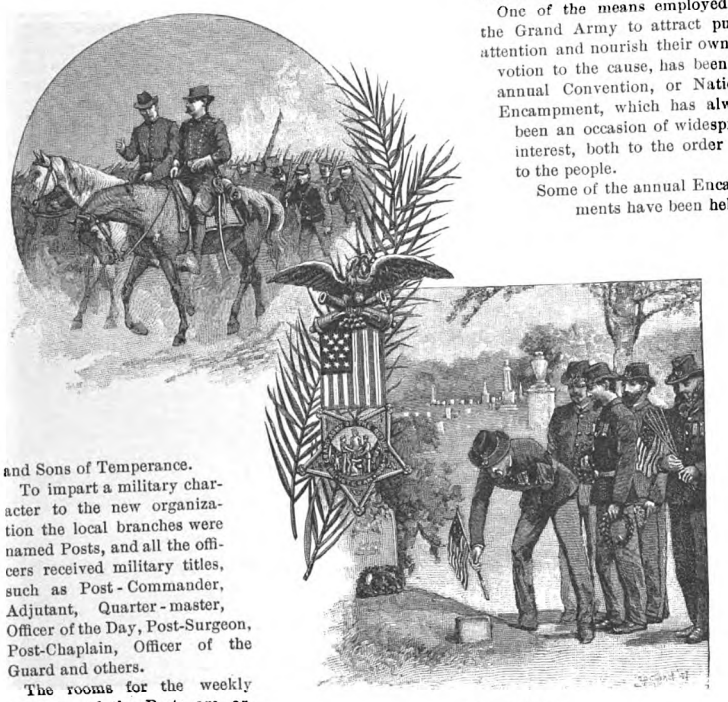
Major Stephenson's comrade or tent-mate was the chaplain of the regiment, Rev. William J. Rutledge. Often these two gentlemen, as they rode side by side in the long marches, talked together of what would probably become, after the war, of the enormous numbers of men they saw tramping on, before, behind and around them—soldiers, wagon-men, camp-followers tramping, tramping in numbers that seemed unlimited.

They agreed that men so closely allied, and united by so many ties, so bound together by a common purpose, and by so many vicissitudes shared in common, would not willingly consent to a total severance of a connection so dear to their affections and their pride. The two friends agreed

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that, if they came out of the struggle alive, they would endeavor to work out in concert some kind of organization for such an object.

This agreement they kept. After the war they planned a great society to be formed somewhat on the basis of the several social orders, such as the Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Sons of Temperance.



Memorial Day.

To impart a military character to the new organization the local branches were named Posts, and all the officers received military titles, such as Post-Commander, Adjutant, Quarter-master, Officer of the Day, Post-Surgeon, Post-Chaplain, Officer of the Guard and others.

The rooms for the weekly meetings of the Posts are arranged like the lodge-rooms of the other benevolent orders. In a few instances the local Post became the owner of its own quarters, and fitted them up with some approach to luxurious accommodations, with library, billiard-room, dining-room, kitchen, sustained by the rents derived from other portions of the edifice.

Some Posts have gathered a highly interesting collection of warlike curiosities, such as banners, flags, field-glasses and captured weapons. Occasionally, a piece of field artillery, identified with the history of a Post, graces an alcove of its apartment.

The greater number of the Posts assemble weekly in a hired room, plainly furnished, and often used for other purposes on other evenings.

But not the less has the Post been to the retired soldier like another home, where he was sure of finding aid and sympathy, where the record of his services was deposited, and where he could meet his old comrades in social intercourse.

Each Post, moreover, being connected with the county organization, and that with the State and the national body, membership invites a man once again to a great national army, not inaptly styled the Grand Army of the Republic.

It must not be supposed that the founders of this powerful organization were actuated by sentiment alone. It was a thing of necessity that they should look for steady and systematic aid to the country which they had assisted to save.

Hence, the Order has taken the lead in stimulating and guiding legislation in behalf of the soldiers and their dependents, and Congress has shown itself attentive to its suggestions.

A vast amount of good, however, has been done by the local posts alone.

To the Grand Army of the Republic we are indebted for one of the most interesting and impressive of our ceremonial days—that on which the graves of the soldiers are decorated. The idea originated in the mind of a German who had served as a private in the Union army, whose name has not been preserved.

Early in May, 1868, he wrote to the Adjutant-General of the Grand Army, saying that in his native country it was the custom of the people in the spring to visit the burying-grounds, and place flowers upon the graves of their friends and relatives. He suggested that the Grand Army should designate a day for the decoration of the graves of the soldiers.

The idea met with favor, and General John A. Logan, then Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army, promptly promulgated an order setting apart the Thirtieth of May for the purpose.

General Logan expressed the hope that the observance would be kept up from year to year, so long as one survivor of the war remained to honor the memory of his departed comrades.

Memorial Day has been observed with increasing impressiveness ever since, and the day is now a legal holiday in most of the Northern States east of the Mississippi River.

In 1871 the Grand Army could claim but thirty thousand members. In 1879 a great increase began, until the whole number of members approached four hundred thousand.

While the great object of this army of men has been to promote the measures looking to the relief and advantage of the soldiers and those dependent upon them, they have taken a leading part also in the erection of the innumerable monuments to the memory of fallen comrades which adorn our public grounds and cemeteries.

Other nations have heaped the most bountiful rewards upon the successful generals of a great war. We have, perhaps, not been sufficiently generous to the leaders in the war; but it was natural, in a Republic, that the rank and file of the army should be the chief recipients of national benefaction.

One of the means employed by the Grand Army to attract public attention and nourish their own devotion to the cause, has been the annual Convention, or National Encampment, which has always been an occasion of widespread interest, both to the order and to the people.

Some of the annual Encampments have been held in places remote from the centre of the country, but the local welcome has always been general and enthusiastic. The farther the soldiers have had to travel, the warmer has been the welcome they have received.

JAMES PARTON.

For the Companion.

THE MIRACLE.

Wondrous the change,—from bareness into bloom;
From scentless air to redolent perfume;
From silence into song and soaring wing;—
How old yet new this miracle of Spring!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

REVOLUTION IN CHILE.

The Republic of Chile, on the west coast of South America, has long been noted for its quiet and steady progress, its orderly government, and the intelligence and thrift of its people.

It has been its boast that for more than half a century no serious disturbance took place within its limits, and that it has all that time been free from such revolts as have from time to time shaken its sister South American republics.

Unhappily, this record of long-enduring peace and advancing prosperity has this year been broken. For more than three months the Chilean Republic has been suffering the affliction of Civil War.

On the Seventh of last January the fleet of the Republic—the most formidable naval force in South America—raised the standard of revolt against the President. It at once began warlike operations, bombarded cities and towns on the coast, and captured several of the most important ports.

Trouble had been brewing for five or six months between the President, Señor Balmaceda, and the national Congress. The President was charged with extravagance in the expenditure of the national funds, gross favoritism, usurpation of powers belonging to Congress, and an attempt to dictate the choice of his successor.

At last, at the very close of the year, Congress refused to pass the bills appropriating the salaries of the military and civil officers of the Republic. At about the same time President Balmaceda forcibly broke up the meeting of a political club at Santiago, the capital.

While the navy, manned by two thousand men, declared against the President, and was aided by considerable bodies of insurgents on land, hastily mustered, the President succeeded in retaining the support of the greater part of the army, and was credited with having at his back a force of thirty thousand men.

Early in May it was announced that the revolutionary party had succeeded in conquering and holding eight of the twenty-three provinces of the Republic, and that it had grown strong enough to demand recognition from foreign powers.

The Chilean revolution is the third which has taken place in South America within two years.

In November, 1889, the Emperor of Brazil was deposed, and a republic was almost bloodlessly substituted for the Empire in that vast country.

In the midsummer of 1890 a revolt took place in the Argentine Republic against President Celman, who, like Señor Balmaceda, was accused of financial mismanagement, and who was forced to resign. His office was assumed by Señor Pellegrini.

Both of these revolutions seem to have been justified by the circumstances of the two countries. Brazil was ripe for a republic, and naturally desired the same form of government enjoyed by her South American neighbors. The later revelation of the state of Argentine finances shows that the change violently made in that republic was a change for the better.

The South American republics have won a bad name for the frequency of their revolutions, and for the readiness with which their elected rulers aim at dictatorship. It is true that some of them have had revolts and civil disturbances now and then since their separation from Spain.

Yet the impression that they are almost always in a volcanic state of disorder is an exaggerated one. The civil disturbances in them are occasional. For the most part they proceed in quiet, and live under an orderly regime.

As years go on, moreover, the South American republics seem to be getting more stable, and to be learning the lesson of submission to law. They are less often distracted by the restless ambition of would-be dictators.

The revolution in Chile, considering the high character its people have so long borne, is certainly lamentable. But it seems to have been rendered unavoidable by the arbitrary course and high-handed conduct of President Balmaceda.

For the Companion.

MOTHER AND HERO.

The breeze, in pity, takes the flag
That marks a soldier's resting-place,
And lays it on his mother's grave,
Comrade in sacrifice and grace.

God knoweth best which offered more,
The heart that dared, the heart that brake;
But like affection hallows mounds
Where lie the martyrs for truth's sake!

GEORGE T. PACKARD.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

No political matter in the United States attracts so much attention at present as the Farmers' Alliance movement. It is regarded as the basis of a third-party movement, and in several States it has, in recent elections, shown a greater power than either of the old parties. In Kansas, where it is said to have one hundred and forty thousand members, it recently elected a United States Senator, and controlled the acts of the lower branch of the legislature at its last session.

It has definitely entered the field of politics, coöperating with other associations, such as the Farmers' League, which have similar objects.

We will endeavor to set forth the state of the case as it appears to the Alliance, without expressing an opinion as to either the grievances or the remedies proposed.

Looking at the movement in the most general way, the cause of the formation and growth of the Alliance is the unsatisfactory condition of the agricultural interest, and the conviction of a great many farmers that legislation, State and national, has been directed toward helping on the development of all other industries except agriculture, and that government has, indeed, so shaped matters that the expense of all this development has come out of the farmers.

The farmers complain that the prices that are obtained for their products do not pay the expense of handling them; that the high cost of transportation, and the necessity of farming after improved methods in order to compete with their neighbors, has forced farmers to go into debt, and that the conditions introduced or permitted by legislators have forced the farmers to pay exorbitant and ruinous rates of interest.

They find in the vast number of mortgages on American farms not a proof of want of thrift on the part of the people who borrowed the money which is secured by these mortgages, but that conditions were induced by legislation of the wrong sort, or by want of legislation of the right sort, which made it impossible for the farmers to avoid giving these mortgages.

They also believe that the bad state of their industry has been in considerable part due to combinations, trusts and systems of speculation; and that these trusts and combinations, as well as speculation in future values of farm products, should be discouraged or prohibited by law.

They believe that money should be made as plenty as possible, and to that end favor free coinage of silver, the abolition of the national banks and the substitution for the national bank-notes of a legal tender currency issued directly by the United States treasury.

A great many members of the Alliance also favor some means of lending the farmer government money at cheap rates of interest. The so-called "sub-treasury scheme," which proposes, in effect, that the government shall receive the farmer's products, particularly grain, and advance him a certain percentage of its value in certificates which shall circulate as money, is a part of this plan to secure the use of the government's resources to the farmer.

The Alliance may also be said to favor the government ownership of railroads. Those who do not go so far as this, generally favor such legislative control of the means of public transportation as shall make them more serviceable and less expensive to the farmers.

The Alliance also directs its efforts against the charging of usurious rates of interest, and demands more lenient terms for the mortgaged farmer who is unable to pay his debts.

The Alliance State platforms in general have demanded the prohibition of the ownership of land by aliens.

These are in the main the grievances and purposes of the Farmers' Alliance. Their purposes the members propose to accomplish by electing their own representatives to legislatures, to Congress, and to all official positions.

The principles of the Alliance are undoubtedly in opposition to the general plan upon which government in the United States has been administered in the past, which is that legislation should interfere as little as possible with the relations of citizens one with another, and that government should keep out of business enterprises so far as possible. The farmers, however, believe that those principles have been perverted to their injury, and therefore they demand the changes that have been described.

OF ONE BLOOD.

A year or two ago a desperate fight took place between the workmen of three coal-mines in Pennsylvania. There was no cause for it but the difference of nationality between the gangs. Poles and Hungarians were arrayed against the Irish and Germans.

A superintendent who had lived many years among the miners said to a visitor, "There is no hope that they will ever be reconciled. It is a contest of race; the antagonism is in their blood. An Irishman and a Hungarian hate each other by instinct, as a dog does a cat. We can never hope for peace in the mines."

In the first week of February in this year a mine was submerged at Jeansville. Most of the miners at work, some of them Irish, and some Poles and Huns, were killed by the foul air.

All operations were stopped, and a rescue-party of sixty men set to work to discover the bodies of the victims. The whole country-side was moved with horror and pity.

On the twentieth day it was found that four of the men were still alive, having been imprisoned for nearly three weeks without food in a "breast" or hole in the mine, four feet square. They were Hungarians and Poles.

The rescuing party, Irishmen, Americans and Germans, in a frenzy of zeal pushed into the narrow gangway leading to this living tomb, and six times were driven back, fainting, by the deadly black damp.

Each man knew that he remained in the gangway at the peril of his life, but not one turned back. At the eighth attempt they reached the breast, and found the men still breathing. They could not walk, and the gangway, two hundred feet long, was too narrow to allow of their being carried out.

The rescuers devised a plan. They lay down on their backs in the long passage. The feet of one man touched the head of another, and so, stifled by the fatal damp and nearly covered by water, they passed the unconscious victims over their own bodies to the mouth of the gangway.

Outside the opening, Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen, physicians, nurses, laborers and delicate women in great numbers, stood waiting breathless. By and by the line of rescuers appeared. The men were covered with mud and blood, their miners' lamps burning in their hats. But they carried the rescued men, and were met with sobs and tears of joy. By one impulse the great crowd began to sing the doxology:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Irishmen and Hungarians, Americans, Poles and Germans thanked God in their hearts together that these poor brothers of theirs were still alive. For beneath all race difference, God "hath made of one blood" all the peoples of the earth.

PLAYGROUNDS.

"Are you not afraid to have your son associate with such rough boys?" asked a lady the other day, as she pointed to a noisy game of base-ball in an adjacent field.

The father's answer was to this effect: "No; I am not afraid so long as I see them playing an honest game in the open field. They occasionally use words that I am sorry to hear; they occasionally have an altercation that is too violent; and now and then, but not often, there will be a fight.

"But, generally speaking, no great harm is done, and the good greatly preponderates. It is when they are not playing, and stand about idle and listless, and are thrown upon their mental resources for entertainment, that I begin to be afraid, and as soon as possible I get Johnny away."

There was sense in that father's remarks, and some parents in New York are acting upon his idea this spring in quite a vigorous and original manner.

They have formed themselves into a society, the chief object of which is to provide many more small playgrounds all over the city; not mere gardens and grass-plots, with gravel paths and flowery borders. These, too, are excellent in their place, and there are already many such in the city; but this society means to provide playgrounds where boys and girls can really play, and play as hard as they like, with no one to tell them to keep off the grass, and with not much grass to keep off.

The secretary of this society sketched the outline of an ingenious scheme the other day at one of the meetings. He said that a large plot of ground in Second Avenue near the East River had been given to the society for an indefinite period rent free, and this they intended to flood with water in December, and use it for a skating pond during the winter.

In the spring the water will be let off, and the

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plot covered with nice clean sand, upon which will be placed some simple and safe gymnastic apparatus, and a teacher provided to show the children how to use it. This is only one of many ideas which the society have under consideration.

In a town where there are good and convenient playgrounds and bathing places, the superfluous energies of the young are apt to be expended innocently and beneficially. Where such places are not provided, we ought not to be much surprised if the young people occasionally get into mischief.

IN HIS POCKET.

Jeremiah Mason, the celebrated lawyer, possessed to a marked degree the instinct for the weak point.

He was once cross-examining a witness who had previously testified to having heard Mr. Mason's client make a certain statement, and it was upon the evidence of that statement that the adversary's case was based.

Several questions were asked by Mr. Mason, all of which the witness answered with more or less hesitation. Then he was asked to repeat once more the statement he had heard made. Without hesitation, he gave it, word for word as he had given it in the direct examination.

A third time Mr. Mason led the witness around to this statement, and again it was repeated *verbatim*.

Then, without warning, he walked to the witness stand, and pointing straight at the witness, said in his high, nasal, perfectly unimpassioned voice:

"Let's see that paper you've got in your waistcoat pocket."

Taken completely by surprise, the witness mechanically took a paper from the pocket indicated, and handed it to Mr. Mason.

There was profound stillness in the court-room, as the lawyer slowly read, in his cold, calm voice, the exact words of the witness in regard to the statement, and called attention to the fact that they were in the handwriting of the lawyer on the other side. He then gathered up his papers with great deliberation, remarked that "there seemed to be no further need of his services," and left the court-room.

"Mr. Mason, how under the sun did you know that paper was there?" asked a brother lawyer.

"Well," replied Mr. Mason, "I thought he gave that part of his testimony more as if he'd learned it, than as if he'd *heard* it. And I noticed, every time he repeated it, he put his hand to his waistcoat pocket, and then let it fall again when he got through."

It was a simple explanation, but a very shrewd conclusion.

GOOD ROADS.

During the legislative year which includes the past winter, the governors of no fewer than six States of the Union have invited the attention of the legislators of their States to the subject of the improvement of wagon roads, and in two or three States acts have been passed looking toward a more systematic method of constructing and maintaining roads in country districts.

The practice in a great part of the country is to leave road construction and repair to the people of the individual "road districts," each of which is in charge of a road-master, who usually has no practical knowledge of the science of road-making. Once a year, for two or three days, the people turn out and help him pile up gravel or dirt in a sort of ridge upon the portion of the highways which is most out of repair, and the work is done.

Not unfrequently the roads are made worse by this process instead of better.

The Americans are a practical people, and have begun to realize that it is economy to have roads built according to a general system, under the superintendence of practical men who have learned the business of road-making.

Farmers and teamsters well understand the fact that a good road is worth money to them, because upon it they can sometimes carry twice as much weight at a wagon-load, with the same expenditure of horse-power, that they can carry on a bad road.

Furthermore, a road, once well built of macadam or other permanent material, requires less than one-quarter as much labor and expenditure to keep in repair as a common dirt or loose gravel road requires.

The country roads of to-day are often bare and unattractive. If well laid out, scientifically made, and lined with trees and shrubs, so as to bring out the natural beauties of the region, they might be an embellishment and advertisement of the country they serve.

GENERAL DU CASSE.

General du Casse was active in all the campaigns of the French Revolution and of the Empire from 1792 to 1814, and won his military rank on the battlefield. As described by his son in his "*Souvenirs d'un aide-de-camp du Roi Jérome*," he was a man of rugged character, gifted with much wit and mental ability, and as an officer he was energetic, tolerant in many things, but inflexible in regard to discipline.

His subordinate officers were allowed no carelessness in the matter of military bearing. One day he saw pass his window M. Paira and M. de Bonnemains. One of these young officers wore spurs; the other did not. The next day this order was posted:

"M. Paira, sub-lieutenant, is under arrest for twenty-four hours, for having appeared in spurred boots, being an infantry officer; M. de Bonnemains, sub-lieutenant, is under arrest for twenty-four hours for having appeared in boots without spurs, being a cavalry officer."

When Charles X. visited Amiens, etiquette demanded that the Mayor of the town should go to meet him, and present him with the keys of the city on a silver plate, with an appropriate address.

The Mayor, M. Daveluy-Ballincourt, was at a loss as to what he should say to the King, and with the civil and military authorities he waited upon General du Casse, asked his advice, and received this reply:

"You have a very simple duty to perform, sir. It is to say to the King, as you present the keys, 'Sire, I have the honor to place in your Majesty's hands the keys of your loyal town of Amiens, and I beg your Majesty to hunt for the gates!'"

Amiens had, in fact, neither walls nor gates; only a citadel overlooking the town.

A Yachting Serial.

Next week's COMPANION, the Monthly Double Number, will contain the first chapter of an entertaining Serial Story of Yachting Adventure, by Herbert D. Ward, entitled

"The Captain of the Kittiewink."

SNOW INDOORS.

The same causes which produce a fall of snow in the open air—namely, a subjection of a moist atmosphere to a temperature cold enough to crystallize the drops of moisture which are formed—may, of course, take place under artificial conditions.

La Nature, a French journal of science, relates that a gentleman who was walking rapidly along the street on a cold, fair day, and had, by violent exercise, brought himself into a condition of profuse perspiration, took off his tall hat in saluting a friend.

As he did so, he was astonished to feel what was apparently a slight fall of snow upon his head. Upon passing his hand over his head, he found several unmistakable flakes of snow there.

It is supposed that the freezing outer air condensed the moist warm air within the gentleman's tall hat so suddenly that a veritable snow-storm, of miniature proportions, was produced upon his head.

A similar incident is related by the same journal. During the past winter, on a very cold, clear night, an evening party was given in a *salon* in Stockholm, Sweden. Many people were gathered together in a single room, and it became so warm, in the course of the evening, that several ladies complained of feeling ill.

An attempt was then made to raise a window, but the sashes had been frozen in their place, and it was impossible to move them.

In this situation, as it was absolutely necessary that air should be admitted, a pane of glass was smashed out. A cold current at once rushed in; and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room.

The entrance of a frosty current into an atmosphere which was saturated with moisture had produced a snow-fall indoors.

ALMOST STARVED.

In one way and another we are all frequently reminded of the uncertainty attaching to human judgments. A grown man, in the full possession of his faculties,—as we commonly speak,—certainly ought to know when he is hungry. Yet an experience like the following, related by "Taverner" in the Boston *Post*, is probably not very exceptional:

I was engaged yesterday morning in preparing part of an interesting chapter in my new work on the origin and development of the bonnet. I had got as far as the head-dress worn by the Athenian matrons to the theatre, and was naturally much engrossed with the work, when an inward monitor, in a still, small, but yet unmistakable voice, suggested "lunch." I looked at my watch—it said three o'clock!

Now I always take luncheon at half-past one, never, in any emergency, later than two. But three o'clock! I felt ill and faint.

I started for the club, feeling like Rip Van Winkle when he came home for his lunch twenty years late. I passed a friend, and tried to slink by without his noticing, but I could see that he looked upon me sadly and askance, as if I were in some way a stricken wether of the flock.

I went in and sat down. Somehow every one else seemed to be late. I looked at the clock, it was exactly twenty-five minutes of two. I looked at my watch again. It was still three o'clock. It had stopped during the night.

Now mark the result. I instantly recovered from the starvation from which I had been suffering, and began to converse in my usual cheerful and intelligent manner. But I did not mention the extraordinary behavior of my watch, which I now reveal only in strict confidence.

A CORRECTION.

Some words are so generally misapplied that many people imagine them to be quite correct and even elegant in certain instances when they are really out of place.

"Will you tell me how near to the station this car goes?" asked a mild-featured old lady of the conductor on a suburban horse car.

"What station?" inquired the conductor, with an air of great forbearance. "Do you mean the police station? We don't go anywhere near it."

"No, I meant —" began the old lady.

"Oh, I suppose you mean the fire-engine station," interrupted the conductor. "Well, we go within about five minutes' walk of that."

"I meant the railway station," ejaculated the old lady, with a considerably flushed countenance.

"Oh, the *depot*," said the conductor, in a tone of great superiority. "We pass close by it."

"Thank you," said the old lady, politely, and the conductor evidently felt that she was suppressed, and he had administered a needed lesson in English.

AN ORIENTAL JOKE.

The Oriental races are not without a sense of humor, which is often of a very grim sort. A European traveller, who was visiting the court of the Imam of Muscat not long ago, relates the following:

I had heard that no ruler of Muscat for the last hundred years had died a natural death, and was interested when, in our conversation, the Imam himself introduced the matter of this extraordinary fatality among the sovereigns of his country.

"Is it true," I ventured to ask, "that no Imam for a hundred years has died in his bed?"

"Certainly not," said he, with a perfectly grave face. "Let me see—four of them have died in bed."

"And they were not assassinated, then?"

"Well," he said, "it is true that they were found under the mattress instead of on top of it, but they unquestionably died in bed."

They had been smothered by their heirs apparent.

"Brown's Vermifuge Comfits," or worm lozenges, will be found a very beneficial medicine. They are pleasant to the taste, free from coloring matter, and no child will refuse to take them. 25 cents a box. [*Adv.*

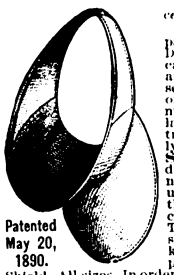


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What do you want of a lamp? If to bother the care-taker, don't get the "Pittsburgh." It gives more light, and burns less oil than any other central-draft lamp. Will you write for a primer?

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Nature's Foot. Hose to Fit.

Knit to Fit the Foot Perfectly at All Points.

Saves discomfort; no wrinkles, no cramped toes. (Notice the shape.)

Saves darning; the big toe, having room enough, stays inside the stocking.

A sure relief for those afflicted with ingrowing nails, corns, bunions, or unnatural heat and perspiration of the feet.

If your dealer hasn't them we will mail 2 pairs Soft Lisle or 3 pairs Fine Cotton on receipt of $1.00.

Mention size shoe worn. (*Men's only.*)

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Richardson's Linen Dress Foundations are the best for all materials.

They do not cling, they do not split, they do not shrink.

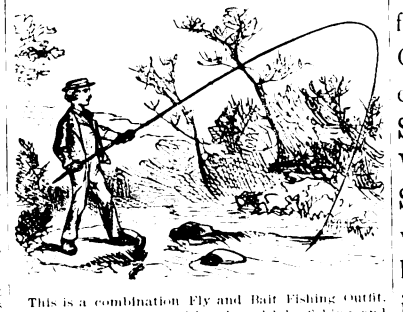
They slip on easily and, in use, are equal to silk.

Made in shades to match all the fashionable dress fabrics, 32 inches wide, at 25 cents per yard.

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For Spring Fishing.



This is a combination Fly and Bait Fishing Outfit. It is designed for general brook and lake fishing, and for the money cannot be excelled.

The Rod is a fine one, in 3 sections, 9½ feet long, with lance wood tip, double ferrule, brass cap to butt, and ringed throughout.

The Outfit contains, with the Rod, 1 Pat. Reel, 45-foot Linen Line, 6 Snelled Hooks, 2 Fly Hooks, 1 3-foot Leader, 1 Float, 1 Bait Box and 1 Box Split Shot.

Price, $1.00. Postage and packing 24 cents.

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A Pronounced Success!

These goods are of a fine texture, soft and flexible, and drape perfectly, making an inexpensive and serviceable dress at the same time, the styles, finish and general effect are not excelled by the most expensive fabrics (cream grounds). We are showing an extra large assortment of styles from which to select, 22 inches wide,

20 cts. per yard.

Postage on 12 yards, which is an ordinary dress pattern, is 15 cts. Send for samples.

JORDAN, MARSH & CO., Boston, U. S. A.

Spring, 1891.

"TOILE DU NORD"

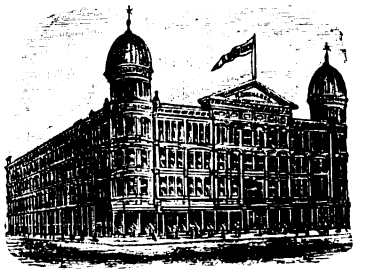
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For the Companion.

THE GIRL WITH A TASTE FOR MUSIC.

By Madame Emma Albani.

My first thought, in giving advice to a young girl desirous of becoming a singer, would be to warn her of the very great obstacles to be surmounted, to give her an idea of the courage and patience which are necessary to success, and to ask her if she was perfectly sure that she was destined and fitted for this career.

If her voice really warrants cultivation, and if she has the necessary determination, I would then say, "Go ahead, and godspeed!" I succeeded, and why should not she succeed also?

At the same time it often seems to me as if many pupils of vocal culture in our days begin, and are permitted to begin, in the wrong way. They often begin too late; and more than this, not enough weight is placed upon what I consider the absolute necessity of a thorough, all-round musical education. I was particularly fortunate in this respect, and I attribute a great deal of my success as a singer to the fact that I was well trained in all the other branches of music. When I was eight years old I was thoroughly conversant with nearly all the classical piano-forte music and could play most of the Beethoven and Mozart sonatas. When I left Albany and went to Paris to study, I was seventeen years old, and although my whole idea was to study music, strangely enough I had no idea of becoming a singer.

I studied in Paris the piano-forte and organ-playing, composition and also the voice. Dear old Duprez, my master, finally told me that I ought to give up all the rest and devote myself solely to singing, and this I determined to do.

At that time, Prince Poniatowski, the well-known Polish musician and composer, told me that the French school was not suited for my voice, and insisted that I should study in Italy. It was finally decided that I should go to Lamperti, the celebrated Milanese master. With him I remained nine months. This may at first seem a short time, but it must be remembered how much and how thoroughly I had studied before.

If a student has the real genius of song, it will show itself very soon under proper teaching. If she is destined to sing she will sing; and although it is very far from my idea to recommend slovenliness or shirking, it is also true that the mere training of the voice can be overdone.

Assuming that the beginner has reached the point where her public career is about to begin, the time comes when some really valuable advice can be given. Up to that time her master will be her helper and guide. She must, of course, take the greatest care of her health, for anything which is bad for the general health of the body is also bad for the voice, and vice-versa.

It is especially necessary that the stomach and digestive organs should be in a thoroughly good condition, and for this reason a singer should avoid all indigestible food. Nuts, cakes and candies are especially bad for the voice, and a strengthening, simple diet is the best to adopt.

A great deal of exercise and fresh air are absolutely necessary. For an opera singer, who is probably getting plenty of active exercise on the stage, I consider driving to be the best open-air exercise; and there is never a day, no matter what the weather may be, that I do not drive for an hour and a half, making a special point of this on singing days.

With regard to clothing, the chief thing, of course, is not to catch cold. Singers should be careful not to muffle up their throats, for this only makes that precious organ the more susceptible to exposure. Conversation is to be avoided on singing days; but otherwise it is an excellent exercise for the voice, and to be recommended within moderate limits.

These simple precautions are not difficult to follow. They do not inconvenience to any great extent, and they repay tenfold.

The first appearance of a beginner will always be a very trying occasion, but to her her art must be sacred, and she must live up to its highest canons. Not only must she show what she has learned, but also what she is herself. The voice itself comes from God, and the acquirement of vocal technique is a mere matter of routine. It is in the singing itself, the phrasing and the declamation, that the artist shows what is her very own—her artistic personality.

Probably the young cantatrice will be intoxicated by her first applause. It is indeed the most grateful of all tributes to the artist; but she must not be induced by this to think that she is perfect. Artists should never cease to study; and they will find that, however well they sing, it is always possible to improve.

I have been particularly fortunate in the degree of success I have obtained during my career, but this has not debarred me from constantly studying. Even now, in my oldest operas, I often find that an improvement may be made in the manner of singing some of the passages and phrases.

If young artists will do this, they may not be able at first to find what they want; but by perseverance the right expression will be found, and it will even come sometimes quite unexpectedly when they are before the public. This will surprise them, but it will also be a delight and a reward for many anxious hours of study.

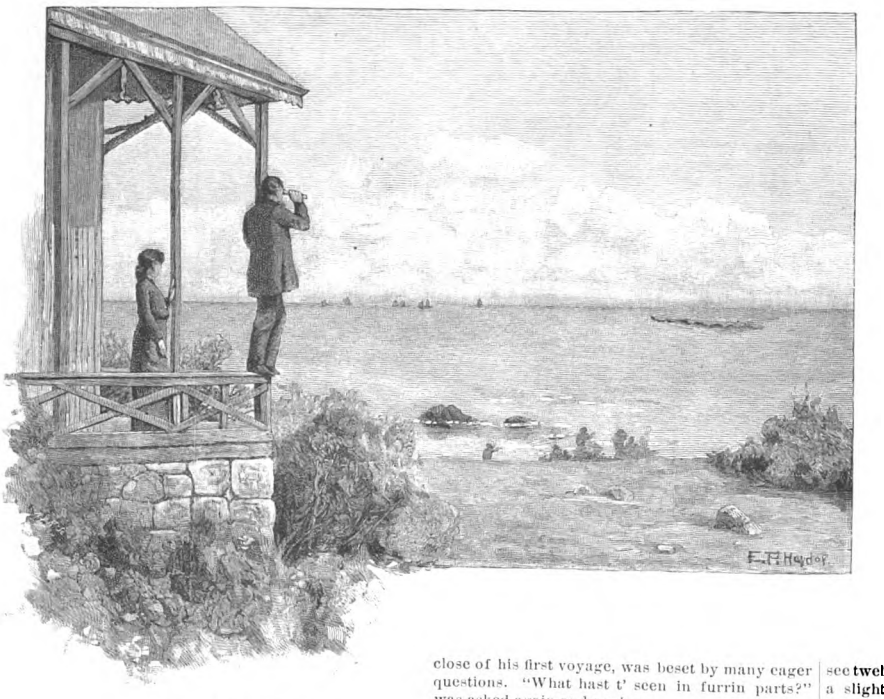
It is a very necessary thing for a singer to take a vacation every year, during which time all singing is absolutely given up. I have a pleasant place in Scotland, Old Marr Lodge, near Brynmarr, where I spend two months every year, August and September. This place is fourteen miles from Balmoral Castle. I was highly pleased and flattered when, one day last year, the Queen drove over and called upon me and stayed for a cup of tea. She has often assured me of the great pleasure which she took in my singing, but I feel especially complimented by her visit.

Although vacations are undoubtedly necessary, both for the student and for the finished singer, still they should not be too long, for in that case ground would be lost which it might be a laborious matter to recover.

Before closing I want most especially to speak of Wagner's music in its relation to the singer, because I wish most positively to deny the theory that it is in itself injurious to the voice. Of course much of his beautiful music is very difficult to sing. The intervals are new and unusual, and there are many very long sustained notes and *cantabile* passages which must be sung carefully. But I maintain that to a properly trained singer, and there is the whole point of my argument, Wagner's music need have no terrors.

If a young and inexperienced artist attempts to sing these parts, it is very likely that the result will be injurious. The school-days are only just over, and the voice has not yet learned how best to make use of its freedom. It is always best to begin with simple tasks in any art or profession; but in the case of a singer, when a few years have brought experience and self-reliance, she should be able to sing anything without injury to her voice, always provided that it is properly trained in the first instance.

In closing I wish to say that if these few words of mine give any help to any of my aspiring young compatriots, I shall feel that my trip to America has indeed served a doubly successful purpose.



Watching the Sea-Serpent.

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

In the Autobiography of Chester Harding, the celebrated portrait painter, lately published, we get a glimpse or two of boy life and character as they appeared fifty or sixty years ago.

In 1824 the artist was in England, painting portraits of the nobility with great success, and he noticed a certain difference between the behavior of English and of American boys, as well as between the ordinary English and American holiday crowd.

He found the English people, both young and old, better behaved, better-tempered, and much happier than the Americans. He never saw any wrangling among the poorer class of people, but, on the contrary, a social and friendly disposition which he thought did not exist in the United States. In America, he said, on any holiday like an election or general training, "The lower classes of society considered themselves licensed to get drunk and render themselves as beastly as possible, and I hardly remember an instance of a holiday of the kind to pass over without a fight, and sometimes a dozen of them."

In England he observed nothing of the kind, neither in the streets, nor at the fairs, nor at any other place of amusement. If in passing a crowd in the streets, he happened to run against an English boy, or tread upon his toe, the boy immediately pulled off his hat and begged pardon. It was not so at home, he remarked. If a passer-by "happened to encroach upon the rights of one of our republican boys, he would let fly a volley of mud-rockets at him," and hurl offensive oaths.

A statement of this kind cannot but surprise readers of the present generation, who see nothing of the kind on public occasions in America. Joseph Jefferson, however, in his Autobiography confirms Mr. Harding's statement, attributing the improvement in the behavior of our boys to the common schools.

Mr. Harding gives an anecdote of a boy whom he employed in his Boston studio, which seems to indicate a lack of knowledge of at least the language of good manners.

Upon coming into his studio one day, the boy handed him a card, and said that the gentleman who left it wanted to pay Mr. Harding something.

"But," said Harding, "he owes me nothing."

"Well," replied the boy, "that was what he said; but I can't remember what it was he wanted to pay."

"Was it his respects?"

"Oh, yes, sir; that was it."

For the Companion.

THE SEA-SERPENT.

With here and there a marked exception, scientific men admit, at least, that they are not justified in denying the possibility of the existence of such monsters as the "sea-serpent," while many declare in emphatic terms their firm belief that such creatures do exist.

The common incredulity regarding them reminds me of a story which seems so much to the point that I will repeat it. It was something like this.

A Scotch sailor lad, returning to his home at the close of his first voyage, was beset by many eager questions. "What hast t' seen in furrin parts?" was asked again and again.

In reply he said that he had been where rum flowed in rivers, and where tall mountains were made entirely of sugar. At this point his imagination failed him, and he came down to solid fact, telling of the shoals of flying-fish which he had really seen in tropic seas.

His aged mother, at this point, felt constrained to reprove her son. Raising her horn-bowed spectacles, and frowning indignantly, she exclaimed, "Nae! Nae! Jock; mountains of sugar may be, and rivers of rum may be; but fish to flee ne'er can be!"

So thousands to-day, who are gullible in regard to many impossibilities, join the incredulous and smile knowingly whenever they hear any allusion to the sea-serpent.

Said a lady to me, not long since, "There are those who will never believe in it until they handle it, and then they won't." Was she not right?

I confess that I blame no one for a disbelief of most of the stories concerning sea-serpents which appear in print. Their falsity is stamped upon their face. While granting this, I stoutly claim that when one has thrown aside as worthless all the yarns of sailors and the stories of landsmen upon which rests the taint of suspicion, there still remains a residuum of evidence which cannot justly be ignored.

My own firm belief is based both upon what my eyes have seen, and upon the unimpeachable testimony of many men, some of them under oath, whose word upon any other subject would be taken without a question.

Bronzed fishermen, whose lives have been spent in their dories, captains of coasters and steamers who have grown gray upon the ocean, officers high in rank in both the American and British navies, as well as sagacious business men, whose eyes and judgments are not easily deceived, alike bear testimony to what they have seen; and yet in many minds the doubt still remains.

Men have even become unwilling to meet the ridicule bestowed upon those who have the hardihood to declare that they have seen a sea-serpent. This feeling was expressed by an old sea-captain, who exclaimed, "If I should see a thousand sea-sarpints, I never'd tell on't."

Another, Captain Cooper of the English ship *Carlisle Castle*, after his experience in reporting what he had seen upon one of his voyages to Melbourne, said in disgust:

"I don't see any more serpents. It is too much to be told that I can't tell the difference between seaweed and a live body. If twenty serpents come on the starboard, all hands shall be ordered to look to port. No London penny-a-liner shall again say that Austin Cooper is a liar and a fool."

I have myself received two or three letters from persons who admit that they have been restrained by this fear from reporting what they have seen.

But now for my story. For fifteen summers I have spent several months, each season, in my cottage at Pigeon Cove, at the extreme point of Cape Ann, Massachusetts.

Here I am really ten miles out at sea, where the water is so deep that large steamers come almost within a stone's throw of the rocky shore. Here it has been my delight, day after day, to sit upon my piazza and watch every changing feature of sea or sky, and to admire their beauty or grandeur in calm or storm.

I have thus learned, with a quick eye, to detect any strange appearance of animal life which breaks the surface. By this long experience I was better prepared than most men would be, to judge in regard to the nature of the exhibition which I was permitted to see.

It was about one o'clock on the afternoon of August 12, 1886. The day was exceedingly clear, and the sea almost like a polished mirror, so calm was its surface.

Dinner was out of the way, and I was seated upon the sofa, engaged in study, when I heard some one approaching with rapid steps. It proved to be Mr. Calvin W. Pool, town clerk of Rockport, who was surveying in the vicinity.

A knock at the door and the hurried exclamation, "There is some strange thing out here; I think it is the sea-serpent!" brought me to the piazza with marine glass in hand.

Mr. Pool returned quickly to his transit instrument for further observation, and I mounted the rail and fixed the glass upon a moving object, but a little more than an eighth of a mile from land, slowly plowing its way northward along the shore, in a line parallel with it, and turning the water as a plow turns the sod.

My position was about fifty feet above the sea level, and but thirty-six from the rocks which form the shore.

My opportunity for securing a good view was excellent, and I certainly improved it to the best of my ability, not taking my eyes from the strange visitor while he remained above the surface. I saw it approaching, passing and departing, and had no question that I was looking upon the veritable sea-serpent.

Its movement was not like that of the true serpent, which is always lateral, as it must be from the construction of its vertebræ, but a vertical one, reminding me of the leach or bloodsucker of my boyhood.

The distance over which I saw it pass was perhaps a mile and a half, and the head was almost constantly in sight, visible, but not distinctly seen, since it was partially obscured by the water which was thrown over it as its muzzle or cranium cut the surface. This foamy water was so noticeable that several exclaimed, "His head is white!"

Back of the head I could distinctly see twelve or fifteen feet of the body, which showed a slight vertical movement, while back of this, where the movement was greater, the depressions were below the surface and the elevations caused a dozen or more ridges.

I attempted to count these, but their movement made it impossible. The centres of these elevations were certainly six or seven feet apart, so that I am sure the whole length of the body could not have been less than one hundred feet, although in my desire to speak within bounds, I reported it as not less than eighty. The tail, which I was eager to see, did not come into sight.

I am constantly asked, "How did it look?" I can only reply, "It looked like a huge sea-serpent and like nothing else."

As to its size, it is difficult to speak, since I do not know that the largest diameter was visible. An empty barrel, floating by, will reveal its full size, but ballast it well and but very little will be shown.

My best judgment, after careful consideration, is that its head, which was at no time raised entirely out of water, was as large as a ten-gallon keg, and the body, at the thickest part, fully as large as a flour-barrel. The surface of the body seemed as smooth as the head of a wet seal, and there was nothing to indicate that it was propelled by fins or flippers. There certainly was no sign of a dorsal fin.

The back was of a dark brown color, and it appeared to be somewhat mottled with a lighter shade. It is possible, however, that this effect may have been produced by the varying depths of water above it.

As the head moved through the water, wakes were caused on each side as by the cut-water of a passing tug; and from my elevated position I could distinctly see the movements of the body between them, as they widened out more and more.

There was also a wake, less marked, behind the rearmost hump. These wakes were noticeable for some time after the creature had passed.

There was no turning from a direct course, and the speed was not more than four or five miles an hour. The rate of progress gave ample time for a good view. When the creature had reached a point about a half mile to the northeast of us, the undulatory movement seemed to cease, and the

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body to be for a moment extended along the surface, after which it disappeared.

When I took the glass from my eyes, my little lawn was covered with people, friends and strangers, who had come, as if by magic, to obtain a sight. They were not counted, but I am sure there were not less than fifty. Most of them were obliged to content themselves with their own unaided vision, and many did not reach the spot in season to secure the best view; but all were agreed that they had seen with more or less distinctness a genuine sea-serpent, and rejoiced in the sight.

Mr. Pool's glass magnifies twenty-five diameters, and upon subsequent consultations, I found that we agreed perfectly as to the general appearance, as well as upon many minor details.

At his request and that of several of my neighbors, I immediately wrote a letter to the Boston *Journal*, giving a brief account, which was telegraphed over the country and very largely copied and commented upon by the press.

While many of the papers accepted my account as worthy of credence, others met it with ridicule, and others still made suggestions as to what it might have been. These suggestions have been carefully considered over and over again, and I am compelled to say that to accept any one of them would require a far greater stretch of the imagination than to believe as I do.

Says one, confidently, "It was only an old spar or log." Another, "It was a mass of seaweed, slowly floating by. Such things have often deceived people; but further investigation has proved them mistaken."

But let me ask a question. Do floating objects go with the tide or across it? It was high water that day at ten o'clock in the forenoon. At one, therefore, the tide must have been three hours out, and setting strongly to the eastward from Ipswich Bay. The creature of which I write moved in a northerly direction, directly across the current.

Again, inanimate objects moving with the tide do not cause even a ripple; but in this case the foam was thrown up, as by a vessel "with a bone in its teeth." With these two facts in mind, I think no one would maintain that I was deceived by anything which was simply floating with the tide.

But you say, "Was it not carried by the wind?" No; this was impossible, since, as I have said, it was a dead calm, and the sails of distant schooners were hanging idly, without a breath to fill them. I hazard nothing, then, in saying that neither wind nor tide could account for the phenomenon which received my careful scrutiny.

The suggestion is made that it was a grampus. Well, let us see. I am familiar with this small species of whale and have often seen a school, as each broke the surface, spouted, revealed a dorsal fin two or three feet long, and then disappeared, to come up and repeat the operation again and again.

Is there any resemblance in all this to the steady, forward movement which I witnessed for at least ten minutes?

"It must have been a sword-fish," you say. It is true that the sword-fish often swims for a long distance just below the surface; but the fisherman always sees a dorsal fin, while the head and most of the back are not visible. If the largest sword-fish were to show his whole back, it would hardly present a tenth of the length which I saw, and would be quite devoid of the undulations which were so marked a characteristic of this appearance.

But how about porpoises? Some have mistaken a shoal of them for the supposed sea-serpent.

These animals I have seen in their merry gambols, now one, now three, now ten perhaps in sight, at once, each tumbling "on his own hook." How absurd to suppose that one porpoise would or could, without a tumble or a leap, cut the water for ten minutes, and each remaining individual follow this self-appointed leader in a direct line!

Twice, since that memorable August day, have I taken pains to watch a school of porpoises with the same glass and at about the same distance; and in both instances there was not in their positions the least semblance to a line, and each invariably threw up the spray as he broke the surface. There was not only no resemblance to what I saw, but the effect could hardly have been more unlike what I have described than it was.

"But Mr. Murray saw flocks of birds on Lake Champlain which others had mistaken for a sea-serpent."

Perhaps he did. I think I recall some of his stories; but seabirds do not fly here in the middle of August, and if they did, how preposterous to suppose that they would be ten minutes in going a mile and a half on a calm day! The rate at which they fly is from forty to one hundred miles an hour, while that which I witnessed was but five or six. Let a duck, for instance, slow up to the latter rate, and how long could he sustain himself upon the wing?

It is equally preposterous to suppose that any flock of birds could at that short distance, and at midday, deceive fifty people into supposing that they were beholding a monster partially below the surface.

"Granting, then, that what you saw was none of these, what do you really think it was?"

Certainly not a snake—the ophidian of the naturalist—but just what I cannot tell. The doubting scientist admits that monsters which might properly give rise to the name sea-serpent did exist in ancient seas, and that their fossil remains may be seen in every great museum; and I am not yet convinced that descendants of the plesiosaurids, the zeuglodonts or other monsters of the different geological periods do not still exist.

I am not sure but that in the equatorial valleys, at depths of from ten to twenty thousand feet, they might have escaped the destruction of the frozen æons which devastated the land and shallower waters.

It is not necessary, however, to insist that such is the case. Species, families and even genera, new to science, may inhabit these profound depths.

It is said, by way of argument, that no remains have been found. Grant it. Who knows what uncouth beings of immense size inhabit these submarine recesses, and who would expect that dying, their remains would be cast upon distant shores, to be dissected by the zoölogist's knife?

There they live and feed; there they fight and gambol, except as occasionally some straggler makes his way into shallower waters, and, in an hour of quiet calm, disports upon the surface, exciting the wonder of the fortunate beholder and the envy of those less favored.

Such a creature may return again, undisturbed, to his native haunts, by and by, to die and to leave his bones by the side of kindred, there to lie, unmoved by wave or currents upon the ocean's oozy bed.

I have now read scores of sea-serpent accounts, and while I should discredit many at a glance, many yet remain which I cannot ignore. They can be explained only upon the supposition that there exists in the ocean a variety of gigantic forms of animal life as yet unclassified.

I have an impression that at least three distinct forms, unlike any known fish, reptile or cetacean have been described. One of these is serpentine throughout; one has a short neck, with flippers on either side, well forward, and a long, tapering body behind; and a third is a "serpento-turtleological" sort of a creature—a serpent with a turtle annex, or if you choose, a four-flippered turtle with a long serpentine prefix.

It is vain, however, to speculate until more knowledge is secured; and this cannot be obtained to order. Opportunities for original investigation are certainly very limited, and a belief in the existence of the creatures must rest upon the testimony of comparatively few in any one decade. But the accumulated testimony of the centuries will stand.

GRANVILLE B. PUTNAM.

For the Companion.

READING INDIAN "SIGN."

By Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A.

First Paper.



It is now nearly forty years since, as a young lieutenant stationed in Florida, I received my first lesson in reading Indian sign.

To appreciate the difficulty of communicating with Indians, let those who are unacquainted with the ordinary means employed, fancy all the individual names in a community suddenly obliterated. Under such circumstances some means would have to be adopted by which individuals could be designated.

As no one could refer to Mr. Smith, Mrs. Jones, or Miss Thompson by name, each one would have to be designated by some personal peculiarity. Mr. Smith, for example, might be called, if he were cross-eyed, "The man who looks two ways." Mrs. Jones, if she happened to be the possessor of a pug nose, would be "The woman whose nose looks at the sun;" and so on.

Now this is exactly the plan followed by Indians, —not in designating each other, for they have names to use,—but to white men, ignorance of whose names compels the Indian to manufacture appellations for the occasion.

They will speak of one white man as "The man who got off his horse." A colonel who wears an eagle on his shoulder they will call "The man whose spirit is a bird;" an old man, "The man with a gray beard;" and a major-general, "The man with two stars."

If the fact is recalled that the Indian is entirely ignorant of either writing or reading, we at once perceive how much more difficult communication becomes. Each tribe has its distinct language, and generally the native tongues are as far apart as English and French. Hence, in communicating with one another, the necessity of the sign language which is used in common by almost all the Plains Indians.

In forming this language, much the same principles are followed as govern the language of our deaf-mutes; and I have been assured that Prairie Indians have, in visiting deaf and dumb asylums, often understood the language used there.

These signs are interpreted literally by the Indians when conversing. I recall an amusing instance of this in an interview which took place between Captain Casey of the army and Billy Bowlegs, chief of the Florida Seminoles. Captain Casey had not seen Billy for some time, but had heard that a son had been born to him recently. Captain Casey spoke the Seminole language imperfectly, and therefore, when acting without an interpreter, was accustomed to help himself out with "signs."

He congratulated Billy upon the birth of a son, holding his hand about two feet and a half from the ground. Billy expressed surprise, and said, "No, it was a mistake."

The captain then called in an interpreter to explain what he had heard. Billy's face lit up, and he said that indeed he had a son, but—placing his hand about eighteen inches from the ground—not as large a one as the captain had intimated!

It is a matter of surprise how accurately information may be conveyed by sign language alone when one is skilled in its use. Some years ago, when an interpreter serving at the post of Fort Washakie was riding some distance from the post, he met an Indian who could not speak a word of English, and whose language the interpreter could not speak. Yet the Indian informed him of the recent death of Captain Clarke, of the Second Cavalry, many hundred miles away.

The feat seems to be almost incredible until we reflect upon the importance of individual names in conveying personal information. The death of any individual could easily be made known by simply giving the sign for dying or "going under," which is made by holding the left hand in front of the body and waving the right underneath it.

But the Indian could not say, "Captain Clarke is dead," unless Captain Clarke was known to him and the man to whom he was talking, in some way by which he could designate him; and this proved to be the fact. Captain Clarke was known amongst the Plains Indians as "the chief with the white hat," from his practice of wearing a head-covering of that color while on duty on the plains.

An Indian who is travelling, and desires to leave behind him information for those who come after, will take pains to leave "sign" on his trail easily recognized as belonging to him, or at least to his tribe. Each tribe has a special way of making moccasins, and an imprint of a foot in soft ground will give information to those who know it. If the Indian passes through brush, he will break down twigs to show where he has passed, or, on the prairie, pile up a heap of stones. Of course if he wishes to leave no sign he takes great pains to avoid doing any of these things.

An Indian who is looking for sign will closely examine everything as he goes along; and the sign must be very faint indeed which escapes his eye. A blade of grass pressed to the earth hours before he sees it is sufficient to attract his attention.

This close observation and his quick eye is what makes the Indian the best trailer in the world, whether what he is after is an enemy, game, or a runaway horse.

It is amusing to watch an intelligent Indian when, transported from the scenes of his wild life, he enters civilization and sees so many things which are new to him. His outward appearance is stoical in the extreme, and he says little; but his eyes are always on the alert, and he closely notes every object within their range.

In 1876, when our troops were approaching Custer's battle-field on the Little Big Horn, my Crow scouts in front discovered Indians and gave chase to them. Before they could overtake them they succeeded in crossing the Big Horn River; but in their flight one of them dropped some article which, being picked up by the pursuers, revealed the fact that the Indians they were pursuing were not Sioux, as they supposed, but members of their own tribe who had escaped from Custer's battle-field.

Previous to that, in the same year, and while my column was moving down the Yellowstone to form a junction with General Terry's, my Crow scouts reported that there were Indians in front, and that



they had given chase to them and followed them some distance. Later, one of the Crows picked up a little package containing a piece of cheese and some crackers dropped on the trail of the fleeing horsemen, and announced that those they had followed were white men.

I was expecting every hour to get news of General Terry, and felt very sure that these men were couriers from him. This turned out to be true, and that night messengers from him reached my camp.

Skilled frontiersmen who study these things under the Indians would have drawn the same inferences as the Crows did in these two cases. But white men unskilled in the ways of Indians would simply have reported "Indians in front."

Although all Indians are skilled in the use and interpretation of signs, the so-called "sign language," while generally used east of the Rocky Mountains, is very little in vogue on the Pacific Coast. There the common medium for conversation between Indians of different tribes and with the whites is a jargon called Chinook, a curious conglomeration of words said to have been invented by the Hudson Bay Company officials and afterward generally adopted by both whites and Indians.

In this language an American is called a "Boston man," while an Englishman is known as a "King George man." The number of words in the language is said to be very few, and the meaning of words is varied by the intonation placed upon them; but poor as the language is, it seems to serve the purpose of enabling people to communicate with one another.

It is very amusing to witness the meeting of two long-separated whites who lived on the Pacific Coast in early times. They almost invariably drop their own language and converse in the Chinook jargon. All this "sign" lore was a closed book to me when the incident occurred by means of which I received my first lesson in sign-reading.

For the Companion.

THE PERSECUTED PARSON.

Once there lived in Boston a certain famous and learned preacher. Being a preacher of the Gospel, he was a good man, of course; but I grieve to say there was one unhappy fault which marred his amiable Christian character.

He did not love cats—not even innocent kittens! He detested and despised them all as worthless and futile creatures, and seemed to have doubts of the wisdom of Providence in creating them in such immoderate profusion.

As few persons suspected this hidden fault, he was loved and honored by good people, even before he was cured of his regretable antipathy; and just how he was cured, and rendered more worthy of respect and affection, my story will tell.

The house in which the minister lived had, before his coming, been occupied by a nice dog-and-cat-loving family, who had removed to a distant part of the city, taking with them all their pets. One of these, a pretty Maltese pussy, did not like the change, but pined with homesickness; and at last made her way, no one could tell how, to the parsonage.

She was kindly received by the family, but promptly returned to her mistress, only to remain while shut up and watched. For a week or so she passed back and forth, like a weaver's shuttle, between the two homes. Then her forsaken mistress became discouraged, and gave her up.

Her new mistress was kind, and the children of the family made much of her, yet she was not altogether happy. She found that the nursery, an old haunt of hers, had been turned into the minister's study, and perceived that the minister was not friendly enough to encourage her to any intimacy. Yet she insisted on maintaining her old territorial rights, and would take neither hints nor rebuffs from him.

A wonderfully good-natured and playful creature was Araminta,—that was her new name,—and whenever the reverend gentleman undertook to expel her from his sanctum, she would lead him a pretty dance, taking the eviction in fun, as a bit of clerical sportiveness.

One day, when the minister had an unusually important discourse to write, and was unusually nervous, he sternly put his tormentor forth, and locked the door. Araminta stopped just outside and mewed piteously and persistently, till the minister's good wife banished her to the yard.

Indignant, but not conquered, the culprit scampered around the corner of the parsonage, climbed a tree, and from its branches leaped upon a balcony just outside the study windows.

It was a November day—rainy and east-windy. The minister, disturbed in his writing by a wild, plaintive mew, looked around, to see a poor little cat-face peering in upon him and his cozy quarters, lighted and warmed by a pleasant wood fire.

The appeal of the faithful creature was too much for the minister. His unkind anti-pussyite prejudices, already much undermined by Araminta's charms, gave way altogether. He sprang up, opened the window, and said gently, "Poor pussy, come in out of the cold!"

She came, you may believe, and a moment later was purring on the hearth-rug, casting on her clerical friend a grateful glance now and then. She had conquered, but she was not proud.

After that capitulation, Araminta had the freedom of the study, and not even when, some six months later, she came as a happy mother, lugging her offspring by the nape of the neck, and depositing kitten after kitten, to the number of four, in the waste-paper basket, was she sent away.

It was the minister himself who went. He took his vacation rather early that summer.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

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SUGGESTIONS

EXAMINATION OF TURF.

Cut a six-inch cube of turf from the lawn and carefully examine it.

How many kinds of grass and weeds can you find in it?

Note how their roots are interlocked.

What insect life can you find?

Have insects any permanent homes there?

Note the variety of mineral forms.

For the Companion.

PAN IN THE ORCHARD.

He carved a flute of elder green,
And notched it well and true,
Then pursed his lips and puffed his cheeks
And merrily he blew.

For it was spring-time holiday,
A sun-tanned boy was he,
With russet freckles on his face
And a patch upon his knee.

The apple-boughs above him flung
Their tangled sprays on high,
With one dark, bristly blue-jay nest
Rough-sketched against the sky.

He knew the secrets of the grass,
The burden of the hour,
He saw the fierce, bluff bumblebee
Towse many a clover flower.

Orphaned and poor as poor could be,
The years before him lay
Dark billows of an unknown sea,
No light-house on the way.

And yet, and yet his elder flute
Could bring him comfort true;
He pursed his lips and puffed his cheeks
And blew, and blew, and blew!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

For the Companion.

SIGNS OF HEIRSHIP.

The French journals a year or two ago contained reports of a singular lawsuit, which possessed many features of dramatic interest. Two claimants appeared, each professing to be the only son and sole heir of the owner of a small estate in Brittany.

Monsieur Jean Paulin, the former owner, now dead, was born upon the farm and grew up in the village. When a very young man he had emigrated to Canada, and had married there. The modest rent of his farm in France was sent to him by an agent.

Twice he had made a visit to his old home, on the last occasion only a year or two before his death, and had renewed the loving friendships of his boyhood. He was bright, active and popular. All the village knew and liked him, and when he returned to Canada he was greatly missed.

Every one knew that he had an only son, Louis, who had never been in France. Now that Jean was dead, two men, each calling himself Louis Paulin, and representing himself to be Jean's only son, wrote from different parts of Canada to claim the estate.

The matter was brought before the court in Brittany. One of the claimants appeared. He produced certificates of his mother's marriage, and of his own birth and baptism; he answered fluently all questions concerning M. Paulin, and showed a perfect familiarity with his opinions and thoughts. But his own appearance, manner and character were so unlike those of the dead man, that it seemed incredible that he could be his son.

Upon the day of trial the papers of the other claimant appeared in evidence. He also had proofs of his legitimate birth. It was plain that one of the reputed heirs was a cheat and impostor. But which one?

Suddenly, the second contestant appeared in the court-room; a young man, but with every feature of M. Paulin. There were his figure, his laughing blue eye, the kindness and good-will which all his neighbors knew so well beaming from his face. It was their old friend returning to them. So marked was the resemblance that before the lawyers could begin their arguments the real son had virtually won his case.

The old maxim that "blood tells" is as true of the spiritual as the physical life of man.

Doctor Prince, a venerable minister of the Presbyterian Church, once told of a sermon which he heard preached by a young man in the wilds of Arizona. The ideas, the argument, the construction, and the habit and peculiarities of thought betrayed in it reminded him so strongly of a noted founder of a sect that he sought out the preacher after church was over.

"Did you ever meet Alexander Campbell?" he asked.

The young man laughed. "I was his pupil for several years," he replied.

These anecdotes emphasize the fact that a man's parentage in body and in soul are generally apparent to the world about him. Suppose he has professed openly, to have chosen God for his Father? He may have certificates of membership with a church; he may be perfectly familiar with Christ's words and works, and quote them fluently and incessantly; but if he is a son of God, there will be some likeness to his Father in his nature, his actions and his thoughts. The likeness may be feeble and poor enough, perhaps, but it will be real. No discerning man will mistake it. The self-deceived or the impostor do not possess this test of kinship with God, though they may chatter volubly of His doctrines and works; but in the words and thoughts of the true son shines always some gleam of the mysterious life given to him by his Father.

IN THE PIANO CORNER.

The piano responds, almost like a living thing, to the care given it, and the owners of new or old instruments may find a few hints acceptable. Variations in temperature affect the delicate works so decidedly that the corner of the room farthest from the register or stove should be chosen for its abiding place, and, if possible, the keyboard should be turned away from the source of heat. It is not necessary to close the lid every night, and, in fact, no piano should remain closed for months at a time, as is often the case. On closing the house for the summer vacation, always see that the inside of the case is dusted carefully, and before shutting it spread several layers of paper over the wires, to absorb any dampness that may gather. The duster should be a piece of softest old silk or cheesecloth, conscientiously used, and never dampened for use.

Piano-covers are now but little used, although the "uprights" are often fancifully draped with rich scarfs of silk or plush. The real piano-lover does not make a table for bric-à-brac of its top, for to the cultivated ear any object placed upon the instrument injures its tone more or less.

Do not pile music-books on the piano, nor leave them in unsightly heaps around it, but have a music-table. Pretty and inexpensive ones are to be found in the furniture stores, but in default of one of these, any boy or girl could arrange one similar to a dainty affair which I have seen made from an old-fashioned wash-bowl stand rescued from the attic.

The wood was painted black and varnished, a neat cover lay across the top, and curtains of yellow China silk on small rods inclosed the lower part, where piles of sheet-music lay safe from dust, yet quite accessible.

If your volumes of Beethoven's sonatas and Chopin's nocturnes happen to be in paper covers, they may be saved much longer from falling apart by glueing to the binding, at the middle of the back, a broad ribbon, which is tied around the book when it is closed.

For keeping open bound volumes, I have found a simple music-weight more convenient than the patented wire holders, which too often nip out pieces from the leaves. Make a muslin bag twelve inches in length by two in width, and fill it with fine, dry sand. Close tightly, and make an outer cover of silk with fringed ends, tied with narrow ribbon. This cylindrical roll lies in the rack and holds the pages flat, while permitting them to be easily turned.

The adjustable piano-lamp is a most desirable adjunct for evening practice, but an ordinary lamp, with wide-spreading shade, can be mounted on any substantial pedestal, arrangement at the desired height being the main consideration.

If you cannot have a "music-room," at least make the piano corner as attractive and suggestive as means and taste will allow. A few good photographs of the great composers, a shelf filled with sketches and biographies, and perhaps a good plaster copy of the "Singing Boys of Della Robbia," or of any favorite musical subject, will all be helpful.

SELF-SUPPORTING.

It is pleasant and hopeful to note that so many of the young women of America are learning to value the mental powers and the education that will make it possible for them to support themselves if the necessity for doing so should arise. The daughters of comparatively wealthy men are not infrequently found assisting their fathers in the office or counting-room as typewriters or accountants.

Many so-called fashionable ladies make their own dresses and hats, we are told, having gone through a regular course of instruction in the art of millinery and dressmaking. An instance recently came to the notice of the writer that has in it a lesson for women who give no thought to the state of dependence to which they would be reduced if their parents or husbands should die, leaving them unprovided for.

A lady who had a beautiful home and three little children, and whose husband was supposed to be comparatively wealthy, one day found herself a widow and almost penniless, her husband having been engaged in unfortunate speculations just before his death.

The lady's friends were profuse in their offers of sympathy, while wondering "what in the world she would do now."

She knew just what she would do. Within a month she had opened a millinery establishment that at once became very popular and profitable, for the bonnets she had worn in the past had been such models of elegance that her fashionable friends were glad to take advantage of her good taste. They never dreamed that she had made those bonnets herself, nor did they know that she had privately given herself a very good business education.

She was successful from the first, and the praises she received for her cleverness and good-sense would have turned the head of a less sensible woman.

BIDEL AND SULTAN.

The professional career of Bidel, the famous lion-trainer, was one of wonderful courage, force and perseverance. It was characteristic of the man that when great physical exertion became impossible to him, he devoted his energies to forming a mutual aid association among men of callings similar to his own. The beginning of the end of Bidel's practice of his profession was a terrible struggle with his African lion Sultan, of which he gives a thrilling description in his autobiography.

"After my performance at Neuilly," he says, "my wife and I were to drive to Asnières and take possession of our house there. I who had started with so little was to realize one of my dearest dreams. I was to cease to be a wanderer, and to possess at last a home of my own. I longed for the evening to pass. The performance would last less than an hour."

But the most perilous moments of Bidel's life were to intervene before he started for Asnières. He entered the cage as usual. The first, second, third and fourth lions and two white bears were brought forward, then returned to their cages, and he was left face to face with Sultan. Sultan was never good-humored.

"This evening," writes the trainer, "I saw at once that he was uncommonly savage. As usual I presented the gate. He crouched in a corner, refusing to leap.

"I cracked my whip. He growled, I continued to urge him. He growled more angrily, showed his teeth, and lashed the air with his tail. Suddenly I was seized with an intolerably sharp twinge of rheumatism. My left leg tortured me. What should I do—retreat? I did not consider it for a moment. I should fight. I took a step forward. Another sharp pain seized me, bent my left knee, and I fell.

"Then I doubted not that it was all over with me. The tamer fallen is the tamer conquered. With one bound Sultan was upon me, his heavy paw on my chest, cutting my flesh, scratching my face, tearing me. I did not cry out. I knew the necessity of being calm; the slightest false movement and I was lost. The beast was panting with fury, his mouth open; I seized his throat, and with all my strength twisted the skin to strangle him. He paused, his muscles relaxed.

"Suddenly he turned his head. Two of my employees, the brave and faithful Manetti and his son, had entered the cage and were attacking the lion with an iron bar. I lifted myself, half-rose, then jumped to my feet. I stood! That meant safety. I was again master. I marched on the rebel, and with a gesture forced him to return to his cage. It had been a bad moment, but it was over. I would have gone on, but the public protested, 'Enough! Enough!' and I was given over to the doctors. They found seventeen wounds."

For the Companion.

POOR AND YET RICH.

No wealth on earth except that godlike gift,
A happy nature and unbroken health,
And sweet contented heart-thoughts which can lift
The soul to Heav'n itself, if this be wealth.

No joy on earth except it be to watch
The ev'ning crimson tingeing earth and sky;
Or burden of the wild-birds' song to catch
When scented night-winds hum their lullaby

No rank on earth except his rank who stands
Free, pure before his God and asks to know
That perfect justice at His mighty hand
Omniscient mercy only can bestow.

No hope on earth except that time shall free
His soul at last to pass beyond death's portal,
Where wealth and joy and rank and hope shall be
The heritage of all who once were mortal.

MARGARET THOMAS.

TWO MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

A lake steamer was on its way from Marquette to Saginaw. Among the passengers was an inquiring English tourist, who came on board at Marquette at dark, and immediately turned in. After breakfast, he came on deck with a very ill-defined notion where he was, and at the first opportunity he accosted the Captain, who was anything but the affable personage of whom we hear so frequently. "Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but can you tell me the name of the lake I'm on?"

"The Lake Huron," replied the Captain, shortly, and passed on about his duties.

The passenger looked puzzled for a moment, and then, supposing he had been misunderstood, followed the official.

"I beg pardon; did you say —"

"It's the Lake Huron," said the Captain, brusquely, wondering if the passenger was hard of hearing.

"Yes, I know," persisted the anxious inquirer; "but what's the name of the lake I'm on?"

"The lake you're on is the Lake Huron," roared the Captain, thoroughly exasperated at such stupidity, and not at all conscious of the double meaning conveyed in his speech.

The passenger looked after the retreating official in angry astonishment.

"The lake I'm on is the lake I'm on," he soliloquized. "What beastly impertinence! of course it is! The lake I'm—"

Then he paused; the solution of the mystery flashed across his mind, and he laughed so heartily that it put him in a good humor, and presently he hunted up the irate Captain, and straightened out matters to their mutual satisfaction.

A parallel incident refers to the adventures of a man who went to a certain railway station in New Jersey to buy a ticket for a small village named Morrow, where a station had been opened only a few days previously.

"Does this train go to Morrow?" asked the man, coming up to the office in a great hurry, and pointing to a train on the track, with steam up and every indication of speedy departure.

"No; it goes to-day," replied the ticket-agent, curtly. He thought the man was "trying to be funny," as the saying goes.

"But," rejoined the man, who was in a great hurry, "does it go to Morrow to-day?"

"No, it goes yesterday, the week after next," said the agent, sarcastically, now sure that the inquirer was trying to make game of him.

"You don't understand me," cried the man, getting very much excited, as the engine gave a warning toot, "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, then," said the agent, sternly, "why don't you go to-morrow, and not come fooling around here to-day? Step aside, please, and let that lady approach the window."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed the bewildered inquirer, "it is important that I should be in Morrow to-day, and if the train stops there, or if there is no train to Morrow to-day —"

At this critical juncture, when there was some danger that the mutual misunderstanding would drive both men frantic, an old official happened along and straightened out matters in less than a minute.

The agent apologized, the man got his ticket, and the train started for Morrow to-day.

NOT DISAPPOINTED.

One of the proprietors of a large furniture store in New York City was surprised one day, shortly before Christmas, to find an old lady seated in one of the large easy-chairs which stood in the front part of the store. She was evidently a country woman. "Can I do anything for you, madam?" he inquired, politely. "No, I thank ye," replied the old lady, with easy assurance. "I jest thought I'd drop in and rest a bit in one of these comfortable chairs, and eat my dinner."

With this she opened her satchel, took from it a piece of newspaper, which she spread over her lap, and began to arrange her lunch on it—generous slices of bread and butter, home-made sausage, doughnuts, a turnover, and a piece of green cheese.

Gently rocking back and forth she began to eat, as if what she was doing was the most natural thing in the world.

It was not in the proprietor's heart to tell her that she had made a mistake; that his store was not a place for the public to eat lunches in; so he stood by and said nothing, half-amused, half-vexed at the occurrence.

"These are terr'ble nice chairs and things," the old lady continued, complacently looking about. "I s'pose ye haint ben to dinner, likely's not? Do hev some of my lunch. Phronie's put me up 'bout twice more'n I shall eat."

With a polite "Thank you," the proprietor accepted the old lady's offer of bread and sausage, took a chair beside her, and began to talk.

Two or three clerks passed along, and looked at the novel scene with smiling faces; but the proprietor did not smile or notice them by word or look, but listened to his companion's words with deferential attention.

"Phronie didn't want me to come to the city alone," she said, "but I wanted the priv'lige of buyin' my Christmas things myself, and I haint had a mite of trouble. I don't s'pose I shall buy nothin' at Tiffany's, but I've always hearn a good deal about it, and I kind of want to call there. Can you tell me jest how to find the place?"

"I have an errand at Tiffany's," said the proprietor, "and I'll go with you."

"I'm much obliged to you," said the old lady, carefully gathering the remains of her lunch in the newspaper, which she replaced in her satchel. "I've always hearn that New York folks was polite, and now I know 'twa'n't no exaggeration."

The gentleman put on his hat and accompanied the innocent country woman to Tiffany's, where he took pains to have her see many of the beautiful things in the fine store.

"I've had a splendid time!" the old lady said, as he bade her good-by at the door of a dry-goods store, where she was to continue her shopping. "I'm much obliged to you, an' I'll tell Phronie that New York folks are jest as nice as I expected they was."

"Dear old lady!" said the man of business, in telling the story afterward. "Her faith in the politeness of the people of this city did me good. I spent the pleasantest hour for many a day in that innocent old country woman's society. I've been thankful many times that I didn't snub her and send her to the right-about for sitting down in my store to eat her lunch, as was my first impulse."

FOND OF WASHING.

A correspondent sends to *The Companion* an account of a pet raccoon, of "the variety called the wash bear." It belonged to one of the officers of a ship in which our correspondent was sailing, and had a passion for rubbing something between his paws, as a person would use soap in washing the hands. One of our regular sources of amusement, she writes, was to place a bowl of water with a piece of soap floating in it, in Mr. 'Coon's neighborhood, and then stand off to await results, which were never long in coming.

As soon as the 'coon perceived the basin he would draw near, peer into it, discover the soap, and almost smile with delight. Then squatting on his hind-legs he would begin to dabble his fore paws in the water and to rub the soap between them, so supremely happy, that the sight of him was enough to provoke laughter.

Finally the suds would rise to the edge of the bowl, and seriously inconvenience him in his work. A pause always ensued, while the 'coon gave the subject grave consideration. He had had enough experience to know that to proceed further was dangerous.

At last, desire overcoming prudence, he would scramble upon the basin's edge, trying to find a hold with his sharp claws on the smooth surface. Then operations would begin anew, and soon he would be once more lost in beatific enjoyment. But his bliss never endured very long.

Suddenly there would come a loss of balance, and wild efforts to regain it; then a splash, followed by a great commotion amid the soapsuds and water; and finally the reappearance of the 'coon, white with suds, drenched and blinded, making for the nearest hiding-place as soon as he could see his way.

After a season of retirement, during which he was evidently endeavoring to recover his self-respect, he would emerge and carefully steer clear of basins of water with enticing cakes of soap in them for the rest of the day.

Let twenty-four hours elapse, however, and he would be no more proof against the temptation than before, the performance being an oft-repeated one to the never-failing amusement of the spectators.

VAGUE DIRECTIONS.

There are some old-fashioned cooks who not only never spoil the broth, but who cannot possibly give any one else the secret of making it. Such was Aunt Huldy, who often tried to share the recipes for her pies and puddings, but always in vain. "Give ye the receipt for my sponge-cake?" she would say. "Of course I will, dear. Give me a piece of paper, and I'll set it right down for ye. There 'tis!"

"But, Aunt Huldy, you say, 'a little water.' Now how much do you mean?"

"Why, some folks don't use any at all. They jest depend on the eggs and sugar and flour. But I like a mite myself. It gives that sort of dry taste, you know."

"But how much, Aunt Huldy?"

"Oh, just a little! Sometimes I pump a mite into the bowl, when I'm cookin' near the sink."

At another time a young and painstaking housekeeper was trying to learn the process of bun-making.

"A pinch of cinnamon and a few currants" ended Aunt Huldy's directions.

"But how many currants?" was the puzzled inquiry.

"Oh, I don't know," said Aunt Huldy, placidly. "Here and there a traveller. You don't want to have 'em look too thick."

When Aunt Huldy is reminded that the ignorant or inexperienced cook can scarcely be expected to understand her directions, she looks as if such incompetence was much to be pitied, and can hardly conceal her impatience.

"Poor creatures!" she has been known to say. "Why, I guess I could ha' told whether mince-meat needed a little more biled cider if they'd gin me a taste of it in my cradle!"

VALUABLE INVENTION.

A gentleman who has made several important mechanical inventions, and has been for some time engaged in perfecting a new journal-bearing for railway cars which shall prevent the danger of fire from overheating of the axle, that is, from what is technically known as a "hot box," had not long since an interview with an official of a company which was to take up the invention.

The interview took place at the home of the inventor, and his daughter, a young lady well on in her teens, sat in an adjoining room, where she overheard all that was said.

Although she listened intently she did not understand all the details of the conversation; but that she was much impressed by what she did hear was shown by the fact that the next day she confided to an aunt that the family was on the eve of a great success.

"I heard papa telling Mr. Blank all about his new invention last night," she explained, "and Mr. Blank said there was a fortune in it."

"But what sort of an invention is it?" her aunt inquired.

The girl put her head thoughtfully on one side for a moment.

"I am not quite sure," she answered, trying to recall the talk which she had overheard the day before, "but I think that papa has invented a new kind of hot box."

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For the Companion.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.—V.

The stars are asleep and the sun is nigh,
There's a chorus of birds and a smiling sky,
And Daisy, my girlie, it's none too early
To make a beginning for M-a-y.
Not every one can skip and run
In the soft, sweet air and the friendly sun;
So gather a basket of flowers and buds,
And give tired hearts a taste of the woods.
Oh, gather and give the whole month thro',
For Memorial Day they will bloom anew;
And then, if we find a lonely spot,
A mound unmarked, or a stone forgot,
'Tis there, with a tender sigh, we will lay
The rarest, fairest flowers of May.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

For the Companion.

MR. GUY'S FIRST MEMORIAL DAY.

Mr. Israel Guy walked through his spacious greenhouse, gave some orders to the gardener, and then opened the door that led out toward the street.

"O-h, what lots of flowers!"

It was a small voice, but it reached Mr. Guy's ears. He turned, and saw a little girl, in a faded blue gingham and a brown straw hat, standing on the sidewalk just opposite the greenhouse door. In spite of her shabby dress, the child was attractive, for looking at her beautiful face, framed in a mass of flaxen hair, one forgot all else. That must have been why Mr. Guy, who never noticed children, said to the little girl:

"So you like flowers?"

"Oh yes!" she answered, and then she stepped nearer, smiling up into his face. "It is nice to have so many flowers to give to the soldiers, isn't it?" she said.

The gentleman started. It was Memorial Day, to be sure, but he had scarcely thought of it before. He was a young man who was always absorbed in his own business or pleasure, and he never gave much thought to other people or things, certainly not to Memorial Day.

"Doesn't it make you very happy to have so many flowers to give on Decoration Day?" she urged.

He made no answer, for he did not wish to tell this generous-hearted little girl that in all his life he had never given a single flower in honor of the dead soldiers. So he drew her gently inside the gate and through the greenhouse door, saying:

"Come and see my flowers."

In the presence of the beautiful blossoms, where she could touch and smell them, the child's rapture was unbounded. She flew here and there and everywhere, talking all the time.

"I had a little rose-bush," she said, "and it had one bud on it, and I was so in hopes it would open by to-day, and then I was going to carry it up to the hall for the soldiers. But it died, and did not open at all," she added, while the blue eyes filled with tears at thought of her disappointment.

Meantime Mr. Guy was engaged in filling a small basket with choice roses and other flowers, the gardener looking on in astonishment. Never had Mr. Guy been known to cut his roses so recklessly as now. Many a precious blossom went into that basket. At last, he held it toward the little girl, saying:

"There are some flowers for you to carry home."

"All for me?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I will take them up to the hall! How good you are!"

"You will keep some for yourself, will you not?" the gentleman asked, as he watched her fingering the beautiful blossoms with such real pleasure in her face.

"Oh no," she replied, "I would rather give them all for the soldiers! They will have so few flowers, this year, every one says. But these will help a great deal, won't they? Unless—unless you don't wish me to give them away," she added, quickly, a shade of sadness falling upon her face, as she saw that Mr. Guy looked a little disappointed at her being so ready to donate her gift.

"They are yours," he said; "do what you please with them."

Then he asked her name, and where she lived, and he discovered that her father worked in the great silver-plate manufactory, of which he was the chief owner.

Lucy Whipple was her name, and after she had tripped off with her basket of blossoms, Mr. Guy ordered a large basket of flowers to be carried to the hall, as his own donation on this Memorial Day. Then he selected a number of small plants in bud and blossom, which he directed to be sent to Miss Lucy Whipple, at the address she had given, while the gardener wondered what had "come over young Mr. Guy."

EMMA C. DOWD.

GERTRUDE C——, after looking thoughtfully at her small rubber boots, remarked, "Why, the pimples are almost all gone off of my soles!"

LITTLE Charlie H—— was eating lime-drops, making wry faces the while. Finally he said, "Whew! These lime-drops are *as sour as gall*."



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

One-half of a noted statue
In Egypt my *first* may be.
My *second's* contracted from "other,"
My *third*, when I say it, means me.

My *fourth* is an Arabic prefix.
My *fifth* sees the earth once revolve.
A time to pay tribute my *whole* is;—
On soldiers its duties devolve.

S. S. D.

2.

NOVEL COMBINATIONS.

Transpose the words in the first column to flowers, whose "sentiments" are given in the second. All are nine-letter words and, with the exception of the first, in the singular number. These flowers are to be written down in regular order—one underneath the other. The central row of letters will give one of the year's holidays.

1. Moses Cary; curiosity.
2. Cut up Bert; riches.
3. I club Nemo; folly.
4. Coops rise; love at first sight.
5. I'm stern, pa; warm feelings.
6. Solid Gaul; ready armed.
7. Act on, Iran; disdain.
8. E. lost time; I surmount all difficulties.
9. Deep wells; female fidelity.
10. Miss Jane E.; elegance.
11. Tandy cut F.; indifference.

COUSIN FRANK.

3.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In harsh, not in mild;
In green, not in wild;
In soar, not in sink;
In rose, not in pink;
In tile, not in crown;
In scowl, not in frown;
In ode, not in hymn;
In feed, not in trim;
In one, not in six;
In add, not in mix;
In kiss, not in blow;
Now the answers you must know,
For they show what "our boys" possessed,
Also for what they should be blessed.

4.

AN ESCUTCHEON.

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Across.

1. Recollects.
2. A small association, or circle of friends.
3. One who leads a wandering or pastoral life.
4. A right line which joins the two ends of an arc of a circle.
5. A song of exultation.
6. The pin of a sun-dial.
7. A Scandinavian poet.
8. Extremely cold.
9. A kind of rampart.
10. A boy that attends an omnibus.
11. A letter found in the name of four of the months of the year.

Central letters, read down, will spell the name of one of our holidays. AJAX.

5.

ENIGMA.

Twenty Letters.

"Father, tell us 17, 16, 18 the story
Of 1, 2, 3 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 18, 19, 20;
2, 16, 18 it filled the land 18, 15, 8, 2 glory;
18, 2, 19, 1 they killed 3, 7, 11, 2 16, 8, 2, 12, 5 for."

"Filled the land 18, 15, 1, 2 glory, children?
Nay! 18, 15, 8, 2 sadness it 18, 7, 13 filled!
Ask 17, 16, 1 why they killed 6, 19, 11, 2 16, 1, 2, 10, 20.
We'll forget 1, 2, 7, 8 they 18, 3, 5, 10 killed.

"We'll forget the 17, 15, 4, 2, 8 of sadness,
19, 9 18, 6 bring our 18, 20, 10, 7, 8, 2, 14 7, 4, 19, 15, 17
To adorn the graves of soldiers.
Long may peace triumphant 5, 12, 15, 4, 17."

An Acrostic.



Meadow-treasures, leaves and ferns
And blossoms in my lap you lay,
Eager-eyed with wonder asking, why
We keep Memorial Day.

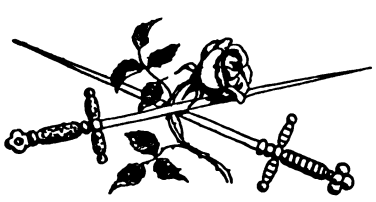
Many, many years ago, dear, long
Before you saw the light,
On the field of battle, bravely men
Were struggling for the right.

Rosy-cheeked, light-hearted boys and
Gray-haired sires stood side by side.
In the same dear cause they fought,
And for the same old flag they died.

All because they loved their country,—
Theirs, my dear, and ours, you know,
Laid they down their lives so nobly
Many, many years ago!

Do you wonder that we love them?
And you will love them too, you say,
And among the flowers that thousands
Bring to deck their graves to-day,
You above some sleeping soldier
Will your meadow-blossoms lay!







For the Companion.

MORE VANITY THAN PATRIOTISM.

"Angie Bright and I are going to walk together in the procession. She will wear her red silk dress, and I will wear my blue one, and we shall carry hot-house bouquets just alike that cost a dollar apiece. I'd be ashamed to carry apple-blossoms, or pansies, or anything so common!

"I think Angie and I ought to march at the head, but those twin Draper girls are taller, so they'll go ahead of us. I don't know as they are any better, if their grandfather *did* die in the army.

"They'll have on those everlasting brown and white ginghams, and their best hats are nothing but chips."

Vain little Cora and Angie Bright were as gay as two peacocks, but I am sorry to say they passed the time of the march in uncivil comments on the plainer dresses of the other girls.

At the cemetery they paid no attention to the exercises, but made sport of the rusty, black dresses of some soldiers' widows, and giggled aloud while the chaplain was reading the prayer, so that an officer told them very sharply to "Keep quiet or clear out!"

There came up a sudden shower as the procession left the cemetery, and the Draper girls whisked their waterproofs on in a minute, but the girl-peacocks were badly soaked before they reached shelter. An old soldier who had noticed how vain and pert they had been, said gruffly:

"Sarved 'em right!"

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Nowhere (now here).

2.

	G	L	O	W	W	O	R	M
	R	E	H	A	S	H	E	D
	G	I	G	A	N	T	I	C
	T	R	A	P	P	I	S	T
	A	S	T	O	N	I	S	H
	A	Q	U	E	D	U	C	T
	C	L	A	N	N	I	S	H
	A	D	D	E	N	D	U	M
	M	A	D	R	I	G	A	L
	Y	E	O	M	A	N	R	Y

Zigzags—Whitsunday.

3. Mag, net (magnet); all, owed (allowed); can, Ada (Canada); heat, hen (heathen); inter, weave (interweave); ass, enter (assenter); vine, branch (vine-branch); even, song (evensong); luna, ted (lunated); less, ens (lessens); imp, rove (improve). Machiavelli. Noah Webster.

4. Cinderella.

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DUSTING.

Every housekeeper knows how hard it is to persuade a servant that attention to trifles increases the family comfort. Dusting is a trifle, compared with more important domestic work; but not one servant in fifty knows how to dust, and almost as few of their mistresses. The simply knave how to "provoke the silent dust." The *Illustrated American* shows how dusting should be done:

In the first place, the bunch of turkey-tail feathers hanging behind the door, alleged to be so useful for removing dust, should not be allowed to remain in a well-kept household. If you need to remain in a well-kept household. If you need to see your reflection will prove that it serves only to distribute dust, filling it with a few specks, after each flick, filling one's lungs, while again to vex the cleaner.

Now, if one's *manage* is carefully directed, it should not be necessary to sweep every portion of the house more than once in seven days. But when the broom is introduced, every small piece of furniture, with all the bric-a-brac, should be first thoroughly wiped with an unstarched cotton sheet and then covered with an unstarched cotton sheet and then covered with an unstarched cotton sheet and then covered



BAD BARGAIN.

"He that will not when he may," is likely to repent his indecision for many a long day afterwards. A lady who had spent a weary hour in "beating down" the salesman at a Turkish shop in Paris, returned the next day prepared to purchase. "I believe you said twenty francs," she began, taking out her purse. "Ninety, madame!" answered the smiling Turk. "But you came down to twenty!" "Ah, that was yesterday, madame! Everything goes up again in the night!" Says the *Lewiston Journal:*

A miserly old man one day went to a blacksmith's shop, and asked the workman to weld the handle on the blade of an old-fashioned, brick-oven shovel.

"You jest mend it while I go down to the corner," said he, "an' I'll get it when I come back-er-long."

The smith mended the shovel, and left it standing near his anvil. Presently the owner returned.

"Wal," said he, "how much is there to pay on that 'ere little job?"

"Six cents," was the reply. The old man stood for a moment with his head dropped forward, and his eyes on the floor. Then he spoke:

"I'm sorry I hed it done!"

"All right," said the blacksmith. "That's easily remedied." He raised his hammer, struck the iron a blow, and unwelded it. "There," he continued, "it's all right now."

This time the old gentleman dropped his head and looked at the floor for full five minutes. At the end of that time he said solemnly:

"I'm sorry you done that."

"Well, you were sorry it was done, and now it's just as it was when you brought it here," was the reply.

"I can't kerry it home that way," said the owner of the article. "The folks want to use it. I guess you'll hev to weld it again."

"All right," said the cheerful blacksmith, and in two minutes the work was finished.

"Wal, what's to pay on it now?"

"Eighteen cents. Six for mending it the first time, six for unwelding, and six for mending it again."

The bill was paid without a word, and the shovel carried home to the "women folks."

THE WORST HE COULD SAY.

Some people are by nature so gentle and so kindly disposed that they seem unable to speak severely about any one. "Uncle" William Snow was a man of this sort. "He never seems to see any harm in anybody, no matter what they do," said the neighbors.

His life had not been an easy one. He had been obliged to contend with ill-health and comparative poverty, while looking out for several shiftless and incapable relatives.

One of these, a cousin several years older than William, was crippled by a fall, and became perfectly helpless. His temper had never been of the best, and this accident gave him what he regarded as a perfect right to indulge his feelings at all times.

When, after months of patient nursing and care, he began to recover the use of his limbs to a slight extent, his temper, instead of growing better, seemed to become worse every day.

Passers-by often heard his voice raised to an angry pitch, as he berated poor William for some fancied neglect, but no one ever heard a word of complaint from the gentle man's lips.

At last a neighbor, who had heard one of these dreadful tirades, stopped William on the street the next day, saying, "Now, William Snow, what does possess you to let Dan'l go on so? I declare, you look all beat out this morning, and no wonder. Now own up, don't it seem to you he grows crosser every day, the better he gets?"

"Why, I presume Dan'l suffers more'n we realize," said William Snow, with his usual gentleness; "though I must say," he added, apparently against his will, "I *have* thought sometimes, lately, that Dan'l was increasing a little in his disposition!"

BEAR AND CUBS.

The surgeon of a vessel sailing from England to Hudson's Bay, in 1812, made this entry in his journal for July 25th. Of course, what the doctor calls the silver bear must be the white polar bear of Arctic regions.

This day, while sailing through straggling ice, one of the men on the quarter-deck observed, at a few yards' distance, a silver bear and her two young cubs. The captain immediately ordered the jolly-boat to be lowered, and muskets, etc., to be got in readiness; and all things being prepared, the first mate, with three or four men, set out in pursuit. We were all leaning over the deck, waiting with the greatest anxiety for the interesting scene that we expected to witness.

They had not got many yards from the vessel, when I beheld a very affecting sight. The mother, observing their approach, and aware of their intention, set up a most doleful cry, and presently clasped her two young ones within her two forepaws. First she would look at one, then at the other, and again resume her piteous cry.

Seeing the men come still nearer, she got the cubs on her back and dived under water to a considerable distance; when exhausted, she made to the ice for shelter. This she did several successive times.

The men who went out for the purpose of shooting her were so justly affected at the sight that they humanely returned to the ship without discharging their muskets. Still, however, the poor bear apprehended danger. After getting on a detached piece of ice, she again clasped her young ones with the greatest tenderness, and continued her heart-melting cries.

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

Many pleasantries are written and spoken about the capriciousness of female servants, but it is doubtful if, as a class, they approach in captiousness the male domestic servants employed by the rich. Good male servants are hard to get, and proportionately hard to please.

A gentleman had engaged an English *valet de chambre* at good wages, and everything had apparently been satisfactorily arranged, when the man said:

"Might I hask, sir, if I'm to wear livery, sir?"

"Yes."

"And what color will the weskit be, sir?"

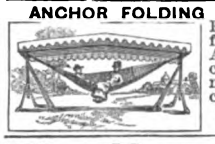
"Red."

"Ow, indeed! Then I cawn't take the place, sir. I'm much too blond, you know, for to wear a red weskit, sir!"

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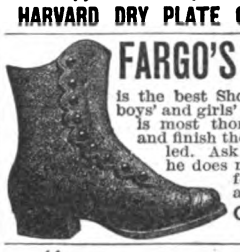
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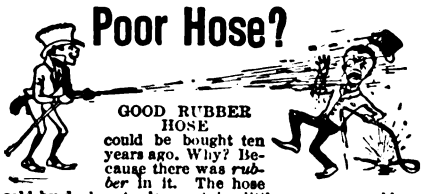
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HYPNOTISM DANGEROUS.

That most of the marvellous phenomena exhibited by hypnotism are real there can be no doubt. Under its influence teeth can be extracted without the slightest consciousness of pain. Equally painless are the most difficult surgical operations, though lasting for an hour or more. Apparent cures can be effected by merely suggesting to the hypnotised patient that he will be well on waking. All this, and much more, is true, however impossible of explanation it may be with our present knowledge.

It is now seen, however, that the practice of hypnotism is not free from danger. In France legislation has already been invoked to confine it to medical use. In the *Times and Register*, Norman Kerr, M. D., F. L. S., questions whether it should have a recognized place even in ordinary medical practice. As to the genuineness of the phenomena he has no doubt. The following are his suggestions in brief:

1. Only a limited number of patients, especially of the Anglo-Saxon race, are capable of being hypnotised.

2. In many persons hypnotism disturbs the nervous equilibrium, and this disturbance, if frequently repeated, may lead to deterioration of brain and nerve function—to physical degeneration, intellectual decadence and moral perversion.

3. The hypnotised condition is itself an unhealthy one, a disorder of nervous function akin to hysteria.

4. Even if a cure is accomplished, it is only by an exchange of malady, a graver diseased state being substituted for a less serious one.

5. Though pain and distress are relieved, it is doubtful if the disease is really cured. The greatest success claimed for hypnotism has been in nervous affections, and Doctor Kerr's observation is that in this class of ailments an apparent temporary improvement is commonly followed by an aggravation of the disease.

6. The dangers involved are very great. In many cases the seances have to be repeated for a long time. At each sitting the patient comes more and more under the control of the operator, and at length is brought into a state of mental serfdom, infinitely worse than days and nights of pain.

7. The practice may give rise to a subtle affinity between the subject and the operator, dangerous to both.

8. The operator may take a criminal advantage of the lethargic state of the subject. Such cases have occurred.

"SOCIETY DOGS."

There is a homely old ballad by Augustus of Châtillon, written in French, which sets forth the sufferings of the poor in wintry weather, and contrasts their condition with that of the petted animals of the rich. One stanza runs somewhat like this:

"Is there aught that makes one weep
Like the greyhound's mantle warm,
When the poor have scarce a shred
From their backs to fend the storm?"

Not only does the greyhound, which is naturally a thinly clad and somewhat "shivery" animal, now wear a mantle, but so does the pug and even the spaniel, which is provided by nature with a warm coat.

Probably the spaniel's added fleecy mantle makes him uncomfortable, but he must wear it nevertheless, because fashion requires it.

Recently there was printed, in a Parisian fashion journal, a perfectly sober and genuine budget of fashions *pour chiens du monde*—that is, "for society dogs." The proper costume for a dog for all sorts of occasions and for the various hours of the day is carefully prescribed. Here are some of the requirements:

"*Morning costume.*—Blanket of white and blue flannel, pointed with red, or else of red flannel pointed with gold.

"*Carriage costume.*—Toilette of blue broadcloth or plush. Velvet collar decorated with numismatic medals. For cold days, a fur collar, or a fur edging for the blanket.

"A leash or leading-string in old silver is absolutely required if Tootoo is to be taken out of the carriage, and led about when calling or attending garden-parties.

"*Promenade costume.*—Overcoat of ribbed cheviot. Mantle coming well up around the throat.

"*Reception costume* (for five-o'clock teas).—Indoor cloak of Indian cashmere or velvet, ornamented with pearls or a bouquet of roses. Crest or coat-of-arms to be embroidered on the back—but *never* on the sides. To wear the armorial bearings on the dog's sides is an obsolete fashion, and indicates that the dog belongs to the very provincial country gentry.

"*Travelling costume.*—Blanket of swanskin, checked or white, and very simple."

There is also given by this authority a "wedding costume for dogs," but the costume is not for the wedding of the dog; it is for the wedding of the dog's mistress. It is made of satin or white velvet, richly embroidered and decorated with silver and pearls.

All this care to keep dogs' garments in fashion is not only a foolish waste of money, but is no doubt at the same time distressing to the dogs.

NOVEL BEAR-HUNT.

The *Literary Magazine* of London for March, 1789, contains an amusing account of bear-hunting in Sweden under the personal direction of Prince Charles, who afterward reigned as Charles XII. The disposition of the Prince began to show itself very early, even before he lost his father, by his fondness for the chase and for hunting in the most dangerous manner. He even invented a new method of catching bears alive, and it was not without exposing his life to great peril that he put it in practice. By this method he caught three bears in one hunting-match.

The young prince remarked that these animals, when hard pressed by the dogs, trusting rather to their strength than to their swiftness, often stopped, raised themselves on their hind legs, and darting on the fiercest of the dogs, strangled them by squeezing them between their breasts and their fore-paws.

He conceived, therefore, that it would be the best method to attack them with wooden poles hooked at the end, which he ordered to be made on purpose.

Five or six of the boldest hunters, among whom he always was one, armed themselves with these poles, and while the dogs stopped the bears, they seized them by the neck, and held them until others with ropes entangled their hind legs in such a manner that they could not stir. "He then made their forefeet be tied, and forced them to walk upon those behind, conducting them thus in triumph to Stockholm."

CURIOSITY.

It is a very excellent thing to be friendly and sympathetic, but unwise to be obtrusively and impertinently so. A lady, getting upon a train early one morning, took a seat near a woman who began to eye her curiously.

The first lady was naturally very pale in complexion, and had sometimes been annoyed by sympathetic interest in this peculiarity.

Presently the second lady addressed her.

"Poor creetur!" she exclaimed. "How pale you be."

The lady simply raised her eyelids a trifle.

"Now there must be something the matter with you," the other went on. "Do tell me what you've been a-doing."

"I have been totally unconscious for eight hours," the first lady remarked.

"Gracious! How did that happen?"

"I was asleep!"

BUSINESS-LIKE.

Editors, as every one knows, are a very busy set, with no time to waste upon long-winded callers or unnecessary formalities. The Atlanta *Constitution* cites a typical illustration.

A Georgia editor, who is also a real estate agent, a building and loan association director, an attorney-at-law, clerk of the Town Council and pastor of the village church, was recently called upon to perform the marriage ceremony. He was in a great hurry; in fact, the couple surprised him in the middle of a heavy editorial on the tariff.

"Time is money," said he, without looking up from his work. "Do you want her?"

The man said yes.

"And do you want him?"

The girl stammered an affirmative.

"Man and wife," cried the editor. "One dollar. Bring me a load of wood for it—one-third pine, balance oak."

SHE LEFT THEM.

The Lewiston *Journal* says that a nervous woman was on board a Maine Central train the other day, on her way to Auburn. At every station she jumped up and asked, "Is this Auburn?" although the newsboy had assured her often that she should be notified when that place was reached.

At last the place was reached, the name of the station was called, and, as it happened, the newsboy was near at hand.

"Do I—do I—do I leave the cars here?" inquired the anxious passenger.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the newsboy, "unless you wish to take them with you."

The lady looked several volumes at him, and slammed the door as she went out.

"REST OF THE TALENT."

A church society near Boston had given an entertainment for the benefit of one of its numerous charities, and at the end of the evening one of the gentlemen in charge was paying several people for their services in connection with the affair.

Finally he approached the boy who had blown the organ, and said, "Well, Willie, how much do we owe you for your work this evening?"

The boy looked at him in genuine surprise. "Why, Mr. W——," said he, "don't the rest of the talent give their services?"

"How long do you keep your eggs here?" an uneasy customer asked of a waiter at the restaurant. "That depends," said the waiter, "on how long it takes to get them eaten up."

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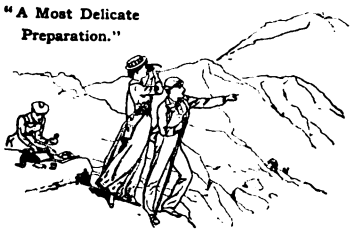
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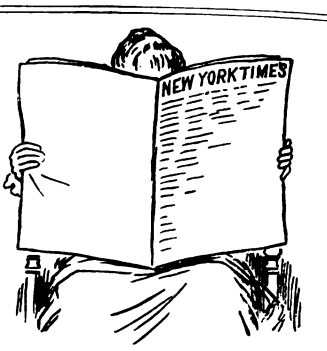
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Single Copies, Five Cents.

For the Companion.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter V.

The Wreck off Hatteras.

Tony, who was away somewhere on the coast of the Carolinas, wrote often to his mother, and sent her so much of his wages, that Mrs. Scaife wondered how he managed to clothe himself.

Jack's first care, after obtaining the promise of his appointment, was to write to Tony. The time was short between February and May, when he was to present himself for examination at West Point; for in due time the appointment came.

One afternoon, about dusk, as Jack came into the house after his usual afternoon ride on Black Prince, he heard a strange voice in the library. He opened the door, and there, in the ruddy light of the fire on the broad old-fashioned hearth, were the old Colonel, sitting in his great chair, Mrs. Randolph, sitting opposite him, and the bluff, bearded Captain Staveley, standing between them.

Jack recognized him instantly.

"Why, Captain Staveley!" he cried, advancing; "how is Tony—*our* Tony?"

There was a slight pause. Captain Staveley did not answer at once. Something cold and chilling fell upon Jack's boyish heart. Why did Captain Staveley hesitate and look so pityingly at him?

"Tony was the bravest boy—the bravest boy—"

The Captain stopped, with a huskiness in his voice. Jack had begun to turn pale.

"But how is he now? What has become of him?" he asked, becoming paler.

"'Twas off Hatteras," said the Captain in the same voice, and then stopped. Mrs. Randolph got up and put her arm around Jack. There were tears in her eyes.

"Dear Jack," she said, "Tony died bravely—died like a man—"

"That he did," broke in the Captain. But at the words of his mother Jack looked at her strangely, and turning deadly pale, dropped silently into a chair.

Mrs. Randolph still kept her arm around him. In all her life she had never seen Jack show such emotion as this.

"Tell him about it, Captain Staveley," said the old Colonel, whose heart was touched by Jack's silent agony of distress. "A braver death was never died."

"'Twas off Hatteras," began the Captain again, "and 'twas in the February gale. You don't know what a gale is off that coast? Well, I hope you'll never know. We had been in it for three days, and Tony had done the work of two able seamen. We had twelve men on board when the storm came, but when we launched the last boat, as I'll tell you about by and by, we only had seven souls left.

"The storm was a-ragin' Sunday night, and such a storm I never saw. Rain, snow, hail, sleet; the men's hands and feet were frosted and their ears frozen, and two of 'em died of exposure before Wednesday night. The rigging was coated with ice an inch thick. However, it didn't make any difference by Monday night, because the foremast and the mizzenmast was both gone, and all the canvas had been blown out of the bolt-ropes. The mainsail was a new one—but after twenty-four hours of that storm, there was nothing left but some rags flapping about.

"The vessel—she was named for my wife, the *Mary Staveley*—was a stanch craft, and although we rolled in the trough of the sea for more than sixty hours, she didn't spring a leak until just toward the last.

"We could hear the fog-bell all the time nearly, and it makes a seafaring man's heart sink when he hears that bell a-clanging and a-clanging through the icy fog and darkness, and he can't get away from the sound of it.

"Sometimes we could see the revolving light at Hatteras Inlet, but most of the time we could hardly tell day from night, it was so thick with snow and fog, and the wind screaming like all the fiends let loose.

"We did nothing in them three days but keep her off shore. There was a life-saving station close by, but no life-boat could 'a' lived in them seas. When a great black wave would rise out of the awful gray mist, and look like it was going to fall and bury us, we'd just throw ourselves flat and hold on to whatever was handy. And every day, during that storm, a man was swept overboard."

The Captain paused, as if overcome by the horror of it. Jack, with white lips and staring eyes, was drinking in every word.

"In all that time Tony Scaife never gave up. Sometimes the men would stop working—for we could keep the ship off shore as long as we had the mainsail, and the steering gear held out—and say they would give it up and die—for they hadn't had sleep, you know, and beyond a certain point most men's courage gives out.

"But Tony's didn't. He said to me once, 'Cap'n, if you're saved and I'm not, give my love to my mother—and Jack Randolph.'"

At this a sob burst from Jack—the first sound he had uttered.

"I had taken a sort of fancy to the boy. He was an honest, straightforward fellow, and anxious to learn, and he seemed to have something on his mind—he wasn't light-hearted like most young fellows who are earning good wages and getting along finely. I asked him once or twice, but he wouldn't tell me, so I let him alone afterwards.

"But in that storm I saw that Tony had the true grit. His hands was bleeding and he wasn't a strong fellow for his age, but he did a man's work.

"At last on Wednesday night the mainmast went by the board, and then we lost the rudder. We were driving head on the shore; and once on them Hatteras sands, with the waves beatin' over her, the vessel would go to pieces in fifteen minutes. Well, I went down below and got some papers and my wife's picture, and when I came up, the men was making ready to launch the boat—the smallest one.

"We had three boats, but two of 'em got stove long before that. Just as I got on deck I felt a grinding, and heard a scraping noise, and the vessel, that had been dashing along like a wild horse, stopped and shivered.

"That there shiver makes a seafaring man shiver, too. One of the men ran below, and found the water was pouring in. He came up with his face as white as a sheet, and said, 'Cap'n, the ship's bottom is going already, sir—gone!'"

The Captain stopped for a moment in his recital, and taking out his handkerchief, wiped his damp forehead and sighed heavily. The three listeners hung upon his words; the Colonel leaning forward, his chin on the ivory head of his old-fashioned stick, and Jack gazing before him with a sort of pallid horror in his face. The Captain after a while continued:

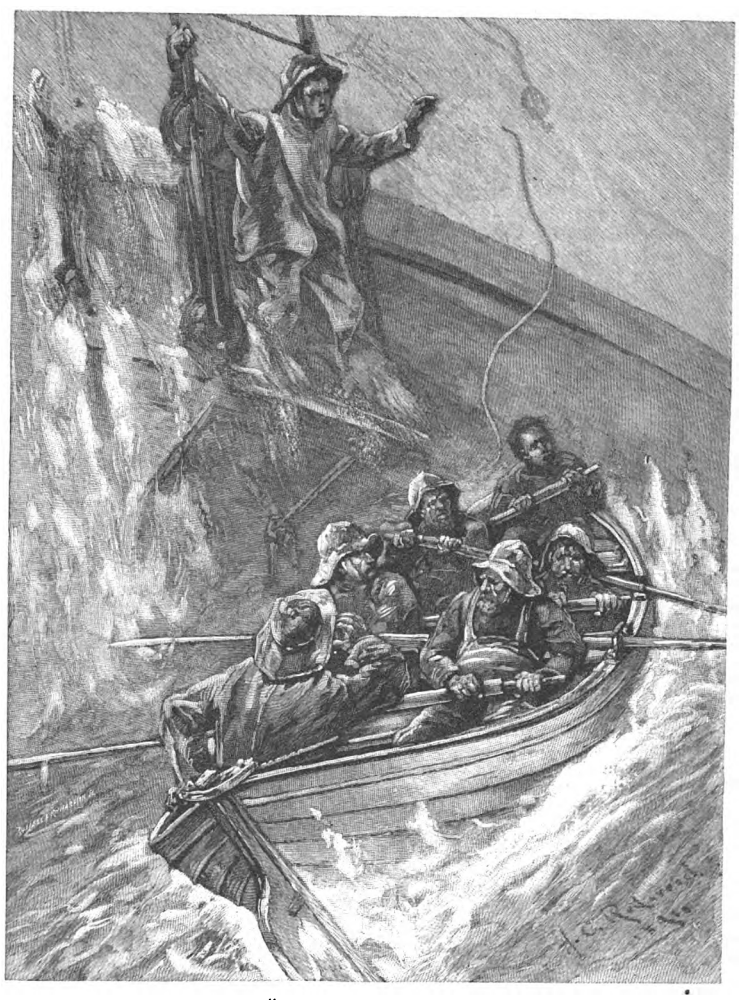
"When I see that cockle-shell of a boat, and them six men beside myself, I cried out aloud, 'Lord, have mercy on us!' and Tony said 'Amen!'

"We got her over the side—'twas a miracle, sure—and we rigged some sort of a line, and five of the men got in her—and she was full then, and the gunwale precious near the water. But for that matter she was dashed about so that she seemed all under water to me.

"I told Tony to go next—we went hand-over-hand down the line—but he wouldn't. He was buckling a buoy around himself. I had one on already, and he pushed me to the side.

"I went over, and the men dragged me into the boat.

"By that time the vessel had listed to one side fearfully, and her cabin windows on that side were under water. I called out to Tony, 'Look out for the rope!'"



"Look out for the Rope!"

The Captain's voice rose in a shout. He was unconsciously acting over the awful scene.

"And Tony—cast off the rope!"

The Captain paused again. With a tone of anguish in his voice, he said:

"I should have scrambled out of the boat if I could. I called out like a crazy man, 'What did you do that for? Jump overboard!' for he had the life-buoy on. And he shouted back,—I can hear his voice now over the wind and the waves,—'I thought you said, "Let go the rope," and there's so many in the boat!'"

The Colonel raised his hand and wiped away some tears. Mrs. Randolph covered her face, and Jack uttered a groan. The Captain kept on, in a trembling voice:

"You see, the boat was so full, and he thought I meant him to take his chances with nothing but that there buoy. That's why he threw the rope off. But God knows I never said it.

"And that was the last I saw of Tony. I don't know how it was that miserable little cockle-shell lived through that sea, but some way it did, and then the life-savers got out to us with a good strong life-boat, and I saw the ship go off the sand with a plunge head-foremost into deeper water—and Tony went down with her."

"Does his mother know?" presently asked Mrs. Randolph, weeping.

"I'm a-going to tell her now," answered the Captain, "and maybe she'll want a woman with her—poor soul."

"I will go," said Mrs. Randolph, rising.

In a little while Mrs. Randolph and the burly, kind-hearted Captain set off in the dusk for the widow's cottage at Lone Point. Jack remained, still, silent and almost dazed by the blow that had fallen upon him.

Within an hour came a message from Lone Point—the widow wanted to see Jack.

Jack started out on a run for the lonely little house, a mile off. He arrived, pale and breathless. The widow was sitting up before the fire, with Mrs. Randolph on one side of her, and the Captain on the other.

"I believe you and I are the two that Tony loved best in the world," she said, as Jack clasped her hand. Even at the moment of her keenest agony she was still patient, still calm. It was from her that Tony got some of his patience and courage.

All night long Mrs. Randolph and Jack stayed with the poor mother. At daylight Jack went home and threw himself on his bed in his own room and slept heavily. When he woke there was a weight upon his heart. He would never see Tony again.

As the days went by after that, Mrs. Randolph spent much of her time with Mrs. Scaife. But the poor know how to bear their sorrows, and in a little time, grieve as she might, Tony's mother was pursuing her humble life as she had done before Tony went away.

Everything remained in the cottage just the same. "Because it's possible—it might happen so once in a hundred years," she said, piteously, "that Tony might have been saved after all."

Jack could not even cherish this faint hope. He mourned for his friend as dead.

Mrs. Randolph was glad that the change to West Point was impending, since Jack took Tony's loss so much to heart; and at last, in May, the day came when he had to say good-by to Marrowbone, and to all his early life.

His last visit was to Lone Point. He walked all over the sandy stretch of ground, and went in the cottage under the three melancholy pines. There was the widow, quiet, patient as ever. Jack left her and walked back to Marrowbone, with a heavy heart.

"I didn't think I could love any fellow as well as I loved Tony," he said to himself.

His mother met him at the door with a bright face.

"Jack," she said, "here is something to give you joy. You know Edgar Mount's money?"

"Yes," said Jack, flushing with anger at the recollection.

"Well, just now, as Mam Betsy was pulling the mattress off the bed in the blue room, where Edgar slept, she came across a roll of something. It had fallen down, and had been caught between the mattress and the bedstead itself. It was

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Edgar's money; and there it has stayed, although the bed has been made a dozen times since. So Tony was honest after all."

"I knew it just as well before this as now; but all the same, I thank God!" answered Jack.

The Colonel knew of the discovery, and there was a sort of mournful rejoicing among the three people who had believed in Tony's honesty.

"I shall send the money to Edgar," said Mrs. Randolph, "and I shall write and tell him about Tony. I wonder if Edgar could do anything as heroic as the way that Tony died?"

"I think," remarked Colonel Randolph, in his grave way, "there was as much heroism in the way Tony lived, as the way he died. He worked like a slave, and did without everything to buy his mother that poor home."

The morning of Jack's departure came. Both the Colonel and Mrs. Randolph restrained their feelings. It would be time enough to grieve for Jack after he was gone.

Uncle Josh and Mam Betsy made characteristic farewells. Mam Betsy held Jack in her arms and charged him solemnly:

"Read yo' Bible, honey, use plenty o' soap an' water, an' go on yo' blood. An' ef any dem impidint boys at Wes' P'int is sassy ter you, jes' tell 'em yo' gran'par is Cun'l John Marmyduke Randolph, an' yo' gran'mar was a Berkeley, an' yo' gret-gran'mar a Tyler, an' you b'longs to de quality, an' I lay dey let you 'lone arter dat!"

"An' give my respec's to de commandant," loftily announced Uncle Josh. "I recommembers him when he warn' nuttin' but a little second lieutenant, wid a chicken downy muffstach on he lip, an' me an' ole marse wus orficers an' gentmun; an' ef you wants to know nuttin' 'bout military life, jes' write an' ax Unc' Josh, honey; he kin tole you all 'bout it!"

So Jack started off for his new life.

The third day after leaving home he found



himself walking across the noble plateau of West Point, on his way to report to the adjutant.

The first person he ran across was Edgar Mount.

"Why, how are you, old fellow?" was Edgar's cordial greeting. Jack returned it rather coolly. The memory of Edgar's conduct to Tony still rankled.

"And by the way," remarked Edgar, airily, "the fisherman was honest after all—and was lost at sea afterward, eh?"

Jack stood still and gazed at Edgar with speechless indignation. Then he turned abruptly and walked away. So did Edgar, whistling.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

MRS. DARROW'S POORHOUSE.

Mrs. Darrow, who was sometimes disrespectfully called "old Bets," hurried through the gate that led into her small yard, and unlocked her door with unusual energy.

She untied her rusty black bonnet, carefully brushed away some imaginary dust, opened a closet door, took out an old-fashioned bandbox and deposited the bonnet in it.

Then she folded her thin woollen shawl neatly, put it in its proper corner of the upper bureau drawer, and then replaced her well-worn alpaca dress with a dingy calico wrapper.

She was tall and thin, with a hard-set face creased by innumerable wrinkles, that made her appear much older than she really was. Her abundant dark hair, thickly streaked with gray, was pulled back tightly from her forehead, and held in an unbecoming knot by an old "tusk comb" that had been her mother's.

There was not a soft line in Mrs. Darrow's whole contour, and she seemed the embodiment of angles and unyielding hardness.

She was a widow, now. Four years before poor old Job Darrow had meekly and not unwillingly given up the ghost. In spite of the years that had elapsed since then, people still talked of the hard time he had endured in his unhappy and unlovely home, where only the barest necessities were doled out to him, though he was a skilled, sober mechanic, and earned good wages. His wife had persisted in putting the greater part of his earnings in the savings-bank, lest he and she should come to the poorhouse.

She had nursed this fear of ending her days in the poorhouse, until it had become a mania with her; and after her husband's death had given herself up wholly to the notion.

No suffering or destitution could be great enough to enlist her sympathy. She worried the dealers from whom she bought her scanty supplies by her "tastings," which often amounted to nearly as much as her purchases; and by her haggling, penurious ways and fault-finding.

On the morning of which I write, Mrs. Darrow's face wore an air of triumph. Her eyes shone eagerly, and her thin lips were as near a smile as it was possible for them to be, after the long years in which smiling had become a lost art to them. As she hastily buttoned her wrapper, she muttered to herself:

"I'll settle the matter right now, I guess. I'll go over and drag it away before they know what I'm up to, and I'll get some tramp to cut it up for me as soon's I can. I'll give him the soup-bone in the cupboard, and that corn-bread, since it's so hard and dry I can't eat it. It seems like a shame to give that bone to a lazy, good-for-nothing tramp, but I'm afraid I'll have to. Well, there's one comfort about it—that pole'll make stove-wood enough to last me at least three weeks, and not cost me a cent, either."

At this point in her soliloquy she tied a faded gingham sunbonnet upon her head and walked out of her house, the air of triumphant satisfaction merging into defiance. She crossed the street and approached the house of her neighbor and one-time friend, Mrs. Rebecca Johnson.

Directly in front of Mrs. Johnson's small house a disused telephone-pole was lying. It had been blown down and broken by a severe storm several weeks before, and Mrs. Darrow had looked upon it with covetous eyes ever since.

Morning, noon and night she thought of the pile of stove-wood into which it might be converted, until it seemed as if she could never really rest again unless she possessed it.

This morning her grasping spirit had urged her to go to the manager of the telephone exchange and ask permission to use the pole.

To do her justice, it had cost her a hard struggle to go. She was so grudging herself that she felt sure he would refuse and perhaps insult her; but in spite of this fear, she at last plucked up courage to go.

"Mr. Ingram, one of them telephone-poles has fell down in our street—broke in that big storm, you know. 'Taint any account, and it's dreadfully in the way; do you care if I hire a man to move it?" she asked, nervously.

Mr. Ingram looked up somewhat absently. He was very busy at the moment, and a good deal worried over the complaints of poor telephone service, with which he had been besieged since the night of the storm.

He looked at Mrs. Darrow, her shabby but clean dress, her thin, restless hands, her many wrinkles, and the sight touched his heart.

"Oh! you mean another one of those broken poles, do you? In your way, is it? Certainly, madam, you can have it removed if you choose. I should have had it done myself, as soon as I got through repairing damages. I shall be glad to have it disposed of, I'm sure. Good morning, madam!"

And so, before she fairly realized it, Mrs. Darrow had been bowed out of the office.

Her conscience did not upbraid her for having given him to understand that the pole was in her way, when it was really in front of her neighbor's house across the street. She even indulged in a sly chuckle, as she thought of the chagrin that would fill Mrs. Johnson's heart when the pole was taken away.

What mattered it if her neighbor really needed the pole for stove-wood? She was not responsible for Becky Johnson's poverty. So, reasoning with herself, with cautious steps she approached the coveted pole and attempted to lift one end of it.

But she had either overrated her strength or underrated the weight of the pole. She could hardly stir the heavy piece of wood.

In the midst of her efforts Mrs. Johnson happened to glance out of the window, and saw Mrs. Darrow trying, as she supposed, to steal the telephone-pole in broad daylight.

Now the very next morning after the storm, as Mr. Ingram passed her house inspecting damages, Mrs. Johnson had asked him to give her the pole, and he had cheerfully given it to her; but he had forgotten all about it a moment afterward—a fact which Mrs. Johnson did not know, of course.

Accordingly, when she saw Mrs. Darrow vainly trying to drag the pole away, her wrath arose at once.

"Kate, Kate!" she called to her stout daughter, "come here quick! There's Betsy Darrow going to drag off our telephone-pole, and I'd just hired a man to come and cut it up to-morrow! Run out and take it away from her! If it wa'n't for my rheumatiz, I'd go myself, and give her a piece of my mind, too. Hurry up, can't you?"

Kate hastily wiped the dishwater from her hands, ran out of the house, and began to reproach Mrs. Darrow.

"What are you coming here and trying to take away our telephone-pole for?" she said, excitedly.

"'Taint your telephone-pole! Mr. Ingram gave it to me," retorted Mrs. Darrow.

"Well, of all the—the—whoppers, that beats 'em," said Kate. "Ma! ma! here's Mrs. Darrow saying Mr. Ingram give her the pole, when



we can prove he give it to us!" she screamed out to her mother.

At this apparent falsehood on Mrs. Darrow's part, Mrs. Johnson's indignation overcame her fear of physical pain, and she hobbled to the door in response to her daughter's call.

"Betsy Darrow, you know's well as you're a living woman, that Mr. Ingram never give that pole to you in his born days. He give it to me, and don't let me see you touching it, much less trying to haul it away," she called out, angrily.

"You go set down again, Becky Johnson. I reckon I know what I'm a-doing. This pole belongs to me, and you and Kate and all your kin aint going to keep me from taking it."

"Well! if that don't beat all! I guess we'll see whether you take that pole or not. Kate, set down on it!" commanded Mrs. Johnson.

Kate sat down on the pole, laughing derisively as Mrs. Darrow strained and tugged till her naturally pale face became purple in hue.

"Keep on a-setting, Kate!" urged Mrs. Johnson; and Kate obeyed, till from sheer exhaustion Mrs. Darrow gave up the unequal contest.

"Kate Johnson, if you don't get up off that there pole, I'll have you arrested, sure's you're



alive!" she threatened. But Kate only laughed the more, and settled her hundred and fifty pounds more firmly on the disputed pole.

"I don't think any policeman is going to meddle with me for setting on my own ma's property," she said, spiritedly.

"'Taint your ma's property! I tell you it's mine, and you'd better get up this minute, before I drag you along of the pole into my yard," said Mrs. Darrow, as she gasped for breath.

Finding that threats were futile, she seized the long, slender upper section of the pole and began to drag it across the street.

Seeing this, Kate sprang up and pulled the pole from her enemy with such force that she fell in a heap under the pole, on the ground.

Mrs. Darrow felt that her opportunity had come; so, while Kate struggled to arise, she seized the large end of the pole, and in one mighty effort succeeded in lifting it from the ground.

But her strength was not sufficient to bear the weight, and the pole fell upon her feet with such force as to crush them both very badly.

She uttered a sharp cry, and sank down so sick and faint that she could scarcely hold up her head.

"I reckon you're tickled nearly to death, Becky Johnson, sence you see me sitting here like a rat in a trap, crippled for life very likely, all for trying to get what rightfully belonged to me. But if you think I'm going to holler and faint and cut up as some women would, you're much mistaken," she said, defiantly.

The next moment she had dropped over in a dead swoon.

By this time Kate had come to her assistance.

"Oh, ma! she looks as if she's dead! Call to Mr. Sanders to come quick! He's digging a cistern in Walter's back yard. I'm afraid to fool with the pole any more; I might hurt her worse than ever."

With great excitement and feelings of pity, not unmixed with the thought that Mrs. Darrow was receiving her just deserts, Mrs. Johnson obeyed.

Mr. Sanders came, and in a few minutes the unconscious woman was laid on Mrs. Johnson's best bed.

"'Taint worth while to carry her home. There's nobody there to take care of her, and she'll need lots of taking care of before she's through with this, I reckon," said Mrs. Johnson, her warm heart beginning to swell with sympathy, as she looked at the white face that had been so dear to her in her girlhood.

Then followed days and weeks of suffering; days in which Mrs. Darrow was a helpless, irritable burden, bemoaning her fate that a surgeon had been called, and that the time had at last come when she was going straight to the poorhouse.

Kate was her patient, tender nurse, bearing silently all her fault-finding and penuriousness. But Mrs. Johnson's spirits boiled hotly within her, until at last her indignation reached a climax.

"See here, now, Betsy Darrow, I've took just all I'm going to from you! I look at you and wonder sometimes if this can be the sweet-tempered, merry, free-hearted girl I used to love more'n I loved myself. If you'd 'a' died before you grew into a cross, stingy, mean woman, no more like that sweet girl was than a wild rose is like a cuckle-bur, you would have been fit to meet your good old mother, and we could all have loved Bessie's memory.

"Do you remember how we used to call you Bessie, then, instead of 'old Bets,' and how you put your arm around me as we stood in your pretty room in the old farm-house the day you was married, and said you'd never quit loving me as long's you lived?

"And you talked of the good you was going to do for others; of church work and Sunday school, and such like. Yet here you lie, with your life as bare and ugly as a wore-out field. No, it doesn't even amount to 's much 's that, because the old field would warm up when God's sun shined on it, and the birds might light on it, and the posies come up and cover its worthless blotches. But you, Betsy Darrow, what is there warm or sweet or of use to others about you?"

Here Mrs. Johnson paused as if to give the sick woman a chance to defend herself, but as no reply came, she began again.

"The Lord has been good enough to give you plenty of money, and you've been piling it up in the savin's-bank for years, to keep from going to the poorhouse, and after all you've got there!

"Yes, this is a kind of a poorhouse you're in now, but Kate and I are happy in it—or we would be if it wasn't for your grumbling.

"And you're in a powerful poorhouse when you're at home, a real mean poorhouse, too, where there aint even comf'table victuals, nor fires, nor anything else worth living for.

"I 'low you can't find a poorhouse worse than you're own; the law wouldn't permit it. So the time has come for you to spend some of the money you've been a-hoarding. I can't buy the delicate, nourishin' food you need, though you're welcome as the air you breathe to the best I've got, if it was only fitting.

"So you've got to open your heart and your pocket-book, and buy jellies and soups and fruits and oysters, and wood enough to keep roaring hot fires, 'cause that telephone-pole is burned up, and I haven't money to buy more. And if you're afraid Kate and me will get some of the benefit, you can be carried over home. But whether you go or stay, you've got to buy the things you need!"

Mrs. Johnson said this with such firmness and so much with the air of loving authority that she had used to her friend in the old long ago, that Mrs. Darrow felt a queer upheaval within her heart, and a sudden rush of sweet memories of the dear, glad, innocent days of her girlhood.

"You're pretty hard on me, Rebecca, but I

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guess I deserve it. I never thought before what a regular poorhouse I was a-living in all the time, while I was saving and pinching to keep from going to one.

"And—and Rebecca," she said, pausing tenderly over the name by which she used to call her friend, "do you think if I begun clean over again and tried to live as a woman ought, that God could forgive me and love me again?"

Unmindful of her rheumatic limbs, Rebecca dropped upon her knees by her guest's bedside, and with a great sob put her arms around the lean, long neck.

"Oh! I know He would, Bessie—He'll make you all over again, if you'll only let Him."

She kissed the wrinkled face, as the old-time love that so long had slumbered burst into life again.

"Seem's like you've been gone all these years, and just come back, dear Bessie," she whispered.

"I feel 's if I had been having a long, miserable nightmare, and 's if you just come and waked me. Rebecca, you don't want to send me home now, do you? I sha'n't be so cross to Kate after this. Somehow it made me feel bitter and jealous to see how much you loved each other, and how happy you was, even if you was poor. And I was mean enough to think you was glad I got hurt with the telephone-pole."

"O Bessie! how could you?" interrupted Mrs. Johnson.

"But I was though, and I wished I'd never seen the old pole; and now here I am thanking the Lord for letting it smash me into your house. My mother used to say:

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

"He used that blessed old telephone-pole to change my heart and bring me back into His fold.

"O Rebecca! how glad I am!"

LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

MEN'S LIVES.

Men's lives like oceans change
In shifting tides and ebb from either shore,
Till the strong planet draws them on once more.
—*E. C. Stedman.*

For the Companion.

ATTACHING TARLIBERRY.

Up at eight o'clock, breakfast at quarter-past, to the office at half-past, work all the forenoon, luncheon at one, back at the office at two, work all the afternoon, home at quarter to six, study all the evening, bed at ten. And begin all over again to-morrow.

And all over again the next day, for this was the way Henry Manson passed every week-day in the year, excepting the fortnight's vacation which he took whenever nobody else cared to take his, so that it either came so early as to resemble a dinner which stops short at soup, or so late that it seemed like getting into church just in time to hear the benediction.

Henry was junior clerk for Pettigrew, Pitts, Pepper & Co., wholesale grocers, who occupied a dark, coffee-scented, granite warehouse in a dark, coffee-scented, granite street, where the roadway roared with enormous trucks, and the sidewalk rattled and banged beneath contrary currents of boxes, barrels and puncheons in a continual state of violent transmission from cart to store or from store to cart.

Inside were more boxes, barrels and puncheons piled as high as the ceiling all over the broad floor. In one corner was the office, and in one corner of that was a desk at which Henry was almost always to be found, writing away at bills and invoices, from morning till night.

It was weary, monotonous work in itself, and worse, promised no future. Henry might continue to write at that desk for years, and then be no further advanced than now; for in the great city were hundreds and thousands of young men anxious for employment, who could do his task as well as he could, and he had never had any opportunity to show himself capable of better things.

Notwithstanding, he drudged faithfully on every day, in the hope that his chance would yet come, and toiled every evening over books which would fit him to take advantage of it whenever it might be offered.

The chance came, as chances generally do, quite unexpectedly, and in a way totally different from any Henry had ever imagined.

It had been a hard day in the office. Two of the clerks were absent, and two more were out on special work, throwing so much more labor on the rest; while the bookkeeper, who thought it due to the dignity of his position never to be in a good humor, was in an uncommonly bad one, even for him, and everybody seemed overworked, irritable and discontented.

Henry felt particularly despondent, for he was behindhand with his own duties, and having made several blunders in performing the unfamiliar tasks of the absentees, had been severely scolded by the bookkeeper.

"It's no use," thought Henry. "I might as well give up and try an easier business like coal-heaving, or a better-paid one like car-driving, or a more dignified one such as canvassing or distributing samples of soap."

The poor fellow, who was half-tired out and wholly discouraged, attempted a smile at his own sarcasms, but abandoned the effort before he had fairly begun.

"Manson!" called Brierley, the bookkeeper, at that moment. "This way!"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Pepper wants you," continued Brierley, surlily. "He's in his private room. Come, don't keep him waiting!"

Henry went out, greatly wondering what could be the matter. Neither Mr. Pepper nor any other member of the firm had much intercourse with the subordinate clerks, and a summons to the private room was exceptional.

"Probably I'm to be discharged," said Henry to himself.

He tapped lightly the door of the little inner room and then entered, with a great effort to look unembarrassed and as if it were a perfectly common thing for him to be there.

Mr. Pepper, a stout, dark man with glittering black eyes and speech so concise that all his remarks seemed intended for ten-word telegrams, turned around in his swivel chair to face the junior clerk.

"Saw you studying a commercial law treatise," said he, without the slightest preface.

"Yes, sir," answered Henry, puzzled at this peculiar beginning of the interview. "But not in office hours."

"Been through it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Understand it?"

"Fairly well, sir."

"Know about attachment process?"

"I think I do."

"Good. You're the only man in office who does, then. Brierley doesn't—just asked him. Well! I want you to go to Damascus Centre. Right now. Train starts in twenty-seven minutes. Have to look alive."

"Yes, sir," said Henry, who, completely taken aback by the suddenness of this extraordinary commission, was all at sea as to what he might be expected to do.

He soon learned. Mr. Pepper, using about one-third the number of words any other man would have required for the same purpose, explained that Jonas Tarliberry, who kept a general store at Damascus Centre, and who owed the firm a considerable amount of goods bought on credit, was on the point of failure.

Now, since Tarliberry's stock was but just sufficient to satisfy his indebtedness to Pettigrew, Pitts, Pepper & Co., and certain other houses were also his creditors, it was necessary to use all despatch in order to put a first attachment upon his goods. None of the firm chanced to be able to go; and time being wanting to procure an attorney's services, the first available man must be sent.

"You're the one," snapped Mr. Pepper. "Know what to do? Yes? Then do it! Here's a signed blank writ—fill it up yourself. Don't let anybody get ahead of you. Don't spare money. Here's some. Now, off you go!"

Henry found himself half-way to the railroad station before he fairly came to a clear understanding of what had happened, and of the swift change in his situation brought about within the past few minutes.

"This is my chance, and I'm going to improve it!"

So, in high spirits he dashed into the station and up to the ticket window. Two men were already there.

"One to Damascus Centre," said the first.

"One to Damascus Centre," echoed the second.

"Hallo!" thought Henry, surprised. "Travel up there seems lively to-day."

His turn coming, he stepped to the window, saying, "One to Damascus Centre, please."

The two men turned around on hearing this request, and appearing to recognize him, exchanged a glance. Henry at once understood that his errand would not be accomplished without opposition, for he, too, had recognized them.

One was Browning, of Mace, Nutt & Co., the other Cutter, of Nash & Cutter, both rival grocery houses, and beyond doubt, likewise creditors of Jonas Tarliberry. They were certainly bound upon the same mission as he.

Browning and Cutter did not speak, but hurried away to the train. They went into the smoker, while Henry, entering another car, sat down to think what he should do.

"Those two seemed to have joined forces," mused he. "Of course, then, their claims are not so large but that there will be enough to satisfy both, and they mean to help each other. And both will unite to fight me, for if I get in my demand first there will be nothing left for either of them. Well, we'll see!"

With a stylographic pen he proceeded to fill in the blank writ Mr. Pepper had given him, which was already signed by the judge, as is sometimes done. The amount of the claim was nearly six thousand dollars, and Henry knew that if he saved such a sum to the firm his future fortune would be bright, while the failure to secure it would forever end all his hopes of advancement.

"But I won't fail," he declared. "I'll get there first if anybody gets there at all."

He examined the roll of bank-bills which had been given him, to ascertain what his resources might be. To his astonishment he found that he had two hundred dollars.

"Gracious!" ejaculated he. "I'm really not to spare money, sure enough. And it means, too, that Mr. Pepper thinks I'd have trouble. Very likely he knew that the other houses would have the same information he had."

Clearly, the first thing to do was to find out all about Damascus Centre, and the conductor was evidently the man to ask. Henry found that Tarliberry's store was four miles from the Centre station at a place called Mosher's Mills, and that there was no regular means of conveyance between the two villages.

"You'll be lucky if you find a team. Damascus Centre's a little bit of a village, and why we stop there I never could see. Sometimes you can get a man to drive you over to the Mills, and sometimes you can't—more can't than can, generally speaking."

"But what shall I do if there isn't a team?"

"Walk, I suppose," replied the conductor, indifferently. "You'll have companions in misery, anyway. There are two men in the smoker who've been asking me the same question. The three of you might keep one another company—if you happen to fancy it."

The conductor walked off winking. The "two men in the smoker" had manifestly given him some idea of the situation of affairs.

Henry sat through the rest of the journey in an unpleasantly nervous frame of mind, longing to do something, and yet it was quite obvious that he could at present only wait to see what might turn up.

If his rivals obtained the only conveyance, what was to become of him? And if there were no conveyance at all, what then?

It seemed to him that he would gladly sacrifice a year's salary for the monopoly of any sort of vehicle which would get him to Mosher's Mills half an hour ahead of that pair in the smoker. His first work at the Mills would be to find a constable to serve the attachment, and this might take more time than he could spare.

Before long the engine whistled, and a look at his watch told him that this must be Damascus Centre. He rushed out of the car, and standing on the lowermost step, made ready to swing off the moment he could safely do so.

Yet, quick and prompt as Henry was, he forgot the very simple, self-evident fact that the first car of a train reaches the station before the last car does.

When he sprang upon the little platform at Damascus Centre he saw Browning and Cutter running across the upper end, and tumbling into a dilapidated old carryall which he instantly perceived to be the only carriage anywhere in sight. He darted toward it, shouting to the driver to wait for him.

"Go on! Go on!" cried Browning.

"Don't stop!" screamed Cutter.

"I'll jes' hol' up a minute and see wut he wants," answered the driver, coolly. "'F I kin git 'nuther pass'njer, why, I'm a-goin' t' take him."

"Never mind. Here's five dollars apiece for these two empty seats inside here. Now, remember, they're ours," exclaimed Browning. "No room here, young man," continued he, laughing, as Henry ran up. "We've a fancy for seclusion and extra seats."

Henry was very angry. "Of all the mean, contemptible tricks —" he broke out.

"Don't get excited, my lad!" sneered Cutter, lighting a cigar. "Haven't you ever learned that all's fair in war and the grocery trade?"

"And that yours isn't the first unfortunate attachment?" added Browning, chuckling.

Henry had already turned away from them, resolved to act instead of talking. Showing a five-dollar bill to the driver, he said:

"If this is the price of seats in this thing, I don't object. There's room in front with you, isn't there?"

"*In* course!" answered the man, beaming with joy and seizing the money. "Up with ye, sonny!"

"Here!" roared Browning and Cutter, both together. "None of that! We've bought —"

"Ye've bought four seats, but ther's a fift' one fur sale, an' it's sold," interrupted the driver, grimacing at Henry. "Naow ye've got what ye paid fur, an' so's he! Git up, Jake!"

He swung his whip, and the horse moved off with its inharmonious load.

The driver, whose name proved to be Elmer Cummings, was in a not unnatural state of exhilaration over a trip which was putting more money into his pocket than he would have earned in a fortnight under ordinary circumstances.

"Sakes alive!" he kept saying. "Wasn't it luck that I happened to be daown t' the deepott this partic'lar day? Ye see, I don' make no reg'lar business o' kerrying folks t' th' Mills—only, when work's light, I jes' hitch up an' come for th' sake o' th' aoutin', an' pick up anythin' thet offers. 'N I guess I know what you three's after."

Henry made no reply.

"Tarliberry, aint it?" said Cummings.

Henry nodded absently. To tell the truth, he was much more intent on overhearing certain whispers passing between the two men inside than on listening to Cummings's idle ramblings. He did not believe that his troubles were over yet.

"Thet's it, is it? 'Tachment, likely? Be ye a constable or depperty sheriff?"

Henry shook his head. The pair behind appeared to be forming some plan, to judge from the very earnest tones of their repressed voices.

"Aint, eh?" continued Cummings, slyly. "Then ye expec' to find one at th' Mills?"

"Why, yes. Isn't there one there?"

"Oh yes, there's one, only —"

At this moment Henry caught one or two words of the talk going on within—enough to understand what the enemy were plotting.

"Very well," he said to himself. "If that's their idea, why, I must beat them at their own game."

The making of this decision prevented him from noticing the queer expression upon Elmer Cummings's hard features, which would otherwise have led him to draw that astute person out a little.

"Do you own this carryall?" asked Henry, hastily.

"Sartin."

"What will you take for it?"

Cummings looked surprised at first, then meditative, then cunning.

"Wal, I haint never thought o' tradin'," he began.

"Quick! Will you take fifty dollars?"

"Wal —"

"Yes or no?"

"Yes, I s'pose," admitted Cummings, "sence ye press me so hard. But p'raps them others —"

"Sold, isn't it?" snapped Henry, as abruptly as Mr. Pepper himself.

"Yes, sold!" sighed Cummings, with the sadness and hesitation of a man losing heavily by the transaction, instead of getting four times what the crazy old trap was worth.

He was pocketing the proceeds of the sale, when Browning threw aside the curtains, saying:

"Want to sell your horse and wagon, driver?"

"They're sold!" interposed Henry, jubilantly. "They belong to me now."

"What? Belong to you?"

"Yes, sir, I've just bought them. And, excuse me, sir, but I rather prefer riding alone."

Browning was beginning a series of violent remarks, when Cutter broke in.

"I say, driver, did he buy the horse, too?"

Henry was aghast. Before he could speak, Cummings replied, "No, nothin' but the kerridge."

"We'll buy your horse then! How much will you take for him?"

"What'll ye give?" asked Cummings, grinning with pleasure at this promised accession of more wealth.

"Seventy-five dollars! Do you take it? Sold!" sputtered Cutter.

The driver had ducked his head, more from astonishment than anything else.

"I'll give a hundred!" exclaimed Henry, alarmed.

"Too late! Browning's a witness to the sale. You're held to your word, driver," retorted the brisk Cutter, who saw that Cummings would like nothing better than to make the two parties bid against each other.

But Cummings had plainly, if unwittingly, nodded to Cutter's inquiry, and could not draw back from his bargain.

"Now, young man," remarked Browning, while he and his companion unharnessed the horse from the shafts, "we'll leave you in undisturbed possession of your carryall—and much good may it do you!"

With this the victorious couple mounted double on their unwilling steed and trotted off, waving their hats and giving three cheers as they vanished over a hill.

Henry, sitting in stupid despair upon the front seat of his horseless, useless vehicle, was desolate as Marius among the ruins of Carthage, but, unluckily, not solitary like Marius, for Elmer Cummings was still there, and with really magnificent impudence offered to buy back the carryall for seven dollars and fifty cents!

"Ye see," giggled he, "'taint wuth so much to me as 'twas to you, an' besides, I've got to hire a hoss to git it hum with."

Convinced that he was in the company of one of the greatest rascals he had ever met, Henry had a strong desire to tell Cummings exactly what he thought of him, but soon saw that he must not offend a man who might still be of some assistance. So, with a violent gulp, he swallowed his feelings, and asked:

"How far is it to Mosher's Mills?"

"'Bout three miles—yes, strong three."

"How am I to get there?"

"Don' know."

"Can't you —" But he broke off what he intended to say, for he saw a man in a light wagon driving up in the direction he wished to go.

"Hullo!" he cried, running to the wagon. "Will you take me to the Mills? I'll pay you well for it."

"Guess so," replied the man, a substantial-looking person of a far more intelligent, respectable appearance than Cummings. "Won't take any pay, though. Jump up! I'm going straight there."

Henry mounted the wagon, bursting with joy. He turned to fling a denunciation or two at his late driver, but was arrested by the singular expression of combined bewilderment, surprise and amusement upon that estimable person's honest face.

"Good-by, young sir!" Cummings called out. "I'll tell ye naow what I was a-goin' to tell ye a

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spell back. Ther' aint but one cunstable to Mosher's Mills!"

Off drove the wagon. Henry was considerably puzzled at the parting speech of Cummings, which seemed to contain some important meaning, although on the surface it was but a very commonplace remark.

One constable was amply sufficient for his purpose, and he felt sure that the fine horse which drew him would reach the Mills long before the overweighted beast ridden by Browning and Cutter.

Indeed, the pair were overtaken within a few minutes. Henry, being only a boy, could not resist the temptation of taunting them.

"Good-by, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, bowing politely as he passed. "I'm sorry I can't wait for you; I have business ahead!"

Browning and Cutter did not answer. They stared with amazed eyes, not at Henry, but at the man with him, and then laughed until they nearly fell off their horse. Until out of sight they continued this inexplicable merriment, which appeared to grow more uproarious the longer it lasted.

Henry turned to examine his new acquaintance, in order to discover what there might be in his aspect to produce such a remarkable effect upon all who saw him. He found the man already keenly examining him.

"Who are you, anyway?" asked the man. "What's up?"

Henry told his errand, described his adventures, and ended by inquiring:

"Can you tell me who the constable is?"

The man smiled rather oddly.

"Well, I'm the constable."

"You?" shouted Henry, delighted. "Then you will please take me to Tarliberry's and serve this attachment."

"Can't do it."

"Can't? Why not?"

"Nothing — only — well, I'm Tarliberry myself!"

The whole journey had been a succession of disagreeable happenings for Henry, but this was the worst of all. He merely stared, unable to speak.

"Yes," continued Tarliberry, "I'm Jonas Tarliberry, storekeeper — also constable. So, you see, I can't very well put an attachment on my own goods, now can I?"

Henry still said nothing. Even beyond his disappointment and vexation, he felt truly sorry for this kindly, good-natured man, whom he was endeavoring to deprive of his property, although to secure the payment of a just debt. He finally managed to stammer something to this effect.

"Bless you," said Tarliberry, serenely, "I don't blame you a bit! I've been unfortunate, and can't pay my bills, so your firm's perfectly right to protect itself; and as for you, why, you're a good boy, and only doing your duty. To be honest, I'd rather your house should have the first chance."

"Then would you —"

Henry stopped short. The proposal he had in mind was too impudent for utterance. He didn't believe that even Elmer Cummings could have made it.

"Why, yes," answered Tarliberry, still serenely and without changing countenance. "Somebody's going to attach, whether or no, and I'd as lief it should be you as those other fellows—in fact, I'd a little rather, for I've taken a fancy to you, and I never admired either of them overmuch."

He calmly turned the horse around and began driving back.

"What! Are you really —" cried Henry, "really going to —"

"Yes, really going to hunt up another constable," answered the good Tarliberry.

They again passed Browning and Cutter, who laughed even harder than before.

"They're laughing a little too soon," commented Tarliberry. "They think I'm playing some trick to get you out of the way, whereas —"

"Whereas," interjected grateful Henry, "you're actually helping me to ruin you!"

Not quite that, however. The constable was obtained and driven to Mosher's Mills, where Browning and Cutter were rushing about, trying to devise some means of procuring assistance. They distrusted their senses when they saw Tarliberry escort Henry and the constable into his own store, and there receive service of the little strip of paper which had cost our young friend so much tribulation.

They could do nothing but go home, completely defeated and too angry to speak.

Henry parted with genuine sorrow from his generous debtor, whom, before he went, he had cause to employ in his other capacity of an officer of the law, for he chanced to see Elmer Cummings sneaking along with that identical carryall sold at such an exorbitant price.

Mr. Cummings was instantly arrested on a charge of theft, and so terrified that he gladly compromised by paying back the purchase-money, less the seven dollars and fifty cents which he had offered for the old machine.

"I was too mighty smart that time," muttered the humbled Cummings, "but I was gettin' rich so fast I jes' lost my head, like a good many other folks in the same box."

Mr. Pepper said little to Henry, good or bad, on receiving his report, but Henry became the firm's collector the very next day, to the great disgust of bookkeeper Brierley.

Nor did Tarliberry suffer for his magnanimity, for Henry's account of it touched even business-like Mr. Pepper, and the country merchant was treated so leniently that he soon got upon his feet again, and, happily, has remained standing firmly upon them ever since. MANLEY PIKE.

SELF-PUNISHED.

As on the earth the mists it yields to heaven
Descend in rain,
So on his head who e'er has evil given,
It falls again.
—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

PATSY DOODY'S PLAY PARTY.

"It seems just like yesterday," said grandmother, with a complacent pat and stroke down each side of her smooth, white hair. "Patsy was just about the size of Kate, there, and my next neighbor, although the trout-run, as 'twas called, and Judge Barnes's meadow lay between her folks' place and ours.

"If she had any other Christian name than Patsy, I never heard it, though some said Patsy was a boy's name. My Patsy was a girl; and it wasn't till she went to Toronto to school, that I learned how her last name was twisted by our country tongues into Doody. Then I read a letter from Patsy to her mother, which ended: — 'Your Loving and Respecting Daughter, Patsy d' Eudé.'

"I felt very uncomfortable then, for every note I'd ever written to my little friend at school had been directed to 'Miss P. Doody.'

"I'm running right away from the party though.

"I remember it very well because it was the first evening party I was ever invited to, and seemed to me very brilliant and important. I had such a nice, grown-up feeling, too, when I yawned in my mother's face the next day, while she was setting up a stocking for me to knit; just as Kate did just now when she was telling about Isabel Edmondson's german last night.

"I felt very young, however, when she sent me to bed for my disrespect.

"Our first notice of the party was when Imri, the Doodys' man, rode up to the gate one morning and left with my older sister, Smyrna, a small, three-cornered note tucked mysteriously into its own corners, and addressed to Miss Marcella Cushing. I know every word of it. 'Patsy's mamma hopes that Marcella's mamma will let her little girl come to a play party, between six and nine o'clock on Saturday.'

"Patsy herself came for my answer within the hour, and stayed to eat seed-cakes and cider-apple sauce out of my broken dishes in the orchard, while we talked over the coming good time. At last we gave each other a little excited hug, and Patsy had to go home.

"I remember I had a pink and white sprigged muslin, made with two full, straight skirts, one above another, the top one reaching to my knees and the under one showing just the wide needlework on my pantalets at the ankles, about which pink ribbons were tied that crossed on the tops of my feet and fastened on my slippers.

"The crowning glory of my toilet, however, was to be my stockings. Aunt Sarah Lampson had brought them over from South Clayborne the day after she heard of the party.

"They had been dipped in some red dye left over from Aunt Lampson's last carpet rags, but being cotton they failed fully to take the bright color, and were tossed into a drawer as useless, but too good to throw away.

"The color they did take was a soft pink, and it was to me the prettiest I had ever seen. But any color for stocking, except red for winter, white for summer, and black for old ladies was unheard of in those days.

"However, the fashion was not so great a matter with me then as prettiness. Whatever splendor of attire might adorn the others, I was sure of having something quite new and beautiful in stockings; and the secret of it I kept even from Patsy.

"At four o'clock on Saturday Nancy gave me my bath in a big washtub by the kitchen fire, preparatory to the party. It was a happy moment when she drew on those pink stockings, smooth and neat, and tied them just below my knee with my best garters.

"As I hadn't any brother, and my father died when I was a baby, Imri was to come for me. Smyrna and Nancy wrapped me in mother's long 'circular' for fear of my taking cold in my bare neck and arms, and lifted me up to Imri on the big, brown horse. With one gentle kiss from mother I rode away to Patsy's.

"Patsy herself came running in to see me, while 'Tilda Slosson, the Doodys' 'help,' was undoing the folds of the circular. I was wild with delight.

"Patsy looked to me like a fairy. Her dress of white Swiss muslin, crisp and light, was made with skirts shorter than any ever before seen in Clayborne, and you couldn't see the lace ruffles on her pantalets at all.

"Her feet were in white slippers, and the long braids of her dark hair were tied with a white ribbon to match the sash.

"I forgot all about myself and ran to give Patsy a little squeeze of admiration. She welcomed me very prettily, but looked at me in a queer way, and then asked:

"'Did you dress yourself, Marcella?'

"'No indeed!' I answered, half indignantly. 'Nancy was very particular to do it every bit herself, and mamma and Smyrna said my hair was combed *beau*tifully.'

"Patsy laughed and kissed me, and said it *was* beautiful, but she didn't seem to notice my pink stockings.

"'Tilda pulled out and smoothed one or two of my yellow curls, but she seemed to me to wear an unpleasant look.

"Meanwhile Patsy was waiting to take me to her mother. She took me by the hand, and led me into the parlor.

"Mrs. Doody glanced at me and then at Patsy as we came into the parlor.

"I was very fond of Mrs. Doody, who was very kind to me, and I wondered a little that she did not say some of the pleasant things about my looking nice which she often said. Then I heard her say to Patsy, who whispered to her:

"'Never mind, dear—her dress is long.'

"This I thought very queer, since Patsy's was so short.

"I sat down to wait for the others, who came in by twos and threes, laughing and chattering with excitement as they added themselves to the lengthening row of dangling slippers and shoes.

"The rooms seemed dazzlingly bright, with candles everywhere; and right in front of the big, old looking-glass an astral lamp was reflected with its glass globe, like a great white eye glowing and watching us. Each candle wore a gay ruff of fringed gilt or silver paper, which added to its glitter.

"Soon there was a flutter along the line of dangling feet as Fritzoria Prince and his brother and sister came in.

"Fritzoria was the boy we all liked best. He had hard red cheeks like a winter apple, round blue eyes, and a clear white collar tied under his brown chin with the brightest blue ribbon bow. It almost made the great eye in the looking-glass wink to look at it.

"Down in my childish heart I had a fondness for this kind-hearted, merry boy, who had often carried me across the trout-run from Babble's Rock, and I even hoped that my lovely stockings might win him to choose me sometimes when he had to pay forfeit and 'bow to the prettiest, kneel to the wittiest, and kiss the one he loved best.'

"His sister Seraphina was dressed in a pink dress much pinker than mine, with common white stockings. I thrust one of my feet out a very little as she went by. Charles Louis Prince came in last. He was given to pinching the girls' bare arms, and had often twitched my curls and Patsy's long braids when the teacher was not looking.

"I was very happy at that minute, and looked with admiring recognition at Seraphina. But she just looked my way, gave a great stare with her small, black eyes, and then, without speaking to me at all, whispered something to Charles Louis, at which they both went tittering over to sit by Mary Ellen Cole.

"Mary Ellen had on a green silk with stripes five inches wide, made of her mother's back breadths, and she looked just like Mrs. Cole, except that her hair wasn't done up in a bob behind.

"I felt rather lonely on the big sofa, and wished I had gone farther up the room; but just then Mrs. Doody turned her head, and, seeing me all by myself, came and sat down so that her soft brown dress spread out quite over my feet in the little breeze she made.

"It was not at all pleasant to me to have the most beautiful part of my costume hidden from view in this way; but I was too bashful to push off the dress.

"The twins, Fan and Nan Gould, coming in, Mrs. Doody beckoned to them to sit by me on the other side, just as Patsy stepped out into the room to begin the first game.

"Hanging up by the looking-glass was a long, twisted cane of red and white candy, 'For which,' Patsy explained, 'you are all to guess riddles; and the one that guesses the hardest riddle gets the candy.'

"We began with:

Riddle come riddle come rouse,
Round and round the house,

as every one used to do, and guessed all sorts of riddles, till at last Patsy asked, 'When is a door not a door?' Every one shouted, 'When it is a jar!' But I remembered the answer that Patsy's grown-up brother gave us when he was at home at Christmas, so I spoke up: 'When it is an egress,' though I did not know an egress from a negress.

"That was the answer, and the wonderful candy crook was mine!

"None of my little friends had taken any notice of me, and an uneasy consciousness was growing upon me of being left out, when this triumph came, and Patsy smiled gaily upon me as I stepped out to get the prize.

"All at once her bright face clouded, and she spoke to Fritzoria, who took out his jackknife, cut the string and brought me the prize before I had gone but a few steps on what I intended for a sort of triumphal march.

"I was consoled for one disappointment in the pride and happiness of having Fritzoria wait on me, but my heart sank when, as I smiled up to say 'Thank you!' in my prettiest manner, I saw that he was not looking at me at all, and he hurried back to his seat, at which Charles Louis and Seraphina giggled again, and I wished I was at home with Smyrna and mother.

"Fan and Nan were very kind. They snuggled up close to me and said, 'Don't you mind those Princes! It isn't *your* fault!'

"I felt somewhat better with their fat hands holding each of mine, and Mrs. Doody smiled more kindly than ever; but she had to go out to see about something, for 'Tilda Slosson was beckoning in the hall. Away up in the looking-glass I could see the great white eye of the astral lamp glowering at me.

"Then we played some more games, but nobody chose me, and I began to feel choked, especially when Mary Ellen went out four times to be 'it' when we played 'Here we go, round the barberry bush.' Her hair looked redder than ever in the green striped silk she wore, and she looked at me so scornfully that I felt cold chills down my shoulders.

"What could be the matter? I began to wink very rapidly; I couldn't help it. Then I swallowed nothing at all three or four times, and this seemed to give me a little relief.

"Then Mary Ellen Cole stumbled over the corner of a rug, and melted into a sort of flutter of striped silk on the floor; and though I was too well-bred to laugh, this little accident somehow made me feel better.

"All the time I knew I was looking as nice as any one there and was as quiet as a mouse, for all my poor little pride and vanity oozed away at the first signs of neglect. I would have been glad enough of any of the signs of good-fellowship to which I was used.

"Even my dear Patsy seemed somehow different—as if she pitied me, and the playmates of Babble's Rock were quite far away.

"At last the game of 'Open the gates as high as the sky' was begun. I knew very well that we were just fourteen boys and fourteen girls, so that I could not be left out. I had given up all idea of Fritzoria, and was glad to be right in the fun with any of them. 'Two by two they ranged themselves until only Fritzoria was left to choose.

"He got up and came toward me as far as the door, and then popped out of it!

"One dreadful minute I sat still, till the astral lamp blinked at me through my tears. Then I ran out of the parlor and upstairs to the bedroom.

"I pulled out the big circular from the piled-up bed, muffled it about myself as well as I could, and started, with hot tears pouring down my face, for the stairs, with a wild idea of darting out of the front door into the darkness and home.

"I don't know how I did it, but somehow I tripped on the cloak and went headlong down the stairs. When I came to myself I was lying in Mrs. Doody's lap in the parlor, and I heard a hum of voices, very far away at first, then nearer. Somebody said, with a little sob:

"'It *was* cruel, there now! And she's my dearest friend!'

"I knew Patsy's voice, and also another, that said, 'Well, my mother don't want me to play with beggars that can't afford clothes!'

"I heard the striped silk rustle as Mary Ellen moved away.

"'They don't always have much money, but I never knew them obliged to go without anything needful. Her feet are too small or she might have had a pair of Patsy's,' said kind Mrs. Doody.

"'She's got the prettiest little feet of any of you!' spoke up a boy's voice, 'and I was coming to march with her as soon's I'd got a drink, and when I got back she'd fallen downstairs!'

"I felt better right away. Fritzoria's protest seemed to set things right. So I tried to sit up, and said, 'I want Patsy!'

"When she came I whispered, 'What do they mean? What was your mother wanting to lend me of yours?'

"'Why, stockings; what else could they be?'

"Poor Patsy looked bewildered and quite red in the face. 'Don't you mind, Marcella,' she said. 'Everybody wants to play with you now. They're sorry they minded your bare skin!'

"'Bare skin!' I cried. 'Why, Patsy, see my lovely stockings Aunt Lampson gave me!'

"I put out one foot eagerly. As I did so, I saw for the first time that Nancy had drawn the thin pink stockings so tightly over my plump ankles that the stockings looked exactly like none at all. The people had never seen pink stockings before, and my pretty hose had been the cause of all my sorrow and misfortune.

"Even Patsy supposed I had come half-dressed to her party. Her exclamations and laughter when she discovered her mistake soon brought the others about us, and the joke was explained.

"In spite of a blue bump on my forehead, I was the happiest child there till I was given into Imri's care once more.

"'She's not to blame, Mis' Cushin', fur bein' late,' said Imri to mother, 'for none of 'em would go till Marcelly'd said good-by. I never see such a fav'rit!'

"But I knew 'twas because they wanted to make up, and there wasn't anything to 'make up.'"

Grandma took off her glasses and wiped them just as the lunch-bell called the children away.

CORA STUART WHEELER.

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For the Companion.

THE GIRL WITH A TASTE FOR MUSIC.

By Miss Emma Nevada.

The young girl who is so fortunate as to possess a voice cannot be too careful of it. If she intends to follow the career of an artist, it is not too much to say that every action in her life must be considered with reference to its effect on that precious organ. The temperature of her rooms, the food that she eats, the garments that she wears, the employment of her time must all be regulated so that no harm shall come to her voice.

It is surprising how susceptible to these influences a high soprano voice becomes. The owners of mezzo-sopranos and contraltos have less sensitive throats, but even those require many precautions if they are to be kept in good order.

Overheated rooms are bad, as a too high temperature has a weakening effect, and moreover predispose the singer to catch cold. Daily exercise in the open air, when the weather is favorable, I have found positively essential.

As to food, the regulations prescribed by the doctor at Ems, now one of the most renowned health stations for the care of the throat in Europe, cannot be improved upon. Nothing must be taken either very hot or very cold; the food must be simply tepid, to avoid the shock of great heat or cold to the vocal cords.

All raw fruit is forbidden on account of the acids which it contains, and which are very injurious. In fact, all sour eatables and beverages must be given up, and all sweets and pastry as well. Mustard, pepper and all spices in general are strictly forbidden.

Plain, wholesome, strengthening food, including stewed fruits of all kinds, alone is permitted. Nor is it well for a vocalist either to sit up late, or to spend too much time in bed in the morning, except, of course, after a performance, when she requires a thorough rest.

On the day preceding the evening on which she sings, she ought to talk as little as possible, confining her utterances strictly to necessary monosyllables. Under all circumstances she ought never to talk much, and never in the open air, in a carriage, or in a railway car. The strain on the voice is most injurious.

Nor ought she, with a view of sparing her throat, to carry on a conversation in a whisper. The tone is unnatural, and, like all unnatural things, is harmful.

One of the leading Italian teachers of singing always advises her pupils to remain in bed during the day preceding the evening on which they are to sing; but such a proceeding would be impossible for me. I always go out on such occasions for at least an hour, taking a brisk walk if the weather is pleasant, or a drive in a close carriage if it is stormy.

The daily period of study should never exceed an hour, and that should be subdivided into exercises at different parts of the day, each lasting for fifteen minutes only.

"How many hours a day do you practise?" is a question that I have often been called upon to answer, the popular idea being that a prima donna spends the greater part of her leisure hours at home in singing away with all her might.

Such a process would be far more likely to break a voice than to improve it. There are some exceptionally robust organs that require exercise to finish and perfect them, but they *are* the exception.

Contrary, too, to the popular impression, a singer should accustom herself to dispense as much as possible with warm or heavy clothing. The throat should not be muffled or heated in any way. Furs should be worn as little as possible. The becoming and fashionable boa is positively injurious, and should be, in all cases, discarded.

Heavy flannel underwear, reaching up to the throat and down to the wrists, is also harmful, especially when the young singer has begun her professional career. The warm flannel undervest must be laid aside when the vocalist dresses for the concert-room or for the stage, and the sudden change is apt to be most injurious.

On the other hand, the feet should be carefully guarded from cold and damp. One great professor in Paris is apt to be very angry with those of her American pupils who, being naturally proud of their pretty feet, persist in walking in thin-soled boots or shoes through the mud and wet of the Parisian streets in winter.

The student of singing must give up balls and evening parties of all descriptions. Dancing, late hours and the night air play havoc with the voice as well as with the strength. Each indulgence in such amusements will cause the pupil to waste several days of invaluable time.

A curious detail about professional singers is the fact that each one of them takes a different article as a refreshment to the throat during a performance. One singer drinks champagne. Another will swallow a raw egg. Others prefer strong *bouillon*, or will take a tumbler of brown stout.

Italian singers, as a rule, drink cold coffee and water, but one famous tenor indulges during the evening in a salted cucumber. One young prima donna munches water-crackers all the time that she is not actually on the stage.

An old Italian gentleman whom I once met in Florence told me that Malibran, whom he had known well during her brief, dazzling career, was in the habit of taking, every evening that she sang, a bowl of onion soup toward the middle of the performance. She had it made at home, and brought cold to the theatre. Her maid used to heat it for her in her dressing-room.

One evening she was attended by a maid whom she had just engaged. Malibran gave her new attendant many and minute directions respecting her bowl of soup, especially enjoining upon her to have it ready at the wings for the prima donna to take at a certain point in the performance.

The opera was "Norma." The heroine and *Adalgisa* were in the act of singing their grand duet, and the audience was hanging breathless on each of *Norma's* impassioned notes, when, to the horror of Malibran, her too-zealous maid appeared upon the stage, bearing the bowl of smoking soup, and walked directly toward her with the words, "It's all ready, ma'am—please take it while it's hot!"

Fortunately she was seen by the stage manager, who rushed after her and whisked her behind the scenes before the audience had had time fully to comprehend the situation.

Another odd thing about opera singers is the difference in their ways of demonstrating stage-fright. One great prima donna will stand on one foot and moisten her lips nervously with her tongue. Another will kick her train energetically, whether or not it happens to be in her way. A certain celebrated baritone always pulls down the cuff of his left sleeve, and sings a great deal too slow. And I, on such occasions, invariably sing much too fast.

For the Companion.

READING INDIAN "SIGN."

By Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A.

Second Paper.

In the summer of 1849 the inhabitants of Florida were horrified by several murders, committed by the Seminole Indians on Pease Creek, just on the southern border of the settled portion of the State. The news spread like wildfire among the scattered settlers, and they at once began to collect their families at central points, and place them behind stockades for protection.

The Indians, alarmed at the rash act of a few of the tribe, and knowing what would probably be the consequence, fled south, leaving a wide band of territory unoccupied by either white or red men.

General Twiggs, with a considerable force of troops, came over from New Orleans, and Tampa Bay and vicinity assumed a warlike appearance. Troops were scattered along the frontier to protect the settlements. Every one wondered what was to be the next step, and whether or not a new Florida war was to be inaugurated.



Before pushing columns of troops into the Indian country, it was desirable to open communication with the chiefs, Sam Jones and Billy Bowlegs; but the Indians remained quiet and aloof, and no white man dared show himself on the neutral strip which separated the Indians from the white settlements.

The post of Fort Brooke, on Tampa Bay, was occupied by two companies of the Fourth Artillery. At this post was also stationed Capt. John C. Casey, of the subsistence department. He had gone there two years before, afflicted with consumption, and was supposed to be in a dying condition.

He was one of the most distinguished officers of his time. A few years before he had been stationed in Florida, and had then made a close study of the language and habits of the Indians, and had become an authority in regard to them.

He was known to have great influence with the Indians themselves, and for the benefit of those interested in the study of our present Indian question, it may be well to remark that he gained this influence by a very simple, though unfortunately an unusual, process. He never deceived them; never told one of them a lie, and never made a promise which he did not fulfil, if it was within his power. If, from any change of circumstances, he was unable to keep a promise he had given, he always told the Indians of his inability to carry it out, and did not leave them to find it out for themselves.

By this simple means he acquired the confidence of the whole Seminole nation, and it was only necessary for Captain Casey to assert a thing for them to receive it with perfect faith. He never hesitated to trust himself in their hands; and when his friends protested against his rashness, he would laughingly reply that he always carried his means of defence with him in the shape of a case-knife, and that if any discontented rascal in the tribe should attempt to take his life, he had the means of punishing him.

"Besides," he would add, philosophically, "I have but a short time to live anyway, and a few months more or less does not make much difference."

The knowledge and influence acquired by Captain Casey were now about to bear remarkable fruit.

The great question was, how to open communication with Billy Bowlegs. While all were waiting and considering how it was to be done, a Spanish fisherman, named Philipie, who had a cabin some distance down the coast, made his appearance at the post, bringing with him what proved to be a very important "document."

On a little piece of stick about eight inches long were fastened, with deer sinew, at right angles with the stick, four or five white crane feathers, so as to represent a little white flag. On the top of the stick, fastened on with a string of small white beads, was the small twisted end of a piece of smoking tobacco.

Philipie gave this account of the flag: On hearing of the Pease Creek murders, he was alarmed, and being near the Indian frontier, thought best to leave his cabin, and seek safety at one of the neighboring "keys," or islands.

But after a day or two he returned, to see if any Indians had been about his place. He found this flag displayed on the corner of his cabin. He had no idea what it meant, but supposed that it was of importance, and accordingly he carried it to the post.

He took it to the commanding officer who sent for the old negro interpreter, Sampson. This man could only say that it evidently meant peace and a desire for a "talk;" but as to any further information, or as to whom it came from, he was entirely at sea.

It was then taken to Captain Casey, who looked at it long and earnestly, and then sent for Sampson. He could only repeat what he had said already.

"But who sent it?" asked Casey.

"I don't know."

Suddenly an idea struck Casey, and turning to Sampson, he said, "Sampson, suppose that, when I was down the coast several months ago, I had left a present of tobacco and beads for Billy Bowlegs, would that have anything to do with it?"

Old Sampson's face lit up all over, and he said, with eagerness, "Why, of course! Did you do dat, Captain?" Being assured that he had, and that, being disappointed in meeting Billy, as he had expected, he had left a package of tobacco and beads with "sign," to show where it was hid, Sampson said at once:

"That is what it means. He says he has got your presents, and wants to hab a talk wid you."

With this as a starting-point, Casey sent for Philipie, and closely questioned him in regard to his discovery of the flag.

"Did you see any other 'sign' about your cabin?" Casey asked.

"Yes," he said; "I saw some moccasin-tracks in the sand."

"What else?"

"Well, nothing of any importance, though the Indians appeared to have amused themselves by marking on the cabin door with a piece of burnt stick!"

Casey pounced upon this last piece of information. Philipie evidently thought the Indians had been amusing themselves, but Casey knew better, and after a good deal of cross-questioning, he wormed out of Philipie that the charcoal marks consisted of a wide circle, with marks on each side of it, somewhat like this:

I I I O I I I I

There were three marks before the circle, and four after it.

"What day was this?" asked Casey.

Philipie gave him the day, and the Captain, eagerly seizing his diary, sought out the date of full moon. The day Philipie said he found the flag was just three days before full moon. The case was now as clear as day, and four days after full moon the messengers would be at the same place to receive his answer.

Taking the little flag in his hand, Casey went to General Twiggs, and informed him he had received a message from Billy Bowlegs. General Twiggs was more than surprised, and asked, "How? When? Where?" Casey showed him the flag and told its history, adding, "If you will give me a vessel and three or four men to go eighty miles down the coast to Philipie's cabin, I will engage in three days to bring you a message from Billy. The moon was full two days ago."

General Twiggs demurred about sending so small a party to so dangerous a point. Casey assured him there was no danger, and that he felt as sure of meeting peace messengers at Philipie's cabin as if his own mother had written him a letter to say she would be there to meet him. At last the General consented to give him what he asked.

Hearing of the intended expedition, I sought Captain Casey, and asked permission to accompany him. The request was granted, and that afternoon, we, with two or three soldiers, Philipie and Sampson, were gayly running down Tampa Bay in a small sailing-vessel, having been assured by some of the doubting Thomases that we would never return, and that Casey's confidence in the Indians was carrying us rashly into danger.

I had the most implicit confidence in Captain Casey's sound judgment and intimate knowledge of the Indian character—a confidence destined to be rudely shaken for a time in the next forty-eight hours; but for the present everything bore the brightest of hues.

A fair wind favored us, and the next afternoon we cast anchor opposite the cabin, but well off the shore. We were a day before the time, and for once Casey showed himself restless and anxious. He was evidently thinking, "I have been very confident; suppose my prediction should fail?"

We could see no sign of a living thing on shore; and as time hung heavily on our hands, Casey, toward sundown, proposed we should take the small boat, go to one of the keys on the opposite side of the bay, and try to get a deer.

Taking the boat's crew and Philipie with us, and leaving Sampson on the schooner, we rowed across the bay and landed. With our guns, Philipie and I started to hunt. Casey, who could not walk far, remained in the vicinity of the boat.

I had separated from Philipie, and had been gone about an hour when I was suddenly startled at hearing a shot in the distance, followed by a yell. Another and then another followed, and I realized the fact that the shots and yells were in the direction of the boat.

My first thought was that Captain Casey had been taken with hemorrhage of the lungs, and was signalling us to return; but the rapidly repeated shots and yells filled me with the greatest alarm. Turning back I hurried toward the boat.

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On the shore of the island I met Philipie, who was quite as much excited as I was, and could suggest no explanation of the alarm. Together we hurried our steps along the shore, and finally reached the place where we had left the boat.

It was gone! Hurrying forward, we turned the point of the island and reached a place where we could indistinctly make out through the gathering darkness the mast of our vessel as she lay at anchor across the flat, a mile away.

My experience is, that most men are a good deal more scared by imaginary fears of danger than by real ones, probably because most men are constituted like most other animals—especially rats, and will fight well when cornered.

At all events I was now thoroughly alarmed, and the worst of it was that I could derive no consolation from my companion. He was even more frightened than I was, for he knew the danger, or, what amounts to the same thing, he thought he knew it. In answer to some tremulous suggestion of mine he broke out with:

"Captain Casey has too much confidence—too much confidence! He go ashore to meet those Indians, they kill him and then come round here and kill us."

I glanced over my shoulder to see what chance there was of a retreat, and found we were standing in front of a thick, tangled mass of mangrove bushes. In front was a channel, through which the tide was running in like a mill-race, and beyond a wide, shallow flat extended across to where our vessel lay at anchor.

"How wide is this channel?" I asked.

"A hundred yards,".he replied.

"How deep?"

"Two, three fathoms, and full of sharks!"

We were in a corner, and I really think I began to grow brave. And now in the darkness we stood and trembled and listened, and I know my mind was taken up with thinking: "Suppose those Indians have killed the Captain, as Philipie says; what chance is there for us to escape, with no food, no drink, and no boat to get away, while the Indians have our boat with which to get at us?"

With this was mingled a feeling of bitterness that after all the croakers were right, and the Captain's rash faith in the Indians had sacrificed his life and perhaps ours.

It was now so dark that eyes were of little use; but our ears were intently bent to catch the slightest sound. After a while they caught the sound of row-locks.

The stroke seemed regular. Surely Indians could not row that way; and just as surely, the sound was coming toward us.

We strained our eyes in breathless silence, and soon distinguished the welcome sound of our men's voices. We hailed the boat and were soon aboard, and as we turned our bow toward the vessel, all our fears vanished. We were told that Sampson had made the alarm, and Casey, knowing what it meant, and anxious to see the Indians, had decided to take the boat and return to the vessel.

A few minutes' row put us aboard, where the Captain related to me with evident satisfaction that he had had an interview with three messengers from Billy Bowlegs, who informed him that he had correctly interpreted the meaning of their flag of truce.

Our freshly broiled mullet tasted sweet that night, as did the sound sleep which followed. The next morning I went ashore with the Captain, and shook hands with the three dusky messengers of peace.

Their message from Billy was to the effect that he was sorry for what his bad men had done, and wanted Captain Casey to meet him at Charlotte Harbor at some early day, and have a talk over the trouble. The Captain explained that now General Twiggs was in command in Florida, and that the Indians had better arrange to meet him. But to this the messengers demurred, saying the chiefs wanted to see the Captain first, and talk over their troubles with him.

When we were done with the general talk, Captain Casey addressed the messengers somewhat to this effect: On account of the murders committed by some bad men in the tribe, both whites and Indians are troubled, and both seem to be preparing for war. The whites and Indians had both fled back from the frontier, and all were suspicious and distrustful. Now he wanted the Indians still to have confidence in him and his good intentions toward them, and to show the whites that they had, he wanted one of their number to get on board of his boat and go with him to Fort Brooke, see General Twiggs, and take back to Billy Bowlegs any message he might have to send.

One of the number, a tall, fine-looking subchief who was in charge of the party, at once stepped forward and said, "I will go with you."

We were soon aboard the vessel, and with light hearts set sail for Tampa Bay. The next day we landed at the Fort Brooke dock, and as we walked up to General Twiggs's quarters accompanied by our messenger, Fuss-eh-na-hah,—the croakers called him Fuss-any-how,—the news soon spread that Captain Casey had returned, and a live Seminole with him.

In a few days Fuss-eh-na-hah started back to the Indian country with his message to Billy Bowlegs.

Captain Casey's success was so complete that all his friends were much elated, and for a week scarcely anything else was talked about in the garrison and neighboring town of Tampa.

Captain Casey died at Fort Brooke, December 25, 1856; and on the same vessel which carried his remains to New Orleans, Billy Bowlegs and the remnant of his tribe left Florida for their new home west of Arkansas. They spoke feelingly of their dead friend as the truest and best white man they had ever known.

TO A GENTLE OLD POET.

"Long days be his, and each as lusty sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be!
May age steal on with softly-cadenced feet,
Falling in music, as for him were meet,
Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!"
—*Lowell.*

For the Companion.

DIRECTIONS FOR A TRIP TO EUROPE.



THE pleasure of a trip abroad is enhanced by a little preparatory work, by a knowledge of what you want to do and to see, and a careful counting of what you can afford; in fact, by a definite and intelligent plan.

As money is to play an important part, perhaps it may be well to lay down the general rule that while seven dollars a day is not an extravagant estimate for all expenses during a comfortable trip, five dollars a day may be made to go almost as far, if economy and common sense are used.

In the case of young men who can walk a great deal, go to third or even fourth-rate hotels, and "rough it" in many ways, this estimate is too generous by one-half; and so it is in the case of a traveller who does not travel, but settles down in some quiet, out-of-the-way city for months at a time. But for the average tourist much more can be spent if he insists upon the luxuries and elegancies of American travel.

Money.

Money is taken abroad in several ways. The best is by buying a letter of credit, putting into it all you can afford to spend after your ocean passage both ways is paid for. By a recent arrangement, all bankers' charges, exchanges and such expenses can be paid in America before leaving, and if you exact it, your money will be paid to you in English gold or its full equivalent.

Over and above your letter of credit, you should carry about twenty-five dollars in coin for immediate use upon landing and upon shipboard. This, too, should be in English gold, or in the coin of the country whose port you enter.

A second method of carrying money is to buy a Cheque Bank book of cheques, and a third is to procure English drafts, or even English bank-notes; but the risk of carrying bank-notes is evident, although the plan is perhaps the cheapest and most convenient, if successful.

Baggage to be Carried.

The next important question is that of baggage. The wise man solves this by having as little as possible. Some luggage one must have, and in order to make its care as light as possible, I should advise a small steamer-trunk to hold all the outfit needed for the passage. For a trifling sum it can be left with the steamship company till you write for it to be forwarded to the ship in which you are to return.

In addition, if you are a woman, make a bag large enough to carry a dress, a cloak, underclothes and toilet accessories, and you will be thankful many times that you are not hampered by a second trunk. The bag will be carried for you everywhere for a few pennies; you need never touch it to transport it, and yet, since it goes in the carriage with you, there will be no charge for extra baggage. This is quite a saving in Europe, where the largest allowance for baggage is sixty pounds a head, and where, in some countries, there is no allowance at all, every pound that goes as baggage being paid for at costly rates.

All articles of baggage should be plainly marked with your name and address, leaving the change of destination to be shown by tags. They should all be sent to the ship many hours before that fixed for sailing.

You will need a steamer-chair, and can get one marked with your name and delivered at the vessel for two dollars; but you can also hire one from the Ocean Chair Company for one dollar, and when the trip is over you are not burdened with it.

By far the best rule for the European tourist is the one laid down by experienced travellers: "The wise man and his luggage are never parted."

Choice of a Steamer.

One important consideration will be the choice of a good line of steamers, and a good ship on that line. There are so many rivals now, each claiming so many advantages, that advice in this matter is hardly possible. I can only say that if money is not plenty, I should choose an unfashionable line.

As a rule, the second-class ships of a first-class line are less crowded than their superiors, and this gives more deck room and better service.

You should engage your passage early—some three months ahead for a summer trip. On the fashionable lines you may cross "out of the season,"—that is, not in summer,—and you have then more room and lower rates.

The season seems to be growing longer each year, but the most crowded vessels go out in June and July. During August they are not so much crowded, and this is a delightful month, with but one drawback—the prevalence of ocean fogs.

Returning, the vessels are fullest in September and October, though the weather in November is as likely to be as fine as either of these.

Cost of Passage on Steamships.

From December to March nearly all companies reduce their rates, in some cases twenty per cent., and a large party buying return tickets can make even lower terms.

In all steamers the prices vary with the position of the room, and in vessels which charge three hundred dollars for their best rooms, you will be able to get tickets for one hundred and fifty dollars the round trip, if you will take something less choice.



Fig. 2.

It may be well to state that by buying return tickets a saving of ten per cent. is effected, and you are not bound by them to return at any specified time. By writing to the company's agents, the tickets' limit may be extended; but the writing must not be neglected, or you may lose the money you have paid.

Berths in the centre—amidships—of the vessel are most desirable, and outside rooms are preferable, since nothing can compensate for the lack of fresh air; but in bad weather, when all port-holes must be closed, the inside rooms, with their ventilators, are most comfortable.

At all times an inside room with one companion is better than an outer one with three, as is generally arranged for. It is no joke to try to dress four at once in a tiny box, which, moreover, is entirely lacking in all stability.

All first-class tickets entitle the holders to all privileges of table and deck, so the wise man or woman will not throw away money on the state-room, unless very susceptible to sea-sickness.

For those who desire a very cheap passage, there is an intermediate or second-class cabin at rates varying from sixty dollars to eighty dollars the two trips. Travellers by this do not go to the first-class table, and there are often certain restrictions as to deck liberties. However, the second cabin is on all good lines clean and comfortable, and apart to objection to doing anything "second-class," there is nothing to prevent an agreeable passage at this low rate.

By whatever line you choose, try to select a vessel with a reputation for steadiness and a dry deck. The first will give you comparative freedom from sea-sickness, if anything can, and the second will ensure you many hours of fresh air on deck.

Dresses for the Trip.

Women will need something of a special toilet for the trip; and as far as the voyage is concerned, this will consist mainly of wraps. Take what you may of these, you will still wish you had taken more when that fierce wind begins to rush through rugs and shawls as if they were thin paper.

The ship dress should be navy blue flannel if you happen to have an old dress of this sort. If you do not, use what you have, provided it is dark, all wool and old—for there is no telling what may happen to it on deck, where the brass is always being cleaned or the paint retouched; or at the table, where a sudden lurch may send a waiter flying down the room only to deluge you with the contents of tureen or gravy bowl.

Women will need a hood, or a cap with a visor, for the deck, being careful to tie the cap on with a veil or warm nubia. The visor is almost indispensable to protect the eyes from the glare on the water. You can hold no umbrella open on the deck. In the fierce breezes women will need a rug to hold down their fluttering skirts. The illustration (Fig. 1) gives an idea of a convenient form for this rug.

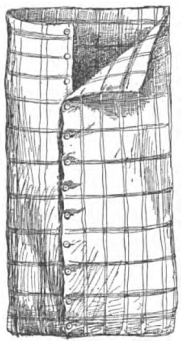


Fig. 1.

You can make it into a bag by sewing it across the bottom after having folded it as shown. Then put buttons and buttonholes along the lapped edges. Spreading this bag upon a steamer-chair, you can slip into it, feet first, and button it over, thus securing your feet against cold, and your skirts against the wind.

It is well for a lady to wear to the ship the costume she intends to use as a travelling dress, changing it for the ship dress as soon as she arrives on board. Tie the hat up in brown paper so that the sea air shall not fade its colors nor uncurl its feathers, unpack the steamer-trunk and arrange its contents for use at a moment's notice.

This plan is much wiser than leaving these duties until one is off, when one may be too sea-sick to attend to them. For the same reason the steward should be seen early, and a seat secured at table near the door, if possible.

Ladies will need, in their steamer-trunks, warm flannels, woollen bed-slippers, stout shoes and rubber overshoes,—for walking on a wet deck,—a dark balmoral, a rubber bag for hot water, some small wall-pockets to be tacked or pinned to the back of the sofa, and a bag (Fig. 2) to hang inside the curtains of the berth in which to keep watch, handkerchief, pins, brush, scissors, and such necessities.

Medicines.

For travel on shore one will probably wish to take some medicines, but these may go into the second trunk or bag, as the ship's doctor will furnish all that will be needed on board. The only private stores I should suggest would be mustard plasters, quinine pellets, a little brandy, and some lemons and oranges. For the shore, you may add to these arnica, ammonia, and a strip of court-plaster wound around a pair of tiny scissors. To carry these you will find a medicine pocket, made of cloth or chamois, like the illustration (Fig. 3), most convenient; the whole to be rolled and tied when not in use. Many people burden themselves with private stores of eatables; but this is quite unnecessary for all first-class lines provide good tables, and the trouble is too much eating rather than too little.



Fig. 3.

Fees vary with the class of patrons the line can boast, but as a rule it is well to give the steward and stewardess each a good fee, say five dollars to each, if your party does not exceed four, one dollar to your waiter, and about the same to the cabin-boy and bootblack. Upon unfashionable lines less will be sufficient, unless some unusual service is asked.

Travelling Dresses.

A woman's travelling dress should be some dark all-wool material, neatly made but very simple. Gray is an excellent color, and so is dark blue. To it should be added the ever-useful blouse waist of foulard or cotton goods, which will be needed in the warm valleys on the continent; but do not forget the flannel skirts and underwear for the cold mountain tops.

Slippers, umbrella, ulster, overshoes, and a moderate supply of underclothing will all go into the big bag, as well as a second dress for *table d'hôte* dinners and dress occasions.

This last should be of some pretty material made "dressy" by ruchings at the wrists and open neck, but it needs little or no showy trimming.

Underskirts should be of Ceylon or wash flannels, though some ladies use black silk ones altogether. Do not load yourself down with underclothing, boxes of trinkets, stationery, perfumery, and the thousand knicknacks we all love. Washing is so quickly done in Europe that there is no need to carry large supplies of linen, and the other things become great burdens.

I should recommend most heartily the carrying of two pairs of stout, well-fitting American shoes, made by a careful shoemaker. You will get none like them in Europe—combining comfort and beauty.

Do not be afraid to travel second-class on the continent, and third-class in England. In Italy alone is the first-class very much more desirable; and in any country where there is a fourth-class the third is good enough for short trips.

In the matter of guide-books there is no dissenting voice in the praises sung to Badaker's; they are expensive, but are worth their price if only as reference books after you get home. However, cheaper ones will answer fairly well, and they are in convenient form.

For sight-seeing guides in Paris, Rome and London, Hare is almost indispensable. He seems to bring so much of what the best minds have thought and seen in each object of interest. But in every one of these cities you will find some small work devoted to the locality, at a price within the reach of the most modest traveller.

ANNIE R. RAMSEY.

For the Companion.

MENDING BAG.

This shows an extremely simple, but useful, mending bag. The plain sateen front and back pieces are each made by covering a piece of cardboard eleven by nine inches (narrowed to seven and a half at the bottom), and a narrow strip, three and a half by seven and a half, is similarly covered for the bottom; the three pieces are then joined by overhand seams on what is to be the inside of the bag.

A piece of figured sateen or cretonne, twenty-one by thirteen inches, is given an inch-wide hem across the top, and is drawn up closely with long running stitches at the bottom, and sewed to one end of the narrow bottom piece; each side of the gathered piece should now measure eleven inches, and be sewed to the corresponding sides of the plain front and back. This finishes one side or end of the bag. The other end is finished in the same way.

Across the inside of the back piece is placed a full pocket, eight inches deep, to hold balls, spools, etc. The top is finished with a shirring for an elastic band beneath a narrow standing ruffle. Above the pocket are tacked flannel needle-leaves and scissors straps. Sometimes an interlining of wadding is placed beneath the inner cover of the back piece, and the whole used as needle-book or pincushion. Sometimes the pocket is omitted and a third piece, just like the front and back, is fitted in between the two to divide the bag into two equal or unequal compartments.



Small brass or silvered rings—or home-made ones of wound wire, covered with knitting silk or floss in closely worked double crochet—are sewed

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to each upper corner of the front and back, and three more are sewed crosswise to the hem of each side piece—one in the middle and one four inches from each corner ring.

A narrow, stitched band of the plain sateen is run through the rings, and the ends are neatly joined. This forms the means of suspension and also allows the bag to be opened easily and widely when in use. The lettering is worked with silk or floss in colors to match the figures in the side pieces.

Such bags, though handy to use for any family mending, are especially convenient for stockings, which may be dropped into them every week as soon as dried, there to wait in company with thread, yarn, needles, etc., till mending day arrives.

COMMON GIFTS.

Common the grass in its glowing green,
So is the water's glistening sheen;
Common the springs of love and mirth;
So are the hollest gifts of earth.

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "KITTIEWINK."

In Seven Chapters.—Chapter I.

Decision and Departure.

"But —"

Doctor Parkhurst leaned forward persuasively, and regarded Mrs. Maynot with the authority of an intimate family adviser.

"No, no, Doctor!" interrupted Mrs. Maynot. "I couldn't stand it. Such a separation would be too cruel, and I have just nursed him through —"

"Tut, tut, wife!" broke in Mr. Maynot. "What's the use of calling in a doctor if you don't follow his advice?"

The case stood thus: Harry Maynot was an only child, and had just recovered from his third attack of measles. This disease seemed to have left him good for nothing. He could not study, and had not the heart to play. The old family doctor had just recommended a trip to China in a sailing-vessel by way of cure, and Mrs. Maynot, who regarded the sea as the great enemy of mankind, and especially of mothers, was shocked at the proposal.

The Maynots lived in the thriving New England village of Sweet Fern, and were what is called well off, but not rich. The problem of a sick boy and a sea-voyage was a serious one.

"Now be a sensible woman, Mrs. Maynot," began the Doctor again. "Your son won't be worth a pound of pickled herring unless he has ozone to breathe. Ozone doesn't grow in an asparagus bed. It's to be found on the salt water. The boy must go to sea, if he is to be good for anything."

Doctor Parkhurst spoke forcibly, and Mrs. Maynot gasped.

An uncertain rap at the library door brought the little group of troubled people to sudden self-possession.

"Yes," began the Doctor, composedly, "the cranberry crop will undoubtedly be the best known for years."

A tall, awkward boy walked slowly into the room, looking inquiringly about. In one hand he held a morning newspaper, and in the other he carried a little terrier, which barked at the Doctor with the air of a dog that has discovered a rat.

"Well, my boy!" The Doctor came forward and lifted one hand to the boy's shoulder, while with the other he tried to ward off Trot, the terrier, who was greedily tugging at the flap of his trowsers. "What a tall boy you are getting to be! You need color and flesh. Flesh, sir, and color! I may as well tell you I'm going to make a sailor of you, and send you to China!"

"You don't mean me to be a sailor, do you?" said Hal, slowly.

There was not much dismay expressed in the boy's tone. He was, like many boys, very much interested in what he knew nothing about, and looked at life on the ocean as the ideal of manly adventure.

"Well, not exactly a real sailor, Harry," answered his father, with a twinkle in his eye. "I don't think your mother would let you ship as anything less than captain."

The boy failed to catch the joke.

"I a captain! Well, Go Gresham, you know, is a captain. His father owns a forty-footer. He runs it." Harry spoke with more animation than he had exhibited for months before.

"I should like to go to sea," Harry went on, decidedly. "I saw a nice notice of a boat for sale to-day. I was just reading about it."

"Let's have it," said his father, encouragingly.

Harry placed in his father's hand the following alluring advertisement:

FOR SALE: The stanch, safe cruiser *Kittiewink*, thirty feet on water line. This yacht is not a mad racer, but a safe boat. The anxious mother may sleep peacefully with her son on board. She is fully found. Her sails are not too large. This bargain does not ship water every time a zephyr ripples the sea. Come and see her with pocket-book in hand. You will buy at sight. The owner lays off the ferry-landing in Marblehead, always aboard.

When Mr. Maynot had finished reading this breezy and rather unparsable notice, Harry heaved a deep sigh, and looked wistfully at the Doctor.

"Oh no!" cried Mrs. Maynot. "Anything but a crazy boat that will capsize if you look at it!"

"Come, my dear Mrs. Maynot," said the Doctor, gently, "listen to reason. Perhaps the boy has struck just the right thing. Wouldn't you rather he stayed on this coast than that he should go to China? Isn't a safe harbor every night better than Cape Horn?"

"Yes," admitted the mother, faintly, "but —"

Her husband and the Doctor continued to represent to Mrs. Maynot the advantage of their plan, and after a few more "buts," she surrendered.

"If this boat is a good one, the only thing needed is a safe and responsible sailing-master," mused the Doctor.

"I have sent for the man we want," replied Mr. Maynot, sententiously.

In a few minutes an elderly man, with a distinct nautical shuffle, and with a red handkerchief tied in a sailor's knot over his throat, walked into the room.

"How long is it, Phin, since you gave up the sea?" Mr. Maynot opened the subject promptly.

"It's five year come next November, sir."

"Do you think you have forgotten how to handle a boat?"

The reply came slowly, with inexpressible sarcasm:

"When you forgit ter spell 'can,' I'll forgit ter box my compass. I aint given to boastin', but I can steer a ship from Salem to Fernandina with my eyes shut."

The two gentlemen exchanged meaning glances.

"You may put the paper on the table and leave the room, Harry," said Mr. Maynot. "And you, my dear," turning tenderly to his wife, "hadn't you better look after the boy a few minutes? The Doctor and I want to have a few words in private with Captain Scrod."

Phineas Scrod, ex-captain of the stanch brig *Susan Jinks*, departed that noon to inspect and, if it was found a fair purchase, to buy the *Kittiewink*. If the yacht were purchased, Doctor Parkhurst agreed to share the expenses, and to send his son Algernon to keep Harry company.

Two days of great anxiety passed. Captain Phin had disappeared without a word. Hal nervously weeded his father's garden, assisted by Non Parkhurst and Trot, the terrier, who, wishing to help his master, invariably pulled up the peas and left the purslane.

On the morning of the next day a postal-card, blotched and scrawled, came with the mail. This was handed around the family with much interest and curiosity. It was deciphered as follows:

Baut the Kittiwink for 487.50 cents. Will sleap on bord tonite and begin fixin Her up. i think she's a bargane and A dandie.—PHINEAS SCROD.

"Goin' to take all this a-yachtin'?" asked the Marblehead driver, somewhat impertinently, as he dragged a huge Saratoga, two other trunks and four valises down the gangway upon the bobbing float.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Maynot, with dignity. She sat down upon the Saratoga, and looked for the boat. Mr. Maynot, Doctor Parkhurst, the two boys and Trot were looking, too.

Where was Scrod? Who could pick out the *Kittiewink* from this maze of craft?

Harry approached a gentleman who wore a New York Yacht Club cap, and whose uniform blazed with gilt.

"Excuse me, sir," Harry said, "but can you tell me which boat is the *Kittiewink*?"

Harry waved his hand impressively toward several large yachts flying their pennants at anchor before him.

"Is she a new Burgess or a Fife?" inquired the gentleman, courteously.

"No, sir, I think not. She is—ah—a fore-and-aft sloop."

Harry struggled with the only maritime term he had learned from his friend Go Gresham, of the forty-footer. The gentleman laughed outright, and said he thought perhaps that yacht had not yet come into harbor.

"Hullo! Good-mornin' to you all! Is that yourn? All them trunks! Ha! Ha! That's a good un on you."

The voice was unmistakable; but how account for this independence of tone? Phin was a changed man. The trim brass-buttoned suit and the sea air had transformed him from a shuffling gardener into the master of his profession. Where he once obeyed he now commanded. His employers regarded him with curiosity and deference.

"But where's the yacht?" cried the united family.

"Yacht! You aint got no yacht! You own a ship! No teaspoon about her. Thar she are!"



"Thar she are!"

Phineas extended his hand loftily, and to the consternation of the two boys, he pointed out a black sloop, not a biscuit's throw from the landing.

There was no impressiveness about the *Kittiewink*. In fact, she was particularly ugly; and to Hal's mind her bow resembled that of a Chinese junk, as shown in the illustrations in his physical geography.

The *Kittiewink* was nothing less than a sword-fisherman turned into a yacht; any sailor could see that at a glance. The contrast between this dingy, black boat, built for business, and the smart pleasure yachts flitting gracefully about, was certainly severe. But the old sailor, in spite of the boat's extreme want of beauty, recognized in her a depth and beam and sea-worthiness that could outstand a dozen fancy playthings or racing-machines of her inches.

Skipper Scrod could not have made a better choice for his purpose, if he had searched the coast from Machias to Martha's Vineyard.

The boys gazed on the idol of their dreams in silence. Who could brag about that thing before them? Their pride was shattered as if by dynamite. They even felt ashamed to be seen on the float. Hal actually dropped a tear, while Non hurriedly choked down his disappointment.

"Look here! Don't do that!" exclaimed Scrod, anxious over his purchase, and taking Hal by the arm. "I tell you she can't be beat. Here's somethin' you can count on, and your folks'll set easy. She's built for sea, and these here boys will be safe, while city swells on fancy yachts are wreckin' an' drowndin' an' scarin' their mas."

The two fathers nodded approvingly at Phin's outburst, and the boys tried to cheer up. The *Kittiewink* was better than no boat at all; besides, they realized that there was a difference between five hundred dollars and four thousand, the cost of many a yacht of her size.

"You can't squeeze these chists down the manhole," said Phin, looking dubiously at the baggage. "I guess we'll empty 'em on the wharf, and I'll take the necessaries aboard. Here, Hal, hold this painter, while I heave some bags into the dory."

"I don't see any painter," said Harry, looking helplessly about for some one with a pot and brush ready to be held.

"Don't laugh at him," said Scrod, politely, looking around the landing. "He haint been salted, but he'll learn. Here, this is the painter." He thrust a rope into Hal's hands. "That holds the dory. Hold on to it now, and don't drop the painter overboard!"

What a delightful bustle there was, putting things in the old craft! Upon certain points Mrs. Maynot insisted. Whatever else was left, she had bought two life-preservers. These *should* go; also a dozen cans of her own tomatoes, and a soapstone.

Scrod threw the soapstone into the dory, grumbling, "It'll come in handy for a sinker, maybe."

To Hal had been assigned the bunk on the right side of the boat—the starboard side—which meant that he was regarded as the owner or captain.

"Two bells! Will ye take a little chowder aboard, mum?" Skipper Phin called to Mrs. Maynot, who was sadly watching the party from the shore. The only answer he had was a faint groan, and the barking of a very hungry terrier. But the boys' fathers accepted the proposition with eagerness.

Phin had been a ship's cook in his prentice days, and the chowder was perfect.

To be occupied in the cabin of any boat for the first time carries some sort of an interest with it, and sustains the emotions; but to sit down to eat—ah! there is the test.

"Say, Non! I feel a little dizzy. Isn't it queer?" said Hal, after about two mouthfuls of soup and one of hardtack.

"So do I," echoed Algernon Parkhurst, sadly.

Phineas, from the forecastle, winked at the elder men.

"I don't know what is the matter," continued Hal, with an air as if he had been insulted.

"Neither do I," seconded Non, with a curious growing dislike to food in general and chowder in particular.

"Let's go on deck," said Hal, apologetically.

So these young seamen tried to escape their inevitable fate. They went forward of the mast, where there could be no disturbing odor of the dinner, and looked about for employment. They noticed a strange-looking can, resting upon a coil of rope with an air as if it were not to be disturbed. That was enough to "stump" any boy.

"Let's throw it overboard and see it float," suggested Non, eager for any diversion.

They cast off the rope from the bitt, and holding one end, threw the white can into the water.

Pretty soon they tried to pull the can in; but the rope tugged in their hands furiously. Had a shark swallowed the can? Perhaps they had hooked the sea-serpent!

"Something awful is the matter," gasped Hal, straining with all his might. "O Phin, come up here, quick!"

One never waits at sea for the second call, and Phin rushed to the deck. At a glance he took in the situation. The boys had cast off the mooring of the *Kittiewink*, and had not the skipper grasped the slippery cable at the last moment, the boat would have drifted on the rocks. In a trice the sailor, with several strong overhand pulls, had brought the cable in again, and fastened it securely on its bitt.

By this time the two fathers were on deck. Then said the skipper to the boys:

"Look a-here now! You might ha' wrecked her or stove her in. Don't you boys touch a line aboard her without my orders until you learn somethin', or I'll cast the job up. Yer fathers 've gin you to me to keep, an' I'll keep you or I'll go."

This episode went a long way to confirm the two fathers' good opinion of Phin.

Phineas now prepared to row the gentlemen ashore. Trot ran out to meet them as they landed.

"Where are the boys?" asked Mrs. Maynot, looking up from her book.

"I told them to stay on board. Really, Molly," said Mr. Maynot, soothingly, "I thought it would be easier for you not to say good-by."

The novel dropped to the floor of the boat-house. Trot seemed to understand that he, too, had been deserted, for he set up a series of baleful yelps.

Phineas Scrod was already rowing back rapidly. The *Kittiewink* swung with the wind at her mooring. The two boys waved their caps and yelled to keep up the general courage; but Mrs. Maynot did not turn. She walked slowly away with her face to the land. She could not bear to look at the *Kittiewink* again. Neither her husband nor her Doctor knew how to comfort her at that moment.

At this melancholy crisis there was a piercing squeak, a splash and a gurgle. Trot had jumped from the landing and was swimming madly after the receding boat, with half-choked yelps. The boys' shouts had intensified his growing conviction that he was wanted elsewhere than at Sweet Fern. Thus was another member added to the crew of the *Kittiewink*.

HERBERT D. WARD.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

CLOUDS AND STEAM.

Clouds consist simply of water divided into minute globules or drops. They differ in no essential respect from the steam emitted by a tea-kettle, or the mists and fogs that fill river valleys at sunrise. These forms of water are all produced in the same way.

In the boiling tea-kettle, the space not occupied by water is filled with invisible and transparent water vapor. When this comes into contact with the cool outer air, some of the vapor is condensed to liquid water, and a cloud of steam is formed. This white and opaque steam is not seen very near the spout, because the vapor there has not yet been sufficiently cooled to condense.

If the cover of the kettle is lifted, the boiling water seems to be covered by a cloud of white steam; but this cloud did not exist before the cover was raised. It has been formed by the sudden cooling of the vapor. In a glass boiler which is either completely sealed, or provided with only a narrow outlet for the vapor, the space above the water is perfectly transparent and apparently empty.

Morning mists and fogs are formed by the cooling of the moist air during the night.

A cloud is produced by the cooling of a rising current of vapor-laden air, or by the meeting of two bodies of air of different temperature. A given volume of air, or, more strictly, a given space, whether it contains air or not, will only take up a certain quantity of water vapor at a given temperature.

If the temperature is raised, more vapor can be taken up; if it is lowered, some of the vapor will be condensed.

The law connecting temperature and maximum amount of water vapor is such that a hot and a cold body of air, neither of which is saturated, or contains all the water it is capable of holding in a state of vapor, may, when mixed, become more than saturated, so that some of the vapor is condensed.

If condensation is very rapid, visible drops are formed and considerable quantities of liquid are produced.

This occurs in the retort of the chemist, the "worm" of the distiller, and occasionally on a gigantic scale in nature, giving rise to what is called a cloud-burst, as in the remarkable flood at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. In other cases the globules formed are so small that they are not separately visible, and do not fall to the earth, but apparently remain suspended in the air, forming steam, mist or clouds.

It was once hard to understand how such drops of water, which are of course heavier than air, could be thus supported by the air, apparently for an indefinite time, and an ingenious but false

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hypothesis was made to account for this seeming violation of the law of universal gravitation.

It was assumed that the globules of water were hollow. A hollow globule would bear some resemblance to a soap-bubble or a balloon, and this resemblance, together with the known properties



of soap-bubbles and balloons, might seem, to a careless thinker, to explain the suspension of clouds.

But the argument was entirely fallacious. The balloon rises because it is filled with a gas which is lighter than air. The soap-bubble is filled with warm air from the lungs, which is also lighter than the cool surrounding air; but the hollow cloud-globule, if it existed, could only be filled with air of the same temperature as the air in which it floated.

Of course the globule could not be empty of air, for in that case the tension of the film of water, together with the pressure of the external air, would cause it to collapse at once. Indeed, the air within the bubble would necessarily be at a higher pressure, and therefore would be denser and heavier than the air outside.

It is quite true that a hollow globule would not fall as rapidly as a solid one containing the same quantity of water, because it would offer a larger surface to the resisting action of the air. But the same effect of lessened speed of descent may be obtained with a solid globule—if the term "solid" is permissible in speaking of liquids—if it be only small enough.

To make this clear, suppose a little sphere or drop of water, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, to be falling through the air. The resistance which the air offers to the drop's motion depends upon the speed of the drop, which is constantly increasing. At last the speed becomes so great that the resistance of the air is equal to the drop's weight.

After this no further increase of speed occurs, but the drop continues to fall with this constant velocity.

Now consider another drop, whose diameter is but half that of the first, or one-sixteenth of an inch. The weight of the small drop is eight times less than the weight of the other, but its surface is not eight times, but only four times as small as the surface of the large drop.

In other words, diminishing the size of the drop does not reduce the retarding action of the air as much as it reduces the weight or the force which causes the drop to fall.

Hence, the constant or maximum speed, at which the resistance of the air is equal to the weight, will be less in the case of the smaller drop than in that of the larger. See this illustrated the next time you observe a thunder-shower or other heavy rain. Notice that the large drops come down much faster than the small ones.

If a drop is very small, the greatest speed which it can attain in falling will also be very small.

A similar rule holds good of solid particles mixed with water or another liquid. The largest particles settle first, then those next in size. The smallest may remain suspended for weeks, even when the liquid is not at all disturbed, while the slightest motion of the vessel will cause the smallest that have fallen to rise and make the liquid turbid.

This principle is utilized in separating particles of different sizes and obtaining exceedingly fine powders, such as "prepared chalk," which is made by mixing ground chalk with water, pouring off the liquid after the coarser particles have fallen, and drying the fine powder which the liquid ultimately deposits.

But we have by no means succeeded in arguing away the law of gravitation; we have only reduced the velocity of fall of the cloud-globules. Fall they must, and fall they do at this diminished speed. Why, then, do they apparently remain suspended in the air?

For a very simple reason. We see a great cloud hanging motionless over our heads, but we cannot see the individual globules, and have no reason to assume that they are motionless. It is clear from what has been said above that they must be in motion.

The form of the cloud, and that only, is at rest. The material of which it is composed is not only in motion, but is constantly changing. New drops are being formed in one place, and old ones are being converted into invisible and transparent vapor in another.

In the space occupied by the visible cloud, the temperature and other conditions are such that all the water present cannot exist as vapor, but some of it must assume the liquid form. These conditions may hold in a certain limited space for a long time, while all around the air is unsaturated, so that stray drops that reach the frontiers of the cloud are re-evaporated and become invisible.

A striking example of this is seen in the clouds that hang almost constantly about high and cold mountain-peaks. The cloud of yesterday and that of to-day are not composed of the same water-drops, but the cloud-form persists as if chained to the peak.



Something like this occurs in the case of all clouds which show any degree of permanence. Of course very many, if not most clouds, change visibly and rapidly.

These changes are partly due to real change of substance, and partly to the disturbance of the cloud-form by winds and currents of air.

LAWRENCE B. FLETCHER.

For the Companion.

MARBLE.

So flawless white it is, like stainless snow,
Did not some power supernal, long ago,
In icy ages, ere yet man was known,
Fix a snow-mountain in eternal stone?

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

Many readers of *The Companion* may have seen the words "University Extension" in the newspapers, with a vague idea of their meaning, and with no idea at all that either the phrase or the movement to which the term is applied, has any interest for themselves.

Some of these readers, probably, have to make their way in the world, with no money and a limited amount of education. They have, it may be, finished the course in the public school and, while some of their classmates have gone to college, have been compelled to lay aside their books and begin work in shop or mill or farm, to earn food and clothes.

But the hunger for knowledge still is keen and unsatisfied within them; and they envy their companions whose money opens for them the Universities, with their wealth of books, of appliances for study, and their corps of learned teachers.

It was for poor boys such as these that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were founded hundreds of years ago. These institutions received enormous endowments; but the cost of tuition and living in these colleges became so great that by degrees only wealthy young men received the benefit from them.

A year or two ago this fact was brought so strongly before the English Universities that a plan was devised to extend the education given in these great seats of learning throughout Great Britain, so that any poor boy, willing to study at night or in his leisure hours, could follow any course of study which he might elect, under the auspices of their professors.

In a word, if the moneyless classes could not go to the University, the University would come to them.

As this work has been taken up by some of the larger colleges in this country, a brief description of its methods—or rather of one of its methods—will interest any boy or girl who wishes to educate himself.

The poor lad, in a village or inland town, consults with his fellows until a class is formed. On application to the University an instructor is sent, who lectures on the chosen branch of study. If the branch of study be a scientific one, he brings the appliances for illustration.

The price charged for admission to the lectures is merely nominal. Books are furnished to any of the hearers who wish to become students; the papers which they write upon the subjects discussed are examined and corrected by the teacher.

Classes numbering from two hundred to a thousand young men, clerks, shop-men, mechanics and laborers were instructed last winter in sanitary science, history and literature by teachers sent out by one of our universities.

How many such classes will apply for instruction during the coming winter?

The work, although good in purpose, has its defects. The pupils must be careful that they are not satisfied with a scrappy, shallow knowledge of the subject which is brought before them.

A little learning is never so dangerous as when it falls upon a soil of indolence and vanity.

For the Companion.

THE PERFECT JUNE.

Take all the rapturous glow of Summer's morn,—
The noontime splendor, and the sunset fair
With majesty; the soft, embracing air,
Whereon glad Zephyrus winds her fluted horn.
Take, if thou wilt, the rose so lately born,
With elfin hues and odor rich and rare;
Take all the sum of cheer the long hours wear
Without surcease, and leave the earth forlorn
In Winter's clasp; take all, yet leave, we pray,
To us that precious wealth, that hope, that faith,
That there still lies beyond this blighting clime
A rarer joy no ill can take away;
For us the perfect June that knows not death,
The largess of Eternal Summer time?

GEO. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

WHY EUROPEANS EMIGRATE.

It is in the spring and early summer that the immigration of foreigners—mainly Europeans—to this country usually reaches its largest volume.

In the last week in April, for instance, no less than eight thousand emigrants are said to have sailed for the United States from Queenstown alone, comprising in about equal numbers Englishmen and Scotchmen, Irishmen and continental Europeans. Nearly a half a million emigrants reached our shores in the year 1890.

While the number of emigrants coming here from year to year does not steadily increase, the fact that so large a number of foreigners, drawn for the most part from the lowest European classes, is poured in upon us constantly, gives rise to an interesting as well as a difficult problem.

Why do so many Europeans every year cross the Atlantic, to find homes and seek their fortunes in the New World? The answer to this question may be read, for the most part, in the condition of the several countries which they thus abandon.

It is because the struggle of life is hard, and sometimes impossible in their own lands, that the lower class of Europeans come here.

The miserable condition of the Irish peasantry—a condition which has existed for many generations—need not be described here. This is reason enough why Irishmen should come over by the thousands.

In a lesser degree, similar reasons operate to induce the poorer classes of English and Scotch to emigrate. Compared with this country, wages are low and work is hard to get in the British Isles. The chances for a poor man to rise to affluence and good position are rarer. Both in the factory and on the farm the Englishman finds better opportunities here than at home.

The Germans come hither because in their own land they are ground down by heavy taxes, subject to severe military conscriptions and long military service, and besides being restricted in their liberties, find themselves unable to thrive amid the crowded and eager populations of the Fatherland.

The notable increase of Italian emigration to our shores is to a large extent fostered by emigration agencies and companies, who make contracts to supply foreign labor cheap in this country. The Italians who come under this regrettable system are, for the most part, from the least thriving and least intelligent part of Italy.

They are tempted to come by the promise of higher wages and greater comfort. That this Italian emigration has serious evils for us is shown by what has happened in New Orleans.

The Norwegians, Danes and Swedes come to us in considerable numbers, over fifty thousand having landed on our shores last year. They do not suffer great oppression or hardship in their own countries, but have always been an adventurous people, inclined to seek new homes, and ambitious to work in places and under conditions favorable to the largest success.

Emigration hither is undoubtedly greatly stimulated by the accounts received in Europe from the foreigners who have already settled on our soil, and who send home news of the opportunities existing here, the large degree of political and social freedom enjoyed, the peace, security and ever-swelling prosperity of the Republic.

It is too true, moreover, that the criminals of Europe, eluding justice in their own countries and seeking safety from punishment, look upon this country as a sure asylum, and without serious hindrance from their own governments swarm across the Atlantic in large numbers.

This country has always boasted of welcoming to its shores the poor and oppressed of all nations, but certainly it is no part of the duty of this country to receive and cherish the paupers, the diseased, and the criminals cast off by foreign countries. While we are ready to welcome honest, able-bodied, peaceful and willing workers from whatever clime, we have the right to protect ourselves from vagabonds, thieves, lazy do-nothings and assassins.

OVERCOMING.

Less than two years ago an English gentleman died who was the father of a large family, a member of Parliament, a prominent county magistrate, the owner of large estates, and an active, public-spirited man in all local and national matters.

So loyal were his friends to him that they never made public mention of the one great misfortune of his life. It was never even hinted at in the newspapers. In fact, it was only after his death that those who had not seen him knew that it was but the misshapen block of a man that had lived this active, manly life.

He was born with neither legs nor arms. After his death his story was told: How he resolved when but a boy to act and live as did other boys, without regard to his horrible misfortune; how he persisted in studying every book, in learning every game, in joining in every amusement possible to him with his companions. How, to the last year of his life, he held himself to be as responsible as other men, and bravely paid every tithe of duty to God and to his fellows.

Even in lesser matters in life he pressed to the front. He was the most genial, witty guest at social dinner-tables. Strapped to his horse, he hunted foxes in Yorkshire or tigers in India, and with his brothers made long journeys in other parts of the world. Everywhere his cheerfulness and gaiety gave new life to duller souls.

What weight of pain he carried beneath this courage only God knows.

Is there no lesson for us all in the life of this gallant gentleman?

Every boy or girl has some drawback, some difficulty to combat or, harder still—to bear. It may be deafness, an ugly face, a vicious temper, deformity, or a dull brain.

Be sure that every other human being has his difficulty, too. Ignore your own, forget it when you can, and above all get above it. "Make of your petty grief a pedestal on which to stand."

Epictetus would have sent no words of wisdom down through the ages but for his lame leg. John Bunyan would not have dreamed the dream which has helped the English-speaking world if he had not been shut up in a jail. If Father Damien had not died a leper, his life could not have given to many a sincere heart fresh strength and courage.

DANGEROUS.

In one of the large towns of Pennsylvania a suit was recently brought by a workingman against the proprietor of a cigar shop, for permanent injury done to the health and reason of his son. The shopkeeper, regardless of warnings and protests, persisted in selling cigarettes to the boy, a child of ten years, until the use of them brought on paralysis and softening of the brain.

So common are permanent affections of the throat, stomach and nerves from the use of cigarettes by boys, that the State of Pennsylvania has made it a criminal offence to sell them to minors. In the records of insanity in that State for ten years it was shown that among boys under twenty the excessive use of tobacco ranked third among the causes of disordered intellect.

The lad who reads these words, if a smoker, will probably admit that there is but little pleasure in smoking the cigarette. Certainly he will do so if he is frank. He smoked at first because he fancied it made him look like a man; afterwards because the habit could not be shaken off easily.

Let us recommend to his attention the story of the farmer's boy who inherited a bleak tract in Western Pennsylvania and worked it with scant results for twenty years.

Then oil was found in it, in such quantities that the young man became rich. He did not try to educate himself or to spend his easily-gotten wealth wisely, but went to the city, and wasted it in the most absurd extravagances. At times he literally flung his money away to the passers-by.

So insane was his extravagance that in a few years he had lost all and was penniless. He died in the almshouse in Philadelphia.

God has given to the average boy a capital far greater than wells of oil; health, a sound digestion, an active brain, the courage and happiness of youth. When he walks the streets puffing his cigarette he is in danger of wasting his capital almost as senselessly as did this poor lad when he flung coin to the passers-by.

Judicious men and women who see him smoking are not moved to admiration by his manliness, as he fancies, but simply regard him as silly and untaught, and pity him for the ignorance which may bring upon him such incurable ill during his whole life.

SOLDIER AND SQUAW.

A well-authenticated story of the slaughter at Pine Ridge is that of an Irish soldier who, kneeling with his comrades behind a bank, was shot close to the heart.

"Fath," he exclaimed, "I'm shure it's all over wid me! Rowl me round, boys, an' make a fince of me."

The next moment he was dead. They obeyed him, and used his body as a rampart.

Another incident is told of the same fight worthy of note. A squaw retreated backward before the terrific fire of the white soldiers, holding both hands behind her.

She fell at last pierced with many bullets. It was found that she had sheltered a baby with her wounded body—a baby, ugly and copper-colored like herself. She was killed. The child was saved. It gives the story more meaning, perhaps, to know that it was not her own.

Could not these red and white-skinned human

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beings, in both of whom such heroic courage and self-sacrifice were possible, have found better occupation than murdering each other?

The same problem has arisen in every war since the beginning of the world.

"The Romans," says an old writer, "kept their legions removed from fire for fire, lest coming closer they should look into each other's eyes, and recognize brothers and friends where they had thought to find enemies."

BOLD AND TRUE.

Griffith M. Cooper was a member of the Society of Friends who deserves to be remembered as a man fearless in action and scrupulous in speech.

When living in Western New York, some fifty years ago, he found that the Cattaraugus Indians, in the southern part of Erie County, were being led by the Ogden Land Company, a rich corporation, to give up their lands for less than they were worth.

He began to agitate the matter, and finally so impressed the Society of Friends that they promised to pay him a modest salary and care for his farm while he devoted his time to advising and shielding the Indians. For ten succeeding years he spent a great part of his time on the Cattaraugus Indian Reservation, or in journeys connected with Indian affairs.

At length the victory was won. The Land Company ceased its efforts, and a treaty with the United States Government left three thousand Indians in full possession of their domain.

He was absolutely incorruptible, and could point out at least one man on the other side who had offered him sixty thousand dollars if he would go home to his farm, and let Indian affairs alone.

His plain speaking was a habit of daily life.

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins says of him that he once went to Washington in the interest of his principles, and had an interview with Martin Van Buren, then Secretary of State.

Mr. Van Buren had heard the Ogden Land Company's statements, and was influenced in their favor. He gave their version of a certain matter, though he was aware that there were facts which would refute it.

"Martin," said the plain-spoken Quaker, "what does thee say that for? Thee knows it is not so when thee says it."

Van Buren repeated this to a friend, with the remark: "I like that Quaker. A man with the courage to tell me, in so frank and friendly a way that I don't tell the truth, I greatly respect."

CITY AND COUNTRY.

According to the new census more than eighteen million, two hundred thousand of the people of the United States reside in cities and large towns of eight thousand inhabitants or more. Of the total population of the country twenty-nine per cent. live in these large places.

We say say, roughly, that seven-tenths of the people live in the country and three-tenths in cities. The proportion of city population is constantly increasing. In 1880 only sixteen persons out of a hundred resided in these larger places; in 1870 there were twenty-one; in 1860 twenty-two; and in 1850 twenty-three.

The number of towns having eight thousand inhabitants increased during the last ten years from two hundred and eighty-six to four hundred and forty-three. There are no less than forty-seven such towns in Massachusetts, and almost seventy per cent. of the population live in them.

It is evident, not merely from these facts but from common observation, that the cities are drawing heavily upon the country, and that the prosperity of the people who devote themselves to agriculture, the basis of all industry, is steadily diminishing.

This is a melancholy fact. Everything that it is possible to do to counteract the tendency should be done. Great as the country is and varied as are its resources, the products of the soil are of many times greater importance and value than anything else.

Moreover, as cities grow and agriculture declines political and social evils increase. City life is vastly attractive to young people who have passed their childhood amid rural surroundings, but for the pure joys of a peaceful life the country is much to be preferred. So have sung the poets since the world began, and so the universal experience of the human race teaches.

UPTON'S TACTICS.

The late General Upton, whose work on "Tactics" made his name known to every soldier throughout the United States, was noted for his nervous energy, tireless application and strict discipline.

While commandant of cadets at West Point, he was frequently crowded out of his house by company relatives of his dead wife. On such occasions he often did a bed in the rooms of his friend the Adjutant, Captain King, who, in his "Trials of a Staff-Officer," tells an amusing anecdote illustrative of the General's character.

"The first time it came was but the pattern of all that followed. We talked for half an hour or so, then Upton quietly arose, took from his breast pocket a small Bible, seated himself near the lamp and read in silence awhile, and then, when ready for bed, he knelt in prayer, and continued on his knees a long time. . . . Upon me it left a fervent and earnest in his faith as he was in every detail of his duty."

The cadets did not like him,—they "seldom do like an officer who is thorough in the performance of his duty,"—and disliked him "the Christian officer." They also suspected secret drinker when he could hear but not detect the vapors.

But no word or sign betrayed that the command had heard the words. It was no fair and honest trial that the graceless wags were compelled to respect the man, though his relentless discipline caused them to dislike his commandant.

General Upton had been wounded three times in three different engagements. He went into the war a second lieutenant, and came out of it a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army and a brevet major-general; but he never alluded to his wounds, and rarely mentioned his service in the field.

NOT BUTTER.

A bright woman, who makes it a point to find out in what subject the person to whom she is introduced is interested, and to use it to lead the conversation speedily to it, had an amusing experience, which she relates with great glee. A dinner was given by an intimate friend, and she whispered hurriedly to her hostess, who had introduced her to be a pretty, naturally grave man who was to take her in to dinner, "What does he like to talk about best?"

"Butter!" said the hostess's lips, with a moaning smile.

It seemed a strange subject, but the tactful guest made the best conversation around to it, and as she afterward said, "talked as if to know good butter when one saw it, and to be able to get one of the most important things in the world."

Her companion did not seem interested, and the dinner progressed, dessert and then came to an end. Another effort, and then the lady gave up the task, and devoted herself to her neighbor on the other side.

The "butter" man was obliged to leave, pleading another engagement, and the hostess came over to the guest to the evident regret of his hostess.

"He's too bad he could not stay longer, and talk to you," commiserated the hostess to her friend. "He's such a charming man. I knew you'd be just the one to get him interested in butter, and I said then I thought we could all reap the benefit."

"Charming! That man!" repeated the guest, with a look of amazement at the mouth, though it packed my brains to make the 'butter' question attractive?"

"Butter!" ejaculated her hostess, in dismay. "Oh, and Buckley? I supposed of course you knew he was a high authority on the subject! What must he have thought?"

"I fancy," replied her friend, dryly, "that he thought he had had all an advisory board for some agricultural show."

DON ALPHONSO.

The little King of Spain is very frank and unrestrained in his expression of opinions, and sometimes makes personal remarks about his subjects of a sort seldom indulged in by older and more diplomatic kings. He is very mischievous, but his attendants, in keeping him out of mischief, have to take great care not to "injure the dignity of his Most Catholic Majesty." "Harper's Bazar," from which this sketch is taken, says that a footman who put out his arms and caught the King one day when the little fellow tripped, and was about to fall headlong down-stairs, was dismissed from his post for having dared to touch, with his plebeian hands, the royal person. True, the Queen rewarded the man with a large sum of money, and gave him another situation, but even she could not retain him in the household.

On Good Friday, according to a custom which has prevailed in Spain since the sixteenth century, seven criminals received pardon. As soon as the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo stepped down from the high altar, where he had sung mass, to the table on which were laid seven rolls of parchment.

Each roll contained the full pardon of a prisoner, but the King knew nothing of this, and had, a few hours previously, received the regent's signature. Placing his hand on these rolls, according to custom, the chaplain asked the Queen

"Seven, does your Majesty grant pardon to the prisoners?"

With a tender glance at the little boy, whose hand she held, she replied:

"In the name of the king, my son, I grant to these prisoners, as I look to God to grant His pardon and mercy to me and my son."

The rolls were then placed on the high altar, and after a prayer and benediction, delivered to the Minister of Justice.

AN ANCIENT "SELL."

Not many travellers visit Carrara, where the finest of marble is constantly being quarried, as it has been for so many centuries, but, once there, much may be found in the way of legend and scenery to occupy the curious mind. Innumerable stories float about the place, says a writer in Once a Week, concerning the existence of hidden treasure.

Gold has often been found in the neighborhood of the town, and not very long ago a crock of gold coin was unearthed beneath one of the streets.

A well-to-do citizen was the owner of a quarry which was, in one of his vaults, situated upon an old, deserted quarry, within which, half-buried in the rubbish, lay an enormous block of heavy marble, on which, on closer inspection, a number of letters, rudely cut, were discernible under a crust of dirt. With some difficulty he managed to spell out the words, "Blessed is he who finds me, and keeps me."

The man at once jumped at the conclusion that he had stumbled upon hidden treasure, and that fortune was made. He rushed home and collected some of his friends to aid him in the recovery of the treasure, and by their united efforts they succeeded in turning the heavy stone over. Another rude inscription met their eager eyes.

"Thanks, my friends. I was weary of reposing so long in one position!"

NORMAN HUMOR.

Superstitions about rocks, which were once popular among the peasant classes of Europe, are dying out. The familiar legend is of a rock which, moved at a certain time by some strange whirlwind, crushes or rolls aside, and discloses treasure hidden beneath, the time usually being peculiarly inconvenient for witnesses, as for instance "on the stroke of twelve on Christmas Eve." A peculiar story of this kind is still told in Normandy. M. Julien Tiersot writes of it in the *Revue des Traditions Populaires*:

In the neighborhood of Canfleur-eux there is a stone which the country people say, revolves every year at the hour of noon on the summer solstice. A walk in the country in the spring at the hour of noon is an agreeable diversion, and the accidental stranger readily consents to go and see the marvel-ous stone.

The stone does not revolve. It covers the stone and well. Time passes. It is afternoon.

"But the stone is not moved!" he says.

"Wait!" they answer, and heard the Angelus sung or, if the sullen bell is silent, one would wait for every, for an hour if, by the Angelus, it never rang.

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SUGGESTIONS

CONDIMENTS.

1. Salt: (a) How and where found; (b) how obtained and manufactured; (c) its qualities; (d) its chief uses.
2. Pepper, mustard and ginger: (a) How and where produced; (b) how manufactured; (c) varieties of each; (d) uses.
3. Allspice, cinnamon and cassia, nutmeg: (a) Their sources; (b) how prepared for market; (c) qualities and uses of each.
4. Why are these things used? Are any of them necessary for our health?

For the Companion.

THE PATH OF PEACE.

It is so hard to walk earth's toilsome way
Ever while slow moons wane, or slow increase,
So hard to follow Duty day by day,
Leading us to God's peace!

O weary grows the heart and worn the feet
In the dull round of uneventful cares,
Yet there's a thought might make our service sweet,
For God our toil prepares.

Lift up thy tired eyes! No cloud is spread
Betwixt thee and His heaven serene and pure.
He holds His hand above thy humble head,
Thy happiness is sure.

Then keep the courage of thy morning prime,
And bravely bear the cross He lays on thee,
'Tis but a little space of troubled time
In His eternity.

Remember, only in this pathway lies
Thy safety,—once beyond its sheltering bound,
What choking mists, what bitter tempests rise,
Where never rest is found!

Hard may be Duty's hand, but lo, it leads
Out into perfect joy, where pain shall cease;
God sees thy striving, and thy patience heeds,
And thou shalt find His peace.

CELIA THAXTER.

For the Companion.

SHIPWRECKED.

Late in December a little coast schooner, laden with pine lumber, set sail from a port in Mississippi bound to Philadelphia.

The crew consisted of the captain, mate and four seamen. The only passenger was the Captain's wife, a young girl, recently married. Those who know her state that she was "a little, insignificant, uneducated woman, not noted for beauty or cleverness, but very fond of her husband and a good Christian."

On leaving the Gulf of Mexico and reaching the open sea, the schooner encountered several storms, the second of which forced open her seams. A leak followed. The pumps were set to work, but the water entered the hold faster than it could be pumped out. The cargo was then thrown overboard.

One storm followed another. The masts were swept away. The pumps were worked day and night, and bravely succeeded in keeping the shattered hull afloat.

It was now that the Captain's little wife took her turn with the crew, working as hard as any man, singing and joking to keep up their hearts when they saw no chance of escape.

On the eighth day the little vessel ran into a heavy gale of sleet and snow. Her decks were sheeted with ice, and the wet clothing of the crew was frozen to their bodies. The Captain and one of the seamen fell ill, and the sufferings of the others were almost intolerable. The Captain's wife nursed the sick men. She prepared the food, and even took her turn at the pumps. Her courage and hope never failed.

"You will reach home if you keep up courage and trust in God," she told them a thousand times. The men were ashamed to give up while this little woman held out.

On the fourteenth day a heavy sea washed away their last barrel of meat. The wet, mouldy bread was soon exhausted, and then the agonies of starvation began.

The little woman was so weak that she sometimes fell like one dead on the deck. But her courage rose with the desperate need. She went from one man to another, cheerful and laughing, talking to each of his home, his wife and children, praying aloud with such a happy fervor of faith that the superstitious sailors were both awed and made hopeful.

"She talked with God," one of them said. "She talked with God all the time. I knowed He was beside her, and heard her."

Days of hot sunshine followed, in which the horrors of famine and thirst increased. Ship after ship passed along the horizon, without seeing the little hulk to which these poor wretches clung.

But at last a steamship bore down on them. They were taken on board and tenderly cared for; they were carried to a foreign port and then sent back to their homes.

The Captain's wife, when her work was done, sank into a stupor and lay near death for many days.

This record of an heroic woman is taken almost literally from the reports of the men whose lives she had helped to save.

Many women will read it, who, like her, are "not noted for beauty, talent or knowledge." It will probably never be their lot to endure suffering from storm or hunger or thirst. But each one, however insignificant, will have companions in her voyage through life whom she can save from misery and crime by her cheerful courage and faith.

There are shipwrecks more to be dreaded than any on the high seas, and when such a disaster overtakes a man, no surer help can reach him than that of a sister, a wife or a mother who loves him, who hopes for him, and who "talks with God."

LOFTY OBSERVATORY.

When it was proposed by I. Vallot that a scientific observatory should be erected on Mont Blanc, at an elevation of fourteen thousand five hundred feet, the scheme was regarded as visionary and almost ridiculous. It would be impossible, it was said, to engage in any kind of work at such an altitude. But Vallot overruled all opposition.

The building was constructed at Chamounix. It was then taken apart, and each timber marked so that the parts could be readily fitted together on the mountain. One hundred guides volunteered their services to carry the different parts of the building to the point fixed upon as the site. The material was tied up in one hundred and eleven loads, and the work of transportation was begun.

It was a tedious undertaking to carry the cumbersome packages up the ascent. Each man required three days to convey a load to its destination. The first man started on June Sixteenth, and on July Thirty-first the last section of the building and the last of the ninety packages of scientific instruments had reached the site of the observatory.

Vallot selected five of the hardiest mountaineers as masons and carpenters, and set out for the summit. Two tents were set up for the temporary shelter of the party. Although it was midsummer the mercury stood nine degrees below zero at night, and rarely rose above zero at noon. The workmen were clad in Arctic costume with heavy woollen gloves and caps, a style of dress not the best adapted for working, but they were able to labor from seven o'clock in the morning until seven at night.

In two days the foundations were completed, and on the third the framework was in place, despite the heavy wind which threatened every moment to overthrow it.

The work, however, was extremely exhausting in the rarefied air. One and then another workman was disabled, and before the building was finished all descended for a rest. On August Thirty-first the party reascended, accompanied by M. Vallot's wife, an enthusiastic mountaineer.

The building was completed within a few days, lightning-rods were added, and a flag was unfurled to the breeze. The building is divided into two apartments, one for scientific work and the other for the use of tourists.

WHY HE WAS AT HOME.

When the Confederate army was pouring through Richmond, on its march toward the Peninsula, the soldiers received constant and substantial tokens of the good-will of the people of the region. Women and children thronged the sidewalks, pressing on their defenders everything which the scanty Confederate larder could supply, while from many of the houses gloves, socks and comforters rained down upon the companies. Mr. T. C. DeLeon, in "Four Years in Rebel Capitals," gives an incident connected with this march, of the sort which is calculated to move the roughest soldier's heart.

The Southern soldier was ever a cheerful animal, with a general spice of sardonic humor. Refreshed inwardly and outwardly, the men would march down the street, answering the waving handkerchiefs at every window with wild cheers. Nor did they spare any amount of chaff to those luckless stay-at-homes encountered on the streets.

"Come out'r that black coat!" "I know ye're a conscrip'! Don't yer want 'er go for a sojer?" "Yere's yer chance ter git yer substertoot!"

These and similar shouts, levelled at the head of some unlucky wight, brought roars of laughter from the soldiers, and from the victim's unsympathetic friends.

At one house a pale, boyish-looking youth was noted at a window with a lady. Both energetically waved handkerchiefs, and the men answered with a yell; but the opportunity was too good to lose.

"Come right along, sonny!" was the cry. "The lady'll spare yer! Here's a little muskit fur ye!"

"All right, boys!" cheerily responded the youth, rising from his seat. "Have you got a leg for me, too?" and Colonel F—— stuck the shortest of stumps on the window-seat.

With one impulse the battalion halted, faced to the window, and came to "Present!" as their cheers rattled the windows of that block. That chord had been touched by which the roughest soldier is ever moved.

OVER THE FALLS.

The Rockomekos were a warlike tribe of Indians inhabiting a portion of the Androscoggin valley in what is now known as Canton, Maine. The white settlers of the region, both up and down the river, were kept in a state of constant anxiety and terror by marauding parties from this tribe. Cattle were stolen, log-cabins burned, and the lives of the settlers often threatened by the Rockomekos.

One day in the fall of 1688 the settlers at Brunswick were thrown into a condition of wild alarm by the report, brought by an old hunter, that the Rockomekos were coming down the river to attack them. They made what preparations for resistance they could. The strongest house in the settlement was barricaded for use as a block-house, and to this place arms and ammunition were brought.

Watchmen were stationed beside the river to sound the alarm when the Rockomekos were seen. The excitement extended not only to the Brunswick settlement; all the pioneers along the river feared an attack.

Their fears were not ill-founded. The Rockomekos, the whole tribe,—men, women and children,—started down the Androscoggin in their canoes.

Late one afternoon about this time two young men, Joe and Ben Smith, out on a week's hunt, were returning to their camp, when they came upon two Rockomeko braves, hastening along the river bank through the woods.

"Them fellers mean mischief," Ben remarked to his brother. "Let's keep 'em in sight for a bit."

The young men had heard nothing of the meditated attack on the Brunswick settlement, but they had sufficient acquaintance with Indian character to regard these two braves with suspicion. Ben, who spoke the Indian tongue, questioned them as to their destination and designs, but to all inquiries the Rockomekos returned evasive answers.

According to the custom of the times, Joe and Ben had a liberal supply of rum at their camp, and each carried a bottle in his pocket. Knowing that the "fire water" would loosen the Indians' tongues, the young men invited them to drink, an invitation rarely refused by a red man.

Under the influence of the ardent spirit, their tongues became loosened, and they told the young men all they wished to learn. The whole tribe was on the way down the river in canoes, they said, and the two Indians had been sent on to build fires above the Pejepscot (Lewiston) Falls, to show their friends where to land and camp for the night.

Ben and Joe, as soon as the Indians were stupefied, proceeded down the river below the falls. There they built two huge fires on a knoll where the Indians, descending in the canoes, could see them, and then waited and listened. The night was dark and cloudy, and without a thought of danger the hapless wretches in the canoes paddled down the river toward the blazing fires.

Suddenly, above the roar of the falls, rose shrieks and cries of distress. The Indians knew their danger, but too late! The canoes were drawn in by the quick waters, and carried over the falls. Not one redskin came out alive. Such was the destruction of the Rockomekos, which caused great rejoicing among the white settlers of the Androscoggin valley.

For the Companion.

ONE DAY IN JUNE.

A bride went forth with her flowery train,
One rose-hung day in June,
And the birds and the sea and the pealing bells
Seemed singing the same glad tune;
And the young bride, seeing but hours of bliss,
Said, "Who could weep in a world like this!"

A widow went forth with her mourning train,
On the selfsame day in June,
And the wind and the sea and the tolling bells
Seemed chanting the same sad rune;
And the widow, seeing but desolate years,
Said, "Who could laugh in this world of tears!"

HARRISON H. HARKESHEIMER.

A STABLE-BOY.

Baron Ward began his career as a Yorkshire stable-boy, and became one of the cleverest financiers, diplomatists and ministers of the day. The story of his life, as related in *Blackwood's Magazine*, suggests one of Dumas's romances. The Duke of Parma was fond of horses, and kept a magnificent stud. He used to visit the stables every morning. One morning his attention was called to several horses which had just arrived from England. The stables were not in good order, and he overheard some one say: "We would not stand this kind of thing in Yorkshire."

"Was it you who spoke?" asked the Duke, turning round quickly, and seeing a young Englishman.

"Well, I did say something, your Royal Highness."

"What's your name?"

"Ward, please your Highness. I came with the horses for your Royal Highness."

"You said, 'We would not stand this in Yorkshire'?"

"That's about it, your Royal Highness," answered Ward, tugging at his forelock.

"What do you mean?"

"Only, please your Royal Highness, in Yorkshire I thinks we know how to keep horses."

The Duke turned away; but shortly after Ward was appointed the Duke's personal groom. The groom always rode behind his master until they were out of Parma; then, by order of the Duke, he would draw near, and reply to questions about the management of horses and stables. One day all Parma was astonished. The young Yorkshire stable-boy was appointed Master of Horse.

The Duke was a keen judge of character, and had a liking for Englishmen. He kept Ward as his personal groom, and often talked with him on subjects unconnected with the stables.

Ward acquired courtly manners with such facility that the Court of Parma was astonished; but his Yorkshire plainness of speech adhered to him. One day the Duke reviewed the Parmeran troops.

"What do you think of their drill?" asked the Duke of his Master of Horse.

"I don't think much of it," answered Ward, bluntly.

"What do you know about military matters?"

"I have been in the Yeomanry six years, your Royal Highness, and have seen a good deal of soldiering in Yorkshire."

"Do you think you could make these men drill better?"

"I am sure I could."

Shortly after this conversation Ward was placed at the head of the military department, where he at once introduced economy and efficiency. Then he was made finance minister, and immediately there was a great improvement in the revenue of Parma. Rapid and romantic as was this stable-boy's rise, he showed so much shrewdness and good sense that he was popular even with those he had supplanted.

The Duke sent him on a diplomatic mission to the Court of Vienna. The Emperor of Austria made him a baron, and as Baron Ward he returned to England to represent the Duke of Parma. English ministers took to him; his elevation had not thrown him off his balance; he showed tact, and retained his simple manners.

In 1854 the Duke of Parma was assassinated, and his widow imagined that Ward intended to seize the sovereignty. His house was surrounded by Austrian soldiers, and he was banished from Parma. The Austrian Government welcomed him, and treated him with the greatest consideration. The change, however, was too great; he fell into a state of dejection, and did not long survive his exile.

WHERE WAS THE MONEY?

A man and his wife rented a suite of rooms and proceeded to furnish them, says a writer in the New York *Times*. One of the carpets was unsatisfactory in some respect, and the dealers of whom it had been purchased sent a man to look at it. The woman, Mrs. L——, was on her way out when she met the man on the stairs. He explained his errand, and she gave him the keys of her rooms. "I will be back in five minutes," she said, "and meantime you can decide what had better be done."

She was hardly in the street before she remembered a roll of bills which she had left in a glove-box on her dressing-table. Her first thought was to return, but she said to herself that a responsible firm would send nobody but an honest man on such an errand, and she hurried on.

Within ten minutes she was back, and met the man at the door. He explained what it would be necessary to do about the carpet, and passed out. She entered the apartment, and almost mechanically raised the lid of the glove-box. The money was not there.

She hurried down the stairs and overtook the carpet man just as he reached the sidewalk.

"Will you come back a moment?" she said.

He complied at once, and the moment they were in the room she faced him.

"A curious thing has happened. When I went out this morning I left a roll of bills, ninety dollars, in that box. It is gone now."

The man seemed not to understand. "Well?" he said.

"Well," repeated Mrs. L——, "there was nobody here but —"

The man interrupted her. "Merciful Heaven, madam! you don't think I took your money?"

"I don't know what to think," replied Mrs. L——; "the money was there, and now it isn't."

"But I'm an honest man, I've got a little girl. Do you think I'd steal? Why, I've been eight years with So-and-so. They know my character. Perhaps your husband took the money."

"Will you come with me to his office and find out?"

The man acquiesced, and the journey downtown was made. Mr. L—— had not taken the money. The man was greatly disturbed.

"You can search me," he said. "There's my own money," producing a small wad. "I haven't another cent about me." And he turned his pockets inside out.

Mr. L—— was impressed with the man's apparent sincerity, and Mrs. L—— was puzzled. The man was allowed to go to his work, and Mrs. L—— went home. She ransacked drawers and boxes, and moved the furniture, but the bills could not be found.

Several days passed. Then Mrs. L—— happened to go to an upper shelf in the wardrobe, and noticed a towel pinned up in a roll. What could that be? She took it down and unrolled it. Inside was a discarded wallet, and in the wallet were the missing bills.

The sight of them recalled to her mind the fact that she had put them there herself. It had occurred to her, just before going to bed, that it was careless to leave the money in the glove-box, and she hit upon this method of concealing it. Then she went to sleep, and in the morning had forgotten what she had done.

Now, the moment the bills were found, she sent a despatch to the man at the carpet store, and his relief may be imagined.

The story, as the writer suggests, may be taken as illustrating the uncertain value of two things—a woman's memory and circumstantial evidence.

NOT THE GIRL.

An unpleasant surprise was that which *Parsons's Weekly* describes in an article on Eskimo life. A young seal-hunter, it appears, had become engaged to the daughter of a rich neighbor, but was unable to obtain the consent of her parents to a speedy marriage.

Between the cake of ice on which the young sealer had erected his hut, and the larger floe which was pre-empted by the parents of his sweetheart, the cold had broken an impassable crevasse some hundred feet or more in depth, and twenty in width. Save for a single jutting fragment, just thick enough to bear little more than his own weight, his home was completely cut off from the world about him. This practical isolation inspired him.

He began storing up in his humble quarters oil, blubber, and other delicacies sufficient for the support of two persons for at least six months. He had resolved to steal his bride, and knew that if he gained his ice floe with her and broke down the bridge, they were safe from trouble or pursuit for the winter season, or until the warmer weather of the summer moved the icebergs to closer contact. By that time, he hoped the opposition of the parents would give way to pardon and reconciliation.

The Eskimos sleep on a raised snowbank on one side of the igloo or ice-house. Encased in their sealskin nightbags, with a huge, protecting hood over the head and face, they are as comfortable as their natures require.

The youth waited outside the girl's home until he thought that all within were asleep; then creeping through the narrow entrance, he made his way toward the young woman. He seized the long bag-like mass in which her form was encased, bore it triumphantly across the narrow bridge to his stronghold, and before pursuit was possible, with his axe cut down the ice bridge and was safe.

Not waiting to hear the objurgations of those on the other side of the abyss, he knelt down beside her, and dragged back the hood to catch a glimpse of her face.

He had stolen his intended father-in-law!

HE COULD SYMPATHIZE.

A lady, writing anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly*, describes a little street encounter in which she found herself put to shame in a most unlikely manner.

I was walking along a street given over to the smallest of shops and almost the cheapest of restaurants, when I met a good-looking ten-year-old boy in shabby-respectable clothes.

It was autumn, and I carried a bunch of flaming, splendid maple leaves. He stopped, as if the sight of them really took his breath away.

"Oh, give me one!" he gently exclaimed, in a manner that was more than polite. It lifted our interview straightway into some rare, superhuman atmosphere, where perfect simplicity became a matter of course. Unfortunately, this was not so becoming to me as to him.

I said, "Oh, I hate to!" but at the same time I began looking for the meanest little leaf I could find. When I had discovered and was presenting it, shame overcame me, and torn with conflicting emotions, I said:

"I know I'm being horridly stingy."

"Never mind," said my boy, in a big, masculine, comforting manner. "I know just how you feel."

He smiled his thanks reassuringly, and we parted never to meet again. I declare, I could write a sad little poem about it this minute.

GIFTED.

"What does your husband do?" asked a traveller of a slatternly woman whom he found living in a little old cabin in the backwoods.

"Well," was the reply, "he's one o' these handy, gifted sort o' persons, my man is. He kin jest turn his hand to anything.

"He's a blacksmith by perfession, but he cooked in a rest'rant in town most o' last winter, and he done kyarpenterin' and paintin' all spring, and then he lectured on temp'rance awhile until he got a chance to run an ingine for a month or two, and then he dug wells and hung wall-paper until he got a good chance to lay brick at three dollars a day."

"And what is he doing now?" asked the amused guest.

"Teachin' singin'-school, but he allows to give it up pretty soon, and go to practisin' medicine. He kin do anything he's a mind to turn his hand to."

TWO WERE ENOUGH.

There is always something to be thankful for, if a man has a grateful disposition.

"It is very kind of you," said a lady to her husband, as he knelt before her to put on her rubbers.

The rubbers were a pretty close fit, and the husband was a little out of breath, but he managed to answer:

"It is a—a pleasure, my dear. Still, I am glad you are not a centipede."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

"IF there is one time more than another," says an experienced married man, "when a woman should be left alone, it is when a line of clothes comes down in the mud."—*Atchison Globe.*

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For the Companion.

OUR NEW COOK.

I had a pain in my forehead,
I had an ache in my thumb,
And, "Oh!" said I,
"I believe I shall cry
To think of the bread and pudding and pie
I must make if a cook doesn't come."

Hark! a rat, tat, tat! On the threshold
A dear little maiden stood
In her grandmother's veil,
And offered for sale
Some fresh mud pies in a shabby tin pail
Which she said were exceedingly good.

I bought them and paid her in kisses,
And declared such a cook
I'd employ;
Then she offered to bake
A delicious mud cake;
And my forehead and thumb forgot to ache,
As I thought of the feast we'd enjoy.

ANNA M. PRATT.

For the Companion.

FERNIE.

Fernie is Ned's kitty—a pretty kitty, all white except the tip of her tail, and a cunning little gray saddle on her back, and a spatter of gray on her head that Ned said looked just like a fern, the first time he saw her.

"So I'll keep that one," said he, promptly, looking at the four little mites in a basket with a good deal of pity in his blue eyes. "I wish I could all of 'em, they're so cunning, mamma."

But of course that wasn't to be thought of for a minute. Two cats in the house were as many as mamma could stand, anyway. So the next morning Fernie was alone in the basket.

She didn't seem to mind it, however. She grew and grew, prettier and plumper every day, until she was three months old, and Bony Call came to pay Ned a visit.

Bony is Ned's cousin. He lives in the city, and this visit had been talked of for a long time. But somehow at first it didn't seem as if it was going to be a pleasant one at all.

"You must remember that he is company, dear," mamma said to Ned; "and give up your own pleasure for his, and try and make him enjoy himself. Remember, Ned, won't you?"

"Yes'm," said Ned, darting off to the barn to play. And he did remember, though he couldn't help thinking it was pretty hard to have to give up *all* the time; and once or twice he caught himself wishing Bony wasn't going to stay a week.

But after all, things went along pretty smoothly until Bony's sharp-eyes spied Fernie washing her face on the porch. He made a dive at her and caught her by the tail—poor little Fernie, who wasn't used to such rough handling.

"Oh, I'll tell you what let's do," he cried; "let's make her dance. The paper on her feet, you know, and she'll dance and jump like anything. That's the way we do in Boston, and it's great fun. Hi, here! you cat, stop scratching!"

Ned's face grew very red, and tears came into his eyes.

"You sha'n't do it," said he. "That's my kitty, and I don't want her to dance."

"Well, she's going to, just the same," said Bony. "You'll see fun in a minute."

"You sha'n't," cried Ned. "Oh, dear me!" And away he flew to ask mamma if he must give up this time. He didn't believe she would say his kitty could be hurt.

But he couldn't find mamma; she had gone over to see Mrs. Dyer's sick baby. So back to the porch he hurried again, all out of breath, just in time to see Bony put Fernie down on the floor, each of her four pretty white feet tied up in coarse brown paper.

"Now you'll see fun," cried Bony, laughing. "Scat, there! Dance, now!"

But Fernie didn't dance, or run, or jump. She gave each foot a gentle shake. Then she lay down close by Ned's feet and began to bite the string that tied the papers on.

"Scat, there!" cried Bony.

"Don't you," said Ned. "You tied her up, and if she can get them off she's going to, so now!"

And she did—wise Fernie. Her sharp little teeth cut every string and pulled the papers off. Then, with a frisky jump, she climbed up to Ned's shoulder and laid her head against his cheek, and began to purr as loud as she could.

"Now isn't she real smart and cunning?" cried Ned, triumphantly; "isn't she, now?"

Bony nodded.

"Yes, she is," said he; "she beats our Boston cats all hollow. She knows 'scat' as much as folks. What'll you take for her?"

"Ten thousand million dollars," said Ned, proudly. "Let's be good friends, now, and go and see if the cherries are ripe." And away they went as fast as they could scamper.

EDITH and her brother were playing together, and got into trouble over their toys. Jimmie became excited and gave Edith a push, who ran to her mother, sobbing out, "Mamma, Jimmie hit me in my eyeball."

DAISY had a manicure set for her birthday present, and when her papa told her she must use it every day, she said, "Yes, papa, I'll go upstairs and manufacture my nails right away."

LAZY LADS.

Sing a song of summer,
Sunflowers and all,
Sing a song of lazy lads
Lounging on a wall,
Lounging and laughing,
Drawing lots to see
Which shall wheel the weeds away
Before they go to tea.

Sing a song of summer,
Sunflowers and all,
Sing a song of frightened lads
Skurrying down the wall.
"Father! Father's coming!
Hurry quick, for he
Said if they weren't wheeled away
We needn't come to tea."

Laura E. Richards.

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

LOGOGRIPH.

I guide the sailor over the sea
Safe to the haven where he finds rest;
Then headless I bound so proud and free
And seek the forests that I love best;
The stem once more of my head bereft,
The greatest of all skill still is left.

H. A. H.

2.

A TRIANGLE.

```
                1
              2   3
            4   *   5
          6   *   *   7
        8   *   *   *   9
      10  *   *   *   *  11
    12  *   *   *   *   *  13
  14  *   *   *   *   *   *  15
```

Across.

1. In mirth and merriment.
2. S. Distress.
3. To give an expression of sudden surprise.
4 to 11. An ancient Peruvian king.
5 to 12. Introduction.
6 to 13. Fresh water.
7 to 14. Loudly.
8 to 15. Raised up.

Perimeter: 1 to 6. The name of an American essayist, who died on June 7, 1882.

Finish: 1 to 15. The name of the leader of a religious sect, who died on June 5 (O. S.), 632.

3.

SENSIBLE PI.

A lady rode by on Ariel
Hair
Hannah May Alsatia, like
May dew sweet.

4.

PECULIAR ACROSTIC.
(*Words of eight letters.*)

1. An opening.
2. One who proclaims, as do religious discourses of preachers.
3. An apostate.
4. Officers of state.
5. The heads of single flowers of a cluster.
6. Affected idleness or formality.
7. Dissipate.
8. Ascend.
9. A stand for pen and ink.

10. A light chariot.
11. Pilfers.
12. To advance.
13. Confidence.
14. To support.

The initials of letters will spell the name of a man who died, universally deplored, on June 16, 1861.

The finals of the same letters will spell the name of a distinguished English author, who died on June 9, 1870.

F. S. P.

5.

CHARADE.

You'll find *my first* by the wayside,
Hiding among the grass,
Ye'll see it 'tin the creeping *flowers*
Of some bonny, rosy cheeked lass.

My second is bright and be fair;
The fairest of all that are fair;
It tells us of sorrow and pleasure
Of happiness also and prayer.

My whole has the color of heaven;
It beckons its lover to roam
Where it pulses on high cliffs and ledges,
Tinkling a fairy-like chime.

ANNA M. PRATT.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Mem or I al ISY.
(Mem—half of Mesmon.)

2.

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S Y C A M O R E
C U R R E N T S
C U R T A I N S
C O R E O P I N
S P A N I S H S
O L A N D A T L
R I N G L E T S
S P E E D W E L L
S A S A F R A S
T E S T I M O N Y
```

3. "Hearts of oak," heroic deeds.

4.

```
R E M O R S E
C O T E R I E
  S O M A L O
  C H O R D
  C A S E D
  S C A L D
  S E E D S
    C A N
    C A V
```

5.
THE GREAT NORTHERN WAR
THE GREAT NORTHERN WAR

First stanza—new, the great occasion war, how with, what, each other. *Second stanza*—with, with, was, not each other, that, were. *Third stanza*—night, is, we, wrestle, again, reign.

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DESTROYING SPECIES.

When people set about getting rid of entire species of animals by a systematic persecution, they usually find it a difficult job. Set a price on the head of the wolf or the woodchuck and the creature seems to realize the importance of its life. A bounty on crows must be viewed as a pleasant joke by those shrewd observers of men and things. The case of the wolf in Europe is a historical one. A price has been set on the creature's head for centuries, and yet there is but a small portion of the continent from which the animal has been exterminated. The Netherlands is free of wolves from the character of the country. The whole land furnishes not a single rocky den suitable for a wolf's lair; neither is there a forest for the creature's shelter.

It is true that the wolf has been exterminated from Great Britain and Ireland. This result has been reached, however, by indirect means rather than by a direct attack. The clearing off of the forest left the wolf no place in which to hide from pursuit. The islands were too far from the continent for their thinned ranks to be recruited from the main land.

In Spain and France the wolf has at no time been unknown, although a price has been set on its head for hundreds of years. The animal has developed cunning in proportion as the pursuit has become closer. Like the crow, it has learned to take care of itself.

On the other hand, species receive very little help toward their continuance from the well-meant efforts of man to that end. In proof of this we are told that there is an ancient Act of Parliament still in force in England and Wales, prohibiting the taking of the eggs of certain birds, of which six kinds are expressly named. In spite of this protecting law, four of the six species have ceased to breed in those countries.

The indirect ways in which such results are brought about are shown in the destruction of the quail in New Zealand. The birds were once numerous; no one wished to destroy them. But the land was burned over for other purposes at seasons when the eggs and young of the quail were exposed to destruction, and a few years brought the species to an end.

INVOLUNTARY HOMAGE.

It is one of the penalties, or, as some would say, one of the rewards, of beauty, that every one wishes to look at it. There are times, however, when even the love of the beautiful must be held in check. The New York *Sun* describes an occurrence in Nassau Street, by which four prosperous citizens of the metropolis learned this lesson, one day last winter, in a sudden and striking manner.

A group of three unusually pretty young women were walking along the sidewalk. Such attractive visitors are not very numerous in this sordid quarter of the town, and the girls found themselves the objects of a good deal of attention from the hurrying throng of bankers, brokers and clerks.

In front of one block the stone flagging had been worn very smooth, and the messenger boys had made several highly slippery slides upon the thin covering of ice. Still the spots could be easily avoided if a man had his eyes open, and the walk was safe enough until the three pretty girls came along. But during the minute and a half of their passing, no less than four men went sprawling to the ground.

Three of the victims were walking toward the young women, and in turn went flat in the path before them. The fourth man had passed them, and rashly turned his head to look back. He was greatly demoralized. He was an old man, apparently a retired banker, very dignified in his appearance. His tall hat went into the gutter, and an amazing shifting of his scalp-lock betrayed the fact that his thin iron-gray hair was not a natural growth.

The girls seemed not to understand the significance of the accidents until the third man went down. When they realized that all this abject but involuntary homage was being paid to them, they almost lost their own footing, and when the fourth gentleman went down they could no longer control themselves, but buried their noses in their muffs and hastened across the street.

SURF-RIDING AT NIIHAU.

A curious pastime which is somewhat in vogue among the natives of the Hawaiian Islands, and was more popular formerly than now, is surf-riding. In the opinion of a contributor to the *Journal of American Folk Lore*, the difficulty of the accomplishment has been exaggerated. He describes it thus: Six stalwart men assembled on the beach of a small cove, bearing with them their precious surf-boards. These boards—in Hawaiian, "wave-sliding boards"—are made from the wood of the bread-fruit tree.

They are eight or nine feet long, fifteen or twenty inches wide, rather thin, rounded at each end, and carefully smoothed. They are sometimes stained black, are frequently rubbed with cocoanut oil, and are preserved with great care, sometimes wrapped in cloths. Children use smaller boards.

Plunging through the nearer surf, the natives reached the outer line of breakers, and watching their opportunity they lay flat upon the board. The more expert among them kneeled. Just as a high billow was about to break over them they pushed landward in front of the combers. The waves rushing in were apparently always on the point of submerging the rider; but unless some mishap occurred, they drove him forward with rapidity upon the beach, or into shallow water. In a high surf it is an exciting sport, and demands skill and experience.

A few days later I was initiated into the mysteries of surf-riding by my host, who is himself quite expert. I learned the principle, and believe that practice only is needed to gain a measure of skill. For persons accustomed to bathing in surf, the process is far less difficult than it is usually represented.

"Why isn't something done to save that ship in distress?" cried an excited lady on the beach.

"We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mum," said a life-saver, hurriedly.

"Of all things! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?"

ECIFFO TRADE MARK is guaranteed to rid any building of Water Bugs and Roaches or money refunded. A fatal food, yet non-poisonous. Insist upon having it. Scores of testimonials. If your druggist or grocer does not keep it, send 60 cts. for pound package to HOUGHTON & CO., 25 Hawley St., Boston.

GIVE THE BABY A METAL SPOON TO PLAY WITH.



But use **Sterling Silver Inlaid Spoons and Forks** for the table. They can never show wear on the back of handle or bowl. Guaranteed for 25 years, family service. Ask your Jeweler for them or send to us for catalogue.
The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

BUNKER HILL. Old South Church.
Pants, $3.00 to $6.50.
Suits, $13.25 to $26.00.
Overcoats, $12 to $20.
All in want of Clothing are requested to send for our new samples with measuring blanks and 48-inch linen tape to
BUNKER HILL CUSTOM PANTS CO.,
299 Washington St., opp. Old South Church, 299
BOSTON, MASS.
(Formerly at 129 Summer St.)

A Metallurgist decides the mixture of ores for casting of iron plate in piano with reference to greatest strength, and its part in production of tone. After casting, this plate is fastened over sounding-board to skeleton frame of instrument. The strain caused by tension of strings in best overstrung upright pianos is from eight to ten tons. The iron plate in
The EVERETT PIANO.
through peculiar distribution of braces insures great strength.
If not for sale by your local dealer, address
THE JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"From Andante to Allegro," an illustrated pamphlet, will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen.

"MINNEHAHA" St. Paul Souvenir SPOON.



BEAUTIFUL! POETICAL! HISTORICAL!
"And he named her from the river,
From the waterfall he named her—
Minnehaha-Laughing Water."
—*Hiawatha.*
The most interesting Souvenir Spoon made. Beautifully finished with an exact representation of the famed "Falls of Minnehaha."
PRICES—Sterling Silver.
Tea Spoon, Plain Bowl..... $2.25
Tea Spoon, Gold Bowl..... 2.75
Coffee Spoon, Plain Bowl..... 1.50
Coffee Spoon, Gold Bowl..... 1.75
Orange Spoon, Gold Bowl..... 3.00
Bon Bon Spoon, Gold Bowl..... 3.00
Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price.
MYERS & CO.
Jewelers and Silversmiths,
71 East Third Street, ST. PAUL, MINN.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
We are now showing a complete assortment of Silk Skirts made in very pretty and effective designs. Colors: Cream, Lt. Blue, Pink, Yellow, Black and changeable colors.
$7.50 to $20.00 each.
Also a number of pretty styles in Commencement Skirts, trimmed with fine embroideries and laces.
$2.00 to $10.50 each.
We are headquarters for Bridal Trousseau. We make a specialty of these goods, hence we always procure the daintiest and newest patterns and designs of embroidery. Complete Sets to match.
Woodward & Lothrop,
10th, 11th, & F Streets, N. W.

How to OBTAIN A BUSINESS EDUCATION At HOME.
By means of practical **Correspondence** instruction, as given by the CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL of BUSINESS. Full particulars free. Address,
K. F. KIMBALL, Chautauqua Office, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dragon Fast Black
WITHOUT THIS TRADE MARK NONE GENUINE
ABSOLUTELY FAST
COTTON DRESS FABRICS.
DOES NOT CROCK OR FADE
IN SHEER INDIA LINONS LAWNS & BATISTE PRINTED EFFECTS
IMPROVES BY WASHING
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The Double Ve Waist



A VERY SATISFACTORY GARMENT.
WHY? Because it **Supports Stockings** and **Underclothes** from the **SHOULDERS**, and has **no stiff cords**; fits with perfect **ease** and **freedom**. For sale by leading dealers.
Send for Illustrated Price List.
THE FOY, HARMON & CHADWICK CO., New Haven, Conn.



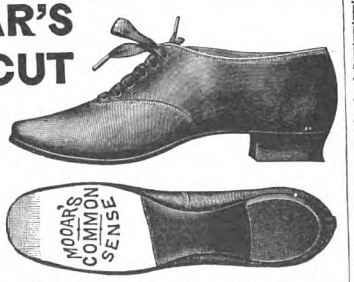
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Over 60,000 sold during the last 20 years.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
THE LORING & BLAKE ORGAN CO.,
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MADAME GRISWOLD'S
Patent Skirt-Supporting Corsets
CONTINUE TO BE THE DRESSMAKERS' FAVORITE.



Do you wish to be well-dressed?
Madame Griswold's Artistic Corsets, adapted to all figures and always graceful, will insure symmetry and comfort.
TRY THEM.
The Madame Griswold Patent Horse-Shoe Corsets are made with the springs in them. These Patent Corset Springs entirely prevent breaking at Hips. Can be put on any style of Corset made by her and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. **Lady Canvassers Wanted Everywhere.** Exclusive territory given. Ladies make this a profitable and permanent business. Orders by mail promptly filled.
For circulars and terms to agents send to
MADAME GRISWOLD,
923 Broadway, N. Y.; 7 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.; or to General Agents, M. M. Wygant & Co., Fredonia, N. Y.; J. B. Putnam, 126 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

$1.57 MOOAR'S LOW CUT COMMON SENSE.



For Summer Wear represents every feature of the now famous $1.87 Common Sense Boot with which so many of the lady readers of The Youth's Companion are now familiar, with the one exception of the button top. All that honesty, experience and skill can do to produce a serviceable, cool and comfortable low cut shoe for special wear during hot weather is represented in this $1.57 shoe. Solid leather, Waterproof sole, bottomed entirely by hand and made upon the Hygienic Common Sense Last. 'Tis the most desirable low shoe ever offered for ladies' summer wear.
One Pair of these Shoes will be sent prepaid, and guaranteed, anywhere in the United States upon receipt of the price, $1.57, and if for *any* reason they are not entirely satisfactory we will refund the money or send another pair. Made from the celebrated "Castilian" Kid. Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths, B, C, D, E.
MOOAR BROS., 1307 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Buy the SHAWKNIT STOCKINGS and you will be satisfied. None genuine unless stamped
Shawknit TRADE MARK.
on the toe. If your local dealer is out of them, send for Post-paid Parcel Price-list to
Shaw Stocking Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE BRAID THAT IS KNOWN



THE WORLD AROUND.
ORCHID FLOWER PERFUMES
(Registered.)



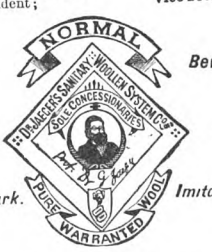
WOULD you fully satisfy the requirements of a refined taste for exquisite perfumes, use **Seely's Orchid Flower**; they are delightful reproductions of the odors of these *aristocratic flowers.*
Stanhopea, Galeandra, Vanda, Miltonia, Anguloa, Calanthe.
1-ounce Bottles, $0.75 } See
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If not to be obtained of your druggist, we will send by mail postpaid, on receipt of price. Sold also by the pound to the drug trade.
SEELY MFG. CO.,
Sole Proprietors of Orchid Perfumes.
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THE MASON & HAMLIN PIANO



Is fast becoming as famous as the MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN.
Sold on Easy Payments and Rented. Catalogues Free.
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SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO.
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Note our Trade-Mark. Beware of Imitations!



We ask attention to our *Complete Assortment* of
SUMMER UNDERWEAR
For Men, Women, and Children;
And Especially to our exquisite
All-Wool GAUZE
Underwear for the hot, summer season.
These **Sanatory** garments are **guaranteed** to be **all-wool** of the finest quality; they are made under **Dr. Jaeger's** supervision.
Send for illustrated **Catalogue.**
Garments Made to Order, a Specialty.
Mail orders promptly attended to.
827 & 829 Broadway, New York.
153 Broadway, below Courtlandt St., New York;
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1104 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A HUNTER'S RUSE.

Montaigne says that a man's wit is a man's danger unless he knows how to use it. But a witty Florida hunter, of whom an exchange chronicles an anecdote, showed himself master of his situation. He proved his property and covered his risks. Many years ago, near a place called Enterprise, on a point jutting into Lake Monroe, during all bright days a big alligator used to lie basking in the sun.

He was well known to the whole neighborhood. The entire coterie of sportsmen at the only hotel used to call him "Big Ben," and proud hunters would talk and even dream of the time when a well-aimed rifle-shot would end his long career. But Big Ben was as cunning as a serpent, and whenever any one, afoot or afloat, came unpleasantly near, he would slide off into the water—which meant good-by for the rest of the day.

One fine morning a sportsman paddling up the lake, luckily with his rifle in his canoe, came upon Big Ben so sound asleep that he stole up within range and put a bullet through the alligator's brain. What to do next was a problem. He could not tow the monster all the way to Enterprise with his tiny canoe.

A bright idea struck him. He put his visiting card into the beast's mouth and paddled swiftly back. Several hunters were at the wharf, and the slayer of Big Ben hastened to inform them that while out paddling he had come within easy range of the 'gator, which was no doubt still lying motionless on the point. A flotilla of boats and canoes, manned by an army with rifles, instantly started for the point. To avoid confusion, it was agreed that all should go down together, and that the entire party, if they were lucky enough to find Big Ben still there, should fire a volley at the word of command.

As they approached the point, the hearts of all beat quickly; and when, with straining eyes, they saw Big Ben apparently asleep and motionless upon the bank, even the coolest could hardly control his feelings. Bang! bang! went a score of rifles, and Ben, riddled with bullets, lay motionless upon the point. With a cheer of triumph the excited sportsmen leaped ashore, and fastening a rope round the dead alligator towed him to Enterprise.

There the original slayer awaited them on the wharf. When the creature was laid upon the shore he opened its mighty jaws and disclosed his visiting card, at the same time thanking them most politely for their kindness in bringing his alligator home.

SOME HISTORICAL ANTIPATHIES.

"I like to see cats about; but if one rubs against my flesh it almost sends me into fits, and nothing could make me touch one voluntarily," remarked a young lady recently. "Stuff and nonsense!" said one of her listeners, "I've no patience with such antipathies." Many people take the same view of these peculiar dislikes, but history records some strange instances of pet aversions which seem to have a foundation in more than "stuff and nonsense."

The celebrated Erasmus, although a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Paré had a patient who could never see an eel without fainting; and another who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

Joseph Scaliger and others could never drink milk. Gardan was disgusted at the sight of eggs. A king of Poland and a secretary of France bled at the nose when they looked at apples. Henry III. of France and many others had a great aversion to cats, mice and spiders. A great huntsman in Hanover, who would valiantly attack a wild boar, always fainted away at the sight of a roasted pig.

Amatus Lusitanus knew a person who fainted whenever he saw a rose, and hence always kept his house when they were in bloom. Scaliger mentions a similar case in regard to lilies, and Bayle about honey. Bayle himself turned pale at seeing water-cresses.

Tycho-Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox, and Marshal d'Albret at the sight of a pig. A lady, wonderful enough, could not endure the feel of silk or satin. A man, not so strangely, was known to faint whenever he heard a servant sweeping. Vicanor swooned whenever he heard a bagpipe. Bayle fainted at the sound of splashing water.

STREET SCENE IN MONTREAL.

"I was passing down the St. Lawrence Avenue in Montreal, one cold winter day," says a contributor, "when I saw a little tableau, the recollection of which has made me laugh many times since.

"A very courtly, dignified old gentleman, wrapped in a heavy beaver-fur overcoat, was just passing another gentleman, who, from the appearance of his clothing, was in destitute circumstances, but trying to keep up a jaunty bearing, which went down with an ill grace in an atmosphere with the temperature at ten below zero. As the fur-coated gentleman passed, he glanced at the face of the other man sharply, and after taking three steps, he turned around, strode back to the other and touched him on the shoulder, saying very politely:

"'Excuse me, sir, but I think your nose is frozen.'

"'Ah,' replied the other, carelessly, 'shouldn't wonder. It very often is.' And catching up a handful of snow from the pavement he began to rub his nose furiously. Then taking off his hat very deliberately, he bowed as if in a drawing-room, and said, 'I am under deep obligations to you, sir. Some time may I hope to be in a condition to return the favor!'

"And the two formal Englishmen parted without having even smiled at the absurdity of the scene."

NOT SO STRANGE.

An astute American woman is said to have remarked upon the astonishing precocity of the children in Paris. "Why," she said, "the little things speak French as early as an American child speaks English!"

The same woman, or another like her, lately remarked, as reported by an exchange:

"I often wonder how people manage to understand each other in France."

"How absurd!" said another woman, rather impolitely.

"I don't think it absurd at all. Both my daughters speak French, and they can't understand each other."

For the teeth use "Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice." This preparation gives the best results obtainable. Soap destroys the animal and vegetable parasites on the teeth, and camphor hardens the gums. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Sold by druggists. [*Adv.*

OUR BABY.

HOW TO KEEP THE LITTLE ONES WELL.

What will a mother give to save the life of her child?

All that she has.

And yet it is such a simple thing to keep the baby well, when you know how.

If the nursing mother is weak and out of health, the babe will vomit its food, and soon be seriously ill. Or if improper food is used, dangerous illness will result.

Thousands of intelligent mothers and careful physicians have found Lactated Food the best one they could use. It is pure, nourishing, and strength-giving.



LYON LEAVENWORTH TYLER, Age 14 months

"I have thoroughly tried the other infant foods on the market, and speak advisedly when I say there is no other food that so thoroughly agrees and nourishes as Lactated Food. I feel that it saved the life of my own fourteen months old boy."
N. P. TYLER, M.D., New Rochelle, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1890.

Lactated Food is sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.00. Interesting book of "Prize Babies" and handsome birthday card free to any mother sending baby's name and age.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.



Bailey's Rubber COMPLEXION BRUSH.

It is especially constructed for *massageing the skin*. It removes all *roughness* and *dead cuticle, smoothing out the wrinkles*, rendering the skin soft and pliant, and tinted with a *healthy glow*.

For physical development it is recommended by the *highest* in the *profession*, for *improving the circulation, exercising the muscles*, and promoting a *healthy action of the skin*.

For the bath it will be found a perfect luxury by both *old and young*. The brush is all one piece and as soft as silk. **Price, 50 cents.** Mailed upon receipt of price. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods. Thousands sold. Hundreds of testimonials. (*Agents wanted.*)
C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Everything in Rubber Goods. Wholesale and Retail.

ARMS AND LEGS
WITH THE NEW PATENTED
Rubber Hands and Feet.

MR. A. A. MARKS: SALINA, KANSAS.

Dear Sir:—After having worn one of your artificial legs with rubber foot for more than fifteen years, I have no hesitation in saying it is the best leg in use; as it is simple and the most durable of any I have seen. I have worn five different makes since 1862, and find none as useful as yours. I can heartily recommend the rubber foot as the most durable and easy to handle. I am a blacksmith, and shoe horses. I have dug wells and quarried stone, and other heavy work. I can walk farther in a given time than any man can on any other kind of a leg, with the same length of stump as mine; it is only three inches from hip joint.

Yours, etc.,



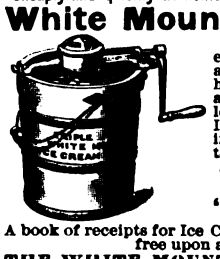
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By our formula persons can supply us with all measurements necessary to secure a fit while they remain at home. Write for New Treatise of 430 pages with 246 illustrations.
A. A. MARKS, 701 Broadway, New York.

THE GREATEST HIT of the last few years is a blacking for ladies' and childrens' shoes, called
BIXBY'S "ROYAL POLISH,"
put up in patent bottles, which prevent all overflowing and soiling of the hands, carpets or furniture and it keeps the leather in a soft and presentable condition until the shoes are fully worn out.

Speaking of the nationality of bootblacks, we are reminded that sometimes they are Polish, and sometimes Shinese, but they all do a Russian business when they use Bixby's
"THREE BEE" BLACKING.
When Bixby's boys are Hungary they Servia Turkey.
These articles sold by dealers everywhere.

ICE CREAM IS MADE
Cheaply and quickly at home by using a TRIPLE-MOTION
White Mountain Freezer.



Gearing completely covered. Tubs will not shrink and fall to pieces. Cans are heavy and durable. Beaters are tinned, and being of malleable iron will never break. Inquire of your local dealer in house-furnishing goods for the
"White Mountain."
"Frozen Dainties."
A book of receipts for Ice Cream, Sherbet, etc., mailed free upon application.
THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.,
No. 142 Hollis St., Nashua, N. H.

SHANDON BELLS PERFUME
DELICATE, FRAGRANT, LASTING.
If your dealer doesn't keep it send 50c in stamps for a bottle to
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.
SHANDON BELLS the Only Toilet Soap.

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MAKE THE PACE.



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Send 2 2-cent stamps for art catalog.
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TOOTH POWDER
Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Absolutely pure and harmless. Put up in metal boxes with **Patent Extension Measuring Tube.** 25 cts.
AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.
Very Convenient for Tourists.
Sold by all Dealers, or mailed on receipt of price.
Address Dr. I. W. LYON, 88 Maiden Lane, New York.

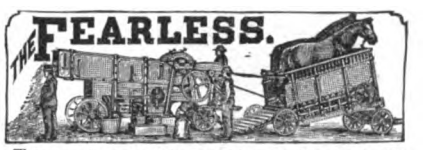
DONALD KENNEDY
Of Roxbury, Mass., says:

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep-Seated Ulcers of **40** years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price, $1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the United States and Canada.



ELASTIC STOCKINGS
FOR
VARICOSE VEINS, WEAK KNEES AND ANKLES, LAME AND SWOLLEN JOINTS.
We are the only manufacturers in the *world* that make a perfect solid
SEAMLESS HEEL ELASTIC STOCKING
which will neither **rip nor chafe.** The old style is sure to. For daily comfort wear our
SEAMLESS HEEL.
We can save you 50 per cent. by ordering direct from us, and the goods being newly made (to your measure) will last much longer. Send address on postal-card and we will mail to you diagrams for self-measuring, also price-list.
CURTIS & SPINDELL,
Elastic Weavers, Lynn, Mass.

THE FEARLESS.



The records show this Threshing-machine to be the easiest running and the greatest grain saver of all. Requires only about 1¾ miles travel per hour. For full description, and for the best Straw-preserving Rye-threshers, Clover-hullers, Fanning-mills, Feed-mills, Circular-saw Machines, Land-rollers and Dog-powers, send for **Fearless Catalogue.** For Fodder-cutters, Carriers and Drag-saw Machines, and for information showing "Why Ensilage Pays," send for **Ensilage Catalogue.** Address, MINARD HARDER, Cobleskill, N. Y.

OVERMAN VEHICLES.



Everything first-class. Pony Carts a specialty. Noted for style, finish and durability. All varieties, shapes and colors.



Representation wanted in every town. A large and comprehensive catalogue mailed free upon application. Write us for prices.
THE OVERMAN CARRIAGE CO.,
No. 10 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, O., U.S.A.



The other good lamps are good at too great cost.
There is one that needs no care but filling and wiping; that has no pocket for dirt; that is not provoking by day—the "Pittsburgh."
We send a primer on it.
Pittsburgh, Pa. PITTSBURGH BRASS CO.

DRIES LIKE A TOWEL.
"Spiral" Cotton Garden Hose.
Because there is no rubber covering to hold moisture. It does not mould, decay nor crack, and will last for years.
INSIST on getting the "Spiral," which has a BLACK LINE running through Covering.



Sample Free if you mention THE COMPANION.
BOSTON WOVEN HOSE CO.,
Rubber Belting and Packing,
BOSTON, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO.

Awarded Highest Honors at



and wherever else exhibited.

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING FOR *Ladies'* AND *Children's* Boots AND Shoes.



Sold everywhere.
Paris medal on every bottle. Beware of imitations.

PILLOW SHAM-HOLDERS
A handsome nickel-plated set, complete with screws, by mail, 10c., with Agents' terms. J. R. & J. Ferguson, Chester, Conn. 10c.

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WELL FINISHED.

Eliphalet Duncan, or "Uncle Liph," as he was familiarly called by his relatives and friends, possessed what he termed a "philosophizin' mind," which stood him in good stead on many occasions. "What's the sense o' *worritin'* over things that 'v' happened," he used to say. "Jest view 'em over careful, an' you'll most allus find they've got a side you kin dwell on, an' take some comfort out'n it."

He had his share of discomforts and trials, but he was a "well-to-do" man, and some of his less fortunate neighbors said that "if they were as forehanded as Uncle Liph, 'twould come easier to bear up under things!"

He had lived in one house ever since his marriage when a very young man, but when he was about sixty years old the old house was getting so dilapidated that he had a new one built on a lot of land which commanded a better view of the hills. He also built a new barn which was well stored with hay and grain. Much new furniture was bought, and Uncle Liph and his wife with their one unmarried daughter were to move over to the "new place" in October.

The last of September the Duncan family, together with many friends, went to the county fair, which was held eight or nine miles away. Late in the afternoon a boy arrived at the fair, and announced to Uncle Liph with horrified gasps that his new barn had caught fire, nobody knew how, and the only neighbor who had stayed at home had been making fruitless attempts to put out the flames.

When the Duncan family arrived at the site of what was to have been their new home in a week or two, the barn had been entirely destroyed, and the house was rapidly burning.

The next morning a farmer driving slowly past the scene of the conflagration, espied Uncle Liph seated on the stone wall, in a ruminating attitude. He turned round, as he heard the sound of wheels, and said, slowly, "I'm viewin' my ruins, ye see!"

"Well," said his friend, with some energy, "I'm bound to say, Uncle Liph, ef I was in your shoes, I sh'd find it considduble of a stump to philosophize over this mess."

"Ye-es," drawled the afflicted Eliphalet, "'tis more difficult 'n usu'l; but," he added, brightening a little, "it's all fer the best, in course; an' then jest see what a complete job 'tis; there aint anything' left wuth speakin' of except ashes; an' ye know I allus was a great hand t' like things finished up, without any shilly-shallyin' or half-way work!"

WOOD PULP.

Wood fibre has come into general use as a substitute for the cotton rags and other materials formerly employed in the making of paper. This fibre is called pulp, having taken the name which used to be given to the cotton and linen fibre when it had been prepared by maceration for spreading into sheets of paper. The wood fibre used to be prepared, only a few years ago, by a wholly mechanical process. The blocks of wood were ground, or rasped off by action applied obliquely to the grain. The length of fibre depended partly upon the angle at which the block was held during this process.

In place of the old mode of obtaining wood pulp, chemical treatment of the wood is now in vogue. As formerly, the bark is stripped from the wood to secure fibre of uniform quality. All discolored or decayed parts are removed for the same reason. Then the wood is cut across the grain into thin chips, which are carried to the top of the mill and dropped into large drums about fourteen feet in diameter, and twenty-four feet long.

The drums are made strong enough to bear a pressure of from seventy-five to two hundred pounds to the square inch. When a drum is packed full of chips it is filled with sulphuric acid and other chemicals. The wood is converted into a cotton-like product, which is then pressed dry and mashed. It is next mixed with water, rolled flat, and cut into shape for bundling. In this condition it is said to be made up of sixty per cent. moisture and forty per cent. fibre. In this shape it goes to the paper mill. It is found to be better to pay the freight on the contained water than to cheapen the cost of transportation by pressing out the water, for the pulp packs hard when it is dry.

One cord of spruce wood is estimated to make twelve hundred pounds of dry fibre, worth from one dollar to one dollar and a half a hundred pounds. A sulphite plant that will use up from eight to fifteen cords of wood every twenty-four hours costs about ten thousand dollars.

HOW THE HOUND WAS SCARED.

An aged Lehigh Valley woodsman, Amos Metz, says that during the winter of 1840-41 he lived alone, save for his hound, in a small cabin on what is now the Drinker Turnpike, Penn., between Moscow and Tobyhanna Mills. Amos often boasted that Zeke, the hound, was the best hunter in the county.

One night, an hour or two after I'd gone to bed, I was waked by Zeke's yelping. He was putting in at a good rate, and I jumped up to see what was the trouble.

It was bright moonlight, and I soon made out that two wolves were chasing the hound. Zeke was running round and round the cabin, and the wolves were after him as fast as they could leg it; but the hound was swifter on foot and managed to keep a few feet ahead of them.

I had two loaded muskets in the house. I placed one of them in the corner near by, cocked the other, and opened the door a few inches to get a shot at the wolves as they came round in front of the house.

The frightened hound saw the crack where I stood, dashed into it, threw the door wide open, and knocked me off my feet. Both wolves rushed in after him, and Zeke leaped upon the bed, which stood at one side. The wolves stopped when they came to the bed, and I shut the door in a hurry, and then banged away at one of the critters, hitting it in the head and killing it instantly.

The second wolf was scared, and ran around the room and then made a spring for the window. It knocked out three or four panes of glass, but didn't break the sash. The brute tumbled back ward, but was on its feet in a second and made another spring.

By this time I was ready with my other musket, and I bored a hole through the animal's heart just as it struck the window. That settled the wolves. But Zeke, although he wasn't hurt a mite, was so scared that he hasn't been worth a copper to hunt since that night.

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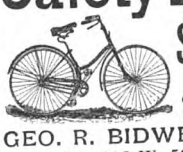
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THE RATS WON.

The question is frequently asked, writes a correspondent of the Lewiston *Journal*, whence comes the name of Thomson Pond, a sheet of water in Western Maine, extending through four towns and lying partly in three counties. Tradition says it was named from the first settler, Joe Thomson, of whom the following anecdote is related:

Mr. Thomson was greatly disturbed by rats, which assailed his premises in hordes, and at last he took an original method of getting rid of them.

He placed an empty hogshead in his log hovel, leaving the bunghole open, through which he dropped a small quantity of meat scraps and bread crumbs. Then taking a large leather bag he retired outside and peeped through a crevice to see what would happen.

Presently he espied an old gray veteran approaching the bunghole. The rodent looked in, then sniffed, and seemed to take an inventory of the room to ascertain what dangers there were, and finally he disappeared inside the hogshead. Very soon he emerged from the bunghole and scampered off. In a half-minute the old rat appeared, followed by a drove of a hundred or more hungry rodents which went after him into the hogshead.

"Now is my fun!" Joe chuckled, and he went quietly through the door and adjusted the open mouth of his leather bag over the bunghole, at the same time rapping the hogshead with the toe of his boot, which produced a ringing sound.

With loud squeals and fierce struggles the frightened rats began to scramble through the bunghole, and soon they all landed in the bottom of the bag.

Joe's first thought was to drown them by sinking the bag in the pond, but being in a rather gamesome mood, he concluded to put the bag in his boat, and, after rowing to a good distance from the shore, release the rats, and with his ox-goad have some fun knocking them in the head.

He rowed out from the shore so far that he was certain the rodents would be unable to swim to land. Then he untied the bag, expecting to see the frightened creatures leap pellmell into the pond; but he did not know the nature of his prisoners.

Instead of fleeing into the water, or even retreating to one side of the boat, the rats charged upon the man in a body, and with teeth and claws so severely lacerated his face, neck and hands as to cause him to leap from the boat and swim for the shore, leaving the craft in possession of his one-time victims.

DAVID'S COAT.

David Robertson, the Scotch naturalist, had, when a boy, rather an unusual experience in clothing himself, and the method he adopted seems amusingly different from that of boys in our own day, who, when they want a new jacket, ask for it or go without.

David was early apprenticed to a farmer, to herd the cattle, and one day he went to a fair with his master, and there gained a prize of twenty shillings by running a race. When he reached home, his mistress offered him, for the pound, enough of her home-made woollen cloth for a coat; but though David joyfully accepted it, he was disappointed at finding that the tailor would not make his yearly visit to the house for some time.

With the impatience of youth, he begged his mistress to let him make the coat himself. At first she refused, but when David persisted, she agreed to the wild project, stipulating, however, that he should take all the responsibility, and ask help of no one.

The boy began by carefully ripping his old coat in pieces for a pattern, and by this he cut the new one; first numbering the pieces in chalk, that he might know how to put them together. As all his time belonged to his master, he was obliged to take his sewing out into the pasture; and there, after a month of laborious work, the new coat was completed. Its buttons came from an old coat which had been discarded by his master, and the thread with which it was put together had been spun and dyed at the house.

When David showed his mistress the new coat, she was loud in praise of it, and declared that not even the tailor could have done it better. One thing, however, it needed, and that was a careful pressing, which he was allowed to give it at the house.

The hardest task of all remained, for he was obliged to remake his old coat, and as the seams were frayed and delicate, he had to exercise great care in joining them again. Another month, and this task also was done. Then was David the proud possessor of two coats.

HARD TO GET.

Doctors are sometimes more considerate of their patients' needs than they are of their circumstances. It is easier to prescribe a journey to Europe or Bermuda than it is to fill the prescription.

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"Much obliged for your prescription," said the gentleman, "but you've left out one important thing in it."

"What is that?"

"You haven't put in the apothecary's street and number!"

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

The ingenuity of people who think they are ill when they are not, quite triumphs over any external evidence of health.

A very stout German workman went to a physician in the West, and complained of being very unwell.

"But," said the doctor, "if you are sick, it has not prevented you from getting pretty comfortably fat."

"Oh, dot fat!" said the German. "Yes, I am fat on de outside, but on de eenside, ach! I am so poor!"

LITTLE Albert had been allowed to amuse himself by turning over the leaves of the big illustrated dictionary. The picture of the skeleton impressed him particularly, and at the breakfast-table the next morning, he surprised his father by asking suddenly, "Papa, can that bony fellow in the dictionary wiggle his fingers?"

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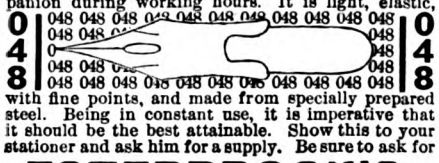


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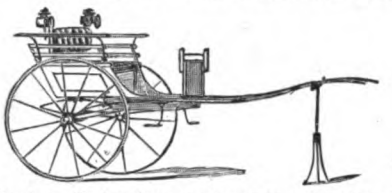
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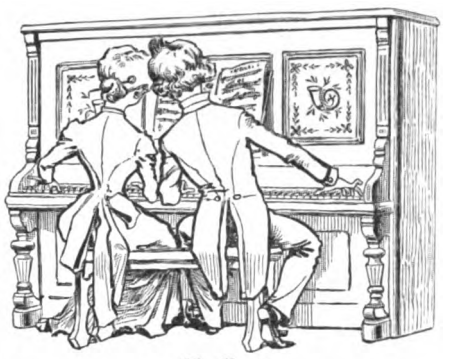


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For the Companion.

CONTAGIOUSNESS OF DISEASES.

Among the practical questions connected with the subject of contagious diseases is one which relates to the length of the period of special exposure. The Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* says that the contagiousness of measles, mumps and whooping-cough disappears with the patient's recovery; that there is probably no danger of his conveying the disease to others for about a week after he himself was exposed to it—that is to say, during the so-called period of incubation; and that the contagiousness of measles does not extend beyond a fortnight.

Some authorities affirm that the contagiousness of whooping-cough ceases after six weeks, however long the coughing may continue; others think it prudent to isolate the patient until the paroxysms are over.

In scarlet fever and diphtheria the period of incubation is brief, a few days only; and during this period there is no contagion. It is very important to know that in scarlet fever the period of greatest danger is after the disappearance of the fever, the period of desquamation or peeling. From ignorance of this fact many lives have been lost. Persons have gone into society before the peeling was completed, and almost of course have communicated the disease. The fact is that every particle of the scales contains thousands of microbes.

A lady who was recovering from scarlet fever wrote a letter to a distant friend. As she wrote she blew from the paper the "dust" which peeled from her hand. The letter conveyed the disease to the friend and her little daughter, and the daughter died.

A servant nursed a scarlet fever patient, and on leaving the place put her clothing into a trunk. A year afterward she unpacked the trunk, and a little girl who stood by took the disease.

In diphtheria the virus resides in the false membrane, and for that reason is less likely to be carried to a distance; but the particles long retain their power of infection. The contagiousness of consumption lies in the patient's expectorations and discharges. If these are carefully received in a disinfecting fluid, there is almost no danger to attendants and friends.

JAPANESE GIRLS.

In a book entitled "Japanese Girls and Women" an interesting account of the duties of a daughter in the family is given.

"If she is the eldest daughter, to the servants she is 'O Jo Sama,' literally, young lady; to her own brothers and sisters, 'A ne San,' elder sister. Should she be one of the younger ones, her given name, preceded by the honorific O, and followed by San, meaning Miss, is the name by which she will be called.

"As she passes from babyhood to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, she is the object of much love and care and solicitude; but she does not grow up irresponsible, or untrained to meet the duties which womanhood will surely bring to her. She must take a certain responsibility in the household, must see that tea is made for the guests, and in all but families of the highest rank, must serve it. She must know the proper etiquette of the table, how to serve carefully and neatly.

"She also feels a certain care about the behavior of the younger members of the family, especially in the absence of the parents. In all but the very wealthiest and most aristocratic families, the daughters of the house do a large part of the simple housework.

"In a house with no furniture, no carpets, no mirrors, picture-frames or glasses to be cared for, no stoves or furnaces, no windows to wash, no latest styles in clothing to be imitated, the amount of work to be done by women is considerably diminished, but still there remains enough to take a good deal of time.

"Every morning there are the beds to be rolled up and stored away in the closet. Breakfast is to be cooked and served, and marketing done. Of sewing there is always a good deal to be done, for many Japanese dresses must be taken to pieces whenever they are washed, and are turned, dyed, and made over again and again so long as there is a shred of the original material left to work upon. Then there are the every-day dishes which our Japanese maiden must learn to prepare.

"The proper boiling of rice is in itself a study. The construction of various soups, which form the staple in the Japanese bill of fare, the preparation of *mochi*, a kind of rice dough which is prepared at the New Year, or to send to friends on various festival occasions,—these and many other branches of the culinary art must be mastered before the young girl is prepared to assume the duties of married life."

MRS. HUSE AND THE BEAR.

In the "History of Henniker," New Hampshire, it is related that Mr. Moses Huse set off with a friend on a bear hunt one autumn morning to be gone for the day. A little before sundown Mrs. Huse began her preparations for supper against the time of the hunters' return. In those early days few houses had cellars underneath; but a potato hole was dug near the dwelling and covered over during the winter with sods or thatch. In this hole the season's vegetables were stored.

Mrs. Huse handed a pan to her little girl and bade her go out to the cellar hole and get some vegetables. The child obeyed, but soon ran in, saying that she had heard a noise in the leaves and was afraid. Her mother assured her there was nothing to be afraid of, and sent her back; but the little girl soon returned with the same story, when the mother said impatiently, "Wal, you stay here, an' I'll go myself."

As Mrs. Huse neared the potato hole she heard the noise which had alarmed the child. Upon going nearer she espied a bear digging in the leaves for acorns.

She immediately gave chase, picking up, as she ran, a huge pine knot, "with a train as long as yer arm," she said afterwards, and came up with Bruin just as he had begun the ascent of a tree.

Mrs. Huse was of Indian descent, of wiry, powerful muscle. She had often taken her end of the log in clearing the land, and now, equal to the emergency, she dealt the bear a heavy blow with the knot, which broke his back, and he fell to the ground. She quickly dispatched him, dragged him to the house and dressed him.

When Mr. Huse and his comrade returned, the woman was cooking bear steak for supper. They were much astonished, and asked where she obtained the meat. She told them, and added, in her quaint dialect: "When he falled from the tree, I lammed on, I did; and I killed him, I did, I did!"

The energetic woman had beaten the hunters, whose search for bears had been fruitless and who had returned without game of any sort.

STRONG WRITER.

Uncle Stephen, an old negro, had come to cut the grass in the front yard, and as Colonel Winter started out to his office he stopped to greet the old man. "Well, Stephen," said the Colonel, "I hear that you intend to give your son an education."

"Dat's what I does, sah. I knows what 'tis ter struggle erlong widout larnin', an' I is 'termined dat my son sha'n't trabble bar'foot ober de same hard road dat I did."

"A noble resolution, Stephen. I wish all fathers felt as you do. Is your boy learning rapidly?"

"Ez fast ez er hoss ken trot, sah. Why, last week he wrote a letter to his aunt dat libs mo' dan twenty mile from yere, an' atter a while he gwine ter write ter his udder aunt dat libs fifty mile away."

"Why doesn't he write to her now?"

"Oh, he kaint write so fur, yit. He ken write twenty mile fust-rate, but I tole him not ter try ter write fifty mile till he got stronger wid his pen. But he's gwine ter git dar, I tell you. Won't be more'n er year fo' dat boy ken set down at one eend ob de gumbronment an' write er letter cl'ar ter de udder eend."—*Exchange.*

TIME WASTED.

A young woman who had taken up the study of Greek remarked cheerfully, at the close of the second day, that the language did not seem at all difficult. But not all beginnings are thus easy.

A farmer's son up in the country conceived a desire to shine as a member of the legal profession, and undertook a clerkship in the office of the village pettifogger at nothing a week. At the end of his first day's study he returned home.

"Well, Tobe, how d'yer like the law?" asked his father.

"'Taint what it's cracked up to be," answered Tobe. "I'm sorry I learnt it."—Brooklyn *Life.*

HAD READ ABOUT IT.

The conversation heard at concerts is sometimes even more interesting than the music. The Washington *Post* prints this fragment:

The trombone-player was fitting a mouth-piece to his instrument with a good deal of care, and a young woman was heard to ask, "Mamma, what can that man be doing?"

"I don't know, my dear," answered the mother, as she levelled her glass upon the musician in question, "unless he is winding his horn. You often read of players doing that, you know."

HOW CAN THAT BE?

Over the mantle-piece of an old inn, in Lincolnshire, England, may be found this droll quiz:

A man without eyes saw plums on a tree,
Neither took plums nor left plums.
Pray how can that be?

The answer just below the riddle is this:

The man hadn't eyes, but he had just one eye,
With which on the tree two plums he could spy.
He neither took plums, nor plums did he leave,
But took one and left one, as we may conceive.

BOLD BOY.

The principle that "discretion is the better part of valor" is sometimes comprehended quite early. A gentleman heard a young visitor in his house ask his own son, aged six:

"Which would you rather be—a walking policeman or a mounted policeman?"

"A mounted policeman, of course," said the boy.

"Why?" asked the other.

"'Cause if the robbers came, I could get away quicker!"

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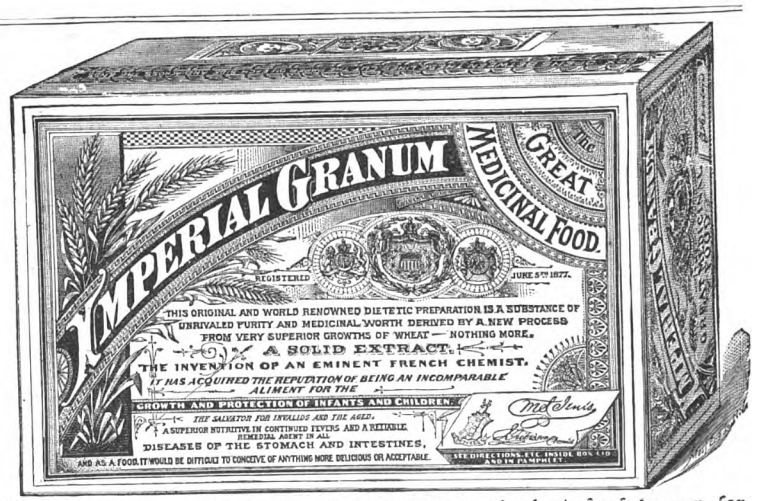
When at Stuttgart, Germany, during the winter 1881–82, I was suffering from a severe attack of Bronchitis, which seemed to threaten Pneumonia. I met, at the Hotel Marquardt, Commander Beardslee, of the United States Navy. In speaking of my sickness, he remarked: "Doctor, you can cure that chest trouble of yours by using an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER." "That may be true," I answered, "but where can I get the plaster?" "Anywhere in the civilized world, and surely here in Stuttgart. Whenever I have a cold, I always use one and find relief." I sent to the drug-store for the plaster, and it did all that my friend had promised. Ever since then I have used it whenever suffering from a cold, and I have many times prescribed it for patients.

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For the Companion.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

In Eight Chapters. — Chapter VI.

Jack at West Point.

The summer encampment was formed soon after Jack reported at West Point, and then came his cadet life in earnest. Of the miseries of his days as a "plebe"—that is, a fourth-class man—he often laughed in after years, but at the time it was such real and acute wretchedness that he kept a full knowledge of it from his mother. Among other such exercises, he walked for weary hours with the palms of his hands turned outward, like a seal's flippers, a process that straightens and strengthens the forearm.

The "setting up of the plebes" by the upper classmen, whose duty it was to drill them, was tiresome in the extreme to the pleties. However, Jack did not falter for a moment in his resolution to work hard and finish his course creditably.

The first change for the better came when the camp was broken,—for during the summer the boys lived in tents,—and the regular recitations were in order.

Then the drills in the riding-hall began. Jack's eyes sparkled the first morning he marched with his section into the great riding-hall, laid with tanbark for the cavalry drill. The horses, led out by troopers, were all splendid specimens of cavalry chargers — clean-limbed, well-groomed, their eyes and ears alert.

The first class, having the choice of horses, naturally took the most spirited; but Jack, by great good luck as he fancied, found himself astride of a sorrel that looked as if he meant mischief. The officer in charge rode up to Jack, eyed the sorrel, and then said:

"That's a vicious brute. I thought he had been got rid of. I think, if you are not much accustomed to riding, I had better have your horse changed."

"Thank you, sir, but I learned to ride down in Virginia, where I live," answered Jack, quietly.

It took all of Jack's horsemanship, nevertheless, to stick to the sorrel. When the brute found that a few very lively jerks and charges did not unseat his rider, he appeared to become frantic with rage. He charged up and down the tanbark, biting, lunging and trying to rear.

Fortunately he had on a severe curb. Jack kept the horse's head down, at which the sorrel kicked furiously; but Jack sat like a centaur. He had not been used to breaking in colts for nothing.

At the end of ten minutes the sorrel had been conquered. His flanks were dripping, his neck covered with blood and foam from his mouth. When Jack dismounted, and a trooper led the sorrel off, the officer in charge of the drill rode up to him, and said, "You ought to be in the cavalry, Mr. Randolph."

Jack blushed with pleasure. His proficiency in riding gave him a sort of prestige—for there is nothing the cadets love so well as those of their number who excel in manly exercises.

At fencing, wrestling and boxing Jack did wonderfully well in a short time; but his standing in his classes was not so satisfactory. His desultory education was against him, and the great fund of miscellaneous information he had got out of the old-fashioned library at Marrowbone did not help him much with his sections and lgnatzthas.

His rank in his class was below the middle, and that was a keen mortification to him.

When his grandfather learned that Jack was not high up in his class, but, in fact, very low down, he was very angry, and wrote Jack an indignant and reproving letter.

Mrs. Randolph, more reasonable, wrote encouragingly, reminding her son that his education heretofore had been in the line of general information—without which a man might do great things but could never be an interesting or agreeable companion—and assuring him that there was ample time yet for him to retrieve himself.

The only thing to do, Jack perceived, was to work harder than ever, and although he felt convinced he would never be graduated high enough to go into the engineer corps, or ordnance corps, or perhaps the artillery, he consoled himself with the reflection that he preferred the cavalry. He also soothed his wounded vanity by thinking of the great soldiers, such as General Grant and Stonewall Jackson, who were graduated low at West Point, and yet immortalized themselves among the masters of the art of war.

Though Jack made many friends, he made none like his little, lean, shabby Tony. The cadets were jolly good fellows, but, fond of his classmates as he was, they never entered into his heart as the little fisher-boy had done.

"That's a vicious brute."

The presence of Edgar Mount did much to keep Tony in mind. To add to Jack's chagrin, Edgar was as far advanced in his classes as Jack was behind, and Jack's proficiency in physical exercises did not make up in his own mind for Edgar's superior marks. Sometimes as Jack watched Edgar's inscrutable face, he felt a decided resentment toward him; and often, as he lay at night in his tent during the summer encampment, he lived over that scene where Tony cut the rope at sea, and so nobly sacrificed himself.

When two summers and two winters had passed, and the day came on which Jack was steaming down the Hudson on his way to Virginia, wearing citizens' clothes for the first time in two years, it seemed scarcely more than six months since he had left home; and when, in the cool of the June evening, Uncle Josh, who had been sent to the wharf for him in the rickety old carriage, drove up to the door of the old house at Marrowbone, and there, standing on the steps, he saw his mother, with a pale, glorified face, and his grandfather, looking exactly as he had done two years before, Jack could scarcely persuade himself that he had been away at all.

Oh, the joy of that meeting! When Jack had been a boy of sixteen or seventeen, he had been anxious to be thought a man; but now that he was a young man of twenty, and for two long years had been treated as a man, he liked to go back to his boyhood, and be treated as if he were a boy again.

All the old servants were waiting to greet him, and Mam Betsy clasped him in her arms almost before his mother did.

"Bless de Lord!" she cried, fervently. "Here my chile done come back to me, a man, sho' 'nough. An' who teck keer o' you, honey, while you was away?"

"I took care of myself," answered Jack, smiling. "I even made up my own bed, and I can sweep and dust a room about as well as you can, old lady."

"Hi!" cried Mam Betsy, highly indignant. "You does' mean dem sojer folks at West P'int made one ob de quality, like de Randolphs, make de bed an' sweep de room?"

"They did, indeed, every blessed one of us."

Mam Betsy's astonishment was so great that she was speechless.

Uncle Josh showed a great deal of dignified delight at seeing Jack at home again.

"Did all dem officers up dyar ax arter me an' ole marse?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Some of them did," responded Jack, evasively.

"Law, I 'spect dey talkin' 'bout we all now!" chuckled Uncle Josh, highly delighted. "When me an' ole marse was stationed dyar, we sut'n'y was de haid of ev'ything. Ef any of de gineruls come, de superintendent he say, 'We mus' have Cun'l Randolph an' Josh; we can't make no show at all 'thouten dem two. Dat Josh, he done see mo' wars an' fightin' an' battles an' sich dan Ginerul Winfield Scott hisself.' Dat's what dey say in dem ole times, Marse Jack."

How sweet and homelike was the old place, and the old people and the old life to Jack! He felt a desire to hold on to his gay and careless boyhood as long as he could.

In the happy excitement of that first evening there was but little serious conversation, and that night, when, for the first time in two years, Jack lay down in his own bed in the familiar room, and his mother came and sat by him, he fell off into a happy sleep, with her hand in his.

Next morning the Colonel, sitting on the broad porch, questioned him to find out wherein Jack saw his mother, with a pale, glorified face, and had improved, in his character as well as his education. One of the first things he asked Jack was, "And what have you to say of Edgar Mount?"

"Nothing, sir, except that he is about twenty numbers ahead of me," answered Jack, with a slight flush.

"And why is that, sir?" growled his grandfather, bringing his bristling brows together.

"Because he had better opportunities, and possibly has more brains for mathematics than I," answered Jack, doggedly.

"I deny that he has more brains. Perhaps he has more industry, sir."

"I think not, grandfather. But you know I haven't much to do with Edgar Mount. I have not forgotten Tony Scaife. I never can, nor can I ever believe in Edgar Mount."

The old Colonel looked keenly at Jack. "Do you still remember Tony Scaife?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jack, "and I shall always remember him; nor can I ever forget Edgar Mount's behavior to him. When Tony threw off the rope, it was the very thing I should expect of such a brave fellow; but sometimes I have thought perhaps he was not hurt."

"You are very sanguine," remarked his grandfather, dryly.

The two months' furlough went by like a dream. Jack spent much of it drifting about the river in the *Undine*. Having the prudence and common sense of a man, the first thing he did was to put a reef in the sail; and instead of glorying in being upset, he did not get into the water once, while he was at home.

He went down to Lone Point often. The little cottage looked just as it used to—even the quiet little widow had not changed. She and Jack had long talks, and Jack found she still clung to the hope that some day Tony would return.

The Colonel's interest in Jack's West Point life was pathetic. Everything Jack told he would supplement by, "It was not so in my day," or, "We did things much better when I was a first-class man."

Almost before Jack knew it, the day for parting came. But this farewell was unlike that other one. Jack felt that he had found his place in life. His work was exactly what he wanted—an excellent thing for any young man. The life he returned to suited him, and this idle, happy Virginia life which he had once lived so carelessly and merrily, appeared to him in its true light—as a holiday time, a breathing spell.

The pain of parting was deep, and the emotion the Colonel tried gallantly to conceal was touching. He gave Jack his great, ponderous watch and seals. They were quite unfashionable, but Jack did not consider that when he thanked his grandfather earnestly, and promised that he would always wear them.

His mother parted from him with the beautiful fortitude that had often aroused his boyish soul to enthusiasm.

"Mother," said Jack, when he held her in his arms for that last good-by, and looking into her brave and tearless eyes, yet knew the struggle that went on in her tender heart, "I believe you are braver than any soldier in the world."

His mother kissed him for answer, and said with a smile, "A soldier's widow and a soldier's mother should be brave."

Jack's heart lingered in Virginia and in the old country-house all the way to West Point, until he went on board the steamer that was to take him up the river, and found all of his class on board. Then, for the first time, he began to feel the charm of his West Point life again. As they landed in the brilliant September morning, they formed a line as they mounted the cliff, and according to the time-honored custom, at the word an opposing line of first-class men rushed forward, and they embraced, kissed, hugged and pounded one another and rolled over, in the joy of meeting.

Jack was delighted to be once more at West Point. Edgar Mount, of course, came up with them. A few half-hearted whacks were all he got to show the good feeling of the first class toward him; and in a minute or two he was walking off, as quiet as ever, without the slightest indication that he had been engaged in a scrimmage whose roughness is in proportion to its friendship.

Jack, though, as one of the most popular men in his class, was swung between four stalwart first-class men, who dashed him about as if he were a bag of meal, while a fifth churn pounded him vigorously with his own handbag.

When the scrub was over, Jack looked like a ragamuffin; his citizen's clothes were tattered and

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dirty, his hat smashed, and he himself nearly worn-out from the affectionate pounding he had received.

But in half an hour Jack had washed away the evidences of good-will bestowed upon him by the first class, and neat and trim in his spotless uniform, was once more the immaculate cadet.



The first two years had been long, but the last two were short. Edgar Mount maintained his lead, but Jack steadily advanced until he passed the middle of the class. Edgar had taken a higher stand in the beginning, but Jack had gained twice as many numbers; and then he was a cadet officer—a distinction which is won, not by class standing, but by soldierly and officer-like qualities, and which is highly prized.

Jack, the most good-natured fellow in the world when off duty, was a strict disciplinarian when he was on duty, and it was freely predicted that he would be captain of his company before graduation. Although pride and vanity, too, had much to do with Jack's desire to excel, as soon as he had proved himself capable of advancement in his classes, and his practical fitness as an officer had been proved by his splendid record as a cadet officer, he was no longer made unhappy by the feeling that others were ahead of him.

In his second year, he had become an officer of the cadet battalion; and in his fourth year, he was captain of his company.

At last, the day of graduation came.

Jack had begged his mother in his letters to come and see him graduated; and he had also ventured to hint to the Colonel that he, too, should come back to West Point for that one occasion.

Mrs. Randolph was eager to come, and wrote Jack that nothing could keep her from being present with him on that proud and happy day. But the Colonel said not a word about his coming, and Mrs. Randolph preserved equal silence on the subject.

On the afternoon before graduation, just as the parade was forming, a tall, straight, handsome old gentleman, and a lady young enough to be his daughter, and a venerable negro alighted from a carriage.

Without going to the hotel, they took their seats in the line of camp-chairs under the trees that face the parade. It was Colonel Randolph and Mrs. Randolph; and Uncle Josh was in attendance on "ole marse." The group was so unusual and picturesque that it attracted attention at once.

The Colonel seemed in a dream. His eyes rested on the beautiful scene—the broad plateau with the noble academy buildings, the vast and silent parade ground, the Hudson flowing in stately majesty, overlooked by the frowning masses of the purple mountains; while beyond the grand peak of the Storm King the sun of a perfect June day was sinking redly.

"I 'clar'," said Uncle Josh, confidentially, to Mrs. Randolph, "I done furgot all 'bout de war an' Marse Linkum makin' de black folks free. Seem like 'twas yistiddy when me an' ole marse was heah—ole marse a orficer an' me a gent'mun. Dem was good ole times!"

The Colonel was silent. A red flush burned in his wrinkled cheek, and he twisted his snowy moustache nervously. He seemed to have forgotten all about Jack in the flood of recollections that overcame him.

Presently, the sharp blare of the bugle rang out; and as if by magic, a line of white-trousered, gray-coated cadets formed in front of the great stone barrack buildings. Then the markers, bearing their guidons, and the color guard advanced across the plain. The band, playing an inspiring air, followed next, and then came the splendid cadet battalion, marching as one man, and forming the most beautiful parade in the world.

Mrs. Randolph's eye sought Jack among the cadet officers, wearing red silk sashes around their trim waists; and there he was, marching at the head of the first company, so straight, so soldierly, and so like his grandfather!

But the old Colonel fixed his eyes on the flag. There was stirring within him an old affection, that had long slept. As the color-bearer folded the flag around its staff, and laid it across the muskets stuck upright in the ground, Colonel Randolph's eyes, with this strange expression in them, remained fixed upon it.

Then came the splendid parade. As it proceeded, Mrs. Randolph's eyes turned from Jack to the Colonel. At last, the battalion standing as motionless as marble, the band played the retreat, and river and mountain gave back their echoes of the noble harmony.

Suddenly came the quick flash and thundering report of the sunset gun; and as the post flag at that moment slowly descended the staff, Colonel Randolph, with a new and tender reverence in his deep eyes, raised his trembling hand and lifted his hat to the colors.

"The first time since 1861," he said to his daughter-in-law, "but not the last time, please God."

At the very moment of the action, Jack suddenly caught sight of the two most dear to him. He saw the old man's tribute to the flag, and a flush of joy filled his heart.

He had learned to love the flag with his whole heart, and the feeling that the old love had come back to his grandfather gave him a thrill of joy.

In a moment or two more, the parade was dismissed; the cadets marched back to their quarters, and the cadet officers left the ranks.

In half a minute Jack, with his left arm around his mother, was grasping the Colonel's hand with his right hand. The old man could say nothing but "My dear boy! My dear boy!"

In a few minutes Edgar Mount, slim, handsome, elegant as ever, sauntered up. Mrs. Randolph greeted him politely, as did Colonel Randolph. The two young men nodded to each other with easy courtesy, and exchanged a few words, but it was evident that they were as far away as ever from being firm friends.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

(To be continued.)

A PAIR.

When two at a burden lift,
Each is twice as strong;
When two can together sing,
Blither is the song.

Good Housekeeping. —*Lou Valeria Wilson.*

For the Companion.

OUR SUMMER RESORT.

People who came to see us for the first time often told us our home was charming, and we always agreed with them in a modest way.

We lived in a large, old-fashioned house in one of the country streets of a thriving little town, and as father owned this house, and three acres of ground around it, we felt secure from encroachments. The town might grow up about us, but it could not steal our lawn, with its beautiful old shade-trees shutting off the road, nor our orchard and garden at the back of the house.

In old times the house had been a plain farm-house, but grandfather had built an "L," with six good-sized rooms and two garrets in it, and father had added two large bay-windows and a wide veranda, which, on one side, went squarely out like a room, the roof being supported on arches of white, rough-cast stone.

Here we sat in summer, except on very stormy days. We had hammocks in the corners, and little tables for our work and books, and plenty of chairs, and we liked it better than any room in the house. It looked into the orchard on one side, and across the town to the low hills on the other, for our house stood on rising ground.

I was very young when we first began to go away in summer. Kitty had been ill, and the doctor said she would grow strong much faster in sea air. After that we went away every summer, almost always choosing a sea-shore place.

I remember one time at Mrs. Frink's, down at the shore, mother came into our room—Kitty's and mine—just before the dinner-bell rang, looking sweet and cool in her pretty white wrapper, and said:

"O children, if we were only at home, I needn't put on that whaleboney gown to go to dinner!"

But we never thought of staying at home. Mother never would go until the annual roses had bloomed; but then we always started, and remained until the middle or the end of September.

We tried some new place every year, for Kitty and I thought this much better fun than always going to one place. Brother Jack did not care where we went, if he could have fishing and sailing, and all mother stipulated for was that it should be near enough to the city so that father might come to us every evening.

Kitty and I really were allowed to choose, and we used to do the prospecting, which mother disliked and we enjoyed.

We came to think it quite impossible that we could get through a summer without our outing, and this was partly, I am sure, because almost every one we knew did the same. Mother used to shake her head and say, "O girls, when I was young, and we put our own nice, roomy houses into summer rig, and then stayed in them, how much more comfortable we were! And how we enjoyed the little jaunts out of town of a day or two, or perhaps, once in the summer, a week or two! I like the old way best."

But we would try to persuade her that this was only because it was the old way.

One lovely evening in early June father came home looking tired and worried. After tea, when we all went out to the side veranda, I took Kit's arm and walked her off down the garden. I thought perhaps father would like to have a little talk with mother alone.

I guessed the thing out correctly, for when Kit and I sat down in the summer-house—it was a perfect bower of roses—I told her that I felt it in my bones that something had happened, and that father was worrying because he must tell us that we couldn't go away that summer.

Kit said she wished I would find a better use for my bones than imagining such unpleasant things. But, as I said, I was right. Father had lost some money—not enough to do any real harm, he said, if we lived a little more economically for a year.

It was mother who told us, following us down the garden, and leaving father in the veranda. Jack was with us.

When she had finished her story, mother added, "I know you all love father too much to add a feather's weight to his trouble, and now I want you to be cheerful givers; to make him feel that we love him, not for what he gives us, but for what he is."

She went back to him, and we sat and looked at each other for a minute. Then Kit and I got up, and turned to go back to the veranda; but Jack put one of his long arms round each of us, and drew us back upon the bench.

"Now see here," he said, "you're good little girls. Your chief fault, which you will outgrow, is your extreme youthfulness. Don't go and hug father, and weep on his neck. You mean well, but he will not really like it. Listen to wise counsel: just behave as if nothing had happened. Only, if you can do it without too much muscular exertion, be a little more cheerful than usual. That's all I mean to do."

We had been going to make a little scene, but we saw how foolish it would have been. We knew that Jack was disappointed in not going away. He had a quantity of new fishing tackle, and nearly all the things to make a canvas canoe. We promised to do as he said, if he would let us go.

We drooped a little after father was gone the next morning, and felt almost vexed to see mother so cheerful; but after breakfast, when we were comfortably settled on the veranda, with a pleasant breeze blowing and roses everywhere, we felt better, and were in quite an agreeable frame of mind for the suggestion she was going to make.

"You know, children," she said, with a twinkle of fun in her eyes, "you were very fond of 'pretending,' not such a great many years ago, and I have been thinking of a 'pretend' with which we might amuse ourselves for the next six weeks. We can pretend that we have come here to board!"

We looked somewhat aghast.

"You can take to-day for the prospecting day," she went on, "and this evening I shall ask you to describe the place to me. I wish you to do it, if you can, exactly as if you had never seen the house before; and then we will decide. After that I shall put the old frog-bank on the mantelpiece, and whoever makes a complaint or a disparaging remark about our new boarding-place must give the frog a cent. We will decide afterward what we shall do with the fines."

Kitty and I thought this would be fun, and at the moment it did not occur to us that mother had any idea beyond a little amusement to console us for our disappointment; but we saw deeper before we were done.

"What did you think of the place, Peggy?" said mother that evening, just after we had all sat down at the tea-table. For a second I did not know what she meant. Then I remembered.

"Oh," I said, thoroughly enjoying father's and Jack's bewildered faces, "it seemed so much what we wanted that I just engaged the rooms, subject to a veto from the higher powers."

"That was right. I can trust you. But I should like to hear just what it is like."

I thought for a minute, and then I began, trying, as mother had suggested, to see it from the outside.

"The house stands on a little hill, just outside or rather in the outskirts of a small town. There is a good deal of ground about it—an old orchard, and a nice big vegetable-garden, and an old-fashioned flower-garden, with quantities of roses, and a deep lawn with great trees cutting it off from the street. When you are once inside the gate, you might be miles and miles from anywhere."

"A charming rural retreat it must be," said Kitty. "But how about the house? Is it big or little?"

"It's a large house, but if we come they will not take any other boarders; so we shall have it quite to ourselves—unless we choose to ask people to visit us; we can do that, whenever we like."

"That is an unusual privilege in a boarding-house," said mother, with cheerful seriousness. "But about the town—is there anything unpleasant in it?"

I had never thought of this before, and I had to consider a minute before I answered.

"No, I don't think there is; there are some narrow streets, of course, but even the small houses look neat and comfortable, with little yards and gardens. There are two or three lumber-yards and sawmills, I believe,—oh! and a box-factory,—but no disagreeable manufactures."

"I suppose there is a river, then?" said mother.

"Yes, a beautiful little river; it does not run very near the house—I think it must be a mile away—but it looks lovely from the veranda."

"Any fishing, should you think, Peg?" asked Jack, with an amiable grin. I saw he had penetrated the mystery. Father had, too, but he did not say anything as yet.

"Yes, I believe there is, and boating, too; I saw a number of little boats, and one or two canoes on the river," I answered. "I should think there might be shooting, too; I believe there are marshes three or four miles down-stream."

"You spoke of a veranda," said mother. "I am glad there is one. Is it a good large one?"

"Unusually large; a nice wide ordinary one, part of the way, but on one side a great square room with a low wall and arches, and there are hammocks and easy-chairs and little tables. It is really charming! Then there is a summer-house, perfectly smothered with roses, and all sorts of shady little corners about among the trees and bushes."

I was warming to my work; it seemed to me that I had never really seen the place before.

Mother asked, in a doubtful tone of voice, "Is the house too much shaded for health, do you think?"

"Not at all!" I answered almost indignantly; "the trees are far enough off to let the air circulate freely about it."

"That's good," said mother. "Now, about the rooms; what are they like?"

"They are delightful!" I replied, enthusiastically. "A large one on the second floor, with a good-sized dressing-room for you and father; one nearly as large, across the entry, for Kit, and two charming third floor rooms, very large ones, for Jack and me—you know Jack doesn't mind stairs, and I have a preference for high places. I think it comes of climbing the apple-trees so much in the days of my youth!

"Oh, I forgot! there is a bath-room on each of the two floors, and a nice little bath-room, with hot and cold water, in a corner of the lower hall—out of sight, but very handy."

"Did you notice whether or not the beds were good?" asked mother.

"Yes, mother; they are excellent, nice mattresses on wire-woven frames, with fat pillows, and pretty white spreads, and fine, soft blankets—quite different from any we've had in any boarding-house."

"And you and Kitty need not share the same room this summer?" pursued mother. "I am glad of that, for I know you do not enjoy it, either of you. I have only one more question to ask. What did the proprietor say you must pay for these unusually pleasant quarters?"

Father looked at us, smiling. I don't know what came over me. I felt like choking, but I tried to laugh.

"He said the pleasure of our society would be all the compensation he could think of taking!" I said, and then, before we knew we were going to do it, Kitty and I had "fallen on his neck," and Jack, the superior, was shaking hands with him, with ridiculous violence; and father hugged us all, and said nice things, and mother sat and beamed.

That was the way in which the season opened for us; and although, of course, we did not continue at quite such a pitch of enthusiasm, there was enough left to last all summer.

Mother kept drawing little contrasts, as she found nice chances—she never forced them—between our present boarding-house and the various ones we had visited. And then, we took little trips away—there were plenty of early trains, and places that were nice for basket-picnics.

Several of our friends stayed at home that summer, so that we could always pick up three or four girls and boys to join us. Father and mother went with us several times, and enjoyed it greatly.

As for Jack, he was charming. He went with us whenever he could, and we always tried to go where there was fishing. He helped mother with her flowers in the long, light evenings, and coaxed father off for walks; and two or three times I caught him with his head in at the kitchen window, telling Hepsy how good her puddings and things had been that day, while she told him to "go 'long!"

Now, of course, I am not so foolish as to think that every one has a home like ours—I only wish every one had!—but I think the "moral" would work in any home. So would the frog-bank, or one of those nice little earthenware jugs with a slit in it, that we used to buy when we were children.

By the way, perhaps you would like to hear how much we found in the frog-bank, when we opened it at the end of the season?

Just three cents!

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

For the Companion.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "KITTIEWINK."

In Seven Chapters.—Chapter II.

The Yacht-Race.

Phineas Scrod was a patient sailing-master. Every day for two weeks the *Kittiewink* sailed out to put the boys in practice; every night she returned to Marblehead Harbor. Every day the postal-card, "All safe and awfully jolly," went to Sweet Fern.

This was very uneventful yachting. The monotony of that fortnight was broken by only one exciting incident. Hal and Non furled up Trot in the main-sail one evening, and hunted for him until midnight. Trot, as if thinking that this was the way people go to bed on board a yacht, preserved a heroic silence while his master was searching the harbor and the town for the half-stifled dog.

The boys had begun to tire of all this when matters took a sudden turn, and something happened. In fact, a good deal more happened than they bargained for.

Gopher Gresham, otherwise known as Go Gresham, whose father owned the fast forty-footer *Chimpanzee*, was a member of the Neptune Yacht Club of Marblehead, and had come down for the season. Naturally he had hunted out our two young tars, and in a moment of extreme condescension had proposed their names for membership in his club.

To the ecstasy of the boys, who, by this time, knew the difference between the main-sheet and a dish-towel, they were elected. Their fathers felt no such elation when there was duly forwarded to each a pink bill for fifteen dollars, including initiation fee and annual dues; but the pink bill was counted in as part of the unavoidable luxury of running a boat, and was paid with suppressed murmurs. Mr. Maynot and the Doctor reflected that yachting is the most expensive kind of enjoyment in the world.

It was without Phin's knowledge that Hal and Non joined the Neptune Yacht Club, and one fine morning hoisted at the masthead the signal of the club, designed to represent a red trident vainly trying to fly from a blue to a white background.

One Friday, when Hal and Non were sitting in the cockpit, while the skipper was busy washing the morning's dishes with salt water forward of the mast, Hal whispered to Non, pointing toward the skipper.

"How shall we tell him?" he said.

"He'll have to do it, if we tell him to," replied Non, his breast swelling with a nautical importance never felt when Phin gave an order.

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"I've seen plenty of races. I could manage her. It's easy enough," urged Hal. As he had witnessed only two races off the Neck, which the *Kittiewink* had followed at a respectful distance, Non regarded him doubtfully.

There was a silence. The boys racked their brains. How should they tell the skipper that they had entered the *Kittiewink* in the yacht-race to be sailed the next day, and how persuade him to look favorably upon the plan?

Phin was happy that morning, and sang as he worked:

Oh, Jack, me b'y, is a sailor free,
An' his ship plows through the white-capped sea.
Oh, Molly, his wife, is a pink-cheeked lass,
An' she stays ter hum an' makes apple-sass.

It was a favorable moment, and Non blurted out, point-blank:

"Phin, we've entered the *Kittiewink* in the race to-morrow at three, and you'll help us, won't you?"

Phin made no answer. In fact, he acted as if he did not hear. He hummed a while softly to himself. Neither of the boys dared to interrupt his meditations.

The skipper's voice broke out again boisterously. This time:

One day, in a voice that his shipmates froze,
"Heave her to," says Jack, "fur thar she blows!"
But the whale that blew made an end of Jack,
For with the fluke o' its tail it fotched him a crack.

This verse was not so encouraging, but Hal persisted:

"Say, Phin, didn't you hear? We are going to race to-morrow at three."

The skipper smiled scornfully, and without deigning a reply, finished his ballad:

Oh, Jack, me b'y, was gobbled at sea
By the fish he was going to stickeree.
Oh, Molly, his wife, grew pale at the gills,
And was carried away by fever an' chills.

There was a moment of suspense appropriate to the tragedy. Then the skipper said:

"Do you fellers think that you can out-foot the *Choctaw*, or out-p'int the *Gadfly*, or beat the *Spook*? Can a vessel built to fish in run with one of them racin'-machines, all wings and no hull?"

"But can't we start with them and try?" asked Non, faintly.

"I'll send Trot after him," suggested Hal, in a whisper. "He's fond of Trot."

Hal pushed the terrier forward. Trot ran up to the sailing-master, and kissed him persuasively on his left ear. Phineas patted the dog. His face relaxed.

"I dunno but you can. There aint no law agin it, if your boat is really entered for the monkey-shines. But which of ye two is cap'n? Don't a member have to handle her in the Neptune races?"

This was a poser. Thus, indeed, ran the rule of the Neptune Club: "The wheel or tiller of each yacht shall be held only by members of the club throughout the race." How could a boy who had only been at sea two weeks expect to handle a boat in a race?

Besides, who *was* the captain of the *Kittiewink*? Phin was the sailing-master—the paid man. The boat was without a "captain."

"Let's draw straws, and let the longest be captain."

Non was always ready to solve every problem in life by the easiest chances.

"Draw oilskins!" snorted Phineas. "The feller that kin pick out the top'n-lift is cap'n."

The boys looked at each other in consternation, and retreated from the subject. What new thing was this? Where did it belong? They glanced around and aloft in bewilderment. Non examined each halyard and sheet, each spar and sail lazily, but Hal went below.

Phin chuckled. He believed he had outwitted the boys. He felt sure that there would be no race for the *Kittiewink*.

After a few minutes Hal came up the companion-way, and with an unconcerned air approached the rope that holds the end of the long boom to the main-masthead and prevents the main-boom from dropping on deck. He said, quietly:

"I guess I'll be captain then. Here it is!"

"Wal, I'll be split and salted!" said Phineas.

It was not until after the race that Captain Harry could be induced to tell that he had pored studiously over the "Yachtsman's Guide" until he had found Phin's test of seamanship, and had committed its position to memory.

So it was decided that the *Kittiewink* should start in the Neptune race. She was to enter the lists against the flyers of the coast, with their pot-leaded bottoms, their smooth sides, their sharp prows, their spinnakers and balloon-jibs and club-topsails, and many other sails not useful except for this kind of play.

Marblehead laughed at the two mad boys and their uncouth boat.

Next morning Phin Scrod appeared with two rough old sea dogs—friends of his, fishermen off a vessel just in. One of them was an old dory-mate of Phin's in his fishing days. This man's name was Black Tarr. Phineas said he "wa'n't a-goin' to race without no talent aboard." Phin, after all, now he was "in for it," had taken quite an interest in this maiden race of the *Kittiewink*.

The fishermen made themselves much at home on the little craft, and drank up the lemonade composedly. "What's the odds?" said Hal. He was greatly excited, and would have offered them anything on the boat without a murmur.

The first gun had been fired from the bluff on Marblehead Neck. In five minutes the first class were to cross the imaginary line. Half-Way Rock was the first turning-point.

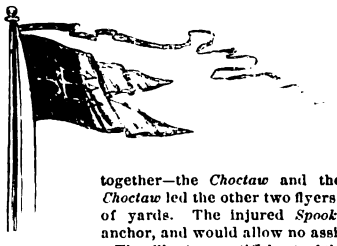
Captain Harry was at the helm. He had practised all the morning, and Phin, sitting next him, put his brawny hand from time to time over Hal's thin fingers to steer a finer course.

The yachts of the first class zigzagged here and there picturesquely. As far as sails went, all the contending boats were evenly matched. Some had started out with huge club-topsails, but a preliminary "spin" outside decided their masters that the "sky-scrapers" should come down.

The wind was pretty high. It had freshened since noon. The yachts now carried only what are called the working sails, the main-sail and head-sails. The breeze was unsteady.

"It mought back an' blow a snorter," said Black Tarr.

Clouds scudded in different directions overhead. The white yachts careened far over as puffs of wind struck their sails.



What a manœuvring there was for a good position, in order to cross the line between the stake-boats promptly at the second fire! What a calculation of seconds!

The *Kittiewink* was awkward but stanch, and it was decided she should be content to cross the line last. Phin had studied the circular, and knew every inch of the course.

The *Kittiewink* had another advantage, besides being stiff and not oversparred; she was manned by three practical sailors, ready for any emergency. Our two very young heroes did not count. But no one told them so.

A hundred glasses were levelled from the shore at the audacious fishing-boat that dared to compete with the *Spook*, the *Choctaw*, the *Gadfly* and the *Griffin*, the noted flyers of the coast.

"If it freshens up and holds, she may do them up yet," said one expert to another, pointing out the uncouth *Kittiewink* from the balcony of the Neptune Club.

Boom!

"Whew! We're off! There's the gun! Oh, what shall I do?" Harry gasped, as he heard the report and saw the white *Spook* bear away first over the line.

"Now keep cool, sonny!" Phin spoke cheeringly. "Follow them stiddy! That's good. Keep her even. Stand ready to haul on those sheets there, when we pass the line. So; that's good. Make fast! Don't cramp her! Let her go easy. There we are. Now after them! She'll do!"

The *Kittiewink* crossed the line gallantly, the last of the fleet of five; but the knowing ones noticed that she stood up to the wind, shipped no water over her lee rail, and scudded along as well as the rest.

The wind was blowing fiercely from the westward, and was heading them off continually with increasing violence. The four white-winged yachts were ahead, tossing badly and making straight for the first mark.

The three sailors on the *Kittiewink* held a consultation. It was decided to haul in the sheets, and run to the westward as close into the teeth of the wind as possible, so that, as it shifted, they could make their course with it, and so possibly get to the first goal without tacking.

Hal knew as little about steering by the wind as by the compass. What was to be done? For the owner must steer.

"Make for Baker's Island," said Phineas Scrod, "keep her steady and you'll manage."

At this moment a tremendous gust struck the *Kittiewink*. The fishing-boat careened far over on her side, and might have shipped some water in her cockpit had not Phin given the wheel a quick turn that sent her into the wind. There was a smash of crockery below, and a squeaking for which only Trot could have been responsible.

A sheet of spray struck Hal in the face, and made him gasp for breath. He turned away while Phin grasped the wheel with both hands. Non clung to the main-sheet, expecting to be washed by the board any minute.

"Look!" cried Hal, as soon as he could open his eyes. "Look there!"

The gust had passed on, and the leading white yacht, which had been staggering under the burden of the increasing wind on her enormous sails, was smitten suddenly. Over she went!

It was only the lead on her keel that saved her. The mast of the famous yacht snapped at the deck. Her spotless canvas, her rigging and bowsprit crashed together, and were carried into the sea.

"She's dismantled, but she's safe!" cried Phin. "Here, get into the cockpit, my little Cap'n—you too, Non. There's got to be a man at the wheel, now. I'll carry the *Kittiewink* through. This is the first an' the last race, an' we'll give it to her. The rest of 'em that are after the *Spook* 'll bear a hand. Ease the sheets, a bit! She'll be stiddier. That's good!"

Skipper Scrod, clad in his yellow oilskins, sat at the wheel looking grimly, now at the coming storm, and now at the sails and rigging.

The boys glanced at their sailing-master and felt safe; and the race was not lost yet.

It was as the knowing fishermen had predicted. "I knowed it 'ud fotch 'round," said Black Tarr, triumphantly. As the wind freshened, it headed them off. They were now steering a straight course for the first mark; but the other three yachts had not calculated upon so sudden a turn, and were forced to make a tack to fetch the Rock on their starboard.

How the *Kittiewink* flew! Two boats were now nearing the Rock together—the *Choctaw* and the *Kittiewink*. The *Choctaw* led the other two flyers by some hundreds of yards. The injured *Spook* had dropped an anchor, and would allow no assistance.

The *Choctaw*, a stiff boat of the racing kind, was a few hundred feet ahead of the *Kittiewink* to leeward, and bearing down upon the rocky island. Half her keel showed gray as she bent far over to the blast.

Phineas eyed his antagonist darkly. This was his day for victory, or it would never come again. With the wind only in the luff of the sail, the sword-fisherman plowed stolidly after the high-spirited racer.

"She's gaining!" yelled Hal, in a wild excitement of distress.

"Keep still!" growled Phin, as another blast flattened the *Choctaw* over until her boom swished in the waves.

"Down with the stays'l!" roared the skipper. Relieved by shortened canvas, the *Kittiewink* began to crawl upon her white rival.

Yachtsmen often make the mistake of keeping too much sail spread too long. It was evident that the *Choctaw* was staggering under her load of sail, and thereby losing ground.

She dared not stop to reef; she could not, in that blow. She was cramped, and in fact almost dead. If she gave way, she must make another "hitch;" while the *Kittiewink*, with small main-sail, and her diminutive "jumbo," was riding the waves freely, and still forging ahead without shipping a drop over her lee.

But now the two were abreast of the Rock. The *Kittiewink* had closed upon her rival, and in order to do so had come up under her lee.

The high waves dashed angrily up the gray cliff, and washed back again in white spray. The wind had grown to a gale. Nearest to the Rock rode the *Kittiewink*. The *Choctaw* had an outside position, a few feet ahead.

The two boats rose and fell together with the same swell; but the *Choctaw* staggered and rose heavily. Her main-sail, almost a half too large, handicapped her.

When she turned on the next "leg" of the triangular course, she could easily beat her clumsy rival running before the wind. Ah! There was a chance for her full main-sail!

Eager to seize every opportunity and to "blanket" the *Kittiewink*—that is to say, to cut off the wind from her sails—the *Choctaw* steered near the Rock. She left too little space for the *Kittiewink* to pass without running ashore.

"Avast there!" bellowed Scrod. "Keep away there, or I'll tack, an' cut ye in two!"

A boat under pressure of wind and sail cannot come to a sudden halt, and turn about like a horse and buggy. The situation had suddenly become critical and then dangerous.

The Rock was not fifty feet away, and abreast of the *Kittiewink*. The *Choctaw*, the waves, and the gale were forcing her upon it. But Phineas Scrod had not lost himself. Even his quid had not changed cheek.

The boys were scared dumb, but not Trot—he, poor dog, was shut up in the cabin, and barked and wailed madly.

The eyes of the two fishermen blazed, but they preserved the stolidity of their race, and trusted the man at the helm.

"Hard-a-lee!" roared Phineas.

He turned his wheel in the nick of time. The *Kittiewink* spun about like a troubled top. By the usage of the sea, whose laws the *Choctaw* had violated by forcing their rival into this predicament, she had to tack also, or be run down.

There was hardly room enough for the *Kittiewink* to pass astern. There was an instant of confusion on board the white cutter. But the boat, cramped under too much sail, and with little headway, refused to come about.

"Out with that main-sheet! Ease the jib! Way off!" shrieked Skipper Scrod, when he saw the *Choctaw* was unmanageable.

The *Kittiewink* turned square about, and retraced her course, barely passing behind her tossing rival.

"She's in irons," said Black Tarr. "I wouldn't like to be thar."

"She's a goner on them rocks. She'll be match-wood in two jiffies," said the other fisherman.

"She won't nuther," shouted Phin, through the bellowing wind, "we'll save her!"

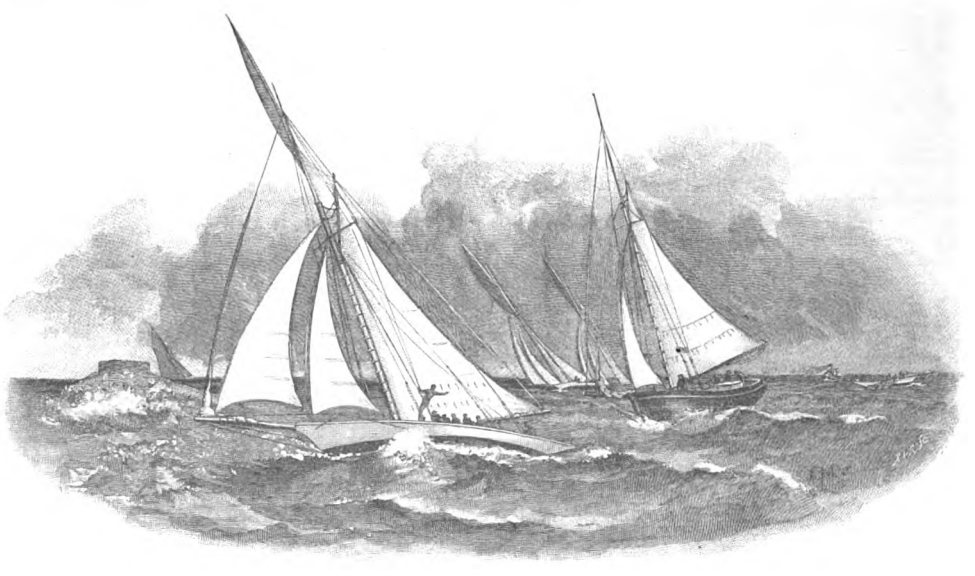
At this moment, there came a terrible cry from the *Choctaw*: "Man overboard!"

Demoralization had taken possession of the crew of the *Choctaw*. A frantic object was seen struggling in the water. Could that be a man's head—a drowning man? How small it looked!

Hal shivered with terror. For an instant he turned away his eyes. The white yacht, meanwhile, was drifting rapidly on the breakers.

HERBERT D. WARD.

(To be continued.)



"Hard-a-lee!" roared Phineas.

For the Companion.

ALPINE VILLAGE LIFE.

The mode of life of the peasants in the higher and more remote regions of the Alps has remained unchanged for centuries. Far away from cities, railroads and modern travellers, the mountain peasant lives as his ancestors did many generations ago, and one is likely to find him living in the house where his great-grandfather was born.

The house is a large, unpainted, two-story structure, built of square pine logs, with the ends projecting at the corners, and sometimes carved into pretty shapes. The building is full of little, long windows, filled with flowers, and the roof is made of large clapboards fastened in place with poles and stones.

I recall such a house, one of a hundred forming the little village of Obstalden on the high bench of a mountain slope above the Wallen See—the most enchanting little lake, I think, in Switzerland. This body of water is seventeen miles long and two or three miles wide. It is clear as crystal, five hundred feet deep, and closed in by a nearly perpendicular wall of rocks two thousand feet high.

Back of the lake a little distance are ridges and peaks nine thousand feet above sea-level, with white glaciers and beautiful water-falls.

I spent three summer vacations in Obstalden, and aside from a few friends whom I took there, I never saw an English or an American tourist in the place. Like many another remote village of the Alps, the great outside world never heard of Obstalden.

The first and pleasantest recollection one has of the village, after the wonderful scenery, is the perfect simplicity of the people, and the familiar greeting of the stranger that comes from every lip. Every one seems to know him; every one speaks to him as to a friend. One seems to have been there a long time, and to have known the people well.

It seems hard to call the hundred houses scattered around on the green slope a town. The grass grows everywhere, quite up to the doorsteps. There is no other street in the place, except the white, well-paved post road that goes by, not through, the village.

Little stony goat-paths lead up to and around the houses, and there is hardly a fence to be seen in the place.

But it is a town. There is the little stone church with the white steeple and the big-faced clock outside, and the stone floors and the plain wooden benches within. There, on the south end of the church, is painted, in great letters and figures, the big sun-dial, used long before the village had a clock.

Behind the little stone church is the village burial-ground; and near by the old, old schoolhouse, and the happy children, and the village pastor, also their teacher.

How old and long and thin the pastor looks! It is little to him that he is very poor; most village pastors are. But his religion is very rich, and his heart very great; great enough to contain the joys and the woes of every man, woman and child in the village. Where lives the millionnaire so great or so rich as that?

I have said that the big brown houses are scattered about over the sloping meadow. Each is large enough for two or three families; and owing to the absolute want of dust and dirt on this green slope, every house is as clean as fancy could wish.

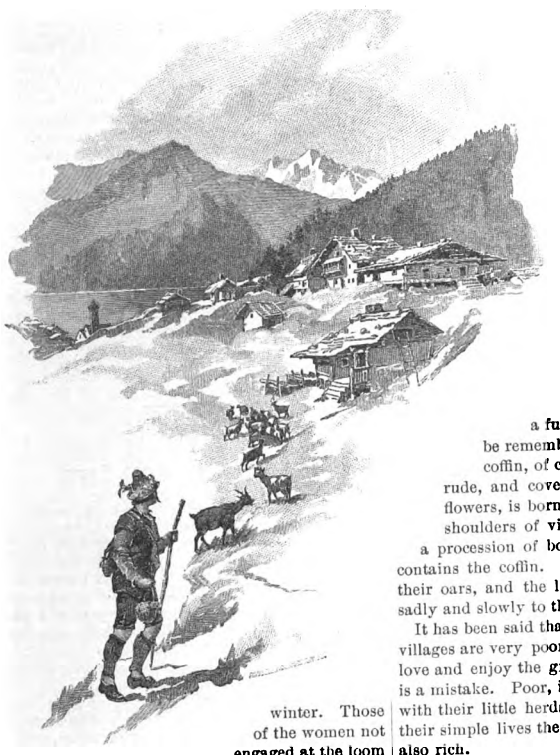
They are in a sense comfortable enough, but they are sparsely furnished. Rude benches often take the place of chairs. There are no carpets on the floor, few pictures on the wall, and little of the luxury known to the homes of many American farmers.

In almost every peasant's house stands an old-fashioned wooden silk loom. It occupies the best corner of the best room. It is of more importance than the piano or organ of the American home, for with it is earned a great part of the living of the family. Silk cloth is woven for the great exporters

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at Zurich, and the women are satisfied to earn thirty to forty cents a day, weaving from dawn till evening twilight.

While the women are weaving the men cut grass and wood, cultivate a few potatoes, look after their little dairies, and prepare for the winter. Those of the women not engaged at the loom help the men out of doors. Goat cheese is made here in abundance. It is an interesting sight to see the village goat-herd, usually a young man, start off every morning, driving all the goats of the village to the grass on higher mountain slopes.



His is a strange existence; he is alone all the long summer day with his goats, the sunshine and the mountains.

Evening twilight sees him at the head of his flock, winding his way down to the village. A great wreath of pink Alpine roses is twined about his hat; sometimes another rose-wreath is slung over his shoulders. He sings the Alpine *Kuhreihen*, a hundred times more melodious for being echoed by its native Alps.

Sometimes with a rude flute he leads the herd, and like another Orpheus, seems almost to charm the rocks and trees with his music. The long line of goats follows him gladly down to the group of stalls called "the village of the goats."

The goat village consists of scores of little low, covered pens, lined with forest leaves, and as snug as can be. It is noticeable how every goat knows its own stall among the hundreds, and promptly enters it. "It's a poor foolish goat," says the herdsman, "that does not know its own milking-place."

The only enemy of these peace-loving herds is the mountain bear, which sometimes comes down in the night and robs the goat-hut as a fox would rob a hen-roost.

When the winter comes, all the goats are, with their increase, returned to their owners in the village, to be kept till the grass is green again in the spring.

The cheese, like the woven silk, is all sent to the cities; and a large part of both are exported to the United States.

It is interesting to know that a large part of the raw silk used by these Alpine peasants in their weaving comes from far-off China, traversing our continent by the Pacific railways, crossing the Atlantic to London or Havre, and at last finding its way up into the Alps to be woven, and returned to us in silk dresses.

It is little wonder that silk is too dear for these weavers in the Alps to wear. Probably not one of them ever owned a silk dress in her life; but they are content without it, and prefer, a hundred times over, the picturesque village costume they wear on all festal occasions.

Aside from the flowers in the windows, the beautiful silk on the weaver's loom is likely to be the only attractive thing in her room.

One thing always to be found in a Swiss home, and in almost every room, is a great cylinder-shaped column of white porcelain. It is seven feet high, and, cold as it looks in its whiteness, it is the family stove.

In the Alps the form of the stove varies. The huge pile of porcelain may be cube-shaped, painted green, and mounted on feet.

Sometimes tiny steps lead to the top of this peculiar stove, where a curtain is hung so as to form a little warm room, perhaps six feet square. In this the children go to dress on very cold mornings.

The food of the peasants in these Alpine towns is extremely simple. They have coffee and bread for breakfast; soup and bread, and sometimes a little meat, with potatoes, for dinner, and a supper as simple as the breakfast. Good milk is abundant, but the butter and cheese are oftener sold than put on the table.

Obstalden has a queer neighbor, sitting away up on the mountain-side above the opposite bank of the lake. It is the village of Amden. Fifteen hundred people are nestled away up there, as if in an eagle's home, two thousand feet and more above the blue waters of the lake.

The village is inaccessible on the lake side except by two miles of rude stone steps, zigzagged up the face of the mountain. Every article of any kind from the outside world used by the villagers is carried up these steps on the backs of peasants.

For some reason the villagers at Amden bury their dead on the Obstalden side of the lake, and a funeral is one of the things to be remembered by the stranger. The coffin, of cheap boards and extremely rude, and covered with a black pall and flowers, is borne down to the lake on the shoulders of villagers. At the lake's edge a procession of boats is formed, one of which contains the coffin. At a signal the rowers dip their oars, and the little mourning fleet moves sadly and slowly to the other shore.

It has been said that the people of these Alpine villages are very poor—too poor and ignorant to love and enjoy the grand scenes about them. It is a mistake. Poor, in a sense, they are; but if, with their little herds, their green meadows and their simple lives they are content, then are they also rich.

The Alpine peasant loves the mountains about him, and more than one lone wanderer from the Alps to foreign lands has been known to die of heartache, longing for the scenes of his childhood.

S. H. M. Byers.

For the Companion.

TIDE ROCK.

At flood a gleaming foam-wreath white as wool:
At ebb a shapeless blackened mass it lies.
So lives seen fair when hope is at the full,
Show all unclean when aspiration dies.

Oscar Fay Adams.

CUBA AND ITS RESOURCES.

The beautiful island of Cuba, lying off our Florida coast and resting under the stern dominion of Spain, has been an object of deep interest to the United States for many years. One reason for this lies in the fact of its proximity to our continent, and its distance from the power which rules it. Another is to be found in the extraordinary richness and variety of the natural resources of the island.

For Cuba has been well named "the garden of the West Indies." Its soil and climate are capable of yielding an almost unlimited range of agricultural products.

Not only does it grow the best tobacco in the world; a yet more valuable product is the Cuban sugar. Coffee, corn, rice and cotton can be profitably raised from it. The forests of Cuba are rich in mahogany, rosewood, ebony and cedar.

The fruits which are grown on the island are as various and luscious as those yielded by the fertile plains of Southern California. They include oranges and lemons, pineapples and bananas, figs and bread-fruit, pomegranates, cocoanuts, mangoes and guava, and others less familiar to us.

Within the past ten years, moreover, an important iron-mining industry has been developed near Santiago, as a result of which it is stated that iron ore to the value of a million and a half of dollars will be exported thence to the United States in 1891. In return, the Cubans will receive American coal.

But this island, so bountifully gifted by nature, has never yielded to the world the amount of products which it is capable of giving. It is the least developed country in our hemisphere, Brazil alone excepted. It has now fifteen hundred sugar plantations, but is capable of providing ten times that number, and the same may be said of the possible increase of tobacco, coffee and cotton plantations.

While the working-people, white, negro and Chinese, are generally peaceable and fairly industrious, it remains true that Cuba is not cultivated to anything like the extent that is possible.

The selfishness of Spanish domination, and the consequent bad economic condition of the island, are the main causes why Cuba remains to so large a degree undeveloped. The sugar-planters are stated to be poor, unable to make their product valuable, and equally unable to procure skilled labor.

Cuba is politically subject to Spain; but its geographical and commercial interests lie with the United States. Cuba needs the machinery and supplies which the United States could give it; but the economic relations between the island and the continent have hitherto prevented Cuba from receiving them.

These relations are to some degree shown by the value of the exchanges of products which take place between the two countries. The reports show that, in 1889, while we received from Cuba articles to the value of fifty-two millions of dollars, we only sent to Cuba articles to the value of about eleven and a half millions.

On the other hand, in 1888, Great Britain received from Cuba and Porto Rico goods only valued at a million and a half dollars, while of her manufactures and other goods she sent to them articles reaching a value of about twelve millions.

Negotiations have lately taken place between the United States and Spain, which have resulted in a reciprocity treaty which is expected to result in a much freer interchange of products than has been made heretofore. That is, Cuba will probably buy more American goods, which will be admitted to the island at lower rates of duty.

A secondary result of the treaty will probably be to introduce American capital and enterprise into the island.

The ultimate destination of Cuba is perhaps to a political as well as commercial union with our republic. Meanwhile, reciprocity of trade will doubtless be of large mutual benefit.

NIGHT.

The day is done: the tired land looks for night:
She prays to the night to keep
In peace her nerves of delight:
While silver mist upstealeth silently,
And the broad, cloud-driving moon in the clear sky
Lifts o'er the firs her shining shield,
And in her tranquil light
Sleep falls on forest and field.
See! sleep hath fallen: the trees are asleep:
The night is come. The land is wrapt in sleep.

—*Robert Bridges.*

POLITICAL CLUBS.

A very striking feature of political history in the last few years has been the organization of permanent political clubs by the opposing parties. Political clubs formed by voters in the electoral canvass are nothing new in United States politics. Such organizations have existed in some form ever since the foundation of the government.

The "campaign club," as it is now familiar to us, with its parades and public meetings shortly before election, really came into existence in the campaign of 1840, when William Henry Harrison was elected President.

That was the famous "log-cabin and hard-cider campaign," and the public demonstrations by mass-meetings and torch-light processions which have since distinguished all of our presidential elections then for the first time became a national institution. This helped the Whig party to win the election, and the plan has been followed, with varying enthusiasm, in every election since that time.

All of these, however, were clubs for "campaign time" alone. There is routine work to be done, of course, in the interval between elections, because the great political organizations must always be kept in working order.

But this is a matter of committee work rather than club work. In each country town or city ward the voters of a party, meeting at its political "primaries," choose their representatives in the county committee, which has the general management of county politics; and the members of the various district, State and national committees are elected by conventions called to elect delegates or to nominate candidates.

There is thus ample provision for routine political work at all times.

But within the last few years there have come into existence, all over the country, political clubs which, without any direct connection with or responsibility to the regular party organization, are at work all the time, devoting their labors between electoral canvasses to the discussion of the principles of the parties to which they belong, and the distribution among other voters of documents and general information, instructing the people in the real nature of the political situation.

Of course, in election time these clubs do the same work as the older political clubs, but usually through the formation from their own numbers of campaign clubs under a somewhat different organization.

The rise of these political clubs really began seven years ago, when "reform clubs," based somewhat upon the plan pursued in England, where they have long been an institution, played an important part in politics.

The clubs of this kind, organized by one party, were promptly duplicated by the opposing party. The movement has now become so general, that the annual convention of the League of clubs in the party, attended by delegates from all the clubs of the nation, is one of the most important of party incidents.

In the recent gathering of Republican clubs at Cincinnati, it was stated that there were present representatives from ten thousand clubs, and that practically all the States of the Union were represented. These delegates organize as a League, and elect their president and executive committee.

The movement is useful and valuable, whatever the party may be to which the clubs belong. It is an effort to make the voters of the country familiar with the great principles which divide the parties, so that at elections they can vote intelligently and not be governed merely by party prejudice. So useful has the work already been found that it will undoubtedly extend, and become an element more important than ever in future political contests.

RETURNING TO DUTY.

The daily papers of one of our seaport towns lately contained the story of an English boy's adventures in which *The Companion* itself bore a part, and in which its boy-readers may find an especial significance.

George B—— was the son of a respectable mechanic in an English village. His elder brothers each had a trade, and were contented and happy in their home. His father succeeded in placing George in a large business house, where he was to remain on trial for a few months before he was received permanently.

But in the first month he made several mistakes, and was severely rebuked. He became discontented and miserable. Why, he reasoned, should he give up his life to this wretched hack-work, when the world, full of adventure and triumphs, waited outside?

He reasoned as thousands of boys reason when tired of their monotonous work in school or in shops and offices. Why become a drudge? It would require years of study to master his business. Why stay in this jail of an office when in the great West men could win sudden victories in fortune or high social and political rank, with no especial knowledge or skill or industry?

He had saved a sum sufficient to pay his passage to America. He ran away from home to Liverpool, and crossed the sea in the steerage of a steamer, arriving in this country without a penny. He was examined by the superintendent of emigration, and was forced to confess that he had neither money nor friends in the New World, and that he had no trade nor handicraft by which to earn his living.

The boy, locked up for the night in the harbor police station, was brought abruptly face to face with his future. On one side was a vast country filled with strangers, in which success could be reached only by some especial knowledge, skill and industry; on the other side was the ocean, and beyond it his home—the one place on earth where he was loved and cared for.

During the solitary evening, while the lad struggled with his defeat and misery, an old copy of *The Companion* fell into his hands, in which was the story of a runaway boy who had showed his courage by going back to his home, and begging to be allowed to take up his work again.

In the morning George B—— asked the superintendent to send him back as a pauper, and to "give him another chance for his life."

He returned on the vessel on which he came, and after several weeks wrote back a glad, grateful letter to the official, telling him that he was forgiven at home, and was now "hard at work to make a man of himself."

Many a boy has become tired of books or of work at home, and dreamed of running away, to live a life of adventure or to conquer fortune by some bold stroke.

Such boys, if they realize their dreams, find that they have made a mistake. They get out into the world, and the world treats them coldly or lets them starve, for it has no place for ignorance and laziness. The protection of home, good habits and industry are what boys need as a preparation for a manly, successful life.

STRENGTH IN SWIMMING.

There are two periods in the year when deaths by drowning are frequently recorded: December, when skating begins, and June, when swimming-time has come. Last winter was remarkable for the number of instances in which boys had the good fortune to save the lives of their comrades who had broken through the ice.

The Royal Humane Society of London awarded their bronze medal to Cecil Stanley Manning, a boy of fourteen years, for saving another boy aged twelve years, who broke through the ice in deep water seventy-five feet from the shore.

They gave another bronze medal to a boy named Murray, who saved a little fellow one year younger than himself from drowning in the Thames at Hampton Court.

Then there were two brothers, Anthony and Charles Ellwood, who saved two of their younger brothers, and to each of them the Society awarded honorable recognition. There were several other boys, from fourteen to twelve years old, who saved or assisted to save children only a year or two younger than themselves.

It is well for boys to become acquainted with such facts as these. At the same time they should bear in mind that a human being in deep water has no great amount of strength over and above what is necessary to keep his own head above the surface, and that it may mean two victims instead of one if he tries to save from drowning a person heavier than himself, or one who will cling to him and impede his action.

The strongest swimmer cannot carry in the water more than a very few pounds, and that weight but a short distance. When he has plunged into the water with all his clothes on, with perhaps a pair of high boots on his feet, and a dozen pieces of metal in his pocket, he must be a strong man to render much help to another.

We advise healthy boys and girls to improve all good opportunities, not merely to learn to swim, but to acquire strength and confidence in the water. Our swimming-teachers very sensibly require their pupils to bathe now and then in a complete suit of old clothes, including a pair of high boots, that they may know how it feels to be in the water thus equipped, and how to get rid of

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some of their garments. A person who has bathed encumbered thus will get an idea how much aid he could render to a drowning person.

It is a mistake to over-bathe; and in this particular there is a curious difference between one person and another. Of two brothers, both in apparently equal health, one can bathe every day with advantage, while the other will discover that it is best for him to keep out of the water except on hot days, and then not to stay in more than fifteen minutes. In this, as in all other athletic exercises, zeal should be tempered with prudence.

PRACTICAL.

The extravagance of Ismail Pasha, the former Khedive of Egypt, provoked English and French holders of Egyptian bonds to ask him to abdicate. Their governments pressed the request, and the Khedive, deposed in 1879 by the Sultan, left Egypt and now lives in exile. But although Ismail's faults were very great, he was a real ruler.

While M. de Lesseps was building the Suez Canal, the public opinion of Europe was against the enterprise, and money was hard to get. The Khedive sent for Mr. Hawkshaw, an eminent English engineer, and said to him:

"Examine the ground, study the plans, and report to me confidentially. If you report the canal to be impracticable, the works will be brought to an end."

Mr. Hawkshaw reported not only that the canal was practicable, but that it could be made and maintained at a reasonable expense. He was among the guests invited by the Khedive to attend the opening of the canal. On his landing at Port Said, M. de Lesseps presented him to the engineers about him, saying: "This is the gentleman to whom I owe the canal."

The Khedive was anxious that the *Aigle*, the steamer on which was the Empress of France, should have a free course through the canal. But the *Latiff*, which he sent to clear the way, stuck, and blocked the canal. Word was brought to the Khedive at Port Said between eleven and twelve o'clock at night.

He got into his own vessel, took three hundred men with him, and by six o'clock in the morning had got the *Latiff* off, and seen her shunted at one of the stations, and went on through the canal in his own yacht, so as to have the course clear for the *Aigle*, which was to start at seven in the morning.

"If," said he, "I had not got the *Latiff* off, I should have blown her up, so that the *Aigle* might have gone on clear."

RESULTS OF DISHONESTY.

The harm which a few unscrupulous men may do to a great number of honest ones is well illustrated by a circular which the United States Department of Agriculture has sent out.

For the past five years, this circular shows, there has been a steady falling off in the quantity and price of our country's butter exports. During these last years only about seventeen million pounds of butter have been sent abroad annually, against twenty million pounds a year during the five years preceding.

The price during the past five years has averaged from three to five cents less than in the first five years.

During this period also eighty-eight million pounds of cheese per year have been exported at an average price of about nine cents a pound; but for the preceding five years the exports of cheese averaged one hundred and twenty million pounds at an average price of nearly eleven cents a pound.

The decline of both these items of trade is attributed in great measure to the exportation of butter and cheese of a very bad quality. "Filled cheeses," said to be "compounds of skimmed milk and grease," have been sent to England, as well as rancid butter and "oleomargarine" instead of good butter.

Much of this mischief is undoubtedly done by unscrupulous packers or exporters, who substitute wretched stuff for the good product of the farms; but these packers, while they hurt the reputation of all American cheese in foreign business, contribute to the ruin of their own business.

No agriculturist should forget that good measure and good quality are the surest means to prosperity in the world, and farmers owe it to themselves to leave no stone unturned to secure, if possible, by combination or other fair means, the delivery of their honest products to the consumer, whether in their own country or abroad.

REASSURED BY A VOICE.

At the close of the Civil War, many of the leading men of the South hastened to make their escape from the country, fearing imprisonment and possible death at the hands of the government. Among these was Judah P. Benjamin, the Secretary of State of the Confederacy.

For many days Mr. Benjamin had been in the forests of Florida, trying to make his way to the coast, where he relied upon finding a vessel in which he could reach England.

He kept on, living upon what roots and berries he could find, not daring to approach civilization for fear of arrest, until finally he sank at the foot of a tree, completely exhausted. He had not the heart to go farther, and made up his mind to lie where he was and give it up.

Weak and drowsy, he was just sinking into a half-sleep, half-stupor when he heard a harsh, uncanny voice pronounce the words:

"Hurrah for Jeff Davis!"

Aroused he looked about him, saw no one, and thinking he must have been dreaming, again sank back. Once more came the strange voice, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" and now he rose to his feet and listened.

Again the words were repeated. Faint and weak, almost out of his mind, he stumbled on to find the man or thing that had uttered those words.

He had gone hardly a hundred yards, when he entered a clearing in which was a cabin. He tottered to its door and fell exhausted.

The inmates of the cabin cared for him, and he soon became able to continue his journey, but before starting he related his strange experience in the wood to his preservers, who then told him that the words had come from a parrot who was in the habit of roaming in the woods.

Reassured, Mr. Benjamin now told them who he was, and with their assistance, reached the coast in safety, whence he was taken in a vessel to England, and, as every one knows, afterward became one of the most celebrated lawyers at the bar of that country.

Two Interesting Articles.

In the next issue of THE COMPANION we shall print a striking account by Rear-Admiral Gillis of the great South American Earthquake of 1868, entitled

"Overland in a Man-of-War."

Also a thorough and entertaining description of the work

"In a Great Post-Office."

HIS OBITUARY.

It has often happened to public individuals to see, through some error, their own obituaries in print. An embarrassing consequence of this blunder is that one feels obliged ever after to live up to the good things said of him when he was supposed to be no more. Mr. Frederic Villiers, the artist, says in the *Cosmopolitan*:

Twice during my career have I been given up as "gone over to the majority"—first, when I was reported to have been killed in the advance of Hicks Pasha's army against El-Obeid, in the Eastern Soudan, at the time when that force met with disaster at the hands of the Mahdi and his followers.

I was walking in London with a cousin, when we were greatly astonished by noticing several posters of the evening papers, mentioning my death in the Soudan. Presently a friend of my cousin came up, and said to him:

"My dear fellow, this is sad news about your poor cousin."

"What's that?" said he.

"Why, his death in the Soudan."

"That's all nonsense," was the reply. "This is Frederic Villiers by my side. Allow me to introduce you."

His friend stared at him with disgust and astonishment.

"It's all very well," said he. "I know you can't resist a joke, but this sort of thing is really too bad. Your poor cousin is lying in the desert, dead, and you are cruelly joking!"

"Have no fear," said I. "I am the man, and I am every moment more and more satisfied at the fact."

"Then," said he, believing at last, "I must hurry back to the Savage Club. There's a colleague of yours, with his back to the fire, holding forth to the members about the campaigns he has seen with you."

"Hold hard," said I. "Is he saying nice things about me?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then," I continued, "by all means leave my colleague to his pleasant thoughts."

This colleague at the Savage has never forgiven me for knocking all the sentiment out of his funeral oration by persisting in being alive. When he and I meet now, we only lift hats.

DESCRIPTIVE.

While the country people of New England have no such marked dialect as prevails in some other parts of the United States, it is a fact that they use many words and phrases which to strangers are often quite incomprehensible.

A girl who spent a summer on a farm in Northern Vermont says that if her language was half as confusing to the people of that region as a good deal of theirs was to her, she wonders they didn't ask her to supply them with a "key."

One day she asked the farmer how long it would take her to get to the nearest village.

"Le's see," said the man, slowly, "they aint much choice 'tween Porterville an' Skimby's Corner, but I calc'late the Corner may be a grain nearer. How was you plannin' to git there; by hand?"

"By what?" asked the astonished girl.

"By hand, was what I said," replied the farmer. "Don't ye know what that means? Waal, seein' you're from city way, I s'pose I'd oughter've said, 'Was you intendin' to foot it?' But we allus say 'by hand' here, fer it seems more reasonable, someways!"

TOO MUCH.

If an unwelcome truth must be spoken, it is well to say it not only kindly but with neatness and point. An exchange relates that Roscoe Conkling one day appeared in Charles O'Conor's office in a state of unusual excitement. Mr. O'Conor naturally inquired what was troubling his caller.

"I'm provoked," answered Mr. Conkling; "I'm angry clean through. I never had a client quarrel with my fee before."

"What's the story?"

"Why, I defended Gibbons for arson, you know. He was convicted, but I did hard work for him. I took him to the superior court and he was convicted; then to the supreme court, and the supreme court confirmed the judgment and gave him ten years. I charged him six hundred dollars, and he is grumbling about it. Now, Mr. O'Conor, I ask you frankly, was it too much?"

"Well," said Mr. O'Conor, speaking deliberately, "of course you did a great deal of work, and six hundred dollars is not a big fee, but to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, I do think that he might have been convicted for less money."

CROOK'S COUNCIL OF WAR.

A writer in the *Century*, giving an extended account of General Crook's warfare against the Indians in California and Arizona, thus briefly describes the General's unique method of holding a council of war:

He never asked any one for an opinion, never gave one of his own, but taking his rifle in hand strolled a short distance away from the camp, sat down under a rock, crossed one knee over the other, clasped his arms about his shins, and occasionally rubbed the tip of his nose with the back of his right hand.

This last was the infallible sign by which the troops afterward learned to know that one of Crook's councils of war was in progress.

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SUGGESTIONS

CATERPILLARS.

Observe the number of their eyes.
How do their jaws move when eating?
Notice how much a caterpillar eats in a day.
How do they spin their silk?
Is it silk before coming to the air?
How do their actions vary when attacked?
Watch the change from caterpillar to butterfly or moth.

For the Companion.

THE STORMING OF BUNKER HILL.

Twice on the low redoubt, ere noon, the Regulars advanced,
And from their burnished bayonets the sun of morning glanced;
Twice all the bristling fire-locks flashed behind that sullen mound,
And with a coronet of flame the thundering rampart crowned.

And twice the English columns red, like Fundy's mighty tide,
Rolled back and left their stranded wreck heaped up on ev'ry side;
Down, down the flame-whipped, shot-scourged slope, the panting soldiers fled,
While through the smoke clouds, glowed like coals, strewn on the ground, their dead!

How reinforced by Clinton's troops, over their comrades slain,
With faces grim the grenadiers move to assault again;
But ere to storm that stubborn height they form in close array,
As swimmers strip to buffet tides, their knapsacks cast away.

No empty volleys herald them:—this time the King shall deal
His mercy to the "Rebel" horde on gleaming rows of steel!
The anchored ships their broadsides cease, and silence settles down,
Save that the church-bells, cannon-jarred, still clang in Boston town.

"Once more stand firm, ye heroes, stand! Once more repel the foe!
God for our Cause! Stand fast, ye Brave, and meet the final blow!
Stand! for your wives and children watch from every belfry high,
And when such prayers attend his soul, what patriot fears to die?

See, where in seething billows red the flames o'er Charlestown roll!
Hark! thundering from its steeple burned, hear ye the church-bell toll!
It summoned ye to worship once—now with expiring breath
It summons ye to victory, or to a glorious death!"

"*Halt!*" And a hedge of bayonets fronts each determined line,
Like icicles in Winter's sun the musket barrels shine.
"*Charge!*" and as myriad Autumn leaves before a gale are whirled,
Lord Howe against that wall of earth his mad battalions hurled.

Now 'neath the tattered pine-tree flag a line of fire runs
Along the curtain of the fort, and empty are the guns,
And wave on wave of grenadiers against the breastwork surge,
To fall as breakers from a rock the Equinoxes scourge!

Yet as successive waves, flung back, return with heavier stroke,
So o'er the parapet at last the spray of bayonets broke,
And as when Ocean conquers dykes she hides the barrier crossed,
Beneath that crest of British steel the wall to sight was lost!

So from the long-contested ground our smoke-grimed troops retreat,
And carry with them victory from such a dear defeat
And tho' forced back 'cross Charlestown Neck they doggedly withdrew,
The battle-storm had only ceased, to burst the sky anew!

But like a master-mariner who will not leave his post
Though sinks his ship beneath his feet, so lingered gainst the host
The champion of Young Liberty, and gallant Warren fell,
Not unremembered in the land for which he fought so well;
For where, on land or sea, shall float our proud flag from its staff,
There towers in her Stars and Stripes the Patriot's cenotaph!

FRANCIS ZURI STONE.

For the Companion.

HE OVERRULES.

"You young people," said a successful banker, "are fond of talking of luck and chance. As for myself, I do not believe in either.

"Each year that I live I am more impressed with the order and meaning which underlie all events—the least as well as the greatest. Under this inexorable law the smallest incident in our lives works for our good, if we try to do right. If you live long enough to look back, and are observing and thoughtful, you will find this to be true.

"There was a certain snow-storm, for example, which for twenty years I regarded as the unluckiest accident of my life. This is a true story, remember.

"At the time of this storm I was a young man just beginning my business career as a clerk in the employ of a large firm of cotton-brokers.

"A heavy hail-storm had broken down the telegraph wires coming into the place, and I was bidden to take a despatch of great importance to the nearest city, and send it by wire to New York. The success of a large venture which the firm had made depended on it.

"I set out in a sleigh with a stout pair of horses; but the fiercest snow-storm I ever knew set in, and before I had made half the distance to my destination the drifts were impassable.

"I was forced to turn back. As I plowed my way through the night and storm, I heard a feeble cry for help, and found buried in the snow by the roadside a woman and her child, nearly frozen. The almshouse was near, and I managed to reach it with them. The mother died that night, but the child lived and remained in the almshouse.

"I could not send the despatch. In consequence our firm lost a third of its capital, and in the financial embarrassment that followed I was thrown out of employment, and went to the West.

"For years, as I said, I regarded that storm as a cruel accident.

"But when I look back at it now, I find that the loss of money was but a temporary matter, which affected no human life seriously. The firm recovered from the shock in a year or two. My 'ill luck' forced me to exert myself as I never had done before, and new avenues of success opened before me.

"The boy who would have died if I had not been driven back by the storm, was a thin, nervous little fellow full of energy and courage. He pushed his way through school and college, became a specialist in medicine, and has made scientific discoveries which have benefited the civilized world.

"We grumble against fate whenever our plans are defeated by what we call accident or luck. It is not in a day, perhaps, nor in a year, possibly not in this life that we shall see the whole meaning of the defeat. But God sees it, and I am sure means the defeat as a part of our education in life."

A SEA LAWYER.

Judge B——, who is frequently quoted as a legal authority, and often spoken of as the "sea lawyer" in shipping cases, graduated from the law school when he was twenty-three years old, with barely money enough to pay for his diploma. He had great expectations of what he was going to do, but for a whole year he had only one client, who paid him a fee of ten dollars. The judge tells the story thus:

I pawned my watch, my books and clothes, all I could spare, and hired two hundred dollars to pull me through those twelve long months, and the worst of it was, I could see no better prospect ahead. I was sadly in the dumps, feeling some days that I had made a great mistake in my profession. I used sometimes to envy the laborers who worked by the day; they were doing work for which they received wages, while I waited impatiently for the work and wages which came not.

While I was indulging one of my worst fits of the blues an old friend of my father, a lawyer, chanced to be in town, and called on me. He inquired as to my success, and I blurted out the whole story of my disappointment and failure.

"Well, if you haven't had many clients this year," he remarked, after talking awhile, "you've been getting ready for cases when they do come. And that's right; don't get behind in your reading," he added.

The next day—and this is where my luck may be said to have begun, if luck had anything to do with it—the old lawyer came again to see me. He asked if I'd like to go to China and attend to some law business there for his firm. He would pay my passage out and back, he said, but no fee.

I didn't stop long to consider the subject, but accepted his offer, and in the course of a month set out on the long voyage to China in a sailing-vessel. I left the town where I had spent the year without regret, and there were few to heed the departure of an impecunious young lawyer.

Captain Tarbox, master of the sailing-vessel, was a good friend to me.

"Why don't some o' the lawyers who pertend to handle ship cases learn somethin' about seafaring men and their ways?" he demanded, in his gruff way. "I've had two cases spoiled for me because the blunderin' lawyer—and I tried to git the best thar was—didn't know his ground."

The Captain's words lingered in my mind, and that night I lay awake in my berth thinking them over. The next morning I joined Captain Tarbox in his walk on deck, and said, "Well, Captain, I've made up my mind to do it."

"To do what?" he inquired.

"To follow the sea until I know something of seafaring men and their ways," I replied.

"Good enough!" he said. "You couldn't do better; and when ye're through, I'll have a case ready for ye," he added, with a laugh.

From that day I began to study sea life in earnest. I went as purser on a transatlantic steamer for a year, as steward for eight months, and served in various capacities on different vessels for another fourteen months. At the end of that time I knew the ropes, and all the equipments of a vessel, and there wasn't a nautical term that I wasn't familiar with.

Moreover, I had become acquainted with many seafaring men, and when I again opened a law-office I had not long to wait for clients. Within five years I had all the business I could attend to, and took in a partner.

As I look back over my life, I count those three years at sea the most profitable investment I ever made. At the time much that I learned seemed trivial, and there were many hard, disagreeable things connected with a life on shipboard, but it has all come in play in the course of my law practice.

By means of my sea knowledge I have achieved success and fame such as I never even dreamed of during that first year of waiting. What seemed my misfortune in having no clients was really the best thing that could have happened, for had I been fairly successful as a beginner, I should never have gone to China or followed the sea.

I forgot to say that Captain Tarbox kept his word, and had a case ready for me, which I won. He was my first client.

NORTHERN AGRICULTURE.

It is wonderful what growth is made by plants under the long-continued light of the Arctic summer, notwithstanding the sun attains no great elevation above the horizon. The light, such as it is, is almost constant for weeks together, and this constancy makes up, in great part, for the shortness of the season. It is to be kept in mind, also, that the growth of vegetation is not wholly dependent upon the heat rays of the sun.

This becomes evident from the fact that wheat, for example, will grow in soil that, even in midsummer, is not thawed more than a foot below the surface. The limits of cultivation toward the pole are noticed in one of Mr. Vincent's books of travel.

In Siberia, agriculture ceases at sixty degrees of north latitude, but in Norway oats ripen under sixty-nine degrees, rye a half degree, and barley a whole degree further north. In Finmark the summer heat is intense, and daylight is continuous for ten weeks.

The rapid growth of vegetation in Finmark is almost incredible. During the short summer crops are sown, ripened and harvested. It has been found by experiment that in latitude sixty-five degrees north, barley will grow two and one-half inches, and peas three inches in the twenty-four hours for several consecutive days. Barley is harvested in ten weeks after being sown.

At Hammerfest, in latitude seventy degrees and forty minutes north, the grass grows underneath the snow, and hay is made in a month after the snow has left the fields. Here the Scotch fir flourishes vigorously, sometimes reaching an altitude of eighty feet. But a little further east in this same latitude, in winter, mercury and even brandy frequently freeze in the open air.

A Norwegian scientist has been engaged for thirty years in making experiments to determine the effects of the midnight sun, during the Scandinavian summers, on the wheat and other grain crops. The conclusion he reaches is that wheat, corn and other seeds imported from a warmer clime, when cultivated under this unintermittent sunlight, become hardier as well as larger, and are better able to resist excessive cold. The colors of these grains are also gradually changed to a richer and darker hue.

These are not the only variations that plants undergo by exposure to a night and day sun. Wild and cultivated fruits, ripened in northern lands, have a much livelier aroma and flavor than the same fruits grown under more southern skies. This is particularly observable in the small fruits that are so grateful in the early part of the warm season.

The experiments of this Norwegian scientist derive double interest from the recent inquiries of Doctor Siemens, illustrating the power of the electric light when applied to plants and vegetables to quicken and invigorate their growth. The two investigations, though entirely independent, have led to the same scientific result.

For the Companion.

WILD ROSE BY THE SEA.

Wild Rose by the stormy sea
Bloomed so fresh and fair,
That the wonder came to me
She was growing there,—
Far from home on grassy lea,
On a rock by wind-tossed sea,
Blooming bright and sweet was she,
In her beauty rare.

Wild Rose, say, how can it be
Thou dost bloom so fair,
By the cold and cruel sea,
Without fear or care?
Sweet thy home on fragrant lea,
Where soft skies are nursing thee,
But to brave the angry sea,
Wild Rose, canst thou dare?

Nay, said Wild Rose, I must be
Always fresh and fair,
And wherever thou findest me,
God has placed me there;
And I bloom by rock-bound sea
Bright as on the flowery lea,
And my sweets I give as free
To the briny air!

ZITELLA COCKE.

MISS MALVINA.

In E. Chester's valuable book on "Girls and Women" we are reminded that even for a society girl a knowledge of arithmetic is one of the essentials of education. Without it no woman can govern her household properly, or guide judiciously her affairs, should she choose to live alone. A millionnaire who meant to give his daughter every educational advantage began with a French nurse and a German maid, while he engaged an artist of distinction to oversee her untidy attempts at drawing. At length a lady was engaged to teach grammar, literature and history.

"And arithmetic?" she asked.

"A little, perhaps. Girls need very little."

The millionnaire's daughter came to take her lesson.

"I hate arithmetic, you know!" she said, confidingly. "And then, what's the good of it for girls?"

The teacher did not argue the question, but began her task.

"If thirteen yards of ribbon cost three dollars and twenty-five cents, how much will one yard cost?"

Miss Malvina was allowed pen, ink and paper. She wrinkled her forehead, curled her lip, looked up and laughed. "I haven't the faintest idea, don't you know?"

A few judicious questions led her to see the necessity of dividing three dollars and twenty-five cents by thirteen, and she went to work. After a season of struggle her countenance cleared.

"Upon my word, I've got the answer—twenty-five!"

"Twenty-five what?"

"Twenty-five—why—twenty-five dollars!"

"Wouldn't that be rather high for ribbon?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Miss Malvina, carelessly. "I'll tell you!" she added, triumphantly. "I should tell them to give me the best, and I suppose they would know what I ought to pay!"

By and by Miss Malvina's father found himself having trouble with his workmen. The family received threatening letters. Malvina's rosy cheek grew pale.

"I don't know what they want," she said, forlornly. "They say we are all so extravagant! I don't know what difference that makes to them; if we pay for what we buy, we never hurt them. I wish we were not rich at all. It would be much nicer to be poor. I should like to be a—what is it?—a commoner—or a communist, or something. Then nobody would be envious."

To Malvina money was an unknown quantity. She had no idea of its use or value, and not even her charities prospered. Yet she thought arithmetic of no use for girls.

ADMIRAL AND DOG.

Sailors, like horsemen, have a tendency to become bow-legged, and the peculiarity is not confined to common seamen. An old admiral, whose long sea service had given his legs a decided outward curvature, once had a singular adventure on this account with a ship's pet. The crew of the ship owned a large Newfoundland dog, and the sailors, in their leisure moments, took great pains with his education, and were especially successful in teaching him to jump.

His most frequent exploit was managed in this way: A man, standing up, would put one foot against his other knee, thus making a hole for Nep, the dog, to make his leap through. The dog always jumped through the aperture readily, though if his trainer's legs happened to be short, it was sometimes a rather tight squeeze.

One fine day the admiral came aboard from the flag-ship on a visit of inspection. Happening to walk to the forward part of the ship, he stood there for a few minutes conversing with the officers who had attended him.

Here he was spied by the dog, who was taking his airing on deck among the sailors.

Nep stood a moment surveying the admiral's bow-legs. They seemed to strike him as affording the best chance for a running leap, after his peculiar fashion, that he had seen for many a day.

Suddenly the dog made a rush at the legs, and a mad leap through the tempting gap. In astonishment at the black tornado that had passed beneath him, the admiral whirled quickly about to see what was the cause. The dog took this action as a signal for an "encore," and jumped again.

Once more the admiral turned, and again the dog jumped.

The bewildered face of the admiral and the serious attention of Nep to what he imagined was his business were too much for the gravity of the by-standers, and forgetting the respect due to rank, they all burst into laughter.

A sailor, however, had enough presence of mind to break from the crowd and catch the dog by the collar. He led him off, and as he did so Nep seemed to wonder why he did not receive the praise due to such spirited efforts.

The excited admiral got but an imperfect explanation of the affair from the spectators, for they could hardly tell him that his legs had been used as a kind of circus-hoop by a forecastle dog. Perhaps to his dying day the occurrence was a mystery to him.

NOT SO EASY.

The ascent of Vesuvius is not considered difficult. The mountain is not high, scarcely exceeding four thousand feet; and not until the cone of the volcano is reached does the average mountain-climber grow sensible of fatigue. "From that point," writes one who has made the ascent, "my experience is that a guide and assistant will be agreeable. There are no longer roads, bridle-paths, footpaths or tracks; nothing but a mass of cinders and scoriæ, and these scoriæ exactly resemble iron sponges. The lumps of dross are incessantly rolling under your feet, so that bad slip-backs are frequent.

"My companion, who counted himself a good mountaineer, smiled with pity when he caught sight of the cone, and scorned any assistance.

"'Is that all!' he cried; 'and you call that hard to climb. Look here then!' and he started off briskly. At the end of a hundred paces he halted, blowing and gasping; then he resumed his course. I marched slowly behind.

"The scoriæ rattled under my friend's feet like stones from a dump-cart. He went another hundred steps, and fell flat, grazing his hands and knees.

"He rose bravely, without uttering a word, and ran upward. Another fall; this time he tore his clothing. Then he sat down, and when the guide came up, took his arm, and shortly afterward the arm of another guide.

"Soon we reached the smooth slope, the yielding side of the cinders, and our courage rose. Alas! we regretted the scoriæ. It is true that the stones are no longer rolling and crumbling beneath our feet, but it is worse to sink knee-deep into the dust. One limb is extricated from this solid pool of cinders, and borne forward after some astonishing manœuvres. But the other leg is set fast.

"Woe to him who thinks to help himself with his hands, for they sink immediately into the moving soil, and drag his arms into it up to the shoulders.

"Well, we got out of the 'fix' after much scrambling, coughing and choking, and reached the summit, where a keen wind dusted us off."

NEW ABBREVIATION.

A lady tells a story of a young man who had come from the country to the city in which she lived, and in a short time fancied himself quite equal to any social emergency. He never asked advice upon questions of etiquette, and in consequence he made many mistakes. At one time the lady issued cards to a dancing party, and among the invited guests she included this rather conceited and exceedingly awkward young man.

He was to be out of town at the date of the party, and so was unable to accept the invitation. At the foot of the card he read the letters R. S. V. P., and was much perplexed as to their meaning. However, he was nothing daunted by his ignorance, and wrote a note declining the invitation in as formal and stilted terms as he could command, and after signing his name, added the letters, M. S. C. C.

On his return to the city, after the party, he went to call on the lady, and in the course of the conversation asked, "By the way, Mrs. Clapp, what did you mean by R. S. V. P. at the end of the invitation you sent me?"

"Why," replied the hostess, without a note of surprise in her polite voice, "they stand for the French phrase, *Répondez, s'il vous plait*—Answer, if you please."

"Oh, yes! Well, I was all right, then!" said the young man, in a tone of much satisfaction. "I thought I should hit it in my answer!"

"Now that you speak of it," said his courteous hostess, "I do wish to ask you what M. S. C. C. stands for. I can't imagine, and I can't find any one who has ever seen the abbreviation used!"

"Oh," replied her visitor, airily, "that meant 'Mighty sorry couldn't come.' I should think that was plain enough!"

BREAKING THE RULES.

Accepting as true the anecdotes that appear from time to time in the European newspapers, America is a country where a great many queer things happen. New York houses are built thirty stories high, Boston merchants ride races on horseback down State Street, herds of infuriated buffaloes invade Chicago parks, and Sioux chieftains break up sessions of Congress with improvised scalp-dances. Here is a story of New York customs recently told by a French paper:

In the Central Park there is a very large bears' den, which lies at a lower level than the ground about it, and is surrounded by a railing.

One day a stranger, while leaning over this rail, lost his balance and fell into the pit. He struck by the side of a large grizzly bear, which at once seized the man's leg in its mouth, and completely crushed it.

When the bear had bitten the man's leg nearly in two, some by-standers, by the aid of ropes and clubs, succeeded in getting him out of the den. He lay in a fainting condition.

At this point a policeman stepped up.

"I place you under arrest," he said to the wounded man.

"Arrest? What for?" gasped the victim.

"For violating the rules of the park," said the policeman. "Don't you see that notice there?"

He pointed to a sign over the railing of the bears' den, which read:

"IT IS POSITIVELY FORBIDDEN TO FEED THE ANIMALS."

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

Artists who "receive" in their studios have some trying experiences. An English paper mentions an instance.

The painter was talking with a fair visitor about one of his pictures, and hoped that he was making a decided impression.

"Yes," she said, "it is charming—charming! But oh, Mr. Fitz Madder, what a delightful room this would be for a dance, with the musicians in the gallery, and all the easels and pictures and things cleared away."

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For the Companion.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT GRANDPA'S.

At church, they don't keep Children's Day
In Grandpa's town,—but orchards blow
For miles and miles along the way,
And shower the roads with rosy snow,
And make a rosy roof. The bees
Have come from all the hives around,—
We walked to church beneath the trees,
And heard their happy humming sound;
And Grandpa said that bird and bee
Sing Sabbath hymns as well as we.

My Grandpa's church is brown and small,
And all the folks are old, I think.
Outside you hear the robin's call,
And on the fence a bobolink
Looked in the window where I sat,
And sang so loud I couldn't hear
The prayer or text; and after that
A bumblebee, so big and queer,
Played "drowsy, boozy, dizzy-brains"
All up and down the window-panes.

When we walked home, Grandpa and I,
White flowers were falling all the way.
Great flocks of butterflies went by,
And every one was white to-day.
The white clouds sailed so soft and high,
And Grandpa's hair is white as they.
(His eyes are blue, just like the sky,
And mine are like them, people say.)
So, if they don't keep Children's Day,
They have White Sunday up this way.

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

For the Companion.

WHO CUT HOLES IN THE ROSE-LEAVES.

Grandma heard a great commotion, and, I am sorry to say, something that sounded a little like quarrelling, out on the piazza.

"It's them children, I do believe!" said the dear old lady, in dismay, dropping her knitting and trotting to the door.

"Jack's cutting holes all in the pretty rose-leaves, grandma!" cried little Cary, angrily, as soon as grandma's face appeared in the doorway.

"Preserve my patience!" exclaimed grandma. "I wouldn't have believed it of you, Jack! Those sweet roses, that Aunt Kitty was going to take to town to-morrow to the sick little children in the hospital!" and grandma looked both grieved and astonished.

"But I didn't, grandma!" protested Jack, as soon as he could get in a word.

"You are sure you have not been flourishing your new whip, with the long snapper on it, too near 'em?" questioned grandma.

"Why-y, I did switch it a little —"

"And you tried to see how neat you could cut out a piece, Jack Brown! You can't see anything pretty without wanting to 'stroy it, so there!" and tears of vexation stood in Cary's eyes at the remembrance of how Jack had snapped in an eye of her best dolly that morning with this same pretty new whip.

"Well, well, don't dispute, children," said grandma, mildly. "If you did do this, Jack, I'm sure you didn't mean to. I can't believe you would be such a heartless boy."

Jack went off to the garden, kicking his toes sullenly into the clover tufts, and beheading some tall scarlet poppies with the offending whip, for he felt ill-used.

He flung himself down in one corner by the patch of giant rhubarb, and began to chew a stalk. Jack resorted to rhubarb when he felt particularly cross.

Pretty soon a bee hummed close by his ear with something red in its "mouth." Jack dodged, and the bee alighted in the corner by the garden fence near him, and before Jack could hop up it had popped out of sight into a little round hole at one side of a sod.

In a minute or two Mrs. Bee (so Jack called it) came out and flew away. Jack did not move, and not long after the hurried little worker returned with another load. This time she dropped it. It fluttered down to the edge of the hole. Jack jumped to look.

Then he rolled under the rhubarb, and laughed and shouted till an old Pee-wee, wagging his tail on the fence, flew off in alarm. Jack rushed up to the house. "Grandma! Cary! Come out! I've found the rose-leaf snapper!"

"Bless my heart! Well, well, I'm glad it isn't my Jack!" and grandma rumpled his hair lovingly.

"Where is he?" cried Cary, looking about a little puzzled.

"Wait a minute and you'll see!" said Jack, chuckling.

Just then along hummed Mrs. Bee again, and alighted softly on a fine red rose.

Snip! Snip! Snip! went her little *scissors* rapidly, and in a moment a tiny disc of the leaf about as large as a silver half-dime was cut out, and away she flew with it.

At that moment Aunt Kitty came up the walk.

"Ah yes," said Aunt Kitty, laughing. "'Tis the little upholsterer bee, as some call it. She's got a nest in that hole, Jack. But we won't disturb her if she did come near getting you into trouble.

"She lines and pads it with rose-leaves, and in this sweet bed she lays her eggs and places her bee-bread for the little bees to eat when they are hatched. Then she adds more leaves, tramping them with her little feet till the hole is filled to the top. She is a dainty mother, but I think we must humor her. There are enough roses for her and the children, too."

Our little Charlie had never seen a round doughnut with a hole in the centre, until he went to grandma's and she gave him one for lunch. He held it up with such a thoughtful, puzzled look, that mamma asked, "Why don't you eat your doughnut, Charlie?" "I was thinking, mamma, what a wonderful woman my grandma is, to get so much dough round such a little hole."

Little Clarence, who had often seen his grandma's false teeth, happened one day to notice the gold bows of her glasses hooked over her ears to keep them from falling off, and exclaimed, "O grandma! are your ears false, too?"



For the Companion.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

I've learned to say some words in French,
I've studied them a week;
What puzzles me, I do declare,
Is how the babies over there
In France can learn to speak.

For the Companion.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

There is a large picture of the Father of his Country in Eddie's home. Eddie is three years old and has ideas. "Who is that in the picture, Eddie?" asked a visitor. "Washington," he answered, gravely. "And who is Washington?" "*Oh, he washes!*" replied Eddie, promptly.

Daisy's grandpa was grating horse-radish. Daisy stood in a chair beside him, intently watching him work, when she suddenly exclaimed, "I'll det down, danpa; it makes my eyes sweat."



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

FLORAL PUZZLE.

At a drawing-school there was a class of twelve scholars. For an exhibition, each of the scholars drew her favorite flower or flowers. We give these flowers alphabetically; but the girls found they could arrange these names so that, by taking each central letter and adding them together, they would form a name often bestowed upon June.

Alonsia; alyssum; armeria; begonia; clarkia; celosia; fuchsia; jocobea; pansies; primula; statice and trefoil.

CYRIL DEANE.

2.

A SEASONABLE HINT.

A crested 1 perched on a 2;
3. 4. the brisk wind blew;
"Chill wind," said I, "it's time to go;
It's 1 2 3 4, you know."

3.

ANAGRAM.

A wish insures a joy and a tear.

The summer's come—
The bee's low hum,
The song of the twittering birds,
The forest's hush
And the rose's blush
Are framed in the poet's words.

A. M. P.

4.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead to astonish, and leave a labyrinth.
2. Behead to degrade, and leave a foundation.
3. Behead a nut, and leave a vegetable.
4. Behead a tumult, and leave to execute.
5. Behead to descend, and leave a beacon.
6. Behead above, and leave a high room.
7. Behead to reform, and leave to repair.
8. Behead a response, and leave a race.
9. Behead hastily, and leave a measured walk.
10. Behead to rouse, and leave a watch with the dead.
11. Behead a judgment, and leave part of a lock.
12. Behead to profit, and leave a covering.

5.

CHARADE.

My *first* into the garden stole,
And anxiously and greedily
She took a *second* of my *whole*,
Which cured her very speedily.

E. S. B.

6.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 5, 11, 7, 8, 14, 13 is to touch.
My 19, 2, 21, 10 is ardent.
My 12, 15, 3, 8, 14, 15, 7, 16 is catching fire.
My 9, 17, 6, 22, 13 is to tremble.
My 18, 20, 1, 10, 4 is a boy's nickname.
My 9, 5, 11, 1 is a counterfeit.
My 14, 11, 18, 13 is behindhand.
My 8, 6, 3, 8, 13, 14, 15, 20, 7 is a spring flower.
My whole is a proverb.

Conundrums.

What kind of yarn is unfit for knitting stockings? A sailor's yarn.

What is that which you generally become when it is over you? Comfortable.

When is wheat like certain young men? When it is cracked.

What is the difference between a brook and a pennant? One is a stream and the other is a streamer.

Why are figures like George Washington? Because they will not lie.

Which is the warmest tree in the world? The fir-tree.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Lines 1 and 2, chart; lines 3 and 4, hart; lines 5 and 6, art.

2.
```
                M
              W O
            H A H
          I N C A
        P R O E M
      P A S S I M
    L E O N I N E
  E L E V A T E D
```
Primals: Whipple. *Finals:* Mohammed.

3. Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

4.
```
D E B O U C H E
P R E A C H E R
R E N E G A D E
S T E W A R D S
P E D I C L E S
P R I M N E S S
A C C U R S E D
R E T A R D E D
S T A N D I S H
C U R R I C L E
P A N C A K E S
P R O G R E S S
R E L I A N C E
U N D E R S E T
```
Third row: Benedict Arnold.
Sixth row: Charles Dickens.

5. Harebell.

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For the Companion.

LEANNESS.

Some persons are born with a normal tendency to become fat, others with a tendency to leanness. It is the same among the lower animals. The hog is a sort of machine for transforming the odds and ends of food into fat; but the farmer knows beforehand that a little pig with long legs and snout will work off the fat as fast as it can be made. So a long-legged person seldom inclines to obesity.

Temperament has much to do with the bodily condition in this respect. In lymphatic people the life processes are slow, and the fat is largely deposited, rather than burned. This temperament furnishes some of the best types of surface-beauty. The person of nervous temperament, on the other hand, by excessive activity of body and mind, and by predisposition to haste, worry, fret and impatience, naturally remains lean; but while the features of such a person will probably lack softness and roundness of outline, they may exhibit in a marked degree the higher beauties of mind and soul.

People who incline to obesity may hold the tendency in check by appropriate food and stirring exercise in the open air, thus both lessening the amount of fat-forming food taken into the system, and causing a more rapid consumption of such fat as is produced; and those who incline to undue leanness, by pursuing the opposite course, may largely increase the amount of fat deposited.

If the leanness is the result of digestive weakness, or of a faulty assimilation, little, of course, can be done until a condition of general health has been secured. But assuming that the abnormal leanness is connected with high health, what advice must be given?

First, let the carbonaceous, or fat-forming, food greatly preponderate over the nitrogenous—such as beef, lamb and codfish. Calling the fat-forming elements of beef twenty, lamb thirty-five, and codfish five, those of pork will be fifty; beans, fifty-seven; peas, sixty; oats, sixty-six; wheat, sixty-nine; corn and rye, each seventy-two; rice, eighty, and butter, one hundred.

Of course it would not do to take a single carbonaceous article and live on it, for the entire body is to be kept in high health by the proper nourishment of all the tissues. However, the system can be well supported in full vigor by a vegetable diet, with the addition of milk, eggs and butter.

In the second place, cultivate calmness and quietness in feeling and manner. Avoid impatience and fret. Do not overwork with mind or body. We may add that tea-drinking tends to leanness. If possible, milk should be substituted.

THE FAR-SOUNDER.

The telephone justifies its Greek name—*tele*, far off, and *phone*, a sound—more and more as the years go by. Probably conversation has been carried on at a greater distance over the wire in the United States than elsewhere; but the most interesting recent development of telephonic science is the opening of a public telephone line between Paris and London, and its inauguration by an exchange of formal speeches between representatives of the French and British governments.

These speeches were delivered into telephone "transmitters" at the telephone central office in Paris and at the General Post-Office in London. The wire carried them to the coast of the Channel on each side, and then through a submarine cable under the water.

This cable is regarded as a triumph of the electrician's art. It is composed of four "conductors," and each "conductor" is composed of seven individual wires of pure copper. The wires are insulated, wrapped together in a triple envelope of India-rubber, and the whole is surrounded by a coating of a composition of coal tar and other substances designed to make the cable entirely water-proof.

The route followed by the wires between the two capitals is a little more than three hundred miles in length.

When the line was ready, the French minister of commerce, the British ambassador and other dignitaries gathered at the Paris end of the line, and the British postmaster-general and certain officials at the other; and the British postmaster-general made a speech through the telephone, in which he assured the Frenchmen, that France and England, "already allied by mutual esteem and common interests, were henceforth to be allied by the most powerful of human agencies, the human voice."

Then the French minister of commerce responded in the French tongue with a somewhat long speech, in which he declared that this new miracle of science was a proof that men were now to use the mightiest forces of nature for the service of their needs and friendly intercourse, and no longer for purposes of mutual injury.

These speeches, containing so noble a pledge of peace between the world's two greatest capitals, were overheard as distinctly, by those at the receivers, as if they had been uttered in the same room.

The English electrician under whose superintendance the line was constructed expressed his belief, in discussing the matter, that at no very distant date a telephone cable would be laid beneath the Atlantic ocean, and that Americans and English would converse with each other, hearing each others' voices, in actual fact, across the ocean.

MR. BARNES AND THE BEAR.

Mr. Elisha Barnes, one of the early settlers of Henniker, New Hampshire, stood looking out of his cabin door one day in early spring, when he saw a large bear passing along the upper edge of the snow-covered clearing. He ran for his gun, but found it unfit for use. He seized an axe, therefore, and in considerable excitement started in pursuit of the bear.

As Mr. Barnes came up, the bear stopped and looked at him. He raised his axe and brought it down with what he thought stunning effect; but Bruin lifted his paw and struck the axe from the hand of his enemy, and then fell upon him, biting him severely in the leg and thigh.

It was a dangerous situation—alone with the bear and wholly unarmed. When the beast opened his mouth for another bite, the unfortunate man, in desperation, pushed his hand between the jaws, and ran his arm down the animal's throat.

Meantime, Mrs. Barnes had run to the nearest neighbor's, Samuel Eastman, who seized his gun and hastened to Mr. Barnes's relief. He arrived very opportunely. Mr. Barnes was struggling with the bear, but was growing faint from loss of blood.

Not daring to shoot for fear of wounding his friend, Mr. Eastman took the axe and dealt Bruin a blow on the thigh. The animal turned, and then, without ceremony, lumbered off toward the woods, where he disappeared before Eastman could fire at him. On the following day, however, the bear was tracked and killed.

Mr. Barnes's injuries were so severe that months elapsed before he was able to perform any labor.

WHAT MICROBES ARE.

Science is in the air in these days of the general diffusion of newspapers and books. The Albany *Argus* reports a dialogue between two Irishmen. They were running on about one thing and another, and finally one of them remarked upon the great prevalence of sickness.

"Aren't you afraid of typhoid fever?" said Dennis.

"Yis, I am," answered Pat.

"Pat?"

"Yes, Dinny."

"What are those microbys and germs the docthors are all talking about?"

"Waal, I'll tell ye my idee, Dinny. Thim germs and microbys are paculiar things. Flannigan was tellin' me about thim. He says they reside in the wather. He was fishing through the ice last Monday, and he pulled up his line and found a microbe on it. He says it looked a good dale like a bullhead, but it had a mighty queer face. He says he threw it back afther he got over being scart. Me own opinion is, Dinny, that microbys are a paculiar kind of fish."

LAZY.

"Mose" Little was a shiftless inhabitant of a Maine town, who would not work a minute more than was necessary to get money enough to support him in idleness for a few days.

He went into the village store to purchase some groceries, one item of which was a dollar's worth of flour. He put the smaller articles in a basket, which he took on one arm, while he carried the flour on the other.

All at once he set the bundle down.

"Say, Jake," said he, "is flour lower?"

"Yes," replied Jake. "We give thirty-five pounds for a dollar now, instead of thirty."

"Well," drawled Mose, "I'll be glad when it goes up again, so I sha'n't have to lug so much home for a dollar."

HONEST ADVICE.

A gentleman in a French restaurant who desired to get the best that the place afforded, drew a silver coin out of his pocket and gave it to the waiter before he had ordered anything.

"Here is your fee," said the customer. "Now I want to know, in all confidence, what you can recommend."

The waiter pocketed the coin.

"You want my honest advice, eh?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Well," said the waiter, in a confidential whisper, "I should recommend—another restaurant!"

IT WOULD BE LARGE.

Six-year-old James, of Boston, and his New York cousin were disputing about the relative size of their respective cities, says the Boston *Transcript*.

Quotations from the census returns rather staggered the youthful Hubbite at first, but he soon brushed them aside with the remark:

"Well, I'll bet yer Boston's the biggest, if yer take in all the hubbubs!"

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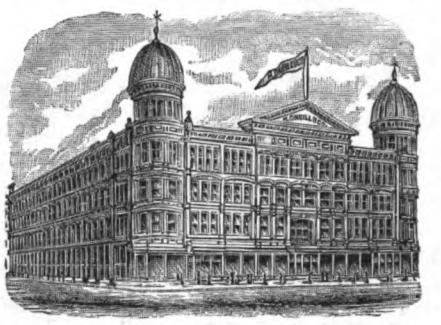
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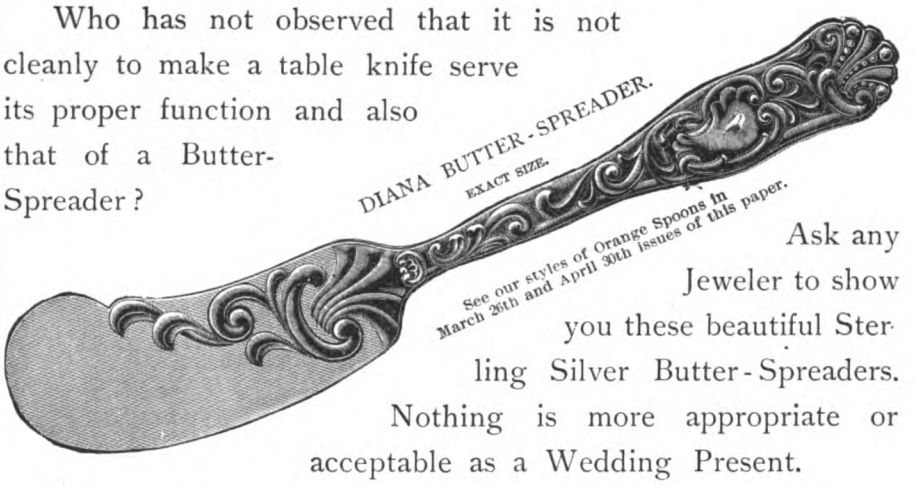
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The following Premiums are offered in addition to those offered in our Annual List issued last October:

Conditions. These Premiums are given to those who are subscribers for THE COMPANION as rewards for obtaining new subscribers. No person can receive a Premium unless he himself is a subscriber for THE COMPANION.

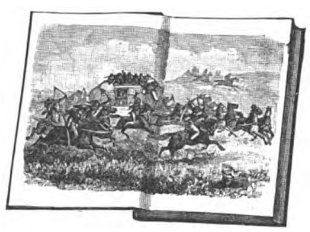
No person sending his own name as a subscriber can receive a Premium for it. No new name will be received unless payment of **$1.75** in full is made in advance.

Any person subscribing for THE COMPANION, and paying the full subscription price, can then receive Premiums for all the new subscribers he may obtain and send us.

You must offer no inducement whatever for a person to subscribe for THE COMPANION, other than the paper itself. You must collect from the new subscriber the full price of the paper, which is **$1.75.**

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

The Life of Kit Carson. By J. S. C. Abbott.



Kit Carson was the model American Pioneer, and the story of his life finds hundreds of admirers among the youth of this land. The cut gives you a look at one of the adventures of this brave fellow. His daring deeds in the West among the Indians and Pioneers are well told by the author. The Book is illustrated by full-page engravings, and contains 350 pages. Cloth bound.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Six to Sixteen. A Great Emergency.

And Other Tales. Two Volumes.



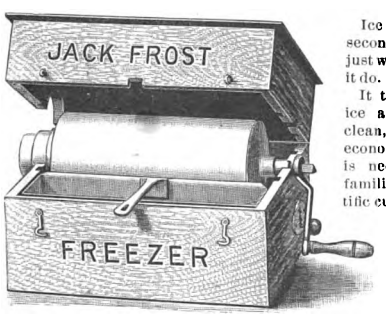
Mrs. Ewing has been called the "Louisa Alcott of England." These are her two most popular Books for girls in their teens. Nobility and genius characterize these stories, and we do not hesitate to recommend them to careful parents for the family to read.

The offer is generous. Formerly we gave them each for one new subscriber; now we offer the two volumes for one new subscriber. 580 pp. nicely illustrated, and bound in cloth.

Price of the two volumes $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Jack Frost Ice Cream Freezer.

Given for two new subscribers and 50 cents additional, or for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional.



Ice cream in thirty seconds,—yes, that is just what we have seen it do.

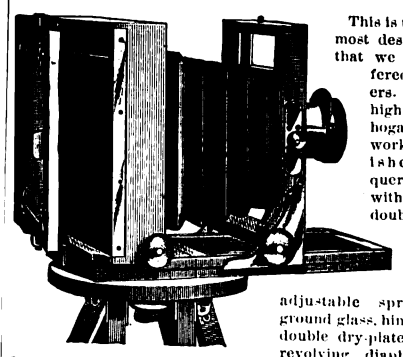
It takes very little ice and salt. It is clean, convenient and economical; just what is needed for small families. It is a scientific curiosity.

The ice cream it produces is remarkably smooth and delicious.

Given for two new subscribers and 50 cents additional, or for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional. Price $3.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Anthony's Victor Camera, with Special Outfit.

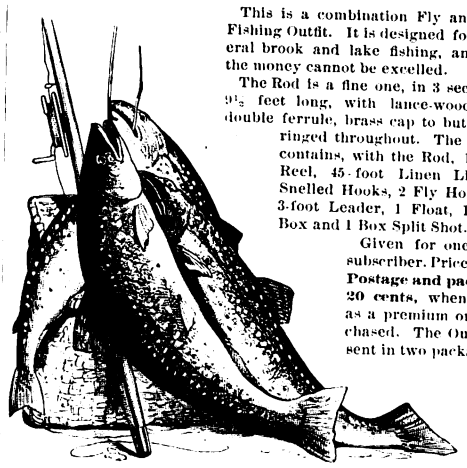
Given for five new subscribers and $8.00 additional.



This is the neatest and most desirable Camera that we have ever offered our subscribers. It is made of highly polished mahogany, with metal work, finely finished and lacquered. Is provided with a rising front, double swing, front focus, double rack and pinion movement, patent adjustable spring-actuated ground glass, hinged front bed, double dry-plate holder, fixed revolving diaphragm and a fine single achromatic lens. Size of plate used, 4¼ x 6½.

With this Camera we give a complete Outfit, consisting of a Canvas Carrying Case, Folding Tripod, Dry Plates, Sensitized Paper, Trays, Printing Frame, Card Mounts, Focusing Cloth, Graduate, Ruby Lantern, Book of Instructions, and all the Chemicals necessary for developing and fixing the plates, and toning and fixing the prints. Given for five new subscribers and $8.00 additional. Price $15.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.** In ordering Camera, be sure and give the name, "Victor."

Complete Fly and Bait Fishing Outfit.



This is a combination Fly and Bait Fishing Outfit. It is designed for general brook and lake fishing, and for the money cannot be excelled.

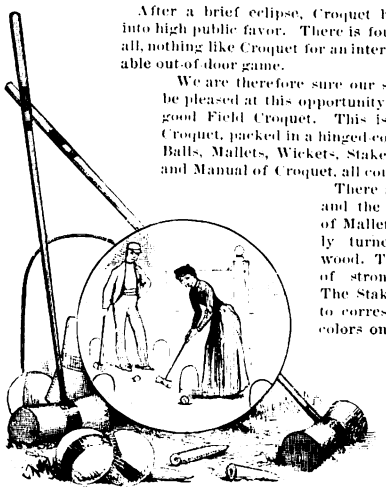
The Rod is a fine one, in 3 sections, 9½ feet long, with lance-wood tip, double ferrule, brass cap to butt, and ringed throughout. The Outfit contains, with the Rod, 1 Pat. Reel, 45-foot Linen Line, 6 Snelled Hooks, 2 Fly Hooks, 1 3-foot Leader, 1 Float, 1 Bait Box and 1 Box Split Shot.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. The Outfit is sent in two packages.

The cut shows the Patent Reel given with the Outfit. It is simple, but effective, and takes up the line rapidly.

Field Croquet.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.



After a brief eclipse, Croquet has again come into high public favor. There is found to be, after all, nothing like Croquet for an interesting, comfortable out-of-door game.

We are therefore sure our subscribers will be pleased at this opportunity for securing a good Field Croquet. This is an Eight-Ball Croquet, packed in a hinged-cover Box; with Balls, Mallets, Wickets, Stakes, Wicket-pegs, and Manual of Croquet, all complete.

There are eight Balls and the same number of Mallets, all accurately turned from hard wood. The Wickets are of strong iron wire. The Stakes are striped to correspond with the colors on the balls and mallets.

Croquet and all similar games should be strongly encouraged,—not simply as games, but as delightful means for keeping people in the life giving out-door air.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Flannel Outing and Tennis Shirt.



Flannel Outing Shirts are coming to be worn more and more. For street and office, as well as vacations, during hot weather, nothing adds more to one's comfort and diminishes one's laundry bills.

This Outing Shirt is made to our order, and is neat, stylish and comfortable. Is good value for a medium-priced Shirt. Sizes from 13½ to 16½. When ordering state size of neck-band.

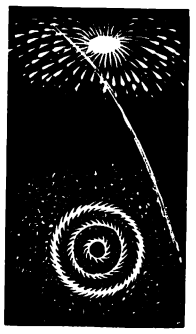
Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price 85 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The "Four-in-hand" Tie is not included with the Shirt, but will be sent for 25 cents additional.

Windsor Ties are in great demand at the present time. We can furnish Plaid Windsor Ties in handsome patterns and colors at a special price. One Windsor Tie sent post-paid to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

4th of July Fireworks.

Collection No. 2 given for one new subscriber.



Independence Day is at hand! Prepare for it in time by securing one of our assortments of Fireworks! They contain a fine variety of beautiful, interesting and startling effects! They are manufactured for us by Masten & Wells, a firm with a reputation established by over thirty years of reliable work. Full directions accompany each assortment.

Collection No. 2. This collection contains 60 pieces, among which are Roman Candles, Volcanoes, Triangle Wheels, Bengola Lights, Flower Pots, Pin Wheels, Scroll Wheels, Blue Lights, Star Mines, Red Hand Lights, Green Hand Lights, Slow Matches, Incandescent Lights. These pieces, sold separately, would cost $2.80.

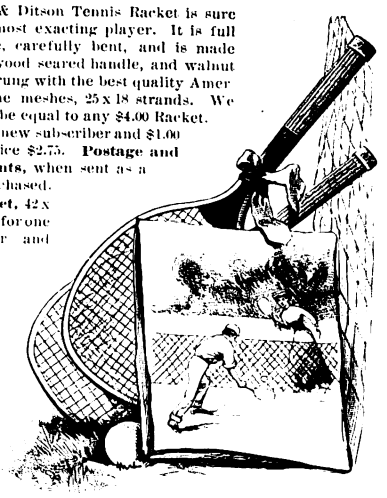
We offer this entire collection for only one new subscriber. Price 85 cents. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Collection No. 5. 75 pieces. This collection contains a number of pieces not found in No. 2, and in addition, the pieces are much larger in size and more suitable for public exhibitions.

Given for one new subscriber and $2.00 additional. Price $4.25. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Fine Racket, and Other Tennis Goods.

Racket given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional.



The Wright & Ditson Tennis Racket is sure to please the most exacting player. It is full regulation size, carefully bent, and is made with hard red wood seared handle, and walnut throat. It is strung with the best quality American gut, in fine meshes, 25 x 18 strands. We guarantee it to be equal to any $4.00 Racket.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional. Price $2.75. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

12-Thread Net, 42 x 2½ feet. Given for one new subscriber and 45 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 40 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Handicap Balls. Three given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Sectional Net Poles, Guy Ropes, and Pegs. Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price complete $1.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The King Pneumatic Rifle. Pistol Grip. Nickel-Plated.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

Our Pneumatic Rifle is a mine of sport. If the weather is rainy, the piazza can be made a shooting-gallery, and a whole company entertained with trials of marksmanship. If the sun shines, out-of-door shooting-matches can be held, and keen eyes and healthy complexions secured.



For the past few years we have been using the Chicago Air Rifle. This has given good satisfaction, and many thousands have been ordered. Its manufacturers have recently, however, produced a much finer Gun.

This new Gun we have named the King Pneumatic Rifle. Though so much superior to the Chicago Air Rifle, and in fact any other similar gun, we are able to offer it at but a slight advance over the Chicago. For an accurate long distance Target Gun, we cannot too highly recommend it.

A Beautiful Rifle.

This is the handsomest Air Rifle we have ever seen. Its polished barrel shines like silver. Its curves are graceful, and its proportions perfect. It is a gun any boy would be proud to carry, and prouder still to own. Yet, with all its beauty, its shooting qualities do not suffer in comparison. It shoots with precision, and carries a shot for a long distance.

The great advantage of an Air Gun is that it uses no powder. It is hence inexpensive. There is scarcely any noise. No danger of explosions. No possibility of fires.

The King Pneumatic Rifle is made entirely of brass, iron and steel, with the exception of the stock. This is of wood, stained and polished to represent mahogany, and has a **pistol grip.** The barrel and other exposed parts are nickel-plated. Its length is 33 inches. It is designed entirely for shot. Common BB shot are used. These can be bought for a few cents a pound at any local store.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price, $1.25. We send with the Rifle a small quantity of Shot and a Target. **Postage and packing 45 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Lovell's Boys' or Girls' $35.00 Safety Bicycle.

Given for Twenty New Subscribers.



A Special Offer.

This is a rare offer. It is made for a short time only. We cannot extend it beyond August 20th.

Boys think more of fishing in the summer than of working for new subscribers. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION offers here to any boy or girl subscriber a more attractive inducement than fishing. It will certainly pay you to exchange the brooks and forests for a little angling for subscribers.

Twenty Subscribers! **Ten weeks** to get them in; that means only two subscribers each week for ten weeks,—and the **Bicycle is yours.**

It's a Costly Offer

for us to make. We try it as an experiment. We hope 1,000 boys and girls will get a Bicycle.

This offer is made independent of any offer of presents made in the October List.

Ordinarily it would be necessary for you to obtain forty new subscribers to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION in order to secure this superb Bicycle, but until August 20th we will reduce this number one-half, making it just twenty.

We Propose to Help You.

We wish to know just how many boys and girls would like to earn this beautiful Bicycle before August 20th. If you desire to work for it, write and tell us and we will send you special helps for securing it. These helps will consist of instructions how to work, and also **twenty illustrated Bicycle certificates,** which you will find invaluable. With these almost any active and persevering boy or girl will be able to earn the Bicycle before August 20th. This is a rare opportunity for securing a Safety Bicycle with but little effort. Commence work at once, and thus take advantage of our offer before it expires. So liberal an offer may never again be made.

Two Subscribers a Week

for only ten weeks, and this fine $35.00 Bicycle is yours! The advent of a high-grade Boys' and Girls' Bicycle at a low price was like the advent of a sudden fire on the dry prairies of the West.

No sooner did it make its appearance than it won the hearts of all.

These Bicycles are to be seen on every road. If a boy hasn't one, he wants one.

Description.

There is no more enjoyable and health-giving exercise than Bicycle-Riding. There is no better or safer wheel to use than the Lovell $35.00 Safety, adapted to boys and girls from 8 to 14 years of age.

Drop Frame, Steel Tubing, 26-inch Wheels, Crescent Rim, Moulded Rubber Tires, Direct Spokes, Plunger Brake, Adjustable Cone Bearings, Adjustable Suspension Saddle, Frame and Wheels Enameled, all other parts Nickeled. Each machine fitted with Saddle Bag, Wrench and Oil Can.

Given for twenty new subscribers. Price $35.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Ask Friends to Help.

Ask your friends to help you. Send them one of the Bicycle Certificates and tell them you are working for the Bicycle. Two new subscribers a week! Start out with success as your motto—and our word for it—you will be mounted on your Bicycle in less than ten weeks.

You can send in the names of the new subscribers as fast as they are obtained. They will be credited to you, and as soon as twenty have been received, the Bicycle will be forwarded to you. On account of the costly character of this Offer, no **Extra** Premium can be allowed when you select a Safety Bicycle.

Harvard Photograph Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.



A success needs no pushing. So with the Harvard Photograph Outfit. Thousands of young folks are its ready witnesses. They are enthusiastic in its praises. Every mail brings us pictures they have taken with it. Even we are surprised at the merit displayed.

We have secured the negatives of many of these and had them copied. If any one desires such a copy, send us six cents. We will forward, in addition to a photograph, a booklet, "How Harry was Kept from the Street," and Our Prize Offer Album. This Album will enable one to compete for the prizes named in our offer of April.

The Harvard Camera

is of metal. Handsome in appearance. Takes a picture 4 inches long and 2¼ wide. Has a fine French, wide-angle lens. Is provided with a Tripod, and also a Finder for locating the picture.

With the Camera we give sufficient apparatus, chemicals and materials for enabling pictures to be taken, developed, printed and mounted. The Outfit consists of the Camera, Tripod, Finder, Developing Tray, Printing Frame, Glass Graduate, Ruby Fabric (for ruby light), and Dry Plates, Sensitized Paper, Card Mounts, Chemicals and Toning-Gold sufficient for six negatives, and prints from the same.

The Complete Outfit given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 50 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. For short distances express is cheaper than mail.

REBATE CARD. With each Harvard Outfit we send a Rebate Card. If at any time you wish to buy a $10.00 or $15.00 Camera, we will accept this Card as $1.75 in part payment thereon.

The Hand-Woven Hammocks.

No. 1 Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



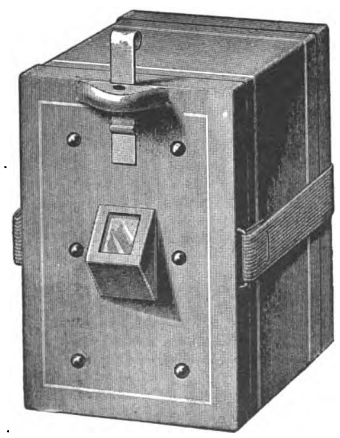
This is the third season we have used this Hammock. It is the best Hammock in the world at the price. It is strong, durable and handsome. Has no knots to untie. Cannot catch your buttons, and does not become stretched and baggy. We give this Hammock in two sizes:

Hammock No. 1. This is a closely-woven Hammock, with every one of its warp-threads joined to the suspension cords. Has a colored border. Extreme length 10 feet, length of body 5½ feet, width 3 feet. Given for one new subscriber and 15 cts. additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Hammock No. 2. This is also closely-woven, made from heavy 60-thread prize cotton cord. Has a colored border. Size of body 6½ x 3½ feet, extreme length 12½ feet. Given for one new subscriber and 60 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 45 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased, or it can be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.

The Gem Tin-Type Camera and Outfit.

Given for two new subscribers and 50 cents additional.



There is hardly a crowd of school-children to be seen where an exchanging of tin-types is not going on. Especially so as vacation approaches. Professional photographers are pressed with work. Why not have a Camera of your own, and earn some money for yourself?

Our Tin-Type Camera takes six pictures at a time, all on a single plate. This plate can be developed and fixed, the six portraits cut apart with scissors and delivered to the sitter in less than ten minutes. As the plates and chemicals are cheap, your profits can be large.

Six Cameras in One.

The Tin-Type Camera is really six small Cameras in one. It has six chambers and six lenses. A single Argentic Plate is placed in the Camera, and six portraits taken on it at once. The Plates are 2½ x 4 inches, and the six portraits are each 1¼ x 1½ inches. The Outfit we give with the Camera includes everything needed for taking and finishing 36 Portraits.

The Outfit for Tin-Type Portraiture consists of the Phenix Gem Camera, 1 Gem Tin-Type Album, 24 Gem Mounts, 6 Argentic Tin-Type Plates (capable of making 36 pictures), 1 Glass Graduate, 1 Sheet Ruby Fabric, 2 Bottles Developer, 1 Box Hyposulphite, 1 Tray, and Manual of Directions.

Given for two new subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price $2.75. **Postage and packing 50 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Express may be cheaper. Ask your local agent. Weight 3 pounds. **A Sample Tin-Type** sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

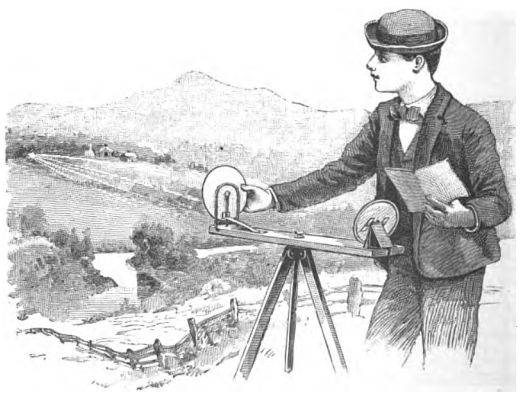
Heliograph, or Sunlight Telegraph.

Given for one new subscriber.

A Heliograph is an instrument for signalling by means of the sun's rays.

Government surveyors have telegraphed by means of it between points a hundred miles apart.

We know our young friends will be delighted to possess such an instrument, and be enabled to communicate with distant neighbors.



Construction.

Our Heliograph consists of a cherry-wood Base, mounted upon a Tripod, and supporting an adjustable Mirror and a hinged Screen. The Mirror is of copper, nickel-plated and highly polished. Will reflect sunlight three miles.

The Heliograph is first aimed, and the mirror turned to reflect the sun's rays in the same direction. By moving the screen, the reflected light is made to flash the dots and dashes of the Morse Alphabet, and so spell out the message. Knowledge of the Morse Alphabet not needed. With the Heliograph young folks can plan for parties and picnics; school questions can be asked; the latest news told; messages sent for friends.

One Heliograph, with Directions and Morse Alphabet, given for one new subscriber. Two for one subscriber and 75 cents. Price $1.00 each. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

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WHAT WE LIKE.

Among the many things that are hard to understand is the fancy entertained by so many people, that other people will be interested to hear at considerable length what they like to eat and what they do not like to eat. There seems to be nothing of very great interest to one's friends in the fact that one is passionately fond of cabbage and onions; and yet, next to the weather, the most frequent subject of conversation is probably the subject of eatables.

"If there's anything I dote on," says Mrs. Chubb, "it's a nice leg of mutton, with a butter gravy and capers. And I like —"

"But," says Mrs. Scragg, breaking in, "is there anything more horrid than pickled tripe? I can't bear it."

"My favorite sauce," Mrs. Chubb continues, "is fried apple-sauce; and scalloped apples I can't get enough of."

"Laws!" exclaims Mrs. Scragg, "you don't say so! No kind of fruit agrees with me. And I don't see how anybody can eat those miserable things they call olives."

So they go on for an hour. "Well, I must be going," says Mrs. Scragg, rising at last. "We've had a real pleasant time!"

Throughout the whole interview Mrs. Chubb has been talking about the things she likes, and Mrs. Scragg has been talking about the things she does not like. Each one has been following her own temperament; and while she has not been at all interested in what the other has said, she has been greatly interested in what she herself has said.

This principle of compromise is generally the basis of these little conversations about food.

"How would it do," said one man to another, when, on a long railway journey, their conversation had lagged, "to tell each other what we like to eat, and divide the time?"

"Capital!" said the other. "You tell me for ten minutes what you like best, and then I'll call time on you, and tell you what I like."

"And then I begin again in ten minutes more?"

"Certainly."

It was agreed, and for a mortal hour the two men related to each other the smallest details of their very dissimilar food-likings, in ten-minute speeches. At the end of that time the porter passed through the car and announced that dinner was ready in the dining-car.

"Good!" exclaimed one. "I'm so hungry I could eat anything."

"So could I," said the other. Then they went in and ate exactly the same things, which were practically the same that both had eaten the day before.

BIDEL TO THE RESCUE.

A lion-tamer's power lies not only in his courage and self-possession, but in his understanding of the temper of the animals. It is perilous for any one but the tamer himself to attempt any liberties with them, however indifferent and well-disposed they may seem. M. Bidel, the noted lion-tamer, relates in his memoirs a terrible adventure. He was sitting at the entrance of the menagerie with Madame Bidel, and the entertainment was about to begin, when he heard a piercing cry. This was followed by furious roaring, and cries of "Help! help!" by many voices. He rushed in. All eyes were turned toward one of the cages.

It was appalling. Venturelli, a poor fellow in my employ, had been lifted from the ground, and was suspended outside the cage, in the claws of four lions, one of whom was eating his arm!

One glimpse of that horrible sight, and I ran, reflecting in a second that to go around the cages and get in by the ordinary entrance would involve a fatal delay, and deciding on the desperate expedient of raising the grating on the side toward the spectators, and so crawling into the cage.

How I did it, how it happened that I was not caught and mangled, I do not know. But suddenly I was on my feet, in the midst of that savage feast, with neither stick nor whip, and only my fists for weapons. I struck and I commanded. The lions fell back and let fall their prey. I hurried out of the cage, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

I thought poor Venturelli was dead. But he was taken to the hospital, his wounds were dressed, and he recovered. Then I asked him how it happened. He said, "When I passed those gentlemen," he always spoke courteously of the lions, "I wished to caress them. Three were asleep, and one was awake; that one misunderstood my attention. He waked his comrades, seized me, and but for you I should certainly have made a meal for them."

The heroic lion-tamer goes on to relate that the king, being informed of his act, decorated him publicly, and the people fêted him and loaded him with honors. On this occasion, he says, though he was not used to being afraid, he was so agitated that his limbs shook; he was faint and could hardly see. He soon recovered himself, however, and his pleasure in this public recognition of his bravery was marred only by a regret that his father could not be there to enjoy it.

ALFALFA FARMS.

One of the greatest irrigation districts in the United States is in Kern County, California. Here are some thirty-five large canals with branches and distributing ditches, covering nearly half a million acres of very rich, sandy loam. The largest of the canals is the Calloway, thirty-two miles long. It has sixty-five distributing ditches, and covers two hundred thousand acres of very rich land. Its water appropriation is one thousand four hundred and seventy-six cubic feet per second.

On the lower side of the canal one can see fully twenty-five thousand acres in almost continuous alfalfa fields. Alfalfa, with water, yields five crops a year, and two tons to the acre at each cutting.

About once in six weeks, for eight months in the year, the alfalfa fields are cut, and the crops stacked in great piles. The vastness of some of the stacks near the ranch-houses of the "irrigation belt" is a constant source of wonder to tourists. Eight hundred and fifty tons have been put into one stack.

There are some immense alfalfa farms in Kern County. The McClurg and the Rosedale ranches have about three thousand five hundred acres each, the Jackson ranch has over seven thousand, and the Poso ranch above ten thousand acres.

The process of handling alfalfa on a large scale is interesting. The derrick and derrick-fork are used. The stacks range from one hundred to four hundred feet long, and are usually thirty feet wide and from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and on the extensive ranches one can often see from fifty to a hundred stacks of alfalfa in sight at one time.

From six to ten teams are kept busy supplying the derricks, and from sixty to one hundred tons can be stacked in a day. Eight thousand tons have been stacked in a single ranch and fed out to live-stock.

Cattle, sheep, horses and hogs all live, to a great extent, on alfalfa.

GRISI'S CHILDREN.

It is delightful to read of two persons in the same profession who are happily married. Identical tastes and pursuits bring about a certain harmony of relation which is both rare and beautiful. Grisi, the great singer, married the tenor Mario, and some incidents told of them and their children prove an unusually happy domestic life.

The prima donna identified her own success entirely with that of her husband, always preferring his advancement to her own. Perhaps the clever reply which she made to the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, was half-serious, in embodying this spirit of self-surrender.

"So," said his majesty, jocosely, pointing to her children, "these are your little Grisettes!"

"No, sire," she returned, "they are my little Marionettes."

The children themselves tell an amusing story of their own sensations at one of their mother's public triumphs in Dublin. Grisi's admirers had dragged her carriage to the hotel, and she had sung to them again, "as if she were tearing the harp-strings asunder and singing from the depths of her heart." The enthusiasm of the listeners knew no bounds.

"They climbed up the lamp-post," said one of the children, in after years. "We thought they would come into the room, and when one speaker called out, 'Leave us one of your children!' our fright was awful. In a chorus of pitiful little voices we begged mamma not to leave us behind; we would be such good children!"

LAMP ROCK OF CENTRAL ASIA.

Captain Younghusband, an English traveller, writes home from Central Asia an account of a rock which has been a mystery to the natives and to travellers. It is situated on the shores of a lake near one of the branches of the upper Oxus, and is known as the Lamp Rock. The account of it is published in the *Geographical Magazine*.

This rock received its strange name because from a supposed cave in its side a perpetual light shines out. Mr. Elias, who passed the spot in 1885, thought the light might be a phosphorescent one, but he did not have time to examine it properly.

Younghusband says the rock stands by itself about two hundred feet high, and projects from the mountain side. High up the steep cliff the cave was pointed out to him, and sure enough there was a pale light visible. The natives have a superstitious dread of the rock, and say the light comes from a diamond in the forehead of a demon, who guards his vast treasures stored in the cave.

With great difficulty Mr. Younghusband ascended to the cave. A false step, in some places, would have meant certain death. He entered the cave and saw the light, which he found to be merely the unadulterated light of heaven, coming from the other side of the cave. In fact, it is no cave, but a tunnel right through the rock. 'From below, the fact cannot be determined that the hole is not a cave, and the light striking up against the roof is all that can be seen.

SAVING A SPARROW.

An authentic incident in the career of General Robert E. Lee is told as an evidence of his sweetness of disposition and natural kindliness. One day he was inspecting the batteries over the lines below the city of Richmond, and the soldiers had gathered in a group to welcome him. This action drew upon them the fire of the Union guns.

The General faced about and advised the men to go under shelter. But he did not do this himself. Walking on, although in apparent danger, he picked up and replaced an unfledged sparrow which had fallen from its nest near by.

The act was instinctive, but perhaps indicates a really higher endowment than ability to conduct notable campaigns.

TOUGH STORY.

Everything goes by comparison. The man who thinks his own condition almost unendurable has only to look about him to find some other man whose case is still worse. Says the Salt Lake *Tribune*:

"I say," said a man to his butcher, "that last piece of steak I bought of you must have come from a steer old enough to vote."

"Was it tough?"

"Tough! Well, I should say it was. I could hardly cut it."

"Oh, is that all? Well, you ought to have heard another man kicking a day or two ago. He bought a piece that he said was so tough he couldn't get his fork into the gravy."

REASONABLE QUESTION.

Facts, taken all by themselves, are often open to a ludicrous interpretation.

A young man just home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star, and said:

"Do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world."

"No, 'tisn't," said she.

"Yes it is," declared the young collegian.

"Then why don't it keep off the rain?" was the triumphant rejoinder.—*Spare Moments.*

UNREASONABLE CURIOSITY.

Before a young man marries he should learn not to ask foolish questions.

"What, my angel," exclaimed a youthful husband bursting into the kitchen, "doing the cooking yourself? What is it?"

"Why, Edgar, how foolish of you! How in the world can I tell till I see what it turns out?"

"A DOG, I suppose?" said a hospital surgeon, as he was dressing the wound of a woman severely bitten in the arm. "No, sir," was the dignified answer, "*another lady.*"

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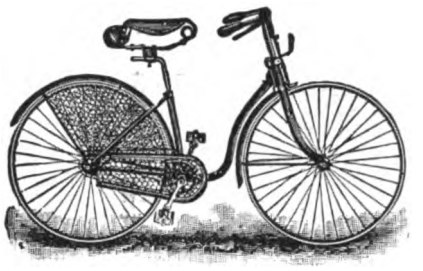
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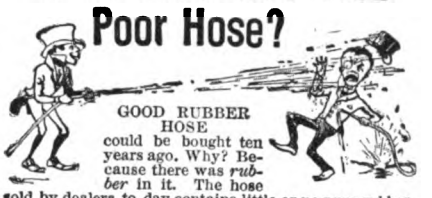
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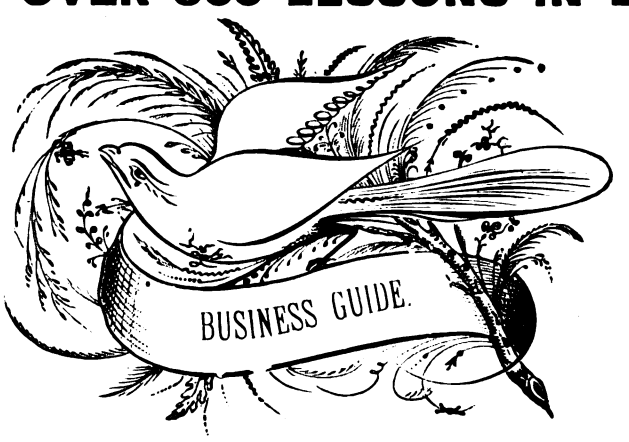
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COLORED FIRES.

It may be taken for granted that many readers will be interested to learn how the colored fires, with which the "birthday of our country" is popularly celebrated, are prepared. The process of combining the materials is simple. Striking differences in color are produced by slight changes in composition. The "Western Druggist" gives some formulæ which clear up the mystery of these strange effects.

For the production of red, green, yellow and blue fires, one-fifth part of the composition is shellac. As this is a constant quantity it is apparent at once that the shellac has nothing to do with determining the color. It serves the purpose that charcoal does in the manufacture of gunpowder. It holds the other elements in desired form, and regulates the rate of combustion.

Another fifth part of these several compounds is the chlorate of potassium. This is used for the detonating effect; to startle the beholder with the crackling sound, and with the scattering of the fire. Of itself it would give a white light, and would burn with intense energy. It imparts "go" to the rocket.

The remaining three-fifths are what give color to the flame. They differ, of course, in the four compounds. For producing red fire nitrate of strontium is used; for green, nitrate of barium; for yellow, nitrate of sodium; and for blue, ammonia sulphate of copper. As we find nitrates used for the first three colors named, it is plain that the effect is determined wholly by the use respectively of strontium, barium and sodium. It is equally true that blue is the result of the burning of copper.

Violet and purple flames are composite. To produce the violet, lime and copper and sulphur are burned together. For purple, strontium and calomel are burned with just a little copper. The fumes of calomel are particularly harmful, and all these substances yield gases that ought not to be freely breathed. Very striking effects could be obtained by using nickel, arsenic and other similar elements, but their use would be dangerous to health.

UNEXPLAINED.

In Captain King's "Trials of a Staff Officer" an amusing story is told of General Upton, who was at one time commandant of cadets at West Point. The commandant's tent was a great place for fighting battles over again.

One day six or eight of us were gathered there, and the floor was held by one of those blatant gentlemen who, having graduated before the Civil War, and having had just as good a chance as the gallant band of ambitious young lieutenants who rose to be generals, had preferred the safety, ease and slow promotion of mustering and disbursing duty, and whose only brevet was for the service of the "recruitment of the armies of the United States."

For some reason or other, such men have often been prone to disparage the services of successful men, and to attribute the promotion over their heads of such soldiers as Upton and Custer to political influence. So Major —— was on this day holding forth about luck in the line, ending with this startling statement:

"Well, now, Upton's another instance. Of course, I don't mean to say but what *you* fought all right, old fellow, when you got a chance, but you won't deny that there were fellows who went through the whole war with the regulars, stuck to their regiments or batteries, got wounded time and again, and only got a brevet; but here you are a lieutenant-colonel, and never got a scratch!"

Considering the fact that Upton had been wounded in three different engagements, he might have been excused for making a pointed reply, but he only smiled quietly, as he sat writing at his desk, and said:

"Well, there are lots of men who think just as you do, I've no doubt."

"CHIVALROUS!"

An exciting story of the rescue from drowning of a Japanese, by an Englishman whose life the Japanese himself had set out to save, is told in a Japanese paper, the *Kobe Shimbun*. The Englishman was a resident of Tokio. Being on his way to Yokohama, and finding no ferry-boat, owing to the swollen state of the river, he determined to swim across with his clothing in a bundle tied on his head.

The daring attempt attracted a crowd of sight-seers, one of whom, observing that the stranger was apparently in difficulty, plunged in and swam to his rescue. The Japanese was a good swimmer, but the waters ran swiftly, his strength gave out, and he was carried down-stream. Then arose a cry from the spectators, for they saw that the Japanese was going to sink.

By this time the Englishman had almost reached the opposite bank, but when he heard the cries of the crowd he turned about, and seeing the drowning Japanese, he again faced the current, and coming up with the drowning man, caught him with one arm, and swimming with the other hand he brought him ashore amid the cheers of the crowd.

"How chivalrous was his action!" exclaims the Japanese journalist in conclusion. "His name we know not, but he has our highest admiration."

FORCE OF HABIT.

A lady who wished to weigh her baby, two months old, but who had no scales at hand suitable for the purpose, took the child to a neighboring butcher-shop. The butcher put the baby in his spring scales, looked at the dial, and remarked:

"With the bones and all, mum, it's fourteen pounds and a half. Shall I —?"

"How dare you make such a suggestion," screamed the woman, as she snatched her baby, and rushed out of the shop.

HE KNEW.

What is so sweet as sympathy when a man finds himself in trouble?

"Say, waiter," exclaimed an impatient customer, "I've been here a full hour!"

"I've been here since seven this morning," answered the waiter. "Tiresome, aint it?"—New York *Sun*.

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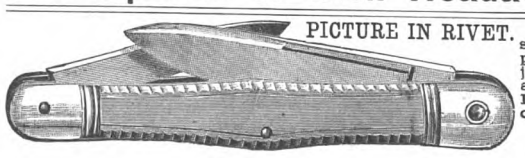
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For the Companion.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter VII.

In the Army.

The next morning was bright and beautiful. In the great ceremony of the day, the awarding of diplomas, Edgar Mount came out well up toward the head of his class, while Jack Randolph was among the twenties.

Jack felt no envy at Edgar's success. He was graduated high enough to have been assigned to the artillery, but there were more desirable vacancies in the cavalry, which branch, in his heart, Jack had always preferred.

For a few days after graduation the question of cavalry or artillery was suffered to rest. Colonel Randolph had agreed to come to West Point upon the express condition that he was to stay no longer than was necessary to see Jack receive his diploma; but on graduation day he seemed to be in no hurry to depart.

Half a dozen of the older officers had gathered around the old gentleman, and were greeting him with the utmost cordiality. One or two had served under him, and others had been cadets at West Point when he had been an instructor there.

The Colonel stood up in the group as straight as an Indian, with a smile on his grim face, and something like tears shining in his eyes.

"Why, Banks!" he would say to an officer who was wringing his hand. "You don't mean, sir, that you ever got through the Academy? Such a scamp as you were! I didn't think even your brains would manage to pull you through.

"And Jackson!" the Colonel went on, delightedly, turning to a grizzled major who had made his way toward him, and had put both hands on his shoulders. "Why, this is like the old times on the frontier! Some tough work we had with the Indians, didn't we?"

"About as tough as tough could be," answered the Major. "But, Colonel, it seems almost too good to be true to see you here!"

So it went on. As Jack was talking earnestly with his mother, he heard a pressing invitation given to the Colonel to dine at the officers' mess; and then there were innumerable introductions to him, hand-shakings, and everything that could gratify the old man's heart.

The days slipped by. The Colonel spent his time in the library, or else wandering about the post, seeking out the well-known haunts of his youth and manhood, telling long stories of his cadet life, almost living at the officers' mess, and receiving generous and affectionate attentions.

Mrs. Randolph was hardly less an object of admiration among the few classmates of Jack's who still lingered, and the newly enfranchised first class. She was so gentle and sympathetic and intelligent that they flocked around her.

"Jack's mother!" and the quaint, dignified, old-fashioned Virginia Colonel, belonging to a type that few of the cadets had ever seen, were the most popular of the guests at West Point.

Uncle Josh seemed swimming in a sea of glory. He found interested listeners for all his wonderful stories of military exploits. The officers gave the Colonel a rousing farewell dinner, at which there were toasts and speeches, and a few touching words from the old man, who felt that he should never see the well-beloved spot again.

But at last came the return journey to Virginia, and with it two happy, idle months for Jack. The strain of four years was relaxed. He scarcely looked at a book, but spent his days in a delicious idleness—delicious because earned by hard and honest work. His grandfather seemed to have taken a new lease of life, and his mother's content was complete. Her Jack was a man in the true sense of the word—upright, brave and honorable.

But just as it had been two years before, Jack missed Tony's companionship. As in that former time, he went down to Lone Point, spent long hours with Mrs. Scaife, and went all over the little place, his heart still loyal to Tony.

It was now four years since that stormy night off Hatteras, but Jack's memory was tenacious. Tony was his first, his best, his earliest friend, and he never could forget him.

The first of September his orders came. They were to a cavalry regiment at a post in the far West, where there was always a certain risk of trouble with the Indians.

Sergeant Anthony Scaife!

The assignment pleased Jack greatly, and made him an object of envy to those of his class who had no chance of anything more exciting than the routine of Eastern military posts.

The parting was harder for Mrs. Randolph and the old Colonel than for Jack, who had a new life of adventure and responsibility to look forward to; but they were cheered by the prospect of a visit from Jack the next summer on his annual leave. The Colonel even talked seriously of going out to see Jack; but at this Mrs. Randolph only smiled.

Among the assignments to the same post, which comprised two batteries of light artillery as well as cavalry and infantry, was Edgar Mount, who was now a second lieutenant of artillery.

"It is strange how you and Edgar are thrown together," said Mrs. Randolph, when Jack read out the list of army orders published in the newspaper.

"I'm sorry for it," answered Jack, frankly.

Almost before he knew it the summer was come, and on the first day of September Jack left Marrowbone to join his regiment.

One afternoon in the late spring of the next year Jack was sitting in the little frame building which did duty for the adjutant's office at the Western post where he was stationed. The adjutant of the post was absent for a few days, and Lieutenant Randolph, who was his assistant, was in charge of the office.

Across the white and dusty stretch of the parade-ground a squad of men was advancing. They were new arrivals, and the officer in charge, having reported to the commandant, was now bringing the squad to be entered upon the adjutant's books, and to report in form.

The day was warm, and Jack sat at his desk, feeling very hot and tired, his cap pushed back on his head, and his feet stretched out; but when the officer in charge of the squad entered, he found Jack as trim as possible, sitting up with soldierly erectness.

He saluted the recruits punctiliously, for one of the results of his mother's lessons in politeness was to make him scrupulously courteous in acknowledging the salutes of the private soldiers. Nothing contributed more to his popularity than the way in which, while remembering his dignity as an officer, he respected the manhood of the soldiers.

Some of the men had just enlisted, while there were a dozen or so of old soldiers, and one or two non-commissioned officers who had been transferred from another regiment.

Jack turned his attention first to the new recruits, and addressing a kind word to each, made them feel that they were under the authority of kind and humane officers. The report was a monotonous business, and went on with singsong regularity, until the very last name was reached.

"Anthony —" began Lieutenant Randolph, in his clear voice, and then stopped suddenly. The name was Scaife!

The sudden appearance of Tony's name startled Jack. It was no doubt a mere coincidence, but it was a peculiar one.

Meanwhile the owner of the name, a slight but well-made young fellow, with "sandy" hair and sunburnt skin, had advanced. He was evidently under some powerful but suppressed emotion. His face was alternately pale and red, and he clenched his hands and then opened them again with nervous excitement.

Lieutenant Randolph's eyes remained glued to the list he held in his hand. It had a sort of fascination for him. But when the young man, who was one of the transferred soldiers, answered to his name, Jack let the paper drop, and fell back in his chair as white as a sheet.

The men standing around saw that something extraordinary connected the young officer sitting in his chair and the sergeant standing up before him. Both were evidently deeply agitated.

For a few moments there was a dead pause. Tony—for it was indeed Tony—recovered his self-possession first. Jack's brain was in a whirl. He half rose from his chair, and then sat down again. He leaned his head on his hand, and the pen dropped to the floor.

Tony, stooping down, picked up the pen and handed it to him, saluting, but giving him a look that brought him back to his surroundings.

He uttered a mechanical "Thank you!" and then, with an effort, resumed his work, calling Tony's name.

The rest of the business was soon despatched. All went out except Tony, who, in response to a sign, had remained.

As soon as the room was cleared, Jack and Tony rushed into each other's arms. Both were now men, and manly men, but there were tears in the eyes of each as they grasped each other's hands and sat down side by side.

"How was it—how was it?" Jack breathlessly exclaimed; "and do you know your mother is alive?"

"Yes," answered Tony, with a slight break in his voice. "I know it now, but I didn't know it for a long time. You know I thought the Captain said, 'Cast off the rope —'"

"Tony, you were a brave fellow — the bravest in the world."

"And I let it go. Then, when I found out what he did mean, it was too late. The boat couldn't reach me.

"I ran below, thinking that I could get hold of a table or a chair. That saved me, for the great wave that swept over the deck certainly would have carried me off. I jumped on the cabin table and broke the skylight out with a chair, and scrambled out somehow; and the next thing I knew I was floating about in the midst of the storm, still holding on to the chair.

"I don't know how I felt for the next two hours; I was in the water as long as that. I expected every moment to be my last, and I thought of my mother and of you—and I thought when bedtime came at Lone Point my mother would be saying a prayer for me.

"Then the first thing I knew, a big hull loomed up before me. The wind had gone down then, and the people heard my voice when I shouted—it wasn't much of a shout, I can tell you; and then a boat was lowered, and put out for me.

"I remember being dragged on board, and I've forgotten everything else for a long, long time. The next thing I recalled, I was lying in a snug cot, and I was very comfortable and quiet, and wanted to sleep all the time.

"I found out I was on a splendid barkantine bound for Jamaica. The Captain sent for me, and I told him my story, and he said I wouldn't be likely to have a chance to communicate with any one until we got to Jamaica. Then I started in to work my passage.

"The sea had not lost its charm for me, and I thought, except for the sorrow my mother must suffer on my account, that shipwreck was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me.

"We were delayed by contrary winds, and had a very long voyage to Jamaica; and when we got there, the very first New York newspaper that I saw, had an account of the wreck of the *Mary Staveley*, and of my going down with the vessel. They made me a sort of hero, and then it said the shock had killed my mother.

"I don't know how I felt after that. I told the Captain I had had bad news—he didn't ask me what it was—and after a day or two, I went about my work.

"Then I began to ask myself, since my mother was dead, and you and your mother were the only people who believed in me, why should I go back to a place where I was disgraced? I thought I had better live it down, and earn a good name for myself somewhere else, before I went back to Virginia.

"You, Jack, were the only person that I longed to see or to write to—and often I'd write you a long letter, and then tear it up —"

"But, Tony, didn't you know how distressed I was, when I thought you were lost?"

"Yes, I knew it. But that money business preyed upon me. I could not be more innocent, but my innocence seemed no shield to me. I felt

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that the whole country would hear the story—that I was considered a thief."

"And the money was found!" cried Jack, getting up excitedly. "In Edgar Mount's bedroom!"

A mist of thankfulness came into Tony's eyes. "And I've suffered more than four years' torment for that two hundred dollars," he exclaimed, bitterly, "and my mother and you have suffered, too.

"I tell you, Jack, I felt that unless I could prove that I hadn't taken the money, I never wanted any of you to see or hear of me again. And the only hope I had was, that I might rise in the world, and some day go back with a good character behind me, and so live it down.

"I even thought of changing my name, but that seemed cowardly to me, and I am glad that in the end I didn't. But there was no danger of people in those distant parts knowing anything about Tony Scaife, the fisherman.

"So I worked along, and when I was twenty-one, I was mate of a first-rate English ship.

"But all this time I had been going about from place to place and trying to improve myself. My thoughts, and my view of the life I was leading, changed a good deal. I wasn't satisfied with being in the merchant service, though I loved the sea as much as ever—and then I began to look about me for some way of bettering myself.

"I found out that in the United States army there were certain commissions given every year to non-commissioned officers. Now, I had got to be a pretty good mathematician, going to sea as mate—for let me tell you, a fellow nowadays on board ship must know a good deal—and it occurred to me that if I enlisted for five years, I'd stand a pretty good chance of getting one of those commissions. The desire to get it took possession of me —"

"So it did of me, when I wanted to go to West Point," interrupted Jack.

"I thought about it night and day—and I concluded I'd try for it. I found out all about the company schools and company libraries, and I made up my mind I'd put in the five years of my enlistment in working for that commission.



"That's just what I enlisted for. That was three years ago, and I've worked at mathematics until I believe I can stand up with you fellows from West Point. I was promoted twice in two years, until now I'm a first sergeant; and, Jack, I tell you, I've been working toward that officer's commission like a beaver.

"Ever since I found out that a competitive examination for two commissions was going to be held a month from now, I've worked at my books harder than ever, studying all my spare time.

"I learned some time ago from the papers that you and Edgar Mount, too, were in the army, although I still thought my mother was dead. But I had been seized with ambition. I thought if I got the commission, how proud I'd be to write to you, and I knew you would be glad to hear it; but if I didn't get it, I meant to write to you just the same.

"Then, just a day or two ago, I found out in the most roundabout way, through one of the new recruits, that my dear old mother was alive.

"Jack, I had saved up enough to make her comfortable as long as she lives; and when I wrote to her—I don't mind telling you I cried when I wrote that letter—I sent her more money than she ever saw in her life before, and told her as soon as I could get a furlough I should go to see her.

"But I told her not to mention that I was alive to anybody until after this competitive examination was over—because if I should be lucky enough to come out ahead, it would be a proud day when I could go back to her an officer in the army.

"Jack, I think you and your mother first put it in my mind to have this ambition. I always wanted to be a man—but ever since I knew you, I had the feeling that I wanted to be any and every man's equal. I never felt ashamed of it, either."

"Why should you be?" answered Jack, leaning over with his arm around Tony's neck.

They talked about Edgar Mount. Tony showed no revengeful spirit. "But perhaps," he said, "if I am ever an officer, he will apologize to me for what he said."

It was dark before Jack and Tony parted—Jack to go to the mess to dinner, and Tony to the men's quarters, with a solemn promise that in an hour he would be at Lieutenant Randolph's quarters.

Jack had an absent air that was plainly noticeable, and Edgar Mount, who was dining at the cavalry mess that night, made some half-joking allusion to it, to which Jack paid no attention.

Long before the time appointed for Tony to come, Jack was waiting for him; and at last, when he did come, they met as if they had been parted for a month instead of an hour, and sat long into the night, talking of the old days, and of their hopes for the future.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

(To be continued.)

THE CHOICE OF WAYS.

Love and light on the road to the right,
Gold and fame on the other;
The "sight of the eyes" and the "heart's delight,"
Or this world laid down for another.

Sunday School Times. —*E. G. Cheverton.*

For the Companion.

AUNT MEREDITH.

"That was the saddest mistake I ever made."

From my lounge in the corner of Aunt Meredith's room I watch her with half-closed eyes as she draws her low chair before the fire, and takes her knitting from the work-basket at her side. She is always busy, it seems to me, and when I think of it, we six are enough to make work constant with her.

First, there is Uncle Clay, Aunt Meredith's brother, full of hobbies that require her constant attention.

"If I can only prove its worthlessness before he mounts it, I can save him a good deal of trouble," she says, when a new hobby is presented; and often she succeeds.

And there is Robert, just starting out for himself under Aunt Meredith's special guidance. There is Frank, another nephew, generous and impulsive,—a regular tinder-box in temper,—with May, his sister, always ready, in her love for teasing, to put the match to the tinder-box.

And there is Richard—happy, rollicking Richard, of whom Aunt Meredith is never quite sure until she has herself tucked him in bed and sung him to sleep.

Then here am I; a cripple, dependent upon Aunt Meredith for every ray of sunshine that has crept into my poor maimed existence since the day I opened my eyes to the life which, but for her, might indeed have proved a curse to me.

So there are six of us, all under her care.

She thinks I am asleep, or else she would not have spoken of that fatal mistake which affected the current of so many lives.

The firelight plays upon her needles as she patiently plies them. The blaze rises higher, and forms, as she sits outlined against it, a sort of halo about her gray head.

She is thinking of the past, I know, and that "mistake," while she sits there waiting.

Robert is doing some extra book-keeping, and will not be in until ten o'clock. May and Frank are busy with their lessons in the sitting-room. Uncle Clay rode over to Richland to-day, and did not return until late. Richard is asleep, for I heard Aunt Meredith singing "Rock of Ages" in the boys' room more than half an hour before she went down to give Uncle Clay his supper.

While she sits waiting for the last one of the household to come in, I am lying here thinking over that mistake she made.

Indeed, I often think of it. We cripples have so little else to do except to study books and people, and all these tedious years I have studied her until I think I know her great soul by heart. And I know all about that "sad mistake," although she does not dream that it is known to me. If I were to tell her that I learned from her own lips to call it a "mistake," I am sure that she would think the affliction that has dwarfed and tortured my body for almost forty years has attacked my mind as well, for she does not really look upon it as a blunder.

If she ever allows herself to think of it as such, it is only when she is troubled and tired, and her thoughts go crowding back, to fasten themselves upon the brightest spot in the past.

Such moments come to the bravest and best of us. But I heard Aunt Meredith tell Uncle Clay only last night that "there can be no blunders in God's plan;" and if she can stand up so grandly amid the ruins of youth's promises and testify to the perfection of the eternal plan, few indeed have the right to sit in judgment on it.

I feel the warm tears trickling down my cheeks as I watch the figure in the firelight. I can remember the day when this white-haired woman, knitting stockings in the chimney-corner, was the merriest girl in our village.

"And the handsomest one," people said. "And the best one," John Eastman declared, when he asked her to be his wife. "And the happiest one," I heard her tell herself when John was gone, and with him her pledge.

I was a child then, but I remember it. I am a child now, for that matter; a child in body, a man in years; but I remember it all as plainly as if it had been yesterday. I think we crippled ones have keener memories than those who share the mind's work with the body.

Aunt Meredith was an orphan, and had been reared and cared for by my mother, her only sister, and Uncle George, her oldest brother.

The brother and sister tenderly discharged their duty toward her, and Aunt Meredith, always keenly conscientious, felt that an immense debt was accumulating against her; so that, when my dying mother placed my hand in hers, and with her last breath said, "As I have dealt with you, Merry," there was but one thing for Aunt Meredith to do. She accepted the charge of the little cripple committed to her care.

She was young then—just twenty—and was soon to have been John Eastman's wife. When she had accepted the new charge, she sent for her lover to tell him that the marriage must be postponed.

He protested, but Aunt Merry was firm. "Just one year, John," she insisted. "Then we shall be better prepared to accept the new—charge."

She would not say "burden," but it was a burden to lay upon her young shoulders—a cruel sacrifice to ask of one who, having never known a home of her own, was about to step into that sweet peace which is found nowhere but about the family fireside.

But she did not hesitate. "I am only paying interest upon the debt I owe his mother, John; I can never hope to pay the principal," she urged.

John Eastman smothered his disappointment, and said, "It shall be as you wish, Merry; but it will be a very long year to me."

Before the year ended Uncle George's wife died, and her two children, Robert and Annie, were added to Aunt Merry's charge.

She hesitated when Uncle George came to ask her to come over and take charge of his house.

"No, George," she said, "I cannot."

"Just a little while, Merry," he begged, "until we can get things in working order; just one year."

"But there is John!" she insisted. "I owe something to John."

"And to no one else, Merry?" asked Uncle George. "What if Eunice and I had not cared for you when you were left alone?"

She turned pale when Uncle George reminded her of her obligation. After all, more would be expected of her than the mere interest upon her debt. Like many other debts, whether of money, of gratitude, or of affection, hers had come to face her at the moment when she was the least prepared for it.

Her lips trembled when she attempted to speak; she put out her hand as if seeking some support, and rested it heavily upon the back of a chair.

I can never forget that scene. Boy as I was, I realized that it was the sacrifice of a life. I lifted my poor twisted body upon my pillows, and from my corner watched the struggle my aunt was making.

Uncle George stood leaning against the low mantel, looking heavy-eyed and weary. Aunt Merry stood before him, with her hand upon the tall chair. The young face was growing grave—the girl had given place to the woman.

While I watched, the sunlight crept through the open window and crowned the brown braids of hair with a kind of halo, just as the firelight touches the silver ones to-night. Then Aunt Merry lifted her head and said softly, "I will come, George."

So John Eastman was asked to wait a second time. "Just one year yet, John," Aunt Merry begged. "Let me feel that I have at least paid my debt in part."

But at the end of the year she said, "There is so much to do, John; let us give the children one more year. We can spare so much to them. Just one! I promise not to ask another, John."

With a heavy heart he answered for the third time, "It shall be as you wish, Merry."

I think Aunt Merry began to feel then that an unseen power was shaping her life in a strange, uncomprehended mould.

Strange indeed! Before the year ended a scourge passed over the city. The Angel of Death hung his black banner on almost every door. Uncle George was among the first to be stricken.

"God bless you, Merry," he said; "don't forget the children; God bless you!" With the blessing still on his lips, he left us.

Then she was glad that she had stayed with him; the sacrifice was fully repaid in that last blessing.

But the next day little Annie laid her hot cheek against Aunt Merry's, and cried out that the fever was burning her throat. For eight days the little life swung in the balance; but on the ninth she crept into Aunt Merry's arms and whispered, "Good auntie!" just once before death set a seal upon the childish lips.

The black banner floated again from our door, and met an answering signal through all the stricken town.

Death played upon many heart-strings; but none, I think, were so entirely swept as was Aunt Merry's. She had scarcely seen the clay heaped upon the grave of little Annie before a messenger came for her. John—honest, patient John Eastman—was dying.

Poor Aunt Merry! The blows fell so fast that she had scarcely time to consider the magnitude of one before a heavier sunk it out of sight.

This was the last; when the light left John Eastman's eyes, hope left Aunt Merry's heart, to follow into and fix itself upon that unknown land into which his soul had drifted.

"Don't reproach yourself," he had said, at the last; "you did your duty, Merry. God bless you!"

We never called her "Aunt Merry" after that—never but once. It was the day they buried John Eastman; and she turned to me with a look of hopeless sorrow upon her pale, sweet face, and said, "Call me 'Aunt Meredith,' child."

The years have crowded fast, in spite of crippled bodies and hearts that give back echoless answers. Thirty and five; I have notched them upon my crutches; ten upon two, the last one fifteen. For the twisted body is well-nigh spent, and the last crutch is as good as new, save for the notches where my knife has recorded the years.

I have borne my burden tolerably, with Aunt Meredith's help. She has borne hers grandly, without help.

Without help, did I say? Then I spoke too quickly; for one evening I found her sitting alone on the west piazza, among the honeysuckles and jasmine vines, watching the sombre cloud-banks piling across the sunset, or forming into a purple bridge to span the crimson cloud-lakes.

She did not hear my crutch upon the soft sward, and her voice was scarcely more than the hum of the bees in the yellow jasmine bells.

"No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

Every step of my life, the clouded and the cloudless, has been blessed and brightened by her. She has paid her debt, interest and principal, and is now herself the lender; for when Uncle Clay's wife died ten years ago, four others were admitted to her household—Uncle Clay himself, Frank, May and Richard.

Frank and May have both been in to say good-night since I have been lying here, thinking about Aunt Meredith's mistake. May hugged her with both arms, and said softly, "The blessedest, best auntie;" while Frank stood a moment behind her chair and softly stroked the silver braids and recounted the day's trials and its pleasures.

"I shall be a man soon, and take care of you, Aunt Meredith," was his good-night.

Aunt Meredith nodded and smiled, and went to open the door for Robert, pausing as she passed my lounge to draw the covers more closely about my shoulders, while I lay here as if asleep.

Then for half an hour she and Robert sat there before the fire, while Robert told her everything.

First, he had thought he might take still another set of books to keep. By staying an hour later every night he could accomplish it. But Aunt Meredith said, "No, dear. It is not right to stay out so very late;" and the books were given up.

Then the clock struck half-past ten. Robert rose and lighted Aunt Meredith's candle; and again the halo seemed to form around the silver braids, and showed me the smile upon her pale face as Robert bent his head to kiss her faded cheek.

Now she is gone, and it is Robert who bends over my pillow and whispers, "Poor Clarence!" as he draws the covers ever so lightly over my chest.

And now he, too, is asleep; but his bed is so near that I can touch him if I choose. A little silver call-bell is in reach on the other side.

"You may want water, dear," Aunt Meredith said, when she put the bell there; as if I did not know what it is Aunt Meredith fears. It is the black banner on the door-knob.

But I am not thinking of that to-night. I am thinking of Aunt Meredith; and thinking of her life, so full of promise and so barren of fulfilment, and of my life so devoid of promise, and yet so full of peace.

I am thinking, too, of the lives of the children asleep in their beds; of the young man about to enter the world—pure of heart and strong of purpose; of the graves of the two men who blessed Aunt Meredith with their last breath; of the dying pillows made easy by her promises; of the little child who only left the shelter of her arms to slip away to God's.

When I remember these, I bless Aunt Meredith's mistake.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

GOOD APPETITE.

Poets really do not feed on air. Indeed, though they may be hungry in a distraught and absent-minded way, they probably eat as much as other men. More, perhaps, sometimes.

Heinrich Heine once destroyed the pleasure of a little supper by a mixture of appetite and absent-mindedness, of which he afterward became conscious with regret and yet a spice of amusement.

Heine, when a student at Göttingen, was invited with a fellow-student to take supper with Professor Hugo and his hospitable wife. The fare was simple and not too plentiful, but one dish was viewed with conscious pride by the hostess, who evidently felt that nothing could be better for the occasion; this was a small plate containing four fat sausages, with tempting gravy and garnishings of green.

The choice dish was passed first to Heine, who was in the full tide of a long and animated discourse, setting forth his opinions on some question which had been started by the professor.

Instead of serving himself to one sausage, and allowing the dish to proceed on its way to the others who were eagerly expecting it, he seized the plate, placed it before him, and proceeded to dispose of one sausage after another, not neglecting the gravy either, until the garnishings alone remained to show the havoc he had made.

Coming to the end of his speech at about the same time that he finished the last sausage, he looked at the gloomy faces about him, then at the empty dish, discovered what had been the

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meaning of certain spasmodic attempts on the part of Professor Hugo and his distracted spouse to interrupt his flow of language, and of course made profuse apologies.

But he was never invited to that house for supper again—the chance of being left supperless themselves was too great for his hosts to risk it a second time!

THE TREES.

Could we but read your steadfast lives aright,
And hear your message, as true hearts may hear,
In you our life might find its meaning clear,
"Rooted in clay, we lift our heads toward light."

Springfield Republican. —*J. O. Rankin.*

For the Companion.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "KITTIEWINK."

In Seven Chapters.—Chapter III.

The Finish.

A yacht-race is not in itself a particularly dangerous experience, nor is the modern yacht necessarily a death-trap. But a full main-sail in a gale, especially when its size is out of all sensible proportion to the boat, is nothing short of madness. The *Choctaw*, as many of her kind have done before, was merely reaping the result of foolhardiness.

Her owner, in the excitement of the peril, had dashed forward from the tiller to shove the jib to windward in order to bring the boat about, when a lurch sent him overboard. At that moment the *Kittiewink* was passing by the stern of the mismanaged yacht.

"Heave her a line!" shouted Phin, above the wind. "Take the road!"

As he called, he picked up a life-preserver at his feet—one of several which Mrs. Maynot had smuggled into the baggage, and which had not been relegated to the locker. Long experience had taught Phineas the value of a convenient life-preserver.

He stood up and hurled it toward the sinking man. The life-preserver whirled in the air, was carried toward its mark by a gust, and dropped within a few feet of its object.

Then the *Kittiewink* came sharp up into the wind. At the same time Black Tarr, obedient to orders, had cast the line from the *Kittiewink* to the *Choctaw*.

"Make her fast for'ard, you lubbers!" shouted the rugged sailor.

Phin, when he saw that the rope had fetched, put his helm hard down. A man on board the yacht had enough presence of mind left to catch the stout cable, and to make it fast. The *Kittiewink* now pulled stoutly on the dead weight. The *Choctaw* turned.

"Let go the road! There she fills!" The flapping jib now bellied out.

"Ease your main-sheet!" Black Tarr hurled this order at the discomfited yacht as it caught its first wind, and bent dangerously to it. She made slow headway. The foam washed back from the rocks upon her stern. Hurrah! She was still safe, and good for more races.

But where was the drowning man? Evidently he had caught the cork preserver, and had slowly forced his way toward the *Kittiewink*, which had again come up into the wind. Phineas Scrod had kept a weather-eye upon the floundering yachtsman. He had done all he could; it was five lives to one.

A dripping hand, purple with cold and fright, clutched the gunwale. The two boys, as pale almost as the face that peered gasping at them, lifted the struggling man aboard. This was quite a nautical feat for Harry and Algernon.

The *Choctaw* meanwhile was already some distance away, and getting clear of the Island. The *Kittiewink*, having modestly saved a yacht and her owner, stood off again by the wind. Scrod, at the wheel, was grumbling to himself.

At that moment, when the new-comer had but just reached the cockpit of the *Kittiewink*, the *Griffin* loomed up before them, making bad weather; but she was still in the race, and about to round Half-Way Rock. The crew of the *Kittiewink* had forgotten all about the race.

A yacht-race is seldom given up until it is lost at the last stake-boat. A dozen circumstances may conspire to bring the leading boat in last. It has even happened from time to time in the history of yachting that a boat has been capsized, has righted itself, been bailed out, and actually won the prize.

At the moment when the *Griffin* came into sight the racing passion revived, and the rescued owner of the *Choctaw*, forgetful of everything else, sprang to the shrouds and signalled his cutter wildly. It did not seem to occur to him that he was just out of the teeth of death.

"Keep on!" he shrieked. "Don't let them get ahead!"

The crew of the *Choctaw* could not hear him, but divined his meaning. They tacked and started once more in the race, and to turn the Rock.

"Get down there!" shouted Phineas, pointing at the dripping yachtsman. "Get down below there! Stow away that tongue, and put on some dry togs!"

The owner of the *Choctaw* reluctantly obeyed orders. He was not on his own boat.

"Hard-a-lee!" The *Kittiewink* started again in the race, slightly astern of the *Griffin*, but this time leading the *Choctaw*.

"If ther' aint no tug about," Phin muttered to himself, "I've got to stand ready to pick 'em up as they drop overboard!"

Non turned pale when they came about. Were these the pleasures of yacht-racing? He would have given his summer's vacation to steal unobserved to the harbor and give it all up.

He felt dizzy and sick in the tempestuous sea. It was very rough; but he did the best he could—he went below. Trot took this opportunity to sneak on deck.

Hal, too, was dazed. As the nominal Captain, he was outwardly jubilant before the stranger; but the spray struck him in the face and trickled down his neck, and took the romance out of this manly sport.

He gulped down his fright, and patted the terrier, who was now shivering and squealing in his master's arms.

Phineas Scrod kept on—it was not wholly easy to say why; but he had a great deal of confidence in the *Kittiewink*. She was built to stand such blows, but the yachts were not. Theirs was dangerous work. Phineas felt as if it would be unseamanlike to desert them.

The three boats were now in bitter competition. The *Gadfly* had withdrawn long ago, but rivalry ran high with those which remained. It was a shame that an old hulk should mock the crack vessels of their class!

The Captain of the *Choctaw* now came up from below, dressed in a dry suit of Hal's. For this reason Trot did not snap at him. He did not seem the worse for his ducking. His eyes blazed as he watched the contestants.

The *Griffin* was forging ahead; his boat was far behind. Half-Way Rock had been left astern; they were flying before the wind. A stake-boat off Tinker's Island was the next mark—then for home!

The Captain of the *Choctaw* sat down near the skipper, and eyed the *Kittiewink* with envy. How easily she rode the waves! How little she yawed from one side to the other! How bravely she carried her sail!

On the other hand, at every roller the *Griffin* heeled to one side, and her boom, longer than herself, dragged with the sail in the water. Then, with a tremendous jerk, she pulled it out, racking the whole boat.

There is hardly a more dangerous course than to run full sail on before the wind in a gale. The paid man on board the *Griffin* would have given his month's wages to be well out of it; but the amateurs clung to it. Sport is too often blind to peril, and courage is sometimes nothing but ignorance.

The wind blew in flaws, each new one more vicious than the last. Suddenly Hal's new yachting-cap blew far off to sea. It was one of the model adopted by the New York Yacht Club, and had crossed anchors embroidered in gold braid, which indicated that its wearer possessed a yacht. It was one of Hal's proudest possessions.

As it flew gracefully away, Trot, who had been trained to bring his master's hat, eyed it sharply. He knew his duty. He gave a few preliminary yelps, and made a mad jump for the floating cap. In a twinkling he disappeared over the side of the boat.

Hal shrieked. Non was down below, very sick.

"He's a goner!" said Scrod, curtly.

"But turn around! You must get him! He's my dog! I don't care about the race! I order you to. I'm Captain of the *Kittiewink*!"

Hal spoke passionately. Tears welled to his eyes. The poor dog could hardly be seen struggling in the waves.

What the effect of this peremptory command might have been is difficult to say. It was a terrible day, and the unusual kept happening. As Hal stood looking back, stamping his feet, and even attempting to force the wheel from Scrod, the two sailors suddenly jumped up like cats. One seized the life-preserver, while the other rushed forward to the same coil of rope that had saved the *Choctaw*.

What had happened to cause this commotion? Nothing less than the last possibility: the *Griffin* had overturned right before them! A fierce flaw had struck her sails full, and sent her over.

The fancy centreboard yacht lay on her side in the water. Her huge, speckless sails were spread upon the waves, and the gale flapped them ominously up and down.

The owner of the *Griffin* had advanced notions in yachting; his yacht carried an iron centreboard, but no outside ballast. She lay helplessly on her side. Evidently none of the rigging had parted, but the wind had simply forced her down.

From under ropes and canvas the surprised crew crawled and clambered upon her upper rail. Her cabin was locked tight. Had the doors been open, or the skylight unscrewed, she would have sunk like a shot. But with the air in her, and if the wind struck just right under that mass of sail, she might right herself.

In a moment the *Kittiewink* was alongside. Hal was terribly excited, and Non's sickness was suddenly cured by the strong emotion.

"Now, heave her the line! Down with the jumbo!" said Scrod, wearily, as if he had begun to be tired of picking up yachting boys.

The men aboard the *Griffin* seized the rope as well as they could, in a dazed way. They seemed dumfounded by what had happened.

The *Kittiewink* drew alongside. There was a general scramble for safety. With a crestfallen air, the two yacht-owners regarded each other.

"Too bad, old fellow!" said the *Choctaw* to the *Griffin*, as he helped him aboard the *Kittiewink*.

"I don't want your sympathy," said the Captain of the *Griffin*.

They all boarded their black rival, looking like wet seals, and were sulkily saved.

In the excitement of the accident and the rescue nobody had thought of the *Griffin* herself. This boat, the pride of the Neptune Club, lay like a wounded albatross, while the sea gurgled, and the wind groaned beneath her outspread wings. The *Choctaw* was still laboring far behind.

The *Griffin's* six men crowded into the cockpit of the *Kittiewink*. The owner of the *Choctaw* had joined them. One of the *Kittiewink's* fishermen made preparation to cast off from the floundering racer.

"Ar'n't you going to stand by, and help save the boat?" cried the owner of the *Griffin*.

"I wouldn't bother with that tea-cup for a thousand dollars," retorted Phineas, contemptuously. "You're lucky to be out of her so easy. Up with the jumbo. Ease the sheet there and let her go!"

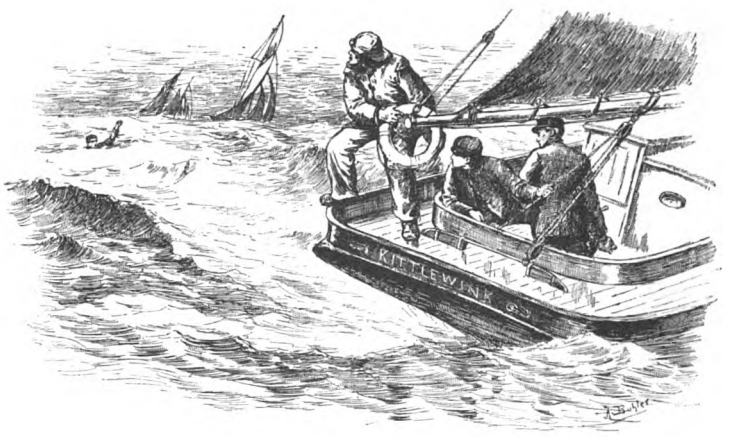
But poor Trot! What had become of him? In all this danger and delirium, who could save a puppy?

"Yap, yap! Yow, yow!" came a feeble cry. Hal and Non saw a strange little object floating astern, as the *Kittiewink* rose and fell heavily.

"It's Trot!" shrieked Hal. "Dear Trot! Phin, if you don't save that dog this time, I'll jump over after him!"

The order to "shove her off" was stayed. Black Tarr deftly took a long oar from the deck, and upon this the desperate dog clung with his fore-legs until he was drawn to the side of the boat.

"It's miraculous!" said Skipper Scrod, when the



Scrod saves the owner of the "Choctaw."

dog was drawn aboard. "None lost this trip, so far. Heave her off!"

Trot fell, a limp mass, into his master's arms; and if dogs can be said to faint, then and there the dog swooned dead away from exhaustion. Trot, too, had enough of racing that day.

"But," urged the owner of the *Griffin*, after this episode, "you don't mean to abandon my boat? She'll right pretty soon and sail anywhere. Let me aboard!"

He struggled to accomplish this object by main force.

"Avast there!" said Phineas, as firmly as though he trod a man-of-war. "Sit down, or I'll put ye in irons. Heave that line off there, I say!"

One of the men from the deserted *Griffin* obeyed mechanically. The crew did not seem particularly sorry to leave her. Held in a vise by the two rough fishermen, the owner of the *Griffin* gesticulated wildly. But, as the *Kittiewink* filled away, he stood with his arms folded across his breast in a tragic attitude, and surveying the ruin, began to anathematize his boat, her designer, her builder, the race, the day, his rescuers, the *Kittiewink*, and particularly her sailing-master.

Responsive to a wink from Scrod, the brawniest man, who happened to be Black Tarr, stopped the young gentleman's mouth with a hand whose palm was none of the softest and sweetest.

"I'm willin' to save human lives," said Phineas, charitably. "I'll save tom-fool boys; but to save tom-fool boats, that aint what I'm here for."

When the *Kittiewink* was distant about a quarter of a mile from the scene, and while seven pairs of staring eyes were following the floundering motions of the abandoned yacht, the *Griffin* rose with a sudden lurch. A gust had struck under her outspread sails. She righted herself, and dashed tipsily here and there on her unpiloted course.

Her owner uttered a deep groan. But it was noticed that the *Choctaw* made for the derelict, and thus gave up the race.

"We'll go the hull course an' win," said Phineas. No one reproved him for this pardonable exhibition of vanity.

The day and the gale had done their worst. With another shift of the wind the rain settled in, and with her rivals so well represented on board, the *Kittiewink* finished the course of the Neptune Club regatta on the Sixteenth of June in the worst weather found in the records of the Club.

As she rounded the bluff and passed the stake-boats, a salute of the gun pronounced her the victor. There were a hundred hurrahs for her unparalleled performance. But many anxious faces looked seaward for the missing yachts.

Skiffs and dories rowed out to the *Kittiewink* to learn the particulars of this memorable race, and carried its wet and sullen guests ashore.

The excitement in Marblehead ran high when it became known that the *Choctaw* had finally captured the wandering *Griffin*, and that the *Spook* was still waiting for a tug. Never had there been such a series of narrow escapes.

It was a rare combination of chances that brought the successive catastrophes about, but some yachtsmen shook their heads, and admitted that the same thing might happen again. Where were the builder's art and science, when a Cape fisherman could beat such crack yachts?

In view of the *Kittiewink's* gallant conduct, and of the tact and heroism of her sailing-master, the fact that Hal had not steered his own boat throughout the course was overlooked.

That evening, Hal and Non dressed and went to the Yacht Club. In the elation of the brilliant achievement of the *Kittiewink*, whose credit Hal, in this crisis, took upon himself as Captain, he sent a telegraphic message to Sweet Fern announcing his safety and victory.

This dispatch troubled his family exceedingly. It would have finally shaken their faith in summer yachting if they had read the graphic account in the next morning's papers. As it was, Mr. Maynot, thinking that no time should be lost, sent the following explicit message in return; which, however, was not delivered that night:

"*If you sail another race this summer, Phin will be dismissed and the boat sold.—Henry Maynot.*"

HERBERT D. WARD.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

SWIFT-FOOTED INDIANS.

It is easy to understand that savages must ordinarily be better runners and walkers than civilized men; but the Indians of the United States—with the exception of those of the far Southwest—seldom perform any feats of phenomenal endurance in pedestrianism, verging upon the incredible. It is natural, therefore, that we should be slow to suppose that the Indian natives of neighboring countries are able greatly to surpass our own in pedestrian feats.

But I am able to show from many examples within my own experience that the Indians of Mexico and our Southwestern Territories are unequalled in this respect. The very first Europeans who came among them, led by Cortes, marvelled at the Mexicans' swiftness of foot, and often had occasion to regret their superiority in this respect. Prescott says of the Aztec Indian couriers:

"Communication was maintained with the remotest parts of the country by means of couriers. Post-houses were established on the great roads, about two leagues distant from each other. The couriers bearing the king's despatches in the form of a hieroglyphical painting ran with them to the first station, where they were taken by another messenger and carried forward to the next, and so on till they reached the capital.

"These couriers, trained from childhood, travelled with incredible swiftness; not four or five leagues an hour, as an old chronicler would make us believe, but with such speed that despatches were carried from one hundred to two hundred miles a day. Fresh fish was frequently served at Montezuma's table in twenty-four hours from the time it had been taken in the Gulf of Mexico, two hundred miles from the capital.

"In this way intelligence of the movements of the royal armies was rapidly brought to court, and the dress of the courier, denoting by its color the nature of his tidings, spread joy or consternation in the towns through which he passed."

Swift as the courier system was among the civilized Indians of Mexico, its achievements are surpassed by the feats of endurance shown by individuals among the savages of that country, and especially among those in the Sierra Madre range of Northern Mexico.

Here dwell the Tarahumari Indians—a large tribe, of whom we hear little in the United States, although very few tribes in our own country exceed them in numbers. They are divided into two branches—the wild or savage Tarahumaris, and those called civilized. The latter have, as a rule, adopted Christianity, build rough log and stone houses, and rudely cultivate fields of corn and hardy cereals and vegetables; while the others still worship the sun, usually live in cliffs and caves, and gain more of their subsistence from game than they do from the little corn which they cultivate.

They secure their game by their swiftness of foot. Both the wild and civilized Tarahumari Indians are enduring and swift, the savages, as would be expected, surpassing their more sedentary brothers in these characteristics, although the civilized Tarahumaris can put to shame all the white pedestrians of the country.

Many of these people are employed by the Mexican Government as mail-carriers in the mountainous country of the Sierra Madre, and as such they are swifter and more reliable than any animal that could be used for the service. Over the dizzy Alpine trails of the Sierras, a mail-carrier, with a mail-bag weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, will readily make two or three days' mule-marches in one day; and he will never be delayed by washed-out trails or swollen mountain streams.

Even when, as is often the case, the carrier leaves the trail for miles at a time, to make a cut-off, he progresses about as rapidly as he would if he had kept upon it. Over all obstructions, trifling to him, he keeps up his regular "dog-trot."

It is very interesting to see one of these Tarahumari mail-carriers on a mountain trail. He is always on an easy run that must carry him along six or seven miles an hour, at least. He is nearly always dressed in white cotton cloth, which makes him a conspicuous figure against the sombre green and black tints of the high mountain levels, and which, late in the evening, causes him to look like

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a ghost or spectre flitting among the pines and firs and moss-covered boulders strewn along the trail.

These trails, on the steep places, wind backward and forward in stretches from fifty to seventy-five yards in length in order to find a grade up which a heavily-laden pack-mule can



make his way. But the athletic carrier does not run the whole length of these windings in descending a hill. He cuts off the corners at each bend by placing his hand on the edge of the trail, and vaulting to the lower level whenever the two levels are not more than six or seven feet apart. All this time he never gives up the little dog-trot that is carrying him forward so rapidly and surely.

The carrier will in half an hour go down a mountain side that would take the best mule in a bullion train or the fleetest one ridden by the little Mexican *caballero*, the best rider in the world, half a day to accomplish. In ascending, too, the carrier has methods of taking shorter cuts up steeper inclines, so as to gain time and distance at every turn.

In one of the great cañons of the Sierra Madre known as the Barranca del Cobre there is a rich silver-mine at the bottom of the steep cañon. The only way out is by one of these winding, twisting trails to the top of the mountain crest or *Cumbra*, as it is called, some five thousand or six thousand feet above the site of the mine. It takes a good mule five or six hours to make this ascent, and about an hour less to come down from the crest. Usually a much longer time is used. One day a party which had reached the *cumbra* sent a Tarahumari courier with a letter to the mine below; and this swift-footed son of the Sierra made the trip to the bottom, and returned with an answer in less than an hour and a half, running the entire distance, up and down.

Before the diligence or Mexican stage-line was established between the city of Chihuahua and the foot-hills of the Sierras, a mail-carrier with a mail often weighing from forty to fifty pounds used to leave that city on foot for the mining camps in the great barrancas of the Pacific coast slope of the mountains, and return, making the round trip in six days. He spent his Sunday in Chihuahua, seeing the bull-fights and cock-fights, and then repeated his trip in the ensuing six days.

The entire distance traversed in one of these trips of six days was five hundred miles, more than half of which was over a mountain trail of extraordinary roughness and severity. I was fifteen days on mule-back, and four in a diligence or stage in making the same distance; two days' ride in the diligence being seventy miles each day, and changing eight to ten mules five times between morning and night.

Something more than six hundred miles has been walked or run in pedestrian contests in six days, the contestants having level tracks and all the appliances of athletics to help them in making such a wonderful record; but compared with this mail-carrier's work, repeated every week in the year, summer and winter, the professional pedestrians seem to me very puny examples of what the human race is capable of in walking and endurance.

But as I have said, the wild Tarahumaris surpass their civilized brothers, although it would hardly seem possible. They are much hardier, and live in cliffs and caves so difficult of approach by the whites that it is very hard to study their habits. It is known that they live upon the game of the country to a very much greater extent than their civilized neighbors, and as they are armed only with the crudest bows and arrows, they would seldom be successful in securing the larger kinds if they did not depend upon their phenomenal swiftness of foot.

Their method of securing a deer is this: A small dog is starved for a day or two, and then put on the trail of the deer, which, of course, he follows with a great deal of energy. The wild Tarahumari, often wearing nothing at all but a pair of rawhide sandals, follows as fast as his feet will carry him, which is at a gait that will allow him to keep within sight of the dog, or within sound of his barkings. If night overtakes them, the savage and the dog sleep on the trail together, and cases have been known where two such nights have been passed in this way, the Indian's endurance quite equalling that of his canine companion.

The deer once sighted, the man begins to save his strength somewhat by cutting off all the corners he can as he is guided by the dog's barkings; and whenever he can assist by getting in front of the deer by means of some detour and frightening it back with loud shouts, he will do so, considering it a point gained.

This process, often repeated, finally brings the dog within reach of the exhausted animal. At the right moment it seizes him, and the Indian mountaineer rushes in and despatches the creature with a knife. To encourage the dog in future hunts, it is given no small share of the carcass.

There are several other tribes in Northern Mexico who could supply wonderful examples of the same accomplishments. All of them go to show that it is probably in this region of the world where we must look for our most swift-footed and enduring human beings. Buffon, who had gathered many interesting facts regarding the pedestrian feats of wild men, truly said in his Natural History, "Civilized man does not know his powers." FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

NOT ALL PERISHED.

Never true poet lived and sung in vain.
Lost if his name and withered if his wreath,
The thoughts he woke an element remain.
—*Lord Lytton.*

INSECURITY OF THRONES.

It is a striking and suggestive fact that the French Republic seems to-day to be as stable and secure a government as any in Europe. Indeed, it may be said that there are several European monarchies which seem in greater danger of falling than that Republic does.

In taking a glance at the several royal dynasties, it is not difficult to see that events might happen in the course of a few years which would be followed by the overthrow of more than one of them.

Of course, no one looks forward to seeing the British Monarchy replaced by a Republic in his own lifetime. The British are very loyal to their regal house, and Queen Victoria's course has commended itself to popular approval.

Yet it is not impossible that, ere very many years, a sovereign may be seated on the British throne who will not deserve the regard and affection in which the Queen is held.

The health of the Prince of Wales has long been delicate, and his manner of life is not such as to protect or improve it. It is well known that the Prince's eldest son reveals no indication, to say the least, of high ability and character.

If young Prince Albert Victor — the Duke of Clarence — should succeed to the throne, and should exhibit a conspicuous lack of the qualities needed in a king ruling over a constitutional monarchy, it would not be surprising if his incompetency should perceptibly weaken the bulwarks of the throne.

The great Empire of Germany is presided over by a young and erratic ruler, whose course of surprises is watched with anxiety by his subjects, and whose policy is opposed by the greatest and most resolute of living statesmen. His conduct may weaken the hold of monarchy on Germany, while, if within a few years he should follow his father to the grave, that mighty throne would be occupied by a boy now only nine years old.

A regency would be established in that case, and we should then look forward to grave changes in Germany.

The royal houses of Austria and Belgium have both within a short period lost the heirs apparent to the thrones, and in each case the succession departs from the direct line. Holland and Spain have young children as sovereigns, and are ruled by regencies of the sovereigns' mothers. It is a proved historical fact that a regency is less able to withstand popular discontent or commotion than an adult sovereign.

The royal house of Italy seems to be securely established. Yet there are evidences of political agitation beneath the surface of Italian society, and the kingdom has constantly a source of more or less danger within it in the presence of the Pope at the Vatican.

Italy is distressed in its finances, and finds the triple alliance a heavy burden; and forces exist in the peninsula which might take advantage of untoward events to strike for a republic.

In Russia, the throne is in danger from a powerful secret conspiracy, and from a discontent so widespread that it includes every class of society, and so formidable that even despotic power cannot suppress it. A revolution in Russia is by no means one of the least probable events of the not distant future.

The Portuguese monarchy is probably that whose peril is the greatest at the present moment. Its finances are in a desperate state. Its King does not show capacity or statesmanship. Its ministerial system seems to be in a condition of anarchy. Its embroilments with England in South Africa have perceptibly undermined its security.

The Portuguese have witnessed the deposition of a prince of their own royal house in Brazil, and the substitution of a Republic; and there is no doubt that an active Republican party is in existence in Portugal, bent on reproducing the Brazilian revolution on their own soil.

It is certainly remarkable that, while sources of danger to thrones may be discovered in nearly every European monarchy, the Republic of France grows stronger and more secure every day.

For the Companion.

LIFE.

Life is a folded flower, and what it holds
We know not, till, unwinding leaf by leaf,
It shows God's secrets hidden in its folds
And bares its fragrant heart to vision brief,—

For when its beauty and significance
Upon our earth-dulled senses break at last,
Back to its dust the flower turns; perchance
Ere we have learned its meaning life is past.

ELEANOR M. DENNY.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

Those who are now "young people" have little idea how important were the questions raised by the national debt during the years immediately succeeding the Civil War. When the United States entered into that great contest, it was almost free from debt. Ninety million dollars would have paid every claim against the treasury and left a balance.

Four years later there had been piled up a debt thirty times as great. It amounted to more than twenty-seven hundred and fifty millions. The interest charge was enormous, for the money had been borrowed at excessive rates of interest. Only one-tenth of the debt bore interest as low as five per cent., and the rest had been borrowed at six and seven and three-tenths per cent.

In one year the interest paid amounted to more than one hundred and forty million dollars. Taxes, and high taxes, were necessarily laid wherever anything could be found that could bear taxation, to meet the expenses entailed by the war.

As soon as the war was over, the work of paying off the debt, and of renewing every loan that fell due at a lower rate of interest, was begun in earnest. In 1868 the last of the Treasury notes bearing more than six per cent. interest were refunded at six per cent., and in that same year the total debt was reduced to less than twenty-five hundred millions.

In 1870 an act was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds to the amount of five hundred millions at five per cent., three hundred millions at four and a half per cent., and one thousand millions at four per cent. Bonds of these issues were to be exchanged for six per cent. bonds if the holders of those bonds wished to make the exchange; or they were to be sold, and the proceeds used to redeem the six per cents. when they should fall due.

It was not until 1876 that the credit of the United States became so good that the sale of five per cent. bonds ceased, and that of four and a half per cents. began. But within two years it was possible to stop selling the four and a half per cents. and to begin on the fours, the whole issue of which was taken up in about one year.

In 1881 the last of the six per cents. and five per cents. were redeemed—or, rather, the holders of more than four hundred million dollars' worth of five per cent. bonds consented to reduce the interest first to three and a half and then to three per cent. By 1887 all these bonds at a reduced rate were paid.

Then the country was left with an interest-bearing debt of two hundred and fifty millions at four and a half per cent., which could not be paid until 1891, and seven hundred and thirty-eight millions at four per cent. which the government cannot touch, without buying the bonds at a premium, until the year 1907.

Since that time whatever money has been available for the reduction of the debt has been applied to the purchase of these two classes of bonds. On the first of May there were left but fifty-one millions of four and a half per cents. and five hundred and sixty millions of fours. In June, the Secretary of the Treasury gave notice that all the four and a half per cent. bonds will be paid when they mature in September. Perhaps, however, some of them may be extended at one or one and a half per cent.

Thus the huge national debt incurred thirty years ago—so far as that part of it which bears interest is concerned—has been reduced to about six hundred millions, and the interest charge is considerably less than half a dollar a year upon each person of the population.

There are very few of the governments of the world which have so small a debt in proportion to population as that of the United States; and when the ability of the people to pay is considered there is no country where the public debt is a lighter burden than it is here.

SELF-RESPECT.

"The way to keep a man out of the mud is to black his boots," says Frederick Douglass.

This happy remark often occurs to us when we see boys going to school with shoes that have never once known the brush, with hair uncombed, faces not too clean, ears unfit for inspection, hands very black, and a cap that has evidently known hard service as a missile weapon. Such a boy is more likely at least both to talk and to act unbecomingly than one who is clean and tidy. Something within the tidy boy impels him to live up to his appearance. The other boy is apt to live down to his dirty boots.

Fixing upon a boy an odious and belittling nickname, which lowers his self-esteem, has the same tendency. So does ridiculing him for any natural defect, and for the clumsiness which often results from such a defect. The mistakes of youth frequently result from shyness, and this is greatly aggravated by the jeers of companions, and still more by the impatience of a teacher.

Many a person now honored and esteemed in the world dates his progress upward from the moment when he received from some honored lips a word of encouragement, or discovered by chance that he was not inferior to his comrades, despite appearances to the contrary.

We can hardly do a more injurious act than to make another think more meanly of himself than he ought to think. Humility is an excellent trait; but humility is a very different thing from the mortification and self-abasement that sometimes result from sneers or ridicule.

There was a girl a few months ago who seemed to be made a new person by just changing her school, although the school she left was, upon the whole, a very good one; but her old teacher, a strict and conscientious lady, could not be at all indulgent toward the faults and defects of this particular girl.

The new teacher bore with them easily, and thus soon discovered the good qualities hitherto concealed. From being constantly reproved, the girl found herself valued, liked, commended, and it made a new girl of her. Like the man of Frederick Douglass, whose boots were blacked, she felt that she must avoid her disagreeable ways.

Almost any observant and experienced teacher can call to mind similar instances, where the acquisition of a reasonable self-love seemed to lift an unpleasing character out of the mire of low propensities and offensive habits.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

"Olive is coming to see me! Olive, my roommate at Farmington! Olive, my dearest friend!" exclaimed an enthusiastic girl to her family. "Oh, I am so glad! She is the most beautiful girl, and the cleverest! Everybody at school adored her."

Three days elapsed between the coming of the letter and the coming of Olive, and those three days were all too short for Rose to ring her friend's praises. The family became almost as expectant as Rose.

"Fair Inez" herself could not have dazzled them. So imagine their feelings when a plump, large-mouthed, good-natured-looking girl was ushered in triumphantly as Olive.

"We might have expected it," said one brother to another, afterward. "When did Rose ever fail to sound the trumpet before her friends?"

"It is too bad," replied the other. "Very likely we should have thought her pretty if we had been left to discover it for ourselves. However, we must not let Olive suffer for Rose's indiscretion. Beside, I have an awful feeling that Olive is disappointed in us; that Rose has sprinkled the years of their acquaintance with praises of your classic nose and my Byronic locks and our beautiful home. We shall have to work to redeem ourselves."

Lord Bacon wisely suggested that it is "good discretion not to make too much of our friends at first;" and the still wiser King Solomon declared that "he that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him."

But Rose had never modelled herself after Bacon nor Solomon.

At breakfast the next morning she broke forth, "Oh, I have the best story that you ever heard in your life. I laughed over it until I cried."

Upon her telling it, however, there was neither laughter nor tears from the others. Olive and the boys exchanged amused glances, as if to say, "Had she told it without that startling preamble, it would have been capital."

Rose has such a faculty for spoiling things—not ill-naturedly, for she is unselfishness itself; but she raises expectation to a height that the after performance never realizes, and disappointment is always following in her footsteps.

The emissaries of the Queen of Sheba were shrewd when they carried back so moderate a report that the Queen herself could say, "The half was not told me."

CLASS TREES.

Garden and Forest has a very sensible suggestion to make in regard to the planting of class vines and trees by graduating classes. It is a time-honored custom to set out these vines or trees in Commencement week, to keep green the memory of the class about to leave college; but nobody afterward takes the responsibility of seeing that they do not die an early and unwatered death.

In many New England towns huddle about the school buildings numbers of pitiful little maples

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and elms, which would have reached an ample growth if only they had received proper care when first planted.

Instead of setting out its tree at the close of the college course, every class should, on entering an institution, erect its growing monument, and devote its best energies, during the years of student life, to having its vine or tree beat the record in growth and vigor. Thus, if one specimen died, another could be planted, that the class might be sure of a memorial. A yearly committee should be appointed to attend to the plant, and a small subscription levied for proper fertilizers and cultivation.

If the personal attention of the boys could be given to this subject, if they would themselves dig about, enrich and prune what they had planted, college yards would cease to be bare and desolate.

"CITOYENNES."

Looked at from the distance of a century, the fury of the French people, at the epoch of the Revolution, against all titles of honor and other distinctions, seems amusing; but the matter was then far from being something to be laughed at.

All titles were abolished save those of *citoyen* or citizen, for men, and *citoyenne* or "citizeness" for women. So determined were the radical opponents of aristocracy that it cost more than one man his life to speak of another person by his former title. It was not Louis XVI. who was condemned to the guillotine, but "Louis Capet." Yet even in those troublous times there were occasions when a laugh at the political absurdities into which the people ran was not only in order, but could not be repressed.

During the awful years between 1789 and 1801, the Parisian people required to be entertained, and much excellent music was produced. On one occasion, when a musical programme was given before a great audience, one of the singers, a woman, was taken ill, and her place had to be supplied by another singer. The manager of the entertainment stepped forward to announce the change. He began:

"Gentlemen and ladies —"

"No! No!" the shouts rang through the hall. "There are no more gentlemen and ladies! We are all citizens."

"Citoyens and citoyennes," the speaker began again, "I regret to announce that Mlle. ——"

"No! no!" rang the shouts once more; "there are no more demoiselles. Say 'citoyenne!'"

"Citoyens and citoyennes, I regret to have to announce that the Citoyenne Roublard is ill; but I take pleasure in informing you that Madame Chevalier —"

Once more the noisy protest came from the audience: "There are no more 'mesdames;' say 'citoyenne,' we tell you!"

The manager stood as if he were unable to go on. "Come now, ladies and gentlemen," he said; "if I say Citoyenne Roublard and Citoyenne Chevalier, how are you going to know that one of them is a married lady and the other isn't?"

This was a view of the case which had not occurred to the people before. They allowed the manager to begin his statement over again, and say "madame" and "mademoiselle," apparently recognizing the fact that the words were sensible and convenient.

FOMENTING DISCORD.

Our newspapers are our greatest educators, and they certainly disseminate a vast amount of useful information; but like all the works of men, they have imperfections. One of the most common faults is a disposition to magnify every personal, religious, political, or international quarrel, and even to imagine differences where none exist.

The other day we saw three examples of this disposition in a single issue of a newspaper. First there was a studied effort to make it appear that there is jealousy and all manner of concealed unpleasantness between two high officers of the national government.

In another column was the denial by a prominent politician of the correctness of a certain "interview" in which he was represented to have spoken of reporters in terms of great contempt. He had had no such interview, he had never expressed the opinion imputed to him, and he had never held that opinion.

Finally, there was a detailed statement that a certain person intended to take advantage of the unpopularity of a gentleman holding a public position to become a candidate for the office. It subsequently appeared that the whole story, beginning with the matter of the officer's unpopularity, was invented, and had not a particle of foundation.

It is a pity that, when there are so many pleasant things to say, some of our newspapers go so far out of the way to find unpleasant matter. Things are rarely quite as bad as they are represented to be.

It is a good rule not to believe more than one-half of the stories of private quarrel told by the newspapers addicted to this sort of thing; and if one were not to believe anything of them until he knew which half is true, he would do better still.

WHAT HE WANTED.

The eccentricities of great men are not to be interfered with, especially when the great men are in bad humor. A new story of General Jackson relates that, while on one of his journeys to Tennessee about the time of the nullification excitement, he arrived at a Virginian village in a very impatient state of mind, both with public affairs and with the state of the roads.

The President was entertained as a guest at the house of a lady in the village, and although he tried to be polite, the state of vexation which he was in affected him visibly.

His hostess, at the supper table, was much alarmed to see the General swallowing with great rapidity a cup of almost boiling-hot tea.

"Wait, wait, General!" exclaimed the lady. "Let me give you some cold water." "No, I thank you, ma'am," said the General, continuing to drink. "But I don't see how you can drink that boiling-hot tea without scalding yourself."

"No wonder you can't, ma'am," said Jackson; "I *am* scalding myself."

"But, sir, why do you —"

"Good gracious, ma'am!" exclaimed the General; "don't you see that I want to scald myself?"

The lady refrained from making any further suggestions as to her distinguished guest's comfort.

AN AMBITIOUS ROOSTER.

When a Philadelphia boy returned home last fall from his father's New England farm, where he had been several months, he carried with him a young game rooster which had been his care literally *ab ovo*, for he had seen the little chicken come to life in an incubator, and had made it his pet from the first. Carefully packed in a basket, young Chanticleer began the journey. His owner would trust him to no hands but his own, and deposited basket and bird safely in his state-room on the Fall River boat. In proper season he gave his charge a rooster's supper, and at his own bedtime, seeing that his pet was well disposed for the night, went to sleep to dream of the dear farm he was leaving behind.

All went well till the first streak of daylight appeared. Chanticleer was not "house-trained," and being proud of the lusty, discordant crow he was just acquiring, nature commanded him to herald the dawn with true barnyard vigor.

The first few peals fitted themselves beautifully into the boy's dreams of the farm. Soon a particularly strident crow waked him completely, and left no doubt in his mind that his pet was acting in a very questionable manner. Crowing on a farm, even badly, may be a worthy accomplishment, but in the state-room of a Sound steamer, before the passengers want to get up, it is quite another thing.

Evidently the rooster felt more at home than the boy, for he continued his clarion call at frequent intervals with increasing fervor.

The boy rolled out of his berth, and tried to awe the bird by peering sternly into the basket. For a moment Chanticleer was silenced, but the boy's eye was not a lion-tamer's, and even as he looked the bird crowed again. At a rough count this was the tenth peal.

Murmurings of discontent could be heard from the surrounding state-rooms. "Wring that bird's neck," called out one sleepy traveller. A better-natured man was heard to laugh, and more distant came the words, in undoubted Yankee twang:

"Wal, I swan, if I didn't think I was back in the State of Maine, and chore-time was here."

Strangulation seemed the only cure, and that the boy would not have inflicted at the command of the Captain and all the boat's officers. The rooster kept on crowing, and the funny side of the affair struck its owner more and more forcibly. As he chuckled, the rage of his neighbors increased, and he soon heard sounds of getting up, dressing, and indignant protests against travelling with a barnyard. The angry man said:

"There's no more rest in this part of the boat, and I'd rather shiver on deck as we go through Hell Gate than hear such a din."

State-room doors slammed. The rooster had won the day, early as it was. In the train from New York to Philadelphia the crowing went on, and when they reached the Broad Street Station, the tally the boy had carefully kept since the tenth outburst showed the alarming record of one hundred and seventy-seven crows.

It was not altogether "bad fun" for the boy, but it was after all somewhat embarrassing, and he decided he would not manage another "personally conducted tour," with a young rooster as chief traveller.

CHEERING THACKERAY.

Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, who has been giving in *Macmillan's Magazine* some interesting recollections of literary life, says that she has a dim but most delightful remembrance of a party at the house of Dickens, when his children and she herself were very little. She recalls her admiration of the white satin shoes and long white sashes worn by the Dickens girls, and the fact that her own sash was a bright plaid of red and blue, a combination which she "could not bear." The evening passed, happily, radiantly, and at its close came an incident which brings tears to the eyes of those who love and reverence the satirical but always warm-hearted novelist.

Only this do I remember very clearly, that we had danced and supped, and danced again, and that we were all standing in a hall lighted and hung with bunches of Christmas green, and as I have said, everything seemed altogether magnificent and important, more magnificent and important every minute, for as the evening went on, more and more people kept arriving.

The hall was crowded, and the broad staircase was lined with little boys—*thousands* of little boys, whose heads, arms and legs were waving about together. They were making a great noise, and talking and shouting, and the eldest son of the house seemed to be marshalling them.

Presently, their noise became a cheer, and then another, and we looked up, and saw that our own father had come to fetch us, and that his white head was there above the others.

Then came a third final, ringing cheer, and some one went up to him—it was Mr. Dickens himself—and laughed, and said, quickly, "That is for you!"

My father, surprised, pleased, touched, settled his spectacles, and nodded gravely to the little boys.

KNEW HIS NAME.

The New York *Tribune* prints a highly improbable story about an aristocratic young lady of that city and her two fox terriers. The dogs, as the story runs, are of lofty pedigree, but bear the not very high-sounding names of "Rags" and "Tatters,"—from their fondness for tearing things.

The trio—the young woman and the two dogs—had been out for an afternoon walk, and while they were on their way back an Italian rag-picker happened along, trundling his cart rapidly down the street, and calling at short intervals, "Rags, rags, rags!"

The puppy pricked up his ears, and before his mistress could stop him, was at the Italian's heels, following him in the most confiding manner. The young woman hastened after him, but was unable to coax the truant back, every partial success being thwarted by another cry of "Rags, rags, ra-ags!"

At last, when the owner of the dog was almost in despair, she overtook a policeman, who soon recovered her pet.

The story reads well, but it will be hard for most people to believe that any rag-picker ever called "Rags!" distinctly enough for a dog to understand him.

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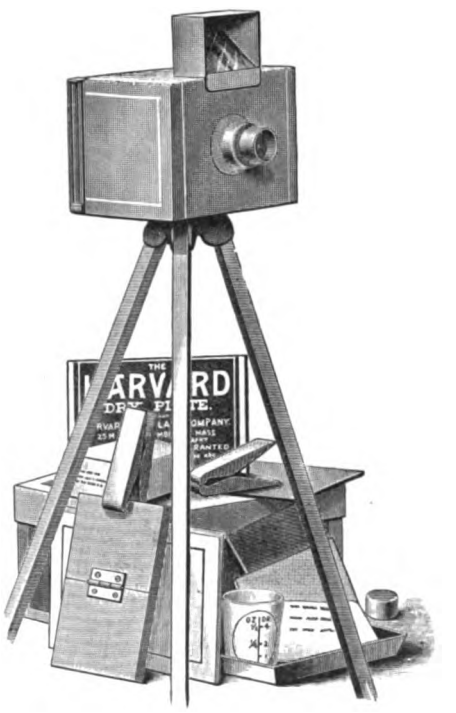
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For the Companion.

OVERLAND ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

By Rear-Admiral J. H. Gillis, U.S.N.

In the spring of 1867 I was ordered to proceed to Panama and take command of the United States Steamship *Wateree*, then lying in the harbor of that city.

I had been on the coast of the Pacific a little more than a year, and during that time had experienced many *temblors*, or tremblings of the earth; but none had been serious. I had begun to believe that earthquakes in Peru did not amount to much. But my ideas of earthquakes in that country were destined to undergo a sudden and lasting change.

The month of April, 1868, found us at Callao, where we expected to make a prolonged stay in order to make repairs; but an outbreak of yellow fever in the town compelled us to leave the port, and we set sail for Arica.

The *Fredonia* was a United States store-ship which had been lying in the harbor of Callao for many years. She was a rotten old hulk, and it had been confidently predicted that some day she would quietly go down at her anchors; but her captain feared a visit from Yellow Jack more than the dangers he might incur in a voyage at sea. I took the *Fredonia* in tow, and after several mishaps that threatened her destruction, she was at last safely anchored in the harbor of Arica.

Arica, which was then in Peru, but was afterward annexed, with the country about it, to Chile, lies at the foot of the Lluta valley—a valley abounding in fruits and flowers. The emerald green of its fields of grass and its orange and lemon trees presents a striking contrast to the dark gray of the hills that rise abruptly from its borders on either side. The bold, bald peaks of the Cordilleras, whose summits are lost in the clouds, with snow-clad Andes rising in the far distance, form a wonderfully imposing background to the scene.

The city contained at that time a population of about ten thousand.

For nearly four months the good people of Arica appeared to vie with each other in their endeavors to make the time pass pleasantly for us. Dinners, balls, parties and excursions followed one another in rapid succession.

Warnings of the Catastrophe.

For several weeks previous to the Thirteenth of August, there had been frequent *temblors*. But few of them were severe enough to cause more than a quickening of the pulse, although some were of sufficient force to loosen the rocks on the adjacent hills and send them rolling down to their bases, raising great clouds of dust. No apprehension was felt by any one, either native or foreigner; there was nothing in the temperature nor in the appearance of the heavens that would indicate to the people that a great calamity was about to befall them.

Even the sea was unusually quiet. It seems as if all nature was resting in order that it might gather the required strength for the terrific struggle which commenced at five minutes past four in the afternoon of that day.

I was at dinner. Suddenly we were startled by a low, rumbling sound, accompanied by a tremulous motion of the ship. The first impression was that a cask of water was being rolled over the deck; but this idea was dispelled as the rumbling sounds grew louder, and the increased motion of the ship caused the dishes on the table to dance about.

The conviction was forced upon our minds that an earthquake of unusual severity was in progress. Hastening on deck, we saw that the high hills along the coast to the southward seemed to be reeling to and fro, sending great masses of earth and rocks down their steep sides into the sea. We could distinctly trace the approach of the mighty convulsion as it swept on toward the doomed city.

The Morro joined the fearful dance, and then a house in the northeastern part of the city was seen to crumble away. Before there was time for more than an exclamation, Arica had ceased to exist as a city; a great cloud of dust covered the place where it stood.

A Ruined City.

As the cloud lifted and rolled away, there was presented to our view one of the saddest sights the eye ever rested upon—a city, the home of ten thousand people, a heap of ruins, and the inhabitants running frantically in all directions, appealing for help. During all this time the ship was trembling as if she were sentient, and realized the great danger which threatened her.

We were aware that a danger even more terrible threatened us from the sea, that in all probability we would soon be at the mercy of the dreadful tidal-wave; and what hope could there be in such an encounter for a vessel so frail as ours?

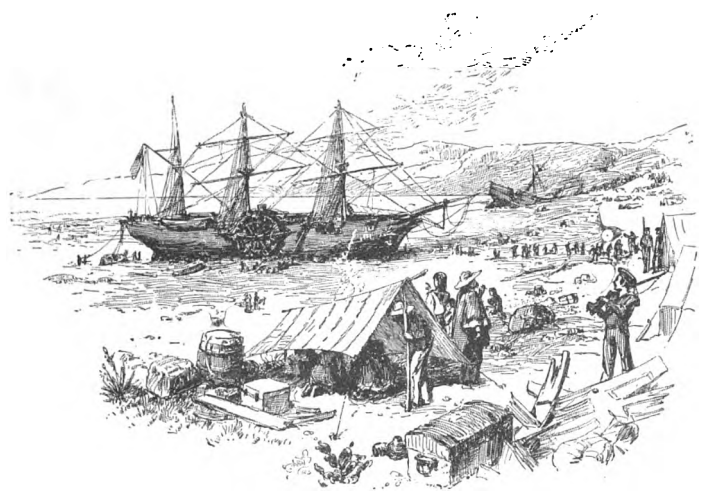
With a determination to do all that could be done, I at once gave orders to get the guns, which had been cast loose and run over to the starboard side for the purpose of careening the ship, into their places and secured. This was done with a coolness and freedom from excitement that can only come from a long familiarity with danger, and strict discipline.

When this had been done and other preparations had been made, and the sea still showed no signs of unusual disturbance, we believed the danger had passed away.

Relief of the Injured.

Then we turned our attention to the appeals of the sufferers on shore, whose cries and groans could be distinctly heard. I had all the boats called away, giving directions to have the men provided with shovels, axes, picks and crowbars to assist in extricating those who were buried beneath the ruins. I also directed the medical officer to get up his case of surgical instruments, and provide himself with everything necessary with which to perform surgical operations.

As soon as he reported himself ready, I took him in my own boat, and with the paymaster as his assistant, proceeded to the landing at the mole, or wharf. This was packed with people who were trying to get off to the vessels in the harbor, believing that they were the only safe places of refuge within reach.



The "Wateree" Ashore.

As I stepped out of my boat I was met by the navigating officer of the *Wateree*, Lieutenant-Commander Johnson, who, with his wife, was residing on shore. He was bareheaded and in his slippers, covered with dust and dirt, but uninjured. He had escaped as by a miracle, while his wife had been buried beneath the ruins. We found her body, lifeless and mangled.

While we were working to extricate her, I was startled by the cry of "*La mar! la mar!*" or "The sea! the sea!" uttered by thousands of voices. I realized the great peril we were in. The ground on which we stood was not more than eight feet above the level of the sea, and we should be at the mercy of the incoming waves.

A Race for Life.

By a mighty effort we released the body of Mrs. Johnson from the mass of wreckage that held it down; and now commenced the race for life. My heart sank as I felt how little chance there was that I should be able to gain a place of safety before being overtaken.

I kept on with the struggling crowd, followed by the grinding, groaning of the ruins as they were hurled forward by the vast body of water that swept irresistibly on; while high above the noise rang the fearful cry, "*La mar! la mar!*" in many instances only silenced by the death-struggle with the waters as they overtook the fugitive in his flight, or swept over some half-buried victim.

I discovered a break in the wall through which the people were passing; and on reaching the opening, saw that it led into a vacant lot which ran through to the next street, which was considerably higher than the one along which I had been passing.

I was soon in a place of comparative safety.

Of all the throng I had met on the mole when I landed, but a small proportion escaped, and of those who did, some were saved in a most wonderful manner. Señor Vicarro, a gentleman of my acquaintance, had been thrown from his horse a few days before and had broken the cap of his knee. The accident rendered him entirely helpless.

When the earthquake began he was carried by his attendant to the mole, and placed under an awning. When it was discovered that the sea was in motion, he was placed in a launch, where others had already taken refuge. Hardly had he been placed there when a large lighter was dashed against the launch, crushing it against the mole. Those who had sought refuge in the launch now clambered into the lighter, and Vicarro was taken with them.

Back and Forth on the Tide.

Borne by the rising water, the lighter now swept up the street and against the side of the hill, where, in the moment of rest preceding the recession of the sea, all but Vicarro succeeded in making their escape over the debris. But he, being unable to help himself, soon was carried far out to sea by the receding waters.

Again the waters turned, and the frail vessel, with its helpless passenger, was hurried on, apparently to certain destruction. Coming far ashore, the lighter rested a moment high up on the waste of ruin, and then took its flight back seaward.

Back and forth the man went upon a series of these fearful journeys. He could see his friends gathered on the hillside, watching with anxious eyes the course of the seemingly charmed craft. At last it was driven high up on the very top of the immense mass of debris that had already been forced up the side of the hill, by the sea, and lodged there.

All night long poor Vicarro lay praying and waiting for the morning light to bring him succor; and in the morning friendly hands gently raised and bore him away and ministered to his comfort.

When I reached the side of the Morro, I found many scattered groups of people gazing mournfully upon the places that but an hour before had been their happy homes, while here and there were other groups, gathered around some suffering and perhaps dying loved one.

The Bed of the Sea Laid Bare.

Turning my gaze towards the sea, a wonderful scene was presented. The sea had again receded, and for quite two miles from the shore the rocky bottom was bare. Of the six vessels that had been lying quietly at anchor, three were already wrecks, while the others, the *Wateree* among the number, were being hurried to and fro at the mercy of the fearful current, which seemed to be setting in every direction.

The Peruvian corvette *America* at one time made a complete circle around the *Wateree*, coming so close that it seemed impossible for the two vessels to avoid a collision. Then one was soon hurried forward in one direction, while the other took an opposite course. In a brief space of time they were fully half a mile apart.

When night closed down the *Wateree's* lights were placed in their proper position. Seeing them flash out, my hope rose high that the vessel would pass through the ordeal in safety. But just when hope was highest, and the ship was rushing with fearful rapidity past the city to the north, I was startled by seeing through the darkness a long line of glimmering white, coming down along the coast from the westward; and as it swept on, every moment becoming more and more distinct, I realized too fully what it must be.

It was the terrible bore, or combing sea, which we had so much feared when the earthquake was first felt in its full force. So much time had passed without it that we had hoped that it would not come; but now on it rolled, a solid wall of water fully fifty feet high, before which it seemed as if nothing but God's works could stand.

Right in its path lay the gallant ship. My gaze was fixed upon that dim red light, waiting to see it extinguished forever by the mad sea. I dared not hope ever to meet my comrades again. Suddenly the light shot up into the air, was lost to sight for one brief instant, then was hurried on once more. They had met—the sea and the ship—and, thank God, the ship was still safe!

Soon the light became stationary. Hope lived again, and a great load was lifted from my heart. I could observe the scenes around me.

It was now twenty minutes past seven—two hours and a quarter since the city fell—and all this time, with short intervals of intermission, the earth had continued its restless motion. At each low rumbling, and as each successive wave passed over the land, the voices of the thousands on the side of the hill broke forth, in a long, low wail, and earnest prayers rose from the pallid lips of strong men and weak women alike.

Here and there the feeble light of a fire, kindled to keep off the damp night air, shone out; while in the far distance, in the great Andean range, the light of the volcano of Sahama illuminated the heavens, and brought out in startling relief the bold outlines of the mountains.

As the night wore on I wandered from group to group, doing what I could to help those most in need, although it was, at the best, to give but a cup of cold water or a cheering word.

My heart was deeply touched at the patience in suffering evinced by those who had been most seriously injured. There they lay, mangled and bruised, with shattered limbs and gaping wounds, weak women and strong men, the young and the old, the sick and diseased, with no bed but the trembling earth and no covering but the canopy of heaven.

The Earthquake Continues.

All the time the terrible, sickening motion continued, the earth opening in many places, and in some boiling up like water in a vessel, while noxious gases made their escape, filling the atmosphere with an unpleasant odor. Long lines of crevices, extending far down and in every direction, seemed to stand ready to engulf any unwary victim who might come near.

Many of the shocks were so strong that the silent watchers by their dead were actually shaken down the hillside.

Eleven mighty waves had burst upon the shore, each one completing some unfinished work of destruction, each one, as it receded, bearing with it fresh victims. But, as though the sea were exhausted with its last mighty effort, when the great ocean hurled its vast body of water high up on the land, each subsequent wave came weaker and weaker, until finally the harbor became as tranquil and undisturbed as though it had never been the scene of such wild and tragic events.

At midnight, while standing near one of the fires that had been lighted on the side of the hill, and which had served as a beacon to guide them on their course, I saw approaching an officer from my own vessel, accompanied by two of the crew, who had been sent to find me and report the condition of affairs on board the ship.

It was with the deepest satisfaction, and with my heart filled with gratitude, that I received the information that not one of those belonging to the *Wateree* had perished, although the ship had been swept far inland, and was then resting on the sands half a mile from the water.

I had not supposed it possible for a vessel to be carried up on shore any distance from the beach at that point, as I knew that there was a range of sand-hills, from twenty to thirty feet in height, and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet in width at their base, running all along the shore above the city. At high tide, the waters came close up to the foot of these hills. But it appeared that they had been completely obliterated by the sea. Not even an irregularity in the sands was left to show where they had been.

As soon as I had received the report of the officer, I set out on my return to my vessel, guided by the ship's light, that still shone out upon the night. The light from a lantern carried by one of the men enabled us to pick our way over the debris and through the mud. While this lantern was a benefit to us in one way, it added to our insecurity in another, by attracting the notice of the armed robbers who had already begun their nefarious work, and who were maddened by the liquors which they found in abundance on every hand.

Getting out of their way as much as possible, we escaped their violence, and after a weary tramp of about three miles, reached our vessel.

Inspecting the "Wateree."

We found her lying as upright as though still in her proper element, but bearing many marks of the conflict through which she had passed. Her starboard side had received a terrific blow from the bore, crushing in the paddle-box, carrying away nearly all the wood-work in the neighborhood of the starboard wheel, and sweeping into the sea a number of the hammocks belonging to the men.

The decks were covered with sand and mud that had been left by the sea when it broke over her.

The crew, with the exception of the few on watch, and those who had lost their bedding, were in their hammocks; the officer of the deck was promenading the quarter-deck, and everything was in the same order as is usual on board of a man-of-war lying at anchor.

The *Wateree* undoubtedly owed her escape, in the first place, to the fact that both of her chains did not part, one of them holding on, and the

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anchor thus keeping her head on to the waves. I can only account for her escape from the crushing effects of the bore, by supposing that she must have gone up on the curve of the sea, its power, to a great extent, thus being destroyed. But had the chain parted at this critical moment, the ship would have been rolled over and over, and not a soul would have escaped.

I received the report of the executive officer and then retired to my state-room, worn out with the excitement and fatigue of the hours which had been filled with such strange and awful events, but with a deep sense of gratitude for the wonderful mercy that had spared me and those under my command.

One man was supposed to be lost. The last that had been seen of him he was standing up in my boat, as she was being carried out to sea, and waving the boat's ensign. But he turned up all right sixteen days after.

He had made his escape to the island of Alacran, against which the boat had been carried, and the following day was taken off by a boat from a steamer which had come in from sea. He was carried down the coast to Iquique, and thence made his way back to Arica.

I tried to obtain a little rest, knowing that all my energies, physical and mental, would be required next day; but the almost incessant vibration of the vessel, caused by the continued shocks, prevented sleep, and I was glad when the morning light broke. I was enabled then to see the waste of ruin that lay about me.

The *Fredonia* had succumbed to the first incoming wave. When the sea receded, her anchors held and kept her from going out, and although she was anchored in fifty-one feet of water, she was left on the naked rocks, and, falling over on her side, never righted. Being old and rotten, the first returning wave split her open from end to end. Of all on board, only two seamen were spared. They were picked up in the morning from a portion of the wreck that was floating in the harbor, so terribly mangled that they only lived to be helpless cripples for the remainder of their days.

The Peruvian corvette *America*, which was as handsome a craft as ever was launched, now lay a wreck on the beach, directly in front of the *Wateree*. Eighty-three of her officers and crew were dead, among the number being her commander; and many of those who escaped death were seriously injured.

The *Rosa de Rivera*, a Peruvian barque, had entirely disappeared. Not a vestige of the vessel nor anything belonging to her could be found; and of those on board not one was left.

The English barque *Chañarcillo*, a new and powerfully built vessel, was literally torn to pieces. She had rolled over and over, her decks being crushed in by the rocks which lay at the bottom of the harbor, her chains wrapped completely around her. Not a man on board escaped.

There was another vessel, a small brig, the name of which I have forgotten, that was also thrown up on the shore. What became of those on board I could not learn, although I made every endeavor to do so, and I was forced to conclude that they too had in all probability lost their lives.

Merchandise of every description, from the custom-house and from stores, to the value of many millions of dollars, chairs, tables, bureaus, pianos and household goods of every kind, were scattered along the shore, while here and there on the beach could be seen the nude bodies of the dead, which the sea had already begun to give up.

After giving directions to the executive officer to afford such relief as was possible to all who might ask for aid, and not waiting to break my fast, I started for the place where the people were still collected on the side of the Morro, to ascertain what had become of my friends, and to offer my services to the authorities in instituting a system of relief for those who were most in need.

I soon found out that it was useless to attempt to coöperate with the authorities. They were in too demoralized a condition to make any use of the powers with which they were invested. The thieves were having everything their own way, boldly loading upon the backs of mules everything that was transportable.

A reign of lawlessness prevailed, and every man who cared for his life had need to go well armed. I naturally felt very anxious to learn the fate of those to whom I had become most particularly attached during my stay at Arica; and after a walk of about two miles up the side of the hill, I found a little party which included nearly all of my friends. All were safe.

They had been preparing their breakfast—a frugal meal of a few sea-biscuit, a small piece of sun-dried beef, and a fish that had been thrown on shore by the sea.

After taking leave of my friends I returned to the ship and began the distribution of provisions to the hungry people. Fortunately we had a good supply on hand. For several days the cooks were kept busy from early in the morning until late in the evening, preparing food.

I had made free use of the stores on board the *Wateree*, in relieving, so far as I could, the necessities of the people; and when the Admiral arrived, he directed me to turn everything remaining over to the authorities for distribution. This I immediately did, and over twenty thousand dollars' worth of stores were thus given them. I am happy to state that the Admiral's action, as well as my own, met the cordial approval of our government.

The stores having been delivered to the authorities, preparations were at once made to leave the ill-fated *Wateree*. The brass pieces, consisting of twelve and twenty-four pounder guns, and the ammunition that was on board were sent to the *Powhatan* and *Kearsarge*. These were about the only articles of any value which could be transported to the landing at that time.

Two officers were left to take charge of the ship, to prevent the destruction or carrying off of such things as were left on board; and with the other officers, and what remained of the crew, I took leave on the Twenty-ninth of the month of my late command.

I embarked on board the *Powhatan*, and the following day we steamed away from the ruins of the city whose hospitable citizens had extended to us so warm a greeting but four short months before.

For the Companion.

IN A GREAT POST-OFFICE.

When you have written a letter to a friend in California, Texas, Maine or Florida, you drop it in the post-office or letter-box and forego all further care, knowing well that, if it is properly stamped and addressed, it is practically sure to reach its destination.



Where your care ends that of the United States Government begins; and the little white envelope becomes an object of careful attention from at least a score of trained men.

Suppose we enter the long gallery overlooking the general mail department in the New York City post-office, and see what becomes of your letter.

As New York is the largest city in the country, it sends out more letters than any other. In the year 1889, more than half a billion of letters were transmitted, through this room, to all parts of the world.

It is a rather strange fact that the larger part of the city's correspondence is with itself. Distances within it are so great that the little stamped messengers are of great convenience.



It is amusing to watch the letters as they drop upon the tables or into the tubs prepared for them. As we stand behind the long line of boxes with a score of openings, we see and hear them slip, with a gentle *click*, *click*, *click*, all day long, through the little openings; they are dropped by the hands of busy people, now into the "Outgoing Domestic" box, now into the "Foreign" box, now into the "New York City Delivery" box.

Here a great roll of circulars comes tumbling in, or a package of newspapers or magazines. Here, again, through the wide opening provided for the purpose, parcels and packages of every shape and almost every size are dropping into place.



It is so interesting to watch the constant fall of these various missives, and to wonder who sent them and where they are going, and whether they contain messages of joy or sorrow, that we are in danger of neglecting to watch the busy workers at the tables just beyond.

Near the boxes into which the letters fall, sits a man at a table with a short, hoe-like rake. He draws the letters toward him and places them face upward. They are now ready to have their stamps "killed," which means, of course, marked so that they cannot be used again.

Next to the tables upon which the stamps are



cancelled, stand a series of long tables, on each of which are long cases divided into numerous compartments. These are rapidly filled with letters by the assorting clerks. There are special tables marked "Pennsylvania," "New England," and so on. One would think just now that all the world were writing to New England, from the immense pile of letters being deposited here.

With surprising swiftness the assorting clerk takes up a package brought from the stamping table, arranged with face upward for easy reading. A glance at the State and town, a moment of thought, sometimes not even that, apparently, and the letter goes into the packet which is to be carried by a particular railway route.



Nearly every assorter has some trick of manner by which he gains a little time for thought before placing his letters. One twirls the letter around twice, another flirts it up and down, while a third appears to throw it over his shoulder.

In that second of time the decision as to its route is made. In many cases not even a second is needed to place the letter correctly.

The assorting clerks become very skilful in their work. They are paid according to ability, and their salaries range from fifty dollars to one hundred and fifteen dollars a month.

To each man is given a pile of cards, one thousand or more in number, each about the size of a letter, and each addressed to some post-office. The clerk is required to assort these, and his marks in the examination depend on the speed and the accuracy of his work. One man assorted a thousand cards in twenty minutes. That is almost one every second.

A great variety of work is being done at the numerous other tables and departments of the large room. Here are seven boys who are stamping incoming letters with the New York postmark and time of arrival. Their hands move so swiftly that one can scarcely follow them.

The packages of letters which arrive through the mail from other points are securely tied together with strong cords. As they are taken from the pouches they are carried to the "string man," who, standing all day at a table, does nothing but clip the cords, opening the precious packages.

There are men to sort and distribute letters for the lock-boxes, and others to collect mail from each set of boxes. The carriers have a separate table where they make their mail ready for their trips. At another table some are busy with letters just brought in from the street boxes.

Papers and parcels have each their own particular place for arrangement and distribution. The newspapers, which require more space than the letters, are cared for in the basement, where a small army of men and boys, without a laggard among them, are getting the papers in order for carriage or distribution.

The New York post-office costs the United States Government over a million dollars a year for clerk hire—not such a large sum, in view of the immense amount of work done here, and the skill and strength required to do it. It costs more than two thousand dollars merely to repair the mail-bags.

Of course a large amount of money is received for stamps, postal-cards, stamped envelopes, postal notes, money-orders, and so forth. Every year the people make greater use of the money-order and registry departments. In the year 1889 over ninety-one millions of dollars passed through the money-order department.

As in all large offices, there are special windows where stamps are bought in large or in small amounts—seven windows in all—and the work of the department is greatly facilitated by this division of the business. More than five million dollars were received last year for stamps.

While a great deal of money must be paid out in so large an establishment, a large sum is taken in; and the net profit to the Government for the last year from this office was more than three millions of dollars. Let us take a look into the office of inquiry for missing letters and parcels. This is a very interesting room, where a dozen men and girls are busily engaged trying to right the errors of the careless, ignorant or dishonest people who abuse the postal system.

To this room are sent all the misdirected, unaddressed, unclaimed, underpaid and "refused" letters; indeed, everything which the quick eye of the assorter finds out of place.

Here is a pile of thirty or more letters, all addressed in the same hand, to one of the richest merchants in the city, and each one marked "refused." The writer evidently belongs to the "importunate widow" class, for we are told that she has sent these letters, begging for money, every day for weeks and months. The merchant now directs them to be marked "refused," and they are then returned to the office. According to the requirement of the law, they are sent to Washington and there destroyed.

Inquiries for missing letters or packages are sent to this room, where the most careful effort is made to recover the lost article.

Between ten and fifteen thousand misdirected, unstamped, not-addressed and otherwise unmailable letters are sent to Washington every Friday from this room. Efforts are made to trace every missing letter, parcel or paper received here; but often there is nothing whatever to indicate the name of the sender or the person to whom it was sent.

Although the sending of fresh fruits and vegetables is strictly prohibited, many boxes of strawberries were received last year, all of which were detained, of course. Some selfish people forget that there is to be something in the mail-bag besides their own parcels, and that a box of berries or cherries might ruin parcels of



great value. I saw several cans of oil, one of which had lost a part of its contents by leaking.

In a large, high case are hundreds of papers and magazines which have burst their wrappers, and have no means of declaring where they came from or to whom they were sent.

It is unpleasant to think how many people all over the world must be suffering disappointment because of all this array of letters and packages sent by careless or ignorant hands. Hundreds of letters are stamped, but not directed; as many more are not stamped.

Every one who writes a letter should be careful to make the address plain and easy to read. Of course it is much easier for those who sort and send letters to have legible inscriptions to read, but it is far more important to the sender than to any one else that the letters should go, not be detained by a puzzling superscription.

Does any one make a small *a* and *o* very much alike? Then such an one should not use the abbreviations for California and Colorado, but write out the whole word.

The same rule applies to the abbreviations "Me." and "Mo."; "Miss." and "Mass."; "Penn." and "Tenn."; "Pa." and "Va."; "Ct." and "Vt."; "N. C.," "D. C.," and others.

To be considerate to others and to try to help instead of hinder their work is a mark of good-breeding, but in this case carefulness is necessary to one's own convenience.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

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SUGGESTIONS

WINDS.

Notice and explain the air-currents around and above a fire or a hot stove.

Are plains, hills, forests, and lakes warmed equally or unequally by the sun's heat?

What must be the result?

Why are winds so variable in force, direction, etc.?

What are land-and-sea breezes? Their causes?

What are the trade-winds and their causes?

For the Companion.

MEHITABLE MAKING DOUGHNUTS.

The fun we've had, my ancient chum,
In the old farm-house, yonder!
That gable-end was where we slept,—
Who sleeps there now, I wonder?
The moon lights up the big red barn,
And glides along the clover,
I tell you 'twas a happy life,
I'd like to live it over.
But best of all, to us, was when
Mehitable, our cousin,
Rolled out the doughnuts on a board,
Ah, many a baker's dozen.

For Hitty was a winsome girl,
With country ways and graces;
Somehow you don't find just that look
In any city faces.
I see her now—her eyes so blue!
I called 'em jest entrancin',
The dimples both in cheek an' chin,
They seemed forever dancin';
Her merry laugh, her sleeves tucked up,
Her hair combed off her for'ed,
Leavin' it soft an' white an' round,—
She thought that bangs were horrid;
Her hands upon the rollin' pin,
No rings upon her fingers,
The memory of that happy time,
It sort o' comes an' lingers.

Then, when the dough was cut in shape,
An' bits left over, maybe,
She'd, laughing, make an elephant,
Or all sorts of a gaby
For you an' me, but of the rest,
Such hearts an' rounds an' twisters!
And threw 'em in the kettle, where
They plumped with rich brown blisters;
Then quick she'd turn 'em with a fork,
An' daintily she'd set 'em,
And land 'em—well, we boys did that
As hot as we could get 'em.

To-day the farm's in stranger-hands,
The blackberry hills built over,
The town has raised a big stone hall,
Right where we picked the clover;
Mehitable's a grandma now,
An' livin' in the city,
Her husband is a millionaire,
So you an' I lost Hitty;
But we old boys sometimes review
The scenes where memory's laid 'em,
An' call to mind the doughnuts hot,
And how we boys would raid 'em;
I've never tasted doughnuts, since,
As nice as Hitty made 'em.

MARY A. DENISON.

For the Companion.

HONEST OLD TOM.

Two years ago there died an old man who, as a learned and just judge, had long commanded the respect of the community. Forty years before he had gone to the city where he lived a penniless young lawyer, and had slowly earned for himself an honorable position.

He had never married, and never could be tempted to enter society, but lived always in the same quiet apartments, surrounded by his books and a few friends, who greatly respected and loved him. Every Sunday, no matter how stormy, found him in his obscure seat in church, devout and earnest; but he never could be persuaded to hold any office, even the humblest, in the church.

He was so just a judge, so rigid in his integrity, that his townsmen affectionately dubbed him "Honest old Tom."

He died after a lingering illness, with a few faithful friends about him. When they began to prepare him for the grave, they found upon his chest the letter T branded with a hot iron—the most degrading punishment inflicted in the Southern States.

The just judge, the faithful Christian, had once been convicted as a thief.

The astonishment at the discovery was great. His nearest friends bowed over his coffin in sorrow at the revelation, forgetting that the shut lips could never deny the charge, nor speak a word in his defence.

But there were voices to speak for him.

Men and women were eager to tell what they knew of his private life. It was found that each year he had given to benevolent objects the largest part of his income.

Nurses from the hospitals spoke of him now as a visitor who had often come to bring luxuries to the poor patients, and to comfort them with kind words.

Officers of jails and penitentiaries spoke tenderly of him. To many a poor, battered prisoner he had gone as a brother, and held out a hand in an endeavor to lift him up to a clean, honest life again.

Out of the obscure quarters of the city, there came, on the day of his burial, women whom he had rescued from a life of shame, and orphan children whom he had befriended.

When he was carried to the grave, these were his mourners. They crowded silently about his coffin, tears on their pale faces. The man whom Christ sent to help them was gone. His brotherly sympathy they had felt; they did not know its secret spring, nor realize that another could sympathize with them as he sympathized. Good Christian men who had never been tempted and overcome as he had been, talked to them as from a height. He stood beside them; he seemed to speak out of the depths of his heart.

He had been in the slough. He knew the Hand that could lead them out of it. He held it in his own, every step of the way.

The old minister, looking at these men and women standing about the grave, said with almost a voice of triumph, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." For he saw a meaning of great courage and hope in this poor thief's life. It was that the man who repents of his sin and forsakes it, may be fitted for higher work in Christ's service than he who has never battled with sin and been helped to victory.

The multitude whom St. John saw standing nearest to the throne in heaven were not those whose garments had never been stained, but they who had washed their robes and made them white by faith and through obedience "to Him who loved them and gave Himself for them."

"STEEPLE-JACKS."

In the great cities of England and in several of those of America a small number of men follow the trade of climbing steeples, great chimneys, monuments and other lofty structures, to make repairs, put up lightning-rods, apply paint, and do other things which are needed. The men who follow this perilous occupation are frequently called "steeple-jacks," and they are, as a rule, proud of their occupation, and not insensible to the fact that they are, at certain moments, the most conspicuous and closely observed men in their city. There are two or three ways of making an ascent to the top of a steeple or a chimney which has no means of ascent on the interior. The old-fashioned method of climbing such a place is as follows:

A kite is provided with a cord which hangs straight down, in addition to the usual cord by which it is flown. The flyers of the kite get it directly over the apex of the steeple, and then draw down upon both cords until the kite rests upon the top of the steeple. In effect, they now have one continuous line from the ground, passing over the steeple and down to the ground again.

To one end of this line a stout rope is fastened, and the other end is pulled upon until the rope is drawn entirely over the steeple. Then to this is attached a light chain with a pulley-block and tackle affixed to it. The block is hauled to the top, and then the "steeple-jack," seated in a boatswain's or painter's chair, begins his ascent.

A less interesting but safer method has been introduced, and was lately used in the ascent of the great Vauxhall chimney in London, which is three hundred and ten feet high above the surface of its foundation, and three hundred and eighty feet above the level of the London docks.

A sufficient number of ladders was provided, each twelve feet long and furnished with four iron arms. Beginning at the bottom, four iron sockets were driven into the chimney between the bricks, and to these the first ladder was attached by means of its arms. Mounting the ladder so fixed, the operator placed a plank across the upper pair of arms, and having thus provided himself with a sort of platform to stand upon, drove in another set of sockets, and put another ladder in position.

In this way the entire height of the great Vauxhall chimney, which is considerably taller than Bunker Hill Monument, was scaled in something less than six hours of actual work, and a lightning-rod was erected upon its summit.

Each ladder is so made that, in case of need, it can be detached from below and pinned on above, so that a workman could, if necessary, make the ascent of a chimney with only two ladders. In practice, however, it is found more convenient to have a sufficient number of ladders to make a continuous way from bottom to top.

Sometimes it happens that to lengthen or repair a steeple or chimney the "steeple-jack" is called upon to build a scaffold or staging at the summit, or at a great height from the earth. In this case the scaffold is built from the top downward, and its construction requires a constant exercise of courage and presence of mind.

The "steeple-jack's" worst danger is from high winds or suddenly rising squalls. It is said that the bravest steeple-climber declines to face a strong wind. A high wind will cause the soldest chimney to vibrate at the top. In the case of extremely tall chimneys, like the Vauxhall, the summit actually swings in a gale over a space of six to eight inches. Although this does not make the chimney any the less secure, it invariably causes the "steeple-jack," if he happens to be up there, to beat a retreat to the ground.

"MONEY, DAN, MONEY."

The following extracts from the letters of Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel will indicate how the young men had to struggle with poverty through their college days. The reader will remember that the home farm was mortgaged to pay Daniel's expenses through college, and when it was proposed to give Ezekiel similar advantages the father and mother held a council. "The farm is already mortgaged," said the old gentleman, "and if we send Ezekiel to college it will take all we have; but the boys think they can take care of us."

It did not take the strong-hearted, sagacious woman long to decide the matter. "We can trust the boys," she said.

So the matter was settled. Daniel went back to Hanover, while Ezekiel went, bundle in hand, to Doctor Wood's and began the study of Latin, his expenses being but a dollar a week.

In November, 1802, Daniel was at home in Salisbury, while Ezekiel was struggling with poverty at Hanover. Funds were getting low in the Webster homestead. Daniel writes under date of November Fourth:

"Now, Zeke, you will not read half a sentence, no, not one syllable, before you have thoroughly searched this sheet for scrip; but my word for it, you'll find no scrip here. We held a sanhedrim this morning on the subject of cash. Could not hit upon any way to get you any. Just before we went away to hang ourselves through disappointment it came into our heads that next week might do.

"The truth is, father had an execution against Hubbard of North Chester for about one hundred dollars. The money was collecting and just ready to drop into the hands of the creditors, when Hubbard suddenly died. This, you see, stays the execution till the long process of administering is completed.

"I have now by me two cents in lawful federal currency. Next week I shall send them, if they be all.

"We are all here just in the old way, always behind and lacking. Boys digging potatoes with frozen fingers, and girls washing without wood."

Ezekiel writes to Daniel at about the same time, the two letters probably crossing each other.

"These cold, frosty mornings very sensibly inform me that I want a warm great-coat. I wish, Daniel, it might be convenient to send me cloth for one, otherwise I shall be necessitated to purchase one here. I do not care what color it is—anything that will keep the frost out. Some kind of shaggy cloth, I think, would be cheapest. Deacon Peabody gill has written, offering me fourteen dollars a month, to keep school. I believe I shall take it.

"Money, Dan, money! As I was walking down to the office after a letter, I happened to have one cent, which is the only money I have had since the second day after I came on. It is a fact, Dan, that I was called on for a dollar where I owed it, and borrowed it, and have borrowed it four times since to pay those I borrowed of."

For the Companion.

THE SPINNER.

The spinner in the garden slept,
As Day passed through the valley;
Her silent wheel the sunbeams swept,
The spinner in the garden slept,
The brown bees at their labor kept,
Rung clear the song-birds' rally.
The spinner in the garden slept,
As Day passed through the valley.

The spinner in the garden wept,
As Night came down the valley;
Her humming wheel the shadows swept,
The spinner in the garden wept,—
Her cry was: "If I had not slept!
Oh, wherefore did I dally?"
The spinner in the garden wept,
As Night came down the valley.

EMMA C. DOWD.

HE NO SQUAW.

At the beginning of this century the fur trade was a lucrative business; but the traders led a life of privation, and often of danger and hardship. Many of them were rude of manner, with a reckless courage which served to keep the Indians respectful. But occasionally a gentleman chose the position, either with the hope of bettering his fortune, or with a Quixotic notion of benefiting the Indian. With some such idea as this last mentioned, John De Vine moved his family to an isolated station in Northern Minnesota, in 1804, and opened a store to trade with the Indians.

Mr. De Vine was small of stature and quiet in his ways, and treated his red customers with honesty and fairness. The previous trader had been a man of a different stamp, and the Indians naturally failed at first to understand the newcomer.

Mr. De Vine had been at the station but a few months when the Indians began to be impudent and disagreeable, and to demand more than their due. Thus does a man often suffer from the mistakes of others.

The Indians were well aware that the old trader had cheated them whenever he could, and they supposed that Mr. De Vine would do the same if he dared. They deemed him a coward, and acted accordingly. "He squaw," they said.

As the weeks passed the Indians became more troublesome. One young brave in particular had two or three times audaciously helped himself to something that he wanted, and laughed when the trader objected.

"Oh yes, me pay, me pay!" he said, insolently.

One day he went to the counter and took a plug of tobacco. Mr. De Vine ordered him to pay for it and leave the store. Instead of obeying, the young redskin coolly went up and took a second plug of tobacco.

Mr. De Vine lost his temper at this, and seizing a knife which lay near, he brought it down forcibly upon the Indian's fingers. As a result the tips of two fingers were left on the counter. The redskin put the bleeding stumps in his mouth, and walked out of the store without a word. The trader had not meant to strike so hard a blow, and regretted his rash act. The brave was a chief's son, and Mr. De Vine expected that trouble would result. He felt vaguely uneasy during the rest of the day.

The next forenoon, as Mr. De Vine stood before the stove, a half-score of Indians filed into the store. One of them bolted the door. They were in war paint, fully armed, and evidently had come for mischief.

"We come kill you!" spoke out the foremost Indian.

Quick as thought the trader seized a burning brand, and leaped to the side of a barrel of gunpowder.

"Come one step nearer," he said, resolutely, "and I drop this brand into the powder, and we'll all blow up together! I'm not afraid," and he held the brand almost over the open powder barrel.

"No blow up powder!" the Indian leader exclaimed; "no blow up powder!" and then, turning to his followers, he said, "He no squaw; he brave man!"

"Put down your guns!" commanded Mr. De Vine.

The Indians hesitated a moment, and the trader advanced the burning brand an inch nearer the powder. At that every Indian laid down his gun. It was evident that the trader was in earnest.

"Now, leave the store," commanded Mr. De Vine, "and don't one of you dare to show his face here for a month! I won't stand any more nonsense!"

The door was unbolted, and the redskins solemnly filed out, leaving the trader master of the situation. That was the end of the trouble for that year. Mr. De Vine had proved his courage.

ANOTHER STORM.

Jesse Morton was a man who loved to tell a large story, and it cannot be denied that his flow of language and ideas was such as often to involve him in considerable confusion in case he happened to be cross-questioned in regard to the particulars of his thrilling tales. One evening he was entertaining two "drummers," at the village store, with an account of a terrible snow-storm which had nearly buried the village some ten years before.

Jesse was in the full tide of narration and enjoying himself to the top of his bent, half-sitting on the counter, and knocking his heels against its support occasionally, if he made a particularly impressive point.

"Well," he was saying, "I've pictered out to ye jest the kind of an afternoon 't had been, an' what I'd said to Sairy; but 'twarn't no manner o' use, argurin' with her; she was set to go, an' go she would! So I give in, an' got aout the old mare, an' hitched her inter the pung, an' we started.

"There warn't no snow at all on the ground then, to speak of, an' the old pung scraped along consideuble hubbly, an' Sairy she warn't over'n above pleasant abaout it. But I told her there'd be snow enough 'fore we got them twelve miles over to Enoch's an' back, an' sure enough —"

Here the evening mail arrived, and Jesse hurried to the door for a word with the stage-driver, and all was bustle and excitement for a few minutes. Jesse evidently forgot about his story, but he was stopped by one of the drummers, just as he was marching out of the store with his evening paper.

"Finish that story you were telling us—that tremendous snow-storm," demanded the young man.

"Oh, yes," said Jesse, with an air of slight reluctance; "let's see, where was I?"

"About three miles on the way to Enoch's;" prompted the seeker for information.

"Well, there aint time now for me to do that storm jestice," said Jesse, with his most judicial manner; "but I'll tell ye this one thing abaout it; before we'd made out to get clear'n over to Enoch's, the snow was up to the hubs of aour wheels!"

"But I thought you were in a pung," said his listener, with a sarcastic smile.

Jesse gave a sort of gasp, and then, gathering together his bundles, he said with a glance full of reproach:

"That jest comes o' my bein' so interrupted, an' havin' the words driv' out'n my head by that plaguy coach comin' up. It slipped my mind which storm I was tellin' you abaout, fer the circumstances was so amazin' similar.

"It *was* the pung, I rec'llect now, but there was full as much snow before we got to Enoch's, as I've stated; an' as you've got such a surprisin' head, young man, probably you can figger fer yerself where 'twould come to, on the old pung, an' I'll bid ye good evenin'!"

Then Jesse stepped out of the store with much dignity, leaving the drummer with the feeling that somehow or other *he* had been entirely in the wrong, and exceedingly rude, into the bargain.

PRUDENCE IN MOURNING.

The economy which is too strong to be disturbed by grief or bereavement is so akin to avarice that no one feels any self-reproach for holding it up to ridicule, although the circumstances may have to do with the saddest of events. There was once an eccentric old lady who lived in one of the seaport towns of New England, and who was renowned alike for her oddities and for what her neighbors called her "nearness." She was a widow, and had inherited not a little property from her husband, which she carefully handled, and which increased in her care. It was made a matter of reproach that she did not erect a tombstone to her husband, but she always said that she could not afford such an expense.

In course of time, however, the widow made up her mind to have a tablet, and accordingly went to Boston to select it. She visited one marble yard after another, but for a long time could find nothing cheap enough to suit her. At last she came upon a large and handsome slab which was set aside to be cut down.

"You see it was spoiled," the stone-cutter explained. "We began it for a man named Mark, but his wife changed her mind by the time we had got so much of the name on, and there is the whole slab spoiled."

"I'll take it off your hands," the widow said, promptly, "if you'll let me have it reasonably."

"Oh, I'll let you have it very cheap, to save the bother of having it cut over. But what can you do with it?"

"I'll use it," she answered, and at once proceeded to go into the discussion of the price.

When she had at last beaten the stone-cutter down to an absurdly low figure, the widow bought the slab.

"There," she said, "now what I want you to do is to put 'the perfect man' after that word in the same sort of letters, and then the name and the date can go just there."

She indicated to the astonished stone-cutter with her long finger the disposition of the inscription, and thus it came about that in a certain well-known cemetery of her native city her husband sleeps under a marble whereupon the world is admonished to "Mark the perfect man!"

TWO AGAINST ONE.

Lapsley was not a bad young fellow, as boys go, but he was more or less frolicsome, and one day the school-mistress found it necessary to punish him. Lapsley took offence at this, and jerking himself free from her grasp, started homeward. It was summer-time, and he wore only a vest over his shirt.

When Lapsley pulled himself away from the teacher he left in her hands nearly the whole back of his vest, the material being rather old and frail. He reached home in high dudgeon, displaying his ruined vest, and declaring that he would never go back to school so long as that teacher remained.

His mother listened quietly, but the next morning the boy was bidden to go to school as usual. He objected strenuously, but yielded on condition that his mother should write a note to the teacher in regard to the torn garment. This she did, and Lapsley and his sister set out for the schoolhouse.

The teacher, meantime, had been feeling not a little disturbed over the affair, and was just debating with herself whether she had not better write a letter of apology to the mother, when the boy and girl appeared, and Lapsley handed the teacher an envelope. No doubt it contained a complaint. Perhaps the teacher would lose two pupils. When she opened the envelope, however, this was what she read:

"MY DEAR MISS B——: I spent an hour last night putting a new back into Lapsley's vest. I think you will find it strong enough, but if necessary, I will put in another to-night.

"Truly yours, MRS. T——."

The teacher said nothing, but handed the note to Lapsley, who no sooner read it than he saw that the case had gone against him.

RELIEVED.

A young woman, refined-looking and beautiful, but evidently in much distress, called at the office of the postmaster of one of our large cities not long ago, as an exchange tells the story. For three weeks she had been expecting a letter from home with twenty dollars in it.

On account of an imperfect direction, as it turned out, the letter had not been delivered, and the poor girl had been reduced to such straits, alone in the great city, that she was in almost a frantic condition.

The postmaster was absent, but his private secretary listened to her story, and at once sent a messenger to the delivery division to ascertain whether such a letter had been received, and if so, whether it had been forwarded to the Dead-Letter Office.

In a few minutes the messenger returned bringing the letter, which the secretary handed to the girl, with the remark that if she would open it she would probably find the money.

With nervous haste she nipped little pieces from the end of the envelope, her eyes full of almost painful expectancy, and as she caught sight of the green bills, she clasped both hands tightly over the envelope, and with tears running down her cheeks, exclaimed, "God bless the postmaster!"

It was such a scene as does not occur every day in a business-office, and as she went out there was not a dry eye in the room.

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For the Companion.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.—VI.

J-u-n-e—that's June, you know;
The fairest of months to come and go.
It's easy to spell if once you try—
Just look at the garden
and look at the sky,
And Daisy, my pet, you
needn't forget,
There are so many
things to remember
it by;
The currants that shine
by the garden walk;
The dear little birds that
almost talk;
The blithe little bees that
rock as they please
In the roses nodding on
every stalk;
The breezes frolicking
high and low;
And the meadows wide
where the strawber-
ries hide
On every side—that's
June, you know.

For the Companion.

TWO PICNIC-PARTIES.

"How many kinds of cake, mamma?"

"Two, dear."

"And cocoanut-pie, mamma?"

"No, dear; lemon-pie."

"Oh, now!" cried May Blossom; and there began to be signs of a storm. "I wanted three kinds of cake and cocoanut-pie. It won't be a nice picnic-party at all. Oh dear, me!"

Pink Rose slipped in just at that minute, and she looked a little frightened at May's stormy face, just as she always did. But when she heard what the trouble was, she laughed.

"Why, my mamma's making me a cocoanut one," said she, "and I wanted lemon; so it'll be just lovely."

"But I want three kinds of cake," said May, pouting still.

"I've only got sponge and marble, and I wanted one black and citrony."

"Children!" called grandma, from the veranda; and out to her they scampered, these two merry little girls.

"I s'pose maybe it's a story," said May on the way.

It was a story. Grandma's hands were folded over her knitting-work, and she welcomed May and Pink with a smile which said a great deal; and they sat down on the step at her feet; and grandma began:

"Once there were four little girls who made up their minds to have a picnic-party in the woods."

"That's we," said Pink; "I and May and Georgie Andrews and Helen Wells."

"No," said grandma, with one hand on the small golden head; "it was Prissy Follett and Hepsibah Coolbroth and Thankful Doolittle and I, and we expected to have a very nice time indeed.

"The woods were not a great ways from our house, and they were deep and dark and cool.

"I remember we didn't dare go out of sight of father's clearing for fear we might get lost; but we found a delightful spot just in the edge of the forest, where we took off our long aprons and spread them down for a tablecloth, and we gathered some of the great moose-wood leaves for plates."

"What did you have to eat?" asked May.

"We had," said grandma, slowly, "we had, if I remember rightly, four twisted doughnuts, a saucer pumpkin-pie, four ginger-snaps, and four biscuits spread thick with butter. And for dessert we had the new buds of the spruce-trees and birch twigs, which tasted like checkerberry candy the least bit —"

"O gramma!"

"And the tender shoots of the wild raspberry bushes," said grandma, "with the prickles all scraped off —"

"O-oh!"

"And a tin dish full of sorrel leaves sweetened with molasses, which was the nicest of anything. And we had water from a clear spring which boiled out from under a rock."

"Hot water?" asked Pink, greatly surprised.

"Oh no, dearie."

"You said—it boiled," said Pink, "and hot water boils, and my Aunt Louise has went to the Hot Springs, and I thought —"

"Little goosey!" laughed May.

"This wasn't a hot spring, dearie," said grandma. "I meant that the water bubbled out of the ground; the water was clear and cold.

"And I hope," grandma went on, fondly, "that my two little girls will have as pleasant a time to-morrow at their picnic-party as their grandmothers did at this one so many, many years ago."

"Yes'm, I do," answered May; "but I don't see how you could, eating trees and things. Anyhow, when I want to fuss 'bout cocoanut-pie next time, I'll think of your picnic-party, and twisted doughnuts and all, and I don't b'lieve I'll fret and complain a bit."

"Nor I won't, either," said Pink, earnestly.

"Bless you, dears!" said grandma, and she picked up her knitting-work again with a far-away smile.

AUNT Dinah is Kitty's old nurse, and on Christmas Kitty gave her a nice new dusting-cloth. "Do you use the duster I gave you?" Kitty asked, some time later. Dinah looked at her much surprised. "What, honey," she asked, "and get it all dirty?"





Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

REVOLUTIONARY ANAGRAM.

The first and third lines rhyme, also the second and fourth. The words omitted at the ends of the lines are all formed from the name of the battle omitted in last line. The names of heroes are also omitted.

Come, listen, dear children, and you shall * * * *
Of an action in history * * * * * * *;
And yet, for the whole there's short time, I fear;—
So much there is that is quotable.

The red-coats had said to the yoemen,—
"Avaunt!"
With scorn and with many a leer-o!
With lofty derision and many a * * * *
They roused each provincial * * * *.

So P * * * * * * and P * * * * *, with followers * * * *,
Went at night, taking each a small * * * * * *.
And the British at morning raised such a to do,
As resounded throughout the whole nation.

The redoubt was attacked and the town,
It was * * * * *.
To the red-coats success was no * * * * * *.
For a thousand lay dead, and at length they had learnt
That provincials were sure with the * * * * *.

S * * * *, K * * * * * * *, and R * * *, ever on the * * * * *,
Defended the rear in the * * * * * *,
With P * * * * * * and P * * * * *, still brave and unhurt,
Though bullets like hailstones did * * * * * *.

But the patriot W * * * * * there yielded his * * * * *;
And ever our bosoms must * * * * *
With sorrow for him, when we think on the strife
At the *.

LILIAN PAYSON.

2.

A CATCH PUZZLE.

Once there was a little fellow who, when told to do or not to do anything, always had the same unvaried reply. Perhaps you will express his very words after reading the following: a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x z.

3.

BEHEADED RHYME.

The birds so gaily warble,
They shake out merry * * * * * *;
The waters trickle downward,
In thousand little * * * * * *,
And life, which seems so happy,
Alas! is full of * * * * *!

H. A. G.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1.

P R I **M** U L A
J O C **O** B E A
A L O **N** S I A
S T A **T** I C E
F U C **H** S I A

B E G **O** N I A
T R E F O I L

C L A **R** K I A
C E L **O** S I A
A L Y **S** S U M
A R M **E** R I A
P A N S I E S

Centrals—"Month of roses."

2. June. (Jay-yew-N. E.)

3. What is so rare as a day in June.

4. 1, Amaze—maze. 2, Abase—base. 3, Acorn—corn. 4, Ado—do. 5, Alight—light. 6, Aloft—loft. 7, Amend—mend. 8, Amen—men. 9, Apace—pace. 10, Awake—wake. 11, Award—ward. 12, Avail—vail.

5. Catnip.

6. Handle; warm; kindling; shake; Tommy; sham; late; dandelion. Many hands make light work.

For the Companion.

BANANAS.

Bananas! bananas! a quarter a bunch!
Bananas! bananas! let's have a lunch!
Bananas yellow, bananas red!
Who eats bananas is very well fed.

A LITTLE four-year-old mother was recently heard scolding her doll. "Jus' see what an awful cold you's got! You leave off your f'annel shirt, and your hood, an' run roun' in your bare feet, then I mus' sit up all night nursin' you. That's the whole troof in a nutmeg!"

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HUNTING ANTELOPE.

In early days, before the game of the prairies became educated to the wiles of the white man, it was easy to flag an antelope and lure him to his ruin. A white or red rag tied to a stick and allowed to flutter in the breeze would bring a herd of antelope. Even the white canvas of a prairie schooner would then so excite the curiosity of a herd that they would approach near enough for the teamster to shoot two or three.

Since those days, however, the antelope, owing to the relentless war waged against him, has become so wary that he not only restrains his own curiosity, but prevents the hunter from approaching within six hundred yards. A guide, scout, hunter, trapper and Indian-fighter, known as Liver-eating Johnson, while hunting with the writer of an article contributed to "The Big Game of North America," said to him:

"What a live antelope don't see between dawn and dark isn't visible from his standpoint; and while you're a-gawkin' at him through that 'ere glass, to make out whether he's a rock or a goat, he's a-countin' your cartridges and fixin's, and makin' up his mind which way he'll scoot when you disappear in the draw for to sneak on 'im."

The writer of the article once got into a hot corner while hunting antelope. He was out with the Seventh Cavalry,—Custer's regiment,—following a trail which took a short cut across one of the big bends of the Missouri, the neck of which was not more than a mile wide.

The scouts and Indians were skirting the river two miles to the right. Suddenly several shots were heard in that direction, and a herd of seven or eight hundred antelope was seen sweeping over the prairie. The cavalry with the wagon-train spanned the narrow neck from side to side, so that the antelope found themselves in a *cul-de-sac*, from which there was no escape.

The writer, being midway between the column and the scouts, had full view of the fleeing herd as they charged two or three hundred yards past him. Seeing several stragglers, he dismounted, picketed his horse, and killed two or three.

He was beginning to enjoy this battue shooting, when a volley of bullets came whizzing by. Instantly he dropped on the ground. He was between two fires—the scouts firing as they advanced from the river, and the soldiers pelting away as they closed in from the neck. The bullets, before reaching the spot where he was hugging the earth, struck the ground, and then came tumbling and ricocheting over his head, buzzing at times so close as to make his position highly uncomfortable.

During the lulls in the firing, he signalled several times to the soldiers not to kill him. But he had "nerve" and kept on shooting, firing forty shots and killing eight antelope. On riding over the ground forty or fifty dead antelope were found, enough to keep the regiment in meat for several days.

MISJUDGED.

"Dear me, I wonder how it is," said an impulsive woman, who was constantly misjudging people, "that everybody is so much better than I think them!"

The sweet, motherly face of Mrs. B——, who always wore decorous black, appeared on the promenade lately in a Rubens hat.

"Twenty years too young for her," ejaculated one friend behind her back.

"Did you see Mrs. B—— at church to-day?" asked another lady of her husband.

"Yes, she never misses morning service," he replied.

"And did you notice her hat?"

"Why, no. I suppose it was the same one she always wears."

"It was a round hat," announced the lady, in much the same tone she might have used if the headgear in question had been a washtub.

"That woman will wear a crown some day," answered her husband. "I do not know her equal in good works."

"I am talking about earthly millinery now," answered his wife, as she picked up the discussion again.

Meanwhile Mrs. B—— had returned home and taken off the offending hat, which she handed to her daughter.

"Thank you, Ruby," she said. "I suppose my bonnet has come back."

"Yes, dear," answered her daughter, "and Mrs. —— was so grateful because you lent it to her. She said she could not afford to buy mourning for her boy."

"It was a small favor to do for one in trouble," answered the mother, gently.

And the wagging tongues never reached her.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NO OBJECTION.

Mr. Luke Harron, an easy-going old farmer, was especially proud of two things, his sheep and his poultry, and all visitors to the farm were taken out to see them.

Thus it chanced that Constable Short, who had come over from the village to serve on Farmer Harron a summons to act as juryman, was on his hands and knees peering into the depths of a coop, examining a new variety of chicks. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, something swift and terrible smote him in the unprotected rear with such force that he was driven head-first into the coop, to the consternation of its feathered inmates.

With some assistance from Farmer Harron—who, it must be admitted, chuckled audibly at the sight—the constable was, at length, cleared from the wreck, his hat was pulled from over his eyes, and then he saw his assailant, a sturdy young ram, standing with lowered head, as if meditating another attack.

Full of wrath the officer cried, "Look here, Harron! Can't a man look at your hens without being knocked over by a confounded ram?"

"Wal," replied Farmer Harron, philosophically, "I dunno; ye might try agin 'n' see how 't would turn out. I'm sure I haint any objection."

EXTRAVAGANCE.

A man who has earned his own money knows how to value it; and the same may be said of a woman who puts up her own preserves.

Aunt Sally—Goodness me! how can the president be so extravagant with the people's money?

Uncle Peastraw—What's the matter, mother?

Aunt Sally—Only think of keeping those pesky Indians on government preserves!—*New York Herald.*

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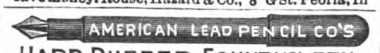
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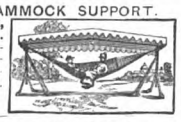
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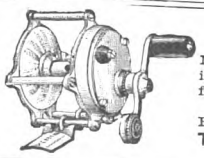


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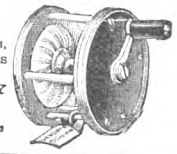
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45 sold in '88
2,288 sold in '89
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NAMES AND NICKNAMES.

The *Companion* printed some time ago an article explaining the origin of such queer-sounding Indian names as Sitting Bull, Kicking Bear and the like. But oddities of this sort are not confined to Indians, nor even to so-called uncivilized people. In Mr. Lower's treatise on "English Surnames" we read many statements like the following:

Tyrwhitt, in his edition of Chaucer, says that in Chaucer's time the use of surnames was probably not fully established among the lower class of people; whereupon a later editor remarks that even now, in the nineteenth century, such names are not fully established in some parts of England.

"Very few of the miners of Staffordshire bear the names of their fathers. The editor knows a pig-dealer whose father's name was Johnson, but the people call him Pigman, and Pigman he calls himself. The name may now be seen over the door of a public house which this man keeps in Staffordshire."

Among the colliers it is common for the same man to have, without any sinister intention, a double set of names, as John Smith and Thomas Jones; but it must not be imagined that they are meant for every-day use. They are a kind of *best* names, which, like Sunday clothes, are brought out only on special occasions, as at christenings and marriages.

For ordinary purposes they use no appellative except a nickname—Nosey, Soaker, or something equally elegant; and this nickname is employed, not by their neighbors alone, but by their wives and children, and even by themselves. A correspondent of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* says:

"I knew an apothecary in the collieries, who, as a matter of decorum, always entered the real names of his patients in his books; that is, when he could ascertain them. But they stood there only for ornament; for use he found it necessary to append the sobriquet, which he did with true medical formality, as for instance, 'Thomas Williams, *vulgo dict.* Old Puff.'"

A story is told of an attorney's clerk who was employed to serve a process on one of these oddly named persons, whose real name was entered in the instrument with legal accuracy. After much vain inquiry the clerk was on the point of abandoning his search when a young woman kindly volunteered to assist him.

"Oy say, Bullyed," she cried to the first person they met, "does thee know a mon neamed Adam Green?"

The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance. Lay-abed, Stumpy, Cowskin, Spindleshanks, Cock-eye and Pigtail were severally invoked, but without success, and the querist fell into a brown study. Suddenly her eyes brightened, and slapping one of her companions on the shoulder, she exclaimed triumphantly:

"Dash my wig! whoy, he means moy feyther!" and then turning to the lawyer's clerk, she added, "You should'n ax'd for Ode Blackbird!"

Mr. Lower says that there were lately living in a small town in Kent fifteen persons whose hereditary name was Hall, but who, for the sake of distinction, bore the elegant designations of Dogg-Hall, Feathertoe, Bumper, Bubbles, Pierce-Eye, Faggots, Cula, Jiggery, Pumble-Foot, Cold-Flip, Silver-Eye, Lumpy, Sutty, Thick-Lips and Old Hare.

GOING EARLY.

Punctuality is perhaps a characteristic American trait. At all events American tourists abroad are given to bewailing the dilatory ways of other peoples. How early this characteristic is sometimes developed—in connection, too, with the American habit of travelling—is pleasantly illustrated in a little story printed in *Golden Days*.

A small, rosy-cheeked girl picked up her doll and her doll's trunk, and trudged a mile or more over frosty roads until she reached a railway station. There she boarded the first train that came along, and contentedly settled herself and her doll into a vacant seat.

By and by the conductor appeared. He looked down at the little woman, who was pointing out flying trees and other objects of interest to her travelling companion, the doll.

"Where are you going, little one?" asked the big man with buttons.

"Why, I'm going to the World's Fair, of course." The conductor coughed.

"Aren't you rather early?" he asked. "I don't believe the doors are open yet."

"Dear me," said the child in alarm, "what shall I do?"

"Perhaps you had better go home and ask your mother," suggested the conductor.

And she did. She was loaded with pretty things by interested fellow-passengers, and returned to her mother in safety. We may reasonably expect that she will be among the first visitors when the World's Fair opens its doors to the world.

TOO IMPORTANT.

A reasonable degree of self-confidence is almost essential to one's comfort and efficiency, but if a man has a very exalted opinion of his own abilities, he will do well to keep it to himself.

An exchange relates that a certain dry goods clerk was in the habit of saying to his associates that the concern would find it pretty hard to get along without him. These remarks came to the ears of the senior partner, and he called the clerk into the inner office.

"Mr. Jenkins," he began, "you have been very efficient and we highly appreciate your services, but we have heard it said that if you were to die the business could not possibly survive the loss. This has worried us a good deal, for you, like all the rest of us, are liable to drop off suddenly.

"We have concluded, therefore, for our peace of mind, to experiment while we are both in good health, and see if the concern can bear up under your loss. You will accordingly consider yourself dead for one year, and we will try to get on without you for that length of time."

HORSES IN DANGER.

A wise cavalry officer keeps a sharp eye upon the horses of his command, as the success of the next engagement may depend upon their good condition.

A sergeant was out of patience with an awkward recruit.

"Never approach the horses from behind without speaking," he exclaimed. "If you do they'll kick you in that thick head of yours, and the end of it will be that we shall have nothing but lame horses in the squadron."

Itching Piles.
Burnett's Kalliston is a sure relief. A quarter pint bottle by mail only for 50 cts. Joseph Burnett & Co., 27 Central St., Boston, Mass. Regular size by druggists, $1.

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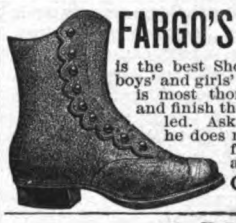
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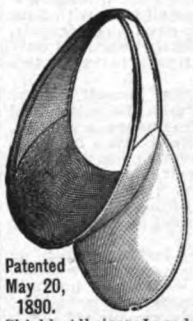
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GALL-STONES.

Gall-stones are concretions formed in the gall-bladder from some of the constituents of the bile. They vary in size from a millet-seed to a hen's egg, and occasionally are much larger.

Very small gall-stones may pass out with the bile, and give no sign. Very large ones never pass into the duct, but sometimes cause inflammation and ulceration, and escape through an abscess.

When one of the size, say, of a filbert, gets into the duct, it obstructs the flow of the bile, which accumulates behind it, swelling the bladder and exerting a constant pressure on the stone. As the stone is slowly forced along, it produces a dilation and inflammation of the duct, until a sudden cessation of the pain announces that the stone has dropped into the intestine; but other stones may follow, repeating the agonizing process.

The cause of the formation of gall-stones is not known. Age and sex have something to do with it. Most cases occur after the age of thirty-five, and women are much more liable to the ailment than men. Probably high living and sedentary habits are in some way determining factors.

Hepatic colic, as the disease is called, is rarely fatal. As no medicine can directly reach the gall-bladder, and as the movement of the stone, though slow, is toward the outlet, the most that the profession attempts is to mitigate the pain with morphine, and by the constant application of water as hot as can be borne.

A correspondent in New York writes us that his mother was cured of a severe attack, thirty years ago, by the use of olive oil; that she is now well at the age of eighty-four, and that he has since recommended the oil in more than forty cases, and has never known it to fail. He says:

"Let the patient take on an empty stomach a half-pint of pure olive oil, or as much as he can swallow and retain. Keep the patient as quiet as possible, lying on the back. If nausea occurs, place cloths wet in warm spirits of camphor, or other spirits, over the pit of the stomach, and give a tablespoonful of clear, strong coffee.

"The effect is usually noticed in ten hours, when the gall-stones pass the patient in the natural way, without pain or annoyance. The oil reduces them from their crystallized form to a soft substance, in consistency about the same as the white of an egg."

We know of no objection to trying the oil; but medical authorities regard supposed gall-stones of this kind as only concrete forms of fatty matter such as are sometimes passed in cases of fatty diarrhœa.

ASBESTOS.

Asbestos is a mineral that crystallizes in long fibres. The fibres can be separated as easily as those of our softer woods, and are woven into a variety of articles, which are worn for protection against fire.

Among these articles are mittens to guard the hands of firemen, assayers, refiners, and others who are exposed to burning. As the material is not affected by heat, the workman thus protected can grasp hot irons, crucibles, and the like without discomfort.

Masks for the face are also made of asbestos. It is said that the heat from the hottest fire cannot penetrate through them to the skin. Air for breathing is supplied through a tube from beneath the mask, so that the flame or the burned atmosphere is not inhaled. In this way the discomfort of working directly in front of retorts and furnaces is greatly relieved.

Complete suits of fire-proof asbestos cloth are now made for firemen's wear. As the material is indestructible, and a bad conductor of heat as well, the wearer is protected in the midst of flames. Of course air for breathing must be supplied through tubes in some such way as it is supplied to the diver when he is under water.

For domestic uses sad-iron holders are now made of asbestos. With them the grasp of the iron, however hot it may be, never causes pain or burning. There are also made large holders, intended for use by smelters, molders and workers in metal generally.

It remains to be added that asbestos is widely distributed among the older rocks of the United States and Canada. As goods made of it are subject to loss only by wear, the supply of fibre is likely to be equal to all demand for articles of dress.

BRAVE BOY.

Some years ago, says the author of "Big Game of North America," three children who lived near Olympia, Washington, were returning from school, when Walter, the eldest, a boy of twelve, noticed what he thought to be a large yellow dog trotting in the road behind them. They paid no attention to it, as large mongrel dogs of this color abound everywhere in the vicinity of Indian camps, but went playing leisurely along.

Suddenly the youngest, a chubby chap of six, who was behind his brothers, came running to the front, and a moment later the animal, seen now to be a cougar, sprang over the heads of the two astonished boys, seized the little fellow in his mouth, and with a spring vanished in the bushes.

The elder brother did not stop to deliberate. He had for a weapon only an empty bottle, in which he had carried milk for his dinner, and with this he rushed into the bushes. His little brother was lying prostrate, grasping a small tree with both hands, and holding on with the strength of despair, while the cougar, his fangs luckily imbedded only in the child's clothing, was trying to break this deathlike grip.

With a scream, Walter threw himself on the animal, beat it over the head with the bottle until the glass was shattered in fragments, and then, with the ragged edges of the bottle's neck, he endeavored to cut out the cougar's eyes.

At last the cougar, with a yell of rage, dropped his hold on the child, and ran up a tree near at hand, while the heroic boy, lifting his brother in his arms, carried him into the road, and fell fainting upon him.

Meanwhile the other brother had fled screaming up the road, and fortunately met two men who had been chopping near by. As soon as he had told the cause of his fright, they rushed on, to find the little hero senseless, still tightly grasping the neck of the broken bottle.

The cougar's victim was too much horrified to speak, but pointed to the savage beast, lying on a limb in full view. One of the men had a pistol, and with a few shots the animal was killed.

NOT MUCH TO ASK.

A stout, choleric-looking man hurried into a street-car, on a day when the rain was pouring in torrents, and glared angrily about, evidently much displeased that there was no seat for him, although there were plenty of other people, clutching at the straps, or swaying about, with more or less cheerful countenances.

With a snort of displeasure the man planted himself in front of a meek and unoffending spinster who was squeezed tightly into one corner of the car, and placed his umbrella, from which was running a perfect stream of water, directly on one of her feet.

She looked up at him in mild dismay, but he stared straight over her head, with a most unpleasant expression.

After a moment or two, she said in a clear though perfectly courteous tone:

"Would you be kind enough, sir, to remove your umbrella to my *other* foot for a moment, so that I may empty my rubber?"

Every one at that end of the car smiled, except the man, who beat a retreat to the platform, without so much as saying, "I beg your pardon."

SCHOOL BLUNDERS.

A teacher in a public school gave out a list of words to be defined and put in sentences. Among them was the word "chasm." A little girl looked in the dictionary, and not being quite satisfied, inquired if "chasm" meant "gap."

The teacher absently replied yes, but was astonished when she presented her paper with this sentence: "When I am sleepy, I always chasm."

But this is hardly equal to another teacher's experience in a little district school some years ago. She gave out words for analysis. "Bank-note" was one of them, and the teacher's astonishment may be imagined when one young lady brought the following unique analysis:

"Bank-note is a compound, primitive word, composed of 'bank' and 'note.' 'Bank' is a simple word, meaning the side of a stream; 'note,' to set down. 'Bank-note,' to set down by the side of a stream."

NO BREAD.

Antoinette de Bourbon, the mother of the Guises, had in addition to her other fine qualities, great good sense. One example of the discipline to which she subjected the young Guises, indicates that had there been more mothers like her in her class there would have been less of ruthless extravagance on the part of the royalty and nobility of France.

The young nobles were out hunting, and rode through fields which had been sown with corn. The duchess heard of it. That evening, according to the tradition preserved at Joinville, there was no bread on the supper table.

The princes at once asked for bread, astonished at such negligence in this well-ordered household.

"My children," replied Antoinette, "it is necessary to economize flour, since you have destroyed the future harvest."

IMPATIENT.

A doctor who was noted for his pretences rather than for his cures was called to prescribe one day for a man who was ill, and gave him some medicine. The next day but one he called to see the patient.

"How is he to-day?" he asked a servant at the door.

"He's dead, sir—that's how he is," said the servant.

"He is, eh?" said the doctor, indignantly. "Well, that's always the way. People expect our medicine to work wonders, and then they get in a hurry and don't give it time to prove what it can do!"

IT is not true, as suggested by the Washington *Post*, that firemen use rubber hose in order to keep their feet dry.

Good Housekeepers are fast finding out that a pure Extract made by Joseph Burnett & Co., costing a cent or two more a bottle, goes farther and makes the most delicious of dishes. Avoid goods only recommended by their cheapness. [*Adv.*

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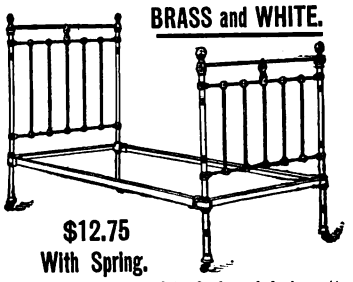
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For the Companion.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

In Eight Chapters. — Chapter VIII.

The Test of Battle.

Jack was quite as anxious that Tony should get the lieutenant's commission as Tony himself was, and fresh from his West Point examination, he was able to give his friend much useful instruction. He found Tony solidly grounded in mathematics, and by devoting much time to the work, he brought him well up in other branches toward the level of a West Point graduate. Of course the story of Lieutenant Randolph and Sergeant Scaife soon came to be known at the post, and talked about. Tony and Edgar Mount saw each other a dozen times a day, but beyond a mere salute, nothing approaching recognition passed between them.

One night at the mess, when Edgar Mount was present, some officer asked Jack about Sergeant Scaife; for his gentlemanly appearance and manners, and the knowledge that he was working hard for the coming examination, drew the interest of the officers toward him.

Lieutenant Randolph, fixing his eyes on Mount, who sat just across the mess-table, told Tony's whole story — merely leaving out Edgar Mount's name. He told of the loss of the money at Marrowbone, of the unjust accusation against Tony, of his going away to sea, of his heroic conduct at the time of the shipwreck, and of the finding of the money afterward.

During the recital Edgar Mount's face grew pale. Every word that Jack uttered cut him to the quick. At last, as the story was finished and all the officers were expressing good-will toward Tony, he rose abruptly and left the table.

The day of the examination was an anxious one for Jack; and when it was over, and Tony appeared at his quarters, the young lieutenant was much more nervous about the result than the young sergeant.

"Never mind," said Tony. "I think I have distanced the rest of them. I had worked harder, and I had better help."

As he spoke, he put his hand on Jack's shoulder. Tony was of an undemonstrative nature, and that word and touch meant much.

At last, after a weary waiting of some weeks, the announcement was made that Sergeant Anthony Scaife had received one of the two second lieutenant's commissions granted to non-commissioned officers.

If Jack thought Tony so strong and self-contained that nothing could shake him, he was mistaken for once. When Tony came to Jack's quarters, with the lieutenant's commission in his hand, his face was as pale as ashes. He sat down in a chair before the fire, and seemed as much unnerved as if he had failed.

Jack sat on the other side of the little fireplace, as red and overflowing with delight as Tony was pale and silent.

"You don't know what it is," said Tony, at last. "It is the realization of a dream. I have gained what seemed beyond hope in the beginning —a fixed place, an honorable place. It wasn't my ambition to be rich; but I wanted to be educated, to be a gentleman, and to be acknowledged as one."

Jack was the happiest fellow that night in his regiment, not excepting Tony, and he never felt prouder in his life than the night when he took Tony for the first time to dinner at the officers' mess, where the other officers—all except Lieutenant Mount—received him most cordially.

Lieutenant Scaife was assigned to the regiment in which he had already served as a sergeant. He might have obtained leave to go home for a short time, but just at that time the Apaches began to be troublesome. Daily reports of the stealing of stock came in, followed presently by the news of the killing of several settlers. Under such circumstances no officer would have asked for leave.

Tony wrote to his mother that when everything was quiet he and Jack intended to apply for leave together, and to go back to Virginia. Mrs. Scaife, more comfortable now than ever before in her life, at her little cottage at Lone Point, waited and hoped. She was happy beyond expression.

At last the order came for an expedition against the hostile Apaches. Jack, as the assistant adjutant of the post, was the first to hear the news. One day, as Tony sat in his quarters reading, Jack suddenly burst in at the door.

"We're in luck, Tony!" he shouted. "We're to go to the front!"

Tony jumped up, flushing with pleasure; but he only said, quietly, "What luck!"

Jack danced a hornpipe, while Tony looked on and laughed. Only a portion of the garrison had been ordered upon the expedition, and the officers who were left behind were as much disappointed as Jack and Tony were elated.

The expedition consisted of six companies of cavalry and a detachment of light artillery, with a Gatling gun and two mountain howitzers, which might be taken upon mule-back in case it was necessary. Lieutenant Mount went with the artillery.

It was a bright July morning when the expedition started. Officers and men were in high spirits, and one would have thought the errand was one of merry-making, instead of a warlike campaign involving hardship, danger, and perhaps a dreadful death.

At the word of command, the squadrons wheeled into line, and forming by fours, trotted off gaily, with guidons fluttering. The post band played merrily "The Girl I Left Behind Me;" there were smiles and fluttering handkerchiefs from the women and children, and three rousing cheers from the officers and soldiers left behind.

Jack and Tony, riding side by side, congratulated themselves on their luck in having a chance to see service. Edgar Mount, riding at the head of his detachment, had little to say to any one.

For the first few days the marches were long and hard, but the bivouacs were cheerful enough. Tony knew better how to make himself comfortable than any of the other officers.

On the fourth day they began to ride hard upon the Indian trail. The Apaches followed their usual tactics, refusing a pitched battle until they reached a country where their superior knowledge of the ground should give them a decided advantage, but keeping up a continual and harassing guerilla warfare.

The troops pushed on, scarcely stopping for rest or food, and at last, early one evening, after six days of fierce and active pursuit, the scouts came upon what was evidently an Indian ambuscade. The scouts discovered it in season, but were driven in upon the main body. It was evident that the savages were ready to give battle.

The commander of the expedition prepared for an attack at dawn. No fires were lighted, in the hope of keeping the main body of Indians uncertain as to the actual position of the troops.

Early in the night the cracking of rifles showed the presence of Indian sharpshooters, and unfortunately for the brave but tired soldiers, a spring, which was their only resource for water, was at the bottom of a ravine which the sharpshooters commanded.

The firing became so persistent that the outpost which guarded the spring was forced to retire. This was a severe loss to the men, who, thirsty from long marching under an Arizona sun, found the hot night almost intolerable without water.

The darkness, and a fear of bringing on an engagement at night, where the Indians were perfectly familiar with the ground, while the troops were not, restrained the commander from ordering any attempt to dislodge the sharpshooters. The firing was kept up at frequent intervals, so that it was hazardous to make any attempt to reach the spring.

Tony and Jack could not sleep for excitement. Crouching under a scrubby live-oak, they tried to pierce the uncertain gloom of a moonless summer night.

Presently Tony got up and crept toward the ravine. Then he returned to Jack.

"Jack," said he, sheepishly, "I was just going to do you a shabby turn."

"Were you?" asked Jack, with a suppressed laugh. He and Tony were not used to doing each other shabby turns.

"Yes," said Tony. "Look here. There isn't so much danger, after all, in getting to the spring. There's a line of bushes nearly all the way, and the redskins are firing at random. I made up my mind to go and get a bucket of water for my men; and then it occurred to me that you would not forgive me if I didn't let you know. We certainly can get there once and back without being seen."

For answer Jack jumped up, and said, in a low, eager voice, "Where's a bucket?"

Tony produced two pails, and then he and Jack crept carefully down the ravine amid the steady popping of rifles. They reached the spring, filled their buckets, and got back within their lines.

When each marched among his own troop with his pail of water, they could hardly restrain their men from cheering them. Every trooper stood up and silently waved his cap in the gloom in honor of the brave and self-sacrificing young officers.

Three different excursions Jack and Tony made to the spring during the night, and each time escaped without a scratch. About an hour before daylight they lay down in their blankets to rest, promising each other not to go to sleep; but in five minutes they were sleeping soundly.

At the first hint of light in the blue-black sky the horses were saddled and mounted, in readiness to move to the attack, and when the wild landscape seemed suddenly to smile into rosy light, the column moved forward.

The alarm had evidently been given at the Indian encampment, for Indian horsemen were rushing wildly to and fro, and the savage riflemen hung upon the flanks of the cavalry, as it dashed forward to secure a butte or elevation which commanded the Indian stronghold. The artillery detachment followed with the guns.

Jack Randolph commanded an advanced guard of fifteen picked troopers, and the whole body, at a fast trot, made for the brow of the hill.

The first sight of the encampment showed that the alarm had been given. The Indians, with their fierce yelling and hallooing, gathered in their savage but effective formation, and while the squaws disappeared rapidly in the ravines, the warriors tried their invariable flank movement. Then, seeing the small cavalry detachment in advance, they evidently formed the design to attack and overwhelm it before the main body came up.

The first onset was terrific; and then came the hand-to-hand fighting that distinguishes Indian warfare. The other troops, at the rear, heard the shouts, the yells, the neighing and trampling of horses, and all of the frightful uproar of battle.

Jack, looking around in the midst of the fight, saw Tony at his elbow. Their men stuck close to them, and in vain the warriors, whose boast it is to kill as many officers as possible, tried to surround the two young lieutenants.

Here Jack's superb horsemanship stood him in good stead. Holding on by his knees to his excited horse, he handled a carbine so that half a dozen Indian braves rolled from their ponies before him.

Tony, with a bloody gash across his cheek, said to Jack, "This is warm work!" The next minute, he had raised his sabre to bring it down upon the arm of an Indian who was almost upon him, with a Remington aimed straight at him.

The main body had now come up. The attacking Indians withdrew, and the fight assumed more the aspect of a regular battle. The cavalry gave ground slowly, so as to draw the Indians within range of the artillery.

The Indians fought fiercely, but they were disorganized by a terrible volley from behind them. Two of the light guns had gained a position on their right flank, and poured in a destructive fire. The Indians wavered.

At that instant, Tony, looking around him, saw Edgar Mount, alone some distance away, surrounded by half a dozen yelling Indians. In the midst of the fierce uproar and confusion, the thought came to him that it would be the sweetest revenge of his life if he could save Edgar Mount;



Saving Edgar Mount.

Edward D Duffield Jan92

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and at the same moment Jack Randolph saw his perilous position.

Edgar's horse was wounded and staggering, and though he was fighting bravely with pistol and sabre, he was suffering from a severe scalp wound.

Tony and Jack dashed up to him. Jack, his bridle between his teeth, knocked two Indians over with the butt of his carbine, and then clubbed a third over the head until the Indian rolled off his horse. Meanwhile, Tony had managed to keep the Indians on his side at bay.

But Mount could do nothing. Faint from loss of blood, his sabre dropped from his hand. He reeled in his saddle, and would have fallen but for Tony's strong arm.

Just then, a yelling crowd of Indians dashed toward them. It was plain that Jack and Tony must run for it. They were in imminent danger of being surrounded and cut off. As their horses were comparatively fresh they could have escaped easily if they had left Edgar Mount to his fate.

"Leave me! leave me!" cried Edgar, putting his hand aimlessly to his wounded head. "Save yourselves. I can't even sit my horse."

The last words ended in a sharp cry, for a bullet had struck Mount's arm and shattered it.

But Tony, putting his strong arm around Edgar, lifted him bodily upon his own horse; and using his spurs, dashed out of the range of fire as fast as he could gallop. Jack Randolph followed him, loading and firing as he retreated; and a squad of cavalrymen galloped up to support them.

In half an hour more all was over. The Indians were in full flight, having lost heavily in men and ponies. All the troops, except those necessary to take care of the wounded and the stores, were in hot pursuit; and Edgar Mount lay desperately wounded and insensible under the surgeon's care.

Jack Randolph had received some bad cuts and bruises, and Tony had not escaped without an ugly blow on the head, and a cut across the face from the butt-end of an Indian's rifle. They were, therefore, not among the pursuers, who went on to finish up the hostiles.

Just as Jack was limping along looking for one of the surgeons, and Tony, with his head bound up, was helping him, an orderly came up, and saluting said, "Lieutenant Mount wishes to see you, sir, and Lieutenant Scaife; and the surgeons say you must come as quickly as you can."

Edgar Mount, his face a deathly color, lay on a blanket under a cactus, as Jack and Tony came up. Two surgeons were making the ghastly preparations for an operation.

"I may never come out of this alive," gasped Edgar, turning to Tony, "but I want to say that I am sincerely sorry for the injustice I did you; and if I live, my whole life will show it. And as for your gallantry in saving me from those Indians —"

He could say no more. The surgeons hustled Jack and Tony unceremoniously out of the way.

"It is agitating him," they said. "We must keep him as quiet as possible." Then they went to their work.

Within three weeks from the time they left the post, the troops returned dirty but victorious, with the loss of only a few men and no officers; and the hostiles were completely subdued, for the time at least. The campaign had been short, but brilliant.

The report of the general commanding, after complimenting highly the conduct of both officers and men, read as follows:

"I wish to call particular attention to the heroic conduct of Second Lieutenants Randolph and Scaife, who, at the imminent risk of their lives, rode in among the enemy, and rescued Second Lieutenant Mount when he was wounded, and would no doubt have been killed but for the gallantry of these two officers."

Edgar Mount lived to thank Tony for his life; and meanwhile, Tony and Jack had received their long-desired leave. They went back together to Virginia, and spent there the happiest two months of their lives.

The meeting at Marrowbone, where Mrs. Scaife went to greet them,—for Uncle Josh had met both the young officers at the river landing in the famous old Marrowbone coach, that grew more rickety year by year,—was the most delightful that could be imagined.

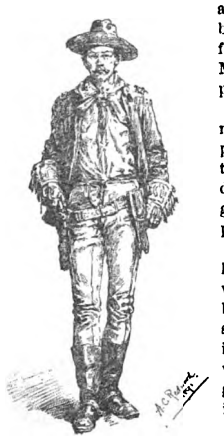
The old Colonel was wild with delight. The fact that both of "the boys," as he called them, had been publicly commended for gallantry in action, filled him with soldierly pride; and as for the two mothers, what they felt can only be imagined.

Jack wished to have Tony stay with him at Marrowbone, but Tony loyally went back with his mother to the little Lone Point cottage, now a comfortable, though plain home.

But the Colonel could not be restrained from giving a large party at Marrowbone, to all the people of the neighborhood, in honor of the two young officers. Colonel Randolph, in his most magniloquent manner and loudest voice, introduced all the guests to Tony as "my gallant and noble young friend, who was mentioned with my grandson in general orders, for conspicuous bravery in action, whose acquaintance I am proud to claim, and who is an ornament to the profession of arms."

All this was terrible to Tony, who was quite as modest as ever; and he blushed deeply while the Colonel was eulogizing him. Jack roguishly encouraged the Colonel to persevere, hinting that it pleased Tony very much.

"Say something more about Tony, and louder, sir," Jack whispered to the Colonel.



At last Tony, in an agony of embarrassment, was forced to call on Mrs. Randolph for protection.

But, blush as he might, there was no pretense on his part that the occasion did not give him great and genuine pleasure.

By his own efforts, he had achieved what Jack had been born to, and the satisfaction of having achieved it all was perhaps as great a pleasure as its possession.

That night, after the last guest had gone, and Jack and Tony sat on the porch a little while in the soft summer air, Tony said:

"I could hardly have thought all this possible, Jack, when I was working so hard as a poor little fisherman down there."

"I don't know why you might not, since you had it in you, and the country gives every man an opportunity. And now, Tony, let's turn in for a wink of sleep before daybreak!"

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

The End.

THE UNCHANGED SUMMERS.

The meadow-brooks yet run and babble,
The green boughs whisper to the breeze,
The moon of love yet shines as tender
As through old Adam's garden trees.

—Irene Putnam.

For the Companion.

JARAMILLO'S GIRL.

The gossips of the little California town of Savoy talked much about Mrs. Duperu. She was a very wealthy, lame old lady who lived in lonely grandeur in a country residence called Robin Wood, about a mile from the town, with no one but servants about her. It was said that she had a son for whom she had planned a great career, but that she had disowned him.

What had been his fault was not certainly known, but it was reported that he had led a life of foolish pleasure, and at last married a rope-dancer.

One day two events stirred the drowsy atmosphere of Savoy.

The first was deeply tragic. A new turnpike was building, and the Chinese graders were at work on the mountain-side about a third of a mile from the town. During a heavy blast in the morning one of the Chinese, named Ah Gow, had been killed.

The Chinaman's body was badly mutilated, and, dreadful to relate, his head could not be found.

Poor Ah Gow's body, lacking the head, received temporary burial on the mountain. I say temporary, because, after a time, the bones of all Chinese who die in foreign lands are, if possible, exhumed and sent back to China, to receive final interment in their native soil.

The second event was simply light comedy. A circus came to town, and pitched its tent on the plaza. A graceful little girl, who danced on the slack-wire, was greatly admired; but the applause and laughter were loudest whenever Jaramillo, the clown, appeared.

When the circus departed from Savoy, it left behind it Jaramillo, the clown. Many of those who had heard his hollow and painful cough in the circus ring, followed by a side-shaking jest, had laughed and thought the mockery excellent; but alas! the cough was a reality, and Jaramillo was dying!

He remained at the Woodman's Hotel, kept by the rude and energetic Mrs. Driscoll. His little daughter, Mercedes, whom he called Mercy, was with him. She was the graceful child who had danced on the slack-wire.

Jaramillo lingered several weeks, always hopeful of recovery. Nevertheless, he wrote a letter one day, sealed and stamped it. Then, giving it to Mercy, he said:

"Keep that, Mercy, and if anything happens to me, put it in the post-office."

Mercy wondered what he meant, but she put the letter away carefully in a deep pocket of her dress.

Jaramillo's money gave out. The thrifty but kind-hearted Mrs. Driscoll complained loudly to her family and friends, but never to the clown or to Mercy. Jaramillo cheerfully asserted that he would soon be on his feet again, and would pay up everything.

One sad day he asked Mercy to bring his make-up box and the looking-glass. She had never seen his eyes so bright, and thought with joy that he was much better. She held the glass while he painted his face. At last he said:

"That's good. I'm ready to go on now."

He fell back on his pillow, dead.

Mercy was overwhelmed by her great loss.

When she had seen her father laid to rest in the little cemetery on the ridge, she knew no kindred nor friend in the wide world.

She went back to the Woodman's Hotel, and was expected to help with the housework, but as she knew nothing of that kind of work, she often aroused the wrath of the severely practical Mrs. Driscoll.

The landlady had a daughter named Beatrice, but the name had degenerated in common usage to "Beat." She was a red-cheeked, loud-voiced romp, and when any mischief was done, which frequently happened, she did not scruple to lay the blame upon Mercy. So Mrs. Driscoll's sceptre of power, in the shape of a broad black strap, often descended unjustly on Mercy's shoulders.

But soon the landlady learned to distinguish sometimes between the occasions when Mercy was innocent and when she was really to blame. When the fault was hers she would tearfully acknowledge it, and await with folded hands and downcast eyes any punishment that Mrs. Driscoll saw fit to inflict; but when falsely accused by the whining Beat, she always preserved a watchful silence, neither explaining nor denying, until she saw the strap taken down from its awful place upon the kitchen door.

Then, if possible, she would fly out of the house, through door or window, like a gazelle, flee to a huge oak-tree which stood on the ridge above the hotel, and ascend into its breezy top with marvellous agility.

One day Mercy found in her pocket the letter that her father had given her; she had forgotten it. It was addressed:

MRS. FLORENCE DUPERU,
No. —— Van Ness Avenue,
SAN FRANCISCO.

She mailed the letter. Mrs. Duperu had been in San Francisco for some weeks, but soon after Jaramillo's letter was despatched, she arrived suddenly at Savoy.

Mercy saw her ride past the hotel. The pale, haughty old lady looked keenly at her. After that time she passed the hotel in her carriage nearly every day, ostensibly to visit the post-office.

Sometimes she saw Mercy at a door or window, gazing at her with sad, wistful eyes. Again she saw her dancing like a fairy, or perched on the boughs of a neighboring tree. This seemed to excite her anger, and she would stamp her sound foot and mutter to herself, "A clown's daughter!"

One day at the Woodman's Hotel the clumsy Beatrice let a tray of dishes fall. She fled upstairs promptly and swiftly, well knowing what would follow.

Mrs. Driscoll, hearing the crash, rushed in furiously. She found Mercy, pale and horrified, picking up the pieces.

The next instant the strap descended on the child's shoulders. She cried out, and at once sprang through the door, and fled up the hill to her tree of refuge. The landlady followed, but she soon saw Mercy safely perched on her lofty seat.

It happened that a rough young sailor, a nephew of Mrs. Driscoll's, had come to the hotel the evening before. Hearing the noise, he came out.

"I'll fetch her down for you, Aunt Bet," said the sailor.

"Do it, Jim! I wish you would!" said Mrs. Driscoll.

When Mercy saw the young sailor climbing toward her, she gave a little cry like a frightened bird, and at once ascended higher, and disappeared in a thick bunch of foliage at the very top.

A moment later the spectators heard a scream, and saw Mercy fall from that dizzy height like a wounded squirrel. Fortunately, she struck first among the lower boughs, but from these she fell to the ground, where she lay motionless.

The sailor, reproaching himself for the accident, sprang down and picked her up. One of her slender arms hung limp, and there was blood on her face. He carried her tenderly to the hotel, and Mrs. Driscoll promptly sent for a doctor, and meanwhile exercised her own skill to revive the child.

"I never thought of her fallin', no more'n a squirrel," she mused. "She must 'a' ben terrible scared at Jim."

In the midst of the excitement, the landlady was suprised to see Mrs. Duperu enter, assisted by her coachman. She tottered feebly, and her pale face was really ghastly. She laid her trembling white hand on Mrs. Driscoll's big red arm, while her frightened eyes were fixed on Mercy's motionless form.

"I saw her—fall!" she gasped. "Is—is she—badly hurt?"

"Not so very, ma'am," replied the landlady. "Her arm is broke, and she's a bit jarred. Don't be scared, ma'am. Beat, fetch a chair for the lady. But it's pretty hard, ma'am," she continued. "I don't see what I'm a-goin' to do with her, with all the work that's a-pilin' up on me. Sure, she was enough trouble when she was well."

"I shall take her home with me as soon as she can be moved," whispered Mrs. Duperu, eagerly.

Mrs. Duperu spent the night and the succeeding days at Mercy's bedside. When the child could be safely moved, she took her in her carriage to Robin Wood, to the great amazement of the gossips.

Mercy recovered, and lived happily at Robin Wood. She felt many restrictions about her, but they were generally of a kind that accorded with her gentle nature. She was well-dressed and well-taught. Mrs. Duperu showed little affection for her, but she was very kind, and Mercy often wondered why this great lady had taken charge of her.

There were many splendid trees to climb at Robin Wood, but Mercy soon discovered that Mrs. Duperu did not regard with favor that form of exercise; and she regretfully promised her benefactress never to indulge in it again.

The girl wore a pair of antique earrings—little crescents of gold, set with turquoise. Mrs. Duperu deigned to admire them one day.

"They were my mother's," said Mercy.

The old lady started as if a wasp had stung her. Then she seized her cane and hobbled away.

Mercy had been with Mrs. Duperu several months when a Chinese notable arrived at Savoy, and registered at the Woodman's Hotel. He was a grave, dignified gentleman, dressed in his rich native costume, and wearing a black skull-cap with a red braided button at the top. His name was Wo Keong, and he was an official of the Chinese Six Companies of San Francisco.

His business was soon made known by small bills which were posted about town. He had come to remove the body of Ah Gow, who had been killed by the explosion; and the bills offered a reward of fifty dollars to the person who should recover the missing head.

Wo Keong quaintly explained in his advertisement that the matter was one of great importance, as a Chinaman who had left his head in a foreign land was placed in a very bad position in the next world. Happiness was impossible to him until his head was found; and at the great festival of *Yu Lan* he was sure to come back to the earth mournfully searching for it.

One of these singular bills was brought to Robin Wood as a curiosity, by Mercy's music-teacher. Mercy read it, and from that time was sad and absent-minded.

A secret was weighing upon her mind, and there was no one in whom she could confide. Mrs. Duperu was kind, but she had never invited her love and confidence.

Mercy drove to town one day in the carriage, and saw a great number of men and boys on the mountain side above the town. She knew for what they were searching, and she shuddered.

One morning the music-teacher remarked that Wo Keong was about to give up his search, and that he would probably leave Savoy the next day. When Mercy heard this, a great lump rose in her throat, and at the same time a great resolve rose in her heart.

The image of poor Ah Gow, so distressed without his head, haunted her. She kept saying to herself, "He is unhappy; I must help him."

When the music lesson was finished, she went to Mrs. Duperu and asked, with a tremulous voice, "Mrs. Duperu, will you please let me climb a tree just once more?"

The old lady was surprised at the request, so solemnly and earnestly made.

"Is that what has made you so serious of late?" she asked. "You are pale, too. I fear that I have kept you too quiet. I must give you more exercise, a pony to ride, perhaps. Yes, go and climb a tree if you wish, but let it be a very small one."

"I want to climb a big tree," declared Mercy, with grave firmness.

"What a strange child!" murmured Mrs. Duperu. "Choose your own tree, then," she continued, "but do not fall, and let no one see you."

At twelve o'clock that night Mercy, on foot and alone, was walking the gloomy road to town. The wind roared in the tall redwood trees; black clouds hung overhead, and drops of rain were falling.

The Woodman's Hotel was dark and silent. Mercy passed it and went up to the great oak on the ridge. She stopped there shivering. The wind made a strange noise in the huge tree.

She began to climb slowly. Her arms were weak with terror, and she had to stop often to rest. Once there was a bright gleam of lightning, and she cowered close to the trunk, lest some one should see her.

At last she reached the thick mass of foliage at the top, from which she had fallen. She wrapped her handkerchief around her hand, shut her eyes, and reached out fearfully.

She touched a smooth, round object that had lodged in the thick foliage of the tree. This object, the mere sight of which had once made her lose her hold and fall, she was now courageously grasping, inspired by pure compassion.

Holding it firmly, she hurriedly descended and ran to the hotel.

She knew Wo Keong's window; she had seen him sitting there, grave and sedate, as became his rank. There was a rain-spout at the corner; a large rosebush clung to the side, and the window cornices would afford a foothold. She began to climb the wall.

Wo Keong was awakened by the cold touch of the wind and rain on his face. Before he could rise, a brilliant flash of lightning illumined the wild night. He saw a slight form, with pallid face and flying hair, framed in the open window. Dense darkness fell, but in the mighty crash of the thunder he thought he heard a shrill cry.

He sprang up and lighted his lamp. No living thing was visible, but on the floor beneath the window he saw a human skull. He knew that Ah Gow's head was found.

Something gleamed beside the mournful relic of humanity. Wo Keong picked it up and examined it curiously. It was an antique earring—a golden crescent set with turquoise.

It had been raining heavily for an hour, with frequent flashes of lightning, when Mrs. Duperu heard a strange sound in the house. Obeying her first impulse, she took her lamp and went to Mercy's room. There she found the child lying on the floor sobbing piteously. Her hair and clothing were drenched with rain, and she was shivering with cold.

"Mercedes! Where have you been?" screamed the frightened woman.

"I have lost my mother's earring," was all that Mercy could say. She began to sob pitifully, and then fainted.

The next day Mercy was delirious and dangerously ill. The old lady's proud spirit broke, and she prayed that Mercedes might live to know her again, so that she could take her to her heart.

But Mercy was likely to die. Hour after hour she seemed to be seeking the lost earring, or shrinking in terror from some frightful object.

Late one night, when sleep had at last stilled Mercy's piteous voice, Mrs. Duperu, watching by her bedside, fell into a short, troubled slumber. She suddenly awoke and started up wildly, with the feeling that some one was in the room. But everything was still.

She was about to sink down in her chair again, when a strange object on the table attracted her attention. It was a small octagonal box, of silver filigree work. She had never seen it before.

Mercy was still sleeping, and Mrs. Duperu went out and questioned the servants. No one had called, and none of them had been in the room.

Greatly astonished, Mrs. Duperu returned and looked closely at the box. At one side of it was

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a spring, which she pressed. The box opened, and she saw in it a slip of paper on which was written, *"Mercedes Jaramillo."*

Beneath the paper lay Mercy's lost earring. A piece of folded white silk remained. She lifted one corner, and saw within a beautiful pearl necklace.

This mystery greatly disturbed Mrs. Dupery, but she gently clasped the earring in Mercy's ear, grateful to whoever had returned it.

When the morning dawned, the child awoke, rational for the first time. She solemnly put her hands to her ears, and a look of joy came over her face.

"O Mrs. Dupery, I dreamed that I lost one of my earrings," she cried, weakly.

The old lady's face was wet with tears as she bent down and kissed her. Then a sound and healing slumber fell upon the child.

The genius of fancy were astonished when, not long afterward, a marble slab which bore this inscription was placed at poor Jaramillo's grave:

GEORGE DUPERU.

How the little silver box was placed on the table was never discovered. If Wo Keong thought it fitting that a mysterious kindness done to himself should be repaid by a kindness equally mysterious, he certainly carried out his idea very well.

CHARLES E. BRIMBLECOM.

For the Companion.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "KITTIE-WINK."

In Seven Chapters.—Chapter IV.

Adrift.

During the evening after the yachtsrace Hal and Non were entertained very hospitably by the Neptune Club, and were made much of as the victors of the day. It was late when they made their way down the club landing to their own dory. Rain strutted a little, it is to be feared, even in the dark.

The night was black as jet. A fine drizzle was falling softly. Lights flickered feebly from the yachts in the harbor.

"Jump in!" said Hal. "I'll shove her off. You row this time. That's the *Kittiewink*."

Hal unfastened the painter, leaped lightly after his friend, and gave the dory a push.

The wind, as usual, had changed. The tide was running out. Thakin' tinkin! From ship to ship the bells sounded faintly, as if muffled in the mist. Each bell struck six times.

"Eleven o'clock!" said Hal, with a sense of importance in recognizing the sailor's method of computing time. "Hurry up! Why don't you row?"

"I can't find any oars," answered Non, groping from one side to the other.

The two boys searched the boat. There were no oars. They were afloat with nothing to propel their boat.

The dory began to drift slowly away from the landing. The boys did not realize at first what the situation meant. They were too inexperienced to guess that oars, though laid ever so carefully on the solid inwards, might be "borrowed" by some unscrupulous prowler about the harbor.

"What shall we do?" asked Non, unconcernedly. It seemed so easy to get ashore in some way.

"Holler, I guess," said Hal, after some leisurely thought.

He illustrated his suggestion by a loud call. Non joined in with a treble cry; but the air was thick, and they had already drifted a good distance. The sound fell back deadened.

"Tell!" commanded Captain Hal. This time a loud shriek was the result.

"Stop your noise!" answered a voice from a boat not far away.

"But we're drifting out!" shrieked Hal.

"You can't fool me! Go to bed!" came back the steering answer.

"But we've lost our oars! We're adrift!"

"You've lost your head!" called a sleepy sailor.

The cries of the boys smote falster and falnter upon the waters of Marblehead Harbor. They stopped for very fright.

"We are going out to sea!" sobbed Non.

"Why, we can't go out to sea!" expostulated Hal. But Non was right. The tide had dragged the unmanageable dory beyond the headland.

There are few experiences more terrible than being adrift in an open boat in an open sea. Now and then the newspapers record the picking up of an emaciated fisherman by a passing vessel barely in time to save his life—sometimes too late; and always there is told a sad story of pain and privation, either by the rescued mariner, or by the manifest signs of his suffering.

If Hal one must be cast adrift, there is nothing better than a Swampscott dory for such a purpose. Our two boys were in such a boat; it was thirteen feet long, and had a flat bottom, from which its sides flared outward. The dory was one of the best of its kind. Phin had chosen it.

In a very high sea, to the experienced sailor, the dory is almost as safe as any craft afloat. A dory, as the saying runs, "can sail in a dewdrop or in a Nor'easter." But a dory without oars!

Fear had cowed the boys, and they crouched side by side on the grating at the bottom. Hal held Non by the hand, while Non rested one arm on Hal's shoulder. At first neither spoke. It seemed hours to them since they had floated off, yet it was scarcely ten minutes.

"Let's give one more yell!" urged Hal. "I guess we can fetch 'em this time. They *must* hear us!"

"I can't!" sobbed Non. "It's too terrible!"

The boy put his head on the seat and shut his teeth tightly to stifle his tears. He was ashamed of himself; but many a man in no worse position has yielded more weakly to his fears.

"I'll try now," Non spoke, after a few more brave gulps. They stood up in the dory, two helpless waifs, clinging to each other, and shouted and hallooed until a rough swell toppled them over. Then they sank, exhausted and terrified, upon the dory's bottom, and clasped each other for comfort and warmth.

It seems strange that no one on board the *Kittiewink* had heard their cries. Skipper Scrod was expecting them, but being tired with his day's work, had gone below, and there fallen into a doze. The wind carried the signaling shouts in the opposite direction; the denseness of the atmosphere deadened the sound, and perhaps fright had changed the tones of the familiar voices. Phin slept on and heard no shrieks.

Trot was on the lookout. He heard the voices, and yelped loudly. But he had barked all the evening without occasion, and now barked in vain when good cause had come for his excitement.

Meantime Hal and Non shivered in the dory, which was still moving rapidly seaward.

"I don't suppose it's any use to holler any more," said Hal. Then, after a little hesitation, he went on. "Say, Non, old fellow, do you think we are going to die? It's cold enough, and dark enough, too."

Non did not trust himself to answer. He thought of his home, of his father and brothers. He could not speak just then. The boys were hushed with the solemnity of their danger. What good could talking do?

Already they had drifted beyond Marblehead Point. The tide took the light dory between Cat Island and the Beacon in a straight course for Thacher's Ledge. The wind breezed up westerly, and pushed seaward upon the flaring side of the boat as if it were best upon his destruction.

With the wind, the mist disappeared. The sky cleared, and the stars shone mockingly. The steady white light from the receding Point glittered like an eye that had no pity. As the boys strained their eyes toward the impenetrable horizon, they caught the twin lights of Baker's Island.

"Hallo!"

"That's Baker's!" said Hal, authoritatively. He was pleased to recognize a friend.

"There's a vessel!" cried Non, looking eagerly in the opposite direction. "Phin says they carry a red lantern at night. See! Perhaps they'll pick us up."

But the red light laughed at them with its even, ruddy glow. Can Egg Rock light pick up a cast-away?

To one at sea for the first time, on a clear night, off the shore bristling with light-houses, the sight is as exciting as it is dreamy. Had the boys been safe on some stout boat, they would have yielded to the romance of the situation. As it was, the excitement and the novelty of their position for the moment blinded them to its peril.

"One, two, three, four, five—there it shines again! I wonder where that light is. Now it's out. Look quick!"

Non had discovered the beautiful Eastern Point light, whose ruby lantern flashed sympathetically upon them.

But soon the diversion of discovery ceased. The boys snuggled closer together. The experience was damp and monotonous, and it began to grow dreadful. The cheap, cheap! of the waves underneath the flat dory—a pleasant sound on a bright day, with oars in hand—terrified them now.

"Say, Non!" Hal resolutely interrupted his own gloomy thoughts. "I guess papa is asleep now. Your father is in bed, too, unless he's called out; and my mother—I'm glad she doesn't know. Say! Do you think God knows—"

Non bowed his head reverently. "Perhaps this is a punishment," he ventured to say. "Perhaps we oughtn't to have gone fishing. I know my father wouldn't have liked it."

Hal thought of his mother with a heavy heart. He couldn't bear to speak of her. But a bright thought occurred to him.

"It couldn't have been very wrong, because we saved so many lives."

"That's so, as it turned out," said Non. "But we didn't know we were going to do that. I say, Hal, didn't you think it would be wrong to pray?"

"No, you pray first!" said Hal.

Hal began, falteringly, a simple prayer, but broke down. "You go on, Non," he said; "I can't."

Non was much moved.

"I can't think what to say. I never thought of saying any prayers in a place—like this."

Nevertheless, Non began, and uttered a heartfelt little supplication for rescue.

"That wasn't much of a prayer," he said, apologetically. "But I guess it will do as well as any. I've done lots better praying—inside. *What's that?*"

He seized Hal by the arm and dragged him around. They peered into the darkness, which was broken by a huge shadow; what it was their untrained vision could not at first make out.

Suddenly, the dim outlines of sails took shape, looming straight over them. A red light flushed very near. The big vessel was making directly for the dory, bowling along on the starboard tack, unconscious of the cockle-shell before her.

So silently had she approached that the fact seemed a mysterious answer to their broken prayers. The boys trembled in a kind of awe. At first their throats could make no sound; but the creaking of cranze, the slanting of spars, the clanking of chains, the swish of the parted waters brought them to their senses.

"Hallo! Ship ahoy!" they shrieked. "Hallo! Ahoy, there!"

"What's that?" came a gruff voice, quite clear upon the night air.

"Hold on! Stop! Take us in! We're adrift! Hold on!"

Then came the moment of anxiety and expectation. Would the vessel pass by? There was a stamping of feet on board the big schooner, a confusion of orders, and the vessel shot into the wind. She had just missed sending the dory to the bottom.

The jibs flapped briskly in the breeze as she came up, and a figure leaning far over the rail cried out:

"What's that? Who's there?"

"Two boys," answered Hal.

"We've drifted!" said Non, appealingly.

"From where?"

"Marblehead!"

"Why don't you hurry up and row there?"

"We haven't any oars. Do come for us!"

"What's the matter?"

The deep voice of a new comer on deck was heard.

"Two young fellows adrift that in something. Got no oars," answered one of the men. "We come very near running 'em down."

"Throw that stark'rd dory overboard! What are you about there? Jump in, two of you! Shoot her up in the wind!"

The Captain lost no time in giving and executing these delightful orders. Two men jumped quickly. In experienced hands the dory found the other shore. The boys were easily transferred into a very fishy boat, which struck them as the sweetest craft they had ever seen.

A dozen willing hands lowered the tackle and hoisted their dory on deck. The Captain himself, disentangled by no gold lace, but by a very crumpled white linen shirt, helped the boys out. The first observation which was made by any one came from one of the sailors.

"What shall we do with this dory? It's a good 'un."

"Let her tow till morning," answered the master, curtly.

Hal said nothing. He felt too much confused to speak. The Captain and the men surrounded the strange lads on the raised deck aft. A lantern was flashed before them. Everybody rushed to see the new catch.

"You're pretty young to be foolin' with the Atlantic ocean," said one gray fisherman, shaking his head solemnly. "Whar' d' ye belong?"

"Marblehead," said Non, quickly.

"Do you think you can get us back there before dinner?" asked Hal, looking from one to the other.

What a queer, yet good-hearted lot of men they were! They reminded him of the two friends the boys had brought on board for the race. The crew of the fisherman looked at one another.

"Sick back?" said one, meditatively.

"Let's sell 'em," said another, gravely. "They ought to know."

"I should like to get back before mother and father find out," Hal went on. "My mother is dreadfully afraid of yachting. She will die if she hears."

The fishermen looked at one another for the second time, but not one spoke.

"You don't understand, perhaps," quavered Hal. "You see, we've got to get back. If you know any another, you would see it's as I say. She's worse about yachting than anybody you ever saw. She and I—you see—"

Hal's voice trembled and broke.

"My lads," interrupted the Captain, laying one hand on each boy's arm, "you are going back to-day, not yet to-morrow nor the next day. We're bound for the Grand Banks for a three months' trip!"

HERBERT D. WARD.

(To be continued.)

THE ENVIOUS MAN.

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves.
—*Shakespeare.*

For the Companion.

SEA WONDERS.

No one can neglect a more fascinating spot, either for the student of science or for the casual observer, than the building of the United States Fish Commission at Woods Holl, Massachusetts, an establishment devoted to the propagation of cod and lobster for stocking our native waters, to scientific research, and also, incidentally, to the instruction of the public in deep-sea wonders.

In 1871 the attention of the government was called to an alarming decrease of the codfish in the waters along the American coast. Once everywhere abundant, so that it could be caught in large numbers near shore, it had not only become hopelessly scarce, but, through many causes, and chiefly through the defilement of the shore waters by the sewage of cities, it had been driven out into the deep sea.

A commission was appointed, under the late Professor Baird, to investigate the matter; and after several years spent in experimental study at coast towns, it was resolved to establish a hatching station and laboratory to supply the lows and restock the waters.

The present station was established at Woods Holl—a place especially favorable for the work. The harbor has a bottom of clean sand; its water is pure and unpolluted by refuse, and has the advantage of a comparatively high temperature.

In 1886 fish-hatching was begun here on a large scale. This, the principal business of the Commission, is a process full of interest.

During the latter part of April lobster eggs are collected and hatched, and the young distributed along the coast. The cod-hatching season lasts from November to the middle of March, and the little cod are placed in the water just as soon as they are able to take care of themselves.

The apparatus used in the process is very simple, but so automatic that one man can, without difficulty, attend to a hundred million eggs.

The hatching-room, on the lower floor of the building, is furnished with large wooden troughs, each of which contains six or eight inverted cylindrical glass jars holding four gallons apiece. Each jar has coarse cheesecloth tied over its mouth, and a small hole drilled through the bottom. Through this hole the ool eggs are introduced into the jar, and the water, constantly passing through the troughs, and made to rise and fall gently by an automatic apparatus, aerates the eggs, and gives them the motion which is necessary for them.

The sediment accumulating in the troughs is occasionally drawn off by means of a siphon, but beyond this the eggs need no attention.

Millions of little cod are by this means aided every year in our impoverished waters, and it is said that fishermen have already found this kind of fish decidedly more abundant than they were a few years ago.

Above the hatching-room, in the Fish Commission building, are laboratories where eager students from our leading colleges are busily at work during the summer months, with microscope and chemicals, in the study of various specialties in science. Each has all the privileges which the place affords, not the least of these being the examination of sea wonders, strange or familiar, brought in by the government steamer *Fishhawk* from her dredging expeditions along the coast.

Valuable or interesting specimens are preserved in alcohol, after having served their turn, and though most of them are sent to the national Museum of Natural History at Washington, full collections find their way to the cabinets of colleges.

The *Fishhawk* is used as a shad-hatching station during the winter months, but in summer she is occupied exclusively in dredging for specimens; but as she is not fitted for deep-sea expeditions, she never goes far from home.

All the long and adventurous voyages are reserved for the *Albatross*, another vessel devoted by government to the use of the Commission.

This steamer is perfectly fitted for her duties, with all the modern appliances which render the path of science a smooth one. She is lighted by electricity, so that work can be accomplished accurately on deck, by night as well as by day. In dredging she uses an electric light which can be lowered to a depth of one hundred fathoms without being crushed or extinguished, and which attracts within the circle of its brilliancy all sorts of fascinating marine creatures, like moths about a candle.

As soon as the contents of the trawls used in dredging are received on deck, they are sifted through a succession of sieves which have meshes of different size, so that no desirable bit of animal life shall escape the microscope or the tank, where its habits can be studied.

All these marvels are for those who are trying, with the aid of science, to spell out the knowledge that nature has in store for us; but the Commission has advantages for even the wayfaring man. He may visit the building at Woods Holl, and examine, in its picturesque aquaria, all sorts of deep-sea inhabitants which have been hospitably made at home there.

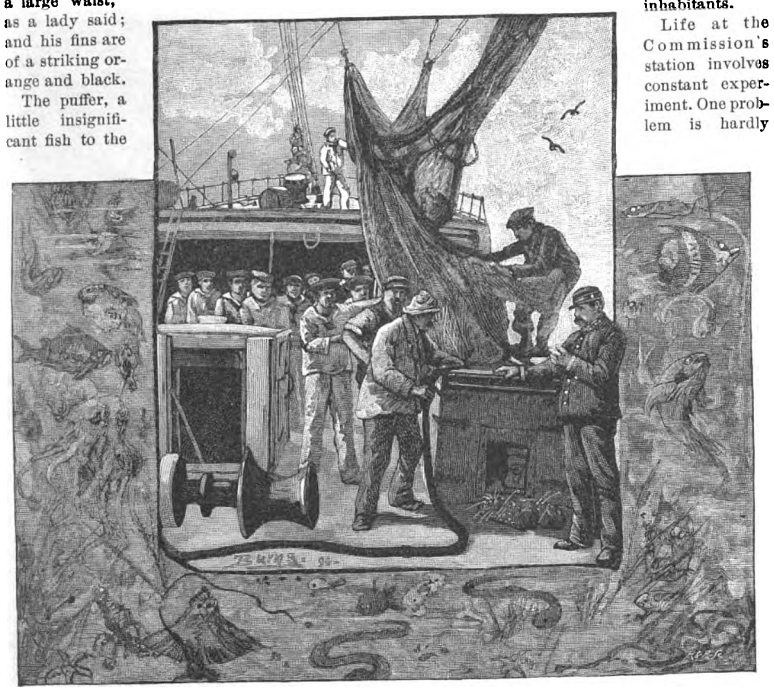
One day, there was a family of strangely differing members swimming about in a large tank, at one end of the room. A dog-fish floated back and

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forth, in graceful, undulating curves, accompanied by two *Remora* or suckers, his devoted and inseparable attendants.

Another member of this happy family was a fish in which one can imagine an odd resemblance to one of our common birds, and which is called the sea-robin. He is a brownish creature, "with a large waist," as a lady said; and his fins are of a striking orange and black.

The puffer, a little insignificant fish to the



casual gaze, was swimming about among these more pretentious creatures, giving no hint of his accomplishments, until he was suddenly dipped from the water by an attendant. Then he began to swell, without warning and with no apparent effort.

The under part of his body became more and more inflated, until no bladder could have been tighter, no drumhead more resonant when it is touched. Then, just as he had reached the climax of rage or fear, he was dropped again into the water, and his dignity collapsed on the instant. As soon as he touched his native element, he was once more a plain little fish, with no apparent powers of defence or offence.

The glass aquaria in this room are marvels of beauty, carpeted as they are with waving, many-colored seaweeds, and presenting phases of animal life always wonderful and sometimes even grotesque.

One contained, among bass, pipe-fish and other lively citizens, a lobster—more agreeable to the eye in his shell of dark vari-colored green, than those British-uniformed ones who have turned scarlet in the trial of boiling—who was sitting in a corner, in a broken-backed way, with his claws in his lap, as if he were knitting by the chimney-corner.

Little fish went bumping about over his head, but not a whit cared he; nothing was left him but the one apparent privilege of thinking and thinking over the good old days when the universe was not bounded by walls of glass.

In one aquarium live the stickleback, which are nest-builders. As the hatching season approaches, the male makes a nest, an inch or more in diameter, from vegetable fibre cemented with mucus from his body. When it is finished, he coaxes or drives the female into one of its openings, and she deposits her eggs within. After this the careful father occupies himself in watching them, in fanning the water with his tail to secure ventilation for them, and in driving away intruders.

The young, which are hatched in two or three weeks, grow very slowly, and the anxious father meantime acts as their constant nurse. If they fall from the nest, he carries them back in his mouth, and places them once more within it.

One globe is filled with snails. It is the delight of the visitor to force such as are carrying their houses on their backs to "haul in their horns," cease their sluggish crawling, and drop, inert, into the water.

In another glass tiny gold fish, hatched on the spot, grow up to maturity and fitness for life on the parlor table, and it is interesting to hear that they are, at birth, larger than the newly hatched cod, which afterward so far outstrip them in size.

Most wonderful of all, there sailed upon the water, in a large tank, the *Physalia*, or "Portuguese man-of-war"—violet-tinted and ærial, an organism which floats about, by means of its beautiful bladder filled with air, like a fairy boat.

The *Physalia* was once supposed to be a single creature, but some modern naturalists hold that it consists of a colony of individuals, some of which perform the digestive functions, while others catch the food, and still others produce the young. If this be true its life furnishes an example of the oldest and most perfect form of coöperative housekeeping known among animals.

The water in the various aquaria is constantly renewed by pipes entering and leading away from them; yet there is one fresh-water aquarium in which records an interesting experiment. In this the water has remained unchanged for a year, and is successfully purified by aëration. It is brought continually in contact with a current of air, and is consequently kept in perfect condition for its finny inhabitants.

Life at the Commission's station involves constant experiment. One problem is hardly solved before new and even more delightful ones appear, for Nature, the great teacher, has ready an infinite series of tasks for those who are eager to learn of her.

ALICE BROWN.

IDEALS.

Nothing of sweetness fills the air,
Nothing of beauty blooms,
Save as a vision of life more fair
Over the spirit looms.

Selected. —*Geo. Lansing Raymond.*

THE RUSSIAN JEWS.

The ancient tradition that the Jews are condemned to wander forever, separated from each other and shunned by the rest of mankind, is to-day being terribly exemplified in Russia.

There can no longer be any doubt that the Czar has formed the settled purpose either to banish the enormous number of Jews who dwell in his dominions, or to subject them, if they remain, to new cruelties and persecutions added to the old.

The whole world has been horrified by the late accounts of the severities to which the Russian Jews have been subjected. Recent decrees have forbidden Jewish artisans, mechanics and tradesmen from entering Moscow, and measures have been taken to banish from Moscow the Jewish tradesmen and artisans, about fourteen thousand in number, who already reside there.

Thousands of Jews have been expelled from their homes in the villages to what is called "the pale;" that is, the districts designated as those to which Jews must confine their residence.

Those who have lived less than eight years in villages must leave them, and move into the towns selected by the government. Many other restrictions and hardships, reported every week, are being inflicted in Russia on the unfortunate race.

Jews have been forbidden to observe the Hebrew Sabbath (Saturday), and to close their shops on that day, and are compelled to shut up their shops on Sunday.

There are probably two principal reasons why this relentless persecution has been entered upon and is being savagely carried out. One is the inveterate hatred, not only of the government and the Orthodox Church, but of the great masses of the people, both to the Jewish race and the Jewish religion.

The other is, that the Russian Jews, though generally of a low order of civilization, have been thrifty, have practised usury among the shiftless and intemperate Russian peasants, and have prospered in spite of the restricted sphere of their occupations.

The first appears to be the principal motive at the present time. There can be no doubt that the Czar's tyrannical course has been instigated and encouraged by the leading spirits of the Russian Orthodox Church.

As a consequence of the persecutions, Jews have been pouring out of Russia, and seeking new homes in Western Europe and America, by thousands during the past two months. So numerous have been the Jewish emigrants to English shores, that the English Government has taken alarm, and is adopting measures for restricting it.

A wealthy Austrian Jew, Baron Hirsch, is said to have devoted no less than fifteen million dollars to aid the exiles and settle them in new homes, and has devised an elaborate scheme for establishing them in colonies.

The exodus of the swarms of Jews, for the most part unskilled and poverty-stricken, has its serious aspect for the United States. There is evidence that the English and other governments threatened with their incursion are attempting to divert the stream of Jewish emigration to this country and to South America.

We do not wish for or need this class of pauper emigrants. Already the hospitality of our shores has been taken advantage of by large numbers of Europeans whose presence among us is worse than unprofitable.

It is not just to the hard-working laborers of the United States to admit hordes of paupers from abroad to undermine the wages of honest toil; neither is it in the interests of peace and good order that the lowest classes of European society should have unrestricted entrance upon our soil.

It is to be hoped that, while deeply sympathizing with the Russian Jews in their misfortune, our government will take measures to restrict their wholesale entrance into this country.

A SONG.

To sleep! to sleep! The long, bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!
Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!

New Review. —*Tennyson.*

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

The adoption of a law in Michigan providing that the electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, to which that State is entitled, shall be elected by the people voting by separate Congressional districts, instead of on a general ticket by the people of the whole State, has attracted a good deal of attention by reason of its possible effect upon the presidential election of 1892.

It has also led to a general discussion of the question of the manner of choosing presidential electors.

The prevailing method was arrived at by the States only after a great deal of experiment, and without any amendment of the Constitution.

The Federal Constitution provides that "Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress."

Each legislature was left free by the Constitution, therefore, to direct the way in which the presidential electors should be chosen. There was great doubt, in the first election, how the thing should be done. It was at first supposed by many that it was the intention of the Convention which adopted the Constitution that the legislatures themselves should make the choice of electors, though by some jurists it was denied that the legislature had any constitutional right to elect on its own account, being merely charged with the duty of directing how the State should elect.

In the majority of the States, in this first election, the electors were chosen by the legislatures. In only three were the people permitted to make the choice definitely. In Massachusetts the people of each Congressional district were directed to choose two candidates for electors, and the legislature chose one of these two for each district, and also two electors at large.

In this first presidential election New York lost its vote altogether, because the two houses of the legislature could not agree upon a way to choose the electors.

After this there was a progressive tendency to give the choice of electors to the people. In the election of 1824 six States still chose electors by legislature; in 1828 only two,—Delaware and South Carolina,—and in 1832 the only State which clung to the legislative method was South Carolina.

That State continued to choose electors by this method until the Civil War.

Meantime, the States in which the electors were chosen by separate districts grew fewer and fewer, the manner of election by a general ticket having steadily spread. By the election of 1832 all the States had abandoned that system except Maryland; and that State adopted the prevalent system before the next presidential election. Since 1832 no State has chosen electors by districts.

Several States have changed from one method to another. In 1812 there was great popular excitement in North Carolina and New Jersey because in those States, in which laws had been passed giving the choice of electors to the people, these laws were repealed—at least in New Jersey plainly for party reasons—and the election assumed by the legislature.

In the Michigan Legislature, the change just made was opposed by the party which has carried the State in all recent presidential elections, and favored by the opposition to this party, which had gained a majority in the legislature.

The motive was alleged by the opponents of the change to be purely a party one, as it is altogether likely that the electoral vote of the State would be divided under the district system, whereas the probabilities are that it would all be cast, if chosen on a general ticket, as it has been in the past.

The advocates of the change, however, maintained that they favored it on the ground that a district system of choosing electors, like the district system of choosing delegates to a presidential nominating convention adopted by one of the two great parties, comes nearer to an expression of the real choice of the people than the general ticket system.

SILENT.

After the death of the great Prussian, General von Moltke, some of the Berlin newspapers published the following anecdote of him.

When a very young man, holding the humble position of second lieutenant in the Danish army, he wrote a letter of resignation to the King himself, full of pompous self-conceit. The King accepted his resignation, briefly adding that the Danish army would try to get on as best it could without Lieutenant von Moltke.

The young soldier, who had been unconscious of his vanity, was deeply mortified. "You talked too much, Moltke," a comrade said to him.

"I shall talk no more," he sternly replied.

His reticence thereafter was so great that in his old age he was known throughout Germany as the Silent One.

Since his death a prominent clergyman in Pennsylvania has given an account of a visit which he made to the scene of the decisive battle in the Austro-Prussian War.

He found there a group of German officers, one of whom, in a carriage, was driven at a snail's pace into every part of the field. A box beside him was filled with maps, with which he studied each minute detail of the battle, fighting it over again moment by moment. It was Moltke with his staff.

The painstaking accuracy which brought him back after years had passed, to study again his own mistakes and successes, made him the great master of the art of war of his century, while his dumb self-control gave him prestige in the eyes of the masses, who in Germany, as elsewhere, are apt to believe that silence means strength.

We live in a voluble age, when almost every intelligent man has a pet theory or pursuit to which he wishes to convert his neighbors. The able man who knows how to hold his tongue in even one language will probably be credited with more wisdom than if he could maintain his opinion with clearness or eloquence.

"The easiest thing for a great man to do," said John Randolph, "is to make a speech; the most difficult to act right and keep silent."

If any young reader of *The Companion*, however, wraps himself in reserve, and becomes reticent and cold among his fellows in order to gain respect, he must remember that Moltke, dumb, without his ten languages, his accuracy and mastery of strategy, would have remained a sub-lieutenant all of his life.

An old Spanish proverb says, "None speak better than the ant, who says nothing and—works."

BESIDE GRANDMOTHER'S BED.

And grandmother was dying!

It was a strange thing, considering how little her grandchildren had ever loved her, that they should be so sorry now.

At any time since she came to live with them, ten years ago, they would have said, had they said anything about it, that they "just wished grandma lived somewhere else;" and now when she was about to seek a new home in "a city great and glorious," they suddenly and strangely felt that they would miss her from the chair she had sat in by the fireside.

Grandmother had a gift for advising. What is it in young people that makes them hate so to be advised? When the old lady said, "Johnny, tie up your throat well; it's cold this morning," some perverse spirit got the better of Johnny, and made him go out less warmly wrapped than usual, and Johnny took a cold that kept him indoors for many a weary day.

He thought of that, now; and he remembered it was grandmother who never tired of sitting by his bed, and giving him his medicine, and tending him as if he were her heart's joy.

Johnny began to understand, now when it was too late, that what grandmother had all along wanted was some one to take care of—something to do. All her grown-up life—for she married when she was little more than a girl—until her old husband died ten years ago, she had been mistress of her own house; and when, left all alone at last, she came to live with her daughter, she had the habit of life-long authority, with nothing and nobody it was really her place to govern.

She could not quite realize that the household, accustomed to depend on itself, had no especial need of her. She thought that such advice as she had been wont to give for over fifty years must be worth something still, to somebody; and she kept offering it, poor dear old lady, just as people sing songs, sometimes, when the fashion of the music has gone by and nobody wants to hear them.

Grandmothers are apt to be like that—and grandchildren are apt to listen impatiently to the counsel that seems to them old-fashioned and out of tune.

Johnny did not believe much in tears shed by boys; but they crept up to his eyes when he looked at grandmother lying there, with the patient face the gray hair framed, and with nothing about her that seemed alive except the eyes that were looking at something no one else could see, and the tired old hands that groped at the bedspread as if they were trying to straighten it out with some instinct for tidiness.

Then Jane came in softly. When grandmother had begged her to speak more gently, there had

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been in her an instinct of rebellion that made the girl long to shout; and when grandmother had thought the dress that she wore to school too fine for the occasion, Jane had gone, out of pure perversity, and tied on her prettiest sash.

How sorry she was now—when the eyes that looked at the far-off something, no longer knew what poor Jenny had on.

John and Jenny stood there, and their looks met across the bed.

"How good and patient she was!" Johnny said.

"Yes, and we weren't half good enough to her," Jane answered. "Oh, I wish, I wish we had her back again!" the girl cried, with a sudden spasm of late love and sorrow. And surely grandmother heard; for the eyes that had been seeing only the far-off something, turned for one instant toward the grandchildren, and a smile—yes it *was* a smile—quivered on the wrinkled old lips, and then—grandmother was dead!

HOW TO FIGHT A DUEL.

The practice of duelling is practically extinct in this country, and soon will be, doubtless, in all parts of the world. Sensible minds everywhere see the absurdity of it, though men in passion, or acting under a false notion of honor, may sometimes yield to the foolish requirements of the "code."

At one time two well-known Frenchmen, Cham, the caricaturist, and Philippe Gille, a man of letters, had a violent quarrel in a theatre, after the play was over. Their friends interceded, but only made matters worse.

One of the men challenged the other. Seconds were named on the spot, and both men insisted that the preliminaries of the meeting should be arranged at once.

The seconds stepped into an adjoining room to make the grim arrangements for the duel, leaving the two principals in the same apartment.

"What shall be the weapons?" the second of one party asked; "pistols?"

"No," said another; "with pistols, it is all over so quickly that one has no chance to see anything."

The partition between the room in which this discussion occurred and the one in which Cham and Gille, glaring at the floor, were waiting, was so thin that the two men heard every word.

At the remark just quoted, they looked up at each other.

"That isn't very funny to hear," said Cham.

"Hardly," said Gille. "We'd better go out on the stage."

They went out into the solemn gloom of the deserted stage, and found that also unpleasant.

"Let's go out on the street," said one to the other.

They went out, and presently saw a good many people going into a restaurant. They followed mechanically, and sat down at a table.

Half an hour afterward, when the seconds had completed the arrangements for the fight, they were surprised not to find the principals where they left them: and when they went in search of them, they found them supping merrily together, entirely reconciled.

THRONGS OF IMMIGRANTS.

The number of immigrants into the United States during the year 1890 was rather more than four hundred and ninety-five thousand—that is, more than the population of St. Louis, Baltimore or Boston. Sixteen thousand more immigrants arrived during the first three months of 1891 than during the corresponding months of 1890.

During the ten years ended with 1890 the country received more than three hundred and twenty thousand Italians. In the last year of the ten the Italians constituted almost one-eighth of the total immigration. About the same fraction of the whole was made up of Russians and Poles.

The law does not allow the American-born young man to vote, no matter how well educated he may be or how well prepared to exercise the privilege wisely, until he is twenty-one years of age. At that age he has probably been learning how to discharge the duties of a citizen for five or six years.

But every man who comes into the country from Europe may, three years after his arrival, declare his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and he will then at once, in many of the States, acquire the right to vote. He may be ignorant of his own language, and be quite unable to speak English. He may be incapable of understanding the American system of government, and indifferent to it. He may have no ambition beyond earning a dollar a day by using a shovel. Yet he has a share in the government if he desires it, and the most intelligent American who is still a minor is his political inferior.

The country in some way should protect itself from the danger of destruction to which it exposes itself by admitting to a share in the government throngs of ignorant and unintelligent Europeans.

A.

For a long time the sounds of almost all English vowels were, as the makers of dictionaries explain at length, in a state of transition. In different words we now have the same vowel pronounced in almost all the various ways known to European languages, and in several that are peculiar to English speech. Probably the pronunciation of more than half the words of the English language has been changed.

There can be no doubt that English vowels originally had the same sounds they now have in most continental languages. Thus *a* was pronounced as it still is in *father*, *e* as *ei* in *rein*, *i* as in *ravine*, and *u* like *oo* in *school*.

But the English people, having a way of changing the sounds of vowels in speech, gradually converted each one of them into something quite different.

The change is going on still. The vowel *a*, in London speech, is gradually receiving the sound of long *i*. An American in London is asked if he wishes to "take in a piper"—and is puzzled until he discovers that this is English for "taking a daily paper."

This tendency has become so marked that the "pipers" themselves have begun, at least in a whimsical way, to print words which have a long *a* with a *y* instead. The *Pali Mall Gazette*, in an article on "Primrose day," devoted to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield, fancies Englishmen singing:

But who will syve old England from the shyme,
And her sons and her daughters who will syve?
For in vyne, alas! in vyne we deplore the honoured nyme
Of Lord Beckingsfield now lying in his gryve.

This vicious pronunciation has begun to creep into a limited circle in America, whose members affect English ways. It should be rejected and resolutely discouraged by every one who wishes to speak good English.

WERE THEY QUALIFIED?

A correspondent sends us from the far West some evidence that it is not always the school children who have queer ideas regarding the meaning of words. She has transcribed from several hundred replies to questions given in the examination of applicants for the position of teacher in certain counties of a Western State the following. The candidates were asked to define plagiarism. Here are eight of the answers.

(1.) Plagiarism is an occult science. (2.) Plagiarism is the act of plaguing. (3.) It is the state of believing differently from the majority of people. (4.) It is the act of telling falsehoods about an opponent. (5.) It is downright meanness. (6.) It is having the disposition to fight. (7.) It is something made correct by usage. (8.) I do not know unless it relates to the power of witching.

Define pedagogics. (1.) Pedagogics is femail teachers. (2.) It relates to petty rulers. In that case there is something about pedagogics in the history of Europe, also history of the United States and the bible. (3.) It is the history of one's good or bad deeds. (4.) Pedagogics is an old teacher that's cranky.

What are metamorphic rocks? They are rocks composed of little animals called metamorphoses.

What is the derivation of the word *polypus?* It is derived from poly, many, and pus, puss, many cats.

What is anatomy? Anatomy is extinct in a dead boddy.

What can you say of the use of pain and pleasure? (1.) Pain is of no use, but it is bad for the health. (2.) Pain gives the physician practice. (3.) Pain tells us that all is not right in the region where the pain is. There are many kinds of pain, enough for every one to have some. Pleasure is useful because it promotes health, it lets us enjoy ourselves while the pains are absent.

Describe the bee. The bee has 2 wings, 4 leggs. It has 1 part at the end of the boddy not the head that is poisenous. He is classed among flies.

Give an account of Horace Greeley. He led the Greeley expedition into the north, turned cannible, eating up their members when provisions gave out.

FROM CRADLEY HEATH.

Recently a deputation of women went from Cradley Heath, in England,—a place where women are employed at heavy work in forging chains,—to London, to protest against the passage by Parliament of an act which proposed to prohibit the use by women of a heavy forging implement known as the "oliver." They objected to the passage of the bill on the ground that it would deprive them of employment.

At London they were questioned at length upon the manner of their employment by the Home Secretary—an officer whose position in the British Government is much the same as that of the Secretary of the Interior in this country. Between Mr. Matthews, the Secretary, and the chain-woman the following dialogue took place:

Mr. Matthews: And what is the precise nature of the employment in which you are enga—

Chain-woman (breaking in): I doan't want to have my work taken away from me!

Mr. Matthews (blandly): Pardon me, that is not quite the point on which I desire information. If you will please explain to me the nature of operation in which—

Chain-woman (firm though flustered, and determined to get out what she had come all the way to London to say): It never done *me* no harm, sir!

Mr. Matthews: But, my good woman, if you will suspend your observations long enough to communicate some idea—

Chain-woman: I likes the 'eavy work, sir; an' I says, Let each one do what they can!

The interview proceeded in this unsatisfactory way until a questioner was found who could talk to the chain-women in their own language.

TOO SMALL.

There is such a thing as poisoning all the pleasant occurrences of life by drops of depreciation. "Yes, your examination papers are always marked high," said one schoolgirl to another. "It must be because your writing is so plain!"

When the *Alabama* was destroyed by the *Kearsarge*, in 1864, there was, of course, great rejoicing in the Northern States, and complimentary tributes were abundantly showered on Captain Winslow for his achievement. A large oil-painting of the battle was presented to Secretary Seward. It represented the *Kearsarge*, with flying colors, in the foreground; the *Alabama*, half-submerged, in the middle distance.

One day, when Captain Winslow went to call upon the Secretary, his attention was drawn to the picture, and he was questioned concerning its fidelity in matters of detail. He replied that it correctly delineated the state of the sky and sea on that day, and that the portrait of the *Kearsarge* was a very good one. Here he paused, and some one asked:

"But what else, Captain? Is there anything wrong?"

"Yes," said the veteran sailor, with emphasis, "I wish these artists would not always represent the *Alabama* as smaller than the *Kearsarge*. She was as large as my vessel; she had as many guns and more men!"

LONG HAIR.

Among the "Locals" of a college paper is an enjoyable joke on a member of the Faculty whose English is usually good.

The professor of literature looked bewildered the other day, because a wave of merriment passed over the class when he spoke of Wilson.

"With his long yellow hair running over those Scottish hills."

Hair of such length seemed remarkable even for a poet to have.

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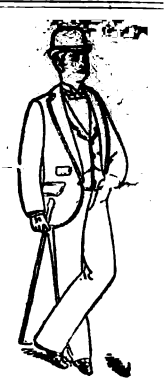
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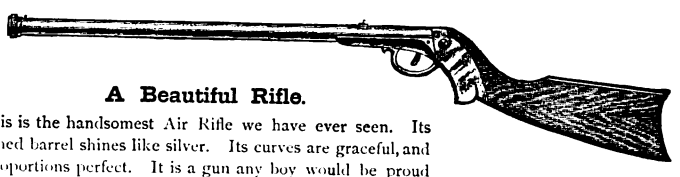


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For the Companion.

THE GIRL WITH A TASTE FOR MUSIC.

By Madame Lillian Nordica.

The one human being in this wide world around whom my sympathies are most strongly entwined —even though she may be the veriest stranger to me—is the girl who would be a public singer; for I know exactly what she has before her, and will have to go through, whether she be destined to succeed or not.

What She Must Encounter.

Admitting that she is doomed to fail, she will have to find out for herself the unwelcome certainty that she has built her house upon the sand—upon vanity, self-deception, ignorance, flatteries of so-called friends, insincere expressions of admiration, unfulfilled promises of help, and almost convincing certainties of ultimate success, even in the face of present failure.

Happy will you be, my dear young vocalist, if conviction of unfitness comes to you even on top of these rosy things, and saves you the bitterness of having others tell you, in all too substantial ways, that your step in life has been a mistaken one, and that you must just go back and begin afresh at some other vocation.

But I do not want you to despair even then; disheartened you may and must be, but *nil desperandum* should be every brave woman's motto. A woman who lacks bravery has no right to think of being a singer.

Happily there are many honorable employments open to women in these improved days, and although there cannot but be a sting in exchanging the prospect of a prima donna's life for the commonplace existence of a teacher, typewriter, modiste or clerk, it will be a great deal better to do it in time, before a public failure has been made, or useful money squandered.

Allowing, however, that your house has not been built upon sand, but on the firm rock of ability and fitness, you will still have a great deal to go through. It makes me clasp your hand, in fancy, just as kindly and tightly as though you had made, or were about to make, a failure; for in this matter I am your friend, your very own friend, Lillian, who is called by the world "successful," but has gone through every phase of the fiery ordeal for which I shall in kindness prepare you.

You must work day and night, night and day. You will have solid, hard, tiring work that cannot be shirked or put aside until a more convenient season; for it is while you are young that you will have to make your mark, and you cannot make it until you have gone through years of real labor.

Flatterers.

Well, so far so good. You will have to set your face like a flint and your heart like a nether millstone against flatterers. Scores of them will come about you. Some will say that you only need a few more finishing lessons from their friend So-and-So, in order to be perfect. Others will say that you have already attained that enviable estate. Others will try to urge you on to appear at some petty concert, or other performance, just "to give you courage."

Don't mind any of them.

When your years of preliminary study are over —for, remember, a public vocalist is always a student—and you make your stage or platform *début*, then your troubles will begin in right earnest. I think it would be well if at that particular period of her life every young vocalist could harden her heart and forget what feelings are; for undoubtedly they will be harrowed upon quite an unexpected number of occasions; and paths that looked from a distance quite smooth and flowery will be found dotted over with boulders, sharp flints, sore ruts, and hard, cutting stones, that will well-nigh scarify the feet that set out to walk on them with only velvet shoes for protection.

One thing must be borne in mind, and the frequent recollection of it will afford a healthy discipline: namely, that at whatever period a young *débutante* may appear before the public, there will always be established favorites against whom she will have to compete, for her position and theirs will be so different that there can be no working together. Their mark is made, and they depend on their established reputation, while hers is yet to be settled.

Because of this our *débutante* ought never to feel aggrieved; for it is a quite natural consequence in the lives and careers of all public people.

Nor ought a beginner ever to experience the heavy heartburnings which some do when those older artists say and do unpleasant little things to confound the new-comer. It is all a part of Nature's scheme for the working out of her own laws.

The old steady sea-fish look on from behind their crags at the struggles of the young ones in the deep waters, and are ready to devour them, and prey upon them, if the young ones do not keep a clear lookout for themselves; but it only teaches these sharpness, which is just what all young beginners need. I do not mean bumptiousness, for that is odious; but a habit of taking care of themselves, and looking out for breakers, which cannot fail to be very useful in after life.

I once asked an old soldier how he felt when he first went into battle. "Well," he said, "at the first volley I just considered myself dead. Then I forgot funk, and went on fighting; and every limb, or part of one, that I brought off the field, I looked upon as a sort of chance saving."

Now that is precisely what our *débutante* will have to do—*forget funk*, and be thankful for even small mercies.

Press criticism will be another source of heartscald, and a very constant one. Every time the young beginner sings, in strange places especially, she will shake with terror until she sees "the papers" next day; and then, if she is censured or passed over, her tortures and disappointments will be well-nigh impossible to bear.

She must, however, bear them; and bravely, too. Happily the press is an honorable institution, usually above suspicion. There are writers who are ignorant or careless, and some who will not on any account favor a new-comer; but as a rule merit is recognized and acknowledged.

In short, an over-sensitive or captious singer will make misery for herself, and the feeling is one that ought strongly to be discouraged.

I am often asked to name a few of the qualifications that are necessary for the making of a public singer, and I give them as briefly as possible.

Necessary Qualifications.

First, a voice; not necessarily a big one, but a voice, which must be pronounced one by a thoroughly competent and disinterested judge; not by mother or father, or some unconscientious professor who will say that it is one with a view to being paid for the subsequent training of it.

Second, she must have a perfectly truthful ear. A person who sings out of tune, and does not know it, will never make a vocalist—and very few who do so, even with the full knowledge of the defect, will ever be able to overcome it, unless taken extremely young, and most judiciously trained.

Were I to speak my own feelings on the subject to parents with daughters to educate, I should say, Do not have any girl trained to be a public singer whose ear is in the very least defective. I know how difficult it is to deal with parents who have set their hearts on this branch of art for their children, and I know the amount of ignorance that often prevails among the elder people. I can give you two extreme instances.

About a year ago a dear old country lady came to me in my Gloucester Place house, and asked me as a great favor if I would hear her daughter sing, as she thought her voice was a prize one. She brought a letter of introduction from a friend of mine in a southern province; and I am always ready to do what I can for those who are as really anxious as she appeared to be.

Her daughter was with her—a pale, diminutive girl, greatly over-dressed. She certainly had not the physique for a singer, but her mother kept touching my arm and saying, "Wait till you hear her! You'll wonder where the voice comes from!"

I sat at the piano and asked her to sing up the scale. I certainly did wonder. Her voice was full and rich, and powerful enough to fill La Scala; but, instead of starting on *do*, she hit off *fa*, and ran up an irregular and greatly slurred cadence, ending, I think, on *do* sharp in alt.

I struck the key-note over and over again, and bade her sing it with me, but she was evidently unable to do so; and even when she succeeded in getting a trifle nearer to it, she started off at a terrific tangent, and always landed somewhere up in the clouds.

Her mother stood by, smiling and nodding, and beating time, or trying to do so, with her comfortable-looking foot on the polished floor of the room; and when I stood up with an ominous shake of the head, the old lady burst out with, "There, now! Isn't that a fine voice? Folks south say sometimes that she sings out of toone; but I say it's only a little natural wildness!"

Another time an elderly gentleman brought his daughter to me—a splendidly-built, confident-looking girl, with magnificent fair hair, dressed in most showy fashion. He wanted to force a large fee upon me for hearing her sing, and assured me that she was quite ready for concert engagements, although her teachers had been doing her injustice, and striving to keep her back.

"It was only yesterday," he said, indignantly, "that I found her practising a song with one sharp, though a month ago she had one with four! Belinda, my dear, sing 'My Mary of the Curling Hair,' for Madame Nordica."

Belinda went boldly to the piano and began the well-known song. Never, while I have life, shall I forget its effect. She started playing it in E flat, began singing in E major, and held steadily to the quaint arrangement to the very end.

Her phrasing was dreadful, and she breathed in the middle of every second or third word, thus: "My Ma- (breath) ry of the Curl- (breath) ing Hair!"

The delighted father inquired what I thought of the performance, and in a mischievous as well as politic spirit, I answered, "Well, she did more with it than I could myself," which was as true as it seemed satisfactory to the parent.

The next day I was talking with the manager of a rather good series of concerts, and he said, "I have given your young pupil, Miss So-and-So, a promise of an engagement."

Greatly surprised, I denied that she had ever been my pupil, and inquired if he had heard her sing. "No," he said, "but her father told me he had your assurance that she sang better than yourself; and in any case she has grand hair, so she'll take!"

I subsequently learned that the rehearsal brought forth such astounding results that the promised engagement was cancelled on the spot; and I can only hope that the girl is not still going about trading on being my pupil, and securing promises of engagements on that, and the glory of her hair.

Other Requisites.

The third requisite for a would-be public singer is *physique*. She need not necessarily be tall or stout, but she must be strong, or she will never stand the preparation, much less the after fatigues of the profession.

A great deal of strength may be acquired by keeping suitable hours (early to bed, and early to rise), eating plain, wholesome food at regular intervals, maintaining, so far as is possible, an even temperature of body, and taking regular and wholesome exercise, in the house when the weather is too inclement out of doors. But the girl who is naturally delicate, or has any recognized physical defect, will not, in my opinion, do well to train as a singer.

A fourth requisite, and a most important one, is perseverance. It is useless for a vacillating, indolent, easily discouraged girl to seek a career of public vocalism. She must work, and work hard, too, without expecting any phenomenal results for a very long time; turning a stony ear to flatteries and temptations to idleness, and placing confidence only in the verdict of the master to whom her teaching has been entrusted.

Study, work, and an endless striving after perfection, must be her occupations; and nothing that interrupts these ought to be encouraged or accepted. The number of mediocre singers with which the market is at present flooded, is lamentable to contemplate. They are not actually incompetent, but they will never rise to anything above mediocrity, because they stopped study at that point, and launched themselves in shoals upon the already over-crowded market.

If they eke out a slender living it is the most they can hope for, and very many cannot do even that; while as regards teaching, there are quite as many teachers as pupils in every large city of the world.

There are, of course, many clever girls, with fairly good voices and correct ears, who would like to sing, but in a private way, and to those I say: Go to a first-class master from the beginning, or else when you do so at the end, your money and his time will be spent in undoing the mischief caused by the instruction of an inferior predecessor.

Go to a good man, and work for him, and remember one golden rule: Never, when in company, do the utmost you can at singing; always keep something in reserve, and strangers will then never know how much you have in hand. If you can sing C with a slight effort, do not go beyond B natural; and if this letter is the end of your tether, content yourself with showing off a note below.

Don't forget this. You may on state occasions come out at your strongest; but let such be rare, and always remember that there is nothing meritorious or pleasure-giving in screaming high notes. Some of the best singers of the present day have a comparatively limited compass, and never attempt to go beyond it.

Above all, be obliging when you can sing, but know also when to leave off. Some persons never do. Bear in mind that while the best song in the world is not worth pressing for, there ought to be such a thing as a limit to our obligingness, in view of the fact that in every company there are non-lovers of music, who think that more than two songs from one vocalist are a very decided bore.

In conclusion let me advise amateurs to be very careful about attempting *roulades* or shakes, unless perfected in them by very long practice under a good master. It is lamentable to hear the present-day attempts at florid singing; the slurred, scamped cadences, and spasmodic, uneven shakes, with the tone lowered and raised, until it sounds as though the singer were snapping or barking at the subject, instead of executing an even trill.

Ornate singing is not the most pleasurable to very many listeners, and ornaments, unless perfectly executed, are at all times much better dispensed with. A simple, plainly-written song, if endowed with taste and the truthful spirit of the singer, will please a thousand times better than the most florid *morceau* that is either scamped or indifferently gone through.

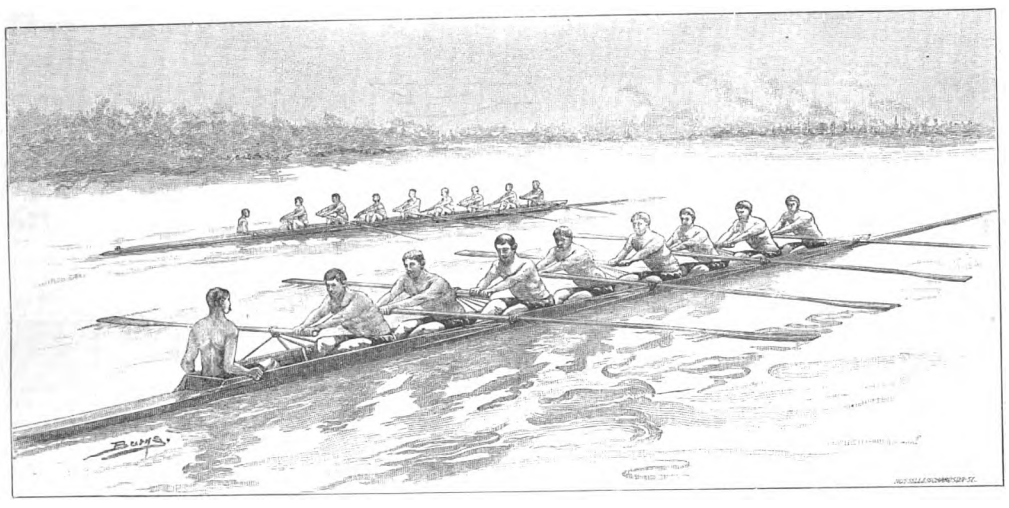
Besides, if ornamentation is not indulged in, nobody can possibly tell what hidden depths of riches in that way may be lying concealed out of sight.

For the Companion.

UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACING.

By the Captain of the Harvard Crew of '89.

Few of the thousands who witness the annual boat-race between Harvard and Yale realize what care and time have been expended to "form" the crews as they come to the line at New London.



Fewer yet, perhaps, know anything of the history of the development of that form, beginning with the work in the old wooden boats, and coming down through the stage of greased seats and leathern trousers to the modern carefully balanced rowing in a paper shell.

Intercollegiate rowing in the United States began with the race between Harvard and Yale in Lake Winnipiseogee in 1852. The contrast between the work of those days and the present is strikingly illustrated by a remark, attributed to a member of the Harvard crew of 1852, that "They had not rowed much, for fear of blistering their hands."

This first race was rowed in eight-oared gigs. The Harvard boat, which was considered a very good one, was thirty-seven feet long and three and a half feet beam. Each seat had a cushion, and the oars were rowed against flat thole-pins fitted into the gunwales.

This boat was used thirteen years, and surely was a great contrast to the paper shells now rowed. These are sixty feet long and two feet wide, and have seats sliding in some cases as much as twenty inches. A new boat is provided every year, and each weighs complete less than three hundred pounds.

Once started, the boat-race soon became an annual feature. With the exception of 1859 and 1860, when Brown entered a crew, Harvard and Yale rowed alone until 1872. Then a rowing association was formed with other colleges, and in 1872 six crews rowed, and in 1873 eleven.

These races were not satisfactory, and in 1876 occurred the first eight-oared shell-race in America, at Springfield, Mass., between Harvard and Yale. Since then an annual race between these two colleges alone has been rowed at New London, Conn.

The change in the methods of training the men has more than kept pace with the change in boats and rigging. The work of a few years ago would seem ridiculous to-day. It was formerly the custom to allow to the men the use of very little water and few vegetables, and to reduce their flesh as far as possible by training. Great suffering from intense thirst resulted. The work done was very hard, and frequently long runs were taken in the mornings before breakfast.

As a result, some of the crews could not row in the race nearly as well as they had rowed in practice a long time before.

Now the men are encouraged to eat vegetables, and are allowed all the water they want; but the work done is still as hard as the men can stand and keep their strength and perfect health.

The remark is often heard at New London that the crews seem to row easily in the race, and that no one appears to exert himself particularly. This fact is the sure proof of good work; for in the best crews the men are so perfectly alike in their motions, and work so smoothly, that the most practised eye can scarcely perceive the tremendous effort each one is putting forth.

The two crews of 1890 were of unusual size and strength, averaging about one hundred and seventy pounds in weight, and about six feet in height. A brief general account of the way in which sixteen such men are brought into the wonderful form in which the crews of 1890 rowed, may be interesting.

A few students come to college with some experience in rowing, gained at the preparatory schools; but this number is very small. Once in college, the call for candidates for the Freshman

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crew brings together the men who wish to row. The assembly frequently comprises about one-fourth of the Freshman class; and of course the least promising must be freely weeded out. The work begins at once, and in the course of a few months only the most promising men remain.

Generally, in the selection of the Freshman crew, preference is given to men likely to be found good later for the university crew. So far as possible, tall, graceful, easily-moving men are chosen. But in the spring, when they get upon the water, there is usually much disappointment; for some of them will never learn to handle an oar, and many fine-looking fellows are dropped on this account.

The Freshman crew, thus chosen, rows in the class races, and at the New London Freshman contest; and from the end of the year each man has a more or less definite reputation with regard to the great rowing qualities—pluck, skill and endurance.

In the autumn, too, the university captain collects his candidates. Generally he has some men who have already rowed in the university crew, and others who have been in the Freshman and class crews. He has also a few new men, whom he has undertaken to "break in."

These last cause him much trouble. He has faith in their pluck and endurance; but can they acquire in time the necessary skill?

With this unevenly matched set the captain of the university crew begins his work. Usually some rowing is done during the autumn, but it generally counts for little, for most of the best men are playing foot-ball.

About the first of January the regular training begins. Smoking and the use of liquors are forbidden, and regular hours are established. The daily work consists of two parts: first, a walk or run, or the two combined, of from two to ten miles, the distance depending upon the weather, the condition of the men, and other circumstances; and second, the drill of the men in form.

This drill is the really tedious work of the year. It consists partially of calisthenics, directed to the general development and "set up" of the body, and partially of the regular rowing motions, for which hydraulic rowing-machines and rowing-tanks are used. The machines are so constructed as to give a resistance similar to that of an oar, and the seat and rigging are the same as in a boat.

The rowing-tank is long enough so that a box the length of a shell may sit in it, and this box is rigged exactly like the boat. Oars a little "cut out" are generally used, and this, with the current of water created by the oars, gives work somewhat like real rowing, though not by any means exactly like it.

Many days are spent in teaching the men to sit well forward on their thighs, so that the whole trunk may swing freely; to hold the oar properly, and to use the sliding seat. The faults to be overcome are many, but the patience of the "coach" is generally inexhaustible.

Slowly he causes one fault to disappear, and then another. No one who was not fully aware of the ambition of the men could understand how completely their movements are changed in a few weeks. Of course a few take to the drill naturally, but for most men it requires the closest application and constant work.

Toward the end of this indoor drill, the crew generally looks promising. The men have learned to move together with precision, and everything seems nearly perfect. But all anxiously look forward to getting on the water; for experience proves that much of the drill must be done over again when the men are in a real boat. Many who seem nearly perfect on the machines and in the tank, can never learn to row a shell.

The first few days on the water are generally discouraging. The use of the oars confuses the men; and until they get them under control there is little room for "form." After a short time, however, the work of the winter begins to tell, and when the crew can adapt their work to the motion of the boat, all goes well.

Weeks are spent on the slightest details, and finally the men begin to show indications of the form in which they will row the race.

Generally before the crews go to New London they are sent over a course of four miles a few times at top speed, to test the endurance of the men and to accustom them to rowing the distance hard. These "time rows" are severe tests, and are dreaded more than the race; for the men must put forth their greatest efforts with nothing to excite them.

The crews generally go to New London a week or ten days before the race; and there is spent the most delightful part of the year. The river and harbor are very beautiful, and the men live about four miles up the river, at its prettiest part. The rival crews are in regular quarters, which are about a mile apart. Here the crews generally get their first sight of each other, and this introduction is looked forward to with intense interest.

To the inexperienced observer, the two crews often seem to row exactly alike; but the men, who have been carefully trained for months, note every fault and virtue in the opposing boat.

The crews seldom or never run alongside each other. No actual test of speed is made until the day of the race. Probably neither crew would really like to know which is the faster until that day; for the excitement of guessing the result is most fascinating.

Up to within a few years each crew tried all sorts of means to learn the time made by the other over the various miles and half miles of the course. Amusing stories are told of substitutes running along the shores, stationed with watches at the flags, and perhaps patiently waiting while the crew they were watching for is well up the river, quietly practising.

One year, it is said, one of the men, disguised as a farmer, anchored a boat near the starting flag and pretended to fish. One of the other crew, recognizing him, rowed out, and, greatly to the amusement of those on shore, entered into a conversation with him and revealed his identity.

The Freshman crews have no fear of racing against the university crews of the other colleges, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a very pretty race for a short distance between these crews.

The crews generally have a pleasant time in the intervals between the rows. The country about the quarters is wild and pretty, and there is good fishing. An occasional game of base-ball between the Freshmen and the university enlivens things, and tremendous scores are run up amid great enthusiasm.

An interesting feature of the last week is the ceremonious call of each crew upon the other. On the appointed day the launch takes the crew to their opponents' quarters, and the captains formally introduce the men.

To a keen observer the scene must be very amusing. In cases where the men already know each other and are interested in the same things, outside the race, all goes well, and the race is for the moment forgotten. Generally, however, the conversation is somewhat formal, and the men stand apart, eying one another critically, until it is time to depart.

On the day of the race the river presents a scene never to be forgotten. The head of the harbor is crowded with gaily decorated sailing yachts, and all the way up the course lie steam yachts ready to follow the shells.

On the right bank is the observation train of thirty-four platform cars covered with crimson and blue bunting, lying ready to go with the crews. As the two shells are rowed over to the start the cheers, the blowing of steam-whistles and the booming of cannon are deafening. In a few moments the boats are off; and from twenty to twenty-five minutes later the work of the year is over.

ROBERT F. HERRICK.

For the Companion.

"AN ORDER FOR REMOVAL."

[*To the Lord High Chancellor of The Rats in Our House.**]

We've decided, good sir, that you and your clan
Have lived here so long on the "free for all" plan,
That now 'twould be best both for us and for you
If you'd seek a new home without further ado.

We don't like to threaten but we've heard quite enough
Of your rattle-te-bang, your scamper and scuff,
You have dined in our pantry and climbed up our stairs,
You have weighted our burdens and doubled our cares.

In the silence of midnight through our slumbers you've come
Like the charge of an army at roll of the drum,
And now, most politely we ask it, we're sure,
Other quarters at once we hope you'll secure.

But, ere you depart we'll tell this for your good,
For rats like us mortals can't live without food.
Right over the way in that mansion so fine,
A good place you'll find for your ratships to dine.

There are stores in the pantry, while sly cats there are none
To disturb your arrangements for plunder and fun,
So success to you there, but, no more must there be
Either rat-tail or whisker beneath this roof-tree.

CLARA J. DENTON.

* There is an old and amusing superstition that when a house is infested by rats they may be driven away by writing them a threatening letter, and at the same time indicating a place of harbor for them. The superstition affirms that the place indicated will at once be overrun with them.

For the Companion.

A TERRIBLE TEMPER.

He was not a "red-haired" boy, but his temper, when roused, was a dreadful thing to contemplate, even from a safe distance. His hair was black as a crow's wing. I take pleasure in settling this point beyond controversy.

American boys very rarely lose entire self-control, even when excessively exasperated and very angry. It is asserted that there is no country in the world—unless it may be China—where schoolboys agree so well as in the United States. English and German schoolboys are said to fight far more frequently than our own, and French and Spanish boys at school frequently engage in sharp altercations.

Certain English and German writers defend this readiness to fight as a sign of desirable energy in their boys. It may be a symptom of energy, but it is also a symptom of brutality. After a long acquaintance with schoolboys in the United States, I am convinced that, as a rule, they avoid fights not from lack of animal courage but because of less excitable temperaments, and greater power of self-control.

We know from a hundred recorded instances that when real courage is demanded, in case of fire or flood, volunteers from among our schoolboys have never been slow to risk and even lose their lives. It has often been remarked, too, that these young heroes were the quietest, most self-contained boys in school, and not the fighters.

Clement Webb was oddly misnamed, for "Clement" means mild, and there was little that was mild in Clement Webb's disposition. His name should have been Ferox, or else Atrox, if names are to depict character.

I came to know him through teaching the school in the village where he lived. It was a place of fifty or sixty houses, two stores, a church and post-office. It was my very first experience in teaching, and was entered upon to eke out my funds as a student.

The school supervisor, who was also the pastor of the village church, examined me long and faithfully in arithmetic and English grammar. Indeed, he tried so hard to puzzle me in compound proportion and cube root that I suspected that he had some ulterior purpose. But I was fresher from these studies than he, and held my own.

Still he appeared to hesitate. At last he said, "You look rather young for this school. I'm afraid you will have a hard time here. It is a difficult place. I wish you had come to it with more experience; I wish you were older."

This was a hard objection to meet. I had thoughts of declaiming to him a paragraph from William Pitt's great speech: "The atrocious crime, sir, of being a young man, I neither attempt to palliate nor deny." But instead of saying this, I assured the supervisor that I was getting older every day, and that if he would kindly give me some needful hints from his own wide experience of the people, I hoped I should be able to get on.

"Well, well, my boy!" he replied, laughing, "I see that you have some of the wisdom of the serpent, and perhaps a little of the guile as well. I am going to sign your certificate. But you will need all your wisdom, and perhaps the guile, too, to get on here and give satisfaction. The main thing here, just at present, is to give satisfaction."

I did not quite understand this hint. I had supposed that to "give satisfaction" it would only be needful to perform faithfully my duties as a teacher, which I should try to do. But I soon learned that this was not enough.

The people of the village were divided into two bitterly hostile parties. The school agent who had hired me belonged to one party, and had been elected after a hot contest. I was his teacher and the teacher of his party. Whatever I did, he and his clique were bound to be satisfied with.

That was all very well; but on the other hand, I was not the teacher selected by the other party; and the opposition was equally determined not to be satisfied.

While the first party were very cordial to me, the other party held aloof and scarcely noticed me at all. This difference extended to the children in the school, so that I discerned very quickly to which party a pupil belonged. About half were cheerful and obedient, while the others regarded my arrangements and all my words with sullen distrust and aversion.

I do not know a more disheartening situation than to be ground thus between the millstones of a school district feud. Under such circumstances, the teacher is forced to be a "trimmer;" and it was while trimming my sails to escape the squalls of the feud, that I ran afoul of the boy with the terrible temper.

School had been in session a little more than a week, when one day, as I entered the house at the close of the noon intermission, I heard screams, shouts, the rattling of the stove and other sounds of disorder.

Stepping quickly into the room, I saw this lad Clement—then in his fourteenth year—bareheaded, with disordered hair and clothing, and eyes that rolled wildly, rushing about among the benches, aiming furious blows with a broom-handle at any and all of his fellow-pupils, girls or boys.

I spoke sharply to him, and then, as he paid no heed, attempted to seize him. He turned upon me fiercely, and struck me with all his strength. Thereupon I laid hold of him in earnest; but I had great difficulty in mastering him, for he bit, scratched and kicked savagely.

He was like a maniac. I was obliged to thrust him into a wood-closet and shut him up there, for the time.

Naturally, my budding dignity as a schoolmaster was somewhat ruffled. Besides, Clement had hurt a number of the pupils. I intended, as soon as he had cooled to a realization of his offence, to punish him severely; and I considered the relative merits of a green-hide, ferule and birch withes. I might have had him driven from the school, but I must confess I desired satisfaction, myself, for his ferocity.

Something in the wildness of his behavior, however, struck me as singular. I kept him in the closet during the afternoon, meditating as to the best course in the matter; and it was not till the last pupil had left the house, at four o'clock, that I opened the closet door and bade him come forth, not entirely sure that he would not attack me again.

But he came out looking very woe-begone indeed.

"What led you to fly at me and at the others after that murderous fashion?" I asked.

"They plagued me! they tormented me!" he exclaimed, the tears beginning to start in his eyes. "They know I have an awful temper. They know it runs away with me, and that I can't stop it. They know it; and they kept hectoring me half the noontime on purpose to stir me up."

"But I had not hectored you. Why did you strike me?" I demanded.

"I do' know. I got a-going, and I couldn't stop myself."

At first I had little faith in such a statement of moral helplessness. I told the boy, rather harshly, that he could control his temper if he made a proper effort to do so.

"Oh, I do try, sir!" he exclaimed. "I try awful hard. I know it's spoiling me; but as soon as they begin to torment me, and I begin to think about it and look at them, it keeps coming on blinder and blinder till it's all a blur in my eyes, and I can't stand still another minute; and then I don't know what I do!"

In my inexperience, I did not know exactly what course to take. I had not the heart to punish the boy. I sent him home, simply bidding him take care for the future.

When I mentioned the matter at my boarding-place, my landlady, who assumed the task of keeping me informed upon all matters in the village, told me that Clement's father, now dead, "was another just such firebrand before him;" and that it was common opinion that Clement would yet seriously injure some of his schoolfellows in his "mad fits." Former teachers had punished him. But there was a feeling abroad that he had not been flogged severely enough.

"He may kill some one and have to go to the gallows for it when he gets older," my landlady added.

A few days later I heard that Clement had indulged in another of his fits of temper, while skating on a pond, and had chased the other boys with stones and clubs. I was glad that this offence had occurred outside my jurisdiction; but that excuse did not avail me long.

A few mornings afterward, as I approached the schoolhouse, I saw Clement hotly pursuing two other lads, with the iron stove-shovel in his hands. When an older boy wrested it from him, the infuriated lad snatched his jack-knife from his pocket. I do not know what he would have done if I had not been in time to seize him from behind and disarm him.

He was put in the wood-closet again, struggling violently and threatening us all.

I ascertained that a number of the other boys were in the habit of provoking him out of pure mischief. One, in particular, would go on tiptoes around Clement, whispering to the others, "Step easy, boys. There's dynamite inside that fellow. Don't jar him, or he'll go off and blow us all sky-high!"

I tried to prevent the boys from goading him to these fits of anger; but my motive was promptly misconstrued. Clement's family belonged to the party that upheld the schoolmaster; while several of the children whom he had struck were of the other party.

Very soon the accusation went abroad that I would not punish Clement because he belonged to the agent's clique. Before I was aware, the supervisor had been appealed to to turn me out, on the ground that I upheld a dangerous and unruly pupil in assaulting the others with fire-shovels and knives.

Instead of visiting the school officially, the clergyman-supervisor first made me a private call one evening, and told me what had been said.

I gave him my impressions with regard to Clement, and related the circumstances.

"It is quite possible that the lad cannot control his temper," he said, thoughtfully. "Some strange traits and humors are inherited, and descend from parent to child. But you will have to do something with him. You must put a stop to his violent behavior in some way, or else there will be a public commotion which we cannot tide over."

I perceived that the supervisor, too, was obliged to be somewhat of a trimmer. Still, I shrank from administering severe chastisement. As I lay awake that night, thinking it over, Clement's tearful protestation recurred again and again to my mind: "As soon as they begin to torment me and I begin to look at them, it keeps coming on blinder and blinder, till it's all a blur in my eyes, and I can't stand still another minute."

A few years before I had bought a small magic lantern for evening entertainments. Thinking that it might be useful for me in amusing the children, I had brought it in my trunk.

Among the circular colored pictures on glass, which accompanied it, was one of "a Malay running amuck." It represented the man rushing furiously among a crowd of people, with a drawn dagger. Clement's "temper fits" bore some resemblance to the "running amuck" of the Malays; and I wondered whether a mental antidote for the one might be extracted from the other.

An idea occurred to me, and I acted upon it. I rose betimes in the morning, and going to the village tinsmith, had him make for me a short tin tube, four inches long and an inch and a half in diameter. Over one end of the tube I had the smith solder a cap, and perforate the centre of the cap with an awl, to serve as an eye-hole.

During the noon hour that day, I set the little circular glass picture of the Malay in the other end of the tube, and after school that afternoon, asked Clement to remain with me.

He took his seat with a look of sullen gloom on his face. No doubt he expected punishment, for he knew that there was trouble abroad, and that he had not been punished for his last two offences.

"Clement," I said, when the others were gone, "I am at a loss what to do with you. I cannot let you go on assaulting the others. Why do you not control your temper?"

He began to cry and protest as before.

"Why can't they let me alone?" he exclaimed. "They know I can't help it."

"But do you try to help it?"

"Oh, I do, I do!"

"But how do you try?"

"Oh, I do' know; but I do try," he protested.

I took out my tube and asked him to hold it to the light, place his eye to the awl-hole, and tell me what he saw.

He did so, and described the picture. "Oh, he's a-going it awfully; he's stabbing and cutting and frothing at his mouth!" He turned and looked at me, with a guilty, appealing glance. "That's the way I do, isn't it?" he said, slowly.

"Yes," I replied; "that is very much the way you do. But I think you can help it. And now what I want you to do is to take this tube and carry it in the breast pocket of your jacket. Whenever any one 'hectors' you, and you feel your temper begin to rise, I want you to turn aside four steps and take out this tube and look into it."

He looked at me wonderingly.

"Yes," I went on, "look at the picture carefully, count all the people in it, and think only how savage and crazy that Malay looks, running amuck. If the boys and girls continue to torment you, go still farther off, and keep looking steadily at the picture.

"If you do that, just as I tell you, there is no danger whatever that you will run amuck yourself. Remember, it is a secret between us. Let no one else look into it."

He promised faithfully to do as I bade him.

A few days afterward I heard, through my landlady, that I had given Clement Webb a "charm" for his temper. Public opinion appeared to be divided on the question whether it was of the nature of a medicine or a talisman.

My object, of course, was to turn the boy's eyes and thoughts away from his tormentors. It was only an experiment; but I had no more trouble with Clement that term.

Clement carried out my instructions; and I have often seen him walking away from a group of shouting boys, and looking earnestly into his tube.

The other pupils regarded the "charm" with some little awe, as well as curiosity; and the grown-up malcontents of the hostile clique in the district were so much mystified by what they heard of it that they neglected to invent fresh charges against me.

I managed to pull through the term; and my friend, the supervisor, kindly remarked, when he paid the school his final visit, that I had got along better than he expected.

With that somewhat doubtful compliment I was obliged to be content.

C. A. STEPHENS.

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SUGGESTIONS

DISHES.

I. Earthenware. 1, Materials: a) How mixed and molded; (b) how baked. 2, The glazing: (a) Of what made; (b) how applied; (c) why needed. 3, The decoration: (a) When and (b) how applied.

II. Glassware. 1, How shaped. 2, How cut, ground and decorated. 3, Why and for what used.

III. Dishes of tin, iron, copper, brass, wood, paper, etc. 1, Source of material for each. 2, Processes of making each. 3, Special advantages and uses of each.

For the Companion.

THE CHERRY-BOUGH.

In a new poet's and a new friend's honor
Forth from the scornèd town and her gold-getting
Come men with lutes and bowls, and find a welcome
Here in my garden,

Find bowers and deep shade and windy grasses,
And by the south wall, wet and forward-jutting,
One early branch fire-tipped with Roman cherries.
O naught is absent,

O naught but you, kind head that far in prison
Sunk on a weary arm, feels no god's pity
Stroking and sighing where the kingly laurels
Were once so plenty,

Nor dreams on strength of my fair tree that knew you,
How I from revels and strange faces turning
Lean most to-day when most my heart is laden
With your rich verses!

If long ago, in other gentler weather
Ere wrath and exile were, you lay beneath it,
(Your symbol then, your innocent wild brother,
Glad with your gladness,)

What has befallen in the world of wonder
That still it puts forth bubbles of sweet color,
And you, and you that burst our eyes with beauty,
Are sapped and rotten?

Alas! When my young guests have done with singing,
I break it, leaf and fruit, my garden's glory,
And hold it high among them, and say after:
"O my poor Ovid,

"Years pass, and loves pass too; and yet remember
For the clear time when we were boys together
These tears at home are shed, and with you also
This bough is dying."

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

For the Companion.

HELPED.

A few years ago, two young men who belonged to influential families in a manufacturing city sat together in a cozy little reading-room, reading the morning papers.

"That mill-boy Jones who murdered Saunders, down at the Point, is sentenced to be hanged, I see," said one of them.

"Yes," said his companion.

His friend laid down the paper. "I notice," he said, thoughtfully, "that he had neither father, mother, friend nor comrade to stand near him in the dock."

"No? What of it?"

"Perhaps that was the reason he was there."

His friend did not care to follow his meaning, and rose, yawning, to go out. He paid no more attention to the case, except to go out of town on the day of the hanging, that he might hear nothing of it. He always protected himself from pain or trouble.

But his companion kept the thought of the friendless murderer on his mind. There were scores of other mill-boys in the town. Had they friends? Did any man care for their souls?

In a quiet way he gathered four or five of them into a class. These he taught to read and write. He learned also to know them and their companions, to look at life from their point of view, to understand their hopes and needs.

He soon succeeded in interesting some of his friends in them, and they established a reading-room, and one or two coöperative societies, temperance clubs and an evening school. In six years he had succeeded in elevating the whole mass of workingmen in two or three of the mills to a higher level.

All of his work grew out of that one chance thought. A small seed, but it fell upon good soil.

God causes such seeds to fall upon our minds and hearts every day; a hint of good work to be done here, or a chance to be kind there; it may be a word, a song, a passing face in the street which summons us to climb higher in life, to be purer, truer, more like our Master.

The Sower goes forth to sow such seeds continually. It is for us to say whether the soil in our hearts on which they fall shall be hard and stony, or good ground that will yield fruit.

Modern science has banished ghosts. No schoolboy now fears to meet the shades of his ancestors, or to find gibbering spectres waiting for him as he passes by the lonely churchyard at night.

But there are ghosts that haunt thoughtful, conscientious men and women when the busy years of life are past; the neglected chances, the lost opportunities of helping those whom God sent to us to be helped; the brother who drifted out of the home life, and whom we suffered to become alien and strange to us; erring men and women who died unfriended, while we passed by on the other side; the many lonely folk who lived near us, waiting, day by day and year by year, for the word of kindness and sympathy of religious counsel which never came.

These are the ghosts that to the conscience-stricken mind will not down; that in moments of reflection make sad the evening of old age.

LEARNING FROM THE INDIANS.

It is well known that the white people obtained of the Indians the maize which is one of the greatest staple agricultural productions of the United States to-day, and which still goes by the name of Indian corn. In England, and in the Bible, "corn" ordinarily means wheat, because it is generally applied to the grain from which the bread of the common people is made. In Scotland, for this reason, "corn" means oats; and in the United States it means maize. It is not generally known, however, that the whites found the Indians cultivating corn carefully, and storing it up in bags and granaries; nor that the whites learned the art of making maple sugar from the Indians before they knew much about any other kind of sugar.

Governor Bradford's account of the settlement of the Plymouth Colony is conclusive as to the use the Indians made of their corn. On the occasion of the Pilgrims' very first landing on Cape Cod, on the Fifteenth of November, 1620, they found some deserted huts, and in them "faire Indean baskets filled with corne, and some in eares, faire and good, of diverce colours, which seemed to them a very goodly sight (haveing never seen any schuch before)."

The beauty of Indian corn, either when growing or harvested, is certainly a pleasant revelation to those who have never seen it before.

Returning to their ship, the Pilgrims "tooke with them parte of ye corne, and buried up ye rest, and so, like ye men from Escholl, carried with them of ye fruits of ye land and showed their breethren; of which & their returne, they were marvelously glad, and their harts incouraged."

Going once more to the same spot, they found two deserted Indian houses, and "also ther was found more of their corne, & of their beanes of various colloures."

This is the first mention of New England beans. The Pilgrims helped themselves from these Indian granaries, intending to pay the natives afterwards.

As to the making of maple sugar, the French settlers in Canada were learning this art about the same time that the Pilgrims were establishing themselves at Plymouth. Lescarbot, who wrote in 1606, has an account of the Indians tapping the maple-trees for their sweet sap. Many other French writers, chiefly missionaries, describe the Indians' method of gathering the sap in vessels made of birch bark; but their chief use of it seems to have been as a drink.

Father Christian Le Clercq, however, a missionary who went to Canada in 1675, has left, in French, in his work entitled "Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspésie," an account of Indian maple syrup-making and sugar-making which indicates that they had long possessed the art. He wrote:

"As to the liquor of the maple, which is the sap of the tree itself, it is equally as delicious to the French as to the savages, who in spring time give themselves to it with glad hearts. It is true, moreover, that it is very pleasant and abundant in Gaspasia; for from a very little opening in the maple-tree, made by a hatchet, enough can be distilled to make ten or a dozen vessels of it.

"What appears to me very remarkable in the juice of the maple, is that if, by boiling, the quantity be reduced to one third, it becomes a veritable syrup, which hardens little by little into sugar, taking on a reddish color.

"Of this sugar are made little cakes or loaves *(petits pains)* which are sent to France, and which in use often serve well in default of French sugar.

"I have myself," the good father adds, "often mixed this sugar with brandy, cloves and cinnamon, which made a highly agreeable liquor."

To this day maple sugar is brought into Quebec in *petits pains*, and in small cornucopias of birch bark.

A YANKEE IN COMMAND.

"All we had seen of the German Emperor, as he passed in his carriage," writes a correspondent, "was the waving plume on his helmet, which we accepted to be his on faith, that was unsatisfactory. But what could two unprotected American ladies and a German widow possibly expect in the surging crowd? Frau Wœrner suggested that we should cross over, by a transverse street, to the other thoroughfare near the City Hall; we might then have a chance 'to see things.' So we plunged resolutely into the narrow passageway. Our end was comparatively empty, and we got along well enough at first. 'That was a good idea of yours, Frau Wœrner!' I cried, as we pressed forward.

"My exultation was soon checked, however. In the middle of the street we met groups of people, who, no doubt, had also had a good idea, but in the opposite direction. They occupied the whole width of the street, and threatened to carry us away if we attempted to force a passage through them. Prudence counselled us to turn round and retrace our steps. But lo! other people, with equally good ideas, had followed us, and in a moment we were in the middle of two converging crowds.

"It was truly a tight place. A sort of gentle but irresistible force pushed on each opposite mass from behind, threatening to crush us into a jelly. Frau Wœrner, short and fat, felt it most. Her 'Ochs' and her 'Achs' were heart-rending.

"To make matters worse, a quarrel arose near us. Crowds in Berlin are not good humored, as with us in America. Some one had trodden on some one else's toes, or had knocked his hat off. Angry words were exchanged, though no blows were given. Germans, I observed, resemble very much the old Greek heroes: they palaver a great deal before they strike. And then here there was no room to move the arms. The temper of the crowd, however, had become ugly, and I was getting a little nervous.

"For a few minutes our attention had been attracted to a gentleman—an Englishman I took him to be by his appearance—who stood not far from us, towering above the throng. With some companions he had got possession of a kind of stoop, and seemed to enjoy the jamming process hugely, he laughed so heartily! He must have detected a mute appeal in my glance, for suddenly he stopped in his merriment, and with an unmistakable Yankee accent, he shouted to us:

"'From the States, ladies?'

"We nodded to him—our voices would not have been heard through the clamors around us.

"'All right, then; have no fear!' he cried. 'You will be in safety in a minute.'

"Then turning to that part of the crowd occupying the end of the street nearest to Unter den Linden, 'Attention!' he roared in German, with a mighty effort.

"His voice rang high above the din of the disputes. The noise was partly hushed. 'Attention!' he repeated, more sharply. This time there was almost a silence, and looking around, I wonderingly saw every one, men and women, even children, straightening up, and standing in the military position they were directed to take.

"'Mark time!' was the next command, and everybody obeyed, stamping in time together. 'Ready? One step forward, march!'

"What miracle possessed the motley crowd? The whole mass moved forward together, taking one step. 'Right foot now!' immediately cried our commander. 'Forward!' Again we all moved one step. 'Left! right! left! right!' he continued to cry, with increased energy, and under his ringing commands a continuous, irresistible impulse carried the whole mass toward the great thoroughfare.

"We ourselves were carried, rather than walked, past him. He smiled at us as we went by; we could only look our gratitude.

"Soon we were safe in the broad avenue, where our crowd melted away in the open space.

"The incident was mentioned in the papers the next day; they praised the quick presence of mind of the unknown Yankee. We could never learn his name, though we made many inquiries."

For the Companion.

JUNE'S DAUGHTER.

Fair Lady June, proud Queen of all the year,
With blossom sceptre in thy royal hand—
Vaunt not thyself though long thy days and dear.
Thy days and thee Time's sway cannot withstand.

Thy splendid sun may kindle the proud morn;
And the high noon may glow with love of thee:
Sunset shall laugh thy longest day to scorn,
And mocking stars its overthrow shall see.

Roses shall wither, though their lavish praise
The nightingales have chanted all night long:
Their fragrant ghosts shall throng the silent ways
Those swift-winged laureates once thrilled with song.

And thou, fair Maid, bright daughter of the June,
Dost thou not know thy youth, like hers, is brief?—
For thee the glad day, and the bird's glad tune;
And then the waning year, the wind-blown leaf.

The rising stars shall mock thy setting sun,
And watch with curious eyes thy fallen state:
Glad month! glad maid!—for both the swift sands run—
And not for month or maid shall Autumn wait.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

FEMININE HUMOR.

The people who have sometimes uttered the very unsafe generalization that "women have no sense of humor" must be unacquainted with the genuine American girl, whose gift for a sort of humor which almost seems to be the peculiar property of this country—comical comparisons and odd exaggerations is beyond doubt very great. A certain young New York girl of eighteen is well known to her friends to possess this sense of humor. Of a particularly haughty and repellant woman she remarked: "She steps as if the ground were not good enough for her to walk on; and therefore she always wears rubbers!"

She said of a young man who had not much liking for hard work, but who complained that he could find nothing to do: "That's why he wears glasses; he has worn out his eyes looking for something nice to do."

She remarked one day of a particularly dishevelled specimen of a Skye terrier, "Dixie, you are the most ravelled little dog; you must have been woven without any selvage!"

Of a very, very old house, superficially "spruced up," she said that "nothing held it together but the paint."

She advised a young man, who was excessively proud of his bass singing, and who had sung a very low note, to "let another tuck out of his voice."

There was humor, as well as pathos, in her remark of a forlorn and very thin old horse: "Poor thing! It looks as if it had been pastured for twenty years on a plowed field."

It was a Western girl who, in visiting an Eastern acquaintance who was very proud of her descent, and who showed her first one and then another precious possession which was "ancestral," exclaimed pensively:

"Dear me! I haven't so much as an old white hat to prove that I ever *had* a grandfather!"

Another girl, who was a student at a school of technology, and who happened to be extremely slender, furnished a "chemical analysis" of herself, which, after enumerating several articles of clothing in the style of chemical ingredients, ended with the item

"Of girl, *a trace*."

This kind of humor is very different from the biting wit which used to be recorded of the famous women of European drawing-rooms.

On one occasion, it is said, a vain and foppish young Scotch nobleman, in Lady Blessington's drawing-room, was talking about his countrymen, when some one asked him why it was that all the Scotchmen abroad seemed to be intellectually superior men.

"It is because," said the young lord, "we keep well qualified watchmen at all the roads leading out of Scotland, who suffer no man to go out of the country who is not thoroughly intelligent."

"Then," said Lady Blessington, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled?"

DANGEROUS HANDFUL.

A Georgia farmer, living in rather an obscure part of the State, whose labors are such as to compel him to be in the field much of the time, says that one day last year he was engaged in clearing up a field covered with a thick under-growth of bushes and briers, and had employed two negroes to help him. The three men built a fire in the middle of the field, and gathered the brush in their hands and burnt it up.

I was working at some little distance from the fire, and of course had to travel back and forth with every handful. I had just returned from the fire, and had stooped to pick up another handful of brush, when I was conscious that I had hold of a snake, and mechanically tightened my grip.

I looked down and saw that I had a good-sized rattlesnake. I had grabbed him by the neck in such a position that so long as I kept a tight hold he could not strike.

As soon as the snake saw that he could neither get away nor strike me, he wound his body around my arm, which was bare to the elbow, and attempted to pull his head through my fingers. I tell you, I never until that moment realized what tremendous strength there was in a snake's body; it seemed almost as if my arm were being pulled to pieces.

I had grabbed his neck between my fore and middle fingers, so that I was at a great disadvantage; but I knew that if he once got his head free, I should be struck not once only, but as many times as he pleased; so I held on and squeezed for dear life.

I shouted to the negroes to come over and kill him, and they came at once; but as soon as they saw what it was I had hold of, they would not come near me. Nothing that I could say, neither threats nor persuasions, would induce them to give me help. So all I could do was to hold on and squeeze my snake.

After what seemed an age, and when I was about ready to drop from exhaustion, I felt the coils begin to loosen, and with that encouragement I squeezed harder than ever. Gradually the snake relaxed its grip, and at last the body hung limp and motionless from my hand. I walked over and dropped it into the fire, and I can tell you I watched it burn with a mingled sensation of relief and thankfulness.

ELECTRIC MOSQUITO NET.

One of the most singular uses to which electricity has been put in this electric age is announced from Paris. A French *savant* has invented an electric mosquito bar, which is, he believes, destined to replace all other means of defence against flying insects. Making use of the principle of electric execution, he has constructed a sort of screen or wire-work cage, with a small electric light in the centre. The mosquitoes, attracted by the light, attempt to fly through the interstices of the cage; but if they so much as touch the tips of their wings,—and they cannot fly through without doing so,—they are struck by the current of electricity with which the screen is kept constantly charged.

This mosquito-trap, which, under a test, is said to have killed innumerable victims, can be maintained only by the aid of a small electric apparatus, so arranged as to send alternative currents through the wire network.

It is to be supposed that the person to be protected takes refuge on the interior of the netting, with the little electric light and the generating apparatus. It is not too much to say that there are some people who would rather have the mosquitoes.

Inasmuch as, if the electrified netting will keep out the mosquitoes, a netting made a little closer would keep them out without any electricity, it does not seem likely that this invention is destined to any great usefulness.

It reminds one somewhat of the story of a Dutchman who went about selling a preparation for poisoning a certain kind of troublesome insect.

"You take de insec' mit de finger an' de dumb of von handt," said the peddler, "an' den mit de odder handt you put de pizen in his mout."

"But," said a farmer, "if you've got to catch them and hold them that way, why can't you smash 'em and done with it?"

"Vell," said the Dutchman, "dot's a good vay, too!"

The electric netting also suggests the story of Patrick's experience with an ordinary mosquito canopy. He found one in a room that he was to sleep in one night, and after studying it for a time, made up his mind how it was to be used. This was the way he related his experience the next day:

"It's an illegant thing I found in me room lasht noight. There was a kyoind of a fishing-nit for minnows over me bid. I made a hole through it wid me knife, an' ivery moskater in the room wint into the nit through the hole. Thin I shtopped up the hole wid me hat, an' shlept on the flure all noight, comfortable-loike, wid niver a boite at all!"

SECURING SILENCE.

John Leech, whose humorous pictures made *Punch*, was driven out of London by the hand-organs and street-bands. Their noise affected his nerves and prevented him from drawing, and though he tried again and again, he was unable to silence them. Mr. Montague Williams tells, in his "Later Leaves," of a lawyer who did silence a cornet-player who spent most of the day in playing his instrument.

The lawyer, poor, old and eccentric, lived in two attic rooms beneath which resided the cornet-player. Annoyed at the man's persistent playing, the lawyer remonstrated repeatedly, but in vain. One afternoon, the man in answer to the lawyer's protest remarked that an Englishman's house was his castle, and that he should play when and as long as he pleased.

That night, just as the musician had fallen to sleep, he was awakened by an unearthly din. A terrible pounding was going on in the room overhead. He flung a blanket about his shivering body, and ran upstairs. There was a light in the lawyer's room, the door stood open, and in he rushed.

What he saw took away his breath. The old lawyer was sitting on the floor, singing a lugubrious ditty, and driving large nails into the boards with a mason's hammer. The cornet-player entreated him to desist. The answer was another nail driven into the floor, another, and yet another. Then the lawyer paused and said:

"You make my life a misery to me all day long, and now that the night has come it's my turn."

Down again came the heavy hammer, and another nail was driven home.

The cornet-player, seeing that the lawyer was master of the situation, agreed not to play during the day, if the lawyer was at home. The truce was made, and silence reigned.

WHAT WAS WANTED.

The ability to state a case so clearly as to render misunderstanding impossible is a valuable gift, but, unfortunately, all persons do not possess it. A political convention was being held for the purpose of nominating a candidate for an important office.

The district was a close one, and the necessity of selecting a popular man was thoroughly recognized. A speaker had just nominated a personal friend for the position, and in an elaborate eulogy had presented in glowing terms his manifold merits, especially emphasizing his great services upon the field of battle, as well as in the pursuits of peace.

After he had finished, a voice was heard in the rear of the room. "Well, what we want is a man that will run the best."

In an instant the orator was again upon his feet. "If you think this Convention can find anybody who can run better than the gentleman I have nominated, I point you once more to his well known war record."

AS HE USED TO DO.

What a man has been must always affect what he is, whether for good or ill. A street-car conductor is reported by the New York *Sun* as talking about some of the odd characters who find employment on street railways.

One of our conductors had formerly been a Methodist minister. How he came to be running a street-car I never knew, but he did his work well, though he had some peculiar ways.

He had been on the front platform one day, collecting fares, and when he came back to the rear platform a passenger told him that a man had got on at Houston Street, and was sitting inside.

The conductor stood in the doorway and looked in, but he could not be sure of his man. Then he said with all calmness, "Will the gentleman who got on at Houston Street please rise?"

The gentleman stood up like a man, and paid his fare.

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For the Companion.

THE PUDDING-BAG STRING.

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat ran away with the pudding-bag string!

It was Saturday afternoon, and Nancy, the cook, was busy making her very best pudding for the Sunday dinner.

No one dared to ask how many eggs were used, or how many hours it took Nancy to stone the raisins and clean the currants that were put in it.

It was a real Christmas plum-pudding, but once in a while, when she was feeling very good-natured, Nancy would make it for a Sunday dinner—the only difference being that then she didn't send it to the table all in a blaze, with a sprig of holly standing in the middle.

There was a spicy smell about the house that told what Nancy was doing, but if you had seen her you would have known without the smell, for when she was making this pudding she always put on an apron made of flowered chintz, and tied up her head in a bright pink handkerchief.

Moreover, she used one special, bright tin pan to mix it in, that was never brought out of the closet for anything else. It was only taken down from its peg when needed for the Christmas pudding, or when it was to be scrubbed, for Nancy kept it very bright.

Cook Nancy had mixed and beaten, until eggs and sugar, cream, spices and fruit, were all beaten up into the batter that looked good enough to eat as it was; and now she put out her hand for the pudding-bag that she had placed on the corner of the table before she began the mixing. It was not there; it had fallen on the chair.

Nancy took it, poured the batter in quickly, and then was about to tie it and plunge it straight into the water that stood all ready—for the beauty of this pudding was in its being boiled directly it was mixed. But where was the string?

Nancy was sure she remembered untying it and putting it on the table with the bag; and now it was gone!

It was not in the chair. She looked under the table, under the chair, on the shelves, in the drawers; turned her apron pockets inside out; peeped into the floor bucket, into the coal-hod, into the wood-box; opened the spice-box and the egg basket.

Dear me, what should she do?

O Mistress Nancy, if you had only looked out of the window just then you would have seen a sight that would have made the pink handkerchief fly off your head with rage—the gray kitty that you liked none too well performing the strangest antics with your precious pudding-bag string, no longer white and fit for tying your Christmas pudding, but bedraggled and soiled with mud, stained with grass, and all chewed by kitty's little sharp teeth.

But Nancy didn't look out of the window. Who ever would have thought of finding the pudding-bag string half-way across the lawn, when she had put it on the table with her own hands!

This is how it came about. When Nancy put the pudding-bag on the table, a little corner of it hung over the edge, and the wind that blew in at the kitchen window moved it just enough to make kitty, who was winking and blinking in a chair, wonder what it was.

Could it be a mouse?

Just then a stronger puff of wind lifted it up so that a bit of the string flew out, and kitty was sure that must be a mouse's tail.

She jumped up and touched it with her paw; it swung to and fro. She caught her claw in it, and brought it down within reach of her nose.

Bah! It didn't smell like mouse at all.

So, quite angrily she hit it again with her paw, and this time the whole concern fell on the chair, frightening kitty so, that she bounced on the floor and skated all it from under the table.

What with the fall and kitty's pull the string had come untied; it hung over the edge of the chair and trailed on the floor. Kitty made a dash at it; it came off the bag so suddenly that she lost her balance, fell on her head, and rolled over and over on the floor with it between her paws, biting and pulling at it.

If Nancy had looked under the table then, she would have found the pudding-bag string, but she only growled out, "Oh, you bothering little cat, get out of my way!" and giving her a not very gentle kick, sent her flying across the room and out of the door, still with the string in her mouth.

Over the gravel walk, which the gardener had watered that morning, marched kitty, holding her head very high that she might not trip over the string that dragged between her feet. It caught on the thorn of a rose-bush, and as she pulled to get it away, over she went on her head again; and then began more rolling and kicking, scratching and growling, until both kitty and string were well covered with moist gravel.

When she was tired of the gravel, she rolled on the grass, and thus you might have seen her jumping, leaping, bouncing; running off as if she meant to leave the string forever, then rushing back to it, darting upon it with a growl, and racing off with it to the farthest corner of the lawn.

By and by up she tore into a tree, and out upon a branch, from which she jumped to the ground, not long after was overheard telling a small companion that her brother Frank was going to write the "Benediction for the Exaggeration."

"Kitty, kitty!" called her little mistress. She scampered off to the house, ate her dinner, was petted and patted, curled herself up in her missy's lap and went sound asleep.

As for the pudding-bag string, it hung on the tree all day and all night. Then Jimmy Judson happened to spy it on his way to church, pulled it off and put it in his pocket.

The next day he met Sally Manders carrying home a lot of sticks to kindle her mother's fire. They were falling out of her arms, for Sally was very little, and she had gathered a great many branches in the woods.

"Here, Sally," called out Jimmy, "I say—I've got a string here. It's just the thing to tie your fagots with."

He pulled the pudding-bag string from his pocket, tied it round the branches, and carried them home for Sally himself. Sally's mother, finding that the string round the fagots was a good bit of tape, washed it, pressed it out neatly, and made of it strings for her night-cap.

Nancy never knew what became of her pudding-string.

Kitty grew to be a soft, old puss, and had many little kittens of her own. She would tell them about the pudding-bag string, of how she ran off with it and what a fine time she had, and she always ended with:

"But my dears, what became of it when I jumped down from that tree, I never could find—it disappeared ve-ry mysteriously."

And she would shake her head, and all the little kittens would shake their heads—for what cook or what cat would ever think of looking for it on Mrs. Manders's night-cap?

FRANCES C. PRINCE.

Amy's big brother Frank remarked at the ten-table that he was to write the Valedictory for the Graduation. Amy listened attentively, and not long after was overheard telling a small

"Tick and tock! tick and tock!"
Steadily goes the old-time clock.
"Evening is come; it is time to sleep;
Tick-away, tock-away, watch I'll keep.

"Sleep, good grandmother, sound and still!
All day long you have worked with a will.
Washing and mending and sweeping and all,
Sleep now and rest while the shadows fall.

"Sleep, little baby, curled in your nest!
Playtime was merry, but bedtime is best;
Tired at last, on your pillows white,
Sleep till the kiss of the morning light.

"Tick and tock! tick and tock!"
Cheerily goes the old-time clock.
"Weary ones, cheery ones, rest and sleep!
Tick-away, tock-away, watch I'll keep!"

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a naval or military officer.
My second was an English king who was known as the surname Confessor.
My *third* is a worker in metal.
My whole was a noted man in the early history of our country, who died in London, June 21, 1621.

L. P.

2.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(*Words of eight letters.*)

ACROSS.

1. The god of dreams.
2. A town in Brazil.
3. To fasten.
4. Appearance (*upland*).
5. To lie beneath.
6. A plant having only one seed.
7. The eagle hawk.
8. A pronounceable term for an imaginary country or region, applied and other rich products of nature.
9. Market with red.
10. Ceremony or rites of worship.
11. Insolent.
12. A part of Greece.
13. Important.
14. Refrigerate.

Primals still spell the name of a certain part of June, which has been made the theme of one of Shakespeare's most beautiful songs. Finals, a similar name given to June 24th.

CYRIL DEANE.

3.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter from Washington.
2. To block with one eye (*local*).
3. A species of antelope from Africa.
4. Collars by which the sails are bonded to the masts.
5. The name of a distinguished American statesman who died on June 28, 1836.
6. Legislated.
7. A lake.
8. Immediately.
9. A letter from Maryland.

4.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

From the omitted letters form a word of seven letters.

L-dy Mon-te-'s d-sc-lo-ure of . . . . . , o- f-r- h-d on h- w- . . . which sh- wi-h-u-d . . . -n-ish p-ppl- of L-ndon -n h- y- soh-bio- of . . . -hell . . . I-ed on- pl-on Jul- 25, 1775. h- -ow-e w- . . . o h- un-fo-mly d-ss-d in -d, -ith a p-ir of b-ck b-ee-hes of bo-s w-y s- mov- n-v-n o'clock in the -ve-ing . . . If h- h- c-wd d- wi-h gl-ss- boo-s, nd sc-lloh, d-c-o- -d wi-h fi-e, w- . . . w- . . . -ld h- -ot -ee h- . . . of . h- h-m-s could h- -ib- h- d- Con- -e W- h-ld nd- - h- - ch-s of W-s miss- - N-ld- . . . H- if - -ain- w-s ch- - d fo- e- - in- oo- h-- , nd cons- ht-s u-d-rd h-ir . . . o-ers -o on- p-ny fo- -o p-se. Supp- - nd d-ain- follow -d, nd h- - e- - hes h- did conclud- -ll h- n-s no-ns- . his w-s h- fi-s. n-ish

Conundrums.

What bird does a rooster like best? A crow.

What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? One can't see to go, and the other don't go to see.

If a load of coal cost twelve dollars, what will a ton of coal cost? Come to the corner.

What is the difference between a bill and a pill? One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

What is the difference between a medicine in which is twice weak eyes and the place of Napoleon's death? One is an eye-lotion and the other is an ocean lot.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. First stanza—bear, notable. Second stanza—taunt, hero. Third stanza—Tycoon, Punjum, true, ration. Fourth stanza—burnt, trifle, title. Fifth stanza—hoot, hoover, hoodwink, shoot, shoulder. Sixth stanza—Warren, fire, thrill, Battle of Bunker Hill.

2. "I don't see why (Y)."

3. Tritis, stile, ills.

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ONLY A DOLLAR.

"I can't do much," said a dear old Vermont gentleman, when the boys in blue were marching off to the war, "and I can't go myself, but I can at least give them each a keepsake."

He brought out a little store of bright gold dollars, and gave one to each lad of the town who was pledged to fight, and perhaps die, for the Union. Some of the men who received the gift were infinitely touched by it, because they had always been among those for whom "nobody cared," and for every one to whom it was given the bright dollar evidently brought a ray of sunshine.

Some of the stories connected with the coins will never be known, but a few came back, through one mouth and another, causing the giver's heart to rejoice that he had done so kindly a deed.

"I punched a hole through mine and wore it on a string round my neck," said one rough fellow, of whom no one had ever expected to hear good. "Nobody ever give me anything before, since marm died, and I was as fond of that dollar as if I'd been a girl, and got my engagement ring.

"Once when we were in camp the string broke, and I lost it. My! didn't I tear round like a wild-cat till I found it again! I don't believe I've swore so much since I had it, and I *know* I've tried not to drink. I've kept sayin' to myself, 'Now, don't you be a disgrace to your town. You don't want to be ashamed to look that old man in the face again.'"

One man, who came crawling home a starved and pitiable wreck, after sad experiences of imprisonment and escapes, could scarcely speak of his dollar without tears.

"I had to give it up," he said, mournfully, as soon as he saw the donor, on reaching home. "I saved it as many as ninety-nine times, and the hundredth it saved me. It bought me the bread and milk that gave me strength to crawl my last mile into our lines."

"Never you mind, old fellow!" cried a hearty-looking one-armed man, who heard the story, "mine is gone, too, but I don't want to get it back. When I came home from the war there was my Mary Ann, who'd been waiting for me three years, knitting stockings and scraping lint.

"Steady as a clock she'd been, and patienter than I'd thought of being; she'd never once yipped that she was tired of waiting. So, thinks I, 'My dollar and my girl are the most precious things I've got, and I'll combine 'em.' I went to my brother (he's a jeweller, you know), and told him to make me a wedding ring out of the dollar. He said 'twould be pretty small, and I told him he might put more gold with it to give it body, but the dollar must be *there*. And Mary Ann wears it now, bless her heart, and bless the dollar and the man that give it!"

DISPOSING OF THE CASE.

There is an impression that judgments akin to those of Solomon are only given in the East, but it is evident that a judicial cleverness like that of the King of Israel is also to be found *down* East. The Lewiston *Journal* tells of two Maine farmers who bought an old-fashioned pair of steelyards. Each paid a part of the cost, and used them whenever he wished to weigh his produce for market.

After a time a dispute arose, and each claimed the ownership of the steelyards. The matter was carried into court, and the jury disagreed. Then the case, on some technicality, was sent to the law court, and was again sent back for trial. The costs, up to this point, had reached about five hundred dollars, about a hundred times the price of the steelyards themselves.

When the case came up again, Chief Justice Peters was the presiding justice. He told the counsel that if the case were carried further, the costs would be increased to such an extent that one or the other of the parties would lose his farm in order to pay. He advised them to enter it "Neither party," and divide the costs. After a consultation the parties owned themselves willing to do that, and it looked as though the case would be settled. Suddenly, however, one of the contestants rose, went over to his counsel in the court-room, and asked:

"But who is going to get the steelyards? He sha'n't have them."

The other contestant made the same declaration. Then the counsel rose, and said that the case was just where it stood before any talk of settlement had been made. They were willing to stop litigation, and divide the costs, but what could be done with the steelyards?

"I'll fix that," said Judge Peters. "Let the sheriff of the county take the steelyards at night, and go down and throw them in the middle of the river, letting nobody know the exact spot, so that they can never be recovered."

The contestants agreed to this proposition, each paid his proportionate share of the costs, and the case was dropped.

RARE PLANT.

A year or two ago there were, among the boarders at a mountain summer hotel, a celebrated botanist and a certain pretentious rich woman, who liked to make it appear to the guests that she was very well informed on all subjects. The rich woman affected to take an interest in the researches of the botanist amongst the flora of the mountains.

"I suppose, Mr. Caylix," said the lady, "you find almost all the mountain flowers around here?"

"I have found a great many, ma'am," said the botanist.

"Well, there's one kind of flower that I've read a great deal of as being always on the hills, and I've always wanted to see it. Perhaps you could pick me some."

"What is it?"

"The 'purple gloaming,' you know!"

FAITHFUL.

One does not look for the whole truth upon a tombstone, but there are exceptions to all rules.

The *Times-Star* quotes the following unique and touching epitaph:

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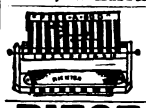
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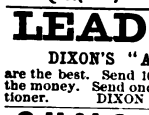
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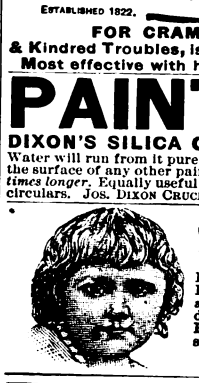
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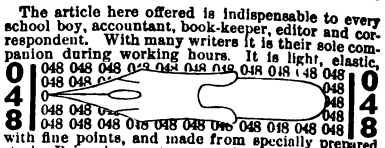
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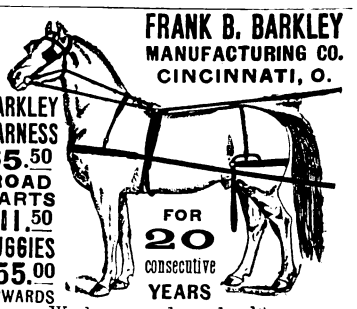
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For the Companion.

FAMILY ICE-CREAM.

The children have watched the thermometer for days. They have been promised that the next time the mercury stands at ninety they shall have ice-cream for dessert, if they will help make it, and every morning their first question is, "What does the thermometer say?" Exclamations of disgust follow if the temperature is comfortably cool, and of hope if it is warm enough to suggest a possibility of rising to the occasion before noon.

When at length the great day actually arrives—a blazing, burning, cloudless day, that seems to have been lost accidentally from the calendar of the Desert of Sahara—they dance with delight, while the rest of the family mop their foreheads and groan.

But mother always keeps her word, and she says, with a reluctant sigh, that she supposes, if she promised, though she isn't at all sure that she *did* promise—but the testimony of all the children that she did is here offered in a united whoop of such vehement protest that she laughs and surrenders unconditionally, only inquiring what flavor they are pleased to want.

They have not considered the flavor.

Johnny says, "Vanilla, of course, and be sure to put in enough;" but Sister Susy does not like the idea of anything so common. She wants pistachio, but when mother shakes her head, and says they do not keep it in the house, she demands pineapple, and failing that, banana.

But it appears that Brother Tom has thought all along it was to be lemon, and will be disappointed if it is anything else; while the twins clamor in chorus for chocolate.

Mother herself declines to state her preference, and tells them they must settle the matter among themselves. She advises them to remember, however, that chocolate takes a long time to grate, and that father never likes lemon flavoring, and that if they mean to use bananas they will have to go down town and get some, and surely they must remember that little Polly hates the very smell of pineapple so much that it nearly makes her sick. So the ice-cream is vanilla after all.

They go down cellar when the custard is ready, and Tom does up the ice in a piece of old bagging and pounds it with a hammer, while Patty and Polly run for the glistening bits that fly across the cellar, and Johnny stands by, hopping on one foot from excitement, and squinting up his eyes almost too tight to see out of them in his fear of having them put out.

But as soon as the ice and salt are safely packed in the freezer the two little girls think they will go and play dolls; Tom finds he has a job in the garden; Johnny thinks he will help him, and Susy is left to attend to the freezing.

Turning the crank is fun at first, but presently she changes hands; and then she begins to wonder if it will really freeze in ten minutes according to the advertisement; and then she changes back again; and then she lifts the cover to see if it is freezing yet; and then she thinks the time would pass more quickly to music, and turns to the inspiring strains of Yankee Doodle. This proving too fast for her strength, she varies it with the Dead March from Saul.

Then she imagines it is beginning to feel stiff, and lifts the cover to look in, but closes it hurriedly with a guilty fear that she has let a lump of salt get into the cream.

At last—after half an hour at least—it does actually stiffen, and somehow the little girls are there immediately without having been called, and Tom and Johnny stray in with an innocent air, and say it is so hot in the garden they thought they would take a little recess.

They congratulate Susy on having such an easy time of it down in a nice cool cellar; but she, with aching arms and feet wet with ice-cold leakage from the freezer, does not reply as graciously as she might.

They gather round to peer at the precious vessel in its chilly setting. Susy pulls out the dasher, leaving a liberal quantity of cream adhering, tries a bit of it with a spoon, and then hands dasher and all to the others, who rapidly remove the last atom, pronouncing it "just splendid" and "perfectly elegant."

The rest is served at dinner, and meets with general approval, while the twins express an ecstatic wish that *every* day was ninety in the shade if only they could have some of mother's ice-cream.

But Susy is of a different opinion, and declares that, though it really is the best she ever tasted, she is quite sure that once a week is often enough, unless somebody else is willing to do the grinding.

HOW TO LEARN IT.

"We are going abroad in May. Papa has just decided it. Get out all your French books, Grace, and, Fred, remember to buy me a German Meisterschaft. Expect no more English from me, for I must get my foreign tongue in order. *Voulez-vous me passer une petite de pomme de terre?*"

There was a general laugh, and Grace was beginning to mimic "*une petite de pomme de terre*," when her uncle spoke.

"The first time I crossed the ocean was in company with the family of the United States Minister to Germany. I was on deck with the daughter one day, when an accomplished lady came to her with a bit of social advice.

"'Your first essential,' she said, 'is to learn the German language. To accomplish that, never mind books, but talk. Make people talk to you; talk to them—everybody, servants, drivers, shopkeepers, callers. No matter if you make mistakes; nobody will laugh at the Minister's daughter. Only talk!'

"I met the young lady six months afterward, and was amazed at the richness and purity of her speech. I fancy that our Alice will rival her."

For conversation, the natural method of study continues in prime favor, and even the grammars have taken to themselves reform. Seldom now do we see such sentences as called forth the witty scorn of Professor Corson:

"Have you seen my green-eyed horse?"

"No, I have not seen your green-eyed horse, but I have seen your Russia-leather handkerchief."

For learning to read, Emerson's method is worthy of attention. "Read," he says, "the same dozen pages over and over a hundred times, till you know every word and particle in them, and can pronounce and repeat them by heart."

Few foreigners—indeed, few English or Americans—speak and write the English language with the grace and purity of Carl Schurz, and he explains the fact as follows:

"When I first came to America, I found that I knew as little practical English as the Yale or Harvard student who has read 'Faust' and 'Piccolomini' knows of German. I went to a bookstore and asked for the classic of the English language. The 'Vicar of Wakefield' was given me. I made a careful translation of the work into German, laid it aside for six weeks, retranslated it into English, critically compared the two versions, and knew the English language."

HYSTERICS.

Hysterics are, fortunately, not in the least fashionable. A young lady who so far forgets herself as to sob ungovernably in public is by no means an "interesting object," as she might have been considered in a more sentimental age. Still, if any one is so misguided as to succumb to a nervous attack, it is well for bystanders to remember that only heroic remedies will be of use.

A company of young people were one evening trying a foolish game of "mesmerism," endeavoring to influence one another to do stated things, when an excitable girl suddenly began to laugh and cry, in rather an alarming manner. Her companions, quite distracted, were vainly trying to comfort and soothe her, when the mistress of the house came in, and at once understood the situation.

"Lettie," she said, sternly, to the weeping girl, "stop that noise this minute, and tell me what you mean by stepping on chocolate creams, and spoiling my carpet!"

The girl stopped crying at once, and stooping in confusion began removing the bits of candy from the floor. A new direction had been given to her thoughts, and in a few minutes she was calm enough to smile at the severity with which she had been treated.

On another occasion, a little girl innocently applied the same sort of remedy. Her aunt, who was recovering from a long illness, one day became hysterical, and the child, coming into the room, stopped, amazed at her excitement. In another minute, she saw a far more interesting sight.

"O auntie," she cried, "Jip has got your pretty lace handkerchief under the sofa, and he's chewed it and chewed it!"

"Get it away from him!" cried the sufferer, forgetting to weep. "Crawl under, and drag the little rascal out!" And, in bemoaning the wreck and lecturing Jip, she became once more a rational being.

Hysterics are not shams, and yet they are largely under the control of the will.

"I don't have nervous attacks now," said a lady to her physician. "When I was at home the girls used to pet and cuddle me, to coax me out of them; but they only annoy my husband. So what could I do but train myself to avoid them!"

SOAKING UP SUNSHINE.

Some poet skilled in putting the motive wisdom of life into happy phrases could evolve a taking "piece" out of this sentiment of an unfortunate little "Arab." The anecdote, from the New York *Tribune*, is as true to life as are Mrs. Dorothy Stanley's pictures.

"Hi! Jimmy! Come down here! Let's set on the bridge and go round when she turns."

This from a ten-year-old street-boy standing on the approach to a bridge over the Erie Canal in an interior city.

The person addressed was a fellow street-boy standing on a raised footbridge over the same muddy waterway. He was no older than his companion and fully as ragged. He was lame and carried a crutch, but he had his compensation in a philosophy of contentment that old Horace might have envied.

He stood upon the footbridge and answered:

"Naw. Can't. Got t' stay here."

"Aw, come on down. What d'ye hang up there fur? Lots o' fun swingin' around here. We kin git on a boat and go over the aqueduct an' then ride back on another. Aw, come on down."

"Naw, can't do it."

"Why not? What yer wants ter fool 'round up there fur? Aint no fun up there."

"Wal," was the answer that Jimmy drawled out, with as solemn a face as a cadet on parade, "I can't come down nohow. I've got to stay up here and soak in all the sunshine I kin so as I kin laugh when it rains."

LARGER AND SMALLER.

It is according to the law of nature that things near at hand should look larger than things farther off.

The committee of a graduating class went to a jeweller with a commission to procure a class badge. They had in view a design representing a youthful scholar—a graduate, that is—surveying the universe.

The spokesman made known their errand.

"About how large would you like the figure?" asked the jeweller.

"Well," said the student, "we thought the graduate ought to cover about three-quarters of the badge, and the universe the rest." — *Jeweller's Weekly.*

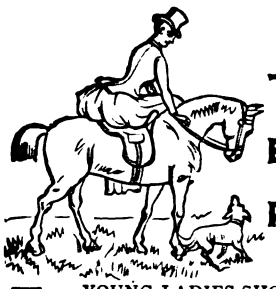
BROADLY DISTINGUISHED.

A famous Russian writer had an original way of expressing his opinions in regard to people and things.

"How do you like her voice?" he was asked, relative to a prima donna who produced an enormous quantity of husky tone when she sang.

"Voice!" repeated the writer, with great scorn. "That's not a voice. It's a draught of air!"

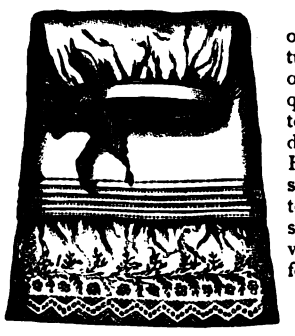
The Human Hair.—How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament by burning it with *alcoholic washes*, and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin and is not absorbed. Burnett's Cocoaine, a compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair—is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off and promoting its healthy growth. [*Adv.*



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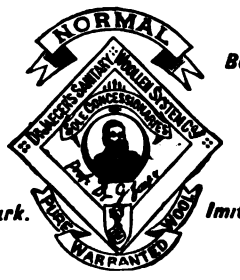
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
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For the Companion.

HEADACHE.

We are often asked for a cure for headache. A certain wise physician classes headaches among the ailments which have baffled his profession. At a medical meeting a member said, "Did any of you ever cure a headache? I never did." Several doctors having mentioned their treatment, he replied, "Oh, you only relieved it. I can do that. But have you ever *cured* it?"

No one could answer yes. The shops contain nostrums enough, but did any one ever find himself more than temporarily relieved by them?

Nature, unaided, sometimes effects a permanent cure by the changes which the system undergoes in the process of time. Persons who have been subject to headache are often more or less fully relieved after about the age of fifty. This is perhaps a result of the shrinkage of the brain and the hardening of the tissues, which begins at about that period. Changes in one's condition or habits, or in climate, may sometimes effect a cure by removing the disturbing cause.

The causes of headache are many. Some grave headaches are due to cerebral disease—meningitis, tumor, abscess, softening of the brain. In these cases there will be other symptoms pointing to the cause. Other causes are overfulness of the blood-vessels, caused by the condition of the heart; a plethoric condition of the body; mental excitements. Such cases are marked by a flushed face, glittering eyes, a beating in the ears and giddiness on stooping.

Sick-headache has been described as a "nerve-storm," radiating from a cerebral centre. It is often connected with a hereditary tendency and a nervous temperament, and it comes on in periodical attacks, the exciting cause being some form of exhaustion. It may be intensely severe for a few hours, and pass off after vomiting. If no vomiting attends it, it is known as nervous headache. The main thing is to ascertain the exciting cause, and guard against it carefully.

Headache may be due to defective action of the liver, constipation, inactive condition of the skin, poor blood, excessive mental exertion, exhaustion from fatigue, the condition of the stomach, eye-strain, or rheumatism of the scalp. Some headaches are purely neuralgic.

It will be seen, then, that no one can suggest a cure for headache. In severe cases the aid of a physician is needed to ascertain the cause and give proper advice; but in most cases an intelligent person may himself ascertain the cause, and secure, in the main, exemption from attacks by attention to the general laws of health.

SHE LOVED THE LIGHT.

In some parts of Missouri nothing is commoner in out of the way places than a solitary "coal-shaft." In one of these remote mines there was kept, a hundred feet below the surface, a little old mule, whose business it was to draw the loaded cars up the inclined plane to the foot of the shaft.

Back and forth, back and forth it made its dismal journeys during working hours, and at night was left alone in a corner fitted up as a stable, to await in the silence and utter darkness the return of its human comrades.

For five long years it had never breathed the upper air, or seen the light of day. It was a great pet with the miners, who used to bring it bunches of fresh grass in summer, or lumps of sugar and apples in winter.

One night, when the mule was being unharnessed, some one proposed taking "Jinny" up in the cage. It was done; her tremors as the cage began to ascend were soothed by the assuring words and caresses of her companions, and soon she found herself restored to a mule's natural privileges.

The next morning when the time came to go to work, "Jinny" positively refused to return. Neither persuasion nor threats could induce her to approach the shaft and step into the waiting cage.

A council was held. The miners, touched by what the poor brute had suffered in her five years of isolation, and reproaching themselves that her imprisonment had been so long, at length solved the problem by subscribing on the spot enough out of their scanty earnings to buy "Jinny," and she was immediately loosed and "turned out to grass."

For years afterward she might have been seen nibbling the grass near the shaft, or sheltering herself behind a liberal haystack that somehow was always there for her. When working hours were over she was sure to be near the shaft, where she could mutely testify to her liberators as they came up, that she was the happiest mule in Missouri.

APPROPRIATE GIFT.

Old Hepsy had lived in the Morse family for a great many years, and being an economical soul and not given to display, had saved a comfortable sum during her time of service. When she reached the age of sixty, she announced her intention of giving up work and retiring to a tiny house which she had "kep' her eye on goin' on ten years," there to live with a niece who was in the millinery business, "an' doin' well for herself."

Hepsy was anxious to present the Morses, on her departure, with some gift which should be at once appropriate and not *too* expensive, and she spent much time in the stores searching vainly for something exactly to her mind. One day, however, she returned home in triumph with a prize which she spread out before the astonished gaze of her niece.

"Now if you ever see anything handsomer an' better suited than this, Lucindy," said Hepsy, confidently, "you can jest let me know!"

With that she spread out on the kitchen table a white silk handkerchief of enormous size. In one corner there was embroidered, in the most brilliant of colors, a bird's nest in which were two large and two small birds, and flying away from it still another bird, of particularly gaudy plumage and widely extended wings.

"It's very handsome, aunt," said Lucinda, hesitating a little, "but how do you mean it's so well suited?"

"Well," said Hepsy, with a sniff of contempt, "I did suppose I shouldn't have to explain it all out! Don't you see, Lucindy," she proceeded, in a commiserating tone, "there's Mr. Morse in the nest, an' Mrs. Morse in the nest, an' Frankie an' Emily in the nest, an' Master Willie flown to heaven above! Why, I think it's *beautiful*!"

MIZER'S CATAMOUNT.

Old John Mizer, one of the early settlers of what is now Bucks township, Ohio, went out one day on Buckhorn Creek to secure a wolf-scalp. Having fixed the bait, which consisted of a skinned rabbit, he was about to hide near by when his practised ear detected the tread of an animal behind him.

Mizer supposed it to be a wolf, but as he turned quickly he beheld a catamount, following close upon him. The moment the hunter stopped, the animal sprang into a tree. Mizer took aim and fired, and with a scream of rage the catamount sprang upon him, landing on his back, and sank its claws deep into the flesh.

With great presence of mind, Mizer instantly stepped backward against a tree, and pressed the creature hard against it. He then dropped his gun, drew out his hunting-knife, and was successful in using it upon the side of the biting, scratching beast.

He continued to press against the tree with all his might, and within a few minutes the catamount ceased to struggle, and when at length the man stepped forward, the creature dropped dead at his feet. It weighed more than a hundred pounds, and measured three feet in length.

TO AVOID THE JAR.

Every one knows that a sudden shock or jar, as in leaping and jumping, is felt less if the person rises at the moment on his toes. A naval officer and a friend were in the vicinity of a mine while some blasting was in progress. At the moment of the explosion the naval officer went through a series of peculiar gymnastics. His arms hung limp at his sides, his mouth was wide open, and he stood on tiptoe.

"What is it? Are you hit by a stone?" asked the friend, a trifle anxiously.

"No; just an old memory," replied the officer. "That was a part of my manual of arms when I was on a man-of-war facing Vicksburg."

"I don't understand," remarked his friend.

"That is the way we used to stand when we fired a mortar," replied the officer. "It looked a bit curious at first, to see forty or fifty men standing on their toes with their mouths wide open. But we were instructed to do it, and as it lessened the concussion caused by firing twenty-five pounds of gunpowder, we fell into it as into any other regulation and thought no more of it. It did not seem ridiculous then, for it was a part of the art of war."

MARRYING A STAMP.

In the old world, where marriages are often arranged purely as matters of business, it has long been customary for the possessor of any kingdom or of one estate to secure another by "marrying it;" but it is probable that not until lately has it ever occurred to any one to marry a postage-stamp. This, however, seems at last to have occurred to some one, for a French journal recently published the following advertisement:

"MATRIMONY.—A collector of postage-stamps, possessing 12,544 specimens, desires to contract a marriage with a young lady, also a collector, who has the blue Mauritius penny stamp of 1847. No others need apply."

WHY THEY FAILED.

Here is a fact for thoughtless boys to ponder upon:

Several boys who were candidates for a naval cadetship from the Eighth Michigan District were rejected because the examining physician found that their hearts had been affected by smoking cigarettes.

"DON'T you think," said his mother to little Johnny, "that you've eaten quite cakes enough?" "Oh no, mother!" said Johnny. "I don't feel a bit sick yet!"

"Brown's Vermifuge Comfits," or worm lozenges, give greater satisfaction than any other worm medicine. 25 cents a box. [*Adv.*

STILBOMA.

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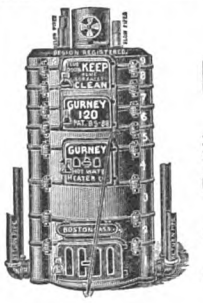
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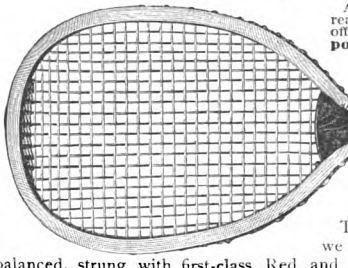


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For the Companion.

THE GIANT FIRECRACKER.

It was the morning of the Fourth of July. The little village of North Jericho was experiencing the first lull in the midst of its patriotic uproar.

Groups of boys who had been prodigal of their torpedoes and firecrackers were clustered before the village store, hunting here and there in the dust for an unexploded cracker, or talking shrilly about the next best way of making an appropriate racket in honor of the day.

Many an envious eye followed each motion of some more fortunate boy while he proudly threw a cracker at the heels of a loafing dog, or with a superb effort at unconcern touched off a whole bundle "at one lick."

This latter was considered a wilful extravagance, and called forth, from those who had nothing left, such remarks as these:

"Aint you mean!"

"Lemme have one, will yer?"

"Lemme use your punk a minute?"

"I'll bet I can chuck one up an' make it go off higher'n you can."

"I'll bet you can't!"

While this animated discussion waxed and waned, Tom Hartshorn, with a few of his friends, was peering into the window of the store.

Tom had easily acquired the leadership of the village boys. In the first place, he was the son of the minister; and that distinction counted for a great deal in North Jericho. Then he was generous, loyal to his friends, and very fond of boisterous fun.

"Aint it a buster?" whispered a youngster. The little boy nudged Tom confidentially in the ribs, and pointed at a huge red cylinder behind the glass.

The sight that touched the hearts of the youth of North Jericho with a pang of desire was a huge firecracker, eighteen inches long, which reposed with the air of a Chinese mandarin upon a bed of white cotton wool.

It was the largest cracker ever seen in the county. It seemed to look down with contempt upon the pigmy crackers which the boys had bought. It glared at their faces with a kind of insolence. Its stolid front seemed to say to Tom, "I'm not for such as *you!*"

What a Cracker! It could only be spelled with a capital C.

Mr. Cluster, who was postmaster, hardware dealer, dry-goods merchant, grocer, butcher and town clerk in one, had ordered this cracker, not for the vulgar sake of profit, but from a sentiment of pure patriotism.

"I guess North Jericho can afford to have as big a cracker as any place in the hull United States," he said, apologetically, to his wife.

To North Jericho, then, had come this proud honor; and each of her boys coveted the possession of the giant noise-maker.

"It's the biggest I ever saw," said Tom, with the air of one who sets himself up as an authority. This statement was conclusive to the crowd, for Tom had once been to Boston. In consequence, the cracker gained dignity.

"I'm goin' to ask pa to buy it for me," said Jim Johnson, the son of the village blacksmith, with an air of confidence.

A few boys looked at the lad in envy; but this admiration was soon shattered by Tom, who answered, scornfully:

"Buy it! I guess you will! Do you think your father would spend a dollar'n a half on noise for you, Jim?"

"Well, I guess yourn wouldn't, Tom Hartshorn!" retorted Jim.

As Tom's father had a salary of five hundred dollars a year for his services, a part of which was, according to the established custom of the place, paid in farm produce, it was highly probable that Jim was right.

In comparison with the minister, the blacksmith was rich; but this obvious fact had never occurred to the people of North Jericho.

Nevertheless, this taunting reply, delivered in his own coin, discomfited the minister's son.

"What'll you bet?" demanded Tom, hotly.

"I aint mean 'nough to bet on a sure thing."

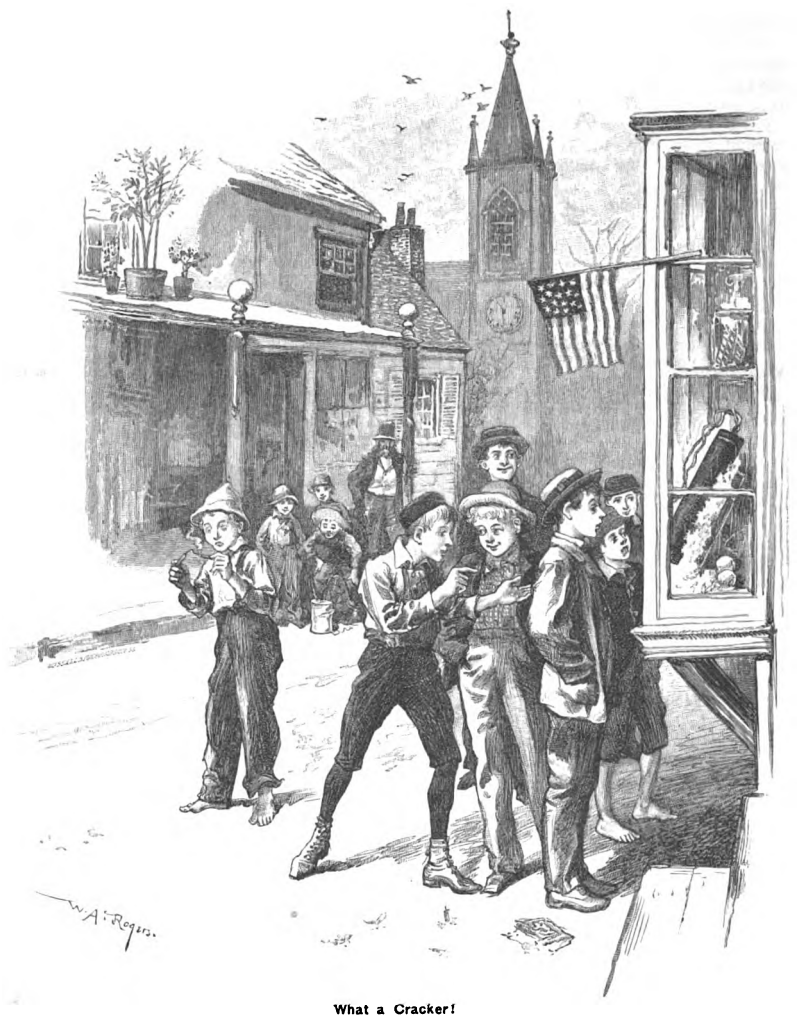
"Oh, you're not, are you?"

Tom clenched his fists.

At this juncture the boys stopped firing their crackers and torpedoes, and ranged themselves, according to their sympathies with the one or the other, about Tom or Jim.

"No, I won't fight him!" said Tom to his bosom companion. "I can whip him. He knows it. But I'll stump him to buy the cracker. The fellow that gets that cracker beats!"

This was a new way to settle a quarrel. Tom hardly knew why he had said such a foolish thing. He had nothing to buy the cracker with, and had not the smallest reason to suppose that his father would buy it.



What a Cracker!

The two boys looked at each other with an air of fierce bluster. Jim felt humiliated. The boys on his side were of the poorer boys of the town. It was doubtful if all six of them could raise a dollar as the result of doing a week's chores.

The boys all liked Tom. He was never "stuck up." He wasn't ashamed to notice the raggedest boy in the village, and divide his marbles besides.

But now about half of them drew off from him as if they were his sworn enemies.

A volley of lighted firecrackers and torpedoes was briskly exchanged. Dinner-time interrupted these preliminary hostilities. As Jim moved off, escorted by his tribe, he fired a parting shot:

"Say, Tom, we'll come to the store at two o'clock, and if you don't get the cracker you're stumped!"

The boys marched away, singing at the top of their lungs, each on a very flat key of his own: "We'll hang Tom Hartshorn to a sour apple-tree!"

Tom felt himself in honor bound to meet his own "stump," which Jim had shrewdly turned upon him. His companions clustered faithfully about him as he went up the street toward home.

"Can't we take up a collection?" suggested one.

"I aint got any money," admitted one.

"I spent every cent for crackers yesterday," owned another.

"I've got a quarter left to buy pinwheels, and a rocket, and Roman candles," said a third.

"Lemme see 'em!" interjected another. "When'll you fire 'em off?"

"Oh, to-night some time. What have *you* got, Tom?"

Tom shook his head disconsolately. Tom had not a penny in his pocket. He stared at a bird vacantly and dejectedly.

"I'll bet you dasn't come 'round an' meet Jim," spoke up one of his admirers, a little contemptuously.

"You just come around and see!" said Tom, with compressed lips. "I've got to go home. I hear the bell. Come 'round after dinner."

Tom started off on a quick trot up the street to his little white home under the broad-sweeping elms.

It was about a quarter before two o'clock that a procession of hooting boys tramped along the street of the sleepy village down towards its single store. One of them beat a drum; another flaunted an extemporized patriotic banner; another blew a tin horn, whose squawking end rested on the shoulders of the boy ahead.

Now and then a sharp explosion testified to the fact that it was still the Fourth of July, and that ammunition was not yet wholly exhausted.

The boys were all in a state of suppressed excitement. They had assembled by Mr. Hartshorn's house, and there impatiently awaited Tom, much to the uneasiness of his mother, who was not slow to suspect some mischief.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"Oh, it's nothing, mother. They're going to set off a cannon down by the grove. That's all. That's nothing."

"You'll be very careful, my son," she answered, anxiously.

"Oh, yes!" said Tom, slamming the door, and disappearing around the corner of the parsonage.

Tom's eyes glittered peculiarly when he joined his eager companions. His cheek was as flushed as a nervous girl's. His manner was unnatural and excited. He plunged his hands into his pockets, held them there with trembling emphasis, and walked towards his cronies with all the swagger he could assume.

"Hello, Tom! Here he is! Got it, Tom?"

Tom nodded his head vigorously, and put his left hand upon his mouth with a threatening gesture.

For a few minutes he experienced the elation of preëminence which his nature craved, yet from which his heart bitterly recoiled. But it was now, he thought, too late to undo, to go back. He could only go on.

"Hurrah for Tom! Hurry up to the store! We'll come it over Jim!" the boys shouted.

"Did your ma give it to you?" one of the boys asked in a whisper.

"N-no," answered Tom, confidentially and hesitatingly, "you see—well—no matter; it's a dead secret."

A dead secret it remained.

The boys were at fever heat. Before the village store the two parties ranged themselves. It had been decided that Tom's faction should pretend not to be able to buy the wonderful cracker, and should allow Jim to taunt them until, at the last moment, Tom should stalk in, purchase it, brandish it in the face of the enemy, and so put them to ignominious rout.

This programme was carried out with singular fidelity. There was not a hitch in the performance.

"You'll have to be keerful, Tommy," said the storekeeper to the panting boy. "You've got to get a good ways off when it 'splodes. I'll put it in a shoe-box with cotton waddin'. That's the right change. I didn't know the parson approved of your wastin' money so. What did he say about the heathen last Wednesday ev'nin'?"

Tom blushed deeply. He stammered an explanation, and retired in a hurry, surrounded by his hooting admirers. But The Cracker went with him.

At the sight of that superb firecracker in Tom's possession, Jim's party, to a boy, forsook their discomfited leader. They even joined with recreant gusto in an improvised song which was supposed to carry with it the sting of contempt and of victory:

Jim, Jim, Jim,
Go and take a swim.

Jim, jealous and angry, refusing Tom's sarcastic invitation to "give in and come and see her go off," turned his back upon the party and went to swim, the most lonely boy in Jericho on that glorious day.

"Where'll you set her off, Tom?" asked one of his new party.

"In the grove," said Tom, mindful of what he told his mother.

"I'll bet it'll make the biggest noise ever heard 'round these parts," ventured one.

"Is it bigger'n Bunker Hill cannon?"

"Bunker Hill cannon!" Tom sneered with infinite contempt; "'tisn't anything to this cracker! Haven't I been to Boston?"

"Say, boys, let's set it off in front of Jim's house. That'll be fun!"

This suggestion was received with enthusiasm and carried into effect unanimously.

Jim lived at the further end of the town in a little house, with no other near. Opposite it was a sand heap. In the house was Maidie Johnson, Jim's sick sister. She was indeed very ill; in fact, the doctor despaired of saving his little patient. He called it typhoid fever.

She was a pretty, gentle girl and every one liked her. The boys did not know that Maidie

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was so very ill, and Jim was not there to tell them.

As most of the North Jericho fathers had gone down to Jericho Centre, where there was a great celebration, with a speech by a prominent congressman, the boys had it all their own way.

The procession, with Tom at its head, stormed its way down toward the blacksmith's house. It gathered numbers and momentum as it surged along, until it comprised all the boys in the village—with the exception of Jim.

"I say, Tom, put it under a barrel!"

"Naw, put her under a tin can!"

"Put it under a washtub!"

"There aint none big enough!"

"Let's have a volcano! Bury it up all but the fuse!"

"I'll give you a nickel to let me set it off."

"I'll give you ten cents!"

It was finally agreed that the cracker should be passed from hand to hand with the privilege of close inspection before it was set off. Tom watched its travel with acute interest, with a word of instruction to each one.

"Say, Patsy, don't you hold her with the fuse down. It might go off and kill you. Don't you know enough, Bill, to hold her with two hands? Supposin' you drop her! Where'd you be?"

But where and how to set it off? This momentous decision was not arrived at without much excited discussion. Each boy wanted it his own way.

The boys crowded about Tom and The Cracker until he became impatient and angry.

"Here, you, get away there!" he yelled, authoritatively. "Drop that punk! You'll have it off!"

Tom slowly placed the giant cracker, end up, upon a flat stone, and the stone was placed in the road in front of the gate.

A careworn woman was watching the boys apprehensively from the house opposite. She did not dare to ask them to go away, fearing that it would arouse their contrariness and make matters worse.

She hoped at every moment that they would tire out and go away. There were so many of them crowded about that she could not tell what they were doing.

She tiptoed back to the sick-room, and closed the door softly, to shut out all the noise possible.

Maidie could bear no noise or jar. She had suffered all the long, hot night from the bursting and bellowing, the popping and ringing, which usher in the Day of Independence, but they were at a little distance.

Boys do not think what the Fourth of July means to the sick. The Glorious Fourth is to them the Terrible Fourth.

Tom put his cracker in place, amid the breathless hush that so momentous a performance demands. The cracker seemed to leer at its owner. Tom was fascinated by its appearance, and lingered over his attentions.

"Aw, hurry up! Don't be all day, Tom!" broke from an impatient admirer.

At last Tom waved his hand impressively, and the group widened and retired to a safe distance. Tom's back was to the house; thus the cracker was still hidden from the anxious woman's sight.

Twenty boys held their breath in suspense. Tom hesitated unaccountably, and then, with a sudden motion, applied the punk to the long fuse. The slight smoke curled up languidly. Tom stepped aside.

Some of the boys put their fingers in their ears. Most of them hid behind the stone wall, but one or two ran behind the blacksmith's shop. Who knew what mischief this Chinese engine would do?

At the moment that Tom moved, he revealed to the sick girl's mother this enormous cracker looming right up before her front door, and about to go off.



At the sight she rushed to the door. The explosion might be the very thing that would make a turn for the worse in her daughter's condition.

She cried out, with a voice vibrating with horror, and made terrible by the authority of maternal anxiety.

"Boys! Put that thing *out!*"

At this sound the boys took to their heels and ran a short distance away. But Tom stood in the middle of the street, rooted to the spot. The mother's frightened cry had startled him.

"Tom Hartshorn!" shrieked the mother. "*Put it out!* There's sickness here. Maidie is very sick. She can't bear a breath of noise. *Go! Run! Put it out!*"

At this command Tom suddenly came to himself. There flashed before his mind the events of the day: his pride and boast, his hollow victory, bought at a price he had not dared to think of yet. And now—to crown it all—Maidie, a girl, a little, sick girl; to kill a girl with a stolen firecracker! What was he to do?

Tom made one great dash. Only to seize it—to wrench forth the burning fuse, to put it out!

The fuse sizzled and shot forth sparks. The fire was very near the cracker, but Tom was undaunted.

The woman watched him with her hand at her heart. It seemed to her that he was just upon the thing, when there came a flash, a tremendous report that shook the house, that rattled the panes of the houses down the single street. Dirt from the street was dashed in her face.

She did not wait to see what became of Tom; with a shriek she dashed into the house to her daughter's bed.

When the boys rushed forward, they found Tom lying on his face, at the foot of the sand heap, senseless. The neighbors turned him over; his face was blackened by the powder. A bit of red tissue paper, covered with Chinese writing and blood, clung to and covered his right hand.

They laid Tom on his mother's bed at home. The outstretched hand had grasped what it could, and in its attempt had protected his face from injury; but the explosion had torn away two fingers.

"It's the luckiest escape I ever heerd on," said Mr. Cluster.

"He reminds me of Casabianca on the burnin' deck," said a member of the school-board, admiringly.

"Who'd 'a' thought he had the grit in him?"

"His mother must be greatly set up about it."

"Such heroism," concluded the schoolmaster, "reflects honor on Jericho, on the whole county, and on the day we celebrate."

That evening, when all the inhabitants of North Jericho were still extolling Tom's wonderful heroism, the wounded lad turned to his mother and said, feebly:

"I'm not a fine fellow. I'm not what they think. I'm nothing but a thief! I took a dollar and a half from your bureau drawer —" There he broke down.

For a moment she did not answer him. A dreadful silence filled the dark room. Tom, a thief! Her Tom—her son, the minister's son, had stolen money, like a common thief!

"I'd rather you'd have lost your whole hand!" said Mrs. Hartshorn, hoarsely.

"Yes," sobbed Tom.

Then his mother began to sob too, and they cried together. But before long she had kissed forgiveness into the lad's hurt soul and body, and then he slept.

But now dark rumors went about the village. "Tom'll pull through," it was said, "but the shock sent Maidie into convulsions."

Reports came thick and fast that she was dying—was dead; that the explosion had changed her disease; that she was going mad—that she had gone mad—that she would be an idiot if she lived.

A week after that Tom was out again, with his right hand in a sling. When the boys crowded about him he turned his back upon them and walked away.

Jim, the blacksmith's son, followed him, and was for fighting it out with Tom on the spot. But Tom was so pitifully penitent, and besides, who could fight a boy who had lost two fingers?

When people stopped him, patted him on the shoulder, and praised him for his heroism, Tom cast at them the look of one who had been struck in the face, and slunk away ashamed.

Now it was Tom who haunted Maidie's house, and stood sentinel those hot, miserable days, waiting for the doctor's verdict. Woe to unlucky dogs that barked, or unlucky boys that shouted, during those anxious weeks!

Tom, like a knight, utterly routed them. He had now experienced physical agony, and he began to understand, what so few boys do, the demands that suffering makes upon chivalry.

The boisterous leader of madcap boys was thoughtful, responsible and manly. It had cost two fingers—but perhaps it was worth while. And in spite of The Cracker and the rumors, the girl began to recover.

"I want to see Tom. Can't he come in for a minute?"

She was out of danger, then, and Jim ran over to bring him. Tom came in on tiptoe, and sat down trembling beside the sick girl's bed.

His prepared speeches had hopelessly evaporated. He did not know what to say, and so he said nothing at all.

"Aint you glad to see me, Tom? You might say something." Maidie spoke softly with an accent of disappointment.

This was too much for Tom. Overstrung, he broke down, and cried as if his heart would break. Maidie looked at him wonderingly.

"Don't cry! Don't you see I'm better? How's your poor hand, Tom? Jim says you're the hero of the county. Colonel Pippin says so, and Mr. Cluster."

This was the last straw. To pose as a hero before this unsuspecting girl was more than Tom could bear.

"I'm *not* a hero! I stole the money from mother's purse to buy the cracker to stump Jim, and I set it off here to hurt Jim's feelings! It was awfully mean. I didn't know you were sick then. I wasn't so mean as that! I deserved to be hurt. I'm glad I was."

Tom blurted out this simple confession, looked at the girl with quivering lips, and hid his face in his well hand.

"I had to tell you," he sobbed; "I'd *got* to."

"Well," said Maidie presently, with gentle tact, "let's talk about something else. It'll never happen *again*, you know."

Her pale face, chastened by long sickness, took on a deep confidence in her playmate. Tom looked at her, and was about to speak.

"Hullo-o, Tom!" shouted Jim, bursting in. "You jest come out an' see pa shoe Deacon Tupper's old horse. He says you can hold the halter!"

HERBERT D. WARD.

For the Companion.

THE EAST WYNDHAM EXPRESS.

The makers of the geographies have forgotten to put East Wyndham upon the map of Cape Cod; and the locomotive's scream has never aroused an echo among the scrubby cedars there, or troubled the peaceful minds of the wild ducks around Sandy Point.

A lumbering old stage-coach went there in the old times, which were as superior in East Wyndham as everywhere else, but what with much sand and few passengers it became discouraged, and now the express is the only link which connects the village with the great world.

The express ran to Wyndham and back, twice a week, in rain or shine. Its working power consisted of an ancient, one-eyed ox, John, by name, a worn-out cart, and last, but not least, 'Lisha Baker.

'Lisha felt that the express business was a great responsibility, and wished that people would not think it was necessary, because he was only a boy, to warn him to be careful of their packages.

Fifteen was a great age in 'Lisha's opinion; and a boy was none the less responsible because he happened to be small of stature.

Old Mrs. Ryder, who had had a dispute with the egg man, who "collected" twice a week, now sent her eggs to Wyndham to market; and she made 'Lisha sign an agreement to pay her three cents for every egg that was broken in transportation.

Mrs. Hepsy Nickerson expected her pension letter every day, although it came only once in two months; and she openly expressed her suspicions that 'Lisha had it secreted about his person. As the mail-carrying was only an accommodation, for which no one paid, this was somewhat trying to the disposition.

And there was old Mr. Seth Brewster, who expected 'Lisha to go half a mile out of his way to assure him that he had delivered his cranberries safely; and Mrs. Drusy Doane, who wanted him to come as far in another direction to tell her whether any news had been heard of the *Rover*.

Poor Mrs. Drusy! Her only son had sailed as mate of the *Rover*, seven years before, and the ship had never been heard from.

Of late the express business had increased largely, for, although railroads and modern improvements had not reached East Wyndham, the summer-boarder had. Mrs. Prudence Atkins had put an advertisement in a Boston newspaper. Her niece, Abby Forster, who taught school at Provincetown, had written it for her, and it described with enthusiasm the "quaintness" of East Wyndham.

Some of the East Wyndham people were not sure that they liked this, but Mrs. Prudence Atkins liked it, because it brought her a dozen boarders; and 'Lisha Baker liked it because it made the express business—well, not exactly lively, for that word is scarcely appropriate, in view of old John's peculiarities—but much more profitable than before.



There was a Mr. Gidney among Mrs. Atkins's boarders who thought much about "developing the resources of East Wyndham as a summer resort." He was back again early in June of the second year, bought some land, and devoted himself to "stirring up the town." Half of Mrs. Atkins's boarders had also returned early, and Miss Plumy Sears, who lived away over by Long Ridge, had secured five or six new ones; and there was already talk of a hotel.

But in spite of these signs of prosperity, East Wyndham was not sure that it wished to be "stirred up." When Mr. Gidney appealed to its



patriotic feelings, and declared that it was a disgrace not to have a Fourth of July celebration, no one responded very heartily. No one, that is, except the boys, and such of the girls as did not object to "things that went off."

The boys were full of enthusiasm. They circulated a petition, composed by Sol Dennis, who had been away to school. It was full of patriotism and very large words; and when people laughed at, instead of signing it, the boys held an indignation meeting in the schoolhouse field.

Now that Mr. Gidney had made them think of it they fully realized that it was a burning shame that East Wyndham had never had a Fourth of July celebration.

Some of the indignant boys talked of running away to sea. 'Lisha's tastes were less adventurous, but he planned as deep a revenge. When Baker's Boston & Cape Cod Express, the greatest business enterprise of that region, should form a network of intercommunication all over the Cape, he would leave East Wyndham out! It should be left in isolation and obscurity, only known as the town to which Baker's Express did not go.

It cost 'Lisha something to make this stern resolve. He had cherished visions of East Wyndham transformed to a centre of business activity by means of Baker's Express. But a town that was dead to both enterprise and patriotism deserved the worst that Fate, in the shape of Baker's Express, could do to it.

Teddy Grover, one of the city boarders, and a nephew of Mr. Gidney, mounted the fence and made a rousing speech, counselling what he called "revolutionary measures;" in short, having a lively celebration "in spite of the tyrant and the usurper."

"If we only had some money!" said 'Lisha Baker. It was hard to have one's pockets empty when one's country called. That was the way in which Teddy had put it.

A general melancholy settled upon the boys' faces at the mention of money. Teddy Grover caused his pockets to flap in a manner which showed their dreary emptiness.

"It's always my luck to be short," he said in an injured tone.

The truth was that Teddy accompanied the express to Wyndham on almost every trip for the purpose of indulging in candy, bananas and soda-water. "But I shall have enough before the Fourth to buy some firecrackers," he added, more hopefully.

Firecrackers certainly were better than nothing, but they were wholly inadequate as an expression

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of East Wyndham patriotism, now that it was fully aroused.

"We'll make some kind of a noise, anyway," said Teddy, grandly. "I know an Indian war-whoop that'll just wake 'em up!"

Whether rumors of this accomplishment of Teddy's got about, and the "old fogies" felt that it was better to come to terms, I cannot say, but it was suddenly announced that Captain Ebenezer Atwood, the most influential man in East Wyndham, had joined Mr. Gidney, and there was to be a genuine Fourth of July celebration.

A picnic dinner in Atwood's Grove, with speeches, and the brass band from Fleetwell, the firing of a cannon at sunrise, noon and sunset, and fireworks in the evening! Now that the East Wyndham fathers were aroused, they certainly seemed disposed to show a proper degree of patriotism.

The East Wyndham express received the most important as well as the most delightful commission that had ever fallen to its lot; it was to bring, not only the fireworks, but the cannon which had been borrowed from Wyndham. At that village so much money had been spent on a new town pump that the people could not afford a Fourth of July celebration.



It was a rather small gun which they called a cannon in Wyndham, but Teddy Grover, who showed disappointment when he saw it, was assured by the other boys that it was a "roarer."

Teddy went with the express to Wyndham the day before the Fourth, and so did Wesley Freeman, the minister's son, and 'Lisha's twelve-year-old sister Persis, who was to buy a new hat at the Wyndham milliner's for the great occasion.

Teddy Grover had a dark suspicion that the Wyndham boys would try to prevent them from getting the gun. There was a perpetual feud between the boys of the two towns—"Easters" and "Westers," as they called each other. Sometimes it had gone to the disgraceful length of bruises and black eyes. The Westers had sent word to the Easters that they "had better not touch their gun."

It was 'Lisha's opinion that, since the authorities had offered to lend the gun, the boys would not dare to interfere. Nevertheless he followed Teddy's advice, and went armed with his grandfather's old rifle. But as Grandma Baker had not allowed him to take it until he had promised not to load it, it could serve no purpose except, as Wesley Freeman said, to "intimidate the enemy."

Teddy carried his uncle's pistol, subject to the same disadvantage as the rifle; for Mr. Gidney shared Grandma Baker's opinions about boys and fire-arms.

Teddy felt that it would be well to have a larger force to protect the gun; but East Wyndham boys had to work, and most of them were cutting marsh hay over at Short Ridge.

The express cart looked like a triumphal chariot, for Teddy had decked it with bunting provided by the ladies at the boarding-house, and two small American flags waved at old John's ears, much to his bewilderment and disgust.

'Lisha suggested that if they were likely to have any difficulty in getting the gun it would be as well not to go after it with quite so much display; but Teddy, who secretly longed for an adventure, declared that it was only proper to let every one know that East Wyndham, for once in its life, was going to have a Fourth of July celebration.

He blew a tin trumpet vigorously as the express cart emerged from the shade of Cedar Swamp into the long, sandy road which led into the village of Wyndham. People ran to the windows and doors to look at the boys as they passed; but beyond some cries of derision from the small boys who crowded around the cart at the station, there were no demonstrations.

Large boys seemed strangely scarce in Wyndham, that day; but Wesley Freeman was sure that he saw, through a knot-hole in a board fence, an angry eye fixed upon them, and also, just visible above the fence, the tow-colored hair of Nick Hallett, a ringleader of the Westers.

In fact there were nine irate Westers peeping through the chinks of that fence.

But 'Lisha, Teddy and Wesley secured the gun without difficulty. Old Captain Barnas Sears, whose head shook from side to side as he walked, unlocked the queer old gun-house, and delivered it up to the boys with a sigh of relief, glad, no doubt, that it was to roar in East Wyndham instead of on the common, close beside his house. 'Lisha had found a gratifyingly large number of boxes of firecrackers, torpedoes, Roman candles and rockets for East Wyndham, awaiting his conveyance at the station, and with these packed carefully around the gun, the boys set out joyfully on their return.

If Teddy felt a secret disappointment that securing the gun had been so tame an affair, he speedily forgot it in delightful anticipations of to-morrow's celebration.

Persis drove old John, with the bandbox containing her new hat beside her on the seat. Teddy, with his trumpet, sat upon the gun; and the other boys walked beside the cart, keeping a lookout for possible enemies.

Wesley had confided to 'Lisha his opinion that "Nick Hallett's eye meant something," and that it was quite likely that an attempt would be made to seize the gun. 'Lisha shared this suspicion, and walked beside the cart with a look of grave apprehension upon his face. It would be an unendurable disgrace to his express if the materials for the celebration should be lost.

It was decided to say nothing of these apprehensions to Teddy, because he might insist upon blowing his trumpet in defiance all the way, and would thereby reveal their whereabouts to the enemy. Teddy was a very brave fellow, but he lacked discretion.

Two or three times the boys had thought they saw a skulking figure behind a tree. Once 'Lisha was so sure of it that he took the rifle from the cart and carried it over his shoulder. If it had not been for Grandma Baker's prejudices against powder and shot, he could have defended the cannon to some purpose, he thought, bitterly.

There was a rustling in the bushes close beside the road, and a low whistle, so low that it might have been the wind; but 'Lisha was convinced that it was not. Teddy heard it, and turned a little pale in spite of his desire to show his prowess in a contest with the Wyndham boys.

"Those fellows are after us!" he cried, as the low whistle was repeated.

A moment later there was a wild rush of Westers from every direction. It seemed as if a boy had been hidden behind every tree and stump.

Nick Hallett had a long, stout rope in his hand.

"Shove her out, boys! Shove the gun out!" he cried, as they made a rush for the cart. "I'll tie the rope 'round her afterwards!"

For one moment the proprietor of the East Wyndham express felt his heart fail him. The next he set his teeth grimly, and aimed his rifle, with as desperate an air as if it had been loaded, at Nick Hallett's head.

Teddy, also, standing upon the cannon, with one arm folded calmly across his breast, pointed his pistol at the throng.

"Advance one step farther at your peril!" he cried, thinking of the one-armed cowboy, of whom he had read, who put a "savage horde" to rout merely by his warlike bearing.

"Pooh! I don't believe they're loaded," said Nick.

He shrank back a little, nevertheless; but Tom Briggs cried out, valiantly: "Who's afraid of that rusty old thing? Look out that it don't kick, sonny! And that little fellow with the pistol would be scared to death if it was loaded, I know by the cut of his jib. It's a little too cheeky for you to think you're going to celebrate with our old roarer! Come on, fellows!"

There was a great crash. Something, certainly, had been loaded. The air was thick with smoke and powder; something from the cart had gone skyward, in a great mass, and black and fiery fragments were descending.

With the explosion there was a swift scattering of boys. Not a Wester was to be seen. Teddy had tipped out of the cart backward. Persis never could understand how it happened that she found herself sitting in a sand heap several rods away, hugging her bandbox.

'Lisha found that the wooden boxes of rockets and Roman candles were on fire, and shouted in vain for help as he dragged them out of the cart, heedless of the danger, and of the fact that one of his hands was badly burned.

"Well, you *are* a plucky fellow!" said Nick Hallett, emerging from the shelter of a huge stump, as 'Lisha was smothering the fire with his jacket. "Say, we wouldn't have done it if we had thought it would blow up! We thought they would just go off like crackers under a tin pan."

"Crackers?" echoed Teddy, appearing with a blackened and bewildered face.

"We pried open that tin box while you were in the gun-house, you know. We had plenty of time while Captain Sears was pottering 'round. We just put in a little tarred paper and a slow match. I thought we left enough space for air. We never thought it would blow all to pieces like that."

"It was a mean, cowardly trick, anyhow," said Wesley, indignantly.

"Well, we sent you word not to try to get our gun," said Nick, sullenly.

"I say we ought to be ashamed of that!"

It was Tom Briggs who had emerged from retirement, very black in the face, and he spoke seriously. "Somebody might have got hurt."

There came another explosion at that instant, sharper, though not so loud. Something hit Tom on the head, and he fell. Old John, mad with terror, made one more effort, freed himself from the clumsy fastening of the cart, and rushed off into the swamp with more agility than his old legs had shown for many a day.

Some of the descending fiery mass had fallen, unobserved, upon a package of torpedoes, giant firecrackers and rockets, which Teddy had purchased for a little private celebration.

"Did everything go off this time?" asked Tom, sitting up and looking bewildered, while a tiny stream of blood trickled down his face. "Was anybody blown up besides me? Well, if you aint black, 'Lisha Baker! But you aint a coward if you are an Easter, I'll say that for you. I never thought popping off a few crackers would make such a piece of work as this! We only meant to astonish you a little."

Then Tom first became aware of the blood. "Say, you don't s'pose I'm killed, do you?" he faltered.

"No, but you might have been. It's a wonder that some of us weren't," said 'Lisha. "At East Wyndham we don't play tricks with powder; we use it like men."

"You needn't have meddled with our gun," growled Tom. "Say, can't somebody wind something round my head?"

The boys were all returning from the safe distances to which they had retreated, but it was Teddy who went first to Tom's relief.

"I don't know about using my best handkerchief on a Wester," he said, with a comical grimace. But he bandaged the wound carefully, and inquired solicitously after his enemy's feelings.

"The fireworks were on the other side of the cart; we never thought of what might be in that paper parcel. I'm sorry 'Lisha Baker got his hand burned. I'm glad that the rocket didn't hit anybody but me."

Tom spoke gruffly, evidently feeling a shame-faced objection to making an apology.

"I suppose I was careless to leave a paper package there," said Teddy, politely.

"Say, we fellows 'll help you find your ox, and patch up your cart, and—and we don't mind your having our gun. 'Tisn't any great of a gun, anyhow," said Tom.

"We should be very happy to have you fellows come over to our celebration," said Teddy, with great courtesy.

These amenities were interrupted by another crash; but this time it was thunder, as startling to the boys as if it had come out of a clear sky. They had been too much excited and absorbed to observe the dark clouds that had gathered.



"It's going to rain—floods!" cried Tom Briggs. "Have you got any waterproof to cover up your wooden boxes? The fireworks will be spoiled!"

"We never thought of rain, it was so pleasant," said Teddy in dismay.

"I thought they would all come in tin boxes," said 'Lisha.

Had Fate conspired against the Fourth of July celebration and the honor of the East Wyndham express? As soon as the danger by fire was over they were threatened with ruin by water!

He took off his jacket and covered one of the boxes with it as well as he could. Every boy, Westers and all, did the same.

"The sooner we find that old ox and hitch him up, the better!" said Nick Hallett. "It's getting awfully black."

'Lisha uttered a call to which old John always responded, but in vain. They searched the edge of the swamp, but no ox was to be found.

"We've got to do something, quick!" said Nick Hallett. "We'll tie the rope 'round the gun and haul it! You needn't be afraid that we won't haul it the right way this time! And the rest of us can haul the cart. There are twelve of us; we ought to be able to do it."

They all took hold with a will. Persis ran on before, her precious hat hidden under her shawl. A hole had been burnt in the bandbox, and she had thrown it away; but the hat was uninjured.

It was hard work, but only just as they reached East Wyndham did the rain begin to fall. Before even the jackets were wet the boxes were safely stored in the village hall.

"We have met the enemy and they are ours!" Teddy whispered to the Easters, who stared in astonishment.

The East Wyndham people were very indignant when they heard of the "mean trick" that had been played, but nevertheless, they agreed that since the Westers had done more to atone for it than could have been expected of them, they should be well received.

It was a rousing celebration, and the Westers entered into it with spirit and friendliness. There were no great formalities about the peace-making.

Nick Hallett said, somewhat gruffly: "Say, it's kind of foolish for us fellows to fight. If the Fleetwells try to lick you, just let *us* know!"

Then they shook hands all around, not without some embarrassment. It was Teddy who set the example, and after this ceremony, they gave three rousing cheers and a tiger for the East Wyndham express, in which all embarrassment was forgotten.

These were not the only events that came from that exciting trip. As soon as all the summer-boarders had arrived, Mr. Gidney circulated a paper which set forth the great advantages which East Wyndham had derived from the express, and offered an opportunity for every one to subscribe towards the purchase of a good horse for 'Lisha Baker. Every one responded—even old Mrs. Ryder, who had made 'Lisha pay three cents for a broken egg; and 'Lisha was soon the proud and happy owner of a good horse.

Old John, who was found peacefully chewing his cud in his own barn, does only a little plowing and carting now; his stiff joints know the long, sandy road to Wyndham no more.

'Lisha feels that Baker's great express line has made a real start.

SOPHIE SWETT.

For the Companion.

GEORGE WASHINGTON II.

My acquaintance with George Washington II. began one morning in early summer. I had called at the little post-office for my letters, and was sauntering homeward along the shady old village street, when a clattering of hoofs and a child's shrill voice made me turn hastily.

Coming toward me, at a rapid pace, was a queer little gray donkey, bearing my eight-year-old son, who was clinging to him with both hands, his brown eyes wide with terror.

Beside them ran another boy, holding the donkey's bridle. Evidently he had not the slightest control over the animal, but was resolved not to desert his frightened little comrade.

His short legs could hardly keep pace with the donkey's gait, but as he flew along he cried encouragingly:

"Don't be scared—Philly; he—knows what—he's about. He won't go—much—further!"

I was about to rush to my son's rescue when the donkey stopped with an abruptness which almost threw Philip headlong, and which landed the other boy in the dust.

By the time I reached him he had picked himself up. After one solemn glance at me, he turned to Philip, who had hastily dismounted and was now at a safe distance.

"There, Philly, I told you so!" he panted. "General Grant never does things except for some purpose. He knew the grass was better up here, and that's the reason why he came so fast. If you'd only had a little more confidence in him you'd have been all right."

I looked with some curiosity at the queer child.

He was rather small and slender, with grave blue eyes, a firm, composed little mouth, and the brightest red hair I had ever seen, cropped close to his head.

He was dressed in short blue trousers and a little white shirt, embroidered with large red stars; and he wore a sailor hat trimmed with red, white and blue ribbons.

After fully grasping the magnificence of this patriotic costume, I said:

"What is your name, my boy?"

He hesitated a moment. "Well, it's really George Otis," he answered, slowly; "but I'm generally called George Washington, because it seems more appropriate."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"I'm after seven."

"When were you seven?"

"Why, on my last birthday," said he, with a slight look of surprise.

"His birthday's on the Fourth of July, papa," volunteered Philip, "and that's why he wears such splendid clothes. He's got lots of things at home even better than these. He's got a gun and

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a crocodile. Just think, papa, a live crocodile! George Washington, won't you show papa your crocodile?"

George Washington solemnly produced from his pocket a tiny, living alligator, and, proudly displaying it at arms' length, explained:

"Its name is 'Malaria.' I wanted to call it the Marquis La Fayette, but Martha gave it to me, and she wanted it named 'Malaria.' She says it came from a place where the only thing they have is malaria."

"Martha Washington?" I inquired.

"Hodgekins," he responded sadly, "only Hodgekins; but," he added, brightening, "she lets me call her Martha Washington whenever I want to; so I usually do.

"She's my nurse, you know," he continued, "and she's very good to me. She makes my clothes, and she put all these stars on my shirt. Do you see those six new ones on the collar?" he went on. "Those are for North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming. That makes fourty-four in all. Just like the flag, you know."

"Say, George Washington!" begged Philip. "Can't papa go to your house and see your other things? He always likes war things."



"I should be glad to have you come, sir," said George Washington, with old-fashioned courtesy. "It's not far; we've just moved into the old Frothingham house by the river, and I've got some extremely good Revolutionary relics."

Anxious to know more of this queer child, I gladly accepted the invitation.

"Why do you call the donkey 'General Grant,' if all your other possessions are connected with the Revolution?" I asked, as we walked along, General Washington dragging the donkey after him.

"Well," he said, "you see his character is so much like General Grant's. You never know quite what he means to do, and when he makes up his mind to do a thing, no one can stop him; and you generally find he's got an object and it's best to let him accomplish it without interfering. But he's such a good donkey. And so I thought it wouldn't make much difference if I did take him out of the Revolution a little, 'cause I admire General Grant a great deal."

By this time we had reached the big, old-fashioned house by the river. George Washington led the way to a side door and knocked gently.

"Aunt Harriet lives in that part of the house," he said, pointing to some closely drawn blinds. "I don't see her very often, but I don't mind much, for she says I'm a heathenish and outlandish child, and you don't like a person who calls you names like that, do you? I stay in my own rooms with Martha most of the time. Here she comes now!"

The door opened. "Martha," he said, "this is Philly's papa, and I'm going to show him my rooms. Will you please bring us up some seed-cakes?"

He led the way up the narrow staircase to a room on the second floor, the door of which he threw open with ceremony, and stood aside while we entered.

The room was certainly as queer and unusual as its owner. A large, four-post bedstead in the corner was draped with a gay canopy of red and blue bunting, which was held in place by an imposing though somewhat dingy gilt eagle.

The little toilet table was arranged like a military tent, and on the walls were dim, old-fashioned portraits of men in Continental uniform.



The tastes of George Washington's ancestors had apparently run largely toward warfare.

The masterpiece of artistic effect was the decoration above the fireplace. A very red and frowning painting of the original George Washington was the centre-piece, and about it were fastened almost enough Revolutionary muskets and swords to furnish weapons of defence for that illustrious general's entire army.

Above these implements of war was suspended a large banner with the motto:

"Fust in war, fust in piece, fust —"

Here the sentence had been forced to end, because there was no room for more letters.

"Martha made that for me on my last birthday," he said. "It's very handsome, isn't it? Some of the words aren't spelled just right, but of course I wouldn't ask her to change them. She felt bad because there wasn't room for the whole thing; but I tell her it doesn't make a bit of difference for every one knows that the rest of it is 'First in the hearts of his countrymen.'

"You see that sword hanging there? That belonged to my great-great-grandfather. He was in the Revolution, and he knew General Washington, and he was very brave.

"If you're done looking at those things, I'll show you something which is better than anything in this room. I keep it locked up because it's more valuable than anything else I have, and I'm very proud of it."

From one of his numerous pockets the boy produced a key, which he fitted in the lock of a small chest beside the bed. Then, with great care, he lifted from it a box tied with thick cord. When this in turn was carefully opened, a parcel appeared, done up in silver foil and tied with a great many ribbons.

"I must tell you a little about this before I open it," said George Washington. "You know my great-great-grandfather, the one who was in the Revolution? Well, at the battle of Fort Sullivan the British shot the flag down, and he rushed out and put it up again, and there it stayed all through the fight; but at the end it was so torn that they said they must have a new one, and gave that to him. He cut it into strips and gave different parts to his officers; and this is the part he kept himself.

"It has always been in the family, and all we men have been very proud of it. Papa was the last one who owned it; and before he died he always kept it in this chest, and let me wear it on the Fourth of July—my birthday, you know.

"Of course I'm very careful of it, and I only wear it for a little while, and never if it rains; but it's a very nice thing to own."

With great pride he opened the parcel and displayed a blue strip from an old American flag, made up in the shape of a sash, and lined with strong red bunting.

"You see it ties about my waist, so, and it looks very well," said George Washington, lifting it with reverent care, and holding it up to his small figure.

After I had duly admired it and it had been conscientiously wrapped in its many papers and returned to the chest, Martha appeared with the seed-cakes, and soon after we took our departure.

George Washington saw us to the gate, and said, with a little sigh:

"I should think you'd enjoy each other a good deal. My papa died three years ago, but we always had such nice times together, though of course I was only a small boy then."

He watched us out of sight with a happier look on his grave little face than I had yet seen it wear.

After this George Washington, General Grant and Malaria were frequent visitors at our house. His grave way of talking and his droll little stories about his former life were very interesting to me, while his wistful longing for home life and affection drew us all to him.

Philip was deeply impressed by his Revolutionary relics and his gentle manliness; and we were glad to have him as a companion for our rather spoiled little boy.

Time went on until the long wished for morning of the Fourth of July dawned.

George Washington arrived early, resplendent in a new starred blouse and big hat, caught up with a large cockade of the national colors. Around his waist was the precious sash.

I noticed that his face was rather grave as he entered; and in a few moments he explained to us the cause by saying:

"I met Micky Flynn on my way here. I don't like Micky very much. He throws stones at General Grant and me. Somebody will be hurt sometime by those stones."

As he spoke I noticed a suspicious swelling on his forehead, but as he did not mention it I said nothing, respecting the brave little heart that could keep its wrongs a secret.

Micky Flynn was the worst boy in the village, and for some time I had noticed his persecutions of George Washington, who seemed particularly to arouse his wrath. But as, up to this date, his enmity had only reached the point of taunting my little friend with being a "walkin' paynorammer o' Bunker Hill," with other remarks intended to be equally insulting, I had thought it best not to interfere.

At about noon, however, Philip rushed into the house, much excited, and begged me to come out quick, for Micky Flynn had got George Washington.

I hurried out and found George Washington standing at bay. He had placed himself in front of General Grant to prevent him from being hurt, while about him, hooting and yelling, were at least ten of Micky's boon companions.

Micky himself, in the midst of them, was holding Malaria in a most uncomfortable position, head downward, and endeavoring to tie a string about the wriggling creature's neck.

Poor little George Washington's eyes were fixed in anguish upon his struggling pet, but he did not dare leave General Grant even to rescue Malaria. He stood there with his lips pressed close together, and a look of entreaty that ought to have touched even Micky's hardened heart.



I went straight to George Washington's rescue. Micky Flynn dropped Malaria and himself barely escaped my grasp. But encouraged by their number, the boys did not run far. From a safe distance they hurled threats and gibes at George Washington.

"Ya! look at him!" cried one. "Look at the shinin' ornimint to the Fourth! Look at Miss Goddess o' Liberty, with his hat all trimmed up like a girl!"

"Say, young feller," said another, "what'll you take for your sash? It's as handsome a piece o' millingery as I ever see."

"I'm 'stonished at yer, Jim," shouted Micky, derisively. "Don't ax him fer that. The purty boy wants to wear it to-night. He's been hired to tech off the fireworks with that red head o' hisn."

George Washington winced a little at this last shaft, for his red hair was his sensitive point; and he had once confided to me that he kept it short to show as little of it as possible.

He turned his back on his tormentors, restored Malaria to his pocket with tender care, and walked with great dignity into the house, where Philip was weeping dismally.

I determined to stay near the boy for the rest of the day, and to speak to the town authorities about Micky, who I thought had now gone as far as could be permitted.

I bade the boys take an early luncheon, and be ready to go with me to the raising of the new flag on the village green, at one o'clock.

They were on time; and here George Washington and Philip forgot their sorrows of the morning in cheering vigorously for the silken banner as it was hoisted on the slender white pole.

After this ceremony was over, every one went down to the river bank, where stood a monument commemorating one of America's first victories. The town had played a prominent part in the Revolution, and on the Fourth of July the people never failed to do honor to its dead heroes, on the spot where their first valiant stand for liberty was made.

The little rustic bridge was crowded with townspeople, and as I had a part in the duties of the celebration, I was separated from the boys. Soon I noticed that they had gone down to a little pier at some distance from the bridge, where they could hear and see very well.

I perceived with some anxiety that Micky and his friends were near them; but they were all too much absorbed in the music and speeches to pay any attention to my boys.

I had forgotten them in the impressive words that were being spoken, when a piercing shriek caused every one to turn quickly in their direction.

What had happened was soon told by one to another in the crowd. The adventurous Micky, in his desire for a prominent place on the landing, had gone too near the edge; and he had slipped and fallen into the deep water.

He could not swim, nor could any of his companions; and it seemed that the boy must drown before any one could get from the bridge and across the intervening field to rescue him.

Men were running in his direction, but he was about to sink for the second time when we saw little George Washington bending far out from the pier, with something stretched from his hand which he flung to Micky.

The drowning boy grasped it, and the other boys helped George Washington draw him toward the pier. There he clung; and at last a man reached the spot and drew Micky out, gasping and half-conscious.

I reached the landing as the crowd was moving away, and hurried out to the end; for George Washington had not joined the group about Micky, but was standing with his back turned and his hands clenched, gazing down into the water.

A suspicion of what had happened flashed across me.

"George," I exclaimed as I came to his side, "what did you throw to Micky to keep him up?"

He turned a white little face toward me.

"My sash," he answered, in a low voice. "There wasn't any other way to get him out and I had to do it! They let go of it when they got hold of his arm, and it's—gone!"

His voice trembled as he said this. He gave a despairing look into the water, but added bravely:

"I'm so glad Micky wasn't drowned, and—I—I guess Martha'll be wanting to see me now, and I'd better go home."

At this moment we heard a meek voice at our elbow.

"If yer plaze, Micky wants to speak to you, George Washington."

George Washington looked inclined not to comply with this request; but I took his hand and led him up the bank to where Micky was rapidly recovering, under a big tree.

As we approached, a cheer went up from every one, in which Micky feebly joined. George Washington was surrounded by the townspeople and boys, each one, from old Judge Greene down to Micky's youngest and wickedest ally, anxious to shake the hand of the little hero of the hour.

Micky was not an eloquent person, but a silence fell when he held out his rough hand to George Washington, and said in a broken voice:

"If it hadn't 'a' been for *you*, little chap, I shouldn't 'a' been here now. They tell me what you done for me, and Jim Maguire he says it was that sash o' yourn that you done it with, and that it's gone. There warn't no reason why you should have tried to get me out, and if you wasn't the best fellow in the world you wouldn't have done it. An' all I can say is, that if any one ever tries to bully you again, they'll have ter settle accounts fust wid me."

Micky glared at his friends, apparently forgetting that he had always been the one to start the bullying.

Poor little George Washington was beyond words now. He was aware that the only way in which he could keep back his tears was to keep silent, and that he had better get away as soon as possible.

So after a faint little smile into Micky's muddy face, he broke through the crowd to where General Grant was tied, mounted him with great haste and rode away.

Some of the boys went down to the landing to try to recover the lost sash, but did not succeed. Its glorious history was ended, but no one ever knew whether it was lost in the mud or carried out with the current.

I told the story of the sash to the people. They more than ever admired the generous spirit of the boy, who gave up his dearest possession to rescue a fallen foe.

So, when Judge Greene mounted a stump, a moment later, and called for silence, every one listened eagerly as he said:

"There isn't a man or boy here who can help admiring the sacrifice our little friend has made to-day, for it is the sort of heroism we can understand; and I know you will all agree to the proposition I am going to make, which is: that the new flag, raised to-day for the first time, be presented to George Otis.

"It cannot take the place of the brave old flag which he has lost, but it will help to show our appreciation of his manliness. Is it a unanimous vote?"

There came a deafening shout of "Aye!" which left no doubt of the people's assent.

MARJORIE RICHARDSON.

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For the Companion.

A FIELD HOSPITAL AT GETTYSBURG.

By John S. Billings, Surgeon U. S. A.

All readers of *The Companion* have heard of the Battle of Gettysburg, the Pennsylvania village in the valley across which swayed to and fro for three days the opposing armies of the Union and of the Confederacy, in one of the greatest and most important battles of the Civil War.

Many of them have no doubt listened to and read stories told by those who took part in the fight, and have some idea of the appearance of a long line of soldiers making a charge, and of the opposing line behind a low wall, loading and firing as rapidly as possible; of the clouds of smoke, the roar of the cannon and musketry like that made by a railway train in a tunnel; the wounded men limping, or crawling, or being carried back to get out of the line of fire, and the bodies of the dead lying scattered as they fell.

The scene which I wish you to imagine now is not the line of battle, nor the rush of a charge, but the grounds about a Pennsylvania farm-house on the side of the high hill known as Round Top.

At the beginning of the second day's fighting, the people in this farm-house had not been disturbed, and probably thought that if there was another battle that day it would occur several miles away. As it was baking-day the women began to mix a large batch of dough, and had a good fire burning in the big kitchen stove, although it was a warm July day.

But while they were in the midst of their work the sound of cannon and musketry, which had come to their ears from far off in the forenoon, grew louder and nearer, sometimes almost ceasing for a few moments, and then bursting out with a roar and rattle that shook the house, until just as the great mass of dough had been kneaded over for the last time and pulled out into a roll, looking like a bolster on the big pine table, and the tin baking-pans had been set out and greased to receive the loaves for which the hot oven was ready—just then came a louder crash; a round shot fell in the yard, a shell exploded in the road in front, and half a dozen musket-shots came from the corner of the house, aimed at a small body of blue-coated soldiers who were rapidly approaching across a field.

The women dropped everything and fled, leaving the doors wide open.

Ten minutes later a Union surgeon, with three men, came up the road to the gate. He had been sent by the Medical Director to find a place for a hospital, to which could be brought the wounded from the fight then going on in the fields at the foot of Round Top, about a thousand yards away; and when he saw the house, with its broad, grassy yard, partly shaded by trees, a big barn at one side and an orchard in the rear, he decided that this was just the place he was looking for.

Establishing the Hospital.

He hung a yellow hospital flag at the gate, sent a man back to tell the Director and the ambulance officers where the wounded were to be sent, and went into the house, where it was easy to see what had happened.

He set one man to filling the pans with the dough and placing them in the oven; told the other to bring water to fill the tubs, which were on a bench by the kitchen door, and himself proceeded to get the big tin washboiler and all the kettles he could find filled with water and placed on the stove.

By the time this was done, men wounded in the hands and arms began to straggle up the road toward the yellow flag, and in a few moments half a dozen ambulances bearing badly injured soldiers arrived.

In the boxes under the drivers' seats in these ambulances there had been packed cans of beef extract, of roasted and ground coffee, and of condensed milk, with boxes of crackers. One of the assistants, with these materials, proceeded to make hot beef-tea in the washboiler and hot coffee in the kettles. The stream of wounded continued, and as they came they were placed on straw covered with blankets in the house, in the barn, on the grass, and finally in the orchard, until about a thousand men were thus collected.

Meantime, half a dozen more surgeons and a number of stretcher-men and attendants had arrived, and set at work, each being assigned a particular duty by the first surgeon, who was the Surgeon-in-charge. They rapidly examined the wounded, selected the cases requiring immediate care or an operation, sent them to the operating-tables, and applied simple dressings of wetted lint and bandages to those who could wait.

There were two operating-tables, each under the shade of a tree. A man with a shattered limb, or a wounded artery restrained temporarily by a strap or handkerchief twisted tightly around the limb, would be laid on the table; a surgeon would hold a sponge wet with chloroform before his face, and tell him to draw ten long breaths.

At the fifth breath his pain would cease, and the noises around would become a faint murmur. At the eighth breath he felt as if he were floating in the air, and forgot to count; at the tenth breath he slept.

Then the chief surgeon made a rapid examination, to see if the operation was necessary which the doctor who had first seen him thought desirable; and if he found it so, the ball was removed, the splinters of broken bone taken out, and the artery tied; or, if nothing else could be done, the limb was removed.

The attendants applied the dressings, and the chief surgeon went to the other table, where he found another patient in the chloroform sleep, ready for his inspection.

So the work went on steadily. Each wounded man got a cup of hot beef-tea, or of coffee, or of both; had his wounds temporarily looked after, and waited for what was to come next.

Preparing for Night.

The sound of firing grew scattering and distant, and finally ceased; the sun went down, and in the twilight came officers and men from the front to see their injured comrades, and do what they could for them. There were last messages to be given, a ring and a watch and an army badge to be sent to mother or wife, sister or sweetheart, with good-by; and there were notes scrawled



A Field Hospital.

with pencils to be sent to the anxious ones at home, telling them that "John was hurt in the right arm, but not seriously, and the surgeon says he can go home in a week."

Candles were produced from the ambulance boxes, and by their aid the surgeons went on with their work through the night.

About four o'clock in the morning the chief surgeon had tied the last artery in nearly the last case which had been selected as urgent, and as he turned away from the table he came face to face with the Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac, Doctor Letterman, who had been silently watching him at work.

"Good morning, Doctor," said the Director; "how are you getting on?"

"We are just done with the first rush," was the answer. "I shall not try to do any more operating until full daylight. What is the news at headquarters? More fighting this morning, I suppose?"

A Change of Location.

"Yes, and near this place, I am sorry to say," said Doctor Letterman. "General Meade has just told me that a part of Lee's artillery fire will be directed on or near this spot this morning, and that you had better go to work at once to get your wounded to a safer place."

"It will be cruel to some of these poor fellows to move them just now," said the surgeon, "but it is the fortune of war. Have you picked out a place to go to? Yesterday I noticed a grove on the bank of the creek about a mile to the rear from here that will do, if it is far enough back."

"Yes," said the Director, "I think that will do. We are not going to repeat our Chancellorsville experience. If we get beaten this morning I won't ask you to move again, but I will come and stay with you and we will all be captured together. I don't think there is much chance of that, however."

"Very well," said the surgeon; "send me all the ambulances and wagons you can, and I will begin to move as soon as possible. Will you have a cracker and a tin cup of black coffee?"

The doctor was obliged to decline even the simple refreshments offered. The two men shook hands and parted.

The surgeon turned and picked his way through the men scattered about on the grass. Most of them were asleep; a few were moaning slightly, and by the side of these attendants were kneeling, moistening the bandages with cool water or offering a dose of opium which had been ordered. But for the most part there was silence.

Daylight was rapidly approaching. There was a heavy dew on the exposed grass, and the air was moist and chill.

It was such a pity to wake them! But there was no help for it. The necessary directions were given; a fresh lot of hot coffee was prepared, and by the time the ambulances came, all except a few dying men knew what was to be done.

The Removal.

It was a melancholy procession that filed down the road—the slightly injured on foot, and those hard hit in the wagons, of which several trips were necessary to bring all away. It was done at last; but not before several shells had fallen in the yard. A shell passed through an ambulance, which was, fortunately, empty.

Shelter for the worst cases was provided on the new site by stretching rubber blankets or pieces of shelter-tent over sticks driven into the ground. Several wagon-loads of hard crackers, bacon, coffee and other supplies soon arrived, together with several oxen, to be slaughtered to make beef-tea for the wounded.

Log fires were built and kettles swung over them, and every one who could help, even if one of his arms was in a sling, did something for the comfort of those who were helpless. Meanwhile, the surgeons went steadily on with their work, cutting out balls imbedded in the flesh, putting splints on the broken limbs, and only half-conscious of the roar of artillery and musketry which rose and fell beyond the ridge above.

After the Battle.

At last the roar ceased. The shadows began to grow long. Presently a messenger came from the Medical Director to the chief surgeon to tell him that the battle was over; that Longstreet had failed to break through the line of the Second Corps, and that the surgeon might be sure that his wounded would not have to be moved again that night.

The next day after the battle it rained. It almost always does rain immediately after a great battle; and this rain continued for five days and nights.

After three or four days tents were procured, rough bedsteads were constructed by laying poles on forked sticks driven into the ground, and covering these with brush or pieces of cracker boxes; and after ten days small iron bedsteads were obtained.

For several days there was nothing to eat but beef, bacon, hard bread and coffee; and as the wounded began to grow feverish, this was not what they could eat. After a while, however, the wagons of the Sanitary Commission and other relief associations came up, bringing some fresh vegetables and soft bread, with boxes of oranges.

Not one of the boys who read this can have an idea how good an orange tastes to a man with a sore, stiff leg and some fever, who has had nothing but tough beef, salt bacon and hard crackers to eat for nearly a month.

Perhaps you may know a man who was in that hospital that I have told of; possibly, even, your father may have been there. If so, he can tell you how things seemed to him as he lay there for the first day or two on the ground, looking out from under his rubber blanket at the pouring rain—and wishing that he had a piece of soft bread and a tomato, or young onion, or something that was fresh and green to eat.

I think he will tell you that although he had a good deal of trouble for a time, the result of the war was worth it, and that upon the whole he is not sorry that he was a soldier.

Perhaps you will see, too, that the army surgeon at such times has many things to do besides dressing wounds, and that his anxiety for the wounded of which he has charge extends to food, shelter and many other things besides splints and bandages, which he must do his best to provide for his patients.

For the Companion.

A HOME MUSEUM.

The subject of home education is likely to receive much attention in the future as an essential outgrowth of the Chautauquan circles. The families who make a school in the home both rightly direct the mind and affections of young people, and educate those tastes that form superior character.

It would be well for our nation if every household had its little schoolroom, with its own library, apparatus for scientific experiment, and museum.

A home museum may be made a playhouse of useful study and experiment. Such museums have usually consisted of minerals, coins, shells, stuffed birds and fishes, fossils, postage-stamps and autographs.

These are all interesting collections, and follow the English methods of making a cabinet of curiosities, but in our country an enlargement of the plan would be appropriate, with articles peculiar to our soil and history.

The case or cabinet of such a museum may be very simple and inexpensive. It may consist merely of shelves and curtains, though it would be better to have a case with glass doors, or boxes with glass covers. A plaster bust of some representative man, a stuffed eagle or owl, buffalo horns or some curious fossil may be used to ornament the top of the cabinet, if a case instead of boxes be used.

Indian Relics.

The passing away of the Indian tribes makes the collection of Indian relics an interesting matter of history. These relics are to be found in all parts of our country. Arrow-heads and wampum are almost everywhere to be found embedded in the soil. Indian axes and flints, and mills where corn was ground by being beaten with a pestle or rolled under a pestle, are common curiosities, and pottery is exhumed in many places in the Southwest.

Indian beads and pipes are common to all parts of the country.

In order to make interesting such relics as these, they should be associated with traditions and local wonder-tales, and their associations explained. Nearly every town in America has its Indian stories, and the collection of the romances of primitive life is a most poetic and picturesque study.

An artist friend recently visited the old Indian Reservation at Lakeville, Massachusetts, painted a portrait of one of the last of the Wampanoag tribe, and made sketches of the ancient Indian burying-ground and other scenes of traditions about the lake. He was impelled only by the motive to preserve the historical associations of the few descendants of Massasoit and King Philip.

An Attic Museum.

In the thirteen original States of the Union are many fine oak houses, with great chimneys and fireplaces, broad halls with facing doors, winding stairs and cavernous garrets. In these garrets are often stored away the old cradles, sticks, clocks, settles, looms, wheels, fire-dogs, guns, pictures, samplers, warming-pans, and other antique articles of former generations.

Many families in New England have sold such relics for old brass, iron, or rags; the planters of Virginia and the Carolinas have, as a rule, entertained a larger sentiment of respect for such things, as have the families of Pennsylvania.

It is an easy matter to change a garret, which still contains such relics as have been mentioned, into an antiquarian museum, and to associate many of the articles with heroic, romantic, amusing or pathetic traditions of the family.

Those who have visited the antique rooms of the Colonial house of the late Major Ben: Perley Poore have had an illustration of how interesting such a room may be made. The Major's rambling chambers and attics are full of articles associated with stories, and he learned to relate these traditions in a very vivid way. In his home old New England lived again, as the days of Washington still live in the upper rooms at Mount Vernon.

Conchology.

The collection of shells, by the sea and on the land, is one of the simplest ways of training the eye to see beauty in common things. When a collection of shells has been made, sea-ferns and plants and flowers become wonderfully interesting to the museum-maker.

The salt-water shells, fresh-water shells and land shells may be so arranged as to present

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many curious points of comparison; and the beginner may well open his museum with these. The simple study will be likely to lead him on into the wide field of fossils and zoölogy.

Farm Collections.

Taxidermy requires training and skill beyond the ability of beginners in museum-making, and coin-collecting, to be representative, demands a considerable outlay in money. But each farmer's boy could make a museum of the curiosities to be found on his own home place. Thoreau says:

> If with fancy unfurled
> You leave your abode,
> You may go round the world
> By the old Marlboro' road.

The great number of curiosities that may be gathered from a single farmstead will greatly surprise a visitor, who will not be unlikely to regard the locality as one of the most curious in the country.

"Some persons," said wise Doctor Johnson, "will see more things in a single ride in a Hempstead stage-coach than others would see in a tour of the world."

The number of flowers that could be collected on one hundred-acre farm would in most parts of the country be a revelation to any but a practical botanist. A book of these pressed flowers is a treasure for the farm museum. So also with the different kinds of woods that may be collected on a farm, and again feathers.

The minerals that may be collected on a single farm are usually numerous. It might be well for a school or a boys' club to offer premiums for the largest collections of pressed flowers and of minerals to be found on any one farm in a township. The search would become a study; the study a taste and habit, and the habit develop a studious character.

Humorous Collections.

Among the curiosities in the Philadelphia Mint is a "coin made in Philadelphia two thousand years ago." This pleasant use of an Asian name leads more people to examine this coin than the thousands of others in the wonderful cabinets. It is often annoying to a serious collector to see his friends turn away from curiosities of worth, to talk over what is merely quaint and humorous.

The young collector will no doubt have many oddities. Old toys, pictures, riddles, sports and games, masks; curious growths of parts of trees, and animal-shaped roots may claim his attention. He must not have a dull museum.

He should have a place for all the Christmas cards that he has ever received, a book for autographs, and a book of correspondence for exchanges with other collectors.

H. BUTTERWORTH.

For the Companion.

NATURE'S PIONEERS.

We know that to be a successful pioneer requires exceptional sturdiness, close economy of resources, and contentment with the bare necessities of life.

If a pioneer meets these conditions, he will probably succeed, not only in maintaining himself despite adverse surroundings, but will make



Fig. 1.

it easier for others who come after him to live where he has toiled.

Now, in the plant world this power of living on in spite of hardship is, in a high degree, characteristic of the lichens, and they owe this power to much the same qualities that make other pioneers successful.

First let us get a clear idea of what is meant by a lichen. Most often they are called "mosses," but this name belongs, strictly speaking, to little plants having regular stem and leaves, which lichens have not.



Fig. 2.

Certain kinds of lichens form a thin crust upon rocks, bark, or dead wood.

Many people look upon these as mere weather-stains, and are surprised when they are told that this thin crust consists of living plants. A good example of this sort is the pale yellow Geography-Lichen (*Ruellia geographica*, Fig. 1), which grows on rocks in northern regions, and is named from its map-like appearance.

Other lichens form thin mats, rather loosely attached to the surface on which they grow. Such a one is the gray Rock Parmelia (*Parmelia saxatilis*, Fig. 2).

Others, again, are shrubby, more or less branched, and attached only by a small base, as is our common pale green Ramalina (*Ramalina calicaris*, Fig. 3).

Finally, there are the coral-like forms which grow commonly on barren earth and dead wood. These include the so-called Cup-Moss (*Cladonia pyxidata*, Fig. 4), and the Reindeer-Moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*, Fig. 5).

In point of sturdiness, some of these little plants are a marvel. Situated as they often are on the most exposed parts of ledges and boulders, neither sun nor wind seems to harm them. The severest drought merely stops their growth while it lasts. Immediately upon being moistened again by rain or dew, the humble activities of their life are resumed as if nothing had happened.

Extreme cold is equally powerless to injure them, and travellers find them growing luxuriantly at higher altitudes, and much nearer the North and the South Pole than other plants are able to live. Nor can the most violent winds tear the firmer ones from their place.



Fig. 3.

They are, in short, well nigh indestructible by rigors of climate. But they differ considerably in point of toughness; some are almost as tough as leather, while others become so brittle that a touch breaks them; but this brittleness is no great disadvantage, since each fragment will live and grow quite as well as before.

Indeed, lichens very often propagate by spontaneously detaching small bits of themselves, which are carried like seeds by the wind to other spots, where they may begin to grow on their own account.

In the fewness of their wants, lichens are quite as pioneer-like as in their indifference to hardship. Given a somewhat enduring surface to which they may cling, where daylight may reach them and occasionally some moisture, and they will get all their food from the air, and thrive on it. Evidently such modest requirements imply unusual economy of resources.



Fig. 4.

When a landslide or similar catastrophe has laid bare the ledges on a mountain-side, lichens are the first plants to appear on the exposed rocks, and begin the long process of reclothing them with vegetation.

Before the higher plants can return, a considerable amount of soil must be accumulated.



Fig. 5.

This is accomplished for the most part as follows: Wherever the lichens gain a foothold—especially the mat-like or coralline forms—they arrest earth particles which are blown or washed against them, and so in time there are gathered little patches of soil sufficient to support certain of the true mosses.

These, in turn, spread and serve also as soil-makers in a small way, until, after a while, it becomes possible for the hardier kinds of mountain ferns and small herbs to take root. Then follow shrubs, and finally such trees as lived there before.

Thus the lichens, though appearing at first sight feeble and unimportant, are as truly pioneers in redeeming these rocky wastes as are those hardy men and women who prepare the way for civilization in a newly discovered country.

How is it that lichens are able to act as pioneers so much better than other plants? Until recent years this was an unsolved problem; but now we know that each lichen is a sort of coöperative community, and not a single individual.

That is to say, individual plants of two kinds, by living in close connection and helping each other, form a compound organism, which has the appearance of being an individual, and is able to grow where each copartner, by itself, would be likely to perish.

Let us see what may be learned by examining these individuals with a microscope. If a thin slice cut from a Ramalina, for example, is viewed through a glass with a magnifying power of about three or four hundred diameters, it will be seen that the lichen consists of the parts shown in Fig. 6.

The chief bulk is formed by a network of delicate tubular threads, more or less swollen, and crowded together compactly at the surface of the lichen, but loosely disposed within. Scattered through the outer portion of this loose network are a number of tiny green spheres having a transparent envelope.

These are algæ of a very simple kind, the same that form the green stain so common on tree-trunks and stone work.

Whenever there is a tolerably good supply of moisture and moderate sunlight these little plants will thrive on what they get from the air. The vivid greenness of many lichens, when wet, arises from the fact that moisture makes the outer layer of matted threads more translucent, and so allows the color of the algæ within to shine through.

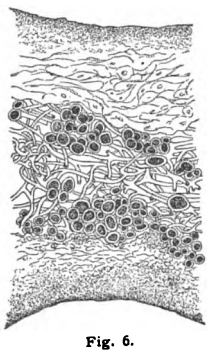


Fig. 6.

That part of the community which consists of interwoven threads is a fungus, which is quite unable to live by itself, and so must get all its food from the host of little algæ which its threads surround. Although it is thus a parasite, it is not one which takes all and gives nothing in return; for it contributes to the welfare of the algæ in several important ways.

In the first place the network of enveloping threads absorbs moisture from the air and retains it like a sponge, thus enabling the algæ to continue their work of food-making much longer after a rain than they could otherwise do.

Furthermore, protection against mechanical injury is afforded by the compact layer overlying the algæ; and finally, this same layer serves as a translucent screen, which shields them from the evil effects of direct sunlight, in much the same way as the white paint put on the glass of a hothouse protects the plants within.

FRED. LEROY SARGENT.

ONE NATION.

> A song for our banner! the watchword recall
> Which gave the Republic her station;
> "United we stand—divided we fall!"
> It made and preserves us a nation.
>
> —*Geo. P. Morris.*

For the Companion.

TRACKED BY BLUE-JAYS.

My story is of the tariff, having said which perhaps I ought frankly to add that I am merely a humble member of that generally disliked and sometimes greatly abused corps of men, the Customs officers, whose duty, often disagreeable, is to collect the United States revenues.

Customs officers are popularly supposed to be lazy fellows, who lead an easy life and draw fat salaries. This may be true of some of them; but as a junior member of the corps, stationed now for some years on the Canadian frontier, between New England and the Provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick, I can truthfully declare that I have been kept busy and made to earn my wages; and I know of many others who, I think, can say as much.

There is, and always has been, a great deal of smuggling along the Dominion border. Many of our citizens are not merely Free Traders in theory, but also in practice, despite their country's laws to the contrary. A considerable number of persons derive a livelihood from smuggling goods and liquors across the boundary. Not a few of them have developed a cunning in deception which the father of all deceit might envy.

One of the veteran smugglers is a character well known along this frontier as "Stumpy Bill." His name is William Henchman, and his specialty is the smuggling of cheap Dominion liquors across the border into Maine, where intoxicants are not easily obtained.

It has been Stumpy Bill's life-work, apparently, to relieve this scarcity, and meet the wants of the habitually thirsty—at a good profit to himself. The old transgressor has probably brought liquor enough over the boundary, first and last, to make the Umbagog Lake into fairly strong punch.

It need not be said that he is a man quite devoid either of principle, or of respect for his country's laws; yet he is a jolly old rascal, possessing the natural "cuteness" of the Yankee, sharpened abnormally by the kind of life he has led.

I am quite well acquainted with him; we have often met, sometimes casually, sometimes at the end of a hard chase on my part; but he always, whatever the circumstances, wears the same sardonic grin, and greets me with good-natured chaff.

I can never lead him to regard me otherwise than as a well-meaning boy, whose knowledge of the world is as yet very limited.

The penalty for smuggling is so heavy that it is always good policy for a man engaged in the business to have as little visible property as possible. Stumpy Bill knew the value of this system, and accordingly carried on his operations with an old horse and buckboard, worth altogether not more than ten or fifteen dollars.

But the horse aforesaid, seedy as he was, had seen better and speedier days, and could be roused up for a mile or two and cover the ground at a very creditable pace. There was where the joke came in.

I spent the greater part of two months on the lookout for Stumpy Bill, and never fairly trapped him.

His route from three or four of the French-Canadian parishes, just north of the Vermont and New Hampshire line, was generally southeasterly for twenty or thirty miles, by devious country roads. Then he would leave New Hampshire by way of a certain "Notch," well known in that locality as a thoroughfare, and enter Maine.

There he had several confederates, who hid his wares and afterward sold them, probably sharing the profits.

All these roads led for the most part through forest lands. Bill knew every rod of the way, and had a hundred different devices for outwitting the officers.

In his choice of roads, too, he seemed possessed of a kind of prescience. He divined in advance the one that his pursuers would take, and took another himself. Most of his trips were made by night, or in the evening, and were prolonged occasionally into the early morning hours.

In short, Stumpy Bill had made this sort of smuggling a study for many years, and I began to think that the officer who caught him would be obliged likewise to devote his life to the task. I grew quite ashamed of my many bootless chases after him. At length one of Stumpy Bill's cronies near the line quarrelled with him, and lodged information against him.

I took steps in accordance with the information he gave. At midnight I set off from Colebrook, a town eleven miles from the Notch, with a good horse and wagon, and a man to drive who was said to know the country well; but when we came to a log camp where Bill was to be, I found that he had already gone, but not long before.

We hastened back to the road, and gave chase down through the Notch. It was a clear, cool September morning, and very still. Our wagon seemed to make a great deal of noise as we rattled along the descending road between the lofty crags of the gorge.

Presently, as we doubled one of the crooks in the road, I saw a buckboard some two hundred yards ahead.

"That's old Bill, sure!" the man who was driving me exclaimed. Indeed, I at once recognized his familiar face, for he looked around and saw us just as we came in sight of him. He was jogging slowly along, but a crook of the road hid him immediately from our view.

I was not a little elated; for I was sure that he had contraband liquor aboard.

We whipped up smartly, thinking to overtake him in a few moments; but one bend of the road followed another, and though we could hear the rattle of the buckboard, we could not catch a sight of Bill until we had gone about a mile and a half. Then we sighted him, his old horse being now apparently winded.

"Aha, Bill!" I shouted, as we closed up behind him, "no use whipping your old horse. I've got you, at last."

"Got me? Wal, yass, ye've overtuk me. I see," he replied, with his usual sardonic grin. "But what ye want of me 's what I'd like to know."

"None of your nonsense, Henchman," said I. "Let's see what you've got here."

Bill slowly stepped off the buckboard, and I threw back the seat covering the capacious box underneath, confident of finding jugs or a keg containing not less than twenty gallons of liquor.

The box was empty, though the loose straw in it smelled of whiskey. Bill stood by and shook with laughter. Even my driver smiled, and if I did not look foolish, I certainly felt so.

"Look here, men!" chuckled the old fellow. "I kinder took ye for highwaymen. Ye kinder scairt me. Real glad it's only you. Neouw ye kinder thought I was a-smugglin' somethin', didn't ye? Beats natur' how many lies gits a-goin' 'bout a man, sometimes."

I was obliged to let him go, for I had no evidence against him.

As we drove back through the Notch, we looked beside the highway, but saw nothing. I was sure that the man had brought liquor across the boundary, and had concealed it. Possibly he had got wind of our approach, and had hidden it somewhere about the lumber camp.

We drove back to this place and searched diligently for an hour, but found nothing.

If the old rogue had hidden the liquor, I guessed that he would return for it, as soon as he thought that I had left the vicinity. With some faint hope, therefore, of trapping him, I sent my team and man back to a tavern on the road, with directions to return for me during the afternoon, and then went through the Notch, on foot, to a point near where we had overtaken Bill.

Here I secreted myself amidst the bushes, on a little knoll overlooking the road.

The sun had now risen—the bright sun of a lovely autumn morning. It was a road where there was little travel. No one was astir; but the red squirrels were chattering merrily in the woods, and presently, as I sat there, I heard two or three blue-jays crying out, first with the sharp, querulous squall which is commonly their opening note, then the minor cry, *pirrup, pirrup, pirrup, pirrup!*

After the manner of these handsome but thievish birds, they flew along from tree to tree and bush to bush, on the lookout for a tidbit, or a good chance to harass some belated owl or raccoon.

At length they came to the road and crossed it, at a point three hundred yards, perhaps, from where I sat. Instead of soon moving on, however, as is their wont, I presently noted that they appeared to have business there near the road. Their cries rose quite sharp for some moments, followed by a minor chorus of *pirrups*.

As jays rarely linger long in one spot, unless it is the scene of a woodland fracas or abundant food, I strolled through the woods on that side of the road to see what was going on with them.

Beside the road, close up to the wheel-ruts, near a bend, there was a patch of thick blackberry briers, weeds and brakes. One jay was sitting on a branch over the briers, with one eye turned down, crying out occasionally; another was in the briers, hopping about; and still another was in the act of taking flight for a neighboring beech.

I came out from the forest and looked among the briers, parting them with a stick, when lo! about the first objects which I saw there were three large stone jugs in a snug little group among the dry weeds!

The jay, which had been peeping at them, flew out with a sharp squall, and all three made off.

The jugs contained about twenty-four gallons of whiskey, altogether; and it was now evident that, after sighting us, Henchman had whipped up

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smartly to gain enough time, after rounding this bend, to set the jugs out into the briers before we came in sight.

We had glanced into this thicket as we rode back, yet the cleverly hidden jugs had escaped our notice. But for the jays I should scarcely have found them; for although I watched till afternoon, the crafty old law-breaker did not return.

Henchman absented himself from that part of the country for a year or more. Probably he came back during the following night, and finding the jugs had been captured, knew that their discovery would be damaging evidence against him.

Of course I destroyed the contraband liquor.

H. C. MERCER.

For the Companion.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "KITTIEWINK."

In Seven Chapters.—Chapter V.

The Wonderful Happens.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynot sat at their silent breakfast. Home had seemed dull to them since Hal had been away. New lines of care had sprung to Mrs. Maynot's face during the last few weeks.

The troubled mother, who seldom mentioned Hal without a sigh, had hidden from her husband many tears of anxiety, and had repressed many words of worry and fear. She felt, now that the boat was purchased, and the boys were in it, and Hal was growing strong, that she must make the best of a bad business.

Mrs. Maynot had an intuition that her husband concealed beneath a bluff manner a solicitude as keen as her own; that he, too, looked any moment for the letter or telegram that should announce disaster.

This morning Mr. Maynot's face was concealed by the morning paper. He was reading the account of the yacht-race of the preceding day. The American love of coming in ahead had got the better of his anger toward the boys, and the story of the rescues they had effected was really thrilling. He was proud of the *Kittiewink*'s performance.

It was plain that it had been a most perilous one, but the night message he had sent to Marblehead would prevent all future racing. Meantime he thought it would merely increase his wife's distress if he read her the account of the boys' adventures.

Mrs. Maynot glanced furtively at her husband. She knew he was reading about the yacht-race, and she felt that he was not showing the disapprobation of this dangerous sport that a father should show.

"Henry!" she began at last. "Will you eat your breakfast?"

"Presently, my dear. They did magnificently! I am proud of Phin and the *Kittiewink*."

"Do you think, my husband,"—this was the method of address which Mrs. Maynot adopted when she was especially severe,—"do you think that you will see your son alive again if you continue to approve of this wicked recklessness? I am surprised!"

Mr. Maynot's defence was cut short by a stamping of feet in the hall, and without ceremony Doctor Parkhurst rushed in, his face broad with smiles.

"Good morning! What glorious news! How proud you must be of your son, Mrs. Maynot! I see the papers call him the Captain, and pay high tributes to his seamanship and courage. They're well deserved, too, that's plain. My prescription works like a charm, you see! I'm proud of the boys! They're chips of the old Pilgrim stump!"

How long the exuberant Doctor would have gone on in praise of the boat, the skipper, the captain and his own son no one can say; but a violent ring at the doorbell interrupted him.

Mr. Maynot left the room to answer the summons. Very soon he came back, his face ashy pale.

Mrs. Maynot gave one look, and then a scream.

"Has it come? Tell me everything! Tell me the worst!"

Without a word he handed her the telegram he had just received. It read as follows:

"Boys and dory disappeared. Oars found ashore. A hundred men are searching rocks. Five nets are dragging harbor. Marblehead yachtsmen have organized a search under Gresham. Come or telegraph immediately.

PHINEAS SCROD."



When Hal and Non had been told by the Captain of the Grand Banks fisherman that they were bound on a trip to the Banks, they did not at once grasp the full meaning of the words. They looked from face to face in the group upon the deck.

How far away were the Grand Banks? How long did "a trip" last? Why did not the men simply turn the schooner about, and take the boys back to their own harbor and the *Kittiewink*?

"But aren't you going to take us back, Captain?" Hal's tone expressed great surprise.

Some of the men said that the Captain ought to take them back. There was a good deal of talk about it on deck. One good-natured fellow pleaded with the Captain.

"We might land 'em in Gloucester, sir. 'Twon't lose us a great many hours."

But the Captain of the *Samuel T. Woodburn* was also three-quarters owner of this one-hundred-and-twenty-ton Banker, and a few hours might mean to him a two days' slant of favorable wind, a quicker trip, and better shares. When a fisherman once starts on a trip, he allows nothing to interfere with it or him.

The Captain shook his head.

"Here, young 'uns! Go down in the cud. You're safer here than ye be on shore. It's enough I've saved your bones from bein' picked by dog-fish. You'll have to go with us until we meet something that'll take you back, or until we fetch up to Newfoundland for bait. We'll treat you first-rate, an' your mother won't know ye when ye get back."

The Captain meant well. He could hardly understand what agony he was inflicting upon the parents of these reckless and luckless lads. As long as they were alive, he reasoned, where was the harm?

Lantern in hand, one of the crew led the way below. The sickening odor of fish, bilge-water and stale salt smote the boys as they approached the companionway.

Hal had begun to waver between the desire to get home and the fascination of a new adventure; but this unbearable odor instantly dispelled the romance.

Non broke his silence. He stopped and whispered a word to his companion. Hal nodded.

"Look here," said Hal, "we don't want to go down there! We want to go home! You've got to take us! My father will pay you for the time you lose—if you're mean enough for that."

The vessel was headed out toward the wide sea. Behind them Marblehead light blinked farewell. The men gathered around the boys. One of them ventured to urge the case.

"I guess he's good for it, Cap'n. Eastern P'int aint more'n ten knot to go. You could land 'em on the rocks there."

"Land us anywhere! Please do!" said Non. But the Captain looked doubtfully at the lad.

"Will your dad pay me for my hull trip if I go out of my way to land you two?"



Scrod shows his orders.

Hal, not knowing that a successful trip of fish was sometimes worth ten thousand dollars, answered emphatically:

"Of course he will!"

"Will your dad pay me three thousand dollars for my share to set you on shore?"

The men grinned. Hal was silent.

"I guess you'd better go below then, and make yourself to home."

"I won't go!" Hal's anger was roused. He felt that the Captain was deeply, perhaps criminally, wronging them. Non came to Hal's side and took his hand. The Captain scowled.

"We won't go down in that dirty hole!" Hal exclaimed. "You ought to take us ashore. You know you ought! My father will have you arrested for kidnapping us. Oh, *put us ashore!*"

The Captain laughed aloud and turned away.

"You'd better turn in," said the man who had interceded for them. "Perhaps we'll meet a boat to-morrow a-runnin' in with a full fare, an' we'll put you aboard. You're all right. It's no use to look so white about the gills."

"Oh, thank you!" said Hal, tremulously.

The boys went below, and took what cheerless comfort they could. A wide bunk had been prepared for them, where they could sleep together. As they left the deck a head-wind sprang up; a foggy Northeaster had set in, to hinder the passage of the *Woodburn*. It was as if the elements entered their protest against this cruel proceeding.

Hal and Non turned in sadly. Of what use was further appeal? Like the crew, they threw themselves into their hard bunk, and tried to sleep.

It was impossible. The cabin light bobbed here and there, smoking, flaring and rattling. The beams creaked; the wind moaned above them. The nightmare was capped by the blasts of the fog-horn, blown at irregular intervals above during this first long night. The sails flapped, men tramped the decks, and muffled oaths penetrated below.

Several times the boys thought the boat had been run into, and marvelled how the crew could sleep so soundly and snore so loudly. The thick fog swept down the open companionway, and the dampness chilled them to the bone.

At the first struggles of dawn, the boys, clasping each other, fell into a fitful doze from sheer exhaustion. During the day their distress increased. Non could not get on deck; he was too sick. The monotonous fog, the head-wind, the choppy sea, the impatient Captain, the ceaseless toot of that anxious horn, their distance from home—these and many other distresses combined to make the two more miserable even than when they were adrift in the dory.

The morning of the second day brought a clear sky. With a horizon in view came hope; but the day brought no sight of land.

It was their first experience of the immensity of the waters. The boys were very unhappy. They felt that they were cut off from home and all the world.

Before breakfast a sail hove in sight; but after coming nearer it stood off to the westward.

During the whole morning the boys scanned the horizon intently. The sailors now began to share their eagerness. Seamen are superstitious, and it had been remarked that bad weather had come with the two lads.

The Captain was as ready as the rest to be rid of them. So much was in their favor.

Toward noon they sighted another vessel.

"She's in from the Banks!" cried one.

"She's the *Fredony*," said another, "bound to Gloucester."

"No, she belongs daown East," insisted a third.

Each man clung to his opinion. Presently Crumpy, the sailor who had been kind to the boys, and who had kept quite still, keenly watching the advancing vessel, said slowly:

"She's a seiner, *she* is, with a full trip o' mackerel from Nova Scotia."

The two fishing schooners rolled toward each other. It did not take long for them to close together. The boys eyed the seiner with beating hearts. When the black stranger was quite near, there was a flurry on board the *Woodburn* which the boys could not understand.

A flag had been hoisted on the mast of the seiner. It stopped and fluttered half-way up.

"How many did you lose?" was the first question from the Captain of the *Woodburn*.

"Two, off the bow while a-reefin'."

The answer came mournfully, and there was a pause, but not a long one. The next question meant business.

"How many barr'l?"

"Two hundred A No. One, off Halifax."

"Where are you bound?"

"Gloucester."

At this answer Hal was about to shriek, "Take us there!" when Crumpy restrained him. "You jest wait! The skipper 'll fix it all right."

"I want you to take two kids in I picked up a-driftin' out to Kingdom Come," said the Captain.

"Send 'em aboard all-fired quick, then. There's six of 'em a-comin' after me. I've got to make the market first. Fish are skarse now."

Before they knew what had happened, the boys were bundled overboard in a dory. Their own was given them to tow. The good-bys were scant; only Crumpy leaned over the rail and called, "Good luck to ye, little shipmates!"

Hal was too much confused to answer, but he waved his cap. Afterward he remembered that he did not even thank Crumpy; but at that moment he remembered nothing except that he was on a great mackerel schooner, homeward bound.

The revulsion of feeling when they were actually speeding toward the land was intense. Hal and Non, very quiet, and feeling queer about the eyes and throat, took a long farewell look at the ship that had saved them. There was a fascination in seeing her spread her gray sails, and bear away toward an unknown fate without them.

It did not take the boys long to find out that they had fallen into good hands. A crew who have lost two shipmates at sea are apt to be considerate, and a Captain with a big haul is very likely to be good-natured. Then, too, it was thought to be good luck to return home with the same number as that with which they had started out.

The next morning the boys awoke with land in sight. Time flew as merrily as the schooner. It was not yet noon. The vessel, with all canvas set in order to make Gloucester before night, was bowling along at an eight-knot gait, and now and then sending the spray over her weather bow.

The boys, who were lying flat by the sharp prow, and who had ducked for the twentieth time to escape a shower-bath, espied directly in their course a little boat at a distance rising and falling in the choppy sea.

"Is she a yacht?" asked Non.

One of the crew gave a critical look and answered that it was no yacht, but probably a "hand-liner off the rocks;" which meant that the boat's business was fishing in shoal, rocky bottom for cod.

"It's a fishing-boat," said Hal, uneasily, "built like—Non! she *is* built like the *Kittiewink!*"

Non nodded sadly, but Hal was not satisfied. An unlikely thought came to him. He ran up and down the deck, and even climbed a little up the tarred rigging to get a better view.

His first impression deepened into conviction, then into certainty. Hal ran to the Captain excitedly.

"Isn't that the *Kittiewink*, Captain?" asked the boy.

He forgot that his insignificant boat was not the best known vessel on the coast.

"The Kittie *who?*"

"The *Kittiewink*. It *is* the *Kittiewink!* It's my boat! I'm Captain of her. It's the *Kittiewink—wink! wink!*" Hal yelled for joy.

"It's Scrod at the helm!" shrieked Hal.

"Scrod!" jeered a sailor, "I guess it's Halibut or Porpus!"

Presently the boys saw a dark little object moving slowly up and down on the roof of the cuddy.

"It's Trot!" Hal screamed. "That's the way he always marches up and down, looking for me, when I'm not on board!"

"But how came the *Kittiewink* here?" Non demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know —"

"Ahoy there! Is that the *Mollyblink?*" bawled the Captain.

"Aye! Aye!" screamed a well-known voice. "Have you seen two boys an' a dory anywheres?"

"Luff up there, Cap'n Codfish! Look here! Are these them?"

The Captain and crew were almost as much excited as the boys. It was a wonderful meeting.

"O Phin—we're safe!" called Non.

"Luff her up! Bear away there! Down with the helm! Ease the main-sheet! Haul in on the jib! Throw out the anchor! Take us aboard!"

Hal glibly gave these preposterous orders to show that he and his were at last one. Nothing more was needed to prove his identity.

Phineas looked at the boys, and seemed to be dazed. He rubbed his hand over his forehead.

"Be I a-dreamin' or a-dyin'?" he said, too low for the boys to hear; "be them *my* boys?"

Hal and Non could only see his lips move.

Meantime, Trot had begun to fly about in an ecstasy of excitement. He yelped and howled both at once, spun round and round, and over and over, and was evidently about to leap over the gunwale of the *Kittiewink* into the sea.

This performance on Trot's part settled it in Scrod's mind. "Them's my boys!" he said, at the same time catching up the little dog and throwing him into the cuddy.

"Hurry up, Phin! Make the jib-sheets fast!" called Hal, impatiently and importantly.

"I guess that's you. Now I kin face your father!"

Phin Scrod trembled from head to foot. His mate, Black Tarr, the Grand Banker from Marblehead, had to come and take the wheel from him.

"He's nigh tuckered out. Don't mind him," said Black Tarr, apologetically, "you see we'd given 'em up!"

"But how in the world did you get here?" demanded Hal, half an hour after. The mackerel schooner was now bowling along toward Gloucester under full sail. The boys and Trot were snuggling together on the deck of the *Kittiewink*, leaning against the boom of their own main-sail, the happiest creatures afloat on the Atlantic.

Phineas Scrod looked Hal solemnly in the eye.

"I don't think he meant to hurt me," said the skipper, slowly, "but he did. Them's the orders on which the *Kittiewink* set out to s'arch fur two lost boys on the Atlantic ocean."

Phineas handed to Hal a soiled and crumpled telegram, dated on the day after the disaster:

"To Phineas Scrod, yacht Kittiewink, Marblehead, Mass. On receipt of this, start to sea. Search for boys. I have lost faith in you.—H. Maynot."

"But he come himself," added Phineas; "that was the worst on't. And *she* come. I had to face 'em both. He chartered a steam tug an' put to sea to hunt ye up of his own account. Go Gresham went along of him, to help look for ye. He got ahead of me. He's in Portland, nigh as I can reckon. But *she* took to the Atlantic coast."

"What?" cried Hal. "My mother took to—what?"

"The Atlantic coast," replied Phineas, without a smile. "She's just s'archin' the coast of New England, that woman is. But she's a-shore. She's travellin' along from place to place, seein' if she can't hear anything from you. Where she is now I'm sure *I* don't know." HERBERT D. WARD.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

Upon a hill in ancient Rome stood a temple, which was dedicated to a goddess still popular among Americans—more popular, indeed, than she appears to have been among the Romans of her own day, who rendered her no such honors as those lavished upon Juno, Venus and Diana.

This temple, erected by Tiberius Gracchus, is said to have been the first devoted to her worship. Within its precincts were deposited the archives of State, and in it stood a statue of the goddess, whose name was Libertas.

She was represented as a beautiful Roman matron, clothed in white. In one hand she held a broken sceptre; in the other, a pike surmounted by a cap—one of those caps which were worn by freemen in Rome, and placed upon the heads of slaves when they were endowed with freedom.

At her feet rested her favorite animal—the animal sacred to her; but this was not the bird-of-freedom with which she is now associated. It was a cat.

The "harmless, necessary cat" as a symbol of liberty seems strange to us at first, but it was selected because all creatures of the cat tribe hate

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restraint. Certainly there are no animals more wild than the great cats of the African and Indian forests, and even our common pussy is domestic with limitations.

The connection between freedom and the feline race, moreover, seems still to be felt in the minds of poets.



The Greeks also had their worship of liberty, although no goddess bearing the name held a place in their mythology.

The Eleutheria or Festival of Liberty was celebrated once in five years at the town of Platæa, delegates from all the other Grecian cities being present to take part in the solemnity. There was a procession, led by trumpeters sounding the call to battle. A bull was sacrificed, and the occasion was further celebrated by athletic contests similar to the famous Olympic games.

The whole population shared in the rejoicings, and to each class was allotted some part in the ceremonial.

This festival had its origin in a battle near Platæa, in which an invading army of Persians was defeated by the Greeks. A large share of the spoil was awarded by general vote to the Platæans, to enable them to institute a festival that should fittingly honor the event.

A portion of this spoil was devoted to the erection of a statue and temple of Athena—the only connection of the feminine element with the rites of the Eleutheria, and possibly the source whence the Romans derived the first suggestion of their goddess of the cap and broken sceptre.

The cap of Liberty figured in the ancient arms of the city of London, while it was still under Roman dominion. After that time we find little trace of the goddess until a much later period.

She was not popular in the Middle Ages; the multitudinous banners, badges and devices of chivalric times pay little regard to Libertas.

It was during the great movement of the French Revolution that she sprang into sudden prominence. Her statue—of plaster, since the Republic could not wait for bronze—was erected with much ceremony in one of the squares of Paris. Her image was struck upon medals; her classic form was sketched rudely upon walls, with "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" scrawled underneath.

Women personated her in tableaux both upon the public and the private stage; her red cap was adopted as the proper head-gear for good citizens.

Her statue stood close to the guillotine. Madame Roland, waiting to lay her head beneath the knife, said sadly, looking toward it, "O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

A better fame came to her through the poets of the French Revolution. Odes, hymns and sonnets of all degrees of excellence were addressed to her. Rouget de Lisle, in the last verse of the "Marseillaise," — perhaps the most inspiring battle-hymn ever composed,—invoked her name. The "Marseillaise" was sung everywhere: in the streets, in assemblies, in battle, by men mounting to death upon the scaffold, the voices growing fewer and fewer as the living lessened and the dead increased—very few as they reached the lines:

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs!
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs!

Holy love of Fatherland,
Guide thou our avenging hand,
Liberty, loved Liberty!
Strike for those who strike for thee!

At that time the classic was fashionable with the French. Their *Liberté* was the *Libertas* of the Romans, unchanged except that often instead of the broken sceptre she bore a sword.

Our representation of Liberty is the same. We take occasional freedom with the symbols which she holds; we replace her cat by our eagle; we give her the sword of War, the olive-branch of Peace, the book of Law.

The great Liberty that stands in the harbor of New York holds a book in one hand, and lifts high her enlightening torch in the other, and has discarded her cap for a crown of light.

She is well placed indeed, standing at the wide portal of the nation to welcome all who enter.

Next to the New York Liberty, probably the most famous statue we have of the republican goddess is the great bronze figure by Crawford that surmounts the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

This statue, weighing fifteen thousand pounds, lay long in many pieces upon the ground near the building. During the Civil War men were at work upon the new dome, and this giant figure that was to crown it. It was felt to be a point of honor that the war should cause no interruption to a labor pertaining to the home of the nation. The statue, called variously Liberty, America, the Genius of America and Armed Liberty,—it really matters little which name is used, since the idea of all is essentially the same,—now stands at the summit of the great bronze dome three hundred feet above the ground.

It faces to the east, the direction symbolic of Hope, as indeed the Genius or goddess of a young nation should.

It was at first intended that the figure should overlook the city of Washington, which was expected to grow toward the eastward; but Washington has grown to the westward, and the Liberty of the Capitol now turns her majestic back upon the roofs and spires, the streets and avenues of the busy city, and looks steadily into the distance, across green fields, to the sunrise.

Her stately pose and severe Greek outlines produce a fine effect. She is called the best work of the sculptor who designed her, and from her lofty eminence she presides with fitting dignity and calmness over the destinies of our young nation.

JAMES PARTON.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

Swift may each hallowed influence expand
In ever-widening circles o'er the land,
Till the fine Seed of Life the Mayflower brought
Sows the vast continent with Noble Thought!
—*R. C. Waterston, D. D.*

GAMBLING IN ENGLAND.

A trial was brought to a close on the Ninth of June, in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, in London, which had been watched with eager interest, not only in England, but in this country.

This unwonted interest was aroused, less by reason of the causes of the trial itself, than by the prominent people—especially one of them—who figured in it. For no less a person than the Prince of Wales, the heir of the throne of the British Empire, was directly involved in the case.

It appears that last autumn a party of ladies and gentlemen were visiting at a country house, called "Tranby Croft," the owner of which is a Mr. Wilson, a man who has grown rich in trade.

Among the party were the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Coventry, Sir William Gordon Cumming, and other persons of rank and social standing.

On two successive evenings a gambling game, of pure chance, called "baccarat," was played by the guests of Tranby Croft. In the game the Prince of Wales took an active part, the counters used in it being the Prince's property.

After the games, several members of the party declared that they had seen Sir William Cumming cheating. Being confronted with the charge, he indignantly denied it; but as he declared, in order to prevent the scandal from becoming public, and to shield the heir to the throne from being known to have engaged in gambling, Sir William signed a paper in which he seemed to confess to cheating, and promised never to gamble again.

But the incident became public, and Sir William then brought a suit for libel against the ladies and gentlemen who had declared they saw him cheat at cards.

The trial which ended on June Ninth was the result of this suit. It abounded in startling and exciting incidents. The Prince of Wales himself took the stand, and was examined and cross-examined as a witness in the case. The counsel for Sir William, Sir Edward Clarke, boldly attacked the Prince in his summing up.

The result of the trial was, that Sir William Cumming failed to get his case; which meant really, that the jury found him guilty of the cheating with which he had been charged.

Sir William Cumming is a baronet, has been a brave army officer, and held a very high position in English aristocratic circles. His condemnation, therefore, would create a sensation under any circumstances.

But the chief public significance of the case lay, not in Sir William's downfall from his high place, but in the disclosure of the fact that the Prince of Wales is in the habit of gambling, and even of carrying the instruments of gambling with him when he makes visits to the houses of friends.

This disclosure has undoubtedly had a profound effect upon the religious and moral people of his mother's kingdom. The Prince's conduct is severely criticised.

It is not likely that serious political consequences will follow the revelation of the Prince's vice, although the event doubtless is one more blow at the prestige of English royalty, and at the reverence with which it has been popularly held.

If, on the other hand, the disclosures of this exciting trial shall lessen the vice of gambling in English society, and create a public sentiment against it strong enough to make the vice disreputable, it will have worked a decidedly good result. It is deplorable indeed that the upper and more cultivated classes should present so debasing an example to those below them in the social scale.

THE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS.

Oh righteous doom that they who make
Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for its sake
Miss that whereto they tend;
While they who bid stern Duty lead
Content to follow, they—
Of Duty only taking heed—
Find Pleasure by the way.
—*Archbishop Trench.*

THE SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG.

The "schoolhouse flag movement" has been in progress during the greater part of three years. In that short time the seed sown in one earnest suggestion has borne fruit in school after school, in town after town, in State after State, until many thousands of schools have raised the flag whose pupils seldom saw it before.

Though there are still many schools which are not as yet provided with the flag, the time does not seem far distant when no public school shall be too poor, too remote, or too indifferent to have the stars and stripes floating above its roof.

Sufficient time has passed since the movement began, to make it possible to judge of the results of the unfurling of the flag above so many schools.

Has the proceeding had a real meaning to the scholars? Has it stirred up in the breasts of boys and girls the hope of living to be brave men and good women, and worthy patriots whether men or women?

Has it begun to serve, with the children of the millions from abroad who inherit no love for our country, as a symbol around which will grow up a thoroughly American feeling?

Has it stimulated a love of the study of history, and given children a new idea of the significance of law and order with freedom, so that they themselves become orderly and subject to wholesome discipline?

We have at hand a large number of letters from teachers throughout the country, over whose schools the flag has been raised, which answer these very questions.

"The flag has come to mean something," writes one teacher in Minnesota, "whereas before it was a meaningless piece of cloth." "I can see," writes another teacher from Missouri, "quite a change in the children's feelings toward the flag. Now they seem to think that it is their flag—an effect that never could have been produced by talking."

Many other teachers report a distinct growth of real patriotism. In a school in Maine, "Almost every day after the flag-raising one could hear the children cheering the old flag."

Even the little children count the stars in the blue field of their flag, and learn what they mean. The older pupils ransack the books for the history of the flag itself, and in so doing are impressed with a new idea of its story, and of its relation to their own condition and privileges.

In this way the schoolhouse flag, seen so often, and so constantly present in the pupils' thoughts, has a marked influence, as several teachers report, upon foreign-born children and the children of foreign-born parents. One teacher from the West writes:

"Eighty-six per cent. of my scholars were either born in other countries, or are the children of foreign-born parents. The effect of the flag upon my school has been to make every one of my pupils enthusiastic Americans. If, for any reason, the flag is not raised for a day, they clamor for its raising. No more enthusiastic or patriotic set of children can be found in the United States than those of my school."

These children begin to feel for America the same patriotic devotion which their fathers were taught from the cradle to manhood, in song and in story, to feel toward the lands from which they came.

The flag increases the children's interest in the school, and this must react upon conduct. Several teachers testify to this. One in Connecticut says, "I notice it is easier to govern the children since the flag was raised." Another in Massachusetts says, "It has been a grand step in our school toward making brave, manly boys and womanly girls."

The flag, rightly regarded, represents many good things besides loyalty; it represents truth, religion, liberty, law, self-sacrifice, mutual help and forbearance for a common good, and the sense of gladness in the beauty of the created things about us.

But the result in the cultivation of civic patriotism alone is richly worth all that has been expended upon it in money, time, or effort.

It is a strange man or woman whose love of country does not gain in force in looking on the flag. If grown people thus feel their patriotism swell at the sight of the banner, how important it is that the young should see it daily or upon frequent occasions, and have the stories of noble deeds that are associated with it interwoven with their earliest and keenest impressions!

It will form their patriotism, as it strengthens that of their elders, and in forming it, it will guard the country against many dangers, and prepare future glories even greater than any which the country has achieved in the past.

THE LAND OF THE FREE.

The Fourth of July does not mean so much to some of our fellow-citizens as it does to others. People who have breathed nothing but pure air all day, and every day, do not pause on the hill-top to say what a blessing they enjoy. They take fresh air entirely for granted.

It is no doubt an invented story that a little knot of students in a New England university leave unbuttoned the last button of their vests because the Prince of Wales, owing to his increasing corpulence, cannot make the two corners of that garment meet without a squeeze. This is represented to be the latest and neatest thing in Anglomaniacs.

It is a fine and noble conception! The young man who could have originated the idea is something short of a genius, but he will not celebrate the national holiday this year with undue enthusiasm.

He and his little band of followers take pleasure in remarking that it was a great pity the colonists separated from the mother country for so trifling a matter as a little tea. It is pleasing to hear them discourse on this subject. We are enabled thereby to realize afresh the happiness of living in a land where every simpleton can discharge his folly into the air without doing any harm to himself or others.

The open air of freedom is a wonderful disinfectant. From the beginning of time all the noxious gases of the earth have ascended toward the sky, and there, by the marvellous chemistry of nature, they change into the uncontaminated breeze that blows over the mountain-tops. America is like that! Here imbecility itself has its sacred rights.

An American student, returning lately from a German university, it is said, relates a curious mishap that befell a fellow-boarder of his in Germany.

This unfortunate boarder took the liberty of commenting upon the young Emperor's late remarks upon the defective school system of Germany, and finished by saying that the Emperor knew little more of education than he did of military science.

A spy reported this harmless observation to the police, and the man who made it was arrested, tried, and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, which he served, in spite of earnest efforts made to procure his pardon.

That tea of which our students glibly speak, and other measures in harmony with it, such as the Stamp Act, the closing of the port of Boston, the quartering of troops upon an innocent people—what did it all mean? It meant the reduction of the American colonies to the condition of semi-slavery. That is all. The great-grandfathers of these young gentlemen rose to object, and they carried their point.

Englishmen long ago admitted that they did right, and that they deserved the independence which they won. Those who wish to be like the English cannot imitate them in a more commendable way than by accepting the almost universal admiration of America.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS.

Doctor Joseph Leidy, the famous naturalist, who died recently in Philadelphia, always showed a tenderness amounting to affection toward all dumb creatures. At the time of his death some of his pupils gave the following example of this trait:

Doctor Leidy was lecturing, several years ago, in Swarthmore College, about ten miles out of the city. He took from the mud of a pond near the college one day three little turtles for examination, saying as he did it, "Never mind, I'll take you home again."

When the lecture was over the turtles were put into a tank in the Doctor's private closet, which he only could unlock. About ten o'clock that night the janitor was awakened by a loud ringing at the bell, and admitted the doctor, who stalked directly to his closet.

He informed some of the students who then joined him that he had been suddenly summoned by cable to Germany, and must sail the next day. There were no night trains to Swarthmore.

"It was a pleasant walk over the hills," he said, "and I could not sail and think of these little things starving here. I will just take them to their home."

The man, whose learning was respected by all English-speaking peoples, carried the little dumb creatures carefully back to their nest, and the laughing boys, looking on, learned something probably which no sermon had ever taught them.

A close acquaintance with the habits and manners of animals usually converts their observers into their friends.

A certain naturalist who has made a special study of spiders for many years found more beauties and virtues in that repulsive black creature than in any other. His house swarmed

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with them. They were his companions in his walks and at his meals.

"So great is his love for them," said one of his friends, "that a hint that they were poisonous would be regarded by him as a personal offence. Even the tarantula is in his eyes a gentle and much maligned creature."

One of the largest bee farmers in Quebec, on being asked why he spoke of them not as bees, but as "*Ces Messieurs*," or "*Mes amis*," replied, "They have been for thirty years my kind and faithful friends. Shall I not treat them with courtesy?"

OBEYING ORDERS.

Mr. Chittenden tells an anecdote in his "Recollections of President Lincoln," which illustrates how ready the President was to obey orders. Mr. Chittenden had gone out to Fort Stevens, anticipating an attack on Washington from the Confederate forces under General Early. As he entered the fort he was surprised to find there President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton.

A young Colonel of artillery, the officer of the day, was in great distress because the President would expose himself. He had warned Mr. Lincoln that the Confederate sharpshooters had recognized him and were firing at him, and a soldier near him had just fallen with a broken thigh. The officer asked Mr. Chittenden's advice, saying that the President was in great danger.

"What would you do with me under similar circumstances?" asked Mr. Chittenden.

"I would civilly ask you to take a position where you were not exposed."

"And if I refused to obey?"

"I would send a sergeant and a file of men, and make you obey."

"Then treat the President just as you would me or any civilian."

"I dare not. He is my superior officer; I have taken an oath to obey his orders."

"He has given you no orders. Follow my advice and you will not regret it."

"I will," said the officer. "I may as well die for one thing as another. If he were shot I should hold myself responsible."

He walked to where the President stood. "Mr. President," he said, "you are standing within range of five hundred rifles. Please come down to a safer place. If you do not, it will be my duty to call a file of men and make you."

"And you would do right, my boy," said the President, coming down at once. "You are in command of this fort. I should be the last man to set an example of disobedience."

The President was conducted to a place where the view was less extended, but where there was almost no exposure.

AMERICA FIRST.

This is the season when Young America celebrates the glorious deeds of the forefathers, when they cut the leading-strings that bound them to the Old World, and stepped forth with the independence of manhood.

It took Rome five hundred years, five centuries of war, intrigue and arrogance, to overspread Southern Europe. In a little more than one century America has grown to a magnitude, in area and perhaps in population also, equal to that of Rome in its most magnificent days.

"Civis Romanus sum!" was the proudest boast that could fall from the lips of man at the beginning of the Christian era. Is there to-day an American who rates his citizenship in the Great Republic at a lower value than Roman freedom nineteen hundred years ago?

The day for "spread-eagle" brag is long past, but there is no reason why we should hesitate to say what not we alone but all the people of the world believe, that it is the destiny of this country to become the greatest, the strongest, the wealthiest, the most self-supporting, of all the nations of the earth. It is already the greatest self-governing community the world has ever seen.

How can we make it greater? By standing together as Americans. We shall not magnify, but shall belittle ourselves, if we swagger before our neighbors — using bravado for the strong, and insolence in our treatment of the weak. But we should take American views instead of party views, when questions arise between this government and others.

The motto "America against the world" would be a contemptible motto. Yet is it not better to adopt even such a motto than to take the side of the world against America, or to be indifferent when the interests of one's own country are assailed?

The Fourth of July is a good time for us all to resolve that we will be Americans at heart. Not that we will build up our own country on the ruins of others, but that when there is a clashing of interests those of our native land shall have our hearty support.

A LARGE FAMILY.

One of the most remarkable families ever known, in at least one respect, was that of Count Babo of Avensburg, a vassal of Emperor Conrad I'. When the Emperor was holding his court at Regensburg he summoned all his vassals with their sons who were well-grown, to gather around him, on a certain day; but he strictly forbade them to bring any strangers into his presence.

When most of the nobles had assembled and offered their allegiance to their monarch, there was a stir in the court, and Count Babo, followed by a large company of knights, was announced.

"Is this the way you observe my commands?" inquired the Emperor, sternly. "Who are all these knights whom you have brought here with you?"

"Gracious Lord and Emperor," said Count Babo, making a courtly obeisance, but apparently not in the least disturbed or alarmed; "these are only my sons; they number thirty-two!"

The Emperor looked amazed for a moment, and then gave way to a fit of laughter, though he appeared a little incredulous as to the truth of his vassal's statement. But Count Babo, who failed to discover any joke, added with much dignity, and in a somewhat nettled tone, "At home, Sire, I have eight daughters, as well!"

WHAT SHE SAID.

The path of the census-taker is not strewn with roses at the best of times, but he has a particularly hard and delicate task before him when he sets about collecting the family statistics from residents of the outlying farms of a country village. A young man engaged in this work one day drove up to a lonely farm-house in a township of northern Vermont. Before he had time to hitch his horse, a tall, angular woman, evidently about fifty years old, opened the door, and stood in a defensive attitude, in the doorway.

"There aint no call fer you to git out o' yer wagon," said she, sullenly. "I know what you've come fer, an' I kin tell all ye need to know. They told me, down t' the Corner, you'd fetch up here sometime to-day, an' I've kep' watch fer ye!"

This was not a promising beginning, but the young man took out his book and proceeded to ask the necessary questions, to all of which he got grudging and unsatisfactory replies. When it came to the point of the woman's age, she rebelled.

"What's your call to know how old I be?" she demanded. "I aint covetin' the knowledge o' yours!"

"It's not curiosity on my part, ma'am," said the much tried young man, meekly; "it's a question that always has to be answered."

"Oh, does it!" sniffed the irate female in the doorway. "Wal, I'm 'baout thutty!"

The census-taker was forced to put down thirty, although he knew it could not be true. But just then the woman's only son came lumbering toward the house.

"Good morning," said the census-taker, politely, to the overgrown, ungainly youth who gazed blankly at the invader of their premises. "I am collecting the census statistics; will you kindly tell me your age?"

"Twenty-one last May," replied the son.

"Twenty-one!" echoed the census man; "why, I thought you said—" he began, turning to the mother, in apparent surprise, "I thought you said you were only —"

"I said *'baout*'" snapped the woman with great vigor, and with a slam of the door she vanished, leaving her son to settle all further inquiries without the aid of her presence.

SILLY AND COSTLY.

Many wise and carefully considered schemes have been brought to naught by a few thoughtless words. A tragical illustration of the text is furnished by the New York *Tribune*. At an entertainment last winter a gentleman well known in financial circles happened to sit at a dinner next to a very talkative and sprightly young lady.

As it fell out, they were not introduced to each other, but on reading the card by the young woman's plate, the gentleman became interested, and promptly engaged her in conversation.

He found her talk more interesting than she dreamed of, as she ran on about a new pair of ponies she intended buying, a proposed trip to Europe to fit herself for her Newport season, and more of the same sort—the whole being nothing but a lot of imaginary nonsense begotten of a desire to shine and dazzle.

When the ladies rose to go, and her neighbor drew back his chair, he said, gravely, "I am very glad to have met you, Miss A——. I know your father; pray tell him I have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

Pleased with her supposed conquest, Miss Vanity returned home, and at the breakfast-table the next morning told her people about the dinner and Mr. ——'s message. Her father, who had seemed pale and careworn of late, looked up with sudden interest.

"Mr. ——, do you say?" he asked, quickly. "I hope you made a good impression. That man's opinion is worth more to me to-day than any other man's in New York."

The poor man had been struggling through great financial difficulties, and had finally all but effected an arrangement which would once more set him on his feet; but alas! the "impression" which his daughter had produced upon the one man whose action would complete the pending negotiations was such as to upset the entire plan.

THE COLORING OF FISHES.

Various explanations have been suggested for the fact that most flat fish have the dorsal or upper surface colored, and the ventral or lower surface white. It has been said that the white ventral surface protects the fish, for the surrounding water with the light shining through it has about the same tint, and so an enemy floating below and looking up, could not distinguish him. Recent interesting experiments, to discover the influence of sunlight on the color of flat fish, are noted in the *Revue Scientifique*.

Having placed a few young fish in a glass vessel, the experimenter covered the sides and top of the vessel, placed it on a support, and beneath it so arranged a mirror that the sunlight was reflected into the water, and illuminated the ventral faces of the fish while the dorsal faces were in darkness.

The natural conditions were thus reversed. The water was frequently changed, and the fish were well fed. At the same time similar fish were placed in a glass vessel, and exposed to the light in the usual way.

The result was that out of thirty fish exposed to the sunlight from below, only three remained like those in the ordinary glass vessel, and the others developed greater or less quantities of pigment cells on the ventral face. This indicates that light has an important influence on the color of animals, but it evidently is not the only influence to be considered, since some animals whose habitat is dark have color.

CRUEL FATHER.

It is not often that the father of a would-be poet commends the publisher who declines his son's poems, but this rare man appears in the *Memoir of John Murray*, the eminent London publisher.

A young Quaker sent him a batch of poems. Mr. Murray wrote him a letter declining to publish the poems, which fell into the hands of the poet's father, of the same name, but without the word "Junr." The father answered:

Esteemed Friend, I feel very much obliged by thy refusing to publish the papers sent thee by my son. I was entirely ignorant of anything of the kind, or should have nipt it in the bud. On receipt of this, please burn the whole that was sent thee, and at thy convenience inform me that it has been done. With thanks for thy highly commendable care, I am respectfully thy friend,

JOHN PROCTOR.

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SUGGESTIONS

CUD-CHEWERS.

What domestic animals chew the cud?

How early do their young chew?

Do they always chew on the same side of the mouth?

What grinding motion do they make?

Is it always in the same direction?

When you go to a menagerie look out for other ruminating animals.

For the Companion.

ORIGIN OF FIREWORKS.

A SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Away, far off in China,
In the days of Nanke-chin,
Lived a funny little fellow,
Who was priest and mandarin,
And ever through his shaven head,
A strain of music rang,
Which seemed to him like "Fizz
And crackle, fizz and crackle,—BANG."

One day this little fellow,
As he trolled his merry song,
Chanced to meet the royal viceroy,
As he rode in state along,
Who stopping, listened with delight,
To what he gaily sang,
And begged at once the music rare,
Of "Fizz and crackle,—BANG."

But naught had he of music,
Nor a note had ever read,
For this strain so shrill and stirring,
Was but running in his head;
Nor could the gongs nor kettle-drums,
With all their noisy clang,
Express a bit of what he meant
By "Fizz and crackle,—BANG."

Then said this little fellow,
"I will try what I can do,"
And he straightway set to moulding
Rockets, Roman candles too;
But what he sought and most desired,
Was something with a twang,
That could express in all its force,
His "Fizz and crackle,—BANG."

But e'en while he was planning,
Burst his rockets with such noise,
Frightened came the whole town running,
To behold the dreadful toys;
Then madly danced the mandarin,
And cried, "O, I will hang,
If I've not found the very thing,
To make my 'Crackle,—BANG.'"

* * * * * * *

Now sound the rattling crackers,
As in days of Nanke-chin,
(For the Fourth, to be well honored,
Must have clangor, clash, and din,)
The banners all are waving,
And the drums and trumpets clang,
Awaking echoes far and near,
Of "Fizz and crackle,—BANG."

And when the day departing,
Does the evening open out,
Sparkling, fiery little demons
Leap from wheels and dance about,
And hissing rockets upward fly,
Amidst prolonged huzza,
While crowds astonished, gaping,
Cry out, "*Sst.* BOOM. A-A-A-A-H."

H. M. GREENLEAF.

For the Companion.

A STREET WAIF.

A clergyman noted for his eloquence and wide-spread influence as a reformer among the dangerous classes died not long since in a Western town. A suggestive story is told of his early life.

About fifty years ago a lady, passing hurriedly down one of the crowded thoroughfares of New York, caught sight of a deformed, starved-looking boy selling flowers. His limbs were shrunken, but his head was large, and the protruding forehead and brilliant eyes told of a strong, keen intellect.

The woman remarked to her companion, "That boy ought to make his living by his brain. All the strength he has is there."

She stopped to question him, and found that he had been to school for two or three years, but at his father's death had been compelled to begin at once to earn his own living.

His new friend did not content herself with a few words of pity. She found some light, remunerative work for him, entered him at a night-school, and after a year or two, finding him worthy, procured for him a free scholarship in a Western college.

He became one of the most useful ministers in his denomination, laboring zealously among the poor and greatly tempted class to which he himself had belonged.

He told this story a short time before his death, adding, "If I have done any good in the world I owe it to the friend who took me literally out of the gutter, and gave me a place and work. Almost every woman who passed me, used to give a kind word and a sigh of pity to the deformed child. If she had done no more than this, I should probably have soon died of want."

The records of every profession and trade are full of the histories of men who have been started in the road to usefulness by a little timely encouragement and help.

Sympathy is a good thing to give to your needy brothers and sisters, whether you find them on the highway, in your own kitchen, in the shop, office or house. But do not stop with giving sympathy. Add a little efficient, practical help.

According to the old heathen fable, when the peasant's horse and cart sank in the bog his neighbors were sorry for him, and said, "Poor fellow!" and passed on. But Hercules showed his divine nature by putting his shoulder to the wheel, and helping him out of the mire.

The Scriptures bid us welcome strangers, "for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." But it is worth our while to note that we are not told to receive these angels because of the blessing they can leave. We are to give to them, to entertain them, to feed, clothe and warm them.

The result and the recompense to ourselves are in God's hands.

HOW PEOPLE SLEEP.

Though it is true, as the author of a school composition once asserted, that "Sleeping is a universal practice among all nations," it is also true that there is a great diversity in the methods of sleeping among people of different nations and different ways of life. The things which one person needs to make him sleep are precisely the things which would keep another awake all night. Even the sedative medicines which put one person immediately into a heavy slumber excite another into a condition of nervous restlessness.

The European or American, in order to sleep well, ordinarily requires a downy pillow under his head; but the Japanese, stretching himself upon a rush-mat on the floor, puts a hard, square block of wood under his head, and does not sleep well if he does not have it.

The Chinese makes great account of his bed, which is very low indeed,—scarcely rising from the floor,—but is often carved exquisitely of wood; but it never occurs to him to make it any softer than rush-mats will render it.

While the people of Northern countries cannot sleep unless they have plenty of room to stretch out their legs, the inhabitants of the tropics often curl themselves up like monkeys at the lower angle of a suspended hammock, and sleep soundly in that position.

The robust American often covers himself with a pair of blankets and throws his window wide open to the air, even in the winter time, and he does not complain if he finds a little drift of snow across the top of his bed in the morning.

The Russian, on the contrary, likes no sleeping-place so well as the top of the big soapstone stove in his domicile. Crawling out of this blistering bed in the morning, he likes to take a plunge in a cold stream, even if he has to break through the ice to get into it.

The Laplander crawls, head and all, into a bag made of reindeer skin, and sleeps, warm and comfortable, within it. The East Indian, at the other end of the world, also has a sleeping-bag, but it is more porous than the Laplander's. Its purpose is to keep out mosquitoes more than to keep the sleeper warm.

While the American still clings to his feather pillow, he is steadily discarding his old-fashioned feather-bed in favor of the hair or straw mattress. The feather-bed is relegated to the country, and many people who slept upon it all through their childhood find themselves uncomfortable upon it in their maturity.

The Germans not only sleep upon a feather-bed, but underneath one. The feather-covering used in Germany, however, is not as large or thick as the one which is used as a mattress, and the foreigner who undertakes to sleep beneath it often finds his feet suffering from cold, while his shoulders are suffering from heat.

SWIFT TRAVELLING.

A stirring incident took place not long ago in Courbevoie, when Paul Leprince, the aëronaut, and one of his friends, made a balloon ascension. They had reached an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, when they began to hear a peculiar whistling sound. Leprince climbed upon the ring, and discovered a tear, a few inches long, made by the branch of a tree, against which they had swept in their upward passage. What followed is related by Leprince in *L'Illustration*.

At this moment, the sun dispelled the clouds and shone with all its force upon the balloon. This produced such an expansion of gas that the valve was not sufficient to lessen the strain, and the fabric tore apart, with a noise like the rustling of leaves. Through the opening poured the gas in great volumes.

"We are lost!" cried my friend.

"The ballast!" shouted I. "The ballast!"

In an instant two bags were thrown out. I saw by the barometer that we were nearly five thousand feet from the ground, and then the fall began. We threw out everything of any weight, and prepared to cast off our clothing, and resolved to cling, at the moment of striking, to the netting above.

Fortunately, there was a strong wind blowing, which carried us along at the rate of thirty-five or forty miles an hour, and enabled us to fall at an angle, thus softening the shock.

The balloon was violently shaken in its flight, and kept swinging and swaying in a horrible manner, but this motion was, after all, what saved us.

During one of the most vigorous of these movements, the lower part of the balloon was thrown to the upper part of the netting, and rested there against the valve, in the shape of a dome, forming an immense parachute. At once, the fall was sensibly arrested, but we were still one hundred yards from the ground. The time had come to throw overboard our clothes, but there proved to be no time.

Scarcely had we reached the ropes attached to the ring, when a terrible shock was felt, and we, the basket and balloon, were rolled over on the ground together. We were not injured, nor did we even lose consciousness, and thus was a fall of nearly a mile accomplished in less than four minutes.

A MEMORABLE DAY.

Every living Union soldier who was a prisoner of war in the stockade at Macon on the Fourth of July, 1864, remembers that memorable day. The prisoners had crowded in and round one of the central buildings to listen to patriotic speeches. Suddenly Captain Todd, of the Eighth New Jersey Infantry, displayed a small United States flag, four by six inches, which he had secreted upon his person.

The air was rent with cheers. Tears streamed down the cheeks of rough men who hugged each other. Those who were near enough kissed the little flag, and men in the outer circle climbed upon the backs of their comrades that they might see it.

"Hold it up," shouted a voice; "don't be afraid, so that we can all feast our souls upon it!"

The "Star Spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag" were sung. During the singing some of the older Confederate guards were seen leaning on their muskets, and crying like children.

The enthusiasm and noise caused the commandant of the stockade to send inside an officer with a company of troops, to compel the crowd to disperse to their quarters, and keep quiet; but the little star-spangled flag had done its work. Inspired by the sight, the prisoners forgot on that day hunger, nakedness and sickness, and felt that the flag must triumph.

The authors of "Prisoners of War and Military Prisons," from whose book we have condensed the story of that memorable "Fourth," tell a touching story of a dying man's joy on seeing the little flag.

The officer, a living skeleton, dying of a chronic disease, was stretched upon a board under a shed. He heard of the flag, and asked to see it. It was held before his face. Gasping for breath, and with an unearthly flush suffusing his cheeks, he said:

"Give me the flag in my hand. God bless it! Let me kiss it. Boys, this is God's own flag, and I believe He sent it here to-day. I never expected to see it again. I have seen it, and I can die happy. My dead body will be buried shortly; they may plant my bones where they please, but our flag, God's flag, will float over them before long."

A perfect peace came upon him, and that day he died.

For the Companion.

UNDERSONG.

Sing, bird in the meadow-tree,
And gladden the heart of me:
Shake from the shining leaf
The dew upon my grief,
To balm and bless
With sweet forgetfulness
The eyes of sorrow, red,
Mourning the dead.

Sing, bird in the meadow-tree,—
Your song is a memory
Of her glad voice that knew
The freshness of the dew:
And now, alas!
The dew is on the grass
Growing above the song,
Silent—how long!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

ILL-TIMED COFFEE.

In Mrs. Collis's narrative of her voyage through the inland seas of the Sitkan Archipelago she describes a somewhat exciting passage through a fleet of icebergs in Glacier Bay. It was of the greatest importance to keep the ship moving ahead, though her advance could be measured only by inches. At one time the Captain ran half-way up the foremast, glasses in hand, and for some minutes, like the picture of Farragut in Mobile Bay, shouted his orders to the wheel-house.

After this he resumed his monotonous and nervous pacing upon the bridge, all the while steering his immense vessel with such dexterity and mathematical precision that as the cakes of ice were upturned and fell gracefully into our wake, it was easy to see that the course selected was always the one of least resistance.

I took note of a few of the expressions whose magnetic influence twisted and turned us around in such beautiful curves, some of which were: "Starboard, sir!" "Slow her!" "Why don't he slow her when I tell him?" "Stop her!" "Go tell that engineer if he don't obey the signals quicker, the first thing he knows he'll have one of these boys in his engine-room!" "Hard-a-port, sir!" "Port her!" "Steady now!" "Keep your eye on the compass there!" "Put an extra man at the wheel!"

In the midst of all this strain, when the slightest error of judgment might have been fraught with disaster, the chief steward—it was his first voyage with Captain Carroll—was seen ascending the ladder with a bowl of steaming coffee.

"I've brought you a cup of coffee," said the steward, with outstretched hand.

"Take it away, sir! When I want coffee I'll send for it," shouted the skipper.

What became of the steward I don't know; but I do know that a few scraps of sentences were floating about the atmosphere for several minutes, such as:

"Nice time for coffee! Port her! Steady! Pretty time to be drinking coffee! Starboard a little! Coffee, indeed! Slow her, sir! Slow her, I say! Coffee!"

It is proper to add, however, that a few hours later the poor affrighted steward was addressed in different language.

"I'll take that coffee now, steward, but don't ever bother me again when I've got my hands full."

WRITING AS A PROFESSION.

It is a popular impression that most persons are glad to answer questions in reference to their own professions, or, in other words, to "talk shop." Few, however, of the misguided talkers who act on that supposition have any idea of the discomfort they may inflict on over-sensitive spirits.

"Writing much poetry nowadays?" asked a reporter of a poet, and one can imagine the involuntary distaste with which the latter shrank from this bluff attack.

"I suppose you are doing a good deal of literary work?" said a visitor to a well-known writer of short stories, to whom she wished to make herself agreeable.

"Nothing to speak of," was the gentle reply.

A week later the same acquaintance appeared again. "Now, really and truly, *aren't* you writing anything?" she asked, with an engaging frankness which seemed to challenge an equal candor.

"Nothing to speak of," was the courteous answer, and with that she was forced to be content; but it was not long before she returned to the charge.

"How could you tell me you were not writing anything?" she asked, reproachfully. "Yesterday I heard your mother say that you were too busy with a book of translations to do anything for the fair."

"Excuse me," said the victim, goaded into explanation. "I merely said, 'Nothing to speak of.' I meant that I am never doing anything in connection with literature of which I have anything to say."

The popular idea of the labor which goes to the making of books is often an amusing one. A literary woman, who had urged, as a reason for shortening her call on a dear old lady, the fact that she had some work to do when she got home, was confronted with the question:

"Don't you want a sheet of paper and a pencil right now?"

"What for?" was her astonished query.

"Why, to write something!"

LUCKY BLUNDER.

The "club man" of the Chicago *Mail* tells a story of a man who once saved more than eight thousand dollars by wearing home-made clothes. The adventure was related, he says, by "a pleasant-faced, gray-haired gentleman who sat in the lobby of the Grand Pacific Hotel, apparently healthy, wealthy, and at peace with the world."

I was raising fat cattle in the central part of the State, and had wintered an uncommonly fine lot of steers. Toward spring I came to Chicago to sell them, but received, as I thought, rather cool treatment. The dealers seemed to place my fine fat cattle on a par with the lean, scrawny things shipped in from the West, and would pay me no better prices. I was indignant, and declared that I would never sell anything in Chicago as long as I lived. I shipped my steers to New York, and went on to sell them.

Just before this my wife had made me a suit of clothes. When I first put them on I was so angry that I fear the white dove of peace flew away from my roof-tree for a while. The trousers were large enough for two men, and the coat looked as if it had been made to fit a two-bushel bag of meal.

I had given my wife special instructions to put in an inside vest pocket, and now I found that she had put an enormous bag-like affair on the left side, instead of on the right, where of course it belonged, and had placed it so far back that it came almost under my left armpit—the most awkward place imaginable.

I wore that wonderful suit to New York, and sold my steers, and received about eight thousand dollars in bills. I stepped to the window, counted the money, and placed it in my inside vest pocket—that unique pocket.

Then I bade the purchasers good-by, and jumped upon a street-car which happened to be passing at the moment. As I did so I noticed a man standing in the doorway of the car, with one hand resting carelessly upon the side of the door. I stooped to pass under his arm as I entered, and like a flash his hand came down, and was thrust into my vest.

The next instant he leaped from the car, and I lost sight of him in the crowd; but his scheme had failed, thanks to my wife's original method of tailoring. His hand sought the right-hand side of the vest, and my money was still safe under my left arm. It isn't wise to be too fastidious in matters of dress.

MOST IMPORTANT.

During the most serious anarchist uprising in the West, when the military was called out, and did some important work, the Armory telephone took an active share in the proceedings. Through its means, information from various points was constantly forwarded to this military centre, and a man was stationed at it, day and night, to receive and transmit messages. When, as the small hours approached, the tumult subsided, he was relieved at this tiresome task, and the fatigued soldiery endeavored to get a little rest. Says Captain King, in "Trials of a Staff Officer:"

Finally, drowsiness, oblivion, then, "R-r-r-ring—r-r-ring!" Loud, urgent, imperative. One bound takes Mr. X—— to the telephone.

"O Armory! I'm so glad to get you at last." The voice is feminine, but pleasant, motherly, benevolent. "I tried to get you several times this evening, but when I could get the wire, you were busy. I wanted to inquire about Willy Simpson. His mother and I are old friends, and she telephoned me to say she had to leave town, and please to have a motherly eye over him, in case of injury or trouble."

"No man of that name in this command has been wounded or injured in any way, madam."

"You're sure of that, are you? I couldn't go to bed without knowing. But who is this?"

"Colonel X——, madam."

"Oh, yes. Well, you know Willy, of course?"

"I regret to say I do not. What does he belong to?"

"Indeed, I'm not sure; but it's the military—the militia, you know. If Captain S—— were there, perhaps he could tell."

Enter Captain S——, and Mr. X—— gladly hands the case over to him.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Ferguson? This is Captain S——," begins the one-sided colloquy.

"Willy Simpson, did you say? No, I don't know him. And you say you don't know what he belongs to?"

"Hm! yes. We've got as many as five hundred. I don't see how you *could* speak with him to-night."

"Oh yes! he must be here; but you wouldn't ask me to wake up every one of the five hundred to inquire if he was Willy Simpson?"

"No, madam; I'll do it in the morning, but I cannot now. It is simply impossible."

"Very well, madam, good-night."

Then with a comical grin on his tired face, the Captain turns to Mr. X——.

"What do you suppose the blessed old lady routed us out at this hour for? She says she must write to Willy's mother the first thing in the morning, and she wants to be able to tell her that the pies she sent him were safely received!"

GLAD TO SEE THEM.

"One of the early Governors of a certain Western State," writes a correspondent, "was a man of great popularity, commanding strength of character, and undisputed fitness for the duties of his office, but entirely without any gift for public speaking. Shortly after his election he paid an official visit to the State prison, in the course of which he was ushered into the chapel where the convicts were assembled in a body.

"Before the Governor could realize what was going on, the chaplain had presented him to the company, with the remark that he would doubtless have something to say.

"'But, my dear sir,' whispered the startled Governor, 'I haven't anything to say, and I couldn't say it if I had! I never made a speech in my life.'

"The chaplain, who was entirely innocent in the matter, could only reply:

"'I beg your excellency's pardon for being so premature, but as I have committed you so decidedly, I see no way out of it, and feel confident that you will not mind addressing them in a few words.'

"The Governor certainly was committed, and though he was literally trembling, he began:

"'Ladies and gentlemen!—No, no, I don't mean that—gentlemen and fellow-citizens!—no, I don't exactly mean that, either—but—but—well, men and fellow-prisoners, I can't make a speech; I—I don't know how to make a speech. I couldn't make a speech to save your souls, or—or—or even my own! and so—so—well, about all I can say is, that—that I'm very glad to see so many of you here!'"

TOO MANY STARS.

On the Fourth of July the Hales had a celebration in rivalry with their next-door neighbors, the Graysons. The Hales hung a big flag out in front of the house.

"It's the one my papa had for his regiment in the war," said Mary Hale.

Later in the day a bigger flag was hung out from the Graysons', and John Grayson announced to his neighbors over the fence that it was one that his ancestors had in the Revolution. This made a great impression upon the Hales until one of them came to count the stars.

There were thirty-two stars on that flag!

"NOW," said a Sunday-school teacher who had given the boys a treat, and wished also to point a moral, "would these strawberries have tasted as well, if you had stolen them out of my garden?"

"No, sir," said one demure lad, serenely, "we shouldn't ha' had cream and sugar with 'em."

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For the Companion.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.—VII.

The flags are floating against the sky,
The crackers crack and the rockets fly,
While we celebrate our nation great
And letter in red J-u-l-y.
To-morrow the blades, so steady and bright,
Will flash through the clover red and white;
We'll rake the hay through the shining day,
And ride aloft on the load at night.
Of all the frolics in all the year
There's none that's jollier, Daisy, my dear;
And the city cousins shall come by dozens
To the fragrant fields and the great round sky,
For it's hot in the town when the sun glares down,
And the gay little calendar spells July.

For the Companion.

THE BURTON BOYS' CANNON.

"Lucky stars! What a find!" cried Edwin.

"I declare! It's a rifle-barrel," said John.

And Willie and Lucius forgot their search for Indian arrow-heads, which they sometimes found on this worn old gravelly roadside, and hurried to have a look at the treasure.

"Just see the rust!" said John. "It may have laid here fifty years."

"I s'pose this was all thick woods then," said Edwin.

"And likely some man had this to fight the Injuns," said Lucius.

"Or bears," said Willie. "More likely bears."

"Look how the barrel's bent and twisted," said John.

"That's where he clubbed his rifle and whacked the old Injun over the head," said Lucius.

"That's where the bear grabbed it away from him," said Willie. "And I do believe there's the mark of his teeth right there near the muzzle!"

At this the older brothers hooted and laughed, and said that the bear must have had his teeth sharpened, and they guessed he ate up the rest of the gun, and that was why nothing could be found but the barrel.

Willie did not like any too well to be laughed at, but he kept his temper, and as soon as he could make himself heard, he cried, "O boys, I've got the *greatest* idea! Let's make a cannon out of this for the Fourth!"

"Now, Willie, you've struck it," said John.

"That's so," said Lucius, "but how'll we fix the thing?"

"I'll tell you," said Edwin. "Just come along to Fet Wheaton's blacksmith shop, and he'll do it up for us in grand shape."

"Father won't mind, will he?" asked Willie.

"Course not, if we pay out of our own Fourth of July money," said John.

"It'll be ten times better than crackers," said Edwin. "Come on, boys!"

So away they rushed to the good-natured, curly-headed blacksmith, who sawed off the straight part of the barrel, fitted a new breech-pin, bored a touchhole, and wouldn't take a cent.

On the evening of July Third the boys had quite an exciting time mounting and loading their cannon. Father Burton had not a word to say against the fun.

He dealt out the powder and watched the whole process, and when he saw the amount of brick they rammed in to help make a noise, he remarked that he guessed they were "loading for b'ar, sure enough!"

Mother looked rather anxious, but after all she was sure father would see that 'twas safe. And so he did—after his own fashion.

When all was ready there was quite a discussion as to who should touch it off next morning.

John thought he ought to, because he was oldest. Willie claimed the right, because he thought of the plan. Edwin was equally firm, because he found the rifle-barrel. And Lucius thought they had better trust him, because his legs were longest and he could get out of the way quick if it didn't work right.

Finally it was agreed that it should be whoever was on the ground first in the morning.

And Willie resolved at once not to sleep a wink all night. John made up his mind that he could rouse when old Cock-a-doodle first crowed. Edwin thought he could be sure to hear the clock strike three. While Lucius knew he should waken if either of the others stirred, and relied on his long legs to take him out ahead.

But how boys do sleep! Not one of them heard a sound after the clock struck nine until—*Boom!* CRASH! All their wonderful dreams were scattered into broad daylight, and they jerked their clothes on and gathered in the back yard almost before the smoke cleared away.

Mother was laughing to herself in bed. Father was laughing and shouting from the kitchen window. But where was the cannon?

"Just blown to nowhere!" said John.

"Lucky stars!" cried Edwin; "but it's a good thing we boys weren't hanging around when it went!"

BELL and May were riding in the horse-cars when a Chinese got in. Bell had never seen one, and asked May what kind of a man he was. May whispered that he was a Chinese. "But," said Bell, "where is his china?" May was puzzled, but finally settled the matter by saying, "I suppose he can't carry it around all of the time."



For the Companion.

A GIRL'S OPINION.

"Fizz-z—sputter-r—bang!"
Oh, what a horrid noise!
What can there be about it
That pleases all the boys!

"Twe-eet—tweet—tr-r-rill!"
There is the sound for me!
But boys' and girls' opinions
Never will agree.

For the Companion.

ANGELINA'S FIRECRACKERS.

O Angelina! Would you just as soon have a new head? Dollies don't mind having new heads, do they?

Oh dear, I wish I hadn't let you go to the Fourth at all! But teased me all the then you were just that bunch of crack-

I told you 'twas a thing; but you would stuck the match in and held the blaze then I jumped back slipped away from

O Angelina, what a dreadful hole it made right in your face! Mamma says she's so thankful 'twasn't me. She says s'posing I'd stumbled when I went to jump back, I never could have had a new head for me.

O Angelina, how you do look!

I hope mamma will get your new head to-morrow, and I do hope you will 'member never, never to meddle with crackers any more!

you know you morning. And *bound* to light ers!

dang'rous old do it. So I your hand down, and quick, and you me.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

In selling a coat or a jacket,
My *first* may stoop to my *second*;
The sum of holiday racket
A fourth of my *whole* is reckoned.

E. S. B.

2.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

1. Artfully.
2. Furnished with wings.
3. Small birds.
4. Crawling.
5. Poured down.
6. Musing.
7. Eaten away.
8. Obscured.
9. To arrange in classes.

Fourth row of letters will spell the name of some articles that please the youngsters on the "Fourth." Fifth row of letters will spell more articles that please the youngsters on the "Fourth." O. D. V.

3.

BATTLES FOR INDEPENDENCE.

1. A city, and a settlement.
2. Law, a suffix, and a weight.
3. Fresh, reverence, name, and a contraction.
4. A sleeping place, to mistake, and a high place.
5. Not old, and an English city.
6. Two liquids.
7. A Latin pronoun, and a small brook.
8. A body of water, and a famous canal.
9. A badge of royalty, and to sharpen.
10. A river, and a preposition.
11. Quiet, and a liquid.

4.

CRYPTOGRAM.

One letter, taken from every second word beginning with the first, will spell the names of the men and the day of their death. A hint is also given as to the year.

A nation celebrated its anniversary amid many glad rejoicings, looking back over an honorable record. A jubilee comes none too often, and fifty years make many wonderful changes; some causing joy, others mourning. Two noted men died upon their country's birthday, both justly celebrated. Unlike in politics, they yet were fast friends throughout their useful careers. Their reputation stands to-day untarnished.

Conundrums.

Why was Independence Day, 1890, like the letter Y? Because it was the *last fourth* of July.

What letter of the alphabet do children arouse from slumber to help them in celebrating the Fourth? Torpid O's.

What do boys prefer for dinner upon the Fourth? Crackers.

What one thing can a mother contribute toward the celebration of the glorious Fourth, as she sits by her baby's cradle? Rock it.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Captain John Smith. Second word = King John Sans-terre or Lackland.

2.

M	O	R	P	H	E	U	S
I	G	U	A	R	A	C	U
D	I	S	T	R	E	A	M
S	P	E	C	T	R	U	M
U	N	D	E	R	L	I	E
M	O	R	A	N	D	E	R
M	O	R	P	H	N	U	S
E	L	D	O	R	A	D	O
R	U	B	R	I	C	A	L
N	U	P	T	I	A	L	S
I	M	P	U	D	E	N	T
G	A	L	A	D	I	X	I
H	A	R	M	O	N	I	C
T	A	S	T	A	B	L	E

3.

H
P E E
C A N N A
P A R R A L S
H E N R Y C L A Y
E N A C T E D
A L L E Y
S A D
Y

4. Lady Montague's description of a regatta, or fête, held on the water, which she witnessed in Venice, stimulated the English people of fashion to have something of a similar kind on the Thames. It took place on June 23, 1775. The rowers were to be uniformly dressed in red, white, and blue. The procession of boats was to move at seven o'clock in the evening. Early in the afternoon the river was crowded with pleasure boats, and scaffolds, decorated with flags, were erected wherever a view of the Thames could be obtained. Concerts were held under the arches of Westminster Bridge. Half-a-guinea was charged for a seat in a coal barge, and constables guarded every passage to the water, taking from half-a-crown to one penny for liberty to pass. Supper and dancing followed, and the entertainment did not conclude till the next morning. This was the first English Regatta.

Letters omitted—a, e, g, r, t; word—regatta.

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AN INDIAN SCARE.

When fear stands at one's elbow it is easy to find dangers ahead. In the early settlement of New Gloucester, Maine, a block-house was found necessary in which the people could assemble for safety and mutual defence against the Indians. It was understood, says one of the early settlers, that if any one saw Indians about he should sound an alarm on the tin horn, and the folks should get to the block-house as quickly as possible. One fall we were kept pretty well stirred up by the redskins' ugly pranks.

Two men were killed and scalped on the outskirts of the town, and their horses carried off. A child was lost in some way, and most people laid it to the skulking savages, who, they supposed, had stolen her. A house was fired in the next settlement, and everything carried away, and we expected mischief any minute.

One afternoon in October, about dusk, there came a sudden and tremendous horn-blowing. That meant the Indians were near. Folks stopped whatever they were doing and hurried to the block-house—men, women and children. The horn blown that way brought a person's heart into his mouth.

When we were all inside and the great door was shut, we began to inquire what was up, and who had seen any Indians. A young fellow, Smith I believe was his name, had given the alarm, and now said that he saw an Indian in a tree reconnoitring, not a dozen rods from the block-house. He made no doubt the rest of the party were near; and he had been afraid we would be attacked before we could all get inside the block-house.

The guns were ready, and the men took up their stations at the loopholes, and we waited and watched for a long time. Some were sure they could make out, by the moon, that the redskin was still in the tree.

"He don't dare to git down," said one and another, "for fear he'll git peppered." Some were for firing at the tree, but the older ones said we had better wait and not be the first to shed blood, and this wise counsel prevailed. I have noticed, all through my life, that it is never best to be the first to start a fuss.

Finally Ben Hammond, who had been covering that tree with his gun, turned suddenly round and declared that he was going out to get a nigher view of that redskin. The women were dreadfully scared, and begged him not to be rash. But Ben smiled, unbolted the door and went out.

He went close up to the tree and burst out laughing heartily.

"Come out here," he shouted, "and see this Indian up a tree!"

The Indian in that tree was only a bear cub. But to pay for our scare we had plenty of bear meat in the settlement for a week afterward.

BUTTERFLIES BATHING.

It is commonly thought that butterflies dread water as a fine lady dreads rain; but evidently this is not true in Australia.

The case of an Australian butterfly deliberately entering the water to take a bath is recorded by M. G. Lyell, Jr., in the *Victoria Naturalist*. He saw it alight close to the water, into which it backed till the whole of the body and the lower part of the hind wings were submerged, the two fore-legs alone retaining their hold of the dry land. After remaining in this position for something like half a minute it flew away, apparently refreshed.

Mr. Lyell says, "During the morning I noticed a number doing the same thing. In one instance no less than four were to be seen within a space of not more than three yards, and to make sure that I was not deceived I captured several as they rose from the water, and found in each case the body and lower edge of the hind wings quite wet. While in the water the fluttering of the wings, so noticeable at other times, was suspended, and so intent were the butterflies in the enjoyment of their cold bath that they could hardly move, even when actually touched by the net. Apparently the heat of the weather drove them down to the water, as immediately upon emerging they flew up again to the hillsides."

Butterflies are often seen apparently sucking in the moisture around the edge of pools; but they have never before been seen actually to enter the water.

HOW HE DID IT.

There is a story of a Scotch professor, which, though not a new one, humorously illustrates a characteristic trait of Scotchmen—one that has put them at the front all over the world.

While a large party, among whom was an elderly Scotch professor, were shooting on the moors in Perthshire, it suddenly began to rain. There was no shelter in the neighborhood, and as the rain fell too fast to permit shooting, the sportsmen made, as they thought, the best of their misfortune by sitting down and getting drenched.

But the professor, as soon as the shower began, wandered off, and was not seen during the hour the rain fell. When it ceased he reappeared, and to every one's surprise there was not a drop of rain on his clothes. The wet sportsmen were annoyed as well as surprised, thinking he had discovered a place of shelter. But the professor was reticent, and it was with difficulty that at last they persuaded him to tell how he had managed to keep dry.

"Directly the rain came on," said he, "I stripped and sat on my clothes till it ceased."

PRECAUTIONS.

"I've made me will," said an Irishman who belonged to a quarrelsome family. "But if they fight over it after I'm dead, sure I'll write a codicil that'll make 'em dance!" Another worthy man was differently afflicted.

An elderly gentleman who knew something of law lived in an Irish village where no solicitor had ever penetrated, and was in the habit of arranging the disputes of his neighbors and making their wills.

At an early hour one morning he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his gate, and putting his head out of the window, he asked who was there.

"It's me, yer honor—Paddy Flaherty. I could not get a wink of sleep thinking of the will I have made."

"What's the matter with the will?" said the amateur lawyer.

"Matter, indeed!" replied Pat. "Shure, I've not left myself a three-legged stool to sit upon."—*Judy.*

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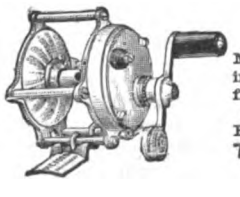
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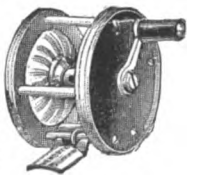


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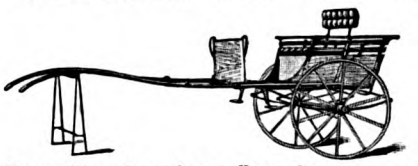
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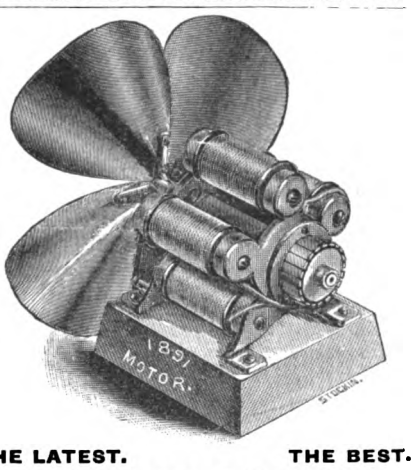


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BIRD AND BURGLAR.

Our readers have not forgotten the little canary whose "song in the night" awoke and warned the household in time to put out a fire. A Cincinnati parrot deserves a similar remembrance. It has been with the same family for many years, according to the *Enquirer*, and is highly educated and a great pet. Its cage is usually hung at night in the rear room on the second floor. A window of the apartment overlooks a grape arbor, close against the wall of the dwelling.

About five o'clock the other morning Mr. Rothe, the bird's owner, was awakened by the parrot, which was loudly shrieking "Papa! papa!" It kept up these cries for several minutes, until Mr. Rothe, becoming alarmed by the unusual disturbance, determined to go and see what was the cause. When he turned on the light he saw Poll sitting on the crossbar of the cage. The bird immediately recognized him and set up a victorious "Ha! ha!"

Poll looked like his famous predecessor who had the exciting adventure with the monkey. One wing was broken and the bottom of the cage was covered with feathers. The bird was ruffled up generally, and in fact had the appearance of having passed through a threshing-machine.

There were blood marks on the wires of the cage, and everything indicated that Poll had engaged in a lively and desperate fight.

On looking around Mr. Rothe found that the window was open. On the sill were the bloody prints of a man's fingers. A burglar had made an early morning visit to the residence, entering the room through the window. His movement must have awakened Poll. The bird evidently gave the alarm, and the intruder, realizing that something had to be done quickly, at once thrust his hand into the cage and tried to wring the bird's neck. Instead of quietly submitting, Poll showed fight.

With beak and claws the parrot attacked the robber, sinking the sharp weapons into the flesh of the intruder's hand. So vigorously did Poll fight and scream that the burglar was forced to retire, baffled and bleeding from painful wounds. He must have dropped from the window just as help reached the door, as Mr. Rothe heard the noise of a fall as he entered.

DID NOT KNOW HIM.

A writer in the New York *Star* comments upon the bewildering change in a man's appearance which is often brought about by shaving the beard or letting it grow, and cites a story related to him by a lawyer. The lawyer was then wearing a heavy beard, which he had been cultivating, as he said, "since last October."

The other day I was riding on the front platform of a street-car, as I was smoking, when I saw a cousin of mine, with her husband and baby, get aboard. I had not seen her since the day she was married, in the summer of 1888, and had never met her husband except on the night of the wedding. At that time I had only a moustache.

When they were seated in the car I nodded to her, but she did not return the salutation. I repeated it, but still there was no response. Evidently she did not recognize me, but for the fun of the thing I kept on nodding and smiling.

She began to be disconcerted, and pretty soon I saw her whispering to her husband, who at once rose and made his way to the rear platform, where he spoke excitedly to the conductor. That worthy came through the car, and, opening the front door, said to me:

"You must either stop insulting the lady in the car or get off. Her husband has complained of your conduct."

I assured him that I had no wish to insult any one, and as he began to get excited I passed into the car, and, taking hold of a strap, leaned over the lady and said:

"Why, Minnie, how are you?"

She looked at me for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Cousin Eddy! How do you do? I didn't know you with your whiskers."

The car was pretty full, and as all hands had understood that I was complained of, there was a general laugh at this unexpected turn of affairs.

A SURE MARK.

The tact that is born of true kind-heartedness is a thing for which its possessor may well be admired and imitated. "I like your friend Grace Hunt a great deal better than I do Ellen Mayo," said fourteen-year-old Tom to his sister Fanny at the tea-table, one evening.

"Why?" asked Fanny in some surprise. "I'm sure Ellen is a good deal brighter than Grace, and prettier, too!"

"She may be," assented Tom, doubtfully, "but I don't call her very polite. I told Grace that funny story father read us out of Mr. Black's letter to-day, and she laughed and said it was a splendid story, and that she should remember it and tell it to somebody else. But when I tried to tell it to Ellen Mayo, she interrupted me before I'd got half-way through, saying, 'Oh yes! I remember all about that, now; your sister told me a week ago; it's about that man who —' and she went on and finished the story herself."

"It wasn't polite, of course," admitted Fanny, "but I suppose she didn't think how it would make you feel. And, Tom, the fact is, I told the story to Grace, too, at the same time Ellen heard it!"

"I don't care anything about that," said Tom, decidedly, "except I like her all the better for it. She didn't make me feel uncomfortable, and as if I was an old newspaper, as Ellen did. I say she's a lady!"

"And I agree with you, my son," said his father, "and I'll venture to predict that she's a girl who'll make few enemies and many friends, as long as she lives."

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Men who become suddenly rich should be judged leniently. They have many temptations from which the rest of us are happily delivered.

Mr. John Johnson, a man of this class, was desirous to be known as of a literary turn, and to that end proceeded to lay in a library. One of his purchases was an old dictionary which, being somewhat out of repair, was sent to the binder's.

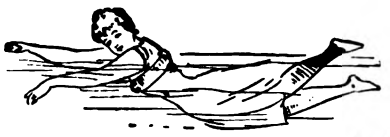
When it was returned to the purchaser, he found printed on its back the words "Johnson's Dictionary." The slight threw him into a furious passion, and he demanded of the messenger:

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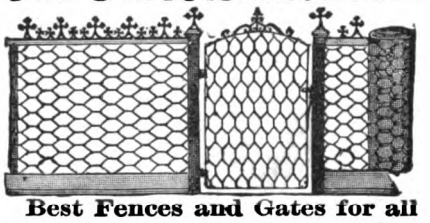
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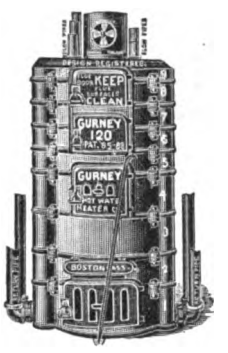
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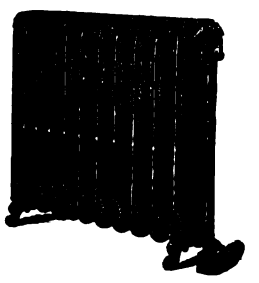
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THE WORLD AROUND.

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FOUND HIS OLD GUN.

The recovery of a long-lost object is a moving event in any life. It freshens the past and brings a page of forgotten history with it. The soldier who said, "Good-by, old arm," to the wounded member cut off by the surgeon, parted with it forever. An old fire-arm, dropped on the field of battle, came back to its owner after twenty-five years. The Philadelphia *Ledger* says:

One of the happiest men who returned from the Gettysburg memorial encampment is C. W. Bishing, of Harveys Lake, Pa. He was a private in Captain Rice's company, Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers. Bishing was shot twice at Gettysburg, one bullet shattering an arm and another entering near his right thigh. This occurred near the bloody angle, and not far from the spot on which the regimental monument stands.

As soon as he received the wounds he set to work to bury his musket. He fell near a big rock, and, though suffering great pain and bleeding profusely, he managed to scoop out enough dirt at the base of the boulder to slip his musket into the excavation. Afterward he carefully covered it, and wondered whether he should ever see it again.

Bishing accompanied the surviving members of his old regiment to Gettysburg on the occasion of the dedication of their monument. While there, accompanied by several old comrades, he started out to look for the musket he had buried over twenty-six years before.

The bloody angle was easily found, and he soon distinguished the huge boulder at whose base he had fallen, and where he had hidden the gun. It took but a few moments to dig the earth up, when to his joy he struck the old musket and quickly resurrected it. It had the appearance of Rip Van Winkle's fowling-piece. The stock had fallen apart, but was still in a good state of preservation. The barrel was bound about with a thick coat of rust, and the lock and other portions were in the same condition.

Bishing lifted the old musket tenderly, and as the recollections of the past filled his mind, he kissed it with the enthusiasm of a father who has found a long-lost child. He says he is poor, but no money will buy the musket.

AN HEIRLOOM.

In an old French household in New York the most carefully cherished heirloom is a slipper which was worn by Marie Antoinette in the last days before the French Revolution. It was one of the precious relics in the baggage of a court lady who fled with her husband to Louisiana when the storm broke. She left the tiny, blue, faded slipper to her daughter, with the injunction that it should go down in the family, to the eldest daughter, if she never allowed herself to have corns.

It is a pretty slipper, and has been carefully kept in the jewel-case of one Frenchwoman after another, so that it is perfectly preserved.

It is short, very narrow and very high-heeled, and is a brocaded blue, lined with soft white silk. The sole is of coarse-grained leather, and there are three satin straps over the instep, fastened with a paste buckle.

The pointed toe is embroidered with silver threads, and the edges are bound with silver braid.

The condition regarding its inheritance has always been strictly regarded. The women of the house have taken great care of their feet that they might rightfully claim the unhappy Queen's slipper, and for a hundred years there has not been a pinching shoe worn in that family.

A relic of this sort would be a boon in a good many households, if it had the effect of inducing the daughters to abandon the tight boots, which injure not only their feet, but their gait and carriage.

"LET JEEMS GO."

A simple argument stated in simple language, with sincere feeling behind it, is often more effective than anything which orators practise under the name of eloquence. A good example is furnished in the memoirs of Jefferson Davis. A young woman wrote to him:

"Dear Mr. President—I want you to let Jeems C. of company oneth, fifth South Carolina regiment come home and get married. Jeems is willin', I is willin', his mammy says she is willin', but Jeems' captain he aint willin'. Now when we are all willin' 'ceptin' Jeems' captain, I think you might let up and let Jeems come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done got married and fight just as hard as ever."

Mr. Davis wrote on the letter: "Let Jeems go." Jeems went home, married the affectionate correspondent of Mr. Davis, returned to his regiment, and did fight as well as ever.

ILLEGIBLE.

When the pot and the kettle "fall out," the conversation sometimes becomes amusing to the bystanders.

The Springfield *Republican* says that a Yale student recently handed in a paper to his professor, and was surprised the next day to have it returned, with a note scrawled on the margin. He studied it diligently, but was unable to decipher the note, and so he brought his paper back to the professor.

"I can't quite make out what this is, if you please," said the student.

"That, sir?" said the professor. "Why, that says I cannot read your handwriting. You write illegibly, sir."

HER CANDIDATE.

There are women who may not believe in suffrage for their sex, and yet are doing active work in the world. The Lincoln *Journal* says that a hard-working woman was one day asked:

"Madam, are you a woman suffragist?"

"No, sir," was the answer, "I haven't time to be."

"Haven't time? Well, if you had the privilege of voting, whom would you support?"

"The same man I have supported for the last ten years."

"And who is that?"

"My husband."

A MAN may magnify his office unduly, as when an apothecary said that doctors were only travelling salesmen to sell his goods.

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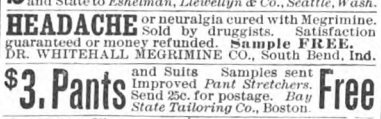
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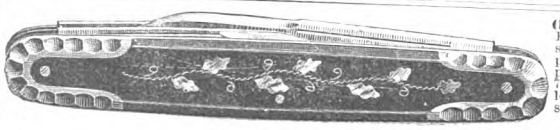


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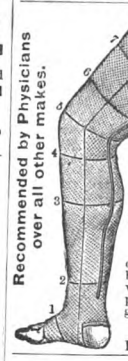
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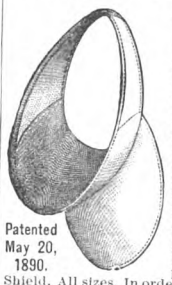
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LINCOLN IN CAMP.

On the morning after the battle of Bull Run the Army of the Potomac was in a sorry condition. Officers were looking after their men, and men were looking after their officers. A cold, drizzling rain was falling, tents and rations were wanting, and worse yet, the army had been beaten, and had not had time to recover itself. The chronicler of the Seventy-ninth New York Regiment pictures the scene as he saw it, and in the same connection relates a characteristic anecdote of President Lincoln.

During the forenoon a few of us had gathered in a barn, where we sat nursing our woes. "I want to go home" was pictured on every countenance.

Colonel Sherman,—the future general-in-chief of the army,—came in while we were talking, accompanied by two or three members of his staff, and in what appeared to us a gruff and unsympathetic tone, wanted to know what we were doing here.

"Keeping out of the rain," was the reply. "We have no tents, and few of us have blankets; and we have nothing to eat."

"Well, you had better go down in the woods and build bush huts. I want to put my horses in here."

We were in no condition to remonstrate, but we had our opinion of an officer who would turn men out of shelter for the purpose of giving it to dumb brutes.

Colonel Sherman's object was no doubt a good one. He knew that brooding over our troubles would do us more harm than good. But he might have advised us in a more kindly manner.

Next morning we moved to a better situation, and in the afternoon were honored by a visit from the President. As his carriage drove up we noticed Colonel Sherman occupying a seat by his side.

There was no formal reception given the President; he merely drove through the camp, and as he stopped before each regiment the men gathered round his carriage and listened to a few words of sympathy and encouragement.

"Now, boys, keep up a good heart, and all will yet be well," was his concluding sentence.

As he motioned the driver to go on, one of our men thought it a good opportunity to get even with Colonel Sherman.

"Mr. President," said he, "we don't think Colonel Sherman has treated us very well;" and he went on to relate the incident of the barn.

Mr. Lincoln listened patiently till the story was ended, and then, half-turning toward Colonel Sherman, who had sat like a statue during the recital, he said:

"Well, boys, I have a great deal of respect for Colonel Sherman, and if he turned you out of the barn I have no doubt it was for some good reason. I presume he thought you would feel better if you went to work and tried to forget your troubles."

With a bow and a wave of his hand he told the driver to go on to the next camp.

It was wonderful how much good that thoughtful visit of the President worked in the minds of the men. In the grave, serious, yet kindly face of Lincoln we each saw a sympathizing friend, and our own burden became lighter as we reflected on the terrible load our chief magistrate was carrying on his own heart.

BATTLEFIELD MUMMIES.

A sea-captain, who has recently returned from a long cruise along the South American coast, reports some very strange and interesting sights, especially in Peru. He visited the battlefield of Tarapaca, where the Chileans defeated the Peruvians with great slaughter, in November, 1879.

The Peruvians lost four thousand men, and were forced to leave them unburied on the field.

In almost any other country all these corpses would in a few weeks have been reduced to skeletons, either by wild beasts or by the action of the elements. Here, however, for more than a hundred miles on either side of the battlefield there is not a spear of grass, and as a natural result there are no wild animals.

The soil, moreover, is strongly impregnated with nitrate of soda, and this, in connection with the hot, dry atmosphere, has literally converted men and horses into perfect mummies.

The captain visited the place first by moonlight, and, as may well be imagined, was greatly impressed by the strange spectacle. To all appearance the battle might have been fought but a day or two before. The uniforms were still bright and the steel weapons untarnished.

Inspection by daylight brought out a still more curious phenomenon. The hair had continued to grow, both on the men and on the horses, for some time after death. Some of the soldiers' heads were covered with excessively long hair, while the horses' tails were long enough to trail for some distance on the ground.

GROUND FOR SUSPICION.

The French have a proverb, "*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*," he who excuses himself, accuses himself. This was evidently in the mind of M. de Solilhac, whose amusing account of his ride in a diligence is quoted by the Baron du Casse in his volume of "Souvenirs."

My companion in the coupé was a litigant who was going to Neufchâtel to sustain a lawsuit against a M. de Hollande, of Amiens, who demanded of him the payment of a debt, and who repudiated as false the receipted bill which my companion showed.

He gave me the argument in his defence to read, and I had no sooner looked it over than I hastened to put in my pocket my purse, which I had placed in a pocket of the carriage. He exclaimed with considerable feeling that in taking this precaution I did him an injustice.

I replied, "Monsieur, I have read your defence."

MUSICAL COOKERY.

That the Germans are the most musical people in the world any one would be quite willing to believe after reading a certain cook-book which was published recently in Berlin, and which contained the following very explicit directions for cooking eggs "to a turn:"

"Take the required number of eggs, put them into boiling water, then place yourself at the piano and play a polka *allegro moderato*. At the end of the last movement the eggs will be done."

To cook a last year's spring chicken, nothing less than a symphony of Beethoven's would be necessary, probably.

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EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the Cuticura Remedies, consisting of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy.
Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.
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FAST BLACK IMPORTED
HOSE
FOR MEN.
Half dozen pair. **$2.** Sent by mail on receipt of $2.11
Made from the finest quality "yarn-dyed" Balbriggan; double foot, heel and toe. Will ALWAYS keep a deep black.
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STATE SIZE DESIRED.



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So much for one year's improvement in lamps!
We have a primer to send.
Pittsburgh, Pa. PITTSBURGH BRASS CO.

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Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep-Seated Ulcers of **40** years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price, $1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the United States and Canada.



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Cholera Infantum.

Why Do the Largest Number of Deaths Come in July?

Common observation is right when it says that the mortality from diarrhœal diseases in children is greatest during the summer months.

Taking the average of a large number of years, the mortality increases rapidly from May to July, and then steadily decreases. In a total of 31,048 the mortality during May was 660, during June, 4,103, while during July it reached the enormous number of 12,468.

But just what are the causes of the frightful death rate of this month? Extreme heat and improper food. We cannot control the temperature, but every mother has it in her power to see that her child has healthful food. Mrs. I. J. Woodmansee, of Spencerport, N. Y., has a little girl who



Edna L. Woodmansee, Age 16 months.

was taken quite sick in May of last year with bowel trouble. Nothing helped the baby until she used Lactated Food, when improvement was rapid. All through the dread summer months, when cholera infantum's victims were numbered by thousands, little Edna lived on Lactated Food and kept well and strong. One circumstance stands out prominently in the investigations of cholera infantum—it is that infants fed on Lactated Food are almost exempt.

The grief and sorrow of a parent's heart can be saved by the use of this pure food. It is not medicine—it is an actual substitute for mother's milk, and will sustain and nourish life in the frail little body when all else signally fails.

Lactated Food is sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt of price: 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.00. Interesting book of "Prize Babies" and handsome birthday card free to any mother sending baby's name.
Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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TOOTH POWDER
Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Absolutely pure and harmless. Put up in metal boxes with Patent Extension Measuring Tube. 25 cts.
AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.
Very Convenient for Tourists.
Sold by all Dealers, or mailed on receipt of price. Address Dr. I. W. LYON, 88 Maiden Lane, New York.

Teething Made Easy.
Increased flow of saliva, sore gums, dry mouth, diarrhœa, unusual redness of cheeks, eruptions, ulcerations, itching of the nose, twitching of the muscles, dilation of the pupils, fretfulness, restless sleep or wakefulness, thirst, and loss of appetite, all are symptoms of Teething. Although painful, Teething is not in itself dangerous. It is not disputed, however, that during the teething period the greatest number of deaths occur. A cold, an indigestion or an eruptive fever, coming at this time, acts upon a system less able than usual to resist injurious influences.

"Tooth-Food"
will prevent or cure all teething pains and carry the child comfortably through a period of unusual irritation and danger.
Children who are late in cutting teeth, slow to walk and whose bone formation is defective, should be given "Tooth-Food." The use of this remedy will prevent rickets, convulsions, spasms of the glottis, St. Vitus dance, retention of the urine, etc. "Tooth-Food" is the best anti-scrofula remedy known.
This remedy is made of the nutrient elements necessary to bone growth, supplying material lacking in most natural and all artificial food. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to the taste. Around each bottle is wrapped a circular with full description of "Tooth-Food" and directions for its use. A bottle will be sent, expressage free, to any address, on receipt of one dollar.
THE REYNOLDS M'F'G. CO., CINCINNATI, O.
Your druggist should have "Tooth-Food" and before sending to us you had better ask him for it.

PAINT YOUR ROOFS WITH DIXON'S SILICA GRAPHITE PAINT.
Water will run from it pure and clean. It covers double the surface of any other paint, and will *last four or five times longer.* Equally useful for any iron work. Send for circulars. Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

STAMMERING.

Speech is a very complicated process. Many muscles, and as many nerves, are concerned in it, with a delicacy and rapidity of movement truly wonderful. The whole process is presided over by cerebral centres, which supply the nervous force and coördinate or harmonize the various movements. We learn to use our vocal organs so early that our attention is not called to the difficulties involved, and we are much surprised at occasional failures.

In stammering, the trouble may be said to be in the brain, but there is no organic injury. Something so interferes with the normal outflow of motive force from the nervous centre, that some of the muscles concerned in speech act spasmodically. The spasm may be in the larynx, or in the muscles of respiration.

The difficulty very rarely occurs in pronouncing vowels or in singing, since singing has mainly to do with the vowel sounds. The chief difficulty is with consonants, especially with the explosive consonants, b, p, d, t, g (hard) and k.

The trouble generally shows itself between the ages of four and fourteen. Many causes may originate it, and it may pass away with the cause. Even confirmed stammerers commonly improve after maturity.

Medical treatment is of little avail. The main reliance is on educational methods. The patient must train himself to speak with calm deliberation; to keep his lungs well filled with air; and to check himself and begin the sentence again, instead of struggling with the impeding letter. He should also give much attention to deliberate reading.

An eminent physician, who had been a terrible stammerer in boyhood, and who never fully overcame the defect, says that the letter "m" gave him special trouble. But he could speak it readily, if he uttered the letter "o" before it. His upper teeth would wound his under lip in the effort to speak the word "method" in public.

He found great difficulty in saying "good morning," the "g" as well as the "m" troubling him, but he could say it if, at the same moment, he raised his hat. He could easily read a lecture in public, if he had carefully read it over beforehand, and thus secured calmness. Sometimes finding himself about to stammer over a particular word, he would substitute an equivalent expression, and thus escape.

For the Companion.

THE ZODIAC.

The zodiac is a belt in the heavens sixteen degrees in width, extending eight degrees on each side of the ecliptic. It receives its name from the Greek word zoön, meaning a living creature, for the reason that the constellations included in its boundaries, with the exception of Libra, are representations of animals.

The ecliptic, on each side of which the zodiac extends, is a great circle cutting the equator at two points one hundred and eighty degrees apart—the points being known as the equinoxes—and making, with the equator, an angle of twenty-three and one half degrees. It is called the ecliptic, because it was long ago discovered that eclipses take place only when the moon is crossing it.

The ecliptic is the apparent path of the sun among the stars, hence its great importance in the celestial economy.

A belt on each side of it was therefore marked off, and within this space the moon and such planets as were then known were always to be found. The classification has come down from prehistoric times, when it was believed that the earth was the central body in space, and at rest, while sun, moon and stars revolved around it—long before the Copernican system was adopted, the telescope invented, or Uranus, the asteroids and Neptune discovered. It shows how much observation can accomplish, even when resting on an untenable foundation.

The zodiac is divided into twelve equal parts, thirty degrees in length, called signs, each sign representing the progress of the sun during a month, and thus illustrating the sun's annual journey. The names of the twelve signs are these: Aries, Taurus and Gemini for spring; Cancer, Leo and Virgo for summer; Libra, Scorpio and Sagittarius for autumn; Capricornus, Aquarius and Pisces for winter.

The signs are unchangeable. Whenever the vernal equinox occurs, the sign Aries commences, and longitude is reckoned from that point. It is different with the constellations, for the vernal equinox falls back a little every year.

When the first catalogue of stars was formed, 140 B. C., the signs nearly corresponded to the constellations bearing their names; but in the two thousand years that have passed since that time the vernal equinox has fallen back twenty-eight degrees, so that the constellations seem to have advanced nearly a whole sign. The sign Taurus now corresponds with the constellation Aries, Gemini with Taurus, and so on. The cause of this seeming advance of the stars is called the precession of the equinoxes.

"ON TIME."

It is a matter of pride with railroad companies to run their trains on time, or to come as near to punctuality as possible. This well-known fact no doubt explains an incident which an English traveller relates in connection with a journey which he took across the American continent. It was on one of the great transcontinental lines which had made special promises as to punctuality.

On the journey, the English traveller seemed to notice a marked disregard for the time-table, but he was interested in the country, and made no complaint.

At last the Pacific terminus was reached. There he met a beaming official of the company, who, pulling his own watch out, said:

"Just look and see what time you've got, will you, please?"

"It wants ten minutes of one," said the Englishman, a little puzzled.

"Yes, sir; twelve-fifty, exactly! And that's the time she's scheduled to arrive! How's that for promptness? Crossing the continent, almost three thousand miles, and getting here at twelve-fifty o'clock, precisely as advertised."

"I can't deny that, you know," said the Englishman. "It's very fine, no doubt; but look here—how many *days* were you late?"

"Oh, a matter of two or three, perhaps; but we struck the coast at twelve-fifty!"

HE TOOK IT.

Confession is "good for the soul" when it is inspired by repentance, but not necessarily so when it is induced by fear—especially if the culprit is frightened into confessing to some offence that he did not commit.

Peter, a small boy, had been punished for disturbing things on the library table, where his father often sat to write; but his fondness for inspecting this table was so great that he could hardly refrain from taking some article which lay upon the prohibited spot.

One evening, when there was company at the house, Peter sat in a corner in the library, while his father and the guests conversed.

A discussion arose among them as to the proper pronunciation of the word "bicycle."

"Let's look in the dictionary," said Peter's father.

He took the book from the library table and opened it.

"Why," he said, presently, "the word isn't in the dictionary! How do you account for that?"

Peter, in his corner, heard the question, and felt guilty.

"I—I—I took it, papa," he exclaimed, "but I won't do it again—truly, I won't!"

COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

In the year 1705, John Harris and his wife, an English woman by birth, settled upon the bank of the Susquehanna River, at a place afterward known as "Harris Ferry"—now Harrisburg. There he carried on a trade with the Indians, great numbers of whom were in that neighborhood.

On one occasion, Mrs. Harris sent her servant into the cellar for something. The girl lighted a candle, and carrying it in her hand, without placing it in a candle-stick, disappeared down the stairway. She returned in a short time with the desired article, but without the light.

"Where did you leave the candle?" Mrs. Harris inquired.

"It is in the cellar, standing in a barrel of sand," the girl replied.

"Merciful goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Harris, hastening down the stairs. There, sure enough, was the candle, standing erect, in an open barrel of gunpowder, its feeble flame throwing a circle of light around it.

Walking boldly up to the barrel, the brave woman deliberately placed her hands beneath and around the burning candle, and lifting it carefully from its dangerous position, carried it up the stairs.

COSTLY JOKE.

Of all forms of practical joking—and there is not one form which is not detestable—that which throws the victim into terror is the meanest. We copy from a daily paper a true incident, suppressing only the names.

While a young lady, nineteen years old, was seated in the parlor of a lady friend in a New York town not long ago, a young man approached her stealthily with a wooden snake, intending to frighten her. The shock was so great that she at once became hysterical, and has since been demented. It is feared that her mind is permanently injured. In her delirium she does nothing but fight off snakes.

SO IT WAS.

Mrs. Malaprop chooses her words well sometimes.

The rain was falling in torrents as she left church one Sunday lately without an umbrella.

"How irrigating this is!" she cried, in a vexed tone, as she placed her handkerchief carefully over her bonnet.

Yes, Vanilla is expensive, and when one buys an Extract at a low price, do not be disappointed if it is poor or disagreeable in flavor. For absolute purity, we recommend Burnett's Extract of Vanilla. [*Adv.*

A Cooking Stove
Not a Toy.
For
Fifty (50) Cents
Write **The Norris Mfg. Co.**, Cincinnati, O., for Circular

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is suggestive of other birthdays and birthday gifts. Perhaps it may be a wedding gift, or a gift to yourself. Allow us to suggest
STERLING SILVER INLAID SPOONS AND FORKS.
Always have the appearance of Solid Silver.



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Do you want a **THERMOMETER?**
Beautifully finished in white and gold—full 2 feet long—Large—Distinct—Dainty.
We are giving them away to introduce
WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP
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THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
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"YANKEE SHAVING SOAP."
Your Father knows what that is.

ICE CREAM IS MADE
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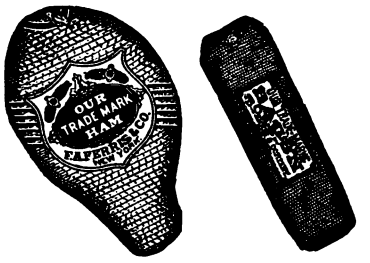
Gearing completely covered. Tubs will not shrink and fall to pieces. Cans are heavy and durable. Beaters are tinned, and being of malleable iron will never break. Inquire of your local dealer in house-furnishing goods for the
"White Mountain."
"Frozen Dainties."
A book of receipts for Ice Cream, Sherbet, etc., mailed free upon application.
THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.,
No. 142 Hollis St., Nashua, N. H.

COWDREY'S DEVILED HAM
"A Most Delicate Preparation."



HAM SANDWICHES A LA PARISIENNE.
Between slices of thinly cut white bread spread a mixture of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham, finely chopped, hard-boiled eggs and cream sauce. Stamp out in small round, oval, square or oblong shapes. Butter the tops. Sprinkle on one-half the number of sandwiches finely chopped parsley and hard-boiled yolk of egg rubbed through a sieve, and on the other half parsley and white of egg chopped very fine.
Send Postage Stamp for "Tid Bit Receipts."
E. T. COWDREY CO., Boston, Mass.

Such a **DELICIOUS RELISH** for
Breakfast, Lunch or Dinner.
THE
"FERRIS"
Famous Hams and Bacon



Many Grocers will give you brands which cost them a little less, if you allow it.
We invite every housekeeper to insist upon having ours.
Our constant aim is to make them the Finest in the World.

The Best Things In Cookery

Are always made with the ROYAL BAKING POWDER. It imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness and flavor noticed in the finest rolls, biscuit, cake, etc., and which the most expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other raising agent.

The ROYAL BAKING POWDER, besides rendering the food more palatable and wholesome, is, because of its higher leavening power, the most economical.

If the ROYAL BAKING POWDER costs a few cents per pound more than others, the difference is more than made up by the superior flavor, purity and wholesomeness of the food it produces.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

THE STUDENT WAITERS.

The boys' academy at Lennox had closed for the summer vacation. The old coach, which lumbered up the village hill three times a day, had taken its last noisy load of boys and its horns to the railway station, and the quiet old place had begun to settle down comfortably for the summer.

In front of the school building sat a group of boys, the only remaining members of the school. They were earnestly discussing plans for the summer.

"Blake," said a lazy-looking boy who lay flat on his back with his hat over his face, "I suppose you will spend the summer in accordance with your pet idea that vacation ought to be a mental stimulus as well as rest. What will you do? Read Lucretius or peddle maps?"

"I think of canvassing for the 'Universal History,'" replied Blake. "They say Wallace made as much as a dollar and a half on the book last summer."

"Umph!" said Wallace, who looked like a divinity student in his long black coat and spectacles. "I tramped about fifteen hundred miles, was barked at by scores of dogs, big and little, lost my self-respect, and made just six dollars and thirty cents over my expenses."

"Six dollars and thirty cents for your self-respect! Too cheap!" said Blake.

"Yes," answered Wallace, "and I don't advise any of you fellows to canvass unless you can talk English fluently, have a smattering of French and German, have dog-proof trousers and tireless legs, and are not afraid of women folks."

"That last clause shuts me out!" exclaimed Tom Comus, an odd-looking boy, who was sitting on the grass just behind Wallace, and playing a solitary game of mumble-the-peg. "But why don't you all go down to Sandy Shore? I went there last year, and had a pretty good time 'slinging chams,' as they call it there. You get all the advantages of a salubrious resort at the seaside, with board and washing thrown in, and a munificent salary of twelve dollars a month."

"I should advise you not to go there," said one of the group. "I was there two years ago. The whole business of the visitors was to see who could eat the greatest number of clams and survive. I was able to keep my self-respect, but found I was losing my respect for the human race at large."

"Why, Barnes!" said Blake, in a tone of surprise. "I never knew you had any such experience. You have never alluded to it before."

"Ashamed of it, I suppose!" muttered Barnes, pulling up a tuft of grass fiercely. "And yet I don't know why I should be."

Crosby, who had been reading a newspaper while the talk was going on, rose and struck an attitude.

"O Conscript Fathers and fellow Greeks, I have a plan to propose, and if any one has a better, let him speak. Permit me to read the following advertisement from the *Daily Yes and Cry*:

"WANTED.—At the Hillside Hotel, Glenvale, on Lake Shawnut, a dozen waiters. Student waiters preferred. For terms and particulars address, J. L. TRASK, Proprietor.

"Say we all go together!" exclaimed Tom. "We couldn't do better. Here are eight of us. We all want work. Genteel work, such as Blake craves! Let's apply to J. L. Trask at once. Come, fellows, what do you say? Shall we move on the Hillside Hotel in a body?"

The boys talked it over, and decided that they could not do better.

Unusual circumstances had brought this group together. Three of them were Western boys, who could not afford to go home even for the long vacation. Blake's home was in New York. He had been kept in Lennox a day or two after the close of school to do some extra work for the principal.

Barnes lived in Maine, and was tired of working on a farm during the summer. He and Wallace had been looking for something else to do, for Wallace had no home to go to when the school year ended.

Rex, or as he was better known in the school catalogue, King, had the unenviable reputation of being the laziest boy in the academy. Tom Comus and Crosby were room-mates, and where one went the other followed.

Most of these boys had been compelled to lose a year for want of means to go on; but a poor student may enjoy life as much as any.

"I have been discharged."

The letter of application was written and sent, and the boys anxiously waited two days for an answer. It came, and Tom read it to the group:

Come up at once. I can offer the new hands, who have not had experience, only fifteen dollars a month. Those who have waited in hotels before will have twenty dollars. This includes washing, which I shall expect you to take at once and oblige.
Yours truly, J. L. TRASK.

Next morning the train from Lennox carried as cheerful a party of eight boys as could be found in the world.

The day seemed all too short when the little steamer, which made connection at Wilton, drew up at the wharf at Glenvale. It was dusk when they reached the great hotel.

There was nothing for them to do that night, as supper had been served. They went into the carving-room, where the head-waiter assigned them tables, and gave them instruction in their work.

Their bedrooms were at the top of the house, but the windows all looked out on the lake, and they were too tired and good-natured to grumble at the hard beds. They slept soundly until the waiters' bell sounded at six o'clock in the morning.

At a long table in the basement the boys found the other waiters taking their breakfast, and were assigned their seats. There were more than sixty waiters in all, of whom twenty or thirty seemed to be students like themselves.

After their breakfast the great dining-room upstairs became the scene of action. The boys were assigned, as far as possible, to tables where there were few guests, or with an experienced waiter. Tom and Barnes had a table together, which seated twelve persons.

During breakfast, Wallace, who was rushing into the carving-room for a hasty order from a guest who must leave on an early boat, ran into Tom just as he was coming out with a tray full of coffee. There was a crash, and a smothered shriek from Tom, as the hot coffee splashed upon him, and half a dozen cups and saucers rolled to the floor.

"Are you very much burned?" asked Wallace, anxiously.

"N-no—I guess I shall live!" gasped Tom, while he and Wallace bent down to gather up the fragments.

When Wallace stood up he looked more rueful than ever.

"I've forgotten what my order was," he said, "and the man was in a great hurry. This has knocked it all out of me!"

"Well, I'll tell you what to do," said Tom. "Go back and ask him if he wants it well-done or rare."

"But I don't know what 'it' was!"

"No, but you may find out that way."

"Hem!" said Wallace, a little dubiously. "It might be beefsteak or an omelet. Ah! I remember now! It was an omelet! You're all right, Tom!"

At dinner the tables filled up rapidly, so that several orders had to be taken at once. The boys' white aprons flashed hither and thither. Several lost their heads amid the rattle of dishes in the glass-room and the shouts for orders in the carving-room. Wallace forgot his orders, and Tom spilled soup recklessly. The indolent Rex actually caught himself running once.

"I took out an order for almost the whole bill of fare a little while ago," Tom said to Barnes, "and when I got in here I couldn't for the life of me think of anything but string-beans! It's worse than learning the paradigm of the Greek verb."

In the afternoon the waiters had a little time to themselves, and compared experiences as they rested by the shore of the lake.

"I think I had rather peddle the 'Universal History,'" said Wallace. "I had a fourness for that, and when I stopped at a house to sell, I could get it off. But how is a fellow going to remember several lists of dishes, most of them with impossible French names? By the time I have taken six different orders, my mind is in a state of utter imbecility."

"I believe we can do it after some practice," said Blake. "Did you see that young fellow in the dazzling white trousers come into the dining-room with two trays, one on each hand, and pile up with dishes four or five deep? I envied him. Really, for a few minutes my highest ambition in life was to be a model waiter in a hotel."

"There's a good deal to learn, and it's good discipline," said Barnes, modestly. "It took me a long time last year to learn how to fill a glass of water and put it, gracefully and without spilling, at the guest's right hand."

"By the way, Barnes," said Blake, a day or two afterward, "have you seen the landlord yet? Strange he does not put in his appearance. I wish he would come and take down 'Blisters' a little."

"Blisters" was the name the boys had given to the head-waiter, and the other waiters had immediately taken it up.

They had discovered that the proprietor was absent on important business, though his family were at the house. Meanwhile all the authority in the office was assumed by the lordly clerk, while in the dining-room "Blisters" ruled with a high hand, tyrannizing over the waiters.

The Lennox boys had not yet fallen under his particular displeasure, for they had all been anxious to please and ready to do extra work, and after the first week or two became good waiters; but the more they did, the more Blisters required, and they were beginning to chafe under his orders.

Waiters have certain well-defined and recognized rights in hotels, and the boys had perceived that these were not observed. They were even ordered to do the work of personal favorites of the head-waiter, while these favored servants slept or flirted in the lake.

Just before the next dinner, Blisters called for Barnes and told him, in a very blustering tone, that his table would be served by one of the other waiters that day, and that Barnes might go to the other end of the dining-room and wait on a party of his own "gentlemen friends," who were stopping for dinner at the hotel.

Barnes did not like the order, but obeyed. His pride had already been wounded several times by the overbearing insolence of his superior.

The head-waiter's friends were boisterous and ill-mannered young men, who, after calling for almost everything on the bill of fare, came to the wine list.

"Here, John!" called out one of them, familiarly, to Barnes, "get us a bottle of brandy, and be lively!"

Barnes went in search of Blisters. Very little liquor was sold in the hotel, and Barnes had told the head-waiter on the night of his arrival that he would not serve it.

"They want a bottle of brandy," said Barnes to the head-waiter.

"Well, there is a bottle on the sideboard. Take it to them!"

"I have not carried liquors to any of the guests since I came into the hotel; I told you when I first came that I would not, and it was understood that I should not," replied Barnes.

"You won't!" blustered Blisters.

"No," said Barnes. "I said I would not have anything to do with the wine list when I first came, and you set me at work knowing my objections to serving liquor. You must get some one else to help your friends."

"You are discharged from the hotel," said Blisters, angrily, "and the sooner you leave the better it will be for you."

"Very well," said Barnes. He untied his apron strings, and put the garment away.

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The head-waiter gave him a card stating the amount of wages due him. He presented it to the clerk, and was paid his due.

Barnes rushed upstairs, gathered up his few possessions, thrust them into his satchel, and was down again before dinner was over. He was too much enraged to stop to say good-by to the other boys, and the whole affair had happened so quickly that none of them knew it.

He looked at the time-table in the office, and saw that he had just time to run down to the wharf and catch the steamer for Wilton.

Down he ran, and arrived just as the little steamer was approaching with a large number of passengers. A few of them were preparing to land, and the boat made but a short stop before going on to Wilton.

As usual, there was a crowd on the dock watching the boat and awaiting friends. As the steamer came up, broadside on, to the little wharf, there was a movement among the crowd, some of those who were behind pushing, in order to be nearer the incoming boat.

Suddenly there was a loud cry, the shriek of a child's voice, and a splash in the water; while the crowd, as if alarmed, surged back from the front of the wharf.

Barnes, who was standing on one of the piles at the end of the wharf, ready to leap upon the boat when it was near enough, saw a small figure fall from the end of the wharf almost under the splashing paddle-wheels of the boat.

Without hesitation, Barnes, who was a good swimmer, threw off his coat, and leaped down between the steamer and the wharf.

Three or four vigorous strokes brought him to the object. Even in the confusion of the moment, amidst the shrieks of the women and the shouting of the Captain on the boat, he recognized the boy as one who had been at his table in the morning, and whom he had seen two or three times about the hotel.

The boat had surged up so close to the wharf that it seemed as if there were small hope that anything could escape crushing in that narrow space. Once Barnes thought the paddle-wheels had struck him, and he was blinded and choked by the yellow foam as it rushed back from the piles about the wharf, but he kept his hold upon the boy.

The man at the wheel rang his bell to back the boat; the paddles slowly reversed their motion, and the boat stopped and gradually receded. The spectators breathed more freely as they saw the distance widen.

All this had taken place in a briefer space of time than it takes to tell it. But it seemed a long time to Barnes before a rope was thrown to him, and strong arms reached down and lifted him and the boy carefully upon the wharf.

"Whose boy is it?" asked more than one voice, while Barnes mechanically wrung the water out of his hair, and looked about in a confused manner.

"Why, it's Trask's boy at the Hillside!" cried several, in answer.

The lad was not much the worse for his fall; only a good deal frightened. He had been sitting on the edge of the wharf as the steamer came up, and the crowd, as it surged forward, had pushed him over into the lake.

Barnes began to look for his coat, after seeing that the boy had good care and was not seriously hurt. In the confusion he might have walked away to the boat unnoticed, as he sought to do, if the proprietor of the Hillside, who had been on board the incoming boat, had not rushed down upon the wharf and clasped his boy in his arms.

"Where is the man who saved my child?" cried the father.

"Here he is, father!" cried the boy, running up to Barnes.

Mr. Trask seized Barnes's hand and wrung it fervently.

"You must come right back with me. My wife must see you, and you must change your wet clothes."

"I beg your pardon," said Barnes, somewhat stiffly, "but I have been discharged."

"Discharged from what?"

"From the dining-room of your hotel."

"Well, I reinstate you. Young man, this is not a time to stand upon ceremony! Come!"

The invitation was irresistible. Barnes followed, and was questioned all the way by the hotel proprietor as to the affair. Mr. Trask listened attentively, but said little.

That evening the guests, who had heard the whole story, insisted on giving Barnes an "ovation." The hotel was lighted up, the drawing-rooms were thrown open, the band played its best. Barnes was the hero of the hour.

The next morning he went back to his place, to receive the congratulations of his friends. Tom whispered, when he found an opportunity, "Blisters all gone! We're entirely convalescent in that particular."

The head-waiter had received his deserved discharge.

During the remainder of the season none of the Lennox boys had reason to complain of unjust treatment.

As Barnes was leaving the house at the end of the season, Mr. Trask slipped a letter into his hand with the remark, "This is not to be opened until you are within ten miles of Lennox."

"Ten miles from Lennox," said Wallace, at the end of a pleasant day's ride, to remind Barnes of the letter. Barnes, who had forgotten it, drew it out and opened it.

A check for one hundred dollars was folded in a letter which read thus:

I trust you will not consider this as expressing in any coarse way my appreciation of your heroism in rescuing my boy. But please accept it as a slight token of my regard for you, and use it for the good of some one, either yourself, or some other student who may be in need of it. I wish you the happiness of a long and successful life.—Your friend, J. L. TRASK.

"Well," said Wallace, after a pause, "I wish a boy would have the kindness to tumble off a wharf for me when I've nothing else to do but pull him out."

Barnes smiled. "It has been a pleasant summer for me. I shall never grumble at my poverty again."

"I should think not!" replied Wallace, as the other boys gathered around; and a jolly crowd of poor students rolled into Lennox singing:

Oh, 'tis very, very sure
We are very, very poor,
But taking into close consideration
The circumstances of our situation,
We are not exactly what you might call
So very, very poor after all.

CHARLES M. SHELDON.

A SUMMER WISH.

To live a poem under thick green boughs,
With patches here and there of blue above—
Mingled with crooning of the brooding dove,
And pine-trees sighing of the wind that blows
From cool, high mountain range and arctic snows.

—*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

For the Companion.

CAR'LINE'S ELOISA.

"Hold your head still, Car'line!" commanded Aunt Maria, giving the hair she was braiding an impatient twitch.

Car'line stiffened her neck, drew her mouth into a small round pucker, and winked her eyes very fast and hard.

If the combing of Car'line's hair was a daily trial to Aunt Maria, it was an ordeal, also, to Car'line. Her hair was long, fine, thick and inclined to snarl. Aunt Maria plied the brush with a smart hand, and combed through the snarls with a vigorous comb.

"I'm a good mind to cut your hair short in your neck—it's such a bother," Aunt Maria said, almost every day, when Car'line winced and flinched under the comb.

Car'line almost wished she would cut it, though none of the girls at school wore short hair. Aunt Maria, although she would have scouted the idea, must have had a secret regard for Car'line's appearance, for she never carried out the threat, but tugged at the snarls and braided the hair in two long, tight braids every day.

It was not so bad when the snarls were conquered and the braiding had begun. Then the puckers smoothed out of Car'line's face; she stopped winking so fast, and began to think of other things.

"Aunt M'ria," she remarked, "Emma Jane's grandmother has brought her a new doll."

"Humph!" said Aunt Maria.

"It's a handsome doll," continued Car'line, not much encouraged to go on, but too full of the subject to keep still, "with a blue dress and black slippers—a boughten doll! Emma Jane's grandmother dressed it."

"It's all vanity and foolishness," said Aunt Maria, scornfully, "buying a doll for that great girl. Why, she was eight year old last May. I sh'd think she's old enough to begin to do something besides play with dolls. She'd better be sewing up sheets for her mother, or learning to knit."

Car'line was silent. She was almost nine—nearly a year older than Emma Jane. What would Aunt Maria say if she knew that Car'line longed in the depths of her heart for a doll?

Most of her dolls had been pillow-case babies, without faces or limbs, and with just a little shawl or cape pinned about them for clothing.

That was when she was a very little girl, years ago. But once, for a brief time, Car'line had owned a "store doll." It had a pink illusion dress, and a plaster-of-paris head and shoulders. Aunt Maria kept it carefully for Car'line, laid away in the top of the great bureau.

One night, when she was sick with measles, Car'line begged for the doll, to hold in her arms before she went to sleep. Somehow—Car'line could hardly realize how such a dreadful thing could have happened—she had fallen asleep and rolled upon dolly, and in the morning the remains of the head had been found crushed to fragments.

That had happened three years ago; but even now Car'line could not think without pain of that morning of bereavement.

When Aunt Maria had tied the ends of the braids with a stout black thread, she reached up to the corner of the looking-glass and took down Car'line's yellow hair-ribbons—her second best pair.

A pair of blue ones was kept in the drawer for Sundays. The yellow ones were worn when Car'line went to school, or on errands to the neighbors' houses. For home use ribbons were not necessary.

"Am I going somewhere, Aunt M'ria?" she asked, as her aunt proceeded to tie on the yellow ribbons.

"Yes. I want you to go over to the Walker place and carry a pail of butter. You may put on your clean apron and your shoes and stockings. You must go careful, and not jounce the pail. Go slow and keep in the shade all you can. Will you remember?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Car'line.

Aunt Maria brought up the pail of butter when Car'line was ready.

"There's two pounds and twelve ounces. That aint as much as I usually send, but there's only the housekeeper and the gov'ness there now, and I suppose it'll be enough. Now be careful and not lose the money."

"No, marm," returned Car'line.

She took the pail and started down the path, between the beds of garden pinks, toward the white gate.

Going over to the Walker place was a duty pleasant to Car'line, even when there was no one at home but the housekeeper. It was a beautiful place; the Walkers were rich city people, who came to the country only in the summer. Their house, grounds, carriage and horses were a source of unfailing interest to the neighborhood.

Sometimes the family remained no more than a week or two at a time, though servants were there through the summer to keep the house ready for their pleasure.

There was a little girl in the family—a child who seemed to live in a world wholly different from Car'line's. Car'line had never spoken to little Miss Annette Walker, and never expected to speak to her; but she had once or twice had the honor and delight of meeting Miss Pratt, Annette's governess, in the garden.

Miss Pratt was a very pretty young lady, with a pleasant smile and a dimple in her chin.

About half-way between Aunt Maria's and the Walker place was a field where wild strawberries grew, richer and sweeter and larger than Car'line had ever gathered elsewhere.

She stopped there a moment on her way, and, kneeling on the green bank, pushed her head between the rails of the fence to see if the berries had begun to ripen. Her sunbonnet was almost crushed when she withdrew it, but her face was full of satisfaction.

"When I've left the butter, I'll come back and see if I can't pick a cupful for Miss Pratt," she said. "I 'most know she'll like 'em."

Car'line always walked along the shady, flagged path leading around to Mr. Walker's back door with a sense of timidity approaching awe. The house was so large and imposing, with its piazzaed front and long pillars; and the elms in the yard were so great, and the lawn and garden so beautiful!

If the housekeeper had not been a friendly, social person, Car'line would hardly have dared to go there.

There was a stately front door in the part of the house facing the road; then another entrance from the flagged walk into a side hall; further along another door opened upon a porch in the L, and still further a doorway into the shed which adjoined the kitchen.

Car'line, in her humility, always went to the last door of all.

The shed-door was open, and Car'line stepped softly in. Even here everything was daintily clean and tidy. The floor was swept and scrubbed every day, and the household utensils, which were kept here, were tidily set back against the wall.

There were two barrels standing near the door, into which were dumped the household odds and ends of rubbish, to wait till a man from the village came and carted it away.

Car'line had heard the neighborhood gossip about the nice things that were thrown into the Walkers' rubbish barrels.

"Such a sinful waste!" Aunt Maria had exclaimed, more than once; "throwing away good cloth, and bedding that's hardly worn at all, and clothes good enough for anybody to wear."

Naturally Car'line glanced at the much-discussed barrels as she passed them, and saw there, lying on the top of the nearest one—a doll!

It was a doll that little Annette Walker had thrown away; but to Car'line's eyes it was beautiful. True, the dress and lace-trimmed skirts were somewhat soiled, the paint on the smiling face was a little tarnished, and the curly hair tangled. But with all these drawbacks, it was a doll rarely elegant and desirable to the little country girl.

It was hard to pass by the doll and go on to the kitchen where she met the housekeeper and did Aunt Maria's errand; harder still to go away and leave the doll lying there on the ash-barrel.

"Oh, dear, what if they should bring out a lot of ashes and throw on her!" Car'line thought, as she passed down the flagged walk again. "I wish I could buy her. Oh, I wish I dared ask Mrs. Priest to give her to me."

But Car'line could not do that. To ask for anything—to beg, as Aunt Maria would put it—was almost the lowest form of impropriety and disgrace. Never to take anything you cannot pay for was, in Aunt Maria's code, one of the prime principles of right and decent living.

Car'line had caught a glimpse of Miss Pratt sitting in the arbor in the garden, but she decided not to attract the young lady's attention until she came back with her offering of strawberries.

She ran down the road now, with her pail relieved of the butter, and in a few minutes was scrambling through the fence into the field where the wild strawberries grew.

Here a lucky thought struck her—a plan by which she might become the honorable owner of the doll. If only she could summon the courage to propose it to Mrs. Priest!

"And if I do get her," thought Car'line, "I'll name her Eloisa."

About half an hour later Car'line appeared suddenly before Miss Pratt, who was still reading in the arbor. The girl had brought a little green basket, which she had ingeniously twisted of bulrushes and lined with leaves, and had filled with ripe, sweet-looking strawberries.

As Miss Pratt looked up from her book, Car'line timidly held the basket toward her.

"I picked 'em for you," she said, bashfully.

"For me? Why, you dear little girl! How nice it was of you to think of it!" exclaimed the pretty governess.

Car'line's face grew pink with embarrassment and delight, under her green and white sunbonnet.

"'Twasn't nothing—I—I just liked to do it," she stammered, blushing deeper in her confusion, and wondering what was the proper thing for her to say.

"Won't you sit down here and eat them with me?" asked Miss Pratt, pitying Car'line's timidity, and trying to put her at her ease.

"No, ma'am, I can't stop now," said Car'line. "I've got something to see Mrs. Priest about."

Car'line was an unusually bashful child, and her heart beat fast with excitement and fright as she approached the house to make her request.

"Oh, I can't do it, I can't do it after all!" she whispered, as she stood quaking in the shed. She half turned to run home.

Then she looked again at Eloisa, lying plaintively on the ash-barrel, with her blue eyes placidly staring up to the shed-roof, and the sight nerved her courage afresh.

Hurrying through the shed, she met Mrs. Priest at the kitchen door.

"Mrs. Priest," she said, speaking very fast, "I came back to see if you'd sell me Eloisa—I mean that doll there on the barrel—and let me pick berries enough to pay for her!"

Mrs. Priest looked pleasantly down at the little flushed face and excited eyes.

"That old doll!" she exclaimed. "Why, you needn't pay for it, child. You may have it and welcome. It'll only be carted away with the other rubbish."

Car'line shook her head.

"I can't take it, ma'am," she faltered, "'less you'll let me pay for it somehow."

"Oh, well, you may bring the berries then," she said, considerately. "I think a pint will be enough."

Car'line's eyes were shining with delight now, and she turned to take the doll. But Miss Pratt had come into the shed, and lifted Eloisa from the barrel. She had heard the conversation.

"I wish you would leave the doll a little while," she said, kindly, "and let me paint her face afresh, and curl over the hair. I have some paints that will make the face as clean and pretty as when the doll was new."

Two days later Car'line went up the flagged walk again, with a little pail of ripe strawberries in her hand. All this time she had been thinking and dreaming of Eloisa.

"Come in two days; the face will be dry then," Miss Pratt had said. How the time had dragged!

Miss Pratt met her, this time, and led her through the kitchen, past the splendid dining-room with its table a-glitter with silver; past beautiful rooms where Car'line caught glimpses of statuary and pictures, rich carpets and elegant mirrors; up the great stairway, and along the fine hall to the governess's own room at the end.

Then she removed a tissue-paper cover from something that was lying on the bed, and held up to Car'line's delighted view Eloisa—but Eloisa transformed!

The governess's paint-brushes had reproduced all the beauties of the doll's face when it was new. The cheeks were just as pink, the eyes as blue, the face as fair and clear as if it had never lain in the Walkers' rubbish barrel.

The tangled hair, too, had been carefully combed out and re-curled, the pretty blue and white checked dress washed and ironed and trimmed with new ribbons, and the lace-trimmed skirts laundered, pinked and fluted with the nicest care.

Car'line caught her breath with a gasp of admiration and delight.

She could not think of a word to say when Miss Pratt carefully rolled the doll in the tissue-paper and gave it into her possession. But perhaps the tears of joy in her eyes, with which the smile on her trembling mouth was struggling, thanked Miss Pratt better than any words that Car'line could possibly have said.

"And you never even thanked her?" said Aunt Maria, severely, when Car'line afterwards gave all the particulars at home. "Car'line Maria Jones, I'm ashamed of you!"

Aunt Maria did not quite understand.

Car'line is a woman now, and a good many outgrown joys and sorrows strew the pathway between that long-ago summer and this; but it is not likely she has ever known a moment of

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happiness more complete and satisfying than the one when she went back over the flagged walk and turned her happy face homeward, with Eloisa clasped tenderly in her arms.

FANNY M. JOHNSON.

A SCHOLAR'S NEED.

It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast.

—*Burns.*

For the Companion.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "KITTIEWINK."

In Seven Chapters.—Chapter VI.

Phineas and the Captain.

Imagine a tidal river, thirty feet wide at its mouth, emptying into the Atlantic. Imagine this river almost shallow enough at its outlet at low tide to swamp a rowboat, and deep enough when the tide is full to float a three-master. Imagine the waters rushing one way or the other at a whirlpool rate at the mouth of this river, as the tide comes or goes. It has often taken a sailboat in a fair wind two hours to run fifty feet in the face of this tide.

Imagine a long stone pier reaching out into the tumultuous ocean, and beside it a tide-rip with white breakers gleaming like tigers' teeth.

In stormy weather these are impassable by one who does not ride them at the right moment, or who is ignorant of the channel.

Here, too, are foam-tossed ledges, some of them above the high-water mark, some below; some marked by a black buoy, some not marked at all; but all dreaded alike by the mariner.

Add to all this an easterly wind and an angry sea, and you have Pennylunk Harbor as it was on the morning that Phin Scrod found his lost Captain and his mate Non.

The *Kittiewink* was off Cape Porpoise, scudding before the wind, trying with all her might to make shore, somewhere, in some way, and more quickly than she had ever done before.

"'Taint no use to make for anywhere but Pennylunk. The tide's a-goin'. We can fetch Pennylunk, an' jog a bit until it comes, an' run in an' telegraph to your folks."

So said Phineas, hopefully. He was quite as impatient to land as the boys were. He took in the lay of the wind, and at the same time gave what might be called a hysterical laugh.

He was almost beside himself for joy. Non was not so exuberant, for he was still sea-sick; but Hal performed what he thought was a sailor's hornpipe upon the cockpit floor, and immediately asked to take the wheel.

"Not yet, sonny," answered the cautious sailing-master. "This is a purty stiff bit o' wind, and Pennylunk is a harbor to steer clear on, unless you've been there, as I've been with many a bar'l of herring."

"But how soon can we send off the telegram?"

Hal's anxiety to relieve his mother's distress had begun to take definite and urgent shapes. He was a considerate boy, but the continual round of excitement had, for a time, taken his mind off Sweet Fern and the dear ones there.

But while his parents had been worrying, Hal had been growing much better in health. Doctor Parkhurst was right. The change worked wonders in the few weeks. Hal was not strong, but he was now likely to become so.

The yachting season had only begun. What would it not do for him by the end of the summer?

But a new thought had troubled his mind; it had even suggested itself to the skipper. Non, too, had secretly shared it, and without regret. After



all that had happened, would Mrs. Maynot allow Hal to set foot on the *Kittiewink* again, if he once safely set foot on shore?

Hal thought of this possibility sadly. This might be his last sail. He made up his mind to enjoy it to the fullest extent while it lasted.

The *Kittiewink* had now skirted the shore until the long pier at Pennylunk was well in sight. The summer cottages and hotels were so near that people walking on the shore could be seen, and women distinguished from men.

A high sea was running. The waves curled and snapped at the bar of the river. When the tide is low, as it was at the moment when the *Kittiewink* approached it, the water breaks with a roar along the whole outlet which goes by the name of a harbor.

The rocks stood out in bare relief off the shore, and the white caps played over the dark, green reefs.

In windy weather the summer visitors like to walk the length of their pier. Some fish for cunners at its end in the deep rock bottom, but even that sport gives way to interest, and often to anxiety, when a strange sail makes for the narrow channel under the stone breastwork. Many a native fisherman, with frantic gestures, warns the stranger who attempts the impossible entrance at low tide.

One such mariner was greatly relieved when the *Kittiewink* presently stood off from the harbor and "began to jog;" that is, carried her jib to windward and her helm up.

"Why don't you run right in?" asked Hal, impatiently. "We can't wait here. I must telegraph right away."

"We've got to jog about here a couple of hours, until the tide'll serve us. There aint five feet of water there now," said Phineas, serenely.

He resolutely kept the *Kittiewink* on her course until she came to breakers ahead, and then brought her about to jog on the other tack. Hal stood beside him, and impatiently made fast the jib-sheets at the skipper's orders.

The boy was nervous and irritable. His wonderful escape had not so much sobered as exhausted him. Though he had gained so much in bodily health, his nerves had undergone a long strain. This condition took its lowest form on this occasion, and made him unreasonable, ungrateful and fretful at the very moment when he might have been expected to be humble, gentle and patient.

It occurred to him suddenly that where he ought to command he was made to obey. He felt what he considered the indignity of his position. The title of Captain, so dear to him, was an open mockery.

He felt angry that Phin, the uneducated Phin, Phin the gardener, whom his father could buy out a hundred times, and who had always treated him so respectfully at home, that Phineas Scrod should lord it over him in this peremptory way just because they were in a boat—and *his* boat, too!

A desperate idea took possession of Hal's brain. Phineas and he were alone on deck. Black Tarr, Non and Trot were below, preparing dinner.

"Say, Phin," said Hal, in his sweetest tones, "let me take the wheel while you go down and hurry up dinner."

But the *Kittiewink* was in a dangerous position. On the one side were the shore and the impassable channel; on the other, reefs over which the choppy sea was continually breaking. Phin had made up his mind not to risk the boys again. So he answered, firmly:

"No, Hal. You can't take the wheel now. Walt till she's safe in at the wharf. Then ye can play with it."

It was no easy jogging, for the wind blew almost as heavily as it did on the day of the race. It was increasing with the tide.

Phin Scrod was exercising his best caution and seamanship; but if the wind were rising, Hal's temper had done more—it had risen.

"Look here, Phin!" Hal spoke hotly. "Whose boat *is* this?"

Phin turned quizzically. He had found it not an easy task to manage the boys and the boat, too. He allowed some time to pass before he ventured an answer to this easy question. Hal watched him sullenly, and broke out again:

"But I want to get in! I want to telegraph mother right away! Do you hear? Right away!"

In the boy's mind his design seemed praiseworthy, and his mutiny appeared to him to be filial devotion. Hal steadied himself by the companionway. False pride and duty, lawlessness and obedience, were confounded in his heart.

"But it's *my* boat, not his!" kept running through his mind. "I'm Captain; I will do as I please! He's keeping mother in agony."

He began to disregard the tide, the harbor and the wind. He had now lashed himself blindly to the point of believing that Phin was simply delaying the boat in order to exercise his authority. Should his father's gardener treat him like a baby?

Such preposterous questions as this flitted through his mind like bats through a dark cave.

The sailing-master finally answered the lad's first question, slowly:

"It aint *your* boat. It's your dad's, an' he put me here as skipper to look arter it an' you, an' I'll do it, even if I have to go to Davy Jones's locker for it. I've got into one scrape; ye don't ketch me in another."

This reasonable reply stung Hal.

"We'll see if it isn't my boat!" he shouted.

He sprang to the wheel, with a quick motion wrenched it from the unprepared skipper, and with one turn spun the *Kittiewink* around.

Phineas, with a violent exclamation, jumped for the wheel and the jib-sheet in one bound. But it was too late. The wind astern caught the long boom, and swung the main-sail from one side of the boat to the other.

In nautical terms the sail jibed, and did so with a shock that shook the whole boat.

There was a crash, and a sound of splintering wood. The main boom broke in two in the middle. In an instant the gaff above, unable to stand the strain upon it, snapped. The main-sail slapped here and there in the gale, an utter wreck.

Hal was aghast at the result of his mad impulse. No worse accident could have happened to the *Kittiewink*.

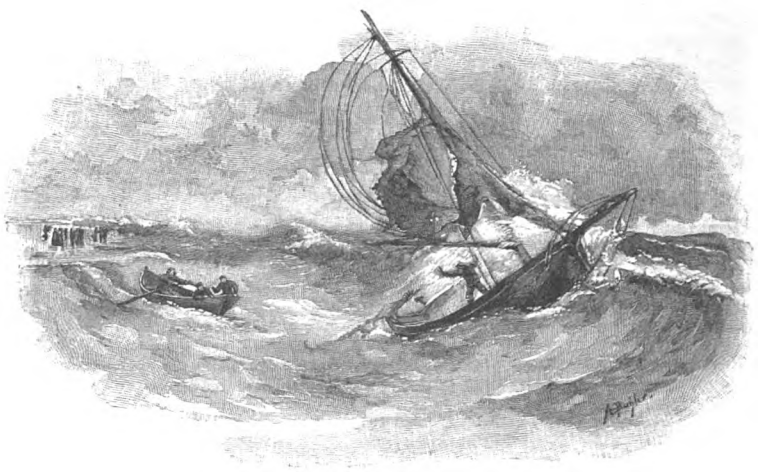
Phineas said not a word. He made a dash at the anchor to let it out. As he sprang forward, the flying main-sail thrust upon him like an enemy, and the broken boom felled him to the deck.

By this time the two below had rushed above. The little dog came barking after them. The splintered boom tore here and there, and threatened to knock every occupant of the disabled boat overboard.

The skipper's order came distinctly above the dreadful confusion:

"Pay out that road for your life!"

By this time Black Tarr was working forward of



The Wreck of the "Kittiewink."

the mast. The bow of the *Kittiewink* heaved up and down. At every dip, Scrod was half-buried in the waves, and his mate was drenched in the spray.

Hal and Non crouched in the cockpit in shivering terror. They did not know what to expect.

"Does she hold?" yelled Scrod to his mate, indicating the anchor.

"Aye! Aye!".

There was a sudden wrench, as if some huge monster had grasped the *Kittiewink* from beneath; then a trembling and an upward leap.

"Heaven save us!" cried Scrod; "she snapped like a pipe-stem. Down with that helm there!"

Neither of the boys had the strength to obey. Hal stared at the scene vacantly. Non could only grasp the spokes for support.

Black Tarr made a leap for the cockpit. The slatting boom struck him down. He rolled over, and fell heavily in the cockpit.

It occurred to Hal, in a vague way, that the man was dead; but Tarr shook himself like a water-spaniel, grasped the wheel, and hauled in on the fluttering jib-sheet.

Scrod now let the throat and peak halyards go as best he could. The main-sail fell as if reluctantly.

Before them were the reefs. If they could gather headway with the jib, and escape these, they might beach the boat on the sandy shore. The *Kittiewink*, as if ashamed of her previous performance, now answered nobly to her rudder.

Phineas Scrod had managed to get safely to the stern. He had made the main-sheet fast, so that the boom at that end could not knock about.

He now busied himself with untying the painter that held the dory. He had not yet spoken to the boys. But there was an angry look, more terrible than scolding, about his mouth.

The *Kittiewink* now bade fair to make the course of the river. If there were only water enough, and she could weather the tide-rip, she might perhaps be saved.

Crowds by this time surged on the shore. Hal gazed stupidly at the land, coming rapidly nearer, and then at Phin's mate at the wheel.

He saw that the boat was staggering towards the sandy side of the river's mouth opposite the pier. He felt as if he were watching a panorama in the Town Hall at Sweet Fern. He heard Trot whine with a dull idea that it would interrupt the performance.

Nevertheless, he expected to be drowned. He felt that it would be the righteous consequence of his crazy deed.

The events of the summer's yachting danced before his eyes in startling vividness. What a failure it had all been! The thought of his parents' suffering filled his head.

Then, there was his friend. If they were lost, Non's death would be upon his head. The burden was more than he could bear.

Mechanically he pushed Trot away from him, and the dog fell yelping into the flooded cockpit. Non stooped and picked him up, and both looked at Hal reproachfully.

Hal staggered to his feet. He had but one impulse—to throw himself overboard. Perhaps, in some strange way, his life might expiate his fault—might save the rest.

Phin was watching their course steadily. It was exceedingly doubtful if a thirteen-foot dory could stand the tide-rip. He was seeking to decide—and the decision must be made instantly—whether to stick to the boat, and trust it to be cast high on shore, with a chance of rescue by the people on the beach, or forsake the *Kittiewink* at the last moment, and make for the mouth of the river in the dory, trusting to Heaven to take them safely through the breakers at the bar.

Scrod misunderstood Hal's movement. He thought the boy meant to get into the dory.

"I don't know but you're right this time," he shouted. "Ketch hold o' this painter while I get 'em in! Look sharp!"

Hal obeyed promptly. A new idea shot through his head, as desperate as those which had gone before it. He would help them all in, then shove off the dory and perish with the ship. That was a fit sacrifice! In his excitement, he remembered that all captains do that.

Hal was almost elated at the thought of enacting this tragedy; and the worst of the matter was that the delirious boy was very much in earnest.

His heart grew big at this plan. He felt that the country would applaud his thrilling heroism, and that his parents would be quite reconciled to so glorious a death.

There was no time to be lost. The *Kittiewink* was already dangerously near the shore. Non threw Trot into the dory, and followed as best he could. Phin's mate got in, and grasped the oars, to be ready when they shoved off.

"Jump in!" yelled Scrod to Hal, who was holding the dory's bow, so that it should not be shattered by the *Kittiewink*.

"You first—I'll sit in the bow!"

There was something in Hal's wild eyes that Phineas did not trust.

"Hurry up there! Haint you done enough for one day? Git in, or I'll heave you!"

Phin took Hal firmly by the arm. At the touch Hal sprang back.

"Let me alone! I'll stay here to the death!"

There was almost no time at all. The roar of the breakers was upon them. If the little dory should be caught in these, who could escape?

With a hot cry, and hotter words, Phin grasped his Captain. All the suppleness, agility and strength of the old fisherman's youth returned at this supreme moment. He twined his arms about the slender lad, lifted him, in spite of the unsteady rocking of the boat, and threw him into the dory.

Hal fell upon a thwart that gave way opportunely, and sank between Non and the sailor at the bottom of the boat.

Hal had also fallen upon Trot, who howled at the top of his lungs with fright and pain.

In the confusion of this scene Phineas had forgotten that Hal held the painter that bound the dory to the *Kittiewink*. It was too late for the gallant skipper to follow. The dory, impelled by the shock and a wave, was too far for a leap.

The opportunity of rescue had passed for Phineas Scrod.

"Keep off!" he cried. "Keep off for your lives!"

His old dory mate saw that it was useless to try to save the skipper. All he could do, was to back water with all his might.

There was a crunching and grating, a cry of horror from the shore, a splash of waters, and the *Kittiewink*, with Phineas on board, was rolled over by the breakers and hidden by a cloud of impenetrable spray.

HERBERT D. WARD.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

A CHINESE JUNK.

In the river Hoogly, at Calcutta, a thousand vessels are sometimes anchored at one time. They lie in tiers parallel to the shore, each vessel moored stem and stern to buoys. Among so large a number of vessels there are always some curious specimens. I remember once seeing a small, square-sterned Dutch galliot, with two masts, which had safely brought a cargo of "Hollands" round the Cape in midwinter.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the craft which go to swell the shipping list at Calcutta are the Chinese junks. They are such clumsy-looking tubs that a European sailor wonders how any man will trust himself in one of them; and they do not look as if they could sail at all, except with the wind exactly aft.

I have met old people who had never seen the sea, and who supposed that when night came on the captain always made his ship fast to a tree, or something else, till morning; and looking at a Chinese junk for the first time one would think such a proceeding would be necessary with her whenever the wind came ahead.

After all, however, these junks are better sailers than they appear to be, and with due allowance for their superstitions, the Chinese are not bad sailors, either.

Some years ago our ship was lying off Garden Reach at Calcutta, in the outside tier. There was a vacant mooring abaft us. One evening, just after eight bells, we were roused from our meditations over a pipe by a tremendous fusillade astern.

Rushing to the rail, we discovered that a large three-masted Chinese junk had just slipped into the vacant moorings, and the shooting was being done by the crew, probably as a thanksgiving for their safe arrival.

We could not see much more of the junk that night; but the next day, which was Sunday, a party of us took the ship's boat and went on board.

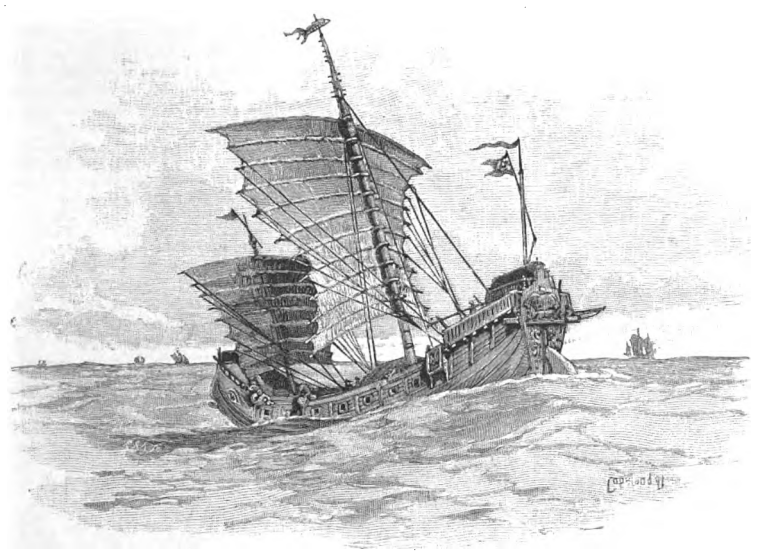
At first appearance she looked like an immense toy boat. Her sides were painted in the most gaudy colors, and decorated with pictures of dragons and other fabulous monsters. On what we presumed was the bow, from the fact that the anchors were there, and just above the hawse-pipes, were painted two immense eyes, one on each side, with eyelids and eyelashes.

The eyes are features never missing from a junk, and we had often seen them and wondered why they were so used. We asked a Chinaman of the crew, who spoke a little "pigeon English," and he explained to us that it was necessary for a junk to have eyes in order that she might get along safely.

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"No can see, how can sabe?" he asked us, with a very expressive shrug. The pictures of dragons and other monsters, our guide also explained to us, were intended to inspire terror in pirates.

The shape of the junk was something like the crescent moon, the stem and stern rising high above the middle part of the deck. The three



A Junk under full Sail.

masts were not connected by fore-and-aft stays, as on our ships; and each mast had only one sail. The sails were of finely woven bamboo matting, with ribs of cane running across them at equal distances of about two feet. With this construction the yard can be lowered and the sail reefed as many times as there are ribs.

The after-mast or mizzen, as we should call it, was very small, and was perched on the extreme point of the stern. On the top of the main-mast was a huge vane in the shape of a fish, made of cane-work, with long streamers affixed to the tail. The anchors were of ironwood, the pieces being lashed together with bamboo; and the cables were of woven cocoanut husk or coir.

The rudder was enormous in size, and was worked by an extremely long tiller. Our guide told us that it sometimes required a dozen men to put it "hard up" or "hard down."

There was very little clear space on what we should call the main deck, the slope of the stem and stern taking up most of the room.

Large beams, painted in all the colors of the rainbow, met our eyes everywhere.

On one side of the main deck was the galley or cook-house. This was a large shed, containing two brick furnaces, under which were fire-holes filled with water, to catch the hot coals as they fell.

The saloon was aft, half of it sunk below the deck and the upper half forming the first story of the poop or quarter-deck. We descended by three steps and found ourselves in a large apartment, nearly thirty feet square, lighted by large glass dead-lights and a skylight in the quarter gallery above.

It was very tastefully finished. Its walls and ceiling were painted yellow, and covered with pictures of monkeys, birds, flowers and fruit. All around were hung curiously and wonderfully made Chinese lanterns. The centre-table was made of rare woods, beautifully inlaid, and the seats were of the same construction.

But the most wonderful and interesting piece of furniture in the cabin was the shrine or Joss-house, which was situated in the after part of the room, and was like a doll's-house on a large scale, with the front removed.

There sat the idol, tailor-fashion; if I remember aright, her name was Chin-Tee. She was made of camphor-wood and richly gilded, and had eighteen arms spread out like a fan on each side.

In each of the hands belonging to these arms she held some familiar object, such as a flag, a flower or a bell. In front of her was a censer in which some perfumed wood was burning, and on the altar were many pieces of gilt paper, which, I believe, represented the prayers of the crew.

On the gallery above the saloon was a smaller Joss-house, protected from the elements by a canvas covering, which contained another female deity whose name I have forgotten, but who was supposed to be the goddess of the sea; so we may call her Amphitrite. She was favored with two female attendants, each clad in red scarfs, and before her were also burning censers of incense.

The most revered object, however, in the whole vessel was the compass. This was decked with red flags and surrounded by offerings of pork, tea and sweetcakes, as a reward for its bringing the ship safe to port.

The hold of the junk contained several huge water-tight compartments, as a safeguard against sinking.

Our guide told us many curious customs of the Chinese mariners; how, in times of danger, they tie red flags to the tiller, masts and cable, and burn gilt paper prayers before the shrine of the sea deity; that in a storm this Joss-paper, as they call it, is burned by the bushel, and roast sucking pigs are offered to the compass, that it may remain faithful and true. We spent an entire forenoon in looking over the odd craft, and found a great deal to interest us.

During our stay in Calcutta the crew of the junk never allowed us to feel dull or lonesome, for every night after dark they set off fireworks, beat gongs, and illuminated the vessel fore and aft with Chinese lanterns.

At last we almost wished that their compass had proved false, and carried them in safety to some other port.

A. J. GRANT.

TEST OF GREATNESS.

Though thy name be borne abroad,
Like wing'd seed, from shore to shore,
What thou art before thy God,
That thou art, and nothing more!

Independent. —*Eleanor C. Donelly.*

COÖPERATION IN ENGLAND.

The idea of coöperation—that is, of combinations of workingmen to buy and sell goods on their own account, supplying their own capital, and receiving and dividing the profits—has now been in practical operation in England for nearly fifty years.

In 1844 twenty-eight poor weavers of Rochdale joined together, established a common fund to which each paid four or five cents a week, and bought tea and sugar for their use at wholesale. Later on, they added bread, meat, and clothes to the articles bought in this way, and thus procured the necessaries of life for themselves at wholesale prices.

This was the beginning of the great system in England known as "Coöperation."

Twelve years later, the society of weavers had grown to such proportions that, under the name of the "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers," it had a capital of sixty thousand dollars.

The profits were divided at the end of each quarter between the shareholders and the customers, and a small portion was also, at each division, applied to educational purposes.

The experiment of coöperation has proved a very interesting one, and in the sphere of wholesale and retail trade, at least, its results have abundantly justified the hopes of its promoters.

To what proportions it has grown may be judged from the reports laid before the congress of coöperative societies, which met at Lincoln about the middle of May.

These societies are organized under a central board, which is divided into six sections, each having a certain district under its supervision. There are fifty-five members of these sections.

The number of societies now enrolled in the coöperative union is no less than twelve hundred, scattered all over the British islands. The movement has an organ, *The Coöperative News*. It has an insurance company; and has recently undertaken a scheme of coöperative cottage-building, to be occupied by its members at low rents.

Thus far, the coöperative system, while it has been tried in many branches of industry, has been most successful in wholesale and retail stores, for the purchase and sale of the necessaries of life.

In twenty-five years the annual business done by the retail stores has increased from twenty million dollars to one hundred and forty million dollars. These figures strikingly show the vast scale of the coöperative movement. In the same period, the number of members of the societies has increased from one hundred and seventy-five thousand to one million.

But the growth of the wholesale coöperative stores has been yet more remarkable. These stores had scarcely begun operations twenty-five years ago. Now they do a business of some fifty million dollars a year. Two of the wholesale stores paid duties on tea last year to an amount exceeding half a million of dollars.

Large profits have by this system accrued to the affiliated workmen, and heavy surpluses have been applied to saving funds and investments.

The good results of the system of coöperation, moreover, have not been confined to their financial prosperity and success. The members of the societies have bought the necessaries of life more cheaply, and have also made direct savings in cash. They have also been taught to know something of political economy, and the various and complex conditions of trade. They have, besides, learned the evils of getting into debt, and the advantage and thrift of paying as they go.

That the cash system, instead of the credit system, has been adopted generally through every branch of English trade, has been largely due to the example of the coöperative stores.

The success which has attended coöperation in wholesale and retail trade, however, has not followed the attempts which have been made in England to apply the coöperative method to industrial production.

Coöperative manufacturing has been tried many times, but has always so far failed. It has been found that skilful management could not be secured for such operations, that the working people would not submit to the orders of agents selected by themselves, and that sufficient capital often could not be collected when needed for the business.

THE MAN-O'-WAR'S FLAG.

For the grand old flag at the head of her,
The flag of battle and song;
The flag that was ever the dread of her
Enemies proud and strong.
Though trials and tempters throng,
May it always be sung and said of her,
Hurrah! for the flag at the head of her,
The flag we have floated long!

Temple Bar. —*S. Frances Harrison.*

OUR PROPOSED NEW COINAGE.

One of the bills passed in the last Congress instructed the director of the United States mint to secure new designs for our silver coins. It was intended to change the designs on both sides of the silver dollar, and on the face of the small silver pieces.

The director of the mint, in his circular to the artists of the country, inviting them to compete, offered a prize of five hundred dollars for each design accepted. The leading designers and sculptors of the United States considered the amount of the prize too small, and declined to compete. They wished, too, to have the designs ordered and paid for, whether they were accepted or not.

When the competing designs submitted by other artists were opened on the First of June, the committee found none better than the designs now in use on our coins. All were therefore rejected, and we shall not have our new coinage until another more successful trial has been made.

This may possibly not be for a year or more; for the artists who objected to the mint director's proposition asked also for a longer time in which to prepare their drawings.

One great difficulty in the way of the artists is the limited variety in the designs which can be used for national coins. The coinage is not like the government paper money and postage-stamps, on which in this country are usually printed the pictures of eminent dead statesmen or generals.

Since the foundation of the government, practically only two designs have been used for the face of either gold or silver coins. One is the head of the allegorical Goddess of Liberty; the other is the full figure of Liberty seated, with a shield in her hand.

Both of these designs are now in use, the first on the silver dollar, the second on the half-dollar and minor silver coins.

There have been surprisingly few alterations, even in these designs. The design on half-dollars and small silver has not been changed since 1837, when it was substituted for the simple head of Liberty.

The dollars, however, have been altered four or five times, changing from the head of Liberty with no cap and with loose flowing hair, in the coinage of 1794 and 1795, to the same full figure as our half-dollars now bear; and then again, thirteen years ago, to the Greek face on the present dollar.

The reverse side has always borne the eagle, but in a great variety of postures, sometimes flying forward through the air, sometimes simply spreading its wings and bearing the Union shield on its breast.

It is not easy to plan out a really original design with so limited a field for ideas. Not one of the coinage designs in our history has been entirely satisfactory; yet repeated experiments, and especially the experience of this year's competitive work, show how difficult it is to improve upon what we already have.

Foreign nations, too, have had much the same experience. Many of their coins, it is true, are better in workmanship than ours, and their designs are not always so restricted.

Yet even in European countries the republics use for their coinage only the same allegorical figures as the United States, while the royal governments stamp on their gold and silver either the head of the country's sovereign, or the national arms, or the emblematic eagle which all governments are fond of using.

England alone has varied with its figure of Britannia, similar in design to our own Goddess of Liberty.

Great Britain has for some time been busy in a work similar to our own, of remodelling and improving its coinage designs. Its "jubilee" coins, issued four years ago, on the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's coronation, were a very great artistic improvement.

At the present time that government is awaiting the result of offers made to artists to send in designs for its gold and silver coins.

It will be interesting to watch the final results in that country, compared with what our own country manages to secure.

The United States has the reputation of leading the world in the work of fine engraving. Many authorities believe that we shall gain an equally high rank in artistic ingenuity and originality. To those who are in doubt on the subject, the two experiments will afford a valuable test.

ABSTAIN.

Doctor Dash, a successful physician in the West, returned to his old home lately after a long absence, and visited the college in which he had been educated.

"Twenty years ago," he said to a group of students, "I graduated in this hall. There were eighteen men in my class.

"Of the eighteen six drank habitually while at college. Not to excess, but regularly—a glass or two each day. Not one of these men has succeeded in attaining fortune, reputation, or even a respectable position. Yet they were among the ablest men in the class.

"While at college, I was in the habit of frequenting the daily newspaper office here. There were ten men in it—editors and reporters. I knew them all—a lot of bright, jolly fellows. The work was hard, the hours late, the meals irregular.

"Every man in the office drank but one, a reporter, Ben Perry. One of the editors told me that he had seen Ben come in from a fire at two o'clock in the morning, drenched to the skin and tired out. He would look wistfully at the whiskey bottle but he never touched it.

"I inquired for the boys to-day. Three had died from drinking; six were holding inferior positions in newspaper offices.

"'Habits bad,' said my informant. 'They could not make their way, and so fell lower and lower. Perry's head was always clear, and he was regular at his work. He is editor-in-chief of one of the principal newspapers in a seaboard city.' He had not half the natural ability of at least three of the others.

"These are facts," said the doctor. "I advise you who are beginning life to consider them. I have not a word to say about the moral question involved in drinking. But I know, as a physician, that no American, with his nervous organization, in this wearing climate, can habitually take liquor without injury to his health, and without in greater or less degree hindering his chances of success."

A schoolboy in Australia recently put the matter tersely, thus: "I abstain from liquor because if I wish to excel as a cricketer, Grace says 'abstain'; as a walker, Weston says 'abstain'; as an oarsman, Hanlon says 'abstain'; as a swimmer, Webb says 'abstain'; as a missionary, Livingstone says 'abstain'; as a doctor, Clark says 'abstain'; as a preacher, Farrar says 'abstain.'" Asylums, prisons and work-houses repeat the cry, "Abstain."

FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

Is evolution a real thing? If so, how far have animals that can love and suffer progressed on the road toward humanity?

Christopher ought to have known something about it; for Christopher, the cat, was more than twenty years old; and twenty years of a contemplative life at one peaceful fireside ought to give even a stupid cat time to form a few opinions, and Christopher was not a stupid cat, by any means.

The only trouble was that there is no system of common-school education for kittens; and nobody had taken the pains to teach Christopher any language beside his own, and his own, nobody but Dick, who was probably his great-grandson, understood.

Dick did not pass much time in reflection. He was only three years old then, and yet he was a mighty hunter, and so full of adventure that nothing kept him in his one quiet corner of the world except his respect for Christopher.

When Christopher was nearly twenty-one his health began to fail, and that was a trouble to Dick. Christopher hunted no more. His diet was narrowed to the uninteresting bill of fare the cook provided. Richard must have noted this. What was the matter? Was Christopher lazy? No—it meant that strength was failing him.

Then Dick went hunting for two. Sometimes he brought a mouse, and laid it down before Christopher, the patriarch; sometimes a bird; sometimes a squirrel; but whatever he brought he waited until Christopher had eaten his fill, before he even offered to taste anything himself.

Then when Christopher failed still more and neglected his toilet—cruel sign of old age and decrepitude—Dick noted this also. Henceforth, before making himself spick and span, he always licked Christopher from head to foot. And this went on all one winter.

The warmest place by the fire Dick gave to Christopher. When the old fellow consented to make a good meal, Dick was happy. But as the languid spring days came on, Christopher's appetite failed sadly. He turned wearily away from a fat mouse.

"Perhaps a bird would please him better," thought anxious Dick, and he got an early bird from somewhere, and brought that in its turn. No—it shared the fate of the fat mouse. Dick had to eat it himself.

"What does all this mean?" he seemed to ask.

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He did not hunt any more when Christopher would not eat. He contented himself with the cook's odds and ends, and lay beside Christopher, and washed him and watched him; until, at last, Christopher was dead—what should a cat do but die, when he has lived twenty-one years?

They buried him out under the grass, and there for days—for four long days—Dick sat and watched. Would the gray patriarch come forth? "No," he evidently concluded at length, for he turned away from the place where he had seen them bury the patriarch—turned away, and came to his mistress, and stood beside her as she sat sewing, and cried bitterly.

He is blithe again now,—so much the worse for the mice,—but he mourned for weeks with a sorrow that seemed nothing less than human. And this is literally a true story.

BEAU NASH.

In the last century English persons of fashion went to Bath at the close of the London season. And in Bath Beau Nash, reformer of manners and social customs, ruled autocratically as master of ceremonies. In general his principles of government were excellent, as is indicated by the "Rules to be Observed in Bath," which he had hung up for the instruction of visitors. Among these were, "That no person take it that any one goes to another's play or breakfast, and not theirs—except captious by nature. That all repeaters of lies and scandal be shunned by all company except such as have been guilty of the same crime."

He was a brave man who appeared at the assemblies booted and spurred. Nash would survey him from head to foot, and tell him to go back as "he had forgotten to bring his horse."

Although the wearing of white aprons was a bygone fashion and was at this time contrary to etiquette, the Duchess of Queensberry, rather than part with her white apron, had refused to pay homage to her sovereign at court; and she attended a Bath ball wearing the garment which had been condemned by the master of ceremonies.

Mr. Nash courteously deplored his inability to make an exception in her favor. He reminded her that only domestics now wore aprons, and that he had no alternative to offer her but to abandon her apron or the ball.

The Duchess hesitated. This was Nash's court. Any one seeking admittance to it must conform to his laws. Finally she yielded. "It was *only* Nash! She would humor him." So she untied her apron and gave it to her attendant.

"One more dance, Mr. Nash; remember I am a Princess," once entreated the Princess Amelia, then a lady of twenty-five. The hour of eleven, when Nash had ruled that the ball should cease, had struck. He was inexorable.

"Yes, madam," he replied, "but I reign here, and my laws must be kept."

Nash was again triumphant.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

"One hundred dollars for forty dollars!"

"Fifty dollars in six months, or one hundred dollars in seven months."

"Average cost has been about fifty-five dollars to receive one hundred dollars."

These announcements are taken from three advertisements of different "endowment orders." The theatre programme from which we copy them contains the advertisements of sixteen such "orders," "fraternities" and societies.

The promises made by these "orders" are much alike. They are exactly alike in one respect—that they cannot be kept. The member pays five dollars upon joining, an assessment now and then, and at the end of a year he is entitled to one hundred dollars.

How happy we all might be—if money could make us happy—were such a rapid overturn of capital possible! Eighty to one hundred or more per cent. in a year! When the rate is so big it does not pay to reckon it too closely.

If you ask one of the managers of an order of this sort how it can afford to pay so much he will tell you, probably, that it comes from "lapses." That is, John Junkins will fail to pay his assessments, and what he has already paid in goes to increase the amount due to Thomas Bodwell, who keeps up his payments.

Then those to whom the promises are kept profit by the losses of others.

It is simply impossible for an order of this sort *not* to be a swindle. Money lends in this country, on good security, for an average of not more than six per cent., probably much less. A positive promise of five per cent. is more than a conservative savings-bank will make.

Beware, then, the delusions and false promises of these orders. Either you will make profit out of the misfortunes of others, or they will make out of your misfortunes. Or, what is more likely than either, you will all lose your money when the "orders" burst up—as they will.

AMERICAN IDIOM.

Those who think the idioms in foreign languages hard to master and understand, do not always realize that the English idioms are even more trying to the people of other nationalities than theirs are to us.

"But no," sighed a poor young Frenchwoman who was struggling to "acquire" our language, by living for six months with an American family, "I cannot understand you. I am entirely confuse!"

"What is the trouble to-day?" asked the young lady of the family who was the special instructor of the foreigner.

"Last week when you return from the concert you say that you think Mademoiselle Gould, who sing, cannot 'make up' so as to look well.

"Early this morning," this she said dolefully, "Margaret, your little sister, came into my room and said that yesterday she and the little Albert, her playfellow, had a quarrel, but to-day she had the intention to 'make up' with him. And this afternoon when I have ask you to walk with me, you said, 'I must study, to "make up" what I lost last week.'

"And now this evening," she concluded, with a comical grimace of despair, "you come to me and say, 'Tell me what I shall wear to the concert, for I cannot *make up* my mind.' What does it mean, this 'make up'?"

"If you try to explain," put in Frank, the irrepressible boy of the family, "she'll say that the whole 'make up' of the English language is wrong!"

"TO MAKE ME KING?"

Perhaps no heir to a throne ever received the news of his accession more carelessly and modestly than did the Duc de Bordeaux, better known as the Comte de Chambord, who, had he actually become King, would have been Henry V. of France. He was in his tenth year at the time, and was deeply interested in driving four-in-hand a carriage and horses made of chairs. Naturally he looked upon the announcement of his change of title as a frivolous interruption. Madame de Gontaut-Biron, the little prince's governess, tells the story:

At Rambouillet on the Second of August, in the morning, the old King summoned his son the Duc d'Angoulême, and the Duchess, the Baron de Damas, the Duchesse de Gontaut, and the Duc de Bordeaux and his sister. He took the little boy on his knee, embraced him tenderly, and turned away.

"Here is my abdication," he said, taking a paper from the table.

The King's little granddaughter said in a low tone to the Duc de Bordeaux, "Some misfortune is going to befall us, my brother, every one is looking at us and crying. Let us go and pray to the good God," and they walked softly away to the balcony, where they knelt down.

An hour later the two children had constructed a carriage and horses of chairs, and the duke on a high seat was driving four-in-hand. The Baron de Damas entered and bowed low.

"Sire!" There was a silence. "Sire! I am commissioned to tell you that the King, your august grandfather, not being able to make France happy, in spite of his heartfelt wish to do so, has abdicated the throne, and you, monseigneur, will be King, under the name of Henry V."

The child climbed down from his seat, put his hands on the baron's shoulders and looked up into his face.

"Grandpapa, who is so good, is not able to make France happy, and so they want to make me King? What nonsense!" He shrugged his shoulders. "But, monsieur, what you say is impossible."

He had already picked up his whip and his reins.

"Come, sister, let's play," and he remounted his driver's seat.

Possibly years later when his supporters had attempted to make him King and failed, he repeated that youthful comment; certainly France, figuratively speaking, shrugged her shoulders, said, "What nonsense!" and turned her attention to other matters.

THIN ICE.

The danger of discussing persons when in company with strangers is amusingly illustrated by an anecdote borrowed from a Stuttgart musical journal. Several ladies and gentlemen were travelling together in a railway carriage from Dresden to Leipsic. They were mostly strangers to one another, but the conversation soon became general.

One of the ladies had been at the Court Theatre the night before, where the opera of "Euryanthe" had been sung, and was loud in her expressions of disapproval.

"Worse than all," she went on, "that Madame Schröder is much too old for her part; her singing is becoming unbearable. Don't you think so, too?" she asked, turning to the gentleman next to her.

"Wouldn't you rather tell all this to Madame Schröder herself? She is sitting opposite to you," he replied, coldly.

After the general silence which followed this remark the critical lady turned to the singer with many confused apologies.

"It is that horrid critic, Schmieder, who has influenced my judgment concerning your singing. I believe it is he who is always writing against you. He must be a most disagreeable and pedantic person."

"Had you not better tell all this to Mr. Schmieder himself?" calmly inquired Madame Schröder. "He is sitting next to you."

VAGARIES OF MALARIA.

Walter Coote, who has spent considerable time in the Fiji Islands, has some interesting notes upon the vagaries of malaria. He had seen, he says, Englishmen living in Fiji, on the borders of almost stagnant estuaries, with the densest and most rank vegetation around them on all sides, with mosquitoes and a hundred such insects infesting the district like a plague.

In dry seasons their houses would stand in the very centre of great plains of reeking ooze; in times of flood the muddy river will rise to their very verandas, and yet these people were robust and healthy.

I have gone from there, and a few weeks later visited islands in the Solomon group, or New Hebrides, where I have found a dry coral soil and high, well-drained land, upon which the pure trade-wind blows freshly month after month, and all this but a few hundred miles from the Fiji group.

Yet in these places it is almost death for a white man to spend more than a few months in the year on shore, and practically no one who lives ashore at all can hope to escape frequent and severe attacks of fever.

In fact, it is only by being thoroughly acclimated, through a long period of time, that he can hope to live there at all.

NOT ON THE MAPS.

It was a long while ago, but it is worth telling still. A correspondent in the South writes that a young lady, whose sweetheart was in the Confederate Army, received from him a letter that had been smuggled through the lines; for he had been taken a prisoner and sent to Tennessee.

After reading the letter she went to the house of a neighbor and asked to see a map. After a long search she said she could not find the place where Mr. W—— was.

"Where is it, do you say, Mollie?" asked her friend.

"Duranceville," replied Mollie, after looking again at the letter.

Her friends and she still diligently searched the map, but no such place could be found. At last they persuaded her to show them that part of the letter. It read thus:

"I am in *durance vile*, but hope soon to be exchanged and to return home."

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SUGGESTIONS

CATS AND DOGS.

What are some of the principal physical differences between the two? Look especially at teeth and claws.

Name (1) the wild relatives of each; (2) the more conspicuous mental traits of each; (3) the uses of each to mankind; (4) the varieties of each.

Why do dogs turn round and round before lying down?

How do cats purr?

For the Companion.

TO DEPARTED JUNE.

Not hours enough in all those pleasant days
To give expression to the joy you felt;
Like some rare spirit in our midst you dwelt,
Then like a spirit sought some happier ways.

A few fair roses, lying on your breast,
Still bloom in sweet remembrance of that time
When roses and the year were in their prime;
And still the sun sinks late into the West.

The summer lilies, too, are now in bloom,
But they are pale and bowed with secret woe
For some glad time they came too late to know;
And even in the sunshine there is gloom.

The birds have flown their nests; they quickly learn
To soar, and yet I doubt if flying brings
The peace they felt beneath their mother's wings;
You would not know your own should you return.

The hills fade in a quiet mist away,—
Who knows but you, dear June, still linger there
In answer to some faithful lover's prayer,
And seem through pity half inclined to stay.

The moon has made her weary round once more,
And sends weird shadows through the wood to learn
If you are hiding there, but leaf and fern
Breathe only of a blessing gone before.

The river takes a slower, calmer pace,
The brook has lost its happy, buoyant bound,
Less sweetness seems to thrill through every sound,
And some rare light is missed from every place.

We even stop to count our pleasures now;
Before, we only knew that they were here;
And one by one do ripened leaves appear,
Like silver threads on tired Nature's brow.

Without are all things changed, within the soul
Are changes, too, that have been wrought by June;—
We've listened to a strain of perfect tune,
And now our spirits long to hear the whole!

MARY A. MASON.

For the Companion.

THE LIFE.

The western counties of Virginia and Pennsylvania were settled by Scotch-Irish emigrants, a sturdy, devout people, many of whose descendants still live on the land which their ancestors rescued from the wilderness. In some of these families old journals and letters have been preserved which give glimpses of the early life on the plantations.

One letter, dated 1790, from an old settler to his son, contains the following story:

"The first thing which the settlers in this valley thought of was a church. The men worked evenings till they had raised a comfortable log-house, with a pulpit and seats. The other settlements had to depend on itinerant preachers, but we had one of our own, Father Holmes, a godly old man, whose son lived among us.

"My father could neither read nor write, but he was one of the deacons in the church.

"One Sunday morning, as he was getting the horses ready for us to go to meeting, my mother ran out, white with fear.

"'We cannot go!' she cried. 'Sam Wright has come to tell us that the Indians have been seen in the valley with war paint on. There will be no congregation, no singing nor preaching to-day.'

"'The church will be there and Father Holmes,' said my father, doggedly. 'So shall I.'

"He went, and was the only hearer of the sermon which the old man preached.

"The next Sunday Sam Wright came up again, to tell us that Father Holmes had died suddenly on Saturday, and would not be there.

"'The church will be there,' said my father. He found some of the other members present, and they prayed together.

"But on the next Sunday, when they came across the hills from their scattered cabins, they found the church a heap of ashes. The Indians had burned it. Some of the women cried, and the men began to mount their horses to go back home.

"'Stop!' said my father. 'What do we need of a church? Here is the ground to kneel on, and God is with us.'

"Since I grew to be a man, I have listened to great preachers in fine churches. But I never came so close to God as I did that day kneeling on the bare ground, and listening to my father's prayer."

The old pioneer had reached a truth which escapes many well-meaning, highly-cultured people to-day. It is that religion does not consist of the church, or the sermon, or even the traditions and forms of service or sectarian opinions which are so useful and so dear to us.

These are often good and helpful to our souls' life, but we must not mistake them for the life itself.

Hinton, a missionary in Africa, tried in vain to induce his servant to give up the worship of a wooden idol in his hut, until one day the missionary exclaimed:

"If it is alive I will worship it, too!"

He sawed it into four pieces. "See!" he said. "Where is the red blood?"

"There is no red blood," the poor heathen said, sadly. From that day he lost faith in his idol.

Try the thing you venerate. If it does not give to your soul more of God's spirit, more love for Christ and your brother than you had before, it is not divine. It has no red blood. It is a manufactured thing, good in its way, perhaps; but perishable and of the earth, earthy.

A POLICE MATRON.

The work that a good woman can do for the fallen of her sex is well illustrated by a story related by Mrs. Barney in an address upon the subject of police matrons. She was once urging the necessity of such matrons upon the authorities of a certain city, when the chief of police said, "Well, if you could see one woman that comes in here three or four times a year—'Old Sal!'" It took four policemen, he said, to bring her in to the cell, and usually they got their faces scratched. One morning Mrs. Barney was told that this woman had been put in a cell the previous night. "We would like to see you bring her into court," the police said. "If you can do that, we shall believe in police matrons."

The chief offered to send two men to protect me, but I declined their services. As I reached the cell door I rapped with the key, and then unlocked the door and entered. There in the dark, narrow cell crouched the woman, looking more like a wild beast. She was just ready to spring, as she was expecting the police. She cried out:

"Who are you?"

"I am your friend," I replied.

"It's a lie!" she said. "I haven't got any friends."

"But I am your friend," I reiterated, gently.

The woman laughed mockingly. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I am a police woman."

"Oh, I didn't know they had any such things," she said. "I never saw one before. What do you think you're goin' to do?"

"Help you," I replied, simply; and as I stood there beside her, I dropped my hands upon her shoulders, and calling her by her married name, I said, "You know you have to go into the court in a minute, and you are not fit to go."

I began to arrange her hair. I took a pin from my own hair; she hadn't a button or a pin or a fastening of any kind in her clothes; she sat there tugging to hold them together, and as I tried to dress her she said:

"Tell me what you're up to; tell me what you mean."

Looking in her eyes, I asked, kindly, "Do you remember the first time you were ever in a police station?"

"Don't I remember it?"

"How old were you?"

"I wasn't sixteen then, and I am more than sixty now."

"How many times have you been in these places?"

"Oh, I don't know; I guess God don't know—it's so often."

"Do you remember how you felt the first time?"

"I was almost scared to death. I cried all night."

"Sally, if a good woman had been there and had wiped the tears off your face, and had put up your hair and rested a motherly hand on your shoulder, as I have done to-day, what would it have meant to you?"

"Oh, I would never have gone back again; but nobody ever cared."

"Now, Sally, I want you to do something for me. I want to get a woman to go into these places to care for the women in the way I have suggested. Wouldn't you like to help me?"

"I would do anything I could to help you."

"The police think you will not go quietly into court with me this morning; but I'm sure you will."

We talked together a little while longer, and then came the call for us to go into court. As we rose from the bed where we had been sitting, I said, "Will you take my arm, or shall I take yours?"

She looked me over and said, "Wal, I am about three times as large as you; I guess you'd better take mine."

So we went into court. The policemen said they would have cheered us if it had been proper, and one of them said that I had "bewitched Sally." And so the poor creature was bewitched, but only with gentle treatment and kind words.

RUNNING A RAPID.

Scribner's Magazine contains a thrilling account of a boat-run through the cañons of the Colorado, from which we glean a description of running the four hundred and sixty-fifth rapid. This rapid is in a part of the gorge where two streams enter directly opposite each other. The boulders have washed down the river, forming three dams across it, and three drops or falls in the one great rapid that in all has a descent of thirty feet. On the right side is a perpendicular cliff, fifty to one hundred feet high, extending two-thirds of the length of the rapid. On the left side is a perpendicular cliff a thousand feet or more in height, and extending the whole length of the rapid.

The current of the river, after passing over the first fall, dashes against the left cliff, just at the head of the second fall, and is thrown back with awful force, and as it meets the current from the right, curls up in angry waves fifteen or twenty feet high. After the second plunge the whole current is thrown against the right wall, as it curves out into the stream, just at the head of the third fall.

It took but a few moments to see that there was no way to get our boats and supplies around this rapid. It must be run! We passed the first fall, over or through a half-dozen huge waves.

As we neared the second fall, and I looked down into that pit of fury, I wondered if it were possible for our boats to go through it and come out whole, and right side up. In an instant we were in the midst of the breakers. They lashed us first one side and then the other, breaking far above our heads, and half-filling our boats. For a second we were blinded with the dashing, muddy waters.

And then we were through, and were being carried with fearful force toward the right cliff, where the whole current of water was piled up in one boiling mass against the solid granite.

Hislop gave the helm a sudden turn, and assisted by the rebounding wave, we went by the cliff, and I shouted, "That's good! We are past!" But the words were hardly out of my mouth when, as we rounded the point into the third fall, our boat, thrown in by a huge wave, crashed into a rock and stopped. She filled with water, sank upon the rock, and stuck fast.

Wave after wave in quick succession rolled over us. I tried to straighten myself up, when a great wave struck me in the back, and I was washed clean out of the boat into the whirlpool below the rock. For an instant I knew nothing; but as I was drawn down my consciousness returned, and as I was carried by that whirlpool, down, down, down, I wondered if I should ever reach the bottom of the river. The time seemed an age. The river seemed bottomless.

In a few moments I was seized as by two forces—one around my legs, and the other around my back—and twisted in opposite directions. Then I was shot to the surface fifty feet down the rapid from where I went in. I caught my breath just in time to be carried under the next big wave coming out in the lighter waves at the lower end of the rapid. Thanks to my cork jacket I floated high above the water, but was carried along through the swiftest of the current.

The rest of the men and the second boat went safely through.

For the Companion.

SANTA CATALINA.

The perfect days went slowly by,
And all the far horizon line,
A mystery of sea and sky,
Was void of faintest form or sign.

We saw the wide Pacific main,
With here and there a shining sail;
No more; from moon to moon again,
No dimmest fancy pierced the veil.

The sun was glorious o'er the blue,
The moonbeams dwelt in deepest calm,
The shadowy space familiar grew
Like daily prayers or blessed psalm.

Then, O the wonder of the sight!
There came one morning thro' the mist
An island, wrapt in softest light,
With hues of rose and amethyst.

Like stately ship it seemed to ride,
Advancing slow within our ken,
Belief was still unsatisfied,
When all was empty space again.

What mystic country could it be,
Thus like a wraith to come and go?
Did not our eyes, anointed, see
The magic isle of Prospero?

ELIZABETH W. DENISON.

AMPLE REDRESS.

A strange bit of diplomatic dealing was that which took place in Alaska in 1869, soon after the purchase of that country from the Russian Government. Secretary Seward was visiting Alaska, and one day a Chilcat chief said to him, gravely, "Some time ago the Kalosh (Sitka Indians) killed three of the Chilcats. Now the great Tyee has come, we have gathered to ask him what he is going to do about it." "When did this killing take place?" asked Mr. Seward. The date, nine or ten years ago, was given in Indian fashion, reckoning by suns and moons.

"Then it happened," replied Mr. Seward, "when this country belonged to the Emperor of Russia. He was a great sovereign, who listened to the Indians and treated them with kindness."

"We did appeal to the Emperor of Russia," was the answer, "but he gave us no redress. He was too poor. We know he was poor, because he had to sell his land to the great Tyee. But now the great Tyee himself is here in his stead, and we want to know what he is going to do about it."

Seward conferred with his companion, General Davis, and then asked:

"How many men were murdered?"

"Three."

"And what sort of redress do you desire?"

The Indian brightened visibly.

"A life for a life is the Indian law," they replied. "But as these three Chilcats were of the chief's family, we reckon each of their lives to be equal to the lives of three common Indians. What we want, then, is the great Tyee's permission to send our warriors down to kill nine of the Kalosh, in order to avenge the death of the Chilcats."

To this Mr. Seward replied with promptness that no killing whatever would be allowed. He then asked:

"Is there any other form of reparation which would be satisfactory?"

The faces of the Indians actually beamed at this business-like inquiry, and they replied, after consultation:

"We know that the 'Boston men' are averse to any killing, except by their own soldiers. So we have sometimes consented to take pay in blankets. We think that the life of each Indian is worth about four blankets. Nine times four blankets would give us full redress, and we should henceforth regard the Kalosh as our friends and brothers."

"Well, General," said Mr. Seward, "there you have the conclusion of the case. I think you can afford thirty-six blankets, to make peace between the tribes."

The General was well pleased, as this promised to end the last of the disputes, and establish peace throughout the Territory. The blankets were not delivered then, because it was considered best to conclude the affair with great formality; but when they were finally counted out before the chief, he expressed himself as amply satisfied, and declared his willingness to live thenceforth on amicable terms with his former foes.

WELCOMED.

The Salzburg emigration is now almost forgotten, but in the early part of the Eighteenth Century no event inspired such widespread interest in Europe. The story of the wanderings of the Salzburgers, expelled by the archbishop from their quiet mountain homes on account of their Protestant faith, is full of pathetic and dramatic incident. Frederick William of Prussia offered them a home. In their journey thither they showed much courage and patient endurance, and were treated with great generosity and sympathy by the Germans.

In the Protestant towns they were received with applause, bell-ringing, appropriate addresses, vigorous hand-shaking and tears. Sometimes the citizens actually quarrelled for guests. At Zeitz some houses were stormed, and the guests carried off by force. The hotel keeper could often get nothing to do. In orderly Voigtland each pilgrim received a ticket with his quarters written on it, and sentinels were placed before the doors so that their sleep might not be disturbed by the unruly or curious.

Town ladies washed and dressed the babies in order to relieve the mothers. At Erlangen the French refugees presented them with clothes of their own weaving. Huguenots who had lost their own children begged to adopt some little Salzburgers.

In Leipsic, on a market day, the butchers and fish merchants gave them copious supplies. As they passed along they were taken into houses, and came out laden with bundles of all shapes and sizes. Booksellers stood at their shop doors and handed them provision for their minds. Ministers presented them with newly bound prayer-books and Bibles.

Crowds of country people came to see them, bringing loads of bread, cheese and butter. One poor flower-girl, who had nothing else to give, distributed all her little bouquets amongst them. A poor woman was seen cutting up a big four-penny loaf, buttering the slices and handing them to the little hungry pilgrims.

One merchant gave them as a parting gift six hundred pairs of stockings, and another sent them a supply of muslin for neckcloths. Very joyful and grateful the Salzburgers showed themselves.

Such splendid farmers were they that they soon made the desolate stretches of Lithuania rejoice and blossom as the rose. Thus, after a pilgrimage of twelve hundred miles, some twenty thousand Salzburgers found a home in Prussia, and there their descendants, with many of the old characteristics, remain to this day.

TWO DOGS.

Dogs, as well as human beings, are liable to be misunderstood and underestimated. A gentleman whose stable was infested with rats brought home one evening, to his place in the country, a rough-coated, sad-eyed, undemonstrative Scotch terrier, which, he told his friends, who happened to be at the house when he arrived, was a celebrated ratter. He had bought the dog in the city that afternoon.

It was suggested that the new arrival be put to the test at once, and accordingly the party adjourned to the stable, where a cage containing mice was placed on the floor in front of the dog.

The door of the cage was opened, the mice scampered over the floor in all directions, and the distinguished terrier stood, with his head on one side, calmly watching them. A roar of laughter followed at the expense of the disappointed purchaser.

Just then one of the grooms brought in a wire trap containing a large, vicious-looking rat, and placed it on the floor, as before, in front of the dog. The renowned ratter maintained the same nonchalant, uninterested air, and the door of the trap was opened.

The rat, perhaps a better judge of his adversary than were the gentlemen, made one high spring straight over the dog's head; but he was too slow. When the terrier dropped him on the floor, after a single shake, he was dead, with his back broken, while his destroyer sat down comfortably, with the look of having done a very commonplace thing.

A different dog was one which a friend of Mr. William R. Travers, the celebrated wit, brought him on trial. A rat was released in a room with closed doors, and the gentlemen watched anxiously to see how the dog would behave.

Alas! the probationer failed completely. With his tail between his legs, he crawled off to a corner, leaving the rat in possession of the field.

"Well, Travers," said his prospective purchaser, "what would you do?"

"B-b-buy the rat," stammered Mr. Travers in reply.

SUMMER SUMS.

Young John B. Crumb was a pretty good scholar, but unhappily he had inherited a distaste for mathematics. At the close of his first year in the high school, therefore, he found himself "conditioned" in arithmetic. All the examples on numerous pages were to be done and copied into a little book, before the fall term began.

The book, when finished, bore this title:

SOME SUMMER SUMS,
OF JOHN B. CRUMB'S.

But alas! the next summer he was again conditioned in arithmetic, and his brother also, and two new books had to be filled with tedious calculations. The cover of John's book was superscribed:

SOME MORE SUMMER SUMS,
LAST OF JOHN B. CRUMB'S,

and below this was written:

Some summer sums? Yes, some more sums;
Come some more sums when summer comes;
Some sums each summer for these Crumbs.

No winter of our discontent
Was e'er in such vexation spent
As to this summer sums have lent.

Some sumless summers somewhere shine,
Consummate sum of summers fine;
Oh, were some sumless summer mine!

John's brother—the smaller Crumb, as we may call him—was not to be outdone, and diversified his mathematical labors as follows:

Vacation! Oh, where are the joys
That youngsters have seen in thy days?
Better far be at school with the boys,
Than at home in this ciphering maze.
I am monarch of nought I survey,
My time has been all in dispute,
To September all round from last May,
These sums I have toiled to compute.

SHIRT AND PIGTAIL.

A correspondent sends us a copy of a letter written by an English sailor on his return from an India voyage. It is dated, "*Warren Hastings*, East Indiaman, off Gravesend, March 14, 1813." One thought was uppermost in the writer's mind, as will be perceived by the hastiest reader.

DEAR BROTHER TOM, This cums hoppin to find you in good health, as it leaves me safe anchor'd here yesterday after a pleasant voyage, toleable short and few squalls.

Dear Tom—Hopes to find poor old father stout, and am quite out of pig-tail. Sights of pigtail at Gravesend, but unfortinately not fit for a dog to chor. Dear Tom—Captain's boy will bring you this, and put pigtail in his pocket when bort. Best in Lunnon at the black boy in seven diles, where go acks for the best pigtail, pound pigtail will do and am short of shirts, only took two whereof one is wored out, and t'other most, but dont forget the pigtail, as I 'aven't 'ad a quid to chor since a Thursday.

Dear Tom—as for shirts, yer size will do only longer, I like 'em long—get one at present—best at Tower Hill, and cheap—But be particler to go to 7 diles at the black boy for the pigtail, and dear Tom—acks for pound best pigtail, and let it be good—captain's boy will put the pigtail in his pocket Boy likes pigtail so ty it up strong.

But dear tom, shall be up on Monday, there or there-abouts—according not so particler about the shirt, as the present can be washed, but dont forget the pigtail without fail, and so am your loving brother. T. P.

P. S.—be sure you dont forget the PIGTAIL.

CONFUSED.

An editor—a very positive and sometimes sharp-spoken man—was approached timidly one day by a proof-reader, who said, "Excuse me, sir, but you have used a word here which I don't find in the dictionary."

"What is it?" said the editor, bristling up and looking a little fierce.

"You say, 'In this case it was the office that sook the man.'"

"Well, well, what is the matter with it?"

"I don't find 'sook' in the dictionary."

"'*Sook!*' Why, it's the past tense of —."

The editor paused, and then looked sheepish. "Queer," he said, after reflecting a moment, "how that monosyllable got into my head. *Sook!* I guess you may change it to 'sought.'"

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For the Companion.

MAMMA'S LESSON.

You have taken the flower apart, dear,
And very learnedly told
The name of each part, from root to tip,
From calyx to crown of gold;
But say, do you think, my darling,
That all of those learned men,
Who have taught you to treat lovely flowers so,
Could put one together again?

You chased a butterfly, love, this morn,
I was watching you at your play,
You only bruised it, and brushed the down
From its marvellous wings away;
But could any surgeon, my darling,
Re-set those delicate limbs,
Or restore the beautiful, golden bloom
That you spoiled for your idle whims?

The butterfly and the flower, dear,
Were only transient things,
And flowers will bloom, and butterflies
Still flit upon golden wings;
But remember, love, that the bloom of truth
Once brushed from your soul away,
Or an impure word, will leave a scar
That will last for many a day.

KATE LAWRENCE.

For the Companion.

LIVING AMONG ROBBERS.

"O Cousin Sadie, do tell me a story, *please* do!" coaxed Fred. "I've broken my top, and I mustn't bounce my ball in the house, and my engine won't run, and I guess it's going to rain about a week. Oh, dear!"

"What if my story-maker won't run?" said Cousin Sadie. "I'm sure I've told all the old ones six times apiece at least."

"Can't you possibly think of just one more?" begged Fred. "Seems to me if I had a good story-maker right in my head, I'd keep it running day and night."

"O Fred, I wish you had one, but 'twould surely run down sometimes. Well, if you really must have a story, what shall it be about?"

"Oh, castles and robbers and all that," cried Fred, "and secret doors and dark passages and dungeons!"

"Well, let me think a minute," said Cousin Sadie. "We'll see if the story-maker can be wound up and oiled once more."

So Fred sat expectant and quiet, and it was so still he could hear the cat purr, and a stray mouse nibbling softly in some distant corner, until at last Cousin Sadie said, "I know a true story about robbers. We lived right among them once."

"Good! good!" cried Fred. "Where was it?"

"We had moved to a house in the country," she replied. "Shall I call it a castle?"

"Please do!" said he. "It sounds more like a real story."

"Well then, we'll have it real story fashion. Once upon a time we lived in a great castle high on a hill. There was a lovely grove around it, and the birds sang in the trees, and the breeze blew fresh and sweet all day long.

"It seemed like the safest and quietest place in the whole world, but when night came, just when it should have been most pleasant and peaceful, there were strange noises to be heard all through the castle; and after we were in bed there were quick, stealthy footsteps—and in the morning we found we had been robbed!"

"What! really, Cousin Sadie? You know you said this was a true story. And were you all killed and murdered in your beds, too?"

"Not so bad as that," said Cousin Sadie, laughing. "But we were really robbed. And the worst of it was we found there were winding passages and secret chambers in our castle that we knew nothing about; and finally it was plain enough that a whole clan of bold robbers lived right under the same roof with us!"

"Why, Cousin Sadie! What a story-maker you've got!"

"Oh, that wasn't made in any story-maker. That's really true.

"The Governor of the castle (that was grandpa, you know) offered rewards to any one who would bring the rascals to justice. But that was all the good it did. Those robbers just came and took their choice of the best we had every night, and then hid away in safe places where they might laugh at us if we tried to follow them.

"We could hear them dragging away our things, and quarrelling and fighting over them in their dens.

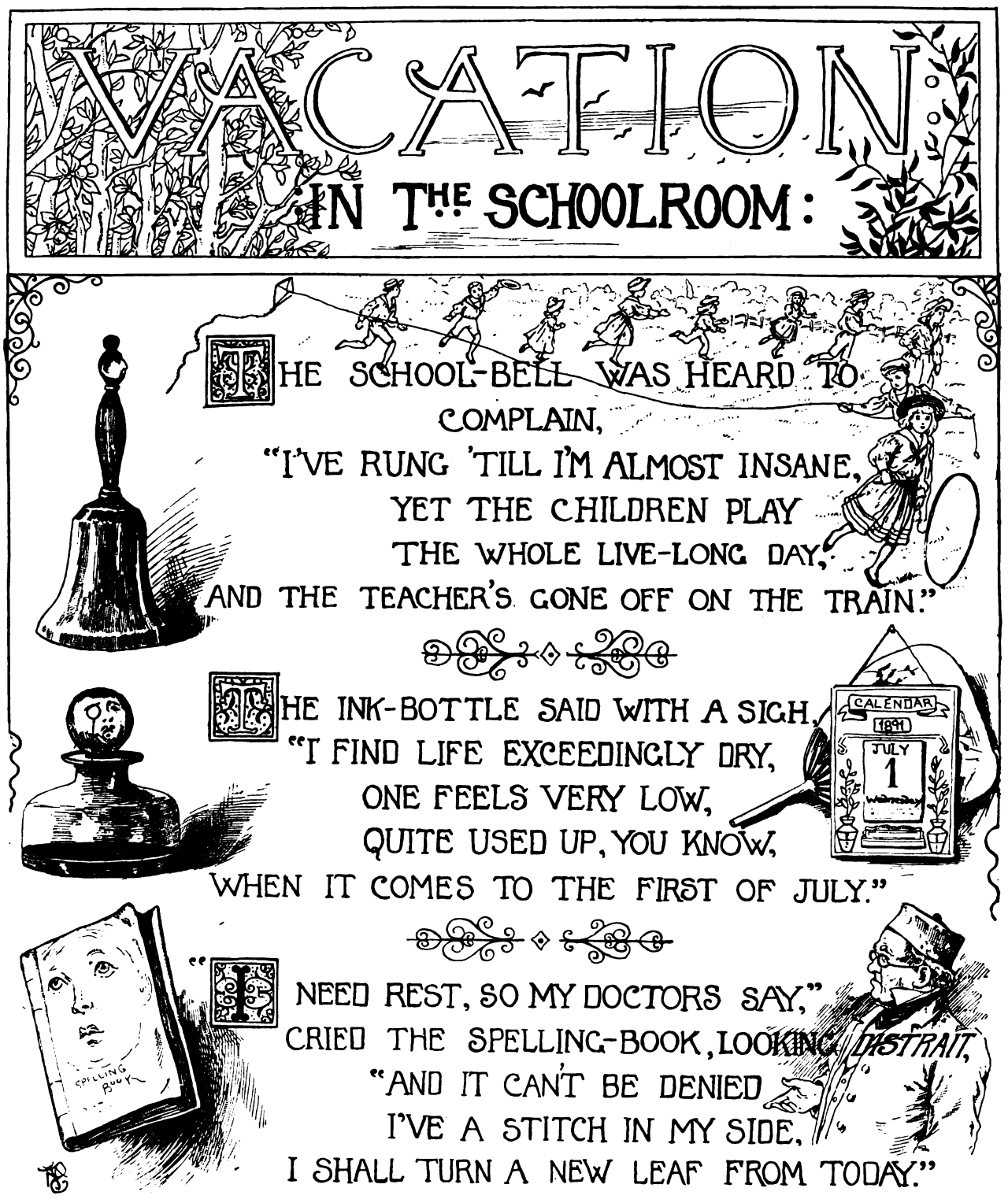
"I tell you, it fairly made my blood run cold. There must have been at least twenty of them, to judge by the noise they made.

"All our locks and bolts were no help at all, for you know they were in the same house with us. And as to fighting them, what could we do against so many?"

"I don't see what you *could* do," cried Fred. "But it don't hardly seem like a true story, Cousin Sadie. What *did* you do?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Freddie. *We just got a good cat!*"

LITTLE Millie's papa and grandpapa were loyal Republicans, and as election drew near they spoke of their opponents with ever increasing warmth, never heeding Millie's attentive ears and wondering eyes. One night, however, as the little maid was preparing for bed, she cast a fearful glance across the room, and whispered in a frightened little voice, "O mamma, I'm afraid to go to bed; I'm afraid there's a Democrat in the closet."



For the Companion.

SWEET PEA.

Sweet Pea put on her prettiest hood
And climbed the garden wall,
'Twas a narrow ledge where the darling stood
And I feared that she might fall.
But she danced with the butterfly,
Bowed to the bee,
And never even noticed me,
The pretty, pinky, saucy Pea.

For the Companion.

BETH AND THE KITTY.

Beth could not go out to play one day when it rained, and she felt a little cross about it.

By and by she walked over from the window, where she had been watching the rain, to where her great gray Maltese kitty was asleep on the rug, and she picked up kitty rather roughly. Kitty did not enjoy this at all, so she growled and spit at Beth.

When mamma came into the room presently, Beth had kitty tucked into her dolls' crib so tight that she could not get out, and poor kitty looked very unhappy indeed.

"What's the trouble with kitty?" asked mamma.

"She is a most distempered cat, mamma, and I put her to bed to cure her," said Beth, who loved big words.

Mamma laughed. "Is it the kitty or you that is cross, I wonder?" she said, taking her sewing.

Beth thought about it for awhile, and by and by she took kitty up, and kissing her, put her down on her own rug in front of the grate fire.

"Please do excuse me, kitty. I felt cross, and I thought it was you, and I am a pretty mean thing, I think," she said.

Kitty only yawned and purred, as she curled up before the fire, but Beth went to singing and playing with her dolls very happily.

LITTLE Carrie is very fond of going to entertainments. Her mother had been reading aloud notices of different kinds, and turning the paper over, said, "The Russian plague is coming." Carrie hopped up and down and exclaimed, "Mamma, let me go, let me go."



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

ANAGRAM.

Dig deep in lumilddddd.

I announce with thrilling truth
Exploits of a dauntless youth,
Yet his calm, retiring nature
Gave his life its strongest feature.

A. M. P.

2.

HISTORICAL ACROSTICS.

The cross-words of the first, second and fourth acrostics consist of seven letters each; those of the third, of six letters. The finals of the first acrostic make the initials of the second; the finals of the second are the primals of the third; the finals of the third are the primals of the fourth.

I.

1. An Irish fairy. 2. One who relates. 3. A town in the Austrian dominions. 4. Efficacious. 5. To debate. 6. Surpasses. 7. A city in Illinois. 8. One who manages barges and vessels.

Primals—The name of a general who was defeated on July 9, 1775.

Finals—The name of a distinguished inventor, who was born on July 31, 1803.

II.

1. Things to be eaten. 2. To relieve or revive after pain. 3. To repeat. 4. A guardian. 5. An island in the Russian Empire. 6. To prosper. 7. A character in Shakespeare's "Hamlet." 8. An office or religious service at night.

Finals—The name of an English author who died on July 7, 1816.

III.

1. Resting. 2. A shout of joy or exultation. 3. A town in Italy. 4. A well-known species of grass. 5. A part of the foot. 6. To expand. 7. A masculine name. 8. Sickness.

Finals—The name of a battle fought on July 5, 1814.

IV.

1. A certain piece of timber in a ship. 2. An exclamation of praise to the Lord. 3. One who absorbs. 4. A high priest. 5. An ancient city of Italy. 6. To reduce to subjection. 7. A merry song. 8. To astonish.

Finals—The name of an American statesman who was shot on July 2, 1881.

CYRIL DEANE.

3.

RHYMING TRANSPOSITIONS.

I.

From where sweet ..... grow come perfumed gales,
Transposed I am a sign that never fails—
..... by name, if naming aught avails.

II.

It shines with ..... greater than before,
The true ..... of scouring o'er and o'er.

III.

We well ..... in a decisive way
Such an ..... as we greet to-day.

IV.

Nothing ..... surely can be found
In such ..... where graces rich abound.

J. P. B.

Conundrums.

A fortune was left to the eldest of three sisters, Mary, Jane, and Hannah. Mary was thirty, Hannah was thirty-two, and Jane was thirty-one; to whom did the property fall? To Jane, for Hannah was only thirty, too.

When a farmer hoes his corn, what flower has he in mind? The rose (rows).

What rich people live in the fields the year round? Those who live in clover.

Why are tiresome visitors like trees in winter? It will be a long time before they leave.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. July (Jew, lie).

2.

C	R	A	**F**	**T**	I	L	Y
P	I	N	**I**	**O**	N	E	D
S	P	A	**R**	**R**	O	W	S
C	R	E	**E**	**P**	I	N	G
S	H	O	**W**	**E**	R	E	D
B	R	O	**O**	**D**	I	N	G
C	O	R	**R**	**O**	D	E	D
D	A	R	**K**	**E**	N	E	D
C	L	A	**S**	**S**	I	F	Y

Fourth row—Fireworks.
Fifth row—Torpedoes.

3. 1. Yorktown. 2. Lexington. 3. New Orleans (awe-Lee-'uns). 4. Bunker(r) Hill. 5. New York. 6. Brandywine. 7. Quebec (quue-beck). 8. Lake Erie. 9. Crown Point. 10. Trenton. 11. Stillwater.

4. "Adams and Jefferson died July Fourth." The year was our Nation's jubilee—1826.

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For the Companion.

VERTIGO.

One of the principal causes of the more serious forms of vertigo, or dizziness, is a diseased condition of the inmost portion of the ear, the labyrinth. Vertigo of greater or less severity may result from whatever disturbs the blood pressure, either within the labyrinth, or in the middle ear. Similar effects are also produced by false impressions received through the eye, or through the sense of touch, and by disease of the spinal cord.

Since the great nerve which goes to the stomach is at its cerebral centre intimately associated with the auditory nerve, disturbance of the stomach may cause vertigo; and on the other hand, a disturbance of the auditory nerve may occasion nausea or vomiting. Vertigo is sometimes brought on by paralysis of a single muscle of the eye, or even by the temporary weakness of an overtaxed ocular muscle.

The form of vertigo now known as "Menière's disease" is that form which the famous Dean Swift suffered, and under which he often appeared like a staggering drunkard. The patient, on rising in the morning, feels as if the room were whirling round, or as if he were floating or sinking. Sometimes he falls when attacked, but he never loses consciousness. There are noises—sometimes quite loud—in the ear, and more or less deafness. There may be also faintness and vomiting. The attacks incline to be repeated with increasing frequency. In the intervals, however, the patient remains well.

The most common forms of vertigo are the gastric and the nervous. Gastric vertigo is sometimes induced by a very slight disorder of the stomach. The patient may feel a sudden swimming at the head; objects may seem to revolve; he totters and perhaps falls. There may be nausea, faintness, headache, visual hallucinations and buzzing in the ear; but there is no deafness, nor any danger of a loss of consciousness. Gastric vertigo is cured by treatment directed to the cause.

Nervous vertigo may come from nervous exhaustion resulting from various causes—intellectual strain, or an immoderate use of tobacco, alcohol or tea.

The symptoms are much the same as in gastric vertigo. They are felt strongly in an elevated position—by the preacher in the pulpit, or the speaker on the platform. As in gastric vertigo, the treatment must be directed to the cause. But patients need not fea an attack of paralysis or of apoplexy.

"TAPE-A-L'ŒIL."

One of the most prominent citizens of Paris died recently. It was a dog—Tape-à-l'Œil or Black-Eye, by name—who had passed the full space of a dog's life on the boulevards of the capital, acknowledging no owner or master, but living an easy and elegant life, in a very formal, well-regulated way.

Most dogs who lead an independent, unattached existence are miserable and half-starved curs. It was not so with Tape-à-l'Œil. Though he was not of aristocratic birth, being of unknown origin, and evidently about half-mastiff and half-setter by race, he "worked his way up" until he was able to lead the life of a gentleman. He was emphatically a self-made dog.

Perhaps, however, he was indebted in a certain degree to the large spot over his left eye, which gave him his name, for his start in life. His head was perfectly white except for this black spot in the shape of a half-moon, which completely covered his eye and ran back to the left ear.

Every morning he took a run in the Champs Elysees, and arrived at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with a good appetite, at the restaurant called the Bouillon Duval, in the Place de la Madeleine, where he was always well received. On the occasion of his first visits people were no doubt attracted by his black eye, as well as by his amiable disposition, and gave him a nibble from their plates. As time went by, he came to be regarded as a regular customer.

He went from table to table, receiving a bit of meat here, a scrap of bread there, a bone at one place, and at another a plate to lap. From the whole he made an excellent breakfast.

There were other eating-houses at which he obtained his dessert and his dinner. By the time he had made his tour, it was time to go to bed; and for his lodging place, he accepted nothing less magnificent than the Grand Hotel. He slept on a mat in a corner near the steamship ticket agency.

His costume had been provided for by a generous unknown friend, who had presented him with a very handsome collar, with his name, "Tape-à-l'Œil," engraved on the plate.

Following this regular round, petted by everybody, and unmolested by the police, though he paid no license and wore no muzzle, the dog lived on in great comfort.

But at last he became old, excessively fat, and almost blind. One day he refused to eat, but contrary to his custom, went down into the kitchen of the Grand Café, and lay down under a table; and when, some time later, an effort was made to induce him to come out, it was found that he was dead.

The newspapers published his "obituary," and many of his old friends wiped a tear from their eyes as they read it.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

A few miles out of the city of Bankok there is a mineral spring, and near it a bungalow much frequented by the Europeans in the city. An Englishman says that one evening as he rode up to this bungalow, a gentleman was alighting from his howdah at the entrance.

As soon as he had dismounted, his elephant was moved to one side, and my driver, who was seated on the head of my elephant, ordered it to advance. The instant he spoke, the animal which had moved aside to make room for us flapped his great ears, and then turned sharply around, facing my driver.

Suddenly, without the least warning, he stretched out his long trunk and wrapped it about the body of my man. Then, before any one had time to interfere, he raised him high in the air and brought him to the ground with tremendous force! As the poor fellow struck the earth we could hear his bones crack. But the elephant was not done with him. The next moment he had placed his huge foot on the head and chest of the prostrate driver. When he raised it again, all semblance of life was gone from the crushed, mutilated body.

The gentleman whose elephant had committed the terrible deed was greatly distressed. He said that he had purchased the animal from the king's pen, that it had always been exceedingly gentle and well-disposed. The animal was blind, one eye having been put out by an attendant fifteen years previous.

It was my driver, I learned the next day, who had put out the elephant's eye. He was at the time one of the guards at the king's stock pen, and, for some misdemeanor committed by the animal, had thrown a stone, which struck the creature full in the eye.

The elephant was so enraged thereafter at the sight of him, that, fearing for his life, the man left the place. But the injured animal had bided his time, and after fifteen years of waiting had terribly punished his enemy.

A KING'S AMBITION.

The little King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., has his boyish ambitions, it seems, even though he is a king. He is now five years old, and is no longer a "baby king." Recently, it is related by a correspondent at Madrid, the celebrated sculptor, Señor Querol, was engaged to make a statue of the young king.

The sculptor had great difficulty in finding a pose for his subject which should be at once spirited and natural, and sat one day in a brown study, regarding the boy as he looked out at the window.

All at once the sound of a band of music was heard on the street. The king sprang up, and brought his hand to his forehead in the military salute.

"The flag, sir! the flag!" the boy exclaimed. "Salute it!"

The sculptor had found the pose he sought, and made his statue represent the king in the act of saluting his country's flag.

As he was at work, the boy asked the artist:

"Are you going to make me *big?*"

"The statue will represent your majesty a little larger than you are," said Señor Querol.

"Well," said the five-year-old, "I want you to make me very big, with a long moustache!"

FRUIT-RAISING.

Large figures are sometimes bewildering, but they may be instructive also. The following facts teach that the "Golden State" is destined to be rather the Orchard of America:

Fifteen years ago there were no oranges shipped from California. Last year more than three thousand car-loads were sent East. In 1875 the Southern Pacific Road shipped five hundred pounds of raisins; last year twenty-six millions. In seventeen years there has arisen an industry which in 1890 returned to California people eight million dollars.

DID HE GET ONE?

Puns are not to be highly commended as specimens of wit, but now and then one has a pecuniary value.

A passenger in a Pullman car was inclined to be friendly with the porter, but hadn't yet shown him the "color of his money."

"Do you enjoy your position?" the passenger inquired.

"Yes," answered the porter, "I likes de quarters heah berry much—when I gets 'em."—*Exchange.*

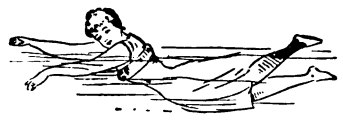
A HOTEL-KEEPER in Florida is said to have offered a reward of five dollars for the best treatise on how to make out-door life attractive to the mosquito.

IT is suggested that the cat knows by happy experience what the "lap of luxury" means, when she steals into the pantry and licks the cream off the milk.

The best worm medicine is *"Brown's Vermifuge Comfits."* Sold everywhere. 25 cents a box. [*Adv.*

Itching Piles.

Burnett's Kalliston is a sure relief. A quarter pint bottle by mail only for 50 cts. Joseph Burnett & Co., 27 Central St., Boston, Mass. Regular size by druggists, $1.



Rogers, Peet & Co., of New York City, invite requests for a leaflet "Bathing without Fear," descriptive of a unique bathing suit and life-preserver combined; for men, women and children.

ASTHMA CURED .·.·.·. To Stay Cured.

WRITE TO US FOR PROOFS.

Hay-Fever CURED -:-:- To Stay Cured.

NO CHANGE OF CLIMATE NEEDED.

A NEW DEPARTURE

FROM OLD METHODS AND OLD RESULTS.

WE WILL SEND YOU TESTIMONY FROM PEOPLE WHO LIVE NEAR YOU.

P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D.
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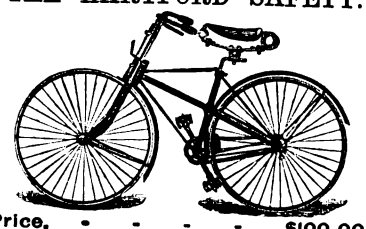


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For the Companion.

ABBY HANNAH'S PATCHWORK.

A burly bumblebee was out in the sunshine dressed in yellow with trimmings of black. Under a rosebush a well-fed cat nodded, singing a tune without variations.

At a window of an old-fashioned house a little girl sat, with down-bent head, sewing a square of patchwork. Very faint music came from her occupation; it was only Abby Hannah's needle which had grown tarnished by being pushed through stiff calico with moist and weary fingers.

She ceased her work, and lifted her pretty head to take a look into the pleasant garden. It was a sweet face, but at this moment it was an anxious one.

"Deborah! Deborah!" she called, in subdued tones. The cat stopped singing, opened her yellow eyes, stretched and went toward the house.

Abby Hannah, with Deborah in her lap, watched the lively bee as he hovered over "boy's-love" in Miss Lucindy's garden, to reach finally the corner where grew "love-lies-bleeding," "bachelor's-buttons," and a few small "lady's-delights."

Just then they saw the minister coming down the street in his Sunday best. He must be going home from some funeral; and yet the bell has not been heard tolling for the dead. Abby Hannah rose respectfully as the minister went by, much to Deborah's disgust.

The minister did not keep on to the parsonage, which was a few steps below, but came in at the gate.

From the wood-shed Jarvis, "the head hired man," as he was accustomed to call himself, although his Cousin Lucindy kept no other, came to ask what Parson Ridley wanted.

"To see Miss Lucinda," was the minister's answer.

"She's a-chorin' about town in the shay," said Jarvis; "and she's to wind up with goin' to Turkey Higgins's to buy a couple of hens. Won't ye step into the house and wait for her?"

No; the minister would not step in. "I wish a personal interview," he said, and went away.

"Set down, Abby Hannah!" said Jarvis, looking in at the open window. "Ye aint in meetin'. What be ye a-doin', little un?"

"Sewing my patchwork."

"How many squares have ye hoed out now?"

Abby Hannah counted them. "Fifteen, Jarvis, for my conduct quilt. I just hate 'em!"

Jarvis took them up one by one, a sorrowful expression coming into his honest, kindly face. In the middle of each square was a piece of white cloth on which was worked, in "sampler-stitch," the word "Diligent" or "Indolent," "Good," "Bad," "Lazy," and so forth, according to the little girl's daily conduct.

Tears came into Abby Hannah's eyes as she told Jarvis, her sole comforter, that Aunt Lucindy was to have a "quilting" when the conduct quilt was done, and then all the town would know how naughty she had been. After the quilting, this monument to her sins, as Aunt Lucindy called it, "was to be forever on the spare bed!"

"Don't cry, little un," said Jarvis. "Come, le's have a spell of school-keepin' out here under the old ellum. Lucindy is off with old Billy, who aint much like a harricane, and when she gets to Turkey Higgins's farm, they'll talk way up into fourteenthly, same as the parson did last Sunday. Bring out your dolls, Abby Hannah, and set 'em in battle array, and I'll be fust *se*lectman and 'zamin' 'em."

The little girl wiped her eyes. She went to a closet, and produced a clothespin dressed in a tight-fitting costume, with a bed-ticking cape to hide her lack of arms.

"Now pass out 'Yaller,'" said Jarvis, who was seating the pupils under the elm.

A crooked-necked squash next appeared, with stem cut close to the head, having green buttons for eyes, a squash-seed for a nose, and shoe-pegs for teeth.

"She aint handsome," said Jarvis. "Howsomever, 'Handsome is as handsome does,' the copy-book says."

A rag-doll came next, a flat and shapeless creature with pen and ink features. At last came Deborah the cat.

Jarvis sat up on the fence to "have a weather-eye to where the enemy might be looked for," while Abby Hannah drilled her pupils in high-pitched reading and spelling.

Suddenly the sound of instruction ceased. Aunt Lucindy was turning the corner homeward.



Abby Hannah and Jarvis hear the Ceremony.

Jarvis stooped low and gathered up the dolls, but he was clumsy in his haste, and lodged Clothespin in a cherry-tree.

Aunt Lucindy came up with an air of suspicion, and discovered the doll.

The fury of her wrath fell upon Abby Hannah.

"What under the canopy have you been a-doing!" she asked the frightened child, dragging her into the house. "Not patchworking, I'll be bound. Git your square!"

The half-completed square was produced, and then Miss Lucindy ordered Abby Hannah to sampler-stitch this sentence on the white centre:

"Abby Hannah Barrows, lazy and disobedient, 20th June, 1788."

As Abby Hannah cowered before her angry aunt, Parson Ridley again came up the yard.

"The parsonage is being painted," he said. "Would you allow a young and highly respectable young couple to be united in matrimony in your parlor?"

"I should be very happy to receive the young folks under my humble roof," said Miss Barrows, grandly.

The minister went out, and the best parlor was opened. The six-legged spinnet, a London instrument, was dusted. Miss Lucindy took an approving glance about at her mourning piece done in crewels and water-colors, her sampler, various silhouettes, and one or two pictures in water-colors. There were stiff chairs against the wall, a slippery sofa and a claw-footed table on which was a Bible.

In her black silk and mitts and false curls Miss Lucinda received her guests. Outside, Jarvis and Abby Hannah listened. There was a solemn silence; then the parson gave a loud "ahem!" and began the ceremony.

It seemed a long time before the minister pronounced Ellen Gordon and Colonel Arthur Bennett man and wife. Pretty names, thought little Abby Hannah; she would write them in her old copy-book for future dolls.

When it was over, there was a murmur of voices, a few low-toned words and they came out—a lovely bride, prettily dressed, and a tall Englishman of military appearance.

"I'd give her a white rose if I dared," said Abby Hannah.

Then she ran out by a side door, and when the pretty bride stepped into the carriage that waited, the timid child thrust a white rose and a cluster of buds into her hand and fled.

Only Parson Ridley knew why the English officer and the pretty girl from over the sea were married in the seclusion of Miss Barrows's parlor, and with all their talent for investigation, the people of the town learned nothing about it, beyond the bare fact that they had driven from Boston in a chaise. Very soon the quiet wedding was forgotten.

But it was not forgotten by little Abby Hannah. The appearance of the officer and his young bride had filled her with wistful thoughts of a world strange to her. She wrote their names in her old copy-book, in a painstaking way, and under them pinned a white rose with clustering buds.

That night she dreamed that Ellen Gordon had taken the conduct quilt across the sea, with its humiliating record.

Another June day. Deborah, the cat, is eight years older, and so is Abby Hannah. The conduct quilt adorns the four-poster in the spare room. As she had promised, Miss Lucinda Barrows had a quilting on its completion, and sorrowful, humiliated Abby Hannah helped by threading needles, and "passing round tea."

Scarcely a kind word did the child receive that long, sad afternoon. No one spoke of the neat, tiny stitches and the evenness of her sampler work.

The tea was perfect. The guests praised and Miss Lucinda politely condemned every article of the skilfully cooked food. But whether she told too many untruths on the occasion, or whether she made and "just nibbled, 'cause it was *so* poor," too many kinds of cake, is not known. At any rate, she failed in health from that time.

One by one her duties were given over to Jarvis and Abby Hannah with wearisome directions and repining words. Again Parson Ridley came to the house; not to perform a marriage ceremony, but to conduct the funeral of Lucinda Barrows.

Outside, Jarvis "saw to the teams" until it was time to appear as second chief mourner.

To all he told the same story; how "Lucindy grew less and less chirk all last year, and about dig-pertatering-time tuk her bed and never riz."

All the aunt's modest fortune, with many restrictions and directions, was left to Abby Hannah, except a few hundreds to Jarvis, who was to remain on the place.

The day after the funeral Jarvis helped Abby Hannah "slick up," inwardly rejoiced that training day was so near. In an honest, kindly way he wondered how it would "set" on Abby Hannah to be forehanded, and rejoiced that she could now read her book with no one to forbid her doing so.

Training day was fine. In their best, Jarvis and Abby Hannah went to Windmill Hill, where the sham fight was to take place. The people poured in from all parts, and Jarvis moved among the throng, conscious of his hundreds well salted down, and radiant in a "weskit" of gorgeous pattern.

Abby Hannah, in her simple black, sat where she could see the distant hills with cloud shadows upon them, and cattle quietly grazing in the fields. She cared little for the crowd or the soldiers in their gay dress; she longed for what she knew not of, suggested by the cloud glory and the distance.

Down the hill came a party of three, leaving a handsome carriage in charge of a man. They seemed also to avoid the crowd, and were approaching Abby Hannah's retreat. As she watched them, she felt as if she were reading in her poetry book.

How graceful they were! The handsome young man offered his gloved hand to the stately lady with white hair, helping her over every unevenness. The little girl with flaxen curls danced before them.

The lady sat down on a shelving rock, the young man by her side, while the child wandered in search of flowers.

As the little girl came up the hill she saw Abby Hannah, and was attracted to her. She first offered a dandelion out of her bouquet, and then a daisy. Presently she asked, "What is your name?" and Abby Hannah told it, with a feeling that it was not pretty.

"And what is yours?" she asked the child.

"Ellen Sinclair."

They grew so well acquainted that they went together where violets grew, and, with her hands full of them, the child ran to the lady on the rock. The lady nodded and smiled her thanks to Abby Hannah, as the party came up the hill. The little girl went back to where her new friend stood with timid, blushing face, and took fast hold of her hand.

The sham fight began. For a better view of the fight the crowd left the side of the hill where Abby Hannah was seated. Hidden from sight as the soldiers were by the brow of the hill and a clump of larches, the loud report of fire-arms came unexpectedly.

Ellen, the little girl, was standing on a rock, trying to reach the lower branches of a tree. Startled and bewildered, she let go her hold of the branch and fell to the ground.

When her uncle attempted to raise her she moaned, and then fell into his arms with a cry. At this Abby Hannah forgot her timidity and helped to soothe the frightened child.

The foot was badly injured.

"What can we do! Was there ever anything so very unfortunate!" exclaimed the lady.

"Take her to my house," promptly answered Abby Hannah. Jarvis had told her that these people were "Britishers," but she forgot her awe of them.

When Jarvis returned from the war that night, his surprise was great to see an Englishwoman in Lucindy's high-backed rocker, dressed in a rustling silk with finger-rings on her white hands, and a wounded, small-sized Britisher on the old "soffy."

He stood in the low kitchen while Abby

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Hannah told him all about it, and confessed to be "tuck a-back to see any of their sort under Lucindy Barrows's roof, she that never favored 'em!"

In the evening young Sinclair reported that he had made arrangements at the tavern for Ellen's comfort, and that he would carry her there in his arms. But she stoutly refused to move without Abby Hannah and the cat. Tears and sobs helped her cause, and seconded by the persuasion of Abby Hannah and Jarvis she carried the day. So it came about that, during the child's days of pain, she lay on the old sofa with a stalwart son of Deborah's for company, and a bunch of white roses from the old bush in her hand. And when, in the moonlight, the little one dozed, the stately lady and Abby Hannah grew to be friends.

The lonely girl tenderly loved this woman, who treated her with caressing tenderness, listening with interest to past worries and sorrows. How like seeing the loveliest of pictures, such as the parson had in his best parlor, to hear of the wonderful things in England! And yet that was the country Aunt Lucindy had taught her to despise. The girl's head was full of dreams.



The last Churning.

Little Ellen Sinclair was well at last, and must soon leave Abby and the cat. But before she went away she must see the funny dolls Abby had told her that she used to play with.

Crook-Neck was no longer in existence, but Clothespin was in a hair trunk in the attic—with the hated conduct quilt and the old copy-book. The child dragged them all out with other treasures, her little head bobbing about under the bunches of pennyroyal and catnip which Lucinda Barrows had carefully gathered each year.

Tired at last, she went down to show her grandmother Clothespin and the quilt Abby had made, while Abby Hannah idly carried in her hand the old copy-book.

She could now laugh over the cotton monument of her disgrace; and in the soft summer twilight she told the one romance of her short life—of the quiet wedding in that very room.

Outside was the white rosebush filling the air with perfume. In her hand was her old copy-book, with the dried and withered flowers just as she had placed them there years before. Young Sinclair had come from the tavern to say good-by. He leaned in at the open window.

The lady examined curiously the conduct quilt, and read the record that had caused the child so many tears.

"Abby Hannah Barrows, lazy and disobedient, 20th June, 1788."

The young man leaned farther into the room. For a moment nothing was heard but the cat's low song.

Then Abby Hannah read from the old copy-book, to make the story complete:

"In awful disgrace—have sampler-stitched the worstest square to-day. Pretty Ellen Gordon was married to Arthur Bennett, a soldier, in Aunt —"

A groan and a cry made Abby Hannah drop her copy-book, and look with wonder at the lady. Young Sinclair with a bound was in the room and by her side.

"Read that again!" he said. Then he picked up the book and pressed the withered flowers to his lips.

The first chapters of the story Abby Hannah had told, and now Mrs. Sinclair took it up. Ellen Gordon was her dead sister's child, and hers by adoption. She came to Boston with a brother, who died soon after they reached this country.

She was to marry Colonel Bennett when she returned; he came for her, and was married in Aunt Lucindy's parlor instead.

They delayed their return a long time; then came a stormy voyage and a shipwreck.

Among the few saved were baby Ellen and her nurse. The young father and mother went down into the sea. Their relatives never learned when or where the marriage had taken place, and had found no record of it until this moment, on their American visit.

The lady told no more, but leaned back in Lucindy's old rocking-chair, and gave herself up to her thoughts, leaving Ellen singing Deborah's son to sleep done up in the conduct quilt.

One of Abby Hannah's dreams came true. The conduct quilt went across the sea with a pretty Ellen, and was cared for like rare old tapestry.

In time she herself went to England, and lived and died in London.

The railroad from Boston passes through what was once Aunt Lucindy's garden, near the elm where Abby Hannah taught her doll school. The rosebush is not there; it was transplanted to Surrey, in England, and flourished there many a year.

MAY KINGSTON.

YOUNG HAPPINESS.

Our childhood's pleasures are like the rivers,
Whose onward flowing is deep and free.
We prize them highly above all treasures.
How sweet the sunshine, how glad, how free!
—Old Song.

For the Companion.

THE BLEXLEY FEUD.

In Two Chapters.—Chapter I.

How It Began.

There was no reason why it should have been called the Blexley feud, rather than the Pierson feud; though, to be sure, the place of its origin was in old Mrs. Blexley's house; or to be more exact, in old Mrs. Blexley's butter-tub.

She was not old Mrs. Blexley then, but merely a matron in her forties, with a house full of children, who were all the way from babes to young men.

It bade fair to be an unusually busy summer, for Mrs. Blexley had eight cows upon her hands; and she had felt herself very fortunate in having gained the Piersons' consent that their youngest girl, Dorothy, should help her through the summer with the butter.

She proved to be a help. "What Dorothy don't know 'bout butter-makin' aint worth knowin'," was no empty boast by Mrs. Pierson. The girl had been brought up, as her Aunt Lyddy repeatedly expressed it, "in the good old-fashioned way of not only knowing well how to work, but how to work well."

Mrs. Blexley gave over to Dorothy the work of butter-making, and all the packing.

Even then matters might have gone on smoothly if the Blexleys' chief dependence in the shape of a dun cow had not choked herself to death with a turnip. That event delayed the packing of the June butter in the new tub just brought home for the purpose.

Mrs. Blexley always declared that when people bought tubs of 'Lijah Starks they "knew what they was doin'; 'Lijah's tubs didn't need soakin' a month after he'd cured the staves; they didn't soak nothin', out or in. They'd weigh, too, just so much, whether or no."

It is possible that her opinion was influenced to some extent by the fact that 'Lijah was her brother. It was a fact, however, that butter kept well in Mr. Starks's firkins and tubs; and if Mrs. Blexley chose to put down hers without a long preparatory soaking of the receptacle in brine, it was no one's business but her own, and perhaps that of the buyer of the butter.

At any rate this tub, prepared for the dun cow's butter, was simply laid aside in the buttery off the kitchen until it was needed, six weeks later, after the two brindle cows' calves had been sent to the butcher. Then a simple brine and saltpetre rinse was enough, in Mrs. Blexley's judgment.

"And now, Dorothy," she said, as she brought the first five pounds from the scales,—for Mrs. Blexley invariably weighed every pound herself, and chalked it down on the "butter shingle" which always hung behind the scales,—"now, Dorothy, see how quick you can get that tub full. I promised it to Mrs. Miller to send to her son, a fortn't ago."

"I can fill it in another fortn't, if you don't mind skimpin' at table a little," Dorothy answered, proudly, as she put down the first compact layer.

"I can skimp if I must, but you'll all know just what I'm doin' it for. I b'lieve in bein' honest, even in skimpin'."

That was something she prided herself upon. It was a Blexley boast. The Blexleys were stiff-backed people on this score, and woe to all persons who fell short in weight or measure of any kind!

Mrs. Blexley always considered it but a Christian duty unflinchingly to make known the deficiencies of such people, and to announce that she "had no further use for them."

The performance of this duty was only the exhibition of another trait in the possession of which the Blexleys had equal pride. This trait was candor—one which people who make inordinate boast of honesty feel bound to cultivate.

"I'd rather a body'd fire into my face than into my back, any time," would be Mrs. Blexley's only apology for the plain statements she so often made—statements with barbed points and edges.

There were those who felt that Silas Pierson expressed their own views when he answered her at the oat-threshing:

"Jes' so, Mis' Blexley; but a body aint called upon to be always firin' at nary face nor back, simply 'cause a body's got a gun!"

But other people's views did not affect her own. She still spoke with exceeding candor on all occasions.

The last churning had gone into the tub in less than the fortnight. The white cloth had even received its thin layer of salt, and the cover was ready to be put in place, when Dorothy proudly turned it over to Jim Blexley at the foot of the cellar stairs, with a beaming face in answer to his admiring look.

It was sweet, fresh and firm—either the face or the butter; and if Mrs. Blexley was pleased with the butter, Jim could not be blamed for admiring the face.

"The man that gets you'll get somebody," she emphatically asserted, as the choice tub was deposited on the scales; and Jim nodded as he stole another glance at Dorothy's blushing face.

But, strange to say, the tub only tipped the beam at fifty-eight and a half pounds!

"Five, eight, ten, six —"

Mrs. Blexley hurriedly went over the figures on the shingle.

"Why, Dorothy, there aint butter 'nough here into two pounds and a quarter!"

"Perhaps you've made a mistake in countin'. Let me see."

Both counted. The whole Blexley household in turn counted the column on the shingle; but try as they might, they saw that Daboll's arithmetic never could countenance fifty-eight and a half as the answer to this problem: "If you put forty-eight and three-fourths pounds of butter into a tub weighing twelve pounds, what is the weight of the whole?"

"What has become of that two pounds and a quarter of butter?"

Mrs. Blexley asked the question again and again, as she went about the house.

She knew there must be as much as she had estimated. Her figures didn't lie. She was almost inclined to prove it by "taking it all up," but Mrs. Miller was even now clamoring for it, and it was sent on immediately.

Polly, her daughter, had witnessed each weighing before it went to the tub. That the tub could have run under 'Lijah's rule—twelve pounds—was not to be thought of. He had said it didn't, and that was enough.

He certainly had not made a tub under the usual weight in the last batch he made before he died, she conclusively argued; and Jim had to confess that he had weighed it when he brought it home, and it met the requirements.

It was a puzzler. If it had only stopped at that! But it did not. Next day Mrs. Blexley put a point-blank question to the astonished Dorothy.

"Dorothy, what did you do with that butter?"

"I? I packed every ounce you sent downstairs!" she indignantly exclaimed.

"But you couldn't 've," protested Mrs. Blexley.



Dorothy's Answer to an Insinuation.

For answer Dorothy walked straight over to the nail which held her sunbonnet, put on her head-wear and went home. Later in the day her brother's wagon came to fetch her things.

"To think Mrs. Blexley the same's called me a thief!" she said, in telling of it to her friends.

Shortly the Blexleys heard a report that Dorothy had said that Mrs. Blexley called her a thief.

"I didn't!" declared Mrs. Blexley. "But where did that butter go? I'd ruther lost a tub than b'lieve Dorothy took it; but it don't seem real honest to flare up so at a candid question."

"Such candid folks 're apt to get slander mixed up with candor," said Dorothy's brother. "A Pierson's as honest as a Blexley, any day."

"Folks don't put on back braces unless they need 'em," retorted Mrs. Blexley, when this remark came to her ears; and this brought a retort from one of the Piersons, to the effect that "folks could be so straight-backed that they leaned the wrong way."

These were mild shafts which grew rapidly into most venomous ones, the immediate result of which was that Dorothy passed Jim on the road without looking at him. The good-hearted fellow had it on his tongue to tell her that his mother meant no harm; but it occurred to him that such a statement would require an explanation which he was unable to give.

Then, when a friend told him that Dorothy had said that she "wouldn't have one of the Blexley tribe if they were the only ones on earth" he gave up, left home, and was brought back in six months, dead—killed in a steam-boat disaster.

A fierce feud had well begun, which presently extended not only to every relative on either side, but took in all the people in the village. Almost every inhabitant was connected in some way with one family or the other, and even those who had no connection with either were drawn into the quarrel.

In fact, as Uncle Billy, the stage-driver, said, no one could live in peace in Weston without fighting on one side or the other; and in time each had married so strictly among its adherents that, as Uncle Billy also remarked, "'Twan't safe to wag yer head 'fore every one, for you was sure to hook a Blexley or a Pierson."

This was not all. The Pierson faction set up a rival cooper shop, so injuring Jason Starks's trade that he was unable to meet his notes, and lost almost all he had. Ab Blexley did not report a brush fire that had caught in the Piersons' lot, and two families were made nearly penniless by the damage that ensued.

Banfield Pierson bought up Joel Blexley's notes and sold him out for a small mortgage he held, and the shock to the old people was so great that Mrs. Joel had a stroke of paralysis, while Joel went insane.

Everything that bad blood was capable of doing, except the actually criminal, was resorted to by both sides. Politics, patriotism and religion were forgotten or swallowed up in the quarrel which raged.

The town meetings served only to reveal which faction was present in the greater strength at a given occasion. Sometimes the town went for the Blexleys and sometimes for the Piersons. Smaller school district and line-fence feuds were engrafted upon the greater ones.

Religion ceased to be fostered. No minister could please both sides. Subscriptions could not be raised for salaries for more than one side, and two societies could not be supported. A feeble prayer-meeting took the place of the regular Sunday services.

Some of the people sold out their farms and moved away. A rude outside element began to push in. Soon the staid old tavern was converted into a billiard saloon and a drinking-house, which was freely patronized by a rising generation undisturbed by wholesome restraints.

The village seemed to be deserted by God and man; but the old residents only withdrew more within themselves, and, with groans over the lost prosperity, let evil-doing run riot.

Twenty-five years later, as old Mrs. Pierson said on her deathbed, "You wouldn't 've known that 'twas the same place."

SARAH BIERCE SCARBOROUGH.

(To be continued.)

ONE POOR LITTLE MONKEY.

Professor Angell tells a touching story of a little monkey which was the constant companion and pet of a colony of artists in Düsseldorf. He was permitted to roam from studio to studio, dressing himself in the various art properties scattered about, grinning, chattering, soliciting fondness from his favorites more like a merry, dumb child than an unintelligent beast.

After the monkey had been left alone for a time, the return of his friends was celebrated for him by a sugar treat which was to him the event of the day.

A small square box was given him, in which he always found when he succeeded in raising the cover several large, beautiful white lumps of sugar.

The little fellow always knew when his treat was coming, leaped about expectantly, and chattered with delight when he found himself with a lump of sugar in each cheek, one in each hand and more spread out before him on the floor.

One day a young artist came in with a box exactly like the sugar-box in form and size, which he put down before the little expectant, saying to his companions that they would see some fun.

The little beast tugged anxiously at the cover, which came off with more than usual trouble, looking up and grinning happily at his master; but suddenly the box flew open and a hideous creature flew up in the little brown face bent forward.

The monkey gave a cry of mortal terror and sprang across the room, running nimbly up a curtain and hiding himself in its folds.

There he stayed, hour after hour, in spite of coaxings, not venturing from his refuge until the obnoxious box was concealed from view.

The next day, when the box of sugar was given

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to him, the little creature fled, and could not be coaxed to touch it; but the second day the impression had faded sufficiently, so that, with the greatest caution, he opened the lid, and then sprang back out of reach, with tightly closed eyes.

When he ventured to open them his beloved sugar lay before him, and his joy and relief was almost painful to witness.

Alas for human nature! The abject terror had been so amusing that at intervals the experiment was repeated, always with the same success. The poor little creature grew thin and haggard, his merry chatter ceased, his tricks were abandoned.

A morbid fascination, also a love for sugar, drew him again and again to his torture or joy, as the case might be.

His misery when the demon was revealed, and his extravagant delight when the coveted sweets were found, were equally funny to his thoughtless tormentors, and the sport went on until at last the master came to his poor little pet's rescue and positively forbade further torture.

Daily the sugar appeared, the old chatter was resumed; the merry, harmless play, the gleeful antics. Life was once more worth living for the little caricature of humanity.

But again, alas! after some months had passed, and the monkey's unreasoning terror had become only a good joke to be told to new-comers, his master, his *friend*, thought that he would try the experiment just once more, and see whether it would have the old effect.

He called the confiding little fellow and handed him the box, which he took with the usual pleasure. The lid flew back, there was a stifled cry, then the box dropped from a pair of small, nerveless brown hands, and the little monkey sank in a heap at his master's feet. The torture had been applied once too often; the little sufferer was dead.

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

The current brave—now swift, now slow—
Onward through rocky gorges fights its way,
Leaping at last, bright in the glow of day,
To the smooth river's bosom bordered fair
With fertile fields and happy homes of men.

New England Magazine. —*W. P. Dole.*

For the Companion.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "KITTIEWINK."

In Seven Chapters.—Chapter VII.

Wreck and Rescue.

"Steady there! She's comin'!"

This exclamation from Black Tarr, who stood stolidly in the dory, brought Non to his senses.

Indeed, there was the greatest need of steadiness. Hal looked up from the bottom of the dory, but as he did so the end of a curling wave from the chop sea struck him full in the face, and for the moment blinded him. The elements seemed to be conspiring to the bitter end against the Captain of the *Kittiewink*.

The dory was now in the middle of the seething waves. Could it pass the white line of breakers at the bar, or not?

The man at the oars kept the boat in its position as firmly as he could hold it. He knew well that every third wave was the one to be dreaded. He was measuring the billows and awaiting his opportunity.

"Bail her out, quick!" he shouted to Hal, who was still bent up on the bottom of the dory, and very nearly helpless.

Black Tarr thrust his oilskin hat into Hal's hands. Hal took the sou'wester and he was not long in finding out what to do. The sea was washing from side to side in the gallant dory, and Hal washed with it. He bailed with all his might with the sou'wester.

"Now hold to her! Don't let go! *Ugh!*"

There was a roar, a mass of white-green foam, a dead weight, a staggering, a manful pull, and the deed was done; but with what slight margin!

Beyond was still water, and willing hands dragged the half-swamped but victorious dory to the firm land.

A wave had almost filled her. Hal was struck down for the third time by its force. He thought all was over then, and blindly clung to the seat. Non had shut his eyes. He, too, expected to die.

The three were pulled ashore with joyful cries. Trot got out, no one knew how—but there might well have been a lurking suspicion in his mind that no one thought of him in that crisis.

Hal staggered up the beach a few steps, and then fell exhausted. His legs could not carry him. But Black Tarr shook himself like a Newfoundland, and rushed along the shore toward the *Kittiewink*.

Hal seemed at first to be seriously hurt. Ladies bent over him as he was borne up upon the high, dry sand, and Non walked trembling by his side. Trot followed, shivering and silent.

When Phineas Scrod saw that his own shipwreck was inevitable, he plunged into the cabin to reach for something heavy. He was a man of quick expedients. He knew that if, in a lull, he could get a line to the shore, before the crushing waves exhausted him, he might be saved.

Groping about, his fingers closed upon the soapstone with the iron handle, which Mrs. Maynot had insisted that Hal should take to keep him warm at night. There was no time for a choice.

Like a cat Phin was on deck and had time to cling to the mast with both arms, before the onslaught of waters struck the *Kittiewink*.

The wave enveloped the doomed boat, turning her over on her side. Phineas for the moment was completely submerged. He needed all his muscle and all his courage to enable him to clasp the mast, as the terrible wave fell back.

The waterfall of pebbles on the beach resounded in his ears. He clung to the mast like a barnacle. Half-entangled in the rigging, he had not a fair chance to jump. Besides, the water was too deep, the rush of the returning wave too quick, the undertow too deadly.

Again the surge of the breakers overwhelmed him. A few more such onsets, and even tough old Phineas Scrod must yield.

Phin thought that he must go now. He wished it had been on the *Susan Jinks*, and not here. But he was not ashamed of his fate.

"Any way," he muttered, "I found the boys."

The receding mass of waters almost tore him away from the mast. But, with a coolness worthy of all admiration, Phin, even while under the wave, and maintaining his grip, tied the long end of the jib-halyards to the handle of the soapstone.

When the sea left him for the space of a few seconds, he landed the precious stone on shore with a mighty throw. Some one grasped it.

Again came the shock of the sea. For the third time he was overwhelmed. The fury of the rising tide was added to the torrents.

This onslaught drove the *Kittiewink* higher on the beach. At the same time it nearly stripped her. The tremendous wave receded, the white surf fell back and gathered itself anew. Had it accomplished its purpose?

Slowly Scrod emerged. He was badly bruised, but the saving rope was taut, held at one end by straining arms on the beach, at the other by the pin at the saddle of the mast.

Phineas scrambled out. It was a desperate risk. The *Kittiewink*, creaking and groaning, was left alone to its doom.



Phin Loses the Rope.

Phineas hung upon the quivering rope. He had only a few feet to swing himself along; but the weight of the waters had been almost more than he could bear. He was desperate, but exhausted.

The roll of the returning surf, the boiling of the sea at his waist, the murmuring sands, the cry of the horror-stricken people almost within reach, stunned the old sailor as he braved his fate. There was a surge and a rush, a singing as of distant music in his ears, and Phineas was twisted from the rope and hurled into the seething water.

"Seize him! Grab him!" shrieked a very loud voice. A man flung himself into the white foam. He grappled with it, and grasped a dark object desperately. Was it a senseless wreck or a breathing man? From the shores it was impossible to tell.

Then the fisherman was seen to turn a white, streaming face to the land. A line of strong men had already been formed. There was a desperate and magnificent pull.

Then the waters fell back. Phineas Scrod had been saved by his mate.

When the half-drowned and unconscious man was carried upon the shore and laid down, some of the bystanders wished to roll him over a barrel, and some to stand him on his head, while one scientific summer boarder whipped out a "Guide for all Emergencies," and opening at the wrong page, wildly prescribed chalk and milk for the sake of precipitating the salt water, and thereby saving him from the convulsions of poisoning.

It was reserved for Trot to be equal to the occasion. With anxious whines he forced his way through the crowd and cuddled at the limp man's face, licking eyes and ears and mouth with a warm tongue and piteous cries.

This method of treatment for drowning, not prescribed in any medical treatise, caused Phin to open his eyes with a low groan. Trot, encouraged by success, redoubled his attentions, snapping spitefully at any interference.

Scrod, after a few minutes of hazy remembrance, rose to his right elbow. He cast an intelligent look about him and recognized the dog. His first words were:

"Where's your master?"

Then he asked, "Are them boys safe? Save them boys!"

The crowd were deeply touched. Some one's voice was heard in a half-sob. The people parted, and a tall boy tottered before the prostrate sailor and fell upon his knees in the sand.

"O Phin!" cried Hal, with streaming eyes, "dear Phin. Thank God you're saved! Forgive me, Phin. I'll never undertake to be captain in all my life again!"

Phin looked upon his employer's son and held out his hand.

Seeing Non, looking scared in the crowd, Phineas beckoned to him. It seemed to the bystanders like a sacred family meeting.

Black Tarr had stepped back when Hal appeared.

"I'm glad my boys are safe. Now we can go home in peace. Whar's my mate?" asked Phineas. "I knowed *he's* safe. Nothin' can't drownd him."

"Here he is—he saved you," called out a voice from the crowd.

The stolid old fisherman was shoved to the front, still dripping, and with sand clinging to his wet clothes. His head was bare, and he looked as if he were ashamed of his prominence.

"No, I didn't," he stammered; "that is—we all hauled you in, but you saved yourself more'n we saved ye. Can't some un give ye a dry bit o' clothes?"

He looked around, and then lifted Phin carefully to his feet.

This practical point relieved the strain. The crowd closed upon them, and Phineas was carried off to one of the hotels in triumph. Hal followed with Trot a little way, and then turned back to the sea and the *Kittiewink*. He was now able to walk and think calmly. Many people were still watching to see the surf pound the boat to pieces. The beach was beginning to be strewn with jetsam.

Hal looked at the wreck with a feeling very much like glee. He was sorry that the boat was being destroyed, but not that the end of his boating had been reached.

His foot struck a hard substance. He stooped and picked up—his mother's soapstone. The saving rope had been untied.

Hal did not think it strange that the soapstone should be there. He had come to feel no wonder at anything the sea might do.

A small boy picked up a can of tomatoes cast up on the beach, and with great honesty brought it to Hal.

"Is that yours?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said Hal.

He mechanically put the can under his arm.

The tide had almost come, and with it a still higher wind and sea. As Hal watched, a mighty wave struck the ill-fated sloop. There was a tearing of wood; the mast was wrenched out of her body, and, entangled in sails and rigging, was carried on the crest of the breaker to the beach.

The *Kittiewink* yawned before him and drifted apart.

At this sight Hal drew a deep breath, and turned his back forever on the *Kittiewink*. With his soapstone swaying in one hand, his can of tomatoes in the other, Trot rolling in the sand to dry himself, and the honest small boy behind, Hal followed the crowd as best he might.

He now began to think of the telegram and of his anxious mother. Somehow, he thought that his father could stand the uncertainty, but his mother—might she not die under the nervous strain? Hal ran on as fast as he could.

A quarter of an hour afterward when some one had kindly ferried the shipwrecked boy and the terrier over the river into the town, Hal walked up to the telegraph office, which was situated in a large white hotel.

The men in the hall, who seemed to be staring in two ways, as if after two curiosities, withdrew their divided gaze and centred it upon our dilapidated hero.



The operator seemed to expect him. He had just sent two surprising messages; but of these Hal knew nothing. The first of the two was written in a very scrawly hand with a bad telegraph-office pen, and was much blotted by the blue ink:

to mister Henry maynot. Steamtug Sculpin, anywere on the new Englend cost. try Portland.

i found um. we Go hum tomorrer in fust Trane. Kittiewink druv ashore. phineas Scrod.

"But how can the Western Union deliver this message? Isn't its destination a little vague?" the operator had suggested, mildly. He was only too willing to do all he could for the interesting waifs.

"Thet's the comp'ny's business," said Phineas, composedly. "You send that off, young fellow, right away, and mark it paid. Here's two quarters, all I hev."

The operator started it off, and, stranger than all the strange events of that day, Mr. Maynot received the message before sundown, in Portland Harbor, where the discouraged *Sculpin* had run in for the night.

The next message was written in a precise hand.

To Doctor Parkhurst, Sweet Fern, Mass.

Don't worry. Saved by Phin and sailor. Phin saved by sailor and others. Kittiewink not saved at all. All well. Algernon.

Hal took the pen with trembling fingers, and wrote nervously:

To Mr. and Mrs. Maynot, Sweet Fern, Mass.

Kittiewink gone to pieces. Phin is a brick. Telegraph money, shoes and clothes immediately. We're all broken up. Tell mother it's all right. I'm coming right home for good. We'll start by early morning train. I guess I'm not fit to be captain of anything except a washtub. The only thing saved is Trot and us and the soapstone. Very lovingly your son, Hal.

This remarkable telegram was marked "collect." It was Hal's first telegram, and he was not in a frame of mind for counting words.

About sunset that night Hal went out alone to the long pier. He had meant to take another look at the wreck.

The evening train had brought many strange faces to the hotels and boarding-houses. Hal was diverted by the sight of the tourists, and for the moment forgot the errand on which he had come out.

As he was looking about, his eye caught sight of a lonely figure sitting on the rocks, eagerly watching the ocean. Something about the lady seemed familiar to him. He approached her timidly. The woman's travelling dress was dusty and disordered, and her face was haggard. Her eyes stared straight out upon the waters.

It was his mother, "searching the Atlantic Ocean," as Phineas had said.

Hal stood still. He was afraid to speak to her; but Trot, without any hesitation, bounded into her lap, and said enough for all three.

HERBERT D. WARD.

The End.

For the Companion.

A FRESH-WATER AQUARIUM.

Every home which has a healthy growth of domestic life welcomes new elements of beauty and household interest. Most families keep flowers and plants; and their beauty and fragrance amply repay the trouble of raising or tending them.

Many others, perhaps, would gladly keep an aquarium, not only as an adornment, but also as a means of instruction and agreeable recreation, if they were sure that they could keep its inhabitants in a healthy state. It may be that former attempts have failed, or exaggerated notions of the amount of care necessary have deterred them from venturing to keep an aquarium. I hope to show how simple an affair a fresh-water aquarium really is.

The elaborately decorative aquarium is too large a subject for this article. Nor shall I treat of tank arrangements in which it is necessary to maintain a flow of water.

An aquarium, as we shall here understand the word, is a self-sustaining collection, never requiring any other change of water than that which comes with the replacing of water which has evaporated, and which is, therefore, within the reach of every girl and boy.

A few words of explanation are necessary. Fishes breathe air as land animals do, but they extract the air from the water through their gills, absorbing the oxygen and exhaling carbonic acid. If kept in a confined water space, they soon use all the oxygen; the water becomes stale from the excess of carbonic acid, and the fish die.

All plants, on the other hand, absorb carbonic acid. They use the pure carbon to build up tissue, and they give out free oxygen. They further distil oxygen from water, taking up the hydrogen.

Now if we can establish a just balance, by growing plants in a tank which contains fish, we shall not have to change or aërate the water, for the plants and fishes will supply each other with life-giving elements.

Let the reader, then, get any kind of vessel which holds five gallons or more, and which will not contaminate water with any poisonous quality of its own. A wooden tub will do, but a glass tank is better, since it affords better means of observation.

A square glass tank is preferable to a round one, as the unequal refraction of curved glass distorts the view.

Whatever vessel is chosen, cover the bottom with about an inch of clean sand and pebbles, and pour in river, spring, artesian or well water through the nose of a watering-pot, in order not to disturb the arrangements of the pebbles and sand.

Let the water fill the tank about two-thirds full, and let it stand a few days before introducing the fish.

If you have a microscope you will soon detect a rapid growth of minute plants. A green slime will cover the pebbles and the inner surface of the glass sides.

But do not be alarmed; this growth is just what you want. The slime is made up of the plants that will supply your fish with oxygen, and enable you to keep your tank for years without any trouble.

You will see thousands of small bubbles covering these plants and ascending from them. They are oxygen bubbles.

Furthermore, this green growth will prevent an excess of light, which is highly injurious to fish. You will, however, keep one side of your glass

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tank clean to facilitate observation. Tie a small sponge on a short stick, and use it exclusively to wipe the scum from this side of the tank.

Never put the tank in the sunshine, but choose a northerly aspect, with little direct light. For decorative tanks adorned with flowering plants



HOME MADE AQUARIUM.

sunlight is, of course, necessary, but our aquarium needs other management.

When dust accumulates a glass cover must be used; but it is better to remove the tank when dust must fly.

Hang a small thermometer in the water, and never let the temperature rise to sixty degrees nor sink below forty degrees. Fish stand cold better than heat; so beware of stoves in winter.

If your fish rise gasping to the surface, you will know that your aquarium is a failure. You must in that case either renew the water or aërate it; but with a little care you will never need to do either.

After plant life has flourished in your tank for a week, a microscope will show thousands of infusorial animalculæ swarming through the water. You will learn that vegetable matter in water always induces these important growths. They serve as food for the smaller fishes, and, like plants, absorb carbonic acid and give out oxygen.

Now for the inmates. As a general rule, have too few rather than too many fishes. Allow a gallon of water to every fish less than four inches in length, if your plant growth is abundant. Fishes over eight inches long require eight gallons of water each, and ten-inch fish twelve gallons apiece.

Stock moderately at first, and with the increase of plant growth your tank will support more fish.

Minnows, small perch, goldfish and German carp look well and thrive in an aquarium. They are very hardy and easily tamed. If fed regularly they soon learn to take bread crumbs out of your fingers, and allow you to stroke them gently.

Feed your fish twice a week with bread crumbs, white of egg, flies, spiders, small worms and ants; but do not give food in very cold weather, for then fish do not eat.

Always see that every fragment is eaten up, or else remove it at once; any decaying object will soon poison the water.

For the removal of crumbs, shreds of meat and any black growths use a dipping-tube—a glass tube about half an inch in diameter, and open at both ends.

To use it, place your finger on the top of the tube, and thrust it down over the object to be removed; lift up the finger, and the water will rise in the tube, carrying the object with it. Bring it to the surface, place the finger on the top again, and lift it out.

Of course evaporation will lower the surface of the water, and every week the loss in this way must be supplied.

If, from some unexplainable cause, a fish appears to be sick, remove it to a shallow vessel containing sand and pebbles covered by a few inches of water, where it will rub itself among them and perhaps recover.

The ambitious student will have several small tanks to use in studying the habits of pond and brook inhabitants. Preserve-jars serve admirably for such work. Put pebbles at the bottom of each jar, and plant a few tufts of some growing water-weed. A few hours' work with a net at any stagnant pond or ditch will put the student in possession of water-bugs of all shapes and sizes, dragon-fly, gnat and mosquito larvæ, caddis worms, polyps, newts and mollusks.

A good book on natural history will give details which may be verified easily; and these jars will not only serve as subjects of domestic diversion and interest, but will stimulate a spirit of inquiry, and bring within the view of the poorest student many of God's mysterious ways in nature.

Perhaps some readers will be disappointed because nothing has been said about decorative features. But it should be remembered that every piece of rock-work displaces a like amount of water, and makes it possible for fewer fishes to live in our primitive tank.

If the tank is large enough, some rock-work made of coke or pumice-stone, dipped several times in a thin batter of cement, may be put in. Cement the pieces together, and use your taste in making an archway, through which the fish will be glad to sport. Pockets may be made in this arch for the insertion of flower-pots. When the plants are in full bloom, set them into these pockets, and you will have a very pretty and effective piece of decoration.

This is the only way our aquarium for the beginner will submit to receive flowering plants. The constant care occasioned by the decay of parts of plants will not allow the young student to grow them in the water; but when he has successfully maintained a self-sustaining aquarium for at least six months, he may venture to introduce some aquatic plants, such as grow in ponds.

Water thyme, the yellow water-lily, and the various duck-weeds are all good tank plants. Cover their roots with pebbles, and they will flourish; but do not let them choke up the tank. They blossom in early summer, and certainly add much to the beauty of a fresh-water aquarium.

ZU BEFEHL.

LOWLINESS.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth
Which charms the general wood,
But in the violet low whose sweetness telleth
Its unseen neighborhood.

—*Rev. J. D. Burns.*

THE PURCHASE OF IRISH LAND.

Undoubtedly the most important and far-reaching measure which has been acted upon by the British House of Commons, during its present session, has been the "Irish Land Purchase Bill," a scheme devised by the Conservative Government with the double purpose, undoubtedly, of lessening Irish discontent and of "taking the wind out of the sails" of the Liberal party.

It has occupied a large share of the time of the House for several months. Having been introduced in March, 1890, it did not reach its final stage in the Commons until the Fifteenth of June of this year.

On that day it passed its final stage, by a majority of one hundred and twenty-nine out of a total vote of three hundred and twenty-one. The bill was voted for by the Conservatives and the section of the Home Rule party which still follows the fortunes of Mr. Parnell; and was opposed by a large body of the Liberals, and by those of the Home Rulers who are led by Mr. McCarthy.

Stated broadly, this highly important measure embodies a scheme for transferring a great portion of the land in Ireland from its present landlords to its tenants and occupiers. It is not the first plan having this end in view that has passed Parliament; but it is by far the most complete, and is much more likely to be effective than preceding measures.

The bill proposes that the British Government shall advance the money needed to buy out the landed estates, and shall allow the tenants to purchase them by paying annual instalments.

In order to do this, a fund amounting to one hundred and sixty-five million dollars is to be provided from certain specified sources of national revenue.

The annual instalments to be paid by the tenant will amount to less than the annual rents he now pays; and by paying them regularly, the tenant will in forty-nine years become the absolute owner of the land he tills.

If, for instance, a tenant has been paying one hundred dollars a year in rent, he will now pay an annual instalment of eighty dollars for five years, and only seventy dollars for the remaining forty-four years; and will own the land at the end of that period.

The amounts paid in instalments will be again paid out for further purchases; so that, if the scheme is successful, much more than one hundred and sixty-five million dollars will ultimately be spent in making the occupiers of the soil also its owners.

In payment for the land, the present owners are to receive government stock bearing interest at the rate of two and three-quarters per cent., payable in not less than thirty years; and this stock may at any time be exchanged for consols.

But the bill does not compel the landlord to sell, or the tenant to buy. It only takes effect in case both agree to make the transaction.

The advances and transfers of the land will be made by the government land commission.

The bill is especially intended to convert the smaller and poorer class of farmers into owners of the land. Its operation, therefore, is to be limited to farmers who now pay a rental of two hundred and fifty dollars or less. The money advanced is to be divided between the larger and lesser tenants according to their respective numbers in any Irish county.

Such are the main features of a bill which Mr. Gladstone himself has declared to be very complicated in its details. It is intended to benefit both landlords and tenants; to give the landlords a higher interest than they now receive in the form of rent; and to enable the tenants at once to pay a less sum a year, and in the end to own their holdings.

Whether it will succeed in its purpose the future alone can reveal; but it is certain that if it does place the tenantry of Ireland in possession of the land, it will finally remove one of the heaviest burdens and grievances which the Irish have suffered for centuries.

LIFE.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

THE SUN BECOMING SPOTTED AGAIN.

The eyes of astronomers are once more directed with renewed interest to the face of the sun, which this year has shown a decided increase in the size and number of the black spots upon its surface.

These spots are great sink-holes in the sun into which are descending vapors that are cooler and consequently darker than the surrounding surface. There is an intimate connection between the spots and certain explosions or eruptions that occur on the sun, by which vast quantities of glowing hydrogen and vaporized metals are cast up to an enormous height, as stones and ashes are thrown out by volcanoes on the earth.

The late Father Secchi, a celebrated Italian astronomer, thought that the spots were caused by the settling down of the materials thus cast forth, which had been partially cooled and condensed during their lofty flight.

Great sun-spots are frequently completely encircled by tremendous eruptions, which sometimes hurl the dazzling substance of the sun two or three hundred thousand miles high!

We must not forget in considering these startling facts, that the surface of the sun is not solid, like the crust of the earth, but probably consists of a shell of luminous and intensely heated clouds in which iron and many others of our familiar metals appear in the form of intensely hot vapors.

Within this shell, which is formed by the partial condensation resulting from exposure to the cold of outer space, just as vapor from a tea-kettle is condensed into clouds of steam when it passes out into the air, the body of the sun is believed to be composed of matter in a similar vaporous condition, but even hotter.

It is easy to see that such a body can never be entirely at rest, but the disturbances that it undergoes, which are manifested to us by the appearance of spots and eruptions, become very intense, then gradually die away and then again increase in intensity in pretty regular periods, the time from one maximum, or point of greatest intensity, to another being, on the average, about eleven years.

The latest maximum occurred in 1883 or 1884, and the latest minimum in 1889, when very few spots could be seen. Their rapid increase now indicates that the approaching maximum, which should occur about 1894, may be a memorable one.

Some of the spots that have lately appeared could be easily seen without a telescope by simply protecting the eye with a smoked glass. Any one can see the larger spots by fixing a spy-glass in such a way that it can be directed steadily at the sun while a sheet of white cardboard is placed at a distance of several inches behind the eye-piece where the image of the sun may fall upon it.

If the observation can be made through an aperture in a darkened room the effect is greatly heightened.

The question whether sun-spots exercise any influence upon the weather, and if so, what the effect is, has naturally arisen again now that the spots are coming back.

It is certain that extraordinary outbursts in the sun produce violent magnetic disturbances upon the earth, and splendid displays of the aurora borealis, or Northern lights, which are caused by atmospheric electricity.

It has also been suspected that certain destructive storms, like our Western tornadoes and the typhoons of the China Sea, are more frequent when sun-spots are most numerous, but this remains to be proved by further observations.

A fact to be kept in mind when thinking of the influence of disturbances on the sun, is that while the earth would be swallowed up completely if dropped into some of the sun-spot holes that look to us like mere specks on the solar surface, the sun, on the other hand, is so large that although its distance from us is nearly ninety-three million miles, yet only a little more than one hundred suns laid in a row, touching one another, would reach the earth.

HALF-A-CHANCE MEN.

How many men have succeeded in life to whom not a single circumstance was kind! How often we hear people say of some worthless fellow, "Ah, well, he never had half a chance!" But there are plenty of boys who have come to the front, in life's battle, who never had even a quarter of a chance.

Take Thomas Ball, the sculptor, for instance. He was but twelve years old when his father died. The poor widow—Thomas's mother, young, herself, and far from strong—had five young children. There was no more school for Thomas, after his father's death. He must go to work and help to support the rest. He got a place in a grocery store, where they gave him a dollar a week.

Not much, that—but what a difference it made to the poor little family!

From the time he was twelve, young Ball had always to work for the others, until they were all grown up.

He had little instruction, even in his art, and he never had that little until after he had earned the money to pay for it. But—he succeeded.

Then there was that other sculptor, Hiram Powers. Hiram was the eighth of nine children, and he was a very small boy when his father died; and like Ball, he had to go to work for the family. He had been born in Vermont, but his parents had moved out to Ohio in that way poor people have of roaming hither and yon after better luck.

It was in Ohio that the father died, and in Ohio that Hiram fought his youthful battle. For seven years he had charge of the wax figures in a Cincinnati Museum, and it was while there that he felt an impulse toward his future art, and tried his prentice hand at modelling in clay.

But it was not until he was thirty years old that he was at liberty to strike out for himself, and he was thirty-two before he had money enough to go to Italy. Yet he was to be the sculptor of the "Greek Slave!"

Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Institute, had a still harder struggle, because, as a boy, his health was of the frailest. He went to school but one year of his life, and during that year he could only go every other day. But when he was eight years old he was earning his living, by pulling hair from the skins of the rabbits his father shot, to make hat-pulp.

He had not "half a chance." It seemed almost literally that he had no chance at all. He went to New York, when he was seventeen years old, to make his fortune. He walked the streets for days before he got a place, and then apprenticed himself to a carriage-maker for five years, for his board and two dollars a month.

He had neither time nor money for what people call pleasures—but he had the pleasure of hope. While he was working for fifty cents a week, he said to himself, "If I ever get rich, I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free"—and he did it.

William Hunt, the painter, used to say:

"Don't talk of what you *want* to do—DO IT!"

A SCHOOL TRAGEDY.

Every boy and girl in the world old enough to go to school might profitably lay to heart the story lately told in the English newspapers of the girl who was driven insane by the cruel taunts of her schoolmates, and fled out of the world to escape them.

Kate Hughes was an English girl, twelve years of age, upon whose birth there was a stain—not dishonorable to her. She was a good girl, of gentle and sensitive disposition, who should have been an object of respectful compassion, rather than of censure or ridicule.

The coarser-minded scholars, learning by chance the secret of which she herself had been scarcely aware, cast upon her withering glances of scorn, called her by opprobrious names, asked her insulting questions, and practised the other means of torture which thoughtless and dull children are so ingenious in using towards shy and gentle companions who cannot defend themselves.

Horrible to relate, the teacher shared this mean and groundless antipathy toward her, and visited her trifling school faults with a severity that was marked.

The poor child bore this misery for six weeks, until the torture crazed her. She had a happy home with kind relations, but the daily shame and torment that she experienced at school were beyond her strength to bear.

Being sent one day into the fields to pick some clover for a pet rabbit, she went to the track of a railroad, and placing herself in the way of an express train, was instantly killed. At the inquest it was proved that the only reason for the act was the reproaches and sneers daily cast upon her at her school.

Upon reading this sad tale many readers will condemn the school-children whose mean and cruel conduct crazed the brain of this sensitive child.

But there is hardly a school of fifty members in this country in which *some* unfortunate scholar,

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for *some* personal or other peculiarity, does not suffer from the daily taunt, or the belittling nickname. This incident should enable those who inflict such pangs upon unoffending comrades to see clearly the cruelty and possible danger of such conduct.

ARAGO'S DILEMMA.

Arago, the great French scientist, was never seen with a decoration on his breast. He valued honors slightly. One evening Leverrier, the astronomer, called on him, on his way to dine with a minister. He expressed a wish to appear decorated with an order, to which he was entitled, having received the official notice of the honor, although he had not as yet the decoration itself.

"Open that drawer," said Arago, "and take whatever you want."

In that drawer were all the crosses and ribbons which kings and emperors confer.

While Arago wished above everything to promulgate science, and to make his researches useful, he did not attempt to identify himself forever with his discoveries by writing books. He had no time for writing, but contented himself with noting the results of his work in the record of the Bureau of Longitude, or announcing it verbally to the Academy.

But this distinguished man dreaded nothing more than seeming ridiculous. He was careful of his dignity even with his most intimate friends.

Eugène de Mirecourt gives an amusing account in his "Portraits et Silhouettes du XIX Siècle," of Arago's mortification at having to share a room with his friend, M. Quetelet, director of the Brussels Observatory.

They were at Louvain. When it appeared that the best accommodation that could be given them was one room with two beds, Arago seemed much disturbed. When they went to the room he paced the floor impatiently, while the Belgian astronomer watched him in astonishment and dared not prepare for bed.

Finally Arago seemed to form a desperate resolution. He exclaimed, "I ought to tell you, my dear friend, that it is impossible for me to sleep unless I have on my head —"

"What?"

"A cotton nightcap!"

"Faith, that is my own habit," replied M. Quetelet. "Many persons cover their heads so when they go to bed."

"Do you think so?" said Arago, with a sigh of relief. "But that is not all. When I sleep —"

"Well?"

"I snore!"

"Ah, so do I. I make as much noise as a pipe organ," returned the Belgian.

"Oh well, then, that is different," said Arago, much consoled. "Let us go to bed."

BLESSED RAIN.

How much is a shower of rain worth? It may be worth millions of dollars, if it comes in the right place and at the right time.

Perhaps some of our readers do not know what a powerful thing a shower of rain is. We will suppose an inch of rain to fall on the two Dakotas. The amount would be sufficient to fill a tank two miles long, a mile wide and a mile deep. In other words, more than two cubic miles of water fall in such a shower.

The weight of such a body of water is more than ten thousand million tons.

But these figures are not nearly so interesting to the farmers as are those which express the money value of a timely shower. According to the last report of the Agricultural Department of the United States a little more than six million acres of land in the Dakotas were devoted to cereal crops.

It is probable that the rain which came to these two States about the first of June, which is believed to have made secure a fine yield of grain, added a value of not less than two dollars to the production of every acre under cultivation; and this means not less than twelve million dollars in the whole.

American crops this year are almost certain to be good, all over the country and for all classes of products. European crops, on the other hand, are equally sure to be bad.

We congratulate the farmers most heartily upon their prospects. Bad times are bad in more ways than one. Not only are men pinched to meet their expenses, although they have labored hard and faithfully, but they are apt, at such times, to try to find additional reasons, besides the unkindness of Mother Earth, for the hardships they encounter.

This is as natural as it is to breathe. But when the reaper moves through teeming fields, all the wheels of industry move swiftly and noiselessly, and many of the frictions that are caused by hard times disappear.

CYNICAL.

Suwaroff, the great Russian General, affected a "saucy roughness" of speech, especially when the pettiness of small natures awoke his contempt. One day, after a review of troops, the Empress Catherine was so pleased with the precision of their movement that she distributed rewards broadcast among the officers. Suwaroff regarded the obsequious crowd in grim silence, until the Empress, turning to him, inquired:

"And you, General, do you require nothing?"

"Well, mother," he replied, "pay the rent of my lodgings!"

"Are you much in debt, then?"

"Three and a half rubles!"

The grim old soldier was wont after this to boast that the Czarina had paid his debts. The sum total was about two dollars and a half.

After a great victory over the Turks he refused to share in the spoils, and persistently declined an Arab horse which one of the generals pressed upon him.

"A pony of the Don brought me here," he said, "and a pony of the Don shall take me away."

"But," objected the other, "he will now be unequal to bearing the weight of your laurels."

"A Don pony has always carried me and my fortunes," was the sturdy response.

Certain indiscretions of speech, most offensive to his sovereign, caused him to be dismissed from the active military list. An order was also brought him directing him to leave Moscow at once.

"How much time to pack up?" he inquired.

"Four hours."

"Time and to spare," exclaimed he. "I've packed up, and beaten Turks and Poles in less than that."

Later, when he was restored to all his honors, the hollowness of court flattery again awoke his cynicism. A parasite of the great bowed low to him, one day, and Suwaroff, instead of returning the salute, made a succession of deep reverences to a statue near by.

The error was pointed out by some one who supposed him to be growing blind, and Suwaroff replied, "Never mind! there's no knowing what rank and position this statue may hold in a few days."

GLAD HE KEPT STILL.

A correspondent of the Boston *Courier* says that in 1878 he was returning from Salt Lake City to Boston. In the sleeping-car two gentlemen were awaiting the making up of their berths, and he took a seat opposite and engaged one of them in conversation—a man, who, from his dress, seemed to be a returning California miner or a frontiersman. He wore a blue underflannel in place of a white shirt, and a tie with a sailor's knot.

His intelligence greatly surprised me, and I soon concluded that I had mistaken my man.

A little later, when I had become acquainted with his travelling companion, who proved to be General McCook, I asked him with whom I had had the pleasure of conversing.

"General Sherman, of the United States Army, sir," he replied.

In due time we reached Omaha, where we were to make a short stay. General Sherman went at once to the news-stand on one side of the station, and said to the boy in charge in rather a peremptory tone, "Give me a sheet of letter paper."

I followed, and asked for the latest newspaper, and then, turning to the boy, inquired if he knew the gentleman who had preceded me.

"No, I don't," said the boy; "but he owes me two cents for that sheet of paper, and I'm going to get it, before he goes out of this station."

Meanwhile the General had gone to the telegraph office, opposite the news-stand, presumably to send a message to Washington.

"Young man," said I, "that is General Sherman."

"General Sherman!" and the boy looked at the tall man with all his eyes. "General Sherman!" he repeated. "Well, now, aint I glad I didn't ask him for them two cents!"

Undoubtedly he received the money after the General had attended to his dispatch, but I did not wait to see.

"AND WHAT, AGAIN!"

A man who has been insulted till his veins are ready to burst with anger, may sometimes be excused for expressing himself in somewhat picturesque language. A Japanese boy who works in a San Francisco club-house is reported by an exchange to have sent the following complaint to the officers of the club:

"To-day I went to the club to get my wages. The steward, Mr. John, ordered me to leave, with many repetitions of abominable oaths which a man of some honor can't restrain his passion from revolt on such a violent shower of curse. Anger was beyond my control, and involuntarily I returned my share of compliments, upon which he snatched the potato-masher and was brutal enough to give me two severe blows on my person, and inflicting quite painful injury.

"Through all this affair I was never offensive. When I went there to demand the money to which I was entitled he unjustly enjoined me to get out. That is an unreasonable movement and cannot fail to hurt a man's feelings. What! Without being satisfied with that insult made my blood boil and the veins burst with successive onslaught of ignominious swear.

"My returning was completely excusable, for to be indifferent to such an ignoble treatment denotes that one is a stranger to the sense of honor; and so he ought to have relished it with abashed submission. And what, again! The tongue,—the countenance was not capable enough to wreak his savage fury,—and then he resorted to that final step of violence as though I was a mass of clay, insensible to disgrace and pain."

ROYAL TEACHER.

Many stories are told of the Emperor Frederick of Germany, known to the people while he was Crown Prince as "Unser Fritz," which show why he was so loved, almost adored by his subjects, over whom his reign was so short.

He was always kind to the poor, the sick and the helpless, and reading of his many deeds of charity one can easily understand how, during the war of 1870, the terrified French peasants so quickly learned to feel confidence in the commander of the invading army.

One day, while he was Crown Prince, "Unser Fritz" was paying his accustomed visit to the school at Bornstedt, and talking to the children, when a telegram was handed to the schoolmaster, informing him of the severe illness of his mother.

"Go at once," said the prince, "and leave the school to me!"

Though the poor schoolmaster at first demurred, he was at last persuaded to hurry off, and "Unser Fritz" continued his instruction of the astonished but delighted scholars, until eleven o'clock, when the clergyman arrived, and relieved him from his duties as schoolmaster.

HIS OFFERING.

A Boston newspaper reports an amusing scene in an open horse-car. The conductor had collected his fares and returned to his station upon the rear platform, when one of the passengers left his seat and took another nearer the front.

The conductor, meantime, was presumably on the lookout for passengers, and when his gaze reverted to the car he saw, as he thought, a new man in one of the forward seats. He proceeded at once to collect the fare, and tapped the gentleman courteously on the shoulder.

The gentleman at once put his hand into his pocket and offered the conductor a coin.

"This is a one-cent piece," said the official.

"Yes," answered the passenger, "I know it. I paid my fare when I was in the other seat. This time I supposed you were taking up a collection."

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LOOK with suspicion upon every attempt to palm off upon you any baking powder in place of the "Royal." There is no substitute for the "Royal."

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For the Companion.

CITY LIFE FOR WORKING GIRLS.

Finding Employment.

Working in a Store.

Low Wages!

Dangers.

When the census of 1885 was taken, the number of girls and women employed in Boston as clerks, saleswomen, bundle, cash and errand girls was about four thousand three hundred. To-day these employees number over five thousand. Of these, probably about one-third are from fourteen to nineteen years old; about one-half from twenty to twenty-nine. A large proportion of them have come from country homes, and are living in lodging-houses, and taking their meals in restaurants.

For the purpose of showing country girls, and their fathers and mothers, some of the difficulties in the way of obtaining employment in a city store, and having found it, what a girl's duties are, and the conditions under which she must live, the writer has carefully looked into this phase of city life.



Asking for Employment.

Many interviews have been had with representative girls employed in most of the subdivisions of store labor allotted to young women.

Seeking Employment.

One of the first of these was a highly intelligent young woman of a little over twenty years of age who, without business experience of any sort, had two years before left a distant fishing town to find employment in Boston.

"I came alone," she said, "but my friends at home had given me the address of a woman who keeps a respectable lodging-house. To her I went as soon as I reached Boston, and then started out to find employment."

"Had you heard of any vacancy which you thought you could fill?"

"No."

"Then you had letters of introduction, I suppose, from persons of influence?"

"No, sir, I simply came to Boston as I say, and took my chances at finding something to do. The first place I went to was one of the great stores.

"I happened to be acquainted with a sales girl in that store, and went directly to her counter, and asked her to direct me to the man who hired the help. She referred me to the superintendent."

"Was there a sign up asking for help?"

"No; but I thought I was more likely to find a situation in that store than in a smaller one, so I went to the superintendent and asked him if he had a place for me as a saleswoman.

"He looked at me critically, and then asked if I had had any business experience in that line.

"I told him none whatever.

"Then he asked for references, and I gave him some from home; I had no other.

"'Come in next Monday morning at eight,' he said, 'and try what you can do.'

"Promptly at eight o'clock I was at the store on the day named. The floor-walker showed me to a counter where children's books were sold, and I began my work."

"Weren't you surprisingly fortunate in finding employment with so little delay, and at the first store you happened to visit?"

"Yes, my experience was unusual, perhaps remarkable. It took me three months, though, to learn *all* that belonged to me to do."

On the whole, this young lady impressed the writer as being exceptionally happy in what is always a trying and too often an ill-paid form of employment. Her pride both in the stock carried in her department, and in the fine class of customers it attracted, as well as her thorough identification with her employers' interests, were all pleasant to note. The life of the saleswoman perhaps appeared at its best in her testimony.

Three Months Finding a Situation.

A lady a few years older, employed in another of Boston's great stores, when asked how she obtained her situation, said:

"I went from store to store and asked for employment. I had no experience and no 'influence.' My parents had then just moved to Boston, so I was living at home. I applied at a great many places, large and small, and for at least three months received no definite encouragement.

"At the end of this time I made one more call on the superintendent of a great dry goods store; I was completely disheartened, and told him so.

"He replied, 'Don't be discouraged; you must pound and pound and *pound*.'"

"And you kept on 'pounding'?"

"Yes, sir, a little longer; and then this superintendent gave me a place in this very store. I have been here seven years."

Of the remaining workers examined, most obtained their places through the help of interested friends in or out of the stores; some in answer to advertisements.

Life in the Stores.

Before we pass to the statements with regard to wages given to girls in stores, it may be profitable to learn something of the features of store-life as given in the testimony of the young workers. Here is a typical conversation:

"You are a sales girl in one of the great stores?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you tell me at what time you must be at the store in the morning?"

"At eight o'clock."

"What if you are not on hand then?"

"We are fined if we are a second late after the time-bell strikes."

"How are you timed?"

"Why, in this way: All the workers pass into the building by a certain entrance that leads to the cloak-room, where we must hang up our things before we go to work. At the passageway by which we enter the store as we come back from the cloak-room, is the time-keeper, who takes our number as we pass in. Every worker is numbered, and knows her number."



Giving her Number.

"You call your number, and the time-keeper checks it off?"

"Yes, or else we drop what is called a time-card in a box. Different stores have different ways of keeping this account."

"Well, what system is followed in fining?"

"Different systems. In some stores they'll fine you twenty-five cents anyway, and more I suppose according to the time you lose. In others they won't dock you more than ten cents, unless you lose more than an hour; then you'll perhaps lose pay for a quarter of a day or a half, according to circumstances. Or again, in some places they just reprimand you, and after you have been spoken to a certain number of times, you are discharged."

"Now after a sales girl gets in the store, what follows?"

"Why, she uncovers the goods that were left covered the night before,—sometimes the 'cash girls' help, and sometimes they don't,—and then, as a general thing, she dusts off her part of the stock."

"Her part of the stock?"

"Why, it's this way: The great stores, you know, are divided up into departments, such as the linen department, or the cloak department. Each department is under the charge of a head, who is quite often a young woman. A department may have a good many sales girls in it, and each girl keeps to a certain part of the counter, and sells from and looks after a certain definite portion of the stock."

"Well?"

"The customers begin to come in soon after uncovering the goods—sometimes before. Every sales girl has a book in which she enters her sales as she makes them."

"The head of the counter has general charge of the counter, and looks to the conduct of her associates. She has a responsible place. I wouldn't like it; there's too much care about it."

"The head of a department, I suppose, has similar duties, only more extensive?"

"I think so; yes, sir."

"You say the stores mostly open at 8 A. M.—when do they close?"

"Well, from the middle of September to January 1st, at 5.45 P.M. to 6 P.M., sometimes later during the holiday 'rush.' From January 1st to September 15th, some stores close at 5 P.M. Most, I think, at 5.45 P.M. or 6 P.M., and on Saturdays, in summer, from about June 15th to September 15th at 1 P.M. o'clock."

"How about vacations?"

"Some stores don't give any, though in such stores, if you want to take a vacation and are willing to pay for it, you often can do so. Others give a week's vacation. I know of one firm that gives all the help a two weeks' vacation, and pays for it in advance, too. I have not heard of any other firm being so generous."

"And holidays?"

"They are generally given. I know one great store that deducts holidays from the weekly pay of the girls—except for Christmas. I think, though, that the firms generally give them half the holidays, and pay for the day as they do for other days."

The statements here given were confirmed by further inquiry.

Wages Paid the Girls.

Having given one or two glimpses of the inner life of the great stores, we turn to the consideration of the wages paid the girls. The usual wages of an errand, or so-called "cash" girl of fourteen years or upward, appears to be from $2.00 to $2.25 a week.

Bundle and stock girls—ordinarily from fifteen to sixteen years of age—receive from $2.50 to $3.00 weekly. A head bundle girl or very capable stock girl can sometimes earn $3.50 or, in exceptional cases, perhaps $4.00 a week.

One young woman of the writer's acquaintance, who began work as an errand and stock girl when fourteen, and became a sales girl when about sixteen years of age, continued to sell for two years later upon stock girl wages. Then, in answer to repeated solicitation the sum of fifty cents a week was added to her pay. She is now, at eighteen, a faithful sales girl at $4.00 a week with no assured hope of an increase. It seems probable that similar cases are numerous.

The girl cashiers commonly get from $4.00 to $6.00 a week.



The Restaurant.

A thoroughly competent bookkeeper may hope to get $10.00 weekly, though many work for less.

General office work in the lower grades will bring perhaps $4.00 to $6.00 a week.

A girl of from sixteen to eighteen years of age, and wholly without business experience, who enters an average store as a sales girl, should not expect to get over $3.50 or $4.00 a week the first year. If a dollar a week is added each year, for three years thereafter, her pay remaining nearly stationary afterward, she will do better, we judge, than do the great majority of sales girls.

An exceptionally competent worker may sometimes, after three to four years of faithful service, at some stores obtain $8.00 a week. Heads of counters are said sometimes to receive this sum, and sometimes $9.00 weekly.

Yet too much hope should not be built upon these latter figures. The writer knows an American girl of about twenty, of very pleasing appearance and address, who after seven years of faithful service begun as a cash girl, fills to-day in one of Boston's large stores the place of head of a counter; she instructs new help, and is practically the buyer for her section of a department; and is paid just $5.50 a week, with little hope of an increase. Her case, undoubtedly, has many parallels.

In some and probably in all of the stores, $10.00 is considered very good average weekly pay for heads of departments, if they are women.

Girls in departments like the millinery and suit divisions—requiring workers of especial taste and judgment—receive better pay than most other employees. A thoroughly competent saleswoman in the suit department may, after years of service, earn $10.00 to $11.00 a week. A head of department in millinery and suits sometimes earns $12.00, and in exceptional instances $15.00 weekly.

We hear of a woman who, having served a great dry goods house twenty-five years, now acts as buyer for her department at a salary of $25.00 a week; her case appears to stand almost alone.

It is probably not unjust to say that the vast majority of sales girls in any line, after three and perhaps four years of service, fall short of earning $6.50 weekly. Seven years ago, the average weekly earnings of saleswomen for all terms of service was $5.75.

How the Girls Live.

After considering the wages paid, let us see whether the girls are able to live comfortably on the salaries they receive.

A well-furnished room in a respectable neighborhood, large enough to accommodate two persons, will cost if in the second or third stories, including furnace-heat, gas and the use of an adjoining bath-room, $4.00 to $5.50 a week. To this 50 cents will probably be added if two persons occupy it.

A very much smaller room, accommodating two occupants, will cost from $3.00 to $3.50 weekly. The "side room"—a common feature of the Boston lodging-house, and often not larger than a rather roomy closet—has no register, grate or stove, but derives whatever heat it receives from the general heat of the house, or as the phrase invariably goes, "from the hall." It is meagrely furnished. Such a room for one person—and only one could with any comfort occupy it—usually costs, with light and water privileges, $2.00 to $2.50 a week.

Very small rooms of the sort can occasionally be had for $1.50 to $1.75.

In some cases the lodger is expected to care herself, in part at least, for the proper order of her room. Some lodging-houses offer to guests the use of a small parlor or reception room. Others, perhaps most, are forced to utilize all their available space for lodgings. In such cases the lodger has, of course, no place for receiving visitors but her own apartment.

The associations of some of the low-priced lodging-houses are all that could be wished. We cannot say as much for others. Care is nowhere more necessary than in the selection of lodgings.

The cost of board at respectable restaurants that rely on the support of persons of limited means, will be $3.00 per week of twenty-one meals.

To meet in part, at least, the call for some place where young women working on very small pay may live under good, wholesome influences, the Young Women's Christian Association of Boston was formed.

In the building supervised by this Association, young women may board for three dollars and twenty-five cents weekly, receiving for this sum,

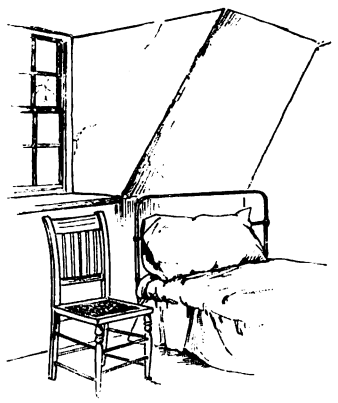
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beside meals, a pleasant room with light and heat, the privilege of a reasonable amount of washing and the use of the Association's library and its pleasant reception room.

The Association is ever ready to assist with kindly advice all who come to it, and the writer knows of no better suggestion to offer to the young woman venturing alone and friendless into city life than this: that she go first to the Young Women's Christian Association.

Starved Lives.

We will suppose that a girl earning a salary of six dollars a week—subject to deduction through occasional "docking" from absences enforced by illness or fatigue—hires a "side room" for two dollars a week, and takes her meals at one of the cheap restaurants at three dollars a week. The reader can figure out how much will be left her



Attic Bedroom.

for such necessities as washing and dress, to say nothing of occasional recreation or inevitable doctor's bills.

When we remember that the majority of sales girls (not to mention the workers in the "primary grades" of store life) can only earn—at least during their first and second year in an average store—a weekly sum of hardly five dollars, we shall see that unless these girls restrict their food to mere bread and water, at a cost of ten or twelve cents a day, they simply *cannot* live, in Boston, upon their salaries.

The salary of the store girl then must be eked out by the help of parents, guardians, or interested relatives or friends. Heaven help the young woman whose only support is what she can earn as an average Boston sales girl! Here the door is opened to dangerous temptation.

It is said that the moral tone of the stores as a whole is low. A young Boston sales girl, shocked by a recent experience, is quoted by her motherly confidante as declaring a short time ago that "One *can't* be a good girl and stay in a store."

This is not true. The lives of many noble girls in our stores confute it. Yet enough truth remains in the charge, to cause solicitude and care on the part of the true friends of girls who contemplate entering upon city work, and encountering the dangers of city life.

The writer has no *data* whatever for asserting that young women retain their places under conditions that no self-respecting girl would accept. That responsible persons in stores sometimes connive at evil ways to enable poorly paid help to dress in a becoming manner, has been repeatedly affirmed. We have no reason to suppose that this is true. But we do certainly know that store life, of itself, necessitates no stronger moral temptation to girls than is found in the world of work at large. The danger lies in the meagre wages, and the starved, lonely lives, that many poor country girls, who come as strangers to our city, must encounter.

Is Life in the Store a Hard One?

The reader will probably inquire whether the life of a girl in a store is a hard one. The average pay is unquestionably too small, but the work itself does not seem to be more exacting than good work requires anywhere. Average store life does not compare in the severity of its requirements with the average life of a coat-shop under the contract system.

Repeated visits to the stores, great and small, and extended conversations with workers, together with the very considerable commercial experience of the writer, do not justify him in asserting—leaving out the meagreness of wages—that any very grave abuses exist in the business management of Boston stores as a whole.

Except in a few cases the sales girl of to-day is allowed to sit down when she is not busy. Most stores give regular holidays, and many of them give vacations.

As to the advantage or disadvantage of entering a small store rather than a large one, it is to be said that the working hours of most small stores are generally longer than in the large stores, and the duties more miscellaneous.

Many small stores are, however, less exacting in their requirements, and the relations between proprietors and employees are more cordial and sympathetic than it is possible for them to be in great establishments.

The prospect of advancement in small stores is perhaps better, on the average, than it can be in the larger ones. Much depends as to this on particular circumstances.

While it is true that to secure any sort of a situation the average girl applicant must "pound and pound and pound," it is also certain that after a situation is secured, any advance whatever in salary is very slow, commonly very small, and obtained as a rule only upon urgent request, many times repeated. The would-be store-worker and her advisers should look this fact in the face.

What a Girl Seeking Employment Should Do.

The novice, when applying for store-work, should bring references with her. They are always required. If possible, she should obtain a recommendation from some one already holding a responsible position in the store where the application is made, or from men of influence well known to the stores at large.

Failing of this, let her not attempt as a stranger to enter city life until her lodging-place is properly chosen; and then let her have money enough laid aside to support herself until she finds a situation. She may be forced to wait long for it.

New help is commonly taken on during the last two weeks of December to care for the holiday "rush." The chance for a place is better, perhaps, at this season than at any other, though the dull season immediately follows when most of the new help is discharged. Retention in place is surest when a situation is obtained in the spring or fall rather than during the crush of the holidays.

We must urge upon every girl who feels impelled to try her chances in city store-work, to weigh carefully the serious character of such an experience, and to inquire with due diligence whether she cannot do as well or better at home.

If at last—with the approval of her own carefully formed judgment, and the consent of her best friends—she seeks any of our cities for work, she may be assured that only slow-coming, meagre success at the most will be the result.

FLETCHER OSGOOD.

For the Companion.

HOW TO BUILD A CANOE.

A practical answer to the question, "How can I get a canoe?" may be welcome to boys who are perhaps planning a cruise to take place during the coming summer, and are in uncertainty concerning the most essential detail of the whole matter.

There is a great difference in price between a canoe made by a regular manufacturer and a home-made boat of the same kind. In other respects, the difference is often very small.

It is pleasant to own one of those polished, varnished, brass-rigged craft, if one can afford to buy one. But one may have as much enjoyment in a less pretentious canoe; and if one has built it with one's own hands, its value to him is increased tenfold.

The directions which I shall give can be followed readily by a boy who has any mechanical knack, and the cost will be slight. Any "fancy work" desired may be added. My instructions will be with a view to simplicity, durability and economy.

The first step is to make the bow and stern-posts. Procure two blocks of ash or oak, one and one-half inches thick and sixteen inches square. Draw the design as shown in Fig. 1—the dotted lines in each figure merely show the original shape of the blocks—and saw it out.

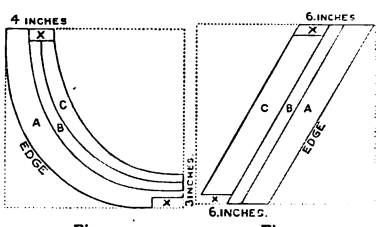


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

The first part, A, is merely shaved off to a moderately sharp edge all the way from top to bottom. The space B must be grooved out to the depth of one-eighth of an inch, to make a place upon which to tack the canvas; and the space C must be just as much deeper than B as the thickness of the strips which are to be tacked on. A uniformity of surface is thus preserved.

The width of the bow-posts should be four inches at the top and three at the bottom.

The stern-post (Fig. 2) is practically the same. The outer end, A, is shaved off to an edge. The spaces B and C are dug out precisely as in the bow-post. The width of the stern-post should be six inches.

The spaces X at the top of the bow and stern-posts are cut out on each side to receive the gunwales; and the spaces X at the bottom are to receive the extremities of the keel-board.



Fig. 3.

Fig. 3 is the upper surface view of the bow-post, showing how it is shaved off to a point, and showing the cuts made for the gunwales. The stern-post is nearly the same.

The keel-board (Fig. 4) should be one and one-quarter inches thick, fourteen feet long, and eight inches across at the widest part. Of course it will taper at each end to one and one-half

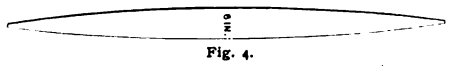


Fig. 4.

inches, and will fit exactly into the spaces cut to receive it in the bow and stern-posts. Fig. 5 shows the keel in position.

We now come to the molding-boards. Cut two, as shown in Fig. 6. They should be one inch thick and twenty-four inches wide at the widest part.

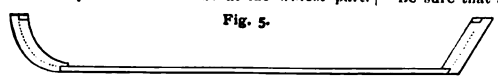


Fig. 5.

The spaces A, A, A are cut to receive the gunwales and the top strip. B is cut to receive the keel-board; and the notches C, C are for the side strips. Do not put the side strips too close together.

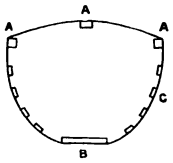


Fig. 6.

Place the molding-boards upright on the keel-board, and screw them on firmly from beneath. Place them four feet apart.

As the molding-boards regulate the location of the cockpit, they must be placed not in a central position, but slightly forward, so that the back of the cockpit, where the paddler sits in propelling the boat, will be in the very centre of the canoe.

The gunwales should be one and one-eighth inches square, except at the ends, where they will taper off; and when these are fastened in place, from bow-post to stern-post on each side, fitting, of course, into the notches cut in the molding-boards to receive them, a crude outline of the canoe will appear.

Extend two heavy strips along the very centre of the deck, from the molding-boards each way to bow and stern-posts. This forms a slight ridge and makes the boat shed the rain.

Fig. 7 is a surface view of the canoe, as it now appears; A, A, A are the gunwales, B the keel-board, D, D the bow and stern-posts. The dotted lines mark the deck strips.

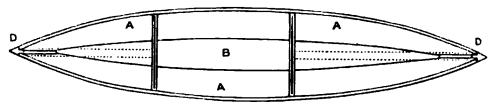


Fig. 7.

The framework of strips, which should be one-third of an inch thick, can now be stretched on both sides of the canoe, running from bow-post to stern-post, two or three inches apart.

The material used up to this point should be white pine or ash. The ribs, which must now be firmly riveted with clinch nails to the strips, running from gunwale to gunwale, one foot apart, should be, if possible, of swamp willow. Soak them previously for forty-eight hours and peel off all the bark. Put them on while wet, so that they will dry in position. Barrel hoops will serve almost as well.

Fig. 8 shows the construction of the cockpit; it is a bird's-eye view of the upper deck. A, A are the gunwales; B, B are the molding-boards; C, C are two strips, one and one-half inches square, which are fastened across the molding-boards to form a frame for the combing. D, D are two blocks which serve as braces and add strength to the framework. H, H are the strips running fore and aft to ridge the deck.

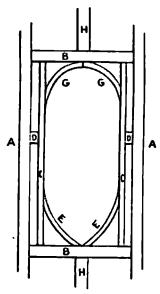


Fig. 8.

The combing should come to a point, so that any water which breaks over the deck may be shed and thrown to one side. E, E and G, G are the strips which shape the combing. They should be sawn from blocks and placed in position as shown in the sketch.

Now, before the combing is put in place, the most important and difficult work of all must be done—namely, the stretching on of the canvas. Get three lengths of canvas, each piece the length of the canoe. Place two of them parallel, and sew them together firmly.

Turn the canoe keel upward, and tack the seam of the canvas firmly along the keel-board. Be sure that the seam takes up the exact centre, for the keel must be fastened directly over the seam to prevent leakage.

There is only one way to stretch on the canvas. Start in the centre of the canoe; fasten and stretch from keel-board to gunwale, and work both ways, toward the bow and toward the stern. Fasten the canvas to the spaces cut to receive it in the bow and stern-posts.

The deck covering is put on much more easily. Fasten to the gunwale all around. Then cut out the space for the cockpit, and tack the edges tightly over the framework. The cockpit will appear thus:

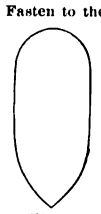


Fig. 9.

The combing should be of ash, and one-quarter of an inch by three inches. Soak it so that it will bend, and then fasten tightly around the cockpit, so that it will project two inches above the deck.

If hatches are wanted, they can be made easily by cutting square blocks fore and aft through the centre of the deck, fitting in a framework, and making covers to fit tightly.

Now put on a two-inch keel with good screws, tack narrow strips, "ovaled," on the outer side, over the canvas seams on the gunwales, and put copper sheeting on the bow and stern-posts, extending from the gunwale to keel, and covering the rough edges of the canvas. Apply over all a mixed coat of linseed oil and yellow ochre. This fills up the pores of the canvas, and prepares the way for the paint. One coat of paint will do, if well laid on. Make a soft cushion to sit on and a comfortable rest to place behind your back.

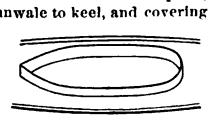


Fig. 10.

Be sure that all parts of the work are fastened securely.

When you are stretching the gunwales from bow to stern around the molding-boards, bind them tightly at the ends with strong cord, in addition to nails and glue.

The lumber needed will cost three or four dollars. The canvas, which should be eight-ounce on top and twelve-ounce on the sides, may cost a dollar and a half or two dollars. The paint and copper will cost two dollars more.

Thus for seven or eight dollars one may have a canoe that will equal in speed any built.

You can make a paddle to suit yourself. There are many varieties. This shape is probably the best:

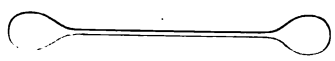


Fig. 11.

I have seen very many excellent canoes which were built on this plan. If directions are followed closely, the result must be satisfactory; and I hope that this little paper may lead to many a pleasant cruise during the coming summer.

WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

For the Companion.

TOO BIG.

Fourteen years old, and already taller than her mother!

She feels, as she sits side-saddle fashion on the piazza railing and gazes piteously at the hem of a dress, new this spring, which has just had to be let down half an inch, that life is hardly worth living. She wishes she were four or forty years old instead of fourteen.

If she were four she could play all the time, and scramble about anywhere. Then, when she ran, and tumbled, and shouted, and got bumps, and bounced, and sat on the ground to play games, and got her clothes dirty and her hair tousled, people would only laugh and say, "How healthy and happy the little darling is! What a pleasure to see her so strong and active!"

If she were forty, she could not do any of these things, of course; but then she supposes that in that case she would not want to.

But she is fourteen, looks sixteen, and feels—she tells herself desperately—not a week older than ten.

She is an out-of-doors girl and wants to race and romp in the open air. She could have *such* a good time this summer, if only people wouldn't keep interfering with her. But they can't seem to let her alone.

"My dear! You really must *not* climb up Mrs. Jones's wood-shed roof again, nor run along the back fences whooping like an Indian. You are too old for such things."

And it is of no use, she reflects sadly, to explain that you have to do those things when you play Barbaree. They only say, "Then you mustn't play Barbaree; you must find some quieter game;" and they come back again to that terrible phrase, "too old."

"Too old!" She kicks a stray stick viciously across the piazza. "Too big," they mean. Nobody objects to letting her friends Polly and Patty play Barbaree, and they are only a few months younger than she is.

But Polly and Patty are short, and that makes all the difference. People think that they are little girls, and that she is a young lady.

She is not a young lady! She is still a little girl,—little, little, little, no matter how tall she is,—just a little girl and not a young lady at all; nor even a miss.

How dreadful it is to be called "Miss Edith!" But people are beginning to do it, and really she can't wonder, with such long dresses as she has to wear now.

They will want to make her do her hair up next! She will not submit to that, however; she will cut it off first. She made up her mind long ago to wear it hanging in a braid until she is nineteen and graduates, and she means to stick to her resolution, although she knows it will be very difficult to do so.

Dresses reaching to the tops of her boots, and an outside jacket of a "lady's size," and much too grown-up and stylish in consequence! It is simply cruel!

If only they would let her dress like the other girls it would be all right, she knows. Of course she would look gawky, but she wouldn't mind that; she wouldn't care if she was as ugly as a bean-pole with a pumpkin on top, as her brother says she would be.

She wants to climb wood-sheds and apple-trees for *years* to come, and be called plain Edith, and play with the boys as if she were one of them, and go up into the haymow to talk secrets with her intimate friends.

She wants to "stump" the others to walk on the beams of the barn, and swing, and paddle about the pond in a leaky old punt, and run races, and whistle, and sit on fence-posts, and hunt birds' nests, and fish off the bridge, and never, never, never have to think about clothes or elegant behavior.

Just then her mother calls, and she flounces her five feet four of vigorous young womanhood resentfully into the house, where the little-girl heart within it is greatly cheered and comforted by a piece of spicy gingerbread hot from the oven, and a refreshing glass of cold milk.

After this efficient form of consolation she does not find it difficult to forget her sorrows, curled up among a pile of cushions in a corner, following the fortunes of Mr. Phineas Fogg in that fascinating romance, "Around the World in Eighty Days."

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SUGGESTIONS

BODILY CHANGES.

Very carefully compare your height in the morning and in the evening for several days. Explain any difference.

Compare—for several days—your weight before breakfast with your weight just before retiring. Explain.

About what weight of food and drink do you add to your body daily?

Why do you not gain an equal weight?

Does a change of your work change the above results?

For the Companion.

A TENDER HEART.

I met an old and withered man,
With beard as white as snow;
Adown his cheeks the tear-drops ran,
Feeble his step and slow.
So thin his face, so starved his mien,
I offered him a crust;
Never such famine had I seen
As made his cheeks like dust.

"I beg you eat a bit of this,"
I said in pleading tones.
"So small a piece I shall not miss,
And you are naught but bones."
"I cannot taste," he said, "of bread
That has been raised with leaven,
Since they cut off Queen Mary's head
In Fifteen eighty-seven."

"At least," I urged, "an oyster take,
'Twill easily digest;
Of this a frugal meal to make
Surely were for the best."
"To offer oysters is in vain;
I cannot eat them more,
Through grief that Cæsar should be slain
In B. C. Forty-four."

"Old man," I cried, "at least be moved
A cup of tea to taste.
Often its virtues have been proved
When strength has run to waste."
"No more I comfort take," he saith,
"In mild, inspiring tea,
Since I was told Elizabeth
Died Sixteen hundred three."

I heaved a sigh, I wiped a tear,
I took him by the hand.
"You need some wine," I urged, in fear
That he was quite unmanned.
"You do not know, alas!" moaned he,
"I cannot taste of wine
For Catherine de' Medici
Died Fifteen eighty-nine."

Desperate I tried one viand else.
"There is ice-cream," I said;
"It nourishes as well as melts,
And cannot harm the dead."
"I cannot eat ice-cream," he sighed,
"For in my throat it sticks
Since I have learned Columbus died
In Fifteen hundred six."

"My heart so tender is," he said,
"It quivers through and through
To think Mohammed should be dead
Six hundred thirty-two.
Then Shakespeare died Sixteen sixteen;
Mæcenas Eight B. C.;
And since these figures I have seen,
What's eating now to me?"

I left him then and went my way,
Weeping and moaning much,
It really did no good to stay,
Though he my heart did touch.
But as I munch my buttered toast
Or eat cold mutton stew,
His image haunts me like a ghost
Making his sad ado!

ARLO BATES.

For the Companion.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

John Jefferson came to the city to visit his brother George. The brothers were middle-aged men, and though they met but seldom, were singularly fond of each other.

"Yes," said the farmer, as they walked down the street together, "my sons Tom and Hugh are, as you know, honorable and religious men. So far God has been good to me. I prayed for their conversion from the day of their birth, and I think He heard me."

"He has promised to hear prayer," said his brother, gently. "But what is it, then, that troubles you?"

"Nothing about which I can pray with confidence; for somehow I cannot carry trifles to God. My boy, Tom, is in a business for which he is not fitted. He is unsuccessful and discontented. He would make his way in trade, but no chance opens. Hugh has married a woman of peculiar temper. She is irritable, and complains incessantly. His home is wretched. Of course these things give me anxiety. But what can I do? There is no place to turn for help."

They had reached the door of his brother's office. "Come in," he said, "and wait awhile. I must attend to some business, and then we will talk of this matter."

George was an architect. He had just designed a large and beautiful dwelling, and in a few moments he laid the sketch of it before his brother, who admired the stately front and delicate, refined decorations. "It is fit for a prince to live in!" he said. "What delight it must be to form a conception of such a beautiful building, and then make it real!"

George's assistants were busy with drawing up the specifications for the house, to be given to the builders. They appealed to him at every point.

"Of what size shall this waste-pipe be, sir?" queried one.

"What will be the dimensions of the pantry sink, sir?" said another.

"Of what wood shall the dado in the dining-room be?" asked a third.

An hour later, when the brothers were alone, the farmer said: "Do you look after all the petty details of the building, George? I supposed the grand plan was yours, but that you personally entrusted the minor details to subordinates."

"And yet the strength and beauty of the whole building depends on my attention to the details," George said. "Until the house is finished I oversee everything. That which seems to us the most petty may be one of the most important parts of the building." He was silent for a moment, and then said, earnestly:

"Do you not think, John, that the great Architect who plans a human life knows and cares for each incident in it, however small? Why not carry your little needs as well as your great troubles to Him? His wisdom planned the foot of a fly as well as the courses of the sun. I cannot believe that He will fail you, no matter how petty the anxiety for which you ask His help."

As the farmer went back to his home that day, he had a new view of the fatherhood of God, and felt in his heart a great security and peace. He would carry all his troubles, small and great, to the one Helper, and leave them there. Had he not been bidden to receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child? And would not a child carry all its pains and longings and hopes to its Father?

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND MOZART.

Among the many incidents recorded in the various memoirs of Marie Antoinette, one which seems to be eminently characteristic of the simplicity and ingenuousness of her nature, and which has also the additional interest of being connected with her early childhood, is especially pathetic. It will be remembered that Mozart, when he was a child, made a visit to the Austrian Court, and played before the Empress Maria Theresa. So favorably impressed was the great Queen, both with his ability as a musician, and his attractiveness as a child, that she personally invited him to prolong his stay at the court.

Her daughter Caroline, who afterward became the accomplished and beautiful Queen of Naples, possessed most excellent musical talent; and she and the boy musician were mutually delighted in their performances on the piano.

Marie Antoinette, younger than her sister Caroline, was of course present at all these musical recreations, although she took no part in them. But her beauty and vivacity captivated the boy musician.

With the enthusiasm and confidence of childhood, the two soon grew into each other's esteem, and after a few days' acquaintance became firm friends. Marie Antoinette insisted that Mozart should see all the interesting sights of court life, and he in turn was anxious that she should become acquainted with all the details of his travels and musical career.

Thus, many days were passed, when, upon the morning which was to terminate his visit at the Austrian Court, Mozart suddenly turned to his little friend and said, "When I am a grown man, Marie Antoinette, I intend to come back here and marry you."

The little representative of one of the oldest houses of royalty in Europe drew herself up with great dignity, and replied, "Are you a King? I cannot marry you. I am a Princess, and when I marry, I must marry a King, and when I leave Mamma's Court, I shall go to the court of a King."

They never met again, but as years passed, Mozart continued to grow into popular favor. His melodies, so well-known for their sweetness and simplicity, became the delight of the musical world. Marie Antoinette, then Queen of France, was greatly interested in his growing success and reputation.

PANAMA HATS.

Panama hats are so named from the circumstance of their being shipped from the port of Panama. They are manufactured in Ecuador and the neighboring states. The material used is the fibre of the leaf of the screw pine, which is related to the palms. It grows only on the slopes of the Andes. The tree is described as having no trunk. The leaves are on slender stems that spring from the ground. They are about two feet long, fan-shaped, and four-parted. Each of the segments is ten-cleft, so that when the leaf is folded, as in the bud, there are eighty layers.

The fibre of these leaves is finely plaited, and each hat consists of a single piece of work. The plaiting of the hats is a slow and tiresome process. Coarse hats may be finished in two or three days, but the fine ones take as many months. The work is begun at the crown and finished at the brim. The hat is made on a block, which is placed on the knees, and has to be constantly pressed with the breast.

About two hundred thousand dozens of these hats are made every year. The price varies according to the firmness of the material and the quality of the work. They are valued at from five to one hundred dollars.

Panama hats are much prized for wear in the tropics, because of their lightness and flexibility. They may be rolled up and put into the pocket without injury. In the rainy season they are apt to get black, but by washing them with soap and water, treating them with lime juice, or any similar acid, and exposing them to the sun, their whiteness is easily restored.

In Australia there is manufactured a hat which is said to resemble the Panama hat very closely. It is made from the unexpanded leaves of a native plant, which are immersed in boiling water, and then dried. The fibre obtained by this treatment is plaited as in South America.

Under the name of "Chattahs," a kind of umbrella hat, or sunshade, is made in India of the leaves of a palm, or of the plantain leaf. Chattahs are worn by the plowmen, cowkeepers and coolies of Bengal and Assam.

FLORA.

One of the most pathetic incidents to be read in dog biography is given by Doctor Dio Lewis, and again quoted in his recent "Life." He was travelling in the West, and came to a ranch, the owner of which showed him a shepherd dog which he said he would not sell for five hundred dollars. She had at that time four young puppies. While they were admiring the little mother and her babies, on the night of their arrival, the assistant herder came in to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing.

Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about, but the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them; Flora must go. It was urged by the assistant that her foot was sore, that she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must give her puppies their supper. The master insisted that she must go.

The sun was setting, and there was no time to lose. Flora was called, and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to the great forest, through the edge of which they had just passed. She raised her head, but seemed very loath to leave her babies. The master called sharply to her. She rose, looked tired and low-spirited, and with head and tail down, trotted wearily off toward the forest.

"That is too bad," said I.

"Oh, she'll be right back," was the assured answer. "She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning, I went over to learn whether Flora had found the strays. While we were speaking, the sheep returned, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head nor wag her tail, even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies, and lay down by them. She had been out all night, and scarcely able to notice her babies, she fell asleep.

How often that scene comes back to me! The vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature with the sore foot and her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild cañons, all through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep.

For the Companion.

ON AN ANTIQUE LAMP.

Deft was the patient artisan
Who moulded thee in such a way
That thou hast long outlasted man,
Thy brother, built of frailer clay.

Dim ages since for mortal eyes
The purple dark thou didst illume;
But they, these fleeting centuries,
Have known the light beyond the tomb.

Forever quenched thy flaring fire,
And yet, to us, thou seem'st to cast
The ghost-flame of some dead desire
From out the vistas of the past.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

DINNER-PAILS AT SCHOOL.

Cold dinners are not in high favor among grown people, as a steady diet, but one of our contributors looks back with great pleasure to the time when he "carried his dinner" daily, and no doubt many of his readers will share his feeling. Every boy and girl, or at least one from each family, he says, came to the little country schoolhouse bringing a dinner-pail or basket, varying in size according to the number of children who were to partake of its contents.

The appetite of a country-bred boy or girl is usually something to excite a dyspeptic's envy. Nearly every pupil in our school visited his dinner-pail at recess, and it was wonderful with what address some of the boys could play shinny or base-ball and eat steadily during the progress of the game.

A modern base-ball catcher might not think it possible to catch a swift-flying ball with one hand while holding a quarter of a pie or a huge "twister" of a doughnut in the other, but I have seen schoolboys accomplish this feat with the utmost ease and grace.

As the dinner-pail was kept under the desk, it sometimes happened that a boy would be overcome with hunger between recess and noon, or between the opening of the school and recess, and would slyly extract a piece of pie or a chunk of bread and endeavor to dispose of it in secret behind his books.

If the culprit was detected he was sometimes made to come forward, dinner-pail in hand, and eat its entire contents while standing before the grinning, giggling school. This was a trying ordeal, and I have seen boys who were almost men in size break down and cry and sob under it, while their unsympathetic schoolmates laughed immoderately.

At noon there was always a grand scramble for pails and baskets. In the spring and summer we raced out to the woods and sat in little groups under the trees, or on the banks of a pretty stream behind the schoolhouse; but in winter we gathered in a great circle around the schoolroom stove, and, with much joking and laughter, put out of sight the contents of our pails, often trading a piece of pie for a slice of gingerbread, or a big red apple for a frosted cookie.

Then, if it was too stormy or cold to play out of doors, what pandemonium there would be in that little schoolroom until the noon hour was done! Such racing and shouting! Few teachers ever tried to maintain order during this hour.

They felt, perhaps, that it would be impossible, or they may have been as much in sympathy with us as was one of our teachers, a good-natured, easy-going, elderly woman, with strong nerves, who would sit and knit in the midst of our deafening noise, saying simply that she "loved to see us enjoy ourselves."

Some of these boys and girls, who are rich men and women now, have been heard to say that they were happier in those days than they have ever been since.

NOT INVITED.

A semi-tragic incident occurred at a pioneer dinner party at Green Bay, Wisconsin, in the early days of this century. Charles Reaume was an exemplification of the old adage of a "rolling stone." He could never stick to one place or one thing for any great length of time. He led an easy, happy-go-lucky life, and in the course of his wanderings went to Green Bay, where he did a little trading.

One day Reaume invited John Porlier, Laurent Fily and three other men to dine with him, and arranged a really nice little dinner for them. The principal dish was *pe-we-ta-gah*, composed of dried venison finely pounded, and cooked in maple sugar and bear's oil, and it was regarded as a most appetizing dish.

As Reaume was seating his guests about the table, a half-breed, Amable Chevalier, made his appearance. He looked the table over and then slyly remarked that there were not plates enough, as he saw none for himself.

"You won't see any plate for you at my table," Reaume gruffly answered.

The half-breed already owed Reaume a grudge, and his quick temper taking affront at this reply, he seized the opportunity to be revenged.

"Sho! Won't I?" he answered, scornfully, and in an instant snatched Reaume's red cap from his head and laid it on the table.

"Here's my plate," he cried, and he plunged both hands into the *pe-we-ta-gah*, scooped out a mess, and flung it into the cap.

Reaume was as quick as he, for the next moment the capful of hot venison stew was dashed into Amable's face.

The half-breed retaliated by scooping up another handful from the dish and flinging it full in Reaume's face.

The two men then grappled with each other and fought furiously. They rolled over and over upon the floor, each trying for the advantage.

Scenes of this kind were not so very infrequent then, and for a time the guests contented themselves with watching the contest; but when the half-breed tried to stab his opponent, they interfered between the angry combatants and sent Amable on his way.

Matters were soon set to rights, and the dinner proceeded merrily, despite its unlucky beginning.

SIR MARK'S BILL.

About sixty-five years ago, says the London *Spectator*, Sir Mark Somerville received a bill which he had framed and preserved in Somerville House. Whatever else a bill may be, it certainly is not often amusing, interesting and solemnly conscientious, all at once, as Sir Mark no doubt thought this was, when he put it in a frame. During the time of a contested election in Meath he had sent orders to the proprietor of the hotel in Trim to board and lodge all persons who should vote for him. In course of time he received the following communication:

MY BILL YOUR HONOUR.

	£	s.	d.
To eating 16 freeholders above stairs for Sir Marks at 3*s.* 6*d.* a head is to me	2	12	0
For eating 16 more below stairs and two Priests after supper is to me	2	15	9
To six beds in one room and four in another at two guineas every bed and not more than four in any bed at a time—cheap enough, is to me	22	15	0
To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night at 13*s.* every one of them, and for a man which was lost on head of watching them all night, is to me	5	5	0
For breakfast on tay in the morning for every one of them and as many more as they brought as near as I can guess, is to me	4	12	0
To raw whiskey and punch without talking of pipes and tobacco as well as for porter, and as well as for breakfasting a lot above stairs and for glasses and delf for the first day and night I am not sure, but for three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it and not to be very exact it is in all or thereabouts and not to be too particular it is to me at least	79	15	9
For shaving and cropping of the heads of the 49 freeholders for Sir Marks at 13*d.* for every head of them by my brother who has a vote, is to me	2	13	1
For medicine and nurse for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night when he was not expected, is to me ten hogs—I don't talk of the Piper or for keeping him sober, as long as he was sober, is to me	40	10	0

The total is £100 10*s.* 7*d.*, you may say £111; so your honour Sir Mark send me this Eleven hundred by Bryan himself, who and I prays for your success always in Trim and no more at present.

Signed in place of Jemmy Can's wife,
his
BRYAN X GARRATY.
mark

CONTRARY.

Not all the residents of Cape Cod are eccentric, as those who are not familiar with the region might infer from the many stories which are told of queer characters there. But it is no doubt a fact that many Cape Cod people have strongly accentuated dispositions in one way or another.

In Cotuit, many years ago, a local legend runs, Captain Barnabas Z—— and his wife Abigail, who were both queer after their way, lived at peace for a good many years, in spite of the fact that Abigail was said to be the "contrariest woman on Cape Cod." Whatever was said or proposed she was almost sure to go against it.

But Captain Barnabas was as patient as his wife was contrary; and by dint of always allowing for his wife's disposition, and usually proposing the exact opposite of what he wished her to do, he got along very comfortably for many years.

But at last, on one evil day, when Mrs. Abigail Z—— was down at the harbor visiting a relative on board a schooner then in the port, she fell overboard, and sank in the water.

Captain Barnabas was near by, and was called in haste. He reached the spot, and immediately went out in a boat to search for his wife.

"Look here!" some one called out, frantically, seeing him push off. "You're going the wrong way of the tide! You're looking up the tide, not down the tide."

The captain kept on.

"Mebbe," said he, calmly, "you wa'n't acquainted with Abigail. If 'twas anybody else, they'd 'a' gone with the tide; but bein' as it's Abigail, I reckon if she haint gone *ag'inst* the tide, it wa'n't her that fell in!"

This time Barnabas's philosophy was wrong. His wife's body was found next day down the harbor. For once she had gone with the tide.

WELL SAID.

Mr. Spurgeon has been reviewing a book on "Primitive Methodism on the Yorkshire Wolds," and finds in it some stories very much to his mind. He is especially pleased with one criticism of a sermon.

"Ah, say, Mister, you preached a goodish sermon to-night; but if it had been cut short at beath ends, and set a-fire in the middle, it wad a dean us mare good."

Mr. Spurgeon "scarcely remembers a better criticism than this."

Another story is of a not very fluent young man, who, being in the habit of saying in his prayers, "Lord, help me to pray," was answered one night by an old man's ejaculation: "And the Lord help thee to give ower."

Mr. Spurgeon also likes the story of a clergyman who, at a noisy prayer-meeting, commanded silence and said: "My dear friends, the Lord is not deaf. Now don't you think you could pray a little more quietly? You remember, when the temple was being built at Jerusalem, there was no sound of any tool heard in it while building."

"Yes, sir," said one of the brothers, "that's all very true; but you see, we're not building the temple; we're only blasting the rocks."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

Some people find it hard, in using the telephone, to realize that they are not face to face with the person they are addressing.

A prominent merchant in the capital city of a State sat at his desk one hot day in July. In order to secure some degree of comfort he had taken off his coat and his collar and necktie.

A clerk came into the room.

"His excellency, the governor, wishes to speak with you through the telephone," said the clerk.

"The governor! Dear me!" said the merchant.

He rose, hastily put on his collar, his necktie, and his coat, gave his hair a stroke, and went to the telephone to answer the governor's call.

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For the Companion.

SHINING.

"Ah! where is the little Sunshine?—
Missing an hour ago;
Every one in the house abroad
Hunting her high and low.

"Down where the spring is bubbling
Under the tangled vine,
Out on the merry playground,
No little bright Sunshine.

"No bonny curls are gleaming,
No pretty eyes of blue,
No little voice is singing.
Sunshine!—*where are you?*"

There—by the arbor shady,
Out in the garden gay,
Close by a rose-bush blooming,
Under the boughs she lay.

"Why are you here, my birdling?
Why, little treasure, mine?"—
"See, these poor flowers have waited
All day for the sun to shine,

"So I came at last my own self
(For he wouldn't give a peep),
And shined for them a little,
And—maybe I fell asleep."

For the Companion.

PAPA'S BIRTHDAY.

"O Maysie!" said Seth, in a horrified tone. "It's papa's birthday to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" echoed Maysie, the corners of her sweet mouth suddenly drooping. "O Sethie! and this is the first time, too."

Seth didn't laugh, although Maysie's statement sounded funny. He understood it too well. It *was* papa's first birthday in their new home, away out West. And it was, also, the first time that they had ever been too poor to give him a present.

For papa had lost all his money the winter before, and they had had to sell their fine house and pretty things to get enough money to go to Montana and begin again.

Everything was strange to Seth and Maysie, but they rather liked it. Papa's birthday was the first real stumbling-block to their happiness.

They stood looking at each other in woful silence. Seth was nine years old, and he didn't want to cry before Maysie, because she was only six and a girl besides.

But the tears were slowly coming, when suddenly Maysie flew at him, her eyes sparkling and her mouth all dimples again.

"Come on, Sethie! I know something!" she cried, excitedly, and danced out into the yard.

There, on her tiptoes, where nobody could possibly hear, she whispered and whispered in his ear, until Seth threw his hat into the air with a shout.

"It's a go, Maysie! You're a brick!"

The next morning a cautious little voice at Seth's door said, "Are you ready, Sethie? It's nearly daylight."

"Yes. Come on down these stairs, Maysie, and don't let 'em creak a mite. Sh-h!"

"Let me slip the bolt, Sethie, 'cause my fingers are little. Th-e-r-e! Now, you take the basket, and let's run, for it's late."

In reality, the dawn was just breaking; but Seth gave Maysie his hand and away they scampered down the street until they had passed all the houses.

Then they crossed a gulch on a miner's sluice-box, and began to climb the high mountain, back of the little town.

"S'pose you don't know where they are, Maysie?"

"Oh, I do. They're right around that big rock."

A few steps more, and there was an "Oh-h!" of delight from both children.

Then silence for a long time; when they came from behind the big rock again, and started down the mountain, they carried the little basket in a very different way.

They walked quickly up the silent streets, and stole back into the house again as quiet as mice. Then began a muffled rattling of pots and pans and crockery amidst much tiptoeing and whispering.

Then once more all was quiet in the kitchen, but a most mysterious writing was going on in the dining-room. Seth struggled with the pen, while Maysie hung over him, breathless.

When it was done she just hugged Seth in a whirl of joy, and then danced around the table, saying, "Isn't it jolly! Isn't it jolly!"

In the midst of her capering there were steps on the stairs. Then what a scattering! Seth flew to hold the door, shouting, "You can't come down yet, mamma and papa! Bring the handkerchiefs, Maysie, quick!"

Maysie flew, and returned with two large folded handkerchiefs. Seth opened the door a little way, and they both slipped through and stood before their astonished parents.

"Papa, I'm going to tie up your eyes, and Sethie's going to tie mamma's, and then you can go down," Maysie announced, in a business-like way.

"Now, come on, and we'll lead you."

"What *is* going to be done to us?" asked mamma, groping around with her hands.

"Sethie, don't let her see a teenty-weenty!" cried Maysie, anxiously.

"Here's the table," said Seth. "Now, sit down, please, and wait a minute."

The children scampered to the other side of the table and took their places. "Now you can take off your blindfolds!" they cried.

And what a surprise! A snowy breakfast-table all ready, with a dainty dish of spring flowers by mamma's plate, and a luscious basket of red-ripe wild strawberries, crisp with the mountain dew, by papa's.

There was also a pitcher of cream, cold, sliced tongue, and coffee of Seth's particular make.

A little white note lay on papa's plate, which he opened and read:

DERE PAPA—We went upp on the mountine thise moning and piked these strawberies and floures fore you becaus we couldent bear not too giv you enything fore your burthday. We havent enything else, dere papa but we lov you veri much and so dus mama. Your too litle childern,
MAYSIE AND SETH.

Papa's eyes filled with tears, and dropping the note he went to his little ones, and putting an arm around each, kissed their brown heads. Then, looking at their mamma, he said, tenderly, "My blesseds! This is the happiest and best birthday papa ever had."

And Seth and Maysie were too full of joy to speak.

ONE day, in my school of little ones, we had been having a conversation lesson about things we could sit in or on. We had almost exhausted the list of objects, but, as I had one in my mind that had not been named, I said, "*I* can think of something else we can sit in; can any one else?" One little maid raised her hand, and on my saying, "Yes, Alice?" meekly suiting the action to the words, said innocently, "We can sit in position."

HOWARD was making his first visit in the country. Seeing a large pond of water, he asked in astonishment, "Who spilled all that water?"



For the Companion.

BABY'S SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Above the river of Tumblewoze,
That flows thro' the Valley of Stumbletoze,
With its numerous falls
And frequent squalls,
Where the bitter berry of Grumble grows,
There hangeth a bridge all blue and red,
And when Baby's morning of play is sped
He passeth o'er
On its yielding floor
To the Territory of Trundlebed.

E. S. B.

For the Companion.

ANGELINA IN CALIFORNIA.

O Angelina! I just wish you'd been with me this morning, for I saw things that would really have s'prised you, or any other dolly. But you know this is only the very first time I've been out since we came to San Diego, and next time you shall go, too.

First, we went past such lovely gardens of flowers—the biggest, beautifullest posies you ever did see. I tell you they didn't look much like the gardens we left at home, all full of snow-drifts!

Why, the calla lilies were taller than me and the geraniums were taller than papa. Some of 'em were as tall as the eaves of houses—that is, of some houses.

And so many different kinds of vines over the porches! And so many new trees that I'd never even heard of.

Pepper-trees with pepper berries on 'em that looked like currants,—only bigger bunches,—and they tasted just like the pepper-box.

Then we saw the wonderfullest palms, growing right out of doors, you know; and orange-trees full of oranges, so't they had to be propped up. I counted seventeen, my own self, in one bunch, thick as they could hang.

And then the banana-trees, with great long leaves all made into coarse fringes; and with purple blossoms longer than my arm. And some of the blossom leaves were just lifted a little, and cuddled right under every purple leaf were 'bout a dozen baby bananas. Oh, they were the cutest little things!

And when we got to the Chamber of Cram-us—or something like that—we saw one single orange that was half a yard around.

Why, Angelina, I do believe it was as big as a pumpkin—that is, quite a small pumpkin; but the pumpkins there were not quite small ones. I should think they were 'bout as big as wash-tubs.

And there was a corn stalk 'most as tall as a tree—well, anyway, papa couldn't reach the very first ear even when he stood on tiptoe. And there was a cabbage stalk as tall as the corn stalk.

Like as not the pep'mint drops'll be the size of biscuits here; like as not the cookies'll be bigger than pancakes; like as not you'll grow, yourself, and get to be a great, beautiful new dolly in just no time. But I shall love you every bit the same if you don't, Angelina. So, now let's go to supper.

JIMMY was once asked how he would like to go to a military school.

"Not at all," was his prompt reply.

"Why," we asked.

"'Cause," he said, "they hang a fellow up there for little or nothing."

"Oh, no," we said, "that can't be so."

With an emphatic nod he replied, "Yes, it is; Mr. Fox [his teacher] says so."

"What! hang a boy! kill him!" we exclaimed.

"I don't know about that," he said. "Mr. Fox says they hang 'em up."

Then it dawned upon us, and we suggested that a boy might be suspended.

"Yes," he replied, "and what is suspending a boy, but hanging him up?"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

I.

Though I've delicate wings
Ready poised as for flight,
Yet I stay by the ship
With its colors bright
Where I first saw the light
And never take flight!

II.

I often hold threads,
But no shuttle can trace
By any of them
A pattern of grace.
And though I do well, I truly confess
That I often am found in a very tight place.
Now (if by my riddle you have not been beaten)
My whole (from the ground) you quite often have eaten!

2.

WORD DELETIONS.

1. Take the language of the ancient Romans from isinglass, and leave to turn to the off side.
2. Take to inquire from packings of hemp, and leave traps or snares.
3. Take an intermittent fever with cold fits succeeded by hot from allied, and leave conducted.
4. Take a trough in which a bricklayer carries mortar, etc., from exact, and leave one living with others in their dwelling or city.
5. Take a musical instrument from greeted, and leave melancholy.
6. Take to speak from wearing apparel, and leave to adhere.

3.

BURIED CITIES.

(Three in each sentence.)

1. Last Monday, Tony and Isaac were over in Macon cording up some goods when Tony got a bang or a blow from one of the workmen.
2. Tell Carlos we go in Bert Royal's wagon through a prolific, level and well cultivated piece of land.
3. The nomad is on the hill, and he told Tom a happy life is that of a wanderer and is a congenial one to him.
4. Esau burns the brush, Nebo stones cats, while Lew is to nail down the carpet.
5. The pacal Ai saw in Peru he has talked so much about I can almost see, myself, from earnest listening.

4.

METAMORPHOSES.

Change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time—each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining in the same order.

Example — Change *east* to *west* in three moves. East, last, lest, west.

1. Change *boy* to *man* in four moves.
2. Change *wolf* to *lion* in eight moves.
3. Change *meat* to *soup* in six moves.
4. Change *Jane* to *Mary* in three moves.
5. Change *book* to *tent* in five moves.
6. Change *four* to *nine* in ten moves.

5.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

1. Vessels of any sort under the sun.
2. To snatch away, or a kind of gun.
3. Later in time, or behind in place;
   The name of a song of sweetness and grace.
4. Troublesome insects, agile and fleet.
5. Concise and elegant, polished and neat.

Conundrums.

When is your temper like a stray kitten? When it is lost.

When are babies like cartridges? When they are carried in arms.

When is Fortune a worker in wood? When she turns the tables.

When is a bell like a secret that is not kept? When it is tolled (told).

What kind of nuts grow without shucks? Doughnuts.

What article of jewelry might keep off robbers? A watch.

What is the difference between Arabs and great brain-workers? The former are men in tents, the latter are intense men.

What is the difference between a dime and the answer to this conundrum? One is a sentence and the other ten cents.

What is the difference between a silver dollar and the gulf stream? One is a sea current and the other is currency.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Diddle diddle dumpling.

2.

B	A	N	S	H	E	E
R	E	C	I	T	E	R
A	L	B	E	R	T	I
D	R	A	S	T	I	C
D	I	S	C	U	S	S
O	U	T	V	I	E	S
C	H	I	C	A	G	O
K	E	E	L	M	A	N

E	D	I	B	L	E	S
R	E	F	R	E	S	H
I	T	E	R	A	T	E
C	U	R	A	T	O	R
S	V	I	A	T	O	I
S	U	C	C	E	E	D
O	P	H	E	L	I	A
N	O	C	T	U	R	N

S	T	A	T	I	C	
H	U	R	R	A	H	
E	M	P	O	L	I	
R	E	D	T	O	P	
I	N	S	T	E	P	
D	I	L	A	T	E	
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N	A	U	S	E	A	

C	A	R	L	I	N	G
H	O	S	A	N	N	A
I	M	B	I	B	E	R
P	O	N	T	I	F	F
P	O	M	P	E	I	I
E	N	S	L	A	V	E
W	A	S	S	A	I	L
A	S	T	O	U	N	D

3. 1. Spices, Pisces. 2. Lustre, result. 3. May bless, assemblage. 4. Repulsive, pure lives.

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For the Companion.

OLD MAUMA.

Black as the blackest of her race,
Ill-featured, too—and yet
Her kindly voice, her smiling face,
I never can forget.

* * * * *

When dreams enchant me, and the eyes
Of memory perceive
Bright visions of the morn arise
To bless the sight at eve;

How few there are of all the old
Home pictures that appear,
But in the foreground I behold
Her figure standing there!

She loved me well—my infant heart
That gracious truth divined,
Ere yet her language could impart
Such meaning to my mind.

My youthful joys she shared with me,
My youthful sorrows shared,
She spared me heartache constantly,
Herself she never spared.

If lulled to sleep upon her knee,
She nodded while I slept,
And when I laughed she laughed with me,
And when I wept she wept.

Beset by visionary harms,
Weary and seeking rest,
I knew no choice 'twixt mother's arms
And Mauma's ebon breast.

What cared I that her skin was rough,
And dusky-brown of hue?
For me this truth was quite enough—
The heart was warm and true.

I grew a man, she old and gray
And missed me from her side,
But many a day, and oft, they say,
She called my name and cried.

And when she went, whose years were spent
In servitude below,
Death from its sombre tenement
Released a soul of snow.

* * * * *

Black as the blackest of her race,
Coarse-featured, too—and yet
My second mother's kindly face
I never can forget.

WHITEMARSH SEABROOK.

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Writing in the *Princess* of a mother, who, though "no Angel," was "a dearer being, all dipt in Angel instincts, breathing Paradise," Tennyson exclaims:

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not bind his soul with clay.

The poet's thought is illustrated by a little story told by the Rev. Joshua Cooke in an article on the mule-deer, contributed to "The Big Game of North America."

The clergyman's oldest son, a ranchman in Oregon, stands six feet and an inch in his stockings, and is a powerful man, a good shot, a fine hunter, warm-hearted and generous. One day a fellow-ranchman came to his cabin, and said:

"Mr. Cooke, my old mother is dead. She was a Christian woman, and I don't want to put her in the ground like the cattle we bury. There isn't a minister within thirty miles. Your father is a minister; you have taught in our Sabbath school. Would you come and say a word over my mother?"

It was a new experience; the big boy thought a moment, and then said:

"Whitehead, I never did anything of the kind, but if it was my mother,—and I have one whom I worship,—I should feel as you do. Your mother sha'n't be buried like a dog. I'll come."

Afterward he wrote to his father:

"I recalled the words I had so often heard you pronounce over the dead. All alone I read a passage of Scripture, sang a verse of a hymn, said a short prayer, said the 'dust to dust,' and all was over. It was a tight place, father; all the men and women of the valley were there, but I thought of mother, and it carried me through."

A rough young ranchman said to this son one day, "Bates, we notice that you will take part with us in our sports up to a certain point, and then you stop. We wonder why."

"Jerry," he answered, "when I left home, I made up my mind to go nowhere and take part in nothing that would displease my mother."

HONESTY IN FINLAND.

The Finns are an upright, faithful and hospitable people. A writer in the *Saturday Review* speaks of their honesty as proverbial, and proceeds to give some experiences of his own as illustrative of the scrupulous and even "heroic" manner in which they tell the truth, and the whole truth, under the most difficult circumstances.

"This seems to be exactly the kind of apparatus I am looking for," I said to a merchant in Helsingfors, as I looked at an article worth about seventy-five dollars; "I will buy it at once if, knowing what I want it for, you can honestly advise me to take it."

"No, sir," he answered, "I do not recommend you to take it, nor have I anything in stock just now that would suit you." And I left the shop and purchased what I wanted elsewhere.

"Here's your fare," said I to a peasant in the interior, who had driven for three hours through the woods in his drosky, as I handed him four shillings.

"No, sir, that's double my fare," he replied, returning me half the money. And when I told him he might keep it for his honesty, he slightly nodded his thanks with the dignity of one of nature's gentlemen, from which defiant pride and cringing obsequiousness were equally absent.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

Any one, no matter how slight his influence over others may appear to himself, can at least set a good example.

A lady who is much interested in the temperance cause says that some words spoken by Lady Seabright—as an ending to a lecture she had given on temperance and the closing of public houses and saloons—seem to her to go straight to the point, and be well worth remembering.

There is a little public house
That every one can close.
And that's the little public house
That's just beneath your nose.

To cleanse and preserve the teeth use "*Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.*" Microscopical examinations have proved that the use of soap is the only safeguard against the accumulation of animal and vegetable parasites on the teeth. Camphor strengthens and relieves soreness of the gums. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Sold at drug stores. [*Adv.*

Stamp Collectors should read the story of "A Postage-Stamp Man" in the May 7th number of this paper.

SEATTLE the Metropolis of **WASHINGTON.** Send stamp for printed matter of City and State to *Eshelman, Llewellyn & Co., Seattle, Wash.*

HEADACHE or neuralgia cured with Megrimine. Sold by druggists. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **Sample FREE.** DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., South Bend, Ind.

STAMP COLLECTORS Send for stamp selections on approval. Sure to please. 33 1-3 per c. com. 10 var. Mexico. 10c.; Mexico 1864, 4 var. complete, 20c. Price-lists and premium offers free. Add. MOUND CITY STAMP CO., 1501 Washington Av., St. Louis, Mo.

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in the **BERLIN PIANO POLISH** is so great that we will send you a sample bottle for trial, **Free.** Drop us a postal. LOCKPORT VARNISH CO., Lockport, Ill.



BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS No extra charge. All makes new or 2d hand. Lowest prices guaranteed. Send for cats and save money. Rouse, Hazard & Co., 8 G St. Peoria, Ill

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ASTHMA OR HAY-FEVER

Cured to Stay Cured

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CLIMATE

References in Your Own Locality.

P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

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The Shawknit Stockings were long ago recognized as the *most comfortable, most durable,* and *best-fitting stockings* in the market. They are as far *superior to all other stockings* now as they were then. They are a *standard* in the market. Other stockings are not only often represented as being "*as good as Shawknit*," but are sometimes sold *as and for Shawknit*, by unscrupulous dealers. The public has only to remember that *every Shawknit stocking* is *stamped on the toe*, and to look for this trade mark before buying. Shawknit

☞ For sale by the trade generally and obtainable direct from the manufacturers, who will send *descriptive post-paid parcel price-list* upon application.

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Dragon Fast Black

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COTTON DRESS FABRICS.

DOES NOT CROCK OR FADE — IN SHEER INDIA LINONS LAWNS & BATISTE PRINTED EFFECTS — IMPROVED BY WASHING

WARRANTED ABSOLUTELY FAST

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is guaranteed to rid any building of Water Bugs and Roaches or money refunded. A fatal food, yet non-poisonous. Insist upon having it. If your druggist or grocer does not keep it, send 60c. for pound package. HOUGHTON & Co., 25 Hawley St., Boston.

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THE BRAID THAT IS KNOWN



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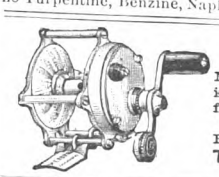
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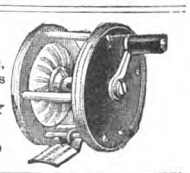


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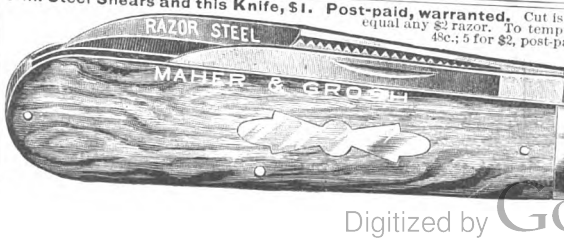
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UNDER AUTHORITY.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* was visiting a family in a suburb of San Francisco when their Chinese servant fell out of a window which he was cleaning, and injured his back. He was taken care of by his countrymen, and sent another man to say that he was not seriously hurt, and would return to his work in a week.

"What you do, John?" the lady of the house asked the messenger.

"Me no work. Me go China some week. Me get a wife."

"Well, you stay here and do work, eh?"

"Oh, no," answered the Chinaman, his face expressing alarm at the proposition.

"Yes; you stay and do Ah Fun's work while Ah Fun sick."

"Me no got China shoes," said the man, apparently hitting upon the only excuse he could express in English.

"Ah!" said the lady. "No got China shoes? Well, you go back to city; you get China shoes, you come back, go work for Ah Fun till Ah Fun come back."

"Me go city—get China shoe—all light," said the man, and off he went.

"Do you think he will come back?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; he must come back. He understood me. They always do what they agree to."

He did return, and went to work. He cleaned the garden, got out the hose and watered the flowers, and then came in and began the preparation of dinner. But he seemed to have something on his mind. At last he spoke.

"See here, lady," said he, "me got bludder (brother) come China last week. Me put bludder in laundly. He want me come so he go San Flancisco city; no can find his way."

"Sorry," said the lady, "but we give dinner-party to-night, and after dinner we have dance and refreshments, and you got stay and wait on people."

The Chinaman was kept there for four days. Once, as we all took our places in a carriage at the door, the patient fellow came out with his hat and coat on, evidently prepared to go to the city without authority. I was called upon to exert a masculine authority, and ordered him to go back. With the utmost meekness, merely saying, "All light," he shuffled into the house again.

It was and is my opinion that the poor wretch went every night to see his brother, and came back every day at daylight. What sleep he got, if any, I do not know, but it must have been very little.

LITERAL.

It is a good thing for a boy to obey orders, but there is such a thing as interpreting them too literally. A certain milkman, who lives in the country town of L——, and collects milk from the neighboring farmers, had in his employ a boy whom he sent about with a wagon every morning picking up his supply. There is a rather dangerous railroad crossing on the road; and when the boy began work for him, the milkman said: "When there's a train coming, just stop and sit still in your wagon until it gets by."

The boy went about his task, but instead of collecting the milk in about an hour and a half, as should have been done, he took at least two hours, and sometimes more.

The farmer grumbled a little, but the boy said nothing, and, as he seemed honest, nothing was done.

One evening the milkman went out over his "collecting route" to see some of his customers.

"What ails that boy of yours?" asked one of the farmers.

"Why, nothing, only that he's rather slow, I guess."

"Slow? Well, I guess you'd think he was slow if you saw him resting for half an hour in his wagon, down here by the railroad track, every morning."

The milkman called the boy as soon as he reached home.

"Is it true that you stop half an hour every morning down at the railroad track?" he asked.

"Generally I have to," said the boy.

"Have to? What do you mean?"

"Why, you told me when there was a train coming, to wait till it got by. Well, there's a crook in the track there, so't I never can see whether there's a train comin' down the track, or not. So I stop and wait till there's one goes by anyway, and then I just skip over lively!"

DIDN'T NEED IT.

It is one of the universally recognized signs of greatness that it can afford to dispense with external and adventitious marks of distinction. Mrs. Wilcox, a niece of Andrew Jackson, is reported by an exchange as telling with a touch of pride an incident of Jackson's life at the Hermitage.

During Martin Van Buren's term my uncle entertained him at the Hermitage, and of course the arrival of the President was made a great occasion.

Many of the servants in holiday dress went out on the turnpike to see the presidential coach make its appearance. Among them was old Aunt Betsy, an oracle among the house-servants. When she returned she said to me in a tone of unqualified surprise:

"Why, land, Miss Mary, he aint got no crown on!"

"But, Aunt Betsy," said I, "why did you expect to see him with a crown on? Uncle Jackson never wore a crown."

"Massa Jackson!" exclaimed Aunt Betsy, her face shining with pride, "Law, Miss Mary, Massa Jackson don't need no crown."

HER JOKE.

The best planned jokes sometimes take an unexpected turn, as those of us who are given to making jokes have no doubt all noticed.

Mrs. Dean said to a friend the other day, "I am so glad you can stay to tea. There is to be such a joke on Mr. Dean. He's always criticising my cooking. To-day his mother happened in, and I persuaded her to make some cakes. Will it not be very funny when he finds faults with the cakes and I tell him that his mother made them herself?"

Half an hour later, Mr. Dean remarked, "My dear, you are becoming a perfect cook. These cakes are as fine as those my mother makes."—*Family Herald.*

For all purposes of a pain-reliever, for both internal and external use, "*Brown's Household Panacea*" is highly recommended. Price, 25 cents. [*Adv.*

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A Cooking Stove For Fifty (50) Cents

Not a Toy.

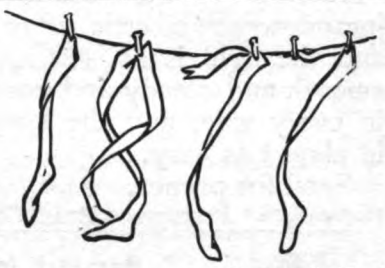
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Beware of imitations which are being peddled from door to door First quality goods do not require such desperate methods to sell them. PEARLINE sells on its merits, and is manufactured only by

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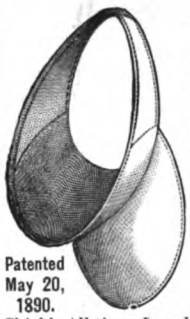
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TEPID BATHS.

The remedial use of warm baths has come down from ancient times. The water generally contained medicinal constituents in natural solution, but the relief, in many cases, was doubtless due solely, or mainly, to the temperature. The effect of hot flannels or warm poultices in relieving internal inflammation and pain is familiar to most families.

For inflamed and painful eyes, nothing is so good as hot water, applied with a woollen cloth. Equal benefit is derived from such an application in many forms of headache. The best thing to do with a sprained ankle is to immerse the foot in water as hot as can be borne. A crushed foot or hand may be similarly treated until the arrival of a surgeon, the hot water being frequently renewed.

A communication in the *Medical Record*, October 4, 1890, advises the warm bath for infants suffering from intestinal colic.

The writer says that he was led to try this remedy in a case of colic, accompanied by extreme restlessness and pain and considerable diarrhœa, because of the failure of all usual treatment. The trouble had continued several weeks, and the child had become much emaciated. Morphia had been tried without success.

At length, fearing that the child might go into convulsions, the doctor ordered a tub half-full of water, at a temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit. While the child was immersed in this, its head was kept cool with cloths wrung out of cold water. The doctor says:

"The effect was magical. Within ten or fifteen minutes the child quieted down, and on being taken from the bath fell into a quiet, healthful sleep, which lasted several hours. The little patient from that time began to get well. The mother and nurse, having learned the value of the tepid bath, resorted to it afterward, whenever the child was threatened with one of its colic spells. Within a week or two it had entirely recovered."

Another writer adds his experience in a still worse case,—that of true cholera infantum,—the child, when the physician was called, lying in a comatose state. The treatment was the same as already described, with the addition of a mustard plaster applied to the back of the neck.

Says the writer: "I am now fully convinced that the tepid bath is a most efficient sedative, particularly when there is cerebral irritation; and that it is at least as efficient as any of our ordinary anodyne remedies in the control of abdominal pain in young children, after the bowels have been thoroughly opened so as to remove offending causes, such as partly digested food."

HEROIC POVERTY.

Though the common people of England are often very poor, and public relief is frequent enough, there are no people who are more proud of perfect individual independence than the English working classes. A case has recently been reported in the English journals, which affords an excellent example of honest independence for working people everywhere.

Five years ago the poor-law guardians of Huddersfield, England, gave relief to the extent of nearly two hundred and fifty dollars to Matthew Messenger, a deserving laboring man. He had a daughter who was opposed to his receiving assistance, and wished herself to provide entirely for him.

Presently Messenger died. His daughter had employment as a charwoman, or worker at small jobs. The largest amount that she ever earned was eight shillings, or about two dollars, a week.

Out of this amount she not only supported herself but, by rigidly denying herself all "luxuries"—which with many people would have passed for the barest necessities—she managed in time to save the whole sum of fifty pounds, which her father had received from the authorities.

She then went to the guardians, and insisted upon paying the amount back to them, for the purpose of "maintaining the honest independence of her family."

The guardians were much opposed to receiving the money, which represented every penny of the poor woman's savings. They assured her that illness would leave her badly off, and tried to persuade her to keep the money.

But she was so much in earnest in wishing to remove the taint of pauperism from her family that the guardians at last decided to take the money and invest it in the name of the chairman, treasurer and clerk of the Huddersfield poor-law union, to be used for Miss Messenger's benefit in case of her necessity, and at her death the balance to be paid into the funds of the union, as she had no known relative.

FIGHT WITH A COUGAR.

The cougar secures its prey by creeping stealthily behind it, until near enough to spring upon and strike it down. It will attack a man in the daytime if it can approach him unseen, and is hungry. In an article contributed to "The Big Game of North America," Mr. W. A. Perry describes a terrible fight between a Swedish sailor and a cougar, which took place near the house of the writer's father.

The sailor, Joseph Jorgenson, ran away from a British man-of-war, anchored in a harbor of British Columbia, and made his way to Washington, where he took up a quarter-section of government land. One morning he began clearing a spot whereon to build a house. He was vigorously wielding a spade, when suddenly his arm was seized by a cougar's jaws.

Joe was very strong, and by a kick in the stomach he forced the beast to fall to the ground. The cougar sprang at the man's throat. With his left arm Joe warded off its jaws, while with his right he dealt it a blow in the ribs that again felled it to the ground.

Quick as a flash the beast seized Joe's left hand. With his right fist and heavy boots Joe beat and kicked the animal until it released his hand. Retreating a short distance, it sprang on his breast and knocked him against a tree. Again he cuffed and kicked it until it let go and retreated.

Joe then happened to see the spade he had been using, lying at his feet. He snatched it, and warded off the cougar's spring by a timely thrust. The brute fell at the man's feet, but instantly rose and seized him by the thigh. Concentrating his strength, Joe drove the sharp blade of the spade into the beast's head, and it fell dead at his feet.

Bitten and scratched, the blood streaming from a dozen wounds, he reeled home. It was many weeks before he recovered, and when he grew strong he had lost all desire for farming. He shipped on an American coaster as a sailor, saying that he had less fear of the sharks than of the "Big Kitties."

DEFINED.

German commentators are said to find in Shakespeare's plays many things which the author never dreamed of putting there. And if German scholars may do this, why not an English schoolboy?

The late Major Barttelot was educated at Rugby, and is still remembered there as the hero of a funny blunder.

"What is the meaning of the word 'adage'?" asked the master.

Various wild guesses were hazarded by different members of the class, and then it came young Barttelot's turn. Without hesitation he replied:

"A place to put cats into."

Every one laughed, and the master, who was as much mystified as his pupils by the strange answer, called the boy up at the end of the lesson and asked what had put such an idea into his head.

"Why, sir," said Barttelot, "doesn't it say in Shakespeare, 'Like the poor cat in the adage'?"

A LARGE ORDER.

Artists sometimes find that persons who are abundantly able to buy pictures are not so well able to appreciate the possibilities and the aims of art.

The artist Hoppner related that a wealthy stock-broker, with his wife and five sons and seven daughters, once called upon him. The gentleman said: "Well, Mr. Painter, here we are, a baker's dozen. How much will you demand for painting the whole lot of us, prompt payment for discount?"

"Why, that will depend," replied the artist, "upon the dimensions, style, composition, and —"

"Oh, that's all settled," replied this person, who evidently followed the excellent plan of knowing exactly what he wanted when he went shopping, "we are all to be touched off in one piece, as large as life, all seated upon our lawn at Clapham, and all singing, 'God Save the Queen.'"

AGAINST HER WILL.

Almost every one knows the distress occasioned by a sudden tendency to cry at a time when one wishes to appear particularly unmoved and even stoical.

Marjorie never cries when any little mishap befalls her, and has been known to sustain, without shedding a tear, severe bumps that have rapidly acquired a black and blue aspect. But the other day, Araminta, her dearly loved and tenderly cherished doll, fell into the open grate, and received a contusion of the nose which was most unpleasant to contemplate.

Marjorie winked very hard for a few minutes, and then, running with her injured Araminta to her mother, she buried her head in her mother's lap, sobbing, "Oh, mamma, I don't *want* to cry, but my tears have all come unfastened!"

A FOUR-FOOTED GENTLEMAN.

To be well-educated, to have good manners, and to be used to good society, are certainly strong claims to being considered a gentleman, and if a gentleman may sometimes be called a donkey, why may not a donkey sometimes be called a gentleman? Something like this may have been the reasoning of the man who framed a novel advertisement which appeared in a London paper.

"For sale, a donkey, well-educated, of gentle manners, good-looking, and a good goer. Has been driven and cared for by gentlewomen, and is a gentleman. Only parted with because no further use for him. Price 50*s*. No more, no less."

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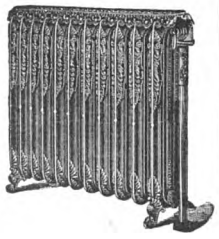
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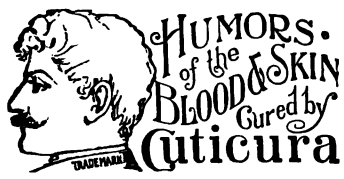
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For the Companion.

PEG.

It was not a "pitch dark" night, though there was neither moon nor stars. The road lay white and glimmering, as roads will lie even on such nights. Perhaps the moon was somewhere behind the clouds.

Peg, the toll-keeper at the gate, had often seen the pike appear just so; and so had Jim Wagner, plodding along the road.

One might keep safely along, or might instead, by accident or a sudden tightening of the reins, turn square down the Silver Thread, thinking it was the pike—especially if one were dreaming.

But Jim had passed the Silver Thread safely. In soothing tones he was beseeching Black Fan to "go it keerful, and not to clank her hoofs, as if she couldn't make enough noise."

For answer, Black Fan in a senseless and provoking manner clanked her hoofs louder than before, and lifted her head and whinnied.

There was no light in the toll-house nor sound of life about the place; everything was quiet and dark as it should be at almost twelve o'clock at night. But as Black Fan clanked her hoofs almost in front of the little porch, the door of the house flew open and Peg came out to take the toll.

It was the rule of the pike that, after nine o'clock at night, the gate could be left for herself if she chose, might keep a few coppers that came.

untended, or the keeper,

"I b'lieve she'd set up watchin' for a feller till mornin'," grumbled Jim, as Black Fan rattled on toward home. "She's the stingiest woman in these parts."

Bill Walsh, Peg's husband, had his blacksmith shop close by the toll-gate. If, by years before, he had not gone to the Eastern Shore and brought back the chills and fever, he would have got on well enough. But the chills and fever and the blacksmith's trade were never meant to go together.

"He'll set and shake day after day, nothe for weeks at a time, and then not be over it," said Josh Hersel, explaining this curious disease to a neighbor; "an' his face about the color of them there aales."

There were four children at the toll-house.

One was a little girl who had a way of leaning out at the garret window and shaking her fist at people who, she imagined, were planning to keep her mother waiting after dark. She was such a very pretty little girl that people only laughed when they saw her shaking her fist.

Then were the two boys who went to school whenever they were sent; and then the bad little boy who generally sat on the porch in fine weather, wearing his Sunday shoes every day. He was his mother's pet.

None of Peg's children were sent to school regularly. They went when their clothes were new; and when these garments were old, faded and patched, the children stayed at home.

Fur Peg was proud. Her neighbors were aware of it, and shunned her accordingly. Poverty was, in their minds, something sent by the Lord, and nothing to be ashamed of. Sickness was a trial sent from heaven; but pride was a crime which they could not forgive.

Peg did not love her neighbors any more than they loved her. Perhaps there was a little jealousy intermixed with the feeling she bore them. Most of them were not nearly so poor as she. Some were farmers, with well-cultivated acres. There were Mr. Jones, the drover, and Ed Coon, who had set up a rival blacksmith shop on the other side of the creek, and got plenty of work.

"If Bill wasn't sickly, we might ha' a house like his'n," Peg had often thought, as she sat alone in the dark with a bitter feeling creeping about her heart.

If Peg had sent the children to school in old clothes as well as new; if she had allowed Bill to buy on credit just a bit down at the store, to show he could be trusted; if she had sometimes let people slip through the gate in the evening without paying the coppers that made the pike so richer; and above all, if it hadn't been reported that she'd said, "if her or any o' hern was sick, she didn't want 'em to come with their custards and their gelatine," things might have been different.

When Bill found her, daring his otherwise unhappy sojourn on the Eastern Shore, he saw, under her tilted-back sunbonnet, the biggest of black eyes, the reddest of cheeks, and the daintiest of dark brown curls. Bill had bragged about "up our way" until it had seemed to her imagination a paradise; and she had come back with him, his wife.

How they helped Peg.

But "up our way" Bill had seen her harden until the black eyes had no laughter in them; he'd seen the red cheeks deeper dyed with anger and indignation and jealousy; had seen her grow into a sharp, quick, grasping little woman, whom the Turnpike Company was glad to have at the toll-gate.

"If Bill warn't sickly, we might buy yonder corner of John Lawrence's field, and build a house with red trimmin's," ran Peg's thoughts again. "I reckon like as not some other body'll get it before I've got the money. If I'm ever to have a house and a home, I'll have to get it myself."

So she slung and snap it up before our eyes, and Bill took a-doctrin' a pin. If them Browns kept the lot and puts up their fancy bullin's on 't, I'm a-goin' to leave. The shop won't be much trouble for to carry away."

Then she started up and said "Oh!" and clasped her hands together and laughed, as she might have done when she was a girl down on the "Easte'n Shor'." She tipped softly out through the narrow passageway and up the steep little steps to where the bad little boy lay asleep in his Sunday shoes; for he would not take them off for all his mother's begging.

She knelt beside him, and began to untie the strings. She had forgotten that she felt sick and tired and most worn-out." Her black eyes were laughing still, as she stooped over and kissed her pet.

But when she kissed him, the laughter died out of her eyes, and there came an anxious look instead. She put her little, hard brown hand on his forehead, and then on his cheek, and then on his chubby wrist; and as she listened to the irregular breathing, John Wynn drove past, and wriggled with delight to think that he had cheated the toll for the second time.

The drivers were not kept waiting the next day. Dan Toomey's fast mare was obliged to pause an instant. John Wynn tried it again and was trapped; but Peg's pet did not sit on the doorstep until Tuesday and swing his Sabbath-shod feet as if there were nothing in the world so fine.

"Has Walsh's children stopped a-goin' to school altogether?" inquired Mrs. Coon, as Mary and Belle came bouncing in with their satchels.

"Some 'n's sick, I s'pose," said Belle; "I seen the doctor's horse tied to the tree, a-pawin' like he'd been there a long time."

"Hum! Now I wonder of custards and gelatines wouldn't come into account?" said the rival blacksmith's wife, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"They's sick at the toll-gate." The news spread swiftly. "Down with the measles or somethin'." Very soon the word came, "They's down with scarlet fever!"

Then Mrs. Coon forgot and forgave, and sent Mary over with a dish of jelly, covered with her finest napkin; but the napkin and the dish both returned with Mary, and the jelly, too.

A little white coffin was carried out from the toll-house one day, and old Mrs. Lisle fell to crying and sobbing as the sad burden was carried past the store. "An' never so much as a cracker," she moaned, "an' no milk nor nothin'!"

"The proudest woman in these parts," cried Josh Hersel, thrusting his hands deep into his trousers's pockets, and vehemently peeing the floor.

"By George!" exclaimed Colonel Green, puffing and blowing. "Bill Walsh is down himself; taken in the night, and raving like a loon. I say something must be done."

There was a light in the toll-house now; it seemed as if it had been there a long time—a steady, mellow light, that fell across the road and lost itself in the grassy field.

But the door flew open as usual when Will Smith's wagon drove up, and Peg came out for the toll.

Thinking of the unhappiness and poverty within, Will timidly held out a silver quarter.

"Three cents," said Peg, sharply, and handed him back the change.

The humming-birds whizzed away suddenly from the great clustering honeysuckle at the end of Colonel Green's front porch. They had dipped their bills' sublustured into the sweetness of its honey, though the Colonel's voice came big and blustering out through the open sitting-room window.

But this disturbance was more than a voice; it was a girl who came rushing to the bench under the vine and threw her arms on the railing, with her head in her arms, and began to weep.

First she sobbed vehemently, as if she had been keeping back the tears and could do so no longer. Then she wept more softly, and at last stopped altogether, and fell to wondering a little indignantly why her grandfather and the rest of the people did not stop talking and set to work to do something instead.

"If I were only a man," said Hetty Green, hopelessly, "I should think of some way."

She pressed her face deeper among the fresh leaves and sighed, thinking. Then she began to wonder what she would think of if she really were a man.

As she puzzled her brain she stood so silently that the birds came whizzing about again, only to be started off on another tour as she jumped up and ran back into the house.

If they had remained and peeped in at the window, they might have seen Hetty performing an ecstatic dance across the sitting-room floor to where the worn-out Colonel rested in his leather chair. They might have seen her fling herself upon the arm, and whisper in the Colonel's ear exactly what he and all the other people must go and do.

But the birds must have been sorely puzzled, for why should a whisper from a girl who was always whispering make such an impression upon a gray-haired, sensible man like the Colonel?

He did not wait until she was done whispering before he was tapping his feet on the floor and nodding his head, and exclaiming, "By George!" in approval. Whether or not she was really done they could not have known, for the Colonel suddenly put on his hat and left the room.

All around the country for miles and miles drove Hetty's grandfather, the Colonel, pausing for an instant at every house on the way, rushing in and out of Dillon's livery stable, and exclaiming and gesticulating to every man he met.

When Colonel Green reached home that night he was ready for bed; but he did not go to it. He ate his supper in a desperate hurry, and ordered out his tired horse.

John Wagner and Will Smith did an outrageous thing. Bill Walsh, as everybody knew, was down with the scarlet fever, and three children lying ill in the next room; but these two young fellows drove through without paying, right under Peg's nose.

She did not call angrily to them, as she would have done a week before. She turned about in the doorway and put her hands over her face.

Some one upstairs tossed and moaned, and a child's voice screamed for water. She let her hands fall, and ran up as fast as she could.

The beautiful day had been good to her sick ones, but what had it brought to her? What had the doctor been saying? That the invalids positively must have wine and lemons, beef-tea and chickens, grapes and oranges.

Peg clenched her little hard fists, and pressed her lips tightly together. Wine and lemons, beef-tea and chickens, grapes and oranges!

It was not that they ought to have these things—not that it would be well for them to have them, but that they must have them.

"They must, they must, they must," said poor Peg, under her breath.

She went to the window and glanced quickly down the road in the gathering dusk.

No one was coming, but to Peg's excited fancy there was some one hurrying along, this way and that way, up and down and around.

It was the beauty of Peach Blow—that little village down on the Eastern Shore—begging, "up our way." Not for bread; that any one who is hungry may beg for; but for wine and lemons, beef-tea and chickens, grapes and oranges!

A singular sick and giddy feeling came over her. She knew she must do this. God had punished her sin of pride, surely.

"I must, I must!" muttered Peg. Then she darted down the stairs, quick as a flash, and stood at the gate waiting for her own and the Company's money.

John Wagner cried out, "We're caught," and Will shouted, "Run it fast!" but it was no use. Peg took the money—hers and the Company's.

The old clock inside the door struck nine. What was that down the dim roadway? Another buggy.

She stood and waited for her money this time.

Why, there was a double team coming, and another! Was there a party somewhere? She had not heard.

One after another carriages came pouring in,

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and one-horse wagons, two-horse wagons, six-horse teams and eight-horse teams; there were little limping ponies, whose trotting days had long been over; and carts and sulkies and horsemen, and mules, donkeys and goats.

Peg dropped her money from her hand to her apron, and stood there holding it up. The lamps from a livery-stable carriage threw their light upon her face, showing the great, wondering black eyes, and the kinks of the brown hair.

Some laughed softly as they jingled the toll into the apron; some reproached her for sitting up so late to catch a party; some declared vehemently that they weren't going to pay at this time in the night, but they paid just the same.

One voice—an old man's—near the end of the cavalcade cried out triumphantly, "By George!" and the last of the train passed through.

"Did you catch 'em, Peg?"

Thin and weak came the voice from the bed, with just a tremor of humor in it. Peg looked at him. She could see that he was much better.

Peg held open her apron so that he might see that it was full. Then she went down on her knees beside the bed.

"They done it a-purpose, Bill!" she said, and could say no more. LOUISE R. BAKER.

For the Companion.

THE BLEXLEY FEUD.

In Two Chapters.—Chapter II.

How it Ended.

"Whoop! There you be, young man; an' your Aunt Dorothy's lookin' for you with all her eyes."

Uncle Billy, grown old, but still brisk, drew up the old tarpaulin-covered stage-coach at the Pierson homestead one morning, the summer after old Mrs. Pierson's death.

"Thank you, sir," said a bright-faced boy, as he jumped lightly to the ground. Then he turned to raise his hat to a girl who occupied the back seat of the coach.

"Good-by," he said to her. "I shall be sure to meet you again, though, if you stay here in Weston."

"Yes, of course," she answered pleasantly, as Uncle Billy took up the reins and drove away from the place where the boy still stood.

"Blest if he does meet you again, though, if you stay in Weston," the old driver muttered, as the boy disappeared among the lilac-bushes.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Weston doesn't look like so large a place that you might not meet everybody in the course of a day."

She laughed merrily as she spoke.

"'Taint the size that's got to do with it. Look here; aint you old Mis' Blexley's granddaughter Clare?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that boy's Miss Pierson's gran'nevy Oliver!"

"Really, is he?"

"He is, reely."

"Well, I don't see what that has to do with my not meeting him again."

"You don't?"

Uncle Billy squared himself around upon the seat and regarded her curiously. "A Blexley not know she haint nothin' to do with a Pierson, root nor branch! Why, the two haint geed together fer twenty-five years."

Clare was curious in her turn. "Tell me why," she said.

"Dunno's I orter," he mused; "but she'll hear it fast enough, and blest if I dunno *but* I orter. Now I rec'lect, your pa'd got out of Weston, an' wa'n't in it," he ended, turning to her.

So, before Clare Blexley had been driven the length of the one maple-lined street of the town, she was in possession of the story of the feud, as impartially told as any one could ever tell it.

"You see," Uncle Billy said, as he pulled up at the Blexley place, "I've kep' as neutral as ary person could. I've had to run stage, an' I've b'longed to which an' t'other side—it jest depended on what rinktum was kicked up where I took sides. Both sides is to blame in most any fuss, I say; one dog alone can't quirril."

Dorothy Pierson's grand-nephew Oliver was almost as soon made aware of the dreadful and impassable barrier to further acquaintance with the pleasant companion of that twelve-mile ride; though his information came from a decidedly one-sided authority.

"As long as that!" the astonished boy asked, when he was told how the quarrel began. "Why, Aunt Doll, I shouldn't think you could hold a grudge so long. No; pa never spoke of it. I guess it had died out with his father."

"Stockton wa'n't here to feel it as we've felt it," Dorothy sighed, slightly aggrieved that he should show so little partisanship.

"Dear me!" Oliver echoed the sigh. "And I thought it was going to be so pleasant."

"Oh, it'll be pleasant enough. There are plenty of Piersons here," Dorothy quickly answered, adding proudly, "We aint friendless; you'll meet them all soon."

Oliver found it true; but wherever he turned he was confronted and saddened by the old trouble. He was a genial, open-hearted boy, and was attracted by many a face that was averted because he was a Pierson; while his better nature caused him to revolt inwardly against faces that were boldly familiar and patronizing because of the same reason.

"My! what an awful mess this Blexley trouble has got us all into!" he mused aloud, as he stopped at the town pump one morning on his way to his uncle's store.

"Perfectly awful!" a voice replied emphatically. To his confusion, his companion of the stage-coach stepped upon the platform, holding her little brother by the hand.

"Dare I offer you a drink of water?"

Oliver's eyes twinkled as he held out the dipper.

"Dare I accept it?" she replied, as roguishly. "Yes, I dare, and I must say I think it would be too ridiculous to think of—such an absurd beginning as this trouble had—if the results weren't so very serious."

"Yes," gravely returned Oliver; "Aunt Doll says the tavern across there is in full blast, night and day."

"And this old church has been closed for five years. Just think of people living in such a way!"

"The best people on both sides don't like such a condition of affairs, but they will not unite to put anything down or up," said Oliver. "But where is it going to end? Or will it ever end? No one will take a step toward ending it."

"Let us take the step, then," exclaimed Clare, impulsively. "We can at least stop it's going any further our way."

"That's so! It is foolish for people to carry on a fuss because of the troubles of their ancestors. Here's my hand. We'll do what we can."

"I've said what I could already," said Clare, as the two shook hands, "but grandma says any one who speaks of reconciliation between the two families is an apostate."

"And Aunt Doll declares that only a rank traitor could have any forgiveness for a Blexley. Well, we've taken one step, if no more are ever taken. But we can't expect to undo the work of so many years in a day."

Oliver raised his cap as he turned to go. "I see the Pierson crowd has possession of the tavern to-day," he remarked, with a glance opposite.

Several men were talking very loudly about the door of the bar-room.

"Yes, and I'll not go back that way," said Clare. "You run on alone, Bennie, and get your candy."

The two were not aware how potent is any first step for good, nor how much evil may be undone in a day. Their meeting and parting had not been unobserved by the crowd on the stone-flagged piazza opposite. As Oliver passed on his way to the store, he heard the words, somewhat incoherently spoken:

"We'll have to celebrate that meeting, sure. When a Pierson drinks with a Blexley, a Blexley's got to drink with a Pierson."

"And here's yer chance," a rough fellow cried out as four-year-old Bennie toddled happily by.

"Say, sonnie, we're going to treat you!"

A reckless man caught up the astonished child, swung him to his shoulder, and bore him to the bar-room.

"A milk-punch for a Blexley!" shouted one in the crowd.

Amidst loud laughter a mixture was handed out.

"Here's yer peppermint, sonnie."



"Dare I offer you a drink?"

A rough hand poured some of the liquor down the frightened child's throat.

He gave a loud, shuddering, gasping scream as he swallowed it. Oliver, glancing back, had noticed the child's disappearance. The laughter and the sudden scream brought back the jeering words just flung after himself. In a second he bounded back over the stones.

"Give that child to me!" he called, in a tone of firm command, forcing his way in at the door.



Mrs Blexley yields.

"A Pierson taking sides for a Blexley!" tauntingly said one.

"Yes, any side that is right. What a shame to treat a baby like this!"

A coarse laugh greeted this as the child stretched out its arms instinctively to him from its seat on the counter; but just as Oliver reached him, the little boy gave a convulsive shudder and fell backward.

"You brutes!" Oliver's eyes flashed as he caught the child. "Get out of my way!"

"We didn't aim to hurt him," muttered one, sobered by the sight of the child's limp form, which Oliver bore past them.

"Aunt Doll! Aunt Doll!"

Into the big house down the street he dashed with his light burden.

"Aunt Doll, those drunken rowdies in the bar-room forced this baby to drink some of their poison stuff!"

"Mercy on me! Killed?" cried Dorothy Pierson, horrified at sight of the white, still face. "Quick, give him to me—if he is a Blexley." She unconsciously drew aside her skirts as she took him. "Go for the doctor, and a stomach-pump and Uncle Nate, and—Land sakes! Has it come to murd'rin'?" She uttered the last words in an awed undertone, as she bent over the child.

Before Oliver could return, a warm mustard emetic and vigorous chafing had done their work, and Bennie was sitting up on her lap, pale and weak.

As Oliver entered the front door with the doctor, steps were heard in the side entry, and a tremulous old voice called out:

"I'm a-comin' in, Dorothy Pierson, if you turn me out the next minute."

Old Mrs. Blexley appeared in the back doorway with Clare at her side.

"He's alive!" she cried, at sight of the child. "And you saved him!"

"I want you to know," began Dorothy, stiffly, letting the child slip from her lap as she rose, "that I aint approvin' of nobody's murderous doin's. My nephew brought the boy here and I—"

"I heard on't," interrupted old Mrs. Blexley, quickly, "an' it's enough to know 'twas a Pierson; but—Dorothy—" she quavered, hesitatingly, as she sank into a chair and clasped the child—"if he'd ben hurt, we'd both ben to blame!"

Her cap-strings shook with her agitation. "Yes," she went on, "I've got my eyes open to see what we've come to; and all fer a couple of shillin's worth of butter—"

"'Twa'n't—" Dorothy began hotly, but was cut short by Mrs. Blexley.

"A little butter I'd lost the reck'nin' on, jest because I'd kiln-dried that new butter-tub 'bout to death in my old butt'ry, till it had to run short in weight."

"And you don't think I took that butter?" demanded Dorothy.

"I never thought you did! I was worrited over it, and I asked you as I'd no business to, and you was like a flash, and there it was, and here it is; and I'm sorry enough. But I never could say so 'fore to-day—things had gone so fur."

"Yes, they've gone too fur," Dorothy grimly answered.

"That's jest why it's got to stop," the old lady went on, tremulously. "Dorothy Pierson, haint you and me seen death and ruin followin' every step of this fer years? I tell you, I stood it till Clare come and talked and talked about it, and then this to-day—Clare, child, ask her to forgive an old woman—fer the sake o'—o' Jim, if nothin' else!" she faltered out.

The two women never knew just how it was done—Clare and Oliver could have told—but the two hands were quickly placed within each other, and two worn, gray-haired women suddenly broke down and sobbed upon each other's shoulder.

"To think what sinners we've ben!" said Mrs. Blexley, brokenly; "and to think we thought we folks here could get along without each other's help. No,"—wiping her eyes,—"folks can't stand apart an' prosper."

"We'll try to bring 'em together now," whispered Dorothy, humbly.

"So we're goin' to begin meetin's to-morrow," Uncle Billy observed, as, a few weeks later, with Clare and Oliver again for passengers, he drew up for Jason Starks's weekly consignment of tubs. "The end 's come for good, then, to the old Blexley fuss."

"Yes, yes," returned Jason; "the tighter the hoop, the sooner 'twill bu'st, you know. The whole thing had about got to the limit when that one give 'way at the tavern."

"Wal," remarked the stage-driver, turning to his passengers as he reseated himself, "if you hadn't took a hand in the cooperin' 'fore the rest on 'em bu'sted, nary body under the canopy could 'a' set up this old town ag'in. You young folks done a mighty purty job, you did!"

SARAH BIERCE SCARBOROUGH.

The End.

COMPENSATION.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain
Falls in the valley free;
Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain,
But barren sand the sea.

Selected. —*Rev. J. D. Burns.*

For the Companion.

PAINTED BOY.

Rip, rip, through the silence of the forest came a sudden, remarkable sound. There were sharp crackings of something breaking, almost as loud as pistol-shots. Then followed a great crash and splash; and the next sound worth listening to was an intensely excited exclamation:

"Ugh! Heap Paint!"

No river brought up as Elk Fork had been could be expected to run straight, or to keep to the same channel longer than from one freshet to another. Moreover, the outer edge of any of its new bends was pretty sure to eat into its bank, and to undermine the holding of any tree standing close upon it.

So down had toppled a tall sycamore, its landward roots tearing and snapping as they let go, leaving behind them a hole in the earth so large that a horse and wagon might have hidden in it.

No one was trying to hide there, as yet; but perched upon the brink of the hole was the lithe, slender form of an almost naked, dark-skinned, half-grown boy. In one hand he carried a bow and some arrows, but he was not now looking after game; he was staring at a wonderful streak of earth which had been uncovered by the fall of the tree.

It was precisely the sort of earth that accounts for this country's having so many Vermilions, Colorados and other Red Rivers; but never before had the boy seen ochre of so brilliant a color.

"Ugh!" he said again. "Nish-nish-gah—heap paint."

As he spoke he sneezed sharply. Then he darted down, and in a moment more had gathered a ball of the brilliant, greasy, beautiful blood-red clay, half as large as his head.

He seemed to be filled with some idea that made his eyes glisten and dance; that made him laugh aloud; that even made him sneeze, now and then, and speak of himself approvingly as that very happy Cheyenne boy, "Nish-nish-gah."

He did not, however, turn his name into English and call himself "Heap Sneezer."

In another moment he was out of the pit, and started off. He was evidently in a great hurry. For a boy of his age he travelled rapidly, although he was on foot instead of on the pony's back where he lived when he was at home. He did not pause for a moment; not even when he came to a spot where he seemed to have good reason to stand still and again say something about "heap paint." It was about half a mile back from the bank of the river, an open glade among woods; and around it were scattered heaps of ashes where there had been camp-fires.

Beyond it was a long, steep bluff in the side of which were some seams of very white ochre, and others of rather dull colors.

There was plenty of pretty good charcoal that could be picked out of those ash-heaps, but Nish-nish-gah had a more daring purpose in his mind than mere charcoal-hunting. He went straight to an aged, stumpy tree and thrust his arm through an opening in its decaying side.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed, as he pulled out something which appeared to be part of a weather-whitened buffalo skull.

Whoever had half-filled that hollow bone with grease had supposed it safely hidden, to be found

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when needed; and Nish-nish-gah did but help himself to a good handful, and then put back the rest into the tree-hollow.

After that he gave himself up to art, as art might be understood by a Cheyenne boy of fourteen, with red and white and black paint enough to cover several boys.

It was a little awkward to have to paint himself, and there was a large spot on his back, between the shoulders, which preserved its native dusky color because he could not reach it; but it did not render him any the less a startling object.

Two miles and more beyond the top of the bluff, at that very hour,—it was early on a summer morning,—was another and more important scene. There was another open space, and upon it were scattered lodges and camp-fires—camp-fires which had not gone out.

At a central point among them was an uncommon assembly. It contained all the important chiefs, sub-chiefs and warriors of a large band of Cheyennes; and the council they were holding had to deal with two momentous questions.

The first question was dead, for they had settled it unanimously, and so had all the squaws and boys and girls who were watching them. Not one of them had failed to declare, in some emphatic form:

"We will not obey the Great Father at Washington and be corralled and cooped up at an agency. We will not hoe corn. We will not live in cow-pen lodges, like pale-faces. We will be free to come and go. We will be as our fathers were. We will keep all our lands. The pale-faces shall not have our hunting-grounds."

That question was settled; but the other was terribly unsettled, for it was, "What shall we do next?"

Or, put in another form, "How shall we dodge the blue-coats, when they come to capture us, and drive us to the reservation?"

Some of those warriors had better, perhaps, have been out scouting, if they feared the arrival of blue-coats. As for Nish-nish-gah, he was out painting; and he was doing wonderfully. Red, white, black in streaks, patches, stars, circles, half-circles, crosses, dots, arrow-heads all over him, wherever he could reach!

It was a great pity that he hadn't a full-length mirror in which to see himself. Even without one, he knew enough of how he must look, and of how splendidly he must shine, to be almost too proud to walk.

He was a little stiff, as well, from the fast drying paint. But he was walking, for he was on his way back to the fallen sycamore for more bright red, to carry to camp with him.

He reached the precious hollow, went down into it, and was busily rolling another nice red ball, when he heard something which almost made him drop it.

In an instant he was cowering beneath a broken root, under the landward brink of the hollow, and was listening intently.

Trample, trample, trample—it was the noise made by many horses when they walk rapidly along together. There were a great many of them, and voices of men and jinglings of metal mingled with the sounds of the hoofs.

Several mounted men in uniform halted, as if for a talk, within a few yards of the hole, for the evidently recent falling of the tree had suggested something to them.

"Burnt Foot's band is right in the fork. We must get above them."

"The river is rising, as this fallen tree shows. By to-morrow they can't ford it. Perhaps by to-night."

"There's a freshet coming down the other fork, too. We'll have them caught in a trap. They don't want to fight, and they can't run away."

Nish-nish-gah heard, and understood. He knew they had even laughed at the great chief, Burnt Foot, the head of his band, as being too fat to travel fast or far; and he felt furiously indignant.

He kept very still, however. A squirrel scolded loudly on the branch by his side, and his heart beat so violently that he feared it would betray him. He was terrified by the thought that, if he was seen, his band might be caught in this trap.

He was also so terrified by the thought of being caught and carried with all his people to an agency, that he forgot how beautiful he had made himself. He waited only until the thud of the horses' feet seemed safely distant, and then crept swiftly out of his hiding-place.

Nearly a mile from the river bank, beyond the ridge of the long bluff and some distance from the camp and council of Burnt Foot's band, was a wide prairie of rich grass, upon which several droves of horses and ponies were feeding. Here and there among them were a few such braves as were not needed at the council, and were good enough to watch ponies in peace-time.

Peace-time? There came a moment when every one of these braves began to rush about and try to catch a pony.

Out from the bushes on one side of the prairie had darted one of the strangest figures ever seen in the Cheyenne hunting-grounds. It was not the manitou of the chipmunks, as the Indians might have guessed if they had been of an imaginative turn of mind, for it ran to the nearest pony, and caught and mounted him.

It was not a manitou of any sort, for as soon as it was mounted it began to screech and yell on its own account. The braves could hear something about "Blue-coats come! Run ponies to the camp! Heap run!"

Red—white—black! What a work of art was Nish-nish-gah, as he urged his frightened pony hither and thither, trying to frighten all the other quadrupeds and bipeds into a stampede for the camp!

He stampeded them, at first, in every other direction than that of the camp, for his gorgeous coat of paint frightened the ponies almost out of their wits.

He succeeded at last in starting them toward the camp; but he was the first to get away, and reached the goal before them all.

That was well enough, if he had been able then to pull in his pony; but there was neither bit nor bridle to interfere with that panicky animal's headlong rush, and it carried him straight into the middle of the dignified circle of the council of chiefs and warriors.

It was a horrible breach of Indian etiquette and decorum, but the pony did it; and not a brave among them all could guess what it might be that was now gesticulating and shouting upon the pony's back.

"Heap painted boy! Ugh!"

It was the deep, guttural voice of the fat chief himself, as he recovered from his astonishment at being interrupted in the middle of a great speech against the tyranny of the pale-faces.

He was a chief, however, and the news which Nish-nish-gah hastened to tell him called for instant action, dignity or no dignity.

"Ugh!" he said in his own tongue. "Where did you get the red paint?"

Nish-nish-gah, either from his constitutional cold in the head or from excitement, sneezed severely; but he told where he had found the ochre, and that strengthened his assertion that Elk Fork was rising.

"The big sycamore has fallen," said the chief. "Then the other fork will soon be up."

Burnt Foot understood the trap. The cavalry had managed to get above him. They meant to close in around him and wait for higher water.

"Trap heap good!" he said, and then seemed inclined to laugh.

"Heap good trap, but it won't catch Burnt Foot!"

The ponies and horses had already been brought to camp, although many of them had gone through, or past it.

Down came the lodges. There was rapid work in packing, in which, for once, the warriors actually helped the squaws.

The sun was still high when a long procession set out, headed straight for a point upon the bank of Elk Fork. At the head rode the fat chief, and beside him the proudest, the most wonderfully painted Cheyenne boy that ever sat upon a pony.

"Look!" said he, as they reached the bank. "There is the tree-hole!"

The chief merely glanced into the cavity made by the falling sycamore and at its gay, brilliant streak of rosy mud. Then he urged his horse down the river-bank, and Nish-nish-gah followed him.

It was a good place to cross—wide and shallow, with a gravelly bottom most of the way; but every pony discovered that the river was rising fast, and running swiftly.

It was changing color, too, as well as rising; and as Nish-nish-gah was leaning over his pony's neck to note the increasing flush in the muddy ripples, he felt a sharp jerk on his arm.

The next he knew he was under water. Then up he came, swimming like a fish, and in that way made the rest of his crossing, guiding his pony as he swam.

He climbed the opposite bank, but the chief was there before him.

"Ugh!" said he, with a grim, stern, scowling face. "Where is all the paint gone? Where did the boy lose his heap paint?"

"Ugh!" replied Nish-nish-gah. He was glad that just then he was compelled to sneeze.

Rapid indeed was the crossing of Elk Fork by Burnt Foot's band of Cheyennes, and rapid, too,—even more so than the cavalry commander had expected,—was the rising of the treacherous current upon which he had depended for his trap.

"It is what they call a red rise," he remarked to one of his officers, as they rode along the river, about sunset.

"Yes, General," said the officer, "as red as blood. It is rising fast. Neither Cheyennes nor cavalry could ford this fork or the other, just now. We've got them; we've trapped them perfectly!"

"Hullo!" exclaimed the General. "What's that?"

In one minute the opposite bank of Elk Fork seemed suddenly lined with wild horsemen, careering hither and thither, whooping, yelling, gesticulating and pointing at the swollen, roaring, reddening torrent.

Directly opposite the spot where the General had halted was an exceedingly queer object. Other hands than his own had done Nish-nish-gah's art-work for him this time, and had done it remarkably well. The white had gone on first, then red, black and yellow, in the most startling way; and there the boy sat upon his pony, duly embellished by the tribe in honor of the fact that he had brought to camp the news which saved the band for that time from the dreaded reservation.

"There they are," said the General. "They've slipped out! We are trapped instead of old Burnt Foot. But what can that mean? I thought I knew all the Indian sign-language,—every sign they had,—but that Painted Boy beats me."

So said old Burnt Foot, and so said all his band, as they went on their way, while the red rise in Elk Fork prevented the cavalry from pursuing them.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

ARTIST AND MAN.

Make thy life better than thy work. Too oft
Our artists spend their skill in rounding soft,
Fair curves upon their statues, while the rough
And ragged edges of the unhewn stuff
In their own natures startle and offend
The eye of critic and the heart of friend.

Selected. —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

For the Companion.

AN ANACONDA ON BOARD.

Some years ago my health required that I should seek the climate of the tropics during the winter months. I went with my wife to the genial Windward Islands—that fringe of rocky, half-submerged mountains that guards the Caribbean Sea from the assaults of the Atlantic.

A New York editor, knowing that I was in the neighborhood, cabled instructions to me to go up the Orinoco River to find out what were the real facts about the alleged encroachments of the English upon Venezuela territory, in the region where gold and silver discoveries had been made.

I left my wife at the comfortable American Hotel at Bridgetown, Barbados. I went thence to Port of Spain, Trinidad, and hired a little steam-yacht that was about the size of one of the torpedo-boats now being built for our new navy.

I was master of the craft, as soon as the charter was made; but I had a Captain, and the rest of the crew consisted of a mate, three deck-hands, an engineer and his two helpers and the cook, who was steward, waiter and general man-of-all-work besides.

Thus, you will see, we were ten souls in all, on board.

The passage across the Gulf of Paria was accomplished safely, and in two days after leaving Trinidad we were ascending the broad current of the Orinoco; steaming all day, and tying up to the shores at night.

That great river, while not so long as the Mississippi or the Missouri, is much wider than either of those rivers between its banks; and the force of its current is greater, because the mountains from which it gathers its moisture are much nearer than the mountain ranges of the great rivers of this northern part of our hemisphere.

Of all the animal life that the tropics luxuriate in, the snake is the most characteristic; and I hate a snake as thoroughly as ever did any descendant of Mother Eve. I really believe that the wide range of the Orinoco Valley produces more snakes to the square mile than any other region on earth.

Toward the close of our first day's run up the Orinoco, the Captain told me it was about time to look for a good place to tie up. He explained that it was unsafe to navigate the river in darkness.

The method of tying up was this: The Captain steamed out into the stream about one hundred and twenty feet, and dropped a stream anchor. Then, keeping a line on board, he steamed ashore, where a stout cable was fastened securely to one of the feet of a huge mahogany-tree.

Then the shore cable was payed out until the anchoring place was reached; and when the other line was hauled on board, the little craft swung close by the anchor with the shore cable pulled almost taut by the strength of the current.

During the night of our third day's trip up the river, we tied up near a little village, and swung our hammocks under the awnings that were spread over the gangways alongside the deck-house.

About half-past three in the morning, while it was still dark, all hands were awakened by the shouts of the deck-hand on watch, who excitedly shouted:

"Wake up! Wake up! Dey's a big snake comin' right on board!"

The negro's cry wakened me thoroughly. I saw, in the dim light cast by our lanterns, a huge anaconda creeping along the shore cable, and nearing the side of the craft.



A Bridge for an Anaconda.

All my mates were awake by this time, and they, like me, went at once inside the deck-house, and hauled in and fastened the wooden shutters that were fitted to keep the sea from breaking the glass in heavy weather.

Something must have incensed the reptile. It may have been his disgust at finding that we had all secreted ourselves. At any rate he proceeded at once to make as much of a disturbance as possible.

He swept down along the starboard gangway to the stern, and then along the port-side back to the bow; and then we heard him thrust his head up through the lashings of the awnings to the roof of the deck-house.

As he went past the little wheelhouse forward, Captain Thomas opened out the wooden shutter, and fired his revolver at our pirate.

The bullet did not hit, but the noise of the explosion of the pistol apparently hurt the snake's feelings, for he proceeded at once to thresh about the deck violently.

Happening to come in contact with the shore line, he took a couple of turns around that, and another about the "bitts" to which the "home" end was fastened.

In his contortions he twisted the rope squarely loose from its hold, so that the yacht swung straight out into the stream from the anchor.

When my readers remember that the winter months under the equator are about the same in temperature as July and August in the middle zone of the United States, they may realize what it was for us to be packed closely within the deck-house of this little steamer, and just over the boiler, too, in which there was still a good deal of hot water.

Meantime, the anaconda was careering about the deck in absolute command. Captain Thomas and I took chances and fired shot after shot at the intruder.

A dozen pistol-shots had been fired without apparent success, except further to enrage the huge snake, when at last Thomas muttered:

"Pistol bullets won't settle that fellow; I'm going to give him a dose of buck-shot. Half of these bullets must have gone through him, but he only gets more furious with each shot."

Thomas got my Remington breech-loader, and slipped in a couple of buck-shot cartridges. Then, opening the shutter a little, he waited until the reptile came forward again in his circuit around the craft.

I stood close by his side to aid, if need be, in closing and fastening the shutter.

We heard the rasp-like sound of the reptile crawling along the deck just outside.

Captain Thomas stood close by the little window with the barrels of the gun just protruding outside, when suddenly the great head of the snake appeared in the opening, and made us both start back.

The head came inside a few inches, but Captain Thomas recovered himself at once, and fired both barrels.

Both charges of shot took full effect in the neck, as we found out afterward; but the creature plunged forward and landed inside the wheelhouse, right among us, for his death struggle. As he came in, I confess I was more thoroughly frightened than I had ever been in my life.

When all was over, the little place looked as if a cyclone had visited it. The wheel was wrenched from its fastenings, and the stool the pilot used was splintered to kindling-wood. Captain Thomas had a broken arm, and I had been thrown down into the hold through the narrow door behind, and bruised so that I was lame for more than a week.

When we recovered from the scare and began to clear up, the intruder was hauled outside; and then we measured him. He was more than fifteen feet long, was sixteen inches in circumference at his greatest girth, and ten inches around the throat.

We found that the last two shots of Captain Thomas had torn the reptile's head and throat almost to shreds; but we found, too, that most of our pistol-shots had taken effect, though they had made no difference with the creature's vigor.

FRANK YOUNG COMMAGERE.

For the Companion.

ANIMAL RESTORATIONS.

To many persons it seems marvellous that a naturalist can build up a complete animal upon the framework of a single bone or even a tooth. But to the student of animal anatomy it is not so difficult as it seems.

The teeth and bones of animals now living on the earth are adapted, each to a particular type of form and mode of life; and it is fair to assume that the framework of creatures of forms now extinct was equally adapted to their needs.

Moreover, it may be assumed with some confidence, that the bones of extinct species were not only adapted, but were adapted in the same way as the bones of existing creatures. So that it may be said that this animal lived upon grass and vegetables, that one upon flesh; this animal was lithe and swift, that one was clumsy and sluggish; this animal climbed trees, that one lived in a cave.

The bone suggests, then, by its form, not only the part of the animal from which it was taken, but the type of the animal and his size. These are only the general points of knowledge suggested to him; but his careful study of familiar forms, both of living animals and of fossil remains, united to a power of keen observation, teach him many a minor fact, just as the trained senses of the Indian show him many things on the trail which a person ignorant in woodcraft would never see.

The construction or building up of extinct creatures is called a restoration; and scientific men have become so expert in it that they undoubtedly produce forms which vary but little in appearance from the actual animal represented.

The most remarkable restorations of modern times are those at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, a few miles from London, where an attempt was made, not only to restore some of the gigantic animals of a past age, but to reproduce their

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surroundings; for it must be remembered that in past ages the vegetation was as different from that of to-day as were the forms of animals.

The geologist who undertook this was perfectly familiar, through special study, with the huge creatures of the cretaceous or chalk age; and by comparing the bones found in England and other countries with those of existing forms, he was enabled to reclothe them in apparent flesh.



In a Shark's Mouth.

It was easily demonstrated that the gigantic iguanodon, the bones of which were discovered in England, was an ally of the South American iguana—one of the lizards. So the skeleton was rehabilitated with the allowances due to the difference of structure.

In this way this mighty lizard was restored. First a model was made in clay and then enlarged; and the actual life-size model was produced by using hundreds of pounds of mortar, lime, brick and stone, not to speak of columns of iron.

The iguanodon was a gigantic lizard. Resting upon the ground, it could reach twenty or thirty feet into the air, and must have been one of the most wonderful creatures of a past age.

In this collection is the megatherium, found to be an ally of the sloth. The latter, now indigenous to South America, is a small animal found clinging to trees; yet here was an ancestor that weighed perhaps ten thousand pounds when it inhabited the earth.

It rested upon legs colossal in size—more like columns of support than limbs for locomotion—and standing on its hind legs, tore down tall trees upon which it fed.

The Crystal Palace restorations were made by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, who some years ago endeavored to introduce the huge restorations at the Central Park Garden in New York. This was during the reign of the famous Tweed Ring.

The geologist met with no little antagonism in this endeavor. One morning an order finally came to stop work; and as a result, all the casts were broken up and the stone monsters buried beneath the turf near the present arsenal building.

Some day perhaps they will be exhumed, and the finders will wonder what the strange objects mean.

Some years ago the report came from Charleston, S. C., that extraordinary teeth were being found at that place, some of which were as large as the human hand, if not larger.

The geologist immediately recognized them as sharks' teeth. The largest were almost identical in form with the teeth of an existing shark known as the white shark or carcharodon. This monster is found in various seas, the largest individual ever caught being thirty-five feet in length.

The teeth of this giant were not more than one inch in length—pigmies when compared with the enormous plates of dentine from the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. To the makers of restorations, the difference in size and the similarity in the teeth is suggestive.

If the carcharodon with the small teeth was thirty-five feet in length, what must have been the length of the shark with the teeth as large as a man's hand?

To determine this question, I once took the jaw of a modern shark, and placed the large teeth in the same position in which they were found in the small jaws. The result was a shark from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, whose enormous mouth could have encompassed a dozen men. Indeed, in a moderate-sized fish of this species, a man might have rested on the lower jaw, using the upper as a protection.

Imagine a man-eating shark as large as the largest whale, and some idea can be conveyed of its appearance.

In the day when this creature lived, as now, this fish was the scavenger of the sea, preying upon all other animals—upon the gigantic turtles and other strange forms of the time which happened to fall in its path.

So huge a creature would hardly have noticed a man, a dozen or twenty being but a sop to its rapacious appetite. What a spectacle must have been presented when its enormous mouth opened, and eight or nine rows of gleaming teeth in each jaw rose up as so many knives to sever the victim!

The teeth of this shark are beautiful objects. They are as brilliant to-day as they were untold ages ago, when the huge shark roamed up and down the Atlantic, which then encroached upon the land much more than it does at present.

The teeth are found by thousands in what is now Charleston. They have been dredged in the deep sea, and taken from the exposed slopes of big mountains in Southern California.

Some years ago a palæontologist discovered the bones, or some of the bones, of a fish in a certain deposit, and from them made, for his own amusement, perhaps, a restoration or outline of the fish, showing it to be a curious eel-like creature.

Time went on, and finally came the report that this fish was not extinct, but still lived in the waters of Australia, and this was found to be a fact.

The fish, known as the ceratodus, had outlived its age, and now stood as proof of the correctness of the restoration made from its supposed fossil remains.

Thus the ancient inhabitants of the earth can be restored with more or less accuracy, often the smallest bone telling a remarkable story. The splint-bone in the present horse is an interesting example, as by it the evolutionist traces back the lineage of this domestic animal to a time when it was not larger than a fox, and had three or four toes.

C. F. HOLDER.

ENJOYMENT FOR ALL.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage hearths,
As those who sit on thrones.

—*Longfellow.*

THE TROUBLES OF HAITI.

An attempt to murder President Hyppolite of Haiti was recently made by the adherents of his predecessor, Légitime. The movement against the government seems to have had the support of many residents of the capital, Port-au-Prince.

Hyppolite, after suppressing the rising, ordered many military executions, some of which were stayed by the foreign diplomatic corps. This interposition was resented with some insolence by the dictator, who afterward yielded with apologies to the consuls.

Though peace has been restored, civil war may break out at any time. Hyppolite is opposed, not only by the friends of Légitime, but by the partisans of other men who aspire to the presidency.

The situation is, in its main features, one that has often recurred in the politics of Haiti, where, as the United States Consul remarked three years ago, politicians are so deeply rooted in the habit of fostering intrigue and rebellion that a reported movement against the authorities in any district is looked upon philosophically by the people.

It is not easy to believe that the Haitians can, without some exterior aid, soon get into the habit of passing authority regularly from one fairly elected President to another.

The American Consul at Port-au-Prince in 1887 remarked that Salomon, reëlected in 1886, after one term of seven years, had apparently succeeded in ending the long series of disturbances and revolutions. Salomon was soon afterward forced into exile by the adherents of Télémaque, Légitime and Hyppolite.

Scarcely had Télémaque been installed President before he was killed by Légitime, who, in August, 1887, declared himself "unanimously elected."

In January, 1889, Hyppolite forced Légitime to fly for his life, and assumed the presidency in October of that year. Thus there have been four chiefs of State in four years, two self-elected, and three violently deposed.

Since 1804, when Dessalines, one of the liberators of his country from French rule, proclaimed Haiti independent, the country has had twelve short-lived constitutions.

Dessalines fell before a league of his generals, without whose consent he had declared himself Emperor. Christophe, the first duly elected President, resenting constitutional restrictions on his authority, retired to the north, and waged war almost incessantly till 1819 against Pétion and Boyer, successively elected at Port-au-Prince. The geographical separation of parties, then begun, has continued to this day.

Boyer, an able and good man, retained power till 1843, when he abdicated soon after an insurrection had been begun by Herard-Rivière, who was in his turn deposed within four months. The turmoil thus started has lasted, with few notable intermissions of quiet, till now.

If no country of white men had ever afforded a long spectacle of civil strife often exaggerated to civil war, the troubles of the Haitians might be attributed to the color of the Haitian skin. Their broils are really due, in large part, to the arbitrary conduct of France in 1825.

A French fleet then compelled President Boyer to consent that Haiti should acknowledge a claim of about thirty million dollars as compensation for the losses of French citizens who had fled during or after the War of Independence. Boyer's enforced submission destroyed his popularity and produced the downfall, not of himself only, but of his system also.

The impressionable Haitians, seeing their Administration humbled, conceived for it a contempt which has assisted the promoters of disorder until the tendency to revolution has become a political disease.

Nevertheless, the fact that Boyer gave Haiti fairly good government for twenty-five years, at a time when the people were less instructed than now, forbids belief that they are a race entirely incapable of maintaining law and order. But it is manifest that they need a firm enforcement of the letter and spirit of their liberal constitution for a time so long that a generation of law-abiders may replace those politicians accustomed to plot against every government which they cannot control.

WHILE IT RAINS.

All germs within the sod
Strive upward to their God
While it rains.
Can I do less than they?
(My soul's encased in clay.)
I fold my hands and say:
"Hope remains."

Harrisburg Telegraph. —*W. B. Way.*

THE BERING SEA AGREEMENT.

The governments of the United States and Great Britain have recently completed what is called, in the language of diplomacy, a *modus vivendi* bearing upon the much-mooted question of the seal fisheries in Bering Sea. The term *modus vivendi* is a comparatively new one, and means a living arrangement or way of "getting along" pending a more definite agreement upon points in dispute.

The use of the term in the title of the agreement which has been signed by the representatives of the United States and Great Britain in this matter of the seals implies that both countries expect that some more definite arrangement will be made; and this is indeed the fact.

It is known that the governments of the two countries are agreed in desiring an arbitration of the dispute with regard to Bering Sea; and the expectation of the arbitration is referred to in the *modus vivendi* which has now been signed.

To understand what is to be arbitrated upon, as well as to make clear the real meaning of the present "living arrangement," it is necessary to look a little into the facts as to the ownership of Bering Sea, and as to the sealing business there.

The waters of Bering Sea are inhabited by the fur seals of commerce in great numbers. These seals range the sea at certain times, but during the breeding season they resort to two small islands in the southern part of the sea, called the Pribylov Islands.

It is here that the best chance is afforded to take them; and this chance the United States Government has let for a yearly consideration to a corporation, rigidly restricting the number that the corporation may take, so that the seals shall not be, on the whole, lessened in number.

These Pribylov Islands belong entirely to the United States. The right of this country to control whatever is done upon them has not been questioned. But the vessels of unauthorized parties, particularly of subjects of Great Britain, have of late years been killing so many seals in the open waters of the sea that the value of the Pribylov Islands fisheries has been diminished, and the fact made apparent that within a few years the fur-bearing seals in the sea would be exterminated.

Partly by reason of the privileges which the United States acquired from Russia when it bought all Russian America and the Aleutian Islands in 1867, partly by reason of the common interest of all mankind in the preservation of this useful animal, the seal, partly by reason of the world's virtual admission, through a considerable period, of the United States' right to guard or "police" these seas, our government has undertaken to prevent the taking of seals in the open waters of Bering Sea, and has arrested masters of British sealing vessels, and seized their cargoes of skins.

Great Britain has denied this right. The dispute progressed; and at last, in order that the seals might not be exterminated, our government consented to an arbitration of the question what exclusive sealing rights in Bering Sea the United States possesses, and meantime proposed such a temporary arrangement as has now been agreed upon.

Under this agreement each government, that of Great Britain and that of the United States, undertakes to prevent seal-killing in Bering Sea east of the Russian line—that is, practically, in the whole of it—until the first of May next; except that the United States is to permit the killing of seven thousand five hundred seals for the sustenance of the natives of the islands.

The authorities of each nation may seize any vessel or arrest any person who violates the agreement, but as soon as possible these persons are to be turned over to the authorities of the nation to which they belong.

The agreement does not involve the surrender of any right which our government possesses in Bering Sea, nor prejudice its contention or claim upon any point at issue. It is simply for the purpose of promoting a friendly settlement of the points in dispute, and in the meantime of preventing the extermination of the seal species.

England has as great an interest in the preservation of the seals as the United States has, for the skins of those killed are taken to that country to be dressed, and give employment there to many persons.

VILLAGE GOSSIP.

The red flag fluttered over the door of Gillam's Emporium. The villagers were crowding the sidewalk, while from within came the sound of the auctioneer's nasal tones and the rap of his hammer. Mr. Whiffin, a merchant from the neighboring county town, stopped in a group of men outside.

"Ned Gillam sold out by the sheriff! What does that mean? I should have said that of all the young men in this village he was the one who would make his way. Has he taken to drink?"

"Not at all," said the squire. "He's sober enough."

"Ned understood his business," pursued Whiffin, still curious. "He was a salesman for me for two years, you know. I never had a more polite fellow to customers, nor one who could run off goods faster. I never had any damaged goods left on his counter. He sold them all at full price. He was almost too smart."

"You have hit the nail on the head, there!" said the squire. "Gillam is a pleasant, polite fellow, but tricky. When he opened the Emporium we all went there to buy. I took my custom from old David Longaker at the corner, thinking that we must have the 'fine table delicacies' which Ned promised.

"But presently I discovered that whenever he could palm off inferior goods for the best he did so. I never went back to him. David's goods were always just what he represented them to be. He's a crusty old fellow, but his word is to be taken."

"Our experience was the same," said the doctor. "My wife and daughters wanted to keep up with the fashion, and bought their hats and gowns which Ned declared were the style in New York.

"But when they found they were old auction goods which he had bought cheap and sold at high profit, they never went into his store again.

"That is the history of his dealings with most of the villagers. One after another dropped away until he had nobody left. Hence—the red flag and the sheriff!" waving his hand.

"Well! well! I always thought Ned Gillam would score a success in this world!" said Mr. Whiffin, as he climbed into his buggy and drove toward home. "Such a polite fellow and so agreeable to everybody!" he muttered, flicking his horse gently.

Young Gillam himself, as he watched the auctioneer and the buyers, wondered bitterly at his defeat. He had started with but little capital, but clear of debt. Now, he owed every one, and the assets would not cover his debts.

"I tried to be civil and pleasant!" he said. "I looked sharply after my own interest. I don't know where my mistake was!"

But every villager in the crowd knew.

The secret was a truth as old as the first trade which was made between the children of Adam; it repeats itself in every individual life to-day, and most readers who have seen this glimpse of village history can tell what it is.

GIRLS WHO THINK THEY CAN'T.

A kind of humility is sometimes encountered which makes the impatient incline to the belief that vanity is a virtue.

"I am fully in sympathy with you in the work," says one of these over-modest maidens to an ardent toiler in some public or charitable cause, "but I have so little executive ability! I am sure I should only make trouble for others if I tried to do anything. I am very sorry."

"Oh, it is of no use to come to me," exclaims another, holding up both hands in dismay; "I simply couldn't, you know. It is too great a responsibility. I should never dare!"

"You may have my name if you want it, for vice-president or something of that sort that doesn't mean I must do anything," says another, "but I cannot be an active member. I have no talent for persuading people, or convincing them, or managing them. And I haven't enough 'push' to beg, or get money out of people. And I don't at all understand matters of organization and parliamentary proceeding; and I couldn't possibly make a speech to explain my views to a committee; and the idea of making a report on anything sends cold shivers down my spinal column."

If the people who give such answers as these were really incapable, and their humility were a genuine and just acknowledgment of a natural defect, there would be no cause for complaint. But this is not usually the case.

As a rule, they are quite as capable as the average, and occasionally even more so. They simply wish to shirk responsibility, or they are lazy, or they dread possible disagreeable features in the work proposed. Their modesty is nothing but unreadiness.

To the willing worker, seeking help and baffled by refusals from people who think they cannot do anything, what a delight it is to come at last to one

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of the opposite type—one eager to work, rejoicing to assist, ready to undertake new tasks, trusting in her own powers and still more in the power of an excellent cause and the good-will it should command from others.

Such a one is deterred by no false modesty; she is aware, sensibly and without conceit, that she is capable of good work, and she is not afraid to assume responsibility when a responsible person is required. She is always ready, and that alone would make her a power and an inspiration.

"Sometimes," said one of these helpful women the other day, half-laughing and half in earnest, "I am ashamed to think of the things I undertake to do; but I hate to refuse when I am asked to do a thing that I know ought to be done. I believe if I were invited to-morrow to assume the government of the Congo State, I should answer, 'Certainly,' with pleasure; just wait till I pack my toothbrush.'"

That is the spirit in which good workers do their best, and the spirit, too, which wrings labor from the lazy and kindles the indifferent to ardor.

LEARNED HACKMEN.

The race of drivers of public carriages has always been famous for its sharpness of wit. "Hackmen" are emphatically men of the world; they come in contact with all sorts of people, and become wonderfully acute in guessing the occupations and estimating the weaknesses of possible passengers.

They are sober and dignified with clergymen, and lively and slangy with gay men of the world. They make a complete and very worldly application to their business of the saying of Paul about being "made all things to all men."

Two young men who had somewhat the appearance of college professors arrived in Boston, one night, on a late train, and were asked to ride by several hackmen standing in a row. They were in doubt which one to choose, when one of the drivers called out:

"Learned men, it is proper that you should ride with a man of erudition. I am he. This way, please."

The two passengers, who were really instructors in a college, were so much astonished at this salutation that they gave themselves into the man's charge.

"Have you the metal disks which represent your impedimenta?" asked the driver.

They gave him their baggage-checks. He loaded the trunks upon the carriage, and they drove to a hotel. Before leaving him they engaged the man in conversation.

"Yes," said he, "I have driven many learned men. I have often had Edward Everett and Horace Mann in my carriage together. Alas! they are both gone now; *pulvis et umbra sumus*."

"You were acquainted with Horace, too, I see," said one of the passengers.

"Very well," said the man, with a sad smile; "I have frequently had him in my carriage, too, but not in perishable flesh. I am familiar with him in the immortal guise of ink and paper."

This learned hackman sustained his character much better than did a driver at Newport on the occasion of one of the great meetings of Friends which take place regularly at that city.

In order to attract the patronage of the visiting Friends, this man dressed himself in broad-brimmed hat and an old drab coat, and waited for passengers at the station or the steamboat wharf. Whenever a delegation of Friends arrived he called out:

"Will thee have a carriage? Will thee have a carriage?"

He had beguiled one Quaker into his conveyance, but presently, having gone away for a moment with the passenger's checks, he returned with a stormy look on his face and called out to the Quaker inside the carriage:

"Where in all git-out is thee's baggage?"

This unquakerly expression betrayed him as an impostor to the entire community of Friends, and he was favored with no more of their custom.

STEALING FROM CITIES.

The plundering of the City Treasury of Philadelphia by city officials, the facts in regard to which are gradually coming to the light, is the most deplorable scandal in this country within recent years.

It is no greater sin to steal a million dollars than to steal a hundred; and a low-bred, ignorant fellow may be as mean a thief as a man who has attained high office by his talents and the favor of his fellow-citizens.

But when it appears that men who have gained public confidence by their seeming fidelity have conspired together to rob the community, and that their apparent trustworthiness was worse than a sham, the shock which is given to the country by the discovery is a grievous calamity.

What are we to learn from it?

A recent article in one of our magazines, written months before the disclosure of wrong-doing in Philadelphia, puts a great truth into as few words as will convey the thought:

"The administration of a city government is purely a business, not a political matter."

Americans are very unwilling to learn this truth. They are persuaded not to believe it by the low politicians who would lose something of authority and power if the principle were accepted. Yet it is true.

Local government is instituted to secure good police, good roads, proper drainage, efficient schools. They are simply business matters.

Whenever and wherever politics are allowed to enter into local government, they are dragged in by men who have an object to accomplish, which is not better government but a chance for some one to feed at the "public crib." The opportunity for the wholesale robbery of Philadelphia was given by the hold which party politics has in the government of the city.

The spoils system has struck deep roots in our country. How soon will the American people learn that good government is the only reason for any government at all; and that the provision of places and offices for hungry politicians is a motive too degrading to actuate any right-thinking person in his conduct as a public man?

THE WONDERFUL KINETOGRAPH.

Mr. Edison's latest invention, the kinetograph,—from the Greek words *kinetos*, moveable, and *graphe*, writing, and meaning, therefore, an instrument that writes or pictures motion,—combined with the phonograph, furnishes a striking example of the marvellous and seemingly supernatural effects that can be produced by the ingenious use of the simple powers and forces that nature has placed at our disposal. Every one knows how a phonograph repeats the words and musical sounds that have been pronounced or sung in its presence. The kinetograph is just as simple.

It consists of a photographic camera so arranged that a strip of gelatine, which has been prepared so that photographs can be taken upon it, is made to pass over rollers behind a lens to which is attached a shutter capable of making forty-six successive exposures in one second.

If then the lens is focussed upon a stage containing a company of actors it produces upon the gelatine strip a series of photographs of the actors, each successive picture being separated by an interval of only one forty-sixth of a second.

Suppose that an actor has just raised his arm to make a gesture when the kinetograph is turned upon the stage; if the gesture occupies one second forty-six photographs will be produced, showing the actor's arm in just so many successive positions, and the intervals are so short that if the forty-six pictures are then caused to pass in quick succession before your eyes the actor's gesture will be reproduced as if the living man were actually swinging his arm in your presence.

The principle employed is the same as that of the optical toy called the zoëtrope.

At the same time a phonograph, combined with the kinetograph, records the words spoken by the actors while they are making the motions that have been photographed. It is only necessary then to cause the series of photographs to pass at a regulated speed through a magic lantern in order to present upon a screen not only a picture of the stage and the actors, but actually to show the latter moving about, smiling, frowning and gesticulating, just as they did in the real play, while at the same time the phonograph repeats the words that they uttered.

This invention has not yet been entirely perfected, but a working model of it has been exhibited by Mr. Edison, showing that the machine will certainly do the things we have described.

What would the old story-tellers of the Arabian Nights, with their magic perspective glasses and enchanted carpets, say if they could pay us a visit and behold in the broad daylight of this practical age these astonishing products of Yankee ingenuity?

LIMITED MONARCHY.

The system of responsible ministries, the introduction of which into our own government has been advocated by certain theorists, would make of the President of the United States much such a functionary as is a monarch in a constitutional country of Europe, so far as "influence with his own administration" is concerned. An amusing anecdote is told of Louis XVIII. of France.

This inoffensive monarch took breakfast one morning. Then his ministers called upon him.

"Well," said the King, "how are the public affairs?"

"Getting along very nicely, sire," said the ministers.

"Hum! In that case," said the King, "I think I will go and take a walk."

Next morning after breakfast the ministers called again. "Well, how do the public affairs get on to-day?" asked the King.

"Very badly indeed, sire," said the ministers.

"Hum!" exclaimed the King, "in that case, I think I will—go and take a walk!"

Next day no ministers called on the King.

"What has become of my ministry?" said the King, after breakfast.

"Sire," said the palace functionary who was in attendance, "parliament has turned out the ministry."

"Ah!" said the King; "then it's they who have taken a walk this time, eh?"

HIS FEE.

It is said that the celebrated German theologian Schleiermacher was rather inclined to save than to spend money, and a recent German periodical gives an illustration of his readiness to embrace any opportunity for doing this.

He was at one time quite ill, and sent for a renowned physician, Doctor Gräfe, who was court physician at the time, and whose son became the great oculist.

Schleiermacher recovered, and when fully restored to health, he sent a polite note to Doctor Gräfe, expressing his gratitude, and enclosing four louis d'or, begging the physician to accept this small sum as a token of his appreciation of the services which had been rendered him.

The following day he received his gold-pieces again, accompanied by the following laconic note from the great physician: "The poor I cure for nothing; the well-to-do pay me according to the regular 'medicine tax;' the rich reward me lavishly according as it suits their pleasure!"

Thereupon the clergyman sat down, and sent Doctor Gräfe this still more laconic answer:

"The four louis d'or are received back with gratitude. The poor Schleiermacher."

HISTORY REWRITTEN.

It used to be the fashion for orators as well as novelists to show their learning by indulging freely in quotations. They did not always succeed in impressing their hearers as in the following case, which all boys who are in their Roman history will appreciate:

A certain member of the Legislature, "from the rural districts," as the newspapers say, was discovered to be absent when his presence was sorely needed. An important measure was pending, and although this certain member could not speak he could vote, and in this juncture every vote was valuable.

Accordingly two other trusty members were deputized to hunt up the recreant. They went to his house and were informed that he was "somewheres around the farm." "Somewheres" proved to be a field where he was busily working.

"Well, is this what you're doing!" cried the searching members, reproachfully.

"Yes, here I am," said the rural member, cheerfully. "You find me, like another Cincinnatus, killing potato-bugs!"

Use "Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice" for the teeth. It has no equal. [*Adv.*

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. [*Adv.*

Stamp Collectors should read the story of "A Postage-Stamp Man" in the May 7th number of this paper.

SIGLAR'S SCHOOL, NEWBURGH, N. Y. The mistake in bringing up boys begins at eight. A pamphlet.

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SUGGESTIONS

SWEETS.

Where and how is cane sugar produced?
How is it prepared for the market?
What is molasses? Its uses?
How is glucose made? How used?
In what states and countries is beet sugar made?
Why is it so little used in this country?
Where and how is maple sugar made? How used?
How is honey obtained? Its qualities and uses?

For the Companion.

THE PLATE OF GOLD.

One day there fell in great Benares' temple-court
A wondrous plate of gold, whereon these words were writ:
"To him who loveth best, a gift from heaven."
Thereat,
The priests made proclamation: "At the mid-day hour,
Each day, let those assemble who for virtue deem
Their right to heaven's gift the best; and we will hear
The deeds of mercy done, and so adjudge."
The news
Ran swift as light, and soon from every quarter came
Nobles and munshis, hermits, scholars, holy men,
And all renowned for gracious or for splendid deeds.
Meanwhile the priests in solemn council sat, and heard
What each had done to merit best the gift of heaven.
So for a year the claimants came and went.
At last,
After a patient weighing of the worth of all,
The priests bestowed the plate of gold on one who seemed
The largest lover of the race—whose whole estate,
Within the year, had parted been among the poor.
This man, all trembling with his joy, advanced to take
The golden plate—when lo! at his first finger-touch
It changed to basest lead! All stood aghast; but when
The hapless claimant dropt it clanging on the floor,
Heaven's guerdon was again transformed to shining gold.

So for another twelvemonth sat the priests and judged.
Thrice they awarded—thrice did heaven refuse the gift.
Meanwhile a host of poor maimed beggars in the street
Lay all about the temple gate, in hope to move
That love whereby each claimant hoped to win the gift.
And well for them it was (if gold be charity),
For every pilgrim to the temple gate praised God
That love might thus approve itself before the test.
And so the coins rained freely in the outstretched hands;
But none of those who gave so much as turned to look
Into the poor sad eyes of them that begged.
And now
The second year had almost passed, but still the plate
Of gold, by whomsoever touched, was turned to lead.
At length there came a simple peasant—not aware
Of that strange contest for the gift of God—to pay
A vow within the temple. As he passed along
The line of shrivelled beggars, all his soul was moved
Within him to sweet pity, and the tears welled up
And trembled in his eyes.
Now by the temple gate
There lay a poor sore creature, blind, and shunned by all.
But when the peasant came, and saw the sightless face
And trembling, festered hands, he could not pass, but knelt,
And took both palms in his, and softly said,—"O thou,
My brother! bear thy trouble bravely. God is good."
Then he arose and walked straightway across the court,
And entered where they wrangled of their deeds of love
Before the priests.
Awhile he listened sadly; then
Had turned away; but something moved the priest who held
The plate of gold to beckon to the peasant. So
He came, not understanding, and obeyed, and stretched
His hand, and took the sacred vessel. Lo! it shone
With thrice its former lustre, and amazed them all!
"Son," cried the priest, "rejoice! The gift of God is thine.
Thou lovest best!" And all made answer, "It is well,"
And, one by one, departed. But the peasant knelt
And prayed, bowing his head above the golden plate;
While o'er his soul like morning streamed the love of God.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

For the Companion.

"HOW DULL!"

Elsie Holt sat in a hammock which was hung in the porch of her father's country house. The afternoon was warm; the shadows of the clouds drifted lazily over the fields. Elsie's bright face wore an expression of discontent, for the dress-maker had failed to send home her new gown, and the last pages were missing in the soiled paper novel which she held. She yawned drearily.

"How tiresome and dull the world is!" she said.

Overhead a pair of birds were twittering near their nest. They had just come from the far South. The story of their lives, their habits, their wanderings, their enemies was more curious than any novel ever written. Elsie knew nothing of it. Their calls, their love-songs, their cry of warning, their lullabys over their young had no more meaning to her than the rattle of dry sticks together.

The woods were full of these marvellous winged creatures, each with its history, which she might have read. She was blind to them all.

Close at hand grew countless great trees, each of which had its laws of life. There was not a weed or a blade of grass which had not some peculiar wonderful fact to tell, of interest and strange significance. To Elsie they were dumb.

Below the grass the great earth lay, with mystic meanings written on each stratum of clay and rock. The meanings were plain, so that he who ran might read. Elsie did not know one letter of their alphabet.

A common plant grew below the hammock; her foot crushed it as she swung to and fro. There was a powerful microscope in the house. If she had examined the plant through it, she would have seen upon each leaf a fairy forest of plumy growths and, creeping through it, tiny creatures which no eye had ever yet discovered, violet and red and golden. Here one shone with an emerald light; there another twinkled with opaline hues.

Elsie saw only a dingy weed.

As evening lowered, the great trees bent over her with a friendly calm. Behind the woods the lights of the village shone. In every one of its poor houses were human lives, some of them bare, strained, crushed lives, full of pathos and meaning, into which she could have brought hope and cheer.

Overhead the stars came out; Arcturus, which brought to Job its message from God, and the other distant orbs that have told to listening souls, in all ages since, the eternal truths of faith and love.

But Elsie saw and heard nothing.

Her new gown was not finished; the last page was lost from her cheap novel!

Therefore she sighed, "How dull and tiresome is this world!"

OUR COUNTRY.

It is possible, in the light of the census of 1890, to gain an idea of the way in which the population of the great United States of the future, which is certain to be the most populous and powerful nation in the world, is to be distributed over the vast area which it includes. The distribution is not yet complete, but the population of the country may be said to have laid itself out in a general way. We may judge approximately where the great masses of population are to be, and see what sort of a country, physically speaking, the people flock to. The geographers in the service of the government have divided the country into twenty-one different sections according to topographic or surface features—that is, according to the "lay of the land," and not at all with regard to State lines, means of communication or other artificial features.

The first slice of country which the geographers set off by itself is made up of the Coast Swamps of the Atlantic. Almost two million people live in this region, but they are mainly colored people, the country being unhealthy for the white race in general. Its population is increasing at a good rate.

Then comes the great Atlantic plain, with almost nine millions of people, now the most densely populated region, to the square mile, in the country; and then the delightful Piedmont or foot-of-the-mountains region, which goes from Maine to Alabama, and is second in density of population.

The New England hills—the Adirondacks of New York being included with them—are a section by themselves. The population is an important one, for though it is increasing at a slower rate than that of any other topographic division of the country, it has been a fruitful nursery for many sections more highly favored by nature.

Passing the long Appalachian mountain region, and the richly forested and mineral region of the Cumberland-Alleghany plateau, we come to a very populous district called the Interior Timbered Region, along the centre of which flows the Ohio River. There are more than eleven million people in this region, and it will always be well settled.

The imperial region of all adjoins this. It is called simply the Prairie Region; it sweeps from Western Indiana to the indefinite line of the Great Plains, and already has more people than any other topographic division of the country—more than thirteen millions.

This section is salubrious, highly productive, and has very little waste land; and it must always, it would seem, remain the most populous region of the country.

With less than one-third as many people to the square mile as the Atlantic Plain possesses, the Prairie Region already has one-half more people. What the relative importance of the two sections may be, when the Prairies are as well populated as the Atlantic Plain, would make an interesting computation.

The Alluvial Region of the Mississippi, lying below the mouth of the Ohio, is like the Atlantic Coast Swamps in two important respects. Its climate is unhealthy for most white people, and by far the larger proportion of its inhabitants are of the colored race. Its soil is the richest in the world.

The Great Plains, extending along the base of the Rocky Mountains to the Rio Grande, gained in population, between the years 1880 and 1890, more rapidly than any other part of the country—namely, two hundred and thirty-two per cent.

Though this section and other dry regions to the westward still have a small and sparse population, no one section of them as yet rising to a million of inhabitants, the very rapid proportion of increase, due to the irrigation of a rich soil, points to a future dense population.

There are, west of the Great Plains, all these geographical divisions: The North Rocky Mountains, the South Rocky Mountains, the Plateau Region, the Basin Region, the Columbian Mesas, the Sierra Nevada, the Pacific Valley, the Cascade Range and the Coast Range.

All these districts are as yet sparsely settled, but capable, with a system of irrigation, and in two or three of the regions without it, of supporting a great population.

LOST IN THE FOG.

Even old hunters, who have roamed the plains and mountains until they are familiar with every foot of the ground, are liable under peculiar circumstances to become bewildered. They are completely "turned around," as the common saying is. The streams all flow the wrong way, and the sun sets in the east. As soon as the experienced hunter realizes his condition, he makes a camp, lies down and goes to sleep. When he awakes, everything has come round right.

But more troublesome than such an attack is the coming of a fog. In a few minutes the peaks and headlands, the guides by which the traveller lays his course, are obscured and the sun is hidden. In an article contributed to "The Big Game of North America," the Rev. Joshua Cooke narrates his experience in a fog, while hunting with his son among the mountains of Oregon.

One morning, though there was every indication that a fog might roll down by noon, they started for a hunt. Several deer fell to their rifles, when the son came running, and exclaimed: "Father, the fog is coming. We must leave the deer; the sun is hidden, and we have not a compass. Hurry!"

They started on a run, but had not gone far before day was turned into night, and objects at two rods' distance were obscured. The son, a ranchman, familiar with the mountains, stopped, leaned on his rifle, and said:

"Father, we are in a bad fix. All depends on my keeping my head level. Please don't give me any counsel, or object to anything I say or do. It will only confuse me, and then we shall be lost. I will do my best."

"Before I take up silence," answered the father, "let me say this: We are now on an ascent; by keeping up it as long as it continues, we must come to some hill-top, which is our only chance for an outlook if the fog should break a little."

"It is a good thought, and may save us," replied the son, leading the way up into clearer ground, and then to the summit. It was barely noon, but the fog made it almost as dark as night. Even from the summit there was no outlook.

"I will climb that fir; perhaps I can see from above," said the son. He went up sixty feet—no outlook.

"May I speak, my son?"

"Yes, for I am all at sea."

"Well, just beyond the top of the fir is the faintest show of more light than elsewhere. If so, that is the sun, and that is south, for it is noon."

"Then," said the son, pointing his finger, "that is east, and there is our camp. Don't lose the direction, for I can't keep it up here."

He came down and took the direction. By keeping near objects directly ahead and moving carefully from one to another, the two men came within an hour to a black cattle-horse standing at his stake, his body dripping with the rain-like mist.

"Father, it's Jack," exclaimed the son, as the horse gave a faint neigh; "we are safe home! God bless you! You didn't bother me to-day."

Two other men of the company were lost that day in the fog, and wandered off west instead of going east. They were out all night, and were set right by some Indians. They had to travel forty miles to reach the cabin.

For the Companion.

LOST-LAND.

Where do the little maid's playthings go?—
Childish treasures dear to her heart,
Dropped and forgotten, unfound, and so
Making, perhaps, the big tears start.
She looks at me from her wistful eyes,
With faith as deep as they are blue;
"They must be gone to Lost-Land," she sighs,—
"Sometime I'll find 'em, I dess; don't you?"

Where do our happinesses go?—
Love and pity and faith God-willed,
The tender words that have moved us so,
Joys departed and fond hopes chilled;
Tears that were shed for us, smiles that shone,
All the sweetest things that we knew.
They have gone from us, somehow, surely gone·
I wonder are they in Lost-Land, too?

Dear little maid, if the faith I see
In your sweet blue eyes, in your sweet blue eyes,
Might only dwell in my heart with me,
I think that these clouds of care would rise.
If old joys wait, and old love endures
In the Lost-Land shadows whither they fare,
I will trust my hand, little maid, to yours:
We will go together and seek them there.

FRANK ROE BATCHELDER.

MADEMOISELLE FINETTE.

In the last days of his life, Lamartine, the French poet and statesman, lived in the Bois de Boulogne near Paris, in a little house given him by the nation. Though much tormented by creditors, he lived in comparative comfort, surrounded by five or six greyhounds, to which he was greatly attached, and cultivating roses, cabbages and a little literature. His favorite greyhound was a particularly slender and graceful one named Mademoiselle Finette. The care of her was the first duty of his servants, who were permitted to speak of and to her only in the formal third person.

One day, during a fearful rain-storm, Mademoiselle Finette was taken very ill. Lamartine called a maid, who happened to be a "green" young girl, fresh from Burgundy.

"Run and fetch a veterinary surgeon instantly," he commanded; "Mademoiselle Finette is very ill!"

The girl started off and began inquiring for the nearest doctor. She was referred to Doctor Ixe, a young physician who had lately established himself in the neighborhood. He had had eight patients, and four of the eight had quickly passed beyond the reach of medical attendance.

"Who wants me such a day as this?" said Doctor Ixe, sharply, as the girl rung his bell.

"Oh, it's Monsieur de Lamartine, sir," she said, "and you must come right off; Mademoiselle Finette is very ill!"

Lamartine! The young doctor was in a flurry. In spite of the weather, he put on his best frock-coat, his most resplendent necktie and his handsomest pair of gloves, and hastened to Lamartine's cottage. What an opportunity! Physician to the family of Lamartine; for—he said to himself—Mademoiselle Finette is evidently one of the great man's immediate family; a niece, perhaps.

Rushing up in a cab, the doctor found Lamartine's gate opened, and the poet himself standing near it, under a big umbrella.

"I have been waiting for you, sir," said the poet, "with cruel impatience. You have come none too soon. Mademoiselle Finette is very, very ill."

"How old is she?" asked the doctor, fidgetting timidly.

"Three years."

"Only three years! Do you think it is the croup, Monsieur de Lamartine?"

"The croup? Oh, I think not; but here we are."

Lamartine tiptoed into a darkened chamber, the young doctor following him, impressed and solemn, toward a curtained bed.

"Here is our little sufferer," said the great man, with a deep, poetic sigh. "You shall see if I had not ample cause to call you in haste."

He lifted the silk curtain, and there, curled up and shivering on a satin coverlet, lay the greyhound.

"What!" exclaimed the doctor, "it's a dog! Is Mademoiselle Finette a greyhound, sir?"

"Certainly," said Lamartine, "but what's the matter with you, sir?"

"I—I'm not a veterinary surgeon!" said Doctor Ixe.

"What are you, then?"

"I am a physician, Monsieur de Lamartine."

The poet was in fresh alarm, though he could not quite help laughing at the blunder. However, Doctor Ixe volunteered to do what he could for Mademoiselle Finette, and his services were accepted. He treated the dog faithfully, and she recovered.

From that time the young doctor had a powerful friend. He met people of distinction at the poet's house; and whenever any one was ill, Lamartine exclaimed:

"Why don't they try Doctor Ixe? He cured Finette!"

HEROISM BY PROXY.

An old seaman named Peters, stationed on one of the United States cruisers in the North Atlantic squadron, was a man of rough exterior, but of a warm heart. Its warmest corner was reserved for a certain young ensign on board the same ship, whom Peters worshipped with unswerving constancy.

Whether or not this was to be attributed to some kind act or speech of the young officer's is uncertain, but the adoration was a patent fact, and was the occasion of more than one laughing comment among the crew.

One day it happened that an unpractised landsman, while attending to some duty in the rigging, lost his footing and fell into the water. As he was unable to swim, he would probably have drowned before the ship could have been stopped in her course sufficiently to permit a boat to be lowered, had not an officer, standing on the gun-deck below, sprung after him and, at the risk of his own life, gallantly held him up until assistance came.

A letter from the Secretary of the Navy, commending in high terms this heroic action, was sent to the brave rescuer, and read before the assembled ship's company.

Old Peters viewed the whole proceeding with a feeling of jealousy, and after brooding over the matter for some days, he relieved himself in the following manner:

"Mr. Bradley," said he, sidling up to the object of his devotion, "that there letter what the Secretary wrote, that's a fine thing for a young man to have. You ought to have one, Mr. Bradley."

"Why, yes, Peters," said young Bradley, with his pleasant smile, "that letter is undoubtedly a thing for any fellow to be proud of, but I'm afraid I don't quite see my way to getting one like it."

"Mr. Bradley," answered Peters, in a hoarse tone inviting confidence, "ter-morrer night, sir, I'll be in the main chains, fussin' with somethin' or nuther. P'raps I'll axerdentally fall into the water. Sich things have happened, as yer know yerself, sir. Then, Mr. Bradley, what's to hinder ye from jumping arter me, like your messmate there? I guess ye'd have as good a chance as him for one o' them letters from the Secretary."

"There's only one difficulty about the plan, Peters," said Bradley, preserving a grave countenance, but inwardly much amused; "unfortunately, you see, I don't know how to swim."

"Sho! is that all, sir?" returned Peters, undismayed. "That aint nothin'. I'll hold you up till the boat comes."

FEEDING THE CAMELS.

The author of "A Ride through Asia Minor and Armenia" has, like the Turk, a great respect for the sagacity of the camel. It is not a cheerful beast, and yet its face is so pleasant and wise in expression that it forces the human observer to respect if not to admire. Wonderful stories are told of the animal's cleverness. All camel-drivers declare that when they take off and muffle the numerous bells with which the animals are adorned, in traversing a region infested by robbers, the creatures know why it is done, and step so lightly that they can pass unheard within a few yards of a concealed enemy.

One day, writes this author, we put up in a wretched little khan, but were lucky enough to get a small upper room, above the dirt and smell of the yard, and it was rather amusing to sit on the roof outside and observe the life below. The yard was crowded with camels, all wistfully watching two men—who were kneading cakes of dough that weighed about two pounds each—and showing their impatience by sundry grunts, or by spitefully biting at each other.

At last one of the men appeared with three or four of these cakes, and his two camels shuffled quickly after him to a comparatively quiet corner, where they knelt down in a surprising hurry, and remained with their mouths wide open, like young birds when the old ones are about to feed them.

The man thrust a cake well back in the mouth of the first camel, and then clapped a hand on each side of its big lips to prevent it, in munching, from dropping any out sidewise.

This he continued doing until the camel showed that all was swallowed, by opening its mouth for another cake.

Then the other camel was served; and so, going from one to the other, until he had given each four cakes. The poor beasts looked as if they would have enjoyed twice that number.

USELESS REMONSTRANCE.

Two of the best-known hunters of California are the two Aris, Ari Hopper, father and son, of the Sierras de San Rafael. The father stutters dreadfully, and the son is a giant, with a voice like a bull of Bashan, which, try as he will, he cannot modulate below a roar. Whenever the son bellows out a certain favorite story, the father marches up and down, exclaiming, as the climax is reached: "B-b-boy, you l-l-lie; you kn-kn-know you lie."

They were hunting in the San Rafael Mountains, and had driven two grizzlies down a steep, narrow path to a plateau that ended in a sheer precipice, on the edge of which stood a small tree. The bears were separated, and the son following one, drove him up the path, leaving the father to tackle his on the plateau.

After a chase, which ended in his grizzly getting away from him, Ari Hopper, Jr., returned to the plateau. As he came down the path, this is what he says he saw:

"Thar war the old man up a tree, and so taken up with the b'ar that he never even noticed his only son. He'd clum out on the limb of that tree over the precipice, and Mr. Grizzly was on the same limb, reaching carefully for him with his paw. Every time he stuck his fist out, the old man would jab at it with his bowie-knife, and say, 'G' back, g' back, you pesky fool; d-d-don't you see if you c-c-come any f-f-fu'ther, the l-l-limb 'll break and k-k-kill us both?'"

Right here the old man always explodes, and never gives his boy a chance to tell truthfully how he managed to control his laughter long enough to "pick off" the bear with his rifle.

ON THE BRIDE'S ARM.

Mrs. Gregg had one of the prettiest weddings that ever took place in the Massachusetts town in which she lives. But there was one odd incident of the occasion which a few of her friends, who are in the secret, recall with much amusement. Although a lady of quiet taste, Mrs. Gregg wore something which certainly no bride ever wore before.

Her wedding present from her old friend Doctor Jameson was an exquisite affair of lace, embroidery and white satin ribbon, which he had brought from Paris. It came just as the wedding party were starting for the church.

"What a lovely bag!" exclaimed the bride; "I am going to wear it. That will please dear Doctor Jameson;" and slipping the white satin strings over her arm, she thought no more of it until after the ceremony.

"That is a beautiful bag, and so odd." "I never saw a bag like it. The material is beautiful," commented some of her friends.

"I suppose the style is new," replied Mrs. Gregg. "Doctor Jameson brought it to me from Paris. I am delighted with it."

"Did you put anything in it?" asked Doctor Jameson, who had been listening to this conversation with a smile that was suspiciously near a laugh.

"No," replied Mrs. Gregg; "I'll put my handkerchief in. What—why—why, there's no bottom in it. What *is* it, Doctor Jameson?"

"Well," replied Doctor Jameson, "I bought it for a lamp-shade!"

And it was a lamp-shade, edged with lace and drawn up at the top with white satin ribbon.

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For the Companion.

LITTLE MISS PHYLLISY.

Little Miss Phyllisy wears a new gown,
Ruffled all up and ruffled all down,
She is sweet and dainty from toe to crown,
Little Miss Phyllisy darling!

She carries a basket of roses gay,
To strew in the path of the bride, to-day,
As she goes before her all the way,
Little Miss Phyllisy darling!

For the Companion.

FLY-FISHING.

Jimmy Leighton was a real little water-ousel for wading and splashing in the water.

The mountain water was cold, too, and the mountain wind chapped his bare, wet legs and feet so that they had to be rubbed with mutton-tallow every night, while Jimmy whimpered. Yet every morning, the first thing when they plunged out of bed, plump those same obstinate legs and feet would go in the irrigating ditch by the door.

So when he saw Uncle Jim getting his rod and flies ready to go a-fishing, Jimmy ran up and begged to go along.

"Oh, your legs are so short you could never stand in the swift water," said Uncle Jim, looking down at his small namesake. "And if you slipped and were swept down a big trout would snap you up for a fat bull-pout."

"I aint a bull-pout," said Jimmy. "And I wade in the irrigating ditch all the time. Let me go, too, Uncle Jim."

"No, you can't go this time," Uncle Jim said; "but I'll show you my flies."

Then Uncle Jim knelt and opened his fly-book, and spread out all his gay colored flies before Jimmy.

"Now, you must not touch," he said, "or you'll get a hook in your fingers, and then I'll have to shut up the book."

Jimmy sat on the doorstep and held his hands clasped tight behind him to keep from touching, for he felt just like a big trout ready to rise and take one with a snap, they looked so tempting.

"Oh, aint they pretty, Uncle Jim! What are they made out of?"

"Silk and feathers and tinsel," said Uncle Jim.

"I think this big red one is the prettiest," said Jimmy, and put his pudgy forefinger on what Uncle Jim called a "royal coachman."

But no sooner had he touched it, than Uncle Jim closed the fly-book and took up his rod and said, "I must be going. Good-by, Jimmy."

Jimmy ran after him to the yard gate and looked over and saw him wading, away down the creek, casting his flies.

Then, when he was clear out of sight, Jimmy ran in to where mamma was reading.

"O mamma, you make me a fish-pole and some flies, and I'll go fishing, too."

So mamma laid aside her book and went out to the thicket of mountain birch, and cut and peeled a nice slim fly-rod for her little boy. Then she tied on it a long length of cord for a line, and bent a piece of baling wire for a hook.

But still Jimmy wasn't satisfied. He ran to the chicken-house and came back with a glossy green rooster feather. "Now, mamma, you make a fly," he said.

Mamma laughed. But she snipped the feather with her scissors and tied it on the hook to please Jimmy. Then she said:

"Now run along and fish in the ditch, and bring me the first one you catch. But you mustn't wade. Try not to wade *this* one time, Jimmy, for your feet are so chapped."

"I won't wade this time, mamma," said Jimmy, stoutly.

And for once he didn't, but just walked along the bank and let the feather float before him.

But the trout didn't rise, and the sun was hot, and when he reached a little clump of willows growing by the ditch he sat down to rest in the shade.

When Uncle Jim came along with his sack of trout, he found Jimmy still resting, for he was fast asleep, with his rod lying in the ditch and the feather floating in the water.

Uncle Jim looked at it and laughed. He took it up, and when he put it back in the water he laughed still more, only not so loud as to awaken Jimmy.

Then he went on to the house, and began to clean his fish.

Mamma was standing near him in the doorway when up came Jimmy. He was breathless and his eyes were very big, for he carried a great big fine speckled trout swung to his line.

"Oh, what a great big beauty!" cried mamma.

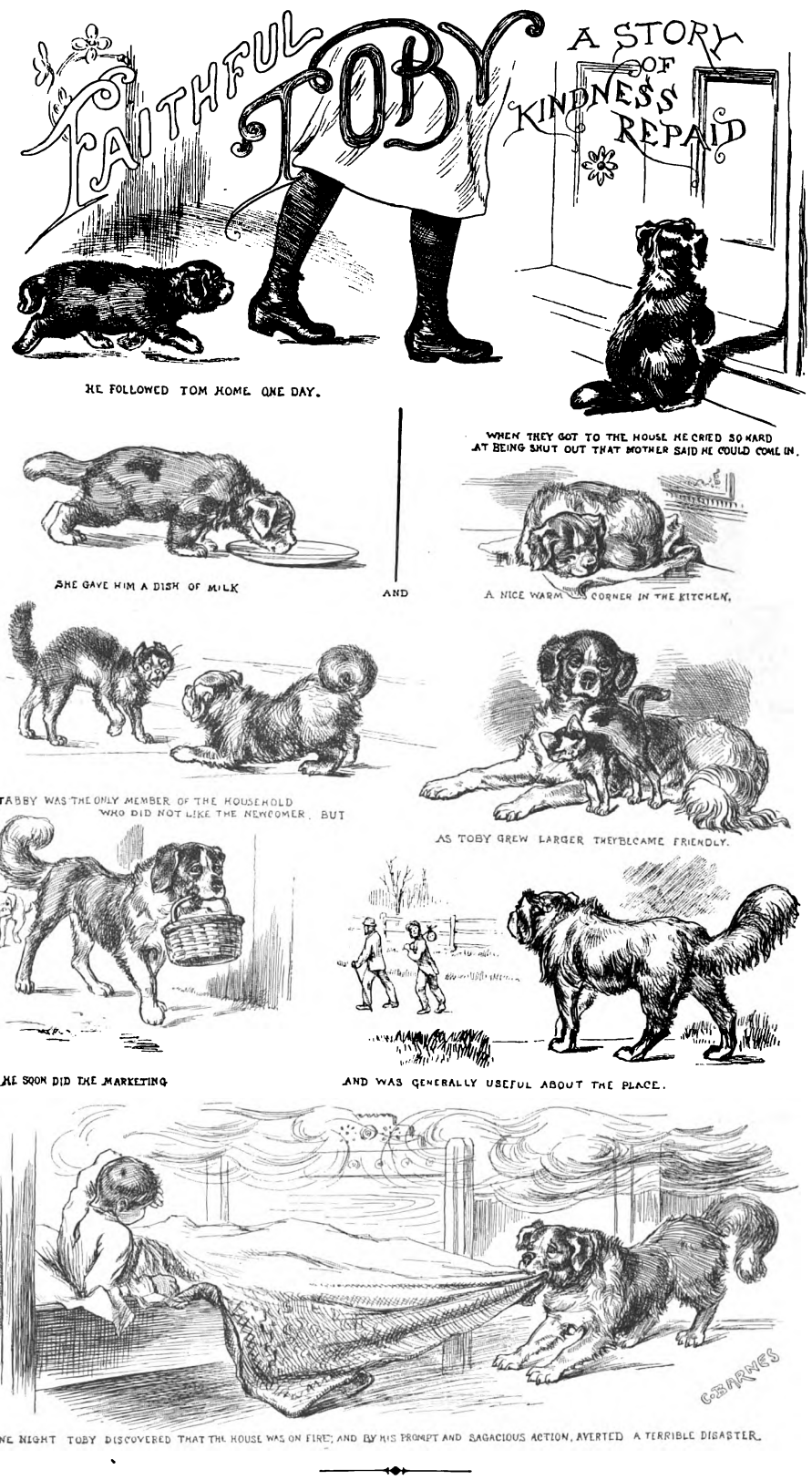
"I got him," said Jimmy. "I got him, and I didn't wade, neither."

"Let me see," said Uncle Jim. "Why, it's bigger than any I have here!"

And he and mamma laughed, and Uncle Jim said Jimmy could beat *him* fishing.

Then Uncle Jim cleaned it, and mamma fried it. And though it was a big trout, Jimmy ate it all himself, he was so hungry after going a-fishing.

STEWART was watching anxiously for the snow to go away. One day, when the sun was very bright, he came rushing into the house, shouting, "O Ma! *Dirt has come.*"





Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

(Phonetic.)

My *first* is a tavern,
My *second*, a wheel,
My *third* is near by,
My *fourth* near the heel.
My *whole* you may think is not easily shown
When I say it is some one entirely unknown.

2.

ADDITION OF FRACTIONS.

Take one letter from each of the following months in the order here given; add them together to form the name of a celebrated English author, who died on July 26, 1834.

1. March. 2. October. 3. July. 4. February. 5. January. 6. April. 7. December. 8. August. 9. September.

Then take one letter from each of the following months in the order here given; add them together to form the name of a Spanish town taken on July 23, 1604.

1. August. 2. April. 3. February. 4. October. 5. May. 6. July. 7. September. 8. June. 9. November.

O. D. V.

3.

AN OCTAGON.

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1. Seasonably.
2. To immerse.
3. A feminine name.
4. A battle fought on July 22, 1864.
5. One who imagines.
6. To embark in.
7. A part of the head.

F. S. F.

4.

TRANSPOSITION AND CURTAILMENT.

Curtail a wild flower dressed in brilliant blue
And leave the aid which comes to me and you;
Transpose this aid and find a flower that blooms
Among the first to banish winter glooms.

5.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 8, 5, 21, 13, 12 is a color.
My 16, 5, 2, 1, 4 is disgrace.
My 14, 6, 19, 13, 23 is speed.
My 13, 5, 7, 1, 12 is an aromatic plant.
My 16, 22, 2, 21, 11 is a slimy insect.
My 3, 10, 22, 15 are domestic animals.
My 24, 20, 17, 13 is closed.
My 13, 9, 15, 16, 10, 19 is a theme.
My 18, 15, 24, 13 is a cozy home.
My 19, 10, 16, 13, 21, 22, 15 is the name of a famous chapel.
My whole is a proverb that farmers try to obey.

6.

PUZZLE.

Behead a covering, and leave relatives.
Behead the cry of a dog, and leave a bird that flies at night.
Behead a precious stone, and leave an entrance.
Behead dismal, and leave the back part of anything.
Behead to unclose, and leave a coop.
Behead poverty, and leave an insect.
The beheaded letters spell your daily companion.

A. M. P.

7.

CHARADE.

My *first* and *second* make a stingy man. My *third* and *fourth* are talented. Whether the stingy man be talented or not, he is almost certain to be my *whole*.

Conundrums.

What common name for a beggar suggests the hopelessness of his case? Mend-i-cant.

When are "coming events" like fishes in debt? When fore-shadowed.

What trait is expressed in four-score? Forti-tude.

For the Companion.

"TOM'S FIT."

One day the children's pet cat, Tom, had some kind of a fit and ran up and down stairs and under the furniture, ending up with jumping through the open window and disappearing under the stable in the yard.

Mamma explained to the children that Tom had a fit, and would come back again when it was over.

Some time later, when the children were all in the kitchen, Tom suddenly leaped upon the table and from there to the cupboard, upsetting numerous cans and bottles in his way; from thence he jumped to the floor and made his way under the kitchen stove.

Little Ruby got down from her chair and stooped down and looked under the stove at Tom, when all of a sudden she ran to her mamma in the next room, shouting, "Mamma, mamma, come quick, come quick and see Tom; he has got another fit, and is eating it under the stove."

Investigation showed Tom to be devouring a fat mouse which had incautiously come out from the top of the cupboard.

LITTLE Charley was severely stung by a bee one day, and after he had been comforted and the pain relieved, he went into the door-yard, where he saw a bee on the clover, and called out to his mother, "Oh, say, mamma, here he is now out in the yard eating grass!"

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Peanut.

2. 1. Ge(latin)e. 2. G(ask)ins. 3. Le(ague)d. 4. Met(hod)ic. 5. Sa(lute)d. 6. Cl(utter)ing.

3. 1st sentence—Dayton, Concord, Bangor. 2d sentence—Oswego, Troy, Cleveland. 3d sentence—Madison, Omaha, Saco. 4th sentence—Auburn, Boston, Lewiston. 5th sentence—Calais, Utica, Rome.

4. 1. Boy, toy, ton, tan, man. 2. Wolf, woof, wood, good, goad, load, loan, loon, lion. 3. Meat, heat, hear, hoar, hour, sour, soup. 4. Jane, mane, many, Mary. 5. Book, boot, boat, beat, bent, tent. 6. Four, sour, soul, Saul, sail, tail, tall, tale, tile, Nile, nine.

5.

C R A F T
R I F L E
A F T E R
F L E A S
T E R S E

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For the Companion.

AFTER VACATION.

The principal benefits which city people derive from a summer sojourn in the country may be said to be four: 1, Rest of the brain. 2, A change of surroundings. 3, A change of air. 4, Life out-of-doors. In three of these respects dwellers among the hills may secure corresponding advantages from a visit to the sea-shore.

The vacation season has its own peculiar dangers. For some years it has been noticed by physicians that serious illness often attacks persons who have recently returned to their city homes. Typhoid fever is probably the commonest of such after-vacation diseases, and its prevalence under these circumstances is doubtless chargeable in great part to defective sewerage in country places, and especially in hastily equipped pleasure and health resorts.

While the visitor is kept in vigorous condition by his life in the fresh, bracing air, the germs of the disease may be digested and so rendered harmless. Then he returns to city life and the depressing atmosphere of the coast, and the reaction affords the germs remaining in his system exactly the opportunity they need for development.

Before concluding arrangements for board at any summer resort it is of the first importance to make sure of its proper hygienic conditions and the purity of its ice supply.

But the ill health which follows a return to city life after an absence in the country may arise from other causes.

1. A neglect thoroughly to flush the drains, let off the water which has been standing in the lead pipes, and ventilate the house. Carelessness in these respects is very dangerous.

2. The bracing air of the hills tends strongly to induce constipation. This tendency should be guarded against by a free use of fruit, vegetables and other suitable food. Otherwise the system may become saturated with its own poison, and the person may return home the worse for his outing.

3. The wholesome, natural life of the vacation season, with its freedom from care, its pleasant companionships and its out-of-door exercise, may stimulate the appetite and the digestion to twice their usual activity. This is well for the time. But it will not do for the man to keep up the same free habit of eating after his return home. For a few weeks at least he should be on his guard in this respect.

Persons who are especially susceptible to change of air and surroundings, and who are therefore peculiarly liable to suffer a reaction upon returning from the country to the city, may find it advisable to take a simple tonic for a while, under the advice of a physician.

THE MAIL-DOG.

The little daughter of a United States mail inspector tells of a favorite dog, a fox terrier, that seems to have been foreordained to travel in a postal car and sit on piles of mail-bags. His name is Ownie—probably because nobody owns him—and his home is on the mail trains and in the post-offices anywhere along the line of the Boston & Albany and the New London Northern Railroad.

He keeps watch of the mail-bags, and at whichever of the great termini of the roads he happens to be, he rides with the boys from the cars to the office and from the office to the cars. This is his business; during his four years of life he has never done any other. An idea of the kind of dog Ownie is may be gathered from this specimen incident:

One night, in Albany, after the unloading of the mail car, he started to ride, as usual, on the bags in the wagon, but when the post-office was reached he was not on board. This was strange, for no temptation had ever been strong enough to lure him from his post.

The sacks were delivered, and as the men called them over, one was found to be missing. The wagon-driver hurried back to look along the streets. After searching over a good part of his route he caught sight of Ownie in the gutter, wagging his stump of a tail and sneezing in his queer way to be recognized. The lost mail-bag was there, and he was sitting on it.

The treasury department seal of "Fidelity" is the picture of an iron safe and a watch-dog with his paw on the key. Somewhere in the post-office department there ought to be a picture of Ownie sitting on a mail-bag.

ON A BUFFALO.

The Chicago *Tribune* prints an exciting story, purporting to come from a Nebraska stockman. He had been out on a buffalo hunt, and was returning alone, with the hind-quarters of a bull on his shoulder, when he ran into the herd again, and almost before he knew it found himself surrounded. His dodging in and out seemed in danger of causing a stampede, and he knew that if such an event took place he would inevitably be trampled to death.

There was no time for consideration, and I determined upon a bold stroke.

I edged up to a shaggy young bull, grabbed the long hair on his fore-shoulder, and swung myself on his back. The bellow which followed made me wish I had been less venturesome. It was taken up by the entire herd, and soon we were flying along at a fearful rate over gulches and up hill and down.

I was blinded by the sand, but with eyes closed hung on for dear life. For half an hour or more the pace was kept up. My legs seemed crushed almost to jelly, and I began to think my hour had come.

I was so weak that I could hardly keep my seat. A few minutes more and I should certainly fall off. But just then I succeeded in partially clearing my eyes, and discovered that we were running parallel with the railroad track. The bank was high and steep. If I could reach it I should be safe.

By good luck the beast I was riding was closest to the track. I pulled myself together as best I could and prepared for a spring. It was made at just the right moment, for the motion of the bull's body sent me flying half-way up the embankment, and I was safe in the sand.

For five weeks afterward I was confined to my bed.

INTERNATIONAL HENS.

The advantages which people who live exactly on the line between two countries have in escaping the customs and other regulations of both countries have often been recounted. Probably the most picturesque and innocent instance of this kind of evasion comes from the far Western town of Nogales, which lies exactly on the boundary between Mexico and Arizona.

On the United States side of the line in this town eggs have been rendered dear by the new tariff upon eggs, inasmuch as the hens in that region are chiefly owned on the Mexican side of the line and fed by the peasants on cheap Mexican grain.

Recently, according to the Tombstone (Arizona) *Prospector*, a Maine Yankee arrived in Nogales, with an eye to business. He was convinced that his opportunity lay in the high price of eggs.

Accordingly he put up a long hen-house exactly across the boundary line. At the American end he provided nests; and at the other end he regularly fed his hens with low-priced Mexican grain.

The fowls ate their grain in Mexico and then walked across the line into the United States to lay their eggs. The transaction was perfectly honest, for of course the proprietor of the hennery smuggled neither grain nor eggs. But he availed himself of high prices on one side and low prices on the other.

HARD TO SWALLOW.

The teller of "tall stories" generally finds his rebuke awaiting him in an intelligent company. On one occasion, when several physicians had met, the conversation ran to the subject of the extraordinary things which a human being might swallow and still live.

The familiar stories about swallowing silver dollars, sets of false teeth, and so forth, had been related, when Doctor Longbow began to speak.

"Two years ago," he said, "I was called in great haste to attend a carpenter in my town, though the message said that the man was beyond doubt already dead, for he had, while holding a large gimlet in his mouth at his work, suddenly been taken with a fit of hiccoughs and swallowed the gimlet.

"But when I arrived at the man's house I found him very comfortable. The gimlet, gentlemen, gave him no trouble at all to digest."

There was silence for a moment. Presently one of the other doctors remarked:

"With you for his physician, Longbow, the man was lucky that it was only a gimlet that he undertook to swallow."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, if he had tried to swallow one of your stories it would have choked him to death."

KINDLY DONE.

It was a very cold morning in the month of March, in the great city of Chicago, writes a youthful contributor. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph Streets selling newspapers.

He was very thinly clad and kept trotting up and down, trying hard to keep warm. His voice was hoarse from cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him shout.

Some rude boys jeered and laughed at him; but one, about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments walked up to him and said, "Shall I shout for you?"

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him and told him to "be off," but the boy began to call out, "*Morning News*, *Times* or *Herald*," in a clear, shrill voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man had sold all his stock.

He offered to divide the profits with his youthful partner, but the boy would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Disagreeable truths should not be spoken too bluntly, especially when the doing so might lessen the speaker's income.

"Do you think my daughter will ever become a musician?" asked a fond mother of the professor.

"I gant zay," answered the professor. "She may. She dell me she gome of a long-lived family."—*New York Weekly.*

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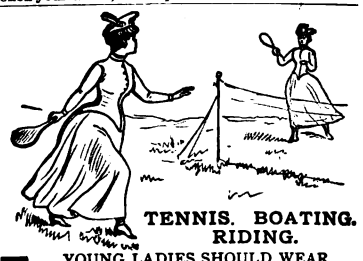


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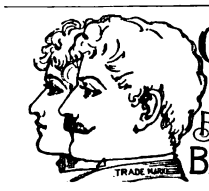
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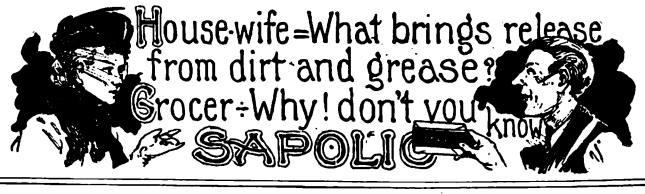

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1891.

$1.75 a Year.
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For the Companion.

LITTLE WATTS.

No matter how cold or stormy it was, Little Watts was always waiting for his papers, in front of the *Daily Leader* office, at half-past four in the morning.

It was often stormy and always cold at that hour, in the thriving and populous Rocky Mountain mining town in which the *Leader* was published; and Little Watts lived a mile from the office in a poor wooden house near one of the great mines.

I met him one morning hurrying down the stony, deserted, unlighted street. The wind was blowing keen and cold; the air was filled with fine, sleety snowflakes; and I thought, when I saw Little Watts, that the fates had not been kind to the boy, or he would have been warm and snug in bed at home at that hour.

But the *Leader* was published every morning, and Little Watts had regular customers at whose doors he left his papers before he hurried away to the early morning trains.

He was only twelve years old, and small for his years; and he would never be much larger or stronger. A great lump between his narrow shoulders told a sorrowful story of a fall down a long flight of tenement-house stairs, when he was only two years old.

It was often my duty to count out to the boys the papers as they came from the press. That is how I happened to know Little Watts.

His name was Clarence, but I never heard him called by any other name than Little Watts.

I remember when I saw the boy and heard his name for the first time. It was the first morning I gave the papers out to the boys. The *Leader* that morning contained one of the matters of important news that always increase the demand for the papers, and the moment the office door was open the newsboys came pushing and scrambling in, each eager to be first.

Suddenly the largest of the boys—a low-browed, thick-lipped, sticky fellow—began to beat the other boys back.

"Git back, fellers!" he shouted. "Git back, I tell ye; ye're scroogin' the life out o' Little Watts! Ye know he allus gits his papers first. Git back, now!"

The other boys fell back, and out from among them came Little Watts, bearing evidence of having been pretty severely "scrooged."

His hat had fallen off, and he limped as he struggled forward. The rough boy who had befriended him, in a way so surprising to me, found his hat and put it on the boy's head, while he said:

"Ain't hurt, are ye, Watts? No? Well, that's good. Git yer papers now, and light out, for they'll go like hot cakes this morning."

There stood, next to the house in which I boarded, a small house containing two or three rooms, which had not been occupied for several weeks.

One evening, as I went home, I saw cheap paper shades at the windows of this little tenement. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and on the step of the open door sat Little Watts, playing on a harmonica.

The door was within three feet of the street, and I stopped to say, "How do you do, Little Watts? Are you going to live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we shall be neighbors. I live next door."

"I'm glad of it, sir," said Little Watts, politely.

"You must come in and see me some time," I said. "I have a good many books, and you may use any that you like to read."

A small, thin-faced woman came to the door, and looked inquiringly from me to Little Watts.

He rose and said, "Mother, this is Mr. Hart of the *Leader*. You've heard me speak about him."

"So I have," said Mrs. Watts, quickly. "The *Leader* folks are real good to my boy, sir. He tells me about it, and I'm very much obliged."

The window of my room looked out upon the house which the Watts family occupied. A day or two after their arrival I was sitting in my open window. The windows of the other house were also open, and through them came the sound of some one singing in a wonderfully clear and sweet voice. I laid down my book to listen. The words came distinct and beautiful:

They rolled his bed to the door.

Flow gently, Sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.

Could it be Little Watts singing in such a voice? While I looked and listened, I saw Little Watts coming from a well at the back of the house with a pail of water.

I could not restrain my curiosity. As he came near my window I asked, "Who is that singing?"

"My sister Elise," he answered, eagerly, his face beaming.

"She has a wonderful voice," I said.

"Hasn't she though?" exclaimed Little Watts, with more enthusiasm than I had ever before seen in him.

"Did you ever hear any of those big singers?" he went on.

"Yes."

"Can they sing any better than she can?"

"Well, they are much older than your sister, and of course they are highly trained. How old is your sister?"

"Sixteen."

Before many days I and others in our neighborhood sat in the scantily furnished living-room of Mrs. Watts's house, and heard Elise sing.

Mrs. Watts was a widow, and Elise and Clarence were her only children. A small pension partly supplied their wants, and Mrs. Watts and Elise took in plain sewing when they could get it; but Little Watts's earnings from the sale of his papers were their chief source of income.

It seemed to me that they might live a little more comfortably; but one day Little Watts confided a secret to me.

"We're saving for Elise," he said. "She's going to be a big singer some day, after she's gone away and studied and had a chance. I'm saving up for that."

This was the reason why Little Watts wore such shabby clothes, and this was why their home was so poor and bare, and their table so scantily supplied. This was why Little Watts walked the streets in all kinds of weather, crying his papers at an hour when other boys slept.

One, two years passed. I was still in the *Leader* office. Little Watts still came before daylight for his papers, and was called Little Watts still, for he was not noticeably larger or stronger than when I saw him first. He still lived next door to my own home, and—Elise was going away.

She had been singing in church choirs and at concerts, and some ladies who had become interested in her, but who were unable to lend her money for her study, had given her a benefit concert, which the *Leader* had widely advertised without charge, on account of Little Watts.

But most of the money that was to pay for Elise's two years of study in the East had been or would be earned by Little Watts.

"But when I come back he shall work no more," Elise said to me, with the tears in her eyes. "I shall earn it then, and he shall go to New York to study drawing and engraving. He's so eager to learn it, you know, but he won't say much about it or even think about it until I begin to earn money."

Quite a little company of us went to the station to see Elise off. Of course Little Watts was there. His large eyes were shining through their tears, and his white face was wreathed in smiles, though I knew his heart ached with sorrow at the thought of two years without her.

But the boy cried his papers just as loudly and cheerily as ever next day—the *Leader* in the morning, when day was breaking, and the *Times* at night when the day was done.

I often met him hurrying around the corners of almost deserted streets, or paying a last visit to the hotels, where he hoped to sell another paper at an hour when all other newsboys had gone home.

Every paper he sold counted, not for himself, but for Elise. He and his mother lived upon the pension and her sewing.

Every month a draft to the amount of all of Little Watts's earnings went to New York to Elise, and every week she wrote encouraging letters of what her teachers said about her voice, and of her hopes for the future.

"I knew they'd have to say her voice wasn't anything common," Little Watts said proudly to me, when the first of her letters came. "I knew she'd astonish 'em!"

Twice the mountains changed from green to white and from white to green. They were changing to white again when Elise wrote the letter that told when she would start for home.

Little Watts brought me the letter to read.

"I shall reach home about the last day of October," she wrote, "You must send me all you are any more money—I am afraid you have sent me too much now. It is time for me to begin paying it back to you. You must be here next year, and I at home working and earning money for you. If I'm not too tired, I shall sing for you and mother the very night I come—I'm so anxious to show you how well your money has been spent!"

She was delayed a little, and came on the third day of November. It was on the afternoon of the first day of that month that the man whose duty it now was to give out the papers said to me:

"Little Watts didn't show up for his papers this morning. It's the first morning he's failed to come since I've been here. I wonder if he's sick."

"Not that I know of," I replied. "It was a terribly stormy morning, you know."

"The weather has never made any difference with him before. He's been on hand the first one many a morning worse than this. Poor little chap! How he's escaped pneumonia as long as he has is a wonder to me."

The sun had not shone for three days. First rain and then snow had fallen nearly all the time. A fierce, cold wind had swept down from the mountains. The barren town had never seemed so gloomy and cheerless and desolate to me as it did now.

At noon I went to see Little Watts. His mother came to the door and said, briefly and in a low tone, for Little Watts was in the next room and the door was open:

"He's real sick! The doctor is afraid it's going to be pneumonia. I've tried to keep him in the last three days, but he would go out. You see why."

Her eyes were full of tears as she pointed toward the corner of the room. There stood a shining upright piano, with a stool of crimson velvet before it.

"He made the first payment on them yesterday," Mrs. Watts said. "He was so anxious to have them here for Elise."

"Well, he's a perfect little hero, Mrs. Watts," I said, under my breath, but heartily. "I believe he will be able to fight off even the pneumonia for the sake of Elise."

I am sure he could have done so if his bodily strength had been as great as the love that filled his faithful heart for Elise.

He was worse the next day.

"He'll never be any better," said the doctor in the afternoon, when I met him coming out of the shabby little house.

In the evening Little Watts said in a whisper:

"Else'll be here in the morning, won't she?"

"At eight o'clock," I said.

"Then I'll hear her sing again," he answered.

The wind died away in the night. The skies cleared; all of the distant ranges, the nearer hills and the streets of the town were white with snow when the sun came out next morning.

Elise came at eight o'clock. Little Watts pulled himself up on his pillows to meet her and welcome her.

There was no sign in his eyes or face of sorrow in his heart at this ending of all his own hopes and plans for the future. He met Elise with a smile and with tearless eyes. For a moment she thought it must all have been a mistake about his being so ill.

"Now go and sing for me," he said, after a few minutes.

They rolled his bed to the door that he might see her at the new piano. Elise sat before it

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with streaming eyes, and sang the little ballads and the old songs he had loved so well.

"There was one," he whispered, "about 'the shining shore,' and 'My Father hath many mansions;' won't you sing that, Elise?"

She sang it, with trembling voice; and while she was singing, Little Watts looked up with wide-open eyes, as if he were gazing at something wonderful that we could not see, and then sank back, his eyes closed forever.

J. L. HARBOUR.

WISE INDIFFERENCE.

Oh, that mine eye might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear.

—*T. Ellwood.*

For the Companion.

AT MRS. MARTIN'S.

The rooms in Mrs. Martin's boarding-house, one by one as they became vacant, had been taken by young men, until finally the house sheltered young men only. This arrangement was satisfactory, not alone to them, but to Mrs. Martin as well. All such frail things as they found inconvenient she removed, and let her boarders have their own free and easy way.

One evening in December there was a typically gay assemblage in the back parlor. Simmons Gorham, as usual, was the controlling spirit. Where Sim was, liveliness and fun abounded.

His fun, it must be confessed, was of a rather shallow sort, and had the flavor of comic papers; but the company about him was not exacting; and when he said, "Never commit the folly of mistaking the hair-lotion for the maple-syrup," or, "Let us warble along on our bright, sunny way," the rest of the boys always laughed. Every one but Paul Metzger enjoyed his brisk talk to-night.

Paul understood only a word here and there, and sat silent with wistful look, watching the others. His eyes were blue, his mouth was pleasant, his curly red hair was becoming to him, and he was a very good-looking boy. The type of his round, fresh face revealed the German.

Now and then his cousin Ernst bent over and interpreted what was going on.

"Sim's doing 'Rienzi,' you see," said Ernst, his voice wheezy with laughter.

Sim, as the Last of the Tribunes, with the table-cover trailing from his shoulders, was stalking around and giving a grotesque rendering of a passage in the play, while Willard Brown, as Claudia, was swinging his legs from an end of the mantel—the balcony.

"Understand?" said Ernst.

"Yes," said Paul. That was one of the few English words he knew, and he used it often.

Paul was not in the least happy. He would have preferred to go to a German boarding-house, but his cousin had insisted upon his going to Mrs. Martin's. "Come," Ernst had said, "you want to learn English."

Ernst had been five years in New York, and Paul's coming to America was his plan. He had found for him a position as bookkeeper with a German firm, and kept a cousinly eye on him.

"'What aileth thee, Claudia?'" said Rienzi, anxiously; but he proceeded to drag Claudia off the balcony by the feet.

It was this Sim Gorham who somehow put the keen edge upon Paul's unhappiness. Paul admired him, he was so big and bright and high-spirited. He felt a sort of sympathy with him, and yet he thought himself repelled and slighted by him. Sim appeared too full of his fun-making to notice so quiet a fellow as Paul.

At home in Frankfort, Metzger had been a favorite everywhere. He was well educated; he knew a good deal about music; his family was well-to-do, and his American venture not a necessity.

But here in this New York boarding-house he was set aside and disregarded, merely because his tongue was not theirs, or else looked upon as a sort of amusing curiosity.

He wished he had given more attention to English at school. Sim Gorham, he knew, could speak a little German, but he did not put himself out to do so.

Mrs. Martin came in with lemonade, and was boisterously welcomed. Sim served it. The card-basket, inverted, was tilted over one eye, and the other shone with the gayety of youthful spirits. The gas-light shining upon Paul's hair had the ludicrous effect of turning its red to scarlet; and Sim's mirthfulness was at, perhaps, too high a pitch.

"Have some lemonade, Herr Lobster?" he asked, as he handed Paul a glass.

Nobody could help laughing. Perceiving that the joke was at his expense, Paul reddened; but he stayed till the party broke up.

After he had gone to bed, Ernst came in with a newspaper.

"Just happened to notice this," said Ernst. "See here! I rapped at Sim's door, but he's asleep already. You know how forgetful I am. I shall remember nothing of it by morning, so I want *you* to show it to him the first chance you get."

Ernst was excited. "Somebody advertises for the heirs of John Gorham, of Hinkley, Connecticut. That's where Sim comes from, I am quite sure, and he's a Gorham. You show it to him, or remind me. You can't tell what it may come to. It certainly means something."

Ernst reluctantly laid down the paper, and took himself and his defective memory to bed.

Whatever opportunity Paul may have had, the next morning, to carry out his cousin's injunction, he did not use it. Something rankled within him. He would ask Ernst nothing, but waited and sought out the good-natured American manager of the firm that employed him.

"Lopester—lopester;" he said, anxiously, "vat—vat ise dat?" He contrived to explain that somebody had said this to him.

The manager stared, and then laughed.

"It's your hair, you know," he said. He always talked to Paul very loudly and distinctly, as if his trouble were deafness. "It's red, you know."

With some help from the German office-boy he made his meaning, and Gorham's humorous allusion, clear.

Paul went at his work. The flush of anger which the explanation left gave way to a grim setting of his lips. Coming as a climax to what he had already resented, it was galling. Had he been alone he might have cried a little—his nature was sensitive—and have felt better for it. Instead, his bearing and his spirit hardened.

That day he worked after hours, rather than go home; and in the evening took his seat at the dinner-table without speaking.

None of the boarders noticed it. The room was, as usual, in a subdued uproar. Sim Gorham was talking fast, motioning with soup-spoon or salt-cellar, as it happened. Ernst undertook his customary translation.

"Gorham's going out to a friend's in Orange next week," he explained to Paul. "He says he'll have a grand good time; he's been before. If this weather keeps up they'll have sleighing and tobogganing. He's telling the fellows what kind of a new overcoat he's going to get."

Nobody ever resented Sim's egotism; it was so confiding and altogether harmless.

Paul answered not a word; he kept his eyes sullenly on his plate. It seemed to him that no one but Sim Gorham was to be thought of. *He* could behave like a clown, or talk loudly about nothing but himself, or insult people to their faces; it made no difference. The whole houseful stood agape at him.

Paul left the table before the others, and found his way to the piano in the dim parlor. Soon the rest followed noisily, and some one stumbled among the parlor chairs, whistling as he came.

"Say, want to go out with us fellows to-night, Metzger?" said Sim Gorham in his labored German. "Eh?"

"No, thank you," said Paul, sharply. This might be some new joke, thought he, and crashed among the keys.

He knew that Sim looked at him in surprise, but without a word more, he went out of the room.

Upstairs, where Ernst had left it, lay the paper with the advertisement. Ernst had forgotten it; but in Paul's memory it was distinct. To him it had seemed full of wonderful promise. But he let it lie there.

A feeling of rankling enmity is not an agreeable companion. All things began to look dark to Paul. He had greatly liked New York; he began to detest it. He had found his work easy enough; but now he chafed at it. He had had passing moments of slight homesickness; now he suffered sharp pangs.

Ernst failed to understand it. "You're not sick of it here already?" he said, anxiously, as he proposed some new amusement.

But every one else was gay and gayer. The holiday season was near, and all the city felt it. The people in the streets had doubled in number, and the shops were transformed. Ernst said it was as good as being at home to look into the various German supply-shops, with their gingerbread hearts and old-country confections, and hams and pigs' heads gaudily trimmed with colored papers.

At the boarding-house the customary liveliness rose to what Mrs. Martin, who was country-bred, called a "hullaballoo," for every one had holiday plans and every one announced them.

But Sim Gorham was still the conspicuous figure. His visit to Orange increased in brilliant importance as the time drew near. He gave details at every breakfast and dinner.

"Yes," he rattled on, serenely, "we're going to have a straw ride, sure, and tobogganing and skating of course; and by the way, I've decided not to have a cape overcoat!"

Paul felt that he hated him. He had added jealousy to his resentment till his heart was bitter toward Gorham. He, Paul, fell more and more into the shade; no one noticed him.

He was startled at the state of his own feelings. He had never before known such. He kept away from the parlors, and even did not want to be with Ernst. He would stand at his window of an evening and stare out at the star-spangled sky, and the vista of roofs with their chimneys and skylights and whipping clothes-lines.

He had never before been so lonely and wretched. In his depression, he told himself that he might have to give up and go home; but he knew in his heart that his trouble was not homesickness.

He had been looking for a letter, and a few days before Christmas it came. The American manager saw him take it from his desk and open it eagerly. Glancing at him an hour later he saw the boy sitting with his head in his hands, in what seemed a despondent mood.

"Bad news, Metzger?" he asked. Paul shook his head, smiling tremulously, and said nothing.

There was nothing but good news, set forth carefully by the mother who was Paul's best friend on earth. Further, there were counsels and loving good wishes. She hoped all was well with him. She had come to see that the American plan was probably best for him, and now her only concern was for his right-doing, happiness, and prosperity. Those words struck to Paul's heart with a sharp hurt. Right-doing—happiness?

He knew his mother as he knew himself; knew her standards of right, and what she would have him do. She had been to him always like a second conscience. He began now to look at himself as through her clear eyes.

Being proud of him, she had always trusted him and looked for nothing but the best from him. What would she think of his present condition? Paul smiled rather grimly.

He thought of it, and felt as if some rough, rebuking hand had turned him topsy-turvy and then left him. He suddenly despised himself and all his ways. Still he was happier; he felt more as he used to feel.

He was all at once anxious to get back to Mrs. Martin's—so much so that that day was a long trial to him. His work dragged, and the hours crawled along.

He twitched and turned on his stool and bit his pen and rubbed his hair back with a nervous hand. He hardly knew what had taken possession of him; but the light that had broken over him grew clear. He seemed to have wakened out of a bad dream.

The knowledge was strangely pleasing; he whistled softly to himself, and smiled when he met any one's eyes.

He reached home early. Snow was falling softly, and the great flakes sparkled in the light of the street-lamps. He ran up the icy steps as though an angry shadow were chasing him, dashed upstairs, searched a moment in a remembered corner, and hurried down to Sim Gorham's room.

He burst in without knocking. Sim was packing a valise, and his belongings strewed the room. As he worked with coat off, he whistled loudly, but work and tune stopped at Paul's entrance. Sim grew red and stared.

"Come in. How are you?" he stammered, half in German, half in English. "I'm packing up. Going out there to Orange to-morrow, you know. Have a chair!"

He covered his astonishment with brisk cordiality.

"I want to tell you something," Paul gasped. "But I don't know how to begin. It's a good while now that I've been feeling hard toward you, and for nothing, almost. I know why; I was jealous of you. They all like you and pay the most attention to you. I can't say anything nor understand anything; but that is not your fault. Then you called me Herr Lobster that night, and I found out what you meant, and that, with the rest—I think I've been hating you ever since."

Gorham attempted to make a frank apology, but Paul went on irresistibly:

"It has not been your fault, and it hasn't hurt you. It has hurt me. I've felt as I shall never feel again. Then to-day I got a letter from my mother—"

Paul faltered. He looked at Sim through tears, and could explain no further. He thought Sim would understand.

"But if that were all—" he continued, in sharp distress. "No, see here, what I have done! See this paper, and read that! Ernst told me to give it to you, because he would forget it; and I didn't—I wouldn't. I think you've come into a fortune, if it is not too late. I was mean enough not to tell you, and Ernst forgot it. I think I've almost committed a crime in keeping it back. Read it!"

Paul's hand shook. He was afraid to know how great a wilful wrong he had done. His face was heavy with apprehension.

Sim took the paper in a dazed way, and went through the paragraph.

"Pshaw, Metzger!" he cried, slapping the paper derisively. "Is this what your trouble is about? A great one Ernst is! Why, in the first place, the lawyer that put this in is some shark, probably, who is after some one's money; I've heard of such things. But if there's a billion in it, it wouldn't do me any good. I'm from New Hampshire, and from Higby, not Hinkley; and my grandfather wasn't John Gorham, but Simmons. There! Pshaw! What a rumpus about nothing at all!"

He had spoken as much English as German, but Paul understood. Sim clapped his knee and laughed. The stiffness of the interview was over.

"I don't see what made you say all that, Metzger," he said. And yet he did see; there was a like sincerity in his own nature that made him understand. "Why, come," Sim added. "You haven't been such a bad fellow as you make out.

"I know I'm a nuisance, Metzger," Sim continued with appealing good-nature; "a bore, and I know it. If I could help chattering and joking I would, now; but I can't. I like sensible, quiet fellows of your kind; do you know it? People respect you more. *I* haven't any dignity. I know I'm a clown and I suppose you've thought so. Why didn't you tell me so? It would have relieved you, and it might have done me good."

He laughed in his genial way.

The laugh alone was the embodiment of honest, careless good spirits.

"I'll tell you," said Sim, "I've wanted to get to know you, but my German is pretty bad, and then—what I said—you're more dignified than the rest of us. I didn't seem to know how to go to work. But I did intend to do one thing. The friends I'm going to see in Orange told me to ask one of my friends at the boarding-house to go out with me. I thought I'd ask you. I knew you couldn't help enjoying it if you couldn't talk much. I was going to invite you that night I asked you to go out with us; but you snapped me off, you know, and I didn't get up courage again."

"You were?" asked Paul. This was his sharpest moment.

"That's how it was," said Sim. "Say, I'm sorry I called you Lobster. Let that go, Metzger, and let's be friends. That invitation is open yet, you know; I haven't asked anybody else. Don't you think you can manage to get off?"

"I don't know," Paul said, slowly. "Yes, I can try to."

He was not thinking about Sim's proposition, bashfully made; he was thinking that he had had an experience and a lesson that ought to last him all his life.

EMMA A. OPPER.

For the Companion.

THE BARISAL GUN.

One of the most startling mysteries of nature is the phenomenon known in India as "the Barisal gun." In a part of the delta of the Ganges, detonations, that sound as if caused by the discharge of heavy artillery are heard booming through the air, at irregular intervals, rising from none can say where, and caused by none can say what.

They have been heard during at least four hundred years, as is proved by local history, and tradition does not reach a time when they were not heard. Nevertheless, they have never been explained.

Barisal is a little town on the western bank of the Barisal River, sixty-five miles north of the Bay of Bengal.

Although its name has been used as though the sounds were peculiar to the place, the noises are familiar to the people of Dacca, seventy-five miles northward. They sometimes occur at Chittagong, one hundred miles eastwardly, and occasionally startle folks at equally great distances away toward the west and the south. They have even been heard with great distinctness at Cherra Punji, which is nearly two hundred miles north of the Bay of Bengal.

At times they seem to come from the south or southwest; and again from the north or east. Wherever one hears them, they always seem to come from somewhere else. No one has ever been known to be near to them, but they are never so remote as to leave doubt in the minds of those who hear them that they are actually the sounds of cannonading.

The natives, ever ready to explain what they do not understand by giving it a supernatural origin, had two versions of the cause of the detonations: one, that they were the sound of the opening and shutting of the brazen gates of the mythical palace of Ravanna, on the island of Ceylon; the other, that aërial beings—Devatas—produced them by the firing of ghostly cannon in honor of Khanja Ali or Khan Jáhan, who was Tahsildar of Bagirhat four hundred years ago.

Of course, when matter-of-fact Englishmen got into the country they said "Pooh! pooh!" to all that, and straightway set to work to find scientific explanation for the sounds.

But they have to admit that they have not yet found it.

Lieutenant-Colonel Waterhouse made long and careful investigation into the subject, and published an exhaustive pamphlet, the conclusion of which was that "whence the sounds proceed there is nothing to show."

Colonel H. S. Olcott, after devoting much inquiry and study to the matter, averred that, so far as he could see, the ghostly artillerists of Indian story were as probable as anything that the most advanced modern science could suggest and maintain by way of explanation.

Now, during more than a year, the Asiatic Society of Bengal, after collecting and studying the facts, finds these mysterious aërial demonstrations as deep a puzzle as ever.

Fully to appreciate the strangeness of this phenomenon, it is necessary to understand something of the country in which it takes place, and the conditions under which it is heard.

The land in all the district mentioned is a flat, alluvial plain, intersected by a network of almost innumerable streams and channels of the sacred Ganges. That is the general character of at least fifty thousand square miles of the deltas of the Ganges and Brahmapootra Rivers.

The nearest hills are an hundred miles away from Barisal toward the east and nearly double that distance northwestwardly, so there is no basis for an "echo" hypothesis, if even it were

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possible to find anything that might cause such echoes.

There are no military cantonments and no heavy guns in all that part of the delta where these noises occur, so they cannot be caused by real material guns.

The detonations are always heard at their best in the clearest and driest weather, and never during storms, so atmospheric electricity cannot reasonably be held responsible for them.

They have not been known to occur simultaneously with earthquakes.

The attempts at explanations are in many cases rather amusing than satisfactory. If certain things were true which are not true, more than one of these explanations might be thought not wholly improbable. But as the explanations are positively contradicted by facts, it is not worth while even to mention them.

All over the territory in which this phenomenon occurs, the Asiatic Society of Bengal has caused to be distributed printed lists of questions and blank forms, to be filled out with data which it is hoped will, when collated, sustain some hypothesis, or demolish by unquestionable evidence all that have been or may be advanced.

Hundreds of the most intelligent residents in the district are gathering the desired facts. Should the Society succeed in finding a physical cause for this acoustic marvel of the centuries, it will have solved one of the most puzzling problems ever propounded to scientific men.

J. H. CONNELLY.

NEVER-SILENT SEA.

The endless circle of the shores of years,
O singing sea, dost thou fill with this song
Whose score is written on thy smallest shell,
On the wide land and on the distant wood,
And on the men and women of the town.

—*Frank Young.*

For the Companion.

OVER THE GRADE.

Half-way up a great California mountain, upon a shelf or level space called Johnson's Flat, a few sheds and cabins clustered about the shaft of the Monte Christo mine.

One of these cabins—the best of them all—was occupied by the superintendent of the mine. He was Doctor Green, and he had been a successful surgeon in an Eastern city. Ill health had compelled him to remove to these parts, and he had taken up the occupation of mining.

Down the mountain, to Gaylord's station on the Pacific Railroad twelve miles away, led a narrow cart-path, called a "grade" here. It was wide enough for only one wagon, except in two or three places where turn-outs had been cut into the side of the mountain.

In such places a wagon might wait for another to pass; and teams going up had the right of way. There was very little travel on the road.

The descent from the outer edge of this path was often almost perpendicular. One bend, where the road wound around a promontory, was called Dead Man's Point, because tradition had it that a man and a horse and wagon had gone over the grade here, and had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

There was employed about the mine a Mexican boy, called Pete. He was a faithful and hard-working boy, and had but one enemy in the world. That was "Old Lightning," an unusually large mule—heavy, bony, and extremely vicious.

This mule was used to haul the refuse from the mouth of the mine to the dump, and was generally attached to a heavy and very strong two-wheeled cart. Most of the men employed about the mine were much afraid of the animal, for he was always ready to use his teeth or his heels.

He seemed to bear a particular spite toward Pete, and had at one time, indeed, bitten and kicked him so severely that the boy's life was despaired of. Pete certainly would have been killed if Dennis McCarthy, the owner of the mule, had not interposed just in time to save his life.

As it was, Pete was badly hurt, and might not have recovered if Mrs. Green, the superintendent's wife, had not taken him to her cabin and nursed him back to life. The grateful boy had the deepest affection for Mrs. Green after this, and the deadliest fear of Old Lightning.

One day in May, when the supply wagon from Johnson's Flat returned from Gaylord's with a load, a telegram from the East was brought to Mrs. Green. It stated that her niece, an invalid, had been taken worse, and had been ordered to go to California immediately; and that she would arrive at Gaylord's on the following Monday.

Preparations were made at once to meet the invalid young lady at the station, and bring her up the mountain as comfortably as possible. The camp-wagon was stuffed with mattresses and pillows, and a safe team of mules provided.

Pete was to be taken as driver. He was an excellent driver, understood the use of the brake, knew the road perfectly, and was afraid of nothing except Old Lightning.

The train from the East was due at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, but it was seldom on time, and had lately been many hours late on account of a washout. Arrangements were made, therefore, for Mrs. Green and the invalid girl to remain at Gaylord's over night; and no one at Johnson's Flat expected them until Tuesday.

Dennis McCarthy worked all day on Monday at his usual occupation of hauling refuse to the dump with his big mule and cart; and though he was generally unwilling to admit that Lightning had faults, he was heard occasionally to grumble, and to make remarks indicating that the mule was more than usually fractious.

The day's work was nearly done. The sun was approaching the tops of the mountains across the deep gorge to the west of the camp, and the last load for the day was put into the cart to be hauled to the dump.

Just at this time one of the men, in passing, made a playful motion toward the old mule. Quick as a flash he sprang at the man, dragging the heavy cart; and before Dennis could reach him, he was going at full speed down the grade.

The man saved himself by quickly running up the hillside into a clump of bushes; but the mule had become frantic, and urged on by the loaded cart behind him and frightened by the noise it made, dashed furiously on down the grade, with Dennis in futile pursuit at an ever-widening distance behind.

The men, who were just leaving the mine, gathered at a place where the grade was plainly visible all the way to Dead Man's Point, nearly two miles below.

"Sure," said one of the miners, "I hope there's no one on the grade about now. 'Twould be a bad day for 'em to meet Old Lightning, with all that load of rock in the cart, too. They'd all go to the bottom of the cañon together."

"Never fear," said another, "there's nobody on it at this time. There'll be no danger to any one but Old Lightning, and I'm thinking he'll never cart any more tailings."

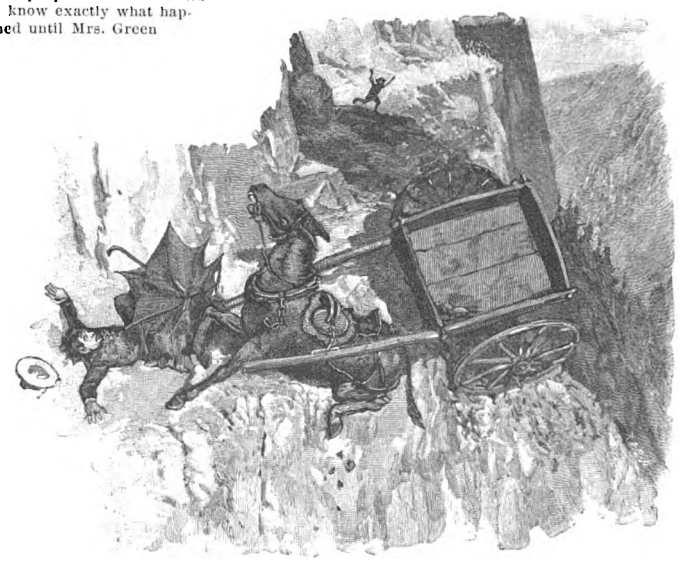
Among the others who stood looking down the grade was the superintendent, Doctor Green. The flying cart and mule were momentarily lost sight of at a slight curve, and most of the men were looking at the figure of Dennis far behind, but running as if his life depended upon it.

Suddenly the superintendent uttered an exclamation of horror, and he and several others rushed forward to the edge of the flat.

Just coming into view at Dead Man's Point, and turning the curve so that the precipice was at its very wheel, was the camp wagon. In it were Mrs. Green, the invalid girl, and Pete; and the mule and heavily loaded cart were almost upon them.

There was barely enough room for one wagon. They must go over the grade, fall the dreadful distance and be crushed below.

The people at the mine did not know exactly what happened until Mrs. Green



Over the Grade.

was able to tell her story; and this is what she said:

"As soon as we reached Gaylord's we learned that the Overland train had been telegraphed as on time, greatly to the surprise of every one; and at eleven o'clock it arrived with my niece, Alice, on board.

"We took dinner at Mrs. Atwood's, where we had arranged to stay over night; and as my niece was tired of travel, and as I knew that the accommodations we had prepared for her at home were better than she could obtain at Gaylord's, I made up my mind to push on up the mountain.

"As we were driving away, Mrs. Atwood called to us, and came running out with a large blue cotton umbrella.

"'You'd better take this,' she said; 'you are going just away from the sun, and it will shine in at the back of the wagon and make the poor girl uncomfortable if you don't have something to shade her.'

"We took it, although I hardly thought it would be necessary to spread it.

"The mules kept along at the rate of about three or four miles an hour, so that at five o'clock we were approaching Dead Man's Point.

"Alice, lying back upon her pillows, had been much charmed all the way by the scenery. So, as we came to Dead Man's Point, and stopped to allow the team to take breath, I called her attention to the grandeur of the view here.

"But she could hardly look at it, she was in such fear of the deep chasm of the cañon on our left hand, which we seemed almost to overhang.

"While we looked, and I assured her that there was not the slightest danger, I heard an exclamation from Pete. Looking up the grade, I saw, coming like a whirlwind around a little bend, Old Lightning, with his heavy cart bounding behind him.

"I saw it as one sees objects revealed by a flash of lightning in a dark night. Instantly I thought of our fate, for nothing could stop him, and when he struck us we must be hurled over the precipice.

"I was paralyzed with fear; everything turned black before me. I had a wild desire to escape, but I knew that escape was impossible. Even if I could have climbed from the wagon, it would have done no good; and what of the sick girl?

"While I looked, and while these thoughts flashed through my mind. I saw Pete throw all his weight on the lever of the brake, forcing it down to the last notch, and locking the wheels so that it was impossible for them to turn. Then he thrust the reins and whip into my hands.

"'Keep the team steady, ma'am,' he said, 'you *must* do it!'

"He seized something under the seat, and before I could speak, he was gone from the wagon like a flash.

"For one moment I basely supposed he was going to save himself by climbing the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, which no doubt he might have done—he is so quick and agile. But the next moment I saw him rushing toward the on-coming mule and cart, and wondered in a stupid way why he showed so little fear of his old enemy.

"While I looked, unable to turn away my eyes, and knowing that surely he must be killed, I saw him make a stand in the path, and suddenly spread the big blue umbrella directly in the face of the mule. I saw the mule as suddenly swerve a little toward the edge of the precipice.

"In that instant the off wheel of the heavy cart went over the grade, and amid a cloud of dust everything vanished from my sight, leaving only in view the winding mountain road, with poor Pete lying with torn clothing and bleeding face in the middle of it.

"Then I heard the awful crashing of the cart as it bounded from rock to rock to the bottom of the cañon.

"I was so frightened, so dazed that I did not know what to do. I did not dare to leave the wagon to go to Pete's assistance, for the mules were much excited, and I had hard work to keep them from trying to turn around.

"Fortunately, Alice had not realized the situation, for her view toward the front was obstructed; and when she anxiously asked what was the matter, I was able to quiet her, by assuring her that the danger was past.

"While I was trying to think how I could get to over the grade, they were astonished to see Old Lightning, only a short distance down the side of the cañon, wedged in between two fir-trees—the only ones to be seen far or near along the precipice.

The heavy shafts of the cart had broken off like pipestems, and the vehicle was smashed literally to kindling-wood at the bottom of the ravine.

A windlass and tackle were brought down from the camp, and with great difficulty Old Lightning was drawn up, groaning badly, but apparently not much injured.

Before long he was at work again on the dump.

JOHN F. BARNES.

For the Companion.

SLAVE-TRADING IN AFRICA.

My chief duty in Africa was to obtain news of Stanley and his long-silent Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, but I had also a mission to investigate the traffic in slaves in East Equatorial Africa. I looked into the abominable trade in "black ivory" from many points of view, as it exists in what is recognized as the headquarters of slave-dealing.

Zanzibar and Pemba are large, fertile islands, lying about thirty miles off the African coast, just south of the equator, in the Indian Ocean. The islands are covered with clove-plantations, and supply two-thirds of the world's consumption of cloves.

The population and industrial economy of these islands remind one of the South before the war. The Southern cotton-planter with his army of black slaves was a civilized and more cultured edition of the Zanzibar or Pemba Arab "clove-baron" and his gangs of half-civilized slaves, as they are seen to-day.

At present the English are endeavoring to persuade the Arabs that slave-labor is a mistake altogether. In an interview with the late Sultan of Zanzibar, Seyyid Khalifa-bin-Said, I assured His Highness that the Southern planters of America were now heartily glad that they had no slaves, and would oppose more strongly than any one else the reinstatement of the system.

"All very well," the Sultan replied, "but Arabs can never do without slaves; for centuries they have been used to owning them and depending on them, and they would be helpless without them."

I paid a visit to an Arab clove-plantation, and found there the happiest and laziest beings imaginable. The men did nothing but loaf about in the shade, and the young women, who were engaged in quarrying coral-slag for making lime, sang like larks as they "played at work." The children were gay, thoughtless and active.

We were looking on the brighter side of African slavery. By and by the scene changed.

I was leading an expedition into the interior along one of the routes traversed by the Arabs when bringing their raw slaves to the coast to be sold. Though the British and German men-of-war maintained a rigorous blockade against the exportation of slaves from the continent to Zanzibar, we met between Mombasa and Mount Kilimanjaro two gangs of women and children being driven coastward.

The gangs were walking Indian file, one slave behind another, along the footpaths that represent the only roads in Africa. Here and there along the line was an Arab with a gun.

One of the Arabs, I remember, was a mere youth of about thirteen years old, who carried a gun with a barrel much longer than himself. He was the son of one of the leading Arabs, and strutted along with a great air of importance.

After salaaming to us, he endeavored to "show off" to the white men, by brusquely ordering the women—some of whom were old enough to be his grandmother—ahead of him to move on faster. This boy had accompanied his father to learn the business of slave-dealing.

That young slaver would think no more of slashing a poor old famished and way-weary woman across the back with a stick than of beating an ass.

This gang was so near the coast and so far from home that its members would not think of running away, and accordingly the yokes had been removed from their necks. Although the Arabs are brutal and inhuman, they never forget that a healthy slave will bring more money in Zanzibar or Pemba than a sickly and emaciated one, and it is only to avoid losing them that they burden their captures, or purchases, with yokes.

The second gang was farther up country, and around each slave's neck was a yoke of several strands of iron wire, as thick as telegraph wire, to which was attached a stick about four feet long.

This yoke was not unlike the "poke" worn by breachy cattle on American farms as a precaution against jumping fences.

Each slave was permitted to relieve his neck from the weight of the stick by holding it ahead of him, or her, with the hand. This was what each of the poor wretches was doing when we came upon them; but the slave convoy was in confusion at the unexpected appearance of white men.

The custom is for an Arab to lead the foremost slave by his poke; this slave holds the poke of the one behind him, and so on down the line. The rear is brought up by one or two of the Arabs with their ever-handy guns.

The part of East Africa that I visited is not devastated by large gangs of Arabs and their slaves, as Tippoo Tib and other big slave-raiders despoil the country of the Upper Congo. They accomplish their purposes with diplomacy and intrigue rather than by fighting.

Their plans are to supply the native chiefs with guns and ammunition, and incite them to attack each other and capture women and children. The Arabs then buy the captives and march off with them to the coast.

At the court of every petty chief are found several villanous Arabs, or their mongrel African descendants, the Swahili, who intrigue to set tribe against tribe, in order that prisoners may be taken and brought to them to sell.

When I was on Mount Kilimanjaro, the Arabs

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had persuaded the Chief of Machame that his neighbor and rival, Cena of Kibosho, was dead, and that now would be a grand opportunity to make a raid and capture a number of his people.

Machame greedily took the bait, and ordered a grand assembly of his warriors for the expedition. The Arabs sat and drank pombe with their ignorant and savage young dupe, while the Koodoo-horn trumpets blared among the banana groves, and the wild young warriors, flaunting spear and shield, hastened to the chief's boma.



A Slave Convoy.

They were ordered to go and "eat up" Kibosho, whilst the people there were in confusion over the death of their chief. The Arab intriguers chuckled in their sleeves as the warriors set out with loud acclaim.

Believing in the words of the Arabs, they attacked Kibosho; but to their astonishment they found the chief of that territory not dead, but very much alive, and thoroughly prepared to defend his country. For the same diabolical agency that had incited Machame to attack him, had been at the same time tampering with Cena.

He was told of the proposed invasion, and already were his forces mustered for retaliation and revenge.

The warriors of Machame were defeated, and two hundred of them slain. The war was carried into Machame; for three days houses were burned and banana plantations cut down, and many people captured.

There were Arabs at Cena's court, too; confederates of the intriguers at Machame, ready to buy every captive brought in.

By this crafty diplomacy it mattered little to the Arabs which side won the fight and captured slaves. They were at both ends of the line, ready to put into their yokes the necks of the unfortunate women and children of either country.

A peculiarly revolting side of these slave-raiding scenes is that the greater part of the captives are sure to be women with young children.

Whilst the men and the unencumbered of both sexes act immediately as self-preservation dictates, the first care of the mother is to save her babes and helpless young children. While endeavoring to drag them away with her, she and they fall an easy prey to the active warriors of the marauding party. Of the two convoys we encountered on their weary march to the coast, by far the greater number were women with babes.

In the Kilimanjaro country few, if any, full-grown men are captured. The men are all warriors, and fight to the death rather than be driven off to the coast and sold.

The most desirable captures are young boys and girls, of from twelve to sixteen years of age.

They are young enough to be thoroughly "broken in" to the work on the clove-plantations of Pemba, and soon forget their old life and associations. It is more difficult for the older people to accustom themselves to the complete change, and to reconcile themselves to the separation from friends and relations.

Many persons die on the way to the coast, and also from fevers after they reach their destination. It is estimated that one-fourth of the slaves driven from the Kilimanjaro States die of sickness on the road and after reaching the coast.

After they reach the coast the slaves are secreted until an opportunity presents for shipping them across to Zanzibar or Pemba in a dhow.

Nowadays, this is a risky part of the business for the Arab. English cruisers are patrolling the intervening channels for the very purpose of capturing dhows with slaves. The British Government pays five pounds prize money for every slave captured by the sailors. By a treaty made in 1873 between England and the Sultans of Zanzibar, all slaves thus captured are "forfeited to Her Majesty." The dhow is confiscated, and the captain and crew are fined and imprisoned.

It is often difficult to get the wild slaves to give evidence in court against the Arabs. On the march from the interior they have been made to believe that the white men are cannibals who will endeavor to capture them and eventually eat them. They are instructed just what to answer, in reply to questions, so as to aid the Arabs in evading responsibility and punishment if caught.

After they are captured, every kindness is shown them by the English officers, so as to gain their confidence, and destroy the belief that they have fallen into the hands of cannibals. If possible the people are returned to their homes in the interior, but nine-tenths of them are turned over to the care of the missionaries.

A railway from the east coast to the Victoria Nyanza would stop the slave-trade from the interior. In Zanzibar itself it has recently been abolished by the Sultan. THOMAS STEVENS.

THE DIVINE IN NATURE.

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.
—*Mrs. Browning.*

THE BRITISH CENSUS.

The census of Great Britain and Ireland is taken, as it is in this country, once in ten years. Our census was taken last year, but that of the United Kingdom was taken during the spring just passed, and its broad general results were announced in June.

The British census is by no means as thorough as the American. It does not go minutely into the industrial, economic and social condition of the people, as is the case with us. Its principal feature is merely the ascertainment of the numbers of the population.

The results of the British census just completed are interesting and suggestive; they are more especially so in relation to Ireland.

It appears that during ten years the population both of England and of Scotland has increased, while that of Ireland shows a very considerable diminution.

England, densely crowded ten years ago, has become yet more dense in population. The increase is between four and five millions, and the present population of the kingdom is now between twenty-nine and thirty millions.

The northern kingdom of Scotland has added something like a million to its inhabitants; and the simultaneous increase in Scotland and decrease in Ireland have brought the populations of these two countries near together.

A marked feature of the British census returns is the proof they give that the country people have been flocking steadily to the large cities and towns, thus causing a decline in agriculture. While the rural population has decreased, that of the cities and towns has grown rapidly.

The census of Ireland shows results at once melancholy and instructive. The population of the island is actually less than it was in the first year of the present century. It was then somewhat over five millions. To-day it is, in the exact figures returned, four million seven hundred and six thousand one hundred and sixty-two.

Ireland reached its high-water mark of population in 1841, just fifty years ago. The number of its people was then a little over eight millions. In the next ten years the number decreased no less than twenty per cent. It kept on decreasing the succeeding three decades, by eight, twelve and four and a half per cent. respectively.

In 1881 the population was a little over five millions—just about what it was at the beginning of the century. The loss during the past ten years, therefore, has been nearly half a million.

The chief cause of this decline in the population of Ireland has been the large emigration of the Irish from their own land to new homes across seas. Had there been no emigration for the past ten years, the census would have shown an increase of over a quarter of a million. But during that period more than three-quarters of a million have emigrated.

A lesser cause is found in the decrease in the average size of Irish families; the average number of persons in a family having become slightly less.

The Irish, too, are found to have been deserting the country for the towns. The decrease has taken place almost wholly in the country districts, especially in those of the provinces of Connaught and Munster.

Dublin, on the other hand, increased its population two per cent. in the ten years; while Belfast has increased twenty-three per cent., and Londonderry ten per cent. Agricultural pursuits, therefore, have diminished in Ireland as they have in the sister kingdoms.

The decline of the Irish population, directly due to emigration, is indirectly owing to the bad land system and oppressive government, under which Ireland has suffered for many generations. It is to be hoped that, with an improvement in both respects, the showing of the next Irish census may be a far brighter one.

DISMISSED.

We leave behind,
As, chartered by some unknown powers,
We stem across the sea of life by night,
The joys which were not for our use designed,
The friends to whom we had no natural right,
The homes that were not destined to be ours.
—*Matthew Arnold.*

THE SUMMER VACATION.

The idea of a vacation in the country is as old as the Christian era. The rich Romans in the time of Augustus used to make such holiday visits to their country-seats at Baiae, Pompeii, and the northern hills. But this was a luxury of the wealthy.

In England, a century ago, it was much the same thing. When Parliament adjourned, well on in the summer, and the fashionable London season came to an end, the wealthy noblemen would travel off to their country estates for the shooting season of the autumn.

But until within a comparatively recent time the custom was confined strictly to the wealthiest class. Most of our readers, no doubt, will recollect how long it was after John Gilpin was married—and he was a citizen of credit and renown, and by no means poor—before his pleasure-loving but frugal-minded spouse persuaded him to take a holiday.

Still, as time went on, well-to-do tradesmen began to devote a part of the summer to rest, and the custom slowly but steadily became general.

The summer vacation in this country is quite a modern institution, but it has spread rapidly and may now be said to be well-nigh universal. It is, to be sure, many years since it became the custom for families that could afford it to remove to the country or the seaside or the mountains for a few weeks.

But the clerks in stores and in offices then had no definite period of rest. No longer than twenty-five years ago it was very much the exception when a business firm gave its employees a vacation in the summer, without stopping their salaries. To-day, the great majority of employers allow their clerks an annual vacation of two weeks, and the salaries are regularly paid during the time of absence.

The customs have changed in other respects. Those families which migrate from their usual homes for a general summer outing start earlier, go farther, and stay longer than they formerly did.

Thousands of people go to Canada or to the Pacific coast; hundreds of thousands cross to Europe. Great business firms, with agents all over the world, arrange summer tours at reduced rates, and often send couriers along to manage travelling parties.

Then, too, account must be taken of the hundreds of villages by the seaside, on the lake shores, among the mountains, and in the neighborhood of religious camp-grounds. The houses are for the most part constructed very cheaply,—they are hardly more than permanent camps,—and the people who live in them for a few weeks each year are in circumstances, as regards this world's goods, that would have been deemed a few years ago quite unequal to affording the luxury of a second home.

The vacation itself has grown longer. People leave their homes, very generally, early in June, and the majority of summer tourists do not return until October.

It is noticeable, too, that the tendency of Americans to take more frequent vacations is extending every year. In the last few years the custom of taking winter trips to the Southern States has grown remarkably popular. Some of the largest hotels in the world have been built on Chesapeake Bay, in Virginia, and in Florida, to provide for this business, and some of them make no effort to get summer visitors.

Within the last year or two, winter resorts in the North, on a dry and sandy soil, and sheltered from the harsh winds by pine forests, have grown immensely in public favor. The Americans, the hardest-working people in the world, are learning that it pays to look after rest and health.

European countries are slow to follow the example, partly, no doubt, because they take life more easily all the year round, and live in less trying climates, so that they have less need of the rest.

On the European continent the religious holidays partly supply the need. At Easter and at Christmas-time the whole population stop their active work, sometimes for several days at a time. But unless they are rich, the people seldom go far away from home for their vacations.

FOOLISH SUPERSTITIONS.

In a recent official report of the statistics of railways in France, it is stated that the number of travellers is diminished nearly twenty per cent. on the Fridays of each week owing, it is inferred, to the popular fear of beginning a journey on that day.

This superstition had taken so strong a hold of the sailors and longshoremen in Philadelphia a few years ago that certain shippers found that it interfered with their business.

They determined to combat it in a practical way. A vessel was built, of which the plan was drawn and the contracts signed on Friday. The keel was laid on Friday; she was launched on Friday, christened "Friday," and set sail on Friday.

But unfortunately for the good intentions of her owners, she ran aground on a bar in the bay before the day was over. The malcontent crew triumphantly threw the blame on the accursed day, though no one doubted that they had contrived the disaster.

She was rechristened the "Saturday."

So universal is this prejudice even among ourselves,—shrewd, practical Americans,—that few if any passenger steamers leave our ports on Friday.

Another recognition of an equally baseless and foolish superstition is found in the fact that some of our large hotels, it is said, do not contain any chamber numbered thirteen, as some travellers would decline to occupy it if so named.

The difficulty is avoided by skipping the hated number, or by naming the first thirteen chambers by letters, and commencing the numbering with fourteen.

So many educated people dislike to be one of thirteen guests at table that a club was formed in New York whose purpose was to ridicule and disprove the silly superstition. The club had thirteen members, who dined together on the thirteenth day of each month upon thirteen dishes. Several years have passed since the society was organized, and the original members still appear each month in unbroken health.

These old superstitions grew out of the fact that Friday is held to be accursed because it was the day on which Jesus was crucified; and the thirteenth guest is supposed to represent the traitor Judas at the Last Supper.

We may well question whether Christ, who gave His life in gentle ministries to men, can delight in sending misfortunes upon them throughout ages, to make the day on which He died a day of continued pain and sorrow; or that because a wicked man once was the thirteenth guest, God will sentence every man or woman or little child who happens to sit upon the thirteenth chair at table to a speedy death.

"If a ghost meet you, throttle it," says an old English proverb, and there are no ghosts which fade into nothingness at close quarters so soon as these popular superstitions.

THOROUGHNESS.

"Pray do not trouble yourself," a lady said to a young man who was trying to open the blind to an unused door; "I can just as well go out the front way."

The young man tapped his forehead and said smilingly, "But then something will give way here. All my troubles come from letting hard things balk me."

This seam is too long, let us slight it; this sum is too hard, let us skip it; this load is too heavy, you carry it.

"Poor peddling dilettanteism," as Carlyle says scornfully; do you not know that all things are difficult before they become easy? That just in proportion as a man or woman knows or does a thing thoroughly he is powerful?

"It is as easy to braid iron as to braid straw," says Emerson, "if you proceed step by step. Wherever there is failure some point has been omitted."

Have you not heard persons begin to tell an anecdote, and finally confess that they had forgotten the point? or attempt an explanation only to enter the mire themselves? On the contrary, whatever we learn thoroughly is of use, even though the acquiring it be a severe trial.

A schoolgirl once said, "My room-mate is a doctor's daughter, and she has picked up various terms which she likes to hurl at us. The ponderous name of the smallest bone in the ear is her favorite, and I have heard it scores of times. However, I never attempted it myself, and so yesterday when those boys were airing their physiology and I wanted to rival them, I could not think of that name. It was so exasperating. Why did I never master that bone? And yet who would have believed I could ever wish to use it."

The shepherd David learned to use his sling to the perfection of a hair's breadth; and by his accuracy he saved the armies of Israel.

Schiller's early life was spent at a military school—six years the most harassing and comfortless in his life; but to that training of misery he owed his marvellous power to delineate soldier life and character.

The early life of Dickens's Lizzie Hexam was spent, horribly to her, in rowing her father's filthy boat; but years afterward she cried, "Now merciful heaven be thanked for that old time, enabling me without a wasted moment to have got the boat afloat again, and to row back against the stream!" Her old bold life and habit instantly inspired her to save a human life, and that life her lover's.

In any profession of life there is nothing short of being absolutely evil which is so fatal as superficiality. The man or woman who wishes to succeed must not shrink or slight or neglect the details of his business.

Lord Wolseley covered the case when he declared, "Had I begun life as a tinker, my earnest endeavor would have been to make better pots and

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pans than my neighbors, and I think I may venture to say without vanity, that with God's blessing I should have been successful."

Surely, Lord Wolseley; and the reward of that duty would have been the power to fulfil one that was higher. It is always so. Learning to do one thing thoroughly and well is the surest foundation for success in life.

A FAMOUS CLASS.

The class which graduated from Harvard College in 1829 became a famous one. Its members attained eminence in many professions—in law, medicine, theology, science, commerce and literature. One of its members, the late Rev. James Freeman Clarke, says, nevertheless, in his Autobiography, that the class did not promise much in college, and that few of its members took genuine interest in the college studies. Their want of interest was largely due to the fact that, with one or two exceptions, the professors and tutors did not teach, but heard recitations.

The late Professor Benjamin Pierce, the distinguished mathematician, was a member of the class. He was born with a genius for mathematics, and went far beyond the college course in that direction.

In taking out books from the college library, instead of selecting novels, poetry, history, biography or travels, as most of the students did, he carried away under his arm large quarto volumes of pure mathematics.

It was observed when the class recited in conic sections or the calculus, that the tutor never put any question to Pierce, but having set him going, let him talk as long as he chose without interruption. The class shrewdly suspected that the tutor did this from fear lest the examiner might become the examined.

The talents of another member of the class, Oliver Wendell Holmes, did not become known to most of his classmates until near the end of the college course.

Doctor Clarke, who passed many evenings with him, playing chess and enjoying his bright conversation, writes thus: "He said things then as witty as any that have since proceeded from his tongue and pen. One of his impromptus lingers in my memory. We were talking of metaphysics.

"'I'll tell you, James,' said he, 'what I think metaphysics is like. It is like a man splitting a log. When it is done he has two more to split.'"

His classmates could foresee the future eminence of Benjamin R. Curtis, who became so prominent at the bar and on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. His papers, read aloud to the professor of philosophy, were so logical, and such exhaustive discussions, that it seemed impossible to improve on them. His mind worked with the accuracy of a machine. It did its work as accurately in those college papers as it did when he argued at the bar or delivered opinions from the bench.

YOUNG VANDALS.

Along the borders of roadways, in Germany and other European countries—in the rural districts, on the village streets, and even in the street parterres of the larger towns—hand-some fruit-trees are often found growing. They are well cared for, and not only beautify the streets and afford shade, but yield a very considerable revenue both to abutting land-owners and to village corporations.

These street fruit-trees are respected by boys and men. Boys do not think of taking the fruit from these trees any more than they do of taking any other property not their own; or, we may add, more than they think of trampling down the grass or plucking flowers—things which American boys do habitually.

Though occasionally a boy may be caught stealing fruit in Europe, he is regarded as a thief and as nothing less than a thief.

In 1859 an enumeration of all the trees standing in the streets of Salem, Massachusetts, was made. There were then about twenty-six hundred street trees standing, of which the most were elms and maples; and there were one hundred and ten cherry-trees.

This year another examination of the Salem street trees was made, and it was found that the cherry-trees had totally disappeared.

"The foraging of boys made them a nuisance," the owners reported. The boys not only took all the fruit, but did it in such a way, breaking branches and causing uproar, that the owners of the trees cut them all down.

Private orchards frequently have suffered from the same cause. Boys and young men have intruded, to help themselves to fruit, and rather than maintain a constant defensive warfare the owners have cut down their trees.

It is a bad commentary on our institutions that in America, the freest of countries, the boys should be the most lawless, and should have least regard for the rights of public and private property.

The movement to increase the beauty of our villages is making progress. One of the first things to be done to make it successful is to teach boys and men that wantonly to break a twig, to steal a flower, or to disfigure a lawn, is an offence against the whole community.

DEEP INDEBTEDNESS.

Haydon, the English painter, was once made to realize his dependence upon the outer world of meat and drink in a forcible and amusing manner. Perhaps he had felt that genius was a spiritual flame, feeding on airs from heaven, he was to learn that it had its foundations in beef and mutton.

The butcher called, so Mr. Haydon reports, and was sent up into the painting-room, where the artist found him in great admiration of his "Alexander."

"Quite alive, sir," said he.

"I am glad you think so," replied Haydon.

"Yes, sir; but as I have often said to my sister, you could not have painted that picture, sir, if you had not eat my meat, sir."

"Very true."

"Ah, sir, I have a fancy for *genus*, sir. Mrs. Siddons, sir, has eat my meat, sir. Never was such a woman for chops, sir! Ah, sir, she was a wonderful crayture!"

"She was, indeed."

"Ah, sir, when she used to act that there character,—that there woman, sir, that murders a king between 'em!"

"Oh, Lady Macbeth?"

"Ah, sir, that's it, Lady Macbeth. I used to get up with the butler behind her carriage when she acted, and as I used to see her looking quite wild, and all the people quite frightened:

"'Ah, ha, my lady,' says I, 'if it was'n't for my meat, though, you wouldn't be able to do *that*.'"

"Why, you seem to be a man of feeling," interposed Haydon.

"You see, sir, I've fed Mrs. Siddons, sir, John Kemble, sir, Madame Catalani, sir, Morland the painter, and—I beg pardon, sir—and *you*, sir. Madame Catalani, sir, was a wonderful woman for sweetbreads, but Mrs. Siddons, sir, she liked chops!"

BALZAC AND BERTHET.

Balzac, the great French novelist, once received a lesson in good manners from a younger and less distinguished associate. The hint came with good grace from the younger man, Elie Berthet, because it was deserved, and because Berthet himself was a person of courteous manners and gentle and amiable disposition. Berthet had written some romances which became so popular, and had so distinguished himself in journalistic work as to become an assistant editor of the *Siècle*.

As the assistant of M. Desnoyers, the editor of the *Siècle*, he had been introduced to Balzac. But though Balzac had many interviews with M. Desnoyers, and was often in the office, he never paid the slightest attention to Berthet. He did not even speak or bow to the young novelist.

One day Balzac took some copy to the *Siècle* office, and was greatly disturbed because M. Desnoyers, whom he wished to see, was out.

Soon after he left the office he met Elie Berthet. He went up to the young man, and without touching his hat or otherwise saluting him, touched him on the arm with one finger, and said:

"Ah! you tell Desnoyers that I have left the copy at the office."

Without a second glance he turned away.

Berthet delivered the message, and the editor replied, "I am not likely to forget it. He has sent me word by three persons already."

Three days later Balzac and Berthet met at about the same place. Berthet did not take off his hat. He touched Balzac on the arm with one finger, and said:

"Ah! he says you have sent him word by three persons already."

Then he walked on.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A newspaper correspondent sometimes has to undergo, in this prosaic age of the world, personal perils not unlike those which, in former times, the military spy was constantly falling into. Under such circumstances of peril he must have his wits about him.

The late Laurence Oliphant, a journalist and man of letters, was once the correspondent of the London *Times*, which, in France, was a hated paper. He attended a revolutionary meeting at Lyons, where the population had begun to commit desperate excesses.

He knew French so well, and had so cleverly assumed the guise of a workingman, that he was not suspected; but suddenly a rumor was announced to the meeting that an emissary of the brutal London *Times* was there.

At once the mob was in an uproar, and loud cries resounded of "*Cherchons-le! à la mort! à la rivière!*" (Let us find him! kill him! to the river with him!)

Oliphant jumped to his feet with a look of overwhelming indignation, shouting at the top of his voice, "*Cherchons-le! Cherchons-le! Moi, je le connais de vue.*" (Let's find him! I know him by sight!)

Under cover of this zeal, and hunting everywhere for the detested Englishman, he made his escape.

CONCEITED.

The Abbé Pradt, a rushlight of Napoleon's time, was a most conceited man. The Duke of Wellington was always delighted to tell a story of meeting him in Paris, at a dinner given in honor of himself. The Abbé made a long oration, chiefly on the state of political affairs, and concluded with the words: "We owe the salvation of Europe to one man alone."

"Before he gave me time to blush," said the Duke, "he put his hand on his heart, and continued:

"'To me!'"

When Napoleon was at Elba he read the Abbé Pradt's *Memoires*, and was vastly entertained by them. Indeed, he is said to have roared with laughter; and if the Abbé could so enliven the pining exile, he surely did not live in vain. It is stated in these memoirs that when Napoleon met the Abbé at an inn in Warsaw, after the French had retreated from Russia, the Emperor was much impressed by his personality. Indeed, he sat down at a table and took notes of the Abbé's conversation.

"Now," said Napoleon, on reading this, "always hear both sides. I was then writing Maret to say: 'Send that silly Pradt back to his diocese!'"

INLAND LAKES.

It is not generally realized that there are in this country literally millions of lakes which are available for water-farming; in size all the way from mere ponds to the great inland seas of fresh water. In Illinois alone there are ten of thousands of lakes, and hundreds of thousands more can be readily created.

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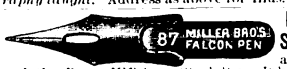
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For the Companion.

THE GIRL WITH A TASTE FOR MUSIC.

By Madame Emma Juch.

I have been asked repeatedly to give my views on the best methods to be followed by young singers, and have repeatedly declined, for the reason that I firmly believe that there are many roads to success, provided one has the quality of voice necessary for that success.

It is, in my opinion, as impossible for any person without the required quality of voice to become a great singer, as it is for a near-sighted person to become a wonderful rifle-shot, or a lame man a great pedestrian, a constitutionally weak person a great athlete, or a naturally vulgar person truly refined.

If one is possessed of the quality of voice, one may by many methods strengthen, purify and cultivate it to such an extent as to render it far more sweet, delicate and effective; but I am not certain that any particular method pursued by great teachers is absolutely necessary to success.

But of one thing I am sure, and that is that in order to become a great vocalist one must possess splendid bodily health, and be ambitious and industrious.

In order that the voice shall be always in good condition, one must rise early, take plenty of out-door exercise and frequent cold baths; in fact, one must practise diligently and persistently the most thorough course of physical training.

Long walks, in which a steady, easy stride must be maintained, the head thrown back and the mouth closed, and the breath taken in regularly through the nostrils, probably are more conducive to the strengthening and developing of the lungs than any other exercise. This may be followed by light dumb-bell or Indian-club exercises, which also have a tendency to expand the chest and strengthen the muscles brought into play by the use of the voice.

Daily contact with the open air, whether it be bright and clear or damp and foggy, is absolutely necessary to keep the throat and lungs in perfect condition.

If the singer is situated so that she is unable to take the above described exercise, she will find an almost immediately perceptible falling off of the strength and quality of the voice.

There are many other things than the mere strengthening of the voice, to be gained by this regularly apportioned system of exercise. It promotes the health, gives one an easy carriage, and is productive of a grace of movement that cannot be attained in any other way.

Plenty of open-air exercise is more conducive to grace and ease of manner than all the lessons in deportment that could possibly be crowded into a life-time.

The air bath is quite as important as the water bath, and should be taken just as regularly and persistently, and to these should be added the sun bath.

These three combined, accompanied by the necessary amount of exercise, are productive of a cheerfulness of disposition and a clearness of brain that enable one to pursue vocal and mental studies with a degree of pleasure in them and strength of purpose that almost invariably insure success.

The exercise must be taken under the advice of a competent physician, for there is danger of over-doing the matter; and to overdo it would weaken the student, and retard rather than promote vocal or mental culture.

After proper attention has been given to physical exercise, the next important matter to be taken up is vocal exercise and training. This must be divided into regular hours, and resumed each day with the same regularity that one should observe in all other matters.

The time to be devoted each day to vocal exercise should be determined by a competent master of vocal culture. The singer's voice requires as much care and attention, to be at its best, as do the digestive organs of the dyspeptic. It cannot be abused or neglected.

Let any singer mark attentively the difference between the quality and strength of the voice when it is exercised regularly and systematically and its quality and strength when it is only occasionally used, and I am positive that she will be surprised at the marked falling off or improvement of condition, as the case may be.

It is a well-established fact that proficiency in the performance on any instrument can only be attained by diligent and unremittent practice. This is probably more applicable to the voice than to anything else.

I do not believe in the system of muffling-up that is practised by nearly all foreign singers who visit this country. They pass their lives in heated apartments, carefully excluding every draught of fresh air for fear they may take cold and be unable to sing.

My physicians advise the frequent bathing of the throat and chest with cold water as the best preventive of colds, and I have pursued this plan while travelling about the country for the past few years, with the best results.

I have never been unable to take part in an opera or concert on account of a cold, even in the Northern part of this country during the most severe winter, and fully believe that this is due more to my physical and vocal exercise, the liberal use of cold water, and the perfect state of bodily health that these ensure, than to any other cause.

I consider a cheerful and healthy mental condition absolutely necessary to success; and this I manage to secure by a liberal indulgence in out-of-door sports whenever opportunity permits.

If I had an opportunity to hear the pupils of a female seminary or college sing, I should fully expect to find the voices of the tennis-playing girls far superior in strength and quality to those of the young ladies who seldom engage in health-giving exercise and pleasure.

Angling and shooting are capital sports for those who have the physical ability for them. I am sorry that our American girls so rarely engage in these splendid pastimes. I think they would do well to pattern after their English cousins in this respect.

I advocate such sports and exercises because I believe them to be absolutely necessary to physical health, and without that one is not likely to possess the amount of energy and ambition to succeed in any walk in life.

Proficiency in the arts and sciences, music more particularly than any other, is only acquired by the most diligent attention. Work, work, practise, practise, if you would become great, and no matter how great you become, work and practise if you would retain your greatness.

In the words of the old master to his pupil who had mastered successfully every stage of tuition until he had become so proficient that in his opinion there was nothing more to learn, "When you have nothing better to do, practise the scale."

For the Companion.

IN SKELETON POOL.

Due north is the general direction of the Brazeau River, but it takes one very sharp turn to the west, and in the angle is "The Devil's Elbow," which is so much a terror to raftsmen that none but the boldest will hire for the Brazeau drive.

Beneath the surges of its great eddy, Skeleton Pool, the bones of many drowned men are supposed to drift endlessly around; and he is a past master of river-craft who can boast truly of having safely run the Elbow twice or thrice.

It is difficult to convey in words a picture of so complicated a phenomenon as the Elbow. Unless the reader can be made to realize the configuration of the ground, the surge of the river against the precipice, the fury with which it turns to roar away on its western course, the impulse with which it hurls off the eddy toward Tower Island, and the remorselessness of that whirlpool's grasp and assault on such timber cribs as enter it, he will not quite understand Duncan Stewart's adventure.

Running out of a low-lying, timbered country, the Brazeau's course is intercepted by the face of a plateau some three hundred feet higher. Into this bluff, which elsewhere descends less precipitously, the torrent, by many ages of persistence, has cut such an angle as a huge carpenter's square might fit. Three pines, bunched just at the apex of this angle, and conspicuous as the only trees on the upper level, swing their long arms out over the sheer cliff, there sliced straight down as a stick is by a hay-knife. Almost incessantly these long arms seem to gesticulate in the current of air rushing up out of the chasm.

Opposite this, some four hundred feet distant, the face of Tower Island rises straight about one hundred feet; and on every side, but one, shoots up as suddenly. It divides the Brazeau into rapids of nearly equal descent; but the north or Devil's Elbow Channel has the "draw," and takes most of the water.

The trick of running a crib of logs safely through is to gain the south channel, which, unless the crib gets into the mild eddy at the foot of Tower Island, quickly hurries the timber into the calm reach a mile below.

Here high spring wagons wait, at a tavern kept by the Widow Black, to carry the raftsmen back to the head.

Sometimes, at long intervals, a wagon laden with men rattles by without a cheery song. In such a case, it is a fair inference that some gang, failing to catch the south channel, and having missed the turn at the dreadful angle, are being whirled away dead down the river, or rolled among the vexed bones in the depths of Skeleton Pool.

Not that the Elbow is certain death. Probably five cribs out of six get safely through, or lose but one or two men. I believe this to be oftenest the result of sudden changes in the river's action, though raftsmen insist that all depends on the judgment, strength and nerve of a crew.

For this run each crib carries four men and eight sweeps—four at each end. If carried into the Elbow channel, all hands, when near the angle, take to the sweeps at the rear.

Just as the crib's front seems likely to crash against the precipice the stern begins to wheel down, and the men assist this action of the current. If they miss here, and are borne sidewise away instead of stern down, the crib does not get close enough ashore, and the thrust from the precipice commonly carries them into the raving edge of the whirlpool.

There the crib usually is wrenched instantly to pieces or plunged so deep that the men are swept off. In this case they are wholly beyond rescue, and are drowned.

Well-made cribs have been known to wheel, tossed like corks in the pool, for ten days before breaking up; but never, perhaps, except once, did one of these sad derelicts carry a living man.

In the summer of 1868, at the beginning of my apprenticeship to a surveyor, I was sent up the Brazeau. Duncan Stewart was my chief.

"A better fellow than Stewart never lived," my master had said. "Years ago he was given to drink, but now he's quite reformed. He hasn't touched a drop for two years."

"I'm giving him this job," my master went on, "partly because he'll do it well, partly because he'll do it cheaply, and partly because I want to help a lame dog over a stile.

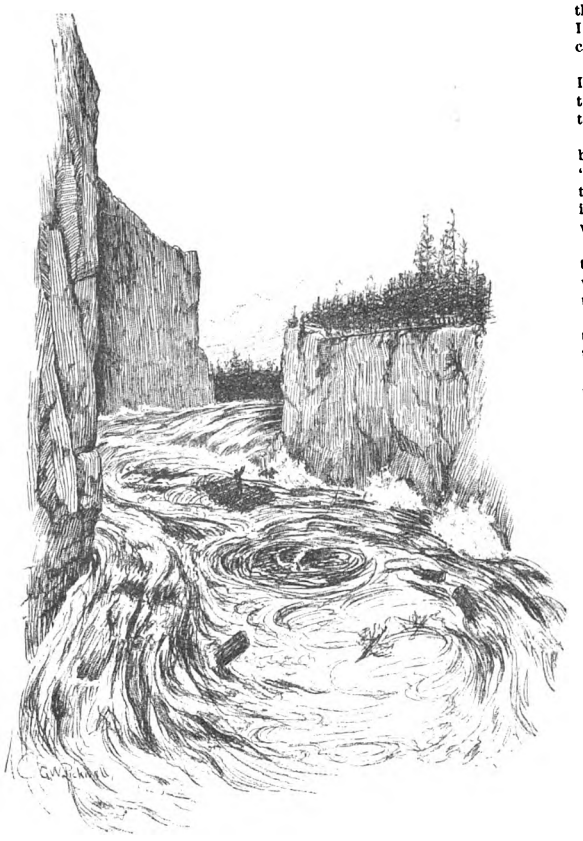
"But mind, you're my apprentice, and while you give due obedience to Mr. Stewart, it's your duty to let me know promptly if anything goes wrong. After all's said, it is impossible to place perfect confidence in a man who was long lost in drink."

I liked Stewart from the start. He was kind and friendly; he took pains to teach me, and often entrusted me with the transit, taking the chain himself.

"I mean to make a surveyor of you before this job's done," he would say.

Everything went well until we camped at the Widow Black's. Next morning we were driven up to "the head." Some of the men, though they were not drunk, had obtained whiskey at the tavern. Stewart seemed out of sorts. No doubt he was tortured by the smell of and craving for liquor.

That afternoon, after starting the new line, Stewart left me to run it, saying that he would see the camp put in shape for the long stay which we had to make there. When I came back at night he was sleeping. He slept while I took supper; and when I turned in beside him he made no stir.



Skeleton Pool.

The men were whispering, and I thought them "up to something," but my fatigue was greater than my curiosity, and, in spite of the mosquitoes, I was soon sound asleep.

"Ned! Mr. Ned! wake up! rouse, rouse, there's trouble breeding!"

I sat up to find old John Shouldice shaking me.

"What's up, John?"

"They're all drunk except me."

"Drunk?"

"Drunk as fools! The surveyor, too."

"Mr. Stewart? Impossible!"

"Yes, Mr. Stewart himself. Burns and Fletcher put six bottles into their packs this morning. The surveyor had some. Now it's all gone, and they're wild for more."

"Well, they can't get any; that's one good thing."

"They're going back to the widow's."

"But they can't in the state they're in. It's five miles after they cross."

"They're going to run down in the bateau."

"What?" I started to my feet. "The Devil's Elbow will get every man of them!"

"Not if they catch the south channel. Burns knows the river well; but he's too drunk."

Hurrying out, I found the ten men grouped, with Stewart staggering among them.

"Yes, sir, I can run ye over all right, sir," Burns was saying.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"It's all ri'," said Stewart; "you go back to bed."

"Better go yourself," I said, "and the rest of you. Come, I'm not going to stand any nonsense."

"We're takin' our orders from the surveyor," said Burns, "an' I'd be pleased to know who set *you* over us. Hi! We're going where there's whiskey, so we are. Come on, boys!"

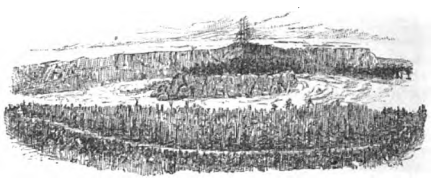
They staggered down to the big red boat.

"Shouldice, there's no stopping them. The Elbow will have them as sure as fate."

"We'll have to go with them," said brave old John. "I know the water. I've been over it fifty times. You take the bow. We'll get over all right enough. Some of them aint too drunk to do the rowing. But for the humanity of it, I should feel a sight more like letting the brutes go than risk our skins for 'em."

Nevertheless, that was what we did.

The run was a wild adventure, but we gained the



south channel, left the Elbow shrieking far behind, and reached the Widow Black's at one o'clock in the morning.

When we awoke the sun was well up. Most of our men were lying about the sheds in a state of deep intoxication. Stewart was nowhere to be seen.

"He went up with the first gang at daylight," said the widow. "He's run the south channel once already, and now he's back wild to run the Elbow. Last I heerd, he was offering twenty dollars to any gang that 'ud try it, an' the boys was laughin' at him. Oh, he's far gone with his liquor."

"Give me some breakfast, quick," said I. "I'll follow him. And look you, woman, if you give our men another drop, there'll be trouble for you. You can depend on that."

I knew she had no license to sell liquor.

"Bah!" she cried, snapping her fingers in my face. "I don't fear you, not a bit. The boys would take care of you, or any one else that interfered with my business. But there's no more drink for that crowd. I'll tell you that to please you. Not a cent of money has one of them left."

While I hastily ate my pork and beans, I heard the noise of men coming up to the wagons. Stewart was not among them.

"We left him layin' on the raft," mumbled the gigantic foreman, Tom Benson. "None of the boys would fetch him this trip. He swears he'll go over the Elbow if he has to swim for it. But the cook'll watch him."

I leaped into a wagon, and went up to the head of the rapids. Shouldice went with us, but he was too old to render much service.

When we reached the raft, there stood the men who had preceded us, bunched together and gazing down the river.

Far away, and drifting into the Elbow channel, went a crib with one man upon it, who danced and waved his hat, then stood looking ahead into the fearful angle, then flung up his arms and leaped to and fro as if in delirium.

"It's Mr. Stewart!" said the cook. "When I wasn't thinking of him he sneaked down to the lower cribs, knocked away the bands, and was off!"

"You've seen the last of him," said Tom Benson, now thoroughly sobered, "unless the timber goes through all right. Even then he'll surely be swept off. But there's a rope on that crib. Maybe he'll know enough to hang on."

"I'll go down with you, Tom. We must save him, somehow," said I. In a few moments our men were rowing hard to pull out of "the Devil's draw," as Tom called it.

"Look, Ned! Not *you*, boys! Pull—pull for your lives! Let into it. But *you*, Ned—look!"

At that moment we could see Stewart's crib slanting up like a roof, and apparently just at the angle. He was on his knees, clutching something.

"It's the rope he's got!" said Tom.

Then his crib began to swing round. Next moment the cliff of Tower Island hid man and timber.

"If we don't see him pass down ahead of us, we'll haul over into the eddy at the foot of the island," said Benson, as we passed into the south channel.

That is what we did. Soon we landed and began the ascent of the Tower, for it was impossible to see into Skeleton Pool from the low rocks at the island's foot.

"But it's too late, I fear," said Tom. "He's gone long ago, and we can't save the timber. But, anyhow, let us see it flying round!"

When we stood above the pool, there was the crib almost beneath our feet, racing up the eddy. From below, had there been standing room, we might have reached it with a pike-pole.

But a hundred men with pike-poles could not have held it for a moment. The forces of the pool carried it away with incredible speed, and flung it about like a chip. But Stewart was there, and alive.

He was even safe for the time. Sobered by the wetting and the horror, he had contrived to take several turns around a loading stick with the half-inch rope he found aboard. These turns lay spirally along the stick and formed loose bands. Through one of these he had thrust his legs up to the thighs, through another he had pushed his head and shoulders.

Lying face down, he clutched the loading stick. Up the Skeleton Pool flew the crib, till so near the mighty shoulder of the downward torrent that we expected it to overwhelm Stewart.

At the plunge a roller broke over him. He was whirled out toward the Elbow, then swiftly down, and around the dreadful oval again, hurrying so

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close to the sheer wall below our feet that Benson dropped a pebble beyond the crib as it passed.

Sometimes the crib was carried into the centre of the pool, where it floated with little tossing, slowly turning in a small round for many minutes. Then the outer forces called for another struggle to tear asunder the crib, and drew it out and threw themselves upon it, and offered it to the demons of the angle, and hurled and oscillated it again.

"It's terrible with him so close, and we can't help him any more than if we were babies," said Benson.

"If we could only make him see us!" I suggested.

"What good? He'd feel all the worse. You see he's got to die. If he saw us he'd have hope, and that would keep the life in him longer, and he'd suffer more in the end."

"No! He'd feel helped; he'd die easier if he knew we were by him," I insisted.

Benson threw a small stone at the crib. Then we threw handfuls. But a wind came up out of the chasm, and a gale went with its waters, and our efforts were vain.

If any pebble struck Stewart he made no sign.

Benson climbed a pine, and cut off a large branch with his knife. "This is the thing," said he, and waited.

When the crib, racing upward, was within thirty feet of our cliff, he dropped the branch. It wavered down with the sway of a parachute, then turned over and over with the up current, and fell far behind the timber.

But we dropped branch after branch, and at last one was blown by the wind so that it fell lightly upon Stewart himself.

He turned on his side and looked up; but he did not see us until the crib was running down the outer current.

Then he kicked himself nearly free, sat up, and waved his hand.

Just then a roller struck the crib, rushed straight at him, and threw his body off the loading stick.

But his feet were still held by the rope. He recovered his position, passed the band again over his shoulders, and turned his head curiously from side to side as he flew round, gazing at his tumultuous prison.

"I've got it. We'll save him!" cried big Tom. "Stay here, till I get back, Ned."

He was off without another word.

Two hours passed before he returned with a "bunch" of men, and all that time I silently watched Stewart. The crib had begun to sag, I thought, when on the crests of the steeper rollers.

"It'll break up soon," said Tom, the moment he returned. "Now boys, down with that tree—put in your best strokes. Fell it straight out."

Four axemen attacked a huge white pine, some seventy feet inland, while the others cut away the underbrush and small trees for its fall. The top, when it crashed down, projected forty feet beyond the cliff, and the branches that broke away fell in a green shower about Stewart's crib.

In ten minutes, big Tom, lying out on the tree like a sailor, cut away such branches as would interfere with the rope, and passed a cable over the outermost crotch that was sufficiently strong.

When the rope began to descend of its own weight, he crawled back to us.

"We can do no more," said he, shaking as with an ague. "Now we'll see if the surveyor can save himself!"

When Stewart passed under the rope for the first time, he sat up and raised his hand, but could not touch the noose. Then he made the surveyor's signal of "down."

We lowered till the noose touched the water and was snatched along by the fierce stream. Then we drew it up till it seemed to hang about five feet above the sluice-like stream.

The second time Stewart came under us, he stood up stoopingly, braced himself, held to his rope by one hand, and prepared to run his free arm and his head into the noose.

The rope suddenly swung out beyond his reach. We staggered and shook, tumbling backward from the edge and against one another, uttering meaningless cries, with the shock and reaction of that disappointment.

"If that happens again, some of us may fall over," said Tom. Taking a new hitch with the rope, he brought us the shore end to hold on by.

The crib was now very plainly sagging as it rose and fell.

Once more Stewart rose, and tried to put his arm through the noose. The rope struck him on the head; he lost his grasp of his own rope and fell down, but saved himself, and crawled back to his bands in time to get within them before passing into the breakers.

But at the shoulder of the rapids the crib began to break up. One side-stick whirled loose, then another. Both were thrust up from the pool's outer edge soon afterward. They shot half out of water before falling.

The fourth attempt was long delayed, for the crib moved into the middle of the pool and whirled gently around the inner circle. There Stewart loosed himself, stood up, looked at us for a moment, gazed round the shrieking waters, waved his hand toward the now descending sun, looked up to us again, raised his arms above his head and dropped them to his side with a strange gesture of utter despair.

"It's a sign!" cried Tom. "He's praying for help! I must save him! Boys, I'll go down and grab him!"

Just then the crib began to run again. It was moving down stream, and would be under the rope again within two minutes.

We were sure this would be Stewart's last chance, for the crib could never hold together through another plunge into the rapid's shoulder.

"Come back. You've no time to go down!" I cried to Benson.

But he had swung himself off already, and now hurried down the rope, hand over hand.

We leaned over with horror. If Benson should succeed in grasping him, could he hold on while we hauled both men up? And could we lift both up and back into safety, after raising them to the crotch of the pine? It was impossible.

What madness had possessed the foreman! To save himself he would have to drop Stewart from the tree after grasping him.

Benson was now within the noose. Only then had we eyes for Stewart and the crib.

We looked; the crib was not where we expected to see it. We looked over the whole surface of Skeleton Pool. Neither the crib nor Stewart could be seen.

Tom dangled down there alone. With the oscillation of the current, its higher billows dragged at his legs.

The men began to haul Benson up. We might save him, anyway.

I looked down into his upturned face. It was positively gleeful! Holding to the turning rope by one hand, he pointed with the outstretched forefinger of the other, as his face turned down stream.

I followed the direction. There was Stewart's crib, a quarter of a mile down the rapid. It had been quietly let go by the eddy, and we knew the surveyor would be saved at the widow's place.

Benson easily lifted himself into the tree and came ashore. No one could ever persuade him that Stewart's sign or prayer for help had not been miraculously answered, though old John Shouldice declared that cribs had once or twice before gone out of the rapids in the same way.

Stewart was taken ashore at the tavern, in a fainting condition. He did not throw away the chance afforded him. Solemnly he vowed, when he had recovered from the delirium in which his fearful adventure and exposure left him, that he would never touch liquor again.

I have known him years now, and know how much it has cost him to keep his vow. Wherever he went he ran the risk of seeing liquor, and whenever he saw it or smelled it, his craving awoke.

But at the same time the remembrance of the Elbow also awoke; and though the constant temptation to drink might well have broken the resolution of a stronger man, he had undergone an experience the lasting memory of whose terrors he could call to his aid with good effect.

E. W. THOMSON.

For the Companion.

THE GRAND CAÑON.

I had read several interesting accounts of visits to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River in Arizona, but none describing the experience of a descent into the chasm. I was filled with a desire to have this experience.

At Flagstaff, Arizona, I procured a two-horse team in an easy buckboard, a driver, and provisions for six days. As we drove around the base of the San Francisco mountains, I felt an almost irresistible desire to climb the highest peak of these; but I postponed this attempt until my return.

Two days of uneventful but not uninteresting driving brought us to the rim of the cañon.

I had spent the summer amid the magnificent scenery of New Mexico. I had lived two months under the brow of Ta-al-yal-lo-ne, that majestic *mesa* in front of Zuñi, which rises with almost vertical walls more than one thousand feet above the plain; I had climbed to the summit of those old landmarks, the Zuñi Buttes; I had crossed the Wingate Mountains, and seen those gigantic and unimpeachable evidences of erosion in the valley of the Rio Puerco; and, above all, I had visited the unique little Cañon de Chelly in northeastern Arizona, only three hundred feet wide, with its walls of vertical red sandstone nine hundred feet high, and so crooked that I could not see up the cañon the distance of its own width.

These I had seen and described in my journal. But to describe what I saw on the rim of the Grand Cañon is not within my power. As I sat looking at the scene, the only record I could make in my journal was, "I see at one glance all the grand things I have seen this summer." There was Ta-al-yal-lo-ne, there were the Zuñi Buttes, there was Cañon de Chelly; it seemed that everything had its counterpart in that grand and awful chasm.

I was told that to make possible a descent to the river, the services of a guide would be necessary; but, deeming the price which the local guides asked beyond my means, I resolved to go alone.

I asked Mr. John Hance, who lives in a cabin near the rim of the cañon:

"How far is it from the rim to the river?"

"Seven miles," he answered.

"Has any white man besides yourself ever gone down there alone?"

"Yes, one or two. Many start, but few ever reach the river."

"How long a time is required to go down and back?"

"I can do it in one day, but it is a hard climb, and most persons take two or three days for it."

"Has any one ever gone down and back in one day without a guide?"

"No, not that I know of."

"Are there any ropes or rope ladders to descend?"

"Yes, five or six."

"Are they sound?"

"I don't know. A man and his wife broke one last week."

I assured him that I was going down and back the same day; and in spite of his warning that I could not do it, I set out early next morning, taking with me a little boiled ham, a loaf of bread, and a small can of grape-butter, all deposited in a small muslin bag. My driver accompanied me to the rim of the cañon.

On the way we stopped at the Hance cabin, and I paid the regular toll for the use of the trail—fifty cents.

As I stood on the rim of the cañon, ready to begin the descent, I must confess that I felt a little uncertain of the wisdom of my course, but I had no notion of turning back.

Mr. Hance told me that the distance from the rim of the cañon to the river was seven miles; the vertical depth more than six thousand six hundred feet; the distance from the rim to a cabin on the trail, three miles; vertical depth to the cabin, four thousand feet; length of longest rope, fifty feet.

With neither coat nor waistcoat, carrying only my journal and my lunch, I was ready for the descent. I noted the time, which was just seven o'clock and forty minutes; and bade good-by to my driver, requesting that if I should not return by the afternoon of the next day he should come down to seek me.

The trail is so steep that one can scarcely keep on his feet. I walked, ran, slid and rolled down the three miles to the cabin in just an hour and two minutes.

The scenery all the way was exceedingly interesting. Looking down, one would see a prominent ledge or bench of rock, perhaps a thousand feet below, from which would rise a magnificent butte. A quarter of an hour's travel would bring him to a level with this base; and in the next quarter of an hour he would see it rise a thousand feet above his head.

That I found an exceedingly interesting thing to do; to pick out prominent points, both at a level with me and far below, and then stop occasionally and see how we had changed position. In fact, I think that is about the only way one can gain an idea, inadequate though it be, of the great descent he is making.

At the cabin I found a beautiful stream of clear, cool water, which was very refreshing. Here I divided my lunch, leaving some for my return. After half an hour's rest I pushed on.

The cañon here, which is merely a side cañon leading down to the river, was perhaps five hundred feet wide, with walls nearly vertical, a thousand feet high. On every hand the scenery was indescribably grand. The cañon was narrowing, the walls were getting higher; the whole scene was becoming more impressive and majestic.

The indications of the trail were growing exceedingly faint. I had gone perhaps three miles from the cabin. The cañon had narrowed to about twenty-five feet, with its walls sloping at an angle of over eighty degrees.

I had descended through the sandstone and shale, and was already several hundred feet into the granite, when I came to the first rope ladder. I was glad to see it, for it assured me that I was on the right trail, although it brought visibly before my mind the fact that the dangerous part of my journey had yet to be accomplished.

The ladder was about ten feet long. I tested its fastenings, and easily descended.

A few steps beyond, a single rope hung over a ledge of vertical rock fifteen feet high. As I had no means of examining the fastening, I hesitated for a moment, for I knew the hardest strain would come upon the rope just as I should round the top of the ledge and be farthest from the rock below. I ascended safely, and then soon had to descend a gentle slope, clinging to a rope about forty feet long.

When I had gone about one hundred feet, the cañon had narrowed in one place to a width of about five feet, and at the bottom was a pool of water about eighteen inches deep. The walls were so smooth and round that it was impossible to pass the pool without getting wet. Removing shoes and stockings, I got over nicely, and, as I expected to meet even a worse case in a moment or two, I proceeded with bare feet on the smooth granite.

Turning a sharp angle in the cañon I had scarcely gone forty feet when I heard the roar of a heavy fall of water, and found myself hemmed in on both sides by steep walls, with a waterfall about fifteen feet high in front of me. On the level of the rock below the falls I saw a bunch of rope lying against the wall of the cañon, as if it had been washed there.

I at once supposed that I had reached the end of my journey, and that the rope which I saw had at one time been used to get over the falls, but was now out of reach. Nevertheless, I decided to see what I could do toward climbing around the place.

The granite was very smooth; and being barefoot, I found climbing rather a simple matter. I was getting along nicely and congratulating myself that I had got safely around the falls, when, to my horror, upon turning my head to the left, I saw below what at first appeared to be a descent without bottom.

Climbing to the edge of the precipice and looking down, I concluded that this must be the great waterfall of which I had heard Mr. Hance speak, and that the rope I had noticed from the precipice now behind me had not fallen down from that, but was intended for this next descent.

Making sure that the end of the rope was well fastened, I cast it over the falls. It hung straight in the midst of a cascade of water four feet wide and six inches deep. The rope appeared to be strong, and I determined to try it.

The height was said to be fifty feet, but I think it was not so much. As I did not wish to have my watch and my journal ruined, I hid those articles with my trousers. As I was concealing them, it occurred to me that no one was within at least six miles. As I have thought of it since, I have wondered if we have not become so accustomed to hide anything thus left that we might be said to do it almost instinctively.

Below the falls there was a spot about ten feet square, perfectly dry. Down upon this I tossed shoes, stockings, shirt and lunch. My underwear I retained, to protect myself in some measure against the rocky wall. The descent through the falls was pleasant enough, the water having about the right temperature to produce an exhilarating reaction without chilling; and as I passed down the rope I was delighted as well as surprised to find the wall covered near its base with beautiful moss and maiden-hair ferns.

Removing my wet apparel, I put on what dry clothing I had, and went on. I had gone about two hundred feet when I came to a place that troubled me. It was a slope, somewhat steep, but quite smooth, and no rope was in sight.

Examining the place carefully, I decided that the best means of descent was the one I had used years ago on my grandfather's farm in descending straw-stacks. Only one objection presented itself—the part of my costume that was missing is the one usually most relied upon on such occasions. Nevertheless, I conformed to the inevitable, and slid down without serious injury. Only one who has experienced it can realize the excitement of danger in such a descent.

Only one short rope remained for me, and almost leaping with joy, I found myself on the bank of the Colorado.

The river was an angry, muddy torrent, with rapids at short intervals, flowing between rugged granite walls that rose almost perpendicularly from the water's edge. It seemed impossible to pass more than one hundred feet up or down the stream; and as I sat in the shadow of a mighty boulder, and enjoyed my battered lunch, I thought of Major Powell and his party, who passed through here in 1869. My wonder was, not that two members of the expedition had been lost, but that any should have escaped.

Having looked upon the scene until it became deeply impressed upon my memory, I gathered a few pebbles to carry with me, and started on my return. The sliding place or "shoot" was soon passed; such places being on the whole more easy of ascent than of descent.

When I reached the base of the high falls a problem presented itself. My clothing was now all dry, and I wished to keep it so; for, if I should not attempt to go beyond the cabin that night, I did not wish to sleep in wet clothing; and if I should attempt to climb the trail, wet clothing would be an additional burden.

In a few moments a plan suggested itself. I had brought with me from the river the little muslin bag in which I had carried my lunch. Removing all my clothing, even to shoes and stockings, I thrust everything, except my belt, into the bag. Fastening the belt to the bag, I buckled it around my neck. Then stepping into the midst of the falls, with my face turned upwards, so that my nose should serve as a water-shed, the bag hanging under my head, I ascended the rope and reached the top with my clothing only slightly wet.

The things I had hidden I found all right; and as I stopped for a little rest I wrote up my journal.

I reached the cabin at four o'clock. I called to mind that I had been told that the ascent from there would require at least three hours. At that time of the year it is dark at half-past seven; so I concluded that if I started I must climb the whole distance in the time mentioned. I determined to go on, and not to look at my watch until I had reached the top.

The distance is three miles; the elevation is said to be four thousand feet; and it was just half-past four when I started.

In the first mile I do not think I ascended more than five hundred feet. That was covered with ease, and then I pressed on to the steeper part. After climbing hard for a while I sat down to rest.

As I sat there, I remember looking up at some turret-like projections of rock on the rim, several thousand feet above me, and saying:

"Well, I guess about four such pulls as this will bring me out."

I struggled on. Each interval between my rests was growing shorter, both as to space and time. The number of rests was nearer forty-four than four; and by the time I had reached the top I was so completely worn out that a pull of a few yards was enough to bring me to a halt.

A dark shower which was raging on the rim had deceived me somewhat as to the hour; I supposed that it was later than it really was. As I threw myself on the ground under a piñon tree on the rim, my heart beating at the highest speed, and my flesh aglow, I looked at my watch. It was just twenty minutes past six. I had come from the cabin to the rim in just one hour and fifty minutes.

As I dragged myself to the door of Mr. Hance's cabin, the old man met me. He was unwilling, at first, to believe that I had reached the river. I told him of my experience on the ropes, and he was convinced. It is unnecessary to mention that I slept well that night.

The next forenoon I spent along the rim of the cañon, contemplating its grand and ever-changing scenery.

I have mentioned that I was very desirous of climbing the San Francisco peaks. On our return to Flagstaff we reached the base of the peaks at two o'clock in the afternoon, and, leaving my driver with his team, I began the ascent.

The elevation of the plateau from which the peaks rise is nearly eight thousand feet, and the elevation of the higher peak, the one I ascended, is nearly thirteen thousand feet. A hard but persistent climb brought me to the summit.

As I ascended it was interesting to note the difference between the timber zones through which I was passing. After the last shrub and lichen were passed, the journey was upon pure lava; and on the north side of the peak the trail was covered with snow, although it was the second day of September.

The day was beautifully clear. Not a cloud hung on the horizon. The air was pure, even for Arizona, for frequent showers during the last month had removed all the dust. I was on the summit of the highest peak in Arizona, and before me lay the most extensive view I had ever looked upon.

To the north the Grand Cañon, sixty miles distant, the scene of my labors two days before, was clearly traceable, the river flowing south through Marble Cañon, and then turning west through the Grand Cañon proper. The course of the Little Colorado, emptying into the Colorado at the elbow, so to speak, was clearly seen for forty miles towards the northeast. Far in the distant east were the Moqui Buttes. To the southwest was Bill Williams Mountain, and directly west was Kendrick's Peak.

To the west and south of my position, looking like a mighty oasis in a still mightier desert, was the great piñon forest, stretching north and south for ninety miles. It was a bird's-eye view I shall never forget; and as I descended the peak I felt I had seen nature's grandest scenery.

J. O. OWENS.

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SUGGESTIONS

HOW PLANTS CLIMB.

Do all vines twine around their supports in the same direction?

How do some vines climb smooth walls?

Find a plant climbing by its leaves.

How does a grape-vine or woodbine cling to a support?

Notice the hooks at the ends of tendrils.

What vines have small, tendril-like branches?

For the Companion.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Not with the eagle's flight, who sees below him
A village gleam, a pine grove sleep in sand,
A blue lake smile, a river's liquid poem
Run its slim thread-light through the prose of land.

Nor where the sailor steers by southern islands,
Sighting some distant Thuld of the sea
Through deserts of alternate sound and silence,
And wilds of wonder, let my roaming be.

I would walk humbly where no glass between us
Must show me Nature's countenance, and come
In days whose evening star is always Venus
To sport with dew-drops, like a bee, at home.

'Tis Eden everywhere to hearts that listen
And watch the life of woods and meadows grow;
Each tiniest blade Love's holiest kisses christen,
And Beauty asks not where to bud and blow.

There is no music for the joy of thinking
Like Flora's hymn in smiles and odors played,
No mood like that when sense and soul are drinking
The red and yellow honey that God made.

The blooming wilds His gardens are; some cheering
Earth's ugliest waste has felt that flowers bequeath,
And all the winds o'er summer hills careering
Sound softer for the sweetness that they breathe.

Down lonely glens, in beds unshaped, unspaded,
The snowdrop letters of Joy's earliest word
Whiten the sod, and pink stars shine, fern-shaded,
Where old creation's curse was never heard.

Peace, Freedom, Purity her blossomed sample
Guards each in fields and forests evermore,
And the lost glories of the world's green temple
Show still some flakes of splendor on its floor.

These are my school-books, and I study in them
A voice, a bliss of strange forgotten days
That brings me near the Love that could begin them,
And makes each petalled sweet a song of praise.

THERON BROWN.

For the Companion.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Louise Parr, a young girl of sixteen, offered to take a class in the mission-school, and was given seven ragged, unkempt boys of ten or twelve years of age. She began eagerly to teach them to spell, and continued to do this for two or three Sabbaths. After studying the alphabet she would read to them a chapter of the Bible and try to explain it. But one Sunday Doctor Storrs, the old pastor, saw that the boys were whispering and scuffling, while Louise sat indifferent, silent and despondent. As she walked home he joined her.

"What was the matter?" he asked.

"They know nothing. I know little more. When I thought of the months, possibly the years, it would take to teach them to read the Bible, and of all the doctrines and wisdom and divine meaning in it which I do not understand, I concluded to give it up. It is of no use to try! It is the learned doctors and great saints who must help the world. I am nothing but a stupid, weak child."

"Yes," said the old minister, thoughtfully, "God has put a great store of truth here in the world to feed our souls; in the Bible, in nature, in the thoughts and lives of men.

"Suppose," he said, suddenly, "that you should see piled up here on the field all the bread and meat which you will eat in the course of your life. It would appall you. You would turn from it in horror. But you gladly receive it, a mouthful at a time, and it gives strength and nourishment to your blood and brain.

"Your soul will be fed by God in the same way. You are weak and feel your need of greater knowledge. He does not expect you to become as wise and holy as an apostle or martyr in an hour, but slowly—as the body grows.

"Human beings do not reach mountain heights by one mighty leap, but foot by foot, tramp, tramp, through the thorny brush and over rocks, and through pleasant places, too; by hard labor and happy rests. But they reach it at last, and stand in the sunshine above the clouds."

"I can understand that," said Louise. "But it certainly seems to be folly for me to try to help these boys. They are so ignorant, so indifferent, and so vicious. And they are but two or three out of the hundreds like them in our town. And our town is one out of millions in the world, with ignorance and vice in all. There does not seem to be any use in trying."

The old pastor was silent for a long time, as they walked along the path through the fields. He said at last, "What a terrible drought we have had this summer! The ground has been baked with the heat, and the vegetation scorched from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

"When the rain came last week, suppose each little drop of water, as it left the cloud, could have thought and said:

"'Why should *I* fall upon that vast, arid plain? What good could *I* do? It needs countless drops to freshen the ground and bring it to life again.'

"But the rain-drop did not know what God knows, that one drop may wet the earth above a buried acorn, and help it to become a great tree which shall give shade and comfort to men for centuries."

Louise made no answer to the doctor's parables, but when she reached her home she held out her hand, saying:

"I suppose all teachers sometimes get discouraged. I will try again."

DAKOTA DANCES AND FEASTS.

The Dakota Indian, in the days when tribal organization prevailed and white supremacy was yet a thing of the future, began all his notable enterprises with dancing or feasting. He danced before going on the war-path. If victorious, he danced for joy on his return. If defeated, he danced in propitiation of the angry deities. He danced to make the grass grow, as well as to get rid of an objectionable wife. He danced when receiving into the blood brotherhood of his secret order a fellow-member of the tribe. He feasted and danced in homage to the sun and moon, and when his larder was full and his "heart was good" he called in his friends and neighbors to share with him his prosperity and happiness.

Preliminary to a hostile expedition, the whole tribe to which the braves destined for the foray belonged, partook of a sacred feast styled Makawakiya. Numerous mystic ceremonies were practised, and the warriors carried blankets filled with pulverized earth into the great teepee of the chief medicine man.

Of this earth were built little hills, similar in shape to those formed by gophers, and over them incantations were performed.

The observances connected with this feast being at an end, the young men who were to face the enemy for the first time retired and took part in the armor banquet, termed by them Wotawewohanpi.

Gathered about a great fire, they ate raw flesh, and besought the god of war, in shrill accents, to make them valiant and to deliver the foes of the tribe into their hands.

"Give us brave hearts, O Wakantanka," they cried, "and if we must fall, let it be like good men and true. But rather, O father of battles, let victory crown our efforts. Then shall the Crows fly to the hills, yea, even to the mountains, and with faces painted black, bewail the day they met the sons of the Dakota. But to us shall be the greeting of the conqueror. The maidens of the tribe shall hail us, bind up our wounds and bring us food.

"The sun shall smile on us by day, and the moon make light our path by night. The wise men and the warriors of renown shall call us brothers, and with the horses of the enemy shall we purchase wives to guard our teepees and rear our sons. Hear, oh hear us, Wakantanka, fierce and mighty one."

If the invasion proved successful, and scalps were taken, the home-coming was celebrated with the Iwakacipi, or scalp-dance.

In this a circle was formed, one-half composed of braves who appeared with their bodies painted, and wearing on their heads magnificent war-bonnets of feathers. In their hands they held drums and rattles.

The other half of the circle consisted of young women carrying the scalps stretched on hoops. To the beating of the tom-tom and the monotonous "hi, hi, hi" of the men, the females danced until exhausted.

Then their places were filled by others, and thus the festival was kept up, often for weeks, the custom being, if scalps were taken in winter, to dance until the leaves grew; if in summer, until the leaves fell. When either of these periods arrived the ghastly trophies were buried.

It may be noted in this connection, however, that the earnest efforts of noble Christian missionaries long since caused the abandonment of the hideous custom of scalp-taking.

It is asserted by those well acquainted with the tribes of the Dakotas, and also by several of the head chiefs, that no member of the nation has "lifted hair," as they term it, for twenty years. Abstention from the ancient practice was particularly noticeable during the last great outbreak, which was rendered memorable by the death of Custer.

THE "MAGIC" OF LEARNING.

Nothing is more astonishing to barbarous or primitive people than the use of figures, diagrams and mathematical formulæ by engineers and architects. There appears, we will say, among the people of some mountain region of Northern Mexico an American civil engineer. He makes surveys and drawings and computations. Then he goes away, leaving his drawings and calculations with others. Men with picks and shovels go to work in his track constructing a railway. Tunnels are cut through mountains from opposite sides, and meet, inch for inch, in the centre. Great embankments are laid, and to make them there is just enough earth brought. The surface of the grade follows an even line as far as the eye can reach—a wonderful thing to these untravelled natives.

All the while the men who build the railway consult the drawings and calculations of the civil engineer. Everything is done according to them. Is it any wonder that the simple lookers-on regard this wonderful paper, which opens the mountains and spans the valleys, as a bit of sorcery, a magician's touchstone?

An African Prince, visiting Paris during the great exhibition, sees the Eiffel Tower, a thousand feet high, slenderly built of iron in such a way that every foot of the material contributes to the strength of the structure or to the architect's scheme of decoration. Nothing is superfluous. When the African Prince returns to his people, he can only give them this account of the matter:

"These white men are wonderful magicians. None of our fetish men can do such things as we have seen. They have there a school of necromancy where men are taught to make lines and figures in such a way that great palaces of iron are built.

"It is thus that a white man of Paris has built a tower which seems to pierce the clouds, and which at night is lighted with fires of many colors. And all that, as it was told to us, by means of lines, and rules of numbers and figures.

"But when the white men sought to explain these lines and designs, we understood nothing of what they told us. No doubt they meant that we should not understand the secret. For if we knew their magic, their power would be lost."

But the "magic" of the civilization of the white men is no secret. It is simply the magic of patient research and industrious application. Nor is its possession limited to those who are able to go to college.

Every student in the public schools may treasure up scientific knowledge which will be of the utmost practical value to him when he goes out into the world. Here is an illustration:

Not long ago, in a New England public school, there was a boy who took a decided interest in natural philosophy. He said he was going to be a plumber, and he wanted to understand the facts that lay at the bottom of his future occupation.

His father was a poor workingman, and could not afford to send the boy to college. But he permitted him to finish the course at the high school. The boy never ceased to pay particular attention to natural philosophy.

After he left school, he went to work for a plumber. When he had been at work about a year, there arose a great deal of trouble about certain valves that belonged to an important and costly apparatus which had been supplied to many people. No one could make these valves work after they had been in use a short time.

As there was a great deal of value at stake one practical plumber after another was employed, but quite vainly, to remedy the defect.

Meantime, the high-school lad had gone to work on his own account to experiment with the valves. He recalled some facts, which he had learned in his natural philosophy at school, about a peculiar corroding effect of water upon certain metals; and he was able, through this knowledge, to find the exact spot in the costly apparatus where the fault lay.

The discovery proved so valuable to the manufacturers of the apparatus that the boy was taken into their employ. From this beginning he rose to a leading and profitable position. He attributes his success to the excellent grounding in the "magic" of natural science which he received at school.

For the Companion.

MOONRISE ON MISSIONARY RIDGE.

A peaceful valley, stretching far below,
Wherein the night-veiled city seemed an under-sky,
With constellations strange to practised eye,
And milky-way made by the pale, faint gleam,
Where wound the Tennessee's broad, silvery stream;
Dream-like, and mystic in its far-off flow.

Along the eastward, loomed a dark, broad height
Of hills, which seemed, like ominous clouds, to lie
Between the lower, and the upper sky;
Or jagged reefs, midway two star-lit seas,
Fanned by a soft, magnolia-scented breeze,
That made more perfect yet the Southern night.

Beyond the hills, uprose the ruddy shield
Of the full moon, while from its blood-stained face
I read the past, in this last, lingering trace;
When camp-fires gleamed, where now the hearth-stone's light
Sent cheering rays into the deepening night,
And "Mission Ridge," lay one vast battle-field.

HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

HEARD AND TOLD.

A reporter for the New York *Tribune* chronicles what he calls a "one-sided conversation" which he overheard recently in a railway car. The moral of the tale lies so upon the surface that it would be an impertinence to enlarge upon it. A mother and her little girl occupied one of the seats, and the mother was absorbed in a book.

"Mamma," the child began, "you didn't speak to Mrs. Brown when we got on." Her mother did not hear her.

"She's sitting right in front of us"—this in a loud whisper.

"Aren't you ever going to speak to her again?"

"No, dear," said the mother, not lifting her eyes.

"Not if she takes back what she said about the choir?"

"No, dear."

Some of the neighbors begin to smile, and general conversation is all at once suspended.

"And I can't go to her house again?"

"No, dear."

"Has she got it on?"

There is no answer to this question, which is followed by a louder whisper:

"Mamma, is that the bonnet you told papa about?"

"Yes, darling."

"And those the feathers?"

"Yes, dear."

"What made you say she looked like a fright in it?"

No answer.

"You told papa so."

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma,"—in a louder whisper,—"she's looking at you." Some one titters.

"Yes, dear."

"She looks angry."

The brakeman slams the door, and the mother looks up from her book just in time to hear the child go on:

"I guess she heard what you said about the bonnet."

"What bonnet, dear?"

"Mrs. Brown's. You said —"

"Stop your chattering," said the mother, sternly, while a blush steals up from her throat to her forehead. "Don't open your mouth again."

Then she returns to her book, but somehow she forgets to turn the leaves, and the blush lingers on her cheek till the train draws into the station and the passengers push their way out of the car.

DANGEROUS MOOSE.

Stories are told of killing moose with an axe, after running them down in the deep snow. "This may have been done in Maine or Canada," writes the author of an article on "Moose-Hunting in the Rocky Mountains," contributed to "The Big Game of North America," "but, if so, it proves to my mind that the moose there do not possess the same wild, savage, pugnacious natures as those found in the Rocky Mountains. No sane man would dare to attack one of our vicious mountain moose, single-handed, with any weapon short of a repeating rifle." The writer tells this story to support his assertion:

A party of river-men wounded a large moose near the bank of Clear Water River, in Idaho, and it took to the water. The eager, but unskilled, hunters rushed upon the wounded animal with a bateau. It was a large boat, and was manned by six strong and fearless men. They were either without a gun, or scorned to use it, and determined to kill the moose with axes, cant-hooks, and other woodsman's implements.

They bore down by the side of the swimming moose, which was kept in the current by walls of rocks, and dealt him a blow. He turned to fight. The men rushed to the battle with shouts of defiance.

The moose struck the boat with his antlers, raised it clear out of the water, and turned it upside down so quickly that the men were all frightened, and two of them were either killed or drowned. The other four were rescued by their companions on shore, after the moose had been shot several times.

The writer himself once narrowly escaped being killed by a moose he had shot and thought dead. He had chased, on snow-shoes and down a decline, two large moose, and, at thirty feet above them, fired at the larger bull. He staggered, and kept on; but a ghastly line of blood on the trail told of the deadly effect of the shot.

The second shot was aimed at the smaller moose. He fell at the crack of the rifle; but the other struggled on, bleeding, snorting from a deadly shot through the lungs. Four shots were fired into him before he fell and buried himself in the snow.

The hunter, standing exhausted above the fallen moose, gave no thought to the animal that he supposed to be lying dead three or four rods back. Suddenly he heard a loud snort and felt a rush from behind. As he dodged to one side, the moose he had thought dead charged upon him and buried him in the snow.

His rush carried the moose past the fallen hunter, but he turned to charge again before the man could shoot. His broken shoulder failed him, however, and he tumbled downhill. Again he rose and charged again; but the hunter, having recovered himself, placed a bullet between his eyes. Although the snow was seven feet deep, and the moose had a broken shoulder, it was more good fortune than any advantage the hunter had, that saved him from being cut to pieces by the enraged animal's feet.

HE TOOK TOO MUCH.

One day a smart young fellow with shiny shoes, a new hat and checker-board trousers boarded a street-car in a Western city, and stepped to the front platform. He pulled out a twist of paper and lighted it, and began puffing a concentrated essence of vile odors into the faces of those who were obliged to ride upon the platform if they rode at all. One, a plain old farmer, couldn't stand it, and stepped off to wait for the next car.

When he reached the station, the young fellow was there before him, and it happened that the two met at the restaurant counter.

"Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter. "Here, gimme one," and he tossed out a nickel, and then proceeded to pick up and pull apart every one of the half-dozen sandwiches on the plate before he found one to suit him.

The farmer, who had been awaiting for his turn, drew back in disgust. Finally, he found something which the fingers of another had not fouled, and presently followed the loud young man to the car. He found every seat occupied, including the half of one on which were plied the young man's grip-sack and overcoat.

"Is this seat taken?" he ventured to inquire.

"Seat's engaged," was the curt answer, with a look meant to squelch the old farmer, who went into the smoking car.

That afternoon the same young man walked into the office of the Governor of the State, armed with recommendations and endorsements, an applicant for a position under the State government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his travelling companion of the morning without any trouble.

Glancing over his papers, the Governor said, "Hu—m, yes; you want me to appoint you to so-and-so. If I should, I guess I might as well write my own resignation at the same time."

"Wh—why so?" stammered the young fellow.

"Because I saw you pay for a street-car ride this morning, and you took the platform of the car. You bought a sandwich and spoiled the plateful. You paid for a seat in the train, and took mine, too, and if I should give you this place, how do I know that you would not take the whole administration?"

BEATING A DRUMMER.

Jasper Hedge had a great reputation for being careful in his statements, and was anxious to preserve it. He had a dog, a homely black and brown creature of no great intelligence, to whom he was much attached. One day this dog strayed away from home, and Jasper, who never had any special business on hand to prevent his following his inclinations, presently strolled out in search of his missing comrade.

When he reached the village store he saw, seated on the steps in a contemplative attitude, a "drummer" who had evidently made up his mind to study nature while waiting for the storekeeper's decision as to the respective merits of different samples.

"Young man," drawled Jasper, coming to a halt, "hev you seen anythin' of a dog passin' by here, say an haour er an haour'n a half, er mebbe two haours ago, lopin' along at the rate of a mile er a mile'n a half, er mebbe two miles an haour?"

"Yes, I did see a dog go by," replied the drummer, with evident amusement.

"Wa-al, naow," said Jasper, with some anxiety, resting one foot on the lowest step, "could you jes' bring yer mind to the pertick'lers abaout him?"

"Let me see," said the young man, airily flicking specks of dirt off the steps with his cane; "he passed here an hour or an hour and a half or two hours ago, going at the rate of a mile or a mile and a half or two miles an hour, and he had a spot on his left side about as big as a dollar or a dollar and a half, or two dollars!"

As the speaker looked up to see if his witticism was appreciated, he noticed a somewhat unpleasant expression on Jasper's face, and also saw a large and hungry-looking dog "lopin'" rapidly toward him.

"You're powerful smart-spoken, stranger," drawled Jasper, "an' I aint seen all there is in the world yit, I calc'late, but I think my dog ken give yer my notion of spots of the size you made mention of, right on the legs of them spicketty-span pantaloons o' yourn, ef you'd hanker ter hev him! But laws," he added in a tone of sublime contempt, "me an' him aint really got time ter bother with ye; come along, Taowse!" and drawing off the dog, who looked as if he were being deprived of his rights, Jasper sauntered away.

READY FOR BUSINESS.

If a young man would prosper in business, let him make his employers' interests his own, and neglect no opportunity to advance them. The Washington *Post* tells how one man did this.

He had obtained a situation in a real-estate office, and not long afterward, being at an evening gathering, was invited to sing, whereupon he responded with "Home, Sweet Home."

His friends were a good deal surprised at his selection, but heartily applauded him at the close. At once he stepped forward and surprised them again.

"I am glad you liked the song," he said. "There is nothing like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and let me say that our company is selling them on terms to suit, and within twelve minutes' ride of the city. If you don't want to live there it's the chance of your life for an investment."

The *Post* omits to tell us how many sales resulted from this unexpected bit of eloquence.

INDIAN NAMES.

A station not very far from Pittsburgh, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has the good old English name of Soho. In announcing it there is no opportunity for the brakeman to disguise the word, as he is too apt to do with the names of other places.

As a train neared the town not long ago the word was distinctly shouted, and a passenger was heard to say to the man sharing his seat:

"How many towns in this part of the country have Indian names! Just think of it—Soho, Monongahela and Duquesne, all near together."

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For the Companion.

I'M THINKING.

Papa says I must go to school,
To read and spell and write,
And then, maybe, to college, too,
If I study with all my might;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I never can learn it all!

Aunt Nell says I must learn to sew,
To overcast, stitch and fell,
And learn to play the piano, too,
And the violin, as well;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I *never* can learn it all!

Grandma says I must learn to knit,
And to crochet beautiful lace,
Aunt Nan says she shall teach me to draw,
And to copy the baby's face;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I NEVER can learn it all!

Mamma says I must learn to cook,
And to make nice bread and cake,
And puddings and salads and jellies, too,
And to broil and steam and bake;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I NEVER can learn it all!

E. C. D.

For the Companion.

A GARDEN PLOT.



"DO YOU think they will come up soon?" asked the gardener, stepping back and looking at his small and muddy patch of earth rather wistfully. "I planted them a long time ago and I've watered them a great deal, but nothing shows yet."

"What did you plant?" inquired the visitor.

"Well, you see I didn't have very much," said the gardener. "There was the moth-ball I picked up in the garret and the pieces of corn the parrot dropped and some rice. It would be splendid to have a rice-tree, wouldn't it?" he cried, turning a pair of bright and hopeful eyes up to the visitor's face.

"Splendid! Had—had the rice been boiled?"

"I'm not quite sure," answered the gardener, thoughtfully. "The corn had, I know. It was so soft. I thought it might sprout sooner, you know, if it was soft."



There was a pause in the conversation during which the gardener patted his garden with a loving little hand.

"Katie, you know, the cook," he continued, presently, "she says moth-balls won't grow. I thought I would try one, at any rate. They wouldn't smell so bad out in the air, would they?"

"Perhaps not," said the visitor. "Please show me where you planted the moth-ball."

"Right here by this stick, and the rice here and the corn here. Oh, I'd know in a minute which was which if they would only come up. Do you think they will *ever* grow?"

There was no evading this direct question, so the visitor said, "Well, perhaps they wouldn't all by themselves, but if a fairy, a good fairy, should come along —"

"Oh, but there are no fairies in the city," interrupted the gardener. "They only live in the country. Camille told me so. She read it out of a book."

"Do you know," said the visitor, in a comfortably reassuring tone, "I believe Camille is mistaken about that. There are *some* fairies in the city, not nice *little* ones like those that live in the woods, but very good fairies for all that."

"I don't know any, I never saw one," said the gardener, incredulously.

"But they may know you, don't you see, and that would make it all right."

The gardener shook his head. It was plain he did not expect much help from the city fairies. However, in a little while, he said, quite cheerfully:

"Maybe the rice will be sprouted to-morrow. I mean to get up very early and look. You had better come, too," he added, nodding and smiling at the visitor as the latter walked away.

"Well?" said the visitor, inquiringly. It was early morning, and she and the gardener had met again over the garden plot. The gardener's eyes were shining, and his cheeks were pink with excitement.

"They have all sprouted," he said, in a low voice, and stooping down, he pointed out three little groups of fresh green leaves.

"Why, the moth-ball has come up, too," cried the visitor. "What do you say to the city fairies now?"

The gardener looked serious for a minute. Then he said, very decidedly, like one who has made up his mind, "I don't believe the fairies did it at all. It was just because I watered them every day and took such good care of them."

"Yes, that was really the reason," said the visitor, smiling. "Still —" Then she stopped and looked at the happy little gardener, and did not finish her sentence.

The gardener had forgotten all about her. His curly head was bent low over his dear garden bed.

It was only the visitor's voice, saying, "Good-by," that made him look up with a smile and cry out, "Good-by, come out and see my garden again soon."

"Yes, I will, thank you," said the visitor, turning back. "Did you ever hear of such a thing as entertaining—well, fairies unawares?"

"No," answered the gardener. "I am nearly six years old, and never saw a fairy in my life."

"Oh, indeed," said the visitor, laughing this time, "good-by."

"Good-by," said the gardener.

A SMALL boy who was spending the summer in the country was much annoyed by the mosquitoes. One night he stood their bites as long as he was able, but at length wailed forth, "Oh, I wish I was a skeeter and the skeeter me, and then wouldn't I bite that skeeter!"

A POOR little mite of a boy came to the door, asking for work. "Haven't you a father?" I said. "Oh, yes," he replied, "but he can't do anything; he has brown kitties in his windpipe."



The Visitor.

For the Companion.

MOTHER'S RIDDLE.

Mother has a kitten,
Mother has a mouse,
Mother has a bird that sings
All about the house.
Mother has a lammie,
Mother has a chick.
All together have but two feet!
Guess my riddle, quick!

For the Companion.

THE BABY'S WELL.

"Papa, somebody 'pilled the water out my well."

"Oh, I guess it leaked out," papa said.

"But, it touldn't," insisted baby.

"The ground soaked it up," papa said.

Baby shook her head.

"F'ed 'pilled it out," she said.

Fred was her brother, and was a year older than herself. Whenever anything went wrong with baby, she blamed him. That wasn't quite fair, to be sure, but then she had some excuse for it.

"Where is your well?" papa asked.

"Yite out here," baby said, as she pointed to a near-by shed. "I dug it with a 'tick. Come and see it."

She led him to it, her chubby hand in his. It wasn't a bad sort of a well for a baby to make.



Papa was surprised to find that she had set an old fruit can into the hole. The can was water-tight, and she had a right to think somebody had spilled it.

"We'll fill up the well with water, and then watch it," papa said.

"The nex' one I'll dig, oh, ever so deep!" baby cried. "I'll put a yeal pump in it, so mamma can det water."

Early the next morning baby was standing by the open bedroom window. Papa was getting ready to go down to breakfast.

"Oh, look, papa! look!" baby cried, in great excitement. "Two nassy wobbins are 'pillin' the water in my well."

Papa walked to the window, looked out, and laughed. One of the robins was in baby's well, taking a bath.

"Those robins have a nest in the lilac bushes," papa said. "Do you know what they are thinking?"

"No, papa. What is the wobbins finking?"

"They are thinking, 'Oh, isn't this just grand! Baby put it here for us, and it was very nice in her, wasn't it?'"

Baby's face grew very thoughtful, and then a pleased smile spread over it.

"I'm glad they like my well," she exclaimed. "I dess I jus' made it for them without knowin' it."

Then she added: "Papa, F'ed didn't 'pill the water. I blamed him wrong that time, didn't I, papa?"

FRANK H. STAUFFER.

A TEACHER was impressing upon the scholars of the primary school the importance of perspiration. Having, as she thought, fully explained the matter, she asked, "Now, Johnnie, if the pores of the skin got filled up, what would happen?" Johnnie thought a moment, then answered, briskly, "We'd *bust*."

SADIE was teaching little Guy to make the numerals on his slate, and telling him what they each stood for, when she came to the cipher. "That," she said, "is nothing." The little eyes widened, and he looked at it some time before he remarked, thoughtfully, "'At doesn't *look* like nossin'!"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

ANAGRAM.

The couplets rhyme. The omitted words are all formed from the eighteen letters omitted in the last line.

Westminster Abbey preserves with * * * *
The memory green of virtues * * * *.
Among its heroes we * * * * * *
The name of one beloved by * * *;
Beloved, because his heart could * * * *
For others' woe and others' * * * *.
The meanest slave, he loved so * * * *,
That grief would oft his bosom swell,
And all his nature would * * * * * *,
At thought of unrequited toil.
He spent a long and useful * * * *
In parliament, in earnest strife;
And, knowing no such word as * * * *,
At length his efforts did avail.
His bill made law,—the slaves were * * * *.
To him they owed their liberty.
He died, when nearly seventy-four,
Just fifty years ago, no * * * *.
This great Englishman's name you can mention, of course;
A philanthropist he,— * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

LILIAN PAYSON.

2.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(Words of eight letters.)

1. A plant of the genus *Aster*.
2. Driven back.
3. The act of housing horses.
4. Abandoned.
5. To think upon.
6. Bears a comparison.
7. To value.
8. Crawling.
9. A city in Italy.
10. Those who lament.
11. Prolonged.

The fourth row of letters will spell the name of a French revolutionist, who died on July 28, 1794.

The fifth row of letters will spell the name of the founder of one of the United States, who died on July 30, 1718.

CYRIL DEANE.

3.

LONGFELLOW ENIGMA.

I am composed of 50 letters.

1. This is the 7, 6, 19, 42, 5, 12, primeval.
2. Thy dress was like the 39, 2, 47, 22, 4, 26,
Thy heart as pure as they.
3. Maiden with the 32, 50, 10, 34, 46, 9, 36, 27, 31 eyes.
4. Between the 24, 16, 38, 34 and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to 17, 36, 27, 14, 19,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is 34, 15, 36, 27, 23 as the children's hour.
5. Colder and louder blew the 27, 40, 31, 24,
A 8, 33, 1, 35 from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing on the 46, 38, 48, 23, 28,
And the billows frothed like yeast.
6. Though the mills of God grind slowly,
They grind exceeding 44, 21, 30, 18, 39.
7. The warrior took that banner proud,
It was his 13, 11, 19, 12, 22, 16, 47 cloak and shroud.
8. And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still 44, 25, 9, 3, 48, 41, 20, 43.
9. When the hours of day are 23, 45, 49, 46, 14, 19, 4, 24,
And the 41, 6, 2, 29, 10, 26 of the night
Wake the better 5, 36, 37, 17 that slumbered
To a holy, 29, 33, 39, 49 delight.

My whole is a quotation from the Psalm of Life.

A. M. P.

4.

WORD TRIANGLE.

1 *
* *
* * *
* * * *
* * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * * *
2 * * * * * * * * 3

From 1 to 2, from 2 to 3, and from 1 to 3, An ecclesiastical curse.

Across.

Line 1, The indefinite article.
Line 2, Two consonants.
Line 3, A girl's name.
Line 4, A portable dwelling.
Line 5, An impediment.
Line 6, Royal fur.
Line 7, A small portion.

H. A. G.

5.

CHARADE.

An evergreen tree or
A mild, timid beast,
The name of my *first* may declare.
Though humble its place,
The player of cards
Will have for my *second* a care.
In game or in tale,
The best of it all,
My *third* holds it there.

My *whole* has many pleasant ways,
And speaks in welcome words of praise.

H. H. D.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. In-cog-ni-to.

2. MarCh, October, JuLy, FEbruary, JanuaRy, AprIl, December, AuGust, SeptEmber—Coleridge.
AuGust, AprIl, FeBruary, OctobeR, MAy, JuLy, SepTember, JunE, NovembeR—Gibralter.

3.
P A T
B A T H E
P A U L I N E
A T L A N T A
T H I N K E R
E N T E R
E A R

4. Succory, Crocus.

5. White, shame, haste, thyme, snail, kine, shut, thesis, nest, Sistine. Make hay while the sun shines.

6. S-kin, H-owl, A-gate, D-rear, O-pen, W-ant—Shadow.

7. Miser, able—miserable.

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POWER OF SONG.

An Englishwoman visiting in Colorado has sent to *Chambers's Journal* rather an exciting experience of her own with wild cattle, in one of the lovely mountain parks of that Western paradise. She says that in her quest for sketching ground it was her fashion to start off on long expeditions by herself, after having been once assured that no Indians were within thirty miles, that bears seldom came down from the mountains so early, and rattlesnakes were fast disappearing. But one morning, walking down a narrow part of the valley, she found her road disputed by some fifty mountain cattle, which had come down to graze, and were clearly puzzled at her appearance.

They formed in line, and for a few minutes we stared at each other. I had no weapon more formidable than a pencil-brush, so was rather more too frightened to run away. An inspiration came to me to sing to them. Sometimes, besides, I struck a stirring melody. The effect was delightful. The creatures listened attentively for a few minutes, and then one after another began to feed, grazing, while I walked through the midst of them, singing all the time.

A few days later I was returning to supper, when, about a mile from the ranch, I saw a large number of cattle coming down the road. I had to go, remembering my late experience, I marched along, shouting aloud, and when within easy hearing, struck up my song.

As before, the animals all faced about and gazed at me. Then, as I sang and approached, they came slowly towards me, like a moving wall. Louder and louder I sang, until, looking beyond and around me, I saw cattle everywhere, coming down in my direction, up the slope on the river, down the road behind me on my right, cattle slowly but surely closing me in.

They were not fierce in aspect, but still they came nearer and nearer, and I was in a terrible state of excitement at stop singing, as I was clearly my success was a charm, without which I was but an ordinary banan intruder, and to be treated as such. On the other hand, it was evident that the charm had to be continued for my safety.

Closer and closer they came, until I could feel their hot breath like a cloud about me, and then a gentle poke in the back or shoulder from their long horns.

At this moment I despaired, then, with some difficulty, from lack of space, I opened my parasol, whirled it round and round before me, with all the strange shouts I could invent, and charged straight at my nearest.

The very grateful surprise the bewildered animals gave way one by one, and fairly made a lane down which I rushed, brandishing my weapon. Then, as I looked back, I saw the whole herd peacefully staring after me in dull amazement, but not one moved a step in pursuit of me.

Some weeks later, when I heard me the story to a Nebraska farmer, he informed me that the cattle-thieves had been there only a week before, he and some other mounted men had barely rescued alive a new-comer who had incautiously strayed into a herd of cattle. Had he, on his part, been terribly driven by wounded men, the animals would have lost their respect for humanity on foot, and treat it with slight consideration.

BY THE NAME OF "X."

In France, where great care is taken that men shall have no other name than that to which they are lawfully entitled, and where every citizen's name, profession, social condition and history are carefully recorded and his goings and comings officially kept track of, some very curious incidents take place.

Not long ago a young man was arrested at Constantine, in Algeria, on a charge of stealing and embezzling in an establishment in which he was employed. When it was sought to make a record of his name, it was found that he had no name to record.

He had been "inscribed" at Bordeaux at the date of his birth, but his father and mother were not known, and the name of Lafon, under which he had been inscribed without authority, he had changed on coming of age, because it pertains to bear, because it was not rightfully his.

After having been forbidden the name of Lafon, he took that of Baron, and was in turn officially refused permission to bear that.

He was, therefore, without any exist, in some way, without any name at all; but when, having been accused of taking some money that had disappeared, and when the police were questioning him in some way, he was entered upon the lists of the court as "one X."

If he is convicted of the offence with which he is charged, he will go to prison as X, and if he ever comes out again will be known as one of the "good name," at least one letter of the alphabet toward some kind of name.

AN OBSTACLE.

A theological student who had preached one Sunday in a city at a considerable distance from the church where he attended, walked to take the early train back on Monday morning.

He succeeded in starting and had to stop on the way to get a check cashed, so that when he reached the upper end of the station, the train which had stopped at the other end had already started out.

He did not pass him, however; as he walked, and when the baggage-car came along he threw his bag on board, and with sensible precaution decided to wait for the last car before jumping on himself.

The by-standers watched the proceeding with interest, and when the last car came in sight came along. There, on the lower step of the last platform, stood a man who must have weighed two hundred pounds, and who put out his forearms to any attempt toward boarding the train.

The young man fell back and waited for the next train, while the obstacle continued in his position on the step quite unconscious of anything except the cigar he was smoking.

COULD NOT BE.

The simplest and most elementary truths may be stated in such a way as to possess something of the charm of novelty.

"Why," said Mrs. Bronson, as the clock struck, "it's only one o'clock. I thought it was two."

"No, mum," said Bridget, "it's never later than one at this time of day."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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DISLOYAL WHISTLING.

Americans have little conception of what may constitute a treasonable offence in some of the countries of the Old World which are still despotic and extremely military. There recently occurred at Barr, in Alsace, a trial which must have been very amusing to an American who might have witnessed it, if a man's liberty had not been in jeopardy.

One day, not long ago, in the streets of Barr, a laborer, who was engaged in loading a wagon, whistled cheerfully at his work. As he was thus engaged, a gendarme or military policeman came within hearing. The workman, apparently preoccupied, kept on with his whistling.

"I arrest you," said the gendarme, coming up and putting his hand on the workman's shoulder.

"What for?" asked the man, astonished.

"For seditious whistling. You have been whistling the 'Marseillaise.'"

The "Marseillaise," being the French national air, and a revolutionary air besides, is forbidden in German Alsace.

But the workman exclaimed, "Oh no, you are mistaken! It isn't the 'Marseillaise' at all that I am whistling, but the 'March of the Brunswick Hussars.' I used to belong to the Brunswick Hussars, and that was our regimental tune!"

The gendarme, who was a German, and thought he knew one tune from another, took the workman under arrest; and in due time he was brought into court charged with disloyalty in whistling a seditious air in a public place.

Both the gendarme and the accused told their stories very confidently, and as the workman was reputed an honest and loyal man, the court was very much perplexed between the two men and the two tunes.

In this predicament, the court adjourned to the council-room adjoining, and calling in the accused and the accuser in turn, made the workman whistle the "March of the Brunswick Hussars" and the gendarme the "Marseillaise."

Each did his best; but the tunes proved, in the ear of the court, to be so much unlike that it was regarded as improbable that the gendarme could have been mistaken.

The accused was, therefore, sent to prison; but his general bearing, and above all, his excellent whistling, had affected the court so favorably that he was sentenced to only three days' imprisonment.

A ROUMANIAN CUSTOM.

A pretty custom, similar to that observed in England, Scotland and the United States on St. Valentine's Day, the Fourteenth of February, is in vogue in Roumania on the First of March. This is the day indicated in the State and Church Calendar as the official date for the beginning of spring.

The masculine portion of the population is not favored, as with valentines in this country, but the daughter, friend, sweetheart or bride may be quite sure of receiving her token of affectionate remembrance on that day. These little gifts are called *martisoires*, and are made of bronze, silver, or some cheaper material, in the shape of hearts, stars and medallions. These little amulets bear the date, March First, accompanied by that of the year, and any motto or inscription which may occur to the giver as appropriate.

The recipient of the martisoire wears it, held by a small chain, on her arm or hung around her neck, until in her walks abroad she sees a rose in bloom or hears the song of the nightingale. Then she takes it off, and hangs it on the next green bush to which she comes, as an offering to Mother Nature, for whom all Roumanians have a great love.

Whether these little medals are allowed to hang on the bushes and swing in the breezes all summer, or whether after a certain time they are stealthily gathered by a martisoire collector, to be melted for another season's use, is not stated by the recent German paper which tells of this pretty, if rather sentimental, custom.

AN INTRUDER IN THE BATH.

The true luxury of the bath is best appreciated by people of hot climates. The baths of Kingston, Jamaica, are described by a correspondent as delightful, being long enough and wide enough to allow one to flounder about, and even to take a couple of strokes. They are made of concrete and are filled with water at the temperature at which it comes from the mains—just right to make a plunge enjoyable. So clear is the water that one can scarcely realize it is three feet deep.

Once in a while, to be sure, there is something which may detract from its enjoyment by the stranger, if he has not become used to some of the other inhabitants of the land. For example, as I was about to take my first jump, I discovered something that looked a bit like a horseshoe crab down at the bottom. Calling to one of the black pickaninnies running about the yard, I asked him what it was.

"Oh, dat's a scorpium."

"Well, take him right out."

"Oh, he's dead, sah."

"Never mind! I prefer my bath without him in it."

A dead scorpion is bad enough, but that is preferable to having a live one drop from the rafters overhead on one's bare flesh, as once happened to a friend of mine.

PATRIOTIC.

Surely it is better to be mistaken in the bare facts regarding our heroes than to have no such divinities to worship.

"Well, Uncle Mose," said a lady, "I hear you have another pair of twins at your house."

"Yaas, missus, yes we has. Bress dey little hearts!"

"Have you named them yet?"

"Yes'm. Done named 'em aftah two ob de fust pres'dents ob dis country."

"Indeed! What two?"

"Ole Christofo C'lumbus an' Juleyous Cæsar, ma'am. We'se great on namin' de children fo' de pres'dents 't our house."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WILLIE," said the visitor, "what is your ambition?" "I'd like," said the boy, putting down his yellow-covered story of the plains, "to have people tremble like leaves at the mere mention of my name."—*Harper's Young People.*

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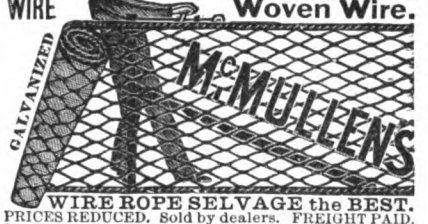
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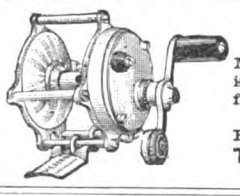
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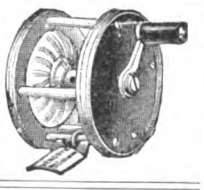
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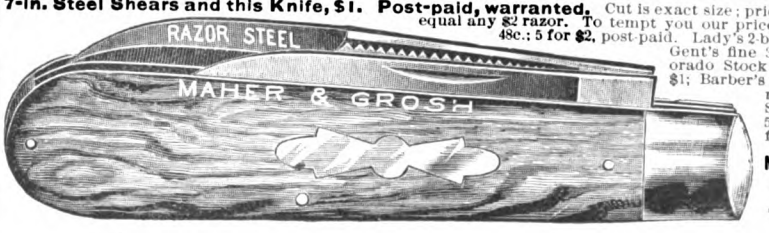
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For the Companion.

CONSTIPATION AND INSANITY.

It is now generally admitted that constipation is productive of serious disorders, that it aggravates other ailments, increases the susceptibility of the system to infectious diseases, and produces a state of general physical disturbance. The nervous system is especially affected, and it must be remembered that the nervous centres are in the brain.

The deleterious effects of constipation were formerly explained by the pressure of the hardened mass on the blood-vessels and nerves of the intestines. But a different view is now taken. It is believed that they are due to powerful poisons, which have been proved to be developed in the process of incipient decomposition.

There is reason to believe that extreme cases of constipation may result in insanity. The *Alienist and Neurologist*, a journal devoted to mental diseases, gives three marked cases which seem to confirm the view.

In the first case, a woman, without any nervous tendencies, hereditary or acquired, and every way healthy, began to suffer from constipation, with loss of appetite and general debility. After a while, she had attacks of fainting and vomiting. At length there were developed marked symptoms of insanity — restlessness, sleeplessness, incoherence, hallucinations, and delusions of a melancholy character. The skin was of a dirty brown and covered with branny scales.

It took ten daily injections to bring away the accumulated mass of hardened fæces. After this was done, the bowels began to act regularly, the mind became clear, and the patient entered on full convalescence.

The second case was that of a man with suicidal tendencies, who had refused food for months. He was restored to mental soundness, after being relieved of an immense quantity of accumulated fæces. The third case was that of a young man who had become morose, suspicious and quarrelsome. He was similarly treated and restored.

In some of the worst cases of constipation, there is a free passage through the compact mass, the latter adhering in thick layers to the walls of the intestines, while the patient has no suspicion of his real condition.

That grave diseases do not oftener result from constipation is due to the constant use of cathartics on the part of those affected. But such use is itself injurious. The true course is to establish habits that will effectually remove the tendency to constipation. The muscular vigor of the intestines needs to be increased by invigorating the muscular system generally with proper out-door exercise.

INTRUSIVE SNAKES.

The terrible cobra de capello, which is feared and venerated in India as a snake-god, is occasionally caught napping when he has encroached on the territory of others.

A resident in India says that he was one day much astonished by hearing a succession of reports, like the firing of a revolver, which issued from the "godown," or store-room. As he opened the door a strange sight met his gaze. A cobra had managed to get into the room, and had been attracted by an empty biscuit tin—in American parlance a tin cracker-box—about twelve inches by six, in which some crumbs were still remaining.

The cover had not been well opened, and the edges were jagged. The cobra had pressed his head inside to lick up the crumbs, but he could not get it out again. The more he tried, the more difficult did it become.

In his rage his hood expanded and was lacerated by the sharp edges of the tin, and upon this he began to lash about with his tail. Pop, pop, went bottles of champagne and beer; these were the reports which had been heard within, and they had given the signal which brought his executioners to the spot.

An old gentleman living in the same country said to his wife one morning:

"My dear, I have had a very strange dream. I dreamed I was sleeping on a cobra."

"What nonsense!" was her retort; "how could that be?"

"Well, my dear," he responded, meekly, "I did dream it, and I only hope it wasn't true."

The next night he had the same dream, and in the morning announced the fact, only to encounter his wife's ridicule on the score of his weak nerves. Nevertheless he had the same dream once more.

Thereupon the mattress was ripped open, and there, snugly coiled in its middle, was a cobra. He had entered one day through a rip in the cover, while the mattress was lying in the garden to air. Probably his luxurious writhings beneath the sleeper had given rise to the dream.

AN ENGLISH TOM THUMB.

A name quite as famous as Tom Thumb's is that of an English dwarf who lived in the last half of the seventeenth century, one Jeffery Hudson. It is said that when he was seven or eight years old and only eighteen inches in height he was presented to the Queen in a very novel manner.

The Queen was at dinner at Burleigh on the Hill, the seat of the Duke of Buckingham. A cold pie was brought on, and on its being opened, the little fellow stepped out of it and immediately was given over to the Queen, who retained him in her service.

He did not grow much until he was thirty years old. Then he shot up to three feet and nine inches. He served as Captain in the Royal army in the Civil War, and in 1644 attended the Queen into France. Here he fought a duel with pistols, and killed his opponent.

After the Restoration Jeffery returned to England, but was almost immediately thrown into prison on suspicion of conspiracy. Under this close confinement he died at the age of sixty-two.

BY MARRIAGE.

A traveller in Texas says that he was riding along a cattle trail near the New Mexico line, when he met a rather pompous-looking native of the region, who introduced himself as Colonel Higgins, of Devil's River.

"Were you a Colonel in the Confederate army?" I asked.

"No, sah."

"On the Union side, then?"

"No, sah, nevah was in no wah."

"Belong to the Texas Rangers?"

"No, sah, I do not."

"Ah, I see. You command one of the State militia regiments."

"No, sah, I don't. Don't know nothing about soldiering."

"Where, then, did you get the rank of Colonel?"

"I'se a Kunnel by marriage, sah."

"By marriage? How's that?"

"I married the widow of a Kunnel, sah; Kunnel Thompson, of Waco."

AFTER SOPHOCLES.

Mabel's dolls are all "live people" to her, and are invested with remarkable histories. A little while ago she visited an aunt in Boston who belongs to a club formed for the purpose of studying Greek plays, and brought home as a present from this aunt a monstrous "rag doll" which was a relic of her childhood.

"What have you named her?" asked Mabel's mother, as she surveyed the doll's somewhat expressionless features.

"She's a Greek," said Mabel, promptly, "and her name is Mary Tigone; she's named for a lady that a man by the name of Sofukuls wrote about, only *her* name was *Ann* Tigone; but I don't think Ann is a pretty name!"

TWO BABIES.

The grammarians who say that there are only three degrees of comparison have never sufficiently attended to the language of young mothers. Here, for example, is a dialogue from the New York *Weekly*:

Mrs. Newma—Oh, I wish you could see Mrs. Winkler's baby. It's perfectly lovely! Such a delicate, sweet little creature as it is! It's a perfect little cherub, with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth, and the cunningest little nose. It looks as if it had just dropped from heaven, and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels.

Mr. Newma—Is it as nice as our baby?

Mrs. Newma—Mercy! no, not half."

IT FELT SO.

An Irish servant-girl came to her mistress one morning begging permission to go to the dentist to have an aching "toot" filled; saying that it had been going "thumpity-thump, thumpity-thump!" all night.

When the girl returned her mistress asked:

"Well, Katie, did you have the tooth filled?"

"Oi did, mum."

"What did you have it filled with?"

"Oi don't know just phwat it was, mum, but from the way it fales Oi should t'ink it was t'under and loightning he'd put into it, mum."

EASILY ANSWERED.

A professor in a German medical college had one exasperating student, according to the *Illustrirte Welt*.

"You see, Herr Dumm," said the professor to this young man, one day, "the subject of this diagram limps, because one of his legs is a trifle shorter than the other. Now what should you do in such a case?"

"I should limp, too, I think, Herr Professor," replied the student, with an expression of perfect innocence on his stupid face.

WHAT AILED HIS FINGER.

For those who have eyes to see, the present always bears the impress of the past.

"Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating?" asked a lady of a tramp. "Was it ever broken?"

"No, madam; but during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break."—*Continent.*

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For the Companion.

INTERLOPERS.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter I.

Dorothy's Affliction.



IT was a bright, warm May morning, and the windows of the schoolroom were all open. Through them came the faint smell of far-away lilacs, blooming beside the seminary fence, and the hum of near bees bumping against the seminary wall.

All this sweetness and light made the girl-students "wild to get out," as they would express it, but they had, perforce, to content themselves with glances into the open from behind book-covers.

From a recitation-room beyond came the monotonous sound of a voice explaining a problem in algebra, while from an apartment more distant still were heard the notes of a badly executed scale.

Here in Miss Lorimer's room all was comparatively still. The girls were supposed to be studying.

Suddenly the door opened and a strong draught of mild air sprung toward it from the windows, setting the loose rings of hair on the temples of the new-comer to flying as she stood for a second upon the doorsill before entering the room.

She seemed loath to close herself in again, by the shutting of that door, to the weary round of study that for a little while she had escaped.

At her appearance Miss Lorimer raised her eyes from the pages of a composition she was correcting, and looked at the girl.

"You have been gone a long time, Dorothy," she said, in a low tone of disapprobation. "When you asked for permission to leave the room I did not suppose you intended to remain away throughout the morning session. You will scarcely have time to study your Roman History lesson now before the noon intermission, but I shall take no excuse if you are not prepared."

Dorothy made no response, and threaded her way slowly along the aisles to her desk. There she began a determined attack upon the imprisoned Caius Marius, whose immediate doings formed the subject of the afternoon's lesson.

The lilacs wafted their scent to the winds; the bees hummed on, and the sun climbed slowly upward toward the zenith. Having gained this position, it gave direct vertical evidence thereof to the world at large and to the seminary in particular; whereupon Dennis the janitor sounded the gong, and the classes dispersed for recess.

As soon as Miss Lorimer had left the room the girls all crowded about Dorothy with anxious inquiries and excited demands.

"Did you really do it?"

"And got them through?"

"How dared you?"

"Were you scared?"

"Of course I did it. Do you think I'd back out at the last minute too? I got them safe through, though it was a squeeze, I tell you; and I almost got stuck myself."

"Why *did* you do it?"

"Why do people insist on putting a fascinating window just at the right height in the cloak-room, exactly where one can easily climb up and see into the hall? But why do they then insist on making it so small that it pinches one all over, black and blue, when she crawls through to skip out by the big front door and smuggle in cakes and pie?"

"Was the apple-woman there?"

"Yes! Do you know, girls, that woman is a seraph! She was just where I told her to be, and everything went on like clock-work. Wait till to-night, and we'll have a *time!* Four enormous pies—a little crushed from being bundled up together, but that's no matter—and a lot of cakes; spice and otherwise, as Miss Lorimer would say."

The girls received Dorothy's announcement of the delights to come with little sighs of appreciation, so expressive that one who was not acquainted with the bounteousness of the seminary table might have imagined that the institution starved its pupils.

As a matter of fact, the girls' sole motive was a mistaken notion of "fun," and the fascination of bringing in something from the outside world. Of course the doer of the doughty deed must be Dorothy. Whenever there was any mischief afloat it was always directly traceable to Dorothy.

It was a good trait in this girl that if she did mischief she never tried to shift the responsibility upon another. She took the blame of failure just as she enjoyed the triumph of success.



Dorothy's Letter from her Mother.

Miss Lorimer thought she ought by this time to show a more dignified disposition. She was fifteen now, and ought to begin to act like a lady. But, alas! Dorothy showed no tendency toward increasing seriousness.

Miss Lorimer often thought that she would write to Mrs. Day and ask her to remonstrate with her little daughter. But she refrained because none of Dorothy's fun was malicious, and because Mrs. Day was travelling abroad, and she thought it was not best to cause her distress while Dorothy did not transgress too far.

"You see," Miss Lorimer explained to Miss Duprée, the principal, "things always look so different on paper—so uncompromising and downright. Mrs. Day might imagine the child was doing some real evil, whereas she is only romping and full of mischief. If she had a father perhaps he could govern her; but the little tomboy is too much for her mother, I fancy."

Miss Lorimer shook her head regretfully as she turned down the corridor leading to her own room to read, undisturbed, some letters that had just come.

She had scarcely finished the first brief note when she heard a knock upon her door, and was informed that Miss Duprée would be obliged if Miss Lorimer could spare her a few moments, as she had just received a piece of news which she wished to communicate to her.

Miss Lorimer hastened to the principal's room, and was greeted by an amused laugh and a gesture of welcome.

"Do sit down and listen to this," said Miss Duprée. "A few moments ago you were lamenting Dorothy Day's fatherless condition. I have just received a letter from Mrs. Day announcing her marriage, and begging me to break the news to Dorothy, after which I may give her this little note that was enclosed in mine."

"What will the child do?"

"What shall I do? *I* can't talk to her; I see so little of her that I should not know how to handle her in this affair. You would be much better able to judge how she will accept it. Suppose you explain it to her. How do you think she will take it?"

"I think she will resent it bitterly. I am sorry. I wish it need not have been, and especially that I were not to be the one to tell her. She adores her mother and, I think, is very jealous of her love. Does Mrs. Day give any particulars, or tell you what are her plans?"

"No; nothing further than that she intends to return to America in June—just about Commencement time—and I suppose Dorothy will then be taken home and permitted to see how she likes her new father."

"She is high-spirited," said Miss Lorimer. "You have no occasion to envy me my task."

With the two letters from abroad in her hand, she passed out of the door. As she neared her own recitation-room she heard from within the sounds of light laughter and gay voices.

"Do it again, Dorothy. You do it beautifully."

"Go on! Hurry! If you don't the bell will ring."

"Once more, Dorothy. Be obliging, do."

Through the crack of the door Miss Lorimer witnessed a strange sight. Dorothy Day was dancing a spirited "clog" upon the top of her desk; her daintily-shod feet tapping the wood with so decided and yet so delicate a fall that while the sound was perfectly distinct, the polished surface of the cover was not marred.

As she danced, Dorothy snapped her fingers over her head instead of castanets, to keep time.

Miss Lorimer waited a moment, but only a moment, and then pushed open the door and stood upon the sill.

"Dorothy!"

The girls all turned away, and Dorothy stood upon her elevation alone, the color deserting her cheeks and the flashing light fading from her eyes, abashed.

"Dorothy," said the teacher, quietly, "will you be good enough to come to my room at once?"

She turned her back and was gone.

"Phew!" exclaimed one. "Now you're in for it!"

Dorothy, springing lightly from her pedestal, followed Miss Lorimer, and in a moment was standing before her, awaiting her doom.

But all Miss Lorimer said was: "Will you please close the door, Dorothy? I have something to tell you."

She made known to her, as gently as she could, the contents of her mother's letter.

Dorothy grew very white, even to the lips, and her chin trembled. Miss Lorimer made a pretense of seeing nothing but the letter she held in her hand, at which she looked with downcast eyes.

For a moment there was no sound in the little room but the ticking of the clock upon the mantle-shelf. Then Dorothy sprang suddenly to her feet, and in a choked voice, husky and trembling with indignation, cried:

"And she did it without telling me! I never knew—all this—time! Oh, it was—*mean*, it was—"

She gave a pitiful little gasp and then began to cry.

"Please let me go to my own room, Miss Lorimer;" she begged. "I can't go to recitation again—to-day. I don't care, I—want to—be alone."

Miss Lorimer rose and put both her arms about the girl's swaying figure.

"You shall be alone, dear," she said. "But before you go, I want to give you a letter your mother enclosed in this to Miss Duprée. It may contain some comforting words. And believe, my dear, there is nothing to grieve about. Your mother's love for her husband does not deprive you of one jot of her affection for you; and if she is happy—"

She paused and stroked the bent head tenderly with her hand.

The clang of a gong sounded through the building. Miss Lorimer thrust the envelope into Dorothy's hand, and pressing her lips to her forehead, whispered:

"Here is your letter, dear. Read it and try to be happy. Don't judge your mother—that is, don't misjudge her. Stay here if you like, and as soon as I can I will come to you. It will not be long."

When she was gone Dorothy dried her eyes with little savage thrusts of her handkerchief, and then tore open her letter and read.

There were some kind and tender passages in which her mother announced her marriage to Colonel Everest, and then this, which caused Dorothy's eyes to snap, and at last her hand to fling the letter across the room:

"He is *so* good and more than kind, and we are a very fortunate mamma and daughter, Dorothy, to have such a faithful friend to care for us always.

"And now for a piece of news that I did not write to Miss Duprée: Colonel Everest has a little daughter just about your age—a year older, perhaps—and just fancy! this poor child has never known a mother, for hers died when Helen

Edward D Dunfield Jan92

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was born; and ever since her babyhood she has been separated from her father.

"So now she is so happy that she clings about my neck, kissing me and patting my cheek and calling me mamma, and now and then really crying at the thought of never being lonely any more.

"She follows her father and me about with her great wistful eyes that look as if they had grown big through longing for something to love, until I feel the tears come gushing up into my own at the remembrance of my Dorothy's 'bonny blue een,' and the thought of how different and how much happier and more fortunate has been her life.

"Helen has looked at your picture until she knows your face by heart, and is so anxious to see you that every day she says, 'Now it is nearer the time when we shall go to Dorothy.' What good mates you two little sisters will be!

"Be good and true and faithful and just, always, and remember that nothing can alter the devoted love of your affectionate mamma."

So it was even worse than she had expected! Not alone had this strange man come and stolen her mother from her, but he had thrust his daughter between them, too. It was cruel! cruel! Another girl clinging to her mother's neck, and calling ner mother, and taking her place in that mother's heart, while she, Dorothy, was alone among strangers!

Why did her mother say she loved her when she was willing to bring strange people between them—strange people whom Dorothy had never seen nor heard of before, and who were now at this moment taking the place that by right belonged to her?

Dorothy put her heel on the letter that had made her heart ache, and ground it down upon the floor.

She felt a fierce hatred toward these people, and a feeling of bitter resentment against the mother who, as she thought of it, could let herself be cajoled into deserting her own child in order to take into her heart a strange man and his strange daughter.

What could she do? If she were grown up, she would go away and earn her own living, somewhere in India, perhaps, as a missionary; and then her mother could have this Helen all to herself, and she would be out of the way. No doubt that would please these strange people immensely.

The poor child lashed herself with her own imaginings until she was choked and blinded with grief. Somewhere in her side she felt a dull ache. That was her heart.

Well, perhaps she would get heart disease! She fancied herself dead of a broken heart, and her mother hurrying across the ocean to look upon her for the last time. Then she would be sorry she ever married a strange man and his little girl, and wish she had never made her own child so unhappy!

She was so thoroughly miserable that she did not notice how the hours sped, and was surprised, in a dull, listless fashion when Miss Lorimer returned and found her still crying. She was proud enough to wish to hide her grief from an outsider, and loyal enough to desire to shield her mother from the censure of others.

So she made a great effort to control herself and appear composed, while her swollen eyes and the grievous droop of her mouth made her endeavor quite touching.

Miss Lorimer went to the child, and gently lifting her from the chair in which she sat, drew her upon her lap, waiting patiently for her to check the heavy sobs.

At last, when Dorothy's breathing had become more regular, Miss Lorimer began to talk to her in tones which soothed her into a condition of comparative quiet.

It did not surprise her—the child was too much worn out to feel much emotion of any sort just now—to find that Miss Lorimer took quite a different view of the case from that which she herself held.

Her teacher told her it was only natural and right that her mother should marry again, and that if Colonel Everest was a good man, as she was sure he was, it would prove a great blessing, instead of a misfortune, to his young step-daughter.

She said many things that Dorothy seemed to hear and still not appreciate at all, they were so foreign to her own way of thinking; but Dorothy said nothing in contradiction, and Miss Lorimer felt she had convinced her of the reasonableness of her view.

But when Dorothy had slept away the first weariness of her sorrowing, and could think of it all less drowsily, the old feelings of hatred and indignation sprang up in her breast again, and made her harden her heart against every softer sentiment.

She became pale and sallow, and all the old brightness was gone from her eyes. The lines about her mouth grew severe and set, and her laugh was not always good to hear.

Miss Duprée said openly that it must be a very wilful, unlovely spirit that would entertain an unworthy feeling of resentment so long. But Dorothy did not quite understand. She thought she had been injured, and was quite justified in feeling a righteous anger.

But, since she presently discovered that her resentment was making her very sour and not at all pretty to look at, she resolved to enjoy herself as much as possible, and try to forget that it was necessary to be wretched all the time.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

(To be continued.)

SULTRY STILLNESS.

The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden lost and mute;
Even the brook that leaps along
Seems weary of its bubbling song,
And, so soft its waters creep,
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep.
—*John Clare.*

For the Companion.

ONE OF THE "MAGNET" STAFF.

"Send Mr. Harding in."

The managing editor irritably dropped the speaking-tube, and exclaimed, half to himself, "Why in the world couldn't those bothersome Cresson operatives have taken some other time to air their grievances?"

The managing editor did not mean to be unreasonable, but he did wish that the employees of the great Cresson cotton-mills had not chosen for their strike a time when every news field was overcrowding the paper, and when an unusually active political campaign was beginning.

Millions of dollars were invested in the Cresson manufactories, and the mills had been compelled to shut down in a day. Hard as the situation was for the mill-owners, the managing editor felt that it was harder still for the newspaper to be compelled to send away one of its best men just at this time.

He drew his hand wearily across his forehead with the gesture of a man whose brain is overworked.

At this moment an alert and very young man, scarcely more than a boy, clear-eyed and frank in appearance, looked in at the door.

"Come in, Mr. Harding. I shall have to send you away on special work. Those everlasting spinners and weavers at Cresson have struck. I want you to reach the ground by the first train to-morrow morning. You know, upon such a matter, it won't do for the *Magnet* to be beaten, and I needn't tell you that the *Magnet* wants the whole truth about it. That's one reason why I send you."

"Thank you, sir. I shall be glad to go."

"I'll put some one else on that matter of Colonel Benson's candidacy in the tenth district. And, Harding —"

"Yes?"

"Return to-morrow night if you can. If you cannot, stay over; but see it through if it takes a month."

Harding was full of enthusiasm in his work. He exulted boyishly in the important assignment thus committed to him, for he knew that a good performance of such a duty would contribute to his advancement.

When the *Daily Magnet's* special correspondent alighted from the morning express in the city of Cresson the looms and spindles were idle; the mill yards were deserted save by the policemen detailed to guard the property there; agents and other officials were in close consultation in the offices and counting-rooms; angry and discontented operatives were gathered around the street corners.

All that day Harding went from place to place, winning the confidence of the mill managers by his frank and gentlemanly bearing, and that of the leaders of the strike by his evident fairness and desire to get at the exact truth.

He found that he could return on the evening express; and when he took the train at a quarter past seven, his report of the matter was already nearly completed.

Under the dim car-lights he scribbled on industriously, sure of a triumph. The other newspapers, he had found, were depending upon inefficient local correspondents for their accounts of the matter.

The train rushed through the gathering darkness. The sparks swept back from the throbbing engine in golden showers, like the tail of a comet, and the cinders rattled noisily against the windows. Harding worked on, concentrating all his energy upon the making of a graphic account of the strike.

The lights of the town of Benton were shining, only two or three miles distant, along a straight, level stretch of track just in advance, when the whistle sounded a wild, shrill note of alarm. Then came a shock, a crash, the splitting and shattering of timbers, the snapping of iron and steel, and above all other sounds the cries of human agony.

The express train with its burden of people, crushed, mangled, imprisoned, dead or dying, lay piled upon the track, a ghastly wreck in the summer night.

It was the old story. Some one had blundered, and the fruits of the blunder were reaped in human lives. The train had been carried by an improperly set switch upon a side track, and the express had been heaped, in fragments, upon a row of laden flat cars.

Tom Harding was stunned by a broken timber, but only for a moment. He roused himself with a half-dazed consciousness of disaster that left no room for an immediate sense of pain. He thought of his mother—then of his newspaper.

This thought roused him to a consciousness that he had work to do; and in the sudden awakening to the realities of the situation he became aware that his legs were so pinioned that he could not move, and that pains were darting through his body—unaccountable pains growing constantly more intense.

He moved slightly, and would have cried out, but that the piercing screams about him kept him still from very shame. His nervous grasp tightened on the note-book and pencil which he still held in his hand.

Men approached with lanterns. He called to them, and they came and relieved the pressure about his legs, waiting for him to climb out of the wreck.

"I don't know what's the matter," he said, painfully, "but I'm hurt somewhere. I can't move alone. Will you help me?"

He was raised and laid at one side upon the ground wet with dew. A flask was held to his lips, and a swallow from it revived his strength.

"Where are we?" he said. "Is there a telegraph office near?"

One of the men, who had remained for a minute beside him to see what care he might need, answered, "This is Benton near by."

"I must get a dispatch to the operator—quick. It is of the greatest importance."

"I'd make it short. He'll be busy enough to-night. Here!" the man called to a boy from a neighboring farm-house. "My boy, you can make yourself useful. Here's a man who's been hurt, and wants to send a telegram. There'll be other errands you can do in town. The men are all needed here."

The boy, his face white and his eyes big with horror at the scenes around him, came and stood by Tom, who had written the direction with difficulty, and was tearing the leaves from his note-book. Handing them to the boy he said:

"Tell the operator to send all he can of this before half-past two o'clock sure." Then he added, "Wait," and wrote hurriedly:

"The south-bound express leaving Cresson at a quarter-past seven struck a freight train just north of Benton this evening at nine o'clock, and was completely wrecked."

A physician approached and stopped to look at Harding.

"Are you badly hurt?" he asked.

"I don't seem to be hurt externally," said Harding, "but sharp pains keep shooting through my body, and I can't move."

The physician, grave and compassionate, knelt, and with quick, skilful touch examined the young man. He asked a few questions, and shook his head sadly. The eager, brave young face, drawn with pain, interested and touched him.

Meanwhile Tom had made a few rapid inquiries of the doctor about the disaster, jotting them down to fill in his dispatch. He then said, quietly:

"How is it with me, doctor?"

"Can you bear the truth?" asked the physician.

"Do you mean that I am going? Yes, I can bear it. How soon?"

"Very soon, I fear."

"Doctor, my name is Harding—Thomas Harding. I am a reporter for the *Daily Magnet*. I was on my way to the city with an account of the labor troubles at Cresson. It must be in the *Magnet* office before half-past two. Here I have scribbled a story of this accident. You've given me nearly everything but the names of the killed and wounded—I can't get those. Doctor, will you see that my paper has those names? Can I trouble you so much? I can't fail my paper now."

Doctor May knew that he had a night of anxious work before him, but he could not refuse the pleading look in the boy's white face. The request, conveyed in those words, wrung out of suffering, appearing so singular and extraordinary and spoken rapidly, as by one whose life was short and whose work was very important, moved him greatly.

"Yes," said the physician, "I will see that it is done."

"Oh, thank you, doctor!" Harding's voice had almost a ring of triumph in it. "Your name is —"

"May."

Tom added a few lines to his dispatch.

"Can't get list killed and wounded. Doctor May will send it. This is my last dispatch. Tell mother. Good-by.—HARDING."

As the boy took the finished dispatch, Harding said:

"Tell the operator I have left money with Doctor May to pay for rushing this through. The *Magnet* will give anything for these stories."

The doctor added a word to the boy, and hurried him off through the darkness.

"Doctor, you will find in my pocket-book money enough to meet all expenses. Take it and pay what should be paid. Never mind about me. Others need you more. I couldn't do anything else just now—I might as well do the best—I could—for my paper."

Harding's voice had sunk almost to a whisper, and he caught his breath painfully. Then his breath faltered, and died away altogether.

The work of caring for the wounded and dying went on around Tom's body, now left alone.

It was two o'clock in the morning in the office of the *Magnet*. The roll of the ponderous trucks overhead told that the first forms were being rushed down to the stereotyping room.

The telegraph operator waited at his key. The telegraph editor laid aside the last tiresome sheet of type-written tissue paper, and looking through the window between his own and the telegraph room, asked if nothing had been heard from Cresson—a question he had asked several times in the last hour.

The managing editor came in with a worried look on his face.

"Nothing from Cresson?" he said. "What can be the matter with Harding? If he were not coming back to-night he would have wired long ago; and if he were coming, he would have been here before now."

Just then the night city editor brought word that the "night local man" on his round had learned at the Brainard & Cresson station of a bad accident to the express due just before midnight.

"Send down at once for particulars," said the managing editor.

"I have sent," replied the night city editor.

"Hold the wire open till the last minute," was the managing editor's next order. "Harding will be heard from yet."

Just then came the office call on the telegraph instrument. The operator answered, and began to write. The managing editor leaned eagerly over his shoulder.

Dated at Benton? What did it mean? It appeared to be Harding's account of the Cresson strike.

Page after page came rapidly from under the operator's hand. The story was vivid, graphic and complete.

The three editors read it rapidly, sending it sheet by sheet to the composing room. At last the signature was reached.

"It will be a beat!" exclaimed the managing editor.

"Probably Tom was stopped by the accident, and had to send his story from Benton," suggested the city editor.

But the click of the instrument had begun again.

"BENTON, July 14.—The southward bound express, leaving Cresson at a quarter-past seven, struck a freight train just north of Benton and was completely wrecked this evening at nine o'clock."

Then followed the brief but vivid story of the accident, read eagerly and anxiously by the strong men who stood about the operator.

"Another beat!" exclaimed the telegraph editor—and then stopped, for the last page was reached.

The operator had grown white, and his hand twitched nervously as he laid down his pen and touched the key. The managing editor was the first to read the sheet, with the ink still wet on its brave words.

"Can't get list killed and wounded. Doctor May will send it. This is my last dispatch. Tell mother. Good-by.—HARDING."

The managing editor dropped the sheet and turned away.

The *Magnet* that morning contained two special dispatches which attracted extraordinary attention. Contrary to the usual custom of the paper, both of these bore signatures, and in each case the name signed was that of Thomas Harding.

Above the telegram telling the story of the disaster, first in the death-roll that was anxiously scanned by so many eyes, stood the name of Thomas Harding, reporter.

That was all; but the world soon learned the story.

EDWIN A. START.

For the Companion.

BLUE SKY.

Every one admires and talks of the blue of the sky, but how many have observed not only that the sky is sometimes of a deeper or richer blue than at other times, but that its changes of tint occur in a more or less regular way?

Such is the conclusion of M. Crova, who has reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences the result of his systematic observations of sky color from December, 1889, to December, 1890.

He finds that the sky is most intensely blue in December, January, March and September, and paler in July, August and November. Observing the changes from hour to hour, he found that it was more deeply blue in the morning than during the heat of midday. This indicates that, since the deepest color is seen, generally speaking, in the coldest months and during the cooler part of the day, heat is an important element in determining the depth of the sky color.

This recalls one of the most brilliant of the many experiments with which Professor Tyndall used to illustrate his lectures. By projecting a beam of electric light into a cloud of invisible particles of vapor in a glass vessel he was able to imitate the finest azure tints of an Italian sky.

The point of the experiment was to show that the sky tint is caused by the reflection of the blue waves of light from minute particles floating high in the air. The waves of blue light are shorter than those of yellow or red, and consequently are more easily arrested and reflected back.

When the sun is blazing hot high in the heavens it dissolves the fine particles of vapor to a great extent, and leaves fewer of them to split up the

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scattered daylight and send its blue beams back to the observer's eyes.

It will be easy and interesting for any person to observe for himself the variations in the color of the sky. Perhaps new facts may thus be discovered that men of science will be glad to learn.

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

VACATION LAND.

An island, friends; a cool green land,
Neither with bustle nor heat of the town:
In misty air the great trees stand,
Shading the grasses that wave on the strand,
Laughing with dew-drops golden and brown.

—*G. E. Theodore Roberts.*

For the Companion.

NEPIGON.

In Six Chapters.—Chapter I.

The Story of Septem.

"What if we try for it?"

"Nonsense! What chance should we have? It's too large a prize. Old and experienced writers will compete for those prizes—and get them."

"You can't be perfectly sure of that. We might possibly capture one, the smallest one, perhaps. I should be only too happy to get that. Two hundred and fifty dollars don't grow on every bush."

"But I shouldn't know what to write about."

"Well, I don't know that I should. Yet I think one might hit on something that would bear telling, and prove interesting, too."

"I don't believe there's one of us who could write a story that anybody would read five lines of! It's easy to read stories, but when you come to writing one, yourself, it's a different matter."

"Why make up a story?" said Alton. "There's that account given us by the old farmer, Mr. Silver, who lives there at the foot of the mountain, of the boy who was clearing land in the valley, a good many years ago.

"You know he said that this young man—Sim Andrews, I believe his name was—had set fires to burn off the brush and logs, and was attending to the fires and felling more trees on another lot near by. His way was to cut into a good many trees on one side only, and then to cut one down so that it fell against the next one in the line. That carried them all down in one rick, at once.

"But one afternoon the trees fell another way from the one he had planned, and one fell upon him, broke his leg, and pinned him down; and the fire spread through the woods and kept coming nearer and nearer to him.

"You remember that Mr. Silver told how he struggled to get free, but could not move; and how he shouted and prayed for help, for all the time the fire was nearing him. The smoke was rolling over him; he heard the fire crackling close by, and felt the heat.

"He had given up all hope of help, and lay back in great pain, exhausted and wondering how long it would take to burn to death, when he heard a girl's voice calling him.

"It was his cousin, Amanda Robbins, coming out to ask him to go to a corn-husking at her father's that night. He shouted to her. She came, got a strong pole, set a stone for a fulcrum, used the pole as a lever, and throwing her weight upon the end of it, raised the tree-trunk a little, so that Sim crept out.

"All the while Amanda was fixing the lever the fire was so near that both were scorched by the heat, and almost smothered by the smoke.

"Why wouldn't that make as good a story as any? It is true, too."

"Why, yes," said Dick; "and Alton ought to write it; he remembers it so well."

"Oh, I remember it all right," said Alton, "but getting it into a written story would be quite another thing."

"I could make a photograph of the rescue!" Lucia exclaimed. "We could go out in the woods, and the boys could fell a tree and let Alton crawl under it, in dishevelled garments. Then we could kindle a fire in a way to make a great deal of smoke. Thea could play the part of the rescuing Amanda, with her long lever, and I could take the picture."

"That's a brilliant idea!" cried Dick. "We'll do it to-morrow."

A Combination Story.

This conversation, in our old academy schoolroom at Rustfield, comes back to me very vividly as I write this. It was late one Friday afternoon of the fall term. All save one of our advanced class of five in English analysis sat waiting for "Professor William," as we familiarly spoke of our preceptor, who was delayed a little beyond the usual recitation hour by a Latin class in another room.

Lee Millett, our "odd little man," was absent that day, on account of one of his peculiar hereditary headaches, but there were Althea Harmon, the merry Lucia Graves, Alton Freeman and Richard Morrill. That was the order in which they sat on the form, from right to left in the room.

Professor William came in just as Dick was making that last observation, and with him "Teacher Sarah," as we commonly speak of his sister, who is associated with him in charge of the academy; and who, when she has finished with the classes in her room, often comes in to take a share in the English analysis recitation.

Professor William took his place at his table, and asked us to excuse him for being late.

"Oh, we don't mind, if you don't!" replied Thea, laughing. "Besides, we have been pleasantly employed, discussing a plan to write prize stories. We have taken a prize in anticipation—one of the prizes offered by a young people's paper for the best short story, the circular of which you showed us yesterday."

The teacher smiled. "You were content with nothing short of the first prize, I suppose?" he said.

"Oh, we have been very modest," Lucia answered. "We don't expect anything more than the lowest prize, but we want that very much."

"Well, that is good," remarked the preceptor.

"Would you correct the stories for us," asked Thea, "as you do our compositions?"

"And would each count as one composition?" added Lucia, warily.

"Yes, to both questions," said the preceptor, laughing.

"Perhaps you would kindly help us a little," Alton suggested.

"I'm not a story-writer," replied Professor William. "I fear my assistance would be hazardous to you; not that I should grudge it, however."

"I wonder how that would be," said Dick; "can two or three persons work on the same story, under the terms of the offer?"

"I should suppose so," said Professor William. "As the offer reads, I should say that it made no difference who writes the story, or how many write, provided it is original, and otherwise fulfils the requirements. But have you chosen the subject of your story?"

"Not fully," replied Dick; "but Alton has suggested the story which old Mr. Silver told us, the day we called at his house on our trip after minerals for our school cabinet. It is the incident, you know, of the young man upon whom a tree fell."

"That's a good subject," remarked Teacher Sarah; "you could hardly find a better one."

"But now the question arises, Who shall write the story?" said Lucia.

Teacher Sarah's Plan.

"I would suggest that each take the subject separately, and write the best story from it that you can," Teacher Sarah observed. "Let each of you make the most thrilling and interesting account of that poor fellow's adventure which you can compose. In fancy, put yourselves in his place, lying there in pain, with the fire creeping nearer, and write as exactly as you can what your own feelings would have been. You have two or three months yet in which to do it. When you have finished, we will meet some Saturday and read the five stories, and we ought to be able to get one out of the five that will read well."

"You mean to take the best from each, and thus make up one story?" said Professor William.

"Yes, it seems to me that might be done. My brother and I will choose, according to our best judgment, the parts in which each has excelled the others. In that way there can be no conflict of personal feeling on the subject. I think this plan may work exceedingly well."

"True, that might be worth trying," replied Professor William, thoughtfully. "Possibly the combined brilliance of the class in English analysis may be brought to a focus upon one subject. It may be worth trying. And now I think that we will get to work upon our exercises."

It was from this conversation that our attempt at prize-story writing dated. I do not think that, at the outset, Professor William had much faith in the result of our effort. Teacher Sarah believed in it, however, and encouraged us to persevere by frequent inquiries and suggestions.

Each began to write cautiously and in secret, at first; for if the task should prove too great, each seemed to think it well to leave a line of retreat open.

Comparing Notes.

Early in March the stories were finished, and we met in the schoolroom to compare them. No one wished to read his or her own story aloud; so Teacher Sarah read them all, one after another, beginning with Dick's.

After she had read them all she told us what she thought of them.

"I like them all," she said. "They surpass my expectations. Don't you think they are pretty good, William?" she added, turning to her brother.

"I do," he replied. "There are crudities in them, and some commonplace expressions, but there is also originality, true feeling and some very good description. There is merit in each and all of them. Really, I am proud of you!"

He rose suddenly and walked to the lower side of the room, as is his custom when he becomes a little excited. When we saw him make that little excursion, we knew that he really liked the stories and hoped that they would amount to something.

The two teachers took the stories home, and we saw no more of them until about the first of April, when they invited us to call and see the result of their labor in combining and "editing" them. They had expended a great deal of work upon the task, but it was a labor of love and good-will.

When the reading was finished each drew a long breath, and we accepted it without complaint, as a joint production. It was certainly much superior to any one of the five from which it had been compiled. Good judgment had been used in selecting the best parts from each of the five and blending these harmoniously together, for certain nice alterations had to be made to accomplish the blending process.

Next day the consolidated story was sent by mail, and its receipt at the office of the periodical offering the prizes was acknowledged. Then weeks grew into months, and nothing more was heard from it. We learned indirectly that several thousand stories had been contributed in competition for the prizes, and that the committee and judges had been reading and marking for ten weeks. Plainly there was nothing for us but to possess our souls in patience.

The story had been sent in Richard Morrill's name; but as a *pseudonym* was required to be sent, in addition to the writer's true name enclosed in a sealed envelope, we signed it "Septem," since seven persons had labored upon it.

The autumn term at the academy opened. Our class began to read Virgil, and we had algebra and history. For a recreation study we took geology and mineralogy twice a week, and generally made an excursion on Saturday, when the weather was good, to collect minerals. Professor William is very fond of such jaunts, and it was a pleasure to go with him to the mountains, hills and ledges about the village.

Mineralogy taken up in that way is the most delightful study one can imagine.

Meantime, the four silent partners in our literary enterprise frequently asked Dick if he had heard from "Sim," as we nicknamed our story. He grew tired of saying no, and requested us, as a great favor, not to ask again.

"I will let you know when I hear," he said.



Not "declined with thanks."

We had Virgil at two o'clock in the afternoon; and one day, just as we had finished a recitation from it and were about leaving the room, Dick said carelessly, as he was marking the number of lines which we were to take next time:

"I Heard from 'Sim' this Morning."

"You did!" we all exclaimed.

"Yes," replied Dick, carelessly.

"Sent back, I suppose," said Thea.

"'Unavailable'—with thanks," said Lucia.

"Well, no," he continued, turning the leaves of his Latin grammar, "not exactly that; but it didn't take the first prize."

"The first prize!" we all exclaimed. "Did it take *any* prize?"

"Why, yes," drawled Dick, looking up and laughing, "it took the lowest prize—two hundred and fifty dollars. They sent a cheque."

Then a shout went up; and Professor William was at once on his feet behind his table. He slapped his hand down on the Latin lexicon, and shouted, "Good enough! Hurrah!" in such a tone as we had never heard from him but once before, and that was when the academy caught fire in the basement. We danced and skipped about, and then ran down stairs pellmell, to carry the good news to Teacher Sarah.

It was evident that the prize should be common property among the seven who had contributed to the preparation of the story; for although Teacher Sarah and Professor William disclaimed any share in the profits, we knew that but for their kind offices there would have been no prize for any one.

We settled that point to begin with. The question then arose, What disposition should we make of the money? We held many friendly discussions as to the way to obtain from it the most pleasure and profit for all.

Lucia suggested that we wait till the summer vacation, and make a tour to Quebec, Niagara Falls, Saratoga and Lake George. Dick proposed putting more money with it and making a tour to the Yellowstone Park; but we found that this trip would require a great deal of additional money. Alton talked of a winter tour to Florida; but the same objection was made against this plan.

For a long time Professor William offered no suggestion. But one evening when the matter had again been mentioned, he remarked that there was one place to which he had long desired to go, camping, fishing and collecting minerals; and that was to Nepigon, and the north shore of Lake Superior.

"I should like to go to the amethyst ledges in Thunder Bay and all along the north shore," he said. "There is almost every kind of mineral about those shores, from iron to gold; and some of the amethyst specimens, I am told, are exquisite. By adding about fifty dollars apiece to our prize money, we could—now that the new Canadian Pacific Railway is completed—make the trip. But I would not urge my preference against the wish of the majority," he added.

This plan pleased every one in the class, from the outset; and the more we talked it over the better we liked it. It appeared in every sense an appropriate tour,—one from which we should get profit as well as pleasure.

Our parents, too, we were sure, would be at ease, since Professor William and Teacher Sarah were to go in charge of the party. So we decided to take the trip to Nepigon and the north shore during the following August; and during the remainder of the school year we spent many pleasant hours in anticipating and planning it.

Alton and Dick were especially delighted with the prospect of ascending the Nepigon—the most famous trout river in America.

Gradually a very good outfit was collected, consisting of two tents, waterproof covers, rubber blankets, rubber boots, rubber coats, and so on. Dick and Alton already owned guns, fishing rods and reels. Lee received a present of a fine rod from a relative; and even Thea and Lucia were able to secure each a rod and reel for the trip.

Lucia invested in a new and easily portable camera, of the snap-shot kind, intending to photograph scenes of interest.

C. A. STEPHENS.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

HOW ICEBERGS ARE FORMED.

Some three hundred years ago, when icebergs first became known in the more civilized parts of the world, through the return of navigators from their first visits to the cold regions where they are produced, philosophers began to speculate as to how such immense pieces of ice could have been made. They were immense pieces indeed, as the philosophers heard of them, for the superstitious and exaggerating sailors of those days did not hesitate to set any height upon them that they pleased.

Icebergs were said to be a mile or two in height; whereas, the top of the tallest iceberg that has ever been measured was but a little more than three hundred feet above the ocean level. It is safe to say that none more than five hundred feet tall has ever existed within the time when icebergs have been known.

The only way in which the philosophers could account for the mountains of ice floating in the deep oceans, was this: In the cold countries where they were formed, the philosophers reasoned, the temperature was below the freezing point during the greater part of the year. If a piece of ice were formed in the ocean in still, cold weather, the waves, dashing on it and freezing, and the mist and fog hanging over it, would gradually increase it in size. Thus in course of many, many years it would be built up into a great hill of ice, such as the navigators of the North had seen on their wondrous travels.

Of course such an ice-mountain might melt a little in the short summers of the Arctic, but as long as the crust which formed in winter and the cold nights of spring and autumn exceeded that which melted in the not very warm summer, the iceberg, of course, must grow; and it was a mere matter of time when it should become a mountain, even of the size the ancient sailors had reported.

This simple hypothesis received the high-sounding name of the "accretion theory of icebergs."

Afterward, some of the philosophers—for everybody must be considered a philosopher who inquires into the facts and reasons of things in nature which they do not understand—went into the Arctic regions to see for themselves about the many little understood things in that lone land.

Of course, if the ice of the "berg" had been formed by the salt water of the ocean dashing over it and then freezing, this ice must be salty to the taste, like the water from which it was made. So the first surprise of the philosophers came when they put some of this ice in their mouths, and found that it was fresh, and also when they found that the water from it was as clear and sweet as any from their purest springs at home.

They saw the great icebergs roll over, as one side melted more than any other, and they became unstable in the water. Then the wise men reasoned that they had tasted that part formed at the top by the fogs and mists. This would be fresh, while that below the water's level must be salt.

But as the great ice-mountains toppled over and over, and in turn presented every side, the ice was tasted and found to be fresh. Then the philosophers became more puzzled than ever.

At last they followed the icebergs until they became thicker and thicker. This led them to the land of the desolate Arctic coasts. Here they found great rivers of ice—*glaciers*, as they called them at home.

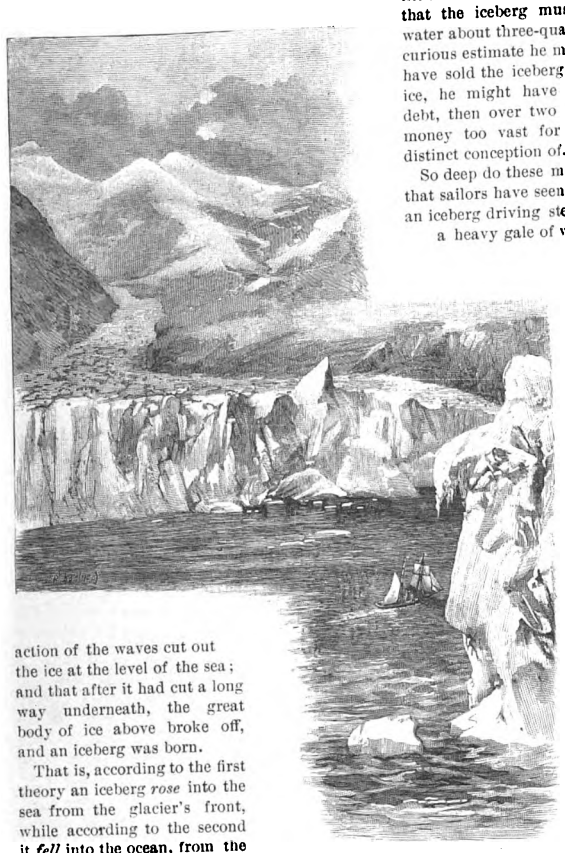
These rivers of ice not only came down to the level of the ocean, but projected into its waters great distances; and huge hills of ice, snapping off occasionally from this front, floated away into the deep ocean as icebergs.

Here, then, the mystery was explained: Icebergs were formed from the front of glaciers projecting into the sea. It was now easy to understand how they were formed from fresh water. Since the glaciers came from the land, they could not contain salt. Now that the close relations between the great mountains of ice,—the icebergs, and the great rivers of ice,—the glaciers, had been determined, the students of nature began to investigate the formation of icebergs from the front of glaciers; and now another serious dispute occurred among them. Some contended that inasmuch as the huge glacier projected far into the sea, and its fresh-water ice was lighter than the dense salt water of the ocean, the end of the glacier must

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become buoyant, or try to rise, as would a cork or piece of wood which is lighter than the water. When it got so far into the water, they reasoned, that this tendency to rise to the top became too great for the brittle ice near the shore to resist, it must snap off, and float away as an iceberg.

Others insisted that the warm water and the



action of the waves cut out the ice at the level of the sea; and that after it had cut a long way underneath, the great body of ice above broke off, and an iceberg was born.

That is, according to the first theory an iceberg *rose* into the sea from the glacier's front, while according to the second it *fell* into the ocean, from the end of the river of ice. Or, to use an expression that has been employed, there were icebergs by buoyancy, in the first case, and icebergs by gravity in the latter.

As in the case of a great many disputes in this world, both parties were right. Wherever a warm ocean current flowed into the Arctic from lower latitudes, where it had been heated under a tropical sun, and then poured against the front of a glacier it cut out the ice very rapidly at the water's edge; and all the time great pieces of ice, like mountains, were falling into the sea and floating away. Wherever the currents of the sea into which the glacier protruded came from the north, and were thoroughly chilled by contact with ice fields, they could not make a sufficient impression on the front of the glacier to melt it, and it slowly crawled into the sea till its buoyancy broke off the end as already described.

It may be a curious thing indeed, to young readers, to learn that an immense, deep river, frozen to the very bottom,—for such, in fact, is a glacier,—should move at all; but such rivers do move. Of course they advance very much more slowly than does a river of water, since the solid ice takes a long time to make a short movement, even down the steepest incline.

The fastest rate I ever heard of a glacier making was only sixty feet a day. This is considered an unusually rapid flow, as the average is seldom much more than ten or twelve feet, while some glaciers are so slow that they do not advance as many inches.

This rapidly-moving glacier—it seems odd to speak of sixty feet a day as rapid movement—is on the western coast of Greenland—a great polar island that gives us the largest glaciers known.

One Greenland glacier, the Humboldt, is sixty miles in breadth across the front, many hundreds of feet in height above the level of the sea, and probably much deeper below the water. Thousands of icebergs must come from it every year; and to sail along its immense front would not be unlike sailing along a coast where high, precipitous cliffs of pure white formed the banks.

But to return to our talk about the formation of icebergs.

If you allow the end of a short, thick plank to rest in a tub of water, while holding the other end, it will sink but little; and in order to force it further into the water it is necessary to press the plank down with the hands, while the farther it is pressed the greater the force required.

Now if we imagine this thick board to be a piece of ice of a similar shape, we shall not be at all surprised, knowing how fragile and brittle ice is, to see the submerged part snap off and, rising to the surface, float in the tub of water.

This is exactly the way the iceberg is formed. The glacier can be called an immense board of ice, miles in width and many hundreds of feet in thickness, that is slowly but constantly being shoved into the sea by its own weight, which corresponds to the hand holding it down, until the immersed ice, in its tendency to float, breaks off near the shore.

Thus we have an iceberg, looming up one hundred to three hundred feet, and possibly a mile or two in length and width. As only one-seventh or one-eighth of the huge mountain of ice is above water, there must be a stupendous bulk below the water—a bulk that would appear perfectly appalling if it could only be seen. Doctor Hayes, who measured the height of an iceberg in Baffin's Bay and found it to be a little over three hundred feet high, estimated that the iceberg must have extended under water about three-quarters of a mile. Another curious estimate he made was that if he could have sold the iceberg at New York prices for ice, he might have paid our great national debt, then over two billion dollars—a sum of money too vast for most people to form a distinct conception of.

So deep do these monsters sink into the sea that sailors have seen the very curious sight of an iceberg driving steadily on its way against a heavy gale of wind and through fields of floating ice-packs and ice-floes. The explanation is that the surface current in such a case was shallow, while a deeper one, in which the lower portions of the iceberg were immersed and which it obeyed, flowed in the opposite direction.

Just when they are on the point of dropping or rising from the glacier's front, a very slight thing may start the icebergs into existence. Some Arctic explorers, landing on the coast of Spitzbergen in a small boat, once discharged a musket about a half a mile away from the front of a glacier, and were surprised to see, as a result of this slight shock, an iceberg tumble into the sea. It was so vast that the waves it sent curling into shore threw the small boat of the explorers nearly a hundred feet upon the land.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

RURAL STILLNESS.

To all there comes a country peace,
The quiet of a night
That is removed from out the world,
Far from the city's sight!

—*Kate A. Carrington.*

FAMINE RELIEF IN INDIA.

Early in July a report from Calcutta stated that ten million people in Madras, India, would probably suffer famine this year by a partial failure of the southwest monsoon. The danger of scarcity is not yet past, but the fear of so extensive a famine appears to have been greater than the facts warranted.

Ever since 1876-78, when India lost about five million people by starvation and its attendant diseases, correspondents have frequently founded alarming predictions on local or temporary failures of the monsoons.

A "failure of the monsoon" is simply a drought more or less general. The monsoons are winds which, carrying vapor from the Indian Ocean and Bay of Bengal, and blowing with much regularity for six months one way and the succeeding six in the contrary direction, deposit rain during their passage across India.

They usually drop enough for all agricultural purposes to the western coast lands and to part of the north, but Central and Southern India are dependent on artificial irrigation.

By storing water, the people of the Deccan and the Carnatic, in the wettest years, obtain little more than enough. In a dry season their stock and their crops are imperilled.

Their margin of production above subsistence is small, and scarcity of food among wretchedly poor people, crowded at the average rate of two hundred per mile, speedily becomes famine unless charity interferes.

When several successive monsoons fail in large degree, as happened in 1875-'76-'77, famine sweeps away millions despite all efforts at relief by governmental and private organizations.

In 1874 the Anglo-Indian Administration adopted as a permanent policy that of funding the total surplus of revenue in prosperous years for the mitigation of famine in bad seasons. During the following six years eighty-five million dollars of public money had been expended on starvation account, mostly in direct relief, partly in works of some permanent utility.

The Indian famine problem is, unfortunately, not wholly one of prevention by the adding of new irrigation works to the fourteen thousand miles of canals, the many artificial lakes, and the innumerable tanks by which some thirty million acres of land have been fertilized.

If all the financial resources of the world were available for East Indian irrigation the engineering problem of storing water enough where less than enough falls would still be insoluble. Upon irrigation works the Anglo-Indian Government have laid out some sixteen million dollars.

Still the question of famine relief remains mainly one of transportation and distribution of food. It is such as the problem of supplying all the armies of Europe would be if they were quickly collected in one district devoid of crops.

Even this comparison does not sufficiently signify the difficulty.

Conceive millions of the starving scattered among tens of millions almost at starvation point; few with enough physical strength, and a still smaller proportion with enough knowledge to aid powerfully in the labor of relieving those at death's door. Conceive the famine area surrounded by two hundred millions of people ill able to give charity at the best of times.

Though famine is seldom so widespread in India as it was fourteen years ago, a scarcity geographically local, according to the American scale of distances, afflicts great multitudes. Madras Presidency, for instance, though bnt the size of Illinois, Ohio and Indiana combined, has about three and one-half times their total population.

It is a tract peculiarly liable to famine. Imagine the three States mentioned suffering from a total failure of crops. In so hideous a case the whole Union of our wealthy and physically strong people, skilled in organization, would find great difficulty in supplying relief. Fancy, then, what a Madras famine implies.

For the Companion.

THE DAYSPRING.

We leave the dewy light of morn and go
Adown the long day's splendor till it dies
Behind us and the darkness fills the skies.
Then wrapped in sleep we float a space—and lo!
The dewy light again! So, circling, flow
The days and years. The morning light that flies,
Returns again. Will Youth's lost Light arise
With that far Dawn to which we circle slow?

With new worlds breaking on us strange and fair,
Will the same glory that we knew of old,
The Dayspring, the immortal Morning air
Breathing upon us o'er the hills of gold,
The Lights and Love of Long Ago be there
In that deep Dawn we journey to behold?

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

SUMMER SCHOOLS.

The enlargement of the systems and opportunities of education is one of the most striking features of the time in this country.

The idea that education may be had outside as well as inside the walls of colleges and schools, and may be enjoyed by persons of all classes and all ages, in their own homes as well as in regular institutions of learning, has recently been pursued with broad results.

Among the devices for popular education and special improvement outside the immediate sphere of colleges and schools, may be mentioned the great Chautauqua system,—already described in *The Companion*,—the mechanics', teachers' and farmers' institutes, endowed courses of lectures, the "university extension" system adopted by many colleges, the female annexes, and the work of such societies as the Young Men's Christian Associations and Unions.

One of the most flourishing of these systems exterior to regular college and school work, is that of the "summer schools" which have been established in many parts of the country.

The summer school is similar to the Chautauqua assemblies, in that it affords the opportunity to study, during the hot months, in places chosen for their beauty and advantages for summer recreation.

The plan of the summer school, however, is less various than that of Chautauqua. It is usually confined to some special line of study in one particular field of knowledge.

Perhaps the first of our summer schools was that founded by the famous scientist, Louis Agassiz, eighteen years ago. This was established on Penikese Island, and the students there devoted themselves, amid picturesque scenes and cool breezes, to zoölogy and natural science.

Other schools on the same general plan were soon afterward founded for special study. Alexander Agassiz, the son of the founder of the Penikese school, established at Newport a seaside laboratory, and a similar laboratory was later maintained at Annisquam, Massachusetts; while a few years afterwards a biological laboratory was opened at Woods Holl.

The custom of summer schools spread rapidly, until now the young man or woman who desires to spend the vacation in the pursuit of special knowledge may find a summer school devoted to almost any branch of study he or she may wish to pursue.

Many of the universities and colleges in the East, the West and the South, have established summer courses outside of their regular curriculum. In them instruction may be had in natural sciences, the languages, physics, and various other branches of learning.

One of the most notable of recently established summer schools is that devoted to the study of ethics, at Plymouth, the home of the Pilgrim Fathers.

In England and Scotland the same plan of summer teaching has been adopted, and successful schools of this kind have been established by Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh Universities.

Thus it is that, in our age, the advantages of a more or less thorough education, obtained in a great variety of ways, are offered to all the people, rich or poor, old or young.

The teacher has ample opportunity, at slight cost, to pursue his special studies; and that in localities where, his studies each day completed, he may enjoy the beauties of nature in her summer garb, and the healthful out-of-door recreation proper to the season.

NOT TRIFLES.

A man applied to a Western farmer for work. The farmer looked at the applicant, asked him a few questions, and then told him to go to the pump and fetch a pitcher of water. The man did as he was directed, went to the old-fashioned chain pump, filled the pitcher, a narrow-mouthed one, and brought it to the farmer without spilling a drop of water.

"You'll do," the farmer said, "you can begin work for me to-morrow morning."

When the farmer was asked what filling the water-pitcher had to do with it he said:

"Why, it's a dry time, and if the fellow had pumped too hard he would have sent the water over the pitcher as well as into it, and if he hadn't pumped hard enough 'twould have been the same. But he pumped just right; and I judged that he'd work just right, not too hard at first to slack up afterward, and not too slow either."

The farmer was right in his estimation of the man, for he has not a better farm hand on his place.

A merchant refused to hire as a clerk a young man whose pantaloons, he noticed, were worn at the knees and seat, because he judged that a good clerk would not thus wear his clothing. In another case a merchant chose from twenty applicants a boy who stopped to wipe his muddy feet before entering his office, and whose finger-nails were clean.

"It is attention to little things that makes a good clerk," the merchant said.

It was a clever young man who, undecided which of two young women to choose for a wife, gave to each a skein of snarled silk. One of them threw the skein away as worthless, and the other picked out the snarl. The patience, desire to please, and prudence of the latter young woman left the young man no longer in doubt.

"How long have you been out of work?" asked a lady of a girl who came to apply for a position as chambermaid.

"Ten days," was the reply.

"And in that time you have not found opportunity to mend your frayed-out dress? I do not think you would suit me," the lady said.

"I was on the point of asking that lady to be my wife some twenty years ago," said one of New York's prominent lawyers, indicating a maiden lady of his acquaintance, "but she was needlessly late in keeping two appointments with me, and I didn't ask her. The woman who makes a friend wait will be liable to try her husband's patience too sorely for happiness."

"Why! you engaged that governess for your children without a recommendation," said a lady to a friend.

"Her neat, plain dress and pleasant manners were a better recommendation than any written one," the friend replied; "and then in the hour's conversation I had with her I weighed every word, every movement, and I am convinced that Miss Snow is a lady worthy to be entrusted with my children."

It is the little things which help us to make up our estimate of a person's character, and it is the trifles of every-day life by which our friends and acquaintances judge us.

MANNERS AND MANNERS.

In an American paper an American traveller lately sketched, contemptuously, the sort of Americans said to be most ridiculous and ridiculed in Europe. They are *nouveaux riches*, declared the correspondent—thus unconsciously agreeing with the old-world assumption that there is something discreditable in having made instead of inherited one's money.

The same writer criticised the woman as overdressed and in conversation as talking too much about herself—the man as effusive, careless in apparel, and free in expenditure.

While sneering at such Americans, the correspondent told how she herself publicly laughed at the anxious appearance of a lady searching for lost baggage, how this lady resented the ridicule, and how the correspondent "had half a mind to jump up and shake her till her aristocratic teeth chattered in her head."

On another occasion the correspondent, finding an Englishwoman as ignorant of America as Europeans usually are, told her "wonderful stories" of this country. After thus falsifying "for fun," the correspondent derided European ignorance of the United States!

The conduct of people who have what the French call the manners of a good heart is never really ridiculous, nor likely to be thought so in Europe or elsewhere.

New-rich as well as old-rich travellers, whether little or thoroughly acquainted with the best usages, may go through the world well liked and welcome in most agreeable quarters, even if overdressed, autobiographical and lavish of their own money.

Europeans of that sort are seldom ill received in America, and Americans of that sort have often been highly popular in distinguished circles in Europe.

The persons really despicable and despised in any foreign country are they who publicly ridicule fellow-travellers, show anger when snubbed, ostentatiously profess to be worthy of reception

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anywhere, and devote a good deal of their time and wit to flippant comments on the manners of strangers, and ill-natured gibes at simple travelling-folks of their own native land.

BERRYER.

The great French orator, Berryer, never wrote his speeches. The substance of his legal arguments and of his addresses in the Chamber of Deputies was carefully studied, but his eloquence was spontaneous. He spoke as the heart dictated, and wit, grace, and force of expression seldom failed him.

Beside his recorded speeches, which are models of impassioned eloquence and forcible argument, many characteristic utterances are quoted by his biographers.

He was impatient of political insincerity. He was a Royalist, but he had nothing but scorn for those who were Royalist only when policy dictated their course.

A man who had renounced his Royalist principles under the Empire, said to him that he was "still true to the King at heart."

"To be true to the King, you must first be true to yourself," was Berryer's stern reply.

But Royalist though he was, when he defended one of Napoleon's generals after the restoration, he had the generous feeling and the courage to say:

"The King should not gather the dead from the battle-field to carry them to the scaffold."

After one of his speeches in the Chamber, a member who with a change of governments had changed his principles, exclaimed:

"There is nothing so hateful as the cynicism of a revolutionist!"

"There is something worse," was Berryer's instant and crushing reply; "it is the cynicism of an apostate!"

When he addressed the bar of Paris at the fête given in honor of the fiftieth year of his membership of that body, he was overcome with emotion, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

He did not find the situation awkward or embarrassing, but said, as soon as he could command his voice:

"My friend M. Favre advised me to put on paper the few words I intended to speak to-day. But notes would be of no use to me; I could not see to read them."

DISAPPOINTED.

What may be the result of a lack of calmness and dignity among legislators is illustrated by the following incident:

A lady of middle age, living in the Western Reserve of Ohio, went to Washington two or three years ago to see the sights. Before she had visited the Washington monument or the "place where they print the money"—the two places which are usually the objects of first interest to visitors in Washington—this lady insisted upon sitting through a session of the House of Representatives.

She had sat in the gallery, not very patiently, for some little time. The subject of international copyright was under discussion, and one or two members had been prosing along indefinitely, while the others wrote letters or fell asleep in their chairs.

Presently the lady from the Western Reserve began to fidget, and to look about as if she were ill-satisfied about something. She beckoned to one of the colored attendants.

"Look here!" she said. "This aint what I bargained for."

"What did you want, mum?"

"I want to hear 'em insult each other. When do they begin to do it?"

"You cain't gen'ally tell, mum. Dey's liable to mos' any time."

The lady waited impatiently another half-hour, but the debate on the copyright law went on wearily without any incidents. Then she rose and went out, tossing her head scornfully and remarking to the same attendant as she passed him:

"It's nothing but an imposition! There haint one on 'em blackguarded another one sence I come in here!"

"GOING IN SWIMMING."

The liking for bathing in the open air, in water deep enough for swimming, is so universal, so natural and so conducive to cleanliness and health, and the ability to swim is so useful a thing, that no boy can be blamed for a liking for it.

But the risk attending ordinary swimming is often great. Every interior town or village usually has a swimming-hole, where the boys go to swim after nightfall.

Very often this place is in a mill-pond, where reeds and grass grow from the muddy bottom to entangle swimmers' feet, or where there are dangerous water-wheels or race-ways near by.

Rough and disorderly boys or men, who delight in throwing small boys into the water or dragging under it, as a joke, those who cannot swim, often resort to these places. Altogether, it is not a matter for wonder that anxious parents often refuse their boys permission to learn to swim, or that boys are often drowned in trying to learn.

Certainly no other useful art is taught in such a haphazard, life-or-death way; nor is it necessary that swimming should be so taught.

With a little work in odd hours, the men of each community might easily provide a proper swimming-place.

Such a place would have water of varying depths, clear of obstructions and dangers. A very little public spirit and enterprise would clear the swimming-pool of each neighborhood of things dangerous to swimmers, and would surround it, in two or three years, with a thick screen of bushes and trees, so that swimming in daylight would be an offence to no one.

A little additional attention on the part of the public authorities or the older people would prevent boys who cannot swim from running any risk except when good swimmers and prudent persons, boys or men, were present.

It is always a pleasure to such persons to teach the young to swim; and under such circumstances there would be plenty of opportunity for all to learn to swim, and enjoy a bath and a plunge in cool, deep water with almost no risk at all to human life.

OLD SHOES.

Few persons know what becomes of old shoes or the method in which they are utilized. A few of the more respectable cast-off shoes are sometimes repaired and sold again for a nominal price to some person who is not fastidious; but as a general rule they are put to other uses.

In France children's shoes are cut from the larger pieces which are obtained by ripping up old boots; but in this country as well as abroad, the practice now is to convert the scraps into a leather pulp, which may be so treated as to produce a substitute for the real article, cheap and comparatively worthless, of course.

Of late the manufacture of an artificial leather wall-covering, selling under a high-sounding name, makes a market for all the worn-out boots and shoes of the American people, so that in its revised form the discarded foot-wear of the most wretched of earth's children may look down for years upon the scenes of splendor such as the forlorn wearer saw not even in dreams.

There are other uses as well, including the manufacture of buttons, combs, knife-handles and other articles which are interesting but of which the public know little. Carriage-makers, bookbinders and picture-frame-makers consume this artificial leather to a certain extent for their cheaper grades of work.

COURTEOUS.

Most of us are apt to omit toward those of our own family many of the outward tokens of respect that we habitually show to our less familiar friends and acquaintances. To this rule, as to all others, there are, of course, exceptions.

Those who pass a certain house in a town not far from Boston on their way to business in the morning, often see what is to all of them a most beautiful and touching sight. Down the front steps comes a gentleman about sixty-five years of age, but evidently hale and vigorous; in the big bay-window can be seen his wife, a feeble, sickly lady supported on her crutches, watching her husband on his way.

The old gentleman walks briskly on until he reaches the street corner some paces away; then he turns, glances back, with a smile for the loving face in the window, throws it a kiss, and raising his hat in the most ceremonious manner, bows low and passes around the corner out of sight.

Such things as this show that courtesy toward one's own household is not quite a thing of the past, that familiarity does not always breed contempt. Well would it be for us all to heed the lesson!

"WHEN."

Most people who read a paper would like to have it come to their hands without any typographical or editorial errors. This is quite possible, according to a contemporary, when all the following conditions come together:

1. When the contributor has written correctly.
2. When he has written the correct thing distinctly.
3. When the compositor has only the correct letters in the different cases.
4. When he does not take letters from a wrong case.
5. When he sets them correctly.
6. When the "reader" corrects every error.
7. When the compositor corrects the "rough proof" properly.
8. When the "reader" reads the corrected proof attentively.
9. When the compositor corrects the second proof properly.
10. When the revised proof is carefully "read."
11. When the "reader" has sufficient time to do this.
12. And when a dozen other circumstances work together for good.

TOO EMPHATIC.

During a session of the House of Commons the members wear their hats, which they remove when rising to speak or to make a motion. This custom is occasionally the cause of a comical scene, like the one reported in Sir William Fraser's "Disraeli and his Day."

William Ewart, the member for Liverpool, was making an effective speech, and on the bench just below him sat Joseph Hume, a Radical, whose aspect was that of intense solemnity. He wore a hat with a broad brim and a long nap, which apparently was too large for his large head.

Ewart, while emphasizing his last sentence, brought his right fist down with crushing violence upon Hume's hat, which instantly descended below Hume's chin, and obscured his heavy features.

The House, which had been listening with interest, roared with laughter, and the orator sat down abashed by the incident that had spoiled the effect of his speech.

NEWS FROM BOSTON.

The superior intelligence of Boston continues to excite the envy of other cities. One of our exchanges says that a little Boston boy, at whose house there was a new baby, was asked if it was a girl baby. The little fellow hesitated. "I have not made up my mind," he said, "whether it is proper to say a girl baby or a baby girl."

At another Boston residence an evening party was in progress, according to a New York paper, when a guest said to one of the family:

"Where are the Digby's?"

"Oh, we couldn't ask them. They're not on our list any longer."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why, didn't you hear? Helen Digby sent a sonnet to *The Atlantic* with twenty lines in it!"

SCOTCH LOGIC.

A Scotch minister was startled by the original views of a not very skilful plowman whom he had just hired. He noticed that the furrows were far from straight, and said:

"John, yer drills are no near straucht ava; that is no like Tammie's wark"—"Tammie" being the person who had previously plowed the glebe.

"Tammie didna ken his wark," observed the man, coolly, as he turned his team about; "ye see, when the drills is crookit, the sun gets in on a' sides, an' so ye get early tatties."

Burnett's Cocoaine allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of hair. [*Adv.*

Stamp Collectors should read the story of "A Postage-Stamp Man" in the May 7th number of this paper.

SCIENCE HILL. A Wellesley Preparatory. W. T. Poynter, Shelbyville, Ky.

SIGLAR'S SCHOOL, Newburgh, N. Y. The mistake in bringing up boys begins at eight. A pamphlet.

CAYUGA LAKE MILITARY ACADEMY. A. K. McALPINE, A. M., Principal. Aurora, N. Y.

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BABY'S PICTURE.

An Odd Way of Getting the Little One to Keep Quiet.

"Fix your eye on this spot, and look pleasant," never results in a good picture for the baby.

The Rev. M. R. Myer of Cawker City, Kansas, took an odd way of keeping his baby still, as is shown in the following cut.



The reverend gentleman said, according to a Western exchange, "The only way we obtained quiet, so as to secure a photograph of my baby boy Clarence, was by giving him a bowl of Lactated Food, which he dearly loves. He was so afraid it would be taken away, that he kept still until we got a good picture."

The engraving shows Master Clarence to be an ideal Lactated Food baby,—healthy, happy, bright and animated,—one of those children that are full of life and spirits, yet are so well and such little trouble, that everybody says, "What a good baby!"

Mothers in all parts of the land echo the sentiments of Mrs. B. F. Lambert of Hyannisport, Mass., who says, "I would not be without Lactated Food, for I believe it saved my baby's life. When five months old she was quite sick with bowel trouble, and my physician recommended Lactated Food. She commenced to improve at once, and is now the picture of health."

In this August weather, when the infantile death rate is so fearful, use this pure food, and save your baby for years of joy and health.

Lactated Food is sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt of price: 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.00. Interesting book of "Prize Babies" and handsome birthday card free to any mother sending baby's name. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

IT COSTS MORE to make Royal Baking Powder than any other, because its ingredients are more highly refined and expensive. But the Royal is correspondingly purer and higher in leavening strength, and of greater money value to the consumer. Attempts may be made to substitute other powders for the Royal by the grocer, because of the greater profit in them to him. Send them back.

The chemist of the department of Health of Brooklyn, after examining the various powders, said: "The Royal is superior to all baking powders with regard to leavening power, economy in use, and healthfulness."

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

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For the Companion.

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

By President Seth Low, of Columbia.

A college education must always be thought of as a great opportunity.

It need not be said that to a large proportion of young men the advisability of availing of this opportunity never becomes a practical question. That this is the case makes clear the responsibility resting upon those who do enjoy it.

The considerations which should determine a young man as to whether or not he should go to college manifestly must differ in each individual case. It may fairly be assumed, however, that the determining factor ought to be, in the mind of a young man who can enjoy the opportunity, whether he feels himself likely to do justice, in the long run, to the responsibility which such an exceptional privilege implies.

The natural question, and so far as it goes the proper one, in the mind of such a young man will certainly be: What can the college education give to me?

In the thoughtful mind, there will certainly follow the other question alluded to: That is to say, If I have this education, what can I hope to do for my day and generation which otherwise I could not do?

This view of the matter brings to the front the general effect of college training. Undoubtedly there are many instances where the actual result does not conform to the expectation. On the other hand, the general experience is, unmistakably, that the college-bred man is introduced into a sympathetic acquaintance with literature quite unusual among those not so trained.

There is, besides, as a usual result, a general broadening of the mental powers in all directions.

It appears to be admitted that for the purposes of practising any of the learned professions, so-called, the collegiate education is a desirable, if not an essential, equipment. More doubt is expressed as to the value of the college education for a young man who proposes to pursue a scientific or a business calling.

In the School of Mines, the scientific department of Columbia College, the judgment is uniformly held by the men who have long been instructors there, that the college-trained men make the best specialists when they begin to specialize. The same argument appears to be equally forcible as to a business career.

In both cases the main argument against first seeking the general culture turns in the last statement upon the time required for the college course. Probably few who seek education at all would hesitate to take the college course, if it did not compel them to enter upon their business or their profession so much later in life.

The practical question is, in most cases: Can I afford the time?

That is a question which each must answer for himself. The aim of this paper is to lead young men rather to frame the question in this way: Why should I not afford the time?

Looked at merely from the point of view of what the college education can do for the man, it appears to be conceded that for many departments of life it is an equipment which is well-nigh essential. There is good reason to claim that, even in business, and in other spheres of activity where the service of the college education is less easily traceable, nevertheless it is of substantial value.

If now the question be shifted to the ground first indicated, the argument becomes stronger still. There can be little if any doubt that the college education puts into the armory of a thoughtful man weapons which he may make of utmost service to his fellows.

There comes out of it naturally a respect for the past which springs from the compelled recognition on the part of the student of the achievements of men in literature, in art, in philosophy and in many other departments of life, before our day. There comes into the mind a loyalty to truth for its own sake, a spirit of liberty also, which seems the vital air of a great university.

Therefore, with this respect for experience, this worthy reverence for the past, there is found also the counterbalancing principle of progress. Thus results the type, not often seen, to be sure, in its perfection, yet often enough to demonstrate its value, of the well-rounded man—a man full of the life of his own time, joyfully anticipating the triumphs of the future, yet genuinely reverencing the past as the foundation upon which both the present and the future, whatever their achievements, must rest.

Specialization may make a man bright and keen; its tendency inevitably is to make a man also narrow. Even Darwin wrote of himself that the result of his close attention to the subjects which he made his own had resulted in the atrophy, as it were, of those parts of his nature which had enabled him in earlier life to enjoy Shakespeare. The capacity for the enjoyment of Shakespeare he found in his later years he had lost altogether.

If this be the result of specializing in so great a man, it seems to make clear the importance of broadening the man at the beginning, as widely as possible, before the specializing be begun by him.

Undoubtedly service of the highest value to mankind has been rendered by the men of one idea, but that may not be the rule for the masses of men. The average man probably is happiest, at well as most useful, when he enters into the closest possible sympathy with his fellows.

This close relation is preëminently what the college education gives in the largest sense. Life must follow it, of course; experience must be added to reading and to study; but the college training gives at the start what no amount of experience is competent to supply.

Men of widest experience, as they have come through struggle and effort to occupy places of importance and influence among their fellows, have become the most sensible of the value of the college training which they themselves had lacked.

If these general considerations are sound, the two questions which a boy should ask himself who is considering whether or not to take the college course, would appear to be these: Can I afford the time? and am I competent to profit by the opportunity? If the answer to the second question is in the affirmative, one should hesitate long before answering the first in the negative.



"Charge!" shouted the Colonel.

For the Companion.

A NAVAL OFFICER IN SANTO DOMINGO.

By the Late Admiral D. D. Porter.

In the latter part of March, 1846, I was sent for by the Hon. George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, who desired that I should report to him at the Navy Department. When I entered his room, Mr. Bancroft was walking rapidly up and down, dictating to an amanuensis. He turned short upon me and said:

"How long will it take you to get ready for an absence of four or five months? I am going to send you to Santo Domingo."

It has ever been my rule in life to be ready for anything, or at least to appear to be; so I promptly replied, "I can start in half an hour."

"That is good," said the Secretary. He immediately continued, in the generosity of his heart, "I will give you an hour. The train starts in about that time. You will proceed in it, get to Pensacola as soon as you can, and deliver despatches to the Captain of the *Mississippi*, who is there awaiting orders.

"The despatches should reach the Captain in the shortest time possible, as the Government desires to prevent the landing of General Santa Anna in Mexico. Here are your orders, after delivering the despatches, to proceed in the brig *Somers* to the City of Santo Domingo, in the Dominican Republic.

"The Dominicans have applied to the United States to have their government recognized; but before committing itself, the Government of the United States wishes to know more about these people. Therefore you are appointed Commissioner and will travel over the Dominican part of the Island and secure all the information possible in relation to the government, resources, climate, and everything else that may bear on the subject. You will communicate with me as often as possible during your absence."

That afternoon I proceeded, by way of Pittsburg, to Montgomery, Alabama. I rode thence on the mail bags in an open wagon to Mobile; chartered a pilot boat; proceeded to Pensacola, and delivered my despatches within five days, which, at that time, was considered good travelling.

Captain Gregory was senior officer at Pensacola, and as the *Somers* was not in port, he ordered me to proceed in the brig *Porpoise*, Lieutenant William E. Hunt commanding.

Lieutenant Hunt had orders to convey me to whatever part of Santo Domingo I might designate, and to bring me back to Pensacola on the conclusion of the duty assigned me.

We sailed from Pensacola about the Twenty-fifth of April, 1846, on May Fifth passed through the Mona Passage, and the morning of the Sixth anchored off the ancient city of Santo Domingo, famed in history as the place where Columbus formed his first settlement in the Western Hemisphere.

What a flood of memories is recalled by that short cruise in the *Porpoise!* Of all the officers who were then attached to the ship, not one is now living.

Raphael Semmes, who, during the late Civil War, proved himself one of the most energetic officers in the Confederate Navy, and destroyed over sixteen million dollars' worth of our commerce, was first lieutenant of the ship.

He was an amiable, engaging person of literary tastes who had the reputation of being somewhat of a "sea-lawyer," and had no great pretensions to professional ability, circumstances which brought him and his commanding officer into frequent collision.

Had any one at that time told me that Raphael Semmes would have become an energetic enemy of the United States, and would have swept our commerce from the seas, I should have laughed at the idea.

It shows that people should not be governed by appearances, for circumstances often make the man; and the circumstances of the Civil War made Semmes one of the most destructive sea-rovers that ever trod a deck.

The little *Porpoise* was lost in a hurricane in the China seas some years after, with every soul on board.

I was received with great warmth by the President of the Dominican Republic and his cabinet, all of whom seemed anxious to afford me every facility for my mission.

The Island of Santo Domingo is situated between eighteen degrees and twenty degrees north latitude, and sixty-eight degrees twenty minutes and seventy-four degrees thirty minutes west longitude. Its greatest length is four hundred miles, and its greatest breadth, one hundred and sixty miles.

This was the island over which I was to travel on horseback, go to every town and ascertain the number of its inhabitants, climb to the plateaux and ascertain their productiveness, and work my way across the great plains, and learn, by direct observation, everything in relation to their surroundings.

It seemed like a "tough job," but those were days when I did not mind fatigue. I was like iron, and could endure any hardship; in fact, I felt the better for it after it was over.

I succeeded in carrying out my mission, and never since have I regretted the privations I was forced to endure in crossing the mountains and rivers of what, perhaps, may be truthfully described as the most beautiful and productive island in the world.

But it is not my purpose here to descant upon its beauties. I merely wish to mention some of the incidents of travel which may amuse the reader.

On arriving in Santo Domingo I made my preparations, and started on the Ninth of May, taking with me eight horses, with a fair camp equipage, and a huge negro named Gomez, to take charge of the whole concern. I had an understanding with Gomez that he was to walk all the way, to save the horses, and travel as many miles a day as required.

The horses were not more than forty inches high and weighed not more than four hundred pounds apiece, but they were hardy little creatures, and could perform miracles in the way of travel. Three of the animals I reserved for my own use, and intended to ride five miles on each one before changing to another.

My intention was, after examining the western portion of the Republic, to proceed to Puerto Plata, on the northern coast, join the *Porpoise*, survey the great Bay of Samana and do all the rest of the work under sail.

There were one or two boats' crews and half of the officers of the *Porpoise* on shore to see me off, and while the Captain and I were at breakfast the animals were being loaded with travelling paraphernalia.

When I went to mount my horse I found that the sailors had fastened the saddle to his rump in a most ingenious manner. I said to the coxswain, "What does this mean? what kind of a way is that to fix a saddle?"

Said he, "Your honor, the natives told me that was the proper thing to do, and I thought your honor would like to travel as far aft on the quarter-deck as possible."

I did not stop to discuss the matter, as I was impatient to be off, but mounted my little Bucephalus and started on my travels.

That day we journeyed about twenty-five miles, over plains parched by the tropical sun, the road marked by the skeletons of cattle that had fallen by the wayside. We did not meet a human being. At about sundown we reached a negro hut and halted for the night.

The *padrone* came out, accompanied by his daughter and a dozen boar-dogs about as large as cats; and the burly Gomez took charge of the horses.

I was provided with cold tongue and bread and butter, and having made a hearty meal I slung my hammock inside the hut and ordered Gomez to have a nice chicken ready for my breakfast, which he promised to do.

By this time I had discovered that Mr. Gomez was not a valuable servant. He was constantly lagging behind and leaving me to lead, although I was not always certain which way to go. Once I caught him in the act of mounting one of the horses, and threatened to cudgel him if he attempted it again. Gomez was highly indignant at the idea of any one cudgelling him, and was so sulky that I thought my chances very poor for having a chicken for breakfast.

If I had known the rascal better, I should have been careful to be more deferential to him.

However, I slept soundly until four o'clock next morning, when I was awakened by an unearthly noise, and jumped up to see what was the matter. Looking through the reeds of the hut, I saw the *padrone* and Gomez engaged in killing a hen, which was making a loud clatter over the fate which awaited her. So I went back to my hammock to try to get a little more sleep.

When it was broad daylight Gomez appeared and announced breakfast. I made a hasty toilet and stepped into the next room to enjoy my substantial breakfast of chicken.

Gomez stood at the head of the table, on which was the hen, boiled with nearly all the feathers upon it. A single egg ornamented a plate beside the "chicken"—perhaps the last egg the fowl had laid.

"Sit down and eat," said Mr. Gomez, in a very patronizing manner. Then he drew up a chair to the table and commenced to devour the egg, which he had broken into a tin cup.

I was very angry. In those days we were not accustomed to argue with a colored man who offended us. I did not argue with Mr. Gomez. I acted.

The chicken was the handiest article with which to express my feelings towards him, and I used it for that purpose. Then Mr. Gomez was angry, but I had more skill in the use of my hands than he had, and the encounter ended in his defeat.

The *padrone*, hearing the noise, rushed in to see what was the matter; and seeing Gomez lying on his face, exclaimed, "Ah! I am glad you've killed that man; he is the terror of this island."

But Gomez was not dead. He jumped up, looked at me askant, and then walked out, collected his animals, loaded them and called to me that he was ready to start.

The *padrone* gave me a cup of coffee, and I eked out my breakfast with the scraps left from my supper.

That day we travelled some twenty-five miles, to Azua, in the district of Bani. Gomez kept far in the rear; and my cavalcade becoming much scattered, I tied the animals together, took them in tow, and went ahead myself.

On arriving at Azua I inquired for the headquarters of the Commandant of the town, Colonel Don Juan Hernandez. He received me with

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urbanity, and furnished me with quarters in a large house built of reeds and covered with plantation leaves.

The Colonel was much surprised when I told him how my guide had behaved, but his surprise vanished when Gomez appeared soon after and took a seat upon the stone wall opposite my quarters without making any motion to take charge of the animals.

"Where did you pick up that villain?" exclaimed the Colonel. "He is the greatest scoundrel in Santo Domingo! He has killed one man in a brawl, and is suspected of having murdered another for his money. You may think yourself fortunate if he does you or your animals no harm. Here, corporal," he said, "go bring that fellow to me."

Gomez appeared, looking very sulky. "Go to work," said the Colonel, "and take care of these animals. If you don't do your duty by this gentleman, I will put a ball and chain to your leg."

Gomez thereupon took the horses to attend to their wants, and that was the last I saw of him for the day.

"This will not do," said the Commandant; "you must be rid of that fellow. You cannot travel over the island with him. He will murder you in some unfrequented spot, and make his escape with your effects into Haytien territory. I will find for you a good boy, on whom you can depend; and in the meanwhile keep your eye on Gomez."

The Colonel was a gentlemanly mulatto, and showed me every attention. The room he assigned me was about fifty feet long and thirty feet wide.

He had a beautiful farm at Azua, on which he raised guavas, exporting the jelly to the United States. The room had an earthen floor, and one end was filled with glass jars intended to contain the jelly. They were piled up nearly to the ceiling, to a depth of about thirty feet.

Adjoining this room were the barracks, occupied by a sergeant, corporal and eight privates, who constituted the military force for the defence of Azua. The Commandant occupied some apartments next beyond the barracks.

I considered myself fortunate in obtaining such quarters. I slung my hammock, and after a good supper, turned in at about nine o'clock.

The last observation the Colonel made to me was, "Keep your eye on that negro. Don't trust him; fasten your door, and if you want anything at night, call the corporal."

I lay down in my clothes, with a revolver by my side, although I did not really expect trouble. I could not fasten the door, for there was no way of doing so; and being very tired, I soon fell asleep.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I did not suppose that Gomez would go prowling around the guard-house at such a time, especially as the sergeant had orders to look after him.

About midnight I was awakened by a noise among the horses; and while I was listening the door of my room was pushed partly open, letting in a ray of moonlight. Then I saw what appeared to be a man's head close to the ground, looking into my apartment.

I cocked my revolver ready for action, and saw, stealing into my room, evidently a man crawling on all fours.

The door closed behind him; but even in the obscurity I could perceive that he was making his way toward my hammock.

My heart fluttered a little at the thought of this desperado being so near. I had no doubt that he carried a huge *machete*, but my nerve held fast.

I waited until the rascal had come directly under my hammock. Then I fired two shots in rapid succession, aimed right between his shoulders.

I never heard before or since such an appalling scream as followed the shots.

Then came the deluge! The house seemed to shake to its foundations, and the roof threatened to fall in, while the crash of glass resembled nothing that I ever heard before.

Amidst all this uproar the screams continued to resound. In the barracks there was a commotion, and presently in rushed the sergeant, with a flambeau in his hand, which threw some light upon what was going on.

The pile of glass jars was in a terrible state of upheaval, without any visible object to cause it. I supposed that Gomez, in his agony, had rushed among the jars, and was responsible for the confusion. The sergeant, however, was of a different opinion.

"*El diablo! Santa Maria guarda nos!*" he exclaimed. "Bring in the holy picture!"

In the meantime the jars were falling by the dozens, and smashing to pieces as they fell. Gomez was evidently dying hard, and trying to emulate Samson and involve himself and foes in common ruin.

The entire garrison was now on the scene with fixed bayonets, one man holding on high a religious picture to exorcise the evil one. The Commandant was in his night-shirt, with drawn sword, and I was waiting patiently in the hammock, anxious to get another shot at Gomez when he should emerge from the pile of broken glass.

"*Charge!*" shouted the Colonel to the soldiers; but at that moment a large hog made his appearance, streaming with blood, and dashed toward the door.

I had not yet relinquished the idea that Gomez was at the bottom of the whole business; and as the animal rushed by my hammock I gave him another shot, breaking his fore-shoulder, when he immediately rolled over upon the ground.

The screams and grunts soon satisfied everybody that the hog had caused all the mischief.

The poor Colonel was inconsolable. He saw the accumulations of the past year swept away in a moment,—his favorite hog, weighing five hundred pounds, on which he expected to take a prize at the county fair, lying in the agonies of death.

The guard slept no more that night, as was evidenced by their incessant talking. Nor did I again close my eyes, although I was the only contented man in the party, being well satisfied that I did not have the blood of Gomez on my conscience.

Next morning I was up early. Gomez had disappeared after injuring every horse I had by cutting a slit in the back of each, and filling it with something to make it sore. The prospects were that I should be detained at least a week.

"I should not be surprised," said the Colonel, "if Gomez drove the hog to your door for the purpose of making a stampede."

At the end of a week, after seeing all there was about Azua, a most beautiful country, I ascended the palisades of Maniel, mounted on a new horse, and continued my journey. The path was so narrow and crooked that it seemed as if a goat could hardly crawl along; but I performed the task with all my animals, now cured of their wounds, without any trouble.

I have given the reader the incidents of but two days' travel, and leave it to his imagination to guess what I went through during two months and a half of hard riding in that rough country, among an untamed and savage people.

Fortunately the Colonel had furnished me with a young man of good character, who was an excellent guide, and who accompanied me through the whole journey over the island.

As for the rascal Gomez, I never heard of him again.



Bolivar's Burro Develops Speed.

For the Companion.

BOLIVAR'S BURRO.

Camp Welcome, nestling in a picturesque valley in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, was one of the prettiest little mining towns in the far West.

Here lived Amos Liddie, a youth still, but one who knew as much about mines and mining as many who boasted of being forty-niners. He was book-keeper and general assistant to his father, who owned a controlling share in the largest mine in the region, the "Idaho."

When Mr. Liddie was absent from Camp Welcome, the affairs of the mine were left in the hands of Amos, who was so trustworthy that there was never a fear that things would go wrong under his management.

It was during the father's absence on one of his occasional visits to another mine in which he owned an interest, that Amos awoke one morning to find himself in trouble.

Bolivar's burro had disappeared during the night, and Bolivar was clamoring for satisfaction.

Bolivar was a big camp roustabout, of character so violent that he deserved the title of desperado; and his burro was the most vicious donkey in those parts. Together they made a most thoroughgoing pair of nuisances.

The "Idaho" mine was situated far up among the clouds on Little Cottonwood Mountain. To reach it the course was by a horse-tramway, a familiar construction among the mountain mines. A steam railroad was impracticable, owing to the steepness of the mountain; and the tramway took its place. Several burros—those comical but useful little animals, which look as if they were half jack-rabbits, half mules, and which are native to the Western ranges—were employed to draw the light cars up the mountain.

Bolivar made his living by hiring his burro to the "Idaho's" manager for use in this tramway. The living was like the donkey—pretty poor, perhaps, but still it was a living. The burro was a standing joke among the miners, and Bolivar's devotion to it was in proportion to his dependence upon it.

The animal was chronically troubled with inertia to an amazing degree; it was scrubby and flea-bitten as well as vicious, and altogether an extremely poor apology for a creature with claims to usefulness.

Mr. Liddie used the donkey only when circumstances made it necessary. He would have bought it outright, but Bolivar did not choose to sell, preferring to hire it with the privilege of haggling over the price of its service.

Naturally, Bolivar had an unduly high notion of the value of its labor, and he never neglected an opportunity to exhaust Mr. Liddie's patience when they came to a settlement.

During the night mentioned this burro had mysteriously disappeared from among its fellows in the Liddie stables, and, as was to be expected, Bolivar was in a high state of excitement.

"Somebody has stole thet beast!" the big rough declared, vehemently.

"I don't think so," answered Amos, calmly.

"Why don't you think so?"

"Well," said the boy, "it's not worth stealing. If anybody but a lunatic were going to steal a burro he would not take that animal."

Bolivar grated his teeth in rage.

"Thet thief showed he had good sense when he took my Solomon," he averred, stroking his straw-colored beard dramatically. "If he aint stole," he continued, "where is he? He was in your possession, an' tharfore you're responsible for 'im," Bolivar exclaimed, loudly. "An' you cain't pay me any too soon, nuther!"

"How much?" asked Amos, smiling in anticipation of the reply.

"Fifty dollars, ef a cent," said Bolivar. Then he went off into a long account of Solomon's virtues.

"Fifty cents would be nearer his value," said Amos; "and rather than pay you fifty dollars, I think we'd better look around a little and see if Solomon can't be found."

Bolivar was forced to acquiesce in this decision, though he was manifestly impatient for his money then and there.

Where was the burro? Either his hitch-strap had become untied, and he had strayed away, or else some one had taken him.

The truth of the matter was, some one had taken him; and the some one was Bolivar himself.

The wily rough, becoming a trifle more destitute than usual, had hit upon the plan of stealing Solomon, secreting him in the mountains, and then holding the Liddies responsible for his loss. The opportunity seemed especially favorable when Mr. Liddie was away, for he hoped to frighten Amos out of a large sum.

That day Amos devoted all the time that he could spare from his regular duties to searching for the missing burro. Bolivar searched also, or made a pretence of doing so.

But Solomon was not to be found.

Toward the close of the afternoon, Amos had occasion to go up the tramway to the mine, and having accomplished his errand, was starting on his return to the valley.

The mode of descent was not the same as that of going up. The burros that pulled the cars up were not needed in going down, and were sent back to the valley by way of the Wahsatch cañon; while the cars were allowed to shoot down the tramway by their own weight, restrained only by brakes.

The tramway was extremely narrow, and clung to the ledges and crags in what seemed—but only seemed—a very insecure manner. The track was covered nearly the whole way by a snow-shed, the roof of which inclined at an angle with the mountain's side, and in the sides of which were holes that let in light and air.

Amos had gone down on the cars many times, and understood thoroughly how to handle them. He arranged himself in a comfortable position and gently loosened the brakes.

The car was off with an easy roll. Far below, in the picturesque valley Amos saw a horseman who looked like a baby on a dog. The cabins of Camp Welcome looked like play-houses. It was a long distance to the bottom.

In a moment he was spinning along, the light car swinging swiftly around the sharp curves, and bits of white flashing past where the holes were cut for light. He deftly loosened or tightened the brakes as the grade rose or fell, and by this means went at a steady rate of speed.

He was about half-way down, and was shooting along at a swift rate, when, in a patch of light from one of the holes ahead, he saw, standing on the track—Solomon!

The tricky beast had escaped from the place where Bolivar had secreted him, and had returned to his familiar haunts. There he stood, exactly on the tramway, in all his glory.

But, needless to say, Solomon was not a welcome sight at that moment to the youth. His presence there meant perhaps a fatal collision. The danger was imminent and frightful.

Instantly Amos threw on the brakes with all his force; there was a grating of the wheels, followed by a slight shock and decreased speed.

Then there came a loud snap, and the car bounded ahead. One of the brakes had broken.

The boy remained cool. His face grew white and his eyes brilliant, but his nerves were steady. As he dashed down upon the burro he uttered a yell that sounded unearthly loud in that narrow shed. The beast was frightened, and started on a run down the tramway.

Amos yelled again and again, making the most hideous sound he was capable of. And now did the burro develop powers of speed that no one, not even Bolivar, could have imagined he possessed.

The faster Solomon ran, the louder and wilder the boy yelled, until the terrified animal was plunging ahead like a runaway locomotive.

The tram-car was close behind him, and creeping closer and closer to his heels.

Amos released entirely the brake which had snapped, and threw all his strength upon the other. The action decreased his speed somewhat, but he was still going at a perilous rate. As for stopping, that was out of the question.

It seemed to him only a matter of seconds until his car should come in contact with the body of the burro. He had no doubt that such a collision meant the most shocking injuries, if not instant death. He had more than once remarked, half in humor, that Bolivar's burro would "be the death of him yet!" and now the words seemed likely to prove terribly true.

Solomon's speed was marvellous. He seemed to realize the danger as much as did Amos, and, be it said to his credit, he was doing his best to avoid a mangling.

The race continued thus for several minutes, the car getting closer and closer to the speeding burro. Amos scarcely breathed.

All at once Solomon came opposite an opening of unusual size in the side of the shed, where some boards had been torn off for an unknown purpose. Here the animal conceived the idea that it would be a good place to side-track himself until the fast express had gone by. Accordingly he turned aside, and aimed his head at the opening.

In this praiseworthy purpose he was materially assisted by the car. Just as he was leaping from the track his hind legs were struck, and Amos had just time to see him go whirling end over end through the opening.

The car, for a wonder, kept the track, and dashed on down the mountain, while the boy mopped the cold perspiration from his face and gave a long sigh of relief.

Soon the level ground near the station was reached, and here the force of the single brake was enough to bring the car to a stop. Then Amos climbed back up the course to find the body of the unfortunate burro.

"He'll have to be paid for now; that's settled," thought the boy. "Well, perhaps it's best," he added. "I'm glad he's dead, and it's worth fifty dollars to me to have the satisfaction of causing his death."

Then his eyes fell on Solomon.

Injured? Not the least!

There he stood by the hole in the snow-shed, just where he had gathered himself together after the car had struck him, regarding Amos's approach with a mournful and reproachful look on his countenance.

For a moment Amos was stunned at the spectacle. Then he grasped Solomon by one of his long ears and led him down to Camp Welcome, finding him extremely meek and submissive.

One of the first men met was Bolivar.

"Bolivar," said Amos in a suppressed voice, "here's your burro."

Then and there Amos severed forever his business relations with "the twin brothers, Bolivar and Solomon." ARTHUR C. GRISSOM.

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SUGGESTIONS

TABLE DRINKS.

1. Coffee. (a) How and by whom raised; (b) How gathered and cleaned; (c) Its different kinds.
2. Tea. (a) Where and how cultivated; (b) How gathered and cured; (c) How packed and shipped; (d) Why so much used; (e) Its effect on the human system.
3. Cocoa, Chocolate, Broma. (a) Where and how produced; (b) How prepared for market; (c) How manufactured and prepared for use; (d) How they differ from each other.

For the Companion.

IN MIDSUMMER.

The low wind rustles in the grass,
A burly beetle blunders by,
And far away the white sails pass
In slow succession down the sky.

A robin from a shaded place,
Whistles his cheerful, ringing call,
And sparrows wing in merry chase
Along the low and tumbling wall.

A daisy swinging in the breeze,
Woos with its golden-centered star
A butterfly, whose restful ease
Shows wings that flame and silver bar.

I hear the mowers in the fields,
And meek-eyed cattle with the load
That harvest time to labor yields,
Go lingering down the dusty road.

The swallows flash athwart the green
Of hillside pastures, rising slow
From where the river's glinting sheen
Sweeps under willows bending low.

The crow sits idly in the pine,
That crowns the far and rocky height,
His sable plumage all ashine,
In this delicious flood of light.

And lazy from the fragrant heat,
The pollen-dusted honey-bee,
Booms slowly on from sweet to sweet,
Whereof the summer makes him free.

Ah, who would seek a wider sway,
Than thus to lie in dreamful ease
All through the cloudless August day,
Beneath the softly murmuring trees?

His are the distances that sweep
To where the wave-girt islands lie,
The subtle songs of plain and steep,
The mysteries of sea and sky:

His soul wins from the fruitful earth,
And blue serenity above,
The knowledge that these things have birth
In a benignant, boundless love.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

For the Companion.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

To be shut up in one's own body, as in a prison—ah, is not that the worst form of solitary confinement?

It might come to any of us—it has come to one.

Colonel Blithe was a strong and active man, in the very prime of his faculties, when suddenly he was stricken with paralysis; and in a moment life—all that was real and active in life—was of the past. Hope died. Energy, activity, the struggle of a man among his fellows—all this was over for him forever.

He has lived for two years, literally without the possibility of expressing one thought or emotion. His sad eyes look out into the world in which he has no longer any share. What he feels, thinks, remembers, he has no power to say.

He cannot speak; he cannot write; he can scarcely move a muscle. The utmost he can ever do is sometimes, when a paint-brush is put into his hand, to make one mark with it for no, or two marks for yes—and even this he is not always able to manage.

There he sits, long day after long day, a prisoner within himself, as if a human soul were shut into a log of wood.

What does he think of, as the slow hours go by? He lives shut in with his own past. Memories glad and sad must come back to him. How he must read over and over all the thoughts and acts of his past life, written for his eyes, indelibly.

The record that God's recording angel keeps—what awful reading it must be for the very best of us! What a more than awful page for such as have loved evil rather than good!

Do you ever think, you whose active lives are but now beginning, that the present will by and by be the past—that you are creating, day by day, that inexorable companion from whom no struggle can set you free?

Wrong deeds may be repented of and forgiven, but the memory of them goes with you, as your shadow.

From what you have done you cannot escape. When the nights are long, the accusing presence of the sin you committed in a careless hour will watch beside you, a haunting shape, with pitiless, cold eyes.

Even the memory of your follies will assail you; the foolish vanity, the lack of courtesy, the thing you wish you had not said—they will all come, in melancholy array, to mock you.

The best of us have these unwelcome intruders upon our peace, but we are happy if we have only follies to confront, and not sins.

To live so that night has no terrors, so that one could be shut up in solitary confinement forever, with no dread of the accusing vision—that would be wisdom even if this world were all; for it might come to any one of us—this life in death—that leaves one with conscience and memory for sole companions.

But this world is not all. The life beyond this? Ah, what of that?

THE BUCKEYE.

A recent article in *The Companion* about the horse-chestnut-tree has led a correspondent to ask whether the American variety of the same tree, the buckeye, is equally well known to botanists and planters of trees. It was this tree which gave the great State of Ohio its "nickname"—the Buckeye State; but the tree is by no means the peculiar property of Ohio. It is found growing wild as far eastward as Pennsylvania and as far westward as Kansas. It grows in Michigan, in Indiana, in Kentucky, and in many of the Southern States, and has been planted in parks and gardens in the Eastern States.

It is a very interesting tree, being in some respects more beautiful than the horse-chestnut. Its partiality to a wet situation, however, and particularly to a river bank, will probably always prevent it from being a favorite shade tree for general uses.

The growth and habits of the buckeye remind one of the righteous man of the Psalms, who "shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither." The leaf of the buckeye does wither if its roots do not have plenty of water; in that case they begin to fall off by the last of June.

The leaves are smaller and of a lighter green than those of the horse-chestnut, but they are very pretty, and the tree reaches a large size under favorable conditions.

The nuts of the buckeye would be pronounced "horse-chestnuts" at once by a boy of the Eastern States; but they are not exactly like horse-chestnuts. They are smaller, rounder, and darker in tint.

Sometimes the horse-chestnut is almost cherry-colored, and it is apt to be flat on one side. The buckeye is very hard, of a sort of irregular roundness, and dark mahogany in color, with a fine polish.

The flowers of the two varieties of trees are much alike in appearance, though the botanist finds certain characteristic differences.

The "buckeyes," though they are not good to eat, are as great favorites with boys as horse-chestnuts; and in their season—which is a little earlier than the horse-chestnut's—they are gathered by the pocketful. They have also the same fabulous efficiency in cases of rheumatism as the horse-chestnut. Their round shape and beautiful brown color, resembling the eye of the deer, undoubtedly gave them their name.

The Ohio buckeye is not the only tree which bears that name. Growing somewhat further southward, and not by river banks but in deep, rich woods, and especially upon the slopes of the Alleghany Mountains, is found the "sweet buckeye." This is a most beautiful tree. Its leaves are long and dark green.

The red buckeye is still another variety. It is a shrub rather than a tree, and grows only in the South. The corolla of the flower is of a bright red.

STORY OF A PIANO.

Probably the severest ordeal that genius can undergo is to be deprived of the exercise of its powers. M. de Pontmartin had a pathetic illustration of this in his acquaintance with one of the greatest pianists of the present century. He relates the strange story in "Les Souvenirs d'un Vieux Critique." Though not a player himself, M. de Pontmartin had a fine piano. One day the proprietor of the village hotel called to say that the evening before a gentleman, apparently a Hungarian or an Austrian, had arrived at his house, a person about M. Pontmartin's age, elegant of appearance and wearing an expression of touching melancholy.

In the morning, it seemed, the stranger would take no breakfast, but besought M. Pierron, the hotel-keeper, for a piano, saying that circumstances had prevented his touching one for a year.

A little later the stranger was seated at M. Pontmartin's piano, and it was soon manifest that he was not only a wonderful artist but an inventor of new methods, whose touch tripled the power and volume of the instrument. He played on and on. Shortly before midnight he seemed to put his whole soul into improvising a funeral march, which ended with a finale of wonderful tragic beauty just as the village clock struck twelve.

"Adieu and thanks," said the strange guest, not waiting to hear M. Pontmartin's exclamation. "It is I who thank you! My piano is sacred henceforth." The next morning he went away, begging M. Pierron not to ask his real name.

The following year, just after hearing Liszt, M. Pontmartin called on his friend Zimmermann. He was explaining to the incredulous musician that his admiration for the great Liszt was tempered by the memory of an incomparable genius whom he had heard at Avignon, when there was a knock at the door, and as the critic relates, "I heard a voice that thrilled me say, 'May I enter?' 'Sigismund Thalberg,' cried Zimmermann in joyful surprise.

"I recognized my mysterious visitor, but my delight was checked by the sadness in his face. He said to me, 'My dear sir, I owe you an explanation. On the Thirtieth of April I promised Catherine B——, a beautiful girl whom I loved, that I would not touch a piano until April Thirtieth of the next year; this as an evidence that my piano and my art were not first in my regard. At the end of the year she was to become my wife.

"'Well, you know the rest. I thought that terrible year would never end. I travelled constantly to distract my mind and to pass the time more endurably. I reached Avignon the Twenty-ninth of April.'

"He stopped. 'And Catherine?' I asked.

"'She died on the Thirtieth, at the very hour when I finished the funeral march, just as the clock in the belfry struck midnight.'"

TRUE COURTESY.

A pretty story is told of the Princess Louise, which has the merit of being true, and also of showing that the daughter of England's much-loved Queen has a kind heart, and none of that spirit of snobbishness which destroys the instincts of courtesy in so many people when they are brought in contact with those whom they consider their inferiors.

It was in a large store in Chicago, and an Eastern girl was shopping with an Irish lady whose home was in that city. Suddenly the lady's face lighted up. She touched her companion's arm and said, "There's the Princess Louise at the very next counter! How I wish I dared speak to her!"

"Are you *sure*?" asked the American girl, who had never had such a close sight of royalty before.

"Yes, indeed," replied the other; "I have seen her in London with our Queen, and I could not possibly be mistaken."

"You wait here, then," said her friend; and with the fearlessness and independence which are said to be characteristics of this nation, she walked straight up to the Princess, before the Irish lady had time to remonstrate.

"I beg your pardon," said the girl, blushing a little as the pleasant eyes looked somewhat inquiringly into her own, "but are you the Princess Louise?"

"Why do you ask?" said the other in a surprised, though gentle tone.

"Because," replied the girl, nothing daunted, "that lady over there says she is sure you are, and she is one of your mother's subjects, and she wanted dreadfully to speak to you, but didn't dare!"

"Which lady?" asked the Princess, smiling kindly on the girl; and when the timid but adoring "subject" was pointed out to her, she left her purchasing, went over to the next counter, and spoke for several minutes with great cordiality and sweetness to the delighted pair, winning a subject for herself for ever after, in the person of the young American.

For the Companion.

A SONG OF CONTENT.

What if the wind rise up in might,
And gather blackness till day be night!
Till lightnings burn through the awful sky,
And the rain like a cursed wraith shrieks by!
The sun is my friend, and the hours run fast,
And a summer storm cannot always last;
Here in my heart white lilies blow,
As sweet as lilies can be, I trow,
And that is enough for me.

What if King Winter's mailèd hand
Lay waste our beautiful flower-filled land!
What if the wind come raging down,
To help the snow to bury the town!
The sun is my friend, and the days run fast,
And Winter's sway cannot always last;
Sweet Daphne, close to my side, lifts up
The breath of May in her rosy cup,
And that is enough for me.

What if my neighbor's robes outshine
These simple, plain little gowns of mine!
What if her coach roll up the street,
And leave me walking through mud and sleet!
Work is my friend, and the years run fast,
Grim poverty's reign may not always last;
And I have love, which is sweeter than gold,
Love—as much as my heart can hold!
And that is enough for me.

EMMA C. DOWD.

THOROUGHWORT TEA.

A writer in *The Healthy Home* tells a doleful story to illustrate the well-known fact that a considerable part of human diseases and cures have their seat in the imagination of the patients. John Simmons's wife was away from home on a visit, and he had been reading the evening paper. "Well, well," he said to himself, as he threw it down, "there seems to be an alarming prevalence of diphtheria. Two children on this street died last night, and my throat is very sore! I believe it is worse since supper-time."

"I don't see how Alice could leave home at this horrid season," he went on. "I shall probably die of the grip, or diphtheria, or pneumonia while she's away. Or she will, perhaps."

Business called him out, however, though the weather was bad, and about ten o'clock he returned laden with parcels, including beefsteak for breakfast, a package of thoroughwort, a paper of leather shoe-lacings, and sundry other articles.

On his way he passed the house of his afflicted neighbor, and as he saw the crape fluttering from the door-bell, a sharp pain in the back and something like a chill admonished him anew of his own condition.

On getting home he repaired to the kitchen. The faithful Bridget had left a kettle of boiling water on the stove, and he made haste to concoct a dish of thoroughwort tea, of which he drank liberally and then went off to bed.

In the morning he was perfectly well. As he sat down to his beefsteak he said:

"Bridget, there's nothing like thoroughwort tea for a bad cold. I took a bowlful last night, and here I am as good as new."

"Well, then," said Bridget, "you drank a bowl of tay that would kill a haythen."

"Why, of course," he replied, "it wasn't quite as sweet as a sugar pellet."

"Will ye plaze come down after breakfast and take the rest of it, or put it out of the way?" said the girl, as she shut the door.

When he had finished his beefsteak and coffee, therefore, he went down into the kitchen. The tin pail in which he had steeped the thoroughwort stood on the table, and certainly its contents did look remarkable.

"That's not thoroughwort," exclaimed Mr. Simmons.

"Then what else is it?" said Bridget.

"Where are the packages I brought?" asked he, after another look at the black, slimy mess.

Bridget opened the closet and handed him three or four parcels, with a manner indicative of some offence. The first one was the package of thoroughwort!

"Where are the shoestrings?" said Mr. Simmons.

"Boiled, then, is it?" said Bridget, with logical indirectness; "an' I thought thim was snakes or worms. An' ye drank that tea? an' it cured yer dipthery!"

It was indeed so. Shoestring tea had proved itself a sovereign remedy.

Mr. Simmons threw the stuff out-of-doors.

"If Mrs. Simmons remains away much longer," said he, "I shall probably poison myself some night. I wouldn't speak of it, Bridget."

It is possible that Bridget never did speak of it, but somehow the story got abroad.

LIFE-SAVING SOAP.

A cake of soap is said to have saved the lives of five men and a boy, off the coast of New Guinea. The story, as told in the smoking-room of a steamer going to Brisbane, by an old man, the owner of several vessels engaged in pearl-fishing, is reported in Mr. Nisbet's "Colonial Tramp."

"It all happened in a moment," said the old man. "The ship struck a part of the reef and went down like a thunderbolt, and we had only time to jump overboard and swim ashore.

"We were at the mouth of Cloudy Bay, which meant slow roasting alive as soon as the natives got a peep at us. We were wet, hungry and miserable, with nothing to stay the pangs of hunger.

"As daylight dawned I saw a case slowly drifting to shore. In a moment we were all wading and swimming to secure the treasure. We had it on shore in no time, and prying it open with our fingers found it filled with soap. We bemoaned our hard luck in emphatic language.

"'Close round the case, boys, they're coming!' I shouted, as I saw fifty mop-headed savages armed with spears, bows and arrows, rushing toward us. At fifteen yards' distance they paused, and their chief came out to talk with us. I grabbed an armful of the soap tablets and advanced to meet him. His eyes lightened as he saw the amber-like cakes on which the sun was shining. Novelties, when they take, mean success.

"Going straight up to this man-eater I offered him a cake. He took it, smelt it, and tasted it. Evidently he did not like its taste, for he scowled at me. By signs I showed him how to use it. The Papuan is fond of washing himself, and my pantomime took his fancy. Seeing a stream of fresh water, I led the chief to it. First washing my own hands, I gave him the tablet. He did as I had done, and was delighted.

"Then for the next ten minutes there was a scrubbing among those copper-skins. Their weapons were thrown down, and they lathered one another, and then tossed the water over their bodies.

"We were saved, and made on the spot medicine-men of the tribe. The pictorial advertisements of the soap-makers were used to decorate the idol-house. Two weeks afterward we were rescued by an English war-sloop."

WILD ZEBRAS.

The zebra when wild is a ferocious animal, and an unwary hunter is likely to suffer from its teeth and hoofs. The author of "Kloof and Karroo" says that a Boer in Cape Colony had once forced a zebra to the brink of a precipice, when the desperate creature turned upon him, attacked him with its teeth, and actually tore one of his feet from the leg.

Another author writes of a soldier who mounted a half-domesticated zebra. The creature, after making the most furious attempts to get rid of its rider, plunged over a steep bank into the river, and threw the soldier as it emerged.

While the man lay half-stunned upon the ground, the zebra quietly walked up to him and bit off one of his ears. Zebras can never be tamed, unless the process is begun while they are still very young. H. A. Bryden gives an instance of a tragic fate which befell one of them, captured when he was seven or eight years old.

He had joined a troop of horses belonging to one of the author's friends, and finally allowed himself to be driven with them into a kraal, or enclosure. It was then determined to keep him, and if possible to domesticate him.

For this purpose he was lassoed and tied to a tree; but so ferocious was he in the presence of man that the greatest precautions had to be observed in approaching him. All possible means were taken to induce him to feed. When captured he was in splendid condition, and his coat shone in the sun. Herbage was brought from the mountain-tops where he had been used to graze, and every conceivable food placed before him, but in vain; he steadily refused to eat.

Water he drank greedily, and would dispose of three bucketfuls at a time.

At length, after three weeks of vain endeavor to tame the noble creature, during which time he subsisted entirely on water, he died.

ON PICKET.

For getting a man out of a hard place a joke is sometimes better than a gun. A Yankee drummer boy was out on a little foraging expedition one evening, during the late Civil War, all by himself, and had scaled a bristling picket fence to get at a tree full of tempting, rosy apples. He had filled his haversack and his pockets when he was suddenly startled by a stentorian voice, "Drop them apples, boy, and git, er yer a dead Yank."

Crashing through the tall weeds came the owner of the apples, rifle in hand. The boy ran for dear life, but clung to as many of the apples as he could.

On reaching the fence, he grasped a post and tried to climb over, but the pickets seemed to have gained a foot in height and many degrees in sharpness since he entered the orchard, and as he scrambled over, one of them managed to insert itself between the small of his back and his leather belt in such a way as to hold him suspended, at the mercy of his on-coming foe.

"Git, I tell ye! Git, er I'll shoot!" roared the Confederate.

The boy looked over his shoulder, and despite the ugly rifle levelled at his head, called out, good-humoredly, "Oh, see here, now, don't shoot! Don't you see I'm on picket, and can't leave my post?"

The man lowered his gun, a broad smile came over his face, and he answered, "All right, sonny, stick to your post."

Then he turned and went away in the direction whence he had come, leaving the Yankee boy to get out of his predicament as best he could, which he finally did by cutting his belt with his pocket-knife.

AT A CHINESE BANQUET.

A wealthy Chinese merchant of San Francisco recently gave a banquet to some prominent New York gentlemen with whom he had business relations, and many are the wonders told of the feast. Delicacies which to the American palate were uneatable were mingled with the most delicious viands. Some of them were easily recognized, while others were as strange and unaccountable as the native tongue of the host.

Among the many sweets offered for dessert were oranges of which the skin had apparently not been broken, yet from which the pulp had somehow been mysteriously removed, half-a-dozen sorts of jelly having been made to take its place.

The guests were unable to understand how so delicate an operation had been accomplished, but their astonishment was increased when the next moment they were served with eggs of which the shells were apparently perfectly whole, yet turned out to be full of nuts and candies.

Then another course of eggs exactly similar in appearance was laid before them, and when they broke the shells tiny live birds came flying out and fluttered about the room.

"How in the world is this managed?" one of the guests cried in astonishment.

"Melican man heap smart," the host answered, with a laugh, "but Melican man no findee out allee t'ings in wo'ide, allee samee."

And that was the only satisfaction they could obtain.

A NEW BRANCH.

People who wish to call attention to their particular line of business, and hang out signs for this purpose, usually intend to make these so explicit as to avoid any possibility of being misunderstood. They sometimes signally fail.

An old gentleman from a distant town in the West was walking about a New England city celebrated for the number and variety of its educational institutions, when he happened to see the sign, "STAMMERING INSTITUTE. A FEW LESSONS SUFFICIENT."

"My stars!" exclaimed the elderly stranger, with sincere astonishment; "I knew they taught most everything in this extraordinary town, but who in land's name would want to learn stammerin'?"

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For the Companion.

THE PUSSY THAT SLEPT IN THE HAY.

"Pussy, where have you been all day?"
"In the meadow, asleep in the hay."
"Pussy, you are a lazy cat,
If you have done no more than that!"

The moment the house door was opened in the early morning, out ran Pussy over the lawn, through the hedge and across the road.

Towzer, the big old dog, jumped out of the barn and barked at her. Oh, how it frightened her! Her tail swelled to the size of Towzer's; she ran as fast as her legs could carry her, and, though she didn't mean to, she frightened the hens almost out of their wits.

They were busy eating their breakfast when Puss came flying into their midst. Then such a scattering as there was!

They clucked and cackled; they flapped their wings and flew helter-skelter in every direction; the little chickens cried *peep! peep!* and ran about trying to find their mamma hens; the old roosters tried not to look startled, and strutted about in a dignified way, *ca-dacutting* in an angry voice, as much as to say, "You don't suppose *I'm* going to be afraid?" But, do you know, I think they were quite as frightened as the hens.

Pussy had no idea of the trouble she made. She ran past the hens and through the barn-yard, getting her feet so very muddy that she had to sit for a long time on the gate-post, carefully washing them before she felt like a tidy cat again.

When she was quite satisfied that not a single speck of mud was left between any of the toes, she curled her tail over her front paws, and gazed out over the world for a while.

What a pleasant world it was, to be sure! Puss closed her eyes dreamily—she was very comfortable on the broad gate-post.

The sun shone warmly upon her; a delicious odor, suggesting breakfast, arose from the pails of foaming milk that Seth and Ben were rapidly filling.

Puss felt very happy, when suddenly she felt something warm and moist touch her back. The old white cow that Seth had just finished milking, curious to know what was on the gate-post, had put her nose close to Pussy's back.

This was very alarming. Puss gave one leap from the gate-post, scampered down the stony lane, and ran over the wall into the meadow, where the mowers had been the day before.

The soft, sweet-smelling hay was piled up in heaps. Pussy jumped on one, and scratched at it with her claws, but it didn't quite suit her; then she smelt all round another, but that didn't suit her.

Then she went to a third, but the men had left a rake standing against it, and that didn't suit; so she went round from one to another,—she was such a difficult cat to please,—but at last she came to one that was neither too large nor too small, too hard nor too soft, in fact, it was just to her mind, with a lot of sweet clover in it. So she trod it down carefully and gently, first with one paw, then with another, turned round and round three times, curled herself up in a little heap, with her nose snuggled under her tail, and in exactly fifty-nine seconds was sound asleep.

In the house, all was commotion. Pussy's little mistress, Polly, had called her as soon as she woke, but no Pussy came. She called her before breakfast, but no Pussy came. She called her after breakfast, when the plate of meat cut in fine little pieces and the bowl of milk were put in their accustomed place, but no Pussy came.

Then little Polly was very sorrowful, and went to her mamma, crying, and said: "Oh, dear, where has my little kitty gone? I can't find her anywhere."

"Why, Polly," said her mamma, "you are just like 'Charlie Boy.' Perhaps you'll find your kitty in a basket as he did."

Polly went all over the house, searching in every basket she could find, from the big clothes-basket to papa's lunch-basket, and she even looked into the tiny basket that Cousin Ellen brought her, filled with daisies, on her birthday.

But of course she couldn't find Pussy. How could she, when Pussy was far away in the meadow, fast asleep on a haymow!

So Polly cried all day, and Pussy slept all day.

When the sun went down, and the dew began to fall, Pussy shivered and woke with a start. First she uncurled herself, rolled over on her side and stretched out all her paws. Then she stood up and humped her back into an arch. Then she stretched out her front paws as far as she could. Then she yawned, and by this time was quite wide awake.

Miaow, mia-a-a-ow! how hungry she felt! It did not take her many minutes to scamper home, and I cannot tell you which was the happier—Polly to have her dear Pussy once more in her arms, or Pussy to get home to her bowl of milk.

"O Pussy, where have you been all day?" said Polly.

"She has been sleeping on a haymow," said her mother.

"O mamma, how can you tell?" cried Polly.

"Do you not see the hay-seed and clover all through her fur?" answered the mother, "and she smells of the hay-fields, too."

Pussy winked, but said nothing, and mamma sang Polly to sleep that night with a little song:

"Pussy, where have you been all day?"
"In the meadow, asleep in the hay."
"Pussy, you are a lazy cat,
If you have done no more than that!"

FRANCES C. PRINCE.

"SEE how the frost has come out all around the top of that building," said Katie's father; "it looks quite like a decoration, doesn't it?" "Why, yes," said Katie, "it makes a perfect frieze."



For the Companion.

ANGELINA HOMESICK.

Seems as if you don't go to sleep very well to-night, Angelina. I 'most think you're just the least bit homesick. Some dollies are so hard to suit!

Don't you have lots of good times here in California? Don't you have all the oranges you can eat every day? Don't you have just bushels of flowers? Don't you go to the beach with me, and hunt shells?

And when you're tired of playing out-doors, you can sit by the window and watch the funny Chinamen go by, with their big blue shirts put on outside 'stead of coats, and their queer wooden shoes and long, black pigtails.

And you can look at the dark-colored men, and wonder whether they are Indians or Mexicans. And the real light-colored people—the whitest ones—they are the visitors that have just come.

Auntie says every one that stays here a good while gets brown. I s'pose you would get brown, Angelina, if you stayed here.

Never mind! We're going back home to grandma's in just two weeks more. I know you would be dreadfully homesick if we were here another month—and I do think even two weeks is a long time, Angelina.

I know well enough grandma can hardly wait to see us. And don't you tell, Angelina, but I'm 'most tired of oranges. I'd just like a few snowballs for a change. I promised to wash Tommy Carter's face, first big snow we had. What fun it used to be sliding down hill together.

Do you s'pose there's any way to have such fun where there's no snow? I don't. And Christmas didn't seem one bit natural this year.

Oh, you poor little thing! I know just how you feel. But don't cry, Angelina, don't! Oh dear!

E. S. B.

LITTLE Eleanor, three years old, has a new cloak with a breast-pocket in it. The other day, as she was going down town with mamma, she exclaimed, "O, mamma, I have a hole in my upstairs pocket!"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

When you heard *my second*
Did you feel *my first*
To know the storm, that had taken form
In the heat of *my whole*, had burst?

E. S. B.

2.

TRANSFORMATION PUZZLE.

Change the first and last letters of the first word defined to form the second word defined.

Example: Change poverty to a stick. W-a-n-t, c-a-n-e.

When these changes have been rightly made, place the words one below the other in the order here given; the primals will spell a part of summer containing my finals.

Change the rainbow to parched with heat.
Change certain insects to a word indicating motion towards.
Change a pace of a horse to strong drink.
Change a river of Germany to having been accustomed.
Change manner of doing a thing to a chemical used in cooking.
Change to seize suddenly to a waiter.

3.

DOUBLE ZIGZAGS.

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1 * * * 11 * * *
* 2 * * * 12 * *
* * 3 * * * 13 *
* * * 4 * * * 14
* * 5 * * * 15 *
* 6 * * * 16 * *
7 * * * 17 * * *
* 8 * * * 18 * *
* * 9 * * * 19 *
* * * 10 * * * 20
```

Across.

1. Made horizontal.
2. An apartment in ships of war where the lieutenants and other commissioned officers sleep and mess.
3. Prevailing.
4. Beating with the fingers.
5. Relating to the philosophy of Plato.
6. Betrothed.
7. Penetrated.
8. To counterfeit.
9. Physic.
10. Striped.

Zigzags.

1 to 10. A name given to August 1st.
11 to 20. A battle fought on August 27, 1776.

FRANK SNELLING.

4.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Change to excite into conjoined.
2. Change small vessels, generally open and propelled by oars, by sails, or by steam, into to magnify.
3. Change a glass vessel for liquor into retracted or revoked an opinion or declaration.
4. Change a living being with an organized material body endowed with the power of voluntary action into a thin plate, scale or layer.
5. Change course or tenor into famine.
6. Change to clutch into a vain pretender.

5.

ANAGRAM.

Kkk ddd ccc ooo ii yy rr

If to travels known to fame
You delight to lend an ear,
Read the one which I proclaim,
Begun with hope and closed with fear.

A. M. P.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. 1st couplet—Care, rare. 2d couplet—Recall, all. 3d couplet—Feel, weal. 4th couplet—Well. 5th couplet—Recoil. 6th couplet—Life. 7th couplet—Fail. 8th couplet—Free. 9th couplet—More. 10th couplet—William Wilberforce (died July 29, 1833).

2.

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S T A R W O R T
R E C O I L E D
S T A B L I N G
D E R E L I C T
C O N S I D E R
C O M P A R E S
E S T I M A T E
C R E E P I N G
F L O R E N C E
M O U R N E R S
E X T E N D E D
```

Fourth row—Robespierre.
Fifth row—William Penn.

3. 1. Forest. 2. Lilies. 3. Meek, brown. 4. Dark, lower, known. 5. Wind, gale, brine. 6. Small. 7. Martial. 8. Survives. 9. Numbered, voices, soul, calm.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

4.

```
    A
  N N
  A D A
  T E N T
  H I T C H
  E R M I N E
  M O D I C U M
  A N A T H E M A
```

5. Yew, ewe, low, gist. Eu-lo-gist.

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GRANDDAUGHTER OF A KING.

The grandchildren of Charles X., of France, the little Duke of Bordeaux and his sister, are described by their governess, Madame de Gontaut-Biron, as bright and winning little people. Their society must have been a welcome distraction to Charles X. during that trying time when it was becoming evident that he could not please the French people and must abdicate the throne.

An instance of the strange intuitions which children sometimes have, is the remark of the little princess when she was told that her uncle, Louis XVIII., was dead and that her grandfather was king. "Dear grandpapa is king," she murmured; "so much the worse for history."

She once overheard the king say to Madame de Gontaut, "Everywhere, especially in Paris, there are intrigues against my authority. I assure you I cannot endure it. I shall leave here and put the key under the door!"

This somewhat figurative expression had no sooner escaped the king, than the little girl asked the question which an older person would hardly have had the courage to put:

"And after that what shall we do, grandpapa?"

The king left the room without replying.

A few minutes later a crowd gathered before the Tuileries, under the window of the king's room. They were looking at a placard which the little princess had written and hung out. With some difficulty they made out the childish handwriting, and read:

HOUSE TO LET.

The king had been taken at his word. The king was amused by the wit of his little grandchild. It was not long before the royal family was compelled to flee from the palace.

On one of the last days of July the palace of St. Cloud was filled with soldiers, wounded and dying of hunger. In reply to the addresses of the Duke of Angoulême they cried, "Give us bread. We have had no bread for three days."

The little Duke of Bordeaux and the princess took a leg of mutton from their table and went down among the soldiers. "Take this, friends," they said, "it is our dinner; take it all, even the side dishes."

The next evening the royal family had taken refuge at Rambouillet. The little princess could not sleep for hunger, Madame de Gontaut having been able to find her only a fragment of bread to eat.

On the next day Charles X. abdicated the throne.

DISHONEST AND HONEST.

Sixty years ago there were in the Long Room of the London Custom-house twelve officers styled cocket-writers, because they wrote certificates that goods had been duly entered and the duties paid. They were also known as patent officers, because appointed for life by letters-patent from the Crown. Their salaries were nominal, sixty pounds a year, but they were permitted to remunerate themselves by extorting fees from the merchants, fees which in some cases amounted to a thousand pounds a year.

In 1831 the Treasury determined to abolish patent offices, and called upon the twelve cocket-writers to furnish a statement of their emoluments. The officers, ignorant of the Treasury's purpose, imagined that the government intended to impose an income tax. Ten of the writers, therefore, returned a statement which understated their fees by several hundred pounds. The other two furnished an honest statement.

In a few days, ten clerks were surprised and disgusted, and two clerks were astonished but pleased. The Treasury notified the cocket-writers that their offices would be abolished, and that they would be compensated by pensions rated according to the returns they had themselves furnished.

There were gnashing of teeth and broad smiles in the Long Room. One of the two honest cocket-writers enjoyed his pension for fifty-two years, during which time the Treasury paid him fifty-two thousand dollars.

VON MOLTKE'S MOTTOES.

It was said of Von Moltke that no man ever had a keener appreciation than he for maxims and proverbs. He had an idea that every person should choose one and be careful to let it govern him in all things.

Von Moltke followed this plan himself; and his favorite motto furnished a key to all his conduct. It was "*Erst wägen, dann wagen*," which means, "First weigh, then dare." The familiar English proverb which comes nearest to the significance of this is "Look before you leap;" but the German saying means more than this.

In the "Gedenkbuch" or memorial volume in the German Museum at Nuremberg, Von Moltke wrote the following words:

Allezeit
Treu, bereit
Für des Reiches Herrlichkeit.

This is a patriotic motto, which may be thus very freely translated:

Always true,
Ready, too,
For country glorious deeds to do.

AN EX-PRESIDENT.

A young Englishman, a reporter on a New York paper, relates one of his early experiences. "I was sent up to interview a fellow by the name of Hayes, don't you know, who was stopping at an uptown hotel," he says.

"The slip I was given by the city editor read: "'See ex-President Hayes at the —— hotel, and get something about his plans in New York.'

"I found the hotel and sent up my card. I was received quite nicely by Mr. Hayes. He told me what he was going to do, and then as I wanted to make my story complete I asked him what he was ex-President of.

"He told me he was ex-President of the United States. It was awfully confusing, don't you know," concludes the young Englishman, plaintively, "but there are so many ex-Presidents over here."

"HE is making grass while the wind blows," said a Russian, who was desirous of speaking idiomatic English.

Itching Piles.

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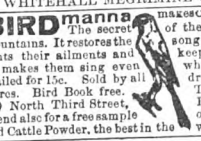


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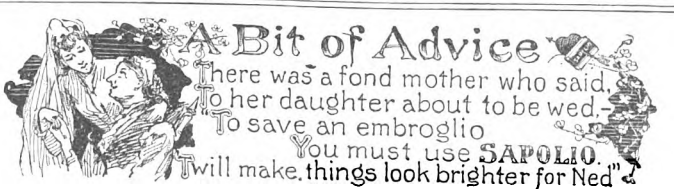


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SNAILS.

If you wish to examine a snail, says a writer in *Longman's Magazine*, place him on a piece of glass. He is a cold-blooded animal, and contact with a warm hand probably induces in him the feeling which would result in us from placing the hand or body on the top of the kitchen range. The coolness of the glass will be agreeable to his snailship, and he will travel peaceably along, rapidly expanding and contracting his broad, sucker-like foot.

His horns are protruded in an inquiring manner, and if a finger is placed in front of him, he will probably walk on until these feelers come in contact with it. Then the tentacles are withdrawn and waved about in the effort to see the obstruction more clearly, for each feeler contains at its end a small, imperfect, but still discernible eye, which is capable of distinguishing between light and darkness.

A snail's manner of withdrawing his horns is very curious. He does not pull them back, bodily, into their receptacle, but turns them inside out, just as one turns the fingers of a glove in drawing it off backwards.

The little creature has a sense of smell, and also a fairly well developed ear, which lies close to the roots of his horns. His breathing apparatus is of the simplest description. Looking carefully at his right side, one may see that a distinct hole occasionally appears there, remains open a few moments, and then closes again. This is simply a cavity in the creature's body, into which he allows a certain quantity of air to enter, "whenever he thinks of it," as one might say.

When air has thus found its way into his interior, he keeps it there until its oxygen is exhausted by his vital processes; what remains, laden with carbonic acid, is allowed to escape by re-opening the little trap-door, and the receptacle is filled by another supply of pure air.

Its mouth is armed with a saw-like tongue, which resembles a long, narrow ribbon, coiled up in such a manner that only a part of it comes into use at once. Distributed over the surface of this ribbon are tiny teeth, one animal sometimes having as many as thirty thousand.

As one set of teeth becomes worn away by leaf-cutting, another section of ribbon is uncoiled, and the teeth which before were wrapped up at the back of the mouth, come forward to take their turn in pressing the food against the horny upper surface of the mouth, and thus cutting it in clean incisions.

The snail's shell is a horny covering which serves to protect him against his numerous foes. Slugs are simply snails which live a retired life, and consequently need no covering at all. The shell of the snail is built up from lime in the plants on which it feeds, and the creatures are never found on soil which produces no lime.

LOST HIS GAME.

Benjamin Hammond, one of the early settlers of Paris, Maine, used to tell a story of the times when wolves were common in that neighborhood. One winter they were especially numerous and troublesome. He set traps and caught five of the brutes. The pelts brought a fair price, and there was also a small bounty paid.

One winter afternoon I went out to inspect my traps, and found the fifth wolf caught in them. He was a big fellow and ugly enough. He showed his teeth and leaped fiercely at me, coming within three inches of my face. I procured a club, and after a struggle, succeeded in laying the old fellow out. I had hurt my right hand in the scrimmage, and decided to lug the carcass home and let my boy assist in the skinning.

I seized the animal by the hind legs, swung him to my shoulder and started. I had gone about half a mile when I heard a wolf snarl behind me. I looked around, but couldn't see anything, and went on again. Pretty soon I heard the same snarling noise close behind me. I jumped, and turned quickly, for I was certain there was a wolf close at my heels!

I looked and looked, but there wasn't a thing to be seen or heard. I was puzzled. But the next moment the wolf on my back, which I had supposed dead, began to squirm and snarl in a way to leave no doubt where the other noises had come from.

I was taken completely unawares, and before I could manage to get a firmer hold, the creature had squirmed right out of my hands to the ground. I turned and tried to grab him, but he was too quick for me, and I had the pleasure of seeing my dead wolf make a clean run for freedom.

SUMMARY EXECUTION.

A despotic government has its advantages, and among them is the easy collection of a debt, provided the ruler is friendly to the creditor. Ahmed Vefyk Pasha, a Turkish statesman, was once Governor of Broussa, and this story is told of his paternal rule:

A rich man had judgment pronounced against him in favor of a poor man. The latter, owing to the bribes of the rich man, could not obtain execution, and complained to Ahmed Vefyk. After hearing the case, Ahmed saw the debtor riding up to the Konak upon a beautiful Arab horse. He ordered the creditor to sit down, called a messenger, and whispered to him.

The debtor entered the room, and was surprised at the exceptional cordiality of the pasha, who invited him to sit down, to take coffee, and to converse. Presently, when he rose to leave, the pasha pressed him to remain, and kept him more than an hour, until, indeed, a messenger entered the room and placed a small bag on the table before Ahmed.

When the debtor next rose, Ahmed took the bag from the table and gave it to him, stating, "This is yours. You owed so much to this poor man, I have sold your horse, paid him, and this is the balance belonging to you."

IRISH PUNS.

Charles Lamb made some famous puns, and, according to the London *Truth*, his mantle seems to have fallen upon his namesake, Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney.

The popular journalist just mentioned was dining at the house of a friend, and by chance swallowed a bit of cork with his wine, which gave him a severe coughing fit.

"Take care, my friend," said his next neighbor, with a very brilliant attempt at a witticism; "that's not the way for cork."

"No," gasped the sufferer, "it's the way to kill Kenney."

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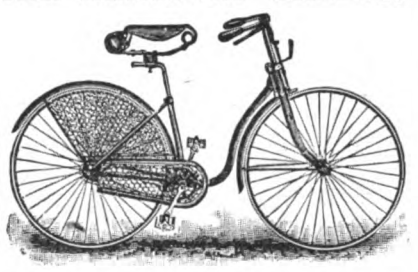
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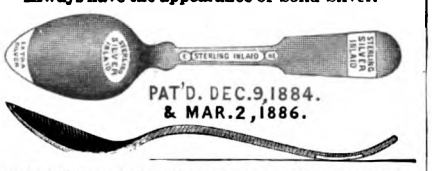
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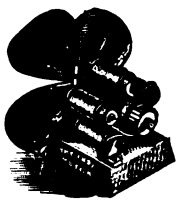
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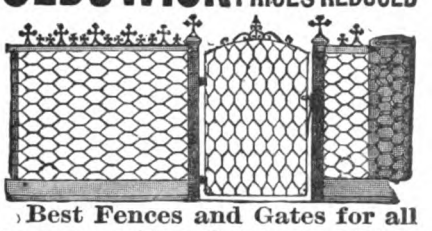
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For the Companion.

MODERN SURGERY.

The extent to which the body can be mutilated without a fatal result is beyond what most people think. Of course, the removal of the largest limb is a familiar fact; and indeed, the successive removal of all the limbs would result in nothing worse than inconvenience. But in the same way internal organs may be extirpated. This is facilitated by their duality.

One eye may be taken out, and the sight remain practically unimpaired. One kidney may be removed, and the other will make up the loss by doing double work. The case is essentially the same when disease has destroyed the functional activity of a kidney; and, therefore, a person in that condition need not be without hope.

In like manner, disease may have rendered one lung solid, like liver, and thus functionally useless, and yet the person may live in good health to old age. Could the half-consumed lung of the consumptive only heal up the walls of its great ulcer, and the microbes cease to extend their ravages, the patient might, with care, enjoy a long, useful and happy life.

Large portions of the brain may be removed with no injury to life or intellect. Persons have lived for years, and been well with bullets in the brain. The liver has been cut in two by tight lacing—the pressure causing an atrophy of the part below—without ending either the life or the folly of the fashionable devotee.

A portion of the intestines has been cut out and the severed ends sewed together, and their normal action and function have not been in the least interfered with. And what seems more amazing, dogs have had their entire stomachs extirpated without impairing digestion.

Recently a man, fifty-seven years old, had a large portion of his stomach cut out, in consequence of a tumor. The piece was nearly a foot square. The dissevered parts were sewed together, and the patient ate a dinner of hash twelve days after the operation, and was dismissed cured at the end of three weeks. Five months later he was presented before the medical society—the Royal Society of Physicians of Vienna—wholly well, with no trace of the return of the cancerous disease, and with digestion perfectly performed.

Some experts are led to think that the stomach plays but a secondary part as a digestive organ, its chief service, according to this view, being that of a temporary receptacle.

For the Companion.

WHALES IN PRISON.

The whales that live in Northern waters in winter have often to scour the seas through the wildest storms in search of food.

Sometimes they visit still regions at the bottom of the deep, and if they fail to find there cod, herring, haddock or the other fishes upon which they prey, they start for some arm of the sea or bay where they are pretty sure of finding at least a meal of herring.

When a gale blows very hard whales get under the lee of some high cliff where the water is calm, and frequently take shelter by the edge of some great iceberg or piece of heavy ice-floe.

Sometimes a large body of ice moves landward, driving them before it, and filling every nook along the coast.

When this happens, the whales are unable to rise to the surface to breathe, for a northern ice-floe is so thick that a thousand legions of men might move upon it with safety. The creature therefore drowns in a few minutes.

These facts bear upon something that happened on the coast of Cape Breton. One morning early in April a fragment of polar ice floe came in sight, and the wind brought it rapidly toward the shore. Some people watching it were surprised to see in a great hollow on the inner edge, two huge black objects.

As the ice drew nearer these were made out to be whales. They were evidently dead, for neither of them made any movement. The ice was wedged firmly around them, and they lay side by side, the tail of one being partly covered with ice. There was scarcely water enough in their icy prison to float them, and evidently not enough for them to live in even had they been able to get food there.

When the floe touched the jutting point of headland it broke in two between the monsters, one part swinging outward around the point and moving seaward, the other pushing into a small, deep cove and carrying one of the whales along.

The fishermen launched their boats, mounted the floe and fastened grapnels and stout hooks into the blubber of the whale. The carcass was frozen hard as the ice itself, and must have been in its prison for a considerable time. The ice remained pressed close to the shore for several days, during which time the fishermen were enabled to strip off the fat with axes and sharp spades.

How were the whales thus imprisoned? My own opinion is that in some part of Baffin's Bay they had taken shelter on the leeward side of an ice-floe which was probably aground. During the storm the floe became broken and the detached part swung round and imprisoned them. The mass afterwards froze together, and when the current began to set strongly towards the south in March, the ice and its captives drifted off, at last reaching the Cape Breton coast. E. C.

THEIR WAY.

Concerning the manners and customs of the savages of Mount Sylvia, Formosa, Mr. E. Colborne Baber related the following incident before the Royal Geographical Society:

A party of English officers from a man-of-war landed on the island, and meeting a company of natives armed with matchlocks, challenged them to a trial of skill in shooting.

Affixing a mark to a tree about a hundred yards distant, the officers made what they considered pretty fair practice, without, however, astonishing the natives, who, when it came their turn to fire, disappeared in the jungle like one man, and crawled on their bellies through the undergrowth to a point about three yards from the target, which, of course, they all hit exactly in the centre.

When the Englishmen protested that such a method of conducting the competition was hardly fair, the natives replied:

"We do not understand what you mean by 'fair,' but, anyhow, that is the way we shoot Chinamen."

SEEMED LIKE AMOS.

Silas Rodes was a strong, hard-working farmer; his brother Amos was a confirmed invalid who, three or four times a year, had "spells" of expecting to die, but, nevertheless, always managed to live. Still, he was really ill, and many thought him to be in considerable danger.

But, while Amos was sick and expecting to die, it chanced that the strong Silas did actually die very suddenly. A messenger carried the sad news to his sister Elvira, a grim spinster, who lived in a distant part of the town.

She heard the message with some incredulity.

"'Taint Silas ye mean; it's Amos," she said in reply.

"Why, no," answered the messenger. "I mean Silas. Amos is all right. It's Silas that is dead."

"Wal, p'r'aps it's so," was the reluctant rejoinder, "but I wouldn't ha' b'leeved it o' Silas; 't seems a good deal more like Amos."

RECIPROCITY.

A little girl in my school, writes a *Companion* correspondent, recently came to me in tears, regretting the fact that her father's illness made it necessary for her to "leave and go to work."

I bade her good-by, and with a schoolmarm's hankering to keep a creditable pupil added, "When your father is well come back to me."

Then, obeying a sudden impulse to take advantage of what I knew to be, in all probability, my last chance to influence the precious waif for good, I said, "But if I never see you again I hope you will try to do your duty wherever you may be. Whatever work you may have to do, try to do it well. I hope you will be an honest, honorable woman."

"Thank you, ma'm," she replied, putting up her mouth to be kissed. "I wish you the same."

The dear child! I know now what St. Paul meant by the "foolishness of preaching."

RAVAGES OF TIME.

Stephen Day was very fond of making high-sounding speeches, sometimes with laughable results.

While calling one day upon a neighbor, he was shown a scratched and battered stone pestle which had lately been found in the garden. As it was passed from one to another, some facetious remarks were made in regard to its defaced appearance.

One person ventured to suggest that probably the dogs had chewed it. "Uncle" Stephen looked stern; such language applied to this venerable relic seemed to him almost an offence.

Patting the pestle reverently with his big right hand, he said, solemnly:

"Sir, those are the ravages of the tooth of time."

TRANSLATION.

The danger of attempting to translate from one language into another, unless one is reasonably familiar with the language he is using, was illustrated by a mistake recently made by a young Frenchwoman.

She had come from Paris, and wished to establish herself in this country as a teacher of the French language. She accordingly inserted the following advertisement in one of the papers:

"A young Parisian lady desires to show her tongue to classes of American ladies. Address, etc."

"AND who is this?" asked Aunt Clara, pointing to the picture of a chubby child in skirts. "That," said Robby, who had been wearing trousers for some time, "is me when I was a girl."

"Brown's Vermifuge Comfits" will expel worms without injury to the system. 25 cents a box.

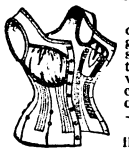
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We know of nothing in the Way of an advertisement so really useful — and at the same time so very dainty and attractive — as the large Thermometers which are being distributed to introduce **WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP** for **TOILET** use.

A sample of this exquisite Soap—with full directions how to get one of the Thermometers, can be had by sending a 2-cent stamp for postage to

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
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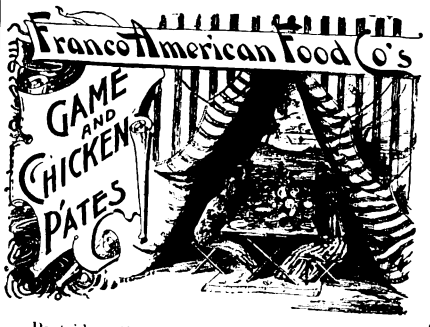
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$1.75 a Year.
Single Copies, Five Cents.

For the Companion.

INTERLOPERS.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter II.

On the Lake at Night.

"I suppose you know, Dorothy, that you didn't come to our feast that night. It was the day you heard about your step-father, and you didn't feel like larking, I suppose. But all the same you owe us a spree. What are you going to do? We're dying for some fun, and it's the last chance we'll have before vacation."

Dorothy was sitting on the floor beside her narrow white bed, entertaining her roomful of visitors, who occupied all her chairs and most of her bed.

Her room was a favorite place of resort with the girls. She was not as "old maidish" as Kate Van Voorhies about her counterpane, not as stingy as Fanny Bergen about her boxes, and much braver than Della Carpenter about preceptresses.

Dorothy did not reply to the question at once.

"Well," said another girl, "a step-father is enough to take away any one's appetite. I knew a girl once, and her mother married an awful man. He used to behave dreadfully and beat her till she was most dead, and then he beat the girl."

"But my step-father isn't at all like that," responded Dorothy. "He is a Colonel, and was in the army, and did all sorts of brave things in the war, and is a gentleman. When the war ended they made him brigadier-general, and he could call himself that if he chose; but he doesn't because all his men call him Colonel, and they love him and he likes it."

Dorothy, in her eagerness to be loyal to this man who was her mother's husband, hurried on so fast in her defence of him that toward the end she grew quite breathless and confused.

"Oh my! Hear her stand up for him, when we all know she hates him so she can hardly keep her eyes dry," taunted Della Carpenter.

"That's what I call hypocritical," said Sadie Dunn, promptly. "It isn't a bit like you to be hypocritical, Dorothy."

"I don't mean to be hypocritical," said Dorothy, slowly. "I'm not glad my mother married him, and I don't say I am; but he's a good man—my mother says he's a good man, and told me lots about him—and I don't think, because I don't like him, I have any right to sit by and just kind of keep still and act *yes* when folks talk about beating and all that sort of thing."

"Good for you, Dorothy!" cried Marie Pollock, bending down over the side of the bed to pat her on the head; "good for you, little girl!"

"Well, I don't know," remarked Fanny Bergen. "It seems to me I'd rather be right down on a person all over than only half-way. If your step-father is a good man, why do you hate him?"

"Because he is a—a—an—an in —"

Dorothy did not seem to be quite sure of the word she wished to use.

"I know—interloper," said Marie Pollock. "We had it in our etymology. 'Interloper: one who intrudes upon a property, a station or an office; one who interferes wrongfully.'"

"Lend me your memory some day, Marry?" inquired Kate Van Voorhies, spitefully. "It 'd help out the whole class if you would. Now it doesn't do the rest of us a bit of good."

"I wish I could, Kate," returned Marie, promptly, "for then you might not forget your manners, and might remember to pronounce my name right."

"But no one seems to be thinking about the spree," interrupted one girl. "It ought to be something to remember. Do let's think of something."

"What are you going to do this vacation?" inquired Marie of Dorothy, disregarding all previous subjects.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Dorothy, carelessly. "It depends on the —"

"Interlopers?" mocked some one from a corner.

"On the way mamma feels. Sometimes she likes the sea and sometimes she likes the mountains; and last year we stayed all summer in the hills. She always decides."

"Well, I guess she won't decide now. It'll be your step-father who will do all that, after this," announced some one else.

Dorothy winced, but seemed to take no notice of the interruptions. She was thinking that in a week she should see her mother.

When her mother went away, Dorothy had thought that the day of their meeting would be the happiest of her life; but now it was very different. She almost dreaded the coming home.

"Oh, dear! If you're going to sit there staring at the wall, I suppose we might as well decamp. You're not very entertaining just now, Dorothy; that's a fact."

Dorothy gave a quick little start.

"Oh, excuse me, Pauline," she said, laughing suddenly. "I didn't mean to be rude. I was thinking; and you ought to consider what a remarkable thing that is for me to be doing, and not find fault. What was it you asked?"

"I asked you, What was our spree to be? Can't you think of something we never did before? Let it be something splendid!"

"Give me time. I'll 'dream over it,' as mamma used to say, and—" Dorothy almost always choked a little nowadays when she mentioned her mother.

"Let it be something worth doing. I'm tired of these mild larks. Can't you tell us something your brother used to do at college, Marie? My cousin Dick always says, 'Well, have you children been regaling yourselves again in the night hours on bad cakes, and imagining that you are having a spree?' I wish we could do something to make him open his eyes," exclaimed Pauline.

Dorothy gave a sudden little scream, and jumped to her feet.

"Girls! I have it!" she exclaimed, in an excited whisper. "What do you say to sliding out, one of these nights, and taking a turn on the lake? No one would know. We could slip out in the dark before the moon rises—it doesn't come up till late now—and wait till it gets decently shiny, and then off we'll go in the boat!"



"It is the Steamer."



"But think of the danger! We might tip over!"

"In a flat-bottomed boat?"

At last some one made a suggestion.

"The First Regiment is going to camp out at the end of the lake. I heard Miss Stuart telling about it this morning. They're coming up to-night on the late boat—just as they did last year. Perhaps we'll see them. That would be something like!"

Dorothy had never thought of this. She was younger by two years than any of the rest of her class, and though constant intercourse with older girls had made her appear in many ways as old as they, she was not their equal in experience. In short, she was still a child, while the rest were almost young ladies.

When Fanny Bergen suggested the possibility of encountering the soldiers, on their "spree," she was thoroughly surprised, though too proud to say so.

"Pooh!" she exclaimed, "I don't see where the fun of *that* comes in. We've seen men before, haven't we? Where's the good in trying to meet them?"

But the rest were excited over the thought. It was decided that they should make a stealthy escape from their rooms as soon as the lights were extinguished. It was necessary to scramble through the windows to the broad piazza roof, then back to the slanting shed, and thence to the ground.

Each of the little company of conspirators went about her own duties with as much zeal as her divided interest would permit. While they were studying their geography they were dreaming of the lake, and when they were called to their astronomy lesson they were wondering just at what hour the moon rose.

It seemed a remarkable coincidence that all the girls of Miss Lorimer's room should be attacked by the same singular drowsiness and the desire to retire precisely on time that evening.

Generally they hung back and pleaded for a few minutes' grace—they were "so staring wide-awake." But to-night they needed no urging to go to their rooms at the stroke of the gong, and by half-past nine o'clock the only lights burning in the building were those in the principal's room in the tower. Even these were extinguished by ten. Perhaps if Miss Duprée had not yielded to her inclination to sleep, and had chosen, instead, to take a quiet survey of the premises, she might have seen six dark figures slip like ghosts past her window along the broad piazza roof, and then, sliding down the inclined plane of the shed, fall upon the soft turf below.

These spectres seemed to be of anything but a fearless nature, and the descent from the shed to the ground was attended by low, stifled exclamations which were quickly and peremptorily silenced by a spirit below who seemed to have the command of the band.

At last the phantoms, six in all, were assembled in the shadow of the shed. Then the leader spoke.

"Now we're safe on terra-cotta," she whispered, "the most dangerous part of the journey is over. All we've got to do now is to run to the boat-house, and if any one makes a noise, why, it's all up with us."

In a few moments they had unlocked the boat-house and, three on a side, were lifting the rather heavy boat from the little wooden wharf and shoving it into the water. Then one after another they crept into their places, and rowed the boat into the wider water.

They floated on until some one suggested that it must be going to rain; the moon was not coming out.

"Rain! Pooh! Look at the stars—as thick as spatter," declared Dorothy. "The moon is all right. It isn't late enough yet. Has any one a watch?"

No one had, and again silence reigned, while a fleeting doubt crossed the minds of the girls if it was so much "fun" after all. But no one dared suggest her doubts to another.

But at last, after what seemed hours of darkness and quiet, some one exclaimed joyously, "Look, girls! There's the moon coming out. Isn't that splendid? And—O girls! isn't that the steamer? that little red light up there?"

With breathless interest all eyes were turned from the first faint gleam of the rising moon to the tiny speck of light that quivered and shook and rose and fell amid the inky blackness beyond. It trembled, paled and shone, then glimmered more steadily than before.

"It *is* the steamer!"

Soon they began to hear the dull pant of the engines and the slapping of the paddle-wheels; and then the steamer loomed above them.

Upon the decks were the gaily uniformed members of Company A, of the First Regiment.

Most of them were very young men indeed. They were leaning over the railing or sauntering leisurely back and forth, all in very good spirits.

"Hullo!" exclaimed one to his companion, straining his eyes to look below. "Say, Chester,

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isn't that a boat there? It looks as if there were girls in it! There's a female seminary somewhere around this region, if I'm not mistaken."

Just then the girls at the oars sent the little craft straight into the glittering path of the moon, and the light shone on them with direct radiance.

A boyish voice from the steamer's deck called out: "Hello, girls! You came out to welcome us, didn't you? That's nice!"

By this time the railing was crowded with the young cadets, all pushing to the side of the steamer overlooking the little boat, and jostling one another to get a better view of its occupants.

Then there was laughter and shouting from the deck, and calls which the girls would rather not have heard. The older girls turned their backs, but Dorothy looked straight toward the steamer, with the light of the moon shining full upon her face.

The steamer pushed past them, and plowed its way down the lake, leaving the little boat far behind.

After the last bantering voice had died away in the distance, the girls rowed back toward the shore. They dared not chatter about their adventure for fear of being heard; but their minds were full of it, and they scarcely noticed what they were doing as they stowed the boat away in its place.

Then came the serious business of getting back to their rooms without rousing the house. It proved to be much more difficult to ascend the shed roof than it had been to descend, and there were many smothered screams and whispered rebukes as the girls clambered up to grasp the overhanging eaves, upheld by friendly hands from below.

At last all were up but Dorothy. Then came the question how she should contrive to gain a hold above, with no one to push her from below.

"Sh! I'll manage somehow. You go on ahead and slip in and clear the track," she whispered, breathlessly. The girls, only too glad to obey, left her to manage as best she might.

They were more successful in their efforts than she, for they were safe within the seminary walls before she had even discovered the barrel upon which she finally stood, and which enabled her to grasp the uneven shingles and begin her slow ascent of the shed roof.

But her progress met with a sudden check; and try as she would, she could not proceed farther. She felt that the hindrance came from her skirt. It was as if some strong hand detained her.

She turned her head and looked behind; but she was alone in the night, with only the stars and moon above her. She gave several energetic tugs to free herself, but to no avail.

"It is my horrid skirt," she thought. "Now if I can't get away, I'll be in a pretty pickle. The embroidery has caught in a shingle, and here I am fast and tight, and can't get loose. Come off, you old thing!"

She gave a quick and strong upward pull.

Certainly! Now the thing was done. A great white fragment of her flounce had torn away, and hung fluttering in the moonlight.

"That will tell the whole story to-morrow morning," thought Dorothy. "If Miss Lorimer happens to look out of her window she'll see it, and then—oh, I must get it!"

She made a clutch behind her at the flapping cloth. Of course she could not reach it, and in the midst of her endeavors she heard a sound at the window above.

It frightened her, and she frantically clutched at the fragment just beyond her reach.

Another sound came from above.

Dorothy waited until all was quiet again. Then she hitched herself back toward the object of her quest, and succeeded in reaching it. She grasped it firmly and gave it a sudden wrench.

Alas! it gave way all too easily. Dorothy's arm twisted beneath her, and a pang like the piercing of a sharp blade shot through her wrist to her elbow.

For a moment she was dumb with pain, and then she uttered a little sob.

"Oh! what shall I do?" she gasped. "What *is* this dreadful ache? It makes me sick to move my arm! How can I get up now? If only the girls had stayed to help me! But they're all in bed by this time."

The poor child was writhing in agony, but she made no sound, bravely smothering her desire to cry, and trying to crawl up the incline by the help of her uninjured arm.

She never knew how long a time it took to scramble up to the piazza roof, but she was so faint and weak when she reached it that she could scarcely stand, and had to crouch down for a moment to gain strength to go on.

The pain in her arm grew severer each moment, and she assured herself that if she did not get to her room at once she would never be able to reach it without assistance. So she dragged herself to the window and climbed through, setting her teeth, and with great beads of agony rising on her forehead.

At last, after noiselessly closing the sash, she made her way down the dark corridor and to her own room. Once there she flung herself upon her bed and, burying her face in the pillow, cried as if her heart would break.

Oh, the pain! the pain! It was so sharp! She could think of nothing but her agony. No thought of her disobedience of the rules crossed her mind. She had no room for regret of any sort yet in her heart, except for her hurt.

Then with a sudden shock came the thought, How could she account for her injury in the morning?

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

(To be continued.)

THE GALAXY.

The night is soon to wed the day,
And for the virgin pale
Hath wrought a multitude of stars
Into a bridal veil.

—*N. O. Picayune.*

For the Companion.

THE DUCKING OF MR. DICK.

A stranger, looking on from the background, would have been greatly amused to see the expressions on the faces of the boys and girls of the Rose Lane school when they saw for the first time the new teacher, Mr. Timothy Dick, approaching.

It was almost nine o'clock before he came, and some of the larger boys had been saying that they "guessed he had been scared out."

"Mebbe he won't be so slow going away as he is getting here," said Nat Brace, a surly-looking, untidy boy about seventeen years old.

It was a neat little new country schoolhouse in the first freshness and spotlessness of snowy white paint. The blinds were painted grass green, and there were green paper shades at the windows—an unusual thing in a country schoolhouse in that neighborhood.

The luxury of blinds in the windows of a schoolhouse was sharply ridiculed by several slow-going people in the district.

"Next thing you know they'll be puttin' down flowered carpets and sofies for them to lop down on that gits too lazy to set up," said old Mrs. Joyce.

"Laws-a-massy!" said Mrs. Jasper, who had visited the new schoolhouse with Mrs. Joyce to see how the tax money was being squandered. "Ain't you heerd what all this style is being put on for?"

"Of course I've heerd, Sally Jasper, and it's all nonsense, as you'll see 'fore you're six months older. Now the idear, Sally Jasper, the very *idear*, that the scholars air goin' to behave any better in a schoolhouse all finified up like that than they would in the old house! Jest as if white paint and green shetters and fancy school furniture, and all that, had anything to do with a boy's moral nature!"

"It's all Wesley Redding's doings," replied Mrs. Jasper. "He sticks up for it that the scholars air going to act accordin' to their surroundin's, and if they have to set in a dirty, tumble-down old schoolhouse, with the plasterin' half off'n the walls, the stove all rusted out, and with old benches for seats and no place to put a cap or a shawl, exceptin' to set on 'em—he says, Wesley Redding does, that boys and girls air bound to be slipshod and even sassy theirselves! From the day he was 'lected d'rector of the deestrict, he fit for a new house; and now we'll see how his theory works."

Wesley Redding, school director, did believe that children were influenced much by their surroundings; and he had long declared that the dreary, dirty, tumble-down old schoolhouse was in part, at least, the cause of the bad reputation the school had earned.

The new house stood on a gentle rise at one end of the long Rose Lane, a grassy rural thoroughfare, sweet with the scent and bright with the delicate pink of wild roses blooming in almost every fence corner in their season.

But the roses had fallen, and the yellow leaves of the bushes betokened frost and snow when young Mr. Timothy Dick walked up Rose Lane for the first time, one bright but slightly chilly October day.

Little Pliny Perkins had climbed to the top of a partly leafless tree, and was the first to see the new teacher turn from the main highway into the lane.

"He's a-comin'! he's a-comin'!" shrieked Pliny.

When the teacher left the Lane and walked up the well-worn path toward the schoolhouse, the curious eyes of the forty or more boys and girls, of all sizes and ages, beheld for the first time a slightly built, smooth-faced and very trim young man, who came walking lightly up the path, and greeted them cordially.

"Good-morning," he said, with a smile. "I have almost set you a bad example by being late myself on the first day of school, but I have walked all the way from my home in Wayne, which you know is nearly six miles from here, and Mr. Redding detained me for several minutes when I was passing his house. But there are still three or four minutes before nine o'clock; so no one can really say that I am late. Can he, my little man?"

He put his hand lightly on the tangled red curls of little Sammy Pike's head as he spoke. Sammy, quite overcome by this unexpected attention, blushed scarlet and lisped out:

"No, thir."

"I am here just in time to open the school," the teacher went on, "and we will go right in and get to work."

He stepped to the door of the schoolroom, as he spoke, and said, in a pleasant tone:

"Well, well! What a bright, pretty schoolroom! We ought to make famous progress in such a room as this. And we must keep it just as tidy as it is now. Who brought that handsome bouquet of autumn flowers for my desk?"

"Thally Redding, thir," volunteered Sammy.

"You were very kind and thoughtful, Sally, although I do not yet know which one of you is Sally Redding."

"That girl in the red dreth and her hair in curlth ith Thally," said Sammy.

Mr. Dick was a marked exception to many of the former teachers of the school in the exceeding tidiness of his appearance.

Nat Brace glanced contemptuously toward some of his companions and whispered, "He's a reg'lar dude!"

When Mr. Dick took out his handkerchief, and lightly brushed the dust from his polished boots and from the bottom of his trousers before entering the house, Nat whispered behind his hand to Bryan Thayer, "Just look at Miss Nancy!"

"Miss Nancy's" sense of hearing was acute. He heard Nat's whisper, but did not show in any sign that he had heard it.

Mr. Dick surprised the school by making no threats, and laying down no law to the school in his opening talk. This was an unheard of thing in the Rose Lane school. The surly, ignorant man who had taught the school during the previous winter had brought with him on the first day a long, keen rod cut from a hickory sapling. Marching defiantly into the old schoolhouse, this teacher had given the desk several resounding whacks with the rod, and had said:

"Now that's what you'll all get if you don't mind your books and be good! No whispering, no sticking pins into each other, nothing but to study and behave yourselves! Mind that, or you'll get this rod on your backs!"

A new order of things seemed to be coming in with the new schoolhouse and this trim, gentle-voiced young teacher.

"I know his game," said Bryan Thayer to several of the other large boys during the first recess. "He's going to try the soft-soldering game on us."

"His nice little meachin', cityfied ways may work with the girls and the small boys, but they won't go down with me," said Nat Brace. "It takes muscle to fetch me to terms."

"Muscle!" said Phineas Joyce, derisively. "All the muscle *he's* got wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Well, he'd better get some up before the first snow comes, or some of the ten-year-old boys will wash his face for him," said Nat.

"Yes, and you might get your own face washed about that time, Nat Brace," said Sally Redding. "You boys will see what you'll get yet. He isn't afraid of you, and I know it. Anyway, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves if you go to making trouble after the gentlemanly way he's treated us, and when we have such a lovely new schoolhouse."

A shout of derision greeted this speech.

"I tell you what I'm going to do, boys," said Nat Brace; "I'm going to find out what he's good for. I'll haul out my jackknife and go to whittlin' the new desk right in school, and see what he does!"

Ten minutes after the school was called to order, Mr. Dick, who was sitting at his desk with a first reader class before him, tapped the floor lightly with his foot and said, pleasantly:

"This won't do, this won't do at all! Whittling these new desks! That cannot be permitted. What's your name, sir?"

His hand was extended toward Nat Brace. There was no anger in his tones.

"Nat Brace!" the boy called out, doggedly.

The teacher stopped at Nat's desk, and held out his hand.

"Well, Nat," he said, "you may give me your knife for the present, and you may pay the school committee for the damage you have done to the property of the district."

Never in all his unruly, rebellious career had Nat Brace been approached in this cool manner. Never had a teacher taken up one of Nat's gauntlets with a smile, and no trace of furious anger; and Mr. Dick's smile won from Nat a half-dazed, half-ashamed sort of an obedience before the boy really knew that he was obeying.

The large boys attended school irregularly at first. Farm duties kept them at home; but by the first of December all had begun to come every day.

By this time Mr. Dick had won the respect and even the affection of the other pupils. It had also been proved that Mr. Redding's theory was not groundless. Visitors to the school not only remarked the neat appearance of the room, the desks and the pupils, but perceived a decided improvement in the children's manners.

There was hardly a sign of rebellion on the part of the pupils until Phineas Joyce, Nat Brace, Bryan Thayer and Hiram Beal began to attend regularly. These four large boys had had the unenviable honor of barring out, ducking and in other ways defying and maltreating half of the teachers who had tried to teach the Rose Lane school during the past four years.

Their rude and brutal tendencies were fostered by their home associations and surroundings, and a lack of anything like training. They were not to be easily won over to the new order of things in the school.

Like Nat Brace, they wanted to see an exhibition of young Mr. Dick's "muscle," and they had a profound contempt for his apparent lack of it.

These four boys walked to school together one frosty morning in November. They intended to go to school regularly now, and it was the first day they had all been in attendance.

They felt that it was a fitting time to "let little Miss Nancy know who was boss."

Various methods of imparting this information to Mr. Dick were discussed. Just as they came to Lowrie's Pond, Nat Brace struck the palms of his hands together, and said, gleefully:

"I have it, boys; let's give him a ducking! The water's ice-cold now, and I tell you it would take the starch right out of him to souse him under a few times."

"Yes, and it'd stop all this talk about their having got a teacher at last who could keep us in tow," said Hiram Beal. "I'm in for the ducking."

"Well, I guess I am, too," said Phin Joyce; "only I thought we'd kind o' cut up a few of our little didos first, and sort o' rasp him up 'fore we barred him out or ducked him, or tried anything like that."

"Oh, let's do it to-day!" cried Nat Brace. "Strike while the iron's hot, says I."

"While the water's cold, you'd bett[illegible] say," said Phineas. "He'll want something hot after on."

"Let's grab him at recess time this morning, and walk him over here to the pond and pitch him in."

"All right—say we do!"

The pond, which was a large one, was not more than three or four hundred yards from the schoolhouse. The water was six feet deep at the very bank of a point nearest the house, and this was the place chosen by the boys for the ducking of the poor, unsuspecting Mr. Dick.

His surprise was all the greater because he had no suspicion of what was in store for him until the boys approached him.

They had, in accordance with a previous agreement, been meek and obedient all the morning. Mr. Dick had been pleased with their conduct, and glad to note that all was so calm in a quarter from which he had reason to expect rebellion.

He was standing on the platform watching some of the small boys playing leap-frog, when Bryan Thayer stepped up and said, with a leer:

"We want you, Mister!"

"You want me?"

"Yes, we do. You come along with us."

Mr. Dick's face flushed at the boy's insolent tone and manner, but his voice was steady as he asked, "What do you want of me?"

"You come along and you'll find out," said Bryan, and Nat Brace called out, jeeringly:

"We might as well tell you right now that we're going to duck you!"

"Duck me?"

"Yes, sir; we're going to pitch you into Lowrie's Pond, yonder."

"Oh, you are?" said Mr. Dick. He was pale instead of crimson now, and his eyes shone, but his voice was steady.

"Yes, we air!" said Phineas Joyce. "And if you don't come along peaceably, we'll fetch you. We mean business!"

Mr. Dick glanced at the boys in silence for a moment. The other pupils had gathered around, breathless with excitement. Some of the girls began to cry. Little Sammy Pike, who had just been saying that he "jutht loved Mithter Dick," ran and hid in the woodshed, weeping.

Sally Redding was aflame with indignation.

"*Shame on you!*" she cried, pointing her finger scornfully at the four boys. "You're a pack of great cowardly bullies—that's what you are! You're four to one, and you've waited until there were four of you, because you didn't dare touch the teacher single-handed. Don't you go a step, Mr. Dick. We girls will fight for you!"

She interposed her small, slender self between the teacher and his assailants, and stood there with clenched fists and flashing eyes.

The boys sneered and jeered, although some of them had the grace to wince and flush at Sally's truthful words. But Mr. Dick laid his hand lightly on Sally's shoulder and said, with a smile:

"You are a real little Trojan maiden, but I cannot have you waging war for me. I think it best to yield gracefully, if I must yield. Now I will go with you, boys, but don't you lay a hand on me to force me into going. I will go quietly along without giving you that trouble."

He started forward.

"Don't ye try to run away," said Phineas Joyce, "for we can outrun ye any day."

"I run away from you!" said the teacher, in a voice and with a look that made Phineas turn scarlet and hang back to escape that strange, contemptuous, searching look in the teacher's eyes. The cowardly boy would have fled had he been alone.

With the exception of Sammy Pike who, peeping from between the cracks in the woodshed, wept aloud, the whole school followed the teacher and the boys to the pond, many of the smaller children trembling and sobbing.

"You will kindly allow me to take off my coat, that I may have at least one dry garment to put on when I come out?" said Mr. Dick, when they stood on the very edge of the bank of the pond.

"Off with it, then," said Hiram Beal.

The other pupils had fallen back, and the teacher and the four boys stood alone on the bank.

"Thank you," said Mr. Dick, gently, as he threw off the coat, took a long breath, stood erect, and added:

"Now I am ready."

A strange thing happened then. The children saw it with staring, wondering eyes and speechless lips.

Bryan Thayer and Nat Brace had been standing directly in front of Mr. Dick. Now, with the word "ready," came two dull, striking sounds, and Nat and Bryan went reeling and yelling backward into the water!

Hiram Beal stood at the teacher's right. Mr. Dick turned suddenly; his right arm shot out swiftly in his white shirt-sleeve, and the admiring small boys saw the muscle swell and rise as Hiram fell to the ground and was dragged to the pond and rolled in by the teacher.

Phineas Joyce turned to run away, but Sally Redding clung to his coat-tail as he passed her, and held him back.

He would have struck her, but Mr. Dick had him by the collar and dragged him back, while he cried:

"Oh, please don't, teacher! It's all Nat Brace's fault! He put us up to it. I—I—o-o-h!"

In went Phineas with a mighty splash.

Nat and Bryan were climbing up the steep bank, six feet high here, with chattering teeth, but Mr. Dick sent them both back into the water. Then he said:

"Now, boys, I have heard that you have said that it would take 'muscle' to rule you. Very well; here is muscle for you."

He bared his white arms to the shoulder as he spoke, clenched his fists, and bent his arms back and forth at the elbow. There was muscle indeed for them, and trained muscle at that.

"Now," said Mr. Dick, as he rolled down his sleeves, "I sincerely hope that this is the last exhibition I shall have to make of my muscular ability in any way. You boys may come out of that water and go home and get some dry clothes."

The memory of this lesson, coupled with something Phineas Joyce read a day or two afterward in a Wayne paper and told to his comrades, greatly increased their respect and admiration for Mr. Dick.

Phineas had read that at a certain athletic exhibition recently given in Wayne, Mr. Timothy Dick had carried off all of the honors, and that he had won the victory in a hotly contested boat-race.

It was not long before the boys came to admire

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and respect Mr. Dick for other reasons than his unexpected and superior muscular powers. His coming to Rose Lane marked the beginning of a new and vastly better epoch in the history of that school.

J. L. HARBOUR.

UNSELFISH SERVICE.

Let all the good thou doest to man
A gift be, not a debt,
And he will more remember thee
The more thou dost forget.

—R. H. Stoddard.

For the Companion.

NEPIGON.

In Six Chapters.—Chapter II.

Trouting on Big Lakes.

"Nepigon is the next station."

It was the third day of our journey by the new Canadian Pacific Railway; and all the morning the train had been skirting the north shore of Lake Superior; rounding the base of lofty cliffs, diving into tunnels and crossing rocky peninsulas, again to emerge upon the shore and fly over high viaducts and trestles.

At Coldwell we caught a glimpse, for a moment, between high crags, of the great lake dotted with the white sails of fishing-boats. At Jackfish there are startling trestles, and a little to the eastward of these the line threads its way around a stupendous precipice, or rather clings to the mid-height of it. So nearly perpendicular is it that a passenger may lean out from the car platform and look down into the green-tinted water, breaking in ocean-like waves on the rocks, hundreds of feet below.

"Nepigon!"

The train rumbled out upon a lofty iron bridge, beneath which we saw the azure and green water of a large, tumultuous river.

"The Nepigon River!" cried Dick. "Isn't it a noble stream? The greatest trout river in America, they all say!"

It is a pretty little station in the pine woods at which the train stopped a few moments later, with a small but comfortable hotel close at hand, where we established ourselves for the afternoon and night; that is, until we could engage guides, hire canoes of the Hudson Bay Company's agent at the trading post of Red Rock, half a mile below the station, and lay in supplies at the "general store" hard by for our camping-out trip up the river.

The Nepigon is the head-waters of the St. Lawrence River; that is to say, the northwesterly continuation of it beyond Lake Superior. Its clear waters are of the same green color as the Niagara and the upper St. Lawrence.

It is the outlet of Lake Nepigon, forty miles north of Lake Superior. Nepigon is, perhaps, entitled to be called the sixth of the "great lakes," for recent surveys make it nearly or quite six hundred miles in circumference.

Nepigon River abounds in rapids. The scenery along its banks is picturesque, even grand; and at four or five points the channel expands into little lakes which have been somewhat whimsically named "Helen," "Jessie," "Maria," "Emma" and "Hannah."

The famous trout pools lie at the foot of the river rapids, beginning at Nepigon Falls, where the river issues from Lake Nepigon.

Fortunately for us, several of the best of the fifteen or twenty guides had returned from a trip up the river the evening before. Among them were John Watt, a Canadian of Scotch descent; Wen-a-goosh, an Ojibway Indian who usually accompanies Watt; "Joe-Eskimo" and Wap-a-sheesh-wock-way-a,—Marten-In-the-Bush,—two other Ojibways.

The question arose whether we could make the trip in two canoes, or should be obliged to hire three, with two more boatmen. By taking large canoes and allowing a little extra time on the portages around the rapids, the guides believed that we should be able to go in two, provided the human freight for each did not exceed five hundred pounds.

By casting up our avoirdupois, and finding that Lee weighed only seventy-six pounds and three-quarters, we found that this was practicable.

While engaged in settling the question of weight and purchasing pork, hardtack, flour and other supplies, including "silver doctors," "grizzly kings," "green drakes," "fairies," "coachmen," "yellow hackles" and other flies which the Nepigon trout are supposed to affect, another and less agreeable discovery was made—nothing less, in fact, than that every fisherman on the Nepigon must have a "permit to angle" from the Canadian Fishery Overseer, and that the fee is five dollars.

"Seven times five are thirty-five!" muttered Alton. "Why, we can't stand that!"

He and Dick went hastily to consult with Professor William. It was a serious matter, for our guides, canoes and supplies would cost us a good deal.

However, the fishery overseer made no charge for the ladies or for Lee, and our fishing privilege cost us only fifteen dollars.

We were called for an early breakfast at six o'clock next morning. At seven, John, Wen-a-goosh, and the two other guides had promised to have the canoes packed and ready for a start from the south end of Lake Helen, just above the railway bridge and rapids.

Thither we made our way, well laden with rods, guns and packs, just as the sun was looking over the tops of the pine woods. It was chilly, and grass, weeds and bushes were glistening with the dew. Thanks to a good outfit in wool and rubber, from toe to crown, we cared nothing for wet, and could withstand even winter cold.

Descending the path past the Protestant Mission to the canoe-landing on Lake Helen, we found both canoes waiting for us—genuine birch canoes, large and well-ribbed with cedar. From long experience these Nepigon guides have become justly famous for the skill and care with which they manage their canoes and transport their passengers.

Teacher Sarah, Lee, Alton and Dick embarked in the larger of the two canoes, in charge of John and Wen-a-goosh; while Professor William, Lucia and Thea took passage with Joe-Eskimo and Wap-a-sheesh-woch-way-a, a name which was soon shortened by us to Wap-a-sheesh.

Four miles above the point of embarkation, the river flows into the lake, on the left hand or west shore, through a vast bed of reeds. Entering the channel, we passed an Ojibway village, made up of lodges, log-cabins and a few frame houses. In front of the chief's house were two high dog-pens, in which the dogs, used for sledging in winter, are shut to keep them out of mischief.

These are the last habitations on the Nepigon. Beyond the Indian village all is wilderness.

At half-past eleven we came in sight of Alexander Portage, the first white-foaming rapid, twelve miles up the river. Here we had intended to camp for the remainder of the day, and fish in the pools while the guides carried the canoes and luggage about two miles across to Lake Jessie, above the rapids.

But another party was in advance of us. We saw four white tents on the low bluff along the right bank.

"I think we would do better to go on to Split Rock," John said. "We shall make it by five o'clock, if you're not too tired."

"We ought not to get tired if you do not, John," said Teacher Sarah, "since you have all the hard work to do."

But the portage occupied two hours. To expedite matters, Alton, Dick and Professor William each took a light pack, and even Teacher Sarah and the girls carried their own satchels.

Reëmbarking after a hasty lunch at the head of the portage, we paddled up Lake Jessie, five miles, and then three miles through Lake Maria.

The scenery grows finer and more grand as the head of this pretty lake is reached. The mountains and crags are loftier and wilder here, and two miles farther on, the river is seen to emerge, in another foaming rapid, through a great gorge, the enclosing walls of which are from eight hundred to a thousand feet in height.

"Only look at that huge perpendicular rock in the midst of the rapid!" Dick exclaimed. "It is seventy or eighty feet high, certainly, and looks like a solid block, with pines on the top."

"That is Split Rock," remarked John.

"Split Rock!" exclaimed Alton, "it is the river that is split by the rock."

"Well, Split Rock or Split River, it looks like good fishing," said Dick. "I hope to taste Nepigon trout for my dinner."

The canoes were paddled into the little bay on the left shore at the foot of the rapids.

"Ten minutes past five," said John. "Now all go fishing. We'll make camp and get dinner."

There was a hasty preparation of rods, reels and flies. The girls, as well as the boys, and even Teacher Sarah, seemed to be seized with a sudden and great desire to fish.

Joe-Eskimo set Professor William and Dick across the pool at the foot of the rapids, in one of the canoes. They had chosen to try their luck on the right of the Rock, where the greater body of water pours down; but Alton and the others selected the less tumultuous cascade on the left side.

There is a path along the rapid on this side, and for at least a quarter of a mile there are foaming pools within reach of the rod.

Standing on a favoring rock, Alton dropped a "yellow hackle" far out upon the swirling eddy. But none of the others stopped to watch him.

Thea and Lucia, each of whom had a light rod, had run along the path, eagerly looking for a good place to make a cast. Lee, too, his new rod in his hand, had put on a gay white and red fly, and was peering along the shore rocks for a good stand, when, more thoughtful than any of the others, he reflected that Teacher Sarah alone was without a rod.

Instantly the native generosity of our "little man" came out. Hurrying back along the path, he asked her, as a favor, to take the new rod and show him how to make the first cast.

Teacher Sarah, laughing, took the rod and gave the fly a rather clumsy swing out upon the pool. But at her second cast there was a sudden splash, followed by the whirr of the new reel. A trout had risen to the fly and hooked himself.

"Reel in! reel in!" cried Lee. Full of excitement, he ran down to the place where Alton stood to get the scoop-net. Alton came running back with him, net in hand, to assist at the capture.

The trout tugged at the rod, and darted alternately up and down the pool.

"Reel in every time he turns!" cried Alton. "Don't let him get all your line out. Does he pull hard?"

"Pretty hard," replied Teacher Sarah.

"He's a good one," said Alton. "Reel in! reel in!"

The trout made a good fight, but he was tired out, at last, and was gradually drawn into shoaler water, near the foot of the rocks. Then with a dextrous scoop of the net, Alton transferred the struggling trout from the water to the path.

"Good enough!" shouted Lee. "A two-pounder, sure! Who says that isn't a lucky rod?"

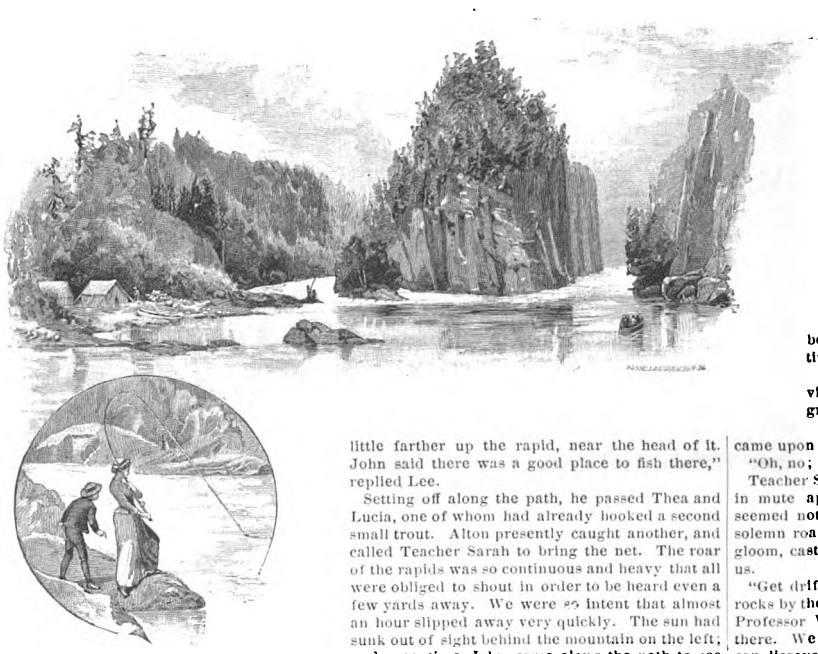
"It must be," replied Teacher Sarah, in a glow from the unwonted exercise and excitement. "A rod that I can catch a trout with must be lucky!"

Meantime, suppressed outcries were heard from Thea and Lucia a little way above. Thea had hooked a trout—a one-pounder—which, after a lively struggle, she landed without the net.

Alton, too, hooked one about as large; and almost at the same moment Lucia caught a somewhat smaller fish.

"Now, Lee, let's see what you can do," said Teacher Sarah.

"I think I shall keep on the same fly and go a little farther up the rapid, near the head of it. John said there was a good place to fish there," replied Lee.



Setting off along the path, he passed Thea and Lucia, one of whom had already hooked a second small trout. Alton presently caught another, and called Teacher Sarah to bring the net. The roar of the rapids was so continuous and heavy that all were obliged to shout in order to be heard even a few yards away. We were so intent that almost an hour slipped away very quickly. The sun had sunk out of sight behind the mountain on the left; and meantime John came along the path to see what had been caught for dinner.

"The pan is all hot," he said. "We will have these fried in ten minutes. So come down to camp pretty soon now. Joe has gone across after the others."

Interested to know what success Professor William and Dick had met with at the larger rapid, we soon followed John, and found him looking at a trout which Dick was in the act of taking from the canoe.

Joe and Wap-a-sheesh had pitched the tents in pretty situations, a little back from the water; and Wap-a-sheesh was busy cutting fir boughs for bedding, and unstrapping the rolls of blankets. John and Wen-a-goosh were frying trout; and Joe now set up a table of poles and bark, after the guides' custom.

With all the hunger of campers, we gathered around Joe's new table. Wen-a-goosh served potatoes and crisp bacon; and John cried, "Dinner's ready!"

Boxes and a convenient log served for seats. Not till we had sat down did some one say, "Where's Lee?"

"Why, sure enough, where is Lee?" said Teacher Sarah.

"Lee! Lee! where are you? Hurry up. Dinner's ready!" shouted Alton, without rising.

We all supposed that he was close at hand; and John was now dishing out such generous portions of brown trout upon our plates that we had eyes for little else.

"Oh!" murmured Lucia, after a few silent mouthfuls. "Isn't this delicious?"

"Immense!" mumbled Dick. "I tell you, this is worth coming a thousand miles for, isn't it?"

"But where is Lee?" said Teacher Sarah. "I don't like to begin dinner without him."

"Where can he be?" said Professor William, looking up from his platter.

"I saw him go along past us, just as I was catching my second trout," said Lucia.

"I remember his saying that he would go up a little farther, to the head of the rapid; for Joe or John had said there was good fishing up there. That was after I had caught my trout with his rod," said Teacher Sarah.

"Oh, he is up there fishing, then! It is just like him to go away by himself and stay till dark!" cried Alton, a little impatiently. "No use to shout for him, the rapids roar so. I will take a turn up the path and get him."

Setting down his plate rather reluctantly, Alton hurried out of sight.

"I hope he has caught a big trout," Teacher Sarah observed.

"If it were a very big one it might catch Lee," said Thea, laughing. Thereupon Dick began to tell of the struggle he had had with his three-pounder. "Why, at one time he had every foot of my line out; and there's fifty yards of it," said he.

A few minutes later Alton came back, out of breath and alone. "I cannot find him," he said. "He isn't up there. I went to the end of the carry-path, at the canoe-landing. No signs of him there; I called two or three times. He certainly isn't there."

"Didn't he go down the stream instead of up?" asked Professor William.

"No; he certainly went up past us," replied Thea. "I saw him going along the path."

"Has any one seen him since?" asked Professor William.

No one had.

"Could he have gone on farther up the river on this side, beyond the head of the rapids?" asked Professor William.

"Not very well," replied John. "The path ends there on the river. There are high rocks and thick brush above there."

Teacher Sarah had already set down her plate, from growing anxiety. "Oh, dear, I am afraid that he has fallen into the rapids!" she exclaimed. "Why did I let him go up there alone!"

"I thought he seemed to want to go alone," said Alton, "and try his luck by himself a little."

Of course there was now no further pleasure in dinner. The fear that Lee had slipped on the rocks and fallen into the foaming, roaring stream, rendered every one very uncomfortable. All rose and hurried along the path, Teacher Sarah and Thea casting anxious glances at the pools as they followed the others. It took but a minute to reach the end of the path, where the arrowy current bends around a projecting ledge, and goes foaming down to the first of the pools.

"Ah!" cried Professor William, "if he slipped off that ledge nothing could save him!"

Dick and Alton began to shout. Thea and Teacher Sarah climbed over rocks and amidst the thick cedar brush, along the margin of the rapids, scanning the swirling pools for some trace—his hat, or his rod.

Dusk had already fallen in the gorge; but for half an hour or more we searched in great anxiety.

Joe and Wen-a-goosh meantime had gone down the river, past the crag below our camp; but returning after a time, they joined us.

John, who at first had taken a light view of Lee's absence, began to look grave.

"It is not likely that a bear or wolves came upon Lee, is it?" Dick said to him.

"Oh, no; it's the river," replied John.

Teacher Sarah and the girls clasped their hands in mute appeal from our helplessness. There seemed nothing that we could do; and the deep, solemn roar of the mighty flood, in the gathering gloom, cast a chilling sense of hopelessness upon us.

"Get driftwood, John, and kindle a fire on the rocks by the great pool down near our camp," said Professor William. "Make all the light you can there. We will go out in the canoes and see if we can discover anything floating in the pool."

C. A. STEPHENS.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

THE GIANT OF CREATION.

I never was more utterly unprepared for a sight than when I once walked through the flapping entrance of a tent which covered the dead body of a mighty whale. I had many partially formed ideas as to what the creature would look like; but once under the canvas, these impressions gave way to genuine surprise as I viewed the mass before me.

It looked like the old hulk of a wrecked pirate—black, dismal and ready to fall apart but for the strong wooden supports which kept the heavy timbers in place.

"So this is a whale, is it?" I said to myself, as I began, in a somewhat bewildered state of mind, to make a sketch of it.

Of one thing I was convinced: the part of the animal I was sketching was the head. Surely the cavern in front must be the mouth, for there was the immense tongue in it. There, too, were the ponderous lower jaws, and a third of the animal's length from his head.

From the rear of the immense flukes we had an excellent view of the animal. Here we could see the whole of the tail, with its truly graceful sweep—a combination of strength and beauty, twenty feet across and set transversely on the body, to move up and down instead of from side to side.

Still standing by the tail, and running my eye up along the back to the head, I marvelled at the graceful lines. In fact, I have rarely seen anything more beautiful in form. The clumsiness that seemed to characterize the front part was not to be seen here—nothing but long, graceful curves.

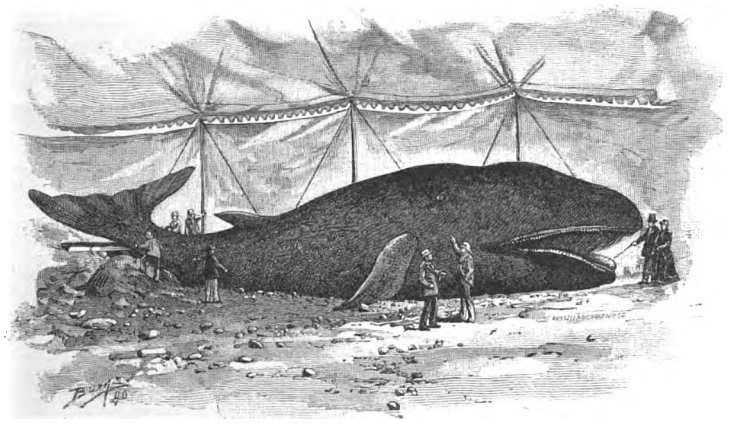
We went forward again to look at the mouth, stopping on the way to examine the ear, which was situated a little back of the eye, and was so small as to be almost imperceptible. It was not more than one-eighth of an inch in diameter.

Once more in front, the talkative old whaler explained the different parts of the head to me. The dolphin-like nose, he said, was called the "bonnet;" and depending from the long upper jaws I saw the whalebone or baleen, arranged in a series of more than six hundred plates, each ten or twelve feet in length. These were firm and compact at the point of insertion into the jaw, but were split into innumerable divisions toward the

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extremities, and ended in a deep, rough fringe, giving to the whole a worn-out appearance.

This whalebone forms a natural sieve for the whale, as it is through these plates that the animal forces out the water which has been taken in with its food. The baleen is so finely put together that the jelly-fishes and mollusks cannot



A Whale Under Cover.

pass through the interstices, and so are retained in the mouth, to be swallowed at leisure.

The fact that the whale must live on little jelly-fishes seems very absurd when one looks at its enormous mouth, large enough to hold seven or eight men without crowding; but in most whales the throat is not more than two inches in width. "A penny loaf would choke it," the sailors say.

My attention was now given to the large, dull red tongue which almost filled the mouth. In form it was like a feather-bed, and it was almost as soft, as I realized when the old sailor jumped upon it; for he fairly sank down into the bulky mass.

It must have been nearly filled with oil, for I learned afterward that it yielded fifteen barrels.

Perhaps it is fortunate that such a smooth-tongued monster has no voice, though some naturalists aver that the whale does make a bellowing sound. But this is not well authenticated.

Very interesting were the movements of the lower jaws, and especially of the enormous lips. When feeding, the whale rushes through the water with tremendous velocity, lowering its lips; millions of jelly-fishes, shrimps, crabs, and other small marine creatures are thus collected in its gigantic mouth.

The whale does not confine itself to the surface of the waters for its food, but descends to the greatest depths in its search. If a piece of wood were sunk so deep, it would be so thoroughly saturated that it could not float. The whale must have an enormous motive power to descend to depths where the pressure is so great.

Such a power would not be surprising in the case of a fish; but the whale, it must be borne in mind, is a mammal, not a fish. As a mammal, it must breathe, and it would surely drown if it remained under water more than a certain length of time.

It is forced to come to the surface, where it makes several spoutings from the blow-holes or nostrils. These spoutings consist, for the most part, of vapor mixed with water, and they ascend to a considerable height. One whale which I saw at sea some years ago must have spouted to a height of twenty feet.

The blow-holes are at the top of the head, enabling the whale to breathe with very little exposure of its body. I could see only a long black mass on the water, almost sunken out of sight, and did not know what it was until the spouting began with great violence.

After a little time the whale shot upward into the air, and again plunging under, sent waves splashing in every direction. I saw what was apparently the same whale again, thirty minutes later.

Whales have been known to stay below nearly an hour, but thirty minutes is generally the limit.

They are enabled to remain under water so long by a method of respiration peculiar to themselves. In the interior of the chest is a large mass of vessels filled with arterial blood, forming a sort of reservoir. This blood is charged with oxygen during the brief period that is occupied in the spoutings, and so furnishes the animal with a continued fresh supply of blood for its circulation while under water.

As soon as the reservoir is exhausted, the animal returns to the surface; the blood is aërated once more, and the whale is ready to go on another expedition below.

As interesting as a stranded whale is, it gives one but little idea of the giant that goes plunging through the seas. To appreciate it thoroughly one must see it in its native element, roaming over the wild ocean on its many journeyings, now shooting gracefully through the air as if in play, now diving into the waves and with thunderous roar throwing the white fountains of foam upward.

One must see it in anger after it has been repeatedly wounded by harpoons, when, infuriated beyond all measure, it rushes upon men and boats, hurling them high into the air with a stroke of its powerful tail.

One must see it when the ocean is a blaze of phosphorescent fire, rushing through the liquid flame, scattering it into the most delightfully scintillated forms with its immense tail, and finally, when leaping high into the black night, attended by myriads of falling stars, producing a display truly meteoric in its splendor.

HAROLD P. BROWN.

For the Companion.

IRON-WEED.

Red-bronzing in the fierce and fervent heat
Of Western prairies, ruggedly it stands,
A harsh, crisp emblem of the lonely lands,
Where Echo and her sister Silence meet.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

GERMAN RULE IN ALSACE-LORRAINE.

About the middle of July M. Laur, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, asked the Ministry to explain the German restrictions on travel between France and Alsace-Lorraine. The Ministry objected that they could serve no good purpose by complying.

Their journals said that French parliamentary discussion of the matter would probably cause the Germans to enforce their passport regulations more severely. Nevertheless, the Chamber voted to discuss the matter. It was thought the Ministry would resign. But the Deputies decided not to press M. Laur's question; they voted confidence in the Government, and the Ministers retained their places.

In 1888 the German authorities made a rule that no Frenchman should be allowed to enter Alsace-Lorraine without a passport from the French Government. This was because persons calling themselves French commercial travellers and tourists had been acting as spies on German fortifications, and distributing printed matter designed to fan French sentiment in the conquered territory. The Germans demanded passports that they might be enabled to hold the French Government more strictly to account for the proceedings of its travelling subjects.

Most of the persons whose acts were objectionable to the German officials were said to be agents of a Parisian association called the Patriotic League. This was formed for the special purpose of keeping seditious feeling alive in Alsace-Lorraine. In 1889 the League, having become a Boulangist organization, was suppressed by the Republican administration.

It is thought by some that the severity of certain German laws does more than all else to sustain French sentiment in the conquered territory. These laws have to do with education, the French language, and the conscription of men for the army.

All the children are compelled to attend schools from which teaching in French is nearly excluded. The lower classes in the common schools must take all their instruction in German. The higher are allowed to receive instruction in French for about half the list of subjects. Some years ago French could be taught as a subject in the lower classes six hours a week. The time was recently limited to two hours.

Not only have the fifteen deputies from Alsace-Lorraine been reasonably refused liberty to address the German Parliament in French, but the speaking in local assemblies and municipal councils must be in German.

All this is not so great a hardship as it seems at first. About one million four hundred thousand of the people are German-speaking, and only about two hundred and fifty thousand French-speaking. But to force the teaching of German does not seem the best way to make it popular.

The political sentiments of the people are not according to their language. They were and are deeply attached to France, with which they were connected for over two hundred years. In that time the French did not endeavor to force their language arbitrarily on the German-speaking inhabitants. They are, however, like the French, mostly Roman Catholics. That may explain why they prefer Catholic France to Protestant Germany.

Up to 1884 the army conscription was not enforced against French-speaking youths whose fathers had chosen to register themselves as French by nationality. But in that year a new German law ordered that every youth old enough for military duty should be expelled from Alsace-Lorraine unless his father should naturalize as a German, in which case the youth would be "drafted." This was bitterly resented as a violation of a previous law which had induced many French-speaking parents to remain in the provinces.

Up to 1887 the Germans hoped to conciliate the conquered German-speaking people quickly. Therefore, Prince Bismarck made his rule as liberal as he thought he might with safety to the empire. But the voters were not less French, but more so in 1887 than in 1879, when they received self-government in local affairs. This seems to have angered the Emperor William's advisers. They began a more repressive policy after the elections, and have gradually made it stricter till this day.

SORROW.

Sorrow came to him with a pleading face;
He would not rise and bid her enter in;
She seemed to claim in him too large a space,
And he was careless, full of mirth and sin.

So passed she onward. Then it chanced one day,
When Autumn winds in woods were making moan,
Again did gentle Sorrow fare that way,
And heard him mourning, for his love had flown.

So once again she sought him. Reckless, rude,
He bade her enter. Then, with stately mien
She passed, and took possession like a queen,
And seemed not sorrow, but a joy subdued:
Bringing a shadow, yet, as shadows are,
A blessing, cast from some great light afar.

—*The Spectator.*

GRAIN CROPS IN 1891.

In a nation like ours, whose business is largely agricultural, the amount of grain produced in one year is the surest element in the country's prosperity. It is for this reason that the growing crops of 1891 have been watched with peculiar interest.

Months ago it was evident that if the money disturbances of last November were followed by a failure in this season's harvest, the consequent distress would be far-reaching. It would touch every business interest in the land; for the produce of the earth is real wealth, and its failure means a loss to every one—to the people who raise it, to the people who buy it, and to all who do business with either of them.

Fortunately, the bounty of Providence has this year been very generous to us. The weather of the season in the great grain-producing region of the West has been almost exactly what the farmers hoped for. Sometimes too much rain will spoil a growing crop; sometimes a long spell of dry, sunny weather will scorch and burn it. This year the sunshine and the rain have alternated so as to make up almost an ideal season.

No insect pests have made their appearance throughout the grain region. The consequence is that an enormous grain harvest is almost ready for the market. The estimate of government experts and other experienced judges is that unless unforeseen and unexpected disasters prevent, the wheat crop of 1891 will be considerably larger than that of 1884, the largest ever yet gathered in this country, and at least one-fourth as large again as the deficient harvest of 1890.

The corn crop, though perhaps somewhat more in doubt, because later in growing, is likely to come close to that of 1889, the largest on record; and the yield of oats promises to surpass all previous years except the rich harvests of 1888 and 1889.

Several important results would follow such a plentiful harvest. For one thing, the farmers will be better paid for their season's labor than they have been in several years.

It is sometimes the case that even a bountiful harvest will not greatly benefit the farmer. If there is an immense yield of grain all over the world, the world's supply will often be equal to its demand, and so the price of grain will be low.

The farmer may then possibly receive no more money for his whole harvest than he obtained in a bad year, when the crop was small but grain prices unusually high.

This year, however, the wheat crop of Europe will certainly be small, while the fate of the harvest in Russia and India is doubtful. This probably means a heavy demand and good prices. If the farmers have a profitable season, their long discontent, which brought forth the startling Farmers' Alliance agitation, will begin to disappear, and the political results may be most important.

Then, too, when Europe is forced to buy our grain, it will have to pay for it in something that will make our country richer. Probably it will have to send us gold. It has taken from us this spring and summer an enormous amount of gold—not far from seventy million dollars.

Most of this gold was called for, because the European bankers were uneasy over their own financial outlook, and wished to get the hard cash into their safes, even if they had to pay handsomely to obtain it. Some of it went to France on the promise that it should be sent back whenever we should need it.

The result of this, and of our expected plentiful harvest, will be that the United States next winter will be actually the richest country in the world, with almost all the rest of the world in debt to it.

HEROISM.

Recently there died in France a General of the Army of the Republic who had made himself famous by bravery in battle, and by heroic endurance of suffering. He had been wounded in several engagements before he entered, at the head of his regiment,—for he was then a colonel,—the battle of Sedan.

A bomb-shell struck him, exploded, and tore off both his arms. He told the story of what followed in these simple words, without, it will be seen, any reference to his physical suffering:

"I was off my horse, and my arteries were cut. Our army was in retreat. Two soldiers passed and saw me. I was perfectly conscious, and I called the soldiers.

"'Boys,' said I to them, 'come and take my watch and my pocket-book. I should rather they'd go to my countrymen than to Prussians.'

"After they had done so, I asked them to brace me up against the hedge, with my face to the enemy, and then leave me.

"They objected, but I said, 'It will make, perhaps, ten minutes' difference in the length of my life. What does that amount to? Thank you, boys—now run along!'

"They seated me with my back against the hedge, and left me. I was growing weaker; my blood was flowing in abundance. However, the flesh, or the thickening of the blood, seemed presently to stop the arteries. I had no notion of fainting.

"Presently I heard footsteps behind me. It was my two soldiers come back again.

"'We can't leave you so, Colonel,' they said. 'There's an ambulance over there. We're going to carry you to it.'

"In spite of my refusals they picked me up, and finally left me in a little hut. The surgeon came, hastily dressed my wounds, and rode away at a gallop. Then I was forgotten for thirty-six hours; and I did not die. I was fearfully thirsty, and I could not keep off the swarming flies with my stumps.

"At last I was taken away in an ambulance, with six companions picked up on the road. All six of these died, but I did not. I was taken to Belgium, and lay for months in a hospital there, between life and death, and then came back to France."

This man, honored with the rank and title of general, lived more than twenty years amid the praise and admiration of his countrymen. His heroism had well earned them.

But there is another sort of heroism, which meets with no public recognition, and which has not the inspiration of valiant service in the field.

It is the sacrifice of the hopes and prospects of a life to a sense of duty to others. A simple case, which is no doubt paralleled by many others, may be cited.

A recent reunion of a class in one of our colleges was attended by many men who had won some prominence in the world. One or two had distinguished themselves in the Civil War, others in the world of letters or of science, and others in politics, while some had won enviable positions in the professions or in business.

Among the members of the class who attended the reunion was one man who had stood high at college, and had given proof there of excellent ability and of scholarly tastes. What distinction had he won in the thirty years since his graduation?

The distinction of living, most of that time, the life of a simple farmer, and taking care of his father and mother, now grown very aged.

For many years his parents had been dependent upon him, and did not wish to leave their old home. So the son had thrown away all hopes for a brilliant career, and had devoted himself to his parents, and to the hard toil of the farm.

Perhaps it was the knowledge of this fact which caused his classmates to welcome him as he might have been welcomed if he had been a military commander, and had won brilliant victories.

HOT DAY FANCIES.

"When we talk of heat," asked a young lady, suddenly, of a company well provided with palm-leaf fans and soothed by the influence of recent ice-cream, "what do you think of? What place? What time? What scene rises instantly before your fancy?"

Her friends roused themselves to respond to the question, and here are some of their replies:

"A new concrete sidewalk at noon, with the sun beating down on it, and one's heels sinking in, and the heat reflected into one's face, and the air pervaded by the smell of tar."

"The desert, with an exhausted caravan struggling to reach a mirage that hovers on the horizon, but doomed to perish of thirst, as the man and camel whose bleached bones they are passing perished before them. I think it is the remembrance of some picture I saw when I was a child."

"Washing dishes in the kitchen when the mercury stands at ninety out of doors and a hundred and something within, and your hands are all soapsudsy and greasy, so that you can't even lift them to your face to wipe away the perspiration, and you are so tired and cross and miserable that you would cry if you weren't ashamed to."

"The deck of a becalmed yacht, with a glassy sea, and a long, slow roll, and the brass work so hot that it burns the hands; the sun high, the sky cloudless, the sails hanging with not a breath to stir them; the victim prostrate, and deathly sea-sick with no consciousness in the present save of heat and nausea, and no expectation for the future but of probable sunstroke."

"Standing alone in the middle of a wide, hot field

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flaming with scarlet lilies, and listening to the locusts in the grass."

"Walking along a country road between treeless, barren pastures, with no living thing in sight but an ox-team lurching slowly on its way in a cloud of yellow dust. The time, noon."

"A night in August, when coolness has not come with darkness, and one cannot sleep and can hardly breathe, and it seems as if morning would never break."

There are times when it is too hot to think of anything but the heat. The simple question answered above is one that may turn bring forth some curious replies, and affords a respite from disputes concerning the accuracy of differing thermometers or vain utterances upon the advantages of Arctic exploration.

AN ARTIST'S COSTUME.

Rosa Bonheur's practical but unusual style of dress sometimes surprises the great artist as an unintentional disguise, and leads to odd mistakes as to her identity. Her costume is perfectly suited to the work which is the absorbing interest of her life, and now and then the fact arises that it is not appropriate at all times.

She once returned, after painting all day in the country, to a new house, just as the movers were putting in the last pieces of furniture. Her baggage had already arrived, and wore her usual costume for painting out of doors, a blouse, trousers and stout shoes. The men were carrying something upstairs, and she sat down to wait until the way was clear.

One of the men looked up and saw, as they thought, a young man in workman's dress coolly watching their efforts, and cried:

"Only look at that lazy gentleman! Give him an easy chair! Here, move your feet, you gentleman of leisure, and lend a hand!"

Rosa laughed, and hastened to help them carry a heavy dressing-case. But her strength was not equal to her good-will.

"What an absurd boy! He hasn't the strength of a flea! Get out of the way, young man!" cried the movers in disgust.

When, a little later, they saw Mademoiselle Bonheur, her working clothes exchanged for a gown, giving orders in the room where they were at work, they realized the situation, and hastened to beg her pardon. The artist convinced them that she was not offended by giving them an extra fee.

One evening, in a fit of absent-mindedness, having paloted until the carriage which her friends sent for her was at the door, Mademoiselle Bonheur went to a public entertainment in a paint and oil-stained gown, and old slippers.

An elegantly dressed man who sat next her went to the manager to complain because such a common person was admitted to that part of the house.

"Your name, if you please?" said the manager.

"Why?"

"I will go to the lady, Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, and ask her in your name to leave the theatre or change her seat."

The exquisite waited long enough to beseech the manager to do nothing of the kind, and beat a mortified retreat.

NOT TO BE TAUGHT.

Many a man who has reached the topmost round in his profession finds himself absolutely unable to communicate the secret of greatness to another.

William Hunt, the celebrated artist, found it impossible to explain his manner of working so that others could benefit by his experience.

One day a lady who pointed fruit very successfully obtained an introduction to him for the purpose of asking his advice in regard to her work. She had no doubt that he could formulate some principle, or volunteer such scientific information as would be of use to her.

To her astonishment, Mr. Hunt told her that he could do nothing of the kind, adding quietly:

"The only thing you can do is to *forge it out.*"

She then asked if he knew Mr. ——, a successful artist.

"To be sure I do," said he. "Of course I do. Well, he has forged it out. We must all forge it out. There is no other way than forging it out."

He well knew the process of such independent effort, for he was one of the men who,

> While their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night,

His own patience was almost boundless, and it would never have occurred to him that any lover of good work might shrink from making even a bit of seemingly unimportant detail over and over again.

OUR GRAND BUSINESS MEN.

Mr. James B. Colgate, of New York, gives his millions while he lives. He has for many years been the benefactor of the venerable little college at Hamilton, New York, which now calls itself Colgate University. This summer he has given it a round million of dollars.

This kind of munificence is increasing in our country. Not long ago, Mr. Clark founded Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, on the million scale. Later, Mr. Rockefeller, of New York, has given a million dollars to Chicago University.

Other of our business men have given smaller sums for like objects. These beneficences mark a new era in the resources of American education. The great English universities were founded in the early ages by immense grants and princely gifts. They had thus the means of always leading in the world's thought, and giving the best instruction any century could offer. But most of our American colleges have had a hard struggle against poverty and insufficient equipment in all their branches.

The donors to the European universities frequently gave all their fortunes, and then retired to the monastery. But these benefactions of whom we are proud can give sums which would have bewildered those old worthies; and after they bestow their millions stay in the world to acquire more, to be used to benefit those less favored than themselves.

These men feel that their great fortunes are a public trust. One man's power to gather a fortune may belong to the world as much as another's power to write an orchestra, or to invent a telephone. Never before could a dollar buy so much knowledge, culture and general happiness as to-day, and our successful business men have opportunities to brighten the world such as no other class possess.

MEETING THE QUEEN.

Weymouth, the old English watering-place, was for some years frequently visited by King George and Queen Charlotte. A German, Colonel Landmann, was summoned to the place one season, to plan the erection of a tower on the Lookout in accordance with the King's wishes. This gentleman gives an amusing account of his unconventional meeting with the Queen.

"I stood at the window of a caricature-shop, with several persons, when I heard from behind me a female voice, which I knew to be the Queen's, in earnest request to consult with renewed diligence throughout the caricature in the window for one of the Queen, to which I thought the value had alluded, but in which I was unsuccessful.

"I had not the slightest idea that I had unless I fancied I should be too late to see the Queen and the Princesses on their way to their bathing-machines. I moved on, keeping my eye fixed on the pictures, however, in search of the Queen.

"Suddenly I felt a touch on my arm with a hint, which, to save her and myself from falling, I encircled with my arms.

"On my immediately observing that the person whom I so embraced was a little old woman, with a small black silk bonnet, exactly similar to those worn by poor and aged females, and that she wore a short, plain, scarlet cloth coat, I exclaimed, 'Oh, Queen, I ask a thousand pardons!' and added, 'I'm an Irishman! I felt the old lady pinch me from her with energy and indignation, and I was seized by the collar behind, and whirled round, and held tightly by the arms and shoulders, whilst a tall, stout fellow in a scarlet livery stood close before my face, sharply striking the pavement with the heavy ferrule of a long golden-headed cane, his eyes flashing fire, and exclaiming:

"'The Queen, the Queen, the Queen, sir!'

"'Here! where? where?' I loudly retorted.

"'I'm the Queen!' sharply exclaimed the old lady.

The story is finished by a description of how the Colonel fell on his knees and humbly apologized, and the Queen said:

"'Rise, sir; you must be more careful; fery vell—fery fine, indeed; we forgife. There, you may go.'

Whereupon exit the gallant Colonel, loudly cheered by the mob.

DIPLOMATIC.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country" is the old saying, and it certainly is true in many instances. Mr. Wilkins thinks that "in his own family" would be just as true a statement of some cases, notably his. He has a great reputation for giving good advice on all sorts of matters, and there is scarcely a day that he is not consulted by some one about some matter of more or less importance, and his remarks always seem to give perfect satisfaction.

Mrs. Wilkins believes that the secret of his success lies in the fact that he allows himself to be apparently convinced of the sound judgment of the other party, and then says in a manner that people only want to be assured that what they have fully made up their minds to do is the best thing to do, her husband's "advice" is exceeding, sound and wise.

When one makes this statement to any one, and Mr. Wilkins, with a twinkle in his eye, demurs a little, she always says:

"Now, Henry, you just let me tell Mr. B—— the conversation I overheard at our door the day Farmer Gage called to consult you about the color he had better paint his new barn. Or rather, your part of the conversation, for I only listened to the latter part, and didn't catch much of what Farmer Gage said.

"This is what I heard, with right pause:

"'Mr. Gage, I—I—I—



For the Companion.

HOW TO CHOOSE A COLLEGE.

By Andrew D. White,

Formerly President of Cornell University.

First Paper.

Very striking indeed are the changes that have taken place in the system of advanced education thoughout the United States, more especially throughout our Northern States, during the last quarter of a century.

Twenty years ago, as a rule, the whole theory and practice of advanced education in our country had a narrowness and a lack of adaptation to the needs of the country from which many of our larger institutions have now freed themselves. The old theory was, that the object of a college course was simply what was called "discipline of the mind," and sometimes there was a little vague talk as to the advantages of "culture."

The outcome of this theory was one simple, single college course for all students alike, made up of a little Greek, a little Latin, a little Mathematics, a little Political Economy, and a little Moral Philosophy, with a few experiments, perhaps, to illustrate Chemistry and Physics.

There were very few lectures, and, as a rule, none before the senior year. Almost everything was done by so-called "recitations;" that is, an instructor, not unfrequently a superannuated clergyman or unfledged divinity student, sat in a box and heard students recite by rote from a text-book.

There was generally neither note nor comment by Professor or Instructor; his whole duty was to "mark the recitation" for the student. This was probably the most wretched substitute for education ever devised.

We have now changed all that;—at least in the dozen or twenty institutions in the United States which aim to make themselves Universities in the true sense of the word.

We have indeed studies for discipline and culture; in fact, these are made leading objects of instruction. But in order to make them so, they form a part of larger plans of study, framed with reference to the capacities, tastes, and aims of various individuals or groups of individuals.

The result is, that studies in every field, while they strengthen discipline and increase culture, are made much more thorough and extended than ever before.

The student who wishes earnestly to make himself a classical scholar is not held back through his whole course by a long train of students who care nothing for the Classics, and wear out the life of the Professor by giving absurd answers to grammatical questions and childish renderings from concealed translations.

The man who wishes to give himself to studies in any branch of Natural Science is not held back by a great body of men devoted to Literature, who vote instruction in Science an unmitigated bore.

To sum up: There is now, after the preliminary general courses for discipline, a division into various special courses, with reference to a man's training for life. These are indeed disciplinary, and all the more so from the fact that the student feels their importance and the necessity of putting his mind into them, because he can see that they bear directly upon his success after leaving college.

Whatever of preliminary discipline and culture, then, was given by the old courses, is given far better now; and there is added to this general discipline a special training for actual life, of which, under the old system, little or nothing was known.

With this prefatory statement I come to the question which this article is intended to answer: "How shall I choose a college?"

First, I would say, in choosing a college, Look at the Instructing Body: do you find in it the men you need, both for your general and special studies? If so, have you reason to believe that these men are chosen from those best fitted for the positions, without regard to anything but their fitness in attainments and character;—and are they doing good work?

Much light is thrown on this question by another, and this is: "How is the Instructing Body in the College chosen?" Is it restricted mainly to some one sect or denomination of Christians, or is it unrestricted by sectarian limits, and made from the whole range of eligible men with the sole purpose of securing in every case the best scholar, teacher, and man obtainable?

Strange as it may seem, in the vast majority of American colleges, even down to the present time, the question has not been, "How and where can we get the best teacher?" but "How can we get the best teacher who is a member of our sect?"

An experience of over twenty years in selecting Professors for an institution not trammeled by such rules has shown me that it is exceedingly difficult at any salary to get thoroughly fit men with the whole nation to choose from, even without any denominational restrictions; and I have often wondered how those Presidents of colleges who are obliged to choose Professors within the limits of the particular sect to which they belong can secure the sort of teachers they ought to have.

Therefore, I would say to the student, Look over the catalogues of the institutions which seem to you attractive, and see whether or not their professorships are made snug retiring nests for excellent clergymen who have proved unattractive in the pulpits of some one denomination, or whether its tutorships are made incubators for unfledged divinity students from some adjacent theological seminary.

I have the greatest interest in divinity students, and the most sincere respect for aged clergymen; but one of the most unfortunate things in many of our sectarian colleges has been that the primary object of instruction has so often been made to yield to the necessity of taking care of these two excellent classes.

How well I remember sundry recitations in Cicero's Letters to an excellent elderly clergyman whose one defect was that he had forgotten his Latin; and how well, too, I recall the martyrdom of a divinity student in teaching Physics to a large class in which many of the students knew more of the subject than he did.

Look, also, at the catalogue, and see whether various duties are loaded upon one professor. That was the old way: one man often taught Chemistry, Physics, Geology and Physiology; or Ancient, Mediæval, Modern and American History; or History and Literature; or Greek and Latin; or all the Modern Languages and Literatures together.

This was well enough, perhaps, when teaching in Science, Art, and Literature, so far as our institutions of learning were concerned, was in its infancy; but that sort of thing has now become farcical. The time has come when not only each leading subject, but each leading division of a subject, demands the attention of a well-trained man who makes that subject the object of his life.

In colleges and universities worthy of the name there is no more lumbering together of various sciences and literatures under the teaching of one man. In courses of History worthy of the name there are separate professors, instructors, or lecturers for Ancient, General Modern, and American History; and to these are frequently added special instructors in special subjects or periods, as for example the Constitutional History of England, the Constitutional History of the United States, and the like.

As to Modern Literature, no worthy institution of learning thinks of having one instructor for several different languages or literatures. Each demands its own; and our own language is becoming less and less content with a single professor. As a rule, there must be at least one for its literature, and one for its philological side.

Even in departments which have generally been regarded as inseparably bound together, the advance of modern thought demands a division. Thus Philosophy, which used to be taught by one man, is now frequently divided between three professors, one having Moral Philosophy, another the History of Philosophy, and another Psychology.

So, too, while formerly it was sufficient if a Professor of Greek or Latin found a little time to give a short course on International Law, there is *now seen to be more and more a necessity for* giving to International Law and kindred subjects a full professorship.

Look, then, to see how this is arranged. It is certain that no proper idea of the leading departments of human thought can now be given to advanced students by the old method, which so many of our feebler colleges are trying to maintain.

To sum up: See what the general character of the professors is; whether they are mainly chosen from one fraction of the community within the limits of some one sect, and whether each is obliged to teach several different things: see especially, if, in the departments in which are your tastes and aims, the right sort of men fill the Chairs.

To do this, make as thorough a study as possible of catalogues; but talk also with earnest students,—men who are interested in your own lines of thought, if you can find any such. Correspond with the authorities of the institutions which seem to you most promising, and find out what they have to offer. Such a correspondence will be of use both to you and to the colleges; it will help you in deciding upon your best course, and it will impress upon the colleges the fact that the old day of perfunctory teaching is gone by.

The second question is hardly less important than the first: "What are the means of illustration?"

Here there is an enormous difference between the lesser and larger institutions of learning. On the one hand some are fitted to do University work, having large and adequate means of investigation and illustration in various fields. On the other hand, many are fitted only to be intermediate colleges,—giving general preliminary discipline, preparatory to the work of Universities.

No work is more honorable and useful than that of these smaller institutions, provided they really do it, and do not pretend to do University work, for which they have neither the men nor the equipment.

The equipment necessary to thorough, advanced instruction in various fields has become very great.

Take what is generally considered to need least;—instruction in the Greek and Latin Classics. It is no longer sufficient to have simple construing of sentences or reading of parts of books with a professor or tutor; the day of merely studying the skeleton of a language and scraps of its literature has gone by.

There must be collections to throw light upon the life of Greece and Rome,—collections of the most costly books, maps, plans, casts of statues, bassreliefs, architectural details, coins, engravings, photographs. Indeed, our better-equipped institutions have now in every classical lecture-room appliances for projecting upon a screen, by means of the lime light, illustrations which make references to Greek and Roman life vivid.

Thus alone can classical teaching be real; thus alone can the interest of any number of thinking young men be aroused. No dragging through classical dictionaries and dictionaries of antiquities can take the place of this full, stimulating, vivifying illustration.

Still more important is the most complete equipment for investigation and illustration in the Physical Sciences.

Take Physics and Chemistry. In the good old days a short course of lectures with experiments, and possibly a little text-book recitation, were thought sufficient; now, not only must fully illustrated courses of lectures be provided for, but every student who goes with any thoroughness into these subjects is expected to conduct experiments and investigations himself, under the eye of competent instructors.

Hence the necessity of great physical and chemical laboratories, in which every student who takes these subjects can acquaint himself not merely with facts, but with methods.

Take next what are usually spoken of as the Natural Sciences. Here, too, the same change has *taken place. Formerly, if there was any instruction* at all, it was given by a few lectures; but now there must be, besides these lectures, laboratory work in Physiology, Botany, and various other sciences, sufficient at least to fasten not merely leading facts, but the best methods of research, into the minds of the students.

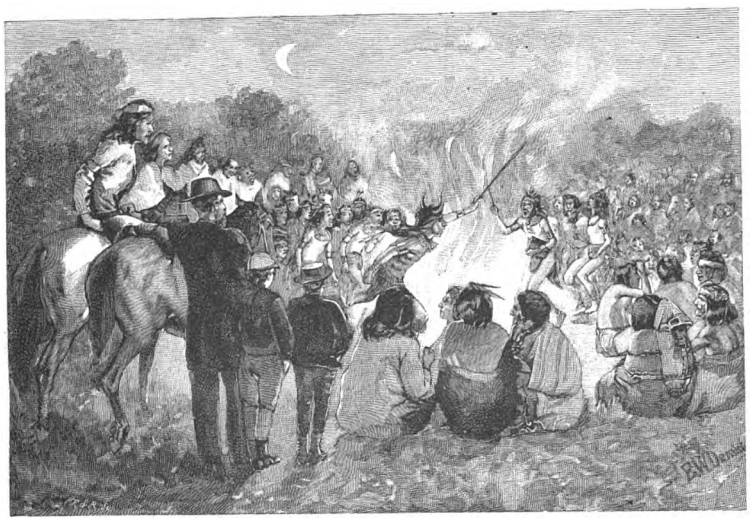
Take next Historical Studies. In these, under the old system, it was thought sufficient that some professor should give a few general lectures; but now various professors, assigned to different historical fields, must each have his well-equipped "seminary" for students who go thoroughly into his subject, — a room equipped with maps, photographic and other illustrations, and above all with a great apparatus in the shape of books.

Subjects being assigned, students are shown the best sources in these special libraries, and taught to extract from them the best knowledge by the best methods.

Hence it is, that in the library buildings which have been erected within the last few years at several of the leading Universities, there are not merely general reading-rooms for students, but "seminary rooms," containing special libraries in various fields of human knowledge, where students can be shown the most important sources and how to use them.

Take next Studies in Literature. It is no longer sufficient to have mere recitations from a rhetorical text-book. Here, too, a large provision of books is required; students who make this field one of their leading objects of interest are expected to study special subjects under the direction of professors and instructors who guide them among the best authorities.

The day is past in our institutions worthy to be called Universities, when students wrote essays on "The Real and the Ideal," or "The Beauties of the Classics," or "The Greatness of Julius Cæsar," or "The Ambition of Napoleon" and the like.



An Indian War-Dance.

For the Companion.

AN APACHE WAR-DANCE.

Near Fort Apache, Arizona, in the spring of 1885, I saw a war-dance of the Chiricahua band of the Apaches, ten days before a part of these Indians went on the war-path, to remain until they were captured by General Miles sixteen months later. During this time they overran the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona and the States of Sonora and Chihuahua in Mexico, capturing many children and killing hundreds of people.

At the store of the Post Trader, one day, Francisco, the Mexican interpreter, told me that the Chiricahuas were to dance that night at their lower camp on the North Fork of the White River, three miles above the Post, and that I might go if I wished.

Of course I wished to go. I ran home and told my father what Francisco had said, and obtained his consent to take me to see the dance.

Just after "retreat" had sounded, a trumpeter brought two horses to our quarters. I mounted behind the trumpeter. My younger brother got up behind my father, and off we started at a trot, taking the trail for the camp soon after leaving the Post.

We rode rapidly, because we intended to return early in the night, before the young moon had set. But fast as we were riding, we were overtaken several times on the trail by blanketed figures, mounted on galloping ponies. They were White Mountain Apaches, who, like ourselves, were going as spectators to their cousins' dance.

I say like ourselves, because they could not join in the dance. In fact, it was dangerous for them, even as invited guests, to go into the Chiricahua camp after dark, for although the two were bands of the same tribe, and lived near each other on the reservation, they were not friendly to each other.

But before we had gone more than two miles we had been joined by a dozen White Mountain braves, taking their chances for a little excitement.

By this time it was dark. We formed in Indian file. The trail was narrow and rough, leading through mesquite and piñon-trees. We rode silently, save for the noise made by the horses' feet, until we reached a side cañon about half a mile from the place where we expected to find the dance.

Then we heard, on the still night air, the dull, booming sound of the Indian drums or tom-toms, and knew that the dance had begun. We left the trail and headed in the direction of the noise, which increased as we approached.

When we were near enough to hear voices joining in with the tom-toms, shouting "Hi-ya! Ho-ya!" we halted, and the white part of our procession dismounted, leaving the horses in charge of the trumpeter. The rest of us walked to the scene of the dance.

There was only a small, pale moon; but it was easy to tell where to go, for, besides the noise, we were guided by bright flashes of light flaring up from the fires built on the dance ground. My brother and I kept close to our father, for, although we had come for fun, we did not feel quite safe.

We stepped between two mesquite-trees into the

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fire-lit space where the dance was in full swing. My father said "How!" to some braves near by, who answered with a nod of the head.

Two mongrel curs snarled at us; and this was all the ceremony of reception with which the company greeted us.

Around the edge of a circular clearing, squatted by small fires built for their comfort—it was May, and at that altitude in the mountains the nights are chilly — were Chiricahua braves, squaws, papooses and dogs. The men were dressed in buckskins, beads and blankets.

Ranged outside, among the bushes, were the White Mountain Indian visitors, mounted, and leaning over their ponies' necks. In case of a disturbance they would be safer mounted than on foot.

At the side of the circle, near where we entered, was the orchestra. It was composed of as fierce-looking an assortment of musicians as ever played upon instruments.

About a dozen of these performers were squatted around three large tom-toms, and were pounding on them with bass drumsticks; while the leader, a big medicine-man named Chino, stood in front, violently beating a little tom-tom held under his left arm. This tom-tom was so small, compared with the others, that it might be called a tommy-tommy.

The performers were assisted in making their music by a group of half-grown boys, who hammered with long sticks a dry rawhide stretched on the ground near the drums—just as we beat carpets. But as all this did not make quite enough noise, the combined orchestra shouted in guttural tones, "Hi-ya!" "Ho-ya!" at each thump on the drums.

The time of the dance was marked by the musicians. The only break in the monotony was an occasional roll on the drums, when the voices joined in with a succession of quick "ho! hos!"

Chino gave the signal for these changes of time which, as the music was continuous, served as breathing spells, on the same principle that cowboys run their horses uphill to rest them.

Near the orchestra was a large fire, upon which an old gray-haired squaw, looking like one of the witches in "Macbeth," continually piled brush.

If the centre of the circle burned a much larger fire; but no squaw dared touch this. It was a "medicine fire," and none but medicine-men could tend it. Two medicine-men performed this task, one of them beating on a small tom-tom when wood was thrown on by the other.

They kept up an immense blaze, around which, dancing in couples, were twenty braves stripped down to breech-clouts and moccasins. The night air was chilly, but they were warmed by their exertion and by the coats of paint which were daubed upon their faces and bodies. It was rather a light dress, but the painting was done in what artists call "warm colors" — reds and yellows.

Besides these body coverings, the dancers wore head-dresses like crowns, made of hawks' feathers and fancy-painted sticks, the sticks being joined so that the parts, hanging down, rattled as the heads were moved.

These crowns appeared to be no more comfortable than they were beautiful. The Apache notion of comfort, however, like the Apache notion of beauty, is quite different from the white man's.

The men danced two by two, squatting and springing from the ground in time with the music. That is to say, one of each pair would squat and then jump aside as the other sprang at him with a drawn knife in his hands.

Their leaps and bounds showed wonderful agility. The squaws, in shrill, piping voices, expressed their admiration of the braves' performance.

The dance was an imitation of "a surprise and an escape." The squatting one, who sprang aside and escaped, like the under dog in a fight, was plainly the one who drew the admiration of the audience.

It was a wild sight to see these savages, leaping and lunging at one another with knives as if they were trying to kill; and we two small boys, standing very close to our protector, watched it eagerly a long time, more absorbed in wonder, probably, than any other spectators of the weird dance.

Suddenly some shots were fired among the trees to our right; and more quickly than I tell it, the whole dance changed.

The dancers stopped their performance and backed in a circle around the centre fire. Chino left the orchestra and went to the central fire and threw upon it a bundle of painted sticks. As they ignited and blazed up, he shouted some Apache words.

The tom-tom players with increased vigor now rolled with a booming noise upon their instruments. A cow-bell was rung in the bushes; and with yells and screams from the squaws and papooses—firing of guns by the men and barks and yells from the dogs—there dashed wildly into the circle the "Dancer of the Night."

To us, who did not understand at the time what this dashing, whirling figure represented, he seemed a clown; but later, when we learned from Mickey Free, a half-breed interpreter, that he impersonated the spirits of dead warriors who had returned to their people in answer to Chino's prayer, uttered when he threw the medicine-sticks upon the fire, we comprehended what we had seen, and understood the enthusiasm of the audience.

Upon this dancer, spinning swiftly around the circle, all eyes were now fixed. His body and legs were painted white, barred off on breast and back with black stripes, in imitation of a skeleton. A pair of cow's horns were fastened to his head, and in his hand was a wand of *Ochetea*—a porous variety of cactus.

Five or six times he rushed around the circle with bounds, leaps and whirls. Meantime the other dancers were ranged around the central fire, singing and jumping up and down, seemingly carried away with their mystic enthusiasm.

Suddenly the impersonator of the spirits of the dead stopped and approached each dancer in turn. Placing one end of his wand against the dancer's breast, and putting the other end into his own mouth, he blew through it upon the dancer, thus, as the interpreter said, "blowing his spirit into them."

After doing this to all of them, he threw the wand upon the fire and again danced about the circle.

Having made a few circuits with great rapidity, he uttered a wild shriek and flung himself on the ground. As he fell, the rest of the dancers sprang toward him, making stabs with their knives. Then Chino and three other medicine-men jumped in among the knifers, seized the body, and dragged it into the darkness, back into the brush.

That was the last we saw of the "departed spirit." As long as we stayed the dance went on without him. But he had played his part well; his spirit had gone into the dancers he left, and they seemed wild.

They no longer danced in couples, but alone, each one performing different antics, and all appearing as if possessed of demons.

Then Chino, mingling with the dancers, pointed to individuals among them and named some dead warrior. Instantly the one pointed out would imagine himself the person mentioned, and would assume some peculiarity of the dead man. One limped, another carried one shoulder higher than the other, and so on.

The spectators, as though saluting an old friend, cried "How! How!" whenever a familiar name was spoken. This encouraged the performer to do his best as an imitator of the dead man.

We were witnessing an unusual ceremony—the "calling back of the dead."

The Apache "big medicine-men," in common with the medicine-men of other Indian nations, claim that they have the power to do this. It was while arresting a medicine-man for a performance of this kind that Captain Hentig, of the Sixth Cavalry, and several of the men of his troop were killed in 1881 on this same reservation and by some of the White Mountain Indians present as onlookers at the dance I am describing.

What was going on before our eyes was a mystery to us, and it was not until ten days later, when ninety-two of these Chiricahuas took the war-path, to inflict death and misery upon hundreds of innocent people, that the officers present realized that these Indians were at that time preparing an outbreak, and that Chino was working on their imagination in pretending to bring back to earth the fierce spirits of the dead braves of the tribes.

The dancers had become actors—they were both dancing and acting a part; and judging from the interest displayed by the audience, they were successful.

One tall, powerfully built brave attracted most attention, not only from his majestic bearing, but from the fact that Chino had named him Cochise, —the most famous of Apache Warriors,—whose son, Natchez, was the head chief of the tribe.

While the others danced and played their characters, this brave walked with stately strides around the edge of the circle, close to the seated people, with his hands extended over their heads, like a minister pronouncing a benediction, until he came to Natchez and his family. Here he stopped, and said something in a loud voice. Of course I did not understand it, but Natchez did; and reaching over, he took his boy from the lap of a squaw near by and handed him to this representative of Cochise.

The brave carried the child near the centre fire, where he pulled off his blanket and placed him on the ground. Whether or not he was told to do so I do not know; but as soon as his feet touched the ground the little boy began to dance.

This performance was greeted with whoops and howls of applause from the Indians, and with a great deal of mirth from us pale-faces, for it was a laughable sight to see the child, who was about three or four years old, arrayed as a brave and dancing vigorously among the large, wild figures.

Perhaps the Indians were justified in imagining that the spirit of his grandfather, Cochise, was in him, for he footed it with the best of them. It was the only amusing incident connected with what was really a serious affair—so serious that the outcome of it, as I have explained, was the loss of many lives, including those of two of the White Mountain braves who had ridden to the dance with us.

One of the dancers, Joseana, a sub-chief, led a raiding party back from Mexico almost to this same spot some months later and killed twenty-four White Mountain Indians, among which number were the two bucks I have referred to.

Soon after the boy had made his appearance we left the dance, thoroughly satisfied with the sights we had witnessed.

ALLEN SMITH, JR.

For the Companion.

CAMPING OUT.

A camping holiday spent by those who rush out into the woods blindly is apt to be full of discomfort, confusion and unpleasant experiences. I have visited such camps and felt sure that their inmates ought to have remained at home. Everything was topsy-turvy, and the campers continually complained about one inconvenience or another.

But it was all their own fault. They had no system, and had not studied camp management, duties and discipline.

A camp outfit should first be considered. This will always depend upon the distance, and the nature of the country to be travelled after leaving the boat or rail.

If the camp is to be pitched at a considerable distance from the water or railway, articles should not be carried in boxes. No experienced woodsman will ever carry boxes, if he has to "portage" them.

I know of nothing better than strong, oiled canvas bags, cylindrical in form, and so made that they will lace close, having flaps, making them water-tight when drawn together. Into these can be packed provisions, camp utensils and clothing.

The tent-pins, and anything for which there is not room in the bags should be packed in one piece. Axes, hatchets, etc., should also be bound up together. No package should weigh more than fifty or sixty pounds.

Canned provisions are indispensable in camp, unless the place chosen is convenient to a grocery or farm-house. But it is foolish to carry provisions a great distance, if they can be obtained near the camping-ground.

Canned provisions should include beef, tongue, perhaps boned fowl, prepared soups, lobster, salmon, mackerel and sardines, corn, tomatoes, peas, beans, condensed milk of good brand, condensed coffee, chocolate and cocoa.

Coffee, tea, chocolate, and cocoa should also be taken in bulk, as well as split peas, lima beans, breakfast bacon, sugar, salt, pepper, mustard, chow-chow, vinegar, rice and the prepared flours, including buckwheat and curry.

Exquisite dishes can be made with curry, with the help of the cook-book, which should be in every camp.

Don't forget soap and candles.

Never take crockery or glass. They are sure to break with rough usage. Tin-ware is the best, and should include for each camper a tin plate and a cup, and, for general use, three tin kettles, which fit into one another, the largest holding a gallon or more.

There should be a metal frying-pan for fish, game, eggs or fresh meat. Have a knife and fork, a spoon, a strong clasp-knife and a sheath-knife. It is well to have an abundance of matches.

A small mica lantern is the best for rough travel; but one like those used by railway-track men throws a good light, and is excellent to read by at night.

Take brushes, combs, and a looking-glass; an axe, a small hatchet, and one or more pocket compasses; a barometer, needles, thread, thimble, safety-pins and buttons; a pair of scissors, a book or two of court-plaster, two large coarse crash towels for each camper; writing pads and pencils, envelopes and some entertaining books of travel.

Dominos are easy to carry, but it is easy to make a checker-board and pieces.

As to clothing, two things should be kept in view,—comfort and convenience. Homespun is best, because it wears well; but it should not be so light in color as to show stains readily. Corduroy is good, but the homespun is better. All clothing, in my judgment, except light socks and pajamas or night-shirts, ought to be of wool, the undershirts being as fine as possible. Pajamas are far preferable to night-shirts in camp.

Each camper needs one coat, which should be a Norfolk jacket, often known as an Oxford or belted coat; two outside woollen shirts, and three inside shirts; three light pairs of drawers, and three or four pairs of woollen stockings. Knicker-bockers are more tidy than trousers.

The cap is a matter of personal taste, but a "deer-stalker,"—called also "a double peak" or a "fore-and-aft,"—suits the dress described.

For rough tramping, have strong laced boots with wide sole and low heel; but canvas shoes are best for lying about in camp, and for rowing or paddling, if the boat is perfectly tight. Don't forget a stock of handkerchiefs.

Preparations are sold with which to anoint the face and hands to keep away mosquitoes, but most of them are bad. The best and the least offensive preparation that I know for this purpose is a compound of Stockholm tar and grease.

A large cap with white net placed over a wire frame, standing well out from the head, face and neck, and so arranged as to fasten around the shirt or coat-collar, is a safeguard against fly pests. It is light and cool, and may be worn fishing or tramping where the bushes are not too thick.

If the distance is great it is better to obtain boats from regular builders near the camping territory; and it is better to hire than to buy.

The selection of a camp site involves many considerations. The place chosen should be secluded, and either in, or on the edge of, a wood. There should be an opening facing the east, so that the morning sun may shine upon the camp. There should also be a clear view of the best scenery that the place affords.

Before pitching the camp, be sure that there is plenty of dry fire-wood near. If possible, get near a spring where the water comes out of rocky or gravelly soil, for then it will always be pure and cold. Of course if the party has a boat or canoe, the camps should be near the edge of the lake or river.

Never have the tent near a swamp, for there mosquitoes swarm, and unwholesome vapors are apt to rise. Select high ground or a knoll, so that the rain shall run off. It is an excellent plan to dig a trench around the tent, with a drain leading away from the lower part of the circle.

For shallow rivers and brooks no boat is comparable with a birch-bark canoe; but I should advise no one to use a birch unless he has had experience in its management. Always take lessons from an expert before trusting yourself in a birch-bark.

A light flat-bottomed, lapstreak boat, provided with a water-tight after-cuddy, large enough to hold provisions and some clothing, is best, because with it the party can move about from point to point.

In shooting from a boat, never fire from it crosswise.

The best tent is the "A." One six feet wide, six feet high, and eight feet long will house from four to six persons. Tent-pins should be taken, because it is necessary sometimes to put up the tent after dark, or when overtaken by a rain-storm, when it would be inconvenient to obtain tent-pins in the woods.

When a storm is threatened the tent should be firmly stayed; but it is well to have the stays slacked, because they shrink when wet and draw out the tent-pins.

The camp line, stretched inside the tent for drying clothes, might be extended through both ends and fastened outside when a serious storm is threatened.

When the kingfisher takes his perch on a dead willow limb and makes ready for his breakfest on minnows, which is just before the rising of the sun, all good campers should arise, take their soap and towels, and go to the lake or river for a bath. After the plunge rub briskly with a coarse towel till the flesh glows; then back to the camp and get breakfast.

There is as much system required in camp-keeping as in housekeeping. If each member of the party understands cooking, this duty should be taken in turn. While one has charge of the meals another should provide wood and water. The fires should be built outside, except when it is very wet or cold. All cooking utensils, dishes, etc., should be cleaned in hot water after the meal is over and put neatly away.

Provisions of every kind should be carefully covered and kept out of the sun. Empty cans, offal, crumbs and scraps should be taken to some concealed place well away from the camp.

Each camper should wash his clothes once or twice a week according to the extent of his kit, hanging his garments on a tent line inside when it is wet, and between the trees outside when it is dry. Always take off wet socks or clothes on returning to camp, and set them to dry; and have dry ones ready to put on.

Torches may be made by doubling up strips of birch-bark and fastening them into the split ends of sticks. This is a common custom among Indians and old woodsmen.

It is well to be within a few miles of farm-houses or a village in order that supplies of fresh eggs, butter and vegetables may be procured. Have a good breakfast but make the midday meal light; otherwise you will be drowsy. But when the day's exercise is over, and every one is tired and hungry, prepare the best meal of the day.

During the open game season it will not be difficult to have fresh meat occasionally, and fish can nearly always be obtained. Of course the party is not likely to be without fishing tackle and guns.

The best camp-bed that I know is made of fir boughs overlapped, raised high at one end for a pillow. Moss, also, makes a good bed. Either should be replaced about once a week. The fir boughs give out a pleasant and wholesome odor.

Camp-mats may be contrived of birch-bark. During a rain-storm nothing should touch the tent inside or out, or it will be made to leak.

One of the miseries attending long tramps from the camp is losing one's way. This is pretty sure to be the fate of some members of every camping party in a wild and wooded country, unless the proper precautions are observed.

Carefully notice all the hills and valleys, the course of the streams and the fall of the land, and get the bearings of these. Note, too, the points at which the sun rises and sets, and, before setting out in the morning, if there is wind, observe the direction in which the clouds are moving.

But the safest guide is a pocket-compass; for no one can go far astray who carefully follows it.

It is well to shift camp from place to place, provided each new spot chosen has the advantages desired.

EDMUND COLLINS.

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SUGGESTIONS

POLYGONS AND A CIRCLE.

Compare the size of a square inscribed in a circle with that of one around the same circle.

Compare in same way regular six-sided figures.

Try regular figures of twelve, twenty-four, forty-eight, etc., sides.

How many sides must the figures have to make the inner and outer figures the same?

With so many sides, what would each figure become?

For the Companion.

MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

Sunny-faced, with bounding gait,
Long he follows on my way,
Dowered by each bewitching trait,
Fresh as dawn and fair as May.

Tender-voiced as birds of Spring,
One at heart with Summer flowers,
He fills Hope's high imagining
With raptures of a world not ours.

Silken curls enwreathe his head,
Laughter sparkles in his eyes,
On a rainbow pathway led
Came he down from Paradise.

Now and then some doubter says:
"He no longer is your mate,
Time's unfolded roll of days
Writes for you the words—*Too Late.*"

But still I know his voice I hear,
Note his footsteps day by day,—
Nothing yet shall make me fear
I have lost him on my way.

Whilst the maid of rosy cheek
Smiles for me, her joy to show,
I his presence need not seek,
He must follow where I go.

So do your best, stern graybeard Time,
Your power to-day I here deny,—
Who feels not age is in his prime,
And we are brothers—YOUTH and I.

JOEL BENTON.

For the Companion.

INCIDENT IN A MINING TOWN.

Doctor Paddock, a well-known missionary, says that an itinerant minister reached a mining town in the State of Washington, late one Saturday. The place seemed to be peopled wholly by men. Not a woman was to be seen.

"Where is the church?" he asked a passer-by.

"Aint no church."

"The schoolhouse, then?"

"No schoolhouse, neither."

"Is there a hall, then? I wish to preach here to-morrow."

"Bless you, that's easy fixed! We've got no hall. But this gentleman here has the biggest gambling-room in town. What d'ye say, Ben? Can't you lend your place for meetin'?"

"Certainly," said Ben, bowing politely. "I'll stop business for a couple of hours with pleasure."

On Sunday morning, the tables were pushed aside, and chairs, kegs and barrels were arranged as seats for the congregation, which consisted wholly of men. The room was crowded. The preacher, stirred by the imminent need of his hearers, spoke as a man with life in his hands to dying men. They listened attentively, and joined with energy in the hymns.

When the service was over, "Ben" solemnly passed around a hat, and emptied the contents on the table. The pile consisted of silver and gold coins, and some red and white ivory discs.

"What are these?" inquired the minister.

"Chips, sir. You can have them cashed at the bar, or if you like to take a hand, the tables will be set up in five minutes."

"No," said the stranger. "But I will use the money, boys, to send a preacher to you twice a month."

In this town there are now churches which are well supported. The saloons and gambling-houses have nearly disappeared.

A similar story is told of a camp in Colorado. A young lad from Virginia whose health had failed was sent by his physician to a great ranch in this territory. He found there about fifty men—ranchmen, herders and cowboys.

Every Sunday evening they assembled, and a scene of horse-play and ribald joking followed. It was the only way in which the day was kept. The boy was not a member of the church, but the teachings of home grew strong and tender here. What could he do? He could not lecture or rebuke his companions.

One Sunday evening, just as the moon rose over the mountain, there was a sudden silence in the crowd scattered over the field. The roughest man seemed to feel the sublime beauty of the sight.

The boy, who had a mellow, sweet voice, began to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." One or two voices joined, and soon every man sang, with neither tune nor time, perhaps, but with zealous eagerness.

The "singing" became a regular Sunday service after that, and when, two or three weeks later, one of the older men volunteered to read prayers, he was listened to with devout attention.

Many a lad who reads these words may be cast by circumstances among companions who are reckless and immoral. Even if he is not a member of any church, let him not be ashamed to acknowledge to them that his God is with him.

If he does this in a manly, discreet way, he will not be flouted nor jeered at, nor made a martyr in any manner. The worst man is at heart more interested in his own soul and its God than he is ready to acknowledge, and will often listen to any human being who can humbly and sincerely speak the truth about them to him.

DIVING.

One of the occupations which have grown up within the last century, and one which, under certain circumstances, has been extremely profitable, is the business of diving into deep water, in a dress made for the purpose. Many people, such as most of the native inhabitants of the Pacific Islands, and the people of the shores of the Persian Gulf, where pearl fisheries are carried on, are expert divers, and without apparatus of any kind to help them, remain under water an astonishingly long time; but the civilized method of going down into the water clothed in a dress and apparatus which enables the wearer to work and breathe in the water, is quite another thing. The modern "diver" does not really dive at all; he descends into the water, breathes through a tube, carries a light with him to illuminate the water about him, and has means of communicating with those above him.

The diver's most romantic and interesting work is to recover treasure from sunken vessels; but his services are oftenest required for something quite different.

The diving-dress, for instance, is now used by men in the pearl and sponge fisheries. In these, one man now accomplishes what twenty naked divers were formerly needed for. They could remain under water but a short time, and could collect only what came within reach of their arms. The diver in the modern dress remains from two to four hours under water, and reaps a rich harvest.

Divers are also employed in laying stone abutments and breakwaters, and in blasting and clearing away submarine obstructions.

The greatest depth to which any diver in diving-dress has descended is two hundred and four feet. At this depth the work becomes very difficult and dangerous, on account of the pressure of the water.

The additional pressure upon each square inch of surface—for of course the natural pressure of the atmosphere is everywhere—is, at thirty feet, twelve and three-quarters pounds, or less than that of the atmosphere; but it increases at such a rate that at one hundred feet deep the pressure is forty-three and a half pounds, at one hundred and fifty feet it is sixty-five and one-fourth pounds, and at two hundred and four feet it is eighty-eight and a half pounds.

This depth was reached by the diver Hooper, an Englishman, in recovering a cargo of copper from the ship *Cape Horn*, wrecked on the coast of South America some years ago. Under this pressure, which subjected the tubes and apparatus to a severe strain, Hooper remained under water at one time forty-two minutes, and descended seven times.

A diver's method of work is as follows: He first arrays himself in his suit, the most important feature of which is a great air-tight and glass-windowed helmet. Then he goes down, upon a rope-ladder if he is inexperienced or timid; but the expert diver simply uses a rope. Every diver has a signalman, who holds his life-line and air-pipe, both of which are kept just taut and clear of the boat, so that any motion of the diver may be felt.

The diver descends slowly, halting for a few moments after his head is under water, to satisfy himself that everything is correct, and then continues.

If he feels oppressed, or experiences any humming noise in his ears, he rises a yard or two in the water, and swallows his saliva several times. If oppression, ringing in the ears or headache continues, he returns slowly to the surface and for the time being gives up the attempt.

If he is "all right" and able to persevere, he keeps on to the bottom, where he gives one pull on the life-line to signify that all is well, and sets about the work for which he has come.

In returning to the surface the diver must use great care. It is more important to move slowly in rising than in descending; for if he goes up too quickly, the effect of passing from a heavy pressure to a light pressure will make him faint, and prove disastrous. He stops now and then, and gets accustomed to the change.

Only men of the greatest skill, strength and endurance can make a descent below a depth of one hundred and fifty feet.

One of the most celebrated of diving feats was performed by Mr. Lambert, an English diver, who brought up three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold from the wreck of the mail steamer *Alfonso XII.*, which was sunk off the Canaries with five hundred thousand dollars in treasure.

The wreck lay at a depth of one hundred and sixty feet. The treasure-room was in the run of the ship, or aftmost part of the bottom, with three decks above it, so that the task of reaching and getting out the gold was an unprecedented one.

After a little work Lambert succeeded in getting both the scuttles open, and entered the magazine. Then he blew up a portion of the deck with cartridges, and descended straight to the bullion room through the wreckage.

After that the boxes of gold were attached one after another to ropes, and hauled up; but the difficulties were so great that a considerable part of the treasure had to be left behind.

HIS CLASS RING.

A lady whose son was in a recent class ——, at Harvard, happened to go down to the laundry of her house in Boston to give directions to a new laundress in regard to some Japanese things which were to be washed. She found the woman, who did not live in the house but came in by the day, both young and intelligent-looking. So much was the lady struck with her manner and bearing, that she stayed talking with her for some minutes after the errand which brought her downstairs was done. Just as she turned to leave the laundress she caught sight of a ring upon the girl's finger which attracted her attention; so that she asked to be allowed to look at it.

The stranger blushed, but held out her hand, which was a small one although somewhat swollen by the suds.

"But that is a society ring," the lady said.

"Yes," the laundress answered in some confusion, "it belongs to my husband."

The lady was tempted to go on with her questions, but instead of doing so she betook herself to the room of her son, a young man at that time in the medical school.

"Henry," she said, "I want to see the ring which you had in some sort of a college society. I am not sure that I remember it."

The ring was produced, and she examined it closely.

"How many of these were there?" she asked; and when her son told her she added, "One of them is on the finger of a very pretty and ladylike young woman who is washing in the laundry downstairs, who says that it belongs to her husband."

The son was interested at once, and the outcome of the matter was that he discovered the husband of the laundress to be one of his classmates and friends, who had lost his fortune just after leaving college. The girl to whom he was engaged to be married, at the time, had insisted upon helping him to finish his education; so she married him and went out to do laundry work, because it paid her better than anything else which she could find to do.

The young couple were devoted to each other, were well and happy, and the husband was doing copying, and getting on admirably with his studies, which were nearly completed when his friend discovered all this.

To offers of help from the wealthy classmate, the young couple answered that they were able to take care of themselves, and that while they appreciated the spirit in which the offer was made, they thought it better to decline it.

They were, however, grateful for the companionship of the mother and sisters of the rich youth, and it has been a source of quiet amusement to the young wife, when, after passing part of the day in somebody's laundry, she has rested in the luxurious rooms of one of the most beautiful houses in Boston.

These hard times are now fortunately over, and the husband of the plucky laundress is rising rapidly in his profession; but they are not in the least ashamed of the hard times they have had, nor of the work they did to get over them.

For the Companion.

OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND.

Rocks furred with the velvety heather,
As brown as the dun deer's horns in the spring;
Where the sea-birds, like bees in June weather
That hum 'round the hive, on untiring wing
Hover in clouds of gray;
While far below,
The wavering line of spray
Rims the cliff's foot with snow,
Where restless waves their foam-wreaths fling,
And isle and ocean melt together.

ARLO BATES.

SECOND CLASS.

No man has a right to complain if strangers form their first impressions of him from his manner and personal appearance. For the moment they have no other resource. But while this is true, it is also true that preliminary judgments of this kind should be taken for no more than they are worth, and if unfavorable, should be as far as possible kept to one's self. The *Analoston Magazine* relates a story of a man who was perhaps not quite so careful as he should have been in this respect.

Silas Reynolds and Thomas Judd—known respectively as Uncle Silas and Uncle Tom—were rich farmers in Illinois twenty-five years ago. They were neighbors and very close friends, and were both of them somewhat notorious for their oddities and their shabby dress.

They carried long hickory poles as canes, and Uncle Tom almost always had a basket on his arm, because he "couldn't bear pockets in his clothes."

Both men were familiar figures about the old board of trade in Chicago. One evening they missed their train, and were obliged to remain in town overnight; so they went to the Palmer House, then just built, and the pride of the city.

The night clerk was a dapper young man, "with an air of cologne and importance about him," and when he saw the two seedy-looking wayfarers reach for the register he accosted them with a measure of brusqueness.

"Have you any baggage?" said he.

He was told that they had not—nothing but Uncle Tom's basket.

"You will have to pay in advance, I suppose you know," said the pretty young man.

"Yes," answered Uncle Silas, slowly, "I supposed so," and with an air of humility he went down into his trouser's pocket and fished up a purse, which he began to unwind.

"What is the cheapest room you have?" he inquired.

The cheapest was none too cheap, but the clerk named the figure.

"All right," said Uncle Silas, "take it out of that," and he laid down a thousand-dollar bill.

The clerk at once put on his other manners. He was very sorry to have made such a mistake. Of course he couldn't change the bill, but that made no difference; they could pay at any time, and meanwhile could have anything they wanted.

"Can't change it, eh?" said Uncle Silas.

The clerk repeated his statement that he couldn't and didn't wish to.

"Well, Tom," said Uncle Silas, stuffing the bill into his wallet and picking up his big stick, "come on, let's go to some first-class hotel. I told you we should have trouble if we came to one of these cheap places."

SAWING ON A WAGER.

Between Lieutenant Smith and Jonathan Sawyer of Henniker, New Hampshire, there had long existed a good-natured rivalry as to which could do the most work in a given time, but the question had never been put to a test. "Say, Jock," said the Lieutenant one day, "I want you to help me saw logs next week." "All right, I'm with you," Sawyer answered, "an' I'll give you a pretty stint to beat me at it." "Done," said Lieutenant Smith, "an' we'll see who's the first to cry 'halt.'"

Monday morning the rivals began work on the logs in what was known as the Oliver Edwards mill. They took a week's provision along with them, as the mill was remote from any house. The work was evenly allotted, each taking a turn at the old-fashioned circular saw, and both together hauling up the logs.

The first day they joked and chaffed each other about the result of the wager. They stopped work barely long enough to eat. As night came on torches were lighted and the sawing continued. Neither Smith nor Sawyer stopped for a moment to rest or sleep. Tuesday and Tuesday night, Wednesday and Wednesday night the sawing continued without interruption.

Both men were in dead earnest, and each was resolved not to be outdone by the other. They had ceased to jest, and not a smile had touched their faces since Tuesday noon. Neither man dared to stop for fear of falling asleep.

Thursday morning came, but there was no sign of yielding. The men looked haggard and worn; their eyes were bloodshot; their faces were seamed with deep furrows like those of old men. Each would steal an occasional glance at the other, and then momentarily straighten up. Smith staggered when he walked, and Sawyer had a way of rubbing his eyes as if he were going blind. All that day the buzz of the saw went on without intermission. Evening came, and torches were lighted.

Sawyer was tending the saw. Three times he dropped down on the log and as quickly sprung to his feet again, giving a furtive glance at his companion to see if his act had been noticed. The fourth time he yielded to deadly weariness, and sunk down upon the log and closed his eyes. He was brought to his senses by tumbling off the log.

He scrambled to his feet and was horrified to see how narrowly he had escaped the saw. That tumble to the floor had saved his life. The Lieutenant had apparently seen nothing of this performance, and was busy at the chute.

"Wal," Sawyer said to himself, "the Lieutenant's got grit, and I guess he'd hang on till he died; but I've had enough, unless I want to be sawed through."

Watching his opportunity, Sawyer threw a slab into the flutter wheel. The next moment there was a jar, a crash, and the saw stopped; the wheel was broken.

Lieutenant Smith gave one glance, saw what had happened, and without turning in his tracks threw himself on the floor of the mill and fell asleep in an instant. Sawyer followed his example, and both men slept as they never had before.

It was several years before Sawyer confessed the part he had played in stopping the mill, and acknowledged that he had lost the wager.

HINDERED IN PRAYER.

No man in the community was more respected than Elder Goodman. He was foremost in every good word and work, and exceedingly eloquent in exhortation. No devotional exercises were infused with so much life as those he led. So well was this recognized that he was always called upon for that duty. He was once attending a conference, and had passed the night at the house of a worthy brother. At family worship the next morning the Elder was naturally called upon to offer prayer. This he was doing with his usual fervor, when the door sprang slightly ajar, and in walked "Tabby," the family cat.

Tabby was at once a very large cat, and a badly spoiled and self-willed cat; she ruled the household with a rod of iron. Among her prerogatives was a certain comfortable and capacious rocker, which she had long since preëmpted. She would never occupy any other chair, nor permit any one else in her presence to occupy this one.

Unfortunately, Elder Goodman had this chair. Tabby eyed the kneeling figure for a moment, and then with an easy bound landed firmly in the middle of his back. The Elder, taken wholly by surprise, and not knowing the nature of this sudden assault, hesitated and stammered for a moment, and then, deeply ashamed that anything should interfere with his duties at such a time, he went on with steady and determined accents.

Tabby, finding herself disappointed in the hope of immediate evacuation, began to reconnoitre, walking slowly and impressively up and down the good man's back, poking her whiskered nose into his neck, and sniffing with great deliberation just behind his ears.

The two boys of the family, out of the corners of their eyes, were watching the whole tableau and biting their tongues hard to save the family reputation. But their father, with eyes properly and tightly closed, saw nothing.

Elder Goodman's prayers were always full and comprehensive; to hurry or abbreviate them would have seemed sacrilege in his eyes, no matter with what "various hindrances" he might meet, and he was determined not to resort to such a course now. But when Tabby finally settled down across his shoulders, and began vigorously purring down the most susceptible part of his neck, even the good Elder realized that a crisis had been reached; and coming to an abrupt stop, he exclaimed to his startled host:

"Brother G——, if I'm going to remain any longer at the throne of grace, I must have that cat removed from my back."

TAKEN IN.

President Lincoln's sage proverb relative to the disadvantage of "swapping horses in the middle of the stream" applies to many of the ordinary affairs of life. Especially should it be taken to heart by the joker who is not sure of his game. Says the war correspondent, Irving Montagu, in "Camp and Studio:"

During the Russo-Turkish war, when we were on very short commons, we were one day about to do justice to a fowl which we had—well!—caught, and duly cooked. On turning, we were surprised to find one of a long train of Cossack bullock-drivers, stopping and looking down at us with envious curiosity.

We began talking to him with playful *badinage*, rubbish which we felt, being in English, would do well enough for an ill-bred Muscovite. He listened to our chaff with stolid indifference, until Coningsby, dividing the fowl, and holding up one half by the drumstick, said:

"Does a fondness for cold fowl run in your family, dear boy? This sort of thing would suit you to a T."

In a moment, that clumsy wagoner became a new man. All nervous energy and settled purpose, he sprang suddenly forward, grasped the fleshy end of that drumstick in his grimy fingers, and the next instant, had mangled it, with his teeth, beyond reclaim.

He had taken Coningsby at his word, and we were left on short commons indeed, though this surprise, sudden as it was, was quite eclipsed by that which followed, when that burly bullock-driver replied, in excellent English:

"Ah, just so! Sad, isn't it? Very sad. Lost your leg! But not in the service; no, not so bad as that, anyhow."

Then, turning to a dog which I had not before noticed, he said:

"Crunch, poor Crunch! Hungry too? Never mind, there's the bone. Make the best of it. Thank you. Good-morning. Remember, there may be Britishers in Cossack garb, as well as wolves in sheep's clothing."

"TWENTY-FIVE OFF."

A want of familiarity with business practices sometimes leads to amusing, and sometimes to embarrassing results; and occasionally to both. A woman who kept a small sea-side hotel thought it would be profitable to bring the fact to the attention of the public. Accordingly she drafted a suitable advertisement, and carried it to the counting-room of a newspaper, where she inquired the expense of several insertions.

It was the custom of this paper, where advertisements were inserted more than four times, to deduct twenty-five per cent. from the usual rates. The clerk read over what she had written, estimated the space it would require, and said, "It will come to twenty-six dollars; but as it is going in over four times, it will be twenty-five off."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Why, that's very reasonable;" and putting down a dollar she started for the door.

It was difficult to tell which was the more embarrassed, the landlady or the clerk, when he called her back and explained that "twenty-five off" meant twenty-five per cent., and not twenty-five dollars.

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For the Companion.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.—VIII.

See, now we have come to A-U-G;
A richer season there could not be,
With its fields of gold and the wealth untold
That the orchards hold for you and me.
The blaze of the sun has bronzed the sod
And kindled the flaming goldenrod;
And grandma's garden is gaily drest
With the dear old flowers we love the best—
The ten-week-stocks and the four-o'clocks,
The bright sweet-williams and fragrant phlox,
The tansy-bed, the needle-and-thread,
And the morning-glories in velvet frocks.
O Daisy, my dear, I'm sure the year
Is glad to open when August knocks.

For the Companion.

HER LADYSHIP.

"I want her ladyship," said Reggie.

"Then I'll have Mrs. Fitzgerald," said Grace.

"And here's her ladyship's coach. And here's Mrs. Fitzgerald's carriage. And here are the horses."

"Well, it's her ladyship's turn to call first," said Reggie, as he picked out two of the newest black pant-button horses and hitched them to a bright dress-buckle coach.

Coaches have tongues, and so do buckles. Ladies have eyes, and so do buttons. These things are not so different as they might be. When you have played with them an hour or two the ladies and coaches and horses are quite real. And so are the little pearl babies, and the porcelain boys and girls, and the dress-button women, and the coat-button men, and the ragged-button beggars, and the faded-button washer-women, and the thimble-tubs and the pincushion houses.

Mrs. Fitzgerald wore jewelry—a silver crescent. Her ladyship had a gilt star almost like a crown. They went to call on each other every day.

But this time, just as her ladyship was stepping down from the coach, Baby Minnie, who was too small for this kind of play, happened to ring her little bell.

"Ho! There's the fire-alarm!" cried Reggie.

"There's the fire in Crazy-work Block," said Grace, pointing to a bright piece of silk on one of the pincushion houses.

Out came the fire-engine, which looked to auntie just like a pretty shoe-buckle.

The horses were hitched on in no time. How they did run, with one of Reggie's fat fingers on each horse. Then came the coat-button men and the porcelain boys, as many as Grace had fingers for.

There were cries of "Fire! Fire!" "Where? Where?" "Crazy-work Block!" "Here comes the engine!" "Look out there!"

A little shoe-button darky was run over in spite of the warning. He was placed on a bed in the Penwiper Hospital, and attended by a black rubber doctor and a pretty blue and white nurse.

Then a gallant glass fireman almost lost his life in trying to rescue a smoked-pearl young lady from the blazing roof. And soon after a vest-button pickpocket was caught in the act of robbing the overcoat-button mayor, and was promptly arrested by a cuff-button policeman, and shut up in the collar-box jail. It was very exciting.

Little Minnie climbed up on her low chair to see the fun. It took some time to put out the fire, but at last Crazy-work Block was saved.

"Now Mrs. Fitzgerald will call on her ladyship," said Grace.

"All right," said Reggie, "but where *is* her ladyship?"

"Isn't she in Needle-book Street?" said Grace.

"No, she isn't," said Reggie, "nor she isn't behind the Red Tassel House, nor in the Ball-room, nor lost in Carpet Park."

"Well, hasn't she gone down cellar?" asked Grace, feeling in Reggie's pockets. "No, I can't find her. Reggie, I do believe her ladyship has perished in the flames!"

So Mrs. Fitzgerald went to call on Mrs. Brass-nose, and they talked it all over together, and agreed that her ladyship must really have perished in the flames.

There was cake for tea that evening. It was very nice. It had raisins in it. Reggie finished his piece almost before he knew it. He was sure it must have been a thin piece.

He knew one slice was thought to be quite enough for a small boy, but he leaned over to mamma and whispered, "Couldn't you please ask me to have a little more cake?"

Mamma knew how he felt. She gave him a piece of hers.

"Thank you, mamma," said he, as he broke off a morsel. "Why, there's her ladyship!"

And there she was right among the raisins.

"Minnie must have done that," said mamma. "I left the cake a minute to wait on the milk-man, and when I came back Minnie was there. I thought she acted as if she'd been in mischief, so I popped the cake into the oven and then looked around."

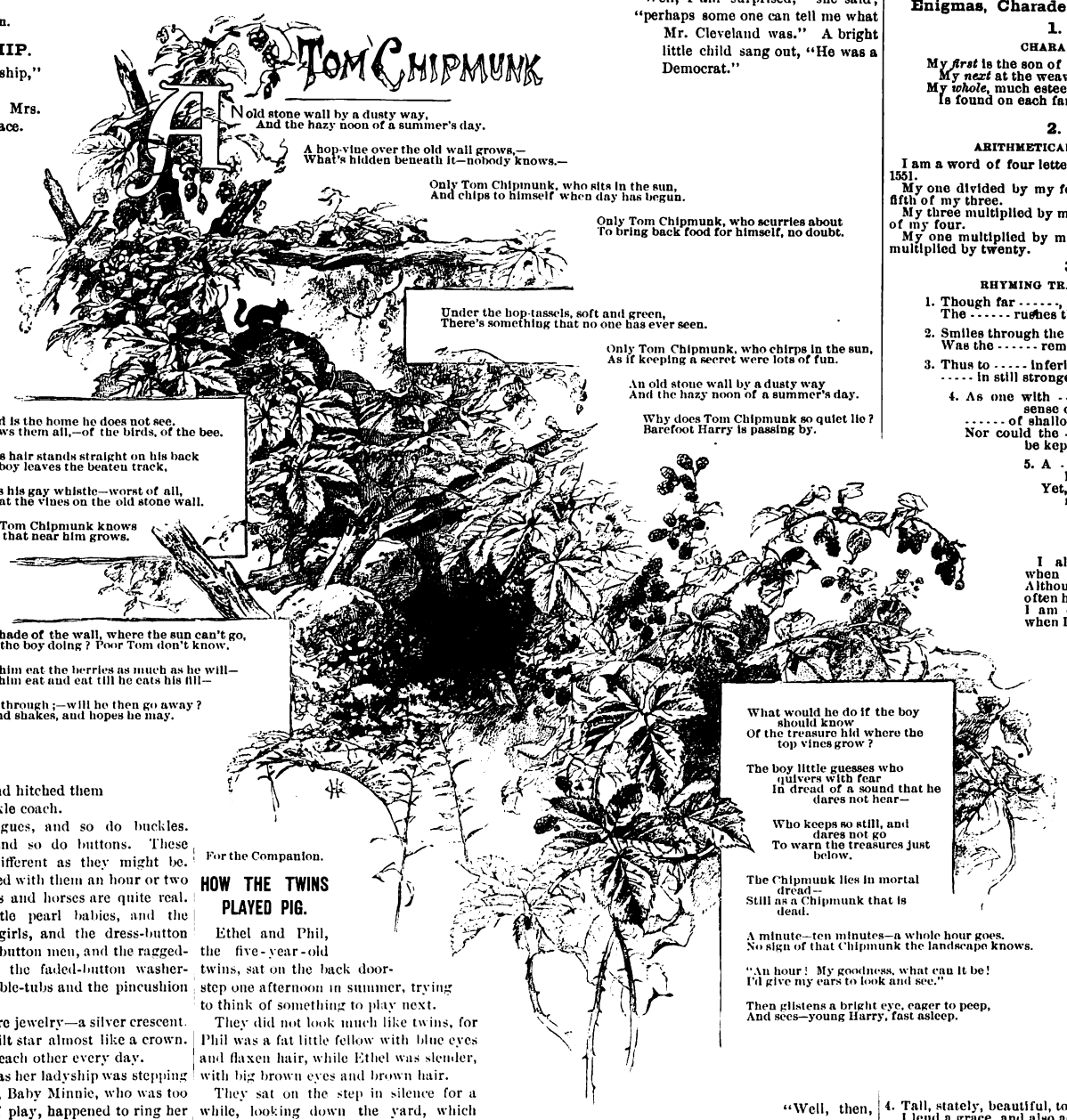
"And the mischief was right in the cake," said Reggie.

"So her ladyship didn't perish in the flames, after all," said Grace. "But we'll play she went to visit the prison."

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

A SUNDAY school teacher was teaching an infant class the lesson of "Israel demanding a King." She was trying to explain the different forms of government. After telling them how a judge and a king ruled, she asked the class how they were ruled. No answer came. Again she asked, "What is Mr. Harrison?" No answer.

"Well, I am surprised," she said; "perhaps some one can tell me what Mr. Cleveland was." A bright little child sang out, "He was a Democrat."



For the Companion.

HOW THE TWINS PLAYED PIG.

Ethel and Phil, the five-year-old twins, sat on the back door-step one afternoon in summer, trying to think of something to play next.

They did not look much like twins, for Phil was a fat little fellow with blue eyes and flaxen hair, while Ethel was slender, with big brown eyes and brown hair.

They sat on the step in silence for a while, looking down the yard, which made a long, steep slope, to where a tiny brook rippled along.

Close by the door-step was the outside cellar door, and by this stood an empty potato barrel which had been brought up from the cellar that day.

Phil's glance happened to fall on this barrel, and his eyes brightened.

"I'll tell you, Ethel. Let's play pig."

Ethel looked up. She was accustomed to letting Phil take the lead in their games, but now she did not quite understand.

"I don't know how," she said.

Phil explained: "Don't you 'member how we heard about some little boys that rolled a pig down hill in a barrel, and the piggy squealed and they laughed?"

Oh, yes, Ethel remembered.

"Well, I'll be it first, and you can roll me down this hill. Here's a barrel that's empty. I'll go first, if you're 'fraid. Girls is always 'fraid," he added, with some scorn.

"But you'll go into the brook," objected Ethel. "And mamma'll scold."

"Why, you wouldn't get wet in a barrel, if it did roll into the brook, 'cause they aint 'nough water in it to drown a kitty. Mamma said so," argued Phil.

"Well, then, you go first," said Ethel.

Together they tipped the barrel over, and rolled it to where the yard began to slope.

"Now I'll crawl in," said Phil, "and when I count three, you push."

In he crawled, till nothing could be seen of him but a pair of rusty little shoes.

Then a hollow-sounding voice said, "Now, one, two, three," and Ethel pushed.

Round went the barrel and over and over, faster and faster it went as it got nearer the brook.

Ethel watched the wildly kicking legs and giggled at first, but a muffled scream from the barrel stopped her. Another scream frightened her, and she began to cry, too, and when the barrel stopped with a great splash in the brook, she ran for her mother, screaming wildly.

"O mamma, Phillie's dead!" she shrieked, running into the room where her mother sat sewing.

"What, child? Where is he?" exclaimed the frightened mother, starting up, as Ethel caught her dress and began to pull her toward the back yard.

She reached the door just in time to see a dripping little boy crawling up the bank of the brook, crying lustily. His face was badly scratched and his clothing torn in several places.

"Why, Phil, what have you been doing?" said mamma, running to him and putting her arms around him, wet as he was.

"We was playing pig, like that story we heard," he sobbed. "Ethel rolled me down hill in the barrel, and the nails—boohoo—scratched me, and 'taint a bit of fun."

"We didn't know it would hurt, and we didn't think you'd care," pleaded Ethel, crying as hard as Phil.

"Well, never mind about it now, dears," said mamma, touched by their distress, though she wanted to laugh when she thought of the funny performance, and still felt like scolding Phil for getting himself into such a fix. "Come in, now, and let mamma put dry clothes on you, Phil. Don't cry any more, Ethel; he isn't hurt much. But you must never play this again."

"Guess we won't," said Phil, with a sob he couldn't help. And Ethel agreed.

MARTHA R. UPTON.

NUTS TO CRACK.

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

My *first* is the son of his father;
My *next* at the weaver's you'll see;
My *whole*, much esteemed as a relic,
Is found on each family tree.

2.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

I am a word of four letters, the sum of which is 1551.

My one divided by my four equals one-twenty-fifth of my three.

My three multiplied by my two equals one-tenth of my four.

My one multiplied by my two equals my three multiplied by twenty.

3.

RHYMING TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Though far ------, with pathway bright
The ------ rushes through the night.
2. Smiles through the marble ------ played,
Was the ------ remark he made.
3. Thus to ----- inferiors, stirs
----- in still stronger minds than hers.
4. As one with ------ of thought good sense o'er-stepped,
------ of shallowness across me crept,
Nor could the ------ of his discourse be kept.
5. A ------ of ------ knowledge he may be,
Yet, said the ------, he's not the priest for me.

4.

RIDDLE.

I always go before you when I am with you at all. Although I am no slattern, I often hide a great deal of dirt. I am of various colors, but when I am prettiest I am pure white. Little girls do not generally like me very well; but old ladies like me very much.

5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials.

Two names behold! renowned, of genius rare,
Two writers great, both poets and both wits beyond compare.

Across.

1. A pleasant sound to mother's ears
When first from baby this she hears.
2. He carved his lady's name on forest trees
And thereon hung his lover's rhapsodies.
3. Dark, weird, resistless. I've a notion
This might be styled perpetual motion.
4. Tall, stately, beautiful, to every town
I lend a grace, and also add renown.
5. Preserved or pickled, southern product nice,
Delicious drink in summer mixed with ice.
6. And one is grand they say! To Thibet must we go
Or search for others on the Andes peaks of snow?

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. August (Awe-gust).

2.

I—R	I—S	A—R	I—D
A—N	T—S	U—N	T—O
T—R	O—T	G—R	O—G
I—S	E—R	U—S	E—D
M—O	D—E	S—O	D—A
G—R	A—B	T—R	A—Y

August, dog day.

3.

L	E	V	E	L	L	E	D
W	A	R	D	R	O	O	M
D	O	M	I	N	A	N	T
D	R	U	M	M	I	N	G
P	L	A	T	O	N	I	C
E	S	P	O	U	S	E	D
T	H	R	I	L	L	E	D
S	I	M	U	L	A	T	E
M	E	D	I	C	I	N	E
S	T	R	E	A	K	E	D

Zigzags—Lammas Tide, Long Island.

4. 1. Kindle, linked. 2. Boats, boast. 3. Decanter, recanted. 4. Animal, lamina. 5. Thread, dearth. 6. Grip, prig.

5. Dickory, dickory dock,

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POOR JACK.

A noted horseman of the West, one familiar with the wild horse of the plains, relates the following incident of which he was a witness, and which, he said, made his "nerves tingle." Near the forks of the North and South Platte he came upon about two hundred wild horses in a drove.

I was mounted on my own mustang. He saw them and lifted his head high into the air, at the same time pawing the earth with his forefeet and snorting expectantly. Every one of those wild horses lifted his head on hearing that neigh of welcome from my steed, and they all stood still.

One magnificent black stallion, which appeared to be the leader of the troop, after looking at me for a moment, came toward me with an easy, graceful stride and took a position in front of his followers. He was the finest specimen of horse-flesh I ever saw. His tail swept the ground, and his mane hung to his shoulders. His skin shone like a looking-glass in the morning sunlight.

My mustang became so excited that I made haste to tie him to a tree. Soon afterward the black stallion gave his head a toss and started on a rapid trot across the prairie, the entire band following him in single file. After going about half a mile the band returned, the magnificent black still leading. They came within one hundred yards of me, and the leader whinnied as if to invite my horse to join them.

My poor Jack! I pitied him. He stood looking at the wild rovers, his lariat drawn taut, and as the leader whinnied, he made the most frantic struggles for freedom. Sweat came from every pore; he wouldn't have been wetter if he had done a thirty-mile race.

I was afraid he would break away; so I fired my rifle into the air to frighten the drove, and the leader took the hint and galloped off, followed by the others, and Jack calmed down after a while.

WHEN IT HURT.

An army surgeon in the late Civil War had occasion to lance an abscess for a poor fellow at Camp Douglass; and as the sore was obstinate, it became necessary to use the knife twice. The operation was not a very painful one, but the patient declared that it had nearly killed him, and when a third resort to the lancet was proposed, he protested that he could never go through the operation alive.

The surgeon promised to make it easy for him, and calling up a few of the loungers, ordered one of them to hold his hands close over the patient's eyes, and two others to grasp his hands firmly.

"This arrangement," explained the doctor, "is said to prevent pain in such an operation. Now lie perfectly quiet, and when I say 'Now!' prepare yourself."

The surgeon at once began quietly with his work, and in a short time had completed the operation without the least trouble, the patient lying as quiet as though in sleep.

When all was done, the surgeon laid aside the knife, and said, "Now!" Such a roar came from the lips of the sick man as seldom is heard from any human being. He struggled to free himself, yelling, "O doctor, you're killing me!"

Shouts of laughter soon drowned his cries, and he was told that the operation had been all over before the signal was given. It was a good joke, but it is doubtful if the poor fellow could ever be made to believe that he did not feel actual pain immediately after that fatal "Now!"

CATCHING A SWORDFISH.

A Fall River fisherman had an adventure with a swordfish, which came near being fatal to the man and resulted in the capture of the fish in a most novel manner.

The fisherman in question belonged to the crew of the *Hattie Ellen*, which frequently makes trips for swordfish. On this occasion a large fish was sighted and struck a few miles off Brenton's Reef Lightship. When struck it at once darted off through the water, carrying forty fathoms of line and a large keg. For an hour it raced on.

A man in a row-boat followed, and when the fish stopped, the man, believing it ready to give up, began hauling in the line. The fish came in all right for a time.

Suddenly, however, it started from the bottom, came to the surface with a rush, stuck its sword through the boat, and came near swamping it. The sailor had a narrow escape from being impaled on the sword; it grazed his pantaloons.

Seeing that the swordfish had obligingly come to him, however, the sailor quickly resolved to hold it. He took a half-hitch around the sword sticking through the boat, and the game was secure.

The schooner soon bore down upon the boat, and the sailor with the fish was taken aboard. The fish weighed two hundred and fifty pounds.

IN HIS FORELEG.

In the hurry of writing, laughable blunders will inevitably occur. Thus an editor of *The Companion* found in a piece of his own copy, the other day, a sentence about a man who was "wearing a knew hat."

The New York *Tribune* tells a story of a correspondent who described an accident by which a man was injured "in his right foreleg." The editor who read the copy did not notice the expression, and the compositor set it up as if it were an every-day occurrence to meet four-legged men.

The ever-watchful proof-reader was equal to the emergency, however, and came into the room with a broad grin on his face to ask if the injured man could probably be secured for a dime museum.

"YOUNG AGAIN."

In one of the last years of his life General Von Moltke, who was then more than ninety years old, attended a court reception. In the course of the evening he attempted some gallant compliments to a group of ladies, and then, shaking his head, said, laughing:

"Ah, I see I do not do this well at all now! If I were young again!"

"About how old should you like to be, count?" asked one of the ladies.

"Well, if I could only be eighty once more!" said Von Moltke.

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QUEER.

Affairs in this distracted world
Are very queer indeed;
To try to get them straightened out
Would worry one need sadly.

For instance, there's a man I know,
Who's very queer indeed;
Who now, for twenty years or so,
Has made his living dying.

HIGH COURAGE.

Before the days of anæsthetics there were marvellous exhibitions of courage among men on whom it was necessary that surgery could only try to benefit, and not relieve, the last hope. The archives of Military Medicine tell, on account of the siege of Mayence, in 1793, that among the wounded after a dreadful cannonade was a little volunteer, who was brought to the hospital suffering terribly.

He lay was enormously swollen, and proved to have a fracture of the thigh-bone, with the splinters pounds. It was astonishing that a man of this size could have had the force to lodge in the bone a ball of such weight.

There was nothing to be done but to amputate the limb, as high as possible, and the poor boy bore his misery from without flinching.

"Is it done?" asked he, and the surgeon answered "Yes."

Then the young hero cried out, "Long live the nation!"

On another occasion, the firing of a mine caused the explosion of a powder-mill in the midst of a building by its foundations. At the moment a surgeon was engaged in amputating the limbof a man, and just as he was about to apply the second shot, the roof which brought down the whole of a glass skylight over himself and the patient.

"See and see where that glass comes from," he said to his assistant, who was busy in picking out the wood, remarked, coolly, "Sir-sir. Don't alarm yourself; you will see plenty of this kind of thing."

The operation was finished, and the patient told that he had no more torture to suffer.

"They is Republicans"—cried he, in answer.

REPEATED FAREWELLS.

In Russia a great deal of emotion is expended over a railway journey. To nine-tenths of the people a trip of a hundred miles by rail is a tremendous event, and they accordingly bid their friend farewell with a solemnity and effusion unknown to the "globe-trotting" American. Rough men and dead old women hug one another with the fervor of lunes, and half the people are either kissing or shedding tears.

Not the least amazing part of the spectacle, by the onlooker, are the half-way mistakes of the quantities. Several warnings are given before the train starts, and many persons take even warning for the final one.

Thomas Stevens, in his volume entitled "Through Russia," tells how a lady friend of his, who was saying her parting words to her husband through an open window of the car. The bell was rung. The lady kissed out her husband's arms were placed about her neck. They kissed each other's lips, and then each other's cheeks. She drew back into the car, and both expected the train to move off.

It did not move, however, and an officer told the man that some one still fifteen minutes to wait, and that another signal would be given. Instead of one signal there proved to be two, and on this being made treated the by-dashers to their little tableau no less than three times, two of which were the result of false alarms.

CONSCIENTIOUS.

Many a good story is told of a school where the boys are remarkably conscientious. One day the principal was lecturing them on the subject of cheatfulness, and asked, "Is there any boy here who has not taken a through bath this morning?" one lad only, a pattern of neatness, pleaded guilty.

"You, Harris," said the teacher. "I am surprised."

"I tried, sir," said Harris, stoutly, "that there's one thing I'm not afraid of, and that I'm not sure I oughtn't. So I can't call it a thorough bath."

Harper's Monthly tells a story of an equally conscientious child of six or seven years, attending the primary school. She was reciting in mental arithmetic, and the teacher told the class to write the answers on their slates. Finally, there came a pause.

"I told four and three."

"I couldn't do it, mamma," said the child, as she afterwards related the incident, and tell down three straight notches on the slate, and then drew a fourth one. "But then I thought that wasn't morral. So, though I knew the answer was seven, I wrote down 'five.'"

EMERGENCIES.

It has been truly said that the luxuries of one age are the necessities of the next, and I may be added that the luxury of one man is the necessity of his neighbor. In fact, the two simply so completely that it is difficult to draw the line between them.

At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen in a Western city, the pending object-lesson question to represent the members with itself, of attendance.

"At the last meeting," he said, "only twenty-three members were present. Such carelessness must be stopped. I intend to stop it, and I hope to see a resolution passed defining what is a proper excuse for non-attendance."

Before the question was put, a motion was made defining the reasonable excuse for non-attendance as "illness in the family, illness of a member, or absence on municipal business."

Then a serious-looking member arose, and said, "Mr. President, I move to amend by adding—

"But, sir, what is a member to do when there's a base-ball game?"

"He's a great preacher," said an enthusiastic parishioner; "he never falls below his average, but often rises above it."

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Photographic Prize Award.

The following is a list of the successful contestants for the Prizes offered by us on April 23 last:

Harvard Prizes.

1st Prize, $15.00, Will Gregory, Chicago, Ill.
2d Prize, $10.00, Wm. E. Daniels, Lowell, Mass.
3d Prize, $ 5.00, Julia C. Logan, Detroit, Mich.
4th Prize, $ 3.00, Edmund Lyon, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Gem Tin-Type Prizes.

1st Prize, Lettie E. Hackman, Woodland Park, Colo.
2d Prize, S. Hendricks, Roben, W. Va.
3d Prize, Fred. Hawkes, Lenox, Ia.

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

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The picture means light—ballooning, sand-bag, anchor, telescope—light. The "Pittsburgh" is full of it. What is of more account, no trouble to get it out. The central-draft lamps heretofore have been extremely troublesome. We send primer. Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh Brass Co.

Head-Quarters. Perfect Tailoring for Citizens, Clergymen and Military Officers. Fashionable Furnishings Etc. Headquarters because of the finish and reliability of our work—headquarters for foreign and domestic woollens—because of our perfected system of mail ordering. Write for samples, stating character of goods desired. Mention this paper. Samples sent free. Follow our plan and we agree that you shall have a superb fit. The saving makes it worth your while. WANAMAKER & BROWN, PHILADELPHIA.

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In metal box, containing coarse and fine, enough to last years. Used for any strop. Every "shaver" knows the Torrey Strops. This dressing has made them famous. For sale by dealers, or direct from factory. Price, 25 cents, post-paid. Send for Catalogue No. 6. Tells How to Sharpen a Razor. J. R. TORREY & CO., Worcester, Mass.

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Under this patent over 70 per cent greater than 100. One of the most troublesome things that the bicycle lady has experienced much trouble by her shield—whether it be too large or too small. This shield—overcomes all these difficulties. They are worn with equal comfort, thus keeping the corset and dress perfectly clean. They conform perfectly to the shape of the rider, do not wear out, and are the most sanitary garment ever worn. Perfect fitting shield. All sizes. Invisible. Any garment. Any size. Send for circular. Sold by dealers, or mailed on receipt of price. SIGSBEE MANUFG. CO., Ayer, Mass.

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If you, and you, and you, in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and everywhere else, could but see the Daylight, you would sell your old lamps to the junk-man and buy Daylights. They start at $1.50 and run up in price.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
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For the Companion.

REPRODUCTION OF BACTERIA.

Science has done much to lay the ghosts that have walked the earth from times immemorial. It has scattered darkness once fearfully felt, even by the learned; and has brought within the domain of the natural much that formerly seemed to belong to the realm of the supernatural.

But science has sometimes increased human fears, at least for a time, by revealing dangers before unperceived. Not a few persons would like to imitate the Brahman king who crushed the microscope which showed animal life in his drinking-water. They would like to ignore troublesome facts.

Science has revealed the presence of bacteria,—microbes,—some harmless, some harmful, everywhere within and without us. Many species have their habitat in our very mouths! Most of the worst diseases and the most infectious epidemics are believed to be the work of these malignant foes, that no unaided eye can see, and seeing, guard against. The old imps of superstition were nothing to them.

One of the most terrible facts connected with them is their capacity for multiplication. It almost staggers belief; certainly it is beyond our power fully to apprehend. In a single day one of these foes may become over sixteen millions, and in forty-eight hours nearly two hundred and eighty-one thousand millions! Shall we smash our microscope? Shall we, like the ostrich, hide our heads from the danger? There is something better. We give it in the language of the *Times and Register*:

"Sunlight, pure air and thorough cleanliness are natural enemies to disease-germs. The germs cannot flourish where they have not their proper food, and that is found in dampness, darkness, mold and filth. Keep the habitation flooded with sunshine and pure air, keep away all filth and dampness, and the germs of disease will find no foothold, no nidus in which to breed, and no food on which to grow.

"Nature is struggling all the time to keep her domain healthful and a fit habitation for man, but man shuts out the air and light, contaminates all things about him, and disease is the reward of his recklessness and neglect. There is more health in a sunbeam than in drugs, and more life in pure air than in the physician's skill.

"The sunlight may fade the parlor carpet, but better that than have disease fade the cheek. The wind may tan and freckle the face, but it is better tanned and freckled than thin and sallow.

"Help nature to keep your habitation healthful by allowing her forces an opportunity to operate. There is more health about you than disease.

"Health is man's natural condition. He can place about himself such conditions that disease germs will not *invade* but *evade* his system."

"CLEVER FLIP."

He was only a common black-and-tan dog, not a beauty by any means, for his eyes were so unpleasantly prominent as to have almost the appearance of glass eyes. What he lacked in beauty, however, he made up in wit.

As there were no little children in the house, he became a great pet, and was taught many funny tricks; but none of these were so clever as some things that he did of his own motion.

In a bright, sunny room of the third story lived a dear old lady, a distant but greatly beloved relative of the family.

She had chosen this room in order that she might be out of everybody's way, as she said, and free to entertain herself with writing, reading or sewing, as she liked; for she was very deaf and could not enjoy general conversation. Indeed, she could not hear at all without an ear-trumpet.

As she could not hear the bell, Flip had been taught to go up and summon her to her meals. If sent to call any one else he always barked noisily, but when sent for his deaf friend he would scamper up to that third-story room, and, if he found the door open, would begin frisking and dancing around her, saying, "Come, come," in every movement, but without uttering a sound. He had learned by experience that he must attract her attention by the eye.

Even if he found the door closed, he never barked, but waited patiently until it opened. For his old friend knew about what time to expect him, and looked out now and then to see if he was there.

One day he came up in this way to let her know that dinner was ready. She had been cutting out some work on the bed, but laid aside her scissors at once and, having washed her hands and adjusted her cap, followed Flip toward the stairway. But the little fellow was not altogether satisfied. He stopped, looked up at her, and back toward the room. Then he ran back himself.

As she made no motion to return, he stood in the door irresolute, came and looked up into her eyes again with a troubled expression, and once more darted back into the room.

This time she followed, murmuring, "What's wrong, Flip? Have I left anything?"

Sure enough, there he was on tiptoe, looking eagerly over at her spectacles, which she had forgotten and left on the bed. Flip knew very well that she could not eat her dinner comfortably without them.

All that time he had made no sound, but had done all his talking by pantomime, as it were.

"Flip is a very clever dog," the old lady said, as she told the story at the dinner-table, "to save me that long walk upstairs."

HUNTING ALLIGATORS AT NIGHT.

Mr. C. W. Butler in an article on "Alligator-Shooting in Florida," contributed to "The Big Game of North America," says that he went out one night with a doctor for a companion, intent on striking alligators. The doctor rowed, and Mr. Butler stood up at the bow, striking-pole in hand. Soon the white chin of an alligator appeared within the circle of light.

The pole left Mr. Butler's hand, and the line ran out as fast as a nine-foot alligator could travel. It was a novel night ride. The alligator did his best, swimming head and shoulders above water. The jack-light swung to and fro, and the water splashed fiercely against the boat.

All at once the tow-horse stopped, and a revolver-bullet rolled him over. Apparently he was dead, and the two men were trying to haul him into the boat, when suddenly he darted under it and began splintering the keel with his teeth.

A quick haul on the line brought the creature's head above water; instantly the doctor struck him a heavy blow on the head with the axe. Again he rolled over, and was hauled into the boat.

As the two men were congratulating each other, the alligator recovered from the stunning blow and began to clear out that boat. With his huge tail he fanned the doctor, who was in the stern, and with yawning jaws he reached after the man in the bow.

Something had to be done, and that promptly, or the boat would be threshed into pieces. The bowsman managed to get hold of the axe, and by a well-aimed blow to split open the saurian's head. Then he was quiet.

NEUTRAL.

A New Orleans newspaper says that a squad of Confederate soldiers, who were wearing captured blue overcoats, rode up to a house in Tennessee during the Civil War, and called out to the owner: "Well, old man, what are you, reb or Yank?" Old Caution was puzzled by the blue coats and the gray trousers. "Gentlemen," said he, "I'm nothin', and precious little of that."

A similar spirit seems to have possessed a certain aged negro whom a writer for the New York *World* met some time ago while wandering over the battlefield of Antietam.

"Were you here when the fight took place?" asked the visitor.

"Right yere, sah," answered the white-haired negro.

"Then you saw it all?"

"Well, sah, not zackly, but I saw de dead folks arter de battle."

"Why didn't you see the movements of the troops?"

"Well, sah, I was done embarrassed a heap dat day. I knowed Gin'ral Lee was dependin' on me not to whoop ag'in 'em, an' so I done wen' down cellar an' sat on de head ob a cider bar'l an' let 'em fight it out de best way dey could."

WANTED HIS RIGHTS.

Some years ago a wealthy manufacturer in the West, employing nearly a thousand hands, established a "model" city, thus giving the workmen and their families many comforts and luxuries that they could not have attained unaided. Of course there were regulations to govern the model city, which as a rule were cheerfully observed.

There were fault-finders, however, and especially a new-comer, named Bascomb. Among the rules was one forbidding the burning of soft coal, on account of the odor and smoke, and Bascomb objected strongly.

"My goodness!" remonstrated a friend, "I don't see what you are growling about. We get hard coal at cost, and as one ton goes as far as two of the other, you aint out of pocket."

"'Taint right to forbid it," asserted Bascomb.

"See here," demanded his friend, "do you really want to burn the nasty stuff?"

"No, I don't wanter," replied Bascomb, "but I wanter have the right in case I wanter!"

SHE HAD HEARD SO.

The application of general principles to particular cases is so nice a matter that the wisest of people never attain to perfection in it.

Lucy, three years old, was playing with a neighbor of her own age. All went smoothly until some childish dispute arose, when Lucy, regarding her little friend as the aggressor, slapped her soundly.

Lucy's grandmother reproved her for her rudeness and display of temper, but the child clinched the argument by saying:

"Why, dan'mudder, dan'mudder, don't you know it does little dirls dood to whip 'em?"—*New York Tribune.*

These are Facts which Housekeepers should Seriously Consider.

If you want the best food you will be interested in the following facts, which show why "Royal" is the best baking powder, why it makes the best and most wholesome food, and why its use has become almost universal—its sale greater in this country than the sale of all other cream of tartar baking powders combined.

The Royal Baking Powder NEVER Fails.

It is absolutely pure and wholesome.

It is combined from the most approved and healthful ingredients.

It makes the finest flavored, most tender, delicious and wholesome food.

It has greater leavening strength than any other baking powder, and is therefore the cheapest.

It never loses its strength, but will keep fresh and of full leavening power until used.

It acts slowly in the dough, so that none of its strength is lost before the baking is completed.

It makes food that will keep sweet, moist and fresh longer, or that may be eaten hot and fresh with impunity.

The reasons why the Royal Baking Powder is superior to all others in these respects are easily stated. One is because it is made from chemically pure materials. Another is because it is made with greater care and accuracy than any other. It is always uniform in composition and leavening power. It has been the standard baking powder for twenty-five years. The founder and conductor of its business ever since is still at the head of its management. Thus all the knowledge and skill attained by over a quarter of a century's experience is available in its present preparation. The consumer is not experimented upon by changes of formula that are constantly being made in other powders in an effort to get a mixture that will not "cake" or lose its strength, or that follow changes of proprietorship or manufacturers. The Royal Baking Powder is always certain and equal in its work; a teaspoonful does the same perfect work to-day that it did yesterday or last week or month or last year.

While the last teaspoonful in a can of Royal is as good as the first, other powders lose their strength after being made a short time, and particularly after the can is opened.

No great efforts are made by other manufacturers to procure pure materials. They use the ordinary cream of tartar of the market, which contains tartrate of lime and is generally mixed with alum, phosphates, or terra alba. The frequent tests by the Massachusetts and New York State Boards of Health show the great extent of this adulteration.

But experiments that cost many hundred thousand dollars were made by the Royal Baking Powder Company to secure for its use chemically pure ingredients, and to devise methods and formulas that would make a perfect baking powder.

In the manufacture of this powder there is used more than half of all the cream of tartar consumed in the United States for all purposes. This is refined in the mammoth works of the company (erected at a cost of over half a million dollars) by special, patented processes by which means there are secured to the Royal Baking Powder exclusively ingredients absolutely free from tartrate of lime or other adulterant or inert matter.

While there is no secret as to the ingredients used,—the methods of their preparation, their relative proportions and the manipulations which are indispensable to this end are unknown to other manufacturers.

The exactness with which the active principle of each ingredient prior to mixing is ascertained by expert chemists; the actual prohibition enforced against the receipt into the works of an impure ingredient; the care with which the materials are dried, coated and prepared before their combination, and the precision in packing the powder so that it shall be delivered to the consumer in the perfect condition in which it leaves the factory, are some of the details which go to make the perfect "Royal."

Are not the same means employed by other manufacturers? They are not. There have been a great many imitations of the Royal, but no equals. Pure materials are not employed, care is not taken in their preparation and combination, while in the great majority of baking powders alum is added to give them strength, while cheapening their cost.

No alum, phosphates or dangerous or doubtful substances are used in the Royal, and it costs more to manufacture than any other brand.

The great popularity and general use of the Royal Baking Powder attest its superiority.

Success is generally deserved.

Scores of brands of baking powders have been placed upon the market since it was introduced. Most of these have died; none have achieved a general success, while the Royal has increased in popularity until its sale is general in every city, town and hamlet in the country. Nothing but the superior quality of the Royal Baking Powder could have effected this.

Corroborative of the foregoing are the official tests. These have been made without prejudice, by entirely unbiased officers, have been elaborate, exhaustive, and should be conclusive. Prof. Tucker of Albany, whose thorough and scientific work in examining articles of food for the State of New York is well-known, says it is "a baking powder unequalled for purity, strength and wholesomeness;" while **the United States Government investigation, recently made under the authority of Congress, shows the Royal superior to all others** in leavening power.

The day has come for a rigid discrimination in the purchase of baking powders by the housekeepers.

Health and economy demand the use of that brand ascertained absolutely pure and wholesome and of greatest strength.

Those who have tested all thoroughly, use "Royal" only. If you are not using it, the facts here given should induce you to give it a trial.

No other Article of Human Food has ever received such emphatic commendation for purity, strength and wholesomeness from the most eminent authorities, as the Royal Baking Powder.

No other Article used in the domestic economy of the household has so many enthusiastic friends among the housekeepers of America; and its reputation is world-wide.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

INTERLOPERS.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter III.

Commencement Day.

Never had Dorothy welcomed the sound of the rising-bell as she did this morning. All through the long hours she had lain upon her bed crying silently, or pacing her little room stifling her groans and trying to bear her pain without a sign.

She had not thought of removing her clothes until well on toward daylight, and then she had suddenly remembered that if she wished to avoid being "found out," she must begin by practising deceit—pretending to have been in bed all night.

How she was to account for the injury to her arm she could not think. But it finally managed itself.

A few moments after the rising-bell rang, Dorothy heard a knock upon her door. She was standing before her tiny looking-glass, trying to arrange, with her one hand, her hair into its customary long braid.

"Come in," she said, tremulously.

Miss Lorimer entered. At sight of her, Dorothy straightened herself up and set her teeth hard, trying to hide her swollen wrist behind the folds of her skirt. But her face told the tale all too plainly, and at sight of her haggard cheeks and dark-ringed eyes Miss Lorimer gave an exclamation of shocked surprise.

"*My dear!*" she cried, "what *has* happened to you? You are ill. Tell me, Dorothy, what is the matter? You look as if you had not slept all night. Poor child! is it the old worry again?"

The kind words went straight to Dorothy's heart, and her overcharged nerves gave way under this new strain—the endeavor to barely deceive this woman, who was kind to her.

She bent her head and sobbed wildly for a few moments, while Miss Lorimer went to her and took her in her arms. In drawing Dorothy to her, she pressed against the injured limb, causing the sufferer to cry out with sudden pain.

Miss Lorimer looked down and saw. She knew what was the matter, but how it had come about she did not try to discover.

"You poor, *poor* little thing!" she said, her voice unsteady with sympathy. "Wait here a moment. I am going to 'make it well,' as they say to the ladies."

She hurried from the room. Presently she came back with cloths and arnica and strips of flannel, and began to bind up the aching wrist, meanwhile uttering words of comfort. But every syllable, instead of soothing her, pierced Dorothy like a thorn.

"It is only a sprain," said Miss Lorimer, "and if we are careful it will soon be sound again. But you were a foolish Dorothy not to come to me at once."

Dorothy said nothing.

"I had a friend once," Miss Lorimer went on, "who sprained his arm in the night just as you have done. He could not account for it at all, and the physician said he must have wrenched the wrist in his sleep."

The breakfast bell rang.

"I will explain it to Miss Dupree," said Miss Lorimer, "and have you excused from chapel. Good-by; I will send you up some toast and tea."

She was gone before Dorothy could say a word in protest or explanation.

A dainty breakfast made its appearance. Dorothy tried to eat, but every mouthful seemed to choke her, and she sent it down only half-tasted. She tried to sleep, but when she closed her eyes she seemed to see in herself the picture of a mean impostor.

"But I'm not lying," insisted Dorothy to her conscience. "If she thinks I hurt my wrist in my sleep why can't I let her keep thinking so? And, besides, if I told—there are the other girls."

"But you have nothing to do with the other girls," returned her conscience. "You are lying just as much by keeping silence now as you would be at another time by telling a falsehood. You are acting a lie."

When Miss Lorimer came up again to see how she was doing, she was astonished to find her patient still awake, and as feverish as before. She sat down beside her to lay her palm upon the throbbing temples.

"No, no, Miss Lorimer," Dorothy exclaimed, sitting up. "Please don't—yet. If you knew, you'd think I was only being served right, and I don't suppose you'd try to cure me at all—only you're so good perhaps you would. Anyway, I'm going to tell you, because it would be lying if I didn't. I didn't hurt my arm in my sleep—I was awfully awake. I was on the—shed-roof!"

Miss Lorimer looked at her in wonder.

"The shed-roof?" she repeated, wondering if Dorothy was not delirious and wandering.

"Yes, ma'am, the shed-roof. I kind of felt as if I *must* have some fun last night, and so I slipped down the hall and crawled out of the window and all along the piazza till I came to the shed, and then I slid down the roof and—and—sort of went out on the lake and—and—came back again, and it was when I was crawling up again that I hurt my arm! I'm awfully sorry, Miss Lorimer! I'm sorry clear from my head to my feet. I feel just as if I never wanted to have any one look at me again."

"There, there, Dorothy! That will do. I cannot quite understand this affair, and you are in no condition to try to explain it more fully. When you have slept and are stronger, we shall hear the rest."

She left the room. Dorothy dropped back against her pillow with a sigh of mingled uneasiness and relief—uneasiness because of the fear that a fuller explanation might involve the other girls; and relief at having confessed her own guilt. Presently she fell asleep, and slept until quite late. When she woke she found Miss Lorimer beside her.

"You have had a long nap," said the teacher, kindly. "And now, here is a little cold luncheon for you."

She produced a tray. Dorothy was very hungry and ate with relish, her companion sitting beside her and looking up now and then with eyes whose expression Dorothy could not quite understand.

When the last crumb was gone Miss Lorimer put the tray aside, and turning to her patient, said: "Now tell me, Dorothy, all about last night. I will not say, 'Keep nothing back,' because I trust you sufficiently to believe you will tell me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Dorothy told truly all that she had done, but said nothing about the other girls' complicity in the affair; and Miss Lorimer forbore to question her concerning it. If she suspected that Dorothy had not set out on her adventure alone, she gave no evidence of her suspicion.

"Well," said Miss Lorimer, "I think your experience has been severe enough, and I have pleaded with Miss Dupree to pardon you, because your fault brought with it its own punishment." Miss Lorimer told her how necessary were such rules as those which she had disobeyed; how a school was like a nation, whose laws were not made to harass people, but to protect them.

Dorothy meets her new Father.

"And remember this," she said, "No man thinks well of a woman who puts herself forward and gives him a chance to think lightly of her. Do you think those young fellows on the steamer last night, flighty as they were, would have dared address you if they had considered you more than a silly girl? A man never holds up to the ridicule of his friends a woman for whom he has respect, nor speaks of her lightly in their presence.

"If you knew as much of the world as I do, you would know that what I have said is true. I was brought up among a number of boys,—brothers and cousins,—and so was behind the scenes. I saw the lads flirt with girls who thought it 'splendid fun' to be smiled at by strange young men, and who had no other idea than that they were the admiration and envy of their mates.

"If they could only have heard these same young fellows talk about them later, how their cheeks would have burned with mortification and shame! And I was always warned against associating with such a girl. She is not just the kind we want you to know, Margaret.'

"But I have said enough, I think. You will remember, dear?"

Dorothy felt strangely humble, and when she tried to say "yes," her voice trembled as though she were on the verge of tears. But she did not cry; instead, she put her arms about Miss Lorimer's neck and whispered:

"I'll try to be as good as I ought. Really I will. You have been so good to me."

In the meantime Miss Dupree had learned enough of the affair to feel that Dorothy was not the only one concerned in it, and accordingly had made up her mind to discover the other culprits, not by means of secret investigation, but by a direct demand upon their honor.

She appeared just before dismissal, and desired any or all of the young ladies connected with last night's misconduct to hold up their hands.

Out of all the class only one arm was raised,—Dorothy was still in her room,—and that was Marie Pollock's.

Miss Dupree waited a moment, as though in expectation of seeing more respond to her call, and then remarked, quietly:

"Of course, having put you young ladies upon your honor, I cannot think, for a moment, that any concerned would fail to acknowledge herself. Therefore, I suppose Miss Pollock is the only other offender. Should there be, however, any one who from fear or any other motive has sought to shield herself by silence, I trust she will remember that while disobedience is a fault, dishonor is a crime."

Again she paused, but no one made an attempt at confession; and after telling Marie to come to her in her study, the principal left the room.

The moment the girls were able to escape from the school-room they gathered into a little knot, and began to whisper among themselves about Dorothy's supposed treachery.

"Miss Lorimer shows a great deal of partiality," complained Fanny Bergen. "She always lets Dorothy off easy, and the rest of us can catch it. That's the reason Dorothy tells her everything. Talk about honor! I'd like to know if she's been honorable!"

"Besides, she got us all into it," explained Pauline Leonard.

"Yes, indeed," assented Kate Van Voorhies.

"We never should have thought of going out in the boat if it hadn't been for her. She proposed it. And she looked right straight at the men on the steamer when they called out to us, and—"

"And helped us on the shed-roof, and everything. She was just the worst of us all, so there!"

"If you had raised your hand, Paul, I would have moved mine," whispered Della Carpenter. "I kept watching to see if you would, but you didn't."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Paul, sharply, "it's a pity about you. You needn't speak in that kind of despising way, either. If you wanted to be so fine, why didn't you put your hand up on your own account, and not wait for me?"

"The fact is," said Kate, "we're all in a pretty mess, and I'm going straight up to Dorothy's room and tell her what she's got us into. I'll pay her up!"

"Why, I don't see how we're in a *mess*," returned Fanny. "No one knows about us."

"You goose! Of course not. Only a fellow feels uncomfortable, and that's mess enough. If Dorothy hadn't told—"

"Dorothy didn't tell!"

The girls started apart, and there, behind them, stood Miss Dupree, stern-faced and severe. The girls shrank back.

"No, Dorothy did not tell," repeated the principal, slowly. "Neither did Marie Pollock. In the first place, I do not believe in trying to make one girl inform against another, and even if I did, Dorothy would have been the last to answer any questions that might implicate you.

"Marie Pollock confessed to her own fault, but I might have imagined that those two were alone to blame if I had not been fortunate enough to come upon you just now and receive your own evidence against yourselves. I am sorry to find that out of six there are only two who have the moral courage, to say nothing of honor—to speak the truth.

"You may go to your own rooms, young

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ladies. At supper you need not appear, as I feel a desire to spare you the mortification of hearing your names read before the whole school as having been connected with Dorothy and Marie in last night's performance, and having failed to declare yourselves even when your honor was appealed to."

The girls went slowly from the room.

Miss Duprée's heart did not soften to them. Their misdemeanor was as nothing in her sight compared with their dishonest denial of it.

For two weeks cards of invitation had been flying, and the hotel had long ago disposed of all its apartments. The chapel in which the exercises of the day were to be held, was fragrant with blossoms and dim with shadowy boughs, while the gymnasium, where the concluding party was to be held, was converted into a bower. Poor Barney, the man-of-all-work, had oiled and polished the floor until his "back was broke."

These Commencement days were the bane of his existence, for at their season it was "Barney" here and "Barney" there, until the poor man was "kilt entirely;" and when he happened to be taking a breathing spell for the space of a minute, Bridget, his wife, who was the seminary cook, would always remark:

"Och, Barney, me b'y, while yer ristin', be schrubbin' down me sthairs, for they nade it the day."

Dorothy's enjoyment of the Commencement festivities was sadly interfered with. Her sprained wrist must still be bandaged; a new frock was lacking, and there was the prospect of the meeting with the "interlopers."

But she had determined to swathe her arm in a pretty silk handkerchief, to make the most of a bad job and be satisfied with her last summer's white swiss, and to remember only the fact of her mother's coming, which would reconcile her to the rest.

She and her classmates were among the gayest of the gay. Having served their sentence and being forgiven, they could rest assured that their misbehavior would never be referred to again.

Dorothy was holding one of her informal receptions in her room after study hours, when Barney appeared, bearing in his arms a huge pasteboard box, and remarking:

"It's mesilf is wonderin' what's the contints, Miss Dorothy. They do be so loight and yit so lar-r-ge."

The girls laughed, and then crowded about the bed while Dorothy snapped the cords and tried to free the box from its wrappings. "I sort of think maybe it's a dress," said Dorothy, "and that would be—Ah!"

For at last the cover was flung aside and there, beneath its coverlet of muslin wrappings, in its bed of tissue paper, lay the daintiest little frock imaginable—a mass of filmy lace and delicate mull. It proved to be just the right thing—simple and graceful, and fitting to perfection.

The fact that the lace was real did not greatly enhance its value in the girls' sight, for would it not have been enough, in any case, that it came from Paris?

It was Miss Lorimer who told Dorothy what a costly little affair it was; at which Dorothy looked grave.

"If it was so expensive I don't see how mamma ever could have bought it," she said, "for she isn't rich, you know, and when I wrote about having a new frock for Commencement, she said she was afraid she couldn't afford it. And to think of her having sent not only the frock, but slippers and laced stockings, and handkerchief and fan and—and—everything!"

Miss Lorimer smiled, and presently went away, while Dorothy felt that one of her cares was lifted from her mind.

The Commencement proceedings in the hall were done, and the supper gong had sounded. Such chattering and laughing; such sounds of whispered jokes and giggling response! The girls were allowed special privileges at this last supper, and they made the best of them.

The reception of the evening was the topic of overwhelming interest.

"Are your people here, Fanny?"

"Yes, indeed. Didn't you see my mother this afternoon?"

"My cousin Dick is here. Did you see him in chapel? That light-haired one with a mustache. He's dreadfully clever; he goes to college!"

"I kind of wished I was graduating when Miss Loring read her essay and got so many flowers and was clapped so. It must be lovely fun; and then, never to go to school any more —"

"Poh! I don't care. I like it here and I'm coming back, aren't you, Dorothy? By the way, has your mother come yet?"

Dorothy gave a short, disappointed sigh. "No, I watched for her but she didn't come, and I'm worried. I guess she will be on the quarter past eight train; she wouldn't want to take a later one. Oh, there! *Did* you hear that fiddle? Isn't it elegant?"

When the girls found themselves in the immense ball-room, late the gymnasium, with flowers everywhere and guests arriving constantly, they could scarcely keep their feet still with excitement.

Dorothy was chatting gaily when some one touched her upon the elbow and whispered in her ear:

"You're wanted in the reception-room. Quick!"

She needed no second bidding, but rushed away, her heart beating joyously, her lips trembling, and her only thought being of her mother.

Her feet scarcely touched the stairs, she ran so fast. When had the distance from gymnasium to reception-room seemed so long before?

But in a moment, which only seemed an hour, she was pushing open the door and passing through it like a little whirlwind, her arms open, her heart beating and on her lips the cry, "Oh, mamma, mamma!"

But the words died before they were uttered; for suddenly, as though in a moment turned to immovable stone, Dorothy stood still, her color fading, her breath forsaking her, and her heart almost ceasing to beat.

The room was nearly deserted. Not quite, for by the table sat a gentleman who rose to meet her as she entered; who saw her change from a joyous girl into a cold little statue, and who, stepping forward, held out his hand, saying:

"And this is Dorothy?"

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

(To be continued.)

PEACE.

I have seen it brightly shining
On many a face,
A peace that is born of struggle,
Serenest grace!

—*Nellie Hart Woodworth.*

For the Companion.

FOR MARSE CHOUCHOUTE.

"An' now, young man, w'at you want to remember is this—an' take it fer yo' motto: 'No monkey-shines with Uncle Sam.' You unda-stan'? You aware now o' the penalties attached to monkey-shinin' with Uncle Sam. I reckon that's 'bout all I got to say; so you be on han' promp' to-morrow mornin' at seven o'clock, to take charge o' the United States mail-bag."

This formed the close of a very pompous address delivered by the postmaster of Centreville to young Armand Verchette, who had been appointed to carry the mails from the village to the railway station three miles away.

Armand—or Chouchoute, as every one chose to call him, following the habit of the Creoles in giving nicknames—had listened a little impatiently.

Not so the little negro boy who accompanied him. The child had listened with the deepest respect and awe to every word of the rambling admonition.

"How much you gwine git, Marse Chouchoute?" he asked, as they walked down the village street together, the black boy a little behind. He was very black, and slightly deformed; a small boy, scarcely reaching to the shoulder of his companion, whose cast-off garments he wore.

But Chouchoute was tall for his sixteen years, and carried himself well.

"W'y, I'm goin' to git thirty dolla' a month, Wash; w'at you say to that? Betta 'an hoein' cotton, a'nt it?" He laughed, with a triumphant ring in his voice.

But Wash did not laugh; he was too much impressed by the importance of this new function, too much bewildered by the vision of sudden wealth which thirty dollars a month meant to his understanding.

He felt, too, deeply conscious of the great weight of responsibility which this new office brought with it. The imposing salary had confirmed the impression left by the postmaster's words.

"*You* gwine git all dat money? Sakes! W'at you reckon Ma'ame Armand say? I know she gwine mos' take a fit w'en she heah dat."

But Chouchoute's mother did not "mos' take a fit" when she heard of her son's good fortune. The white and wasted hand which she rested upon the boy's black curls trembled a little, it is true, and tears of emotion came into her tired eyes. This step seemed to her the beginning of better things for her fatherless boy.

They lived quite at the end of this little French village, which was simply two long rows of very old frame houses, facing each other closely across a dusty roadway.

Their home was a cottage, so small and so humble that it just escaped the reproach of being a cabin.

Every one was kind to Madame Armand. Neighbors ran in of mornings to help her with her work—she could do so little for herself. And often the good priest, Père Antoine, came to sit with her and talk innocent gossip.

To say that Wash was fond of Madame Armand and her son is to be poor in language to express devotion. He worshipped her as if she were already an angel in Paradise.

Chouchoute was a delightful young fellow; no one could help loving him. His heart was as warm and cheery as his own Southern sunbeams. If he was born with an unlucky trick of forgetfulness—or better, thoughtlessness—no one ever felt much like blaming him for it, so much did it seem a part of his happy, careless nature. And why was that faithful watch-dog, Wash, always at Marse Chouchoute's heels, if it were not to be hands and ears and eyes to him, more than half the time?

One beautiful spring night Chouchoute, on his way to the station, was riding along the road that skirted the river. The clumsy mail-bag that lay before him across the pony was almost empty; for the Centreville mail was a meagre and unimportant one at best.

But he did not know this. He was not thinking of the mail, in fact; he was only feeling that life was very agreeable this delicious spring night.

There were cabins at intervals upon the road—most of them darkened, for the hour was late. As he approached one of these, larger than the others, he heard the sound of a fiddle, and saw lights through the openings of the house.

It was so far from the road that when he stopped his horse and peered through the darkness he could not recognize the dancers who passed before the open doors and windows. But he knew this was Gros-Leon's ball, which he had heard the boys talking about all the week.

Suppose he should stand in the doorway an instant and exchange a word with the dancers? It would not take a moment.

Chouchoute dismounted, fastened his horse to the fence-post, and proceeded toward the house.

The room, crowded with people young and old, was long and low, with rough beams across the ceiling, blackened by smoke and time. Upon the high mantel-piece a single coal-oil lamp burned—and none too brightly.

In a far corner, upon a platform of boards laid across two flour barrels, sat Uncle Ben, playing upon a squeaky fiddle, and shouting the "figures."

"Ah! v'la Chouchoute!" some one called.

"Eh! Chouchoute!"

"Jus' in time, Chouchoute; yere's Miss Leontine waitin' fer a partna."

"S'lute yo' partnas!" Uncle Ben was thundering forth; and Chouchoute, with one hand gracefully behind him, made a profound bow to Miss Leontine, as he offered her the other.

Now Chouchoute was noted far and wide for his skill as a dancer. The moment he stood upon the floor, a fresh spirit seemed to enter into all present. It was with renewed vigor that Uncle Ben intoned his "Balancy all! Fus' fo' fo'ard an' back!"

The spectaters drew close about the couples to watch Chouchoute's wonderful dancing.

"It take Chouchoute to show 'em de step, va!" proclaimed Gros-Leon, with fat satisfaction, to the audience at large.

"Look 'im! look 'im yonda! Ole Ben got to work hard' 'an dat, if he want to keep up wid Chouchoute, va!"

So it was; encouragement and adulation on all sides, till, from the praise that was showered on him, Chouchoute's head was as light as his feet.

At the windows appeared the dusky faces of negroes, their bright eyes gleaming as they viewed the scene within and mingled their loud guffaws with the medley of sound that was already deafening.

The time was speeding. The air was heavy in the room, but no one seemed to mind this. Uncle Ben was calling the figures now with a rhythmic sing-song:

"Right an' lef' all 'roun'! Swing co'nas!"

Chouchoute turned with a smile to Miss Félicie on his left, his hand extended, when what should break upon his ear but the long, harrowing wail of a locomotive!

Then he vanished from the room. Miss Félicie stood as he left her, with hand uplifted, rooted to the spot with astonishment.

It was the train whistling for his station, and he a mile and more away! He knew he was too late, and that he could not make the distance; but the sound had been a rude reminder that he was not at his post of duty.

However, he would do what he could now. He ran swiftly to the outer road, and to the spot where he had left his pony.

The horse was gone, and with it the United States mail-bag!

For an instant Chouchoute stood half-stunned with terror. Then, in one quick flash, came to his mind a vision of possibilities that sickened him. Disgrace overtaking him in this position of trust; poverty his portion again; and his dear mother forced to share both with him.

He turned desperately to some negroes who had followed him, seeing his wild rush from the house:

"Who saw my hoss? W'at you all did with my hoss, say?"

"Who you reckon tech yo' hoss, boy?" grumbled Gustave, a sullen-looking mulatto. "You didn' have no call to lef' 'im in de road, fus' place."

"'Pear to me like I heahed a hoss a-lopin' down de road jis' now; didn' you, Uncle Jake?" ventured a second.

"Neva heahed nuttin'—nuttin' 't all 'cep' dat big-mouf Ben in yonda makin' mo' fuss 'an a t'unda-sto'm."

"Boys!" cried Chouchoute, excitedly, "bring me a hoss, quick, one of you. I'm boun' to have one! I'm boun' to! I'll give two dolla to the firs' man brings me a hoss."

Near at hand, in the "lot" that adjoined Uncle Jake's cabin, was his little creole pony, nibbling the cool, wet grass that he found, along the edges and in the corners of the fence.

The negro led the pony forth. With no further word, and with one bound, Chouchoute was upon the animal's back. He wanted neither saddle nor bridle, for there were few horses in the neighborhood that had not been trained to be guided by the simple motions of a rider's body.

Once mounted, he threw himself forward with a certain violent impulse, leaning till his cheek touched the animal's mane.

He uttered a sharp "Hei!" and at once, as if possessed by sudden frenzy, the horse dashed forward, leaving the bewildered black men in a cloud of dust.

What a mad ride it was! On one side was the river bank, steep in places and crumbling away; on the other, an unbroken line of fencing; now in straight lines of neat planking; now, treacherous barbed wire, sometimes the zigzag rail.

The night was black, with only such faint light as the stars were shedding. No sound was to be heard save the quick thud of the horse's hoofs upon the hard dirt road, the animal's heavy breathing, and the boy's feverish "hei-hei!" when he fancied the speed slackened.

Occasionally a marauding dog started from the obscurity to bark and give useless chase.

"To the road, to the road, Bon-a-rien!" panted Chouchoute, for the horse in his wild race had approached so closely to the river's edge that the bank crumbled beneath his flying feet. It was only by a desperate lunge and bound that he saved himself and rider from plunging into the water below.

Chouchoute hardly knew what he was pursuing so madly. It was rather something that drove him—fear, hope, desperation.

He was rushing to the station, because it seemed to him, naturally, the first thing to do. There was the faint hope that his own horse had broken rein and gone there of his own accord; but such hope was almost lost in a wretched conviction that had seized him the instant he saw "Gustave the thief" among the men gathered at Gros-Leon's.

"Hei! hei, Bon-a-rien!"

The lights of the railway station were gleaming ahead, and Chouchoute's hot ride was almost at an end.

With sudden and strange perversity of purpose Chouchoute, as he drew closer upon the station, slackened his horse's speed. A low fence was in his way. Not long before, he would have cleared it at a bound—for Bon-a-rien could do such things. Now he cantered easily to the end of it, to go through the gate.

His courage was growing faint, and his heart sinking within him as he drew nearer and nearer.

He dismounted, and holding the pony by the mane, approached with some trepidation the young station-master, who was taking note of some freight that had been deposited near the tracks.

"Mr. Hudson," faltered Chouchoute, "did you see my pony 'roun' yere anywhere? an'—an' the mail-sack?"

"Your pony's safe in the woods, Chou'te. The mail-bag 's on its way to New Orleans —"

"Thank God!" breathed the boy.

"But that poor little black fellow of yours has about done it for himself, I guess."

"Wash? O Mr. Hudson! w'at's—w'at's happen' to Wash?"

"He's inside there, on my mattress. He's hurt, and he's hurt bad; that's what's the matter. You see the ten forty-five had come in, and she didn't make much of a stop; she was just pushing out, when bless me if that little chap of yours didn't come tearing along on Spunky as if Old Harry was behind him.

"You know how No. 22 can pull at the start; and there was that little imp keeping abreast of her 'most under the thing's wheels.

"I shouted at him. I couldn't make out what he was up to, when blamed if he didn't pitch the mail-bag clean into the car! Buffalo Bill couldn't have done it neater.

"Then Spunky, she shied; and Wash he bounced against the side of that car and back, like a rubber ball, and laid in the ditch till we carried him inside.

"I've wired down the road for Doctor Campbell to come up on 14 and do what he can for him."

Hudson had related these events to the distracted boy while they made their way toward the house.

Inside, upon a low pallet, lay the little negro, breathing heavily, his black face pinched and ashen with approaching death. He had wanted no one to touch him further than to lay him upon the bed.

The few men and colored women gathered in the room were looking upon him with pity mingled with curiosity.

When he saw Chouchoute he closed his eyes, and a shiver passed through his small frame. Those about him thought he was dead. Chouchoute knelt, choking, at his side and held his hand.

"O Wash, Wash! W'at you did that for? W'at made you, Wash?"

"Marse Chouchoute," the boy whispered, so low that no one could hear him but his friend, "I was gwine 'long de big road, pas' Marse Gros-Leon's, an' I seed Spunky tied dah wid de mail. Dar warn't a minute—I 'clar', Marse Chouchoute, dar warn't a minute—to fotch you. W'at makes my head tu'n 'roun' dat away?"

"Neva mine, Wash; keep still; don't you try to talk," entreated Chouchoute.

"You aint mad, Marse Chouchoute?"

The lad could only answer with a hand-pressure.

"Dar warn't a minute, so I gits top o' Spunky—I neva seed nuttin' cl'ar de road like dat. I come 'long side—de train—an' fling de sack. I seed 'im kotch it, and I don't know nuttin' mo' 'cep'

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mis'ry, till I see you—a-comin' frough de do'. Mebby Ma'ame Armand know some'pin," he murmured, faintly, "w'at gwine make my—head quit tu'nin' 'round dat away. I boun' to git well; 'case who—gwine—watch Marse—Chouchoute?"

KATE CHOPIN.

THE HIDDEN BLOOM.

Thou needest not that light should shine,
Or any man thy beauty heed;
Enough—if haply this be so—
That thou hast sweetness to bestow!

Harper's Bazar. —*Mary Bradley.*

For the Companion.

NEPIGON.

In Six Chapters.—Chapter III.

Trouting in Nepigon Pool.

Not only John and Wen-a-goosh, but every member of our party, brought driftwood and brush for the search-fire on the rocks. But the belief that Lee was drowned grew upon us.

The red glare of an increasing bonfire soon shone out on the dark pool, and lighted up the huge, brown side of Split Rock across the rapids. John and Wen-a-goosh launched a canoe. Professor William, with Dick and Alton, were embarking with them, while the rest of us stood despairingly by, when Thea suddenly screamed:

"Why, there's Lee!"

Turning, we all saw him, standing a few steps up the path, looking toward us and blinking, as if in wonder.

Teacher Sarah was so much affected by his sudden reappearance that she sat down on the rocks without a word, and covered her face with both hands. Dick was the first to recover breath.

"Well, you're a pretty fellow to give us such a scare!" he exclaimed.

"'Scare'?" said Lee. "Why, have you been worried about me? Have you been to dinner? And did you catch any trout?"

Alton groaned. "I wish somebody would carry me into our tent," he said, sarcastically; "I think I shall faint!"

"Lee, where have you been?" Professor William asked, gravely. "We have been in the greatest alarm about you for two hours!"

"We feared you were drowned," added Teacher Sarah.

"And we were going to search for your body," said Dick, with grim irony.

"Why, I went to sleep," the boy said, falteringly, "but I thought it was only a minute."

Lee looked confused and very penitent.

"I went up there to the head of the rapids," he began to explain, "and made ever so many casts off the ledge, and stood looking at the water for some time.

"But I did not get a rise, and after a while I felt sure I shouldn't catch anything, and so reeled in my line.

"The sun had just gone behind the mountain, but was shining bright and beautiful on the other mountain across the river. It was so fine I thought I would sit down and write up my notes, a few minutes, for I hadn't got a chance to write a word since yesterday morning.

"So I looked about for a chance to sit down, and went along on the rocks, a few steps above the canoe-landing, among the cedars, and sat down on a mossy stone.

"I wrote in my note-book ten or fifteen minutes, and then I was dreadfully tired, for I haven't slept much on the cars, and last night my bed had a great, hard ridge in it,—and I went to sleep!"

"Well," said Teacher Sarah, laughing, "you gave us a good fright."

Lee was so humble and shamefaced that no further reproach was uttered. John warmed up for him as good a dinner as possible from what was left, and Teacher Sarah brewed a cup of tea.

At six o'clock the next morning we were all astir, none the worse for our adventures.

Alton and Dick had got out in time to angle an hour before breakfast, and had caught three trout. John made excellent coffee, and again we feasted upon fried fish.

Immediately after breakfast the short portage was made, and we went on up the river, reaching Island Portage at ten o'clock, and the longer Pine Portage at noon.

There is here a carry of a mile or more around a succession of rapids and pools, the most celebrated of which—famous among sportsmen the whole country over—is known as Hamilton's Pool.

It is situated near the head of the portage, and is formed by a boisterous white rapid which comes foaming down a rocky cañon, and turning abruptly around the foot of a wooded bluff on the left or west side, spreads out in a seething pool of wonderful depth and color.

The waters of the pool have a peculiar intermittent movement, a sort of ebb and flow, not easily explained, which the Indians attribute to Wahbunoo-nah-magoos, the Spirit Trout of Nepigon.

The place is a tangle of whirlpools and counter currents, somewhat dangerous to a canoe. Even the trout are vexed by the turmoil of the waters; many of them, often great six-pounders, are constantly seen leaping out of the water, and tumbling back into the foamy caldron with sudden splashings.

At Pine Portage we found the place occupied before us by a party of sportsmen, and accordingly we reëmbarked, made Little Flat Rock Portage, crossed Lake Emma, and just at nightfall reached Nepigon Pool.

This is the deepest and grandest pool on the river. It is a mile and a half in length by nearly half a mile in breadth, and of great depth. Like Hamilton's Pool, it is a maze of shifting currents and eddies.

As we paddled along by the east shore, the white water of a tumultuous rapid could be seen pouring diagonally into the pool near the upper end of it. From behind a wooded bluff to the right, the heavy roar of the falls came distinctly to our ears.

But evening was upon us, with rising clouds, and presently a growl of thunder in the northwest interrupted the continuous roar of the waters.

Where the rapids turn half around into the great pool, there is a pretty little headland, made all the more picturesque by four balsam poplars, which we called balm-o'-gilead-trees.

We had barely time to land and pitch the tents at this point, and prepare a hasty campers' supper, when darkness fell, and the rain came in torrents.

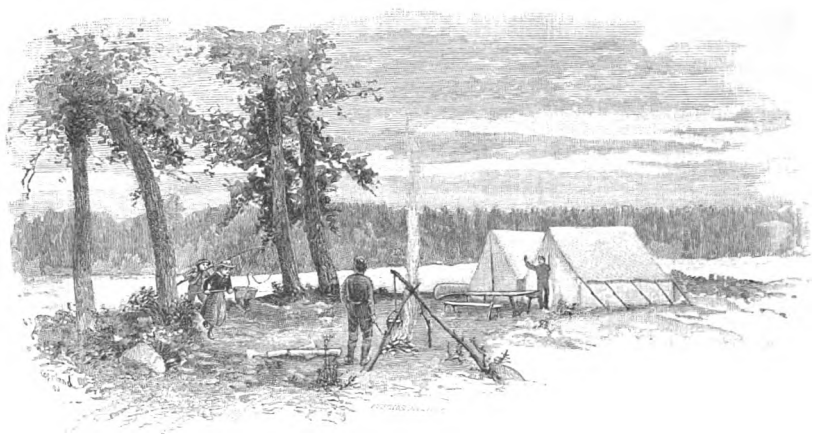
One sleeps till morning when camping. No one stirred until half-past five, when Lee crept quietly out, and taking his rod, made for the rapid in advance of all save Thea, who had waked and was meditating a similar project.

They each intended to surprise the party by catching the first fish, but Lee was a little ahead. As Thea approached the rapid, she saw him excitedly playing a trout. He had hooked one at his second cast with a "gray hackle." Thea generously ran and brought a scoop net.

It was a rough place for them, for the rapid is full of great boulders at this point. The trout darted wildly around the submerged stones, but after a few flurries, Lee reeled it down to a short line, and then, as he drew it slowly in shore, Thea scooped it up in the net and ran with it, line, hook and all, back from the water.

"Lee has caught the first trout here!" she cried. "And isn't it a beauty!"

It was a young trout of not quite two pounds' weight, by our little dial scales, but as Thea had said, it was the most beautiful trout that we had seen thus far, both as regards form and its red spots.



Thea and Lee bring in the First Trout.

It was scarcely ten minutes after Thea and Lee had taken their still struggling two-pounder to the camp-fire when John called out to them, "Come eat your fish!" He had rolled it in meal and fried it to a delightful brown.

"Pretty quick work that, John," said Teacher Sarah. "From the river to the platter in ten minutes!"

"Now go fish again," John said to them, with a laugh; "I will fry them as fast as you bring them to me."

Two which Alton and Dick presently caught sufficed for breakfast for the others. All then went along the rapids, to begin fishing in earnest.

Dick obtained the first cast, but no fish rose. Then Alton whipped out his two flies, which fell lightly on the whirling water. Being still dry, they floated off airily across the seething hole, on a refluent wave.

Flash! Something shining, specked with gleaming red, broke through the foam. Alton struck, but as he struck, another flash and gleam rose at the other fly, and the reel whirred sharp and loud! "Isaak Walton help me!" exclaimed the lucky fisher, under his breath. "I've hooked both of them, and they're whales! For mercy sake, Dick, give me more room on this rock. There's no room here to do anything!"

Away went both trout out across the rapid, with his entire fifty yards of line, and doubled the thin spindle of rod clear down to the water.

"Reel in! reel in!" cried Dick.

"I can't! I dare not!" replied Alton. "The rod will go if I do! Oh!" he groaned an instant later, "there goes one of them. 'Twas the big one, too! I know by the way the strain slacks off."

He was able now to reel in the line, and after playing the fish in the pool for three minutes or more, managed with Dick's aid to pass the net beneath it, and lift it out.

"Just about two pounds and a half," said Dick.

"Three, sure," exclaimed Alton. "But oh, that one that broke away was the big one! Five pounds, I know by the way he pulled. He took my leader short off. Wasn't it a shame to lose such a trout?"

While Alton was replacing his lost fly and leader, Dick went down to the hole next below, and with almost his first cast here, hooked a trout as large as Alton's.

This fish made the liveliest fight of any, thus far. It was nearly fifteen minutes before it tired sufficiently to be reeled into the shallow water beside the rocks.

Both were very handsome trout, and the two together weighed exactly five pounds.

Dick and Alton wished very much to cross over to the other bank of the rapids and try their luck on that side. Accordingly, after lunch the canoes were launched, and all the party except Lucia embarked, and were paddled around the foot of the rapids to a point of rocks on the northerly bank of the river, whence it was possible to reach the coveted position on foot.

Lucia preferred to remain in camp and make sketches. She had already taken several photographs.

"We shall not be gone for more than two hours, probably," Professor William said to her, as they were putting off.

But more than half an hour was occupied in going around the foot of the rapids. The party then began jack-fishing in the still water of a bay on that side, so that, as it chanced, Lucia was left alone for more than three hours. She sketched the falls, the rapids and the camp from various points of view, and was for some time pleasantly occupied.

By and by she took her rod and angled along the rapid.

After about half an hour she had a fine rise, and at the next cast hooked a two-pound trout, which she played for a long time. Finally she drew it into shallow water beside a stranded log, and scoop-netted it with her hat. The spasmodic struggles of the fish excited her pity, and she put it in a bucket of water to show to the rest of the party on their return.

By this time it was almost sunset. Lucia was momentarily expecting the return of the party. But the canoes did not come around the point in sight.

As she stood watching her fish in the bucket and waiting, she heard a slight noise in the bushes fifty or sixty yards away, on the lower side of the little open space near the shore of the pool. Looking in the direction of the sound, she saw the thick alders moving a little at one point.

Her first thought was that some animal was coming through them—a bear, or more likely a deer. For a moment she felt slightly uneasy, not to say alarmed. Then it flashed to her mind that Alton or Dick was there, trying to frighten her, since they knew she was alone in camp. Probably they had crossed the pool at some point below, she thought, and come up through the bushes. She knew this would be quite like Alton.

"But I will turn the tables on him," she murmured to herself. Going on tiptoe to the tent, she got her camera, which held a plate ready to expose by merely removing the cap.

She stole softly along toward the alder copse, full of her project, and almost bursting with suppressed laughter. Her plan was to get a photograph of Alton in the very act of "playing bear" to frighten her. It would be a fine advantage to have it to show to the others, and would turn the laugh upon him capitally.

As she went forward the bushes waved a little more, and she caught a glimpse of some object amongst the twigs and leaves, which she was sure was either Alton or Dick covered over with a rubber coat, for it looked as much like that as anything.

Evidently the joker was working his way around to get nearer to the tents, and had not seen her coming forward.

Directing her camera at the spot, with the cap ready to whip off, she determined to take the initiative and surprise the rogue into suddenly rising up and exhibiting himself.

She now called out, "Shoo!"

At the sound of her voice, not a boy in a rubber coat, but a large black animal suddenly looked out of the bushes—where it had manifestly been devouring some fish refuse; and seeing Lucia, it gave a *snuff* of extreme surprise, and bounded away through the thick brushwood.

Lucia was equally disconcerted. Dropping her camera, she uttered a scream which John and the others heard across the pool; for they were now on their way to camp.

In great alarm they plied their paddles and made haste to cross over.

"It wasn't so much that I was actually terrified," Lucia explained afterward, "as that it so completely took me aback; for I had quite settled it in my mind that Alton or Dick was there under a rubber coat!"

Recovering from her first fright, Lucia stopped to listen, and heard the animal, which she well knew must be a bear, running off. Then she went back and picked up her camera, which had fallen forward and struck the end of the lens tube down into the grass. The cap lay close by; it had fallen off the instant she had let go the camera.

Replacing it on the tube, she carried the apparatus to the tent, resolving meantime that no one should ever be the wiser for her adventure.

But by this time the canoes were coming around in plain view, and they had no sooner reached the landing than Dick and all the others cried out, "Was that you, Lucia, who screamed?"

To clear up the matter, Lucia was obliged to give an explicit recital of the entire incident.

The most singular part of the adventure was that a somewhat imperfect negative of the scene, where the bear was in the act of bounding away into the brush, had been caught on the plate, exposed for a moment by the tumbling off of the cap, as the camera was falling forward to the ground! Upon developing the set of plates made use of during the trip, a few weeks later, this queer "view" came out with the others. It is one of the curious instances of accidental photography.

C. A. STEPHENS.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

By Justin McCarthy, M. P.

We have seen many changes in England of late years. The English people—whom Cobden once described as the Chinese of Europe because of their love of old ways and their abhorrence of all things new—have of late been changing, reconstructing, pulling down the old, and setting up the new after a fashion which might entitle them to be described as the Japanese of Europe.

In nothing have they accomplished a greater transformation scene than in their system of parliamentary elections.

A parliamentary election is now conducted on the ballot system, whereas in former days it was done by open voting, and the poor voter hardly dared to call his soul his own. If he ventured to vote according to his conscience he was likely to be turned out of his house by his landlord, or if he were a shopkeeper, to be refused the custom of the landlord's class. Now that is all changed, and a man can vote as he pleases, for he need not let any one know how he votes.

But that is not the only change. The whole form and conditions of an election are made quite different from what they used to be.

Before Mr. Gladstone introduced these great reforms, every election day was preceded by a public nomination day.

On the nomination day the various candidates and their friends met on a great public platform usually set up in the open air, probably in the market-place of a town. There the candidates were duly proposed and seconded, and made speeches in reply, each man setting forth his own pretensions and disparaging the pretensions of his rival.

A vast crowd gathered round the platform, and there were the bands of the different political parties—the bands of the Blues, let us say, and the bands of the Buffs; and the great object of the Blue Band was to drown the voice of the Buff candidate, while the Buff Band was determined that if brass and drum-parchment could do anything, the eloquence of no Blue orator should be allowed to steal men's souls away.

Generally gangs of prize-fighters and other rowdies were hired on both sides to get up riots; and several sets of hand-to-hand combats commonly went on while the political antagonists were distending their throats and making their eyes almost start from their sockets in furious and futile attempts to deliver their speeches.

The ceremonials were, in fact, a mere saturnalia of riot, drunkenness and ruffianism.

Now the whole of this public nomination is abolished. All that is done on the nomination day at present is this: the proposers, seconders and supporters of each candidate hand in at a given hour of the day what are called the nomination papers, and which merely set forth the name of each candidate and of the electors who make themselves personally responsible for his nomination.

Then the day for the polling comes; and the polling, too, is a quiet, not to say a humdrum, piece of business.

In each polling division of a constituency there is a polling-place. In cities it is generally held in some parochial office or public school. A voter going up to one of these places sees, perhaps, two or three voters going in or coming out; he sees a policeman standing on guard at the door; and probably he does not see a single lounger.

He goes into the room, and there he sees a long desk with two or three officials behind it, who have big books in front of them; and at the other side of the room a few little compartments, very much like those of an English or Continental telegraph office.

He goes up to the desk and gives his name; and when the rate-books have been looked up and his credentials duly examined, he is handed a printed ticket containing the names of all the candidates, each in a separate line. At the end of each name is a small blank space.

The elector is now shown into one of the little compartments, and there, all alone and in secrecy, he makes the mark of a cross opposite the name of the candidate he prefers.

He then goes back to the desk, and in presence of the officials drops his voting-paper, carefully folded, into the ballot-box. The officials see that he drops the paper in, but they cannot see what he has marked upon it.

Then the voter has done his duty to his country, and lounges quietly home to dinner.

All or nearly all the old "humors" of the British election have vanished. But of course

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we still have the election meetings, the speech-makings and the animated interchange of personal abuse.

We have also some new and original humors of our own. The petticoat is a tremendous influence in the English elections of our time. The Primrose Dames swoop down on the electoral field like eagles striking a bee-line for a carcass.



Bringing Voters to the Poll.

The Primrose League is an association of Conservative matrons and maids who have started a fable about the late Lord Beaconsfield's love of the primrose; and under the inspiration of that symbolic flower they devote themselves to the upholding and the further propagation of the opinions of Lord Beaconsfield's political party.

I must say they do their work right well. They are indefatigable; they are inexhaustible; they pervade the country, holding meetings and making speeches—and very clever speeches some of these ladies can make.

When an election comes on they have additional and different work to do. Under the late electoral reform bills a candidate or his friends may no longer pay for the conveyance of a voter to the poll; but any one may use his private carriage for the conveyance of as many voters as he pleases.

Now in the case of poor men, workingmen, living or laboring at a great distance from the polling-place, it makes a vast difference whether the voter is left to trudge to the poll himself or whether he is pleasantly and briskly driven to the spot in the carriage of some countess. Very often the countess or the duchess, as it may be, drives her own pair of ponies, and she rattles up to the door of a weaver or a blacksmith, and with voice of sweet courtesy beseeches him to take a seat beside her, and let her have the honor of conducting him to the poll.

The Tories have decidedly more carriages than the Liberals, and this gives them an immense advantage.

The Liberal ladies have lately been getting up political organizations of their own, and have been contributing the heavy family coaches and the light barouches and the smart pony-traps to the business of electoral battle—making them genuine war-chariots.

But the organization of the Tory dames is as yet much in advance of anything their Liberal sisters have been able to accomplish, although these latter have recently been showing great energy; and be it observed that they can put into the field their countesses and their marchionesses, too.

A young Liberal lady told me lately some of her odd experiences in a campaign in one of the midland cities. She had her big old family coach, and was personally conducting the capture of Liberal voters. Two or three men whom she was to take charge of were working in a dye manufactory.

The first man whom she invited into her carriage hung back in a sheepish way. She urged him to lose no time, but to get in and sit beside her. At last he spoke.

"Please, Miss," he said, "I have been working hard in the dyes all the morning, and I think I had better put some cleaner man in next to you!"

Another time she had to convey a voter who could not read or write. In such a case the official at the polling-booth is permitted by law to ask the man privately the name of his favorite candidate, and to mark the cross for him.

This particular voter of whom I am now speaking was a big, good-natured, shy man, terribly afraid that something would happen to him, that he should be made responsible for some sort of punishable offence, if he had not some one with him to protect him. So he firmly declared that he would not enter the polling-booth at all unless the young lady, my friend, went with him.

There was no moving him from this resolve. No; he knew nothing about it, he persisted, and they would only puzzle him if they got him alone.

So my friend had no way out of the difficulty but to go with him. She entered the sacred precincts, the voter clinging to her skirts, and she began an explanation to the officials.

The explanation was promptly cut short by the official sternly holding up to her eyes a printed placard bearing the inscription, "No women admitted to this room." She might agitate, she might organize, she might make speeches all day long, she might convey scores and hundreds of voters to the poll; but she must not enter the polling-booth!

The voter would not consent to trust himself without her. She had to quit the building; he sorrowfully but resolutely quitted it with her—and a vote was lost to the Liberal candidate.

THY BURDEN.

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown.
No lot is wholly free,
He giveth one to thee.

—*Christian World.*

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

The recent visit of the young German Emperor William to his English grandmother and her subjects was not only an interesting event by reason of the splendor of his welcome, but probably an important one in its political results.

The cordiality with which the Emperor was received, the brilliant fêtes given in his honor, the banquets, reviews, hospitalities which occupied his time were mainly due, no doubt, to the fact that he is the almost absolute ruler of a mighty nation, and is, moreover, the grandson of the English queen.

Certainly his gracious welcome was not owing to his personal achievements as a warrior or a sovereign, for his record in these respects has still to be made.

The most important aspect of his visit to England is probably the political rather than the social one.

At the same time that William was enjoying the pageants in his honor at London and Windsor, a British fleet in the Mediterranean was being visited successively by the Emperor of Austria-Hungary and the King of Italy.

Thus England was being honored at the same time by the three continental sovereigns who have just extended the time of the famous "Dreibund," or "Triple Alliance."

For several years the three powers of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy have held themselves bound by mutual compacts to defend each other against any attack made by another power.

This Alliance was formed by three ministers who are now, curiously enough, all out of power—Prince Bismarck, Count Andrassy, and Signor Crispi. Its intention was to form a solid barrier, in Central Europe, against the possible aggressions of Russia or of France. By it Germany was freed from the fear of a French invasion, Austria from a Russian attack, and Italy from a collision with France.

The purpose and effect of the Triple Alliance has thus been to preserve the peace of Europe. It was, nevertheless, somewhat doubtful for a time whether, when the period of the Alliance came to an end, it would be renewed. The political power had passed, in all three countries, from the men who formed it; and all the influence of Russia and France would naturally be thrown against it.

But at last it has been announced that the period of the Triple Alliance has been extended for six years. The three powers resolve that, at least for that time, they will stand shoulder to shoulder in resisting any attempt to disturb European peace.

In order, moreover, to make themselves yet more secure, they undoubtedly desire that England should support and coöperate with the Triple Alliance. England would not consent to actually enter the Alliance herself. But there is good reason to believe that her interests and sympathies lie rather with the allied powers than with Russia or France.

It may be readily conjectured that one important purpose of the Emperor William's visit to his royal grandmother was to establish more cordial relations between England and Germany, and to engage, as far as he could, England's support to the Triple Alliance. The same reason probably actuated his two allies of Austria and Italy, in going out of their way to stand on the decks of British men-of-war.

The result seems to be that to-day England wishes well to the Alliance, and in case of war, would either stand neutral, with a friendly attitude toward the allies, or enter upon hostilities, with her magnificent fleet and ample wealth, in their support.

The world at large will rejoice at the extension of the Triple Alliance, which purposes to keep the peace for six years longer. Still better news, however, would be the announcement that the great powers had agreed to decrease the enormous armies which now burden their soil, and deplete the pockets of their people.

For the Companion.

TWILIGHT.

How fair and broad is this reposeful scene!
The shining lake inverts the sloping shore—
House, wheatfield, grassland, acreage of corn.
The twilight hills stand girt by stirless pines;
And, softly crescent-lit, far mountain-tops
Neighbor God's stars. Our spirits are at rest.
Why should we wish to waken Memory?
Why care to question Hope?

ISRAEL JORDAN.

THE WEATHER BUREAU.

It is almost exactly twenty-two years since the work of observing, reporting, and predicting changes in the weather was first undertaken by the United States government. The first order for anything of the kind was issued by the Secretary of War in 1869, shortly after the close of the Civil War.

At the start, the Signal Corps, as it was called, consisted merely of a body of officers and soldiers from the regular army, detailed for this particular work. Their only important stations were along the great lakes.

But in a short time the Weather Bureau developed far beyond the designs of those who originally planned it. From a simple telegraphic report of weather conditions at a few military posts, a great system of offices and observers grew up, whose published bulletins were used daily in every department of the country's industry.

The farmers consulted the weather prophecies to learn whether it was safe to begin on a given day to harvest their grain or cut down their hay. Captains of coast steamers planned their course according to the Signal Service predictions of storm or fair weather.

Even the every-day business man got into the habit of glancing at the weather forecast in his morning newspaper before deciding whether to take his umbrella to business with him or not. Scientists used the statistics of the Weather Bureau as a basis for their own studies of the world we live in.

It would be interesting to notice into how many of the affairs of life the weather reports and forecasts enter. To illustrate by but a single example: If a heavy storm is raging in Texas the cotton crop may be injured, and the price of cotton at the New York Exchange will advance, in anticipation of the injury.

But the making of forecasts is work requiring intelligence and scientific knowledge, and it was soon discovered that simple army training could not supply the experts needed for this work. A curious compromise was made. The officers at the signal stations were very generally chosen from private life; but when they began their work they were enlisted in the army, with an army officer's regular rank and pay. The assistants, too, were formally admitted to the army service.

This combination of regular army officers doing civilians' work, and civilians bearing military titles, hampered for many years the bureau's work. Finally people made up their minds that the whole plan of an army Weather Bureau was absurd.

In its second session of 1890, after a discussion which developed no actual difference of opinion, Congress passed a law providing for the transfer of the Weather Bureau from the War Department to the Agricultural Department.

The Chief Signal Officer of the army was still to remain in charge of "all military signal duties," but these were far less important than the duties of the modern Weather Bureau, and the law itself stated that the duties of the officer and his corps "shall be confined to strictly military matters."

Meantime a new chief for the Weather Bureau was to be appointed, and the necessary employees, after being honorably discharged from the army, were to be reëmployed under the Agricultural Department, at the same salary.

The law was signed by the President, October 1, 1890, and went into effect on the First of July, 1891. It is believed by careful observers that its effect will be excellent.

Hereafter, it will be more easily possible to engage the services of first-class scientists in the work of the bureau, and to conduct its work without being hampered by the rules of a department whose principles and organization are on a totally different basis. In fact, there is reason to look for great improvements, even in the weather prophecies.

"HI" AND "HULLO."

A little girl was recently criticised by her family for the unceremonious manner in which she had been observed to greet a group of playmates in the street. She was told that while, of course, no one would expect her to observe elaborate formalities of etiquette in her intercourse with other children, she should not omit the simple formulas of politeness. She should at least say good-morning.

"They would think something was wrong if I did," was the unexpected reply. "They would think it meant I was mad with somebody, and was trying to be stiff. We girls never say, 'Good-morning,' or 'How do you do,' or things like that. We say 'Hi' and 'Hullo.'"

"But good-morning is both more polite and more sensible," she was told. "It is the expression of a kindly wish, and a brief and convenient phrase besides. It means something, and is perfectly easy to say. There is no meaning in hullo and hi."

"Why, yes, there is," she persisted. "They mean ever so much more than 'good-morning.'"

Being pressed for further information, she added that hullo was generally another way of saying, "There you are, are you?" or "I'm glad to see you;" while hi implied surprise, joy, excitement or preparation for immediate action of some sort. Moreover, hullo was usually a phrase in itself, but hi was more often used in combination, as "Hi! come along," or "Hi! girls, are you ready?" or "Hi, isn't this fun!"

But neither word could be reduced to a cold-blooded dictionary definition, because so much depended on the inflection and the occasion, and whether it was spoken or shouted.

The little girl's family tried in vain to convince her that the customary forms of salutation were preferable to those which chanced to have become current at school. She admitted that if they wished her to say good-morning she ought to say it, but only to satisfy them; her own choice she was quite sure would always be hullo.

Her mother and aunts, while they were more amused than distressed, yet indulged after she was gone in some lamentations over the roughness of the public schools, the little attention given to manners, and the prevalence at the present time of the tomboy type among girls.

Polly would outgrow her roughness, they hoped; but they did wish she was more polite. People were likely to misjudge her so; she would never be popular, as Mrs. Jones's Mamie was, who was no older than she, but had the manners of a perfect little lady. It was impossible to imagine Mamie Jones saying *hi!*

But they were somewhat consoled a few days later when Polly returned flushed and indignant from an errand in an unfashionable neighborhood upon which Mamie Jones had accompanied her.

They had carried flowers and attracted the attention of a number of dirty little children, with whom Polly had exchanged greetings.

"They called out 'hi' to me, so I called back 'hi' to them," she told her mother, "but Mamie thought it was dreadful, and I ought not to speak to them at all—not even to say hi!"

In this case, although *hi* can never be regarded as a wholly desirable expression, the child who employed it was the more truly polite, because moved by the more kindly feeling; and it was the "little lady" who failed in courtesy.

"Hi" with good-will behind it is not polished, but it is a root from which in time the best kind of politeness may grow and flourish. It is well sometimes to have patience with the hullo's and hi's that the good-morning may be genuine when it comes, and ready alike for rich and poor.

NOBLE WORK.

How shall we help the poor? The old way is to give alms. A still older and better way is to give one's self.

Years ago a young man named Toynbee, gifted and fresh from the university, led a company of young men like himself to settle in a colony amid the slums of London.

While daily engaged in their special pursuits, they made this region their home; and by living among the poor and the vicious they had their evenings to give to acquiring personal acquaintance with them, devising for them healthy amusements, and awakening their better natures.

"Toynbee Hall" has become a historic force for good. It has also shown that this old and simple way of friendly intercourse and familiarity is the true method of reaching the degraded.

Of late there has been a growing disposition among some of the best people in our country to grapple with poverty in the same sympathetic way. Not long ago in New York a company of college young ladies formed a colony among the tenements. Most of them gave their days to their regular vocations; and all of them gave their evenings and Sundays to personal touch with their unfortunate sisters.

And now young men have taken up this work. An organization has been formed in New York called the University Settlement Society. Its patrons and leaders are some of the most prominent gentlemen of the metropolis, but the actual work among the poor is to be mostly done by young men—college graduates from all parts of the country.

Entering one of these college settlements, their residence in the great city is to be made a season of exalted living for themselves and of help to the unfortunate.

By coöperation in large schemes such as "Neighborhood Guilds," and more privately as solitary workers, these young men are in a position to accomplish an enviable amount of good. Moral ambition, care of the body, healthful recreation, employment of the leisure hour, brightening of

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the home of the laborer, are among the practical ideals which they will seek to cultivate among the men of their neighborhood.

This is the right kind of work. But the "worthy" and the "unworthy" poor need moral help. Official visitations by salaried workers often leave behind a sense of humiliation.

We need the enlargement of heart which comes from familiarity with distress and weakness. The unfortunate need the moral inspiration of strong and sympathetic personalities which do not shrink from them. When the members of our Christian Churches give themselves to such unselfish work for others, Christianity will command a respect and influence which we are sorry to say it fails in a large degree to receive to-day.

GOUNOD'S FIRST SUCCESS.

The composer Gounod, like many another genius, was compelled to wait and work for success. But his case was a peculiar one, for his talents were recognized early, and he was not in need of money. Nevertheless, it was disheartening to him to feel that his work was not considered of sufficient commercial value to pay for publishing it.

The popular singers, the brothers Lionnet, found a publisher for one of his charming songs, composed for Beranger's words, "*Mon Habit*." Anatole Lionnet relates the incident in his volume of "Souvenirs."

After hearing him play for the first time, Anatole expressed enthusiastic admiration. It was at the rooms of the Escudier brothers, publishers of music, and as the two men were alone for the moment Gounod said:

"Ah, you have heard what the Messieurs Escudier say of my works. They think them interesting, they do not deny their merit, but they will not publish them. They think them too difficult for the public taste. Do you know," he went on, rather sadly, "that up to this time, except the *Nonne Sanglante* and two pieces from 'Sappho,' nothing of mine has been published. They were printed at my expense and are still on the hands of the dealer."

He turned away and began playing "*Mon Habit*," saying, "This would suit your voice and that of your brother."

It did suit the voices of the Lionnets beautifully, and Anatole, full of enthusiasm over the composition, hastened to Hengel the publisher, and asked him to take it.

"It is exquisite," said the publisher, "but it would not sell."

After considerable urging, however, he said, "If you intend to sing the piece at your concert and will popularize it in that way, I will give M. Gounod a hundred francs for it."

Gounod was delighted with the news, and with the hundred francs, the first money he had received for his work. Years later he said to Anatole Lionnet:

"How well I remember that hundred francs. I left Hengel, went home overjoyed, and threw five of the beautiful gold-pieces into mamma's apron."

"It was charming and touching," adds Lionnet, "to hear that man of genius, then sixty-eight years old, use that word 'mamma' as sweetly and as simply as a child."

MANUAL TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.

A youth of eighteen was lately engaged as clerk on a small rock excavation designed to drain a backwoods lake. The contractor had brought all his men, including a blacksmith, from the distant settlements.

Knowing his employer to be under heavy bonds to finish by December, and being aware that another blacksmith could not be imported within ten days, the man at the forge struck for enormous wages about the middle of November.

The contractor, in danger of serious loss, was on the point of yielding when his clerk said, "Let Meiggs go. I'll take his place."

He did it successfully, for the sharpening of drills is a simple operation of heating, hammering, filing and tempering. This youth had attended a technical school. The contractor, having saved his forfeit, added a handsome sum to the young fellow's stipulated wages.

By his manual training that lad had become an American of the old school. Former generations of our countrymen were noted for their readiness in using the simpler implements. They could build a barn, lay a floor, repair a wagon, make furniture, construct a punt or a rough bridge—in short, "turn their hands to anything."

Nowadays the proportion of American-born boys who can hit a nail instead of their thumbs is small and decreasing.

This is because our boys, in an ever-increasing ratio, are bred in towns. Nevertheless, manual training would often enable them to save if not to earn money. Moreover, it is well proved that such training brightens the intellect of students.

When national circumstances change, national education should be adapted to supply what family life gave formerly. Sufficient workshops should be added to our schools. Thus youngsters peculiarly gifted with mechanical ability could soon discover their bent, while the whole body of pupils would receive a training at once pleasant and useful.

A PATRIOT.

In 1861 it was decided to organize the clerks of the Treasury Department at Washington to defend the building and its contents against an anticipated attack. The following paper was presented to each employee to sign:

"I will defend the Treasury under the orders of the officer in charge of it, against all its enemies, to the best of my ability."

The pledge was not received with enthusiasm, writes Mr. Chittenden, then the Register of the Treasury, in his "Recollections of Lincoln." "They all, with one consent, began to make excuse."

There was an epidemic of heart and nervous diseases, which were always brought on by any sudden shock. But one old Southerner put them to shame. He had been in the office half a century and belonged to an old Carolina family. His desk was in the basement of the Treasury, where he had charge of surrendered ship's registers. Few of the other clerks knew him, for scarcely any one had occasion to go to his desk.

"I never fired a gun in my life," he said. "I could not hit the side of a barn, and I have no doubt that I am a coward. But as long as the star-spangled banner waves, I have something to live for. If I am too old to be of any other use, I can at least act as a powder-monkey, and my body will at least stop a Secession bullet with the best of you."

He seized the pen, and the name first signed to the paper was that of Francis Lowndes.

RABBITS THAT CLIMB.

The effect upon animals of a change in the conditions of their life is a favorite topic among zoölogists and biologists, who find that nearly every species of animal existed in some other than its present form, at some previous epoch of the world. The whale, for instance, was once a land animal. Forced to take to the water for a living, he became, in time, much more like a fish in shape than like a land animal.

According to a Tasmanian paper, the *Hobart Mercury*, a modification of the form of a familiar European animal is going on in the Australasian world under the eyes of the people there.

The Australian rabbit, imported from England, is acquiring nails on his feet, and learning to climb. As is well known, the rabbits of Australia have increased to such enormous numbers that they have become a great pest, swarming over the land and devouring the farmers' crops.

In order to protect their fields, the farmers put up wire nettings in place of fences. The rabbits could not get through these, but they presently began to burrow beneath them.

Then the farmers sank the nettings six or eight inches into the soil. This stopped the rabbits from getting in by digging, but they presently began to attempt to climb over the netting.

As the result of this climbing, it is said, the rabbits are developing a nail in their toes. The nail development has been noticed in Queensland, and still later in Tasmania.

According to the theory of natural selection, it is likely presently to happen that in certain districts only those rabbits will survive which can climb at least a little; and in this way a race of climbing rabbits may be developed.

IN ARKANSAS.

An article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on "Plantation Life in Arkansas" is prodigal of rich and quaint sayings common among Arkansas "crackers." A sort of rude poetry shows in such phases as "mighty quick weather," for uncertain weather, "burn the wind," to run fast, and "r'arin' and chargin'," a synonym for fierce anger. The roads are "only muddy shoe-mouth deep," or again they are muddy enough to "mire a saddle-blanket."

"Come to git a fire?" the hostess demands of a visitor making a brief stay, alluding in hospitable sarcasm to old times, when matches were rare, and a neighbor might run over to borrow a brand from the fireplace.

"Got your name in the pot," means that you are expected to a meal.

"I aint goin' to marry a wife won't work as in a col' collar," a man will say, having in mind the horses who will pull only when they are warmed by preliminary exercise.

Cattle are shut up to "gentle them." A housewife will say that her boiling water "aint kicking yet," or "*is* kicking," according as it bubbles or not.

The "all overs" is a striking name for nervousness, and somehow a "fitified sheep" seems more to be pitied than a sheep liable to fits.

ACCURACY AND GREATNESS.

The wonder of Professor Agassiz's knowledge was the completeness of it. That is the secret of the power of all great naturalists. They see what escapes the observation of others, and are able to discover the meaning of slight differences that ordinary men have not noticed at all.

A young artist once called upon Audubon, the great student of birds, to show him drawings and paintings. Audubon, after examining the work, said:

"I like it very much, but it is deficient. You have painted the legs of this bird nicely, except in one respect. The scales are exact in shape and color, but you have not arranged them correctly as to number."

"I never thought of that," said the artist.

"Quite likely," said Audubon. "Now upon this upper ridge of the partridge's leg there are just so many scales. You have too many. Examine the legs of a thousand partridges, and you will find the scales the same in number."

The lesson shows how Audubon became great—by patient study of small things.

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN GOLD.

Professor Roberts-Austen, of England, has succeeded in making out of gold and aluminium a compound metal or alloy, which is said to be the most brilliant known. Its general hue is a splendid purple, but as it is turned in the light it reflects bright tints of ruby color.

A little more than three-quarters—more accurately seventy-eight per cent.—of the alloy is gold, the remainder being aluminium.

Some of the expectations recently raised in regard to the possibility of substituting aluminium for steel and iron are not likely to be realized, but that wonderful metal is proving of great use in combination with others, and the discovery of Professor Roberts-Austen may lead to the production of very beautiful effects in jewelry.

"LABOR" CLOCK.

It is in Paris that the art of finding mercantile advantage in political excitements is practised to its fullest extent.

During the recent labor demonstrations in that city, a clock-maker exhibited a rather queer-looking clock in his window, with this placard upon it:

THE LABORING MAN'S CLOCK.
(Runs only eight hours a day.)

White Teeth.—"*Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice*" whitens and preserves the teeth. [*Adv.*

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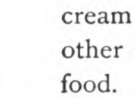
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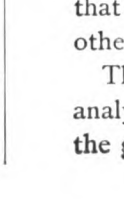
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SUGGESTIONS

BREAD-MAKING.

Make a list of materials for a loaf of bread.
Classify them as animal, vegetable or mineral.
Learn how each is obtained and manufactured.
How does the yeast "raise" the bread?
What is the object of kneading or chopping?
Why does dough "sour" if raised too long?
Why does bread sometimes smell of alcohol?
Why is "bread and butter" so excellent a food?

For the Companion.

THE MEMORY-BRIDGES.

Busily, busily to and fro,
See them, the bridge-builders, come and go,
Grey-beards and bonny-eyes, mothers and midges,
All of them busy a-building bridges.
High be they? Low be they?
Who can tell?
Each keeps his secret, and keeps it well.

Steadily, steadily, see them build.
Not one is idle of all the guild.
This one is planning and placing and plying:
That one is trusting and tracing and trying.
Strong be they? Weak be they?
Who is there
Knows if the bridges will break or bear?

Cleverly, cleverly day by day
Toil the bridge-makers sans stone or clay,
Fashioning after their own designing,
Some for rejoicing and some for repining.
Ugly or beautiful?
Who can know
What is the pattern the bridges show?

Ceaselessly, ceaselessly year by year
Grow the abutment, the arch and the pier,
Grow on the builders' brows wrinkles and ridges,
Caused by the rearing of memory-bridges.
Deep be they? Slight be they?
All may see
What sort of furrows these furrows be.

Finally, finally each must tread
Over the Memory-bridge he's made,
Over the deeds that are long past doing,
Over the faults that are left for rueing.
Light is it? Hard is it?
They may ken
Who've crossed the bridges from Now to Then.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

For the Companion.

SHUT HERSELF OUT.

The village street was long and grassy, and on the hill at one end stood the church, surrounded by trees, and with roses climbing up to the windows.

Anne, when she was a baby, used to stand at the gate in front of her home, and watch her mother as she went into the church on Sunday morning. If she could only go with her, and see what was done there, and listen to the music! When she was grown she would go.

When Anne was a girl of sixteen, she stood at the door of the church one day, and remembered her childish fancy. The music was sweeter to her now, and a deeper mystery urged her to go in. But not to-day — not to-day! The little church was familiar to her as her own home. Some of her schoolmates were that day before the assembled congregation, to say that they would try to be the faithful servants of Christ while life should last. If she could go with them—oh, if she could go!

But there were so many things which she did not want to give up; selfish habits, extravagant dress, delightful, malicious gossip. She could not make up her mind to be stupidly good, as she expressed it. "I must have my fling," she thought. "But I'll go—some day."

The music followed her with a sad appeal as she hurried down the hill.

Anne's mother was a widow who supported herself and her daughter by the work of her own hands. The girl used to watch her hurrying across the street to an evening service when her work was done. She always came back with a light in her eyes, and a cheery, tender tone in her voice. What did she find there?

The day came when Anne for the first time in her life loved some one better than herself. But he was a poor man.

"Come," he said, "let us go into the little church and be married. God will bless us. It will be a delight to meet the blessings and trials of life together."

Never had the roses seemed so sweet, or the music so full of promise. The church was like heaven to her. But the tempter had come. A wealthy young man of the neighborhood had also asked her to become his wife. She would have riches and luxuries!

What could she not do with money! The world, with fine houses and clothes and jewelry of her own, was a more real place than heaven, after all; and her God was farther off than the man whom she did not love, but who could give her these things.

"I cannot go with you," she said to the man she loved, and before the altar in the little church she sold herself for the riches she coveted.

Anne lived to be an old woman. She had great triumphs and sharp pains in life. Her husband was indifferent to her; her son, whom she dearly loved, became a drunkard and a criminal. When he was a child she always intended to take him to church, to teach him to know her mother's God. But her own life was so different! How could she teach him?

When misery and disaster shut her in her luxurious home, she used to look at the gate, and at her mother's grave, over which the roses grew. The red, rejoicing light of the risen sun rested upon it.

"If I, too, could enter in and find peace!" she thought, listening to the sound of prayer within.

But time had made her heart callous. "I will go—but not now," she said.

One day the gate opened wide for her to enter. They carried her in. She did not lift her hand. She spoke no word to say what she would do—or would not do. After the solemn burial service they laid her outside, in a grave not far from her mother's.

The door of the church was always open during her life. The hymns of praise and the sound of prayer rose to God there from week to week. His peace descended upon His people.

She had made her own choice, and would not enter in.

STARS BEYOND SIGHT.

When the air is damp and warm a new iron surface will corrode very quickly. Exposure for a single day is enough to mark a nail here and there with specks of rust, easily removed by a touch. However closely one might observe the nail from the first moment of its exposure, it would be impossible to see the change taking place in its color. The eye would tire of watching long before a grain of rust would come into view. An example this of countless forces in nature, too gradual in their activity to come within the limits during which the eye can sustain its attention. They require time, and often a very long time.

Now, if instead of the eye, so feeble and so easily fatigued, we have something more sensitive to light and not subject to weariness, we can at once indirectly and very greatly extend the field of human vision. Such a substitute is found in the photographic plate when it is treated with newly devised compounds, upon which rays too faint to be otherwise detected can imprint themselves.

Besides its exquisite responsiveness to light, this plate has another advantage over the eye. We may look directly at a distant star, but if its ray is too weak to excite vision, our gaze is in vain, no matter how long we may be able to maintain it. Not so with the plate. The rays which fall upon it, however faint they may be, steadily increase their effect from minute to minute, from hour to hour, until at last they yield a perfectly distinct image.

All this has been applied in a wonderful way to the study of the heavens. With every successive improvement in the power of telescopes, astronomers have brought into their ken nebulæ and stars before unseen.

They know that invisible stars must far outnumber the visible ones, for the whole volume of starlight is much greater than the beams received from the stars within the telescope's range. Their belief, based upon past observation, is that space beyond vision is ever ready to reveal a new wealth of worlds to any new power of exploration.

Precisely such a power is conferred by the sensitive plate just described. When it is attached to a telescope whose lenses are by suitable mechanism kept constantly directed at a particular point in the sky, the astronomer is able vastly to extend the diameter of the visible universe. Orbs so remote, or so feeble in their ray, as to be invisible to the keenest observer, in the course of a clear night form a well-defined picture in the camera.

This noblest use of light as a limner has brought to view a sphere of creation which no mortal eye shall ever directly see, a sphere thickly gemmed with stars, and stars in the making—as we now know nebulæ to be.

By a subdivision of the heavens among the world's chief observatories, a comprehensive mapping of the skies is now in progress. It will be much more accurate and full than any previous work of the kind.

In securing pictures of particular heavenly bodies photography is quite as important as in making charts of the stars. Professor E. S. Holden, who has charge of the great Lick telescope at Mount Hamilton, California, declares that the camera in forty minutes has given him as much knowledge of the moon's surface as he had been able to obtain in four years' observation.

The satellite of Neptune, though invisible in the telescope on account of its proximity to the planet, has been photographed in every part of its orbit.

What wielder of the pencil or the brush would have dared to transfer the sun's lineaments to paper or canvas? It was reserved for the photographer, by a fine stretch of audacity, to compel the sun to take his own portrait, and to do it in the fraction of a second.

GREAT MEN'S DIVERSIONS.

Every one knows that things may appear exceedingly amusing to some people which to others have not the smallest element of the funny about them. Not infrequently the notion which great men have as to what is amusing and diverting is very hard for ordinary people to account for. Since the death of M. Pouyer-Quertier, a French statesman who was conspicuous during the war between France and Germany, but who was afterward almost forgotten by the French people, some anecdotes have been told of his participation in the peace negotiations of 1871, which reveal Prince Bismarck's sense of humor in an interesting light.

After the capitulation of Paris, the French provisional government sent to Frankfort a deputation to arrange terms of peace with the Germans. M. Thiers, the greatest French statesman of the times, was at the head of the deputation, and another member was M. Pouyer-Quertier.

Count Bismarck, as he was then, monopolized the negotiations on the part of the Germans; and for M. Thiers, who was a very little man, and who spoke in a high-pitched, flute-like voice, it pleased the German Chancellor to affect a sort of contempt.

For Pouyer-Quertier, on the other hand, he showed constant and great admiration. Pouyer was a very large man, with a big voice; moreover, he had a tremendous appetite; he could drink as much beer as Bismarck himself, and enveloped his head in clouds of tobacco-smoke.

All this eating, smoking and drinking during the negotiations was extremely offensive to M. Thiers, who detested cigars no less than he did beer. Bismarck, accordingly, in his relations with the Frenchmen, promoted Pouyer-Quertier, who was a man of inferior intelligence, to the head of the delegation. He called him, admiringly, *un rude homme*, which may be translated "a terrible fellow," and devoted most of his attentions to him.

Pouyer-Quertier, in one of these diplomatic smoke-talks at Frankfort, complained to Bismarck of the charges on the German railways.

"I paid," said he, "sixteen thalers for my ticket from the frontier here. The fare would be about half as much in France."

Bismarck laughed. "When you consider," he said, "that the sixteen dollars includes the return fare, and all other return expenses, meals, cigars, and so forth, it is pretty cheap."

This was regarded as Prince Bismarck's idea of a joke, as the ticket was only an ordinary single-trip one.

When the negotiations were over, M. Pouyer-Quertier went to buy a ticket back to France, and was told that his return fare was paid by the price of the ticket upon which he had come. He took a meal at the restaurant at the station, and payment was refused for that. "It's all in the ticket," said the attendant.

At the first stopping-place on the way an attendant brought a tray of wines and food to M. Pouyer-Quertier's compartment.

"In Germany," said the attendant, "this goes with the return ticket."

The scene was repeated at every stopping-place, until M. Pouyer-Quertier, "terrible fellow" as he was, found himself in danger of being gorged to death.

It was Prince Bismarck's joke. M. Thiers, as a serious man, and yet not without a keen wit and strong sense of humor on his own part, could only shrug his shoulders and wonder at this singular diversion on the part of his nation's conqueror.

For the Companion.

MUTE.

The heart most torn by grief hath never flung
Its plaint abroad for all the world to hear.
The voice of song is hushed beside love's bier,
And deepest sorrow is for aye unsung.
The mellow threnes that down the years are rung,
For fame are sounded, in the haunting fear
That love will perish in oblivion drear
Unless the singer give it golden tongue.
But, oh, the broken heart doth turn away
To silence, listening and remembering!
It loveth starlight more than blinding day,
And trusteth time to heal its wounded wing,
Hoping to rise when love's eternal ray
Pierceth the darkness,—but it doth not sing.

ANNA B. AVERILL.

BY THE CLOCK.

A case was being tried in a country court. A horse had been stolen from a pasture, and the evidence all pointed to a certain doubtful character of the neighborhood as the culprit. Though his guilt seemed clear, he had found a lawyer to undertake his defence. At the trial, the defendant's attorney expended his energy in trying to confuse and frighten the opposing witnesses, especially a certain farmer whose testimony was particularly damaging. The lawyer kept up a fire of questions, asking many foolish ones, and repeating himself again and again, in the hope of decoying the witness into a contradiction.

"You say," the lawyer went on, "that you can swear to having seen this man drive a horse past your farm on the day in question?"

"I can," replied the witness, wearily, for he had already answered the question a dozen times.

"What time was this?"

"I told you it was about the middle of the forenoon."

"But I don't want any 'abouts' or any 'middles;' I want you to tell the jury exactly the time."

"Why," said the farmer, "I don't always carry a gold watch with me when I'm digging potatoes."

"But you have a clock in the house, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what time was it by that?"

"Why, by that clock it was just nineteen minutes past ten."

"You were in the field all the morning?" went on the lawyer, smiling suggestively.

"I was."

"How far from the house is this field?"

"About half a mile."

"You swear, do you, that by the clock in your house it was exactly nineteen minutes past ten?"

"I do."

The lawyer paused, and looked triumphantly at the jury; at last he had entrapped the witness into a contradictory statement that would greatly weaken his testimony. "I think that will do," he said, with a wave of his hand, "I am quite through with you."

The farmer leisurely picked up his hat, and started to leave the witness-stand; then turning slowly about, he added, "I ought perhaps to say that too much reliance should not be placed upon that clock, as it got out of gear about six months ago, and it's been nineteen minutes past ten ever since."

THEY FOLLOWED HIM.

The battle of Raymond was the third of a series necessary to drive General Pemberton with his Confederate army into Vicksburg, and so clear the road to Jackson, Mississippi. Defeat in either of them meant failure to the campaign. At Grand Gulf three days' rations were issued to the troops. These were intended to last six days, but as things turned out, the men got nothing more for ten days. The country was poorly supplied with provisions, and soldiers' meals were light repasts.

No one understood the situation and the necessity for prompt and decisive victory better than General Logan. His division had the advance on the road leading to Raymond. A short distance from the town it struck General Gregg's Confederate division, about five thousand strong, moving forward. A slight fence was between the forces, at about an equal distance from each line.

Gregg's division was the stronger. The emergency was pressing. An hour of delay meant an hour in which the enemy could build fortifications. Logan could not await reënforcements. He must fight.

Gregg's skirmishers were driven in and his line of battle was struck with great impetuosity; but it stood firm. His troops were veterans. The Union line was checked suddenly. The fire was fierce. Disaster seemed imminent. The Union officers were unable to induce the men to advance. There the line of battle stood, and under the sharp fire began to waver. To break was defeat. A few moments and all would be over.

General Logan dashed up, looking black as a thunder-cloud. He made a fiery speech, but the line did not stir. He exhorted the men, but they would not move forward. It did not seem that they could. It looked like certain death to every one who should advance.

Gregg's batteries swept the Union front. Logan resolved to triumph or die on the field. Quickly he rode to the centre of a regiment, and taking a national flag from the grasp of the color-bearer, amid a heavy leaden hail, galloped to the fence and planted it only twenty or thirty steps from the Confederate line.

Then he turned and with tears streaming down his cheeks said, "Men, will you abandon your flag? Will you give your flag to the enemy? Come here with me and defend it!" and again he faced the foe.

A second of silence followed; then a cheer rang along the line louder than the din of battle. It swept forward. It reached the fence. A withering volley was fired. The color-bearer again took his flag. Over the fence the men climbed, and with another cheer away they went at a charge. Gregg's line wavered; it yielded a little, and then broke and fled. The Union troops were in pursuit. Their cheers added to the panic and speed of the flying foe. The battle of Raymond was won, and the road to Jackson was clear.

MIXED PRONOUNS.

Old Mrs. Maynard, in Strawbury, a little village of Northern Vermont, was famed—among people who all had good abilities in the same line—for "long-windedness," and a sublime contempt for those who "couldn't foller along an' git the gist of a story 'thaout havin' ev'ry other minute ter cast back in their minds an' find out who yer tellin' of 'em 'baout!"

"Where's Dan'l an' his dog gone to? I aint seen 'em pass by, this three or four days," asked a neighbor, one hot August afternoon, taking a "spell o' restin'" in Mrs. Maynard's "livin'-room."

"Well," began Mrs. Maynard, rocking and fanning herself vigorously as she talked, "he's nothin' but a peck o' trouble to us. Seems ef, ever sence we fust 'dopted of him; *he* [this doubly emphatic "he" stood for the old lady's husband] said to me, day before yist'day, didn't seem es ef he was ever goin' ter be any manner o' use; an' then they wouldn't be sep'rated, an' at fust it did seem kinder cruel, jest them two left anyway.

"She give him the dog when she died, ye see, an' he said he guessed we could make out to stan' it ef he didn't bark much; but he does, an' one day las' week he was off fishin' all day when he'd oughter helped *him*. Both of 'em was off together, so we was spared the barkin', that was one thing, to be sure.

"An' then he et up two chickens a spell back, though his mother allus said he was a splendid hand ter mind him, but he aint naow, whatever he was 'fore she died; nor he aint nuther, an' *he* can't do nothin' with either on 'em, an' he licked 'em both Tuesday; took him out'n the hen-coop as 'twas, an' we don't know where nuther on 'em is, boy or dog, but more'n likely he's gone back to the 'poor-farm' with him, an' a shif'less pair they be!"

The visitor gasped a little. Evidently it had been hard work to keep the boy and the dog apart, but she was able to reply in such a way as not to incur old Mrs. Maynard's disapprobation.

WELL PLAYED.

A New York gentleman, says the *Times*, has a fine St. Bernard dog named Monk, who has been taught a trick of which his master is very proud. Upon a signal, Monk lies down before his master, with his big head stretched out on the floor before his outspread paws.

The owner begins, in a low voice, a thrilling story of a poor wanderer struggling up the passes of the Alps, lost in the blinding snow. Monk listens intently to every word. His voice growing stronger, the gentleman describes the wayfarer as overcome with fatigue, and tells how, thoroughly worn out, he lies down to rest.

At this point the gentleman stretches himself out on the floor, resting his head on his arm, face downward. Monk remains perfectly rigid. The gentleman goes on reciting in a tone growing gradually softer. He turns up his coat collar, and then, lifting one hand above his head, lets fall a shower of fine white paper.

As the pieces representing a gust of snow flurry down, Monk bounds across the floor, barking at the top of his lungs, and reaching the prostrate form of his master, lies down, stretching his paws across the man's back and poking his big black nose under his collar. He whines and snuffs and pounds the floor with his big white tail.

Finding that all such efforts to resuscitate the wanderer are unavailing, Monk rises, and lifting his head, sends forth a howl of woe that would unquestionably bring the whole Alpine hospice to the rescue.

Then comes the climax. Monk seizes the helpless man by the coat collar, and is about to drag him away, when life suddenly returns, and the exhibition ends with a lively tussle between dog and man, and joyous howls of delight on the part of Monk. Of course a round of applause always follows the entertainment.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

An English gentleman vouches for the truth of a very singular coincidence, which without such testimony it would be hard to credit. About twenty-five years ago a man who had been in a counting-room in Manchester was convicted of theft from his employers, and sentenced to imprisonment for two years. When he had served his time he found it impossible to get employment as bookkeeper again, and after trying other things settled at last into journalism, in which he was reasonably successful.

His life was now thoroughly honest, and after several years he was sent to edit a paper in a British colony where his story was unknown.

Here he was working his way up, and enjoying once more the respect of his fellows as a man of unblemished reputation, when the wind one day tore the roof from a building on the opposite side of the street. This building had formerly been used as a post-office. Under the roof were some old newspapers which had not been delivered from want of proper address; and these papers were blown about the street.

With true journalistic enterprise one of the staff of the journal edited by the ex-convict examined these wind-blown papers with a view to finding anything of interest which they might contain, and fate directed his attention to an account of the trial and conviction of the editor.

As the editor was doing all that an honest life can do to redeem a past fault, it is sad to be obliged to add that the story was told, and that it went far toward ruining the unfortunate man.

HOUSES OF SAWDUST.

A recent German periodical speaks of the discovery that sawdust is of great value in the construction of house-building materials. In Berlin already a number of buildings are in process of erection, in whose formation sawdust plays an important part.

The sawdust is mixed with certain inexpensive pulverized minerals, and is formed into bricks, plastering, and so forth, by means of strong hydraulic pressure.

It has been demonstrated that the building materials constructed in this manner are impervious to dampness, and quite fire-proof as well. They are also remarkably firm and of extremely light weight.

A still further advantage is said to be that the material of this sort can be tinted and colored to suit the most exacting taste, with a slight amount of trouble and expense, so that the ornamental part of house-building can be carried on from the time the first sawdust brick is laid in its place.

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For the Companion.

A QUEER QUARREL.

"I'm the happiest boy in town!" cried Lee;
"I'm happier'n you!" said Roy;
And then they grew angry as angry could be
Over which was the happier boy.

"Happy folks never quarrel," said sweet Auntie Belle;
But "I'm happy!" said Lee and said Roy;
Then they laughed at their folly, till no one could tell
Which was the happier boy.

For the Companion.

EDNA'S STORY.

I'm going to tell you a story about my gran'ma.

You'd think gran'mas would always be good, but they aint. I mean they are when you know them, but you don't know them till they're grown-up ladies with gray hair and red cheeks and spectacles. It's when they're not gran'mas yet,—when they're little like me, I mean,—and then I guess they're better'n I am.

I'd like to know a real gran'ma when she was little.

Gran'ma's name was Orissa,—only now we call her Gran'ma Foster,—and she had to spin tow. She had to spin twenty rolls every day, ten rolls in the morning and ten in the afternoon.

She used to do it up over the kitchen in the kitchen-chamber, and her mother—that's my Great-gran'ma Hooper—used to bring the rolls up to her and leave her there all alone to spin her "stint." And Orissa didn't like to spin very well.

Well—and there was a fireplace in the kitchen-chamber, and no one ever built a fire there, and there was a fireboard that covered the fireplace all up so you couldn't see it. And gran'ma—Orissa—found that there was a hole in the fireboard just big enough so she could put her hand in.

And one day,—it's s'prising what gran'mas will do when they're little—one day Orissa just hated spinning, 'n' she'd spun six rolls, 'n' she looked at the other four, 'n' she took one of them 'n' began to chew it.

It was so big that her mouth was full at first, but she chewed 'n' chewed till at last it was only a wad, and then she took and put it right through that hole in the fireboard and dropped it in the dark behind, where she knew that no one would ever find it. So she didn't have to spin that roll.

Well—and then she took another roll, and she chewed that up 'n' dropped it through the hole. And then she didn't dare chew any more, so she spun the other two rolls, but when she came to the other ten that she had to spin in the afternoon she chewed one of them and dropped it through the hole.

And that was the way Orissa kept doing every day. She didn't dare put as many through the hole as she wanted to, only one or two at a time.

Her mother kept wondering why what Orissa spun didn't come to more, but Orissa never told her why. She didn't dare.

But her mother thought Orissa was a good girl. Mothers 'most always do think you're good just as long as they can, you know; and Orissa's mother would say what a good girl she was to spin, and Orissa would feel just as *mean* when she thought about the chewed-up rolls back of the fireboard.

Well—after a while, Orissa's mother thought she'd s'prise her with a new dress. It was only calico, but calico was real precious then.

Why, Gran'ma Foster—Orissa—never had had a bought dress in all her life. They made all the cloth at home, and a calico that was bought was *real* precious.

So one day her mother said, "Orissa, you've been such a good girl spinning, I've bought you a dress," and then she showed her it. Gran'ma Foster's got a piece of it now in an old quilt, and it was two blues—dark blue and light blue—and yellow and white.

It was pretty, and Orissa laughed and hopped up and down, she was so glad. And then—all of a sudden—she remembered about the chewed-up rolls. There were a good many of them by that time in behind the fireboard. Orissa stopped hopping. But she didn't tell her mother.

And her mother made the dress with gathers 'round the neck, and it had shoulder-straps and a full waist. I think gran'ma must have looked funny.

And she used to wear the calico to church Sundays because it was so precious. Gran'ma says she always used to go two miles to church, and she used to carry her shoes in her hand and go barefoot till she was pretty near, and then she'd walk through a brook and put her shoes on. That's the way lots of the children did then to save their shoes, because shoes were precious as well as calico.

And all the other little girls thought Orissa's bought calico was so fine, and they looked at it and wished they had one, 'stead of dresses out of cloth their mothers had made at home. But Orissa just *hated* that calico dress.

She hated it worse 'n' worse every time she wore it. *I* know why. Don't you?

She thought the minister looked at her every Sunday when she sat in church with that calico dress on, and it just seemed as if he must know all about those chewed-up rolls, someway.

And Orissa felt worse 'n' worse 'n' *worse* every time she heard her mother say she gave her the dress because she was such a good girl spinning, 'n' one Sunday, when she was getting ready, Orissa just couldn't stand it any longer, and she cried 'n' cried 'n' *cried*, 'n' told her mother all about the chewed-up rolls 'n' everything.

And her mother looked at her, 'n' said, "Why, *Orissa!*"

And that day Orissa had to go to church in her old dress, for her mother didn't let her wear her calico again for a whole month to punish her; and all the little girls looked at Orissa and said, "Why! What you got on your old dress for?"

But Orissa didn't care. She was so glad that her mother knew, and she dared look at the minister now. And Orissa never, *never* chewed any more rolls.

This 's the story I was going to tell you about my gran'ma. She told it to me when she showed me the piece of calico in her quilt. And she told me to 'member that, no matter if other folks do praise you up, and think you're real good, if you're *not* good it just makes you feel bad. And she says it's a *great deal* better to be good all through. And my gran'ma *knows*.

MARY E. BAMFORD.

For the Companion.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Little eight-year-old Mollie sat petulantly tapping on the library window, as she watched her playmates enjoying their playtime.

"Why, Mollie, what can be the matter?" kindly inquired auntie as she entered the room. Turning her head to conceal the tears that *would* come, and elevating her little snub nose, Mollie replied in much disgusted tones, "Simply an *illustrated* tooth."

Alma had been taken to Sunday school for the first time in her four and a half years. All the way home her heart was running over with joy. Just as papa lifted her from the carriage, she exclaimed, "Oh, yes, papa, and I am in the *elephant* class."

Little Bessie, aged four years, coming down stairs the next morning after the carpets had been removed from the floor, ran up to her grandmamma and exclaimed, "Why, grandmamma, the upstairs is all barefooted!"



For the Companion.

SUMMER SUNSHINE.

His real name is Roland, but we call him "Summer Sunshine" because he is such a bright, jolly little fellow, never out of sorts, always happy to see any one and just as happy if alone.

His hair is bright golden and curls beautifully, his eyes are a lovely blue, his pretty mouth is always in smiles, and one cannot see him without being happy, too.

Ladies stop their carriages to greet the little chap, and sturdy farmers forget their work to say pleasant things in answer to his baby "Morning, man."

Roland is a country boy. His favorite place is the barn-yard, and what a good time he has there, for the chickens and turkeys and ducks seem to like him just as much as the grown-up people who know him.

Every bright summer day you may see him sitting on the barn steps with his dolly and his little kitty. Kitty is very fond of Roland, and Roland is very fond of kitty; he thinks her whiskers are "so bu'ful."

But Roland's greatest delight are the little chickens, and doesn't he have a fine time with them! He feeds them with the bread and butter mamma gives him, or if he has anything else that is nice he always gives his little chickies some, until they follow him around wherever he goes.

Sometimes he plays soldiers with his chickies, and puts his paper hat on his head, for he could not get along without his paper hat. He sticks a chicken's feather in it or a peacock's feather or any other feather he may happen to find; it doesn't make any difference what he sticks in it, so that he sticks in something—a wisp of hay serves as well as anything.

He is the big soldier and the little chickies are the little soldiers. Round and round the barn-yard they go, Roland and dolly, Roland singing, "Stick a feather in his cap, called it macker noney;" little chickies coming next, peep, peep, peep; kitty coming last, looking very wise.

The parade over, Roland sits down on the barn steps, kitty by his side, and talks to the little chickies and sings to them, while they keep up a constant peep.

Or, tired of talking to the chickies, he has a roll in the hay with kitty, stopping long enough to put some pretty pieces of hay in dolly's hair and in her dress, for he thinks dolly looks just splendid when she is "fixed up."

It's fortunate for dolly she is a strong, healthy country dolly, or it would go hard with her. She is Roland's special pride, and goes with him everywhere; but Roland is not very careful how he carries her, sometimes he holds her by one arm or by her foot, or perhaps puts his chubby fingers around her neck and carries her in that way, but he never means to hurt her.

One day in June Roland found a baby sparrow that had fallen out of its nest. He picked up the little chirping fellow in his tiny hands and talked to it, and gently stroked its head, while the baby bird held its mouth wide open as if to swallow his kind little fingers.

Soon the baby became quiet in Roland's warm hands, and he walked very slowly on tiptoe to the barn steps and sat down, whispering all the time to kitty to "keep very kiet," and gently warning the little chickies off with his tiny foot, so as not to disturb the pretty stranger.

When he thought the baby bird was fast asleep, he took it over to a tree near where he picked it up, and left it just where he said "its mamma tood find it."

Thus it is he is always happy, whether running through fields of daisies as tall as himself or singing away on the barn steps surrounded by his favorites.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

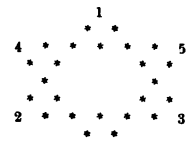
1.

CHARADE.

My *first two* combined are applied to those
Who do nothing the livelong day;
My *third* is untamed as the wind that blows,
Or the ocean billows at play.
My *whole* is the name which a poet bestowed
On the home of his choice, a charming abode.

2.

A STAR.



1 to 2 and 1 to 3 connected, the name of a Scottish chief who was executed on August 23, 1305.
2 to 3. To intercede.
4 to 5. A sea mentioned in the Bible.
4 to 6. An iron pan for baking cakes.
5 to 6. To arise.

ANDY HANDY.

3.

PUZZLE.

1 * * * * 12
2 * * * * 11
* 3 * * 10 *
* 4 * * 9 *
* * 5 8 * *
* * 6 7 * *

Read the letters in the order of the numbers, and find the date at which, according to old mythology, the Moon was born.

Across.

To put in actual possession of an office by the customary ceremony.
More than one, but not a great number.
In botany—veined.
To designate or appoint for a particular purpose.
A light, loose garment resembling a frock coat.
Up to the accomplishment of anything.

4.

ANAGRAM.

So go, O ye greedy.—A song.

Up and down I like to roam,
Yet I never stray from home,
And when I would correct a wrong
My violence shows that I am strong.

A. M. P.

5.

METAGRAM.

Whole, I am a valley. Change my head and I become in succession

1. White.
2. A strong wind.
3. A kind of cabbage.
4. A story.
5. A bundle of goods.
6. Healthy.
7. A market.
8. A plank extending along the side of a ship.

6.

CONCEALED ACROSTIC.

In each of the following sentences a cross-word is concealed, the definition of which is given in the same sentence.

There is a certain way by which you can telegraph your feelings to horses, and few are insensible to kindness.

When you take breakfast at home let me prepare a dainty dish for you.

I wanted to wear my new gown, but to-night I found it needed some more trimming.

You can see by this picture, although it is dim, age has only added sweetness to her expression.

There is a good reason for my not going out to dinner very often. It is found in my aching tooth.

The initials spell the name of a bird that is welcomed early in the season.

7.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

Supply the blanks with words to complete the sense, and transpose them into an appropriate proverb with no letter repeated.

There was a farmer once who said,
"I'm tired to death of * * * *,
If I could write as poets do
I wouldn't till the soil."
He worked all day, then lit the * * *,
And wrote till early * * * *
Upon a * * * * * * to the * * * * *,
But tore it up with scorn;
And dug a * * * * beneath a tree,
And buried it where none could see;
Now neither poet nor plowman he.

Conundrums.

Which is the most bloodthirsty age? Carnage.

What exclamation do we sometimes mention in speaking of a young girl? Alas (a lass)!

What kind of nuts should always grow on the sea-shore? Beech (beach) nuts.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Heir, loom (heirloom).

2. Mild.

3. 1. Remote, meteor. 2. Statue, astute. 3. Equip, pique. 4. Dearth, hatred, thread. 5. Priest, ripest, sprite.

4. An apron.

5.
L A U G H
O R L A N D O
W H I R L P O O L
E L M
L I M E
L A M A S

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For the Companion.

CONSUMPTION.

Professor Burt, of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School, read an article on "Consumption and Modern Research" before the New York Academy of Medicine, the substance of which will interest many of our readers.

It is now believed that phthisis, in all its forms, is due to the presence of tubercle, and that all tubercle is the outgrowth of microscopic organisms—the *bacillus tuberculosis*—without whose presence no debility on the one hand, nor bad hygienic surroundings on the other, can give rise to the disease.

Having gained an entrance into the body, these microbes find lodgment at the points of least resistance, where they become centres of irritation resulting in tubercular development. Our race would be exterminated by them if they were not repelled by healthy tissue and actually killed by healthy blood-serum.

Though consumption itself cannot be inherited, the weakened resistance to the microbes may be. Whatever lowers the tone of the system, especially of the lungs, facilitates infection and so does whatever interferes with full respiration, for thoroughly oxygenated blood not only keeps up the resistance of the cells but actually kills the germs.

The expectorations of the patient contain numerous microbes, and as these retain their vitality after drying, they may float in the air and settle on the walls of the room, and thus in time find their way into the lungs by inhalation, into the circulation through an abraded surface, or into the stomach with some infected article of food. Therefore all expectorations of a consumptive patient should be destroyed, and all clothing disinfected.

The hopeful side of the case is that the microbes can seldom find lodgment in healthy tissues, that the breath of patients does not, as a rule, contain them, and that they do not multiply outside the body.

A person with a tubercular parentage should never marry another of like history. If one parent has good blood, the child may expect to escape, if reared intelligently—that is to say, if he is properly clothed, carefully fed, and allowed to spend most of his time in the open air.

Nothing is more conducive to complete renovation than horseback-riding. The regular practice of deep breathing, with the mouth closed, out of doors, while the blood is coursing through the veins, is a purifier equalled by no drug. The great aim is to raise the tone of the tissues and the fluids that bathe them to the pitch of highest health. The chief essential to this is the free, full breathing of pure air thoroughly vitalized by sunlight.

ECCENTRIC JOURNEYS.

A sudden passion for journeying in new and peculiar ways has lately been developed in Europe, by way, it seems, of a reaction from the monotony of railway travel.

The courage of certain English gentlemen, who so highly regarded the old system of travelling in coaches that they set up regular lines of coaches of their own, driving the teams with their own hands and taking as passengers all who would pay the fare has been imitated by others who travel all the way across Europe on bicycles or on foot.

Not long ago a man set out from Paris for St. Petersburg on stilts; but how he progressed on his journey, no one seemed to care. Public interest in him was exhausted with seeing him march through the streets of Paris with long, slow strides, perched on his tall stilts.

His purpose is stated to be to prove that stilt-walking is superior as a means of locomotion to ordinary walking, or to riding on wheels.

Another man rode from Paris to Marseilles on a mule—a very comfortable and pleasant way of travelling. His object was to call attention to the good qualities and endurance of the mule—an animal which, he declared, is not so highly regarded as it deserves to be.

A glass-worker in the South of France has lately announced his intention to go from Marseilles to Paris for the purpose of visiting the grave of Napoleon I. He is to walk backward all the way!

The man who is to undertake this remarkable journey does not do it to illustrate the superior advantages of walking backward over walking forward, but in the hope of making money out of the journey.

Most extraordinary of all is the reported determination of a young Russian officer of the gendarmerie at Vladivostock, on the Pacific coast of Siberia, to travel from that town to Paris between April, 1891, and April, 1893, on his hands and feet. *This is certainly the extreme* of reaction from the railway train.

THE PARROT'S NAME.

It is often convenient for a man to have a "middle initial" in his name, but not always so convenient to a bird or an animal to be thus provided. A certain dog, for instance, whose name was George B. McClellan, declined to be known by it, resolutely refusing to answer to any other name than the *alias* "Gyp."

This has not been the case, however, with a green parrot who at this day lives in the city of Chelsea, Mass., and who actually rejoices in the name of John W. Clarkson.

This parrot is a very good talker indeed. Visitors to the house where he resides are frequently astonished very soon after their arrival to hear a harsh and somewhat husky, but perfectly comprehensible voice, call out:

"John W. Clarkson wants a cracker!"

Another of his accustomed speeches, which sounds somewhat strange, is this:

"Pretty John W. Clarkson! Pretty, pretty John W. Clarkson!"

On one occasion, when some boy visitors were engaged in poking sticks between the wires of this accomplished bird's cage, they were startled to hear him call out to his mistress:

"Jennie! They're plaguing John W. Clarkson!"

AT ANY PRICE.

John Gill, an old fisherman "down east," was exceedingly fond of a bargain. One day he came into the midst of a set of jolly campers who were sitting about the fire cooking their supper.

"Any fish to-day?" quoth John, displaying a basketful of beauties.

"No, we caught our own," said Doctor G., the head of the party. "Splendid luck to-day!"

"Now, I tell ye, doctor, your fish aint a circumstance to mine. Jest try 'em!"

"Don't want them. Haven't any money, either, John."

"No money? Do tell! Well, just give me a bottle or two of doctor's stuff, and we'll call it square."

"Oh, we don't bring much medicine into the wilderness. I don't believe we can trade to-day, John."

The old man leaned forward, and said, with a shrewd twinkle of the eye:

"Then you jest pull a tooth for me! I don't rightly know as I've got any that aint sound, but mebbe you could pitch on one!"

HE COULD SPELL.

Grandma had forgotten that it was two years since she had seen one small member of the family, and that the child had, in the mean time, done a great deal toward learning to spell.

"I can't take it!" stoutly asserted this little Frank, when his mother insisted on his swallowing a spoonful of medicine. "I can't! I can't!"

"Then I shall be obliged to punish you," said mamma, who had passed through more than one scene of the kind, and was beginning to tire of them.

Grandma did not like to interfere, but thought she could do so without showing her partisanship to the boy.

"My dear," said she to her daughter, "why not try h-o-n-e-y?"

"Yes," cried Frank, before his mother could answer, "I'd do most anything for honey!"

Grandma's ruse had not succeeded, but he got the honey.

RIDING A WHALE.

In the memoir of John Murray, the famous London publisher, there is a letter from Mrs. Graham, then living on the Tay, describing an attack made upon a school of whales by the inhabitants of Dundee. She writes:

"We saw the shoal of fish go up the river the day before, but little thought they were to afford such sport.

"A currier ran up to his middle into the water with a dressing-knife, and manfully plunged it up to the hilt into the side of the finner. The whale turned sharp on the currier, and turned him head over heels in the water, but bore off the knife of the half-drowning currier.

"Meanwhile a sailor leaped on the enraged animal's back, and swam Arion-like round the harbor, holding by the back fin. I am sorry to relate that the poor fish was at last mastered."

"BY GOOD RIGHTS."

It is possible that the boy alluded to in the following letter, received by an English board-school teacher, was fairly entitled, under the law of heredity, to be "dull in learning:"

Madam; Mr. Jones have kept bill away to help to cart muck so long as mr. *jones* wants him I shall not trouble to send him to school as he is dull in learning and get a thrashing every day he is best at work.

FROM MRS. BROWN.

A CIRCUS manager was asked how his great show could be moved so quickly and easily. "Why," said he, "you see every elephant has a trunk, the kangaroos all carry pouches, and the bears have grips."—*New York Journal.*

"WE have a creature at our house that has four legs and only one foot," said a travelling salesman; and nobody believed him until he explained that it was a bedstead.—*Exchange.*

THE reading of the comic papers suggests to an exchange that even the funny men are sometimes out of humor.

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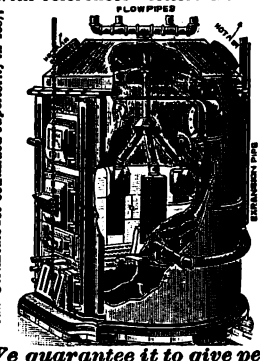
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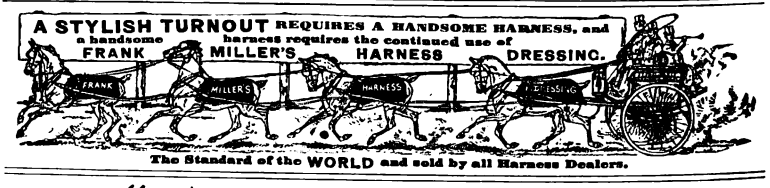
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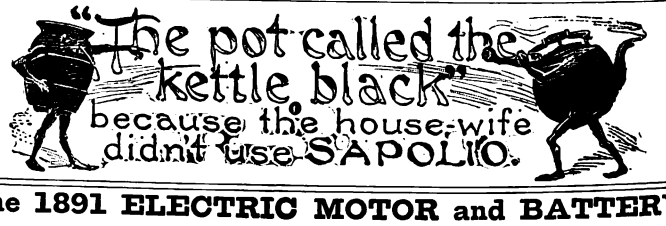
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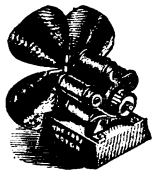
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For the Companion.

INTERLOPERS.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter IV.

Dorothy and Her New Father.

Dorothy made no reply. Indeed she could not have uttered a word just then; her revulsion of feeling was too great. She felt choked and blinded and scarcely knew where she was.

At first she had an idea that the gentleman had bent down as if to kiss her, but she had started back with a gesture of repugnance, and when she looked up again he was standing erect and stalwart by the table, one hand resting lightly upon it, the other thrust into the breast of his closely buttoned coat.

Colonel Everest did not make another attempt to touch her hand. He contented himself with glancing at her as she stood before him, her breast heaving, her eyes downcast and her fingers nervously clutching the lace upon her skirt.

Then he repeated in his full, deep voice:

"And this is Dorothy?"

"Yes."

That was all. He had asked a question and she had answered. Dorothy's heart was bursting with the bitter sense of mother-want. It was as if she had been starving and some one had offered her food only to snatch it away before her lips could taste its sweetness, her body be revived by its strengthening power.

If her mother had been there it would have been different. But she was not, and her unexplained absence cut Dorothy to the quick, but she would not ask this man why he came alone to greet her.

The Colonel understood the quick, keen flash of passionate hatred that passed over Dorothy's face. He knew that she was disappointed and angry, and guessed rightly that she would ask for no explanations.

"I am sorry that I am here in place of your mother. Our voyage across was particularly severe, and both she and Helen were so worn out by it that I thought better to have them remain in New York. After all, the delay in meeting is only of a few hours. We can leave by any train you wish to-morrow."

"I thought better." Dorothy raged inwardly against him more bitterly than ever. What right had he to prevent her mother from coming to her? She was her mother before she was his wife and—but she only raised her head high and with a little outward tilt of her chin replied:

"If my mother was not well I am glad she did not come. Do you wish to go upstairs? We are having a reception there and I do not want to miss any more of it."

There was a twinkle in the Colonel's brown eyes, but Dorothy was not looking at him and did not see his amusement at her awkward attempt to be haughtily indifferent.

"What a hostile little enemy I have here," he thought to himself, as he replied: "Yes. Certainly. Let us go." And with grave and stately dignity he offered her his arm.

This gave Dorothy another opportunity, for she bluntly declined the offer. Colonel Everest, surprised at her refusal, glanced down and spied the bandage upon her wrist.

"I see you have met with an accident," he said in a tone of sympathy. "I hope it is nothing serious."

"Oh no," she replied, with a careless laugh. "I sprained it about a week ago climbing out of the window in the middle of the night. I went out on the lake rowing and when I came back I hurt my arm."

She wanted to shock him. She had a reckless desire to make him think as hardly of her as she could. What did she care what he thought of her? He wasn't her father.

"Was not that in violation of rules?" inquired Colonel Everest, quietly.

"Oh yes," replied Dorothy. "That's why I did it. I never obey any one except my—my mother."

Her companion did not seem to receive this intelligence with any marked evidence of surprise or disapproval. All he said was, "One of the first requisites of a soldier is obedience. He must subject himself to his superior and respect his discipline."

"Oho!" thought Dorothy. "So he expects me to be obedient to him, does he? He thinks he's my superior, does he? Well, he'll see —"

But now they gained the reception-room. At the threshold Colonel Everest paused, and standing aside, permitted Dorothy to pass in before him.

"For all the world as if she was a young lady," whispered Della Carpenter, who was watching them as they entered.

Miss Lorimer was standing near, and in a moment Dorothy made her way to her side and whispered, unsteadily:

"Miss Lorimer, please talk to him; I can't. I —" and then in a louder tone, untrembling and distinct, turning to her companion:

"Colonel Everest, please let me introduce you to Miss Lorimer." Then without another word she left them and abruptly disappeared. Neither Miss Lorimer nor Colonel Everest could restrain a smile which was on neither side one of amusement. Miss Lorimer took in the situation at a glance. She knew what Dorothy's disappointment must have been at not seeing her mother, and she suspected that she had vented it upon the Colonel. He saw that she comprehended, and so they were at once upon the common ground of a mutual understanding.

The young teacher looked up into the face of the handsome, soldierly man beside her and with one swift, searching glance saw what it would take poor little passion-blinded Dorothy months to discover: that here was a true, noble, great-hearted gentleman.

By this time many eyes were turned toward the stalwart figure standing, erect and tall, beside the slender teacher.

The head, with its dark hair, just dashed with gray at the temples, was held high enough to make the large brown eyes appear always looking down at the object of their scrutiny, while the square shoulders and military bearing of the man gave him a special air of distinction.

The girls whispered among themselves: "That's Dorothy's stepfather. Isn't he handsome?"

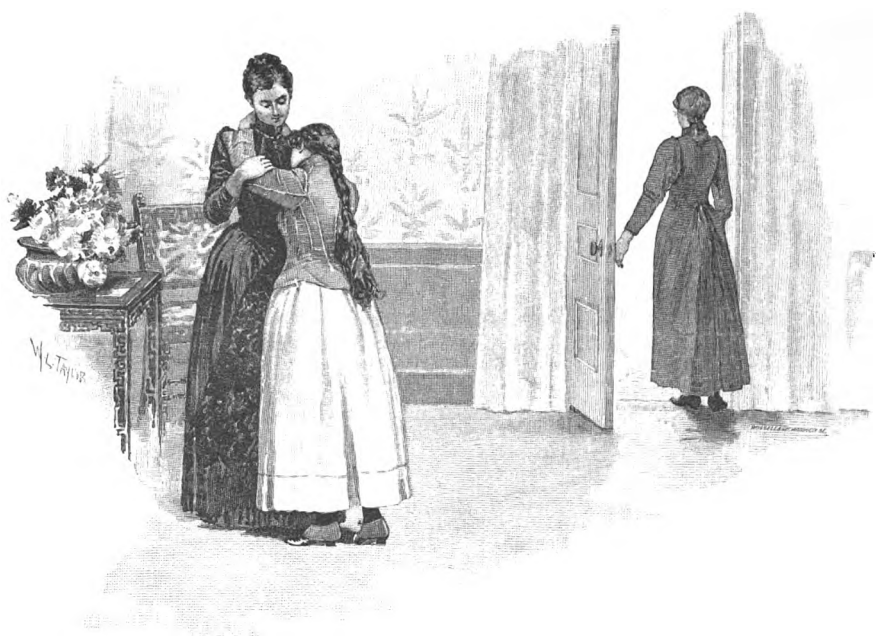
Miss Lorimer saw in him something more than a handsome man. She read his character and saw that he was a man who could win the wayward but warm-hearted Dorothy.

In a few words she sketched the real Dorothy that was hidden under the unpleasant exterior the Colonel had seen. At the end she said:

"She is pure gold at heart. I have never known her to do a mean or dishonest act. We all love her, and I know you will."

"You may be sure I shall," Colonel Everest replied, with grave earnestness.

Miss Lorimer's duties soon called her away, and she was forced to excuse herself. Colonel Everest sat a few moments watching Dorothy, now one of the merriest as well as one of the most graceful of the dancers.



"O mamma, mamma!"

Presently the shifting and movement of the crowd brought her so near to him that his coat-sleeve brushed her shoulder. She tried to look supremely indifferent to the situation, but her scowl was beginning to be altogether too apparent, when Marie Pollock came tripping up to her all asmile, and banished it by saying:

"O Dorothy, mamma is right back of me and I want you to know her, and — and — Here, mamma, this is Dorothy."

Then there was nothing to do but for Dorothy to present her father to Marie's mother, and try to slip away under cover of the introduction.

But Mrs. Pollock would not let go her hand, saying: "I have heard so much of Dorothy from Marie that I feel I know her already," and after a few commonplaces extended a formal invitation to Dorothy, through the Colonel, to make Marie a visit at Newport during the summer.

Dorothy turned scarlet with pleasure and was about to burst out with a grateful: "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Pollock. I'd love to go. I'll ask mamma if I may," when she heard with a shock of dismay her stepfather replying:

"Thank you, Mrs. Pollock. But I think we could scarcely spare her. My wife has been separated from Dorothy for so long that she will want to keep her beside her now, and as for me—I am just about to begin enjoying the thought of having my family about me. I am afraid I could not be unselfish enough to lend you Dorothy even for a week."

There! He had done it fairly and squarely this time.

Dorothy grew rosy red with anger and deliberately turned on her heel and left the spot. What right had he, a stranger, to refuse an invitation for her? What right had he to call her "his family?" She wasn't "his family." She hadn't anything to do with him or he with her. He was nothing but an interloper.

The lights, instead of gleaming gaily as they had seemed to do at first, appeared like so many eyes trying to stare her out of countenance, while the merry buzz and hum of the crowd only seemed mocking her unhappiness.

She was standing by the large open French window behind a screen of palms and looking out into the darkness of the night, and trying to crush back the tears when she suddenly remembered Miss Lorimer's kindly warning words of a few hours ago.

For one brief second she seemed to be on the point of casting out the wretched spirit that was tormenting her with its evil suggestions and wrathful reminders, and inviting, as Miss Lorimer had begged her to do, in its stead, "every tender, true and womanly thought."

Her heart seemed warming and softening and then — she shook herself angrily.

"He meant from the first to make me suffer. He does everything to plague me. Made my mother not come, and told Mrs. Pollock I couldn't go and—and —he wants to be cruel to me. Why should I love him? He doesn't love me; didn't even kiss me when I came downstairs —but *I* don't care. I don't like him. I hate him."

Then out gushed the burning tears, which she angrily brushed away with the lace handkerchief that was certainly not made to be wept upon.

When Dorothy left her retreat and made her way back into the crowd again, she saw that Colonel Everest was once more talking with Miss Lorimer and Miss Duprée. She was vexed to see that the ladies did not appear to find their companion very villanous, but on the contrary seemed rather to consider him especially interesting and agreeable.

As Miss Lorimer caught sight of Dorothy she beckoned to her. Upon her approach Miss Duprée noticed her tired and distressed appearance, and advised her, as the rooms were now thinning fast, to retire at once, reminding her that a long journey awaited her the next day. Dorothy nodded her head silently, and the Colonel looked relieved.

As the girl and her stepfather went slowly toward the door, the passage-way happened to be quite crowded and they were forced to stand a few moments wedged in among a number of others before they could reach the stairs.

Neither Dorothy nor Colonel Everest said one word, and so it was not strange that the voice of some one behind them, speaking in a loud undertone, should reach their ears with a clearness and distinctness that could not be misunderstood. It was Fanny Bergen who spoke.

"There! That's him. He married Dorothy's mother and she hates him, and he has a daughter and she hates her, too, and she calls them 'interlopers' because they—oh, I never can remember the definition, but you know what it is—and—"

Here, happily, the block was cleared and they were enabled to make their way down the stairs and out of the hearing of that dreadful voice.

Neither Dorothy nor her stepfather spoke. The girl, amid all her shame and mortification, scarcely saw where she stepped, and blundered on blindly until she almost slipped on the edge of a polished stair.

Then Colonel Everest's hand was upon her arm, and he was saying, kindly:

"My dear, do you think you can be ready to start at ten o'clock in the morning? Yes? Well, then, good-night and God bless you."

Dorothy stood at the head of the corridor leading to her room, and looked after him as he descended the stairs.

As she watched him she was filled with a sudden impulse to run after him and beg, at least, for his forgiveness, but she delayed too long, and the next moment she heard the heavy front door close after him and it was too late.

She crept into bed that night without saying

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her prayers as she was wont to do, kneeling with folded hands before her mother's picture. That picture had served her for two years instead of her mother's knee at which she used to pray, and she had grown to feel that it had something of the beloved presence itself and told it all her secrets, all her disappointments, all her joys and sorrows.

But to-night, just because she had grown to feel that in speaking to it she was almost speaking to her mother herself, she could not approach it at all. In fact, she felt more like biding her face from the innocent thing, whose eyes seemed silently asking: "How can you hurt me so through one I love?" and she could not answer.

She tried to justify herself to her conscience by repeating: "I can't help it. I don't want to be horrid. I'd love to be good, but I can't when everything is going so criss-cross."

In the midst of her brooding she fell asleep, and only wakened upon hearing the early gong clang out loud and clear its signal to rise.

She had only to dress herself and slip a few little things into her hand-bag to be quite ready for her journey, for her trunk stood locked and strapped beside the wall, kind Miss Lorimer having packed it the day before.

Every one was in a flutter during breakfast. Trunks were being carried downstairs, checks were being delivered, questions asked and no answers given, and in the midst of it all the stage lumbered up, and then the hurly-burly grew more confusing still.

"Good-by! Good-by!" "Write to me, Fan." "Remember Hillside in August, Paul." "Be sure and let me know when to come, Kate." "Good-by! Good-by!"

Then Dorothy, feeling a bit "teary 'round the lashes" and not at all as glad to leave the place as she had supposed she would be, kissed every one good-by, and then her stepfather lifted her into the hack and they were driven off amid quite a chorus of adieux and good wishes.

The journey proved wearisome and long to Dorothy, despite Colonel Everest's repeated attempts at entertainment and occasional bestowals of candy, books and magazines which he obtained from the loud-voiced boy who made it his business to shriek their virtues into the aching ears of the passengers.

He even offered to read aloud to her when he saw she did not care to read herself, but she elected to look so uninterested and bored that at last he left her to amuse herself, which she did by looking out of the window, sighing and longing for the time to come when she could creep into her berth and, hiding behind the curtains, lie thinking her own thoughts and listening to the clatter, clatter of the wheels and occasional sharp hoots of the engine.

And by and by the time came for all this, and then she found herself as ill at ease as before, never thinking that the cause of her discontent lay in herself, and for hours at a time she would lie open-eyed and staring, while the lights flickered past them of some sleepy village, and she would grow drowsy herself—soothed by the train's strange lullaby—and only dimly wonder why she felt so restless and unhappy.

Then she would fall into a doze, only to be waked again almost immediately by some unearthly noise of whistle or wheel or engine-bell.

But all things come to an end, and so at last did this long journey, and Dorothy, somewhat pale and fagged, stepped out of the car, followed by her stepfather, and was whirled away in the sunlight along the hot, dusty streets of New York.

Colonel Everest let down the carriage windows, and in came the summer breeze, which blew with a sweet freshness over their tired faces and travel-stained garments.

Dorothy had scarcely spoken to her companion through all the journey, and now she said, somewhat irritably:

"I don't even know where she is."

Colonel Everest evidently guessed at once who "she" was, for he replied:

"At the Victoria. I left them there until we should return. As soon as you are rested we are all to go up the Hudson to a place I have there. It is ready for us, and I hope you will like it. You and Helen can have your horses to ride and drive, and there is some sort of a river craft, I believe, that you can paddle about in—or, at least, there used to be when I was a boy. Yes, I hope you will like it and be happy there."

For a moment Dorothy was silent. Then she said:

"If my mother is there I shall like it. I'm always happy where she is."

She had just time to hear her stepfather say, "So am I,"—and no more for any of her contrary little speeches, when they reached the hotel.

Dorothy never knew how she got to their apartments. She had dim visions of an elevator and a hall-boy and a knock upon a closed door, and then—the door flew open, she was caught in some one's arms and was hiding her face against some one's bosom and crying, "O mamma, mamma!" without a thought of anything or any one else.

Then she seemed to be conscious, in a vague, uncertain sort of way, of a slender figure slipping past them and out of the door, closing it gently behind her—but who she was or why she went Dorothy did not know nor care.

It was enough that she was clinging about her mother's neck and hearing the dear voice, for which she had hungered so long, saying: "Little Dorothy! Darling daughter!"

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

(To be continued.)

ART IS LONG.

All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The bust outlasts the throne,
The coin Tiberius.

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

TOM BUCHANAN'S GHOST.

Tom Buchanan, as I first remember him, when we sat at opposite desks in school and swopped jackknives, "sight unseen," was a shock-headed, uncouth, awkward lad of sixteen.

He had no mother—and no father worth mentioning. His mother was dead and buried, but his father was only dead and pickled—in alcohol. However, Tom had hired himself out to Abiel Gordon, a farmer near Marbury, and as his father never managed to get himself so far from the saloons as the Gordon farm, Tom rarely saw him.

Tom was a total failure as a farm-hand; but in two weeks' time he knew more about that farm, its topography and its denizens, wild and tame, than the farmer and all his family knew.

In the first three days he found two bee-trees that netted Mr. Gordon ten dollars each. That tickled the old farmer hugely.

Tom next discovered where two turkey-hens were setting which had been given up for lost, and that pleased the farmer's wife. Then he found a missing steer stranded flank-deep in a bog, just in time to have it rescued and saved from death. When I add that he found a pheasant-hen on her nest, you may know at once that he had quick eyes.

In fact, Farmer Gordon declares that if Tom had only stayed a little longer on the farm, he would have discovered a gold mine or an oil well as sure as fate.

Tom went to school in winter, and discovered as many interesting things in and about the little country schoolhouse as he had discovered on the Gordon farm. But when he discovered the new teacher one morning, his career of discovery seemed to come to a full stop.

After that he had no eyes for bee-trees or setting turkeys or anything else of that trivial sort. He fell in love, madly and devotedly, with all the ardor that can be excited in a boy of sixteen by a blooming young beauty of twenty-five.

Unintentionally Miss Jennie Forman, the teacher, fanned the flames that were making such havoc with Tom's sensibilities.

There were older scholars than Tom casting sheep's eyes at the teacher, who were likely, if not carefully kept at the proper distance, to become far more annoying than he. She needed a foil, and, looking about her for the pupil toward whom she could manifest partiality, with the least likelihood of arousing jealousy, she naturally hit upon poor, homely, shock-headed Tom.

If some one of her admirers insisted on escorting her to this, that or the other place, she was always sure to have a prior engagement with Tom. If she divined, from an unusual degree of vacuity on the part of one of them during school hours, that he had resolved on seeing her home after school, she managed to secure Tom as an escort beforehand.

It saved her unlimited annoyance, and it was glory trebly glorified to Tom, while it lasted.

I do not deny that the teacher was to blame in the matter, and played with him in a culpable manner. But she had, of course, no idea that he would take it as seriously as he did. He was to her just a big, awkward boy—nothing more.

The crisis came late in the spring. As the time for the long summer vacation drew near, Tom made up his mind to make a formal declaration of his love. It was a formidable thing to do, but he was equal to the emergency.

In the old farm-house there was a library consisting of a big Bible, a score of back numbers of a fashion magazine, and a large volume of general information on all sorts of topics. In this volume there was a department entitled "The Complete Letter-Writer."

There was one letter in particular that took his fancy. It was entitled:

"Declaring the Love of a Poor Young Man for One who is Above Him in Station."

It began as follows: "Dear Miss ——: I take my pen in hand to declare unto you the passionate yearnings," etc.

Tom concluded that he could change the beginning as follows: "The time has now come when I must declare unto you the passionate yearnings," etc.

The rest of the letter seemed to do as well for a verbal as a written declaration, and he carefully committed it to memory. He found one difficulty, however. The opening sentence seemed to stick to his mind as it was printed. He invariably began with taking his pen in hand, and then had to go back and begin again.

The way from the schoolhouse to the Burnham farm-house, where Miss Forman was staying, led along a country road, then through a neck of woods, then through a field between a big clump of alders and the skirt of the woods, then up a lane to the house.

It was a beautiful hazy afternoon. Tom had been unusually silent during the walk along the road, and, as they turned into the woods, Miss Forman remarked:

"What's the matter with you this afternoon, Tom? I never knew you to be so stupid."

"Well, I—yer see, I wer thinkin' 'bout yer going away. It's purty soon, aint it?"

"Only two weeks. Will you miss me, Tom?"

"Well, yes," said Tom, adding half-apologetically, "yer see they aint many folks round here."

"I see. But if there were more people here, I suppose it would make no difference!"

"I don't know 'bout that," said Tom, earnestly. "That is to say, I—I—don't know 'bout that."

She laughed a gay little laugh. What he said contrasted so oddly with his tremulously earnest manner of saying it.

"Well," she ejaculated, "I like *that!*"

Tom was silent for a while, nerving himself for a great effort. "I take my pen in hand," "I take my pen in hand," kept running through his head.

She stopped to pluck some white phlox by the side of the path. Tom looked at her as she bent down, scrutinized closely her trim figure, well-rounded shoulders, and her wavy brown hair, and longed for the eloquence of the campaign orator he had heard a few months before. She sat down on a low stump to arrange the flowers with some maiden-hair ferns she had gathered into a nosegay, and Tom knew that "the clock of Destiny was striking the hour of Opportunity."

"Miss Forman," he began, "I—I've got something I'd like to say to you."

"Delighted to hear it," she said, without looking up. "I didn't know whether you ever would say anything again."

"Miss Forman, I take my pen in hand—"

She looked up then, full into his agitated eyes. "Your *what?* Tom Buchanan, are you going crazy?"

He was cast down, but not destroyed. He must go through with it now at all hazards. So fixing his eyes on a dogwood blossom about ten yards ahead, he began again in a stilted tone much as if he were declaiming the "Battle of Waterloo," and had to say it all in one breath.

"Miss Forman, the time has now come when I must take my pen in hand to declare unto you the passionate yearnings which you have inspired within my heart. That this is presumptuous on my part is a fact of which no one is more fully aware than myself. But love invades all stations of life, and beauty, like the dawn, cannot hide its charms from the eyes even of the humblest.

"Though I am unable to offer you either wealth or position equal to your own, yet I dare to believe that I can offer you as true a heart and as devoted an affection as any of your numerous suitors of more exalted station; and, as the poet has said:

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

"As the idol-worshipper who lays his choicest offering at the shrine, so, fair lady, I lay my life and service at your feet, hardly daring to hope that you will accept this offer of yours devotedly, Thomas Buchanan."

At the first sentence of this harangue, a frightened expression had crept into the "fair lady's" eyes, for she thought the boy was out of his mind. Then, as the truth dawned upon her, she repressed, at some risk of strangling, the desire to scream, until the last words were uttered.

Then a gale of merriment swept through the woods that startled every chipmunk within a radius of one hundred yards.

It was answered by a roar of laughter, somewhat deeper in tone, as two of Tom's schoolfellows stepped out from behind a neighboring brush-heap. The poor boy could stand no more. He turned and fled, anger in his heart and mortification in his face.

One more week of school, and then the long vacation. For two days Tom did not appear. On the third day he took his seat as usual, amid the suppressed snickers of the other scholars.

He bore it very well, however. A deep plan of revenge had been contrived by him, and the consciousness of this helped him to face the scorn of his companions.

The last afternoon of the term had been set apart for a spelling-match and a tub-race. Visitors from all the farm-houses near were present to enjoy the sport.

Tom's thoughts were not on the spelling-match, and he went down among the first. His whole mind was on the tub-race, and the preparations he had made in advance were elaborate and novel.

For one thing, he had secretly conveyed to a cave, distant about two miles, a supply of provisions, several bundles of straw, and a pair of blankets which he "borrowed" from the barn; also two rusty table-knives, one without a handle, and a rusty old pistol that would "go off" at least once in ten times.

Then he had hid a suit of clothes in the bushes on the bank of the creek, just below the bend, about two hundred yards from the place where the race was to be held.

All these were sufficiently strange preparations for a tub-race; but Tom, with his usual skill in finding out things, had some time before made a discovery concerning tubs, which he had reserved to himself for the purpose of creating a sensation at some time among his playmates. He was now to put his discovery to a different use, though one not lacking in sensational aspects.

Fifteen tubs, with fifteen boys, started out from the bank amid cheers and laughter when the signal was given. Two tubs soon took the lead, one of them being Tom's. The creek was about one hundred feet wide.

By the time Tom reached the middle of the current he had outstripped his rival by several feet, and the plaudits were bestowed generously upon him.

Suddenly he was seen to stop and look wildly around. Then he clapped his hand to his heart as if in pain. The boy nearest to him heard him groan, and the next instant, with a reel, over went Tom into the river.

A shudder of apprehension passed through the crowd. They watched eagerly for his reappearance, but they watched in vain.

A rush was made for the boat near at hand, and three men rowed hastily to the spot. Not a sign of the lad yet. Two of the men stripped off their outer garments and plunged down to the bottom of the water, at this point about eight feet deep.

They reappeared, shook their heads and dove again. Again each reappeared, shook his head, and went down again. Again, and again, and again they repeated the operation, to no effect.

In the meantime, Tom's tub, upside down, had been drifting down stream toward the bend. Strange to say, if any one had had eyes to notice the fact, the tub drifted much more rapidly than Tom's hat, which was borne on the surface of the same current.

Both, however, disappeared around the bend while the divers were still searching. By this time at least five minutes had elapsed, and all hope of rescuing Tom alive had vanished.

They dragged the bottom of the creek with hooks, they prodded it with poles, and the divers searched it over yard by yard until night came, but no trace did they find of the body.

About one hour after all hope of ever seeing Tom Buchanan alive had been abandoned, that young scapegrace might have been seen entering the cave, two miles away. Into one pocket he hastily shoved the rusty old pistol. Beneath his waistband he shoved one knife, and into his bootleg went the other. Thus equipped, he sat down to meditate.

Let the world now beware! Tom Buchanan, disappointed in love, had become a bandit!

The school teacher had not been present at the tub-race, having stayed behind at the schoolhouse to attend to some papers.

When the news of Tom's catastrophe was brought to her, her grief was sharp and remorseful. Somehow she felt as if she were to blame for it. Some said it was a case of heart disease. Others said it was an epileptic fit, calling to mind the character of Tom's father, and citing learned authorities to prove the predisposition to such disorders on the part of the offspring of drinking parents.

But the teacher was worried over the rather ridiculous fear that Tom, in a mad fit of maudlin sentimentality, had committed suicide. This thought haunted her all the evening, disturbed her sleep at night, and was present during the following day.

The search for the body was renewed on the following morning, but, as before, nothing was found. Various theories were advanced to account for this, among them being that of some subterranean current which had sucked the body into a hole, where it had become wedged.

So the search was finally abandoned, and the solution of the mystery was left to time—which proved to be a very wise thing to do.

Miss Forman had arranged to spend the day in the schoolhouse, to attend to the thousand and one finishing-up details which fall to a teacher's lot at the end of a term. She was expecting that afternoon the arrival from the city of a gentleman friend, who—she had every reason to expect—would, not many weeks later, assume a much dearer title, and who was to accompany her next day to the city.

She had written to him to come direct to the schoolhouse, and promptly at five o'clock he was present.

Her worry over Tom had hampered her somewhat in her work during the day, and it was after six o'clock when they started from the schoolhouse.

They loitered slowly along the road and through the neck of woods. When they emerged, the twilight was already deepening into gloom.

She had been telling him about Tom's disappearance, and his proposal extraordinary the week before, and the boy was in the thoughts of both. They had nearly reached the point where the path ran between the clump of alders and the wood, when a violent rustling in the alders attracted their attention.

The next instant there emerged from the clump a tall white figure, which seemed to glide stealthily and silently across their path. As it did so, the face was turned toward them, and despite the gloom, Miss Forman recognized the reproachful, silent, wide-open eyes of Tom Buchanan.

She was a sensible young woman, but the sight struck a chill to her very heart, and she clutched her companion's arm tightly to keep from falling.

"It's *Tom!* Why! it's Tom Buchanan!" she gasped, quaking in every muscle.

The silent spectre glided on toward the woods, the eyes still fixed on her face with a mute, upbraiding stare. Then a low wailing came from its lips that sounded as though a heart were indeed breaking.

The young man would have rushed forward at all hazards, but his companion would have fallen prone had he withdrawn his support. Nor were his own nerves altogether steady after the apparition.

The ghostly figure had reached the very edge of the woods, and the next instant would no doubt have disappeared. But there it stopped. A deep shudder seemed to rack it violently.

The next moment the low wail changed to a piercing shriek of agony.

A look of horrible pain came into the face, driving away the stony glare of fixed melancholy. Miss Forman could stand no more, but fell to the ground and buried her face in her hands.

Then came a metamorphosis. The ghostly arms were brandished wildly to and fro, a white garment went sailing through the air, and the young man watching saw the figure of a shock-headed boy of sixteen, in ordinary work-a-day clothes, bending down and clutching at his feet, and awakening the twilight with his yells for help.

The young man rushed forward, and found Tom Buchanan, alias a bandit, alias a ghost, with one foot caught in a steel trap which Farmer Burnham had set to catch a pestiferous animal that had been molesting his hen-coops.

Miss Forman and her affianced lover did not return to the city the next day. It took two days for her to recover her equanimity in a sufficient degree to make the journey. When they did return, Tom, with one bandaged foot that required the use of a crutch, accompanied them.

On hearing Tom's story in all its details, the young man, who was editor of a daily paper, had been so struck with Tom's constructive skill and his "nerve" in carrying out his plans, that he at once prevailed upon him to go to the city and become a "printer's devil."

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To-day Tom is city editor, and has the best reputation for skill in finding out things of any newspaper man in the city.

Nevertheless, Tom was a very foolish boy in attempting such an absurd method of what he supposed to be retaliation, and he himself now thinks so.

E. J. WHEELER.

BEAUTY.

I know what beauty is, for thou
Hast taught me, dearest, by that sweet
Of me thou kept under it a part:
I never loved it more than now.

—Geo. McDonald.

For the Companion.

NEPIGON.

In Six Chapters.—Chapter IV.

White-fishing on Nepigon Pool.

After a rainy night and a wet forenoon the sky cleared, and the sun looked out beautifully warm and bright.

"If you like, we go out on the great pool now," John said. "You will see fine sight there."

Rods and nets were brought, the canoes launched, and we embarked just as the sun was sinking from view behind the wooded ridge across the river, the shadow of it stealing over the deep, slowly turning waters.

We floated out, and entering the limb of the enormous eddy, were borne slowly but resistlessly around, in a great circle, two or three hundred yards in diameter. It was a veritable merry-go-round of the Tritons.

There was little danger, yet the Indian boatmen crouched low, both at the bow and stern of the canoes, and watched the eddies closely as they formed, ready with their paddles to work out quickly, if the downward draught or upward swirl of the waters should be too strong.

The pool was teeming with large white fish. Unlike trout, the white-fish does not break water with a leap and a splash, but comes quietly up, and, turning, wriggles along with a peculiar serpentine motion, its back just showing above the surface. Scores of them were in sight at once on all sides. It was a spectacle to drive an angler wild with anticipation.

"What brings them up in such a peculiar manner at this hour, John?" Professor William asked. "I have not noticed them before."

"The millers, sir," said John. "They are feeding. Don't you see the millers falling?"

Sure enough, there were hundreds and thousands of little dusky millers, the miller of the tree caterpillar, we thought, floating out from the wooded shore and dropping upon the water.

"The white-fish live on millers at this time o' year," continued John. "It's the only time the fish ever come to the surface like that, and they are never so good to eat as when they are feeding on millers. Millers give their flesh a sweet taste."

"A miller's a small mouthful for a five-pound fish," Alton remarked.

"Oh, they catch hundreds o' them," replied John. "Can open one of these white-fish now, and you will find his stomach packed with millers. But a few weeks later you will not see a white-fish anywhere on these waters. They will be all on the bottom, feeding on a kind of water-worm that come out then."

"I see now what that young sportsman down at Hamilton's Pool meant by telling me to fish here with a miller-fly," observed Dick. "I'll act on his advice, for I believe I have a few little flies of that sort."

In a few minutes Alton had a bite.

"They bite easy," continued John. "They do have very tender mouths. If you pull much you will pull the hook out of them. Their mouths are not so strong as a trout's."

Alton let the fish have plenty of line at first, but gradually he reeled it in. White-fish, although fairly gamey, do not fight so long and so strongly as trout or salmon. In four or five minutes this one was brought so close to the canoe that John secured it with the net. It weighed about three pounds.

Meantime Professor William's rod began to whir in the other canoe.

"Oh, he has hooked a big one!" cried Lucia, to know by the way it rigs." A moment later the fish broke the water, leaping entirely out.

"That is a trout," said Joe Eskimo, and Wap-a-shecis also said, "Ush-aw-pow."

After a smart while the fish was netted. It was, as Joe had declared, a trout. Dick immediately hooked a small white-fish and Alton also caught another. But Lee fished in vain, and the rest of the party had indifferent luck.

The late twilight was calm and beautiful. The quiet of the great wilderness was broken only by the roar of the cataract and a few distant wild cries of animals and birds. Suddenly from the woods on the farther back of the pool, a little tongue of fire blazed up. We had seen and smelled smoke in that direction.

"It is my old camp-fire," John remarked. "When I was up here last month I got supper there. The fire has kept in the scurf among the spruce root ever since."

This seemed quite remarkable, for there had been several drenching rain-storms.

Far up above the ridge-pole above the little fire, we twice heard an odd outcry of peculiar wild intonation. Wen-a-goosh muttered, "*Mor-gos.*"

"What is 'mor-gos'?" Then asked, but Wen-a-goosh did not understand even so simple a question in English. Joe Eskimo laughed, but said nothing.

"Oh, he don't mean anything," said John, as if to change the subject.

"I know what mor-gos is," said Lee; "*mor-gos* means bear."

John looked a little embarrassed. He had manifestly disliked to have the Indian know that there was a bear about.

"Oh, I am not afraid of bears," said Lucia. "I've had experience of bears."

The next morning we were all rather late astir. Immediately after breakfast Professor William announced his intention of setting off on a prospecting trip for minerals, to the ridge on the west side of the pool, and proposed to Alton and Dick to go with him. Somewhat to his surprise and that of the others, they declined.

Alton said something about fishing for trout in a new place that forenoon, and Dick also excused himself a little clumsily.

Professor William did not urge them, but Lee offered to go with him. They set off very soon, promising to return by luncheon.

Then went with Lucia, who had not fished very much here as yet, to use Lee's rod at the rapids. They followed up the path to the great "pot-hole" —as Alton had named it—near the foot of the falls, but met with no success.

At length, Lucia came down to camp for another hook and a bit of pork for bait, and while there she saw Joe and Wap-a-sheesh carrying a canoe up the path toward the two short rapids above the falls. Dick and Alton were following them.

overboard and let the canoe down by the line into the quicker water near the brink of the falls. This quick water was known to be good fishing ground, where some of the biggest trout in the river were apt to be lying.

"Oh, they have pretty good luck there, I guess," John added.

"But why should that be such good fishing ground?" asked Then.

"Because, I suppose not many ever fished there," replied John. "Joe is about the only one who will try that."

"But what if the line were to slip off the stone, or get frayed and break," said Teacher Sarah, uneasily.

"Well, I guess they would go over then," said John.

"It is a dangerous situation, and they shall not stay there!" said Teacher Sarah. She began calling to them, and making signals with her scarf. At length Alton looked up and saw them. The canoe was taken back a little and pushed to the shore. At any rate he professed not to hear or understand, but held up two huge trout.

Just then Professor William appeared on the scene. He had returned to the camp, and finding no one there but set out to look up some of the party. Lucia pointed to the water which was still rippling.

He looked out upon the river, and when he saw what was going on his face took on an expression of alarm and of annoyance as well.

"What sent those boys out there? Wan," turning to John, "how came those boys in that perilous place?"

John hastily, and with all the excuses he could find, explained Joe's expertness for aiding such tedious fishermen. But Professor William interrupted with a stentorian hail.

At that the boys looked up quickly enough. They appeared to experience far less difficulty in hearing now.

There was a hasty reeling in of lines, and the two Indians drew back from out the quick water by hauling steadily on the line. Fortunately, they regained the pool above and came ashore without accident.

Alton and Dick were much elated and, partly to cover their confusion, perhaps, came to so hauling up each a noble trout, the largest we had seen. Alton's, indeed, weighed six and a quarter pounds, and Dick's only a pound less. They had also caught four smaller ones.

Professor William admired the fish, but expressed himself quite pointedly to the boys and Joe Eskimo regarding their adventure.

Upon the morning of the fourth day we set off on the lake to go around from the falls into South Bay. There a portage can be made into Lake Hannah, and thence across into the Nepigon River again, on our homeward way.

The guides had carried the canoes around the rapids to a cove above the falls, the previous evening. We embarked at seven o'clock, and soon emerging from among a group of islands, saw a great lake stretching away to the horizon like the ocean.

For three or four hours we coasted the south shore, and at noon landed for lunch. Refreshed after lunch, we passed through a pretty group of small islands and doubled a cape into South Bay, itself a large lake.

The wind had been blowing for an hour or two from the south, but thus far the shores had sheltered us. Immediately upon entering this great bay, we felt a heavy swell and noted a suspicious appearance of white caps farther out.

Joe stood up and looked earnestly down the bay for a moment, then turned to John and made a sign as of canoes dancing up and down.

"How much farther have we to go?" Professor William asked.

"It is five miles from here to Flat Rock Portage, the place where we land to cross over into Lake Hannah, sir," John replied.

Accepting the assurance of the guides that the trip had in it "not much danger, just a little wet, that's all," Professor William allowed the men to push on.

They tightened their belts and pushed out into the bay. Immediately there was a lively pitching of the canoes, the great swells racing past and tossing them like puff-balls.

Then and Teacher Sarah sat grasping the rail of the canoe, looking terrified. Lucia laughed and made merry as the spray drenched her face. Dick and Professor William looked ill at ease.

A little cove in the lee of a jutting headland offered a convenient camping place, but there was no wood suitable for a fire. Teacher Sarah proposed that we take refuge here, notwithstanding.

"Of course we put in and camp, if all say so," replied John, glancing at Professor William.

"You still do not deem it really dangerous?" questioned the latter.

"Not very little danger," said John.

"Then let's go ahead!" cried Lucia. "Who's afraid?"

"I'm afraid," replied Then, candidly.

"So am I," said Teacher Sarah. "Dreadfully afraid!"

"I am just a little afraid," admitted Lee.

"I'm not afraid, but it wouldn't take but a little more to scare me," said Dick, laughing.

"We shall have to vote on the question," cried Alton. "All who are afraid raise their right hands."

Up went three hands with a rush.

"Contrary minded!"

Four hands were raised.

"Courage wins!" exclaimed Alton.

"Not courage, but recklessness," said Then, discontentedly.

C. A. STEPHENS.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

RIDING AT WEST POINT.

One of the most interesting places at the West Point Military Academy is the great riding hall, where the cadets are taught what has come to be recognized as the best style of riding in the world. It is altogether unlike that used in any foreign military school. In the foreign schools the riding taught may be classed as "ornamental," but there is a marked difference in the ordinary seat on horseback and the "military seat."

All military men in Europe sit close to the saddle and very upright, when on parade. But the moment the parade is dissolved, the officer rises in the saddle as the horse trots, and adopts what seems to an American to be the most awkward and ungainly fashion of riding that can be imagined.

But the American officers are taught to ride as the Indians of the plains, and the Bedouins of the desert, and the Cossacks of the Don ride—an all seen ride who live and fight on horseback.

The superiority of this system was first made plain to European officers when a company of American cowboys and Indians went to Europe, three or four years ago, to give exhibitions illustrative of far-western scenes. The Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief of the British army, after seeing the cowboys ride—and their system is exactly the West Point system—said publicly that the British officers must revolutionize their manner of riding.

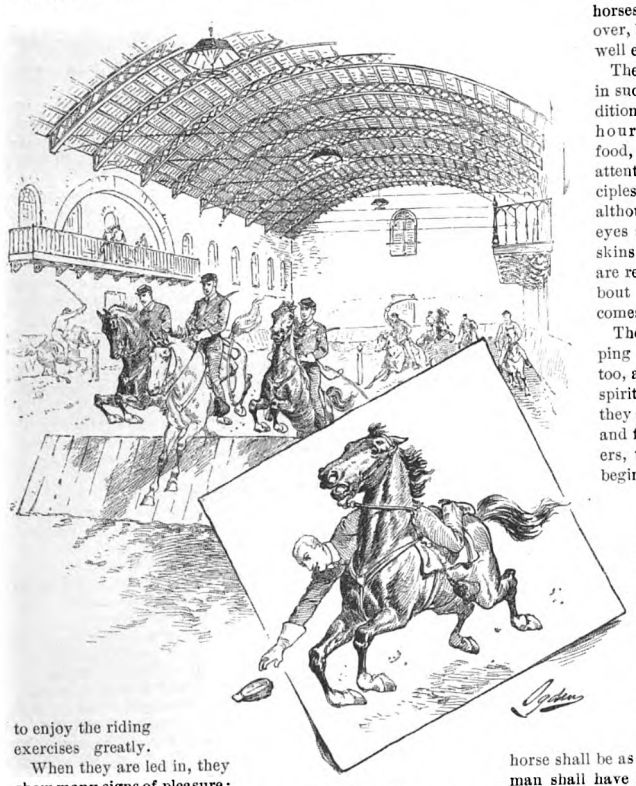
The Duke's words were after the military authorities in Paris saw the American ride, they employed two or three of the cowboys, and put one hundred of the students at the military school of St. Cyr under their instruction.

There was very great interest in the American officers, who had all been taught at West Point that the art of riding meant sticking to a horse under all conditions, and being able to handle a pistol, carbine or sword, as well as the horse.

The Riding Hall at West Point is an immense granite structure. Its floor is covered with tanbark, and along the wall runs a sort of rough wooden wainscoting. This boarding of planks inclines away from the ground, so that if a cadet is thrown against it—as cadets sometimes are—the force of the fall is broken upon its slanting surface.

The riding lesson is given in the morning, and usually to a squad of sixteen cadets. The horses, which are splendid thoroughbreds, are led into the hall by troopers. People who do not know horses well would not, perhaps, regard these as fine horses, for they are thin like most thoroughbreds; their ribs show plainly and their coats are dull. But they are really perfect types of cavalry horses, with small, alert ears, bright eyes and slender

legs. They are carefully broken beforehand, but the cadets delight in making them wild, and sometimes, after a few months' service, they become so unmanageable that the officers in charge are compelled to send them away, much to the regret of the cadets, who scorn gentle and well-broken horses. The horses themselves seem



to enjoy the riding exercises greatly.

When they are led in, they show many signs of pleasure; and the spur is not needed to make them do their best. By an unwritten law among the cadets, the members of the first class have the choice of chargers, and they invariably take the wildest.

The squad usually divides, eight forming at one end of the hall, and eight at the other. The word is given for a preliminary trot, canter and gallop to warm both cadets and horses up to their work.

Soon the horses are flying around the great ellipse of tanbark like phantoms, scarcely a sound of their hoofs being heard in the soft bark.

Then comes the bareback riding. By this time some of the horses are generally enough excited to be troublesome, but the cadets stick to them like leeches, and not all the kicking and plunging can, as a rule, unseat their riders.

Then comes the riding without stirrups, all of which is done at full speed, and then riding without either saddle or reins. A cadet, holding on firmly by his knees with his feet out of the stirrups, hands the reins over to another mounted cadet, who gallops at his side.

Those who ride particularly well clasp their hands behind their backs, and sit bolt-upright without reins or stirrups while the horse is careering madly around.

Then the mounting and dismounting while the horse is at full speed take place. The cadet slips to the ground, runs along by the horse's side, holding the reins over his left arm, and then vaults to the horse's back from the ground. This is done both with and without the saddle; and the cadets become so expert at it, that they generally succeed at the first trial.

If they do not, they run along until they succeed in scrambling on.

All these are riding exercises proper. After them come the fighting on horseback, and the sabre exercise. The horses are saddled and bridled, after a brief rest, and the cadets, mounting, fight imaginary Indians at full speed.

At intervals around the hall are placed dummies of various heights, upon the tops of which are what may be described as detachable heads. On the tanbark, between these images, are placed other dummy heads. The cadet is required to gallop around at full speed, sabre the dummy on the ground, cut off the Indians' heads as they are passed, and incidentally to jump four hurdles, and take off two rings above his head. His highest proficiency is reached when the cadet, starting around the ellipse, can cut off a tall Indian's head, jump a hurdle, sabre an Indian on the ground, and then, as quick as thought, raise his sabre over his head and take off a ring. This he repeats—if he can do it—four times going around the hall.

By the time the rider has reached this point, his neat and trig appearance—for cadets are often models of military dandyism—is somewhat changed for the worse. His immaculate collar is wilted, his close-cropped hair is blowsed, and often he has lost his cap.

If a cadet dismounted to pick up his cap he would be laughed at by his class; he must pick it up from the ground while on horseback. So if one drops his cap, all the others stop to watch him as he picks it up.

The horse, which by this time is in a fever of excitement, is apt to dance about, and to make up his mind that the cap shall not be picked up. If the cadet is long about it, owing to his horse's unruliness, he becomes a target for the grins and whispers of the others, who regard his frantic efforts with the greatest amusement. But the cap is always picked up.

Two hours of this kind of exercise is enough for both cadets and horses; and when it is over, both look pretty well exhausted.

The cadets are kept in such physical condition by their regular hours, wholesome food, and the strict attention to the principles of health, that although tired, their eyes are bright, their skins clear, and they are ready for another bout as soon as it comes.

The horses are dripping wet, but they, too, are undaunted in spirit; and as soon as they are rubbed down and fed by the troopers, they are able to begin again.

It is by such exercises as this that the American officers are made the best horsemen among civilized nations.

Grace in riding is taught them, too, but the chief thing sought is that man and horse shall be as one, and that the man shall have as free use of his hands, eyes, and legs on horseback as on foot.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

For the Companion.

LIGHT-BLIND.

Blue splendor fills the void, no deeps unclose
Beyond day's glory to our dazzled eyes.
Night sweeps away the blinding veil and shows
The worlds that blossom in the infinite skies.

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

MINOR EUROPEAN STATES.

Public attention is so much absorbed, usually, in what is going on in the larger countries, that the minor States of the world and their affairs are but little noted.

Yet events, apparently of small importance, which take place in these smaller States, have sometimes a bearing upon the destiny of their bigger neighbors.

The course of events to-day, for instance, in the small kingdoms and principalities of south-eastern Europe—in Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria and Montenegro—is watched with anxious interest by the great powers; for a disturbance in that region always carries with it the possibility of bringing about a European war.

Taking a general glance at the minor States of Europe, we find that in two of them—in Spain and in Holland—general elections for new Parliaments have been held within the past six months; while in several others, important ministerial changes have taken place.

The Spanish general election occurred early in February, and was the most interesting which has been held in Spain since the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy.

Its result was the return of a very heavy majority in favor of the conservative ministry of the present Prime Minister, Señor Canovas del Castillo. In the Deputies his supporters number about three hundred and fifty, while all shades of the opposition—including liberals and republicans—only number one hundred and twenty.

The Spanish Senate, since the elections, has one hundred and thirty conservative members, while the parties in opposition have only thirty.

Strong, however, as the conservative majority is in the Cortes, or Parliament, the other parties are sufficiently formidable, especially in the cities and towns, to render Señor Castillo's task of governing far from an easy one; and it is probable that troublous times are ahead in Spanish politics.

The elections in Holland, which took place in June, instead of confirming the ministry in power, as was the case in Spain, resulted adversely to the statesmen in office, and involved a change of ministers. The Dutch chamber now comprises fifty-five liberals, twenty-four Catholics, two radicals, and nineteen moderates.

The transfer of political power has been made quietly, however, and on the whole, the affairs of the thrifty little kingdom, ruled over by its young queen of eleven years, appear to be progressing quietly.

In both Greece and Norway changes of ministry have taken place within a year. Delyannis succeeded Tricoupis in Greece, having at his back only ten majority in the popular house of Parliament. It was supposed that Delyannis would enter upon a more vigorous policy against the Turks than his predecessor, and make an effort to obtain the territories inhabited by Greeks and still held by Turkey.

But although Delyannis has been in power seven or eight months, as yet he has not alarmed Europe by any threatening step in that direction.

In Norway the change of ministry has a yet more significant aspect. It arose from the dissatisfaction of Norway with the superior influence held by its sister kingdom, Sweden, in foreign policy, and from what seems to be the wish of Norway to be virtually separated from Sweden altogether.

Mr. Steen, the representative of this aspiration on the part of the Norwegians, succeeded Mr. Stang as Prime Minister in March; Mr. Stang having been the champion of Swedish interests in Norway.

Portugal has had a hard time of it during the past few months, with its changes of ministry, its quarrel with England over South Africa, its financial straits, and the trouble given to its government by Republican agitators. The condition of Portugal is critical, and startling changes may occur at Lisbon any time.

For the Companion.

RIGHTED.

Human hopes and human fears,
Weary days and weary years;
This is living.

Lifted clouds and vision clear,
Ended toil and heaven near;
This is dying.

LOUISE HOUGHTON.

EXECUTION BY ELECTRICITY.

The method of executing by electricity persons convicted of murder, adopted by the State of New York, is an experiment, distinctly intended to be in the direction of humanity and public decorum. The people of all the States of the Union have watched the experiment with interest. If the method is fully successful, it may be adopted in many other States and even in foreign countries.

The new law in New York was not put into force without a great deal of deliberation and examination.

In 1886 a commission was created by law to look carefully into the whole subject of the execution of the death penalty, and see if some means more humane than the gallows could not be found.

The gallows is used for executions in this country, not because it has been found by experience here to be the fittest means for the purpose, but because it is inherited from England. It came into general use at a time when men believed that it was desirable to make a public spectacle of an execution, and one visible to as many people as possible.

In those times, there was very little consideration of questions of humanity. The frequency of public executions was considered a sign of progress and civilization.

That is not the modern view. Public executions, and detailed accounts of executions are deemed demoralizing and brutalizing. The New York commission found that, of the civilized foreign countries which make use of the death penalty, only four employ the gallows—counting Great Britain and her colonies as one country. The rest use mainly the guillotine or the sword.

After due examination of many proposed methods, the commission reported in favor of the use of electricity; and a law providing for its introduction was passed, which was to go into force with the first day of 1889.

But a new examination of the whole matter began here; for the first criminal condemned to die by the new means appealed to the State and federal courts, calling in question the constitutionality of the law. After a thorough inquiry the courts sustained the law.

Several convicts have been executed since the law has been fully in operation. An excellent feature of the statute is a clause forbidding the publication of the details of an execution, or of any story of it beyond the statement of the fact that such a convict was, on such a day, executed according to law.

Not much, therefore, has been with propriety made known of the executions; but in a general way it is properly known that, while the first execution was somewhat clumsily performed, the latest have been successful.

As the electric current is known to be many times swifter than the nerve force in the human body, it is believed that the men executed could not have suffered at all.

With this end gained, and with a better enforcement of the law which prohibits the publication of details of the executions, the death penalty will be reduced to its minimum of horror.

Whether or not the penalty should be employed at all is a question which has been agitated for many years, and is still agitated.

Capital punishment is opposed by many people on religious grounds. The power over existence, they urge, belongs to the Maker, and no man can rightfully take it away; moreover, if this life were given to man as a probation for another, what man has a right to deprive another of it?

Still others oppose the death penalty on the ground that the motive of retribution being now absent from the punishment of crime, and the sacrifice of a bad man's liberty being sufficient for the protection of society, it is unnecessary, and an evil, to take away his life.

Two of the States of the American Union, and several European countries, have abolished the death penalty. By far the greater part of the civilized world, however, still adheres to the doctrine that one who murderously takes the life of another rightfully forfeits his own, for the general good.

SHE WANTED A LEGACY.

"I wish some one would die and leave me a legacy!"

It was a schoolgirl of thirteen who said these words, and she proceeded to take into consideration the most desirable amount of the benefaction.

"Not a million dollars," she remarked; "no, not a million; that would be too much bother. But enough for us all to have a good time, and take journeys, and subscribe to the Tuskegee School, and send all the teachers in town to the mountains for six weeks, and pay off poor widows' mortgages and do all those nice things that we are always wanting to do and can't."

She thought all this could be done for "about fifty thousand dollars or so."

But a disturbing thought crossed her mind.

"Not," she continued, eagerly, "that I wish any one to die for the sake of giving us a lot of money. I mean a very old person, who is going to die any way, or some one who has lost her mind and can never get well, and would just as soon die as not."

With this proviso, the young lady of thirteen was sure it would be "a perfectly splendid thing" to be put down in somebody's will for "money enough to do as we like as long as we live."

The doting circle who were favored with this burst of eloquence tried to laugh her out of the notion, and gave utterance to the customary moral reflections bearing on the subject. They spoke of the poor use that rich people often make of their money, and the many diseases that result from ease and luxury.

The little girl held her own, however, and brought low all her antagonists by putting to each the searching question, "Wouldn't you like a legacy yourself?"

All the company in turn had to confess that, in trying moments, they had indulged such a desire; and when some one told the old story, from Blackwood, of the pious Scotch lady who was overheard to pray for a legacy "of four hundred a year paid quarterly," the whole family laughed, and said it was human nature, and that everybody felt so sometimes, although, of course, it was very silly.

The thought of a sudden release from a routine of duty which has become monotonous, and often oppressive, is seductive enough, and it is not surprising that so many persons, young and old, give way to it.

Bearded men are no more exempt from this weakness than little girls. The American Statistical Association reports more than ten thousand business failures last year, of which four per cent. were due to fraud, ten per cent. to inexperience, eleven per cent. to neglect, nineteen per cent. to incapacity, and all the rest to a desire to make money too fast. So general is the propensity to try for wealth without paying the natural price for it!

CONNIE'S DAY.

A New York mother whose wealth, position and kind heart fill her life with social and charitable occupations, tells how a chance word opened her mind to the fact of pressing duties at home.

"One day last March my little daughter Constance, who is twelve years old, came into my room as I was hurriedly dressing to drive to a directors' meeting of one of the charities in which I am interested. It was just after her birthday, and she had a game, one of her presents, in her hand.

"'O mamma,' she cried, full of eagerness, 'this is the loveliest game; do try it with me!'

"Her request, in my haste and absorption, seemed trivial to me.

"'Nonsense, Connie, you know I cannot,' I replied rather sharply; 'this is board day at the hospital, and I am shockingly late now.'

"I was standing in front of the mirror, and saw in the glass how her face fell and the light died out of it at my words.

"'I wish,' she said, wistfully, 'you would sometimes have a day with me, mamma.'

"The child's speech went through me like a knife. I had never received so stinging a rebuke. Was it possible that in the pursuit of other duties I was neglecting the one that should be chief? My drive to the hospital that morning was full of serious introspection.

"Connie has had her day ever since. Saturdays my daughter and I spend together, and no other engagement can draw me away that day, for the child looks forward to it all the rest of the week."

GIVING A BREAKFAST.

Among the many practical methods devised by kindly Christian people to reach and help the poor and criminal classes, one of the most effective is the Sunday Breakfast in Philadelphia.

At nine o'clock every Sunday morning a room is opened in one of the most degraded quarters of the city, within easy reach of sailors, emigrants, and that unnumbered class who, from misfortune, crime, or drunkenness, are homeless and hungry.

The room is clean and warm, a pleasant refuge in stormy weather. The tables are set, and each man or woman who enters, no matter how filthy or degraded, is heartily welcomed. The breakfast consists of two substantial sandwiches and a cup of strong hot coffee.

After the meal is over there is music, and one or two hymns are sung, while the hosts,—men and

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women of all sects,—go quietly about among their guests and try to find out the special misery in their lives, and to make them their friends.

Drunkards have been reached and saved by this homely charity. Many ruined and outcast women who stole in to get the hot drink to keep them from freezing, have been taken from the streets, given employment, and sent to the West, where, unknown, they could begin a new, honorable life.

This beautiful charity reaches a class which never comes under church influence, and deals with them as the Great Teacher did with the poor and sick who came to Him. He fed and healed their bodies before He tried to cure the sickness of their souls.

We must make our pity and love real to our poorer brother, whose degradation keeps him away from our churches, by the touch of our hand and the comfort of our food, before we venture to speak for Him Who is all pity and love.

PACIFIED.

French journalists have earned a reputation for being particularly ready duellists, but there have been occasional exceptions to the general rule. There have been French editors, who with a little good-nature and forbearance have turned aside a challenge.

The late Charles Monselet once sent a second away bewildered but pacified. Monselet was in the habit of writing for hours at a time at his favorite café. There he saw many of his friends.

His home address was known to few persons, as he wished the time which he gave to study and to his family at home to be undisturbed.

The director of a matrimonial bureau was offended by a pleasantry of Monselet's at his expense which appeared in a newspaper, and he requested a friend of his, a captain of dragoons, to wait upon Monselet with a challenge.

For a month the anxious officer sought for Monselet's residence, that he might leave the challenge there. At last, in despair, he decided to offer it in the café. He approached Monselet.

"I am captain of dragoons."

"Delighted to made your acquaintance," returned Monselet, with his accustomed gracious smile.

"This is M. Monselet, to whom I have the honor —"

"Certainly," cordially.

"I am charged by M. Z——"

"M. Z——? I do not know him."

"But it is he who arranges marriages, and it is for him —"

"Say no more," cried Monselet, cheerfully, "it is useless. I am already married, and do not care to communicate with your principal. I will not listen to any of his propositions," and with a smile he turned away to his work.

The captain was completely nonplussed. He went away well pleased that the duel was averted, his heart quite won by the journalist's geniality.

RUSSIAN JEWS.

Baron Hirsch, the millionaire banker, has a fine "philanthropic" scheme for taking care of the Russian Jews whom the rigor of the restrictive laws of the Czar's government has thrown into poverty, distress and exile.

He proposes to colonize them in the United States.

His philanthropy resembles Artemus Ward's famous declaration of patriotism during the Civil War, when he expressed his willingness to sacrifice all his wife's relations in order to save the Union.

Baron Hirsch is quite willing to help these Jews to remove to a distant part of the South, where another community may be forced to incur a moral obligation to prevent them from starving.

There is no objection whatever to them because they are Jews. Hundreds of thousands of the race have their home in America, and they make as good citizens and cause as little trouble as an equal number of any other race in the world.

The reason why it is proposed to colonize them here is a sufficient reason why Americans should oppose, and if possible prevent, their coming. It is because they are paupers.

If they come they will come without the means of subsistence, without a knowledge of our language or our ways, and without the least power of assimilating themselves with the great American nation.

The very fact that this scheme can be proposed and carried out, and that there is no law to put a stop to it, is the strongest of arguments in favor of new regulations to restrict immigration. Other governments turn the cold shoulder to the paupers whom their countries wish to cast out. Why should America offer to discharge the duty which the Russian government shirks?

LESSON IN COURTESY.

The American artist, Waldo, was once very much amused at hearing, in the New York National Academy of Design, the sharp criticisms of a group of girlish art-students from the School of Design. Waldo sent an invitation for the students to come to his house to see his pictures and studio. There he entertained them with an account of his studies at the Royal Academy in London.

The president of the Royal Academy at that time, he told them, was Sir Benjamin West, who took a deep interest in the American students in London, partly because he was born an American citizen, and partly because he knew that talented children in this country did not have the same advantages as European children in the development of their artistic talent.

One day the small American colony of students treated the president to their opinion of the pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition. Sir Benjamin West simply listened, and at the end invited Waldo to dinner the next week.

After dinner the president called Waldo's attention to some small wood-carvings. Patiently Sir Benjamin West pointed out the graceful lines of the carving, and persistently called his guest's attention to some attempt at giving the characteristics of nature.

"The first lesson for a man of taste," said Sir Benjamin, "is to learn what to admire. Any savage can find fault. And never forget, it is the peculiar province of the artist to see, to point out, and to perpetuate beauty."

"After that," said Mr. Waldo, in concluding the story, "I was very careful in a picture gallery. If I liked a painting I said so; if I did not admire a picture I went to the next."

The girlish students glanced at each other. They understood why Mr. Waldo had narrated the incident. Some, at least, of that group have not forgotten that flippant fault-finding is not art criticism.

NEW SECT.

There are so many religious sects nowadays that it is difficult for one to remember the names of all of them. The confusion which overtook the mind of Farmer Giddings on this point one summer is not surprising. He had lived in one small village all his life. He had known some people who were "Congregationals" and some who were Baptists, but farther than that his knowledge of denominational differences did not extend; for there were no churches of any other religious bodies within fifteen miles of his home.

One summer a traveller through the mountains "discovered" the little village of Crowsbury, and the next summer the old inn was well filled with "city folks" during July and August. Farmer Giddings, who had a fine "hay rigging," often took parties off on excursions to some picnicking spot, where he would deposit them in the morning and go for them again in the late afternoon.

On these occasions he kept his ears open, and listened to the discussions and arguments going on behind him, although the most of what he heard was quite beyond his comprehension. He used to talk things over with his wife at supper-time, and they hazarded conjectures as to what certain words and terms might mean.

"Wa-al, Sary," said the farmer, at the end of one hot August day, "I declare I never heard the beat of 'em, the way they've gone on this arternoon; argyfyin' an' explainin' the hull lot on 'em, 'baout their *b'liefs!*

"I'd give a good deal ef I c'd rec'lect half they said, ter tell ye; but I gethered thet most on 'em hed got past believin' anythin', though they all hed diff'rent reasons fer it, an' diff'rent names they called 'emselves by.

"There was one feller said he was a daownright Augustick, an' another thet 'llaowed he was a Bessymixed, an' there was a sight of other names beside.

"But I kin tell ye, Sary, that pooty little Mis' Nuttin' *she* spoke up, an' giv' 'em some real gospel. She b'lieves 'baout es we do, an' 'twas pleasant ter hear her, but she said, when they questioned her sharp, thet she was a member of a Norway-borgin' church, an' I sh'd admire ter know how she ever come ter travel so fur from home!"

FOR HIS SOUL'S SAKE.

Of J. R. Herbert, the eccentric artist, many amusing stories are told. He insisted that his models should *feel* the emotions which animated the characters they were to represent, and once, in explaining this necessity to a somewhat stolid model, became himself affected to tears at the mere thought of what the other ought to feel. He had, moreover, a sense of humor, and a calm way of displaying it.

One day he was with Landseer at the Athenæum, after an Academy meeting, and the latter called for refreshments.

"Some of zat also to me," said Herbert to the waiter, in the broken English he affected. When it was brought he continued, "Ah, I shall have no money. Pay for me, Landseer."

His friend paid, and they went out together. Herbert then stopped to listen to a beggar in the street.

"Ah, stay a bit," said he, "I want to do a leetle charity, and you, my dear friend, must lend me a shilling."

Soon after they came upon another beggar, and a similar bit of charity was indulged in, Landseer furnishing the money.

When Herbert rejoined him, it was to say with the utmost coolness:

"Let me see, borrowed at the club one shilling; charity, two shillings. Ah, I do owe you three shillings. Yet, now I zink of it, you shall do ze charity. It will be good for your soul. I shall pay you ze one shilling!"

ARCTIC COLD.

While we are sweltering under the heats of August, it may not be unpleasant to read a traveller's account of his experience under Lapland cold. Our physical sensations are relative, he says, and the mere enumeration of so many degrees of heat or cold gives no idea of their effect upon the system.

I should have frozen at home in a temperature which I found very comfortable in Lapland, with my solid diet of meat and butter, and my garments of reindeer. The following is a correct scale of the physical effects of cold, calculated for the latitude of sixty-five to seventy degrees north:

Fifteen degrees above zero—Unpleasantly warm.

Zero—Mild and agreeable.

Ten degrees below zero—Pleasantly fresh and bracing.

Twenty degrees below zero—Sharp, but not severely cold. Keep your fingers and toes in motion, and rub your nose occasionally.

Thirty degrees below zero—Very cold. Take particular care of your nose and extremities; eat the fattest food, and plenty of it.

Forty degrees below zero—Intensely cold. Keep awake at all hazards, muffle up to the eyes, and test your circulation frequently, that it may not stop somewhere before you know it.

Fifty degrees below zero—A struggle for life.

WONDERFUL CONTRAST.

Brevity may be the "soul of wit," but the laughable effect is sometimes the very thing the speaker doesn't mean. In the following case a word or two more would have made a clearer description, but it would not have been half so funny.

The head-master of the girls' high school is describing to the class the beauty of the Alps, which he has visited during his vacation, and ends his lecture in these words:

"And there, with one foot I stood on the ice of the glacier, while with the other I was plucking the most beautiful flowers!"

America again takes the lead. "We could hardly believe our good luck when we ventured to ask for Burnett's Extract of Vanilla in Paris, to have it handed us; it was like meeting an old friend." [*Adv.*

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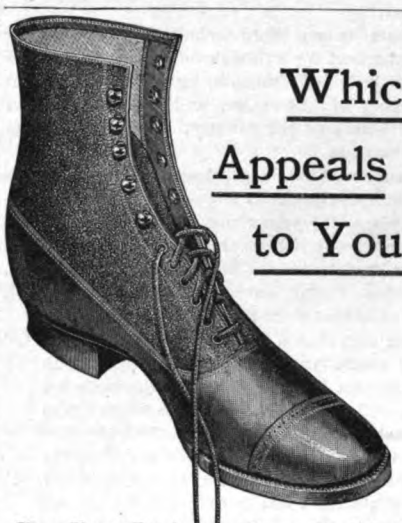
The first autumn month is the best in which to make selections of Dry Goods for Fall and Winter wear.

We shall be glad to have you correspond with our Mail Order Department, thus early, in reference to goods in any department of our store.

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That Bicycle Offer Renewed.



June 11th we offered a $35.00 Boy's and Girl's Safety Bicycle to any of our old subscribers who would send us 20 new subscriptions by August 20th.

August 20th is now past. A great many have worked for the machines. A large number succeeded, have received their wheels, and are now riding them.

A good many others **almost succeeded,** yet they were unable to get quite the 20 new names by August 20th.

Now we know just how they feel after having worked so hard, and yet have not quite succeeded. We have had some letters from these asking us to extend the offer.

Therefore, we have decided to give these friends another opportunity. We hereby extend the time to October 15th.

It gives a chance to those who have served The Companion so well to get just the Reward which they wanted most of all. It also gives an opportunity to those who have got only two or three subscribers to get the wheel if they will start in again.

Now for another effort. September will be an easier month in which to get subscribers than July. Send for the Special Helps.

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For the Companion.

HOW TO CHOOSE A COLLEGE.

By Andrew D. White,

Formerly President of Cornell University.

Second Paper.

The third item of my advice is, Look at the students; — What are they? Whence do they come?

There is no more wholesome, stimulating environment for a thoughtful young man than a large body of students interested in various branches of knowledge, and coming from the good homes of the country. There is no safer environment.

I am aware that a great many anxious fathers and mothers think our large colleges very dangerous places for young men; but such places are not dangerous if they are well chosen. While I differ from my dear and respected Instructor, President Porter, on some points, I agree with him fully that there is no safer place for the young man than a good large University.

Of course there is a great difference in this respect between various institutions for advanced instruction. Colleges which are so dependent upon students' instruction fees that they cannot afford to maintain discipline are dangerous. I regard as the epoch in my own life when I was in the most danger, the year spent in such a feeble college; but the three years afterward spent in a large, strong institution, which could and did maintain thorough discipline, were years of safety.

There were in my class at this larger institution one hundred and seven men; not one of them, so far as I can learn, has turned out badly. Now take one hundred and seven men in any other sort of life; take one hundred and seven clerks on any street, in any city, and see whether they make a record approaching this.

From such a body of students a thinking young man gets his best inspiration; even if some of them are inclined to be a little careless or even wild, they almost universally come out well in the long run. There is a spirit in such bodies of men which prevents a young man from disgracing his class; the moral atmosphere is wholesome and bracing.

I know that much has been said recently about our system of advanced education in the United States not furnishing business men to the country. Now the fact is, that our greater colleges and universities do supply far more than their proportion. A recent investigation shows that college graduates form only about one-half of one per cent. of the population, while they hold nearly sixty per cent. of the important and influential positions.

This percentage of leading men is undoubtedly to be greatly increased, now that there is so much more instruction in applied science and in branches that bear directly, not merely on what are known as "the learned professions," but on a multitude of other callings.

As to preparing men for mercantile and industrial pursuits, I can say that my own college class, as well as others in other institutions, has furnished its full share. I am also thankful to say that if among my classmates I cannot count any of the colossal millionaires of the country, I can at least rejoice that there is not one who has disgraced himself and his country in accumulating a vast fortune by questionable means.

I referred above to young men coming from "good homes." I do not by this mean the homes of rich men, and, least of all, rich city men. These may be good, but they are sometimes among the worst.

I confess to a dislike for the encroachments in our great colleges and universities by the sons of New York and Boston and Chicago and San Francisco millionaires, to say nothing of those from other cities.

Many of them doubtless are fine fellows, but I see in some of our institutions, into which our great cities pour their students, signs of a general influence which I do not at all like; an extravagant use of money, shown in college rooms befitting an actress or a bar-keeper; in dress befitting jockeys or bruisers; in suppers of terrapin and champagne; in vealy affectations of club life, and of familiarity with minor theatrical and operatic personages; in the physical dissipation of the cigarette, and in the æsthetic dissipation of the banjo.

Let me say here that I never knew a young student smoke cigarettes who did not disappoint expectations, or, to use our expressive vernacular, "kinder peter out." I have watched this class of men for thirty years, and cannot now recall an exception to this rule. Cigarette-smoking seems not only to weaken a young man's body, but to undermine his will and to weaken his ambition.

In colleges or universities having a large percentage of these futile personages, they too often give the student tone; they sound the key-note; they set the fashion — the fashion of over-expenditure, of carelessness as to the real aim and glory of college life.

A very eminent gentleman recently told me that he would not send his second son to the college from which both he and his eldest son had graduated, because he had learned from this eldest son that in his "set" study was voted "rather bad form," and striving for scholarships, prizes, and the like, "not the correct thing."

"The correct thing" was apparently to lounge about the rooms of the various members of the "set," to talk feebly about the aforesaid minor personages of the theatre and opera, offer bets upon boating and base-ball, and in fact do everything except that which really goes to the making of a *man*.

By "good homes" I mean the homes of the substantial, thinking, self-respecting people of the land—the people, as a rule, whose blessing it is to have received neither poverty nor riches. The sons and daughters of such know the value of time and money, and give the most wholesome atmosphere possible in any college or university.

Fourth: The next question which I would suggest is, "What provision is made for physical training?"

This question should be not merely, "Is there a gymnasium?" but also, "How is the gymnasium used? Is there a proper system with a suitable director and assistants in charge?" Nothing is so sad in the history of American education as the waste of educated men for want of proper physical care. Our colleges have too often been breeding-places for dyspeptics.

But valuable as a gymnasium is, an ill-regulated gymnasium is perhaps worse than none.

The system now observed in most of our best institutions of having a suitable director in charge of the whole matter of physical culture, preferably a man trained as a physician, and thoroughly interested in his department, is one of the best things we have recently achieved.

Under such a system every young man entering the institution is carefully and confidentially examined by the director, a general course of exercises is suggested, and if there is any symptom of disease of the heart or lungs, or any inherited tendency in that direction, the youth is kept out of the boats, heavy ball-playing, and other of the more severe forms of exercise. Various courses of simple gymnastic training are provided, and these are carried out under the director and competent assistants.

Such provision, too, is very necessary with reference to the prevailing student sports. I am a great admirer of college boating; in fact, I think that boating in college saved my life. But it has now been carried to a point where, valuable as it is, there is need of supervision and restriction.

So, too, with other games: I confess that, other things being equal, if I were sending to college a son who cared anything for games in the open air, I should be inclined to ask of the authorities the question, "Do you permit what is known as the Rugby game of foot-ball?" If the answer were in the affirmative, I would endeavor to find some equally good institution where the Rugby game is not allowed, and where the Harrow game is substituted for it.

I believe that the time is near when the authorities of the leading universities will absolutely decline to retain longer any student who takes part in the Rugby game.

The sight of a confused mass of educated young men making battering-rams of their bodies, plunging their heads into each other's stomachs, piling upon each other, rolling each other in the mud, and occasionally breaking each other's ribs, or maiming each other for life,—sometimes indeed, as recently in several English games, killing each other,—in the presence of a great mass of screaming, betting bystanders, many among them utterly disreputable, is to me a brutal monstrosity.

The Rugby game is not a foot-ball game at all. The ball is the merest pretence; there is no argument in its favor which cannot be made for prize-fighting.

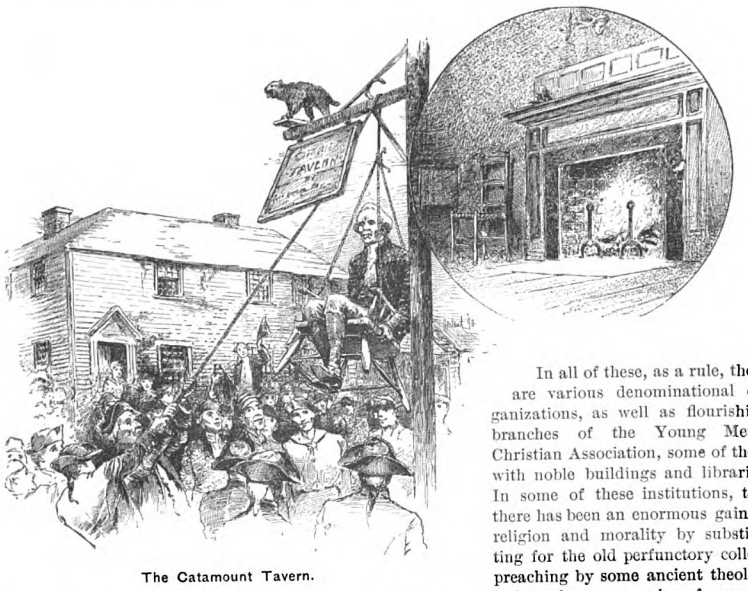
The Harrow game of foot-ball is, as I understand it, what it pretends to be—foot-ball, not brutal horse-play.

I say this not at all as one prejudiced against games, or as advocating milksop games. Boating, base-ball, the Harrow game of foot-ball, lacrosse, tennis, and especially sparring and boxing, I like exceedingly; all these train the mind, the eye, and the hand, while they strengthen the muscles.

Boxing I like because it tends to morality. There is something as manly in a youth's training to defend himself with the weapons nature has given him as there is mean in his substituting for these the concealed knife or pistol.

I would choose, then, a college, other things being equal, where there is full opportunity for physical exercise of various sorts, and all under proper direction and restriction.

But it will be objected that I have said nothing about looking into the religious character of a college or university. I have delayed this purposely. The simple fact is, that never in our greater institutions were the religious interests of students better provided for than at present; and nowhere is this more truly the case than in the larger institutions which, on account of their charters and connection with the State, cannot favor any one religious sect.



The Catamount Tavern.

In all of these, as a rule, there are various denominational organizations, as well as flourishing branches of the Young Men's Christian Association, some of them with noble buildings and libraries. In some of these institutions, too, there has been an enormous gain to religion and morality by substituting for the old perfunctory college preaching by some ancient theological professor, a series of sermons by the most distinguished and thoughtful divines of various religious bodies, fresh from actual contact with the great problems of active life.

Experience has shown me that the rule is this: Whenever any institution of learning attempts to fall back upon its religious or sectarian claims, it is usually to cover a poverty in resources for its proper work.

The healthiest places I know religiously and morally, are our larger institutions of learning. In these the great majority of professors and students are always religious men, and I know of no such institution in which there is not a distinctly religious atmosphere, in the higher sense of that word.

As to the religious claims sometimes insisted upon by sectarian colleges, I think that, from their own point of view, they frequently injure their own interests.

I may cite a case from my own experience. Several years since one of the most eminent judges of the United States consulted me as to the best college for his son. I suggested to him one of the greater colleges of the country.

"But," said he, "that is not a religious college."

"No," I said, "not nominally, but in it your son will find as many incentives to religious conduct as elsewhere."

The judge did not at first take my advice, but sent his son to a little college carried on by the religious body to which he belonged.

Two or three years afterward, meeting the judge, I inquired, "How is your son getting along?" He answered, "Very well at present, but he is no longer at the little church college where I placed him; I have taken your advice and sent him to the university you named."

That the judge was right seems to be proven by the fact that his son has now become one of the most devoted members of the church to which the father belonged.

It may be thought that I would sacrifice the smaller institutions to the larger. Not so; I would have each do its proper work, and all move harmoniously together as parts of one great educational system. Then the smaller colleges would be as precious as the larger, indeed even more precious, for the greatest want of this country to-day is thoroughly good intermediate education,—between the common schools and the universities.

I would have the smaller colleges, to the number of about three hundred, which are most of them pretending to do university work that they have not the means to do, become intermediate colleges, taking students a year or two earlier than they take them now, and carrying them up, say to the beginning of the junior year.

At this point I would have the dozen or twenty large and thoroughly endowed universities of the country take the students for their advanced general and professional instruction.

We would thus have, first, as the roots of our educational system, the great common school system of the country; secondly, as its trunk, the high school and intermediate colleges; and thirdly, as its upper part, giving its full bloom and fruitage, a thorough university system.

When this shall be brought about, our country will have the most admirable means of education the world has yet seen, and it will be far easier to answer the question, "How to choose a college."

For the Companion.

THE CATAMOUNT TAVERN.

In the year 1871, one of the most notable buildings connected with the early history of Vermont, standing in the centre village of Bennington, was burned. Only two large chimneys were spared, as memorials of the quaint-looking old structure—silent witnesses of stirring scenes which had occurred within its walls in years long past.

It was the famous Catamount Tavern House, a wooden edifice erected more than a hundred years before its day of doom, by Captain Stephen Fay, one of the most enterprising and public-spirited of the early settlers in the New Hampshire Grants, as Vermont was called before the Revolution.

This edifice was built for a house of entertainment for travellers, and for the immigrants who were flocking into that region from New England.

It was about forty-four by thirty-four feet square, two stories in height, with a large room for the use of the people in public gatherings, law courts, dancing assemblies, and meetings of committees for consultation, public and private.

Such meetings were frequent there during the later period of the famous quarrel of twenty-six years' duration between the authorities of New York and the settlers on the New Hampshire Grants.

The controversy arose in this wise: By virtue of the charter granted to the Duke of York in 1664, the authorities of the province of New York claimed territorial jurisdiction eastward to the Connecticut River. Families from New Hampshire settled in the region between that river and Lake Champlain. In 1752, the governor of New Hampshire began to issue grants to these and other settlers who came afterwards. The New Yorkers perceived that the domain was filling with a sturdy, enterprising population, and asserted the legal right of that province to the territory.

A mild controversy was begun. New York had relinquished its claim to territory so far eastward as the Connecticut River, as to Massachusetts and Connecticut, and New Hampshire urged its claim to have a western extent equal to that of the other two provinces. Grants continued to be issued to settlers who flocked in.

The controversy grew warmer and warmer, and in 1764 the government of New York procured a royal decree giving it territorial jurisdiction to the Connecticut River.

The issue of land-grants by New Hampshire now ceased, and the settlers acquiesced; but when the authorities of New York proclaimed that the land-titles of the immigrants on the Grants were void, and proceeded to dispossess the dwellers and dispose of their homes to speculators, instant and stubborn resistance was manifested.

Sheriffs and their assistants who came to seize and sell the property of the settlers, which had been paid for and improved, met resolute armed defenders of their rights and were driven off.

Committees of Safety assumed judicial powers and tried and punished intruders from without and offenders within. For several years the Grants bore the aspects of Civil War, excepting that of actual carnage.

It was while this quarrel was hotly raging that Captain Fay built his tavern. He was a zealous supporter of the oppressed settlers. In front of his house he erected a tall sign-post; and twenty-five feet from the ground he hung upon it a large cantilever sign, which was surmounted by the stuffed skin of a Catamount or wild-cat. Its fierce visage, showing its teeth, was turned toward New York, at which it grinned perpetual defiance. This gave the name to the tavern.

The large room in which meetings were held had, at one end, a deep and high fireplace, surrounded by clouded marble slabs and a heavy oak frame. Above it was a panelled mantle-piece with a broad shelf, over which were the antlers of a buck.

The room was furnished with a small, leaved table, a sideboard with decanters, a mural candelabra and a few rush-bottomed chairs. At an early period the words Council-Room had been cut in the slab over the fireplace. The carver of the words left out the "n" in Council.

Ethan Allen, the stalwart champion of right and justice, with a big heart and honest purpose had come from Connecticut a few years before this tavern was built, and cast his lot among the

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settlers in the Grants. He espoused their cause, and soon became their trusted leader in sharp contests with the hated "Yorkers." He trained a band of young settlers and called them "Green Mountain Boys." They became conspicuous in our national history.

When the Catamount Tavern was built, Allen made it his home and the headquarters of his administration as a virtual dictator during stirring political periods. Out of the Council-Room went orders for the assembling of his forces, civil and military. Before him as chairman of a Committee of Safety offenders were brought, tried, condemned and received sentences from his lips, sometimes of banishment from the territory, sometimes of imprisonment, and frequently scourging with the "twigs of the wilderness." One of his quaint judicial utterances ran as follows:

"You, Joe Tairiter, being a sneak, helped the mean 'Yorkers,' with all your mustard-seed ability, rob your neighbors of their property. Therefore you are sentenced to strip yourself to the skin and have the beech-seal stamped on your bare back with the twigs of the wilderness applied thirty times; and this shall be your receipt that you have paid the penalty of your crime."

When Tryon was royal governor of New York in 1777, he offered a reward of twenty pounds each for the arrest of Ethan Allen, Remember Baker, and Robert Cochran, because of their "riotous conduct in opposing the measures of the New York government."

These three "outlaws" and their friends had a jolly time of it at the Catamount Tavern over the matter, and out from the Council-Room went a counter proclamation, offering fifteen pounds for the arrest of James Duane, and ten pounds for John Kemp, New York land speculators, styling them "the common disturbers of the public peace." The rewards were to be paid on the delivery of the culprits, at "Landlord Fay's, at Bennington." It was signed by Ethan Allen, Remember Baker and Robert Cochran.

The breaking out of the old war for independence suspended the intercolonial quarrel. Allen was appointed colonel of local forces. He was sojourning at the Catamount Tavern in the spring of 1775, when all New England was aroused by the tocsin sounded at Lexington. He had espoused the cause of the patriots, and his loyal Green Mountain Boys had increased in numbers to a large multitude.

From the Council-Room of the Catamount, after a consultation with a committee, Allen issued an order on May Third, mustering the Green Mountain Boys at Bennington to make an attempt to capture the British forts Ticonderoga and Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. Allen led them on that expedition which resulted in the surrender of the former stronghold to the Americans, on his demand in the name of the "Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

There Stark and Warner, with the aid of the Committee, planned the attack on the British intrenchments near Bennington and won the brilliant victory there which sealed the fate of Burgoyne and his army. In that battle Landlord Fay had five sons, one of whom was killed. On hearing the news the patriot exclaimed:

"Thank God I had a son who was willing to die for his country!"

In the Council-Room of the Catamount, Daniel Redding was tried as a traitor and spy, and was condemned and sentenced to death, in 1778. A gallows was erected in a field in front of the Tavern, and around it a great crowd was gathered to see him hanged.

On the morning fixed for his execution, the Governor and Council granted him a reprieve for one week, it having been discovered that he had been tried by only six jurors while the law required twelve. The multitude were clamorous for the execution then and seemed disposed to be riotous, when Ethan Allen, who had just returned from his long captivity, mounted a stump and exclaimed in a loud voice: "Attention the whole!"

He then informed the people of the cause of the reprieve, advised them to go home and return a week from that day, and declared that they should see *somebody* hanged then. "For," he said, "if Redding is not, I will be hanged myself!"

In that Council-Room, Courts of the Vicinage were sometimes held. On one occasion an amusing scene occurred there which illustrated, in an admirable manner, the character of Ethan Allen. He owed a citizen of Boston a moderate sum of money for which he had given a promissory note. It was sent to a lawyer at Bennington for collection. Allen did not find it convenient to pay just then, and it was put in suit. Allen employed a lawyer to attend the court sitting in the Council-Room of the Catamount Tavern, and have the payment of the note postponed until he could raise the money.

When the case was called, the lawyer, as the readiest way to obtain the postponement, denied the genuineness of the signature to the note. Allen happened to be at the further end of the room, and heard with astonishment and indignation this denial of his signature; and, pressing through the crowd and confronting the astonished attorney, he angrily exclaimed with a loud voice:

"Mr.——, I did not hire you to come here and lie. That's a true note. I'll swear that I signed it. I will pay it. I want no shuffling, I want time. What I employed you for was to get this business postponed to the next court, not to come here and lie and juggle about it."

The postponement was amicably arranged between the lawyers. BENSON J. LOSSING.

For the Companion.

MY CHUM AND I.

At a recent meeting of a party of the alumni of Bowdoin, the conversation turned upon "Tree Day" at college. One of the gentlemen present remarked impulsively that there was a trip which he would like especially to make.

"I would like," he said, "to go down to Bowdoin next Arbor Day, and plant a tree near old Professor Packard's grave. What a noble-hearted old gentleman! He was the soul of honor and integrity, yet he never forgot that a boy is a boy. He was my friend at a hard pinch, once, and he had to strain a point of college discipline to befriend me."

"How was that, Kellogg?" several voices called out. "Tell us about it."

"Well, the dear old gentleman is gone. The trustees cannot censure him now, if I do tell it.

"Owing to a circumstance which occurred on the roof of Winthrop Hall, one night about the First of April, and the stern view taken of it by the College Faculty, it happened that my room-mate, King,—and he was a royal good fellow at heart, despite his indiscretions,—was not only severely reprimanded, but rusticated. He was ordered not to show himself in Brunswick again during that year. He was even forbidden to come up for examination till the beginning of the next year, in September.

"This was a far greater hardship than appears on the face of it, for, as you know, not to be examined at Commencement in June, with the rest of the class, and thus have to carry the whole year's studies in one's head, through hot weather and the summer vacation, means simply misery for twelve long weeks.

"My chum felt this very keenly; and I never pitied a person more sincerely; for, strangely enough, I had been included in the edict of banishment with him.

"We packed our trunks, locked our room and left in no little haste; for the Faculty had allowed us less than twenty-four hours in which to get out of town.

"As my room-mate lived not more than fifteen miles from Brunswick, he journeyed homeward and broke the news as gently as possible to his family. My own home being in a distant State, I accompanied him, having first written a careful letter to my mother, who was an exceedingly kind-hearted woman. If it had not been for this letter and my mother's timely intercession, I am afraid it would have gone hard with me when my father heard of my rustication. He was the judge of a criminal court, and sometimes sat on my cases judicially rather than paternally.

"Neither of us was a brilliant scholar; we had been in arrears when calamity overtook us, and now we were only too certain that nothing less than very hard study would save us from the disgrace of failing at examinations and being either heavily conditioned, or set back a year.

"So, with an ever-deepening apprehension haunting our minds, we sat indoors and 'ground' away at Greek and Trigonometry, without instruction, through the spring and early summer days. Neither of us had ever attempted to study without an instructor before; and as the days became warmer we chafed like caged animals.

"Several of our classmates had offered to coach us, if we would venture into town; and although this was not safe—since if caught defying the decree of exile, we might be expelled altogether—we saw no other way of overcoming our difficulties.

"At length we hit on a scheme. A good supply of pocket-money was not one of the things lacking with us, and on one of our numerous trips to Portland, about sixteen miles from my classmate's home, we bought a hand-organ at the shop of a dealer in second-hand musical instruments on Congress Street, and also a tambourine. I could play the violin a little; but we decided on the tambourine, as more easily within the range of my talent.

"King was no musician, but he thought himself equal to the task of turning the crank of the hand-organ, which, by the way, had a *repertoire* of popular American airs. Our plan was to personate a wandering Italian organ-grinder and his *signora*.

"King, who was short and rather dark, had only to put on a very large false mustache, an old velveteen coat and loose trousers and a slouch hat to pass muster as an Italian; but my complexion was of the sandy order, and dye-stuff was required to give me an olive tint.

"However, by wearing a red handkerchief to conceal my hair for the most part, and donning a limp old gown with plenty of green and red cotton bows, I blossomed out as a *contadina* who could spin her tambourine and execute an occasional pirouette.

"We employed a trustworthy person to drive us to the outskirts of the town; and there, under cover of the pine brush, we put on our disguises.

"King then slung the hand-organ on his back; it was more work than he had ever done before. Doubling down in the usual posture of an organ-grinder, he headed for the college Campus. I followed meekly with my tambourine. By way of preliminary practice, we halted in front of Professor Packard's house, and ground out 'The Sweet By and By;' then, entering the Campus by the little wicket, so often swung by the venerable professor, we lumbered up to the Chapel and opened on the college at large with 'Peek-a-boo.'

"We had previously agreed to 'spik no Ingleece;' and, if actually detected, we intended to drop the organ and make for the woods.

"The first man to pass was 'Prof. Stevy,' the Professor of Modern Languages. He scarcely vouchsafed us a glance.

"Presently Professor Brackett passed, in haste as usual. He regarded us with an amused expression, but declined to contribute anything, although I sidled up toward him with extended tambourine.

"Then a group of Seniors came along from Appleton Hall and chaffed us; but one of them gave a nickel.

"There were two or three of our classmen whom we were endeavoring to get sight of; but it was not till we had ground out our whole *repertoire* of tunes, both at the Chapel and at each end of Maine Hall, that one of the boys, whom I will call Bob, made his appearance.

"He listened to 'Peek-a-boo,' contributed a nickel into the tambourine, and was going on, when I said in a low tone, 'Bob, don't you know me?'

"He stopped short and regarded us with a most amusing look of perplexity! Then he suddenly recognized King, and made pretence of fainting dead away.

"'Grind away around town till night,' he whispered, passing close beside King. 'Then come to my room. And I say, fellows, you had better be shy! They will expel you, sure, if they find you out.'

"We took supper at the railroad station, and, having bought a bagful of confectionery, oranges, lemons and other material for 'treats,' we hid our organ after dark in the border of little trees round the Campus, near the old church, and watching our chance, stole into Maine Hall and upstairs to Bob's room.

"Bob had made our presence known to his chum and three others of our classmates. They locked the door, pulled down the curtains, and we had a grand time till midnight.

"King then crept out and got our hand-organ, for we were afraid some one might find it; and Bob and his chum made up for us a bed out of chairs and an old settee in the wood-closet.

"The 'end woman' was bribed to secrecy, next morning; and we lived and studied there for five days. Bob and the others coached us. The room was kept locked and no one except 'trusties' was let in. The password for the 'trusties' was 'Peek-a-boo,' after three taps at the door.

"One afternoon Bob saw the tutor spying around our hall, and did not dare harbor us any longer. We wished very much to remain, and the boys wished us to do so; but they did not know what to do with us.

"After a perplexing consultation, they resolved to put us in a recitation room, upstairs, in Adams Hall,—or 'Medical Hall,' as the students more commonly spoke of it.

"The Medical School term had closed. There were now no lectures in this room; and there was a window that could be raised from the outside, on the east end of the building. Bob and his room-mate smuggled us in there, with our organ, at midnight; and we lived there two days, coming forth only at night.

"Two of the Juniors, as we afterwards learned, found out that we were there and frightened us out of the room by assuming the voices of members of the Faculty and pretending that they had a constable to take us into custody. We made our escape through a window, and at two o'clock in the morning started for King's home.

"This adventure gave us so rude a shock that we remained at home for some time, till Bob wrote us all about it. He also recaptured the organ and stored it in his room. We returned then with the intention of waylaying the two Juniors who had played the trick upon us, but Bob dissuaded us; for there was danger that they might lodge information against us.

"The next week was Commencement week. It is the great event of the year at Brunswick, and the town and the college are thronged with visitors.

"We took advantage of the diversion to re-occupy our own room secretly. Every day we sallied out in disguise, with our organ, and enjoyed the Commencement as much as anybody.

"The visitors proved to be generous people. We earned seventeen dollars, and saw the whole programme. It was great sport for Bob and those who knew us; they laughed until they made us very uncomfortable, to see us standing about the old church and the chapel, grinding 'Peek-a-boo.'

"Indeed, we were a conspicuous feature of that Commencement. We grew terribly sick of our own music, however; even at this time I cannot bear the sound of a hand-organ.

"After Commencement almost every one went home. The College Halls and Campus were almost deserted, but our previous success had emboldened us so much that we ventured to stay at our room. Bob agreed to remain a week and give us help with our studies. We kept indoors during the day, but went and came as we pleased in the evening. Our apartment was on the ground floor of the south end of Appleton Hall; and although the hall was closed, we entered by our window without difficulty.

"Three or four other undergraduates remained for a while at the college, and we still enjoyed ourselves much, although we studied hard every day.

"The Fourth of July, which came that week, we celebrated by joining a parade of 'horribles,' got up by the town boys. Bob hired an open carriage which he drove, in the character of an enormous crow; while King and I, masked, stuffed out and attired to represent clowns, rode behind, blowing horns and making speeches.

"We finished the day, or rather we attempted to finish it, with a 'spread' in our room. Bob and three others were with us; and we were in the midst of our supper, when there came a rap at the door.

"This was ominous on the face of it; for the hall doors were locked. We had all come in at the window.

"We sat as still as mice and listened. The rap was repeated—and again repeated.

"At last Bob crept along to the door and said, 'Who's there?' in a low tone.

"'One who wishes to speak with the occupants of this room,' replied a voice that we instantly recognized.

"'Good gracious, boys! It's Professor Packard!' whispered Bob. 'We're gone up!'

"King instantly blew out the light; and he and I, by a common impulse, threw up the window, intending to jump out and run.

"To our horror, a man stood beneath, with what looked like a club.

"'No yer don't!' was his greeting to us. It was John, the janitor.

"We were trapped. We might have known that the careful old professor, according to his wont, would have been looking about the college on a holiday night, to see that all was well.

"With a sigh like that of a lost soul, Bob unbolted the door. I considered our doom as good as sealed. We then regarded Professor Packard as a mild but firm disciplinarian.

"One of the other boys re-lighted the lamp. Bob opened the door; and there stood the venerable professor, gazing at us through his spectacles, with judicial curiosity. All the alumni of the college remember with what strict courtesy he always spoke.

"'I greatly regret that I seem to intrude upon you at such an hour. My interest in the welfare of the college alone leads me to do so,' were his first words.

"'Why, Mr. King! Why, Mr. Kellogg! It surprises me greatly to see you here. I fear that I must say that it distresses me,' he continued.

"It distressed us, even more. Ah, how mean we felt! I was thinking what I could possibly say for myself, when King burst out in an impetuous confession of everything. It was his way. He even told much more than was necessary.

"Meantime Bob got a chair for the old gentleman, and shut the door. Bob, too, had a confession to make, for inhabiting the hall, in vacation, without permission. In fact, we confessed a great deal during the next half-hour.

"King and I had been painfully conscious of wrong-doing for some time. We owned up to everything; my chum, in fact, was so moved that he almost shed tears. It was a despairing confession, for the most part; for we had little hope of leniency. Our offences were black, even in our own eyes.

"'I cannot respect a student who has promised allegiance to the college, and then habitually violates its needful laws!' the old professor remarked. 'I regard that student as lacking in moral character.'

"We were, at least, honest in our contrition; and our youthful distress moved his heart. He rose in agitation.

"'If I might presume to counsel you,' he continued, 'I would earnestly entreat you to abstain from further infraction of the college decree.'

"We most sincerely promised to follow his advice in this particular. His manner had moved us greatly; it was the manner of a man with a delicate sense of honor, who abhorred wrong-doing, but whose heart was touched by our trouble.

"He bade us good-night and withdrew as kindly and courteously as if we had won class honors, instead of being caught in a dishonorable trick. I think this affected us most of all.

"He had said little, and had uttered no reproach, in fact, he had scarcely alluded to our trespasses. Yet he left us all quite resolved to 'sin no more.' It was purely the influence of his high character as a man,—that delicate, renovating power which proceeds from a person who is himself true and right at heart.

"We passed, in examinations, at the opening of the year, and got our 'Junior tickets.' None of the Faculty appeared to know of our offences; and as time passed, we began to feel certain that Professor Packard had not reported us.

"He never so much as indicated to us, by a look, that he had done us a favor, and we were obliged to keep our gratitude bottled up in our own hearts. But as King used to say, 'We should have been glad and proud to black his boots for him.'" E. C. K.

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SPIDER AND WEB.

Are spiders' webs geometrically exact?

Note the toughness of the threads.

Are spiders cannibals?

How do they build suspension bridges?

Why cannot a fly walk over a web as well as its builder can?

Note what becomes of the thread on which a spider ascends to the ceiling.

For the Companion.

A SEA LYRIC.

They went to save the salmon nets
Out of the hungry sea,
'Twas just outside of the Harbor bar,
As near as near could be;
It was just behind the sandy bar,
The women were all on the quay.

The boat rode o'er the rolling foam,
They pulled against the wind,
For 'twas rough within the Harbor bar,
The breakers reared behind;
And grey gulls shrieked o'er the shelt'ring bar,
The caverns with sea-birds were lined.

They went to draw the fishing nets,
A cruel, crested wave
Swept slowly on to the Harbor bar,
And scooped for them a grave;
The boat heeled over the Harbor bar,
And, keel up, to the women drave.

They went to save the salmon nets
Out of the leaden sea,
'Twas just outside of the Harbor bar,
Near to Home as could be;
It was just behind the sandy bar
And beyond the little stone quay.

One moment black against the wave,
The women still with dread,
Then the boat leapt over the Harbor bar,
And on to the Mothers sped;
And two lads lost o'er the shifting bar
Till the sea giveth up her dead.

They went to save the salmon nets
Out of the surging sea,
From just without the sandy bar,
So near, as you can see,
The screams that rang o'er the fleeting bar
Were the women's cries from the quay.

MIRIAM DANIELL.

For the Companion.

HER GUILT.

Mrs. Wilbour was a member of the church, and believed fully that the only way to secure happy and honorable lives for her children was to make Christians of them. And she thought she could do it. Hence she was careful to send them regularly to Sunday school, and compelled them to attend church on Sunday morning, and to recite the catechism to her in the evening.

Her husband was dead and she had sole charge of her household. But she was an energetic, shrewd woman, and was accustomed to rely entirely upon her own judgment. It never had occurred to her to ask God's help in her work, or to think that He had anything to do with it.

One bright summer morning Mrs. Wilbour sat down to breakfast with a pale, fretful face. She was tired and nervous, and scolded the children and maids unjustly.

Fred accidentally broke a cup and began to cry, on which, provoked by the accident and the noise, she boxed his ears and sent him away from the table.

A scared silence followed, broken in a few minutes by the maid, who came to the door.

"There is an old blind man at the gate, ma'am," she said. "He says he has had nothing to eat since yesterday."

"Send him away. I will not be annoyed with beggars to-day!" was the sharp reply.

The grocer called next and sent in his bill.

"Tell him I'll attend to it some other time," she said.

The maid, after a minute or two, reappeared.

"Mr. Brown says the bill has been due for three months," she said.

Mrs. Wilbour reddened angrily. "I will settle it to-morrow," she replied.

The children and the servants knew that she owed half the tradespeople in town; not for lack of money, but from carelessness in paying her debts.

Her neighbor, Mrs. Coxe, ran in an hour later, and she and Mrs. Wilbour eagerly discussed two or three bits of ugly gossip. Mrs. Wilbour's judgment of her neighbors was invariably severe. She recklessly pronounced them to be cheats or fools.

The conversation turned upon Mrs. Coxe's intended tour in Canada, and Mrs. Wilbour eagerly advised her how to smuggle gloves and silk across the border without detection, relating with delight and triumph how she had hidden material for gowns under a false bottom in her trunk, and so tricked the custom-house officers.

After breakfast she read hurriedly a chapter in the Bible, to which the children gave little attention. They had been too keenly interested in the lessons which she had unconsciously taught them in her fretfulness, in her impulsive anger, and in her trickery in evading certain duties to care for words.

When Mrs. Wilbour's children were grown men and women, she was amazed and grieved to find them uncharitable, passionate and dishonest.

"Why is this?" she cried, despairingly, to the old minister. "Why are they not Christians?"

He could not answer her. He did not know. God knew that the cause and the guilt were hers.

There are such mothers as the one here presented in every town and in every church. Is there nothing in her story which may help them to do the work which God has given them in their children, while it is not yet too late?

HAITI.

Sir Spencer St. John, formerly British Minister to Haiti, saw two handsome marble coffins lying neglected in the grounds of the palace, at Port-au-Prince, soon after he went to reside there. He was told they had been imported by the government as final resting-places for the bodies of Pétion and Boyer, two highly esteemed presidents of the early republic. For many years the coffins lay neglected and empty. At last they mysteriously disappeared. This is one of many anecdotes by which Sir Spencer illustrates the shiftlessness of administration and apathy of public spirit among that people.

Ask Haitians why they do not mend their roads, and they answer, "*Bon Dieu gâté li, bon Dieu paré li*," God spoilt them, God will mend them.

Their bridges are commonly so dilapidated that a saying is current, "It is safe to go round a bridge; never cross one."

A young lady in Haitian high society was indignant at hearing official peculation denounced. "Why," said she, "to take public money is not theft!"

To such a condition have a people, neither unkindly nor unintelligent, been brought by a long series of insurrections, revolutions, and foolish or mercenary administrations.

Their political troubles are attributed mainly to three causes: the geographical shape of the country, strife between its black and its mulatto or "colored" people, and oppression by France at a critical period of Haitian history.

Haiti is a strip of land, two hundred and fifty miles long, seldom thirty miles and sometimes but fifteen miles wide, which bends round the great bay formed by the western coast of the fertile island of San Domingo. The country is shaped something like two links of sausage, one representing North, the other South Haiti.

About midway stands the seat of government, Port-au-Prince, with no great populous middle land about it to share in the sentiments of both districts and modify the political struggle between them. Each geographical section naturally wishes its presidential candidate to succeed; the more so as the presidency, by custom rather than by the letter of the constitution, amounts to a dictatorship.

Again, though Haitian whites and blacks agree fairly well, the blacks and the "colored" or mulatto people have long been fiercely opposed. This is said to be partly because the colored people copy the arrogant race demeanor of their former French masters, whose blood they share, and partly because of the cruelty with which the more ignorant portion of the blacks have often revenged the social slights put on their color.

But a large share of blame for the disturbances of Haiti rests on France. Between 1825 and 1840, her tyrannical enforcement of certain claims upon the Haitian treasury assisted the disorderly elements to bring into disrepute President Boyer, who had administered public affairs prudently and honestly for twenty-five years.

Upon his abdication, in 1843, an insurrectionist leader, Herard-Rivière, was placed at the head of the State. His misgovernment caused his deposition within four months; his successor, Guerrier, was incapable; ferment soon became chronic; disorder bred disorder, and this state of things has continued, with a few short intervals of exhaustion and quiet, up to the present day.

"PASS IT ON."

After the close of the Civil War the North was filled with Southern refugees, many of them delicate women, reduced from affluence to poverty, and compelled to earn a living for themselves and their families. One of these was a niece of Jefferson Davis, a woman of unusual cultivation, who found a scanty and precarious subsistence by giving an occasional lecture before a country audience on Southern life. Sheltered and shielded as she had always been, the struggle with the world was a hard one. Women were just beginning to appear on the public platform, and she was unknown and friendless; but bravely she worked on, asking aid from no one.

It was a cold, blustering January day in 1868 when, cold and shivering from an early morning drive in the rain, and with her thin wraps dripping, Mrs. H. entered the Boston train at a way-station. All the seats were occupied, some with passengers, some with bags, bundles and overcoats.

Trembling from weakness and weariness, Mrs. H. supported herself against the back of a seat as the train moved off.

At that moment a gentleman chanced to lower his newspaper, and caught sight of the black-robed woman. With a quick exclamation he sprang to his feet, removed a valise from the seat beside him, and invited her to occupy it. As she sank down exhausted, he carefully wrapped his travelling rug about her.

She thanked him for his kindness, and he, turning to her, said:

"Pardon me, madam, but are you not a Southerner?"

"Yes," she answered, "I am. I suppose you knew it from my speech; many people have done so."

"The accent is unmistakable," he replied; "but pardon me again, are you not a long way from home?"

"A long way indeed," she replied, and encouraged by his sympathetic voice and manner, she added, "I lost my all during the war, and as there is no money in the South, I came North to find means to support my fatherless children."

"And have you done so?" he asked in a kindly manner.

"After a small fashion," she answered. "I have occasional engagements to speak to country audiences on life in the South during and before the War."

"Did you speak last night?" he asked.

"Yes, in X.," was the answer.

"And—I do not wish to be impertinent, but I am somewhat in the same business myself, and I should like to know, that is if you would not mind telling me, how much they paid you for your lecture."

"Five dollars and the fare to and from Boston," was the response.

"Five dollars!" he exclaimed. "Why, I always get one or two hundred; and your lecture must be worth a great deal more than mine, for you can give facts, while I can only furnish opinions."

"Little as it is," answered Mrs. H., "I am very glad to get it; I would talk at that rate every night during the winter."

For a while the man sat in silence; then putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a roll of bank-notes, and in a hesitating manner said:

"I don't want to be intrusive, but one of the articles of my creed is that a woman is entitled to the same pay as a man if she does the same amount of work. My price for a night's talk is two hundred dollars, and that sum they paid me last night at Z.; now if you will let me divide it with you, I shall have had my share, and the thing will be even, don't you see?"

After much urging and many thoughts of her needy little ones, Mrs. H. was persuaded to put the roll in her purse; but it was not until the end of her journey that she examined the roll and found it to contain just one hundred dollars.

Some years afterward she discovered that her unknown benefactor was Wendell Phillips, and being then past the need of help, she essayed to pay back the debt.

"Don't speak of it," said Mr. Phillips; "I had entirely forgotten the incident."

"That is very probable," she replied, "but I have never forgotten it; that money, and still more your words of sympathy and encouragement, were the beginning of better days; and now I am abundantly able to pay back the money."

"Pass it on, then, my dear madam, pass it on to some one who needs it."

For the Companion.

GOLDENROD.

In olden days the sunlight stept
Down to the earth below,
Across the fields and hedges crept
All noiselessly and slow;
And where it passed the shadows fled
Swift speeding far away,
As from the gateways overhead
Came down the light of day.

But as along a lane it passed,
It weary was and slept,
And slumber's fetters held it fast
While night her vigil kept;
And when the morning's couriers came,
In velvet buskins shod,
Where last was seen the sunlight's flame
Were shafts of goldenrod.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

BORN TO BE A LAWYER.

What is the chief characteristic of a "born lawyer?" Some people fancy that it is audacity; but audacity has, perhaps, spoiled a lawyer's success as often as it has made it. Craftiness, another quality often attributed to lawyers as a class, is as likely to get them into trouble as it is to win them cases. The real master-quality of a good lawyer, according to many modern authorities, is a "genius for details"—an ability to see through a case to the uttermost particular, and keep everything in mind, ready for use at the right moment. The following story has probably been told by more than one lawyer to illustrate this fact:

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants—all bright, and many suitable.

He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then ranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and so judge whom he would choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed-corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity.

"Seeing him go in at the hole one noon, he took his shot-gun and fired away. The first shot set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answer, continued, "And, seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water, and ran to put it out."

"Did he put it out?" said another.

"As he passed inside, the door shut to and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water —"

"Did they all burn up?" said another boy.

The lawyer went on without answer, "Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did any one burn up?" said another.

The lawyer said, "There, that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story."

But observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said, "Now, my little man, what have you to say?"

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy, and stammered out, "I want to know what became of that squirrel; that's what I want to know."

"You'll do," said the lawyer; "you are my man. You have not been switched off by a confusion and a barn burning, and the hired girls and water-pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel."

NERVE.

One of the surprises of the American Civil War was the nerve shown by boys whose youthfulness caused the recruiting officer to hesitate about enlisting them. At the Battle of Shiloh—as we learn from "Military Essays and Recollections"—the little drummers of the Fifty-fifth Illinois were found in the ranks, gun in hand, whence they were rescued by the chaplain, who formed them into a hospital corps. One of them, "Little Joe," worked like a hero in caring for the wounded. When night came it found him by the log-house used as a hospital at Pittsburg Landing.

He lay down on the wet ground outside and went to sleep. As the wounded died inside they were carried out and laid along side of the sleeping boy, whom the attendants supposed to be dead. In the morning, when Joe awoke, he found himself at the head of a ghastly row of dead bodies.

The nerve which had carried the boy through the toil and dangers of the preceding day forsook him, and with a yell he fled from the spot, shouting, "I won't be used as a *header* to dead men!"

Bob Oliver was a corporal at Shiloh; he left the army a captain. During the battle he had been ordered to the rear with a wounded man. Overtaking a sergeant with a broken arm, he turned his charge over to him, and started for the line of battle. What happened afterward is best told in a private letter which he wrote after the victory.

"I heard some one call out, 'For God's sake, Robert, don't leave me!'

"I looked back and saw James I. Goodwin of my company. He had everything off but his trousers and shirt, and had been very severely wounded. I said, 'Never! Put your arm around my neck, and I will do the best I can for you.'

"The Confederates were very close all around us, but I felt strong enough to pull up all the young saplings that grew on the battlefield. While I was taking him back he was hit once or twice. When I got to a surgeon and we cut the shirt off Goodwin, to my horror I found seven bullet-holes in that boy not yet seventeen years old.

"I never could tell this experience without something coming up in my throat to cut my speech off. From the minute I took hold of him until I got to the river he never murmured nor broke down. Whenever he was hit he gave a sudden start and then braced up again; I never saw such nerve. He died on May eighth, the noblest boy I ever saw."

Those of us who complain of the petty ills of life, such as the weather, or a badly-cooked dinner, are rebuked by this boy, who "never murmured nor broke down," though his body was pierced by seven bullet-holes.

MINISTER AND DEACON.

At a certain country church the service was much distracted on a recent Sunday. In the first place some one thought that he smelled smoke, and became convinced that the church was on fire; so in the midst of the first prayer he tiptoed up to the sexton's pew, of course making so much noise with his creaking boots that the attention of the whole congregation was attracted. The sexton set about an investigation, and finding nothing below stairs, went into the attic.

In the course of his search he managed to step off the line of planks which ran along from end to end of the attic, and there being no flooring on either side, his foot went through the laths and plaster and his leg followed.

As it chanced, he broke through directly above the head of the clergyman, who was interrupted in the midst of his prayer by the sound of breaking laths above him, and by a shower of plastering which rattled down upon his head. In his endeavor to defend himself the clergyman put up his arm hastily.

He was a somewhat dandified parson, and unbeknown to his people had helped out nature in the matter of hair by wearing a top-piece. This he managed to brush off with the lime, and the astonished people, distracted by the sight of a man's leg sticking through the ceiling above, were further amazed to see the clergyman standing before them with a bald head.

In this extremity the senior deacon of the church proved himself a man of genius. The sexton drew up his leg with no further effect than the sending of a fresh shower of lime down upon the unlucky parson. The deacon rose in his place, and with marked emphasis upon the first words, said:

"Let us all bow the head in silent thanksgiving for the escape of our beloved pastor."

The hint was taken, the congregation bowed their heads, and when they lifted them again the clergyman had adjusted his wig and the service proceeded.

HIS WEDDING GIFT.

Gifts are too often made as a duty, not as the expression of any genuine feeling of regard. An amusing example of this happened on the occasion of a fashionable city wedding. Young Mr. Jerome Vernon had been invited to be usher at the marriage of Mr. Bell and Miss Everett. As soon as the invitation came his mother said: "Now you must send Miss Everett a present at once and go to call on her."

"You pick me out something for her, will you, mamma?" said young Mr. Vernon.

His mother did so that very morning; she ordered a rare vase sent to Miss Everett, and put her son's card in it. When he called at five o'clock he was shown the gifts already sent to Miss Everett, and directly began especially admiring this vase, not observing his own card with it.

Again and again he returned to this vase, praising its color and outlines and saying at last that he thought it the prettiest of all her gifts, while Miss Everett gazed at him curiously.

When he met his mother at the dinner-table he described to her this vase, and said he hoped she would get Miss Everett something as handsome as that for his gift to her.

"Why, I sent her that!" exclaimed Mrs. Vernon, and the laughter that followed Jerome's exclamation and explanation was lively for an hour.

"What can I do? I can't do anything. I can't tell her I didn't know it was my present!" said Jerome, his face red with merriment and mortification.

There was nothing to be done but to let Miss Everett think one of her ushers either a great joker or a stupid boaster, and Jerome Vernon has always hoped that she took his praise of his own present as a piece of modest, airy chaff intended to prevent her from expressing her gratitude.

ORIGINAL VOTING.

In many of the provinces of old Japan it was the custom to elect the chiefs of the village by ballot. Certain of the large landholders were privileged to choose, and when positions became vacant they assembled on a certain day and handed in their votes, written on a paper and placed in a sealed envelope. "But if the ballot of those days was something like our own," says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*, "the times are changed, and the new ideas are none the less strange to old heads.

"Even at the election of last year, we saw one good old soul for whom the ballot seemed to have many mysteries. After a series of interviews with various election officials—in which the mutual politeness was at once painful and delightful to behold—he was finally guided to the ballot-box, and there, inspired by what associations it is impossible to tell, he carefully reached under the table on which the box stood, and dropped his ballot on the floor. The unbroken soberness with which both he and the officials regarded his blunder was characteristically Japanese.

"The incident need not be taken, however, as indicating any peculiarly Japanese rusticity; a year or two ago, in a New England town well known as a seat of learning, an election was held, at which many women voted for the first time. One lady, painfully conscious of the newness of her privilege, approached the ballot-box and proceeded to insert her ballot with its face upward and open to the sight, contrary to the law of the State. But the vigilant official prevented her, and said, firmly:

"'Face down, madam, face down;' whereupon the inexperienced elector, in all simplicity, bowed her head reverently, and continued to fumble blindly at the box with the ballot still facing upward."

AMERICAN DONKEY.

An American traveller in Egypt has a paragraph about the donkey boys of Cairo, and their readiness in playing upon the patriotic feelings of possible customers.

One fellow stepped up to me, pulled his forelock,—at the same moment giving the boy behind him an accidental punch in the stomach,—and with a grin of humor on his dirty face, said:

"Take ride, sah? Mine splendid donkey. Name Prince—" then as he caught an English word, he added, "of Wales. Prince of Wales, sah."

If I had uttered a French word the name would have been "Prince Napoleon."

Others of the boys called out, "Mine Billy Button," "Tom Jones," "Waterloo," "Duke Wellington."

One little urchin, a better guesser than the rest, cried: "Mine berry good donkey Yankee Doodle—General Grant."

That shot took effect, and I followed the boy to take the "donk" with so illustrious a name.

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For the Companion.

GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man!
Of course I love him dearly,
But really it does seem to me
He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day
Is right, no matter whether
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,
Or what the kind of weather.

When out-door fun is ruined by
A heavy shower provoking,
He pats my head, and says, "You see
The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm
For any kind of pleasure,
He says, "The corn has grown an inch—
I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind
Has set my things all whirring,
He looks at me, and says, "Tut! tut!
This close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high,
And fence-posts scarcely peeping,
"How warm beneath their blanket white
The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face
His sweet smile shines so clearly,
It would be nice if every one
Could see things just so queerly!

M. E. B. W.

For the Companion.

GETTING THE BABY TO SLEEP.

The boys, Phil and Teddy Clark, had just come up from the city to grandpa's to spend the summer, and were out in the field watching grandpa plow the ground for sowing buckwheat.

It was quite warm, and Beck and Bright, the patient oxen, began to loll out their tongues, for all the world like two dogs, so grandpa stopped in the shade where the little boys sat, to let the oxen cool off.

"Let me see," he said, "it was forty-nine years ago this very spring, and I was plowing this very same piece of ground. It was all solid woods when I moved here the year before, but I had chopped down the trees and dug out some of the stumps, and now I was plowing it for the first time.

"Your father was a baby then, about six months old, and the crossest baby I ever saw cutting teeth. Your grandma had all the work to do, and take care of him besides."

"Didn't she keep a nurse for the baby?" asked Phil.

"I s'posed they always did," said Teddy.

"No, indeed, my boy! We lived in a one-roomed log-cabin, standing just where the house does now, and we had to keep one or two hired men to help clear the land, so there was not much room to spare, and your grandma had to work very hard.

"She came out here where the hired man and I were plowing that morning, the baby in her arms crying as hard as he could cry, and she was crying too.

"'O John!' she said. 'I'm all discouraged. Baby is so cross and my head aches to split. I've got bread to make and churning to do, and I can't put him down a minute. You've got to take care of him.'

"'Give him here,' I said, and took him in my arms, while she went back to the house.

"I took my old frock and tied it by the sleeves in among the plow-handles, making a sort of hammock for him. Then I put him into it and went to plowing again.

"It was pretty rough shaking, but he seemed to enjoy it, and lay watching the oxen till he fell asleep. Then I made him a bed of our two frocks among the bushes right about here, and left him to finish his nap.

"About noon your grandma came out to get the baby. She had taken a nap; so her head felt better; and she had done up her work and got dinner ready.

"The hired man was digging at a stump over about where those choke-cherry bushes are, and I was over here plowing.

"'Where's the baby, Mr. Cook?' she asked, when she came to him.

"'Wal,' he said, 'the little feller was awful cross, and you didn't seem to care much what became of him, so Mr. Clark, he just threw him down and turned a furrow over him!'

"She glared at him; then ran across the plowed ground to me as fast as she could come.

"'Where's the baby?' she screamed, so loud that it frightened me.

"I pointed into the bushes, and there she saw him, still fast asleep."

"The hired man told a lie, didn't he?" said Teddy.

"Yes," said grandpa, "it was a lie all the same though he said it in fun."

"How queer it seems that papa was ever a baby!" mused Phil.

"Everybody was a baby once," said Teddy, wisely.

"Yes," corrected Phil, "everybody 'cept Adam and Eve!"

For the Companion.

A DARLING LITTLE DUNCE.

She did not look at all like a dunce, as she sat on the lowest step of the new house that the workmen were finishing inside.

I wondered whose home it was to be, and I fancied that the little girl might know.

"Can you tell me who is building this house?" I asked.

"Oh, my papa," she said, looking up into my face with the brightest blue eyes I ever saw.

"And who is your papa?" I asked.

"Why, he's papa!" she said, with loving emphasis.

"Yes, but what is your papa's name?"

"His name is papa."

"But what do other people call him?" I urged.

"They say Mr.—what?"

"I—don't—know," a little cloud coming over the sunny face.

"Can't you recollect what strangers call your papa, gentlemen who ask you if he is at home? Don't they ever ask you that?"

"Oh, yes; they say, 'Is your papa at home?'"

"Well, what is your name?" I asked, thinking I might now find out what I wanted to know.

"Celeste," was the answer.

"Celeste what?"

"Celeste Rosabel Marguerite. That is enough, isn't it? Mamma says I have almost as many names as a princess."

Just as I was turning away, a girl of about eight years ran out from a house opposite.

"There's Bessie! P'r'aps she'll know. Bessie! Bess-sie!" called the little one at my side.

And Bessie came.

"Bessie, what's papa's other name 'sides papa?"

"Why, Mr. Griffith, of course! What a little dunce you are!"

"Am I a dunce?" and the blue eyes looked up tearfully.

"You are a darling," I whispered, taking the sweet upturned face between my hands and kissing it.

Then the blue eyes smiled again, and the dimples danced back to their places, and I continued my way down town.

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

A CURIOUS TRANSPOSITION.

In the following stanza transpose the last word of the first and second lines into the *first two* words of the fourth and fifth lines:

The sun may shine, or cold winds whistle,
Through sun or shade he's like a thistle,
With prickly points at every touch.
Let this be shown with condemnation,
He wills before the accusation,
Which none, I'm sure, could relish much.

2.

DOUBLE ZIGZAGS.

Across.

1. A town in Austria.
2. Material.
3. Homeless.
4. A celebrated English author and essayist (1694–1732).
5. Absorbing.
6. Supports.
7. An infant.
8. The popular name of some species of a genus of plants.
9. A slight woollen stuff.
10. Critically examining.

Zigzags.

1 to 10. The name of an English religious author who died on August 31, 1666.

11 to 20. The name of a now celebrated city taken by the British on August 24, 1814. C. D.

3.

GEOGRAPHICAL CONNECTIONS.

1. Join a young bull to somewhat and make an empire in Europe.
2. Join to venerate to a measure and make a city in Maine.
3. Join a Scripture proper name (feminine) to a mass of cotton for apparel for quilts and make a river of Asia Minor.
4. Join part of the earth's surface to to hinder and make a city of Connecticut.
5. Join a mammoth bird of Arabian mythology to a feminine name and make a city in New York.
6. Join a feminine name to a fish and make a mountain chain of China.

4.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

Example—Forty (XL, excel).

1. A simple quarrel.
2. The price of a decision.
3. Ten pieces of land.
4. An object at a distance.
5. Your choice between a human being and his habitation.
6. A principal calamity.
7. Spring work.
8. The family of a domestic animal.
9. The sleep of a young goat.

Conundrums.

What flower expresses what all men seek after? Heart's-ease.

What kind of muffins are generally tough? Ragamuffins.

What word contains all the letters? Alphabet.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Idlewild—the home of N. P. Willis.

2.
```
          W
        I A
      G A L I L E E
        R L   L M
          I   A
        A D   N C
      M E D I A T E
            L   T
              K
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1 to 2 and 1 to 3, connection—William Wallace. 2 to 3, Mediate. 4 to 5, Galilee. 4 to 6, Gribble. 5 to 6, Emanate.

3.
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I N D U C T
  D I V E R S
  V E X O U S
  A S S I G N
  B L O U S E
  A U F A I T
```

Idea of August.

4. Goosey, goosey gander.

5. Dale; 1, pale; 2, gale; 3, kale; 4, tale; 5, bale; 6, bale; 7, sale; 8, vale.

6. R-eins; O-melet; B-utton; I-mage; N-erve. Robin.

7. Toll, gas, morn, sonnet, grass, hole. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

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MONKEYS' LANGUAGE.

Not long ago a learned man gave to the world an able paper going to show that crows have a language which is made up of distinct words, each with its own specific meaning; and now a distinguished professor, Mr. Garner, has published an article in the *New Review*, in which he adduces facts in support of a theory that monkeys have a regular spoken language. His observation of these animals had led him to the conclusion that with them certain vocal sounds mean certain special things, and he resolved to investigate the matter.

"I went to Washington," says Professor Garner, "and called upon the Director of the National Zoölogical Garden, and told him how I proposed to work. We set the time and prepared the work.

"We separated two monkeys which had been caged together, and placed them in separate rooms. I then arranged a phonograph near the cage of the female, and caused her to utter a few sounds, which were recorded on the cylinder.

"The machine was then placed near the cage of the male, and the record repeated to him, and his conduct closely studied.

"His surprise and perplexity were evident. He traced the sounds to the horn from which they came, and failing to find his mate, he thrust his hand and arm into the horn quite up to the shoulder; withdrew it, and peeped into the horn again and again. The expressions of his face were indeed a study.

"Having satisfied myself that he recognized the sounds as those of his mate, I proceeded to record some of his efforts. I secured from him enough to win the attention of his mate, and elicit from her signs of recognition. For the first time in the history of philology the Simian tongue was reduced to record."

This was but a small beginning, however. Afterward Professor Garner obtained many records of monkey speech in the zoölogical gardens at Chicago and Cincinnati, made notes upon the monkeys' doings at the time they uttered the "words," and took the records home with him for careful study.

Having hit upon certain sounds as meaning certain things, he went back to the monkeys at Cincinnati, and began to make experiments:

"When the visitors had left the cage of a Capuchin monkey, I approached him, and found him crouched at the back of the cage. I spoke to him in his own tongue, using the word which I had called 'milk.'

"He rose, answered me with the same word, and came at once to the front of the cage. I repeated the word; he did the same, and turned at once to a small pan in the cage, which he picked up and placed near the door at the side, and returned to me and uttered the word again.

"I asked the keeper for milk, which he did not have, but brought me some water. The efforts of my little Simian friend to secure the glass were very earnest, and the pleading manner and tone assured me of his extreme thirst.

"I allowed him to dip his hand into the glass; he would suck his fingers and reach again. I kept the glass out of reach of his hand, and he would repeat the sound and beg for more.

"I was thus convinced that the word I had translated 'milk' must also mean 'water;' and from this and other tests, I at last determined that it meant also 'drink' and probably 'thirst.' I have never seen a Capuchin monkey that did not use these two words.

"The sounds are very soft and not unlike a flute; very difficult to imitate and quite impossible to write. They are purely vocal, except as to faint traces of 'h' or 'wh' as in the word 'who;' a very feeble 'w,' and here and there a slight guttural 'ch.'"

Professor Garner's opinion, as the result of his experiments, is that the chatter of monkeys "contains the rudiments from which the tongues of mankind could easily develop."

TREATMENT OF WATCHES.

That a watch may keep good time, says *Chambers's Journal*, it should be carefully treated; it should be wound at the same time daily, and when not worn should be placed in the same position, always hung up, or always laid down, as every watch goes differently in different positions.

In watches having a double case, the outer one should never be left open. If it is left open even for one night, the glass is covered with a thin film of dust, which will gradually enter the works through even the tiniest openings in the case.

Watches should be wound in the morning, because a spring fully wound up will more readily overcome the disturbances produced by the movements of the wearer. Springs will not break so easily if watches are carefully wound up and not taken out of a warm pocket and placed directly against a cold wall or on a marble slab; for that reason a protective mat is desirable.

The changes of the oil, the variations in temperature, the density and humidity of the air, all greatly affect the going of a watch, and it is only the lever watch of the most perfect finish which almost neutralizes those adverse influences. No watch keeps perfectly correct time. Even the best chronometers, used in observatories and on board ships, must be regulated according to tables which fix the variations to which watches are subject.

A watch should be cleaned every two or three years. In time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of even the best-closing watch, begins to act as a grinding material, and wears out the working parts. It frequently happens that a watch requires cleaning oftener than once in two years, especially if it closes badly or is exposed to much dust and dirt.

Any one who has the misfortune to drop his watch into water should take it at once to the watch-maker, to have it taken to pieces and cleaned; a delay of even an hour may spoil the watch forever.

HUGO'S SELF-CONCEIT.

Many great men have been aware of their own genius. In most cases their self-confidence has been pardoned to them on account of their achievements. Victor Hugo, the most famous of modern French authors, was so great a man that his vanity might well have been overlooked, but it was nevertheless sometimes amusing.

In 1851, when Napoleon III. was crushing the liberties of the republic, Hugo was anxious to stir up a revolution. M. Jules Simon relates that, in company with a friend, he met Hugo on the street one day during the excitement.

"Simon," said the poet, "do you think that if I caused myself to be killed in the Latin Quarter, and my body were carried through the streets, the students would rise in revolt?"

"I am sure they would," said Simon.

Victor Hugo shook his hand in a tragical manner, and went away. M. Simon's companion looked at him with an expression of terror.

"Don't be afraid," said Simon; "he really means it, but it is a long way to the Latin Quarter and before he gets there he will have forgotten all about it."

It is related that during the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1871, Victor Hugo said one day at a dinner-table:

"I am going to raise the siege and save Paris!"

"But how?" asked a guest.

"I shall expose myself at the outposts and shall be killed. And when the Prussians see my dead body, they will retire with sorrow and shame to their own country!"

The poet evidently forgot this project as well as the other.

THE EXAMPLE OF KINGS.

The French court, ever fond of novelty, once carried its innovations in language so far as to alter the gender of a substantive in compliment to an infant mistake of their Grand Monarch. The word "carrosse," a coach, was originally feminine, as its termination implies.

But when M. Menage published a dictionary he gave it as avowedly masculine. The revolution as to the gender of this word arose from a trivial grammatical error.

Louis XIV. succeeded to the crown at the age of about five years. Not long afterward, on inquiring for his coach one day, he happened to mistake the gender of the noun, and said, "*Ou est mon carrosse?*" using the masculine pronoun instead of the feminine. The courtiers, on the principle that the King can do no wrong, even in grammar, at once treated the word "carrosse" as masculine, and so it has continued ever since.

"Every one imitates the example of the King," used to be a courtly maxim, and it is even now acted upon more generally than those who imitate it would acknowledge. Yet even the most slavish imitators of royalty would hardly go so far as did the French courtiers during the preceding reign, that of Louis XIII.

This monarch also was a boy when he succeeded Henry IV. And being a boy he had no beard. Therefore the courtiers would wear no beard themselves. Not a man of them ventured to appear in the King's presence unless smoothly shaven.

DETAINED.

A New Haven letter-carrier was making his last round for the day, not long ago, according to the *Register*, when he unexpectedly found himself a prisoner. It was about half-past ten in the evening, and he was hastening from box to box, taking up their contents.

His key was attached to a small but strong chain, which was fastened about his waist in such a way that it could be taken off only by having the key end of the chain. It is customary for the carriers to put the key in a breast-pocket after opening a box, the box being fastened again with a spring-lock.

In the present case the key happened not to enter the man's pocket, but slid down inside the box unobserved. He slammed up the loosely closing door, put on the padlock, snapped it, and darted onward.

He took two steps, and was brought up with a suddenness that jarred both the man and the post. The key was inside the box, and the carrier was a prisoner. To remove the chain from his body was out of the question. He stood still, therefore, until a young man happened along. To him he explained his predicament, and in half an hour or so a duplicate key was brought from the post-office and he was released.

JOACHIM, the musician, was having his hair cut, and strenuously insisted that it should not be very short. "Well, sir," said the barber, losing patience, "if you, as a gentleman, don't mind being taken for a foreign musician, I'm sure *I* don't care."

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BORROWED PLUMES.

Country boys for the most part affect a supreme disdain for the clothes and manners of city lads who spend their vacations in the country. A young artist, however, who has spent several summers at a farm-house in a picturesque village on the coast of Maine, tells of the unusual fascination which his clothes seemed to possess for the son of the house.

His white flannel tennis suit especially excited John Henry's admiration. Whenever he put it on, the boy had some emphatic word of approbation.

One morning, as the artist and John Henry were driving to the post-office, the expression on the latter's face was so doleful that the artist asked if anything was the matter.

"I guess you'd feel sorter blue," said John Henry, "if you'd ben invited to a lawn party at your cousin Lucy's, and had to cut a figure in your overalls and jumper."

"Why, you've a good suit," said the artist. "What's the matter with your Sunday clothes?"

"They aint any good for a lawn party," said John Henry. "I wish to goodness I had a white rig."

"I'll lend you mine," said the artist, joking.

"Oh, I'd spill something on 'em or tear 'em," John Henry replied, mournfully.

"I guess not," said the artist. "You would look first-rate in them. You're about my size."

Just then a carriage full of young people from the hotel came along, and the artist was invited to join them on an all-day's ride. John Henry drove on.

The artist did not return to the farm until the following evening. The first thing that met his eye as he entered the yard was his white flannel suit hung on the line to dry. He looked at it a moment and then went to his room, where soon afterward John Henry joined him with a lugubrious face.

"You saw 'em a-hangin' there, didn't you? I thought you would. Well, I'm terrible sorry, and I've got four dollars and seventy-five cents. You see I wore 'em to the party. Ma said I looked real genteel. I got to Lucy's house early, and she asked me if I'd as lief go down to the swamp back of the yard and get her some wild roses to put in the parlor.

"So I went, and her old dog went, too. He had to go sniffin' into every mud-hole after frogs. And finally he went into a big one, and when he came out he just shook himself all over me, and I suppose the clothes are all spoilt. I wish to goodness I never borrowed the rig. I didn't stay to the party, I was so dirty. Ma's rubbed most of the mud out, but I'm feared they're done fer. I wouldn't 'a' took 'em if you hadn't put me in mind to. I wish I hadn't."

The stains all came out, but the clothes shrunk so that no one bigger than John Henry's smallest brother ever wore them again.

SHE BORE UP.

A London journal says that a stout and elderly woman was on board a train which was approaching the Forth bridge. Her remarks, which she bestowed right and left upon her fellow-passengers, showed that she was unaccustomed to travelling; yet she must have been something of a philosopher in her own way. As the reader will perceive, she was a believer in what may be called specific levity.

The old lady was nervous about the bridge. She had seen pictures of it, and had made up her mind that it could not be quite safe. She kept inquiring when the train would come to it, and at last was told that it was close at hand.

"Well," said she, rather solemnly, "I don't know whether we shall get over alive or not, but if we don't it sha'n't be my fault."

Then she settled into the corner of the seat with a determined air and a puckered-up mouth, which were only less droll than the general air of responsibility which brooded over her. During the passage of the bridge she did not speak a word, but seemed to be holding her breath.

"There," said a gentleman in a neighboring seat, "we are over it safe."

The old woman heaved an explosive sigh.

"Well," she said, "if we had gone to the bottom I should have died with a clear conscience, for it wouldn't have been my weight that did it. I bore up so that I really made the train lighter than it would have been without me."

CONSIDERATION.

A New Hampshire farmer gave evidence of his belief in his cattle's appreciation of scenery not long since, when showing a visitor over his estate. After a long tramp through the woods, the two men climbed a steep hill, on the summit of which was an enclosure where several cows were standing.

"Isn't this a grand place for pasture?" asked the farmer.

The visitor looked out over the beautiful sheet of water which lay at the foot of the hill, more than a mile away, and agreed that it was a grand place.

"But," he said, after a little, "there isn't much grass here for your cows to feed upon."

"No, that's true," the farmer admitted. "But it's a grand good place for them."

"There doesn't seem to be any water handy, either," remarked the visitor.

"No, but they drink just before they are driven up here and when they come down at night."

"There isn't much shade, is there?" the critical visitor further remarked.

"Well, no," replied the farmer. "But good land, man! Just think of the magnificent view!"

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The following "Twelve Rules," a copy of which used to hang in every colonial kitchen for the benefit of the household servants, had perhaps a share in forming the sturdy, upright character of which New England is justly proud:

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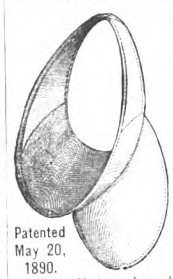
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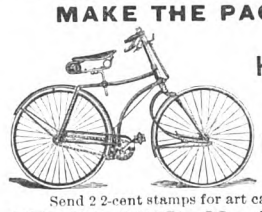
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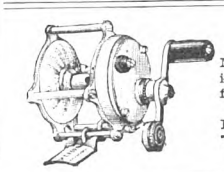
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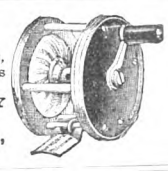


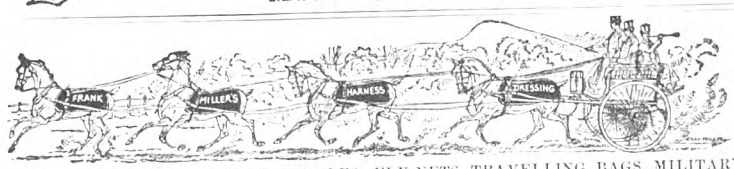
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

INCIPIENT MELANCHOLIA.

Melancholia is a grave disease, especially because of its strange and terrible tendency to induce suicide and homicide. As the patient's reasoning processes seem to be perfectly clear, friends are seldom sufficiently on their guard. The danger is always present, however, nor is the highest degree of intelligence or of moral worth any safeguard against it.

The New York *Medical Journal* has a report of a lecture on the importance of recognizing melancholia in its earlier stage by Doctor Burnet, lecturer in the Kansas City Medical College, of which report we make free use.

"There is a marked difference between sadness and melancholia," says Dr. Burnet. "In ordinary sadness there is a cause comprehensible to the individual, and he will seek to remove it. In melancholia there is no apparent cause; there is some implication of the higher faculties, and the patient is usually indifferent to his condition, surroundings and future progress."

There are several forms of the affection: simple melancholia, melancholia agitata, melancholia attonita and melancholia with stupor. The first two are the most difficult of recognition, and it is these that especially endanger the lives of the patient and his friends.

The first important symptom of simple melancholia is sleeplessness. Another symptom, of the greatest importance, is a dull pain in the back of the neck, extending to the back of the head. It is only within a few years that this symptom has been recognized. The third symptom is depression of spirits, accompanied by slower mental movements and retarded speech and actions. When the first and the last symptoms are connected with pain in the neck, the diagnosis may be considered as conclusive.

In melancholia agitata, these three symptoms are very marked, but it is not so difficult to diagnose the disease, since the agitation is of itself a strong indication. There are generally terrifying hallucinations, an utter indifference to one's self and one's surroundings, aversion to food and inability to sleep, except under the influence of drugs.

The propensity to take life may come on suddenly, or be gradually developed. It is not uncommon to see melancholiacs whose morbid tendencies are first brought out by some suggestion.

One such patient was thought to have the "blues," and on his remarking that he wished he was dead, a friend carelessly said, "Go throw yourself over the stair railing." He acted upon the word, fell through three floors, and was killed.

Every case of melancholia should at an early date be put into the hands of a competent physician, who can have the entire control of it.

For the Companion.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

A radiant star will adorn the sky during August, and for several months to come. It is Jupiter, the largest and grandest planet of the solar system.

Observers who watch his course will see that his size and brilliancy increase, and that he rises earlier every night. He will continue to do this until September sixth, when he will be in opposition with the sun, rising at sunset, reaching the meridian at midnight, and setting at sunrise; being visible through the whole night.

Jupiter in opposition, or opposite the sun, as the word implies, is at his greatest distance from the sun, and nearest to the earth, which accounts for his superb appearance.

This majestic planet is equal in volume to thirteen hundred worlds like ours, and casts a shadow that extends fifty millions of miles in space. He is called a planet but is more like a sun, and probably gives out some light and heat. The rapid changes visible on his surface through the telescope indicate the action of mighty forces, and a possible condition approaching incandescence.

Countless ages must pass before the planet's fires grow low, and are succeeded by periods of development, perfection and decay, the three processes that rule the material universe.

Observers, therefore, may watch the progress of world-making on this stately member of the sun's family, as the telescope reveals the varying belts, the rifts, the bright spots, and especially the famous red spot, showing that fierce forces are raging within and beneath the cloud-atmosphere that envelops the planet.

Those who are familiar with the planet's story will take a deeper interest in watching the course of the bright star that reigns supreme on August nights, and that may be recognized at a glance as, looming above the southeastern horizon like a young moon, he makes his way toward the zenith.

Sharp-sighted observers can see on moonless nights nearly three thousand stars. Jupiter is the brightest of them all. The telescope brings out fifty million stars. Not one can compare with him. Venus is his only rival, and she is now hidden in the sun's rays, so that he reigns alone.

IN A CREVASSE.

Christian Linda, of Lauterbrunnen, had accompanied a gentleman as second guide over the Tschingel glacier, and, his services being no longer required, he was dismissed at the village of Ried, whence he started back alone to Lauterbrunnen, taking a short route across the glacier. On the way, at seven or eight o'clock Sunday morning, he fell into a crevasse.

On Wednesday morning—that is, seventy-two hours later—a gentleman in ascending the Tschingelhorn with Fritz Graf as guide, passed the spot where Linda was engulfed, and noticing an ice axe on the edge of the crevasse, peered down and saw Linda at the bottom.

A rope was lowered, which Linda was fortunately able to secure about his waist. With difficulty he was raised to the mouth of the crevasse, but he was a very heavy man, and his two rescuers were not able to bring him to the surface.

It was decided that the gentleman should remain on the glacier while Graf went for assistance. This was obtained at the Steinberg hut, or châlet, and when Linda was finally hauled up he was found to be nearly dead.

During the seventy-two hours of Linda's imprisonment in the crevasse—at an estimated depth of fifty feet—he had no food, for he was so tightly jammed between the walls of ice that he could not get at the provisions which he carried in a bag on his back. He was, however, able to lick the ice with his tongue.

It is not strange that his hands and feet were terribly frostbitten; the marvel is that, situated as he was for so many hours without food to sustain animal heat, he was not frozen to death.

HOW SURE IT WAS.

Hank Yates was a born horse-trader. His father and his mother's father were horse-traders, too, and spent almost as much time riding over the Illinois prairies to get or to make bargains in horseflesh as in attending to their corn and pig-raising on their farms. Hank had traded horses from the time he was ten years old, when his grandfather bought him a Texas mustang from a herd.

Hank swapped the mustang within twenty-four hours for a Kentucky colt, which he traded to his father for a coveted mare, whose next colt he sold to his grandfather at an advance of seventy-five dollars over the price of the mustang.

Hank was only nineteen years old when he began his attentions to Lizzie Dodd in the next county, and scarcely twenty when he rode over on a fine young horse to ask her to marry him.

They were sitting out in front of the house in the starlight, and Hank was getting on well with what he had to say, when he saw Lizzie's father critically examining his horse, hitched down at the front gate.

"I think everything in the world of you, Lizzie," Hank was saying. "That's as sure as —"

Just then he saw her father feeling of his horse's feet, and the instinct of the horse-trader mingled with the spirit of his wooing, and he sprang to his feet and yelled, "That's as sure as that bay gelding of mine is worth forty dollars more than them little gray mares of yourn both put together!"

WOUND BY THE SUN.

A clock is to be seen at Brussels which comes as near to being a perpetual-motion machine as is likely ever to be invented; for the sun does the winding. The method by which it works is described in the *Optician*.

A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an up draft of air, which sets a fan in motion. The fan acts upon a mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a brake on the fan till the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated, and proceeds to act as before.

As long as the sun shines frequently enough, and the machinery does not wear out, the clock will keep going.

TO REMIND HIM.

Little Pete is a good boy as well as a boy of a great deal of originality in his "notions," but he has the serious fault of being extremely forgetful.

One day, after having gone on an errand and forgotten what he was sent for, he exclaimed, bitterly, to his sister:

"Oh dear! I wish I was a snake!"

"You wish you were a snake?" said his sister, horrified.

"Yes, and a great long one—as much as six feet long."

"Why, what for, Pete?"

"So I could tie knots in myself to make me remember things!"

THE COW KNEW.

In this era of railways and newspapers, knowledge is not confined to cities and towns.

"How savagely that cow looks at me," said a young woman—a summer boarder—to a farmer.

"It's your red parasol, ma'am," he answered.

"Dear me!" said the maiden. "I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it."—*New York Weekly.*

"Brown's Household Panacea" will quickly remove pain and soreness from cuts, bruises and burns. Also an excellent remedy for internal pain. [*Adv.*

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Cleans Flat Irons Beautifully. Send 25 cts. for Sample, and get our Special Offer to the one who sells the most Blocks during the balance of the year. This Block takes off all rust, starch, dirt, or any roughness, and waxes the iron with Beeswax all at the same time. Sent by mail for 25 cents. **Agents Wanted Everywhere.**

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What varnish do carriage-makers use? The good ones use good varnish. So do some of the bad ones.

We shall be glad to send you, free, the "People's Text-Book on Varnish," from which you will become intelligent, not on varnish itself, but on varnished things; know what to expect of and how to care for proper varnish on housework, piano, furniture, carriage, etc.; and how to get it in buying these things.

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If not for sale by your local dealer, address THE JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"From Andante to Allegro," an illustrated pamphlet, will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen.

A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

Many a Home Has Heard it, and it is a Serious Thing.

"Baby had the colic, and we were up all night."

That's not an uncommon remark of some tired, dragged-out, sleepy parent. And the pain and suffering the little one went through have plainly drawn on its store of health and vitality, leaving it fretful and sick, ready to fall a victim to some dread disease of summer.

Catnip tea, anise, and all household remedies give only temporary relief, while medicines are often positively harmful and dangerous.



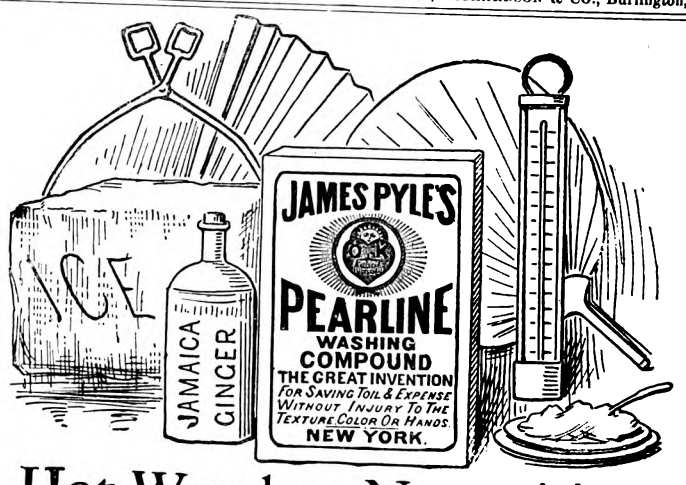
Mrs. E. D. Libby, of 18 Atlantic St., Portland, Maine, whose baby's picture is shown above, happily found a means of preventing colic. She says, "The first two months of my baby's life she was badly troubled with colic, but then we began feeding her lactated food, and she has been well ever since. She is just what her picture shows her to be,—a healthy, happy baby."

From this experience of an intelligent mother, other mothers can learn how to keep their darlings free from pain and suffering. Thousands of children are now well and strong, who would have been laid away in the cold grave had it not been for lactated food. While it is not a medicine,—only a pure, simple food,—yet it positively cures that scourge of summer, cholera infantum, by making the stomach and bowels healthy and strong.

Babies living upon it have but little trouble in teething, sleep well nights, crow and laugh all day, and are the happiest, rosiest, sturdiest youngsters that ever filled a mother's heart with proud joy.

Lactated Food is sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt of price: 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.00. Interesting book of "Prize Babies" and handsome birthday card free to any mother sending baby's name.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.



Hot Weather Necessities.

Notice the large square package in the front rank. That's where it belongs—ask any woman who has used it. See what it does. It saves work, saves strength, saves health, time, and temper. It saves wear and tear, too—and that's money. Delicate summer clothes don't have to be rubbed and wrenched when they're washed with *Pearline*. Everything is washed easily—and safely. *Pearline* doesn't *do* any more in warm weather than in cold, but you seem to *need* it more then. It's a necessity. But it's a luxury, as well. Try it in the bath, and you'll think so.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.* 193 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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For the Companion.

INTERLOPERS.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter V.

Wayward and Contradictory.

They were all sitting together in the twilight that evening,—Dorothy on a low stool at her mother's feet, leaning against her knee, Colonel Everest by the open window and Helen in a rather distant corner where the shadows were thicker than elsewhere and where she fancied she could not be seen. Occasionally Colonel Everest and his wife would speak together briefly, but the two girls were silent.

Dorothy, casting furtive glances at the corner where Helen sat, saw her raise her hand, now and then, to her eyes, as though she were wiping away tears. Dorothy wondered whether she was crying. She wondered what she was crying about.

And yet she need not have been at a loss to know. Perhaps she herself might not have been above shedding a tear or two if she had come with open arms to greet a stranger and the stranger had drawn stiffly away, repulsing her with cruel coldness, and had deliberately turned aside as though the sight of her were hateful in her eyes.

For a long time she and her mother had been left alone and undisturbed to talk and kiss and "cuddle" to their hearts' content, trying to make up for all the lonely hours of those lonely two years, and then there had come a gentle tap upon the door and Mrs. Everest had said:

"Come in, Helen, dear. This is Dorothy."

Then a tall, slender girl had appeared in the door-way, standing one moment upon the sill as if trying to gain courage to go on before she opened her arms—her tender brown eyes growing large and soft with love, while coming direct to Dorothy she cried: "O little sister, *do* love me!"

Dorothy had cast her off and turned carelessly away, saying:

"I guess I'd better go to my room now, mamma. I want to take a bath. I'm dirtier than I'm tired, and I'm hungrier than I'm either."

With that she had left the place before any one could say a word.

She had not seen her mother alone since then. But she was sure her mother was displeased with her, in spite of the caress she felt in the hand that was lovingly stroking her hair.

Oh dear! She knew that would be the way always now. Helen would be forever getting her into trouble and making her mother angry with her.

"Helen, dearest, do not sit hidden away from us all like that. Come here. I want my two daughters near me. There is another footstool here and always room at mother's knee. Come, dear. I want you."

Then out from the shadows came Helen, and even in the twilight Dorothy could see that she was pale and that her eyes were wet. But in her gentle voice there was no trace of tears as she said:

"I know it, mamma. I didn't go off by myself because I felt you didn't. But—I—was—thinking."

"Helen is like her father," said Colonel Everest. "She has to make a special business of thinking. It does not come natural and she has to absent herself in order to accomplish it. Solitude and silence. Eh, Helen?"

The girl smiled and answered, "Yes, papa," and then there was another long pause.

Everything seemed to Dorothy distant and dim and only half-real. Somehow she thought she would always remember this first evening. There was something queer about it that she did not seem to understand. Somehow or other she felt it was changing her whole life.

She felt as if this evening was the beginning of something—Oh! perhaps it was the "new life" Miss Lorimer had talked about. And then back came the memory of the little lecture she had had from her kind teacher, and particularly an admonition to let no unworthy feeling enter her heart, and to be kind.

But now her mother began talking about their plans for the morrow, and Dorothy was glad to listen and try to forget that her conscience was pricking her; and that in her heart she was harboring all manner of unworthy feelings without once trying to thrust them out; and that she had been anything but kind. And by and by it was bedtime, and she and Helen were kissing their parents good-night and going together, though as silent as ever, to their rooms. In the little hallway Helen stopped.

"Dorothy," she said, in a low voice that had a piteous little tremor in it: "Dorothy, I don't want to trouble you. If you don't want to have me love you, I'll try not to—but—but—I never had a sister and I—was—so glad and—If you'd only tell me why you hate me so I'd try to do better—and maybe—I—. Will you let me kiss you good-night?"

She was holding out both her hands pleadingly and looking straight into Dorothy's eyes.

It was strange; Dorothy had the same feeling now that she had had that night in the seminary when she had longed to run after her stepfather and beg for his forgiveness. But now, as then, she let the impulse cool, and closed her obstinate little heart to her better nature, and the moment fled uncrowned.

She thought: "It would be hypocritical to say I don't hate her when I do. And if I hate her I oughtn't to let her kiss me."

"You haven't done anything, I s'pose," she said to Helen. "It's all right just as it is. I don't like much to kiss—I never, that is, I don't very often—care anything at all about kissing any one but my mother," with which she entered her room and closed her door.

She was so tired that she fell asleep the moment her head touched the pillow, and the first thing of which she was conscious in the morning was of her mother's lips upon her forehead.

"I didn't like to wake you, Dorothy. It is early yet and not time to rise, but I felt I ought to say a word to you before the day begins and while we are alone and not in danger of being disturbed—"

"I s'pose we'll always have to do our talking this way now—early mornings and things," said Dorothy, rubbing her eyes and sitting up in bed. "I s'pose there'll always be some one round after this. Oh dear!"

Mrs. Everest made no response to this. She was in her heart praying to be taught just how best to help Dorothy to be true to herself. She knew that in the depths of Dorothy's heart lay nobility and justice and generosity—like truth at the bottom of the fabled well. She could see them in spite of all the deep flood above, but how to reach them?

How long she talked and what she said no one but Dorothy ever knew, but by and by she was resting her head on her daughter's shoulder and saying: "We must help each other. We must help each other to be good—" and at this Dorothy felt ready to make any sacrifice, to do anything that was right.

But when her mother had left her and she was alone again, it all came over her—how different it used to be in the old days when there was no Helen to be talked to about, and then back came all the troop of impatient, angry, envious thoughts, and by breakfast-time she was as silent and unrelenting as ever.

The journey to the country home (the home of Colonel Everest's boyhood) was made within the week, and Dorothy was overjoyed to get into the country again—the fresh, green country with its hills and dales, its sweep of sky and its broad, blue river. The house itself was in the old colonial style of architecture, with great wide windows and an ample hall that was a delight to lounge in.

There were all manner of strange nooks and corners, odd little steps leading to balconied chambers, and a gallery.

The two girls were given perfect freedom, and often in the morning would take long drives across the country or long rows upon the river or long tramps through the fragrant woods.

In spite of herself Dorothy often relapsed into her old sweet self, and then her stepfather and Helen caught glimpses of such a lovable, large-hearted girl as one seldom sees.

But a word, a look, would banish it all again, and she would once more be the Dorothy who could hurt them with her silence or stab them with her cruel thrusts.

But neither Colonel Everest nor Helen ever let her see that they felt the change, but waited patiently for the time to come when the better self would triumph once for all and these days of doubt and dread be past forever.

One morning Dorothy was singing in her room and brandishing her banjo above her head in much the manner of an Indian preparing to hurl his tomahawk, when the maid appeared at the door, her arms full of clean linen fresh from the laundry.

As she knelt before Dorothy's bureau in order to fold the articles away neatly in the drawer, she said:

"There's company coming, Miss Dorothy. Your mother just told me that folks is coming to-morrow. Now we'll have a houseful and goings on."

Of course Dorothy wanted to gain more information immediately, and so down she flew to her mother.

Mrs. Everest laughed.

"What a gossip Katie is," she said. "A nephew of your father's is coming. No one else. We met him in Germany, so I have seen him before. He is a very nice fellow and I hope you will like him and that he will like you. Try to be a little dignified, dear, and don't play any of your tricks while he is here. Let him and your father see how ladylike you can be."

Dorothy stood still and considered.



An Early Slice of Bread.

"Come when you're called. Do as you're bid,
Shut the door after you. Never be chid.
Speak when you're spoken to. Hold up your head.
Turn out your toes and go smiling to bed,"

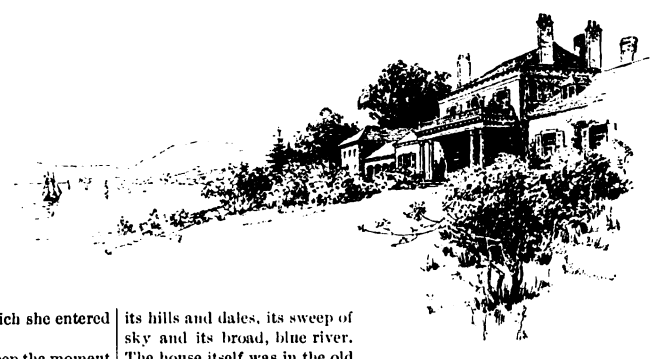
she chanted, and then veering swiftly about ran out of the room and upstairs again, thinking: "So he thinks I am not ladylike. I s'pose he told her so. Oh *dear!*"

All that day and the next following she was a little more taciturn than usual, and when the "company" arrived, if he noticed her at all it was only as a particularly pretty girl with a particularly ugly expression.

She sat upright and immovable in her chair with a rigid look of determination upon her face. As a matter of fact she was thinking:

"I'll show him that I can be as ladylike as his dear Helen. I guess my mother knows how to bring me up."

The next morning she waked very early, and lay listening to the joyous sound of the birds caroling just outside her window.



She jumped up and slipped on her pink bath-robe, a pretty thing of soft, fine flannel with wide, silk-lined sleeves, and unlocking her door pattered along the hall barefooted toward the bath-room for her daily "scrub."

She set the water to flowing in the tub, and then all at once it struck her that she was hungry.

She ran down the staircase and toward the kitchen regions on a voyage of discovery. It was not very difficult to find bread and butter, and with a slice in her hand she was making the return trip, when a sound caught her ear that made her pause and listen.

She was well on in the hallway, and there was no escaping any one who should happen to be descending the stairs just then. But who could be abroad but herself so early in the morning?

It was the "company," dressed and hat in hand, evidently just ready to set out on a morning tramp.

He looked at her with unconcealed surprise,

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Edward D Duffield Jan92

and then came down the remaining stairs and held out his hand.

"Good-morning!" he said. "I thought I was the only early bird, but I find you have got ahead of me and secured the worm. I wonder could you get me one like it?" he continued, pointing to her piece of bread.

Of course there was nothing left but to comply. Dorothy went back to the kitchen and got him his coveted slice of bread; and then sat opposite him as he ate, munching her own and swinging her feet backward and forward with the most careless ease in the world.

"You didn't tell me how it came about that you were up and doing so early in the morning," her companion remarked.

This opened the way for a gay conversation, which continued until Dorothy suddenly thought, Why was she talking so amicably with this relation of the "interlopers?" He wasn't *her* cousin. Immediately she stiffened herself up, and rising from her seat remarked frigidly that she thought it was time to go.

The young man opposite scrutinized her fixedly for a moment and then remarked:

"Come now, Miss Dorothy. You'd better like them. It doesn't pay not to. Besides, they're everything that's good, and they love you dearly in spite of the way you act—they—"

Dorothy did not pretend to misunderstand his reference. She flashed a look of anger at him, and retorted:

"So they have been complaining to you? They've been telling you how I've acted? But of course they would; so mean, so—"

"'Sh! Be careful. If any one tells it will be yourself," warned her companion. "No one has said anything to me, my dear little cousin,—you see I am going to claim you whether you like it or not,—I have eyes and can see. The fact is, you made up your mind to war against my uncle and Helen, and you are doing it pretty thoroughly. Really I wish you wouldn't. It isn't a good idea. It won't pay in the end, and you'll be awfully sorry some day."

Dorothy shook her head in stout denial, and then murmuring something about the water's overflowing the bathtub left him and ran quickly upstairs.

He watched her as she went and then, with an amused and regretful expression as he thought of her folly, started out on his tramp, coming home again just in time for breakfast.

For the life of her, Dorothy could not restrain casting a merry little glance over the table at him as they took their places. She tried to look demure and staid, but the remembrance of her escapade would make her eyes twinkle with laughter, and all her efforts were in vain.

"Now tell me; what mischief is brewing between you two, Fred and Dorothy?" inquired Mrs. Everest, presently. "You are hatching some wild scheme between you, I know."

Fred said nothing, but Dorothy, scorning concealment and being possessed by that spirit of reckless daring that so often attacked her in her stepfather's presence, rehearsed the whole scene graphically enough.

Her mother said: "O Dorothy, my *dear!* Why will you do such things?" but Colonel Everest laughed, though he said nothing.

Somehow he spoke very little to Dorothy nowadays. He had drifted into the way of saying "good-morning" to her at the beginning of the day, and letting that suffice. She made no remark upon it but it did not escape her, and often she felt an unaccountable desire to force him to notice her kindly, as he had been so ready to do at first.

Colonel Everest wondered dimly at times where Miss Lorimer found the admirable qualities she had pointed out to him in the girl. For his part, he saw nothing but scorn and rancor and petulance and pride in his stepdaughter.

But this morning seemed to promise better things, for Dorothy was smiling, and appeared quite ready to let the day pass in peace and harmony, and at these signs of fair weather from the variable little weather-cock, Helen gained courage to be quite gay.

"Do you know, mamma," she said, in her gentle voice, "that when I met Mrs. Beech yesterday she told me to tell you that after the tournament next week she's going to have a few young people to dine and dance, and she said she was going to ask if we—Dorothy and I—couldn't come. *Do* let us, please. We're not too young—Mrs. Beech said it was going to be for 'young people.' Say yes when she asks you. Beg her to say yes, Dorothy."

The two girls followed her upstairs with their gay clamor, and it was only when she reached her own room that she turned upon them suddenly and cried out with a despairing sigh:

"Yes, you ridiculous children. Now may I be permitted to write a letter in peace?"

But no; they still besieged her with anxious questionings as to what they should wear.

At length she seated herself in her rocking-chair and beckoned the girls beside her.

"In self-defence," she explained, laughing, and for a little while the three were as merry over their plans as though there had never been a ripple on the placid surface of their content.

Then suddenly, like a storm bursting from out of a clear sky, forth broke the old trouble again.

It grew out of Mrs. Everest turning to Dorothy and saying: "You see, I prefer to have you both in white. The pretty frock Helen sent you from Paris for Commencement will be just the thing for you to wear, Dorothy, it is so simple and —"

But Dorothy, at the mention of her sister's name, had started to her feet, and now interrupted her mother with the repetition of the word.

"Helen?" she said in a strange, smothered voice, while her face grew very pale and her hands cold and unsteady.

"Why, yes, of course. You knew Helen sent you the frock, dear. I had written you I could not afford it, and then one day Helen and papa formed a little conspiracy and got your measurements, through 'bribery and corruption,' and went and ordered the affair. It was entirely Helen's idea, and I had nothing to do with it."

By this time Dorothy's blood had come rushing back to her cheeks in an angry flood and she turned and faced Helen, who had drawn back a little and was very white and still.

But after looking at her for an instant as though she were about to hurl some cruel dart at her, she wheeled abruptly about and ran out of the room, one heavy sob escaping her just as she reached the door.

At the sound Helen sprung to her feet.

"O mamma," she cried, "what is it? Why does she feel so? I must go to her—I—"

But Mrs. Everest stretched out her hand and detained her. For once her sweet face was set and stern.

"No, Helen," she said, "I will go. Don't grieve, darling," and kissing the poor, anxious face, she followed in Dorothy's footsteps and knocked upon her door. At first she received no answer, but after a second Helen heard the latch spring back and the knob turn and a voice, racked by sobs, exclaim huskily:

"I'll never—wear—it, *never!*" and then the door closed again.

Helen bent her head in her hands and, wounded and smarting, cried as if her heart would break.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL DUTY.

I have an interest in all men's lives,
Doing for those no richer than myself
What for myself I cannot do.
—*Alfred Austin.*

For the Companion.

THE PRIZE PUMPKIN.

Upon the trunk of the big elm-tree in front of the schoolhouse gate appeared a huge yellow poster, announcing the attractions of the county fair to be held for three successive days in the little town of Lincolnville.

Before the poster stood Harry Arnold, reading aloud the flaring head-lines and occasionally, by way of emphasis, punching a capital letter with the long stick which he held in his hand. Two other boys stood by listening, while a third leaned indifferently against the fence.

"Say, boys!" suddenly exclaimed Bob Raymond, the largest and oldest of the group; "I'll tell you what will be huge fun! Old Peter Ruggles was up at the store last night bragging about his big pumpkin. It is e-normous, he says; and he's going to bring it to the fair on Thursday, and expects to get the prize—the first prize, mind you! Two dollars and seventy-five cents!" added Bob, imitating to perfection old Peter's tones.

"Pretty big amount!" said Guy Everett, the son of the wealthiest man in town, as he jingled in his pocket the silver coins which, as his companions had no doubt, would fully equal the sum that had seemed so large to old Peter.

"Big amount! I guess it is!" replied Bob. "We heard Joe Jackson joking old Peter and asking him whether he was going to invest his premium in government bonds or Western lands; and the old fellow said he rather thought he should buy a ticket down to Kingston about Thanksgiving time, and carry the pumpkin to his sister that he hadn't seen for twenty years."

"I would if I was him!"

All the boys turned in surprise as these words came slowly and in a childish voice from Ben Harrington, the big, awkward boy who still stood leaning against the fence.

"Who asked you to say anything, sonny?" exclaimed Bob Raymond, turning and glaring on the speaker. "You'd better go in and study your grammar!"

The boys laughed at Bob's attempt at wit. Ben made no reply; but a hot flush spread over his face.

"What's the joke, anyway?" demanded Guy. "Thought you had a bright idea when you begun this row."

"So I have," replied Bob; "and you'd just better listen to what I tell you! I propose that we three go up to old Peter's to-night after dark and get his precious pumpkin and make a jack-o'-lantern of it, and set it up on his door-step. Then we'll give a thundering knock and run. It'll scare the old man half out of his wits, besides being such a good joke!"

"E-normous!" said Guy.

"And the pumpkin will be just as good to carry to the fair after we've excavated it," added Bob, chuckling at the thought of old Peter's consternation.

"No it won't either," solemnly asserted Ben, who had listened with his mouth and eyes wide open. "It'll spoil it!"

A shout of derision followed this simple speech; and Bob Raymond shook his fist in Ben's face and said:

"You hush up, simpleton, and don't you breathe a word of what we've been saying to any living soul or—I'll make a jack-o'-lantern of you!"

Just then the school-bell rang, and Bob said in a low tone, "Come down to our barn, boys, to-night, after supper, and we'll fix up the plan."

Then snatching the old cloth cap from Ben's tousled head, Bob sent it skimming across the playground, while he stalked boldly up the path with his grimy hands in his pockets.

Ben Harrington was undoubtedly a very dull boy—the dullest boy in school. He was fourteen years old, overgrown and awkward. His face was freckled, his hair a neglected shock of tawny brown, and his eyes had frequently a look that made his teacher wonder to what remote corner of space stupid Ben's wits were straying.

His own mother was dead, his father was a poor, hard-working man, with no ambitions above earning the daily bread for his family; and his stepmother, always overburdened with the care of a numerous brood of her own, had no time to do anything for the dull, uninteresting boy whose father she had married. So Ben had grown up utterly neglected. If he hoed the corn-patch and went promptly after the cows, there was no further concern regarding him.

His sole delight seemed to be to run through the woods, where he knew the haunts of every wild flower that blooms, and the homes of the birds, the squirrels, and all the shy and timid creatures who, like himself, loved the freedom and solitude of a life out of doors.

Ben stumbled across the playground after his cap and, as usual, was the last one to enter the schoolroom. This, however, occasioned no surprise; and the boy took his seat and began to meditate on what he had heard. Ben's moral nature had been cultivated no more than his mind or manners, but his simple, honest soul was stirred with indignation at the thought of the outrage which was to be perpetrated upon poor old Peter Ruggles and his precious pumpkin.

Ben's face flushed as he thought of it; and then as suddenly blanched as he recalled the threat of Bob Raymond. Should he go that very night, while the boys were plotting their dark deed in the barn, and tell old Peter of the daring raid to be made on his pumpkin-patch, or should he keep quiet and leave the old man to face his loss and disappointment as best he might?

Then a wild and well-nigh overmastering thought suddenly entered Ben's brain. Why should not he himself send a pumpkin to the fair? Why should he not win that very prize on which old Peter had set his heart? Away up in the corner of the corn-field, back of the cow-shed, was a pumpkin-vine which Ben had himself planted and watched in secret; and of the existence of which no one else knew.

On this vine was one huge pumpkin, not so large as Peter's, to be sure, but perhaps—ah, terrible temptation!—perhaps, if Peter's pumpkin should not go to the fair, Ben's pumpkin might win the prize.

The prize! Two dollars and seventy-five cents! Ben had never had so much money of his own to do with as he pleased in his life. Visions of jack-knives, two-bladed, four-bladed, six-bladed even, passed before him.

Poor Peter, with his hopes and expectations, was entirely forgotten by the boyish dreamer. In his imagination he saw his own big pumpkin in the centre of the long table at the fair, holding the place of honor among other products of the vine, outweighing and outshining them all. He even heard his own name upon the judges' lips, and the praises of the people crowding through the hall to get a glimpse of the big pumpkin which he had raised.

Just at dusk, while Ben's thoughts were still absorbed in his own selfish plans, he saw two boys whom he well knew disappear around the corner of the village street in the direction of Bob Raymond's barn; and once more a sense of the great wrong about to be perpetrated upon poor old Peter Ruggles came over him.

He was already on his way to the corn-field, and to his pumpkin-vine. There was the pumpkin—a big fellow. He spanned it eagerly with his hands. Perhaps it was bigger than Peter's; and any way, if Peter's pumpkin should not be at the fair he might get the prize.

Ben threw himself down on the cool ground, put one arm doggedly around his treasure, and fought the battle out with his selfish heart.

When the boy arose it was with a sense of victory and a face aglow with a sublime plan which was to circumvent the most skilful of plotters, and preserve for Peter the grand hopes which the old man had staked upon his cherished pumpkin.

With his old, broken, one-bladed knife he cut the pumpkin from the vine, taking care, however, to cut it near the roots and thus leave a long, leafy stem upon the fruit, around which he carefully wrapped his old blue jacket.

With the unwieldy burden in his arms and the vine trailing behind, Ben skirted the field and crept as stealthily as possible along the walls and fences until he reached the garden of the little, low brown house apart from the village, where old Peter lived by himself.

It was now quite dark, and Ben realized that there was need of haste, for the boys would be sure to come before the moon rose.

With trembling hands Ben felt among the vines for Peter's pumpkin. There was no danger of mistaking the gigantic specimen, for the vine had been carefully pruned that it might throw its full strength and vigor into this one supreme effort.

Ben unhesitatingly cut the pumpkin from its stem, and it was fortunate for him that he was not detected at this point of his proceedings, for he never would have been credited with his just and generous motives.

Glancing furtively around, as though in some misdeed, Ben carefully placed his own pumpkin on the spot where Peter's mammoth fruit had grown, and dexterously twisted its long stem around that of Peter's vine, tying it securely at the end.

Then he took Peter's pumpkin in his arms and stole unobserved around the house and into Peter's little shed-like barn, where he crept into the darkest and most remote corner and laid down his burden with a sigh of relief.

He was none too soon, for hardly had he left the field when the three conspirators groped their way into the little garden.

They had no difficulty in finding the innocent big pumpkin, which lay awaiting them.

"Ha! here it is!" said Bob, attempting to twist it from its stem. "Isn't it a bouncer!" But the tough, fibrous stem resisted, and the small hatchet in the hands of Guy Everett severed the pumpkin from the vine.

"Here, I'll tomahawk him!" exclaimed Guy. "Isn't his scalp immense?" he added, as he deliberately cut the crown from the yellow sphere.

The pumpkin was then excavated, transformed into a jack-o'-lantern,—with long, oblique eyes, which suggested the Chinaman, a triangular nose, teeth that would have done credit to an ogre, and a mouth turned up at the corners into a horrid grin.

A candle was fixed inside, and then, with much chuckling, the would-be practical jokers carried the jack-o'-lantern to Peter's door-way. They placed it upon the fence-post, lighted the candle, and in the horrible glow from the fiendish face, the three boys executed a dance, which, perhaps, they thought was like a Sioux war dance.

Then Bob volunteered to go to the door and "knock up old Peter." To witness his dismay was to be the crowning point of their sport, but—shall it be said to their credit?—when the two boys, who waited across the road while Bob pounded on the door to summon the victim of their joke, beheld the expression of anguish which came over the expectant old face, they were seized with remorse, and fled precipitately in the darkness.

Even Bob Raymond, the ringleader in many dark deeds of mischief, forgot that he was to shout, "Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater!" when the old man appeared, but took to his heels and ran in an opposite direction to that which his accomplices had taken, nor did he see anything more of them that night.

Poor Peter felt his limbs fail beneath him, and sank upon the door-step, while the demoniac face grinned at his woe. He took it all in at a glance. He realized that he was the victim of a cruel joke which had blotted out the hopes he had fondly cherished for many weeks.

Some one touched his arm.

He turned and saw a boy standing timidly beside him.

"Ha! is it you, you scamp!" and Peter seized by the collar the boy, who, so he supposed, had stayed behind to mock him.

"No, no! it's me, Ben! Don't you know me?" pleaded a familiar voice.

"What are you doing here? Stealing my pump kins, ruining my crops, spoiling *everything!*" gasped the old man, helplessly, as a sense of his misfortune came over him anew.

"Why, no, Peter!" exclaimed Ben, resolutely freeing himself from the old man's grasp, and standing firmly before him like a man. "I've saved your pumpkin! Sit down and look at me! I tell you I've *saved* your pumpkin! and if you don't believe me, here it is!" and Ben lifted the big yellow thing from the grass and put it safe and sound into the old man's lap.

"There, hold on to it! No, put it down or you'll smash it after all!" cried Ben, taking it again from the trembling hands of the bewildered old man.

The boy's explanation was brief and to the point. Poor old Peter Ruggles hugged his prize pumpkin with tears of joy; and Ben, stupid Ben, feeling very much embarrassed and as though he would like to thrash somebody, turned suddenly upon the jack-o'-lantern and shouted, "Stop your grinning at me, you old punkin-head, or—I'll knock your eyes an' nose an' mouth together!" which thing he summarily did.

The next morning a certain boy in the town of Lincolnville saw a sight which so astonished him that he stopped and gazed at it, and then ran and called another boy, who also stopped and gazed, and then ran and called a third.

It was quite early on the morning of the day on which the county fair was to open. Farmers and villagers were coming from all directions into town, bringing all manner of fruits and agricultural products. But the sight which so overcame the three boys of whom we speak was this:

Mr. Peter Ruggles in his best black coat and a tall hat, not of the latest style, was coming down the street wheeling a barrow, upon which was a large basket, tastefully lined and decorated with fresh vines and leaves, and on its green cushion, in this basket which it seemed to fill, reposed an enormous pumpkin! By the side of the wheelbarrow proudly walked Ben Harrington.

Straight to the agricultural hall they went—the owner and the preserver of the prize pumpkin—both confident of victory.

And well they might have been; for although many big pumpkins appeared upon the scene, there was not one which could compare with the mammoth produced by Mr. Peter Ruggles, to whom the judges had the honor of awarding the first prize.

Somehow, before the fair was over the whole story had leaked out. It was neither Peter nor Ben who first told it. It came from the lips of the three conspirators themselves. The truth was their curiosity overcame their caution.

They all understood how a pumpkin could be converted into a jack-o'-lantern, but how a jack-o'-lantern could be transformed into a perfect pumpkin was beyond their comprehension.

They put a few indiscreet questions to old Peter which at once revealed their share in the transaction, and resulted in the disclosure of the whole story.

The three boys, when called to account, had manhood enough to admit their misdeeds.

Bob Raymond left the fair immediately; but Harry Arnold, heartily ashamed and sorry for his part in the matter, awkwardly shook hands with Ben and said, "Good for you, old fellow!" while Guy Everett, with a newly awakened sense of honor, took a handful of silver from his pocket and insisted upon paying Ben for the pumpkin which they had destroyed. But Ben drew himself up with unaffected dignity and refused to accept the money.

For the next few days Ben Harrington was the

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hero of the town; and in the classes with which he afterwards fought his way through the difficulties of a common school education, his position from that time was one not to be despised.

The boy who had so generously sacrificed his own property and outwitted three of the smartest boys in school had established himself in the respect of his fellows. He was no more "stupid Ben," nor could any one call him "a punkin-head" without recalling his brilliant victory in a contest of wits.

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

THE WILDERNESS.

Though to men's eyes so small a space,
To us, O Fancy, what a world it is!
Alone in this art's desert-place,
One natural oasis.

Boston Transcript. —*Joseph B. Darby.*

For the Companion.

NEPIGON.

In Six Chapters.—Chapter V.

Blueberries, Black Flies and Bears.

It was not wholly safe to go on with canoes in the face of such a gale, but now that we were out in it, our Indian boatmen buckled down to their work. The canoes had to be driven by main strength against the full force of the wind and waves.

For an hour we made but slow progress. It was a rather joyless hour, for we all knew that if the gusts were to increase but a little in force, we should, indeed, be in grave peril. Even as it was, with unskilful boatmen the canoes would have been swamped.

It was, therefore, with a sense of great relief on the part of all, and a feeling of thankfulness on the part of three, at least, of the party, that we perceived that John and Joe were heading in toward a little cove, between high, bare ledges, on the east shore.

"Is that our port?" cried Thea.

"Yes, that is Flat Rock landing," replied John, laughing after his manner. "Are you glad, miss?"

"Don't ask me!" exclaimed Thea. "I'm more than glad; I'm perfectly happy!"

The great ledges here rise up steep and bare save for an occasional jack-pine or a tuft of blueberry bush, to a height of sixty or seventy feet, then extend away, inland, flat as the floor of some great temple. Hence the name, Flat Rock Portage, for it is from this landing-place that parties, touring and fishing, cross over to Lakes Hannah and Emma, on their way homeward.

The distance across to Lake Hannah is a mile and a quarter, nearly all the way over smooth, solid ledges. Below the path, to the right, there is a "mus-keag," or morass, of considerable extent; the breeding-place, probably, of the myriads of black flies which form the one drawback to camp-life here.

The plateau of the ledges, sixty feet above water-level on the Lake Nepigon side, commands a beautiful view of South Bay and its opposite shores.

Thea and Lucia, who had climbed up from the landing-place to the plateau in advance of the rest, came running to meet the others, who had delayed to carry up loads, displaying sprigs of bush blue with berries.

"I thought we had already seen blueberries!" Lucia cried. "But we haven't. We have seen nothing worth mentioning before. Why, the ground is more than blue, it is *piled* with them."

They led the way to a little plot, or rather a tract, of bushes, while the others followed wonderingly, for it was an astonishing spectacle. The sprigs of the shrubbery rested on the rocks, which were indeed piled up with the huge, luscious, even fragrant, blue fruit. It was unanimously declared, too, that the berries were the best in flavor of any which we had ever found.

The tents were pitched on the plateau in the midst of the berry pasture.

But the black flies!

Existence here, from sunrise till sunset, would have been one long, miserable struggle but for our nets.

No tourist in the wilderness should be without a good supply of netting. In the course of five minutes after landing, every head in our party was snugly covered in by a voluminous net, put on over hats and buttoned under jackets at the throat. The hat-brim keeps the net so far from the face that it does not discommode one. Thus defended, we did not mind the pests.

Dinner was eaten by the light of a jolly camp-fire. The Indians sat on the other side of the fire, mending their moccasins and smoking contentedly.

Presently Wap-a-sheesh started up and sprang to get Joe's rifle.

"What you see?" cried Joe.

"*Mar-qua*," was the reply, as he dashed away toward a group of pines. He had caught a glimpse of a black animal which he thought was a bear, but was unable to get a shot at it.

"It not strange at all to see bear here now," John remarked. "They are living on berries, and get very fat."

"Is there any danger from them?" asked Lucia.

"Oh, no; not very likely touch anybody. Most likely run away. Most always run. But sometimes not. Never tell exactly what bear will do. Sometimes want to stay and fight. Sometimes feel cross, I suppose."

The evening was warm and beautiful. The golden glow of the sunset lingered long over the wooded mountains across the bay, and altogether this was one of the most enjoyable camps of the trip.

We had the last of our Nepigon Falls trout for breakfast next morning. John told us that plenty of jack-fish were to be caught in Lake Hannah, across the portage.

"What is a jack-fish?" inquired Lucia.

"It is a sort of pike," replied John, "somewhat, but not just like what they call pickerel in the East. Some old jacks grow very large. I once was fishing in Nepigon Bay, below Red Rock, and hooked a jack-fish that weighed twenty-eight pounds. A few years ago I saw an Indian bring a jack-fish to the trading post which weighed, the post-trader said, not far from sixty pounds. The Indian had it on his back, and the tail of the jack dragged on the ground behind him. But generally they weigh from three to ten pound."

Immediately after breakfast the guides carried the canoes over the smooth, bare portage rocks a mile and a half to Lake Hannah, and Professor William, Alton and Dick went jack-fishing. Teacher Sarah, Lee and the girls gathered blueberries, cranberries, bird-pears and wild cherries, and went exploring the moss-covered crags along the shore of the bay, for ferns.

The fishing party met with great success.

The water of Lake Hannah, unlike that of Lake Nepigon, is what the guides term "black water." There are many shoals and shallow coves where the bottom is of black mud, and eel-grass and rushes abound.

The jack-fish like to bask in these spots, and are taken by trolling with spoon and grapple, and also by means of hooks baited with meat.

Alton and Dick shot two or three red squirrels along the carry-path, for bait. When they had rigged out their tackle the Indians took them in the canoes and paddled them slowly around the sedgy shores of the lake.

They had scarcely moved out from the little cove at the landing-place, when a ravenous old jack darted at Dick's spoon, was hooked, and leaped high out of water. It was allowed to tire itself out in this way for a few minutes, and then was hauled bodily into the canoe, where it made itself a very lively fellow-passenger, until Joe adroitly dislocated its neck.

Professor William soon hooked another, and before he had finished playing it, Alton had a third on his grapple. These three weighed not far from four pounds apiece. But in a cove near the south end of the lake Alton caught one weighing fully seven pounds, and later, while they were in the reedy arm of water, near the outlet into Lake Emma, Professor William hooked one still heavier. Altogether, while trolling about two hours, they caught seventeen, but brought home to camp only eight, which weighed thirty-four pounds, and were pronounced by John and Joe to be an average lot of "jacks."

Wen-a-goosh at once proceeded to dress and fry the largest for dinner, and it amply sufficed for eleven persons, with a large surplus for "manners."

About a mile to the southward of our camp there is a rugged headland, fronting on South Bay, sparsely covered with pines. As we sat discussing the comparative merits of trout and jack-fish, Alton suddenly discovered, or thought that he discovered, an object moving among the pines, near the summit of this distant eminence.

"How big was it?" Lucia asked.

"Oh, it was large; large as a horse. I think 'twas an elk," replied Alton, going hastily to the tent for his gun. "Come on, Dick!" he called out. "Let's go down there. We may get that elk."

Thea failed to discern anything through the glass.

"What do you think, John?" asked Professor William. "Is it likely that they saw an elk there?"

"Oh, I don't know. Elk are coming round this lake now, they say. I don't much think it was an elk," he added. "Maybe bear."

"No," cried Alton, coming out with his gun and cartridge belt. "It had long legs. It stepped off like a colt. Come on, Dick."

They set off, and were soon lost to sight among the pines.

"I can see two great birds flying around the top of the hill," said Thea. "There, one of them has alighted on a dry pine. I think it is an eagle. One is larger than the other."

"Let's go down there, too," said Lucia, "and see what we can discover."

"I'm a little afraid of bears," replied Thea. They finally arranged it to have John follow after them, at no great distance, with Professor William's gun. They were seized with the whim to go exploring by themselves, yet desired to have aid within call, in case they got frightened or found game.

The girls had been gone from camp fifteen minutes, perhaps, when those who had remained behind heard a scream—a cry of genuine alarm—in the direction of the hill; then, after a few moments, the report of a gun.

"Oh, what can be the matter!" cried Teacher Sarah. "Do let's go see!"

Lee, who had lain down for a nap, roused up; and all three of them, with Joe, set off in great haste in the direction of the sounds. Wen-a-goosh and Wap-a-sheesh had gone back to Lake Hannah, to pitch the bottoms of the canoes. Hurrying forward through the pines among the bushy ledges, the relief party proceeded for half a mile or more, and arrived at the base of the high hill, without discovering anything of the girls or of John. But at this point they were suddenly met by Alton, who came rushing down the hillside. He, too, had heard the scream.

They now hailed several times, but could elicit no response. Alton told them that Dick had separated from him shortly after leaving camp, as it was thought best to climb the hill from different points.

The relief party now climbed to the top of the hill and, from that elevated position, shouted again and again, without receiving a reply.

At length they surmised that in coming out to the hill they must have passed John and the girls; so after listening and shouting awhile longer, all five went back, half believing that the objects of their solicitude had already returned to camp.

But no one was stirring about the tents, and it was now plain that the girls and John must have gone far from the place where the scream was heard.

Joe was sent to search the hill on the south side, and Alton went with him.

It was six o'clock in the evening before anything was heard or seen of any member of either party. At that hour John, Joe, Alton and the two girls came to the camp, evidently much fatigued. John was carrying a dead wild-cat, or lynx.

Thea told the story of the tramp.

"Lucia and I were going along through the pines, with John a little way behind us, when we came upon that ugly creature amongst the bushes.

"It had a great bird in its mouth—a heron, John says—and it jumped up and growled. It looked so savage that I cried out. Alton says I screamed. With that it ran off a few steps, then stopped and growled again.

"John came up and fired at it, but he missed it, and it ran off again. So we kept following it for more than two hours, before John finally shot it. Then we rested a long time, for we were completely tired out, before starting to return. I assure you it was a long walk back to camp! I am tired half to death."

Such was the burden of her narrative.

"But where's Dick?" said Professor William. "Have you seen nothing of him?"

"Indeed I haven't," replied Alton.

We were already planning another search expedition for the benefit of Dick, when he was espied coming along the carry-path. He, too, looked tired, as he came up to the fire.

"You are a pretty fellow to go round a hill with," exclaimed Alton. "Let's hear now what *you're* got to say for yourself. Thea has made her report."

Dick examined the wild-cat for a moment. "I have had a singular adventure with a bear," said he.

"With a bear!" all exclaimed, in chorus.

"Yes, with a bear," replied Dick, feeling the ears of the defunct wild-cat.

"Why, where did you come across a bear?" said Alton, while the rest cast in expectant glances.

"I should rather say that the bear came across me," said Dick. "The first I saw of him, at any rate, he was contemplating me thoughtfully from amongst a patch of blueberry bushes."

"How far off?" exclaimed Alton.

"Well, not far; not more than fifty feet, I think."

"Humph; did you fire at him?" cried Alton.

"No, I didn't," said Dick, shortly.

"I'll bet he ran!" exclaimed Lucia. "Did you, Dick?"

"No, I didn't," replied Dick again.

"Well, what did you do, then?" shouted Alton.

"I didn't do anything," Dick answered.

"But what did the bear do?" cried Lee.

"He didn't do anything either, at first. He appeared to have his mouth full of blueberries, and he munched slowly and swallowed,—as if they tasted good."

"Sensible bear," remarked Professor William, quietly.

"Yes; he looked quite sensible, and not at all embarrassed," said Dick.

"Humph!" ejaculated Alton. "Did anything else happen? Why didn't you shoot?"

"Well, I had in only a cartridge of light shot, and the bear looked so calm and self-possessed that I didn't like to fluster him," replied Dick.

"That was thoughtfulness on your part," remarked Lucia.

"But for goodness' sake!" cried Thea, who had grown somewhat excited, "how did it end? What did you do? What did the bear do at last?"

Dick appeared to have grown weary of being quizzed. "If you must know," said he, with a fleeting gleam of mischief in his eye, "I suppose I can tell you."

"Well, tell then. What *did* he do?" cried both girls.

"After a time he rose slowly, cleared his throat of berries and *said*, 'Please, sir, won't you give me a black-fly net just like that one you've got on?'"

"Oho! what a yarn! You never saw a bear at all!" cried Alton.

"As you please," said Dick, wearily, going to the tent with his gun.

The others pursued him with shouts of ridicule.

"He saw a bear and he has been up a tree all the afternoon!" cried Lucia. "O Dick, what a hunter you are!"

"As you like," said Dick, and that was all the reply he would make.

Neither ridicule nor coaxing has ever drawn a more explicit account of his adventure from him.

John and Wen-a-goosh prepared a late supper, in which jack-fish, broiled, again figured largely.

"What do you all say this evening?" questioned Professor William, as we were about retiring to the tents. "Have we had fishing and hunting enough for one year?"

"Oh, no; I would like a month more," said Alton.

"But our cabinet of minerals, our amethyst and silver specimens to carry home; is it not time we were thinking of them?"

"I suppose it is," said Dick.

"We want to collect a lot of fine specimens, you know, and we wish particularly to visit the amethyst district near Port Arthur," continued Professor William. "I think that we had better set off for Red Rock in the morning, on our way to Port Arthur, to go amethyst hunting."

In this opinion all concurred.

C. A. STEPHENS.

(To be continued.)



On Lake Hannah.

For the Companion.

A CAUCUS IN BERLIN.

As you enter one of the caucus halls, or *Wahlsammlung Saal*, in Berlin, it is at first sight not unlike any of the beer-halls one finds by the hundreds on the better streets of the city. On each table lie circulars, which set forth the "platform" of the particular party assembled there, praise the gracious leniency of the Emperor in allowing the meeting to be held, and appeal to all thoughtful men to vote for this or that candidate.

Such was one of the *Freisinnige Partei's* rooms in February, 1890, in Berlin, about half an hour before the time set for the meeting to be held, when half a dozen young Americans entered and seated themselves at one of the many tables.

Gradually the large hall filled; table after table was taken by groups of Germans who straightway began to drink beer, smoke bad cigars, and read the circulars. They belonged in general to that part of the Liberal party in Germany known as the *Freisinnige*, and were the most radical thinkers, with the exception of the Social-Democrats.

There had been much talk of late that these two parties were going to join forces, to defeat the *Centrums;* but the more moderate Liberals hotly opposed any suspicion of such an alliance. Consequently when a party of long-haired, slouch-hatted individuals made their appearance—evidently by their dress Social-Democrats—there was much movement and audible comment as to what this meant.

On the platform sat Professor Virchow,—the famous specialist of pathology at the Berlin University, and late member for this district of Berlin to the Reichstag,—a number of reporters, the presiding officer, each with his glass of beer, and at the other end of the platform two lieutenants of police, detailed here, as everywhere, to keep order and close the meeting whenever they saw fit.

After a few introductory remarks by the chairman,—including again numerous references to the leniency of the Emperor in allowing the meeting to be held,—Professor Virchow arose and spoke for an hour on what the principles of the party should be during the coming three years.

When he had finished, the discussion was thrown open, and then began the interesting part of the meeting for the Americans.

It had been an extremely peculiar sight to them to see these men electing representatives to govern

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them, all the time knowing that this caucus was "graciously permitted" by the supreme authority of the land; that the men there could say nothing against that supreme authority; that nothing could be proposed that was hostile to the general policy at present followed by the Emperor; and that if any of these rules should be broken, the meeting would simply be closed and they sent home on short notice.



In a Berlin Caucus.

However, the discussion began by a short speech of an old man on the subject of the Church. He had his children to educate, he maintained, and he wanted them to be governed and taught by Protestants, and not by a lot of "skulking Catholics"—this last referring to the Catholic, or *Centrum* party, and to some suspicion that Virchow had Catholic tendencies.

The remark caused a commotion. Every one rattled his glass, cries of "Put him out!" arose, and the presiding officer did his best to restore order; but it was the action of the municipal officer, who rose on the part of the police, that finally brought the meeting to quiet.

When all was again in order, and the thick clouds of smoke began to move slowly towards the ceiling once more, one of the group of Social-Democrats, who had taken their seats in the middle of the room, gave his name and address—as each and every speaker was obliged to do—and stated that they would be serving their best interests if they joined forces and voted in a body against the *Centrum* party.

This was the one thing many had feared might occur. Speaker after speaker arose, often being interrupted and reminded that in his excitement he had omitted to give his name and address, and maintained in heated terms that this was heresy, and that the Social-Democrats ought to be ejected from the door—or window, as some suggested.

It was quite evident who the Social-Democrats were, and when finally they grouped themselves into a pugilistic-looking squad, it seemed probable that some exciting scene might occur, unless the two police officers should interfere.

At this point some one in a distant corner arose and asked to be allowed to question Professor Virchow a moment. The chairman could scarcely see the man on account of the thick clouds of smoke; but consent was given.

The speaker astounded the entire company into silence by demanding, in a loud voice, whether Professor Virchow accepted the Darwinian theory or not. What that had to do with this meeting no one knew. The sequel showed. It appeared that Virchow had attended recently a scientific congress in South Germany, and had spoken there somewhat doubtfully of the theory of evolution.

The speaker wished now to prove that on this account Virchow was unfit for nomination, because he was unsound and a "crank." And he ended his speech by the statement that they did not want any "flannel-mouthed talker" as their representative in the Reichstag. Such was the phrase, literally translated from the German.

The venerable white-haired professor sitting on the platform looked at his colleagues in amazement, and a wild uproar began again, interspersed with bursts of laughter.

This time the chairman made greater efforts to have quiet, and when order was again restored he spoke strongly against such language. The man was prevailed upon to withdraw his epithet, and Professor Virchow remarked with a smile that as it was rather out of the field of the present meeting to discuss the Darwinian theory, he would be glad to receive his "honored friend" at his home at nine the next morning, and give him a detailed statement of his views on the subject. And so the meeting went on.

The noticeable things to the Americans were the hard class feeling, the religious antipathies, and the peculiar spectacle of a university professor of pathology standing as candidate for the Reichstag.

Not that a professor should not be a representative of his people in the great legislative house of the government, but because the average representative in America was anything but a college professor.

During the whole meeting these distinctions were clearly marked, and over and above all was the peculiar feeling that these men were electing representatives to make laws for them under the sufferance of a personal authority stronger than the laws themselves—something, in other words, utterly inconceivable to an American citizen.

Yet it was a privilege for which they all strove, and it suggested forcibly what political rights these men must have had in the past to make them consider their present ones valuable and efficacious.

At ten o'clock the meeting was over, Virchow again nominated, and the electors moving away in groups from the close, badly-ventilated beer-hall toward their homes. J. H. SEARS.

For the Companion.

THE TIDAL WAVE.

When Doubt sweeps like a tidal wave
The ancient strand where Faith has trod,
Then from the furthest ocean-cave
Comes back a wondrous echo,—God!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

ENGLISH EDUCATION.

The session of the British Parliament which came to an end on August Sixth was chiefly notable for two measures of large importance.

One of these was the Irish Land Purchase Act, by which one hundred and sixty-five million dollars of national money is to be advanced, to enable the tenants of Irish land to become its owners. The main features of the act have recently been described in *The Companion*.

The other, which was introduced on June Eighth and became a law in the last days of the session, is called the "Free Education Bill." This title is a somewhat misleading one, as the bill by no means establishes universal free education.

Its main feature is to increase greatly the number of English and Welsh children to whom education is offered free.

The first great education act in England was passed twenty-one years ago. This measure had two main purposes: The creation, in School Boards, of machinery which should be used in establishing schools in every locality throughout England and Wales, so that every child might have the opportunity of an elementary education; and the making it compulsory on every child between certain limits of age to attend school.

But under this system parents have always been obliged to pay fees, different amounts in different places, for the schooling of their children. The schools have never been "free," in the sense that they are so in the United States.

The law just passed, however, is in the direction of free schooling, though it does not establish it universally.

By its provisions a large sum of public money is to be devoted to paying a certain portion of the fees now paid by parents for the education of their children. About ten millions of dollars is to be so applied.

The government will thus pay a fee of ten shillings for each scholar in the elementary schools who is now by law compelled to attend school; that is, who is between the ages of five and fourteen. This is estimated to amount, in the average, to a weekly payment of threepence for each scholar.

In all English schools, therefore, where at present the parent pays a fee of only ten shillings or less, the schooling will become by the new act absolutely free. In such schools as charge a higher fee than ten shillings, the parent will pay the excess of the fee now charged over ten shillings. By this law, it is thought that more than two-thirds of the elementary schools in England and Wales will become, as are ours in this country, free.

At the same time the fee to be paid for children under five years of age is established at twopence a week.

Besides the "Board" or national schools, there are in England a large number of "voluntary" schools, like our private schools, which are mostly denominational. The new act applies to them also, aiding the parents to the same extent in the payment of fees. The grant made from the public funds may be either accepted or rejected by the Board and the voluntary schools.

The money is to be paid over by the government to the schools which accept the grant every three months, and the operation of the act begins with the beginning of the new school year, in September.

While it does not, as the title implies that it does, give a free education to every English child, and while it is therefore in this respect behind the American school system, the new law is a large step in advance in the promotion of general intelligence, and the Tory ministry deserves credit for placing it on the statute book.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what country does this morrow lie
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.

—*Martial.*

LABOR DAY.

Labor Day sets people thinking, if it does no other good. On that festive occasion the orators tell us that labor is a very fine and dignified thing, and every one applauds the sentiment; though at the same time most people are trying to get their affairs into such a condition that they will not have to labor, except when they feel like it, and then not very much.

Few men would labor if they were not obliged to do so. Every one likes to rest from labor. Of all the sounds that salute the ear during a working day, the one that gives the most satisfaction to the greatest number is the six o'clock whistle. And they like the sound even more when the shriek comes at five o'clock.

Yet when men cannot get work they are of all creatures the most miserable, as we see during a long strike, and as we heard a year or two ago, when the prisoners in Sing Sing were forbidden to labor.

Scarcely any torture could be invented that would give more pain than those poor men suffered who were confined in small, close rooms twenty-two hours a day, with nothing to do. A harrowing cry was heard from every man who could get a chance to utter it: "Give us work! Give us any kind of work; the hardest, the most loathsome. Anything but this deadly idleness!"

On the other hand, who can wonder that working men, men who labor nine or ten hours a day with their hands and heads, should envy the lot of the idlers they sometimes catch a glimpse of, who look so pleasant and happy as they sit fanning themselves on the broad piazza of a summer hotel?

But this appearance of peace and content conveys an erroneous impression to the on-looker. Observant persons, who witness the daily lives of our small idle class through the year, well know that they are not more contented or cheerful or good-tempered than men and women who do a fair day's work every working day of their lives.

Unless a person of leisure has unusual qualities of mind and disposition, he has a poor, dull time, and can only escape his cheerless lot by going to work at something.

One extraordinarily hot day this summer, four carpenters were shingling a roof. The employer, when the thermometer stood at ninety-seven in the shade, which almost prostrated him, was so alarmed for them that he left his cool house and went to the building upon which they were working to get them to change to indoor work until the weather was cooler.

He found them hammering away merrily, scarcely aware that anything was the matter with the weather. They met his sympathizing remarks with laughter, and invited him to come up and enjoy the breeze. Up there on the roof they were having half a gale of wind, while he was panting for breath on the ground.

Too much labor, we grant, is a blighting curse. Multitudes of men and women, and children too, in various parts of the world, are still suffering from the inordinate and unnecessary length of their working day.

A few weeks ago all the omnibus-drivers in London struck for a shorter day; and what was the shorter day they asked for? Twelve hours!

And what do we mean by twelve hours' labor a day? The driver who actually works on the box twelve hours generally spends two hours more in going to and from his work, and in taking his hurried meals. In other words, he leaves his bed at five in the morning and finishes his day's work at eight at night, leaving him about one hour of ease and freedom by way of reward for his day's work. But these men asked for twelve hours, for they had been working fourteen and sixteen hours.

Punch made a driver say, "I finish my last trip at midnight, and have the rest of the evening to myself."

The workingmen of the United States are much more fortunate than those of Europe, but they, too, have their hardships, and they make a point of airing their grievances on Labor Day. No one can complain if they do so. Perfect content, it has been said, is a good thing for the individual, but a bad thing for the race.

It is not a grievance, however, to have to work, or to be what is called a "workman." The Americans are a nation of workmen.

Labor, like all other blessings, is turned into a curse by excess, and the same is true of leisure.

ON THE CARS.

Out from the doors of a great city church streamed hundreds of bright-faced boys and girls. The streets sparkled, the stations swarmed with them. From every jacket and dress waist fluttered a bright ribbon, bearing some magic initials which stamped the wearer as a young conventioner. Three girls, pretty and well-dressed, entered a short train which passed through a backwoods district.

Every seat had at least one occupant, most of them men, so a lady hastily emptied of its parcels the seat beside her. But the girls were already cared for. Two "drummers" had risen, a seat was turned, and the girls had bowed their thanks.

They made a pretty picture in the dusty car and seemed to create a new atmosphere. Men straightened themselves in their seats, women looked less weary, even the children ceased their worrying to fasten their eyes upon the interesting trio. The girls held the situation in their well-gloved hands.

Presently one of them began to hum a hymn, in which the others joined; and very soon three new song-books were opened. Gradually the tones grew louder and words were added; the alto came out strong on the accidentals, the tenor struck falsetto, the soprano opened her mouth wider and wider.

The lady behind looked first surprised, then pained. Men dropped their newspapers and turned to stare, or winked at one another. The brakeman brushed rudely against the shoulder of the eldest. A sleeping baby awoke and cried.

It was all such a mistake. The girls meant nothing wrong. They merely forgot that they were not in that great chorus of eight hundred voices, among persons of their own age, and all bound together by one tie.

They would have been shocked had they known how they had fallen in the estimation of even the most rustic of those passengers. They had voluntarily descended from the high pedestal upon which they had been placed.

"Remember that the credit of the college rests with you," was always the parting injunction of one of America's finest educators, as her girls started homeward at vacation time. "I like to think that our school is never advertised on the cars. That would be more objectionable in my eyes than Silas Lapham's Mineral Paint signs decorating the landscape."

The comparison is suggestive.

Have you not heard girls in the cars tell more than you cared to hear of the history of their relatives and friends?

Have you not heard their laughter above the puffing of the locomotive?

Nice girls, too. Girls, who, like the singing trio, simply forget that they are on the public highway, and do not think how their high spirits and bubbling vitality will appear to those around them.

In our country, girls and women often travel alone, and they have only themselves to thank if they are subjected to annoyance from fellow-travellers. If they meet with disrespect it is only because they harbor it in themselves.

SCHOOLS REOPENING.

As the schools are opening again, it is but natural that our boys and girls should turn their thoughts toward the business of their young lives, which is, to prepare for taking their part in carrying on the world's business.

The time is forever past when there could be a doubt as to the indispensableness of mental training for all. If any one indulges such a doubt, a ride of half a mile in an electric car, or crossing the Hudson River in a ferry-boat, ought to be sufficient to dispel it.

It must be evident even to the youngest inmate of a school that, as the world now is, the person without knowledge must take a very low place indeed in the industrial scale. He can be nothing but a hopeless drudge, unable even to handle the tools which a workman of high grade is obliged to use.

It is a mistake to say, as is so often said, that a modern workman is but the thoughtless servant of the machine he attends. To be efficient, he must understand his machine, which is usually a thing involving several important principles and many ingenious devices. He must understand those principles; he must be able to keep in order those devices. The machine merely saves him much rude, unprofitable labor, and renders his work an intellectual pursuit.

One might profitably pass days and weeks examining one of the large ocean steamers. Such a vessel contains a very large part of all that man has done and discovered since he emerged from the savage condition.

Every trade carried on in civilized life is represented, from the simplest to the most complex. All the learned professions contributed to her construction, equipment or navigation. The fine arts are seen in her decoration, and the composers of music have placed upon the piano and the organ in her cabin a selection from their productions.

Whatever men of thought have evolved, from Aristotle to Faraday; all that mechanics have invented, from the most ancient of the Chinese devices to the recent deposits in our Patent Office, we see combined in the beautiful ship, cut of the deep, cavernous hold of which merchandise is coming up at the rate of tons in a minute.

Let no student forget, as he or she hears the school-bell ring, that, in the days near at hand, all the work of man on earth is going to be done in the same majestic, magnificent way, and that they who are to bear an honorable part in that work must rise to the height of those superb vessels; must possess knowledge, trained intelligence,

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minds habitually thoughtful, and bodies uncontaminated. In those ships the touch of the tranquil and virtuous hand is everywhere seen.

The day of the ignoramus is over forever! There is no longer any room for him in civilized lands, except in the kinds of work that no one likes to do; and even from them he is sure to be driven at last.

The men who empty drains and gather offal are learning to do it in a high, clean, intelligent way, using implements that make the work almost agreeable, and rendering their trade an important part of the system by which the fertility of the earth is kept up.

The school-bell invites the future masters of the world. The great point is to *understand* the matters taught. Never mind so much about getting the highest rank, but go for the main thing, which is to comprehend clearly the principles that underlie the triumphant industries of the modern world.

HIS WAY.

An incident that is narrated of General McClellan sheds light on the question often asked: Why did his soldiers love him so dearly?

When the Army of the Potomac left Harrison Landing, it marched to Newport News, along the north bank of the James River. The advance division began its march early in the morning of August Fifteenth; but the rear division did not move out of camp until four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

Just at dusk a creek was reached. It must be crossed, according to Southern custom, by fording, or by a single log by the roadside. The soldiers, disliking to fill their shoes with water, were trying to cross on this single log, which of course caused an obstruction to those behind, and really put the rear of the army in danger.

Soon several officers rode up and took in the situation. There was need of more haste. One of the officers called out:

"Wade right through, my men; wade right through."

Some surly fellow from the ranks growled out:

"Wade through yourself, and see how *you* like it."

No sooner had he spoken than the officer dismounted and waded through the creek. It was then discovered that the officer was General George B. McClellan.

The soldiers gave him a hearty cheer, plunged into the creek, and afterward the point was passed more rapidly four abreast.

The general might have reprimanded the soldier—indeed, he might have had him arrested and dealt with severely. But under the circumstances he did just the right thing,—he went where he asked his men to go; and his men were glad to go where he led.

PROMISING TOO MUCH.

The courts in many of the States are now engaged with suits growing out of the failure of numerous "investment" and "endowment" associations to keep their promises.

These "fraternities," as many of them called themselves, advertised to pay one hundred dollars in six months, one year, or more, for an investment of only a small part of that sum. They depended largely upon the failure of many members to meet their assessments for the money to satisfy the demands of those who did pay.

It is easy to see that if all the members continued to pay the assessments, the "bonds" first falling due might be paid, but there would be little or nothing left for the later comers.

That is what happened. One or two series of bonds having been paid, there was no money left, and the concerns were bankrupt.

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon every one that there are now very few safe investments in this country that will yield more than five per cent. interest. The company which promises to pay more is almost invariably engaged in some business that involves serious risk to the capital. Railroad bonds are not the surest investment, and yet at present prices, which are low, one can hardly get more than five per cent. upon the money invested in the best of them.

One may take it as a general rule to which there is no exception, that any fraternity or association, under whatever name, that undertakes to invest your money and return you more than five per cent. is surely a swindle, and will be known as such at no very distant day.

THE GROTTO OF CERVANTES.

Within a few years the Spanish Government has placed a commemorative tablet at the entrance of the grotto where Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," and his companions in slavery hid themselves. It is on the side of the hill of Hamma, about three miles south of Algiers, in a picturesque situation and surrounded by an impenetrable thicket.

Cervantes was taken prisoner in 1575 by Barbary corsairs, and fell into the hands of the renegade Albanian, Déli Mami. Cervantes and his companions escaped from Déli Mami, but could not escape from the country. A brother of Cervantes was ransomed in 1577, and promised the captives to send a frigate from Valencia or the Balearic Isles, which should touch at a point of the shore agreed upon, and rescue them by force or stratagem.

The place where they took refuge was near the sea-shore. A gardener named Juan, under the direction of Cervantes, secretly cut out a cave, in which the fifteen Christian prisoners hid themselves. Juan watched the neighborhood and allowed no one to approach the cavern, and another slave brought food to the captives, who dared leave their hiding-place only at night.

After eight days, during which Cervantes watched the sea, he saw the frigate which had come to rescue them. That evening the frigate approached the land, but fishermen gave the alarm, and so many people assembled that the captain was obliged to go to sea again. He made a second attempt a little later but unfortunately was captured.

The day after the frigate was taken the captives were betrayed. Cervantes was sent to the convicts' prison, and a little later, just as he was about to be sent to Constantinople, where the possibility of rescue would be lost forever, he was ransomed.

STRANGE RIM TO THE SEA.

Humboldt used to tell of the charm that the curious shapes of the Caspian Sea, the Black Sea, and other geographical features represented in maps, exercised over his imagination, breeding in him a desire to travel over the globe and see its strange sights.

That great bend in the coast of Africa which makes room for the Gulf of Guinea is another of the singular formations that strike the eye and excite the fancy—in this case with glowing pictures of the beautiful Gold Coast and the wonders of land and sea under the equator.

An account of recent explorations on this part of the African coast by Alvan Millson, an Englishman, adds to its interest, and calls attention to one of these great freaks of nature that science is able to explain but not to foresee. For five hundred miles along the Bight of Benin there is "an intricate chain of water-ways," lying just at the edge of the sea.

Mr. Millson says that "In many places these narrow and brimming channels are separated from the onslaught of the Atlantic rollers by no more than five or six level yards of shifting sand; the spray from the ocean drifts over them, and the roar of the surf is heard by the native as he glides over their calm surface in his fragile canoe."

There are hundreds of miles of similar lagoons bordering the Gulf of Guinea farther to the west. Many rapid rivers pour into them from the uplands behind, bringing down vast quantities of sand and mud.

At the same time the "Guinea current," which resembles our Gulf Stream, brings another endless supply of sand, worn from the headlands toward the west, and this sand, heaped up at the ocean's edge, arrests the rivers just where they are about to empty into the sea, and spreads them out into a great system of deltas.

The resistless strength of the narrow sand barriers is attributed principally to the vast quantities of papyrus and water grass brought down in huge floating islands by the rivers, which take root and flourish in the sand. Only at rare intervals can a passage-way be found through the sand. And so on this singular coast the ocean and the rivers unite to build up and perpetuate a barrier between them.

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHY.

The confusion which foreigners make of our geography is well illustrated by a German poem which appeared several years ago. The poet, with utter unconcern about locations and distances, makes such amusing blunders that its literary value is entirely lost. The argument is something as follows:

Under a palm-tree on the shore of Lake Erie the hero is devoured by an alligator. The heroine, hearing of his fate, rushes from her home in the Everglades of Florida on the banks of Lake Superior, captures the alligator, extracts the hero's body and buries it with magnificent pomp in Greenwood, in the city of New York in the State of St. Louis.

Another German, who really wished to know the geography of this country, fell into the mistake so common with Europeans, of not appreciating the rather large scale on which Nature has dealt with us in the matter of area of land and water.

Near Concord, Mass., is Walden Pond, the little body of water near which Thoreau lived alone in a hut for about two years. His most famous book is entitled "Walden." It purports to be an account of his life in the hut, and ranks with the masterpieces of American literature.

Not long ago a German professor, engaged in studies of America, received from Washington a large map of the continent. Soon afterward, in writing to an eminent American professor and historian, the German scholar said he had looked all over the map without finding Walden Pond. This seemed to him an amazing omission.

FRANKLY PLEASED.

"Hans Christian Andersen," said one who saw him often, "was the most charming egotist I ever knew." When the Danish Crown Prince brought home his Swedish bride, in the summer of 1869, a great assemblage of people stood in the streets of Copenhagen to see the royal couple pass.

In one group were several distinguished women and the great story-teller, Hans Christian Andersen. The women occupied front seats at the window, and received marked attention from the court dignitaries in the procession.

Some one in the company remarked that this particular window seemed to possess peculiar attractions.

"Oh, yes," said the aged poet, pleased and happy in his seat where he had been seen by nobody, "everybody knows me."

The quiet smile that went round the group had no trace of unkindness. His childish vanity was one of the amiable traits of the gentle old man. Everybody knew and loved it.

DIDN'T REMEMBER THE NAME.

At the time when Napoleon was the most prominent figure in Europe, one man at least was little impressed with his greatness. The conqueror's name actually slipped his mind, so slightly did his career concern the world that for the artist centred in his studio.

Edgar Quinet relates that when he went to Germany he visited the old sculptor, Dannecker.

"We talked," he says, "of art, and the sculptor was eloquent over his theories. Suddenly, wishing to fix a date, he stopped, reflected, and finally said:

"'I think it was in the time of that man,—what is his name? you know the man; the one who has won so many battles. I've forgotten the name. You must know it?'

"'Are you speaking of Napoleon?' I asked.

"'Yes, yes, that is it,' cried the artist, and went on with his interrupted statement without giving the incident a second thought."

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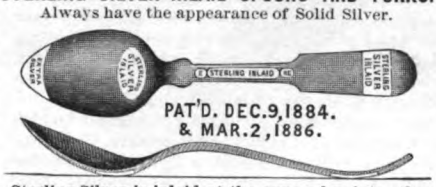
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For the Companion.

HOW TO CHOOSE A COLLEGE.

By President Merrill E. Gates, LL. D.,

Of Amherst College.

What do you wish to secure by a course of study at college? If your object is merely to form social ties with the largest possible number of the college men of your decade, the choice of a college becomes comparatively simple.

"Go with the crowd," and devote yourself to the social life of some institution which numbers its students by the thousand. The agglomerative tendency is strong among the young; and the large colleges, like the huge snowball, will grow larger by reason of their bulk.

Yet few thoughtful young men consciously decide in favor of a particular institution merely because of its numbers, and every sound college welcomes the question, "What good reasons are there why young men who go to a given college prefer that college to any other?"

In the light of this question, two large classes of institutions must at once disappear from the list of possibilities. You cannot afford to spend four years at a small college which does not maintain high standards of scholarship, which lacks strong, scholarly teachers, and is not equipped with libraries, apparatus or laboratories.

On the other hand, among the institutions which have throngs of students in attendance, if you are wise you will not select a college where the standards of scholarship are notoriously low, however rich it may be in buildings and endowment. You cannot afford to subject yourself to the relaxing, debilitating influence of an atmosphere without intellectual tone.

You want to study at a college where there is felt "in the air" the stimulating demand upon every man for the best there is in him, intellectually and morally, during every term of the course.

No fancied social advantages can make good the lack of intellectual tone and moral vigor in college life. Where these are wanting, great numbers serve only to "level down" more inevitably, more hopelessly to destroy manly aspiration and scholarly ambition.

The percentage of "waste" in time and effort, during the years spent at such a college, is greater than any thoughtful young man should tolerate.

Choose no college, large or small, to be your alma mater, unless you are satisfied that it has proved itself possessed of the power to make of its students scholarly men and manly scholars!

Neither numbers nor costly equipment can be taken as evidence of this life-giving, stimulating power in a college. The mere massing of students does not create scholarship.

Among institutions which are thorough in their work and are well equipped with a strong teaching force and ample libraries, apparatus and laboratories, is there a presumption that a young man will do best for himself by taking his college course at an institution where his class will be numbered by hundreds, rather than at a college which recognizes the value of limitation in numbers?

The prestige of great numbers, with many thoughtless people, is decisive. But many others see clearly that the highest values in education cannot be estimated in numbers, nor measured by dollars. It is an essential characteristic of all that is noblest in literature, in philosophy, in art, and in a liberal education, to refuse to lend itself to the gauge of money values, to escape numerical computation.

While we gratefully acknowledge the noble work and the inspiring history of certain of the largest colleges, we believe that in the nature of young manhood, and in the essential scope of a college education, there are strong reasons for preferring the well-equipped, scholarly college of limited numbers.

"The true test of civilization," says Emerson, "is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops — but the kind of men the country turns out."

By this test, try the colleges you are comparing. See to it that the college you choose is one whose requirements for admission, whose standards of scholarship, whose moral tone, whose traditions and atmosphere as exemplified in its alumni and its undergraduates, are such as give it the right to inscribe over its portals the legend of the Greek temple, and in character and in scholarly attainment to demand of every man who comes to its halls: "Enter good; go forth better!"

For the boy who at eighteen selects his college, for the parents who select with him or for him, of more importance than any other consideration is the answer to this question: What is the history, what are the traditions, the inherited associations of the college? Does it make scholars? Does it make men?

This scholarly and inspiring spirit has never been the exclusive possession of the richest colleges, nor has its awakening or its perpetuation at any centre of learning depended upon numbers.

Harvard ranked as a small training college and had no cabinets illustrative of science, when she trained Emerson and Holmes and Lowell, among all her gifted sons still her triple crown of glory. Bowdoin had no expensive buildings upon her modest campus when Hawthorne and Longfellow there drank at the celestial fount. Amherst among her purple hills boasted no wealth of appliances or endowment when she printed the roll of undergraduates rendered forever illustrious by the names of Richard S. Storrs, Henry Ward Beecher and Roswell D. Hitchcock.

Presidents Woolsey and Wayland and Mark Hopkins and Martin B. Anderson were trained for their noble and ennobling work in colleges which lacked rich appliances and thronging numbers.

Success in college education is not a question of buildings and apparatus, nor of throngs of students; it is not a question of the number of facts implanted in the memory; it is a question of powers awakened and developed, of discipline imparted, of ennobling outlook and abiding impulse given.

What thought, what purpose dominates an institution? What men in its teaching corps embody and enforce these ideas?

Wealth of architecture, scientific collections and spacious laboratories and even books may utterly fail of their purpose. But right thinking, enforced by close contact with earnest, manly, scholarly men—this never fails to make a college a power!

When the tests of "numbers" and "popularity" are urged, is it not well to try the college you may have in mind by another test?

Do the young men who are graduated from it give evidence that they have heard the "still, small voice" which leads the loyal servants of Truth, each man for himself, to say, "I feel the thrill that comes from the touch of the great spirits who have reigned in literature, in science, in philosophy, and in life; I have seen something of what they saw; I have learned to work; I am ready to bow my neck lovingly to that yoke of willing service for others' good, which he must always wear who serves well his fellow-men?"

Does the college toward which you are looking train the intellect to clear, steady work, subject to the will? Does it train the desires and their master, the will, to subject themselves to the government of conscience? Does it subordinate body and intellect to moral law and order?

The higher education has not always done this. In place of the fermenting despair of nihilism, the reckless immoralities of atheism and the suicidal negations of agnosticism which have cursed liberally educated Europe, if we are to have here in America an influence strong, binding and beneficent in our social system, as the result of collegiate education, it must be, it can be, only by retaining in that system a clear faith in God, and by making prominent, as the highest aim of life, the service of God in serving the best interests of one's fellow-men.

The power to give this abiding impulse to students has never been limited to the larger colleges. On the contrary, the training given at the smaller colleges often seems to develop more fully manhood and power. Our smaller colleges can show among their alumni disproportionate numbers of the ablest, the most successful and the most scholarly men of our land.

When all just concessions have been made to the acknowledged advantages of certain large colleges, there are many considerations which have led and will still lead the great majority of the thoughtful people of our land to choose the education given at the well-equipped smaller colleges.

In the very nature of young manhood, and in the essential scope of college education, there are reasons for this choice.

At the college of limited numbers, the personality of every student can be respected as it should be. The intense importance of each man's life to himself need not be forgotten.

It is not necessary to deal with young men "in the mass." The strongest instructors of the college can know the students one by one, and can interest themselves in the fullest development of each man's powers, in the strengthening of each man's character. This is a consideration of the highest importance.

There is one form of growth and development for the tree which stands in close ranks among thousands of its kind in a dense forest, and a different and a much fuller growth for the same tree if it stands where it has more space and air, with the sunshine falling full upon it, where it stands by virtue of its own root and fibre, and not because it is shoulder to shoulder with a too dense mass of similar growths.

This is one reason why so many men of power have come from other than our largest colleges. Crowded "institution life" of all kinds is unwholesome. To have free breathing-room is a blessing! This holds in the intellectual and moral life as well as in physical hygiene. It is possible to have a "youngness" that is overwhelming and not healthful, where young men are too densely massed.

What is to leaven this mass of immaturity?

Valuable as is that influence in a course of liberal study which comes from a young man's fellow-students, the best results are attained where the number of strong men, of intellectually and morally dominant personalities, in the teaching force, is not too small in proportion to the number of students.

Where this is the case, too much of the life and energy of the faculty is consumed in merely "running the machinery." The hundreds of young men each year admitted come to be regarded merely as so much "raw material" to be put through certain mechanical processes, without reference to individual characteristics.

The law of the "survival of the fittest" is left to work out its results; and college life goes on without reference to the students' moral condition and spiritual needs, without help from friendly personal intercourse between the aspiring student and the strong instructor.

At those of our better colleges where the classes are large, a growing appreciation of the danger of massing students is leading to the breaking up of classes into smaller groups, and the assignment of each such group to a member of the Faculty for advice, direction, and as much as possible of personal contact.

This is a laudable effort on the part of larger colleges to insure to their students certain of the clearly recognized advantages of the smaller colleges.

At the smaller well-equipped colleges students need not be experimented upon for the first year or two by inexperienced tutors, who treat a tutorship as one more college honor, to be selfishly won and lightly tossed aside, with no study of the art of teaching and no appreciation of the noble scope of a work for which they have neither fitness nor vocation.

The wish to avoid the changing tutors of the first year or two, to be able to study from the beginning under the direction of full professors, ripe scholars of established reputation, has often taken a strong man to a smaller college.



Entrapped.

Personal contact between scholarly professors and all the students of each class is a marked advantage. From hand to hand the lamp of learning has been passed down the ages. Such personal friendship as often exists between professors and students at the smaller colleges has been an inspiration to many young men, often changing the entire course of a young man's life.

In that awakening consciousness of new powers and capacities which attends the young collegian through these formative years, to touch daily strong men and ripe scholars, to receive from them the friendly touch of a strong personality interested in each student personally, has been the beginning of a high and earnest intellectual and spiritual life for many men.

In such intimate relations with their instructors, hardly possible where the members of a class are counted by the hundreds, the students of the smaller colleges have often found an influence stronger and more helpful than the impetus of numbers.

Lower standards for all expenditures at the smaller colleges make it possible for the young man of restricted income to practise economy without feeling himself at a heavy disadvantage.

The college which is not so "popular" as to attract in large numbers the sons of families which have no idea above wealth and fashion, in avoiding the controlling social influence of young men who seek a college course only that they may make of it four years of fast club life, escapes a large percentage of intellectual "waste," and grave moral danger.

In securing for a student on leaving college an opportunity to prove his worth in an advantageous position, it is an open question whether the personal interest of your friends in the Faculty of a small college will not be of more value to you than would be "the name of graduating" at a larger institution, an advantage usually overrated.

After you are once engaged in your life-work, it is what you are and what you do that will tell in your favor. The man who proves himself a "failure" will not be kept afloat by the name of his college. The man who succeeds will reflect honor on his college, large or small, and need not long ask to be judged by the names on his diploma.

"The power to think and to act successfully is the test of successful education." It is a question of the power you get, not of the name of your college.

Is not the fullest power developed in the largest proportion of the class, where the college class is large enough to insure stimulating intercourse with classmates of ability, the impetus that comes from generous friendships and noble rivalries, yet not so large that a man's personality is lost in the mass of men about him?

Does not the study of life in all organic forms teach us that, for the strongest action and the freest play of all-permeating life-powers, there is a limit of tension, a *norm* of bulk, for every organism, beyond which the most desirable results are lost, or at least are endangered?

For purposes of liberal education, as distinguished from professional or technical studies, does not true wisdom teach a certain limitation in numbers?

For the Companion.

ADVENTURE WITH CANNIBALS.

By Charles W. Kennedy,

Formerly Commander of White Star Steamship "Germanic."

At the end of August, 1850, I was on the island of Annatom, one of the New Hebrides group in the South Pacific Ocean, waiting an opportunity to return to Sydney, in Australia.

The opportunity could only come with the arrival of some ship by which I could take passage to that port. There was nothing for me to do but wait as patiently as I could until one should arrive.

A few weeks before, I had shipped as chief mate of the schooner *Red Rover*, at Sydney, and sailed for the New Hebrides to engage in the sandal-wood trade with the natives.

The ship was wrecked on the coast of one of the islands, and everything I possessed in the world then lay at the bottom of the ocean.

At last I had an opportunity to embark upon a small vessel, of about fifty tons, named the *Xantippe*, which was chiefly owned by Mr. John Patton, a wealthy Australian who was then largely interested in the trade in sandal-wood, and was living at Annatom.

Her captain was desirous of giving up his command; and I was engaged to take command of the *Xantippe*, with the privilege of buying the share of the former captain, and working for the payment, since I had no money.

The following day, for the first time in my life I went on board a ship as commander and part owner.

All desire to return to Australia had vanished. I turned my whole attention to the work before me.

Two days later I had taken on board a large quantity of trading goods, and we sailed for the island of Erromango, the scene of our late shipwreck, for a cargo of sandal-wood.

A new trading station had recently been established at Tanna, one of the same group of islands, and Mr. Patton, having business there, had decided to sail with me and land at that point.

After a run of thirty-five miles, we arrived at Port Resolution, at Tanna, and anchored a short distance from the land.

Mr. Patton and I were rowed ashore in a small boat by two of the sailors, one of whom, a native of Annatom, was to act as interpreter for me in obtaining a supply of yams for the ship. Several natives were waiting for us.

We sprang on shore, and while Mr. Patton went to the station, I proceeded to attend to the object of my visit.

While I stood trading with the natives, one of their number, who had remained in the background closely watching my movements, suddenly advanced toward my interpreter, and in a very earnest manner began talking rapidly to him, frequently looking at me. Several times he pointed toward the interior of the island, at the same time making signs and gestures.

My interpreter explained that the man was one of a tribe of natives living in the part of the island which he had designated. This tribe, he said, had accumulated a large stock of sandal-wood of the most valuable kind which they were anxious to sell; but, owing to the hostility of another tribe living between them and the sea-coast with whom they were at war, it was impossible to get the wood to the shore.

He urged me strongly to accompany him into the interior to see the wood, assuring me that I should be conducted there and back in perfect safety.

The native's manner was apparently so sincere that I decided to trust him, though I was aware of the treacherous character of the islanders.

I made an appointment to meet the man the next morning soon after sunrise, at the place where we were then standing.

On our way back to the schooner I told Mr. Patton what I had undertaken. He did not attempt to dissuade me from my purpose, beyond reminding me of the bloodthirsty nature of the islanders, and their horrible appetite for human flesh. But he advised me if, when morning came, I still persisted in my intention, to take extra precautions, and go well armed.

Before going to bed that night, I cleaned and loaded three six-shooters, besides sharpening a large knife that I always carried with me.

Before dawn the next day, I was up and dressed. My costume consisted of a thick felt coat and pantaloons, both garments being arrow-proof. A broad-brimmed slouched hat of the same material covered my head. By drawing it down closely over my ears, and turning up the collar of my coat, I could protect my neck and face from the arrows and wooden spears with which the natives were armed.

I placed in my belt two of my revolvers and my knife, and carried the third revolver in the right pocket of my coat, ready for an emergency. With eighteen shots, I believed that I stood a very fair chance against any number of savages.

After breakfast I went on shore, leaving orders with the mate to be on the alert and come to my assistance, should he hear the report of my pistol.

Awaiting my coming on the beach I found my guide. But he was not alone. With him was another native, whose appearance and manner did not in the least please me. But though I was annoyed at this unexpected addition to our party, I decided to go on.

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I gave the signal for the natives to lead the way, and followed, keeping a short distance in the rear.

Thrusting both hands into my coat, I firmly grasped the pistol that lay in my right pocket, with the full determination to fire at the slightest indication of treachery.

For the first half-mile our road lay through a thick undergrowth of bushes about waist-high. The guides went steadily and silently on, following a footpath that had been trodden by the natives.

With my eyes fastened intently upon them, I did not closely observe where we were going, until suddenly we entered a thick forest of immense trees with an almost impenetrable growth of shrubs, through which a footpath had been cut.

With a stronger hold on my pistol, I kept on, keeping my gaze fastened upon them as well as the density of the foliage would permit.

We had proceeded in this way for almost a quarter of an hour, when, catching my foot in a small branch that lay in my path, I stumbled and almost fell to the ground.

Upon regaining my feet, I looked for my guides. They had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them.

I shouted. Only the sound of my own voice broke the stillness. I held my breath and listened. All was as silent as the grave.

The suspicion which had haunted my mind since I first started from the shore now became a conviction. I realized that I had been decoyed into the dense forest, to be slaughtered and devoured by these hideous cannibals.

I turned to go back. I had proceeded but a few steps, when a shower of arrows, followed by a dozen wooden spears, came whizzing around me.

The thick growth of the forest served as a protection, and none of the missiles struck me. Looking in the direction from whence they came, I saw, but a short distance from me, a hideously painted figure crouching behind a large tree.

I raised my pistol and fired full at it.

The woods rang with frightful yells as the savage straightened himself up and then fell backward to the ground.

From amidst the brush and shrubs where they had lain concealed, a dozen naked creatures rushed toward me. I fired one shot after another in quick succession, until my revolver was emptied.

With screams of rage and cowardly fear they fell back, and again concealed themselves in the bush.

Drawing a second revolver from my belt, I pushed my way as rapidly as the thick undergrowth would permit, following the path that led out of the woods. I had gone but a short distance when another shower of arrows came flying through the trees. Some of the arrows stuck in my coat, while others just grazed my head.

This proved that the scoundrels were nearer, and furthermore, that they were not disposed to let me go so easily. I stopped and discharged two shots in the direction in which I supposed they lay concealed, for I saw nothing; and turning, ran wildly ahead.

As long as my ammunition held out and I could keep the savages at a distance, there was a chance of escape.

Their arrows, made of small reeds with a piece of hard wood sharpened and fastened at one end, were comparatively harmless. But their clubs and tomahawks were dangerous, and my great peril lay in coming to close quarters with them.

All at once my feet became entangled in a bough thrown across the path, and I fell at full length on my face. I believed then that I was lost.

Tearing myself from the bush, I rose on one knee, and saw, a few feet in advance of me, the savage who had decoyed me into this villainous trap—his club held high above his head, just ready to dash my brains out.

I threw myself back, raised my pistol, which even in my fall I had retained, and fired straight at his naked breast. He threw up his hands, staggered, and fell dead to the ground.

The yells of the savages were deafening as they discharged another flight of arrows.

My hat had fallen off, leaving my head and face exposed. I tried to protect them with my hand and arm, when an arrow struck me in the back of my neck, making an ugly, painful wound, and remained there. I tore it away and ran for my life, with a wild desire to gain the open ground at least.

Evidently I had killed but this one; for the savages ceased pursuing me, and gathered around their dead companion.

A ray of sunlight, glancing through the trees, fell across my path. Looking ahead, I saw that I was nearly out of the forest. This gave me hope and courage, and I rushed on.

In a moment or two I had left the woods behind; and soon I heard the dull roaring of the sea breaking on the shore.

No other sound broke the stillness, and I fancied myself safe. Just as I was congratulating myself on my fortunate escape, from out the scrub into which they had stealthily crept, five or six of the savages sprang up and blocked my passage.

It was evident that they imagined I had exhausted all my ammunition, for they came boldly toward me. I backed up against an old stump of a tree, my revolver concealed in my coat pocket, and waited for them to approach.

When they had come within a few yards of me, I took quick aim at one who appeared to be the leader and discharged my pistol. He fell; and I fired in rapid succession at two others of the party.

Screaming and howling, they left me, and carrying with them their dead and wounded, disappeared into the bush.

I followed the path leading to the shore. Coming out of the low bush, I heard the shouts of white men. I distinguished the voice of my mate calling my name. He had heard the last report of my pistol, and, with two of the sailors, was running to my assistance. We very soon reached the shore.

Early in the afternoon we hove anchor and set sail for Erromango. Turning to look at the island as it slowly faded in the distance, a shiver of horror swept over me, as the terrible fate that might have been mine rose vividly before me.

I had, however, learned a lesson in the character of the natives that stood me in good service for the remaining fourteen months that I was engaged in the sandal-wood trade.

For the Companion.

OWLS AND THEIR USES.



Fig. 1.

There is a popular belief that owls are exclusively birds of night and cannot see by day, or, if they see at all, that their vision is extremely limited. "As stupid as an owl" is the common saying; but doubtless the phrase refers rather to feebleness of vision in open daylight than to any supposed mental deficiency.

In truth, owls are not stupid, nor are they by any means blind by day. Even ornithologists have, I think, erred in assuming that most owls are exclusively nocturnal, though it has long been known that one species, the Hawk Owl, hunts only by day. Probably at night its vision is as defective as that of a hawk.

I am inclined to believe that even the Great Horned, Barn and little Screech Owls, which are perhaps as nocturnal as any, are endowed with by no means keen vision in the dark, and that they do most of their hunting by twilight and by moon or bright starlight.

True, it is possible to approach closely many of the owls in the daytime, as they sit dozing in their shady retreats, and not infrequently the smaller species may be caught in the hands. But the passiveness of the owls by day is the result more of sleepiness than of inability to see; and, once started in the daytime, and given a chance to rub open their drowsy eyes, so to speak, they are able to lead their would-be captors a lively chase.

If any one has ever been aroused from a deep sleep to face the broad daylight suddenly, he will appreciate the feelings of the winking, blinking owl, and be surprised no longer that under such circumstances it has suffered the unjust imputation of stupidity.

Small birds are greatly afraid of all the owl tribe. It is rare sport to come across an owl in a wood when a crowd of birds is mobbing it.

Perchance the inquisitive eyes of a chickadee first espy the robber, as he sits dozing after his night's carouse. The little bird's usual happy-go-lucky *chickadee* at once gives place to a vehement scolding cry, which speedily summons all birds within hearing, from the bluejay down to the humming-bird.



Fig. 3.

How they all bristle up their feathers and scold! How they fly in his face and threaten to do all manner of unutterable things!

And how calmly the rascal sits, quietly blinking his eyes as if wondering what all the fuss is about, until a buffet or an angry peck arouses him to the situation. Then he lazily flaps off to find more comfortable quarters, followed by the scolding crowd.

But let us pass from general facts to particulars, and see what relation the owl tribe bears to man, especially to the farmer. It is high time the matter is understood; for if the owl be the farmer's friend, the farmer ought to know it, and bear a hand in the effort to stop the destruction of owls of all sorts for decorative purposes.

Of late there seems to be an abatement of the fashion, but in the last ten years many thousands of owls, from the Pigmy Owl, scarce a hand's breadth high, to the Great Horned Owl, with a spread of wing of three feet and more, have fallen victims to the fashionable craze.

Let us consider the Great Horned Owl (Fig. 1) first by reason of his size, his fine presence—for he is our finest species—and his economic importance.

He has short-comings. The chief one is a liking for fowls and turkeys. But as he does not begin to hunt until it is dusk, and retires to the deep woods by early daylight, he seldom gets a chance at the farmer's fowls unless they roost in trees. Then he becomes a dangerous foe indeed, and one the farmer is justified in disposing of by any means.

However, when rabbits are plenty this owl prefers them; and in the far West, where the rabbit is extremely abundant and a most destructive foe to the crops, the Great Horned Owl does good service in warring upon them. Many thousands of pounds are annually expended in Australia in an attempt to destroy the rabbits—an attempt this owl would gladly second if it were given a chance.

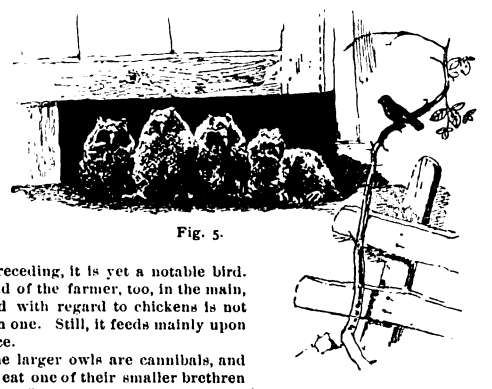


Fig. 5.

The Barred Owl (Fig. 2) is not quite so large as the Great Horned, but though by no means as fine a species as the preceding, it is yet a notable bird. It is a good friend of the farmer, too, in the main, though its record with regard to chickens is not altogether a clean one. Still, it feeds mainly upon squirrels and mice.

Probably all the larger owls are cannibals, and do not disdain to eat one of their smaller brethren when opportunity offers. The Barred Owl is no exception in this respect, and the remains of more than one Screech and Acadian Owlet have been found in the stomachs of their bigger relatives.

This species has often been tamed; and when taken from the nest it makes a gentle and interesting pet. Mr. Frank Bolles, in the *Auk* for April, 1890, tells a story of a pair he kept captive for a long time. It seems probable from one of his experiments that fish are eaten by this species when it can catch them. When some live perch were placed in the water-tank in the cage, both owls, though they were but three months old, and had never seen a fish before, exhibited great excitement, and immediately jumped into the water to seize their prey.

These pets, curiously enough, were fond of earthworms. At first they were afraid of snakes, but soon became curious about them, and subsequently killed and ate them with relish.

So far as our farmers are concerned, the Snowy Owl (Fig. 3) is of less economic importance than some others, since it is never present in the United States except in autumn and winter, and then usually only in comparatively small numbers.



Fig. 2.

Occasionally, however, as it did in 1877-8, it appears in large numbers, and is eagerly shot for the cabinet or parlor. Its food consists chiefly of lemmings, hares and ptarmigans. When in the United States it also destroys many rats. Singularly enough this owl is an expert fisher, and has often been seen on the margins of pools waiting an opportunity to seize its finny prey. Very different from the preceding species both in appearance and habits is the Barn or "Monkey-faced Owl" (Fig. 4), as it is often not inaptly termed. While the Snowy Owl is a bird of the inclement north, the Barn Owl loves sunnier climes, and is found from about the latitude of the Middle States southward, not only through the United States but over almost all the world. Doubtless in early times the Barn Owl had to depend upon its own resources for a habitation, but it was quick to perceive the advantages of a co-partnership with man, and early learned to build its nest in odd nooks and crannies of barns, churches and monasteries.

This owl feeds nearly exclusively upon rodents, and especially mice, and does its hunting almost at the threshing-floor of the farmer. It is therefore a friend which should be peculiarly cared for by him and not left, as now, to be sacrificed to the passing whim of the moment.

The pouched gopher of California is peculiarly destructive to lawns, which it injures by tunnelling under the grass roots. It also does much damage in the garden. The number of these animals captured by the Barn Owl is simply enormous. The Southern planter also owes it a debt of gratitude from the persistent war it wages upon the cotton-rat.

The Long-eared Owl (Fig. 5), as its name implies, has long ear-tufts, which give it a peculiarly wise appearance, and unfortunately render it a favorite ornament of the parlor and study. It is one of our most common owls, both East and West, and almost every dark pine thicket shelters a pair or two. It roosts in trees, and in them builds a rude nest of sticks and twigs.



Fig. 4.

In the far West, I have started a dozen or more from a thicket of bushes a few yards in extent.

It is one of our most assiduous mouse-destroyers, and the presence of hundreds of pellets of mouse hair and bones usually marks the retreat of a pair of these birds. The downy young of all owls are curious looking creatures, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration of a growing family of Long-eared Owls. Almost as soon as hatched, the nestlings will take food from the hand as readily as from the parent bird, and soon become remarkably tame and confiding.

The Short-eared Owl (Fig. 6) is of about the same size as the preceding, but the ear-tufts are inconspicuous.

Moreover, it is a bird of very different habits. It summers chiefly in the fur countries and the Northern prairie States, and winters far southward, becoming common in the United States in the early fall. It is most at home in the marshes and open country, where it spends the hours of bright sunlight among the thick grass.

While it thus prefers to doze during the brightest hours, it can see remarkably well in the daytime, and, once wakened to a sense of danger, it is no easy matter to shoot it. Its food consists chiefly of mice and insects. Occasionally, doubtless, it destroys small birds, but its main subsistence is derived from animals that the farmer properly



Fig. 6.

dreads; nor can he rid himself of them so easily and cheaply in any other way as by protecting the owls.

In the little Screech Owl (Fig. 7), whose length is less than ten inches, the farmer has another friend, and one whose value is not to be reckoned by its bulk. For this wise-looking tufted owlet is an inveterate foe to mice, and although he has been known to enter the farmer's domain and snatch a tender squab, or still more rarely a young chicken, he can plead that such misdeeds are performed but rarely, and only when family cares drive him to the necessity. For young owls are most voracious creatures, as one may learn who attempts to play nurse to a growing owl family.

Moreover, now that we know what a destructive pest is the English sparrow, it is well to note that "Scops" is very fond of this pestilent foreigner; and, from the habit of the sparrow of roosting about buildings, our owl is sometimes very successful in his patriotic attempts to reduce their numbers.

Very gentle and interesting pets Screech Owls make; and if taken from the nest when in the down, and well fed and petted, they may be released after a time with the certainty that they will not wander far. Frequently they roost in the shrubbery near the house during the day, and at dusk fly to the window where they are accustomed to be fed.



Fig. 7.

They nest in the hollows of trees, and this is where they usually roost during the day. Not an old apple orchard in New England that has not a pair of these little owls snugly hidden away in the hollows of some gnarled tree. Other owls there are which are worthy of mention, did space permit. There is the big Cinereous Owl of the far North, biggest of all our owl tribe.

In contrast is the little Pigmy Owl of the West, which is hardly larger than a big sparrow. So small is it that it is a marvel that it ever dares to stick its talons into a mouse, for fear of being run away with.

Take them all in all, the owls must be considered friends to man. They are emphatically mice-eaters, and they supplement the work of the hawks by day by waging incessant warfare against man's enemies at a time when both hawks and men are resting.

Moreover, though there is a migration of owls from the north into the United States, our own species are practically sedentary, and the greater number of individuals remain all the year near where they were born. Hence, while many of their cousins, the hawks, have gone south to a warmer climate, the owls remain behind to continue to fight man's battles against his tiny but formidable foes.

The treatment owls receive from man evinces no recognition of their value, no gratitude for their services. Large and small, they are shot wherever found, to serve as ornaments to the parlor or to do brief duty for a season on a fashionable hat, then to be cast aside and forgotten.

Truly, both owls and hawks deserve better at the hands of the being in whose service they labor early and late.

H. W. HENSHAW.

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SUGGESTIONS

FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

What European governments allow the people a voice?

What absolute monarchies has Europe?

What led to popular rule in this country?

Are there disadvantages in our form of government?

How are England's colonies governed?

How far are our States independent of the general government?

What are the "Guilds" of London?

For the Companion.

A SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON.

Who ever could dream of December
So sunny a morning as this is!
The breezes astray touch my cheek on their way
With fleeting and fairy-like kisses,
And the day is a day to remember
As dearest of dear summer blisses.

Lie here, ever near me, my baby!
My rosebud among the red clover!
The birds on the eaves may come flying with leaves,
A-thinking to cover you over.
Nay! darling, for mother's beside you,
Her love close above you will hover.

The earth is aglow in its beauty,
The sun sends us smiles without measure
To be happy to-day is a duty,
A duty that's nothing but pleasure.
How your eyes dance and shine, as they glance into mine!
Are you thinking so, too, dimpled treasure?

See the dear little pink and white asters,
And there are a few scattered daisies!
Can this be a world of disasters
When the birds are so singing God's praises?
It makes me sad-hearted to think it,
If 'tis so, ah! 'tis truly a pity!
Here's a grasshopper hopping, and near you he's stopping,
That is only to see if you're pretty.

But now the sun smothers his laughter
Behind the black cloud full in view, dear.
And is that, I wonder, a mutter of thunder?
And is this a raindrop on you, dear?
Away to the house we must scamper,
More raindrops will hurry down, maybe,
And on our delight prove a damper.
Such is life, O my dear daughter-baby.

PATTY CARYL.

For the Companion.

MISTAKEN AFFECTION.

When Mr. Ebbitt sent his son Jack to an Eastern college from the Western town where he lived, he said to a friend, "I have no fear for the boy. I have two sisters and a married brother living in the college town. He will have a home in both of the houses, and will be under the best of influences."

The Misses Ebbitt were anxious that Jack should live with them. Their house was luxurious, they were educated gentlewomen, and were ready to indulge the boy to the top of his bent.

But like other families we have known, they had a talent for gloom. Their place in the world was that of perpetual mourners for their dead. They wore heavy crape veils and dingy black gowns, in memory of their parents and a brother who had died ten years ago.

Upon the walls of the parlor hung several silver coffin plates, and over the table in the dining-room were funeral wreaths, with some copies of verses and resolutions heavily framed in black and headed, "*Memento Mori*." Jack could hardly swallow his pudding, so haunted was he by the ghastly things.

Miss Ellen was a good musician, but the piano had not been opened since her brother Arthur's death. She would not sing even hymns in the house. "It would be disrespectful to his memory," they said. "Indeed, John, those who are dearest to us lie yonder on the hill. We will never be disloyal to their memory."

"They almost make me hate these dead people!" Jack wrote home. "I never want to hear their names again!"

The Misses Ebbitt, not having married, had formed no strong ties outside of their own family. They were women of much sentiment and little energy. They shut their eyes to the real world and its needs, and as the illnesses and deaths in the family had been almost the only picturesque breaks in their dull lives, they gave themselves up to contemplation of them, out of a love of romance, which they fancied was regret.

Jack, after a week or two, betook himself to his Uncle Hugh Ebbitt's home.

"It is a large, sunny house," he wrote to his mother. "Everybody in it is busy and cheerful, —Uncle Hugh and Aunt Anne at the head of all the fun and work. And do you know their dead seem to be alive and with them still? They quoted grandfather's opinions constantly, until I felt, as they did, that he was the shrewdest and kindest of men.

"The girls will say, 'Don't buy that gown—grandma does not like yellow;' or 'Plant mignonette there. Grandma loves it best of all!'

"Uncle Arthur's sword hangs below his picture, and there are always fresh flowers near it."

There was no place for morbid misery in such a home. Their dead lived with them still; their noble thoughts and sayings, their whims, even their jests were remembered with tender care. Thus the brave young uncle who had been lying under the sod at Antietam for many a year, began to have a live influence over Jack, who never had seen him.

But the boy found life and duty and religion repulsive in his aunts' gloomy home. Their brother Hugh saw this, and one day said to them:

"Have you any right to shut in your life to the dimensions of a grave? Are you not neglecting your duty to the living, whom you might help, out of a false respect for the dead, for whom you can do nothing? Look out into this beautiful world, and remember that the sun is shining and that Christ is risen!"

But the sisters shook their heads sadly. Hugh, they thought, was lacking in proper reverence for the departed.

There will be found some good Christians who are in danger of making the mistake of these well-meaning women.

NEW ALLOYS.

At the United States Navy Yard at Annapolis, some very noteworthy experiments have recently taken place. A variety of armor plates nine inches thick, such as are used for the walls of warships, were fired upon by heavy shot. While plates of steel were pierced and rent asunder, the great projectiles shattered themselves in striking against an alloy of steel and nickel. This alloy is one of a remarkable group placed at the service of war and industry during the last few years. Iron has long been known to be greatly improved in both tenacity and elasticity when it appears in the form of steel, and steel is no other than a compound of iron with carbon.

Now that steel in its turn is to be made still more elastic and strong by alloying it with nickel, it seems as if an advance were at hand as important as that due to Bessemer, when he gave the world steel at a cost little more than that of iron.

With material of increased tenacity and strength the engineer will be able to build bridges of wider span, and towers of greater height. Pipes for the conveyance of water, oil, or steam under pressure need not be so thick and heavy as formerly. Boilers can be made thinner and lighter, economizing fuel as well as metal; and machinery can be run safely at a higher speed.

Tenacity and strength are most important qualities, but others scarcely less important can also be improved, or called into existence, by alloying. When iron or steel is used in constructing a ship, the metal causes serious derangement of the compasses on board. Let the iron or steel be united with a little manganese, and its magnetic influence will be reduced to almost nothing, although the metal has gained strength rather than lost it.

Wheels, tools and many parts of machines are exposed to very rough usage and wear. The harder, therefore, they can be made, the longer they will last. Manganese-steel, especially when suddenly cooled in water, has extreme hardness, and is thus highly suitable for the stamp mills which crush ore and for other uses where extreme hardness is desired.

Copper fused with tin forms bronze, an alloy known from remote antiquity. Bronze into which aluminium enters as an element takes on a variety of new properties. It is as strong as steel, and because it resists corrosion is an admirable material for propeller-blades and rudder-frames in ship-building. Its high price has hitherto restricted its use, but as aluminium grows constantly cheaper, and economies are introduced in the production of the electric current by which the alloy is made, its applications are steadily increasing.

Why alloys should vary in their properties so widely as they do from the metals which form them is an obscure question. Experiment is still the only means of discovering what properties such and such an alloy will have, or how these properties may be usefully changed by a slight difference in composition.

Aluminium, in a proportion of ten per cent., greatly improves the tenacity of bronze; let that proportion be doubled and the alloy is brittle enough to be readily reduced to powder in a mortar.

Bronzes, as a rule, reflect light only moderately well; when two parts copper combine with one part tin, speculum metal, as it is called, is produced —an alloy of so high reflective power as to be used in the best telescopes. Japanese artists produce colors of exquisite beauty, as well as great malleability, by adding to their ornamental bronzes a little gold.

Some metals, as lead and antimony, condense on union; others, like gold and silver, expand. This, as well as the heat given out in alloying, especially when brass and bronze are formed, proves that an alloy is not a mere mechanical mixture but a true chemical compound.

G. I.

THE FARADAY CENTENNIAL.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Michael Faraday has been modestly celebrated this year in Europe and America. It was Faraday who made or completed the discoveries in electricity that have given us the Atlantic Cable, the telephone and electric lighting; to say nothing of the brilliant coal dyes that have so much enhanced the beauty of fabrics and wall-papers. It was he who reduced to figures the power of electricity, and showed its inexhaustible quantity, proving by experiment that enough of it to make a thunder-storm of great power could be generated by the chemical action of one grain of water upon four grains of zinc.

Above all, Faraday showed the beauty and nobleness of character that can be attained by a man during the short compass of a lifetime. He was one of the most admirable creatures that ever wore the human form.

The son of a poor London blacksmith, he was one of those observant, inquiring, intelligent boys who get education from everything around them. He loved his father's shop, and reflected much upon the curious processes that went on in it. Once in after-life, when he was travelling in Switzerland, he visited a nail-maker's shop, and wrote thus in his journal: "Nail-making is a very neat and pretty operation to observe. I love a smith, and everything relating to smithery. My father was a smith."

His father being a poor man, Michael at twelve went to work as errand boy to a book-binder near his home, and after a year's trial was apprenticed to the trade, at which he worked for about nine years. During his apprenticeship he frequently attended the scientific lectures then given in London, admittance being one shilling.

A gentleman who frequently brought books to his employer to be bound, having noticed young Faraday's interest in science, gave him one day tickets to the last four lectures ever delivered in London by Sir Humphry Davy. Of these lectures he took extensive and careful notes, which he wrote out and bound into a handsome quarto volume.

This he sent to the distinguished lecturer with a letter in which he described his circumstances, and expressed a strong desire to devote his life to scientific experiment, and asked Sir Humphry Davy to give him some employment that would enable him to do this. A few nights after, as he was going to bed, he was summoned to the front door by a loud knock. It was Davy's servant, who brought a note asking him to call the next morning at the Royal Institution, of which Davy was President.

He went, and was engaged as laboratory assistant, at a salary equivalent in our money to six dollars a week. From that day to the end of his life he was a devoted and disinterested investigator, and obtained finally the highest distinction which the pursuit of knowledge can afford.

All his days he clung to his glorious and independent poverty, preferring his leisure to the wealth that often solicited his acceptance. He absolutely refused to accept the lucrative business of chemical examiner, which was almost thrust upon him, and he would have no part in the wealth which his discovery of the coal-dye process placed within his reach. He wanted all his time for the discovery of more truth.

From the Royal Institution he drew his little salary of eighty pounds a year and the use of three rooms; to which Prince Albert, by and by, caused to be added a pension of three hundred pounds a year, and the Queen in his old age lent him for life a pretty little cottage near Hampton Court.

With these emoluments he was more than content; he was grateful and happy. Even the presidency of the Royal Institution, though it was pressed upon him, he declined, and he would make no profit of his lectures, though for many years he was the most lucid and popular lecturer upon science in the world. He lived but to increase the sum of knowledge and to spread it abroad.

It is well to keep alive the memory of such a man.

For the Companion.

"FAR IN THE WILDWOOD."

Far in the wildwood there's a spot
Where the sun shines but scorches not,
For there the murmuring boughs are spread
Like a green lattice overhead;
Beech-drops and pungent toothwort grow
In patches on the bank below;
Would you this untilled garden try?
I'll take you with me by and by!

A little brook runs through the place,
The favored haunt of perch and dace,
Unused to change for line and hook
The brown bed of the laughing brook;
I catch amid the eddying tides
The fresh gleam of their watery sides—
These freckled beauties would you spy?
You shall go with me by and by!

In the tall pine-tree's withered crest
A lonely hawk broods on her nest;
The sheltering forests without doubt
Close round to keep intruders out;
There the dusk heron stoops to cool
His hoarse throat in the crystal pool:
So sweet a cup could none refuse—
Come, but with fernseed in your shoes!

DORA READ GOODALE.

ON HIS WEDDING TRIP.

Moses Frost stood six-feet-four in his socks, says a *Companion* correspondent, and was called "the best man on the river,"—a phrase that expressed admiration of his physical, not his moral, qualities. He was, nevertheless, generous, truthful, brave, and altogether a fine specimen of the wilder Canadian backwoodsman. The title implied that he had successfully "tackled" all the famous "bullies" of the Upper Ottawa, even the terrible Joe Maufraud, thirty years ago champion of "the French." Moses, in a squeaky, shrill, slow, small treble, that came absurdly from so big a man, used to tell me his experiences.

"Ther' *is* some use in havin' the repytation of bein' a purty good man," he squeaked, modestly. "I reckon ther' haint been no peacenbler man on the river than me sinst they give up tryin' to whale me, 'most three year back. Last time I fit was because two men that never seen me before didn't know me when they did see me."

"Tell me about it, Moses," said I.

"Well, surveyor, it was about New Year's, the time me'n Lilly Ann got hitched. My woman was dead sot on seein' the fashions down to Portage du Fort. So we started two days after the shindig for to have a weddin' trip. She said that was the right way. We stopped at Rattray's instead of Paddy Scully's place—the best ther' was goin' wasn't too good for Lilly Ann them days.

"Well, Lilly Ann was mighty took up with the circus picters on Rattray's barn. I'd 'a' took her in, too, on'y it was gone more'n four months."

"But what about your last fight, Moses?"

"Yas—yas—I was disremember in'! Well, it was when me'n Lilly Ann was goin' back home. You mind the bridge before you come to the Calumet?"

"The high bridge over Brabyon's creek?"

"Yas, that's it. I guess it's maybe the length of your chain down to the creek in summer. That time the holler was drifted half full of snow. Well, there was the two of 'em on the bridge—one of 'em looked like a good man. Says he to me: 'We're wantin' a ride!'

"'*I* can't give ye no ride,' says I. 'Ther' haint room, boys, for I've got the woman, don't you see?'

"With that the big one runs to the head of my pony. I didn't want to get out and hurt the man, but says Lilly Ann, 'Be you goin' to stand that, Moses? If you be, I'll get out and whale 'em myself.' She'd 'a' done it, too, surveyor. Mebby you never heard what Lilly Ann done to Joe Maufraud that time he—"

"You'll tell me that story another time, Moses. What did the two men do?"

"Oh, yas. Well, I jumped out and the other one come up, squarin' off. He fell easy. Then the big one runs in. Mebby you never see a bull moose comin' at you lickety-pelt?"

"The fellow ran at you head down, eh?"

"Jesseggsackly. Well, I stood to one side, sudden, and give him a trip. Then I takes him by the trowsis and the back of his neck and pitches him over the railin'.

"With that Lilly Ann says, 'You're purty good yet, Moses,' and she jumps out, laughing. There we stood and looked over the bridge right down."

"Was the man hurt?"

"Hurted! How could he be hurted, an' him fell into seventy foot of snow drifted in the gully? He *did* have some considible trouble gettin' footin' to lift out his head. Then he looks up and says he, 'Who in thunder be you, anyhow?'

"'He's Moses Frost,' says Lilly Ann.

"'Murderation!' says he. 'If we'd knowed that we wouldn't have wanted no ride.'"

REFORMED BY A RATTLESNAKE.

Jacob Smart, afterwards a temperance lecturer well known in the West, was on his way home after a week of hard drinking. For two years he had been going downhill, as he says, and was fast becoming a reckless sot. On this particular May afternoon, as he staggered along toward home, he stopped under a tree and threw himself at full length to sleep off the first effects of his carouse.

How long I had slept, he says, I know not, but I was at length aroused by a sense of suffocation and weight on my chest. I suppose I moved, for the next moment I was fully awakened by the whir of a rattlesnake. I raised my head; it was bright moonlight, and there, coiled on my chest, was a huge rattlesnake, its rattles whirring violently, and its ugly head raised threateningly, not a foot from my face!

Instinctively I threw up my hand to shield my face, and that instant the reptile's head advanced, and its fangs were buried in the cuff of my coat-sleeve, not half an inch above my wrist!

I sprang to my feet, and for a moment the rattlesnake dangled from my arm, its fangs still fastened in the coat-sleeve. Then it fell to the ground and coiled again, and again its ugly head darted towards me, but by that time I was at a safe distance.

Quickly seizing a limb which lay beneath the tree, I hit the reptile a blow and broke its back, the dead limb in my hand breaking at the same time into half a dozen pieces.

I have the string of rattles, nine of them, preserved. Never since that day has a drop of intoxicating liquor passed my lips.

REAL KINDNESS.

A blind and crippled old man sat at the edge of the icy stone pavement grinding out his few tunes on a wheezy hand-organ, and holding in one hand a tin cup for pennies. The cold wind blew through his rags, and he was indeed a pitiful object. Yet few of the passers by seemed to pity him. They were all in a hurry, and it was too cold to stop and hunt for pennies in pockets and purses.

A sudden gust of wind blew the old man's cap off. It fell by the side of the pavement, a few feet distant. He felt around for it with his bare, red hands, and then with his cane, but he could not find it, and finally began playing again bare-headed, with his scanty gray locks tossed about in the wind.

People came and went, happy, well-dressed men and women, in silks and velvets and sealskins, in warm overcoats and gloves and mufflers. But none of them paid any attention to the old man.

By and by a woman came out of an alley, an old woman in rags and tatters, with a great bundle of boards and sticks on her bent back. Some of the boards were so long that they dragged on the ground behind her, and it had evidently taken her a long time to tie all the boards and bits of lumber together and get them on her back.

She came along, bending low under her burden, until she was within a few feet of the old organ-grinder. She saw his cap lying by the pavement; she saw him sitting there bareheaded.

She stopped and untied the rope that bound the bundle to her back, and in a moment the boards were lying on the ground. Then she picked up the cap, put it on the old man's head and tied it down with a ragged string of a handkerchief taken from her own neck.

"Cold, haint it?" she said.

He nodded.

"Aint gittin' much to-day?"

He shook his head again.

She fumbled in her ragged skirts for a moment, and finally brought forth a copper. She dropped it into his little cup, hoisted the great bundle on her back, and went on her way.

HE "FETCHED HIM."

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, in his "Upward Steps of Seventy Years," devotes a page or two to one of the "village oddities" of his boyhood, a man notorious for rum-drinking and Bible-reading. Every Sunday was given to reading the Bible, always in course. Mr. Stebbins remembers his coming into the store one Monday morning, and saying: "How still you be! Well, I've just read the old book through the seventeenth time."

He was a life-long Democrat—whether this was due to his rum-drinking or to his study of the Scriptures is a question which Mr. Stebbins does not raise—and used often to tell how his persistency had once carried the State for his party.

For seventeen years Marcus Morton was the Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts, and was elected at last by a majority of one vote. Of course every man who voted for him could say that he elected him, and this particular Democrat was not at all backward about claiming that honor.

"I begun to vote for Marcus," he would say, "and I stuck to him. I wasn't ashamed of my politics, and I got a good penman to write my ballot in big letters on a half-sheet of paper.

"I took my ballot in my hand, walked up the broad aisle with the rest to the ballot-box that stood on the communion table under the pulpit, handed my sheet to the town clerk to put in, so that everybody could see it, and then went down the side aisle and went home; for I never believe in hangin' round and makin' a noise election days; 'taint right. Seventeen times I voted for Marcus, and I fetched him. Git a good hold and stick to it is my way."

PHOTOGRAPHING SPECTRES.

It is possible that the famous spectre of the Brocken may yet have its photograph taken, and so become familiar to thousands who have never seen the mysterious shade itself. It is known that the so-called spectre is simply the shadow of a person standing upon the mountain, projected upon the surrounding mist.

Two or three years ago Professor Hazen, while making meteorological observations on the summit of Mount Washington, used to amuse himself by causing the spectres of night visitors to the observatory to appear in the mist enveloping the peak.

For this purpose it was only necessary to so place a light as to cast the shadow of a person upon the foggy cloud ahead of him.

Sometimes a gigantic spectre was produced with startling distinctness, although never any equalling the phenomenon seen from the Brocken, where the conditions are peculiarly favorable. Recently Mr. A. W. Clayden has reported to the Royal Meteorological Society the results of similar experiments made by him in the London fog of last February. He succeeded in raising his own spectre by placing a lime-light behind his head. Then he photographed the spectre.

TRUE TO LIFE.

An Italian paper, *Il Carlino*, recalls a practical joke that appeals to our sympathy as well as to our sense of humor. A painter had been commissioned to paint the image of a saint on the refectory wall of a convent.

The price stipulated was very low, but it was agreed that the painter should have his meals provided at the expense of the convent until the work was finished. But the only food supplied to the poor artist was bread, onions and water.

The day for unveiling the fresco at length arrived. The friars stood round the artist, the curtain was removed. It was no doubt a very fine picture, but the saint had his back turned toward the spectators.

"What does this mean?" shouted the indignant prior.

"Padre, I was compelled to paint the picture as you see it, for the saint could not bear the smell of onions."

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For the Companion.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.—IX.

S-e-p-t, and the school-bells call
To summon the children, one and all;
They troop together through Summer weather,
Though the bright little calendar says 'tis Fall.
But snow still sight, from grain or glen,
Jack Frost will ride on a rail, and then
Good-by to the flowers and the green of the leaves;
Good-by to the August fruits and sheaves;
Good-by to the bird-songs merry and clear;
The sun shines fair thro' the keen, sweet air,
And we know there's a Summer in every year.
Oh, bright and fleet are the days we greet,
For the joys of Summer and Autumn meet
In the sweet September,
Daisy, my dear.

For the Companion.

LADY JANE GREY.

Lady Jane Grey was Miss Procter's doll. She was forty years old. She had a walnut head and a rag body.

Her arms stood out at right angles with her body, and her feet toed in. Her face indicated dignity, sternness and determination.

She wore a snuff-colored silk dress and cape, and a black silk apron. A little green crape bonnet concealed the startling fact that she had neither ears nor hair.

Lady Jane Grey lay wrapped in a blanket in a drawer, except when some little girl came to make a call. Then the brown-faced dolly was taken out and unwrapped for her to play with.

Though Lady Jane Grey had always been so quiet and retiring, she was destined, in her old age, to lead a very active life and to meet with thrilling adventures.

Miss Procter went to California to live, and Lady Jane Grey was her parting gift to little Millie Baker.

Millie and her large family of dolls received the new comer with bright faces and smiles. But Lady Jane Grey answered none of their smiles. She sat up very straight and prim, and looked very stern.

When Lady Jane Grey first came into the playhouse, Bite, the magpie, saw her.

Bite never had noticed any of Millie's dolls before; but something in the appearance of this quaint little lady attracted him greatly.

He stopped his noisy chattering, and stared at her very impolitely. Then he flew down, and tried to take off her bonnet.

After that, whenever he saw Lady Jane Grey, he would stop his chattering and cock his head to one side in a funny way, and never take his bright, sharp eyes off from her.

One day in May Lady Jane Grey was missing. The house was searched from garret to cellar. Bite was strongly suspected of the theft, and all his known storehouses for stolen goods were overhauled, but not a trace of her could be found.

Millie cried a great deal, but at last gave Lady Jane Grey up for lost.

The leaves were beginning to fall, when, one day, mamma came running down from the attic, calling to Millie, "Come with me, Millie. I want to show you something."

Millie followed her mamma to the attic, and to the south window overlooking the great elm in the yard. Some of its branches were quite bare.

Millie looked where her mamma pointed, and rubbed her eyes to be sure she was not dreaming. There was Lady Jane Grey, swinging in the wind, suspended from one of the topmost branches.

Bite had stores of stolen strings, and somehow he had wound one around the doll's arms and fastened her firmly to the branch.

Millie cried and laughed at the same time, and wanted her taken down at once. But the branch was so slender and high that there seemed no way of getting her except by cutting it off, and this Millie's papa was not willing to do. So the doll was left, in the hope that a strong wind would break the string.

The tree was soon bare, and every night Millie would look out from her chamber to see poor Lady Jane Grey's form outlined sharply against the sky. And when the wind blew she would dance and turn somersaults with a gaiety quite unbecoming her years.

One day in a violent wind the string broke and Lady Jane Grey came bouncing to the ground, where Millie caught and hugged and kissed her.

But she was only the wreck of her former self. All her stiffness was gone. The ink which marked her face had entirely faded, leaving it blank.

Her clothes were in rags, and there were holes in one leg and each of her arms, through which the sawdust was slowly oozing out.

Very sadly Millie wrapped Lady Jane Grey in her blanket and laid her away, to begin again a retired life, and Bite, much to his wrath, was never again allowed inside of Millie's playhouse.

M. H. P.

For the Companion.

A LONG AFTERNOON.

"What *shall* I do all this long afternoon?" cried Will, yawning and stretching himself. "What—shall—I—do? A whole long afternoon, and the rain pouring and nothing to do. It will seem like a whole week till supper-time. I know it will. Oh—*dear*—me!!"

"It is too bad!" said Aunt Harriet, sympathetically. "Poor lad! What will you do, indeed? While you are waiting, suppose you just hold this yarn for me."

Will held six skeins of yarn, one after another, and Aunt Harriet told him six stories, one after the other, each better than the last.

He was very sorry when the yarn was all wound, and he began to wonder again what he should do all the long, long afternoon.

"Will," said his mother, calling him over the banisters, "I wish you would stay with baby just a few minutes while I run down to the kitchen to see about something."

Will ran up, and his mother ran down. She was gone an hour, but he did not think it was more than ten minutes, for he and baby were having a great time, playing that the big woolly ball was a tiger, and that they were elephants chasing it through the jungle.

Will blew a horn, because it spoke in the "Swiss Family Robinson" of the elephants' trumpeting, and baby blew a tin whistle which was a rattle too; and the tiger blew nothing at all because tigers do not trumpet.

It was a glorious game; but when mamma came back, Will's face fell, and he stopped trumpeting, because he knew it would tire mamma's head.

"Dear mamma" he said. "What *shall* I do all this long, long afternoon, with the rain pouring and nothing to do?"

His mother took him by the shoulders, gave him a shake and then a kiss, and turned him round toward the window.

"Look there, goosey!" she cried, laughing. "It stopped raining half an hour ago, and now the sun is setting bright and clear. It is nearly six o'clock, and you have just precisely time enough to run and post this letter before tea-time."

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

One morning little five-year-old Eva May came running into the kitchen where auntie was ironing, and exclaimed, "O auntie! I was out in the hen-house, and I couldn't see in the nests, but I *smelled fresh eggs*, and it smells like there are *five* in one nest. Won't you come out and see?"

Little Alice, three years old, was dressed one very hot day by her auntie in low neck and short sleeves. She stood for a few moments looking at her bare arms; then she exclaimed, "Auntie, my mamma don't low my arms to go barefooted!"

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

BROKEN WORDS.

In each of the following sentences fill the first blank with a word, and the second to be inserted in the third blank, but so divided as to make two separate words. Example—She ate *tea* minutes to which she can hasten to school.

If you can't find the —— —— again; I am sure it is in the ——.

If you see the —— —— by the station without the ——, tell him to be sure the ship's —— was not taken off.

The —— —— —— my boy, and showed him the —— on the lawn.

I inquired for a grocer, —— a little way," she the response. I went and found some dell.

The butcher said, "Madam, this is a nice —— —— ne-sent you a —— for dinner."

2.

DOUBLE ANAGRAM.

Omitted rhymes are found in the first and contained in the fourth and last lines.

I'm thinking of a famous man,
Whom schoolmates
saying called him
Jack. Ne-
Cruelties his death re-
vealed.
I'll give his birth. It
was at * * * * * *.

In seventeen hundred
twenty-six
He birthday came,
And cannon fired.
Full many poor and
wretched ones
Their friend in need
this man have * * * *.

Hospitals, prisons, too,
he visited,
Traveled through Eu-
rope, hither, * * *.
And many changes in
them wrought,
Which filled their in-
mates' hearts with
joy.

Who was this brave
philanthropist?
Brave? Yes, indeed!
He was no * * *.
But
Who risked his life for
others' sake.
I'll give his name just
here, * * * * * * *.

LILIAN PAYSON.

3.

RIDDLE.

When victory I symbol-
ize,
I live beneath the tropic
skies;
But every day in every
land
Each person holds me
in his hand.

4.

TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE.

Change the first and last letter of the first word defined to form the second word defined.

Change a garment to a highway.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. 1. Let this—thistle. 2. He wife—whistle.

2.

J A H L O N O W
C O N P O N A L
U N M O U S E D
S T A N M O P S
I N B I R I N G
E U S T A I N S
N U R S L I N G
H Y A C I N T H
S H A L L O O S
E C A N N I N G

Zigzags—John Bunyan, Washington.

3. 1. Germ—ny (Germany). 2. Hallow—ell (Hallowell). 3. Sora—tat (Sarabat). 4. Water—bury (Waterbury). 5. Roc—Hester (Rochester). 6. Nan—ing (Nanking).

4. 1. Flaunt. 2. Fly rate (ulcer). 3. X treets (extracts). 4. Farthing. 5. Man or beast. 6. Prime (P) (primeval). 7. Plastic (plantain). 8. Cankle. 9. Kidnap.

Example—Change poverty to a stick. W ant, can-e.

When these changes have been rightly made, place the words one below the other in the order here given; the primals will spell a month and the finals a flower belonging to it.

Change part of the human body to a ballad.
Change a pain to a reverberation.
Change a metal to a loud sound.
Change a fish to a pronoun.
Change part of a ship to rest after labor.
Change a respite to the sea.
Change to allow to the Latin word meaning therefore.

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OUT OF HIS LATITUDE.

It would be hard to say which a "funny man" likes best, a listener to whom all his jokes are new and "side-splitting," or one of those dull souls who take everything seriously. An ex-governor of Wisconsin, famous as a story-teller, is reported by the Chicago *Tribune* as having related an anecdote of his own experience with a man of the latter class. The governor was at a clam-bake in New Jersey, and after dinner was called upon for a speech.

I started off by saying that I had eaten so many of their low-neck clams that I wasn't in the least sort of condition for speech-making. At that moment a long-faced old man directly across the table scowled at me and said in a stage whisper:

"*Little*-neck clams, *little* necks—not low-necks."

I paid no attention to him and went on with my remarks. After dinner he followed me out of the hall.

"You are from Wisconsin, aint you?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"You don't have many clams out there, I reckon?"

"Well," said I, "we have some, but it's a good way to water, and in driving them across the country their feet get sore and they don't thrive very well."

He gave me a look that was worth a dollar and a half.

"Why, man alive!" said he, "clams aint got no feet."

He turned away, and shortly afterward approached one of my friends.

"Is that fellow Governor of Wisconsin?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"W-a-l-l," said he, "he may be a smart man in Wisconsin, but he's a good deal of a fool at the sea-shore."

JUST THE SAME.

A writer in the New Orleans *Picayune* gives an interesting portrait of an old negro who describes himself as "mos' er hunderd," and is devotedly attached to the people who once owned him, and with whom he still lives. He declares that he may be free, but that nothing can shake his belief that, in some way, he does belong to his beloved mistress. Though she has married, and brought up children of her own, she is still "Miss Carrie" in his eyes, and one of his pet theories is that she looks exactly as she did years ago, when she and her little bondman were children together.

One day he was looking on at a dance, and declared proudly to one of the younger members of the family:

"Miss Carrie could dance better than that when she was young."

"Do you remember how she looked at a ball?" some one asked.

"Oh, yes, honey," he said, "Miss Carrie looked jes' as pretty as a rose, she wus jes' beautiful."

"Well, isn't she beautiful now?"

"Go long, honey, can' yo' see how yo' mar looks? she looks jes' lak she always did."

WEBSTER'S READY WIT.

More or less sportive artifice enters into the parry-and-thrust of lawyers' combats in court. Fancy the drollery of a man like Webster playing upon the word "doctor." *Harper's Magazine* says:

Daniel Webster, when in full practice, was employed to defend the will of Roger Perkins, of Hopkinton. A physician made affidavit that the testator was struck with death when he signed his will.

Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough examination, showing, by quoting medical authorities, that doctors disagree as to the precise moment when a dying man is struck with death, some affirming that it is at the commencement of the disease, others at its climax, and others still affirming that we begin to die as soon as we are born.

"I should like to know," said Mr. Sullivan, the opposing counsel, "what doctor maintains that theory."

"Dr. Watts," said Mr. Webster, with great gravity:

"The moment we begin to live
We all begin to die."

The reply convulsed the court and audience with laughter.

TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

Men have a natural horror of "shopping" at its best; but send one of them to "match shades," and he shrinks from the ordeal like Macbeth from the ghost. "Take any shape but *that*!"

"I have come in here, sir," said the angry citizen to the superintendent of the horse-car company, "to get justice. Yesterday as my wife was getting into one of your cars the conductor stepped on her dress and tore off a yard of it."

"Well, sir," calmly replied the superintendent, "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do—get her a new dress?"

"No, sir, I do not," grimly replied the other, brandishing in his right hand a small piece of cloth. "What I propose to have you do is to help me match this cloth."

DIPLOMACY.

A salesman should know his goods and his customers; and if, beyond that, he has some general knowledge of human nature, he will often find it useful.

"I am very sorry, sir," said a clerk in a dry goods store, "but I have nothing exactly like the sample. The very last remnant was sold yesterday."

"But I must *have* it," said the customer. "Otherwise how shall I face my wife?"

"Well, now," answered the salesman, "if I might venture to suggest, why don't you invite a friend home to dinner with you?"

THE following note was prefixed to some verses printed in a country paper: "These lines were written nearly fifty years ago by one who has for several years lain in the grave for his own amusement."

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Increased flow of saliva, sore gums, dry mouth, diarrhœa, unusual redness of cheeks, eruptions, ulcerations, itching of the nose, twitching of the muscles, dilation of the pupils, fretfulness, restless sleep or wakefulness, thirst, and loss of appetite, all are symptoms of Teething. Although painful, Teething is not in itself dangerous. It is not disputed, however, that during the teething period the greatest number of deaths occur. A cold, an indigestion or an eruptive fever, coming at this time, acts upon a system less able than usual to resist injurious influences.
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will prevent or cure all teething pains and carry the child comfortably through a period of unusual irritation and danger.
Children who are late in cutting teeth, slow to walk and whose bone formation is defective, should be given "Tooth-Food." The use of this remedy will prevent rickets, convulsions, spasms of the glottis, St. Vitus dance, retention of the urine, etc. "Tooth-Food" is the best anti-scrofula remedy known.
This remedy is made of the nutrient elements necessary to bone growth, supplying material lacking in most natural and all artificial food. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to the taste. Around each bottle is wrapped a circular with full description of "Tooth-Food" and directions for its use. A bottle will be sent, expressage free, to any address, on receipt of one dollar.
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Your druggist should have "Tooth-Food" and before sending to us you had better ask him for it.

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—AND—
HAY ASTHMA
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TO STAY CURED
WITHOUT LEAVING HOME.
We will send you testimony from people who live near you.
P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D., BUFFALO, N.Y.
N. B. We want the name and address of every sufferer from Asthma and Hay Fever in the United States and Canada.

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A MERCIFUL SUGGESTION.

It necessarily often happens that the life of cats must be taken. Perhaps it would be more agreeable to most people in this merciful age, if all the kittens that are born could be permitted to grow to mature cathood, and all the old cats left to die of old age; but in the case of at least four out of every five kittens, it is more merciful to kill them than to suffer them to live a miserable, starved, neglected life.

This being the case, it is the duty of people to put out of the way, in as merciful a manner as possible, the cats which must be killed. This result is most easily attained with chloroform, if it is properly used.

Draw a stocking—a knitted one if possible, because it is more elastic—over the cat's head so that the toe of the stocking shall be brought as near the animal's head as possible. Then pour almost half a teaspoonful of chloroform on the stocking, close to the cat's nose.

Almost as soon as pussy has begun to wonder what it is that smells so queer, she goes quietly to sleep. Then a little more chloroform should be added, and still a little more; and she will never wake again.

One finds that, instead of having the nine lives that cats seem to reveal when one tries to drown them, they really have but one.

The cat may also be thrown into the sleep of death by means of a spray of chloroform thrown by an "atomizer" or spray-producer.

Nothing is more cruel or dangerous than the laying down of poison for cats, which is sometimes practised. And merciful persons who have occasion to take rats in wire cages would do well to keep in a secure place an atomizer containing chloroform, by means of which the creatures can be destroyed without taking them out of their cages.

Chloroform is very cheap, and enough may be bought for fifteen cents to kill three cats. In most of the States it is sold only under proper restrictions, and great care should of course be taken to prevent it from falling into the hands of young children.

ASPIRING HIGH.

Uncle Jasper was a colored man of very devout intentions, but his knowledge of the Scriptures was of a somewhat uncertain character. He lived in "single-blessedness" a good many years, but finally in the evening of life he married, and in due time an heir was born to him. The next day after the advent of the little one, a gentleman met Jasper in the street.

"I understand you have a baby at your house, Uncle Jasper?"

"Yas, sah; we has dat," Jasper replied with a broad grin and a satisfied chuckle. "We'se got a baby dar, sho'."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Hit's a boy, sah. Yas, sah, hit's most sho'ly a boy."

"Have you named him yet?"

"Yas, sah; we has."

"What name have you given him?"

"Wah, sah; you knows I'se done allus been a pow'ful han' fer dem Scriptur' folks, 'cause I'se allus been a monst'ous strong b'liever in de Bible. So I 'lowed I'd name him arter some o' de big officers what de Bible talks ob, an' I studied 'bout which 'un I'd name 'im arter, an' at las' I settled onto Beelzebub, sah.

"Hit's a mouty fine name, sah; an' hit 'pears lack I'se 'spirin' powerful high, but I 'lows dat chile'll sho'ly do credit to hits namesake, sah. Hit most sho'ly will."

INDIGESTIBLE.

The old inhabitants of a certain New England town remember a peddler who used to come around a good many years ago, and who had a cry quite as remarkable as most of those given in the books which have been written about the street cries of old London.

He had a long, covered wagon, drawn by a large gray horse of uncertain age, and he "held up" in front of each house in the town, once a fortnight.

He never dismounted from his seat unless assured that he had a customer; but he gave his cry three times, in a clear, loud voice and then, if he received no response, drove on to the next house, and this was his cry:

"Any eatables to-day? Such as clothes-lines, clothes-pins, tongues and sounds?"

The last was given with an indescribable inflection, which those who tell about him never fail to say they cannot reproduce.

TOO STILL.

It is considered a certain sign of approval, and a compliment to the artist, to say that a picture is "a speaking likeness." One very particular widow demanded more than that, however. She wanted a *jumping* likeness.

Sculptor—"Why do you object to this bust of your husband, madam?"

Widow—"It doesn't seem natural."

"You have admitted that it looks like him."

"Yes, the features are all right; but there's no use talking, that statue will never remind me of my dear dead husband. It's too quiet. My husband had St. Vitus's dance."—*New York Weekly.*

MAKING IT CLEAR.

The *Spectator* tells a funny story of a definition given by a well-known public speaker, in an address to children.

"Now, children," he said, "I propose to give you on the present occasion an epitome of the life of St. Paul. Perhaps some of you are too young to understand what the word 'epitome' means. 'Epitome,' children, is, in its signification, synonymous with synopsis."

Having made this simple and clear explanation to the children, the speaker went on with his story.

THE father of a fretful baby consoled himself with thinking that, after all, he shouldn't know how to get along without it; in fact, that it was "a crying necessity."

Itching Piles.

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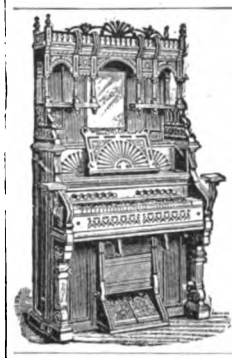
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The chemist of the department of Health of Brooklyn, after examining the various powders, said: "The Royal is superior to all baking powders with regard to leavening power, economy in use, and healthfulness."



Look Out for frauds.

Honest Competition is all right, but to introduce an inferior article on some one else's reputation is piracy.

A few cheap grocers are offering an inferior article under the name of French Soups. Be sure to ask for the

FRANCO AMERICAN FOOD CO'S.

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For the Companion.

ANKLE-SPRAINS.

An ankle-sprain is a stretching or tearing of the ligaments of the joint, caused by a sudden twist, the weight of the body being unexpectedly applied to the ligaments, as if by a lever. In most cases the foot is turned inward, and hence it is the external ligaments that suffer.

If the sprain is slight, simple rest of the foot for a few days may be sufficient. The more absolute the rest, the better. But an apparently slight sprain, causing, beyond the first pain, no discomfort for perhaps twenty-four hours, may, without proper care, become sorely troublesome for months.

Sprains may result from the most trivial accidents. Some persons are more liable to them than others, but no one is exempt from the liability. All may be interested in the main points of an article on the subject in the "Journal of the American Association of Railroad Surgeons."

Severe sprains require elevation of the limb, support to the foot, and a local bath, as hot as can be borne, to be repeated every three hours. After each bath the ankle should be wrapped generously in cotton batting, over which should be applied a tight flannel bandage, or a loose rubber bandage.

After the third day, the stage of active hyperæmia (excess of blood) having passed, massage may be used on the parts, and when the swelling has somewhat subsided, a starch bandage may be applied.

The splint should include the entire foot, except the toes, and extend one-half or two-thirds up the leg, and when hardened, should be cut open down the front and thus made removable. The hot bath should be repeated several times a day, from ten to twenty minutes at a time, the limb being dried and then well massaged during the intervals.

Precaution should be used in working the foot not to turn it *in*, otherwise the external lateral ligament fibres which were torn and stretched—now undergoing repair slowly because of their low vitality or meagre blood-supply—may be re-torn, the tender parts bruised, pain caused, and repair delayed.

For the Companion.

TYKE AND FIDO.

Tyke was an old and homely bulldog. He was the pet of Miss Sophy Staples, who believed him to be as intelligent as he was ugly. He belonged to the people with whom Miss Staples was boarding, but was not the pet of the family, all their attention being lavished upon Fido, a little black-and-tan terrier.

Miss Mary Staples, who was also boarding in the house, was not so fond of animals as her sister.

"You talk to that Tyke as if he had human motives and feelings," she said one day. "If you must pet something, why don't you pet Fido? He is bright and pretty."

Miss Sophy looked down into the ugly face of the dog, who was standing by her side.

"We are not beautiful, but we know what we are about, don't we, Tyke?" she said, stroking his head. The dog lazily blinked his eyes and wiggled his short tail feebly.

"You see he has an affectionate heart," she said, laughing at his awkwardness. "He thinks everything of that silly little Fido. You will notice that he shows real animation when Fido comes in."

The smaller dog at that minute came through the open door, whining pitifully. He scratched at his face with one paw, and wiped it along the floor.

Miss Sophy took him up into her lap and bathed his eyes, which seemed to be hurt, with warm water and milk. Tyke stood by and whined and scraped the floor sympathetically.

"You see they are talking together now," Miss Sophy said to her sister; "I haven't any doubt that Fido is telling Tyke how he got hurt."

"I really believe that you think he is," her sister answered, sarcastically.

Fido scrambled to the floor and ran out of the house, Tyke following him. It was hardly five minutes before both dogs were back, Tyke running, and carrying in his mouth a cat that had the appearance of having had the life recently shaken out of her. Fido followed, still scratching at his face.

Tyke brought the cat and laid it at Miss Sophy's feet, wagging his stump of a tail enthusiastically.

Both sisters were greatly interested. They went out into the shed, where the hired man was sawing wood, carrying the cat with them.

"Do you know where Tyke got this cat?" they asked the man.

"My gracious! I should say I did. He got her in here. That scamp of a Fido had been worrying her. She was that stray cat that has been hanging around here for some time. Fido seemed to think it his business to drive her off, and they had it out this afternoon, and the cat beat, and he ran away whining like a good fellow.

"First thing I knew here comes Tyke, and quick as a flash he dashed at that cat and shook her life right out of her, and Fido stood by and barked to see him do it."

Miss Sophy laid the cat down on the wood, and turned to her sister.

"There now, I hope you are convinced that dogs have human motives and feelings!"

"This does surely look like it, but it is a question whether it is a worthy motive to emulate."

Tyke, meanwhile, had surreptitiously taken up the cat and darted out of the door, Fido after him.

The two women and the man followed. They were curious to see how the thing would end. They followed the two dogs to a little wooded knoll at the back of the barn.

Laying the cat on the ground, the dogs began rapidly digging a shallow hole, and after laying the cat in and imperfectly covering her with dirt, they chased each other joyfully back to the house.

FISH THAT SHOOT FLIES.

There is a curious fish of the Indian Ocean, to which, although it has long been known to naturalists, attention has recently been called on account of some new observations of its peculiarities. It is flat and chubby, not unlike the ordinary sunfish, and seldom exceeds seven or eight inches in length.

It is furnished with a short snout or muzzle, which, as we shall see, serves very much the purpose of a sportsman's gun. It is fond of insects, and its method of capturing them has suggested its name of the archer.

Swimming close beneath the surface it watches the brilliant flies flitting above, and, having selected one to its fancy, suddenly thrusts its muzzle out, and with almost unerring marksmanship discharges several drops of water at its victim.

Confused by the watery projectiles, and with its wings entangled and rendered temporarily useless, the insect falls upon the surface of the sea, and is immediately seized by its voracious enemy. The fish is said to be able to bring down a fly in this manner from a height of two or three feet.

Some of the inhabitants of Java keep these little fish in captivity for the sake of watching them practise their archery upon flies and ants suspended above them.

WRONG BOX.

A freshman in a college in the city was anxious to mail a letter. Having been told to drop it into the red box at the corner, he hurried out of the building and ran down the street.

He saw a red box, but could find no opening in which to put his letter. He searched for any possible direction on the box, and noticed in large letters, "Ring twice."

He rang twice and waited to see what would happen, expecting a door to fly open into which he could drop the letter. Suddenly an open buggy dashed up, and a man in blue uniform jumped out.

"Where is it?" he demanded.

"Here it is, thank you," said the freshman. "Please mail it at once."

The fire-captain looked at the letter and then at the retreating student's figure. Then he dropped the letter into the box across the street, reported the alarm false, and went back to the station.

STATIONERS' WISDOM.

Every occupation affords opportunities of its own for the study of human nature, if only there be a little aptitude for putting this and that together.

A young woman was trading in a stationer's shop, says a German paper, and the elderly proprietor suddenly asked:

"And when does the wedding take place?"

"The wedding? Why, you don't think —" the fair customer blushed and hesitated.

"Ah, fräulein, when young ladies buy a hundred sheets of paper and only twenty-five envelopes, I know there is something in the wind."

DISPOSING OF A RIVAL.

The way in which a small boy of our acquaintance met the crisis which, in the language of the nurses, was "to put his nose out of joint," showed at least a readiness to dispose of a troublesome impediment with a word.

The little fellow was taken into his mother's chamber to see for the first time a baby brother. The three-year-old looked the infant over with a calmly critical regard and then, turning to the maid who accompanied him, he said very decidedly:

"Jane, you keep *that* in the kitchen."

"HOW LONG."

A story is told of an old negro woman in Alabama, whose extreme age and helplessness caused her friends and neighbors to supply all her needs.

She was very grateful for all such attentions, and never failed to express her gratitude in original language.

One day she could not sufficiently thank the son of her old master, who had brought her some choice grapes.

"You is powerful good to a pore ole 'oman like me, wid one foot in de grabe an' de oder a-cryin' out, 'Lawd, how long, how long?'"

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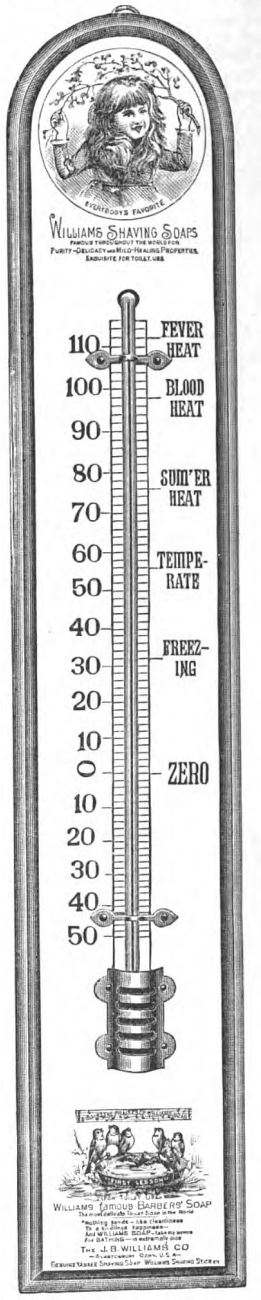
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For the Companion.

INTERLOPERS.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter VI.

For Charity's Sake.

Upon the bed lay Dorothy, and by her side sat her mother. For a little time both had been silent.

Mrs. Everest had been talking long and earnestly, but it seemed to her that her words fell on barren soil. Even as she uttered them she doubted their power to move the stubborn young heart that somehow appeared to be, day by day, growing harder. It caused a chill ache to creep into her soul—the thought of Dorothy shutting herself away from all the good within her. Sometimes she almost lost hope that she would ever recover her old self—she almost doubted if the old self could have been genuinely noble.

If there had ever been any tenderness in her nature, how could she bear to hurt an innocent creature?

Dorothy would give no reason for her refusal to wear the gown. At first she had opened her lips to speak, but her mother had interrupted to reproach her with her groundless hate of Helen, and she had from that moment declined to say one word.

She had long ago ceased sobbing, and now the only sound to be heard in the room was the twittering of the canary, and now and then, one of her own deep sighs.

At last Mrs. Everest said, "Dorothy, I want to tell you a little about Helen. It is not much; but I wish you to know it. Years ago Colonel Everest married a beautiful girl. She was the daughter of a very wealthy man, and had everything, one might fancy, to make her happy and her life sweet—beauty, riches, and, better than all, a lovely soul.

"Only one thing she lacked, and that was health. She was an invalid. She and her young lover were married, and for a year were entirely happy. Then Helen was born to them, and the poor young mother died, bequeathing to her little daughter her great fortune, and, in all probability, her malady.

"That is all, except that for years her father has been separated from her, because he was always stationed at posts to which he felt he could not bring the fragile child. And so, in spite of her wealth, Helen has been a poor child.

"Her first moments of real happiness have come since I—since we—came to her, she says; and you cannot know, Dorothy, how my heart yearns over her, and how I pray God she may be enabled to escape from her sad inheritance.

"Just fancy; poor little Helen with the shadow of death always hanging over her! There are chances that her constitution may strengthen, so that the heart will outgrow its weakness and be able to throw off the disease; but there is always the chance—but I cannot talk about it, it hurts me so!"

Dorothy was sitting up by this time, and two large tears that had gathered in her eyes rolled glittering down her cheeks and dropped upon her clasped hands.

Her mother walked to the window. Leaning her head against the frame she looked out into the garden that she did not see.

Presently she came to the bedside again, and, bending over, kissed Dorothy upon the forehead.

A gentle tap upon the door caused them both to start up quickly. It was the maid, who told her that Mrs. Beech was in the drawing-room.

"It is probably about the Tournament, Dorothy," said her mother. "Smooth your hair and be ready to come down when I send for you, dear. She will want to see you and Helen, I know."

When Dorothy was once more alone she went to swiftly to the door, and locking it, went back to the bed and fell on her knees beside it, praying: "O God, please help me to be good. Make me to be good!" and she kept repeating this again and again, her voice trembling with intensity and her hands clasped so tightly together that the fingers were red with the pressure. "O God, make me to be good—for Jesus' sake. Amen."

It was not much of a prayer, perhaps, but it came from the very depth of her heart, and was heard and answered, for by and by there seemed to creep into her soul a great peace, and she felt stronger to do right than she had felt for many a day.

It was not long before Dorothy was summoned below. She bathed her flushed face and smoothed her tumbled hair, thinking, as she saw in the glass, how her mouth drooped at the corners, and how very invisible were the dimples.

When she reached the drawing-room she found Helen there before her, listening to Mrs. Beech's account of the preparation for the Tournament. The lady rose and met her with a cordial kiss of welcome.

"So glad to see you, my dear," she said in a brisk, bright way. "Your mamma has made me happy by promising me you and Helen for dinner on Tournament day. I have a young cousin visiting me from Albany, just about your age, and it will be so nice for her to have you. You will be such fine company for one another among all of us ancient folks.

"You have no idea," she said, clasping her tiny hands, "how overwhelmed I am with business. It is driving here and driving there all day and every day to an almost securing sum to work, and that sort of thing. And besides—I am going almost petitioning my friends to subscribe to a fund for the erection of a hospital here. I have been quite successful, but you cannot fancy what work it is.

"Now I am sure you two girls will be glad to give me something to swell the fund. Such a worthy object, you know! I don't speak about your parents—for I am sure they will give generously—but you two girls; now tell me, won't you give me something for my hospital?"

Mrs. Beech asks for a Sacrifice.

Helen rose at once, and, hurrying upstairs, came down with her purse in her hand, while Dorothy sat silent and ashamed. Helen always had money; Dorothy seldom had any.

"Here, Mrs. Beech," said Helen, giving her two bank-notes. "It's all I have just now, but I will give you more as soon as I get my allowance."

She did it very simply and unpretentiously, but it caused a sharp pang to shoot through Dorothy's heart, as she saw how easy it was for Helen to give twenty-five dollars where she herself could scarcely offer so many cents.

"And you, dear?" said Mrs. Beech, turning to Dorothy. "You can spare me as much out of your pin-money as Helen, surely? Won't you add another twenty-five to this, so that I can deposit a round fifty in the bank?"

By this time Dorothy had managed to stammer out the beginning of an apology, when her mother explained kindly:

"The fact is, Mrs. Beech, our girls have not equal allowances. Dorothy would in any case be unable to give as much as her sister. But it is not because the impulse would not prompt her to do so. You must accept twenty-five dollars from me in Dorothy's name. Little daughter, will you get my purse?"

But Mrs. Beech stretched out a detaining hand.

"No, stay," she said. "Really, I think Dorothy's money will be all the brighter if she makes some little sacrifice to procure it. You girls are so clever nowadays, you ought to be able to earn twenty-five dollars very quickly. Now suppose Helen and Dorothy rack their bright young brains for ways and means of earning some money for the fund.

"Won't you do it, girls? Really, the virtue in giving is in the sacrifice it costs. Not that I will not keep your bills, Helen, for I cannot afford to lose one penny; but don't you think you can manage to spare me more by and by? More than you have earned, or are able to give through some sacrifice?"

Dorothy said, "Yes, I'll do what I can, but I don't know how I can earn any money. It doesn't seem to me I can do anything at all."

"I tell you, Dorothy," said Helen, "I know! We can embroider. I was taught that at school, and I'll show you; and we can do an altar-cloth or something of that kind, and have the church people buy it. Do you think St. Thomas's would buy an altar-cloth of us, Mrs. Beech, if it were very handsome? I made a beauty once—it took the prize at the exhibition of our work, and—we could do another just like it—Dorothy and I. Do you think they'd buy it, Mrs. Beech?"

"Why, yes, dear, if 'twas really handsome. I would buy it myself and give it to them as an offering at Easter. And you will help, Dorothy?"

Dorothy was silent for a moment. She could not imagine herself sitting down demurely to stitch, with her little brown hands, at a white satin altar-cloth, she who had never hemmed even a kitchen towel in all her life.

"I don't know," she replied, hesitatingly. "I should spoil it if I tried my hand at it. I'd better try to think of something else—some other way of getting the money. But I'm so stupid! There's nothing I can do, it seems to me, but play the banjo."

At this they all laughed, and Mrs. Beech playfully suggested her going from house to house singing negro songs for pennies.

"But now why should not you two girls just on your hats and drive with me?" she concluded. "I'm alone in the dog-cart—except for Baxter. Won't you come and see the course they are making on our grounds for the Tournament? There will be plenty of room in the trap if one of you won't mind riding backward and sitting next to Baxter."

In a very little while they were being bowled along the smooth, hard road. All the while Dorothy was busily wondering what she could do to earn the money for the hospital.

Even now Helen was planning to send an order to New York for the richest ivory satin and the heaviest of bullion, while she had not the vaguest idea how to make a "sacrifice" yield a financial return. She knew well how fruitless would be any attempt she might make at fancy-work, and had really never considered it at all.

"Now this," said Mrs. Beech, drawing up some distance within her own grounds, "this is where the course is to be. You see they have begun to mark out the track already. The distance around the circle is a mile, and at each quarter there is to be placed a pole with a slender cross-beam, at the end of which is a ring. Then the riders, gaily costumed, galloping around the circle, try to pierce these rings with their spears, and the one who goes around the circle the specified number of times in the least space, securing the most rings, meanwhile, is the winner of the prize—a silver cup."

"And there are to be mounted pages!" said Helen.

"Yes—my Bronson is to be one. They ride about on their Shetlands and pick up the rings that fall or the spears that are dropped, and make themselves generally useful as they are ornamental, for we mothers prank them out very finely. The place will be crowded with carriages."

She chatted on, pointing out and explaining. She prevailed upon the two girls to remain to luncheon.

Thus it came about that they did not see each other alone all day, for when they insisted that they must go home, Mrs. Beech induced them to let her young cousin drive them back in the pony-carriage; and on their arrival at their own door they both had to hasten to their rooms to dress for the afternoon.

At the stair-head Dorothy paused.

"Helen!" she said, abruptly, and then stopped. She was going to continue immediately—as soon as that tightness in her throat would permit her—but just then Colonel Everest came up the stairs, and she turned away.

Once in her own room she made fast the door, and slipping off her frock sat down to consider.

She could not rid herself of her worry concerning the money for the hospital. It possessed her like a fever.

Mechanically she opened her bureau-drawer and tumbled everything out of it—laces and handkerchiefs, perfumery and ribbons, fans and bits of gold and jewelry. She had not many treasures—at the most a few rings and a chain or two—but as she held them spread forth in her hands, she wondered if by selling them she would realize twenty-five dollars.

"It would be a sacrifice to do without my rings," she thought. Then came the remembrance of the giver, her mother, and she knew she could not part with them. Besides, they would not bring much, and she had not enough money to enable her to get to New York to sell them.

Then happening to catch a glimpse of her unbound locks in the mirror, a new thought struck her.

"Jo, in 'Little Women,' sold her hair and got twenty-five dollars for it, and why shouldn't I sell mine? How do you suppose I should look

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with shingled hair? Horrid, of course; but that would be just the thing that would make the sacrifice that Mrs. Beech wants."

But here, as in the case of the jewelry, there loomed an obstacle—lack of travelling money, for of course she could only dispose of her wares in the city. But the plan to sell her hair seemed more feasible than the other, and she sat for some time deep in consideration of it.

How could she escape from home without being detected and stopped? and how, having actually reached her destination, could she discover the best place to serve her purpose? Many projects suggested themselves to her, which she entertained for a moment and then rejected as impossible.

She poured the contents of the drawer back into its depths and left them there in confusion, to sit down in her rocking-chair and play on her beloved banjo.

Her object in coming to her room—the making of her toilet—she had completely forgotten. It was like Dorothy to sit down in the midst of the most unfavorable conditions and begin to play upon her banjo.

Her mother, sitting on the piazza below, heard the sounds and smiled across at Helen who, already dressed, sat opposite her.

"Hadn't we better send word to her to dress?" asked Mrs. Everest. "She will delay, I am afraid, so that she will hardly be ready for dinner."

"Oh, no. Please let her play. It rests her, she says; and somehow, mamma, Dorothy doesn't look very well nowadays. She has a sad and tired look in her eyes. I suppose it is because she is unhappy. Poor Dorothy! But now maybe she'll get used to me—we'll have to be together so much doing the altar-cloth. I'm so glad I thought of it. But if it makes her like me a little it won't be a 'sacrifice,' will it, mamma?"

Mrs. Everest passed her hand over her eyes, and then glanced lovingly across at her young companion.

"You dear little girl!" she said. "Always so patient to wait for and anxious to gain wilful Dorothy's love. She will give it to you, darling; never fear. In fact, I think you have it already, only she is too proud to surrender."

"But I don't believe she'll ever wear the gown," said Helen, wistfully. "She said she wouldn't—ever. I wish she didn't feel so. I wish she could have some of my money. I wish that she would take it. I wish—but anyway, she's going to do the altar-cloth with me," she concluded, happily.

From above came the mellow notes of an odd little Mexican dance Dorothy was playing on her banjo, with now and then the sound of her voice joining in, in plaintive accompaniment.

In her hands the commonplace instrument grew to have a peculiar and definite charm. She succeeded in producing an excellent effect when she played, for her supple figure lent itself perfectly to whatever attitude she happened to assume; and when she danced, her blue eyes beneath their black fringe sparkled and shone, her cheeks flushed, her hair grew dusky and loose about her head, and her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground at all—so very light were they.

Her mother often felt that Dorothy had become too old for this amusement, but she was so small that she seemed but a child. As it did no harm she was permitted to continue with her "gipsy tricks," as they gave her pleasure.

This evening she seemed to take special joy in them, for all by herself she played the banjo and danced and sang until even she grew conscious that it was near dinner-time.

Out toward the west the sun was glowing, a huge red disk, preparing to set. The birds were singing their evening songs. A robin, perched upon the topmost twig of a large tree, carolled joyously, and farther away in the edge of a thicket, she heard the rich melody of a brown thrush. From far away came the mellow sound of a bell.

From behind her bowed shutters she looked out upon the peaceful country—the green hills; the illumined sky; the placid river.

She watched it all in silence, and then a great wave of thankfulness swept over her.

"I'm glad I'm alive," she thought. "It is nice to be alive, only one ought to be good to deserve it all. It is *so* beautiful. Thank God!"

From up the river came a thin column of smoke, which shone dark gray against the pale azure of the sky. Dorothy watched it as it rose slowly cloudward, and then she waited, aimlessly watching still, for the steamer which caused it to become distinct and plain—more than a mere speck appearing from behind the steep river-banks.

As it neared the wharf beyond, it gave a series of sharp whistles that seemed to wake the birds from their first early rest, and set them to twittering in affright. But the sounds electrified Dorothy.

She sprang from her chair with a joyful bound.

"I have it! I'll do it! Just the thing!"

She was trembling with excitement. Her breath came in short gasps, and she had to hold on to the bed's foot for a moment to steady herself, she felt so suddenly dizzy with the magnitude of the enterprise she meant to undertake.

"I needn't sell you, my poor old hair," she murmured, caressingly, as she saw its reflection in the glass.

"I've an idea; something better. Now I can get it. My red dress—my banjo! To-morrow morning—early! Oh, *dear!* How glad I am!"

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

(To be continued.)

PASSING SUMMER.

Oh for the land where length of days
And long life shall be given
To souls whose orisons of praise,
Like incense, rise to heaven;
Where summer never knows decay
And night no more shall veil the day.

—*Caroline May.*

For the Companion.

THE STRIKE AT ELM HOLLOW.

We were sitting on the piazza in the twilight of a warm summer day, which we had spent in visiting a large manufactory in a neighboring city. One of the foremen in this establishment, a fine, manly young fellow, Joe Jamieson by name, was a favorite in my uncle's family, and always acknowledged a great indebtedness to my cousins Robert and Edward for his start in life.

I had seen Jamieson so often, and heard his name spoken with so much consideration, that I was curious to know the story of his life. To-night, in reply to my questions, Cousin Ned gave me this account of it:

"Five years ago this summer, we had our great Elm Hollow strike. I suppose you never saw a report of that in the papers?"

"No," I replied. "What in the world could any one find to strike about in this out-of-the-way place?"

"It was a school strike," said Ned. "We had an excellent teacher that summer, and as there were no more than thirty scholars, we had a chance to do some pretty good work.

"Our teacher, Miss Ward, had taught the school for a year, and we thought there was no one like her. She took a great deal of pains, and helped us in every way she could.

"Our class, the first one, was composed of five boys. We were doing well in our studies, but we were not wise enough to appreciate it.

"We were studying history and civil government, and Miss Ward encouraged us to read the newspapers and keep informed about public events. She would take a few minutes occasionally to ask us questions about what we had read, and explain matters which we did not understand. In this way we learned a great deal about what was happening in the world.

"That summer the papers seemed to be full of accounts of strikes. There were great strikes in one place, and lockouts in another, with workmen combining against employers, and employers against workmen.

"One day, after eating our lunch, the boys of our class were all lying on the grass, discussing the latest news about the strikes.

"'I say, fellows,' said Harry Rogers, 'here we are shut up by ourselves in this little out-of-the-way place, where nothing ever happens to 'liven a fellow up. Let's do something the way they do it in the rest of the world. Let's have a strike!'

"'What are you going to strike about?' asked Fred Andrews.

"'Oh, we'll put in a petition,' said Harry, 'and if it isn't granted, we'll march out in a body. That's the way they always do.'

"'What shall we petition for?'

"'Oh, longer noonings, for one thing.'

"'And to have school dismissed earlier,' said another boy.

"'And for shorter algebra lessons, this warm weather,' said another.

"That afternoon Jack Burns wrote out the 'petition,' and each one signed it. I don't remember all our demands, but we wanted the morning recess lengthened to half an hour, the nooning to an hour and a half, and the day's session shortened by half an hour. We gave up the afternoon recess. So much for hours.

"In regard to work, in warm weather the lessons were to be shortened, and algebra never to exceed five problems; and we were to be allowed to study out of doors when we wished.

"The paper closed with the statement that if our requests were not all granted by Thursday—that day was Tuesday—we should leave school in a body. It was important that we should go out 'in a body.' That phrase always occurred in the reports of strikes.

"We knew that the trustees, as well as our parents, were not a little proud of their first class, and we thought that, in their anxiety to keep us in the school, they would do almost anything we might ask.

"It was, therefore, with a good deal of confidence, that, after school, we handed the paper to Miss Ward. She merely bowed, and laid it on her desk without looking at it. Nothing remained for us but to file out.

"All the next day we were in a fever of excitement, but Miss Ward said nothing, though when we had our 'history talk' she spoke of a strike which had been especially disastrous to the strikers. Their employers had refused to take them back, and their families were in want.

"Thursday morning just before school was called, we asked Miss Ward if our demands were to be granted. She replied that, having no authority herself to change the hours, she had sent our petition to the trustees, and as she had heard nothing from them, the school would go on as before.

"Perhaps the trustees might come during the morning. We gave them the benefit of the doubt, and decided to stay until recess.

"Recess came, but no trustees. Then we went to Miss Ward and told her that, while we had nothing against her, we must leave the school, as the trustees had not acceded to our demands. She talked to us, and tried to convince us that we were taking a very foolish step; but when the bell rang, we did not go in.

"We had been lying on the grass just across the road, for a time, joking and telling stories, when I noticed that Jack was looking at the schoolhouse in a wistful way, and was not listening to the talk.

"'Sorry you struck, Jack?' I asked in fun.

"'Yes,' he said, springing to his feet, 'I am! I know it seems mean for me to go against you boys, especially when I wrote the petition, but I believe we'd better give it up and go back to school. I'm sorry, boys, but *I'm* going back, anyhow.'

"He picked up his hat and dinner-pail.

"Jack and I were of the same age and had always been good friends. His 'treachery' made me angry. I am afraid I spoke pretty harshly to him, and so did the other boys; but he kept on.

"There were only four of us now, but we agreed to 'stick it out.'

"The next morning Rob and I made no movement toward getting ready to go to school, after breakfast.

"'Aren't you going to school, boys?' father asked.

"'No, sir,' I said. 'We are out on strike.'

"'Oho!' said he. 'Then the strike came off, did it? How many of you are out?'

"'Four,' said Rob. 'Jack Burns didn't have spunk enough to stay in it.'

"'Well,' said father, 'I am inclined to think Jack has as much spunk as any of you. He certainly has more sense.' With that, he turned and walked away.

"Later in the day, Rob and I met Fred and Harry, and we all decided not to speak to Jack. Poor Jack! He felt pretty sore when we passed him that day without paying any attention to him, though he tried hard not to show it. It was a little hard, too, to crush him in that way, but we felt that it had to be done.

"Well, Monday morning came, and that's where Joe Jamieson's part of the story begins. Joe's parents had been very poor and had never got ahead in the world. They died when Joe was very young and left him to take care of himself.

"He wasn't very strong, but he had grit, and that helped him. He worked around for different farmers, and though there was some talk at first about sending him to the poorhouse, when he showed that he could take care of himself they let him do so.

"He had been working two years for father, and was a great overgrown, awkward fellow, but a steady workman and always so good-natured that we all liked him.

"That morning, at the breakfast table, father asked:

"'Is the strike still "on," boys?'

"'Yes, sir,' we both answered very promptly.

"'You don't intend to go back to school, then?'

"We said that we proposed to stay out till our petition was granted.

"Father didn't speak for a few minutes; then he turned to Joe.

"'Joe,' he said, 'how would you like to go to school?'

"Joe started, grinned and looked greener than ever, but said nothing. He thought father was making a joke at his expense; and Rob and I thought so, too, and were considerably amused until he went on.

"'Well!' father continued, 'when you finish your breakfast, Joe, you can change your clothes and get ready for school.'

"You ought to have seen Joe then! If he wasn't surprised I never saw any one who was.

"'But what about the work, Mr. Howard?' he stammered.

"'The boys will do that,' father said.

"'Why, father!' said Rob, 'you don't expect Ned and me to do farm work?'

"'Why not?' father asked. 'I've fed and clothed you, and hired Joe to do the work that you might have time for something else. In return I have asked that you attend school and do the best you can in your studies. Now you refuse to do that any longer. If Joe, here, is willing to go to school and do what I expected you to do, why, I'm willing to give him the chance. Turn about is fair play, and I shall expect you and Ned, between you, to do the work that Joe would do.

"'Remember,' he continued, 'I have let you make your own choice in this matter of the strike, and haven't tried to coerce you. Miss Ward reasoned with you, and did her best to make you see how foolish your act was, but you refused to listen.

"'Now there is no more to be said about it, one way or the other. The matter is settled.

"'I think you are both old enough to use your own judgment, so I have let you follow your own course. But now, if I am to support you longer, and you refuse to repay me in the way I wish, it's only fair you should make some other return.'

"By that time there was a big lump in my throat, and I wished the strike had never been thought of. I guess Rob did, too, for he was staring hard at his plate.

"I looked at mother, but she said nothing.

"After breakfast Rob and I went upstairs, put on our old clothes without a word, and went out to work. In addition to Joe, father kept another man, so the hardest of the labor did not fall to us, though what did was quite hard enough to make the days seem very long.

"Joe had his share of discomfort, too; shut up indoors all day, and obliged to be in classes with much younger children. Besides all this, he had never learned to apply himself, and for a while he made but little progress.

"However, as time went on he improved. Miss Ward was very kind to him, and he was determined to succeed, if only 'to please Mr. Howard.'

"At first Joe was ashamed to come to Rob and me for help in his studies, but before long Rob offered to assist him. After that we both took a hand, and he improved fast. All this time he helped us with the farm work at night and in the morning.

"Those were very long days that we spent at the farm work. Our hands were made sore with pitchforks, and our legs ached pitifully every night. We began to talk in a furtive, half-ashamed way at first, and then openly of surrendering.

"We had been working about two weeks when we went to father one evening and told him that we should like to go back to school.

"'But how about Joe?' he asked abruptly and in surprise.

"We had not thought about the injustice of taking Joe out of school now. We said no more.

"We did a good deal of thinking in those days, however. We wondered at first why Harry Rogers didn't come to see us; but one day we heard that Harry's father had set him to work on the farm, too.

"Jack kept right on at school, but now he avoided us so as not to give us another chance to snub him. I wished a good many times that I had stood by him, as I had always done before. When I thought of all the ill-natured and cruel things I said the afternoon he went back to school, I thoroughly despised myself.

"One afternoon when I was driving in the wagon, whom should I see ahead of me but Jack, walking slowly along with his head down, and looking forlorn enough. I made up my mind to speak to him and see if he was willing to forgive and forget, though I would not have blamed him if he were not. He was going the same way I was, and didn't see me till I drove along beside him. Then he looked up.

"His face flushed and he turned his head away quickly, pretending not to see me. Something stuck in my throat, but I managed to say, 'Hello, Jack!'

"It was pretty feeble, but he heard it and looked up with a quick, 'Hello, Ned!'

"I stopped the horse and asked him if he didn't want to ride. He looked at me steadily for a minute, and I stammered out:

"'It's pretty warm to walk, Jack,—and—it's very lonesome riding alone.'

"'All right,' said he, and climbed in.

"It didn't take us very long to make up, you may believe. After that he used to come often to see us, and would help us with our books, for we were trying to study when we had time.

"When the school term ended Joe worked on the farm again. Miss Ward was to be married in the autumn, and although the trustees urged her to remain, she was obliged to give up her position. So our parents decided that we had better go to the academy at Kingsport.

"When we came to take our entrance examination we found out how much we had lost by our strike. While the rest of us had to join the class in elementary Latin, Jack went into an advanced class; and that's the reason he's a year ahead of Rob, Harry and me in college.

"After the fall work was done Joe went back to school, and continued there, working at home nights and mornings until the spring work began on the farm. Father encouraged him to go ahead, and the next fall offered to send him to the Kingsport academy for two years. Joe accepted the offer, and did some very good work at the academy. He isn't exactly brilliant, and would never be likely to carry off many honors for scholarship, but what he does, he does well.

"When the two years were over he decided to become a mechanic, and got a place in the factory at Kingsport. He has been promoted once or twice already, and a short time ago a member of the firm told father that he was one of the best men they had. He did not give up trying to learn when he left school; he studies the structure and uses of materials and machinery as closely and patiently as he did his books. The firm mean to promote him as fast as he shows himself capable.

"Joe insisted on repaying to father the amount of all his expenses while he was in school. He is devoted to all of us, and always declares that if Rob and I had not gone on a strike that summer he would never have been where he is."

"So your strike," said I, "did some good after all?"

"Yes—to Joe," said Ned. "But it left us one

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class behind in college. It gave us a very good lesson, to be sure, and hardened our muscles; but that was because father was wise enough to turn our folly to our own advantage."

GLENN HOLLEY.

DOG-DAY ADVICE.

Lay the worries of the day
All at eventide away;
Put life's troubles on the shelf—
Be good-natured to yourself!

—*New York World.*

For the Companion.

NEPIGON.

In Six Chapters.—Chapter VI.

Johnny Amethyst.

On the second evening after we broke camp at Flat Rock Portage, we reached the little hotel at Nepigon station on our return. Sunday was spent here; and the next day, after bidding adieu to our faithful guides, we went by rail up the northwest shore of Lake Superior to Port Arthur.

We spent at this point three days in making inquiries regarding minerals, visiting the Indian village at Fort William, and accompanying an excursion, in the little steamer *Kakabeka*, to Pie Island, Thunder Cape and two silver mines, from which we obtained several specimens of ore.

At Port Arthur we mentioned to a resident of the town our intention to search for amethyst crystals.

"Then," he said, "you must go to see Johnny Amethyst."

"Who is Johnny Amethyst?" we inquired; "and where does he live?"

"Oh, he is a queer little hermit who lives at Amethyst Harbor, and spends most of his time getting out amethysts."

Amethyst Harbor is twelve miles from Port Arthur, in Thunder Bay. We were told several times during the three days that Johnny was in town, but it was not till the evening of the third day that Dick and Alton succeeded in encountering him. He is so shy that the boys had to lead him in by the arm at last.

Having induced him to sit down in the parlor of the hotel, Alton ran to notify the rest of our party, while Dick engaged him in conversation and mounted guard to prevent his retreat.

"Johnny Amethyst" is a nickname, of course; the man's real name is John Gill.

Going one by one to the parlor in order not to alarm him by a sudden irruption, we found an undersized, rather delicate man, apparently about fifty-five years old, of remarkably gentle, timid appearance, slow of speech, with a broad Cornish accent.

In this then remote corner of America he made his appearance fifteen years ago, as a solitary immigrant. True to the inherited Cornish mining instinct, he immediately began to prospect the mountains and rocks in search of ore, as naturally as a squirrel seeks nuts among the dry leaves.

Discovering amethyst crystals in the seams and crevices, he began to mine them, and to bring sack-loads to the village for sale.

The lovely purple and violet crystals seemed to have a great charm for the little Cornishman. It is said that he sometimes becomes quite talkative in pointing out the beauty of these amethysts.

He took up his residence in the bight of an arm of the bay, now known as Amethyst Harbor. Here he built a small cabin; and here, thenceforth, he lived alone, going to the village only to sell amethyst specimens and procure supplies of food.

Mr. Gill agreed to enter our employ, and for three days to serve as our guide in a real "amethyst hunt," in which we hoped to see the crystals in the seams, and to procure at least a few good specimens. His knowledge of the ground, and his skill in blasting the rocks to detach the crystals, rendered him a desirable assistant.

He possessed a small stock of amethysts, laid aside in or near his hut, which he offered to give us as a token of his appreciation of the honor we were doing him.

"To think," said Teacher Sarah, after "Johnny" had furtively made his escape, "of the life that retiring, unworldly little man has led for years here among these rough Northwesterners! It is enough to make one weep to fancy it."

"There is really something quite pathetic," Lucia remarked, "in the manner in which he has devoted himself, for years, to searching for and mining these lovely amethysts."

At six o'clock the next morning Dick and Alton were astir, borrowing drills and other tools for blasting, and purchasing powder, fuse and food supplies for our excursion of four days. The owner of a sail-boat was bargained with to convey us to Amethyst Harbor.

Alton and Dick believed that they were able to drill holes in the ledges for blasts.

"There's no need of an extra man for that," they said.

We sailed to Amethyst Harbor in about two hours. It is a pretty cove, with several outlying islands. We espied the little hermit-cabin, half-hidden in the bushes, and Johnny himself waiting on the sand-beach to welcome us.

It was evident that he expected to entertain us, though we had brought our tents. His door-step was wet from a recent scrubbing, and apparently he had been house-cleaning.

We had barely time to land and take refuge in the cabin before rain began to fall heavily. The cabin was rather contracted quarters for eight persons, but it was not uncomfortable. Luncheon was prepared over Johnny's stove, and our boatmen sailed away for home, with a promise to return for us after three days.

Toward two o'clock, when the rain had abated, we set off, Johnny piloting us, for the amethyst grounds. A hard-trodden little path wends from his cabin on the shore up the slope of the long, craggy ridge.

Once, before the railway came across the country, this slope was densely wooded with fir, spruce and jack-pine. But the "railroad fires" have now ravaged the forest on both sides of the track for several miles. Although the line is on the other side of the ridge, and at a considerable distance inland from the bay, the fire, nevertheless, extended to the water, and has burned the country over around the head of the bay.

Not only the trees and brush, but the shallow, scurfy soil was burned up, and great tracts of ledges, once clad in verdure, now lie bare and exposed to the sun and air. The fire destroyed untold quantities of amethyst crystals, which cracked and shivered like glass, far down the seams and crevices of the quartz strata.

Johnny's path winds among the trunks of fallen trees and in and out among clumps of raspberry-bushes. How often has the solitary man followed it with his hammer, drills and small jug of powder; or when returning, with his sack-load of purple specimens!

After all, it may not have been a joyless life, but rather like that of a gardener who loves his flowers; for a beautiful amethyst crystal is like a rose in Johnny's eyes.

Half a mile from the beach we came to ledges where he had mined and broken out specimens. Fragments of purple crystals lay about, and large defaced blocks of violet-tinted rock. There were scores of these old-time workings scattered along the entire slope, over a tract of four or five square



miles, and hundreds of other prospecting-holes, where he had dug into the crannies and chasms of the crags.

Other specimen-hunters, too, chiefly dealers in precious stones, had been here delving, and often with rude and reckless hand destroying many lovely crystals in order that they might secure a dozen or two. It is always difficult to get out the large and most beautiful crystals in groups or masses together, for the jar of a hammer or of a blast is very likely to cleave them asunder.

Most of this tract in the near vicinity of Amethyst Harbor has been ransacked for specimens. But Johnny knows a few openings which the transient wielder of the hammer is not likely to find.

To one of these he presently led the way. He had been working in it for a year or two, off and on, he told us. The evidences of his industry lay all about on the adjoining ledges and stones, in the shape of imperfect specimens which he had piled up.

The mine or working itself was reached by first entering a cleft in the crags along which it is possible to squeeze one's way for thirty or forty yards. Then a rude ladder, made by the miner on the spot by nailing cross-sticks upon two poles, led down a cavernous chasm to a depth of fifteen feet into darkness and dripping water; a gruesome, unpleasant hole, indeed, from which Thea and Lucia at first drew back in some dismay.

Alton, Dick and Professor William followed, one by one, down the ladder, and soon Johnny, who was in advance, lighted an old lantern.

Still the way was onward, or rather downward, over holes and ugly fragments of rock, for twenty yards at least, into the side of the mountain.

There was an occasional glimmer of light overhead, showing that the crevice above opened faintly up to daylight.

The lantern ahead stopped. Johnny was holding it before a great block of rock, which at first we could see but dimly. It sparkled and gleamed, even in that dull light. Upon crowding up to it we found that it was a huge mass of amethyst; a block larger than a bushel basket, studded all about with violet crystals as large as one's fist. Many of them were quite perfect, without a scratch or a scar.

"Been't eet a booty, muster?" said Johnny, his eyes looking very large and wistful.

"An enormous specimen!" exclaimed Professor William. "Why, it is set all over with crystals!"

On one side of it, Johnny, who had given up all idea of getting it out whole, had already broken out a few smaller masses of crystals. To get it out entire, indeed, would have been impossible without a large expenditure of time and money to blast away the adjoining rock.

"Oh, but wouldn't that be a specimen to set up on a pedestal beside the door of our academy at home!" exclaimed Dick. "What a splendid ornament! Mineralogists would come from all over the country to see it! 'Twould be fame for us!"

"Can't we contrive to get it up and transport it home, somehow?" cried Alton.

"No use, boys," said Professor William, with something quite like a sigh. "This block will weigh at least two tons. All that mass of stone overhead must be blasted away to get it out. It would cost many thousand dollars to raise it and transport it so far. It is too heavy a specimen for us."

The girls and Teacher Sarah had heard our exclamations of wonder. Presently Lucia came picking her way along, in our wake. She had descended the crazy ladder alone, stimulated by curiosity, and presently Thea followed her. Teacher Sarah could not be persuaded to come down the ladder.

For at least fifteen minutes we gloated over the lovely tinted rock, which we coveted with all our hearts. Many of the crystals upon it had a setting of glistening iron pyrites; and the effect of the deep violet points, rising out of the sparkling ore, was very striking.

It seemed gross vandalism to break up so noble a specimen, but since Johnny had begun the rude task, we offered to purchase three or four of the finest specimens which he detached from it, and which weighed from fifteen to thirty pounds. These, arising from a bed of iron pyrites, with several cubes of galena, projecting here and there, are now among the show pieces of our school cabinet.

Rain fell all the next day, but we managed to pass the time very pleasantly in Johnny's two rooms. Alton, Dick and Professor William spent the most of the day at the amethyst ledges, but Lee had a bad cold, and was obliged to remain indoors.

We still wished to discover, or at least mine for, specimens on our own account, and that evening Johnny was induced to reveal the whereabouts of a hitherto unvisited locality to us—a crag in a hollow of the hills, beside a small pond, about five miles from his cabin.

In a cleft or crevice of this crag, he assured us, there were some of the handsomest crystals that he had ever seen.

Next morning the weather was cloudy, but at seven o'clock the entire party, save Lee and Teacher Sarah, started for the new locality, with luncheon-basket and tools,—Johnny leading the way.

The cleft in the crags beside the little pond was reached soon after nine o'clock. After a careful inspection of the rocks, Johnny Amethyst's advice being taken in the main, Alton set to work to drill a hole, preparatory to putting in a small blast of powder.

Johnny prefers the use of powder to the more modern cartridges of dynamite, which, he declared, shake the crystals apart and crush everything.

Tink-tink-tink went Alton's drill hammer. He kept at it merrily for some minutes, but had not drilled a hole more than three inches in depth when his drill stuck fast in it.

Dick tried it, and did a little better for an inch, perhaps. Then it stuck fast again. Alton tried it once more, and pounded his hand by striking off.

The skilful services of Johnny Amethyst had to be called in to liberate the drill, and when it was done, he gave the boys a little lesson on the art of handling a hammer and drill.

At eleven o'clock Johnny and the boys put in the first blast. It broke off a mass of the outer rock, and the next one detached a fragment, one side of which was studded with five handsome crystals. The piece weighed—as was found afterward—just twelve pounds.

After lunch three more small blasts were exploded, as rapidly as the holes for them could be drilled. The second of these blasts cracked off a fine specimen, the face side of which is studded with forty-six beautiful crystals of very deep purple tint. They pried it out of the cleft, and got it up without grazing, scarring, or otherwise mutilating the points of the crystals.

"What a wonder!" cried Alton; "but it's so heavy! We shall have to break it in two."

"No, indeed, we will not break it!" exclaimed Dick. "We will take it along in some way, heavy as it is."

Professor William lifted it tentatively. "Eighty pounds, surely," he said. "I'm afraid, boys, it would give us a backache, the way is so rough."

"I think we might make a kind of stretcher of poles," suggested Dick.

It was agreed to try it. There was no time to be lost, for the sun was sinking in the west. Two poles, each about eight feet in length, were prepared for the purpose. Three short cross-sticks were lashed on midway, and to them the heavy specimen was bound with green withes.

Lucia and Thea assumed, as their share, the two baskets and the jug of powder; but the drills, hammer and sledge we made into a pack and lashed on beside the specimen upon the poles.

Then with Professor William and Dick ahead, and Alton and Johnny Amethyst behind, the stretcher was raised and the homeward trip begun.

We had not proceeded many yards, when it became apparent that for two to walk abreast through the tangled forest, over logs and rocks, was quite impracticable. One, standing between the two ends of the poles, before, and one behind the load, could do a little better, and so after that fashion we tried to make our way shoreward.

About every hundred yards the relief would take it up. The rain had left all the holes and hollows full of water and mud. Through these we splashed and spattered, till our feet were soaked. Several times we were on the point of casting down our burden and leaving it there.

Lucia and Thea did not mention their offer to assist us to carry the big specimen, and it was not until we were descending the long slope within a mile and a half of Johnny's hut, that we discovered that each of the girls had a specimen in her basket. Thea had taken the first one that we blasted out, and Lucia had selected the next best one; and each of these weighed from twelve to fifteen pounds.

It was dusk when we reached Johnny's cabin, and it must be confessed that we were quite exhausted. But we had secured three very fine specimens.

Teacher Sarah and Lee had dinner ready, and after resting for half an hour, we did full justice to it.

All retired early, and slept rather late next morning—so late, in fact, that we had barely taken breakfast, when our sail-boat was espied, heading into the cove.

"Let's send the boat back and stay two days more," exclaimed Alton.

"Yes!" exclaimed Lucia.

But our vacation days were too nearly gone. After making Johnny Amethyst a proper payment for his services, and purchasing some of the finest of his crystals to go with what we had already obtained, we bade him good-by and embarked for Port Arthur.

By noon we were back at our lodgings, in time for dinner, and in the nick of time, afterward, to pack up our specimens in boxes and go on board the steamship *Athabasca*, which sailed at three for Sault de Ste. Marie, on our journey home.

One whole day, after our return, was spent unpacking our specimens and arranging them in a new cabinet at the Academy, which stands against the wall, to the left of Professor William's table.

It was a very enjoyable day, too—almost as delightful as some of those days we spent at Nepigon and Amethyst Harbor. The amethysts came out beautifully, and are a notable feature of our collection.

After all the specimens were arranged and in their places, "Septem" sat down on two benches, in front of the cabinet, and passed a happy half-hour gloating over them.

C. A. STEPHENS.

The End.

For the Companion.

SHARK-FISHING.

If one wishes to introduce some exceptional liveliness into his experience as a fisherman, he can do no better than to get up a sharking party.

The waters with which I am most familiar are those of Narragansett Bay—that beautiful sheet which forms so large a part of the State of Rhode Island that the abundance of water has been playfully assigned as the reason why Roger Williams, when driven from Massachusetts, sought its shores as his place of settlement. But sharks are to be found in these placid waters, as no doubt they are in almost all the bays of our seaboard. Some other bay may be more convenient of access for the party.

The place having been chosen, the next requirement is the outfit. There will be needed a boat not less, for comfort, than thirty feet in length; half a dozen cotton clothes-lines, each cut into two; a dozen cork or wooden floats, eight or ten inches long; and a dozen shark-hooks,—which the blacksmith can make if you are not near where they are for sale.

To these hooks must be attached small chains, about two feet in length, else at one bite you may lose your hook and shark both. Each hook, too, must be provided with a swivel, for without it your line may become so twisted and tangled that you will spend most of your day undoing the snarls. Last, but not least, a barrel of menhaden fish for bait will be needed.

Arrived at the grounds, the boat comes to anchor in water not very deep. The floats are adjusted so that the hook will hang about six inches from the bottom. The menhaden are cut in two, as the blood very quickly attracts the sharks, and carefully placed upon the hooks, the point of each being well covered. The end of the line is made fast to something in the boat; and the sharking begins.

If one is so fortunate as to have anchored near a school of sharks, much activity is soon noticed among the floats. They begin to bob up and down, or to move off in the slow and heavy manner which indicates that there is a large fish at the hook.

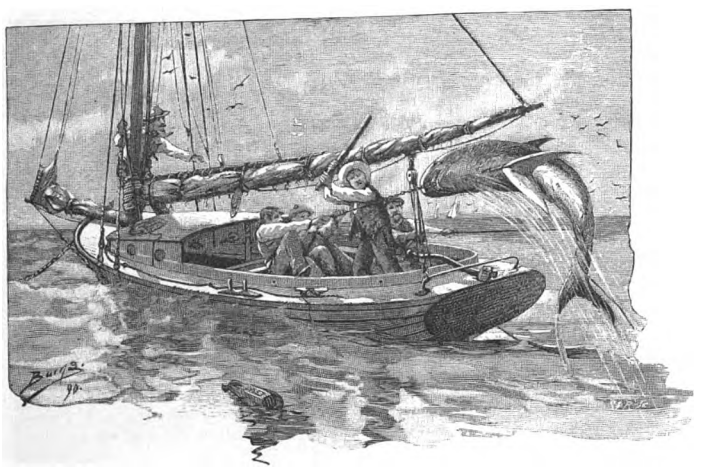
Allow the shark to have his own way, and to play with the hook for a few moments, in order that you may be sure that he has had time to get the bleeding fish well into his mouth. Then give a strong jerk.

If you have hooked him you will soon know it, for a lively scene will follow. The shark is a very gamy fish, and expresses very vigorously his dislike of changing his element. If he is of good size, from four to six feet long, it would probably be impossible for you to get him in alone, and you will be very glad of one or two more pairs of hands to take hold with you; and if now it should chance, as it not infrequently does, that one or two of your companions should at almost the same moment hook a fish, there will be seen about as

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much life, not to say excitement and confusion, on board as one often witnesses.

The water foams about the boat. Lines are intertangled, fishermen slip and fall in their efforts to board the sharks; and the sharks that may be in already, flap about and snap their rows of white teeth together in a way very suggestive of a lost leg should you happen to fall overboard. I once knew of a shark, snapping at his captor, to take off the heel of his boot.



Shark-Fishing.

A thump on the head with a belaying-pin or large club is all that will bring the shark to terms.

In this way the sport continues. Not less than thirty or forty sharks, from three to six feet long, sometimes lie in the bottom of a boat as the result of a day's fishing. It is at this time, and when several sharks are hooked at once, that the importance of having a boat of good size is felt.

Indeed, sharking from a small boat might be followed by serious consequences. An incident of one sharking expedition on Narragansett Bay well illustrates this.

A short, stout Irishman, formerly a sea-captain, finding the sport rather dull on a day when the sharks did not bite well, thought he would put off a little way from the boat in a small skiff that was in tow, and which had only a small stone on the end of a rope for an anchor. He made fast his line in the bow and began to fish.

Presently he hooked a six-footer. The shark, finding himself caught, darted off at a tremendous rate, dragging the tiny skiff through the water.

The little captain seized both sides of the boat and held on, expecting that every moment would be his last. First the shark rushed off in one direction, and then in an instant turned and went in another. The skiff went out like the snapper of a whip at each turn, almost capsizing, and the captain well nigh flew out from sheer centrifugal force.

"Faith," said he, when it was all over, "I thought the varmint would have drownded me."

And so, no doubt, he would, had not the line parted.

But what is the use, some one will ask, of capturing these creatures? Is it not too much like needless butchery to be sportsmanlike?

It is, perhaps, open to such a charge, though in every instance of which I have known, use has been made of the captured sharks for fertilizers. They are valuable in composts, and it is certainly no more cruel to take them than to seine fish for the same purpose. Indeed, it is less so, for in the one case the fish have no chance for their life, and in the other they have.

The sharks of which we have been speaking are not the Man-Eater sharks, so called, of the genus and species *Carcharodon rondoleti*. Perhaps the majority of them are the *Squalus Acanthias* or dog-fish.

The "man-eater" is popularly known as the white shark, and is the terror of mariners. The species of which we have been speaking is comparatively harmless.

All derive their name, shark, from a Greek word of similar sound, which means having sharp teeth.

The creatures' utility to man is nothing in contrast with the havoc they commit among food fishes.

Some of the smaller varieties of the shark are sometimes eaten. Oil is obtained from their livers, which is chiefly used in the adulteration of cod-liver oil.

"Shagreen," well known to cabinet-makers as a rough skin for smoothing and polishing wood, is only a bit of shark's skin, which is covered with small, pointed, calcified papillæ. It is also often used for covering sword-hilts, affording from its roughness a firm grasp.

In India and China the fins of sharks dried are an important article of trade, and are valuable for making gelatine.

The many varieties of the shark are divided into the littoral, the pelagic, and the bathybial, according as they are found near the shore, or in mid-ocean, or at great depth. Beside those that we have mentioned, there are the liver, the hound, the shovel-nose, the tiger, the hammer-heads, the porbeagles, the fox or thresher, and the basking shark, sometimes, though wrongly, called the sunfish.

But if one wishes to study the natural history of sharks, a good way is to examine a specimen; and to do this, let him follow the recipe for the cooking of a hare, and first catch his shark. In other words, let him go sharking; and he may pass either the liveliest or—the dullest day, he ever knew.

REGINALD H. HOWE.

AIMLESS.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
—*Lowell.*

ASIATIC RAILWAYS.

Many events of importance to the world at large take place on the oldest of the continents, without attracting much attention in Europe or America.

Among such events have been the strides made in recent years, in developing the resources of Asia by the construction of long railway lines.

The Russian Empire, as far as its interests in Europe are concerned, is not regarded as a very progressive power. We hear a great deal about the tyranny of the Czar, the persecution of the Jews, and the financial straits to which the Empire is subjected.

But if Russia is not progressive in Europe, it is so in those vast Asiatic regions over which its sovereign holds sway. Whatever the condition of his treasury, the Czar does not hesitate to embark in enormously expensive railway constructions in the East.

Two or three years ago, the Russian Government completed a railway line from the Caspian Sea to Samarcand, the ancient city where lies entombed the great Tartar conqueror, Tamerlane, or Timur, as he should be called. It is built across the dreary desert of Kara-Kum.

Its purpose is doubtless in the first instance military. Russia looks forward to the day when it will engage in a mighty conflict with England for the possession of India; and this Trans-Caspian railway, reaching to the very borders of Afghanistan, would then be of incalculable use, as a means of military communication, to the Czar.

The road, however, has already served a useful purpose to Russian commerce, for by it the cotton of Central Asia is introduced into Russia at the rate of over sixty millions of pounds a year; while Russian manufactures are returned by it to the thriving cities on the Oxus and the Syr-Daria.

But a far greater railway undertaking has just been begun in Asia by the Czar's government. On the Twenty-fourth of May the Czarewitch, the Czar's son and heir, laid the first rail of the "Great Siberian Line" which, when completed, will connect Europe with the Pacific Ocean. This line will pass entirely across the vast dominion of Siberia. It will cost two hundred million dollars, and is expected to be finished in five years.

Then trains will be able to run direct from the Baltic Sea to the far-east Siberian town of Vladivostok on the Pacific. The difficulty of constructing this line, however, is by no means confined to its enormous cost. It will cross long and dreary expanses of solitary desert, and the engineering obstacles will not be less great, certainly, than those which lay in the way of the railroads which have been built across the American continent.

The possible results of this vast enterprise cannot easily be estimated. There are large fertile tracts in Siberia, despite its bad name for cheerlessness, and these may prove a source of profit to Russia, and be rapidly colonized. The lot of Siberian exiles is likely to be less severe. The military advantage of the railway to the Empire, moreover, is likely to be considerable.

While Russia is thus active in Asiatic railway enterprise, the extension of railways in the other great Asiatic Empire ruled by a European sovereign, India, is rapidly going on.

The most recent reports show that in 1888–9 the length of the Indian railway lines was extended by nearly one thousand miles; and that the total railway mileage in that country in March, 1890, was over sixteen thousand miles. The increase in passenger and freight traffic, and in receipts, indicates a corresponding growth in the travel on the Indian lines.

Thus the "iron horse" of the railway is gradually wakening the echoes of remote regions of the earth, and carrying civilization and commerce to the homes of the most ancient races of men.

HEREDITY.

There is no thing we cannot overcome.
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn
And calls down punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The Great Eternal Will! That, too, is thine
Inheritance, strong, beautiful, divine,
Sure lever of success for one who tries.
New York Press. —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

RECIPROCITY AGREEMENTS.

By the act of Congress of October 1, 1890, commonly called the "McKinley Bill," provision was made for the admission into the United States, free of duty, of sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, skins and hides; but, "with a view to secure reciprocal trade" with the countries producing these articles, it was provided that, whenever the President is satisfied that reciprocal favors are not granted to the products of the United States in these countries, he shall suspend the free admission of those articles, and impose upon them certain duties specified in the act.

The President is to have this power after the first day of January, 1892.

The first country to take steps, at the instance of our own government, to grant reciprocal favors in return for the free introduction of the products named, was Brazil. An agreement was entered into with the government of that country which admits certain United States products free of duty, and others at a reduced rate.

Recently the President has announced the consummation of another and very important convention or agreement of the same kind. It is with the Government of Spain, and covers the commerce between the United States and the Spanish West Indian possessions of Cuba and Puerto Rico.

By the terms of this agreement, certain products of the United States are to be admitted free into Cuba and Puerto Rico, provisionally or "transitorily" after September 1, 1891, and definitely after July 1, 1892, and sugar and the other products already named are to continue to come free into the United States from those islands.

The list of American products and articles admitted free into Cuba and Puerto Rico includes cotton, crude petroleum, provisions of all kinds, mineral coal, ice, lumber, oats, barley, rye and large classes of iron manufactures, machinery, implements and wood manufactures.

Among the articles to be admitted to Cuba and Puerto Rico at a reduction of fifty per cent. in the duties are glass and stoneware, hardware and cutlery, furniture and rubber goods; and among those admitted at a reduction of twenty-five per cent. are refined petroleum, cotton manufactures, boots and shoes and leather.

Certain other American products are to pay specified duties, which are much reduced from the rates at present imposed.

Among these are corn or maize, corn meal, wheat and wheat flour. The last named is to pay a duty in Cuba and Puerto Rico of about ninety cents a barrel.

Flour from Spain is admitted there duty free; but the United States has already been sending to Cuba much more flour than Spain has sent, though a heavy duty has been imposed upon American flour.

This agreement with Spain is not a treaty. If it were, it would require ratification by the Senate of the United States. It is simply, on the part of our own government, the carrying out of an arrangement which it has been authorized by Congress to make.

The President's proclamation covering the matter is merely a public announcement that the Spanish customs duties have been modified in the respects described, and that this has been accepted as a due reciprocity.

The principal articles of export from the United States into Cuba and Puerto Rico are wheat, flour, coal, cotton manufactures, iron manufactures, provisions, oils and wood manufactures; so that practically our whole business with those islands is put upon a new basis by this agreement.

The Spanish West Indies are profoundly affected, on their part, by the abolition of the United States duties on sugar, for more than nine-tenths of the product of their cane fields comes to this country.

At about the time of the announcement of the Spanish agreement, it was also announced that the United States and the Dominican Republic, or Santo Domingo, as it is commonly called, had entered into a similar arrangement. In return for a free market in the United States for sugar, coffee, and so forth, the Dominican Republic admits free, from the United States, certain food products, agricultural implements, railway material, and other articles, and makes a reduction of twenty-five per cent. on the duties on canned meats and vegetables, cotton and iron manufactures, and other articles.

Our trade with Santo Domingo is not large, and we have lately imported from that country more than twice as much as we have exported to it.

TOO LATE.

Sarah Noyes was still a very young woman, but she was the mother of two children. Her husband was a poor, hard-working farmer, not able to hire service, so that all the care and comfort which the little ones had in this world must come through their mother.

She did not begrudge it to them; she gave it to them out of a full heart, throbbing with love and tenderness. But she was a weak woman. The winter had been unusually cold and long, and she had a strange ache in her breast which frightened her.

Suppose she should die—who would take care of the children?

John, the oldest, had had scarlet fever and then pneumonia during the winter. For weeks she had hardly removed her clothes, but had held him in her arms day and night.

He was nearly well now, but she still carried the heavy fellow out into the sunshine every day, staggering under his weight. She was afraid to let any one else carry him lest they should hurt him or let him fall.

Then the baby had the croup. It made her shudder to look back upon those terrible sleepless nights when she thought God was taking her darling from her.

Mrs. Noyes was very thin and white when spring came; the doctor said all that she needed was rest and freedom from care. But how could she leave the children? Who would care for them?

Besides, all of their summer clothes were to be made.

Whenever they were quiet or asleep, therefore, she stitched at the machine, often smiling to herself, thinking how clean and pretty they would look in their new clothes. She meant to keep them always clean and pure in mind and body. She worked one day until late at night, and rose long before dawn to finish the little coats, fancying fondly to herself how they would look in years to come, as boy and girl, as man and woman.

She stole into their room at last, and knelt to say her morning prayers by their crib. How could she ask enough for them? She did ask God to let her live for their sake. She was so tired—so tired! Her heart was so full of love for them it was like pain.

Then she went out to the door where the gray dawn was driving the mist from the fields. Suddenly she forgot her work and her children, for the thought came to her for the first time in her life:

"Did my mother love me in this way? Did she bear all this for me?"

For twenty years she remembered she had lived with her mother, taking all her love, her work, her self-sacrifice as a matter of course, as she took the sunshine or the air. She could not remember, in that time, that she had said once to her, "I know what you have done for me, my mother." Not once.

Now—

She stretched out her hands towards the graveyard on the hill with a bitter cry. For her mother lay there under the mist. She could never tell her now; that she knew.

WINE.

Students who are entering college this fall should reflect seriously upon the question of wine-drinking.

They will often be invited and expected to drink wine, and they will occasionally see their elders drinking it at college festivals. They are likely to hear those who drink speak disparagingly of those who decline drinking, and they will read descriptions of banquets in which wine is represented as figuring honorably.

For many other reasons it would be well for students to come to a clear understanding with themselves upon the matter, and make up their minds what is the proper thing for them to do when they are asked to drink.

No one likes to be thought a milksop. But even that can be borne, and easily borne, if the accused person knows he is right and knows why he is right. Clear and certain knowledge is a wonderful help at the moment of temptation, though it is not always sufficient.

To get light upon this subject it is not necessary to go into a library and pore over a heap of books. A healthy young man who drinks wine or any such fluid need not be long in doubt whether he has taken into his system a friend or a foe.

He cannot help knowing, if he observes himself closely, that the wine is an enemy. He perceives that it increases, not quenches, thirst; that it raises his spirits for half an hour or more, according to the amount used, and depresses them for several hours that follow; that it flushes, excites, disturbs, perverts, and therefore injures him.

If he conscientiously watches its effects, he *knows* this, and all the sophistry of all the sophists cannot disguise the fact from him. He knows it as well as Sydney Smith knew it when he wrote to Lady Holland that, without abstaining from wine, "London was stupefaction and inflammation."

Nothing has been more certainly demonstrated than that the use of alcoholic drinks by young persons in our keen, exciting climate is a mistake, and is to no class so injurious as to students. To them, more than to any other class, wine increases the difficulty of every duty and adds alluring force to every vice.

This is not preaching; it is simple fact, and known to be such by all honest investigators.

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Students need the best food that civilization can supply, and that food should be eaten in the best manner known to civilized life. But when it comes to intoxicating drinks, there is only one safe and wise rule, which is expressed in one word: Abstain.

IN A HURRY.

One of the authors of "Military Essays and Recollections" suggests, with reason, that the explosion of a certain torpedo might have changed the entire history of the Civil War.

On the evening before the battle at Fort Henry, in 1862, Generals Grant, McClernand and Smith went on board the *Cincinnati*, about dusk, to hold a conference with Admiral Foote.

While they were in the cabin the gunboat *Conestoga*, which had been reconnoitring up the river to ascertain whether the channel was clear, came alongside the flag-ship, and unloaded on the ship's "fan-tail" a huge torpedo which she had pulled from the water above. The "fan-tail" of these iron-clads was a clear space at the stern of the boat, near the water's edge; from its extremity rose the iron end of the gun-deck, to be reached by a ladder.

When the conference was over the officers descended the ladder to this fan-tail, and as they were about entering their row-boat the torpedo attracted their attention.

General Grant expressed a wish to see its mechanism, and so the ship's armorer was summoned, and soon appeared with monkey-wrench, hammer and chisels. Its iron end was removed, disclosing another, terminating in a cap with a screw head. The examination was growing interesting, and every officer bent closely over the deadly contrivance.

The cap was unscrewed, and suddenly allowed vent to a quantity of gas, probably generated from the wet powder. It rushed out with a loud, hissing noise, and on the instant two officers threw themselves face downward on the deck.

Admiral Foote sprang with the agility of a cat up the ship's ladder, followed with commendable enthusiasm by General Grant. Reaching the top, and realizing that the danger had passed, the Admiral turned to General Grant, who was displaying more energy than grace in his first efforts on a ship's ladder, and said, with his quiet smile:

"General, why this haste?"

"That the navy may not get ahead of us," as quietly responded the General, turning to go down.

After this little interruption the business of examining the torpedo continued.

PROFIT-SHARING.

In England twenty firms adopted profit-sharing in 1890, bringing the total number in which profit-sharing, pure and simple, is practised, up to forty-seven.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company of London is one of the last large firms to adopt it. In the winter the company employs thirty-five hundred men, and two thousand in the summer. The system was begun by a present from the company to every man who had been in its employ June 30, 1889, and would sign an agreement not to leave it for three months. This gift varied with each man's term of previous service.

The amount was credited on the company's books to each workman, to draw four per cent. interest for five years. In June, 1890, about fifteen hundred men were entitled to share in the scheme, and the sum they received reached about twenty-five thousand dollars.

Already a great improvement is seen in the men's work. They are more diligent, and see and suggest ways of saving expense.

In other English firms the results are equally good. In France, where the movement began, it continues to grow rapidly. Wherever it is fairly tried, whether through cash payments, credit in provident funds or presents of the company's stock, the outlook is nearly sure to be encouraging.

A system under which the humblest toiler, in just measure with the man of more brains or skill, sees his work recognized, and knows that, good or bad, it affects the total result, must be better than old methods.

A man's ambition cannot last long when its bounds, in wages and narrow opportunities, shut him and his family in on every side. If it can be quickened by profit-sharing or any other just plan, by all means let the plan be tried.

AT THE GLOVE COUNTER.

The hard life of the saleswoman at the counter of a great retail store is often rendered less burdensome by the kindly acts of fellow-workers, and sometimes by the generosity of employers.

It is not infrequently the case that girls are at their posts in these stores who are not strong enough to do the work properly. Under such circumstances the public which must be served is generally less indulgent than the employer.

At a great retail store in Boston, the girls at the glove counter work almost constantly in fitting gloves to customers' hands. The work is arduous, for the saleswoman must lean over the counter in doing it, and her back often aches with the strain upon it.

At one of these glove counters a young girl was employed who was in consumption, though perhaps neither she nor her relatives were fully aware of the fact.

Though she knew she was ill, she hesitated to leave off her work, for the loss of one of her parents and a subsequent marriage had made the circumstances of her home life unpleasant to her; and, moreover, she did not know where she should turn for the six dollars a week which she earned.

The lunches which she brought to the store indicated extreme poverty or else unkindness at home, and the other girls at her counter often shared their lunches with her, pressing upon her the most nourishing and delicate bits that they had brought. One day she came to the store looking unusually pale and weak, and when an exacting customer required her services in fitting gloves, she was slow in making the effort which the customer—a woman—seemed disposed to exact.

The customer scolded, and possibly the girl, weak and ill, answered impertinently. At any rate, the customer went to the superintendent and complained sharply of the saleswoman's conduct.

"I am very sorry, madam," said the superintendent, "but the girl is ill to-day."

"Then she ought not to be here," said the lady.

There was nothing more that could be said; but that there was no unkindness on the part of the saleswoman's superiors is evident from the fact that within a day or two her case was reported to the head of the firm, Mr. Jordan, as one worthy of benevolent action.

"Send her to me," said Mr. Jordan.

The poor girl turned pale when she was told that Mr. Jordan wished to see her, and became suddenly faint. She feared that her discharge—a thing much more to be dreaded than any hardship of her daily task—was coming. But she was quickly assured that no harm would come to her.

The proprietor questioned her kindly about her work, her family and her health. Learning from her that she had friends in Maine, he asked her to ascertain how much it would cost her to go thither. When she had learned, Mr. Jordan gave her money for her fare and expenses; and not only this, but paid her wages regularly, until, two months later, her strength failed her utterly, and death came.

ATTACHING A HOLE.

A laughable instance of legal sharp practice is recorded in the Rev. Frederic Denison's history of the town of Westerly, R. I. It occurred almost a hundred years ago when, it seems, lawyers were quite as adroit at quibbling as their successors are at the present day. A farmer of broken fortunes hired for cultivation a piece of land, agreeing to pay for its use with a certain proportion of the crop.

He planted potatoes, and had an unusual degree of success. Being without a store-room, he obtained the consent of a neighboring landholder, and deposited his share of the potatoes in what farmers call a potato-hole; that is, an excavation in the earth, into which the potatoes were placed and covered with earth and straw in the form of a pyramid.

Shortly afterward he had occasion to go to Connecticut, and one of his creditors seized the opportunity to attach the "potato-hole."

Upon this another creditor bestirred himself, and consulted a lawyer, a Mr. Cross, as to what could be done to secure his claim. Mr. Cross was equal to the occasion. He secured the issuing of a second writ, by which an attachment was levied upon the potatoes in the potato-hole, the document specifically setting forth that the potato-hole should be left upon the land where it was found.

The warrant was promptly served, and when the first creditor appeared upon the scene he found the potato-hole, but not the potatoes.

HIS AUDIENCE.

A pretty story, which has, moreover, the merit of being true, is told of a certain professional singer. He had a beautiful tenor voice, of which he was apt to take the best of care, so that when he was crossing the Atlantic one summer with a party of friends, they were not surprised to find that he disappeared from view every evening at just about the same time.

"Afraid of the night air," said one, with a slight smile.

"Afraid we'll ask him to sing, probably!" said another, but no one questioned him, as he was known to be quite immovable from his own way.

But when the last night on board came, a delegation descended to his state-room to beg for a song or two, and discovered that he was not there. They looked for him in vain, until at last the captain, who had evidently kept the secret as long as he could, said, pointing in the direction of the engine-room:

"I think you'll find him down there; that's where he's gone every evening."

Sure enough, when the delegation arrived at the engine-room, they heard the sound of a guitar and a voice, and there, lolling against the wall, was the recreant tenor, singing his best for the delight of the stokers, whom he had entertained in this way for more than an hour every evening during the voyage.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., was a young woman of great spirit and originality. One day she took a fancy to make her will, and in it bequeathed all her property to one of her teachers. He was imprudent enough to keep the document, and was, in consequence, dismissed as soon as it was discovered.

The gentleman who then undertook his duties did so with great zeal, and had reason to find one, at least, of his corrections productive of good.

He chanced to enter the room when the princess was reviling one of her attendant ladies, in great wrath, and after giving her a lecture on hasty speech, he presented her with a book on the subject.

A few days later he found her still more furious, and using language even more violent.

"I am sorry to find your Royal Highness in such a passion," said he. "Your Royal Highness has not read the book I gave you."

"I did, my lord!" cried she, tempestuously. "I both read it and profited by it. Otherwise I should have scratched her eyes out!"

NOTHING GOOD TO EAT.

Necessaries, delicacies, luxuries—all such words have different meanings in different ears and under different circumstances. When Mr. Seward was in Alaska, says his son, the people were naturally very desirous to treat him handsomely.

Some amusement was occasioned at table, one day, by the remark of one of the ladies that they had been much disappointed at obtaining no beef by the last steamer, as all were looking for steaks.

"So we can offer you nothing but the fare of the country, Governor Seward," she said.

"But that is excellent," answered he.

"Oh, no; we have nothing but venison, and grouse, and wild ducks, and salmon, and trout!"

One of the army officers remarked that this reminded him of a mutiny among the soldiers at a Florida fort, against being served with green turtle soup more than once a week.

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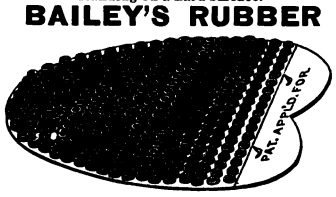
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For the Companion.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES

For American Boys.

By Professor Goldwin Smith, LL.D.

Is it good for an American youth to go to an English University?

Before I answer that question, I ought perhaps to confess that I am not so great an enthusiast about going to universities at all as I once was, and as an old Oxford professor might be expected to be.

I believe in culture. I believe in it as a preparation for practical life. I believe that it makes statesmen large-minded and prescient, lawyers and physicians liberal and philosophic, even chiefs of commerce and industry worthier of a position the importance of which to society increases every day.

British government has been during the last half century, and is still, largely in the hands of the Oxford honor list. Of the prominent under-secretaries of departments who really carry on the administration, and are chosen solely for their business qualities, a large proportion was at one time taken from the Oxford first class. The Indian Empire is now administered by men chosen by examination, "Competition Wallahs" as they are nicknamed.

I once asked Lord Lawrence, a practical man if ever there was one, what he thought of the system, rather expecting that he would be against it, but I found that he was thoroughly satisfied with its fruits, and willing to exchange any men he had who had been nominated under the old system for the same number of Competition Wallahs.

If high culture is good for the man it is certainly good for the State: a highly-cultivated man could hardly be a demagogue or a boodler in politics, a pettifogger and trickster in the law, a quack in medicine, or a maker of corners and combines in trade.

What I doubt is whether the mass of men who go to a university get high culture. I am afraid the mass of the "passmen" at Oxford and Cambridge do not. The modicum of classics and mathematics which they carry away with them after their three years' residence—the usual course—is soon forgotten, and leaves little trace. The great majority, then, probably never again open a classical or mathematical book.

A man at the university cannot be made to work as a boy can be made to work at school; and unless he has a taste for study, or a strong sense of duty, he wastes a great part of his time, putting on a spurt of reading just before his examinations. He acquires habits of idleness, perhaps also habits of expense, possibly habits which are worse still.

At all events he wastes some money, and partly wastes three or four years of life.

Whom Does the University Benefit?

Universities are good for those who have a real aptitude and inclination for science and learning. They are good for those who will really employ them as places of culture, and are capable of putting their culture to good use in practical life. But these are limited classes, the second perhaps quite as limited as the first.

When my advice is asked in the case of an ordinary youth I usually say, "Send him, when he is through the High School, into business where he will be in harness and must work, keeping him at the same time under your own roof, or finding him as good a home as you can."

He will pick up a good deal of general knowledge from journals, from books, from converse with other men. These are not the Middle Ages when there were no books, when knowledge could be derived only from the lips of professors, and when Paris and Oxford swarmed with students who had flocked out of the feudal darkness to the only source of light.

Friendships are formed at the universities, but not there alone. Athleticism is practised—perhaps too much just at present—at the universities, but it may be practised elsewhere.

There seems reason to fear that we may have too many universities and more graduates than will find a market; and that we may in time thus breed an educated proletariat, disqualified for ordinary labor, not qualified for higher employment, unhappy and possibly dangerous.

In England there is a large class of wealthy youths, with whom something must be done between Eton or Harrow and the time when they are to be their own masters. But even for these youths, unless they have a real taste for study, the army might be better than the university. In the army they are under discipline and they must at least learn their drill and appear upon parade.

However, the British army is now a scientific profession; it is no longer a place for valiant cocked-hats upon poles, and to get into it is not so easy as it was in my school days.

Moreover, I must say, if it is a question of comparison between English and American universities, that the only American university which I know well is Cornell. Mr. Cornell's scheme of combining manual labor with study, and thus enabling poor youths to earn their bread while they are going through their university course, has fallen to the ground. As a system it was plainly impracticable. Mental and physical effort draw on the same fund of nervous energy, which in very few is large enough to answer both calls.

But the founder's design, it seems to me, has not altogether failed of effect. The stamp of special industry and frugality has been left on the university. Almost all our students come to us, I believe, resolved to work. When we have a rich student he seems to be kept from excess—at least from any excess injurious to his fellows—by the spirit of the place. I should not wonder even if the absence of luxury had something to do with the success of Cornellians as oarsmen.

The case may be somewhat different in the universities to which the wealthy resort in large numbers and where they set the fashion.

When I have been asked whether an American or a Canadian boy should be sent to an English university, I have answered with a loud *No*.

The Reason for a "No."

In the way of knowledge, which after all is the main object for which the time is given up and the money is spent, I do not see what is to be gained. Science, I should suppose, is just as well taught in American universities, now, for the purposes at least of all ordinary students, as it is in the universities of the Old World. Oxford and Cambridge are not preëminent as schools of science. Science was exiled from them till yesterday by ecclesiastical ascendancy, and she has hardly yet had time fully to reëstablish herself in her home.

A specialist may wish to attend the lectures of some particular professor, but I am speaking of those whose object is a general education.

Cambridge, I presume, retains in mathematics the preëminence which she owed to Newton.

Both the great English universities are preëminent in classics: they are the seats of a traditional familiarity with the ancient authors, and with everything helpful to a knowledge of them, beyond anything which we can be supposed yet to have on this side of the water. Greek and Latin verses may not be worth much, but the men who can write these well must know Greek and Latin. Yet I suppose that with the excellent teachers whom America has now bred or imported, not only mathematics but classics enough for all the purposes of general education may be learned without crossing the Atlantic.

Science, however, seems destined more and more to become the staple of education as well as the light of human life; and science, as I have said, may apparently be as well learned, for all the purposes of culture, on this side of the Atlantic as on the other.

Life at Oxford or Cambridge has great charms. Of this no *alumnus* of either can fail to be sensible. John Bright, who had grown up in severe Quaker antagonism to everything of which Oxford was the peculiar seat, when brought to the Delilah, as he often was in his later years, could not help laying his head in her lap.

Looking over the ancient city, as she lay before him in her glory one summer afternoon, while the music of her bells filled the air, he was heard to murmur, "How pleasant it would be to be eighteen and to be coming here!"

It is true Oxford had then been overhauled by a reforming Commission, and she was beginning to show signs of turning from reaction to progress. To have been brought up in a home of historic beauty, as the *alumni* of Eton and Winchester, of Oxford and Cambridge have, is a thing for which one may be thankful, and for which one may be envied by those who live in a land without historic ivy.

English and American Colleges Compared.

Perhaps it must be conceded, too, that the old country has still the advantage in refinement. That manners are substantially less good here than there I fail to see: perhaps in these matters a student's eyes are not the sharpest. The behavior of Oxford or Cambridge students towards each other is regulated by the code, and reflects the habits of a polished society.

Practical joking is not unknown, and never will be unknown where boys are gathered together. A student has even been ducked by his fellow-students in the college fountain; but it was for "Vulpicide," the most heinous crime known to a community of fox-hunters. The unspeakable practice of hazing does not exist.

An English university also has an advantage in being a federation of colleges, each of which is a little community in itself, supplying a genial bond and affording happy facilities for friendship. It is partly, perhaps, the lack of something of the kind that has called into existence what we style our "Secret Societies."

The relation between tutor and pupil in the English college is close, sometimes affectionate, and useful if the tutor is a man of the right sort. The "tutor" designates a member of the college staff of teachers, "professor" being reserved for members of the university staff. The limits of the two sets of teachers are not very well defined; but in the main the professors are supposed to take the higher work. Physical science, requiring laboratories and demonstration-rooms, falls almost entirely to the university professors.

There is much less idleness, much less extravagance, far fewer snares for the feet of the weak and foolish in the American university than in the English. No one, I should think, in an American university can have such power for evil as a wealthy and vicious young nobleman, with the influence of his rank added to that of his purse, has at Oxford and Cambridge.

That prince of heartless sybarites, who figures as Lord Steyne in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," began at college his career not only of licentiousness but of corrupting and ruining his companions. One of them who could ill afford it lost heavily to him at play: the father of the victim paid the debt, exacting from his son a solemn promise that he would play no more.

The nobleman induced him to break that promise by an assurance that, if he lost, any amount of time should be given him so that he would not have to encounter his father's wrath. He lost again, and gave his note to the nobleman, who negotiated it next day.

College debt is a cruel thing: I have seen the misery which it entails, and which is often prolonged for many years after leaving the university. I could mention a case in which the accumulating weight was dragged through a life of distinction and of high preferment till the man died, as was generally believed, by his own hand.

It must also be borne in mind that the benefits and pleasures of life at Oxford and Cambridge depend in some degree on the connections and habits which the student brings with him at entrance. The influence of the great public schools predominates in university society, and the great public schools of England have a social character of their own.

An American youth would find himself perfectly well-received, and see at once that there was not a particle of national prejudice among the Britishers; but he might not at once find himself at home.

The discipline at Oxford and Cambridge, though it has none of the strictness of a seminary, proceeds decidedly on the theory that the student is *in statu pupillari*. I am not sure that it would suit a young American who had become his own master in his teens.

English universities, I have said, are federations of colleges. Not long ago the rule was that every student must be a member of a college, and at Oxford that he must board within the walls. That rule is now relaxed. But a student must still belong to a college and live in it if he would enjoy the full advantage and pleasures of English university life; and to get into a good college his name must be put down several years beforehand.

Athletics.

It is from Oxford and Cambridge that America has caught the fever of athleticism. The natural source of that epidemic is in universities where there are a great many young men who have not to earn their bread. There are much worse kinds of dissipation, no doubt, than athleticism; but athleticism is dissipation, and a youth who is thoroughly infected with it misses the proper object of university education, and is in danger of missing the proper object of life.

It is vain to fancy that in men of ordinary mold study and athletics will go together. A few men at Oxford I have known who were good cricketers or oarsmen, and took high honors in the examination-room. But they were very few.

Games by all means. They wash the brain as well as invigorate the body, which ordinary exercise does not. Kept up in later years, they hold old age at bay. But we may have games without the athletic mania.

The great English game itself is alien to Americans. Cricket is played in the United States, but it never can be the American or Canadian game. It takes too much time, especially since the batting has become so much stronger than the bowling.

In a business community, nobody can afford to give two or three days to a match. Nor is it possible in this climate to have the green playing-fields for each school and the village greens in which the cricketers of England are bred.

Cricket and base-ball have no doubt been both developed by evolution out of the same old English game of trapball, single wicket cricket being the link in the first case, rounders in the second. But, like other institutions of British origin, the game has adapted itself to the conditions of the New World.

Base-ball, we are told, is declining; but if it is, cricket cannot take its place. Another game, which can be played in two hours and does not interfere with business, will have to be found.

Then there is the system at Oxford and Cambridge of stimulating industry by honors and prizes.

In American universities we have the same examinations for all the students of the year and are satisfied with requiring all to come up to the common standard, trusting to spontaneous industry and personal interest in the subject to carry the superior students up to the higher mark.

In the English universities they have class-lists in which students are arranged in order of merit as shown in the examination, besides which there is a multitude of prizes.

At Cambridge, competition is carried even to a higher point than at Oxford. There are two examinations, one for honors, the other for a common degree; and the students fall into two divisions, classmen and passmen, according as they are or are not aspirants to honors.

This use of the spur, while it undoubtedly produces high achievement, implies a comparatively low level of spontaneous industry.

Two Classes of Students.

Probably the level of spontaneous industry in these seminaries of wealth and rank is comparatively low. The division of passmen from classmen, though a necessity of the system, is an evil. An American, if he could not aspire to honors, would find himself thrown among the ruck, with a poor standard of effort set before him, and rather slighted in comparison with the honor men by the college staff. He would not be brought up to the standard—probably he would be allowed to fall considerably below the standard—of a good American university. Nor is it so easy for a man to win high honors at an English university without having gone through the training of the English schools, where the competition begins in full force.

There has hitherto been a justification in aristocratic England for the system of university honors which does not exist in the United States. It has opened the gate of distinction and of success in life to youths who had no heritage but their brains, and against whom the wicket might otherwise have been closed. In America the gate is still open to all. Besides, English university honors would be of no use here.

On the physical dangers of the competitive system I do not dwell, because it seems to me that they are greatly overrated. Let a man be regular in his reading habits and let him work early in the morning, not late at night, and he may get his first class without doing himself any harm.

Nor can I see why the effort to win distinction at the university should have any worse effect on character than the effort to rise in life.

Above all, the old English universities reflect English society, which is aristocratic and therefore anti-American.

Not that servile deference to rank or social servility of any kind prevails among the students generally at Oxford or Cambridge. Nowhere in England is there less of these; and the same may be said of the public schools, which are the most thorough-going little democracies in the world. Oxford admits negroes on a footing of perfect equality.

But the ideas, the sentiments, the tastes, the view of life are aristocratic. I am not going to rail against aristocracy, though I heartily desire to see it fairly cleared out of this continent, where it has never had any business, and where its presence is an unmixed evil. Railing against aristocracy is after all a sort of inverted flunkeyism, and not seldom is coupled with a large measure of flunkeyism of the ordinary kind.

Suffice it to say, that aristocracy belongs to the Old World, and that by imbibing its spirit a youth will be in danger of unfitting himself for the part which he will have to play as a citizen of a democratic country in the New World.

We need not worship democracy any more than we need rail against aristocracy. Heaven knows there is enough to be done before "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" will cease to be government of the Boss, by the Boss, and for the Boss, or the reason and conscience of the community become the rule of government instead of popular will and passion.

The Duty of Americans.

But there is the American's allotted sphere, and he had better even forego, if it were necessary, a certain measure of culture and refinement than estrange himself from it in heart, and unfit himself for the performance of its duties.

It is with democracy as with nature: *parendo vincimus;* we must embrace it heartily and enter thoroughly into its spirit in order to qualify ourselves for guiding it into the right course.

Some good things of a political kind there are which an American trained among Englishmen might bring back with him from the old country to the model Republic. He might bring back independence of mind, and a power of standing firm, when principle gives the word, in a minority of one. But estrangement from the spirit of his own community, with consequent weakness, would be the chief result.

Already it is alarming to see how many rich Americans pass a great part of their lives, or even settle permanently in Europe, deserting their posts of social duty and depriving the community of which they are members of its natural chiefs. They are drawn by the superior brilliancy of the society and perfection of the services, especially of the household service. But not to mention any higher motives of duty, if they leave the land of their investments to the anarchist, they may some day find their remittances cease.

It is possible, indeed, that the American youth just at present, if he fell into a certain set at Oxford or Cambridge, especially at Oxford, might come back democratic and something more. After being for centuries in the hands of the clergy and bound through their ascendancy to the

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political party which upheld the Established Church, the English universities have been suddenly restored to nationality, freedom and science.

The natural consequence is a strong recoil and a sudden development of extreme Liberalism, nay, of Socialism, among the younger men of intellect. I trust it will not be too grandmotherly to say that this also would be an unwholesome element for an American youth, who no more wants to be inoculated with the revolutionary than with the reactionary spirit of the Old World.

Oxford herself, it is to be hoped, will presently get over the fermentation of newly-won liberty, and slide into the placid course of academical duty. Seats of learning and science, places of high education ought to be calm and politically neutral. I should say that American universities are.

For Anglophobia, a year or even a month at Oxford or Cambridge would be a certain cure. But I am sanguine enough to believe that the whole American people will presently be cured of Anglophobia in other ways, and we do not want any American boy to become an Anglomaniac, a "masher" or a "dude."

For the Companion.

TRICKS OF INDIAN JUGGLERS.

First Paper.

Two of the tricks of the Indian jugglers are especially famous—the "tree-growing trick" and the "basket trick." Inasmuch as very few know exactly how these tricks are performed, I will give a detailed explanation of the method employed by some jugglers whom I saw at Madras.

As commonly described in travellers' tales, the tree-growing trick might well seem impossible of explanation. But if the spectator expects to see a seed placed in the ground, the leaves starting up above the soil, the growth increasing, the shrub spreading and the fruit appearing and ripening directly under his eyes, he will be grievously disappointed.

The juggler makes a little heap of moist earth, perhaps six or eight inches high, on the stone step or the hard carriage-drive in front of the hotel where the traveller is staying. The juggler himself, dressed in a loin-cloth only, squats on the ground behind the heap, places in it a nut, usually that of the mango-tree, and spreads a cloth over the whole.

After a short time, during which he waves his hand in the air or assumes to call upon a pagan divinity to help him, he snatches away the cloth, and two or three tender leaves are seen appearing above the soil.

He spreads the cloth over it once more. The plant appears to be growing rapidly and pushing the cloth up. The juggler again snatches the cloth away, and a large and wide-spreading shrub is seen, its leaves covered with dew.

Sometimes a tripod frame is used, over which the cloth is thrown, so that the plant may "grow" freely beneath the small tent thus formed.

When the leaves are just visible above the ground, the juggler lifts the plant from the earth and shows the spectators how the nut has apparently swollen and germinated, pointing out the rootlets that extend from the nut through the moist earth.

If, when it has fully grown, there is no fruit on the tree, the juggler covers the plant once more with the cloth, and after another short interval of waiting, again removes it. Two or three mangoes are seen, which the juggler breaks off and presents to the spectators.

The best performance of it I have ever seen was in Madras, and I learned from the jugglers exactly how it was done.

When the juggler apparently places the new mango nut in the earth, he really places an old split nut there, which he has held concealed in the palm of his hand. The new nut he conceals in the place previously occupied by the old nut; in other words, he "palms" it.

After spreading the cloth, he drops the new nut from his palm into a fold of his loin-cloth, whence he takes and "palms" a small plant, two or three inches long—sometimes a little twig of mango with the root of another plant fastened to the end of it.

This he does while the attention of the spectators is given to the waving of his other hand in the air, or to his gestures upward for the help of a god.

He then removes the cloth for the first time. No leaves appear. While replacing the cloth, he inserts the root end of the twig in the old nut, and arranges the soil so that the top of the stem and one or two small leaves appear above the surface.

This done, and the cloth being fully spread, he waves his hands again in the air, and after a short time removes the cloth for the second time, and reveals the plant in its first stage.

While with one hand showing the plant with its roots, etc., to the spectators, he takes with the other hand from his loin-cloth a piece of branch half an inch or more in diameter, which is well provided with twigs and leaves. All of these are pressed close to the branch, and the whole wrapped round tightly with a piece of wet cloth. I have seen this branch as much as a foot and a half long.

The juggler conceals this behind his bare arm, and with a swift movement slides it under the cloth while he is apparently replacing the small plant.

While spreading the cloth he unwraps the branch, sticks it into the soil, expands the twigs and leaves, and squeezes over them the water from the wet cloth. Then, "palming" and withdrawing the small plant, he proceeds as before with his gesticulations, removes the covering and shows the spreading shrub.

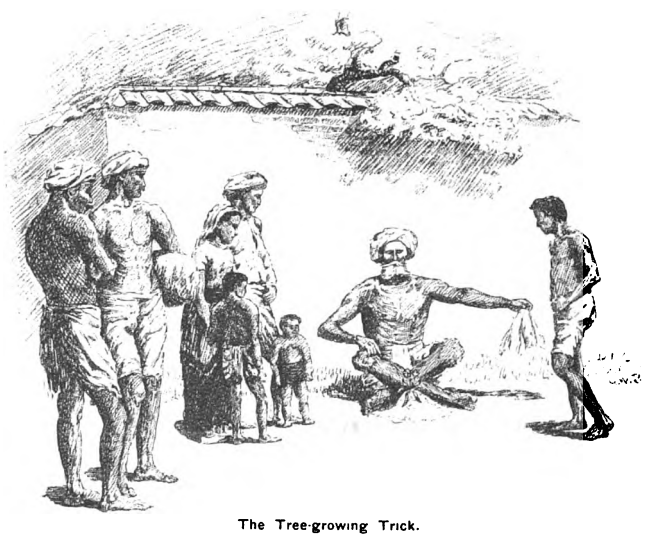
In the same manner he slips the fruit, provided with stalks, under the cloth in the next stage, and twists the end of each stalk round one of the twigs. When he pulls the fruit afterward, he takes care to break the stalk close to the fruit.

The cleverness lies in the wonderful dexterity which the juggler displays in making his important movements without being observed.

Scarcely one of my readers, even with this knowledge of the way in which the trick is done, would actually see the juggler make any one of the movements which he desires to be concealed.

The basket trick is performed differently in different parts of India. The ordinary traveller would describe the trick thus: The juggler puts a child into a basket three or four feet long, one foot and a half or two feet deep and about two feet wide. He shuts the lid and thrusts a naked sword repeatedly through the basket. The sword is reddened apparently by the blood of the child, whose screams are heard during the performance.

The juggler then opens the basket, and it is found empty. Immediately the child, uninjured, comes running up from behind a neighboring tree or from behind the spectators. The trick is



The Tree-growing Trick.

performed on the open ground, usually in front of a house.

One of their methods is as follows: The juggler, after placing the boy in the basket, offers up a series of incantations, and while doing so twirls a large cloth, which he finally flings over the basket and then slowly draws toward himself, tucking one end of it in at his waist and allowing it to hang down before him very much like a long, wide apron.

Then the sword-plunging begins; and after it is over, the basket is found empty and the boy reappears some distance away. In this case the boy crawls out of the basket while it is covered by the cloth, seizes the band around the waist of the juggler, and draws himself up between the juggler's legs. While the spectators are examining the basket, he seizes the opportunity to slip off behind a tree or wherever he has been directed to reappear.

This is the explanation which a European conjurer obtained from the jugglers in the north of India. The method which I saw was far superior.



The juggler first passed me a strong, open network bag to examine, and I also examined the basket and the sword. The basket was somewhat elliptical in shape, and its sides widened outward from the top down. The lid was in a separate piece, with a rim about an inch deep. A large hole had been broken through the middle of the lid.

There was no trick about the basket, nor any about the sword. The bag looked as if it might have been made from a fragment of a fishing-net, but except for this peculiarity it seemed honest enough.

The juggler directed his wife, a young, fully-developed, but slender woman, to get into the bag. Her chief clothing consisted of loin-cloth and breast-cloth, which fitted close to her body. She placed herself in the bag, and I was then directed to draw the neck of the bag together, and knot the strings as I pleased.

I made various knots, and the juggler lifted the bag, with the woman in it, deposited her in the basket, placed the lid on, and spread a cloth over the lid. The basket was placed in the middle of the carriage-road directly in front of the hotel porch.

He then stood by the basket with the sword, and began a colloquy, which sounded like an angry one, in his own tongue. Replies came apparently from the basket, and the anger of the juggler seemed to increase until he suddenly sprang in the air, and came down feet foremost over the hole in the lid. The cloth, of course, yielded.

At the moment of his descent a terrible shriek was heard, as though he had jumped upon the woman. He leaped out again at once, and began frantically to plunge the sword through and through the basket, the point always appearing on the further side. His thrusts were very rapid and very complete and apparently very erratic, and he manifestly plunged the sword through every part of the basket.

Finally he ceased. I then never doubted but that, in some marvellous way, the woman had managed to slip out of the basket unobserved; and having read of the basket trick, I was prepared for her advent from behind one of the trees or the corner of the hotel.

The juggler, however, again began to converse, and a voice seemed to answer, at first faintly, from a distance, then gradually approaching until it appeared to come from the basket. Then, to my amazement, the woman rose up through the hole in the lid, holding the network bag in her hand.

Later, the juggler performed the trick for me in my room, and showed me the whole process. One of the joinings in the network was false; the woman undid this, and got out of the bag while the juggler was carrying on what was really a ventriloquistic performance.

She then lay with her body curved in the shape of a crescent round one side of the basket, while the juggler jumped through the hole, landing on the bottom of the basket between her head and feet. The thrusts which the juggler made with the sword, though apparently at random, had all been calculated to a nicety, and the woman was trained to know the exact direction of each thrust. She slid and drew herself and wriggled accordingly, moving her body, head and limbs with astonishing rapidity, in order to escape the thrusts, which were repeated while I looked on. The lid of the basket was removed so that I could see her clearly.

The sword passed under and over and between all her limbs in turn, just over and just under her neck, and so forth; and she was writhing and twisting and turning all the time, more like a snake than a human being. Once or twice she was not quite quick enough with her body; but her keen, shifting black eyes were on the alert, and, pressing the sword to one side, she changed the direction of it enough to avoid the danger.

The closing colloquy was also ventriloquistic, and at the conclusion of it the woman stood up.

The juggler declared to me that his wife was out of practice, and had grown rather too heavy for the trick; that he had been using two little boys, whom, however, he had not brought with him on that occasion.

His explanation of the appearance of the boy in a neighboring tree at the end of the trick was this: the first boy remains in the basket all the time. The second boy looks almost exactly like the first, and has a similar loin-cloth. When the sword-thrusting is over, the second boy appears a little distance off, and draws the attention of the spectators. In the meantime the first boy slips out of the basket and conceals himself. Then the basket is discovered to be empty.

Those who are familiar with deceptions practised by conjurers will not be surprised at this oversight on the part of the on-lookers.

My readers may try the mango trick, but I advise them not to try the basket trick unless the sword used is made of paper.

Richard Hodgson.

For the Companion.

OUR BASKET FESTIVAL.

First we called a meeting, and each one of us agreed to take a special department of basket-ware and to enlist the active sympathies of all available relatives and friends.

Every one was so good about it, from the people who lent us their handsome willow furniture, down to the small boys who begged to help carry the packages in for us and so get a free peep at the preparations.

We trimmed the walls and the pillars of the church vestry with wreaths and garlands of wheat-heads, oats, and pretty grasses. A good many of those plumy Pampas sprays were sent in. It lighted up beautifully; the wheat and oats looked as if they were gilded, in the strong light.

There were ever so many squares of fancy straw-mattings spread about the floor, and some of the larger baskets were arranged on them instead of on the tables.

In the centre of the room was a large tent, with two of the boys dressed for a "chief" and a "brave" respectively, to sell Indian baskets of all sizes and shapes. These were not lined nor fitted up in any way, but just as the Indians sent them to market. They sold a great many, for all were very cheap and pretty.

There was a mender's table. That had work-baskets of more styles than I can remember, but I know the darning-baskets went first and we took orders for more. These were square and about three inches high, some lined with figured sateen for keeping-and-using purposes, and some with china silk for "give-aways." The sides were covered smoothly and had pockets across the ends to hold the cottons and yarns. After the bottom was lined, a piece of cardboard the same size and shape was covered and fitted on the under side with a flannel leaf stuck full of big needles The upper side was puffed a little like a cushion, and diagonally across it was fastened a ribbon with this motto in letters of gold paint:

If you would preserve your soles,
Be sure to mend the little holes.

This was fastened in the bottom of the basket at one end and could be lifted at the other by a loop of ribbon.

Another table had several different kinds of baskets all made on the same foundation, a common splint grape-basket. Some of these were covered all over with plush or fleecy cotton flannel, to stand on the table and hold extra knives and forks at dinner. Others were nicely trimmed with silk and lace, for photographs, fancy work or knitting.

On one of the straw mats were a number of cat and dog baskets. These had little mattresses fitted in, and a blanket to match, which could be thrown across the top to keep the cold air from the pets. Some of them had a row of little bells across the front.

The newspaper wall-baskets were new to most people and sold well. We found them in one of the willow-ware stores, ready to fit up. Only a very shallow, circular basket which looked like nothing but a basket-lid, with a loop behind to hang it up by. A piece of satin with a shirred ruffle at the top was arranged across the front, half-way up, to hold the papers in, and a large bow completed the decoration. We found we could use palm-leaf fans in the same way.

Babies' toilet-baskets were lovely. Covered first with silesia in some delicate shade and outside that a removable cover of muslin with the ruffled edges feather-stitched in wash silks to match the lining, and trimmed with narrow lace. The little bags, cushions and powder-puff were all in accord.

On the miscellaneous tables were scrap-baskets, lunch and market-baskets, bonbon-baskets bronzed and be-ribboned, balls of twine in round Japanese baskets with scissors tied on, and even a great basket-work trunk which somebody bought for a laundry basket.

We had a programme (printed on what is known as "straw paper") of songs, recitations and tableaux, all of which referred in some way to our subject, or to straws, willows, reeds or the like.

For the little children's entertainment, there was in one corner a line stretched about four feet from the floor and on it, suspended by strings, a row of little baskets covered and tied up snugly, but with a small toy or a little candy in each. Then, being blindfolded, they were allowed to take a pair of scissors and snip off the first string they touched.

It was not at all a grand affair, but considering our inexperience and limited time to prepare, it was such a pleasant way to raise our "fresh air fund" that we pass our method on to others.

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WATER AND STEAM.

Notice the spherical form that water takes when dropped on a hot stove.

Do these little globes touch the iron?

Why do they jump about and sputter?

Observe the bubbles that rise in heated water.

Do they change their size as they near the top?

For the Companion.

PURPLE ASTERS.

I had a garden when I was a boy,
Wherein I planted fondly many a flower,
And watched it grow, until I felt the joy
That every gardener feels, as Nature's power
To make rare perfumes burst from stalks of green,
And dash rich colors o'er dull earth, is seen.

In that old garden, bright with golden bloom,
From early tulip time till winter fell,
It seemed as if no sombre shade, nor gloom,
Had any right, or could desire, to dwell;
Yet o'er one spot, where wildness still had sway,
I always felt some melancholy lay.

Among the grasses scattered wild flowers grew,
Sweet, tender, trembling things that we called weeds,
(Names mean so little), always wet with dew,
That clung to their pale disks in liquid beads,
And seeming in the color symphony
Of the gay garden, minor chords, to be.

In that sad spot, pale purple asters came,
When earth wore gorgeous colors on her breast,
And fields were ripe, and autumn's flood of flame
From scarlet maples, swept from east to west:
They bore no wealth of royal purple bloom,
But seemed the children of the great earth's gloom.

My life has been a garden, from whose soil
Have sprung pale-petalled roses, violets blue
As heaven, and where the passion-flower's coil
Has closed round frail anemones, heart's-ease, and rue;
But in one sombre spot, apart, alone,
Pale purple asters in the shade have grown.

I would not life should be forever gay
With golden blooms, for brilliant tints would pall;
I would not have spring's heavy odors weigh
The senses down too long,—Heaven wisely limits all
Our joys; but sometimes earth appears
To breed naught but despondency and tears.

And as with heavy heart one walks his way,
When fields are ripe, and autumn's flood aflame
Is passing from the hills, and dark decay
Is creeping in its track with steps of shame,
He thinks that only purple asters pale
Belong by right to earth, her hill and vale.

They tell us there are gardens always clad
With summer's richest robes, awaiting men
Beyond the stars, where hearts at once grow glad,
And never to low levels sink again;
Should we not long in such light lands to see
The purple asters of despondency?

ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON.

For the Companion.

OUR KING.

When a king in Asia enters one of his provinces, the people prostrate themselves before him; they crowd about him laden with gifts. They are quite willing that he should trample them underfoot, if he will only bless the world by remaining in it strong and happy.

Such homage seems absurd to free Americans. Yet there comes, some time, a king into almost every family among us, to whom we all hasten to pay a slavish allegiance. Nothing can be beautiful or pure or dainty enough for this little sovereign! Let us all go shabby and hungry, but let him be royally clothed and fed.

A mere mite of a creature, soft and helpless and innocent. It is his helplessness and innocence which give him power over the roughest, coarsest men.

A story was told lately of a certain noble family in Europe composed of middle-aged, peevish, moody men and women, who for years had been at odds with each other. One of the brothers married, and the bride was met with jealousy, suspicion and dislike. But presently the little monarch—the baby—arrived, and they all gathered around it in wonder and delight.

The crabbed aunts watched it with tender smiles; the stiff old uncles were proud to take it on their shoulders and become its horses. When it pulled the beard of the old grandfather he laughed with pleasure. They learned to love each other through loving it.

One of these little princes comes, black and puny, into a negro's cabin or an Indian tepee, and with what rapture is it received—as if it were the fairest and dearest thing on earth.

The keeper of a prison in Alabama, who wished to reform the convicts, found them implacably sullen and revengeful. All his attempts at kindness were met with suspicion and savage jeers. One day he went among them carrying a beautiful baby, who laughed and crowed and held out its arms to them as to friends.

The men gathered about it with flushed faces and wet eyes; they spoke to it tenderly, they touched its white gown with reverence. It was to each of them his own child in the far-away home that he had lost. The friendly keeper found them afterward more amenable to reason and kindness. The touch of the baby's hand still rested on their hearts.

Did the reader ever look for the secret of the baby's power, or think how wise and high was God's purpose in planting in the vilest and most vicious soul an instinct which pays homage to helpless innocence? The man, however long dormant in the brute, rises at the baby's touch.

For the same purpose the Saviour came first into the world—not as a human king, not as a mighty spiritual presence, but as a loving little child.

No brute force, no power of money or rank can gain from a man the fealty which he pays to weakness and purity. The wild-beast passions in his heart lie down together, and a little child leads them.

WORSE THAN MOSQUITOES.

Summer heats, which are so oppressive to man, summon into life myriads of small creatures, some of which are highly inconvenient to us. In the early weeks of our short summer the woods and fields are comparatively silent, only the birds and bees being active and melodious. But in August all nature teems with life; every leaf is a colony; every tree a densely inhabited province; every forest a world of humming, buzzing, singing, croaking, shrieking, hooting existence. In torrid climates the generation of life through the continuous heat is amazing and terrific, and occasionally it overflows into countries lying just north of the tropics, like the line of States which form the southern boundary of the Mediterranean Sea.

During the early torrid summer of Africa myriads of locusts are generated, more than can be maintained even by the luxuriant vegetation of the heated zone, and hence come those armies of locusts, which once in four or five years lay waste and devour all before them. The French Government has at present a commission of scientists in Algiers to devise means for preventing the ravages of the locusts; but, so far, they are as helpless before these little creatures as the people of Australia are in destroying the rabbits.

A traveller who was in Morocco recently describes the appearance of the advancing locust horde as that of a vast green field in motion like a sea; as the locusts, when they reach good feeding ground, advance by leaps, devouring as they go. An aged native of Morocco gave this traveller—the brilliant Italian author, De Amicis—such a vivid account of the progress of one of the locust armies that he wrote it down in his journal, which we translate.

"Sir," cried the old man, with indescribable energy, "it is terrible! It is frightful! They come from *there*," pointing to the south. "It is a black cloud. We hear the noise from afar. They approach; they cover the roads, the fields, the houses, the woods. The cloud gets larger, larger; comes, comes, comes; devours, devours, devours; crosses rivers, ditches, walls, fire; destroys grass, flowers, fruit, grain, the bark of trees, and keeps on, always on. No one can stop it; neither the tribes with fire, nor the Sultan with his army, nor all the people of Morocco united.

"Heaps of dead locusts, and beyond them the locusts that survive. Ten die, a hundred are born. A hundred die, a thousand are born. I have seen them at Tangier: roads covered, gardens covered, shores of the sea covered, the sea covered; all green, all green, all in movement; living, dead, rotten; infection, plague, famine, curse of heaven!"

The old man did not exaggerate. Gordon Cumming, the lion-hunter, who spent five years in Africa, describes the locusts as coming on like a resistless, illimitable storm, flying steadily and rather slowly, darkening the air, and finally covering the plain as far as the eye could reach. He saw swarms that were a whole hour in passing.

Our Western States have been occasionally visited by them, but never with such destructive consequences as have been experienced in Africa, where the locusts will find a province in the morning covered with harvests and fruit trees, and leave behind them in the afternoon nothing but a black and seething waste. Happily, in our latitude, nature is less violent, and most of us in the hot months can find some cool corner and languidly pity distant populations who know what summer can be.

JENNY LIND.

Jenny Lind, the woman, was greater than Jenny Lind, the singer. "I would rather hear Jenny talk than sing—wonderful as it is," wrote Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the Bishop of Norwich, in whose palace the great singer was a guest while in that city. The Bishop's son, subsequently Dean Stanley, who had no "ear for music" and on whom, therefore, her singing was wholly lost, wrote that she had "the manners of a princess with the simplicity of a child, and the goodness of an angel." Her character showed itself, he added, "through a thousand traits of humility, gentleness, thoughtfulness, wisdom, piety."

She looked upon her natural faculty as a gift of God, and never sang without reflecting that it might be for the last time.

"It has been continued to me from year to year for the good of others."

This feeling was no fine sentiment, but a religious principle. While she was the Bishop's guest she begged Mrs. Stanley to allow her to take three of the maids to a concert where she was to sing.

At a service in the cathedral she was moved to tears by the singing of the boy choristers, and had places reserved for them at her concert the next morning. When she came on the platform she greeted them with a smile of recognition, which the boys never forgot.

She gave to charitable objects thousands of pounds gained by her wonderful voice. While singing in Copenhagen, such was the excitement that court and town begged her to give them one more day of song. A gentleman of musical culture had, with his wife, anxiously looked forward to her visit. When she came he was on a sick bed. Jenny Lind heard of his desire, and found time to go to his house and sing to him and his wife.

When she went to London, Mendelssohn asked her to sing to a friend of his, who had long lain upon a bed of sickness. She went and cheered her with songs, the remembrance of which are still cherished by the family.

Again and again, when the opportunity offered for such an act of kindness, she sang to invalids who could not be present at her concerts. The gift of God within her was a trust to be administered for the good of others.

ON A CAKE OF ICE.

One of the selectmen of Palmer, Massachusetts, was engaged in a public-spirited attempt to save one of the town bridges from destruction last winter, says the Springfield *Republican*, when he came near losing his own life. The river had risen to a dangerous height, and the ice was accumulating above the bridge, subjecting it to an enormous pressure. Axe in hand, Mr. Dillon walked out upon the firm ice below the bridge and began cutting with a view to widening the channel.

He was still engaged in the work when he discovered that the ice on which he was standing had parted from the main body, and was drifting down the current. The fact was of itself sufficiently startling, but he perceived at once that his ice-raft was rotten and leaky.

As soon as a firmer-looking piece came near enough he made a jump for it, and by good luck landed upon it safely. Down the black stream he floated till at last he brought himself to anchor by seizing a branch of a willow. The river was so high, however, that he was still seventy-five feet from the shore, and though men could be seen passing in and out of the wire mill, it was impossible for him to make himself heard.

Just then two telegraphic linemen, Raiche and Whalen, crossed the bridge and happened to see the selectman's predicament. Whalen at once fastened the end of a long coil of wire about his own waist, unharnessed and mounted his horse, and drove into the icy water, leaving Raiche to manage the wire from the shore.

Their plan was to run a wire across the stream just below Mr. Dillon, so that a boat could put out to his rescue. It was a perilous experiment. The wire nearly pulled the man off his horse again and again, while the raging current threatened to carry away the horse himself. But at last dry land was reached.

By this time the mill-hands had flocked to the shore, and under the direction of the superintendent a raft was built and launched. A young man volunteered to act as boatman, and armed with a long pole he shoved off. The wire saved him from being carried down stream, and he kept clear of the ice by means of the pole.

After many narrow escapes the brave fellow finally pushed the raft alongside Mr. Dillon, who by this time was almost exhausted, and grabbing him by the collar, pulled him on board. The return trip was made in safety, and the half-dead selectman was hurried away to the nearest farm-house.

For the Companion.

CHANGELINGS.

Along the orchard's fragrant way
I walked in flower-embroidered May;
The apple-trees were all alight
With opening buds of rose and white.

On the same path I pass again,
The faded grass is wet with rain.
The sweet young year is growing old,
My flowers are changed to globes of gold.

Within the polished spheres there be
Rare honey and rich spicerie
From sun and wind and blossom-bell;
The patient days have wrought the spell.

M. F. B.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

The old superstition of the "death-watch" is supposed to have vanished with the scientific explanation that the sound is only the work of a harmless insect; but as a matter of fact there are still many people foolish enough to be disturbed if they happen to hear the mite at work. A gentleman who supposed himself entirely free from this or any other superstition, went to pass the night at the house of a friend in the country, and when he was shown to his chamber for the night, his host said:

"I hope you are not superstitious?"

"Not in the least," the guest answered. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," was the reply, "the death-watch is sometimes heard in this room, and I wondered if you would mind."

"Oh, not at all," the guest answered.

He went to bed, and soon fell asleep, but about midnight he awoke, and on becoming thoroughly conscious, perceived that he was straining his ears to listen to the steady and continuous ticking of the death-watch in the wall. He smiled to find that so slight a thing had awakened him, and composed himself to sleep again; but to his annoyance he found it impossible to do so.

He listened to the sound of the death-watch with an indefinable but constantly increasing uneasiness, and when, after a time, he heard the distant howl of a dog, he was surprised and not a little disgusted to find his heart beating with unnatural rapidity.

The gentleman lay awake for the remainder of the night, uneasy, disconcerted, and vainly endeavoring to reason himself into a saner frame of mind. He rose in the morning thoroughly worn out.

"You do not look as if you had slept well," the host said. "I hope the death-watch did not keep you awake."

"It did, though," the guest answered. "I heard it all night long."

"Well, I am very sorry," the host said, "but the masons are coming this morning to fix it."

"To fix what?" the other asked.

"Why, the noise is made by a tiny leak in the side of the reservoir for rain-water. It is just outside the wall of your room on the terrace, you know; and the water falling, a drop at a time, makes that sound of a death-watch."

The guest said no more, but he declares that it is beyond the power of any mysterious noise in the wall to keep him awake another night.

MONKEYS AND MEN.

Men of science have discussed quite freely the statement attributed by Mr. Stanley to Emin Pasha, that the chimpanzees which inhabited the forest of Msongwa, in Central Africa, had raided the plantations of Mswa at night, lighting their way with torches which they carried in their hands. The statement is received among naturalists with entire incredulity; and it is supposed that Emin Pasha, being very near-sighted, mistook a tribe of the negro pigmies found in that region for monkeys. It is denied that any monkeys ever possessed a sufficient amount of intelligence to obtain fire and light torches. Such a performance would require a degree of original understanding which only man, among living beings, possesses.

In mere imitation, however, the monkey may be taught, or may himself learn, to do many wonderful things.

In the hotels and private houses of India, monkeys have been found who were trained to wait at table, bringing dishes and articles of food in a more or less mechanical way.

The story of the talented orang-outang of Buffon, the naturalist, is classic. This creature gave visitors his arm, walked with them, showed them to the door, ate with a knife and fork and drank from a glass, poured tea into a cup, sweetened it and waited until it cooled before he drank it.

An orang-outang at the Jardin des Plantes Zoölogical Garden in Paris regularly unlocked with a key the door of the room which he occupied, opened the door, locked it on the other side after he had entered, and then hung the key on a nail.

M. Flourens relates that he once visited the Jardin des Plantes in company with an aged scholar whose appearance greatly interested this orang-outang, who was at large in the rooms of the institution. The old scholar wore very old-fashioned clothes, one article of which was a tall hat with a wide brim. He was much bent from age, and in walking supported himself upon a heavy cane.

When the two gentlemen were about to depart, the hat and cane of the old man were missing. Presently the orang-outang was seen tottering through the room, his back bent almost double, wearing the hat upon his head and walking stiffly by the aid of the cane.

Father Conbassou, a French missionary in the South Pacific, related that he had trained a young orang-outang to perform many useful offices; but he took good care that the monkey should be locked up when he was conducting any service at church.

One Sunday, however, the monkey escaped from his captivity and, unseen by the missionary, crept into the church while the sermon was being delivered, and took an elevated position in full view of the congregation.

Here he began to imitate the gestures and manner of the preacher in a way so comic that the congregation could not help bursting into a laugh.

The priest was very indignant at such irreverent behavior, and reprimanded the native congregation sharply, pounding upon the pulpit as he did so, still without seeing the monkey.

At this the animal fell to imitating and exaggerating the performance of the priest, greatly to the increased mirth of the congregation. Matters were rapidly becoming worse, when the people began to point to the orang-outang, who was then peremptorily removed.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

The beauty of a photograph depends somewhat upon the personal appearance of the "subject"; but when old Mrs. Spencer, of Berryville, decided, at the age of seventy-two, to have hers taken, for the first time in her life, she made no allowances for any difficulties of this sort. "I hope," she said, rather severely, to the "operator" in the town where she was spending the day for this particular purpose, "I hope you'll make it look as much like sister Mary as possible, for everybody says there's a strong family resemblance, and you probably recollect takin' Mary's photographs some twelve years ago!"

The young man began to explain that he had been there only three years, but Mrs. Spencer was evidently not much impressed by his statements.

"I shall rely on you to make it as much like sister Mary as possible," she repeated, as she settled herself in the chair.

"Shall I send you the proofs?" inquired the operator, when the sitting was over.

"'The proof of the puddin' is in the eatin',' I've always heard," remarked Mrs. Spencer. "I'll call in again in a fortnight, when I believe you said they would be done. I'll leave this photograph of sister Mary, as it may be a help to you."

In two weeks she appeared again, and her photographs, in two different styles, were displayed to her. Half of them she gazed at with approval, saying, "I'll take *them*, for there's a strong look of sister Mary in 'em; the others I sha'n't take, though of course I'll pay you for your time and trouble in gettin' 'em up, unsightly things as they be!"

"We preserve the negatives for two years," said the operator, as he did up the half-dozen she liked, and looked regretfully at the neglected ones, "and if at any time you should —"

"Young man," interrupted Mrs. Spencer, "you'll have to preserve *my* negative for a good deal more'n two years, for I mean 'no' when I say it. I shall *never* take them other photographs, for there's not a look of sister Mary in 'em—and they're homely as hedge fences besides!"

Still keeping to her "negative," the old lady departed. She explained to her Berryville friends that she was "afraid that young man wouldn't never be any great of a success in his business, he was so slow to ketch a likeness. As fer as the other half-dozen o' my pictures was concerned, I might just as well 'v' left sister Mary's photograph to home!"

UNRECOGNIZED.

Involuntary flattery is sweet to the soul, but its opposite, the obtuseness which fails to recognize our good points, is hard, indeed, to bear. A lady whose portrait was on exhibition in a certain gallery had her own attention called to it by the owner of the place. "B—— has put some of his best work into this, madam," said he. "Everybody acknowledges it to be a fine portrait."

"Does it remind you of any one?" asked she, looking him full in the face.

"Why, no! I don't know the original; but she must certainly be a very beautiful woman."

"Then you never saw her?"

"Never! Why," as some meaning in her tone and merry face broke upon him, "it isn't *you!*"

The beautiful Mrs. Norton one day went to buy some plaster casts, for her niece to use as models in drawing. The proprietor of the shop displayed a large collection of hands, arms and ears, and finally held up a very symmetrical nose.

"There, ma'am," said he, "I can safely recommend that. It's the Honorable Mrs. Norton's nose, and hartists do buy a lot of 'em. It's very popular."

The same failure to grasp the situation took place at the meeting of two young women, at the "reunion" of a prominent New England family. Fifth cousins and relatives by name rather than blood were talking together, sometimes not knowing in the least "who was who," and these two women especially had discovered that they had many tastes in common, though as yet neither had found for the other "a local habitation and a name."

"I want chiefly to see Charlie Pennell's wife," said one. "When they were married he wrote my brother that she was a beauty, and had a mouth like Cupid's bow. Now, I never met precisely that sort of mouth, and I've been on the lookout for it all day."

"My dear," said the other, merrily, but with a little sadness in her eyes, "I am Charlie's wife. That Cupid's bow is now before you; but I suppose it has been twanged so many times in saying 'don't' to the children, and complaining about the cook and the housemaid, that it has grown straight as the line of duty!"

THAT WAS ALL.

It seems that the word "gentleman" is subject, in one country at least, to the misconceptions so frequently attendant on the hardly-used term "lady." The author of "A Colonial Tramp" gives the following instance of such an absurd and mistaken phrasing:

When we were at Port Said, in passing down one of the side streets we missed our little guide for a moment, and as he had our parcels we looked round to see if he had not run off with them. Upon that we became aware of a dark, evil-looking and dirty half-caste of some kind, cuffing him about at an alley corner. We turned to give assistance to our little friend, and the bully left off and shuffled once more into shadow.

"Is that your father?" I asked, guessing at the fact for the reason that the boy had not resisted very much, and now shook himself together without offering any explanation.

"My fader? No, sar," with great scorn. "He one dirty thief-gentleman wanting the parcels, that's all."

"Oh, that's all, is it?"

"Yes, sar, he gentleman who waits at dark corners when Englishman pass at night, and stab."

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For the Companion.

MAYBE.

Perhaps there is an old white owl
  Afraid to stay in the dark,
And possibly there's a yellow dog
  Who doesn't know how to bark,
And it maybe there is a brindled cow
  Who isn't proud of her calf,—
But I hope there isn't a boy or girl
  Who doesn't enjoy a laugh.

A. M. P.

For the Companion.

Pompey's Vegetable Band.

"You Pompey—you go 'way fum dat dar tub! No, suh. You carn't go to no p'rade. You jus' got ter stay right here an' play long yosefs. Ef you an' 'Miah goes, dat Sally Ann'll holler ter go too, an' den how's I gwine min' Piney an' Angeline an' do Miss Ma'y washin', I'd lak ter know. No, suh. You all gotter go out ter de gyarding an' play an' take dem chillun 'long, too. Now min' I don' heah no wud fum you till de ho'n blow."

Poor Aunt Dinah did not mean to be cross to her little boys, whom she loved as dearly as any mother could, but she was very busy that morning and could hardly take her hands from the suds for a moment.

Since Pappy Jim died, six months ago, she had found it very hard to get enough for her five little ones to eat, to say nothing of clothes for them to wear. Most of those they had on now were gifts from Miss Mary's small brothers and sisters.

Pompey and Jeremiah were greatly disappointed, but being the oldest of the family the twins were quite used to staying home to "min' de chillun," so putting Angeline into their two-wheeled cart, and telling Sally Ann to "bring 'long Piney," they set out for the "gyarding," as they called the little patch of ground behind the house.

"Le's us play p'rade oursefs," said Pompey. "Me an' 'Miah'll git de tings. I'll be de man wot goes in de front ith a big hat an' a stick an' 'Miah can be de capting."

"An' wot'll we all be?" asked Sally Ann, with a sober face.

"You can be de sojers," said Pompey, "an' you can march an' play de fiddle an' de drum."

"But dere aint no drum," objected Piney.

"I'll make you one," said 'Miah. And while Pompey got some paper for their "sojer caps," 'Miah found a small watermelon that could never ripen. Into this he stuck two sticks, and tying to them some string, he slipped the queer little drum around Piney's neck.

The fiddle took much longer to make, but Pompey and 'Miah were experts. Pompey made the fiddle and 'Miah made the bow. Both were just alike, so it did not make much difference which was called fiddle and which bow.

This is the way Pompey went to work on his. He took a good long piece of the green corn stalk and cut four slits from joint to joint. Then he slipped his knife under and loosened the skin from the stalk. That made three fiddle-strings. Under each end of these he poked a bit of stick for a bridge, and the fiddle was done.

Then 'Miah made a trumpet from the stem of a squash leaf, and the band was ready to begin its march.

Pompey took his place as drum-major. 'Miah was captain. Piney beat the drum. Sally Ann played the fiddle, and little Angeline rode behind and called out to them all, "Dap horsey!"

"Le's go p'rade mammy first," said Pompey. So off they started, up the hill, out the gate into the road that passed by the little cabin. Tootle-te-toot, rub-a-dub-dub, and squeakety-squeak. What a fine big noise they did make.

Mammy heard them, and leaving her clothes in the boiler, she came to the door and watched the band go by.

"How their father would like to see them," she thought. And she went back to her washing with a tender smile on her face. The little band had cheered one sad heart.

"Now le's go past Lame Jakey's house," said 'Miah. "Maybe it'll make him laugh."

Lame Jakey was a poor little boy who lived in the next cabin. He could not play like other children, but sat day after day with his little dark face peering out of the window.

Over the hill came the band—Toot-le-te-toot, rub-a-dub-dub, squeak-e-ty-squeak.

The tired face brightened, and when they stopped right under his window, Lame Jakey laughed aloud and clapped his hands for joy.

"I'll give you de fiddle w'en de p'rade is done, Jakey," called out Sally Ann, touched by the wistful little face.

After they were gone Jakey lay back in his chair for a long time. Then he called out:

"Mammy—say, mammy!"

"What, chile?" said mammy.

"Do you tink, mammy, dat maybe sometime I can be de capting and march in de ban'?"

"I hope so, honey," answered mammy, as cheerfully as possible.

Tootle-te-toot, squeakety-squeak went the band in the distance. "Hep, hep, hep," said Pompey, and on they marched till they came around to the wood-pile in the back of the yard.

"Le's s'prise mammy," exclaimed Sally Ann. "Le's fill the wood-box all up."

"Yes, le's," said Pompey. "You Angeline—you git outen dat ar cart."



The children worked with a will. Five times they marched from the wood-pile to the house, the drum beating, fiddle squeaking and trumpet blowing, while little Angeline marched behind pushing the loaded cart and shouting, "Dap horsey, dap horsey!" with all her baby might.

By the time the box was filled dinner was ready, and mammy gave to each child an extra slice of "bread an' 'lasses." "'Cause," said she, "you has been de bes'es' chillun dat ever was dis mornin'."

Grace Brownell Peck.



For the Companion.

ONE LITTLE SEED.

A very little girl had a very little seed,
  And she put the little seed in the ground to grow;
It grew and it grew, till 'twas very big indeed,
  And it gave the little girl red apples, oh!

For the Companion.

"HOW THEY MAKE THIMBLES."

Grandma Ross was frying doughnuts, and little Polly was "helping"—cutting the holes in the centres of the cakes with grandma's big steel thimble. She thought it was fun, for grandma let her have the little round balls of dough, which she cut out, to fry for her own.

How they did bob and dance about in the hot fat! But once Polly dropped in a ball too quickly and a drop of the fat flew up and hit her *spat* on the nose.

Didn't she hop and dance about the kitchen! Then she plunged her nose deep into a basin of cold water to take away the smart, and presently she was rolling her balls in sugar and cutting away again as busy as ever, with a big red spot on her nose; for Polly wasn't a cry-baby.

"How do they make thimbles, grandma?" she queried, jabbing her little cutter energetically through the dough.

"La, child! how should I know?" said grandma, spearing a big fat cake from the kettle with her long fork and rolling it in sugar. "I never thought, dear. But here's your Uncle Tom. He knows everything—a'most. Take a doughnut, Tom, and tell the child how thimbles are made. For the life of me, I can't."

"Whew!" cried Uncle Tom, munching the brown, crisp cake. "Polly's scraping the bottom of the kettle again!"

For Polly was forever trying to find out the *whys* and *wherefores* of things, just as every little boy and girl should. That was what Tom meant by "scraping the bottom of the kettle."

"Well—well, let me think!" and he "eyed" Polly's sugary balls sharply. "In the first place the thimble-maker has an iron bench with lots of little dented holes, or pits, in it, just the shape of a thimble, but of different sizes, all the way from grandma's great thimble down to Polly's teenty one.

"Then he cuts little round disks out of a very thin sheet of iron, and after heating them in the fire till they are as red as Polly's nose, he claps a disk over each one of these little pits and hammers and tinkers and punches it down into the pit, quick as a wink, with a little iron punch shaped like the hole. See?"

"Why, yes, to be sure!" cried grandma. "That's easy enough."

"In a minute," continues Tom, slyly appropriating several of Polly's sugary balls, "out they come, and they are hardened and 'tempered' by heating again and dashing them into cold water with a great *whiss* and sputter. (More balls.) After that they are polished till they shine and *clickety-click*—they are ready to help sew on a button or mend a three-cornered rent in Polly's frock. (Another ball.)

"These are only the every-day steel thimbles, mind you. The Christmas and company thimbles are the every-day thimbles plated with silver and gold. And that's all I know," and away went Tom with his pocket of cakes out under the butternut-tree to read Greek sentences.

"Dear me!" cried grandma, after a minute. "You've paid dear for your lesson, child. He's eat all your cakes!"

"But I've learned how they make thimbles, anyway, grandma," laughed Polly. "And I can cut out some more cakes."

For the Companion.

ROBIN'S CURLS.

Robin had long, beautiful curls; but he was three years old,—almost too big to wear curls, papa thought.

One day mamma and papa were talking the matter over, and wondering how he would look with short hair.

"Robin," said mamma, "do you want your hair cut?"

"Yes," said Robin, "you may cut off my hair; but don't cut off my curls!"

For the Companion.

FOND OF MINCE PIES.

It was her first summer in the country, and her enjoyment of the fruits in their season had been very keen.

One day dessert was being served; when little "Happy's" turn came she was asked which she would like, apple or berry pie. She turned to her mamma and earnestly inquired, "Mamma, when will the *minces* be ripe?"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

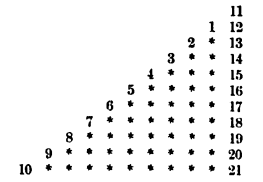
1.

PUZZLE.

Take a part of a house or a letter or measure
  And add to it something that curves,
And 'twill give you an angle, but 'twon't give you pleasure
  To find it is fitted with nerves.

2.

A TRIANGLE.



Across.

11. A Roman numeral.
1, 12. To exist.
2 to 13. A voyage.
3 to 14. Parched with heat.
4 to 15. The language of ancient Scandinavia.
5 to 16. A poetical foot, consisting of three syllables, the first long and the others short, like the joints of a finger.
6 to 17. Young fellows.
7 to 18. Cunning.
8 to 19. A place in the Russian Empire.
9 to 20. Somewhat covetous.
10 to 21. A disentangling.

From 1 to 10. The name of a battle fought on Sept. 11, 1777.
11 to 21. The name of a celebrated musical composer who was born on Sept. 12, 1809.

F. S. F.

3.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

Define each of the italicized groups of words by one word. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the primals will spell the name of a famous inventor.

1. The picture is poorly drawn and the *frame on which it rests* is a bungling piece of work.

2. When travelling in Europe, I found *the people of Holland* very interesting and hospitable.

3. Do you think *an indolent person* will ever set the river on fire?

4. Read good authors and study their *manner of writing* if you would become a writer yourself.

5. When the boy stood on the burning deck, he felt he *was obliged by duty* to obey his father.

6. What a wonderful thing is the *telegraph that carries the news to the brain* when you cut your finger.

4.

HISTORICAL ANAGRAM.

Many years ago the bold *lead hand, At fair*, stretching out from the coast of *Panis*, was the headquarters of a gang of *Oh! mamma, Ned! tar pies!* who exacted tribute or toll from every *pish* passing through the *sit rats* of *Brag tilar*, to or from the *Emir deter Anna*. This process was called *gift rain*, and gave rise to the word *fat fir*, so influential in political life.

5.

EASY AMPUTATED QUOTATIONS.

Each word is beheaded and curtailed.

-rea- -at-, -mal- -at-, -ca- -at-, -rawn- -at-,
-row- -at-, -lac- -at-, -re- -at-, -awn- -at-,
-rav- -l- -lodder-, -a- -oun- -risker-,
-ather-, -other-, -ncle-, -ousin-.

—Browning.

-omewha- -ac- -ro- -h- -illag- -tree-
-tand- -h- -l- -ashlone- -ountr- -ea-.

—Longfellow.

Conundrums.

What girls weigh the least? Cork maidens.
What door may be said to be warlike? Battle-door.
What kind of frames are disliked by everybody? Unhappy frames of mind.
Which is the most dandyish tree? The spruce-tree.
What two letters of the alphabet can talk together? U and I (you and I).
When may merchants be said to stay underground? When they are sellers (cellars).

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Pan-try, car-go, Rob-in, stir-up, cut-let.

2. 1st stanza—Hackney. 2d stanza—Reckoned. 3d stanza—Yonder, wonder. 4th stanza—coward, John Howard.

3. Palm.

4.

B—O	N—E	S—O	N—G
A—C	H—E	E—C	H—O
L—E	A—D	P—E	A—L
S—O	L—E	T—O	L—D
M—A	S—T	E—A	S—E
P—A	I—R	M—A	I—N
F—E	A—T	B—E	A—R
U—R	G—E	E—R	G—O
C—O	A—T	R—O	A—D

September, Goldenrod.

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VEGETARIANISM.

A theory carried to an extreme throws its light on queer sides of human nature. Many people believe that it is not only foolish, but wrong to eat meat, and their conclusions, pushed to their furthest bounds, have an odd sound in the ears of carnivorous mankind. One enthusiastic gentleman announces his intention of eating merely the raw fruits and grains of the earth, believing that cooked food was not intended for man or beast. He acknowledges that a diet of nuts and fruit has hitherto made him rather ill, but cheerfully hopes to adopt it, after a longer trial.

Another gentleman, who is not only a vegetarian but a conscientious eater of those fruits and grains which meet his approval, would not discard the rind of a fruit merely because it may be tough. Having grown there, he says, it must be intended for some good purpose, and he concludes that this purpose is connected with the palate of man.

"I believe there must be something medicinal or nutritious in the peel of an orange," he writes a friend, "and so I always eat it with the rest of the fruit. I must confess, however, that it never seems to agree with me."

Far removed from these ultra enthusiasts, however, are many persons who have adopted the mild form of vegetarianism which consists in eating vegetables when they are to be conveniently found. In London, especially, will such wanderers from the beaten track find ample sustenance in vegetarian restaurants, one of which, "The Apple Tree," is so entirely satisfactory as to merit many a visit.

Its bill of fare is long and elaborate. If one desires French names, they are here to be found. Translated, the tempting titles inevitably suggest the presence of meat, and inspire the inexperienced eater with an excited longing to know how it is all done.

You order "Saronny Steak," with a triumphant feeling that here, at last, the cook has been caught in his own ambitious toils, and beguiled into serving up flesh. A sort of browned cake is produced, and when one investigates, it offers a hint of many grains and vegetables, so cunningly mingled and so deliciously flavored that neither eye nor tongue can distinguish form or distinct taste.

A vegetable *ragout* sounds marvellously insipid, does it not? Yet when one has before him a steaming plate of tender young carrots, turnips and other spring benefactions, flavored with wondrous herbs, he must be an exacting man, indeed, if he is not content.

From "The Apple Tree" also are to be gathered delicious puddings of figs and dates, plates of fruit smothered in cream, and many-colored salads, which delight the eye and tickle the palate. Surely, in a land where such provision is made for the flesh-hating tooth, it is by no means so bad a thing to be a vegetarian.

HER MONEY-MAKERS.

"Come out and see my money-makers," said a lady living in the country to a friend from the city who was visiting her. "These," she continued, as they came to a large and well-appointed hen-house, "are my 'church-hens;' all that I make out of them above expenses is devoted to religious objects.

"The geese you see down there on the pond are my 'poor and needy geese.' They cost little or nothing, and the profits are applied to the relief of the poor and needy. Away down beyond that wood I keep a drove of hogs; 'dress hogs' I call them, because I buy my dresses out of what I make from them.

"Those Alderney cows are my 'theatre and opera cows.' I saw four Wagner operas last winter out of the profits of one of them. You see that bed of strawberries? Well, we don't call them strawberries, but 'shoe-berries.' I buy all the children's shoes and my own, too, out of the income from that strawberry-patch.

"These and many other little money-making schemes I manage myself, without troubling my husband, who works in the city for a not very big salary. Consequently we have a great many comforts and luxuries that we couldn't otherwise have; and I thoroughly enjoy the work, too."

Do not this lady's methods suggest a host of little things which other ladies might turn to use as money-makers, and find health and pleasure in so doing?

TOLD BY MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain the other day told a writer for the Buffalo *Courier* a story which illustrates the point that all clerks in bookstores, alert and generally accurate as they are, are not a final authority in literary matters. Mrs. Clemens and a friend recently went into a bookstore in New York, and called for a copy of Taine's "Ancient Régime."

"Beg pardon," said the clerk; "what book did you say?"

Mrs. Clemens repeated the author and title of the book. Going to the rear of the store the clerk soon returned, only to inquire:

"May I ask you to repeat the name of the author?"

"Why, Taine," replied Mrs. Clemens, becoming a little annoyed.

Assuming an air of superior knowledge, and looking at his customers with a sympathetic smile, he remarked:

"Pardon me, madam, but you have the name a little wrong. You mean Twain—not Taine."

QUALIFIED AFFECTION.

Genuine sorrow is sometimes expressed so strangely that the listener finds it hard not to smile. A case in point is mentioned by a clergyman.

While passing a summer vacation in a thinly-settled portion of Maine, he was called upon to officiate at the funeral of a farmer, who had died leaving a widow with whom he had lived in wedlock for nearly half a century.

After the service the widow came to the side of the coffin for a last look at the face of the departed, and as she stood there she heaved a deep sigh, and turned to the clergyman to say with perfect simplicity:

"Wal, I ruther liked him."

"WE shall go," said a colored gentleman, attempting to quote "Hamlet," "to that land whence no traveller's bones ever return."

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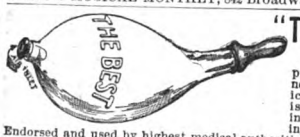
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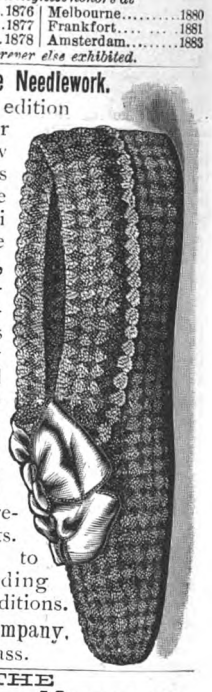


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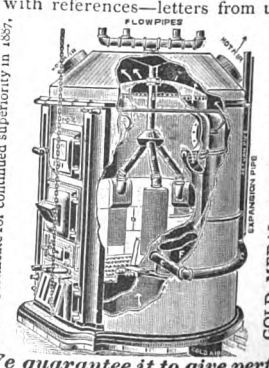
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WOODCHUCKS.

Last summer, writes a New Hampshire boy, I had an interesting experience with woodchucks. The mischievous rodents nearly destroyed a field of clover, and then began to forage in a bean-patch in which I had a particular interest, as the proceeds of it were expected to defray my expenses a term or two at the village academy. I set traps in vain. The woodchucks were too cunning to touch my bait when they had a field of clover in which to forage. I tried to get a shot at them, but they were too wary for me. Tim, my dog, managed, with my energetic assistance in demolishing the stone wall where they had taken refuge, to catch two of the trespassers and shake them to death, but that was all.

When I saw my academy tuition falling before the woodchucks' sharp teeth and adding to the sleekness of their fat sides, I was fully roused. I stoned up half a dozen woodchuck holes, but it availed nothing. The rascals seemed just as numerous, and devoured clover and beans just as persistently as before. They had reached an age and size when holes were of small account. In several instances the stones were removed. I doubt if I ever succeeded in penning a single woodchuck.

Their time of feeding, I learned, was very early in the morning, and I resolved to be in season for them. For four mornings I was in the field watching for them between three and four o'clock. I succeeded in shooting one. The wily fellows then began feeding in the evening. It seemed as if they kept spies on the lookout constantly.

Just at dusk one day I came upon a solitary woodchuck helping himself to my beans. I seized a stone and threw it, and the woodchuck fell. I ran forward to secure my game. The next moment the little beast, which had been merely stunned, rallied and set his sharp teeth in my finger. I choked him until he was glad to let go.

I was on the point of closing his career then and there in a summary fashion when I decided to wait a bit and make an experiment. I carried the chattering, brown-coated animal to the house, where I smeared him all over with tar and then attached an old sleigh-bell to his neck by a stout wire. I took him in a wire cage, an angry, disgusted woodchuck, to the bean-patch and gave him his freedom. The instant he was at liberty he began scratching at the bell wire, rolling over and pawing the dirt in a vain endeavor to clean himself. Soon he ran off into the bean-patch.

I went out to the field next morning to see if my experiment had resulted in anything. There were no fresh signs of devastation in the beans, and I was proceeding toward the clover, following along a little beaten track made by the woodchucks in their travels between their two feeding grounds, when I came upon the dead and mutilated body of the unlucky creature which I had tarred the previous day.

From the signs I judged that his fellow-woodchucks, enraged at his disgraceful appearance, had attacked him in a body and literally torn him to pieces.

That was the end of the woodchucks' depredations last summer. I never saw a sign of their work afterward. They deserted the premises. I learned, however, that a farmer living a few miles away was much annoyed by woodchucks about that time, and think it probable that they were the same which had given me trouble earlier in the season.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

It is quite likely that many an observant person has witnessed a similar scene to the one described below, since the characters are types that are distributed world-wide. In this case the dialogue occurred in a thriving Western city, and the particular place was a corridor of the post-office. A large, fleshy, indolent-looking man came in, opened his lock-box, and was glancing over his mail when his attention was attracted by a wordy dispute among a group of men near by.

A very small, bright-looking and chipper man was doing nearly all the talking, and evidently having everything his own way.

"The situation is like this," said the small man, with great vigor. "I care not how much money a man makes, he must use brains in investing it or he will die poor. Isn't that so, Colonel?"

The large man nodded indolently.

"Any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to keep it," observed the small man, oracularly. "A man must read up and keep posted on finance and business, especially if he ventures on speculation."

"Yes," assented the large man, making a movement to go, but the small man would not permit it.

He backed the large man up against the wall, took him by the button of his coat, and held him there for several minutes while he gave his views on business and finance. During the dissertation the large man was manifestly uneasy, answering "Yes," "No," and "I shouldn't wonder," almost at random. When he finally escaped, the small man marched away with an air of importance, and a stranger inquired who he was.

"Oh, that," replied a bystander, "is Ben Storms. He's a shoemaker and a mighty poor one. Rich? Oh dear, no! Failed so many times that he can't fail any more, because no one will trust him."

"And the large man?"

"That is Colonel Duval, Vice-President of the D. G. R. road, owner of the marble quarry, and one of the biggest capitalists in the State!"

HIS FORTUNE.

Wealth and poverty are relative terms, as almost every one must have learned by his own experience. Many a man who now thinks twenty dollars a week pretty small wages, can remember the time when he felt rich with half that sum.

A citizen of Westerly, R. I., says the historian of the town, enlisted as a privateer during one of the early wars of the country. It was perilous business, but patriotic feelings and visions of gold carried the day with him.

His cruise was long and eventful, but at last he returned home, and received an appropriate welcome. As soon as the first greetings were over, his mother inquired:

"Well, Harry, how have you made out? Did you get much money?"

"Oh, yes, mother; good luck. I am rich. I shall have enough, with prudence in the care of it, to carry me through life, I hope."

"I am glad, my son; but how much did you get?"

"Well, I don't know exactly; but I think, when we settle up, I shall have as much as thirty dollars."

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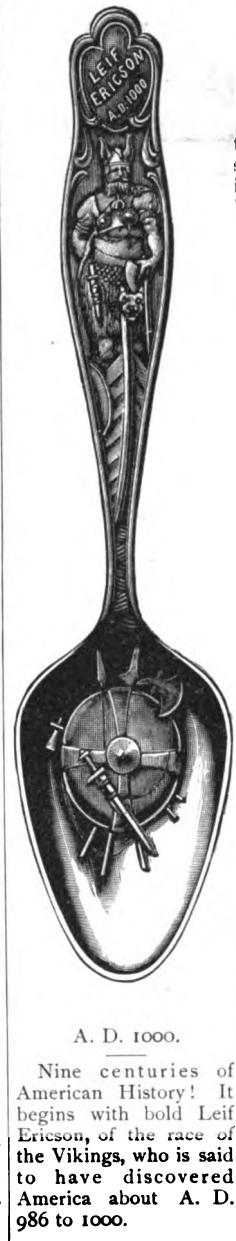
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

PILLOWS.

The use of a pillow is not a matter of mere blind usage. It has a physiological basis. We sleep, for the most part, on the side, and without a pillow the head would be uncomfortably and harmfully lower than the body.

It will be remembered that Jacob, when fleeing from Esau, took a stone for a pillow. He needed something for the purpose, and nothing better than a stone presented itself. Such practices are common in Africa at the present day. Bishop Taylor probably found it convenient, if not necessary, to take up with them in his travels in that land; for on his return to this country, he rejected the soft pillows of his friendly hosts, and, sometimes at least, substituted one of books.

Some peoples rest the neck instead of the head on hard pillows. In Africa extraordinary headgears make this practice necessary, and many a civilized woman has been compelled by a somewhat similar coiffure to forego both the pillow and the recumbent posture.

A consideration of the physiological reason for pillows will suggest their proper thickness. They should merely bring the head to the natural level. Some pillows are much too thick. By bending the neck unduly, they interfere with the outflow of the venous blood from the head. The pillow that just fills up the space above the shoulder best suits its end.

Again, pillows of feathers are objectionable. While they furnish the needed support for the head, they are too heating, as they have a remarkable capacity for holding and accumulating heat.

It should be remembered that more blood, and hence more heat, goes to the head than to any other part of the body. Head-heating pillows are against the wholesome maxim, "Keep the feet warm, but the head cool." There is nothing better than the hair pillow.

Further, the pillow is for the head, not for the shoulders. To rest the shoulders on the pillow defeats the very end for which it is used.

Finally, special care should be taken of infants in this matter. We have seen their heads sunken deep in the softest and thickest of pillows, and their faces, as a natural consequence, covered with great beads of perspiration. It is no wonder that children so treated die.

PRECESSION OF THE EQUINOXES.

The precession of the equinoxes is a subject intimately connected with the zodiac, for wherever the vernal equinox occurs, the first sign of the zodiac begins.

The point where the ecliptic and equator cross each other is called the equinox, because day and night are there of equal length. The crossing point, however, is not the same every year. The equinox is moving westward, or retrograding on the ecliptic, as if it advanced to meet the sun at each annual return.

The motion was called by Hipparchus, as long ago as 120 B. C., the precession of the equinoxes, and the name is still retained, though recession would be more appropriate to the retrograde movement. The recession is 50.2 seconds of a degree each year, and, small as the distance appears, it has amounted to thirty degrees in the last two thousand years.

As the vernal equinox is the astronomical starting point, from which longitude is reckoned, its retrograde movement must cause a corresponding increase in the longitude of the stars. The result is that the constellations of the zodiac no longer agree with the signs, and that star-maps have to be renewed at intervals of fifty years, to give the true position of the stars.

It might be supposed that this constant change would bring confusion into the celestial machinery, but so regular is the irregularity that its limit can be determined and its periods calculated with mathematical precision.

The cause of this strange motion has long been known. The earth is not a perfect sphere, but bulges out at the equator. The combined attraction of the sun and moon on this protuberance or ring of matter causes a gyratory or wabbling motion of the pole of the equator round the pole of the ecliptic, a motion so slow as to take nearly twenty-six thousand years for a complete revolution, at the end of which time signs and constellations once more agree, and a new circuit is commenced.

Some curious results follow from the precession of the equinoxes. The pole star varies from age to age, for the pole of the equator in its revolution round the pole of the ecliptic must pass in succession different stars. Wherever it points, the star nearest is the pole star.

When the first catalogue of stars was made, the present pole star was twelve degrees from the pole. It is now one and one-fourth degrees from the pole. It will approach the pole during the next century until the distance is thirty minutes, and then recede. Gamma Draconis was the pole star three thousand years ago. The brilliant Vega will be the pole star twelve thousand years hence.

The picture of the heavens that is now seen will not be repeated for twenty-six thousand years, and, after this long interval, the earth will still be young!

PROMPT AND HEROIC.

All Australian boys are taught the necessity of guarding against snake-bites. The treatment of such wounds is a necessary part of their education. One day two little fellows, six and eight years old, went into the bush to play. The smaller one, chasing a rabbit into a hole, pushed in his hand, and brought it out quickly with the head of a venomous snake attached to one of the fingers.

"Quick, Charley!" he cried, putting his hand down on a stump. "Chop off my finger! The snake has bitten it."

Charley, without a pause, lifted his axe and chopped, not only the damaged finger, but two of the others as well. Then the boys ran straight into town, over a mile distant, and sought a surgeon, who dipped the injured members in ammonia before dressing them. Imagine the pain of such a burning bath!

A young Australian lady was one day walking along the street, when she saw a dirty and wretched-looking tramp to whose leg a venomous snake had affixed itself.

After killing the reptile with her parasol, she borrowed his pocket-knife, cut the trousers away from the wound, and then, cutting a cross upon the bite itself, applied her lips to it, and sucked the poison away. The tramp's life was saved, at the sacrifice, perhaps, of some dainty scruples.

HER WINDOWS.

Anybody who has ever looked out of one of the old-fashioned windows with sixteen or twenty-four panes of "bubbly" glass, knows the peculiar appearance which objects present when seen through such a medium.

"Old lady Hawley," who had lived seventy-two years in a house liberally supplied with windows of this kind, and who spent a good deal of time looking out of them, was filled with amazement when she first sat down to view the landscape from her niece Mehitable's "best room," where the old-fashioned panes had been replaced by new ones of good clear glass and modern size.

"Well, I do declare!" she ejaculated, after about five minutes. "It does beat all how folks look through this winder! Makes a sight o' diff'rence in their gaits, seem 's ef. It's allus 'peared to me 's ef my neighbor, Mis' Spofford, hed a kind of a hobblin' walk when she got out onter the road, but she's jest gone past, steppin' as straight as ken be.

"But there," she went on, "I dunno but I like my winders on some accounts, livin' in a kind of a lonesome spot, as I do. Fer I notice a man goin' past here looks like jest one man; but through my winders, he allus looks like a gin'ral muster!"

RELATED TO THE QUEEN.

It must be a very exceptional person who does not prefer to be addressed with consideration and a measure of politeness. Lady Duff Gordon, in her travels among ignorant peoples, seems to have carried her "manners" to an uncommon degree. Writing from Capetown, she says:

An old "bastaard" woman, married to the Malay tailor here, explained to me my popularity with the colored people, as set forth by "dat Malay boy," my driver. He was sure I was a "*very* great Missis," because of my "plenty good behavior."

I spoke to him just as to a white gentleman, and didn't "laugh and talk nonsense talk." "Dat Missis never say, 'Here, you black fellow.'"

English people, when they mean to be good-natured, are generally offensively familiar, and "talk nonsense talk," that is, the Dutch-English of the blacks, while the blacks feel it the greatest compliment to be treated with seriousness. One of them said that I must be related to the Queen because of my "not knowing bad behavior."

DENTAL BOOTJACK.

Yankees think themselves fairly ingenious and "handy," but how many of them ever thought of a simple trick which an American traveller in Siberia saw performed by a native of that country?

We had been wet since morning, and, as a natural consequence, our feet were swollen and boots shrunken to such an extent that we despaired of getting them off at all. No plan which our ingenuity could devise was found to answer.

When all had failed, our invaluable Yakov came to the rescue, and by the application of his teeth to the toe of each boot—which were fortunately long—aided by his hands at the heels, effected his purpose with surprising ease.

UNFORGIVEN.

The pet of the household knelt as usual to say his prayers at his mother's side.

"God bless papa and mamma and Uncle Ed and —and —" here he hesitated.

"And Polly," prompted his mother.

Polly was his nurse.

"Ma'," he cried indignantly, looking up, "can't I skip Polly? She spanked me to-day."

AN exchange speaks of young women who ride bicycles as "Daughters of the Revolution."

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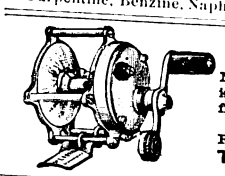
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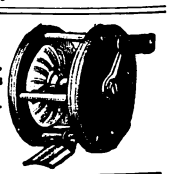
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For the Companion.

INTERLOPERS.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter VII.

Hard-earned Gold.



ALL the evening after the visit to Mrs. Beech's and Dorothy's sudden resolution about earning the money for the hospital, Dorothy was so much preoccupied that she was scarcely conscious what was going on about her.

At last even her mother gave up trying to engage her in conversation, and reluctantly left her to her own devices, thinking regretfully that it was very sad that Dorothy had developed a disposition to sulk.

She could only attribute her silence to the effect of the morning's misfortune and her own remonstrance against it, which she supposed the girl was resenting. That she could be planning to obtain money for the hospital did not enter her mother's mind. She had no other thought than that Dorothy would help Helen with the altar-cloth.

Next morning Dorothy's dressing seemed to demand more care and attention than she usually gave to it; and when she finally stood before her mirror, quite ready, she presented a very different appearance from her usual every-day gingham-and-cambric one.

Upon her feet, which were encased in black silk stockings clocked heavily up the sides with red, were a pair of high-heeled Spanish slippers. Her frock was of red cashmere, and the skirt but touched her ankles, while the bodice she wore was of black velvet laced across the bosom with gold cord. Upon her head she set a coquettish little cap, and in her hand she carried her banjo.

A fantastic little figure she was in her fancy costume, and any one who saw her might well have wondered what madcap performance was on foot so early in the morning.

But no one did see her. She threw a long cloak over her shoulders and crept stealthily downstairs and out of the silent house before even the maids were stirring, munching a bit of bread, and smacking her lips over a long draught of milk from her bowl.

It was a lovely morning. Dorothy exulted in the bright sunlight, the clear air and the glancing river, and more than all in her own foolish project.

By and by the *Mollie Elwell* arrived. It was too early for more than one or two stray passengers to board her, and so it was not long before Dorothy heard the shouts of the men preparing to cast off the ropes and draw back the gang-plank.

It was only then that she darted from her place of concealment and hurried breathlessly aboard.

When the captain, who was a burly, good-natured man, saw before him the little figure in its long, dark cloak, he fancied he had to deal with some superior sort of beggar-girl, and prepared himself to listen to her woes with a patient charity.

He was not a little surprised when the young mendicant pleaded for nothing more than his permission to dance and play her banjo upon the upper deck of the *Mollie Elwell*.

"You see, sir," said Dorothy, breathlesly, "I want to earn money for a hospital, and I can't do anything but play the banjo and dance; and if you'd only let me do it on your boat, people might give me pennies, and it would be so nice! *Please* let me, sir. I won't be a nuisance, truly I won't. See! I'll show you what I mean."

Casting off her cloak, she stood before him in her fantastic attire, and holding her banjo in place began to twang upon it the accompanying chords of an old plantation-song.

Then she stepped back upon the bare bit of deck outside the door, and danced a measure of a wild fandango. But in an instant she stopped—almost before the captain realized that she had well begun—and said:

"That's all, sir. It won't be any harm, will it?"

"Well, I guess we'll have to see that you aint disturbed," said the captain. "Step right along with me, miss," he said, and led the way down the narrow stairs to the broad middle deck, where the awnings were flapping gaily in the brisk breeze and the camp-chairs were piled up in huge stacks, awaiting the coming of more passengers.

Few people were on board now, but at every landing many were sure to come, until at last the decks would be crowded with excursionists, all jostling and pushing in order to secure the best chairs, the shadiest places and the most room.

"It won't be long," explained the captain, "before the rush sets in. Now here's where you'd better do your dancing; and if you aint treated right, just let me know."



Dorothy makes a Collection for the Hospital.

With this the captain left her to go below and issue an order that she should not be molested.

Presently the boat stopped at a thriving town, where twenty-five or thirty people came on board, gathering at one side of the deck.

Now was Dorothy's opportunity. She trembled violently as she stepped out upon the open space which the captain had pointed out to her; but the sound of her banjo seemed to reassure her. She danced and sang her best, and when with pale face she passed her cap around afterward, coppers, five-cent pieces, and even dimes were dropped into it.

More people arrived, and Dorothy danced again and again. No one insulted her; but it was not an easy task at best. After a time it grew stiflingly warm, and Dorothy's hair clung in wet, loose curls about her temples. Her cheeks were flushed with the exertion of dancing, and her feet burned from their contact with the hot deck.

By and by people came who began to make rude remarks about her. She pretended not to hear, but they cut her just the same. She heard one pretty girl say to her companion:

"She dances well, of course, but she must be a bold, forward thing to be willing to do it before people, like this. But then, I suppose such girls have no modesty, anyway."

Dorothy had very hard work to restrain her tears, but she kept resolutely on. Her pocket, into which she dropped the money she collected, grew quite heavy, and its load chinked merrily when she danced, encouraging her by its sound.

At noon she took a little rest, and managing to slip away to the restaurant-counter, bought a thick, coarse sandwich, and ate it in the darkest corner of the cabin, where she crouched in order to be out of sight of the gaping crowd.

On the deck the sun blazed down on the white awnings. Babies wailed; children quarrelled. Mothers made fretful complaint, and fathers railed against everything in general and excursions in particular. Dorothy got very little in her cap now, for the boat had made its last landing on the up-trip, and was about to turn upon its homeward course. There were no new passengers to be amused by the novelty of her dancing, and the old ones were too tired, warm and impatient to care about it longer.

But she never gave up; and after a time the breeze grew cooler and more refreshing. Then the spirits of the pleasure-seekers returned, and the pennies and nickels accumulated in her cap.

As it grew later in the afternoon the children who were fretful before from the heat grew fretful now from sleepiness, and Dorothy could not help feeling sorry for the wretched little bodies who were slapped and scolded and scared into waking.

From the depth of her heart Dorothy pitied the children, and played her liveliest tunes and danced her most difficult measures to entertain them and keep them awake. But it was so hard to make her feet go now! They felt like lumps of lead, and her head was throbbing painfully.

At five o'clock the boat stopped at a wharf not a great distance from her own landing-place. As it neared the wooden pier she saw that it was crowded with people. A deck hand said there had been a sale of fine horses in the place.

"Regular thoroughbreds," said he; "real blooded animals, owned by the swells round about. There's a lot of them nobs comin' on board."

Many of the excursionists crowded to the side of the deck to get a glimpse of the new passengers. But Dorothy did not venture from her place, and when the boat started again commenced her dancing with a grateful sense that it was the last time.

In a moment several gentlemen appeared before Dorothy's tired eyes, watching her as she danced, and making low-voiced comments upon her manner and appearance.

She was so weary that she could scarcely see the boards upon which she trod; but suddenly she felt her knees grow weak beneath her, her brain swim and the fingers fall upon her banjo stiff and lifeless. She was looking straight into Colonel Everest's eyes. He was standing by the door-way. His face was pale, but he showed no other sign of unusual feeling.

He simply looked at her fairly—and did not acknowledge her.

For an instant she felt as if some one had dealt her a stunning blow; then, with a mighty effort, she recovered herself, and with a tightening at her heart and a mad throbbing in her throat went on with her dance.

"He is ashamed of me! He won't let them know," she thought. "Perhaps he will send me away after this—because he is so ashamed. But if he doesn't want them to know, I will act as if I were not his—his—but I must not stop. I must go on, for it is for the sick ones—the ones like Helen who may not—may not—get—well."

She saw, as she danced, some one step up to her father and seem to ask him a question. He nodded his head in assent at first, and then, to some later inquiry, shook it in denial, and the gentleman turned away. It was Mr. Beech.

How long Dorothy danced she did not know, but at last she ceased. Then came the hardest part of all; the going about with her out-held cap in dumb petition for contributions.

Silver, paper money, and even a gold-piece was dropped into the cap.

As she passed among the gentlemen she wondered in a dull way if she should fall at her step-father's feet, or if it could really be that she would be able to stand before him and live through his cold, silent renunciation of her—his treating her as if she were a poor beggar whom he would cast money to, but naught else.

She made her way to him and held out her cap. He dropped a gold coin into it, and then looked directly down at her, his eyes stern and angry as she had never seen them before,—as she had not known they could be,—his face set and severe.

She looked up at him with her flushed face pathetic in its weariness, her eyes large and dark with trouble and pain, and a grievous droop in her mouth that was pitiable to see.

Her expression was full of pleading and dumb entreaty; but as their eyes met she found no answering softness in her father's face. With a stifled sob and a quivering of her lip she turned aside and went forward on her way until she had made a complete circuit of the deck.

Then she was about to pass into the cabin, but was recalled and made to dance again—dance again before her father, who would not recognize her; dance again when she had thought she must die before!

But she went bravely through it, and it was only when the boat blew its shrill whistle announcing its arrival at the pier, that, flinging a graceful little nod to her enthusiastic audience, she suddenly disappeared through the cabin-door and was seen no more.

As the gentlemen sauntered ashore Dorothy went to the pilot-room to thank the captain.

"You look clean beat out," said the good-hearted man, gazing down at her sympathetically.

Dorothy's chin quivered, but she only shook her head; she could not speak. She shrouded herself in her long cloak, and holding out a small, unsteady hand, bade him a silent good-by. Then she left the boat and toiled up the hill and along the endless way that lay between her and her home.

It was late when she reached her step-father's house. Stealing noiselessly in through the rear door, she found refuge in her own room at last. Almost too weary even to think, she sank down upon her bed and lay there for some time as

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though she were dead. In her heart she wished she were dead. She was overpowered by the sense of her humiliation. She had been slighted, scorned, despised, and what she had meant for good had turned to be only ill.

What did her father mean by treating her so? Did he not understand, or was it a crime she had committed, and she too wicked to be able to recognize it? Had she grown so bad that she did not know right from wrong?

No, it couldn't be that. He must have understood the reason of it all, but he wanted to disown her and— There was a throbbing, beating pain in her head, and a dull ache in her quivering limbs.

The door opened and some one entered. Dorothy did not even turn her head. She felt a hand upon her shoulder, and then the voice of her mother fell on her ear.

"Dorothy," she said, "Christine told me she had seen you come in. One of the men saw you go aboard the *Mollie Elwell* this morning, so we knew, at least, where you were. But we did not know what you were doing until—until your father was forced to witness your disgrace and—and—his own. But I will not say any more to you now. You must be worn out and in need of rest."

Dorothy felt the hand withdrawn from her shoulder, and knew that her mother was about to leave her. She leaped to her feet.

"O mamma, mamma," she wailed, "say it all to me now! I don't know what you mean, but say it—say it! Only don't leave me as if you didn't care. I am not too tired to listen. I—I—"

Here her strength forsook her, and she sank back upon the bed and sobbed. Her mother returned to her side, but only to look down at the prostrate, writhing form, not to touch it with her soothing, tender hand.

"I am sorry to see you like this, Dorothy," she said. "But after all, it is only what you have brought upon yourself. I cannot feel that your punishment is more severe than you merit, for you have been more self-willed and obstinate than I supposed it was possible for you to be. To disgrace yourself—to humiliate us all for the sake of your paltry pride; for I will not believe it is hate of Helen that makes you refuse to wear the dress."

Dorothy leaped up, looking at her mother with wild, dilated eyes. "Dress!" she cried; "what do you mean? What—why —"

Then she stopped, as if she were slowly gaining some faint idea of her mother's meaning, but could not, would not comprehend it yet.

"Why, the dress Helen sent you from Paris, and that you said you would not wear to the Tournament. You cannot deceive me, Dorothy! I cannot help knowing what you are going to do with the money you all but *begged* to-day. Your father said you actually went about collecting money in your cap—money from strangers in such a way! O Dorothy, how could you humiliate us so, and degrade yourself, and all to get money to buy a—dress?"

The tone of her mother's voice as she said these words cut Dorothy like a two-edged sword.

For a second she was perfectly silent. Her sobbing had ceased; and then she said, in quite an altered voice, harsh with excitement:

"And you think I did it for a—dress?"

Mrs. Everest waited a little before replying.

"There is nothing else left for me to think, Dorothy. I would like not to believe it, but I must not try to blind myself because I would wish to think you less worthy of blame. You have changed so, lately, and—I cannot—understand you, child. I cannot understand you!" Her voice was unsteady with tears.

For answer Dorothy rose slowly to her feet, and stood before her mother with no color in her face except the dark shadows encircling her eyes. When she spoke it was in a strange, hollow voice, and her words were as cold and clear as though they had been breathed from a frozen heart.

"No," she said, slowly, "you don't understand me—you never will, now. I did not think—but it is all no matter. I am tired—I—I—will you go away, please, and let me rest?"

In a moment she was alone.

Her mother had taken Dorothy at her word—had gone away from her without a kiss, without a caress; had gone away from her as she had never gone away before in all her life, and left her to—rest!

She cast herself upon the floor in a passion of grief and despair.

"O God," she wailed, "I want to die! I *want* to die! I can't be good. Nobody understands me—when I'm good. They all think—but only let me die and I won't care! It is too hard—too hard! And I am so tired and so sick, and no one—no one—cares."

Then with a sudden burst of anger she vowed that, let them think what they would, she would never tell them the truth.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

(To be continued.)

THE STORM.

Its roar speaks more than a language spoken;
Wordless and wonderful, cry on cry—
The sob of an earth that is vexed and broken,
The answering sob of a broken sky.

—*Barry Paine.*

For the Companion.

UNCLE GABRIEL.

Uncle Gabriel was going on a journey—not a very long one, to be sure, but none the less important in his eyes. It was a fact which he seemed anxious to impress upon the minds of two of his neighbors who had come down to his little cabin to see him off.

"Yes, I'se bin plannin' dis trip for a right smart spell," he said, as he brushed his rusty old beaver hat for the twentieth time, "dough I cyan't say dat my min' wuz fully made up on de subjec' till I got Jim's letter las' night.

"Yer see, I'se bin kinder hol'in' back in de hopes dat he'd come to see me befo' de summah was gone; but when Miss Julie read me his letter sayin' dat he's done got mah'ed, an' dat he cyan't fin' de time ter pay me a visit, says I ter myse'f: 'Ef Jim cyan't come ter see his ole daddy, den hit stan's ter reason dat his ole daddy mus' go ter see him;' an' my min' wuz made up dat berry instan'.

"Hit's been two yeahs an' mo' sence I done seed dat boy; an' I jes' aint gwine ter wait a day longer. 'Sides, I wanter see what so't ob 'oman he's got hisse'f mah'ed to. Yer aint blamin' me fur *dat*, is you, Sistah Greene?"

He turned to a lank, solemn-faced woman, who was trying to crowd a couple of ruddy-cheeked apples into an already well-filled satchel.

"Co'se I aint blamin' you fer wantin' ter see Jim's wife; but you jes' wait till Jim sen's fer you, or axes you ter come. Dat's my 'vice. You'se too ole ter be gwine on a junney all by yo'se'f. W'y, man, you haint got de strength ter tromp dem fo'teen miles. You'll gin clean out 'fo' you gits half-way dar."

"Doan' you fool yo'se'f, Sistah Greene! I knows whut I'se able ter do. Whut's fo'teen miles? An' I knows dat road like a book. I aint gwine ter git los', if dat's whut you'se afeared ob; an' I'se jes' ez spry ez you en Brutus, dar, ef I is a hundred yeahs ole."

"Now, jes' lis'n ter dat man!" exclaimed Sister Greene, with an impatient toss of her turbaned head. "What make you say you'se a hundred yeahs ole? Haint Miss Julie done tole you ober en ober agin dat you aint mo'n sebenty-nine? An' wasn't me an' you fellow-servants befo' an' endurin' de wah, an' doan' *I* know 'bout how ole you is? Co'se I does! Yo' mem'ry is sho'ly 'ginnin' fer ter fail you, Brudder Gab'el."



"My mem'ry's jes' ez good ez yoze," retorted the old man, as he brushed an imaginary speck of dirt from his white waistcoat, and settled his hat more firmly on his head. "Miss Julie doan' prezac'ly know my age, ef she was my young mistress. But *I* keeps count, an' I knows I'se a hundred yeahs ole. I knows hit, I say, an' I doan' want you ter be 'sputin' my word."

"I aint gwine ter 'spute yo' word," said Sister Greene. "Ef you wants ter b'lieve you'se a hundred yeahs ole, w'y, den b'lieve hit. Whut's bodderin' my min' at de presen' time is how you spec' ter tote dis heah big satchel. Whut in de name ob goodness is you got in heah, anyhow, fer ter make hit so heaby?"

"Lemme see whut all I has got in dar."

Uncle Gabriel sat down on the door-step to think.

"Two clean shirts," said he; "free pa'r ob socks; two hankerchers; my pipe an' 'baccy; some goober peas—dem's fer Jim's wife; a pone ob co'n light bread—dat's fer me ter eat on de way; five apples —"

"Seben!" corrected Sister Greene. "I jes dis minute squeezed in two pippins."

"Much obleeged, Sistah Greene. I'll take dem pippins ter Jim. Seben apples, two pomgrannies, my ole cap, an' a box ob fish-hooks. I b'lieve dat's all."

"Fer de lan's sake, man, whut you gwine do wid a whole box ob fish-hooks?" inquired Brutus, who was seated astride the rail-fence chewing a straw. "You'll spen' de mos' ob yo' time in bed, tryin' ter git de soreness en stiffness out'n dem ole bones ob yoze."

Uncle Gabriel rose from the door-step, and laughed loud and long.

"I knows whut's de mattah wid you, Brutus," he said, in a patronizing tone, when he was done laughing. "You'se jes' jealous ob me! You hates ter see me lookin' younger an' spryer dan you, en dat's de truf. Well," he said, picking up his satchel and throwing it over his shoulder, "dat sun's gittin' purty high, an' hit's time I was settin' off on my junney."

Picking up his walking-stick with a proud and self-conscious air, he started down the road.



"Far'well, Sistah Greene. I'se much obleeged fer yo' 'sistance dis ere mawnin. Good-day, Brutus. I hopes ter fin' you bofe in yo' ushal good helf when I retu'ns."

"Dat ole man aint got no mo' min' dan a baby!" muttered Sister Greene, when he had disappeared in a bend in the road. "Well, I hopes he'll git dar all right, an' dat triflin' Jim 'll be glad fer ter see him; but I doubts hit. Dat boy allus did neglec' his ole daddy."

The morning was bright and beautiful. In the brown stubble fields grew clumps of flaming sumach; the meadows and roadsides were gay with goldenrod, and here and there in the reddening woods were patches of sombre green, where some stately pine or drooping cypress waved its luxuriant foliage.

Uncle Gabriel's dim eyes grew bright and his step more brisk when, after walking a mile or more along the broad, dusty road, he turned into a narrow footpath fringed with willows.

Beyond were steep hills to be climbed, and dank, lonesome hollows to be crossed; but here the way was so smooth and pleasant that his eyes no longer ached from the heat and dust, and his heavy satchel ceased to be a burden.

The seeded plumes of the tall sweet-fern sent out a spicy fragrance under his heavy tread; a few birds chattered noisily in the trees, and the faint, musical murmur of hidden brooks pulsed through the quiet woods.

Once a rabbit ran across the path. Flinging down his satchel, Uncle Gabriel chased the creature some distance into the woods.

This pastime proved somewhat dangerous, for the tall, tangled grasses were full of matted vines that reached out long tendrils as snares for his unwary feet. After much panting and scrambling, he returned to the path and proceeded more leisurely on his way.

Presently the road grew steep and rough; and by the time he had climbed the first hill he was forced to sit down and rest a while.

"I'se got de whole day befo' me, an' dar aint no use in breakin' my neck ter git dar," he mused, as he leaned against a tree, and mopped his face.

"Les' see, dar's free mo' hills ter clim' 'fo' I gits inter de big road agin; den I'se got ter go fru de aige ob de bottom fer fo' miles, den up two mo' hills, en fru two mo' hollers, an' den I'se at Jim's. Won't dat boy be tickled mos' ter def, dough, when he sees me! Spec' he'll wanter keep me dar de whole wintah. Well, he's de oniest chile I'se got, en ef he wants me, w'y den he kin hab me."

He sighed a little when presently he got up, and started on his way, for he was beginning to feel stiff and sore, and there was a strange, giddy feeling in his head. "I wish I hadn't wasted my bref runnin' atter dat rabbit!" he muttered. "Well, I'se ober ha'f-way dar an' I haint gin out yit, like Sistah Greene proph'sied."

At noon he stopped under a shady tree, and ate his loaf of light bread, washing it down with a long draught from a cool spring that bubbled up close by.

When he had finished he felt a strong inclination to take his usual after-dinner nap, and in fact was just dropping off into a pleasant doze, when a stray pig came up and began to investigate the contents of the open satchel.

This little episode, which resulted in the loss of the two pippins, had the effect of arousing Uncle Gabriel's wrath to such a degree that all thought of sleep was abandoned, and he set off in a brisk trot, with the resolution not to loiter again by the way.

The early twilight was falling, when, tired, dusty and aching in every limb, he came in sight of Jim's cabin. The door stood wide open, and in the light that streamed through it, he could see the whole interior of the little room.

Jim was standing by the window cleaning a gun, and his wife—a tall, gaunt woman—sat sulking in front of the fire. A lean, hungry-looking cat prowled about among the unwashed dishes on the supper-table, and sundry pots and pans were scattered about here and there on the floor.

It was evident from the appearance of Jim and his wife that there had been a quarrel. Uncle Gabriel stopped irresolutely on the threshold, and gave a little preliminary cough.

"In de name ob goodness, is dat you, pap?" exclaimed Jim, looking up.

His black face wore anything but a pleased expression, as he looked at the bent, dust-begrimed figure in the door-way.

"Yes, hit's me, honey! Tuk you by s'prise, didn't I? Well, dat's whut I done sot out ter do!"

There was a little tremor in Uncle Gabriel's voice, and he glanced somewhat apprehensively at his daughter-in-law, who was looking at him with a dull, ugly stare. Jim laid down his gun and gave his father a rather feeble hand-shake.

"Whut in de wurl put hit inter yo' head ter come down heah?" he asked, his face still angry and scowling. "You sholy didn't walk all de way?"

"Ebery step ob de way, chile. When I got yo' letter sayin' you wuz mah'ed, and dat you couldn't fin' de time ter pay me a visit, my min' was made up den an' dar. Sez I ter myse'f: 'Ef Jim cyan't fin' de time ter come see me, den I'se gwine ter see Jim.' So I packed up, an' heah I is. Aint you gwine ter make me 'quainted wid yo' wife, honey?"

Jim hitched his chair nearer the door, and broke into a laugh that was not pleasant to hear.

"M'lissy's in one ob her poutin' spells," he said. "'Taint no use ter speak ter her when she's in dat away. When she gits ober de sulks she'll talk quick enuff. Den I spec' you'll wish she'd kep' still! M'lissy's got an orful tongue when she gits started."

M'lissy tossed her head and threw him a contemptuous glance, but said nothing.

"Aint you glad ter see me, Jim?" Uncle Gabriel asked. There was a look of piteous entreaty in his dim old eyes.

"Co'se I'se glad ter see you, pap; but de truf is, we aint fixed ter hab you heah, an' dar aint no use in sayin' we is. I 'lowed ter sen' fur you in de spring."

"De spring is fur off, an'—an' hit's lonesome up in dat cabin, Jim!"

"Well, long as you'se heah, I s'pose we'll hab ter fin' a place fur you. Heah, drink dis coffee an' eat a piece ob dis hoe-cake. I clean furgot ter ax you ef you wuz hongry."

"I aint hongry a bit," said Uncle Gabriel, with a weak little smile. "I'se jes' tired an' gin out, f'um climbin' dem steep hills."

"Den you'd bettah go ter bed. You'll hab ter sleep on a pallet in de shed-room, kase dar aint no udder place ter put you."

Picking up the candle, Jim led the way to a closet-like room at the back of the cabin. Uncle Gabriel followed him with a dazed expression on his face. His head ached with a dull, strange pain, his hands were hot and feverish.

"Now, de bes' t'ing you kin do is ter go straight ter sleep," remarked Jim, as he spread the pallet. "You look clean gin out, en ef you was ter git down sick heah, I doan' know whut in de name ob sense we'd do wid you, kase I'se got no time ter nuss nobody, an' M'lissy haint got de leas' bit ob patience wid sick folks, mo' 'speshly when dey's as ole an' childish as you.

"I spec' de bes' t'ing I kin do in de mawnin' is ter hitch up de mule in de wagin en take you back home, fur hit's my belief dat you'se eeder gwine ter be sick or you'se losin' yo' min'. You do look mighty quar 'bout de eyes."

Shaking his head solemnly, Jim took up the candle and went away.

For a long time Uncle Gabriel lay quite still, gazing with wide-open eyes at a ray of moonlight that came through a chink in the wall. Then he suddenly sat up, and, pressing his hot, trembling hands to his head, tried to think.

There was a loud, buzzing noise in his ears, and he felt weak and sick and giddy. What was it Jim said when he went away with the candle? Was he losing his mind?

What was it which Sister Greene had said to him about losing his memory? And would his ungrateful son and his hard-hearted wife send him to the asylum?

His heart gave a great throb of fear at the thought. Springing up, he hastily drew on his clothes, and opening the door, slipped noiselessly out into the yard.

He must go back to his cabin. In the morning he might be too sick to go, and Jim and M'lissy wouldn't like that. Why should he wait, when the night was so cool and sweet, and he knew the way so well?

How sweet it would be to lie down on his clean, white bed, and sleep! Would it be morning, he wondered, before he got home?

When he reached the edge of the thick woods the moonlight had faded; dark, threatening clouds were hurrying up from the west, and a low, dismal wind was sighing fitfully among the trees.

How solemn and lonesome it was down here under the drooping cypress boughs!

By and by he heard the soft patter of rain in the leaves overhead, and the shadows around him grew blacker. A sudden sense of his helplessness—a feeling that he was lost—dawned on his clouded brain, and caused his heart to beat wildly with fear.

Crouching down in the wet weeds, he folded his

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trembling hands and tried to pray; but he could think of nothing except a verse Miss Julia had taught him, and this he repeated softly:

"Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain an' win',
An' up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf,
Whar de sleet fa' pierein' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheep-fol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in;
De po' los' sheep ob de sheep-fol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in!"

After that he felt strangely comforted, and, getting up, he plodded patiently on, the cold rain beating against his face, his bent, tottering figure the only moving object in the murky night.

In the morning Sister Greene and Brutus found him lying on the bed in his little cabin; and so quiet and composed was his face that at first they thought him only sleeping. But when they had touched it and found it icy cold, they knew he had journeyed to that world where there is no unkindness.

ADELAIDE D. ROLLSTON.

COMPENSATION.

Each tear we have shed is the seed of a smile;
Our griefs may rejoicings be after a while;
The doubts turn to sureties, the discords to tune,
And the cold dawn called "Life" into heavenly noon.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

For the Companion.

DRIVING TOTE-TEAM.

My uncle, with whom I lived when I was a boy, had a large family of his own. He was one of the first settlers in Western Wisconsin, and besides carrying on a large farm on the banks of one of the principal lumbering streams, he took a large logging crew into the woods every winter.

The logging-camp was sixty miles up the river, and all the supplies for the men and the teams were hauled from home.

The team which did this hauling — the "tote-team," as it was called—made one trip each week from the time the men went into the woods in the fall until they came out in the spring.

The winter I was fourteen, my cousin Ted fifteen and his brother George thirteen, men were very scarce; and although we were rather young for such work, my uncle thought it safe to allow two of us to take charge of the tote-team.

I was always one of the two who went with the team, and Ted and George took "turn about," one going with me every other trip, while the other staid at home to do the chores.

We were tough, hardy boys, well used to handling horses; and although "toting" was anything but play, we enjoyed it greatly. We thought it made men of us to do men's work.

We had a great deal of sport, but some of the incidents of these toting trips were far from funny.

At one place the road ran through a large swamp or cranberry-marsh, upon the edge of which, along the banks of a small river, a band of Winnebago Indians encamped every winter. In this place game abounded, including fur-bearing animals which the Indians trapped. The site afforded them, besides, good opportunities to "swap" with the numerous tote-teams which travelled the road.

We sometimes bartered with the Indians such articles as flour, sugar, coffee, bacon and tobacco for buckskin moccasins and axe-helves. Nearly all the men at the logging-camps wore moccasins, and of course there was need of many axe-helves.

Many of these Indians were industrious, and could make the best of axe-helves. They were sharp traders, too; but some of them had the reputation of stealing everything they could get their hands on. We were always careful to treat them well, and gave them full value for all that we traded for.

There were so many of these Winnebagos—or "'Bagos," as we called them—scattered about that region that the whites were slow to do anything that was likely to provoke their ill-will.

We always arranged the front end of our sleigh before we reached the Indians' camp so that we could trade with them as expeditiously as possible. We would give them a quart-cup full of coffee for a good axe-helve, and twice as much for a pair of moccasins. Of sugar we gave them twice the amount we did of coffee, and of flour five times.

One time when we reached my uncle's lumber-camp we found our load short a ham or two, or several pieces of bacon, the loss of which we could account for only on the supposition that the 'Bagos had stolen the meat while crowding around the sleigh to do their trading.

My uncle scolded us a little for allowing the Indians to steal things "right from under our noses," as he put it. We made up our minds to keep a sharp lookout whenever we stopped at the camp again.

On our next trip the jingle of our sleigh-bells brought the whole camp out to the road, and when we stopped, the Indians all crowded around as usual.

It was a sharp, cold morning, and all had their long blankets wrapped closely about them.

Ted and I were soon busy dealing out "tobac," "coppee" and "soog" to this one and that one, when Ted noticed a sudden opening and closing of the blanket of a tall young Indian who stood leaning up against the back of the sleigh.

Keeping his eye on the fellow, he soon saw him move away from the sleigh, turn his back to us and walk slowly toward the camp.

Ted scrambled quickly to the rear of the load and found that one of the largest hams, worth two or three dollars, was missing.

"Here, you thieving rascal!" he shouted at the retreating Indian, "bring that ham back here, and be quick about it!"

The young 'Bago simply quickened his pace, without turning around or seeming to notice Ted's shouts. I was desperately afraid of getting into trouble with so many of these strapping red men, but Ted was not.

In fact, I never knew that boy to meet anything in the shape of man or beast that he was afraid of. He was large and very strong for his age, and almost as dark-skinned as an Indian.

Before I knew what he was about, Ted sprang to the ground and chased the 'Bago as fast as he could run. The young Indian ran toward his wigwam, which stood with the rest of the village, about two hundred yards back from the road. But Ted overtook him in little more than half the distance.

When the Indian saw that his pursuer was about to spring upon him, he turned around and faced Ted.

The Indian had a great advantage in size and strength, but he was heavily handicapped for a struggle by the necessity of keeping his blanket folded tightly about him in order to conceal the stolen ham. This kept both of his hands occupied, and all he could do in defence was to kick out vigorously with his moccasined feet.

He proved no mean antagonist as it was, for he was quick as a flash, and his legs were long and sturdy.

I expected to see the other 'Bagos run to the support of their comrade, but they seemed to think the young brave would have little trouble in handling the white boy, and laughed heartily as he wheeled first one way, then another, keeping his pursuer at a distance by his furious kicks.

Ted dodged his heels, and watching for an opening, suddenly leaped straight at the rascal, and caught him by the throat with both hands.

Quick as thought the Indian let go of the blanket,



Towing a Bad Indian.

ham and all, and seized Ted around the body. He had clung to the ham a little too long, however, for Ted had secured a hold which even the Indian's superior strength could not shake off.

Ted knew that he would be no match for the strapping fellow in an even-handed contest, and held to his throat with a grip of iron.

The struggle was short and fierce. Ted managed to keep on his feet, and tightening his grasp on the Indian's windpipe as he felt him begin to weaken, soon had the thief at his mercy.

His long arms suddenly relaxed their hold around Ted's waist, and dropped to his sides; his tongue hung out, and his eyes began to roll upward.

Then, just as he was about to fall, Ted gave him a tremendous push, which sent him headlong into the deep snow, and, snatching up the ham, hurried back to the sled with it upon his shoulder.

Now an Indian's sense of right and justice is often as keen as that of his white brother, and he can appreciate a plucky act as well. Perhaps these Winnebagos would have been just as well pleased if the young man had been able to escape with the stolen ham; but as it was, they could not help admiring the white boy's daring, and yelled with delight at the discomfiture of the young brave as he picked himself up out of the snow and skulked off to his wigwam.

"White papoose heap brave!" they shouted, as Ted came back to the sled. "Ketchum bad Injun stealum nam!"

We thought that would put a stop to the stealing from our load; but my uncle told us to be on our guard, for the young brave whom Ted had so disgraced in the eyes of his brothers would be sure to take revenge upon us in some way, if he could.

On the next trip up we traded with the Winnebagos as usual, and I was certain that nothing was stolen while we stopped at their village, for I had George keep strict watch of everything on the load while I did the trading. But when we unloaded that night in camp, a fifty-pound sack of flour was missing. What had become of it was more than we could tell.

I studied the matter over for several days, and came to the conclusion that some thieving 'Bago had been hidden behind a tree close to the road, just beyond the Indian village, and that after we had finished trading, and had seated ourselves on the front end of the load and started on, he had sprung out, snatched the sack of flour from the rear of our sleigh, and dodged back behind the tree until we were out of sight.

I told Ted about it when we reached home.

"I am perfectly sure that's just the way it was done," said he; "but just let them try that game again! We'll be ready for them next trip."

And so we were. It was George's turn to stay at home; and after Ted and I had arranged our load we took four heavy double-spring otter traps and set them around the rear end of our sleigh among the sacks of flour, bacon, hams and other supplies, fastening the chain of each securely to the sleigh-box, while over the top of everything we spread, as usual, a piece of limp canvas.

George and I, on the trip we had just made, noticed that the young fellow who had tried to steal the ham was not in the crowd which surrounded our sled the week before. Neither was he to be seen when Ted and I stopped at the village this time.

This was very much what we had expected.

My customers kept me busy dishing out cups of sugar and coffee, and Ted was trying to cut a plug of tobacco in two with his jackknife, for an Indian who wanted half a plug, when he slyly nudged me and pointed up the road with his thumb.

Without stopping my work I glanced in the direction Ted indicated, and saw about half a black head peering out from behind a big pine, which stood within three feet of the sled track, and about forty rods up the road.

We traded as long as the Indians had anything to barter, and then straightened up the load, mounted our seat in front, and drove leisurely on, looking neither to the right nor the left.

We had barely passed the big pine when we heard a swift movement behind us; and then, in an instant, we heard one of our traps close with a "click" and a kind of thumping noise.

Knowing that we must have the thief in tow, Ted carelessly cracked his whip at the team, and away we went at a brisk trot.

The road for several miles ahead ran along the stream, and was so level and smooth that the horses scarcely felt the load behind them; while we chatted and laughed as though nothing had happened, though of course we were really much excited, and felt an intense curiosity to look around.

We could hear the regular pat, pat, pat, of the captive's moccasined feet upon the well-packed snow as he kept pace with the team, but were careful not to turn our heads in his direction.

We must have driven in this way nearly a mile when the fatigue and pain, together with the hopelessness of trying to get his hand out of the trap, made it impossible for the thief to control his rage longer.

He uttered a yell that seemed almost to lift the caps from our heads, and when we turned around he shouted:

"White boy stop 'um horse! White boy stop 'um horse!"

But Ted only cracked his whip and made the team go faster. Then the 'Bago's black eyes sparkled with rage and fury, as he yelled at the top of his voice, at the same time making a leap as if to jump on the sled:

"White boy no stop 'um horse, let Injun go, Injun killum white boy!"

"Oh, you will; will you?" said Ted, as he grasped one of the newly purchased axe-helves and sprang to the rear of the load.

"Drive faster, Ben," he shouted to me, "and we will make him sing a different tune before he gets his hand out of that trap!"

I touched up the team, while Ted stood ready to strike the man if he attempted to board the sleigh.

I have heard it said that an Indian never sheds tears; but before we had gone half a mile farther, this young brave stopped his raving and threatening, and began to blubber like a little child.

I suppose he thought we meant to take him clear to camp with us, but when Ted thought he had punished him enough he called to me to bring the team down to a slower pace.

"Now," said he, "you bad Injun, you stealum white man's meat, stealum flour, stealum everything. You go stealum any more from white man?"

"No! No!" blubbered the Indian. "White man let Injun go, Injun stealum no more. Injun be white man's friend. No killum; no stealum."

"All right," said Ted; "then I'll let you go."

The trap had caught the fellow around the wrist, and would not have hurt him much but for his frantic efforts to escape, which bruised the flesh quite badly. Ted made him hold the trap on top of a sack of oats while he pressed down the heavy springs with his feet and released the 'Bago's swollen hand.

He started for home at a run the moment he was liberated.

My uncle was afraid this affair might cause us more trouble; but it did not. That was the last time the 'Bagos ever tried to steal anything from us.

MYRON B. GIBSON.

For the Companion.

CHINESE MORALS.

We think, and with good reason, that the moral system of the Christian nations is by far the best in the world, and yet I believe thoroughly that, hidden under the grotesque and often hideous surface of every heathen religion, there lies a more or less sound moral system. It is implanted in all men by their Maker.

The practical difference between the heathen and Christian man, as it appears to me,—and my life has been spent in nearly equal portions in a leading Christian land and in the largest, most polished and most intelligent of all heathen nations,—may be stated in few words.

The kinship of humanity is very strong between them. They have the same moral sense, to nearly an equal extent the same knowledge of right and wrong. When a heathen does wrong, he knows it, at least in most cases, just as surely as the Christian knows it. The moral sense of the Christian is strengthened and kept in vigorous and healthy action by a Christian faith. The moral sense of a heathen is deadened and corrupted by false and oftentimes horrible superstitions, and his power to resist what he knows to be wrong is lessened.

What is commonly called the Confucian religion in China is really only a code of morals, and as such is considered as final authority among that people.

Confucius lived about five hundred years before Christ, and occupies much the same place in Chinese history as that held by Socrates in the history of Greece. A careful comparison of the two philosophers would result greatly to the advantage of the Chinese sage.

Nowhere in his writings does Confucius claim to have originated the moral system laid down by him. On the contrary, he professes to have done no more than arrange and reduce to written form, principles and rules which were recognized and obeyed by wise men before him.

While some persons find a recognition of a Supreme Being in his writings, the only positive forms of worship taught in them are that of Heaven and that of ancestors; and both these existed in China long before the day of Confucius.

Since his death, the worship of Confucius himself has been added to the system. He is not worshipped as a Divine Being, but as a sage and as the patron saint of literature.

The writings of Confucius deal mainly with the duties of man to his family, his fellowmen and his rulers; and in these matters they deal far more with outward forms than with unseen and underlying principles of action. Indeed, his whole system is one rather of politeness and formal ceremony than of correct conduct as the natural outgrowth of right feelings in the heart. One often sees a Chinaman dressed externally in elegant satins and silks, whose undergarments are foul and ragged, and who has not taken a bath in several months. Such a man furnishes a fair illustration of Confucian morality.

The ideal held up in all the writings of the Chinese sage, is that of the man who is self-contained and well-balanced, who runs to no extremes, and never forgets what is due to himself and his own dignity. Goodness is not recommended for its own sake, but because, on the whole, it is most politic, pays best, and is most becoming to the man himself.

The principal defects in this code of morals, as it appears to foreign eyes, are the lack of any positive recognition of a Supreme Being or an after life, the selfishness which forms the core, the central thought, of the system, and the fact that in it all there is no place for woman. She is regarded only as a servant and a beast of burden.

The most that can be said of any system of morals that ignores half the human race, and the half which trains the young, is that it is better than nothing.

If one were to judge of the practical morality of the Chinese from the records of the police courts, he might class them higher than any other people in the world. There are fewer offences of that class each day in Pekin, or any other city of a million inhabitants in China, than in any city of a hundred thousand people in the United States. This may seem a sweeping statement, but it is believed that the facts will fully justify it.

But there are certain reasons for this which have nothing to do with morality. In the first place, the vice of drink, which probably lies at the root of three-fourths of our criminal cases, is practically unknown in China. A worse evil, the opium habit, takes its place; but this drug stupefies its victims, and does not lead them into the sort of disorderly behavior which brings them within the grasp of the law.

Again, the poverty of the masses of the Chinese, and the long hours of work to which they are accustomed, with few or no holidays, leave no time for idleness, which is so frequently the parent of crime.

Still again, they are not a quarrelsome or fighting people. They are, indeed, somewhat given to wrangling, but it is of a comparatively harmless sort, and seldom goes beyond a little hair-pulling and a few finger-nail marks upon the face.

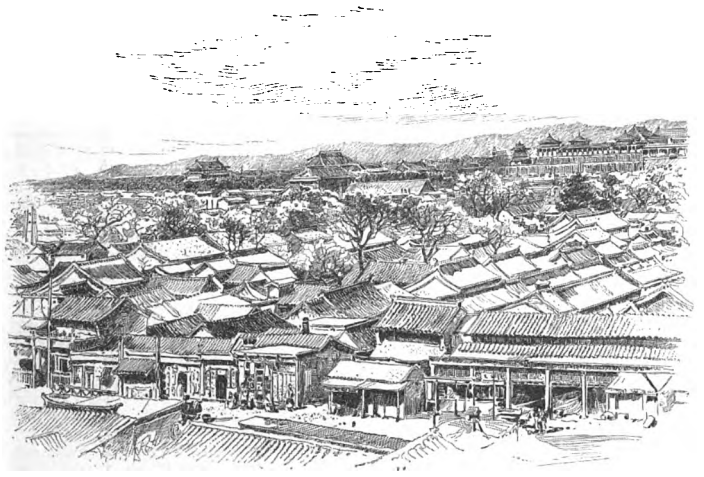
Profanity is unknown among the Chinese. Sometimes, in anger, they utter foul language, but there is literally not a profane word in their vocabulary. It is not to our credit to say it, but the only profane words ever heard from the lips of a Chinese are English; and they seem to be the first which he picks up from our tongue.

The position of woman in Chinese society has already been indicated. It is hardly that of a

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human being. She has no voice in her marriage; she has no place in the world or in life except at home, and there only as a drudge.

A man is quite at liberty to take as many wives as he pleases, and all of them are practically prisoners. He can divorce a wife at his own will, and with no other formality than a bit of paper stating that he does not want the woman.



General View of Pekin.

At the same time it must be said that the family relation is held very sacred in China.

The two great vices of the Chinese people are the opium habit and lying. Upon the first-named a book might be written, and still fail to give a just conception of the curse which this habit is to the entire nation. It is more deadly in its effect than the vice of drink, and cure is far more hopeless. It impoverishes the people and eats away the very foundations of their moral, intellectual and physical vigor.

It is almost impossible to break off the habit, and even in cases where a cure is effected, the entire system is found to be broken down, and the victim almost invariably dies of some acute disease in a short time.

It destroys all the natural affections. Husbands have been known to pawn their wives, and fathers to sell their daughters into slavery, in order to obtain money with which to purchase the drug.

While it is not literally true that the use of opium was introduced into China by foreigners, or that they are wholly at fault for the growth of the habit among the people, it is true that they have for the past fifty years stood in the way of any serious effort on the part of the government to suppress the vice.

The first war between the Chinese and any foreign power was the result of a determined effort on China's part to stop the importation of opium from India. Prior to that time little opium was either imported or grown in the country, and the authorities were strict in their efforts to suppress the vice. They even went so far as to enter dwellings at night and smell the breath of the occupants in order to detect the victims of the habit, who were at once taken into custody and punished.

But the direct effect of that war was to force the Government of China to pay for a large quantity of opium owned by the English, which Chinese officers had seized and destroyed; and through fear of more trouble, to tie their hands against any further serious effort to suppress the vice.

It is but simple justice to say that for the past fifty years the so-called Christian Government of Great Britain, for the sake of the enormous revenue derived from the trade, has forced opium upon the Chinese, has dictated the amount of import duty which may be levied upon it, and has practically prevented all effort by the Government of China to remove this awful curse from its people.

The result has been that the importation has quadrupled and the growth of the poppy in China has increased tenfold. Hardly a year has passed in which an urgent appeal has not been made by the Chinese authorities to the British Government upon this subject, but in no single instance has this appeal met with serious attention. In my opinion, a large portion of the suspicion, distrust and dislike with which the masses of the Chinese regard all foreigners, is due directly to the unjustifiable action taken by the leading foreign power in China in this matter.

I once saw a Christian missionary preaching to a crowd of people upon the street of an inland Chinese city. A man about fifty years of age stopped to listen. He was a complete wreck from opium. After listening for a moment he said:

"Ugh! You come and talk to us about Jesus, with a ball of opium in one hand and a Bible in the other, and you expect us to believe you. Rid us of opium, you foreign devil, before you talk about your religion!"

Such cases—or at least such ideas—are by no means uncommon.

Much might be said about the other vice mentioned,—that of falsehood,—but space is lacking. Lying is almost universal in China, as in all Oriental countries. Much of it is the outgrowth of the system of etiquette and courtesy, under which it is far worse to say anything rude than to tell a lie. A flat refusal must never be spoken; but an excuse, which both parties know to be invented, must take its place.

Lying is rather an accomplishment than a dishonorable trait, and the only feeling which the average Chinese has on the subject is a certain chagrin in case he is detected. Hence it is almost a hopeless task, when dealing with them, to get at the absolute truth in any matter.

Upon the whole, however, the Chinese people stand high in practical morality, and while they may learn some things from so-called Christian nations, these same nations may, on the other hand, take some lessons from the Chinese to their own advantage. CHESTER HOLCOMBE.

MY YESTERDAYS.

I saw my yesterdays go past,
A sinuous stream of souls of days,
Some wreathed with myrtle, some with bays,
And those that answered to my gaze
Showed me my memories as they passed.
—*N. Y. Sun.*

AMERICAN STUDENTS ABROAD.

A recent statement from Berlin shows to what an increasing extent, in these days, young Americans, especially graduates of our colleges, after finishing their home education, go abroad to study.

At Berlin University alone, it is stated, there are two hundred and eight American students, pursuing the regular University courses. Beside these, there are many other young Americans in Berlin, engaged in special studies, for which Germany's high state of advancement in science and the arts affords particular facilities.

Some are busy investigating Dr. Koch's supposed cure for consumption; some are studying music under eminent German masters; some are learning the German language; some are being taught painting, drawing and sculpture.

Our larger colleges—such as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell and Johns Hopkins—are most numerously represented; and there are more medical students among the Americans than students of any other branch.

Next come those who are studying philosophy and political science, history and physics. The fame of German professors in each branch of learning has attracted many of our young men, who desire to become eventually professors and teachers, and so study abroad with a view to obtaining special efficiency in the various departments.

At Berlin, moreover, there are many American divinity students who listen to the lectures of celebrated professors like Hœrmack and Pffeiderer.

Most of the American musical students are young women who are finishing off their home musical education, and intend to become either teachers or public singers or performers. The number of young Americans who attend the famous Berlin Philharmonic concerts has been repeatedly remarked.

But of course Berlin is by no means the only European educational and art centre where young Americans congregate for instruction. There is a considerable colony of them at Heidelberg and also at Bonn, and a few are scattered at Göttingen and other German Universities, each one of which is famous in some special field.

Paris, too, claims a large number of American scholars, who go to the "siren of cities" for three purposes especially—to learn art, music, and medicine.

Scattered through the Paris schools and "pensions" are to be found very many American girls, who have gone thither to learn the "language of courts," and to receive the polish which is supposed to finish off a young girl's education, and to impart to her exceptional grace and good manners.

At Dresden and Munich, at Florence and Rome are gathered many young Americans, attracted by the musical advantages and art treasures of those historic cities. It would be interesting if a census could be taken of all the American young people who are now engaged in learning something in Europe. Probably it would be found that they number several thousand.

It is gratifying at least to learn, from the Berlin statement referred to, that "American students of every branch are greatly respected by the instructors for their earnestness and industry."

There are doubtless many advantages to young Americans in thus pursuing a larger education at the ancient centres of learning in Europe. But in the case of our young girls who go abroad to study, at least, every care should be taken by their friends that they are placed among good influences and surroundings while they sojourn in foreign cities.

GOLDENROD.

From no well-kept garden bed
Doth she lift her yellow head.
Gorgeous-hued is she, and wild—
Summer's wayward gipsy-child.
Her rich sprays
Softly blaze
By the homely weed-grown ways.
Selected. —*Eva Katherine Clapp.*

CITY GROWTH.

A tendency in modern life which can only be regarded as a deplorable one is revealed anew by the social statistics of cities prepared in connection with the Eleventh Census of the United States. These statistics show the surprising growth of the cities and large towns of the country—a growth which seems to be out of all proper proportion to the increase of the general population.

While the rural and village population in the older States, and also in parts of some of the newer States, shows a tendency to decrease, the city population is everywhere on the increase.

And with this increase the ill-health, evil and unhappiness which almost invariably attend the massing of great numbers of people upon a small area show a marked development.

In the United States in 1890, there were three hundred and forty-five cities which had ten thousand inhabitants and upward. In 1880 there were but two hundred and nineteen such cities.

The increase of the population living in cities containing ten thousand or more inhabitants, in the ten years from 1880 to 1890, was more than six and a half millions, or a little more than sixty per cent.

During the same time the population of the whole country had increased a little less than twenty-five per cent.

More than half of the increase of the whole population of the country was made within these three hundred and forty-five cities. Leaving them out of the account, the population of the country would have increased less than six millions between 1880 and 1890.

The importance of these cities has increased to such an extent that they now include more than seventeen millions of our population, or a little less than twenty-eight per cent. of all the people in the country.

The town-dwelling population has gained very rapidly upon the country-dwelling population in the ten years between the last two censuses. In 1880, only a little more than twenty-one per cent. of the population lived in cities of ten thousand and more inhabitants; in 1890 nearly twenty-eight per cent. of the people lived in such cities.

It does not appear that the people have been driven from the country to the cities by the unfruitfulness of the land or the unduly hard conditions of life there. Some of the most fertile, most prosperous, and in every way most highly favored commonwealths in the Union have suffered such a loss in many of their best agricultural counties.

The social statistics of cities gathered by the census bureau tell their own story of the conditions of life for which the people who flock to the cities are exchanging the comparative physical and moral health of the country.

These statistics bear out the correctness, as a general statement, of the rule that the death-rate increases with the density of the population; that is to say, the more thickly people are congregated, the greater proportion die each year.

To illustrate, in certain wards of the city of Boston people are packed together at the rate of one hundred and sixty-six persons to the acre; and here the deaths are thirty per thousand each year. In certain other wards of the same city there are only four people to the acre, and here there are but nineteen deaths per thousand.

Moral ill-health also increases in proportion to the density of population. It would seem reasonable that where a great many people are gathered together in a little space, a fewer number of policemen, in proportion to the number of people, must be needed to keep them in order.

The exact opposite is the case. As a general rule, the greater the population of a city, the greater is the per cent. of police force needed to each head of the population.

The city of New York has not only more policemen than any other city in the country, but it also has a greater proportion of them to the number of people. It requires twenty-three policemen to every ten thousand of its people; whereas the city of Rockford, Illinois,—the smallest of the cities from which figures relating to the police force are given by the census bureau,—requires but twelve policemen for its population of more than twenty-three thousand.

The existence of the tendency of people to flock from the farms to cities, and from better to worse conditions of life, is one of the most serious social problems of the time.

RIDING A WHITE HORSE.

An officer and his aide, at one of the decisive battles of the Civil War, were holding a hurried consultation in the shade of a tree. The ground all around them was peppered with bullets, while groups of soldiers much nearer the enemy seemed entirely unmolested.

"What does this mean?" the officer asked; "we seem to be the general target."

"It is your white horse!" was the reply. "That is the bull's-eye."

The soldier who rides a white horse in battle is instantly marked by the sharp-shooters. He stands out as plainly from the mass of men and horses as does a white birch-tree in a forest of pines. He appears to say to the enemy, "I dare you! Shoot me if you can."

Some persons choose to ride through the world on white horses. They desire to be conspicuous, even at the expense of safety or repute. They call themselves brave when they are merely foolhardy; and pride themselves on an unconventionality which is really eccentric vanity.

These persons are targets for their enemies, and thorns in the flesh of their friends. You cannot go near them without being wounded by one weapon or the other. Like Dickens's Buffer, they damage a cause by espousing it.

Such persons are apt to use startling expressions that savor of slang or boldness. They wear scarlet dresses when others appear in black, and affect stripes when the world says plaids. They push into society which lies outside their paths. They rock the boat when others row; lean far out of car-windows; and walk on the very edge of the precipice. They invite remark, and they get it.

The brave officer had that day had two horses shot from under him. The white horse had been offered by a private near at hand. Did he refuse it because it would draw down upon him the fire of the enemy? Did he change it when he found he was singled out by scores of Confederate sharp-shooters?

You may believe that he did not. While not defying danger he did not shirk it. Prudence, as Emerson says, does not consist in evasion or in flight, but in courage.

We are not recklessly to seek out comment or danger or "entrance to a quarrel," but being in we must "so bear it that the opposer may beware of us." We must take "both reputation and life in our hand, and dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of our speech and the rectitude of our behavior."

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Doctor Neary, a well-known Methodist preacher in the southern Alleghany Mountains, used to tell many pathetic anecdotes of the eagerness with which the adult negroes crowded into the schools established for the children of the Freedmen after the Civil War.

On one occasion, going into the cabin where the school was held, he found the foremost bench occupied by a row of white-haired old people, each mumbling over an alphabet card. The teacher, a young girl, looked on in dismay. He touched an old man on the shoulder.

"You are at a good work, Uncle Ben. But at your age—is it worth while?"

Uncle Ben cast a contemptuous glance at the benches full of children.

"Ef yoh was a gyardener like me, doctah, you'd know dat de ole peach-trees was de best foh bearin', an' yoh wouldn't waste all yoh manure on de young shoots!"

The old negro's boast had in it sound reason.

In one of our large seaboard cities, the plan of university extension lectures and classes, so long in use in England, was tried last winter.

Experts in different branches of knowledge delivered courses of short lectures on historical, scientific, archæological and literary subjects. Their most eager hearers were educated women past middle age, whose lives had long been devoted to their children.

One of the women said: "At sixty, the world opens before me fuller and more beautiful every day! There is so much for me to do for myself and for my kind."

Surely this is a better frame of mind in old age than that which forces us to fold our hands and look mournfully back upon our youth, while we wait in idleness for death to come!

The old trees can yet bear good fruit, but not without air and water and sun.

GIRLS' FRIENDSHIPS.

There is a great difference between friends in the matter of companionability. Friendships that should have been helpful, cheering, and as enduring as life itself, are often seriously interrupted or finally destroyed by the lack of a little adaptability on both sides.

The thing that most charms and attracts us may be some point of extreme unlikeness to ourselves; but even in that case a friend must not make her peculiarity prominent lest she make it offensive.

Of two friends one will perhaps be talkative and the other silent. Usually one talks while the other listens, putting in an occasional question, comment or suggestion; and both are satisfied.

But sometimes the quieter one does not want to listen, while the talker still would like to talk. Then comes the need of tact and consideration. Let the talker moderate her pace, speak quietly and occasionally, not chatter in a steady stream; and let the taciturn friend take the trouble to answer patiently and understandingly, though as briefly as she chooses, and there is small danger of either feeling annoyed or slighted.

Friends do not need speech in the sense that

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mere acquaintances do. True friends never need to make talk for the sake of conventional politeness; and that is in itself a great thing.

They are not rude if they are silent. They may work or read in each other's presence, taking pleasure in affection which there is no need to express. They may ride or row or walk, each enjoying everything through her friend's eyes as well as her own, and speaking or not as the scene and her feeling suggests.

"Oh!" said one of two girl friends after they had walked two or three miles together in the country without a word, "how delightful it is sometimes not to be on speaking terms with one another!"

Her friend briefly agreed in this opinion, and they proceeded another silent mile.

On her next birthday the first speaker received a gift from her companion inscribed with the line from Shakespeare, "'Twixt such friends as we, few words suffice."

BENEVOLENT PUBLISHER.

There recently died in Paris a famous publisher, Monsieur Calmann Levy, who had sent into the world a vast number of printed volumes, good and bad, and in doing so had acquired a great fortune. Many anecdotes have been told of him since his death, illustrating his sagacity and his positive character. None of these anecdotes is more amusing, perhaps, than the following, about a struggling young "author."

One day a very young man came to Calmann Levy, with an introduction and a frank, manly air, and offered him a novel in manuscript. It was entitled "Father Cæsar."

"A capital title," said the publisher. "Contrary to my usual custom, I will read the manuscript myself. Come back in a fortnight."

At the time set, the young man returned.

"It's pretty good," said the publisher, returning the story, "but very immature. Sorry I can't accept it."

The youth looked so heartbroken that the publisher slipped a fifty-franc note into his hand. The young man went away and two months after came back with another story, entitled "Aunt Giroflée."

"Good title," said Calmann Levy, again. "Come again in two months. I'll tell you what I think about it; and I like your perseverance."

In two months he came back, and was told that the story had strong points, but was on the whole unavailable. Then the publisher gave the young author another fifty-franc note.

Three months went by, and the author again returned, this time with a novel entitled "Uncle Epaminondas."

"Good for you," said the publisher. "I think I can read your story in about a week, this time."

In a week the young man returned, looking haggard and worn.

"I am sorry that I cannot accept your story," said Calmann Levy. "But what's the matter with you?"

The young man told him that he was very ill, and that the doctor had told him that if he did not have two months' rest in the country he would die. The publisher gave him a bank-note and sent him away.

Two months afterward the young man came back, much refreshed, and with him he brought another novel, entitled "Cousin Cerisette."

"I have been so careful with my style this time," he said.

"Very well," said the publisher, looking a little wearied, "this will be read —"

"No, it won't!" exclaimed the author, bitterly; "you won't read this any more than you did the others!"

"See here, young man," said Calmann Levy, "you have made a great mistake. I did read the others, and here is the proof: All you have done with your remarkable stories is to change the title each time and replace the first page. But though you have not yet used up the family, I'm afraid it is much too large to interest me any further. But never mind the money I have given you. I saw you were poor, and I wanted to try you. I have tried you all I wish to now!"

HIS TEST.

A dealer in pictures who makes it his business to find as many new painters as possible, both in this country and abroad, was asked recently in regard to his methods of selecting pictures to buy. He was very frank in his talk, and one thing which he said is shrewd enough to be worth quoting.

"Of course," he said, "with my experience I am able to judge whether there is promise in a painter's work, but I never buy with any idea of putting the painter on my list until I have seen the man and talked with him myself. I always watch him closely, and I never buy his pictures unless his eye lights up when I talk to him about his work and about his profession."

The artist whose heart was really in his work could not discuss it without kindling, and the man who did not paint from the heart was not the one whose pictures the dealer wanted.

The remark was not only one which showed insight and shrewdness on the part of the dealer, but it is one of a good deal of significance in regard to all work. The man who does anything worth doing is the man who cannot talk about what he has accomplished or what he hopes to accomplish without enthusiasm, no matter how far short of his ideals what he has actually done may seem to him to fall.

MAN OF LETTERS.

Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught, recently laid the corner-stone of "the Church House" in London, in the presence of more than a score of bishops and of many other distinguished men.

A bottle was placed in the corner-stone containing a document which recited the fact that the corner-stone was laid by the Prince, who was therein described as "His Royal Highness Arthur Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., K.C.B., P.C."

Notwithstanding the appropriation of so many letters of the alphabet by one man, it will be observed that there are still a few left for the rest of us.

PHOTOGRAPHING A BUBBLE.

After running horses, jumping athletes, flying cannon-balls, flashes of lightning, and the shifting spectral lines of revolving double-stars have been successfully photographed, the airy soap-bubble has furnished a stumbling-block that the scientific photographer has had great difficulty in surmounting. Lord Rayleigh, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution in London, said that for some time it had been his ambition to photograph a soap-bubble in the act of breaking.

He anticipated great difficulty because he knew the time occupied in the disappearance of a breaking bubble must be but a small fraction of a second. Whoever has watched a brilliant soap-bubble burst knows how instantaneously it vanishes. Lord Rayleigh thought it might take one-twentieth of a second, but by repeated experiments he found that the time occupied in the disappearance of the iridescent film was not more than one three-hundredth of a second!

To catch and picture a vanishing film between the instant of its breaking and that of its complete extinction proved a most difficult undertaking, but it was accomplished.

Some persons may think that it would be equally difficult to photograph a lightning-flash, but it must be recollected that lightning makes an intensely vivid impression, while the soft reflection of a soap-bubble is evanescent, even in the bright glare of an electric spark.

From printing the image of the flying edge of a broken bubble in the three-hundredth of a second to disclosing the existence of great nebulæ in the heavens by the cumulative effect of several hours of continuous exposure, the modern photographic plate is performing many wonders in behalf of science, and proving itself one of the most powerful means at man's disposal to unlock the secrets of nature.

UNKNOWN TONGUE.

Those who have learned a foreign language with an approach to thoroughness often find in the dialects so many new languages to master. Almost any one who speaks English might be put down successively in half a dozen places where English is supposed to be the mother tongue, and hear as many dialects spoken, not one of which he would understand until it was interpreted.

An old Broughton worthy and an English lady, says an English paper, were one day occupants of a railway carriage. The train had been waiting long at a certain station and there was no appearance of its starting, when the worthy remarked:

"They're a gly tanglesome lot here."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the lady.

"Am sayin' they're a gly daidlin' lot here."

"I really beg your pardon, sir."

"Am observin' they are a vera dreich lot here the nicht."

"I do not quite understand you."

"I'm wonderin' if they're ettlin to saunter here a nicht."

"Really I must again beg your pardon. I don't comprehend you."

"I was just tryin' to say that the train was late."

"Indeed, sir, it is very late," agreed the lady, and then collapsed.

INEVITABLE.

The force of logic is sure to be irresistible in the end. Weaker motives may temporarily prevail, but the sledge-hammer of reasoning is that which inevitably strikes home. John Gladstone, the father of the great English statesman, trained his children to give a reason for every opinion they offered.

It was in this way that William E. Gladstone was early trained to debate.

On one occasion William and his sister Mary disputed as to where a certain picture ought to be hung. An old Scotch servant came in with a ladder and stood irresolute while the argument progressed, but as Miss Mary would not yield William gallantly ceased from speech, though unconvinced.

The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady ordered, but when he had done this he crossed the room and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this.

"Aweel, miss, that will do to hang the picture on when ye'll have to come round to Master Willie's opeenlon."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

"LUTHERAN."

Men in exalted station have always been the victims of envious detraction. Here, for example, is a slanderous story about a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, told by an exchange on the authority of "a Harrisburg correspondent."

We have a few rural legislators here who can scarcely look after themselves, to say nothing of attending to the interests of their constituents. Only yesterday a gentleman from one of our neighboring counties, who had just received his order for stamps, went to the city post-office to get them.

"What denomination?" asked the clerk.

"Lutheran," said the member, modestly.

THE SIGN OF EQUALITY.

The mathematical readers of *The Companion* will be interested in the following quotation from Robert Recorde, who introduced the sign of equality into algebra.

Recorde was the first English author who wrote on the subject of algebra. In his treatise called "Whetstone of Witte," published about 1557, he says:

"To avoide the tediouse repetition of these words, is equalle to, I will sette as I doe often in worke use, a paire of parallel lines of one lengthe, thus: =, because no 2 thynges can be more equalle."

HIS GRIEVANCE.

It is true now, as it was of old, that man is born to trouble.

"I don't know what Smith does with his money."

"No?"

"No, I don't. Yesterday he was short, and he's short again to-day."

"Did he want to borrow from you?"

"No, hang it, I wanted to borrow from him."—*New York Press.*

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine.* It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. [*Adv.*

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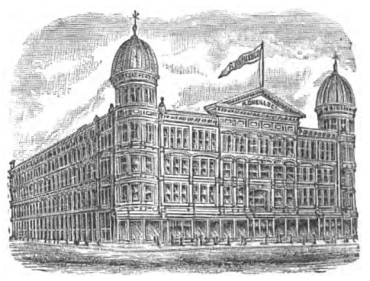
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For the Companion.

MAKING A HOME.

FIRST PAPER.

Great progress has been made in this country in the matter of house decoration during the last fifteen or twenty years; and, as seems to be an unbroken rule concerning all human progress, the movement has been accompanied by many mistakes. The mistakes are mainly due to ignorance of certain laws which apply to every house, be it palace or cabin. When these laws are violated the decoration in either place is a failure.

But all the blame is not to be ascribed to ignorance. In many cases the person who would



ornament a house is compelled to build on foundations which others have laid, and laid badly. This makes the task difficult indeed. But so much may be done, even under these conditions, that no one need despair of making things better.

For the sake of convenience, I shall suppose that Robin and Jenny Wren are a newly married couple, with all the world before them for their nest-building, the only limitations being inexperience, Robin's small income and Jenny's determination to spend but six hundred dollars on her furnishings.

The first question to be settled is, "Where is the house to be?" For it is worse than foolish to worry and dream over details of decoration and fittings until you know what is possible.

With your modest income, I hope the house is to be in the country, or, if it must be in a city, in the suburbs thereof, where Jenny can live more economically and independently, and will require much less dress and what is called "style" than in the heart of a great town. Besides this, Robin will live longer and more happily, if each night he can leave the close, murky air of the business quarters and enjoy a change, be it ever so slight, after his confining day.

Before buying or renting, there is much to be seen to; and it is a good idea to visit, if possible, a former tenant of the house you propose to take, in order to find out if range and furnace do their duty well, or if there is any real drawback to the property.

The cellar should be thoroughly examined to see if it is dry and well ventilated, and either cemented or boarded, and if the house itself is built over gravel; for a clay soil under your floors may mean the doctor's gig before your door many times each winter.

The all-important subject of drainage must be looked into; and it would be wise to take to the house a plumber, who lives far enough away to be disinterested, and pay him his fee for an examination of all pipes, traps and drains.

If you are going to buy, an equally disinterested builder should be consulted as to the construction of the house, its foundations, cellars, walls and wood-work being the chief points of question.

Of course you will remember that a house is more desirable if some of its windows face south or west; for into eastern windows the sun shines for a short time only, and into northern ones he never peeps the winter through.

At first, Jenny will not need a large house; or, having it, need furnish only a few rooms—halls, parlor, dining-room, sitting-room, two bedrooms and the kitchen. More than this is only a temptation to invite friends to see the "Earthly Paradise," and much company, though delightful to the master and mistress, is not only an expensive pleasure, but is sure to cause trouble with the one serving-maid that Robin's income can afford.

Jenny will find her six hundred dollars sufficient to furnish the necessaries for these rooms; but for bric-à-brac and many fancy touches she must be dependent upon her wedding presents and what she can beg or borrow from her old home.

It is, however, just in the choice of these necessaries that so much taste can be used that they become part of your decoration.

The most important element in any attempt of this kind is color; and this will include the color not only in wall-paper and hangings, but in carpets, wood-work, chairs, and in fact, all the objects in your house. All these things must accord in each room, and each room must harmonize with all others that open into it.

It is here that one of the laws I have referred to comes into operation: All color arrangements should be made up on what used to be called the law of complementary colors; which is that each of the primary colors—red, yellow, blue—combines best with a color formed from a mixture of the other two.

These colors need not be in their crude states, but may be in some union of tints which follows the general law. Thus red and green need not mean staring shades of these colors, but may resolve themselves into terra-cotta and faint olive-green. Blue and orange may mean salmon, with turquoise blue, while yellow and purple may change to heliotrope and gold, all that is essential being the presence of the three colors.

Following this line of study, artists declare that no color scheme is complete without the three colors, be it only a touch; and if you choose two colors for your room, the third ought always to be somewhere in sight, even if only in a sofa cushion or the tie-backs to your curtains.

The plans for your color scheme should all be settled for every room before you go into a shop to buy anything whatsoever; and then, knowing just what you want and what you can afford to spend for each room, you should cling firmly to your idea, and not allow your decision to be swayed by every suave clerk who has "just the newest thing" for sale. Otherwise, your shopping will be a failure of the worst kind.

One more bit of advice: Make up your minds never to go into debt for this your life's beginning. It is far better to go without some of the things which seem essential than to saddle yourself with the worry of unpaid bills.

A great puzzle will be the carpeting of your house. This is always expensive and seldom pretty work. I invariably say one thing: Do without carpets altogether, and substitute rugs on a stained floor.

Of course the rug or carpet, whichever you choose, must be selected with special reference to the color of the wall-paper and hangings to be used with it; and in taking up the rooms separately I shall not forget to speak of this.

But, first of all, I must give some general directions, for the staining and care of the floors. This will apply to all the rooms which are to be so treated.

The floor should be carefully examined and all the knot-holes and wide cracks stopped with putty.

Otherwise it will be entirely impossible to keep them clean.

The boards should then be given a coat of staining mixture. This may be bought ready for use of dealers in house-furnishing materials, and sent by express, in sealed cans. But you can also make a very good walnut stain at home, by adding to boiled linseed oil enough burnt umber to produce the rich brown you desire. The tint must be tried upon a piece of new wood, until the right shade is obtained.

This mixture is applied with a brush; and, after being well rubbed in, is allowed to stand a day. Then the floor is ready for waxing.

To wax a floor requires time and patience, but the reward is rich enough to repay the expenditure. The waxing preparation is made by shaving yellow beeswax into very thin slices, and mixing it with turpentine, in the proportions of a pound of wax to a gallon of turpentine. It should be allowed to stand until the wax is entirely melted, and a smooth paste-like substance formed. It should not be taken near the fire, as it is very inflammable.



This waxy substance is to be rubbed into the floor with a clean woollen cloth; and the more you rub it the brighter the polish will be. The waxing should be done every week for a few times, then every two weeks, and finally once a month; which is all the care the floor will ever need, beyond the usual sweeping with a soft floor brush, and an occasional wiping up with a cloth, dampened with milky water.

This treatment will insure a surface like glass, and one to which no dust or dirt will stick. However, the waxing is very back-breaking work.

There are several advantages in using rugs. They can be thoroughly cleansed from dust; can be turned end for end if worn places begin to show; and as they will, as a rule, fit any room, it is not necessary to make over old carpets and buy new ones every time one is compelled to move.

Besides, rugs are prettier than carpets; and even should you decide to have the floor carpeted, it should be done in imitation of a rug—that is, a mat with square corners should be made and bordered, leaving the door-ways and recesses to be carpeted with a plain material, thus avoiding the ugly fashion of following the line of the wall with the border.

On the first floor there is usually a hall; and I hope yours is a light, square one, and not one of those long, dark passages so impossible to decorate, and where decoration could not be seen.

It does not cost a great deal to throw light into such a place by cutting a window; and this your landlord will probably do for you—if not at first a little later, when he knows you better. Landlords are willing to do much to keep good and careful tenants.

The best paper for the hall is a rich terra-cotta, not too dark to go with wood-work painted a dark green. The floor should be stained walnut, almost black, with a red ingrain rug, and the stairs carpeted in an ingrain or Brussels carpet of two shades of red.

For the stairs, coco matting, with a red border, is cheap and very durable, though not at all pretty. This carpet requires no rods, but may be laid smoothly and tacked securely.

The hall, of all places, should be papered with a dado, for it is particularly exposed to the bumping of trunks by careless expressmen and the rubbing of tiny hands when the boys and girls begin to climb the stairs.

A good but expensive dado is made with leather paper. Many cheaper substitutes are almost as pretty. Perhaps the very best dado is made of matting, running lengthwise along the wall, and secured in place by a heavy band of wood over its upper edge.

I cannot say enough in praise of matting or chintz dados, but they, too, are expensive and quite beyond the means of any frugal Robin and Jenny.

The hall admits of but little furniture. A glass hung on the wall, with a table beneath it, two straight-backed chairs, an inconspicuous hat-rack, and an umbrella-stand are all that is absolutely needed. The umbrella-stand, by the way, will cost you next to nothing if you stand a piece of terra-cotta piping upright in the saucer of a large flower pot, and paint the whole a pale blue with a dark blue design running over it.

Jenny can, of course, use her nimble fingers in making various little conveniences — a pincushion and whisk-holder for instance—to hang beside the glass.

The pincushion may be round and flat, like those made to carry in the pocket, but very much larger—about the size of a breakfast plate, and finished with a bow and loop of ribbon by which it is hung. The whisk-holder is pretty if made from a Japanese straw cuff—which costs five cents—and lined with silk, which is arranged to stand up in a full ruffle around the upper edge. A second ruffle, some eight inches deep, is sewed to the lower edge; and half-way down is gathered in close and tied with ribbon. Thus is formed a bag, which serves as a bottom to the holder and keeps the whisk from slipping through. A ribbon to hang it by, and one bowed around the middle of the cuff, completes this very pretty convenience.

In more pretentious halls a hall-seat is a great convenience, especially if there is no closet to serve as a home for the overshoes of the family; for the seat may be made with a lid which lifts up, disclosing a box beneath. The illustration shows a model which can be made by any carpenter; and when stained walnut and ornamented with red or blue cushions, it makes a really pretty piece of furniture.

The cushions are inexpensive if made from Turkey red or from blue denims; though plush cushions or those covered with what is called Tycoon cloth or double velours are much richer.

ANNIE R. RAMSEY.

For the Companion.

DENNIS, U. S. N.

When he was a little fellow, not more than half as big as a boot, Naval Cadet Guiney bought him of a brown-faced old woman in Messina for the price of a gay handkerchief.

He was not the next of kin to old Alicia, a fact which renders the sale of a less shocking nature; but if he had been, probably she would not have hesitated long if the price she demanded had been offered.

He was a waif that Alicia picked up in the country, as one snaps off a daisy or a clover blossom in walking through the summer fields, with a fine disregard for the blossom's inclinations or its probable fate after it has been separated from its native stock.

At that time he was living in the state of intimacy with nature which is called "running wild."

Just why Alicia had preferred him to his brothers would be hard to tell. He was not more comely or intelligent; he was even the smallest and outwardly the least promising; but she chose him from out the little family, and took him home in triumph to Messina.

His life was not a joyous one after this. He seemed to pine for the sunny fields and deep forests of his country home. He grieved for his brothers, and none the less did he grieve because he uttered no word of repining.



He had been deprived of his freedom, and had received in exchange the petty tyranny of an ill-tempered mistress, whose squalid quarters seemed to him a prison. If by any chance he got out into the freer air of the street, he became the butt of Italian gamins, who invented ingenious tortures for the poor waif.

As may be imagined, Alicia gave no heed to his education. His manners were likewise neglected; such breeding as he displayed was innate.

He was often obtrusive. He was no respecter of persons; he could not discriminate between a poor laborer and the few dignitaries whom he met. This lack of the social instinct met its due reward; he was cuffed and kicked and beaten most impartially and thoroughly by nearly every one who passed through the court in which Alicia lived. He bore his blows as patiently as possible.

There was, however, one white spot on the general blackness of his fate—Alicia fed him liberally. This is a point to be dwelt upon, since in the biographies of most heroes, starvation plays an important part in their early years.

Alicia had her own reasons for gratifying his healthy youthful appetite; but she did not do this ungrudgingly. She grumbled ceaselessly, saying that he was "all stomach."

It did not occur to her that she herself might be to blame for this excessive development of the physical, since she had never fostered his intellectual or moral growth. Under similar conditions I doubt if a born genius would have reached fruition.

One day, after dinner, he was stretched in front of Alicia's door in what, if I were a poet, I should doubtless call a state of *dolce far niente*. He was prone upon the ground, his eyes half closed, the breath coming from between his parted lips in languid puffs, when Cadet Guiney of the United States ship *Moosilauke*, passing that way, almost stepped upon him, and then paused abruptly, as if arrested by a sudden thought.



"Whose is he?" Guiney demanded of Alicia, who was drowsing in the sun.

"Mine, the good-for-nothing," she replied, opening her eyes. "Does the officer fancy him? I will sell him."

"How much?" said Guiney, quite indifferent to the moral aspect of the bargaining away of a life.

Alicia deliberated, and then named her price which Guiney thought too much and said so.

After some haggling they agreed as to the waif's value, and Alicia pocketed the purchase money coolly. Guiney thrust his foot under his property by way of establishing his claim to it, and turned away as if to go.

Then he paused and said, as if it were an afterthought, "What's his name?"

"He has no name."

"No name?"

"He wasn't worth a name," said Alicia, drowsily. This time she did not open her eyes.

"Nor a number? He couldn't have less individuality; he'll do admirably for the Service," Guiney muttered with a grin.

Guiney's return to the *Moosilauke* was a signal for a frolic, in which the bewildered young Italian played an unwilling part. Cadets have a way of putting a new-comer to the test that is vigorous and perhaps wholesome, since it rarely fails to bring his ability and the true color of his character to the surface.

In this case they tossed Guiney's property into the water to see if he could swim. He struck out so valiantly, although manifestly unused to the water, that the merry boys soon allowed him to return to the ship with a cheering welcome.

"Plucky little scamp!" said one. "You'll be Admiral before you're a hundred."

"What's his name?" some one asked.

"He hasn't any," Guiney replied. "His guardian said he wasn't worth the price of christening, or words to that effect."

"We'll give him a name!" shouted the boys.

"How would Dennis do?" they demanded, a moment later.

Guiney hesitated.

"Guiney wants to call him Leonardo da Vinci!" cried a mocking voice.

That settled it. Guiney instantly avowed his preference for Dennis above all other names, and Dennis the waif was to the end of his seafaring life.

Before Dennis became accustomed to life on a man-of-war, the ship left Messina and went to Syracuse, where he was taken ashore and was captured by a native bandit who demanded a ransom upon returning him to the *Moosilauke*. Though it was preposterously large, the boys paid it without grumbling, for Dennis was even then the pet of the ship's crew.

From Syracuse to Zante and Crete, and then leisurely to Constantinople, a month of sailing and duty at various ports enabled Dennis to get on his sea-legs, and to show himself quite as steady a sailor as many who had graduated at Annapolis.

This direct proof of not being a land-lubber added immensely to Dennis's popularity. Guiney was proud to have introduced such a fellow into the Navy, and even the Captain and the executive officer had pleasant words for Dennis.

It is true that he showed but slight promise of mastering the intricacies of naval science. As time went on, the possibility of his rising to the rank of Admiral grew less. On the other hand, he showed a disposition to yield unquestioningly to discipline, which is, as every one knows, the first requisite of a good middy.

The Cadets gave him some excellent training. He was taught the beauty of personal cleanliness, not without difficulty, for, perhaps, his early associations had cultivated in him a prejudice against the outside application of water. But at last he took his "tubbing" as resignedly as if he had been of English birth.

Guiney, who had the sailor's proficiency with the needle, fitted Dennis out with a wardrobe that was varied enough for a "swell."

Not only was he provided with the regulation suit of duck and of fine, dark blue cloth, but Guiney made copies of all the national costumes he had seen in the different countries he had visited, buying materials whenever in port and making them up in his leisure hours. All these uniforms and costumes Dennis seemed very proud to wear.

Dennis in his fine clothes was a diverting sight, and in Constantinople, where the officers entertained a good many pretty Americans who were wintering there, his little head was often in danger of being turned by feminine flattery.

"Isn't he *too* sweet!" or "*too* cute!" or "*too* lovely!" were phrases to which he soon became accustomed.

Guiney took much pains to teach his charge to dance, and in the pleasant twilight hours, to the strains of mandolin or guitar, Dennis would foot it as featly as any young faun of primeval time. He also developed into an acrobat of genuine Italian suppleness and skill, and became a

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"feature" of the ship's entertainments. It cannot be claimed that Dennis was useful, but he could hardly be useful when he was excused from every duty, and petted as if he had been a little girl.

While he was still too short to reach the water in the scuttle-butt, the Captain himself would fill Dennis's cup, insisting only that Dennis should return it to its place. The cook of Dennis's mess never spoiled his appetite in reckless disregard of rules, and the paymaster winked at this transgression.

Dennis's appetite remained good. It would have struck terror to Alicia's nervousness all soul to have seen him eat! Her vicarious absence from his mess, and government rations, for once, were not too liberal.

There is no evidence that Dennis ever had his rations converted into hard cash. Indeed, it was evident that he cared nothing at all for money.

This is easily explained by the fact that he had no relatives to demand it; and Guiney amply supplied his wants.

He was certainly a favorite. Even the dogs—of which the *Mosellaide* boasted a great variety—were fond of him. One of the number—a tiny, feathery poodle—slept at Dennis's feet, and would not be discouraged by word of mouth or boot.

Once only, and that during their stay in Constantinople, was Dennis treated with contumely. A native high-dignitary, visiting the ship, attracted Dennis by the flow of his spotless white robe and the majesty with which he wore his equally spotless turbine; and Dennis trotted around at a respectful distance, taking his fill of admiration.

Suddenly the great man swept Dennis with his rolling black eye. Then with a cry, he gathered his robe about him and scrambled over the side, hurling back imprecations upon the ship, her crew, and the frightened Dennis, in which the word "unclean" held a notable place.

Dennis did not understand it at all, and the Cadets did not explain to him the singular Mussulman prejudices of the Turk, not wishing to wound their favorite's feelings.

One day an adventure befell our hero which threatened to place him on the deserters' list. It was on the occasion of a return to Crete, and Guiney, who had a call to make upon a Grecian lady, took Dennis and his "kit," stuffed with costumes, intending to display his protegé's accomplishments for the lady's amusement.

He left Dennis and his kit at the portal of Aglae's dwelling, with the command to stay there until he was called for. This command Dennis would have obeyed to the bitter end, for he was devotedly attached to Guiney; but no sooner was that young gentleman fairly in Aglae's presence than a Greek youth—I hope it wasn't Aglae's young brother, though his actions savored of the mischievousness of the American type of the younger brother—came upon the kit and Dennis and bore him, struggling and crying to Guiney's dear ears, far away to the other end of the town. There his kit was freely distributed among admiring natives, and Dennis was left, with the careless advice: "You'd better find your way back, if you can."

Now this was just what poor Dennis could not do. He wandered and wandered. When night fell, there was no "pipe down" to greet his ears, but one by one the lights came into the deep sky quite of their own accord, and Dennis slept alone under a friendly tree.

When Guiney came out there was no Dennis to be found; and Guiney returned to the ship without him.

There was scouring on the *Mosellaide*. No one believed Dennis to be a deserter from Uncle Sam's service; and the following day a grand search was instituted which resulted in his discovery in the rear of a circus company.

Guiney, as we already know, was a fair man, but he had the nut stood in. He was half-starved, and as humble as if he had been to blame for his disappearance.

Well, they breezed him with "the brig" just by way of discipline, but he never got it. He received the prodigal's welcome from the cook of his mess, the Captain and the officers generally spoke kindly to him, and the men fairly spoiled him in their delight at his discovery.

Guiney even went so far as to promise him another wardrobe that should "throw into the shade the gorgeous dude living, and immediately began to make preparations for the task."

But this blessed privilege was never to be Dennis's. At Leghorn the American Consul visited the ship in company with a small terrier of outrageous manners, who bit and snarled and fairly insulted the tiny feathery poodle.

This was too much for warm-hearted Dennis. He had the temerity to interfere with a Consul's dog, and the misfortune to be caught in the act by the Consul. Raising his heavy cane, the Consul brought it down on Dennis's back with a thud that rang in the air. He may have intended to strike lightly, but Dennis was fellet to the deck.

There is not much more to tell. The poor little fellow's back was broken by the Consul's cruel blow, and the surgeon, who was hastenly called in, was of no avail.

In a few hours Dennis died, with his head pressed lovingly against Guiney's knee.

They buried him the next day, with genuine grief and singularly inappropriate ceremonies, in which praises of Dennis were spiced with reflections upon the Consul.

Poor Dennis! In a quiet corner in Leghorn he sleeps well. His friends erected a shaft of marble to his memory, and it bears this inscription:

HIS NAME WAS DENNIS.

Underneath this is the date, 1890.

Few tourists who chance upon this marble ever dream that the Dennis thus honored was not a Celt at all, but a small black and white Italian pig, which Guiney bought in Messina for the price of a gay handkerchief.

LUCILE LOVELL.

For the Companion.

MADAGASCAR JACK.

"Look out for a big sperm whale with the stump of a harpoon in his nose, and about fifty fathom of line sowing astern!"

"Ay! Look out for Madagascar Jack. He's a rogue. Ye may know him by the hose-shoe mark on his head. Give him a wide berth; he's a maneater!"

We had here to, to deliver letters and have a chat with the crew of the old whaler, *Cicero*, of New Bedford, then commanded by Captain Taber.

The *Cicero* had been three years on the Indian Ocean grounds, and was homeward bound when we fell in with her. She had eighteen hundred barrels of oil under hatches, and more than fourteen thousand pounds of bone,—so the crew told us. Sure was then a "clean ship." She was named the *Dreyper*, and was outbound for the same waters.

I was then a young man of twenty years and was a boat-steerer on board the *Dreyper*, Captain Lawton, of New Bedford.

Captain Lawton had sent a boat aboard the *Cicero* with the letters, and we laid by her for an hour or two, giving the Captain and crew home news and getting information from the whaling grounds. It was pleasant weather, and the vessels were brought within easy hail of each other.

I remember they told us of a "new island," or at least of one not down on the chart, in east longitude

Madagascar Jack destroys the second boat.

It was from the *Cicero* that we first heard of "Madagascar Jack"; and afterward the *Dreyden*, which we fell in with near Mauritius, gave us further tidings of a certain cross whale with an iron in his back and a white scar on his head.

But the *Dreyper* did not meet him, nor with much else in the way of whales, indeed, during the first year out, and sailed for home two years afterward with a light face.

My next cruise was in the *Jessie*, of Sag Harbor. She was a ship which returned no ounce of the blessed oil the Captain and mate was thirsting for, and it was not till three years after, when I was on the Grand Captain Wyford, that I first saw "Madagascar Jack."

We went through Sunda Straits and cruised on the Indian Ocean grounds for eight months. There we took twenty-one hundred barrels of whale-oil, but thus far not a cask of sperm. Wyford was an elderly man who did not now enter a whale-boat himself. Some, indeed, hold that the master ought never to enter one. But we had a second mate who made up in pluck and daring for anything the Captain lacked.

I have cruised in a good many ships, but never saw Cliff Andrews's match as a whaleman.

One morning during the tenth month of our cruise a whale was sighted in a mile soon after daylight. In fact, we heard him spouting before we saw him. But the Captain would not order the boats down till the men had their breakfast, and the delay chafed Andrews.

We ate our breakfast in a few minutes, and two boats were lowered. Meantime the whale, after blowing a few times, had gone down to feed.

The Captain said that we would not see him again for an hour; but we pulled off to the spot where he had last been heard blowing, and there lay by on our oars.

There were now five of us with Mr. Cummings, and his boat was crowded. How to rescue Andrews from his perilous situation was now our only thought. We dreaded to attract the whale's attention, and dared not approach. Andrews could swim like a dog, as we knew, and at length Cummings hailed him.

"Better take a header under him and then swim for us!" he advised.

"Put in! Put in, man, and fasten to him!" Andrews answered back. "You're not going to show the white feather, be ye?"

"It's not my duty," replied Cummings, "with a boat lashed down to the gunwale! It's for him to get back to the ship with us, make haste!" he again hailed.

Andrews let go the whale, which was still thrashing the fragments of the boat to pieces, and swam off to us. But he was very angry.

Cummings headed for the ship. Most of the men were badly scared.

Meantime the Captain had ordered out another boat. We met it coming off. Andrews, wet as he was, limped in and took command.

"I'll kill that whale, or that whale kills me!" he shouted. "But if there's any man here who can't swim, or is afraid, he had better go into Mr. Cummings's boat."

Four of the crew lost no time in tumbling out; but two of us, who had been with Andrews before, took their places. Andrews seized an oar and we started to pull back to the whale.

The first mate, by the Captain's advice, put his wet men aboard and then followed slowly after us, to pick us up, as he said.

"Boys," cried Andrews, as we neared the whale again, "I'm going to put another iron in him. If he makes for us, jump overboard, swim a few strokes and then tread water." We were round the whale and got within half a ship's length of him, when he settled a little, rose with a half breach, and came straight toward us again.

We as rapidly backed water and tried to steer off; but in a moment the furious leviathan was close astern of us, and threw out his terrible jaw.

"Jump!" shouted the mate; and we all went overboard.

For some reason the whale missed his blow at the boat and rushed by, going in the direction of the ship. As we swam we could hear the shouting on board.

Cummings got his boat to lee of the ship. The whale coursed back and forth, exhibiting unmistakable evidences of angry defiance. They feared that he would run them aboard.

On our part, we saw that our boat remained uninjured, and returned to it, the last man of us we climbing in, when the mate again shouted, "Jump! He's coming!"

I took a long inside cut, on the side next the ship, and as I rose, I heard a crash behind me. The whale had returned and made an end of the boat this time.

We all swam in the direction of the ship, and Mr. Cummings's boat stole cautiously round the bows and picked us up.

Meantime, "Madagascar Jack" was thrashing the fragments of our second boat to pieces; there could be no doubt as to his fighting quality. We had already lost one man and two boats; and the Captain deemed any further effort to kill him useless and extra hazardous. So thought most of the men.

But the second mate held out and exclaimed:

"Is there a man who will go with me for a set at that old man-killer, or will ye see me go alone?"

The Captain did not exactly forbid it; and three of us, Coles, the blacksmith, a boat-steerer named Preston, and I, volunteered to accompany Andrews to make a third attack on the whale.

We pulled round the bows in Mr. Cummings's boat and hoved the whale at a little distance, near where he had stove the last boat.

A few drops of rain were falling, and the mist had settled again instead of clearing.

"Ship your oars and take the paddles," said Andrew. "Dip easy."

He picked up the boat's lance instead of the harpoon. "If we can creep up where I can get a good set at him just behind the hump, it's all I ask," he continued, under his breath.

Insensitively we angled the black back of the monster through the mist, not half a cable's length away. He seemed to be lying there as if on the watch for us. Then, after a moment or two, he threshed the floating spinners of the boat again.

With hearts thumping hard, for we felt it to be a matter of life and death, the boat was propelled forward on the left side of the whale, and gibbed past his flukes. Andrew thrust his foot on the rail, and seized the lance pole to both hands.

The whale moved slightly forward; but the boat continued overreaching him for several seconds, till we were nearly abreast his shoulder.

Then the mate lunged at him with a will, burying the lance to his sole.

He had struck the "life;" for the lance entered so deeply that Andrew's hand half overlapped with it.

The whale spirtted spermaceti copiously, then started forward, stirring in the immediate of the boat before we could object. We jumped out and used as deep as possible, to escape a second blow.

I swam under water for two strokes or thirty yards, and when I rose, I got the brine out of my eyes, I saw the whale making off. Andrews and both the others had risen near me; and a moment after we all saw blood fly from the animal's spiracles.

"Madagascar Jack" was done for at last. He lingered instant for ten or fifteen minutes, however.

They could not see us from the ship; but they had lowered another boat, and on Andrew's triumphant hail, came and picked us up.

This whale made eighty-five barrels of sperm oil; and we had, moreover, the satisfaction of having rid this ocean of a dangerous "rogue."

CAPTAIN S. WATKINS.



TIME-KEEPERS.

How did the ancients mark the hours?

How did King Alfred do this?

When and where were the first watches made? Were clocks made earlier or later?

What regulates the movements of a watch, and how? How is it with clocks?

How are clocks regulated by electricity?

What is a chronometer, and for what is it used?

For the Companion.

THE PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN:

Thackeray's "Esmond."

With that mind-vision that transcends
A hundred-fold our natural sight,
I see him clearer than the friends
Of this to-day, and yet I write
Of one who fought in Marlb'ro's wars,
Whose periwig is "temp Queen Anne;"
Here is the Hall, push wide the doors—
The "Portrait of a Gentleman!"

It hangs against the wainscot brown;
The sunshine from the lozenged pane
Shows the dark face, the sombre frown,
The long, sad features, gaunt and plain.
You know him? Well, he was not much
To look at—and a ray the while
Has reached his eyes;—I think the touch
Of Beatrix could make him smile!

I need not tell you of his race,
Whose pictures smile along the wall—
Smiling is often easier grace
Than frowning—but you know them all,
"My Lord," that hath a royal air,
"Young Frank," grown foreign overseas,
And "Trix," red-stockinged on the stair—
My "Gentleman" is none of these!

The heartache of a lonely youth,
The bitterness of love refused,
That deeper wronging when the truth
Broke on him of fair trust abused,
Have left him, colder, sterner still,
And that last failure touched his pride;
Henceforth, plain "Colonel," if you will,
The Marquisate a thing denied!

The walls grow thin as air, and see!
The smiling pictures fade away,
This thick green volume on my knee
Holds all of Castlewood to-day!
But stronger than a castle wall,
And longer than our lives' frail span,
Esmond will stand among us all,
"The Portrait of a Gentleman!"

G. B. STUART.

For the Companion.

SHE "DID IT NOT."

Harry Fawcett came out of the dining-room and lingered irresolutely in the hall. It was Sunday morning. He had breakfasted late, as usual, on that morning. On other days he was at his office before nine.

"A young lawyer," he said, "must look as if he had business, if he means to have any," and Harry, though a rich man, was ambitious to do good work in his profession.

He took out his note-book and glanced over his engagements for the day and week: dinners, breakfasts, balls, theatre parties. Harry was a favorite in society.

Somehow, to-day, these things bored him. It suddenly flashed on him that his life was poor, and filled with trifles.

"There is some stuff in me fit for better work than this!" he thought, as he stood in the hall, hesitating.

There was a picture by Corot in the drawing-room. He looked at it.

"If I could paint something that would last, or write a book! Something that would give thousands of people comfort and happiness when I am gone!" he thought.

On the other wall was a copy of Vibert's picture of the returned missionary priest, showing to his superior his scars given by the savages. Harry's blood warmed. "I, too, could sacrifice myself for a great cause," he said. "But what cause do I care for? There is not a single great purpose or meaning in my life."

He looked out at the sunny street, down which the people were hastening to church. He grew grave and thoughtful. He remembered how, when he was a little fellow, his mother took him to church. Her religion had been her life. She had died when he was still a boy.

"Is her faith what I need?" his soul asked, groping in the darkness for something live and real.

His sister was a professedly religious girl. She was very active in church work. But he had never spoken to her of her religion. She was coming now, on her way to church.

She came down the stairs buttoning her glove. Something in her brother's face startled her. Could Harry be unhappy? If they were more intimate she would ask him what troubled him. She hesitated, and he came quickly up to her.

"Going to church, Alice?"

"Yes, of course."

"It—counts for a good deal to you, eh? Church, I mean. It is a help—a—kind of life, I suppose?"

"There is not much help in Doctor Ray's sermons," she said. "He has no ability. And the soprano has a wretched voice."

He walked with her out of the door. There was a hunger in his soul that must be stayed. Even her jesting tone did not drive him back.

"She has the secret. My mother had it. I might learn it. There, perhaps,—in the hymns or prayers—somewhere."

But Alice joked about the hats and gowns of the women they passed. "If you will come to church you will see such guys!" she exclaimed. "It is a perfect study on costume."

"Thank you. I will not go."

He left her at the corner and sauntered down to the club. That night when they met at dinner he was his usual gay self.

"Are you quite well, Harry?" she asked. "I thought you looked pale and troubled this morning."

"I fell into an anxious mood, and was inclined to take life seriously," he said, somewhat bitterly. "But nobody else does it, and why should I?"

"Your trouble is gone, then?"

"Oh, quite gone!" he said.

She was silent, for in spite of his light tone she felt that he blamed her. What had she done?

She puzzled about it during dinner, but soon afterwards forgot it. Harry and she journeyed side by side through life for years. But between them there was a great gulf, and she never tried to cross it. She had lost her opportunity.

POSSIBLE INCREASE OF COLD.

No one who has poked about the rocky ribs of New England can have failed to see some of those grooves and scratches on the bare ledges of the hills and on the sides of huge boulders, which geologists assure us have been caused by the grinding of the rocks under the great sheet of ice, thousands of feet thick, which once covered North America as far south as the latitude of New York. The ice, being piled higher toward the north, kept pressing slowly southward, and the fragments of rock that it broke off from peaks and ridges, being carried along beneath it, did the grinding.

These things occurred many thousands of years ago,—just how many thousand no one is able to say with certainty,—and the time when the great ice-sheet existed is called the glacial epoch, or the ice age.

Even to-day a glacial epoch, on a comparatively small scale, reigns in Greenland; for that strange continent is completely buried under an enormous blanket of ice, which is continually pushing its way down into the sea all around the borders of the land, where the vast fragments that are broken off float away in the form of icebergs.

Now there is reason to believe that the earth has experienced more than one glacial epoch, and that others may yet be in store for it, owing to certain periodical changes in the earth's orbit, or path around the sun.

For instance, winter now occurs in the Northern Hemisphere when the earth is nearest to the sun; but in about ten thousand years it will occur when the earth is farthest from the sun. The winters in this hemisphere will then be longer and colder than they are now, and the result may be the accumulation of great quantities of ice and snow.

Observations recently collected in Paris show that the temperature of Europe has been below the average ever since 1885, and it has been suggested that this fact may indicate that a period of cold, possibly a real glacial epoch, has begun to set in.

Such a conclusion would be somewhat startling if the falling off in temperature were very great; but in fact it has been only a fraction of a degree, and it has not yet been shown that a similar change has taken place in America and Asia. Possibly this may yet be shown.

But as to a new glacial epoch, even if we should admit that one is approaching, thousands of years would probably elapse before the invasion of the ice became a very serious matter.

DIOGENES IN PARIS.

Diogenes, looking in the street with a lantern for an honest man, had a sort of imitator in a wealthy citizen of Paris who died recently. Having a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars, and no heirs, this man resolved to bequeath his money to some person who had proved to be perfectly honest without any motive of policy. He had retired from business, and spent his time in riding up and down Paris in omnibuses. He always stationed himself near the front part of the interior of the omnibus, where he would have an opportunity to pass up to the driver the fares of passengers, and hand back the change.

Frequently, when the change was of a character to admit it, he quietly slipped into it, after the driver had put it into his hand, a fifty-centime piece—the equivalent of about a dime, and awaited the result.

A Parisian newspaper asserts that the old man rode up and down the streets for eight years, during all of which time not a single passenger upon whom he had bestowed the coin saw fit to restore it to the driver, from whom it was to be supposed it had come.

But at last, one day when the elderly cynic had slipped his usual small silver piece into the change for a five-franc piece, and passed it to a young working-girl who had entered the omnibus, he was delighted to hear her say in a clear voice to the driver: "But, driver, you've given me fifty centimes too much!"

The old man said nothing, but made inquiries about the young lady; and having ascertained her name, family and circumstances, he made a will, entirely unknown to her, bequeathing her all his property.

Lately he died, and the young woman came into possession of her benefactor's fortune of a hundred thousand dollars—a large return, surely, for a restitution of ten cents.

The story is told as a true one, but if it is really true, honesty is a virtue much more rare in Paris than it is in this country.

CLOCK-WINDING SNAKES.

The people of Persia are very unwilling to have house-snakes destroyed. The creatures do no harm, and what is far more important, they are believed to be tenanted by the spirit of the late master of the house. English travellers and residents in the country naturally entertain a very different opinion, and sometimes find the superstitions of the natives a trial hard to bear. Doctor Wills, in his "Land of the Lion and the Sun," recounts one of his own experiences.

In my first house in Shiraz, an old and handsome one, I was continually annoyed by a buzzing, as of the winding of clock-work. This, I was told, proceeded from the snakes, but I never saw one, though the buzzing was to be heard in all parts of the house.

One morning I was attracted by an unusual twittering of birds, and on looking out saw some thirty sparrows on the top of a wall, all jumping about in an excited manner, screaming, chattering, and opening their beaks as if enraged.

At first I was at a loss to understand the cause of such a commotion, but presently I saw a pale-yellow snake advancing deliberately upon the birds from the wooden window-frame, out of which he hung. They appeared to be all of them quite fascinated, and none attempted to fly away. The snake did not take the nearest, but deliberately chose one more to his liking, and swallowed it.

Glad to be rid of my buzzing annoyances, I got my gun, and notwithstanding the entreaties of the servants, some of whom wept, assuring me that the reptile was inhabited by the late master of the house, I gave him a dose of duck-shot.

He was a big snake, about four feet long. I cut him open and extracted the sparrow. After some ten minutes' exposure to the sun the bird got up, and in half an hour more flew away, apparently unhurt.

Shortly afterward a servant of my landlord came and took away the snake's body, and all my own servants sulked and looked black for a week. When I spoke to my landlord, however, an educated man, he laughed, and simply congratulated me, saying that the clock-winding snake had annoyed him for years. I never heard the noise again.

For the Companion.

AUTUMN SONG.

Fair Autumn stands by the maple-tree,
(Ah! but the Winter follows!)
And drops the bright leaves down to me,
Or blows them away on the north-wind free,
Across the meadow, across the lea,
Over the hills and hollows.

The squirrel runs to the chestnut tall,
(Ho! but the frost's cold fingers!)
And rattling down the ripe nuts fall,
But never a squirrel shall have them all,
While the lads and lassies merrily call
Through fields where the aster lingers.

The witch-hazel waves her fringe of gold,
(Hark! to the winds a-sighing!)
The hunter's moon shines over the wold,
The days grow short and the nights grow cold,
And the weary year is getting old,
While the withered leaves are flying.

DOROTHY GRAY.

HE BOUGHT THE QUAIL.

In Mr. Barry's "Russia in 1870," the author remarks upon the unlimited and irresponsible power which the proprietors of large estates had over their dependants in the days of serfdom. One proprietor caused a man who had offended him to be locked into an iron cage, and confined him in it for a length of time. Happily, however, the proprietor himself was a man under authority, and his day of reckoning finally arrived.

While the oppressor was absent on a journey, the case of his wretched prisoner came to the knowledge of the governor of his province. The governor caused the man, cage and all, to be brought to the government town, and at the same time sent a messenger to intercept the tyrannical proprietor on the road, with an invitation to dinner.

The proprietor was flattered by the courtesy, and presented himself at the government house at the time appointed.

There was then a curious fashion in Russia of keeping live quails, whose notes were greatly admired by connoisseurs. The governor was famous for his collection of these singing birds. The dinner was good, the company merry.

After the cloth was removed, the governor addressed his guest:

"Now, Ivan Simonovitch, I know you are very fond of quails, and I have a beauty which I don't mind selling you."

"Very well, your excellency; if the bird is not too dear, I will buy it of you."

"Bring in the quail," said his excellency to the attendants.

A very ordinary sort of bird, in a wooden cage, was introduced.

"I want to sell you that bird for ten thousand roubles," said the governor.

The proprietor could not understand the joke, but declined the bargain, as he thought the bird a little too dear.

"Well," said the governor, "I will show you a better bird than that, and I think you'll buy him. Have the other quail brought in."

Folding doors flew open, and the iron cage with its miserable captive was set down before the astonished guest.

"Now," said the governor, "what do you think of that for a quail? But this is a very expensive bird; I want twenty thousand roubles for him!"

"All right," said the alarmed proprietor; "I will buy this one. Send him down to my works without the cage, and your messenger shall bring back the amount."

History does not add that the poor peasant profited by any part of the twenty thousand roubles.

TREED BY PECCARIES.

The peccary is found in large herds in Mexico, Arizona and Southern Texas. If one of the herd is wounded by a shot so that it squeals, the whole herd will charge the hunter on sight. He can escape being devoured only by flight or by climbing a tree. In "The Big Game of North America," Mr. A. G. Requa says that he and three other sportsmen were camped in the mountains, forty miles from Hermosillo. It was arranged that they should try to get close to a herd of peccaries, and near several trees.

One man was to shoot and cripple a peccary, so that he would squeal. The hunters were then to show themselves, and on being charged by the herd, to climb the trees, from which they might kill every peccary.

The next morning, therefore, the hunters started up the mountain, each with a hundred shells. Mr. Requa, seeing a flock of wild turkeys, separated from his companions, and walked a long distance to get a shot. The others went on. He shot one turkey and sat down on a rock to rest, taking off his coat, for it was very warm.

Five minutes after, a dozen peccaries came in sight, and as there were plenty of small pines to serve as a refuge, the hunter thought he would kill the whole herd, provided they showed fight. He fired at one and crippled it. The pig squealed, and the peccaries came in such numbers that Mr. Requa started for a tree, forgetting in his excitement his coat and turkey. He had scarcely time to get up when two hundred maddened peccaries were squealing around the tree.

He killed five, that being the number of shells in his rifle, a Marlin repeater, when he remembered that his ammunition was in the coat he had left on the rock. So he threw down his rifle that it might not burden him, retaining two revolvers and a belt full of pistol cartridges.

The peccaries were gnawing the base of the tree, and climbing over each other trying to get at their enemy. Each shot from his revolver knocked over one, but made the others more furious. They rushed at the tree, gnawed at the bark and wood, while flakes of froth fell from their mouths.

Remembering that his cartridges would soon run out, the hunter stopped shooting and counted the dead hogs. He had killed twenty-three, but there were over two hundred left.

His position was uncomfortable, but the peccaries showed no signs of leaving. It was noon and very warm, and he was getting tired of being treed. He thought of his companions, and remembered that he had not fired the three shots from a revolver in quick succession—the signal agreed upon. He fired them and killed three peccaries, and then waited.

Three o'clock came, but no signs of his comrades. Fatigue made it hard for him to sit on the limb, and he took off his belt and buckled himself fast to the tree, so that he could not fall.

At seven o'clock the sun went behind the mountain, darkness came on, and with it hunger and thirst. At twelve o'clock the moon disclosed his guard scattered around. At two o'clock something, a grizzly or a puma, alarmed the hogs, and they went scampering down the mountain.

Unloosening his belt, Mr. Requa descended the tree, but was so stiff and cramped that he could hardly walk. The turkey had been eaten and his coat thoroughly chewed. He reached the camp at daybreak. Two of the boys were out on horseback hunting for him.

NOT FOR HERSELF.

It gives some women a deep and almost oppressive sense of responsibility to be entrusted with the selection of a pair of gloves or a yard of ribbon for another woman. "It isn't for myself," said an anxious-looking customer at the ribbon counter of a large dry goods store, one afternoon, when the clerks were busiest. "If it was for myself I should know exactly what I wanted and wouldn't waste any time over it. But—"

"Did you say dark or light green ribbon?" asked the clerk.

"She said dark, and yet not too dark, so I don't exactly know what to get. If I were going to use it myself—"

"How would this do?"

"Well, I hardly know. It seems a trifle light to me, and yet maybe it wouldn't be. I don't know just what it's to be used for, which makes the matter all the more perplexing."

"How wide did you want it?"

"She said from two and a half to three inches, which is, of course, rather indefinite. It's for a friend of mine living in M——, and she simply wrote for a yard of dark green ribbon, from two and a half to three inches wide, at from thirty to forty cents a yard, and I am puzzled to know just what to get. If it were for myself—"

"You didn't want satin ribbon?"

"She didn't say, and I don't know whether to get satin, or grosgrain, or watered ribbon, or ribbon with a plain, corded or picot edge, or what. Everything is so indefinite about it. If I knew what she wanted it for, or had some little hint to go by, or if it were for myself,—but as it is, I'm entirely in the dark.

"I think, on the whole, I'd better write and get more definite information before selecting anything. Yes, that's what I'll do, and then I'll not make any mistake."

QUITE PERMISSIBLE.

Mrs. Wiley was one of the people who enjoy, more than everything else, managing other people's affairs. She was such a power in her family and among her friends that she had at last come to believe that very few things were done without her advice and consent, either in her own home or elsewhere.

As she grew older her way of mentioning the control she exercised over everybody within her reach became more and more decided, and was now often the occasion of no little amusement.

Her husband, a very old gentleman, some ten years her senior, and quite feeble, had frequent attacks of sneezing, which did not seem to presage any cold, or to give him the least discomfort. Often he sneezed sixteen times in succession as he sat in his big arm-chair, reading the paper laboriously.

"Your husband's quite a hand to sneeze, Mis' Wiley, aint he?" said a little seamstress who was sewing for the family one day, when the old gentleman had had several of his longer attacks.

"Yes, he is," admitted Mrs. Wiley, "and for a long time I used to reason with him about it, and had him pretty well broke of the notion. But now he's consid'rable old, and he aint got much to occupy him, and sneezin' kind of takes up his time; and so, if he enjoys it, I just let it go, for when all's said and done, it's a harmless kind of habit!"

"NO PUBLIC SPEAKER."

Richard Coleman of Virginia, while yet a very young man, was made judge of one of the eastern circuit courts. Before his appointment he had led a quiet, studious life, and had obtained no extended reputation except among lawyers.

Shortly after he went upon the bench a cruel murder was committed in his district by a notoriously bad man. The murderer was taken, tried and convicted of murder in the first degree.

In pronouncing the sentence of the law upon the prisoner, Judge Coleman spoke with so much feeling and eloquence that many of the listeners were moved to tears. The murderer, on the other hand, seemed to be quite indifferent, looking at the ceiling and apparently paying no attention whatever to what was being said.

After he was remanded to jail one of the young lawyers went into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when the judge was passing sentence upon him.

"What do you mean?" asked the murderer.

"I mean when the judge was telling you that you were to be hanged."

"You mean when he was talking to me?"

"Yes."

"Oh! I never paid no 'tention to Dick Coleman; *he* aint no public speaker, nohow."

GOOD SLEEPERS.

The author of "Bulgaria Before the War" says that the Turks devote to sleep any spare half-hour that may happen to be at their disposal. At night, he says, all his companions would be in the land of dreams within ten minutes, while he lay wide awake and envious.

It has often struck me with astonishment to see the little respect any one in Turkey pays to sleep. When I have been staying in the villages I have often heard a member of the family get up, and after searching about among his sleeping companions, arouse them all to ask where his tobacco was, or upon some equally slight excuse.

A lad of eighteen would thus wake up his father, a man of sixty, perhaps, two or three times in the night, and yet there would never be an angry word of remonstrance; and when I have snapped savagely at some one for walking into my room and over my body in the middle of the night, my snappishness has caused the greatest astonishment.

Many times I have turned in with natives in the same room with me, and though I was generally tired and my companions not, yet I think I may say I was invariably the last to close my eyes.

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For the Companion.

A HYMN FOR A CHILD.

For all the pleasant things I see,
I must give thanks, dear Lord, to Thee!
The bending sky, so blue, so bright,
The daisy-meadows, green and white,
The silver moon and golden sun,
'Tis Thou hast made them, every one.

The robin in the blossoming tree
Sings "Praise!" and "Praise!" and "Praise to Thee!"
The sea-gull on the waves afloat
Still utters "Praise!" with harsher note.
In every voice of beast or bird
Their love and thanks may still be heard.

And I, who am Thy child indeed,
Shall I not give most careful heed
To praise Thee with a thankful heart,
To do Thy will in every part,
To keep myself all pure and sweet,
As for a child of God is meet!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

For the Companion.

HOW JET STARTED WEST.

As told by Tommy.

Jet is my Aunt Bee's black pony. He's as pretty and gentle as you ever saw, and quite fast, too. Aunt Bee always talks to him as if he knew every word she said, and I just believe he does.

When she goes to hitch up she slips on the harness, and smooths his mane and foretop, and pats his nose, and then says, "Now come around this way, little pony." And he goes without leading, and steps between the thills, and she hitches him to the buggy. And then she climbs in, and takes the lines and says, "Now go right along, Jet, dear!" And off he goes, proud as you please.

She don't have to put on any old check-rein to make him hold up his head. No sir! Aunt Bee'd never do such a thing. She says it makes a horse's neck ache, same as mine did, when I looked up too long, trying to count the little round do-funnies on a Chinese kite.

Last month we concluded we'd go and live in California, and Aunt Bee said she would go with us. So she sold her place, and packed up her things, and came to stay at our house till we were ready. But she left Jet in his old pasture, and asked a near neighbor to look after him.

In a few days this neighbor came over and said, "Mrs. Beaman, I believe your horse is quite sick."

"Oh no," Aunt Bee said, "not really sick, I guess, but maybe he feels bad because I left him."

"Well," the neighbor said, "he doesn't run and play as he used to, and he won't eat a bite, but just stands at the bars with his head down, and doesn't notice any one. I think he's a pretty sick horse."

But Aunt Bee said she guessed not. She'd been so rushed she hadn't really explained to him why she came away, and probably he felt hurt about it.

So she went right over to see him, and she talked to him quite a while.

She said, "Did you think I'd gone and left my little pony? Not a bit of it! You see, I'm going to California, Jet, dear, but I'll take you along. You shall go on the big train in a nice car, and you shall have a good home when we get there. And I'll never leave you, Jet, dear, and don't you ever think it!"

So she patted him and stroked him and laid her head on his neck, and when she picked some grass he nibbled it, and seemed to feel a great deal better.

And then Aunt Bee said, "Come now, little pony, let's have a run." And she laid one hand on his mane and said, "Now come right along, dear!" And he trotted along beside her till she let go and clapped her hands, and then away he went, running and jumping and playing just as he used to.

Well, he was all right after that till she sent the man that was going to take care of him on the way, to put him into the car. The man came 'round in the evening and said she might as well sell the horse, for he wouldn't budge one step to go in.

"He's not for sale," said Aunt Bee, "but I do suppose I shall have to put him in myself."

So she went down next morning and got Jetty, and led him towards the car. The men were there, and they just stood back and laughed to hear how Aunt Bee talked to her horse.

I saw 'em, but Aunt Bee didn't look 'round nor take the least notice. She just patted the poor little pony, that seemed 'most scared to death, and said, "Come now, Jetty, this is the nice car that you're going to ride in to California. And Joe will go with you all the way and give you a drink whenever you want it. And I'll meet you when you get there, and you shall have the nicest little barn ever you saw. Now you must go right in with me. Nothing will hurt you. Come right along now, that's a dear!"

And she didn't try to lead him by the halter, but put her arms 'round his neck, and he walked in with her like a lamb.

I guess those men were some astonished when they saw that. But Aunt Bee said he would have gone in for anybody, if they had been half-way polite about it.

Well, that's the way Jet started to California, and he got there all right, too. But I do wish he could talk, for I want so much to ask him what he thought of the trip, and whether Joe was half-way polite to him.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.





Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

My *first* does a lady flirt and twirl;
My *second's* the name of a man;
Now do my *third*, find a pretty girl,
And dance my *whole*, if you can.

2.

DOUBLE ZIGZAGS.

Across.

1. Belonging to courts of law.
2. An enchanter.
3. To desecrate.
4. Singers in a choir.
5. Animated.
6. A kindler of anger.
7. A kind of mortar or cannon.
8. To divest of regality.
9. Attrition.
10. That may be carried.

Zigzags.

Commencing at the first letter of the first word—The name of the inventor of a useful article, who died on Sept. 16, 1736.

Commencing at the last letter of the first word—The name of a State admitted into the Union on Sept. 9, 1850.

C. D.

3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer, composed of 83 letters, is a quotation from a noted American statesman, who died on Sept. 19, 1881. His name is added to the same.

The 1, 2, 33, 6, 17, 34, 30, 4, 9, 22, 25 is molded into an orb.

The 32, 55, 10, 3, 48, 5, 47, 65 is pressing necessity.

The 7, 23, 29, 39, 8, 35, 24, 16 is the worship of animals.

The 40, 63, 11, 31, 54, 20 is shown.

The 14, 38, 12, 15, 21, 45, 42, 44, 51, 13 are collections of living animals.

The 46, 18, 41, 68, 69, 53, 36 is foolish.

The 76, 78, 19, 64, 26, 79, 80, 81, 72 is one who pleases.

The 43, 67, 52, 58, 82 (or 59), 71, 27 are very small portions.

The 61, 77, 39, 60, 28, 75 is to exile.

The 66, 49, 50, 70, 56, 57, 37 is peevish.

The 73, 83, 62, 74 are the 15th day of March, May, July and October and the 13th of the other months.

4.

CALENDAR PI.

Mr. T. T. Stahphy, thy bread I see;
Mr. V. N. Joan, I plunder a bee.

A. M. P.

5.

LOGOGRIPH.

I scratch, I scratch,
As I utter this sound;
Beheaded it's longed for
All the world round.

H. A. G.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Elbow.

2.

									M					
								B	E					
						R	U	N	D					
					A	R	I	D	E					
				N	O	R	S	E	L					
			D	A	C	T	Y	L	S					
		Y	O	N	K	E	R	S	O					
	W	I	L	I	N	E	S	S	H					
	I	S	T	C	H	O	L	N						
N	I	G	G	A	R	D	I	S						
E	N	U	C	L	E	A	T	I	O	N				

1 to 10—Brandywine.
11 to 21—Mendelssohn.

3. Easel, Dutch, Idler, Style, Ought, Nerve.—Edison.

4. Many years ago, the bold headland, Tarifa, stretching out from the coast of Spain, was the headquarters of a gang of Mohammedan pirates who exacted tribute or toll from every ship passing through the straits of Gibraltar to or from the Mediterranean. This process was called Tarifing, and gave rise to the word tariff, so influential in political life.

5. Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.

For the Companion.

BRIGHT LITTLE MICE.

A great, white cake, without sugar or spice,
First round, then nibbled, then only a slice;
Where did it go? Does any one know?
Just ask the sly little twinkling mice.

LITTLE NELLIE was in great glee over a promised visit across the country to grandma's. She heartily agreed to the stipulation that she should get up bright and early. When awakened at four o'clock in the morning she protested against being disturbed. "Why, you *said* you'd get up bright and early," reminded mamma. "Yes, I know," admitted Nellie. "But this isn't bright and early. It's *dark* and early."

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A POOR "PERVIDER."

Abijah Stokes, for a long time owner of the one small shop in Cyrusville, was an elderly bachelor who, to use the expression commonly applied to him by his friends, was "some cranky, but a turrible good hand to jedge o' things in gen'ral." He had taken his meals for many years at the "tavern," and always expressed himself well satisfied with the food; but, unfortunately, the tavern changed hands at last, and the new man was by no means as liberal or careful in supplying the table as his predecessor had been.

Abijah was not one of the grumbling sort, but it was observed that he accepted invitations to take dinner or tea with his hospitable neighbors with much greater alacrity than in times past, and that occasionally he even courted such invitations.

He did not wish to hurt the new proprietor's trade, however, and for a long time was guarded in his replies to the questions with which he was plied. One day he was asked to take Sunday dinner with a family, the mistress of which was renowned for her good cooking. He accepted with great thankfulness, having been kept on particularly short and poor rations for some days previous to the invitation.

When he saw the first slice cut from the great roast of beef his eyes glistened, and when his plate had been well supplied and the meal was fairly under way, the host said, casually, "How is the table over 't the tavern, nowadays, Bije? I aint heard you make any special mention of it, 's I know on."

"Wa-al," said Abijah, slowly, evidently drawn on to speak by the richness spread before him, "you know 's well es I do, Samu'l, they's some es is extry good perviders, an' others es aint; then agin, they's some 't are more pertick'ler abaout the meat 'n others. Naow, in course," he concluded, after devouring a large mouthful of the beef, "when the yoke hes callused on the neck o' the ox fer from ten ter twelve years, the meat you git, aint, so to speak, over'n above juicy, an' it don't appear ter *relish* much!"

A GOOD FEE.

Ministers in New England villages are not usually the recipients of liberal salaries, and the number of marriages in a year is seldom large enough to make the fees much of an addition to the slender sum. The fees themselves are apt to be slight, and sometimes are omitted altogether, although the clergyman is usually presented with some little "remembrance" of the happy occasion.

One clergyman has a good many amusing stories to tell of his "wedding experiences," but he once received a wedding fee which has never been duplicated, and which he says lasted ten times as long as any other which was ever given him.

He performed the ceremony which united the daughter of the Widow Robbins, the thriftiest housewife of his parish, to a poor but estimable young man, whom the widow had selected for her son-in-law, and with whom her daughter had dutifully fallen in love.

The wedding was a merry one, and as the "officiating clergyman" was putting on his coat in the hall, ready to start for home, the Widow Robbins bustled out to him and said, "I sent Harry over with your fee about half an hour ago, Mr. Lathrop. I told him people wouldn't miss the groom for a few minutes; and sure enough they didn't. He said he gave it to your wife, and I hope you'll like it; you always *have*!"

Mr. Lathrop murmured his thanks and hurried home, to be greeted by his wife, whom a severe cold had kept in the house, in a voice shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Where is my fee?" demanded the clergyman. "I hear it has been put in your keeping."

"It's on the dining-room table," faltered his wife.

He strode out to the dining-room, and there on the table were ranged four rows of glass jars, three in each row; they were well filled, and labeled respectively, "currant jelly," "chili sauce," "sweet pickles," and, last but not least, "raspberry jam."

"We had a good laugh, of course," says Mr. Lathrop, "but we also had some of that 'fee' the very next day, and we never enjoyed one better."

EARTHQUAKES.

Several shocks of earthquake which have recently been felt in various quarters of the globe at about the time of the new moon recall the interesting theory that the earth is more frequently shaken near the periods of new and full moon than at other times. Lists of earthquakes covering many years have been prepared, which seem to favor this theory.

The reason assigned is similar to that by which we are able to account for the greater height of the tides at new and full moon.

When the moon and the sun are on the same side of the earth, as is the case at new moon, they unite the force of their attractions in heaping up the waters of the sea. The same thing happens when they are on opposite sides of the earth, as at full moon, for then each, by attracting in an opposite direction, assists the other in pulling out the ocean, so to speak, as one might pull out the sides of a rubber ball.

According to the theory in question, the same forces of the sun and moon which raise the tides put a strain upon the crust of the earth which, by causing the strata of the rocks to slip and slide a little, produces earthquakes.

When the moon is at its quarters its pull is at right angles to that of the sun and then, as is well known, the tides are lowest. Then, too, it is argued, the strain upon the crust of the earth is least.

If this theory is true, how wonderfully sensitive the apparently solid globe must be to the impulses conveyed to it by the attraction of bodies hundreds of thousands and millions of miles distant!

SINGULAR.

A fourteen-year-old boy at school wrote this sentence in an exercise: "Ten men and four voman." His teacher pointed out to him the sentence with the remark:

"Is it possible that you do not know, after all these years at school, that the plural of *woman* is *women*?"

The boy scratched his head in a somewhat disconcerted way.

"Anyway," he said, "I've often heard my father say that woman is a singular creature!"

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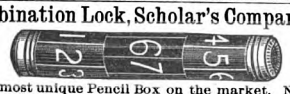
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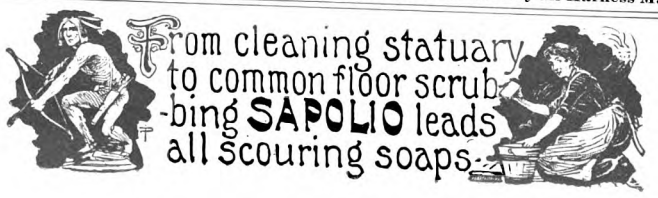
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MINING CAMP NAMES.

In travelling through the mining districts of the Rocky Mountains, one is often surprised and amused at the queer, fanciful or poetic names given by miners to their mines or claims, or even to the little log-cabins in which they live. The writer has in an old note-book a list of such names, gathered in and around Leadville.

The list begins with "Sweet Marjorie," a name given to an undeveloped claim far above timberline. Near by was the "Girl I Left Behind Me," owned by a manly, honest-looking young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three, who no doubt had many happy, helpful thoughts of the girl he had left behind him while working eagerly and hopefully on the claim that might make them both rich.

Down in the gulch a brawny, full-bearded man was wielding the pick vigorously in the tunnel of the "Baby Belle" mine, while a post driven in the ground not far distant indicated the location of "The Little Sass-box" claim.

In another gulch were claims called "My Sweetheart," "Dandy Jim," "Just My Luck," "Daddy's Delight," and "Gun of the Range." The "Pretty Polly Pemberton" had become a paying mine, while near by two boyish-appearing young fellows had staked out "The Last Cent" claim.

"It means," one of them said, "that we've spent our last copper for tools and grub to keep us alive till we see if there's anything in this piece of ground."

"And if there is not?" I said.

"Well, then we'll get somebody to grub-stake us on a claim until we strike something. People don't starve to death in this country anyhow."

Nevertheless, there was a claim not far distant called the "Starvation."

"The Fairy Queen" and "Morning Star" were favorite names among the miners, and the "Last Chance" and "Last Hope" were not uncommon. One deserted shaft had a bit of paper tacked to a post to indicate that its name was "The Fair Dream." The long-deserted shaft and the sunken roof of the cabin near it told their own sad story of a "fair dream" that had come to naught.

Over a cabin door was a pine board on which was painted in black letters, "The Missouri Lead." In the cabin there lived a boy of nineteen who was prospecting "on his own hook," as he himself said when he came to the door with his hands covered with dough from the "batch of biscuits" he was making for his supper.

A humorous vein in the owners of some claims was indicated by such names as the "Thompson's Mule," "Hello," "Sassy Jane," "Busted," "Hanner Marier" and "Here We Air" claims.

The owners of claims with such names as these were likely to be quite as happy without as with the fortunes they sought for in the granite walls of the mountain slopes. In many cases they were better off seeking wealth than they would have been in the sudden possession of it.

UNTRUSTWORTHY.

Fame has its own peculiar bitterness. "Isn't it pleasant to go back with laurels to your old home?" asked some one of a celebrated artist, who replied, quizzically: "It would be, except that many of my townsmen think me a house-painter. That is a worthy trade, but still it is not *my* trade." Yet such a sting is not the sharpest to be imagined.

A century ago there lived a famous almanac-maker, named Partridge. One day, while travelling in the country, he stopped for dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse, in order to continue his journey.

"If you will take my advice, sir," said the hostler, "you will stay where you are, unless you want to be overtaken by a heavy rain."

"Nonsense," was the reply. "It doesn't look in the least like rain."

He proceeded on his way, and was thoroughly drenched by the shower in which he had refused to believe. Turning back, he was met by the hostler, with a broad grin.

"Well, sir," said the man, "you see I was right, after all."

"Yes, you were right, and now you must tell me how you came to know about the rain."

"Well, sir," replied the man, "you see we have a book at our house called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and whenever that fellow promises us a fair day, we know it will rain. Now this day is put down in the almanac as 'settled fine weather.' I looked at the prediction before I brought your horse out, and that was how I could put you on your guard."

TRULY RESIGNED.

There was once a certain old lady whose son, late in life, married against her wishes. The wife was everything that could be desired, and yet the old lady had not intended her middle-aged "boy" to marry at all, and loud were her complaints thereat. Finally the minister called, to essay consolation, and remind her that it was hardly best to make the neighbors the confidants of her woes.

"I am sure Huldah will prove a dutiful daughter to you," said he.

"She'll do as well as she can," grumbled the old lady, "but her best 'll be bad enough."

"Well, you know the deed is done, now, and nothing you can say will prevent it."

"I know it. If he had only heard to me in the first place, it never would have happened."

"But, my dear madam, this is not making the best of things."

"There aint any best to some things!" snapped she.

"If you could only be resigned —"

"Resigned? I'm always resigned when things go as I want them to!"

Evidently there was no more to be said.

BEGAN WITH "A."

In London one evening, writes a correspondent, I was looking for the Alhambra. Not knowing exactly in which direction it was, I stopped to inquire of a passer-by, when suddenly the name of the theatre escaped me entirely.

The situation was awkward, but I said:

"Do you know where that large theatre is near here—the name begins with 'A'?"

The man replied at once:

"Oh, you mean the 'Aymarket, sir."

IN some places a yeast cake is known as a "two-cent razor."

Children are often irritated and made sick by worms. A simple and effective remedy is found in "*Brown's Vermifuge Comfits.*" They contain nothing injurious. [*Adv.*

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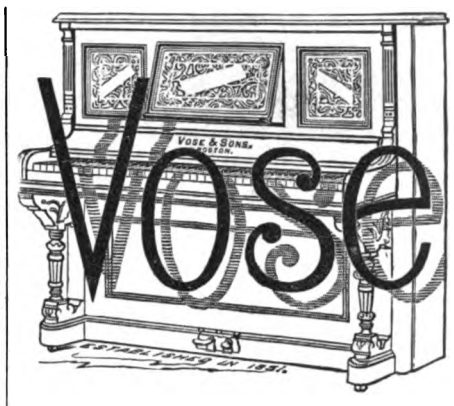
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For the Companion.

APHASIA—A CASE.

The vocal organs are one thing, the power to use them is another thing. The power to use resides somewhere in the brain. But the brain is made up of many distinct parts, each part having its own particular function, and being connected with some mental, muscular, or sensational act.

Thirty years ago Broca found the speech-centre to be in the third frontal convolution. An injury at this point produces a disturbance of speech known as aphasia.

Three forms of aphasia are now recognized. In the first form there is inability to articulate, though the meaning of the word is fully understood, and there is no difficulty with the vocal organs. In the second form of the disease, while the mind in general is unaffected, the patient is unable to recollect words. In the third form the patient, though intelligent and able to articulate, is unable to read printed language.

In the first form, the centre of the disease is where Broca placed it. In the second form it is about an inch below and behind that point. In the third form it is further back in the temporal and occipital lobes.

The form of the aphasia now enables the surgeon to locate the cerebral lesion. The lesion may be due to a clot, a tumor, an abscess, or a hemorrhage. In the case of left-handed persons the speech-centre is generally in the right half of the brain.

A very interesting case was lately detailed before the New York Surgical Society. The patient was thrown from a buggy and was picked up conscious, but became unconscious toward evening, and remained so three days. On the return of consciousness, he was found to be aphasic, and was paralyzed in his right leg and part of his right arm.

After three months the case came into the hands of the surgeons, and from a study of the symptoms they located a blood-clot in the speech-centre. On opening the skull in that region, they found the clot, removed it carefully, and duly dressed the wound. On the evening of that day the patient uttered the first word he had spoken since the return of consciousness. At the end of a week he was able to walk with the aid of a cane, and the aphasic symptoms steadily diminished until, three months later, he was able to converse and to resume his business.

STARS IN LATE SEPTEMBER.

An observer will find a favorable opportunity for studying some of the September stars on the evening of the Twenty-third at eight o'clock.

The moon is then out of the way, and if the sky be cloudless and the atmosphere serene, some of the largest stars in the Northern Hemisphere may be easily recognized. The observer should find a position where the whole expanse of the heavens is spread out above him.

The first object that will attract his attention is a brilliant star in the southeast, nearly half-way between the horizon and the zenith. It is Jupiter, the prince of planets, shining at his brightest, for he is at nearly his least distance from the earth.

Near the point overhead, the radiant star Vega comes into view, brighter than any of its neighbors and shining with a bluish light that ranks it with stars of the first class, those whose light has not yet grown dim, stars still in their golden youth.

Arcturus is the superb red star low down in the west, its color showing that it is not in its prime, though it is one of the most interesting stars in the heavens, from its enormous magnitude and the fact that it is drifting towards us at the rate of nearly sixty miles a second!

Capella is the yellowish star in the northeast, a wonderful brilliant.

These three first-magnitude stars, Vega, Arcturus and Capella, are called the northern brilliants, and it is difficult to decide upon their relative lustre. Some observers think that Vega bears the palm, others decide in favor of Arcturus, and others place Capella first on the list.

Only one other first-magnitude star, Altair, northwest of Jupiter, is visible at the time of observation.

When these four first-magnitude stars have been traced, the picture may be filled in. The semicircle of stars east of Arcturus is the Northern Crown. The Swan, with its starry cross resting on the Milky Way, lies east of Vega, in the zenith. The square of Pegasus adorns the eastern sky, and is northeast of Jupiter.

The Pleiades are low down in the northeast, and above them lies Perseus with its famous variable, Algol, on one of the richest portions of the Milky Way, that aggregation of eighteen million suns, of which our sun is a member, though by no means a distinguished one.

Intelligent observers may readily find the stars and clusters here mentioned, and the same stars will return to the same places at the same time on every succeeding September. Once learned, they have been learned for a lifetime.

Stars seem to rise and set, like the sun, on account of the earth's revolution on her axis. They seem to rise four minutes earlier every night, on account of the earth's revolution in her orbit. The starry picture of the Twenty-third will be seen four minutes earlier on the Twenty-fourth, eight minutes earlier on the Twenty-fifth, and so on.

THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

A railway mail clerk, who had a car to himself, left it for a moment to run forward and speak to the engineer as the train stopped for water at a station in the Alleghany Mountains, just west of the great tunnel. When the boiler was filled and the train started, he sprang for his car. What followed is described by the Washington *Star*:

The entrance to the car was on the side, and a solitary handle offered itself to the grasp of the passenger. As the clerk seized this hurriedly and pulled himself up, he discovered to his horror that the door had jarred shut, and could not be opened from the outside.

At that moment the train shot into the tunnel. The man shrieked for help, but the noise of the train drowned his cries, and with both hands grasping the handle, his feet on the iron step, and his body glued to the side of the car lest he should be dashed against the jagged wall, he was carried into the darkness.

As the tunnel is a mile long, and the atmosphere almost stifling, the hapless man's predicament can be better imagined than described. When the train came out into daylight again the engineer looked back, as usual, to see if the train was following, and discovered the mail clerk in his perilous position.

The train was stopped as quickly as possible, and the engineer and conductor hastened to the man's rescue. He was all but demented, and on being assisted to the ground, fell unconscious.

For six months afterwards he was under a physician's care, and when he had recovered from the shock, he said:

"The tunnel seemed at least ten miles long, and my head, I thought, was hollow, with the smoke rushing in at my mouth and nostrils and pouring out again through my ears. Whenever I think of it my brain reels and I feel myself crouching, just as I crouched against the outside of that car, while being dragged through that horrible darkness."

IT COULD SWIM.

At a sea-side resort some boys caught a ribbon-snake about eighteen inches long, and after playing with it for a while took it into their heads to see if it could swim. They carried it to the pier and threw it into the harbor. The snake set out swimming at once, but instead of coming toward the land, it made for a small yacht lying at anchor.

It could not get up the sides of the boat, but in swimming about it, it came to the cable, up which, to the amazement of the boys, it was seen to make its way by twisting around it.

The shouts of the boys called the attention of the only man on the yacht to the presence of the snake, and after chasing the poor creature with a broom about the deck, he succeeded in throwing it into the water again. The snake, still plucky, swam to another yacht near by, but was driven away with an oar.

It then started for the other side of the harbor, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, and the men in the second yacht had the curiosity to get into a small boat and follow it to see if it reached the shore. It swam steadily, going somewhat more slowly as it went on, but still keeping up its graceful, undulating motion until the shore was gained.

By this time it was somewhat exhausted, but it had strength enough to crawl away among the rocks, and the men who were watching it felt that it had earned the right to live, even had there been any reason—which there wasn't—for killing it in the first place.

CHANGED THE SUBJECT.

One of the most difficult things to do gracefully is to change the current of an unpleasant conversation. But the small boy can do it if circumstances make it necessary.

"Thomas, will you please tell me why you pulled up the onions from my Danvers onion-bed? How many times have I told you to keep away from the garden?"

Thomas grew red in the face, and his grandfather went on to depict the evil fate that was sure to befall boys who went around destroying what their elders had planted.

Meantime, Thomas had pulled himself together, and, as the harangue was concluded, he said, with a smile, referring to an event of the previous week:

"Pity our old rooster died, wasn't it, grandpa?"

TOO TRUE.

There is more than one kind of truth-speaking which is not to the truth-speaker's credit. An example is furnished by *Forest and Stream*:

A disappointed fish-peddler was belaboring his slow but patient horse in a street in Georgetown, D. C., the other day, and crying his wares at intervals,—"Herrin', herrin', fresh herrin'!"

A tender-hearted lady, seeing his acts of cruelty, put her head out of a second-story window, and said, "Have you no mercy?"

"No, mum," was the reply, "nothin' but herrin'."

CONCERNING the recent marriage of an American poetess to an American Indian, the Detroit *Free Press* remarks that time alone will determine whether she did wisely in listening to his Stoux.

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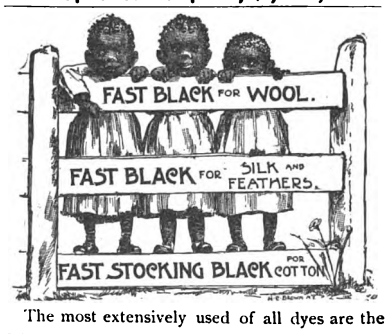
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The Nail
and
The Picture.
A description of the picture, "The Fairy and The Thorn" is on the last cover page of the Fourth of July Number.
What has the Nail to do with the Picture?
THE NAIL, apparently a thing of small importance, is really an object of much concern to every owner of Horses and every Blacksmith who cares for his reputation. Split and Broken Nails in a Horse's Foot are sure to cause lameness, which often results in lockjaw. The only Nail that will never split, sliver or break is the
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THE PICTURE was painted by one of the best artists in America, and is now owned by the Putnam Nail Company. The expression of pain on this beautiful face on account of the Thorn in her foot may lead those with humane feelings to appreciate the suffering of the Horse that has a slivered or broken Nail in the tender part of his foot.
This picture has been reproduced in the same original beautiful colors. Size 21 x 13 inches. A charming subject for the walls of any Parlor, Library or Chamber. It will be sent
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1 Bulb **Star of Bethlehem,** (Orinthogalum) grand.
1 Bulb **Winter Aconite,** large golden yellow and our **SUPERB FALL CATALOGUE of Bulbs and Plants for Fall Planting and Winter Blooming,** together with a sample copy of the **Mayflower,** and large colored plate of premium flowers. If you have already received Catalogue and Mayflower, say so and we will send something else instead. The above 10 fine bulbs (which is our "Gem Collection" worth $1) may all be planted in pots for winter blooming, or in the garden. Every one will bloom splendidly and for winter flowers there is nothing finer. We send them for only 50 cents to introduce our superior Bulbs. Get your neighbors to order with you. We will mail 4 of these Gem Collections for $1. **Order at once, as this offer may not appear again.** Also by mail, postpaid, 12 Fine Mixed Tulips for 35c., 6 Fine Mixed Hyacinths for 50c.; 12 Mixed Narcissus, 50c.; 25 Fine Mixed Crocus for 20 cts.
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For the Companion.

INTERLOPERS.

In Eight Chapters.—Chapter VIII.

Dorothy "Comes Into Her Own."

While Dorothy was rocking back and forth in her room in an agony of spirit, and praying that she might die, her step-father was pacing to and fro upon the piazza, only a little less miserable than she.

"I tell you, Agnes," he was saying to his wife, pausing before her and speaking in a low whisper, "I cannot comprehend it at all. Both you and Miss Lorimer gave me such a different idea of the child. I thought—but this cannot go on. Something must be done.

"If the girl's nature is as you and her teacher think, I cannot allow it to be ruined by lack of discipline. She must learn to feel that she cannot give herself full swing. She must know that she is subject to restraint.

"This last piece of folly has been so insulting to us, so plainly a case of insubordination, that I feel that it ought to be dealt with immediately and with rigid severity.

"All her former escapades I excused; but this! She knew she was putting a direct slight upon my authority, and she did it, I am convinced, to try to humiliate me and to—I hate to say it, to think it—stab Helen!"

With a deep-drawn sigh he left his wife, who was crying softly, and continued his restless tramp up and down the piazza.

He could not bear to see her weep. Every tear added to his misery, but he felt compelled to speak. He had tried patience and kindness, and now he must begin a system of "rigid discipline."

Helen and Fred, who had been taking a melancholy stroll in the garden, and trying to talk about everything but Dorothy and her escapade, returned to the piazza, and endeavored to be talkative and gay. But their effort was a dismal failure, and after a long season of silence all went to their rooms.

The next morning Colonel Everest appeared at the breakfast table looking careworn and fatigued. He had passed a sleepless night, and was relieved, upon the whole, to find that Dorothy would not leave her room, and that he should not see her until the afternoon.

He had business in the city that would detain him there until late in the day, and he felt it would be wise to postpone his talk with his step-daughter until his return.

Dorothy, sitting dejectedly by her window, saw him drive away, and heard her mother's voice and Helen's call good-by to him.

She was discouraged and disappointed. Not only had she been awake most of the night, but she had spent her time in striving and battling with herself—trying to conquer the rebellious spirit within her.

But now she thought bitterly:

"What am I to them? They all belong to one another; I am crowded out. I am the interloper, I guess they think!"

She recalled how her step-father had rejected her the day before; how he had made her mother believe she had gone aboard the boat to play and dance simply to spite Helen and to humiliate him—for of course she felt sure he had been the first to suggest that.

She thought of herself as being cast aside and disowned in the very moment of her best endeavor to be good, and her heart felt as if it would burst with the stress of her sorrow.

Yesterday she had determined to begin a new life. She had resolved to go to Helen and beg her to forgive her for all her cruel slights and harsh treatment, and to tell her that she loved her—for indeed she did love her. She loved her so dearly that the very thought of her dying made her dizzy with terror.

But what was the use of all that now? They would not even listen to her. Her mother had said she was a disgrace to them, or that she had disgraced them—it was the same thing—and had left her in the saddest hour of her need.

Well, if they were willing to believe ill of her without waiting to hear her side of the story, she resolved that she would never tell them the truth.

By and by she went to her dressing-stand, and looked at herself in the glass. What a hollow-eyed, sorrowful face gazed back at her! It almost made her cry, she pitied the reflection so.

Then she began idly to turn over her toilet articles for want of something better to do. In a moment her eyes fell on a little book that lay upon the table top. She took it up, and opening it, began to read.

It was her Bible, which she had sadly neglected of late. She scanned the pages, first with a sort of careless unrest; but after a time she was reading half-aloud to herself, while her tears fell silently upon the leaves, and her heart was melted with tenderness and regret.

At last she rose, and going to her bed, fell on her knees beside it.

"I am going to do it all as I promised," she said, in a very low, tremulous whisper. "When he comes home I'll tell him all—just as it was—and ask him to forgive me; and tell him I love him—and Helen!"

Flinging herself upon her bed, she fell asleep and slept heavily for several hours.

As Colonel Everest was boarding the train late that afternoon on his return, he felt a touch upon his shoulder, and turning half-around, saw Mr. Beech behind him, smiling cordially. They sat together talking of business and of politics, and finally of the prospect for the success of the Tournament. All at once Mr. Beech interrupted himself with:

"Really, Everest, I quite forgot to tell you."

Colonel Everest turned to him attentively, and Mr. Beech went on.

"After I left you last evening I couldn't help thinking of that affair on the boat—your little step-daughter, you know. Of course I said nothing to any one, not even my wife, because you had desired it, and I thought, too, it was best to hush it up.

"But a little while after I got home, my wife was called away to see some one, and while she was gone I couldn't help wondering if, after all, it was quite the fair thing to give the poor little girl the cut direct.

"Well, I was getting pretty uneasy over it all, when my wife came back; and, Everest, you should have seen her! I couldn't think what ailed her, for she isn't one to show much emotion unless she's deeply touched. I asked her what it was all about, and then came a long story that put quite another face on the boat affair."

He told, briefly, the story of Mrs. Beech's visit to Mrs. Everest and her daughters; of her request that the girls should earn money by "a sacrifice," and of Dorothy's eager desire to do so.

"Elaine says," Mr. Beech went on, "that she remembers that she heard Dorothy say she could not do anything but play the banjo, and she suggested her going about dancing for pennies, thinking nothing more about it after it was said, and not having the faintest shadow of an idea that the whole thing would be more than a sort of spur to the girls in getting the money together.

"But when she was told some one wanted to see her last night; when she found that 'some one' was Dorothy; and when, moreover, she saw the child was ready to faint with weariness, she was somewhat taken aback, and was quite unnerved when Dorothy poured a pocketful of money into her lap, explaining that it was her contribution to the hospital and that, as my wife had recommended, she had earned it.

"Elaine naturally asked how she had earned it, but Dorothy would not answer. All she said was:

"'I earned it honestly, Mrs. Beech. You needn't be afraid to take it. I couldn't embroider—I should have spoiled it, but I—it was a sacrifice!' Then the poor little soul hid her face in her hands, and left my wife standing by the door-way too much taken aback to even call her and have her taken home in the carriage to save her tired feet the extra tramp.

"Of course Elaine was all at sea regarding the means Dorothy had used to procure the money; but when I heard her story I thought you wouldn't object if I enlightened her. For, of course, that was what she collected the pennies for. I wish now I'd given her a five-dollar bill instead of a one—poor little girl!"

Mr. Beech broke off suddenly to cough and gaze fixedly away from his companion and out of the window.

"Elaine says," he continued after a moment, "she never saw in all her life anything more pathetic than that little figure. The child had a beaten, harassed look that almost broke her heart to see. She says her eyes —"

"Stop, Beech!" exclaimed Colonel Everest, huskily. "I can't bear any more."

He said no more, and Mr. Beech did not try to press him into conversation. They were quite silent all the rest of the way, and more than once Colonel Everest could not get a very distinct view of the country around—it seemed so strangely hazy and blurred.

When the train drew up at their station, and the two men were preparing to descend the car steps, the same mist rose before his eyes and made him a little uncertain of his footing.

Mr. Beech had jumped lightly upon the platform before him, and then turned and said:

"Be careful how you go here; there's a slippery place in the wood and —"

His warning came too late.

Colonel Everest, still with that dimness of vision, made a misstep and fell heavily forward upon the platform, his leg slipped beneath him upon the rotten edge, and became wedged firmly between the car-wheel and the wooden framework.

In a moment he was surrounded by men, eager to render assistance, and it was not long before he was lying, white and still, upon a bench in the waiting-room, and wondering why they did not hasten with a carriage to take him home.

At last he was carried to a victoria, and driven slowly up the hill and into his own grounds.

Dorothy had been sitting by her window ever since she heard the whistle of the train, watching for her father to appear. She had gained much good from her long nap; and now, dressed in her white frock, looked quite natural and like herself. Only she was trembling with excitement, and anxious dread of what she was about to do.

She was about to turn away from the window and begin some trivial task in order to divert her mind, when she heard the grating sound of wheels upon the drive, and in another moment saw a strange open carriage come in sight around the curve of the path. In it she saw her step-father lying, ashen white and motionless, his head upon Mr. Beech's shoulder.

For a second it seemed as if her heart had stopped beating. Was this the end, then? Had her father died, leaving her unforgiven? Then she saw him move his hand, and in a flash was out of her door and flying downstairs, pale as death, but with presence of mind enough to caution the servants against "exciting mamma and Miss Helen."

"An' sure," answered Katie, "it's only your mamma is home, miss. Miss Helen and Mr. Fred is ridin'."

Dorothy breathed freer as she thought that Helen "won't have to bear the first and worst of it."

When the physician came and examined the broken limb, Dorothy watched his face as closely as if she thought she could read his innermost thoughts by its expression. But she gained small satisfaction. All she knew was that her father was very badly hurt, and that her heart was full of compassion for him.

By and by Helen returned, and came running in to sink down by the side of the bed and kiss the patient again and again, her tears raining down upon his face. Then the surgeon made preparations to set the broken leg, and Helen ran quickly out of the room.

Dorothy remained in the room and rendered such ready and actual assistance that after it was all over and the surgeon preparing to depart, he turned to Mrs. Everest and said:

"You have a brave girl there, madam—a little heroine. I could hardly have managed without her."

But Dorothy had suddenly disappeared from the room, and did not hear.

"Where is Dorothy?" asked Helen, who had crept back to her father's side now the ordeal was over, and he was lying, worn out and still, upon



"Little Daughter!"

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the pillow, with his injured leg strapped in a "fracture-box."

Receiving no answer she went in search of her sister, for she felt a longing for her sympathy in this hour of need. But she was neither upstairs nor downstairs, and at last Helen was about to give up in despair when, happening to pause a moment for breath at the foot of the garret stairs, she thought she heard the sound of a sob descending from above.

In a trice she was standing in the dusky, warm, trunk-filled place, and there, behind a huge packing-box, was the object of her search, crouching away in the shadow in a disconsolate little heap and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"O Dorothy, don't!" pleaded Helen. "Don't cry so. What is it, dear? Do tell me."

The strain had been too great. Now the immediate necessity of being brave for her father had passed, she was so broken down that her hysterical weeping was beyond her power to control.

She clung wildly about Helen's neck, beseeching her not to die, and telling her again and again how much she loved her.

"O Helen, Helen, forgive me—*please* forgive me and love me—if you can. I thought it wasn't fair to—wear the dress—when I had—been so cruel to—you. Don't think it was—because I didn't love you, Helen; I do—I do!"

Then Helen, crying too, and with her arms tight about her sister's waist, said:

"Why, Dorothy, darling, I'm not going to die. I *couldn't* die now, when I know you love me."

They clung together and cried and laughed, and were very foolish and happy.

By and by it was evening, and no one seemed to take dinner into consideration at all. Then it was night, and Dorothy had crept into the sick-room where the patient had fallen into a doze; and seeing how tired her mother was, had sent her peremptorily into the next room to rest, sinking down herself in a large arm-chair behind a screen.

Presently she heard a slight stir at the bed, and was just peering out from her place of concealment to see if her father had waked and was in want of something, when she saw amid the gloom Helen's white-robed figure steal softly to his side, and kneeling next him, commence stroking his forehead tenderly.

Then she heard her say: "I wasn't brave to-day, dearest. I couldn't stay to help you bear it. It was Dorothy who did that. Dorothy is better than —"

But her father interrupted her, laying his weak hand upon her lips.

"Dorothy doesn't care, darling. She could see me suffer, because she does not love me."

Poor Dorothy! She had thought the worst was over—that she had lived through the saddest moment of her life. But this was harder than all.

She hid her face in her hands and bowed her head upon her breast, with the great ache back in her heart again with fourfold force.

But Helen was talking again, and Dorothy could not help hearing what she said.

She was telling how she found Dorothy in the garret, and of what she had said. Dorothy waited to hear no more, but slipping out from behind the screen, ran to Helen's side, crying softly:

"Don't stand up for me, Helen. I don't deserve it. Let me bear it all alone. It will serve me right, but I want to tell my father that I love him, and I want to tell him that I'm sorry, and that if he knew how I have wanted him to take me in his arms just once and call me—"

"Little daughter!" he said. Helen stepped aside, and he held Dorothy close to his breast and kissed her.

Then something very strange happened. Colonel Everest begged Dorothy's pardon; and when she looked at him in wonderment, he told her about Mr. Beech, and how he had learned to understand why she had gone upon the boat and played the banjo for money.

When Mrs. Everest returned and found her patient running excellent chances of developing a fine fever, she had, in the midst of her joy at the turn affairs had taken, to send the two girls out of the room; watching them as they went, and thanking God in her heart.

So it came about that toward the end of September, when Colonel Everest had recovered sufficiently from his accident to be able to get about on crutches, a party of three descended from a coach that rolled up to the seminary door.

The pupils who had already arrived were able to hear Dorothy present her girl-companion to Miss Lorimer as, "My sister, Helen Everest," and to see her, when the moment of parting came, cling about the Colonel's neck, crying because she must be separated from him.

When he was driven away, Dorothy and Helen stood at the door with their arms about each other's waists, waving him a last good-by.

As they turned back, Helen shyly brushing away a tear and Dorothy looking very wistful and sad, Fanny Bergen remarked disdainfully:

"Well, I like that! After the way she carried on at first—calling them 'interlopers' and all that!"

Dorothy turned and answered, stoutly:

"Yes, I did 'carry on' at first, Fanny; and I did call them interlopers. But now I love them with all my strength, and I am proud to be able to say it. If any one was cruel and mean, it wasn't the interlopers; and if any one need to be sorry for it, it isn't the interlopers.

"So there! And I've learned something this



summer that I shall never forget. It has made me able even to forgive you for sneering at me, and to ask you to make up and be friends!"

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

The End.

OPPORTUNITY.

You have me now—at least you may,
This very hour, this very day;
But no one knows how long I stay.
—*Lady Lenox.*

For the Companion.

THE GOURD BANK.

"Nick," said Mr. Jim Conway, interrupting the tune he was whistling, to address the man who rode beside him, "I haint felt so much like a boy in years!"

"Nor me either!" returned Mr. Nicholas Nickerson, also breaking off in the midst of a whistled tune. "I feel like I'd jest broke out of a cage."

They were rough-bearded, carelessly-dressed men, with sun-browned faces and toil-hardened hands, but they were as happy as kings in purple and fine linen. They were going home.

For almost one-half their lives they had called wherever they happened to be in the West "home," but now they were on their way back to the place where they were born.

"Queer," said Conway, slowly, "that the longer a man stays away from the old home neighborhood, the better he likes it. When I left it, I was so tired of them simple old scenes that I thought I hated 'em. But, now —"

He paused, half-ashamed to tell his comrade more.

"Yep," agreed Nickerson. "After a while every old tree an' rock an' slope an' medder that he ort to have forgotten long ago, kinder—kinder seems like a brother."

"A man gits kinder hungry to see 'em again," said Conway.

"Yep, kinder hungry."

Presently Conway said, slowly, "I seen a woman once who 'd been driven crazy by that hunger. Youngish woman—moved out to the Panhandle country from Ohio; used to the hills an' woods an' rivers all her life. I don't know all of the story, but anyhow, she couldn't take kindly to the prairie. Finally, the baby died. After that she'd stand in the open door most of the time, an' look off across the prairie toward the east—toward home.

"Her husband—wal, he was kept busy tryin' to dig out a livin', an' thought it all foolishness, anyhow, I reckon. She didn't complain much, but jest kept lookin' off across the prairie toward the east, an' growin' thinner an' paler.

"Wal, when it was too late, I saw 'em at the depot; he was takin' her to the asylum. She stood in the depot door an' looked out, an' said, 'So far! So far!' in the most hopeless voice I ever heerd. Prob'ly she didn't live an' suffer very long after that, for she was so weak an' worn that she could scarcely stan' without holdin' onto the door-posts.

"Her husband growled a little to somebody he knew, that the trip was costin' him a heap of money, an' takin' him away from his crops jest when they needed him most."

"I reckon you didn't git a chance to kick him?"

"No. It 'd only made it worse for the poor woman. But —"

They said no more for some time after that, but did not resume their whistling. Each realized in his heart something of what the poor, home-hungry woman had suffered.

"Wonder if anybody'll know us till we tell 'em who we are?" said Nickerson, after a while.

"Doubtful; mebby not then. Most of the old-timers are gone, an' the younger ones won't know us. But the old hills an' streams an' crooks in the road won't be strangers."

"No. Kinder queer, but I've thought more about them than about the people—none of mine are left now, you know."

"Nor mine," said Conway. "Father, mother and brother dead, and two sisters married an' gone."

"Remember old Gran'pap Watrous, who used to go dodderin' up an' down the street, sellin' early garden truck from a basket with a blue stripe around it?" asked Nickerson, musingly.

"Yes. Remember how you could git him started to tellin' a story, an' make him forgit in five minutes what he come for?"

"I should say so! Like to see old gran'pap again. Wonder if he —"

"That was twenty-five years ago," interrupted the other, gravely.

"That's so!"

The sun was dropping behind a bank of heavy clouds, slowly rising from above the western edge of the prairie, when they reached a homestead claim, and rode along its fence of barbed wire toward a weather-beaten little house near the further corner—a house out of sight, unless the day was very clear, of other human habitations.

The fence was overgrown in places with last summer's weeds, and here and there a post lopped over, rotted off at the bottom, but partially upheld by the tension of the wire.

The field within showed that it had received but scanty cultivation during the previous season, and had probably borne but a meagre crop.

Yet in that weather-beaten little house dwelt a capitalist—the sole proprietor of a bank and the treasure therein.

The bank, which sat beside a crazy old clock on a shelf made of the side of a soap-box, was a small, pudgy yellow gourd that stood up on its larger end, and had a slit beside its stem for the introduction of deposits.

In it was a capital of eleven cents.

The capitalist was Jackson Bascom, over whose towey head almost four years had passed. Ten cents of the money had been tossed before him by a passing horseman, who had seen the old-mannish-looking baby perched on the low top-bar that helped to fill a gap in the wire fence, and "wanted to see the little fellow smile a dime's worth," as he expressed it.

Jackson had tumbled from the bar with a shout, picked up the two nickels and put them into the gourd bank with the penny which had been the bank's sole capital for many a day before that.

Often, thereafter, he might have been seen, in fine weather, perched on the same bar, hopefully waiting for the dropping of more money.

It was a little more than a week after the time of the bank's great increase in capital when Conway and Nickerson drew rein before the weather-beaten little house.

Jackson had been perched upon the bar until within a quarter of an hour of their arrival. He had been startled from his perch by a cry of alarm from Lyddy in the house. Poor, weak, worn, hopeless Mrs. Bascom had fallen in something very like a faint.

When, a little later, Conway and Nickerson rode up to the bar-way, the cloud wall that had risen from the west was half-way across the sky, and dusk was falling.

"Rain in ten minutes," said Conway, laconically.

They tied their horses to the posts, swung themselves over the low bars, and advanced to the house.

The door was open, and the men saw the children gathered about the fainting woman. There was Lyddy—an old-faced, anxious-looking girl of twelve or thirteen; Jimmy and Johnny, grave little fellows of about ten and eight; and Jackson, the capitalist.

Lyddy had bathed her mother's wan face with cool water, and Jimmy and Johnny were fanning her with their tattered straw hats. Jackson stood back and looked solemnly on; and his distress was none the less great because he was not crying.

"Can we do anything?" asked Conway, as the two looked in at the door.

"I am better now," said Mrs. Bascom, weakly but gratefully, raising her head from the shabby old lounge where the children had placed her. "It will soon pass away; it always does."

"If we can do anything —" began Nickerson, slowly.

"Won't you come in?" invited Mrs. Bascom, with a feeble attempt to be hospitable. "Lyddy, set chairs for the gentlemen."

The dusk was fast deepening. The cloud wall had spread across the sky, and a few great drops of the coming storm were plashing down.

"Much obliged to you, mom," returned Conway, "but if we can't be of any help, we'll ride on. Is there any place near here where we can git accommodations for the night?"

"The nearest house is two miles away," said Mrs. Bascom. "You can't ride on in the storm. You are welcome to put your horses in the barn and stop here."

The men made a show of remonstrance.

"We needn't eat much," Nickerson whispered to his comrade, "an' we can pay for what we git."

The horses were hardly under shelter before the rain increased to a downpour.

"Where —" began Conway, "that is, is your husband comin' home soon?"

"He is dead," answered Mrs. Bascom.

By this time she was able to sit up on the rude lounge.

"Lyddy," she said, "set out a bite for the gentlemen to eat. We haven't got much, but you're welcome to what there is."

"Thank ye, mom," returned Conway, awkwardly.

"We'll pay for it, Jim," whispered Nickerson to him.

The children were shy at first, but when the frugal meal was over, and the men were sitting back from the table while Lydia cleared it off, little Jackson advanced gravely and climbed on Conway's knee.

"W'ere you doin', mister?" he asked.

"Hush, Jackson!" said his mother.

"Oh, jest as lives tell as not, mom!" said Conway. "Me an' Nickerson are on our way back to the old Indiana home we left twenty-five years ago."

"What part of Indiana?" asked the widow, with pitiful eagerness.

"Green County—Spencerville."

The woman's eager look faded away.

"We are from Burtis," she said.

"An' we're doin' back dere pretty soon!" spoke up Jackson, cheerfully.

"That so, mom?" asked Conway, heartily. "That's good!"

"I—I—we —" began the widow, weakly.

She glanced at the children, and there was an undercurrent of hopelessness in her low voice that told the men that, though she did not wish to destroy the hope of the children, she felt little for herself.

"Yes, mom," interrupted Conway, understanding. "It costs a heap of money. I—right heavy rain fallin', haint it?"

"I dot money!" Jackson uttered, triumphantly. "In my bank! We doin' pretty soon."

He scrambled down from Conway's knee.

"Dit my bank, Lyddy!" he commanded. When it was handed down to him he brought it triumphantly to Conway.

"Money!" he chuckled. "Doin' back to Ind'ana pretty soon!"

Nickerson saw that there were tears in the widow's eyes.

"Want to look at my knife, Jackson?" he asked, producing a huge, many-bladed affair, with a cork-screw in the back.

Jackson grasped it, marvelled, and was silent. Presently he fell asleep in Conway's lap, with the huge knife in his clutch.

The men, with awkward kindness, tried to talk of other things; but Mrs. Bascom kept returning to the one subject ever in her thoughts—the old home.

"I have been hoping for years to go," she said, "but —"

"Same way with us, mom!" returned Conway. "Me an' Nickerson got together four years ago—we came from the same old town at about the same time, but never happened to meet again till four years ago—an' ever since, we've been figgerin' on takin' a ja'nt back there, but never got to it till now. We've finally managed to save up enough to make the trip."

Presently the widow told them a part of her story. She glossed over the failings of her dead husband, but a word or phrase let fall here and there told Conway and Nickerson what kind of man he had been.

Jackson Bascom, the elder, had been neither depraved nor vicious—he had been simply a combination of over-hopefulness and laziness; a contented waiter for "something to turn up."

It had been this sanguine trust in luck which had caused him to take up a homestead claim away out on the prairie, almost out of sight of human habitation, not with the earnest intention of making of it a valuable farm by hard work, but as a speculation. A railroad would be sure to be run through that region on its way to the Southwest, he thought; a town would spring up, and he would be rich.

In the meantime, he farmed the homestead in a half-hearted fashion, which brought scarcely enough to live miserably upon.

The years passed on, but the railroad never came. When the claim became his own, Bascom mortgaged it and dribbled away the proceeds.

By and by he died, leaving a broken-down, heartsick woman, and half-helpless children.

The future held but little promise for them. Before long the mortgage on the homestead would fall due, and they knew from the first that they would not be able to satisfy it. The home would have to go.

Mrs. Bascom had longed to return to the old home State, at first hopefully, then doubtfully, and at last in dreary hopelessness. The longing at last became almost a monomania with the poor woman.

When one's heart is full of a beloved subject, one must talk of it, and the mother told the children of it till they longed to go almost as ardently as she did.

Though she had hoped long, her courage and strength gave way slowly as her health declined.

"I have wanted to go for so long," she said, concluding the story. "But now —" she ended with a sigh.

The two strangers understood how much of real heroism there was in that simple recital, and were silent when it was done.

The rain had subsided to a gentle drizzle. The men sat silent. The older children looked miserable and dejected.

Then little Jackson woke up, and began to examine again the wonderful knife with great interest. To divert the thoughts of the others as much as possible, Nickerson displayed and explained the mechanism of the knife, exposing the corkscrew, opening out the hook for removing stones from horses' hoofs, revealing the tweezers, the saw-blade, the file and the screwdriver.

Jackson alternately whooped with delight and stared in mute amazement. Then he suddenly held out the gourd bank to Nickerson, and reached for the knife.

"Me'll trade wid you!" he said.

Trade his bank and its treasure—almost sufficient in his eyes to take them to Indiana—for the wonderful knife which he wanted so badly! Poor little fellow!

"I—wait till mornin', Jackson," said Nickerson. "We'll see about it then."

When Jackson was packed away in his little trundle-bed the knife went with him.

After the men had retired to the pallet that Lyddy spread on the floor, they talked in tones so low that the occupants of the other room did not hear them.

"She won't live long unless she goes," said Conway.

"Nobody thar'll know us or keer anything about us," said Nickerson.

They said but few words more. They lay very still for a long time, and the other occupants of the little house did not hear them when they arose, just before the east was turning gray. They donned their garments and then, in the dimness of the room, Nickerson handed Conway something which he had taken out of his pocket, and passed out of the house as noiselessly as possible.

Conway took something from his own pocket, and tiptoeing and feeling his way to the table, wrote in the darkness a few words with a stub of pencil on a scrap of paper. Then he made his way to the clock-shelf, and fumbled for a moment with the gourd bank.

Then he stepped softly to the door and passed out into the drizzle and through the bar-way, beyond which Nickerson was holding their horses. They mounted and rode away in the dreary rain—back to the westward, in the direction from which they had come.

"Nobody'd know us thar, anyhow!" said Conway, after a while, in a gruff way.

"Nor keer about us!" returned Nickerson.

When morning dawned, the light shining in through the little window of the weather-beaten house fell upon little Jackson sleeping in the

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trundle-bed, with Nickerson's wonderful knife still clutched in his hand, and in the other room the light revealed a corner of green paper sticking out through the slit in the gourd bank.

The Bascoms discovered it before long, and looked into the bank.

The little gourd was carelessly stuffed with greenbacks and national bank notes—the money which Jim Conway and Nick Nickerson had hoarded to take them back to Indiana.

As the money was pulled out, a scrap of dirty white paper appeared. On it was written, in Conway's rude hand:

"*To take you back home. God bless you!*"

TOM P. MORGAN.

A TRUE FRIEND.

The friend who holds a mirror to my face,
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
My faults, my smallest blemishes, within;
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin—
Although it seems not so—he is my friend.

—From the German.

For the Companion.

A PERILOUS LEAP.

By a small stream, in a pleasant valley in Southern Missouri, stand the smelting works of the Denby Mining and Smelting Company. An unusual thing about these works is that one sees neither smoke nor smokestacks above the flaming furnaces. But upon the hill an eighth of a mile away, a huge iron chimney rises seventy-five feet above the ground; and to this chimney, through an underground passage, is conducted the smoke from the lead furnaces.

There is a good reason for this method of conducting the smoke away. If the smoke from a lead furnace is carried directly upward through the air, it settles rapidly to the ground, leaving a grayish sediment where it touches. More than three-quarters of this sediment is pure lead; and the lead ordinarily goes to waste.

After much experiment to save the waste, the Denby Company hit upon the plan of conducting the smoke from the furnaces through an underground passage. In this way the lead which had escaped in the smoke by evaporation was given time to cool, and to be condensed before passing through the chimney.

The plan succeeded, and the lead which accumulated in the tunnel, and was taken out once a month, was found to be sufficient to pay for the smelting of the ores.

The tunnel was near the surface of the ground, and was lined on the inside with a thick wall of brick. Near the furnaces an iron door opened into the tunnel, through which the lead was removed.

A few years ago, the Denby Company had among its employees a boy named Harry Baker—a stout young fellow, sixteen years old. He did odd jobs about the works, and assisted wherever he was needed.

One day, at the end of the month, Harry was sent to help the men who were removing the lead from the tunnel. Of course the smelting works had to be shut down during the time set apart for this work; and for this reason, and in order that the furnaces might be started up as quickly as possible, the work was done hastily.

It was late in the afternoon when the job was finished. There was nothing more for him to do that day, and Harry was sent home.

Just as he came into the village, he met Peters, the foreman of the gang of men who had taken the lead out of the tunnel.

"Hello, Harry," said Peters, "you are just the fellow I want to see. There was a shovel left in the tunnel where we were at work this afternoon. I wish you would go down and bring it out. I just happened to think of it, and if you will do the errand for me it will save me quite a walk. You can leave the shovel in the tool-room at the furnace."

"All right," said Harry. He walked briskly back to the smelting works, and found the place deserted by all save the bookkeeper, who was preparing to go home.

"Please give me the key to the tunnel door," said Harry. "We left a shovel where we were at work this afternoon, and Mr. Peters has sent me to fetch it out."

"The superintendent has the key," said the bookkeeper, "and he's gone away."

"I think there is a key hanging up in the office," said Harry. "Anyway, Mr. Peters left one there this evening."

"So there is," said the bookkeeper, after looking. "You can keep it till morning, or give it to Peters."

Harry procured a lamp from the tool-room, lighted it, unlocked the padlock on the outside of the iron door, put the key in his pocket, and entered the dark tunnel. Before he had entered the bookkeeper had gone away.

He found that the shovel had been left at the farther end of the passage, and it was a quarter of an hour before he could get it and return to the entrance.

When he returned to the door, he found, to his horror, that it had been closed and locked.

He shouted and beat upon the door, but no answer came. Then he stood in silence, hardly knowing what to do.

Who had shut the door? As he pondered upon it he came to the conclusion that the superintendent had not left the works when the bookkeeper supposed; that he had been in some other part of the buildings, and returning to the neighborhood of the tunnel door, had found it open. Then, supposing that the workmen had forgotten to close it, the superintendent had shut and locked it, without suspecting that any one was within.

Harry pounded upon the door again, hoping that the superintendent was not far away. But no response came. No one was within hearing. His key was useless, for the padlock was beyond his reach.

He sat down and pondered again. What would happen? He knew that within a short time after the clearing of the tunnel, the furnaces were "fired up" again; and as soon as the fires were started, he would be suffocated by the smoke and gases, and would die a dreadful death.

The thought filled him with alarm. Again and again he beat upon the door with the shovel; but no one came to his assistance.

Could he climb down through one of the furnaces, and escape that way before the fires were lighted?

No; he knew well enough that the way toward the furnaces was barred by a huge iron grate that extended across the tunnel. Nevertheless, he rushed to the gratings, as if hoping that by some accident there might be a passageway.

The gratings were impassable, of course. He knelt upon them, his lighted lamp in his hand, peering down into the darkness below, and wondering if he could make the firemen hear through the flues by shouting.

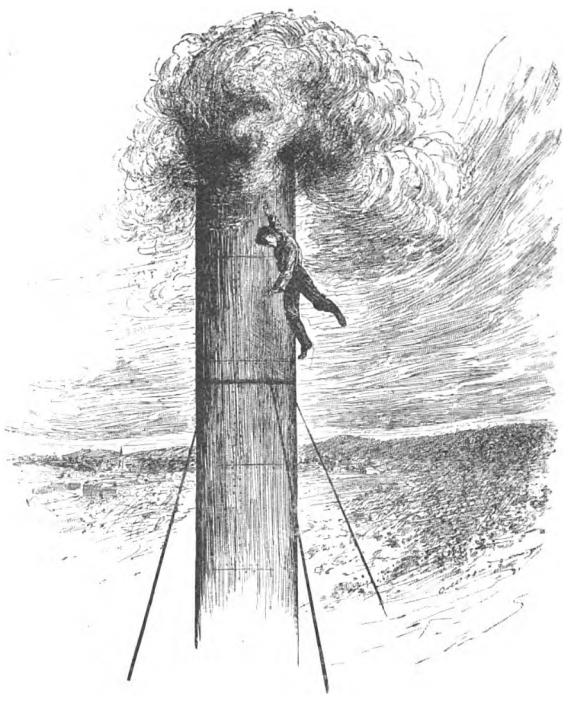
He called again and again. It was quite useless; the distance was too great, and the flues did not readily convey the sound.

As he knelt there, he fancied that he smelled smoke. Could it come from his lamp?

Certainly not. It was the smell of burning wood, which now came up distinctly to his nostrils. The fires were already being lighted.

Harry turned and walked up the tunnel. It was useless to hurry. He was in a trap, and must be suffocated in a few minutes.

As he walked along, he suddenly remembered that within the chimney there was an iron ladder, running clear to the top, which had been placed there by the builders to afford a footing for the men who cleaned out the chimney. Why could he not climb this ladder, and reach the outside in that way?



A Leap for Life.

It was a long distance to climb, but it was his only way out.

He ran now, as fast as he could. The smell of the smoke grew stronger and stronger in his nostrils.

He knew that, if the smoke did not come too fast, he could climb to the top of the ladder; but how was he to get down? Never mind about that now, he thought; he would rather be dashed to pieces on the ground below the chimney, than suffocate in this horrible tunnel. Perhaps he could call help, if he once reached the top of the chimney.

Soon he reached the foot of the ladder, and placing the lamp in his hat, began the ascent. Already the white smoke was beginning to fill the chimney. He must climb for his life.

The clouds of smoke grew thicker and thicker about him as he made his way desperately up the slender ladder. With every step his breathing became more difficult. Could he hold out till he reached the top?

Half-stifled, with a sickening, dizzy feeling stealing over him, he at last reached the top of the chimney, and drew himself up upon its rim.

Leaning quickly over the side, he managed to get a breath of fresh air.

This revived him. He glanced hastily about.

Darkness was fast settling over the hill, but there was still light enough to show him that no one was in sight.

Far below in the valley he saw the red lights gleaming from the open doors of the smelting works, and now and then caught the dark forms of the workmen; but he knew they were beyond the sound of his voice. It was almost useless to expect help.

Looking downward, he saw what might be a means of escape. Several feet below him were the large stay-wires that held the great pipe in place. If he could get down to these wires, he might slip to the ground.

But how could he be certain that, if he dropped, he could catch one of the wires? If he missed it he would go to the ground, seventy-five feet below, and be dashed to pieces.

It would be better to remain perched upon the edge of the chimney, and to try to keep his head out of the volume of smoke until help should come. But the smoke, growing denser every moment, swirled about the top of the chimney, now and then completely enveloping him.

He knew that now the smoke was only that which came from burning wood; but the charges of ore would soon be placed in the furnaces, and then the poisonous gas which would rise must render his situation ten times more perilous.

He looked down once more, in the hope of seeing some one whom he might summon to his assistance. He saw only the bare waste of the desolate hill.

But glancing down into the little valley toward the town, he presently discerned the forms of two men walking in the direction of the furnaces. If they should look up, they must have him in view.

He shouted to them, with all the strength he could command, again and again. But the men continued their course down the valley.

Harry was a brave boy, but his heart sank as he realized that his last chance for escape was passing.

Suddenly he remembered the lamp which he had placed in his hat. Quickly taking it in his hand, he began to wave it in a circle about his head. Several times he repeated this, shouting at the top of his voice as he did so.

Presently he saw one of the men stop. He seemed to be looking in the direction of the chimney. Then his companion followed his example, and a moment later Harry saw them both hurrying up the hill.

He took new courage from their coming, though he saw no way in which they could help him.

It was all he could do now to keep his face out of the huge clouds of smoke that were pouring out of the chimney and curling about him; but leaning downward as far as possible, he called to the men to hurry to his assistance. In a few moments they were within speaking distance.

"Quick!" shouted Harry. "Run for ladders and ropes! I can't hold on here much longer!"

"How did you get up there?" one of them called.

"Never mind—I tell you I'll be dead soon if you don't help me!" Harry shouted.

The men turned about and ran in the direction of the town. It was now almost dark. They were soon lost to sight in the shadows of the valley.

It seemed an age to Harry, though it could not have been more than ten minutes, before he caught sight of a half dozen lanterns moving swiftly across the valley, followed by scores of dark forms. Two minutes later an excited crowd of men came running up the slope, and were soon gathered about the base of the chimney, gazing helplessly upward.

"Take courage and hold fast!" shouted one of the men. "The hook and ladder company will be here in a few moments to help you down."

"I can't hold on much longer," answered Harry, leaning far over the chimney, while the smoke whirled about him. "I can breathe here but a few minutes more. It's suffocating me!"

The people below hurried helplessly back and forth. Some of them attached a stone to a rope and tried vainly to throw it to the top of the chimney.

Meantime, a hot, sickening blast of gas came up, which Harry recoiled from desperately. Men had gone to the works to drag the fire from the furnaces, but the tunnel and flues were now charged with gas. It was an affair of minutes before Harry must be asphyxiated and lose his grasp.

The firemen, with hooks and ladders, rushed up to the base of the chimney, and ran their ladders aloft. But the highest point they could reach was thirty feet below the top.

A groan of disappointment went up from the crowd.

Harry realized that now but one thing remained to be done, and that must be done instantly. He could not be reached; he must drop to the stay-wires.

The excited crowd below, looking upward, saw him first fling his hat and lantern clear of the crowd, and then swing himself down the edge of the chimney. Then cries of horror went up as he was seen to leap downward into space.

Not one in the crowd but thought he would be dashed to pieces on the ground. But descending swiftly, he struck the stay-wire. The next moment he had caught it in his hands, and for an instant hung suspended, swinging like a pendulum beneath.

Then he threw his legs over the wire, slid slowly to the ground, and fell fainting in the arms of one of the men who had rushed forward to assist him.

WILL LISENBEE.

CHANCES.

Do not cry and weep for chances,
Chances that have passed away,
Opportunities neglected—
Grasp the chance you have to-day.

Do not mourn for faded roses,
Roses that have bloomed and died.
Satisfy yourself with others—
Pluck the one there at your side.

—Selected.

For the Companion.

ADVENTURES IN WILD AUSTRALIA.

FIRST PAPER.

Although at the time I started for Australia I was twenty-nine years old, and was, therefore, scarcely entitled to be termed a youth, I caught at the opportunity of going to this strangest of all strange lands with all the eagerness of a youthful mind.

Strange countries and strange peoples, curious customs and thrilling adventures—these are what take the fancy of youth.

If you consult your world's history you will find that, although the Portuguese had probably touched upon the western coast of Australia as early as 1601, and Luis de Torres had in 1606 discovered the straits which bear his name, it is to the patient efforts of the Dutch navigators that the discovery of the fifth continent is due, more than a century after Christopher Columbus landed at San Salvador.

You will also find that the first English settlement—a penal colony of one thousand convicts—was established in New South Wales as late as 1788, one year before George Washington was inaugurated as first President of the United States of America.

These dates show how far behind America Australia was in her start toward civilization. As regards attainments, Americans may probably claim a yet greater lead over their younger rival on the opposite side of the world.

It must be admitted that Australia has yet to establish her independence. She is still a colony, but one of the most magnificent on the face of the globe. She covers an area nearly as great as that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, and the southern portion of the continent is highly civilized.

Here we find large cities, immense wealth, vast resources, and a thriving and ambitious population, whose annual exports to the mother country, Great Britain, amount to two hundred million dollars.

The first house in Melbourne was built in 1835, but when I was there, in 1880, I found a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, with many handsome public edifices, and a magnificent parliament house in course of erection; for the façade of which, I was told, it had been contemplated to import marble from Carrara, Italy.

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, is nearly as large as Melbourne, and a city of immense wealth. Victoria and Adelaide—near which gold mines were discovered in 1851—are also centres of well-rewarded activity.

In 1839 England yielded to the vigorous protest of the free settlers and ceased deporting its criminals to Australia. Up to that date sixty thousand convicts had been sent out.

In the civilized parts of the country existence is made easy and pleasant. Anything one wishes may be obtained for money. Ladies frequently send to Paris or London for their dresses. In fact, all that civilization affords in the way of luxury can easily be procured.

But it was not for the purpose of studying civilization that I went to Australia. When, on May 23, 1880, I stepped aboard a sailing-vessel whose Norwegian name was nearly as long as its mast,—*Einar Tambars Kjælver*,—I was commissioned by the University of Christiania to study the fauna and the aborigines of the Australian Continent.

Truly, the naturalist finds there a wide field for his labors. Nature offers the commercial man next to nothing in this wilderness. There are scarcely any fruits or edible roots, no good game, no domestic animals, hardly any drinkable water; and the fish taste of mud. Everything had to be introduced from Europe, from potatoes to grapes, from horses to rabbits; but once introduced, they thrive wonderfully—especially the rabbits, for the extermination of which there is a standing offer of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The famous French savant, Pasteur, has tried to solve the problem presented by the rabbit plague, but has failed.

Yet, poor as it is in original resources, this is verily the wonderland of the naturalist. It is evident that Australia is the region which has undergone the least change in later geologic times. It is in the main now what it was during the early part of the tertiary period.

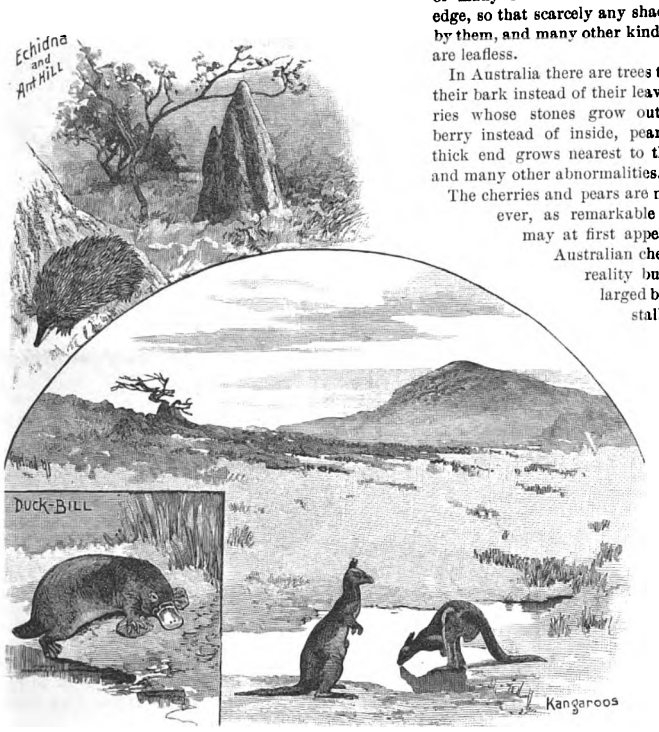
This "Land of the Dawning" reveals to us a primitive and peculiar form of animal life. The majority of its mammals belong to the curious order of Marsupials, or animals which have a pouch in which they carry their young. They are the most ancient of all known mammals. The fossil remains of animals of this order are found in the secondary and tertiary deposits of Europe and America.

These singular relics of a past age have now no other living representatives, with the exception of one family—the *Didelphyidæ*—found in

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America. But in Australia they flourish in the most varied forms, and assume in nature the place filled in other portions of the world by the most different groups.

Some are carnivorous, others herbivorous. Some live on the earth, others in trees. Some



approach in form the wolf, others marmots, weasels, squirrels, dormice, etc. Yet they all possess common structural and other peculiarities, which show them to be members of one stock, presenting only an outward resemblance to the old-world types, with which they have no real affinity.

The natives often described to me a large carnivorous marsupial called by them "yarri," which approaches in form the larger members of the feline tribe, and therefore may properly be called a marsupial tiger.

Unfortunately, notwithstanding repeated attempts, involving many dangers and privations, I was unable to secure the specimen I was so anxious to possess of this interesting antipodean animal.

The largest and best known of the marsupials, the kangaroo, sometimes attains a height of seven or eight feet. Yet the new-born offspring of this huge beast is no larger than a human baby's little finger, and not unlike it in shape. This helpless, naked, blind little being the mother picks up with her mouth by a seeming miracle of dexterity, and places in her pouch, where it is nourished for several weeks, and gradually assumes the form of its parents.

Pouch and little one grow simultaneously, and the young kangaroo is soon able to take excursions from its place of refuge. These become more frequent and more extensive, the strength of the infant kangaroo increasing until finally it no longer needs maternal care.

Here also are to be found the most peculiar mammals on earth — the *Monotremata*. This singular order is divided by naturalists into two genera: The duck-bill platypus *(Ornithorynchus anatinus)* and the echidna or spiny ant-eater.

The duck-bill somewhat resembles a water-mole, but is provided with a duck's bill and webbed feet; and the spiny ant-eater is not unlike our porcupine. It has quills, and when alarmed, rolls itself up in a ball. It is a good swimmer, although its feet are not webbed, and it shows its strength by rapidly disappearing in the sand or loose earth when pursued.

Both of these interesting mammals possess marsupial bones, but no pouch. They lay eggs like birds and hatch them, and then suckle their young!

Among birds, Australia possesses some remarkable species, such as the megapodius, or jungle-hen, and the talegalla, or brush-turkey. These do not themselves hatch their eggs but, like reptiles, bury them in large mounds of earth and decayed vegetable matter. The fermentation of this produces heat, by means of which the eggs are hatched.

These mounds, which are built by several females associated for the purpose, are so large that at first they were mistaken for the burial-places of the natives.

Enough has been said to show that, to the eager naturalist, Australia offers the most tempting inducements for study and exploration. It is a land in which nature seems to indulge in the most unexpected freaks. There is a saying that in Australia the women have no beauty and the flowers no fragrance; while the birds do not sing, and the dogs do not bark. Without venturing a scientific opinion upon the first point, I can testify to the truth of the rest.

Europe has white swans—Australia possesses black ones. It has black cockatoos, wagtails that wag their tails sidewise instead of up and down, and bees that do not sting. In Europe, trees are the pride of the land-owners, and give grateful shade to man and beast; but the leaves of many Australian trees are set on edge, so that scarcely any shade is cast by them, and many other kinds of trees are leafless.

In Australia there are trees that shed their bark instead of their leaves, cherries whose stones grow outside the berry instead of inside, pears whose thick end grows nearest to the stalk, and many other abnormalities.

The cherries and pears are not, however, as remarkable as they may at first appear. The Australian cherry is in reality but an enlarged berry-like stalk, while the fruit proper is an unsavory, hard nut, growing at the extreme end of the stalk; and the Australian pear is really not a pear, but an entirely different, uneatable fruit, as hard as wood.

CARL LUMHOLTZ.

SUNRISE.

All of a sudden the sea damp drifted up,
And the great bowl of the sun came out of the sea.
Daylight had filled and lifted its drinking cup,
And sweet was the promise of joy it pledged to me.
Selected. —*Ernest Arthur Edkins.*

SWITZERLAND.

On August First and the following day the Swiss Republic celebrated the six hundredth anniversary of its existence.

The character of the Swiss Government, and the position in Europe of the little Alpine republic, surrounded as it is by formidable and jealous powers, are matters of peculiar interest to Americans. We do not forget that, until France threw off monarchical institutions twenty years ago, Switzerland alone of European States presented the example of a republic alike in form and spirit.

Even now it is fair to assert that Switzerland has a more completely republican form than has France.

Recent minor changes in the Swiss Constitution call special attention to the structure of that organic law; and it is useful to compare the little European republic with the great republic of the Western Hemisphere, and see wherein they resemble and wherein they differ from each other.

A general resemblance appears between them in the fact that in both the people, through their executive and legislative representatives, rule the State. This general resemblance is carried further in the structure of the two national legislatures.

Both are federal governments, with two legislative houses, one of which represents the people of the republic directly, and the other the States of which the republic is composed. They are alike, too, in the fact that the Upper House in each case is composed of an equal number of members—namely, two—from each State or canton.

Still another resemblance lies in the constitution of the two supreme judicial tribunals of the two republics. The Federal Tribunal of Switzerland corresponds to the United States Supreme Court, as being the court of final appeal of the whole nation.

But here the differences between the two States begin; for, while the United States Supreme Court has the power to declare a law made by Congress to be unconstitutional, the Federal Council of Switzerland has no such power. Every law made by the Swiss Congress is constitutional, and cannot be challenged by any authority in the State.

As we examine the details of the two governments, the differences between them more distinctly appear. The Swiss Lower House is elected for three, instead of, as with us, for two years. The Upper House, too, though it is chosen by the several cantons, as our Senate is chosen by the legislatures of the States, is not elected for a definite period, our Senators being chosen for six years; but the length of the Swiss term of service is decided by each canton for itself. The Swiss Ständerath, or States' Council, corresponding to our Senate, comprises forty-four members, two from each of the twenty-two cantons.

The method of choosing the Swiss executive also differs essentially from our method of electing the President. It more closely resembles that of the French Republic. The executive power in Switzerland is confided to the Federal Council, which is composed of seven members. These are elected by the two Houses of the Swiss Congress, their term of office being three years.

The Federal Council being duly chosen and inducted into office, the two Houses proceed to elect from their number a President and Vice-President. The Swiss President is thus only the presiding officer of the Federal Council, in which body the whole executive power is lodged.

The position of Switzerland, a small and in a military sense weak State, in the very midst of great and rival powers, would seem to be a perilous one. Its safety was guaranteed by the great powers in the Treaty of Vienna in 1815; yet it is easy to see that in a general war events might happen which would put the existence of the little republic in peril.

But it is to be hoped that, even in case of such a war, public opinion in Europe would be strong enough to stay the hand of any power which sought to violate the agreement under which Switzerland has thus far lived securely and prospered.

THE SAFE LEADER.

First, find out Truth, and then,
Although she strays
From beaten paths of men
To untold ways,
Her leading follow straight,
And bide thy fate!

—*Selected.*

CONVICT LABOR.

Several bodies of workingmen, and several political gatherings which are in sympathy with the demands of organized labor, have lately newly expressed a very earnest opposition to the employment of convict labor in competition with the labor of free and honest workers. So frequent have these protests against convict labor become, that it is of interest to examine the general subject.

The State, it is now almost everywhere admitted, must provide the convict with some kind of work. To keep him in idleness means to degrade him, and when his imprisonment is over, to subject society to a worse danger from his depredations.

Unproductive labor, like that of the tread-mill, has also been generally rejected as degrading in its effect upon the convict, and mischievous to the State. Nor has it been proposed seriously, in this country, to exile convicts to a distant region.

We have, in this country, practically four systems of employing convicts.

The first is the contract labor system, under which a contractor employs convicts at a certain price per day, the men working for him in the prison.

The second plan, the piece-price system, is a modification of the first; but the State supervises the work of the convicts, and the contractor receives from the prison, at a set price, the material which has been manufactured for him by convicts.

The third is known as the public account system. Under it, the State simply carries on the business of manufacturing on its own behalf, making the prison a sort of State factory.

The fourth is the leasing-out system, which has prevailed in several States, but is being gradually abolished. It now prevails only in two or three. The convicts, under it, work outside the prison in chain-gangs, like bands of slaves.

How do these various systems affect free labor? The workingmen's organizations complain that the contract systems take a large amount of work out of the hands of honest laborers; and this is not generally denied. Convict labor is slave labor, and often distinctly affects the price of free labor.

In Alabama, for instance, certain mine-owners reported that they could not work their mines at a profit without the lowering effect upon wages of convict labor competition. They did not in all cases employ convict labor, but they were able to obtain free labor cheaper on account of it.

The number of convicts whose work is employed under some sort of contract is vast. Laborers in many industries have felt its effect, and have protested earnestly against it. These protests have led in certain States to the abolition of the contract system, and the substitution of the "public account" system.

But this, it is said, has not brought about relief. The industries which are engaged in by the State, under this system, find themselves injuriously affected, and a new injustice results.

For instance, we are told by the shoe-workers of one State that the maintenance of a certain prison cost two hundred thousand dollars a year. This cost was paid, or nearly paid, by the manufacture of boots and shoes in the prison. As the boots and shoes thus made would otherwise have been made by free workers in this industry, the entire cost of maintaining the prison rested upon those who were engaged in the making of boots and shoes.

The public account system, these free workingmen say, is competition no less than the contract system, because the State pays no rent and no taxes, and is not under the necessity of selling its goods at a profit. Productive convict labor, it is urged, under any system, is necessarily a form of competition with free labor.

But no practicable means has been devised of getting rid of it. To abolish it would increase the cost of the care of criminals, put a heavy burden of support upon the productive classes of the community, and increase the amount of crime.

It is urged, however, that the evil can be lessened by abandoning any attempt to make a profit upon the labor of convicts, to diversify their industries as much as possible, so that no undue amount of competition shall come upon any one industry, and to devote as much attention as possible to instructing convicts and accustoming them to willing industry, so that they may become capable and law-abiding citizens when they have served out their terms.

INTRODUCTIONS.

"She is the dearest creature in the world," a young girl was explaining to her aunt; "so good, loving, and generous; but I always have cold chills when she visits me, because in company she is just a dead-weight. I cannot introduce her and leave her; I must stand by and hold her up. In her own home she is the support of the whole family, but society acts like acid upon her backbone and leaves her limp. Do befriend her, Aunt Agnes, and help her out of herself."

"Maud is actually speaking in sentences instead of monosyllables," the girl whispered to her aunt a few evenings later. "How have you bewitched her?"

"It was simple enough. I introduced Charley Dunlap to her, telling her beforehand that he was very shy and ill at ease; but that there was one subject, amateur photography, over which he forgot his bashfulness; that if she could get him to explain to her the best way of mixing developer, he would be intensely happy, and I should be relieved from all charge of him. Thinking to help me, finding a person shyer than herself, and having a subject to begin upon, seems to have worked the charm."

A little later Aunt Agnes beckoned Maud to her side and presented her to a white-haired gentleman. "Professor More is a relic-hunter, and I have been telling him about that treasure of a tomahawk which you found. He thinks he has one to match it, but I will leave you to settle the question between yourselves."

"Maud," came again Aunt Agnes's sweet voice, just as Indian relics had exhausted themselves, "Mrs. Lewis wishes to see my palms. You must not reveal my ignorance, however, by letting her know that they would all have died if you had not come to their rescue."

As Aunt Agnes turned away she smiled to hear the elder lady say to the younger, "How fortunate I am. Now you will tell me how to treat *my* poor palms."

"It has been a delightful party," the young guest exclaimed, as the two girls kissed Aunt Agnes good-night. "I did not once find myself, as Howells says, 'cast away in a corner, and clinging to a water-color on the wall with a show of interest that would melt a heart of stone.' You were lovely to supply me so with topics.

"Hereafter I shall be courageous enough to try to find some for myself, or I will search for a Charley Dunlap and ask him the name of his hobby. It flashed over me to-night, Grace, that I had been selfish heretofore, in not being more social with your friends, but I did not know how to begin."

It is true that no one in society has to practise unselfishness more than the timid and retiring person. It is also true that the easy talker owes support and stimulation to her less sophisticated friends; and in no way can she confer it more gracefully than in bringing forward subjects in which she knows they are interested. It is as much her duty to do so, as for the hostess to provide viands which will tempt the appetites of her guests.

EXAGGERATION.

One of the effects of a little education, without much thinking with it, is to make people expert in exaggerating. There are many young people, educated in our schools, who make use of their acquaintance with words to pile them up uselessly in description.

We say their *acquaintance* with words, not their knowledge of them; for when one really knows words, he does not often misuse them. He does not, for instance, call a large apple a "monstrous" one, because he knows that an apple may be large without being either misshapen or unnatural; nor would he call a mutton-chop "elegant" because he found it tender.

Let us take an instance of the misuse of a little education in this way. Bertha Brown is a high-school girl, who is reckoned bright at school, and who has had many social advantages. The other day, meeting one of her companions on the street, she grasped her by both hands and burst into this speech:

"O Edith Jones! You can't possibly imagine what a perfectly immense, gorgeous time we had last night at that enchanting Mrs. Snodgrass's! She has a perfectly mammoth, palatial house, you know—three stories high, and such a gigantic dining-room, and the most fascinating love of a piazza!

"Well, we had an enormous dinner—beautiful mushrooms, and some monstrous peaches and the most seraphic ice-cream and that sort of thing—and then some music on the piazza that was just too huge and heavenly for anything! Sophie Ives was there with that perfectly magnificent banjo of hers, and played a dazzling fandango on it.

"And then Billy Graves played ineffably on his jewsharp—did you ever hear anything so utterly

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preposterous as playing on a jewsharp?—but it was sublime, anyway, the way he played on it.

"Ethel Smith had just played an immense little caprice on the piano, when who should come in but that awfully odious Mr. Tompkins; and he began talking everlastingly about social problems, and that sort of thing, in the most agonizing way.

"It was absolutely insufferable, and we were all simply paralyzed. Mrs. Snodgrass was mortified to death, and —"

Fortunately for Edith Jones, her father came along at that moment and relieved her from the necessity of listening to any more of Bertha's superlatives.

Bertha had not been conscious that she was using bad English or telling any untruths in the speech she had been making. She had been well trained in grammar, and did not wilfully tell a falsehood. She thought she was simply relating, in a lively way, actual occurrences of the day before.

But her story was really very far from a truthful account of the evening's happenings; and nothing could do much worse violence to the laws and the spirit of the English language than such discourse.

People who talk in this exaggerated and inexact way do not realize that the most forcible language is always the simplest, and that no word is effective if it is used out of its proper sense.

AT THE LUCKY MOMENT.

When Hubert Howe Bancroft was collecting the material for his "History of the Pacific States," he was greatly aided in his quest by Enrique Cerruti, an Italian who seemed to have a way of willing valuable manuscripts from jealously guarded chests.

General Vallejo, a Hispano-Californian of the old school, was said to have, at his residence in Sonoma, a great quantity of priceless documents relating to the early history of California. These Mr. Bancroft desired, but though he addressed many a deferential petition to the General, no response could he obtain.

Cerruti now entered upon the campaign, and after enlarging upon his own love of California, speedily obtained an invitation from Vallejo to examine the precious papers. At length, by dint of introducing the historian's name and objects, Cerruti succeeded in obtaining from his host the loan of a trunkful of papers, to be copied and returned in perfect condition.

"But, General," exclaimed Cerruti, overwhelmed, "I cannot copy them here. Since you have been so kind as to repose this confidence in me, permit me to take the papers to the library, and employ men to copy them. Otherwise, I might work over them for years."

"Be it so," said the General, "and while you are about it, there are two other chests of documents here which have never been disturbed since the fire. Take them, copy them as quickly as you can, and return them to me."

Now it was a fundamental maxim with Cerruti never to be satisfied. As long as there was anything left, so long did he importune.

"Why not multiply this munificence fourfold," said he, "by giving Mr. Bancroft these documents out and out, and so save him the heavy expense of copying them?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed the General, emphatically. "Do you think I regard these papers so lightly as to be wheedled out of them in a little more than two short months, and by one almost a stranger?"

So the matter rested for some months, until General Vallejo, accompanied by Cerruti, visited the library in San Francisco. The documents were spread out upon the long tables, about which sat eight Mexicans, busily copying them. It was an impressive sight to the visitor.

Passing the copyists, he was conducted to the historian's room. Several gentlemen were present, and two hours passed in discussion of the forthcoming work. General Vallejo was impressed and delighted. It became evident that a most important and worthy work was being done.

Cerruti had found his opportunity. He saw Vallejo drinking in the idea like an inspiration; he read it in the visitor's enkindled eye, flushed face and firmer tread. Placing himself by the General's side, he whispered:

"Now is your time, General! If you are ever going to give those papers—and what better can you do with them?—this is the proper moment. There are the copyists seated to at least a twelve months' labor. A word from you will save Mr. Bancroft this large and unnecessary expenditure, secure his gratitude and the admiration of every citizen."

"He deserves them," was the reply. "Tell him they are his."

And so, to the boundless gratitude of the historian, were fifty volumes, each approaching the dimensions of a quarto dictionary, added to his library of historical material.

MAKING GOOD ROADS.

The movement which has been well begun in many parts of the country to reform the wagon-roads, which have to a great extent fallen into a sad state of neglect, is likely to be forwarded by the action taken by several agricultural colleges, and particularly by Cornell University, in giving courses of instruction in road-making.

Very often bad roads exist because no one in their vicinity knows how to construct a road. The people often do the best they can; but road-making is a science in itself, belonging properly to the civil engineer's profession.

In Cornell University the Professor of Civil Engineering, the Professor of Agriculture and the Professor of Horticulture have been directed to prepare a plan for putting the roads of the University property into the best possible condition; and when the road has been completed, an inscription is to be put up upon it, stating how much it cost, what materials were used, and what methods were employed in its construction.

In several agricultural colleges, courses of lectures are given by practical men upon road-making. Farmers' Institutes are taking the matter up, and the people everywhere are learning that much better methods of road-making exist than the old one of heaping up dirt in the middle of the driveway, to be worked into ruts and washed into the ditches again in the course of a year.

EXHUMED HISTORY.

Every young reader who has been charmed by the wonderful story of Joseph in Egypt must be interested to know how much modern science and enterprise are doing to restore the scenes and objects he looked upon, and the outlines of the very life of his generation. Pithom, one of the "treasure cities" in which doubtless that Hebrew hero and pattern man stored up the surplus of the harvests of the "seven years of plenty," has been discovered by Doctor Naville, and excavated from the sand. It is the city which the Greeks called Heroöpolis.

Geological surveys have shown that the Red Sea, now crowded far away by the accumulating land deposit of thirty centuries, once extended to this great city and washed its walls, and Pliny and Strabo, and others, were right in describing the place as an important port of commerce.

Doctor Naville's explorations have enabled him also to identify the early camps of the Israelites, Succoth,—a district, not a city,—Pi-Hahiroth, Baal-Zephon and other places, and so trace their journey to where they crossed the Red Sea.

It seems almost as if the localities of Bible history were cast by design outside of the path of destroying time. Climate, the embalmer's art, and the all-covering sand, have kept the daily world of the Pharaohs, like an old but indelible "negative," to be brought out in full photograph by nations thousands of years younger than they.

Men like Mariette Bey, Mr. Petrie, and Doctor Naville have unearthed and are still unearthing for us the very halls and streets where old Egyptians bowed the knee to Joseph or trembled at the miracles of Moses and Aaron, and restoring to the light of day the inscriptions and some of the very papyri which they actually saw and read.

It is a silent language these risen relics speak, for the vowels are all gone out of them; but it requires but little imagination to breathe life and sound into the startling consonants—the skeletons of a past so real and so grand.

RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY.

The late Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, was, if not absolutely mad, sufficiently eccentric to cause constant trouble, not only among his own ministers, but also where the foreign ambassadors were concerned. One of the ambassadors, however, General Ignatieff, of Russia, was sufficiently clever to outwit him, and introduce the business of nations under the guise of personal pleasure. A fine example of his ingenuity is given in an article in *Murray's Magazine:*

At one time the Sultan absolutely refused to grant an audience to any member of the diplomatic body, and spent the greater part of his time in cock-fighting, an amusement which he greatly relished.

Ignatieff learned that His Imperial Majesty was in need of fresh birds to supply the place of those killed in fight.

Thereupon, Ignatieff procured a fine-looking white fowl, of the barnyard species, had it trimmed and spurred to resemble a game-cock, and sent it, in a richly-decorated cage, to the Sultan.

The ruse was successful, but the Sultan, at first delighted with the gift, soon sent for the ambassador to present himself at the palace, and explain, if he could, why the bird had no inclination to fight. Ignatieff went, examined the bird in the presence of the Sultan and, with great astonishment and regret, acknowledged that it was quite unable to cope with the royal game-cocks, which were of an undoubtedly superior race.

A conference followed on the subject of game-cocks in general, and this one in particular, and when the diplomatist had succeeded in drawing the Sultan into a conversational mood, he adroitly introduced the political matter he had so long awaited an opportunity to discuss. After a long conversation he returned to his embassy triumphant over his other colleagues.

ROOF-LIZARDS.

The names that have been invented for some of the animals that inhabited the earth in long-past ages are almost as extraordinary as the extinct creatures that they designate. Yet these names cannot be said to lack fitness. Take, for instance, the "stegosaurus," an animal of the Jurassic age which has been described by Professor O. C. Marsh, and of one species of which he has just completed an ideal restoration; the name exactly fits the extraordinary beast that bears it.

Stegosaurus is formed from two Greek words, *Stege*, roof, and *Sauros*, lizard, and means a roofed lizard. These, however, did not resemble the little lizards familiar to us in our day, but were huge creatures eighteen or twenty feet in length, and a dozen feet tall at the centre of their sloping backs!

They were covered with a dermal, or skin-like, armor of a tough, horny character, very strongly backed with massive bony plates and spines. Upon the tail were four double-pointed projecting spines of great strength, which Professor Marsh thinks were used for offensive purposes.

Similar indications of the powerful weapons and effective means of self-protection which nature furnished to the enormous beasts of the Reptilian age are found in the remains of other extinct animals of that time. They were clearly cut out for fighters.

BRITISH PRIDE TOUCHED.

When three regiments of the English army took possession of Castine, Maine, in the last year of the War of 1812, a large detachment was sent up the river to seize the neighboring towns. As the red-coats were leisurely marching through the country, they saw an old, bent, white-haired man, sitting at the door of a small, plain house.

The young officer at the head of the troops deigned to lay aside military dignity for a moment, and condescendingly hailed him:

"Old Daddy, did you ever see so many men before?"

"Yes," was the prompt answer.

"And where, then?"

"With Wolfe, under the walls of Quebec."

The officer stopped. Good-natured condescension to the old Yankee countryman was changed to respect for the colonial soldier. 1776 and 1812 were forgotten. He ordered the command to halt, and with the other officers shook hands with the humble old man, proud to do honor to one who, under the British flag, had followed a young, brave general to his last victory.

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For the Companion.

HAVE WE TWO BRAINS?

By William A. Hammond, M. D.

The human brain consists of two hemispheres, very much alike in their general appearance, and closely united at certain points, but nevertheless so distinct one from the other that it appears strange that they should so long have been regarded as constituting a single organ. When we look into their physiology we find so many arguments for considering them as different in their functions that our astonishment is increased when we think that they are still spoken of as "the brain."

I shall endeavor to show that these two hemispheres are in reality two brains, as much so as our hands are two hands, and our eyes two eyes. As a matter of fact the eyes are just as much united one to the other as one hemisphere of the brain is united to the other hemisphere; and yet we can see with one eye without seeing with the other; we can even see differently with our two eyes.

So we can also think with one brain hemisphere without thinking with the other. We can think of one subject with one hemisphere, and of another subject with the other hemisphere. We can be sane with one, and insane with the other; the one may have hallucinations which the other corrects; the one may be stricken with terror while the other is moved with the keenest delight; the one may be disgracefully feeble in will-power while the other carries everything before it; the one, when the seat of injury or disease, causes one side of the body to be paralyzed, while at the same time the other, the seat of some different disease, throws that side of the body with which it is in relation into violent convulsions.

In the very beginning of the existence of the individual the body consists of two distinct halves, which, afterwards becoming fused together, retain, nevertheless, in a great degree their original characteristics.

Thus the two sides of the face are never exactly alike; the two lungs are not of the same size; the liver is placed on one side of the abdomen, the spleen is placed on the other, and the two brains, though looking much alike, are seen upon close examination to be different and to be possessed of different functions.

The organ of speech is located entirely, in the great majority of cases, in the left brain—occasionally in the right brain—but never, so far as our knowledge extends, in both brains in the same person. Thus if a man be injured in his left brain at a point a little above and in front of the ear, he is deprived of the faculty of speech, losing even all idea of language. If the injury admits of relief, the capacity for speech is at once restored. If, however, the injury takes place on the right side, there is no interference with the faculty of speech—unless, as occasionally happens, the speech organ is situated on that side.

Again, if a person is, for instance, shot or otherwise injured in his right brain, he is paralyzed on the left side of his body; while if correspondingly injured in the left brain he is paralyzed on the right side of his body. Thus the right brain presides over the left side of the body and the left brain over the right side of the body, the nerve fibres crossing to the opposite sides before reaching the cranium.

When a physician is called to a case of apoplexy, for instance, and finds his patient without the power of motion and of feeling in his right arm or right leg, he knows that he is suffering from some disease, probably the rupture of a blood-vessel, in his left brain; and with this paralysis there will frequently be a loss of the power of speech. If on the other hand the patient is paralyzed in his left arm and left leg, there is no loss of speech and the physician knows that the disease is seated in the right brain.

Such facts go to show that there are two brains presiding over opposite sides of the body.

By hallucinations we understand a false sensorial impression, which has no real physical basis of truth. Hallucinations may exist with all the senses.

Now it occasionally happens that these hallucinations are present with only one eye or one ear or one nostril, or one side of the tongue or the fingers of one hand. A patient of my own, while preparing for bed one night, saw before her the figure of her mother, who had died several months previously. The image did not for an instant impose upon her intellect; but thinking that something must be the matter with her eyes, she closed them alternately and rubbed them with her fingers as we often do when we wish to make our vision clearer. As she closed the left eye the image was no longer perceived; and then she became convinced that she saw it with the right eye only.

Another patient, who had greatly overtasked his mental powers, heard a voice whispering to him to go and kill himself; but only in the right ear.

In both these instances, and in several of similar character that have come under my observation, but one brain was affected, while the other remained free from perceptional disorder.

Some of the phenomena of hypnotism are interesting in this connection. In the case of a gentleman upon whom I frequently experimented it was easy, after I had hypnotised him, to act separately upon his two brains. Thus I would place on the middle of his forehead a book, in such a way that it was interposed as a screen between the two eyes so that both could not follow the same line of vision.

I would then tell him, for instance, to look with his right eye into a corner of the room, and that there he would see the dead body of a dear friend. Instantly the corresponding side of his face expressed the greatest horror, while the other remained a perfect blank.

I would then tell him to look into the opposite corner with his left eye, where there was a clown performing various ludicrous antics. Immediately that side of his face expressed intense pleasure and expanded into a broad smile.

Thus there existed in him at the same time two opposite emotions, the one of horror, the other of mirth.

Such experiments appear to me to show indubitably the existence of two separate and independent brains, capable of being influenced in diametrically opposite directions. Nothing, I think, in the whole range of physiological experimentation can give us more conclusive results, unless perhaps it may be the phenomena of double consciousness, to which in the next place I desire to call attention.

In this very remarkable condition, a person under the influence either of disease or of injury of one or the other brain lives two separate and distinct lives, as different from each other as though he were in reality two individuals. Several such instances have occurred in my own practice; but before citing them I will quote the wonderful instance of a French sergeant, who was wounded by a rifle-ball on the left side of his head, and who in consequence became paralyzed on the opposite side of his body. He was apparently cured of the wound and of the paralysis; but shortly afterward a new condition of the most striking character developed.

In his ordinary state the patient was quite an intelligent man; and having been retired from the army he was able to gain his own living by singing in one of the cafés of the Champs Elysées. He was docile and well disposed, and his conduct generally was such as to be beyond reproach. His health was in all respects excellent.

Suddenly, however, an entire change took place in his mental characteristics. He forgot absolutely every event of his past life, and yet he acted in all respects as if he was in the full exercise of his senses and of his intelligence, so that a person coming into association with him would never have suspected that he was otherwise than in his normal condition. But his character had undergone a complete change; and above all, he had developed a disposition to steal whatever he could lay his hands upon.

After this state had lasted a variable period, sometimes two or three months, he suddenly resumed his natural life, and became in every respect as he was before; but entirely oblivious of events that had occurred during his abnormal condition.

These two phases of his life continued to alternate, each condition being in close relation with each other condition of the same character. Thus if we designate his normal state by *A* and his abnormal by *B*, during every *A* state he recollected all the events of every previous *A* state, but had no knowledge of any circumstance occurring during any *B* state. While in every *B* state his memory of events which had occurred during every previous *B* state was full and complete, but he had no recollection whatever of the incidents of any *A* state.

He lived, therefore, two different existences, and undoubtedly the condition was due to the fact that during one period the left brain predominated over the right brain, while during the other the right brain was in the ascendency.

In a case which occurred within my own experience, the patient, who had been struck on the head several years previously by a stick of wood so that his skull was fractured, became affected with epileptic convulsions; but he also became a subject of double consciousness.

Upon one occasion the attack came upon him just as he was entering a railway train. He proceeded on his journey, and arrived in Washington city, where he took lodgings at a hotel.

A few days afterwards he bought out a small book shop and started into business as a bookseller and stationer. He conducted himself with perfect propriety and apparently was in full possession of his intellectual faculties. He passed, however, under a name different from his real one.

During all this period his friends had no knowledge of his whereabouts, until one day when several weeks had elapsed he suddenly resumed his natural condition, and to his intense astonishment recognized his changed circumstances. He at once telegraphed to his friends and returned home, having no knowledge of anything that occurred after getting into the railway train until the recovery of his natural mental condition.

He has had repeated attacks of a similar character since, and in all of them has a more or less distinct recollection of the events of all like previous seizures, and passes under the same name that he took at first.

Ordinarily the two brains act synchronously, that is to say, at the same time; but when they do not, and there is the difference in their action of the fraction of a second, we have the curious experience that what we are doing at the time amid the circumstances that surround us we have done at some previous time under identical conditions.

All of us have had such experiences. They afford additional evidence of the fact that we have in reality two brains, which in these cases do not act at precisely the same time.



The Prince Appears.

For the Companion.

PRINCE JOE.

The spot where Joe found himself was very pleasant. It was the edge of a wood crowning a hill that was little more than a gentle swelling of the earth's surface; but, slight as it was, it enabled him to look over the stretch of pasture and cultivated field and "wood lot" to the sparkling lake beyond.

It was warm, and there was no noise that Joe—too busy anyway to notice sounds and scenes except sub-consciously—could hear except that made by a lad chopping wood in the yard of a farm-house not far away.

Joe was whistling half under his breath, in a contented manner; and as he moved slowly along the edge of the wood was closely scrutinizing the trees. A sudden change in his manner showed that his sharp eyes had spied something interesting. He stopped whistling, stepped quickly back a step or two, and dodged from side to side, getting the object into clear view.

"Flicker!" he said, with emphatic satisfaction.

That it was not a flicker, or golden-winged woodpecker, at all, should be hastily added; for the flicker is not a bird which stops to be stared at.

Joe stood before a tall tree-trunk which was evidently quite dead, and near the top of which was a round hole about twice the size of a silver dollar. Joe regarded it doubtfully, the question in his mind being whether the nest were old or not.

The hole had not that perfectly round and neatly cut appearance which the entrance to a new nest should have; and he looked in vain for the little clumps of mouse-colored feathers, which, brushed off from the bird's breast in its goings and comings and caught by the rough bark, are a sure sign that a nest is in use.

Still, in such matters Joe had known all signs to fail.

A tree in full vigor of life and foliage which stood beside the dead trunk and partially concealed it had made Joe's dodging about necessary to see the hole which he had immediately set down as the work of a woodpecker. But if the tree had made the finding of the nest difficult, it made approach easy, as Joe's eye was prompt to discover.

The big dead tree-trunk, without a branch from one end to the other of its twenty feet, would have been too much for even Monkey Joe, as the boys called him, to climb. But this tree had branches near the ground, and Joe's gray flannel shirt and rough, worn trousers were shortly to be seen at intervals through its foliage, always nearer the top.

Panting a little, and with his face flushed with the exertion, Joe was soon astride a limb whence he could look directly down upon the dead bole just below him, which his hanging feet almost touched.

"Older'n Methuselah!" was his disgusted verdict on the nest.

The dead trunk revealed itself from Joe's new point of view as hollow. Joe ruefully surveyed the cavity. It extended down the trunk of the tree apparently about six feet, where he fancied he saw it come to an end in a solid floor.

It was a most attractive lurking-place for "Monkey Joe." The next moment saw him swing impulsively from the limb on which he was seated, hang a moment in the hollow tree, and then drop down into the alluring cavity.

He dropped twenty feet. The floor which had looked so solid was nothing but a litter of wind-blown twigs and dead leaves.

Joe did not drop like a shot. The hole, in its upper portion, was just large enough to admit his body, and he felt, as he scraped through the narrow passage, a rough tearing of clothes, the departure of buttons, the scratching of his knees and face, and a good deal of dust in his eyes and mouth.

Then suddenly the hollow widened out and he landed much shaken, very much confused, but quite unhurt on a soft, moist heap of particles of rotten wood.

He was caught in this hollow tree as completely as a beetle thrust by a boy into a bottle.

About this time—it was perhaps ten o'clock in the morning—a little girl came out from the neighboring farm-house. She was dressed in a very short-waisted white gown—or possibly it was a white apron over the gown—with big puffs at the shoulder. Her golden hair fell all about her face, and she wore a big hat, Gainsborough fashion. She carried a book under one arm and a doll under the other, and she was very pretty.

She came into the yard and watched the boy Reuben a while with a critical eye as he chopped the wood. She thought him wonderfully strong; strong as that man Her-cules—she pronounced it in two syllables—whom she had read about in one of her books. Then she passed up the slope toward the great dead tree, where there was a pleasant shade and a lovely view.

The book she had was a collection of stories about fairies. In the existence of these beings she quite believed, though she had never seen any. She wondered if there were not some in the woods, it seemed so fit a place for them. She would not be surprised, she thought, to meet one or a dozen there any day; and as she came up silently to the old tree and sat down on the dry grass, she looked about inquiringly.

Then, setting the doll against a stone, she drew its dress into the proper fold with two expert pats of her hand, opened her book and began to read.

She turned by chance to a story of a princess who was wandering in a wood and came upon a beautiful evergreen tree. The princess greatly desired some of the branches of the tree to wreathe above the arches of the great stone hall. She reached forth and plucked a branch; but it bled and a voice came out of the tree, lamenting. This graceful evergreen was no less than a prince of the north whom a wicked enchantress had changed into a tree because she hated him for his handsome face and his good heart.

Marian was breathlessly interested, and began quite unconsciously to read aloud. In doing so, she gave Joe the first hint he had received of a human presence near him. In his dark, close tree-trunk he gave a start of joy and shouted:

"Hallo, you, out there!"

He was going on to demand aid, but he heard the person, whoever it was, jump to a standing position with a startled cry; and he interrupted himself to exclaim and explain anxiously:

"Oh, don't run away. Hold on a minute, can't you? Don't be scairt—it's only me!"

This appeal had an extraordinary effect on the person outside. Joe was very much puzzled. He heard from without, the sound of dancing feet, the clapping of hands, and a treble voice crying, "Oh goody, goody!" as if its owner had found a Christmas-tree in the woods.

Marian, though startled at first, had swiftly argued that, inasmuch as a talking tree could mean only an enchanted prince, she was in the midst of an adventure like that of the princess in the book, and was greatly overjoyed.

But Joe was angry "clear through" at this foolish joy.

"It isn't 'goody' at all!" he said with heat, "and I guess you wouldn't think so, either, if you was me."

He was on the point of crying now.

As Marian paid no attention to this protest, he raised his voice to an angry shout:

"Quit your 'goodyin',' can't you? Go get an axe or a rope or something. Stop your monkeying, and hurry up, too!"

Marian paid no heed to the ungracious tone of the prince. She was too busy wondering what a fairy prince could possibly want with a rope or an axe.

No prince converted into bark and wood had ever in the whole course of her reading asked for a rope or an axe. No indeed! Somebody said something mysterious, and the tree straightway split apart as neatly and nicely as a glove-box opens, and the prince stepped forth smiling as if from a cedar chest where he had been put to be kept from the moths.

"An axe or a rope!" she repeated, dazed; "what do you want with a rope or an axe?"

"What do I want with 'em?" cried Joe, who was growing more and more impatient. "What do I want 'em for? why, to get out of this tree with, of course. D'ye think I wanted 'em to play with?"

"No, but I don't see"—began Marian.

"Well," groaned Joe, "of all the stupid—Say, you're a girl, aren't you?"

"Of course," said Marian, surprised.

"Well," said Joe, scornfully, "I thought so. No boy'd be such a fool. But you can do as you're told, can't you?"

Marian stared. She had been dimly conscious that the manners of the prince were odd; now she suddenly realized that they were very bad. Hurt and grieved, she sought vainly for an explanation.

At last a bright thought came to her. This was a naughty prince, confined in the tree in order that he might be cured of bad manners; and plainly he hadn't been shut up quite long enough.

It flashed through her mind that good fairies in the books frequently punished bad boys so—"just like your mother shutting you up in a dark closet." If such was the case with this particular prince, ought she to help him get out?

"I sha'n't let you out," said Marian, with decision, "until you get more politer. Come, Arabella!"

Picking up the doll, she turned and walked away.

Joe heard her go away with mixed astonishment, rage and despair. It became evident to him, as it had not before, that this girl, so fantastic and queer and unreasonable, was mistress of the situation; and he knew, as he did it, that he raged and kicked the tree to no purpose.

He subsided at last, and stuffing his fists into his pockets, sat down dejectedly in the rotten wood.

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It was very still—oppressively so—and close. He could hear eerie little insect noises like that of the death-watch which, if the house is old, you hear sometimes in the night. He listened to them dully a long time.

Then a squirrel came scratching his way down the hollow; perceived Joe, filled the resonant passage a minute with angry chattering, and fled.

Another interval followed, and a woodpecker came to the tree, kept up a rat-a-tat for a while on its sides, and flew away. Joe wished it had stayed.

Then a new sound struck his ear—the sound of some animal cropping grass close by his prison. He knew not what impulse of desperate mirth made him give a sudden yell. There was a loud and terrified snort, the sound of four feet landing all together on the turf as if after a sudden jump, a pause of perfect stillness, another snort, and then the dull pounding of galloping hoofs. All this brought so swift and clear and ludicrous a vision of a terrified pony to Joe's mind that even in his despair he broke into a short, convulsed laugh.

This was the only gleam of merriment that visited him that long and memorable day. It was quickly extinguished by the discovery that the ants, of which the tree was full, were crawling about his clothing, on his hands, even on his face.

He jumped up and began slapping himself vigorously, and he drew a pair of very dirty hands over his face, to the destruction of several of the uncomfortable little pests. Not liking to sit down again, he remained on his feet, hot and miserable, there in the darkness.

Time passed. He thought of the boys playing ball on the common, of the swim in the lake they would have after the game, of the good dinners they would eat—of many pleasant things of which he could take his part, if he were only out in the sunshine.

And to think that he might now be there if he had only been polite to that foolish girl.

Marian went her way fully convinced that the prince ought to stay where he was a very long time, "perhaps hundreds and hundreds of years." She determined to think no more about him; but the resolution was hard to hold. Do what she would, her thoughts continually came back to the poor prince. She found herself wondering what he was doing or thinking.

Marian was not cruel. She could not have kept even an impertinent boy shut up so, if by any act of hers she could set him free; but an enchanted prince was an entirely different matter. Still, her sympathy went out to him, and she wondered all sorts of things about his queer life.

At dinner, for example, she asked herself what people turned into trees ate. She supposed they must live upon sap. "And if you were turned into a maple sugar tree," she concluded, "that would be rather nice."

But this living prince was turned into a dead tree, she recollected. And then she gave it up.

At first, as was said, she had made up her mind not to help him out for a very long time. Little by little, however, the time shortened. She would let him out in a month—next Saturday, to-morrow. Certainly she did want very much to see what a real prince would look like. Then a glance at Reuben, still at the wood-pile, filled her with a thought of horror. Supposing some one should chop up the prince into kindling-wood? She was decided; she would let him out to-day.

The fact is that Joe, wearied out with long hours of waiting and weariness, hunger and hopelessness, had at last fallen asleep. So he did not hear Marian's soft footsteps as she approached the tree.

When she had left him before, he was sorry he had not been more courteous, mainly, however, because his rudeness had left him in such a dreadful situation. But some hours of quiet thinking, such as he had ample opportunity for, had convinced him that he never in any circumstances would be impolite again.

This resolution suffered a rude defeat when he was suddenly awakened by some one knocking on the tree and a girlish voice inquiring, "Mr. Prince, Mr. Prince, are you in?"

"In?" exclaimed Joe, with all his old impatience. "In? of course I'm in. I can't get out, can I?"

But he bethought himself immediately, and continued gently enough:

"Please go get some one with an axe, and get me out of this. I'm awfully hungry."

"What?" said Marian. "Haven't you had anything to eat?"

To answer calmly so absurd a question cost Joe a mighty effort.

"No," he said, quietly, "not since breakfast. Please hurry and get the axe, won't you, please?"

There is no knowing what would have happened if Marian had thought to ask, as from her point of view she might have done with perfect reasonableness, why if he had had breakfast he hadn't had dinner too; but fortunately she was struck by something else in his speech and tones.

"You're more polite than you were," she said, contemplatively. "I think perhaps I might help you, now you're good."

"Oh do! do!" cried Joe, "run and get an axe!"

"I don't see yet what you want with an axe," said Marian, "but I'll go get Reuben. He's got one."

She started toward the house.

Joe soon heard voices; the girl's, and—oh, joy! a boy's voice too. There was, he reflected, some sense coming now.

It was, in fact, Reuben, whom Marian had found just starting for the cows. It was now near sunset. Reuben was quite willing to make a turn to the dead tree to see what the little girl's foolish talk about an enchanted prince really meant.

Reuben knew the tree was hollow; but he could not imagine how any one could have tumbled into it.

"Have you got an axe?" shouted Joe, excitedly, addressing himself to Reuben.

"Ye-es," said Reuben, cheerfully, "but how under the canopy 'd ycou git into that tree, anyhow?"

"Oh, please," cried Joe, who, since his lesson, said "please" a great deal, "never mind about that now! Just cut me out, won't you, please?"

"Sa-ay," asked Reuben, "haow much room hev ye got in there, when ye git close t' the other side?"

"Oh, plenty—most a foot," returned Joe. "You needn't be afraid of hitting me. I'm all right."

So Reuben raised his axe for a mighty blow, but paused at a horrified cry from Marian. This experienced little person believed that when human beings were converted into trees, it hurt them to be cut and slashed with axes quite as much as it would if they had not altered their shapes; and she was in real fright at the prospect.

"Oh don't! oh don't! you'll hurt him. I know you'll hurt him!" she cried, and fairly danced up and down in terror, wringing her hands. Reuben stared, axe suspended.

"Jest yeou tend right to your knittin', and don't yeou worry," he said finally. "I guess I know what I'm a-doin'."

The axe fell. Marian covered her eyes; but as there came no scream of agony from the tree, she ventured to peep between her fingers. Then, as no blood gushed from the wounded side, she stopped fearing and began wondering, as she watched the singularly dry chips fly under Reuben's blows. She concluded at length that this tree was different.

Joe listened to the blows of the axe with beating heart. Life and liberty were coming nearer to him with every stroke. Soon he would be free to stretch his cramped limbs in the sunshine, and to get a breath of the blessed fresh air.

Soon he saw light appear through a small hole, which grew steadily larger until he could put first a fist, then an arm, a leg, his whole body through.

"Oh thank you, thank you!" he shouted. "That's enough. I can get out of that! Oh, if you aint a brick!"

As Reuben stood aside, he stepped forth gladly.

Marian, too, watched the hole in the tree grow larger with bated breath. From this, she thought, in due time the prince would appear. He would be brilliant and beautiful, with a silken doublet and cloak, with white satin shoes on which would be silver buckles, with rosettes at his knee, and on his head a velvet cap with a plume nodding proudly above it, and with lace about his hands, one of which should rest on his sword hilt negligently as he drew his heels together, swept his hat to his knee, and bowed.

But what, alas! was the reality? Joe, happy in his freedom and unconscious of his torn clothes, covered with bits of rotten wood, his dirty face dotted here and there with a dead ant, stepped from the tree, and, blinded by the sudden light, stood blinking like an owl.

Right before him he saw a daintily dressed little girl, who looked scornfully at him; and beside her Reuben, leaning on his axe and roaring with laughter.

He was greatly disconcerted when Marian, with sobs of disappointment in her voice, turned away, and with a world of disgust in her tones, exclaimed:

"Why, it's nothing but just a boy!"

A few days later, Joe's mother took him to call on the mother of Marian. "I can't think," said she, "what has come over Joe lately—he's so polite."

Joe stole a glance at Marian, caught her eye, and though he was much older than she, looked very foolish.

"And I," said Marian's mother, "can't think why Marian doesn't care any more for her fairy books."

"It's because," said Marian with a sober little sigh, "I think there aren't any fairies any more."

C. M. THOMPSON.

For the Companion.

MAKING A HOME.

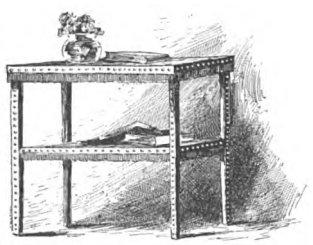
SECOND PAPER.

Parlors, Wall-papers and Principles.

Nowadays we no longer think that a parlor is to be kept shut and shrouded—a sort of "best room" only to be used on high days and holidays. People see that parlors resent such treatment, and if not used and made a home of by the family, reveal the secret to the most casual guest.

Gone, too, is the idea that parlors must be stiff and stately apartments, with grand furniture and upholstery quite different from the rest of the house.

We have learned that a room of either of these kinds is an artistic mistake, and that no place, however magnificent, can be beautiful if it is not



in keeping with its surroundings. So our young couple need not feel forced to do without a parlor because they cannot have the ponderous and expensive "sets" their grandmothers considered essential.

Instead of this, I urge you to avoid "sets," unless you can afford to buy the very best,—that is, from the best makers,—for they are never good in the cheap constructions offered in the furniture stores. They warp and shrink and come apart, besides being unsightly with coarse wood carvings and covers of gaudy plush, or what is even worse, horse-hair cloth.

Domestic ingenuity, joined with simple good taste, comes in again to give you a better thing than the ordinary furniture-dealer is likely to give you.

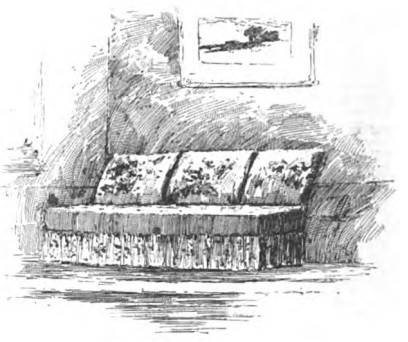
You can make a comfortable and pretty substitute for the cheap set by using a box-sofa and wicker chairs like the one I illustrate. The sofa is merely a box, six feet long, two high and two wide, covered with chintz. Upon it is a mattress made to fit exactly. There are also three pillows, all covered like the box.

A carpenter will make the frame for two dollars and a half, and the rest you can do yourself. In the chairs should be cushions of gay colors; the double one for the head should not be forgotten, nor the square one to go in behind the back.

Never be persuaded into buying a "fancy" chair or a "fancy" table. They are delusions as to usefulness, and are generally got up to sell, without the slightest idea that there are rules of art which, carefully followed, make certain forms good, or neglected, make other forms bad.

As it is extremely difficult to find a good parlor table, I illustrate one. The frame any carpenter will make for three dollars, and you can then cover it with plush, corduroy, or even cretonne. The edges should be concealed by braid, put on with nails which have large and ornamental brass heads.

A word of caution as to the placing of the furniture is necessary. Do not stand everything stiffly against the wall, nor yet have every article huddled in the centre as if drawn there by centripetal force. One does not wish to take "a walk among the furniture," when one moves around the room, such as the guests of the Veneerings took in Dickens's story, "Our Mutual Friend."



If your room is large enough, fill up your corners, making each one different from the rest and cozy in itself. Draw the piano across one, a table or desk across another; put a high stool with a vase and growing plant in a third, and a sofa or screen across the fourth. But be sure to leave the centre of the room free.

If you have inherited, or can beg from your old home any old piece of furniture, use it, if it is not hopelessly decrepit. These old friends re-upholstered and "done up" make excellent foundations for the building of a nest. Besides, nothing is so absolutely unhomelike as those perfect parlors "where everything, even the baby, is brand-new," to quote from Dickens again.

If Jenny is skilful with her needle, she may do much with it to beautify her parlors. But I hesitate to suggest this when I remember the rags and tags which I see in some parlors as "bits of color," or "bits of embroidered drapery."

We have run wild in this direction, as a reaction from our perfectly barren parlors of pre-Centennial days; and never asking whether certain things are fitting and in their place, we pile up bric-à-brac, hang drapery in every possible and impossible spot, and make "home" look like a "dollar store."

One sometimes feels, in entering a room "decorated" in this fashion, that he would like to lay about him with a club, and demolish as many of the "nice things" as possible.

I have even seen a wooden milking-stool in a parlor—of all places! And, to make it worse, the stool was tied up with ribbons. In another parlor I saw a wooden shovel, painted with apple blossoms on a blue background, and tied with enormous bows of ribbon, hanging under a marble mantel beside the register.

Could absurdity go further? What could be more useless as a shovel or more inappropriate as decoration, and what more ridiculous than any shovel by the register?

Do not decorate objects intended for homely use, is the decorator's first law; and the second is like it: Do not pervert any object from its original use, nor decorate it so as to conceal its purpose. Because the milking-stools, spinning-wheels and shovels are in the wrong places, devoted to unnatural ends, they become inartistic and incongruous.

Of course most of the charm of your parlor will be in its color, and if you have no reason for choosing another, you cannot do better than select blue or yellow for the prevailing tone, especially if the room opens from a terra-cotta hall.

This color will depend mainly upon wall-papers, curtains and carpets, and on the first of these alone I could write a chapter. Many people have abandoned wall-paper as dusty and unhealthy, substituting painted walls; but these are so expensive that we cannot all follow the example. Moreover, painted walls have disadvantages of their own. A perfectly plain tint shows every spot and stain, and if hardly used, the paint peels off in patches, exposing the white plaster beneath. These defects cannot be remedied except by expensive re-painting.

If the surface is not plain but "wrought," the raised portions catch dust and hold it quite as tenaciously as paper could; and then it peels just as the other paint does. I think, therefore, that most of us will prefer the pretty papers which are cheap enough to admit of renewal without danger of bankruptcy.

No one need pay more than twenty-five or thirty cents a roll nowadays for parlor papering, though of course the dearer papers are tougher and more showy.

So much can be done with paper to conceal the defects of a room that it is worth while to know that a ceiling which is too low can be made to look higher, if the walls of the room are papered with a design of vertical lines, and that if a ceiling is too high it can be "brought down" by the use of a very high dado of some color which contrasts strongly with the body of the wall, and by adding a deep frieze different from either.

Dark rooms are made cheery with bright terra-cotta paper, while rooms into which sunlight streams may be hung with very cold-blue or with pale sage-green.

A room that is hot in summer is made to look delightfully cool by combining lettuce-green and pink, or olive and white. Blue is a color which is known to recede apparently from the eye; therefore, rooms papered in pale blue appear larger than they are, while a deep, pure yellow makes a room look cozy.

The rule may be laid down that for the body of the wall large figures should be avoided in houses of moderate size, the best style for this purpose being a paper in which the design is of the same color as the background, only a shade or two darker or lighter, as the effect may require.

The design should always be indistinct, and never of a character to catch the eye. One soon grows tired of a pronounced pattern on the wall. Never be led into choosing a design with wavelike lines, for these fairly seem to live and to move up and down in a distracting way.

Avoid this especially for bedrooms, for here you may have to spend many an hour of sickness—quite bad enough without the torment of having your mind forced to count the spots or to follow wriggling masses on the paper.

The character of each room is so marked that the paper should be chosen with this diversity of uses in mind—that is, your paper for parlors and for bedrooms must be as distinctly different as are the purposes of these rooms.

There is a sort of instinct in the matter which will lead, if we would but listen. Even the most careless perceive that a bedroom, for instance, should not be a library plus the bed. We naturally expect the one to be light, airy, gay, the other to be sober and solid. Following this principle out, we do not put flowers on the parlor walls, but reserve them for bedrooms; and papers with large figures are best when confined to dado or frieze, both of these requiring something bold and conventional.

Gilt should be sparingly used. In the first place it requires cunning skill to treat it artistically; and then if it is not of the best and most expensive quality, it will tarnish and grow ugly.

Boston felting is good in almost every place. Its rough texture is pleasing to the eye, it wears excellently and comes in all shades and colors. For dadoes it is particularly fit, since, being just a yard wide, its width may be used for the height of the dado, thus avoiding the seams which are disagreeable in these short lengths.

Whenever a dado is possible, it should be used for economic reasons if for none other. This lower part of the wall is that most exposed to rubbings



and blows, and when these accidents do happen the dado can be renewed, and what may have been a very forlorn-looking room made fresh at small cost.

The upper edge of the dado should always be concealed by a light molding of wood, ebonized, or painted to match the wood-work of the room, and if the molding is not possible, a narrow line of black and gilt paper is necessary, the black giving the touch which will bring out best the delicacy of the color scheme.

For matting dadoes this molding needs to be so deep that it serves for a chair-rail, and in this case it need not be so dark, but may match the general tone of the wood-work.

This in turn should contrast with the general effect of the paper, or else be in the same color, several shades darker.

The white paint so loved by our grandmothers has many drawbacks. It is inartistic to have masses of such cold color in a room where the effort is being made to combine warmer tones; and the white paint, once used, must be continued, since no coat of any other color will "stick" over it, but will flake off till the wood-work is spotted all over with white.

Why this is, I cannot tell. It is one of the small things of daily life which chemistry does not explain, but experience proves true.

Finally, white paint is so easily soiled that it greatly increases the cares of the housekeeper. Nowadays architects are using our natural woods to such advantage that the question of paint is much less important than it once was; but for those of us who have neither long purses nor new houses, it still requires thought.

In a hall where the paper is terra-cotta, the paint may be dark green. In a parlor with blue walls, a pinkish cream is lovely for the wood-work, and for pale yellow walls a deeper yellow paint is needed.

In a yellow dining-room, where the furniture is walnut, the wood-work is best in walnut, or ebonized; and where the walls are sage-green a deep red may be used. A very fresh dining-room is made with salmon-colored walls and apple-green paint, the dado being of Japanese leather paper of very metallic tone.

ANNIE R. RAMSEY.

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SUGGESTIONS

SHADOWS.

Place a lamp four feet from a white wall. Between them, one foot from lamp, put a small card.

Measure and compare sizes of card and of shadow

Try other distances for card and for lamp, and finally say upon what the size of shadows depends.

Are all parts of the shadow equally dark? Why?

Does changing the size or shape of the flame change the shadow in any way? Explain.

For the Companion.

HARVEST-DAYS.

The shining, golden Harvest-Days!
Fair gospellers whose feet are shod
With peace and plenty, and whose hands
Are filled with gracious gifts of God!
O Days as bright with miracle
As dawned on sacred Palestine,
The clod and stone are changed to bread,
And living waters turn to wine!

O Days that tell us year by year
God's Hand is o'er us still, nor we
Need strain our faith to reach the Love
That walked in distant Galilee!
O Days of resurrection joy,
When furrowed graves are opened wide,
And dull unsightly germs appear
In living bodies glorified.

Lush grapes like swinging censers hang
From richly laden boughs, and fill
The fields with incense as the sun
Illumines fruitful vale and hill.
The orchard colours glow and greet
With sweets the sweetness of the hay,
And Harvest-Moon forbids the night
To be less beautiful than day!

O holy, happy Harvest-Days,
Sweet chroniclers of smile and tear,
Of light and shadow, pain and toil,
Earth's heart bears through the circling year
Like ye some rich and ripened sheaves,
Some fruit of deed I fain would show,
Perfected by life's smiles and tears,
And beautiful in joy and woe!

ZITELLA COCKE.

For the Companion.

NOBLY DONE.

About ten years ago a gentleman living in New York took his family to the mountains of North Carolina to spend the summer. The Northern visitors at the hotel where he and his family stayed were in the habit of inspecting the mountaineers in their cabins with amused curiosity, as they might have looked at wild beasts in a menagerie.

The women of the mountains could not read, write, nor sew; they knew how to cook nothing but the coarsest food. Many of them had never been inside of a church. A prayer-meeting held once or twice a year in the hills was the only religious service which they had ever known.

The city visitors were interested in them for a day or two; talked of them with pity, or with contempt, and wondered how such ignorance could exist anywhere in the United States. Then they turned to the scenery, or their hunting and fishing, and thought nothing more of the people with whom they had so little in common.

But the daughter of the New York merchant, a girl of seventeen, went often to their cabins, and made friends with them. She found them anxious to be "like the women from town." She wished to help them, but felt incapable of doing so.

That winter, at home, she went into the kitchen of her father's house and learned to make bread and to cook meats. She learned also, from her dressmaker, how to cut out, fit and make a simple gown.

Her father the next spring built a cottage in the mountains, so that the family could remain all summer. She invited several of the mountain girls of her own age to form a sewing and cooking club. They met twice each week at the cottage, when she taught them what she herself had learned. The club increased; many middle-aged women joined it, eager to "learn town ways."

Not only were they taught to sew and cook, but unconsciously they learned from their young teacher many comely and healthful habits hitherto unknown to them. The men of their families highly approved the work which brought comfort into their cabins.

The next summer the city girl's classes were larger. She opened a school in the cabins among the hills, and taught the women to read and write, as well as to sew and work. Her family and even some of her pupils regarded her work as a girlish frolic, but came to a different conclusion as she persisted in it year after year, and its good results became apparent.

The ambition to be clean, to wear decent gowns, to bake good bread, and to be able to read spread from cabin to cabin. When she taught a class in the farther ranges, where even the itinerant preacher never came to hold a "pra-ar," she read from the Bible, or sang a hymn with her pupils, doing it as simply and naturally as she taught them to make bread.

Naturally the girl became a pet among these lonely mountaineers. They taught her, in turn, to fish, to shoot, and to ride their shaggy ponies. As time passed they built one or two school-houses at her suggestion, and then a church.

What was the result? Religion and civilization have now spread through two counties of that State. But the people, as a whole, were probably never conscious that they owed their first push forward to the hand of their young Northern visitor.

She died a year ago. Her name will never be enrolled among the missionaries of any church, yet she was one of God's messengers.

The Companion tells this true story, in the hope that at least some of its readers may ask themselves whether they, too, are not His messengers.

Neither age, nor ordination, nor ceremony of any kind is necessary to set us apart for this work. We can begin to-day on the simplest, homeliest way which offers itself to bring the brother who is more needy or ignorant than ourselves up to a higher plane of life.

LINCOLN AND SEWARD.

In December, 1861, President Lincoln and his Cabinet were anxiously considering the "Trent affair," the British Government having formally demanded the surrender of Mason and Slidell, over whose capture the North had been keenly exulting. The Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, was convinced that the demand was just. As he expressed it: "We are asked to do to the British nation just what we have always insisted that all nations ought to do to us."

The Cabinet meeting at which the question was considered, writes Mr. F. W. Seward, was an anxious and earnest one. Seward stated the case, and gave the substance of his views in regard to it.

Some of the other members, not having studied the subject, naturally shared the popular aversion to a compliance with the demand of Great Britain. "At least," said one, "we need not decide at once. Let us settle it that we won't surrender them to-day. We can meet again to-morrow." So the matter went over.

After the other gentlemen had retired, the President said:

"Governor Seward, you will go on, of course, preparing your answer, which, as I understand it, will state the reasons why the envoys ought to be given up. Now I have a mind to try my hand at stating the reasons why they ought *not* to be given up. We will compare the points on each side."

Seward heartily assented. The mutual confidence between the two men was so great that each felt that the other would ask approval of nothing not sound.

On the next day the Cabinet came together again. Seward read his reply. There were some expressions of regret, on the part of the other members, that such a compliance with the demands of England was necessary, but the paper was adopted without a dissenting voice.

The council broke up, relieved to feel that war with England was averted, but not without misgivings as to the temper in which the people would receive the decision. The President expressed his approval.

When the others were gone, Seward alluded to the conversation of the day before. "You thought you might frame an argument for the other side?"

Mr. Lincoln smiled and shook his head.

"I found I could not make an argument that would satisfy my own mind," he said; "and that proved to me that your ground was the right one."

This was characteristic of Lincoln. Presidents and Kings are not apt to see flaws in their own arguments; but, fortunately for the Union, it had a President at this time who combined a logical intellect with an unselfish heart.

STRANGE NOCTURNAL CLOUDS.

A curious discovery has been made in Germany, and is gradually attracting the attention of men of science throughout the world. It is the existence of bands of luminous clouds visible at night for a long time after sunset, and in the morning for a corresponding time before sunrise. The clouds are mere haze, lying in parallel stripes, not less than fifty miles high. They reflect the sunlight, and have a silvery tint, sometimes bluish.

Many photographs have been made of them. They are seen only from the end of May to the beginning of August in the Northern Hemisphere. In the Southern Hemisphere it has been found that they appear in December and January.

It is thus apparent that for some mysterious reason they follow the sun, and their arrangement in long ridges with cross bars suggests the play of electrical forces in their formation.

They were first seen in 1885 near Berlin, and they have been gradually becoming fainter year by year since that time.

No one pretends to know just what they are, but many theories are suggested to account for them. It will be remembered that after the great volcanic explosion that blew away half of an island in the Straits of Sunda in 1883, clouds of fine dust, hurled into the upper atmosphere by the explosion, quickly encircled the whole earth and produced, for several succeeding years, magnificent crimson sunsets and other beautiful atmospheric effects. It has been thought that the luminous clouds may owe their origin to the same cause.

It is also suggested that they may have entered the atmosphere from outer space, as the earth, owing to the general motion of the solar system toward the north, is continually advancing into new regions, and space is known to contain a great deal of scattered matter, varying in size from large meteoric chunks to clouds of fine dust.

Whatever they are, their existence opens our eyes to yet another proof of the marvellous variety of nature, which not only covers the earth's surface with endless forms of life, and enlivens it with the operation of ceaseless forces, but fills even the upper limits of the atmosphere with phenomena that, while they may awaken man's wonder, at the same time show him how the globe he lives on is linked with surrounding space.

HIS OLD "MAMMY."

The more pleasing aspect of slavery—for there is no harm in admitting that even so bad a thing as African slavery had its favorable side—is well illustrated by Mr. William S. White, of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion, in his "Diary of the War." The battalion had received marching orders, and was setting out for the scene of conflict.

When marching through Church Hill I felt very sad. I was passing my old home, and as I looked into the garden, now choked with weeds, I thought of the fragrant flowers I used to gather there, long ago, and of those dear ones who used to watch them as they first began to bloom. Memories of bygone times were crowding thick and fast upon me, when I saw one who had nursed me in the happy days of childhood.

She rushed into the street, clasped me in her arms, and while great tears trickled down her dusky cheeks, placed in my hands a huge loaf of bread, and begged me to accept it, humbly apologizing at the same time because she had nothing else to give.

Lives there a Virginian whose soul does not melt into tenderness when memory brings before him childhood's happy days, and the dear "mammy," whose name was perhaps the first word ever articulated by his childish lips; whose snow-white kerchief and kindly heart will ever be seen in the memories of the happy past; whose ample lap was so often childhood's couch, when tiny feet were wearied with roaming over the green fields, and joyously wading through the limpid streamlets of the old homestead?

At nightfall, too, when the candles were lighted, and the older members of the family were gathered round the fireplace, how tenderly that old black mammy lifted him in her fat, strong arms, carried him through the spacious hall, and up the wide, winding staircase! How carefully she placed him in his low trundle-bed, and taught his infant lips the hallowed words of the Lord's Prayer!

The blue-eyed boy is now a stern, strong man, but the green sod of his old mammy's grave is often bedewed with his tears.

For the Companion.

HARVEST SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.
Red is the moon in the night's still deep,
White are the stars with their silver wings
Folded in dreamings of beautiful things,
And over their cradle the night-wind sings;
Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.

Soft in the lap of the mother night
The wee baby-stars, all glowing and bright,
Flutter their silver wings and crow
To the watchful winds that kiss as they blow
Round the air-cradle that swings so low,
Down in the lap of the mother night.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.
Red is the moon in the night's still deep,
And the wee baby-stars are all folded and kissed
In a luminous cradle of silver mist;
And if ever they waken, the winds cry whist!
Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

CHILDREN FOR SALE.

"Never buy what you do not need, simply because it is cheap." The observance of this wise and familiar maxim on a certain occasion not long ago, would have saved a tin-peddler ten dollars' worth of tinware and at least twenty dollars' worth of mortification, if we are to believe a story related in a New York newspaper. He was on his travels through the villages of Connecticut, as the narrative runs, when he came to a house which was surrounded by a swarm of children.

The lady of the house bought one or two trifles, but could purchase nothing more, she declared, for want of money.

"But, ma'am," said the itinerant, "aint you got any rags?"

"None to sell," was the reply.

"Well, you seem to have plenty of children. Why can't I trade for one of *them*?"

"What will you give?"

"Ten dollars, ma'am."

"In good tinware?"

"Sartin, ma'am, the best."

"Why, then, it's a bargain, and you may take your pick of the lot."

The peddler, surprised at this matter-of-fact acceptance of his offer, but confident that no mother would carry out such a bargain, settled upon the brightest-looking of the boys, placed him in the cart, and told the woman to select the articles she wanted in exchange. This she proceeded to do, and before long a considerable part of his load was lying upon the grass.

The joke—an old one with all such travelling dealers—was beginning to seem not quite so funny as usual. The woman was carrying it a little too far, but no doubt she would speedily call a halt if he actually carried the boy away.

He mounted the wagon, therefore, twitched the reins gently, and started off at a slow pace. His little passenger crowed lustily, and when finally the tin-man looked back to see if the woman was already in pursuit, he saw her carrying her new pans and kettles into the house, to all appearance quite unconcerned about everything else.

The peddler kept on till he had turned a corner. Here he pulled up his horse and waited and listened. Nobody was crying after him to come back, but he turned round, nevertheless, and returned to the house. The woman was just decorating her shelves with the shining tins.

"I say, ma'am," called the peddler, "I don't think the boy will do, after all. You may take him back, and let me have the goods."

"Oh, no," answered the woman, as she shifted the position of the new colander, "a bargain's a bargain."

"Why, ma'am, you don't really mean to part with your boy, and to an entire stranger?"

"Bless your soul, mister," said the woman, "I haven't any children. These you see here are pauper children, and as you appear to be a good man, I will gladly sell you several more of them, if you wish, at the same price."

It was useless to argue the point. The boy, much against his will, was dropped at the gate, and the tin-man, with a light wagon and a heavy heart, whipped up his horse and made off as rapidly as possible.

DANGEROUS POSITION.

When Christian Fast, well known to Western readers, was a boy he lived in the northern part of Ashland County, Ohio. His father's farm was remote from other settlers, but there were friendly Indians in the neighborhood, of whom Christian learned many of the arts of rude warfare. His chosen friend was a young Indian lad about his own age, named Ke-wassa, with whom he often went hunting. One autumn the two boys were off on a bear hunt. They had started up a bear in the morning, but had not been able to get a shot at him, although they had caught an occasional glimpse of his shaggy black sides. In the middle of the afternoon they came upon a large elm-tree, dead at the top, and hollow, which bore evident marks of having been often ascended by a bear.

Ke-wassa asserted that he had seen a bear just disappearing from sight in the hole at the top, as they came up.

"I know him thar!" he declared, "but how we get him? How we get him?"

"We'll drive him out," said Christian.

But that was easier said than done. In vain they threw stones and clubs at the old trunk. The bear refused to show his head, and the elm was straight and branchless for at least forty feet. After much cogitation it was decided to fell a small maple-tree, which stood a few yards off, so that its top should rest against the elm.

With a hatchet, which Ke-wassa always carried, the lads set to work, and after many turns with the hatchet the maple rested lightly against the elm.

Christian, who was an expert climber, made the ascent, taking along a quantity of birch bark and rotten wood with which to smoke bruin out. Without much difficulty he wormed his way in and out among the maple branches until he was at the top. He stood for a moment clinging with his hands to the old elm, his feet resting on the maple limbs, while he peered into the hole where the bear was concealed.

At that instant a strong gust of wind came. The maple bent, quivered, slipped from its support, and fell to the ground.

Christian felt it going, and by tremendous exertions managed to scramble to the top of the elm, where he clung for dear life. He was in a ticklish position — forty feet from the ground, with no means of getting down, and in imminent danger of falling.

He began to feel as anxious for the bear to stay in his hole as before he had been anxious for him to come out.

Ke-wassa jumped to the conclusion that Christian would fall and be killed, and not wishing to witness such a tragedy, he set off toward home at a run.

Christian tried in vain to call the Indian back. He saw himself deserted; but he was not one to yield without a struggle. He looked about, but there was no help, and he was well aware that he could not long maintain his present position.

With an inward prayer for strength the boy let himself down over the edge of the elm trunk, clasped the rough bark with knees, arms and hands, and slid downward. It was his one chance for life.

Down, down he slipped, his hands lacerated and bleeding, his clothing hanging in strings, and his limbs bruised and sore. Down, down! Would he never reach the ground?

Suddenly the poor lad lost his hold, fell and struck on the back of his head. For a long time he lay, stunned by the fall. Finally he recovered consciousness and was rejoiced to find himself with no bones broken, and save for the mangling he had received from the rough bark, as sound as ever.

"CALL IT OYSTERS."

The physician in charge of an insane asylum in Ohio prescribed a large dose of castor-oil for one of the inmates, a man of great strength and wild, unmanageable temper. The attendant who had been commissioned to administer the nauseous dose foresaw that he was likely to find the task more or less difficult, and therefore took with him several assistants.

On reaching the lunatic's cell the attendant put on a matter-of-fact air and, cup in hand, stepped inside the door. The madman divined his purpose instantly, and rushed furiously upon him. The assistants were too quick for him, however, and after a severe struggle threw him down and attempted to pinion his arms.

The man fought like a tiger, but found himself overmatched. Suddenly he became perfectly quiet, and putting his hand to his mouth, said in a whisper to the chief attendant, "Call it oysters."

The attendant was a man of great natural shrewdness—as dealers with the insane need to be—and at once understood the lunatic's meaning. Directing the wondering assistants to release the patient, he took the cup from the shelf on which it had been set, approached the crazy man, made him a low bow, and said in a tone of ceremonious politeness: "Good morning, Mr. Smith; will you try this dish of very fine oysters?"

The lunatic smiled pleasantly, returned the bow with one still lower, and answered:

"Thank you very much; you are very kind."

So saying he took the cup, and drained it with every appearance of the deepest satisfaction.

"Ah," said he, as he finished the dose and smacked his lips, "those are indeed fine—the finest oysters I have ever tasted."

He had saved his self-respect, and had taught his keepers an excellent lesson in their own line.

"CHOOSING."

An anonymous contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, evidently a woman of sentiment, has been amusing herself by observing the amusements of poor children in city streets. One raw, gray March Sunday she saw half a dozen little girls—very small, but not babies, the oldest perhaps eight—sitting on the inhospitable steps of a gloomy closed business building down town..

It was a cross street; there were very few people going by. It must have been a dreary tenement house indeed from which, on such a day, this bare place offered a refuge. I suppose a few people, going to and from a ferry, were their entertainers; for, as you will see, it was to feast on the passers-by that they were there.

As I approached, they were gabbling, but softly, with their heads all together, and turned from me toward some retreating feminine figure; but when one looked my way she set up a mysterious little wild cackle, whereupon all attention was centred upon my modest person, and—my vanity expands delightfully now with the recollection—from the first observer I caught, in the loudest and most gleeful of undertones, the words, "That's me! That's me!"

Then lowering her voice, with a note of awe, she added, "Oh, see, see! Silk! silk!" and the small, blue, grimy hands smoothed automatically her own ragged frock, while in a trance of rapture she gazed at mine, where, after all, I remember with still poignant regret, only a very humble portion of silk was visible.

They were "choosing," you see, as I used to from fashion-plates, and were utterly oblivious of my existence other than as a lovely vision sent for their delight. And what a thing it is for me to know that I once presented such an aspect to fellow-beings!

LADY ANGLERS.

Old Louis Bouchard, our half-breed Nepigon guide, writes a Canadian correspondent, reverences white ladies, but prefers to let Eskimo Joe, another famous voyageur and cook, take charge of angling parties that include lady members. On seeing an American party of three gentlemen and two ladies, old Louis remarked:

"Doze chentlemans aint get much fish, den. No. Dey's nice, de ladies is—mebby? I don' know—but in camp? No-o-o. Dass so. One tahm I'll go up wiss five lady and seven chentlemans.

"De chentlemans was boss dat trip? Boss? No-o-o—nevare! All de tahm, all de tahm, doze lady boss dat camp. Keep me cookin', cookin', and nossin' is cook right. In de mawnin', first ting, I got to bring coffee in de tent before doze lady ees get up. 'Louis, you wash your hands?' doze lady ees ask.

"What dey tink? Mebby I boil my hands before I mek dat coffee! No-o-o—dass so, I ain' boil 'em any. All de tahm, all de tahm, doze chentlemans and doze lady aint care one bit—all de tahm doze lady want what aint dere.

"You tink de chentlemans get out for fish early, early? No, *baptsun*—doze lady not make ver' good fishin'. Den Louis, *he's* blame. Eskimo Joe laugh when I'll tol' him 'bout dat. He's want for go wiss lady party. Mebby he's like for wash hisself two—tree—four tahm in one day. *Sapree*—dass fool way for waste soap."

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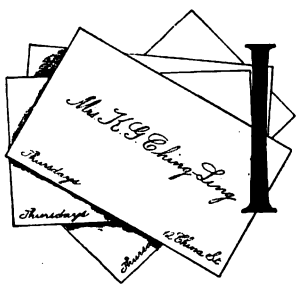
For the Companion.

KITTYKIN WINK.

Kittykin Wink
Sat down to think
What she would like to eat.
But while she sat still,
The mice had their will
And ate all the cheese for a treat.

For the Companion.

AN AFTERNOON CALL.



I PAID a call the other day, and as it was more entertaining than calls usually are, I thought you might like to hear about it.

In the first place, the maid who came to the door was so pretty and had such bright eyes that I wanted to kiss him—I mean her—on the spot. She wore the most beautiful white cap and a lovely apron that came down to her feet.

The little red saucer she carried was too small for my big card, and it fell on the floor, but the maid said it was no matter, and he—I mean she—picked it up in the politest manner possible.

Then she showed me into the parlor, where she said I would find Mrs. Ching-Ling, the lady of the house.

When we entered the room, sure enough there was the lady sitting before a large kitchen stove with her feet—which you will be astonished to hear were bare—resting on the door of the oven in a very unusual position.

Somehow I felt so much at home with the pretty maid, that I ventured to ask her in a whisper if there was a fire in the stove.

She said, "Why, of course there is," and pulled Mrs. Ching-Ling's chair back with such force that the good lady rocked in her seat.

Then the maid, who seemed to be a kind of master—I mean mistress of ceremonies, called my attention to a gentleman who sat on the floor in a corner of the room.

This was *Mr.* Ching-Ling. He seemed for some reason to be very much out of spirits, and I was just about to ask him why he chose so lowly a seat when I noticed he wore a Japanese costume, and concluded that was his Eastern manner of receiving guests.

Then I turned to the lady, who sat facing me with a very stiff and ungracious air, gazing over the top of my head as if she was trying her best not to see anything.

Feeling obliged to say something, I began:

"Your husband looks sad; is he in bad health?"

"Nothing's the matter with him," spoke up the maid, before the lady could answer. "He always acts like that."



"Perhaps change of air —" I ventured to remark, but the maid interrupted me in a most sudden way.

"I'm going to make you a cup of tea," she announced, walking over to the stove.

"Oh, thank you," I said, "but maybe Mrs. Ching-Ling would not like it."

"Why not?" said the maid, beginning to pour out a great deal of water from the tea-pot and getting his apron very wet.

"Well, you see," I answered, "she has not spoken to me since I came in, and she looks so rigid and uncomfortable, I am afraid she would like to have me go away."

"Oh, no she wouldn't," declared the maid. "And she can't help being stiff. She's got something the matter with her knees."

"How sad!" I exclaimed, as I sipped my tea. "Rheumatism?"

I addressed my question to the lady, but the maid *would* answer.

"No," she said, in an unconcerned tone, "I don't know what it is. Do you like your tea?"

"Very much, thank you."

"Would you like to see the children?"

"Oh yes, indeed!" I cried, for really the silence of the gloomy gentleman and the stiff lady was growing very oppressive. The maid left the room, and for a few minutes I was left alone



with my new friends. Neither of them spoke, and the lady seemed to grow stiffer than ever.

Presently the maid came back with the children.



There were eleven of them, all ages and sizes. Indeed, the oldest girl was much larger and taller than her father.

I shook hands with them all, and was very glad to see them, though I think I never saw children whose clothes were in a worse plight.



I said as much to the maid, who remarked scornfully that their mother never sewed anything for them.

"Perhaps you might," I began, feebly, for I was rather afraid of the maid by this time.

"Why, it isn't my place," she burst out, quite roughly. "I'm the cook."

"Oh, indeed," I murmured.

Then I mustered up my courage, and said boldly, "I feel very sorry for this family. Everything is in such disorder. The kitchen stove is in the parlor, and the lady of the house has no shoes and sits with her feet in the fire all day. The children have nothing but rags for clothes, and seem to have dreadful things the matter with their arms and legs, and yet no one does anything for the poor creatures. Perhaps if you were a girl instead of a bo—oh, I beg your pardon, I mean if you knew how to play with dolls—dear me, what *am* I saying!" I cried, coming to a full stop and feeling very much confused.

The maid was gazing at me with a very reproachful look in his blue eyes.

"Is that the way you talk when you go calling?" he asked in a severe tone.

"Not always," I said, meekly.

"I think you had better go home now," said the maid.

"Perhaps I had," I answered, rising. Then I bowed to the sad Japanese gentleman and the stiff lady and the eleven miserable children and took my leave.

Just outside the door, some one sprang at me and gave me a big hug and a kiss. It was the maid dressed in a boy's sailor suit.

"*You* don't know how to play you mean," he cried, laughing. "I did my part all right, but you forgot, you know you did."

For the Companion.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

One night Jennie was aroused by the alarm of fire. She jumped out of bed, and ran to the window. The ground being covered with snow, the ruddy light of the fire was reflected with striking effect. She clapped her little hands gleefully, exclaiming, "Oh, come, Annie, see how beautiful all out doors is *blushing!*"

Edith's teacher had told her all the parts of a flower. "Now, what are these, Edith?" she asked next day. "The petals," Edith replied. "And this?" pointing to the pistil. "I can't think—oh, yes, the gun."

Four-year-old Earl was begging his papa to let him attend the Teachers' Institute. "If I'm ever going to be a teacher, papa," he said, very earnestly, "it's time I began!"

For the Companion.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

We find the strangest frolic
Among the seasons here—
Not one in full possession
Though all of them are near.

Old Winter sits astonished
Upon the snowy peak,
While Summer, Spring and Autumn
Are playing hide and seek.

E. S. B.

For the Companion.

WHAT WAS INSIDE.

Georgie lives with his grandpa and grandma, and he sleeps in the room with them. One night he was very restless, tossing about and kicking anything that came within reach of his small feet. This disturbed grandpa and grandma very much, and finally grandma arose and prepared some medicine for the little boy, while grandpa awakened him.

"Here is some nice medicine," said grandma, "to make you sleep better. Open your mouth, Georgie, and take it."

"What is it?" queried Georgie.

"It is molasses," answered grandpa.

"And what you like so well in the turkey-stuffing," added grandma.

"But—what is it?" asked Georgie, drowsily.

"It's molasses," said grandpa.

"Molasses," added grandma, "and —"

"I know it's molasses," broke in Georgie, half-asleep by this time, "but what's—inside—the molasses?"

"Sage, my boy, sage!" cried grandpa.

And Georgie took the medicine without another word.

EDNA was looking at the sunset one evening. It was very beautiful; above the golden glow hung a heavy, purplish cloud. The little girl's brown eyes shone with wondering delight. "O auntie," she whispered, "hasn't God got pretty lambrequins!"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

DOUBLE ANAGRAM.

Complete rhyme. Key in ninth and last lines.

'Tis true without any *it's* or * * *' *
That boys and girls are fond of * * * *.
And what is true to-day, I * * * * *,
—As back to ages past I * * * *,—
Was true as well, in days of * * * *,
Three centuries ago and * * * *.
For in a manuscript as * * *
As fifteen-sixty, I am * * * *,
'Tis writ that on * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *,
At Eton, a holiday should * * * *
That all the boys should gather * * * *
In a grove which on their grounds * * * * *,
Provided they each should give a * * * *
To the teachers who set the day * * * * *.
But ere the day was granted * * * *,
The teachers did each boy condemn
Verses to write on the deadly cold
Which comes with winter so hoary and * * *,
Or else on the bountiful fruitfulness
Which autumn brings, her children to * * * * *.
A holiday thus well earned, you would * * *,
On a date by the church called * * * * * * * * * * *.

LILIAN PAYSON.

2.

ADDITIONS.

1. Add a Roman Catholic ceremony to an epoch and make shampooing.
2. Add places of sepulchre to a termination and make an English town.
3. Add a game at cards to a fish and make something that the wind and boys are fond of doing.
4. Add an adult male to a domestic fowl and make a monkey.
5. Add a stroke to a coat of mail and make an apple-puff.
6. Add thills to a sailor and make a guide.

3.

DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In the camel, a queerly shaped beast;
In the huskings, so famous, down east;
In the tickets we bought for the show;
In the cherries that on the trees grow;
In the atlas we study at school;
In the meadow, so pleasant and cool;
In the album, where pictures are seen;
In the gambols we had on the green;
In the curtain that keeps off the sun;
In the chamois that fleetly will run;
And now, I'd have you all remember
A battle fought in one September.
A noted day then call to mind,
These are answers you must find.

CYRIL DEANE.

4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

For very young puzzlers.

Once there was a boy named 1, 2, 3, 4, who lived in a village in Ohio called 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and he told his cousin, 12, 11, that his grandfather remembered when the city of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 was taken on September 26, 1777.

5.

PUZZLE.

Though I am invisible my presence cannot be concealed.
A dog will follow me all day, but a child generally wishes to exchange me for something else.
My value is very small, yet two of me make a possession of inestimable worth.
Give me as a reply to a request and I grant it.

Conundrums.

Why is the master of a small trading vessel like a cheese maggot? Because they are both skippers.

How can you spell barge with thirteen letters? Bee, aye, are, gee, e—barge.

What oratorio is seen upon nearly every dinner-table? "The Seasons."

To what State of the Union should maidens and bachelors go? To Maryland (Marry-Land).

Why is borrowed money like a man without friends? It is a loan (alone).

What bells are never rung? Diving-bells.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Fandango.

2.
F O R E N S I C
M A G I C I A N
U N H A L L O W
C H O R I S T S
C H E E R F U L
I N C E N S O R
H O W I T Z E R
D E T H R O N E
F R I C T I O N
P O R T A B L E

Zigzags—Fahrenheit, California.

3. Organizations may change or dissolve, but when parties cease to exist, liberty will perish.—*Garfield.*

Key-words. — Orbiculated, exigency, zoölatry, proven, menageries, shallow, gratifier, titles, banish, waspish, ides.

4. Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.

5. Cluck, luck.

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FORBIDDEN TO ASCEND.

In these days it is generally recognized that a man has no right to throw away his own life. The officers of the law are justified not only by the courts, but by public sentiment, in depriving of his personal liberty any one who recklessly and without some thoroughly sufficient reason engages in any undertaking which is likely to result in his death. A German newspaper chronicles a singular balloon ascension, one of the parties to which should properly have been restrained by force from making it.

Joseph Strochschneider, aëronaut and rope-walker, had announced that he and Carl Pramper, landlord of the village inn, "The White Rose," would make an ascension on the following afternoon.

Now, every one knew that Strochschneider rode only on a trapeze in his ascents, and that Pramper was no gymnast. Moreover he was thick-set and had a family. The recklessness of the undertaking was so apparent that the police were appealed to, and Pramper was officially forbidden to make the ascent.

The police, however, failed to take measures to enforce the order, and so, when the hour arrived, Pramper appeared with Strochschneider on the platform in the presence of a great crowd of curious spectators.

While the balloon was being inflated a cry was raised against Pramper's ascent, and the populace finally became so much excited that Strochschneider had to hasten his operations lest he should be mobbed.

Pramper alone remained cool. When the balloon was ready he retired to a little lean-to, reappeared a moment later in aëronaut's costume, and then with a white face and shaking limbs took his place with Strochschneider on the trapeze.

There were shouts of execration. Mrs. Pramper and her two daughters fainted, and every one else watched in horrified suspense the soaring balloon.

Away went the balloon, and after it ran the crowd, shouting madly to Strochschneider to descend, for Pramper was plainly seen to be losing courage, and his arms and legs dangled nervously over the ropes of his frightful perch.

To increase the horror of the situation, it soon became apparent that the two men were quarrelling. The gesticulations of the aëronaut became more and more violent, till eventually he struck Pramper a blow in the face and toppled him off the trapeze. The figure of the landlord came whirling down. The crowd gave one general groan of horror and then was still.

When the body struck the ground, all except the fainting women rushed toward the spot. The mutilated, bleeding, and almost unrecognizable remains of Pramper were not there—only a cleverly made effigy of him dressed in his every-day clothes.

The portly landlord was in the lean-to, safe and sound.

A POWERFUL GLASS.

At a popular lecture on the "Wonders of the Telescope," one simple auditor, hearing that the moon could now be "brought within eighty miles," became so excited that he asked the lecturer at the close why he didn't skip over and make the moon a visit, after getting it down so near. The humor of such an exaggeration would have been appreciated by the "gray-back" joker in this anecdote.

In one of the Confederate companies at Charleston there was a blue-eyed young Englishman full of merriment and waggishness.

One of his tricks was to mimic pompous officers, who sometimes stalked around the forts with their gold-mounted field-glasses, in a way that would bring down the house if done on the stage in comedy.

He usually wore slung over his shoulder three joints of cane in imitation of a field-glass, and one day, after a long study of the enemy through the pretended magnifier, he dropped the instrument, leaped from the observatory where he stood and alighted among a crowd of men watching him from below.

His face was the picture of alarm, and when asked what the matter was he answered, hysterically:

"The matter? Why, I brought those Yanks so close up with my glass that I became frightened and ran off."—*Southern Bivouac.*

CUPBOARD LOVE.

An Englishman who once travelled on foot through Norway says that he was much attracted by the tameness of the horses and cows which he saw feeding along the roadside. It indicated a kindly disposition on the part of the people, he thought; but he adds:

In my original notes I find a long paragraph overflowing with sentimental tenderness relative to these affectionate cows, that followed and overwhelmed me with their loving licks; but I do not transcribe it, as upon further reflection it is evident that the licking was mere cupboard love.

All cattle in inland, and especially in mountainous districts, have a strong craving for salt, and these cows were merely licking the deposits from the sea-spray that had fallen on my clothes during the recent voyage.

This discovery was mortifying to my feelings. Man wishes to be loved for himself alone, and the spontaneous manifestations of these pastoral, unsophisticated cows seemed to respond to the heart's fond yearnings. But, alas! even the cows of Surrendal were licking me for the salt I carried.

NOT ONE.

The contribution-box is often a grievous disappointment, but not often in exactly the same manner as in the case of a little boy of whom the New York *Tribune* reports an anecdote.

William was very fond of raisins, but in his childish vocabulary they were known as reasons. One Sunday, as he sat demurely in church, he was suddenly interested and delighted to hear the minister say in the course of his sermon: "I will give you my reasons later." From that moment the little fellow had something to look forward to.

At the close of the sermon the contribution-box was passed, and he felt sure that the promised treat was forthcoming, and it was a badly disappointed boy who said, after the service:

"Mr. S—— said he would give us some reasons, but when they passed the plate there wasn't a reason on it!"

Itching Piles.

Burnett's Kalliston is a sure relief. A quarter pint bottle by mail only for 50 cts. Joseph Burnett & Co., 27 Central St., Boston, Mass. Regular size by druggists, $1.

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Dyspepsia is the cause of more diseases than any other disorder the human race is subject to. It can be cured, however, by strengthening the stomach with good food, thus building up the system. My **"Advice to Dyspeptics"** tells just what food to eat, and what food to avoid. Send for it. It costs you nothing.
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are the best. Send 16 cents for samples worth double the money. Send once only and then buy of your stationer. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

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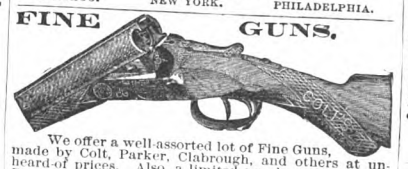
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and other bowel complaints cured and prevented by the prompt use of
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They regulate the liver, cleanse the stomach, and greatly assist digestion.
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THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Louisville, New York.

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MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY HOMES.

From the earliest times the differences of character between the inhabitants of mountainous countries and those dwelling on plains and lowlands have been noticed. Mountaineers have usually been credited with a stronger spirit of independence and a greater love of personal liberty than are displayed by their brethren of the valleys and sea-coasts. Sometimes a single nation embraces citizens possessing strikingly diverse characteristics, due apparently, in part at least, to differences in the elevation of their dwelling-places. We may recall a familiar instance in the highlandmen and lowlandmen of Scotland.

In the United States, covering an enormous territory and including a great variety of mountain and prairie lands, similar differences have not attracted much attention, perhaps because the country has not yet been filled up, and sufficient time has not elapsed since the first settlement to permit the development of characteristics growing out of the nature of the people's surroundings. Then the many differences between the various races of which our newer population is being formed are sufficient to conceal, for the present at least, those other variations that only time can develop.

The new census shows, however, that the people of the United States may be roughly divided into several classes, corresponding in a general way to the elevation above the sea-level at which they dwell. For instance, twenty-four million persons live between the level of the sea and an elevation of five hundred feet, and their chief occupations are commerce, manufactures, and the cultivation of cotton, rice, sugar and tobacco; thirty-three million dwell at an elevation between five hundred and fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and their principal occupations are the raising of grain, cattle and so on.

At higher elevations the population is comparatively small, and the three hundred and forty-seven thousand persons who live above the level of six thousand feet — nearly equal to the height of Mount Washington—are almost entirely engaged in mining.

An interesting fact is that ever since 1870 the census has shown a gradual rise of the average elevation above the sea at which the population lives. This average was six hundred and eighty-seven feet in 1870, and seven hundred and thirty-nine feet in 1880, while in 1890 it had increased to seven hundred and eighty-eight feet. In reading these figures one can almost imagine that he sees our broad land slowly filling up, and the flood creeping up the mountain sides, as the tide of immigration pours in. But there is plenty of room left, and almost no end to the variety of wealth that nature has stored up for us in the soil and in the rocks that spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

BADLY SCARED.

Thrilling adventures are sometimes to be met with in very unexpected places. The New York *Tribune* reports one which befell two young ladies in a Westchester County road not long ago. The husband of one of them had just bought her a new turnout, and she had taken a friend out for a drive, neither of them being accustomed to managing a horse. They chose a retired road, hoping to find some early violets along the way.

"Do you know, Bertha," said Mrs. Jack, suddenly, "I have never driven alone before; don't you think this is a very lonely place, and do you see those two men standing beside the road? They look very queer."

The next moment a third man came into sight. Evidently they belonged together, and they stood looking at the two ladies in a way that was certainly enough to excite suspicion.

"Turn round," said the second lady, "please do."

"But I can't," said Mrs. Jack, in a condition of nervous terror. "The carriage will be sure to tip over. I never turned round in my life."

"Well," said Bertha, who was the cooler of the two, "drive right on. Have the whip ready, and when we get opposite them let the horse have it. Better be run away with and killed than fall into the hands of such villains."

Every moment they were coming nearer to the desperadoes, and now one of the men planted himself squarely in the middle of the road with the unmistakable intention of stopping the carriage. Weak with terror, Mrs. Jack pulled up the horse, forgetting the whip and everything else in her excitement.

"Ladies," said the man, "don't come any further, 'cause we're goin' t' blast. Don't you want to get out and let me hold your hoss?"

WOULDN'T CALL HER "LADY."

A "handle" to one's name is often a cheap acquisition. "The clouds may drop down titles and estates," but to the mind of a sensible American such things are hardly worth seeking or using.

The late Leonard Jerome's three pretty daughters, somewhat to his grief, chose Englishmen for husbands, but though he lived abroad during the latter years of his life, he remained independent and a good American to the end. In fact, he never acknowledged Lady Randolph Churchill's title, and the first visit he paid her after her marriage he astonished the flunkey at the door by asking for "Mrs. Churchill."

The cockney footman at first seemed inclined to throw the tall, amused-looking American down the steps, and, holding the door half-way open, announced, indignantly, "'Er leddyship is at 'ome, but not to the likes of you."

Whereupon Jerome smiled gently, reached in the door-way, and, by a twist of his long, strong hand on the back of the footman's coat-collar, twirled him round like a top.

"Now," said he, "go tell Mrs. Churchill that her daddy is down here in the parlor and wants to see her, and I'll stand in the door-way and see how fast your calves can carry you up those steps."

TIME WAS PRECIOUS.

German scholars are famous for their economy of odd minutes.

Herr Schmidt is an absent-minded teacher of music. One of his pupils asked him:

"At what o'clock do you want me to come to your house to-morrow to take my lesson?"

"Oh, vell, choost come vén you ' s ready; put be sure you vas on time, for I don', unt to be kept vaiting."—*Texas Siftings.*

Ladies' Underwear should be made from KING PHILIP CAMBRIC, LAWNS and NAINSOOKS. Send stamp for samples. King Philip Mills, Worth St., N. Y. [*Adv.*

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That Bicycle Offer.

In response to many inquiries regarding the **Renewal** of our **Bicycle Offer,** would say:

That the **Bicycle Offer,** as renewed, is open not only to those who have already partially succeeded in getting the necessary **20** new subscribers, but also includes such of our subscribers as have not yet even made an attempt to secure the Bicycle.

If you have not made a beginning, send to us at once for **Special Bicycle Helps.** Only regular COMPANION subscribers allowed to compete for the Bicycle.

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Since the Tuning pins are inserted in the Wrest plank of piano and there is an enormous strain on them, the Wrest plank should be of absolute rigidity. In

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this is attained through making tuning plank of many sections of crossed veneers of the hardest and best selections of Rock Maple. To front of this plank is also attached a heavy iron plate securing additional strength and firmness.

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MR. PICKWICK.

"Chops and tomato sauce are excellent, my dear Mrs. Bardell, but Let the liquid be VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA. *It is a glorious Restorative after A fatiguing journey."*

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VAN HOUTEN'S PATENT PROCESS increases by 50 PER CENT. the solubility of the flesh-forming elements, making of the cocoa bean an *easily* digested, delicious, nourishing and stimulating drink, readily assimilated even by the most delicate.

Ask your grocer for VAN HOUTEN'S and take no substitute. ☞ If not obtainable enclose 25cts. to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can containing enough for 35 to 40 cups will be mailed. *Mention this publication.* Prepared only by the inventors VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, Weesp, Holland. a2.

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Of Roxbury, Mass., says:

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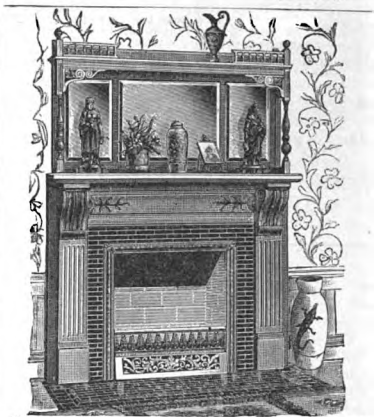
Daylight

A pine knot served the purpose once, but not after there was something better. Other lamps were good enough until the Daylight came; it's only folks that don't know about it who haven't it now.



Send for our A B C book on Lamps.

Craighead & Kintz Co., 33 Barclay St., N. Y.



The Robt. Mitchell Furniture Co., Cincinnati, O., will pack and ship this thoroughly seasoned, 5-foot Oak, Cherry or Walnut Wood Mantel and top, with brass frame; nickel basket and ash screen; ash pan; fire brick, clay and top tile; enameled tile facing and hearth; complete as shown, ready, and with printed directions, for setting up, to any railroad station east of the Rocky Mountains, **Freight prepaid** for **$60.00.** Cash with order. When ordering ask for Mantel E, and state style of finish desired, either Black Walnut, Cherry (natural or mahogany color), or Oak (antique or natural).

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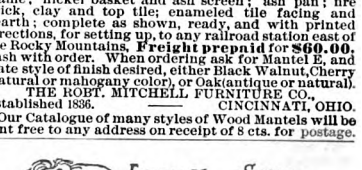
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Avoid dealers who attempt to palm off inferior and worthless plasters that are purchased by them at low rates for the purpose of substitution.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy.

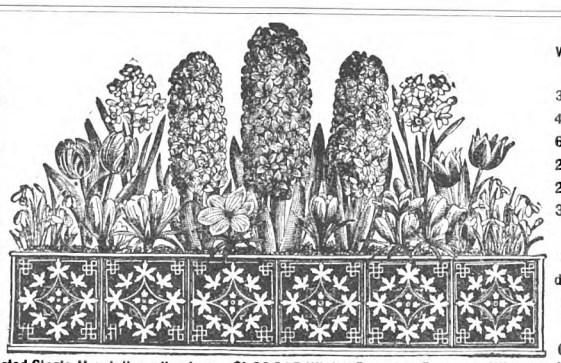
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Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

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CHOICE BULBS, ROSES —AND— Plants For Winter Blooming.



This elegant **WINDOW BOX** contains 3 Hyacinths, 4 Tulips, **6 Crocuses, 2 Snow Drops, 2 Daffodils and 3 Freesia,** making **20 bulbs, all different colors for only 75c. TRY A COLLECTION.**

The FOLLOWING COLLECTIONS BY MAIL, PREPAID:

15 Choice Assorted Single Hyacinths, all colors.....$1.00
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For the Companion.

LONGEVITY.

The body may be looked on as a living machine, delicate and complicated in structure, made to run a hundred years or so, but liable, by bad management, to be disarranged and brought to untimely destruction. That drunkards, debauchees, gluttons, and the devotees of sensual pleasures generally, do not live out half their days, is plain to every one.

But all continuous physical transgression, however innocent it may seem, is followed by a like retribution. Such is the punishment which overtakes multitudes who overwork their brains and underwork their muscles; of not a few who waste vital energy with anxiety, fret and unstinted care; of many who overlook the great law of their physical being that makes daily recuperation depend on the interchange of work and rest. Even ministers of the Gospel not unfrequently allow well-meant faithfulness to end in a fatal mental strain.

One of the signal facts connected with many forms of physical transgression is its tendency to weaken the vital stamina of the transgressor's offspring. The least a child can ask of its progenitor is a fair chance of life. To squander the vital inheritance of one's offspring is vastly worse than to squander its large ancestral estate.

We can have no more valuable possession than a good heredity—an inheritance of longevity; and if this has not descended to us, it is generally because ancestors, more or less remote, have squandered it.

Such an inheritance gives constitutional vigor, keeps its possessor safe amid almost every form of microbic disease, secures the needed recuperative energy in case of attack, makes life worth living up to the normal end, renders old age green and sunny, and keeps up intellectual activity to the last. Mr. Gladstone, in his ninth decade, is more than a match for most men of fifty at their best. No one would guess from the latest products of Doctor Holmes's pen, or from his genial spirit, that he had been for two years an octogenarian.

After all, care is necessary to the prolongation of life; not anxious care, but care to avoid harmful transgression. Mr. Gladstone still keeps up vigorous physical exercise, and Doctor Holmes uses his great knowledge of the laws of health and life to keep himself not merely alive, but in good working condition. The *British Medical Journal*, referring to his recent essays, says:

"He is still one of the most vivacious of men; age cannot wither the freshness of his interest in life, or deaden the cheerful sparkle of his style. Even of 'crabbed age' he writes with an easy wit quite untinged by cynicism, and so brightens the dismal subject as to make it amusing even to his fellow-sufferers."

For the Companion.

SWALLOWS AND CROWS.

Among the courageous small birds may be counted the family of swallows. The writer has often seen barn swallows fly downward and peck at the cat and dog, and more than once a sharp twitter, a whir of wings and a peck on the hat has reminded her, when standing in the barn door, that she was intruding on swallows' precincts.

About a half-mile from the house is a high bank which is the home of a colony of bank swallows. The earth for some distance is thickly perforated with the roundish holes leading into their nests.

Not far from this bank a quantity of corn was one day scattered by accident upon the ground. The crows were quick to discover what had happened, and swooped down and began to devour the windfall.

Some of the swallows spied them at once and gave the alarm. I chanced to be sitting beneath a tree in full view of the scene. In less than a minute after the crows had settled to feeding, more than a hundred of the bank swallows had darted from their holes, and with angry twitters, fell upon the intruders.

The attack was a complete surprise to the big black fellows, and as if realizing the futility of trying to cope with their small assailants, they rose from the ground in a body and took flight.

The swallows pursued them, darting, diving, striking at them, above, below and from both sides. The crows were routed completely, and took refuge in a dense piece of woods a quarter of a mile away. Then the triumphant swallows turned about and sailed homeward, uttering many chirps and twitters of satisfaction as they flew.

For the hour or more that I remained in the field not a crow was to be seen near the corn. The swallows were masters of the field. C. F. H.

OUT BERRYING.

Bears have at times ways that are grotesquely human. They are as fond of sweets as any child, and are ponderously delighted over many a clumsy game among themselves. Tales are told of their swinging, enjoying a seesaw in the woods, and actually playing leap-frog—or rather "leap-bear." Kate Upson Clarke gives, in the *Independent*, the following account of an absurd tableau seen by her in the White Mountains, some years ago, when she was taking a tramp across the range toward Mount Washington:

"What's that?" cried the guide. His face assumed an expression of intense excitement. As lightly and swiftly as a cat, he sprang in advance of the others, and moved slightly toward the left. Some six or seven rods away, he paused and beckoned to the rest of us to follow him. Then we observed, not twenty rods distant, and looking much nearer, in the clear atmosphere, a full-grown bear.

"A cinnamon bear!" cried one.

"A *huckleberry* bear," corrected the guide.

With one paw, the creature was pulling toward her a large blueberry bush, which grew somewhat above her level. Then she opened wide her enormous jaws, gave the bushes a hard shake, and having thus filled her mouth full of blueberries, approached another one. She smacked her lips like a well-fed child.

The wind, which had been blowing from her to us, at this instant seemed to circle backward, and carry some intimation of our presence to the brute's quick sense. She cast a fearful look about her, uttered a peculiar sound, half-grunt, half-howl, turned, and trotted away. Then we saw what we had not suspected before, that there were two cubs, close by their mother. The whole family dashed like mad into the woods, making a crackling and a crashing which echoed far and wide in the stillness.

DUSKY GEOGRAPHY.

There are, perhaps, no religious meetings which are conducted with more fervor and enthusiasm than those of our colored brethren. Sometimes, however, their theology, though no doubt sound at the core, becomes a little confused in its expression.

At a recent "praise meeting" one good old darkey displayed a knowledge of geography which was, at least, not derived from the ordinary text-book. He said:

"No matter whar yo' home is, or whar yo' lib, bredren an' sisters, you'll fin' members ob de same fambly what we all belongs to! An' yo' nebber need t' feel lonesome, on dis account.

"Yo' go to de Norf Pole, an' twine yo'se'f roun' de Norf Pole, an' yo' ax dem Christians whar dey was borned, an' dey'll say, 'I was borned in Zion.' Yo' go to de Souf Pole, an' twine yo'se'f roun' dat, an' ax 'em dar whar dey was borned, an' dey'll say, 'I was borned in Zion.'

"Den yo' go to d' Eas' Pole an' twine yo'se'f roun' d' Eas' Pole, an' yo' ax 'em whar dey was borned, an' dey'll say, 'I was borned in Zion;' an' las'ly yo' go afar off to de Wes' Pole, an' twine yo'se'f roun' dat, an' ax 'em whar dey was borned, an' dey'll say, 'I was borned in Zion!'"

MEAN.

To the large number of stories of "the meanest man" which are frequently related, one should be added of a certain Frenchman, famous for his habit of grumbling at everything and on every occasion.

He was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism, and was carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him in spite of his fault-finding disposition. His suffering caused her to burst into tears sometimes, as she sat at his bedside.

One day a friend of the invalid's came in and asked him how he was getting on.

"Badly, badly!" he exclaimed; "and it's all my wife's fault."

"Is it possible?" asked the friend, in surprise.

"Yes. The doctor told me that humidity was bad for me; and there that woman sits and cries, just to make it moist in the room!"

BRIC-A-BRAC.

The person who is inclined to boast of his valuable possessions is likely to have the laugh turned upon him, on occasion. A wealthy man was once exhibiting proudly to some acquaintances a table which he had bought, and which, he said, was five hundred years old.

"That is nothing," said one of the company. "I have in my possession a table which is more than three thousand years old."

"Three thousand years old!" said his host. "That is impossible. Where was it made?"

"Probably in India."

"In India? What kind of a table is it?"

"The multiplication table!"

SOMETHING OFF.

A Maine man, notorious for his "nearness," according to the *Kennebec Journal*, lately went into a meat-shop, and inquired the price of a certain soup-bone.

The proprietor of the shop is a generous fellow, and in answer to the old man's question he said:

"Oh, I'll give you that."

The customer put his hand to his ear. He is hard of hearing, and had missed the reply.

"Can't you take something off of that?" he asked.

The dealer took pity on him.

"Yes," he said, "call it ten cents." And the old man went home with a comfortable sense of having driven a good trade.

"SURE," said Bridget, "I can get work from me ould mistress; I've losht her addhress intirely, but I've only to write to her to find it out!"

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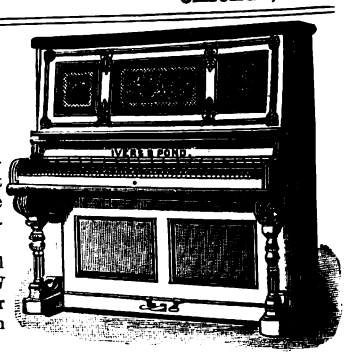
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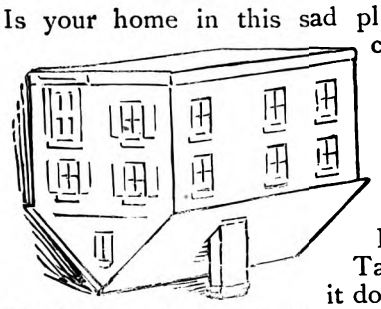
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For the Companion.

JACOB LADD'S CHANGE OF HEART.

The cats, the dogs, the cattle and the chickens instinctively shunned Farmer Jacob Ladd. He was harsh with his hard-working wife, had been unkind to his only son, and a bitter, unreasoning hatred rankled in his heart against many men.

His wife, a gentle and timid woman, was beloved by people who feared and hated her husband.

In the little shed-room, back of the room where her husband sat in the doorway, she was busily at work mending a quilt. Another woman was in the room—a neighbor who, for the sake of seeing Mrs. Ladd, had braved the chance of encountering Jacob.

Mrs. Ladd paused in her work, and said with a sigh:

"Did yer see ther pore critters, Mis' Lindsey? They passed right along by our gate. I tried to keep from lookin' at 'im, 'ca'se I couldn't bear to see his sufferin'. The idea o' Poke Baker, if he is a sheriff, drivin' a pore boy 'long the big road, jest as if he was a yearlin' calf, 'fore he's been proved guilty o' the murder! It's a shame!"

"Yes," the other admitted, "they ought to treat 'im human; but I reckon the's no doubt under the sun 'at he killed Squire Broadenax. He laid all night close by the Broadenaxes', an' when they cotch 'im in Spring Place he had two hundred dollars in 'is pocket. I reckon he did the killin'; fer how could a pore tramp like 'im, 'thout a whole rag to 'is back, have so much money?"

Mrs. Ladd sighed again, and her motherly face grew more serious. She let the quilt glide to the floor.

"It looks mighty bad," she said. "They'll likely find 'im guilty an' hang 'im for it, pore boy! He passed as nigh to me as that bed-post, an' it made me think o' my Tobe. Who knows whar on earth my boy is to-day? I haint hardly been able to close my eyes for the last month, for thinkin' about 'im. I'm afeared he's dead; Texas is mighty onhealthy.

"I haint had a letter from him in more than two months," she went on presently. "It's been two year sence he let his father's hoss drownd, and Jacob driv' 'im off."

She told again the sad story, familiar to her guest; how Tobe had driven the horse into the river, ignorant that the water had risen; how the animal had become entangled in the harness, and had drowned in spite of the boy's efforts to save him; and how his father had driven him away, and forbidden him to return until he could bring back the money that the horse had cost.

"I believe he's dead," Mrs. Ladd sighed.

She wiped her eyes on her needle-punctured fingers, and went slowly over to a wooden box in a corner. Raising the lid she lifted out a black coat and waistcoat, a pair of trowsers of light color, and a pair of calfskin boots with high heels and red tops.

"His Sunday clothes," she explained, huskily. "Tobe was mighty proud of 'em, but he wouldn't take 'em with 'im. He said he wanted to rough it—that he didn't want to put on style; he said I could save 'em till he got back. But he 'lowed if he never did git back, for me to give 'em to some feller that needed 'em."

Jacob Ladd still sat in the doorway. The dusk was falling over the hushed earth, when a man under a slouched hat rode up.

"Hello, Jake!" he called out, pausing at the gate.

Ladd rose quickly and went to him.

"I've seed 'em all," said the man, in a whisper. "We'll meet at the store to-night at 'leven. Morgan is in for it, heart an' soul. He 'lows hangin' is too good for such a cold-blooded rascal."

"All right," said Ladd, "I'll be thar. We'll save the county the expense of a long trial. It'll be that much in the pockets o' the tax-payers."

It was late in the night at the cross-road's store. Peter Morgan, the storekeeper, had closed and locked the door, and stood leaning against it. Some twenty rough men were sitting and standing about in whispering groups. The last two to arrive were Jacob Ladd and a burly black man.

"You fetched Ike, I see," remarked Morgan, as he cautiously admitted them.

"Of course!" grunted Ladd. "Who else kin climb a tree like him? You know he's afeared to give us away, an' he is fond o' sech amusements."

The negro smiled grimly.

"Well, we are all here, I believe," said Morgan, "and as fur as I'm able to see, ye're all of one mind. But to make shore, I'll put it to a vote. All in favor hold up the right hand."

Every hand in the room was raised.

The storekeeper handed out a coil of new rope.

"That's the stuff," said Ladd, taking it in his hand, and handing it to the negro. "Make yore knot, Ike, or I'll have t'other eend for yore neck."

Ike smiled good-humoredly, tied the knot quickly and passed the rope to the group of men nearest him. They nodded as if satisfied, and handed it back, some of them refusing to touch it.

Ladd took a lantern and led the silent band from the store and down the little shaded forest road to the village, where the jail stood.

Ladd rapped upon the jail door with the head of his walking-stick, and his fellows moved up close behind.

"Hello! Who's thar?" sounded in gruff tones from the room occupied by the jailer and his wife.

"Git up an' see, Nelse Murray!" answered Ladd.

The men pressed nearer together. Some of them drew their revolvers and pulled their hats down over their eyes. Ladd's face was entirely hidden.

A chain rattled on the door and a pale, bearded face appeared in a slight opening.

"What's it you want?" asked the jailer in an unsteady voice.

"Jest yore prisoner, Murray, that's all," replied Ladd, in a guttural, unrecognizable voice. The others crowded about him. "Turn over yore keys an' go back ter bed; we'll do the rest."

"Boys," exclaimed the jailer, "this aint right. The prisoner haint been proved guilty. Go off, an' let me do my duty."

Murray was trembling so violently that the rattling of the chain on the door could be heard. Ladd coolly cocked his revolver. A dozen other weapons clicked.

"Hold on! Give 'im a minute!" exclaimed Ladd. The jailer's hand suddenly came out into the moonlight. A bunch of keys rattled in his fingers and fell jingling upon a stone step.

"I wash my hands uv ye," the jailer faltered.

Ladd unlocked the door, and the men entered. They gathered around a large cage of iron in the middle of the room, in which they saw, by the light of the lantern, a handsome man about twenty-two years old.

"I see what you want," said the young prisoner, "but I'll swar I'm not guilty! I didn't kill that man—I don't know anything about it. Give me a chance to prove it!"

"Tell that to some other gang o' 'white caps,'" said Ladd, coolly unlocking the cage and leading the man out. "You needn't bother to spend yore wind—you'll need it atter awhile. Tie 'is hands, Ike, an' put the rope 'roun' 'is neck."

Most of the band were awed by the prisoner's cool deportment. A sudden look of angry fearlessness seemed to sweep over his young face. As the negro approached him, he voluntarily crossed his hands behind his back for them to be tied.

"All right," he said, in a tone of resignation, mixed with contempt. "I'll show yer how an honest man kin die when he's overpowered by a mob o' cowards. Lead the way!"

Ladd preceded the prisoner and Ike down the stairs; the others brought up the rear. Silently they crossed the shaded court-yard, passed out into the open moonlight in the street, and entered the woods.

"What time is it?" asked Jacob Ladd, of a man by his side.

"I dunno," was the reply, and the speaker shuddered at the sound of his own voice.

"It's about quarter atter two," said the prisoner, very calmly. "I heerd the clock strike twice jest 'fore you fellers knocked on the door."



"Hanging's too good for him!"

Every man that heard the voice seemed to feel a cold hand upon his heart. Presently Ike stopped the prisoner beneath a huge oak, and looked around with a question in his gleaming eyes.

"This one'll do," said Ladd, in an uneven voice. Then, at his command, Ike hung the rope over the lowest limb of the tree.

"If yer hev any prayer ter pray, say it 'fore I give the order," said Ladd.

"My prayers are said, thank yer," said the young man; "but I've got a straight request to leave behind me, if ther's one among yer that 'ud like to see justice done."

"Out with it, then," said Ladd. As he spoke he let the rope fall slack.

"I've done said I'm innocent, so I won't go over that. But I've tramped it all the way from Texas to do somethin' for a dyin' man, an' this hangin' will prevent it. That money, two hundred dollars, 'at the sheriff tuk from me, an' which he intends to hand over to the dead man's wife, don't b'long ter her, and never was in the possession of the man that was killed.

"Ye all 'low I'm guilty, 'ca'se I had that money, an' couldn't tell the man's name I was fetchin' it to. Now I was away out on the prairie in North Texas, twenty mile from a white man's house, when I run acrost a young man by 'isse'f in a cabin, jest about to die with a fever. Thar wasn't nobody in reach, so I couldn't get he'p. Jest 'fore he died he give me that money, an' made me promise to take it to his father.

"He said he owed it to 'im fer a hoss he drownded, an' hed promised to pay fer. He hed jest told me that his father lived in this county, an' started to tell his name, when he tuk a fit o' coughin', an' died 'thout makin' it known.

"I buried 'im thar, an' tramped all the way here, 'ca'se I had no money o' my own. But so many young fellers has gone West 'at I couldn't find the father o' this one.

"All I want to ax is thet some o' you will try to see thet justice is done, in case anything turns up ter prove me innocent atter I'm gone. Now I'm ready."

Every eye in the group was directed toward Jacob Ladd. He was leaning against a young tree, as pale as death.

"What was the boy's name?" he gasped, staring the prisoner in the face.

"I tol' yer I didn't know," replied the other.

"Did he have red hair an' blue eyes?"

"Yes, an' a blood-red birthmark on his cheek."

Ladd was quivering in every limb and feature. The men had dropped the rope as if it had stung their hands. The whole forest seemed hushed in suspense.

The prisoner began to look around him in astonishment, but he could meet nobody's eyes.

"O my boy!" burst from Ladd's lips, and he staggered toward the bound man; "is he dead?"

"Who?"

"The boy that give you the money."

"Yes, an' under the ground. I buried 'im the best I could. Do you know anything about 'im?"

"He was my son!"

Almost without a word the young man was released. The mob gradually dispersed, and Ladd was left alone with him.

"Come along with me," said Ladd. "I'll see you clear with the sheriff. I want you to tell the boy's mother about it."

By and by they reached Ladd's cottage. The light from a kitchen fire shone through the window.

"She's up a'ready," said Ladd. "You wait here till I go and sorter break it to her."

He leaned wearily against the fence, and Ladd staggered across the potato patch and entered the door. The stranger listened, expecting to hear some sound of grief from the house, but it did not come. In a few moments Ladd emerged from the house and came slowly toward him.

"She takes it mighty quiet," he said, "an'

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Edward D Duffield Jan92

haint a word to say 'bout our treatment o' you. But that'll come atter she's over t' other shock. She said to bring you in; come on."

Mrs. Ladd was standing in front of the fire when they entered. She went across the creaking floor to get a chair, which she placed near the hearth for the visitor. A sunbonnet hid her face, and she did not look up.

The visitor sat down. His bare toes showed through his shoes. A nude knee parted a wide rent in his trousers, and his elbows were exposed.

Ladd muttered something to his mute wife about going out to feed his horses, and slunk from the room.

"You mus' be hongry," Mrs. Ladd said; and she raised a most pallid, woebegone visage. "I'll have breakfast ready in a few minutes."

She gave him food, and then showed him the way into the little bedroom, where Tobe had slept. Before he retired, he told her the story of the boy's death and burial. No tears came to the woman's eyes as she heard the recital, but she staggered as she went about her work.

He had slept soundly fifteen minutes before she cautiously put her gray head in at the door. She shrank back as if she had been smitten in the face when she saw the outlines of his form under the covers of the bed her son had used. Then she stole into the room, and softly lifted the sleeper's tattered clothing and shoes from a chair near the bed, and bore them back to her room.

She looked at them aghast; they were beyond repair. For twenty minutes she sat helplessly looking at the heap of rags, unable to think. A tear of pity for the young man asleep in the adjoining room came into her eye, although she had not yet wept over the death of her only child.

All at once her breast heaved. She arose, and going to the box in the corner, took out the suit of clothes she had shown her neighbor the day before.

"It 'ud be a shame to 'low 'im to go away in them rags," she muttered softly; and all at once she buried her rigid face in the clothing, and held it there for a silent moment. "Besides Tobe 'lowed if he never come back, to give 'em to some feller 'at needed 'em; an' yit I wisht I might a-kep' 'em, to look at once in awhile."

She measured the two suits together; she put the soleless shoes against the bottoms of the high-heeled boots, and was satisfied with the measurement. Then she folded the ragged clothes up in a bundle, and put them behind some rubbish in a corner.

Taking the other suit and the boots, she placed them noiselessly upon the chair near the stranger's bed, and softly withdrew.

About three hours later the guest put his head cautiously out of his room and caught her eye.

"I cayn't find my clothes," he said.

"I left 'tothers for yer," she said, huskily; and she coughed a little behind her hand. "Yore'n was 'bout played out. Yore welcome to 'em—I reckon they'll fit yer."

When he came out wearing the suit, and she looked up suddenly and saw him standing near the water-shelf, she fell to shaking so violently that the pan she held fell to the floor. She stooped to pick it up, and without giving him another glance, quickly left the room.

While the young man stood in the door, Ladd and the sheriff rode up to the gate and called him to them. They had come to restore the money that had been taken from him, and to tell him that a man had been arrested in the next county with Broadenax's money in his possession, and that the man had confessed the crime.

The young man took the money.

"Thar's the money yore boy sent yer," he said to Ladd. "An' now I think I'll go. I've been away from my folks fer three year, an' I aint thought much about home, but somehow I've got the strongest hankerin' to see my mammy I ever had in all my life. Good-by. Tell your wife I'm much obleeged fer 'er kindness. I know how she feels, an' I won't bother 'bout tellin' 'er farewell."

Ladd tried to speak, but could not. He walked on down the road by the young man's side to a tree where his favorite mare was tied. There were tears in his eyes, and his features were softer than they had been since his childhood.

"Hold on," he said. He put his hand upon the neck of the mare, and looked appealingly into his companion's face. "Fer heaven's sake don't refuse what I'm agwine to ax yer," he began. "I b'lieve on my soul I'll die if yer do! You've got forty mile ter go—I want to give you my mare, fer yo' ter keep fer good. I've packed some victuals in the saddle-bags. Don't refuse me!"

"I cayn't take yore hoss, man," said the other. "You needn't feel like I'm agwine to harbor any ill-will agin yer. I aint that sort."

"Yer must take 'er!" groaned the farmer. "I cayn't take no refusal."

The young man looked into the streaming old eyes for a moment; then he said:

"All right, sence yer insist on it. I think I see what's botherin' yer, an' if I kin he'p yer, I'm willin'."

Ladd watched the horseman ride away.

When he was almost out of sight down the long road Ladd turned, and found his wife at his side. Her face was as hard in expression as a statue's. But she showed surprise when she noticed the tears in her husband's eyes, and his transfigured visage.

She looked away in the sunshine after the departing horse and rider. Then her face lighted up with sudden eagerness.

"Did you give 'im Betty, Jacob?" she asked.

He nodded.

She wavered an instant; then threw her arms around him, and with her white head on his breast, burst into tears. WILL N. HARBEN.

DESIGN.

A mind divinely wise might see,
In pondering o'er a single flower,
The life of butterfly or bee,
The laws of sun and wind and shower.

Christian Register. —*Jane D. Newell.*

For the Companion.

HUGH LAWTON'S BICYCLE.

The amount that it would cost was on the table before him—seventy-five dollars!

There was a smile on Hugh's face. His blue eyes sparkled with pleased anticipation, as he



carefully smoothed out the paper money, and made a neat little pile of the pieces of silver coin.

"Seventy-five dollars!" he said, as he leaned back in his chair, with his hands clasped at the back of his head, while his eyes rested on the money.

"I never have had so much money before; and I shouldn't have had this if I hadn't earned nearly every dollar of it."

He ran over in his mind the jobs, small and great, that had given him his treasure, supplemented, it is true, by some timely presents.

He had wanted a bicycle for three years. In fact, he never saw a boy or a man spinning along on one of those airy vehicles without longing to experience the same enjoyment. Sometimes it cost him a struggle to keep down a spirit of envy; but he felt that the possession that gave most pleasure to its owner was the thing that had been honestly earned.

His father could not afford the expense of such a luxury, but had gladly given Hugh permission to purchase a bicycle, if he could earn the price of it outside of his school and study hours.

"And now I've got the money," said Hugh, with a long-drawn breath of satisfaction, "it's lucky for me that Harry May is going away, and wants to sell his wheel. He has had it only one season. It cost him one hundred dollars, and if it hasn't been very carefully cleaned, it is otherwise in as good condition as when he bought it. I'll scour and rub it up so well that—that—"

Just here he noticed a voice in the next room, and heard the words, "Yes, it does seem that some folks have a lot harder time to git along in this world than others have. Sometimes it makes me feel that there's such a thing as bein' born lucky, I declare if it don't."

Hugh knew to whom the querulous voice belonged. It was that of an old lady known to everybody in town as Aunt Phœbe Blake. She was a poor, feeble, fretful old woman, without husband or children, who had known nothing but poverty and hardship all her days. Her sorrows had been so frequent and so keen that it could hardly be expected that she should take a cheerful or a hopeful view of life.

She had buried six children, one by one, just as they were coming into young manhood and womanhood. For twenty years the poor widow had lived a lonely, sorrowful life.

Had it not been for the benevolence of the Lawtons, who had known her for many years, she must have suffered for the actual necessaries of life. She had long been feeble, and now there was a prospect that her health would fail wholly. There seemed to be nothing before her but the Reedville poorhouse.

"I can't bear the thought of it," Hugh heard her say, tearfully; and then there came the sound of a half-smothered sob before she added: "None of my folks ever went to such a place, poor as they've been. Not one of 'em has ever come on the town, and I can't bear to be the first to do it. I'd rather die! Yes, it's terrible to think of, and I'd rather die."

"Poor old Aunt Phœbe!" Hugh said, sympathetically, as he folded up the bills and put them snugly away in a corner of a drawer of a little desk in his room. He put the silver back into the little tin box in which it had been saved, piece by piece.

"I'm very sorry, Aunt Phœbe," he heard his mother say; "I wish I might give you a home, but you know my mother is coming next month to make her home with me, and we are already crowded."

"Oh, I know, I know," Aunt Phœbe answered quickly, "I wasn't hinting for you to take me in. You've already done more for me than I can ever pay you for. I don't want to be a burden on them that aint no kin to me. I think I'd almost as soon go to the poorhouse. But I've got my own kin folks who'd make me welcome, if I could only git to 'em.

"I've got an own sister and two married nieces living back in Vermont in the town where I was born, and they've written more than once that I'd be welcome to a home with them if I could only manage to git there. They aint able to send the money themselves, and I aint got but a dollar and fifty cents in the world; and that I've saved five cents at a time, when I'd git a little for my knitting or for piecing a quilt for somebody."

She stopped for a moment, and then went on, tearfully:

"I've hoped to save enough to take me back to my friends, and to end my days among 'em, on the spot where I was born. They'd be good to me, I am sure, and I wouldn't feel as if I was a pauper, with my own kin folks. But I s'pose I shall have to give it up and die here in the poorhouse."

Her voice wavered and broke, ending in a little sob, and Hugh heard his mother say:

"There, there, Aunt Phœbe, I wouldn't cry. Maybe some way will open for you to go. How much would it cost?"

"Just sixty dollars for a through ticket. I've been and asked about it two or three times, hoping that the price would come down."

"And you ought to have a sleeping-car, and that would cost more."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't have a sleepin'-car. I'd just carry some bread and butter with me, and I'd make myself comfortable in any car."

"Why, Aunt Phœbe, you are too old and not strong enough to travel in that way. You are over seventy years old, and it's more than fifteen hundred miles from here to Vermont."

Hugh sat thinking for a long time after Aunt Phœbe had gone. His mind wandered back to the years of his early childhood, when Aunt Phœbe and Uncle Peter, her husband, lived in a small house at the edge of the town, and he and his little sister Nellie, now dead, played on the hillside behind the house on Saturday afternoons.



He remembered how Aunt Phœbe used to come out and bring them hot ginger cookies, and how tenderly she soothed all their childish hurts and grievances. Once, at great personal risk, she had saved little Nell from a runaway team.

She had knitted Hugh his first pair of red mittens, and he could recollect, too, how pleased he was with them. He had said then that he was going to take care of Aunt Phœbe when he was "a big man." When he had the scarlet fever and his mother was ill at the same time, Aunt Phœbe had nursed him for four weary weeks.

To be sure, his parents had always befriended Aunt Phœbe. For years most of her support had come from them; but somehow, Hugh suddenly felt a sense of personal obligation he had never before experienced.

He sighed deeply three or four times as he sat with folded hands and bowed head. Then he took the money out of the desk and slowly counted it again; and then his head dropped upon the lid of the desk, and rested on his folded arms for a long time.

When he lifted it there were several damp spots on his coat-sleeves, and several on the desk lid. He wanted that bicycle very much indeed.

He took the five dollars in silver, and put them back into the desk. The bills he folded up slowly, and thrust them deep down into the trousers-pocket that had no hole in it.

A moment later Mrs. Lawton heard Hugh coming down the stairs. She called out:

"I suppose you are going to get that precious bicycle now, are you, Hugh? Well, I think you've earned it, and I wish you much pleasure with it."

"Thank you, mother," Hugh said, quietly, as he walked out of the house and down the village street.

When he came home he found a note on his desk telling him that his mother had been suddenly called by a telegram to a neighboring town because of the sudden and dangerous illness of her sister, and that she should be away while her sister needed her. His father was absent from home, and was not expected back before the end of the week.

Hugh went out again after supper, and then went to bed.

He was eating the breakfast he had himself prepared, the next morning, when there came a hurried rap at the door, and before he could rise to open it, Aunt Phœbe Blake came hurrying in, her dim eyes shining as they had not shone for years, a radiant smile on her wrinkled face, and her voice tremulous with excitement. Her very hands were trembling.

"What? Your ma aint to home?" she said. "Dear, dear! I m so sorry! I wouldn't have missed seeing her for anything, for I don't s'pose I'll ever see her any more. I'm going back home, Hugh! Only think of it, I'm going back to Vermont! I'm going day after to-morrer!"

She clasped her hands together as she spoke, and dropped into a chair, nodding her head again and again in eager affirmation of what she had said:

"But I'm so sorry not to see your ma agin. I'd wait a day or two if I was sure she'd come home, but your aunt is sick, and she may not be back for a week or more. You must tell her all about it when she comes home, and tell her that I've a feeling that it all comes through her in some way, and that I can never thank her enough. Do you s'pose it was her sent me the money, Hugh?"

"No, I'm sure she did not send it," replied Hugh, quietly.

"No? Well, I don't know who on earth it could have been, then. It beats all!"

"How was it, Aunt Phœbe?" asked Hugh, with a faint smile on his face.

"Well, I'll tell you; I was just going to bed last night when there come a knock at my door, and 'fore I'd got it fairly open this big envelope was flung in; and whoever brought it then run away in the dark. There was seventy dollars in the envelope, and this letter that I've had read agin and agin, and that I can't hear read too often. You just read it agin for me, won't you?"

There was a look of confusion on Hugh's face as he took the letter and read, in what was evidently a disguised hand:

"Dear Aunt Phœbe: Please accept this money from one who gives it in gratitude for your kindness to him in the past, and in the hope that it will make you happier than it would make him if he kept it."

There was no signature, and none was needed for Hugh to know the name of the writer.

He hesitated and stammered a little as he said, "I'm glad for you, Aunt Phœbe."

"But who do you reckon could have sent it?"

"I—I—well, some one who wants you to have it, I'm sure," was all Hugh could say.

"Well, now I'm going back to old Vermont, and to sister Cynthy, and them I was brought up with, that I aint seen for over thirty years. I'll have my few poor little things all packed to-day. I do wish I could have said good-by to your ma. But I'm glad to see you, Hugh. I want you to be a good boy as you always have been. If you ever find out who it was sent me the money I wish you'd tell 'em all I say, and how happy they've made the last days of an old woman. Wasn't it kind and thoughtful in whoever sent it to put in enough for a sleeping-car, too? I reckon I would have got mighty tired without."

"Yes, I thought you, that is, I—I—when do

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you start?" Hugh asked, in a way that Aunt Phœbe must have noticed but for her own excitement.

Hugh was one of the two or three friends who met at the little railroad station to bid good-by to the tearful but wonderfully happy old lady. She put her arms around him when she bade him good-by, and said:

"Good-by, my dear boy, I've carried you in my arms when you was a little bit of a baby, and I'll keep you in my heart always. I've a kind of a feeling that the money for my ticket come through your folks in some way, and I'd like your mother to write and tell me if she knows who sent it. Good-by; I hope you'll have lots of nice times with that bicycle you're goin' to get!"

The kind old eyes were filled with tears.

"Good-by, Aunt Phœbe."

A moment later her handkerchief fluttered from a car window as the train moved out of sight.

J. L. H.

THE NEAREST LAND.

Earth is our little island home,
And heaven the neighboring continent,
Whence winds to every inlet come
With balmiest scent.

Selected. —*Lucy Larcom.*

For the Companion.

A BRAVE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

A Story of The Oregon Trail.

About the year 1849, when I was barely in my twenties, I had been knocking about the Oregon country for a year or two, trading here and there with whites and reds, and looking for a place that suited me for permanent residence. Many emigrant "trains" were arriving from the East over the old Oregon Trail. All these had to make a long detour down the Snake River to reach a ford; and I perceived that a ferry, at the point where the trail struck the river, would be the source of a considerable income to its proprietor.

Many of the immigrants, and especially those from New England, had good sums in coin with them; and few, I reasoned, would care to go out of their way sixty or seventy miles, when for a dollar a wagon they could be ferried across the Snake promptly and safely.

I made up my mind to establish such a ferry. With ponies, men and materials, I made the trip to the river, and began work on the first flat-boat ever seen on the upper waters of the Snake.

The work did not make the rapid progress I had anticipated. I grew tired of the food, which consisted mainly of dry-salted pork and corn-dodgers. The salmon were running, but the water was so deep that we could not kill them.

There was a cascade on the river about sixty miles away, where the Indians came yearly to catch and cure fish. I was not then as well known among the Indians as I became afterward, and did not dare venture among them alone.

At a distance of a few miles, on the opposite side of the river, there was an old post of the Hudson Bay Company, consisting of a pallisaded store-house and several dwellings, where an agent and several men were always to be found. I had no doubt that I could get a man there who knew the Indians well, to help me obtain fish; and with this plan in view, I left my men one day and set off for fresh salmon.

I found but three men at the post—a Scotchman, a half-breed and a Kanaka, or Sandwich Islander.

The Kanaka had lived among the Snake Indians, and could converse with them in their own language. I made an arrangement whereby the Kanaka was to pack a pony with blankets and other salable goods, and make a trip with me to the salmon fishery, in behalf of the post.

We started in the afternoon, camped that night on the river bank, and reached the cascade at about noon next day.

The Kanaka left the pony in a thicket, at some distance from the Indians, saying that we must not show our goods until we saw in what mood they were. We were both dressed in the Hudson Bay Company's costume, which consisted of a blue flannel shirt, a broad-brimmed hat, green trousers and a drab coat, or jacket, of doeskin. Each of us carried a revolver; I had also a carbine. As I was at that time somewhat stout and florid, I felt that I might pass anywhere for a young Englishman. That circumstance, indeed, was very fortunate for me, as the event showed.

As we approached the Indian camp, we saw the entire company of red-skins gathered about a hole in the ground, from which a cloud of steam rose high in the air. Out of the hole they soon lifted an enormous salmon, which weighed at least fifty pounds.

I never saw food that tempted me more; and I expected an invitation to eat. I was very hungry. I had gone there for salmon, and there it lay, in most tempting form, before me; and yet I could obtain nothing more than the tantalizing odor of it.

The Indians, we saw, were not very friendly. They ate their salmon without speaking to us, and their glances were lowering and suspicious.

After a time two of them approached the Kanaka and asked him if I were not an American. The Kanaka did not hesitate to assure them that I was an Englishman, from the Hudson Bay Company's post, and that we had come up to buy salmon.

They paid no attention to the offer to buy their fish, and still debated among themselves, appearing to suspect me.

Presently one of them came to me and asked to take my carbine; and I, not caring to show any fear, gave it to him. Then they began to shoot at a mark, with the purpose, as I soon suspected, of using up my ammunition. Presently I stepped in, and taking the gun, walked slowly away in answer to a signal from the Kanaka.

Presently he sauntered up to me and said, "Two of their men were killed recently in an affray with a party of Americans, and they are after blood. One of them thinks he has seen you before. You must slip out of sight as soon as possible, and get as far from them as you can before night. I will stay and keep them talking a while, and then make my own escape. When you get to the high bluff below where we left the pony, wait until sundown and watch for me. If you see me coming alone, remain quiet till I reach you; but if I am followed, ride for your life."

I sauntered about with an air of unconcern for a time, as if waiting for them to get ready to sell their salmon. Then I edged my way out of camp and was soon in the saddle, riding as fast as my little cayuse could run.

I reached the bluff, and was able to command a view of the country for miles around. Seeing that I was not pursued, I lay there, keeping a sharp lookout in the direction of the Indian tepees.

The Kanaka had manifestly succeeded in disarming their suspicions, for the time.

By and by a wagon-train appeared in sight, far off on the plain to the eastward. For an hour or two I watched it, as it crept slowly toward the river. I ought to have gone at once to meet the emigrants. A timely warning of the danger they were in from the Snake Indians that night might have saved their lives. But I was new to frontier life, and did not realize their danger.

Dusk fell while yet they were several miles away on the plain; and shortly afterward the Kanaka joined me. We set off immediately, and reached the post a little before daybreak. Thence I returned to my boat building empty-handed, greatly to the disappointment of my men, who had their mouths made up for salmon.

Ten days after my visit to the Indian camp, I was sitting in my shanty near the Snake, looking lazily out over the sage-brush plains that stretched away until they seemed to become the rim of the world. It was intensely hot.



Alfred reaches the Shanty

Presently my eye caught an object on the plain. It was so far away that I could not make out clearly what it was. It appeared to be a man, but its movements were not those of a man in a normal state. Sometimes it was erect, and apparently coming towards me; but it staggered like a drunken person. Then it fell and would disappear for a time; but it seemed to be possessed of a desire to move on.

Evidently it was a drunken man. But how could a solitary man, upon the bank of the Snake River, on foot, many miles from any place where liquor was obtainable, become intoxicated?

At any rate, as I had no use for a drunkard, I made no effort to reach the person, and erelong went inside my hut to take a nap.

An hour or more later a boy about fifteen years of age reached my door, and flung himself in a heap upon a bench. He was so faint that he could hardly tell me that he was starving; but it needed not a word to inform me that the lad was in sore straits.

I brought him into my shanty, and gave him some water and a little food, knowing that to satisfy his hunger at once might prove fatal.

His face, hands and hair were covered with sand and blood, which had dried on; and his clothing, consisting only of shirt and trousers, was tattered and stiff with dirt. His face showed that he had been suffering intensely, and his tongue was parched with thirst; for though he had been near the river for miles, he was so weak that he feared to go down the bank, lest he should be unable to climb back.

I got water, soap, a towel and some of my own clothing, and bade the boy try to bathe and change his garments; and meantime I began to make a cup of tea for him.

But still he sat, apparently unable to move, and at last I approached and set about helping him to remove his old clothes.

Taking hold of the shirt by the collar, I attempted to draw it over his head. The poor fellow screamed with pain.

"What is it, lad?" I asked.

"O mister, I've got an arrow in me!" he groaned.

I thought at first that his sufferings from lack of food had rendered him light-headed, and so said, soothingly, that we would take it out as the shirt came off, and then he would be all right.

"But it catches, it aches! You can't get it off," he exclaimed.

I examined his body, and found protruding through his back, and about three inches to the left of the spine, a broken arrow-shaft. Looking in front I found a half-healed hole where the stone head of the arrow had struck him. The missile had gone completely through his body!

The flint had fallen from the end that protruded on his back, but I found the ligament of deer sinew that had bound it to the shaft.

That the boy could have survived such a wound for more than a week, and have travelled sixty miles, in such a country, without food, seemed to me the strangest instance of human endurance I had ever known, or heard of. I hardly believed it possible that he could recover, but was ready to do all I could for him.

I was no surgeon, but I knew that the terrible arrow must come out. The slightest movement of it gave him severe pain, for the flesh was greatly inflamed. Bracing my nerves, I encouraged him, but told him plainly that the arrow must come out if he wished to recover.

"Take it out, mister," he said, faintly.

It was astonishing how tenaciously the arrow-shank held its place. I worked an hour before I could get it out; and the poor lad, who had borne the agony bravely, now fainted dead away.

I dressed the wound as well as I could, and put him to bed. I had small hopes of his recovery, but he improved rapidly. In the course of two days he sat up in the bunk, and ate food eagerly.

Alfred—as I shall here call him—then told me that the emigrant train to which he belonged had camped at dusk on the bank of the river, the very night of my escape from the Snakes. Plainly it was the train which I had seen.

The emigrants had seen no Indians for several days. They prepared their supper and arranged the wagons for the night, and then turned in and fell asleep. Even the watch, no doubt, had got drowsy, lulled by the silence and suspecting no enemy.

The Indians had probably seen the train during the afternoon, and thirsting for vengeance for the killing of two of their tribe, were watching for a chance to attack.

Some time in the night the emigrants were awakened by frightful whoops and the discharge of guns. The savages were upon them.

Several of the men jumped out of their wagons, with their rifles, and attempted to drive off the Indians. The fight raged sharply. Alfred's father had been one of the first out. His mother, older sister and brother had also jumped from the wagon, calling to him to follow them and hide in the brush; but he delayed a few moments, searching for an axe with which to arm himself.

While he was thus occupied, an Indian drew the rough canvas curtain at the front of the wagon, saw Alfred, and began to climb in. The boy jumped from the rear of the wagon, and started to run into the brush.

He had almost succeeded, as he thought, in getting out of sight, when something struck him, and he felt a terrible pain, as if he were cut in two. He remembered falling forward, and then became unconscious. He did not know how long he lay; but when he came to his senses the moon had set; it was dark, and all around was silent.

The ripple of the river came to his ears, and he dragged himself down to it. A draught of water revived him somewhat, and he walked along the bank, thinking—for his recollection of what had happened was still confused—that the wagon-train had gone in that direction.

"Did you find the trail?" I inquired.

"No, sir. I suppose I kept to the river so long that I lost it, and then I just wandered on, hoping to find some one."

"And you found nothing to eat?" I questioned.

"I found rose-buds, and sometimes pigeon-berries, and ate them. That is all I have eaten since that night. Some days I can't remember about at all. I lay down amongst the sage a good many times. I think I lay in one spot three days. Part of the time I was crazy, and saw strange things. Sometimes I would come to my senses, and find myself walking. At last I saw your shanty, but it seems to me that I was two or three days getting to it."

"Was the arrow broken when you discovered it?"

"Yes. I suppose I must have fallen down on it, and so broke it off, for I rolled over and over when I first fell."

"Did you try to pull it out?"

"Yes, but you don't know, mister, how hard a thing that was to do. The soreness and pain was terrible; and I just made up my mind to get somewhere, if I could, and leave it sticking there, till I found somebody who could help me."

"Well, my brave boy!" I exclaimed. "You've earned the right to live; and you are welcome to stay with me, or go on with the next wagon-train that comes. But you must stay here until you are stronger."

"All right, mister. You've been very good to me, and I won't forget it; but I must find my folks, if they are alive."

I greatly feared that he would never see his parents again; and partly for his sake, and partly from a sense of my own responsibility in the matter, I took four of my men and rode to the scene of the attack. We camped one night on the way and, for greater security, visited the spot during the night.

Not more than half a mile from the bluff from which I had watched the emigrant train, we came upon the place where it had camped and been attacked. A number of wagons had been plundered and burned. The iron-work of them lay scattered around.

More ominous still was the odor from the bodies of the unfortunate victims—men, women and children—who still lay unburied, where they had fallen. Out of pity, and for common humanity's sake, we hastily excavated a shallow grave in the sandy soil, and gave them such rude sepulture as we could give.

From Alfred's statements and from intelligence received afterward, I concluded that the wagons of these murdered emigrants were a part of an overland train which had fallen in the rear of the main body of teams.

The lad was the sole survivor of his family; but he still hoped that some of them might have escaped, and went on to Portland and Salem with the next train that passed.

Alfred is now an elderly and prosperous farmer in the Willamette Valley, and has a family of sturdy boys, the eldest of whom bears my name in recognition of the desperate surgical operation I performed at the first ferry on the Snake River.

CHARLES ELLIS.

For the Companion.

ADVENTURES IN WILD AUSTRALIA.

SECOND PAPER.

How I Lived "in the Bush."

I travelled four years in Australia, from 1880 to 1884, without a white companion. Of this period I spent one year among some cannibal tribes of Northern Queensland, near the Herbert River, sharing their life. I lived in a hut like theirs, hunted with them, partook of their meals and shared their dangers; and I endeavored to learn their language and to become as familiar as possible with their ideas and customs.

In the vast and dense bushwoods or scrubs, that so luxuriantly cover the coast mountains of Northern Queensland, these natives live in their primitive state. The white settler remains in the lowlands, and never ventures into thickets of the mountain districts to disturb the black aborigines, for he can find there neither gold nor diamonds, nor anything that could tempt his cupidity, and lead him to encounter the hardships of a journey to their haunts.

But I had long wished to study these savages—the lowest of the human race—in their actual conditions of life. To the student of ethnology, no phase of human existence is so interesting as the most primitive. And as this seemed to be the only mode of getting an exact knowledge of them, I made up my mind to live with these wild children of nature.

A further inducement to risk the dangers connected with such an enterprise was my belief that, by their help, I would be able to secure many specimens of the Australian fauna which could be procured in no other way.

Of course it was impossible for me to go and live with them at once. I had to work my way in among them by degrees.

I took for my starting point a deserted cattle station, called Herbert Vale, about forty miles from the mouth of Herbert River, under the eighteenth degree of south latitude. An old white man, attended by a Kanaka, or native of the South Sea Islands, had been left in charge of the property; and although he and I were the only white men in the country, I will say that I found him, in all my relations with him, the most disagreeable human being I had ever met.

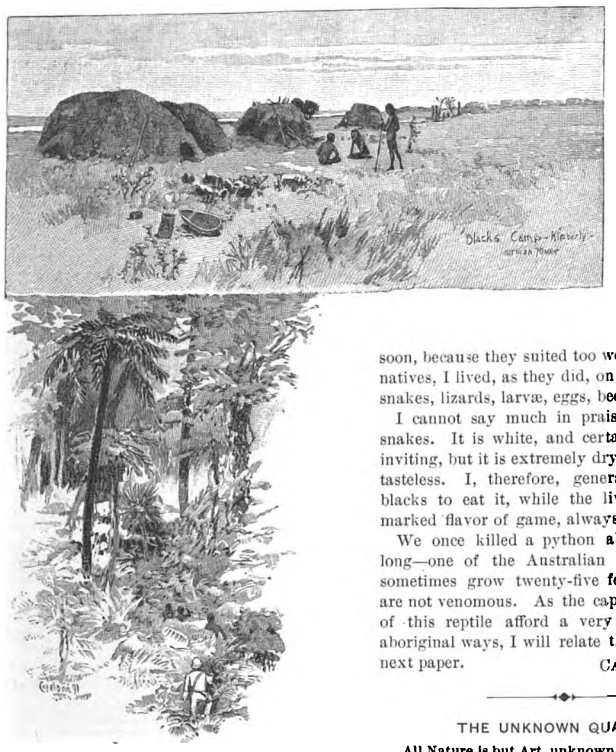
Here I learned, from the surrounding half-civilized tribes, some of the elements of their language, and became to a certain extent familiar with their habits. Through these semi-savages I associated with the neighboring natives; and from them I ventured, step by step, among the more remote tribes, until at last I came to live alone in their huts, with absolutely wild Australians, who had never before come into contact with a white man, or even seen one.

I was, of course, taking a serious risk when thus alone, without a single white follower, I took up my abode in the very heart of the cannibal district. But I preferred it so; another

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white man might easily have compromised the success of the whole expedition, and brought death upon both of us, simply by want of tact in his treatment of the savages.

The greatest difficulty I encountered was in getting the blacks to take part in my expeditions; for they are born idlers and have a radical objection to doing any kind of work. Fortunately for me, six or seven months before I left that region I happened to find a really good native servant. He stuck to me wherever I went, and from the time of his advent my position improved materially.



He was by no means an ordinary black, but was possessed of a peculiar vein of humor that frequently led him to blurt out ideas and information of the highest value to me.

In spite of his good qualities, however, he was not quite free from the salient characteristic of all these savages—treachery. I never dared to trust him unreservedly, for all Australian blacks are like children, the sport of caprice and of the inspiration of the moment, and are especially prone to deceit. Nevertheless, he was more worthy to be trusted than the others, and saved my life many times.

We were, as a rule, fortunate enough to find four or five "black fellows," as the native Australians are called, willing to go with us. Sometimes a whole tribe, with their women and children, would accompany us.

Whenever it was possible I rode alone, my blacks marching on before me, one of them leading my pack-horse. At the foot of the mountain a camp was pitched, and here the horses were left behind, while saddles and bridles were hung on a tree in order to protect them from the wild dogs. Then we walked up the mountain; for the dense underwood that covered it was impenetrable to horses.

My equipment on these exploring expeditions generally consisted of about ten or twelve pieces of salt beef, some thirty pounds of wheat flour to be baked into bread in hot ashes, and a small quantity of sugar. Instead of tea I used sugar and water—a mixture which was very cooling and refreshing, especially when water could be found as good as it is in Northern Queensland.

My outfit included a large, white woollen blanket, which became an object of constant wonder and envy on the part of the natives. As soon as I unpacked it, they made with their tongues a clucking noise expressive of delight, and roared out: "*Tamin! Tamin!*" (Fat, fat!) Anything that is very good they call fat.

One of the most important things I brought with me was tobacco—a source of greater joy to the natives than the very best food. At Herbert River, before the arrival of the Europeans, the blacks knew of no stimulants, but they very soon learned the use of the pipe.

Tobacco served me instead of money. For it the natives will do anything, down to selling their wives. They do not chew it, but I have often seen a mother hand her pipe to the child she was carrying on her back, and the baby would take a puff or two with apparent delight.

In bartering with other tribes they frequently send them small bits of tobacco wrapped up in grass. In that way tobacco has become known to remote tribes living in the interior of the country, who have never come into contact with Europeans.

Next to tobacco, my revolver, a fine American one, was of the greatest importance to me. Very luckily, the natives, who themselves do not possess even bows and arrows, stand in the greatest awe of firearms. It is, however, necessary for one to keep up his reputation as a marksman, or he will soon lose their respect.

Their astonishment is equally great when a kangaroo is hit at rest, and when a bird is brought down on the wing.

I made it my business to keep this wholesome fear constantly awake. Every night, before creeping into my hut, I discharged my "baby gun," as they called it, merely in order to refresh their minds as to the existence of this much-feared weapon. When my stock of provisions had given out, which as a rule happened very soon, because they suited too well the taste of the natives, I lived, as they did, on such delicacies as snakes, lizards, larvæ, eggs, beetles and the like.

I cannot say much in praise of the flesh of snakes. It is white, and certainly looks rather inviting, but it is extremely dry and is absolutely tasteless. I, therefore, generally allowed the blacks to eat it, while the liver, which has a marked flavor of game, always was my share.

We once killed a python about sixteen feet long—one of the Australian constrictors that sometimes grow twenty-five feet in length, but are not venomous. As the capture and cooking of this reptile afford a very good picture of aboriginal ways, I will relate the incident in my next paper.

CARL LUMHOLTZ.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see.
All discord, harmony not understood,
All partial evil, universal good.

—*Pope.*

LITERARY DIPLOMATISTS.

The death of James Russell Lowell recalls vividly the fact that our government has often been represented at foreign courts by literary men.

Mr. Lowell himself was United States minister to Spain, from which post he was promoted to that of the legation at London.

Our diplomatic service is not, like the diplomatic services of the European nations, arranged on a system of permanency and promotion. In Europe, diplomacy is a profession, for which men are regularly trained, in which they spend the busy years of their lives, and in which they rise from the lower to the higher places almost as regularly as do army officers.

It is seldom, on the other hand, that an American minister or consul is promoted from one legation to another, or that he spends more than four, or at most eight, years in the service.

As a result of this our government has more freedom of choice of our representatives abroad; and takes men from every walk of life, whether they have had any special training for or experience in diplomacy or not.

It seems always to have been recognized by our Presidents that men of letters are well suited to the diplomatic office. At all courts, they have frequently been called upon to discharge its duties.

One of the earliest literary diplomatists was our first great prose writer, Washington Irving, who was sent as minister to Spain, and who there saw the Empress Eugénie in her girlhood.

The appointment of Irving was no doubt intended both as a recognition of the enrichment of American literature by the author, and as a compliment to Spain, whose history Irving had studied deeply in preparing to write his "Alhambra" and the "Life of Columbus."

The historian Bancroft was for a while our minister at London, and later at Berlin. Another historian, Motley, was minister, first to Austria, and then at London. One of our most eminent scholars in language, George P. Marsh, was for some time minister to Italy.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was appointed by his intimate friend, President Pierce, consul at Liverpool, one of the most lucrative posts in the gift of the government; and to this fact we owe Hawthorne's charming series of English notes. Andrew D. White, afterwards President of Cornell University, was American minister to Berlin.

Of later writers, Bret Harte, the brilliant California author, was for some time consul at Glasgow; John Hay was secretary of legation at Paris; John G. Nicolay was consul-general at Paris; and William D. Howells was consul at Venice, whence he gathered the materials for "Venetian Days," the work which first made him known in the world of letters. Journalists have often, especially in recent times, been selected to fill diplomatic and consular posts. John Bigelow was minister at Paris, and John Russell Young in China; the United States is now represented at Paris by Whitelaw Reid, and at St. Petersburg by James Emory Smith.

In these days, owing to the Atlantic cable, the position of a minister at a foreign court is less arduous and responsible than it was before. The decision of complex questions is made in the state or foreign departments, and the ministers are for the most part merely the instruments of communication between one government and another.

There is, therefore, less need of thoroughly trained diplomatists; while eminent men of letters certainly present to foreign peoples the best and most cultivated type of American citizenship.

For the Companion.

SUMMONED BY THE KING:

James Russell Lowell, obiit, August 12, 1891.

He was at home in Courts, and knew the great—
Himself was of them. Oft-times kings have sent
To call him to their presence; and he went,
A welcome guest, to share their royal state,
Of Earth's high potentates the fitting mate.
He was by all men honored—crowned of Song,
And crowned of Love—and high above the wrong
Of envy, or the littleness of hate.

And now the mightiest King—to summon him
To that far place whereto all souls must come—
Has sent swift Azrael, Heaven's Chamberlain:—
Beyond the ultimate sea's remotest rim,
Where all the voices of this earth are dumb,
The Courtier journeys—called to Court again.

August 17, 1891. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"HAYSEED."

There can be little doubt that a distaste for the farmer's life is cultivated among country boys by the caricatures of the farmer which are published in comic papers and "humorous" books, and by the fear of being classed among the people whom these caricaturists are pleased to call "hayseeds."

Boys are accustomed to see these "funny pictures," in which a sort of farmer who is extremely unusual, and may be said not to exist at all, is set forth as the type or example of farmers in general. And as boys are sometimes unreasoning, they are apt to say to themselves, "I will not be ridiculed in that way when I grow up; I will get out of the 'hayseed business.'"

In this way not only is an injustice done by these caricatures, but a positive injury.

The American people have a broad sense of humor, and no doubt delight in caricature; but they do not delight in injustice or mischief-making, when they are able to recognize it as such.

For this reason, it may be hoped that the caricaturing of the farmer, which has certainly been greatly overdone, may soon cease from the distaste for it which is pretty sure to arise.

The farmer himself can afford to take the "hayseed" ridicule good-naturedly. At a recent farmers' demonstration in the West, men rode in a procession dressed in cowhide boots, patched trousers, and ragged straw hats, carrying pitch-forks on their shoulders. They had adopted the guise which the caricature gives them as a way of showing that they are independent of that sort of ridicule.

But in the case of the young this spirit of independence is not often so strong. With a little thought, they must see that an unjust caricature does not really affect the credit and honor of their occupation; but they are often ambitious of what is called consideration or respectability, and are likely to be unconsciously affected by misrepresenting pictures and stories.

It is the duty of the young to bear it in mind that nothing is more respectable or dignified than the life of the independent farmer, and the duty of those who have it in their power to "raise a laugh" in the public prints to remember that they, no less than serious writers, have a responsibility to truth and justice.

HOW CROPS ARE PAID FOR.

It might be supposed, by those not familiar with the subject, that the means used to pay the Western farmers for the grain they raise and sell were easy and simple. A moment's consideration will show, on the contrary, that it is one of the most complex of financial operations.

The farmer sells his grain to large shippers in the nearest town. The shipper usually sells it to grain dealers in Chicago or New York.

If these dealers have orders for "home consumption," in which most of the crops are used, they sell it to the millers or manufacturers, who in turn, after making it into flour or corn-meal, or other finished forms of food, sell it to the bakers or to the people who bake it for themselves. If the orders come from foreign countries, the dealers send it across the ocean.

The people who make the final payment for the farmer's grain, therefore, are scattered all over the world, but chiefly in the thickly-populated cities of our Eastern States.

Up to the time when the harvest is gathered, there is less need for actual money in the West, because large payments are made in bank checks, which in turn are deposited in other banks. But now the farmer must be paid, and living as he does in a country district, he wants the actual money. Bank checks will not do.

The people of the East either owe the money already for their grain, or else they soon will owe it. And so the bank employees of the Eastern cities, where most of the actual money circulates, are busy week after week, tying up bank-notes in packages, and sending them by express to the Western banks.

Two or three million dollars of currency will sometimes leave New York and Boston in a single week for this purpose. There is for several months actually far less money than usual in the Atlantic States.

How does the East get its money back? To answer this question, one must consider what the farmer does with his new money. First he puts it in his country bank; and then he pays it out for wages or living expenses, for clothing, food which he does not raise, railroad fares, farm tools, and a hundred other things.

But it is the great manufacturing cities of the East which receive payment for such things. And so, when the autumn and winter come, the Western banks pack up the paper money again, and send it back to the East.

If foreign countries have had to buy vast quantities of our grain, the country may get still more money. So long as we sell Europe exactly as much in value as what we buy, the two accounts are only checked off against each other. But if, for instance, the export of grain is so large that we sell in one year seven hundred million dollars' worth of goods, while we buy only six hundred and fifty million dollars' worth, then Europe must send over to us on its steamers fifty million dollars in good money.

That is to say, this would be the case if the merchandise trade with foreign countries were the only thing to be considered. But as a matter of fact there are many other things to complicate the accounts.

For instance, we have to pay large sums for freight, which is carried chiefly in foreign vessels; and England has large investments in this country, the interest on which must be paid, thus diminishing the amount of money which would naturally come hither.

But whatever the balance may be, after all the accounts are settled, it is paid in gold.

EYES WHICH SEE NOT.

It is considered now to be an almost essential part of the education of the daughter of a well-to-do American, that she should spend a season in foreign travel.

The results of the large outlay of money and trouble in these tours are often painfully insignificant.

One young girl remembers nothing of her journeyings, but her chance glimpses of princes and princesses. Another comes back with a definite knowledge of but one place—the shops in Paris. To this girl, the whole continent of Europe with its history, its vast treasures of art, architecture, and records of antiquity means only—pretty gowns; to that one—bargains.

"Each eye," says a Spanish proverb, "makes its own harvest."

The same difference in eyes is found among those who never travel. A book which won fame for its writer throughout the English-speaking world was Richard Jefferies's "Walks About an Old Farm," in which he described the beauty and mystery in the weeds and insects, the common sights and sounds enclosed within a few acres.

One boy goes out in the city streets, and comes back full of interest and delight in the histories hinted in a thousand faces which he has met, the glimpses of comedy and tragedy which he has found at every crossing or in every street-car.

Another sees nothing but the muddy streets.

The first feels his whole nature warmed and elevated; the other is conscious only of the condition of his shoes.

The important part of education, then, is not so much the things to be seen as the eye to see them.

How many intelligent readers would be ashamed to own that they had not read the last popular novel, while they have never spelled out a page of the great books of nature and of human life?

BASHFULNESS.

Happy hearts beat under Sunday jackets as four boys sprang down the academy steps and dashed across the road.

"Ho, all ye fellows who have nice rich, red, ripe strawberry shortcake," chanted the foremost; the second made a variation upon spring chicken, and the chorus behind came in bravely "when your spring chicken is gone."

On they went through the lovely morning—racing, loitering, whistling, ruminating, until nine miles had been passed, and they flung themselves down on the river-bank to rest.

After a swim and a careful toilette made in the glass of one another's eye, they repaired to the town hall, where a great dinner was in process. You may imagine that they were hungry.

Their plates were soon heaped with good things, but alas! at the place of the youngest there happened to be no knife or fork or spoon. He gazed upon the chicken-pie, the mashed potatoes, the cranberry sauce, the strawberry shortcake.

He could not eat with his fingers, nor could he endure the thought of the apologies and remark and laughter which would follow the disclosure of his situation. No one noticed his distress, so he finally left his loaded plate, and with a heavy heart and an empty stomach walked back with his jolly companions the nine miles to their home.

Missed that dinner just because he was so bashful!

"Goose!" he said to himself afterward. "Coward! Set your teeth and square your back, and get over this childishness."

To-day there is scarcely a more self-possessed speaker, or more finished gentleman in the country than that foolish boy.

It is said that Dorothea Dix, the woman who

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inaugurated reform in the prison and the insane system of the United States and many foreign countries; who treated personally with kings and queens, popes, presidents, plenipotentiaries and men of affairs, was so shy in her youth that she colored extremely when addressed; that her voice often failed her in trying to speak.

"This is my weakness," she declared; "along this line must I labor with myself."

The immoderately bashful person is no less an affliction to his associates than to himself. It is his duty to overcome it. By going among people, even though at first it is agony; by fortifying himself with good clothes; by learning to control his muscles; by reading the newspapers for topics of the day; by practising the telling of anecdotes aloud to himself; by working to overcome shyness as he would work over a Greek root or an algebraic problem: he will come out more than victorious.

ENFORCED BENEVOLENCE.

The story of Beau Nash is so inwoven in the life of Bath, one of England's most celebrated watering-places, that one can scarcely see its name without thought of him. There, for a triumphant period, was he autocrat of fashion, and tyrant over aristocracy itself.

When a certain hospital was about to be built there, Nash stood at the door of the Assembly Rooms, one day, to receive subscriptions. Presently there entered a certain duchess, whose custom it was to spend much on her pleasures and little on charities. She gave Nash a familiar tap with her fan, and said, graciously:

"You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket."

"With pleasure, madam," was the reply, "if your Grace will tell me when to stop."

He drew from his pocket a handful of guineas, and began counting them out.

"One, two, three, four, five —"

"Enough, enough!" cried the duchess, in alarm, "what are you about?"

"Consider your rank and fortune, madam," said Nash, still counting; "six, seven, eight, nine, ten —"

Here the lady's alarm gave place to anger, but Nash continued unmoved. With maddening assurance, he begged her not to interrupt the work of charity, while he went on counting, "Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen —"

At this point, the exasperated duchess cried aloud. Catching his hand, she strove to stop his reckless numbering.

"Peace, madam," said Nash, "you shall have your name on the front of the building, written in letters of gold. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty —"

"I won't pay a farthing more!" cried she, now at white heat.

"Charity covers a multitude of sins," replied her tormentor, coolly, and still went on counting.

"Nash," cried the duchess, now thoroughly enraged, "you frighten me out of my wits! I shall die!"

"Madam, you will never die of doing good," and he was about to count on, but seeing that he had reached the end of feminine endurance, he agreed to stop if she would give him thirty guineas. Thus was the matter settled, but Nash had lost a friend.

BUBBLES.

It appears from reports made to the Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts by the several "endowment orders" doing business in the State, that during the first six months of the present year they received in all more than five million dollars.

They paid out about one half this sum to certificate-holders and for sick benefits, and something more than a million dollars for expenses of management; and have about a million and a half dollars left from their receipts. Meanwhile their liabilities have increased more than thirty million dollars.

According to the principle on which these orders work those who became members later pay the claims of those who came in earlier; and any one who knows the four simple rules of arithmetic can easily discover by the study of their accounts that after a short time a person who becomes a member must inevitably lose all he "invests."

Let every one who is asked to join one of these orders remember two things: First, that on the average, almost exactly one fourth of the receipts go for "expenses," mainly salaries to officers; and secondly, that this leaves at best but three fourths of the receipts to be put at interest.

If any one can tell how, at this rate, an association can continue to pay one hundred dollars for an investment of fifty dollars, such a one would confer a great favor upon suffering humanity, which hitherto has been unable to acquire wealth without working for it.

NOT SO EASY.

Although it is always easy enough to say, "If I were you, I should do so and so," that is not by any means a sign that we should do any better than the person whom we advise or reprove, if placed in exactly his position.

A writer of many popular stories says that he has never succeeded in ending any of his tales in such a way that all of his readers and correspondents were satisfied; some one was sure to be disappointed at the way things turned out in the story.

At last, with a desperate resolve to please every one if possible, at least once, he wrote a novelette, and left the fate of the heroine quite undecided, not giving the faintest intimation of a preference for any special ending, on his part.

"Now," he said, "if I get any complaining letters I shall know how to answer them."

Within a short time after the publication of the little romance he had a letter from an elderly spinster, living in a small town in western New York, who was much addicted to novel-reading. She wrote anxiously to know if he would please tell her "whether he intended to have Anna, the heroine, marry Harold, the hero, after all, or whether she refused him, and sent him off to the far West?"

Whereupon the much-tried author seated himself at his desk and promptly wrote the following answer:

"MY DEAR MADAM.—If you would have married him, then she did; if you wouldn't—then she didn't!"

And although the elderly spinster has read both the story and the note a good many times since then, she has never been willing to take the responsibility of saying in which way the little romance should have closed.

OLD VIOLINS.

The great violin-makers, says an exchange, all lived within the compass of a hundred and fifty years. They chose their wood from a few great timbers felled in the South Tyrol, and floated down in rafts, pine and maple, sycamore, pear and ash. They examined these to find streaks and veins and freckles, valuable superficially when brought out by varnishing. They learned to tell the density of the pieces of wood by touching them; they weighed them, they struck them, and listened to judge how fast, or how slow, or how resonantly they would vibrate in answer to strings.

Some portions of the wood must be porous and soft, some of close fibre. Just the right beam was hard to find; when it was found, it can be traced all through the violins of some great master, and after his death in those of his pupils.

The piece of wood was taken home and seasoned, dried in the hot Brescia and Cremona sun. The house of Stradivarius, the great master of all, is described as having been as hot as an oven. One was there soaked through and through with sunshine. In this great heat the oils thinned and simmered slowly, and penetrated far into the wood, until the varnishes became a part of the wood itself.

The old violin-makers used to save every bit of the wood when they had found what they liked, to mend and patch and inlay with it. So vibrant and so resonant is the wood of good old violins, that they murmur and echo and sing in answer to any sound where a number of them hang together on the wall, as if rehearsing the old music that once they knew.

It was doubtless owing to this fact that when the people could not account for Paganini's wonderful playing, they declared that he had a human soul imprisoned in his violin; for his violin sang and whispered even when all the strings were off.

There have been experiments made with all sorts of woods by the various makers. An Earl of Pembroke had one made of the wood of the cedars of Lebanon, but the wood was so dense that vibration was deadened and the violin was a poor one.

CUTTING THE KNOT.

The ironclad *Merrimac* which harassed the Union fleet, and was herself finally disabled by the *Monitor*, made during her first unquestionable triumphs a victim of the frigate *Congress*. After the fight had continued for some time, the *Merrimac* was so fortunate as to take such a position relative to her enemy that the destruction of the *Congress* became only a question of moments.

Her commander was slain, she had been repeatedly set on fire, and her decks were covered with dead and wounded. She was accordingly run ashore, and there hoisted the white flag.

The *Merrimac* now sent alongside two tugs, to take possession, and remove the prisoners, but these were driven back by a sharp firing from the shore.

General Mansfield had directed the Twentieth Indiana to deploy along the beach, behind a sand ridge, and two guns were wheeled into position to prevent the enemy's making way with its prize.

Captain Reed, who was as good a lawyer as soldier, raised a question of military law.

"Since the ship has surrendered," said he, "has not the enemy the right to take possession of her?"

Then General Mansfield uttered one of the shortest and most conclusive opinions on record.

"I know the old *ship* has surrendered," said he, "but *we haven't*."

That settled it. Unable to take possession of its prize, the *Merrimac* opened upon her with incendiary fire, and then withdrew. The remnant of the Union crew were brought on shore, and that night, when the fire reached her magazine, the *Congress* blew up. That lightning decision had at least saved her crew.

"A MAJORITY."

According to a recent decision of the French Council of State, a unanimous vote may be cast in favor of a candidate at an election, and the candidate may yet fail of receiving a "majority" and of being elected.

Recently, in the town of Montlerçon, France, in an election for a small local office, only one voter presented himself to cast his ballot. He voted for Monsieur Bagneux for the office; and Monsieur Bagneux, having received all the votes cast, was declared elected.

But the matter was carried before the Council of State, which promptly annulled the election, declaring that a "majority of votes cast" was necessary to elect, and that, as "a majority" means "the greater number," there could only be a majority where there were more than one.

It is presumable, from this decision, that if two votes had been cast for Monsieur Bagneux, these two votes would have been held to constitute a majority; just as two sheep have been said to constitute a "flock of sheep," and two calves a "herd of cattle."

HE KNEW HIM.

Most people wear colored spectacles of some kind, and whatever they see takes the hue of the glasses. A story comes from England that a certain famous operatic conductor lately visited Stratford-on-Avon.

He was one of a select coaching party, and his companions soon perceived that he felt no very lively interest in the Shakespeare monument and other objects over which all visitors to the place are expected to wax enthusiastic.

"Shakespeare! Oh, yes, Shakespeare," he murmured wearily, and one of the party volunteered a hint.

"You recollect, maestro, 'Amletto' and 'Romeo e Giulietta,'"

The popular conductor at once brightened.

"Ah, yes," he replied, "I quite understand. Ze librettisti"

"Do you really believe all this?" asked some one, of a woman who had been telling ghost stories. "Indeed I do," she replied, "and I'm not an *imaginary* woman, either!"

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For the Companion.

A YACHT CRUISE IN NORWAY.

By Lady Constance Campbell.

Steaming along in what seemed to me the smartest yacht afloat, under a blazing sun, on the afternoon of Sunday, the Thirtieth of June, we sighted Norway at five o'clock. It required a vivid imagination to realize how much beauty and grandeur lies behind the low and somewhat monotonous stretch of rocky coast that first met our eye.

At ten o'clock we were abreast of the Hellisö Light-house, and signalled for a pilot. Forthwith an amusing race took place among the rival pilots. The winner—a thorough specimen of his race, with fair hair, light blue eyes and high cheek-bones—sprang up the gangway, breathless after his hard row; and we, who knew what a captain can look like when his vessel is going through intricate channels, felt that "The boys about the monkey's cage had better keep away," more especially as communication between captain and pilot had to be carried on by gesticulation. Besides, we thought it wise to turn in and leave our introduction to Bergen for the morrow.

Bergen is hardly worth mentioning after you have been in Norway a week; but if you see it before you are thoroughly spoilt, it is quaint and pleasing enough. The town lies prettily on either side of the two arms of the harbor, under hills unmarked by any striking features, but well wooded, and forming a picturesque background to the bright-colored wooden houses, roofed with red tiles, that come down to the water's edge.

On shore what we saw chiefly were roughly-paved streets, down which clatter innumerable ponies drawing carrioles or market carts; women dressed, if not in the complete national costume, at least with its quaint three-cornered white cap,—and here I may remark that feminine beauty is not conspicuous at Bergen. The women, indeed, as a rule are positively ugly, while the children—like little fairy elves, with flaxen hair, light blue eyes, and looking the picture of health—form a pleasing contrast to their elders.

We soon hired ponies and carrioles and drove to the church of Fantoft, well known to every visitor to Bergen, which owes its present situation to the energy of an American who transplanted it bodily from its original site in the heart of the country. Here it stands, a quaint monument of eleventh century art, suggesting more a Japanese pagoda than a Christian church.

The road lay through ground typical of the more fertile districts of the country, through meadows of the richest grass, scented with masses of meadow-sweet and bluebell, birch, aspen and alder giving welcome shade from the burning sun.

The climate in this part is much like that of the west coast of Scotland. In winter it is mild and damp, the thermometer seldom falling below fifteen or twenty degrees Fahrenheit; and the average rainfall is seventy-two inches per annum.

But Bergen, besides forming one of the eighteen counties and six dioceses into which the country is divided, is of interest as one of the chief centres of the fishing trade, without which Norway would be a still poorer country than she is. A picturesque sight rewards early rising, when the toilers of the deep, with their heavily laden and bright-colored craft, come into the harbor; for the Norwegians love bright colors, and paint the hulls of their boats bright green or blue, while the sails are generally of a warm yellow or rich red-brown.

In 1881 the fishing trade of Norway employed nearly one hundred and twenty thousand men, and the aggregate profits were then estimated at more than five million dollars. Cod-fishing leads in importance, the herring-fishery coming next.

Intending to return to Bergen later, we spent only one day there, and by ten o'clock on the First of July were under steam for the Hardanger Fiord, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles.

How shall I attempt to describe that day, when every moment brought into sight some fresh point of beauty, some effect of color quite beyond pen or brush, and which made it seem audacity to touch my sketch-book and color-box, which waited patiently at my side?

As we passed the entrance of Kors Fiord, the distant range of the Hardanger came into sight with its field of perpetual snow towering above lines of pale blue hills and jagged fir-crowned promontories, all softened by the heat haze of the midday sun.

The water, dotted here and there by bright-colored sailing-boats, sparkled in the sunlight, or reflected clearly the fir-wooded banks of Lok Sound, which rose within a stone's throw of the vessel as she slowly wound in and out of the intricate passage.

Now we passed under cliffs two thousand and six thousand feet high, down which course waterfalls, fresh from the glaciers above, driven by the breeze in clouds of spray against the bold, rugged ledges of rock. Then we steamed past little patches of cultivation, where the industrious proprietor has made the most of any tiny bit of ground capable of giving foothold for his hut and soil for his small crop, which generally consists of a strip of barley and another of potatoes. Here were cherry-trees, laden with fruit, at the water's edge, and banks of birch and alder.

On we passed, through such scenery as this, till we reached Oddë, and hardly had the anchor been down five minutes before the vessel was surrounded with boats manned by juvenile natives, all offering for sale baskets of fruit, strawberries, raspberries and cherries. Who could resist them? One little pair, aged eight or nine, drove a roaring trade. They were dressed in every color of the rainbow, and looked like a pair of brilliant paroquets. We learned that the way to please a little Norwegian lass is to murmur words apparently uncomplimentary, but fraught with pleasant meaning. "Smoky piggy," being interpreted, means "Pretty girl!"

We spent some days here, anchored close to the shore, under cliffs topped by a fine glacier, over which a fresh, not to say cold breeze, always compensated in the evening for any moments of discomfort we might have experienced during the heat of the day.

The Hardanger peasantry are capital specimens of their class—industrious, contented people, with frank, pleasant manners. Indeed, the natural courtesy of the Norwegians is one of their most striking characteristics.

One may go far to find a better-looking, stronger race of men. Need they have for industry and strength, or the little patches of ground dignified by the name of farms would do little to keep body and soul together during the long, severe winter months.

Their houses, or rather wooden huts, are kept clean and tidy. The farm, with its herds, descends from father to son, and the son, on succeeding to his father's property, is bound by law to provide for each member of the family.

Well for him if he happens to number among his possessions one of the flat, small islands called *rärе*, with which the coast is studded, and which, if well stocked with sea-fowl, form a most important part of a Norwegian peasant's property.

These islands, which are stocked with puffin, valuable for their feathers, are the scenes of sport which, from the accounts given of the methods employed, convey a strong impression that they must be the lunatic asylums of the feathered tribe. The fowler either sends down a dog trained for the purpose into the narrow clefts of the rocks, or lets down an iron hook which the first puffin at leisure is obliging enough to seize hold of. The next one in his turn bites and holds on to the first one's tail; and thus the birds cling in succession, until a whole affectionate and curiously self-sacrificing family is dragged to light in one continuous chain.

Every village has its school, and where the population is thinly scattered, the schoolmasters wander from farm to farm. In this way primary education is brought within the reach of the most isolated families.

That neglect of the means of education is reckoned a serious offence is shown by the fact that no Norwegian can be confirmed who does not know how to read. He may not marry till he has been confirmed, and if he completes his twentieth year without having been confirmed, he is in danger of the House of Correction. What the House is, and what are its forms of correction, I have not been able to ascertain.

We had no opportunity to witness a Norwegian wedding. A somewhat gloomy custom makes it one of the betrothed bride's first duties to weave with her own hand her future husband's winding-sheet. Having so occupied the days of her engagement, she appears arrayed in gorgeous apparel for the ceremony, which is followed by a course of feasting and dancing, beside which the trials attending our matrimonial arrangements at home sink into insignificance.

Leaving Oddë we steamed up the Eidë Fiord, one of the many branches of the Hardanger, and anchored for a night off the small village of Eidë, within a short walk of which lies Graven's Lak, one of the prettiest inland lakes we saw. The lower slopes of the hills on either side were wooded with spruce, birch, alder and mountain ash.

The Sognë Fiord is certainly the grandest as well as the longest fiord in Norway. It is a hundred miles in length, shut in by sheer precipitous walls, and sends out various branches, of which the Essë Fiord is one.

Anchoring off the small village of Balholmen, we were under cliffs and crags, to look to the top of which for any great length of time involved serious risk of permanently twisting one's neck.

Boating late one evening, we rowed slowly to the head of this fiord, and saw an effect of color which I, for one, shall never forget. Towering above us rose one peak after another, clear cut in rich purple against the saffron sky, and perfectly reflected in the water beneath. No sound was to be heard save the roar of the distant waterfalls as they dashed down the cliffs from the glacier above.

Then, as we lay on our oars, and watched the mists rising from the deep glen beyond, shrouding the lower ledge of a grand crag five thousand feet high, the weird notes of the peasant's cowhorn broke upon the stillness, and were repeated in softened tones by the echoing rocks.

Here, if anywhere, I expected to see some fine old eagle; but watch as I might and did, I was obliged to conclude that the eagles of Norway were "not at home" when we called. Not a single specimen did I see; and a boy told me he had seen only one in all his life.

Perhaps this was more his fault than the eagles', for they are said to be common enough; and the sea-eagle makes known his existence by methods which lambs and other small animals can hardly be expected to appreciate.

Stories are told of his even attacking cattle, and Von Buch relates, on the testimony of many witnesses, how he was compelled to accept the commonly reported account of the eagle's method of attack.

He is said to dart down into the waves, then after rolling about with his wet plumage on the beach till his wings are quite covered with sand, he once more rises into the air, hovers over his intended victim, and swooping down quite close to him, claps his wings and flings the sand into the brute's eyes, completely scaring it by repeated blows of his pinions.



A Fiord in Norway.

The blinded ox rushes away to avoid the attack until he either falls over a cliff or becomes completely exhausted; in either case falling a prey to his enemy. This for him whose faith is large.

The glacier above the Sognë Fiord is part of the perpetual snow-field of the "Jostedals Brae," between the Sognë and Nord Fiords, which covers an area of five hundred and eighty square miles, reaching a height of five thousand feet and descending to four thousand or forty-five hundred feet. Our most northerly point was Moldö, where we spent three delightful days before sadly turning homeward.

There is one spot in Moldö which has painful associations for me. That spot is the fur shop. I entered this place full of good resolutions, and with rather a well-stocked purse. I came out, having parted with those resolutions, with parcels stuffed under each arm, hanging from every finger, and with my purse in a deplorable condition.

Three weeks—or three days—can seem long enough when, from any anxiety or sorrow, each hour seems to drag heavily along, but as I looked from my port early one morning, and saw that we were rounding Ardnamurchan Point, I thought that never before had I known so short a three weeks.

For the Companion.

THREE LITTLE KINGS.

King Alphonso of Spain.

A happy life is that of King Alphonso XIII. of Spain, who will be six years old on the Seventeenth of May next. He is a remarkable and intelligent child, with a handsome, frank face and silky, golden curls. He has already a very correct knowledge of his power and high station, and knows how to behave in a kingly fashion, and yet obeys in all things his mother, Queen Christina.

The white-haired Madame Tacon, who was the governess of his father, King Alphonso XII., some thirty years ago, has supreme control of the royal nursery; but Raimunda, the gorgeously attired peasant nurse, is still his most cherished attendant. The little King refused to allow her to be paid off and dismissed at the time when he could have done without her services, and insisted upon her being retained as a member of his household.

Punctually at seven o'clock every morning young Alphonso is awakened by Raimunda, who bathes and dresses him. He then drinks a cup of chocolate, and partakes of fruit and toast.

At eight he steps out upon the low, spacious balcony of his nursery, which looks out upon the great square, and listens to the music of a regimental band.

A crowd of children is always assembled under the windows to see him appear. Rich babies, covered with costly furs, and ragged little street urchins all uncover their little heads in a low obeisance to their young sovereign, who bows gracefully all around to return their salutation.

When he happens to recognize any of his young subjects among the rows of upturned rosy faces, he leans over the balcony, and, calling them by name, chats joyfully with them until his mother summons him. Then with another bow and a wave of his hand, he leaves the balcony, followed by the enthusiastic hurrahs of his fervent little admirers.

Shortly after nine the King drives out in a beautifully appointed carriage, accompanied by Madame Tacon and preceded by two outriders in brilliant liveries. After a drive of two hours, during which his childish prattle never ceases, he returns to the palace for luncheon.

On his arrival, the palace guard turns out and the bugle sounds, to the great joy of the young sovereign, who dearly loves military display. As he ascends the steps leading to the great hall, the Royal halberdiers range themselves in line on each side of the stairs.

When he reaches the top of the stairway he turns to Colonel Loigorri, the chief of the halberdiers, and, in obedience to the instructions which he has received from his mother, doffs his cap and says with great gravity, "Let them retire."

At five o'clock he goes out for another drive, which is attended with the same ceremonies; and after his dinner, which he takes with his mother, he plays with his regiments of tin soldiers, or romps with his big dog Cæsar in a large gallery filled with all kinds of toys, ranging from the rubber menagerie of babyhood to the miniature railway trains, steamboats, and beautifully painted picture-books appropriate to his age.

At eight o'clock his mother takes him to his bed-chamber, which communicates with her own, and hears him recite his evening prayers. The Queen invariably remains seated by his cot of sculptured ivory, shrouded in curtains of white gauze and silver brocade, holding his hand in hers until he falls asleep.

Alphonso has a little basket-carriage of his own, drawn by two snow-white Spanish donkeys, which he drives with great skill. Wrapped in a sable coat with a sable-lined hood, his little majesty takes his place on the high velvet cushion of his miniature equipage, and with a masterly crack of his whip, starts off the donkeys, who jingle their bells and toss their long ears as if in defiance of the admonitions of the English groom who is in attendance.

While at the sea-side resort of San Sebastian, King Alphonso enjoys more liberty of action than he does at Madrid.

Every morning he appears on the sands near the sea escorted by Madame Tacon and the faithful Raimunda, and plays with his sisters and other little children as freely as if he were not his most Catholic Majesty King Alphonso XIII. of Spain.

But in the wildest moments of his enjoyment, the boy remembers that he is the King, to whom all people give homage, crowding to kiss his tiny hand; and he is full of pride and resolution.

At times he is even a little overbearing. One morning in August, when he was four years old, he was running on the long lawn under the gray walls of the old château. The roses and orange-trees filled the air with their perfume; and, seated on a low wicker chair, Queen Christina watched the little boy as he chased some bright butterflies which hovered over the flowers.

The Queen had often forbidden him to hurt any living creature. For once, however, he disobeyed, and as a large butterfly settled on a crimson rose close by, Alphonso put out his little hand and caught it by its velvety wings.

At that moment the Queen, who had risen and approached unheard, put her hand on his arm, and, unclosing his fingers, set the prisoner at liberty.

"You have disobeyed me, mein Bubi." This is the pet name by which she always calls him. "You have been cruel," she said, sadly, while the little boy was looking ruefully at the brilliant dust left by the butterfly's wings on his pink finger-tips.



KING ALPHONSO OF SPAIN.

His pretty face was flushed with suppressed anger, and he attempted to draw his arm away from his mother's grasp.

"I am the King," said he, imperiously, "and I can do as I like!"

"You are the King, my child," answered Queen Christina, softly, "and that is why you must always be good and merciful to all creatures living. You have pained me very much, and I shall not kiss you to-night."

The boy burst into tears, and then kissing the

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Queen's hand he said, sobbing, "I am very sorry, mamma. I beg your pardon—I will do it no more!"

Since then the little fellow has always been very careful to obey his mother, for he knows that, although she loves him tenderly, she never overlooks his faults, and he cannot bear to see her angry.

For a time he was very ill, and during forty-eight hours it was believed that he could not recover. Prayers were offered up for him in all the churches of the kingdom, and his mother, the Queen, and the old prime minister Sagasta, on whose knees the boy, when well, loved to sit and listen to stories, never left his bedside until the crisis was over.



King Alexander of Servia.

Very different is the existence of the young King Alexander of Servia, whose fifteen years of life have been sadly desolate. It is impossible not to sympathize with this poor boy. Well may he envy the lot of King Alphonso, who enjoys a tender mother's love, and who is surrounded by friends and loving subjects.

Since his father, King Milan, abdicated in his favor in March, 1889, the life of young Sacha, as he is called by the Servians, has been in constant danger, and several attempts have been made to kill him.

A week after his ascension to the throne five dynamite bombs were thrown through the windows of the military riding school near his palace, which he had left but ten minutes before the termination of his daily riding lesson.

The force of the explosion was such that all the windows in the neighborhood were shattered; and had Alexander been still in the building, as his would-be assassins supposed, he would have been blown to pieces.

The unfortunate lad, parted from his father and mother, whom domestic and political troubles have separated and driven out of the country, is extremely miserable, and says that his present existence is unendurable. He has not a single intimate friend to whom he can turn for comfort, and he is not allowed to communicate freely with either his father or his mother.

He is forced by etiquette to take his meals alone, and never hears a word of genuine affection.

He is a very brave and courageous boy, and remains patient and courteous to all in this melancholy life. He strives to perfect himself in all bodily exercises and manly habits, and seems to think himself quite old. Truly, the burden of woe which he carries on his youthful shoulders is heavy enough to make him forget the pleasures and light-hearted joys of childhood.

He is a good shot, and is as skilful in the management of a boat as he is on horseback. He can drive three horses harnessed abreast, in Russian fashion, with great skill; he has been well trained in all athletic exercises, and can climb and run and walk long distances without fatigue.

His slender limbs are as strong as steel, and his health is excellent. One of his few pleasures during the fair season is to climb the higher ranges of the Servian hills, his gun strung across his shoulder, or carried in his hand ready to shoot the antelopes or chamois which abound there.

He has a little tent which is set up for his use on the hills. He knows all the paths through the large, dark forests and pine woods, and feels free and happy only when he reaches the rocky regions, strewn with boulders of granite and barred here and there by huge limestone crags.

When at home in his immense, melancholy palace, the young monarch is unhappy. No one ever hears him complain or sees the tears fill his eyes; but the sense of his loneliness and bereavement never leaves him. Sometimes he lets his grief have its full sway when no one is near—when the night has closed in and he is left to himself.

He studies hard with his tutor, Professor Doritch; he learns German, French, English, Russian, Italian, Latin and Greek. Study is a pleasure to him, for he is very ambitious, and strives to become a learned and good man.

King Bun-Lan of Annam.

Far away across the seas lies the great Asiatic kingdom of Annam. A large portion of its area consists of jungles and fever-breeding marshes. There are, too, immense fields of maize and rice, with here and there a pleasant thicket of cotton-bushes or mango-trees.

Over this land reigns little King Bun-Lan, a twelve-year-old sovereign. A queer little child is this yellow-skinned monarch. Unlike their majesties of Spain and Servia, he disdains games, sports and childish amusements. Solemn and prematurely serious, he spends his days in solitude in his great white palace, poring over books and manuscripts.

He is a quaint little figure, slight and supple, with melancholy black eyes and a mournful countenance. He is lithe as a leopard in movement, and quick of mental perception. He studies hard to learn the language of the French, who are the masters of his country; and is extremely careful to see that those who teach him shall be perfectly conscientious and well informed.

Evidently he already realizes the heavy burden of responsibility which rests on the shoulders of a sovereign, and, instead of trying to shirk his duties, this young "barbarian," who would have many excuses for laziness and self-indulgence, is constantly striving to improve his mind and his education.

A short time ago the young King received from the French Government a large number of magnificent toys, nearly all of which were of a nature to make him acquainted with the marvellous progress of the civilization and industry of Europe. He has deigned to be interested in and even pleased with them.

Beautiful indeed were these costly playthings, the possession of which would render any boy almost beside himself with joy. Among their number is a miniature steamboat, the tiny engine of which, when set in motion by the heat of a spirit lamp, propels the little vessel with ease and rapidity.

A complete railway train, with numerous carriages and baggage-cars, drawn by a genuine miniature locomotive, which steams and puffs and runs on real iron rails, is another of the toys.

Among them there are also mechanical singing birds in silver cages, a little printing-press, a clown who, when wound up, walks, dances and rolls his eyes and executes the most remarkable feats of gymnastics, and last but not least, there is a complete regiment of French artillery.

MRS. FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

For the Companion.

MAKING A HOME.

THIRD PAPER.

Curtains and Carpets.

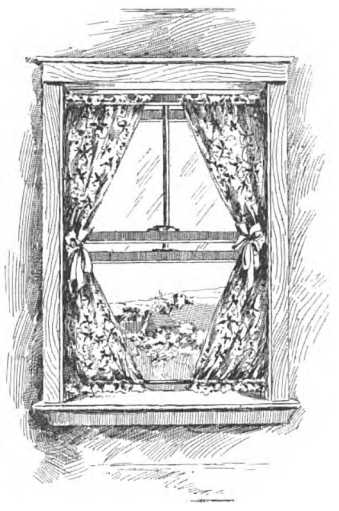
The color of wall-paper and paint is hardly more important than that of curtains, carpets and draperies.

Every window should have at least two sets of curtains. Often there should be three sets. First, then, is the white curtain, close against the pane, which should be at every window in the house.

The use of pane curtains only is certainly an improvement on the old-fashioned shades and "Venetian blinds," but it is not really pretty, for it leaves the upper sash bare. To overcome this, and yet to enjoy the privacy and convenience of the lower curtains, you will need two sets of drapery, one arranged as usual, and the other consisting of white curtains long enough to reach from the top of the frame to the sill. These, being open in the middle, are caught back at each side with bows of ribbon.

Over these, again, suspended from a rod at the top of the window frame, hang the heavy stuff curtains on which you depend for color, and which should touch the floor in parlors, but may be cut at the sill in bedrooms.

The material suitable for curtains is of infinite variety. Of course those against the glass should



be as nearly white and as like lace as possible. I reject Madras, which, though pretty in itself and not dear, does not wash well. Some of the muslins, coarsely worked with chain stitch, are durable, but rather heavy.

I find that among the cheap materials, the soft cotton crêpes called "crazy cloths" are best for all purposes. When put up full enough they give the soft, graceful folds we so much desire.

They come in pure white, in écru, and also with a design in colors in either of these grounds.

Suspend the pane curtains by means of small brass rings which slip easily over a metal rod, permitting the curtain to be pulled aside at will, without creasing it.

The longer lace set is also on a metal rod; but this may be run through the upper hem if need be, since these curtains are rarely drawn back from the top.

The heavy curtains may be of plush, with costly embroideries—if your house is a palace and all its appointments on a magnificent scale. Otherwise I advise much less pretentious stuffs, for nothing is more depressing than to go into a little box of a house and find rich effects which are only beautiful when far enough away to be seen in proper relations to the whole decoration.

Few people know the decorative possibilities of cretonne. A parlor can be beautiful furnished entirely with it, provided it is wisely chosen. It is by far the best stuff for bedrooms. The Morris cretonnes are well known to all artists; they are expensive everywhere, but especially so in America. The designs have in some instances, however, been copied by our manufacturers, and these imitations are generally sold from thirty-five to seventy-five cents a yard.

A curtain stuff of very rich appearance is double velours, or tycoon cloth. It suggests chenille, but is better than that material—heavier and more velvety. Both sides being alike it needs no lining.

Next in beauty are the old-fashioned "reps," which come in plain tints, and make beautiful curtains where masses of color and noble folds are needed.



Reps must be lined, as must all material not alike on both sides, and this is no easy task. To do it well, the outside material should be spread on the floor and the lining stretched smoothly over it, the bottom edges being securely sewed to each other.

About ten inches above this seam a line of basting is run across, and the lining turned back until stopped by this basting. Just along this line the lining and curtain are sewed together by a blind stitch in silk of the exact color of the outside; though the stitch must not show through either of the materials.

The lining is then smoothly laid in place again, and a second line of basting, fifteen inches above the last, is made ready and the stitching repeated. This is done again and again at intervals of twelve or fifteen inches until the top is reached.

The hanging of heavy curtains is a simple matter, though there are right and wrong ways here, too. They should *always* hang from rings, either brass or wooden, slipped over a heavy pole of like material.

There is a convenient contrivance which makes this easy. On the outer edge of the ring is a small metal ring, just large enough to hold the brass hook which comes with it. The lower end of the hook is twisted so as to form a safety-pin, and when this is pinned to the upper hem of the curtain and the hook put into the small ring, the curtain is in place.

Curtains should always be quite full; but when the stuff is heavy less width is needed, though even here all appearance of scantiness is to be avoided, especially if curtains are to be drawn across the windows or doors at the top instead of hanging straight down at the sides.

When soft, light material is used, like silk or cretonnes, so many folds will be needed that the curtain should be sewed into shape before it is put up. A deep single fold is laid for the front edge. Then the width is equally divided so as to admit of three or four double but shallow folds. A stitch is taken through each set of folds at the top, and the pin-hook fastened in about the same place.

Just where the curtain should be caught back depends somewhat upon the height of the window; but in general the nail for the tie-back should be nearly in the middle of the distance between the floor and the top of the window-frame. Where there is unusual height, however, this does not hold good, as no tie-back should be more than five feet above the washboard.

Curtains should never be pulled out and allowed to hang in a festoon-like puff over the tie, but should be parted, drawn to each side and held closely in a band which hangs from a nail and has a "slope" of about forty-five degrees therefrom.

The ties should never be of stiff materials. Ribbons, bands of silk or cords of worsted or silk are quite enough to keep a curtain in place. How absurd, then, the fashion of chaining up these yielding materials with brass chains.

Next to curtains in importance come the carpets. I have entered a special plea for rugs and stained floors, and it only remains to tell of certain kinds of carpets that are best for the purpose.

If you can possibly find the money for them, Eastern rugs are an investment that pays during a lifetime. These thick rugs last a generation or two, if properly cared for.

After the Bokhara rugs, which are quite expensive, come the Turkish, the Persian, the Daghestan, the Smyrna and a host of others, each beautiful in its own way, but a little more striking and mixed in color than the Bokharas.

In imitation of these we have the American velvets, always alike on both sides and with a thick pile which wears well. But they are not to be compared with the Eastern rugs in any way; and as they are somewhat costly, too, you may prefer something really prettier if a Brussels mat made with a border.

Next in durability are the art squares. Of these the English are the best, but the American wear fairly well. They come in all shapes and sizes, and are sold almost everywhere in our Eastern cities for one dollar the square yard.

These mats are merely three-ply or ingrain carpet, finished by having a border woven around the centre; but they come in rather better designs than the ordinary ingrains.

What you need always to remember is to avoid a spotty appearance in the design and the mixture of colors that do not blend.

Light carpets wear better than dark ones as they show wear less. Well-covered carpets of thoroughly mixed colors show spots and stains less than those in which the design is thin and scattered, or where large patches of any one color are prominent. It is hardly necessary to remind you that the scrolls, the gigantic roses and the mammoth tulips so prized by our grandmothers are hopelessly inartistic.

A very cheap carpet can be made at home by cutting into fine strips all the old ingrain carpet you can find, and mingling with it strips cut from a few yards of new of different bright colors. These strips are sent to the man who weaves "rag" carpets, and, being treated exactly as he treats his balls of rags, they unite to form not only a neat and durable carpet, but a very pretty one, too, in which lines of color are artistically blended. The weaving may cost as much as fifty cents a yard, but the mat will wear long enough to pay for this.

I must not forget to say that the strips should all be cut in a line with the selvage—never across it.

For the smaller draperies of the room—the mantel-scarfs, chair-backs and table-covers now considered indispensable—no material is better than the China silks which are brought to us in such beautiful colors. For the mantel-shelf it is quite sufficient to line a piece of this silk large enough to face two feet below each end and six inches below the front edge of the mantel, and then finish the ends and edges with a fringe made of small tassels of various harmonizing colors.

To tables of ornamental wood, a small square of plush edged with gold lace gives an air of elegance which no more showy cover could do; and when it is necessary to conceal the whole table, a cloth of Bolton sheeting, heavily outlined with rope silk or Bargarren floss, is easily made and appropriate.

In upholstery, in chair cushions and in all the minor draperies of the room, the color is more important than the material, and nothing is more offensive than single pieces which are so gorgeous in either of these as to be out of keeping with their surroundings.

ANNIE R. RAMSEY.

For the Companion.

SALLY'S MUSEUM.

The little girls had longed for years to have a place entirely their own to keep their treasures in and play those fantastic, imaginative rainy-day games, which are spoiled by the least suspicion that a grown person can overhear them or behold their innocent mysteries.

For how is it possible for a grown person to understand that a circle of chairs and an oak bough represent a magic forest, or that Sally, when she puts on a string of blue beads and hangs an old red shawl from one shoulder, is a wandering princess?

When mother chances upon their play in the midst of some such thrilling episode, she stands in the doorway and smiles and lingers, and doesn't realize that everything is at a standstill until she is gone; and as likely as not she will warn Sally not to come downstairs in that rig or she will trip, and remind her to be sure and clear up when she is done playing.

Nothing is so sure to break the spell of a good time as the thought that clearing up must follow; but somehow even the most considerate mothers never understand this.

But this summer Sally has had a little bit of a room to herself, entirely to play in. What good times she has had there with her mate in bad weather, and what delightful trophies they have brought back from their out-door rambles.

They call the place their "cubby-hole" when they play in it, but their "museum" when they show it to visitors.

Their collection of curiosities is miscellaneous but undoubtedly extensive. Over the door hangs a stuffed sea-gull, rather the worse for wear and inclined to shed down powders from his interior on the furniture, to the terror of the family, who declare it must be arsenic. There is a hornet's nest as big as Sally's head in one corner. The other children let her down from the barn window with a rope to reach it, and she got stung and was plastered with mud and vinegar for the rest of the day.

The fluffy cotton balls over a picture, and the specimens of lava, and the seed-work from the Sandwich Islands were given her by sympathizing friends, but the collection of birds' eggs, half of them not labelled and a large proportion cracked, are the result of her own searching, scrambling and tumbling.

The horseshoe crab and the seaweed she brought from the beach; but unfortunately she did not understand how to prepare properly the shells which she got at the same time, so after she had had them only a week her mother made her throw them away. She feels badly about it still, for there were as many as eleven kinds, and they did not smell so *very* strong, and she kept the windows open, and she is sure that in another week, if people would only have waited, they would have dried up inside and been all right.

They did let her keep the starfish, though. They made her dry him out of doors, where it is a wonder he was not stolen; but he did dry at last, and he is a big one and a perfect beauty, and looks finely, placed on a square of old black velvet on the top of the bureau.

She is very proud of him—almost as proud as she is of the giant clam-shell in which mamma made a sketch of herself and Susy Jones as they looked in bathing, with their hair all stringy and great sun-hats on. Everybody laughs at that sketch, and she thinks that if mamma had not married she would certainly have been an artist.

Sally used to envy her elder sister her pretty room with lace curtains, and dainty valentines, and German favors, and painted Christmas cards, and little trifles from bazaars and fancy fairs stuck in the looking-glass and pinned up on the walls.

She used to wish she were old enough to have such a room. But that was before she had her cubby-hole, which is a great deal nicer and more interesting; it is even, she tells herself, as she gazes triumphantly upon her curiosities, "more instructive."

She would not change that little seven-by-ten paradise for anything less delightful than a palace in the Arabian Nights.

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SUGGESTIONS

CLOTHING MATERIALS.

I. Cotton: (1) Where and how raised? (2) How gathered and cleaned? (3 How made into thread and cloth?

II. Wool: (1) How produced? (2) How cleansed and spun? (3) How dyed and woven? (4) Advantages of woollen clothing?

III. Silk: (1) Its source? (2) How cleaned, reeled and spun? (3) Used for what kinds of garments?

IV. Other materials for clothing: Linen, camel's hair, furs, chamois-skin, leather, etc.; their sources, manufacture and special uses?

For the Companion.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Come! For awhile put work away,
The very winds keep holiday.
Come! Let us breathe the eager air,
Above the world of cark and care,
Upon the mountain-top.

The rustling leaves the roadway spread
With puce and russet; gold o'erhead,
Orange and green glow in the sun,
Whose rays through clouds their way have won,
To touch the mountain-top.

The merry rushing stream doth flow,
Across the path as up we go.
In the wood plays at hide and seek,
Laughs to itself at each new freak,
Sings of the mountain-top.

And sudden through the twisted trees,
A blue and purple land one sees,
Misty and faint, as in a dream,
Through which there winds a silver stream,
We near the mountain-top.

And now at last we throw us down
Upon the rocky root-fast crown,
Which towers aloft 'mid shine and shade,
While at our feet the world seems laid,
Far 'neath the mountain-top.

A new world this of calm and peace,
Where hearts grow light and troubles cease,
And larger ways than ours we see:
A little nearer heaven are we,
High on the mountain-top!

W. HENRY WINSLOW.

For the Companion.

GIVE HEED.

A story is told of one of the "fighting Carters" of Virginia, who, in 1771, was a member of the House of Burgesses, when a fearful storm broke over the building.

The sudden darkness and terrible thunder appalled the delegates, who rushed to the door, many crying out that "the day of judgment had come."

"Put the question, Mr. Speaker," shouted the stern voice of John Carter. "Call the ayes and noes. If the last day has come, let the Judge find us attending to our business."

The grim old burgess understood, what so many of us never learn, that our every-day work is a religious duty.

We are apt to think that our church-going, Bible-reading and prayers are our only service to God, and that our daily work—whether it be drawing out briefs, shoeing horses, or washing dishes—necessarily belongs to the world and the world's life.

Some of the old Jews had a clearer idea of the truth. The "artificers in brass" and the "carvers of cedar" felt that they were doing a task set them by God, as truly as were the prophets when they spoke by inspiration.

A young girl who had lately become a member of the church exclaimed: "There is one command in the Bible which I cannot obey. 'Pray without ceasing.' I cannot spend my days idly in prayer; I have my work to do."

Her work was that of a shop-girl in a large establishment. If she had gone to it in the spirit of a child who has a task to do for a loving Father, Whose eye is upon her, she would have known that every word and act of the day, even its weariness and pain, were silent appeals for that Father's help and approval. In the highest sense it is true, *Laborare est orare*.

When the Saviour of mankind was revealed to the world, it is significant that He came not first to kings, or prophets, or even to holy men, praying for his appearing, but to shepherds watching their flocks, doing their work by night as by day.

There is one thing to be remembered, however: The daily work must be good, legitimate work, or it is certainly not that which God has given us to do.

Another truth to remember is that the shepherds, when they heard the story of the angels, left their flocks and "came with haste" to find the Saviour.

There will come times to each of us, in the midst of our daily drudgery, when some messenger sent by God will call us to draw closer to Him. It may be a strain of music, which "leads us to the edge of the Infinite and bids us look down upon that," or some wretched human brother who needs our love and help, or some moment of physical weakness, when life's burdens seem almost too great to bear, and we are tired and lonely and cry for rest that only God can give.

It is a messenger, calling us away from the work of money-getting, or from domestic duties, to our Master's side.

It is as certainly a divine summons as that which came to the shepherds, or to John and James when Jesus spoke to them as they were mending their nets.

"See, then, that ye disobey not the Heavenly call."

BONAPARTE'S PERSONAL ASCENDANCY.

Taine, in his "Modern Regime," ascribes the peculiarities of the French of to-day largely to the First Napoleon. He laughed at and stimulated their passion for equality. He took advantage of their little regard for liberty as understood by English-speaking peoples, and lessened it. He encouraged them in all their natural favor for centralization in government. Their craving for military glory, the theatrical airs of the nation and its public and literary men, the readiness with which the popular imagination responds to fantastic proposals for establishing French power in the Orient, all are Napoleonic.

The personal ascendancy of Bonaparte over the generation with which he came into contact and from which France inherits its present way of thinking, is shown by numerous anecdotes.

When Napoleon, at twenty-six years of age, was appointed as commander-in-chief of the army in Italy, Admiral Decrès, who had known him well in Paris, learned that he was to pass through Toulon. Decrès wrote long afterward:

"I at once proposed to my comrades to introduce them, venturing to do so on the ground of my previous acquaintance with him. Full of eagerness and joy we started off. The door opened and I was about to step forward, when the attitude, the look, and the tone of voice sufficed to arrest me. And yet there was nothing offensive about him. Still this was enough. I never tried after that to overstep the line thus imposed on me."

A few days later, at Albergo, certain Generals of Division, and among them Augereau, a vulgar, heroic old soldier, vain of his tall figure and his courage, arrived at headquarters not well disposed toward the little *parvenu* sent to them from Paris.

Recalling the description which had been given to them, Augereau was abusive and insubordinate beforehand, saying:

"One of Barras's favorites. The Vendémiaire guard! A street general! Never in action! Hasn't a friend! Looks like a bear because he always thinks for himself! He is said to be a mathematician and a dreamer. An insignificant figure!"

They enter, and Napoleon keeps them waiting. At last he appears with his sword and belt on, explains the disposition of the forces, gives them their orders and dismisses them. Augereau is thunderstruck. Only when he gets out of doors does he recover himself and fall back on his accustomed oaths. He agrees with Massena:

"That little fiend of a general frightened him!"

He cannot comprehend the ascendancy which overawes him at the first glance!

The fact that stern and proud men freely confessed that they could not understand the terrible personal magnetism of Bonaparte is not the least remarkable testimony to his force. They seem to have accepted him as so immeasurably superior to other mortals that there could be no shame in their mental prostration before him.

HISTORIC BELL.

One would hardly expect to find anywhere in this country, least of all in a New England mill, and still in daily use, a thing of human manufacture that is older than the oldest title of the English peerage; a thing that was made before the first English parliament was formed. But such a thing actually exists, and is in daily use in a factory in Saylesville, Rhode Island. It is a bell, and has an interesting history. Around the bell, about four inches from the crown, is this superscription: "Peter Secest, Amsterdam, Anno 1263, me fecit."

The date, together with other well-authenticated facts, lead to the belief that the bell was long used in a convent belfry in England, and was taken therefrom for public use during the Reformation. But the connecting link between its life in the Old World and its advent to America is the famous naval battle between the *Guerrière* and the *Constitution*.

The *Guerrière*, a helpless wreck, was rolling in the trough of the sea, while her brave but defeated commander, Captain Dacres of the Royal Navy, on the deck of the American frigate, the *Constitution*, was offering his sword to the gallant Captain Hull.

The two heroes had been friends in time of peace, having often exchanged hospitalities at the Mediterranean ports, and now Hull's magnanimity shone out.

"No, no, Dacres," he said, "I'll not take your sword. Keep it."

In the meanwhile the boats of the *Constitution* were busily engaged in transporting the crew of the defeated ship to the deck of the victor. A midshipman reported to the first lieutenant that the ship's bell had been carried away by a grape-shot from the *Guerrière*, and that there was no way of announcing the time to the ship's company.

At that moment the *Guerrière* gave a succession of heavy plunges, and the clear tones of a fine bell rang out over the water.

"There you have it," Lieutenant Wadsworth said to the midshipman. "Go get the Englishman's bell; there will be no further use for it on board that craft."

The *Guerrière* surrendered at seven o'clock in the evening of the Nineteenth of August, 1812, and at eight o'clock that same evening Peter Secest's bell, in sonorous tones, rang out the hour on board "Old Ironsides."

It was immediately pronounced a success, and a decided improvement over its predecessor, and at once became a great favorite with the ship's company.

With the lapse of time, the bell, amid the confusion and debris common to a great navy-yard, became misplaced, lost its identity, and was thrust carelessly to one side. It found its way to the scrap heap; was afterwards sold by the United States authorities, and finally came to rest in its present quarters.

STEALING LION CUBS.

The lioness does not leave her cubs, even for a moment, until they are three months old and have finished teething. Gérard, the famous French lion-killer, says in his "Adventures," that teething is an important crisis in the life of the lion cubs, and that a large number of the young die during that period.

When the cubs have finished teething, the lioness leaves them a few hours each day, and on her return brings mutton, carefully skinned and torn in small pieces.

The Arabs, on discovering a litter of cubs, watch for the departure of the lioness, and then rob her of the whelps. They post themselves on a high cliff, or in a tree overlooking the lair.

As soon as they see the lioness go down to the plain, and are sure that the lion is not near, they creep to the lair, wrap the cubs in the fold of their burnoose in order to smother their cries, and carry them to the edge of the woods, where men are waiting with horses.

One day sixty Arabs surrounded the woods where there was a lair, and by shouts tried to rouse the lioness. She, however, remained in her hiding-place. Several Arabs then crept into the thicket and brought out the whelps.

The Arabs, pleased at their success, were retiring to their tents, thinking they had nothing more to fear. Suddenly the sheik, who was on horseback, and a little behind his men, saw the lioness rushing out of the woods directly at him.

He called, and his nephew, Mecaoud, and his friend, Ali, ran to his aid. The lioness sprung at the young nephew, who, facing her with his gun at his shoulder, pulled the trigger when she came within six or seven feet. The cap only exploded. The youth threw the gun away, and presented his left arm wrapped in his burnoose.

The lion seized the arm, and began crushing the bones. The young man, without a cry, drew his pistol and fired in her breast. She dropped the arm and bounded on Ali, who fired a ball down her throat as she sprang at him. He was seized by the shoulder and thrown down, but the lioness, before she could injure him greatly, expired on his prostrate body. The nephew died the next day.

For the Companion.

DUTY.

How gladly for a good, great cause
We struggle, shoulder set to shoulder!
How restlessly, when One withdraws
Our weapons, leaves us no beholder,
We bear the inactive pause!

"Lord of the Fight," we cry, "we miss
The cheery comrades, tried and trusted;
We share the coward straggler's hiss;—
We may not, swordless, armor rusted,
Partake the battle's bliss!

"Post us," we pray, "where we may lead,—
Not wait in sullen silence bidden;
Give us to serve some pressing need;
Until, the enemy o'erridden,
Thou shalt be King indeed!"

Yet no man's place is fixed by chance
On open field, in lonely thicket:
The issue of deliverance
May rest with that unnoticed picket
Who sees the foe advance!

WALTER L. SAWYER.

HE WOULD DO.

Merchants, of all men, appreciate qualities which bring success,—tact, energy, courage, industry, quickness, and a readiness in suiting means to ends. An exchange prints a story, which may be new or old, truth or fiction, but which is not incredible in itself, while it illustrates in a striking way the spirit and method of a born man of business. A country boy went to New York, with no friends and little money, determined to make his way in the world. In the course of his looking about he wandered into "lower Wall Street," and walked into the store of W—— & Co. Mr. W—— was busy and the boy waited. At last the frank, bright face of the stranger attracted the merchant's attention.

"Well, my boy," said he. "What can I do for you?"

"I want a place, sir."

"What can you do?"

The boy answered, eagerly:

"'Most anything, sir."

Partly in joke, perhaps, and partly to rid himself of an almost too confident applicant, Mr. W—— said:

"Ah, ah! Well, just go out and borrow me a couple of thousand dollars."

The lad put on his hat, walked out of the store, and passed slowly down Front Street till he came to another large store in the same line of business. This firm was probably well acquainted with W—— & Co., the boy said to himself, and with a bold but honest look he walked in and accosted the man who seemed to be the head of the concern.

"Mr. W——, of W—— & Co., sent me down to borrow two thousand dollars," said he.

"He did, my son? How is business up at your place?"

The boy, who had seen an appearance of large shipments, answered promptly:

"Very good, sir."

"Two thousand, did you say? Will that be enough?"

"Well, two thousand is all he told me, but if you have plenty I think he would like it if you sent him three thousand."

"Give this boy a check for three thousand dollars in favor of W—— & Co.," said the man to his cashier.

A few minutes later the boy walked into Mr. W——'s office and handed him the check.

"Here it is, sir," said he, with an air of having done an errand in the ordinary course of business.

Mr. W—— looked at the check and then at the boy.

"Young man," said he, "come in here; you are just the man I have been looking for;" and he gave him a desk and set him to work.

WARM ENOUGH.

Generally speaking, practical jokes are to be avoided, as they are commonly more productive of harm than of amusement. But occasionally there is one so spontaneous and appropriate as to be quite pardonable. Two young men were roommates at Harvard. They were not only roommates, but fast friends, and shared their joys and sorrows as well as their apartments; but neither was averse to a wholesome laugh, either at his own or at the other's expense. They had two rooms—a commodious study, and a small bedroom, large enough, however, for each to have his own separate bed.

It happened one particularly cold night last winter that both the young men had passed the evening out. About eleven o'clock the first one reached his room; he had ridden out from Boston in a slow car, and was very cold. The fire in the grate was low; and the bedroom, which had been left with door closed and window open, was exceedingly cold; but the student was resolved to make the best of the situation.

First spreading his ulster over his bed, he went to the closet and helped himself to all the coats he found there; and putting these over the ulster, he crawled under the pile, and was soon as snug and comfortable as a cat under a stove.

He had just got well asleep when in came his chum, half-frozen.

"Well," he said, "Jack's got his whole wardrobe over him. It's a good idea; I'll do it myself." But on going to the closet he found that all his clothes had already been appropriated. He stopped a moment to think the situation over, and then exclaimed, "Well, Jack, old man, if you're as cold as that, I'll see what I can do to make the night comfortable for you."

This he proceeded to do. First he spread several newspapers on the pile of clothes that covered the contented sleeper; on these he laid three large rugs that he took from the floor; over these he distributed several cushions taken from different chairs; and over all he placed a pair of portières taken down specially for that purpose. On top of these he folded and spread a heavy tennis net, using the cords to tie the whole huge pile in place. Then tossing his ulster over his own bed, he got in and chuckled himself to sleep.

Jack in the meantime slept on, unconscious of the great burden he bore; but in the morning, when with great effort he got his eyes open and took in the situation, he slowly said:

"Well, I'm glad it's only clothes; I've been trying all night long to burrow out from under the Rocky Mountains."

SWIMMING A HORSE.

Pictures are often seen representing horsemen sitting bolt upright in their saddles while swimming their horses across a stream, the whole line of the horses' backs being visible above the water. The artists who make these pictures can hardly have ridden a horse while the animal was swimming, or seen the thing done. A French cavalry officer, in a military journal of Paris, the *Revue du Cercle Militaire*, gives this account of the way a horse should not be ridden, and of the way he should be ridden, in swimming a stream:

To begin with, it must not be supposed that a horse always swims naturally, and with ease, the moment he is off his feet in the water. The animal under such circumstances has but one notion; to keep his head out of the water, and to lift his shoulders as high as possible.

In doing this, his hind-quarters sink, and he finds himself almost standing upon his tail, or at least in a position three-quarters erect.

In such a position, if the rider draws upon the reins, or throws his body back in the least, the animal's hind quarters will sink more and more, his body will take a vertical position, and beating the water uselessly with his forefeet, he will finally sink.

As soon as the horse gets off his feet in the water, let the rider grasp a handful of the animal's mane, leaning at the same time well forward upon his shoulders, but without touching the horse's head. The rider's knees should be pressed tightly to the horse's sides; otherwise he is likely to be swept off by the water.

This is the only position which will enable a man to remain in the saddle, and the horse to swim at the same time.

The reins must be held loosely, and each well to one side. If the horse is to be guided in the water, give the loose rein a little jerk in the direction desired. But it is in the highest degree important never to pull on the reins.

SOUND ADVICE.

Kate Sanborn has written an entertaining book on the troubles and delights resulting from "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," and therein is described her liking for country auctions, and the chase they often led her. Her neighbors' comments were not always palatable, and yet no doubt proved good for the soul. She says:

One day, I heard some remarks on myself after I had bid on a rag-carpet, and offered more than any other woman knew it was worth.

"She's got a million, I hear," whispered one.

"Wanter know! Merried?"

"No, just an old maid."

"Judas Priest! How'd she git it?"

"Writin', I s'pose. She writes stories and sich for city papers."

But the candid advice of a farm laborer was even more to the point.

"I hear ye patronize auctions pretty reg'lar," said he. "Sometimes there's a good deal to be made that way, and then agin there isn't. Now, I knew a man that bought an old hat and a sight of other stuff; jest threw in the hat, and when he got home, and came to examine it, ef there wasn't three hunderd dollars, in good bills, chucked in under the sweater!

"You ought to git over to Mason's auction to Milldon, sure. It's day after to-morrow, at nine sharp. You see, he'd a fortune left him, but he run straight through it buyin' the awfulest things you ever heerd tell on; calves with six legs; all sorts o' curious fowl, and every outlandish critter he could lay his hands on.

"'T stands to reason he couldn't run that rig many years. Your goin's on here made me think o' Mason. He cut a wide swath for a time. Ef I'se you, I'd go over, just to take warning and hold up in time!"

A BULLET'S FREAK.

A few years ago there was in portions of the new West much lawlessness of one kind and another, checked only by an occasional piece of individual retribution, or by an outburst of vigilance-committee work. A curious shooting affair, which occurred in Medora, North Dakota, is thus described by Mr. Roosevelt:

I did not see the actual occurrence, but I saw both men immediately afterward, and I heard the shooting, which took place in a saloon on the bank, while I was swimming my horse across the river. I will not give the full names of the two contestants, as I am not certain what has become of them; though I was told that they had since been put in jail or hanged, I forget which.

One of them was a saloon-keeper, familiarly called Welshy. The other man, Hay, had been bickering with him for some time. One day Hay entered the saloon, and the quarrel became at once violent. Welshy suddenly whipped out his revolver and blazed away at Hay.

Hay staggered slightly, shook himself, stretched out his hand, and gave back to his would-be slayer the ball, saying, "Here, man, here's the bullet!"

It had glanced along his breast-bone, gone a roundabout course, and come out at the point of the shoulder, when, being spent, it dropped down the sleeve into his hand.

CAREFULLY ADDRESSED.

It is always well to be careful in the matter of addresses, but that there is such a thing as being overparticular is shown by the letter which was sent not long since to the cook of a gentleman living at Newton, Massachusetts.

The cousin of the cook, who had been but a short time in this country, came to visit her, and on going away, promised to write soon. He evidently looked about him carefully in order that he might fix in his mind the location of the house where she was living, for in due time arrived a letter addressed to:

MISS HANNAH REARDON,
At Mr. M——'s,
Private Way,
Dangerous Passing,
NEWTON, MASS.

The letter was duly delivered.

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For the Companion.

MRS. CHING-LING'S MAID.

(A Sequel to An Afternoon Call.)

WE had arranged that Mrs. Ching-Ling's maid should bring the children to see me some day.

The maid had hesitated at first, saying as she was the cook it was not her place to take the children out. At last, however, she consented to bring three of them.

The hour for the visit came. I had lemonade and cake on my tea-table and was all ready when the knock sounded at the door.

There stood the maid and the three children—the oldest Miss Ching-Ling, a little boy called Jimmy and the baby.

I was rather sorry the baby had been brought because, being very young and small, it kept getting lost.

However, I welcomed them all heartily and asked them in.

The maid looked very nice in her cap and apron, but the children—well—the less said about the children the better.

I gave Jimmy a little cotton shawl to cover his bare shoulders. I tried not to see Miss Ching-Ling's knees sticking through the holes in her poor old skirt.

"How is your mamma, my dear?" I asked this young lady after she was seated.

"She's no better," answered the maid, in her usual way, laying the baby on the tea-table.

"That is hardly the place for a child," I said, as I took it up and held the poor thing while I passed the cake and lemonade.

Miss Ching-Ling and Jimmy refused to taste anything. I never saw such bashful children. All my urging had no effect.

"They always act like that," said the maid, with her mouth full of cake. She had two large slices in her lap and was drinking her third glass of lemonade.

"Poor little souls," I said. "Perhaps if you would induce their mother to make some clothes for them they would not be so shy and silent. I don't wonder they look ashamed."

"Oh, what's the use?" said the maid, indifferently. Now that the cake was all eaten the maid seemed rather restless and tired, I thought.

Just then I lost the baby. I was much alarmed because I was afraid I should tread on it, so I began to hunt anxiously under the tables and chairs, calling on the children to help; but they never stirred from their seats, and the maid was looking at something she had taken from her pocket and did not seem to hear.

I found the baby at last (it was under the sofa), and had turned back to my guests when I saw a strange sight. *The maid was spinning a top.*

So delighted was she with this toy she did not appear to care for anything else, and was dancing up and down, her cap awry and her apron flying in the air.

"Don't stop it; don't stop it!" she cried out, wildly, as I approached. "It's going to hum!"

"It seems to me," I said, as soon as I had caught my breath, "that this is very strange conduct for a nursemaid."

The maid really did blush a little.

"I only bought it this morning, mamma," she explained. "I couldn't help spinning it. Oh, it's humming! Do hear it!"



I drew myself up stiffly. "I think you had better go now," I said.

The maid looked very confused.

"Perhaps I had," she said, meekly, picking up the top and putting it in her pocket.

"And the children? Do you mean to leave them behind?" I asked, as she went slowly out of the room.

"Oh, I forgot," faltered she, coming back.

"Yes," I said, looking down into that maid's blue eyes and quoting his own words. "'I did my part all right, but you forgot, you know you —'"

But the maid was holding me tight round the neck and kissing all my words away.

For the Companion.

GRANDMA'S ADVICE.

Is there a cross word that tries to be said?
Don't let it, my dear, don't let it!
Just speak two pleasant ones, quick, instead,
And that will make you forget it.

For the Companion.

RUSSELL'S GRAMMAR.

Russell is three years old, and his elder sister, Bessie, is trying to teach him grammar. Bessie herself speaks correctly, and she does not like to have Russell make so many mistakes. But she does not think her little brother is a very apt scholar.

"I singed my song to Mrs. Hooker, last night," said Russell. "and —"

"You should say 'I sung,' not 'I singed,'" interrupted Bessie.

"Yes," said Russell, hurriedly, "I sung it, and she thinked it was nice."

"O Russell!" cried his sister, with a little frown, "you must not say 'thinked'—there is no such word! You should have said, 'She thought it was nice.'"

"She did not say so, anyway," said Russell, stoutly. "She said, 'I think that's very nice,'—'cause I 'member, now!"

"Oh, dear," laughed Bessie, "can't I ever teach you the difference between the present and past tenses?"

"No, I don't guess you can," said Russell, wearily.

The next Sunday, Russell went to Sunday school.

"Did your teacher give you any candy to-day?" asked Bessie on his return home, for the little boy was often the recipient of such sweets.

"Oh, yes," said Russell, brightly, "and I'd have brunged you one if I'd have thunked of it!"

"I DO love to see children," said a sweet little woman, five years old. "They look so tind o' fresh and new!"



"You forgot —"

For the Companion.

TO THE CHILDREN.

If it drizzles and pours
Is that any reason
The weather indoors
Should be dull, like the season?
There's something makes bright
The cloudiest places.
Can you guess? 'Tis the light
Of the smiles on your faces.

A. M. P.

For the Companion.

COWS.

Good-evening, Mr. Smith. Here's the milk-pail. It's very good of you to come over and milk while papa's away.

Do you mind if I go with you? I generally go with papa when he milks, and so does Angelina.

This is Angelina, Mr. Smith. She was a lovely dolly last Christmas. But she's very careless, and so she gets a great many bumps, and I do think she's nearly ruined her nose. And I wish I knew what she's done with her other hand.

Well, here's the bossy-cow. Isn't she a nice old bossy, Mr. Smith?

Brother said the other day that she "had an intelleck far above other cattle."

I asked him what was an intelleck, and he said he meant she was long-headed.

But I told mamma I didn't think her head was very long for a cow. And mamma said brother meant she had very good thinkers.

Now I never s'posed a cow had any thinkers, did you? For if she did she'd talk, wouldn't she?

Oh, there comes the puss-cat, wanting a drink, I s'pose. Go 'way, you little black thing. Don't trouble me when I am telling Mr. Smith all about the cows. What do you know about a cow?

Have you got a cow, Mr. Smith? Oh, haven't you? Well, cows are a good deal of bother, anyway.

Sometimes they'll shake their heads at you, and they'll chew up a dolly in no time if they get a chance.

I just barely saved Angelina the other day. But new milk is nice to drink, you know, and I do love cream. And mamma makes lots and lots of butter.

I tell you, Mr. Smith, if you had a cow just like our cow, those two cows couldn't be beat for making butter!



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

PUZZLE.

Woods are glowing with the hints
Of my presence in their tints.
In each gorgeous *scarlet* splash,
In the *purple* of the ash,
In *bittersweet* a sign behold,
In the *chestnuts* crowned with gold,
In *maples* dressed in gay disguise,
In *woodbines* red as sunset skies.

2.

PECULIAR DIAGONALS.

* * * * 1 * * * *
* * * 2 * 10 * * *
* * 3 * * * 11 * *
* 4 * * * * * 12 *
5 * * * * * * * 13
* 6 * * * * * 14 *
* * 7 * * * 15 * *
* * * 8 * 16 * * *
* * * * 9 * * * *

Cross-Words.

1. In *architecture*, a structure in the form of a canopy, supported by columns and often used as a covering for insulated altars.
2. Those who play on certain musical instruments, used chiefly in Scotland and Ireland.
3. In *botany*, turbinate, *i. e.*, inversely conical, with a contraction towards the point.
4. A defamer.
5. Building.
6. The state of a superior or governor of a monastery.
7. One who foretells.
8. Veneration.
9. Determinations.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. A name given to certain parties in the country, which take place in autumn.

1, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 9. Something which usually accompanies the same kind of parties.

FRANK SNELLING.

3.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

1. Lamented.
2. Pushed down with force.
3. To imbue the mind.
4. To expel from a church.
5. That branch of mechanical philosophy which treats of bodies in motion.
6. Rejecting with contempt.
7. Those who convert cast iron into wrought iron by a certain process.
8. Guards.
9. Deeply impressed.
10. Declares solemnly.
11. Concurring.
12. Tables, or benches, on which meat and other things are prepared for use.

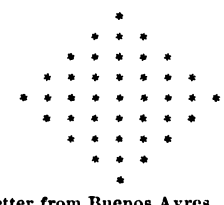
The fourth row of letters will spell the name of some places, most beautiful in the month of October.

The fifth row of letters will spell the name of some articles found in abundance in October.

C. D.

4.

A DIAMOND.



1. A letter from Buenos Ayres.
2. A certain point in the world's history.
3. Passionate.
4. Something all like to receive.
5. The name of a distinguished living American poet, born 1837.
6. Very lean.
7. In order of battle.
8. To have made way with.
9. A vowel.

5.

CHARADE.

My *first* is one of the human race;
Grain for the farmer my *second* sows;
My *whole's* a baboon with curious face,—
Red and blue cheeks, and a bright red nose.

Conundrums.

Which is the lightest city in the world? Cork.

Which is the most peaceful city in America? Concord.

When should a lady be apt to find an article of wearing apparel at her door? When there is a rap (wrap) there.

Which is the most famous march ever made? Middlemarch.

What dance is enjoyed by everybody who is able to indulge in it? Abundance.

What is the largest horn in the world? Cape Horn.

When are ball-players like water-jugs? When they are pitchers.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. 1st line, but's; 2d line, nuts; 3d line, learn; 4th line, turn; 5th line, yore; 6th line, more; 7th line, old; 8th line, told; 9th line, September fourteen; 10th line, mean; 11th line, nuts; 12th line, abuts; 13th line, part; 14th line, apart; 15th line, them; 18th line, old; 20th line, bless; 21st line, say; 22d line, Holyrood day.

2. 1. Mass, age—massage. 2. Graves, end—gravesend. 3. Whist, ling—whistling. 4. Man, goose—mangoose. 5. Flap, jack—flapjack. 6. Poles, tar—pole-star.

3. Chicamagua—Michaelmas.

4. Phil, Adelphi, Al, Philadelphia.

5. A scent. A cent. Cents (sense). Ascent.

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THE ANCIENT RHINOCEROS.

It is very interesting to look at the pictures of the world in the long past ages that geology presents to our imagination. We see that there was a time when even the polar regions must have bloomed with many of the splendid and varied forms of life that now adorn the tropics.

The fossil remains of these ancient forms preserved in the bosom of the rocks carry us back perhaps millions of years in the earth's history, and show clearly what wonderful revolutions the surface of the globe has undergone since the first plants and the first animals appeared upon it.

Who would think of meeting a rhinoceros nowadays on the prairies of northwestern Canada, unless, perchance, a travelling menagerie should pass that way?

Yet at one time, as recent discoveries prove, a creature closely resembling the rhinoceros of India and Africa dwelt in that now comparatively cold, snowy and barren region.

Remains of these extinct ancestors of an animal that in our day thrives only in the tangled tropical forests and under the hot equatorial sun have been found buried in the Canadian rocks, where now the cold blasts of winter blow over treeless plains and sweep the flanks of ice-encrusted mountains.

The rhinoceros of that remote age was no less formidable a beast than its descendants, for the skull of one of the skeletons discovered is three feet long, while some of its teeth are four inches across.

The fossil remains of many other forms of animals have lately been found there, including extinct species of the horse, the deer and the turtle.

In some far-away time perpetual summer must have reigned in regions where ice and snow now prevail for a large part of the year, or else animals that to-day love only the sun must have been inured to a more rigorous climate.

Geology has evidently only just begun to unfold the wondrous story of the world's history.

VALUABLE VOICE.

There are heights to be reached in every profession, and it is not to be wondered at if those of his own profession are considered superior to those of any other by the enthusiastic artist. Martin, the popular French singer, found food for reflection in an experience which he had with a cab-driver. The incident is related by the author of "Souvenirs d'un Chanteur."

Martin had a voice of great compass and most agreeable sound, of which he was decidedly proud. He had a weakness for drawing out compliments upon it.

One day, as he was being driven through the streets of Paris in a cab, he saw some one passing carelessly in front of the cab, and in danger of being run over.

"Whoa!" he cried, in his most sonorous tones. The coachman turned around excitedly.

"O Monsieur!" he cried, "what a beautiful 'whoa!' Ah, if I only had a voice like that!"

"Well, what would you do if you had?" asked Martin, with a smile, believing that he had been recognized, and pleased at the idea that his reputation extended even to the drivers in the streets.

"What would I do, Monsieur? Faith, I should become the first coachman in Paris!"

SUPERSENSITIVENESS.

A person who has not done anything to distinguish himself is generally not allowed queer habits. Eccentricity is not for common people. But for Washington Allston, one of America's most noted painters, all things were right. His excessive sensitiveness was shown in many ways.

When India-rubber overshoes began to be worn, he was induced to purchase a pair for his health's sake, but he could never put them on or remove them except with a pair of tongs.

But that same delicate sensitiveness showed itself in another way. His scrupulous conscience was illustrated by an incident occurring in 1816, when he was in urgent need of money.

He had just found a purchaser for one of his pictures, but thinking the matter over alone in the evening, he concluded that the subject of the painting was such that at some time it might have an immoral effect on some perverted imagination.

He immediately went to his patron's house, paid back the money, took the picture home and burnt it.

This was sensitiveness worth having.

THAT FLOWERY THEOLOGUE.

One must resort to description when a name is to be spoken that has slipped entirely out of mind. The *Northern Christian Advocate* says:

A certain young theologue went down from Princeton to Philadelphia to preach. He was one of those extremely flowery writers who dazzle rhetorically the tender souls of the younger members of the congregation, and the elders of the church were besieged to have him down again. They at length consented, but alas! they had forgotten his name. So they wrote to one of the seminary professors, saying: "Please send us that floweret, streamlet, rivulet, starlight man to preach for us next Sabbath. We have forgotten his name, but we have no doubt you will be able to recognize him."

He was recognized. He was sent. He became pastor of the church.

DOUBTFUL MERCIES.

The editor of a college paper says that a famous college president, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year.

"It is," he said in conclusion, "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that this year opens with the largest freshman class in its history."

And then, without any pause, he turned to the lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder:

"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

It is easy to tell when a man is flattering your neighbor, but it isn't so easy to decide when he is flattering you.—*Somerville Journal.*

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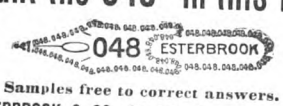


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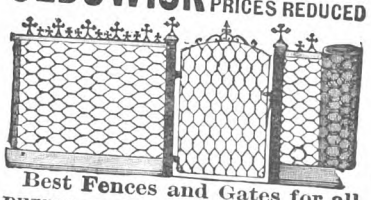


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CHRISTIAN AND JEW.

Good men, honest in their own belief and tolerant of those of others, can usually find some ground of sympathy. Alexander Somerville, a missionary in the East, one day at Gibraltar had a long conversation with a Jew on the subject of Scriptural traditions. Of course, neither could comprehend the other's point of view, but that this was no bar to mutual respect, was proved by their manner of parting. Says the missionary:

We were standing in the open street. My friend was a firmly built man, with broad shoulders, and had bushy brown whiskers encircling his honest face. He was possessed of very long and strong arms; raising them so that they almost assumed a threatening aspect, he all at once threw them round my neck, drew me towards him, pressed me to his breast, and kissed me on both cheeks.

Certainly this appeared to me, a Scotsman, and quite unaccustomed to such demonstrations, the most extraordinary termination to an argument.

A week elapsed, and the day arrived for sailing to Malaga. I was at an early hour on my way to the harbor, and just at the spot where I had previously met him, I came upon my Jewish friend. We exchanged a friendly greeting.

"Good-by," said I. "I'm bound for Malaga."

I was not going to allow a Christian to be outdone by a Jew, so, grasping him firmly by the hand, I drew him toward me, and throwing my arms round his neck, pressed him to my heart, and kissed him on both cheeks, just as he had done to me.

I have often thought since, that if we, Christians and Jews, could in our intercourse with each other proceed a little more on this system, we should probably be able to understand one another better, and more readily find our way to one another's hearts than is often the case.

MUST BE TRUE.

One of the superstitions of uneducated people is that whatever is printed in a newspaper must be received as true. The superstition begets both humorous and serious thoughts when one reflects that thousands learn only from the public press, and trust it as the savage trusts the medicine-man. An English book, "Wild Life on a Tidal Wave," describes a conversation in a Yarmouth bar-room which amusingly illustrates this superstition.

The amphibious water-side population were exchanging ideas and drinks, and among them a plethoric boatwright and a stout sailor.

"I tell you thet it's no use thet one man one wote business," said the boatwright, emphatically.

"No use, matey? Why not? Fares to me every man has a right to have a woice in the fittin' of the wessel; it's just like a wessel arter all, for none need to go to sea in a wessel if she fare badly found. But 'taint so with this here wotin'; one's got to sign the articles no matter what skipper sails her," retorted the sailor, decisively.

"I tell you it's all nonsense," said the boatwright. "Brains is the thing."

"Ay, to run the wessel, yes, I believe in thet er. Some one must be master," answered the mariner; "but what I say is —"

"Didn't I tell you it was in the peaper, thet it's no good this uniwersal sufferage?"

That floored the sailor, and he answered, humbly: "Well, we all know ef thet's printed in the peaper thet's sure tew be right."

"Then shut up!" said the boatwright, fearing that a third person might appear on the scene and weaken his argument.

MR. GIGADAB.

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith," said Doctor Holmes of one of his well-known classmates. Fate made one man too conspicuous, it seems, by such a name—and the owner had to invent a worse one to protect himself.

There is a quaint old man in Manchester, England, who goes by the unique name of Gagadig Gigadab. His original name, so the story goes, was John Smith, but many years ago he began to brood over the possibilities of mistaken identity involved in such a common name.

The name figured frequently in the criminal records, and he became abnormally apprehensive lest he might be confused with some of these bad John Smiths.

At last what he feared so much actually happened. One morning the papers recorded the capture of an accountant in a bank for embezzlement, and through some blunder of the reporter the identity of the embezzler was confused with the subject of this paragraph, who was also a bank accountant.

Then and there he determined to assume a name like unto no other ever borne by mortal man. And in Gagadig Gigadab most people will agree that he has done so.

WHOLESALE PUNISHMENT.

It is doubtful if the most strenuous opponent of corporal punishment would feel that the chastisement meditated by Brer Tompkins, the father of thirteen children, was severe enough to do any harm.

He was seen one afternoon by his pastor, with a long fishing-rod in his hand, wending his way homeward from a neighbor's.

"What!" ejaculated the minister, in great surprise. "Is you go'n' fishin' at yo' age, Mr. Tompkins? I'm really s'prised!"

"No, I yaint gwine fishin', sah," protested Mr. Tompkins. "I know 'twouldn't be seemly, sah; but yo' sarmon las' Sunday mawnin' on sparin' de rod med sech a 'pression on me, sah, dat I done borrer dis rod ob Mr. Willis, an' I'se gwine t' stan' mah whole thuteen chillen in a row, sah, and jes' mek one good job ob hit, so's dey won't spile; an' I ken return de rod wid a clar conscience, sah!"

PERCHANCE.

A would-be literary woman, whose enthusiasm for Lord Byron's poetical works has led her to name her two boys Harold and Manfred, recently bought a little dog to which she gave the name "Perchance."

Replying to a visitor's comment upon the singular name of the animal she said, knowingly.

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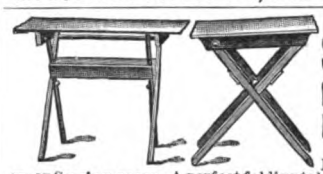


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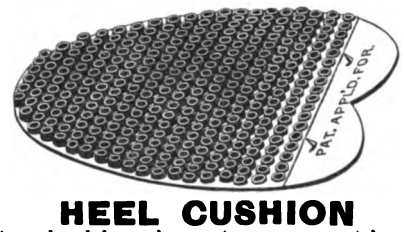
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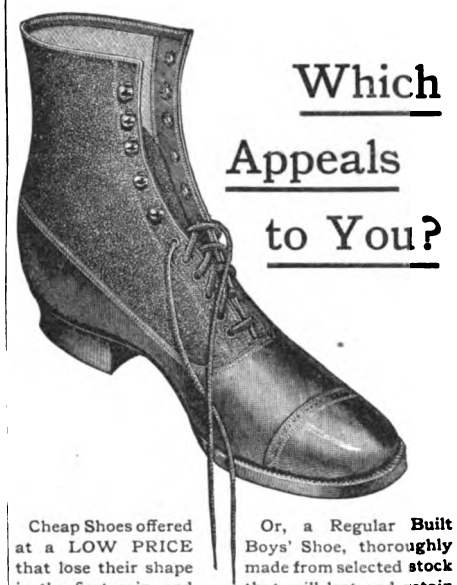
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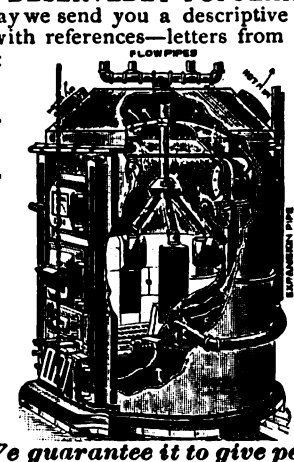


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For the Companion.

PINK-EYE.

Pink-eye in human beings has no connection with pink-eye in horses. Pink-eye in horses is a grave and contagious disease of the lungs and air-passages. The congestion of the eyes is but one of the symptoms.

In the case of human beings the eye presents essentially the same appearance, but is the sole seat of the disease. As it is the conjunctiva—the mucous membrane that covers the ball and lines the lids—which is inflamed, the disease is a form of conjunctivitis.

There are three forms of conjunctivitis, not counting one which is confined to infants. One of these forms is exceedingly contagious and very dangerous to vision. Another may result from a simple cold, or a foreign particle beneath the lid.

Pink-eye, the third form, comes between the other two. It may be due to a neglect of the simple form, or to contagion from a similar case, for the disease, if neglected, soon becomes contagious.

The color of the eye-ball may be either pink or red. The inflammation rarely extends to the cornea—the transparent covering over the pupil and iris—though minute blisters may form around it. But it may extend to the mucous membrane of the lids, which is but an extension of that which covers the ball.

The edges of the lids also become covered with a yellowish secretion that sticks the lashes together, while the lids often require in the morning a long soaking before the eye can be opened. The affection, however, does not extend to the inner portion of the globe. If vision is interfered with, it is mainly from a film of dried mucus, which gathers on the cornea. The ailment, beginning in one eye, is apt to be carried to the other by infection.

The disease begins with watering of the eyes and a burning sensation. In severe cases there is a copious running of the nose and often intense pain in the brow and around the eye. There may be also some fever and sleeplessness. In most cases the patient recovers in five or six weeks, though the effects may last two or three months. Even when blisters form around the cornea, they disappear of themselves.

The patient will get well without treatment if he has good hygienic surroundings and is careful as to personal cleanliness. Still, a rational and mild treatment will greatly facilitate recovery.

Infected children should sleep apart from others, and use different towels, bowls and baths. Nor should they attend school until all severe catarrhal symptoms have passed away.

For the Companion.

DUST IN SPACE.

Some of the oldest records of human history contain accounts of the fall of great stones from the sky. Until the opening of the present century it was generally believed by men of science that the ancients only imagined that they had seen rocks fall out of the heavens.

Modern science, however, has verified the truth of the ancient records, and we now know not only that stones and metallic masses, called aërolites or meteorites, do come tumbling down out of space, but that a fine dust, called cosmic dust, is continually sifting down through the atmosphere.

It is like the smoke and dust of a journey, for the earth is really journeying, along with the sun, toward the northern part of the universe, and as it goes it draws in with its attraction the refuse particles that apparently exist throughout space.

But while there can be no doubt of the existence of this silent rain of minute matter upon the earth, the difficulty has been to recognize it after it reaches the ground. Of late years, however, it has been found mingled in the ooze dredged up from the sea-bottom, and a few years ago when Baron Nordenskjöld visited Greenland he gathered a quantity of dust particles from the great snow-fields there, which were believed to have come from the sky.

This conclusion was afterwards disputed, but lately a new analysis has been made, which seems to show decisively that a large part of the material really is cosmic dust. A computation based upon the amount found on the Greenland moors indicates that the earth must gather in, over the whole of its surface, at least one hundred and thirty-two thousand tons of the dust of space every year!

TIMELY INVOCATION.

A maiden lady, who lives alone except for her servants, owns a fine parrot which her nephew brought back from a visit to South America. The bird was sent to a professional trainer to be taught to speak, but when it was returned it obstinately refused to utter a word, and its mistress decided that the teaching had been a failure. Polly's cage hung in a dressing-room which adjoined its mistress's chamber, and at night the door between the two rooms was left open.

One night a burglar got into the house, and after packing up the silver below stairs, crept stealthily up to the chamber of the lady, where he proceeded to gather together her jewelry. He had got most of her valuables into a hand-bag without awakening her, when suddenly an unearthly voice from the next room called out loud enough to arouse the seven sleepers:

"God bless our home! God bless our home!"

The burglar was so startled that he dropped his dark lantern, and then, in trying to recover it, stumbled over a chair and pitched headlong to the floor. The lady, suddenly awakened, screamed at the top of her voice, and the thief, now thoroughly demoralized, took a flying leap for the stairway outside the door of the chamber. He slipped, fell, and broke his leg, so that he was easily captured by the butler and coachman, who had come to the rescue of their mistress.

All this time the parrot had continued to cry at the top of its lungs:

"God bless our home! God bless our home!"

Polly evidently felt that the time for talking had come, and under the circumstances her mistress could not well get out of patience with her, although she screamed this one sentence for the rest of the night. Having begun to talk, indeed, she continued to chatter for the rest of her life, and was looked upon as a remarkably accomplished parrot.

WHAT THEY PLAYED.

There lives in Boston a lady whose faith is firmly placed in the mind-cure, and who is endeavoring to get her children safely through the illnesses and aches of childhood by its means. If little Margaret tumbles on her face, or if she has the stomach-ache, she is told that there is nothing the matter with her, and that the pain is imaginary.

She is flatly disputed whenever she says that she is ill, and assured that there is no such thing as illness save in the fancy, and it is not to be wondered at that the child finds this rather cold comfort when she is not feeling well.

Margaret's favorite playmate is little Elsie, but one day Elsie remarked to her mother with a sigh:

"I don't have much fun playing with Margaret, mamma."

"Indeed, Elsie," her mother responded. "Why not?"

"Because, mamma, she never wants to play at anything but being sick. She says her mother will never let her be sick at home, and so she wants to play it all the time when she is here."

ADVENTURE WITH A FISH.

A correspondent of the Ballymena *Advertiser*, writing from Sierra Leone, West Africa, reports a singular incident which occurred in that harbor. One of the boats moored off the public wharf was seen suddenly to start off up the river as if it were carried by the tide.

Some persons who witnessed the affair pursued the runaway, and on getting up to it found that it was being drawn along by a monster fish, known locally as a "sea-grapple." This is really a huge octopus, and for some time the occupants of the pursuing boat were afraid to board the other craft; but finally it was captured and towed back.

It is nothing unusual for such fish to visit the Sierra Leone harbor, it appears, and this is not the first time that they have made off with one of the boats moored there. Some of the fish are said to be of great size, the body alone measuring from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and the legs being proportionately long.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Every schoolboy who studies Latin learns the old motto, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" (Sweet and honorable it is to die for one's country). The Prussian cavalry officer of whom the following story is told, did not intend to be cheated out of a share of the glory of such a death.

It was after the battle of Gravelotte, the bloodiest fight of the Franco-German War of 1870. The cavalry officer, badly wounded himself, was greatly annoyed by the cries of some wounded soldiers lying near him.

At last, being unable longer to control himself, he testily called out:

"Stop your howling over there! Do you think you're the only ones killed in this fight?"

ILL-TIMED MIRTH.

There are times when persons with less than half of Doctor Holmes's brightness would do well to imitate his cautious resolve against ever being too funny.

A gentleman who had come home to his supper in a badly overheated condition swallowed a spoonful of red-hot tea, according to the Rochester *Talisman*. As men will, under such circumstances, he cast the blame upon his wife.

"My dear," he said, "this tea is so hot it has taken the coat off my stomach!"

"Oh, well," said she, with cruel wit, "what do you want of a coat on your stomach this hot weather?"

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Children's ignorance is sometimes more interesting than grown people's knowledge.

It was after a reading lesson, says an exchange, and the teacher asked:

"Now, Harry, can you tell me why it was that Ben Adhem's name led all the rest?"

"I don't know, ma'am," answered Harry, "but I suppose the names were arranged alphabetically."

Burnett's Cocoaine allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of hair. [*Adv.*

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Fancy Checks at 35 cents per yard.
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Also three lines of Rough Cheviots, plain, mottled and stripes, 52 inches wide, at $1.00 per yard, of unusual value, manufactured exclusively for us.

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RAZOR SHARP.

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Price, 25 cents, post-paid.

Send for Catalogue C. Tells How to Sharpen a Razor.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

LEFT ON THE ISLE OF SANDS.

(A STORY OF ACADIA.)

In Two Chapters.—Chapter I.

A Strange Expedition.

One morning, in the spring of 1598, there was strange excitement in a certain poor turf cottage on the outskirts of St. Malo, in France. In this cottage dwelt the goodwife Saintine, with her two sons, Jules and Ba'tiste. With tireless labor she and her boys made a living, in some sort, by selling in the markets of St. Malo the products of her scanty garden-plot. Her husband, Christophe Saintine, was a convict, shut up for life in the St. Malo prison. He was a powerful man, a blacksmith, and had been a good citizen until, in an evil day, his violent temper had led him to strike down a man in a street brawl.

The Marquis de la Roche, a great nobleman, was about to set forth for the wilds of New France, there to found a colony; and he had authority to select, in the French prisons, such convicts as he might deem suitable for colonists.

In those days it was thought that convicts would do as well as any one for the peopling of a new land; and on the same principle, the latest and poorest grain, as a rule, was that which men saved for the next year's seeding.

On the morning on which my story opens, Jules had run home to his mother with the news that she was summoned, with her boys, to the St. Malo prison, there to bid farewell to her husband, who had been drafted by La Roche as one of the St. Malo contingent.

This little Breton city, with its vigorous and daring stock, had supplied the Marquis with nearly a third of his party; and this one morning was allowed the colonists for their leave-takings.

There were sorrowful scenes at the prison, in the glaring, gray-walled, sandy yard; but in some cases the sorrow was not without consolation. Christophe Saintine had been, for all his roughness, a good husband and father, and to his family, who, as long as he was in St. Malo, could visit him from time to time, his exile to the unknown wilderness was like a sentence of death.

But to himself it was far otherwise. In the New World there was hope for him. After a period of labor for the settlement, each convict whose behavior had been good would be given lands of his own, whereon to make a home for himself and for his family left beyond the sea.

The old look of hopeless dejection vanished from the blacksmith's face as he told the stories he had heard of the fertility and beauty of that New World, where gold and silver, as they assured him, might be picked up among the pebbles of the brooks.

As the goodwife Saintine and her boys, their farewells said, took their reluctant way homeward to the little turf cottage in the outskirts, they were weeping heavily, but a ray of hope had crept back into their hearts; and in the heart of Jules something else gleamed besides that ray of hope.

Jules Saintine was an active lad of fifteen. Ba'tiste was two years younger. Jules was a St. Malo boy, filled with the restless spirit of his race, and with stories of New World wonders heard from the lips of the sailors who frequented the city quays. The ship of La Roche was to sail in two days, and Jules, whose father was his hero, resolved that he would set sail with her.

He had many misgivings at the thought of leaving his mother and Ba'tiste; but his heart being set for New France, he easily deluded himself into a belief that it was a right thing to do. Ba'tiste, he argued, would be company for his mother, who would be able to get along well enough; while he would be a comfort to his father in that far world of wonders.

Under the circumstances, and impelled by his restless spirit, it was not hard to persuade himself that the course on which he was bent was just the one he ought to pursue.

The night before the ship was to sail he kissed his mother and brother in their sleep, and stole away. There was a great lump in his throat, and he dashed angrily from his eyes the tears that would gather and overflow. In the confusion on the quay and on shipboard he went upon the ship without being observed, and succeeded in stowing himself away below.

At dawn the vessel was under way.



Jules and the Viceroy.

The ship was under the guidance of one Chetodel, a noted Norman pilot. Besides her crew of hardy Norman and Breton marines, she carried La Roche, a band of paid soldiers, a few voluntary colonists of broken fortune, fifty turbulent convicts, a great store of provision against famine and of baubles for trading with the savages, and hopes, fears and sorrows innumerable.

Not till the ship's wide sails had carried her beyond the last glimpse of the shores of France did the Marquis take his convicts out of irons. Even then their freedom was rigidly limited.

Then it was that Jules crept out of hiding, and trembled in uncertainty as to how he would be received.

Jules was a courageous boy, but he had little bravado, or that audacity which so nearly borders on insolence. He stole shyly up to the side of a sailor whom he knew, and stood gazing in painful suspense at his own wooden shoes.

The sailor stared at him in astonishment, and gave a low whistle, as the readiest expression of his surprise.

"What in the world brings you here, chicken?" he exclaimed, in a moment.

"I wanted to come with my father!" murmured the culprit, for the first time realizing his guilt.

"Your father's pretty well taken care of, I fancy," answered the sailor with a harsh laugh. Then, after a pause, he continued, "Well, to His Excellency you must go! If *he* says you shall be whipped, or dropped over the rail to swim ashore, that's your own lookout. I think he will have no place for boys on a venture like this!"

The feelings of Jules, on hearing this speech from the sailor, are hardly to be described. Shuffling nervously, and trying to keep his feet on the reeling deck, he started to follow the sailor into the presence of the Marquis. His Excellency, in the full splendor of his uniform, which he made a point of wearing officially at certain hours every day, was standing on the quarter-deck, and looking backward somewhat wistfully toward the sweet shores of France.

With fright, and the first qualms of approaching seasickness, Jules was now a pitiable-looking object as the eyes of the Marquis fell upon him.

A few profoundly deferential words from the sailor, who, being boatswain, approached the commander directly, made clear the situation. It was evident that the Marquis de la Roche, now Viceroy of New France, did not want boys in his viceroyalty at this early stage in its development. At first his face was harsh, his voice like steel, as he began to rebuke the quaking boy; and Jules felt that if he got off with a terrible thrashing from the cat-o'-nine-tails he would be marvellously fortunate.

Then something in the boy's face or some home thought seemed to touch the haughty nobleman.

"See to it that you are obedient and diligent, child, as all must be whose fortunes are cast upon this venture!"

With these words, which rolled a mountain off the heart of Jules, the tall Marquis made a gesture of dismissal; and the boatswain led the boy away.

After the strain was over, however, the young landsman found himself possessed by all the nameless torments of seasickness; and for a day or two, as he lay in a heap in whatever corner seemed most out of the way of the sailors' feet, he repented with all the fervor of his soul.

As he began to recover, he saw his father for the first time since the day of the farewells in the prison yard.

If Jules wanted the satisfaction of giving his father a surprise, he had every reason to be content. Christophe Saintine's first thought was that he was looking upon an apparition, sent to tell him that his son had just died in the far-off St. Malo cottage. The superstitious Breton turned ghastly pale with awe and grief. But when he realized that it was his very son, in the flesh, who clung passionately to his hands, his delight was fervid and unrestrained.

Jules was perfectly and boyishly happy for the rest of the voyage. The boatswain impressed him into his service, and kept him reasonably busy. The boy did not object to this. It gave him a sense of importance, and made him feel like a real sailor.

Jules loved the sea instinctively. The ship was his delight; and every day he could see and talk to his father.

The wind kept fair many days in succession; and at last a low, long line of sandy shore, half veiled in surf, was sighted.

Instantly the whole ship went wild with excitement, which subsided somewhat as the wary pilot announced that the pale coast was that of the dreaded Isle of Sands.

This island, which is still called Sable Island, from the French Isle aux Sables, is the most perilous spot in the Atlantic. Even as long ago as 1598, vessels had been wrecked upon it. It has been called "the Charnel-House of North America." Its hungry sands are gorged with wrecks.

Formed by the deposits of two meeting ocean-currents, it is continually shifting, even like the eddies of the tide.

On the day when Jules espied it from the deck of the Breton ship, it was nearly forty miles in length, and was a slim crescent of pale yellow set in the gray-green seas. Now it is little more than half as long. Then, as now, it was divided almost from end to end by a shallow fresh-water lake, the windy resort of innumerable water-fowl.

As the wind was light, and blowing off the island, the pilot said that a landing might be effected without risk, and the ship cast anchor about three miles from shore. It was dangerous to go nearer on account of the intricate shoals.

The Marquis was rowed ashore, and so struck was he with the inaccessibility of the island that he resolved to make use of it as a temporary prison for his forced colonists.

His design was to leave the convicts on the island while he should explore the coasts of Acadia for a fitting place to plant his settlement. As soon as the site had been chosen, and some buildings erected there which might prevent his sorry charges from betaking themselves to the woods, he would return to the island and get them. Meanwhile, in the fair June weather, and with the provisions he would leave them, he thought they would be comfortable, and he knew they would be safe.

The convicts themselves were by no means ill-pleased with this scheme, which was carried into effect without delay; and as for Jules, he had no difficulty in gaining permission from the kindly viceroy to stay upon the island with his father.

When the last boat-load had been landed through the surf and the boat had returned to the ship, and the ship had moved away with swelling sails, the hearts of those left behind sank low for a little while, as the unspeakable loneliness of their situation dawned upon them.

Rising only a few feet above the level of the ocean, their island could boast not a tree from end to end. Hummocks of sand, piled up here and there by the winds, were all that broke the monotony of the sky-line.

The first night or two, the weather being fine, they took no thought of shelter, and Jules slept, half-rolled in his father's coat, on a soft, sweet-smelling patch of wild peas, in a sheltered hollow. Their wakings in the cool, dewy mornings, with the clear blue above them and a light wind waving the grass-tops and wild-rose thickets, seemed to them like passing from one delicious dream into another.

In wandering over the island they found acres upon acres of blueberry shrub in full bloom, so like the *airelles* or bilberries of their native land, and thought of the fruit that would soon be ready for their lips. In the inner meadows, and about the shores of the sweet-water lake, they came

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upon small herds of wild cattle, already established there from vessels wrecked upon the island, and several troops of shaggy ponies; while on the coast they saw wild hogs busy rooting in the sands, fattening on clams and other shell-fish.

With the sight of such abundance before their eyes they forgot to husband the provisions that had been left them by the Viceroy; and Christophe Saintine, more prudent by nature than his fellows, and made thoughtful by the presence of his boy, strove vainly to check the perpetual waste. He was, with but one rival, the most influential among the convicts; but on the question of economy his voice was little heeded.

It was not long ere cold east winds, and fogs that overhung the island like a pall for days together, drove the convicts to build themselves rude shelters out of some wreckage found along shore. The first gale, a very moderate one, visiting the island when they had been a fortnight upon it, blew down these flimsy shelters, and badly bruised some of the occupants. One man had his neck broken by a heavy timber falling upon it, and they buried him on the sandy shore.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

(To be continued.)

YOUTH'S PLEA.

Attend me, Virtue, through my youthful years;
Oh, leave me not to the false joys of time,
But guide my steps to endless life and bliss.
Greatness, or Goodness, say what shall I call thee
To give an higher appellation still.
Teach me a better strain, a nobler lay,
O thou, enthroned with cherubs in the realms of day.

Selected. —*Phillis Wheatley.*

For the Companion.

GRANDFATHER'S LAST VISIT.

"It's a letter from grandfather, isn't it?" said little Bess, as she laid the letter in her mother's lap.

"Oh dear!" sighed Alice, "grandfather never writes except to say that he is coming to make us a visit!"

"I don't know that I would mind grandfather's visits if he weren't so deaf," said Rodney. "I'd rather walk all the way from here to Brompton, than try to tell him the time of day!"

"He is coming very soon, isn't he, mamma?" asked Alice.

"Yes," her mother answered, laying aside the letter. "We may expect him any time."

"Well, that puts an end to the musicale, and I told all the girls it was to come off next week!"

"But we will have the musicale just the same, Alice. We may change the programme a little; grandfather would hardly care for French or German songs."

"O mamma! you certainly don't expect grandfather to appear at the musicale in his old-fashioned clothes—it would be too mortifying!"

"And he'll be sure to make blunders," said Rodney; "a deaf person always does!"

"I wonder what the Delanos will think of Grandfather Clarkson," said Alice. "They have a picture of their grandfather, who died ever so long ago. He is painted in his powdered wig and blue velvet coat. They almost worship that picture!"

"Oh, it is very easy to worship a grandfather in a picture!" said her mother, significantly. "It would be a different matter to have to entertain him for a few weeks!"

"Well, I hope he won't expect me to take those long walks with him!" said Alice.

"I'm afraid he isn't strong enough to take very long walks, dear, but if he is, I can find time to go with him."

"And I suppose to my lot will fall the task of reading the papers to him!" Rodney groaned at the prospect.

"I can find time for that, too," said the mother.

"You dear mother!" said Alice, beginning to feel a little ashamed. "You remind me of the little red hen, with your '*I* will, then!'"

"And what room is the grandfather to have?" asked Rodney. "Your humble servant's?"

"No, I think I shall give him my room," said the mother, again. "He will enjoy the wood fire these chilly spring mornings."

The little group was silent for a few moments. Alice was thinking, "How easy it always is for mother to give up! Still, it must be a sacrifice to give up her own room."

The kindly thought drove the frown from her face, and the mother felt encouraged to unfold her little plan for the grandfather's pleasure.

"I've been thinking," she said, "of one thing we can do for grandfather. He and Aunt Ruth live in that great house, shut in by silence; so, for the little while he is here, let us all speak just as loud as we can."

"I will!" shouted little Bess, beginning at once to act upon her mother's suggestion.

"And always introduce your friends to grandfather," the mother continued, "for elderly people are apt to be sensitive. You needn't feel ashamed of Grandfather Clarkson. *I* can remember when he was a fine-looking man, and one who liked to be well-informed on all important topics of the day."

"Grandfather!" exclaimed Rodney.

His mother smiled. "Grandfather hasn't always been old," she said. "Twenty years from now I shall be —"

"Not old!" cried little Bess; "don't say it, mamma! Not old, and deaf and wrinkled, like poor grandfather!"

"No, Bess, not so bad as that!" said Rodney. "We won't allow it!"

"Now," said mother, "we will move that easy-chair from the spare room in here beside the fire, and have your father's dressing-gown and slippers ready"—she stopped suddenly, wondering how the father, so full of business care, would like the grandfather's visit just at the busiest season of the year!

"Oh, there comes grandfather now!" cried little Bess, catching the first glimpse of a solitary figure coming down the street—a tall, spare man, bowed with the weight of years. His clothes were of old-fashioned broadcloth, and were none too good a fit. His high silk hat or beaver, as he called it, had done duty many years.

He tottered along, carrying his old-fashioned carpet-bag, while over his arm hung his dark blue travelling cloak.

"Poor old grandfather!" said the mother. "It may be his last visit! Do remember about speaking loud! Now, let us all run pell-mell down-stairs and give him a good welcome!"

Before the grandfather had time to ring the bell, the door was opened, and at the first glance he saw and felt a welcome in their smiling faces and outstretched hands. They led him to the arm-chair beside the fire.

"Well, well!" he said; "it's worth while to take a long journey to get such a welcome as this! Aunt Ruth thought 'twas too much for me to undertake; for there's no denying," he said, shaking his head slowly, "that I'm growing old!"

"You're not so old but that I love you!" shouted little Bess, delighted that grandfather heard her, for he nodded and smiled.

When the busy father returned at night, he welcomed the grandfather kindly, but he was tired and preoccupied. Grandfather could not hear a word he said, although he had heard the mother and the children all day long.

Before many days had passed, indeed, grandfather had come to a happy conclusion. "I do believe," he said to Mrs. Clarkson, "that my hearing is coming back. I can hear every word that is said! Aunt Ruth will be glad to hear that, for there's no denying, it *is* hard to talk to a deaf person!"

When the evening appointed for the musicale arrived, it was found that the French and German songs had given place to such old favorites as "John Anderson, my Jo," "Oft in the Stilly Night," and others of their kind, and no one enjoyed the sweet young voices more than the grandfather. Later, when the guests were gone, and the family lingered beside the fire to "talk over the party," grandfather praised the mannerly young men and the pretty, kindly-spoken girls.

"It's all nonsense," he declared, "to say the young folks have no manners nowadays. Why, bless you! the girls dropped the prettiest courtesys, for all the world like your grandmother when I first knew her, years ago! And it made me feel young again to hear those boys talk to me as they did. My hearing is coming back—that's certain."

Next Sunday Mrs. Clarkson was unable to go to church, so the young people escorted grandfather. The church was full when they entered, the old gentleman leaning on Rodney's sturdy arm.

Mabel Delano, who sat directly opposite, seemed very much interested in the stranger. After the service Rodney lingered to introduce grandfather to the minister, while Alice walked home with little Bess.

Directly in front of them were Mrs. Delano and Mabel. Alice heard the young lady say:

"Mother, did you notice Mr. Clarkson's father? He is deaf, and I couldn't help watching him, trying so hard to hear, when so many of us turn a deaf ear to those life-giving words. And when he sang 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' in that weak, quavering voice, I could have cried!"

Meantime, these were happy days for grandfather. He felt the newness of life and the spirit of hopefulness that comes with the bright spring weather. Moreover, every one seemed determined to make his visit delightful, and no one noticed that the busy father had so little time to spare.

But the grandfather, with the sensitiveness of age, had felt that his son had neglected him, and said one day to Mrs. Clarkson that he wished he saw more of "his boy."

"Why," said she, "I'm sure he would be delighted to have you go to his office and talk with him."

"Do you think so?" he said, his face brightening.

A few moments later grandfather started for his son's office.

No sooner had he gone than Mrs. Clarkson ran to the telephone and called her husband. Never had a gentler, kinder message swept the wires; and it is but just to say the whispered hint was very well received.

Grandfather returned delighted. After that he spent several pleasant evenings with his son. At last his visit had received its crowning grace.

On a pleasant May evening grandfather started on his journey home. Among the young people at the station to bid him good-by was Mabel Delano, who brought him a large bunch of roses.

"Why! they're the old-fashioned 'double velvet!'" exclaimed grandfather. "I haven't seen one for many years."

As he took the young girl's hand in his, she bent down and kissed him softly on his wrinkled forehead.

"You can't believe how happy you've all made me," said grandfather. "No, Alice, 'twasn't a little thing to do, to make an old man happy for one long month. I shall never forget this visit, and 'twill always be a blessed memory to you all."

He rose, and folding his daughter to him, raised his trembling right hand above the little group beside him. "God bless you!" he said, in faltering tones. "Aye! and ye shall be blessed!"

He sank into the seat, overcome at the thought that this was a last parting.

A few days later came a letter from Aunt Ruth, telling them that her father had made the journey as comfortably as possible; his fellow-travellers had been very kind—one gentleman even taking the trouble to see him safely home. "As for father," she added, "he seems ten years younger for his visit, and I don't know when he has been so happy!"

Some time later, just in the heart of the summer, the same little group gathered in the mother's room, where a few months before they had discussed the grandfather's coming. On the table lay the summons bidding them to Newkirk; the grandfather was failing fast. Over the mantel the sweet face of the grandmother in her youth and beauty smiled down upon them.

Alice and Rodney were thinking, "If it hadn't been for mother, how much we might have had to regret! Now we can always remember how happy he was here!"

Little Bess would not be comforted. She had planned to spend a happy fortnight with grandfather at the old homestead. She had so many things to tell him, so much to ask him! He had promised to show her the oriole's nest in the elm-tree. She couldn't imagine the old-fashioned garden without grandfather.

From time to time, in their hurried preparations, they spoke of him—and always as *poor* grandfather! Though even then, perhaps, all things were his—hope, youth, strength, and even life immortal.

JANET OGILVIE.

For the Companion.

ELIAKIM HUNT'S RAISING.

"Did I ever tell ye about Eliakim Hunt's raising?" inquired Uncle Silas Applebee, as we sat on the porch in the moonlight.

"Never did? Wal, in them days 'twas the custom to have plenty of rum at all the raisin's. And sometimes the boys took more'n was good for 'em, an' got reckless, an' come mighty nigh havin' some purty bad accidents.

"So when father was ready to raise his new barn, he says to all the folks, says he, 'I sha'n't have rum, boys. Ye needn't expect it; but ye shall have as good a supper as Melindy an' the gals can git up.'

"'That's all right, Applebee,' they says, an' every one on 'em come an' worked with a will.

"Mother an' the gals had done their best. There was two long tables, the whole length of the kitchen, twenty-five or thirty foot, an' in the front room, so 't all the men could set down to once. There was cold pork, brown bread an' beans, pum'kin an' mince pies, ginger-cakes an' 'lection cake, an' I do' know what else.

"All the gals in the deestrict was there to help wait on 'em, an' see the fun, an' the women, too. There was enough for all. Father wa'n't a bit stingy in pervidin', an' mother knew her reputation was at stake.

"Arter the tables were cleared, the men an' boys went to wrastlin'. They always did, arter a raisin', an' a good time they had. That was the time yer Uncle Dan throwed Salma Chase three times runnin', but I've told ye 'bout that afore.

"Wal, everybody said this was the best time they'd ever had at a raisin'.

"Eliakim Hunt was goin' to raise his barn the very next week. 'Twas a monst'ous one. No such mis'able little j'ice used as they use nowadays—hardly strong 'nough to hold up the ruff. Eliakim's barn hed blowed down, the winter before, an' killed a dozen head o' cattle for him, an' he meant to have one this time strong 'nough for any wind that might come. The timbers was more'n a foot thick each way, an' all mortised in together.

"Ye know how buildin's was raised in them days? They j'ined a whole side together on the ground; then they'd take long poles with iron spikes at the end, and pry it up an' raise it, till the ends of the timbers would slip into the sockets, an' it would stand firm.

"'Twas hard work an' resky, if one lost their head, fur if it give way an' fell back 'twould crush pretty much all on 'em to death.

"How many men did it take? Wal, seventy-five or a hunderd was none too many. Everybody went to a raisin' in them days, as they do to a vandoo now.

"Eliakim always was as mean as pusley. Still, we all thought he'd be too proud to make a fool of himself.

"The barn bein' so big an' the timbers so heavy, they like to 'a' had an accident. 'Twas the last side, an' the men was tuckered out. 'Twas a master hot day. The side was half-way up, when it begun to tip.

"'Lay to, boys! Lay to for your lives,' called father, for if it fell 'twould be the death of the most of 'em. 'Lay to for your lives.'

"The women screamed, an' there was nigh about a panic, but they rallied an' made a mighty lunge, an' the beams slipped into their sockets.

"Then such a shout as went up! Some on 'em was so beat out that they jest laid down on the grass an' panted.

"They expected then, that seein' as he hadn't passed any rum, Eliakim 'd invite 'em down to the house for supper, as father had. I knowed better, for sister Jane had been stayin' in the house with Polly Ann, who was kind o' sickly, an' she had come out a while afore, an' says she:

"'Don't you think Mr. Hunt is too mean to live? He wouldn't let Mrs. Hunt git supper for 'em. Polly Ann says her ma cried about it, but he wouldn't give in, an' there's nothin' cooked in the house but a loaf of bread an' a plate of nut-cakes.'

"I was only a lad, an' not a-workin', so I hadn't thought how mean it was of Eliakim till I see how beat out the men was. Some on 'em had come afoot four or five miles, an' of course, seein' as Eliakim had said nothin', they expected supper.

"'You aint goin' home to-night?' father asked one who was clean tuckered out.

"'I must. Mary 'd be afeard to stay alone with the young-uns. I'll be all right arter supper,' says he.

"'There aint to be any supper to-night. Polly Ann told Jane so. Her father wouldn't let 'em git any,' I said, kind o' thoughtless.

"It spread like wildfire; but most on 'em wouldn't believe it.

"As soon as the barn was raised, Eliakim he dis'peared. Some thought he'd jest gone down to the house to see if supper was ready, but he didn't come back. Then half a dozen o' the men went down to the house. Through the winder they could see Eliakim eatin' supper with his wife an' Polly Ann.

"He'd gone off for good, an' not so much as said much obleeged to the men!

"They pounded on the door awhile, and then they stalked into the kitchen.

"'What d'ye want?' asked Eliakim.

"'We want some supper, afore we go home!'

"'All we've got in the house is on the table; help yourselves,' says Mis' Hunt, quick, afore Eliakim could speak.

"They took a slice of bread an' a nut-cake apiece, an' went back to the barn. Then there was a reg'lar indignation meetin'. If ears burnt when folks talk about 'em, Eliakim's would 'a' sot his head on fire that night.

"Wal, father he asked some on 'em down to our house to supper, an' some o' the neighbors asked them that lived further off, and so all had supper; but no thanks to the Hunts.

"There was mischief brewin', though. What do you s'pose some scamps that had been there that day done?

"Why, they was so mad at Eliakim, that they went to that barn in the moonlight with iron bars, an' pried out the underpinnin', an' sent the whole pile of timbers down in a heap!

"Father an' I went up there the next day. 'Twas a pitiful sight, sure enough. Some o' the timbers was split, an' they was all in a heap.

"It was a bad an' onlawful thing to do, but for all that there wa'n't many that was sorry for Eliakim. An' he was purty nigh crazy.

"'I do' know why they done it,' he kept sayin', pitiful like. 'You didn't give no rum, Applebee, an' they never teched your barn.'

"'I wa'n't so everlastin' mean as to go off without thankin' 'em fur their help, nor yit to send 'em off without their supper,' said father, sternly. 'You brought it on yourself. One mean trick's ben paid off by another.'

"Eliakim winced an' shuffled about, but when father had had his say out, he went right to work helpin' Eliakim undo the mischief.

"'Twas a long job, an' cost Eliakim a pretty penny afore it was done. The beams was so long an' heavy 't he had to hire a dozen men with ox-teams to get 'em out. Then the underpinnin' had to be all laid over agin. Then how was he to raise it? He thought 'twould never do to ask 'em to come to another raisin' there.

"'Yes, 'twill, if you act like a man about it, an' not like a miserly curmudgeon!' says father. 'Tell 'em frank that ye know ye didn't do right by 'em afore, an' ye're sorry for it; an' if they'll help ye agin, ye'll do the harndsome thing by 'em. Then keep your word right up t' the handle.'

"'But my wife aint able to do sech a powerful sight o' cookin'!'

"'Ye mean ye don't want to do such a powerful sight o' pervidin'! Come now, be a man for once, an' see how 'twould seem.'

"It was a bitter pill for Eliakim to swaller, but he finally made up his mind that 'twas the best he could do. So he tackled up old Grimes, an' took Polly Ann with him to help him out, for everybody liked Polly Ann, she was so chirk an' pretty, even if she was sickly. They went to every place where he'd had help afore, an' every one on 'em promised to come. They kep' their word.

"I s'pose the consciences o' some on 'em had been troublin' 'em a leetle, for although the Good Book don't say, 'Thou shalt not tear down thy neighbor's barn,' it does say somethin' like this, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' an' 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.' An' not one of 'em wanted their barns knocked in. So they was glad of a chance to make amends.

"Mother an' the gals an' some o' the other neighbors helped Mis' Hunt cook, until they was ready for any number. When Eliakim had got the better o' the stingy old Adam in him, he pervided as liberal as father 'd done.

"Polly Ann took me into the butt'ry an' showed me the rows of pies an' cakes an' cheeses, an' platters of cold meats an' loaves of bread an' pots of baked beans.

"'An' there's two pigs roastin' in the brick oven!' she said, kind o' proud.

"The men come early an' worked with a will, I tell ye. Why, by four o'clock the hull barn was up as good as it was afore, an' up to stay, too. Eliakim, he thanked 'em as gracious an' perlite as if he'd lived in a city all his life, an' asked 'em down to the house to supper.

"'Twas a fust-class set out, an' no mistake. A better supper they never ate, an' when 'twas finished they was all ready for fun.

"Our deestrict was right on the line betwixt Plymton an' Coventry, an' some o' the men was from one town, an' some from t'other; an' a sight o' rivalry there was, too. The Plymton boys was always tryin' to beat us, but we'd held our own until this year.

"Some of our smartest wrastlers had moved off, an' some o' the Plymtons had learned how to throw, so 't this year the Plymtons had beat every time, until at our raisin' your Uncle Dan had throwed Salma Chase three times runnin'. But I've told ye 'bout that afore.

"Wal, the Plymtons was mad enough, an' vowed they'd whip us this time. So when we went out from supper we expected fun, an' we got it.

"Seems 's if when Eliakim got a-goin' he didn't know when to stop. He stood right out afore 'em all an' says, says he:

"'I want ye all to have a good time, so ye kin remember Eliakim Hunt's raisin' with pleasure. Now let's make this a town fight, Plymton agin Coventry; an' I'll give five dollars to the side that beats. An' if Coventry gits it, I'll give five more for the music next June trainin'.'

"Wal, they jest went to work then! Both sides was on their mettle. They got together, each town by itself, an' chose the best wrastler on each side for bully, an' three others.

"Then they formed in a ring, an' Ike Huntress, the biggest man in all Plymton, went into the ring. He was their bully. Father acted as manager for our side. He knowed that Ike was tremendous strong, but that he didn't know much 'bout wrastlin', 'cept to knock a man down. So father, he picked out little Jabez Slocum.

"Now Jabez warn't nigh so heavy as Ike, but he understood how to handle himself; an' the fust thing Ike knew, he laid sprawlin' in the dirt.

"'Twa'n't fair!' 'Twa'n't fair!' 'Try it agin!' shouted the Plymton fellows.

"'All right,' says father; 'throw him agin, Jabez!'

"So Jabez threw him agin; but the Plymtons

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warn't satisfied. They wanted to try it once more, an' so Jabez threw him the third time.

"'Twas a leetle trick he had with his left foot. He could 'a' throwed Goliath easy, I do believe.

"Wal, the Plymtons couldn't deny but 'twas fair enough this time; but they was hot to try it agin.

"So Salma Chase an' Simeon Low went into the ring, an' Simeon throwed Salma as easy as Jabez had Ike. Then your Uncle Dan an' Tom Harris tried it, an' your uncle throwed Tom.

"'Three times an' out!' says father. 'Be ye satisfied now?'

"They had to own themselves beat; so Eliakim give the five dollars to father to keep for June trainin', an' give the other five to Jabez an' Simeon an' your uncle; an' arter a deal o' talk they went off home.

"An' that's all there was to Eliakim Hunt's raisin'."

WILLAMETTA A. PRESTON.

OCTOBER.

When the chestnut burrs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail,
With the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

For the Companion.

BIZ.

In Two Chapters.—Chapter I.

More than He Bargained for.

A young man, little more than a boy, stepped from the train at Seattle and looked about him with an air of bewilderment and anxiety. He carried a large black valise, and it was evident that he was a new-comer.

This youth, Jesse Garland by name, tired and dusty from a journey across the continent, had come to the State of Washington with the vague expectation of making his fortune. How he should make it, and what he should do first, now that he had arrived, he knew not.

He possessed a clear, bright eye, and in his face a good judge of men might have read signs of determination and will power.

It was a little thing—only a trifling difference of opinion about the tiering of a pile of stove-wood—which had caused him to leave his home on the farm where he was born. Toward his step-father, who was by no means unkind to him, Jesse had long entertained a little feeling of hostility. The boy had a hundred dollars of his own, and by the terms of his guardianship he was to be free after his eighteenth birthday.

That birthday had passed, four months ago, when, one May morning, this hasty difference of opinion arose about the wood-pile. Jesse impetuously declared that he would leave the farm, and his step-father said, "Well, Jess, as you seem to be discontented, it may be best if you do."

So the young man took his hundred dollars and set off for the new State of Washington. In order to hold his own against the "wild West," he invested two dollars and a half in a revolver and cartridges.

He carried his valise out to the entrance to the station and stood looking up and down the busy new city, wondering which way to go.

An alert man in a gray business suit passed him, and stopped for an instant to consult a memorandum-book which he took from his pocket.

"I'll ask him," thought Jesse. Waiting a moment to catch the man's eye, as he replaced the book, he said, awkwardly, "Could you tell me where I can get work, sir?"

The man glanced at Jesse, and an amused smile came into his face.

"Where do you hail from?" he asked.

Jesse told him, and then gave his name.

"What can you do?"

"I've always worked on a farm."

"Ever take care of sheep?"

"Yes, we always kept sheep."

The man regarded him keenly for a moment.

"My partner and I own several sheep ranges," he said, still observing the young Easterner closely. "We want a shepherd to go up the Skagit River. But it is some distance. Do you think you would be lonesome or afraid?"

"I guess not," said Jesse, hopefully.



The man smiled. "If you were put in charge of a flock of sheep, you would stick by 'em, I suppose?" he said, interrogatively. "You wouldn't leave 'em till you were relieved by another man?"

"No, I wouldn't," said Jesse.

"You will have a pony and two dogs; and we will pay you fifty dollars a month and find your keep. What do you say?"

"I guess I'll go."

"Very well then," said the man. "If you will come with me, I'll find lodgings for you till morning. Then I'll start you for the Skagit."

Early the next morning Jesse embarked on a steamer plying northward to Whatcom, and after a few hours landed at a new wharf in the woods.

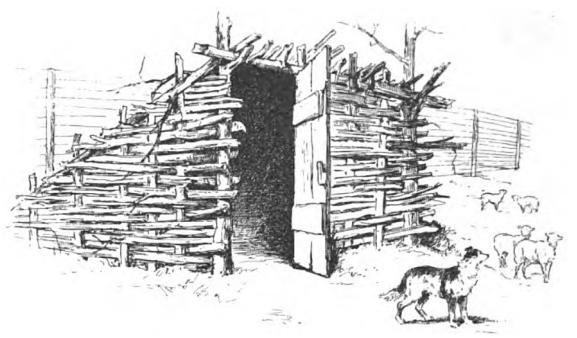
The firm of sheep ranchmen had an outfitting post here. They provided Jesse with a pony and high Mexican saddle, in which, with a great sense of novelty, he managed to place himself. His valise was strapped up at his back; and then the partner of his friend at Seattle, Mr. Littlehale, gave him his final instructions.

"Take this path here and follow it up to the range," he said. "You cannot well miss it, for it keeps to the river all the way. It is a long way up there. You'll have just time to get to the 'shack' before dark, if you ride well. Dust right along! Let's see, have you got a gun?"

"I have a small revolver," replied Jesse.

Littlehale looked at him doubtfully for a moment. "Well, there's a gun at the 'shack,'" said he. "I guess you will be all right. You will find a Mexican shepherd up there. When you take charge he will come out. Get him to tell you all about the sheep, and how he is handling them. We shall depend on you, then, to take good care of the flock.

"You will find plenty of provisions in the shack. You can kill a sheep when you want mutton; and in the course of ten or twelve weeks we will send a man in, with fresh supplies, to see how you are getting on. Go ahead now. Good-by!"



Jesse started off. He could not well withdraw now, but he began to be afraid of his new work. He had supposed the sheep would be in some pasture near houses, as flocks of sheep are kept in the East; but the thought of a man coming to see how he was getting on, after ten or twelve weeks, puzzled him. It could hardly be possible that he was to be alone all that time.

He put his pony at a canter, but being unused to riding horseback he suffered not a little.

The road was merely a rough trail along the bank of the Skagit. For the first few miles there were occasional openings and camps in the forest; then followed unbroken wilderness.

It was no use to try to ride rapidly; he could not endure it. He dismounted frequently, and went on foot for half a mile. Two or three times he saw gray animals, which he supposed were deer, cross the road.

The sun set, and still he had come to nothing at all resembling a sheep-ranch. About him on every hand were wild mountains and forests, with the river brawling hoarsely along its rocky bed. Darkness came on; and halting beside the trail, he tied the pony and sat down to pass the night.

He had in his valise two little cakes which he had brought all the way from home. These he ate, and watering the pony at the river, allowed him to nibble about. Presently he fell asleep. When he waked, daylight was shining in the east.

Jesse felt very cold, and when he rose he found himself so stiff and lame that he could scarcely take a step. He had taken a violent cold. Upon climbing into the saddle, he cried out from pain, and was obliged to dismount and go on foot for a time.

He went on miserably two or three hours, seeing nothing of the sheep-ranch, and began to fear that he had lost his way.

At last the trail led down to a ford across a fork of the river; and then Jesse saw before him an extensive tract of open land, and at a distance a low cabin of poles. Near it was a large enclosure, surrounded by a wire fence, six or seven feet in height, from which a man with two dogs was letting out the largest flock of sheep that the Eastern lad had ever seen. There were hundreds upon hundreds.

Approaching, Jesse asked if this was Littlehale & Co.'s flock, and received a surly "yes" from the Mexican, who at once began to complain vehemently because a man had not been sent sooner to relieve him.

"Take care you the sheep!" he exclaimed. "Dees morning I go."

He was a small, long-haired, dark man. On his head was a *sombrero*, and in his belt a knife and a pistol. He returned but the shortest of answers to Jesse's questions about the sheep.

Impatiently he pointed to the dogs, then to the wire corrals, and said, "Night time, the sheep you will shut." He added something about *los leones*; but what *los leones* were, Jesse had no notion.

Turning his back, the Mexican went into the shack, where he hastily prepared food for himself, strapped a gun upon his back, and then mounted his pony and left at a gallop.

Jesse watched his departure rather dolefully, and then turned to look at the hundreds of sheep, now streaming out over the range. What was to be done first? The dogs coursed along on either side of the flock, barking occasionally. They were fine, intelligent sheep-dogs, in shaggy black and buff coats, each with a spangle of white at his throat.

Jesse rode to the shack, where he found a small stove and frying-pan, a quarter of mutton hanging upon a hook, and some flour and canned goods.

He found no gun there. The departing herder had evidently taken it away with him.

Jesse had never before attempted to prepare his own food; but he now fried mutton, baked a flour cake, and made coffee, and was by this time so hungry that he enjoyed his own cookery very much.

Then there was the problem of taking care of the sheep. Jesse had never before seen a flock of more than a hundred; but there seemed to be thousands in this flock. They had scattered over the range in all directions. The dogs were already out of sight with them. How in the world could he ever get them back inside the wire fence?

The pasture seemed to consist of a wide tract of land lying between the Skagit and the fork which he had crossed, open for the most part, but with here and there a little grove or thicket. On both sides were high, wooded mountains, with black ravines gaping back between them.

There was not a human habitation to be seen. The nearest settler, indeed, lived thirty-five miles away.

He was terrified, and shed tears like a child. He had learned only that the sheep must be driven into the corral at night—why, he did not know. Perhaps to keep them from the *leones*, whatever they were. There might be wild animals about!

From where he stood he could at times catch glimpses of the two dogs. Entirely without command, these faithful creatures were tending the sheep. They appeared to be patrolling the outskirts of the great flock, preventing single sheep from straying away.

Toward noon the sheep ceased feeding and grouped in the shade of the scattered clumps of trees, where they lay down to chew the cud. Jesse returned to the shack.

Presently one of the dogs came, and approaching his new master, wagged his tail in a questioning manner. Jesse made out that the animal was hungry, and fed him. Immediately the dog went back to the place where the flock lay, and soon the other dog appeared, to be fed in turn. Only one of them had left the sheep at a time.

Not knowing their names, Jesse rechristened them Jack and Jim. Without the assistance of these trained dogs the inexperienced young Easterner could have done little toward controlling the movements of this great herd of sheep; for the range was not fenced, nor inclosed save partly by the Skagit on one side and the fork on the other; and the water was already so low in the smaller stream that the sheep could cross it in many places.



At a distance of three miles up the range from the first wire corral, he discovered a second, and a week or two afterwards found that there was still another, four miles beyond. These were provided in order that the flock might be shifted from one part of the range to another, as the grass became short. The corrals were large inclosures, each about four acres in extent.

By three o'clock on this first day of his shepherding, the sheep were moving again; but they fed less steadily now than in the morning. An hour later Jesse began to ride around them; and with the aid of the dogs he headed the multitude toward the corral. By sunset he got them in, and shut the gate upon them.

Then, as the twilight fell, he again prepared his supper, fed the dogs, and picketed the pony near the shack.

Despite the presence of these kindly animals, he felt very lonely and strange as night fell. It seemed to him that he was at the very ends of the earth. He sat in the doorway of the cabin, and the dogs lay down beside him and gazed reassuringly in his face.

Presently he heard a curiously prolonged, lonely cry from the dark pine woods across the river. The dogs raised their ears and listened, extending their noses to sniff the air.

Soon after he heard the cry again, nearer, as if at the river-bank, and still again, after a time, on the range below the corral. The dogs whined and drew close to him.

Some minutes passed; then fierce growls and snarls resounded, apparently from the wire fence along the lower side of the corral.

Jesse had heard stories of mountain-lions. Could it be that these were the *leones* the Mexican talked about? He dared not leave the shack; but he fired off his little revolver twice from the door, hoping to frighten the animal away. The weapon now seemed to him a mere popgun.

So far as he could discover in the morning, the lion had not broken into the corral. At a point on the lower side several small bunches of fur clung to the barbs of the wires, and one of the latter was tinged with blood. He supposed that the beast had sprung against the wires with the intent to seize a sheep; but the wire was of the largest size, thickly barbed and very tightly strung, presenting so dense a hedge of sharp steel points that the beast had retired from his effort badly scratched, growling and snarling over its injuries.

He opened the gate so that the sheep came out by twos and threes, and counted them as they did so, scratching a mark on the gate-beam for each hundred. When the last one was out, he had twenty-four marks and eighty-three sheep over.

On the sixth afternoon of his shepherding, finding that the sheep were uneasy and inclined to stray on account of the shortness of the grass, Jesse shifted the flock to the second corral. Here, as at the first, there was a pole-shack, with supplies stored inside, and a little pony-shed of poles, with a gate, or clumsy door.

The place was nearer the river and the woods than the first cabin. It was late when he had made his preparations and finished cooking supper. He was already growing a little accustomed to the wailings of the mountain lions; and having called in Jack and Jim, he lay down to sleep.

Soon he was awakened by the growling and whining of the dogs. He heard his pony whinny uneasily, too, and after listening a moment, rose and went cautiously to the door.

There was a wide crack in it through which he peeped out, and by the starlight he could see three large animals, a few steps from the little shed. The dogs continued to growl and whine; and after a moment or two one of the great shadowy creatures shuffled toward the shack, extending its head as if snuffing the air.

"They are bigger than mountain lions," thought Jesse, a cold perspiration starting out over his whole body. "Maybe they are grizzlies!"

He drew back from the chink, and laying hold of a bench, propped the door with it. As he did so, he heard a sound as if the animal's head were brushing against the outside of the door.

C. A. STEPHENS.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

ADVENTURES IN WILD AUSTRALIA.

THIRD PAPER.

At the time of the capture of the great snake to which I referred in my last paper, we were travelling along one of the mountain streams. The blacks, as usual, were keeping a sharp lookout, and carefully examining the numerous clusters of ferns in the scrub.

Suddenly they discovered something lying on the edge of one of these fern clusters, but very high up in the air. Notwithstanding their keen eyesight, they were unable to make out whether it was a serpent or a broken branch.

A young boy, whom I usually called Willie, climbed up a neighboring tree to investigate the matter. Erelong he called down to us, "*Vindcheh! Vindcheh!*" (Snake! Snake!) I was much surprised, for the object looked to me like an old leafless limb.

Willie came down at once, and lost no time in ascending the tree on which the snake was lying. When he had obtained a foothold near the fern wreath, he broke off a large branch, and with it struck at the serpent, which now began to show signs of life. The lazy reptile soon received so many blows on the head that it fell down, and proved to be about ten feet long.

While we were examining it, we heard Willie—who was now almost invisible, so high up had he climbed—calling down that he had found another snake. This made the blacks jubilant.

It was, however, more difficult for Willie to bring down this one, as it was protected by the leaves. He had to use his stick with all his might before he could drive it out.

At last the reptile attempted to make its escape, and crept out over the edge of the fern wreath, trying to lay hold of the tree-trunk; but the distance was too great, and it slipped.

It could not retrace its course, for Willie stood there hitting it, and so this python, sixteen feet long, fell off. In coming down it struck the crown of a palm-tree, which broke its fall; and quick as lightning it coiled itself like a corkscrew around the trunk of the tree.

The boy came down and immediately climbed up the palm-tree to his victim, which did not let go its hold until its head was crushed.

When we came to look for the first snake, we were astonished to find that it was gone. We all searched carefully everywhere among the stones on the bank of the river, but it was not to be seen. We were giving up the search when Willie, much to our amazement, came up, dragging it behind him. He had discovered it at the bottom of a hole in the stream, and had dived after it.

These reptiles show wonderful tenacity to life. The one in question, although apparently dead and motionless when we left it, had been able to crawl twenty paces and to keep himself concealed at the bottom of the river.

The natives, anxious to secure themselves against other mishaps of this kind, proposed to roast their game at once; but as we had no time for this, they procured a withy band, tied the two snakes together to await our return in the evening, and made them fast to a tree, around the trunk of which the reptiles immediately coiled themselves.

When we passed the place in the afternoon there was still life in them; but they were soon despatched, rolled together in bundles, and carried to the camp to be roasted for supper.

As speedily as possible the camp-fire was made, and stones were heated; for snakes are considered a delicacy, to be prepared in the most fastidious manner.

They were first carefully laid in circular form, in order that they might occupy as small a space

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as possible. Each formed a disk, fastened with a reed; they looked like the coils of rope on the deck of a ship.

Large snakes, and the flesh of fish, cattle and man, are all prepared in an interesting manner: First a hole is made in the ground about one foot in depth, and in it a fire is built. Upon the fire



stones are laid, and over the stones fresh green leaves. The leaves of the so-called native ginger are used when available. Upon these the meat is placed, and covered with more leaves and more hot stones. The earth which has been dug out is then spread over the whole, which then assumes the appearance of an ant-hill.

Should the steam escape through any fissure, the vent is covered up and made tight as soon as discovered.

The baking is now permitted to go on undisturbed. The natives seem to know precisely when the meat is done; they never make a mistake. The hot stones develop an intense heat, which gradually bakes the food thoroughly, at the same time preserving all its flavor.

On opening this primitive oven, the outer leaves are found to be scorched, while the inner ones are fresh and green, and give the dish a most inviting appearance. Beef prepared in this manner is really excellent, and if leaves of the ginger plant are used, they give the meat a peculiar piquant taste which is very appetizing.

During my stay among the savages I adopted this mode of preparing my salt beef, after letting it soak in a brook over night to freshen it.

When the pythons were done, and were taken out of the hot leaves, they were perfectly whole as before. The bands were loosened, and the snakes stretched out to their full length and cut open with one of their own jawbones.

First the fat was taken out and handed in long strings to the hungry, greedy mouths; then the heart, liver, and lungs; and finally the body itself was divided.

Nothing is wasted, for even the backbone is crushed between stones and eaten; and the blacks lick up the small quantity of juice which drops from the meat, and enjoy it hugely.

What cannot be eaten on the spot is put away in the hut. In this case the leavings lasted four whole days, and some of the meat at last had to be thrown away.

It should be observed that the natives stand in mortal dread of poisonous snakes, and never eat them. If they try to kill one, they do so by throwing missiles from a distance. They were much surprised whenever they saw me go near a venomous snake, and kill it with a stick. On such occasions they seemed to realize the superiority of the white man.

I became quite fond of the flesh of large lizards. It is white, fat, and resembles chicken both in appearance and in taste. I cooked the flesh of those animals, and indeed all sorts of meat, as the natives did—simply by broiling. Ordinary broiling, and the above described elaborate baking process, employed to cook their choicest morsels, are the only methods of preparing food known to the blacks. They never boil anything, never eat anything raw, and use no salt.

I think it is quite noteworthy that while with them I did not feel the need of salt—a circumstance due, no doubt, to the fact that the meat was broiled instead of boiled.

Of all the dainties brought to me by the blacks I liked nothing better than the larvæ of certain species of large beetles. The best are found in the decayed trunks of old acacia-trees, out of which the natives cut them with their tomahawks. They are so fond of these grubs that they often cannot resist the temptation to swallow a few of them alive.

Generally, however, the insects are thrown on the hot ashes, where they immediately cook and become very crisp. Their taste is very like that of an omelette, but I found them even more delicate.

The savages who, for many long months, were my constant companions, are of medium size and are called blacks, though in reality they are chocolate-brown. They are, at present, the most uncultured human beings in existence, and the lowest in the scale of civilization. They have no idols, no worship, no sacrifices, but are intensely afraid of an evil power—their devil, whom they call *koingan*.

They know no numerals beyond three (*yóngul, yákkan, karbo*). All other numbers they vaguely express by the word "many" (*taggin*). They go altogether naked, both winter and summer. All their senses are well developed, especially the sight. Their sense of smell is also acute. In walking through the woods they will often take up a handful of earth or rubbish, and by smelling it ascertain if an animal has passed that way.

War exists among them in its most primitive form. They will lie in ambush and make a sly attack upon a weaker foe, but do not dare to wage open warfare upon their enemies.

Woe to the native stranger who strays into the domain of another tribe! If he is discovered, he is mercilessly killed and eaten, for human flesh is prized by them as the greatest delicacy.

But the chief danger in associating with Australian cannibals does not lie in their longing to eat you, but in their insatiable desire to get into possession of your belongings. I do not hesitate to say that an Australian native will mercilessly kill any man for a pipe of tobacco, if he thinks he can do so with safety to himself.

CARL LUMHOLTZ.

A FATAL FAULT.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.
—*Tennyson.*

PEACE IN CHILE.

After a civil war which raged with varying fortunes for nearly eight months, tranquillity once more reigns in the South American Republic of Chile. That this is so is the result of the decisive victory of the Congressional, or Revolutionary, party.

The Chilean civil war broke out on the Seventh of last January. It was the crisis of a quarrel which had been going on for several months between President Balmaceda and the Congress of the Republic.

The President had been charged, among other things, with arbitrary conduct, with a corrupt use of the national treasury, with seeking to dictate a creature of his as his successor, with violating the constitution, with extravagance and gross favoritism.

On the other hand, the partisans of the President alleged that the charges were false; that he was the champion of the people, whereas Congress represented the aristocracy; and that Congress had attempted to exercise the powers which properly belonged to the President.

Which side was right is not yet clear, but will doubtless become so in the course of time.

The first demonstration of the war was the revolt of the fleet, with two thousand men. The Chilean navy declared against the President; while the army, numbering perhaps thirty thousand, adhered to his cause. The war, therefore, was in the main a struggle between the land and the sea forces of the Republic.

For several months the fortunes of war evidently favored the Congressional insurgents. They pursued the conflict along the long and narrow coast of the country, and succeeded in capturing several important seaports. In May, eight of the twenty-three provinces of Chile were reported to have fallen into the hands of the insurgents.

Then for a while their triumphant progress seems to have been checked. At all events the war dragged along for several months without any notable advantage being apparently gained by either side.

Valparaiso, the chief seaport, and Santiago, the capital of the republic, still remained in the President's hands; and at one moment it seemed as if he would prevail over his assailants. In the meantime, a Presidential election occurred in that part of Chile as yet unconquered by the insurgents, and resulted in the choice of Vicuña, Balmaceda's nominee and friend.

The end of the struggle came somewhat suddenly, and its result was rather unexpected. On the Twentieth of August, the insurgent forces began a series of operations directed toward the capture of Valparaiso, landing their forces at a small seaport twenty miles north of the city. The President hastened to confront them with a large part of his army, and the contending forces met at Concon.

The result of the battle was a complete victory for the insurgents, and in it the Presidential forces lost twenty-four hundred men. The insurgents at once advanced upon Valparaiso.

The President once more took his stand in an excellent defensive position near Placilla, but was fiercely attacked by the enemy, and a most sanguinary conflict ensued. The President's troops numbered twelve thousand, but in the battle he lost fourteen hundred.

The insurgent victory was complete and decisive of the whole war. The insurgents entered Valparaiso in triumph. President Balmaceda and his chief adherents hastened to take flight; and in a few days the Congressional forces occupied Santiago, the capital.

The Congressional "junta," as its executive body is called, at once proceeded to establish a provisional government, with Señor Jorge Montt at its head, and to apply to foreign powers for the official recognition of their government.

Whether the revolutionists, thus having won the power, will be able securely to establish themselves and set up a stable government the future alone can reveal to us.

For the Companion.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A flash of harmless lightning,
A mist of rainbow dyes
The burnished sunshine brightening,
From flower to flower he flies;
While wakes the nodding blossom,
But just too late to see
What lip hath touched her bosom
And drained her nectary.

JOHN B. TABB.

HISTORIC SITES.

The American people have not been wanting in a sense of the interest and real importance, to them and their descendants, of the spots which have become famous in their history. Travellers from abroad have noted with admiration the reverence paid by our people to such sites as Bunker Hill, Plymouth Rock, Mount Vernon, the fields of Lexington, Concord and Gettysburg, and the old hall in which the nation's independence was declared.

A determination to preserve public places indicates a genuine interest and patriotic feeling on the part of the people, because in this country we have no benevolent despotism which looks out in a paternal way for such memorials and expropriates for the benefit of the public beautiful or historic sites.

Bunker Hill monument was built and Mount Vernon was preserved by private and thoroughly patriotic effort.

However, the devolving of this peculiarly sacred duty upon private citizens has been shown to be attended with a considerable danger. It is a just saying that "Everybody's business is nobody's business." While many historic spots, much in the public eye, have been saved and guarded, many others have been neglected.

For instance, it has lately been announced that the site of Washington's camp at Valley Forge—where the dreadful winter of 1777-78 was passed, and where the real test of the courage, endurance and patriotism of the American people in the war of the Revolution was made—is to be subdivided and sold and, very likely, the traces of the heroic resistance made here forever obliterated.

The place where Washington prayed and suffered, and where his barefooted and coatless army left its footprints of blood upon the snow, brave against cold and starvation as it was against the enemy in the field, should surely be a sacred one in the estimation of the people; and the error of the omission sooner to preserve this place intact, and as nearly as possible as Washington left it, should be quickly repaired.

Every State in the Union, every county, has certain spots which are significant in the history of its own people. As the years go by all these spots become of greater interest and patriotic value. The time will come when the settlement of the colonies of the Atlantic slope and the pioneer days of the States of the Western plains and mountains will not seem so very far apart, but will blend together in historic interest.

It is the duty of the people of this generation to set apart these places, while there is yet opportunity to preserve them.

Historic sites, moreover, are not the only ones which should be protected from invasion and spoliation. The truest love of country is cultivated by a disposition to cherish and preserve spots remarkable for their natural beauty.

Places which command sublime or lovely views; valleys where nature has concentrated its wonders of vegetation; mountain forests which not only carry the visitor back to the days when such superb tree-growth covered all the land, but which still hold the key to the fruitfulness of the valleys and plains below; districts where singular and wonderful formations of rock and earth are found; all these have their part in the encouragement of patriotic sentiment and the formation of American character, as well as in their contribution to practical advantage.

As the land falls in larger and larger measure into the hands of private individuals whose use of it conduces to the general prosperity, there should still be found, in all parts of the country, many beautiful, ample and characteristic spots where the citizen who owns no land may always be at home, and where he may say, "This place is mine and my children's forever."

A noteworthy step toward the general preservation of such places has been the incorporation, in the State of Massachusetts, of a body of "Trustees of Public Reservations," who are empowered by law to acquire, hold and open to the public, free from taxation, beautiful and historic places and tracts of land within the Commonwealth.

Such a body of trustees as this might well exist in every State; and every such body would find abundant material for its effort. The good effect in the future of such a general movement throughout the country would be beyond all calculation.

KEEPING A SECRET.

As the letter-carrier closed the door of Miss Peck's boarding-school, a gust of excitement swept up the stairs and through the corridor devoted to the seniors. It pushed ajar the chamber doors and showed every girl opening a double-enveloped, card-laden invitation. A ripple of laughter came from one recipient, followed by the murmur:

"Sing praises! The strain of that secret is over."

"Alice," exclaimed a dozen others crowding into her room, "do you dare say you knew about this wedding and never told us? What! knew it two years ago? O heartless creature, and you never gave even a hint!"

"Of course not," spoke another. "Alice's besetting sin is knowing how to keep a secret. When I hear anything of interest I say: 'Oh, I know something so exciting; how it would astonish you; I only wish I could tell it; but it is a profound secret.'

"And then you all—Alice excepted—lay traps for me until you learn it in its length and breadth. Now Alice is not half so entertaining. Nobody ever suspects her of having a secret, so nobody tempts her to free her mind."

The person who reveals facts that have been entrusted to her in confidence, breaks all codes of honor. "Everything that is mine, even to my life," wrote Sir Philip Sidney, "is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine."

There is no sin in secrecy unless secrecy be a mere cloak for sin. All of us tell to a chosen relative or friend many things which we do not want repeated. Often the telling of them to a friend relieves and assists us.

Some women are so sympathizing and so loyal that they are laden with confidences. They give a word of advice here, a bit of encouragement there; they smooth away difficulties, and as Browning says:

"God uses them to help each other so,
Lending their minds out."

Such a friend is a priceless treasure; but, alas! she is rare. Even King Midas, the richest person in the world, failed to find her. He had ass's ears, which he vainly tried to hide beneath his cap. At last he dug a hole in the ground and whispered into that hole, "King Midas has ass's ears." Then he covered up the hole. But a reed sprang up on that spot and whispered the secret all around.

William K. Vanderbilt once said to a friend, "Keep a secret to yourself, that's one." He held up his first finger. "Tell it to your mother, that's two." He held up a second finger. "Tell it to a third person, and that," holding up his three fingers, "is one hundred and eleven."

Beside the owner of a secret and the one to whom it is confided, is a third class of persons, the outsider; and her position is as delicate as that of either of the others. Too often she sniffs the secret in the air and applies the wedge of her curiosity, driving it in as far as the point will go. She plans leading questions, she contrives surprises, she lays traps for the unwary.

We all know her. We all dislike her. We all avoid her. We turn lovingly back to school-girl Alice, the friend who never pries into the secrets of others, and who faithfully respects those entrusted to her.

MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET.

When young people find themselves for the first time earning their own living, with no father to fall back upon, they are apt to be astonished at the way their money goes. It never seems enough. Everything costs a great deal more than they thought it would, and when they have to buy a three-dollar garment out of an eight-dollar weekly salary, it comes home to them with new force that three from eight leaves only five.

They had often done such sums at school on their slates, and it seemed quite natural; but now, when their board and washing cost five dollars and a half, it is something awful to find that their wages for a week will not quite pay for board and trousers, too.

Then for the first time black care settles down upon the young soul, and he wonders that, out of all the instructors of his childhood and youth, no one ever took the trouble to explain to him this fearful difficulty of making both ends meet. Perhaps he now remembers the cloud that hung over his father's brow, and the anxious look upon his mother's face, when business was dull, or work was slack, or unexpected expenses had to be borne.

He discovers gradually, if he has a fair share of

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sense, and is destined to do well in life, that there is a partial cure for this malady. Economy is the cure; not wasting anything, taking good care of what we have, making the most of our chances, and saving the surplus of one week to make good the deficiency of another. This is a great discovery, provided we have the resolution to act accordingly.

Upon further observation of life, he perceives that this kind of fear, which tormented him so, is what keeps the honest part of mankind busy, attentive and careful. It sends the sailor out to the end of the yard-arm on a stormy night in January, and makes him willing to go there. It keeps the farmer's plow moving, the mechanic's hand working, the inventor's head cogitating, the lawyer's tongue wagging, and the merchant's ship sailing.

The wonder of it is that it not only keeps us all at work, but makes us glad to work, even though the work be in itself repulsive, because that corroding fear is a greater evil than the most disagreeable kind of work can be.

And so scarcely any living creature, bird, animal, fish, reptile or man, is quite free from this dread of coming short. It is to the movement of the world what the main-spring is to the watch; it keeps it going.

QUEEN AND PRIEST.

A short time ago, says the New York *Recorder*, the queen regent of Spain wrote to his holiness the pope asking him to grant a bishopric to a poor and humble priest, the son of a Tyrolese shepherd. The interest shown by the young sovereign in this peasant's son had its source in an incident which took place when Maria Christina was a little Austrian archduchess of five years.

She was one day roaming about the hills with her governess, when a violent storm came on, and they took shelter in a shepherd's hut which was near at hand. A little boy was amusing himself with some pebbles in a corner of the miserable dwelling when they entered.

Resenting the sudden intrusion, the boy marched up to the little archduchess, and gave her a smart blow on the back. Poor Maria Christina, offended and hurt by this extraordinary action, burst into a violent fit of weeping, and was pacified with the utmost difficulty.

A few years later, when her imperial highness partook of her first communion, she expressed the desire of paying for the dresses worn by some poor communicants, among whom happened to be the boy who had once struck her. She remembered him at once, and hearing that he wished to become a priest she undertook to defray all the expenses of his education.

Ever since that day the queen has been a true friend to the poor priest, and she wrote to him before asking from the pope the bishopric above mentioned, saying:

"I want you to become a bishop because you know so well how to *crossmare*."

In this word, which means the laying on of hands or confirmation, she made a sly allusion to the time when, as a boy, he laid hands violently upon her.

WHY HE COULDN'T.

A certain literary German whose manner of speaking was extremely deliberate, and who disapproved of impetuosity of any sort under any circumstances, had an amusing experience in a restaurant one day.

He was a well-known figure among the patrons of this particular restaurant, as he seldom dined anywhere else, and he generally was served by a waiter who had become used to his way of speaking; but one day a new waiter took his order, and brought his soup.

"I cannot eat this soup," said the gentleman, slowly, not looking up from his plate, after he had summoned the waiter for the second time. The man seized the offending dish before the customer could finish the sentence, and vanished with it. He reappeared in a moment with another supply of the same soup, which he placed before the gentleman, and then stood regarding him with an anxious face, wondering what could be the reason the soup remained untasted.

"I cannot eat this soup," again slowly remarked the literary man.

"Why not, sir? What is the matter?" stammered the unhappy waiter, who had been told he was serving an important person.

"I cannot eat this soup," said the literary genius calmly for the third time, "because I have not as yet been provided with a spoon." And looking up to catch the expression of relief on the waiter's face, he indulged in the low chuckle which was the only expression of amusement to which he ever gave way.

SCIENCE ON THE FARM.

Many farmers laugh at the notion of applying the principles of chemistry on the farm, calling such an application of science "fooling" and humbug. Yet farmers see their sons grow up and drift away because, having been educated in the public schools, the spirit of a scientific and progressive age has possessed them, and they seek elsewhere than upon an old-fashioned farm, scope for the education which they have already gained, and for the wider education which they crave.

Now there is no field which offers more ample scope for an educated and scientific mind than a good farm. The old-fashioned farmer says, "What do I want to know about chemistry? It's enough if I manure the ground and plant my seed; nature will take care of the rest."

But the application of manure is "chemistry;" and if the farmer or his boy understands the groundwork of that science, he knows what kind of manure is good for a certain field and what kind is good for another field; and his knowledge may make for him or save for him many dollars in a single year.

A knowledge of chemistry will enable him to save the valuable properties of his manures for the soil, instead of letting precisely those properties be evaporated and wasted, as they are in the case of most natural manures as now treated on the farms of this country.

But the most important function of science on the farm, after all, at the present time, is not the immediate material advantage which it may bring to the farmer, but the means which it will supply of interesting the young, of engaging their active and eager intelligence, and keeping them from places where they will be very much worse off.

Give a boy a fundamental knowledge of the principles of chemistry, and the processes and operations of the farm become at once wonderfully interesting to him.

When he has learned that the part of a plant or vegetable which it gets from the ground is found in its ashes after it is burned, he will be interested at once in ascertaining what those mineral parts are, and if they are supplied in the soil in which the plant grows.

Having found potash in considerable quantities in the potato-vine, phosphates and soda in Indian corn, phosphate of lime in wheat, and so on, he will be interested to know whether the food that is supplied to the plants contains these elements.

In precisely the same way, he will be interested to know what elements the food of the animals should contain to make them thrifty.

Once entered upon the path of this kind of knowledge, the farm life ceases to be mere drudgery. It is invested at every step with new interest, and becomes in a high degree a life worthy to be lived by an educated and thinking man.

DOUBLE NATIONALITY.

History supplies a great many cases in which men have changed their nationality very suddenly in order to serve personal purposes, but no case is recorded, perhaps, where one has changed so often as a certain railroad conductor who serves on a line connecting France and Germany. This functionary changes his nationality twice a day.

An American traveller who was riding on the train between Basle and Belfort relates that, shortly after passing out of Swiss into German territory, he had occasion to ask the *chef* of the train some question about the journey, and put the inquiry in French.

"*Nein, nein!*" said the conductor. "*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" (No, no; speak German.)

The American asked his question in the best German he could muster, and received an answer in that language.

Before long the train had traversed the narrow belt of German territory and entered France. The traveller again had occasion to make an inquiry, and this time addressed the same conductor in German.

"*Monsieur,*" said the chief of the train, politely, "*je ne parle que français.*" (I speak nothing but French.)

As the man had to retrace his steps, and become a German again before he went to bed, his changes, it is plain, came much oftener than those of the famous Vicar of Bray, who changed his religion half a dozen times under as many governments. "Because," as he explained, "he was resolved, no matter who was king, to live and die the Vicar of Bray."

SAD POETS.

The editors of periodicals at the present time have undoubtedly the disagreeable task of reading much poetry which is not only "unavailable," but utterly without merit; still, as the taste of the majority of readers in this generation is for that which is cheerful in poetry as well as in prose, it is not likely that any editor to-day would have such a depressing list of rejected contributions as the one printed in a magazine which bears a date over fifty years ago.

"My Wife's Grave," "Midnight," "Lament over the Grave of a Wife," "The Poet's Doom," "Reflections," "On Hearing the Eulogy of a New Friend," "Vengeance," "Let Me Weep," "The Poetry of Tears," and "Alone." Such are the titles of these unavailable poems.

It appears that the articles accepted were of much the same character, although they probably displayed marks of genius which induced the afflicted editor to accept them: "Autumn Musings," "The Last Song Bird," "The Mourner." "The Bereaved," "Shadows of the Past," "Solitude," and "Passing Away."

If any poems of a more cheerful order were received, they were certainly not considered worthy of any notice in that number of the magazine.

HAPPY IGNORANCE.

There was once a school teacher who received from her pupils a most elaborate jewel casket, of glass and silver. Not long afterward she announced, in family conclave, "That thing is horrid, but we really must use it." "We?" queried her mother. "Why, how many of us are expected to make use of it?" "As many as possible, I should say," was the innocent reply. "Isn't it a pickle jar?"

"*Signor Console*, I pray you tell me what this is for?" exclaimed an Italian shopkeeper, as he entered the American Consul's office, followed by a boy carrying a patent clothes-wringer. "I have had it in my establishment nearly a year, and I should so like to know what it is for!"

"Why, that's for drying clothes."

"Really, *Signor?* Most truly?"

"What did you think it was?"

A shrug of the shoulders served as the man's only response, but it afterward appeared that he had been trying to sell it to artists, as a great improvement in the art of photography.

TOO MANY LANGUAGES.

There is undoubtedly a good deal of advantage in learning foreign tongues from a nurse in childhood, but it is easily possible to do this at the expense of English. If the child is not to know its mother tongue there is not a great deal of advantage in having a smattering of a foreign one.

On the piazza of a summer hotel were observed not long since a group of over-dressed children who were about setting out for a walk under the care of a governess who was unmistakably French.

"Maudie," a small boy of the party said to his si-ter, "aint the Fräulein a goin' to come?"

"*Nona*," the girl answered, "*elle est mein gut*, and I be awful glad she aint well this morning."

These children had a French and a German governess at the same time, but neither of them was bothered about so unimportant a matter as English.

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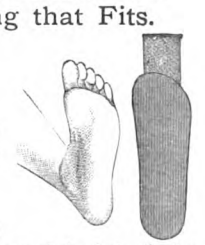
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For the Companion.

FOOT-BALL AT PRINCETON.

By the Captain of the Princeton Eleven of '89.

Most of the articles on foot-ball have been devoted to explanation of the game or to discussion as to the best way to play it. I shall endeavor in this paper to dwell upon incidents which may give one some idea of foot-ball life at Princeton. It is hardly necessary to say that foot-ball is the leading game at Princeton, and that the interest taken in it is almost unbounded.

The game has become almost a necessary part of the life of the college; and every student seems to consider it a duty, even if he does not play the game, to be well versed in it.

As soon as the college opens in the autumn, the campus swarms with candidates for foot-ball honors. Almost any hour of the day one may hear the heavy thud of the ball as it is kicked to and fro, or may see men eagerly passing it from one to another. As this is the sight that greets the Freshman on his entrance to college life, it is not to be wondered at that a desire is bred in him to get out and try his hand.

Before many days are over, a large number of Freshmen are engaging in the sport. I remember well our first game in my Freshman year; indeed, I do not think I shall ever forget it. We had been in college only three or four days when, one morning, on going to chapel, we saw posted on the bulletin board a notice requesting all Freshmen who desired to play foot-ball to be upon the 'Varsity grounds at five o'clock, dressed for play.

At the appointed hour some twenty-four students presented themselves, all "eager for the fray." A motley crowd we were, too, and a comical figure we must have cut with our varied and peculiar costumes.

There were men of all sizes, from five feet upwards. The crowd included all those who had won glory at their respective preparatory schools, and were only waiting for an opportunity to make a "tear;" several who had had only a limited experience at the game; and some few who had never even seen a foot-ball.

But we twenty-four players were not the only ones present. Ranged in line along the field were many gentlemen of the Sophomore class, who, being kind-hearted persons, and taking a great interest in our welfare, had come down to see that we did not hurt ourselves, and to encourage us by their presence and applause.

These gentlemen, before and during the game, amused themselves by inventing appropriate names and epithets for the promising athletes before them.

After a little delay two teams were chosen, and we were ready to begin. The largest men were placed in the centre, the smaller ones on the end, the smallest of all as quarter-backs, and those of medium size as half and full-backs.

The ball was then put in play. Immediately a scrimmage ensued, with a confusion which it is impossible to depict. It is almost a mystery how all the players got out alive. But no one was hurt, though I have no doubt that numerous bruises were given and received.

Of course each one imagined that he knew more than his neighbor, and every one directed every one else. Every time a run was gained or a tackle made, our enthusiastic supporters of the Sophomore class signified their approval by long and vociferous cheers.

Once during the game I gained their plaudits. One of the largest men on the other side was running with the ball and making straight for me. "It is now or never," I said to myself. Bracing for the struggle I made a heroic leap for his neck. We both fell in a heap and the Sophomores cheered. I thought that I had performed a brilliant feat, and considered myself the hero of the hour; whereas the truth was that I had made a miserable tackle, and if the other man had had any force or skill I should have landed on my head.

The most amusing thing in the whole game, however, occurred during the latter part of it. The full-back on one of the teams was green at the game, and had been told to stand behind all the other men of his side and guard his goal. He followed out his instructions to the letter. At the beginning of the game he took a position between the goal posts, and never moved from the spot. At last the generous minded Sophomores, seeing him standing there, and pretending to suppose that he must be worn out by his terrific exertions, took compassion on him and sent him out a chair.

The poor fellow was so confused that he accepted the chair with thanks, and, sitting down on it, remained seated till the game was over, regardless of the sarcastic expressions which were hurled at him by the admiring audience.

When this game was over, each one thought that he was a promising player and would surely "strike the 'Varsity" in his Freshman year.

After one or two games among themselves the Freshmen are enabled to form some estimate of their material, and from it the best players are selected to constitute the Freshman team, subject to change. The team elects its captain, and a series of games is begun between the Freshmen and Sophomores. These games, which are played every afternoon, are interesting because of the rivalry between the two classes, and also because they are a great factor in training men for the 'Varsity, or regular college eleven.

The contests between Sophomores and Freshmen are generally pretty even and exciting. The Sophomores, as a rule, win the first games, and the Freshmen the last ones, when they have become more experienced. However, the Sophomores, when they see that the Freshmen are improving and becoming too strong for them, often trump up excuses for discontinuing the games.

Great importance is attached to developing a good Freshman team, for the strength of the 'Varsity for the next year is largely dependent upon the material thus brought out.

In addition to the regular eleven, numerous "scrub" elevens are organized among the classes and eating clubs. Consequently what are called "horse" games are of every-day occurrence, and give great pleasure both to the participants and the observers. These teams also help to develop material.

Meanwhile the 'Varsity and second eleven or "scrub," as it is usually called, are playing daily. Indeed, they lose no time in getting down to business. As soon as the men return to college in the autumn, work begins. It consists, for a day or two, in running anywhere from a quarter of a mile to a mile, in kicking, passing and falling on the ball; just enough exercise to get the stiffness out of the men, and to accustom them to handling the ball.

A large number of candidates of all characters and descriptions always present themselves at the start. It is plain at a glance that some of them will never amount to anything. Others look as if they might be made into good players with a proper amount of coaching, while upon others the word "foot-ball player" is, so to speak, stamped. Soon the poor men are weeded out, and only the best are left.

In a few days active play begins. We go at it easily at first, playing longer and longer each day, so as to harden the muscles and sinews of the men by degrees.

I suppose our first game lasts about ten minutes, the second twelve or fifteen, and so on. In all these practice games the whole college takes the deepest interest, and from the beginning of the season speculates about Princeton's chances for winning the championship. Some years matters look bright from the start. Nearly all the old men are back; there are very few places to fill and plenty of good material to choose from. The college, of course, is jubilant, and already, in the minds of many, the championship pennant floats for Princeton. The only question is, how badly Yale will be beaten.



A "Scrub" Game.

Other seasons do not open so auspiciously. Nearly all the old players have left college; there are many vacancies in the team, and the men to draw from are not particularly numerous or efficient. Things appear decidedly "blue," and the championship pennant is not even in sight. The "pessimists" say that the college is going to the dogs as far as foot-ball is concerned, while even the more sanguine begin to wonder seriously if Princeton will be able to beat Wesleyan and the University of Pennsylvania. Such are the ways of college men.

But it is impossible to predict foot-ball results so long in advance. Errors of judgment are made very frequently. For instance, the season of 1888 opened most favorably for Princeton, and it seemed as if she would be a sure winner. Nevertheless, Yale won the championship.

On the other hand Princeton's prospects could not have been worse than they were the beginning of the autumn of 1889; yet Yale was vanquished and Princeton took the lead.

But no matter what the prospects are, the practice games between the 'Varsity and the "scrub" go on every day, and the college men are always down in full force to urge on the teams.

The games are generally lively and exciting, and good running, brilliant tackling and accurate kicking are loudly applauded. The men play with snap and dash, and put their whole energy into the work. There is something in the sport that carries a man away, and makes him feel that he is playing the finest game in the world.

Amusing incidents are of frequent occurrence, and there is nothing the men like better than to get together and relate them. A rather funny one recurs to me now. It happened in one of the minor games a year or two ago. One of the rushers on the opposing eleven persisted in getting "off side," much to the disgust of the Princeton man opposite him. The Princeton player politely requested the gentleman several times to keep "on side," but without any result.

Finally he repeated once more, "You are off side, sir." The man on the other team replied, "Not to my knowledge." This was too much for the Princeton player. Putting himself into a somewhat threatening attitude he called out, "I will bring it to your knowledge, sir." This had the desired effect.

The treatment which a foot-ball player receives at Princeton is of a right royal kind. The numerous trips that are taken are extremely enjoyable, and some of the friendships formed among the players are of the firmest and most lasting character. If, at the end of the season, victory crowns their efforts, there are no persons in the world so happy as the foot-ball men.

Pleasant as are all the seasons at Princeton, no time of the year is so loved by the college at large as the two short months devoted to foot-ball.

EDGAR A. POE.

For the Companion.

UNDER STRONG TEMPTATION.

"Do you think, young man," said Mr. Carmichael, a Boston capitalist in Denver, "that you can tell a gold mine from a hole in the ground?"

The question was asked in a small office room in a new block, upon the door of which a tin sign informed the public, in bright gilt letters, that one Homan F. Everett, Chemist, Metallurgist and Assayer, did business there. The person to whom the question was addressed, was this hopeful and ambitious young expert.

"Well, yes, sir, I think I can tell you whether quartz has gold in it, and exactly how much to the ton," he replied, smiling. "Whether or not a mine will prove profitable and a good investment for capital, is a more difficult matter. I make a study of such matters, however, and should be very glad to examine a mine for you."

The older man was watching him keenly as he spoke. As he did so, he made up his mind that Homan was a good, clear-looking youth of honest appearance, but probably lacking in experience and inclined to talk a little too much like a book.

In this opinion he was not far from wrong. Homan Everett had graduated from the Institute of Technology less than a year before, and had been in the West but six months. He had received thorough instruction in the principles and processes of metallurgy, and was competent to assay ores; but in practical knowledge of the Rocky Mountain region, its mines and particularly its mine discoverers and mine boomers, he was as yet little versed.

"Still, a young nose is sometimes keener than an old one," the elder man thought to himself, as he listened absently to Homan's reply. "He might scent something which the other fellows didn't, and if the sharps bought him over, I could detect it in his face. Those other experts are too old and case-hardened for me. I shall send him up there."

A bargain was concluded. Homan was to receive twenty dollars a day for his services and travelling expenses.

He set off by train for Salt Lake City that evening, and thence journeyed northward by stage across the country into Montana. He entered into the spirit of his mission with enthusiasm, feeling pride in the fact that he was about to test his skill in an actual examination of a valuable property; and that on his professional report, for or against, a hundred thousand dollars depended.

This first year was an anxious one with Homan. He was still six hundred dollars in debt for his educational expenses, and as yet he had barely been able to support himself. He greatly desired to win reputation and money, and he looked forward ardently to the day when he should receive for his services such fees as are taken by celebrated mining experts.

The mine was situated in the side of a rugged mountain. A rough trail led up to it from a rude, new little "city" in the valley, two miles distant.

This "city" was at the end of a new stage road. It consisted of eighteen or twenty slab shanties, seven of which were drinking-saloons. It was one of those "lively places," in fact, where gambling, drinking and shooting were the favorite amusements of the population. There was no hotel, but Homan secured lodgings in the loft of a saloon.

He found Messrs. Warder and Rundlett, the proprietors of the mine, at another saloon, engaged in playing at cards. He had a letter of introduction to them from Mr. Carmichael. They were both men of very aggressive manners.

"Mr. Carmichael applied to me in Denver and sent me here to examine your mine," said Homan, pleasantly.

"Oh, of course," said Warder, after a glance at his partner, "that's all right. We are quite willing that he should examine it as much as he likes, and send us all the experts he wants to. The more the better. Our mine will stand any test they can put it to. The solid, gold-bearing quartz is right there, every time."

Homan was aware that both men were regarding him with keen, hard scrutiny. But they soon waxed very affable. They had decided that they had to deal with a very green young man, who could be easily imposed upon with fair words.

"When will you take a look at the mine, professor?" Rundlett inquired, and after that both he and Warder addressed Homan by that title, with a show of great respect. The young man was not affected by this bit of flattery; but he offered no objection to it.

They went to the mine together next morning. A shaft had been sunk to a depth of twenty-two feet, and a transverse tunnel carried off laterally, from the foot of it, forty or fifty feet into the solid quartzose rock of the mountain. The blasting had been done with gunpowder, and the rock on all sides was blackened; yet particles of gold sparkled through the grime.

Homan took the sledge and broke off "specimens" from several faces of the excavation. These samples were carried in a sack down to his room at the saloon. He had brought a portable assay kit, and tested the specimens the same afternoon.

Every fragment of the rock contained gold. As nearly as he could determine from the assaying of so small a weight of samples, the pay rock would yield from eight to ten hundred dollars to the ton.

"How did you find it, professor?" Rundlett asked him later in the day.

"Rich," replied Homan, briefly. "I will take more samples to-morrow."

"Oh, well," replied Rundlett, after a look which seemed to Homan a little like vexation, "take as many as you like. We will go up with you again in the morning."

They went to the mine again and Homan broke out another sackful of samples. Wherever he applied the sledge, the broken quartz glistened with gold specks. One circumstance only he noted as peculiar. The places where he had broken out specimens the day before, and which had been left clean and fresh, where the pieces of rock broke off, were now blackened with powder like the surrounding surfaces.

He took his samples down to the "city" and made a fresh assay.

Warder dropped in to note the result.

"It assays well," said Homan. "But to-morrow I want to sink the shaft a few feet deeper, and see how samples run at that additional depth."

Warder seemed displeased for an instant, but immediately said, "All right, professor. You shall have every facility for your examination that we can give you. It is our interest as well as yours and Mr. Carmichael's. To-morrow morning we will put three miners at your disposal."

He invited Homan to meet him and his partner at a neighboring saloon that evening, "for a social glass;" but the young assayer assured him that he must continue work on the samples. He kept his room, and at nine o'clock that evening he extinguished his lamp as if he had retired. But just after midnight he went out quietly, and walked through the unlighted street and up the trail to the mine, quite unobserved.

An idea had occurred to him—an idea of the nature of a strong suspicion.

It was a dismal and a very unpleasant walk, for the path was excessively rough. He made his way slowly up to the mine, and, after watching for some moments at a little distance, cautiously approached the shaft-head.

As he did so he heard a muffled report, like that of a blast, or a shot-gun, quickly followed by a second.

He listened attentively, and then bent down and applied his eye to a crack between the planks of the trap-door which closed the entrance to the shaft. He thought he saw the glimmer of a light below. Powder smoke was coming up through the crack, and his first thought was that Warder and Rundlett were sinking the shaft deeper in advance of their agreement.

Presently he found a wider chink between the planks, and as the smoke cleared, he was able to see what was taking place below quite plainly.

Both the proprietors stood in the tunnel a few steps from the bottom of the shaft; but instead of blasting tools, they had a double-barrelled, muzzle-loading shot-gun which they were loading. A charge of gunpowder was rammed down; but instead of shot they poured into the gun-barrels a gray but sparkling powder from a vial which Homan supposed contained gold dust.

Rundlett then capped the piece, and made ready to fire, saying to Warder, "Now find two other places where that young fool knocked off samples. Plague take him! He tried to skin the whole mine. It'll cost us a hundred dollars in dust to fix it up after him."

"Here's a spot," said Warder, holding a lantern to the wall, "and here's another."

"Stand aside," muttered Rundlett. Thereupon he discharged first one barrel and then another at the fresh spots on the rock.

"Well, well, well!" thought Homan; "here's a fine bit of rascality!"

Till that hour he had never learned that a gun charged with mixed drill dust and gold dust, and fired at point-blank range, will cause the particles of gold to penetrate a certain distance into the rock.

The partners went on with their odd gunning for fifteen or twenty minutes. They then came back to the foot of the shaft. Thinking that they were coming out, Homan was on the point of decamping, when he saw Warder take up an iron kettle.

"Have you got those bottles?" he said.

Rundlett produced two quart bottles from a basket which had previously been set aside. The contents of the two were mixed in the kettle, and then Warder emptied into it gold dust from three other vials.

"There goes another cool hundred into the pot," he muttered, with something much like a groan.

"Well, there's too much at stake to practise economy now!" said Rundlett. "The question is, Where will that smart young chap take a notion to sink his shaft?"

"Probably about here," said Warder, indicating a point some ten feet within the transverse excavation. The place was out of sight from where Homan lay; but he could hear the sound of the drilling of a hole, and afterward of another and another, for the space of an hour, or more. Then a fire was kindled, and, as Homan had reason to

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believe, the liquid was boiled or heated. In the interest of his profession he would have liked to penetrate their methods of "doctoring" mines, but there was no way in which he could obtain a view of their operations; and at last, at about three o'clock, he returned cautiously to his room in the loft of the saloon.

He had witnessed quite enough to enable him to form an opinion as to the value of the mine.

Homan slept rather late in the morning, and while he was taking his breakfast, Rundlett came in to inform him that the miners had come to go to their work at the shaft.

His most prudent course would have been to proceed with the examination of the mine, dropping no hint of what he had learned, and reporting his discoveries only to Mr. Carmichael in Denver. But he desired to let the men know that they could not deceive him. He rose quietly from the table and said: "I have decided not to recommend the purchase of your mine to Mr. Carmichael."

"Look here! Do you think you can fool with us?" shouted Rundlett, losing his temper.

"Now," replied Homan, without changing his tone, "you had better keep quiet. I have had suspicions of you from the first. I was at your mine last night, and saw what was going on there! Is that explicit enough?"

The sharper started. Homan saw that he paled a little. The two men stood looking each other fully in the face, and strong as the young assayer felt in his advantage, the wicked gleam in Rundlett's eye made him wince a little. Never in his life had he encountered a glance of such thorough malignity.

But without another word Rundlett went out abruptly.

"I'll pack up and be off at once," thought Homan. "I've no need to stay longer. I can take the morning stage-coach out."

He rolled up a few samples of the quartz which had been "salted," or rather peppered with gold dust, to take away as curiosities, and then proceeded to gather up his kit of tools and instruments. His chemicals had to be packed carefully, and about ten minutes passed, perhaps, when some one knocked at his door.

It was Warder.

"Just a word with you in private, professor," he said, in a low tone, as he shut the door behind him. "Of course I know the game is up; but just what particular good will it do you to denounce our mine? Have you thought of that? What's this Carmichael to you? A capitalist—a man bloated with wealth wrung from the labor of poor men. He is out West here buying mines, to unload the money that he don't know what else to do with. It will not hurt him to bleed a little.

"Now my partner and I are poor men. We've had hard luck. We haven't two hundred dollars to our names. Now see here, let's talk business. Carmichael means to have this mine. You have made two assays of samples, taken from all over it, and find them rich. Two old experts have been here before you and reported the same. They saw nothing wrong. It would not hurt your reputation a bit to go back to Denver and report just what you found in the samples.

"Take samples along with you and assay them under Carmichael's own eyes. He'll buy the mine. Do that and say nothing of what you saw last night and we will give you twenty-five thousand dollars of the purchase money! I shall come to Denver myself to get it, and you shall have it sure and no fooling.

"You may set a detective to watch me there," he added. "If I fail ye, you can have me arrested before I get out of town."

Of course Homan ought not to have hesitated a moment. Yet in his poverty, his debt and his great desire to make a start, this sudden opportunity to obtain a large sum of money shook him as nothing had ever done.

He felt his breath come quickly. For an instant his thoughts were in a whirl. Then his sense of integrity and honor overcame the evil prompting.

Warder watched him keenly.

"You hold the game; we acknowledge it," he said. "We will make it thirty-five thousand!"

Homan turned hurriedly to his packing, and took up a small iron mortar and pestle used in powdering quartz, to put them into his sack. Then he stopped short with the implements still in his hands.

"Save yourself all this trouble, Mr. Warder," he replied, firmly. "I am not that kind of man."

The sharper's face hardened suddenly.

"You won't then!" he muttered. "I'm sorry. But —"

With a single quick movement of his hand, he drew a revolver and fired. The young assayer saw the motion, and instinctively raised his hand, and the bullet, aimed at his head, struck the mortar and spun aside. The mortar itself flew out of his numbed hand from the force of the blow.

Half-blinded by the flash and smoke, but obeying the impulse of self-defence, Homan sprang upon his assailant and struck with the pestle. Warder's pistol was discharged again as he did so; but with another blow Homan beat it from his hand.

They clinched, fell, and leaped to their feet again, both striking wildly; and when, a moment later, the door was burst open by the saloon-keeper and four or five others who had heard the shots, Homan was aware that Warder lay insensible at his feet, from a blow on the head, and that he was standing over him with the pestle in his hand, bleeding from a slight wound across his wrist.

Homan found that the community—honest at heart, in spite of its vicious exterior—was on his side, and he left the place the same day with his property.

A fortnight later, in Denver, he notified Mr. Carmichael that his report of the mine was ready.

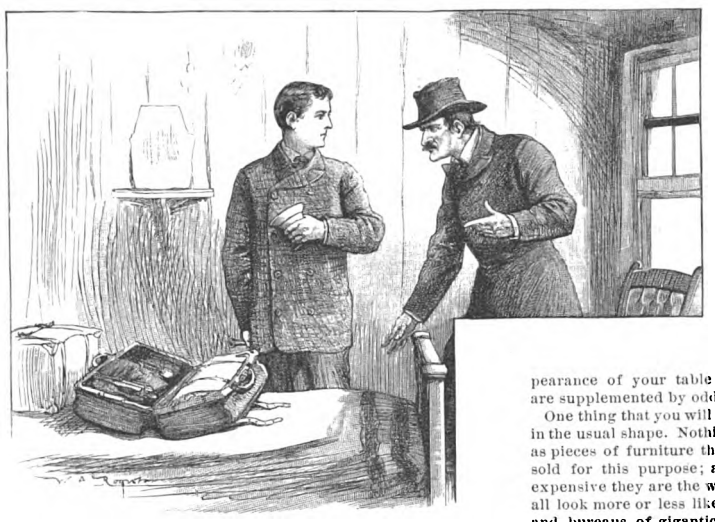
"Well, my boy, what did you find?" exclaimed the latter, as he bustled in next morning.

Homan showed him the samples which he had brought home, and then exhibited the results of the two assays which he had made at the mine.

"Well, that looks pretty rich," said the capitalist. "So you find it all right, every way, and recommend it?"

"Scarcely," replied Homan, quietly, but smiling a little. "I went to the mine between two days and found the owners busy shooting gold dust into the rock with a shot-gun. They also appeared to be pickling the mine with a kind of golden liquid."

The capitalist gave a low whistle, looked a little foolish, and sat for some time without speaking.



"I am not that kind of man."

"When they found that I had detected their trick," Homan continued, "they tried to shoot me."

He had too much pride to speak of the offer which he had received from Warder to divide the purchase money.

Mr. Carmichael settled with the young assayer, paying him exactly the fees agreed upon.

Two days afterwards a customer called to engage his services, to whom he had been recommended by Mr. Carmichael; and during the next three or four weeks, several others called. Homan ascertained that the capitalist was speaking a significant word for him frequently, to men who had large mining interests in the West. In consequence he soon found himself with all the engagements that he could meet. Very large fees came with some of these engagements, and within a year he was doing so good a business, and held the confidence of so many men of large affairs, that he could but feel thankful that he had possessed the strength of character to resist that sudden, strong temptation up in Montana, to play the knave.

C. A. STEPHENS.

For the Companion.

MAKING A HOME.

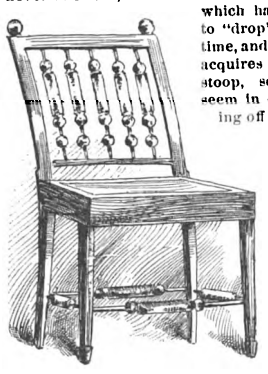
FOURTH PAPER.

Dining-rooms, China and Glass.

Some decorators consider the dining-room the chief feature of the house, and spend most of their effort upon it; but if you have thoroughly accepted the idea that no one room should outshine the others, you will not make this mistake.

If a dining-room is cheerful with well chosen, harmonious colors, and if you can give it a bay-window filled with cozy, cushioned seats and with flowers, you have done about all you can for the room itself. What remains to be done is chiefly in furniture.

You will need a table, of course, and pray do not get a narrow one. Four feet is the very least width that is desirable, and four feet, six or nine inches is much better. The ends should be square, never rounded, in order to avoid the "drop-leaf," which has been known to "drop" at the wrong time, and which with age acquires a permanent stoop, so that dishes seem in danger of sliding off the ends of the table. A good extension table is so expensive that while the family is small and entertainments few and limited, there is really no need of one, convenient as it is. A carpenter will make you a table four feet, nine inches square, of cheap whitewood, for a comparatively trifling sum, say eight dollars, and you can seat eight people at it.



The top of this may be left white, but the legs are to be stained walnut or enamelled black, and these should be placed so far under that they do not interfere with the comfort of guests. This is an important matter, never to be neglected in any table; for what is more disagreeable than to sit "by a leg" which you must embrace between your knees, or around which you must twist in such a way as to turn your back half-way upon your neighbor?

Dining-room chairs are an expensive item, too, and I know of no make-shift which will leave the room congruous. The chairs should have a solid seat—not too high, and yet not low enough to bring you below the level of the table. The back must not be perfectly straight, for sometimes it is a relief to be able to rest the shoulder-blades against it; nor should it be so open as to put you in danger of slipping through, nor so elaborately carved that you are made uncomfortable by projections.

A dining-chair, good in form, with sufficient decoration, may be found in most large cities, in oak or walnut with caned seat, for four dollars, and in mahogany for eight or ten dollars. To either of these prices two dollars will be added if the seat is upholstered in leather.

It was long customary to use a chair for each end unlike those at the sides, as particularly suggestive of state and dignity; but this is not necessary, and it is in better taste, as well as more convenient, to have all alike.

With your table for eight persons you should have eight chairs; for although six of them may spend most of their time against the wall, on the few occasions when you need them, the appearance of your table is spoiled if the chairs are supplemented by odd ones from other rooms.

One thing that you will never want is a sideboard in the usual shape. Nothing could be more hideous as pieces of furniture than most of the structures sold for this purpose; and the more ornate and expensive they are the worse they become. They all look more or less like combination washstands and bureaus of gigantic size, which have found their way to the dining-room.

Instead of these why not use the one I illustrate? Any cabinet-maker or large furniture store will make it for thirty-five dollars for polished walnut, or less for whitewood stained or enamelled. It is after an English design, and should be enamelled in a color to suit the wood-work of the room; but it looks best in black with brass hinges and ornaments.

Still another simple convenience for the dining-room is a box three feet square and three feet high. In this two shelves are fitted, and one side is arranged as a door to open and shut on brass ornamental hinges. Each side of the box is panelled with Japanese leather paper, around which a margin of three inches of the wood is allowed to show.

This margin is enamelled to suit the furniture or the paint of the room. The leather panels are outlined by brass-headed nails. Brass key-holes and knobs are added to the door, and when the box is neatly lined with paper, a most convenient sideboard is ready for one corner of your room.

Jenny must make up her mind to give her personal care to her china and glass, if she wishes to keep the pretty gifts that came on the wedding day. No maid that ever landed on these shores knows the value of the cups and plates which she handles so recklessly, and can have no conception what you suffer when she appears with a piece of your Copeland cup or Stokes-Crescent plate in each hand. So take care of these yourself, and make it your task to wash the dainty things after each service, the maid bringing you a wooden tub filled with *hot*—not warm—water, soap, a long-handled mop, fresh linen towels and a piece of clean chamois skin for the silver.

With these precautions, I do not see why you may not have and use all the fine china you can afford, always remembering to keep these expenses in proportion to the display throughout the house.

Once white ware was the only kind thought economical, since pieces, when broken, could be replaced without difficulty and without undue expense.

But white china looks so cold that stern necessity is the only excuse for its use; and as the decorated sets are now so cheap, this excuse is not so general.

English sets of one hundred and twenty pieces can be found for twenty dollars, and there are equally good American wares.

If you are frightened by the cry that you cannot match the English ware, why not give up a "set" here as elsewhere, and select your dishes with such variety among them that a few more odd pieces will make no difference? The main consideration should be to choose each article of good shape, good color and graceful design.

You will need of course a basis of regularity on which to build, and you cannot do better than select this in good French china, with decorations of buff bands or bunches of flowers, taking a design which some good store that you can easily reach always keeps in stock.

Of this ware get two dozen dinner plates, one dozen soup plates, two dozen tea plates, one dozen breakfast plates, four meat dishes, four vegetable dishes (two covered), and one soup-tureen.

To this you may add salad and dessert services, cups, tea service, butter-dish, salt-cellars, and butter plates, for which you have levied upon the whole world.

Salad bowls in pale-green ware are found at Japanese stores for two dollars, while a tiny one to hold the mayonnaise dressing is easily picked up for fifty cents. The plates can be of majolica, which is pretty if chosen with taste, and very coarse and ugly if not so chosen.

Very pretty plates at ten cents apiece are often shown; but if you can afford more than this, I advise you to put the money into better ware.

The dessert and fruit set may be equally inexpensive.

If a silver tea-set was not part of your wedding set, you can supply its place with a teapot of English ware of blue and yellow, of rough but "jolly" appearance. Coffee may be served—nay, is best served—in the pot in which it is made; but if you revolt against tin on the table, you can find a French coffee-pot made of china—a peculiar



chocolate color outside and dead-white inside. This ware can be subjected to intense heat, and coffee made in it, with the biggin which forms part of the pot, is most delicious.

For cups and the various little fancies of the table, it is a pleasant plan to institute the custom of giving each member of the family his own particular article. On birthdays and at Christmas these make very acceptable gifts.

Of glass I can only say a word—and that of warning. Do not use imitation of cut glass. There are many pretty sorts of glass which are pretty intrinsically, and owe nothing to any attempt to imitate. Plain glass, with an engraved line for every-day use, with thinner, fine goblets engraved with scattered stars for "occasions," are really in better taste for your table than any of the pretentious, heavy fancy dishes now in vogue.

Do not use colored glass except in finger-bowls and wine-glasses—if these last appear on your table.

Always see that your dinner-table has some flower on it. I do not mean that you are to buy roses in January and violets in August. Your flower through the winter may be a growing fern in a fancy pot, or slips of ivy planted close in a low, flat dish. In spring and summer the meadows or the tiniest garden will furnish a succession of blossoms, while in autumn a handful of the rich leaves nature strews even in our city streets gives one of the little touches which make home—home.

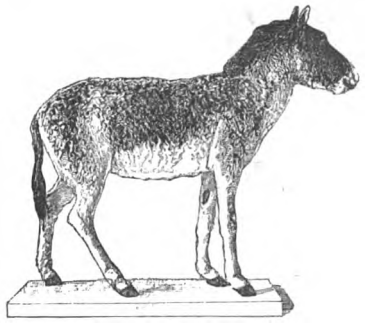
ANNIE R. RAMSEY.

For the Companion.

THE ORIGINAL HORSE.

A small party of French men of science, which included Prince Henry of Orleans and M. Bonvalot, has lately returned from a journey of exploration through the vast and almost uninhabited regions of Central Asia. The expedition brought back several stuffed specimens of rare animals found in that part of the world, and among them a specimen of the hemione, or Kiang horse. This animal probably approaches as near to the primitive horse as any now found in a wild state.

The home of the Kiang horse is the high plateau of Chinese Turkestan, between Lake Lob Nor and the mountainous region of Thibet. This plateau is covered with a growth of short grass, which the wild horses graze. The climate is very cold, the mercury in winter sinking to forty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.



The Kiang horse is a shaggy, unkempt looking animal, having bodily somewhat the aspect of a donkey, except as to the tail and ears. It is, however, a genuine horse, having rather delicate legs and feet, and ears by no means resembling those of a donkey or mule.

The color of the head and of the upper part and sides of the body is a reddish-tan, shading to a bay, and though this color grows lighter from above downward, it contrasts strikingly with the pure white of the animal's belly and the inner side of the fore-legs.

Along the spine runs a well-defined stripe of thick, blackish-brown hair, extending to the root of the tail. The hair is long and shaggy, and adapts the horse to living in a cold country.

The Kiangs, like all the other wild horses, live in bands or herds of one hundred to two hundred individuals, each presided over by an old male. This leader gives the signal when any danger approaches.

The Kiangs are preyed upon frequently by wolves; but their most terrible and dreaded enemy is the ounce, or Turkestan panther, several specimens of which were shot by Prince Henry.

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SUGGESTIONS

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Name ten famous American prose-writers, eight famous American poets, and six others who wrote well both prose and verse.

Sketch briefly the life and character of each.

Were any of them famous except as authors?

Learn something about four principal works of each.

Have any of these authors gained wealth by writing?

Why have we had so few professional authors?

For the Companion.

THE SONG OF THE RED CLOAK.

Founded on an incident in the history of Chester, N. S.

Come listen, good folk, to the song of the cloak,
The cloak of red and gray:
Hear how it saved the little town
That nestles where the hills slope down
To deep blue Chester Bay.

'Twas in times of strife far unlike the life
That Chester knows to-day;
The Revolution then was new,
And oft some bold New England crew
Came into Chester Bay.

Then was time of dread, for the strangers led
The flocks and herds away;
And old men raged, while women wept
For husbands strong whom battles kept
Afar from Chester Bay.

So old Captain Mill, on Blockhouse Hill,
One bright, cool day in May,
Seeing a Yankee vessel sweep
By Tancook's Isle, whose low shores keep
The mouth of Chester Bay,

Cried aloud in wrath: "Since this village hath
But weak old men to say
That Chester still shall keep her own,
We'll man the blockhouse all alone,
For King and Chester Bay."

Even as he spoke, there suddenly broke
From children at their play,
A wild, shrill cry,—"A Privateer,"
Echoed by voices hoarse with fear
For peaceful Chester Bay.

From houses and stores, the people in scores
Poured forth in their dismay:
The old men turned to Blockhouse Hill,
Longing for strength and old-time skill,
To guard their Chester Bay;

While the women sad,—some quickly clad
In their long, soft cloaks of gray,—
Hushing the wailing children, fled
To woods beyond the harbor's head,
The head of Chester Bay.

As into this throng, with his purpose strong,
The Captain made his way,
His quick eye saw the linings red
Of the women's cloaks, as on they sped
Away from Chester Bay;

And his face grew bright with a sudden light;—
His words were almost gay:
"Quick, quick, good women, turn your cloaks,
Here's a chance for a right good hoax,
To aid our Chester Bay."

The women obeyed. As they stood arrayed
In red instead of gray,
The Captain spoke,—and up and down
They bore a message through the town
That lies by Chester Bay.

Then to Blockhouse Hill strode old Captain Mill,
And where the cannon lay,
He helped the few old men and weak
To load the weapon that should speak
For lonely Chester Bay;

While from every street came the sound of feet
From squads, in scarlet gay,
Of women marching calm and still
Along the shore, and up the hill
That guards blue Chester Bay.

Then the cannon spoke, and the water broke
Before the ship in spray,
As—sails half-furled, the long-boat manned—
Swiftly she glided toward the land,
The point in Chester Bay.

Oh, but could it be that the crew did see
The brilliant red array?
The sails, half-furled, fast fluttered out,
With helm hard down she came about,
The ship in Chester Bay.

"Now God be praised," and the Captain raised
His hands in solemn way,
"The Yankees think the Redcoats here,
Every woman a grenadier,
And saved is Chester Bay."

'Twas just as he said, for with sails outspread
The vessel stood away;
But, e'er another sun went down,
Burnt and sacked was Lunenburg town,
Across still Chester Bay.

Now ended, good folk, is the song of the cloak,
The cloak of red and gray
'Twas thus it saved the little town
That nestles where the hills slope down
To deep blue Chester Bay.

GEO. P. BAKER.

For the Companion.

UPLIFTING THOUGHTS.

A public man whose influence has been powerful for good in this country, said lately:

"My father was an uneducated, hard-working farmer. Yet some of his methods of training his children showed a keen insight and rare wisdom. He had the habit, for instance, of telling us as we ate our breakfast any story of kindness or courage or self-sacrifice which he had heard or read the day before; or failing these, he would repeat a noble thought tersely expressed, or a fine line of poetry.

"'There's a bit of gold, boys,' he would say, 'to carry with you. Don't let all of your thoughts be base metal.'

"We used to laugh at this 'old-fashioned' custom. But it would be impossible to measure the influence which these great ideas had in elevating the daily current of our thoughts. We could not give ourselves up wholly to trivial or mean things with this great thought ringing in our minds like the call of a trumpet."

A busy mother upon whom much of the actual labor of her household devolved, said once:

"I have no time to search in books for great thoughts to widen and lift my children's minds. But I try to bring into our family life the high, liberal charity taught by Christ. I try, too, to keep the children's attention fixed upon some subject outside of their own lives.

"One day it may be a new book, the next a political crisis in our own country, or a great flood in China. These things serve to turn their thoughts from personal gossip or squabbling."

There are many homes in which some idea like these is at work, lightening and uplifting the whole family life. There are others in which the members of the family resemble parts of a machine at work. They earn money, they eat, drink and sleep; but the life, the ennobling principle, is lacking.

However young or insignificant the reader of these words may be, he can do his part towards bringing the sunshine of a broader life into his home. The mere habit of speaking of things instead of people, if persisted in, will be like a window opened into a close and stifling room.

The atmosphere of our thoughts, as well as that breathed by our bodies, becomes foul and poisonous if kept too long shut in from outside influences.

Open the windows, then. Take the lives, the work, the thoughts of your brother men into your own, and you will be able to serve better Him Who is their Father and yours.

COWBOYS AND COSSACKS.

Our Western cowboys must look to their laurels in the matter of horsemanship. A French journalist, who saw some of them ride at the show of Buffalo Bill in Paris, says that they are surpassed by the Cossacks of Russia, who now form a part of the light cavalry force of the Czar. The cowboys perform some equestrian feats extremely well, particularly in taming wild horses, but our French observer declares that the Cossacks are the best "all around" horsemen anywhere to be seen. They are the roughest and the toughest of soldiers. At their barracks near Moscow there are few of the conveniences of civilized life; no beds except hard mattresses placed on sloping boards, and small, hard bags for pillows.

The men wear little dirty caps, unwashed blouses, trousers from which all color has long since faded, high flexible boots without blacking or spurs, a whip in their belts and a sword swinging at their sides.

There is nothing about a Cossack that savors of pipe-clay, nor even of soap and water. He comes in from his five hours' drill, and goes at once for his bowl of bitter beer, which he calls *kwass*, and his allowance of oatmeal porridge, without so much as washing his hands and face.

Nor does he join a mess at his meals. The mess is unknown in the Russian army. Each soldier takes his ration of sour cabbage, oatmeal, black bread and meat, direct from the kettles and carries it to the unfurnished table, where he devours it without reference to his comrades.

Our French traveller had the courage to taste these viands, and confesses himself unable to use words that will express the badness of the food. But the Cossacks like it all, and thrive upon the diet.

When they are mounted they are an entirely different style of creature. The regiment consists of a thousand men, who ride small, tough, agile horses, full of spirit, but well broken for their work. The colonel appears, and rides to the front. He salutes the regiment by crying aloud, *Idorovo molodtsy*, which is about equivalent to, "Good day, my fine fellows." To this the whole regiment responds by saying six or seven words in Russian, which mean "We wish your lordship good health," each syllable of which is pronounced distinctly and in concert, as American students utter their college cry.

Then the drill begins. "Imagine," says our journalist, "the equestrian programme of the most extravagant circus; add to this the complete repertory of Buffalo Bill's performers, enriched with the most unexpected variations; imagine all that horsemanship can achieve of most delicate, of most ludicrous, of most impressive, and of most crazy. All this was realized before us for two whole hours by a thousand men at once, let loose in a tempest of dust and of movement to make the head swim."

The drill finishes with three distinct march-pasts; first at a walk, next at a trot, and finally at full gallop, which last is perfectly terrific for speed and force. At the same time the charge is almost noiseless, because every part of the equipment is carefully made to avoid noise. There is no clashing or clicking of metal, for every surface is guarded with leather.

When all is done, if the colonel is content with the performance, he cries out, *Karacho*, which means, "Well done, my lads." To this the regiment reply with exact cadence as before, "We will do better next time, my lord." Upon this the regiment moves away to the stables to take care of the horses.

AT THE SAME SCHOOL.

Jules Simon, formerly one of the most eminent statesmen of France, is, as many other French statesmen are and have been, a regular contributor to the press. He is publishing in the Paris journal, *Le Temps*, what he calls "Mon Petit Journal." He wrote recently in condemnation of the personal animosity so often entertained by political opponents. Many politicians seem to feel that because a man is their political enemy, it is necessary that they should be his enemies in every way, do him as much harm as possible, and believe him capable of every moral fault.

The disposition of the Legitimist, whom M. Simon describes as drawing his coat about him whenever he passes near a group of Republicans, as if to protect his purse or to save himself from contaminating contact, is not uncommon. A curious anecdote of a friendship which was entirely independent of party feeling is related by the veteran statesman.

I have found nothing more easy and agreeable than to be at the same time true to my personal friends and to my party. Impartiality seems to me both a duty and a pleasure. When I was elected deputy for Paris, in 1863, I found in the Chamber many persons who had been my colleagues in the Constitutional Assembly. I hastened to greet them.

Jules Favre laughingly warned me, "They belong to the ministerial party, and are consequently your enemies."

One of the deputies of the opposite party, as indifferent as I to such considerations, came to me that first day, smiling, and with hand extended, to say:

"You will not refuse to shake an old friend's hand, because we do not sit on the same side?"

"Certainly not," I replied, "but—"

"But you do not remember me?" he said. "I recognized you at once;" and he introduced himself.

It was M. La Haichois, an old schoolmate. As boys we had been close friends. I was delighted to see him again, and we at once resumed the friendship of our childhood. I made some laughing comment on his party, and he replied, "I have been a Conservative all my life, and you, I suppose, regard all your friends on the Left here as so many little saints."

That was the extent of our political discussion. Our intimacy continued many years to our own great satisfaction, and to the disapproval of our respective political friends.

In the course of his long illness, which finally proved fatal, I once could not restrain myself from remarking how he had changed.

"Ah," he said, "you know it is sixty years since we were in the same class in school."

"You mean fifty years," I interrupted him, "that is long enough; don't add ten years, my friend."

But he was not mistaken. We began discussing the matter and comparing notes, and discovered that we had never seen or known each other before that day when he came so kindly to shake hands with me in the Chamber. He had had a brother ten years younger, and I had had one ten years older, in the school which we had attended.

He was the classmate of my brother, and I of his. We had recommenced in 1863 a friendship which had never existed.

For the Companion.

IN OCTOBER.

I wonder will they find it sweet as we
Shall Paradise?—these shy young birds that now
For the first time have put to test their wings,
And flown beyond the silent nesting-tree,
Beyond the skies that sheltered them in June,
To a far land which they have never seen?

What faith, what matchless wisdom they have shown!
How could they know that Winter follows close
Upon such radiant days and nights as these?
In what sweet dream was it revealed to them
That they by simply trusting to their wings
Might follow the dear Summer on her way?

The beckoning branches now sway back and forth
In vain to tempt the restless wings to stay;
The falling leaves pave all the earth with gold,
But they are not deceived—these Summer friends;
Their hearts have grown so strong with confidence
Born of some inward sight we cannot know,
That all the gracious overtures of earth
At this rare season cannot stay their flight.
By day I see the wings, by night I hear
Soft twitters in the air, and know they still
Are on their way: my bluebird that I loved,
And that I saw grow full of life and song
In this forsaken tree before my door,
My robin with the newly painted breast,—
They, too, have joined the winged caravan,
And think no more of me.

MARY A. MASON.

PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.

Mr. Hume Nisbet, a special correspondent and artist, tells in his narrative of "A Colonial Tramp," an amusing story illustrative of the influence of old clothes. He had travelled over the western district of Australia in an outlandish digger-like costume, and had mixed with many rich and fashionably dressed men, without finding that his clothes subjected him to any discourtesy. But on entering Deniliquin, New South Wales, he received a lesson on the importance of dress.

He went to a hotel, and asked a pretty barmaid if he could have a room for the night. She glanced coldly at him, and answered that he had better ask the waiter. The waiter looked at him critically and said he would ask the master. The landlord came in, surveyed the correspondent, and reluctantly replied: "Yes, I dare say you can; John, take him up to No. 40."

John showed the way to the top of the house, and said, "Any luggage?"

"No, John, none but what you see here," pointing to his artist's traps.

"Then it is the rule to pay in advance."

"All right; get my bill made out for dinner, bed and breakfast, and I'll be down presently and pay it."

At dinner no one spoke to him. In the smoking-room, which he sought after dinner, several gentlemen were conversing about the Chinese opium-dens in Sydney. One gentleman, on being asked a question by the correspondent, looked him slowly over, then turned to his companions with a remark about "impudence."

Rising from his chair, Mr. Nisbet walked up to the group and said, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but is this—person, very deaf?"

"Not that I am aware of," muttered a young fellow.

"I am not bound to answer every question that a cad of a stranger may ask me," blurted out the man himself, his face scarlet with passion.

"Certainly not," replied Nisbet. "This is a public room, and the 'cad of a stranger' apologizes to you all for his 'impudence,'" and he went to bed.

The next day he called on a friend, a resident, who on hearing of the rudeness said:

"It must have been a stranger; I'll drive you down and introduce you to some of the natives, who will take that bad impression out of your mind."

They drove down, and as they were walking along the street met the gentleman of the smoking-room, whom Nisbet's friend greeted warmly, saying, "Let me introduce you, Mr. Smith, to my friend, Hume Nisbet, who has been so atrociously treated by some fellow—"

He stopped short in his speech, for Mr. Smith dropped the hand he had spread out, and stood looking upon Mr. Nisbet with a comical expression.

"Yes, that is the fellow," said the correspondent, whose hand was still in his pocket.

"What fellow?" cried the friend.

"The one who proved to me how necessary it is for a man to be dressed in society."

"Oh, hang it," answered the poor man, as he mopped his head, "don't; how the mischief could I tell who you were in such an outrageous get-up?"

"Just so," rejoined Nisbet, "but tell me about the Sydney opium-dens."

Mr. Smith learned a lesson about hasty judgment, and the correspondent received a new impression as to the importance of dress.

AUNT DOLLY'S GHOST.

Many years ago one of the oldest houses in the town of D—— was left vacant by the death of its sole occupant, a little old lady whom every one called Aunt Dolly. The house was in a bad condition, and since the heir did not care to make the necessary repairs, the sign, "For Sale or To Let" hung in the window for more than six years. At last a new factory was built in the town, a demand for dwelling-places sprang up, and the old house was rented.

Before the month was gone the German family who had moved in suddenly moved out again, declaring that they couldn't stand the ghosts.

People laughed, but when family after family moved out of the house, each insisting that strange and unaccountable sounds were heard there, always at night, it came to be generally admitted that something must be wrong.

For a long time the house stood empty again, and the children, going back and forth to school, would look mysterious and talk about Aunt Dolly's ghost, its big red eyes, and the terrible noises it made.

These noises were always heard in the back kitchen, which opened directly out of doors. At last the owner of the house determined to find out whether there was any foundation for the current reports. He took his gun and sat upon the stairs leading out of the kitchen to watch for the ghost. About twelve o'clock the back door, which hung loose upon its hinges, creaked ominously, opened with a slam, and the ghost slowly walked into the kitchen. The man started a little, but composed himself to watch the proceedings.

The ghost stood still a moment, then shaking itself once or twice, and giving its head a toss, it walked across the room and putting its head down in a corner, took a long drink from the old open well, fed by a spring very near the surface, which the man remembered to have been there when he was a boy. He had fallen into it once, and had been rescued by Aunt Dolly, whose reputed ghost was now leisurely refreshing itself.

Then the ghost gave a cough which made the windows rattle dubiously. The man laughed softly to himself, and waited. Suddenly, probably aware for the first time that a mortal was sharing its nightly vigil, the ghost put one foot on the stair and waited to be spoken to; for ghosts never speak except in answer to a question.

The man seized the hair which grew down over the ghost's forehead, and while he led the disturber of honest folks's slumber out of the back door and across the pasture to his own estate, he talked to it as probably no ghost was ever talked to before.

"So you're the sperrit, air you, you miserable old nag? And all these years you've ben a-disturbin' people an' a-takin' money out o' my pocket, an' all jest because old Aunt Dolly learnt you the trick o' comin' into the kitchen an' gittin' a drink when you was thirsty. An' this's the way you take advantage o' me when you're put in the barn cellar all to yourself. An' here you've ben a-kittin' off every night, an' gittin' home afore anybody suspected you'd a-gone. You're a pretty nag, aint you now?"

The horse, as soon as the story became known, was renamed Aunt Dolly's Ghost. The house was repaired, and no difficulty in renting it was afterwards experienced.

PROTECTED BY A CHILD.

Among the Royalists who were exposed to the fury of the mob on one of the most terrible days of the French Revolution, August 10, 1792, was the Count d'Haussonville. In an almost desperate situation he retained his presence of mind, and avoiding recognition by a simple expedient, passed through the angry crowd. The incident is related by his grandson in "La Vie de Mon Père."

My grandfather did not emigrate. Louis XVI., who had confidence in his rare courage and entire devotion, had made him promise not to leave him, and he was always one of those who in moments of danger hastened to the Tuileries to defend the royal family. He was with the king throughout the Tenth of August. When the royal family left the legislative assembly he found himself in a position of great danger.

He took advantage of the semi-twilight in the lobby to destroy his lace ruffles, and hid his gold-laced hat and his sword under the seats.

Then he joined the crowd which was leaving the hall and the offices. But the difficulty was to pass from the entrance to the assembly hall to the gate of the drawbridge of the Tuileries without being recognized. In this space and at the gate were the people, excited by having taken the palace, and by the massacre of the Swiss, which had occupied them nearly all day.

In crossing the garden, my grandfather noticed a child who had been hit by a bullet, and was moaning on the ground surrounded by several persons. He walked straight to the group, lifted the child in his arms without saying a word, and went on toward the gate, walking slowly and apparently quite absorbed in comforting the little child. His face was thus concealed, as he reached the gate and ordered the crowd aside.

He was allowed to pass unsuspected, and still protected by his precious burden, he passed through the streets and neared the d'Haussonville mansion. Then he left the child and a sum of money with a physician, with instructions that the little one should be given the best of care.

SQUIRE LOTHROP'S OPINION.

It is never safe to study the opinion of the multitude. "What do folks say about me?" asked an old lady who had been largely unfolding a budget of scandal. "I s'pose there's some bad mixed in with the good!" "Well, there," said her frank neighbor, "I do' know's there's any good spoke of to mix it *with*."

A man not especially well known had given a lecture in a New Hampshire town, without rousing much enthusiasm in his audience, and as he rode away on the top of the stage-coach the next morning, he tried to get some sort of opinion from Jim Barker, the driver. After pumping in vain for a compliment, he inquired:

"Did you hear nothing about my lecture? I should like very much to know how it was received."

"Wal, no, stranger, I can't say as I heerd much. I guess the folks was purty well pleased. Nobody seemed to be agin it but Square Lothrop."

"And may I ask what he said?"

"Wal, I wouldn't mind, if I'se you, *what* he said. He says just what he thinks, right out with it, no matter who's hurt, and he usually gits the gist on't. But I wouldn't mind what he said; the public was purty generally pleased."

"Yes," persisted the tortured man, "but I do want very much to know what Squire Lothrop's opinion was."

"Now, stranger, I wouldn't think anything more about the Square. He's got good common-sense, and allers hits the nail on the head; but, as I said, you pleased 'em fust rate."

"Yes, but I must know what Squire Lothrop did say!"

"Wal, if you will have it, he did say, and he's apt to git the gist on't, he did say that *he* thought 'twas *awful shaller*."

VAIN REPETITIONS.

A girl who was accustomed to conclude all her stories with the words, "Wasn't it funny?" was telling her mother of the sorrow which had come to a school friend.

"Just think," she began, "I asked Annie Platt this morning if she knew why Mary Wallis, that pretty girl from Iowa, wore black; and she said that Mary was out in a sail-boat with her mother and two brothers last summer, and a squall came up, and the boat capsized, and they were all drowned except Mary! Wasn't it funny?"

"I shouldn't consider it a subject for mirth," said her mother, dryly, and then the girl, who was really full of sympathy for her new friend, realized what she had said.

Anton Rubinstein, the Russian composer, in his autobiography tells of the confusion which overcame a certain architect of his acquaintance, who had a habit of interlarding all his remarks with the phrase, "You understand."

On one occasion he was explaining certain architectural matters to the Emperor, and according to custom, made free use of his favorite expression.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Emperor Nicholas at last, irritably, "of course I understand. My dear fellow, how could I help it?"

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For the Companion.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.—X.

Now O-c-t in letters of gold
At the head of the calendar stand unrolled;
The frost is sharp in the morning air;
The falling leaves are faded and old;
The nuts are pattering here and there,
And we'll have our share of the harvest rare,
Though the brisk little squirrels chatter and scold.
You little red robbers, busy and bold,
There are plenty for you and the children, too,
To crack when the days are short and cold.
Then away to the woods while the skies are clear,
And sing till the birds come back to hear,
For silent and sober were brown October
Without our frolics, Daisy, my dear.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

For the Companion.

BLOWING BUBBLES AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Little Peter and Prudie and Lyddie Sprague were keeping house while mamma and papa went to town. To be sure there was Grandpa Sprague, but he was taking his afternoon nap in his room, so he did not count. They had played "hide the thimble" "ring-around-a-rosy," and Lyddie and Prudie had danced till their little toes ached, to the *hum-a-hum-hum* of Peter's jewsharp. Then Lyddie had said:

"Let's blow bubbles!"

"Oh, yes, let's!" cried Prudie.

So Lyddie got the long, new clay pipes and Prudie a bowl of soapsuds and set it on the hearth of the broad, low chimney so they need not wet the floor, for the little girls had learned not to make work.

But it was found, after one or two trials, that the bubbles were too thin, and Prudie had to make another journey to the soap cask. Then they began blowing bubbles in good earnest—such big, strong ones! They would soar like tiny balloons, now up, now down, as Peter and Prudie and Lyddie puffed and chased them about the room.

By and by one dived into the black chimney and disappeared. Then there was more fun, sending them off up its broad, sooty throat, and watching them sail out at the patch of blue at the top and rushing out to see them float off.

Then Peter proposed smoking into the bubbles, as grandpa did once for them. Grandpa's pipe lay on the mantel all "charged" and ready to light when he should get up. Prudie wanted to do this part of it.

"Huh! girls don't smoke!" cried Peter, loftily.

"Ma'am Potter smokes! I've seen her! And she was a girl once, anyway!" retorted Prudie.

"Well, it's squinched her all up," insisted Peter.

Prudie didn't want to be squinched like Ma'am Potter, neither did Lyddie, so Peter put a live coal from the stove into the top of the pipe and puffed away manfully. The stem was very short and he burned the tip of his freckled nose once so that a tiny blister came upon it.

For a time they had great sport, watching the milky-looking bubbles float gracefully off, to the consternation of whole nestfuls of chimney-swallows, some of them tumbling out of their nests in affright, down onto the children's heads.

However, pretty soon Peter laid up the pipe, plunged his fat, brown fists deep into his pockets and scowled dreadfully. Then his face turned very white and he began to whine dismally. Lyddie and Prudie, very much frightened, brought him catnip and spearmint leaves to chew. But poor Peter was too sick to chew them.

Just then grandpa came out and Lyddie ran to him with the doleful tale.

"Tut! It's grandpa's pipe! Naughty thing for little boys—and big ones, too, I suspect!"

"But does it make you feel like Peter?" queried Lyddie.

"Oh, it did once," laughed grandpa.

"What made you want to do it again, then?" asked the little girl.

"The land knows, I don't!" groaned grandpa, looking with pity at Peter's distress.

"Will Peter want to do so any more?" persisted Prudie, pinching a spearmint leaf and holding it to his pale nose.

"Oh, dear me, I hope not," cried grandpa, sternly, throwing his pipe against the sooty chimney-back and breaking it all to pieces. "There, now, Peter, you and grandpa will take the pledge not to smoke any more as long as we live. Shall we, sonny?"

"Ye-e-es s-s-ir!" gasped little Peter, between his qualms.

When mamma came home and saw grandpa's old pipe lying in the chimney and grandpa himself trudging over the hill into the pines, she said he had gone off to fight a battle.

Prudie and Lyddie and Peter could not believe that dear old grandpa wanted to fight anybody. They wondered what mamma meant.

Do *you* understand?

For the Companion.

HOW BEN WET HIS FEET.

Two small boys were going home from school one sharp autumn afternoon.

"Look," said Benny Bruce, "the mill-pond is frozen over!"

"It won't hold you yet," said cautious Johnny Jones. "My papa says it has to freeze and freeze before it's safe."

"I'm going to try it," persisted Ben, "and if it holds, I'll go skating."

"I sha'n't go on," said Johnny, standing shivering on the bank and watching Ben as he ventured out. Only a few steps, when the ice broke, and splash! Ben was up to his neck in the cold water.

Johnny turned and fled to the grist-mill,—for Ben's father was the miller. Pushing open the heavy door, there was Mr. Bruce emptying a bag of corn into the hopper.

"Oh," panted Johnny, "Ben got into the water, and his feet are all wet!"

"I'll warrant it," said Mr. Bruce, starting out of doors. "He's always getting his feet wet. I'll show him!" and he hunted around for a switch.

"Oh, you'd better hurry," said Johnny, "for the water was up to his neck when I came away!"

Mr. Bruce didn't stop longer, but rushing to the pond had Ben out of the water in about two minutes.

And I think Ben was more careful after that.

Little Bess lived close to the water, and saw tugs towing ships in and out of the harbor daily. She had been learning to knit, and was working on a stocking when some one asked her how she was going to toe it off. "Oh," she answered, unconcernedly, "the old tug'll tow it off."



Mud Pies.

For the Companion.

A LAUGHING DUNCE.

A little boy once went to school,
Who laughed, and would not mind the rule;
He laughed so much that, deary me!
He never could tell A from Z.

For the Companion.

THE JINGLE-LESSON.

Kitty sat out under the sweet-apple tree in the golden October noontime, crying real salt tears into her Primary Arithmetic.

"Now what's the matter, Kittyleen?" asked big brother Tom, coming out with his Greek Grammar under his arm. "I supposed you were eating sweet apples and studying, and I came out to do so, too, and here you are crying."

"It's—this—dreadful—multiplication-table!" sobbed Kitty. "I can't never learn it, never!"

"Hard?" asked Tom.

"Oh, it's awful! Harder than anything in your college books, I know. It's the eights this afternoon, and I can't learn 'em, anyhow."

"Don't you know how much eight times one is?" asked Tom, picking up a sweet apple and beginning to eat it.

"Yes, of course. Eight times one is eight. I can say up to five times eight all right."

"Can you? Well, that's encouraging, I'm sure. Let's hear you."

Kitty rattled it off like a book, "Five times eight is forty"—and there she stopped.

"Oh, go right on!" said Tom. "Six times eight is forty-eight."

"I can't," said Kitty. "I can't learn the rest. I've tried and tried, and it's no use."

"Do you learn so hard?" asked Tom. "Now hear this, and then repeat it after me as well as you can:

'When I go out to promenade
I look so fine and gay,
I have to take a dog along
To keep the girls away.'"

Kitty laughed, and repeated the nonsense word for word.

"Why, you *can* learn!"

"But that has a jingle to it. It isn't like the dry multiplication-table."

"Let's put a jingle into that, then.

'Six times eight was always late,
Hurried up, and was forty-eight;
Seven times eight was cross as two sticks,
Had a nap and was fifty-six;
Eight times eight fell onto the floor,
I picked it up and 'twas sixty-four;
Nine times eight,—it wouldn't do,
I turned it over and 'twas seventy-two.'"

"Did you make that all up, now?" asked Kitty, in wonderment.

"Why, yes;" laughed Tom.

"Oh, it's splendid! Let's see, how is it?" And she went straight through it with very little help. "Ten times eight is eighty. That one's easy enough to remember."

"And now," said Tom, when she had the jingle well learned, "say the table aloud and the jingle in your mind as you go along."

Kitty tried that, and a very few times made it a success. With the ringing of the first bell she was ready to start for school, with those "dreadful eights" all perfect.

"You're the best Tom in the whole world!" she said, with a good-by kiss. "And I don't believe there's another boy in college that could make such nice poetry."

Tom laughed as he opened his Greek Grammar.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1 * * * 1
2 * * * 2
3 * * * 3
4 * * * 4
5 * * * 5
6 * * * 6
7 * * * 7
8 * * * 8
9 * * * 9

The muse who is crowned with roses;
Pertaining to a cone;
A virtuous, holy person;
To barter sand for stone;

A weary, languid feeling;
Expiring; fun or glee;
Well-skilled in any calling;
A goddess of the sea;

A man of note, whom none may scorn;
The month and day when he was born.

2.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM.

The unique and immortal work, Quod Tonexi, was published in Panis, in the year 1605. It soon gained great applause, which was echoed from all parts of Opruee. It is read to-day in Caremia with great delight and enjoyment. Yet its author, Carl Vereande Suavagee Smidt, spent the greater part of his life in poverty and obscurity. He was born October 9, 1547.

LILIAN PAYSON.

3.

DROP-LETTER AXIOMS.

1. T-r-n-y-s-l-a-s-c-k-c-s.
2. E-v-l-l-n-r-n-e.
3. S-l-k-o-n-b-s-n-s-.
4. S-m-l-d-t-h-t-n-p-a-c-o-f-a-.
5. D-s-o-t-n-l-t-c-n-l-m-t-o-w-l-.
6. A-t-o-s-p-a-l-u-e-t-a-w-r-s.

4.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

"If you would only 1 2 3 4," I said to 3 4 5, "you would be always 5 6 7 8 to amuse yourself."

"I would," she replied, "if I had anything 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8."

5.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a species of duck and leave to confine.
2. Behead bucks in their second year and leave inflammation of the spine.
3. Behead a substance which resembles puzzolana and which, like it, forms a durable water cement when combined with lime, and leave tapestry or hanging for rooms.
4. Behead to wash off and leave a musical stringed instrument.
5. Behead an instrument used by leather cutters and leave an iron instrument for boring holes.
6. Behead an inn in Turkey and leave the beard of grasses, grain, etc.

Conundrums.

When is a man like a veil? When you can see through him.

What articles of table china does a lady often wear? Plates (plaits).

What valuable invention was made by the union of a plant and a drink? The cotton-gin.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Autumn.

2.
B A L D A C H I N
B A G P I P E R S
T O P S H A P E D
S L A N D E R E R
E D I F I C A N T
A B B O T S H I P
P R E D I C T O R
R E V E N C E
D E C I S I O N S

Apple Bees, Appetites.

3.
B E M O A N E D
D E T N C R U T R E
T I N C H U M I C S
U N C N A R D M I N G
S P U D T R A V E R S
P U D D L E C T S
P R O G R E S S
E N G A V E D
A S S E R T I N G
A G R E E S S E R S
D R E

Fourth row of letters—Orchard Trees.
Fifth row of letters—Autumn leaves.

4.
B
E R A
F I E R Y
L E T T E R S
B R E T H A R T E
S C R A G G Y
A R R A Y
A T E
E

5. Mandrill.

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A BIRDS' HOTEL.

An interesting hotel for summer boarders is described by a Reading, Pa., correspondent of the Chicago *Herald*. Music is a popular diversion at summer resorts, but this place is no doubt exceptional for the quality and variety of the music furnished by the guests. The proprietor had his attention called, not long ago, to the fact that ladies on leaving home for the summer are often at a loss what to do with their pet birds, not wishing to inflict their care upon friendly neighbors, nor to trust them to careless servants. So he advertised for "bird boarders," and now his house is full.

The rates of board vary with the different species of birds, according to the amount of attention they require, and the character of food suited to their tastes. Canaries are boarded for twenty-five cents a week. A common soft cracker, with mixed seed and occasional hard-boiled eggs grated, with plenty of cuttle-fish bone, is all they demand. The noisy parrot is considered a profitable boarder at fifty cents a week. It is entirely satisfied with crackers, peanuts, sunflower seeds, and unhulled rice.

More aristocratic birds, however, such as bullfinches, nightingales, and mocking-birds, must have ants' eggs, which are prepared in Europe and shipped here, together with meal-worms and expensive seeds of particular kinds. One dollar and a half a week is charged for the board of these species.

The landlord says that the companionship which his feathered boarders enjoy in their summer boarding-house adds materially to their well-being, and in the case of song-birds to the quality of their singing.

Among the interesting bird guests this season are a collection of Hartz mountain and English canaries, several macaws, Cuban parrots, American finches and nightingales. The landlord endures the noise with equanimity and feels thankful that his guests cannot get out of their cages and storm the business counter with their complaints and remarks, as sea-shore visitors sometimes do.

SARAH'S LETTER.

Mrs. Trimmer, who, in the last century, wrote a series of delightful books for children, was herself a most precocious little girl, and showed such talent in letter-writing that her parents early prophesied for her a literary career. The following letter, written when she was between ten and eleven, is worth quoting, as a specimen of the sort of epistle which children were expected to compose a hundred years ago.

"Dear Grandpapa and Grandmamma,— As I now think myself capable of writing a letter, I do not know of any to whom I can address myself with more justness and propriety than yourselves, for you are my parents in a double capacity, and therefore may reasonably claim my utmost duty and gratitude. By your indulgent care and tenderness, under the gracious hand of Providence, you have blest me with the best of mothers. Let me, therefore, beg a continuance of your blessings and prayers, to enable me to set a right value on the privileges I enjoy by having a rational being, and to put in practice the duties I owe to God, my neighbor and myself; and it shall be my daily prayer to the Almighty that He will make the remainder of your lives happy, and receive you at last into everlasting felicity. My Grandpapa and Grandmamma Kirby and all my papa's family join in suitable commendations with your most obedient and dutiful granddaughter, Sarah Kirby."

Imagine a youthful Maud or Ethel of the present day sending home such a solemn, stilted little letter from the sea-shore or mountains! Would not grandma pack her trunk at once and fly to nurse her, taking the family physician in her train? Yet little Sarah Kirby was not a prig; she simply "followed the fashions" of her day.

ADJUSTABLE.

A teacher in a mission Sunday school says that her boys, though their knowledge of the Bible is unhappily slight, ask her questions which oblige her not only to keep her information well in hand, but also to be exceedingly careful to say exactly what she means when telling them anything.

They had a great deal of trouble, principally caused by a lack of attention, in remembering how many and what the commandments are.

"You can never forget how many commandments there are, I am sure," said the teacher, the second Sunday, when six, seven and eight had all been proposed as answers to her question, "for you can count your fingers, and then you will remember how many commandments there are for you to keep, for there are as many commandments as you have fingers on your two hands."

"Jest as many, an' no more, ma'am?" inquired one boy, with a revival of interest.

"Just as many, and no more," replied the teacher, with a smile.

"I guess I'll bring along Jim Soper, lives next door to me, next Sunday," said this boy, at the end of the lesson, and he received a cordial reply to this remark.

The next Sunday he appeared accompanied by his friend, whom he kept close at his side during the lesson. When it came his turn to answer questions he said, cheerfully:

"Yes'm; ten commandments for me, ma'am; I remember about 'em all; but here's Jim, my friend; he aint got but four fingers on his left hand, on account of an accident, an' me an' Jim's been talkin' it over ever since last Sunday which one of them commandments wouldn't belong to him."

ODD SHAVING HABITS.

A Boston barber tells a reporter for the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* that of men who shave themselves not more than one in fifty can use the razor with both hands, and he adds some curious facts about the shaving habits of different people.

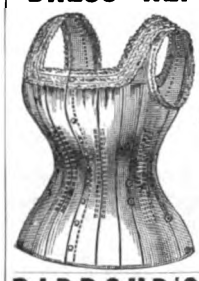
I know a wealthy Back Bay man who shaves himself standing in the corner of the room and facing the wall. He was a poor country boy, and, like most boys, bought a razor on the sly. There was no looking-glass in his chamber, and rather than let his folks know what he was about, he faced the wall and scraped away by the sense of feeling. Once accustomed to this method he never needed a glass.

I know an old farmer who shaved himself sitting on a milking-stool and looking at his reflection in a bucket of water. That was what he did as a boy, and he said that he couldn't shave standing up.

To cleanse and preserve the teeth use "*Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.*" Microscopical examinations have proved that the use of soap is the only safeguard against the accumulation of animal and vegetable parasites on the teeth. Camphor strengthens and relieves soreness of the gums. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Sold at drug stores. [*Adv.*

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(Substitute for Corsets).

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C. Bates & Co.,
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Catalogue sent free.

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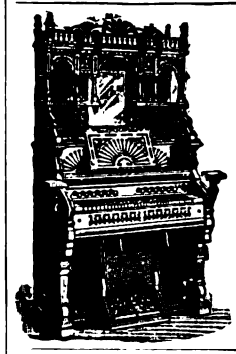
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THE OCTOBER NUMBER of THE DINGEE & CONARD COMPANY'S NEW FLORAL MONTHLY makes a special feature of seasonable **Bulbs for Fall Planting.** Describes with directions, and an illustrated diagram showing how to plant the different classes in open ground, distance apart, depth, etc.

Describes the best varieties of Bulbs for growing in the house during Winter, and the way to successfully pot them and start off to get best results.

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OXALIS, POPPY ANEMONES,
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Of Roxbury, Mass., says:

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep-Seated Ulcers of **40** years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price, $1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the United States and Canada.

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Good food is the only thing which will cure dyspepsia. Dyspeptics using a starvation diet, and afraid to eat, for fear of increasing their disorder, should read my "**Advice to Dyspeptics**" which tells all about dyspepsia, its causes and cure, what food to eat, and what food to avoid. Sent **free.**

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against imitations of *Pearline.* When they are not dangerous, they are worthless. They are usually both. *Pearline* does what nothing else can. It saves labor in washing, and insures safety to what is washed. It is cheap, thorough and reliable. Nothing else will "do as well;" it is just as well to have nothing else.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.* 284 JAMES PYLE, New York



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of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

IT COSTS MORE to make Royal Baking Powder than any other, because its ingredients are more highly refined and expensive. But the Royal is correspondingly purer and higher in leavening strength, and of greater money value to the consumer. Attempts may be made to substitute other powders for the Royal by the grocer, because of the greater profit in them to him. Send them back.

The chemist of the department of Health of Brooklyn, after examining the various powders, said: "The Royal is superior to all baking powders with regard to leavening power, economy in use, and healthfulness."

DON'T WEAR STIFF CORSETS.

FERRIS' CELEBRATED GOOD SENSE Corset Waists

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THE LAST BRITISH WOLF.

The wolf is a very hard animal to exterminate. It is practically absent from the Eastern United States, but stray individuals are still found in the mountains even there, and probably will be found for centuries to come. There are wolves in every great country of the continent of Europe, after many centuries of civilization. In France several hundred are killed every year. In Great Britain, however, there are no wolves. Tradition records that the last one was killed in the year 1700, and the story of how it was done has been told by many a fireside.

It was in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, that the scene of the little story is laid. A shepherd, named Polson, had discovered in the rocks near Flen-Loch the den of a wolf which had been ravaging the country.

Polson had with him his son and another young shepherd-boy. The mouth of the den was very narrow. Discovering from certain signs that the old wolf was not at home, and being himself too large to enter the den, Polson sent the two boys in to see if there were any young wolves.

The boys crept in, and presently discovered a bed in which five lusty young wolves were lying.

They called out: "Father! Father! We've found the little wolves!"

"Then choke 'em, quick!" Polson shouted into the hole.

The boys began to beat the young wolves with their sticks, whereupon the little animals set up a terrible yelping, which could be heard outside the den.

Suddenly the she-wolf jumped out of a bush close by and rushed past the shepherd and into the narrow hole that led to her nest.

She leaped so quickly that Polson could not stop her until she had got partly into the hole; but he managed to seize her by the tail.

"Father! Father!" the boy called out from within; "what is it that stops the light?"

"You'll find out," exclaimed Polson, "if the tail breaks!"

He held manfully to the she-wolf's tail, his feet braced against the entrance to the cave. The young wolves yelped, the she-wolf struggled. It was a terrific struggle, with the she-wolf's mother-love pitted against the man's father-love.

Presently the shepherd, bracing himself anew, managed to whip out his hunting-knife, and stabbed the wolf repeatedly in the haunches and sides. She could not turn about, and the man had the advantage as long as he could cling to her tail.

She sank down dead at last, and as the boys had already succeeded in killing the little wolves, she was the last she-wolf on British soil.

SATISFIED WITH LESS.

The old story of the man who saw a thousand squirrels, and then acknowledged that he was at least sure he did see *one*, has many an every-day parallel. One such instance of "tapering off" may be found in the little book entitled, "How I Spent My Summer Holidays."

One day, when we were travelling by steamboat on the River Elbe, my father sat down on a large wooden chest; but he had not occupied this post long, before he found that a quantity of yellow stuff was oozing out below on the deck. He had been sitting on a box of eggs.

Beating a hasty retreat to the extreme end of the boat, he began to admire the scenery, when an old woman, the owner of the eggs, found him out, and insisted on his purchasing the whole case. My father apologized, but explained that as we should only stop one night in Dresden, it would be impossible for him to make use of fifteen hundred eggs. The old woman was irate, and we uncomfortable; but presently the captain appeared, saying, politely:

"I think you were sitting on that box of eggs?"

"Yes."

"I fear that some of the eggs, by accident, were broken."

"Possibly."

"I fear the owner has suffered loss."

"Possibly."

"Would it not be possible to satisfy her?"

"I could hardly pay for fifteen hundred eggs."

"Oh, by no means. She would never expect that."

"Then how much would satisfy her?"

"Would one mark (twenty-five cents) be considered too much?"

One mark was accordingly offered the old woman, and accepted with profuse protestations of gratitude.

PARCHED CORN.

A Confederate soldier, of General Bragg's army, has much to say of the state of semi-starvation in which he and his comrades were much of the time kept.

While we were at Chattanooga my father paid me a visit. Rations were mighty scarce. I was very glad to see him, but felt ashamed to have him know how badly off we were for something to eat. We were living on parched corn.

Finally I hit upon a plan for getting him a good dinner. I invited him to go with me to the Colonel's tent.

"Colonel Field," said I, "I wish to introduce you to my father, and as rations are a little short in the mess just now, perhaps you will be good enough to invite him to dine with you."

"Certainly," answered Colonel Field, "I shall be happy to have both of you remain to dinner."

I accepted the invitation with many thanks, and just then a young negro came in with a frying-pan of parched corn and dumped it on an old cloth.

"Master," said he, "dinner is ready;" and we all sat down. The Colonel, like the private soldiers, had nothing to eat but parched corn.

UNCONSCIOUS SATIRE.

A very grim pleasantry is furnished, no doubt without any intention, by a sign in the window of a doll-shop which stands in the Rue de la Roquette, in Paris. The sign reads:

HEADS REPLACED
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

The joke of the matter is that the shop is very near the place where the guillotine stands!

THE Lowell *Courier* ventures to suggest that if you stroke a cat's back the wrong way she naturally doesn't feel fur straight.

For all purposes of a pain-reliever, for both internal and external use, "*Brown's Household Panacea*" is highly recommended. Price, 25 cents. [*Adv.*

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I answered adv. of August 13, for Bangle Pin, 50c. "It is a beauty." Send 2c. stamp for illustrations. H. F. LELAND, Engraver, Worcester, Mass.

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Post-paid 25 cts. Mention Size. John H. Parker, 103 Bedford Street, Boston.



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SAMPLES SENT FREE.
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For the Companion.

DIPHTHERIA: THE LATEST WORD.

The Milroy Lectures this year were on the natural history and prevalence of diphtheria. The lecturer gave it as his opinion that soil and geological formation have something to do with its prevalence; that it is especially common in damp valleys; and that in England it is most prevalent during the last three months of the year.

The greater number of the persons attacked are between two and twelve years of age, and the liability is greatest between two and five years.

Many attacks of diphtheria are accompanied by simple sore throat and tonsilitis, and many apparently simple attacks of sore throat have really an infectious character. The same fact has been noted on this side of the Atlantic.

Some physicians look on diphtheria and scarlet fever as modifications of the same disease, and the occurrence of both at the same time in the same family seems at first sight to countenance this view. But the theory is disproved by the entire absence of diphtheria in several thousand cases of scarlet fever treated in the London Fever Hospital.

The probable explanation of the occurrence of both in the same family is that the condition of the throat in a family affected by scarlatina affords a soil favorable for the reception of the diphtheritic poison.

When diphtheria does occur in connection with scarlatina, it is almost always as a sequel to it. So, too, the sore throats due to bad hygienic surroundings and imperfect drainage furnish excellent soil for diphtheritic microbes.

Many cases of diphtheria end unexpectedly in fatal heart-failure, sometimes when the patient has seemed in a fair way to recovery. In such cases a post-mortem examination reveals a fatty and granular degeneration of the muscular fibres of the heart.

This fact emphasizes the need of prompt treatment to secure the speediest possible recovery. It follows, too, that in all cases, until complete recovery, everything should be avoided which makes demands on the heart, a very slight effort being often fatal; and that the physician should always make a careful examination of the heart, and advise accordingly.

A BASE-BALL DOG.

A Scotch collie dog on Lookout Mountain, Tenn., has been taught to play base-ball with his master, a stalwart negro.

It is strictly a game between pitcher and catcher, and two balls are used. As catcher, the dog shows not only remarkable agility and skill, but a study of his movements forces the conviction that by closely observing all the motions of the pitcher, he is able to calculate for position, distance, and style of ball, and thus almost infallibly to catch the sphere, if it is fairly pitched.

His activity, enthusiasm, strict attention to the game, and steadiness of nerve before a noisy crowd of admirers, are remarkable. The game is a silent one. The pitcher does not speak, and the dog utters no sound. A slight motion of hand or head by the pitcher indicates to the agile catcher what style of ball is to be pitched; and the dog quickly takes his position and attitude accordingly.

This base-ball club of two members plays two styles of the game, which may be respectively called "walking" and "stationary" games. In the one the pitcher moves onward at a moderate walk, the catcher being a long distance in advance, and sharply alert as the first of the two balls is pitched.

At long distance he has time to gauge the speed, height and line of the ball; and it is a very high or badly pitched ball that does not stop with a thud between his firm jaws.

He cannot throw the ball back; and to carry it all the way would make the game too slow to suit his active temperament. He has learned the speed of the pitcher's walk, and swiftly running back a certain distance, drops the ball and gets again at catching distance as the pitcher sends ball number two and stoops to pick up number one, which has been deposited where it will be convenient for him.

In the stationary game the pitcher stands still, and the catcher regulates his distances by motions of the pitcher's hand, which indicate the style of pitching he is to expect,—a "hot-liner," long, short, high or low, or one which he is to catch on the single bound. He is equally successful at all, and seldom misses.

This dog is about two years old, and has been playing on system nearly a year. A younger brother of this sagacious dog is nearly always present at the games, but will not learn the art, and shows no interest in it.

LAKE WINNIPEG WOLVES.

In the winter of 1890 deer were unusually scarce in the forests east of Lake Winnipeg. A wet, cold summer had destroyed an uncommonly large proportion of fawns. Consequently wolves were without their accustomed food supply. Their distress made them forget their fear of human beings.

One morning in January news reached Winnipeg City that a band numbering one hundred wolves had slain many Indian hunters along the east shore. This turned out to be true.

Several of the men were caught on foot. One climbed a tree and shot twenty wolves. Another clubbed a dozen to death before they pulled him down. One hunter mounted a platform erected on poles for the purpose of keeping skins above the reach of wild beasts and vermin. He had hardly begun firing when the wolves pressed and leaped about the posts in such numbers that they threw down the platform and tore the man to pieces.

The same band had visited other camps. How many Indians in all were devoured could not be exactly ascertained, as more than one hunting party was said to have been completely wiped out.

MIND-READING FOR BOYS.

Harold Morse's father belongs to a society for "psychical research," and the child has heard a good deal of conversation on the subject of mind-reading. His mother is afraid he "thinks and understands too much for a child of his years."

His father, however, is not at all alarmed, and a few days ago repeated to Mrs. Morse a remark of Harold's in his "children's mind class," which was certainly well calculated to allay her fears.

Harold had collected the class—much against the will of several members of it, who would have preferred to remain out in the yard—on the door-steps.

"Now you wait here a minute," said he, and presently he returned with suspiciously bulging pockets. His father, in the hall, listened for what would come next.

"Now," said Harold, appearing before the class, "you must all *think, hard.* How many apples have I in my pockets? The boy that guesses right can have them all; but of course he'll divide, for there are just enough to go around!"

WONDERFUL GOLD MINE.

One of the wonders of Australia, and one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world, is the Mount Morgan gold mine in Queensland. The precious metal contained in this mine, which has paid a dividend of not less than six million dollars in a year, was deposited by a hot spring.

Mount Morgan is a hill about five hundred feet high, containing at its top a cup-shaped deposit made by the hot spring which once gushed out there, and in this deposit the gold exists. Truly a cup of Cræsus! Through untold ages the waters dropped their glittering burden, and now man comes and extracts the hoarded metal to add to the wealth of the world.

Specimens of the ore from this strange mine have recently been sent to the United States, that they might be compared with the deposits of the great hot springs in our own Yellowstone Park. It was but natural to suppose that the Yellowstone springs had also a golden treasure in their cups, but the most careful search by geologists has thus far failed to detect any trace of it.

CAUTIOUS.

Many years ago, when printed music was dearer than it is now, a plain, quiet old man, evidently from the country, went into a music-store and asked to see a certain book of tunes. The clerk laid before him an oblong volume, with two tunes on a page, a book familiar to old-time choir-singers.

The old man drew out of his coat-tail pocket an ancient yellow fife, and opening the book at the first page, began to play softly, turning the leaf with careful fingers as each page was finished.

The clerks, very much amused at first, grew weary of the droning noise after a time, and one of them, waiting till a tune was ended, ventured to say, politely:

"Do you think you will take the book, sir? Does it seem to suit you?"

The fife was lowered, and the player, looking over it at the youth in mild surprise, said gently:

"I cannot tell. I have played only half the tunes," and he placidly turned another leaf.

TOO MUCH.

A little boy had his first pair of rubber-boots, and could not be contented till his mother went down to the brook with him to see him wade.

With loving care he dragged a board across the brook for her to walk upon, while he waded beside her in water which came nearly to his boot-tops. Suddenly, as if he had just realized what she was deprived of in being a woman, in shoes, he took her hand and said with affectionate earnestness:

"Indeed, mamma dear, I will not wade another minute where you can see me. It must be too temptationy for you to bear."

SELF-WINDING.

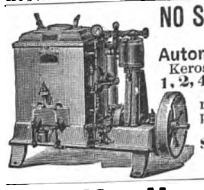
An exchange credits a watchmaker with a word from his trade to describe the amiable nuisances who talk too much.

The watchmaker had been called from his work to hear from a customer a long story about the behavior of her watch, told several times over.

"Oh dear!" said he; "I hate to have these self-winding talkers come in!"

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For the Companion.

LEFT ON THE ISLE OF SANDS.

A STORY OF ACADIA.

In Two Chapters.—Chapter II.

A Long Waiting.

For a time there was occupation and amusement enough for all. Jules took delight in fishing in the lake, and in scampering over the island on the back of whatever pony he could capture. Others, when tired of lolling in the grass, hunted the wild cattle and pigs; and as a flint and steel and tinder had been left them, they feasted on liberal roasts of fresh pork and beef, and when they were tired of these meats they had another resource in the wild ducks and geese.

This state of affairs lasted until all the tinder was used up. A wild, hot-headed Gascon, undertaking to make a fire and cook a dinner, tried patiently for half an hour to get a light by using withered grass for tinder. Exasperated at his failure, he suddenly started up with an oath, cursed the flint, and hurled it into the sea.

A comrade, furious at the mad act, sprang upon him, struck him in the face, and bore him to the ground; it was then a fight to the death; and the Gascon succeeded in killing his adversary.

The next moment, ere he had fully regained his feet, the Gascon was struck down by a terrible blow from a billet in the hands of Christophe Saintine, who had run up to separate the combatants.



"There is a Ship!"

This was the first bloodshed among the islanders; but thereafter the real natures of the men began to appear. Several fatal quarrels followed. Jules, though a favorite with most of the men, would have fared badly on several occasions but for the general respect inspired by his father's determination and physical prowess. The St. Malo blacksmith wielded a sort of half-acknowledged authority over his fellows, and but for his ascendency the convicts would have found themselves in a state of perpetual feud.

As for Jules, he soon learned a marvellous degree of prudence in dealing with the dangerous tempers of those about him.

By the time they had been six or eight weeks upon the Isle of Sands, the convicts began to expect, with ill-grace enough, the return of La Roche to take them to the main-land. As another month slipped by they began to desire his coming. Yet he came not.

Little by little their eagerness and anxiety deepened. As the chill winds of autumn blew upon them, they began to be consumed with fear lest the Viceroy had abandoned them, and they did little but watch the empty horizon from dawn till dark.

Jules's spirits fell day by day to a deeper dejection as he marked the anxious furrows increase in his father's face. At last, after a night through which they had shivered and lamented, they emerged from their huts to find the pools hard frozen, and a fringe of thin ice even along the coast.

Then they knew they were deserted—left to their fate.

For a time they were like madmen, shouting and yelling that they were betrayed—that the King had sent them here to perish, in order that he might be no longer at the cost of feeding them. Some swore while others prayed; and Jules clung, sobbing and broken-spirited, to his father.

Christophe Saintine kept a stern silence, thinking bitterly of the heartlessness which could condemn his innocent boy to such a fate; but Jules, at last, suggested that the Viceroy's ship might have been wrecked, or driven to some other part of the ocean. At all events, he was so convinced that the Viceroy could be guilty of no such cruelty as he was now accused of, that he half persuaded his father to a new hope.

The blacksmith, in the midst of a general clamor, thundered a demand for silence, and urged his comrades to be men and to consider what should be done. He declared that all must do what they could to secure themselves against the approaching cold, so that when the ship should come for them, in the spring, they might not be found merely a lot of skeletons upon the beach.

What Jules had guessed was indeed the truth. The Viceroy, having found in Acadia a place fit for his infant settlement, set out to return to Sable Island. But a great gale drove him right across the Atlantic, and his ship was wrecked on the coasts of the Duke de Mercœur, his bitterest enemy. He was thrown into prison and kept there five years before he could get a message to the King; and the fate of his wretched convicts, and of the boy whom by some chance he remembered, so vividly as even to recall him by name, weighed him down with a mountain of remorse.

Meanwhile, how was it faring on the Isle of Sands?

There were but forty of the convicts now. Eight more had met their death in brawls. As the weather grew more and more deadly in its severity, the men found it difficult to keep from freezing in their sleep; and Jules, unhardened and homesick, suffered most. For the additional warmth of close crowding, the islanders now slept in two small huts, the chinks of which they stuffed with dry grass and seaweed.

All the provisions left by La Roche had vanished ere this. All the blueberries and cranberries had been consumed, and there was no alternative but to eat the raw flesh of the wild cattle.

At first such fare was regarded with disgust, and Jules went hungry two days before he could overcome his repugnance; but in a little while the men began to relish it; and, indeed, it was a strong and sustaining food.

At last it happened, as the sun went down on a lurid November night, that a frightful hurricane descended upon the island. Hardly had the men taken shelter in their huts when these were blown to pieces like a pack of cards, and the unhappy beings within were left unsheltered in the howling blast.

Seeking the nearest hollow, they all huddled together in the withered grass, each striving to get beneath his fellow to escape something of the searching cold. As for Jules, his father had wrapped him in a thick coat which had belonged to one of the murdered men, and was now busy scooping a hole in the sand that might afford him some more shelter.

That night, though all followed the blacksmith's suggestion, and burrowed into the sand in little groups, no fewer than three men died from exposure before morning. But the experience had taught a needed lesson; and they set out to build themselves a better shelter than those with which they had hitherto been content.

They constructed their new shelter in the heart of the island, under the brow of a hillock well matted with grass and vines. Selecting the heaviest wreck-timbers they could drag, they sank them deep into the sand, and made a low-roofed den, half hut, half cave.

On the roof and up the sides they heaped sand and grass, on which they piled bushes, which were kept in place by more beams, well secured. To keep out the pitiless searchings of the icy wind, they lined the gloomy dwelling with hides from the wild cattle; and here all winter they lived like weasels in a burrow.

As their clothes gave out they replaced them with pieces of raw-hide; and soon, in their uncouth garments, their shaggy beards, matted hair, and miserable squalor, they began to look like some kind of nameless monster, as much brute as human.

Their broils became far less frequent as they approached the depths of their misery, and grew more and more dependent upon one another for the warmth which kept their wretched bodies alive. Terror, too, drew them closer together, as the winter storms yelled over their retreat, and the island trembled under the mountains of water that thundered down upon it, grinding off great slices of the beach.

But with the return of spring, and kindlier skies, and indolence and ease, the quarrels recommenced.

For occupation, and to keep up hope, Saintine got the men interested in hunting the seals that swarmed about the island, and in preserving the furs by drying the skins in the sun and washing them with salt water.

Thus the summer slipped away, not all unpleasantly. But no ship came.

Winter returned with all its horrors, and passed, and came again, till they began to calculate that the island had been five years their prison. For most of them it had become their grave. There were now but twelve men left—including Jules, now grown as tall as his father—to possess the great store of furs and hides which had accumulated. But at last their deliverance drew near.

La Roche had succeeded in sending word to the French king. Henry IV. was filled with compassion for the unhappy convicts. He ordered a relief expedition to set out with all speed.

It was decreed that Chetodel, who seemed reluctant, should lead the expedition. The pilot obeyed with the best grace he could assume, and after a little delay the rescue-ship set sail, with wind and weather favoring.

On just such another morning as that on which he had first set eyes on the Isle of Sands, Jules stood on a rise of the shore and gazed vacantly to seaward. He had no hope, no expectation of deliverance, and even his longings had grown dull and apathetic.

Suddenly he saw a sail on the horizon. His heart began to beat with choking violence, and he gazed, looked away, and gazed again, before he dared let himself believe his eyes.

Then he ran to his father and his fellows.

"There is a ship! There is a ship!" he gasped. "Come to the hill!"

It was a pitiful-looking group which gathered silently on the sandy hill to watch, with eyes of passionate yearning, the ship which they had no doubt was sailing past them. It seemed to be heading far away to the southward.

After some hours of watching, the ship's course was changed. Soon they knew that she was bent on making the island. Later in the day she came to an anchorage, some miles out, and a boat put in for shore.

Then the islanders broke out in a riot of joy. Jules and his father embraced and sobbed, and told each other they would see once more the little cot outside St. Malo. Others threw themselves down, grovelling in the sand, or rushed into the surf to meet their rescuers. That same night they all were taken aboard.

As the weather remained favorable, the ship stayed another day at her anchorage, enabling the islanders to bring off their great stock of skins and furs. Then she made all haste away from a coast so dangerous, and trimmed her course for France.

The breasts of the rescued convicts were now in a tumult of mingled hopes and fears, for they knew not whether it was to fetters or to freedom they were returning.

Sailing up the channel, Chetodel kept a course so close to the French coast that it was thought he was going to make St. Malo; and Jules's eyes grew dim with emotion as the well-known headland loomed into sight.

But no! St. Malo was not their destination. Chetodel kept on as far as Le Havre, and there his passengers were landed.

With hair and beards all untrimmed, and in their coats of hide as they had been when rescued, they were taken straight to Paris and to the King, where, in trembling doubt, they told the whole story of their sufferings. Christophe Saintine, as leader, spoke for the party; and he was careful to explain that his son Jules was not a convict—a statement which Chetodel at once corroborated.

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To King Henry their story proved profoundly interesting. When he had questioned them closely, touching innumerable details as to their daily life on the island, and touching the wealth of hides and furs they had brought away with them, he finally vowed that they should now have a chance to win happier fortunes. He gave each of them a full pardon, with a present of fifty golden crown-pieces, and secured them in the possession of their valuables.

To Jules, as he could not give him a pardon, he made an additional gift of one hundred crowns, declaring at the same time that if he would return to Paris after embracing his mother and brother, he should have a position as one of the keepers of the King's forests.

Travelling was difficult in those days, and long ere Jules and his father could get home, St. Malo had heard of Chetodel's arrival. But as for the names of the scanty band who had survived the horrors of the Isle of Sands, that was something no one could find out; and there was little hope in the hearts of Goodwife Saintine and her big boy Ba'tiste. They tried hard to persuade themselves that one of their dear ones might have returned, but of seeing both again they never dreamed.

Then came a report that the King had pardoned the survivors, and loaded them down with gifts. But in this report there was no word mentioned of Jules.

"There was naught to pardon my boy for! Surely, then, Jules is not among them!" sobbed the goodwife.

Then for weeks came no further tidings. Christophe and Jules, tired of waiting for a ship, had started to walk to St. Malo.

One evening, toward sundown, as mother and boy sat dejectedly eating their poor meal of black bread and cabbage, the wanderers arrived.

The joy of such a home-coming cannot be pictured. We will leave them there, and retrace the naked, ill-kept road, with its row of poplars along one side, till we find our way by twilight into the city.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The End.

TOWARDS THE GOAL.

Think not what "might have been."
'Tis such a crooked path, all life at best,
We must climb up, for this is not our rest.
—*Boston Transcript.*

For the Companion.

HETTIE'S MUSICAL EDUCATION.

For more than three years the way in which Hettie Ketchum played on the cabinet organ at the church, and on the piano at Captain Lummis's house, had been the wonder and admiration of the people of Auroraville.

One day the matter came under discussion at the sewing circle, which had met that afternoon with the wife of Postmaster Trafford.

"I don't care," said Mrs. Trafford, who was sewing actively on a gingham overskirt for some unknown American heathen; "I've been to concerts up to Lake City, plenty of 'em, and I never heard any one of their crack players that could come up to our Hettie, when she gets to going on them variations to 'Home, Sweet Home,' or 'The Mocking-Bird,' or 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'"

"And to think," said Mrs. Rufus Beals, holding up the stocking that she was knitting to see if it was time to "narrow;" "to think that that little red-haired creetur has studied it all up herself, and never had any teaching except what Almira Osgood give her before she died."

"I tell you it's surprising," Mrs. Trafford went on; "and it's a mean shame that the folks here in Auroraville don't do what they've said a hundred times they would do—get together and see to it that that girl has some advantages."

"Well, Mrs. Trafford," said Mrs. Beals, almost spitefully, and dropping several stitches as she did so, "somebody's got to make a move about it if it's going to be done. Here's this town, that's always been so great for music, and now it's got a chance to show the world what's in it, and yet nobody makes a start to get that girl educated."

She glanced over at Mrs. Tarbell, Squire Tarbell's wife. All the other ladies also glanced at Mrs. Tarbell. She was the person in Auroraville who always "made the move" if a move was ever made.

Feeling herself referred to, this lady proposed that the society act that very afternoon, and appoint a committee to collect subscriptions to send Hettie Ketchum to the Conservatory at Boston for one year, with the understanding that if her progress justified it, the necessary steps might afterward be taken to send her two years more.

"You know," said Mrs. Tarbell, "her uncle, the captain, said he would give fifty dollars a year any time, though he isn't a rich man, and he's done about all for Hettie that anybody could have expected him to. Fifty dollars don't go a great ways in Boston; but there are others that'll subscribe. I'll answer for Tarbell's giving twenty dollars."

Mrs. Tarbell was put at the head of the committee at once, and within twenty-four hours the subscription to send Hettie Ketchum to the Conservatory was the talk of the town.

The girl was an orphan; she had a home with her uncle, Captain Lummis, a hard-working half-merchant, half-farmer in the village, who had accumulated a little property, and had, among other possessions, a piano which had come to him in the way of trade from an embarrassed customer up at Lake City.

On this piano his niece Hettie, who was ambitious and industrious, played at every spare moment. She played upon the organ at the village church excellent accompaniments for the congregational singing. Her "interludes" and "voluntaries" on this instrument—which was very wheezy, and gave Hettie a great deal of unneeded exercise in the working of the pedals—were greatly admired.

But as the remark made by Mrs. Trafford at the sewing circle indicated, the surprising variations upon popular songs which Hettie had learned to play were her chief title to the admiration of the people.

To hear a familiar air struggle along under Hettie's fingers, carried first with one hand and then with the other, while her right hand continually shot off into a series of fantastic and irrelevant movements, was a thing of wonder and delight.

"Half the time," said Postmaster Trafford, "you think she's lost the tune in all that toodle-de-eedle-de-eedle-de-oodle-de-oo, an' then first you know back she lights on it again, like a hawk on a hen-roost. She'll go all over the piano, mebbe, but she'll carry that 'ere tune along through the whole of it, right side up with care."

Though the broaching of the plan to send Hettie to the Conservatory aroused a good deal of enthusiasm, Mrs. Tarbell and her committee had hard work to obtain the three hundred dollars that were necessary for the first year. At last, with the aid of two ice-cream festivals in aid of the fund, at which the people of Auroraville ate a great deal of very poor ice-cream with a great deal of public spirit, and after Captain Lummis had "stood in the gap" with an additional twenty-five dollars, the amount was made up.

And so Hettie went to the Conservatory. The hopes and fears of the town of Auroraville were with her. Her regular letters to her uncle and to Mrs. Tarbell went the rounds of the village.

They were full of enthusiasm and confidence. Her teacher had praised her—some, she said, and she had heard several celebrated performers play.

"One thing I learned right off," she wrote, "and that is that I didn't know anything about playing when I was at home—not a thing!"

This was rather astonishing to the Auroraville people, but it only served to raise their anticipation as to what Hettie would do when she came home, if her playing was to be so much improved that what she used to do was nothing at all in comparison.

The months went by. Spring came, and the people began to talk of Hettie's return. In May, Captain Lummis had a tuner come down from Lake City, and put the piano in the best possible condition.

Meantime, Hettie had sent home with one of her letters a programme of a piano recital at the Conservatory, with this "number" upon it marked with a loop in intensely red ink on each side:

Toccata in F, op. 143—Baumberg-Fiedelspiel.
MISS HENRIETTE KETCHUM.

"Henriette! Well, of all things!" Mrs. Trafford exclaimed, when the programme came to her. "Why, that girl was christened 'Hettie' and nothing more. What business has she got to go and give a Frenchy name like that?"

"And what is she playing there?" said the postmaster. "I never in the world heard of any such kind of a piece as that."

"I should have thought," his wife put in, "that at a big concert, with a printed programme like that, she'd 'a' played one of her nice pieces, like the variations to 'Home, Sweet Home,' or 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.'"

The end of June came at last, and with it Hettie Ketchum back to Auroraville. Every man, woman and child who had attended either of the ice-cream festivals of the summer before felt a proprietary interest in her, and almost every one of them had driven, ridden or walked over to the railroad station at least fifteen minutes before the train arrived which was to bring her.

The train came in.

"Goodness! There she is! Did you ever!"

Half-a-dozen women said this at once as a radiant girl, with rich auburn hair, snapping brown eyes and a complexion considerably less freckled than it had been a year before, rushed out upon the platform from one of the cars.

Her hair was brought high up in a long, slim, fuzzy knot such as no one in Auroraville had ever seen before; her hat, both sides of which sloped up to a sharp point in front, like the ridge-pole of her uncle's pitch-roofed barn, was covered with a great number of bright red and yellow artificial nasturtiums; her gown was a close gray basque, buttoned diagonally down from the shoulder, and though plain, looked very trim and stylish.

"Well! Hettie's made a pretty smart use of her clothes money," said Mrs. Tarbell, smilingly.

"*Our* clothes money, you mean," said Mrs. Trafford, somewhat scornfully.

The next moment Hettie was kissing all the women and girls and shaking the men and boys by the hand, and being cordially welcomed. But she seemed to detect a certain faint chilliness under the outward warmth of her reception, as if things were not altogether right.

She was glad to hear from Mrs. Tarbell that it had been arranged that on the very next evening but one the members of the Hettie Ketchum committee and their husbands and families, together with all the rest of the Auroraville people who had contributed directly to the fund which had sent her to the Conservatory, should assemble at Captain Lummis's and hear Hettie play on the piano. The work of collecting subscriptions for her second year had already begun, and it was important to see if the progress she had made justified the people in taxing themselves further for the purpose.

On the evening appointed, Captain Lummis's big, old-fashioned sitting-room was more than full. People were standing in the hall on one side and the kitchen on the other, all looking grave and expectant. Hettie had been practising on the piano, and groaning a little over the dreadful flatness of its quality, and the unmistakable fact that it was still somewhat out of tune, in spite of the Lake City tuner's efforts.

"But never mind," she had said to herself. "These good people won't know the difference. The piano is loud, anyway, and my playing will astonish them so much that they will never think of the tone of the piano."

Almost before they knew it, Hettie had begun. She lifted her hands in the air and let them fall upon the piano; she swayed lightly to right and left; now she bent forward toward the keys, and then sat straight up; and all the time the piano responded with an unsteady, unmelodious, incomprehensible clatter.

She warmed to her task, and let her hands fall more and more rapidly, and with more and more violence. The old instrument roared and screamed in an undefined, resounding crash of sound. Still Hettie played on, now and then rolling her eyes upward, but paying no attention to the people, who were looking at one another in astonishment, and showing signs of uneasiness.

This performance had gone on at least ten minutes, and Hettie showed no signs of stopping, when Captain Lummis thought it time to interfere.

"Hold on, Hettie! hold on!" he shouted, at the same time moving around until he stood in front of his niece.

Hettie ceased playing, and looked at her uncle in astonishment.

"There now," said Captain Lummis, "you've shown us that you can do that kind of piano gymnastics, or whatever you call it. Now play something, Hettie!"

Hettie's jaw had fallen, and she looked at the captain in astonishment.

"Why, uncle," she said, "I was playing something, and that is the best piece I have. It's one of Moszkowsky's great sonatas. I thought—I thought I'd surprise you all with it!"

"Well, I rather guess you did surprise us," said he, "but you didn't please us any too well. We kind of thought you'd play the variations to 'Home Again' for the first piece. Now, go ahead with it."

"'Home Again!' that's it!" Postmaster Trafford called out, encouragingly, from the corner.

"But, uncle, Mr. Trafford!" said Hettie, "I can't play that sort of pieces any more! I haven't played them since I went away. They don't play such things in Boston, you know!"

"Is that 'ere that you've just been playing the kind of pieces they play in Boston?" asked her uncle.

"Why, yes."

There was dead silence in the room. It was a very uncomfortable moment. The thought that Hettie could not play the variations to "The Mocking-Bird" or "Home, Sweet Home" as well, after all this expenditure and trouble, as before she went away, fell upon her Auroraville friends like a dreadful chill.

Hettie tried to solve the difficulty to her own advantage by playing a *scherzo* movement from a sonata of Mozart's which she had mastered. The people liked this piece somewhat better than they had liked the selection from Moszkowsky, but it aroused very little enthusiasm.

Mrs. Tarbell, standing by Hettie's side at the piano, tried to persuade her, in a whisper, to play one of the old variations.

"I just can't do it," answered Hettie, sadly. "You see I have played such different things, and things so much better. I don't like the old pieces any more, and don't feel any sympathy with them; and, anyway, I don't believe I could remember any of them."

The people went home rather earlier than they had expected to go, and on the way they discussed Hettie's playing very earnestly.

"Well, I tell you what," said the postmaster, and he seemed to express the general sentiment, "I'm disappointed. We all had faith in Hettie Ketchum, and we wanted to educate her, and I'm afraid we've educated her a little mite too much already."

The subscription for the next year at the Conservatory languished. No ice-cream festivals were held for the purpose during the summer. Hettie even fancied that she felt a certain coolness toward her on the part of her old friends.

Perhaps some other girls, in this situation, would have shed many tears. In Hettie, however, it developed her native resolution and did her more good than her neighbors' continued financial assistance could have done her.

"Uncle," she said to Captain Lummis, "I think I can tell you what is the matter. You see I have really learned what is good music. But these kind people here at Auroraville, when they had once contributed something toward my education, all felt that they owned a share in me; and feeling that way, it was perfectly natural that they should want me to do what they thought was best, and not what I thought was best."

"I guess you are right, Hettie," said her uncle.

"I'm convinced now," she went on, "that it was a great mistake to accept their help. I am grateful for it, but now I'm going to depend on myself for my musical education!"

Hettie took the village school for the next year. She obtained some pupils on the piano and organ over at Lake City, whom she went over and taught on Saturdays. She even earned some honorable dollars in superintending the making of several new black silk dresses for the Auroraville ladies, to whom city fashions in dress were more intelligible than city fashions in music.

The next autumn Hettie went back to Boston with resources of her own earning sufficient, with the aid her uncle was able to supply, to obtain the best instruction. Proving her talent and her industry, she became a successful musician; and in time paid back all the money which had been advanced in her village for her first year's education.

The people of no town were ever prouder of a native who had won distinction than the Auroraville people now are of that brilliant performer on the piano, Miss Hettie Ketchum.

EDSON KEMP.

QUEEN OF NIGHT.

O'er wealth and poverty, the worst, the best,
Her lustre falls, and, through the listening air,
Breathes but of peace and beauty everywhere.
Serene and pure she mounts the azure heaven,
Telling the wondrous love her God to man has given.
—*All the Year Round.*

For the Companion.

BIZ.

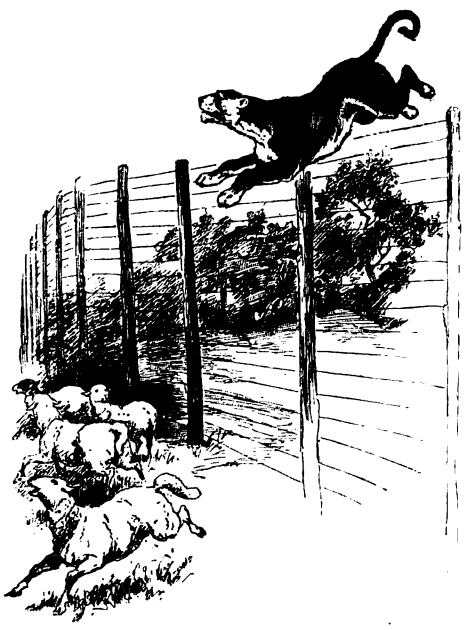
In Two Chapters.—Chapter II.

Jesse Stands the Test.

Jesse listened a moment, in great alarm, to the sound which the animal made just outside the door. Then he took his little revolver and snapped it through the chink in the door. He thought that he might thus scare the creature. But the imperfect weapon, provided only with rim-fire cartridges, failed to go off.

He had scarcely cocked it for a second trial when he heard a crash of poles at his pony-shed, followed by terrific growls and a wild cry of fright or pain from the horse. The dogs whined and barked.

Again Jesse peeped out at the chink and saw,



in the gloom, that the grizzlies—if grizzlies they were—had broken into the shed and attacked his pony. The loose pole structure had been half demolished in the struggle; and the ferocious roars and growls of the now excited animals made Jesse quite sure that they were grizzly bears.

He snapped his revolver again. This time it went off, but it did not seem to attract the attention of the bears in the slightest degree. By this time they had pulled down and throttled the pony.

The dogs would have rushed forth, and no doubt have attacked the bears; but Jesse, though much frightened, was cool enough to know that to let them out would very likely mean to lose his only means of managing the flock.

He fired off the little revolver three or four times; but the bears, paying no attention to the shots, dragged the body of the pony down toward the river.

He kept his door propped and watched anxiously, fearing that they might return for him or the dogs. He resolved, as soon as morning came, to let out the sheep and then set off down the river at his best pace. He had no taste for a life in the midst of savage beasts. Toward morning his intention to decamp was strengthened by the sound of mountain-lions crying in the woods again.

But with the rising of the sun Jesse's courage revived a little. He dared not go down to the border of the woods at the river, where the bears had dragged the horse, lest they might be lingering near; but he ventured forth, firing his revolver at intervals, and opened the corral gate.

He thought, too, of his promise not to leave the flock. But he was in great fear that the bears or the *leones* would make an end of him. He resolved, for his own safety, to move into the sheep corral. He doubted if the wires would keep out grizzlies, but the *leones* had not broken in as yet; and he felt that the wire fence would be, at least, a little protection. He carried the shed poles and a part of the shack poles inside the wire fence of the corral, and built a little shack within it. He also put his supplies in the corral.

Then, remembering that he had not fastened very securely the door of the shack at the first corral, he went back to attend to it. There he found that some animal had entered during the night, and made an effort to open the cans of meat and soup with its teeth.

Manifestly the surrounding forests abounded in wild beasts. What should he do with them, practically unarmed as he was?

He missed his pony badly in getting the sheep back to the corral that afternoon. It took him more than two hours to get the straying bands all inclosed. Without Jack and Jim he could not

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have succeeded. He passed the night at his new shack inside the wire fence, and was not molested, although toward midnight he heard the bears growling down near the river.

The next night a lion came out of the woods across the fork, wailing dismally as he approached the corral. It walked slowly around the fence, the sheep drawing away from it on all sides as it moved along. Jesse kept the dogs behind him in the shack; and when the creature had come along near the shanty which he had erected just inside the gate, he discharged his revolver at it from the door. With a hoarse snarl the beast sprang away, and for some time he heard nothing of it. After awhile it returned, as he knew from the timid movements of the sheep; but it did not break in.

Night after night experiences of this sort were repeated. Late one night he was waked by a great rattling, and by the moonlight saw a bear clawing the wires.

The beast made a prolonged effort to get in, but retired, growling, after a time, and sitting down a little way off, licked its scratches.

Jesse wondered why the lions did not leap over the wire fence into the corrals; but thus far none of them had done so, perhaps from the fear such creatures feel of getting into a snare. But on the second night after he had shifted the flock to the third corral, and erected his shack inside it, he had an experience of this sort.

Wearied with running several miles on foot to head off straying sheep, he soon fell sound asleep within the little shanty. Suddenly he was waked by the noise of the sheep rushing past the cabin.

Jack and Jim were barking, and had run out of the shanty; Jesse ran out, too, although as yet he was but half awake.

He was able to get no farther than the door, for the flock had crowded in a dense mass between the shack and the wire fence. The moon shone over the mountain-tops so that it was bright as day; and out in the rear of the shack Jesse could hear a great commotion, Jack barking and the sheep bleating.

He forced his way out through the throng. Jim kept close to him, leaping over the backs of sheep. Presently he discerned the cause of the tumult.

A long, dark-colored animal, crouching low and lashing its sides with its tail, was inside the corral, stealing upon the rear of the flock. Even as Jesse caught sight of it, the beast darted forward, and with a bound sprang among the sheep.

Jack had got through the flock and dashed at the invader, barking fiercely. Then came a rush of the frightened flock from that side; they leaped upward, tumbling headlong over each others' backs. Jesse tried to stem the tide and get back to his shack door to get his pistol, but was knocked off his feet.

It seemed to him then that more than five hundred sheep jumped over him. Before he could gain his legs, one after another knocked him down again.

Above the hubbub he heard Jack yell as if injured. Jim, like himself, had been overborne in the mass of sheep. At last the greater part of the flock rushed past; and, half-smothered, Jesse



again and, much alarmed, went to the shelter of the little cabin, calling in the dogs. Jack was bleeding and badly hurt.

The lion, which was a very large one, turned, holding the sheep in its mouth, and coursed along the wires toward the lower end of the corral. Meantime the whole flock came crowding back around the cabin again.

Jesse kept himself concealed and watched for several hours, while the lion ate its fill of mutton. A little before daybreak a fog arose and obscured the moonlight, so that he could no longer discern objects. The sheep moved tumultuously at times; but the lion had disappeared when it grew light, having eaten a part of the sheep.

Probably it had leaped out as it had leaped in.

As Jesse let the flock out to feed, he discovered that one other sheep had broken a leg, and that two more had been trampled to death. This foray disturbed him almost as greatly as the slaughter of his pony. If the lions began to jump the wire fence, he saw nothing but disaster and danger ahead. Jack, too, was so badly torn that he was unable to go out on the range.

With only Jim to help him, the young shepherd had to run from one side of the range to the other nearly all day. Four sheep crossed the fork and were lost in a ravine. He dared not leave the main flock to pursue them, and he reflected uneasily that their bodies would attract still more wild animals to the range.

By the time he had inclosed the flock at sunset he was on the point of dropping from sheer fatigue, and he had no doubt that he had run forty miles.

When Jack had recovered a little, Jesse drove the whole flock to the first corral, seven miles distant, in the hope of leaving this particularly bold panther behind. For more than a week he was not troubled, although he heard lions every evening. Then his old enemy leaped the fence again, and another stampede followed.

Jesse made a mark on a sheet of paper for each day, and counted the marks often. "If only I can live till they send a man up here," he thought, "I'll leave this place without delay."

He had made his sixty-ninth day-mark, when, as he was heading the sheep for the corral toward sunset of that afternoon, a man on horseback, leading a pack-pony, came in sight at the ford. At last he was relieved!

The man was a raw young German, who had experienced nearly as much difficulty in reaching the range as Jesse himself had encountered.

In reality, this was the turning point in Jesse's career, the real test of his character.

Many young men who go to the far West, finding the conditions of life hard, become disheartened and homesick and go home again, often requiring assistance from their relatives to enable them to return. Others stick to whatever they undertake, and often succeed brilliantly.

Jesse had thought that he should leave the sheep range on the Skagit the moment he was relieved, and felt a very strong inclination to take his wages for the ten weeks and buy a ticket home.

But now that valuable something which is termed "grit," and which Western people call "sand," rose in him. He set his teeth hard. He had writing materials in his valise, which his mother had given him, bidding him write often, and he now wrote two letters.

One was to his mother. It was not a letter recounting the dangers and the hardships which he had endured, although it cost him an effort not to speak of them, for he naturally craved a little sympathy. He merely wrote:

"DEAR MOTHER.—I am sorry I could not write you sooner; but the place where I work, herding sheep, is a long way from a post-office. I am well, and I earn fifty dollars a month and board. If things go right, I think I shall stick to this job till I get money enough to go into business for myself.

JESSE."

The other letter was to his employers, to whom he had determined to give a piece of his mind. The letter ran:

"GENTLEMEN.—This was a nice place that you sent me to, and got me to promise I wouldn't leave. Your range here is swarming with mountain-lions and grizzlies.

"You told me I should find a gun here; but I didn't. I have nothing to defend myself or the flock with. The grizzlies took my pony right out of the shack, and the lions have got to jumping the corral fences.

"I've lost twenty-three sheep, and you may think yourselves well off that it isn't ten times as many. There have been plenty of nights here when I didn't expect to see daylight again.

"If you think I am going to stay here and fight lions and bears with my bare hands, and run forty miles afoot every day, you are mistaken. I want you to send me up a good riding pony and a good gun, with plenty of cartridges and some poison.

"If I don't get them in the course of four or five days, I hereby give you notice that I'm coming out, and your sheep may take care of themselves.

JESSE GARLAND."

He sent these missives out by the German next morning.

When Mr. Littlehale read Jesse's report, he laughed outright, and slapped his fist down with emphasis.

"That's 'biz!'" he exclaimed. "Straight 'biz.' I took that boy's measure to a T!"

"That rascally 'Greaser' must have stolen the gun," he said to his partner. "What a time of it that boy has had! It was too bad. But he's evidently the right sort. What he says has the true ring to it. Gun! He shall have two guns, and we'll send him another pony to-morrow."

Just at nightfall, the third day after, Jesse saw the German coming back. This time he was leading a riding pony, and had two leather cases strapped to his saddle.

"Dot vos two goons, meester," he said, "und somedings in dot box vot der boss dell me I no eat—dot vos vot you call bizen! Und dot boss he say you vos one brick, und you shall shoot dem vildt animals like plazes!"

They had sent up a Winchester and a heavy double-barrelled shot-gun. Jesse felt his spirits rise as he handled the new weapons.

"Now, I'll see if I cannot have better order on the Skagit," he muttered to himself. "There are going to be some dead lions around here, if I can shoot straight."

He began to practise at a target with the carbine next day, and two nights afterward he had the satisfaction of sending a ball through the sides of the big mountain-lion which had terrorized the range for two months.

"No more blackmail in mutton for you, old fellow!" exclaimed Jesse. "I've fed you a long time, and your skin ought to be in good condition!"

With a good pony to ride, Jesse was no longer exhausted at night by hard running. He was able to watch more leisurely; and his carbine often spoke out, loud and sharp, from behind the wires of the corral.

During the month of September he shot four lions, and in October killed a silvertip bear.

When the man with supplies came up again, he sent out six lion skins and a bear skin to Littlehale & Co., as evidences that the guns had been much needed at the range.



As he grew accustomed to managing the flock and acquired experience, Jesse came to like the work far better. He presently ceased to be lonely. At the end of the year, the proprietors made him a considerable present, in addition to his wages. They could well afford to do so, for he had done the work of two ordinary shepherds.

When he had been in charge of the flock twenty months, he was allowed four weeks' vacation, and went home on a brief visit to his mother and other relatives in the East. It was then that he told his story.

It was his intention, he said, to continue "shepherding" for two years more, when he hoped to have saved enough money to buy a flock of sheep for himself.

C. A. STEPHENS.

LOST IN THE DESERT.

Mr. A. J. Duffield, in the course of his "Travels Abroad," was making his way into the interior of Bolivia in company with fifty mules "laden with merchandise," and "ten muleteers heavily laden with ardent spirits."

The company had travelled all night and had made about forty miles, besides climbing about five thousand feet, when Mr. Duffield committed what he styles one of the greatest follies of his life. He left his companions and started off alone across a desert in which there are no permanent tracks, nor any landmarks or guideposts.

"It was from no love of adventure," he says, "that I set out alone from Culupo; it was simply to escape from the torment of the clouds of dust raised by the fifty mules. My companions assured me that I could not miss my way. So on I went over level ground at an easy pace.

"Before me lay a motionless sea of sand, and above me hung the sun pouring down heat. But the air was sweet. It penetrated my bones, and I went on mindless of all things save the bliss of being. This uncommon feeling lasted for some five hours, when I waked as if from a happy dream to find myself all alone.

"I had no sense of danger, but pulled up the mule to get a steady view of things. In front nothing was to be seen but the mule's ears, behind nothing but its tail. I knew enough of mules to believe that this one knew what it was about, so for another hour I allowed it to go at its will. Then we came up to what I imagined must be my own troop of mules.

"'How far are we from Mescanti?' I inquired, in a confident tone.

"'This,' said the courteous Indian, in cultivated Spanish, 'is not the trail that leads to Mescanti.'

"'Where, then, lies the trail?' I inquired.

"'Yonder,' was the reply, and the dark-faced child of the sun pointed indefinitely with his chin to a part of the world at right angles to that over which we were then passing.

"Being in haste, for the day was now waning, I bolted off, and came on not one track, but three tracks, but they all ran in the same direction.

"It was now six o'clock. In a few minutes the sun would set and I should be left in the dark. Still I had no fear. On taking a steady view around the world, I observed a dip in the distant hills. There, if anywhere, I should find water.

"We sped on our way. The sun set and the night quickly became dark. There was no moon. Soon I caught sight of what seemed to be a torch. It proved to be a star and was a long way off.

"Still we kept on. Midnight came and the cold was intense. We reached what seemed to be a deep, yawning pit, which lay in a direct line with the star. Down went the mule into what turned out to be an extinct volcano—a crater of pumice. We climbed the other side with difficulty, making a great cloud of blinding dust, and on reaching the solid earth I proposed to give the mule a drink of water.

"To my horror there was no water to be had. The strap which had fastened the horns containing the water to the croup had given way. To my actual thirst was now added an imaginary one, which became intolerable. In my distress I had no heart to mount the mule, and walked at its side, picking up one or two pebbles to roll under my burning tongue, which began to swell, or so I imagined, as my thirst increased.

"Soon my attention was called to a mysterious stretch of darkness, over which hung the friendly star, and as I was peering into it, the mule turned with a suddenness which nearly hurled me from the saddle. I pulled up, and heard the sound of rippling water!

"We had reached the precipitous banks of the Mescanti River. If the mule had not started back we should have fallen down a steep place and been killed.

"The mule had found the river; it was now my place to find the ford. This did not take more than an hour, and I gave the first drink to the mule. After half an hour's rest I was again in the saddle. We swam the river, and in less than five minutes were in front of a roaring fire in an Indian's hut at Mescanti—saved!"

OUT DOOR HEALTH.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made His work for man to mend.

—*Dryden.*

For the Companion.

A PARADISE OF CHILDREN.

Although America is of all countries the one in which the rights of childhood are most regarded, it is not by any means the foremost in provision for its comfort or enjoyment.

Many Americans carry their theory of respect for the character and individuality of the child to an extreme which approaches error.

Children's liberty of thought and action is allowed to reach almost to license; but we have only lately begun to take notice of their physical needs, and to make public provision for their recreation.

In this respect we might well take a lesson from the city of Paris. The wonderful pleasure-grounds which are to be met at every turn are open to the children unreservedly.

From the Bois de Boulogne, with its hundreds of acres of hill and valley, and the gardens of the Tuileries, bright with statues and flowers and fountains, to the small squares and places, or even to the peaceful old churchyards with their quiet paths and green arbors, there is no spot where the happy little creatures do not find room for out-door diversion.

You will find them making sand-pies,—the streets of Paris are too clean to provide mud,—whipping their gaily painted tops, pegging away at marbles with shrill French enthusiasm, playing soldier, or *cache-cache* or prisoner's base, or "I-spy," eager and almost as swift as birds, and to all appearance much less given to quarrelling.

Perhaps the universal courtesy with which they are treated, may be the cause of the courtesy they in turn show to their companions and elders; but whatever the reason, it is certainly a most charming trait in their behavior.

To see a French boy, hat in hand, answering or asking a question, or a French girl, standing with kindly deference until her mother or her mother's friend is seated, is to see a very pleasant sight indeed.

But it is not alone in playgrounds that the beautiful city takes care of its children. There are the ever fascinating Gingerbread Fairs. You come suddenly, at some street corner where there is an open space, upon a village of tents, with merry-go-rounds, swings, Punch and Judy shows,



and all manner of devices pleasing to children. There are captive balloons in which you can soar above the house-tops, and toboggan slides which dip frantically, as if into the bowels of the earth; and clowns, jugglers, and acrobats, and streets upon streets of toys, and candy and gingerbread!

Gingerbread everywhere; walls of it, chunks of it, bricks of it; in slices, in blocks, in shapes of men and elephants, ships and houses; ornamented with gold and silver, glistening with frosting, covered with a mail of parti-colored comfits, packed full of plums, bristling with nuts sparkling with tinsel, fashioned into every device which the wit of man can conceive.

And oh, so cheap! The poorest small pocket holds sous enough for a treat.

Then there is the Garden of Plants, the great botanical and zoölogical nursery of the nation, with its long lanes flanked by pretty houses, some large as barracks, for the monkeys or the gracefully awkward camelopards, some tiny enough for the smallest forms of animal life.

There are conservatories filled with rarest butterfly-like orchids, and tall tropical palms; whole buildings devoted to aquariums, and rare, strange nooks, where the trees are cut into grotesque forms, as if one had strayed into some goblin country.

In the centre is a great oval amphitheatre without a roof where, every fine day, a perpetual circus goes on; and where, for a sou or two, a good boy or girl may ride upon any creature, from an elephant to a goat not much larger than a good-sized cat.

There are brilliant houdahs, in which a dozen can sit at once, regally borne by some gigantic Jumbo; there are queer little saddles fastened on the hump of a camel, or a dromedary, or an ostrich; there are cushions across the back of a deer, or a zebra, or a Shetland pony, or some strange creature that looks as if it had wandered out of the Arabian Nights.

There are bands playing with fine flourish of

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drums and cymbals; there are travelling musicians with every variety of noise, from a hurdy-gurdy to a calliope whistle; and the air is full of flower fragrance and the joyous tumult of children's voices. What could be more like Paradise?

Here and there you will stumble, in some of the narrow streets of the old city or the broad



In a Paris Park.

boulevards of the new, upon a magic gateway, where you drop five cents into a lion's mouth. He swallows it without winking. Then you knock at a low door, and presto! you are in Fairyland. Real Fairyland this time, if there ever was such a thing!

There is the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, with her scullions and courtiers and maids of honor dreaming away in the gardens and halls, while she herself lies with sweet, closed eyes on the silken coverlet of her pretty bower. Only you are not allowed to kiss her awake.

There are talking birds and singing pigs, and strange enchantments all about you. There is an elephant with a staircase in his left hind-leg, and a suite of rooms in his monstrous body, and a supper-hall in his big forehead, whence you can look out on the world from his twinkling eyes.

If you turn to the right you will meet little Red Riding Hood, with the Wolf talking to her in very good French, and the old Grandmother being gobbled up before your very eyes, if you wait long enough. If you turn to the left, there is Jack the Giant Killer slaying his fearful Goliaths; or Hop o' My Thumb piloting his train of brothers through the woods; or the fatal castle of Blue Beard, with Sister Anna looking from the battlements; or some other dear old friend of childhood the world over.

Then there are dwarfs and fairies running about everywhere with cakes, ices, and strawberries and cream. You have only to sit down at any one of the small tables amid the flowers to be sure of that.

By and by, as you wander through the shady lanes, not quite certain yet whether you are sleeping or waking, you see a tempting small door leading into a magic tower,—and lo! you are out in the work-a-day world again, with the portals of Fairyland closed behind you, and only a blank wall on a busy street to show where it had been.

Perhaps the next best thing is to go riding about, perched at your ease on top of the huge, lumbering omnibuses, where for only three cents you can travel hither and thither over the smooth pavements of the most brilliant city in the world. A child in his sober senses would hardly choose to stay inside when the strange, circular, small stairway invited him to mount up above, and go rolling along over the heads of ordinary horses and carriages.

Beautiful bridges cross the shining river; palaces and temples rise like some rich intaglio of carving and gilding; cathedral spires and church towers mount like fine frost-work into the soft summer air; there are groups of wonderful statuary and shining fountains in the flower-decked public places, gardens and parks, and long vistas of strange loveliness opening at each corner.

One feels like a portion of some royal procession, and yet the whole triumphal progress costs but three cents. That might not matter so much to a grown-up man, whose pockets may be full of jingling silver, but it means much to a small boy who never has any change to spare.

The simple way in which the children are dressed cannot help being an attraction to other healthy little people. No frills or furbelows, or stiff cuffs and collars, to make one afraid of soiling or spoiling; but the plainest short gowns and trousers, with stout boots and thick stockings; and almost invariably a big, dark blue cotton or woollen blouse, belted at the waist, with famous pockets which will bear any kind of rough usage.

This is the way you will see tall boys and girls returning from school, little boys and girls at play with nurses and mothers, even young men and women in the normal schools and institutes. It is such an easy-going, comfortable, happy-go-lucky sort of costume that it seems the finest thing imaginable for comfort and for fun.

One example which the people of Paris set to the rest of the world is the habit of enjoying everything together. Rich or poor, you see the entire family in company. On Sundays and holidays they go into the parks, the woods, the streets, out upon the gay boulevards or the quiet country places, in the myriad small steamboats that glide like water-flies up and down the Seine, to the forests of Fontainebleu or the Gardens of the Luxembourg or Tuileries, but all together.

The big brothers and sisters, the little brothers and sisters, the father and mother, the baby, even the old, old people, smile and chat and sit in the grass, and eat their homely lunch in such happy and hearty fashion that it is a joy to watch them.

Perhaps of all the reasons which could be gathered together from this to Christmas, there is none stronger than this happy, healthy union of family interests and amusements, to prove that Paris may well be called the Paradise of Children.

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

USELESS GRIEFS.

Live not in vain regrets:
It is sad waste to company with ill,
And leave no room for better guests to fill.

Selected. —*Mary Weatherbee.*

THE DARDANELLES QUESTION.

The water passage which is, perhaps, the most important, politically, and is the most anxiously watched in the world, is the little, narrow strait known as the Dardanelles.

It is the channel which joins the Sea of Marmora, and indirectly the Black Sea, with the Grecian Archipelago, and so with the Mediterranean and the Atlantic beyond. It is the narrow strip of water which separates, at a breadth of from one to four miles, the Continent of Asia from that of Europe in that corner of the world.

It is forty-seven miles in length, strongly fortified on both sides, and is under the control of the Sultan of Turkey, through whose dominions on either side it flows.

The main significance of this water passage is that it is the portal of Constantinople and the Black Sea. For centuries, therefore, it has had a great military and political importance. It is the only southern water outlet by which the great Empire of Russia can reach the oceans.

Intimately connected with the Straits of the Dardanelles is the long existing ambition of Russia to obtain possession of Constantinople, and the European part of the Sultan's dominions. This has really been the purpose of Russia for two centuries.

But the other powers of Europe, and especially Great Britain, have always been opposed to the attainment of this Russian ambition, which has brought about two wars within the past forty years.

The Crimean War of 1853–6 was fought on the issue whether Russia should have the right to establish naval stations and sail her war-ships on the Black Sea, and to send her war-ships, as well as her merchantmen, through the Dardanelles.

The defeat of Russia by the allied powers of Great Britain, France, Italy and Turkey in that war resulted in the Treaty of Paris, which practically forbade Russia to do either. It had already been settled fifteen years before, by the treaty of 1841, that no war-ship of any nation except Turkey should pass through the Dardanelles without the consent of the Sultan.

But in 1871 Russia took advantage of the general confusion of European affairs caused by the Franco-German war, to demand the removal of the restriction upon her having naval stations and sailing war-ships in the Black Sea; and she succeeded. England could not oppose her alone, and could get no help from the other powers.

Six years later, Russia entered upon a war with Turkey to gain possession of Constantinople; but although she was victorious over the Turks, an English fleet entered the Dardanelles to protect the ancient Turkish capital; Russia was forced to give up her design; and by the Treaty of Berlin the powers of Europe once more balked her ambition.

Ever since 1871, therefore, Russia has had the right to maintain her fleets in the Black Sea, but has not had the right to send them to and fro through the Dardanelles. In the latter part of August, the European world was startled by the announcement that Turkey had permitted certain Russian ships, transports carrying soldiers, but not technically war vessels, to pass through the Dardanelles.

Thus the object for which the Crimean War was fought, and which actuated the powers in restraining Russia by the Treaty of Berlin, seemed likely to be lost by the consent of Turkey, which empire the powers, for their own reasons, have always sheltered from Russian aggression.

While the ships sent through the Dardanelles were not exactly military armaments, all Europe has been stirred by the fear lest this act is only the entering wedge to the attainment by Russia of her long-cherished design of capturing, not only the water-ways, but the dominions of the Sultan.

No doubt the event has given a more warlike aspect to European affairs. It remains to be seen what action the powers will take, and whether Great Britain will interfere, as she has done before, with the progress of Russian encroachments in Southeastern Europe.

For the Companion.

AWARDS.

A hero's crown for the man of men
Whose right arm shall prevail!
But what befits their prowess then—
What laurels shall their brows attain,—
What guerdons to their lot remain,
And what hosannas hail,—
Who fall and fall, and fall again,
And rise again—to fail?

GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

No one who has eyes and ears in good working order needs to be told that a political canvass is going on, and that some important State elections will take place in November.

This is called an "off year." The elections are not general. The people have to choose neither a President nor a Congress. The officers to be chosen are State officers. Under such circumstances the voting is usually light, because the interest of the citizens in local affairs is not so universal as it is in national matters, and because the politicians put out less effort and spend less money in off years than they do when national officers are to be chosen.

But there are special reasons this year for an unusual degree of activity. It happens that elections are to be held in several of the largest States, and in each of them circumstances make the politicians, whether Democrats or Republicans, extremely anxious to succeed.

Last year the Democrats carried the election in many States which are wont to give Republican majorities. Next year the Presidential Election will take place. The Democrats wish very much to hold the ground they have gained, and the Republicans are resolved, if possible, to regain it and to put themselves in position for the great contest of 1892.

New York is to choose a Governor and other State officers. It is admitted to be rather a Democratic than a Republican State, and yet it gave its electoral vote to Harrison three years ago. The control of this State, as the most populous in the Union, is regarded as of the utmost importance by both parties. New York was carried overwhelmingly by the Democrats last year. The contest in November is expected to be much closer, and it will be fought in the keenest manner.

Ohio has usually been Republican, but last year the Democrats carried it. Now a Governor is to be chosen, and national importance is given to the canvass by the fact that Major McKinley, whose name has been given to the present tariff law, is the Republican candidate; while the Democrats have nominated for reëlection Governor Campbell, who carried the State in 1889. Another reason why this election is interesting is that the legislature to be chosen in November will choose a successor to Senator Sherman.

Pennsylvania gave about eighty thousand Republican majority in each of the last two Presidential elections, and yet it elected a Democratic governor last year. A State Treasurer is to be chosen next month, and each party will put forth strenuous exertions to carry the State.

Massachusetts is another State which is almost always Republican; but last year, while the Republicans carried the legislature and most of the State offices, the Democratic candidate for governor had nine thousand plurality. The Republicans are carrying on a vigorous canvass to "redeem the State," and of course the Democrats are also doing their best to keep what they have gained.

There are also interesting contests in Iowa, and in one or two other States, but they need not be mentioned particularly.

Although these are all State elections, national issues are much discussed and the result will be claimed by the successful party as a verdict of the people upon them. The Democrats hold, and apparently with good reason, that the election last year signified a popular condemnation of the "McKinley Tariff."

Now, should the Republicans be victorious, they will assert that the triumph means that, after a trial of the law, and on further consideration, the popular opinion has been changed. And of course the Democrats, if they succeed, will hold the result to signify a repetition of last year's judgment.

"Free silver" is also involved. In general, the Democrats are rather more inclined to favor "free coinage" than are the Republicans. The election of 1890 was regarded as a victory for free coinage. The Republicans, for the most part, maintain that the present silver law should stand.

Consequently a Republican victory may be taken as an adverse expression of the people on free coinage; while a Democratic victory, in those States where the Democrats have declared themselves in favor of the measure, will indicate that the people wish the experiment to be made.

AGAIN THE FIRESIDE.

With the sharper chill of the evenings and the ripening of the nuts comes the time when families and household friends gather after supper around the open hearth, and the dancing flames seem to make part of the company.

There is a companionship in fire which none can fail to feel. No man of business is too prosaic, no careful housekeeper too preoccupied, no child too intent on play, no young girl too deep in a novel, no old person too far sunk in memories of the past, no sharp modern youth too unsentimental to experience the mingled charm of homely comfort and ethereal beauty that glows within the hollow of the hearth.

No wonder that the united taste and fancy of the family are called upon to decorate this natural shrine of the home. The tiles around it may be gay with birds, butterflies or flowers, the handiwork of some artistic member; or perhaps somebody with an antiquarian taste prefers to copy in dull blue a quaint series of Scripture pictures from the ancient tiles of Holland, such as were imported to adorn old New England homes of a century or more ago.

All the family old enough to read, and all their friends, may be pressed into the service of searching books and dictionaries of quotations for a suitable motto to inscribe above it; unless, indeed, one of them is bright enough to invent a motto—a task by no means as simple as one would think. And when the right motto is secured, some one must paint it, carve it, or embroider it upon drapery for the mantel, with as many illustrations and embellishments as fancy and artistic capability may suggest.

Of course such work may be bought and paid for instead of being done at home; but now, when almost every family has some member with artistic accomplishments, it is pleasanter and more significant to have it done in the household.

"Who shall tell the first tale?" from Chaucer; "Blow high, blow low, not all the winds that ever blow can quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow," from Whittier; "While I was musing the fire burned," from the Bible, are good mottoes that have been used for this purpose, but may well bear further use and an infinite variety of decorative devices.

A hospitable and excellent motto is from Emerson: "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it."

Shakespeare, Scott, our American poets, and many also of the prose essayists afford good searching-ground whence fit phrases may be selected. The search is a delightful amusement, and often leads one into quaint and pleasant by-ways of literature which might not otherwise be explored.

But, after all, no matter how beautiful the hearth, the hearth-fire is more beautiful; no matter how fit the motto, it will count for nothing unless the daily conversation in the circle around the cheerful blaze is also fit and cheerful. Unless its warmth and radiance evoke an answering warmth and radiance of the spirit, the brightest fire that ever burned might as well be a heap of ashes.

ACTION AND SENTIMENT.

John Walter and his brother Edmund were strikingly unlike in temperament. John was a man of feeling; Edmund was a man of action.

The contrast had been noticeable from early childhood. If there was sickness in the house, John overflowed with sympathy, while Edmund was nurse and errand-boy. Both were good sons, dutiful and affectionate, but so different! If they could have been made into one, the result would have been almost an ideal character.

As the boys grew to be men the contrast came more and more into relief. To a stranger they might have seemed to have hardly anything in common; but they were as loyal to each other as they had been to their father and mother. Each supplied the other's lack.

John had a thousand reveries and dreams which he never thought of confiding to Edmund, but he loved to hear Edmund dilate upon his work, the great things he was doing and meaning to do; and Edmund, on his part, wanted no better listener than his brother John, though he knew well enough that John lived in a world where he himself was a stranger.

Edmund was the more prosperous, and the more useful, as those words are commonly understood. Perhaps he was not the less happy. At all events, John was proud of him, and he was proud of his brother John.

Such differences are constitutional. They are not to be avoided or counteracted by any effort of will; but every one, every young person, at least, may do something, be it more or less, to develop in himself the side which is lacking. If he was born a sentimentalist, he can watch against becoming incapable of action. If his bent is toward a

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life of outward activity, what the world calls "business," he can cultivate, or seek to cultivate, a habit of thoughtfulness and reverie.

Edmund may never enjoy sunsets and poetry, flowers and music, as John does; and John may never become the energetic man of affairs, to whom every one instinctively turns when something must be done, and done at once; but each will be the better for watching against unnecessary one-sidedness. The best life is one in which action and sentiment are happily combined.

THE STUDY OF AMERICANISM.

A new kind of a school is about to be started. The University of Pennsylvania has received seven hundred thousand dollars in gifts to be used for founding a School of American History and Institutions.

Prof. Francis N. Thorpe has been long planning for this, and it is he who secured these generous donations. He is also to be dean of the new school.

The feature of the school is its distinctive Americanism. It is to be organized, equipped and administered in such a way as to bring out the place that American institutions should hold to-day in the study of the world's progress.

The school will have several courses, as follows: First, the history of American legislation in all the States and in Congress; second, State constitutional history; third, the history of the great movements in legislation; fourth, the history of the church; fifth, the history of diplomacy; sixth, the history of municipal affairs and the growth of cities; seventh, the history of politics and political parties.

A department of journalism will also be started, and a prominent man will give his attention especially to the history of the American newspaper and its growth.

The library will contain fifty thousand volumes, and will be complete in every line bearing on American history, literature and law.

The school is to be opened in Philadelphia, in October of this year; and Professor Thorpe has already received over five hundred applications for entrance.

This kind of school is one of those natural things which, when once begun, makes one wonder that it was never thought of before.

But public interest in all that relates to our native land is decidedly on the increase. Our Flag movement, which is still sweeping the country, is one mark of this new patriotic sentiment among the people. The endowment of this school and the great number of applicants before it is even opened, are also marks of the growing feeling our people have that America ought to be of foremost importance to all Americans.

Boys who are intending to be lawyers, newspaper-men, or statesmen, will do well to keep this kind of study in mind. Any one, indeed, who has the good of his country or of his city at heart, ought to become master of all that America has experienced in the solving of our great problems.

HIS UMBRELLA.

Mrs. Maria Drummond, who for many years held a high position in England, among people of the truest rank, had, as a girl, the opportunity of helping a great man in his wooing.

His suit was successful, and he did not forget that gratitude was due the kindly friend who had seen his difficulties and helped him in overcoming them.

Mrs. Drummond, then Miss Kinnaird, was staying with her father at Torquay, and thither also came Lord John Russell, to pay them a long visit. At an hotel near by lived Lady Ribblesdale, a young and pretty woman whom Lord Russell had known before, and whom he was always eager to visit whenever his young hostess went thither.

At length his visit came to an end, and the two took their last walk together to invite Lady Ribblesdale to accompany them home to luncheon. She, however, had an appointment elsewhere and was obliged to decline.

As Lord Russell and his companion were climbing their homeward path, he stopped and said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I have left my umbrella at the hotel. What shall I do?"

It was a brilliant day, without a cloud, but the sympathetic young lady said, gravely, "Oh, you must go back for it instantly. We won't wait luncheon for you, so don't hurry in this hot sun!"

He took her at her word, and did not appear at the table. Afterwards she was told that he went back to make his proposal of marriage, and that Lady Ribblesdale accepted him.

When the lady wrote her on the subject of the engagement, Lord John Russell enclosed a slip of paper bearing the words:

"Of course her sister must be chief bridesmaid, and will hold her gloves, but you must be second bridesmaid, and *carry my umbrella*."

MODEST.

Eugene Delacroix painted many poor pictures as well as many masterpieces. But he recognized the faults of his work. He could never satisfy himself, and worked with untiring, restless energy, producing work both good and bad in his eagerness to accomplish something like his ideal. After he had become celebrated as a master, dozens of his pictures were refused at the Salon.

M. Jean Gigoux relates, in his "Souvenirs d'un Vieil Artiste," that one day Delacroix showed his *Barque de Don Juan* to his friend M. Française, and begged him to correct it.

"What can I do now?" he said. "Look, there is a shoulder in profile above the front view of a chest. The man is dying of hunger in the midst of the ocean, and I have represented him fat and well. It is insane! How could I do it? Retouch it, will you not? I cannot. I had a fever of production when I did it. Come, retouch it for me, M. Française."

"But —" protested Française.

"No, no, retouch it all, all,—you do beautiful things every day," urged the great artist.

Corot's modesty was surprising. When a friend criticised his work, it is related of him that he often offered his palette in perfect good faith, saying, "I do not know how to do it. Do it yourself." And if the friend accepted it, Corot would watch his work, murmuring, "That's it. I understand. A little more, if you please. Oh, that will go a great deal better now!"

A great contrast to the disposition of these men was that of Courbet, who not only believed himself one of the greatest artists in the world, but felt himself to be in a position to patronize literature. Of Molière he once said, "Oh, yes, there is a man that ought to be brought to light; yes, I must certainly bring him into greater prominence."

A Yard of Roses.

Each subscriber to *The Companion* will receive, within a few days, the Annual Announcement of the features of the paper for the coming year, and with it a copy of a beautiful painting entitled "A Yard of Roses."

This painting has been reproduced at large expense, and in a very perfect manner. We believe that our subscribers will be pleased with its excellent design and rich coloring, and that they will find it an attractive addition to the decoration of their homes.

PECULIAR PRAYERS.

An anonymous writer contributes to the *Atlantic Monthly* some recollections or stories of the public prayers of the Puritan fathers of New England. In a Maine town, near the sea-coast, was one of many communities where the men were, so to speak, a cross between farmers and sailors, and where, as a natural consequence, the cultivation of the soil was somewhat neglected.

The minister of a neighboring town exchanged with the minister of this community, and as a drought was upon them, the people sent him a request that he would pray for rain. This he did, as follows:

"O Lord, thy servant is asked by this people to pray for rain, and he does so. But thou knowest, O Lord, that what this soil needs is dressin'."

A member of a certain Massachusetts parish, prominent for his thrift and personal consequence, was also notorious for his overbearing assumptions and pompous airs. Under the distress and fright of a dangerous illness he "put up notes" on several successive Sundays, and after his recovery, according to usage, he offered a note, to be read by the minister, expressive of his thanks.

The minister was somewhat "large" in this part of his prayer; recalling the danger and the previous petitions of the "squire," and returning his grateful acknowledgments with the prayer that the experience might be blessed to the spiritual welfare of the restored man. He closed with these words:

"And we pray, O Lord, that thy servant may be cured of that ungodly strut, so offensive in the sanctuary."

Doctor Barnes of Scituate had for a parishioner a rich but hard, grasping, penurious and quarrelsome man. In course of time he died, and at his funeral the minister dealt with him in no gentle phrase.

The next Sunday the bereaved widow came herself to the parsonage, bringing the usual "note," and at the same time preferring an earnest request that, as the minister had already given her husband such a raking at the funeral, he would quietly pass him over in his prayer. She added that her husband had always been kind and good to her and to his family.

"Well, well, we'll see," said the aged and venerated pastor. His curt relief of himself in his prayer was this:

"Thou knowest, O Lord, that thy departed servant was a good provider for his family; but beyond that, his friends think, and we think, the less said the better."

"FOR NOTHING!"

In some parts of Africa a young man is not considered grown up until he marries, and naturally a bachelor has a pretty hard lot. Doctor Pruen says that one day, in a strange village, a little chit of a boy marched up to him, stuck his arms out, put his hands into what would have been his pockets, had he worn clothes, and putting his head on one side, looked up at the white man and said, in an impudent voice: "Are you married?"

On another occasion my wife and I had been visiting a chief of a small village, and as we were going away, we heard the steps of people running after us. So we waited a moment, and up came two young men quite out of breath. As soon as he could get his breath, one of them said, pointing to my wife:

"How many cows could I get one like that for?"

I tried to explain to him that in England people did not get their wives in that way.

"For nothing!" he exclaimed, delighted; "could I get one like that for nothing?"

I told him in answer to one of his questions that if he came to England, he would be allowed to ask a woman to be his wife, but that I thought she would probably say: "No." His friend, upon this, looked at him, and bursting into a hearty fit of laughter said, with emphasis:

"Yes, I expect she would say no."

NEW LAKES ON MARS.

There is one point of view from which the formation of a new lake in Southern California by the overflowing of a sandy desert with water from the Colorado River possesses peculiar interest. It may throw light upon some of the mysterious changes that have occurred upon the planet Mars. Near the equator of Mars there is a region which has been believed to be part of the dry land of that planet, and which has been named Lybia by the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli.

But a few years ago a change occurred in the color of "Lybia," and some of the observers thought that it must have been suddenly overflowed with water, since it had assumed the color characteristic of the other regions of Mars that are supposed to be water-covered.

Other similar changes have been seen by telescopists on Mars.

Now that a new lake has actually been formed on the earth by the unexpected filling up with water of a depressed area of dry land those who believe that a similar occurrence, on a larger scale, has taken place on Mars will probably be strengthened in that interesting opinion.

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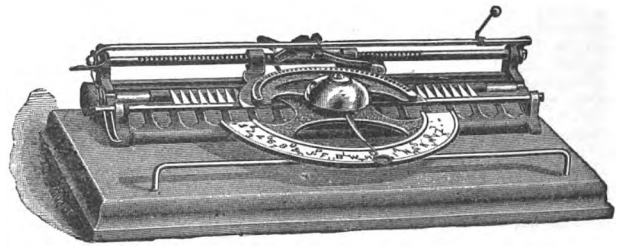
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For the Companion.

A PHENOMENAL SCOUT.

By General Oliver O. Howard, U. S. A.

"Should you drive to pasture five horses over these wave-like knolls, and leave them for an hour to graze, it would be next to impossible to find them." This was the writer's note concerning the lava beds which touched and terminated the Camas Meadows, along the southwestern border of Montana.

Here was, at one time, one of the meeting-grounds of Bannacks, Shoshones, Flat-heads, Nez-Percés and other Indians, where they assembled to dig roots, trade, run races, gamble, or settle past grievances by long-continued "pow-wows."

Here, in the Nez-Percés War, our forces encamped on the Nineteenth of August, 1877. The enterprising Chief Joseph halted some fifteen miles away, easterly, toward the mountain gateway to the Yellowstone Park. Then, instead of allowing his tired warriors to sleep, he left his women and children there in a safe nook, and, with his fierce red men, rode rapidly back to disturb our sleeping camp.

So here took place the night engagement, usually called "The Battle of Camas Meadows," after which our columns resumed the famous long march in pursuit of the still fleeing Indians.

Hardly a day after this action, while we were threading their main trail through a narrow stretch of the meadows beside a well-wooded ridge on the right, and in full view of a spur of the Rocky Mountains from our left front, a cry from some of the men behind us was heard:

"Heigho! What's that?"

Looking back we saw at first a great cloud of dust, and soon, with our glasses, we could descry a body of Indians riding straight towards us at a considerable speed.

"They are friends of ours," somebody exclaimed.

Yes, for they were following the road, were too few in numbers to bear hostile intent, and were holding up a white flag by its staff and shaking it out to the breeze.

This stranger group proved to be the first instalment of a company of Bannack scouts, which Captain Bainbridge, the commander at Fort Hall, a hundred miles south of our line of march, was bringing us for reinforcement. There were ten or twelve in the advance group.

How handsomely they rode! How gaily they were attired! Their plump little horses, white and lightish gray, were decked off with bits of fur and strips of red and blue flannel; manes and tails were as artistically arranged as a full-fledged warrior's hair—that is, nicely braided and tied up.

As soon as the group had drawn near they made a halt. Rainé, the half-breed interpreter, in his looks and ways more Indian than white man, rode up to a staff officer and told in short sentences of broken English, who constituted this brilliant cavalcade, and announced the near approach of the main company of scouts not yet in sight.

That evening, to the bivouac, which we named Camp Benson, the small but very welcome reinforcement came up and rejoined its advance guard, and enlivened our camp-fires with news and words of cheer.

Fisher the Scout.

Nobody there will forget the happy visit of Bainbridge. He was very proud of his Indians. He must return to Fort Hall the next day, he said, but he would leave with me a remarkable leader, Mr. S. G. Fisher, whom he then brought up and introduced. Fisher was a white man, yet no Indian was ever better acquainted than he with Indian life. He was one of the few civilized frontiersmen who had won, and ever after retained, the admiration of all the Indians of that region.

He was the real chief of the Bannack scouts. The words Captain Bainbridge spoke of him were good and assuring, but I soon began to know him for himself and to appreciate his achievements, past and present.

At a little distance, when mounted, he appeared like an Indian. There was the same swing of the body, the same turn and cling of the legs, and easy, graceful use of the arms; no jerky, angular motions like those of the cowboys on balky ponies. He was about six feet tall, of symmetrical frame, well-knit and muscular.

His scouting dress, except his broad-brimmed hat, was Indian throughout. There was the variegated deer-skin jacket, well ornamented, the loose-fitting deer-skin trousers, held up by a handsome leathern belt. There were the many-buttoned leggings, and, to finish the effective apparel, the small, embroidered moccasins.

His hearing was somewhat defective at that time, so that his eyes had to do double work; and he seemed rather sallow of complexion for perfect health. Like so many other remarkable men of our generation, the first acquaintance furnished little to mark him, except, perhaps, that clear and steady eye which indicates courage, and a beaming face which bespeaks the absence of hatred.

During our unique Indian chase of 1877, usually called the Nez-Percés campaign,—where, in continuous pursuit, the cavalry marched over eighteen hundred miles and the infantry over fourteen hundred,—we had very many scouts. The terror caused by the Indian outrages had disturbed large districts of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana; so that, deserting their homes, tradesmen, farmers, prospectors and miners had congregated here and there, often with their families, behind barricades for mutual protection.

Many of the men at these rendezvous were employed by our field forces, sometimes only for a few days, in the capacity of scouts. They were dispatched upon errands, or sent out in different directions to hunt up fresh Indian trails or the hostile parties themselves. They reported to the aide-de-camp who had charge of gathering and furnishing information.

Qualities of a Scout.

It is not possible even to indicate all the good qualities one must possess for the effective leadership of a scouting party which is seeking for Indians. He must be tough and sinewy, able, without excessive fatigue, to ride sixty or seventy miles in a day. He must have a keen eye, able to catch the dimmest trail, able to descry the faintest Indian sign and interpret its meaning.

He must be so quick-witted as to read the face of an Indian, and cope with his clandestine manœuvres. He must be so cool in his observation and judgment as to form right opinions concerning his adversaries—that is, concerning their plans and movements, in order that he shall not, by glowing or by unduly depressing reports, lead his general into error or upon a false scent.

In brief, a goodly supply of trustworthiness, loyalty, sobriety, sagacity, slyness, boldness, ingenuity, activity, energy, diplomacy, endurance and unending persistency is essential to the perfect scout. It is not too much praise to say that we found the desirable qualities in the modest, unobtrusive Fisher. The day after the gay and brilliant Indian scouts overtook our moving troops, he with his party hastened to the front.

He soon got his eyes upon his wild game, and watched the irregular masses as they ran the gauntlet of Tacher's Pass. He followed them closely through the beautiful forest of Madison Basin, and kept his general thoroughly informed of what his savage foes were doing.

As we were detained for supplies at Henry Lake, and again, a little later, delayed for a few hours near the great Geysers to protect and care for several wounded civilians whom the Indians had maimed and abandoned, Fisher got a large distance in advance of us. He had clung to the hostiles' newly-made trail, clambered over the steep hills and up the mountain side and through the most difficult thickets of closely-grown small trees, then dry and seasoned and tough, on and on to Mary Lake, situated at the very mountain-top.

Here he had an unpleasant experience. His Indian helpers, who had been so full of cheer, greatly coveted some forty mountain horses that were turned out a few miles back of the advance for a night's grazing. After a secret talk they deserted their brave chief, stole the horses of their friends, and came near succeeding in driving them beyond our reach or recovery.

Fortunately, however, by prompt information, and a sudden arrest and disarming of the chief young Indians, including Rainé, this disaster was prevented. The other scouts who were implicated were compelled to look up the stray animals and lead them back.

Deserters.

After this affair these helping Bannocks,—the very men who had been so brilliant and promising at Camp Benson,—with few exceptions would serve us no more. They put on injured looks, declared that scouting did not pay them sufficiently, and made off for other and more congenial fields.

Fisher, having now but two or three with him, never left the freshest trail except to get side views of the fleeing host. He saw them well across the Yellowstone River, their ferriage being a little below the Yellowstone Lake. They had crossed in Indian fashion, with all their ponies and luggage.

He saw them enter the extensive forest beyond, and followed their rear so closely that a white man, Mr. Simmons, who had been captured near the Park and carried off by the Indians, was enabled to escape to him. This man had been for some days with the hostiles, expecting maltreatment or death; but for some unexplained reason, while the other travellers who were surprised in the Park had been severely wounded and left behind for dead, Simmons had been spared.

The information that he brought was most valuable. It saved us from a long and tedious march through that immense blind forest in a circuit which, but for his timely warning, we must have made. We had now only to follow the chord of the arc to come again very soon upon the heels of our enemies.

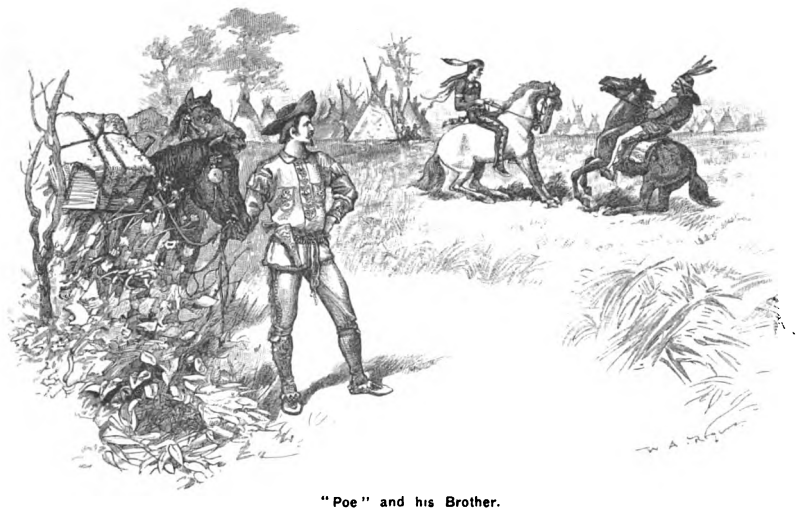
But I will not follow further Fisher's good work in this campaign. He had many a narrow escape and many a new experience, which he has doubtless often related to his children. He kept with us during that long campaign, till his services were no longer required. Then, with two attending Indians, he steered straight through the almost boundless woods and over the broad prairies to his home near Fort Hall.

At the close of this memorable expedition the general wrote of him as follows: "Night and day, with guides and without, Fisher hung upon the skirts of the enemy. The accuracy, carefulness and fulness of his reports, to one attempting to chase Indians across a vast wilderness, were a delight."

Now, to give young people an idea of the experience and training to which this able frontiersman had been self-subjected, I will offer a scrap of his previous history substantially as he himself has told it.

Fisher's Story.

"Prior to the Bannack Indian War, which occurred in 1878," he said, "Camas prairie, in central Idaho, was an annual resort or meeting-ground for several Indian tribes. It was here that the Bannacks, Shoshones (Snakes), Piutes, Nez-Percés, Umatillas, Sheep-eaters and portions of other tribes met about the middle of June, remaining a month or more together.



"Poe" and his Brother.

"The men passed the time in gambling, running horses, trading and dancing; while the squaws, and more particularly the older ones, were gathering and drying, for winter use, the roots of camas and yampa.

"The departure of most of the Indians for Camas prairie made times dull at my trading-post on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. I decided to follow them. Securing the services of my friend Poe-ap-ah as guide and interpreter, I packed five ponies with articles for trade and provisions, and started on our trip of a hundred and thirty miles.

"After crossing Snake River, which at this season, June, is at its highest mark, by the help of a friendly Indian, we made a night ride across a forty-mile stretch of lava which was destitute of water, keeping the old Oregon wagon road of 1846. I greatly enjoyed this cool night's ride, listening to Poe-ap-ah's stories of his many adventures. When he was but a boy he had been guide, night-herder and guard for the early Oregon immigrants, often accompanying them as far as the Blue Mountains. It was while in this business that he learned to speak English and also won his name, Poe-ap-ah, which means 'Road Father.'

"Three days more brought us in sight of the great Indian encampment.

"When we were within a few hundred yards of this wild camp, Poe—as I called him for short—asked me to stop. I did so. He began to ride his horse in a circle, at the same time making signs with his right hand.

"Suddenly I saw an Indian, well-decked out with bright streamers, mount the bare back of a large snow-white pony and make toward us at a run; but when yet a hundred yards distant he wheeled his horse and dropped out of sight, clinging to the opposite side of his charger. In this position he ran around us in a circle. Poe was going through the same manœuvre in an opposite direction.

An Exhibition of Horsemanship.

"For the next ten minutes I witnessed as fine riding and handling of horses as I ever had seen. Presently their war horses were dashed up side by side, from opposite points, and then were fairly set back on their haunches, while Poe and his brother shook hands. They had not met for several years, but had recognized each other by signs.

"After introducing us by telling me that the new-comer was his younger brother, and explaining to him that I was his big white friend, the object of my visit was explained. We proceeded to one of the largest Indian gatherings that I had ever seen. Several thousand persons were present, big and little, old and young, all rigged out in fancy toggery.

"Our packs were soon taken off, and the animals turned loose with thousands of others, to enjoy the finest of bunch grass. With a few willows and two pairs of blankets we soon constructed a sort of 'wickieup' sufficient to shelter us from the sun.

"I sold my entire stock of vermilion and other paints within an hour after my arrival, for there was to be a great dance that night. Such a dance one seldom sees! There were grim faces hideously painted, and topped off with huge head-dresses of feathers. The dance was made more ghastly and frightful by the changing reflection from camp-fire to moonlight, as the Indians whirled and twisted, stooped and raised their naked bodies, at times jumping high in the air and coming down stiff-legged, while giving appalling, piercing yells. Time was kept with the continuous and monotonous beating of raw-hide drums. The dancers wore only war-bonnets, breech-clouts, moccasins and paints.

An Unpleasant Situation.

"I may as well own that I did not feel a placid sense of safety, being, as I was, more than a hundred miles from the nearest white settlement, and here alone with a multitude who seemed demons in look and action.

"While the dance was going on, the old women were preparing a 'Big Eat' of baked roots, roasted fish and venison. Near morning this feast was eagerly devoured by a hungry mob.

"Learning that an old discarded war-chief was encamped at a point up Wood River, and that he had a large quantity of furs and skins on hand, I decided to hunt him up, and if possible, to trade off the remainder of my goods before starting home.

"Just at sundown, after a long day's ride, we found old Kay-tzant-po-hog-ant's camp. He had won his name, 'No Good Medicine,' by foolishly attempting to prove to his tribe that he was bullet-proof. He had put a heavy charge of powder into his rifle, substituting for the bullet a rose-bud of the proper size, which he had previously neatly covered with tin-foil. This he shoved down the barrel of his gun, and in the presence of his astonished followers, placed his left hand over the muzzle and pulled the trigger.

"The experiment was not successful. The old prophet's hand, in shrivelled, twisted and knotty shape, looked like a diminutive dwarf-pine that had struggled for existence at the extreme limits of the timber line.

"As we rode up, I greeted him with the usual salutation, 'How!' He did not return the 'How,' nor even condescend to give me a nod of his black head, but, turning his back, told Poe to tell me that his heart felt bad toward all white men.

"I said to Poe, 'You tell the old rascal that my heart often feels that way towards the Indians, and that if I kill one Indian it makes my heart feel all right again.'

"This bold response on my part was meant for what the frontiersmen call 'bluff.' Evidently it 'out-bluffed' the old Indian, for he at once declared that his heart felt better, while he gave me his hand to insure my speedy friendship.

"I stood well with him from this time on. Every trade I proposed was accepted without any opposition, and I soon closed out my remnants for a valuable lot of beaver, mink, otter and other furs and skins.

"Before I left the next morning, he gave me a few pounds of dried venison. It was a welcome gift, for we were entirely out of provisions. At the same time he assured me that he was my 'big friend,' and would remain so as long as we lived.

"On reaching the main trail that afternoon, we fell in with a few Indian families on their way back to the reservation. They were living on dried roots and were not backward in helping finish my small stock of meat. After that we had dried meat and roots for supper, and roots 'straight' for breakfast. In fact, it was a root diet with me for the next two or three days, for I was too dainty to eat gophers and ground-hogs—about all the game we could find along the lava beds.

"One old squaw supplied me with raw, half-dried yampa roots, which I ate almost continuously, trying in vain to appease my hunger.

"In this condition the fourth day of July, 1870, found me. As the day advanced the heat became intense.

"As I was riding slowly along in advance of the sombre, silent, hungry and patient little band, contrasting the present with former days, my reverie was suddenly broken by a shout of 'Look! Look!'

Fresh Meat.

"Turning in my saddle I saw Poe, who was close behind, pointing toward a large black-tail deer which was limping along over a little knoll scarcely a hundred yards away. Having seen no game for the previous two days I had that morning left my Winchester rifle in one of the packs, but I had a revolver in the holster.

"Before Poe could get a rest for his gun on the two sticks which he, like the most of his tribe, carried for that purpose, the deer was out of sight over a little hill. Fresh meat was what we wanted, and having Old Ironsides, my best horse, under me, I at once gave chase.

"The big buck led me a lively race, up-hill and down, over rocks and brush, for a couple of miles, notwithstanding that one of his hind legs was broken. Coming up with him at last I opened fire with my pistol and severely wounded him, at which he turned on me, and, with a mad plunge, struck my horse full in the chest. The blow did not inflict serious injury, for as good luck would have it, the buck's horns were 'in the velvet,' having but a soft bunch or knob on each prong.

"It was his last plunge, for as Old Ironsides sprang to one side, I sent a bullet through the buck's brain. Poe came up, and we soon had the deer skinned, quartered and loaded on the packs.

"On reaching water, a few miles farther on, we pitched our camp; but while we were unsaddling and taking off the packs, up rode two swarthy

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Indians along our trail, and demanded the slaughtered deer. They claimed that they had wounded him early that morning, a long way back in the mountains, and had since been following his tracks.

"No doubt this was true, but I was too hungry then to be liberal or even honorable, and so refused to give up the carcass.

"After much parley, 'Tin-ie,' a little Indian in my outfit, proposed that we wrestle for the deer. The boy had great faith in my ability to throw the braves, for he said he had often seen me throw the best men in his tribe.

"I consented to this, and also offered to shoot at a mark, offhand, for the meat.

"One of the fellows was a tall and powerful man, of about my own height, but at least twenty-five pounds heavier. After walking around me several times and feeling of my arms and legs, he declined to wrestle, and also refused to shoot except with a rest, which I in turn refused. Finally we compromised the matter by giving the strangers the hide and the hind quarter that they had wounded.

"In the mean time the squaws had fires built, and were eagerly waiting the meat settlement. In less than a minute after the treaty was concluded the entire three quarters of venison was roasting before the fire.

"Two days later, after reaching home, the old squaw who had supplied me with roots on the journey came and demanded sugar, coffee and flour. I gave them to her, and continued so to give for the next two years. Her begging became so annoying that at last I refused her.

"'Well, I fed you when you were hungry; now I am hungry, and you won't give me anything,' she said. This little argument on her part won her a fresh supply.

A Persistent Beggar.

"Selling out my trading-post and leaving the country, I lost sight of the old woman for ten years. After this time I bought the place again, and had scarcely become settled, when one day, while I was at dinner with my family, in walked an old squaw, bent and gray.

"Pointing towards the door I told her to go out; but she paid no attention to this. Walking up, she extended her black and bony hand, while she proceeded again to repeat, in the Indian language, the same old root story, which I interpreted to my wife and children.

"The old woman not only got her dinner, but left with a flour sack well filled from the table and cupboard. By close calculation I find that those roots have cost me about twenty dollars a pound, and the end is not yet; but as the old squaw has seen a great, great many snows, while my hair is only slightly grizzled, I live in hope."

Some time after the adventurous expedition of S. G. Fisher, which he has so graphically described, during 1873 and 1874, he held a trading-post in the neighborhood of Ross's Fork, Idaho, situated some fourteen miles from Fort Hall. There was at one time news of an Indian outbreak, and already there had been much suspicious excitement and threatening conduct on the part of the Indians on and off the Ross's Fork Reservation.

The white people were in great fear, and speedily shut themselves up in buildings belonging to the Indian Agency and hastened their messengers to Fort Hall to apprize the officer in command of their precarious condition. He dispatched Lieutenant Wilson of the Twelfth United States Infantry, with a detachment of troops, to the assistance of the beleaguered whites.

Wilson started during the night, and reached the Agency before daylight, galloping with his small force toward the occupied buildings. He intended to dismount and let the horses run wild in case he was fired upon, and thereafter to fight his way on foot to the imprisoned people.

But on nearer approach, to his surprise he found that the Indians had withdrawn. The siege was already raised and the great distress relieved.

The withdrawal was effected by the ever watchful Fisher. During the night he had crept out, on hands and knees, among the bushes and high grass, near to the place where the Indians were in council. He observed that there were two parties, the old and the young. The young urged the massacre of all the whites shut up in the buildings, but the old Indians were more moderate. Fisher believed that with prompt encouragement to their merciful mood, the more cruel could be overborne.

He made all the haste consistent with secrecy that he could, working his way back to the Agency buildings. Then he came out boldly, took the main road, and walked fearlessly into the Indian council.

He joined at once in their speeches, which his knowledge of the Indian language enabled him to do, and soon persuaded them all to do something better than to murder him and the other white people about them. They listened to his brave words, and, admiring his courage, quietly withdrew and became most friendly.

"Blessed are the peace-makers;" are they not called the "children of God?"

Why He Retired.

When in 1878 the terrible Piute and Bannack war had broken out, Fisher was entreated to go to eastern Oregon and take the chieftainship of the scouts. He would not go, declining all offers, however flattering or remunerative.

He at first gave no reasons, but finally, being pressed for them by an officer who was his warm friend, he said that he scouted so differently from other scouts, and often was obliged by his sense of duty to expose himself so much more than most of them did, that he felt too apprehensive that he would be killed if he went again.

It was a reason that once did not weigh much with him; but now he had a family of children to support, and no matter if the work was attractive, he believed that he must avoid the extreme danger.

This way of thinking on the part of the fearless Fisher seemed very strange to all of us who knew him. But we were ready to see that he practised a real self-denial in keeping himself from the excitement of the campaign and from the pleasure that commendation for valor always gives.

This time he pronounced in favor of a higher duty, namely, the immediate protection and support of his family.

A few years later, in 1885, I visited Fisher's home near Ross's Fork. In the change of agents on the reservation, he had somehow lost his official rights as an Indian trader; but he remained there in comparative poverty as the Indian's friend.

He took me in his buckboard carriage, and we visited Indian houses and farms scattered over a fertile valley for twenty-five miles. Fisher was everywhere received by the Indian householders with the utmost confidence and affection.

I found that when they were too poor to buy seed for planting, he habitually loaned it to them, and gave them innumerable credits in trade.

"Do they ever repay you?" I asked.

"Yes, invariably; or unless some unforeseen providence prevents."

It is this good man and phenomenal scout who has at last become the Bannacks' agent; and for this favor all the friends of the Indians who are interested in the Ross's Fork tribes rejoice.

For the Companion.

MODERN SURGERY.

By John S. Billings, Surgeon U. S. A.

Three hundred years ago English writers treated of "cheirurgery," or "chirurgery," as being the art of treating wounds, fractures and dislocations, tumors, deformities, etc., by the use of the hands, or of instruments applied by the hands,—the word being derived from the Greek *cheir*—a hand.

Gradually the term, both in spelling and pronunciation, was changed to the modern "surgery," and the old "chirurgian" has become a surgeon; but the meaning has remained nearly the same, though the methods have greatly changed and are now applied to forms of disease which would formerly have been considered as hopelessly beyond the reach of surgical treatment.

These changes have been largely due to four causes, namely: the discovery of anæsthetics; improvements in the means of preventing or stopping the loss of blood from wounded vessels; the discovery that inflammation and the formation of pus and abscesses after wounds are largely due to certain minute organisms, and of means for excluding these; and lastly, to improvements in methods of diagnosis,—that is, of finding out just where the disease is situated, as when certain parts of the brain or of the organs in the abdomen are affected.

Anæsthetics.

Before the effects of ether and chloroform were known, one great object of the surgeon was to operate quickly, so as to keep the patient in pain as little time as possible. He finished the work of his knife and saw without stopping to check bleeding, and wasted no time in deliberation.

In these days the patient breathes in the vapor of ether for a few moments, and, falling into a deep sleep, lies a motionless, unconscious body, upon which the operator can work carefully and deliberately. He knows that he is causing no pain, and that he can take an hour or two, if it is desirable, to make the careful explorations and to carry out the numerous precautions which are now known to be necessary to secure the best results.

When, in the middle of the sixteenth century, the famous French surgeon Ambroise Paré substituted the tying of wounded blood-vessels for the cauterizing of them with a hot iron, which had been the practice up to his time, the triumphs of modern surgery first became possible.

When it was proven that the hemorrhage from a cut artery could be stopped by so simple a method as tying a bit of thread around the severed tube, and that, in most cases, this was not followed by pain or special danger, the operators became bolder, and did not hesitate to amputate limbs, and remove tumors which before that time they would have left alone.

Still, however, they did not recognize the importance of making the loss of blood as little as possible, nor could this be done effectually until operations were made painless by anæsthetics.

Now the surgeon stops each bleeding orifice as it appears, by means of small spring clamps, thus not only preventing loss of blood, but enabling him to see clearly the various parts in the depths of the wound, which is kept as dry as possible; and often he seeks to save for the patient a large part of the living tissue of blood which is contained in the part to be removed. He effects this by compressing this part tightly with an elastic bandage before he begins to cut, thus squeezing out the blood into the central vessels.

"Listerism."

About twenty years ago Joseph Lister, then a surgeon in Scotland, came to the conclusion that many of the bad results which follow wounds and operations were due to the fact that very minute organisms, the *bacteria* as they are called, got into these wounds in some way, and that these proceeded to grow and multiply, causing irritation, inflammation, the production of pus, etc., which in many cases resulted in what was called pyæmia, a very fatal affection and the dread of the surgeon up to that time.

It had been known for a long time that injuries in which the skin was broken or severed, forming an external wound, were much more dangerous than those where no such wound occurred,—that, for example, a broken leg or a dislocated ankle was much more dangerous when the skin was torn than when it was not; and it was supposed that the entrance of air into the tissues was in some way the cause of the trouble.

Mr. Lister—he is Sir Joseph Lister now—thought that it was not the air itself but the bacteria in the air which should be guarded against; and he effected this by covering the wound with dressings saturated with substances which would kill all bacteria that came in contact with them.

He also was careful that the water with which the wound was washed, the sponges, the instruments, the ligatures, and in fact everything which was to be brought into contact with the wound were thoroughly sterilized—that is, so treated as to kill all the bacteria in or on them. If he had to make a wound himself, as in a cutting operation, he did it in the midst of a cloud of spray of a solution of carbolic acid, which is poisonous to bacteria, and is, therefore, what is called "antiseptic."

The results which he obtained were so excellent that other surgeons rapidly took up his methods, and made many experiments to see how they could be improved.

It was found that most of the troubles following wounds were due to minute globular organisms which are known as *micrococci*, which means little grains or granules, and that the commonest form of the pus-making *micrococci* is one called the *staphylococcus pyogenes aureus*, because it produces a golden-yellow color when it grows in gelatine or potato, or other similar substances.

This is very commonly found on the surface of the skin of the living human body, and especially in the crevice between the ends of the finger-nails and the skin beneath, so that surgeons now pay more attention to securing perfect cleanliness and sterilization of the skin where they propose to operate, of the hands and finger-nails of themselves and of their assistants, and of the water, sponges, thread, instruments, etc., which they use, than they do to the air, which is thought to cause very little danger.

Diagnosis.

The last cause of the good results of modern surgery to which I have referred above is improvement in diagnosis, and especially in the means of determining the exact place where certain tumors are growing within the body, or where bullets or other foreign bodies are located, or the course through which they have passed.

It is now often possible to determine within an inch the precise point in the brain where a tumor or some other cause of compression or irritation exists, because it has been discovered that different parts of the brain have each a special connection with certain muscles, or certain regions of skin, so that a numbness confined to a certain part of the surface of the arm, or a loss of power in or spasm of certain muscles, as for example, a squint of one eye occurring suddenly, will indicate the precise point of the skull where, if an incision be made and a piece of bone cut out, the surgeon will find the cause of the trouble, and thus be able to remove it without causing serious disturbance of other parts.

Probably the most wonderful thing in modern surgery, in the eyes of a skilled surgeon who has been in practice for twenty-five years, is the comparative certainty with which large gaping wounds, such as those produced in an amputation through the fleshy part of the thigh, or in a removal of a large tumor, are now made to unite and heal without the production of inflammation or fever, or of more than a drop or two of pus.

So, also, either of the three great cavities of the body, the head, the chest or the abdomen, are now opened without hesitation for the removal of foreign bodies, of tumors, or of effused fluids, in the confident expectation that no evil results will follow.

It has been found by experience that in the organs which are closely packed in the abdominal cavity a certain amount of extra mechanism is included, which is available in case of emergency, or which can be removed if it gets out of order.

Extra Organs.

An engineer provides one or two extra pumps and engines for a large system of water-works or of drainage, in order that if one of his pumps gets out of order the work shall not stop.

So a man has more liver, more kidney and more intestine than he actually needs for use at any one time, so that in case of disease or injury one kidney may be removed, or a damaged piece of intestine cut out, or the whole spleen may be excised, without producing fatal results, and these operations have now been performed so often, and with such good effects, that there is little hesitation in undertaking them.

Although the mode of packing the organs in the abdomen, so that not a quarter of an inch space is wasted, and all are free to move and slide over each other when the body is bent, or in the movements of respiration, is in most cases perfect, so that they are held in their relative positions during running, jumping, etc., and yet are not bruised or injured, it happens, sometimes, that one of them gets too loose and falls into a place where it does not belong, and thus causes pain or inconvenience by dragging down its attachments.

A few years ago this was considered to be beyond the reach of surgical art; but now the abdomen is opened without hesitation, and the too-movable organ is fixed in its proper place by stitches, so that it shall contract adhesions and henceforth remain where it belongs. The results are, in the great majority of cases, perfectly satisfactory.

Some of the operations which the surgeon thinks are the most remarkable proofs of skill and of advance in his art may not appear so to most people because they do not appreciate the dangers and difficulties to be overcome; while on the other hand what may seem very wonderful to the layman may not specially surprise the skilled surgeon.

Probably both surgeon and layman, however, will agree that the complete removal of the larynx, which is the box-like structure at the top of the windpipe which contains the apparatus for the production of voice, and which forms the projection in the front of the throat commonly called Adam's apple, and the substitution for this of an artificial larynx, by means of which a person can speak, is something of a marvel. This has been done several times with good success.

In one case, which occurred twelve years ago in Glasgow, the artificial larynx was made of hard rubber, having within it a vibrating metal plate or reed, something like those which you can see in the ordinary harmonicas or accordions. With this the man could speak in a resonant, loud and clear voice, and with perfect distinctness.

It is true that the voice was monotonous in tone, for he could not tighten or relax the vibrating reed, as we can do with the membranous bands in the natural larynx, and thus produce successively varying tones; but he used several different sorts of reeds—some thicker and heavier and some thinner and lighter—and could thus give himself a deep bass or a high soprano voice by a slight change of mechanism.

The operation of removing the entire larynx from a living man was first performed in 1866, and has now been done about one hundred and forty times—in most cases on account of cancer of the organ, which, if left alone, would be fatal.

A New Nose.

The making of a new nose to replace one which has been lost by injury or disease may also produce curious and striking results. It is true that this operation is not a new one, for it was known many hundred years ago in India, and was fully described three hundred years ago by an Italian surgeon named Tagliacozzi.

Perhaps some of my readers may have seen a story by Edmond About, which was translated into English and published a few years ago under the title, "The Nose of a Notary." This is a modern version of a tale given in the works of Van Helmont, in the middle of the seventeenth century, to the effect that a certain lawyer, having lost his nose in a duel, had a new nose made from the skin of the arm of a porter who was hired for the purpose.

At first the new nose was a great success, but the porter took to drinking too much, and as his face became red and swollen, so did the nose of the unhappy lawyer. The diseases of the porter affected that portion of him attached to another person, and when finally the porter died, the nose died also, and fell off, leaving the lawyer as badly off as at first.

This is, of course, merely a flight of fancy, but it indicates the old method of making a new nose. At present, when this is desired, it is effected by taking a portion of the skin of the patient himself, usually from the forehead, and modelling it into the desired shape.

In like manner the loss of a lip or of a portion of the cheek can be replaced by what is known as plastic surgery.

Large ulcers which are slow to heal are sometimes treated by planting in their surface small bits of skin freshly snipped off. Each of these bits adheres and grows, forming a sort of small island of skin on the raw surface, until finally the edges of these islands meet and unite, so that the whole ulcer is healed over or cicatrised.

Grafting.

This method of "grafting," as it is called, may be applied in many ways. A cavity left by the removal of a tumor may be filled with perfectly clean and sterilized sponge, and the skin closed over it. Presently the living tissue of the walls of the cavity will begin to enter the spaces in the sponge and to organize, as it were, the effused blood contained in it, so that gradually the pores of the sponge are filled with living flesh provided with new blood-vessels. Then comes a process of absorption and removal of the substance of the sponge itself, so that after a while it is entirely gone, and the loss of substance has been repaired.

A cavity scooped out of a diseased bone may be filled by a graft of bone-making tissue taken from an animal, or with a blood clot, a nerve may be grafted to another nerve and thus be enabled to resume its functions, and the transparent front of an animal's eye—the cornea as it is called—may be grafted into the front of a human eye, to replace an opaque, diseased and irritable cornea, although there is little chance that the new cornea will remain transparent.

Another form of grafting in modern surgery is that by which, in case of obstruction of the lower opening from the stomach or of a part of the bowel, due to the growth of a tumor, that part of the digestive tube above the obstruction is made to communicate with the part below it by making openings in them and stitching or clamping the two together so that these openings are opposite and close to each other, thus permitting the food to take a short cut around the closed natural passage.

Modern surgery is bold because of increased knowledge, and it preserves thousands of lives which a century ago would have come to a premature end owing to the want of this knowledge.

There still remain a host of troubles which it cannot remedy; but every year gives it new powers and a broader field.

It is well to remember that every discovery or improvement made by a surgeon in Boston, or London, or Vienna, not only benefits his own patients, but is promptly made available through the press for the good of the patients of all other educated surgeons throughout the civilized world. There are no patents on surgical operations.

This increase in knowledge increases also the responsibility of the modern surgeon, and the labor which he must undergo to obtain it.

It now requires not only years of study to fit a man to undertake such responsibilities, which place the life of his fellow-man at the risk of the point of his knife or the cleanliness of his fingers, but he can never stop studying and say, "I know enough now."

He must read the latest journals and the newest books if he would not have his soul troubled by that most bitter of reflections, "There was a way by which I might have saved her life, but I did not know it until it was too late!"

If, then, any of my readers wish to become surgeons—and I hope there are some such among them—let them bear in mind that they must have trained brains as well as skilled fingers to ensure success, and that these things are not acquired by wishing, but by work.

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SUGGESTIONS

GRAPES.

What States and countries produce many grapes?
Learn something about the vineyards and their cultivation.
How is wine made? What is champagne?
How is brandy obtained? Its chief uses?
Learn the way of making raisins. Their uses?
What is argol, and how is it obtained?
How is it purified, and what is it then called?
How does it act in raising bread?

For the Companion.

IN MID-OCTOBER.

Thou tranquil stream, unknown to sage or poet,
How gently glide thy waters down to sunset
Under the boughs of maple and dark cypress!
How softly glows the sundown in thy thickets
Gentle and still as evening kneeling barefoot—
Like a sad Carmelite in silence praying—
Before an altar in an old cathedral!

Low pipes the wren within her dusky coverts,
Low calls the red-bird in the clumps of hazel,
The partridge whistles in the fields of stubble,
Blithe children shout far upland in the village
And on the twilight hang sweet stars of laughter,
Still thou, thou goest on thy path in silence
Crystal as prayer to God ascending upward!

What sing'th to thee the brown wren in the quiet?
What the blithe red-bird twittering in the hazels?
Whisper they aught of old days or traditions
Now dim as sunset on the purple gum-leaves?
I hear the kine low on the upland pastures,
I hear the squirrel bark within the forest—
Yet what hear'st thou of legend or of story?

What knowest thou of other days and races?
Hath ever here stood youthful chief and maiden
Slender and lithe, with dusky, love-lit faces?
Or in the gloom beside thee, 'neath the cypress,
Moored bark canoes within the gath'ring twilight?
Have human hearts here beat with human passion?
Their flint-spears deck the hills—know'st thou aught of them?

Here, in the Long Ago, the smoking camp-fires
Glowed in three hamlets by thy crystal waters,
The old men sat and smoked before the lodge-doors,
One prophet watched the lodge-fires lit in heaven:
Now in six villages laugh pale-face children,
And strange, new men walk o'er the chieftains' ashes,
And wag rough beards, and every one is prophet.

Now folds the Twilight her grey cloak of nightfall
Quietly over all the farms and hamlets.
No more is heard the laughter of the children.
No more the low of home-returning cattle.
Yet barks the squirrel in the woods, and softly
A brown leaf falls upon thy placid bosom,
And Night the acolyte kneels down between us.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

For the Companion.

TRUTH WILL STAND.

A good many traditionary anecdotes are still remembered by the old people of Virginia of a certain Josiah Allan, a Presbyterian minister, who was noted in the early days of this century for his eloquence, the intensity of his zeal, and his love of fun.

Like many of the most eminent preachers of those days he travelled from place to place, and wherever he went his hearers were quickened to a more zealous faith in Christ, a warmer charity for each other, and it must be added, a keener appreciation of jokes.

On one occasion, Mr. Allan arrived in the evening at a plantation in Fauquier county, where the attorney general of the United States was also a guest.

After supper this gentleman broached some of the infidel doctrines which had recently been introduced into this country from France; he avowed his own disbelief in the New Testament, and declared that Christianity "had had its day, and was fast losing ground."

Mr. Allan replied to him with all earnestness, and the argument continued until bedtime. As the house was crowded the two gentlemen were obliged to occupy beds in the same chamber. Their voices in hot discussion were heard by their host until he fell asleep, and when he went the next morning to call them to breakfast he found them sitting bolt upright in bed, still arguing, as they had been doing all night.

Mr. Allan, when forced to leave, drew his host aside and said, "I could not sleep until I rooted out this poison from his mind. It will corrupt the whole country! It will turn the nation away from the Saviour!"

No effort could restore him to his ordinary cheerfulness. He went away full of gloom and foreboding.

There is a peculiar significance in this story just now.

The attack upon the Christian religion made at that time was very similar to that which is urged at the present day by certain magazine writers and novelists. It was sustained then, as it is not now, by many of the foremost statesmen and thinkers of the country, while the cause of Christ was misrepresented by sectarian bigotry and ignorance.

Yet the nation was not corrupted nor turned from the Saviour. The churches, the asylums, the hospitals, and the peaceful, happy homes which cover the country now from sea to sea are the outgrowth of His teachings; and honesty, freedom and brotherly love exist among us only because we have made Christianity the basis of our national life.

Many good men and women are alarmed to-day by the assault upon their faith, as Josiah Allan was then, but with as little cause.

Such assaults are nothing new. They have been made for nearly nineteen centuries. But Christianity calmly continues its progress throughout the world, unchecked by opposition; not only because it is founded upon historical facts, but because it contains within itself the only living divine truths known to the world, the faith, the purity, and the virtue which make a man not a brute, but a son of God.

THE BAY PSALM BOOK.

The first book printed in the English language in America was a book of psalms. This was in 1640, and since the book was printed and first used in the settlement on Massachusetts Bay, it was and is commonly called the Bay Psalm Book. Only eight copies of the original edition are known to be now in existence. One of them was sold within a few years in New York for twelve hundred dollars—say seven times its weight in gold. The duty of compiling a new psalm book "for the use and edification of the saints in New England" had been entrusted to the Rev. Mr. Welde, the Rev. Richard Mather, and that glory of New England Puritanism, noble John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians.

These three parsons were graduates of Emmanuel College in Cambridge, England, and were writers of good, sound, sensible sermons, but it must be confessed that they did not shine as poets. Their lines are of irregular length, the sense is often confused and unintelligible, and the grammar is sometimes shocking. One would have hard work to parse such a stanza as this:

"And sayd he would not them waste: had not
Moses stood (whom he chose)
'Fore him i' th' breach: to turne his wrath
Lest that he should waste those."

The printing of the book was done in Cambridge upon a "printery," or press, which friends in Holland had given to Harvard College in 1638.

Some of the colonists were not satisfied with the new psalms, and it was soon decided that the verses needed "polishing." The work was undertaken by President Dunster of Harvard College, assisted by a young tutor named Lyon, who wrote some "Scripture Songs" which were printed at the end of the psalm book. As the Puritan young people had no merry ballads and roundelays, these songs of Mr. Lyon's manufacture were no doubt enjoyed, but they read queerly enough now. Here is a portion of the song of Deborah and Barak:

"Jael the Kenite Hebers wife
'bove women blest shall be:
Above the women in the tent
a blessed one is she.
He water ask'd: she gave him milk
him butter forth she fetch'd
In lordly dish: then to the nail
she forth her left hand stretched.

"Her right the workman's hammer held
And Sisera struck dead:
She pierced and struck his temple through
and then smote off his head.
He at her feet bow'd, fell, lay down
he at her feet bow'd where
He fell ev'n where he bow'd down
he fell destroyed there."

It is pleasant to think of the three reverend versifiers with their severe but kindly faces, clad soberly in sad-colored garments, great knee-breeches, square-cut flapped coats, with heavy cloth or frieze stockings and leather shoes, with square white bands around their necks, and black skull-caps on their close-cropped and unpowdered heads; seated with ink-horn and quill-pens at a table covered with Hebrew and Greek Lexicons and a great Breeches Bible.

In winter they must have had to draw their writing-tables fairly within the great stone fireplace, else their ink would have frozen and their hands would have been too stiff to hold the pen. And though they were "full of Grace and Zeal," they must often have sighed and groaned and mended their pens and tried fresh quills, and perhaps scratched their heads while they cudgelled their brains for their halting lines, just as any sternly prosaic man nowadays would wriggle and twist, were he forced to write page after page of something that would pass for poetry.

If the Puritans had known no better psalms, we should not wonder at their quietly and happily accepting those of the Bay Psalm Book, but they had used in England Sternhold and Hopkins's Version of the Psalms, which contained such noble and stirring lines as:

"The Lord descended from above
and bow'd the heav'ns hye
And underneathe his feete he cast
the darkness of the skye.

"On cherubs and on cherubines
full royally he road
And on the winges of all the windes
came flying all abroade."

They had to sing instead in their new version:

"Likewise the heavns he down bow'd
and he descended & there was
under his feet a gloomy cloud
And he on cherub rode and flew:
yea he flew on winges of windes
His secret place he darknes made
his covert that him round confinde."

The psalms, too, were very long,—some had one hundred and forty lines,—so that it often took half an hour to sing one of them, during which time the patient congregation always stood.

HIS "LITTLE EXCELLENCY."

For twenty years the late Deputy Windthorst, affectionately nicknamed the "Little Excellency," took an important part in the discussions of the Reichstag. Born a Hanoverian, he was a minister of justice under King George when Hanover was a separate kingdom, and might have had an office under the Empire after his native country was absorbed by Prussia. But he preferred to remain a simple deputy. It has been said that it is less difficult to govern a country than a political party, but this indefatigable "Little Excellency," by force of energy and determination, and by the influence of his innumerable short, emphatic and practical speeches, kept together and led the German Catholic party, a strangely assorted number of men of title, bourgeois, small landholders, conservatives and democrats.

Windthorst was the son of a peasant, and is described as a quiet, homely man, without much voice, and very near-sighted. His eyes were fine and merry, his lip was firm, and his forehead broad. Even with these redeeming features he was so plain, and his figure was so insignificant, that it was said, "Bismarck is the ideal type of a soldier, and Windthorst is the caricature of it."

But the sensible and amiable statesman did not take this to heart. Not long before his death he fell down the stairs of the Reichstag and bruised his nose. His accident might have been ridiculed, but he won the scoffers to his side by immediately sending the reassuring news home to Hanover that his beauty was uninjured. When the newspapers made merry over it, the old gentleman laughed, and mailed the papers to his wife.

He was never disturbed by ridicule. On one occasion, when he was addressing the Reichstag on the affairs of the church, he for the first time in his career as a speaker made use of many long words. This, from him, seemed incongruous and absurd. The deputies burst out laughing. Windthorst showed no anger, but turning to the stenographers said, "Note that the German Reichstag scoffed at the Church of God," and went on speaking.

He was minister of justice in Hanover from 1851 to 1853, and from 1863 to 1865. This was always a source of pride and satisfaction to him. He told with much enjoyment, however, an incident which illustrated how slightly one Hanoverian esteemed his position, subject as it was to change.

Windthorst was looking for apartments, and having found what suited him, he asked the landlady, who knew who he was, to name the price, saying that if it were satisfactory he would take the house; to which she replied, significantly, "Oh, I cannot rent it to you. I don't wish my house to be changing tenants every six months."

For the Companion.

MY PICTURES.

"Exquisite!" I'm glad that you like them.
"The wonderful artist!" Unknown—
Or, at least, not given due credit
For all that we often see done.
There's a delicate toning in this one,
Those sorrel and grass tints are fine,
Where the meadows sweep up on the hillside
In that waving wind-tossed line.

"The Homestead!" Yes, that bit is priceless.
How the hollyhocks seem to sway
From its rioting wealth of a garden
In the breeze of a childhood's day!
And the warm, glad tints of the sunshine
Seem to light up its time-worn gray,
And illumine the winding path that leads
To the well-sweep over the way.

"Inspiring, indeed!" See the mountains
Like priests in the distance shine!
As bearing our highest thoughts with them,
They enter some unseen shrine.
"My collection would challenge the critics"—
Ah, where is the critic so rash?—
My pictures are all above censure,
They are framed by a window sash.

EDITH PERRY-ESTES.

HIS YOUNG MISTRESS.

A New York *Herald* reporter was taking "a modest chop" in a Sixth Avenue restaurant when two young women came in and sat near him—students at the Art League, as soon transpired from their conversation. The head-waiter, an aged colored man, had already attracted the notice of the reporter, and was now eying the young women with peculiar interest. Soon he made an errand to rearrange something at their table.

"Excuse me," he said, in his soft, old voice, "I've been hoping you'd excuse me since the first night you came in if I asked you what part of the South you came from."

"Me?" said the girl, pleasantly. "I come from Tennessee. I suppose you knew I was Southern by the way I talk."

"Yes'm; yes'm," the old man answered, hastily, taking the plates from the waiter in charge a little flurriedly. "My young missus she marry down in Tennessee. She was one ob de Kentucky Prentices."

He stopped abruptly and looked at the girl, who was staring at him. "She marry one ob de Tennessee Sinclairs," he added.

"Why, that was my mother!"

"She was my young missus," said the old man.

The girl held out her hand to him.

"Why, my mother always loved her old people so much," she said, the tears springing to her eyes. "She always wanted to know what became of all of them after the war, but she never could learn much. Now—" she stopped. The old-time slave was trembling all over.

"Please tell—please tell her that Ike, Yellow Ike alluz —"

The girl was looking at him steadfastly through a mist of tears. "She's dead!" she said.

The old man leaned on a chair for a moment; then the habits of a lifetime came to his aid; he took a dish from the waiter as he came up, although his hands still shook a little.

"I'll wait on these ladies," he said, and then gave some directions about another part of the room. He caught the proprietor's eye fixed reprovingly on him; but he meant to wait on those ladies if it cost him his place.

Pretty soon he brought in some dish that had not been ordered.

"There is nothing here fit for you, missy," he said in an undertone; "is you named for your ma?" The girl nodded.

"I thought I knowed you by the favor," he continued, and with an attempt at a smile he took himself off to a little distance, and stood waiting their call.

As the reporter was putting on his coat he heard the Southern girl say, "I suppose he would rather never have seen me at all, than to see me here like this." But the reporter believed that she was wrong in that opinion.

SAVED BY A LASSO.

A New Jersey woman, Mrs. Schmults, visited Colorado last winter, says an exchange, and after many lesser excursions set her heart upon making the ascent of Pike's Peak. The hotel people and the guides shook their heads. The thing could not be done. No one had been to the top since November. It would be necessary to take the old trail all the way, as the carriage road—to the Half-way House—was completely blocked with snow. Finally a young guide, Steve Brown by name, undertook to see Mrs. Schmults safely up the mountain and down again. She rode a little Indian pony.

"It was wonderful," said Mrs. Schmults, "what intelligence the pony showed. In some places we had to pass between rocks where the space was so narrow that he had to sidle through. In the worst places he planted his hoofs, which had been sharply shod, in a straight line, one after the other.

"It was enough to take one's breath away, on the edge of those sheer precipices, to look down into the valley thousands of feet below. The sensation is a peculiar one, for when you are on horseback you seem to be hanging out over the cliff. And another great rock, rising on the other side of the trail, does not increase your sense of security.

"Sometimes we were scrambling upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, or so it seemed, and again we descended to get around some great mass of rock that blocked the way. The air became more and more rarefied, and my breath came quickly.

"The guide kept ahead on his mustang, looking back now and then to see how I was getting along. From the pommel of his saddle hung his lasso, and when I inquired its use, he told me that he often had to tie travellers round the waist with it on the descent, to keep them from losing their seats.

"After we had got above the timber line, the horses were scrambling up a very steep bit of the trail when my pony began to slip back on some loose gravel. I thought I was gone. If the pony lost control of himself we should certainly go down the mountain together.

"Steve heard the grating of the pony's hoofs, and turned like a flash. The next instant his lasso was swinging about his head, and before I realized what was going on, it had settled over my head and pinioned my arms to my sides.

"With one turn of his wrist Steve pulled me from the pony, who, relieved of his burden, quickly recovered his footing. I did not comprehend, till it was all over, what a narrow escape I had had, and even now I don't like to think too much about that incident of the climb."

KEEPING UP HIS CONSEQUENCE.

An English physician, resident in Persia, was called to go some ninety miles to prescribe for the governor of one of the provinces. He found him suffering from gout, and gives an appalling description of his surroundings—thirty or forty persons always in the room, every window of which was tightly closed, though the day was excessively hot.

Having prescribed for the noble patient, I escaped to my quarters under the pretext of dining, and lay down to rest. Two hours later my servant announced that my dinner—furnished by the governor, according to agreement—was about to be served; and a large tray, having some six dishes on it, with bread and all accompaniments, a huge bowl of iced sherbet and a bottle of wine, was brought in.

I was very hungry and anxious to fall to, and was conscious of something like anguish when, to my astonishment, my servant, whom I had brought from Shiraz, ordered the whole away in an indignant voice.

When my dinner had disappeared, I demanded an explanation. It was this:

"I know, sahib, that the dinner I sent away was quite enough for the sahib, and a good one, but here in Persia a man's position is estimated by the quantity of the dinner sent him, and the number of the plates. They have sent you six plates. I have told them that you couldn't think of dining on less than eighteen.

"If I had allowed you to eat the dinner that was sent, good as it was, you would have been looked down on. Are you less than the prince's physician? Certainly not. They would send *him*, or rather he would demand, at least twelve plates. I assure you I am acting in your interest."

The man was right. Dinner for at least twenty-four persons was brought on three huge trays. I tasted some half-dozen well-cooked dishes, and my servant removed the rest, and I observed him, with the master of the house and numerous hangers-on, dining in the open air on what remained.

LECHUZO THE BRAVE.

Turn about is fair play. The hero of the Spanish bull-ring now is not a toreador, or slayer of bulls, but a bull, who has repeatedly cleared the arena of his antagonists. He has not killed or dangerously wounded any man, but he has put to flight every toreador, picador, chulo or banderillero, who has dared to enter the arena with him; and though the crowds have come to see him slain, his conduct has been so valiant that the people have demanded that his life should be spared.

This bull's name is Lechuzo. He made his first appearance in the arena at San Lucar, in Andalusia, in 1888, and so suddenly cleared the ring of his enemies that the people rose in admiration, and demanded his reprieve; for in spite of his bravery, he would have been treacherously approached and put to death for the satisfaction of the multitude if the people had not intervened.

Again, at Cordova, after the wounds had been healed which the picadors inflicted upon him at San Lucar, Lechuzo drove all his enemies before him, and again his life was spared at the demand of the spectators.

Lechuzo is now eight years old, and is classed as invincible. It is quite possible, however, that an increasing sensibility on the part of the Spanish people—a growing sense of the cruelty and folly of the bull-ring—has something to do with his repeated reprieves.

If Lechuzo, the brave bull, puts an end, by his impetuous and unfailing valor, to the slaughter of bulls in the ring in Spain, he will have done a good service to the Spanish people as well as to his own kind, and will deserve a monument at San Lucar, the scene of his first triumph.

PATCH AND ALL.

An old sea-dog, Sawyer by name, was a privileged character on a certain man-of-war, writes a correspondent, because of his age and the length of time he had been in the service. He eked out his pay by making and selling uniforms for the other men, and as he had the market entirely to himself it was natural that he should become a little autocratic in his dealings. On one occasion a young sailor wished to buy a pair of white duck working-trousers.

Old Sawyer, holding a pair of second-hand trousers at arm's length, descanted upon their various excellencies until he was compelled to pause for breath. At that point the young fellow ventured to ask, meekly:

"And what might the price be, Mr. Sawyer?"

The old man hemmed and hawed, and began thus:

"Waal, young feller, I reckon you know what white duck costs from the paymaster, don't you? Fifty cents a yard, aint it? And so many yards is two dollars altogether. Then there's the thread, ten cents we'll call it, two dollars and ten cents; and the making will bring it up to three fifty. I calkerlate ye won't quarrel with that; and then there's this blue patch," he continued, stroking it lovingly, "I put that in myself last summer, an' it's a good piece of work. I'm 'fraid I shall have to charge you twenty cents extry for that patch, say three dollars and seventy cents altogether."

The money was paid and received without a word, neither party seeming to think it surprising that patched trousers should cost more than whole ones.

GOOD ADVICE.

There was much homely wisdom in the advice given by an old New Hampshire farmer to his dreamy son who, neglecting his proper work about the place, spent many hours upon certain foolish verses that he could not make sound right, even to his own uncritical ears.

"Seems to me, Bill," said the farmer one night, looking across the "living-room" table at his son who, with his forehead painfully knotted, was gazing disconsolately at a half-covered sheet of paper, "seems to me as ef, ef you'd really been cut out fer a poet, the Lord would ha' planned it some ways so's you could ha' fetched a couple o' words that 'd match out'n your brain, 'thout quite so much turrible hard work an' face-twistin'.

"Ef I was you, Bill, I b'lieve I shouldn't take to po'try till I'd found there warn't another nameable trade I was fit for. A hoe," he added, in a meditative tone, "a hoe, now, would set full as easy in your hand as a pencil does, Bill!"

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For the Companion.

SOME CHRISTMAS HINTS.

Just three days till Christmas, and Lily Brown and I are having such fun getting ready!

The afternoon of Thanksgiving Day I was over at Lily's and we got to talking about Christmas, and wondering what we would get this year, and telling each other what we would like to get, and I suppose we became excited and talked pretty loud, for Lily's brother Ned, who was studying in his room across the hall from us, called out, "Girls, did you never hear that it is more blessed to give than receive? Why don't you talk about what you are going to give this Christmas?"

Now, I am ten years old and so is Lily, and when we came to think about it we felt ashamed that we have had so much experience in receiving and so little in giving.

And so we are seeing how many gifts we can make to others this year.

Ned says that if you were to hear of the number of Lily's gifts you would think she "had fallen heir to a gold mine," but that you would quickly change your mind if you saw them.

I know of twenty-seven gifts that I am going to give, and for fear that you may think I have fallen heir to a gold mine, I shall tell you what some of them are.

Some of them are not worth anything in money, but mamma says that a thing is worth giving when the one that receives it is happier because it is given to him; and some people care more for the love that goes with a gift than for the money that was paid for it.

My most expensive gift is for mamma; Aunt Nora showed me how to make it, and grandma gave me everything I needed for it except the ribbon and floss, for which I had to pay thirty-three cents. I forgot to say that it is a crazy patchwork cushion.

For papa I have knit a pair of coarse mittens for him to wear while he does his evening chores; the yarn cost twenty cents, but oh! how long it took me to knit them, and I did every stitch of them.

I have made a paper-doll house for Cousin Nettie out of a big pasteboard box. I cut out holes in the sides for doors and windows; then with a pencil I made the pieces I cut out look like doors and window-shutters, and then I fastened them to the house again.

For hinges I pasted one edge of a strip of cloth to the door, and the other to the side of the house.

Red paper marked with a pencil made a pretty carpet, and the curtains are of tissue-paper.

There are pictures hanging on the wall with colored pasteboard frames, and the furniture is made of pasteboard, small boxes and such things.

For little Cousin Nora, I have made a picture-book. I took four pieces of paper-muslin—each piece was about fifteen inches long and nine inches wide—and stitching them together down the centre on the machine made a book of sixteen pages. I scalloped the edges of the leaves with the scissors, and pasted in the pictures. I have seen books made like this before, but Aunt Nora has made mine different from all the others.

I left space by every picture for a piece of blank paper to be pasted, and on each paper Aunt Nora wrote something about the picture.

To make it plainer I will tell you about one picture. It is one of a little girl with book and slate on her way to school, and with her is a very large dog. Aunt Nora wrote this about it:

"This girl is going to school. Her name is Linna. The dog's name is Hero. When they get to the schoolhouse Hero will turn around and go back home, and then Linna's mamma will know her little girl is safe at school. When Nora is as big as Linna, her papa will buy her a book and slate, and she will go to school. Nora has a dog, too; if you ask her to do so, she will tell you about him."

And so you see that everybody to whom she shows her book will tell her the same stories about the pictures.



FRIDAY IN THE CITY.

My gift for grandma is a foot-warmer. It is two cushions tied together at two of the opposite corners with ribbons. Just the top side of the top cushion has to be pretty—it is of crazy patchwork, and mamma says I did my work well, only she doesn't know how much practice I have had lately. A ruffle from an old gray cashmere dress is pleated around the edge of the top cushion, and hides the lower cushion.

After Christmas if grandma wants to keep her feet warm while she is sewing, she can put a warm brick between her two cushions, and then her warm footstool will be ready for use.

My gift for Ned Brown is a kind of a joke, but I think that he may like it.

Ned is the greatest boy to collect, and he has collections of ever so many things. But I've something new for him; it's a nut collection.

The case for the collection is a big, flat pasteboard box, and with long, thin strips of wood papa divided it into twenty-six little square compartments, and one big one as big as four of the little ones together.

Then out of note-paper I made a little blank book that would just fit into the big compartment. The book has twenty-six pages besides the blue cardboard covers, and in it he is to write descriptions of the nuts—a page to a nut.

I have started the collection for him with ten nuts, counting a piece of cocoanut-shell as one, and that is all I can get. Do you suppose he could ever find sixteen more? As you may well guess, I didn't write the descriptions in the blank book.

Papa told me how to do Ned's nut collection. Of course I couldn't think of so many gifts if others did not help me with their suggestions, and help me make some of them, too.

I was a subscriber to *Our Little Ones*, a magazine for small children, for three years, and I have them all. When I was a very little girl mamma taught me to be careful with books, and these are not torn any and are very little soiled.

I have picked out fifteen of them to keep. I think so much of them all, but those fifteen I just couldn't give away.

The other twenty-one magazines will make gifts for fourteen children—two magazines to some and only one to others.

For Aunt Mary Doane, who washes for mamma sometimes, I have made an ornamental fan to be put on the shelf over her fireplace.

From heavy pasteboard I cut out a fan the size of a large palm-leaf. This I covered with crimped tissue-paper and bound the edge of it with a strip of the paper—pasted it on. Then I put five picture-cards on the fan, one in the centre and one in each corner.

To fasten the cards to the fan I threaded a large needle with narrow ribbon, and then I pushed the needle through the card and fan, and back through the fan and card, and then tied the two ends of the ribbon together in a little bow.

Each card was tied down at two corners, and every card has the picture of a cute child or children on it. I chose that kind because Aunt Mary is so fond of little children.

To finish off the fan I took a wide strip of the tissue-paper and tied around the handle in a pretty bow. And for my part I think the fan is real pretty, even if Aunt Nora did laugh when she saw it, and I just feel sure that Aunt Mary will be pleased with it, too.

Aunt Nora is so very particular how things look, anyhow. I had become quite discouraged in trying to think of a gift for her, for I knew she couldn't care for anything that I can make, and I haven't any money with which to buy nice gifts. So I was very much relieved when mamma made a suggestion.

You see grandma lives in the next house to ours, and it seems to me that Aunt Nora is always wanting me to go down in town or somewhere for her. And I usually go, but sometimes I am pretty cross about it. Well, I have an envelope with thirty of my prettiest picture-cards in it for her, and with them is this little note:

Dear Auntie Nora, I did sigh and sigh,
For I had no money a nice gift for you to buy.
To make you something lovely I did wish to try,
But my poor work could only shock your "artist's eye."

But whenever you want an errand done
Just give me a card and see how I'll run!
And until these thirty cards are all given out,
I'll go at once, and never grumble or pout.

I don't know what Aunt Nora will think of this kind of a gift, but I do know that I'll be glad when I get all my nice cards back again.

And now I want to tell about Jimmy Crow, the man that works in the garden and saws wood, and such things, for papa. He lives by himself and does his own cooking, washing and mending.

Last summer he was always teasing Lily and me because we were such "tomboys;" he said we would never be any help to our mammas, and that he didn't believe we would ever be able to even hem a towel or make the most common kind of cake.

Lily and I have a partnership gift for him. I have learned how to make cookies, and Lily can make real nice biscuit, and I am going to bake a pan of cookies, and Lily is going to make sandwiches out of some of her biscuits; and we have each hemmed a towel, and we shall take a large paper bag and put the towels in it first, then in smaller bags put the cookies and sandwiches, and put them in the large bag; and to make things look fancy we'll tie up the bag with a wide ribbon of colored tissue-paper.

We have made up this rhyme to write on a card and pin to the bag:

We can use a needle and thread,
And we can cook—
You'll take back some things you've said
When inside you look.

I am afraid you will not think my gifts very nice, but I hope they will please the ones for whom they are intended; mamma has always helped me to decide if a gift was appropriate.

Although I have spent all of my money and done a great deal of tedious work (oh! knitting those mittens was just awful, but papa is as bad as Jimmy Crow about thinking little girls ought to know how to knit and sew and cook) yet I am already paid in anticipating the pleasure of giving.

And if the gifts I receive this Christmas do not equal my expectations, for of course I have thought some about what I may get Christmas, I think that I shall most truly believe, anyhow, that "It is more blessed to give than receive."

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The organized movement for raising our National Flag over the public schools was first proposed by THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, and thousands of schools have in this way shown their patriotism.

We now propose a new patriotic Society, to be called the LYCEUM LEAGUE OF AMERICA, which shall consist of young men's debating clubs organized in every State and Territory under our direction and advice, and whose object shall be to make young men acquainted with public questions of the day and to educate them for more intelligent citizenship.

We have been developing the plans for this great movement for over a year; it has the approval of leading educators. The full announcement will appear later. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

ON A PLANTATION.

"You can live very well on a plantation," writes Octave Thanet, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "if, as the negroes say, 'you understand yourself.'" It is evident, however, that in Arkansas, as elsewhere, those who are themselves energetic and thrifty have much to "put up with" in their dealings with their dependents and neighbors, too many of whom are given to "a patient endurance of avoidable evils." "As an illustration of plantation methods and Arkansas character," says the writer, "we always remember our cow-shed."

The plantation carpenter being too busy with houses to condescend to cow-sheds, we appealed to Thomas Jefferson Pope, who is indifferently carpenter, blacksmith, wood-sawyer, butcher, or tinker, and between whiles makes a crop. Thomas Jefferson is amiability itself; he said he would build a shed for us, "jest *too* quick."

The interview was on Thursday. Friday it rained. Saturday was "pig-killing day." Sunday, of course, we could not expect him, but we were comforted to know he was "studying 'bout" us. Monday he appeared in person with a "helper,"—it always takes two men to do anything in the South, if it be no more than mending a fence,—and they looked at the yard and talked together for an hour.

Tuesday he came again, and carried off our best hatchet. Wednesday he really set to work, and worked steadily, effectively, and according to plantation standards, rapidly, until the shed was complete save for doors. Then he was called away to make a coffin. He said, very justly, that cows could wait on him better than "co'pses," and that as soon as he "got Gather Robinson's coffin done he would fix our doors jest *too* quick."

I trust that he was not two months making the coffin, but two months did we wait doorless; meanwhile Albert nailed the cows in every night, and unnailed them every morning.

We came South three helpless women, accustomed to have men open the doors for us. One of us had a pretty conceit of her artistic cookery; and yet we were obliged to send for an old black woman to show our Northern cook—and us—how to make bread without compressed yeast.

Now, thanks to Amy, our present waitress, from the North, we are accomplished paperhangers, and thanks to Christine, our cook, also from the North, we can spread whitewash artfully over our fences and out-buildings. Indeed, should need come—and need, like a good neighbor, drops in without formality—we can show a variety of handicrafts.

Constance is a good machinist, mending the broken locks and lamps; Madonna, who is the carpenter, makes beautiful furniture out of packing-boxes and cretonne. We are our own best glaziers, and once we built up a demoralized chimney with old bricks and an improvised mortar of sand and whitewash.

HOW SNAKES CLIMB.

How do snakes climb? is a question which has been frequently asked. Many have thought that they accomplish the feat by wrapping themselves about the tree and following a spiral course upward. Several years ago, a story went the rounds of the papers to the effect that two wood-choppers, having felled a large oak-tree several feet in diameter and very tall, found in its top two common black-snakes.

After pondering for some time the men arrived at the conclusion that one snake had taken hold of the other's tail, and thus by coöperation they had been enabled to clasp the trunk, and by circling about it had ascended to the top.

Whatever probability may have attached to this conclusion has recently been dispelled by the observation of two young naturalists while hauling fire-wood from the forest.

A black-snake measuring, perhaps, a trifle over six feet was found clinging to the side of a small tree, around which it could have wrapped itself nearly twice, had it wished to do so. Instead of this the snake passed right and left at short distances, catching the folds along its under parts over and behind the slightly projecting roughnesses of bark.

As the snake rested only five or six feet off the ground, one of the young men grasped its tail, to test its climbing qualities, but so great was the force with which it pulled upward that it proved a difficult task to hold it. Finally, becoming annoyed at this ill treatment, the snake reached down threateningly at the offending hand, and losing its hold fell to the ground. It was borne home in triumph, but was afterward returned uninjured to the forest.

COUNTING THE COST.

It is seldom that a witness acknowledges in court that he has counted the cost of false as well as truthful testimony.

A negro in a Georgia court-room was reminded by the judge that he must tell the whole truth.

"Well, yer see, boss," said the witness, "I'se skeered to tell de whole truth for fear I might tell a lie."

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" asked the judge.

"Sah?"

"Do you understand what you are to swear to?"

"Yes, sah; I'm to swear to tell de truf."

"And what will happen if you do not tell it?"

"I 'spects our side'll win the case, sah."—*Boston Traveller.*

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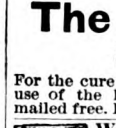
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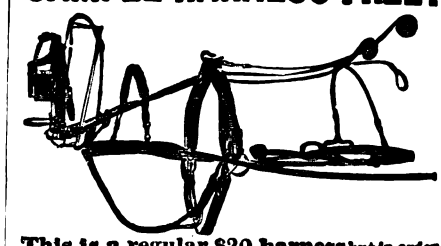
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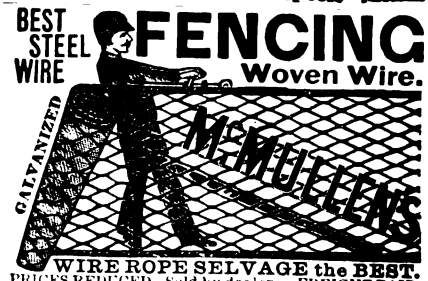
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BOYER FEEDS THE BEAR.

Solomon Boyer, a teamster in the employ of one of the big tanneries in the Loyalsock region, had a laughable, yet trying adventure with a bear while on his way from the woods with a load of bark, recently. As he emerged from the woods with his team he stopped to give the mules a breathing spell and to eat his dinner, which he carried in a tin bucket. He had scarcely opened his bucket and begun to eat, when a bear came out of the woods on one side of the road, only two or three rods in the rear of the wagon. Bruin sauntered along, paying no attention to the team; but Boyer, desirous of seeing what the bear would do, threw a bit of salt pork in his way. The bear stopped, smelt at the pork and gulped it down greedily.

Then the animal, noting the source of the morsel, came toward the wagon and rose on his haunches as if to say that another bit of pork would prove acceptable.

Boyer laughed and tossed out a second piece, which Bruin devoured, and then posed again. But Boyer wanted the rest of his dinner himself and paid no attention to the shaggy black beggar. The bear, seeing that the teamster was no longer aware of his presence, snorted sharply two or three times and walked back and forth across the road as if reconnoitering the situation. Presently he growled; but Boyer, thinking the beast would go away if he got nothing further, continued his eating.

The bear ventured nearer and finally climbed up the ranks of bark at the hind end of the wagon and had his head and shoulders above the top of the load before the teamster was aware of his presence. Boyer was unpleasantly surprised at this movement of Bruin's, as he was wholly unarmed.

"There," cried the teamster, "get out o' that!" and he threw a bit of pork into the road. The bear dropped down and went and picked it up; but as soon as it was swallowed and there was no more forthcoming, he made another charge upon the wagon.

Boyer started the mules onward, but knew that he could not hope to escape with the heavy load of bark. An idea came to him. He would coax the bear on by feeding him the lunch until they should come to a friend's house a mile or two along the road. Then he would get a gun and shoot the old beggar.

The teamster sat on the bark, facing rearward, his big dinner bucket at hand. When the bear came up with the wagon and threatened to climb up on the load, Boyer tossed out a piece of pork. The supply of this edible was limited, so he tossed the beast a slice of bread which fell butter side up. Bruin nosed it, then licked the butter off and left it.

The next slice fell butter side down, and the bear ignored it. Boiled eggs and cheese-pie fared the same; Bruin wanted pork. Boyer dealt this out in small bits which failed to satisfy, and the bear was growing ugly and aggressive.

At length Boyer saw his friend Pealer at work in a field, and called to him to run for his gun. The man seemed to realize the state of the case, and set off on a dead run for his house, a quarter of a mile distant. But the supply of pork was out before Pealer appeared, and the poor teamster was in a sorry plight.

The bear climbed upon the load; Boyer tossed him the last piece of pork, and then jumped from the wagon and tore down the road. Bruin, probably thinking that the teamster was fleeing with a stock of coveted pork, started after him. The terrified teamster had a fair start, but he stumbled over a stone and fell full length, and the bear was close upon him when there came the loud report of a gun.

Pealer had come at last. Boyer arose and looked around. There lay his late pursuer struggling on his back in the road. A second shot ended the bear's struggles, and Boyer was out of the difficulty. He declares that he'll never fool with another bear.

JUSTIFIES THE NAME.

An instructor in natural history who believes that it is better to deliver little lectures to his pupils than to let them get their knowledge out of books, talked to them thus one day on the subject of the hog:

"The hog, my young friends, is, from the point of view of food, the most important of animals to the human race. There is no part of his structure which has not some alimentary or industrial use; even his bristles are used in the manufactures.

"But from the point of view of character and mode of life, it must be confessed that he possesses certain habits and dispositions which fully justify his name!"

This reminds one of the opening lines of a composition once submitted by a boy in a New England school:

THE GOOS.

The goos is so called becaus it acs kinder silly and don't kno any betr.

AWKWARD INTERRUPTION.

If we could never blame others unless we were innocent ourselves, what would become of pulpit exercises and family discipline?

Father—So you want an excuse, do you? An excuse for being late to school? What were you doing with yourself—playing marbles?

Son—No, sir; I couldn't find my overshoes.

Father—You couldn't, eh, you careless boy. They were where you left them, of course. You ought to be thrashed for —

Servant—Please, sir, Mr. Nextdoor wishes to know if you are ready.

Father—Yes—yes, of course. Right away—right away. Where in creation is my hat?—*Good News.*

CORRECTED.

If a man keeps his ears open he will sometimes get a lesson in the accurate use of language when he least expects it.

"Bessie," said papa, "won't you have a little piece of this chicken?"

"No, thank you," said Bessie.

"What! no chicken?"

"Oh, yes, I'll have chicken, but I don't want a little piece."—*Philadelphia Record.*

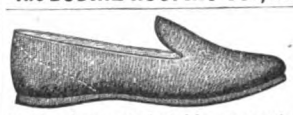
THE Atlanta *Constitution* reports the following sign as to be seen in that city: "Going out to do whitewashing done here."

Worms.—In children bad breath and hard, swelled stomach are symptoms of worms. Give "*Brown's Vermifuge Comfits.*" A sure remedy. 25 cents a box. [*Adv.*

Itching Piles.

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BEAUTIFULLY. Takes off Rust, Starch, Dirt, or any roughness, and *waxes the iron with* Beeswax. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sent by mail for 25c.
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MRS. M. D. DALTON,
Aug. 8, 1891. Edina, Mo.

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MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.

Muscular rheumatism has its seat in the fibro-muscular structure—where muscle changes into tendon. It attacks all ages and both sexes, its subjects having a constitutional tendency to it—a so-called rheumatic diathesis. Its chief characteristic is pain and stiffness of the muscles.

Attacks are induced by exposure to draughts, or by strains. They generally pass off in a few days or weeks, though sometimes they become chronic and recur for years, especially in wet weather.

There are several varieties of muscular rheumatism. One is popularly known as "stiff neck." It occurs mostly in children, and is liable to recur. Persons thus affected should avoid draughts in cold, damp weather, especially draughts upon the neck and upper part of the chest.

Another variety attacks some muscle in the wall of the chest, usually on one side. Every breath causes pain, and this is sometimes excruciating and spasmodic. A plaster or a bandage over the part will generally afford relief, by restraining the respiratory movement.

A third variety affects the scalp, causing a dull, aching pain in the front or the back of the head.

A fourth variety affects the upper part of the back and shoulders, and occurs chiefly in persons much exposed. In a fifth variety of the disease the walls of the abdomen are affected.

A sixth variety is known by the name of lumbago. Its seat is in the muscles of the loins—the small of the back. It may be on both sides, or only on one. As these muscles connect with the bodily movements generally, almost every movement causes pain, and the patient finds relief only by remaining at absolute rest in bed. If he is able to keep about, it is with pain and in a stooping posture.

The treatment of muscular rheumatism requires in the first place absolute rest of the part affected; and if relief does not come from that, the advice of a physician should be sought.

AIR-SHIPS.

Any one who has ever dreamed of flying must have a vivid impression of the pleasure that would be derived from the ability to navigate the air.

From the days of the Montgolfiers and their hot-air balloons to the present time, many false hopes have been held out that man was on the point of making a highway of the atmosphere, as he has done of the sea. But repeated disappointments have bred general incredulity on this subject.

When, however, a man of the scientific reputation of Prof. S. P. Langley demonstrates, as he has recently done by a series of original experiments, that heavy bodies can be sustained in the air, with rapid motion, there is good reason to hope that the problem of mechanical flight may yet be solved.

The principle upon which Professor Langley worked will be readily grasped by any boy who has ever shied a thin, flat stone, or a piece of slate, into the air or upon the surface of smooth water, and watched it skim along.

Professor Langley experimented with thin metallic planes, and discovered that the time of fall of such a plane, even though it may be heavily weighted, can be indefinitely prolonged by imparting to the plane a sufficiently swift lateral motion. In other words, the plane may be made to slide through the air without descending to the earth.

By tipping the plane so that as it moves forward the air will strike against its under surface, the tendency to fall to the ground is counterbalanced. One of the most interesting facts shown by the experiments is, to quote Professor Langley's words, that "the force required to sustain inclined planes in horizontal aërial locomotion diminishes instead of increasing when the velocity is augmented."

It is only necessary that the flying plane shall carry its own motor and steering apparatus, in order to transform it into a veritable ship of the air. We may soon see Professor Langley's idea put into practice, for Mr. Maxim, in England, is reported to be about to launch a flying machine, constructed on this principle, and consisting of a plane one hundred and ten feet long by forty feet wide, which is to be propelled by a screw driven by a petroleum condensing engine weighing eighteen-hundred pounds.

Such a machine speeding through the air with a load of passengers would be almost as wonderful a sight as Prince Ahmed's flying carpet.

NO PLACE FOR HIM.

Until ten years or more ago, the Texas Pan Handle, through several months of each year, afforded pasturage for vast herds of bison, commonly known as the buffalo, an animal which, in its wild state, at least, has almost entirely vanished. On a certain occasion two gentlemen, prominent in Texas politics, were hunting in the buffalo region, and one of them, getting within range of a herd of the ruminants, brought down a large bull.

Knife in hand, the hunter was approaching his quarry, when all at once it rose, bellowing and ready for business. Since the gun was empty, flight was the sportsman's only recourse, and an instant later a wild-eyed man was seen tearing away, with a furious brute closely following.

Hunter number two, meanwhile, was watching the scene from a hill-top too far off to be of the slightest assistance to his companion.

A tragic termination of the chase seemed inevitable, for the fleeing gentleman was a heavy weight, and already the space between pursuer and pursued began to diminish. Suddenly the fugitive was seen to strike off at an angle, and the breathless watcher heaved a sigh of relief when his friend's objective point was found to be a cave but a few rods away.

At the very entrance to this seeming place of safety, however, the fleeing man turned aside and dashed with such frantic speed across the plain that a marked gain was made upon his pursuer.

But this could not last long, and finally, the fugitive's strength utterly failing him, he fell completely exhausted; while the buffalo, faint from loss of blood, dropped at almost the same instant and within less than a rod of the prostrate man.

Hunter number two now came up, and his first question was:

"Why didn't you run into the cave, colonel? That would have shielded you from the buffalo."

"Buffalo!" came the panting but contemptuous response; "why, general, there's a bear in that cave as big as two buffalo."

HER BARGAIN.

The following true story is told in the "Journal of Emily Shore." It illustrates the truth that if one really desires an article, the most sensible way is to purchase it as soon as an opportunity occurs.

A little girl near us was one day playing before the house, when a woman appeared and begged a few pence. She had a baby in her arms, and the child was so delighted with the little thing that she asked the woman if she would sell it to her.

"What will you give for it, miss?" was the counter-question.

"Half-a-crown."

"Very well," said the woman. "Let's see the money."

It was produced, and the sale made. The little girl took the baby, carried it up-stairs and laid it on her bed, and after she had fondled it "enough for once," scampered down-stairs, calling to her mother:

"Mamma, mamma! I've got a live doll! I always wanted one, and now I've got it."

The baby was found, and the story frankly told, but though the beggar woman was sought all over the town, no trace of her could be discovered. Meanwhile the baby's little "owner" begged so hard that it should be kept that the parents yielded, and the living doll became a household blessing.

PAT'S DEVICE.

The graceful hint succeeds best. If it is also witty, it is pretty sure to prove irresistible. Up one of the long hills of County Wicklow, says the Utica *Times*, a mare was drawing a heavy load of travellers. The driver walked by her side, trying to encourage her as she toiled slowly and wearily along.

The six passengers were too busily engaged in conversation to notice how slowly the car progressed. Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the car and slammed it to again. Those inside started, but thought that he was only assuring himself that the door was securely closed.

Again Pat opened and slammed to the door. The travellers inquired angrily why he disturbed them in that manner.

"Whist," he whispered, "don't spake so loud—she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low," he continued, putting his hand over his mouth and nose. "Sure, I'm desavin' the crayture! Every time she hears the door slammin' that way she thinks one of yez is gettin' down to walk up the hill, and that raises her sperrits."

The passengers took the hint.

STEP-HOUSE.

A New Hampshire lawyer, with evident appreciation of his little step-daughter's wit, tells two stories about her.

Shortly before his marriage with her mother, the four-year-old said one day, when the approaching wedding was being discussed:

"I'll be glad when Mr. G—— comes here to live."

Her mother was pleased.

"Why will you be glad?" she asked.

"'Cause p'r'aps then we'll go away sometimes."

After the wedding the step-father attempted to correct the child for misbehavior at the table. She rebelled, and said with flashing eyes:

"This isn't your house anyways."

"No," he said, gently, "it is *our* house."

"No, it is not," she replied, "it's just your step-house."

PAID IN KIND.

A Hoosier lad of twelve years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his mother's back yard, when he was approached by a playmate.

"Hello, Ben," said the youngster, "do you get anything fer cuttin' the wood?"

"Well, I reckon I do," replied Ben. "Ma gives me a cent a day fer doin' it."

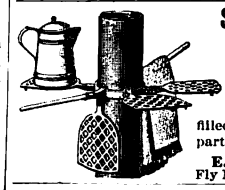
"What you goin' to do with yer money?"

"Oh, she's savin' it fer me, and when I get enough she's goin' to get me a new axe."

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For the Companion.

A HEDGE FENCE.

A hedge fence was what Nancy Mott called it; but to the uninitiated it seemed only a possible wind-break of tall, thick-set, glossy-leaved Osage oranges.

But, at any rate, it had been set out for a hedge fence, and it had in reality more than fulfilled the intent and purpose of its owner, Nancy Mott.

When old Obed Mott died twenty years before, the farm was divided into two equal parts from the back fence to the highway in front; and young Obed and Nancy, the only children, took possession of their respective portions.

Obed chose the half facing the cross-road; and he had also the wood-lot, as an offset to the old house and outbuildings on the main pike, which portion fell to Nancy.

He built a house, and then brought home a wife. But Nancy kept the even tenor of her spinster life in the old home.

Obed continued to "work the place" as he had done for years, carrying on Nancy's portion on shares. He kept up her fences, looked after her stock, and took care of things generally.

Nothing happened to make this otherwise than satisfactory until, some years later, Nancy's cow broke through the front part of the line fence, and totally destroyed Obed's garden. The cow was an unruly creature, and had caused damage before; but this was the last feather. Obed's wife felt righteously vexed. The garden had been a fine one.

"Somethin's always gettin' in," Obed complained to Nancy that day. "You've got to git rid of that snoopin' critter, Nancy, or else somethin's got to go up steers as that's hoss high, bull strong an' pig proof."

"Fences aint immortal, no more'n folks," she retorted, stung by what seemed a sign of waning interest in her and her possessions. "Yes, it's time somethin' went up that won't tumble down if you let your finger at it."

Unfortunately, the next thing Obed did was to mention the matter of a new fence at an evil moment, when an advice giving relative of his wife was present.

"Obed, if you have your eye open fer futur' troubles, you'll take each one o' you half o' that air line fence, an' be holdin' fer it," was this relative's prophetic advice.

Prophetic it surely was, for if Obed had had "an eye out for futur' troubles" he could not have done a surer thing to bring them than to take this advice, which he did.

He went to Nancy. "You can take front or back, ary one," he said, can be construed his suggestion with regard to a division of the fence, having weakly propped it up by quoting his authority and reasons for the step.

"I'll take the front half," said Nancy, sharply, with a spasmodic tightening of her lips.

The next week, the old fence was cleared away, during Obed's absence from home. When he came back an unknown workman was plowing a deep furrow right on the line.

"Women don't know nothin'," was Obed's disgusted exclamation, as he first noted the proceeding from a back window. "I'll have to go an' see 'bout it."

He drew on his boots and went, and was met by Nancy.

"What air you thinkin' 'bout, Nancy?" he began.

"Tendin' to my fence," she replied, coolly.

"Well, that aint the way to build a fence."

"Taint? I'd like to know how else you'd start a hedge fence?"

"A hedge fence? You don't mean to say that you're goin' to set out a hedge fence?"

"That's just what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to build somethin' that'll be hoss high, pig proof and bull strong," she answered with emphasis.

Obed went away speechless, but soon returned with his wife.

"It'll be just a breedin'-place for snakes," said Obed's wife.

"I aint afraid of 'em!"

"I'll take ocasns o' money to keep it lookin' anyhow, after it's growed," Obed argued.

"I aint got nothin' else to lay it out on," Nancy returned.

"But a picket fence would've ben so much nicer," Obed's wife lamented.

"You can put a picket fence 'long your half, or a stump fence or a caterpillar rail fence," Nancy snapped. "This is my half now."

Millie comes through the Hedge

"But you might 'a' consulted somebody 'bout it, seems to me," said Obed.

"I don't consult others 'bout family matters," she answered, with dry significance.

So they let her alone, and the fence-building went on. The Osage oranges were well set, and for two years were well tended by the man who took the job.

It was excellent soil, and they grew rapidly. They were splashed—that is, bent lengthwise along the row and pinned to the ground, that they might become impenetrable when from the protrans branches others should shoot up. And the feeling which began with the suggestion of the fence grew with its growth.

Obed talked it over at home with his wife, and Nancy thought it over in hours of loneliness.

Obed's wife's relations thought it an outrage, and advised Obed to get out an injunction or something of the sort. But Obed had wisdom enough left to refrain from legal proceedings.

"'Twould be goin' from bad to wuss," he remarked, "and I don't see how a body'd injine a lot o' growin' stuff like that."

Then another idea took possession of Nancy. She seldom saw Obed now—even the children did not come to see her. It was so much farther around the road, and the old path was closed. Obed had ceased to farm her portion, saying he "s'posed she'd want to run her place, as she'd run her fence, alone;" and she had promptly and spiritedly replied that she could do it well enough. So at last she felt herself left to the mercies of her hired man, Ike.

"Ye're goin' to have that fence trimmed up?" Ike queried, one morning.

She looked out. How it had grown! Those plants had been in perfect sympathy with her. They had sent out branches in every direction, until the line was a mass of thorn-covered branches. The hedge was impenetrable.

"Serves 'em right!" she exclaimed, under her breath. "They'd no business to make such a fuss over that cow's doin's, nor over that fence neither. No, I aint goin' to trim it. Let it grow," she went on, in a lower tone, "till we can't see nothin' of nary one of us."

That was how the long line of thickly interwoven branches came to be left to shoot skyward untrimmed, until it lost all likeness to the hedge she had at first planned.

She was nervous and trembling from an attack of neuralgia one September morning when Ike informed her, as he swallowed his third cup of coffee, that the "barn leaked like all git-out, an' the hay'd got wet, the cow'd got the colic eatin' apples, and Nep 'd gone lame with one of them 'sage thorns in his foot," ending with the announcement, "Obed's 're gone to the Fair, an' I'm goin', too."

"They didn't use to forget to ask me to go with 'em," Nancy murmured to herself, as she hurried off to the east room which faced the hedge.

To be sure, she knew she had before now refused to go to the Fair with them, saying she had Nep; but he was lame—and they had certainly forgotten her. Then there was the barn, and the cow. If the orchard fence had been built, she would not have had the colic.

Then came the thought that there used to be no worry for her when Obed had charge; but he had left her alone.

She turned to the window involuntarily, and looked over the fields as she had done daily for years; but she could see nothing now but tall, waving branches, which seemed to nod at her and say, "You see we've done it; aren't you glad?" The aspiring tree-tops had at last fulfilled her wish; at last she could not see even Obed's chimneys.

She was alone indeed—and she was intensely miserable.

Ike drove off as she looked, calling out to her that the cow was dead. She saw Nep limping out by the hedge, and she went back to the kitchen with an aching heart and a throbbing head.

The day was a long one. How many times she went to the east room to look toward Obed's she could not have told.

It was late in the afternoon when she aimlessly wandered there again. Had Obed's folks come home? Blue smoke was curling up. But they would stay late at the Fair on a Thursday—the best day.

Bennie must be at home. She did remember that Ike said he had cut his foot; but she had not been there.

A cloud of smoke rolled up. She picked up another pair of glasses and put them on. That was flame that shot up above the trees then, surely! Something was wrong.

She shook violently as she hurried back to the kitchen. How could she get there? She must go! It was too far around. There was the old path; but the hedge was too thick to penetrate.

One second she hesitated; then her eye fell on the axe by the wood-pile, and catching it up, she hurried down the old path.

But who was that? Millie, six-year-old Millie, this side of the hedge, her dress torn, her face and hands scratched, and the tears rolling down her cheeks. She had pierced the hedge.

"Aunt Nancy! Aunt Nancy! The house—afire—Bennie—" was all she could say.

Nancy Mott was never able to tell just how she did it. But she forgot rheumatism and neuralgic pains. The axe was sharp, the place the child had instinctively chosen was the thinnest—Nancy dimly recollected that the men said it would not grow so well on the old, beaten pathway—and the tough stems fell before even her weak, awkward strokes.

She soon had made an opening large enough to crawl through; and leading Millie by the hand, she dragged her trembling limbs to the house.

Sheets of flame poured from the chimney, and the house was fairly enveloped in a pall of smoke. In the kitchen the atmosphere was thick with smoke and the odor of burning wood and sweets.

As soon as she could see clearly she discovered Bennie upon one foot, hobbling about, frantically pushing back great pieces of burning soot which fell behind the old "fireboard," or dashing water from the bucket upon the board itself, which now and then burst out into a blaze.

A roaring fire in the stove was keeping up the conflagration, while the contents of a burning kettle of molasses added to the smoke and smell.

Nancy hastily threw aside the stove covers and tossed a handy bowl of salt upon the fire—bowl and all. Then setting Bennie down, his foot bleeding afresh from his exertions, she took from him the iron rake, dragged out the burning board from before the old fireplace, deluged it with water and pushed back the falling soot to die out upon the stone hearth.

Then when the roaring and crackling began to cease, she sat down on the old board in the midst of soot and water, and cried.

It was a forlorn group that Obed and his wife found an hour later when they entered the smoke-begrimed kitchen. Then came the children's confession as to the origin of the trouble; they had built a "big molasses-candy fire." Nancy, too, explained why she was there, and rose to go.

"You'd better stay—now you're here," said Obed's wife, not unkindly.

"There aint nobody there," Nancy answered, in a tone of utter hopelessness; "an' Nep's gone lame an' the cow's dead. I've got to go."

Obed looked at his wife. "I guess I'll go an' see," he said, nodding at her.

Nancy turned toward the back door, though her brother had started toward the front door.

"Why, which way did you come?" he asked.

"Aunt Nancy cutted the hedge, she did!" cried Millie.

"Cut the hedge!" ejaculated Obed.

"Yes, I did!"

Nancy dropped down on the horse-block and hysterically wrung her wet apron. "An', Obed, go get somebody to cut it all down, an' put up a picket fence—anything but a hedge 'tween us, Obed—I can't stand it any longer!"

People were surprised when the tall young trees went down. A few days' work undid the growing trouble of years. But people were still more surprised when Obed calmly dismissed Ike, and again took charge of Nancy's place. Then Nancy, the strain and worry removed, took to

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her bed, and for ten long months lay racked by inflammatory rheumatism.

It was midsummer again before she left the west room where she had lain, and again looked over toward Obed's.

"It seems good to see over there," she said, putting up her glasses as they wheeled her to the window. "Why, I told you to put up a picket fence, an' you've let the old hedge grow up agin!"

"There's picket fence enough," said Obed's wife; and Nancy's eye, following the direction in which she pointed, roved down the smoothly-clipped, green tops of the new-grown fence to where a neat gate had been let in; and over it two young osage saplings had been twined in a living arch of foliage.

"We might just as well've had it so years ago," she went on to say, "only we didn't start out right to have nothing."

"'Cept a hedge fence," added Obed, jocosely.

"An' it takes just sech starts to get just such a hedge fence as we got," Nancy significantly replied.

It was the last reference, either direct or indirect, to the old trouble. Obed carried on the farm once more, and peace reigned between the two houses.

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For the Companion.

AT ALFORD'S CABIN.

Alford's Cabin was the name of a stage-coach eating station, half-way between two thriving Rocky Mountain mining towns. It was kept by Mrs. Nancy Alford, a small, cheery and exceedingly active woman, who claimed for herself the distinction of having crossed the plains with an ox team in '59, and the further honor of having been the first white woman to enter Fairplay Gulch, in which her cabin stood.

Her husband's grave, over which the snows of three winters had drifted, was under a clump of stunted and gloomy pines up the rocky slope of the mountain.

There were two little grassless and sunken graves beside that of Aunt Nancy's husband. In one of them her little girl of five years had been laid, and in the other her boy of six.

"I aint never been back to the States sence I come out here, and I never expect to go now; all I care for in this world is up there," Aunt Nancy would say, with a wave of her hand toward the pines under which were the three graves.

The cabin was a long and narrow one-story structure of three rooms. Its exterior was dreary, and without a suggestion of the brightness and comfort within save for the turkey-red calico curtains with white lace borders, and the flowering plants at the four front windows.

The immediate surroundings of the cabin were dreary and cheerless; nothing could be done to make them less so in that rocky and barren region with its early and late snows.

But within, things were very different. "Aunt Nance Alford's cabin," "Aunt Nance's grub" and Aunt Nance herself, were topics on which the stage-drivers discoursed until Aunt Nance's fame had spread far and wide.

She was a short, slender and wiry little woman, about fifty years old. She always wore a plainly made starched calico gown, with a white apron tied around her waist, the strings in a neat bow in front.

A snowy-white handkerchief was always pinned around her throat, and no one ever saw her when her dark-brown hair, but little touched with gray, was not brushed to a satiny smoothness.

One day in the early spring, Jack Hughes, one of the stage-drivers, brought Aunt Nance a letter from the nearest post-office, eight miles distant. Letters came rarely to Aunt Nance, and they always filled her with pleasurable excitement.

This was in a large brown envelope, and Aunt Nance drew out a photograph with the letter.

She glanced at it eagerly, and saw the face of a young and delicate girl of perhaps fifteen years.

"Who in the land can *she* be?" said Aunt Nance. She unfolded the letter, glanced at the signature and read it aloud, "'Your affectionate niece, Marcia Merrick.'"

"I declare I'd most forgot I had such a niece," said Aunt Nance. "But, of course, she's my sister Lucy's girl. Lucy's name is Merrick. I aint heerd from her for two years. It's time some of 'em was writin'."

She sat down and read the letter slowly, her eyes filling with tears as she read. She wiped them on a corner of her apron when she had finished the letter, and said to Kate Dooley, her "help:"

"It's from my sister's girl. My sister is dead, and so is her husband. Their girl, Marcia, seems to be all alone in the world, and not very strong. She wants to come out and stay with me awhile, and try this mountain climate for her health.

"Well, she can come; I'll make her more than welcome. It's many a year sence I see any of my own folks, and it'll do me good to see somebody right from New Hampshire, with the Doolittle blood in her veins. I was a Doolittle, Kate."

She read the letter again. It was well-written, and stated briefly in addition to the news which Aunt Nance had already communicated to Kate, that the writer was nearly sixteen years old, and that she would have her own living to make, for her parents had left her little more than enough money to take her to Colorado.

If her aunt was willing to receive her, she would come with some friends who were going as far as Denver in a few weeks; and if the climate proved helpful, she would look around for some way of supporting herself as soon as she had grown a little stronger.

"We'll talk about her supporting herself when there's occasion for her to do it," said Aunt Nance, as she folded the letter and restored it to its envelope.

She took up the photograph and looked at it long and lovingly.

"She's a Doolittle, out and out," she said. "She has the reg'lar Doolittle nose, and her grandfather's chin right over agin. She's downright purty; she looks like her ma, and Lucy was the best-lookin' one of our family. But she didn't write a word about her brother! I wonder how that is? Lucy had two children."



The next stage-coach going toward the east from Aunt Nance's cabin carried a letter from Aunt Nance to her niece.

Three weeks later the stage-coach came whirling up to Aunt Nance's door, and Jack Hughes called out, when he saw Aunt Nance at the open door:

"Light load to-day, Aunt Nance. Only one passenger, and I guess she's the one you're looking for."

A young girl, her plain black dress and hat covered with dust, stepped to the ground. Aunt Nance embraced her warmly.

"You're Sister Lucy's Marcia!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "I know without asking. You're a reg'lar Doolittle, and you don't know how glad I am to see you!"

"You don't reely look right strong," Aunt Nance said, while Marcia was eating the elaborate dinner prepared expressly for her. "But, la! my dear, you'll look like another girl after a summer up here in this mountain air. I've got a nice, gentle saddle-horse that you can ride 'round the cañons on, and I'll take you over to the hot springs for a month, later in the summer. Oh, you'll have roses enough in your cheeks, and be so plump you won't know yourself in three months!"

Then she suddenly asked in a softer tone, "Where is your brother David, Marcia?"

Marcia's smile gave place to a pained and troubled look.

"I don't know, aunt," she said.

"Don't know? Why, how is that?"

"It is more than a year since we have heard anything from David," said Marcia. Then she added, "That is one reason why I wanted to come West, Aunt Nancy, besides what the doctor told me about my health. I think David is out here. I did not write anything about it, for I thought I would rather tell you all about it myself. I thought you might understand the story better, and feel more kindly toward him if I told it to you."

It was a brief and sorrowful little story of a boy's waywardness that she told, not an uncommon story of a naturally well-disposed boy being led into wrong-doing by evil companions, and finally running away after bringing disgrace upon his home.

"All we have known for nearly two years is that he is in the West. We heard once of his being in this State. If I could only find him! I am sure he could yet be saved. He is so young, not yet twenty."

"I'll help you find him," said Aunt Nance, earnestly. "We'll begin at once. I know all the stage-drivers around here, and people in nearly all the mountain towns. If he's anywhere in this part of the State, we'll find him, dear! Merrick aint a common name."

The mountain summer soon came on, in all its soft and tender beauty. Marcia lived out of doors much of the time. She rode on horseback down into the grassy gulches, or far up to the mountain summits, where the snow lay in little patches throughout all the summer days. Soon the color came to her cheeks, her thin shape grew rounder and fuller.

The night of the Nineteenth of August was one long remembered by the dwellers on that mountain side, and by those in the gulch below. They referred to it long afterward as "the time of the big storm."

"I never see such a storm as this in all the years I've lived in the mountains," said Aunt Nance, as the night came on with a terrible roaring of the wind through the cañons.

Few travellers spent the night at her cabin, and there was no one there that night but Aunt Nance, Marcia and Kate Dooley.

At nine o'clock the wind abated its fury. At ten it had died away so that no sound was heard but the pouring of the rain. Marcia and Kate Dooley went to bed.

It was eleven o'clock when Aunt Nance, rising to go to bed, stopped suddenly, threw up her head and listened intently.

The rain was falling softly now, and high above its gentle sound she heard a voice shriek out as if in mortal terror. Then she heard men's voices shouting wildly.

"What in the name of wonder is going on up there on Taylor Mountain at this time of night?" she asked of herself, as she hurried to a door and looked out into the darkness.

She heard the cries repeated, and they seemed nearer now. She had heard cries at midnight before in that wild and lawless region, and she knew what too often they foretold.

"Dear, dear!" she said, with more of irritation than of fear in her voice, "I wonder when this country's ever going to get civilized, so folks'll live as if they was Christians! There's mischief going on up there! I saw them Taylor Mountain boys whispering together and looking savage when they were down here to dinner to-day. I've a notion to—who's that?"

The rear door of the room had opened suddenly, and been closed in eager haste.



Aunt Nance turned quickly. Before her, his back to the door, his hands spread out upon it as if he would hold it against all resistance, stood a hatless and coatless young man, his clothes drenched and tattered, his face ashen pale, his eyes wild and staring, while his slender form quivered with fear.

"Oh, please come in and shut that door!" he cried, stretching out one hand imploringly. "They're after me—those men are! Can't you hide me? I haven't done what they say I have. Hide me! Hide me!"

Aunt Nance slowly closed the door, but seemed to hesitate.

"Ma'am," said the young man, "I've been wild for a long time, but I am innocent of this wrong, and if you'll help save me I will live a right life from this moment. I'll go back home to-morrow—back to New Hampshire!"

"New Hampshire?" Aunt Nance caught eagerly at the words.

She closed the door, walked across the room until she stood within a foot of the trembling fugitive, and looked up into his face, her own heart beating wildly.

"Are you from New Hampshire?" she asked, slowly.

"Yes, yes—oh, are they coming?"

"From what town?" she asked, eagerly.

"The town of Rockingham."

"Now tell me your name, quick!"

"David—David Merrick!"

She took his wet cheeks between her hands and drew his face down to hers, while she kissed him soothingly.

"I thought so—I thought so," she said, with her arms around his neck. "You've the Doolittle eyes, David. Don't be afraid."

The door of Marcia's room had opened suddenly, and she stood there with a shawl thrown lightly around her. The next instant she cried out:

"Oh, it's David—my brother David!"

The tramp of feet was heard outside. The look of amazement on the boy's face gave place to one of terror, and Aunt Nance said, quickly:

"Go in there with your sister, David!"

A moment later six or seven rough-looking men filed into the cabin. Aunt Nancy knew them every one. She met them standing with her back to the door of the room David and his sister had entered.

"He come in here, didn't he, Aunt Nance?" said Joe Haskin, the leader of the crowd. "We seen him, and we want him. Now, didn't he come in here?"

Aunt Nance replied fearlessly, "I don't tell lies, and I won't tell one now. He did come in here, Joe Haskin. He's in here now, and what's more, he's going to stay in here!"

"Do you know what him and another feller done?"

"I neither know nor care," replied Aunt Nance, boldly, "but I know this—you men aint his judges. Vengeance don't belong to you—it belongs to Him!"

She pointed upward as she spoke, and then she added, "You can't lay your hands on that boy to-night. He's in this room behind me, and you are six or eight men to one woman, but there's not one of you that'll lay your hands on me to move me from this door.

"*You* wouldn't, Joe Haskin, when you remember how I walked three miles in the worst snow-storm we had last winter to nurse you back to life and strength, when you was at death's door with pneumony.

"*You* wouldn't, Hi Sanders, when I had you brought right here and took care of you myself when you had that broken leg last fall.

"*You* wouldn't lay hands on the woman who closed your wife's eyes in death less than a year ago, Tom Leesom. Every man of you has set at my table agin and agin, with or without money—it made no difference.

"Touch me? Why, I don't believe I, myself, could keep you from using that rope you've got outside, on the man who'd lay rough hands on Aunt Nance Alford."

"No, you couldn't," said Joe Haskin. "You're right—we'd make mince-meat of him! An' if you're goin' to stand 'fore that door and—"

"I am," interrupted Aunt Nance, "and there aint no other way into the room."

She waved her hand lightly toward the open door. "Good night!" she said.

They went out into the darkness.

Before noon the next day Joe Haskin rode up to Aunt Nance's cabin. She went to the door, and he did not dismount.

"Well," he said, "if things don't turn out queer sometimes! We got after the wrong fellow, sure enough, last night. You see there's been a gang of cut-throats and hoss-thieves lurkin' about on Taylor Mountain. The boys got tired of 'em, an' last night they took after a couple of the sneaks.

"It seems that this young fellow told the truth when he said he didn't b'long to 'em. He was wandering along on his way to Eagle Cliff, and took refuge from the storm with some o' the gang.

"The guilty ones was caught this morning down in Deer Gulch, and they'd the grace to say that the young fellow with 'em didn't belong to their gang. If you've got him in your cabin yit, you sort o' 'pologize to 'im for the little inconvenience we put 'im to last night, an' say that

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we'll do anythin' we can for him, now't he's out o' bad company."

He was done with bad company from that day forth. The promise he had made in his terror he kept faithfully, although he did not have to go back to New Hampshire to keep it.

Invading lines of railroad have driven the lumbering old stage-coaches and their jolly drivers to other parts of the mountains, and there is now a little brown railroad station on the spot where the cabin of Aunt Nance once stood.

It is a dinner station, famous all along the line; and if you were to travel that way, you would be likely to be met at the door by a tidy and talkative old lady, who would be no other than Aunt Nance herself, while David and Marcia Merrick, in homes of their own, may be found in the prosperous little town but a few miles distant.

J. L. HARBOUR.

MONUMENTS.

The finest monuments that men erect
Have little value whersoe'er they rise,
Unless they tell of some good action wrought,
Some noble work that time cannot disguise.

Selected. —*Moses Gage Shirley.*

For the Companion.

DRIVEN ON THE NORTH SHORE.

"How is it I'm not a lake captain now, and why am I running a Duluth hotel, and speculating in Duluth real estate? Well, gentlemen, I can tell you if you have a mind to listen.

"It was like this," the landlord went on, speaking to a knot of travelling men gathered about the open fire. "I had followed the lake for twenty-five years or more, in every berth from a common sailor's up to the captain's. I had been shipwrecked three or four times, and upon two occasions nearly drowned; still I was happy, and kept my nerve.

"True, I had said once or twice that the time would come when lake navigation would be the worse for the loss of my services, but really I had never seriously thought of retiring.

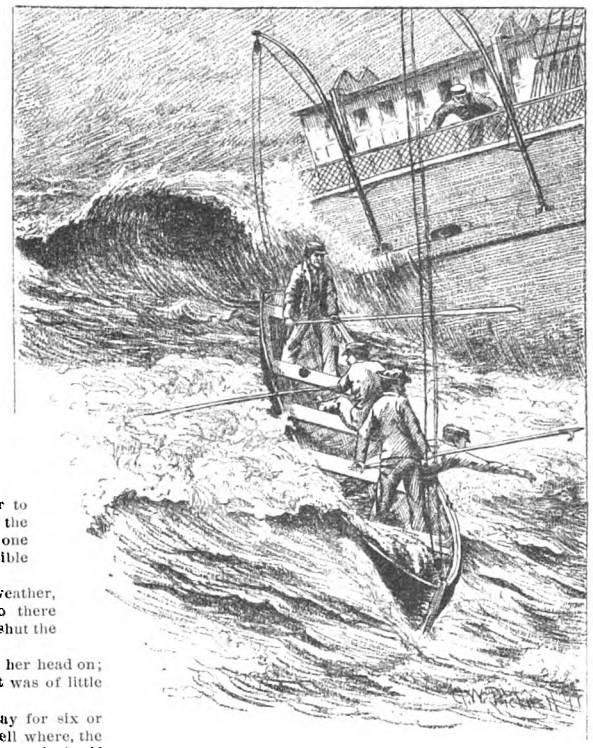
"We were heavily loaded and bound east from Duluth, making the last run of the season. It was late, too late for safety, along the latter part of November; but the season was mild, and bade fair to remain so long enough for us to make the trip.

"We had a good run out, and were somewhere off the Apostle Islands when one of those peculiar lake storms came down on us all in a breath. It didn't appear to come from any particular point of the compass, but seemed taken with the one idea of making it as lively as possible for the crew.

"We'd had an eye out for heavy weather, and were already close-reefed, so there wasn't much of anything to do but shut the hatches and hang on.

"I made an earnest effort to keep her head on; but the wind shifted so often that it was of little use.

"After knocking about in this way for six or eight hours, drifting no one could tell where, the constant strain upon the craft began to make itself felt. Our cargo shifted and began plunging around between decks and in the hold.



"Things were looking pretty smoky at best; but to add to the general gloom, about this time, while we were trying to stay-lash one of the boats and a part of the rigging, two of the crew were lost overboard. As I saw the poor fellows clutch wildly at nothing, and then disappear in the black waters, I shuddered with horror, and calling all the others in, made no further attempt to do anything but keep aboard; hoping 'twas in the steamer to ride out the storm.

"I don't know how many hours it was. I hadn't the heart to keep track; but after a while we began to settle heavily to one side, and every gust of the storm on the other side would almost turn the keel out.

"The wind now became steadier, and this made us a little hopeful; but it blew—well, I've never been in a hurricane, unless perhaps that was one; but the force of the wind was so great that it was as hard as a rock, almost, to press against.

"And now, to offset what little hope there might be in the increasing steadiness of the wind, the mate reported a leak forward. Soon it was impossible to keep ahead of the water with the pumps, and I saw that the fires would presently be out, and the ship at the mercy of the storm.

"Then I concluded 'twas no use; to stick to the craft only meant making her our coffin. So I told the boys that we must try to lower the boats.

"Something was wrong with the davit tackles, and in attempting to lower the first boat we swamped her. But the second and third we managed to get into the water keel down.

"While we were at work we were unable to communicate easily with each other, and when we assembled to get into the boats, another lad was missing. The men, for the first time, showed signs of losing their nerve; and I found I was made of the same kind of clay, for I weakened a little myself.

"It seemed almost impossible to get into the boats, for the ship pitched to leeward so that a man was likely to strike the water fifteen or twenty feet from the place where he intended to strike it; and we couldn't load and lower away in the usual manner, for the boats would surely swamp in the attempt.

"The mate went first, and he was followed by the others in turn, until all were safe aboard but John the cook and myself. When I gave him the word, the poor fellow lost his head and slipped. The last I saw of him was his pale face gleaming in the black water, as he came to the surface only to be struck by a displaced spar.

"I needn't tell you how that accident affected me; any man who says he has a nerve that nothing will affect, either doesn't know what he's talking about, or else doesn't regard the truth. But I braced myself for the effort, and succeeded in getting into the boat alive.

"I had meant to take charge of the first boat, and put the second under the command of the first mate; but in the tumult the mate and I got into the first boat. The third officer was a splendid sailor, and rather than risk a transfer in the heavy sea, I let the boats stand off, manned as they were.

"For a time the two boats kept about the same course, but gradually they drifted apart, and in an hour we lost sight of our companions.

"Up to this time, you see, gentlemen, our experience had been that of those who suffer ordinary shipwreck; but from this point we started on a new tack.

"I sat in the stern, and using an oar in place of a disabled tiller, kept the boat headed to leeward. The other boys spelled each other by gangs of two in bailing; for the boat had been badly sprung.

"We shipped a good deal of water in addition to the leakage, for the sea danced along the gunwales during the whole run, and occasionally spilled over.

"I tell you, gentlemen, the swell of that sea made a lasting impression upon my mind. The big wave of every third set would almost drive me from the rudder, and it was all I could do to keep from throwing myself headlong into the bottom of the boat. I sat there, my head turned to the right, and looking over my shoulder, counted the waves; and when the ninth came up behind me it seemed to be a mighty mountain of water towering right over my head, ready to break and crush me.

"I had hard work to resist the temptation to spring away from that overhanging, trembling mass of blackness; and it was only my long experience as a sailor, and the certain knowledge that for me to desert the rudder meant death to all, that kept me stanch.

"For days afterward I could get no sound sleep; and when, finally, completely worn out and exhausted, I would lose myself for a moment, that wall of water would appear above my head and over my shoulder, trembling, swaying backward and forward, sinking and rising, and cause me to start wildly out of my sleep.

"I stayed there, though, and with the big oar for a rudder kept the boat headed steady to leeward, and so we drifted with the storm.

"When we cut loose from the ship we judged it was about noon, and after we had been adrift an hour or more snow began to fall, mixed with a driving, biting sleet.

"As we scudded along, I cast about in my mind, vainly attempting to ascertain our course. When the gale struck us we had not made the easternmost of the Apostles; and this led me to suppose that the storm was driving us in a northerly or westerly direction; because, if the wind had come from the west or north, it would before this have driven us upon the islands.

"We hoped that we were going toward the northeast, for in that case there would be more water ahead of us. That was the only time in my experience when Lake Superior didn't seem large enough; and during that sail I wished from the bottom of my soul that she was as big as the Pacific Ocean.

"I sincerely hoped we were not drifting toward the northwest, for I knew Beaver Bay was the only point between Duluth and Port Royal where there was the least chance of our making a safe landing, and to strike any other part of the North Shore meant certain death.

"Bound for the North Shore of Superior, and swishing along through the inky water as fast as the driving gale could carry us! We had no idea where we were, whether near to or far from the shore, or at what point we'd strike it. None of us spoke, but we all thought the same thoughts.

"Hour after hour passed; the snow whitened everything upon the boat, and caused the water to look blacker by contrast. Through the driving sleet I could see the forms of my companions rising and falling with slow precision, as they bailed; they were white as tombstones, and just as silent. The only sounds that broke the stillness were the shrill piping of the storm and the swish of the water as the ballers emptied their buckets.

"And now it began to grow dark. I dreaded the night; matters were bad enough by daylight. Every man of us knew there wasn't a chance in a thousand we'd strike the North Shore but to be dashed in pieces against its walls of stone—to be gathered up by the foaming waters, and cast in death where no friend could ever come.

"The hours went on. I fancied, long before I did hear them, that I heard the waves pounding against the rocks, and roaring within the caverns of the shore. I pictured a thousand times the shock, as our boat should crash against the cold, wet stones. I felt, in anticipation, the water's cold embrace. You know a man's body seldom rises in the waters of Superior.

"Still the waters bore us on; still the snow fell, and the storm swept round about with unabated fury. Still, with most of us, the man rose above fatigue. For one poor fellow, however, nature refused to continue the struggle, and he sank exhausted in the bottom of the boat.

"The others continued their monotonous labor; two would bail while one gathered strength, then he who had taken respite would join in again, and one of the other two sink in weariness.

"I sat in my place; the numbness of cold was in my flesh and bones, and I was fast falling asleep.

"A movement on the part of one of the men roused me. He ceased his labor, and standing up, listened. Then I heard what he had heard.

"Gentlemen, I can feel that sensation now; and whenever I see the lake angry under the lash of a driving storm, the same feeling of utter despair again comes over me.

"They all heard it now—the distant thunder of the waves on the rocks; and I saw all three men turn and look at me. It was dark, and of course I couldn't really see the expression of their faces; and yet I did see them, gentlemen—every face sprang at me out of the darkness, and every line of horror in those faces was as plain to me as if the sun had shone upon them.

"My mind saw it all, and memory caught and has kept the horrid picture. There was the certainty of coming death on every one of those drawn faces.

"Then, to cheat the heart and mock the soul, came strange and vivid pictures—pictures of green fields and pleasant stretches of woodland, with groups of cattle straggling homeward, and troops of happy children playing.

"Nearer and nearer, more and more distinct came the booming of the surf. The angry crash was all about us, and so filled our ears that we could not hear one another call.

"We expected the crash—we shrank from it; we cowered in the bottom of the boat. Then all at once that deafening noise, that tumult of sound, was behind us.

"That was all; where before it had been in front of us and all about us, it was now seemingly behind us. We could see nothing in the darkness and the snow.

"I was bewildered. I thought I had lost my reason; and then I heard the voice of the mate:

"'Captain, we've run into a bay! We're saved! we're saved!'

"Then I realized what had happened; and man that I was, I cried like a child.

"In a few moments we grounded on the beach, and getting out, removed the silent form of our companion. He was dead.

"We put him back again, and protected him as best we could from the ravages of wild beasts. Then as I turned away and set my face toward the wilderness, I shook my hand against the treacherous lake, and told her she should never have me again; and she never has had me!

"Out of fourteen four were left, and our prospects were not much brighter now than when we were at the mercy of the waters. But with new hope we began our weary march.

"All night we tramped, and all the next day, with but a morsel of food to sustain us. It grew steadily colder, and about noon Schilling, a Swedish sailor, told us in piteous broken English that he could go no farther. We used our last match in lighting a fire, gave him half our store of food, and went forward.

"In three or four hours the other sailor gave out, and we—the mate and I—had to leave him. What a time of horror that was! The expression of despair and anguish that was on that man's face, as we turned away and went on, has haunted me ever since.

"His feeble and helpless calls came to our ears while we were still in hearing, growing fainter and fainter as we went on.

"As night approached we saw, away ahead on the lake shore, a thin line of smoke; and before dark we came to an Indian tepee. There were two Indian women and three or four children in the camp, and from them we learned that we had run into Beaver Bay.

"They gave us food and hot drinks. The men came in shortly. We told them about our companions, and employed them to go back along the trail with food and stimulating drinks.

"The sailor we left last struggled onward all the afternoon, and when the Indians came to him he was still alive. He lived, but both hands and one foot had to be amputated.

"Poor Schilling had let his fire go out, and when they found him he was dead.

"No more of it for me, gentlemen; the lakes have had me in their power for the last time. When I have a call East, I always go and come by rail.

"Bedtime? Well, I guess so. Tony, rake the fire down and put on some more coal. I feel chilly. That's it; now show the gentlemen to their rooms."

FRED L. EATON.

For the Companion.

A GERMAN MANŒUVRE.

Every year the German army is reviewed by the Emperor, whose purpose is to see that the practice and discipline of the troops is maintained, and to test whatever new military theory may be considered worth a trial. These reviews or manœuvres, as they are called, are held in the autumn in the north and south of Germany, and are so arranged that each division of the regular army shall be exercised once every year.

The division at Hanover was paraded before the young Emperor and his court on the Twelfth and Thirteenth of September, 1889. It was an affair of two or three days in duration, and comprised a dress-parade and a mock battle.

All through the weeks preceding the Twelfth and Thirteenth, the little city of Hanover was alive with workmen setting up columns and dressing them out in flags and bunting, along the ways from the railway station to the castle. Gradually the way became bordered and covered with decorations. A line of gas jets was constructed on either side with which to light the streets for the evening reception.

On the evening of the Eleventh the Emperor arrived, and drove under the lights and amidst the cheers of the crowds to his castle. More than a hundred thousand people had arrived during the last few days, and besides these, on that night fifty thousand regular troops were quartered in or near the town. Each householder was obliged to accommodate a certain number of soldiers according to his income, or to pay for their accommodation elsewhere.

It was near a village called Bömerode, not far from Hanover, that the parade was to take place. The city authorities had built a "grand stand," affording room for five thousand people, just outside the little town, so situated at the base of a long, gradual slope that the spectators had a good view of the vicinity.

Here, at seven in the morning, men, women and children of all grades in life began to gather, in every conceivable kind of vehicle or on foot. Coming out of the woods from Hanover, those of us who walked took a path directly across the fields to Bömerode, five miles away. Along this path, to comfort the weary walkers, energetic Germans had made hundreds of temporary drinking places out of two barrels and a board.

Beer was to be had at almost every step; and not beer alone, but everything else one could wish for, even to collar-buttons, writing-paper, and other things as little suited as these to a parade or a hot walk across the country.

Though the review was not to begin until eleven o'clock, the entire population of the city, with all the visitors, was in motion hours beforehand; and by nine o'clock the huge field outside Bömerode was almost surrounded by people.

Mounted police and soldiers kept them back—all in the best possible humor, in spite of the many exciting arguments as to where the line was—and the crowd, with proverbial good-nature, stood patiently awaiting the appearance of the troops.

Each little family had brought along the friendly sausage and black-bread loaf, and father and mother and children ate away in placid calmness. It was a peculiarly German sight; for here were not only thousands, but hundreds of thousands, standing close together, quietly eating and drinking and laughing the hours away.

At last, at ten o'clock, we could see a long, worm-like line coming over the three flat roads that lead to Bömerode. Now and then came the flash of the sun from the helmets or guns; and at regular intervals the mounted officers cut off companies and battalions.

It is a difficult matter to realize the size of such a parade; but when one thinks that the foot-soldiers, almost shoulder to shoulder, made a continuous line two miles long and a battalion deep, it conveys some little idea how great a mass of men we had before us.

Behind them, coming slowly but surely into line, were the cavalry and artillery; and finally, away on the ridge of the hill, the ammunition and supply wagons. At eleven o'clock fifty thousand men stood motionless, at present arms.

Suddenly all the bands struck up the national hymn; and in a moment half a hundred thousand men opened their throats and gave a mighty cheer. The crowds of spectators took up the cry; and for a long minute there rose from the plain a cheer that was more impressive than any amount of display or any number of cannon.

With a glass we could see, from the grand stand, the cause of this demonstration.

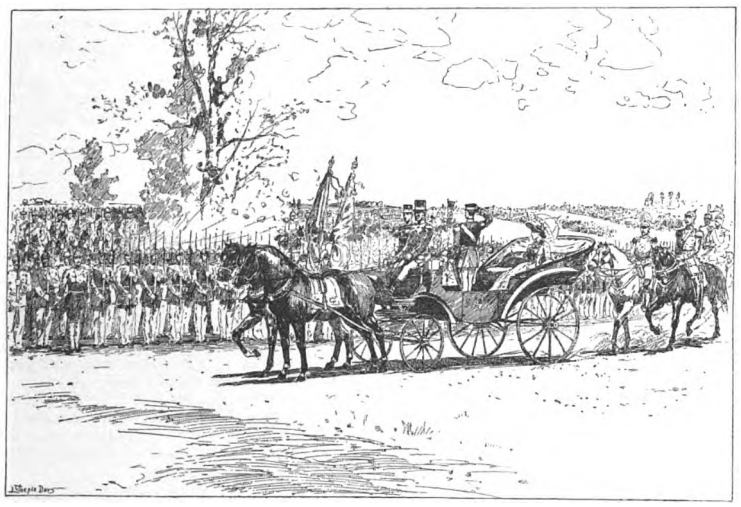
The Emperor had driven upon the field in an open barouche, unaccompanied except by the Empress, and was standing up in the carriage, his hand at his cap in the military salute, motionless as a statue. The silent figure standing there had a wonderful magnetism to it, and cheer followed cheer. It was a grand salute.

Slowly the sounds died away, and the Emperor, mounting a horse, rode with an escort around his

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troops. Then came the march homeward to Hanover, and the long tramp across the fields for the spectators.

The next day was devoted to the mock-battle which, though much more indefinite as far as the spectators were concerned, was vastly more impressive. Instead of occupying the field at



Saluting the Emperor.

one side of the village, the manœuvre included all the country round about, with Bömerode for its centre of operations. The line of pickets extended over a tract of country ten miles long by six or seven wide.

The country about the town is quite open, with the exception of two groves, each of an area of an acre or two. One of these was within the line of the pickets and the other just on the border. We found that by sitting in the tops of the trees on the edge of the grove at the border of the line, we could see with a glass all that took place in or around the village.

Early in the morning the inhabitants and visitors had gathered from Hanover to the best points of observation as on the day before, and at ten o'clock the three roads again became filled with regiment after regiment. The Emperor, with his guard, took up his position under some poplars at the entrance of the town; and as soon as he arrived it became evident that the troops were dividing into two parts. When they had taken their positions the firing began. The batteries on the roads became white clouds of smoke, and protected the companies which, lying at full length on the ground behind them, awaited orders.

Suddenly long lines of infantry smoke began to move slowly down the sloping plain. Then a horseman went out from the Emperor's guard to the reserves near us; and in a moment they moved forward by companies, up across the road and under their own guns.

Each squadron drew up into line and fired, half kneeling and half standing, and then withdrew to give place for the next; and the white line on the hills was checked.

All this time scouts and squads of cavalry were dashing by under us around the edge of the grove, and they added much to the picturesque part of the day with their spears and flags. Here a squad ran off to bring in ammunition wagons, and there another party took up their position behind a solitary haystack.

Meantime, the crowd also watched, and tried to get nearer. There was a constant good-natured contest going on between the pickets and spectators. The guards had to move continually up and down the line to keep the people in their places.

Sometimes the soldiers on guard could not resist the temptation to collect into little groups, and talk of the scenes before them; and this left long, unguarded places in the line. The active boys were not slow in learning all this, and they soon found that if they could cover the two or three hundred yards between us and the grove nearer the village they would get a much better view of everything. Once there in the thickets, no mounted soldier could get them out.

When, therefore, the pickets, in their lively interest in the scene, collected an eighth of a mile away, one venturesome young fellow started on a three-hundred-yard dash for this other grove.

In a minute he was discovered, and half-a-dozen horsemen started in pursuit of him. The battle was forgotten in an instant, and the crowd cheered the runner with might and main. He had the start, but he had to run over plowed ground; and his pursuers had horses. It was a close race, but the boy plunged into the underbrush of the grove just as the first horseman was upon him, to the infinite delight of the spectators.

Jeers followed the baffled horsemen as they disappeared around the wood, and the attention was turned again to the fight. It was only a few moments, however, before the laugh turned; for, slowly, with hanging heads, four boys came walking across the fields, pushed on by the butts of the horsemen's spears. The soldiers had cleared the grove.

But now came the final movements. The reserve behind the town came into position, and in a few minutes the two forces were opposing each other in two great straggling lines.

The day ended with flank movements and mock charges. Then the three or four hundred thousand people turned toward Hanover after a long, tiresome day. Such is the manœuvre; it grows larger and better each year, and embodies all the latest schemes in military strategy or military discipline. Now that smokeless powder is being introduced, the whole plan will change. It will always, however, be a brilliant and inspiring sight.

J. H. Sears.

For the Companion.

SAFETY.

O thou, upon high errands sent,
Fear not the dark, the storm, the tide!
God marked the way his message went—
Thou shalt not want a guide.

Ida Whipple Benham.

WHY WAR DOES NOT COME.

Both the Emperor William of Germany and his Chancellor, General von Caprivi, have recently declared that there is no reason to believe the peace of Europe will soon be broken. The young Kaiser spoke of war with horror. The Chancellor said that no European government desires to begin a conflict which would probably be more terrible than any of the past.

This is in harmony with the opinions lately stated in *Harper's Magazine* by M. Blowitz, one of the best informed writers on European international affairs. He explains why the great powers desire peace and yet think it necessary to remain armed to the teeth.

This is not, as is commonly supposed, because France and Germany are likely soon to go to war. Each country has strong reasons for keeping the peace.

The Germans can see nothing to gain and much to risk by a war with France. They find it difficult to govern Alsace-Lorraine, which they took from France in 1870. More French territory would be no gain but a real loss to them. Their military renown and influence in Europe could not be increased by a successful war. On the other hand they might lose territory, supremacy and glory by an unsuccessful war. Plainly they must and do wish to keep their winnings in peace.

The French people, M. Blowitz says, wish to fight Germany, and would take the risks if their ruling party would let them. But it is composed of statesmen whose strongest desire is to establish the Republic firmly.

Now they believe a war with Germany, whether successful or unsuccessful, would destroy French Republican institutions.

If France were beaten she would, they think, give up her present system in disgust and return to Imperialism or Monarchy. If she beat Germany she would insist on making a Dictator, perhaps an Emperor, of her successful general. So freedom would vanish in either event.

Therefore all French Republican statesmen wish the peace to last till Frenchmen shall have ceased, like Americans, to conceive that they could live under any sort of monarchy or dictatorship. Generations must pass before that will be their frame of mind.

Russia, Italy, Austria and Great Britain have equally cogent reasons for desiring peace. Why, then, are all constantly preparing for war?

Because a general war is likely to begin, in spite of their wishes, as soon as the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria dies. He is in fair health for a man of sixty-one years of age. Hence the truth of Caprivi's assertion that war is not likely to begin soon.

Why does the peace of Europe thus depend on one man's life? First, because personal loyalty to Francis Joseph is the only political sentiment common to the Hungarians, Germans, Slavs, Czechs, Croatians, Tyrolese, and numerous other races composing the infirm Austrian Empire. Secondly, because his heir is generally despised.

The next in succession is an ignorant, insolent, stupid, immoral young man. After him comes another still worse. Both have incurred punishment from their uncle, Francis Joseph, by cruel and dissolute public conduct. When the respected Emperor dies no influence will remain to keep the jarring races of his Empire together.

If the Austrian Empire were to break up, what would become of the fragments? The opposing races are so located and mingled that it is incredible they can peacefully partition their territories, and set up a number of Independencies. The Hungarians will seek to establish their nationality, the seven millions of Germans will naturally be drawn to Germany, the Slavs to Russia, the Tyrolese to Switzerland or Italy.

Germany will not endure to see a new Russian Protectorate on her frontier, nor will either Russia or France quietly submit to further aggrandizement of Germany. Italy has long been hungry for that piece of Austria which borders upon Venetia.

Hence the death of Francis Joseph will, says M. Blowitz, bring on that great war which the Powers dread, and for which they constantly increase their preparations.

An American, looking at the terrible complication, will find new reason to be grateful to Providence for delivering this continent from the hereditary principle in government.

For the Companion.

WILL.

To do, and not to dream,
To be, and not to seem,
Purpose to fulfill;
To strive in spite of pain,
Failure, disgrace, disdain,—
This, I think, is Will.

Herbert D. Ward.

"BULL MARKETS."

Within the last month or two the great markets for American railway stocks and bonds have been excited by the sudden appearance of a "bull movement."

Prices of such securities advance when there are people who believe that a further advance is coming, and who buy so as to sell again at the expected higher prices. These people are not as a rule investors, though investors also buy at such times. In the language of stock exchanges, these people are "bulls," and if great numbers of them buy at the same time, the result is a "bull market."

When a bull market is fully under way men buy almost indiscriminately any stock on the list. It is a remarkable fact that a fine return of the earnings of a railroad beyond the Mississippi will cause not only the stock of that railroad but the shares of corporations that have not a mile of track west of the Alleghanies, to advance.

Therefore the speculators who buy at random are not so much to be blamed for leaving it to chance what they shall speculate in, as they are for speculating at all. They are as apt to make or lose money in one venture as in another.

There are times when this rush of outsiders to buy in a speculative market becomes a craze of almost national extent. Such were the "South Sea Bubble" of 1711 in England, the "Wild-cat" Bank stock craze of 1836 in this country, the Panama Canal delusion in France during the last ten years, and the Argentine Republic investment mania in England still later.

Such movements are most frequent in railway stocks, because these shares afford a favorite investment for surplus money which any one may own. An advance in the price of a railway stock comes when for any cause the railway has suddenly become more valuable than before.

If the railway's business all at once increases, it will be able to pay larger dividends to its stockholders. If the business of all the railways, or of all in a particular section, were to increase at the same time, one might expect a "bull movement" on the market.

This is the case in the present year. The astonishingly rich crops of this season have altered the whole outlook for the Western railroads. Grain carried as freight is their greatest source of profit, and they have never before had so much to carry.

The people who raised the grain are richer, too, and the railroads will carry other freight back to the West to sell to them. The public imagination becomes thoroughly excited by such news as this. Great numbers of people buy stocks "for the rise," and so prices advance.

One is apt to hear much of the immense amounts of money "made" by speculators in a bull market. Nevertheless, the wisest advice, to young and old, is to keep away from it. In the first place, such speculation in stocks is after all nothing but gambling.

What money is secured by such means is not money earned by honest labor, and success at the start is quite as apt to ruin the adventurer as failure. It gives him the fatal taste for gambling.

Even if it were a legitimate venture, the outsider is likely to come to grief. In a "bull movement," prices are always carried far above their proper level. The professional speculator buys stocks at the lower prices, calculating to sell to these very outsiders at far higher figures. He will take good care that the inducement for other people to buy shall appear most tempting when he himself is anxious to sell.

The result will be that the hopeful outsider who bought stocks on the advice of his broker friends will sell them at lower prices, with a loss of money that will teach him a needed lesson.

A GIRL'S LAUGH.

Lilian smiled, and such a smile! Dimples deepened in her rosy cheeks, bewitching curves settled about her scarlet lips, and amusement danced in her brown eyes. Every boy in the room silently voted her charming, and envied the one whose sally had so brightened her face. Only her mother looked grave, and slightly shook her head at the girl.

"Why, mamma," Lilian said in astonishment, when the two were left alone together; "I thought you liked me to smile; and that is the reason papa calls me Sunshine. He says that smiles drive away moods and bad temper, just as the sunbeams break up the clouds and dry up the rain-drops."

"Yes, dear; but do you remember how last month we longed for rain? How the sun scorched the grass and fruit, and how people suffered for water? And how would you like to have the sun shine all night? The best of things in excess or out of place are always uncomfortable and often wrong. What was it that amused you so a little while ago?"

"Why, Charlie was telling about Miss French. Her new black wig fell off in school and rolled under the table; and when one of the boys picked it up and handed it to her he said, 'This cloud has a silver lining.'"

"It seems to me that the remark was both pert and cruel; but your laugh made those dozen boys think it clever and witty. Each one of them wished that he had said it. Do you not see how by your keen sense of the ludicrous and by your very good nature, you often put a premium on what is wrong?"

All of us were interested a few weeks ago by the newspaper accounts of the act of a noble Englishwoman. Among her dead husband's manuscripts was a collection of tales for which she was offered thirty thousand dollars. Upon reading it she discovered that it was morally unfit for circulation.

Did she smile and say: "It is naughty, certainly, but no worse than Tolstoi or Zola; and I can do great good with that thirty thousand?"

The temptation must have been very great; but Lady Burton seated herself upon the floor, and leaf by leaf with trembling hands burned the manuscript in the fire until the whole volume was consumed.

Good-nature, a happy disposition, the desire to please and conciliate are noble qualities which every girl should strive to cultivate; but better than all is that moral courage which enables her to frown upon whatever is unkind, unjust or unholy in word and in action.

Ruskin assures us that "The buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was not a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails."

"YO-HEAVE-HO!"

Any one who has been on shipboard, or alongshore where weights are to be raised by means of ropes drawn over pulleys, has observed the peculiar magnetism which there is about the action of a number of men together in this way, and particularly about the cry of "Yo-heave-ho! Yo-heave-ho!" which accompanies it.

Often men whose duties do not call upon them to take part in this work, and who a moment ago were content to be perfectly inactive spectators, have been seen to seize the ropes and pull with all their might and main with the rest.

"Yo-heave-ho! Yo-heave-ho!"

The spectator hears the music of this traditional cry which, in a form not very different from that in which it now strikes his ear, was used in Greece and Egypt for a similar purpose. It stirs up in his breast the instinctive poetic feeling, and fills him with a longing to join his fellows in the task.

But perhaps more potent than the sound of the "Yo-heave-ho-o" is the mere sight of men "all pulling together." What several others, standing close together, are doing all at once on perfectly equal terms, is just what one wants to do himself, especially if all the others are doing it with a good heart, and with a song.

"Why," said one well-dressed man who had taken hold of a tarry rope when the cry of "heave-ho" had begun, "it's play to pull on a rope with a lot of other fellows, no matter how hard you have to pull."

It was "play" because these men were pulling all together. It was the participation—the spirit of fellowship that went with it—which made it sport, and not any mere fascination about pulling on a rope.

This is the explanation of much downright hard work that is done in sports and games. What the men and boys who take part in them are seeking is the fun of "pulling all together."

Machinery has relieved men and women of much hard work, but it has also, in a considerable degree, taken the "fun" out of hard work—the old-fashioned "hurrah-boys" way of working, in which companionship and good spirits went with hard toil.

It has thrown men more upon themselves; each one attends his machine or his part of it, and though his work may not tax his muscle heavily, it often becomes a wearisome routine with him.

In the tasks and burdens of life, a great deal may be gained, both in results and in individual cheerfulness and happiness, by introducing the

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same spirit which men feel when they shout "heave-ho-o" and pull all together upon a rope. Companionship is a very good substitute for a steam-engine.

MINISTER AND ENGINEER.

A story is told of a judge who became so interested in the statement of a would-be assassin who had just missed fatally stabbing his victim, that he exclaimed at one point of the narrative:

"Ah, you should have struck more to the left!"

The judge was the last man to have committed a deed of violence, but his surprise that the thing had not been done more skilfully caused him to forget the question of life and death which was involved.

A somewhat similar story is told of the French minister, M. de Freycinet. In the midst of the trial of a man for high treason, he became deeply interested in an argument with the accused to the effect that his crime might have been committed much more easily and cheaply.

M. de Freycinet was a man of fine character and ability. Before he became a politician he was a skilful engineer. When he was President of the Judicial Council a man who was accused of helping tear down the Column Vendôme in 1871 was brought before him.

The man confessed his guilt, but pleaded that he was young and fanatical at the time, and that he had been drawn into helping pull down the Column by his pride as an engineer in arranging scaffolds and ropes to accomplish the feat.

"You are a criminal," said the minister, severely. "You insulted the history and the glory of the country in destroying that Column. But,"—he reflected a moment,—"how did you do it? As a question of engineering I should like to know—"

"Oh, it was very simple," replied the accused; and he sat down at a table, drew a plan, and calculated lines, curves and angles, while the minister bent over him, following the work with intense interest.

As it went on, however, Freycinet shook his head, shrugged his shoulders and smiled, and when it was finished, took paper and pencil, and said:

"That isn't bad, but you might have done it much more easily and economically."

Then in his turn covering the paper with curves, angles and calculations, he proved that twice as much time and money as were necessary had been expended.

"However," he concluded, severely, "you were guilty of high treason against the nation, and must pay the penalty."

The engineer did not escape a light sentence, but he had much satisfaction in replying, "Ah, monsieur, did you not just now say that it had cost me too much already?"

RETURNING THE FAVOR.

Theoretically we all think that we are quite as ready to yield to others their rights as we are to insist upon our own. But sometimes the fact that one is trespassing unwarrantedly on the domain of another is brought home to him forcibly.

There is a story told recently of a former prominent judge of Massachusetts, not now living, which involves a neat rebuke of the autocrat of the court room.

The judge had taken a train in Boston to return to his home in Quincy. He discovered after he had started that the train was express, and would not stop at his station. Accordingly as the cars were approaching Quincy he pulled the alarm line, the engineer whistled "down brakes" and the train came to a stand.

The conductor rushed into the car.

"Who pulled that rope?"

"I did," replied the judge.

"What for?"

"Because I wanted to get off."

The conductor thereupon made some remarks to the judge more forcible and less respectful than he was accustomed to hear. Judge B. thereupon complained to the president of the road, who told him that he would inquire into the matter.

When next they met the judge asked the president if he had reprimanded the conductor for his insolence.

"I spoke to him," he replied.

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said he would come up some day and adjourn your court!"

The judge appreciated the man's witty way of saying that he had the right to control his own train, and did not pursue the matter further.

CROWDING INTO CITIES.

A few months ago not only London but the world was startled by the statements, unfortunately but too well founded, in General Booth's "Darkest England."

The campaign then begun by the General has been vigorously conducted. The funds for which he asked have been contributed, and all his plans are in a fair way to be carried out.

Meanwhile the people of London are not permitted to forget the scheme or the reform which the scheme is intended to effect. London is now flooded with Salvation Army matches in boxes labelled "Lights in Darkest England." The boxes also bear various mottoes:

"Love thy neighbor as thy-self." "Provide things honest in the sight of all men."

There are also given on the boxes the following reasons why people should buy these matches:

First: To raise the wages of the matchbox makers. Second: To fight against sweating. Third: To help the poor to help themselves by labor.

A very great part of the evils against which General Booth is contending may be traced directly to the overcrowding of cities. The evils, some of them at any rate, are making themselves manifest in certain of our large American cities. The abominable sweating system is one of these evils, and one of the worst. Perhaps it is impossible to exterminate that system, but it is possible to make the evil less.

Let every one who is considering a project of removing from the pure air, the healthful labor, the sweet quiet of the country, to seek employment in the city, consider also that he or she is adding one more to the vast and increasing army from which the sweater recruits his forces.

LOVED AND LOST.

The love between Robert Browning and his wife was ideal, in the true sense of that much-abused word. And her death, after a few short years of married life, left the poet inconsolable. To him she remained always the dearest and most lovely of created beings, and her gift seemed to him far greater than his own. A writer in the *Christian Union* gives the following pathetic sketch of a chance interview with him:

I was travelling in Italy. There were few tourists in my compartment, and all were absorbed in books or revery, until the close of the long, tiresome day. Then it was that the elderly gentleman who had sat by my side without moving his eyes from the landscape, made a comment that invited conversation.

"You are fond of poetry?" he asked, when something in the shifting splendor of the Italian skies evoked from me a Byron couplet.

"Oh, yes," I responded. "I love poets and poetry."

The old gentleman grew young, and never shall I forget the wonderful thought and imagery that flowed in a continuous stream from his lips.

"Who are your favorite poets?" he asked, abruptly.

I named them, and without further comment, quoted my favorite poem, one of Mrs. Browning's. When I had finished, my companion resumed his post by the window, and did not deign to notice me again.

I was much discomfited. Had I given offence? Before reaching our destination I ventured to say:

"I suspect, sir, that you do not like Mrs. Browning's poetry."

The dark eyes of the stranger turned pitifully upon me, and he said, "Madam, that sonnet is the sweetest, and its singer the most precious gift life has given me. She was my wife."

A POLITICAL FISHERMAN.

In Canada the rancor of political party feeling is extreme, for "The smaller the rat-pit the keener the fight." The parties call one another "Tories" and "Grits." Judging by their respective newspapers, the Tories should all be jailed for plundering the Dominion, and the Grits banished for reviling their country. Yet, as among other English-speaking people, the man who talks as if he would like to boil all of the opposite faction in oil, is usually on the best private terms with many of them. A Canadian correspondent gives this instance:

Captain Van Flack, who owns the net fisheries at the mouth of the Votiawasaga River, is an out-and-out Grit, and a humorist in the bargain. One day, when the take of fish had been small, he took to vilifying the Tories before a politically mixed company.

Tories were, he said, all thieves, drunkards, fools, and what was worse, they let "the Yankees" destroy the lake fisheries! None of the Tories present ventured to expostulate with the angry captain.

When he had cooled down some one happened to mention the name of Christopher Robinson, an eminent lawyer of Toronto. Van Flack at once began eulogizing Robinson. Never was there a better lawyer, or an honester, kinder man!

"But Christopher Robinson is a Tory," said a bystander.

"Yes," said Van Flack, looking bewildered for a moment. "Yes, he's a Tory. Sometimes you *do* find a speckled trout in amongst a boat-load of suckers."

ENLARGING THE ABBEY.

Kings and poets have had their burial in Westminster Abbey. Long before the Reformation, the church was not only a royal burial-place, but had seen coronations, royal weddings and christenings. Edmund Spenser was the first poet whose burial in the abbey was distinctly a tribute to his fame.

Although Chaucer had preceded him, it was rather as clerk of the royal works that he was given such high distinction. After that, England continued to allot places there to all whom she delighted to honor, but she will soon be in the embarrassing position of having no more space to offer.

A hundred years ago, a French writer made the statement that "The people are not more crowded in the streets of London than are the funeral monuments in the Abbey."

About the same time, a mock "petition from posterity" appeared in one of the new-papers, urging the country to provide space for the coming generations of distinguished men. Year after year the overcrowding has continued, until now there is almost no space for added memorials, and room for but few burials.

A Royal Commission was some time ago appointed to consider the question of making an addition to the Abbey, but it has as yet broached no suggestion which is universally acceptable. So sacred an edifice is this church, in the minds of all English-speaking people, that it can scarcely be altered or enlarged without offence to some antiquarian soul.

WHISKEY DID IT.

Seldom have Shakespeare's words, "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" been so strikingly illustrated as in a touching incident.

One of the best Greek scholars in New York is a guard on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road. Not long ago a famous professor in one of our leading universities published a volume on certain features of the ancient Grecian dialects, of interest only to scholars. The L guard referred to above wrote to a New York new-paper, pointing out several errors made by the professor in his book. He signed himself "Sixth Avenue Elevated Guard, No. ——."

For a month, writes the Pittsburg *Dispatch*'s New York correspondent, I watched the badges of the guards on that road as I made my daily trips back and forth. One morning I was rewarded by finding the learned man I sought.

"How does it happen," I asked, showing him my card, "that you, a Greek scholar of first rank, should be doing such work as this?"

He looked at me sadly, and his red face grew more flushed than usual. "I was the best Hellenist of my year at Dublin," he said. "My Greek is still what it used to be, but my career has been ruined by—whiskey."

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"Part of it in every drug store in the United States."

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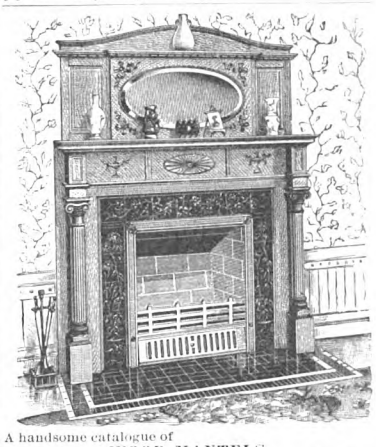
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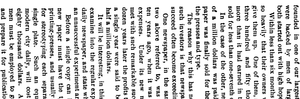
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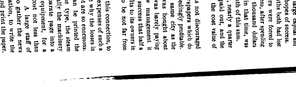












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older dailies no really able newspaper on one or another side of politics. Here is at once a chance for a new paper to gain readers.

It may be that all the papers in the city are dull or badly edited. A new, interesting, ably-managed newspaper is likely to take the fancy of the people very quickly there.

One or the other of these two conditions has usually been the cause of the great successes won by newly-founded city dailies in recent years. Yet it has often happened that the founders of a newspaper have believed this state of affairs to exist when it really did not exist at all.

The successful editor, in fact, must have a wonderful capacity for understanding what the newspaper readers of a city actually want. He cannot even judge one city from his experience in another. Exactly the kind of newspaper which succeeds in one place may meet with absolute failure elsewhere. And that is partly why the founding of a city newspaper means so often the loss of his fortune by a millionaire.

ALEXANDER D. NOYES.

For the Companion.

SOAPING THE BEEHIVE.

When you go to the Yellowstone Park, certain notices giving forcible hints as to your conduct will present themselves to your eye from signboards nailed to the trees. They are of this sort:

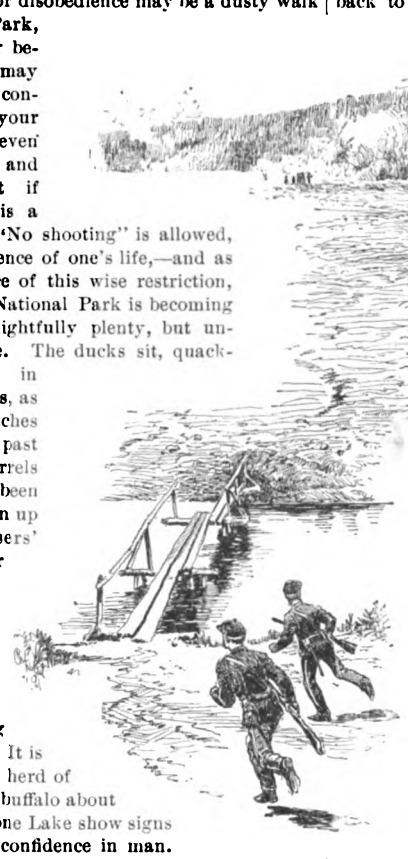
EXTINGUISH YOUR FIRES.

NO SHOOTING.

GATHER NO SPECIMENS.

DO NOT DEFACE THE FORMATIONS.

These are all very proper and necessary; and the penalty for disobedience may be a dusty walk out of the Park, with a soldier behind you. It may involve the confiscation of your luggage, or even heavy fines and imprisonment if the offence is a grave one. "No shooting" is allowed, except in defence of one's life,—and as a consequence of this wise restriction, game in the National Park is becoming not only delightfully plenty, but unusually tame. The ducks sit, quacking quietly, in the little lakes, as the stage-coaches rattle close past them. Squirrels actually have been known to run up men's trousers' legs, and deer are increasing in numbers. It is said that the herd of two hundred buffalo about the Yellowstone Lake show signs of increased confidence in man.



Unusual vigilance will be practised by the Park Superintendent to protect this bison herd, and if nature would but kindly endow the poor beasts with a prescient instinct to remain in the Park, and not to wander beyond its boundaries, this last remnant of a once mighty race might survive here for centuries, to remind future generations of the countless herds which once roamed over the entire West.

Another and less pleasing result of prohibition of "shooting" is the multiplication of bears. Black bears, "silver-tip" bears, cinnamon bears and "roach-back" bears are found in the Park in greatly increased numbers, and some shooting may have to be done to keep these creatures within proper limits.

At the Cañon Hotel, the landlord told me that he "wasn't fond" of being out after nightfall, latterly, for the bears had grown too bold. There were two "silver-tips" about the premises that evening, picking up kitchen scraps; and at the Trout Creek lunch camp the lively and efficient young Irishman in charge of the eatables said that of late he had carried all the kitchen refuse to a distance and thrown it into the creek, to prevent the bears from gathering about the tents at night.

He gave us a very laughable account of the uproar which the brutes made after dark.

At the Upper Geyser Hotel, we were assured that a huge cinnamon bear, of not less than eight hundred pounds' weight, and a black bear, have been regular boarders for many months. Every night at dusk they come to the refuse-barrel, which is set out at the back of the hotel, and rummage the scraps for bits of cake and pie.

The big cinnamon is inclined to be agreeable in his manners, and never even growls at persons who happen to be in the neighborhood; but the smaller black bear is less friendly. He took a calf one night—by mistake, perhaps—and occasionally "runs" a man. The four or five soldiers who are stationed there have great fun playing at touch-and-go with him.

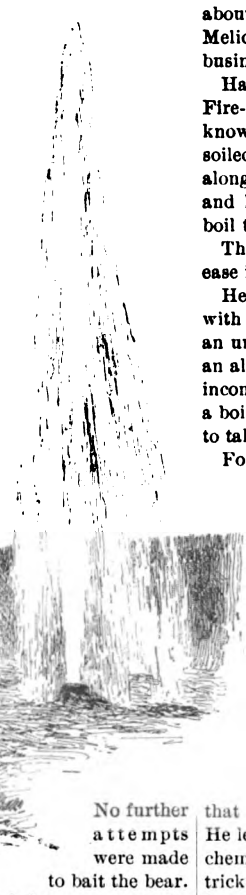
With six or seven other guests at this hotel, I went out at dusk to see the bears take their supper. There is an old log barn just across the little brook, among the pine scrub, where the refuse is put. We had scarcely reached the place, when the black bear arrived from the opposite direction and began to ransack the barrel. We approached within twenty yards, when the bear notified us, by an ugly growl, to stop.

We stopped promptly, and the bear proceeded with his supper. Not one of us was armed with so much as a cane. In the party was a lady who had been politely attended by two young gentlemen; and to test their courage and devotion, perhaps, she picked up a stick and threw it quickly at the feeding animal. In an instant it bounded toward us with another growl.

I would rather not relate what followed; but there were wild outcries, and something very much like a panic. Not once dreaming but that the lady would be abundantly protected, I ascended a pine-tree, to break a club.

Sad to say, however, although each of the young gallants appeared to devote his energies to pushing his rival to the rear, it chanced that the lady herself was left behind all the rest.

But the bear, after a vigorous sortie, turned back to the swill-barrel.



No further attempts were made to bait the bear.

The lady was apparently satisfied, although she said but little. Still another inhibitory notice will probably be posted by next year, to wit:

DO NOT SOAP THE GEYSERS.

To "soap" a geyser is a very naughty act; and for that reason, perhaps, many tourists seem strongly tempted to transgress in this manner.

An alkali dropped into the "bowl" of a geyser will frequently cause it, in Park parlance, to "geyse" at once and in a particularly frantic manner; and as certain of the geysers are somewhat tardy in exhibiting their spouting powers, it is a temptation to many young people, and to a few older ones, to drop a cake of soap, covertly, into the steaming bowl. Geysers, like human beings, have a certain quite definitely limited lifetime. They do not go on forever by any means. The pipe, or tube through which the hot water and steam are ejected, the "bowl," the caldron, and the steam chambers deep under ground, have a well-marked period of growth and decline.

The apparatus, by means of deposits from the hot water, first increases in symmetry, form and efficiency as a spouter; then it gradually falls out of order and subsides into an inactive hot spring. It can be said that a geyser is good for only a limited number of sporting performances, through a certain number of years, or decades.

The geysers of the National Park vary much in their hours for spouting. Old Faithful spouts every hour, with great regularity, and will probably be a short-lived geyser compared with the Beehive, which discharges once in twenty-four hours; the Giant, which is in action once in four days; the Giantess, which only favors the public with a performance once a fortnight; the Lion, which rouses into activity and "roars" after long, uncertain intervals; or even the Splendid, which sends up its beautiful column of steaming water and spray to a height of two hundred feet once in three hours.

Manifestly it is in the interest of the general public—of the whole world, indeed—to have these grand and wonderful exhibitions of subterranean energy endure as long as possible. It should not be beneath the dignity of any tourist to wait patiently the normal time of their grand displays. To cause a geyser to burst forth suddenly by artificial means is to shorten its "life," and hence to prevent future tourists from enjoying it.

But many inconsiderate tourists go to the geysers with cakes of soap in their pockets. Hence the government has found it necessary to station a squad of soldiers in close proximity to the geysers, to protect them from the saponaceously inclined sightseers.

It is not well known who was the first to "soap" a geyser; but at the Upper Geyser Basin there is a legend of a Chinaman who, in course of his wanderings in "Melica," arrived in this wonderland and applied for a washee-washee job. John may not have had an appreciative eye for the grand and beautiful in nature, but report says that he was at once and profoundly impressed by the immense natural facilities which the geysers offer for laundry work.

So profoundly was he struck, indeed, that he capered from pure delight, snapped his pigtail, and shouted, "Washee-washee allee do himself! No rubbee, no changee water; allee boilee and ling!"

He spent several hours prospecting the "bowls" of the hundred or more steaming fountains thereabouts, and expressed himself convinced that Melica was the greatest country for the washing business that the sun shone on.

Having selected a quietly boiling pool near the Fire-hole River,—one which had never been known to "geyse,"—he dumped a quantity of soiled linen into it, rigged up a little awning alongside, to protect himself from the hot sun, and lay down to take it easy and let the clothes boil themselves clean.

The sense of comfort and newly discovered ease in business presently lulled him to sleep.

He had put a cake of washing soap into the pool with the clothes, and inadvertently there resulted an unfortunate chemical discovery, namely, that an alkali put into a geyser will cause it to spout incontinently, out of season, and may even induce a boiling pool—which is not ordinarily a geyser—to take up the rôle of a spouter.

For John had no more than fallen peacefully asleep, to dream of future good times in Nankin or Shanghai, when the soapy caldron went off! A jet of scalding water, and with it the entire washing, played up a hundred feet in height. Poor John was shockingly splashed. The hotel people saw him dash out of the steam clouds and take to flight down the valley, uttering wild and pathetic cries of terror and anguish.

What became of him is not well known, but a Chinaman was seen to pass the camp at the Lower Geyser Basin late that afternoon, and it is supposed that John left the Park without loss of time. He left a legacy of evil behind him; for from his chemical experiment has resulted the pernicious trick of "soaping" the Park geysers. Such at least is the legend.

The Beehive Geyser is one of those which appear to be especially sensitive to soap. The rogue who drops soap into the Beehive barely has time to retire to a safe distance before the performance begins, and it really seems as if the spouting, foaming, frothing geyser would turn itself wrong side out in its efforts to be rid of the obnoxious alkali.

Our party of eight was a very law-abiding one. We had often said to one another that it was an exceedingly mean trick to put soap into a geyser, or to attempt, as some previous visitors had evidently done, to stir up the way-down stomachs of the fountains—particularly the old, "retired" ones—with long poles. Such vandalism we all denounced as disgraceful.

Nevertheless a strange thing happened.

On the front seat of our stage-coach rode two youths, fresh from college, who were excessively addicted to singing "Upidee-idee-ida," and "One More River to Cross." They were the same young gentlemen who had made such heroic efforts to induce each other to protect the young lady from the swill-bear.

On our arrival at the Upper Basin we learned that the Beehive—so called from the shape of its cone—would not spout until the following morning, and the Splendid not much before nightfall. But after watching a grand performance by Old Faithful, we all went out to see the "bowls" of the other geysers.

In the course of our walk, we crossed the little Fire-hole River, and after examining the pretty hollow cone of the Beehive, went up to the Lion and Cubs.

Presently, missing our two young friends, we looked back and saw them still hanging over the Beehive cone, apparently gazing into the funnel of the fountain.

Within less than a minute afterwards we heard a shout, and saw our young fellow-tourists running away; and immediately the Beehive went off, favoring us with a tremendous display.

Jets of water played to a height of two hundred and fifty feet. The roaring and frothing were frightful. The earth far around pulsated and trembled.

It seemed to me that the geyser would burst and go to pieces. Its extraordinary upheaval continued for some minutes.

Meantime a considerable crowd collected, and two soldiers came hurrying to the spot. As soon as the eruption had subsided, the soldiers examined the steaming ground about the cone, and picked up several pieces of pink soap. This circumstance, joined with the fact that the Beehive had spouted out of season, aroused the suspicions of the military.

They made inquiries regarding us, and ascertained at the hotel that five or six cakes of pink soap had disappeared from as many rooms since the arrival of our coach.

For a law-abiding party we felt extremely uncomfortable. There was no direct or positive evidence against any of our number, but none the less the sergeant in charge telegraphed the matter back to Mammoth Hot Springs. He appears to have mentioned specially our two friends; for on our return, three days later, they were waited on very early by the young lieutenant in command, who put to them many polite but pointed questions as to their knowledge of the chemical action and reaction of alkalies.

They seemed to be extremely ignorant upon the subject. The lieutenant marvelled, but as there was no positive evidence against the young men, they were advised to read up in chemistry, so as to be able to pass a better examination the next time they came to the Park.

C. A. STEPHENS.

For the Companion.

HALLOWE'EN SPORTS.

The familiar games which are played in English-speaking countries on Hallowe'en, or the eve preceding All Saints' Day, the First of November, have their parallel in all countries. The sports most familiar in England and America are the picking up of a floating apple, with the mouth, from the surface of a tub of water, the person who is engaged in this occupation having his hands tied behind his back, and the capture of an apple in the same way, the fruit being suspended by a string to the lintel of a door.

Less familiar, and even more amusing, is a favorite Cuban sport of the same nature. Some ordinary game is first played, and the winner in this game has the privilege of hiding a bit of fruit or a small round cake in a pan which is filled to a depth of about two inches with wheat flour. The loser in the game, or one who has been adjudged to pay a forfeit, has his hands tied behind him, and must find and take the hidden article out of the pan with his mouth.

After this, the person who has burrowed in the pan is forbidden to brush or wash away the flour, but must spend the remainder of the evening with it on his face.

As the games proceed in a very lively manner, it often happens that almost every one in the company, men and women, boys and girls, is going about with a face plentifully besprinkled with flour, and great merriment is the result.

In Cuba, where a considerable proportion of the population has a sufficiently dark complexion to bring out the flour in vivid relief, the appearance of a company of people decorated in this fashion is exceedingly mirth-provoking.

A very simple sport which is popular in France, is called the *jeu des bougies*, or candle game. A bottle is laid down upon its side on the floor, in such a manner that it will roll easily. A person sits down upon the bottle, maintaining his balance by extending his legs upon the floor; but he must cross one foot over the other, and keep only one heel upon the floor.

Then he is given a lighted candle, which he holds in his left hand, and an unlighted one, which he holds in his right, and is told to light the unlighted candle from the other.

The feat appears easy, but in the attempt to bring the candles together the bottle almost always rolls out from under the performer, bringing him down in anything but a graceful manner.

Another favorite European game, suitable only for men and vigorous boys, is a wrestling contest without arms. The two contestants' hands are tied behind them, and they then engage in a struggle to see which shall "throw" the other. This struggle is always a laughable one to the spectators, and it is almost impossible that it should result in a serious fall. Indeed, it seldom results in any fall at all, but resembles a sort of burlesque cockfight.

Still another amusing sport is managed in this way. Two chairs—square-backed, or with posts at the corners—are placed face to face, far enough apart so that a stout round stick can be stretched from the seat of one to the seat of the other, each end of the stick resting upon one of the chairs.

A person now seats himself astride the stick, holding his feet crossed and clear of the floor, and keeping his balance by the aid of a cane which he holds in one hand, the end of which he may rest upon the floor. Then he is given a cane in the other hand, and four handkerchiefs are produced and held before him. These handkerchiefs he must take one by one, with the tip of his second cane, and hang upon the four corners of the backs of the chairs.

During all this time his feet must not touch the floor. A cushion at each side of the performer, upon the floor, will be an excellent precaution against the bumps which he might get in the almost inevitable fall.

An ingenious person can invent other amusing performances of this sort, which will serve as well for any other winter evening as for Hallowe'en.

But care should be taken that nothing is resorted to which is likely to result in bodily hurts, and that nothing is undertaken which is in the nature of an unexpected "joke" upon another.

All the fun of sports of this kind lies in their being voluntarily entered into, and in a spirit of good-natured merriment.

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SUGGESTIONS

IN BIBLE TIMES.

How were bricks made, and what was used as mortar?
What various ways of threshing were there?
How was grain ground and bread made?
In what ways were dwelling-places heated?
Of what nature were artificial lights?
What employments were carried on?
In what was wealth largely reckoned?

For the Companion.

JACK CREAMER.

A True Story of 1812.

The boarding nettings are triced for fight;
Pike and cutlass are shining bright;
The boatswain's whistle pipes loud and shrill;
Gunner and topman work with a will;
Rough old sailor and reefer trim
Jest as they stand by the cannon grim;
There's a fighting glint in Decatur's eye,
And brave Old Glory floats out on high.

But many a heart beats fast below
The laughing lips as they near the foe;
For the pluckiest knows, though no man quails,
That the breath of death is filling the sails.
Only one little face is wan;
Only one childish mouth is drawn;
One little heart is sad and sore
To the watchful eyes of the Commodore.
Little Jack Creamer, ten years old,
In no purser's book or watch enrolled,
Must mope or skulk while his shipmates fight,—
No wonder his little face is white!

"Why, Jack, old man, so blue and sad?
Afraid of the music?" The face of the lad
With mingled shame and anger burns.
Quick to the Commodore he turns:
"I'm not a coward, but I think if you—
Excuse me, Capt'n, I mean if you knew
(I s'pose it's because I'm young and small)
I'm not on the books! I'm no one at all!
And as soon as this fighting work is done
And we get our prize-money, every one
Has his share of the plunder—*I* get none."

"And you're sure we shall take her?" "Sure? Why, sir,
She's only a blessed Britisher!
We'll take her easy enough, I bet;
But glory's all that I'm going to get!"

"Glory! I doubt if I get more,
If I get so much," said the Commodore;
"But faith goes far in the race for fame,
And down on the books shall go your name."

Bravely the little seaman stood
To his post while the scuppers ran with blood,
While grizzled veterans looked and smiled
And gathered new courage from the child;
Till the foeman, crippled in pride and might,
Struck his haughty flag and gave up the fight.
Then little Jack Creamer stood once more
Face to face with the Commodore.

"You have got your glory," he said, "my lad,
And money to make your sweetheart glad.
Now, who may she be?" "My mother, sir;
I want you to send the half to her."
"And the rest?" Jack blushed and hung his head:
"I'll buy some schoolin' with that," he said.

Decatur laughed; then in graver mood:
"The first is the better, but both are good.
Your mother shall never know want while I
Have a ship to sail or a flag to fly;
And schooling you'll have till all is blue,
But little the lubbers can teach to you."

Midshipman Creamer's story is told—
They did such things in the days of old,
When faith and courage won sure reward,
And the quarter-deck was not triply barred
To the forecastle hero; for men were men,
And the Nation was close to its Maker then.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

For the Companion.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

A recent French traveller through this country was amazed at the vigor with which the American housekeeper, from bleak New Hampshire to balmy Louisiana, at the first approach of spring proceeded to "clean house."

He describes the tearing out of the contents of drawers and boxes, the gutting of closets, the carrying out of chairs and tables to be sunned, the vehement scrubbing, the sweeping, the opening of the innermost nooks of the house to sun and air, and the final triumph of purity and cleanliness.

The process which to him was an amusing novelty, is to all of us tedious as an oft-told tale. Yet did it never occur to some of us that there is another kind of house-cleaning, in which we seldom or never indulge?

There is that morbid dislike of one of your neighbors, which you have hidden away out of sight for years. Bring the ugly thing to the light, prove how dead and noxious it is, and throw it away.

There is the jealous suspicion which you have long had of your own brother, but which you have never put into words. Go to him, talk the matter over in the sunshine and warmth of your affection for each other, and see how it will shrink and vanish.

Your mind is full, perhaps, of puerile tales of gossip about acquaintances and friends, satirical jokes and whispered stories, which you suspect to be false. Bring them out to the full daylight of common sense, and if they prove rotten and base, never harbor them again.

Your memory, too, like an uncleaned apartment, may be hung and furnished with the foul accumulations of years; chapters from flash novels, songs of rank flavor, anecdotes which you would not repeat to any person whom you sincerely respect.

Out with them! Rid yourself of them as you would banish from your house old garments infected with a fatal disease. There is no taint which spreads contagion so fast, or which is so mortal, as a vile thought lingering and festering in the memory.

Keep no skeletons in the secret places of your mind. Brood no longer over old sins or old griefs; even remorse, if nourished too long, becomes unwholesome. Let the dead days bury their dead.

Open your soul to the fresh, strong air of to-day, to the sunlight of God's presence. You have much work to do here; your time is short. You cannot afford to allow your mind to become a lazar-house of corruption, or a tomb of dead griefs. Fill it with truth and charity and light. Ought it not to be a temple in which God's Spirit shall dwell?

ONE OF THE YANKEES.

American travellers in Switzerland have the pleasure of meeeting an old friend when they ascend Mount Rigi by railroad. The old friend is the railroad itself. They see at a glance that it is the same contrivance as that by which passengers are conveyed so comfortably up Mount Washington. The locomotive pushes, instead of pulling, the passenger-car, and the ascent is made by a cog-wheel that claws hold of a central cogged rail. The story goes that while the road was building a Swiss engineer visited it, inspected it closely, took drawings of the track and engine, and thus learned how to construct the railroad that now climbs several of the Alpine mountains.

Within the last three years a considerable number of these roads have been constructed in various parts of the world. Others are in progress; more are contemplated; and engineers are looking forward to the time when these odd-looking engines will be crawling up and down all the great mountain ranges in Europe, Asia, Africa and America; for they can be made at much less expense than a system of tunnels and excavations.

Sylvester Marsh, the inventor of this plan of ascending mountains, was one of the Yankees who have to improve everything they touch. If a thing works badly, they want to make it work well, and if it works well, they are not satisfied until they have made it work better. In the course of his long life of eighty-one busy years, he revolutionized every branch of business in which he was ever engaged. He did not merely improve it; he made it all over again.

Born in New Hampshire in 1803, he moved to Boston when he was twenty-three years old, and went into business as a provision dealer. But he soon had an advanced idea upon the subject of supplying Boston with provisions.

He removed to Ohio, where he originated the system of killing and packing meat by machinery, a business which has continued to the present day, and has become one of the most extensive and important in the world. It not only supplies the United States with a hundred kinds of packed meats, but other countries as well. In remote English hamlets the people do not know how to pronounce the word *Chicago*, but they buy Chicago meat all the same. They ask for Chi-*cay*-go meat.

It was as early as 1833 that he settled in Chicago, to get nearer the final source of provisions, and there he made a considerable fortune, which he lost in the disastrous revulsion of 1837. But he soon began again, and spent thirty years in developing several branches of the great business of supplying the world with food. At length, in 1864, being the possessor of a good estate, he did what so many successful Yankees do, returned to his native New Hampshire and settled at Concord.

Some years before, while ascending Mount Washington on foot, he lost his way and had a very disagreeable, if not dangerous experience. It was then that he conceived the idea of his mountain railroad.

He once told a journalist, who asked him for information about his road, that for many years he was unable to convince any responsible person of the feasibility of his scheme, and that he was known in the mountains by the name of Crazy Marsh. No capitalists would subscribe to his stock, and he was finally obliged to furnish, not only all the ideas, but nearly all the capital required for the enterprise.

Sixteen years after the conceiving of the scheme, a part of the road was opened to the public. This was in 1868, and it was completed to the summit in the year following. Since that time it has carried up and down the mountain about two hundred thousand passengers without injuring one of them.

Mr. Marsh had had very little schooling, and no training at all as an engineer. He died in 1884.

HOUSE SNAKES.

In certain parts of Brazil, where the climate is intensely hot, and where rats are a great nuisance, the common cat does not thrive, but is replaced by a domestic rat-catcher whose presence causes a decidedly unpleasant sensation to visitors from the north, when they first come in contact with this creature. An American who recently visited Brazil upon a business tour, and who spent a short time at the estate of a well-to-do Brazilian on the San Francisco River, writes this account of his observation of the Brazilian rat-catcher:

"On the morning after my arrival, in descending the staircase from my room to go down to breakfast, I was frightened almost half to death at seeing an enormous snake curled up on the floor exactly at the foot of the stairs.

"The serpent was apparently asleep, but I was not at all sure that he might not be preparing to strike at me. So I ran back up the stairs with all the speed I could manage, and then proceeded to shout for help.

"In two minutes the hall was full of servants, all gazing at me in astonishment; and my host rushed out of his own apartment.

"'What is the matter?' he asked, in his best English.

"'Why,' said I, 'look there! Look at that snake!'

"I pointed at the coiled-up monster at the foot of the staircase, who now had lifted up his head a little, and was sleepily looking about him.

"The servants held their hands to their mouths, and my host laughed outright.

"'Why,' said he, 'that's only Pedro; that's our *giboia*.'

"'Oh,' said I, gasping, 'I thought it was a great snake.'

"'It is a snake,' said my host, 'but it is perfectly harmless, except to rats. You will not find a house in this part of Brazil without one. They keep the premises clear of rats. Pedro won't hurt you.'

"'But how am I going to get down-stairs?' I asked, uneasily.

"'Oh, you can step right over him.'

"I declined, however, to make this attempt; whereupon a servant came forward and, seizing the snake about the neck with both hands, dragged him out into the yard.

"I saw that the creature, as he was extended, was not less than four yards long, and as thick as the arm of the negro who dragged him out.

"Before I left the place I found out a great deal about *giboias*. They are a species of small boa constrictor, and are employed very generally in Brazil to catch rats. They are inoffensive, apparently not at all venomous, and in their domesticated condition, perfectly tame.

"In his habits Pedro was a good example of his race, though he was of considerably larger size than the average.

"All day long he slept somewhere in the house, generally at the foot of the stairs. But when evening approached he began to wake up, and after nightfall he glided swiftly about the premises, looking for rats.

"He even had holes which enabled him to get between the floors and ceilings, and into the space within the partitions.

"Whenever he found a rat he pounced upon him, wrapped him in his folds and carried him out of the house, leaving him dead. The servants told me that the backbone of every rat he caught was broken in at least a dozen places.

"As for me, I preferred the rats to the snake, and took good care that my chamber door was shut at night, and that there were no holes left open in the ceiling or the floor, from which Pedro might emerge into my apartment.

"He never seemed to eat the rats; indeed, I never saw him eat anything at all. The negroes said he killed the rats for the fun of it.

"I afterward saw *giboias* for sale in the markets of Pernambuco and Bahia for prices ranging from a dollar to two dollars. I was told that they easily became domesticated to such an extent that if they were removed from one house to another they invariably returned to the house from which they had been taken.

"In the country, therefore, the rat-snake goes with the house; and if you have occasion to purchase or hire a residence, the proprietor will brag about the virtues and skill of the *giboia*."

For the Companion.

WHEN FALSTAFF DIED.

A' made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even at the turning o' the tide; a' cried out "God, God, God!" and a' babbled of green fields.—*Henry V. Act ii. Scene* 3.

When Falstaff died his faith was true,
For on God's name three times he cried,—
And close to him his childhood drew
When Falstaff died!

He passed "at turning o' the tide,"
"Of green fields babbled" that he knew
Fragrance and bloom had glorified.

Bardolph, Nym, Pistol—merry crew!
So often jesting by his side,—
Ah, how their eyes were brimmed with dew
When Falstaff died!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

AFTER HER BONES.

Up in a little Pennsylvania town perched on the top of the Alleghanies lives a patriarchal negro, known as "Old Booey." On the first day of the week he leads a small flock of his fellow-countrymen in their devotional exercises, expounding to them the Law, with many commentaries strictly his own. The other six days he devotes to gathering bones from far and near, which, after a sufficient quantity has been accumulated, he conveys to a fertilizer factory in a neighboring city, where such wares find a ready market.

So great has been his diligence in this good work that the neighborhood long since became thoroughly picked of its bones; and all sources of possible supply are now watched most narrowly.

It happened that a farmer of the locality, being of a thrifty turn, had himself been saving such bones as came in his way from time to time, thinking that when he had secured a sizable load he would carry them to the factory. But he had at last abandoned the project, and chancing recently to meet the old professional, he said, "Mr. Booey, there is a small pile of bones back of my barn which you can have, if you want them."

"Thank ye, sah, thank ye, sah; I'se mighty glad to get them."

He proved his sincerity by repairing almost immediately to the farmer's house. The farmer had not yet returned, and his wife, a particularly thin and rather acrimonious woman, came to the door.

"Goo' mawnin', ma'am," said Mr. Booey, with great courtesy.

"Well, what do you want?" she replied, a little sharply; for she was a woman who believed in wasting neither manners nor time upon those she thought beneath her.

"I'se come fuh yoh bones."

"My what?"

"Yoh bones."

"How dare you talk to me that way?" she exclaimed, greatly incensed, for her extreme thinness was a very sensitive point with her. "You shall answer for this when my husband comes home."

"Why, ma'am, yoh husban' tole me to come aftah them. He said he got tiahd seein' 'em round, and he be glad if I cart 'em off fur fertilizing."

She stood speechless, for a moment, with amazement and rage.

"My husband sent you?"

"Yas, ma'am."

"Oh, wait till I see that man!" she exclaimed, for she had given that meek and uncomplaining person a sound rating just before he left home that morning, especially charging him with excessive fatness and laziness; and she firmly believed he had taken this way to get his revenge.

"Yas, ma'am," continued the venerable bone collector, greatly nonplussed at this unexpected reception, but still intent upon accomplishing his errand; "he say dey aint many, and dey pooty old; and he reckon dey pooty dry; but if I put 'em 'long with de old hoss down by de crick, he reckon I git a load."

Most opportunely the farmer at that moment drove into the yard; and seeing his visitor, called out, "You'll find those bones down under the big apple-tree the other side of the wall."

It was a week before the farmer's wife recovered her cheerfulness.

DANGEROUS INTRUDER.

Jim Hazzard, a veteran Florida hunter, lives in a rough board cabin on a creek near Lake Crescent. Up to within a few weeks his cabin was a makeshift, tumble-down affair, with a hingeless door loosely propped against the entrance. Since that time a perilous adventure, which came near costing him his life, has caused him to put his dwelling in better repair, with a strong door securely fastened.

One night the hunter was awakened from a sound sleep by a sense that there must be something unusual in his room. There was a heavy jarring of the bed; and a loud *whoof!* brought him to a realization of his danger. The intruder was an alligator!

He sprang up in bed, and reaching a rafter above him, drew himself up. A clashing of jaws just below gave notice how narrowly he had escaped the alligator's teeth.

The moonlight streaming through the small window enabled him to make out the huge saurian, which was crawling on the bed, disgusted, no doubt, at having lost so good a meal. Hazzard felt that he was in a trap, perched upon a narrow rafter, with no arms and very slight hope of outside rescue. After a time the alligator lay still, apparently contented with his quarters and willing to wait for his prey.

Two or three hours passed, and the first streaks of dawn stole into the cabin. Through the open door came swarms of mosquitoes, which made the hunter's constrained position doubly painful. For an hour he fought them and then, worn-out and reckless, resolved to make a dash for liberty.

Gathering all his strength, Hazzard made a jump for the door. He cleared the alligator easily, but his feet slipped and he fell. The alligator instantly swung around. It was a moment of peril, and hardly knowing what he did, the hunter grasped the first thing that came to his hand, which happened to be a great pine knot, and hurled it at the enemy.

It was a lucky throw. The knot entered the saurian's mouth, and as the great jaws closed with a snap, the reptile's teeth were imbedded in the wood. For a moment the alligator was rendered harmless, and in that moment the hunter was on his feet, seized his revolver from the wall, and shot the reptile in the eye.

For the next few minutes there was a lively time in the cabin. The alligator thrashed about, and Hazzard fired shot after shot at him until the brute was dead.

AMAZING.

The ways of English and Americans are still appalling to the more indolent and less cleanly Southern nations, who have had for many decades large opportunities for studying these race peculiarities and yet have never ceased to wonder. When Mr. W. D. Howells was Consul at Venice an attempted burglary in the palace occupied by him gave occasion for the following suggestive incident:

In my account of this affair to the commissary of police, I said that the burglary occurred one morning about daylight, when I saw the head of the burglar peering above the window-sill, and his hand extended to prey upon my wardrobe.

"Excuse me, Signor Console," interrupted the commissary, "how could you see him?"

"Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent me. The window was open."

"The window was open!" gasped the commissary. "Do you mean that you sleep with your windows open?"

"Most certainly."

"Pardon," said the commissary, suspiciously, "do *all* Americans sleep with their windows open?"

"I may venture to say they all do in summer," I answered. "At least, it is the general custom."

Such a thing as this indulgence in fresh air seemed altogether foreign to the commissary's experience, and but for my official dignity I am sure I should have been effectually browbeaten by him. As it was, he threw himself back in his arm-chair and stared at me fixedly for some moments. Then he recovered himself with another "Pardon!" and turning to his clerk, said:

"Write down that, *according to the American custom*, they were sleeping with their windows open."

But I know that for all his politeness, he considered this habit a relic of the time when we Americans abode in wigwams.

OUT OF PLACE.

The commercial room of English hotels is devoted to that species of business man whom we designate as "drummer," and who, in America, fares with the other guests. John Poole, an English humorist of bygone days, once strolled into a hotel at Brighton, and ordered dinner. As he was discussing his savory chop, another man entered, took his stand by the fire, and began whistling. Finally, he spoke.

"Fine day, sir," said he.
"Very fine," answered Poole.
"Business pretty brisk?"
"I believe so."
"Do anything with Jones on the parade?"

Now it so happened that Jones was the grocer from whom Poole occasionally bought a quarter of a pound of tea, and so he answered:

"A little."
"Good man, sir."
"Glad to hear it, sir."
"Do anything with Thompson, in King Street?"
"No, sir."
"Shaky, sir!"
"Sorry to hear it, sir. Recommend a course of salt baths!"

The stranger looked earnestly at Poole, advanced to the table, and said, arms a-kimbo:

"Sir, I begin to think you are a gentleman!"
"I hope so, sir," answered Poole; "and I hope you are the same."
"Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed the stranger. "And if you are a gentleman, what business have you here?"

He rang the bell, and when the waiter entered, exclaimed, indignantly:

"Here's a gentleman! Turn him out!"

Poole had unwittingly settled himself in the commercial room of the hotel.

A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.

A pretty and interesting experiment, which may be new to some readers of *The Companion*, is that by which the growth of an oak plant can be watched, from its earliest stage.

Cut a circular piece of card to fit the top of a hyacinth glass, so as to rest upon the ledge and exclude the air. Pierce a hole through the centre of the card and pass through it a strong thread, having a small piece of wood tied to one end, which, resting transversely on the card, prevents its being drawn through.

To the other end of the thread attach an acorn; and having half-filled the glass with water, suspend the acorn at a short distance from the surface.

The glass must be kept in a warm room. In a few days the steam which has generated in the glass will hang from the acorn in a large drop. Soon the acorn will burst, and the root will protrude and thrust itself into the water; in a few days more a stem will shoot out at the other end, and rising upward, will press against the card, in which a hole must be made to allow it to pass through.

From this stem small leaves will soon sprout, and in the course of a few weeks the experimenter will be rewarded by having a sturdy little oak plant, several inches in height.

SHE REMEMBERED.

A city-bred youth was escorting a pretty little country girl, and was evidently proud of her in spite of a shade of embarrassment which now and then came over him at some slight outbreak of verdancy on her part.

As the car passed the Tombs, she cried out enthusiastically:

"Oh, there is that lovely Museum I read about. So they keep it open on Sundays, do they?"

"Yes," replied the young man, dryly, "they keep it open on Sundays."

"I remember you wrote and told me you were there twice."

The passengers were all well-bred New York people, and of course did not laugh, but some of them smiled.—*New York World.*

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For the Companion.

CHESTNUTTING.

We all went chestnutting over the hill,
Sam and Jennie, and George and I;
The air was frosty and clear and still,
And the nuts were as thick as they could lie.

At the foot of a tree, half hid by a rail,
The squirrels had heaped such a pretty pile;
But Sam just scooped them into his pail,
Though we begged him not to all the while.

Then Jennie and I heaped up some more
Of the biggest nuts, all fair and fat;
And Sam stole those, the same as before!
Now what would you do with a boy like that?

For the Companion.

A LETTER FROM CONNIE.

ONTARIO, CAL., OCTOBER 1.

DEAR COUSIN RUBY.

I was very glad to get your letter. We hope you will be sure to come next winter. The winters are very nice here. We have rains, and the gardens are as full of flowers as they are in the summer, heliotropes and lots of roses and everything. And the hills get green after a while, and wild flowers come.

But all summer there is not one bit of rain, and it is full as hot as Chicago or anywhere.

I am glad you are all well. We are all well now. So is baby. She has got some teeth. She almost got hurt very bad a while ago, but I didn't mean to tell that. She has been well all summer. Mamma says babies do not get sick in the summer here.

She is so cute. She likes to ride in her cab, and I like to wheel her. I am very careful with her.

A while ago mamma was not very strong and had headaches. Sister had to do the work, and I had to tend baby. I used to get tired of it. It is hard to wheel the cab in the dust.

One time I said I almost wished we'd never had a baby. But I was sorry right off, and I was more sorry when—there! I said I wouldn't tell that. Now I will close. Your cousin, CONNIE.

P. S. I guess I will tell that after all. Maybe then I will feel better.

You see, I was going a-visiting that day, and in the morning sister said, "Connie, you'll have to go to-morrow, for mamma's got a headache again, and you must tend baby."

And I snapped right out that it was always that way, and I thought babies were an awful bother. Sister put her into the cab, and told me to wheel her up and down very careful, and not go far from the house. But as soon as she was out of sight I went right off to the avenue.

I don't know what made me feel so ugly. It never seems that way to me about baby now.

I guess I'll wait and tell you the rest when you come next winter. CONNIE.

Oct. 3.—I might as well finish. I'd rather write it than tell it.

There is cement sidewalk on the avenue. It is all down-hill for miles. The crossings are far apart. It is a nice place to run a cab if you are careful. It runs itself one way.

Well, I wheeled her up and down a while, and I kept thinking that if I'd known how much work 'twould be I wouldn't have been so glad to have a baby sister.

And then I let the cab stand at the up-hill crossing. I just put a little round stone under one wheel. I wanted to see if I could get a drink where the water was running close by.

All at once baby saw the water, and began to jump. That started the cab. I ran and tried to catch it, but it went faster and faster.

Oh, it went so fast! I couldn't scream or say a word, but I just kept running. I knew I couldn't catch it. I knew when it struck the crossing it would throw baby out. And then I thought what I'd said about her, and how I'd felt. I saw a Chinaman with a vegetable-wagon coming up the street. He stopped near the crossing and jumped out. I wondered what he stopped for.

And then, first I knew, he caught that cab right in his arms. And I couldn't say one word. I just took baby and sat down and cried and cried. And when I looked up the Chinaman was gone.

Sister got worried and came looking for us. And she thought I was sick, for I couldn't tell about it at first. And I thought they would all hate me when I told. But they seemed to be sorry for me. I shouldn't think they would; but they were.

And that's all, only I hope we can find the Chinaman. Your cousin, CON.

For the Companion.

TOMMY'S GREAT INVENTION.

"I've thought of a new way to make money, Uncle Peter," said Tommy, as he came in from the wood-shed with a little box in his hand; "I'm going to invent things and get 'em patented."

"I suppose then you'll invent a jackknife that won't get lost, and a pocket that will never wear out, and a gold watch that can be bought for twenty-five cents."

Tommy didn't half hear, being very busy with his little box.

"Would you like to see my invention, Uncle Peter?" said he at last. "I've got it all fixed but just one little point. It's a mousetrap. See, here he comes, looking for his supper. And here's a sort o' little feed-box full of cake and cheese. And he smells the cheese, and keeps sniffing 'round till he sees it, and then in he goes at this hole, and flop comes the little door, and there's Mr. Mouse! Oh, it's lots better than a cat!"

"Why, of course 'tis," said Uncle Peter. "It'll never scratch the baby, or drink out of the milk-pan, or keep folks awake in the night. I can see it's better than a cat!"

"And I'll make a bigger one for rats and quite a good-sized one for rabbits, and maybe a great, immense one for bears. Wouldn't that be splendid?"

"I should think so!" cried Uncle Peter. "Let's have another look at this great invention of yours. Here he goes into this hole, and flop comes the little door—that's the way, isn't it? But what flops the little door?"

"Well," said Tommy, slowly, "you know I said there was just one thing I hadn't got hold of yet. I've thought, and tried, and I can't seem to find any way to flop that little door when the mouse goes in. But I'm not going to give up on account of a little matter like that, even if I have to sit behind the wood-box and flop it myself!"

ONE day Bell had been visiting one of her playmates, and was given some Siberian crab-apples. On her return home she said, "Mamma, Mr. Stevens has some of the nicest Presbyterian crabs you ever saw."



SOLID COMFORT.

For the Companion.

PUMPKIN-PIE.

Pumpkin-pie is good to eat,
Cold and creamy and rich and sweet,
Good for breakfast and dinner and tea,—
Who will eat pumpkin-pie with me?

For the Companion.

LITTLE "QUICK'S-A-WINK'S" TOILET.

One morning, early last September, Edna and Jamie and I had settled ourselves on the wall under the old balm-o'-gilead-tree at the top of the hill to rest, for we had been on a long walk far up on "Scrabble Hill" to gather great bunches of fragrant pennyroyal and catnip, which grew there in abundance and was in full flower now, and also for a lookout over the beautiful country.

We had sat there under the balm-o'-gilead some time, chewing bits of pennyroyal, when along came a little chipmunk, that Jamie dubbed "Quick's-a-wink," he was so spry. He was on his way home from the pear-orchard at the foot of the hill, where he had been taking breakfast; and we guessed, and rightly, too, as it proved, that he had his cheeks full of seeds for lunch, they were so plump.

We were sitting directly in his path, for the walls are the squirrels' roadways, and "Quick's-a-wink" did not like it. He danced about on the wall in a great panic, ran in and out between the stones, and scolded and "snickered" and flirted his tail, as though he expected to drive us off.

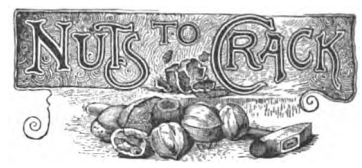
But we sat as still as mice. By and by, after the little fellow had "freed his mind," he cooled off and sat down on his small haunches, not a yard away from us, to wash his face like a little cat.

How his tongue flew! And his tiny paws scrubbed his small face—now this way, now that—till his soft fur was rumpled all over his bright eyes, like a careless schoolboy's hair, and he looked quite savage.

Then something tickled his ear—a little woodtick, perhaps. Up went the tiny hindfoot—dig—dig—dig! The woodtick's account was settled in a trice, and he went on with his washing with greater speed and earnestness. We could scarcely see his paws, they went so fast, and his head spun around like a top, till the pear-seeds flew out of his cheeks.

It was comical, and Jamie, instead of the chipmunk, "snickered" this time.

"Chickar-chirr-rr-rr!" Down dodged "Quick's-a-wink" into the wall, and we went on and left him to smooth the fur out of his eyes and go home his own way.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

ANAGRAM.

The first and third lines of each stanza rhyme; also the second and fourth. The omitted words are all formed from the nine letters omitted from the last line.

Dear mamma, I was coming home * * * * *
Last Monday night, through the rain,
When whom should I meet but young Jamie Stone,
Just down by the gate in the * * * *.

Now, Jamie pretends that he loves me * * * *,
But I think he turned quite pale
When he asked why I shun him. I ventured to tell.
"Because you love lager and * * *."

"Will you leave them," I asked, "and cigars and * * *?
Will you give them up for me?
Will you sign the pledge at the temperance * * * *?"
But he would not promise—not * *.

When we met last night to try fortunes * * * *,
In the kitchen of Cousin * * * * *,
Jamie's nut with mine in the fire he threw,
But they popped far asunder, I * * * *.

And when in the glass my ring hung * * *
It jingled at H. * * ! * * !
And H is my brother's initial, you know,
And he never smoked a cigar.

I'd rather be loved by my dear brother * * *,
Than by any one else I've seen;
So I gladly accept the prophetical
Prognostics of this * * * * * * * * *.

2.

AUTUMNAL ACROSTIC.

From one of Longfellow's poems.

Read in the primals the name given by French peasants to the Indian Summer.

1. "The forget-me-nots of the angels."
2. A word superstitious minds have seen written by a comet on the sky.
3. A bird—"wildest of singers."
4. "The bridegroom of snow."
5. A heroine. "When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."
6. A wild animal of the prairies.
7. "The Beautiful River."
8. An instrument to which the whip-poor will's voice is likened.
9. "A country where all men are equal, and all are brothers and sisters."
10. A water blossom that "lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen."
11. A State called by the early settlers an Eden.
12. An insect, once supposed, in certain conditions, to cure fever.
13. Historical character, to whose sons the Indian tribes are likened.
14. A flower "wet with the dews of nepenthe."
15. That, in which to be efficacious, 12 must be enclosed.
16. A flower that made a ladder of rope hung from a cedar.
17. A tree that (5) stood by a heroine's door. E. L. E.

3.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead the opposite of there, and leave the opposite of after.
2. Behead the opposite of never, and leave the opposite of loss.
3. Behead the opposite of to grow strong, and leave the opposite of delight.
4. Behead the opposite of to borrow, and leave the opposite of the beginning.
5. Behead the opposite of informing by writing, and leave the opposite of to throw into disorder.
6. Behead the opposite of indifference, and leave the opposite of being in good health.
7. Behead the opposite of being depressed, and leave the opposite of early.
8. Behead the opposite of to starve, and leave the opposite of denoting distance.
9. Behead the opposite of either, and leave the opposite of neither.

The beheaded letters, in the order here given, spell the close of October.

Answers to Puzzles in October 8th.

1.

E	R	A	T	O
C	O	N	I	C
S	A	I	N	T
T	R	A	D	E
E	N	N	U	I
D	Y	I	N	G
M	I	R	T	H
A	D	E	P	T
N	Y	M	P	H

E. C. Stedman, Oct. Eighth.

2. Don Quixote, Spain, Europe, America, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

3. 1. "Tyranny is always weakness." 2. "Envy is ignorance." 3. "Stick to one business." 4. "Simple duty hath no place for fear." 5. "Discontent is the infirmity of will." 6. "Actions speak louder than words."

4. Read, Ada, able, Readable.

5. 1. S-mew. 2. P-rickets. 3. T-arras. 4. E-lute. 5. G-auger. 6. K-awn.

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CYCLONES AND TORNADOES.

There are two terms used by meteorologists, as men who study the weather call themselves, which are often confused in the newspapers. These are "cyclone" and "tornado." It almost always happens that the former word is used where the latter is intended. The terrible whirlwinds that frequently cause so much destruction of life and property in the West and Southwest are really tornadoes, though it is rare to see them described, except in the writings of men of science, by any other word than cyclone.

A cyclone, properly speaking, is a storm covering a vast extent of country—some are one or two thousand miles in diameter—and having a system of winds which really blow spirally round, and gradually in, toward the centre of the storm, although, owing to the great extent of the storm, the wind at any particular place seems to be blowing straight ahead.

Near and around the centre, and especially ahead of it, for the whole storm advances generally toward the east or northeast, rain falls in greater or less quantities. At the centre the air is lightest, or the pressure shown by the barometer is least, and that is the reason the winds are all drawn in that direction. The spiral motion arises from the effects of the rotation of the earth. Almost every storm that we have, except summer thunder-showers, is a cyclonic storm.

A tornado, on the other hand, is a fierce whirlwind whose path is generally only a few rods wide, although it may travel for many miles, destroying everything in its way. A black, funnel-shaped cloud is always a feature of the tornado. This funnel is formed by condensed vapor and clouds of dust and debris in the very core of the whirlwind, and wherever it passes nothing but the solid ground can withstand it.

But while cyclones and tornadoes are different phenomena, the former appear to give rise to the latter. Tornadoes almost always break out, if at all, on the southeasterly outskirts of a cyclone.

Early in July of this year a cyclone swept up from the Gulf of Mexico into the lower part of the Mississippi Valley, and like offshoots from this great storm, a number of tornadoes accompanied or followed it, killing many people and cutting a path three hundred feet wide through a part of the city of Baton Rouge.

The exact nature of the connection between cyclones and tornadoes is not yet understood; but the distinction between them is so clear that nobody should ever bestow upon one the name that belongs to the other.

MOOSE AND LOCOMOTIVE.

On Sunday, July 12th, as a short train of flat cars was running up the Duluth & Winnipeg Road into Itasca County, Minn., for a load of cedar poles, a large moose was discovered near the track. In an instant he fled ahead of the train along the old tote path used by Indians and woodsmen before the railway was built. The path is close to the car-track, and at this point, about fifty miles from Duluth, is parallel with it, passing over the almost dead level divide between the Mississippi River and the Great Lakes.

As there are no regular trains on Sunday, the engineer had a clear field, and determined to show the moose how to run. The iron horse snorted and bounded along over his track of steel, while all on board intently watched the race, cheering alike the engine and the moose. It was a four-mile straight-away run, but in the excitement no one registered the time.

Thrice the moose faltered as the path led over deep ravines spanned only by rude and rickety log bridges, but as the train thundered close upon him, he each time plunged ahead to increase again the distance between himself and his heartless pursuer.

His gait was an indescribable trot, such as only the moose can exhibit; his hind feet fanning his ears, his tongue lolling from his mouth, every muscle in his body moving, while his paces were apparently two rods in length. At first it was only a little jog, but as the engine began to do its best the moose let himself out a knot at a time, and all the mysterious power of steam could not prevail against this monarch of the forest.

Faster and faster sped the engine, but still the frightened moose trotted in the van, letting out his tongue another link, and adding a knot, as it was needed, to his gait. But when four miles had thus been traversed, the contestants came upon a clearing where men were gathered.

Thus driven from his pathway, and forced to abandon what seemed a playful pastime, the moose dashed across the track several rods in front of the engine, and a moment later, without awaiting the award of his well-earned laurels, was lost to sight in the forest.

ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT.

General Thomas was greatly beloved among the private soldiers. As Napoleon became the Little Corporal of his army, so was this man affectionately remembered as "Old Pap Thomas" by the Army of the Cumberland. He was always ready to do the "little kindnesses" which go straight to the popular heart, and once, when he had refused a boon, was reproved in a way which decidedly amused him.

A private soldier who was very homesick went to headquarters to obtain leave of absence. The general asked him why he wanted a furlough, and the poor fellow replied, in the most dejected manner:

"General, I haven't seen my wife for more than three months."

"Why," said the officer, "that's nothing. I haven't seen my wife for over three years."

"Well," said the soldier, "that may be, General, but me and my wife *ain't them kind*."

The furlough was granted.

A BRIGHT RETORT.

It is said of a certain literary woman that she is never at loss for a reply, and never misses an opportunity to say a bright thing.

One day a friend was describing to her a noted artist, about whom her curiosity had been greatly aroused, but whom she had never seen.

"To begin with," remarked the friend, "he has a perfect Niagara of a forehead!"

"What?" said the other. "Do you mean to tell me the poor man has a cataract over both eyes?"

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TORU DUTT.

India has had one real poetess, a young girl, called familiarly Toru Dutt, who had the exceptional advantage of a thorough education. She and her sister Aru not only shared their brother's English lessons, while living in Calcutta, but were given the benefit of travel and extended instruction in France and England. On their return to India, Toru at once began writing for publication, and so skilful was her use of the English language, that it became a general belief that her work was that of some English writer who had chosen to adopt an Indian pseudonym.

In 1876, when she was twenty years old, Mr. Edmund Gosse was reviewing books for an English newspaper, and it is his account of a certain visit paid at the editorial office, in the "dead season" of the year, that he spent it in upbraiding the whole body of publishers for issuing no books worth reviewing.

"At that moment," he says, "the postman brought in a thin, sallow packet with a wonderful Indian postmark on it, and containing a most unattractive orange pamphlet of verse, entitled, 'A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields.'

"This shabby little book seemed speedily destined to find its way into the waste-paper basket, but the editor thrust it into my unwilling hands, and said: "'There, see whether you can make something of that.'

"A hopeless volume it seemed, with its queer outside and queerer type, but when at last I took it out of my packet, what was my surprise and almost rapture, to open upon real poetry!"

Toru's acquaintance with French and English literature was something remarkable, and her translations were full of grace and spirit. Both she and her sister found time for a great amount of serious study, but they were also enthusiastic novel-readers.

"What are your favorite books?" asked an English gentleman who was paying their father a visit.

"Oh, novels of course," answered Toru, without delay.

"Novels!" exclaimed he. "I am sorry to hear that. You should read history."

"Oh no," was the reply. "History is false, but novels are true."

It was truth of thought, life and character which these Bengali girls sought; they tried to steep themselves in the actual atmosphere breathed by different nations.

Toru Dutt was but twenty-one when she died, and yet she left behind her not only original poems and translations, but the manuscript of a French novel which, amid all its imperfections, still shows remarkable promise.

"It is only physical pain which makes me cry," she said to the doctor, in her last moments. "My spirit is at peace. I know in whom I have believed."

BIGGEST FOR THE DAY.

"'Tis sweet to be remembered," as every one knows. But to be remembered for an act of foolishness? Well, even that is sometimes money in a man's pocket. Said a New York gentleman to a *Herald* reporter:

I went to the post-office the other day to buy a dollar's worth of one-cent stamps, and when I got home, some six miles away, it flashed upon me that I had given the clerk a five-dollar bill and hurried off without my change.

The next morning I went the first thing to the post-office. The stamp clerk was serving a long line of customers, and I took my place at the foot of the string. How unlikely it seemed that he should remember me among the crowds that had been at his window the day before!

As I got near him, however, and began to speak, he took up from the counter before him four one-dollar bills and silently passed them through the window.

"Thank you," said I. "I didn't know but among so many fools you might have forgotten me."

"Yes, I might have," said he, as he reached out toward the man behind me, "but you were the most conspicuous one yesterday. Two's did you say, sir?"

WINTER AND SUMMER.

An Englishman who, after grumbling about his native country for more than half a lifetime, at last made up his mind to emigrate to New Zealand, was asked why he chose that far-away part of the world for a place of residence.

"Why," said he, "it is because nature has made a much better arrangement of the seasons there than it has here."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Why, it's a great mistake of nature, as any one must see, to have the cold weather come in the winter and hot weather in the summer. How delicious it must be to have it hot in December, now, which is the cold, freezing season, and what a blessing to get bracing cold in July when everybody needs it! Now that's the way they have it in New Zealand, and that's what I call a sensible arrangement of the seasons!"

HE RESENTED IT.

Among the reminiscences of Hannibal Hamlin which have been revived in print since his death, is a characteristic anecdote of his boyhood.

When about ten years old he broke his arm, and upon the splints and bandages being taken off in due course of time, it was found that the bone had slipped out of place.

Another surgeon was summoned, and without giving the boy a hint of what was coming, he broke the bone again, so as to set it properly.

Thereupon the youthful Hannibal, who still had one sound arm, drew off and struck the doctor in the face; a performance which was excused, but with the remark:

"When I operate upon you again, young man, I shall have you strapped down."

REWARD OF BRAVERY.

Patrick McX—— is a great admirer of personal bravery, and never fails to insist that men of intrepidity are entitled to great favors and privileges.

He was told the story of a murderer who had died bravely on the gallows, taking the whole matter with smiles and gay words.

"An' sure," said Patrick, "whin a man has died on the gallows as brave as that, the giver'ment should pardhon him on the shpot for his bravvery!"

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In submitting the following great music offers for the approval of the readers of The Companion we deem it unnecessary to take up much space to prove our entire reliability. The fact that during the twenty-five years that we have been in business in Boston we have so largely and repeatedly advertised in its columns is sufficient evidence that we have always done just as we agreed to, and our motto is "Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded."

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Before Jehovah's Awful Throne. . Madan	I've Worked Eight Hours . McGlennon	Playmates . . . . . H. Daere
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Comrades . . . . . F. McGlennon	Leonore . . . . . H. Trotere	Sweet Katie Connor . . . H. Daere
Could I . . . . . F. P. Tosti	Little Fisher Maiden . . L. Waldmann	Sweet Long Ago . . H. M. Estabrooke
Don't Drink, my boy, to-night . Hoover	Lord, to Thee, night and day . Theodora	That is Love . . . . . F. McGlennon
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Captain Keeler.	Delvin side.	Garçon Volange	Lady Loudon.	O'er boggie wi'.	Pretty Maids.	The Nut.
Chinese Dance.	Drummer.	Hail! Columbia.	Le Grand Pere.	Off she goes.	Patriot.	The Tank.
Christmas comes	Drops of Brandy.	Honeymoon.	Miller of Drone.	Old Hundred.	Quaker's Wife.	Tullochgorum.
Cushion Dance.	Erminie March.	John Cheap.	Melody No. 1.	Persian Dance.	Rachael Rae.	We're a noddin'.
Garry Owen.	Fife Hunt.	Lass o' Gowrie.	May-Day.	Plevel's Hymn.	Roaring Jelly.	Yankee Doodle.
Alas! That Death.	Crookeen Lawn.	Highlander kissed.	Paddy O'Rafferty.	We won't go home.	World's Fair Waltz.	
All in Good Order.	Country Bumpkin	I'll pray nae mair.	Reel o' Thullichan	Somnambula, La.	If the heart of man.	
British Grenadiers.	Come a' th'gether.	Keep the Country.	The Cracovienne.	Spanish Waltz.	Kinloch of Kinloch.	
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Comin' Thro' the Rye.	I'm a Naboh from Brazil.	Money in both pockets	Polly, put the kettle on.	Such a Getting Up-stairs		
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Be gone dull care	Comrades	Green sleeves	Law	Minstrel's return	Over there	Standard watch
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Bell Brandon	Dandy Pat	Happy thought	Lilly Dale	Miss Wrinkie	Peaky Ike	Sweet long ago
Bessy's mistake	Danube river	Highland Mary	Little barefoot	Modest bachelor	Pilot	Swiss boy
Betsy Baker	Darby the blast	Huldy Ann	Little Bo-peep	Molly Bann	Playmates	That is Love
Beware	Dearest Mae	In Old Madrid	Little boy blue	Molly Malone	Poachers	Treadmill
Blue-eyed Mary	Departed days	In my cottage	Little Sunbeam	Murmuring sea	Polly	Twilight dews
Blue-eyed Milly	Dermot Astore	In the starlight	Long-tail blue	Mush, mush	Poor old maids	Vicar of Bray
Blue tail fly	Ding, dong bell	I wish you well	Long, weary day	Musical wife	Ranordine	Washing day
Bobbin' around	Dog and gun	I won't be a nun	Lorelei	My sin countrie	Rose of Allandale	Watcher
Bold privateer	Don't come late	Janet's choice	Lottie Bell	My country	Reel o' Bogie	Watchman
Bonnie Dundee	Dream is past	Jim along Josey	Louisiana belle	My Nanuie, O!	Red, red rose	What Katy did
Bonny Boat	Dream on	Jim Brown	Lover's request	National debt	Request	Whisper of love
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Brave old oak	Eureka	Jim Crow	Lucy Neal	No one to love	Robin Adair	Willie Reily
Brian born	Ever of thee	Johnnie Cope	Maggie Lauder	Not married yet	Robinson Crusoe	Wounded Hussar
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Am I still beloved?	Comin' thro' the rye	Grave of Napoleon	Little don of Spain	My old Aunt Sally	Rock-a-bye baby	
Barney Brallaghan	Coleen Bawn	Homeless to-night	Little fishermaiden	Old Dan Tucker	Schweet little Katy	
Battle of Otterburne	Cruelty to Johnny	Home of my heart	Little Maggie May	Old Ireland forever	Simon the cellarer	
Belle ob Baltimore	Dawning of the day	Home, sweet home	Little Miss Muffet	Old kitchen clock	Solomon's temple	
Birds in the night	Down east lovers	Indian's death song	Looney Mactwolter	Old oaken bucket	Star of Bethlehem	
Birth of St. Patrick	Fading, still fading	Joe ob Tennessee	Love's ritornella	Old Rosin the beau	Star of the evening	
Black-eyed Susan	Father Abbey's will	Kitty of Coleraine	Maggie by my side	Origin of the harp	Ten little niggers	
Brose and butter	Female auctioneer	Laird o' Cockpen	Marseillaise hymn	Over the mountain	Three blind mice	
Castles in the air	Flying trapeze	Lass o' Patie's Mill	Mary of Tipperary	Pleyune Butler	'Tis midnight hour	
Cheer, boys, cheer	German fatherland	Love's old sweet so'g	My little lost Irene	Polly, wolly, doodle	Tiger Skillelah	
Chevalier's lament	Ginger's wedding	Letter in the candle	My mother's bible	Poor married man	Virginia rose-bud	
Come back to Erin	Glyssey's warning	Life let us cherish	My pretty pearl	Queer Little man	Warblings at eve	
Come, let's to bed	Give a kiss to me	Little daisy blossom	My pretty yaller gal	Quilting party	Watch on the Rhine	
Act on the square, boys	Farewell to the forest	I've lost my bow bow	Nothing true but heaven			
Alice, where art thou?	Father is drinking again	Kinloch of Kinloch	O fair dove, O fond dove			
Annie o' the banks o' Dee	Flirting in the starlight	Kiss behind the door	Oft in the stilly night			
Arm in arm with Lizzie	Four-leaved Shamrock	Kissing thro' the bars	O, hush thee, my baby			
Aunt Jemima's plaster	Freedom, God and right	Kiss me quick and go	Old cuff in the morning			
Away with melancholy	Girls are not so green	Life on the ocean wave	O love will venture in			
Battle cry of freedom	Goosey, goosey, gander	Little Annie Rooney	Only a few faded roses			
Beacon-light of home	Grandmother's lesson	Little maid of Arcadee	O ye tears, O ye tears			
Black-eyed Susanna	Green little shamrock	Little voices at the door	Paddle your own canoe			
Bonnie Earl of Murray	Happy hours at home	Love among the roses	Partant pour la Syrie			
Bright rosy morning	Harpa, the merchant	Maltese boatman's song	Pass on, colored man			
Brown-eyed Bessie Lee	Haunts of childhood	Married man's lament	Peal of the village bells			
Cauld Kail in Aberdeen	He never said he loved	Memories of my mother	Picture of my mother			
Childhood's happy hours	Hickory, dickory, dock	Mourn him and the hill	Pinafore on the brain			
Come rest in this bosom	History ob de world	Moon dim'd her beams	Prayer during battle			
Dandy Broadway swell	How can I leave thee	Mr. Grimgruffinhoff	Pussy cat, pussy cat			
Dandy Jim o' Caroline	Hunters of Kentucky	My bible leads to glory	Rocky road to Dublin			
Don't you go, Tommy	I would not forget thee	My dear old wife and I	Rob Roy Macgregor			

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Beau of Oak Hill	Devil's Dream	German Waltz	Lady's Triumph	Opera Reel	Russian March	Spirits of France
Beaux of Albany	Dougl'as Favorite	Go to the D—	Lancashire Clog	Oyster River	Sicilian	Snuff-Box Waltz
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Chained at Last	Erminie Lullaby	Hey, Daddy	Madrilainne, La	Pleyel's Hymn	Spanish Dance	That is love
Chinese March	Esmeralda	Highland Fling	Mary of Argyle	Playmates	Speed the Plow	Up the Hills
Chinese Dance	Fatinitza Polka	Hull's Victory	Minuet	Robin Ruff	Shells of Ocean	Virginia Reel
College Hornpipe	Favorite Dance	Imperiale	Money Musk	Rock of Ages	Silent Night	Widow Machree
Comrades	Fairy Dance	In old Madrid	My Pretty Pearl	Rosebud Reel	Scottish Dance	White Cockade
Coquette	Four Hand Reel	Irish Trot	Newport Waltz	Rory O'More	Spanish Waltz	Zulma
Alas, those chimes	Electric Light Galop	Home, Sweet Home	Mother's Song, A	National Anthems		Sir Roger de Coverly
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Bonnie Blue Flag	Flowers of Edinb'g	Kathleen Aroon	Prince or Peasant	France		Smash the Windows
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Camptown Hornpi'e	German Redowa	Lord's my Shepherd	Red Lion Hornpipe	Sweden		Watch on the Rhine
Durang's Hornpipe	Minnie Foster's Clog	Miss McLeod's Reel	Rickett's Hornpipe	Old Oaken Bucket		World's Fair Waltz
Blue bell of Scotland	Dick Sand's Hornpipe	Jordan is a Hard Road	Maryland, my Maryland.	Steambost Quickstep		
Campbells are comin'	Fra Diavolo Quickstep	Kathleen mavourneen	Maid of the Pump Room	Sword of Bunker Hill		
Charley over the water	Girl I left Behind Me	Last Rose of Summer	Nearer my God to Thee	'Tis True We're Fading		
Constitution Hornpipe	Haste to the Wedding	Lady Walpole's Reel	Oh, you Little Darling	Tom, the Piper's Son		
Can You keep a Secret?	Jesus, Lover of my Soul	Love's old sweet song	Soft Music is Stealing	Vinton's Hornpipe (I.)		
Comin' Thro' the Rye	Jolly Dancers' Medley	Lamplighter's Hornpipe	Sonnambula Quickstep	Vinton's Hornpipe(II.)		
Barney, the lad from Kildare	Going to Market (four hands)	Over the Water to Charlie	Uncle Dan'l's jined de Saints			
Bye and bye (four hands)	Golden Days (four hands)	Our first and last Good-night	Woodman, spare that Tree			
Carillon de Dunkerque, Le	Harp that once through Tara's	Oh, carry me back to Old Virg.	Wind that shakes the Barley			
Dear Heart, we're growing old	Hermit's Heart to the Ladies	On the Banks of the Beautiful	Within a Mile of Edinburo			
De Banjo am de Instrument	In time of Apple Blooms	Sparkling Dew-Drop Schott'e	Watchman, tell us of the night			
Don't drink, my boy, to-night	Keep the Horseshoe over Door	Then You Wink the Other Eye	Where the Many Mansions be			
Dashing White Sergeant	Light in the Window, The	There is Rest for the Weary				

The above **Two Hundred and Seventeen Selections** by mail, post-paid, for **Thirty cents.**

OFFER No. 4. THE GALAXY OF MUSIC, a monthly magazine of Vocal and Instrumental Music. Each number contains from 32 to 48 pages of choice, selected music, printed from extra large music plates, including the most popular and latest music of the day; in fact, the pick of the world. Each number contains from $4 to $6 worth of music, and costs only 10 cts. The 12 numbers of the year make a volume of 500 pages, containing over 200 pieces.

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OUR GREATEST OFFER OF ALL.

Upon receipt of $2.00, we will forward by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico, all the music contained in Offers 1, 2 and 3, and the Galaxy of Music one year. Just think of it! 1200 pages of music for $2.00. Boston, 26c., Postal Union, 60c. extra.

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F. M. TRIFET, 408 Washington St., Boston, Mass.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

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FAULTLESS FITTING FOOT FORMS

Satin Kid, sewed by New Process. Smooth Insoles—no tacks—no nails or rough thread to hurt the most sensitive feet.

2¼ to 8. AA to E.

Sent to any address on receipt of price and postage, 20 cents. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

STREETER BROS.,
State and Madison Streets, CHICAGO.



Your silver is bright the day it is bought and shines each day it is cleaned. Between times it is dull-looking and tarnished. Once a week—on cleaning day—it is bright silver and on the other six days, as far as appearance goes, it may be tin or pewter. Why not have it shine like new silver every day? Provide your maid with Stilboma and she can easily keep the silver bright and shining every day in the year, with little effort.

A large sample of Stilboma will be sent to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose six cents in stamps. THE CHANDLER & RUDD CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

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THE OCTOBER NUMBER

of THE DINGEE & CONARD COMPANY'S NEW FLORAL MONTHLY makes a special feature of seasonable Bulbs for Fall Planting. Describes with directions, and an illustrated diagram showing how to plant the different classes in open ground, distance apart, depth, etc.

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FREESIAS, IXIAS, SPARAXIAS,
OXALIS, POPPY ANEMONES,
THE BLACK CALLA—SOLOMON'S LILY, etc., etc.

The Successful Flower Grower, does the right thing at the right time. Success With Flowers will be found the greatest help. Every member of the family reads it.

For only 25 cents—we will send Success With Flowers, postpaid each month, beginning with October, for Fifteen months. We make this remarkable offer feeling sure that every new subscriber will always remain a subscriber. Address

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WEST GROVE, PA.

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The Youth's Companion is an illustrated weekly paper of eight pages. Its subscription price is $1.75 a year, payment in advance.

Twelve or sixteen pages are often given its subscribers in a single weekly issue of the paper. All additional pages over eight—which is the number given for $1.75—are a gift to the subscribers from the Publishers.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year. The Companion does not employ agents to solicit renewals of subscriptions.

Payment for The Companion, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-Office Money Order, Bank Check, or Draft, or an Express Money Order. WHEN NEITHER OF THESE CAN BE PROCURED, send the money in a Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Silver should never be sent through the mail. It is almost sure to wear a hole through the envelope and be lost, or else it is stolen. Persons who send silver to us in a letter must do it on their own responsibility.

Postal Notes are not a safe means of sending money. Any one can collect them at any Money-Order Post-Office, and, if lost or stolen, the money cannot be recovered, as no duplicates are issued. Subscribers who send us Postal Notes must do so at their own risk.

Renewals.—Three weeks are required after the receipt of money by us before the date opposite your name on your paper, which shows to what time your subscription is paid, can be changed.

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Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

For the Companion.

THE MICROBE OF MALARIA.

The discovery that most infectious diseases are due to microscopic organisms wrought a revolution in the practice of medicine. Continued investigations by experts in all parts of the world have confirmed the original discovery, and may be said to have placed it among established facts.

It has been further shown that microbic diseases are infectious only because the microbes, or their spores or seeds given off by the patient, find their way into other persons, either as inhaled by the lungs, swallowed with food or drink, or absorbed by some abraded surface. Even consumption has been proved to be a microbic disease, and therefore infectious.

Another important fact has been established, namely, that persons in high health, with the system in a state of vigorous functional activity, are not greatly liable to infection, the microbic invaders being killed by the serum, or by the white corpuscles of the blood.

Most microbes are microscopic *plants*. This is true of those known as bacteria, which are akin to the yeast-plant so valuable to housekeepers. The power of a little leaven to "leaven the whole lump" depends on its unlimited power of multiplication.

But some microbes are animalculæ. A few years ago certain experts thought they had found the cause of intermittent fevers in certain bacteria, and the discovery aroused much enthusiasm. Later investigations, however, led the best authorities to reject the supposed discovery.

In 1884 Laveran published a work on "Paludal [marsh] Fevers," in which he professed to have discovered the cause of these fevers in an animal parasite. Says the *Medical and Surgical Reporter:*

"During the past six years evidence has been accumulating from all parts of the world confirmatory of the results obtained by Laveran, and there is largely the same kind of evidence that the plasmodium discovered by him in 1880 is the infectious agent of intermittent fever, as there is that Koch's bacillus is the cause of tuberculosis."

These parasites are colorless, pear-shaped bodies, about half as large as a red-blood corpuscle, and are furnished with whip-like appendages by which they move. They invade the red-blood corpuscles, and destroy them by feeding on them.

Out of four hundred and eighty cases of intermittent fever, Laveran found these parasites present in four hundred and thirty-two. Another expert found them in every case, and never in healthy subjects, or persons suffering from other diseases. There are different species, corresponding to the different forms of intermittent fevers, and accounting for the regular succession of the ague fits. These intervals are the time necessary for the production of new broods of parasites, and their invasion of fresh blood-corpuscles.

"MADAGASCAR."

He was a big brown dog, the pet of the regiment. Colonel R——, his master, had brought him from Madagascar, hence his name. When he first joined the company he was devoted exclusively to his owner, but in the course of three months he had become everybody's dog; and with good reason, for all the men made much of him.

When we were at Fair Oaks, Va., Madagascar first began to do picket duty. There was one outpost where he always spent the night, no matter what soldier might be on duty there. The various sentinels tried vainly to coax him to other places; he never went.

It gave a fellow a very pleasant sensation to have that big brown dog curled up asleep near him. Madagascar would hear the slightest sound. If a leaf or twig rustled he was on the alert, and would start off to investigate. If he found everything quiet he would return, lie down and go to sleep again. But if it was an enemy or a stranger, he would growl and stand guard until the sentry spoke to him.

One morning in winter, just before dawn, Madagascar suddenly rose and trotted off to a line of oaks. He growled, and the next moment there was a smothered exclamation in a hoarse voice. There followed a burst of flame in front of our picket line, and a shower of bullets whistled by us. One man was shot.

We returned the fire; and then, after a few random shots, silence again reigned. Madagascar had evidently frustrated the enemy's plan of surprising us. For when the relief force came, there was no sign of the attacking party save their tracks in the mud, showing their line of retreat.

But where was Madagascar? Two hours after the little skirmish was over, the noble dog was discovered dragging himself painfully toward the picket post where he had spent the night. He was sorely wounded, and despite all that could be done, he died that day at noon.

Madagascar was buried, wrapped in a tattered flag, and his comrades of the picket-line fired a soldiers' volley over the dog-soldier's grave.

WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?

A New York boy who keeps his eyes open for curiosities, describes in a letter a queer little establishment which he visited not long ago. He was out shopping with his mother, who was trying to find a dressmaker in a big block down town, when he happened to spy two little signs over a door, which read:

BUTTON-HOLES INSIDE.
ANY BUTTON MATCHED—TEN CENTS ONLY.

"I begged to look in, and mamma said that perhaps I could match the button I had just lost off my jacket. So we went into a queer little room, where a very old man sat behind a counter sorting buttons. A smaller room opened out of this one, and I saw a young girl sewing at a tiny table. Back of the old man were shelves on which were piled boxes of buttons.

"I asked if he had any like those on my jacket. He took down several boxes, and soon found one, and the girl sewed it on my jacket right there.

"We paid him, and mamma asked about the business, for she had never heard of such a shop before. He told us that he and his granddaughter made enough to live on. She makes the button-holes for a cent and a half apiece, and he goes around collecting buttons. Tailors, dressmakers, clothing shops and junk-men save them for him, and he buys them pretty cheap.

"He let me look over his collection, of which he seemed very proud. I never saw such a variety of colors, shapes and sizes. There were buttons of gold, silver, pearl, agate, glass, bone, jet, shell, gilt, nickel, brass, silk, crochet, onyx, ivory, steel, horn, porcelain, and I don't know how many more substances.

"Sometimes he gets a good price for a rare button, but the usual price is ten cents.

"He has regular customers; for all the shops where he buys odd buttons send people to him, and they seldom go away without finding the very thing they are after."

NATURAL INFERENCE.

It was Saturday afternoon, and time that little Mary should begin the preparation of her Sunday-school lesson; but unfortunately, she was deeply engaged in designing a new and especially elaborate tea-gown for her oldest doll, who, so Mary thought, had reached a time of life when a tea-gown could no longer be dispensed with.

Her mother several times called the attention of the busy little dressmaker to the advanced hour of the afternoon; and finally her older sister, taking a Bible from the bureau, said, "Come, Mary, I'll help you learn your lesson, and then you can go back to your play."

Mary came over to her sister's side, ready to begin the lesson, when suddenly she exclaimed, "Sister, let's study it out of grandpa's Bible."

"But what difference can it make?"

"Why, grandpa's Bible is so much more interesting than yours."

"Oh no, Mary, they are just the same exactly."

"Well," replied the observing child, who probably had no thought of rebuking anybody, "I really think grandpa's must be more interesting than yours; he reads it so much more."

OF GOOD QUALITY.

Wit is so often used as a weapon of discourtesy that it is doubly pleasant to meet, as we do now and then, with a case of the opposite kind.

Some of the English nobility were travelling in the west of Ireland, and one of the company, who had been told that the natives would be sure to agree with everything that might be said to them, determined to test the truth of the assertion. Accordingly, in one of the coasting trips with which the tour was diversified, while the wind was blowing half a gale, he shouted to the Irish pilot:

"There's very little wind."

The answer came back at once:

"Thrue for you, sir. But what there is is very strong."

NOT IN THE BOOK.

The idioms of the English language add not a little to its beauty and usefulness; but they are sometimes capable of an interpretation quite different from the one intended.

A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired; but the excellence of the sponge cake was especially the subject of remark.

"Oh," exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light! Do tell me where you got the recipe!"

"I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."

SET BACK.

The misplacing of a single letter seems a trifling thing, but what a revolution of meaning it may produce!

A sign made of cardboard letters, hung on a wire in a furnishing store, announces to the public of Boston that the establishment is Blank's Shirt Store. But the *s* of the final word somehow slipped along toward the preceding word, and the passers-by were surprised to read: Blank's Shirts Tore.

AN astute bachelor declares that he is never going to marry till he can get a wife with money enough so that he can support her handsomely.

"I will never buy a cheap extract again," said a Mrs. Brown, when she found her child's life in danger from eating an ice cream flavored with an extract recommended for its cheapness. Buy Burnett's, and be sure.

For the teeth use "Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice." This preparation gives the best results obtainable. Soap destroys the animal and vegetable parasites on the teeth, and camphor hardens the gums. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Sold by druggists. [*Adv.*

YOU USE, WE MAKE Lace Curtains.

Buy direct from the manufacturer at manufacturers' prices and save all dealers' profits.
Send two cents for illustrated Catalogue.
JOHN WALLIS & CO., 291 Church St., New York.

The Edgar Nutmeg Grater



is the only **Good Nutmeg Grater.** It will not tear your fingers, or drop the Nutmeg, and you can grate the Nutmeg to the merest shell. Ask your dealer for this Grater or send 25 cents and we will send one post-paid. **Tell Your Neighbor.**
THE EDGAR MANUFG. CO., Reading, Mass.

IF YOU WILL SEND
For the Descriptive Pamphlet of the
BEAR VALLEY IRRIGATION CO.
(of Redlands, Southern California)
It will present to you an Investment which is thoroughly sound, and which at the present selling price of the stock, will yield you almost or quite twice as much as ordinary investments.
The Company is increasing its Capital to enlarge its works, and will multiply its present large earning capacity three fold. It is paying dividends regularly and has a constantly increasing surplus in its dividend fund. Full information on addressing,
CHAS. W. GREENE,
Financial Agent, Murray Hill Hotel, New York City.

Our Patent Regulating Device and Patent Cam Lock are means whereby the taking out of the action and its regulating are made matters which consume little time. You pay your tuner for his time and skill.

The EVERETT PIANO

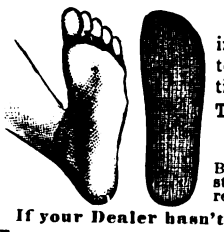
through reason it contains above patents, he can often regulate and tune in the same time he would tune another piano.
If not for sale by your local dealer, address
THE JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, O.

"From Andante to Allegro," an illustrated pamphlet, will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen.

Tiresome Darning!

Women, save your eyes and your hands.
Men, save your wives and your money.
The pointed end of the old style stocking crowds the toes together, and the Big Toe in order to regain its natural position forces itself through the fabric. Result—discomfort, darning.

Waukenhose



The New Shape in stockings allows the toes their proper positions and is consequently **The Most Durable and The Only Comfortable.**
Ingrowing Nails, Corns, Bunions, etc, due to the old style stocking, prevented or relieved by Waukenhose.
If your Dealer hasn't them, send to us.

Try a Pair.
Men's: Medium or heavy Cotton, 25 cts. Fine Cotton, 35 cts. Soft Lisle, Merino or Wool, 50 cts. Cashmere, 75 cts.
Women's: Fine Cotton, extra quality, 50 cts. Balbriggan, 60 cts. Cashmere, $1.00.
Mention size shoe, and whether man's or woman's.
ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE
on receipt of postal-card with your address.
WAUKENHOSE COMPANY, 76 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass.

BARGAINS IN NEW BICYCLES
Easy Payments, with no extra charge.

	Mfrs Price	Ours
'90 Crescent Safety, ball bear'gs	$90	$70
Mercury Diamond Safety, all steel	$130	$75
Springfield Roadster, headers imposs	$120	$70
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Others as cheap, all makes new or 2d hd, lowest prices
Cata free. Rouse, Hazard & Co., 8 G St., Peoria, Ill.

CANFIELD FABRIC.
A production from Rubber and Stockinet, by processes and machinery exclusively our own. Perfectly **impervious to water, highly absorbent, soft as kid, elastic and pliable,** and **readily cleansed** by washing.
From the Canfield Fabric are manufactured the popular



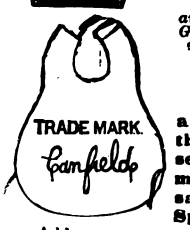
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1. The Canfield Seamless Dress Shield. The only reliable dress shield in the world. 25c.



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3. The Canfield Bib. The only bib that is **thoroughly waterproof,** with highly absorbent qualities.....25c.



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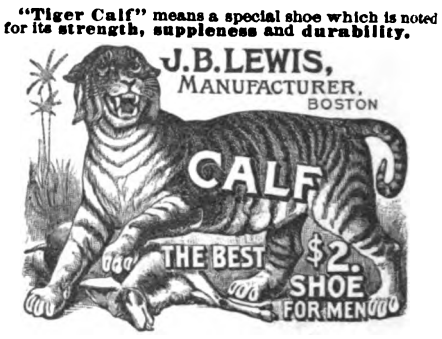
☞ *The Fabric and Specialties are for sale by all first-class Dry Goods Stores, or sent by mail on receipt of above prices.*

Any lady furnishing her address, and stating where this advertisement was seen, will receive by return mail a set of miniature samples of The Canfield Specialties.

Address
CANFIELD RUBBER CO.,
The Times Building,
NEW YORK CITY.

LEWIS' TIGER CALF.
$2.00 MEN'S SHOES

"Tiger Calf" means a special shoe which is noted for its **strength, suppleness and durability.**



We want every shoe-dealer in the United States to sell these Shoes. If your dealer does not, send us his name and we will see that you are able to procure a pair at once. Address **J. B. LEWIS, Boston.**

Toile de Luxe.
A Dyed Cotton Fabric.
ONE YARD WIDE.
15c. per yard.
This is unquestionably the best wash fabric on the American market. It is DYED, not printed, so the colors are warranted absolutely FAST. It comes in small figures and hair line stripes on a red or blue ground. We control every yard manufactured and will cheerfully send samples to any address.
JORDAN, MARSH & CO., Boston, Mass.

Short-sighted



—the woman who doesn't use *Pearline;* the woman who fails to have her servants use *Pearline.* She fails to see what is good for her; she fails to have what is best for her.
Without *Pearline,* washing and cleaning is drudgery and toil, and wear and tear, and rub, rub, rub. With it, there is no hard work, and no harm to the finest things; there is little or no rubbing. Use *Pearline,* and rest from your labor; the rest of your labor—the hardest part—is done by *Pearline.*

Fore-sight The woman has fore-sight who refuses the imitations of Pearline offered by peddlers and unscrupulous grocers, which they claim to be "same as Pearline," or "as good as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—besides, Pearline is never peddled.

243 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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Vol. 64. No. 44.
Premium Number, Forty-Eight Pages.

This is the Regular Issue of The Youth's Companion for October 29, 1891.

$1.75 a Year.
Single Copies, Five Cents.

An Unparalleled Offer!

Seven Thousand Dollars in Cash

To Be Divided Among Our Workers.

In Former Years our Presents of Cash were given to those who secured the **largest lists** of Subscribers to THE COMPANION. This year a different method of award has been adopted, by which Subscribers will share in a **Large Sum** of **Money** for securing **smaller** lists of New Subscribers. The **Extraordinary Offers** named below make it possible for every Persistent Worker to be sure of receiving a handsome Additional Reward.

Four Thousand Dollars

Will be DIVIDED EQUALLY among those of our Subscribers who between November 1, 1891, and July 1, 1892, shall each send us EIGHT NEW SUBSCRIBERS who have each paid $1.75—the full subscription price of THE COMPANION.

This Division of Money will be made in ADDITION to the Premiums given for the Eight New Subscribers, and in ADDITION to the EXTRA Premium given for each list of FIVE New Subscribers.

Three Thousand Dollars

Will be DIVIDED EQUALLY among those of our Subscribers who between November 1, 1891, and July 1, 1892, shall each send us THIRTEEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS who have each paid $1.75—the full subscription price of THE COMPANION.

As only a comparatively few send us Clubs of Thirteen New Subscribers, the proportion of money to be received in this class will be much greater than in that of the **$4,000** OFFER for Eight New Subscribers.

This Division of Money will be made in ADDITION to the Premiums given for the Thirteen New Subscribers, and in ADDITION to the EXTRA Premium given for each list of FIVE New Subscribers.

An Extra Premium for Five New Subscribers.

If, between the dates named above, any Subscriber sends us **Five** New Subscribers to THE COMPANION, he will be entitled to an **Extra** Premium consisting of Goods to the value of $4.00, to be selected from the PREMIUM LIST at the prices there named. This **Extra** Premium will be given in **Addition** to the Regular Premium for each New Subscriber.

Conditions Under Which the Cash is Offered.

ANY SUBSCRIBER COMPETING under the above Offers MUST CONFORM TO ALL the conditions for getting New Subscribers that are named on this and the next page.

WE INSIST AS AN ABSOLUTE condition that every New Subscriber sent us in competition for the extraordinary Gifts offered above, shall be a bona fide Subscriber who has paid $1.75 for the paper. No name of a person to whom the paper is given by the Subscriber competing for the gifts will be allowed to apply on these Offers.

IN COMPETING FOR A PRESENT a Subscriber must act for THE COMPANION alone, and not for any other paper, unless he finds a person who wishes to take, in connection with THE COMPANION, one of the papers we offer on our club list.

IF ANY OF THESE CONDITIONS are violated—even in a SINGLE instance—the Share in the Division of Money will NOT be given to the Subscriber who might, if he had been honest, have been entitled to it.

A SUBSCRIBER will be allowed but one share in EACH of the above Divisions of Money—a list of twenty-one New Subscriptions entitling him to share in both.

Conditions Covering the Extra Premium.

THE FULL VALUE OF THE $4.00 EXTRA PREMIUM must be taken in GOODS from this PREMIUM LIST, and selected all at one time. No part of the value of the Extra Premium can be used to pay the "additionals" required on regular Premiums, or transportation or packing charges on any goods.

THE $4.00 EXTRA PREMIUM must be reckoned at prices named for a single article, and not at prices that may be quoted for goods by the quantity.

SHOULD THE ADDED PRICES of the goods selected as an Extra Premium happen to exceed the $4.00 allowance, the difference in value must be remitted with the order.

THE EXTRA PREMIUM offered for each Club of Five New Subscribers, or multiple thereof, will be forwarded as soon after they are earned as you may notify us to do so. This notification must be accompanied by a list of all the New Subscribers, with addresses, which you have sent us during the season. The competition for these Extra Premiums and Cash Presents begins with November 1, 1891, and closes July 1, 1892. Unless the Extra Premium is selected previous to August 1, 1892, it will not be allowed.

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Special Instructions to Our Subscribers.

Special Instructions.

Enclose a two-cent stamp with all letters requiring answers.

Subscriptions to The Youth's Companion can commence with the first of any month during the year.

Send your new names as you get them. Always send the payment for each subscription with the name. We cannot enter a new subscription on our books unless payment is made at the time the new subscriber is sent.

You can send for a Premium for each new subscriber as you send us the names, or you can complete your list and then select your Premiums, as you may prefer.

You must not delay ordering all Premiums due you LONGER THAN A YEAR after the new subscribers are sent. We cannot promise to send the Premiums after this time.

When calling for Premiums on new subscribers which have been placed to your credit, **in every case** we shall require a complete list, with addresses and dates of sending, of all new subscribers forwarded by you since your **Premium Credit** account was last squared.

When you write regarding your subscription, or send us new subscribers, or order Premiums, *be sure* and sign the name that is printed on your COMPANION each week, and also give the name of the post-office from which you take the paper. **This is necessary** for us to find your name on our books.

How to Send Money by Mail.

There are four ways by which money can be sent by mail at our own risk,—by a Post-Office Money Order, Bank Check or Draft, or an Express Money Order, and *when neither of these can be procured,* in a Registered Letter. **If you send your money in any other way, you must do it at your own risk.**

Postal Notes are not Safe. Subscribers who send us Postal Notes must do so at their own risk.

Silver should never be sent through the mail. It is almost sure to wear a hole through the envelope and be lost. Whoever sends silver to us in a letter must do it at his own risk.

Postage Stamps will not be received in payment for your subscription. If sent, they will be returned.

Special Notice.—When you send money to us, include the *entire amount* you wish to send us in the Post-Office Money Order, Express Order, Postal Note or Bank Draft, and thus avoid sending stamps.

Payment of Postage.

Do not forget to send the postage on your Premiums, **Extra** Premiums and Goods purchased. We cannot agree to forward the articles unless the full amount of Postage has been received.

Responsibility for Lost Packages.



We are not responsible for the delivery of packages sent by mail, but, by means of a system at our command, we are able to guarantee the arrival of goods when a person adds **three cents** to his or her order for Premiums or purchases.

The "Additional."

The "additional" money asked for on some Premiums is **not** for Postage, but is for the extra cost of the article. It must be sent in addition to the sum required for Postage.

THE
Companion
SENT FREE.

You can promise New Subscribers that if they subscribe either in November or December, that the publishers will send the paper FREE from the time the subscription is received to January 1, 1892, and will give a year's subscription from that date.

Complaints.

Delays in receiving Premiums.—If the goods which you have ordered are not received by return mail or express, do not feel unduly anxious, or write at once. Allow a reasonable length of time for delays on the road and at our office, and then write us a letter. When you write, follow these rules carefully:

Give as nearly as possible an EXACT COPY of your original order, being sure to give DATE when the letter was mailed.

Did it contain subscriptions?—If so, give names and addresses.

Tell us the amount of money you enclosed, and if it was in a money order, bank draft, or express order. If either of these, give us the date, number and amount of order or draft.

If you registered your letter, give us the date of your receipt. This information is necessary for us to find your order.

Premiums and Goods by Express.—Sometimes we think it best to send goods by prepaid express, rather than by mail, therefore please inquire at both express and post-office before making complaint.

Our Sales Department.

The articles in this PREMIUM LIST can be purchased by any one, whether subscribers or not, at the prices named.

We would suggest that friends and neighbors wishing to purchase goods from our PREMIUM LIST can save the mail charges by clubbing their orders and having the goods forwarded to one address by express. Many have followed this suggestion, with good results.

Suggestions for New Premiums.

Occasionally we are asked to make some change in our Premium offers, or to send some article not offered in our PREMIUM LIST. On account of the magnitude and detail of our business we are obliged to decline all such requests. We will, however, favor our subscribers by allowing them an opportunity to make **suggestions** for such Premiums as they would gladly work for at some future time. The best of the suggestions will be carefully considered when making up our next PREMIUM LIST. Any such suggestions, to receive attention, must be written on a sheet by itself, and not be a part of any other correspondence.

Giving the Paper to a Friend.

When you give a year's subscription of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION to a friend, please *state the fact* when you send us the new name. By so doing, the paper will be stopped by us at the close of the time to which it has been paid. Your friend will thus be saved the annoyance of receiving a bill for the next year's subscription.

Conditions Under Which Premiums are Offered.

1. The Premiums are offered to *subscribers only.* By subscribers we mean persons whose names are on our books, and to *whose addresses* we regularly mail each week a copy of THE COMPANION.

2. No Person can receive a Premium on his own name, or that of any member of his own family; but, if any person will *first* subscribe for the paper, and *then* use his time and influence to obtain new subscribers, he will then be entitled to a Premium for each new subscriber he may solicit and send us.

3. No Premium is given for less than a yearly subscription to THE COMPANION.

4. No Premium is allowed for the renewal of a subscription to THE COMPANION.

5. No Premium will be given to an old subscriber who offers THE COMPANION at a reduced price. The full **$1.75** must be received by you in advance from the new subscriber.

6. You must not offer any Premium you may get, or any abatement in the price of the paper, or any gift of any kind, in order to get persons to subscribe. The only inducement you must offer to secure Subscribers to THE COMPANION must be the merits of the paper alone.

7. Names of New Subscribers on which premiums are expected must be sent to us by the old subscriber direct, in order to obtain a premium. No deviation from this rule can be allowed.

8. No person taking THE COMPANION from a news stand or news agent, and not directly from us, can have Premiums for new subscribers that he may send to us.

9. No old subscriber sending new subscribers through a news agent or postmaster or any other person can obtain Premiums for them. The old subscriber must himself send the names.

10. No Premiums will be allowed to Newsdealers, Publishers, or Newspaper Club Agents.

11. No Premium can be allowed for a subscription that has been obtained by a Newspaper Club Agent, Professional Canvasser, Publisher or Organized Worker, and given to you to help increase your list.

12. No Premium can be allowed for a subscription to THE COMPANION if the paper is for a Reading Room, Club, Association or Public Institution.

13. No Premium can be allowed on the transfer of subscriptions. If a boy or girl in a family has received THE COMPANION this year, and it is decided that the paper shall come next year in the name of a brother or sister or any member of their family, it must be remembered that this is only a transfer, and not a new subscription. We cannot allow a Premium for it. This change of names on our list does not increase the number of our subscribers. Our Premiums are given for work which shall permanently increase our list of subscribers.

Lovell's Diamond Safety $85.00 Bicycles.



For Gentlemen.

A Special Offer.

Last June we made a Special Offer of Lovell's Boys' and Girls' Safety Bicycles. The Offer was an astonishing success. Hundreds of our enterprising subscribers earned a wheel.

We have since received many requests to make a Special Offer of Lovell's Diamond $85.00 Safety Bicycle.

We have decided to make such an Offer. The following describes both the No. 1 and No. 3 machines, with this exception: The No. 3 is for Ladies' use, and has the guard and drop frame—28-inch Wheels.

Diamond frame of steel tubing and steel drop forgings, 30-inch wheels with ⅞ inch endless molded rubber tires, spokes butt-ended, rims crescent pattern, hubs steel drop forged, bearings all ball adjustable, chain, English pattern, adjustable crank driving gear, suspension saddle with combination front and rear spring and arc adjustment, direct plunger brake, detachable mud and chain guards, nickel detachable wire lantern bracket, patent chain adjustment, adjustable coasters, detachable step, pedal rubbers clover-leaf pattern, non-slipping, detachable cranks, detachable hollow handle bars, "L" saddle rod. Finished in three coats of black enamel and handsomely nickel trimmed. Weight complete 49 pounds. Gear 54. Each machine is supplied with tool bag, B. & S. wrench and oil can.

We Propose to Help you get the Bicycle.

We wish to know just how many would like to earn this beautiful Bicycle before April 1, 1892. If you desire to work for it, write and tell us, and we will send you special helps for securing it. These helps will consist of instructions how to work, and also **illustrated Bicycle certificates,** which you will find invaluable. With these, almost any active person can earn the Bicycle before April 1, 1892.

A Costly Offer.

Ordinarily it would be necessary for you to obtain one hundred new subscribers to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION in order to secure this superb Bicycle, but until April, 1892, we will reduce this number one-half, making it just fifty. We thus give you five months to earn this machine. Start out with success as your motto and you will be the owner of this superb Bicycle before April 1st.

Until April 1, 1892, given for fifty new subscribers. Price $85.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a Premium or sale.

Lovell's $35.00 Safety Bicycle.

To favor the boys and girls, we again make the Special Offer of this favorite wheel. Ordinarily it would require fifty new subscribers to obtain this machine, but until April 1st we will give it for only twenty New Subscribers. Send for the Special Helps.



For Ladies.

DESCRIPTION. Drop Frame, Steel Tubing, 26-inch Wheels, Crescent Rim, Molded Rubber Tires, Direct Spokes, Plunger Brake, Adjustable Cone Bearings, Adjustable Suspension Saddle, Frame and Wheels Enameled, all other parts Nickeled. Each machine fitted with Saddle Bag, Wrench and Oil Can. This Wheel is adapted to boys and girls from eight to fourteen years of age.

Given, until April 1, 1892, for twenty new subscribers. Price $35.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a Premium or purchased.

NOTICE.—The above offers are **special,** and are made at a heavy cost to us. Therefore a Subscriber who takes one of these Bicycles cannot be allowed the **Extra** Premiums, but we will allow him to share in the Division of Money offered on the first page of this LIST. We will send descriptive Catalogue of these Wheels on receipt of stamp.

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Directions to Determined Workers.

How to Get New Subscribers.

If you wish to interest people in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, and induce them to subscribe for it, First, get them to read it. By so doing they will better appreciate its character, and will more readily subscribe for it.

One of the best conditions of success, in getting new subscribers to the paper, is to send us the names and addresses of FIVE GOOD FAMILIES that you think are able to pay for THE COMPANION and ought to take a good family paper, and that you are willing to call upon and invite to subscribe.

Our Coöperation.

On receipt of this list of names we will mail to each, specimen copies of THE COMPANION, and tell them these are sent by request of one of their neighbors.

We will also send you further hints how to get Subscribers, Order-blanks and Return Envelope.

Experience has shown that the families who receive sample copies of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION become interested in them, so that when you call on them later, to obtain their subscription, you will be kindly received, and in many cases you will be successful. Please give this plan a fair trial.

Black Beauty—New Edition.

For the past three years our subscribers have been greatly assisted in their endeavor to secure new subscribers by sending us lists of families as outlined, to whom we send specimen copies.

In October, we mailed each one of our regular subscribers, with the Announcement, a circular and blank. We trust you have carefully read the circular, and that you will act upon its suggestion.

Each subscriber who fills out the blank according to the conditions therein stated, and sends it to us, will receive free, a copy of *Black Beauty*. Please do this at once. It is the greatest possible help.

A Liberal Offer.

This is a costly Offer for us to make. It is made with the hope that a very large number of our friends will this year work earnestly to secure new subscribers to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Be enterprising and persistent.

In no case can you give THE COMPANION away to increase your list. We are more than generous in these Offers, and we shall insist that every new subscriber shall pay the full subscription price of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, which is $1.75 a year. Faithfully carry out instructions in all cases.

Waltham and Elgin Watches for Ladies and Gentlemen.

A Special Offer. Limited.

Waltham and Elgin

Watches are too well known to need any special description from us.

Their reputation is such that it only requires the magic password of their names to admit them into the pockets of every American who seeks the best Watch.

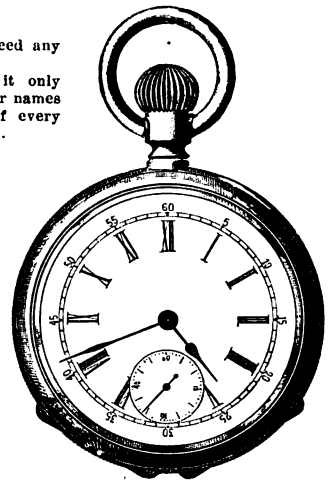
Our Purpose.

Hundreds of thousands of boys are now carrying cheap Watches. We propose to make an offer by which very many of our subscribers may become the owners of a fine Waltham or Elgin—they can have their choice.

Recently both of these companies have made general and liberal reductions in the prices of their movements. This reduction we are sure will be appreciated by all of our subscribers.

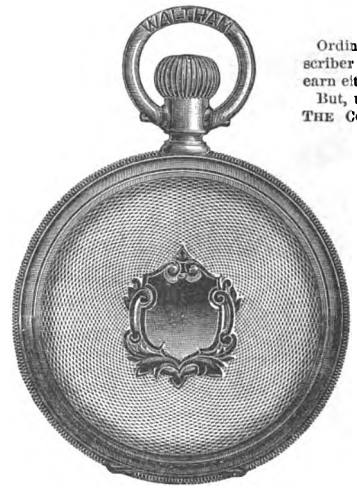
Description.

These are the regular Movements encased in Solid Silver Open Face Cases, with Crystals. The Lady's Movement, however, is in a Hunting Case. If preferred we can send the Gentleman's Watch in Hunting Case, although we recommend the Open Face Case.





Lady's Watch.



The Special Offer.

Ordinarily it would require an old subscriber to obtain twenty new subscribers to earn either of these Watches.

But, until April 1, 1892, any subscriber to THE COMPANION who may send ten new subscribers will be entitled to either one of these Watches. In ordering say whether you wish the Elgin or Waltham.

This is a costly offer for us to make. No Extra Premium can be allowed when this Watch is ordered, although we allow a subscriber to share in the Division of Money offered on the first page of this LIST.

A number of boys and girls each obtained twenty new subscribers between June and October—the poorest months to work.

You certainly ought to be able to obtain ten new subscribers, especially when the best months in the year are before you. Make up your mind that you will get a Watch, and our word for it, you will succeed in less time than you think. Send to us for Special Helps for getting the Watch. We will also give free with either of the Watches a beautiful rolled gold-plated Chain, with pretty Charm. **Postage and packing 25 cents.**

Caligraph Special, No. 3. Limited Offer.

This popular Typewriter needs no introduction. It is constructed with interchangeable parts and adjustable bearings, and of the finest materials obtainable.

The Caligraph Special, No. 3, is the latest effort in the manufacture of Writing Machines. In it are combined all the latest improvements for giving speed and perfect alignment. The Machine has seventy-eight characters, giving complete set of capitals and lower-case letters, numerals, and punctuation marks. Business men, teachers, clergymen, and all writers, will find in the Caligraph a machine which will meet their utmost expectations.

SPECIAL OFFER.—For a limited time, until April 1, 1892, we will give this fine Machine for only fifty-five new subscribers. Although the price of the Machine is $100, yet we do not sell it at all. It is offered only as an inducement for obtaining new subscribers to THE COMPANION.

As this offer is a very costly one for us to make, a subscriber who takes a Caligraph cannot be allowed the **Extra** Premiums, although we will allow him to share in the Division of Money.

Revolving Bookcase and Webster's Dictionary.

The Danner Revolving Bookcase is a marvel of simplicity and utility. It is made with a natural finish, and will not only hold the complete Set of Encyclopædia Britannica offered below, but also a dozen other books, and a Webster's International Dictionary besides.

We feel confident that this offer must appeal to every scholar and teacher. There is nothing in this line that could be more useful or convenient. The top of the Bookcase is flat, and large enough to act as a shelf for the Dictionary when spread open. The Shelves are ample for the largest of books. The International Dictionary is fully described on page fifteen of this LIST. It is recognized as the standard authority on the words and usages of the English language.

Until April 1, 1892, we will give the Danner Revolving Bookcase and a copy of Webster's International Dictionary for only **nine** new subscribers to THE COMPANION.

NOTE.—When a subscriber selects these two articles as a Premium, no **Extra** Premium can be allowed. We will, however, allow him to share in the Division of Money offered on the first page.

Our Special "Britannica" Offer. Limited.



What is the Encyclopædia Britannica? The greatest Set of Books in the English language. It is a Set of twenty-five octavo Volumes. It is a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences and General Literature. More than nine hundred authors, each most eminent in his own line, have had to do with its making. The most recent discoveries and conclusions in Science, History, Theology, Art, Music, Biography, are to be found here.

Each Encyclopædia is good for its special purpose. But each has a special purpose. The Britannica has no special purpose except to be scholarly. It is made for no one class. Its sole aim is to find bed-rock in every subject, and to be final authority on that subject.

No other Encyclopædia ever disputed this primacy. The original edition of the Britannica costs, in cloth, $198; in half Russia, $248. Such a luxury is out of the reach of most of us. Yet who of us who knew what an Encyclopædia meant did not long to possess the Britannica?

But now, an **American Edition** has been made; an edition wearing a dress worthy of the character of the work. Observe, this is not a mere "reprint." It is practically a new edition. American articles have been written. Moreover, many articles on other topics, written for the earlier volumes, have been carefully revised to date for this American edition. New maps and cuts have been added.

We will describe this Set: It is in twenty-five Volumes. Size of each Volume is 10½ x 8¼ x 2 inches,—just the same as the original. The paper is not coarse, like some of the cheap editions, but fine and smooth, like the original. The type is clear and distinct. The margins are wide. Number of pages, 20,506; number of illustrations, 10,614.

Observe, we do not sell this Set at all. We give it away. We want the Sets we offer to go into those homes where the necessary price would place the Books out of reach.

We make this very special and limited offer. Ordinarily it would require a list of fifty new subscribers to get this Set. But until April 1, 1892, we will give it to any subscriber to THE COMPANION who will send us only twenty new subscribers. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver. No Extra** Premium given when you order this Set, but we will allow a subscriber to share in the **Division of Money** offered on the first page of this LIST.

Now what home wants this enough to work for it? What teacher wants it enough to induce twenty scholars to take THE COMPANION? What society or club, or set of people, want to give this most acceptable present to Teacher or Pastor? On receipt of $5.00 extra, we will include the Danner Revolving Bookcase. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

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Books of Adventure, History and Biography.

The Cruise of a Land Yacht. By Sylvester Baxter.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



This is a beautiful Book, with rich paper, tasteful binding, and delightfully illustrated. It is another of those charming modern volumes of travel, and not inferior to the best of them. The Land Yacht is a private car, especially made, with remarkable and unprecedented though not impossible conveniences.

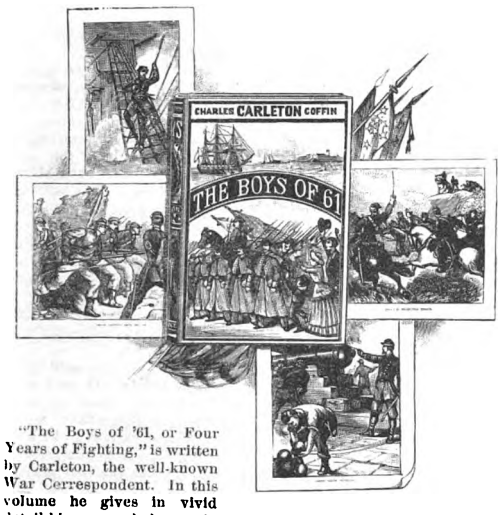
A family party start from Boston across the continent for a tour of Mexico. The story of the adventures in Mexico and of the whole cruise is a captivating one.

Mr. Baxter also weaves into the story a great deal of instructive information not likely to be forgotten, while his well-put comments on political institutions are calculated to make young Americans better citizens. The Book is very appropriate for a handsome gift.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 25 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Boys of '61. By "Carleton" (C. C. Coffin).

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.

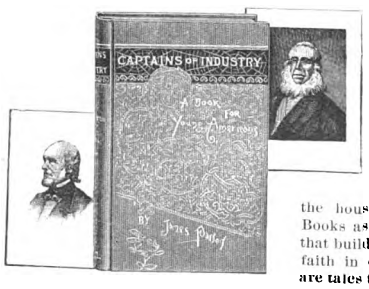


"The Boys of '61, or Four Years of Fighting," is written by Carleton, the well-known War Correspondent. In this volume he gives in vivid detail his personal observations, from the first battle of Bull Run to the fall of Richmond. It makes a very large Book, 9 x 7 inches, and contains 558 pages, and 90 original illustrations.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.35. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Captains of Industry.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



Mr. Parton, the author, is an intensely interesting writer, and his spirit is in sympathy with American ideas. The single biography of Maydole, the hammer-maker, is a lesson to influence a lifetime, as are such wonder-tales as Washburn, the wire-maker, Reynolds, the engine-driver, Jerome, the clock-maker, and Greeley, Cooper and Montefiore.

The boys of the household need such Books as these, with ideas that build life and give one faith in one's self. These are tales to make men.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

History of Scotland: or, Tales of a Grandfather. By Sir Walter Scott. 640 pages. Full-page plates.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.

This most excellent Book is a history of Scotland for the young. It is a series of familiar talks by the famous author with his grandson about the history of his native land. The Grandfather recounts in his wonderfully graphic way the stories of Macbeth, Robert The Bruce, Douglass, Queen Mary, Battles of Flodden and Culloden, etc. Handsome cloth binding.



Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.10. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Explorations of Livingstone and Stanley in Africa. Complete in one volume, 750 pages. Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



This valuable Book has been heretofore sold only by subscription, and has been quite expensive.

It is a thrilling narrative in itself, besides being a carefully prepared account from the most authentic source of the adventures, discoveries, experiences and achievements of two of the greatest explorers of the age.

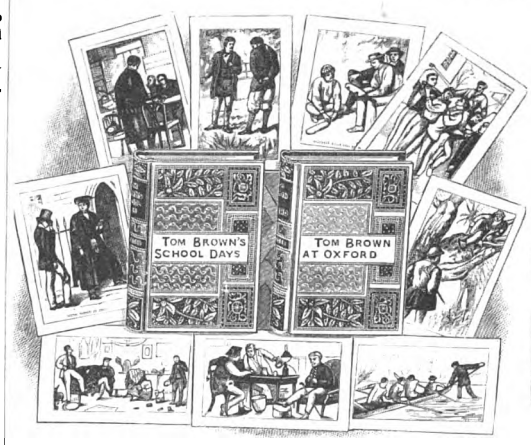
Since the death of Livingstone, the story of his life in the wild and wonderful country of Africa has a fresh interest. Those of our subscribers who read this Book will be delightfully and profitably entertained and instructed. It is a very large Book, 9¼ x 6½, and two inches thick, and will afford occupation for many long evenings. Good paper, large type, numerous full-page illustrations, 750 pages, strongly bound in cloth, ornamented in ink and gold.

Given for only one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.50. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. The regular price of this Book is $3.50.

Two World-Renowned Books. Tom Brown at Oxford; Tom Brown at Rugby. Two Volumes. 780 pages. Given for one new subscriber.

These are such useful and popular Books that we have decided to make an edition, and illustrate it with handsome and stirring engravings, as the cut shows. Such copies are not found in bookstores, except at high prices.

How Tom suffered as a new boy in a large school, endured the rough usage, overcame temptations, advanced from step to step through the school and university, is a fascinating story to any one.



Only a few years ago these Books were sold in four volumes of the same style of binding for $6.00. Now we offer the two for only one new subscriber. Thousands have been used. Two volumes, cloth. 780 pages. Both volumes for sale by us for $1.10. **Postage and packing 25 cents for the Set,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Price for single volume, 60 cents, and 15 cents additional for postage and packing.

Cooper's Leather-Stocking Tales; Cooper's Sea Tales. Ten volumes of Cooper's Works, bound in two volumes. Either volume given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional.



Leather-Stocking Tales. One volume. Contains—The Deerslayer, 218 pages; The Last of the Mohicans, 178 pages; The Pathfinder, 188 pages; The Pioneers, 181 pages; and The Prairie, 173 pages. 938 double-column pages in all, and 5 full-page cuts.

The Sea Tales. One volume. Contains—The Pilot, 166 pages; The Red Rover, 186 pages; The Water Witch, 184 pages; The Sea Lions, 185 pages; The Two Admirals, 192 pages. 913 double-column pages in all, and 5 full-page cuts.

These Books bound separately cost about $10.00. Either one of these large Books given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.35 per volume. **Postage and packing 20 cents per volume,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Blue-Jackets of '61. By Willis J. Abbot.

This fascinating Book, by Willis J. Abbot, contains over 300 pages, and is profusely illustrated with full-page engravings.
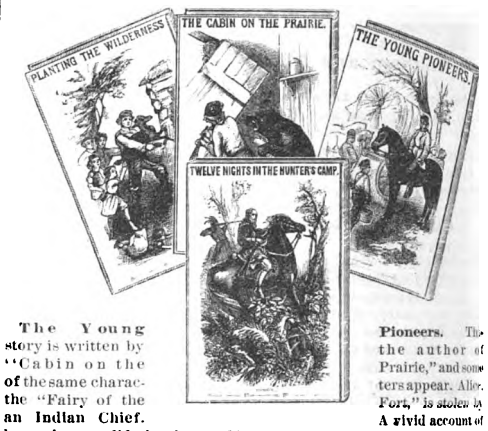
The many thrilling scenes of the "Blue-Jackets," as well as the daring deeds of the opposing naval forces during our late civil war, are here most graphically portrayed. It gives a faithful record of desperate bravery and dash, and wonderful energy and inventive skill, and will be sure to interest both the old and young.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 30 cents.**



Four Volumes of Frontier Stories. Paper Bound.

Planting the Wilderness. Long ago, when the Ohio Valley was a trackless forest, an unfortunate Virginian sought a new home there for his family. The cabin is built, and afterward a log fort. Two of the boys are carried away by Indians; then follows a fierce border war, the siege of the fort, capture of the whites, and afterwards the rescue by the scout, and John's wedding. 256 pages.



The Young Pioneers. The story is written by the author of "Cabin on the Prairie," and some of the same characters appear. Also the "Fairy of the Fort," is stolen by an Indian Chief. A vivid account of her wigwam life is given. She grows up a beautiful Indian girl, and is found by a hunchback boy. 331 pages.

The Cabin on the Prairie. Tom Jones, a brave lad of sixteen, is the hero. His home is on a Minnesota prairie. He and his mother are kind to "Long Hair," who becomes their friend. Then follows the thrilling story of their adventurous life. 300 pages.

Twelve Nights in the Hunter's Camp. A party of fifteen sportsmen camp on the banks of the Mississippi. Game is plenty, and their forest life is full of adventure. Each night, around the camp-fire, "the General," who was a Government surveyor, recounts the exciting story of his Indian adventures in the Far West. 268 pp.

All given for one new subscriber. For sale by us for 85 cents. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Price per volume, 25 cents post-paid.

The Circuit Rider. By Edward Eggleston.



A better picture of social life in the West at the commencement of the century was never drawn. The author lived there, and wrote out of his experience.

The heroic "circuit rider" is the central figure, and as he goes from place to place in his endeavors to bring the pioneers to a nobler life, we have, brought into sharp contrasts, scores of sketches of corn-shuckings and camp-meetings, wood-choppings, quiltings and "hoe downs." The story is stirring as well as pathetic and inspiring. 332 pages and 30 beautiful illustrations.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Four Popular Books for Boys.

Library of Adventure and Romance. "Guy Harris, the Runaway," by Harry Castlemon. 285 pages. "Joe's Luck; a Boy's Adventure in California," by Horatio Alger, Jr. 223 pages. "Adrift in the Wilds," the adventures of two shipwrecked boys, by Edward S. Ellis. 279 pages. "Ben Burton, the Slate-Picker," by Harry Prentice. 275 pages. Four volumes, paper bound, 1,062 pages.

It is unnecessary to say anything in praise of stories written by these popular authors; their names are a passport, as every boy knows, to hours of the keenest delight and enjoyment in scenes of stirring life and adventure.



We offer the four volumes, bound in handsome paper covers and illustrated, for one new subscriber. Price of the Set, $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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The George Alfred Henty Library of History and Adventure.

Either volume given for one new subscriber.



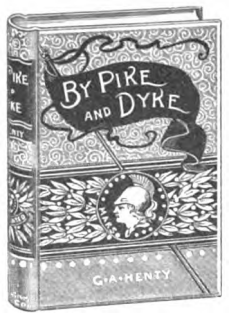
A Tale of Waterloo.



By England's Aid.



The Lion of St. Mark.





By Pike and Dyke.



The Reign of Terror.



With Clive in India.

There is probably no living English writer of stories for boys so deservedly popular as George Alfred Henty. His are invariably instructive as well as unusually entertaining.

He takes some striking historical fact or episode, as a great battle or a nation's successful struggle for freedom, and upon this as a central point or climax constructs a story in which the ever-living truth of history is skilfully blended with fictitious incidents and characters.

His strong sympathy with boys and earnest desire to inspire them with noble aims are apparent in all he writes.

The Henty Books are all bound, similar to "By Pike and Dyke."

Any volume given for one new subscriber. Price, per volume, $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

A Tale of Waterloo. The thrilling name carries its own interest. The deeds by both English and French on that field make the hearts of both nations beat quicker. And how many of the heroes that day were but boys in years. The palm for heroism in this Book, however, is closely disputed by a girl.

The Lion of St. Mark. A story of Venice, not when she was undisputed Mistress of the Seas, but in the 14th century, in the time of her hardest struggle for existence, when the steadfastness and patriotism of her citizens were most brilliantly shown.

By England's Aid. Without England's Aid the United Netherlands could scarcely have succeeded in freeing themselves from the cruel Spanish invaders. The scene is during the reign of Elizabeth, and the destruction of the Armada is among the daring exploits recorded.

By Pike and Dyke. These words call up the almost superhuman struggle of the brave Netherlanders under William of Orange against the pitiless Alva and his brutal Spanish soldiery. The Book introduces the young reader to the period of which Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" is the romantic history.

The Reign of Terror. In this tale of France in her most terrible period we are introduced to Robespierre, Danton and Marat. Amid the wreck of a civilization and daily scenes of massacre, a brave English boy threads his way.

With Clive in India. Lord Clive won the Indian Empire for England. It is a period of English history of which most American boys know little, although Macaulay makes it famous. This enterprise, like so many other world-renowned exploits, was largely accomplished by young men.

Standard Books of History and Adventure.

"Crowded Out o' Crofield."

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



The French have taught us how to make handsome Books. This one shows how well we have learned the lesson. Rich paper, broad margins, superb type, exquisite illustrations make it a delight to the book-lover's eye.

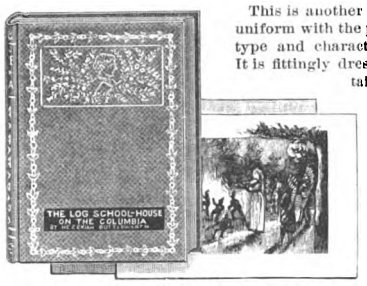
It is the story of an energetic boy, crowded out of his native village into New York, where his extraordinary earnestness made him succeed in the face of "a million and a half against him."

It is the story of the miracle daily happening in America, but which only all-consuming energy can any longer achieve.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Log School-House on the Columbia.

By Hezekiah Butterworth. Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



This is another handsome volume, uniform with the preceding in paper, type and character of illustration. It is fittingly dressed in dark mountain green and silver.

It is a romantic picture of the early days of Oregon. The Yankee Schoolmaster, the hardy pioneer, the vengeful Indian and the nobler Indian, and above all, the figure of a poetic German girl whose violin and whose interpretation of Schumann could calm the ferocious spirits at the Death Dance,—these all make a wonderful tale.

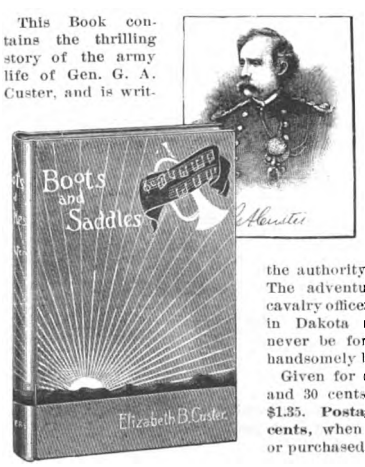
The stupendous scenery of that Northwestern country, the spirit of which has clearly taken possession of the author's soul, stands out as a weird background for the human incidents.

It is a Book full of patriotism, and of appreciation of the heroic period of American pioneering and sacrifice.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Boots and Saddles. By Elizabeth B. Custer.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.

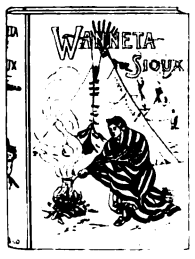


This Book contains the thrilling story of the army life of Gen. G. A. Custer, and is written by his brave wife, who followed him so faithfully to the end. The account is given with all the vividness and pathos which only a companion could show who flung her life so nobly into his, and at the same time comes to us with the authority of an eye-witness. The adventures of this gallant cavalry officer among the Indians in Dakota and Montana will never be forgotten. 312 pages, handsomely bound.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Wanneta, the Sioux.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



This is a new but famous Book. Its heroine is a Sioux maiden, educated in the East, who returns to the wild life of her tribe. The scene is entirely Indian. So are all the personages except Custer and his officers; Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horse being actors.

It is an Indian story from an Indian point of view. Its adventures and battles make it thrilling enough to satisfy anybody. But its main interest is, that it gives the romance and the attractive side of Indian life.

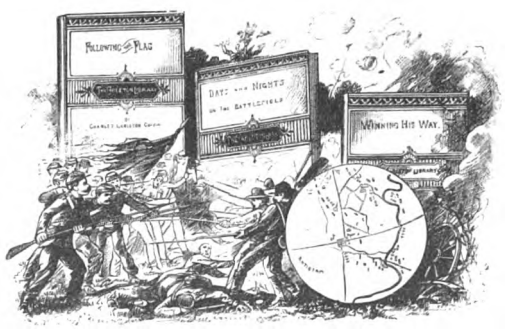
Perhaps some of our readers who have been neighbors to wild Sioux think they have no attractive side. We cannot dispute experience.

But if any such readers chance to select "Wanneta" as a premium, and after reading it, have anything to say why it is not what it purports to be,—a true picture of modern Indian life,—we should be glad to hear from them. The Book is immensely interesting.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

My Days and Nights on the Battlefield;

Following the Flag; Winning His Way. Three volumes given for only one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



The thousands of our readers who are familiar with the "Boys of '61" will be eager to own these Books. They are bound in stiff cloth covers, and ornamented with ink in two colors. Written by "CARLETON."

Illustrated; 906 pages of thrilling battle incidents and facts of history.

The three volumes given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.10. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Price for single volume 50 cents, post-paid.

A Thousand Miles Walk. By Nathaniel H. Bishop.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



This is an interesting account of a pedestrian trip across the Pampas and the Andes in South America.

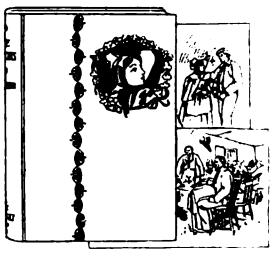
In 1854 a Boston lad of seventeen, having the desire of investigation and adventure, shipped as a sailor for Buenos Ayres. From there with his earnings of $5.00 only, he started on his perilous tramp across the Southern Continent.

He earned a little during his tramp, worked his way home again, and after eighteen months of travel had a $5.00 balance on the right side. The Book has been very popular, and is now in its 11th edition.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Graysons. A Story of Illinois. By Edward Eggleston.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



This is the most recent great story by the author of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster." In plot, in style, in thrilling situations, it is one of his very best.

The story is founded on one of the interesting incidents in Abraham Lincoln's life as an Illinois lawyer. Lincoln accordingly plays a strong part in the Book. His unique personality is set forth with perfect consistency and naturalness.

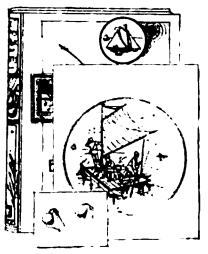
The folk-lore part of the Book, the dialect of the early Illinois farming community, is all admirably done.

The Century Co. publish the Book, and they have dressed it in their best style. Binding, paper, type and illustrations leave nothing to be asked.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Boy's Book of Sports. By Maurice Thompson.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.



Every out-of-door boy will enjoy this Book. Here are the subjects: Hunting, Fishing, Archery, Boating and Boat-Making, Camps and Campers, Swimming and Walking, The Camera, Winter Sports and Base Ball.

These are treated in brisk stories, which contain information—no end of it—most valuable to young sportsmen.

The stories are all based on correct rules for sport; but these are given in the way boys have to get it in real life—that is, as the results of experience. The instruction thus given in a vivid story of the way certain boys did things is remembered when lists of rules are forgotten.

The Book is profusely illustrated with stirring pictures, and also diagrams. It is breezy with out-door achievements; boys will read it and re-read it, and other boys will want it.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Sheridan's Troopers on the Border.

Given for one new subscriber.



The forty-one chapters of this fascinating Book contain a narrative of a six months' campaign of General Sheridan against the refractory Indians of the far West.

Life on the border is strongly pictured, while stirring adventure, information and army experience is graphically written. Sheridan's campaigns against the Comanches, the Kiowas, the Cheyennes and the Arrapahoes have become historic. The old conditions of life on the border are fast passing away. To every American, then, this Book will be of unusual interest. The Book is handsomely bound and illustrated.



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Popular Books of Adventure and History.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster. By Edward Eggleston.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



Probably many of our adult readers recall this story with pleasant recollections. It has been read with the most intense interest, at thousands of firesides.

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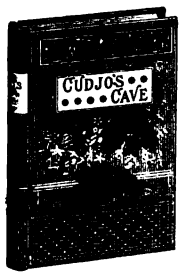
The Drummer Boy and Neighbor Jackwood.

Either given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

These are by J. T. Trowbridge, the boys' favorite author. Handsomely bound, uniform with Cudjo's Cave.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.25 each. **Postage and packing 15 cents each,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Cudjo's Cave. By J. T. Trowbridge.

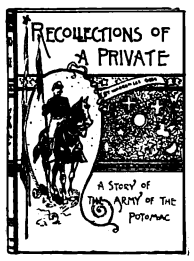


In thrilling narrative, noble lessons, deep pathos and laughable incident, "Cudjo's Cave" undoubtedly ranks next to Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." From the opening chapter to its close you are held spellbound.

It is a Book of wonderful adventure and startling incident. Pomp, the hero, escapes by flight to the mountains of Tennessee. He finds Cudjo, who lives like a wild beast in a cave. They are at last discovered.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Recollections of a Private. A Story of the Army of the Potomac. By Warren Lee Goss. Given for two new subscribers and 65 cents additional.



This valuable Book is an attractive volume of 350 pages. It is amply illustrated, one of the artists, Mr. Chapin, having been the veteran artist of the *Harper's Weekly* Army pictures during the war.

A few of the chapters in this Book appeared among the Century war articles.

Probably none of that celebrated series was read with more general interest than Mr. Goss's "Recollections of a Private." After all, what people like to know most about in war is not its strategy and science so much as what the men who fought did and felt.

This Book is the record of four years among the privates. Here we get the point of view of the common soldier. We hear his humor. We see his rare intelligence — so often superior to that of his officers. We get at the heart of that great, dauntless, long-suffering Army of the Potomac.

Given for two new subscribers and 65 cents additional. Price $3.00. **Postage and packing 25 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Hoosier School-Boy. By Edward Eggleston.

Given for one new subscriber.



Any average boy or girl who wants a bright, sparkling story of school life in the Hoosier State, full of fun and humor, will read this book with delight.

It is very much after the style of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," although in no way connected. The author accepts the fact that "boys will be boys," and not old men. The influence of the story is for good.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Knockabout Club on the Spanish Main.

By Fred. A. Ober. Given for one new subscriber.



This is a delightful Book of stirring out-door adventure. It describes the visit of the Club to Caracas, Lake Maracaybo, etc. Contains stories of the exploits of the pirates of the Spanish Main; and others not perhaps so sensational, but equally interesting. The Book is profusely illustrated.

Illuminated board covers. Size 8½ x 6¼ inches. 240 pages. Fully illustrated.

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Zigzag Journeys in Australia. By Butterworth.



This is one of Butterworth's latest Books. It describes a visit to the Fifth Continent. Gives a glimpse of its peoples, its wonderful resources and strange animals.

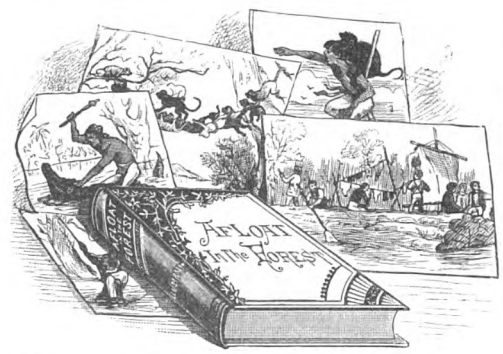
Contains stories of the gold discoveries and of other happenings in this fascinating country. The stories are told as only Mr. Butterworth himself can tell them. The Book is crowded with illustrations. Illuminated covers. Size 8¼ x 6¼ inches. 315 pages.

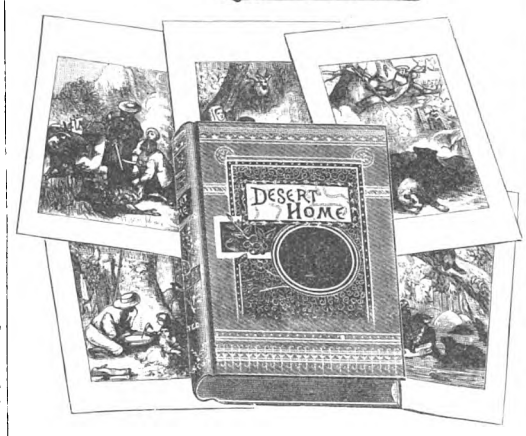
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Afloat in the Forest. Desert Home.

Both given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

Afloat in the Forest. Few stories have ever more profitably entertained and thrilled a large audience of readers than "Afloat in the Forest," written by Capt. Mayne Reid. An English family was lost on a boat in one of the flooded forests of Brazil during the great overflow of the Amazon. The boat drifts among the tree-tops, where it is finally wrecked. The family take refuge on an immense log, upon which they drift for many weeks. The tree-tops among which they float supply game and the water supplies fish. On this log begins a series of surprising adventures that give a view of the natural history of the Amazon and these tropical forests.

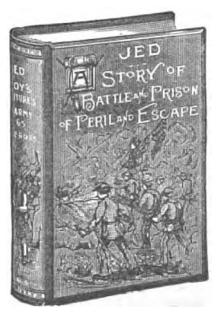




Desert Home is Mayne Reid's great story of American adventure. It gives a most vivid and thrilling account of the wanderings and adventures of a lost family in and about the Great American Desert. This great story-writer spent five years among the Red River Indians, so that we can rely upon the accuracy of the facts. The story itself is instructive, and holds one spellbound. Capt. Mayne Reid has been justly called the "King of Story-Tellers." Over 400 pages. 12 full-page illustrations. Bound in cloth.

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Jed: a Boy's Adventures in the Army.



"Do you know any boys who wish to enlist as drummers?" said a recruiting sergeant to two bootblacks, Jed and Dick.

Their answer to this question is the Story. The incidents in the Book are real ones. Warren Lee Goss is the author, — many will recall his "War Papers."

It is one of the best war stories ever written, and is most thrilling in incident. 404 pages, and beautifully illustrated.

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The Life of Kit Carson. By J. S. C. Abbott.



Kit Carson was the model American Pioneer, and the story of his life finds hundreds of admirers among the youth of this land. The cut gives you a look at one of the adventures of this brave fellow. His daring deeds in the West among the Indians and Pioneers are well told by the author. The Book is illustrated by full-page engravings, and contains 350 pages. Cloth bound.

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Both given for one new subscriber.

This is a special offer. These popular Books combine truthful history and adventure. Every boy wants, at some time of his life, to read them. They are bound in cloth.

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This is a collection of tales of heroism in our own times: of men who have regarded honor more than life in time of peril. It contains some sixty or more stories under titles like these: "A Tin Peddler's Adventure with Wolves," "Havelock's March," "The Wreck of the *La Plata*," "Battles with a Shark," etc. Many of these stories are very thrilling; all illustrate courage.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Three Scouts. By J. T. Trowbridge. Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



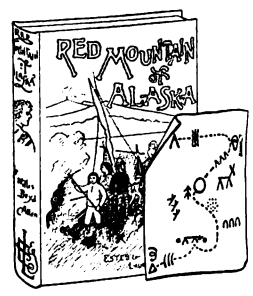
The Three Scouts. The scene is laid in Tennessee. It is a startling account of scout life on the Southern frontier. The description of negro life is exceedingly amusing.

This Book will hold the reader spellbound until finished. It is among our best Books of Adventure. Although written many years ago, it is as popular to-day as when first published. 380 pages.

We offer "The Three Scouts" for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Red Mountain of Alaska. By W. B. Allen.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



This is a Book of Adventure in Alaska. An Indian claims to have discovered, by means of a mysterious Map, a wonderful Red Mountain.

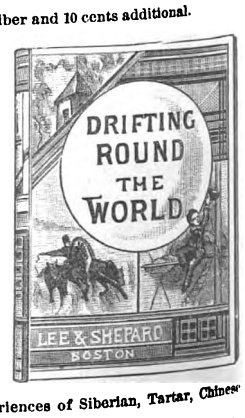
He produces a red stone as evidence. Analysis shows it to be a valuable ore of mercury. Mr. Dutton, a well-to-do manufacturer, decides to visit the mountain and lay claim to its riches. Takes his entire family with him. This includes his boys, Robert, Hugh and Nat, and their sister Flossie. Their adventures in canoes and on rafts, with cataracts, Indians and wild beasts, and the final discovery of the wonderful Mountain, all form a story of intensest interest.

Board covers, lithographed in colors. Size 8½ x 6 inches. 340 pages. Profusely illustrated.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 25 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Drifting Round the World.

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This was one of the great Books of last year. Size, 9½ x 6¼ inches. Its covers are elegantly illuminated. Contains 384 pages, two hundred illustrations, and the account of a boy's adventures by sea and land "Around the World."

The hero ships on a Cape Ann schooner bound to Greenland, is shipwrecked on the coast of Labrador, reaches Iceland, then passes through Scotland, England, France, Holland, Russia, Asia, and afterward crosses Siberia, sails for Alaska, and from thence to San Francisco, from there reaching home overland, after many strange experiences of Siberian, Tartar, Chinese and Indian life.

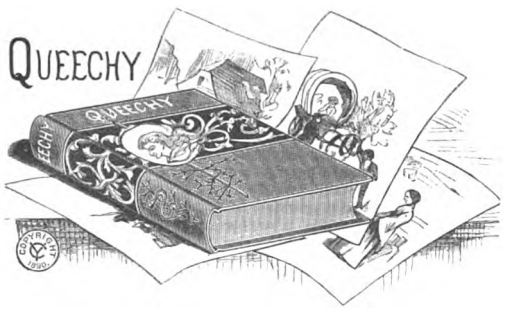
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Standard and Miscellaneous Works of Fiction.

Queechy. By Elizabeth Wetherell. Two Volumes in one. 806 pages. New Illustrated Edition.

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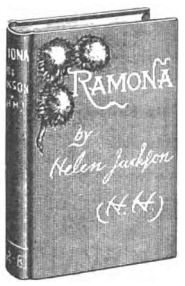


How many hearts have been softened and how many lives made more lovable by reading the beautiful story of "Queechy" will never be known in this world. It is just the Book we like to urge upon our subscribers. It will interest you deeply, and is adapted to all ages except the very little folks. About 50,000 copies of the Book have been sold already, and now in this entirely new dress we again send forth another edition, beautifully illustrated, and bound in cloth and gold, uniform with "Wide, Wide World." The editions of these two Books are our own.

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Ramona. By H. H. (Helen Hunt Jackson.)

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



This is the Book that made Mrs. Jackson famous. Since her death it has been read by thousands. The story is laid in Southern California. Ramona, a child of the Santa Barbara Mission, and Alessandro, a native Indian sheep-shearer, are the heroine and hero.

The adventure is very thrilling, the descriptions of scenery graphic and true, and the moral noble and instructive. The Book will interest all ages. Nearly 500 pages. Cloth bound.

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One volume given for one new subscriber and 20 cents extra.



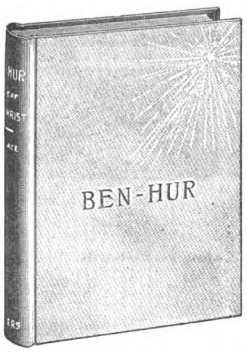
This is a new and beautiful presentation edition of popular Books. Gilt edges, padded covers, elegantly bound in maroon leather. Each volume complete and unabridged.

Pelham, by Lord Lytton. **Romola; Mill on the Floss,** by George Eliot. **Toilers of the Sea; Ninety-Three; Notre-Dame,** by Victor Hugo. **Lorna Doone,** by Blackmore. **Waverley,** by Walter Scott. **Old Curiosity Shop; Christmas Books, Oliver Twist,** by Dickens. **Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall,** by Irving.

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Ben-Hur. By General Lew Wallace.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



This is a beautiful Oriental story of the time of Herod. The story in itself is entrancing, and the information found in the Book about the people in Christ's time, and the country in which He lived, is of great value. This is one of the most popular Books now on sale. Cloth bound.

It is seldom that we can offer a Book that will satisfy the lover of romance as well as the Bible Student. Yet this is true of "Ben-Hur." As a story it is a remarkable production, and to the lover of Bible History it is invaluable. It literally sells by the thousands.

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The enterprising publisher of this edition of "Best Books" has done a good service to the public.

Books from other publishers exactly like these sell at $2.00 each. These are printed from new plates, with large, clear type, on fine book paper. The binding is done in cloth in the best manner. The Books have gold edges on the top. Size 5¼ x 8 inches. They will average about 400 pages per volume.

The thirty-two volumes in this series of Books are as follows:

History of Civilization in Europe, by GUIZOT. **Goethe's Faust,** translated by SWANWICK. **Data of Ethics,** by SPENCER. **The Sketch Book,** by IRVING. **Meditations of Marcus Aurelius,** by LONG. **Fifteen Decisive Battles,** by CREASY. **Discourses of Epictetus,** by LONG. **Past and Present,** by CARLYLE. **Origin of Species,** by DARWIN. **Lorna Doone,** by BLACKMORE. **Other Worlds than Ours,** by PROCTOR. **Hypatia,** by KINGSLEY.



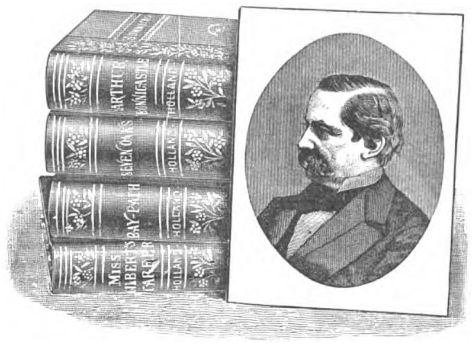
Bacon's Essays. Crown of Wild Olives, and Sesame and Lilies, by RUSKIN. **Lamb's Essays. Emerson's Essays. Geo. Eliot's Romola. Confessions of an Opium Eater,** by DE QUINCEY. **John Halifax, Gentleman. Uarda,** by EBERS. **Undine,** by BARON FOUQUE. **On The Heights,** by AUERBACH. **Westward Ho!** by KINGSLEY. **Self Help,** by SAMUEL SMILES. **A Thousand Miles up the Nile,** by AMELIA B. EDWARDS. **The Holy Roman Empire,** by JAMES BRYCE. **Consuelo,** by GEORGE SAND. **The Descent of Man,** by DARWIN. **First Principles,** by SPENCER. **Corinne,** by MADAME DE STAEL. **The Moonstone,** by COLLINS. **Jane Eyre,** by BRONTE.

We will give any one of these Books for one new subscriber. Price $1.00 each. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

We will send any 10 of these volumes, express not paid, for $7.50.

Five of J. G. Holland's Best Books.

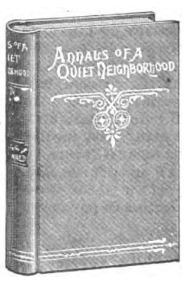
Either volume given for one new subscriber and 15 cents extra.



Arthur Bonnicastle, Bitter Sweet, Seven Oaks, Bay Path, Miss Gilbert's Career. These popular Books by Dr. Holland are noble in sentiment, rich and natural in incident and description. We recommend them.

Either volume given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.00 each. **Postage and packing 10 cents per volume,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood.



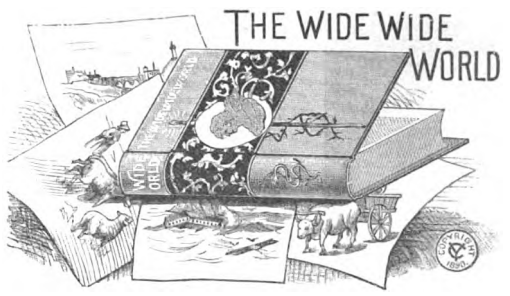
When a person with the gift of narration is favored with a large and varied experience of people just as they are found in a work-a-day world, and writes from the heart with a high and noble resolve to reach the lives of men, he usually produces a Book that lives.

Such a Book is this touching story by an eminently useful minister of the Gospel. It is an old Book, but each new generation bids it welcome. Read it. It will broaden your life as well as engage the passing hour. 590 pages and illustrated.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Wide, Wide World. Two Volumes in one. 700 pages. New Illustrated edition.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



Some Books never grow old, and this is one of them. Ask your father or mother if they do not remember how they used to read far into the night and cry over this story. You and your children will undoubtedly do the same. Thousands of lives have been inspired, encouraged and lifted a step higher by reading the "Wide, Wide World." We offer a new illustrated edition, beautifully bound in cloth and gold.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Tales from Shakespeare. Given for one new subscriber.



A young person might well begin the study of Shakespeare by reading this fine old Book by those sympathetic but afflicted authors, Charles and Mary Lamb. The Book, as is well known, gives the plots of Shakespeare's plays in the form of stories. It contains 400 pages, and is profusely illustrated. The style is simple and direct, with the attractive qualities of the author of "Elia," and his poetic sister. It should have a place in every young people's library, and is an excellent companion for the winter evenings, and as an introduction to the study of the great master.

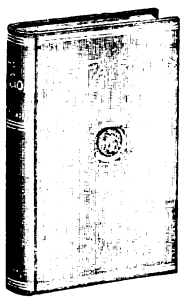
Given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Scarlet Letter. Given for one new subscriber.

This is Hawthorne's masterpiece. This touching story of colonial times will never lose its charm. A romance of deeper pathos was never written. The demand for this Book is constantly increasing, and we expect to use a large number the present season.

Given for one new subscriber. **Price $1.00. Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Fair God. By General Lew Wallace.

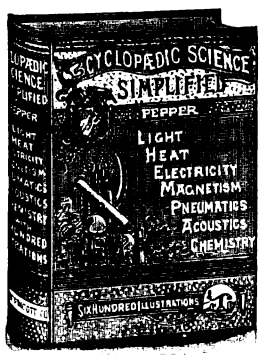


"The Fair God, or the Last of the 'Tzins," is a romance founded on the Conquest of Mexico, and is written by the author of "Ben-Hur." We think it the most meritorious Book the author has given the public. It stands above criticism. In style it is a classic; in facts, reliably historic; as a romance, ingenious, thrilling and entrancing. It is a Book for the scholar and critic, as well as the careful reader of general literature. A large Book, 586 pages, cloth bound, which will be read with interest.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Cyclopaedia of Science Simplified. By Pepper.

It is written by Prof. J. H. Pepper, of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and treats of Light, Air, Electricity, Magnetism, Pneumatics, Acoustics, Chemistry. A large Book of 740 pages, with over 600 illustrations. It is just the Book for a young man to own who is interested in Science, because it treats the different subjects in an exhaustive way, and yet the language used is free from technical terms, and is easily understood.



The Book is very interesting, and will be a great help to any one with a taste for scientific subjects. Cloth bound. It is a useful Book for any one.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Les Miserables. Complete. New Illustrated Edition. Five Volumes in one. 1,310 pages.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents extra.



This is our **Great Book Offer** of the year. The Book is printed from new plates just finished.

It contains the complete and unabridged text of the five Books, which no other translation has. 1,310 pages in all. Five volumes in one, as follows: Fantine, 286 pages; Cossette, 254 pages; Marius, 228 pages; St. Denis, 286 pages; Jean Valjean, 256 pages. Les Misérables was Victor Hugo's great masterpiece, and by some good critics is called the Masterpiece of the Ages. Certainly, its equal in many respects was never written. The story is intensely thrilling; the characters strongly drawn, and teach moral lessons of great value, and the dramatic action is marvellous. The descriptive parts of this wonderful work are very valuable. It contains the best description of the Sewers of Paris and Battle of Waterloo that was ever written. This work was formerly published in five expensive volumes. Every good library should contain this Book. Beautifully bound in cloth, and printed on good paper. Size 7¾ x 5¼ inches.

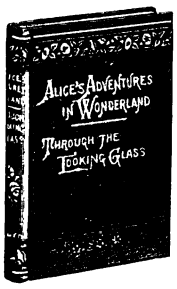
Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.15. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Popular and Favorite Books for Young People.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland; Through the Looking-Glass.

Two volumes in one. 416 pages. 92 Illustrations. Given for one new subscriber.



We know there are hundreds of fathers and mothers who will thank us for putting "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll, among our Books for the young. Many of us have pleasant childhood recollections of this story. Children will read it and ask many questions; your answers will cultivate their imagination, teach them sound moral lessons, and, at the same time, under the subtle influence of the atmosphere of the Book, you find yourself philosophizing to your own profit.

92 illustrations by Tenniel, cloth bound in one volume, and at half the price you would pay if bought singly.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Little Ones' Annual.

Given for one new subscriber.



One of the choicest Books for children between five and twelve. Full of beautiful engravings, just the kind little children like to look at, fascinating stories, nursery rhymes and music.

Elegant chromo cover. Over 300 original woodcuts. Our Little Ones cannot fail to delight and amuse the children and prove a source of constant delight.

Given for only one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Sara Crewe. By Mrs. Frances H. Burnett.

Given for one new subscriber.



The author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has written this Book with a girl heroine. The many admirers of Mrs. Burnett's first Book for the young will not be disappointed in this one.

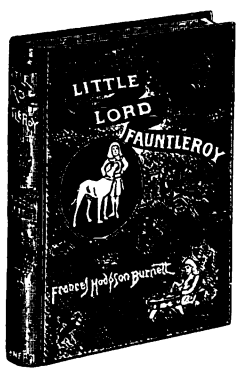
We recommend the Book to parents for their children as one that will cultivate the better qualities of young lives, and have a deep and lasting impression on their minds.

Beautifully illustrated, and printed on heavy paper. Cloth bound. handsomely ornamented.

This popular Book is given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Little Lord Fauntleroy. By Mrs. Frances H. Burnett.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.



This Book, by Frances H. Burnett, is probably so familiar to our readers that our simple offer of this charming story on such easy terms will induce hundreds to own it. The Book has had a well-deserved sale, which is enormous. It takes first rank among children's classics, and parents cannot buy a better holiday or birthday Book for their children than this.

We offer a beautiful edition on heavy paper, with 25 elegant illustrations by Birch. Nicely bound in cloth; 8½ x 7 inches. Owing to its entire novelty, we think the story has a peculiar charm and relish to American children which is not shared by the boys and girls in Old England.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Cats' Arabian Nights. By Abbie Morton Diaz.

Given for one new subscriber.



This is a genuinely interesting Book of stories for children. To be read or told them as night comes on.

King Grimalkum orders the death of all White Cats. The beautiful Pussyanita is found to be white, and is brought before the King for execution.

She tells him these strange stories, and so saves her own life and that of all other White Cats.

Board covers handsomely lithographed. Book 7 x 8½ inches. 227 pages. Profusely illustrated.

Given for only one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Wood's Illustrated Natural History.

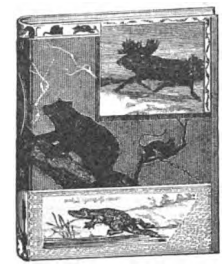
For the Young. Colored Plates. 130 Illustrations.

We cannot say too much in praise of this excellent Book. Both the young and adult readers will enjoy it. Everybody is interested to know the life and habits of domestic and wild animals, fish, reptiles and birds. It is all told in this Book, and in such a fascinating way that you are as interested as if you were reading a book of adventure. Many colored plates have been added this year.

Many wonderful stories are told which will fix in the memory animal traits worth remembering. The Book contains 230 pages,



FRONT VIEW.



BACK VIEW.

and 130 beautiful illustrations; 22 of them are full-page. It is printed on very heavy paper and is handsomely bound in boards.

Given for only one new subscriber. For sale by us for $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Sunday. 250 Illustrations. 400 pages.

Given for one new subscriber.

A much better name for this Book would be, "The Sunday Chatterbox," as this Book is from the same press as the original "Chatterbox" which is shown below.



It is full of new and original stories, and contains original pictures in profusion. Careful parents can put the Book with confidence into the hands of their children for Sunday entertainment, and at the same time the Book affords all the pleasure of "Chatterbox" for other days. Remember, it is not a "made-up" Book, but every story and picture is new, and made for this volume.

This beautiful Book is given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Chatterbox for 1891.



Everybody knows about the Chatterbox Books. They have furnished entertainment in thousands of homes. This new volume is more beautiful with pictures and more interesting in reading matter this year than ever before.

It contains several hundred wood engravings. Over 400 pages, with beautiful colored frontispiece.

The standard of this Book is higher each year. The demand is constantly increasing, and this season we expect to use a large number. Given for one new subscriber. For sale by us for $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Riverdale Stories. Twelve Beautiful Books. 1111 pages.

There are twelve Books in this Set. The covers are handsomely lithographed. Each Book contains nearly 100 pages and many full-page cuts. The type is large and words easy. The stories are exceedingly interesting, and are written by "Oliver Optic." The following are the titles:

Little Merchant. Young Voyagers. Christmas Gift. Dolly and I. Uncle Ben. Birthday Party. Proud and Lazy. Careless Kate. Robinson Crusoe, Jr. The Picnic Party. The Gold Thimble. The Do-Somethings. These Books are specially fitted for Sunday School, Day School, Birthday, Christmas, and other Gift occasions to the Little People.

All given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.50. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Nights with Uncle Remus.



This is the second volume of myths and legends of the old plantation, collected by Joel Chandler Harris, and it contains more than seventy stories, nearly all of them stories told of "Brer Rabbit" by Uncle Remus, to "the little boy."

The quality of negro humor is fully maintained by Uncle Remus in this volume, and so inexhaustible are the tricks and expedients of Brer Rabbit, and they are told with such infinite gusto by Uncle Remus, that the stories interest those of all ages.

Joel Chandler Harris has established the true form of the idiom and dialect of the old plantation through Uncle Remus's stories, and these stories are the accepted standard of its expression.

Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Two Books for Boys. By Juliana H. Ewing.

We and the World. 310 pages. Jan of the Windmill. 310 pages. Both given for one new subscriber.



The boys and girls lost one of their choice story-tellers when Mrs. Ewing's pen was silent. Since her death her works have an increased value, because we can look no longer for something new from her. She has a close hold on many hearts, and thousands in adult life will tell you they cannot help reading her books.

These two stories are heart-educators. Last year they constituted one of our most attractive premium offers. This year we expect a largely increasing demand. Illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth.

Both of these popular and interesting Books are given for one new subscriber. Price of both volumes $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

First Lessons in Earth Lore. By Charles Kingsley.

Given for one new subscriber.



Boys and girls of this generation are fortunate in many things, none more so than in that of Books.

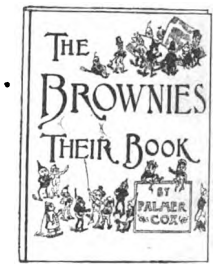
When Mr. Kingsley became a man he was able to appreciate this need of Books for children that should instruct and entertain.

He wrote one for them. Here it is. Let the children read it. It will set them to thinking along new lines, concerning things they see about them.

This Book is given for only one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or sale.

The Brownies: Their Book. By Palmer Cox.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



Have you ever read any of the Brownie Stories? Mr. Cox has been telling about Brownies in *St. Nicholas* for years. Now he has got them into a Book. It fascinates older folks quite as much as children; its fun does not stale by repetition.

The verse flows so easily it goes of itself. The pictures of these little masculine sprites are irresistible in their funny ugliness.

The pigmy crowds are as alike as peas, except the Brownie dude, policeman, German and Irishman, who can always be discovered in some laughable position that is sure to delight both the old and young.

Who are the "Brownies?" They are sprites who, the Scotch say, are either in mischief, or else helping somebody. They are agile as the wind; they never get hurt, although half the time coming to grief in their pranks. They work and sport at night, and never let themselves be seen by mortal eyes.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Five Little Peppers. By Margaret Sidney.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



The Five Little Peppers are five small children living in a small brown house. The Book tells how they grow and thrive in spite of measles and a lack of money. Is full of well-told home-adventure and entertaining scenes.

The story is one in which every healthy child will take delight. It is one of the most popular books recently printed. Handsomely bound in cloth. Embossed in gold. Fine paper. 410 pages. Profusely illustrated. Size of page, 7 x 5 inches.

This beautiful Book is given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 15 cents.**

Queen Hilde-Garde. By Laura E. Richards.

Given for one new subscriber.



She is a city girl, so haughty and imperious that her companions call her Queen.

The story shows how a stay in the country among different surroundings so brought her to her better self that she finally became a Queen indeed.

While good in its influences, the Book is of absorbing interest, and will hold its reader to the end. It is just the Book for young ladies. Its influence for good cannot but be experienced by all who read the story. We hope the demand for this Book will be large.

Board covers, handsomely lithographed on cream-tinted paper. Size 6½ x 8½ inches. 174 pages. Elegantly printed on best of paper. 20 full-page illustrations.

Given for only one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Popular Books for the Young People—Continued.

Baby World, or Stories, Rhymes and Pictures

for Little Folks. Compiled by Mary Mapes Dodge. Given for one new subscriber.



This is a dainty Gift Book for one's little friends. It is prepared by the queen of writers for small folks, and she had all the charming things from *St. Nicholas Magazine* to draw from.

It has stories in prose, and stories in rhyme, and short jingles that will run alone. It has pictures—no end of them, and they are all of the high artistic quality we have a right to expect from the Century Co., who publish the Book.

Although dainty, it is not small,—300 pages,—and strongly bound, which is a great deal when we want a Book for young children.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Mrs. Ewing's Stories for Children. Two volumes.

Both given for one new subscriber.



A lady once said, since she could not have written the New Testament, she would next have preferred to have been the author of "Story of a Short Life," by Mrs. Ewing. Opinions may differ in this matter, but certainly stinted praise cannot be given to such Books.

These two volumes contain "Brothers of Pity," "Melchior's Dream," "Jackanapes," "Daddy Darwin's Dovecote," "Story of a Short Life," and ten of her other stories. Beautifully illustrated, and bound in cloth. 700 pages. These are stories that make character.

Both given for one new subscriber. Price of both volumes $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Home Lessons, and Painters' Book.

Both given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



These are two separate Books.

It is frequently hard to know just what to give to a little child for Christmas. If our readers could see this pair of Books many would say, "Just the right thing."

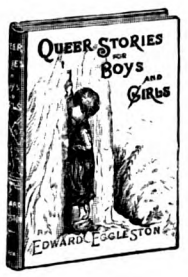
Home Lessons is a profusely illustrated Book of 220 pages, in which many of the things we want to teach little children at home are made pleasant and easy by pictures and stories. Thus, here are easy drawing lessons, descriptions of common trees and plants, talks about common chemistry and astronomy, talks about the child's own body and its wonders, funny beginnings in grammar, etc.

The Painting Book contains 32 outline pictures for water-color painting, with fully colored copy for each one on the opposite page, and also directions for mixing paints and using them.

Both given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Queer Stories for Boys and Girls.

By Edward Eggleston. Given for one new subscriber.

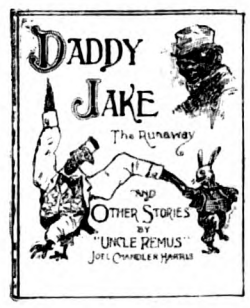


Here is a good Book for the little folks. The picture on the cover illustrates the first of these tales, "Bobby and the Key-Hole." There are twenty others; we cannot name them. They just suit the child's imagination, and set the mind to work for a worthy end. The Book makes an excellent collection of "bedtime" stories for children. They are humorous and instructive. Nearly 200 pages. Cloth bound.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Daddy Jake the Runaway, and Other Stories.

By "Uncle Remus." Joel Chandler Harris.



This is an edition of the famous Uncle Remus stories—the best of them—in a Gift Book, attractive enough for everybody. The illustrations on the heavy paper are superb, and everything is in good taste.

The Uncle Remus stories never grow old in print any more than on the old plantation. The adventures of Brer Rabbit with Brer Fox and Brer Wolf is the Negro's natural epic of the war between shrewdness and strength.

Mr. Rabbit's cunning is that of the Southern Negro himself, driven and hopelessly overmatched, yet insuppressible, and always in good spirits. No one but Mr. Harris can repeat and interpret this old plantation lore.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Little Saint Elizabeth. By Mrs. Frances H. Burnett.



Books of short stories are very popular now, and this is a Book of short stories that is a delight at any season, but that is especially adapted to the holidays. Little Saint Elizabeth is a kind of Little Lord Fauntleroy for girls. It has the spirit and charm of the latter famous story. The Book contains four stories, viz: "Little Saint Elizabeth," "The Story of Prince Fairyfoot," "The Proud Little Grain of Wheat," and "Behind the White Brick." These charming stories will be sure to interest the girls. 146 pages; beautifully printed and illustrated.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Miscellaneous Books, Music and Pocket Helps.

The Family Horse. By George H. Martin. 152 pages.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



This is a most useful Manual for horse-keepers. It treats of the stabling, care and feeding of the family horse. It is written, not for those who are in the horse-breeding business, but for the multitudes of people who simply own horses and are deeply interested in their care and management after they are bought.

Every horse-owner ought to understand horse-science. No other domestic animal is subject to so great and varied an amount of suffering and disability. Yet the horse well merits the most careful and judicious treatment. Moreover, veterinary science has made great strides, and it is possible to give horses now more discriminating care than formerly.

This is a popular Book which every one interested in a horse will be interested in reading; while horse-owners who know but little of horse-science ought to possess some such hand-book for constant reference. Profusely illustrated.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Boy Life in the U. S. Navy. By H. H. Clark, U. S. N.

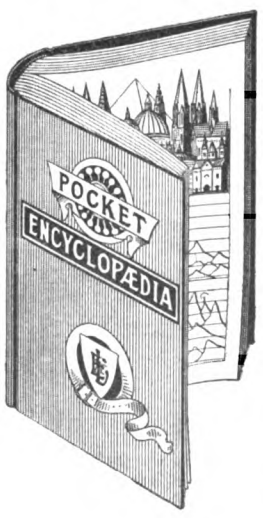
Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.

This is the story of a young boy from Maine who shipped in the U. S. Navy. While telling his adventures, the Book gives an account of our modern naval system. We find here information regarding wages, services required, mode of enlisting, studies, and the entire life aboard the U. S. training ship "Minnesota."

The Book is interesting and instructive, and stimulating to patriotism. It is a faithful picture of a healthy, attractive life that is little known to the general public, and full enough of adventures to please all boy readers.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Pocket Encyclopaedia. Given for one new subscriber.



This is a marvellous little volume. Is 4 inches wide, 5½ long and 1¼ thick, yet contains everything you want to know, from Ali Pasha to Zuyder Zee.

Over 600 pages. Matter concisely written. 32 pages of illustrations.

Just the Book to have handy in school, at home, in the shop, or when travelling. Neatly bound in cloth, red, embossed in black.
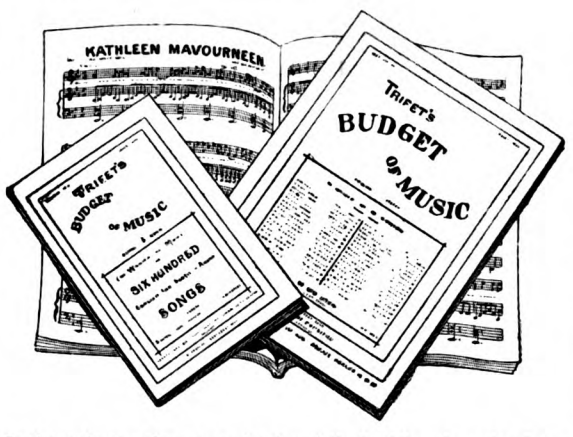
Of the many pocket Encyclopædias on the market this one stands at the head of the list, both as to convenience and the information it gives.

As a school companion, home companion or pocket companion it is always ready for duty.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Trifet's Budget of Music.

All three given for one new subscriber.



In these three volumes can be found the best loved music of many lands, and many generations.

No. 1 contains 36 pieces of instrumental Music.

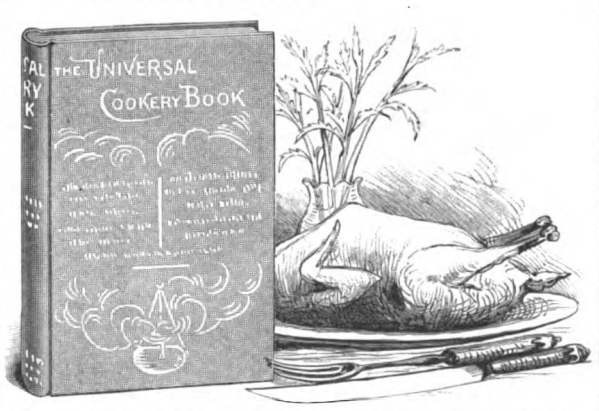
No. 2 contains 39 songs, both Solo and Duet, with piano accompaniment.

No. 3 contains the words and music of Six Hundred Songs, grave and gay, English, Irish, Scotch and American.

All three given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage paid by us,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Universal Cookery Book.

Given for one new subscriber.



This excellent Cook Book, compiled by Gertrude Strohm, has already passed its fifth edition.

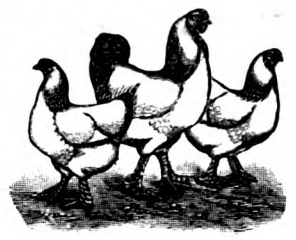
It is crowded with practical receipts for household use that have been selected with great care from many eminent authorities. Among these are Marion Harland, Miss Parloa, Mrs. Washington, Miss Corson, Thomas J. Murrey, and the Boston, Virginia, Presbyterian, American Home and Every-Day Cook Books.

The numerous receipts given in this Book comprise a selection of the best only from each of the authors and Books named above. We believe that this is a most sensible system, and that the Book is destined to meet with a large demand. Bound in water-proof cover. Over 250 pages.

Given for only one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Poultry Culture. By I. K. Felch.

Given for one new subscriber.



When well managed, poultry-raising means money. But the "know how" is just where the trouble begins. Such knowledge is all given in this Book. It contains over 400 pages, carefully written and profusely illustrated.

The author is an expert poultry-keeper, and an acknowledged authority in such matters. Those interested in hens should not fail to get this Book. It will soon pay for itself. Board covers, printed in black and gold.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

First Steps in Scientific Knowledge.

375 pages, 570 illustrations. Two volumes in one. Is the best Science Book for children that is made. 500,000 copies are sold in France alone. Recommended by all teachers. It treats of Animals, Plants, Stones and Soil, Physics, Chemistry, Animal and Vegetable Physiology. It is written in a simple and attractive manner.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Experimental Electricity. Given for one new subscriber.



This valuable Book contains 164 pages, and is profusely illustrated. It will be a great assistance to those wishing to acquire a limited knowledge of Electricity. The following is the table of contents:

1. Easy Experiments in Electricity and Magnetism. 2. How to Make Electric Batteries. 3. How to make a Galvanometer. 4. How to Make an Induction Coil. 5. How to Make an Electric Bell. 6. How to Make a Magneto Machine. 7. How to Make a Telegraph Instrument. 8. How to Make an Electric Motor. 9. How to Make a Dynamo. 10. Electric Gas Lighting and Bell Fitting. 11. Electric Lamps. 12. Glossary of Electric Terms.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Combination Pocket Book and Diary for 1892.

Given for one new subscriber.



An eminently useful and appropriate article for everybody. It is made especially for us by the Cambridgeport Diary Co., Cambridgeport, Mass., who can supply you a new inside diary to insert for 1893.

It is made of morocco and lined with leather, and has pockets for cards, bills and stamps. Ladies need it for shopping. Boys and girls ought early to learn to keep a diary.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Popular and Attractive Books for Girls and the Family.

Life, Letters and Journals of Miss Alcott.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



Since the death of Miss Alcott kind hands have gathered materials for this interesting tribute to her memory. The book is hard to describe. You might think from the title that it was a dry record of facts. On the contrary, we are quite sure the young will find in this Book the same "subtle something" that makes this author so much beloved. Her diary, commenced when she was twelve years old, is full of the fun and pathos that marked the woman. Her first childhood poem is charming. The simple record of her life will win the hearts of her admirers.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.10. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Faith Gartney's Girlhood. By Mrs. Whitney.

Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional.

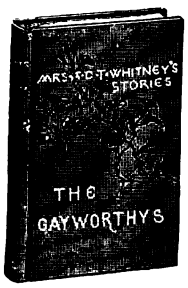


This story of a beautiful maidenhood, by the author of "The Gayworthys," will ever be a welcome guest in the Christian home. It is a sweet record of something of the thought and life, the wishing, striving and erring that lie between the ages of fourteen and twenty.

It is the author's greatest triumph; every page is intensely interesting. The story is natural, shrewd, pathetic and humorous in turn, but best of all is its uplifting influence in the life of every girl who reads it. 350 pages, cloth bound; full-page illustrations.

Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Gayworthys. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.



We have no American writer who so thoroughly understands girls as Mrs. Whitney. This is a girl's Book; to be read, reread, and loaned, as long as the leaves and cover will hold together. This Book has a mission to every girl's home.

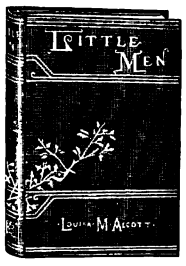
"The Gayworthys" is an intensely interesting story, and at the same time is full of purity, sweetness, humor and homely Christian faith. Every home will be made the better by the presence of this book. 400 pages. Cloth bound.

Given by kindness of the publishers for only one new subscriber, and 20 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Little Men: or Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys. By Louisa M. Alcott.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.

"What a charming story!" So everybody says who reads "Little Men: or Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys." A book by this author needs no commendation. Those who have read "Little Women" will be eager to possess "Little Men."



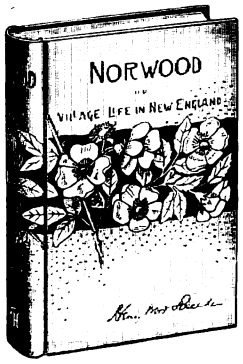
Nat, the Orphan Fiddler; Demi, his chum; and ten other rollicking boys are the heroes. This model family school is under the charge of Uncle Fritz and Aunt Jo, who devote their lives to developing "their boys" in body, mind and soul. You will be deeply interested in this natural and vivid description of boy-life. Many scenes are exceedingly touching.

Fathers and mothers will find many things to think about in this book. Uncle Fritz's and Aunt Jo's methods are worth imitating. A description cannot do justice to this excellent Book. It must be read.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.10. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Norwood: an American Romance. By Henry Ward Beecher.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



This charming Romance of life in New England is the only work of fiction ever written by this distinguished preacher.

The reader at once recognizes the family gift for romancing. Every chapter is bright with "Beecherisms." No one can write more charming and breezy descriptions of nature. His pathos awakens your deepest emotions, he is bubbling over with humor.

The plot of the Book is highly dramatic and thrilling, and the moral tone pure and positive.

It is a Book of permanent worth, and, like Uncle Tom's Cabin, will be read and reread. 550 pages, fine cloth binding.

This delightful Book is given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Former price $2.00. Our price now $1.10. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Jo's Boys. By Louisa M. Alcott.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.

"Jo's Boys, and How they Turned Out," is a sequel to "Little Men." In it she bids "good-by" to all Jo's boys that so filled the heart and life of Mrs. Jo. The Book is as charming and interesting as either "Little Men" or "Little Women." It is needless to describe the story.

The Book has 365 pages, bound uniform with "Little Men," and has a frontispiece portrait of Miss Alcott.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.10. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Little Women. By Louisa M. Alcott. 2 volumes in one, with illustrations.



"Little Women!" Who has not read about them? Who does not want to read about them again? Let us recall their names, — Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. The story and its author need no further introduction.

We now give these two volumes in one for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.10. Former price, $3.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Rose in Bloom, and Eight Cousins. Two Books by Louisa M. Alcott.

"Rose in Bloom" is a sequel to Miss Alcott's "Eight Cousins." The readers who have made the acquaintance of the "Eight Cousins" will want to know Rose, and follow her character until she becomes



a "Rose in Bloom." The Book will interest and benefit all those who read it, both old and young.

"Eight Cousins" is one of Miss Alcott's most fascinating Books. It is a charming story of home life; the attractive characters and thrilling incidents will interest the reader. The heroine, Rose, will be a favorite with the boys as well as the girls.

Either volume given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.10 per volume. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Dred: a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp.

By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 2 volumes in one. 700 pages.



It is a story of thrilling power, and abounds in humorous delineations of negro character. This wonderful Book is fully as pathetic and tragic as "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Formerly published in two volumes. By special arrangement with publishers, we can offer both volumes complete, bound in one, for only one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. 700 pages, strongly bound in cloth, with gold decorations. For sale by us for $1.35. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Under the Lilacs. By Louisa M. Alcott.



Louisa M. Alcott's famous Books always appeal to our subscribers, and they never fail to satisfy. "Under the Lilacs" is one of her best. The author has put her whole heart into this Book, and the story will be read by our subscribers with the intensest interest. An attempt to give a description of this Book would destroy the story. You must read it. 305 pages, with illustrations. Bound in cloth and gold. Uniform with "Little Women."

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.10. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

An Old-Fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated Edition.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.

We have sent our subscribers thousands of Miss Alcott's Books. "An Old-Fashioned Girl" is one of her best.



Our little men and little women who so much enjoy the author will want this Book.

Polly, the old-fashioned girl from a true country home, spends a time with her city cousins, who just a little ape the "girl of the period." She teaches them noble lessons of true womanly beauty, modesty and worth. The Book gives an account of her adventures in a city home. It is full of interest.

378 pages, illustrated, bound in cloth, with ink, red and gold ornaments. Uniform with "Little Men" and "Little Women."

This Book is given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.10. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Jack and Gill. By Louisa M. Alcott.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.

Jack and Gill is the last of Miss Alcott's Books that we have not, until now, placed upon our List. Every person who loves her charming stories will read "Jack and Gill" with keen delight.

It is beautifully illustrated and is bound in cloth uniform with the rest of Miss Alcott's Books described on this page.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.10. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Schonberg-Cotta Family.

Given for one new subscriber.



This is another old Book, but it is none the worse for that. We desire to offer Books that are useful and improving to the reading taste, and at the same time interesting in plot and narrative. You will find this such a story. The plot is historic, the Reformation being the central event, and Martin Luther the hero.

The Cotta Family were his early friends, and this Book, in the form of a diary, is the story of their life during the thrilling times of the Reformation. 550 pages, and well bound in cloth.

This fine Book is given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Six to Sixteen. A Great Emergency.

And Other Tales. Two Volumes.



Mrs. Ewing has been called the "Louisa Alcott of England." These are her two most popular Books for girls in their teens. Nobility and genius characterize these stories, and we do not hesitate to recommend them to careful parents for the family to read.

The offer is generous. Formerly we gave them each for one new subscriber; now we offer the two volumes for one new subscriber. 580 pp. nicely illustrated, and bound in cloth.

Price of the two volumes $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. Illustrated. "Youth's Companion" Edition. Given for one new subscriber.

We have sent about 15,000 copies of this Book to our subscribers. The demand seems to increase. We now offer our own edition, with illustrations, which is an entirely new feature. The face shown in the cut is the portrait of Father Henson (who died some years ago), the counterpart of the hero, Uncle Tom. 500 pages, and new cover designs, cloth bound.



This wonderful Book has been translated into nineteen different languages. Although first published nearly thirty-five years ago, the demand for it is still enormous. Formerly this book was printed in two large volumes, at $3.75.

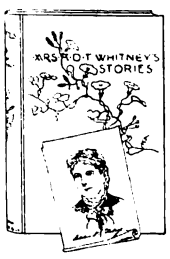
This edition contains the unabridged story of Uncle Tom's Cabin, also an interesting introduction giving the history of the Book. No such Book was ever written before, in any age or tongue.

Given for one new subscriber. For sale by us for $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Popular Books for Girls and the Family—Continued.

"We Girls." By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.



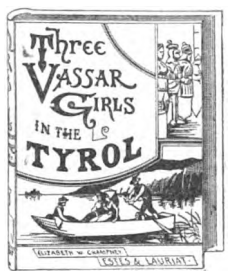
This is a Book which is as popular now as when it first came out 20 years ago. It is a story of home-life, perfectly told. The hardest kind of a novel to write is that which deals with the every-day occurrences which may happen to anybody.

The romance which deals with the unusual and the exciting takes care of its own interest. But the author who determines to write about the common life of ordinary people has to depend on art and literary genius to glorify these common things and sayings into fascinating romance.

Mrs. Whitney was one of the first who dared attempt this style which is now so popular. No one has surpassed her in it.

Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cts.**, when sent as a premium or purchased.

Three Vassar Girls in the Tyrol.



This is a most entertaining book of adventure among the Alps. A Vassar girl is seeking her unknown relatives in the Tyrol. Is joined by two other Vassar girls. Together they see the grand sights of the Alpine Mountains, and encounter many interesting adventures.

Board covers, lithographed in colors, 8½ x 7 inches. 239 pages. 74 illustrations. Heavy calendered paper.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents.**

Stepping Heavenward. By Mrs. Prentiss.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

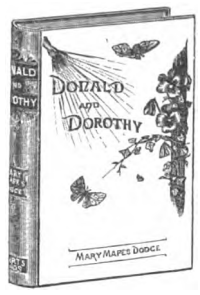


Good Books never die. 75,000 copies of this Book have found homes in this country alone. It is translated into every Christian language. "Stepping Heavenward" has been a comfort and an inspiration to many hearts.

At the age of sixteen Mrs. Prentiss began to write for THE COMPANION. Some of our readers remember the articles. "Stepping Heavenward" is the record of a beautiful life of faith in the form of "Katharine's Diary," commenced at sixteen. Every girl should read it. 426 pages, cloth bound.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 15 cents**, when sent as a premium or purchased.

Donald and Dorothy. By Mary Mapes Dodge.



This is a capital boys' and girls' Book. It is a bright, fresh, wide-awake story of country and city adventure, and a trip to Europe, with a romantic ending.

Commence the Book, and you will not put it aside unless compelled to do so. 28 beautiful original illustrations.

The Book contains more than 350 pages.

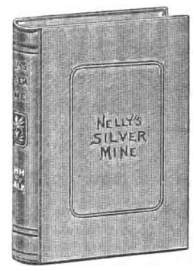
Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Nelly's Silver Mine. By H. H. (Helen Hunt Jackson.)

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.

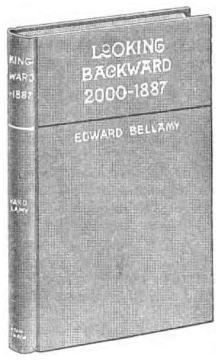
This is a story of Colorado life, and is one of the sweetest Books for girls you ever read. Anything that came from the pen of H. H. was almost above criticism; she certainly knew the way to a girl's heart.

You will enjoy following Nelly and Rob from their Eastern home to Colorado, their finding and working the "Good Luck" Silver Mine to such a success—but we must not tell you the story first. The Book is handsomely illustrated. 379 pages.



Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cents.**

Looking Backward. Cloth Bound. Latest Edition.



It has been said that this remarkable Book has excited a popular interest greater than any other American story since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared.

The hero of the story is represented as existing in some occult cataleptic sleep until the year 2000. He then awakes to be amazed at the universal attractiveness of life in that age, and to realize the unnecessary poverty of the many and the superabundant wealth of the few, in our own century. In addition to this interesting food for thought, a romance of absorbing interest holds the reader's closest attention to the end.

This remarkable Book is given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Last Words. By Juliana Horatia Ewing.

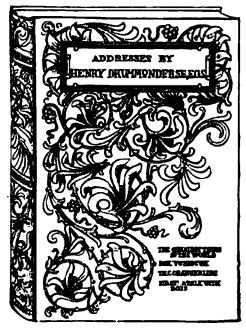


This is a collection of short stories by the author of "Jackanapes" and "Six to Sixteen." Mrs. Ewing wrote a style powerful in its tender simplicity. There is also an air of quaintness about the stories. It is a Book girls are most likely to enjoy.

We have many good Books on our LIST for the young people. None are more popular than are Mrs. Ewing's, and none more profitable for them to read.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Greatest Thing in the World. Gift Edition.



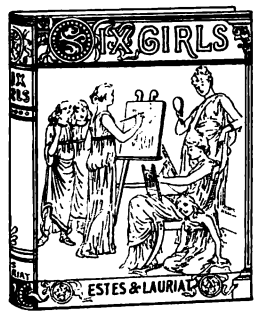
The name of Professor Drummond is a household word. His "Greatest Thing in the World" is a revelation to every reader. It is a masterpiece of genius that every one should read.

This edition also contains "Pax Vobiscum," "The Changed Life" and "First."

Bound in the most superb style; white and silver, and silver edges. It will make a rare Gift Book for any thoughtful person.

Given for one new subscriber. Price **$1.00. Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Six Girls. A Home Story.



This Book gives the home life of six girls; the oldest of them—Beatrice—is a favorite; the next girl pretty as a picture, with a fine voice for singing; another is an artist; then come the twins, Kitty and Kat, who are very natural girls; and lastly, little Jean, with her flower-like face and poor crooked back.

To help and guide these young lives was the dear loving mother, who called them her steps, and the strong, helpful father, who romped and played, or read and studied, with them; and called Kitty and Kat "his boys." Having introduced our friends, we are sure you will enjoy a further acquaintance with them. 445 pages, 8 illustrations.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents.**

Charles Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot.

George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens:

in which order would **you** place them?

George Eliot, the analyst of human nature. the revealer of the human heart, the keen philosopher of human life.

Thackeray, the satirist, the exposer of shams, whose wonderful powers of humor, sternness and pathos are all devoted to branding social wrongs.

Dickens, who learned in the school of hard knocks how to feel with those at the bottom of English life, and who has peopled the world's imagination with a host of Squeerses and Wellers and Little Nells, who are as real as any people we know.

This is the Triumvirate of modern English Fiction. Who shall come after the King?



George Eliot. Six Volumes.

And What Beauties They Are.



You find no blurred pages; no corners of letters worn off by years of presswork. The type is large, distinct, black. It was made for poor eyes, evidently.

The paper does not distress you by its thinness and coarseness. While not of course the richest, it is fair, firm and strong.

The pictures are fresh reproductions of the famous original woodcuts.

The binding harmonizes with the interior. Without being showy, it is in good taste, attractive and substantial.

The Books are pleasant to handle. They are expansive without being bulky, and will readily lie open where they are placed. In short, they are remarkably fine Books for the prices below.

Why have these Royal Novelists

been omitted from the PREMIUM LIST for the last two years?

An interesting story of a great monopoly contains the answer to this question:—a question which many of our readers have asked.

About three years ago a syndicate of capitalists **bought up all the plates** in the United States from which the works of these novelists were printed.

The result was, this syndicate alone could print these popular novels. The syndicate immediately raised the price. Therefore, for two years we have been unable to procure these novels at the moderate cost for which we could offer them as Premiums.

But now this monopoly is thwarted. An entirely **new set of plates** has been made from new type and new cuts.

From these new plates, superior in some respects to the old plates, are printed the Books we here offer, and at prices lower than ever before quoted.



Thackeray. Ten Volumes.

This is our Offer.

GEORGE ELIOT, complete and unabridged. **Six octavo volumes.** 400 and 500 pages each, with 25 illustrations. Given for one new subscriber and 75 cents additional. Price $2.00 per Set.

THACKERAY, complete and unabridged. **Ten octavo volumes.** 400 and 500 pages each, with 177 illustrations. Given for two new subscribers and $1.00 additional. Price $3.00 per Set.

DICKENS, complete and unabridged. **Fifteen octavo volumes.** 400 and 500 pages each, with 237 illustrations. Given for two new subscribers and $2.00 additional. Price $4.00 per Set.

The above Sets must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver, when sent as a premium or purchased.

SPECIAL. For twelve new subscribers we will give all Three Sets. Thirty-one volumes in all. **Think!** Is not this worth trying hard for? We will also add free with this special offer the Library Bookcase described on the following page.

Complete Works of Washington Irving.

We regret we have no room here for a cut of this fine Set. Never before have we been so crowded. But publishers have flooded us with their most attractive Books at amazingly low prices, so eager have they been for our sales, as well as for the introduction which this prodigious Premium edition of THE COMPANION gives them.

Thus, here in this corner, without a picture, is one of our best offers. But the true Book-lover will find it out, and will appreciate what it is to possess **Washington Irving,** the great pioneer of American literature.

Let us give a word-picture of the Set. 1st, Eight volumes. 2d, Size of each, 7¾ x 5¼ x 1½ inches. 3d, Exceedingly tasteful brown cloth binding. 4th, Type of the clearest. 5th, Paper smooth, fine, a real delight.

The works of Washington Irving given for three new subscribers and $2.50 additional. Price $6.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



Charles Dickens. Fifteen Volumes.

The Waverley Novels. Twelve Volumes.

Do you own Sir Walter Scott's Novels? You have read some of them, of course. But there are 26 of them altogether. If you are like ourselves, there are some of Scott's Novels you like to read over and over again. That is one test of the Novel—does it bear re-reading?

The fact is, Scott never grows old. Fashions change in fiction as in dress. But old-fashioned Sir Walter Scott is no more to be outgrown than horseback riding, which is also old-fashioned. That is another test of the novel—does it last, generation after generation?

Dear old Sir Walter stands all the tests. You would think it strange if he were not here too, in this corner. So here we offer all his twenty-six Novels, in twelve Volumes.

The Set is attractive and firmly bound in brown cloth.

The Set of Waverley Novels, complete, given for three new subscribers and $2.50 additional. Price $5.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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"The Lyceum League of America."

Our New Proposal.

A great factor in making the men of the last generation intelligent citizens and lovers of their country, besides developing so many great leaders, was the old Lyceum, or debating club.

The fathers of many of our readers could tell interesting stories of the sharp encounters in these youthful debates, while burning questions were decided over and over again.

These debates were especially valuable in awaking an interest in public matters which nothing else could have done.

THE COMPANION thinks a reviving of the Lyceum would prove a decided benefit, both to our country and to the youth who are soon to be citizens. Our coming voters must be intelligent and broad on the great questions, as well as full of patriotic feelings.

Other Advantages.

Besides, debate is a thing young men enjoy. Who does not like to have the right of an argument? Who does not wish to learn how "to think on his feet?"

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In 1888 THE COMPANION started the School House Flag idea; to-day thousands of Schools fly the Old Flag. We now propose a great League Lyceum movement.

The Flag awoke a new ardor for Country. The Lyceum League will direct that generous enthusiasm into practical lines, and with rich results.



How to Form a Lyceum Club.

Interest other young men in the advantages of such an organization. Consult with your teachers or parents. Then write us that you wish to form a Lyceum Club. We will send you a printed blank form, and Special Instructions about forming the Club. Organize at once.

Our Plan For It.

1. Its name is to be The Lyceum League of America; or as it will be known, "L. L. A." The local Lyceums will be known to us by their numbers, given in the order of their formation, as "L. L. A. No. 946."

2. This League of Lyceums will be connected with each other through us. Membership in such a National League of Clubs, all devoted to the cultivation of American citizenship, will be more inspiring than in a purely local Club.

3. This League is to be under the auspices of THE COMPANION. We furnish a model constitution, subject of course to local changes. We furnish lists of subjects for discussion, carefully worded and timely. We also furnish direct suggestions as to Books, subjects and debates.

Our Free Equipment.

To mark our sincere interest in the fitting of young men for public duties, we make this offer: To every Club of 10 or more young men who organize under this plan, we will furnish a full Equipment **FREE.** This consists of a Secretary's Book, a President's Gavel, and Cushing's Manual, all packed in a neat box. The Secretary's Book contains Model Constitution, condensed Rules of Order, Subjects and Rules for Debate, and blank pages for the record of 80 meetings.

Moreover, we will present to the **first ten** clubs which notify us of their organization, according to our Instructions, a **Library,** consisting of all the Books named on this page (except American Statesmen Series), with the Bookcase.

Besides, to the Club having the honor to be First of these first Ten Clubs, we will also present a superb (15 x 9) United States Flag.

For Young Americans—Books for Reference and Study.

If young men wish to understand their country, its politics and its problems, they need Books, both for reference and study. We assume it as our duty, having originated the **Lyceum League,** to supply its needs. We therefore present a carefully selected list of Books, popular, of small cost, bearing upon political science and history, and covering the range of topics likely to be debated.

These Books, and others which we will gladly name and procure upon correspondence, would make a capital Political Library for any Lyceum, or young man, to possess. If he cannot get all at once, let him keep them in mind, and get one at a time, as the Lyceum subjects bring up special Books. These Books are for **any one** interested in American questions, whether he belongs to a Lyceum or not.

The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce.

Two volumes. 725 and 750 pages.

This is the monumental work of which so much has been said since its publication two years ago. It is the original London edition, the price of which ($6.00) has hitherto confined it to the few.

What is the Book? It is not a history, but it is an immense photograph of all our modern American institutions. Here is what it discusses at length: 1st, The National Government. 2d, The State Governments. 3d, The Party System. 4th, Public Opinion. 5th, Illustrations and Reflections. 6th, Social Institutions.

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The Book, written by a fair-minded Englishman, is "ourselves as others see us." It is also ourselves as we actually are. It is a standard Book. It will be authority on America as Gibbon is authority on Rome.

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This is one of the most valuable Books on the LIST for one who wishes to understand the course of political movements and struggles in our country.

It is not a history of wars, nor of people. It is wholly a history of the political questions which America has had to decide from the beginning. We find here also the story of the rise and fall of all the various political parties. Careful accounts of each national election are given, with results and statistics.

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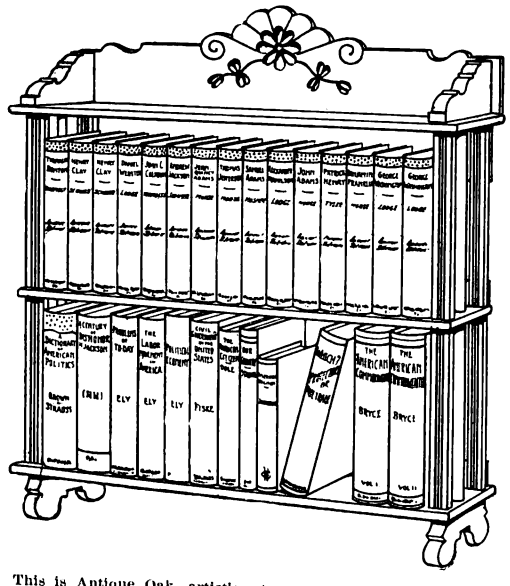
The young man who wishes to understand modern political problems must know the principles of Political Economy.

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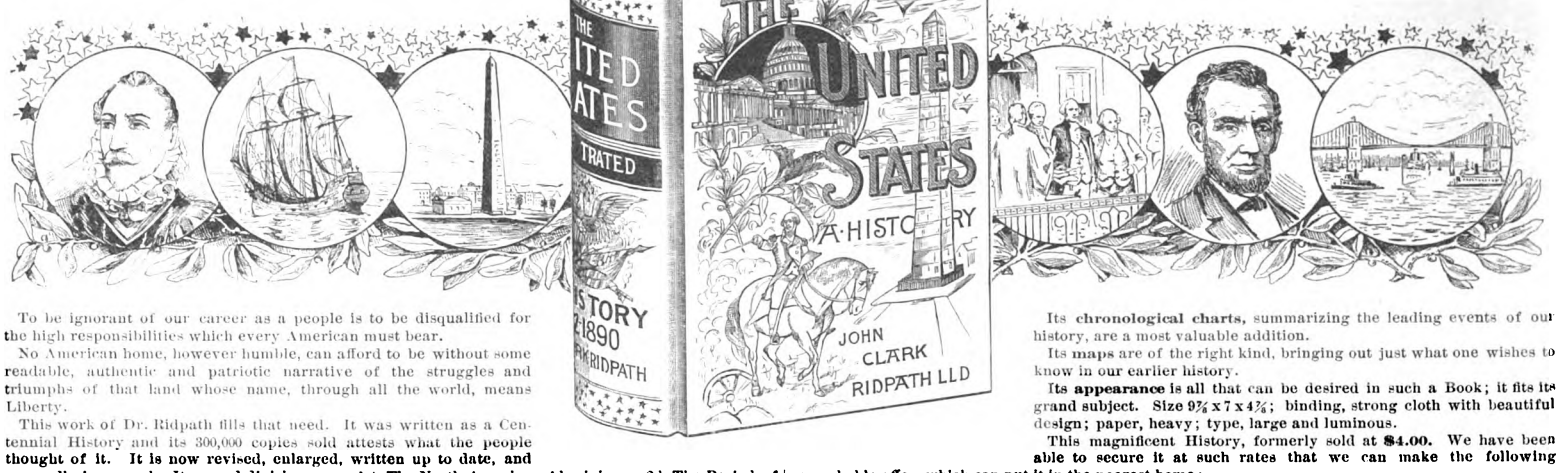
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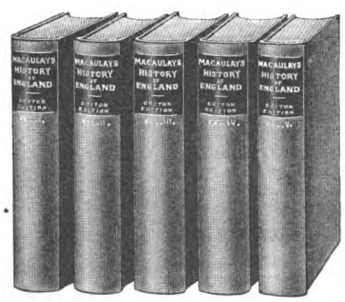


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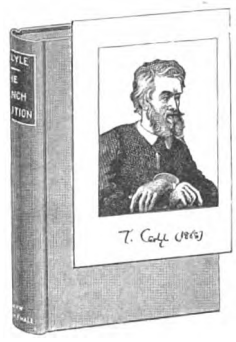
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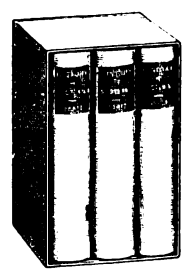
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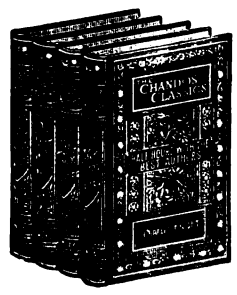


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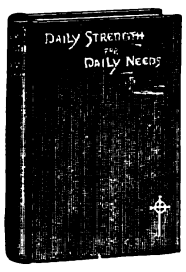
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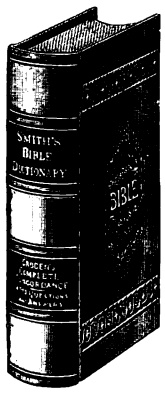
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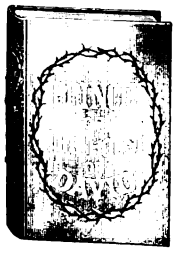


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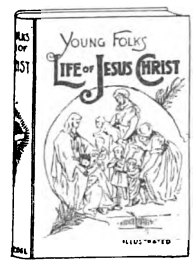


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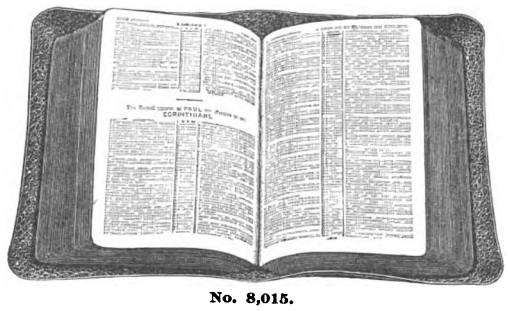
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Bagster's Comprehensive Teacher's Bibles.

We offer our subscribers, this year, the famous Bagster Bibles, recommended and endorsed by Mr. Moody and Rev. J. H. Vincent.

The great value of these Teacher's Bibles is found in the marginal references of the Bagster editions. These Bibles are bound in French Morocco, round corners and gilt edges, full circuit binding, protecting entire edges of the Book. They contain all the Teacher's Helps found in the most costly editions of Teacher's Bibles,—extra matter alone filling about 500 pages. Entire Books containing more than 1,200 pages. Full set Maps go with each Bible.

Bagster's Teacher's Bible. No. 8,015. Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional. Size of Book, 6 x 4 inches. 16mo pages, pearl type, small but clear. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



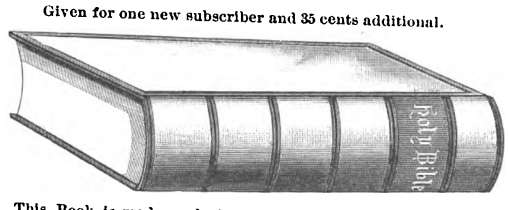
No. 8,015.

Bagster's Teacher's Bible. No. 8,115. Given for two new subscribers and 35 cents additional, or one new subscriber and 85 cents additional. Size of Book, 6¼ x 4¼. Ruby type, clear and easy to read. A very convenient size to carry. Price $2.25. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Bagster's Teacher's Bible. No. 8,317. Given for three new subscribers and 90 cents additional. Size of Book, 8½ x 5½. 8vo pages, emerald type, large and clear, red under gold edges, and leather lined. A good Bible for class use. Price $3.75. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Family Reference Bible.

Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional.



This Book is made exclusively for us. 1,248 pages. Size, 7 x 10 inches, cloth-bound, red edge. Complete Marginal References, devotions, chapel use, and for elderly people to hold in the lap—type large and clear, and easy to read.

Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 40 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Quarto Family and Pulpit Bible.

We have no room for the cut of this large Book. 13 inches high, 11 inches wide, and 5 inches thick. Bound in full morocco. Gilt edges. Over 3,000 illustrations. Concordance, etc.

Given for three new subscribers and $3.50 additional. Price $9.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Longfellow's Birthday Book.

Given for one new subscriber.



One of the pleasant customs which does not wear out is the keeping of a Birthday Book, in which we can record the birthdays of our friends opposite to a passage from some favorite author.

There is no doubt that Longfellow is the most favorite poet of America. In this little Book, opposite to the 365 days are some 1000 choice passages from our poet.

This Book is given for only one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Woodbine Edition of the Poets.

Either volume given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional.



Milton, Byron, Scott, Moore, Burns, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Hemans, Mrs. Browning, Goldsmith, Ingelow, Hood, Eliot, Shelley, Bryant, "Lucile," "Lalla Rookh," Dante and Robert Browning.

This is an elegant edition of the popular Poets. Gilt edges and elegantly bound in morocco, padded covers, new design decorations, unabridged editions. Each volume contains several hundred pages.

Either volume given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.25 per volume. **Postage and packing 15 cents** per volume additional, when sent as a premium or purchased.

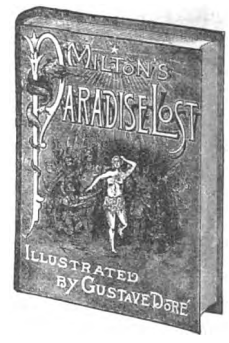
Special Offer for Presentation Purposes. We will send five or more volumes at one time for $1.00 per volume. Express not paid.

Masterpieces of Poetry and Art.

Doré's Bible Gallery. 100 Illustrations. Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.

Milton's Paradise Lost. 50 Superb Engravings. Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.

Dante's Inferno. 75 Full-page Illustrations. Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



Beautiful and appropriate gift or table Books are plenty, but among the really choice ones these Books take the lead.

The Books are each quarto size, 9½ x 12 inches. English cloth binding, emblematic designs in full gilt, gold edges, and printed on super-calendered paper.

About ten years ago editions of these Books, printed from the same plates, sold at $10.00 each.

The illustrations are all by the master-hand of Gustave Doré, the greatest of modern artists.

Premium offers above. Price $1.50 per volume. **Postage and packing 45 cents** per volume, when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Bible and its Story. By Josephine Pollard.

Given for one new subscriber.



There will always be a place in the home for a book of Bible Stories. Such a Book should be full of illustrations, to fix the attention and cultivate the imagination of the little folks. The Book we offer is full of pictures.

The stories should be selected with care and told in a simple, thrilling manner. Who can do this better than Miss Pollard? This is a large Book, with illustrated cloth covers. It is a prize for tired mothers. It will make a most valuable holiday gift.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Life of Christ. Complete. By Geikie.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



This is another invaluable help to the understanding of the New Testament. Among the numerous Lives of Christ that are published, this great work by Dr. Cunningham Geikie is the standard and best; this is the testimony of the best Bible students. While this volume is beyond compare as a Book of reference, it is also exceedingly interesting to read in course.

For the style and quality of the binding, this is the cheapest Book on our LIST.

Tastefully and substantially bound in best English Cloth. Gilt top. One of these Books ought to be placed in every family.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Dictionaries, Photograph Albums, Binder, Etc.

The Domestic Cyclopedia.

Given for one new subscriber.



The American Domestic Cyclopedia, a volume of universal ready reference for American women in American homes, contains a large fund of useful information, facts, hints and suggestions upon the various topics pertaining to home life.

It includes home decoration, household management, domestic affairs, cookery, ladies' fancy work, medical matters, floriculture, etiquette, home amusements, the nursery, artistic embroidery, decorative painting, lace-making, the toilet, the laundry, etc.

189 illustrations. 540 pages. Bound in cloth, and embossed in black and gold.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary.

Given for two new subscribers and $4.00 additional.

This is a massive quarto volume, 11¼ x 9 inches, bound in full sheep, with marble edges. It is a new edition, illustrated and unabridged, containing more than 115,000 words in its vocabulary; with their pronunciation, definition and etymology.

Given for two new subscribers and $4.00 additional. Price $8.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased. We will supply the Dictionary with the **Patent Reference Index** for only 50 cents additional.

The Elite Autograph Album.

Given for one new subscriber.



You will be hard to please if this Album does not delight you.

Small quarto size, fine silk plush, embossed; color, changeable drake-neck green, gold inscription. The envelope and quill design is in celluloid, dull green coloring, and red broken seal.

It is the handsomest Autograph Album we have ever seen for the money.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Wood's Household Practice of Medicine.

Two large volumes. 1,800 pages. Over 700 engravings.

Given for two new subscribers and $1.50 additional.



The name is all the guarantee this work needs for utility and reliability. Ask your physician about it. Each department, and there are forty of them, is written by a medical expert of recognized authority in his specialty, and his name is attached. It is the most valuable medical work for the family in America. It is exhaustive, and easily understood. The work sells by subscription for $10.

Price $5.00, only, for the two volumes.

Given for two new subscribers and $1.50 additional. Size of Book 7 x 10. The set weighs nearly 13 lbs. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Plush Quarto Photograph Album.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.

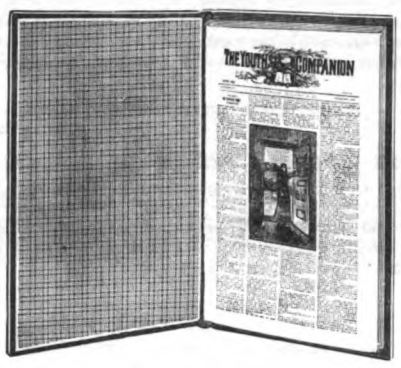


It has been made from our specifications. The leaves have tinted centres, with alternate apple, blackberry and clover blossom designs executed entirely in gold outline tracing.

The Book is covered with fine Silk Plush, of a rich garnet color, and blackberry embossing, padded sides, gold edges, strong extension nickel clasp. Size of Book, 11 x 8½ inches. The Book contains 32 pages, and openings for cabinet and *carte de visite* sizes.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price only $1.75. The Book is too heavy to go by mail. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Youth's Companion Binder.



A good Binder is a great economizer of time, because you always know just where to find your COMPANION. When your paper is first received insert it in your Binder, and your papers are always clean and fresh-looking. This is the most simple, durable and practical Binder that is made. It will hold fifty-two numbers of THE COMPANION. Each issue can be easily inserted. Stiff cloth covers and gilt embossed title. Size 12 x 17¼ inches.

Two Binders given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium. For sale by us for 50 cents each. Postage and packing 20 cents each, when purchased.

What Every One Should Know. 510 pages.



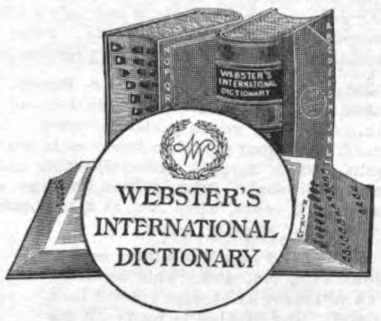
This is a handy "gather-all" of practical information. It contains complete directions for making and doing over 5,000 things necessary in business, the trades, the shop, the home, the farm, and the kitchen.

Here are literally all sorts of recipes. Many people habitually make clippings from newspapers and paste them into some clumsy scrap-book; and after years have not one-fiftieth part as much reliable information in the practical recipe line as is contained here.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Webster's International Dictionary.

Given for three new subscribers and $4.75 additional.



The "International" is, in fact, the popular "Unabridged," enriched and re-edited to meet the severer requirements of the present day. This work of preparation has been in progress for over ten years. No less than one hundred editors have been engaged upon it, with an expenditure of more than three hundred thousand dollars before it was ready for the printers.

It is the latest standard authority on the words and usages of the English language. No library can be considered complete without this valuable work. Bound in rich and substantial sheep.

Given for three new subscribers and $4.75 additional. Price $9.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

We will supply the International Dictionary with the Complete Patent Reference Index as seen in the cut, for 75 cts. additional.

Law Without Lawyers. 400 pages.

This Book answers a long-felt want. It is a compendium of Business and Domestic Law for popular use, compiled by a member of the New York Bar. It should be in every family, and may save you yearly many times its cost. The Book gives in a clear manner the legal information one needs to know for ordinary affairs, and a copy of all legal forms and dictionary of legal terms. Cloth bound.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 65 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

"Prang's Babies'" Scrap Book.



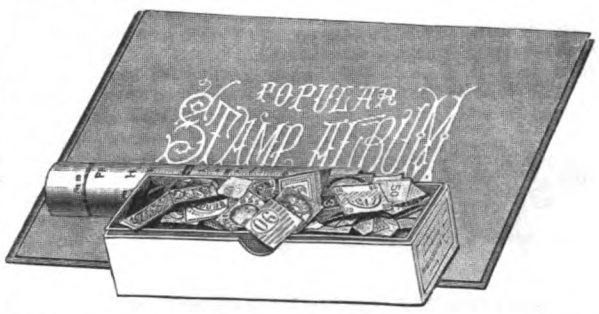
You are doubtless familiar with the beautiful Chromo published by Prang, called "The Babies." We have had one of these original copies mounted on the cover of this Book, with bas-relief and gold border, and elegant gold figure work. Cloth binding. Size of Book, 13½ x 11 in. Heavy leaves and red edges. This is a very choice Scrap Book.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 80 cents, which is hardly the value of the picture alone. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Popular Stamp Album and 200 Stamps.

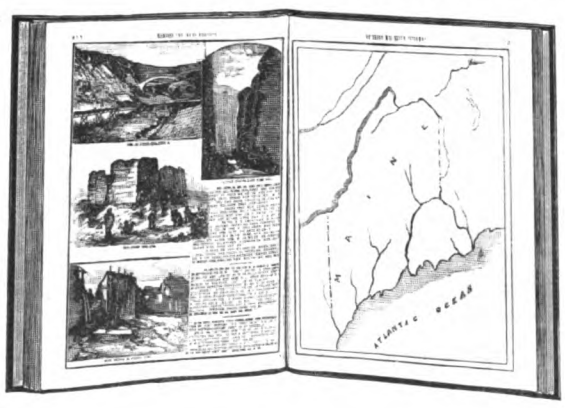
This Stamp Album is printed on heavy paper, is profusely illustrated, is nicely bound in cloth and gilt, and has places for 3,000 Stamps. We also include a collection of 200 valuable Stamps, and a complete descriptive catalogue illustrated.

The descriptive matter is brought up to date, and includes all countries in the world.



We give all the above for one new subscriber. Our price only $1.00. **Postage and packing 12 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Standard Atlas of the World.



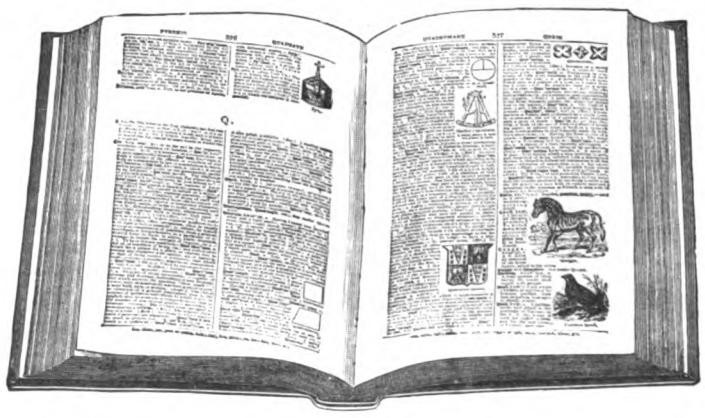
The Standard Atlas of the World, by Rand, McNally & Co., is a reliable work. By special arrangement with the publishers we are able to give the complete work for one new subscriber and 75 cents additional, which is a liberal offer.

The work contains 68 full and double-page Maps of every State in the Union, and every country on the globe, including Alaska, and its recent discoveries.

These Maps are on plate-paper—counties and provinces in different colors; rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, railroads, etc., in fullest detail.

The Standard Atlas contains 80 engravings and 34 diagrams, 200 pages, large quarto size, 14½ x 11 inches. The latest edition. Cloth-bound. Given for only one new subscriber and 75 cents additional. Price $2.60. **Postage and packing 40 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Webster's Practical Dictionary. Illustrated.



This Dictionary is familiar to all students. The purpose of this edition is to supply in a compact form the orthography, pronunciation, meaning and etymology of all English words which are likely to be encountered by the general reader or student. This edition contains **630 pages, 1,400 illustrations.**

It is 7½ x 5⅛ inches in size, bound in cloth.

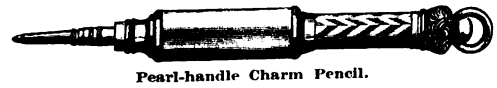
The type is clear and distinct.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. This Dictionary is a ready companion for school or home use.

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Johnson's Solid Gold Pens, and Pencils.

Pearl-Handle Charm Pencil. This is a beautiful Pencil. The barrel is encased in mother-of-pearl. The extension-handle is of heavy gold-plate, finely engraved. Extreme length, 2¾ inches. When shortened, 1½ inches. Makes an elegant and useful charm for a gentleman's watch-chain and lady's fob. Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 6 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



Pearl-handle Charm Pencil.



Solid Gold Pencil.

Lady's Combination Pen and Pencil, No. 50. A beautiful article for a lady. Barrel gold-plated, and beautifully engraved. 14-k. Gold Pen, which slides in case. Also, screw-propelling Pencil. Ring and swivel in head, so it can be attached to watch-chain. Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $2.00. **Postage and packing 6 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

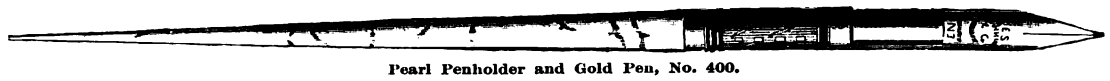


No. 50.

Beautiful Pearl Penholder and Fine Gold Pen, No. 400. This beautiful Pen will make an elegant present for a friend. The Holder is made of the best quality iridescent pearl, with a fine gold-plated mounting. The Pen is made by E. S. Johnson & Co., No. 3 size. Their reputation as makers of fine Pens is world-wide. We give with the Pen and Pearl Holder a fine Morocco Case lined with satin. Given for two new subscribers and 15 cents additional. Price $2.00. **Postage and packing 6 cents.**



No. 304.



Pearl Penholder and Gold Pen, No. 400.



Johnson's Gold Pen No. 6, and Fine Ebony Holder.

Solid Gold Pencil for Ladies. This little Pencil is just what every lady wants. It is slender, so that it can fit in a pocket-book nicely or tuck into the glove. Is solid gold and beautifully finished. Any lady may be proud to use it. Its length, when closed, 2½ inches; when extended, nearly three inches. Just the present for a young lady. Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 6 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Gold Pen and Holder, No. 304, with Solid Gold Pen. This fine Pen will be found a very convenient companion for the pocket or desk. It is made for our especial use, and guaranteed by us. The Holder has an Ebony Extension Handle, with a gold-plated barrel, finely engraved. Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 6 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Johnson's Gold Pen, No. 6, and Fine Ebony Holder. It will make a desirable present for a gentleman. The Pen and Holder given for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional. Price $2.00. **Postage and packing 6 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. We give a choice of either No. 6 long, or No. 6 short nib Gold Pen.

Occasionally we have orders for solid gold Penholders.

We can obtain for you anything in this line at special prices.

A. T. Cross Stylographic Pen—Chased Barrel. This is one of the best quality of these celebrated Pens. Each one is warranted perfect, and will contain ink enough to write about 40 hours. Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $2.00. **Postage and packing 6 cents.**



A. T. Cross Stylographic Pen—Chased Barrel.



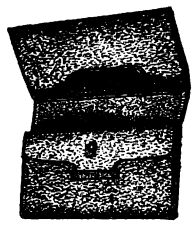
Excelsior Fountain Pen.

Excelsior Fountain Pen, Solid 14-k. Gold Pen. This is a very generous offer. It is genuine Johnson Fountain, with a Johnson solid 14-k. Gold Pen. It is the best Fountain Pen we have seen, and will hold sufficient ink for a week's use. The flow is constant, and the Pen writes and shades with great ease. We have used the Johnson Fountain Pen on our LIST for four years. They have given perfect satisfaction. It is one of the most liberal premiums on our LIST. Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $2.50. **Postage and packing 6 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The "A" Stylographic Pen. This Stylographic Pen will give satisfaction. Not quite as finely made as the one described above, yet it will do excellent work, and will wear a long time. Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 6 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Fine Morocco Card Case.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



We select the size, style and material that is appropriate for either a lady or gentleman.

Material is fine morocco, a very durable leather, and always presents a genteel appearance. Besides having ample room for your visiting cards, there are additional pockets for stamps, memoranda, etc. You need this Case in connection with the Visiting Cards we offer.

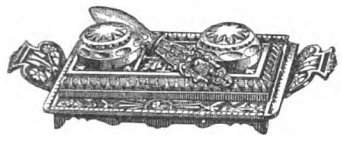
We will stamp your name in gold on this book on receipt of 25 cents.

The Case given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Silver-Plated Inkstand and Antique Paper Cutter.

Both given for one new subscriber.

It is difficult to know, sometimes, just what to select for a present. We think this premium would please any one in such a perplexity. It is made of bronze metal, and beautifully finished in oxidized silver. It has two ground-glass ink wells, and is as appropriate for a lady as a gentleman. It is large and heavy, being 10½ inches long and 5½ inches wide, and weighs about 3 pounds. We also include the Paper Cutter shown in the cut.

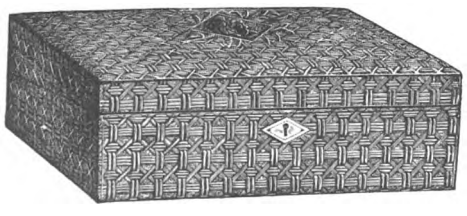


Both given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

Solid Leather Writing-Desk, No. 803.

Given for two new subscribers and 35 cents additional.

This beautiful Desk is made of solid leather, and is beautifully embossed with a newer pattern than is shown in the cut. Size of the Desk when closed, 10½ x 8, and 3½ inches deep, and when opened is 16 inches long.



There are compartments for envelopes, pencils, paper, and other fittings, and it has lock, and inkstand with screw-cap cover. This is the best Desk we ever offered.

Desk given for two new subscribers and 35 cents additional. For sale by us for $2.50. **Postage and packing 55 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Engraved Copper Card Plate, and 50 Printed Cards.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.

Our lady and gentleman friends, unless they live in cities, find it difficult to obtain Engraved Card Plates, and if they do, it is not always certain to get first-class work.

1 *Mrs. Paul Henderson*

2 *Mr. Frank Macomber*

3 *Miss Hunter*

We have employed as fine a workman as can be had to do the engraving. We have reproduced above his three leading styles.

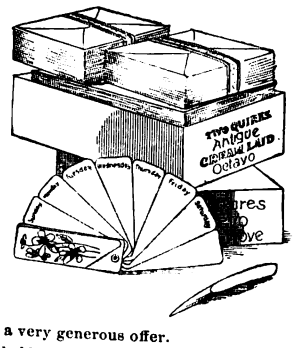
We use the best cream bristol cardboard in the latest sizes. No lady or gentleman can afford to be without their private card plate. Write copy plain, and state by number which style you want.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price of Engraved Copper Plate, and 50 Printed Addressed Cards, $1.50. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Additional lines on plate, 50 cents each. You can return your plate to us by mail and we will print additional cards and supply stock at $1.00 per hundred. **Postage 15 cents** additional.

Fine Stationery in Boxes. Offer Nos. 1 and 2.

It is an excusable pride which every true lady shows when she insists upon using only the best of paper and envelopes in her private correspondence. It always marks her intelligence and good breeding.

The "Old Berkshire Mills" have been noted for years, and stand at the head as producers of the finest writing papers in America. We offer their goods in this premium. Every sheet of paper is water-lined with the mill imprint. The paper is octavo size, and Baronial-shaped envelopes to match.



Offer No. 1. We give four quires of paper, and 100 envelopes to match, enclosed in a nice box, for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. This is a very generous offer.

Offer No. 2. We give one-half the quantity of stationery in a box, and a hand-painted celluloid erasable Tablet for each day of the week, also an imitation old ivory tusk Paper-cutter, for one new subscriber. Price for the combination, $1.00. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Plush Sealing-Wax Casket.

The Case is covered with fine plush, and it has a satin lining to match. Bevel projecting bottom; size 8 x 3 inches. The case contains 3 Sticks of Wax, assorted colors, 2 Colored Wax Candles, full size Nickel Seal (Old English initial). State the initial you wish.

All given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Solid Leather Writing Tablet.

Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional.

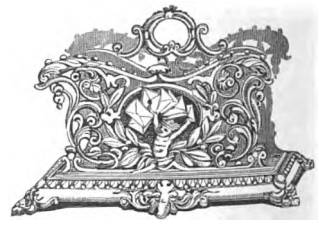


We now offer a Tablet made of real leather, beautifully embossed, for only one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Cover stuffed and hinged, fine black sateen compartment for holding stationery and letters, and a Blotting Pad with leather corners. It also contains a receptacle for holding Pens and other small articles, and a Patent Safety Inkstand. Size 7½ x 12 inches.

Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 30 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Silver-Plated Letter, Card and Paper Rack.

Given for one new subscriber and 85 cents additional.



This is artistic in design and is a most useful article.

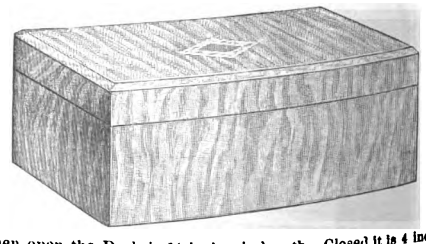
It is 8 x 5 inches in size. For an ornament for a centre-table or desk, it is very appropriate.

Given for one new subscriber and 85 cents additional. Price $2.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Lady's Writing Desk.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

This Desk is a beauty. We have arranged with a manufacturer in New Hampshire, where lumber is cheap and work is honest, to make a large number of these Desks.



When open the Desk is 14 inches in length. Closed it is 4 inches deep and 10 wide. The finish is walnut, with inlaid mahogany corners. It has a Lock and Key, and the usual compartments inside.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 40 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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The Home Ideal Magic Lantern.

Given for one new subscriber and 45 cents additional.

Our Magic Lantern.

The charm surrounding this magic "Home Entertainer" never grows dim.

Each year its magic rays brighten new faces, and add new attractions to the home circle.

Many years ago THE YOUTH'S COMPANION made its first Magic Lantern. Since then it has been improved and perfected.

To-day it is the prince of Home Entertainers, **brilliant, safe** and **durable,** always ready for pleasure or business.

Money-Making.

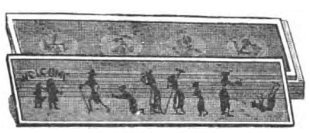
To assist the young people in making money with the Magic Lantern, we give with it a large Poster and 72 Tickets.

The Poster can be hung in the Post-Office to advertise the exhibition. The Admission Tickets, sold at ten cents apiece, will give you a neat little sum.

Many young people have earned money in this way.

The Polyopticon.

For 25 cents additional we will send with the Magic Lantern a Polyopticon Attachment. This will enable you to cast on the screen the reflection of any photograph, small engraving, or some natural object. These are quite interesting, but of course not so brilliant as the direct light slides.





A Suggestion.

Boys and girls have not only been amused and instructed, but many have made money as well, with this Magic Lantern. "What others have done, you can do." We suggest that Christmas and New Year's evenings will be appropriate and convenient dates for profitable Magic Lantern exhibitions. On these evenings a large audience can easily be obtained.

The Outfit.

First, The Magic Lantern. This is the outgrowth of our "Experimental Department." We import the best of French Lenses, and manufacture the Lanterns by the thousand.

We make many of our own Slides, and we furnish a better Outfit for $2.00 than can be purchased at the stores for $3.00.

Besides the Lantern, the new Ideal Magic Lantern Outfit contains 5 Comic Views, drawn for us by Thos. Nast, Jr., and about 25 exceedingly choice Colored Views. Also, a Lecture Book, giving full description of each View, 1 large Show Bill and 72 Exhibition Tickets.

The Outfit given complete for one new subscriber and 45 cents additional. Price $2.00. **Postage and packing 45 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased, or it can be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.

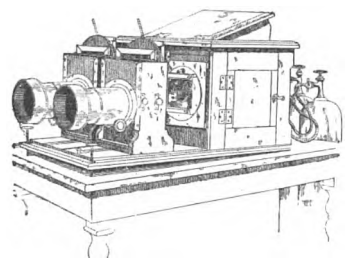


The possession of this Magic Lantern in the home will prove a delightful means of recreation and amusement. Views of foreign lands, educational slides, portraits of eminent people, and comic and laughable scenes, suggest the pleasant evenings in store for the boys and girls who may obtain THE YOUTH'S COMPANION Ideal Magic Lantern.

Every home will be made brighter to the young people by the advent of a good Magic Lantern.

A Card. Many of the premiums on the List have been arranged with the idea in view of **Popular Home Entertainments.** A bright boy or girl will soon pick them out. Many boys and girls made considerable money last year by giving a course of entertainments. Thousands of boys who have given successful home entertainments with these Lanterns will wish to arrange for a course of entertainments by which pleasure and profit will be combined. **The Magic Lantern is the Prince of Entertainers.**

Stereopticons for Exhibition Purposes.



For the benefit of our patrons we have just completed arrangements so we can supply at specially low rates the best Stereopticon for churches, schools, associations, and private exhibitions, that is made in this country.

To all inquiries from intending purchasers we shall be most happy to send our little book, "A Word about the Stereopticon," on receipt of 6 cents in stamps. It is a valuable work in itself, and fully describes our large Stereopticons.

Magic Lantern Slides. Painted.

Colored Lantern Slides. Upon Glass. We have an assortment of 24 Colored German Slides. Some of the Views are very comical and laughable, while others represent scenes in foreign life. They are all highly-colored, and are very interesting. We cannot catalogue these Slides, as the subjects vary. 24 given for one new subscriber. Price of 24 Slides, $1.50. **Postage and packing 40 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. 12 Colored Slides, ordered at one time, in Case, 75 cents. **Postage and packing 20 cents.**

A Set of Five Punch and Judy Figures.

Given for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional.



What child has not been filled with wonder and delight as Mr. Punch and his wife Judy appeared on the mimic stage? The crowds that assemble whenever these quaint characters appear in public, attest to the universal interest in which they are held by the little people.

We have recently imported these figures from Germany. They are all carved from solid wood, are nicely painted, and all dressed handsomely, as seen in the cut. A book of lessons accompanies each Set. The framework of this popular show can be easily made by any boy. We send directions for making it.

The Set of five given for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional. Price of the Set of five is only $2.00. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Magic Lantern Slides. Photographed.

We manufacture a series of Slides, six slides of 24 Views to each Set. A descriptive lecture goes with each Set. They will be sold in Sets only. Set No. 1, Ten Nights in a Bar-Room, and Uncle Tom's Cabin; No. 2, Microscopic Objects Revealed, and Wonders of the Human Body; No. 3, Bible Views; No. 4, Wonders of the Heavens, and Manners and Customs of the Indians; No. 5, Across the Continent, and Important Events in U. S. History; No. 6, Views of Comic Life; No. 7, Zig-zag Views Around the World. Any two Sets given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Price per Set (6 Slides, 24 Views), 50 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent by mail.

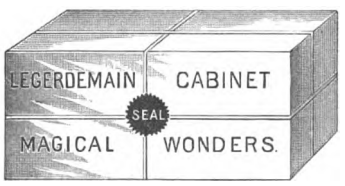
Oriental Magic Cabinet.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



The apparatus contained in our Magic Cabinet provides many most startling surprises. The cut illustrates one of them.

The operator borrows a handkerchief at random from any person in the audience. **One, Two, Three, Presto!** Before their very eyes a shower of candy pours forth. How is it done? Let the audience tell if they can. Any boy or girl can perform with the Outfit nine other feats in legerdemain equally pleasing and startling. Among them we mention the Magical Blocks, Phantom Ring, Wizard's Furnace, Transformation of a Vase of Ink to Clear Water in which a live Gold-Fish can be seen, the Floating Wand, and the Magic Fire-Eater. One large Poster and 72 Exhibition Tickets are also enclosed.



The complete Outfit given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Outfit for Evening Entertainments.

The Outfit given for one new subscriber.



We are asked so often to suggest something new for evening entertainment that we arrange this combination.

Twenty-four new Tableaux, by Josephine Pollard, with full description of costumes, etc. Illustrated with picturesque diagrams by Satterlee.

Also, our new "Artists' Make-up Set," consisting of harmless Cocoa-Butter Paints in 7 colors, Flesh Powder and Chamois Skin, all inclosed in a neat Case, and full directions for "making up."

Boys can have lots of fun with the "Make-up" Box, in getting up negro and Buffalo Bill entertainments.

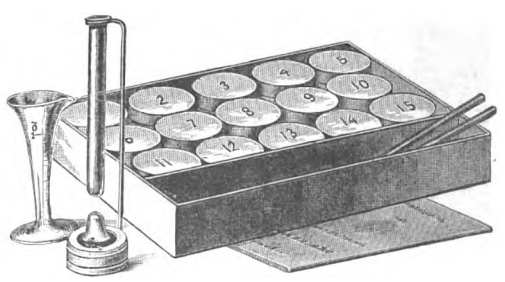
Premium offer above. Price of Outfit complete, $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Outfit of Chemical Wonders.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.

This Outfit is entirely free from danger, and will be found perfectly safe in the hands of the young. While it will afford a large amount of innocent amusement, it will also help to cultivate a spirit of research and investigation.

It contains fifteen boxes of chemicals, the necessary apparatus, and a Manual giving complete instructions for performing many brilliant experiments. The following are some of the most interesting: **Artificial Thunder, Miniature Lightning, Japanese Stars, Wizard's Fire, Crimson Fire, Luminous Stars, Floating Flame, Artificial Ice, Intense Cold, Sympathetic Ink.**



Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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The Complete Harvard Photograph Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.

Amateur

Photography is a success. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION has spent time and money to invent and perfect the best and most practical Camera that could be made at a low price.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The proof of the Harvard Camera's success is in its work.

An Opportunity

is offered for all to see a photograph made with it by an Amateur. Send us 4 cents in stamps and we will mail you one. This will tell the story better than anything we can say.

How Can We

sell the Harvard Outfit for $1.75? Because there are no middlemen to add to its cost with their percentages. The Camera is manufactured for us, and for us alone, thousands being ordered at a time. Were this Camera to go through the regular channels of trade, it could not be sold for less than $3.00.



The Illustration.

The illustration here shown is a picture made from a number of Photographs that have been taken by young people with the Harvard Camera. Each section or figure will be instantly recognized by its taker.

Camera Clubs. Upon the receipt of an application signed by at least three persons agreeing to form an Amateur Camera Club, there will be sent **free**, a Camera Club Constitution, Application Blanks for Membership, and General Aids showing how to organize such Clubs. Each application for Blanks must enclose a two-cent stamp for postage, and should be sent directly to the publishers of THE COMPANION.

Rebate Ticket.

Some may say, "I prefer to wait until I can buy a large Camera." To these we reply: As artistic a picture can be made with the dainty Harvard as with a large Camera costing many dollars. Begin with the Harvard, become expert in its use, and then, if you want a larger Camera, you can purchase it at a discount by means of a Rebate Ticket which we give with every Harvard Outfit. The

Harvard Camera

is made of metal. Handsome in appearance. Takes a picture 4 inches long and 2½ wide. Has a fine French wide-angle lens. Is provided with a Tripod, and also a Finder for locating the picture.

With the Camera, we give sufficient apparatus, chemicals and materials for enabling pictures to be taken, developed, printed and mounted. The

Harvard Outfit

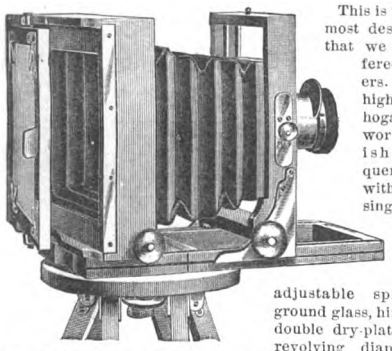
consists of the Camera, Tripod Head, Finder, Developing Tray, Printing Frame, Glass Graduate, Ruby Fabric (for ruby light), and Dry Plates, Sensitized Paper, Card Mounts, Chemicals and Toning-gold sufficient for six negatives, and prints from the same. **The Complete Outfit given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.75. Postage and packing 50 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. For short distances express is cheaper than mail.

REBATE CARD. With each Harvard Outfit we send a Rebate Card. If at any time you wish to buy a $10.00 or $15.00 Camera, we will accept this Card as $1.75 in part payment thereon.

Remember that on receipt of **4 cts.** in stamps we will send you a Photograph taken with the Harvard.

"Companion" Camera, with Special Outfit.

Given for five new subscribers and $8.00 additional.



This is the neatest and most desirable Camera that we have ever offered our subscribers. It is made of highly-polished mahogany, with metal work, finely finished and lacquered. Is provided with a rising front, single swing, front focus, double rack and pinion movement, patent adjustable spring-actuated ground glass, hinged front bed, double dry-plate holder, fixed revolving diaphragm and a fine single achromatic lens. Size of plate used, 4¼ x 6½.

With this Camera we give a complete Outfit, consisting of a Canvas Carrying Case, Folding Tripod, Dry Plates, Sensitized Paper, Trays, Printing Frame, Card Mounts, Focusing Cloth, Graduate, Ruby Lantern, Book of Instructions, and all the Chemicals necessary for developing and fixing the plates, and toning and fixing the prints. Given for five new subscribers and $8.00 additional. Price $15.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.** In ordering Camera, be sure and give the name.

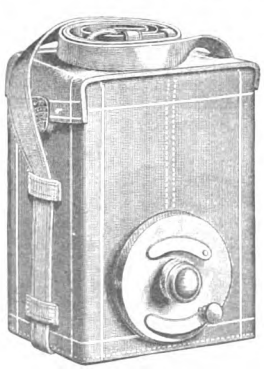
SPECIAL. We offer Camera and Tripod described above, 5 x 8 size, with complete Outfit, for five new subscribers and $10.00 additional. Price $18.00. We recommend this Camera as being particularly adapted for fine landscapes and architectural work.

Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver, when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Argus 12-Shot Magazine Camera.

Given for four new subscribers and $5.00 additional.

Detective Cameras are very popular. To snatch a view of a runaway horse, a flying express train, a great yacht race, is fascinating indeed.



The Argus is the best low-priced Magazine Camera ever made. It is enclosed in a handsome russet leather Case. The lens-tube and other exposed parts are of brass, burnished and lacquered.

Height of the Camera is seven inches, width five, and depth three and one-half. The picture taken by it is circular, and three inches in diameter.

The Argus Camera is remarkably simple in construction. It holds twelve dry-plates, and by a simple turn of the lens-tube they can be brought one by one into the field of the lens, and a picture taken.

The Shutter is adapted for either "Snap Shots," or Time exposures. No focusing is necessary. We furnish free, with the Camera, one dozen dry plates.

Given for four new subscribers and $5.00 additional. Price $8.00. **Must be sent by express, and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Duplex Ruby Lantern.

Given for one new subscriber.

It is well-known that all work with Dry Plates must be done under the rays of the Ruby Light.

Our expert has invented and perfected for us the most convenient Light we have yet seen. The glass is "copper flashed," to prevent fogging. The interior is arranged for use of candle.



Its two Ruby Glasses face two ways. By so doing, the entire surface of your work-bench is flooded with Ruby Light. It is made in the best possible manner. Size, 4¼ x 6½ inches.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing, 20 cents** additional.

Portable Changing Bag, and One Dozen Dry Plates,

Size, 2½ x 4. All given for one new subscriber.



This valuable apparatus will be keenly appreciated by all who own a Harvard or Gem Camera. By means of it a person can remove and insert plates in a Camera, although the brightest of sunlight is all about; thus being independent of a dark room.

By having two boxes in the Bag, one of unexposed plates and the other for exposed plates, any desired number of pictures can be taken on a single trip.

The Portable Changing Bag is made of an impervious and light-tight material, can be rolled up and carried in the pocket, and is very simple in construction.

Premium offer above. Price 85 cents. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Price of Bag alone 50 cents, postage 10 cents additional. Send stamp for a Catalogue of Photographic Supplies.

Omega Sensitized Paper, and Combined Toning and Fixing Solution.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



The material here offered is the latest discovery in the photographic field. It consists of three dozen sheets of 2½ x 4 Omega Sensitized Paper and one large bottle of Solution for Toning and Fixing the Prints.

These Prints can be toned and fixed in one Solution, and when finished possess a most beautiful enamel finish. Burnishing is not required.

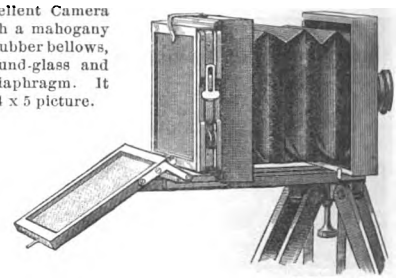
A single trial of this Paper will convince the most sceptical that it possesses many advantages over ordinary albumen sensitized paper.

Three dozen sheets, 2½ x 4, Omega Sensitized Paper and one large bottle Combined Toning and Fixing Solution given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price 90 cents. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

"Companion" 4x5 Camera, with Special Outfit.

Given for four new subscribers and $5.00 additional.

This excellent Camera is made with a mahogany finish, fine rubber bellows, hinged ground-glass and revolving diaphragm. It will take a 4 x 5 picture.



The Complete Outfit includes the above Camera, together with a fine Achromatic Lens, Folding Tripod, Double Dry-Plate Holder, Dry Plates, Sensitized Paper, Trays, Printing Frame, Card Mounts, Focusing Cloth, Glass Graduate, Ruby Lantern, Carrying Case, Book of Instructions and complete set of Chemicals.

Given for four new subscribers and $5.00 additional. Price $10.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Photographic Dry Plates.

These plates have been sold by us for a number of years, and have given good satisfaction. We give two dozen 2½ x 4 plates for one new subscriber. Price of two dozen plates 70 cents. **Postage and packing 40 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

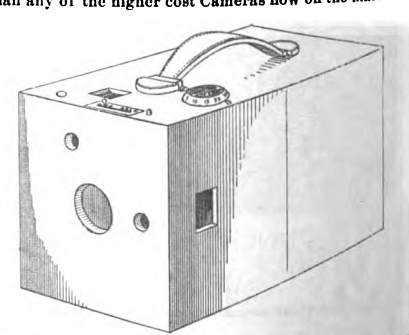
Sensitized Paper.

We give 72 sheets of the best quality of Sensitized Paper, of the required size for the Harvard Camera, for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price for 72 sheets, 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Hawk-Eye Camera.

Given for five new subscribers and $8.00 additional.

This Camera is so well-known that a full description at this time is not necessary. It combines more advantages and desirable qualities than any of the higher cost Cameras now on the market.



It has a key for regulating the speed of the Shutter, vertical and horizontal Finders, interior Ground Glass Screen, and is now furnished without a single attachment extending beyond the Case. Will take a 4 x 5 picture. Natural-wood finish, with leather handle.

Given for five new subscribers and $8.00 additional. Price $8.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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The Gem Tin-Type Camera and Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional.

A New Industry.

The Youth's Companion family is a large one. Its bright boys and girls are numbered by the hundreds of thousands.

THE COMPANION believes not only in providing its family with the best of reading, but it seeks to encourage and develop a mechanical taste among its young readers. To this end THE COMPANION employs mechanical experts whose entire time is given to the work of experiment and of developing amateur industries.

A Difficult Task.

A year ago our experimental department took in hand a difficult task. The successful result of the effort is here illustrated.

No wonder you are surprised at this mysterious-looking **six-eyed** Camera. Listen, and we will tell you all about it.

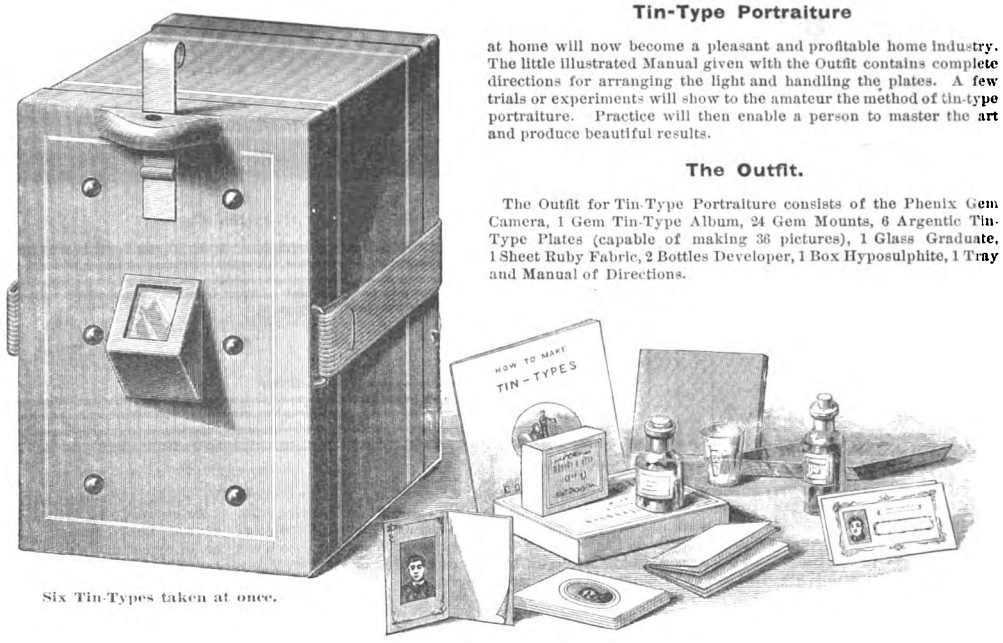
It's the **first** Tin-Type Camera ever made for the use of boys and girls. The cut illustrates the Camera at two-thirds its actual size. It is made in the best and most thorough manner, and ought to last a lifetime.

Exchanging Tin-Types.

There is hardly a crowd of school-children to be seen where an exchanging of tin-types is not going on. Especially so as vacation approaches. Professional photographers are pressed with work. Why not have a Camera of your own, and earn some money for yourself?

Our Tin-Type Camera takes six pictures at a time, all on a single plate. This plate can be developed and fixed, the six portraits cut apart with scissors and delivered to the sitter in less than ten minutes. As the plates and chemicals are cheap, your profits can be large.

The Tin-Type Camera is really six small Cameras in one. It has six chambers and six lenses. A single Argentic Plate is placed in the Camera, and six portraits taken on it at once. The Plates are 2½ x 4 inches, and the six portraits are each 1¼ x 1½ inches. The Outfit we give with the Camera includes everything needed for taking and finishing 36 Portraits. THE COMPANION first offered this Outfit to its subscribers last April. It is proving a remarkable success in every respect. It gives great satisfaction.



Six Tin-Types taken at once.

Tin-Type Portraiture

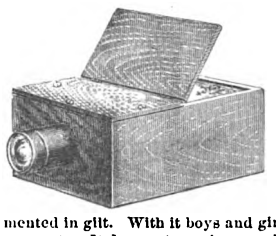
at home will now become a pleasant and profitable home industry. The little illustrated Manual given with the Outfit contains complete directions for arranging the light and handling the plates. A few trials or experiments will show to the amateur the method of tin-type portraiture. Practice will then enable a person to master the art and produce beautiful results.

The Outfit.

The Outfit for Tin-Type Portraiture consists of the Phenix Gem Camera, 1 Gem Tin-Type Album, 24 Gem Mounts, 6 Argentic Tin-Type Plates (capable of making 36 pictures), 1 Glass Graduate, 1 Sheet Ruby Fabric, 2 Bottles Developer, 1 Box Hyposulphite, 1 Tray and Manual of Directions.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional. Price $2.75. **Postage and packing 50 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Express may be cheaper. Ask your local express agent.

Sketching Camera, No. 1.



This Camera is one of our most popular premiums, and during the past few years many thousands have been used. This year we expect the demand will be greater than ever. Its construction is simple, and its use easily understood.

The one we now use is greatly improved, being made of tin, japanned, and ornamented in gilt. With it boys and girls can sketch an object in a few moments. It does not require previous practice. The Camera is 8 inches long, 5 inches wide, and 3 inches high.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Mechanical Plantation Savings Bank.

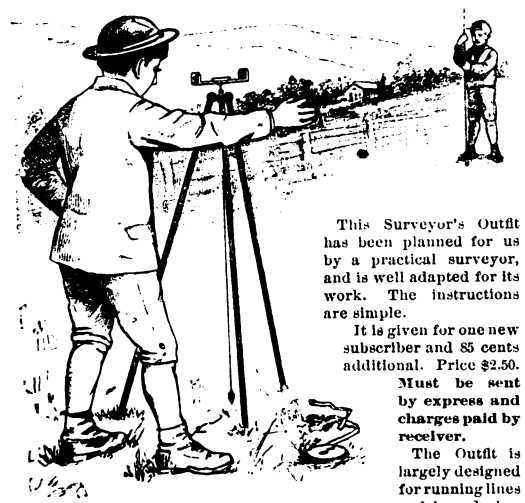


This Bank is a most amusing mechanical Toy, besides being a safe Bank for holding the deposits of the young.

It is made of sheet metal, handsomely painted, and contains a clock-work and fan regulator. The instant a penny or nickel is pushed through the opening of the Bank the clock-work brings into action a most comical scene. It causes the banjo-player to "pick on de ole banjo," while the other figure dances a real "break-down" in perfect time and life-like steps.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Companion Surveyor's Outfit.



This Surveyor's Outfit has been planned for us by a practical surveyor, and is well adapted for its work. The instructions are simple.

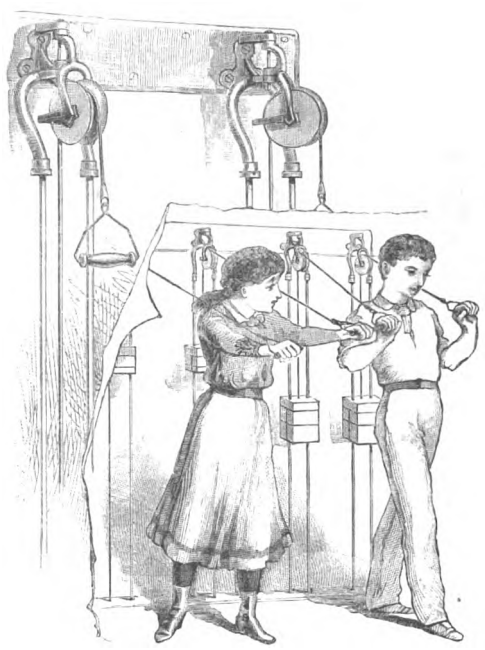
It is given for one new subscriber and 85 cents additional. Price $2.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

The Outfit is largely designed for running lines and boundaries.

Should the young surveyor wish to find the contents of a certain lot of land, he must use a Tape and Protractor. These are not included in the Outfit. A 50-foot Tape and a Protractor can be sent for 75 cents additional.

Improved Health-lift for Physical Culture.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.60 additional.



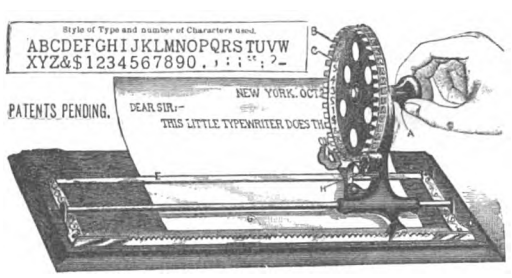
Physical culture, by which a vigorous and healthy body is developed, is now commanding universal attention.

The Apparatus we offer is the latest and best for this purpose, and should be in every household. It can be used by children as well as adults. Many gymnasiums and schools have adopted our apparatus. The pulley-wheel hangers are made with a wide swivel motion, the handles are solid rosewood, oil polished, the drab cord is full regulation weight and size, the wall and floor blocks stained cherry and shellacked. Either 3 or 5 pound weights can be used.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.60 additional. Price $3.50. This is less than half its value. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Automatic Toy Type-Writer.

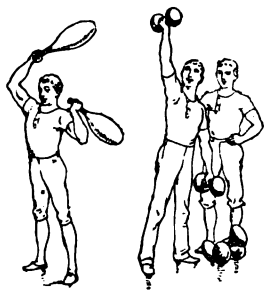
This Type-writer has an automatic feed and a self-inking type wheel, uses copying ink, will accommodate the largest-sized letter paper, and possesses some of the features of a higher cost machine.



There is a great fascination among the young in sending or receiving a type-written letter. To such a class this Type-writer will afford delight and amusement, and also become an educator in teaching the art of spelling, punctuation and composition.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Indian Clubs, Wood Dumb-Bells, and Complete Manual.



A pair of either 1 or 2 lb. Dumb-Bells, or a pair of either 2 or 3 lb. Indian Clubs, given for one new name. These are first-quality goods, made from selected maple, and finely polished. Wright & Ditson model. We shall include Bornstein's Manual on Calisthenics, bound in paper, with each premium offered, except 3-lb Clubs. On these we require 15 cents additional to send the book.

Price of Wood Dumb-Bells, per pair, 1 lb., 45 cents; 2 lb., 60 cents. Indian Clubs, per pair, 2 lb., 60 cents; 3 lb., 75 cents. **Must be sent by express, and charges paid by the receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Bornstein's Manual on Dumb-Bells and Indian Clubs, paper bound, 25 cents, post-paid.

Tin-Type Outfit for the Harvard Camera.

Given for one new subscriber.

Many inquiries have come to us for **Tin-Type Plates** suitable for the Harvard Camera. We have therefore prepared a Tin-Type Outfit for use with the Harvard Camera.

The Outfit consists of 18 Argentic Plates, 2¼ x 4 inches, Developer for the same, and Manual of Directions. This will enable you to take and finish a picture within ten minutes.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 70 cents. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Acoustic Telephone Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber.



House and office connected by the Telephone. Listen! Three raps on the diaphragm button.

HUSBAND — Yes, I'm here. What's wanted?

WIFE — Did you post my letter this morning?

HONEST HUSBAND — No, dear. It's in my coat pocket yet.

WIFE — So I expected, but what a convenience this Telephone is.

What the Telephone Outfit contains. Two perfection Transmitters—one for each end of the line; Material for Cords, Loops and supports for putting up the Wire, and three hundred feet of Wire. Full instructions.

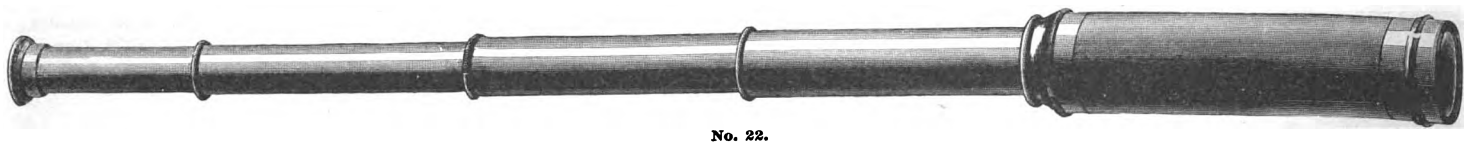
Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Additional Wire furnished at 25 cents per 100 feet, postage paid by us.

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Our French Achromatic Telescopes.



No. 12.



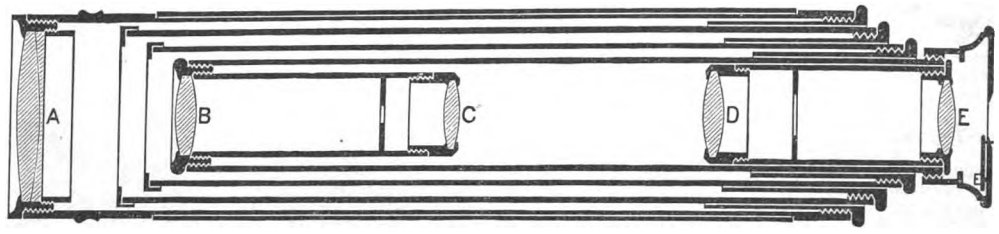
No. 22.

Two Telescopes may look alike on the outside—they may both be called "Achromatic," but it's the inside that tells the story.

The Inside of our Telescopes is here illustrated closed. You can see that lenses are located at A B C D E—five lenses in all.

The lens A is achromatic. It is composed of two lenses in one—one made from flint, and the other from crown glass, so ground and fitted as to make **one** lens.

Many of the so-called Achromatic Telescopes so extensively advertised have but two plain lenses, one located at A and the other at E. We hope that this explanation will be clear to all. Our Telescopes are made to our special order by one of the best Paris makers. We guarantee each instrument to be absolutely faultless. Both of the Telescopes are encased in French Morocco, and have strong brass caps to protect the lenses when not in use. **A Special Notice.** We frequently have letters of inquiry concerning costly Telescopes adapted for Astronomical purposes. We can supply them at special prices.



Telescope, No. 12. The first is our No. 12. The diagram illustrates it at its exact size when closed. When open, it is sixteen inches long.

The tubes are made from brass, polished and lacquered, while the body is covered with French Morocco.

We give with each Telescope our Prize Essay on the Achromatic Lens.

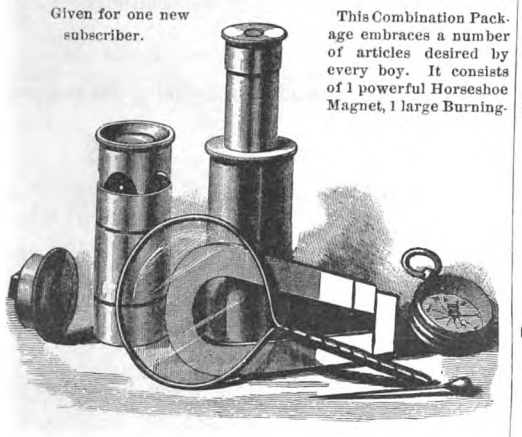
Given for only one new subscriber and 75 cents additional. Price $3.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Telescope, No. 22. Given for five new subscribers and $2.50 additional. This Telescope has four draws. Length, when extended, 36 inches. Closed 11 inches. Diameter 2 inches. Power 35 times, or an object one mile away will appear to be only about 10 rods away. This fine Achromatic Telescope is given for five new subscribers, and $2.50 additional. Price $9.00. **Postage and packing 60 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Optical and Magnetic Package.

Given for one new subscriber.

This Combination Package embraces a number of articles desired by every boy. It consists of 1 powerful Horseshoe Magnet, 1 large Burning-Glass, 1 Compass, 1 Spy-Glass, and 1 Imported Brass Microscope. This Microscope can be used for examining insects, seeds and other objects.



Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Mounted Microscopic Objects.

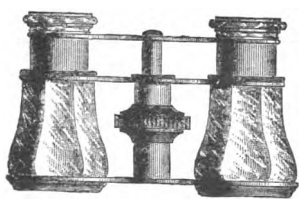


Some of them are very rare and instructive. We will include with every Microscope that we send out a Set of 12 Mounted Objects, assorted, on receipt of 50 cents additional.

We will give the Set for one new subscriber. Price $1.00 per Set. **Postage and packing 6 cents additional.**

Fine Opera Glasses.

We have facilities for supplying Opera Glasses of a superior quality, and at any price desired up to $25.00. The one illustrated has a pearl body and is gold-plated.



Given for ten new subscribers. Price $8.00. **Postage 8 cents.**

French Reading Glass, No. 3,304-42 C.

Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional.



A Reading Glass makes reading less burdensome to old eyes. Every member of the family will find it a source of enjoyment in examining photographs and engravings.

We adopt this square shape, as it is more convenient to the eyes. We import the Glass direct.

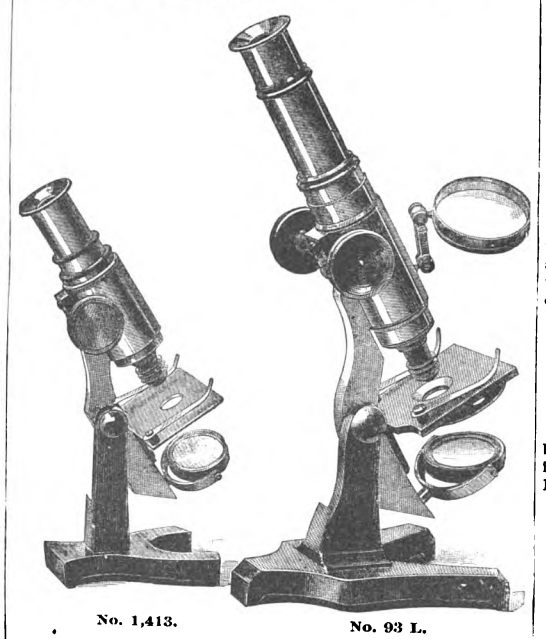
Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Fine French Microscopes.

French Naturalist Microscope, No. 1,413. This Microscope stands 6½ inches high, jointed centre, iron base, patent focus adjustments, reflecting mirror, three lenses of different powers.

This Microscope has a power of 5,000 times.

Given for three new subscribers and $2.15 additional. Price $5.50. **Postage and packing 35 cents.**



No. 1,413. No. 93 L.

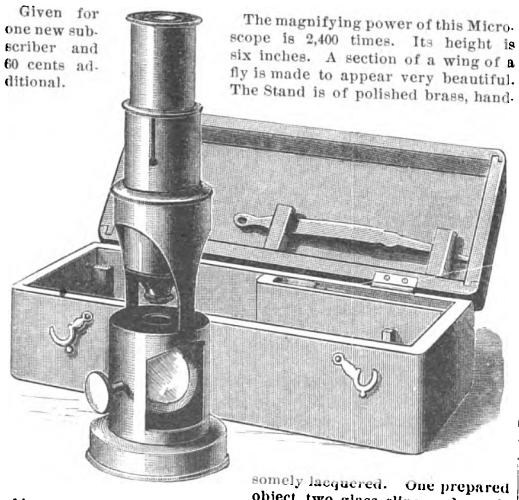
Harvard Compound Microscope, No. 93 L. This instrument is 10 inches high, made of lacquered brass and iron, concave mirror, rack and pinion adjustment, condenser and diaphragm. It has three object lenses of different powers.

It has a magnifying power of 15,400 times. Enclosed in a polished Box, with handle and key. Forceps, glass slips and mounted objects go with this instrument. Given for five new subscribers and $5.25 additional. Price $12.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Compound Microscope, No. 7,741.

Given for one new subscriber and 60 cents additional.

The magnifying power of this Microscope is 2,400 times. Its height is six inches. A section of a wing of a fly is made to appear very beautiful. The Stand is of polished brass, handsomely lacquered. One prepared object, two glass slips, and a pair of brass forceps, are given with the Microscope. The whole packed in a polished mahogany Case, as seen in the cut.



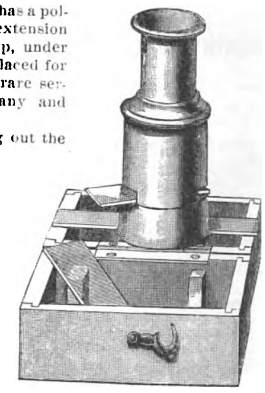
Given for one new subscriber and 60 cents additional. For sale by us for $2.25. **Postage and packing 15 cents.**

Convenient Microscope in a Case.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

This beautiful instrument has a polished brass cyclinder and extension tube, also an adjustable cap, under which live objects can be placed for examination. It will be of rare service to the student of botany and natural history.

It magnifies so as to bring out the hidden beauties and wonders of tiny objects that we see every day, but that to the naked eye seem beneath our notice. Enclosed in a polished mahogany box.

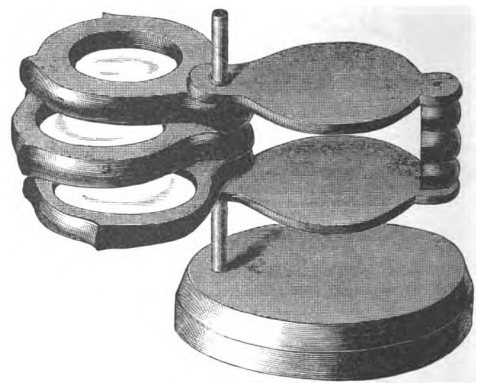


Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Pocket Microscope, No. 497, with Stand.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.

This Microscope has three lenses of different powers, which can be combined into one of great power. The body of this Microscope is made from rubber. It can be used both as a Stand or Pocket Microscope.



For studying the arrangement of flowers, minerals, seeds, insects, etc., we know of nothing better.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Opera Glasses and Case, No. 606-15.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.





As a rule we have refused to use low-priced Opera Glasses; most of them are worthless. But we have at last found a medium-priced Glass which is very good. The Glass is clear, and will give satisfactory results. Morocco-covered, well-finished frame in black enamel, and enclosed in a fair leather Box. Given for only one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Guns, Sporting Goods, and Miscellaneous Articles.

Winchester Rifle.

The reputation of the Winchester Rifle is world-wide. We offer the celebrated 1873 model, 15-shot, sporting Rifle—round 24-inch barrel, 8¾ lbs. weight. We can supply in 32, 38 or 44 calibre.

Given for six new subscribers and $8.00 additional. Price $13.50. **Must be sent by express, and charges paid by receiver.**

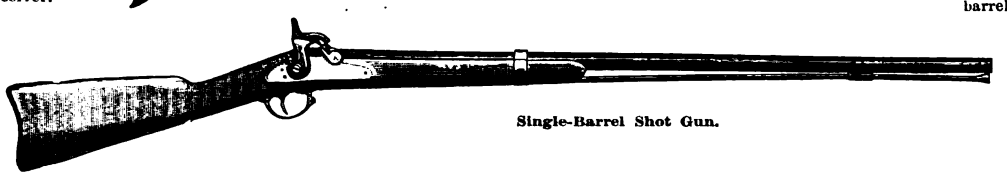


Winchester Rifle.

Single Gun.

This Single-Barrel Muzzle-Loading Shot Gun is well adapted for use on the farm, for shooting hawks, crows, woodchucks, etc. Originally this Gun was a Springfield Rifle, made for the army. The barrel has been chambered for shooting shot. Length of barrel, about 30 inches; weight, about 7½ pounds.

Given for three new subscribers and 75 cents additional; or for one new subscriber and $1.75 additional. For sale by us for only $4.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Boxing 20 cents extra.



Single-Barrel Shot Gun.

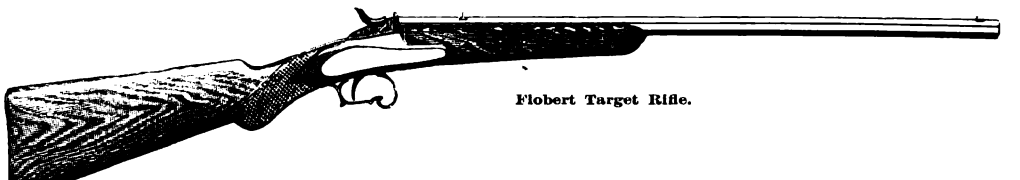
Flobert Rifle.

This is a genuine Belgian Flobert Rifle, with improved action. It has polished black walnut stock, with checked pistol-grip, nickel mountings.

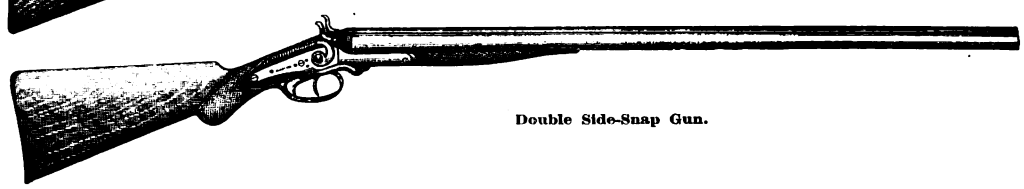
The Rifle weighs 4½ lbs., is 37 inches in length, and is rifled. It is breech-loading, and has a side shell-extractor. The Rifle will shoot the No. 22 cartridge. The barrel is finely blued.

Given for six new subscribers; or for four new subscribers and 75 cts. additional; or for two new subscribers and $1.75 additional. We offer them for sale at $5.00 each. On receipt of 50 cents extra we will include 200 of the Cartridges described below. The Rifle will be sent boxed, by express, and charges paid by receiver, when sent as a premium or purchased. Boxing 20 cents extra.

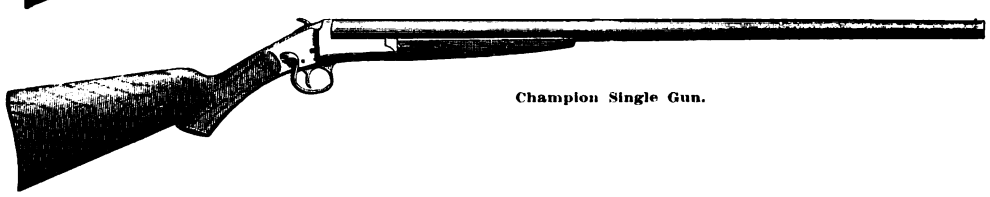
The Conical Swaged Bullet Breech Caps are the best to use with this Rifle. Price $2.50 per thousand. Not less than 500 sold at a time. Sent by express and charges paid by receiver.



Flobert Target Rifle.



Double Side-Snap Gun.



Champion Single Gun.

Side-Snap Double Gun.

This Gun is imported by us direct from Belgium. It is a better Gun for the money than any we have heretofore been able to obtain. It has a pair of fine steel barrels, 12-gauge. Side-snap, pistol-grip, snap fore-end, and rebounding back-action locks. It is a powerful, safe and close shooter. 30-inch barrels. Weight, 7½ to 8 lbs. Fine walnut stock.

Our premium offer is generous, and will be appreciated.

Given for six new subscribers and $7.25 additional. Price $14.00, which is cheap for such a Gun. See cut opposite. Boxing 20 cents extra. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

English Gun.

This is a superb gun in every respect, fine twist barrels, bored for close and hard shooting—of good balance and proportion, with wide breech ends, and all improvements.

Description.—Top Snap, Extension Rib, Pistol Stock, Rubber Butt Plate, Scott Style Low Circular Hammers, Snap Forestock, Matted Rib, Left Barrel Choke-Bored, Right Barrel Cylinder-Bored. 30-inch Barrels. Weight, 7¼ to 8¼ lbs.

Given for 10 new subscribers and $12.50 additional. Price $25.00. **All Guns must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or sale. Boxing 20 cents extra.

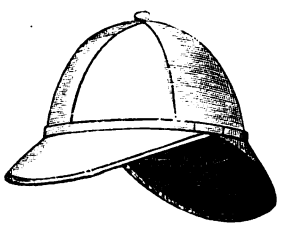
Champion Gun.

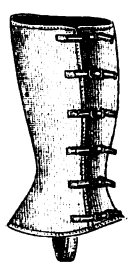
This Single-Barrel Breech-Loading Gun is made by the John P. Lovell Arms Co., and is fully warranted by them. *Description.*—Plain Steel Barrels, Double Bolt, Rebounding Lock, Pistol-Grip, Patent Fore-end Fastening, and Rubber Butt Plate. For durability and finish it will be found in all respects equal to high-cost guns. 12-gauge.

Given for five new names and $4.00 additional. Price $10.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Boxing 20 cents extra.

Duck Hunting Hat, and Knee Leggins.

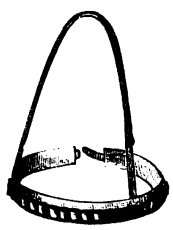
Canvas Knee Leggins. These Leggins are a necessity to huntsmen and others who are obliged to tramp through rough undergrowth or wet grass. They are made of heavy brown duck, bound with leather. When ordering state size of boot worn. One pair given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.





Duck Hunting Hat. This Hat is made of Brown Duck, and has a double visor, to shield the face and back of the neck from sunshine, rain or snow. It also makes a splendid Hat for every-day wear. When ordering, send size of Hat usually worn. Price 50 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents.**

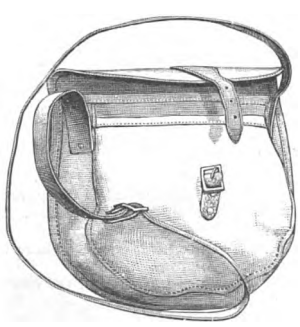
We offer the Hat and the Bag, mentioned below, for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



No. 10.

Leather Shell Belt, No. 10. This Belt is strongly made, will hold 25 Shells, and will be found a great convenience. Given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Huntsman's Knife, with Leather Case and Belt, No. 5. The Knife is of the best Sheffield make, and has a stag handle. The Case and Belt are made from russet-colored leather, hand-sewed. Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



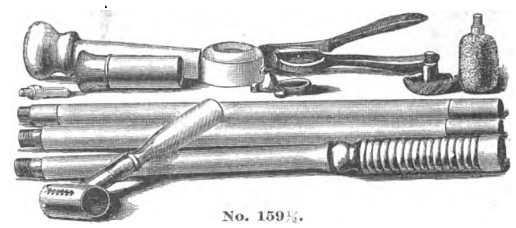


No. 5.

Game Bag. Used as a Game, or Lunch Bag. Made of Canvas, with a Leather Strap. A useful article. Price 60 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents.**

We offer the Bag and the Hat mentioned above for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Eureka Patent Implement Set, No. 159 1-2.

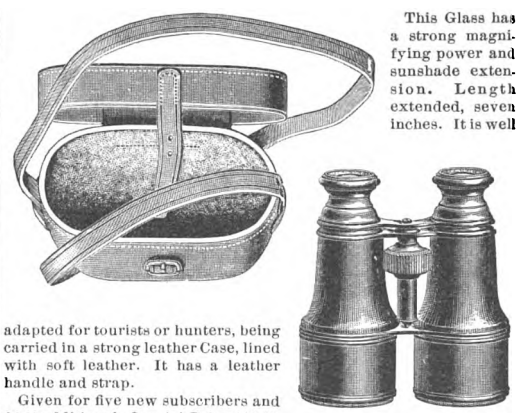


No. 159½.

Eureka Patent Implement Set, No. 159½. Consists of a Loader, Cap Extractor, Powder and Shot Measure, Extractor, Re-Capper, and Cleaning Rod, with wire Swob and Brush. Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Tourist's, Marine and Hunter's Field Glass,

No. 3272-21. Given for five new subscribers and $4.00 extra.



This Glass has a strong magnifying power and sunshade extension. Length extended, seven inches. It is well adapted for tourists or hunters, being carried in a strong leather Case, lined with soft leather. It has a leather handle and strap.

Given for five new subscribers and $4.00 additional. Special Price $10.00. **Postage and packing 50 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. The usual price charged for this Glass is $15.00.

Sportsman's Complete Hunting Outfit.

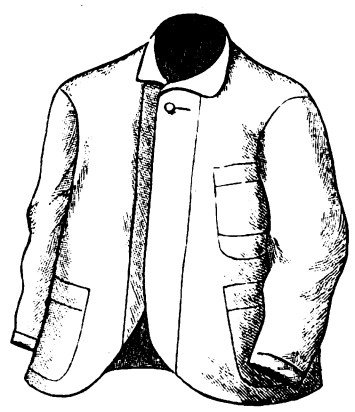
Offer No. 1. We make a special offer of a Sportsman's Hunting Outfit, as follows: 1st, the Hunting Coat; 2d, the Shooting Hat described on this page; 3d, the $14.00 Double Side-Snap Gun; 4th, the Gun Case; 5th, the Leather Shell Belt; 6th, the Hunting Knife; 7th, the Eureka Set, No. 159½; 8th, 25 Brass Shells.

The entire Set given for twenty-seven new subscribers; or seven new subscribers and $10.00 additional; or twelve new subscribers and $7.50 additional; or sixteen new subscribers and $5.50 additional. Our price for the complete Set is only $18.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Boxing 20 cents extra.

Brass Shells. 25 Shells given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price of 25 Shells, $1.25. **They must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

Waterproof Shooting Coat, No. 1.

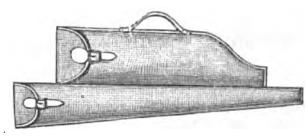
This Coat is made of strong Brown Duck, with four outside pockets, two inside game pockets and a collar. For wear in sunshine or rain, hunting or fishing, tramping or boating, it is just the thing. It will also make a desirable Coat for every-day wear, whether on the farm or in the garden. When ordering, send chest measure. Sizes, 32 to 44 in.



Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Canvas Gun Case, with Leather Handle, No. 24.

This Gun Case is made of Brown Canvas, and is trimmed with leather throughout. Given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 20 cents.**



New Bull's Eye or Dark Lantern, including a Ruby Light and Green Light Attachment, with Detachable Bail Handle.

Given for one new subscriber.

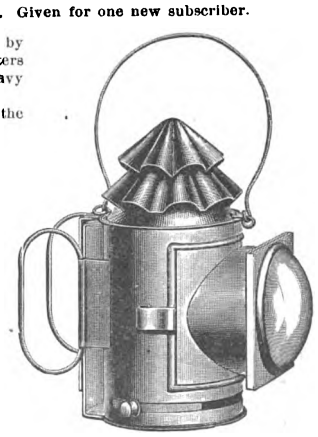
This Lantern is used by night-watchmen, hunters and farmers. It has a heavy convex glass lens.

It can be carried in the hand or adjusted to a belt, and can be used also as a Dark Lantern.

Used with the Ruby or Green Light Attachment, you have a superior **Signal Lantern.**

For a general utility Lantern we know of nothing better.

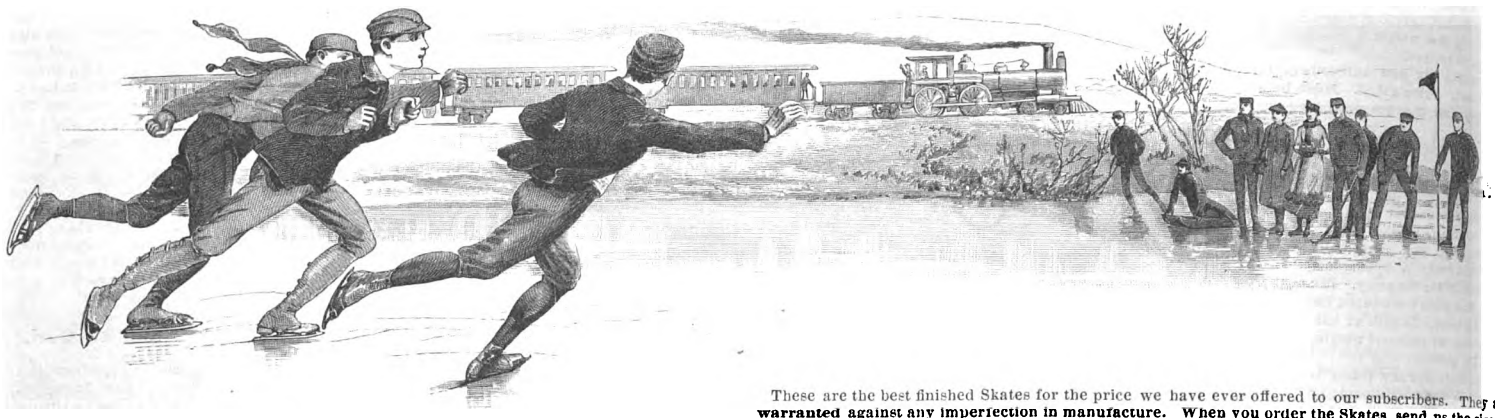
Given for one new subscriber. Price $1. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



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The Raymond Extension Speed Skate.

A pair given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



Two years ago we first introduced the Raymond Extension Speed Skates. They have proved to be the most satisfactory Skates we have ever offered. As a Speed Skate they are remarkable.

From several thousand pairs we sent out not a single pair was broken. For strength, speed and beauty of finish these Skates are all that can be desired.

Boys' feet will grow. So will Raymond's Extension Speed Skates. We will explain. Suppose George, at nine years of age, buys any of the old-style Skates. At twelve years he has outgrown them, and must obtain a larger pair. Not so with the **Raymond Extension.** As the boy's feet grow he lets out a notch in the Extension Foot-Plate. Thus, year by year, while growing, his Skates can be adjusted to fit. He will thus be saved the cost of buying a larger pair.

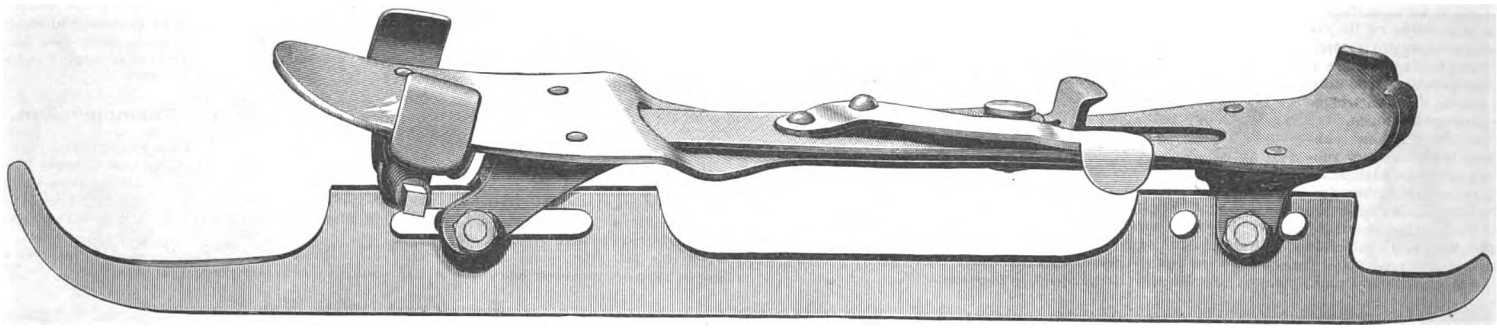
As these Raymond Skates are remarkably strong, they will outwear the average boy's skating years.

These are the best finished Skates for the price we have ever offered to our subscribers. They are **warranted** against any imperfection in manufacture. When you order the Skates, send us the size in inches, according to the following table, and we will send them to you already adjusted to fit your boot.

How to Order. Measure the sole of your boot, from extreme end of heel to extreme end of toe, and send us the length in inches, as below, adding postage, according to the size of the Skate you order, as indicated. Boys clubbing together, and ordering Skates sent by express to one address, can save about one-half the expressage.

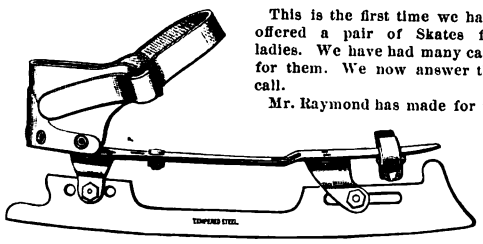
Size in Inches,	8	8½	9	9½	10	10½	11	11½
Postage and Packing,	50 cts.	50 cts.	50 cts.	50 cts.	50 cts.	50 cts.	55 cts.	55 cts.

A pair given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Our price, only $1.00 per pair. If you wish them sent by mail, you must add the postage as indicated above, or they can be sent by express, and charges paid by receiver, which in many cases will be much cheaper.



Lady's Extension Safety Skates.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



This is the first time we have offered a pair of Skates for ladies. We have had many calls for them. We now answer the call.

Mr. Raymond has made for us a special Skate, planned especially for the comfort and pleasure of the young ladies. It is thoroughly made, and has the well-known extension feature on the foot-plate.

How to Order. Measure the sole of your boot, from extreme end of heel to extreme end of toe, and send us the length in inches. Girls clubbing together, and ordering Skates sent by express to one address, can save about one-half the expressage.

A pair given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Our price, only $1.25 per pair. If you wish them sent by mail, you must add 50 cents for the postage, or they can be sent by express, and charges paid by receiver, which in many cases will be much cheaper.

Sketching Camera, No. 2.

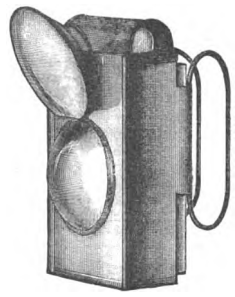
It consists of a tripod Table, over which is adjusted a black, tent-like covering. At the top of the tent is arranged a mirror, at an angle of 45 degrees; also, a large Lens. The operator sits in a chair, with his head and shoulders covered with the black cloth, and draws the landscape.

Given for two new subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

A CARD. Many of the articles on our PREMIUM LIST are heavy, and can be transported by express quite cheaply — much cheaper than by mail. We would suggest that friends and neighbors wishing to purchase goods from our PREMIUM LIST can save the mail charges by clubbing their orders and having the goods forwarded to one address by express. Many of our subscribers and friends have followed this suggestion, with good results.

Skating Lantern, with Colored Lights, and Gem Whistle.

All given for one new subscriber.



The Bicycle and Signal Whistle is full nickel-plated, very powerful, and is the discord Whistle used in bicycling, hunting and boating. It has nickel chain to attach to coat.

The Pocket Lantern is just the thing for skating. It gives a clear, bright light, has a strong lens, and can be carried by a strap. All given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

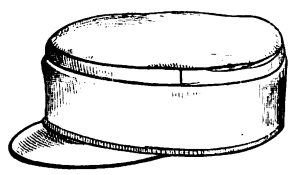
"Boy's Own" Toboggan.



This is the strongest and best Toboggan made for the price. Well finished, four feet long.

Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional. Price $1.50. Our "Boy's Own" is thoroughly made. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Arctic Storm Cap. Given for one new subscriber.



We have contracted with one of the best manufacturers to make for us a very large number of Storm Caps, as seen illustrated in the cuts.

Cut No. 1 illustrates the Cap as worn in ordinary weather. Cut No. 2 as worn in very cold weather. As will be noticed, it forms a perfect protection for the ears and back part of the head.



The Cap is well made from fine navy blue wool cloth, lined with red felt.

It is the best style of a Cap for cold weather we have yet been able to find. It is stylish and neat in appearance, yet it is made for hard service. It is just the Cap for school-boys or for farmers, or for any person liable to be exposed to cold weather. Sizes from 6½ to 7¾.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 85 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The White Eagle Skate Sail.

Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional.

This Sail consists of more than thirty square feet of strong cotton cloth stretched upon a Frame. This Frame is formed of a tough ash mast and spars, which are held together by cast metal sockets.

The Frame can be easily put together and separated, and the Sail as easily attached to and removed from the Frame. When folded, the Sail and Frame make a light roll four feet long and two or three inches thick.

This beautiful Skate Sail given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price $1.50 each. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The King Pneumatic Rifle. Pistol-Grip. Nickel-Plated.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

Our Pneumatic Rifle is a mine of sport. If the weather is rainy, the piazza can be made a shooting-gallery, and a whole company entertained with trials of marksmanship. If the sun shines, out-of-door shooting-matches can be held, and keen eyes and healthy complexions secured.



For the past few years we have been using the Chicago Air Rifle. This has given good satisfaction, and many thousands have been ordered. Its manufacturers have recently, however, produced a much finer Gun. This new Gun we have named the King Pneumatic Rifle. Though so much superior to the Chicago Air Rifle, and in fact any other similar gun, we are able to offer it at but a slight advance over the Chicago. For an accurate long-distance Target Gun, we cannot too highly recommend it.

A Beautiful Rifle.

This is the handsomest Air Rifle we have ever seen. Its polished barrel shines like silver. Its curves are graceful, and its proportions perfect. It is a Gun any boy would be proud to carry, and prouder still to own. Yet, with all its beauty, its shooting qualities do not suffer in comparison. It shoots with precision, and carries a shot for a long distance.

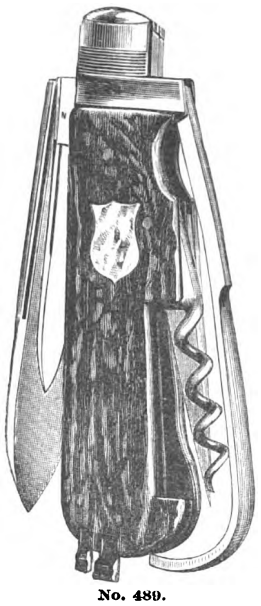
The great advantage of an Air Gun is that it uses no powder. It is hence inexpensive. There is scarcely any noise. No danger of explosions. No possibility of fires.

The King Pneumatic Rifle is made entirely of brass, iron and steel, with the exception of the stock. This is of wood, stained and polished to represent mahogany, and has a **pistol-grip.** The [illegible] other exposed parts are nickel-plated. Its length is 33 inches. It is designed entirely for shot. Common BB shot are used. These can be bought for a few cents a pound at any local store.

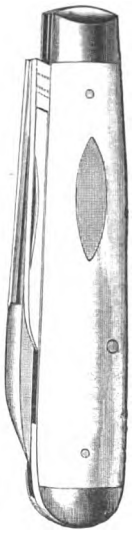
Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price, $1.25. We send with the Rifle a small quantity of Shot and a Target. **Postage and packing 50 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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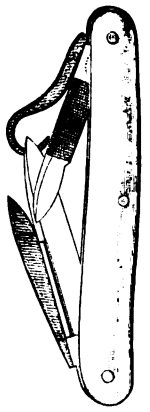
Fine English, American and German Pocket Cutlery.



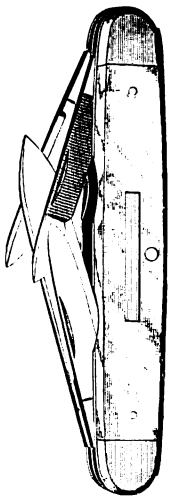
No. 489.



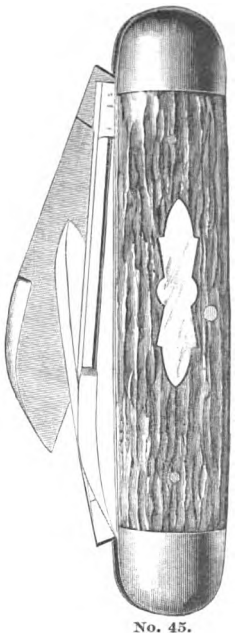
No. 40.



No. 520.



No. 620.



No. 45.

Farmer's English Knife, No. 489. This Knife comprises nine distinct tools,—two Blades, a Lancet, Corkscrew, Reamer, Tweezers, Pick, Screw Driver, and a Hook for cleaning a horse's hoof. It is of special service to the farmer.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. For sale by us for $1.00. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. This fine Knife is one of our most popular premiums.

Boy's Own Knife, Pearl Handle, No. 40. The Boy's Own Knife is a beauty, but it's more; it's made to cut and to keep its edge. No better-cutting Knife to be had at any price. German Silver Bolster, Rivets and Shield, and best of Pearl Handle.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Lady's Pearl Handle Knife, No. 520. The cut illustrates how our Lady's Knife looks. We gave the plan of this Knife to our manufacturer, and this is the result. Fine English Steel, faultless Pearl and perfect finish are embodied in the Knife. For convenience for a lady nothing could be better; gentlemen, too, will find it a most useful vest-pocket companion. Large blade, nail blade and file, glove and boot-buttoner.

Given for one new subscriber. **Price $1.00. Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Four-Blade Pearl Knife, No. 620. This is a fine Knife—a Wostenholm pattern. It is made only to our order, and expressly for our subscribers. By controlling this special Knife ourselves we are able to offer a rare Premium at a low price. The cut will show you just how the Knife looks, and its exact size. It is made from the best English Steel, the Pearl is the first quality, and the handle is brass-lined. The tips are German Silver.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Granger's Knife, No. 45. The Blades of this fine Knife are the best English cast crucible steel, and will cut like a razor. Stag-Handle, double German Silver Bolsters, Rivets and Shield, brass-lined.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Outfit for the Young Modeller in Clay.

Given for one new subscriber.

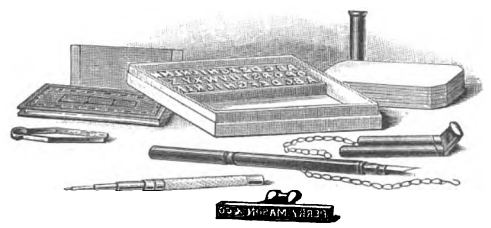


This art is supposed by many to be a difficult and uninteresting one. Most pupils, however, not only acquire the art easily, but also grow more and more fascinated as their work progresses. Our Outfit for Young Modellers is very complete. It consists of a "Guide on Modelling in Clay," an assortment of Boxwood Tools, an imported French Medallion Model, and five pounds of Prepared Modelling Clay, which can be used over again many times.

Given for one new subscriber. Price complete, $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Combination Premium Package, No. 1.

Given for one new subscriber.

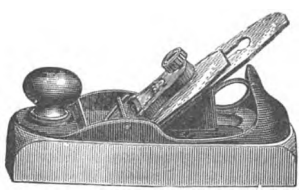


This package contains a most valuable assortment of articles for young folks.

1st, a Rubber Printing Outfit, consisting of a 3A font of Type, Type Holder, Ink Pad, Tweezer, and Directions. Just the thing for marking clothing or printing cards. 2d, a Duplex Call Whistle, having two cylinders of different lengths, and capable of producing a most powerful sound. 3d, a practical Fountain Pen, which is easily filled and kept in order. 4th, a package of Calling Cards. 5th, a fine 6-paged Ivorine Pocket Memorandum Book. 6th, a beautiful Gold-plated Pocket Pencil.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Stanley's Smoothing Plane. 1¾ inch Cutter.



This is the favorite Stanley adjustable Smoothing Plane. It is one of the most popular styles used for this purpose among carpenters.

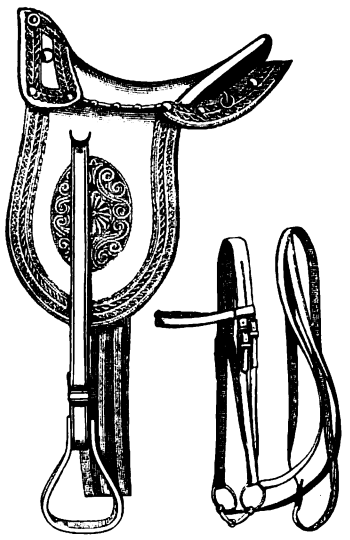
Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 40 cts.**

A Beautiful Riding Saddle.

Given for four new subscribers and $2.00 additional.

We have selected this Saddle as the most popular and serviceable style in use. Made of good quality leather, good strong Tree, well ironed, full Pad, 4-inch Cotton Girth, Wood Stirrups.

Given for four new subscribers and $2.00 additional. Price $5.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**



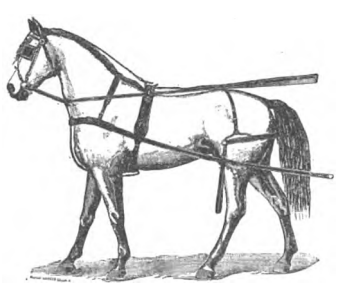
A Fine Riding Bridle.

This Bridle is made of Oak-Tanned Leather, substantially put together, with Curb Bit. The Curb is not shown in this cut.

Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

Single Buggy Harness.

Given for seven new subscribers and $5.00 additional.



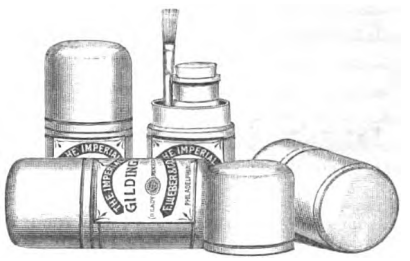
This Harness is made by one of our largest manufacturers. The material is selected No. 1 Oak-Tanned Leather, nicely finished throughout.

Description: Bridle ⅝ inch wide; Fancy front, patent Leather Blinds, round Side Rein or Over-check, Lines flat, fair or black, fancy Creased Breast Collar, with 1⅛ inch Single Strap Traces, 3-inch Saddle, patent leather Skirts, full padded, Fancy Box Loop, Shaft Tugs and Belly Bands, Fancy Creased Single Strap Breeching, round Crupper.

Weight of harness boxed, 18 pounds. When ordering state size and weight of horse, whether side or over-check is wanted.

Given for seven new subscribers and $5.00 additional. Price $13.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

The New Imperial Gilding Outfit.



Gildings are employed for decorating Household Ornaments, Candelabra, Gas Fixtures, Baskets, Mantel and Etagere objects, Frames, Cornices, Furniture and Artistic Ornamentation of all kinds. They may be used on Metal, Wood, Paper, Silk, Plaster, Leather, and many other substances, with equally brilliant effect.

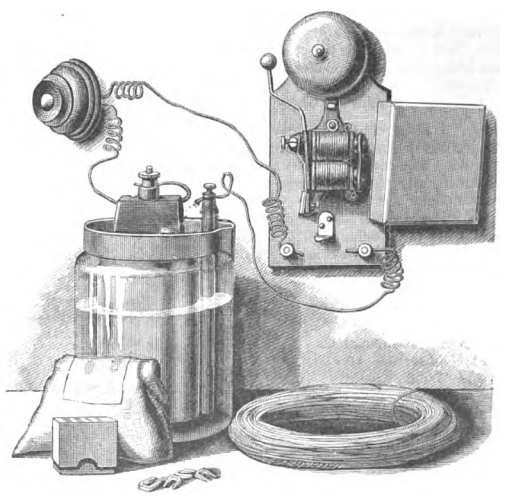
The Outfit consists of four bottles Imperial Gold Paint, with Brushes and directions for use. They are ready for instant use, and may be applied by the most inexperienced amateur.

Given for one new subscriber. Price of four bottles, 90 cents. **Postage and packing 30 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Leclanché Electric Bell Outfit.

The cut illustrates the Leclanché Electric Bell Outfit complete. It consists of a large Leclanché Battery with Chemicals, fifty feet of Insulated Copper Wire, a paper of Clamp Tacks for putting it up, one Push Button with Porcelain Knob, and an elegant Nickel-Plated Electric Bell mounted on a black-walnut base. It has a black-walnut cover. Any young man can easily put up this Electric Bell. For door-bells, for servants' call-bells, etc., there is nothing quite so handy and reliable as this Outfit.

Some parties are doing quite a business by purchasing these Outfits by the dozen, and putting them into houses at reasonable rates.



Given, complete, for two new subscribers and 35 cents additional. **Price $2.00. Must be sent by express, and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

On receipt of 30 cents additional, we will include in the Outfit a Spring Burglar Alarm Attachment, for either a door or window, with complete diagram and instructions for putting it up.

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Useful Mechanical Tools and Valuable Outfits.

Improved Nickel Bracket Saw Outfit.



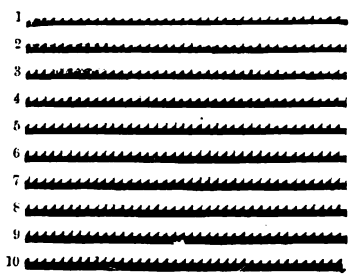
This Outfit now consists of **1 Nickel-Plated Bracket Saw Frame, 5 x 12 inches; 24 Saw Blades; 1 sheet Impression Paper; 1 Manual of Sawing and Wood-Carving; Designs for Brackets, etc., full size; 1 Brad Awl and 1 Marquetry Table Clamp.**

Below is a list of some of the articles which any boy can make.

We give over 70 original and choice designs with the Saw, but as our space is limited, we number but twenty-four: **Match Safes, Toilet Racks, Card Receivers, Picture Rests, Photograph Frames** (Cabinet Size), **Wall Brackets, Paper Knives, Hanging Baskets, Stereoscopic View Holders, Pen Racks, Watch Stands, Glove Boxes, Beautiful Work Boxes, Handkerchief Boxes, Pretty Easels, Wall Pockets, Fancy Ornamental Designs, Letter Boxes, Book Covers, Table Mats, Yarn Winders.**

Given for one new subscriber. Price **$1.00. Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

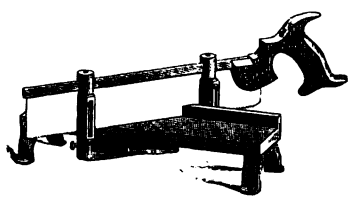
Bracket Saw Blades.



We cannot recommend these fine American Blades too highly. They cut faster and are also much stronger than the French or German Blades. We believe that these Blades are the best in the world. We give fifteen dozen for one new subscriber. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Prices as follows: Sizes, from Nos. 0 to 4 inclusive, 15 cents per dozen, or $1.00 for 12 dozen; Nos. 5 to 10 inclusive, 15 cents per dozen, or $1.25 for 12 dozen. Postage paid by us.

Adjustable Iron Mitre-Box and Saw.

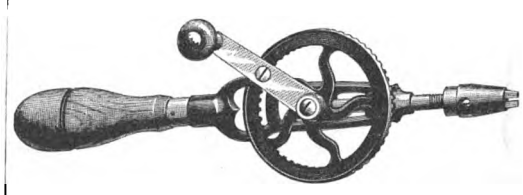


It is 12 inches long, and will saw moulding 2 x 3¼ inches. It has a sanded floor, adjustable spring and gauge. The blade of the Mitre-Saw is 12 inches long, filed and set ready for use.

Given for two new subscribers and 50 cents additional. Packed in wooden box. Price $3. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

Hand Drill, No. 3.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



This Hand Drill is nearly twelve inches long, has Cut Gears, Steel Spindles, Rosewood Head and Handle, Forged Steel Chucks, which will hold 3-16 inch and smaller drills, and is heavily nickel-plated and finely polished. We give with this Hand Drill oil-tempered Drill Points, assorted sizes. The handle of this Tool is hollow, and has a screw cap. The handle contains the Drills when not in use.

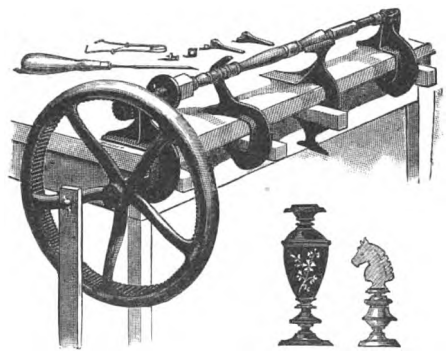
Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price **$1.50. Postage and packing 25 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Columbia Foot-Power Lathe.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional.

One of the most fascinating of employments is that of Turning. Since this cut was made we have changed the model, using a Belt instead of gearing.

This Lathe is a recent patented invention of one of our experts, and is made for us alone. It is wonderfully simple in construction, and while the cheapest Lathe ever put upon the market, it will yet

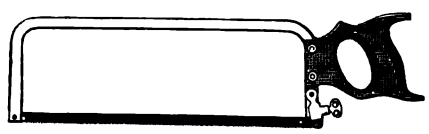


do the best of work. It can be clamped to any table, is provided with a convenient foot-power, and can turn an article fully four feet in length. The castings are of the best gray iron, the spindles of steel, and the face-plate of turned brass. We furnish free with the lathe, 1 Turning Chisel, 2 Boring Tools, Calipers, Directions, and a Sheet of full-sized Patterns for a number of beautiful and valuable articles.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional. Price **$2.50. Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Each Lathe is packed in a strong box, and weighs about 10 pounds.

Star Kitchen Saw. Given for one new subscriber.



The frame of this useful saw is made of steel, polished and nickel-plated. It has a Buck handle, and an arrangement for straining up the saw blade. It is 14 inches long.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Six Carving Tools and Instruction Book.

In Black Walnut Case. Given for one new subscriber.



One of the most delightful of Arts is that of wood-carving. For generations, the Swiss Mountaineers have produced perfect "dreams in wood." Before these, the Yankee boy, with his jackknife, stood defeated. He had neither the tools nor the knowledge for such work.

We still believed in the ability of the Yankee boy, and several years ago brought out a set of Carving Tools, both low in price and of a good quality. The results have shown our faith to have been well grounded. Boys and girls in every part of the United States have secured these Tools and learned to do most excellent work.

There are Six Tools in the Set. They have rosewood handles, and are sharpened ready for use. With the Tools we give a Book of Instructions, 12 designs and 15 reproductions from artistic carvings.

Given for one new subscriber. Price **$1.00. Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

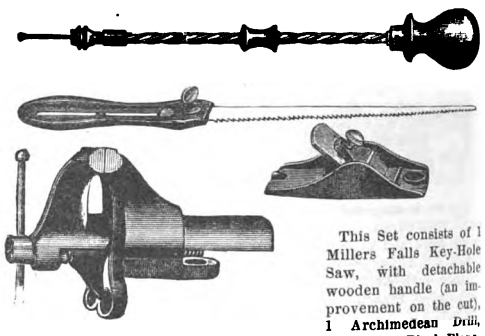
Outfit of Wood for Scroll Sawing.



This wood is ⅛ inch thick, two feet long, and comes in assorted widths, and is put up in 25-cent packages. Our Premium Offer consists of one package each of Black Walnut, White Holly and Cherry.

The three packages given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price 75 cents. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.** Price of single package, 25 cents.

Outfit of Tools, No. 60. Given for one new subscriber.



This Set consists of 1 Millers Falls Key-Hole Saw, with detachable wooden handle (an improvement on the cut), 1 Archimedean Drill, with chuck and six drills, 1 small Bench Vise, 1 small Block Plane. These Tools are all made in the best manner from good materials. This combination will be found very valuable to every one of a mechanical turn of mind.

Given for one new subscriber. For sale by us for $1.00. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Pocket Companion Tool-Holder, No. 5.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.

Good practical tools are always useful. A tool-chest in the house will save many a dime, but a tool-chest in the pocket will save many a dollar.

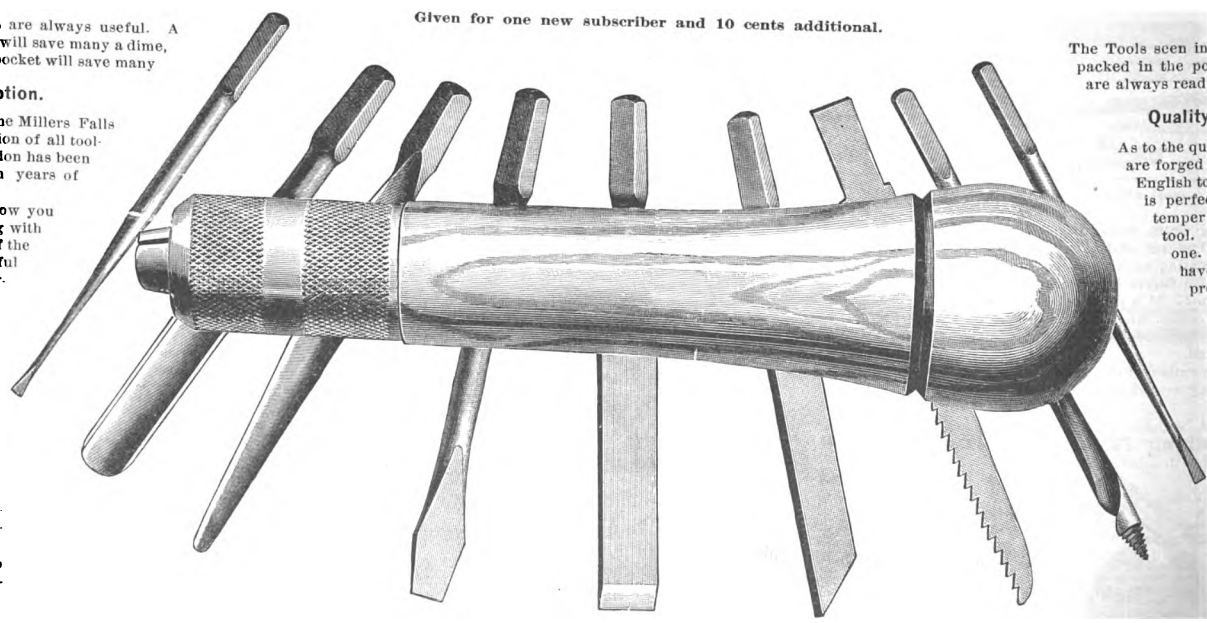
Description.

1st. It is made by the Millers Falls Co., and is the perfection of all tool-holders. This perfection has been reached only through years of experience.

2d. The cut will show you just what tools belong with the set. The quality of the steel used, the beautiful finish and fine tempering, are of course not shown in the cut.

3d. The handle of this Tool-Holder is made from rosewood, while the Patent Chuck, which will hold anything, from a pin to a large file, is nickel-plated. The tools are carried in the handle, which is arranged for that purpose.

4th. The Screw Cap is made from Rosewood.



The Tools seen in the cut can be snugly packed in the pocket of the Holder, and are always ready for instant use.

Quality of the Tools.

As to the quality of the Tools. They are forged from the finest quality of English tool steel. The tempering is perfect; nothing finer as to temper is to be found in any tool. Every boy should have one. Every family should have one. This is a special premium offer.

Size of the Tools.

The cut does not show the full size of either the Holder or Tools. The Holder is 7¼ inches long, and the Tools (nine in number) are each four inches long. They consist of **2 Brad Awls, 1 Gimlet, 1 Saw, 2 Chisels, 1 Screw-Driver, 1 Gouge, 1 Reamer.**

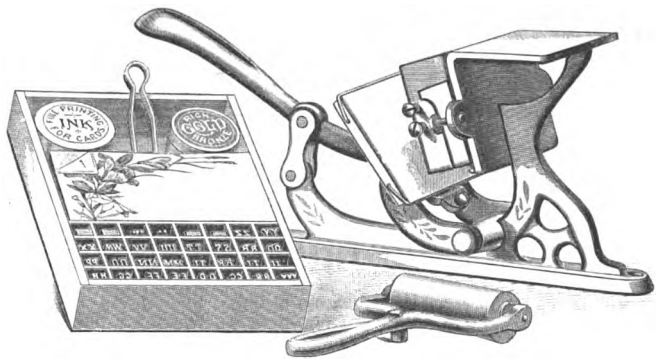
Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price **$1.50. Postage 20 cents.**

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Printing Press and Mechanical Tools.

The Daisy Printing Press Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber.



This Press and Outfit is a new one, and is offered as a special inducement. Formerly an Outfit like this sold at the stores at $2.00 each. In their journey from boyhood to manhood most boys pass through the amateur-printing age; to those we offer this practical Outfit.

It consists of 1 Daisy Printing Press, size of Chase 1⅝ x 2¾ inches, 1 Fine Composition Roller, 1 Can of the best Ink, 1 Composing Pallet (2 lines), 1 Full Font of Type, including Quads, Spaces and Periods, 1 Pack Floral Cards, full Instructions, 1 Box Bronze.

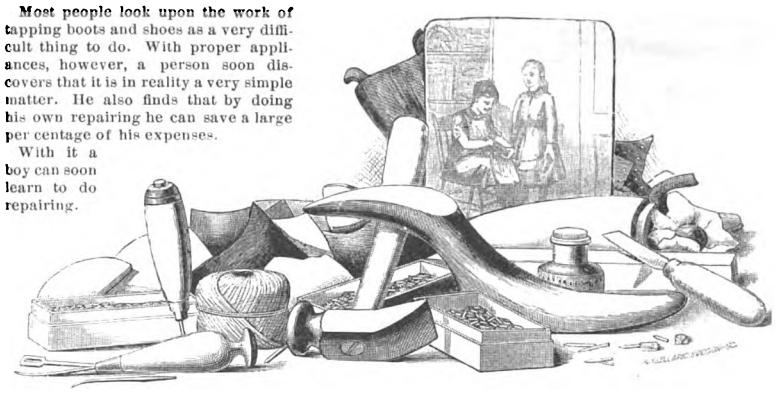
Given for one new subscriber. We offer it for sale for only $1.00. **Postage and packing 65 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Or we will send it by express, charges not paid.

Outfit for Tapping Boots and Shoes.

Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional.

Most people look upon the work of tapping boots and shoes as a very difficult thing to do. With proper appliances, however, a person soon discovers that it is in reality a very simple matter. He also finds that by doing his own repairing he can save a large per centage of his expenses.

With it a boy can soon learn to do repairing.



Our Outfit is complete. It contains a large assortment of appliances for tapping boots or shoes, together with a pair of Taps and Heel-lifts, all cut and shaped, ready for nailing to the shoe. Full directions are given with each Outfit. The Awl and Twine are not given with the Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional. Price of complete Outfit, $1.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Outfit for Making French Confectionery.



The Outfit consists of a Nickel-Plated Dropping Wire, packages of Vegetable Coloring Compounds, Flavoring Acids, Waxed Paper, 2 lbs. Confectioners' Sugar, and Lessons in French Candy-Making.

The Outfit given for one new subscriber, and 15 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express, and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

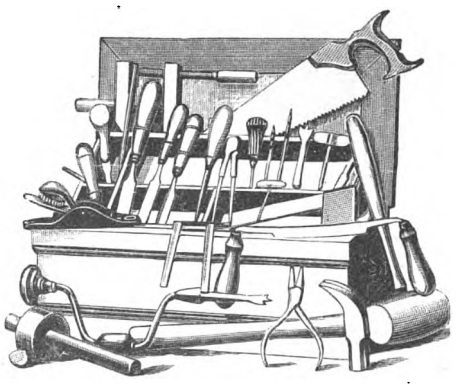
Blow Pipe, Alcohol Lamp and Microscope.



This Outfit is for soldering and brazing metals. With it Glass can be blown or formed into shape. The Microscope has a strong magnifying power. All given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Improved Youth's Tool Chest.

Given for three new subscribers and $2.00 additional.



This Chest cannot be purchased at the stores for less than $7.50. These Tools in the hands of a boy prove an educator, and are a great convenience to all members of the family for the many odd jobs that are found about the house. The Chest is made from chestnut, trimmed in black walnut. Size of Chest 18 x 9½, and 6 inches deep.

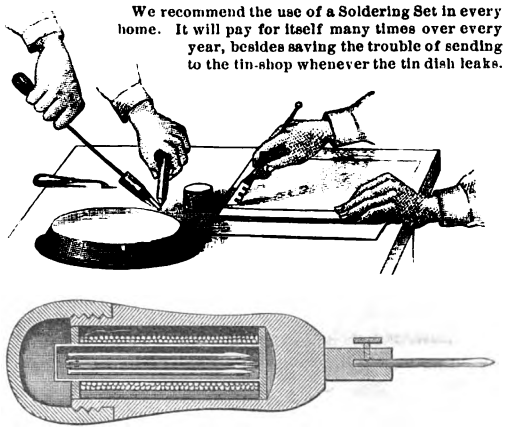
The Chest contains the following Tools:—**12-inch Hand-Saw, Block Plane, Bit Brace, 3 Bits, Screwdriver, Draw Knife, Hammer, Compasses, Chisel (¼-inch), Chisel (½-inch), Scratch Awl, Pliers, Two-Foot Rule, Try Square, Gauge, 2 Gimlets, Awl, Mallet, File, Plumb-Bob, Chalk Line, Nail Set, Monkey Wrench, Spirit Level, Screwdriver for Bit Brace, 2 Hand Clamps, Bottle LePage's Glue,** making thirty Tools.

The Chest of Tools, with Book, given for three new subscribers and $2.00 additional. Price $5.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Soldering Casket, Glass Cutter, and Crispin's Pocket Companion.

Given for one new subscriber.

We recommend the use of a Soldering Set in every home. It will pay for itself many times over every year, besides saving the trouble of sending to the tin-shop whenever the tin dish leaks.



The Set consists of a fine adjustable Soldering Iron, with solid copper ends, one Bar of Solder, one Scraper and a box of Resin, and Directions. We also give a Glass Cutter and a Crispin's Companion.

All given for one new subscriber. Price 80 cents. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

A Suggestion. It will be a good plan for several persons to club together and order a selection of these articles sent in one package by express. By acting on this suggestion several articles can be sent to one address by express about as cheaply as one article sent singly. This idea can be profitably adopted.

The Companion Foot-Power Lathe and Scroll Saw.

Remarkable History.

In 1875 THE YOUTH'S COMPANION brought out the first low-priced practical Foot-Power Scroll Saw ever made. THE COMPANION has ordered manufactured at one time 10,000 machines.

These machines are the result of many years of experience to produce the best possible Scroll Saw at a low price.

Rogers Scroll Saw. This is the delight of the amateur worker at Scroll Sawing.

The Balance Wheel is 4½ inches in diameter, and has a rim of solid Emery for grinding and polishing.

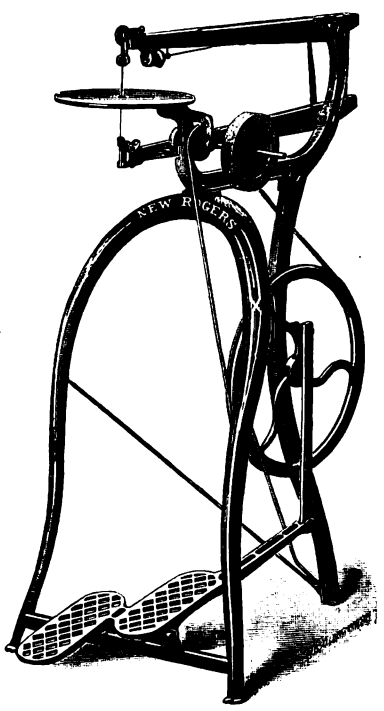
Each machine is set up, run and carefully inspected before leaving the factory; it is then taken down and shipped in a box.

The machine is provided with a Dust Blower and with a Tilting Table for inlaying. With each machine we give **24 Saw Blades, Screwdriver, Belt Hooks, Direction Sheet, Wrench, 70 Designs, and 6 Drill Points.**

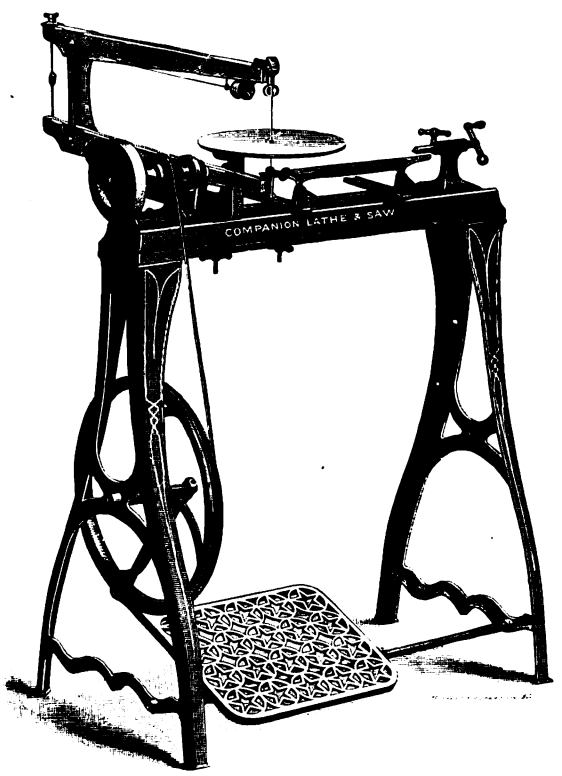
The Saw alone weighs 25 lbs., Saw and Box together, 45 lbs. Price of this fine machine, with extras, $3.50. This machine is the most satisfactory working amateur Scroll Saw that has yet been made.

Given for three new subscribers and 35 cents additional; or two new subscribers and 85 cents additional; or one new subscriber and $1.35 additional.

It is just the thing for a boy of a mechanical turn of mind. It will keep him out of mischief, and also prove a source of profitable employment.



New Rogers Scroll Saw.



Companion Lathe and Scroll Saw.

Companion Lathe.

The Lathe and Saw is the best combination Lathe and Jig Saw now made. Its superior points are: 1, Strong and heavy castings and extra finish. 2, Large Treadle. 3, Automatic Dust Blower. 4, Anti-friction Blade Wheel. 5, Large Emery Wheel. 6, Rigid Head and Tail Stocks. 7, Improved Saw Clamps. 8, New Straining Rod. 9, High Speed. 10, Tilting Table. Lathe will turn wood 16 inches in length. Swing of Lathe, 3¼ inches.

We send with each machine **3 Turning Tools, Screwdriver, Belt Hooks, Direction Sheet, Wrench, 24 Saw Blades, 6 Drill Points, 71 Designs.**

In addition to the 71 Designs mentioned above we also give with both the Companion Scroll Saw and Lathe, or the New Rogers Scroll Saw, a small bric-à-brac design not shown in cut. This bric-à-brac, when well made, makes a most beautiful article for the parlor or sitting-room.

Weight of machine 50 lbs. Boxed, all ready for shipping, about 75 lbs.

Given for nine new subscribers, or for six new subscribers and $1.50 additional; or three new subscribers and $3.00 additional. Price of machine, $8.50 complete.

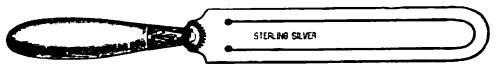
How We Ship.—Each of these Machines is carefully packed in a wooden case, and sent by fast freight or express, as you prefer. Transportation charges are paid by receiver, when sent as a premium or purchased. We ship Western orders from the factory in Western Massachusetts direct.

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Useful School Articles and Drawing Set.

Solid Silver Book-Mark.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



The blade is made of sterling silver and mounted in a pearl handle. It can be used not only as its name indicates, but also as a paper-cutter.

Given for one new subscriber, and 15 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 6 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

"Lamp of Learning" School Pin.

Given for one new subscriber.

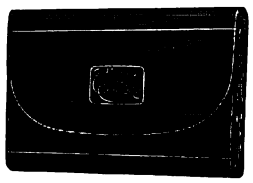


We have quite an inquiry from our subscribers in schools and colleges for Class Pins. We select this emblem as most appropriate. Cut is actual size. Solid gold, fine hand-engraved.

Price 75 cents each. **Postage and packing 6 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. $7.50 per dozen, post-paid, in lots of 12 or more. No discount on less quantity.

Ropp's Combined Calculator & Pocket-Book.

Given for one new subscriber.



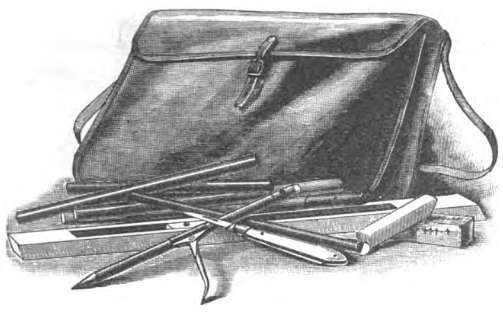
This article is invaluable to every farmer, tradesman or mechanic. Its 128 pages are crowded with rules and tables. It will show at a glance, without using paper or pencil, the correct amount required by any business transaction. Over 20 years have been spent upon this Calculator. Its possession may save large sums of money. It contains a renewable account book, silica slate and money compartment, and is covered with American Russia leather.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Improved Eagle School Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber.

This excellent School Package contains a large assortment of articles which every scholar should possess. The complete Outfit consists of 1 Waterproof School Bag, with strap, 1 Sterling Ruler,

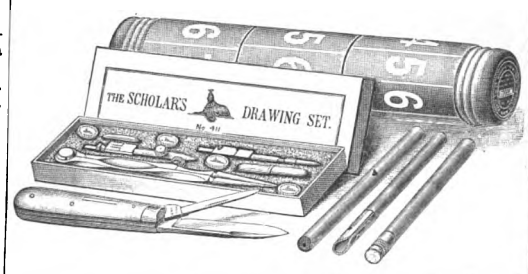


with Pencil, 1 fine Nickel-Plated Pencil Compass, with Pencil, 1 Eagle Bevel Eraser, 1 Penknife, 1 Dozen Assorted Pens, 1 Cedar Penholder, 4 Eagle Colored Slate Crayons, 3 Eagle Slate Pencils encased in wood, 1 Improved Eagle nickel-tipped Drawing Pencil, and 1 Slate Eraser.

All given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Champion School Outfit.

This fine Outfit consists of 1 Imported Nickel-Plated Drawing Set,—an instrument of unusual good quality and value,—1 two-bladed Pocket Knife, with Metal Shield in Handle, 1 Rubber-Tipped Pencil, 1 Wood-Covered Slate Pencil, 1 Penholder, 6 Pens, and 1 Scholar's Companion with Patented Combination Lock.



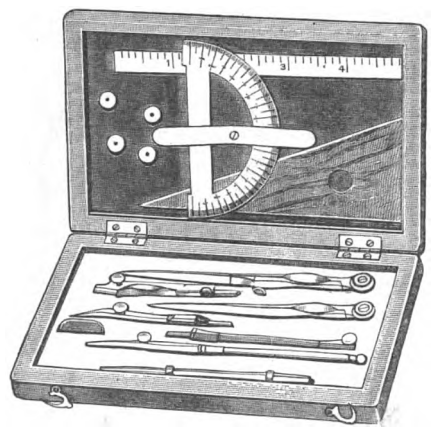
This last article is designed for holding Pens, Pencils and Holders. By a simple movement of the hand the combination is turned, securely locking these articles in the Holder. It can then only be opened by the person who knows the combination.

The complete Outfit given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Nickel Drawing Instruments.

We have arranged with the maker of these Drawing Instruments to have them nickel-plated.

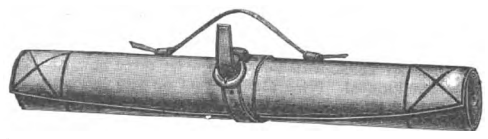
Our cut gives in outline the number of instruments that make up this Set. It contains 15 pieces, among which are the following:



Compasses, a Compass Extension, a Drawing or Ruling Pen, an Arm Extension, a Crayon Holder, a Metal Protractor, a Wood Rule, etc. We have imported direct from France a very large number of these Drawing Sets for the special use of our subscribers.

Given for only one new subscriber. For sale by us for $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

English Leather Music Roll.

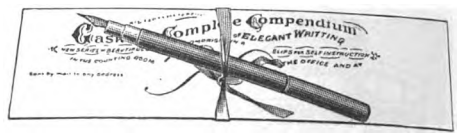


Made of solid leather, one piece, russet color, with handle, and Strap with oxidized Clasp. Full size, 15 x 16 inches. Very handsome, and will wear a lifetime.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Gaskell's Compendium, and Fountain Pen.

Both given for one new subscriber.



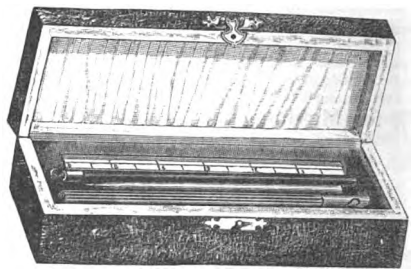
Gaskell's Compendium is too well known for us to give an extended description. The Compendium gives a full self-teaching course in penmanship, consisting of Instruction Book and over 20 Copy Plates of plain and ornamental writing. Hundreds of young men and ladies now hold good positions who used this Compendium to perfect themselves in Penmanship.

The Fountain Pen is practical, durable, cheap. The Case is made in imitation of rubber. It is simple in construction, easily filled and adjusted, and being lined throughout with nickel and furnished with a non-corrosive pen, it is always cleanly.

Both given for one new subscriber. Price of both, $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Scholar's Plush Companion.

We have had this Scholar's Companion made expressly for our subscribers. The Case itself is very strong, and ought to last for many years. It is covered with a fine quality of garnet plush, while



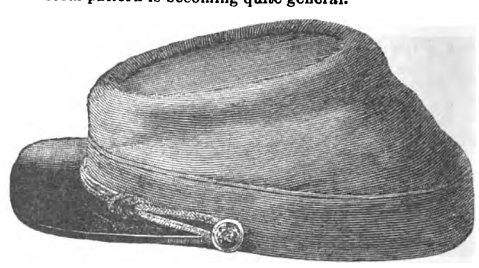
the inside of the cover is lined with satin. The Companion is furnished with Pencils, Holder, Rubber, Ruler, and a pretty Ivory Handle Penknife.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Boy's School and Drill Cap.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.

A uniform School Cap is a good thing all around—good for the boy and good for the school. The custom of wearing School Caps of uniform pattern is becoming quite general.



The Cap we offer is made from standard dark-blue wool cloth. The cut illustrates the Cap. In ordering, state the size wanted. German Silver Initials can be furnished at 5 cents each, extra.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00 each. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. A company of boys ordering a dozen or more at one time can have them at the rate of $10.00 per dozen, all to be sent to one address by express not paid. Not less than 12 sold at this rate.

Weeden's Improved Horizontal Steam Engine.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

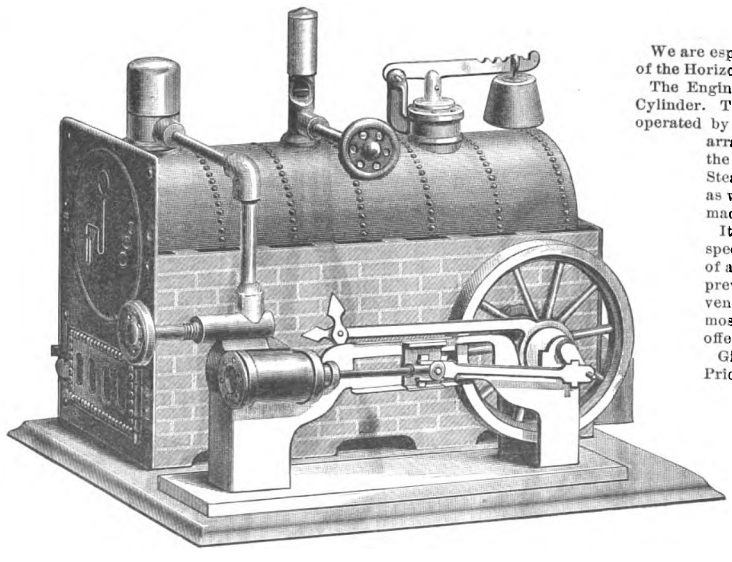
A Fine Engine.

Six years ago we introduced to the public the upright Steam Engine, of which over 100,000 have since been made. The Engine was a beauty, surpassing any other Toy Engine.

We take pleasure in introducing our new Horizontal Steam Engine, which is a great improvement over the upright.

The cut shows its exact appearance, but not its beauty, or its size. It is painted and decorated in gold, black and vermilion. It is especially designed to illustrate in a practical way the principle of the Steam Engines so generally used in our manufacturing establishments.

We would say that it was through the efforts of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION that this beautiful line of Steam Engines was invented and manufactured. We think it is true that Mr. Weeden is the only man in the United States who could have successfully carried out our ideas in producing Steam Toy Engines, of so perfect construction, at a low price.



Description.

We are especially pleased with the perfect construction and beauty of the Horizontal.

The Engine is made with a Stationary, instead of an Oscillating, Cylinder. The Steam Chest is provided with a Slide Valve that is operated by means of an Eccentric on the Fly-wheel Shaft. This arrangement adds greatly to the appearance and power of the Engine. There is also a Steam Whistle, Steam Pipe, Steam Dome, Throttle Valve, Connecting Rod, Belt Pulley, as well as other important parts. All parts are accurately made, and fitted most carefully by experienced workmen.

It is capable of running toy machinery at a high rate of speed, and will prove a valuable object teacher to any boy of a mechanical turn of mind. An improved Safety Valve prevents all danger of explosion. Our limited space prevents a further description. We can only say that it is the most powerful and beautiful Engine that we have ever offered our subscribers.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Or, sent by express, charges not prepaid.

Weeden's Double Mill Engine.

NOT ILLUSTRATED.

This Engine has two complete Boilers, two Lamps, two Safety Valves, Steam Dome, and Whistle. A Steam Pipe conveys the steam from both Boilers through the Throttle Valves to the Steam Chest.

The Double Engine is made up of two complete Engines, with their respective Cylinders, Pistons, Cross Heads, and Connecting Rods. This Engine is finished in Bronze, Scarlet, Gilt, and Black.

Given for two new subscribers and $1.00 additional. Price $3.00. **Must be sent by express, and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Cornish Beam Engine.

NOT ILLUSTRATED.

The Boiler is mounted in imitation of the usual brick setting, including stays and working furnace door for management of fires.

The top of Boiler is provided with Manhole, Gallows Frame with Walking Beam, and Filler with Safety Valve. Instead of an Oscillating Cylinder, we have arranged as a special feature a new device for the introduction of steam into a stationary, vertical Cylinder, consisting of Rocking Valve with Valve Rod, worked by an eccentric.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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American Steam Toys and Electrical Apparatus.

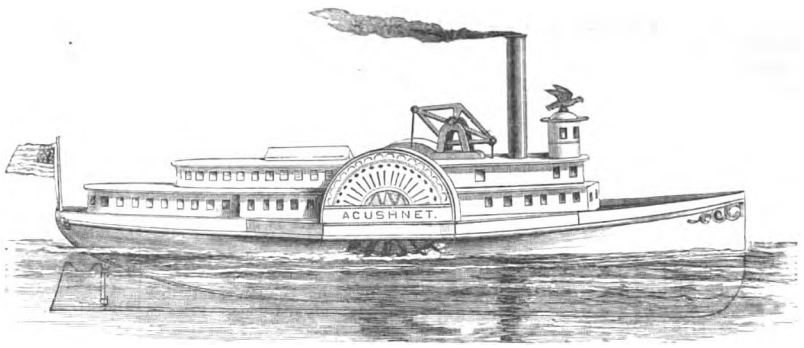
Steamboat "Acushnet."

Given for one new subscriber and 75 cents additional.

This beautiful Side-Wheel Steamer, built expressly for our use, is modelled after the famous steamers that once sailed between New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard.

Before the manufacturer was able to offer these boats for sale it necessitated the expenditure of a large amount of money.

We now offer it to our subscribers for the third year. The Steamers are twelve inches in length, are painted with a bronze bottom, white side and yellow top, with stripings of red and gilt, have a rocking-beam motion, and a tight fuel-compartment, which leads from the bow to the reservoir.



Perfectly Safe.

It cannot explode, is perfectly safe, and will steam on a smooth body of water for half an hour with one filling of the boiler.

The boiler has a large steam-power reserve.

Scientific Toys.

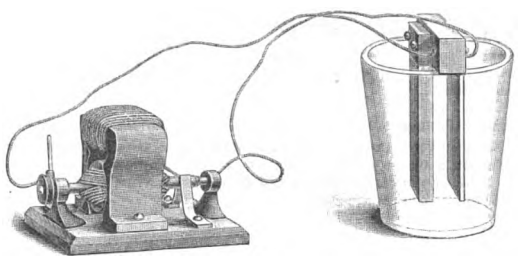
This Steamboat adds one more to the list of Scientific Toys brought out by THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. We believe, as far as it is possible, that it is wise to combine instruction with amusement.

Each one of these Steamers is tested before packing, and leaves our office in perfect order.

Given for only one new subscriber and 75 cents additional. Price $2.50. **Postage and packing 40 cents.**

Electric Motor and Battery Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional.

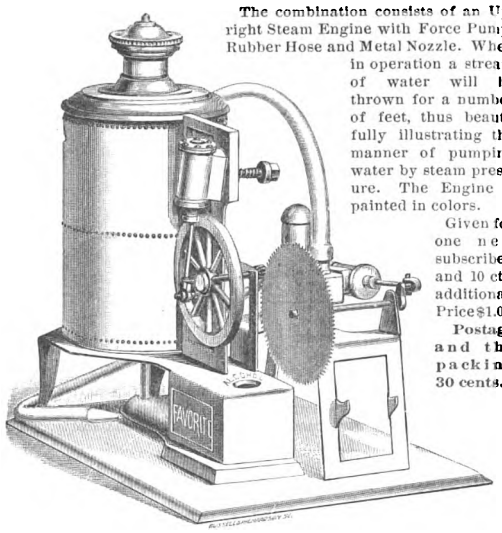


This fine Motor is just the thing for making experiments or for running light toy machinery. It develops a high rate of speed and is made in a thorough manner. We give with the Motor a Battery, Solution and full directions for running it. We do not include the Glass Jar as shown in the cut. Any tumbler can be used.

Given for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional. Price $1.90. **Postage and packing 30 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Steam Engine and Force Pump.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



The combination consists of an Upright Steam Engine with Force Pump, Rubber Hose and Metal Nozzle. When in operation a stream of water will be thrown for a number of feet, thus beautifully illustrating the manner of pumping water by steam pressure. The Engine is painted in colors.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cts. additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and the packing 30 cents.**

Goods by Express. Friends wishing to purchase goods from our PREMIUM LIST can save on express charges. How? By clubbing their orders and requesting that the goods be forwarded to one address by express.

American Steam Pile-Driver.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

This is the newest thing in the line of Steam Engines. It is a genuine Pile-Driver run by steam, with all of the appliances found on a large machine.

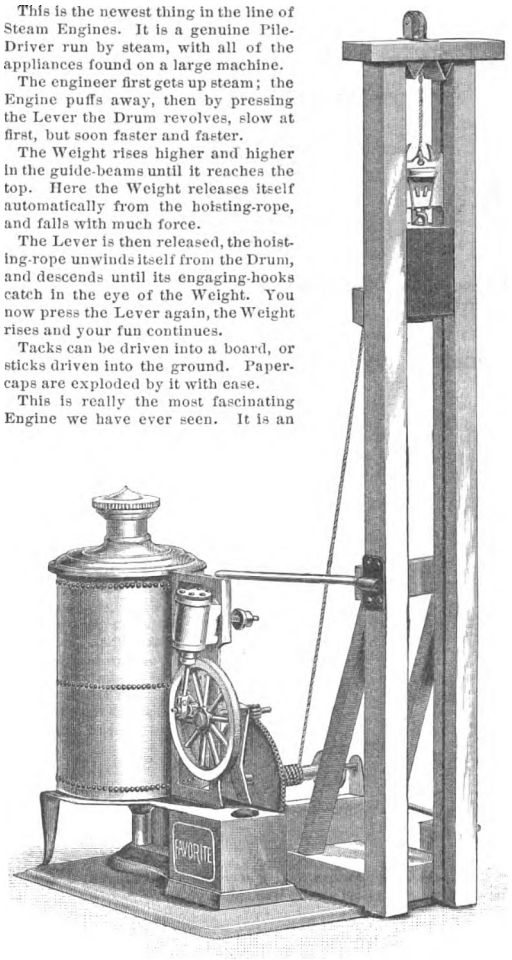
The engineer first gets up steam; the Engine puffs away, then by pressing the Lever the Drum revolves, slow at first, but soon faster and faster.

The Weight rises higher and higher in the guide-beams until it reaches the top. Here the Weight releases itself automatically from the hoisting-rope, and falls with much force.

The Lever is then released, the hoisting-rope unwinds itself from the Drum, and descends until its engaging-hooks catch in the eye of the Weight. You now press the Lever again, the Weight rises and your fun continues.

Tacks can be driven into a board, or sticks driven into the ground. Paper-caps are exploded by it with ease.

This is really the most fascinating Engine we have ever seen. It is an



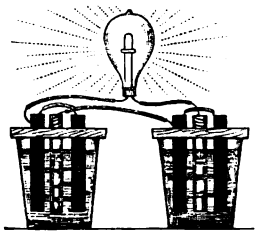
Engine that does something. Old as well as young are never tired of seeing it work. The Pile-Driver is painted red and is 12 inches in height, and the Engine 5½ inches high and is painted in black, red, gold and green. The demand for this fascinating toy will be very great.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 40 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Edison's Electric Lamp Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.

This Outfit has been designed for experimental and educational purposes. It consists of an Edison one-candle-power Lamp, with Carbons, Zinc, Wire and Solution. Ordinary glass goblets can be used for Jars. It illustrates in a beautiful manner the wonders of Edison's Incandescent Electric Lamp.



Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 20 cents additional.**

Weeden's New Model Upright Engine.

Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional.

More than 125,000 of Weeden's Upright Engines have been sold. We now offer it in improved form, as will be noticed in the cut. It is 9 inches in height. It is a beautiful Engine.

The Governor at the top of the Engine is a new feature. Its motion as it rapidly revolves is a pleasing novelty.

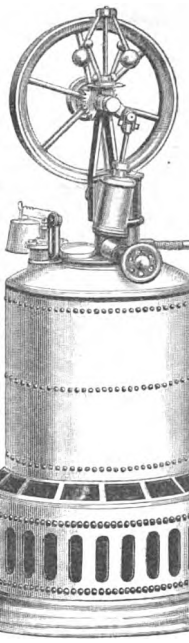
Safety-Valve. The Engine has a perfect-working Safety-Valve, which makes it impossible for the boiler to explode.

Steam Whistle. By referring to the cut, you will notice the location of the Steam Whistle. You will also see the Valve by which the Whistle is operated.

The Throttle Valve. An important feature of this Engine is its Throttle Valve.

The Power of the Engine. The Engine has sufficient power for running toy-machinery.

So perfectly and so accurately is this Engine made, that the screw-nuts on the cylinder-head, and the rivet-heads on the boiler and fire box are imitated (see cut).



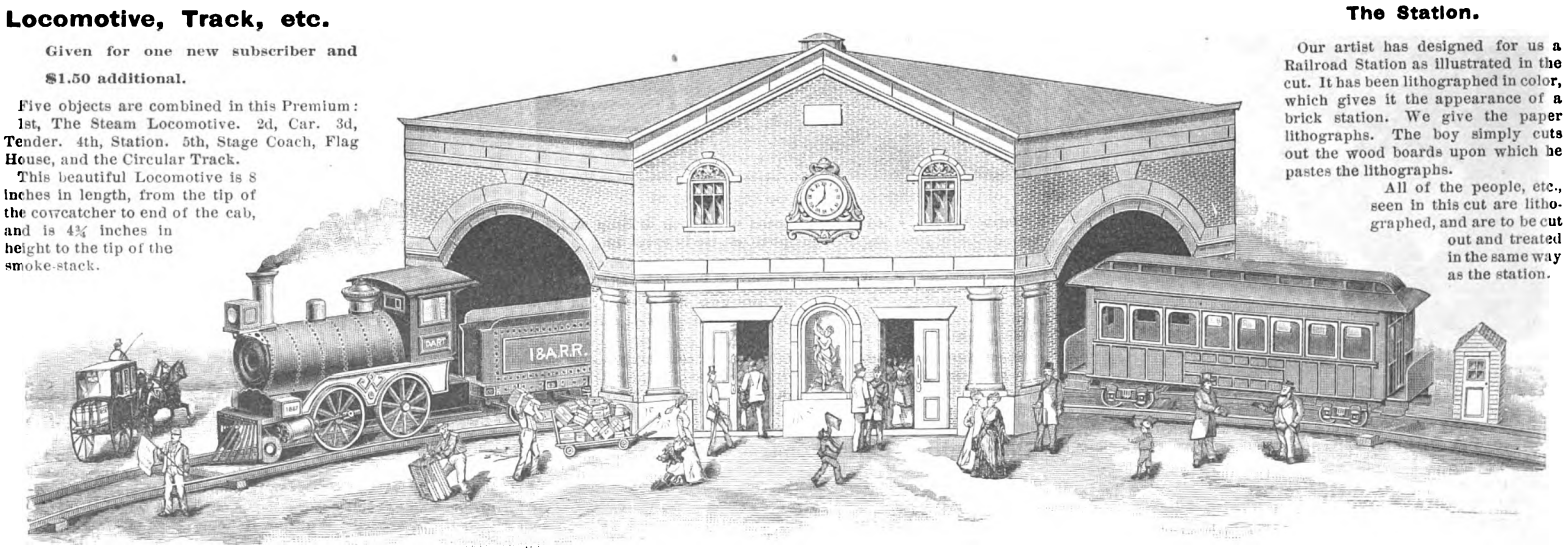
Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. The Engine is a beauty.

Locomotive, Track, etc.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.50 additional.

Five objects are combined in this Premium: 1st, The Steam Locomotive. 2d, Car. 3d, Tender. 4th, Station. 5th, Stage Coach, Flag House, and the Circular Track.

This beautiful Locomotive is 8 inches in length, from the tip of the cowcatcher to end of the cab, and is 4¼ inches in height to the tip of the smoke-stack.



The Station.

Our artist has designed for us a Railroad Station as illustrated in the cut. It has been lithographed in color, which gives it the appearance of a brick station. We give the paper lithographs. The boy simply cuts out the wood boards upon which he pastes the lithographs.

All of the people, etc., seen in this cut are lithographed, and are to be cut out and treated in the same way as the station.

It has a safety-valve, which ensures perfect safety. By means of a new invention the steam is superheated at a point just before it enters the steam-chest. This adds greater power to the Locomotive.

The Steam Locomotive illustrated in the cut is the result of our efforts. It is a great success in every way. The Engine is a beauty. Fill the boiler about two-thirds full of water, light the wicks under the boiler, and in a few minutes **"steam is up,"** and the Locomotive is ready for a spin on the Track,—for a Track about 12 feet in circumference is included with each Engine.

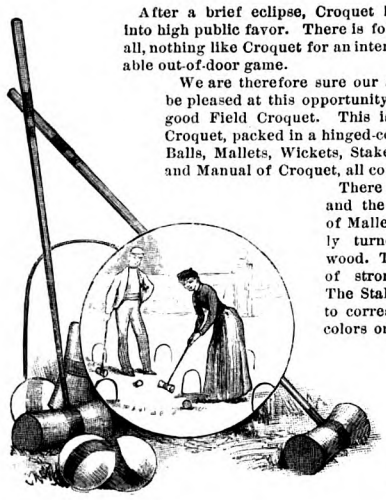
We give the Locomotive, with Track, Tender and Car and Station, for one new subscriber and $1.50 additional. Price complete, $3.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

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Fine Sporting and Outing Articles.

A Fine Set of Field Croquet.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.



After a brief eclipse, Croquet has again come into high public favor. There is found to be, after all, nothing like Croquet for an interesting, comfortable out-of-door game.

We are therefore sure our subscribers will be pleased at this opportunity for securing a good Field Croquet. This is an Eight-Ball Croquet, packed in a hinged-cover Box; with Balls, Mallets, Wickets, Stakes, Wicket-pegs, and Manual of Croquet, all complete.

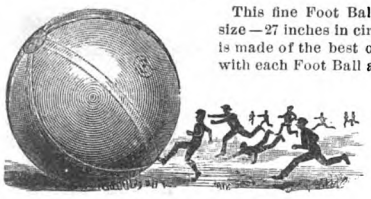
There are eight Balls and the same number of Mallets, all accurately turned from hard wood. The Wickets are of strong iron wire. The Stakes are striped to correspond with the colors on the balls and mallets.

Croquet and all similar games should be strongly encouraged.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Regulation Foot Ball, No. 5, with Manual.

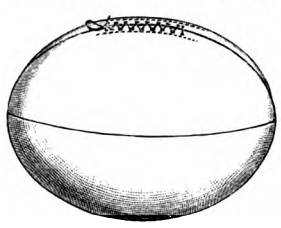
Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



This fine Foot Ball is the regulation size—27 inches in circumference—and is made of the best of stock. We give with each Foot Ball an Official Manual, containing Referee's Duties, Score Sheet, Field Chart and Foot Ball Rules, as authorized and adopted by the American Intercollegiate Association. The Foot Ball and Manual given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. The regular price of the Ball and Manual is $2.00. Our price is only $1.50. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Although the cost of rubber has considerably advanced during the past few months, we shall not for the present increase the price of our Foot Balls.

Imported English Rugby Foot Ball.



This Ball has been adopted by most of the leading professional players. The material is English grain leather, strongly sewed, and warranted first-class. The Bladders are made of heavy Para rubber.

Given for two new subscribers and $1.25 additional. Price $3.50. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Hand-Woven Hammock.

A good Hammock is a luxury which every home should possess. For this purpose we recommend the Hand-Woven Hammock. A better Hammock has never been made. It is woven with a close, firm mesh, easy to lie upon, and not liable to catch the buttons.

Hammock No. 1. This Hammock is made with 18 suspension cords at each end, is 10 feet 6 inches in length, and warranted to sustain a steady pressure of 400 pounds. The bed is closely woven in a handsome style, and has a colored border.



Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Hammock No. 2. This fine Hammock is made from heavy 60-thread prize cotton cord, with 22 suspension cords at each end. Extreme length of Hammock 12 feet. The bed is closely woven, and has a colored border. It will sustain 1,000 pounds' steady pressure.

Given for one new subscriber and 60 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 45 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased, or it can be sent by express, charges not prepaid.

We have yet to know of a single case where these Hammocks have failed to give satisfaction.

Flannel Outing and Tennis Shirt.



Flannel Outing Shirts are coming to be worn more and more. For street and office, as well as vacations, during hot weather, nothing adds more to one's comfort and diminishes one's laundry bills.

This Outing Shirt is made to our order, and is neat, stylish and comfortable. Is good value for a medium-priced Shirt. Sizes from 13½ to 16½. When ordering state size of neck-band.

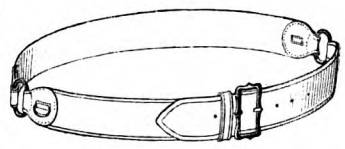
Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price 85 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The "Four-in-hand" Tie is not included with the Shirt, but will be sent for 25 cents additional.

Windsor Ties are in great demand at the present time. We can furnish Plaid Windsor Ties in handsome patterns and colors at a special price. One Windsor Tie sent post-paid to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

Fine Russet Leather Belt.

Given for one new subscriber.

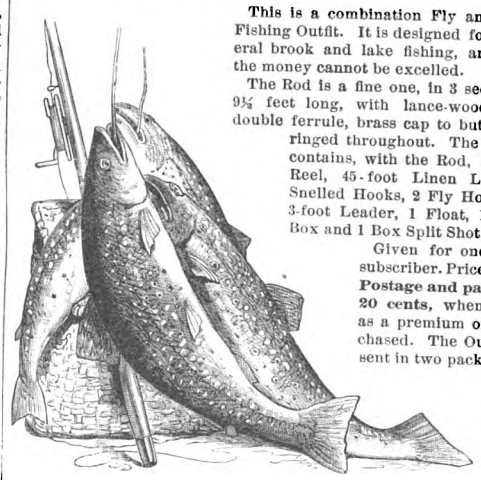


This style of Belt is worn largely.

It is made of fine Russet Leather, with nickel-plated rings, buckle and support.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 80 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Complete Fly and Bait Fishing Outfit.



This is a combination Fly and Bait Fishing Outfit. It is designed for general brook and lake fishing, and for the money cannot be excelled.

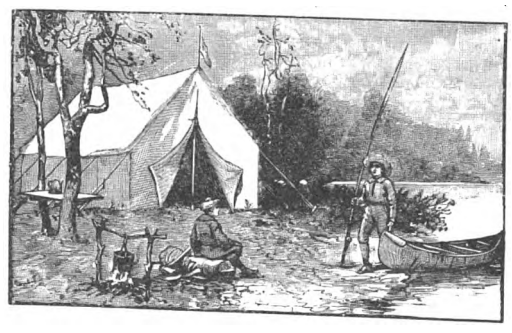
The Rod is a fine one, in 3 sections, 9½ feet long, with lance-wood tip, double ferrule, brass cap to butt, and ringed throughout. The Outfit contains, with the Rod, 1 Pat. Reel, 45-foot Linen Line, 6 Snelled Hooks, 2 Fly Hooks, 1 3-foot Leader, 1 Float, 1 Bait Box and 1 Box Split Shot.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. The Outfit is sent in two packages.

The cut shows the Patent Reel given with the Outfit. It is simple, but effective, and takes up the line rapidly.

Camping-Out or Wall Tent.

This camping scene requires no explanation. Its suggestions of comfort, health and recreation must be evident to all.



These Tents are made from strong white tent drilling, and are supplied with poles and pins complete, all ready to set up.

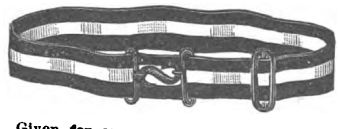
Wall Tent, complete, size 6 x 6 feet, is given for only one new subscriber and $3.25. Weight, with poles, 25 lbs. Price $5.00.

Wall Tent, 7 x 9½ feet, given for two new subscribers and $4.75 additional. Price $8.00. Weight, with poles, 40 lbs. If a Fly is wanted, $3.00 additional.

Wall Tent, complete, size 10 x 12 feet. Given for five new subscribers, and $6.10 additional. Weight 85 lbs. Price $11.00. Fly, $4.00 additional. **Sent by express, and charges paid by receiver.**

Silk Outing Belts.

Given for one new subscriber.

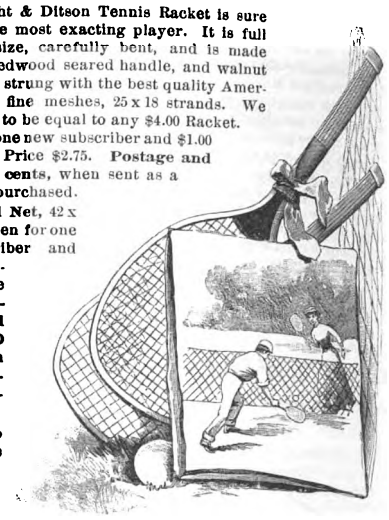


These Belts are made of the best English silk web, with hand-burnished silver-plated trimmings. Width 2½ inches.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Fine Racket, and Other Tennis Goods.

Racket given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional.



The Wright & Ditson Tennis Racket is sure to please the most exacting player. It is full regulation size, carefully bent, and is made with hard redwood seared handle, and walnut throat. It is strung with the best quality American gut, in fine meshes, 25 x 18 strands. We guarantee it to be equal to any $4.00 Racket.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional. Price $2.75. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

12-Thread Net, 42 x 2½ feet. Given for one new subscriber and 45 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 40 cents, when** sent as a premium or purchased.

Handicap Balls. Three given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Sectional Net Poles, Guy Ropes, and Pegs. Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price complete, $1.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Wright & Ditson's Regulation League Base Ball.

Given for one new subscriber.



A young man's education is now considered incomplete without at least a thorough technical knowledge of the rules of Base Ball. An acquaintance with the game, acquired by practical contest on the "diamond," is of far more value.

To afford our subscribers an opportunity to enjoy or perfect themselves in this truly great game, we offer Wright & Ditson's Regulation League Ball. This is one of the leading Balls, and is used by professionals.

If you intend to use a Ball, get the best. Moulded rubber centre, double cover. Weight 5 oz. Size 9 inches. Horse-hide cover.

This fine Ball is given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents **Postage and packing 10 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Tennis and Outing Caps.

Given for one new subscriber.



The Caps we offer are just the thing for summer outings. They are made of striped English Cricket Flannel, lined with satine, and are very cool and comfortable. The style we offer is the very latest. When ordering be sure and state the size of hat usually worn, as we have them in all sizes.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Heliograph, or Sunlight Telegraph.

Given for one new subscriber.

A Heliograph is an instrument for signalling by means of the sun's rays. Government Surveyors have telegraphed by means of it between points a hundred miles apart.

We know our young friends will be delighted to possess such an instrument, and be enabled to communicate with distant neighbors.



Our Heliograph consists of a cherry-wood Base, mounted upon a Tripod, and supporting an adjustable Mirror and a hinged Screen. The Mirror is of copper, nickel-plated and highly polished. Will reflect sunlight three miles.

The Heliograph is first aimed, and the mirror turned to reflect the sun's rays in the same direction. By moving the screen, the reflected light is made to flash the dots and dashes of the Morse Alphabet, and so spell out the message. Knowledge of the Morse Alphabet not needed. With the Heliograph young folks can plan for parties and picnics; school questions can be asked; the latest news told; messages sent for friends.

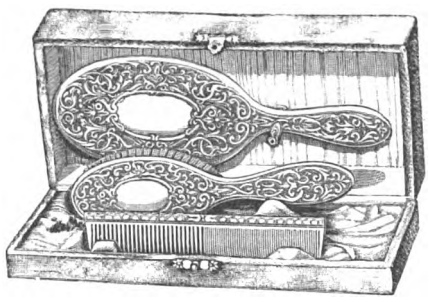
One Heliograph, with Directions and Morse Alphabet, given for one new subscriber. Two for one subscriber and 75 cents. Price $1.00 each. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Useful Toilet Articles and Dressing Cases.

Silver-Plated Toilet Set, in Plush Case.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional.



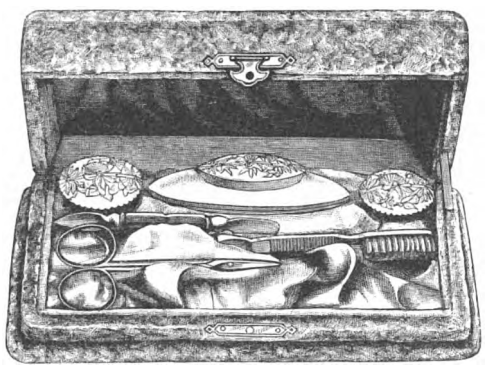
This Toilet Set consists of a Mirror, Brush and Comb, with Oxidized Silver-plated back and handle. The Mirror has a beveled glass, and is very clear. The Case is lined with Sateen, and is covered with a rich Orange-colored Plush.

The Case and Set are both given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional. Price $2.75. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

We give the Toilet Set without the Case for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price of Toilet Set alone, $1.75. **Postage and packing on Toilet Set alone, 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Celluloid Manicure Set, Plush Case.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.



The Set consists of a superior pair of imported Damascus Scissors, with long handles and curved blades, a Polisher covered with Chamois leather, Nail Cleaner and Opener, Nail Brush and File, two boxes of perfumed Polishing Powder and Salve, and instructions. Fittings are white celluloid, highly finished and carved. The Box is covered with a rich silk plush, and lined with satin to match.

The Manicure Scissors are of an extra quality, and are made to cut. We import them expressly for this Outfit.

The complete Set given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $2.00 **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

A Valuable Toilet Package.

Given for one new subscriber.

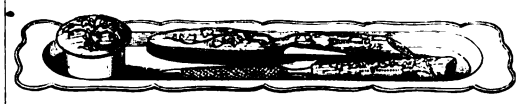


The articles contained in this package consist of one Jar Vaseline Cold Cream, a most excellent preparation for the complexion; 1 Jar Vaseline Camphor Ice, an exquisite toilet article for chapped and rough skin; 1 two-ounce bottle Pure Vaseline, an invaluable external remedy for burns, wounds, sprains and skin diseases; 1 Cake Vaseline Toilet Soap; 1 two-ounce Bottle Superfine White Vaseline, a remedy for Croup, Cough, Colds, Sore Throat, etc.; 1 Cake Vaseline Toilet Soap, scented; 1 two-ounce Bottle Pomade Vaseline, a perfect and healthful Pomade for promoting the growth of the hair and preserving its vitality.

These valuable articles should be in every household. The entire Outfit given free for only one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Celluloid Manicure Set and Tray.

Given for one new subscriber.



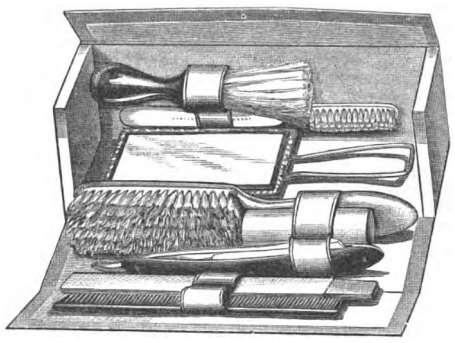
This Set consists of a Celluloid Tray, together with 1 Chamois Polisher, 1 Improved Nail Cleaner and File, 1 Box Perfumed Polishing Powder, and full directions for use. These fittings are all white celluloid, handsomely carved and finished.

At the present time no lady's boudoir is considered complete without a Manicure Outfit. For general use this Set possesses a practical value.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Gentleman's Dressing Case, No. 1.

Given for two new subscribers and 45 cents additional.



This Case and fittings we have had made specially for our subscribers. The Case is made of wood covered with fine leather, handsomely finished. It is neat and durable, and made for real service.

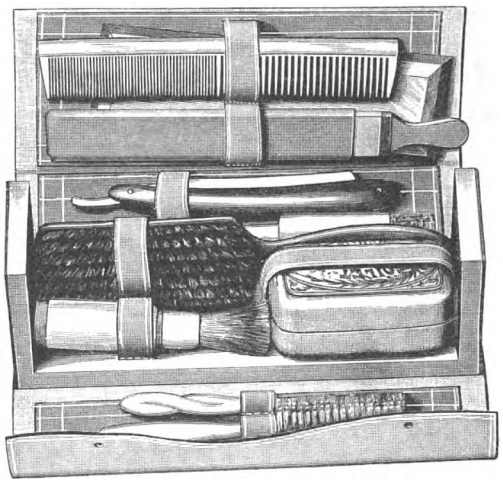
The fittings consist of the J. R. Torrey Razor, No. 843, described below. Sells alone for $1.75. A roll of the best "Balm of Gilead" Shaving Soap; a Lather Brush with enamelled handle; a 6-inch Comb with coarse and fine teeth; a Hair Brush with stiff bristles; a Razor Strop; a good Tooth Brush; a square Hand-Mirror with back support.

This Dressing Case, with all its fittings, makes a fine Present to give to a friend, or to purchase for one's own use.

Given for two new subscribers and 45 cents additional. Price $2.25. **Postage and packing 25 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Gentleman's New Dressing Case, No. 175.

Given for three new subscribers and $1.20 additional.



Every essential article is contained within this convenient and durable leather Case. The Brushes, the Comb, the Plate Mirror, the Soap Box, the Strop, and all articles, are as fine as those contained in the most costly styles. The Razor is one of Torrey's, and sells singly for $1.75. The Case is heavy Russet Leather, handsewed, and has nickel clasps. This Dressing Case will prove a desirable presentation gift from a lady to a gentleman.

Given for three new subscribers and $1.20 additional. Price $4.00. **Postage and packing 40 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Plush Toilet Set, No. 147.



This is a beauty. Size 7 x 12 inches. It is covered with rich plush and lined with delicate tinted satin.

The Brush and other articles are beautifully embossed and silver-plated. The Manicure Set it contains is a fine one.

Given for six new subscribers. Price $5.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

Gentleman's Pocket Toilet Case.

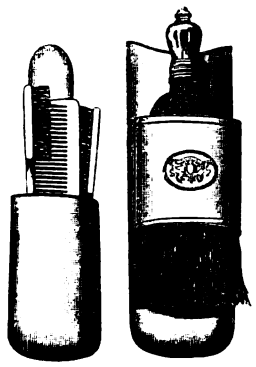
This Case is made of orange leather, hand-stitched.

It contains a good Brush having an Olive Wood Back, one imported Nail Brush, one imported Tooth Brush, one Celluloid Comb and one broom Clothes Brush.

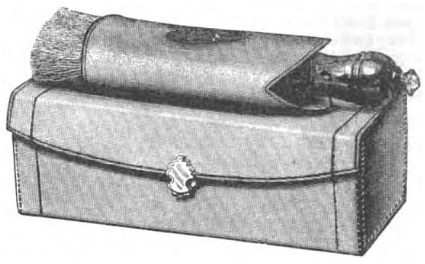
The leather pocket containing the smaller articles slips inside of the outer case, thus occupying but little space.

It is just the thing for the tourist or others obliged to economize the weight or space of their baggage.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



Gentleman's Blacking Case.



The Case is made of orange leather, hand-stitched. Size, 7 x 3 x 2½ inches. It contains Blacking Brush, Dauber, a box of Jacquot & Co.'s French Blacking, and on the top a nice Whisk Broom in holder, as seen in the cut.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Baby's Toilet Set.

This Set consists of articles required for an infant's use.

First, a Fine Brush with bone back and handle, a White Bone Comb, a Teething Bone Ring and Metal Puff Box, with Puff.

The whole is enclosed in a Plush Case lined with sateen.

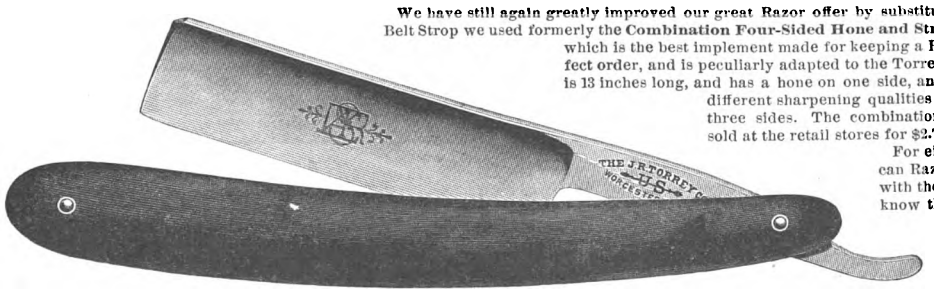
Given for one new subscriber and 60 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



J. R. Torrey Hollow-Ground Razor, No. 843, and Combination Hone and Belt Strop, No. 230.

All given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.

We have still again greatly improved our great Razor offer by substituting for the Belt Strop we used formerly the **Combination Four-Sided Hone and Strop, No. 230,** which is the best implement made for keeping a Razor in perfect order, and is peculiarly adapted to the Torrey Razor. It is 13 inches long, and has a hone on one side, and leather of different sharpening qualities on the other three sides. The combination is usually sold at the retail stores for $2.75.





For eight years we have used this Razor and Strop. We are pleased to state that American Razors can now be manufactured to successfully compete, both as to price and quality, with the English. All honor to the American who can organize an industry like this. We know that a Torrey Razor will cut as well as any Razor made in the world. A Torrey Razor is famous for its cutting qualities, and although made in Massachusetts, is exported in great quantities to Europe. We are sure we cannot do our readers a greater kindness than to place this Razor within their reach.

SPECIAL OFFER. We warrant every Razor. By special arrangements with the manufacturers, we can give this Razor and Strop for only one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price of Razor and Strop, $2.35. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Price of Razor alone, $1.75. Strop alone, 75 cents. Postage paid by us. We feel sure that our subscribers will appreciate this offer. **A CARD.**—In past years we have used Razors made by some of the most famous makers of Europe. None have surpassed the Torrey.

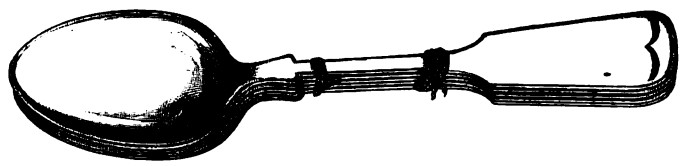
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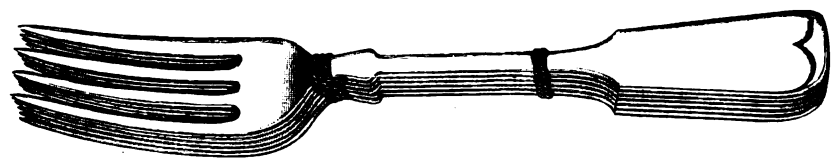
Warranted Extra Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks.

"Beauty is skin-deep;" so it is with a silver Spoon. The Spoon may look beautiful on the outside, but to prove its durability go beneath, prove the thickness of the silver coat and the quality of the under metal.

To the Seeker

of a good Spoon this is a difficult task. Five years ago we contracted with one of the Silversmiths to make us a special Spoon and Fork on which are deposited the standard weight of pure silver.



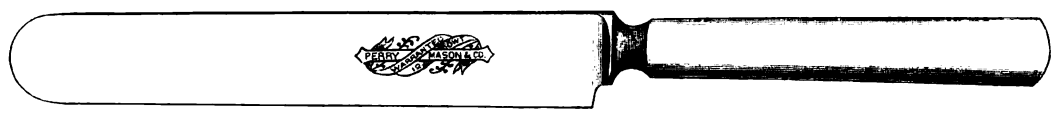


Description.

These goods are all stamped "Perry Mason & Co. A 1." They are made of 18 per cent. Nickel Silver, and we guarantee that the actual amount of pure Sterling Silver as given below is deposited on each dozen by weight. We also guarantee that this is the largest quantity deposited on A 1 plate goods by any manufacturer:

Tea Spoons, 48 dwt. per gross.
Table " 96 " " "
Dessert " 72 " " "
Sugar " 72 " " "
Med. Forks, 96 " " "
Butter K'ves, 72 " " "

During past years we have used many thousand dozen of these goods.



Housekeeper's Outfit.

Complete Outfit, No. 1, for a Housekeeper or Wedding Present. 12 Tea Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Table Spoons, 6 Table Knives, 6 Medium Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 Butter Knife. The manufacturer's list price for this Outfit is $20.80. **Our price to our readers, only $9.00,** with our guarantee for quality. This is a very special offer. **Postage and packing $1.00,** when sent as a premium or purchased; or sent by express, and charges paid by receiver. This Outfit given for twelve new subscribers and 25 cents additional.

Medium Forks.

Six given for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional. Price per Set of six, $2.50. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Table Spoons.

Three given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional; or six for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional. Price per Set of three, $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Tea Spoons.

Six given for only one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price per Set of six, $1.25. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. This offer of Tea Spoons is very liberal. We will engrave them at the rate of three cents per letter.

Medium Knives.

These Knives are medium size, used either for tea, breakfast or dinner. They are best quality. We guarantee them. Six given for one new subscriber and 70 cents additional. Price $2.00. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

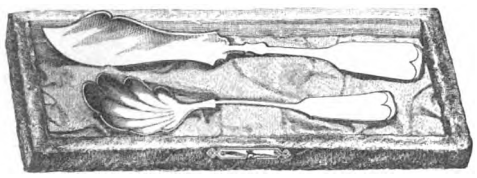
Dessert Spoons.

Six given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price per Set of six, $2.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. A necessity in every household.

We engrave Spoons and Forks at the rate of three cents per letter.

Plated Butter Knife and Sugar Shell.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



Size of Case, 3¼ x 8¼ inches. The Butter Knife, Sugar Shell, and Plush Case, given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Butter Knife and Sugar Shell only, given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

German Call-Bell. Given for one new subscriber.



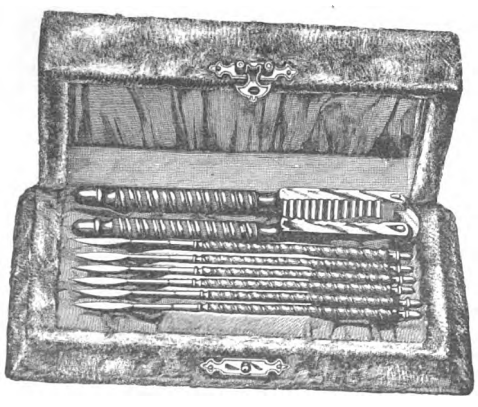
This is a useful article for the table, school-room and sick-room.

The cut does not illustrate the exact style, as the one we offer has a clock escapement for producing a sound similar to an electric bell.

We give a Call-Bell for one new subscriber. Price 85 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents.**

Nickel-Plated Nut Picks and Cracker, Plush Case. Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.

It consists of a hinged nickel-plated Nut Cracker, and six nickel-plated Nut Picks, all engraved and polished, made by H. M. Quackenbush. The Cracker and Picks are contained in a Blue Silk Plush Case, 6½ x 4 inches, and lined throughout to match.



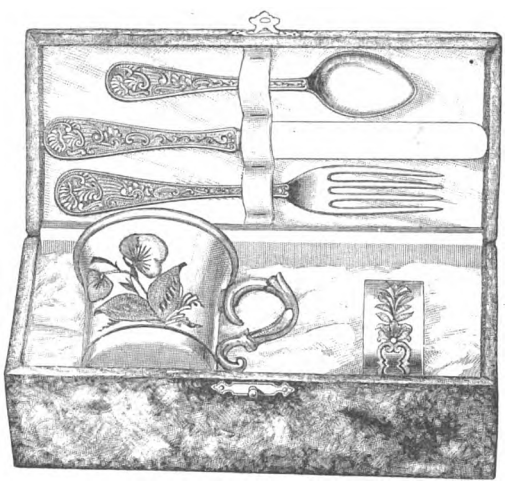
We give this elegant Set complete for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased; or Cracker and Picks alone for one new name. Price $1.00 per Set. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Purchasing Department. We are able to purchase for our subscribers and their friends any articles desired by them. All orders are filled promptly.

Silver-Ware by Express. In many cases neighbors club together and order goods in quantities to be sent to one address by express. This is a good plan, as it saves the postage as well as on express charges—each receiver paying a share of the express.

Child's Silver-Plated Set.

Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional.



Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cup, Napkin Ring—all **Silver-plated,** beautiful, durable, useful.

These will make a most acceptable present for a child. We enclose them in a velveteen-covered box with sateen lining.

The Set given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Quadruple Plate Dinner Caster, No. 502.

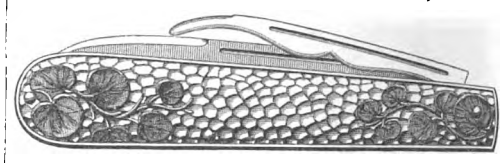
Given for two new subscribers and 80 cents additional.

This is a full-size Dinner Caster, with five cut-glass Bottles. The stand is 15½ inches high, with chased band. Price $3.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**



Silver-Plated Pickle Jar, No. 444. The panel-work and supports of the Pickle Jar are made of white metal and silver-plated. The Glass Jar has a plated cover. We include a pair of Pickle Tongs. All given for one new subscriber, and 40 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Silver-Plated Fruit Knife, with Pick, No. 5.



The cut gives no idea of the beauty of this Fruit Knife. The blade is neatly engraved as well as the handle. We were obliged to buy the entire stock of the manufacturer to so secure this premium that we could offer it for one new subscriber. The Knife is extra heavy plated on white metal,—not steel,—which makes it much more valuable and serviceable than the ordinary Fruit Knife.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 6 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Silver-Plated Cream Ladle.

This beautiful Cream Ladle is made of standard white metal, silver-plated in the best manner. We have recently purchased a special quantity. The price of this Ladle is 75 cents each. We offer them in this way only. When you order any other Silver-plated goods and enclose 50 cents for the Ladle, we will send you one as long as the supply lasts.

Silver-Plated Ice Cream Knife.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



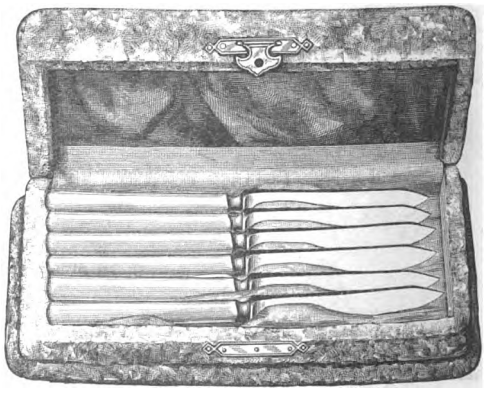
This is a bargain in Silver-Ware. For serving ice cream as well as for other table delicacies, it is especially convenient.

It is 11 inches long, is triple silver-plated, hand engraved. The designs are assorted.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Six Silver-Plated Fruit Knives.

Six given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



These Knives are first-class. They are six inches long, with thin blades. Six given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price of six Knives, $1.10. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Price, singly, 20 cents. Postage 5 cents additional.

The Plush Case. This is made from the best quality of light blue silk plush, lined with light pink satin. The price of this Case is $1.25. We will include the Case when you order the Knives, either as a premium or purchased, on receipt of 65 cents additional, and 10 cents additional for postage.

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Repoussé Silver-Plated Tea Service, No. 99.



Spoon Holder, No. 99.



Tea Pot, No. 99.



Sugar Bowl, No. 99.



Cream Pitcher, No. 99.

Silver-Plated Tea Service, No. 99. 4 Pieces. Given for two new subscribers and $2.50 additional. This Set is triple plate, satin finish and bright cut hand engraving; it consists of Sugar Bowl, Spoon Holder, Cream Pitcher and Tea Pot. Price of the Set, $6.50. **Sent by express not paid, and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased. We offer the pieces singly as follows:

Sugar Bowl, No. 99. This beautiful premium is given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 25 cents additional,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

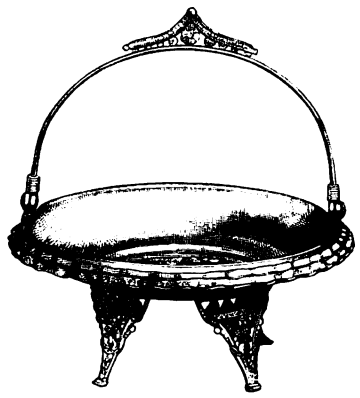
Spoon Holder, No. 99. Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Cream Pitcher, No. 99. Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Tea Pot, No. 99. Given for two new subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price $2.50. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Silver-Plated Cake Basket.

Given for one new subscriber and 60 cents additional.



For a Cake Basket we have selected an entirely new pattern. It is silver-plated, and is made heavy and strong. The Bowl is engraved, 8¾ inches in diameter. It stands 9 inches high when handle is raised.

Given for one new subscriber and 60 cents additional. Price $2.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Gold-Lined Silver-Plated Mug.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



We offer this year a very beautiful Mug. It is triple silver-plated on white metal, gold-lined, and is engraved in a very attractive manner. No more useful and beautiful present can be made to a child than one of these Cups. It is made strong, and will wear well.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. You will pay $2.00 to $2.25 for similar Cups at your jeweller's.

Beautiful Silver-Plated Butter Dish. No. 1,848.

Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional.



This is a most beautiful and convenient Butter Dish. It is made from hard white metal, and is silver-plated and nicely chased. Size, 6 inches in diameter, and 6 inches high. The inside Butter-Plate is also silver-plated and detachable.

Given for only one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price $1.60. **Postage and packing 40 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased, or sent express not paid. A Butter Dish has become such a household necessity that we have done some close figuring with our manufacturer to offer you a full-plate and solid metal Dish on such favorable terms. You have full value in this article, and it is free from the objectionable feature of being part glass.

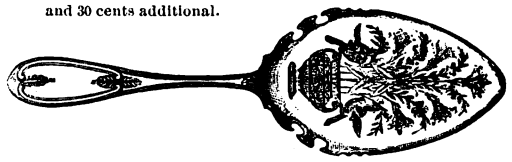
Silver-Plated Knife Rests.

A pair given for one new subscriber.

A pair of Knife Rests of artistic design and well silver-plated are very useful as well as decorative. Novelties in this line of table ware are constantly coming out. We shall always select the latest and best for the price given.

A pair given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00 per pair. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

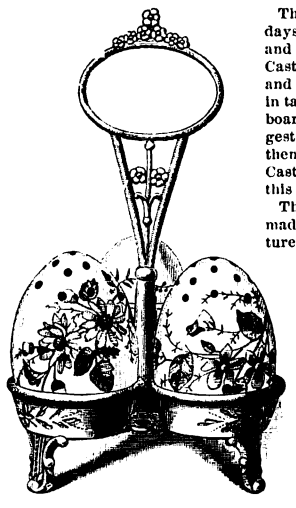
Silver-Plated Pie Knife. Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



This is a fine Pie Knife. It is standard silver-plate on first quality German silver. The shape is beautiful, and the ornamenting very artistic. It is full size, 9 inches long and 3 inches wide. This handsome Pie Knife, by special arrangement, we can offer for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. The Knife would be cheap at $2.00.

Breakfast or Tea Caster.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



The wide-awake lady nowadays never uses her dignified and stately five-bottle Dinner Caster, except for dinner parties and the like,—then it seems to be in taste; but around the family board everything should suggest freedom and sociability,—then she will use a tête-à-tête Caster, such as we illustrate in this premium, and it is a beauty.

The silver-plated frame is made by a reliable manufacturer from our suggestions, and is well plated and hand engraved.

The bottles, one each for pepper, salt and mustard, we import from Carlsbad; they are real china, with delicately tinted ground and beautiful floral decorations, hand applied, in color and gold.

We have tried to produce a really choice affair, and are perfectly willing to leave the verdict with you. Our only apprehension is that we have not imported nearly enough. Premium offer above. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 35 cents additional,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Silver-Plated Syrup Pitcher.

Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional.



This receptacle for the golden syrup is silver-plated and hand engraved, and has an attached plated Dripping Saucer.

Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price $1.40. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Do not forget that many articles can be packed together in one box, and this be sent by express to one address. Many of our subscribers do this each year.

Beautiful Berry Dish.

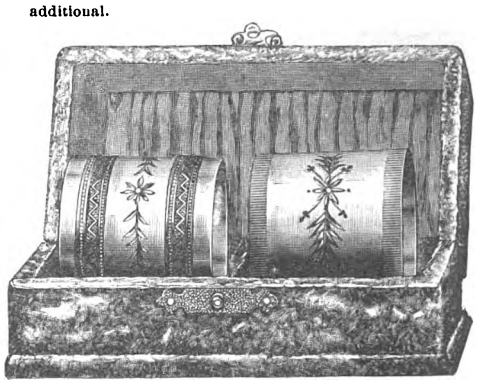
Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional.



Beauty and utility form a pleasing combination in the dish. The supporting part is made from white metal, silver-plated, while the dish itself is glass.

Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

A Pair of Silver-Plated Napkin Rings. Jeweller's Plush Case. All given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional.

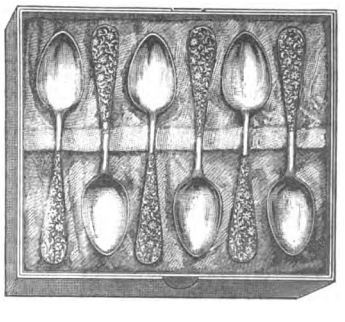


The Rings are made of solid white metal, beautifully chased and heavily silver-plated. The Case is made of fine plush of extra lustre, royal purple color, and satin-lined to match.

The Pair of Silver-Plated Napkin Rings, with Plush Case, given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.30. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased; or two Napkin Rings alone given for one new subscriber. Price 80 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents additional,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Oxidized Silver-Plated Coffee Spoons.

A Set of 6, in Satin-lined Case, given for two new subscribers.



Wonderfully cheap! is what all our friends say who have seen this Set of after-dinner Coffee Spoons. They are certainly very handsome. The handles are silver-plated, etched and oxidized finish. The bowls are gold-plated, and the set is enclosed in a satin-lined case.

Given for two new subscribers. Price $2.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents.**

Gold-Lined Silver-Plated Cake Basket. No. 605.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional.

The Bowl is deep, with beautiful hand engraving. 8¾ inches in diameter. It stands 12 inches high when handle is raised. Satin and bright finish rim and stand, with fine chasing.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional. Price $2.75. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Crockery and Useful Household Articles.

Imitation Royal Worcester Sugar Shaker.

Given for one new subscriber.



A Sugar Shaker is a new article of table furniture.

For sugaring cakes, pies, berries and sauces a Sugar Shaker is just the thing.

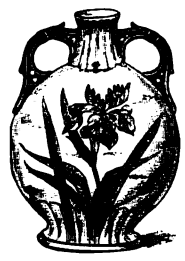
It stands 4¼ inches high and is egg-shaped.

It is decorated exactly like the vases described in this LIST.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 85 cents. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

A Pair of Handsome Vases.

Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional.



These China Vases are so graceful in shape and rich in coloring that we have not hesitated again to import a large quantity from Europe. It is an exact copy of a Royal Worcester Vase.

It is 5¾ inches high—flat oval in shape, and cream-colored ground; the design of decoration is the "German Iris" in natural colors and gold lines. A beautiful art ornament.

Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.25 per pair. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Real Japanese Rose Jar and Pot Pourri.

All given for one new subscriber.



It is real Japanese ware, most artistically decorated; 6 inches high, outside and inside covers.

We also include a large can of fragrant Japanese Pot Pourri, which is a collection of fragrant blossoms, such as roses, violets, etc., so prepared that these retain their refreshing odor for years. Open the Rose Jar in a closed room and the air fills at once with perfume.

These goods vary somewhat in shape and decoration, but all cost alike. We can only show cut of one pattern.

All given for one new subscriber. Price for the combination, $1.00. **Postage and packing 50 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Child's Bread and Milk Set.



The three pieces—Plate, Bowl and Milk Pitcher—are made of china, beautifully decorated in colors. We import this Set from Bohemia. The combination makes an appropriate holiday gift. The Set is packed in a wooden box.

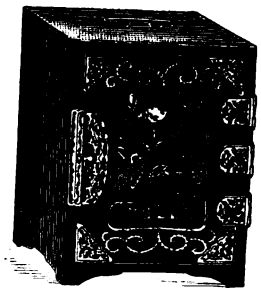
Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Must be sent by express, and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Berry and Ice Cream Spoon.

This is an article for serving fruits, sauces, ices, vegetables, etc. It is 9 inches long, oxidized, silver-plated, elaborately etched, and gold-plated bowl. It is enclosed in a satin-lined Case.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 10 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Japanese Jewel Casket.



A collector of Japanese curios would not hesitate to give four or five dollars for this specimen. The front door of the Casket opens on bright engraved hinges, and displays 3 drawers for valuables.

It is elegantly ornamented in gold and color and real pearl raised-work, and thoroughly finished throughout in best black enamel. Size 5 x 5 x 6¾ inches high. An elegant gift to a lady; one that will attract attention in any home. It also has lock and key.

Given for one new subscriber and 70 cents additional. Price $2.25. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

English Decorated Tea Set, 56 Pieces.

Given for five new subscribers and $1.00 additional.



The body of this Tea Set is English Stone China, with beautiful decorations. Assortment: Tea Pot, Sugar Bowl, Creamer, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, Slop Bowl, 12 Sauce Plates.

This is the third year we have used this make of goods, and they have given good satisfaction. The demand was so great last year that we re-ordered several times.

The Set given for five new subscribers and $1.00 additional. Price $5.00 per Set. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

English Decorated Dinner Set, 106 Pieces.

Given for eight new subscribers and $4.50 additional.



English ware is warranted not to crack in the glazing. This is the "Minerva" shape, with white body. The design is very chaste. Assortment: 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Individual Butter Plates, 12 Sauce Plates, 12 Individual Vegetable Dishes, 6 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 1 Covered Dish, 2 Platters, 1 Butter Dish, 1 Soup Tureen, 1 Baker, 1 Large Pitcher, 1 Creamer, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Pickle Dish, 1 Sugar Bowl.

The Set given for eight new subscribers and $4.50 additional. Price $12.00 per Set. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Japanese Tea Pot, Creamer and Sugar Bowl.

The Set given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

It gives an air of genuine romance to the Tea-Table to think that not alone the tea we drink, but also the dainty dishes in which it is served are both the real products of our curious brothers in the antipodes.

This Tea Set is made of real Japanese China, and ornamented



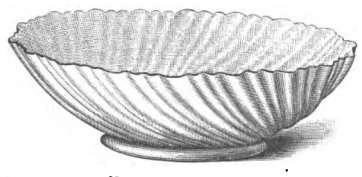
with Cobalt Blue designs. It is large enough for all ordinary family uses. We import the goods from Tokio, and our offer is very liberal. The pieces are real Japanese curios.

The Set given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price for the Set $1.00. **Packed in a wooden case, and sent by express, charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Ice Cream, Salad or Berry Set.

Bowl and Six Saucers given for one new subscriber and 45 cents additional.

It would hardly seem possible that we could make such a liberal premium offer in foreign china, considering the high rate of duty that these goods pay.





Yet these pieces are real Carlsbad China, received by us in original packages. They are delicately decorated in colors and gold.

If you are selecting a present for wife or mother, do not forget to consider this combination.

Bowl and Six Saucers given for one new subscriber and 45 cents additional. Price for Bowl and Six Saucers $1.75. **They must be sent by express, and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Japanese Butter Plates.

Twelve given for one new subscriber.



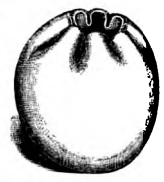
Each Plate is a study in itself, a distinct creation of the artist's mind. Artistic, useful, decorative.

These dainty little dishes suggest the rapid advancement in household convenience. Individual Butter Plates are now articles of necessity in every house. These are imported by us direct. Real Tokio Ware, beautifully decorated. A generous offer. We give a very choice collection in this Set.

Twelve given for one new subscriber. Price of the twelve, 85 cents. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Two Beautiful Rose Bowls.

Given for one new subscriber.



These Rose Bowls are made of Bohemian Glass, delicate in coloring and beautiful in shape. As an ornament or for a gift they are useful and very appropriate. They stand four inches high—color, a beautiful peach-blow. There is no article in our LIST that will please our subscribers more than this.

A pair given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents a pair. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Real Tokio Cracker Jar.

Given for one new subscriber.



The Japanese excel all others in novel decoration of China Ware. We think their ornamentation known as "Tokio" is one of the handsomest.

Certainly we here offer you a real article of Japanese make.

It is 5½ inches high, and is made of china. It will be an addition to the tea-table in itself—and at the same time is the proper receptacle for crackers and hard cakes, if you wish them to be always crisp.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 45 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Gentleman's Mustache Cup and Saucer.



There is combined in this premium—1st, An appropriate gift to a gentleman, that is always acceptable. 2d, A handsome piece for the Bric-à-Brac Shelf. 3d, An elegant article in china for the Dining-room.

We import it. The material is real Carlsbad China, ornamented by hand with colored leaves, and delicate blossoms with gold tracings.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased

Engagement Cup and Saucer.

It is now highly popular to present to a young lady just engaged a handsome Cup and Saucer. This gift symbolizes the wish that her cup of happiness may be always full.

The Engagement Cups and Saucers we offer are exquisite in design and decoration, and are of Haviland, Dresden and other fine makes.

One Cup and Saucer given for one new subscriber. Price 80 cents. **Postage and packing 30 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Decorated China Fruit Plates.

Six given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional.

We have selected an elaborate pattern, with open-work or "embroidery" edge, lined with gold; the centres are hand-painted flower designs in natural colors. Many uses suggest themselves at once to the orderly housewife for such china, such as serving the fruit and dessert course at dinner, lunch or reception; they make handsome cake plates also.



Six given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price $1.50 for 6 plates. **They must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Useful and Ornamental Household Articles—Continued.

Swiss Carved Bread-Plate, No. 24, and Knife,

No. 995. Given for one new subscriber.



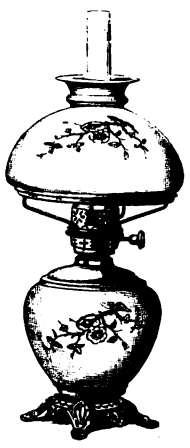
This Bread Board is not only useful, but it is exceedingly ornamental, as well. It ought to last a lifetime. They are both hand-carved.

Children are frequently at a loss to know what present to select for their parents, or for some housekeeping friend. This beautiful Bread Board is especially appropriate. The demand for it is increasing with us each year.

The Knife and Plate given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 40 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Duplex Parlor Art Lamp.

Given for one new subscriber and 85 cents additional.



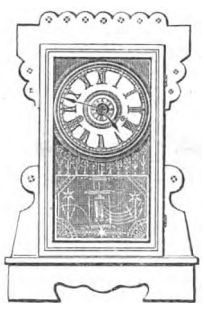
In few directions does there seem, of late years, to have been a greater advance than in the means for producing light. This fact is well illustrated by the Lamp we now offer. It is a decided improvement over the Lamp offered by us two years ago, and at a less price, too.

The Lamp body and Shade are of porcelain, tinted a delicate color, and exquisitely hand-painted flower decorations, the colors being burnt in to insure permanence. The base and top of the Lamp are bronzed. The Lamp is supplied with a Patent Extinguisher.

Given for one new subscriber and 85 cents additional. Price $2.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Black Walnut House Clock. Alarm and Strike.

Given for two new subscribers and 80 cents additional.



The Case to this Clock is made of Black Walnut, and is well finished and polished.

It is a one-day Striking Alarm, stands nearly 18 inches high, has a six-inch dial and a visible pendulum.

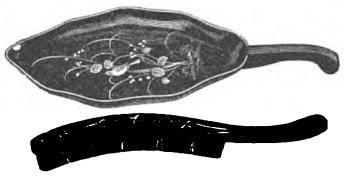
The hinged door in front is set with an ornamented glass front.

This Clock is handsome enough to be used in any room in the house. It is easily regulated, and is warranted to keep good time.

Given for two new subscribers and 80 cents additional. Price $3.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Oriental Crumb Pan and Brush.

Given for one new subscriber.

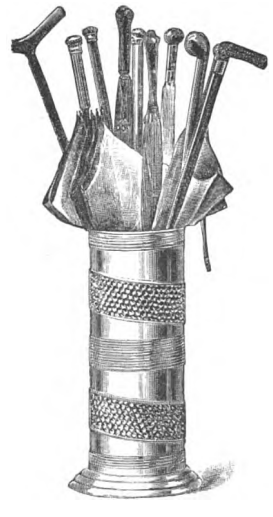


You will say we have consulted your best interest when you receive this article. It is far better and handsomer than the metal ones, unless you expend several dollars for a better Set. The Pan and Brush are lacquered, and have a high polish. The ornamentation is shaded work in gold and silver, and the material is unbreakable.

It is the most common-sense Crumb Pan and Brush we know about at a low price.

Crumb Pan and Brush given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

"Gloria" Silk Umbrella.



These umbrellas are well known throughout the country as being the most reliable manufactured. Made for service as well as looks. Paragon Frame, Natural Wood Handle, Silk Case and Tassels.

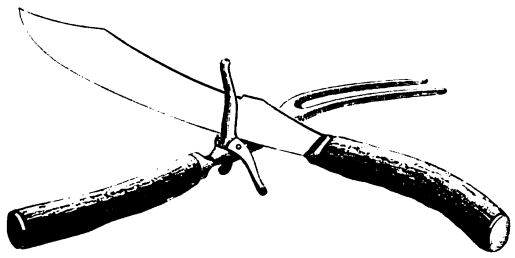
Given for two new subscribers and 35 cents additional. Price $2.25. **Sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The above is a 26-inch Frame. If you want a 28-inch, please send 15 cents more, when sent as a premium or purchased.

"Fast Black" Umbrella. This is a good, serviceable Umbrella, 28-inch. The material is Fast Black Gingham, Steel Frame and Natural Wood Handle. A serviceable Umbrella at a low price.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Russell's Carver and Fork. Real Stag Handles.

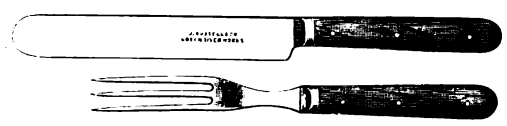


J. Russell & Co. probably make the finest goods of this kind in America. The Carver is made of shear steel, hand-forged. Patent safety-guard on Fork, which also acts as a rest. Carver is 13 inches long, fine quality, stag handles.

The pair given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.15. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Six Knives and Forks.

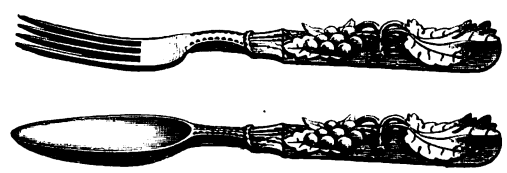
Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



These Knives and Forks are made by the well-known cutlers, J. Russell & Co. Made of the best Steel, Cocoa Handles, with Bolster.

Six Knives and Six Forks given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.20. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Swiss Carved Salad Set. Given for one new subscriber.



The cut tells the story. The Fork and Spoon are elaborately carved, and are fine specimens of the handiwork of the Swiss peasants. Every lady who desires to serve salad daintily should own one of these Sets.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Swiss Carved Butter Plate, Butter Press, and

Silver-plated Butter Knife. Given for one new subscriber.



This premium suggests at once the art of serving butter at the table. Use the butter press for forming and stamping the butter pat, then slip the butter into the glass plate (it will just fit in size), drop the plate into the handsomely carven wooden board, and you have a neat and ornamental pat of butter all ready to serve with the Silver Knife.

All given for one new subscriber. Price of the combination, $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or sale.

The Set is very cheap, and we do not sell single piece.

The Grand Rapids Carpet Sweeper.

Given for one new subscriber and 85 cents additional.



Few people realize how much labor, annoyance and dust the Grand Rapids Carpet Sweeper will save. Its use will do away with the hardships of sweeping-day. This Sweeper is the best made, and will do the most effective work of any now on the market. It rolls upon four wheels, and is so easy to handle that a child can use it.

This model contains all the latest improvements. It is so thoroughly and honestly made that it can be used for years without the need of repairs.

Given for one new subscriber and 85 cents additional. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Price $3.00, and sent by express, not paid; but if you will send us the express receipt, we will return the amount paid, if less than 50 cents; if over that amount, we will return 50 cents of the same, when sent as a sale.

The Standard Thermometer.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.



This is a Dial Thermometer of great accuracy, and is guaranteed correct Fahrenheit scale. It has a 4-inch dial. The same instrument is used at Harvard Observatory and in the Pullman cars. Each instrument is packed in a wooden case. We have used a large number of these instruments with perfect satisfaction, and the demand is constantly increasing. Every family ought to have one.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium. Price, $2.50 delivered when sent as a sale.

Silver-Plated Banquet Lamp Complete.

Given for two new subscribers and 90 cents additional.



This form of a Lamp is popular because it was born from a genuine necessity. Its name, "Banquet," suggests its utility, as well as grace, for the centre-piece to the dining-table; at the same time it is just as well adapted to the evening study or work-table. The light is always above the eyes, which is a great relief, and with the aid of the linen shade a subdued light is pleasantly diffused.

The ornamental work differs somewhat from that shown in the cut.

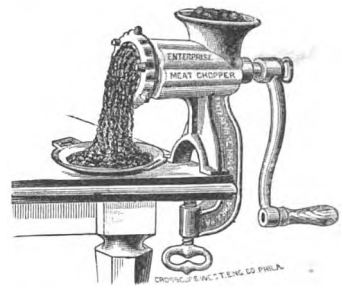
Lamp and Stand are silver-plated. 2½ feet high to top of Chimney. The linen fringed Shade is included.

Given for two new subscribers and 90 cents additional. Price $3.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Enterprise Meat Chopper, No. 5.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.

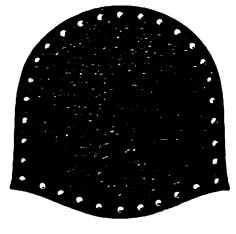
This fine machine cannot be excelled for chopping meat or fish, for cakes, sausage, mince, hash, salad, etc.; cocoanut, peppers, scrapple, suet, can also be equally well treated.



The Enterprise does not grind or tear the meat, but chops it, precisely like the snipping process of a pair of scissors. It is impossible for any sinews, fibres, or gristle to pass through without being chopped fine and even. Will mash vegetables also.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Leather-Board Chair Seats.



These Chair Seats are finished with a pebbled surface in handsome maroon color, and will wear for years.

To reseat a Chair, simply remove the old cane or other covering, cut the Seat to the proper shape or size, nail it on with the French brass-head nails, and the work is done. In every household may be found Chairs which need reseating. With these Chair Seats repairing can be done.

Four Leather-Board Chair Seats and 200 French brass-head Nails given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Special Offer. We will sell six Chair Seats and 300 Nails for $1.25.

Hill's Champion Steam Cooker.

Given for one new subscriber and 80 cents additional.



Steam Cookers are a kitchen necessity and luxury. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes:

"I have had the steamless and odorless Cooker in use some weeks. It is destined to make house duties, especially those belonging to the kitchen, much less oppressive, besides giving facilities for preparing food more properly than any contrivance I have yet seen."

Over 70,000 of these Steam Cookers are in use. With these Cookers no steam or odors of any kind can be detected, as they all pass into the stove and go up the chimney.

Given for one new subscriber and 80 cents additional. Price $2.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

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Useful and Ornamental Household Articles—Continued.

Beautiful Glass Odor Bottle.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



This Odor Bottle stands 7½ inches high, is mounted in a handsome silver-plated base, has a fine Glass Stopper, and is tied with a Ribbon.

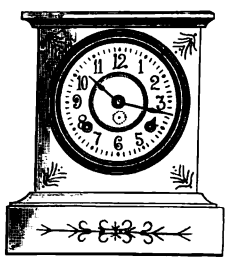
The design shown on the silver-plated base is a reproduction of one of the famous "Derby" models, which is now so popular and fashionable.

This Bottle will make a handsome ornament, and is suitable to stand upon any table or bureau.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Parlor Clock. French Dial Pattern.

Given for two new subscribers and $2.75 additional.



This beautiful Clock stands about 10 inches high, with a base 5 x 9 inches.

The dial is of brass, satin finish, with the hours and minutes pencilled in black.

The case is made of iron, with elegant black enamel and gold finish.

This Clock will keep excellent time, and will make an ornament for any parlor.

Given for two new subscribers and $2.75 additional. Price $5.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Plush Collar and Cuff Box.

Given for one new subscriber.



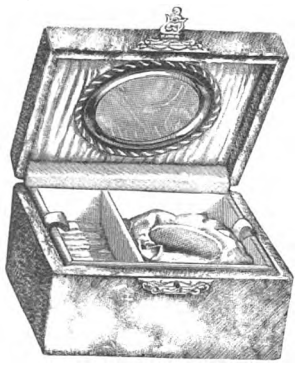
The ladies all say it is a great puzzle to know just what to give a gentleman for a present that is sure to please him. Here is what you want. Size, 7½ x 6, and 5½ inches high. Covered with fine golden-brown plush, lined to match. Centre partition, and ample space for Collars and Cuffs.

We feel sure that there will be a large demand for this beautiful article. It is an ornament as well as a convenience.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Beautiful Plush Jewel Case, with Silver-Plated Shield.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



We expect a large demand for this attractive premium.

It is made of silk plush, has a round Bevelled French Plate Mirror on the inside of the cover, as shown in the cut, and has a compartment below the tray for the larger articles of jewelry usually worn.

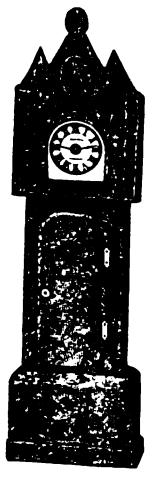
The Metal Catch and Hinges are nickel-plated. The top of the Cover has a handsome silver-plated shield, not shown in the cut.

It is the handsomest Jewel Case we have ever offered our subscribers.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Grandfather's Clock, in Plush Case.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



We know an old Grandfather's Clock that, on the hall staircase, has ticked away the time and struck off the hours for four generations of happy children. On its face is this legend:

"Master, behold me; here I stand,
To tell the hours at thy command.
What is thy will? 'Tis my delight
To serve thee both by day and night.
Master, be wise, and learn from me
To serve thy God as I serve thee."

We do not wish you to think that we offer that kind of a clock. We would not recommend this one to keep good time 200 years, but it has a marine movement made for us in Connecticut, runs 24 hours with one winding, and will not stop if turned in any position.

We shall sell this Clock for $1.25, or give it for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

It stands 11 inches high. The frame is a perfect imitation of a Grandfather's Clock, and is covered with beautiful mahogany silk plush.

Handsome Bisque Vases.

One pair given for one new subscriber.





These Vases are made of real Bisque. The design represents two children in the act of supporting an opening lily.

The Vases stand six inches high, and are ornamented in blue and gilt.

As ornaments or for holding flowers these Vases are just the thing.

One pair of Vases given for one new subscriber. Price 80 cents per pair. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Silver-Plated Sconce Mirror.

Given for two new subscribers and 50 cents additional, or one new subscriber and $1.00 additional.



This is a gift always acceptable to every one, and is a thing of beauty in itself. It is made of bronze metal, and is silver-plated, 15 inches high, and spreads 16 inches.

Best French Bevel Mirror, 5 x 7½ inches. It has a metal back brace, and can be used as a Stand or Wall Mirror, as you prefer. It is as useful for a gentleman as a lady, and will ornament any home. It weighs 5 pounds.

Premium offer above. Price $2.75. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

Solid Brass Candlesticks, with Hand-Painted Candles.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.





This makes an elegant bric-a-brac ornament. The Stand is made of solid brass, and finely polished.

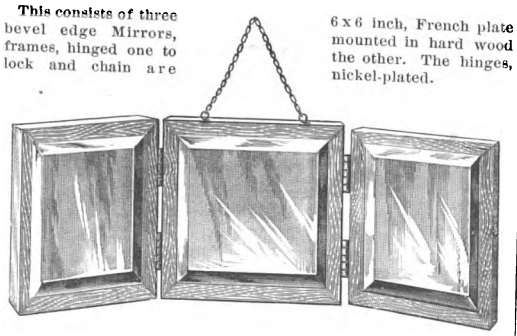
The Stand is 6 inches high, and with the Candles, 10 inches high. The prisms, 5 to each Candlestick, are white glass, finely cut and very brilliant. Candles are colored and hand-painted. Please note the very liberal premium offer above.

Price, per pair, including Candles, $1.30. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Price without Candles, 25 cents less.

The Triplex Bevelled French-Plate Mirror.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.

This consists of three bevel edge Mirrors, frames, hinged one to lock and chain are 6 x 6 inch, French plate mounted in hard wood the other. The hinges, nickel-plated.



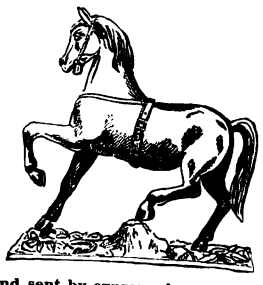
The Triplex Mirror can be hung upon the wall, or arranged upon a mantel or dresser. It enables a lady to observe, with ease, her back hair, and is a great comfort to gentlemen for use in shaving.

Last year a large number of our Triplex Mirrors were ordered. This year the frame work has been improved in several essential features, and we expect to use a very large number.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 50 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Bronze Horse, Mantel or Clock Ornament.

Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional.



The figure stands over eight inches high. Size of base, 9 x 3½ inches.

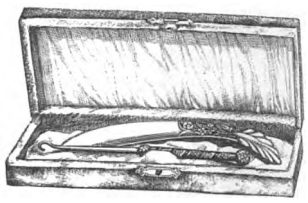
It makes a choice ornament for the mantel or clock.

While it can be used as an ornament for any mantel, yet it is too large to be placed upon the Parlor Clock offered on another part of this page.

Given for only one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Packed in a wooden box and sent by express, charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Nickel-Plated Shoe-Horn and Button-Hook, in Plush Case.

Both given for one new subscriber and 20 cents.



This makes an attractive gift for a lady.

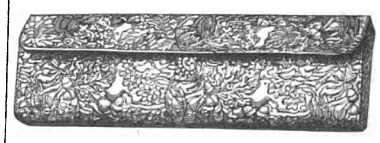
It consists of a handsome Shoe-Horn and Boot-Buttoner, nickel-plated and oxidized. Both enclosed in a Plush Case.

These two articles are a great necessity in every household. Perhaps more so than any other combination we might mention. It is a very special premium offer.

We give the entire combination for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.15. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Embossed Leather Glove and Handkerchief Boxes.

Both given for one new subscriber and 30 cents.



Leather goods are once more becoming very popular.

These two articles are made of embossed leather, have oxidized silver clasps, and are lined with sateen.

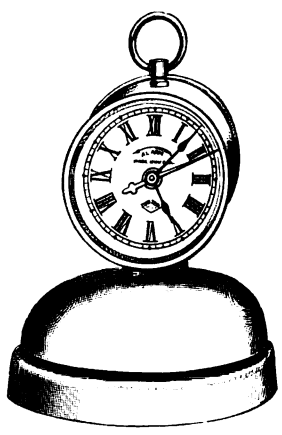


It is the latest thing in this line, and is a very special premium offer. We expect a large demand.

The Embossed Leather Glove and Handkerchief Boxes are both given for only one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.30. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Improved Alarm Clock, Celluloid Dial.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.



This fine Clock is probably the most popular time-piece now on the market. It is handsomely plated in gilt, has a Celluloid Dial, and an alarm movement which is constructed with an improved escapement.

It is the handsomest Clock we have ever offered our subscribers.

We offer it at a low price, and expect that a very large number will be ordered.

While this Clock will keep excellent time, it will also make a most beautiful ornament.

This fine Clock given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Beautiful Two-Bottle Plush Odor Stand.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



This beautiful Odor Stand will make a useful ornament for the dressing case or table. The Stand is made of Plush, with an oval bevelled-plate Mirror across the face of the back.

The Bottles are handsomely fluted and have ground-glass stoppers to match.

The Stand and Bottles make a combination which will be sure to please our subscribers. It is the handsomest Odor Stand that we have ever offered our readers.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 30 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Useful and Ornamental Household Articles—Continued.

Elegant Turcoman Portière Curtains.



There is hardly any article which adds more to the artistic adornment of a room than a beautiful pair of Portière Curtains.

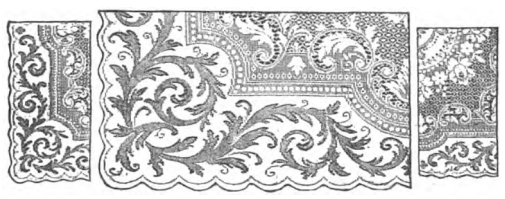
The Curtains we offer are made of heavy chenille, with handsome dado and tasselled fringed border, top and bottom. The rich elegance of these Curtains cannot be shown in the cut or described in words. We are confident that they will more than please our subscribers.

They can be supplied either in Camel, Terra-cotta, Old Gold, Mahogany, Steel Blue, and Peach Body Colors. Each Curtain is 46 inches wide and 3 yards long.

One pair given for two new subscribers and $3.25 additional. They are sold in the leading Boston stores at $7.00 per pair. We offer them for sale for only $5.75 per pair. We will break sets, and therefore offer one curtain for one new subscriber and $1.60 additional. Price of one Curtain, $2.90. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Lace Bed Spread and Pillow Shams.

The Set given for one new subscriber and 85 cents additional.



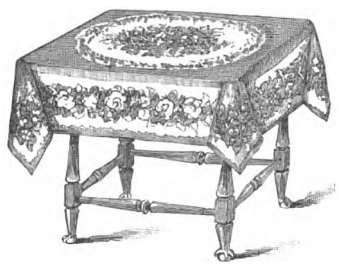
Lace Bed Spreads and Pillow Shams are once more becoming very popular. They give to a room an air of comfort and refinement, and are also very handsome.

The Set we offer is made of Nottingham Lace, with beautiful design centres and borders. They are full-sized, and are taped all around. The engraving shows only a small section of the Bed Spread and Shams.

We give the complete Set, consisting of the Lace Bed Spread and Pillow Shams, for only one new subscriber and 85 cents additional. Price of the complete Set, $2.00. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Elegant Chenille Table Cover.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional.

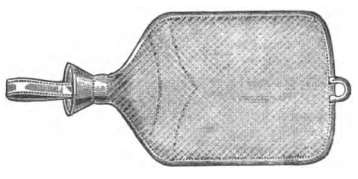


For beauty and richness nothing more could be desired than the colors and tones with which these Table Covers are woven.

They are made of fine Chenille, four feet square, are woven in the body tones which are now so popular, with beautiful border and centre designs. These Covers must be seen to be appreciated.

One Cover given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional. Price $2.25. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

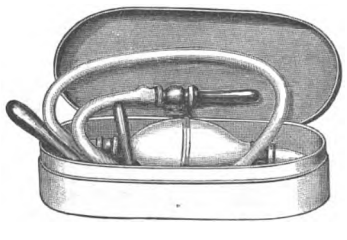
Hot-Water Rubber Bag. Two Quarts.



Every family ought to own one of these Hot-Water Bags. It is made of a superior quality of rubber, and is the best we can purchase. Fill the Bag with hot water and place it against the body in localities where there is pain, and great relief is often experienced. It would be well if people generally understood this fact. Every Bag warranted perfect.

Given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. We offer it for sale for $1.50. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Family Syringe, No. 1. Given for one new subscriber.



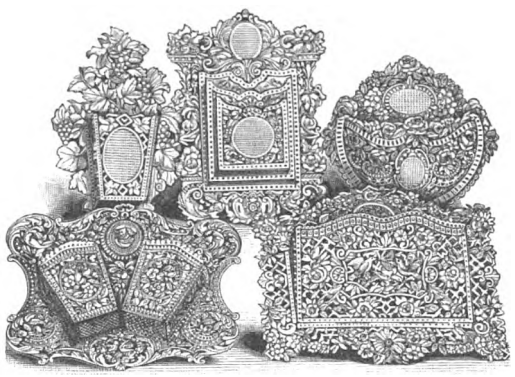
This Syringe is made of fine white rubber, is enclosed in a neat pocket case, and contains the usual fittings.

Every one is fully warranted by the manufacturer. In procuring an article of this kind it is not good economy to use one of cheap material.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Vienna Leatherette Articles.

Given for one new subscriber.



The collection contains the following articles: Wall Paper Holder, Slipper Case, Stationery Pocket, Corner Bracket, Whisk Broom Holder, Toilet Wall Pocket, Lamp Mat and 3 Toilet Mats—10 articles in all; only a part of them are shown in the cut.

These articles are made of Leatherette, and can be made quite ornamental by bronzing and tying with colored ribbons.

The collection given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The GILDING OUTFIT, offered on page 23, can be used to excellent effect in the decoration of these articles.

Nottingham Lace Curtains.

Lace Curtains always give a most pleasing effect, not only to the furnishings of a room, but also to the house itself as seen from the outside.

Every good housewife knows the value of Nottingham Lace Curtains. We purchase them by the case directly from the factory. The styles are the latest and most attractive. The patterns are assorted. The one illustrated in the cut was taken at random from a case.

The cut, being a greatly reduced photo-engraving of the lower end of the curtain, does not give exactly the same effect as the Curtain itself.



Nottingham Lace Curtains, No. 1. These Curtains are **nine** feet long, forty inches wide, and are all bound with tape.

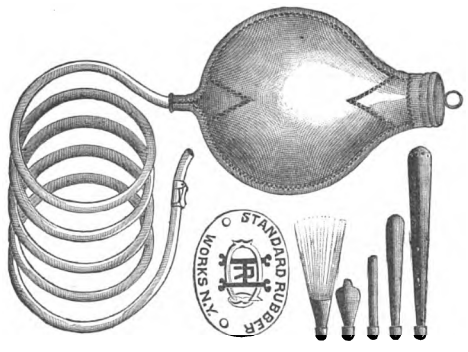
A pair (two Curtains) given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Our price only $1.25 for the pair. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Nottingham Lace Curtains, No. 2. These Curtains are three and one-half yards long, fifty-two inches wide, and bound with tape.

A pair (two Curtains) given for two new subscribers and 25 cents additional. Our price only $2.50 for the pair. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Family Fountain Syringe, No 2.

Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional.



An invaluable article, which no family can safely be without. It may save life. In procuring an article of this kind one should accept only the best. We therefore attach to our cut the manufacturer's trade-mark.

Every one is fully warranted. The Fountain is made of best white rubber, and holds full two quarts. A full set of hard rubber fittings, with Screw Couplers. All enclosed in a hinged and clasped polished Box, with separate compartment for fittings, and full directions for use.

Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 25 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Turkey-Red Fine Table Linen.



Fine Linen always gives a peculiar charm and grace to a dining-table. The goods we offer are full size and of excellent quality.

Turkey-Red Table Cloth. This Spread is 2¼ yards long and 69 inches wide, and comes in handsome assorted patterns, with fringed edges.

Given for one new subscriber and 60 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Turkey-Red Napkins and Doilies. These Napkins are of excellent quality. Fringed edges, assorted patterns, and 15 inches square.

One dozen given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price per dozen, 85 cents. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

John Bromley & Sons' Smyrna Rugs.

The reputation which these Rugs have acquired is world-wide. For quality and beauty of design they are all that could be desired.

Single Door Rug. 18 x 34 inches. Fringed ends. Very handsome and durable. Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.40.



Bureau Rug. 21 x 45 inches. Same quality and finish as the Door Rug, but suitable for placing before a Bureau, Bed or Fireplace. Given for one new subscriber and $1.00 additional. Price $2.10.

Sofa and Hall Rug. 30 x 60 inches. This magnificent Rug is large enough for laying in the hall or before a large sofa. Given for two new subscribers and $1.40 additional. Price $3.50. **All these Rugs must be sent by express, and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Imported Wolf-Skin Rug.

Given for two new subscribers and $1.00 additional.



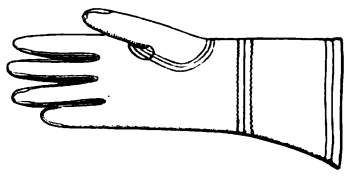
These Rugs are imported from China. They are about 28 x 64 inches, and are adapted for either the hall, parlor or sitting-room.

They give a pleasing effect to a room that is not easily secured by any other article.

Given for two new subscribers and $1.00 additional. Price $2.75. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Lady's Fine Rubber Gloves.

A pair given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



These Gloves are in great demand by the ladies for house or gardening purposes. They protect the hands when engaged in rough work, keeping them soft and smooth.

The Gloves we offer are made of fine tan rubber. A pair given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Family Homoeopathic Medicine Chests.

No. 1 given for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional.



Medicine Chest No. 1. This Chest contains 12 large one-half ounce vials of the remedies most commonly used.

Each vial is sealed, and contains 125 doses. These reliable remedies are prepared at the well-known Homœopathic Pharmacy of Otis Clapp & Son. A Manual of Homœopathic Treatment is given with each Chest.

No. 1 given for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional. Price $2.25. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

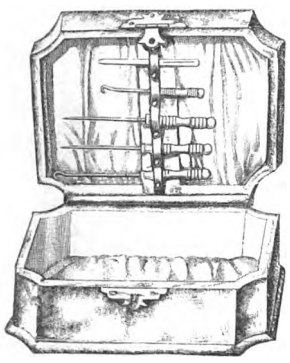
Medicine Chest, No. 2. Same style and quality as Chest No. 1, with 24 principal remedies. Price $4.25. **It must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver when purchased.**

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Sewing-Room Articles, Pocket-Books and Bags.

Handsome Plush Work-Box.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.



This Box is 7 x 8 inches, and contains the articles shown in the cut.

The case is covered with silk plush and lined with satin to match. Has nickel-plated catch and hinges, and molded corners and top.

It makes an excellent Work-Box, and is handsome in appearance.

We feel sure that it will more than please our subscribers.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Griffin's Automatic Rug Machine.

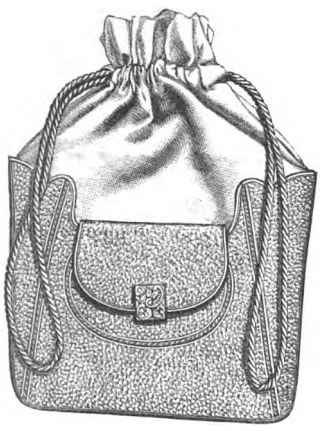
Unusual interest is being taken in Rug-making. Handsome Rugs not only make a room more attractive, but are also a great comfort. The Automatic Feed Rug Machine is twelve inches in length, and is



handsomely finished and nickel-plated, and will do its work in a rapid and reliable manner. Rugs made with this machine are not only very beautiful and durable, but are also more regular and even than when made by the old method.

By very special arrangement with the manufacturer we give this **Rug Machine** for one new subscriber. We feel sure that our lady subscribers will appreciate this liberal offer. The Rug Machine will do the best of work. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Princess Street Bag.



This Bag is made of black Leather and black Cashmere. Has a black silk draw-cord and a portemonnaie with patent clasp.

This style of Bag is very popular and fashionable at the present time.

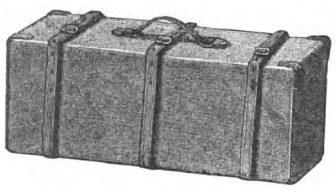
It can be used either as a shopping or street Bag. By means of the corded silk draw-string, the Bag can be enlarged or contracted, to meet the requirements of the owner.

This feature must commend itself to every person who requires a Bag for shopping or street use.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Canvas Travelling Case. 18 inches.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional.



A good name for this article would be "A Common-Sense Travelling Companion." Size 18 x 7 x 10 inches. Double cased, so it can be extended twice its size. Made of strong canvas lined with cloth, stitched and riveted leather corners and handle, and three leather straps, with buckles. A large number of these Travelling Cases are being used.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Lady's Morocco Pocket-Book.

Given for one new subscriber.

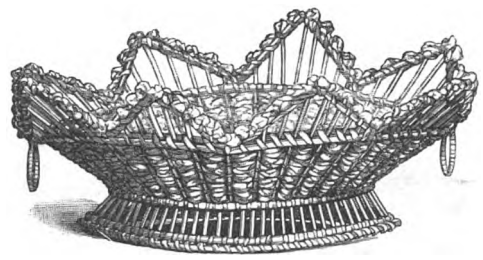
This is a new style, made expressly for coin and bills, and in the most convenient size and shape. Solid Oxidized Clasp and corner ornamented.



Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and Packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Lady's Work-Basket and Fittings.

Given for one new subscriber.



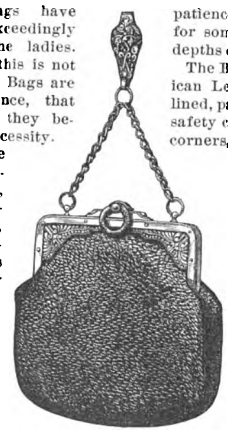
These Baskets are made in Bohemia, and vary a little in shapes, but the cut gives you a fair idea of most of them. They are large and roomy, giving an abundance of space. Material brown willow and rush straw braid to match. Size, 6 in. high and 12 in. long.

We also include the following articles not seen in the cut: Emery Cushion, Steel Thimble, gold-plated. Set of English & Co.'s Knitting Needles, Darners and Imperial Needles and Pins in Case.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Lady's Chatelaine Bag and Chain.

Given for one new subscriber.



Chatelaine Bags have now become exceedingly popular with the ladies. The reason for this is not far to seek. The Bags are such a convenience, that when once worn they become an actual necessity.

As a receptacle for the handkerchief, the purse, the card case, samples to be matched, and the innumerable other articles that we feel our masculine incompetence to name, we know of nothing better.

The lady who possesses this Bag need no longer lose time and patience in a nervous search for some article hid in the depths of her dress pocket.

The Bag is made of American Leather, half leather lined, patented nickel frame safety catch, solid oxidized corners, and belt hook and chain. They are worn without a belt by simply attaching the hook to the binding of the waist.

We believe that our subscribers will be more than satisfied with this Bag.

The style offered is the very latest, and the Bag is made in a thorough manner.

The Chatelaine Bag and Chain are given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

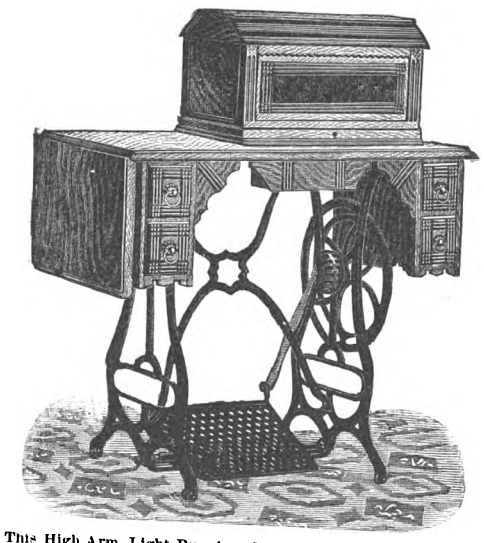
A "Gladstone" Travelling Bag.

We have not room to show a cut of this magnificent 18-inch Bag. It is made of the best quality of russet grain leather, cloth-lined, with inside flap and pockets, and inside and outside straps.

Any one looking for a fine Bag, larger and differently shaped from our No. 49, will be more than delighted with the "Gladstone."

Given for two new subscribers and $2.25 additional. Price $5.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Lady's Favorite Sewing-Machine.



This High Arm, Light Running, Lock-Stitch Machine is supplied with an Automatic Bobbin Winder and a complete Set of nickel-plated attachments.

It is simple in construction. Has a self-setting Needle, nickel-plated Balance Wheel and parts. Does a wide range of work, either fine or coarse, and has the Fish Patent Loose Balance-Wheel. All the running parts of the machine are made of the finest steel, case-hardened. The wood-work is Walnut, highly polished, with Extension and Drop Leaf, four Drawers and Bobbin Drawer. No better Machine is made. It gives great satisfaction.

Western orders shipped direct from Chicago. Eastern orders from Boston.

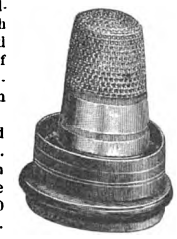
Given for fifteen new subscribers and $8.00 additional; or ten new subscribers and $10.50 additional; or five new subscribers and $13.00 additional; or for thirty-one new subscribers. Price $22.00 to our subscribers.

On receipt of $23.00 we will send you this Sewing-Machine, complete, with all attachments, and renew your subscription to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for one year.

SPECIAL. When this machine is ordered as a Club Present, we require six Five-Subscriber Clubs, and $1.00 additional.

Gold-Plated Thimble, and 3-Ft. Nickel Tape-Measure.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cts. additional.



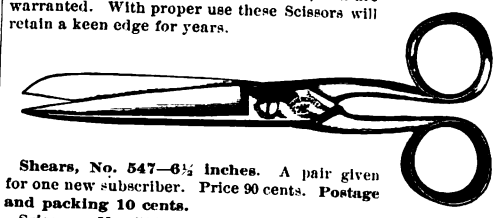
This Thimble is made of rolled gold-plate. The base is hard metal, which renders it more durable than a solid silver or solid gold Thimble. State size of Thimble wanted. Each Thimble is enclosed in a fine Morocco Case, lined with velvet.

All given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price of all, $1.10. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Price of Thimble and Morocco Case, only 80 cents. Tape-Measure only, 25 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents additional on each.**

Henckel's Shears and Scissors.

More than one hundred years ago, twin brothers by the name of Henckel started the cutlery business at Solingen, Germany. They soon acquired a world-wide reputation as manufacturers of cutlery.

The succession of sons are known to-day as the makers of the **best cutlery** in the world. The Scissors, Shears and Button-Hole Cutters are full polished and nickeled, and are warranted. With proper use these Scissors will retain a keen edge for years.



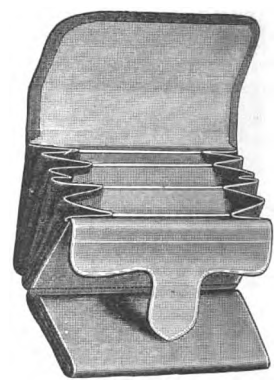
Shears, No. 547—6½ inches. A pair given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents.**

Scissors, No. 502—5 inches; Button-Hole Cutters, No. 520. Both given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price of two, $1.30. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Price of the Scissors, No. 502, 70 cents, post-paid; the Button-Hole Cutters, No. 520, 75 cents, post-paid.

Gentleman's Pocket-Book. No. 524.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



This is a special Pocket-Book we have had made to our order. It is made in first-class style. The leather is French Morocco, and is made of one piece of stock, except the bill-fold. This makes a very durable Book, as there is no sewing at the corners to wear out, and a gentleman can use the book for several years.

We consider it the most practical Pocket-Book for gentlemen's use that we can offer our subscribers.

It has five pockets, and a convenient fold for all bills.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Fine Leather Bill-Book. Given for one new subscriber.

This book is well-made of imitation seal, leather pockets and lined leather cover, five pockets, thoroughly stitched throughout. The book is made with round corners, and is designed for service. Size 8½ x 4 inches.



Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Russet Leather Travelling Bag, No. 49. For Lady or Gentleman.

This fine Travelling Bag is a thoroughly well-made article. It is made from the very best quality of russet grain leather, with a soft finished lining throughout. The Bag is "club-shaped," is 14 inches long, with molded handle, reënforced corners, and patent snaps. Also inside pocket, improved arrangement for holding the Bag open when being filled, and six metallic bottom guards. This Travelling Bag is first-class in every respect.



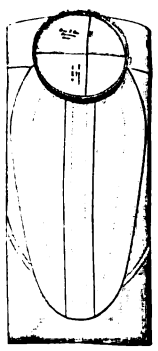
Given for two new subscribers and $1.00 additional. Price $3.50. **Postage and packing 65 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Or sent by express and charges paid by receiver.

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Wearing Apparel, Fans and Other Specialties.

Gentlemen's Shirts, The "Favorite."

One Shirt given for one new subscriber.



In the "Favorite" we offer what we consider the nearest approach to a Custom Shirt that is made. It has a perfected bosom, which yields a perfect fit. It will not break nor bunch up in the neck. Each Shirt is 36 inches long—full body width.

The Shirt is made of Williamsville cotton, which is the best shirting cotton in the United States. Four-ply bosom, 1,900 linen, reënforced back and front, double-stitched on facings and sleeves, and continuous facing on back and sleeves. Hand-made button-holes. We have different lengths of sleeves. When ordering please say whether short, medium or long sleeve is desired. This gives you all the advantage of a Shirt made to order.

Price 85 cents each. **Postage and packing 15 cents each,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

We will sell six or more Shirts at one time for 75 cents each. **Postage and packing 75 cents** for the six. Size, 13½ to 16½ inches.

Lady's Fine Nightgown. Our Special Leader, No. 1.

Given for one new subscriber.



This Nightgown is our special leader. The quality of the material used, together with the tucking and stitching, is all that could be desired.

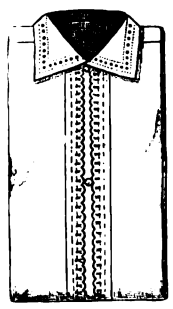
We offer it for sale at a price which scarcely covers the cost of material and labor in making.

We do this to advertise our Household and Furnishing Department among our lady subscribers. When ordering give size of collar usually worn.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 69 cents. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Gentleman's Nightshirt.

Given for one new subscriber.



This Shirt is made of a good quality of cotton, and in a most thorough manner.

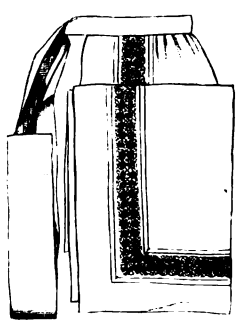
It has two rows of colored Hamburg edging down the bosom, and colored gimp border around the collar and across the pocket and cuffs. Is reënforced across the shoulder, is double-stitched, and has well-made button-holes. When ordering be sure to give size of collar usually worn.

We believe that our gentlemen subscribers will be more than pleased with this Shirt. We offer it at a low price.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 85 cents. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Fine Embroidered Apron and Corset Cover.

Both given for one new subscriber.





These two articles have been selected with special reference for quality and utility.

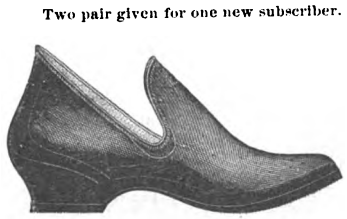
The Apron has a Hamburg insertion running down both sides and across the bottom. Very handsome and popular.

The Corset Cover has a yoke, with three rows Hamburg insertion and eight rows tucks. Hamburg edging is also around the collar and down the face of the yoke. When ordering give bust measure.

The Apron and Corset Cover are both given for one new subscriber. Price of both, 70 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The "Storm Slipper" Rubber.

Two pair given for one new subscriber.



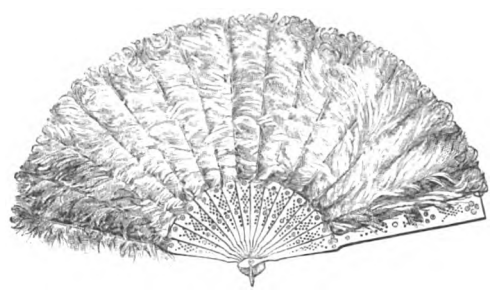
These Rubbers are so shaped that protection from dripping skirts is amply secured. Every lady will appreciate this feature. The enormous demand for these Rubbers can only be accounted for from this fact.

We can supply sizes from No. 2½ to No. 8. When ordering give the size of boot worn. These Rubbers are manufactured by the Boston Rubber Shoe Co., which is a sufficient guarantee of their superior quality and construction.

Two pair given for one new subscriber. Price of two pair, $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. One pair sent post-paid to any address on receipt of 60 cents.

Feather Fan, No. 126.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



The Fan that we offer has a fine cut white bone handle, and is mounted with good quality down feathers. We offer the Fan in either white, pink or blue. State which color you prefer. Fan opens 2 feet wide; 12 inches high. Back of Fan covered with linen serge.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The F. P. Robinson Co.'s Detachable Umbrella Covers.



There is now no necessity for throwing away an Umbrella when the cover has become worn-out or torn. If the handle and frame are still sound it can be re-covered and made as good as new by means of these Detachable Umbrella Covers.

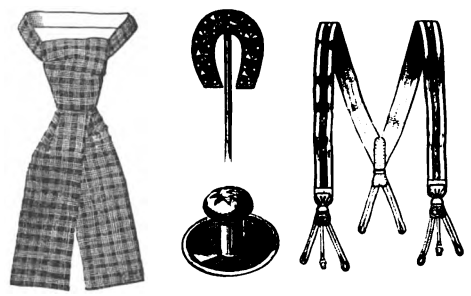
They can be easily applied to the frame by any one in less than five minutes, without sewing or trouble.

When ordering send us the exact length of one of the ribs of the umbrella which you wish to cover, measuring from the two extreme *ends* of the rib, and we will guarantee fit.

Cleanfast Gingham Umbrella Cover, No. 13, given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents.

"Gloria" Silk Umbrella Cover, No. 56, given for one new subscriber and 60 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing on either Cover, 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Useful Articles for Young Men's Wear.



"Four-in-hand" Silk Necktie. Full length, and 2 inches wide, satin-lined. It is the latest thing in neck-wear.

Garnet Horse-Shoe Scarf Pin. Imported from Bohemia. Eight real garnets set in gold.

A Pair of Fine Suspenders. Excellent webbing. Kid and nickel-trimmed; worsted ends, and stays with clasp for underwear.

Gold-Plated Collar Button. Set with a brilliant.

All four of these articles given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price of the combination, $1.25. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Price of either Necktie, Scarf Pin or Suspenders, 40 cents, post-paid.

The "Inverness" Cloth Surface Waterproof Garment.

The "Inverness." This is the latest and most stylish article in the Waterproof line. It is made of a superior quality of material, with a long English Cape, tight-fitting back, roll collar, loose front, straps on cape, and has an open back, by which perfect ventilation and freedom of movement of the arms is absolutely assured.

We warrant every Garment to be waterproof. Sizes, from 40 to 60 inches. When ordering be sure and give the length you wish, measuring from the collar to the bottom of the Garment.





Given for one new subscriber and $1.50 additional. Price $3.00. **Postage and packing 40 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Gentleman's Rubber Coat. These Rubber Coats are made for actual service in driving rain-storms, and are fully warranted by us. They have a throat-strap and outside flap to the pockets, are double-breasted and are made with a dull finish. When ordering, measure loosely around the breast, under the arms and over such clothing as you propose to wear the coat, and send us size in inches. Sizes from 34 to 46 inches.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.15 additional. Price $2.75. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Knickerbocker Shoulder-Brace and Suspenders Combined. Given for one new subscriber.



As far as we know, these are the best Combined Braces and Suspenders on the market.

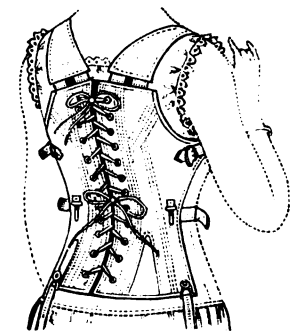
Many gentlemen will be benefited by wearing these Braces, as they tend to expand the chest, and promote free respiration.

They are well made, and will wear a long time. Worn as a Suspender, they give perfect satisfaction.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

These are for gentlemen only, and are not adapted for ladies' use. Sizes, 26 to 40 inches, chest measure. Be sure and send the size when you order.

Dr. Gray's Lady's Back-Supporting Shoulder-Brace. Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional.

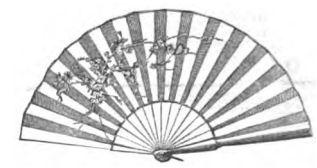


Hardly anything disfigures the female form more than round shoulders and projecting shoulder-blades. And there is hardly a more frequent ailment among ladies than a weak back. Dr. Gray has sought in his Shoulder-Brace to remove the tendency to the former, and to support the latter.

Provision is made for attaching Skirts and Stocking Supporters, thus relieving the hips from their drag. They are made in four sizes. No. 1 measures, round the waist, 16 to 20 inches; No. 2, 18 to 23; No. 3, 24 to 27; No. 4, 28 to 33.

Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 15 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Black Satin Fan. Given for one new subscriber.



There has been great demand for a black Fan.

To meet this demand we offer a Fan that is made of black satin and is hand-painted. When fully extended it is 24 inches in length.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Zero Paper-Fabric Health-Protective Vests.



It is a fact that a few layers of paper afford more protection against severe cold or draughts than the heaviest of woollen clothing.

This valuable principle has been utilized in the construction of the Zero Paper-Fabric Vests. They are made of a specially prepared cloth-interlined paper fabric. To persons liable to exposure to inclement weather they are invaluable.

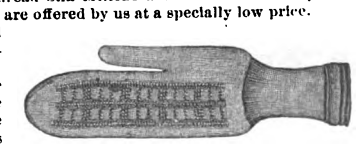
In ordering these goods state whether you wish the lady's or gentleman's garment, giving bust measure only.

Two Vests given for only one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price of two Vests, $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Price of single Vest, post-paid, 60 cents.

Lady's Elegant Black Silk Mittens.

These fine pure thread Silk Mittens are made with a fancy back and ribbed cuff, and are offered by us at a specially low price.



The quality is all that could be desired.

Silk Mittens can be worn throughout the greater part of the year. Their use has become popular.

One pair given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price per pair, 90 cents. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

When ordering state whether Ladies' or Misses' size is wanted.

Real Russia Black Hare Muff, Feather-Filled.



The Muff is intended for either ladies or misses. It is made of Russia Hare Fur. The skin is first quality, long hair, and very black and glossy; the Muff is satin-lined, and filled with solid feathers.

Last year the demand for this Muff was so great that we found difficulty in filling our orders. This year we would advise our subscribers to give an early order, and thus avoid a possible delay.

Given for one new subscriber and 70 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 20 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Kensington Embroidery and Stamping Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber.



Beautiful Homes.

We believe in making home the most attractive and beautiful spot in the world. We believe, too, that the girls of our homes should be taught to "do something" that will develop in them a taste for the beautiful, and a love for decorating their homes. We know of nothing in this line so popular and so inexpensive for this purpose as Kensington Art Embroidery.

A Pleasure.

It would be a pleasure for us if we could look into the tens of thousands of homes into which these Outfits have entered, and see the beautiful decorations so skilfully wrought with needle and silk.

Each year we have improved our Stamping Outfits until our Mammoth Art Embroidery Outfit now contains an assortment of Embroidery Patterns that are larger in size, and more artistic in design, than any other Outfit that has ever been placed on the market.

The Kensington Outfit.

The following is a list of the Stamping Patterns, with the size of each, that we give with the Outfit: Splasher, 9 x 25; Lambrequin, 8 x 25; Flannel Skirt or Blanket, 2¼ x 10; Repeating Border, 3½ x 9; Umbrella Bag, 2 x 24; Cane Pocket, 2 x 24; Pine Pillow, "Balmy Sleep," 14 x 15; Corner Piece, 7½ x 7½; Dressing Case Scarf, 4 x 18; Sideboard Scarf, 4 x 15; Table Scarf, 4 x 17; Sofa Pillow, 12 x 15; Baby Blanket Corner Piece, 7 x 7; Table Spread Corner, 14 x 14; Chair or Sofa Tidy, 9 x 12; Slipper Pattern, 8 x 11; Tea or Tray Cloth, 6 x 8; Apron Corner, 8 x 10; Large Table Scarf, 9 x 18; "Good Morning" Pillow Sham, 12 x 13; "Good Night" Pillow Sham, 12 x 13; Duster Pocket, 4½ x 9; Small Spray, 4½ x 4½; Panels or Tidies, 7 x 15; Doilies, new style, 4 x 4; Braiding Pattern, repeating, 3½ wide; Apron, 9 x 17; Braiding Pattern, repeating, 3 wide; Doilies, 4 x 4; Carver's Tray Cloth, 5½ x 13; Wreath, for Hat Crowns, Centres, etc., 5 x 5; Laundry Bag, 6 x 8; School Bag, 3½ x 9; Shoe or Slipper Pocket, 6 x 10; Slumber Roll, 7 x 13; Beautiful Spray, 7 x 9; Rose, 7 x 8; Outline Design, 5 x 18; Outline Design, 7 x 18; and Complete Alphabet, 2-inch initial. For complete contents of the Outfit see the next column.

Profitable Home Industry.

With this Outfit you can not only decorate your home with beautiful art needle-work, but you can also do a profitable business by making your home the headquarters for novelties in Art Embroidery.

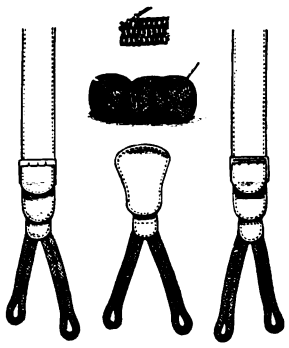
Two years ago we secured the services of a chemical expert, who invented for us a Blue, Black and White Powder that we can warrant to be indelible on all goods. It is far superior to the so-called liquid stamping. Ours is the only Outfit which contains Indelible Stamping Powder.

The Outfit now contains the entire assortment of Perforated Stamping Patterns mentioned elsewhere, 3 Boxes of the P. M. Indelible Stamping Powder, 3 Distributing Pads, 1 Chart, with Lessons, and 1 Illustrated Lesson in Art Embroidery.

The complete Outfit given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

A Special Offer. When you order the Stamping Outfit, and enclose 10 cents additional, we will send you a copy of the Jenny June 50-cent "Lady's Manual of Fancy Work," containing 500 illustrations.

Elegant Satin Suspender Mountings.



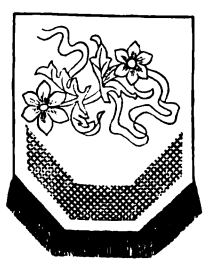
There can be nothing more popular as a present for a gentleman than a pair of Knitted Black Silk Suspenders.

For this purpose we offer all the materials required, consisting of a Set of Black Satin Mountings and Trimmings of elegant quality, Black Satin Ribbon for the lining, one No. 2 Star Crochet Hook, and one and one-half ounces of pure Florence Knitting Silk for knitting the straps.

With this material a lady can make a pair of handsome Suspenders, complete, which any gentleman would be proud to wear.

The Materials complete given for one new subscriber and $1.35 additional. Price $2.25. **Postage and packing 15 cents.**

Fine Momie Cloth Sideboard or Bureau Scarf.



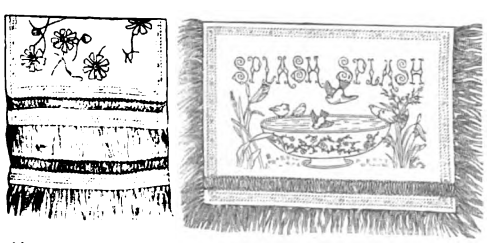
This fine momie cloth Scarf has Mexican drawn-work ends with knotted Fringe, and is stamped with popular designs, suitable for Roman or Outline Embroidery.

This Scarf is designed for either Sideboards or Bureaus. It is 70 inches long, and a very superior article. We offer it at a very low price.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.40. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Handsome Splasher and Washstand Scarf.

This premium offer consists of a linen Splasher, 20 x 30 inches, stamped with an appropriate design, with handsome drawn-work and fringed edge.



Also, a pure all-linen Washstand Scarf, 16 x 48 inches, stamped with outline designs, with finished fringed edges and drawn-work.

Both given for one new subscriber. Price of both, 80 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Handsome Mantel Lambrequin.

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



Mantel Lambrequins give a most pleasing effect to the furnishings of a room, and are very fashionable. This Lambrequin is made of the best quality of rich garnet felt, and is cut out and pinked, and also stamped with beautiful designs, all ready for working. We give with the Lambrequin, Polished Brass-head French Nails, and two large skeins of real Scotch Old-Gold Embroidery Thread. The size is 18 x 72 inches.

This Lambrequin is suitable for furnishing either a chamber, sitting-room, parlor or dining-room. Its use will add largely to the attractiveness of the room.

All given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Outfit of Brigg's Transfer Patterns.

Given for one new subscriber.



We feel sure that this Grand Outfit of Artistic Transfer Patterns will be fully appreciated by our subscribers. The Outfit consists of 150 Brigg's Transfer Patterns for Sorrento Work, Roman Embroidery, Cut Work, and for the Outline Work that is now so popular, also 1 Alphabet and 48 Initials of any one letter, suitable for Handkerchiefs, Table Cloths, Napkins, Towels, Doilies, etc., etc. These Initials come in assorted sizes.

The Patterns can be transferred to the material desired by simple pressure of a warm flatiron. When so transferred the pattern cannot be rubbed off, but will look bright and clear until it has been worked. The assortment of Patterns given with the Outfit covers a wide range of work. They have been designed especially for us by a New York Artist of recognized ability.

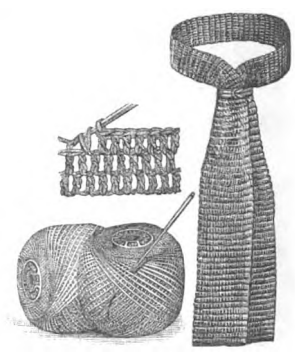
If the Patterns were purchased separately they would cost at least $10.00. Our offer, therefore, is a most generous one.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Materials for Knitted Silk Scarf.

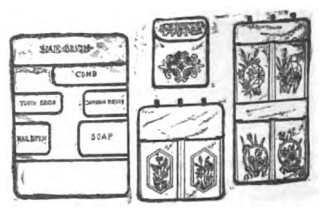
Knitted Silk Scarfs are now very popular. They are exceedingly durable, can be cleansed when required, and are also very handsome.

We give with each Outfit two balls Florence Knitting Silk, either white or black, one Crochet Hook, and full instructions for Knitting the Scarf.



These Materials are given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Outfit of Stamped Linen Pockets and Cases.

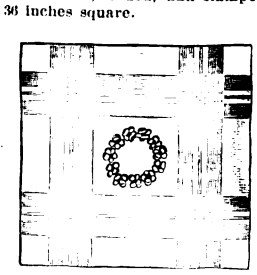


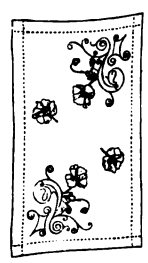
This package consists of sufficient Linen and Binding to make one full size **Toilet Case** for travellers, one **Duster Bag,** one **Two-Pocket Slipper** or **Shoe Case,** and one **Four-pocket Catch-all**; also, a sufficient quantity of real Scotch Scarlet Flourishing Linen for working the designs.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. We offer it for sale for 90 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents.**

Victoria Lawn Pillow Shams and Fine Linen Tray Cloth.

This premium offer consists of a pair of handsome Victoria Lawn Pillow Shams, corded, and stamped with wild roses. Each Sham is 36 inches square.





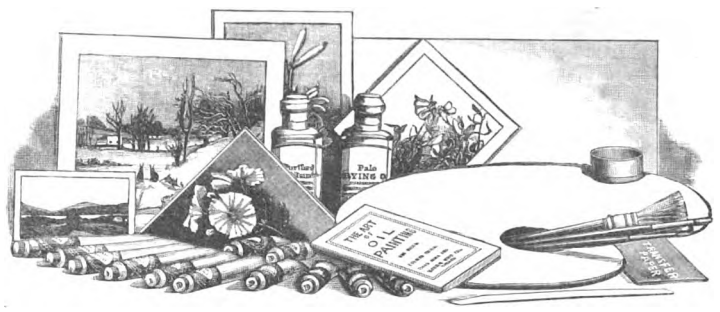
The Tray Cloth is pure Irish Linen, fine quality, hemstitched and stamped. Size, 17 x 28 inches.

We give both the Pillow Shams and Tray Cloth for one new subscriber. Price of both, 85 cents. **Postage and packing 10 cents.**

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Artists' Materials and Other Specialties.

The New "Complete" Oil Painting Outfit.



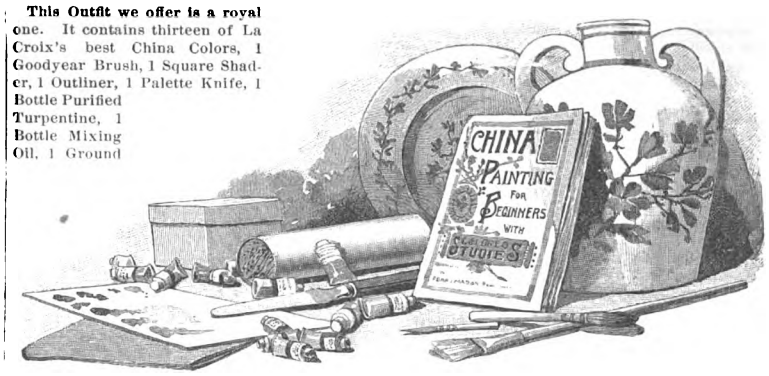
This cut illustrates the Art Materials contained in our New Oil Painting Outfit. Painting in oil is exceedingly popular. The "Complete" Painting Outfit consists of 12 Tubes Best Oil Paints, 1 Polished Palette, 1 Horn Spatula, 1 Oil Cup, 1 Sable Brush, 1 Badger Blender, 1 Bristle Brush, 6 x 9 Academy Board, 1 Flaxine Tracing Paper, 1 Impression Paper, 1 Bottle Pale Drying Oil, 1 Bottle Purified Turpentine, 5 Prang's Artists' Copies, and 1 Manual of Instructions on Painting in Oil.

The Outfit has been designed and arranged with a special reference to the wants of beginners.

Given for only one new subscriber and 55 cents additional. Price of the Outfit $1.75. **Postage and packing 40 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The "Royal" China Painting Outfit.

This Outfit we offer is a royal one. It contains thirteen of La Croix's best China Colors, 1 Goodyear Brush, 1 Square Shader, 1 Outliner, 1 Palette Knife, 1 Bottle Purified Turpentine, 1 Bottle Mixing Oil, 1 Ground Glass Slab, 1 Sheet Tracing Paper, and 1 Manual entitled, "China Painting for Beginners," with Colored Studies, and directions for treatment. The Outfit furnishes all the articles and instructions necessary for a beginner to gain a knowledge of the art.



This "Royal" China Painting Outfit is given for only one new subscriber and $1.50 additional. Price $3.00. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

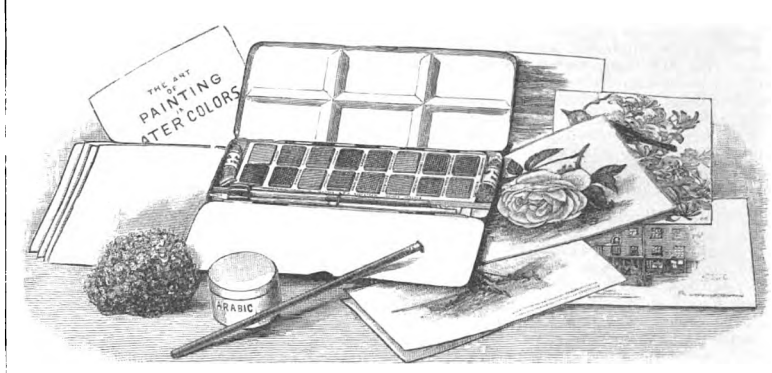
Materials for Kensington Art Painting.



The Outfit consists of a variety of Parchment Stamping Patterns, Stamping Powder, Pad, 6 Tubes of best Oil Color Paints, Brush, 4 Kensington Art Painting Pens, 1 Felt Banner, 7 x 12, stamped ready for painting, and a Complete Illustrated Book of Instructions.

We give this complete Outfit, which includes all the articles named above, for only one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Model Water-Color Outfit.



The Outfit is so complete that it will enable those who may obtain it to make rapid progress in water-color painting.

Our Outfit consists of a fine Paint-Box, with 18 Assorted Colors, 2 Sable Brushes, 3 Sheets Drawing Paper, a Sketching Pencil, Sponge, and Box of Gum Arabic, several Prang's Colored Copy-Pictures, and a Hand-Book of Water-Color Painting.

This Model Water-Color Outfit, complete, is given for only one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Tissue Paper Decorative Outfit.

The art of making Artificial Flowers from tissue paper is very popular. Our Outfit for making these beautiful flowers is very complete. We give a large assortment of leaves, petals, buds, rubber stems, sprays, moss, wire, culots, also 24 assorted sheets of fine imported Tissue Papers and a steel Pincer. The colors and shades of the Tissue Papers are very soft and rich. Our Outfit also contains a Manual on the Uses of Tissue Paper. It is full of ideas and suggestions, showing the wide adaptability of Tissue Paper in decorative art. The directions for making the flowers are also very full and complete.



Given for one new subscriber, and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents.**

Companion Crayon Portrait Outfit.



Crayon Portraits are very durable, and have a soft and natural expression. Our Crayon Portrait Outfit consists of 1 Mechanical Art Delineator, 1 Chamois Blender, 3 Stumps, 3 Crayon Pencils, 1 Outline Pencil, 1 Eraser, 6 Thumb Tacks, 3 Charts, 3 Sheets Drawing Paper, and 1 Manual.

With this Outfit, photographs of friends can be easily enlarged to life-size, and then beautifully finished in Crayons. The Delineator enables the operator to enlarge a photograph in a rapid manner.

This Portrait Outfit is given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents.**

Tube Paints for Painting in Oil.

Twelve Tubes given for one new subscriber.

These Oil Colors are of a superior quality, and are used by the leading artists of our country. For purity and permanency of color, these Paints possess a remarkable value.

The list named below comprises the principal colors used in painting in Oil:

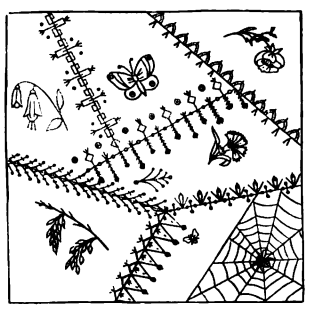
Purple, Ivory Black, Brilliant Yellow, Brown Ochre, Burnt Umber, Burnt Sienna, Caledonia Brown, Chrome Green, Chrome Yellow, Flake White, Emerald Green, Naples Yellow, Meglip, Prussian Blue, Scarlet Lake, Vandyke Brown, Yellow Ochre, Yellow Lake.



We give any twelve of the above colors for one new subscriber. Price of twelve Tubes, $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. Price 10 cents per Tube. **Postage and packing 3 cents** extra for each Tube.

Sofa-Pillow Patchwork Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber.



This premium consists of a sufficient number of pieces of Velvet, Satin and Silk to face a Sofa Pillow about 20 inches square.

Also 25 skeins Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, 15 Parchment Stamping Patterns, 2 Stamping Pads, 1 box each White and Black Stamping Powder, and 1 Manual on Patch work Stitches.

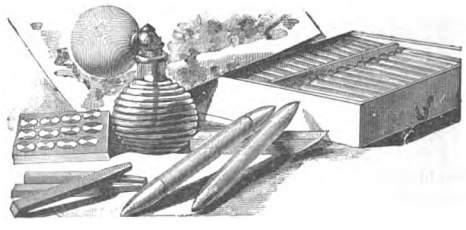
With the articles that are named above a Patchwork Sofa Pillow can be easily constructed, possessing real value and beauty.

The complete Outfit given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Pastel Painting Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional.

Our Pastel Painting Outfit consists of 1 Climax Fixing Atomizer, 1 Bottle of Fixatif, 28 Fine French Pastels, Assorted Colors, 1 Sheet Real Pastel Paper, 3 Conte's Black Crayon, 1 White Crayon, 1 Brass Crayon Holder, 1 Pastel Board, 1 Depose Rubber Stomp, 1 Leather Stomp, 3 Tortillions, 1 Paper Stomp, 12 Thumb Tacks and 1 Manual.



Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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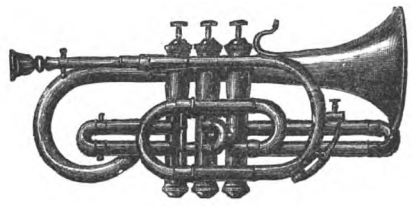
Superior French, German and American Musical Instruments.

The Companion Guitar. We do not use the cheap Guitars, for they are expensive at any price. The "Companion" is a domestic Guitar, made specially to our order. We warrant it unexcelled by anyin richness of tone, and it is fully warranted against warping and splitting, with proper care. It is a beauty. We prefer to use less and establish a solid reputation on a good article. Mahogany body, mahogany neck, raised frets, machine head, rosewood finger-board. A very light and highly polished instrument. Complete Instructor with each Guitar. There is no nicer Guitar made at any price. Given for four new subscribers and $5.00 additional. Price $10.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



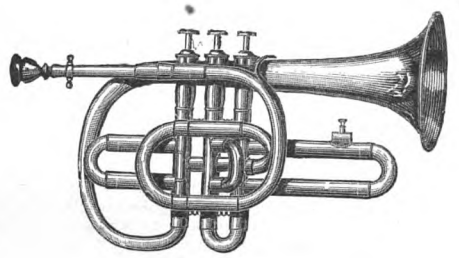
Guitar.

B Flat Cornet, No. 275. This is a real French Cornet. Henry Pourcelle, Paris, maker. It has a Case. Given for five new subscribers and $6.50 additional. Regular price $22.50. Our price $12.00, with Instruction Book. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



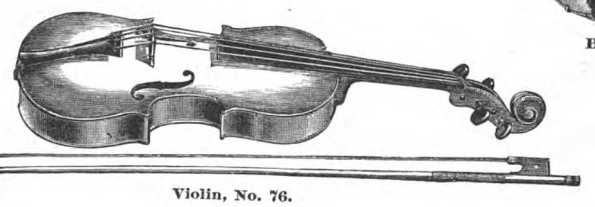
No. 275.

B Flat Cornet, No. 199. This instrument is of good quality, and is made in a thorough manner. It is the standard in tone and finish. It is packed in a substantial Cornet Case, with a handle. We give free a Cornet Instruction Book. Given for five new subscribers and $3.00 additional. We offer it for sale for $8.00; the usual price is $10.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased. On receipt of $1.00 extra we will send the Cornet nickel-plated. An extension is included, so the key can be changed to A.



No. 199.

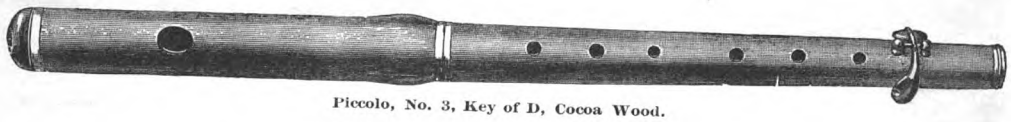
Straduarius Violin, No. 76, with Inlaid Bow. We recommend this as a superior instrument. The Violin is finished in a rich dark-brown shade, and very highly polished. The Finger-Board, Pegs and Tail Piece are solid ebony. The Bow has extra quality French hair, red polished Stick, Ebony Frog, Pearl Slide and Eye, German silver Button and Tip. The Case is extra fine, and is made of ebonized wood varnished, brass handle and hook, and is half lined with red flannel. We give with the Outfit a box of Rosin, and an extra set of Strings. This Outfit given for only three new subscribers and $2.75 additional. Price only $6.50. We pack the Outfit in a box. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased. We will include free a Violin Instruction Book with the Outfit.



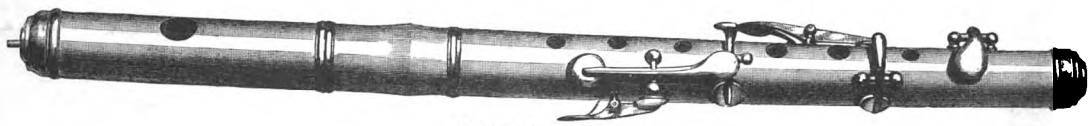
Violin, No. 76.



U. S. Military Fife.

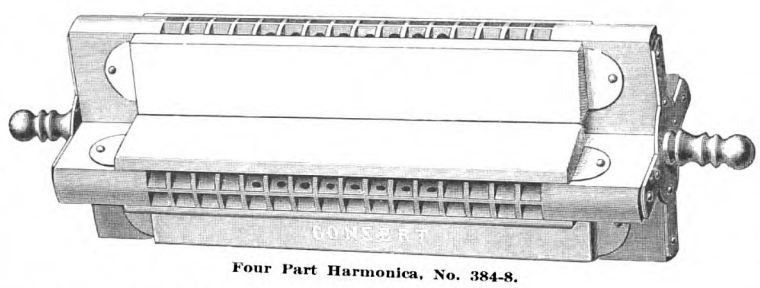


Piccolo, No. 3, Key of D, Cocoa Wood.



D Piccolo, No. 21.

Concert Four Part Harmonica, No. 384-8. This is a genuine "Thie" Harmonica. We have never seen for double the price so good a Harmonica as this. Its finish is excellent. The wood parts are made of European bird's-eye maple, and the metal trimmings are nickel-plated. Each set of Reeds contains 32 notes, and gives a separate key. The power is equal to a small Accordion, and much more easily played. These Harmonicas are used by professional players throughout the country. It is probably one of the most popular premiums that we now offer our subscribers. This fine Harmonica is given for one new subscriber and 35 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



Four Part Harmonica, No. 384-8.



Banjo.

Banjo, No. 136½. This is a first class instrument in every respect. The Banjo is 33 inches long. The head is 11 inches in diameter, and is covered with fine calf-skin. It has a nickel rim and 24 polished nickel brackets. Solid walnut neck, oil finished; pegs, ebony finished. Given, with a full set of Strings, and Instruction Book, for only three new subscribers and $1.75 additional. Price only $5.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The U. S. Military Fife. This regulation Fife is made from solid brass, nickel-plated, and has a vulcanized rubber mouth-piece and raised finger-holes. It is the best instrument made, and is warranted. The tone is clear and sharp, which makes this Fife very desirable for use in drum corps. Being made of metal, it will never crack. We include Instruction Book. Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Piccolo, No. 3. It is made from cocoa wood, and is mounted with German silver rings and key. It is made in two sections. With it we give Winner's Self-Instructor. Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Piccolo, No. 21, Key of D. This is made from Grenadilla wood. It has six keys, cork joints, and German silver tips, rings and keys. First joint metal-lined. Winner's Self-Instructor included free. We offer it for sale for $2.35. Given for two new subscribers and 25 cents additional. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Gatcomb Student Banjo. The reputation of this Banjo is national. Each instrument is numbered, registered and fully warranted in tone and perfection of workmanship. German silver rim, polished walnut arm, ebony finger-board, raised frets, 20 nickel brackets, safety nuts, ebony pegs and tail-piece. Best calf head. No finer Banjo is needed for concert or exhibition use. Complete Instructor with each Banjo. Given for five new subscribers and $3.50 additional. Price $9.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or sale.

Improved Musical Xylophone. Of all the harmonic instruments for music the Xylophone is most pleasing and easily learned. Plain music and instructions accompany each. Eighteen bars of tuned wood and the 10 bars of half notes, all mounted on neat frames. Size each about 24 x 13 inches. Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price of both instruments $2.00, and charges paid by receiver, when sent as a premium or purchased. We offer the 18-note Xylophone for one subscriber only. Price $1.00, and charges paid by receiver, when sent as a premium or purchased.

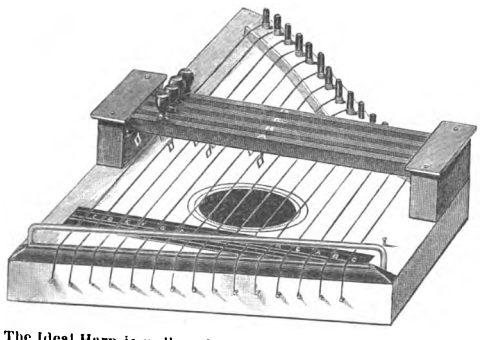
A CARD. Many of the articles on our Premium List are heavy, and can be transported by express quite cheaply—much cheaper than by mail. We would suggest that neighbors wishing to purchase goods from our Premium List can save the mail charges by clubbing their orders and having them forwarded to one address by express.

The Ideal Harp.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional.

This is the most popular musical instrument of recent times. It is easily learned. Both air and accompaniment can be played together. Is so light it can be carried on a picnic, an excursion, or to a party. An accompaniment can be played upon it in the dark. This renders it invaluable for out-door evening singing.

When the Chord Bars are pressed, the dart-shaped Pickers strike the wires and produce the chords. Each Bar strikes a separate chord,—four in all. Three major and one minor.

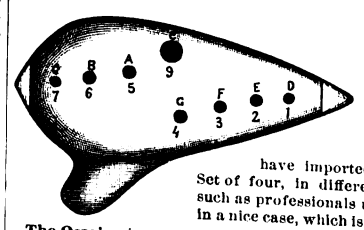


The Ideal Harp is well made, 18½ inches long and 9 wide. Two octaves. Tuned to the key of C. Is furnished with an ivory Plectrum, a Tuning Key and six Charts. Each Chart enables a tune to be played at sight, and with almost no previous practice.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $2.00. **Postage and packing 50 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Case Ludwig Harmonicas and Italina Ocarina,

Key of D. Both given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additiona..

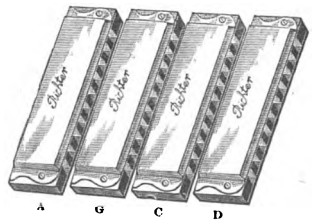


The Ludwig "Thie" Harmonica is one of the most perfect instruments made. Its sweet music always gives unbounded satisfaction. We have imported from Germany a Set of four, in different keys. They are such as professionals use, and are enclosed in a nice case, which is not shown in the cut.

The Ocarina is a peculiar-looking instrument, but it will play well, and make fine imitations of the notes of cuckoo, or mocking-bird.

This has been one of our most popular musical premium offers during the past five years. Notwithstanding that the new tariff has increased their cost, we shall continue to sell these goods at the old price.

We give the Set of four Harmonicas in a Case, and Ocarina, with printed instructions, for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.



Ocarina Self-Instructor. We will send a complete Instructor, with musical score of many tunes, on receipt of 25 cents.

Accordion, No. 780.

Given for one new subscriber and $1.25 additional.

This is a really good instrument for a small sum. It has two sets of reeds, ten keys, besides two sub-bass keys. It is a well-made instrument. It is 12 inches long and 10 inches wide. Two bass stops and double bellows, ebony and nickel finish.



We have sold this Accordion for a number of years. It has given universal satisfaction. It is the best low-cost Accordion now on the market.

This imported Accordion is given for one new subscriber and $1.25 additional, or for three new subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price $2.75. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Popular Games for the Home Circle.

Table Croquet Set, 8 Balls and Mallets.

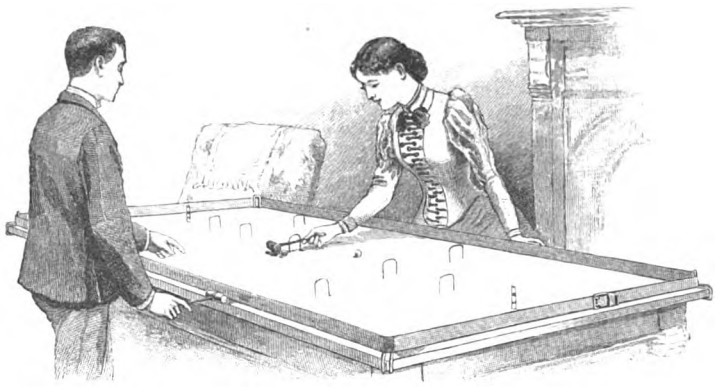


Table Croquet is one of our most popular and pleasing Games. It can be played by any number of persons not exceeding eight. For the long winter evenings it is especially appropriate.

This Set consists of eight Balls, eight Mallets, Bridges, Stakes, Copper Wire Standards and Webbing. Stretch the Webbing around the edge of an ordinary dining-table by means of the Standards, and you have a good Croquet Table. The Set is beautifully polished and striped.

This Set of Table Croquet given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cts.**

The Royal Game of Parcheesi, Complete.

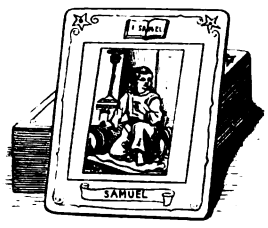


We have probably used a larger number of the Royal Games of Parcheesi than of all our other Games combined. It is very entertaining for the family circle. It can be played by either two, three or four persons at a time, besides greatly interesting the lookers-on. It is a Game of which people seldom tire, being full of exciting critical moments when a false move may result in the loss of any advantage gained during the entire game. Full instructions accompany each Game.

The Game of Parcheesi given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 30 cents.**

Biblicards, or Six Games in One.

Given for one new subscriber.



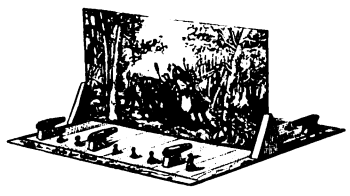
This new, delightful and instructive Game should be in every household.

It consists of a pack of sixty-six gilt-edged Cards, on which appear handsome Biblical illustrations taken from drawings and paintings by Doré, Raphael, and other famous artists. These illustrations are faithful Photogravure reproductions, and are printed in neutral tints.

The complete Set of Cards affords an opportunity to play six different Games. The Cards may also be used on the Sabbath for teaching and interesting the children in the Bible.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Basalinda. A Game for Small Children.

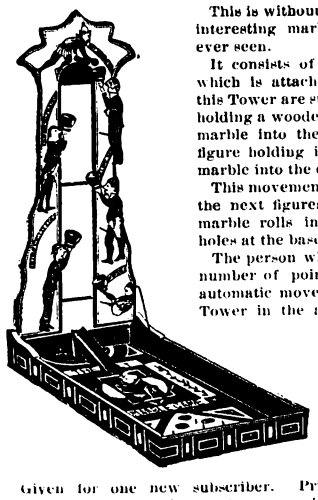


This Game is designed for the use of children. It is a very popular Game, and its sale has reached an enormous number.

Basalinda was invented by the author of Halma.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 40 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Jolly Marble Game.



This is without exception one of the most interesting marble games that we have ever seen.

It consists of a Tivoli Board Base, to which is attached a high Tower. Upon this Tower are suspended five figures, each holding a wooden cup. The dropping of a marble into the highest cup causes the figure holding it to bow and deposit the marble into the cup next lower down.

This movement is repeated with each of the next figures in turn, until finally the marble rolls into one of the numbered holes at the base.

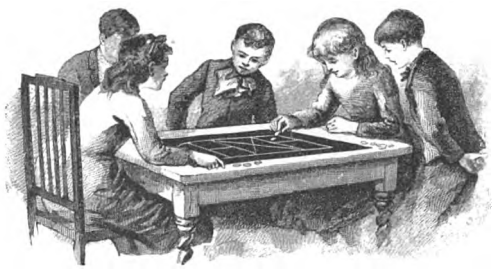
The person who thus scores the highest number of points wins the Game. The automatic movements of the men on the Tower in the act of dropping the balls into the wooden Cups add to the feeling of expectancy regarding the final position and count of the balls.

The Game is of interest to both old and young, and we predict for it an enormous demand.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 45 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Tiddledy-Wink Tennis and Hop Scotch.

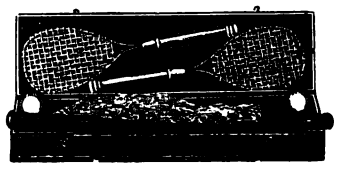
Two Distinct Games. Both given for one new subscriber.



Tiddledy-Wink Tennis and Tiddledy-Wink Hop Scotch are probably the most popular Games on the market. Hundreds of thousands have been sold, and still the demand continues. The Games are so well known that a description is not necessary.

Both Games given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

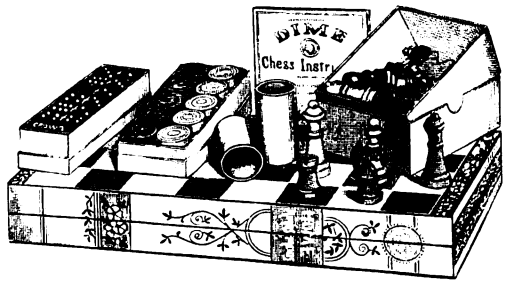
Parlor and Lawn Toy Tennis Set.



This Set consists of two Metal-Strung Rackets, one Net, two Poles, two Balls and a Book of Instructions. This Set can be used in the summer time or as a parlor amusement in the winter.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 40 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Our Combination Game Offer.



This Offer consists of a Combination Checker, Chess and Backgammon Board, 1 Set Patent Embossed Crown Dominos, 1 Set Chessmen, 1 Set Checkers, 2 Dice Boxes, 4 Dice, and a complete Chess Instructor.

The complete Combination given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 40 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

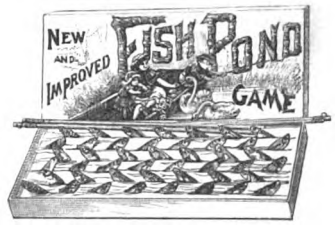
Improved Game of Fish Pond.

Given for one new subscriber.

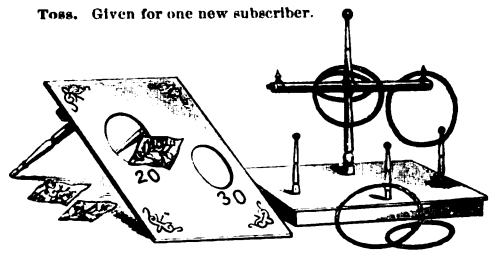
This is one of the best and most interesting of Games.

The Set we offer is put up in a handsome and durable manner. Its sales have been enormous.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 25 cents.**



Two Popular Games, Bean-Bag and Improved Ring Toss. Given for one new subscriber.



These Games are adapted for the lawn or parlor, and can be played by any number of persons. They are too well known to require description.

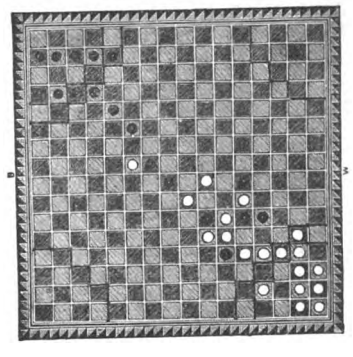
As a source of amusement for a large gathering, there can be nothing more desirable.

Both given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Game of Halma. Given for one new subscriber.

A new scientific Game, combining the interest of Checkers and Chess. It is the only important board-game, purely of skill, that has been invented since these Games were first introduced, more than two thousand years ago.

There seems to be no limit to the interesting problems and situations involved in this Game, both as a social game and as a solitaire. We give a large folding flat paper Board and Box, with Men and instructions.



Given complete for only one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Ten Social Games for the Home Circle.





















We believe in Social Games for the home circle. To this end we have selected ten of our most popular Games, and have grouped them into a Home Entertainment Outfit, which is offered by us at a low price. Each Game is packed separately in a box. The Outfit consists of one each of the following popular Games: Authors, Jack Straws, Go-Bang, Puzzles, Leap-Frog, Auction, Trips of Japhet Jenkins, Game of Fortunes, Beast, Bird or Fish, and Spelling School. These ten Games are selected with reference to older members of the family as well as the younger, and may be played by a large number. This is a very special premium offer.

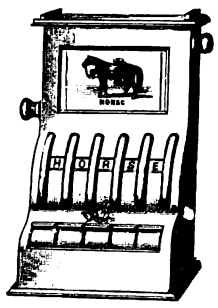
The entire Set of Ten Social Games for the Home Circle, as shown in the cuts, are given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Beautiful Dolls, Toys and Specialties for the Children.

The Kindergarten and Mechanical Speller.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



This is one of our most pleasing Toys for children.

By simply pressing the keys in the base of the Speller any word of 2, 3, 4 or 5 letters can be spelled.

The pictures in the Panorama at the top are revolved by turning the Button shown on the side.

The Five Keys, when struck, bring any desired letters into view, spelling the name of any object represented, or any word desired. With this simple device a child learns to spell and to read almost in spite of itself.

It is beyond doubt "the" Toy of the present and future.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Treasure Outfit for Children.

Given for one new subscriber.



This Outfit for Children will be found a treasure indeed.

It consists of Dennison's Outfit of Tissue Paper for making Paper Dolls, Dresses, etc., and one each of the following favorite old Nursery Stories, bound in paper and elegantly illustrated in colors: Cinderella, Jack and the Bean Stalk, Red Riding Hood, The Babes in the Woods, Goody Two-Shoes, Puss in Boots, The Three Bears, and Tom Thumb.

All given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

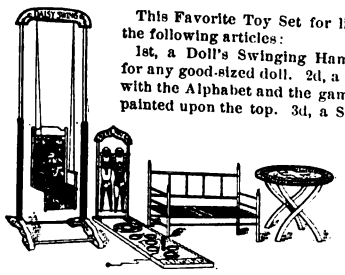
Child's Toy China Tea Set.



This Tea Set is an entirely new shape, with hand-painted decorations. We import it fresh this season. The cut shows you the number of pieces and the assortment, and gives a fair idea of its beauty. The little housekeeper will find these dishes "just splendid" to play "5 o'clock tea" with.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00 per Set. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Little Girl's Favorite Toy Set, No. 1.



This Favorite Toy Set for little girls consists of the following articles:

1st, a Doll's Swinging Hammock, large enough for any good-sized doll. 2d, a Folding Round Table with the Alphabet and the game of Fox and Geese painted upon the top. 3d, a Settee for a doll or a doll house, and the amusing marble game of "Here You Go."

The complete combination, as shown in the cut, given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Kitchen Set and Dishes.

All given for one new subscriber.

This Set consists of a Range, different from cut, Stove and Furniture, and about 50 useful Tin Dishes, Water Cooler, etc. The cut gives you a little idea of the variety. No Rolling Pin goes with this Set. This premium is about double the value of the one given last year for one new subscriber.



We give the Kitchen Set entire, with Dishes, for one new subscriber. For sale by us for 90 cents. **Postage and packing 40 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased; or sent by express and charges paid by receiver.

Beautiful French Doll, "Marguerite."



See My Beautiful Doll. We've had nice times together. She's so pretty and good that I must hold her right up. Look at her! see her sweet face and her light blue eyes and long, flowing hair. Her slippers—how dainty they are, and how beautifully her dress fits. Her hat, with its pretty trimming, is so becoming to her complexion. I've had my Dolly for a year. Don't you want a Dolly just like mine?

The publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION have their dressed dolls made in Europe after the celebrated Jumeau model, having the ball and socket joints at the elbows, shoulders, knees and hips, also joint at the neck. It has a beautiful Bisque head, with "natural" eyes and flowing hair.

Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 40 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Children's Amusement Package.



This collection consists of 1 Box of Crandall's Building Blocks, famous the world over as an entertainer of children; 1 Box of Shadow Transformations; 1 Box Picture Sewing, by which little girls can be interested to take the first steps in the art of sewing; and 1 Box Social Hours, containing a collection of games, tricks, puzzles, etc., for entertainment of the home circle.

All given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Dolly Dimple and Her Trunk of Treasures.



This Premium consists of a French Doll, with her Trunk of Treasures. These articles are as follows: Dolly Dimple, a beautiful little French Doll, who stands six inches high, has a real Bisque head, light hair, and movable head, arms and legs, and is dressed in the latest French Style. She is supplied with an extra Dress and Set of Underwear, also 1 Mirror, 1 Brush, 1 Comb, 1 Necklace, 1 Fan and one Watch and Chain.

In addition to Dolly Dimple and her complete Outfit of Treasures, we give a Doll's Saratoga Trunk, that is large enough to hold the Doll and the other articles named.

Dolly Dimple and her Trunk of Treasures are all given for only one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Whirling Musical Doll.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.

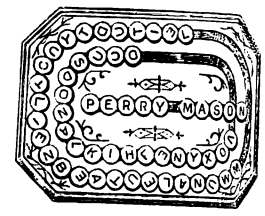


Edison, the Great American Wizard, as he is sometimes called, has invented a Talking Doll that will say "Little Bopeep," etc., but it is very expensive. This Musical Doll is the nearest approach to a Toy of that kind that we have ever seen at a moderate price. A music box is inserted in the body of the Doll; by giving the handle a twisting motion the Doll both waltzes and plays a tune. It has a pretty Bisque head and curly hair; the Clown's cap and dress are made of satin and lace. It is 12 inches high. The whole makes a very pleasing Doll Toy for our youngest subscribers.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Universal Spelling Board.

Given for one new subscriber.



These Boards are 13¼ inches long by 9 inches wide, and have 56 lettered blocks.

This device will not only amuse, but will also instruct the children. It will teach them the alphabet, also the art of spelling. The lettered blocks cannot be removed from the Board, to be scattered around the floor and lost. All mothers will fully appreciate this very special feature.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Doll's Toy House Set.

Given for one new subscriber.

This Set comprises the articles of furniture shown in the cut. They are made of imitation Ebony and Gold, upholstered in figured cretonne, and are much handsomer than the cut shows.

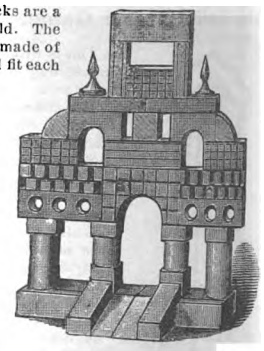


There are also paper Dolls and Wardrobe, with full directions for cutting, etc. These Sets come in assorted combinations, and will be sure to delight the little girls.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Gilt Edge Building Blocks, No. 4.

The complete Set of Blocks given for one new subscriber.



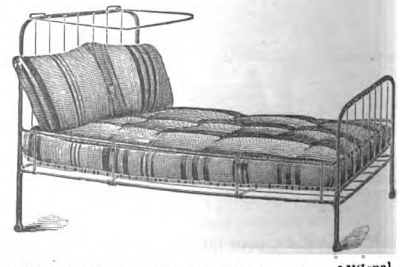
Well-made Building Blocks are a source of delight to a child. The Blocks which we offer are made of fine-grained hard wood, and fit each other with great accuracy.

The variety and quantity of Blocks are sufficient to build the most elaborate models, while the number of combinations that can be made is almost unlimited. They stand firmly, are indestructible, and will afford a profitable and fascinating pastime. A sheet of building designs is given with each Box. The engraving shows a few of the Blocks only. The Set complete contains 163 Blocks. The complete Set of Blocks given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Doll's Metal Bedstead, with Mattress and Pillows.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.

This beautiful Bedstead will be a delight to a "little mother" for all the year round. It is made of solid metal, bright finish. It is very durable, and can be folded flat. Size, 11 x 18 inches. The handsomely striped Mattress and Pillows are all made up ready for use.

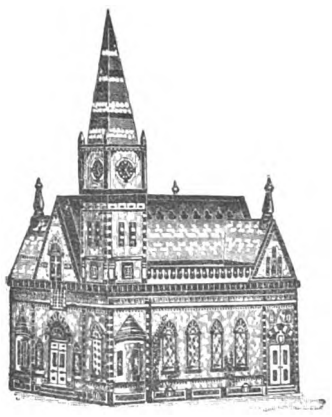


Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Popular Toys and Specialties for the Young People.

The Village Church. Given for one new subscriber.



This Toy is composed of a number of parts that, when put together, form a Church.

On the inside of the blocks composing the different parts of the Church, Scripture Texts from the Bible are printed.

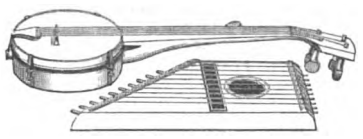
Any child can easily put it together. It is durable, and will last for years. Last year the demand for this Toy was greater than the supply.

It will entertain the children, and also interest them in Bible History.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

A Fine 10-String Zither and a Small Toy Banjo.

Both given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



This premium offer is a very liberal one. It consists of a Fine Musical 10-String Zither, with Key, well strung and put together, and polished, and a small Toy Banjo with real skin drum-head and metallic strings.

We give the Zither and Banjo for only one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price of both, $1.00. **Postage and packing 50 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

An American Panorama. Given for one new subscriber.

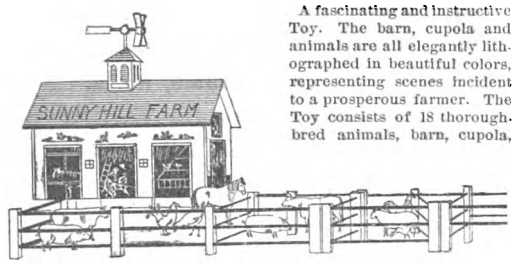


The thirty-five historical pictures forming this Panorama are lithographed on a continuous roll many feet in length. The pictures are beautifully colored.

We give with it a Descriptive Lecture, 42 Tickets for admission, and an attractive Show Bill,—a grand chance for the young people to make a little money.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Sunny Hill Farm. Given for one new subscriber.



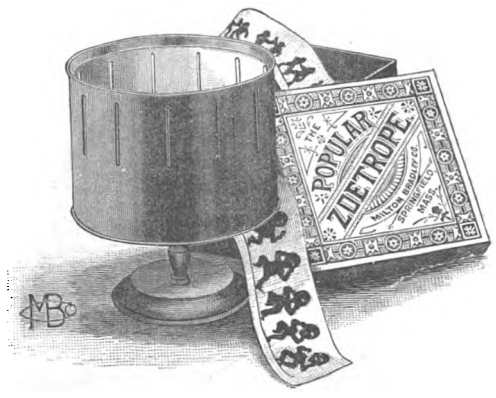
A fascinating and instructive Toy. The barn, cupola and animals are all elegantly lithographed in beautiful colors, representing scenes incident to a prosperous farmer. The Toy consists of 18 thoroughbred animals, barn, cupola, windmill, basement, driveway, and 6 feet of fence, every part of which is well-made. All parts pack into the barn, making a neat package nicely wrapped and labelled. Height of barn to top of cupola, 14 inches; length 13 inches; width 6 inches.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Popular Zoëtrope. Given for one new subscriber.

This curious instrument will help entertain a company of young or older people for hours at a time. The optical illusion is perfect.

The Zoëtrope causes simple figures printed on a strip of paper to become animated, so that life-like movements are imitated in the most natural manner. We give with each a Set of twelve pictures.



Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 20 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Young Storekeeper's Outfit.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



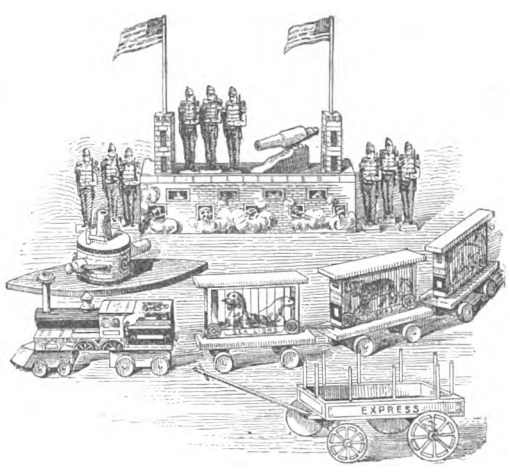
This is one of our most attractive premiums for the young people. It consists of: 1st, A Box containing an assortment of Toy Money, representing gold and silver coin to the amount of $100; 2d, Four sheets of Labels, 140 in all, to be cut up and attached separately to packages of bran or sawdust, supposed to contain whatever is printed on the Label; 3d, A form for making Paper Bags, with an assortment of bag paper; 4th, A price list of merchandise, groceries, dry goods, fancy goods and hardware; 5th, One Rapid Transit Cash Carrier. The Cash Carrier is complete, ready to set up, as seen in the cut. A bright boy and girl will need no instruction as to the proper way to "run a store."

Not only will this novel premium serve to amuse and entertain, but it will teach the children in a very practical way the use of money, how to make change rapidly, how to buy and sell, and to transact business.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Boy's Favorite Toy Set.

Given for one new subscriber.

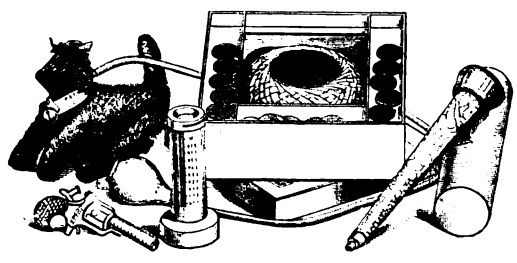


This Set of Indoor Toys will make the eyes of the little fellows sparkle with delight. It consists of a Toy Menagerie Train, a nicely-made Express Wagon, a Fort with Soldiers and Cannon, and a Monitor, with revolving turret in which is a Magazine Cannon. Last year this package of Toys for boys was one of our most popular premiums.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The "Bonanza" Premium Package.

Given for one new subscriber.



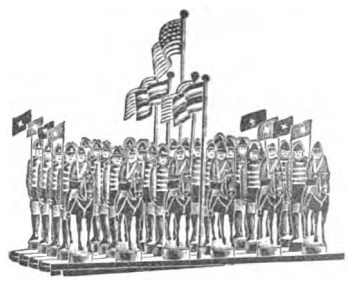
This is our leading Premium Package for the young people.

It consists of a Wizard Bubble Blower,—a most wonderful invention for blowing Twin, Double, Balloon and Dome Bubbles,—a Pocket Savings Bank that cannot be opened until it is full, a Dog that can be made to jump around the floor by simply pressing upon a rubber bulb, a Game of Tiddledy Winks, and a Toy Revolver for snapping caps. Powder cannot be used in this Revolver.

We give the "Bonanza" Premium Package, complete, for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 25 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Famous Royal Guards.

Given for one new subscriber.



The toy is sure to please the boys.

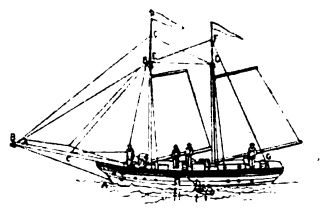
It consists of a company of soldiers mounted upon an extension base. The cut shows the Famous Guards standing in close marching order.

By means of the extension base, on which the Royal Guards stand, they can be made to go through the various drill movements and marches of an organized company. When fully extended the Guards stand in single file, the length of which is about eight feet.

Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Sail-Boat "America," on Wheels.

Given for one new subscriber.



This Boat on wheels is designed for an indoor amusement. It is a model of beauty, and will be sure to please the boys.

Its hold is capable of being filled with various articles, thus adding interest to its use as a toy.

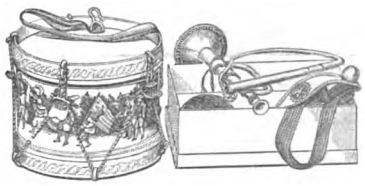
The Boat, including crew and several articles designed for the cargo, are all given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Boy's Brass Snare Drum and Rein Set.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional.

This very attractive combination will be sure to please the boys.

It consists of a Snare Drum with 8-inch skin head and brass side, beautifully ornamented in lithographic colors. Also, a Boy's Rein Set that consists of 1 Nickel-plated Trumpet, 1 Braided Whip with Japanned Handle, and 1 Harness Rein with 2 Brass Bells.



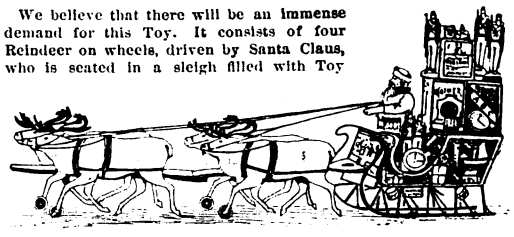
These articles are always very popular with the boys. We expect a large demand.

The Boy's Brass Snare Drum and Rein Set are all given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Santa Claus and His Reindeer Team.

Given for one new subscriber.

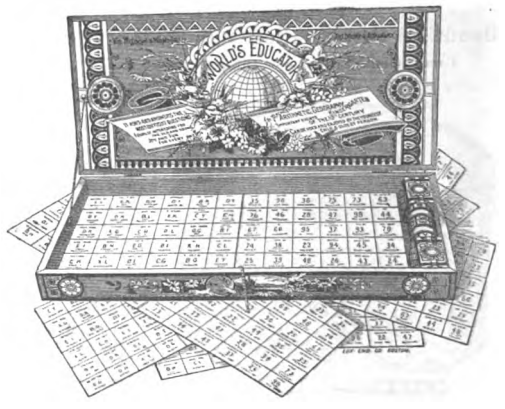
We believe that there will be an immense demand for this Toy. It consists of four Reindeer on wheels, driven by Santa Claus, who is seated in a sleigh filled with Toy Books, Drums, Marbles, Soldiers, Watch and Clock, all printed in colors.



Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 50 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The World's Educator. Given for one new subscriber.

This Game is a perfect treasure-box of knowledge and fun. It asks and answers the most difficult questions, and is equally adapted for old or young. Amusement and education are most happily combined in this Game.



Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 30 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Beautiful Rings! Solid Gold and Gold-Plated.

Given for obtaining new subscribers to The Companion. The POSTAGE and PACKING on each of the following Rings is 5 CENTS, when sent as a premium or purchased.

Gentleman's Sardonyx Intaglio Ring, No. 46. Solid gold, hand-engraved. Set with an expensive cut Sardonyx Intaglio, ½ inch high. Given for two new subscribers and $1.00 additional. Price $4.00.

The "King's Daughters" Ring, No. 952. This will be recognized as the Ring worn by "King's Daughters." Solid gold. Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00.

Topaz Ring, No. 26. Solid Gold. Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.50.

Garnet Ring, No. 301. Solid Gold. This is one of the most desirable Rings we offer. We import the Garnets from Europe, and have them set to our special order. Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.25.

Moonstone Ring, No. 100. This is a heavy solid Gold Ring, set with a beautiful Moonstone. Moonstone Rings are very popular and beautiful. Given for two new subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price $3.00.

Beautiful Forget-me-not Solid Gold Ring, No. 412. This Gold Ring is engraved with beautiful Forget-me-nots, which are now so popular. Every Ring is warranted. Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00.

Elegant Moonstone Cluster Ring, No. 545. This is one of the most elegant Rings we have ever offered our subscribers. It is made of Solid Gold, and handsomely set with 7 Moonstones. Given for one new subscriber and $1.40 additional. Price $3.00.


No. 46.


No. 952.


No. 602.

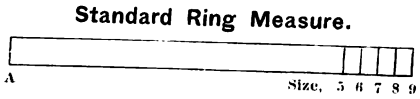

No. 255½.


No. 26.


No. 301.


No. 100.

Standard Ring Measure.



Take a strip of paper of the exact length to reach around the finger to be fitted, and lay it upon the Diagram, with one end at A. The figure nearest the other end of the strip shows the size of the Ring to order. Order by size only. Do not send us the strip of paper.

NOTICE. We pack each Ring in a beautiful plush-lined Ring Box.


No. 412.


Nos. 3 and B.


No. 530.


No. 460.


No. 669¼.

Heavy Solid Gold Initial Ring, No. 255½. This massive Initial Ring is made of solid gold. It has an Onyx setting, with a solid gold Initial mounting. These Rings are very popular, and have a constantly increasing demand. When ordering be sure to give the initial desired. Given for two new subscribers and $1.50 additional. Price $3.50.

Friendship Ring, No. 602. This is solid gold, ornamented with two tiny enamel Forget-me-nots, with gold bangle. Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00.

Solid Gold Amethyst Ring, No. 460. The stone-setting is a genuine Amethyst of fine quality. Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.50.

Ruby, Sapphire and Moonstone Ring, No. 669¼. This beautiful Ring is made of solid gold, with a Ruby, Sapphire and Moonstone setting. Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.50.

Rhine Stone Ring, No. 530. A heavy Ring of filled gold, set with a Rhine Stone Brilliant. Makes a handsome Ring. Given for one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.50.

No. 3, Heavy Gold-Plated Ring. Large and handsome shape. Excellent quality. Given for one new subscriber. Price 85 cents.

No. B, Plain Solid Gold. This Ring is made of solid gold, but is much lighter than the one shown in the cut. Given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00.

The Improved Trenton Lever Watch, Chains, and Charms.

Curb Vest Chain, No. 274.

The "Curb" link Chain is always a great favorite among gentlemen. The Chain offered by us is made of heavy 12k. gold plate, and we feel confident that it will not disappoint our subscribers.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Gentleman's Watch Chain, No. 138¼.

This beautiful Chain for gentlemen is heavily gold-plated, and the pattern offered is one of the most popular now on the market.

The Chain is made of the well-known "seamless" links, and we feel that our subscribers will be more than pleased with it.

Given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Lady's Victoria Chain and Charm.

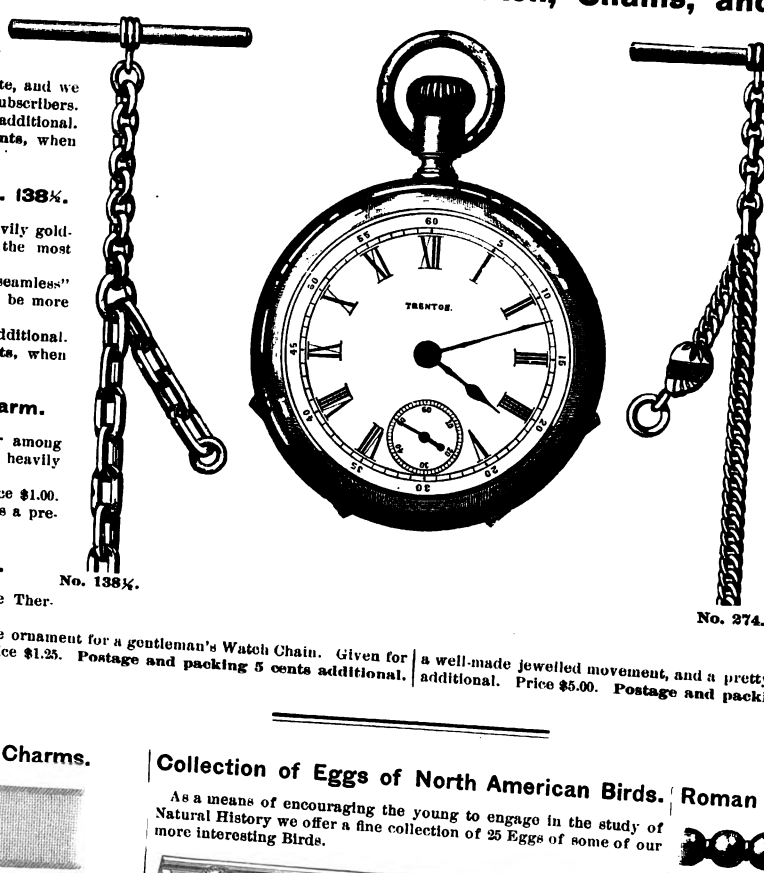
"Victoria" Chains are exceedingly popular among the ladies. This Chain is the latest pattern, is heavily gold-plated, and also very handsome.

We offer it for only one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Thermometer Watch Charm.

This Watch Charm is made with a miniature Thermometer face and a polished Onyx stone back.

It is gold plated, and makes a very attractive ornament for a gentleman's Watch Chain. Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 5 cents additional.**


No. 138¼.

No. 274.

Trenton Lever Watch.

This is a genuine American Watch, made by the Trenton Watch Company.

Description.—Gilt Movement; ¾ Plate; Stem-wind and Stem-set, with improved Back Racket (fitting any standard make of 18 size Case), quick-train (18,000 beats per hour); straight line Lever Escapement; Jewelled Balance Holes and End-Stones; Iridium Pallet Stones. The Case is solid Nickel Silver.

Special Notice.—This is not a cylinder, neither is it a Duplex Escapement. It is a genuine Lever Escapement, which all watchmakers will tell you is the best Escapement made.

A Reliable Watch.

This is the fourth year that we have offered these Watches to our subscribers. They have given satisfaction to the thousands who have obtained them.

It is in every way a better Watch for the price than can be purchased abroad.

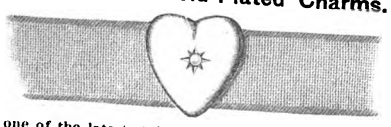
Given for two new subscribers and $1.50 additional; or for one new subscriber and $2.00 additional. Price $4.00 each. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Note.—With each Watch we give an appropriate Nickel Chain and Charm. Some, however, may wish a fine gold-plated Chain. Send us $1.00 extra when you order the Watch, and we will include either of the elegant $1.75 Chains described on this page.

Lady's Watch, No. 2.

This is an attractive Watch for young ladies. It has a well-made jewelled movement, and a pretty nickel Case. Given for one new subscriber and $2.50 additional. Price $5.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Sterling Silver and Gold-Plated Charms.



This is one of the latest styles of neck jewelry, and has become very popular. The Charm is attached to the neck by means of a satin ribbon, which encircles the neck. It gives a most stylish effect, and is very beautiful. We can supply these Charms either in Sterling Silver or heavy Gold-Plate. The Sterling Silver Charm is beautifully hand-engraved, while the Gold-plated Charm is set with a Pearl. When ordering be sure and state which kind is wanted.

Either Charm given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 5 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Beautiful Combination Pincushion and Jewel Case. Given for one new subscriber.



This handsome Pincushion and Jewel Case is one of our most attractive premiums, for which we expect a large demand.

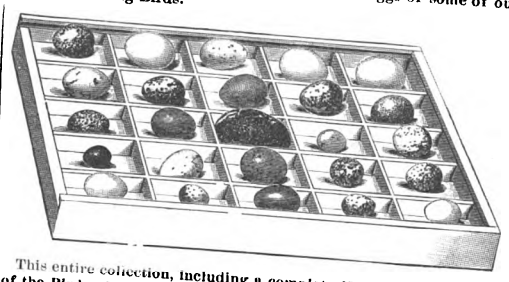
It consists of an Oxidized Silver-plated Jewel Case, with a Stuffed Plush Cover that can be used as a Pincushion.

The cover and box are lined with sateen. It is 2¼ inches deep and nearly 5 inches in width.

This beautiful Jewel Case is given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 15 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Collection of Eggs of North American Birds.

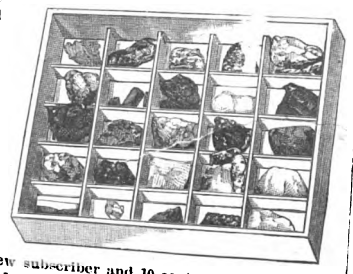
As a means of encouraging the young to engage in the study of Natural History we offer a fine collection of 25 Eggs of some of our more interesting Birds.



This entire collection, including a complete Numbered Check List of the Birds of North America, are all given for one new subscriber. Price only $1.00. **Postage and packing 10 cents.**

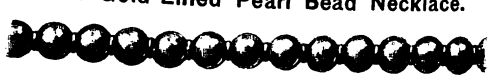
A Mineral Collection.

This collection has been arranged and classified for us by a professional mineralogist, and consists of twenty-six large specimens, with descriptive list, giving the name, composition, and locality where found. We also include a copy of E. H. Richards's "First Lessons in Minerals."



All given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.**

Roman Gold-Lined Pearl Bead Necklace.



This style of neck jewelry is very fashionable. Each Necklace is thirteen inches in length, is made by hand, and is warranted.

These beautiful Beads are made of Roman Pearl, with an inside lining of pure Gold. In appearance this Necklace cannot be distinguished from the solid goods. It will wear well, and always look handsome. Given for one new subscriber and 40 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Solid 14k. Gold Bead Necklace, No. 1. This beautiful Necklace is made of solid gold, but has a smaller bead than that shown in the cut. Given for five new subscribers and $2.50 additional. Price $6.00. **Postage and packing 5 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

The Beehive Registering Savings Bank.

The Beehive is the latest, best and prettiest of Registering Savings Banks.

They are made of cast iron, nickel-plated, and are so constructed that it is impossible to open the Bank until the full amount has been deposited for which the lock is set.



Save your nickels or dimes and the dollars will take care of themselves.

The Dime Bank opens at $10.00, and the Nickel Bank at $5.00. When ordering state which Bank is wanted

Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 35 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

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Fine Jewelry, Diamonds, and Other Specialties.

Solid Gold Scarf or Stick Pin, No. 1.

This Scarf Pin is made of solid gold, and is very handsome. It is supplied with either a Rhine Stone or Moonstone Setting. When ordering be sure to state which one is wanted.

Given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Engagement Ring, Diamond Setting. This beautiful Engagement Ring is made of 18k. gold, set with a ¼ carat perfect and pure white Diamond, and is very beautiful. For an Engagement Ring nothing better or more desirable could be found. We will furnish either a Tiffany or Belcher style of setting.

Given for ten new subscribers and $20.00 additional. Price $30.00. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Beautiful French Pearl Necklace.

This is a very fashionable and popular article for neckwear, and is becoming to all ages. They are imported direct, and in large quantities, and are offered by us at a very low price. Given for one new subscriber. Price only $1.00. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Solid Gold Scarf or Stick Pin, No. 2.

This beautiful Stick or Scarf Pin is made of solid gold, with a small Ruby setting. It is a very attractive pattern and will be sure to please our subscribers.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Price $1.25. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Heavy 18k. Gold Wedding Ring. This beautiful Ring is very heavy, and is used exclusively as a Wedding Ring. While we can furnish a flat band Ring, yet we would recommend the half round as being the latest and most stylish shape. A handsome Box given with each Ring.

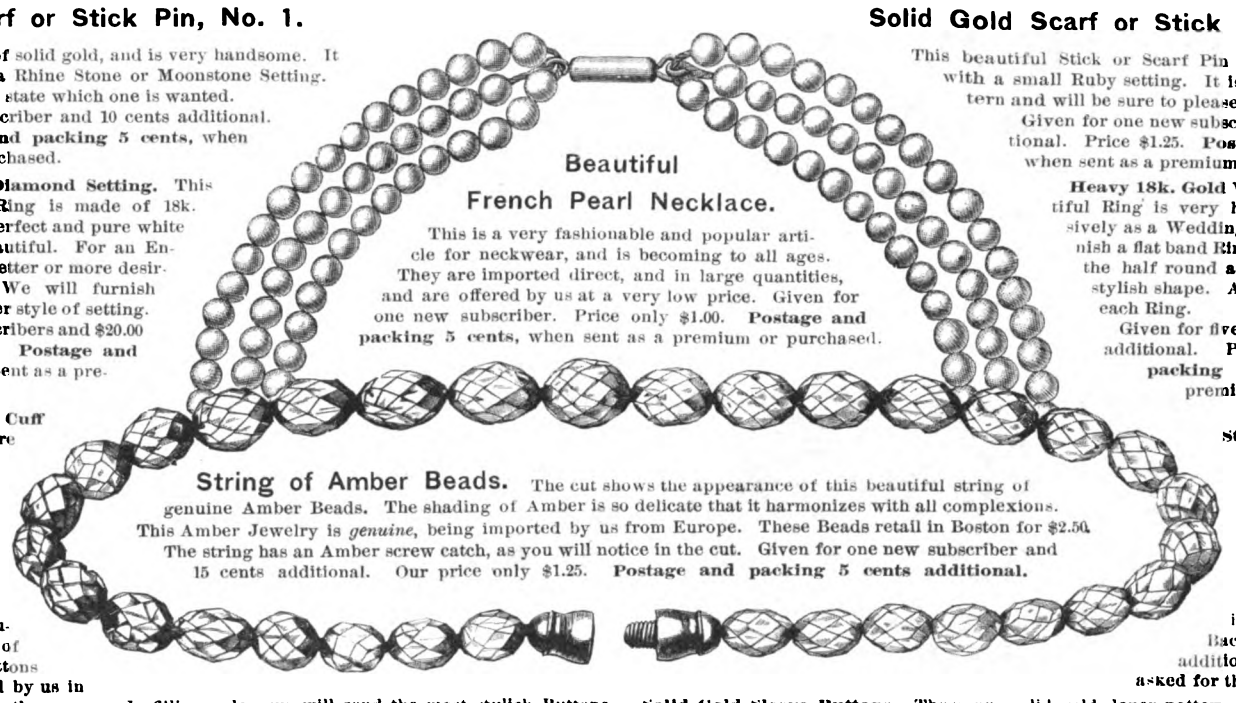
Given for five new subscribers and $2.50 additional. Price $7.00. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

No. 1. **The American Lever Cuff Buttons.** The Buttons are made from the best rolled gold-plate, with Figured Fronts, and are set with assorted Agates, Tiger-eye, Blood, Onyx and Gold Stones, etc. Many thousand pairs of these Cuff-Buttons have been sold by us in the past, with great satisfaction to the wearer. In filling orders we will send the most stylish Buttons that we have on hand at the time the order is received. We carry a very large assortment of patterns.



We give any two pairs for only one new subscriber. For sale by us for $1.00 for two pairs. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** sent as a premium or purchased. Price for single pair, 60 cents post-paid.

String of Amber Beads.



The cut shows the appearance of this beautiful string of genuine Amber Beads. The shading of Amber is so delicate that it harmonizes with all complexions. This Amber Jewelry is *genuine*, being imported by us from Europe. These Beads retail in Boston for $2.50. The string has an Amber screw catch, as you will notice in the cut. Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Our price only $1.25. **Postage and packing 5 cents additional.**

No. 2. **Gentleman's Diamond Stud.** Diamond Studs are once more very popular. Only the very finest gems should be selected. Examine our price-list of Diamonds offered elsewhere. We will mount any of these Diamonds in Solid Spiral Back for $2.50, in addition to the price asked for the Diamond.



Solid Gold Sleeve Buttons. These are solid gold, lever pattern, and for real gentility and wear they are very desirable. Just the thing for presentation gift. Given for three new subscribers and $1.00 additional. Price $4.00 per pair. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased. For 50 cents extra we will engrave a beautiful Initial on each Button.

Gold-Plated Brooch, Moonstone Setting.

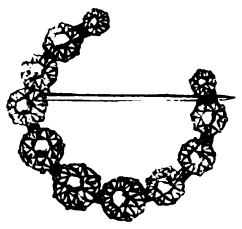


This Brooch is made of the very best of gold plate, and is set with a fine Moonstone.

It is very handsome, and will be sure to please the purchaser. It is an exact copy of a popular solid gold Brooch, and in appearance cannot be distinguished from it.

Given for one new subscriber and 30 cts. additional. Price $1.35. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Real Brilliant Rhine Stone Brooch.



This is one of our leading premium offers for ladies. It consists of a heavy rolled-gold Brooch, crescent pattern, set with eleven beautiful Rhine Stones.

This class of Brooches is now being largely worn. The stones are very brilliant. The Brooch is very showy and attractive.

This beautiful Brooch is given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 5 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Fine Gold-Front Baby Pins, Hand Engraved.



These Pins have solid gold fronts with half pearls, and are hand-engraved. For the use of young children these Pins are a real necessity. They are also ornamental in appearance and are very attractive.

A pair of these fine, hand-engraved, Gold-Front Baby Pins given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Solid Gold Bar Pin. Moonstone Setting.



This Pin is made of Solid Gold, with a Moonstone setting. The design is very chaste and beautiful.

Given for one new subscriber, and 40 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Oxidized Silver-Plated Forget-me-not Pin.

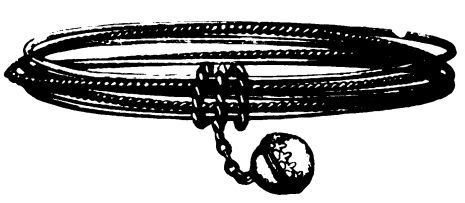


This Pin is made of white metal, Sterling Silver-Plated, and is formed of Forget-me-not blossoms.

The Pin is of superior quality and very beautiful.

The Pin is given for one new subscriber. Price 75 cents. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Cluster Bangle Bracelet. Given for one new subscriber.



This is the fashionable Cluster pattern Bracelet. Heavy gold plated, with a pretty Chain and Ball Bangle. The combination makes one of our most attractive and popular premium offers.

This Bracelet is given for one new subscriber. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Diamonds. Pure White and Perfect.



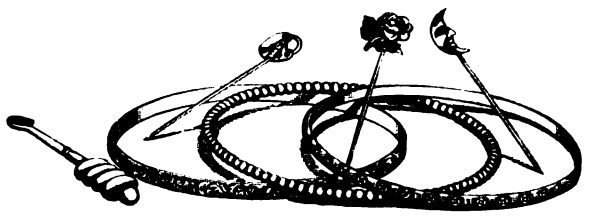
1-16 ⅛ ¼ ⅜ ½ ⅝ ¾ ⅞ 1

We are now able to offer Diamonds at importers' prices. They are warranted to be absolutely **perfect, pure white** and **brilliant.** Inferior Diamonds can be supplied at a less price. The prices given below are for the unmounted Stones, and are as follows:

1-16 carat, $4.00.	⅛ carat, $8.00.	¼ carat, $15.00.
⅜ carat, $24.00.	½ carat, $36.00.	⅝ carat, $50.00.
¾ carat, $70.00.	⅞ carat, $90.00.	1 carat, $122.00.

Special attention given to supplying solid gold mountings in the latest styles and at very low figures. The diagram shows approximate sizes of the Stones we offer. Write to us for prices.

Sterling Silver-Plated Jewelry Offers.



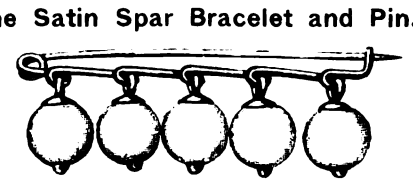
For value and beauty these goods are almost equal to the solid silver. Each article is handsomely oxidized.

Offer No. 1. Three heavy Bangle Bracelets and two Stick Pins given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price 90 cents.

Offer No. 2. One Bangle Bracelet, one Stick Pin and one beautiful Glove Buttoner given for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price 90 cents.

Postage and packing on either of these Offers 5 cents.

Genuine Satin Spar Bracelet and Pin.



The pendants to the Pin and Bracelet are made of Satin Spar. The Wire is gold-plated. The Spar has a beautiful Satin effect. The Pin only is shown in the cut. The Bracelet matches the Pin.

We give the Spar Bracelet and Pin for one new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price $1.00. **Postage and packing 5 cents.**

Gentlemen's Solid Gold Bosom Studs.



These Studs are made of solid gold, and are very stylish and handsome. They match the Solid Gold Sleeve Buttons offered elsewhere.

We offer them as premiums because there is a large demand among gentlemen for just such a Stud.

The Set of three Studs given for one new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Price $1.50. **Postage and packing 5 cents.**

Gold-Plated Stud Set, with Chain.



These Stud Sets are used largely by ladies and children, and are not only a great convenience, but are also very handsome. Made of fine gold-plate, satin finish.

Given for one new subscriber. Price 90 cents. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Real Hand Painted Brooch. Heavy Gold-Plated Setting. Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional.



We expect that there will be a large call for this elegant Brooch, as it is the very latest and most stylish article of jewelry for neck wear.

It is made of heavy gold plate with a real hand-painted mounting, and is surrounded with the beadwork which is now so popular.

It is very handsome, and one of our most attractive premium offers.

The quality of material and workmanship is all that could be desired.

Given for one new subscriber and 20 cents additional. Price $1.10. **Postage and packing 5 cts.,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Beautiful Garnet Pin. No. 426.



This pin is made to our special order in Bohemia, Germany. It is composed of 35 cut Garnets, set in gold fashioned to resemble a spray of Forget-me-nots. It is the most beautiful Pin that we have ever offered our subscribers. The garnets are rich in color, and are so mounted as to give a most elegant effect. The demand for this Pin has been very large.

Given for one new subscriber and 70 cents additional. Price $1.75. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Handsome Sterling Silver Bracelet.



This Bracelet is made of Sterling Silver, bead pattern, and is very handsome.

It can be used as a necklace, if so desired, by simply unwinding the coil. It is self-adjustable, and should conform itself to any ordinary-sized wrist. Given for only one new subscriber and 25 cents additional. Price $1.15. **Postage and packing 5 cents,** when sent as a premium or purchased.

Garnet Bracelet, with Gold-Plate Guard Chain.



This beautiful Bracelet is set with about 50 fine cut and brilliant Garnets. The Bracelet is made of heavy rolled gold-plate, with hinge and spring catch, and has a gold-plate Guard Chain not shown in cut. We have used many thousands of this popular Bracelet. The demand is as large as ever.

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Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.



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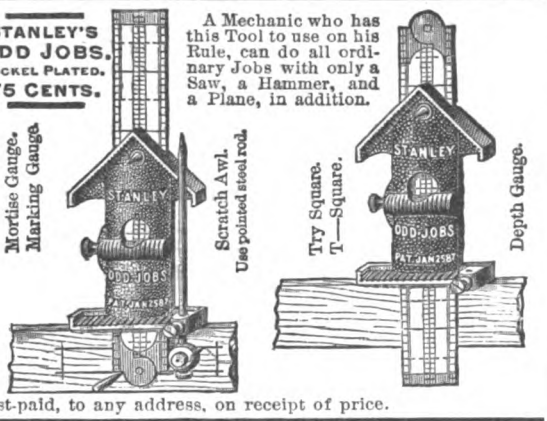
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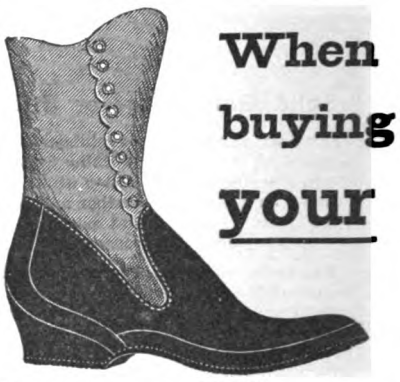
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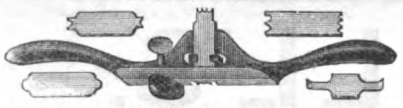
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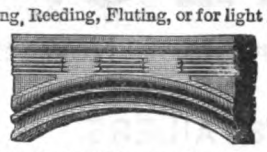
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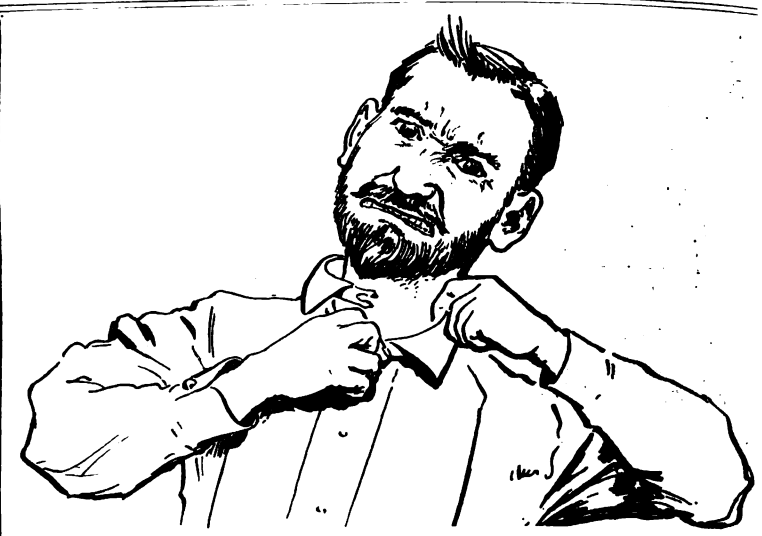
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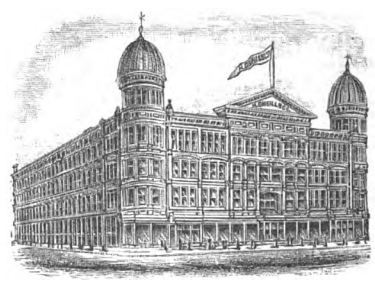
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For the Companion.

ZULEIKA.

In Three Chapters.—Chapter I.

A Norseman in Stamboul.

Colonel Ring was a Norwegian officer who had entered the Sultan's service. In the war of 1877-78, between Russia and Turkey, he distinguished himself on many occasions and won the friendship and admiration of his general, Osman Pasha.

After the retirement of the victorious Russians, Colonel Ring desired to take his leave and return to his own country; but the Sultan begged him to remain and detained him from year to year, for he found great advantage in the Colonel's services, and became attached to him personally. The frank and open manner of this blue-eyed Norseman, in whom he had complete confidence, was particularly pleasing to the sombre and suspicious ruler of the Moslems, surrounded as he was by dangers and intrigues.

Colonel Ring soon had an opportunity to demonstrate his good faith; for it was he who discovered the formidable conspiracy of palace officials, whose design it was to assassinate the Sultan and proclaim his nephew Ishmael.

Prince Ishmael, who was the oldest son of the harem and the heir to the throne, was a boy of sixteen. He was quite innocent of any connection with the conspiracy in his behalf. It was owing to the Sultan's fondness for Colonel Ring that the Prince was permitted to pass much of his time in the company of the Colonel's son Claude.

The Prince was a tall, slender lad, with a dark complexion and large, inscrutable black eyes. He looked sickly, and though he had tutors who instructed him in many things, he was not overburdened with learning.

The poor fellow was never allowed to do anything that he liked to do, and though he was to be the ruler of the Ottoman Empire, he could not have bought the liberty to play leap-frog, run a foot-race or turn hand-springs, with all his splendid possessions.

He was never left alone for a minute by day or by night, and the elaborate mummery of bows and prostrations and salutations which every one must go through who approached him, made his life a burden to him. When Claude Ring, introduced for the first time, refused to kneel or to perform any of the antics which Turkish custom required, the Prince was seized with a great liking for him and asked him to come back often.

It was a great annoyance to Ishmael that he could not learn to sit a horse well. Riding with a master, in a ring strewn with tan-bark, was exceedingly wearisome to him, and neither martial music nor respectful praise nor blame could make him hold his body erect and carry himself like a warrior and the future ruler of an empire.

Prince Ishmael's bearing was listless and self-conscious. His arms and legs were loosely hung on their joints, and in spite of his gorgeous, gold-embroidered uniforms he made an impression of weakness rather than of strength.

Claude Ring, though half a year his junior, weighed ten pounds more than the Prince, and with his broad chest, strong, wiry limbs and well-knit frame, was greatly his physical superior.

Claude's horsemanship was so good that it occurred to Ishmael's head tutor that the young Norseman might perhaps be able to teach something of his skill to the Prince. The Sultan found the suggestion a good one, and gave his consent.

From that time on a change came over the Prince's behavior.

He copied, in innocent fashion, Claude's bearing and manner, particularly the fling of his head and his turns of speech. Little by little, as he rode at Claude's side, in the parks and suburbs of the city, along the smiling shores of the Bosphorus, he began to open his heart to his companion.

Claude told him about his childhood in Norway; about the shells and conchs with which he played on the beach, making believe that they were cows and horses; about the fish he caught, and the snares he set for thrush and ptarmigan, and the little mill-wheels, made with his own hands, which he set going in the little waterfalls of brooks and rivulets.

No tale of the Arabian Nights could have been more wonderful to Ishmael than these simple narratives of boyish sport. He longed with all his heart to be a boy instead of a prince.

Claude chooses Zuleika.

About a month after his engagement as Prince Ishmael's companion, Claude was summoned to an audience with the Sultan. He could not imagine what the Commander of the Faithful wanted of him, and feared that it meant something unpleasant. He waited for half an hour in an ante-room of the palace, and was then ushered into the presence of a dark, sad-looking man of about forty years, who wore a gold-embroidered fez on his head, and the breast of whose coat was ablaze with diamonds.

"I wish you to accept a reward for your kindness to Prince Ishmael," said the Sultan, having nodded in response to Claude's respectful greeting.

"Kindness, your majesty, ceases to be kindness when it is rewarded," answered the boy.

This answer seemed to please the Sultan. He smiled in a sad but friendly way and said:

"When you are older, my boy, you will learn that a Sultan cannot accept a kindness from any man. He must spoil it by paying for it."

"If that is so, your majesty, I submit. I will accept whatever it may please your majesty to give me."

"You are an excellent horseman. How would a fine horse please you?"

"Nothing would please me better."

"Then you may go to my stables to-morrow, and there you shall select any horse that you like, except my saddle-horse, Nouredin."

"I thank your majesty with all my heart."

The Sultan made a slight motion of dismissal with his hand. Claude made a profound bow and backed out of the audience room.

Mudir Pasha, the Sultan's Master of the Horse, called on Claude the next day, and conducted him to the Imperial Stables. The boy spent the entire forenoon examining one splendid horse after another, as it was led out before him and put through its paces. He had tried many fine horses, and was half-ashamed of his indecision, when he caught sight of an exquisite animal in a box-stall, in a remote corner of the stable.

"Please open that window," he said to the groom, "and have the kindness to lead that horse out, so that I may look at it."

From the glance the groom exchanged with the Master of the Horse he soon perceived that there was some design in keeping this animal, as far as possible, out of sight.

"Oh, you don't want that vixen," said the equerry. "She is the most vicious beast in the whole stable."

"Never mind," Claude replied. "I should like to have a look at her any way. What is her name?"

"Zuleika."

Zuleika was led out into the court-yard before the stable, and Claude's heart thrilled at the sight of her. She was a dapple-gray Arabian mare, not very large, but of noble shape, and with a head so exceedingly beautiful that it was impossible to look at it without being filled with earnest admiration of it. There was fire and intelligence in her black eyes, and an alertness and restrained vigor in the small, silky, forward-pointed ears, which showed her mettle.

Her slender legs were absolutely faultless. Claude fancied he could see them bearing him across the country at a graceful canter or a long, swirling trot.

He put his hand gently on her shoulder and limbs, and she gave a quick start as if she resented it. Claude was greatly pleased with her. She was a princess if ever there was one. Never did noble blood declare itself more plainly in shape and look and demeanor.

The shy, resentful glance she gave him, as he ran his hand down along her hind-legs, did not disturb him. She had a personality, this lovely beast, not the mere passive docility of what is called a good horse, but a sensitiveness like that of an intelligent human being.

"I think this will be my choice," said Claude to the Master of the Horse. "I'll ride her home now, if you'll kindly lend me a saddle."

"Don't be rash, young man," the Turk replied, with a malicious laugh. "You'd better try the mare before you make up your mind."

"All right," said the boy; "but my mind is made up already."

It made Claude a trifle uneasy to remark the by-play of swift protestations and glances which went on between Mudir Pasha and his underings when they supposed they were unobserved. It began to dawn upon him that he had selected the most precious horse in the Imperial Stables, and he knew enough of the Turkish character to be aware that a "Giaour," or Christian, would not be permitted to carry off such a prize if these men could prevent it.

He therefore took the precaution, when the mare was returned to him, to examine the bucklings of the various straps and to push his hand under the saddle.

He thought for a moment that his suspicion had been groundless. But as he inserted his finger under the saddle-lining he felt a scratch, as of a sharp metallic point. A steel rowel, shaped like a burr, with a dozen keen needle-points, had been so placed that the very instant he added his weight to the saddle, the cruel needles would pierce into the back of the horse.

Claude had been too long in Turkey to be astonished at this exhibition of treachery. He knew, too, the folly of showing the manly wrath which he felt. With the utmost coolness he pulled out the rowel, and without the moving of a muscle in his face, tossed it away.

Having tightened the saddle-girth he then mounted Zuleika, and raising his hat to the Master of the Horse, was about to gallop away.

Scarcely had he turned his head when the riding-whip which the Turk held in his hand whizzed through the air and cut with vicious force across the haunches of the mare.

With a wild snort Zuleika reared, tossed her head in the air, whirled about the court with furious swishing of tail and clatter of hoofs, and struck out madly with her hind-legs; but seeing that her rider still held her with his powerful knees as in a vise, she gave a bound that almost wrenched him from his seat, and then shot out of the gate.

"He is a dead man," said Mudir Pasha to the equerry, as he lighted a cigarette and flung the match on the pavement.

"Allah is great," answered the groom. "He will not let a Giaour carry off the pride of the Moslems."

It looked for a while as if the Turk's prophecy were to come true.

Zuleika dashed away through the narrow, winding streets with a blind and headlong speed, leaping over all obstacles. Now she upset a pedlar's cart, now she knocked down a soldier, and now she made havoc in a pack of street dogs that had congregated at a corner.

Like a continuous salvo of musketry sounded the sharp, furious hoof-beats upon the stone pavement, as with outstretched neck, ears laid back, foaming bit and distended nostrils the excited animal darted away past shops and bazaars, past gardens and villas, and out into the open country.

Now Claude had the wide country before him with broad avenues and little traffic. It was simply a question of grit and endurance. He seemed to perceive a slight slackening of Zuleika's speed, though she was yet rushing on at a desperate pace. It was still impossible to bring her to a stop.

On his left the shining Bosphorus expanded, like a burnished mirror. From the villas along the water-front piers ran out into the strait.

A daring thought flashed through Claude's brain. What if he gave Zuleika a bath in the Bosphorus? That would cool her ardor and

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bring her to her senses, before she had run herself to death. With him to think was to do, and in a moment Zuleika was headed for the water. She beat a quick tattoo on the boards of a pier, and then plunged with a tremendous splash into the Bosphorus.

It was a stratagem for which she was wholly unprepared, and she had not swum a dozen rods before there was a sudden relaxation of effort, and she quietly turned her head about toward her rider, as if to see what manner of man he was.

"Zuleika, my beauty," he said, leaning forward and patting her neck, "it was not I who struck you, you lovely creature; no indeed, it was not I."

In her effort to turn her head, Zuleika swallowed some salt water and began to cough. He soothed her again and patted her, talking to her as he would to a wilful child, and headed her gently for the shore. But, unhappily, the strong current through the strait was too much for the exhausted animal. Claude perceived that the shore, instead of drawing nearer, was moving away from him. Was he being swept out to sea?

With quick resolution he flung himself off Zuleika's back, and taking the rein between his teeth swam with powerful strokes at her side.

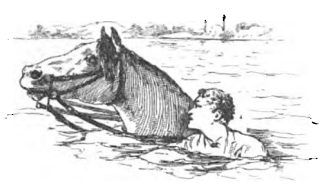
Claude began to repent of his recklessness. He saw unmistakable evidence of exhaustion in Zuleika.

There were no boats near by, though there were some not very far away. One of these seemed to have caught sight of him and to be tacking toward him, for a slight wind had sprung up and swept with light undulations over the smooth strait.

The question was now whether Zuleika could keep afloat until the boat overtook them. The current which had dealt so treacherously with them was now serving them well, for it was carrying them in the very direction from which the boat was coming.

But Zuleika's body settled deeper in the water. She panted violently, and now and then a very human groan broke from the depth of her powerful breast.

They drifted steadily toward the boat. Claude was now near enough to decipher the crescent moon in the imperial arms on the sails, which



were of yellow silk. That was odd, indeed. There was no one in Turkey except the Sultan and Prince Ishmael who had the right to display those arms.

The yacht was presently within hailing distance, and a young man, in whom he instantly recognized the Prince, raised a field-glass to his eyes and cried out:

"Why, it is Claude! Claude, my friend, what are you doing in the middle of the Bosphorus?"

"Swimming," said Claude.

"Do you want to be taken aboard?"

"Should not object, if you can also take my horse."

Prince Ishmael spoke to the sailing-master, who was seen to shake his head.

"We can't get the horse aboard," he said to Claude; "but we can tow him ashore."

"Thank you."

"But you come aboard yourself."

"I can't. I prefer to keep my horse company."

Two ropes were now flung overboard and Claude managed to attach one to the ring of Zuleika's bit, while he secured the other under his own arms. The breeze freshened a trifle; the yacht again hoisted her sails, which she had let fall. With gentle speed she towed the two swimmers toward a bit of beach, about a mile below where they had taken their first plunge. There they landed safely.

Claude forgot to express his thanks to Prince Ishmael, so anxious was he about Zuleika's condition. She had won a place in his heart; their friendship had been cemented by danger.

Zuleika trembled like a leaf, as she stood dripping at the roadside, and Claude did not think it best to return to the city with her before she had rested. He walked her slowly up and down. Fortunately the day was warm and sunny, and there was no danger of her catching cold.

The exquisite beauty of her head, the slenderness and delicacy of her form, and the noble proportions of her whole frame struck him afresh, as his eyes lingered fondly at each detail of her perfections.

She steamed, as the warm rays of the sun beat upon her back and flanks, and in a short time she was dry. Claude himself, too, steamed; but his underclothes remained uncomfortably moist even though his coat and trousers dried rapidly. He spent the time in calling Zuleika pet names and establishing himself in her friendship.

Claude, fearing to attract attention, led Zuleika into the shadow of a boat-house. Then he began to cast about him for a safe means of returning to the city. Remembering that Galbraith Effendi, a Mohammedanized Englishman, and a friend of his father, had his villa in this neighborhood, he determined to avail himself of his hospitality. He reached the Englishman's dwelling and was cordially received.

A message was sent to Colonel Ring, with an account of the morning's adventure, and Zuleika was tended, waited upon and cared for as if she had been a princess of royal blood—which, in fact, she was.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

FAITH OF EXPERIENCE.

Who thinks, at night, that morn will ever be?
Who knows, far out upon the central sea,
That anywhere is land? and yet, a shore
Has set behind us, and will rise before.
A past foretells a future.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

For the Companion.

A GHOST HUNT.

They were four cousins—Jim and Bessie Dodd, Dudley and Ada Day. The boys were about sixteen years old; their sisters were a year or two younger. They had come from their homes in the country to stay with their Grandmother Dodd, and to attend school in the city.

The evening was a warm one in late September. The windows were open wide to cool the room where, grouped upon a tiger-skin rug before an open fire, these four young people, armed with long, sharp-pointed sticks, sat in the dim firelight roasting marshmallows over the coals and telling ghost stories.

Outside, the autumnal wind, not cold but noisy, was soughing drearily through the leaves; nature seemed in sympathy with the pleasantly gloomy feelings of the marshmallow-roasters.

Jim was concluding his tale in a whisper of harrowing quality:

"Then, giving one awful shriek, she swooned. Sir Harold heard and rushed in. Too clearly, across that face, white as the pillow it rested upon, could be seen the burning red marks of the Spectral Friar's icy hand. Poor Alice never came out of the swoon—she was dead!"

"O Jim, how ghastly!" exclaimed Ada. "I know I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night, after hearing all these deliciously dreadful stories. But the candy is all eaten, the fire is going out, and it is ten o'clock. I am afraid we shall have to go to bed, for there is nothing else to do."

"Here is the letter grandmother left for the boys to mail when she went to bed. Let's all take it around to the lamp-post on Norman Street," said Bess.

"No, no!" said Ada; "that would take us by the haunted house on Saxon Street, and I shouldn't dare go near it to-night—after Jim's awful stories."

"You girls are all alike," chuckled Jim, much pleased with the effects of his eloquence. "You're so easily worked up into scares. Now Dud and I wouldn't mind going *into* the house, if we could get in."

"Hurrah, the very thing!" exclaimed Dudley, excitedly. "Here is a glorious wind-up to our evening. We *can* get in! I stopped there last week to get some autumn leaves for grandmother off that vine on the porch, and I found that my latch-key fitted that door. I thought then that we would explore the house some day, but it will be ever so much jollier to do the thing by night.

"Come on, girls—don't be geese. We dare you to it!"

"Of course we dare go, if you do," responded Bess. "And oh, Ada, it will be such fun to tell the girls at school to-morrow! They've been telling us such absurd stories about that house. The last people who lived there complained of a woman in yellow who roamed about, opened and shut doors noiselessly, and sat by their beds at night."

"Why," said Ada, "the house has got such a bad reputation that the owners can't rent it, in spite of the beautiful grounds about it."

"Rats and wind!" exclaimed Jim, contemptuously; "only idiots would believe such stuff."

"But you know," put in Ada, timidly, "something awful did happen there once—that poor young lady who went crazy over a love affair; they kept her in that wing room with the barred window, and she died there and —"

"Oh, yes, I've heard all about that, and how she is supposed to wander about there now, rattling the chains they used to bind her with!" replied Dudley, scoffingly. "We will ask her politely if we can't relieve her of her load, if we happen upon her in one of the corridors. What a lark!

"Hurry up, girls! Will you go? *dare* you?"

"It is a dare, Ada. We really must go," said Bess, so determinedly that Ada put on her hat and cloak at once.

Very quietly, in order not to waken old Mrs. Dodd, all four stole out into the street, where the sky now lowered inky-black above them.

"We must not strike a light or make a sound while we are about this work," said Dudley, solemnly. "If passers-by should see or hear anything, it would only add to the bad name of the place, and we might get into trouble with the owners.

"Stop giggling, girls! If you are going to get silly and nervous, you can just go back. Jim and I really want to look into the thing, and discover what is at the bottom of these queer reports."

Bess and Ada promptly assumed a more severe demeanor and, indeed, felt little inclination to laugh when they passed through the gateway of the gloomy-looking grounds.

No one was in sight. The long path wound in and out of thick clumps of fir and pine, and they followed it up to the porch.

"Isn't there a light in that corner room?" whispered Ada.

"Goose! It's a reflection from the street-lamp," replied her brother, quenchingly. "Shall we give the bell a pull? Maybe the maiden in chains will clank along and let us in!"

Jim jerked at the old bell as he spoke. The knob came off in his hand, and sent him staggering back against the pillars of the porch, while the sound of the bell went clanging through the rooms within.

"Here goes the key; walk in, ladies!" Dudley threw open the door. "Now remember, no talking. Oh, but it's dark! Hark! what's that!"

A creaking sound on the dark stairs made them all start and look up. There was nothing but black darkness.

Ada grasped Bessie's arm. "I *can't* go on, Dudley," she whispered; "I am frightfully scared. Come out on the porch with me, Bess."

As the girls darted outside, a blast of wind swept down the stairs, and with a bang the door was closed upon them. Bess tried to open it again but could not. She thought the boys had locked it to tease them, and they sat down until the boys should let them in.

They sat side by side, whispering occasionally, clutching each other nervously at every unusual sound. By and by Bess, rising resolutely, thumped upon the door and rattled the knob.

No response came, though strange and stifled sounds were heard within.

"Bessie," said Ada, in a trembling voice, after they had waited a few moments, "our boys would never leave us alone in this way if they could help it. There are more noises in there than they are making. Something must have happened to them, and we must do something just as fast as we can."

"Listen!" said Bess, "I think that is the night-policeman down on Hun Avenue. Come! We must run and stop him, and get him to come back with us and break in this dreadful door!"

Once more they listened at the key-hole. A clanking sound from within made their blood run cold, and they fled down the path to the street, and around the corner to Hun Avenue.

There, only a block distant, they could see a big policeman standing under an electric light, and they hastened toward him.

Meantime, strange proceedings had been taking place within the old house. When the girls fled out upon the porch, and the draft from above had shut the door, Jim, springing back, had found it fastened by a spring-catch.

"There!" he exclaimed, in a whisper, "the girls have locked themselves out. All right, let them stay there! We must go on and explore for five minutes, or they will think our courage failed us. What's that? Listen!"

The stairs were creaking again, and the old balusters rattled, while a sound of sobs and stifled wailing seemed to fall upon their ears. A feeling of horror came over both boys.

"Come on; we'd better be getting out of this," muttered Jim as, seizing Dudley's arm, he started, as he thought, toward the front door again. But he mistook the way; and stumbling through an open door, both boys hurried toward a faint glimmer from an electric light on the street, only to find their hands grasping the iron bars of a window.

"For goodness' sake, Jim!" gasped Dudley, "we have lost our way. We are in that wing-room—the prison!"

They turned in a panic to leave the unpleasant spot. They found the door; but it had been noiselessly closed upon them—closed and locked! They were prisoners; and prisoners of whom—of what?

They pounded and kicked, but the solid oak door was unyielding. It had been made to withstand even more frenzied attacks than theirs.

"Could the girls have done it?"

"Never! They would not have dared; and anyway, the front door was locked."

"Hark! I thought I heard something!" Dudley whispered.

There was perfect silence at first, and then, out in the corridor, a clanking sound was heard, far away at first but drawing nearer; and then the rattle of a chain just outside the door. Then silence again. Jim felt Dudley reel and, throwing out his arms, caught him in time to prevent his falling to the floor.

"Dudley, old fellow!" he urged, feeling his own courage coming back with the effort to rouse his fainting cousin, "this is sheer nonsense! You don't believe in ghosts! We are caught in a trap, certainly, but not by ghosts! Don't be a 'fraid-cat, Dud,—stand up! We'll get out of this all right enough, and whatever happens, we've got to act like men."

"But, Jim, that clanking chain, that door getting locked without a sound of footsteps, that crying and groaning? Nothing human would act like that."

"Tramps, probably," said Jim. "I've got two matches in my pocket, and we will just see what there is in this dungeon, anyway."

The matches flared for a minute. "Nothing for a weapon," said Dudley, gloomily; "not even a chair or a broomstick! These bars are so close together that we can't reach through and smash the glass. If we could, some one might hear our cries for help. But no one can hear us away down on the street. We shall be murdered!"

"Now, Dud! don't be so chicken-hearted! It's hard lines, but if we'll only wait, those girls will bring somebody."

The girls were bringing somebody. They had with some difficulty persuaded the big policeman to go off his beat and see what had become of their brothers.

"It's a black and crazy place, I'm thinkin'!" exclaimed the policeman, as they went up the thickly-shaded path. "What iver made the boys go in there, anyhow?"

"Why, don't you know?" said Ada. "Haven't you heard that the house is haunted? The boys wanted to discover what the ghosts were and so—Why, what's the matter? Where are you going?"

Ada fairly screamed the question, for the policeman had stopped, and was turning back.

"No, thin," he said. "I'll not be goin' on. I'll not sthir a stip into the house. 'Tis bad luck to have any d'alin's wid ghosts; and anyhow, 'tis off me bate, an' I'm goin' back to me juty. What good wad me pistols and clubs do against ghosts? Lave go me coat, I say! I'm too big for the likes of you to drag me aginst me will!"

That a policeman could be afraid of anything had never entered the head of either girl till this agonizing moment. But now, as they looked up and saw by the dim light about them the look of superstitious terror upon the man's face, they instinctively tightened their grasp upon the brass buttoned coat; for they knew that flight was in his mind, and that he must be held.

Just then a chorus of cries fell upon their ears from the haunted house. The voices were plainly those of women or girls.

"Police! Thieves! Help! Police! Police!"

"Them's no ghosts!" exclaimed the policeman, in a tone of relief. He bounded forward, club in hand.

"What's up?" he shouted. "Here's the police!"

The door was flung open. A curious and unexpected sight met their eyes. There, in the wide hall, in the light of a lamp which rested on the stairs, stood three young girls, armed with a poker, a broom and a pair of tongs, clinging to each other, and evidently in a state of great excitement.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you!" exclaimed the tallest, a girl of sixteen, as she darted toward the policeman. "There are robbers in the house—lots of them! The house is full of them!"

"I knew it, I knew it; and they've killed my brother. O Dud, Dud, Dudley!" wailed Ada.

The stranger girls, paying no attention to her, went on, "And we have caught four of them. They are there in this side room, inside that door."

The door was fastened on the outside by a heavy bolt. Just before it lay a big Newfoundland dog. Around his neck was a collar, and attached to that a heavy dog-chain. His nose was on the threshold, and his eyes glared watchfully.

"But our brothers—what have they done with our brothers?" cried Ada and Bess.

"Let there be tin or a dozen of 'em," said the policeman, "I'll be a match for 'em!"

Pushing back the bolt, he flashed the light from his "bull's-eye" into the room.

The five girls, peering timidly in, saw two figures over by the window, standing in much the attitude of the Two Princes in the Tower in the famous picture.

"Coom out of there, will ye? I arrist ye in the name of the law!" shouted the officer.

"Dudley! Jim! The thieves! Oh, how funny! Oh, you darling boys!"

"Why, they are boys, and only two! I saw four come in! Why, how dreadfully funny!" exclaimed the strange girl. "It must be some kind of a joke!"

"Who locked us in—you?" asked Jim, addressing the tallest girl. "How did you get here? What are you doing here?"

"Why, we are only just living here," she said. "We just came to-day, and everything is all upside-down and unsettled. Papa had to go down to the station to meet mamma, and the train must have been late, for they expected to be home by ten, and now it is nearly eleven. I thought it was papa when you rang that bell so loud, and I was just going to tear down-stairs to let him in, when the door opened and I saw four figures stealing in so quietly, and knew you were burglars."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jim, Dudley, Bess and Ada all together.

"Then Mamie and Fan came out, too, and joined me on the stairs, and poor little Johnny, he is only three,—there he is, all wrapped up in the blanket, on the stairs,—he woke up and began to cry. I almost smothered him for fear you would hear and dash up at us.

"Then I heard you stumbling into the wing-room,—all four of you I thought,—and I plucked up courage and tore after you,—you see these worsted slippers don't make a sound,—and oh, the relief when I found that the bolt worked all right, and that they were locked in!

"Then I remembered that Carlo was chained out in the wood-house, and I led him in and

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whispered to him to watch. I flew back to the children, and made them go back and dress, for I thought if papa didn't come soon we would make a dash for the street and call for help.

"As I was listening at the door, I fancied I heard voices outside, so we all shrieked and then you rushed in!"

"Well, you are very good to be so pleasant about it, after our giving you such a fright. It was such a silly thing for us to do," said Bess; "but you see we had been telling ghost stories all the evening, and had worked ourselves up to such a pitch that we thought we would come here to see—because—you know —"

Bess glanced hesitatingly toward the younger children.

"Oh, yes, I see!" laughed the girl. "We know all about the stories about this house. You need not be afraid to mention it before the children. Papa found he could get the place very cheap just because of the ghosts, and so we all think that a haunted house is the nicest thing in the world. I hope you will all come here often; I'm sure we ought to be good friends after this queer beginning of acquaintance!"

They were soon good friends, for before Jim and Dudley and their sisters had gone home, Mr. and Mrs. Field, the father and mother of their new acquaintances, came in. They knew Mrs. Dodd very well, and the matter was explained satisfactorily to the policeman.

Many times that winter the old house echoed to the laughter of the young people of both families, as they recalled the thrilling incidents of their ghost hunt.

GRACE SCHUYLER.

For the Companion.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The scarecrow stood in the strawberry bed,
Where he'd stood through sun and rain;
His clothes were all tattered and torn and rent,
And he looked severely plain.

But never a thought did he give to his looks;
But faithfully day and night
He guarded the bed where the berries lay,
And put all the thieves to flight.

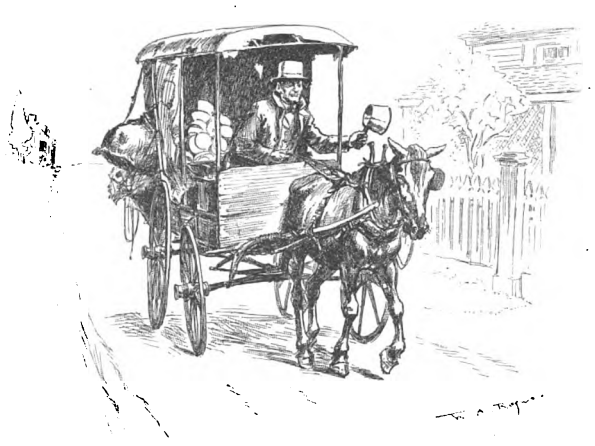
And some who would sneer at his rude attire,
Would better, I'm free to confess,
Like the old scarecrow, give more thought to their work,
And not so much to their dress.

J. P. L.

For the Companion.

LUCY SHORE.

John Shore was a tin-peddler. His wagon, a small and rather dilapidated affair, was seen mostly upon dusty country roads. John avoided



the larger villages. His best customers, wherever he went, were the farmers' wives.

When he drove up to the farm-houses the women would bring out their rag-bags to exchange the contents for tinware. Occasionally there was sharp dickering on both sides before the difference of a few cents between buyer and seller was overcome.

John Shore was a tinker as well as a tin-peddler. He was, indeed, one of those unfortunate men who can "do anything," but who, alas! can do nothing thoroughly.

He could repair clocks, set window glass, mend leaky vessels, re-seat chairs, cut hair, make biscuit and play on the fiddle, but his skill in all these directions was limited, and he was unfortunate in being unable to concentrate his energies on any one thing long enough to master all its details.

He was, like other scatterbrains, good-natured and easy-going. Of course he was also poor.

John's home was in a small rented house on the outskirts of the village of Waverley. There was where he left his wife and six children when he went out upon the road.

Lucy was the eldest of the Shore children. She was a tall, angular, freckled-faced girl of sixteen, old and womanly beyond her years. She had spent most of her life as an amateur nurse to her younger brothers and sisters. She was round-shouldered from carrying heavy, fretful babies about for so many hours every day, and when she was not carrying them she was usually bent half-double sewing at their clothes, or on her knees scrubbing the tracks of their muddy little feet from the bare floors of their home. A faithful, uncomplaining little drudge was Lucy.

The village talk was that Lucy was more of a mother to the Shore children than the mother herself, for Mrs. Shore was a fretful, inefficient woman, who spent much of her time in reading sensational story papers and in running about gossiping with her neighbors, leaving Lucy in full charge at home.



But the stronger and better qualities of some remote ancestor must have come down as a goodly inheritance to Lucy Shore, for she was energetic, keen-witted and more ambitious than one would have supposed possible, considering her depressing and discouraging surroundings.

Mrs. Shore died suddenly one August morning when her husband was away from home. Lucy won the admiration of the neighbors who came in to help, by her calm and self-possessed bearing at this trying time.

"I had to be calm on account of the children," Lucy said, simply. She faced the unpromising future bravely on their account.

Three weeks later her courage and self-possession were again put to the test. It was time for her father to return from his last trip. Lucy went to the door half-expecting to see the familiar team coming slowly around a bend in the road. Yes, it was just coming in sight.

"Father's coming! Father's coming!" she called out eagerly to the children, who were eating their frugal supper of bread and milk at the kitchen table.

Instantly five pairs of bare, brown feet, belonging to five bareheaded, shouting children, went flying down the dusty road to meet John Shore and to come riding gleefully home in the cart, munching the candy and the nuts their father always brought them when returning from one of his trips.

But when Lucy returned to the door after some hurried preparations for her father's supper, she saw to her surprise that the children were walking slowly toward the house by the side of the cart, and that a stranger sat on the seat driving the old horse. She hurried out to the gate, a startled, inquiring look on her face. When the cart stopped before the gate, Lucy heard her father call out feebly from beneath the cover of the cart:

"Don't be scared, Lucy. I'm all right, only I was clumsy enough to fall off the cart a few miles back and I'm all stove up by it."

"Yes, that's it," said the man who had been driving. "He ran over a little stump in the road out by my house, about four miles from here. The jar tumbled him off the seat of the cart. I'm sure one of his legs is broke, and his shoulder seems to be out of joint, so I drove the cart home for him."

The doctor had to be called, of course. His report was that John Shore would have to keep quiet for many weeks. This was a serious matter. John had brought home but a few dollars in money. There was but little food in the house. The bills caused by Mrs. Shore's sickness and death were still unpaid. What was worse, the team must be laid up during the very time that was the most profitable of the year for John's business.

"It's fruit and tomater-canning time," he said to Lucy, "an' the women folks use a sight of tin cans and tinware of all sorts. I've more orders than I ever had afore, an' here I am flat on my back an' likely to stay here until snow flies for all I know. It's mighty discouragin'. I don't know what we're goin' to do."

"I know, father," said Lucy, suddenly and with decision. "I'll take the cart and go out on the road."

"What! You, a gal of sixteen, go traipsin' out over the country on a three weeks' trip, peddlin' tinware, sleepin' nights in strange houses, an' bein' ketched out in storms an' all that. Why, Lucy Shore!"

"I'm not a bit afraid, father."

"I intended to go clear to Jackson Cross Roads next trip, an' that's sixty miles from here, child."

Lucy had an answer ready, as she did for every objection he made, and when the discussion was over she had won, and the next day she made ready for the trip.

Three or four of the kindly disposed neighbors gathered to see Lucy off and to wish her good luck. She had risen early and had done all that she could do for the comfort of her father and the children while she was gone. One of the neighbors had insisted on taking the two-year-old baby, Danny, home with her and keeping him until Lucy's return. It was a hot, dusty day in September, when Lucy set forth in the old cart, with Ned, the old horse, between the shafts. She had patched and mended the ragged cover of the wagon and had washed the cart and groomed old Ned until he looked better than usual; but her turnout was still a sorry-looking affair, and Lucy, having a degree of pride not usual in the Shores, felt keenly her own shabbiness and that of the cart and of old Ned, with his harness composed mostly of odds and ends of leather straps.

She wore her best gown, but that was only an ill-fitting, untrimmed brown calico; her head was covered by an ugly blue and white gingham sunbonnet with a pink lining.

But though Lucy was keenly conscious of the unattractive appearance she presented, she did not allow the thought of it to disturb her much. One or two of the neighbors had thought and said that her project was absurd, and had predicted its failure.

She was resolved that she would not return unsuccessful.

"Get along, get along, Ned!" she would call out, as she shook the reins over his back. "We have work to do, old fellow."

Her father had, so far as he was able, told her at what houses he had engaged to leave articles of tinware, and had also told her some of the farm-houses where the families would give her lodgings over night.

When the farmers' wives along the road saw the old wagon coming they would say, "There comes John Shore," and great was their surprise when, instead of noisy, singing John, they saw a slender, pale-faced and quiet young girl in charge of the cart.

They were sure to question her as to where her father was, and they were full of sympathy and outspoken in their admiration of her courage when they knew why she had taken her father's place. Many of them purchased tinware that they did not really need, and they did not try to "break prices," as they would have done with her father. They offered her food and lodging free of charge, but Lucy was conducting her business on strictly business principles, and she neither asked nor accepted favors, but paid for everything she received.

The days were hot, the roads dusty, and poor old Ned crept along in a wearisome way. But Lucy was more successful than she had dared hope to be, more successful than her father had ever been on any of his trips, and she bore the discomfort not only bravely but gaily.

On the tenth day she found herself within three miles of the large town of Windom with her stock of tinware nearly exhausted, although she had gone over barely one-half of the route usually travelled by her father.

Lucy suddenly decided on what she would do. She would go to Windom and there replenish her stock in trade instead of going back to Waverley with the empty wagon for a new supply.

It was late in the afternoon when she reached Windom. Inquiring the way to the largest tinware store in the town, she drove up to it and climbed down from the wagon. Several persons stopped and looked curiously at the queer-looking "outfit." Some of those who saw her were rude enough to make remarks that came to her ears about herself, her team, and that awful sunbonnet.

But the next moment she had forgotten all about this little hurt to her pride, for poor old Ned, worn out at last, dropped down before the store door, and in a short time was dead.

A crowd immediately gathered, as a crowd always does gather about a prostrate horse. A man lifted the old nag's head and let it fall, saying: "He's gone up, sure, poor old rack-o'-bones that he is."

Lucy stood by pale and tearful, quite overcome for the time by this calamity and saying to herself:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

A short, slightly-built man, who had been hurrying around and talking steadily ever since his arrival, now came up to Lucy and said, sympathetically, "Well, well, this is pretty rough on you, miss, aint it?"

"Yes, it is," said Lucy, her cheeks wet with tears.

"Isn't this John Shore's outfit?"

"Yes, sir."

His manner was kindly and his voice was so full of sympathy that Lucy was touched by it. "I've been peddling for him," she continued. "You see he's laid up with a broken leg, and I'm his daughter. I had to come out in his place. Do you know my father, sir?"

"Know him? Of course I do. I am Joe Keene. Your father and I were in the same regiment in the war and were messmates part of the time. He used to stay all night with me when he was in this part of the country. Come with me."

He led the way around the corner to a neat little white house, where they were met at the door by a tidy, motherly-looking woman, to whom Mr. Keene said:

"Here, ma, here's John Shore's girl. She's had an accident to her team 'round the corner and she's going to stay here to-night."

Mrs. Keene welcomed the girl and led the way into the house.

"Now let me take your sunbonnet," she said. "and then I'll show you to your room, where you'd better lie down and rest until you hear me ring the supper bell; you look clean fagged out. My husband will see to your team. You jest try to get a little rest."

Mr. Keene, meanwhile, went back to the crowd, which still surrounded the dead horse.

Climbing to the seat of the wagon he stood up on it, and said, briefly and to the point:

"Now look here, gentlemen. This miserable old outfit, wuthless as it seems, was everything in the world its owner had to make a living with, and he's an old soldier with six children, and I read in the paper that his wife died a few weeks back.

"He's a tin-peddler. Maybe some of you've seen 'im 'round in the country near here."

"I know him," said the proprietor of the tinware store before which the cart stood. "He bought goods of me sometimes."

"And he always paid for 'em, too, I'll warrant. John Shore's honest if he is poor and not the smartest man on earth. Well, he's lying flat on his back at home with a broken leg, and this girl is his oldest child, and she's had the grit to take his place on the cart and go out peddling, and you see what she's come to, gentlemen."

He pointed to the inanimate body of poor old Ned as he spoke, and then went on:

"Now the point is, how's she going to get home with her cart or how's she going to keep up the business and save those children and her father from starving? That's *our* business, gentlemen. It's my business to the extent of a ten-dollar bill."

He took a crisp ten-dollar note from his pocket and held it up, as he added:

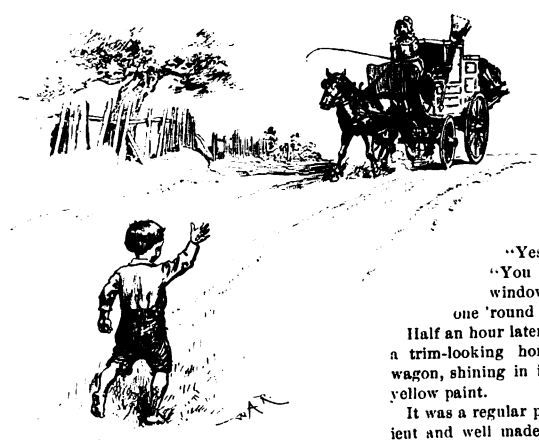
"Who else is interested to the same extent, or more or less, as the case may be? Speak out quick!"

The crowd grew larger and the loquacious and eccentric but warm-hearted Mr. Keene waxed more and more eloquent.

Every one knew and respected him and many of the men present responded liberally to his appeals on Lucy's behalf.

The poor girl knew nothing about what was going on around the corner. Tired and nervous she sat in her cool, pretty room, indulging in a good cry over her misfortune. But by and by Mr. Keene came home to tea smiling and cheery.

"Now don't you worry, my child," he said, heartily. "You'll come out all right yet. Bless you, I expect to see you driving your coach and four yet, I do, indeed." But he told her nothing of the movement he had been making for her relief. She was up early the next morning. At the breakfast table she said:



"Now, Mr. Keene, I've thought it all over and the only thing I can think of is for me to hire a horse to make the rest of the trip with. Do you know where I can get one?"

"Yes, I do," he replied, promptly. "You sit here by the dining-room window a few minutes and I'll bring one 'round for you to look at."

Half an hour later he drove up to the gate with a trim-looking horse hitched to a neat, new wagon, shining in its coat of green and red and yellow paint.

It was a regular peddler's wagon, very convenient and well made, that had been on sale as a

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second-hand cart, its former owner having died a few weeks before. It was as good as new—a very fortunate purchase for poor Lucy.

The harness on the horse was new and shining, and when Lucy went out in wide-eyed wonder she saw that the wagon was full of bright, new tinware.

"The tin stuff is the special present of a queer old fellow in this town that some people call mean and stingy, because he's so saving and doesn't live in much style," explained Mr. Keene. "But he often breaks out in reckless extravagances of this sort."

"But the wagon and the horse?" said Lucy.

"They're yours, my dear," said Mr. Keene, "yours and John Shore's. Tell him Joe Keene said so. It's just a little instance of the way Windom folks have of appreciating pluck in a girl like you. No, no, no crying, and no saying you can't accept it. You'll have to, you know."

Ten days later the Shore children were running to the door and window every ten minutes, looking for Lucy and the old cart and horse, for though she had written to them that she was coming, she did not tell the great news.

The neighbors knew that she was expected on that day, and they also were on the lookout.

"O Tommy, sis, come and see!" called out little Willie Shore, late in the afternoon. "See this wagon coming up the road. Aint it a dandy? And see how the harness shines! My! aint that a fine turnout? There's a girl driving, too; yes sir, and—why—why—it's Lucy, it's Lucy, Lucy, *Lucy!*"

He ran shrieking down the road, all the little Shores in swift pursuit. Lucy kissed them all as they climbed shouting into the wagon, which had hardly a single piece of tinware left in it—nearly all had been sold.

Joe Keene was right when he said that a girl like Lucy would succeed in life. She did succeed in all her undertakings.

She succeeded in imparting some of her own energy and pride and force of character to her father, and when, a year later, he brought a kind, good woman home to be a mother to his little children, Lucy found a way of giving herself some education and of fitting herself for the honorable and useful position she now holds in life.

J. L. HARBOUR.

For the Companion.

A YOKE AND A JOKE.

Father and mother had gone to Wolftown in the big wagon to meet the afternoon express train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and bring home Bruce and Jerry's cousin Effie, who was coming alone all the way from Kansas City to visit them. Bruce and Jerry were left alone on the claim to look after things.

Bruce was fifteen; not very large of his age, but active and strong. Jerry was only two years younger than Bruce, but he was dwarfed by an affection of the spine, which kept him bent over like a hunchback.

When he was very small he was thrown from a horse. The accident contracted some of the spinal muscles, and it appeared that he was doomed to go through life with the humiliating appearance of having a chronic case of colic.

Bruce and Jerry were great friends, which is not always the case with brothers. This was not due to the fact that other boys were few in that thinly-settled Kansas district; they were really very fond of each other.

All the morning, after their father and mother left, Bruce was very busy making a small yoke, modelled after the one that was used on Tom and Red, the oxen they had brought with them when they emigrated from Indiana.

Jerry sat on the framework of the grindstone in front of the cabin, and watched Bruce at his work with much interest. The yoke was now about completed, and the young mechanic was very proud of his workmanship.

"It's a dandy, an' no mistake," he remarked with satisfaction. "We'll have some fun, Jerry. I've been thinkin' for a long time that the calves are big enough to break, an' there's no time like the present. Won't it be a joke on pa and ma, though?"

"What'll be a joke?" asked Jerry.

"Why, to break Bell an' Nancy while they're gone. Won't they be s'prised to find us driving 'em around like Tom an' Red? Won't it be a joke, though?"

"Um," Jerry assented.

"An' we'll take Effie a-ridin' along by the corn-field, an' let her see the big tassels. I'll tell you what we'll do, Jerry; we'll go down the road an' meet pa and ma, an' we'll bring Effie home in our wagon. How's that?"

"First-rate," said the little cripple.

"Well, it's done," Bruce announced, presently. "Let's eat our pie first, an' then we'll yoke 'em up."

They had been too busy to notice that it was past noon; but now hunger reminded them that their mother had left for each of them "a big hunk o' pie." Very soon they were seated on the doorstep, munching their dinner.

This plan of yoking up the calves would have been instantly condemned by the father, had he been at home, for in the first place, the heifers were too young, and in the second place, they were intended for milch cows and not for beasts of burden. But it did not occur to them that he would object.

After the pie had all been washed down with a cup of milk, Bruce shouldered the yoke and led the way to the cow-pen, where the meek-eyed little heifers were lying in the sun.

Nancy and Bell were not in the least wild, for the boys had made pets of them; so there was no difficulty in approaching them. They were pretty animals; Bell was a "spot," of red and white, and Nancy was a deep red.

"Well, girlies," Bruce merrily saluted the heifers, "how do you find yerselves this fine, large day? Nice day, isn't it?—nicest in the neighborhood. Get up, now, an' act your prettiest; there's company comin', an' we want you to show off. Tie this string around Nancy's neck, Jerry."

While Jerry obeyed this instruction Bruce secured Bell, and then the heifers were led out of the cow-lot to a little old cart that stood by the front-yard fence.

The little animals were docile and tractable enough; indeed, they were provokingly slow and sleepy in their movements.

"You'll get waked up very soon," Bruce remarked, half-angry that Nancy would not "stand around."

It took some time to get them yoked satisfactorily to the cart, but at last Bruce announced that the arrangements for the start were complete. Jerry stood on one side, next to Bell, and Bruce on the other, by the side of Nancy.

"Get up, now!" commanded Bruce. "Get up, Nancy!"

"Get up, Bell!" called Jerry.

Both boys slapped the flanks of the heifers vigorously, and they moved on a few paces, in mild-eyed wonder at this new situation. Still they evidently thought this was a new way of petting them, and that it was all right.

The boys laughed delightedly.

"They're jest as easy-goin' as old Tom and Red," Bruce declared. "Get up, Nancy! Get up, Bell!"

There was some backing on the part of the team, and a mild inclination to turn around and inspect the arrangements, but the boys, urging them on, succeeded in getting them to advance a few more paces.

"We'll get in an' ride," Bruce decided. "They'll go better if they're talked to from behind."

He got a stick and sharpened the end of it for a goad, and then the two clambered into the cart. Once more the driving process was begun.

"Move along now, Nancy! Get ahead, there, Bell! Aint this fun, though, Jerry?"

"I didn't think it'd be so easy to break 'em. It's because they're pets, I guess."

"Aint it a great old joke on pa and ma? Won't they be s'prised? Get ahead there Bell!"

Suddenly there came the waking up which Bruce had predicted. A realization of their unprecedented situation seemed to dawn on the minds of the heifers, and as they felt the sharp goad in their tender flesh, it occurred to them that being yoked up was not as much fun as they had supposed.

All at once there was a tossing of hornless heads, a low bellow, a backing and a fidgeting, an angry switching of tails, and then the heifers started off on a swift run, frightened and ungovernable.

Bruce and Jerry looked into each other's faces with fear and astonishment. The old cart jerked and bumped over the ground, and faster and faster ran the unruly heifers.

The course was across the unfenced meadow-field toward the corn. In less than a minute the calves were going at a reckless pace, bellowing madly at every jump, their heels and tails flying in the air.

"Whoa, Nancy! Whoa, Bell!" yelled Bruce, desperately. Of course the command served only to frighten the animals the more. The cart was in danger of being turned over and wrecked at any instant. Any sudden turn of the runaway team would upset it, and the boys might be crippled or killed.

For the little cripple the situation was especially serious. A fall meant to him a terrible injury, perhaps. He clung to the seat with all his strength, his face white as wool. That other awful accident, which had injured and pained him so, was still strong in his memory, and it increased his fear ten-fold.

"We've got to jump," Bruce declared, regaining somewhat his presence of mind. He sprang to his feet. "I can do it all right, but you, Jerry—let me —"

Just what assistance he meant to lend Jerry did not appear, for at that moment there was a sudden lurch of the vehicle, and Bruce went flying into the air. He turned a somersault, and hit the ground with a violent shock.

When he caught his breath and sat up, he saw the heifers dashing along by the corn, with Jerry still clinging to the seat.

Truly the little cripple was in a most perilous position.

He did not dare to jump for fear the strain on his back would kill him. The fall—oh, he could never stand the fall! To suffer again that way—to know that horrible pain for weeks and weeks, to lie in one position day and night and endure again that awful anguish—the very thought of it blanched his delicate face, and sent a thrill of dread and terror to his heart.



The mad heifers did not slacken their speed.

The mad heifers did not halt nor slacken their speed. But presently they gave a sharp turn and plunged into the corn.

The sudden movement overturned the wagon, and Jerry was sent tumbling from his seat to the ground.

He fell heavily, and lay quite still.

The overturning of the wagon threw one of the calves on its side, where it was pinned down by the tongue; and this perforce brought an end to the runaway.

Bruce reached Jerry's side hatless and breathless, and his heart almost stopped beating as he bent anxiously above the white, inanimate figure of his brother.

"O Jerry!" he cried, "O Jerry! are you hurt? Oh, it's awful! I'm afeared he's killed! O Jerry, open your eyes—open your eyes, Jerry!"

Bruce was almost frantic. In a few moments Jerry opened his eyes, otherwise he did not move.

"Are you hurt much, Jerry?" Bruce asked, again and again. Finally Jerry answered:

"I reckon not."

Then a strange thing happened. Jerry got up on his feet, and stood straight—as straight as he used to stand before he was thrown from the horse; straight like Bruce!

The fall, instead of injuring him anew, had done a wonderful thing for him. It had somehow strained the cords of his back, or jerked them into their normal position, and he was a cripple no longer; weak and faint, but a cripple no longer.

Bruce carried him on his back to the house, where he put him upon the bed, and then went to the relief of the calves.

One of them had scrambled to her feet, and the other lay flat on her side under the cart-tongue. Both were once more in a very meek mood, and Bruce had little difficulty in releasing them and leading them back to the cow-pen.

When their parents came home they were told all about the dreadful event of the day which, strangely enough, had resulted happily instead of fatally.

"So you thought it would be a good joke to break the heifers while your pa and ma were away?" said Effie, laughing. "I should think the joke is on *you*."

But they all rejoiced over Jerry's wonderful cure, which proved permanent. Jerry is now a lithe, strong man.

ARTHUR C. GRISSOM.

AT HUSKING-TIME.

The prying pilot crow persuades
The flock to join in thieving raids;
The sly raccoon with craft inborn
His portion steals—from plenty's horn
His pouch the saucy chipmunk lades
At husking-time.

Independent. —*E. Pauline Johnson.*

For the Companion.

A JINGLE PARTY.

The jingle party furnishes a pleasant variety for an evening's entertainment, and is comparatively new.

Preparations for the party must be made in advance. A week, or better, two weeks, should elapse between the sending out of invitations and the party, and sufficient amusement is furnished to last an entire evening if the company consists of as many as twenty people.

It is arranged in this way: Write on bits of paper the names of your guests, and if an equal number of boys and girls are to take part, write the girls' names on white, the boys' on blue, if you please. Let each prospective guest draw a name from the papers; if convenient, a girl drawing a boy's name, and the reverse.

If this is not practicable, send to each guest, with the invitation, the name of some person for whom a small gift is to be prepared, and to accompany this, a rhyme or series of rhymes, in which either the name of the person or the name of the gift shall have a jingle or rhyme to match it.

One need not necessarily be a great poet, or even a little one, in order to compose some very pretty or amusing jingles. But if it comes to the worst, and you positively cannot make a verse of any length, two lines containing the desired rhyme will meet the requirements of the game.

Consider, however, that if every one invited were hastily to scribble off two lines, when by a little effort he might as well compose a merry series of verses, there would be comparatively little pleasure in the game.

It is not in good taste to make a handsome gift unless an agreement has been made that all shall do so. A trifle of fancy-work, or any little article that has a modicum of usefulness or beauty, may be made or procured. Or if a difficult name is assigned to you, you are warranted in selecting a gift for which a rhyme may be easily found.

The articles should be nicely wrapped up, in boxes if possible, or at least in strong paper, the jingles being enclosed in a sealed envelope and slipped into the outside of the package, both the envelope and the parcel being plainly directed to the person for whom they are intended.

Much ingenuity is sometimes shown in wrapping with bright paper or in fanciful shapes. A small cabbage tied across with a bright scarlet satin ribbon was provided with a bouquet-holder and done up in a florist's box, while a jack-in-the-box in many wrappings of pink tissue was snugly bestowed in a ladies' bonnet-box.

The packages are delivered to the hostess on the evening of the party.

Our little company had a committee of two to receive them, and another committee of two whose duty it was to look over the rhymes as they were sent in, and to read them before the company in the parlor.

It is quite necessary to have them looked over beforehand, in order to make sure that nothing that could possibly give pain or excite ridicule has crept into the jingles.

A large clothes-basket, suitably draped with pink, blue or green cheesecloth or mosquito netting, and tied with a row of sleigh-bells if you can get them, or hung with tiny bells, is provided to receive the gifts.

When the company is assembled in the parlor, some one is seated at the piano to play a lively jingling or sleigh-bell march and the two readers come prancing in with their basket, dancing around the room two or three times, and finally deposit their treasure on a table in the centre of the room.

The readers are usually boys or men, and may be fantastically dressed with cap and bells or in any way that is desired.

The packages are now taken out by the readers in turn, the address read, followed by the rhyme, and then the name of the person for whom they are intended, who comes forward and receives the gift and the jingle. The readers, standing one on each side of the table, take turns in reading, and if they are bright and read well, they furnish a good share of amusement to the company.

As the verses are usually written in a disguised hand, and every possible pains is taken to conceal the writer's identity, much interest is excited in trying to discover the secret of each one's gift.

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For the Companion.

THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

"When a train passes over a great railroad bridge, I wonder how many of the people in the cars give a single serious thought to the way in which the bridge was built, or to the amount of brain-work and other hard labor that went into it."

So said the resident engineer, and his remark set me to meditating and making inquiries.

All at once a small army of men had arrived at New London, Connecticut, and for months they had been busy making a substructure under water, and afterward constructing piers for the longest railroad drawbridge in the world.

First, they sank into the mud at the bottom of the river enormous timber frames called "cribs," each of which was as high as a tall house, and from fifty to seventy feet square. The mud was then scooped out from inside the cribs, and the space filled with piles, which were driven down to the natural bed of gravel and sand, one hundred and thirty feet below the water surface.

After this, the tops of the piles were sawed off smoothly by a peculiar machinery, making a firm and even foundation for the piers far down out of sight.

Now you would naturally suppose that, the foundation being secured, the next step would be to begin the construction of the piers at that point below the water, and continue it upward until they reached the required height; but, on account of the great depth at which the foundation had to be fixed, it would have been impossible to send men down there to work in an ordinary caisson, because they could not be supplied with air from above.

So the engineers, instead of building the piers from below upward, were obliged to build them in a certain sense from above downward. The way they did this was: They floated in the river huge caissons, which were open at the top; and upon the bottom of these caissons the heavy stone work of the piers was laid, one course above another. The gradually increasing weight of this masonry, as it was put in place, caused the caissons to subside slowly, until they rested upon the solid basis of the piles, which, as I have said, had been fixed in place in the river-bed.

This was an entirely new method of making piers. Imagine building a house on a platform suspended by some means in the air, and then letting it come slowly down by its own weight until it settles firmly on the support of the cellar walls. Then you will have a vivid idea as to how these masses of granite were put together, and gradually brought down into position.

Only, instead of being suspended in the air, they were suspended in the water, and the sides of the big caissons were made high enough to keep the water from flowing in upon the workmen who were laying the masonry.

As soon as the piers were anchored in position, and their tops were sufficiently high above water, the wooden caissons that enclosed them were knocked away, and the men continued to lay stone until the piers were finished.

Then appeared a second little army, composed of men whom we may call distinctively the "bridge-builders," because they do that part of the work which forms a roadway, and makes the whole structure a complete and practicable thing.

These men put in place those great iron and steel pieces that, when fitly adjusted and firmly bound together, become the mighty spans which connect one pier with another, and support the track along which the train bears us from shore to shore as lightly as if we were birds.

They "erect" the bridge—to use the technical term; that is, they set up the superstructure, the portion which to us outsiders seems more important than the rest, since it is what we immediately rely upon to enable us to get across the stream.

"Where do the bridge-builders come from?" I asked the resident engineer. He told me in reply that they are a peculiar and interesting body of men, recruited from various parts of the country. Most of them are from the iron districts of Pennsylvania, where they naturally become familiar with all kinds of iron work in the great rolling-mills and machine-shops. Nearly all of them, too, are native Americans.

The work they do requires a larger proportion of skilled men than that of those who make the foundations and "substructure." On the substructure work, to every foreman of stone-masons or skilled mechanic there will be from four to ten unskilled laborers; but among the superstructure men there are much fewer unskilled workers.

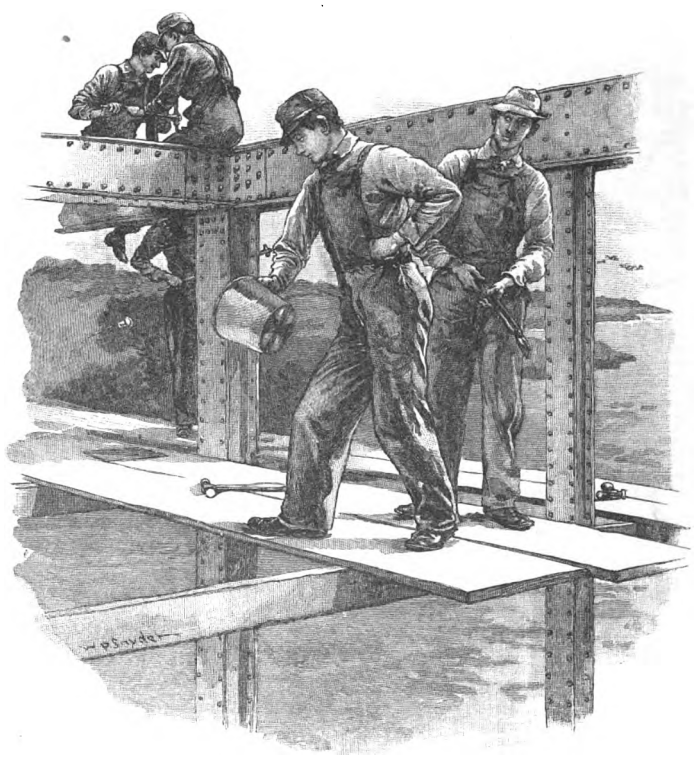
For the most part, these bridge-builders who put the metal work together have gradually made their way into this particular line of employment, and have gained experience in it, which renders their service valuable. Each of them receives from two dollars and a half to three dollars a day in wages.

They take a great deal of pride in their business and in themselves, and have a certain clannish feeling which holds them together, although they are divided up into small groups of about half a dozen, each group attaching itself to a particular foreman. The members of each group follow their foreman from one place to another, engaging in jobs for which he may be hired in various parts of the country, because they understand him and like him, and he knows that he can depend upon them to do their duty.

The manner in which the bridge-building army composed of these little groups is assembled for a particular undertaking is as follows: The contract for the whole construction is given to one of the chief bridge-building companies. Then this company either attends to the matter directly, or sublets the contract to some other firm.

Whoever sets out to execute the contract must go to the foremen and engage them, with their several bands of trained adherents, and so the army is gathered.

If more men are needed for the service, they can be enrolled at the spot where the work is going on, since all that is demanded of them is merely to act as subordinates, who are instructed and controlled by the skilled toilers.



Catching the Rivets.

"These bridge-builders are fine fellows," said the resident engineer. "They are sturdy, healthy and sober. Indeed, they must be so, in order to do their dangerous work."

You would have agreed with him, if you had seen those brave fellows clambering all over the scaffolding of the bridge, and running up and down the open steel-work, as nimbly as squirrels.

First a lot of "false work" or wooden scaffolding is built out from the shore to the first pier, and then to the next, and so on. By means of this the long trusses of steel are set in place, forming the "deck" or floor, on which the tracks are to run. A lofty wooden frame called "the traveller," which moves on wheels along the outer edges of the truss, carries along the big steel posts and diagonals to the spot where they are needed; and there they are swung into place by rope and chain tackle, and riveted, pinned and bolted together.

One day, a man on the top of the traveller made a misstep, went tumbling down through the air, and struck the water, one hundred and twenty feet below. Luckily he fell between two barges, which were moored only six feet apart. Had he hit one of the barges, he would have been crushed to pulp.

A boat put out, to pick up his body; but the crew found him eagerly swimming after his hat, as if that were more important than his life.

He wanted to resume work the next day, but the contractors would not let him. He recovered in a short time.

"It was wonderful good fortune," said the engineer. "Yet the number of fatal accidents is much less than you would think."

Indeed, it seems marvellous that the men should not perish by dozens. At the Rondout Bridge, every day when the hour for their midday dinner arrived, they used to come down the iron work and staging, hanging by their hands and lowering themselves thus, for the whole sheer descent of two hundred feet; and after dinner, would climb up to their perilous perch again in the same daring way, without ladders.

This, too, was in winter, when the thermometer was sometimes below zero. But these hardy toilers are used to daily exposure in all kinds of weather; and extremes of cold and heat seem to have little effect on them, except to make them still tougher.

One of their nicest bits of construction is to fix the "eye-bars" in place; that is, the steel braces binding post to post along the side, which increase the solidity and the sustaining power of the whole structure.

Each bar has an opening or "eye" in the end, where it fits into the post. Ten or twelve of them are laid side by side in the base of the post, which has round openings in the base of its side pieces, corresponding with the holes in the eye-bars.

Now, through these concentric openings a solid metal pin must be driven, which is eight inches in diameter. Each opening is only *one sixty-fourth of an inch* wider than the pin itself. Hence the greatest accuracy must be observed in arranging the eye-bars, and placing the pin so that it will pass through.

The pin is suspended exactly opposite the opening; then a heavy beam of wood is hung opposite the pin, by ropes from above; and lastly the men, swinging the beam forward and backward, end on, use it as a battering-ram to force the pin through. The slightest deviation to one side or the other would frustrate the whole attempt.

But to the casual observer it is still more interesting, and even thrilling, to watch one of the builders who, high up in the intricate yet orderly tangle of steel-work,—like a colossal spider-web transmuted into an indestructible substance,—forges thousands of rivets, to be hammered into the posts.

At one time he will have his forge on the opposite side of the works to that where the riveters are; and then, as he forges each rivet, he will take it in a pair of pincers, and walk with it all the way across to the man who is waiting for it. He will take this walk, each time, on a beam only eight or nine inches wide, with the wind blowing at thirty miles an hour.

Most men would not dare venture that airy promenade, for fear of being blown off, or at least becoming dizzy. Yet this man steps along lightly and easily, although the least error of footing, or a sudden gust of wind, may hurl him down to certain death, in a moment.

At another time he will have his forge considerably below the men who are putting in rivets; and then he will toss up to them the red-hot rivets, which they catch in a pail. The fiery missiles are, in this way, often thrown as high as thirty feet.

The smith does these things for convenience; because convenience and rapidity in performing their task grow to be more important to these men than the occasional risk of life. And so, too, they step into all sorts of dangerous places with seeming unconcern. Often they stand on one foot in positions which it seems impossible to hold with safety, or jump from one spot to another, when climbing would seem a good deal more comfortable.

Or they will run along the top of the chord which holds up the span; then, when they come to the slanting piece at the end, they assume a sitting posture, and slide down the incline, with nothing to keep them from slipping off into the river.

A great deal of the risk which they take is as necessary as that which sailors must face. Occasionally one of them is killed; and then his fellows show the strong sympathy that binds them all together, by refusing to work on the day of his funeral.

But their labor is soon resumed briskly and each one again braves the fate of his lost comrade.

It is a wandering life that the bridge-builders lead; for they must be ready to go to any part of the country or the world where their service is wanted. They seldom see their homes. Most of them are single men; yet their great desire seems to be to get some fixed position connected with a bridge or railroad, and to marry and settle down.

The bridge-builders vanished suddenly from New London, as they had come. Most of them are now employed on the new Merchants' Bridge at St. Louis.

They vanished, but the result of their faithful work remains. They left an immense structure weighing thousands of tons, which yet, as it spans the Thames, looks as light as wicker-work. Ought we not to remember and pay tribute to their fidelity, their industry and their readiness to risk their lives?

There are many other men who are building bridges in the world; bridges of thought, of faith, of brotherhood. Those men, also, pass away; but their work remains.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

For the Companion.

A WILD RIDE.

It was the close of a pleasant day in August, 187–. The evening train from Albany, known as the "Day-Boat Special," stopped at Ballston Spa. The superintendent of the railroad alighted from the train, and stood for a moment watching it, as it sped on toward Saratoga Springs, the next station. He turned his face homeward, thankful that it was Saturday night, and that his busy week's work was ended.

Just then the telegraph operator ran out of the station, and handed him a message. It was from the superintendent of the Hudson River Railroad. It stated that a gentleman had left New York on the six o'clock train, who was very anxious to reach Saratoga Springs without delay, as he desired to obtain an order from a judge who was there in an important lawsuit; that, as it was Saturday, it was necessary to appear before the judge before midnight, and a special train was needed to take the gentleman from Albany to Saratoga, since the regular night train did not reach there until nearly one o'clock in the morning.

The message ended with the words, "Can you do it?"

The superintendent reflected a moment. The Hudson River Railroad train would be due at Albany at a quarter-past ten P. M. That would leave one hour and forty-five minutes for only thirty-eight miles.

Certainly it could be done. He turned back to the telegraph-office, and sent as answer the single word, "Yes."

Then he immediately ordered an engine that was in Saratoga Springs to be got ready; sent another order to the train-despatcher of the road in Troy, telling him what was to be done, and went home to get a heavy coat, for the first drops of a coming shower were already falling.

Returning to the telegraph-office, he watched the orders that were given by the train-despatcher, and saw that every agent and operator on the line between Albany and Saratoga Springs was notified of the special train that was to be run, and of the probable time it would pass each station.

By that time the engine was ready, and had come to Ballston. It stopped for a moment to take the superintendent on board, and then proceeded at a moderate rate to Albany.

There it arrived at about ten o'clock. The light shower which had begun about eight o'clock had become a heavy summer thunder-storm, and by that time had settled into a hard, driving rain, with a strong wind.

Through the midst of this the superintendent ran up to the station of the Hudson River Railroad, and asked the station-master, Mr. Foster, if the six o'clock train from New York was on time.

"Forty minutes late, and losing time," was the reply.

That meant that it would be at least eleven o'clock before it would arrive at Albany. Only one hour to midnight, and thirty-eight miles to go over a crooked road! The superintendent began to be anxious, but still he thought he could manage it, though it would not be pleasant.

He gave up at once the idea of taking a car for his passenger, and decided that he must ride on the engine. This he had brought up to the station yard of the Hudson River Railroad, and arranged details with Mr. Foster so as to save every minute after the New York train should arrive.

This took but a brief time, and then there was nothing to do but wait. Half-past ten came;

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then ten forty-five, and a message arrived from Hudson: "Train is fifty minutes late!"

Eleven o'clock, and no further news. Eleven-five—the superintendent had his watch in his hand, counting every minute, and watching the long bridge that spans the Hudson River at Albany for some sign of the approaching train.

Eleven-ten, eleven-twelve, and then Mr. Foster cried out, "There she is!" The headlight of the train was seen coming over the bridge.

The next minute the train is in the station. Then the question was how to find the passenger who was to be carried to Saratoga Springs. The superintendent ran one way, Mr. Foster another, and in the confusion of the storm and of the alighting passengers from the long train, two or three more precious minutes were lost. Finally Mr. Foster called out, "Here he is!"

The gentleman was pushed upon the engine with scant ceremony, and placed in the fireman's seat. The superintendent took his place in front of him, and nodded to the engineer, and the race against time began.

It was just sixteen minutes past eleven when the engine left the Albany station — forty-four minutes for the thirty-eight miles. This perhaps will not appear anything very difficult for many of my readers, but to those who are familiar with the road, especially as it was then, it will be admitted that it was fast time.

There were then no safety switches in the track, no block signals, not even a light on any switch-stand to tell whether the switch was right or not. The agents and operators at each station showed a white light, to signify that all was right at their stations, but aside from that, the road was in absolute darkness its entire length.

The engine ran moderately through the upper part of the city of Albany, and when once clear of the streets the engineer pulled out the throttle-valve, and off they bounded. The rain poured, the wind blew fiercely, and before them the darkness was so thick that it seemed as if the gleam of the headlight only served to render the darkness more intense.

The superintendent stood with his head and shoulders out of one window, and the engineer with his out of the other; but neither could see more than four or five rods ahead of the engine.

The driving rain beat against their faces, almost blinding them with its fury, while the wind roared so about the engine that any ordinary tone of voice was inaudible, and even the whistle itself could hardly be heard.

In a few minutes the light at West Troy Junction was seen. "It's all right. Go on!" the signal meant. Then the up-grade into Cohoes caused a sensible diminution of speed.

At that time the Mohawk River at Cohoes was spanned by a long wooden bridge, high above the river, and all engineers had instructions to pass over it slowly. So before reaching the bridge the engineer shut off steam, and using his air-brake, reduced the speed of his engine.

A moment more, and they were rolling quietly and smoothly over the bridge. When they were once over it, the throttle-valve was again pulled out, and the engine bounded through Waterford, and down the long grade to the valley beyond.

Nothing was said in the cab as they tore along. The superintendent on one side and the engineer on the other stood steadily watching. The fireman on the footboard occasionally opened the fire-box door and threw in a shovelful of coal, while the passenger sat in his corner, perhaps enjoying the novelty of his experience, perhaps wondering if he should ever reach Saratoga alive.

Now Mechanicsville was passed, and the engine turned to the west, and began climbing the long gradient that the road takes from the valley of the Hudson to the plain upon which Saratoga lies.

Next appeared the light at Round Lake, and the superintendent could not help thinking of the road crossing just beyond the station, where not long before a train had been wrecked in the night by a plank maliciously driven in next to the rail. This had resulted in a serious accident, killing one man and severely injuring several others.

But before he could wonder whether that might perchance be their fate, Round Lake was behind them, and the fatal crossing, too; and he heard the thud of the switches at East Line. No agent there and no light; but the switches were all right, and on they went. Now they neared Ballston, and for the first time since leaving Albany the superintendent drew in his head and looked at his watch. The engine was running with steam shut off on account of the sharp curves at the station.

The watch said eleven fifty-two. Eight minutes left, and seven miles to go! "Let her go, Will!" he shouted to the engineer, and the curves at Ballston being passed, once more the engineer pulled his throttle wide open, and the engine raced toward Saratoga.

Now the bridge over the Kyaderosseras was crossed, a small stream with a long Indian name, that flows into Saratoga Lake, and so on to the Hudson River. Then the turnpike bridge, three miles from Ballston, apparently flew overhead, and the party dashed down the long straight stretch of descending grade that ends at the Saratoga station.

Now the lights of the village appeared, but still the throttle was left wide open, and the engine rushed on with undiminished speed. Not a moment could be spared in running slowly, or the whole effort might be of no avail. Past the freight-house, past the streets, and almost to the station the speed was maintained.

Then a quick shutting off of steam, the air-brake applied, and quietly, promptly the obedient engine stopped just at the entrance of the United States Hotel.

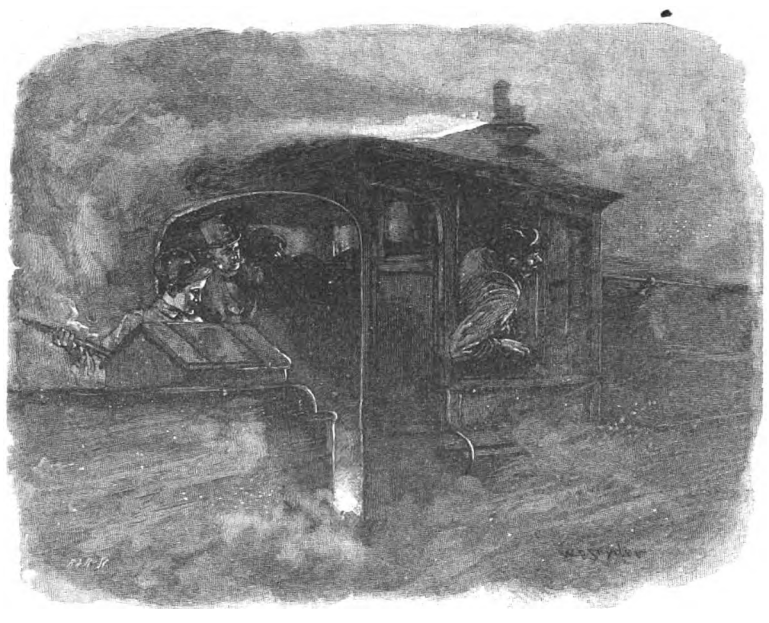
The rain had ceased. The passenger and the superintendent both jumped to the ground, looked at the watch, and found the feat had been accomplished. It still lacked one minute of twelve!

The gentleman was successful in his business, for the judge, inasmuch as he had arrived before midnight, heard him, and granted the order required.

The engineer who drove the engine that night carried a Testament in his pocket then and always. He was even then studying for the ministry, and is now a popular pastor in one of our Northern churches, no doubt doing as thorough work for his Master to-day as he did then for the railroad he served.

The superintendent has grown older since that night, and would probably hesitate now to order an engineer to make such a trip. He certainly would not unless he could go himself, and enjoy another such a wild ride.

THEODORE VOORHEES.



At Full Speed.

For the Companion.

PRINCESSES I HAVE KNOWN.

First Paper.—Margherita of Italy.

I have always thought the title of princess the very prettiest of all titles. Perhaps this came from reading the "Princess," by Tennyson, amongst the very first of my poetical readings, and that delicious creature, "the violet-hooded doctor," remains ever to me a reality, not a vision.

But as I went on in life, I came to understand that there are princesses and princesses; that "the real article," such as I considered it to be,—that is, the daughter of a reigning sovereign,—was in a very small minority as to the large crowd who are called princesses in Russia, Germany, Italy and France.

In these countries "Prince" is a common title, meaning little, and yet having had some reason behind it which gave the wearer a claim to some remote relation to royalty. Moreover, the title is widely diffused by the fact that every prince, even if he has seven sons, gives each son the title of prince; and if there is a prince in the family in Italy, every cousin feels entitled when once out of Italy to call himself prince.

I was destined to be disillusioned of my belief that every princess was as young, as pretty and as learned as Tennyson's violet-hooded doctor by one of my first experiences in Europe, when I was taken to the shop of—we will call her the Princess Punkermunker, to have some dresses made, and to the house of a sausage-seller who was also a princess.

These ladies had been of humble origin, but in marrying some broken-down old gamblers who were the third cousins of a princely house they had gained nothing but the title, which served them as a sign.

But I had my reward before I returned, for I saw the best specimen of a princess in Europe—a real, a beautiful, and a genuine princess, who was destined to be a great queen. This happened in Florence in eighteen sixty-something, when I first saw the Princess Margherita, now Queen of Italy.

She was as pretty a young girl as if she had been born in Boston, or down on Cape Cod—a regular spring beauty, as simple and sweet as a mayflower. The scions of old royal houses are seldom handsome.

This princess had more "blood" in her than any other royal person in Europe. The House of Savoy dates back to the beginning of creation—so its ardent lovers say. Indeed, the names Amadeus, Humbert, Emmanuel are found in the chronicles of 1160 as borne by Dukes of Savoy — always reigning, always princes, finally kings, until one of them leaped from his saddle to the throne of United Italy at the Quirinal, the *Rè Galantuomo*, Victor Emmanuel.

In addition to her Savoy blood, this pretty mayflower girl had a royal descent from Charles I. of England. Just look back through your history, and you will find that the unhappy beheaded monarch, Charles I., Oliver Cromwell's victim, left two daughters. The younger one, named for her beautiful mother, Henrietta Maria, became the wife of Philippe d'Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV. This Duchess of Orleans left two daughters. The elder married Charles II. of Spain; the younger married a Duke of Savoy, and became the ancestress of my lovely first princess.

When, after the Revolution of 1688, the succession to the English crown was settled by act of Parliament, all Catholic claimants were excluded, and thus the House of Savoy was forced to make way for the House of Hanover in finding a new king for England after the House of Orange had become extinct. According to the strict law of inheritance, King Humbert and Queen Margherita would to-day be governing England, instead of Queen Victoria.

However, the pretty Margherita did not care for that when I saw her. She was studying English with a niece of Mr. George P. Marsh, the famous and learned American Minister to Italy—a man who knew as many languages as did Mezzofanti. The light-haired, German-looking Princess Margherita and her friend, the dark-haired Miss Crane, would have looked well as violet-hooded doctors in Tennyson's poem.

The princess had a very noble father, the Duke of Genoa, Victor Emmanuel's favorite brother. He was a brave and accomplished prince, who died young, leaving two children. His wife was a German princess, the sister of the King of Saxony.

The fair-haired Savoy princess was perfect of face except as to her nose. The fairy who brought her all her other gifts brought her too much nose; but as a matron, which she is now, she has grown up to it. She had in girlhood, as now, the most winning smile I ever saw. She had, too, great talents and very remarkable industry, and her governess—Miss Arbessor, an Austrian—was full of praise of the peculiarly gracious and generous character of this queenly girl.

She has always been very sociable in her temperament, and dresses to perfection. As a young princess, she chose for a fancy party the costume of her Stuart ancestress, the Duchess d'Orleans. It was a hunting dress in mouse gray velvet over a long waistcoat of embroidered pink satin. On her head was a large Louis XIV. hat of gray velvet, embroidered with pearls, and heavy with pink and gray ostrich feathers.

She married her own cousin, Humbert of Savoy, then Crown Prince of Italy. The gossips said it was not a love match, but one made for them by



QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY.

reasons of state. If so, the lovely character of the princess and the devotion of Humbert have made of it a marriage of true happiness.

But she had a hard task before her. The Italian Court had become thoroughly disorganized. There was not much social dignity about it. Great social revolutions were pending. The body of the Roman aristocracy looked on these "Savoyards" as interlopers. The Romans were attached to the Pope, whom Victor Emmanuel had displaced as a temporal ruler.

But Margherita triumphed over all obstacles. She had a royal memory,—she never forgot anybody,—and a tact which was born of a good heart. She conversed with every one in his own language. She showed such intelligence and social skill that she is now the most popular person in United Italy; she has a knowledge of the literature of all countries which is surprising. Was I not lucky in my first princess?

I will tell you when I saw her again. Twenty years later I went to Rome, and was presented at the Quirinal, and afterward received an invitation to a court ball. I thought my princess prettier by far than she had been twenty years before, when she was as slender as a pipe-stem. Now my may-flower had developed into a white rose.

She wore a purple velvet robe, with long train embroidered with gold. When I saw her first, she had a white muslin gown with a blue sash tied behind. Now she had grown into a great queen, and her robes were royal. Her purple dress fell over a white satin petticoat, which was covered with old lace at her shoulder, and down her side were blue feathers. This singular contrast of colors proved very pretty.

On her head was a magnificent crown of diamonds, which parted into rays, and was capped by pearls. On her neck was a network of diamonds which covered her like a cape, and high around the throat was a collarette of pearls, clasped by a huge sapphire. At her corsage she wore a spray of diamonds which fell from her neck to her waist like a waterfall. On her arms, which are very beautiful, she had bracelets of turquoises which matched her feathers.

The whole costume, though as splendid as the resources of velvet and lace and jewelry could make it, was still subservient to the woman, for her dress marks, as does every action of her life, the cultivated mind, the exquisite taste, and the lovely equanimity of my "first princess."

It is a magnificent ball-room, that of the Quirinal, and a ball there is one of the sights of the world. The Roman ladies wear all their jewels, and the men are covered with orders. It is all illuminated with electric lights, and there is a raised gallery for the musicians. I thought of Cinderella and the little glass slipper, and felt very shabby as I was conducted through vast and splendid halls hung with tapestries, through avenues of camellas and roses, through groups of the household troops,—gigantic men in brass cuirass and helmet,—through lines of servants in scarlet liveries, with powdered hair; and what a splendid and flashing picture it was, when the court entered the ball-room.

Yes! there was "my princess," leaning on the arm of her husband the King. All rose and courtesied. She made four courtesies, turning to right and left, and then motioned to Count Gianotti, the master of ceremonies, to bring her Baron Kendal, with whom she danced.

It was after dancing became general that I was permitted a little talk with the Queen, and then I felt like Cinderella no longer. I merely forgot myself, and all my foolish self-consciousness, as she spoke of America, of her fondness for Mr. Marsh, of her love of American poetry,—particularly Longfellow's,—of Miss Arbessor, whom I told her I had known. It was one lady entertaining another. Certainly every drop of "good blood" which flows in her veins shows itself, in the modesty, the courtesy, the sweet self-respect, the good temper of the Queen of Italy. I felt again, how bravely she had borne the drudgery of faithful studies, how she had met every enterprise of life from the simplest to the most complex with patience, how faithfully and with what courage she had played her difficult part, and I wished that I might play my humble rôle as well as she plays her great one.

I must tell a story which will illustrate her self control. One Sunday afternoon there was to be a splendid ceremony near the Church of Ara Cœli, where was to be laid the corner-stone of a statue to Victor Emmanuel. There is to be a vast Valhalla of columns and statues, all going up that famous Capitoline Hill which is crowned with the statue of Marcus Aurelius.

It was a sight never to be forgotten to see the Capitol dressed with the flags of all nations. The municipality, obeying a royal command, had decorated the amphitheatre with flowers, green boughs and colors. Steps were curtained off, a tent was arranged, and a scarlet baldaquin bore the words, "To Victor Emmanuel, the Father of His Country."

On each side of the royal tribune stood a column surmounted by the statue of Renown, holding a crown of laurel. On this tribune sat the King and Queen, surrounded by their courtiers and the diplomatic corps, amongst whom I remember the Burmese ambassador, most picturesque in his beautiful Eastern costume.

Following the royal pair was the mother of the Queen, the Duchess of Genoa, the only person in the world to whom the Queen yields the right-hand seat in her carriage. There were also the son of the King and Queen, the Prince of Naples, and the ministers and the dignitaries of the State. The King and Queen seated themselves, and the ambassadors did homage.

Then arose the venerable prime minister, Signor Depretis, who looked like an old Druid. An immense white beard fell to his waist. His long white hair seemed to have been swept by all the tempests which had passed over United Italy. As he rose slowly and essayed to speak, all the clocks began to strike three, and the prodigious bass voice of the clock of the Capitol thundered forth as if Hercules himself had been pounding on the Tarpeian Rock. Even the iron lungs of Signor Depretis were silenced; he could stem the torrent of parliamentary debate, but time was too much for him. The old Druid smiled, and the Queen hid her rosy lips behind her hand.

After an enforced silence of one minute which seemed hours, Depretis began:

"On this historical hill of the Capitol, we recall the words of Victor Emmanuel, those prophetic words, 'I am here, and here I shall remain.'"

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Proceeding he eloquently traced the great traits of the work of restoration upon which Victor Emmanuel had not feared to risk his crown. Then, turning to the King, he said, "Heroism is hereditary in the House of Savoy," and as he recounted the event of the King's visit to Naples during the epidemic of cholera, the great audience rose and cheered. The blue eyes of "my first princess" filled with tears. The King with true royal dignity rose and pressed the hand of Depretis.

The *procès-verbal*, or official minute of the proceedings, was then read, and the King was asked to sign it. The King, the Queen, the Duchess of Genoa, the ministers and the ambassadors affixed their signatures.

Then occurred an accident which made cold chills run down every back.

General Pasi, a superb soldier, stepping forward to reach the hammer, overturned the ink-bottle, and pulled off the tablecloth. Everything rolled upon the floor. He tried to wipe up the ink with his handkerchief, which became a black rag. Everybody laughed—except the Queen!

General Pasi glanced at her, looking as if he would rather have lost a battle.

She did not seem to see it, but chatted with her mother until order was restored. The papers were signed, and put in a tin box. The King, who has a really royal dignity, put himself in the attitude of a mason, and laid the corner-stone. General Pasi had time to recover his dignity, and I was proud of "my first princess."

If she had laughed, I think General Pasi would have fainted, but she knows when to laugh and when not to laugh.

M. E. W. S.

EYES ARE HONEST.

The words of the lips are double and single,
True or false, as we say or sing;
But the words of the eyes as they mix and mingle
Are always saying the same old thing.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

For the Companion.

FRICK WHARTON'S PERIL.

Frick Wharton was an old campaigner on the frontier, who had served his country from the time of the Custer massacre until the spring of 1890. His intimate knowledge of the Northwestern country, and of the Indians and their languages, his perfect horsemanship, his coolness, pluck and readiness of resource made him a most valuable man as either scout or interpreter.

He was fond of the life, and bade fair to spend all his active years in the government's service; but he encountered at last one person who did what no Sioux, Cheyenne or Ogallala was ever able to do—made him a captive.

That person was a certain blue-eyed young woman from the far-away New England hills, who had come West to teach an agency school, and who said "yes" to the most important question the brave scout ever uttered. As a consequence he withdrew from the service, and with his savings, which had reached a respectable sum, bought a ranch in South Dakota, and settled down into the quiet life of a raiser of cattle and tiller of the soil.

Wharton lived happily enough until the recent trouble with the Sioux nation began. He was quick to foresee the serious nature of the danger. He knew the superstitious nature of the Sioux, and their liability to intense and reckless excitement under a religious delusion. The craze over the expected Messiah, the ghost dances, and the frenzied appeals of the medicine men were sure to inflame the young warriors.

If a war was prevented, it would have to be done by men who knew the Indians well, and were not afraid of them.

As the signs of trouble deepened, Frick grew more and more restless. He longed to leap once more into the saddle, and ride to the scene of the trouble. It was to be a battle of wits as well as of arms, for no people surpass the Sioux in subtilty and cunning.

He was sure his services would be welcome, for no one knew these people better than he.

One day he broached the matter abruptly to his wife.

"Jennie," he said, "I've made up my mind to see the government through in this thing."

"I knew it was coming," she said, "and I have wondered why you didn't speak of it before."

"How did you know it was coming?" he asked. "I haven't said a word."

His wife laughed. "Why," she said, "you've been absent-minded, you've had little appetite, you've walked aimlessly about, you haven't slept well, and you've acted as if there was some heavy trouble on your mind. It was as plain as could be what was the matter."

"Well," he asked, "what did you think about it?"

"I thought that if you didn't mention it pretty soon, I should ask you what in the world you meant by not offering your services when your country needed them!"

Frick did not say much, but kissed his wife affectionately, and was prouder than ever of her. He had made no mistake in estimating the sort of stuff she was made of.

Within a few hours Wharton and his wife rode away toward Pierre, where Jennie was left with friends, and Frick set out alone for the Pine Ridge Agency. He intended to offer his services at once to General Miles.

It was a long ride, but he knew every mile of the way. It was also a dangerous ride, for although no open outbreak had as yet taken place, Frick had picked up enough information on the road to enable him to decide that the conflagration was at hand.

On the afternoon of the second day, when the sun was shining in a clear sky and the air was crisp and keen, an Indian horseman rode over a swell of the prairie, and by his course showed his wish to make a closer acquaintance with the scout.

Frick was not in the habit of running away from solitary Indians, so he drew the rein of his pony, and with the animal at a moderate walk, awaited the coming of the warrior, who was in native costume.

Frick kept a sharp eye on him, and held his Winchester ready, but he detected no hostile movement. Presently he was surprised and pleased to recognize the Indian as an Ogallala whom he knew very well, and who, through some queer whim, had received the unexplainable name of Brother-of-his-Father-and-Mother.

Who was responsible for this amazing title it is impossible to say, but since it was too long to be used except on state occasions, Frick had shortened it to "Briff" when he had occasion to call the Indian by name.

Briff had been a friendly Indian for years. He had been Frick's companion on several of his most dangerous scouts. The two had camped together in the dismal gorges and cañons of the Black Hills and Big Horn Mountains. They had faced the awful blizzard in the land of the Assinaboine, and starved, suffered and hunted together until it would seem that the ties of friendship could not have been welded more strongly.

But this was an extraordinary occasion. Wharton knew that many friendly Indians had come under the influence of the prevailing superstition and had joined the ghost-dancers. He shook hands cordially with Briff, but kept a watchful eye upon him.

Briff declared that he was as "good" an Indian as ever, and that he was on his way to Pine Ridge Agency to "help General Miles."

The weather grew colder as the day declined, and when the sun had neared the horizon the horsemen headed toward a wooded ridge, at the base of which they hoped to find shelter against the cutting wind, and fuel for a fire. There was dry grass, too, for their ponies.

They rode on silently. Wharton had not seen another Indian during the day, and was sanguine of reaching the Agency without collision with them. It was his wish to avoid any conflict or skirmish until after reporting at headquarters, for grave consequences sometimes flow at such a juncture from even a trifling collision.



Jim's Warning.

The scout, therefore, uttered an exclamation of surprise when, just before reaching the spot selected for their camp, he saw the gleam of a fire through the trees.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, bringing his pony to a halt. "Some of them are there!"

"What matter?" answered Briff. "They are my people; they will not harm you when I am with you."

Frick was not entirely satisfied, but he had now full faith in his companion, and went on. The two rode side by side until they reached the edge of the wood.

Briff slipped from his pony first, and hurried forward as if to open the way for his friend, who was but a few steps behind him. There were three Ogallalas, and they had noted the horsemen before the latter saw them. They greeted Briff stolidly, and each one as stolidly offered his hand to Frick, as he came forward to the camp-fire where they stood.

It was a proof of Frick's wide acquaintance with the red men that he knew every one of these Ogallalas and accosted them by name, in their own language. Two were young bucks—both striking specimens of their race, finely formed, tall and graceful, and all were well armed.

The third, known among the white people as Jim, was an older Indian. Frick had met him on the reservation several times during his service as scout, and had never known him to be engaged in any trouble. He was taciturn and reserved, like most of his people, and it was evident that he, too, recognized the white man, whom he called by name, and referred to the time when they smoked their pipes together at Pine Ridge Agency.

Jim was the last to take the hand of Frick, who noticed that his behavior was peculiar. He pressed Frick's hand with a warmth not at all like an Indian, and fixing his black eyes on those of Frick, looked searchingly into his face, without speaking.

Exactly what he meant by this curious procedure was more than our friend could guess, but it had the effect to make him watch the two young Ogallalas closely.

They had prepared a joint of venison, of which all partook. The Ogallalas showed no disposition to "turn in" for the night; they mounted soon, and rode to the eastward, and Wharton thought it best to press on toward the Agency. He and Briff, therefore, said good-by formally to their late hosts, and rode southward in the gathering dusk.

Frick had become convinced that the three Ogallalas were hostile, and that when the outbreak came they would be among the fiercest of the warriors.

The young bucks showed suppressed excitement in every movement, and Wharton was sure that nothing but Briff's influence restrained them from pouncing upon him.

Briff had exchanged whispered words with the bucks. Frick had no doubt that these words were in his behalf. But had the Ogallalas disappeared for good when they vanished across the prairie in the gloom?

As the scout and the Indian rode along Briff was silent, communing with himself. When Frick questioned him, he said that he had sought to dissuade Jim and his companions from joining in the hostilities that were soon to break out, but that his good words were thrown away.

Briff showed no disposition to talk further, and Frick did not press him. They rode on in silence.

The weather was still keenly cold, but the ground was free from snow, and the ponies loped forward at an easy gait. The full moon rose. It was obscured now and then by drifting clouds, so that sometimes they saw but a little way, while at other times their view was unobstructed for a considerable distance.

Less than an hour after starting, the observant Frick noticed that his companion, instead of keeping his pony beside his, showed a disposition to fall to the rear. When he first discovered it, Briff was twenty feet behind him.

Frick looked suddenly back and abated his own gait, so as to permit the Indian to draw up again.

"Is your horse tired?" asked Frick.

"I'm afraid so."

"Then we'll go slower."

Briff rode up, and they went side by side again. But as Frick strained his eyes looking at some object in a distant belt of moonlight, he noticed that Briff was again dropping behind.

Without appearing to divert his attention from the distant object, Wharton watched the Indian, and made sure that he was holding in his animal. Frick did the same, and they were side by side again.

Frick said nothing, but just at this moment he caught the sound of horses' hoofs on the prairie to the eastward.

"Those fellows are coming back," he thought, "and there will be trouble."

The noise of the hoofs was heard only for a moment, as though it had been thrown forward by a puff of wind, or an animal had stumbled. Without attracting the attention of the Indian, Frick glanced in the direction whence the sound came, but could see nothing of the horsemen from whom he had parted but a short time before. He said nothing of what he had heard, and Briff held his peace, though he must have noted it.

With a belief that a crisis was at hand, Frick held himself keenly on the alert. He was looking for the new-comers, and for the moment withdrew his attention from Briff, who was on the opposite side of him. A scout, however, never quite loses sight of anything, and he quickly turned to look at his companion.

He was not a moment too soon. Briff had brought his pony to a stop, less than twenty feet distant, and was in the act of levelling his Winchester at Frick. The scout had no time in which to anticipate him in firing; he dropped, therefore, on the other side of his animal, with the quickness of lightning.

The bullet intended for the white man missed him by an inconceivably narrow chance, and almost at the same instant, Briff tumbled headlong from his horse.

The clouds at that moment brushed past the face of the moon, and its light shone out full and clear. Through the gloom, the figure of an Ogallala horseman assumed shape, as he galloped toward Frick. The scout, with his rifle pointed across the saddle of his pony, waited to receive him.

He held his fire, however, for he had already perceived that it was the new-comer's weapon which had brought down Briff in the very act of shooting at his friend.

It was Jim, the Ogallala, who, with a friendly greeting to Frick, made clear the meaning of what had just taken place.

Briff, he said, had become one of the most fanatical of all the ghost-dancers, and his sudden hatred of the white people was intense. When he joined Frick, he undoubtedly meant to kill him at the first opportunity. Well aware of the bravery and skill of the white man, and cowardly at heart as he must have been, Briff had shrunk from acting until he seemed to have Frick quite at his mercy.

When Jim saw the two in company, he read Briff's purpose at a glance. His retention of Frick's hand, and the searching look into his eyes, was meant to warn him of his peril, and to learn if he suspected it.

Briff's whispered words to the two young warriors were really an urgent counsel to them to fall upon the scout and kill him then and there. They would have done so but for the course of Jim, who told them that if they tried it he would join the white man in defending himself. Briff had then declared that he would manage it alone.

Jim knew his intention, and after riding a short distance with the two bucks, he told them to keep on their course, and that he would join them soon. Then he rode back, determined to warn Frick of his danger.

He arrived in the nick of time.

"I fight you when we meet in battle—not like *him*," said Jim, as he wheeled and rode off to rejoin his companions.

Jim did fight after the manner of his people at Wounded Knee, where he was one of the first to go down. Frick was not present at that fierce conflict, but when he learned of his fall, he said

"Some Indians may be devoid of gratitude and honor. Briff was one of that kind, but Jim was not."

EDWARD S. ELLIS.

For the Companion.

ON THE CAROLINA BANKS.

"Bogue Banks" is the name given to the strip, or rather the strips, of land which lie off the coast of North Carolina, and follow its course from Beaufort Inlet toward Wilmington. The banks vary in width from a few hundred yards to two or three miles, but whether wide or narrow, they are nothing but sand-banks.

Along the entire seaboard of North Carolina the main land is separated from the ocean by a narrow fringe of such sand-banks, leaving Currituck, Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds on the land side of them, and forming a frail and insignificant-looking but impassable barrier to the ocean waves. At intervals these banks are perforated by inlets, which form a means of passage from the sound to the ocean.

Since they are composed almost entirely of fine white sand, the surface of these banks is constantly moved and shifted by the winds, and heaped up into conical hillocks called sand dunes, which are from fifty to a hundred feet in height.

Along the ocean side the banks are almost entirely destitute of vegetation, and no sooner does the wind drift the sand into a little hillock than it begins to tear it down and move it elsewhere, or to carve it into fantastic shapes by its ever varying changes of direction.

Sometimes a hill of considerable size seems to move bodily in one direction without a change of shape, and even to overwhelm houses if they happen to be in the way.

The movement is merely one of the surface sand, and if the wind happens to blow for a long time in one direction, the constant movement of loose particles from one side steadily cuts away that side of the hill, only to deposit the material on the lee side of the hill, where the draught is not so strong. This will account for the apparent movement of the whole mass together.

It is a curious sight to stand on a tall dune and see miles of these conical hills of snow-white sand, with the constant thunder of the Atlantic waves on one side, and the placid waters of the sound and its fleet of little fish and oyster-boats on the other.

During heavy gales from the east, the ocean spray is blown entirely across the narrow places, and the waves sometimes bury many acres out of sight for a time, making such places too dangerous for a habitation. A complete system of life-saving stations is in operation during the winter months.

Occasional areas of tall marsh grass, with patches of live oak and palmetto, form the only green coloring to the scene. Droves of wild ponies, called "bankers," subsist on the scanty vegetation. They wade far out into the sound for the marsh grass, and paw holes among the sand-hills to procure fresh water.

Once a year these ponies are corralled by the owners, and the occasion is called a "pony-penning." At such times the young colts are branded, and the surplus stock is carried to the main land for sale.

They are rough and hardy little animals, and need to be broken to the saddle or harness like the wild horses of the Western prairies. When first taken from their native shores, they know no food except marsh grass, and need to be taught to eat in a civilized manner of hay and oats. Sometimes one will almost starve before learning to take strange food out of a manger.

A sparse population of hardy fishermen inhabit these banks, and subsist mainly on fish and game. They are practically cut off from the rest of the world, and seem to know and care nothing for its fashions and follies. They are content to eke out a scanty subsistence with an occasional windfall in the way of a wrecked vessel or the capture of a whale.

Perched on the very top of a tall sand-hill, near Fort Macon, there is a strange-looking hut or wigwam built of rushes or tall grass. Its thatched sides and roof have a queer, foreign look, reminding one strongly of the huts used by the native tribes of Africa.

It is the shelter of the fisherman on the watch for whales, which are frequently seen and captured near Cape Lookout in February and March. From his elevated place the sentinel can overlook all of that great bend of the shore just south of the cape, and if a whale "blows" within ten miles, he hoists a flag to warn the fishing crew at Beaufort, several miles away, and on the opposite side of the sound.

An exciting chase now begins. If there are several boats in the chase, the different crews strain every nerve to be first in the battle.

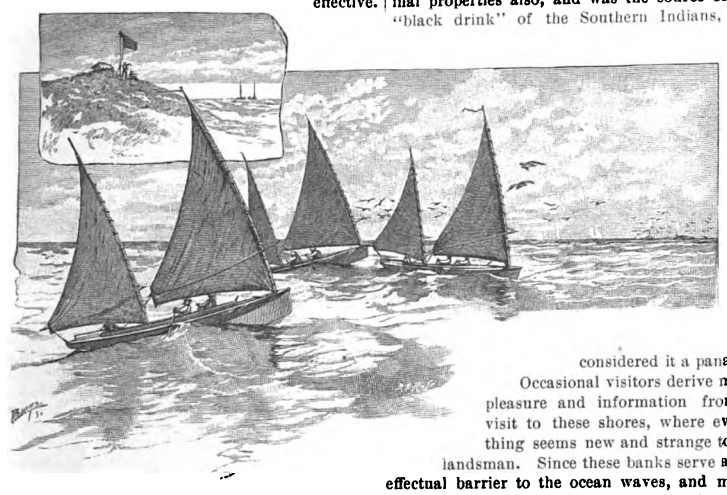
The fishermen here use a peculiar kind of sail boat called a sharpie, which has a flat bottom, a very sharp bow, and an immense centre-board. It spreads a large area of canvas, in triangular sails, on fore and main-mast.

This style of boat is not often seen except on this coast, although it is reputed to sail "closer to the wind" and be faster than any other. The sails are strained very taut and flat by means of a

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peculiar boom across the lower and widest part of the sail, and this will explain, in part, its remarkable sailing qualities.

The equipment of a crew consists of the ordinary harpoons and lances with the addition of the modern bomb-gun. The last named weapon is the main dependence of our whalemen, and is usually very effective.



Fancy a very heavy, short, single-barrel gun with the stock and barrel all of one piece of iron. It is about one and a quarter inches inside the muzzle, and weighs eighty pounds.

The projectile or bomb is made of iron gas-pipe two feet long, and welded into a sharp triangular point at one end. At the other end it is provided with a "feather," made of gum belting in the style of an Indian arrow. The blades of the feather fold or bend down sidewise, when the bomb is placed in the gun to be fired, but will spring out into the proper shape to cause the missile to fly in a straight line with its point foremost.

A short fuse is fixed at the rear end of the bomb, and protected by a coating of beeswax. Only a moderate charge is put in the barrel, but the bomb itself carries a charge of about eight ounces of rifle powder. The explosion of that amount of powder in the body of the largest whale usually kills it instantly.

Our Beaufort fishermen do not hesitate to follow a whale many miles out to sea, for if successful, their reward is great. A good-sized whale is worth from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. The oil and baleen, or commercial whalebone, is carefully saved, but the rest of the carcass is usually allowed to waste.

Large numbers of porpoise are caught near these banks in seines made for the work. They furnish some oil, but are sought for mainly for their hides, which make an excellent leather, very soft, strong and flexible. Much of it is cut into shoe-laces, to which it is specially adapted.

The wooded parts of these banks afford hiding-places for deer, and being not very accessible, the deer are not often hunted. During the winter months the sounds swarm with many varieties of wild fowl. Ducks, brant, geese and swans may be seen in countless flocks. To a sportsman fond of this kind of shooting there is abundant opportunity to test his skill and endurance.

In the summer and autumn months the waters about the different inlets are alive with fish. Here the sport with hook and line is probably better than it is anywhere else on the Atlantic coast.

"Trolling" for bluefish and Spanish mackerel is the favorite method of fishing, and is quite exciting. It does not differ except in minor details from the bluefishing in more northern waters, but is rather more exciting on account of the speed of the boats.

In the more shallow waters of the sounds "bottom fishing" is much practised, both for pleasure and profit. The boat is anchored in three or four fathoms of water, and the fish lines are dropped over the side.

Trout, blackfish, sheepshead, small sharks and many other kinds of fish are thus caught. Ladies and children often derive much pleasure from this style of fishing, and it is a frequent occurrence to haul in three or four fish at once.

In places along the shore are still to be seen mounds and shell-heaps of considerable size. They are supposed to have been made by the various tribes of Indians who frequented that part of the coast before the discovery of America by Columbus, and who probably subsisted mainly on fish. Bits of broken pottery and stone implements leave no room to doubt that these shell-heaps were the work of the aborigines.

It was in the waters of Pamlico Sound, near Ocracoke Inlet, that the famous pirate, Edward Teach, commonly called Blackbeard, had his rendezvous in the year 1713.

Teach was a daring pirate, commanding a ship of forty guns, and spread terror among the inhabitants wherever he went. He was finally captured in an engagement with Lieutenant Maynard in 1719, and his gang was broken up. There is a cove still known as "Teach's Hole," where the more superstitious fisher-folk believe that great treasure is buried. In many places along the banks the Carolina tea, called yaupon, may be seen growing. Its botanical name is *Ilex Cassine*, and it is of the same genus as the mate, or Paraguay tea of South America.

The natives often use the yaupon as a beverage, as a substitute for tea or coffee, and by many it is highly esteemed. It possesses valuable medicinal properties also, and was the source of the "black drink" of the Southern Indians, who considered it a panacea.

Occasional visitors derive much pleasure and information from a visit to these shores, where everything seems new and strange to the landsman. Since these banks serve as an effectual barrier to the ocean waves, and many rivers continue to pour into the sounds their constant streams of water and sediment, it is merely a question of time that the sounds will become more and more shallow, until they will finally appear as marshes of reeds and grass and afterward dry land.

THOS. C. HARRIS.

THE SABBATH.

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet hall;
The seventh the Father opes the door
And holds His feast for all!

Selected. —*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

CANADIAN SCANDALS.

During almost a half of the present year committees of the two Houses of the Canadian Parliament have been engaged in investigating charges of dishonesty brought against men of the highest position in the public affairs of the country.

It has been for many years the practice of Canadian politicians to hurl accusations of corruption and general depravity against their opponents. There is a similar practice in this country. Politicians make charges at random, and, as a matter of fact, rarely expect to be taken as meaning in all seriousness what they say.

So it was in Canada. Accusations have been made so freely, and they have been made so indiscriminately against men who were suspected and men whom no one believed to have been guilty of wrong-doing, that the guilty persons were able to escape inquiry behind the ridicule excited by the false charges.

But at last the charges were made in definite form, and under such circumstances that it became necessary to make an investigation.

As it proceeded new witnesses were found, fresh facts were brought to light, and new lines of inquiry were suggested. Abuses that had been suspected were proved to exist; public men long in service were found to have been fattening on public plunder; the reputations of others were destroyed because, having been in a position to stop the corruption, they had failed so to do; therefore they must be either sharers in the spoils or incompetent officers.

The worst case developed was that of Mr. McGreevy, formerly a Senator of Canada. The Government of Canada has engaged in vast public works which have cost tens of millions of dollars. These works are performed by contract.

Senator McGreevy was shown to have secured for his brother a partnership in a firm of contractors. For the share so obtained no money was paid. Then the Senator used his political influence to secure contracts for this firm. He had access to department secrets, and used them to promote the interests of the contractors; he assisted them corruptly to get lower bidders for works to be performed for the government out of the way; he procured certain changes in contracts which enabled the firm to get much money for little work.

For these services he received large sums of money from the favored contractors. All this was proved, and Mr. McGreevy virtually confessed his guilt by fleeing from the country. He committed the frauds as Senator, but resigned his Senatorship upon the last election, and ran for the Commons, to which he was elected.

It was inevitable that the suspicion of complicity in these irregularities should attach also to Sir Hector Langevin, through whose official negligence all these misdoings became possible. McGreevy and Sir Hector were bosom friends, and the Senator had not only entertained the Minister at his house, but had paid large amounts for Sir Hector's political expenses.

While the committee was not agreed upon the question of Sir Hector's guilt, and while a majority, all his own political friends, exonerated him, the fact that such wholesale plunder of the Treasury had been going on before his face destroyed his usefulness in public life, and he resigned from the Cabinet.

Sir Hector is, nevertheless, one of the oldest politicians in Canada, has been in public affairs for a generation, and was the leader of that branch of the Conservative party composed of French-Canadians.

This is but one of many scandals that were brought to light, although it is one of the worst. Great abuses were discovered in several of the departments, and many old officials were summarily dismissed.

There were other charges that still remain to be investigated. One such accusation hangs over the head of the Premier of Quebec, M. Mercier, and another over that of the Postmaster-General of the Dominion.

Of course a vast majority of the officials of Canada, high and low, are honest and untouched by the breath of scandal. It is due to them that the evil-doers are expelled from the places they have disgraced. It is to the credit of the people of Canada that the revelations of the past few months have excited deeply their indignation, and that they are resolved that the public service shall be purged.

For the Companion.

A REASSURANCE.

With what anxious eyes, oh sparrow,
Thou regardest me,
Underneath yon spray of yarrow,
Dipping cautiously.
Fear me not, oh little sparrow,
Bathe, and never fear,
For to me both pool and yarrow
And thyself are dear.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

In April, 1890, an Act of Congress was passed providing for a World's Fair in Chicago, to commemorate Columbus's discovery of America. New York, St. Louis and Washington had each put forth a claim to the Fair, but after a sharp struggle the honor was awarded to Chicago.

Originally it was intended to open the Fair on October 12, 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery; but the time was too short for the necessary preparation. Accordingly the buildings will be dedicated with imposing ceremonies on the day of commemoration, while the Fair itself will not be opened until May 1, 1893.

The Chicago World's Fair will have twelve main buildings, in the general style of those in the Paris Exhibition of 1889. They will be erected in Jackson Park, an open area of six hundred and forty-six acres lying along the shore of Lake Michigan.

Nine of the buildings are already under construction, and three thousand workmen are employed upon them.

Though these twelve buildings will contain the greater part of the exhibits, there will be many smaller buildings erected later on for special exhibits, besides an enormous lake pier and a great imitation battleship, to be built of brick. The reason for adopting this very unusual material in marine architecture is that an existing treaty with England forbids the floating of warships in the Lakes.

A World's Fair occasions enormous expenditure of money at the start, and rarely, if ever, wholly repays the outlay in a direct form.

In asking Congress for the Fair, Chicago pledged itself to raise ten million dollars. Half of this sum the city is to raise by issuing bonds; the other half has been subscribed by private citizens, and the greater part of the money is already paid in.

This amount by no means represents the full cost of the Fair. The States of the Union, and the foreign nations, most of whom are preparing special exhibits, will be put to heavy expense to arrange their own part of the exhibition. Many, if not all of them, will erect State buildings, and exhibit the distinguishing products of the soil.

Already the legislatures of the States have appropriated over two million seven hundred thousand dollars, and this will probably be largely increased before the opening. About three million four hundred thousand dollars has been appropriated by foreign governments for the same purpose, and this will be more than doubled.

The management of the "Columbian Exposition," as it is officially called, is distributed in a somewhat novel way.

The detail management is in the hands of the director-general and a board of directors chosen from Chicago's citizens. Questions of general scope come before the "World's Columbian Commission," made up of commissioners from the various States, appointed under the Act of Congress.

In addition to these, there is a "Board of Lady Managers," comprising two women from each State of the Union, with eight more chosen at large, and nine from the city of Chicago.

The dedication of the Fair, on October 12, 1892, will be made the occasion of elaborate ceremonies, lasting four days, participated in by the President, the Cabinet, the State governors, and a detachment of the United States army. It is the purpose of the managers to make this Fair peculiarly an exhibition of the recent industrial progress and growth of the United States, especially in the interior States, of which most foreigners know so little.

CONTROLLING THE FLOODGATES.

A little girl of eight years sat perched upon a high mantel. Traces of tears were on her flushed cheeks, her hands were clinched, her under lip was fiercely bitten. Her little form quivered with suppressed emotion.

"Good, my daughter! Are the tears quite conquered?" A gentleman, of whom the child was a miniature edition, rose from his writing-table, took her in his arms, kissed her, placed her on the floor, and held the door open for her to pass, as respectfully as if she were a little princess.

"Poor baby," he remarked to the caller who had looked on with astonishment. "She has her father's own temper, but she is braver than I was, and will learn self-control far sooner. When she was very small I used to put her up there to keep her from kicking, breaking and tearing. It became a regular place of durance, and later, as to-day, she comes to it of her own accord. It seems to be the only ark that can bear her above the floods."

"Ah," returned the caller, "if I had only been taught in childhood to restrain my tears, there would be fewer lines in my face to-day. In those times, girls were encouraged to weep.

"As Rochefoucauld says, we sometimes wept to avoid the disgrace of not weeping. But it was all wrong. We ought to have been treated like our brothers who were called cowards and cry-babies, and shamed into self-control."

Dorothea Dix once wrote to a friend that she was so early taught to shed tears that "Now, when sudden joy lights up, or unexpected sorrow strikes my heart, I find it difficult to repress the full and swelling tide of feeling. Even now, though alone and with no very exciting cause of grief or joy, I am paying my watery tribute to the genius of Letitia Landon."

Perhaps it was over the woes of that very heroine upon whose bosom "great drops had fallen like rain," and yet whose sorrows consisted merely in the knowledge of her own changefulness.

Did the lovely heroine, and did the noble-minded Miss Dix go to their mirrors after such dissipations in tears? Did they think how bloodshot were their eyes, how swollen their noses, how hot their foreheads, how weakened their brains?

Ladies in novels may be able to weep without those unbecoming results, but flesh and blood heroines cannot. Dewy eyelashes sound better than they look.

The White Queen in the Chess Country gave some very good advice to Alice, when she said, "Consider what a great girl you are; consider what a long way you have come; consider what o'clock it is; consider anything, only don't cry."

"IN DEBT."

A man who attempted to raise some money on a subscription paper for a necessary church out West relates his experience thus:

"The first man I went to said he was very sorry, but the fact was he was so involved in his business that he couldn't give anything. Very sorry, but a man in debt as he was owed his first duty to his creditors.

"He was smoking an expensive cigar, and before I left his store he bought of a peddler who came in a pair of expensive Rocky Mountain cuff buttons.

"The next man I went to was a young clerk in a banking establishment. He read the paper over, acknowledged that the church was needed, but said he was owing for his board, was badly in debt, and did not see how he could give anything.

"That afternoon, as I went by the base-ball grounds, I saw this young man pay fifty cents at the entrance to go in, and saw him mount the grand stand where special seats were sold for a quarter of a dollar.

"The third man to whom I presented the paper was a farmer living near the town. He also was sorry, but times were hard, his crops had been a partial failure, the mortgage on his farm was a heavy load, the interest was coming due, and he really could not see his way clear to give to the church, although it was just what the new town needed.

"A week from that time I saw that same farmer drive into town with his entire family, and go to the circus, afternoon and night, at an expense of at least four dollars.

"The Bible says, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' but it also says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' And I really could not help thinking that the devil could use that old excuse, 'in debt,' to splendid advantage, especially when he had a selfish man to help him."

NAPOLEON'S REMEMBRANCE.

Madame Junot, in her "Memoirs of Napoleon," relates many interesting and amusing anecdotes of the Emperor's youth. He was, as a lad, quick-tempered, sensitive, and somewhat vain of his personal appearance, but possessed sufficient good judgment to control his temper upon occasion, and to give no evidence of injured vanity.

"I well recollect," writes Madame Junot, "that on the day when he first put on his uniform, he was as vain as young men usually are on such an occasion. There was one part of his dress which had a very droll appearance—that was his boots.

"They were so high and wide that his little slim legs seemed buried in their amplitude. Young people are always ready to observe anything ridiculous, and as soon as my sister and I saw Napoleon enter the drawing-room we could not restrain our laughter.

"At that early age, as well as in after life, Napoleon could not relish a joke, and when he

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found himself the object of merriment, he was certain to become angry.

"My sister, who was some years older than I, said that since he wore a sword he ought to be gallant to ladies, and instead of being angry, should be happy that they joked with him.

"'You are nothing but a child—a little *pensionnaire*!' said Napoleon, in a tone of contempt.

"Cecile, who was then twelve or thirteen years of age, was highly indignant at being called a child, and she hastily resented the affront by replying to Bonaparte, 'And you are nothing but a *puss in boots*!'

"This excited a general laugh among all present, except Napoleon, whose rage I will not attempt to describe. Though not much accustomed to society, he had too much tact not to perceive that he ought to be silent when personalities were introduced, and his adversary was a child.

"Though deeply mortified at the unfortunate nickname which my sister had given him, yet he affected to forget it, and to prove that he cherished no malice on the subject, he had a little toy made, and gave it to me. This toy consisted of a cat in boots, and in the character of a footman running before a carriage. It was very well made, and must have been rather expensive to him considering his straitened circumstances.

"He brought along with it a pretty little edition of the popular tale 'Puss in Boots,' which he presented to my sister, begging her to keep it as a token of his remembrance."

LINCOLN'S GOOD SENSE.

When Abraham Lincoln found an opponent too prejudiced to listen to solid argument he would often dismiss the subject with a bit of humor, thus gaining the good will if not the convictions of his adversary.

On one occasion, having been discussing the condition of the South with a large levee contractor from New Orleans, and having found the gentleman wholly unreasonable, Lincoln remarked that it would be useless to prolong the conversation.

"You are right," angrily responded the other; "there can never be a single point in common between us."

"Oh yes, there can," answered the President, "for you know that I occasionally hold a levee to promote sociability while you build them to promote commerce."

While Lincoln was practising law in Springfield, Illinois, there came to him one day a young farmer who desired to study for the bar.

The applicant was not only totally unfit for the profession, but also sadly needed at home to take care of his widowed mother and her little family. After giving a long list of his qualifications the would-be lawyer said:

"And now, Mr. Lincoln, do you not think that the law is the vocation for which I am specially fitted?"

"Young man," replied the attorney, "the vocation in which you are at present engaged, is searching for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, but the one for which you should try to fit yourself is the care and maintenance of your aged mother."

The earnest manner in which Lincoln spoke made a deep impression on his hearer, who never again gave his mother reason to think that he was selfish or lacking in filial duty.

WORK AND WAGES.

At the recent meeting of the learned British Association there was a discussion of the difference in the wages of men and women doing the same work. The conclusion seemed to be that there is no great difference, after all, and therefore not much to discuss.

The same matter is debated now and then in this country. All right-thinking people will agree that a woman is entitled to the pay which a man would receive for the same work, equally well done.

Nevertheless, this does not mean that Alice Jones, who is a clerk in Rupert & Co.'s dry goods store, and who stands at the counter beside James Stark, should have the same weekly wages as he. It is the universal custom to put more work and heavier upon the men, and usually the greater responsibility is laid on them.

Moreover, it is a matter of common experience that men are less frequently compelled by illness to be absent from their work, and their power of endurance is, in general, greater.

This is not all, for while it takes one man to marry one woman, the man usually continues at his employment after marriage, while the woman does not. It follows that a man, being more likely to stay and to learn the ins and outs of trade, is worth more to an employer than a woman who may marry and leave him at any time.

It follows also that in any employment where men and women are at work together, the average experience of the men is the greater.

These facts do not excuse unfairness in giving wages to men and women, but they do explain away some things that seem unfair, and that turn out not to be so.

SATISFACTION.

A little affair in which Incledon, the once famous singer, was involved, shows that there is more than one way of settling what is called an "affair of honor."

Incledon had never fought a duel, and he never intended to fight one, but he was an unsophisticated man, and said and did a great many queer things out of sheer simplicity.

On one occasion some remarks of his gave offence to a man with whom the singer happened to fall into company, and the offended gentleman resolved to have "satisfaction" for his wrongs. Accordingly he hunted up Incledon the next afternoon, finding him at dinner in a noted hotel.

"Mr. Incledon," said the waiter, "a gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

"Show him up, then," said the singer.

"Sir," said the visitor, entering the room in a towering passion, "you have been making free with my name in a very improper manner, and I've come to demand satisfaction!"

After some parleying, Incledon rose, and striking a graceful attitude in the centre of the room began to sing "Black-eyed Susan," in his most delightful style. When he had finished the song, he said, coolly:

"There, sir, that has given complete satisfaction to several thousand people, and if you want anything more, I've only to say you're the most unreasonable fellow I ever met!"

Large Prizes for Serial Stories.

The Publishers of "The Companion" offer four magnificent prizes for the Best Serial Stories to be written expressly for "The Companion."

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The competition will be governed by rules, to which all who enter it must conform.

For the terms of the competition send your name and address and a two-cent stamp, to

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

TRANSFERRING A BIRTHDAY.

This is an age of ingenious contrivance, yet it has remained for Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson to surpass his contemporaries in original invention. Only his astonishingly fertile mind could probably have hit upon the project of transferring a birthday from one person to another. He has decided upon the sacrifice of his own natal day, and solemnly sets forth his intentions in writing. The document, ruthlessly shortened, runs thus:

I, Robert Louis Stevenson, advocate of the Scots bar, author of the "Master of Ballantrae," etc., being in sound mind and pretty well I thank you in body:

In consideration that Miss A. H. Ide, in the town of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, U. S. A., was born out of all reason upon Christmas Day, and is therefore denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday:

And considering that I, Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained an age when Oh, we never mention it, and that I have no further use for a birthday of any description:

Have transferred and do hereby transfer to the said A. H. Ide all and whole my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now hereby and henceforth the birthday of the said A. H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meat, and receipt of gifts, compliments and copies of verse according to the manner of our ancestors:

And I direct the said A. H. Ide to add to the name of A. H. Ide the name Louisa—at least in private; and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner ever since I can remember.

And in case the said A. H. Ide shall neglect or contravene either of the above conditions, I hereby revoke the donation, and transfer my rights in the said birthday to the President of the United States of America.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Almost every day photography presents some fresh achievement to show that it is an art whose development has, in many respects, but just begun. This is especially true of the services which photography is able to render to science. It is continually widening our knowledge of the universe beyond the earth. Telescopes alone, no matter how large and powerful they might be, would, probably, never have revealed the crowding multitudes of new stars, and the strange wisps, rings and spirals of nebulous matter that have been photographed in the heavens.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain some photographs were exhibited which clearly brought out the importance of such additions to knowledge.

Some of these photographs prove that the Milky Way really extends right across spaces which, to the eye, seem bare of stars.

Every one has read of the "Coal sack," an apparently barren spot or hole in the Milky Way, visible in the Southern Hemisphere, and so evident to the naked eye that it catches the attention at once, and ranks among the celestial wonders of the South.

But a photograph of the "Coal sack" lately made at the Sydney Observatory, in New South Wales, shows it all sprinkled over with faint stars, so that, as has been remarked, "At first sight of the photograph you wonder where the Coal sack is."

After the camera has been applied to search all the depths and corners of space we may have a very different idea of the structure of the universe from any that is now entertained.

THE WRONG INFERENCE.

An anecdote told in the *North American* illustrates that a woman does not always draw the right inference, though, as Dryden says, she "can draw you to her with a single hair."

Doctor Thompson, Archbishop of York, who recently died, suffered, while Bishop of Glouces-ter, from toothache, and resorted to narcotics to relieve the pain. One morning, after a night of suffering, he left the house to consult the doctor. Mrs. Thompson begged him not to allow the physician to persuade him to take a narcotic, as it affected his brain for some hours afterward.

On his way the bishop met the postman, who handed him a large official envelope. He opened it in the street and read, to his surprise and gratification, his appointment to the see of York. He hurried back to communicate to his wife the exciting news.

"Zoe! Zoe!" he exclaimed. "What do you think has happened? I am Archbishop of York."

"There! there!" she rejoined. "What did I tell you? You've been taking that horrid narcotic again, and are quite out of your head!"

Did you see the wonderful music offers on page 563 of COMPANION, October 22d? Look them up. [*Adv.*

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Effective, refined, easy to prepare, inexpensive. Child characters all dressed in Tissue Paper. They are
The Floral Rainbow (for 42 Boys and Girls),
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"Say, if you've got your dishes done,
I wish you'd jest look here;
Do they print this sort of stuff for fun?
Or is its meanin' clear?"

A good Soup lends satisfaction to the **remainder of a dinner.**

Cowdrey's Soups

Are delicious, appetizing, nourishing. As they are fully prepared for immediate use, requiring only to be heated before serving, they save much time and anxious toil.



Tomato, Mock Turtle, Ox Tail, Consommé, **Julienne,** Printainer, Macaroni, Vermicelli, Soup and Bouilli, Vegetable, Beef, Pea, Okra, Mutton Broth, Clam Broth, Chicken, Mulligatawny, Purée of Game, Green Turtle, Terrapin.

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Christmas comes but once a year,
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Our cards and booklet packets have become a necessity in thousands of families at Christmas time.
We will send the **first six packages for $3.25, post-paid,** or the complete set of **nine packages for $5.40, post-paid.** Satisfaction guaranteed.

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No. 2.—For 50 Cents, and 4 Cents for Postage, 10 large and finer Cards from the above publishers, together with **a shaped** monotint Booklet.

No. 3.—For $1.00, and 6 Cents for Postage, a choice selection of **25** Beautiful Cards, of **L. Prang & Co.'s, also a** handsome Souvenir Booklet.

No. 4.—For $1.00, and 8 Cents for Postage, a selection of **10** of our largest and finest Cards, together with a Santa Claus Letter, illustrated, and a folding **Calendar** for **1892.**

No. 5.—For 25 Cents, and 2 Cents for Postage, 10 Prang's, Tuck's, Ward's, and other beautiful cards.

No. 6.—For 50 Cents, and 4 Cents for Postage, 5 Christmas Booklets, including one shaped Booklet, cut in form of an animal.

No. 7.—For $1.00, and 8 Cents for Postage. 7 handsome Souvenir Booklets, together with a colored Picture Book by Marcus Ward & Co.

No. 8.—BIRTHDAY PACKET. For 50 Cents, 17 Fine Cards of Prang's and others.

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FOR TEACHERS, 50 Prang's, and other beautiful cards, no two alike, for **$1.00,** and **8** cents for Postage. Better assortment **$2.00,** and **10** cents for Postage. A very choice selection, **$3.00,** and **20** cents for Postage. And for **50** cents, and **4** cents for Postage, 25 cards, no two alike.

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SPECIAL OFFER. On orders of $10 and over we will prepay freight charges to nearest railroad station. Club your orders with friends and take advantage of this. Agents and Dealers should correspond with us.

ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS. For $1.75 we send a copper plate, finely engraved, with 50 cards. Estimates furnished for Wedding and Class-day Invitations. Street Dies, Crests, and Stamping. Samples free on application. All the work is done on our premises. We employ only the best workman and use the finest cards. We Guarantee satisfaction.

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If Santa Claus

Will but glance through our new MAMMOTH PREMIUM LIST, the usual vexations which have attended his efforts to fill

Christmas Stockings

will be an experience of the past.

This Premium List has been ENLARGED, and is CROWDED with SPECIALTIES for HOLIDAY GIFTS. It is of no use to even attempt a description. Our space is too limited. Look the Premium List through. You will be sure to find a host of articles that would make the hearts of both little and big folks beat with delight.



Goods can be sent safely to any part of the country, either by mail or express. Show our Premium List to your friends. Several orders can be packed together in one bundle and sent by express at one-half the usual mail charges.

Please send your Christmas orders EARLY, before the Holiday rush begins.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

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SUGGESTIONS.

YOUR STATE.

What are the chief agricultural products of your State?
Has it mineral wealth?
What manufacturing industries are carried on?
What colleges, seminaries and academies has it?
What is the condition of its public schools?
Has industrial education been anywhere introduced?
What noted men and women were born in your State?

For the Companion.

MORNING ON MARGUERITE.

O wild and sweet the sea-wind sings
This morn round tawny Marguerite!
The sea leaps up, and bowing, flings
A million foam-flowers at her feet;
The sun on her mysterious hills,
And slumberous forests, lays his heat,
And glory as of Eden fills
The hundred vales of Marguerite!

The gracious skies bestow their balm
On her, the ocean streams their wine;
Their grace and health are in her palm,
Their strength and fire are in her vine.
And all her year-long summer through
Her vales shed fruits and nectared sweet
To argosies that haunt the blue
That circles tropic Marguerite.

The dusky streams rush into light
From out her columned, dim arcades,
Where they have lingered all the night,
And dreamed beneath enchanted shades;
Deep in the glens a songster wakes,
And pipes a carol wild and fleet,
Whereat an answering chorus shakes
The haunted glades of Marguerite.

On coast and slope her cities gleam,
That dark, umbrageous palms embay,—
Abodes of fairyland they seem,
And indestructible as they;
The hoary convent's walls are hung
Aloft, where sky and mountain meet,
And hark! their mystic, solemn tongue
Speaks through the shades of Marguerite!

It rings to prayer for hapless souls
Entangled in Circean snares,
Through whose enchantment rarely rolls
The call of Heaven to nobler cares.
Blindly they troop among the graves,
With chains of roses round their feet,
And live or die enamored slaves
In glorious, deadly Marguerite.

O. C. AURINGER.

For the Companion.

TWO MEN.

A singular story was brought to light a few years ago at the death of a noted capitalist in one of our Southern States.

This man had been for thirty years the head of a large banking interest, and was honored for his strict integrity; he was prominent in the charitable and humane societies of the city in which he lived; he was the leading member of a church, to which he gave liberally; in social life also he held high position, and no company of the notables of the city was complete without him.

Not an accusation had ever been brought against his morality or honor. Yet men of keen perception and all women doubted him; there was something unwholesome in the atmosphere about him; his eye evaded and shrank from the eye of an honest man.

When he died, it was discovered that he had for many years secretly defrauded his partners, and in an obscure part of the city had led a vile, immoral life.

A companion picture to this true history is that of a man, who at eighteen was sentenced to prison for grand larceny for a long term of years.

Upon the terrible despair which at first overwhelmed him there dawned a hope—feeble and uncertain, but still a hope. He should come out of that prison some day. He should be a man past middle age, but he should come out. He should be free, a man among men, and he could then live a new life, serving the God Whom he had first learned to know in a prison cell.

The confinement was solitary in this prison. He was taught the trade of a weaver. All day long, month after month, year after year, he worked at his little loom, making the blue fabric in which the convicts were clothed, and thinking of this hope.

He rarely saw any man but his keeper; there was no way for him to practise the honesty, the kindness and the love which he hoped to show some day to his fellow-men. He could only hope and pray.

He aged rapidly in these years. When the time came for his discharge he was a bent, white-haired old man. But in his long solitude, he had come very near to his God, and he went out from the abode of crime with a manly bearing, and a face marked by a life of noble thought and high purpose.

He was always an obscure, poor man. He made no boast of his religion; but real goodness is not easily hidden, and no one came near him who was not made better and happier for contact with him.

The one man who zealously made pure and lustrous the outward parts of his life, wholly forgot to look to the heart inside. The other, held down to evil and debasing surroundings for many years, tried only to make his soul fit for God's eye.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence," says the great preacher of all ages, "for out of it"—not out of our circumstances—"are the issues of life."

We may be pure and true in spite of the most unfavorable surroundings, or we may play the hypocrite in the very face of the Divine mercy.

OPPOSITION.

There is a natural desire on the part of some great and powerful men to be opposed or crossed occasionally. Ordinarily men of this sort insist upon having their own way, but instances are not lacking in which persons who have opposed them with some violence have seemed to excite their admiration and win their gratitude. Two cases of this sort, one occurring in the career of the great Napoleon, and one an incident of a recent voyage of a living monarch, are interesting.

The memoirs of General Marbot upon the first French Empire, recently published, relate that, on the occasion of a very formal distribution of rewards made by Napoleon before Ratisbon, an old grenadier came forward and demanded somewhat sharply, to the astonishment of all, a cross of the Legion of Honor.

"But what have you done?" said Napoleon.

"Why, sire," said the soldier, "it was I who, in the desert of Jaffa, when it was terribly hot, and you were parched with thirst, brought you a watermelon."

"Thank you," said Napoleon, "but a watermelon for a general is not worth a cross of the Legion of Honor."

The grenadier flew into a violent rage.

"Well, then," he shouted, "I suppose that the seven wounds that I got at Arcola and at Lodi and at Austerlitz and at Friedland go for nothing, eh? My eleven campaigns in Italy, in Egypt, in Austria, in Prussia, and in Poland you don't count, I suppose?"

"Tut, tut, tut!" exclaimed the Emperor. "How you do get excited when you come to the essential point of the whole matter! I make you now a chevalier of the Legion for your wounds and your campaigns; but don't tell me any more about your watermelon!"

A similar outburst from a general would have won dismissal and disgrace, but the Emperor was pleased with it when it came from a simple soldier.

The young Emperor of Germany is the hero of the other incident. The German papers relate that, during his visit to Helgoland, the Emperor, wishing to study the fortifications of the island, expressed an intention to make an ascent in a balloon which is kept for the purpose.

Against this project the Emperor's brother and other officers protested, alleging that the Emperor should not risk his personal safety in a balloon—even a captive one.

The Emperor persisted, when General von Hahnke placed himself bodily in his sovereign's way, blocking the path, and at the same time declaring that a law of Prussia forbade the King to risk his person unnecessarily, or to "travel outside of Europe" without the permission of the upper branch of the Prussian legislature. The Emperor would violate this law, he declared, if he ascended in the balloon.

The Emperor, who has the reputation of being a very headstrong man, stood still a moment, while the officers about looked on in wonder at the spectacle of a subject opposing physical force to the monarch's will.

Then the Emperor embraced General von Hahnke, assured him that he was entirely right, and afterward presented him with the grand cross of the Order of the House of Hohenzollern.

WONDERS OF CRYSTALS.

One of the greatest mysteries in the world is the growth of crystals, and one of the most delightful occupations in the world is the search for some of the crystalline forms that adorn the museums of geology and mineralogy. There is something almost startling in the suggestion of life-like forces presented by the regular shapes of many crystals. A *Companion* contributor recalls with a thrill of interest the summer afternoon when he found the first native specimen he had ever picked up.

It was a large crystal of troostite,—a mineral containing zinc and manganese,—and as the breaking of the containing rock revealed one of its pointed ends, and the beautifully formed angles of its long, flesh-colored sides, it seemed almost a living thing suddenly released from imprisonment.

The resemblance between crystalline growth and the growth of animals and plants is especially striking in regard to the power of healing and repairing injuries. This resemblance was dwelt upon by Professor Judd in a lecture before the Royal Institution in London last winter.

If some of the lowest and simplest animals are torn asunder, they are not killed, but each separate part grows into a perfect animal. In plants this power is much more completely developed, while crystals possess it to a remarkable degree. It has even been shown that a crystal which has been injured will, under certain circumstances, suspend its growth over the remainder of its surface until the injured part has been repaired. Yet there is no real life in the crystal, but simply a force which causes its particles to arrange themselves in geometrical forms.

Some crystals, it is believed, have had their growth suspended during millions of years, after which enormous lapse of time the growth has been renewed. Such a process would be impossible to animals and plants, although some imaginative story-writers have treated their readers to wonderful accounts of suspended animation in man.

In one respect, as Professor Judd has pointed out, crystals possess a great advantage over living beings like ourselves—they are able to renew their youth! This is not because they have discovered a counterpart of the marvellous fountain that Ponce de Leon so vainly searched for, but because the forces of crystallization are able to renew their action even after the greater part of a crystal has been destroyed through age or accident.

LION-SHOOTING.

Every hunter of ferocious wild beasts knows what Job meant when he exclaimed, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Gerard, the famous lion-killer, was one dark night waiting at the ford of a brook in Algiers, at a spot where a certain black lion usually crossed to get his weekly supply of beef from the Arabs' cattle, corralled on the plain. The hunter sat on a stone that overlooked the steep sides of the ford, bracing his feet on a root which curved out of the bank.

Suddenly, from the other side of the brook, half a mile up the hill, he heard the heavy moaning that precedes the lion's roar, and then his full-toned voice belched forth its detonations.

In a few minutes, opposite to where he was sitting, came a sigh and a long moan. He looked and saw the eyes of the lion, like two burning coals, fastened on him. They disappeared, and he heard the lion splashing in the water. Then he saw the eyes again, glowing at him six paces distant.

Taking aim as accurately as the darkness would permit, he pulled the trigger of his rifle, and the flash revealed the lion struggling in the water. Gerard withdrew his foot from the root, and stood ready to fire the second barrel; but he could see and hear nothing except the swirl of the brook and the flashes of its foam. Unwilling to explore such a region of shadows, with a wounded lion waiting somewhere in it, he returned to the Arabs' camp.

The next morning, on going to the spot of his night adventure, the first thing he saw was the root on which he had braced his feet cut in two by the lion's teeth, and the bank beneath furrowed by his claws. At the edge of the brook a small piece of bone was found. The ball had broken the lion's shoulder, but not a trace of him could be found that day.

The next day the Arabs found him on the side of the mountain. He charged them, and would have made short work of men and horses had he not dragged after him a broken leg. Gerard found him halting in a small opening, lashing his tail and growling. On the other side of the brook were sixty armed but trembling Arab horsemen.

Gerard dismounted and started after the lion, who had gone into a thicket. A stone thrown in caused the lion to dash out. The hunter fired; his ball struck the beast in the forehead. He fell, but instantly reared on his hind-legs. The second ball pierced the heart, and he fell over dead.

For the Companion.

THE LOST HARVEST.

Beneath the crimson sunset waved fields of amber grain,
Inlaced with slanting sunbeams, like skeins of golden rain;
And in the rustling billows the winds were charmed to rest—
The weary winds of even whose home was in the west.
The last bright eve of Autumn waned softly into gray—
But fair, deserted harvest, no reapers came thy way!

No silver sickle gleaming, no ringing of the scythe,
No songs from out the barley of busy workers blithe,
No faces glad and ruddy amid the bending wheat,
And on the dusty road-side no sound of coming feet.
The darkness gravely falling, the owl's despondent call,
The ghostly mists arising, the sadness—that was all.

And so the west grew sober, its melting beauty spent,
And night raised in the welkin her star-lit shadow tent.
And Winter, swift returning, like some pale exile old,
Shook out his frosty garments and brought the deathly cold;
And all the harvest's glory was bound with snow and frost—
O reapers of the harvest—too late!—The fields are lost!

Alas! for life's rich promise, when thus it finds a doom,
And death o'ertakes its splendour before God's reapers come.
Awake! Arise, O reapers! Why wait the deathly frost,
And then, half-blind with weeping, behold the harvest lost?
Awake! Arise! Already ye see the waning light—
Go forth! The skies are fading. The Winter comes to-night.

ERNEST WARBURTON SHURTLEFF.

LAST OF HIS RACE.

When Lady Duff-Gordon was in Cape Colony, in 1863, she paid a visit to Gnadenthal, a Moravian missionary station, founded in 1736. "A lovely spot," she calls it; "a large village nestled in a deep valley, surrounded by high mountains on three sides, and a lower range in front." But the approach to it was "over a mighty queer road and through a river," and in the Cape cart, driven by a Hottentot driver, she and her fellow-passengers were rattled "like dice in a box." She writes to her mother:

I must tell you what struck me most. I asked one of the Herrnhut brethren whether there were any *real* Hottentots, and he said, "Yes, one;" and the next morning, as I sat waiting for early prayers under the big oak-trees in the square, he came up, followed by a tiny old man hobbling along with a long stick to support him.

"Here," said he, "is the last Hottentot; he is a hundred and seven years old, and lives all alone."

I looked at the little, wizened, yellow face, and was shocked that he should be dragged up like a beast to be stared at. A feeling of pity which was something like remorse fell upon me, and my eyes filled as I rose and stood before him, so tall and like a tyrant and oppressor, while he uncovered his poor little old snow-white head, and peered up in my face.

I led him to the seat, helped him to sit down, and said in Dutch, "Father, I hope you are not tired; you are old."

He saw and heard as well as ever, and spoke good Dutch in a firm voice. "Yes, I am above a hundred years old, and alone—quite alone."

I sat beside him, and he put his head on one side and looked curiously up at me with his faded, but still piercing little wild eyes. Perhaps he had a perception of what I felt—yet I hardly think so. Perhaps he thought I was in trouble, for he crept up close to me, and put one tiny paw into my hand, which he stroked with the other, and asked, like most colored people, if I had children.

"Yes," I said, "at home in England;" and he patted my hand again, and said, "God bless them!"

It was a relief to feel that he was pleased, for I should have felt like a murderer if my curiosity had added a moment's pain to so tragic a fate.

His look was not quite human, physically speaking: a good head, small wild-beast eyes, piercing and restless; cheek-bones strangely high and prominent, nose *quite* flat, mouth rather wide; thin, shapeless lips, and an indescribably small, long, pointed chin, with a very little soft white woolly beard; his head covered with extremely short close white wool, which ended round the poll in little ringlets.

His hands and feet were like those of an English child of seven or eight, and in person he was about the size of a child of eleven. He had all his teeth, and though shrunk to nothing, was very little wrinkled in the face and not at all in the hands, which were dark brown, while his face was yellow.

COWHIDE BOOTS.

The cowhide boot, writes a correspondent who wore a pair forty years ago, was neither a thing of beauty nor a joy forever. It was plain even to ugliness, and a constant source of discomfort as long as it lasted. It was always so short that it tortured the toes, or so long and so roomy in the instep that the heel was perpetually rubbing up and down, like the modern elevator. When new its symmetry was like that of a stove-pipe elbow, but after a few wettings it became as wrinkled as a calf's neck.

The boy of that period almost invariably removed his boots at night in a thoroughly soaked condition,—in spite of a reputation for being waterproof, they took in water like a sponge,—and as they were sure to dry in the most inconvenient shape, or rather shapelessness, it was a work of patience for their owner to force his feet into them again the next morning.

With a clothespin inserted in each strap, to save his fingers from being cut to the bone, the unhappy youth tugged and pulled until his arms were almost dislocated at the shoulder, and around the base-board and at the door-bottoms were the marks of his vigorous kickings, without which his utmost strength would have come to nothing.

There was no right-and-left nonsense about a pair of cowhide boots. Each boot was constructed on the utility model, and was quite as bad a misfit for one foot as for the other. It would have been possible, no doubt, to mold it into something like the contour of one's foot, but this was prevented by the watchful oversight of the boy's father, who insisted that the same boot should never be worn on the same foot two days in succession.

When the boots were pulled off at night, they were carefully placed side by side in such a way that there could be no mistake as to which foot each had encased during the day, and next morning came the reverse wear—not by any means the least serious reverse of the boy's life.

And with Sunday came the duty of making the boots presentable. What a task it was to coax a polish upon them! If they were not as red as brick-dust, they were saturated with grease, and in either case to bring forth a shine was impossible.

The boy of to-day, in his neatly fitting, finely fashioned shoes of calfskin, can have no conception of the sufferings of his sire in his cowhides. If he could have, he would perhaps smile audibly at his father's occasional laudation of the good old times.

SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE.

A certain skilful practitioner had a number of charity patients, whom he faithfully attended as occasion required, expecting and receiving only such reward as comes from the comfort of doing good. Among these patients was old Martha, a well-preserved relic of "befo' de wah." Being up to all the ways of her white neighbors, she took the "grippe," and immediately sent for her medical adviser.

"Why, Aunt Martha, you don't mean to tell me that you're under the weather."

"I'se a way undah it, doctah, away undah it."

"Well, what is it?"

"I doan know what it is, doctah, but I got it pow'ful bad."

The doctor readily comprehended the trouble, and writing out the proper prescription, he gave it to the excellent but aching Martha, and told her to put it in a tumbler of water, stir it well each time, and take a teaspoonful three times a day. Then assuring her that he would look after her attentively, he departed.

The next day he found his patient much improved, and by the third day she was in an advanced stage of convalescence.

"O doctah," she exclaimed, "yo' med'cine am simply pow'ful. I stir it and I take it jes' like you say, and I feel better ebery time."

"Well," said he, "perhaps you won't need any more; let me see how much you have left."

Old Martha lumbered across the room, and brought from the shelf a tumbler half-full of water.

"Why, what's this?" he inquired.

"Why, dat, doctah, is the med'cine yo' lef' me, and I was very cahful to stir it every time jes' like you say."

"Yes; well, Martha, I don't believe you'll require any more of it; the fact is, I didn't know myself how powerful it was." And fishing out his prescription, which was rather the worse for its three days' bath, he went away impressed with the belief that the mysteries of medicine had not half been told.

MEXICAN MANNERS.

Mrs. Gooch, in her book, "Face to Face With the Mexicans," says that again and again, on halting to admire the flowers in the court of a handsome house, she was invited by the lady of the house to enter and inspect them. After she had looked at the plants, she was sure to be invited into the *sala*, where chocolate was served, and on departing, with her hands full of flowers, she received a warm embrace, a cordial shake of the hand, and a "God be with you."

If friends meet twenty times a day, the ceremony of hand-shaking is gone through with each time. In passing a friend, driving, riding, or walking, the hat is removed entirely from the head.

Mrs. Gooch saw on the Calle Plateros one day two splendid carriages, each occupied by one man. On approaching each other, the carriages were halted, both men alighted, removed hats, shook hands, embraced, talked for a few moments, again embraced, shook hands, bowed, took off hats, and each entered his carriage and went his way.

A vein of sentiment runs through the intercourse of ladies with each other. A spray of flowers sent by one lady to another will be first pinned over the donor's heart, and the pin left in the spray to indicate that she has worn it.

COMPLETE LETTER-WRITERS.

Manuals of correspondence or "complete letter-writers" are dangerous things to depend upon. Not many years ago, a young man who wished to win the hand of a young lady pondered long over the proper and most effective way of addressing her.

At last he found, in a manual of somewhat wide circulation, a form for a letter which pleased him very much. It seemed to express his sentiment exactly. The letter bore the title:

"From a young gentleman to a young lady, making an ardent but dignified offer of marriage."

He copied out the letter, signed it with his name, and sent it to the lady.

After some days of anxious waiting, he received a letter the superscription and postmark of which indicated surely that it came from the young lady. He tore open the envelope eagerly and read:

"Turn over the leaf in your manual; you will find my answer at the top of the opposite page."

He seized his manual, and in the place indicated, found a brief and sharply formal letter, entitled:

"From a young lady to a gentleman, peremptorily refusing an offer of marriage."

She was the possessor of a copy of the same manual!

THE "OLD WOMAN."

Sailors commonly speak of the captain of the ship as "the old man." It was left for a stout Norwegian quartermaster to invent an equally appropriate designation for the captain's wife.

The young wife of a certain commander in the navy was expected to visit her husband's ship. The gig had been sent ashore for her, and the captain stood on deck watching for her return.

The quartermaster also was on the lookout, and with the aid of his telescope caught sight of the returning boat first. He walked up to his commanding officer, touched his hat respectfully, and said:

"The gig's coming, captain, and I think the old woman is in her, sir."

The captain looked at the Norwegian's innocent face, and saw that no disrespect was intended. If the captain was "the old man," naturally enough his wife must be "the old woman." The intelligence was accepted, therefore, in the spirit in which it had been offered.

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For the Companion.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.—XI.

Here's N-o-v with a flurry of snow,
And a north wind rioting high and low;
We can hear him shout, "Come out! Come out!
And we'll wrestle and race and whirl about
Till your hearts beat quick and your faces glow."
We will! We will! though the air is chill,
We'll race to grandma's over the hill,
For that's the place where we love to go.
And we'll peep at the turkeys, Daisy, my dear,
And perhaps we'll hint that we'd like to know
Just how many dozens of aunts and cousins
Thanksgiving will bring to share her cheer,
And to make us remember the bleak November
As the rarest, rosiest time o' the year.

For the Companion.

THE LIVE DOLL SHOW.



WE were getting up a fair, and were on the lookout, of course, for everything novel and attractive in the way of entertainment. The various exhibitions of dolls which have been recently given in the city suggested to one active mind the idea of a live doll show, and this, as planned and carried out by a special committee, proved so popular and successful a feature of the fair, that I have thought a description of it might be interesting to some one else in like search for ideas.

The dolls were represented by children and young girls from six to sixteen years old, the parts being allotted according to age and size.

Two of the youngest children were baby dolls, and were dressed in long white slips and close caps, from which escaped soft curls of "real hair."

One lay in a crib with closed eyes, which popped open when she was lifted up. Her head, arms and hands were movable, and were placed in various positions by the exhibitor.

The other baby sat in a high chair with a rattle in its hand. It was a crying doll, and when pressed at the waist, uttered a shrill, mechanical squeak.

The Edison Talking Doll was a little girl about ten years old. She was dressed in a pretty peasant costume, and when wound up with a watchman's rattle, after the fashion of Mrs. Jarley's wax figures, recited "Jack and Jill" with a monotonous, indistinct utterance, and an immovable countenance.

The bride doll was, of course, gorgeous in white satin and tulle, and carried a bunch of white roses, which she lifted to her face and lowered again with a jerky motion. One little boy doll was dressed as Lord Fauntleroy, and another as George Washington.



These were jointed dolls, and could be made to sit down or stand up, turn their heads, etc.

"Ounie San" was in full Japanese costume, and when wound up, waved her great fan slowly to and fro.

There was a nun, a walking doll and a rag doll, which lay limply across a chair, and flopped about helplessly when it was handled.

In fact, all the favorite styles of dolls were represented in this remarkable show.

The dolls were arranged around the sides of the room, each having about its neck a placard bearing its name, its price, which was generally absurdly high, and the name of its donor or lender.

The names of Mrs. Harrison, Queen Victoria, the little King of Spain, the Mikado, and other well-known characters appeared as contributors of dolls, which in some cases were said to have been dressed by the fair hands of the giver.

Spectators of the show were admitted in groups, and the young ladies in charge of the room acted as exhibitors, winding up the mechanical dolls, and adding much to the general entertainment by their descriptions and comments.

The dolls were allowed intervals of rest from their constrained attitudes, and were further refreshed by relays of ice-cream and cake, which they ate with an appetite scarcely to have been expected of wood, wax and china.

Two rehearsals were found to be sufficient to train the youthful actors in their parts, and even the youngest succeeded in preserving the necessary rigidity of muscle and immobility of countenance to a surprising degree.

The Live Doll Show was pronounced a great success by the managers of our fair, and I hope it may prove equally successful in the hands of any one who cares to repeat the experiment.



THE LIVE DOLLS.



For the Companion.

OUR LITTLE BLACK FLY.

A little black fly outlived his kin,
And when frosty and cold grew the weather,
Through our wide-open window he softly flew in,
For he thought our house fine as a feather.

So daily from kitchen to parlor he flits,
And he eats as much as he's able;
On sweetmeats and cakes he familiarly sits,
As he dines at the family table.

For the Companion.

TOD'S HALF-DOLLAR.

Tod was curled in a heap on the back kitchen stairs, studying his spelling lesson.

He heard the washerwoman talking to Mary, the cook, but he was too absorbed to hear what they were saying. Gradually Bridget stopped her rubbing, and began to tell Mary how her little sick Nora had lost her one treasure, an old wooden doll, which had accidentally fallen from the window ledge into the cistern and was quite ruined.

Nora's mother had a soft, Irish voice, and when she told how her little one grieved for her lost baby, while she herself could not get her another, having scarcely enough money to pay the rent, a surprised expression crept into Tod's round face. He had been listening several minutes without really intending it.

He closed his speller, and dropping his chin into his hands had a long, still talk with Toddy Benton.

The result was that he walked into mamma's room and asked, soberly, "Mamma, can I spend the fifty cents uncle gave me for anything I want?"

"Certainly, dear."

He slipped quietly behind the curtains in the bay-window and had another argument with Toddy, while mamma, who understood that some sort of a struggle was going on, watched him silently.

At length he remarked, "Well, mamma, I'm going to spend my silver piece right straight away," and crossing to the mantel he slipped the hoarded half-dollar into his pocket.

Then he trudged down town to the doll counter in a large store. The array of dollies confused him a little, but the kind-hearted shop-girl helped him select a blushing, blue-eyed baby with a mop of tight, flaxen curls, for which, after one last glance, Tod parted with his shining silver wheel.

He ran straight home and into the kitchen, where Bridget was pinning on her shawl.

"Here, Bridget," he said, "here's a doll for Nora. I heard what you said about hers, so I bought her this one all myself."

He grew suddenly shy, and ran upstairs to his own room.

Bridget kissed the doll and Tod's sealskin cap which had fallen on the floor, and finally went home leaving fervent messages of thanks and blessing with Mary.

Mamma kissed Tod tenderly as she tucked him into bed that night.

"I am glad you bought Nora a doll, my boy," she said, smiling down at him. "Was it hard to give up the knife, Tod?"

"Awful hard, mamma," sighed Tod, wistfully. "I did want that white-handled one."

"But aren't you happier?"

"*Yes, I am*," he declared, thumping his pillow into a great dent, and nestling his head in it. "Yes, mamma."

And ten minutes later he was having a beautiful dream. LILLIAN L. PRICE.

For the Companion.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Mamma wished to call on a near neighbor, and she thought that Millie would be contented to stay at home with Nero, the great Newfoundland, as she would be away only a few minutes. "No, I don't want to!" said Millie. "What is the reason?" asked mamma. "Nero will keep you safe." "Oh," cried Millie, "Nero isn't folks, and I don't want to stay all by my lonesome!"

"G'an'ma," said Dora, with a wise and important air, "Tarrie tan't say her words plain 'tall. She alwus says 'roos'er.'" "And what do *you* say?" asked grandma. "Oh," said Dora, confidently, "I alwus say 'roo'ter!'"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

CHARADE.

First.

In truth I am a welcome sight
To weary travellers, day or night.

Second.

I paint you pictures manifold
That mortal eyes may not behold.

Whole.

The earliest grief, the earliest glee
Of every child is found in me.

2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer, composed of 43 letters, contains a question that now agitates the public mind, and the answer to the same.

The 1, 2, 5, 16, 25, 21, 14, 12 is the name of a living American poet.
The 20, 13, 10, 4, 8, 3, 11, 24, 43 is the title of one of his poems.
The 6, 34, 32, 9, 7, 38 is the name of a deceased American poet.
The 17, 18, 19, 26, 23, 15, 41 is an excuse.
The 36, 37, 40, 39, 22, 42 is to separate.
The 29, 35, 31, 28 is an excavation.
The 27, 30, 33 is an exclamation.

COUSIN FRANK.

3.

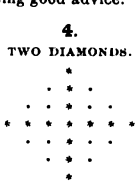
CUTTINGS.

1. Cut off the last three letters of the goddess of justice, and leave an article in daily use.
2. Cut off the last two letters of to place, and leave the highest perfection.
3. Cut off the last four letters of one who twists silk, and leave a stroke.
4. Cut off the last three letters of frequently, and leave noting reference to time.
5. Cut off the last three letters of robberies, and leave a useful article.
6. Cut off the last three letters of a genus of fossil conchifers, and leave a game.
7. Cut off the last three letters of the religion of Mahomet, and leave a verb.
8. Cut off the last two letters of to tune, and leave noting nearness.
9. Cut off the last letter of a turner's lathe, and leave to cast.
10. Cut off the last letter of a subject for discussion, and leave a pronoun.
11. Cut off the last four letters of aside (obsolete), and leave at a distance.

The remaining words, connected, will form a well-known proverb containing good advice.

4.

TWO DIAMONDS.



I.

1. In peace and plenty. 2. A plant and its fruit used for food. 3. An Athenian philosopher, 427—347 B.C. 4. An American philanthropist who died on Nov. 4, 1869. 5. To expiate. 6. A short poem. 7. In many and plenty.

II.

1. In hill and dale. 2. Track worn by a wheel. 3. Families. 4. A city in India, captured on Nov. 12, 1857. 5. An opinion. 6. A drunkard. 7. In work and win. C. D.

5.

RIDDLE.

You may hunt me in the highlands,
Over hills and dales;
You may hear me in the parlor
When you practise scales;
Anon I'm in the kitchen,
And though I have no feet,
I often rise to change my guise
And then I'm good to eat. A. M. P.

Conundrums.

Why is George MacDonald, the novelist and poet, like a handsome cradle? He is a nice Scot (nice cot).

When is a tree most polite? When its boughs (bows) are many.

What fort is guarded by lovers? Beaufort.

What is England's most precious stone? Gladstone.

Which is the longest night of the year? A fortnight.

When does a fearless mountaineer meet more than his match? When he comes across a boulder (bolder).

Answers to Puzzles in October 22.

1. 1st stanza—Alone, lane. 2d stanza—Well, ale. 3d stanza—All, hall, he. 4th stanza—Anew, Alene, ween. 5th stanza—Low, ah! ha! 6th stanza—Hal, Hallowe'en.

2. Stars, Upharsin, Mocking-bird, Mowis, Evangeline, Roebuck, Ohio, Flute, Acadie, Lotus, Louisiana, Spider, Asphodel, Ishmael, Nut-shell, Trumpet-flower, Sycamore. — Summer of All Saints.

3. H-ere, A-gain, L-anguish, L-end, O-rally, W-ill, E-late, E-at, N-either.—Hallowe'en.

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TWO VERSIONS.

People who are frightened are not always conscious of what they do or say at the time; they frequently report themselves to have been perfectly calm and self-possessed in cases of real or fancied danger, while eye-witnesses tell a very different story. Little Mary Woods had spent most of her life in the country, and she had no more fear of a cow than of a kitten; but when her seventeen-year-old city cousin Frances came to the farm one summer, Mary learned that there was at least one person in the world to whom a cow was an object of terror.

Frances had gone berrying with her little cousin, and as the bars between the berry pasture and the adjoining field happened to be down, a gentle, harmless cow had wandered through the opening till she came quite close to the children. Frances, in describing the scene to her aunt, said:

"Of course, Aunt Sally, I didn't want Mary to know I was afraid of a cow, but I really thought I should scream when I looked up and saw that dreadful, glaring-eyed creature close at our heels. Still I was perfectly calm, and I just walked quickly but firmly to the stone wall, taking Mary by the hand, and I said, 'Let's climb over this wall, Mary; I see some splendid bushes over on the other side!' and she followed me right over.

"She asked me a little while afterward if I was afraid of cows, but I was very busy picking berries just then, and the child didn't repeat her question. I wouldn't have had her suspect I was so frightened for anything."

That night, when the small Mary was getting ready for bed, she said, "Mother, do you know I truly think cousin Frances is afraid of cows!"

"Why?" said Mrs. Woods.

"Well," said the supposed-to-be unsuspecting child, "you know we were picking berries in grandpa's hill-pasture, and Mr. Fox's 'Brindle' got in there, and she came close up to us. Cousin Frances had been busy picking, and she didn't hear Brindle till she gave a little 'moo.' And then cousin Frances turned just as pale; and she grabbed my hand, and dragged me along to the wall as fast as ever she could, and she said, 'Let's climb over this *cow*, Mary; I see some splendid *cows* over on the other side!'

"It was the very worst place in the whole wall to get over, and the berries weren't big at all! And," concluded the small sage, "I asked her if she was afraid of cows, and she didn't answer me; so I *presume* she didn't want to tell a wrong story!"

OBEYING ORDERS.

"Government employees include a good many very odd men," said a chief clerk of a government bureau, lately. "Some of them are very hard to manage, and none more so than the painfully matter-of-fact and over-exact men, who require an explicit order for every bit of work they undertake, and literally can do nothing at all without a copy.

"One of the most singular of these was Blifkins—Granny Blifkins, as we used to call him, somewhat unkindly. He was the most literal man I ever knew.

"Once, before I became chief clerk, we had a chief who was extremely economical of government property—which was a good fault, if it was a fault at all.

"One time he came into the room and, looking over Blifkins's shoulder, found him making a small official computation on a large sheet of white paper.

"'When you have a memorandum or a computation to make,' said the chief, pleasantly, 'it would be better to take a small piece of paper for it than a large one.'

"'Yes, sir,' said Blifkins, respectfully.

"Then he proceeded to tear up the large sheet and throw it in the waste-basket, and taking out a small piece, recommenced his computation on that!"

BREAD LAWS.

A recent number of the *Baker's Helper* gives an account of the laws which regulate the making and selling of bread in various countries. The laws of France in this respect are very strict, and are enforced with the utmost vigor.

The French baker is not only required to conform to laws regarding weight, but he is also told at what price he must sell his bread. He is further required to deposit a certain sum of money in the hands of the municipal authorities as a surety of good behavior. In the large fortified cities he has to keep a specified quantity of flour on hand to provide for warlike emergencies.

In Germany laws of similar import are in existence, and are enforced with such severity that no baker ever dreams of defying them.

The British law regulates the weight of loaves and makes provision for the cleanliness and ventilation of the bakeshops. The price is left to regulate itself by trade competition.

The Ontario act empowers municipalities to engage officers for the prevention of fraud, and clothes them with authority to confiscate all bread found to be of light weight. The bread seized in this way is turned over to charitable institutions for the use of the inmates.

POLITENESS.

The fine courtesy of the old-time "knights of the road," who robbed people of quality with their hats in their hands, and made profound obeisances before and after taking their purses, is not, it seems, unrivalled in the present less formal age.

A gentleman, who lives in a retired and lonely district just outside a great city, has met thieves on two or three occasions when going home late at night.

One evening he was seized by a man who demanded his watch.

"Oh!" gasped the gentleman, "you are the same rascal who took my watch two months ago."

"I hope," said the thief, very politely, but without loosening his hold on the gentleman's throat, "I surely hope your honor has been able to purchase another!"

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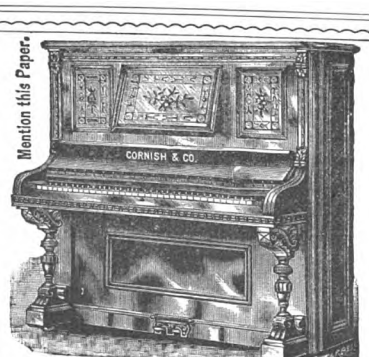


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HIS DISADVANTAGES.

Heber Jenkins was one of those people who are ready to prove at all times that their lack of success in what they undertake is due to causes quite apart from themselves. It cannot be said that this faculty made Heber Jenkins happy, but it seemed to afford him a certain degree of satisfaction. "It doos beat all," he often said, "haow everythin' hes allus gone right th' other way o' th' grain w'th me ever sense I was born!

"In th' fust place, thar was my brother Abe's dyin'; he was the oldest, an' ef he hedn't 'a' died when he did, like's not I wouldn't 'a' hed ter lay aout time tryin' ter git eddikation over t' th' Ashville 'Cademy,—whar I never larnt a nameable thing,—jest 'cause 'twas *fittin'* th' oldest Jenkins sh'd hev a taste o' books!

"Well, then, when I come home, in course my hand was all aout, 's fur's farmin' was consarned, but I hed ter put right to, and work like all possessed, hoein' an' grubbin' raoun', an' frequent not gittin' more'n a couple of haours' stiddy rest fr'm mornin' till sundaown, 'xcept when it come meal-time; an' father all the time kinder haoundin' of me on ter work ev'ry time he see me settin' daown er leanin' up anywheres. Seemed ter consider 't I was *lazy* if I stopped workin' ter kinder look raound 's much es a minute.

"Well, then, ther' was my marryin'! I was so well-favored by nater thet all the gals they smiled on me continerous, an' finally I tuk up with 'Mandy Hobbs.

"She was a pooty gal, an' hes been a good woman, an' I aint got nothin' ter say agin *her;* but ye see her father kep' a shoe shop, an' ther' warn't no special call fer shoes, so he didn't git very forehanded.

"To be sure he made *some*, peggin' an' mendin'; but I warn't no hand ter peg, try 's I might; so after hitchin' 'long a spell t'gether, him an' me giv' up tryin' ter kerry on the trade in comp'ny; an' es we hed a few words 'baout it, I tuk 'Mandy an' nour two little gals an' come over t' this farm; an' it proved ter be 'baout all run aout, though 'twas rep'sented ter be in a prosp'rous state b' the man I bought it of!

"I hed an openin' ter go to Headbury in the haouse-paintin' bus'ness, an' I'd better 'v' took up with it.

"Then ther's my gals! Not a boy 'mongst 'em ter help keep things straight on th' farm. *Six gals!* To be sure, they do what they *ken*, hoein' and horse-rakin', an' sech light work; but all the heft comes on me, an' here I be, gettin' on ter be fifty years old, most!"

"I tell ye," Heber remarked one day, as he sat in the barn doorway and watched a thunder-storm roll up, while his daughters, with a small "hired boy," got in two big loads of hay, "I tell ye ef Abe hedn't 'v' died when he did, er ef *I'd* died 'stead o' him, er ef I'd stayed single an' married 'Miry Hallet an' gone inter butcherin' w'th her father, er ef 'baout three o' my gals hed been good, likely boys, er ef I'd a stayed with 'Mandy's father an' gone ter Headbury, like's not I sh'd 'a' been willin' ter set at m' ease naow an' agin, in my old age; an' been able ter favor my rheumaticks some, thet I laid th' faoundations of goin' ter church so stiddy, when I was lookin' towards 'Mandy!

"But laws! I ken put up with my lot, I s'pose, though ther's some would 'a' sunk under sech trials long ago," concluded the afflicted man, quite unconscious of the meaning of the smile on his visitor's face.

YAP.

A writer in *Chambers's Journal* gives a slight but loving biography of two prairie-dogs which were sent him from Texas, and which succeeded in becoming really domesticated in their English home. At the end of a year the older of the two died, but Yap, livelier and more hardy, has now reached the advanced age of six years.

His food is strictly vegetable, and his diet light. Dry oatmeal, oats, or a bit of oatmeal cake, are his favorite dishes. The average temperature of England being so much lower than that of Texas causes him to creep close to the kitchen fire, where he sits beside the cat, fondling her and bestowing on her loving pats with his little paws. When out of doors he is particularly fond of keeping close beside a little bantam hen.

One peculiarity of both dogs was that they lacked the sense of *vertical* distance. Whenever they had mounted a table, chair or window-sill, they were liable to fall as if unaware, sometimes hurting their faces quite seriously. When they attempted to leap from one chair to another, they would miscalculate and fall between them. Now, however, experience has taught Yap to estimate distance and direction.

Yap is never satisfied until he has thoroughly examined any new piece of furniture which appears in the room. At one time, when a new rug was placed temporarily before the fire, he sat down on it with great enjoyment, but as soon as the old one reappeared, he showed unmistakable resentment by tearing and gnawing it.

He expresses his affection mainly by pressing gently with his teeth the hand of him he loves. If a stranger touches him with firmness he offers no objection, but should the action be timid or hesitating, he is apt to give him a pinch. Like the nettle of the warning rhyme, Yap must never be grasped "tender-handed."

BY ANOTHER NAME.

Delicacy of feeling is not confined to gentle people, commonly so-called. It is well known, for example, by those who have to do with men confined in prison, that such convicts never speak the hated word "prison," but invariably use some euphemistic substitute, "this institution" being perhaps the one oftenest adopted.

In my girlhood, wrote Mrs. Andrew Lang, the favorite housemaid of a friend of mine "gave warning," as she was going to be married.

"Indeed," said the lady, "and what is your future husband?"

"Please, ma'am, he's an asker."

"A what?"

"An asker."

"I don't understand. What does he do?"

"Well, ma'am, he—he goes about the streets, and if he sees any one coming along that looks kind he—well, he just stops 'em and aska 'em to give him a trifle, and he makes quite a comfortable living that way."

"Do you mean a beggar?"

"Well, ma'am, some people do call it that; we call it 'asker.'"

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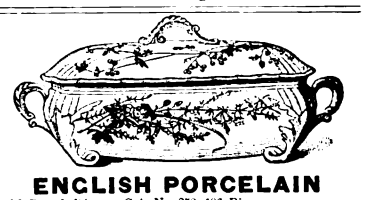


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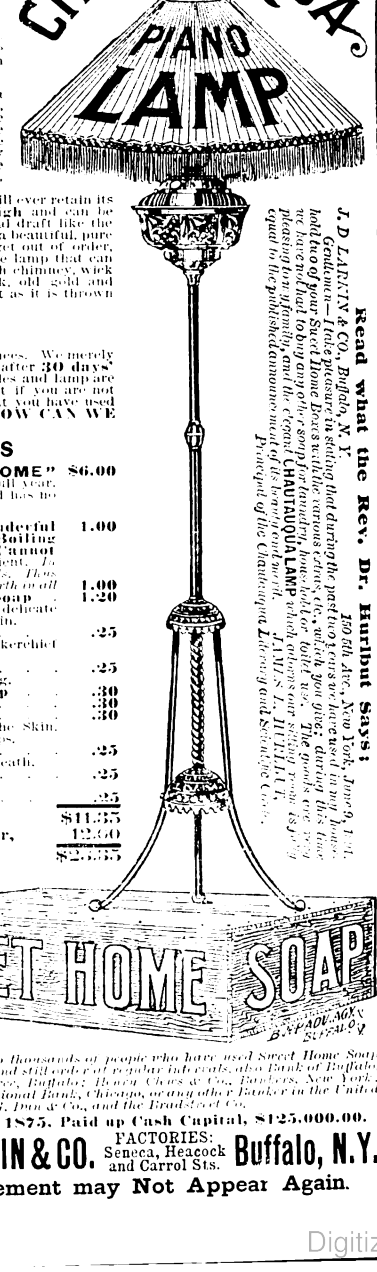
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One Package Clove Pink Sachet Powder Delicate, Refined, Lasting.	.25
One Stick Napoleon Shaving Soap	.25
Price of Articles if Bought Separately,	$11.35
Price of Lamp if Bought of Manufacturer,	12.50
ALL FOR—$10.00.	$23.85

Some people prefer to send cash with order; we do not ask it, but if readers of this paper remit in advance and send us the names of ten lady housekeepers with full address (street, number and town) we will place in the box—in addition to this beautiful Piano Lamp—a valuable present.

When paid for in advance, we ship same day order is received. All other orders are filled in their regular turn.

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Yours truly, JAMES L. HURLBUT,
150 5th Ave., New York, June 9, 1891.

Postscript of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.



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Holds a Broom either end up; keeps a wet broom from rotting. You can make **100 per cent.** selling them. Every woman wants 2 or 3; Hotels a dozen or more. **14** Holders sent prepaid on receipt of **$1.** Circulars free.



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MYSTERIES OF ELECTRICITY.

Electricity in the many forms in which it has been made useful to man has become so familiar to most persons in recent years that it is rather a matter for surprise that in some of its most interesting manifestations it remains to-day as mysterious an agent as it ever was. The tremendous power of a stroke of lightning is beyond all possibility of imitation by artificial means, and yet that power is seldom exercised twice in precisely the same manner. Sometimes the lightning appears to exert its full might like an angry giant, and its blow then resembles a shot from a hundred-ton gun—nothing can withstand it, and it rends, tears and scatters broadcast whatever object it encounters.

An instance of this terrific capacity for destruction possessed by a bolt of lightning was the instant demolition in England, a year or so ago, of a great oak-tree which for generations had been the pride of a neighborhood.

Occasionally all this fearful power is expended upon an insignificant object, as happened near West Louisville, in Kentucky, last June, when a turkey-buzzard, sailing high in the air at the beginning of a thunder-storm, was suddenly annihilated in the sight of several spectators by a bolt of lightning that darted from a cloud.

The same mysterious force manifests the variety of its powers by such performances as photographing—for a sort of photographing it really is—the forms and colors of neighboring objects upon the surface of whatever thing has felt the fury of its assault. Near the town of Warren, in Ohio, last July, a young man who had taken refuge under a tree during a thunder-storm was killed by lightning, and upon his breast and other parts of his body appeared wonderfully distinct images of the leaves and branches of the tree.

We often hear accounts of the strange behavior of what is called ball lightning; and still another form in which the electricity of the atmosphere occasionally manifests itself, is the so-called St. Elmo's fire, which illuminates the yards of a ship as with ghostly lanterns. The European scientific papers have recently contained an account of a very singular appearance of this kind of electric light which was witnessed near the town of Gottschee.

Two gentlemen, walking along a country road during a snow-storm, saw what seemed to be a glimmer coming out of the new-fallen snow. It was presently discovered that the light enveloped the iron cap on the end of the cane carried by one of the pedestrians. When he raised the cane in the air little sparks seemed to dance forth from it.

There are many of these electrical exhibitions furnished by nature which occur in the presence of persons who do not take the trouble to observe them carefully, and afterwards to report what they have seen. Some of the things that now appear mysterious would cease to be so if more people would learn to use their eyes and their brains at the same time.

THOUGHTLESS WOMEN.

The expression, "as cross as a quarter-gunner," is often employed in the navy, writes a correspondent, and he tells a story to show that the uncomplimentary adage is not altogether misapplied. One part of the quarter-gunner's duty is to polish the guns, and especially any brass-work that may be attached to them.

A company of ladies were visiting a receiving ship, and paused for a moment on the gun-deck to examine the cannon. Their admiration was excited by the shining condition of the black monsters, and one of the younger members of the party, standing near a gun, placed her delicately-gloved hand on the brass mountings, at the same time making some remark about its beautiful polish.

The quarter-gunner did not appear to be greatly pleased with these feminine compliments, and the ladies had no sooner moved away than he seized a cloth, sprang to the cannon which the young lady had touched and commenced rubbing it fiercely, all the while casting malevolent glances after the retreating guests.

The officer of the deck noticed his action and remarked:

"Well, Smith, you don't seem to be so tickled as I should think a man would be with all that flattery."

"Flattery!" said Smith, bitterly. "'Taint enough for them to come and look at it,"—rub, rub, rub,—"but they've got to go and put their dirty old paws all over it," and he kept on scrubbing the brass-work.

STRANGE OVERSIGHT.

It is dangerous as well as wicked to do wrong in the presence of children. The Pittsburg *Dispatch* says that an observant little boy was in a street-car in that city the other day, and followed every movement of the conductor with the greatest interest.

A very stout woman boarded the car and sat down next to the small boy. She took a ticket out of her purse, but when the conductor came along he somehow failed to notice her. He passed and repassed her several times, and finally, with a nervous glance around, she replaced the ticket in her purse.

This was too much for the small boy, who had all the while kept his eye on her, and the next time the conductor came along he exclaimed:

"You didn't get her money, mister. I don't see how you missed her. She's the fattest lady in the car. Anybody could see her."

This complimentary allusion to the woman's weight caused a blush to play over her broad face, and she quickly produced a ticket, while all the other passengers smiled.

MODERATE.

A colored "friend and brother" in a Southern State, twenty years or more ago, was made a trial justice, says the Lewiston *Journal*, and presently heard his first case.

He listened to the evidence and the arguments of the lawyers, and then seemed at a loss what to do next. Seeing his dilemma, one of the lawyers nudged him.

"Now charge the jury," said the lawyer; "charge the jury."

The justice thereupon rose and said:

"Bredren, dis am a small case, an' I shell charge but a dollar an' a half."

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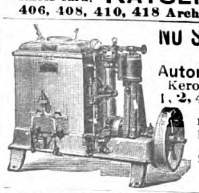


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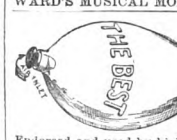
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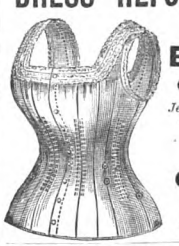
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A TURKISH DIOGENES.

There is reason to believe, writes Dr. Buckley in the *Christian Advocate*, that, except in their supernatural elements, the stories of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" have been paralleled over and over in the history of Constantinople. One of the Sultans, not so very long ago, was in the habit of going about like the famous Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid in disguise. On one occasion, passing a place where a man was excavating a cesspool, he heard him say to himself in a loud voice, "Persevere, my soul, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this."

A few hours afterward an officer approached the man, and said to him, "Come with me."

Horror took possession of the laborer, who, when found by the officer, was dressed like a gentleman, and was taking his ease in a café. He tried to ascertain from the person who had him in charge why he was wanted,—for some went into the secret place under the control of the government and never came out,—but no satisfactory answer could be given.

After being detained for a long time in fearful suspense, he was at last brought into the presence of a high official, and detained there. Finally, he was taken into the very presence of the Sultan.

The Sultan was astonished to see the man, who had been covered with filth a short time before, so well dressed and intelligent in appearance. He said to him, "Are you the man whom I saw at work in a cesspool?"

"I am."

"How is it that I find you dressed in this way?"

"I am well paid for my work, which is very filthy and disagreeable; and afterward I cleanse myself and take mine ease."

"But what did you mean when you said, 'Persevere, my soul, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this?'"

The man trembled, knowing that at a word his head might be smitten from his shoulders. "Speak!" said the Sultan. He answered that a man often says in anger what his heart will not acknowledge.

"But what dost thou mean?"

He hesitated, and the Sultan reiterated his command: "What dost thou mean? What deeper filth is there than that in which thou dost work?"

He still hesitated. The Sultan assured him that no harm should come to him, and the man then replied:

"My work was disagreeable, and I was almost tempted to leave it when I thought, 'I am still free, I am obliged to flatter no one; if I give up this work I may be compelled to take service under the government, to live by flattery and falsehood,' and so I said to my soul, 'Persevere, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this.'"

The Sultan, according to the story, was so pleased with this answer that he gave him a handsome present and allowed him to go away unmolested.

CLOVES.

From Zanzibar, the principal source of the world's clove supply, United States Consul Pratt writes of clove culture as it is carried on there and in the neighboring island of Pemba. The clove-tree was recently introduced into the islands, and its cultivation is now their chief industry.

The seeds are planted in long trenches and kept well watered, and in the course of forty days the shoots appear above ground. They are carefully watered and looked after for two years, when they should be about three feet high. Then they are transplanted—about thirty feet apart—and well watered until they become rooted. From that time they require only ordinary care.

In five or six years they come into bearing, when they are of the size of ordinary pear trees, and very shapely. Then the young plantation is a pretty sight. The leaves of various shades of green tinged with red serve to set off the clusters of dull red clove-buds.

The limbs of the tree being very brittle, a peculiar four-sided ladder is used. As fast as the buds are collected, they are spread in the sun until they assume a brownish color, when they are put into the storehouse ready for market. A ten-year-old plantation should produce twenty pounds of cloves to a tree. Trees of twenty years frequently produce upwards of one hundred pounds each.

A peculiarity of the clove-tree is that every part of it is aromatic, though the greatest strength is in the bud. Beside the buds the stems are gathered, and form an article of commerce, commanding one-fifth the price of cloves and having about the same percentage of strength. To this is due the fact that ground cloves can be purchased in the home market at a lower price than whole cloves.

ITS REDEEMING FEATURE.

Elder Goodman's dislike of tobacco amounted to a positive aversion. He detested it in every form; but most of all he hated the cigarette. He would have no one in his employ, and as far as he could, he would have no one in his presence who ever smoked one.

In season and out of season,—if such a thing is possible,—he inveighed against the cigarette, and dilated on its deadly work. His repugnance to the thing itself grew in time to include those who used it, until he came to look upon every cigarette-smoker with more or less suspicion.

He was present at an anti-tobacco meeting one night, when the speaker in due turn took up the cigarette. "Friends," he exclaimed, "this innocent-looking little roll of tobacco is worse than war or pestilence. It is carrying thousands and thousands of our young men every year to the grave."

"Well," exclaimed the elder from the rear of the house, to the great surprise of every one present, "it has one good feature."

"Pray what is that, brother?" asked the astonished speaker.

"It takes only those that we can spare the best."

N. B.

The following bill, posted conspicuously in a country town, excited much interest:

"N. B. A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered to-morrow night in the open air.

"A collection to defray expenses will be taken at the door.

"Come one, come all!"

UNLESS a Christian lives as high as he shouts the less noise he makes the better.—*Rowe's Horn.*

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STAMPS 300 mixed, Australian, etc., 10c.; 105 varieties and *nice* album, 10c. New illus. list free, *Agts. wanted.* 40 per ct. com. *F. P. Vincent, Chatham, N.Y.*

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The GALAXY of MUSIC
for November contains the following selections:—**Vocal:** The Cow Bells, *Grimm;* Ehren on the Rhine, *Hutchinson;* In Shadowland, *Pinsuti;* On Venice Waters, *Roeder;* Leonore, *Trotere;* Out on the Deep, *Lohr;* An Idle Poet, *Cowen.* **Instrumental:** Bridal March, *Wagner;* Cameron's Got His Wife Again, *Contra;* Fifth Nocturne, *Leybach;* Fire and Flame Galop, *Gobbaerts;* First Loss, *Schumann;* Green Grows the Rushes, O! *Reel;* If Heart of Man, *Contra;* Power of Love, *Piano and Violin;* Sultan's Band March, *Brown;* Titania, *Holley.* **In all 17 pieces and 40 pages.** Price only 10 cents. One year, $1.00. Address, **F. TRIFET, 408 Wash. St., BOSTON, Mass.**

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HELPFUL AILMENTS.

The value of cow-pox, voluntarily induced, as a protection against small-pox, is generally recognized. The same principle has been successfully extended to some of the worst diseases among animals, and it is expected that it may yet be applied in the case of some virulent human diseases.

In England gout is a very prevalent and painful disease. In this country it is less common. Our climate inclines us to excessive mental activity. As a result of this the brain appropriates nervous force at the expense of the digestive system, and so disposes us to dyspepsia; but dyspepsia compels its victims, in spite of themselves, to indulge somewhat sparingly in rich food, in the too free eating of which gout originates.

Of the two diseases, dyspepsia is to be preferred. It seldom interferes with the day's work, and, except in very obstinate cases, is almost certain to be relieved by proper diet and exercise.

Sick headache may often be counted in the class of helpful ailments, though it is a "bitter pill." There are two forms of it: one has its primary source in the brain, the other in the stomach. In both cases there is commonly some hereditary tendency to the disease, but the exciting cause is overwork; of the brain in one case, of the stomach in the other.

The headaches necessitate occasional rest, while the dread of them acts as a constant check upon tendencies which might otherwise result in grave harm. Indeed, attention to diet, with a little letting down of the average cerebral activity, professional, business or domestic, will generally insure a comparative immunity from attack.

Acute rheumatism often gives rise to permanent heart trouble. Chronic rheumatism, on the contrary, may be healthful in cases of heart disease.

For instance, enlargement of the heart tends to increase until it reaches the dangerous limit. The patient's safety depends largely on his training himself to such habits as reduce strain on the heart, and rheumatic joints in the lower limbs are an admirable aid in this respect. The former rapid movements cease. A fatal running to meet the cars or the ferryboat is out of the question.

The rheumatism is an uncomfortable companion, no doubt, but it may help to a long life—a decade or more, perhaps, beyond the three score and ten.

THE LABRADOR DUCK.

It will surprise many readers to be told that a large and strikingly marked duck, which within fifty years was moderately common upon the Northern Atlantic coast, is believed now to have become extinct. A lad shot one in New York on the Chemung River December 12, 1878, and none have been seen since.

The last one known to have been seen before that time was killed at Grand Manan in April, 1871. The one killed in 1878 was eaten before any naturalist heard of its capture—a costly meal, as, according to Doctor Coues, two hundred dollars has been vainly offered for a pair of skins. The head and a portion of the neck were preserved.

The history of the duck in question, the Labrador Duck or the Pied Duck, is made the subject of an article by Mr. William Dutcher in a recent number of the *Auk*. Only thirty-eight specimens are known to be extant in all the museums of the world—twenty-seven in America and eleven in Europe. Yet it is only a short time since specimens might have been secured with comparative ease.

One of our older ornithologists, Mr. George N. Lawrence, of New York, writing in January, 1891, says: "About forty or more years ago it was not uncommon to see them in Fulton Market. At one time I remember seeing six fine males, which hung there till they spoiled for want of a purchaser. They were not considered desirable for the table, and collectors had a sufficient number, a pair being at that time considered enough to represent a species."

Another ornithologist, Mr. G. A. Boardman, of Calais, Maine, says that fifty years ago, when he began to collect birds, he had no difficulty in getting a pair of Labrador Ducks, which was all he wanted, but that thirty years afterward, when he tried to procure specimens for some New York friends, his collectors all along the coast reported that the birds were gone.

Unlike the Great Auk, the Labrador Duck was a good flier, and was never especially persecuted by gunners. One fact of popular interest connected with the bird is that Daniel Webster shot a pair on the Vineyard Islands, and presented them to Audubon, who in turn presented them to Professor Baird.

It is not improbable, as suggested by Mr. Dutcher, that other mounted specimens may yet be discovered in out-of-the-way places. It would not be very wonderful if some reader of this article should have the good fortune to turn an honest penny for himself, and at the same time serve the cause of science by finding in some seashore cottage or elsewhere a skin of this now famous bird.

MAN AND TIGER.

Bidel, the famous lion-tamer, passed most of his childhood in a menagerie. Before he was twenty years old, he had become so accustomed to the presence of wild beasts, and had learned so well how to treat them, that he entered their cages as calmly as he would have entered his own room, and seemed to consider their threatening jaws and snarling lips as a smile of welcome.

Early in his career he was at Bayonne with a menagerie. The afternoon entertainment was about to begin, when a terrible cry was raised, "Athir has escaped."

Athir was a young royal tiger, notorious for his savage disposition. It was easy enough to manage him in the menagerie; but at large, tempted by easy prey, the danger was terrible. Every one fled, rushing into houses and climbing trees.

"I set out to hunt for him," says Bidel. "For a long time I traced him walking from place to place under the burning sun. Some one whispered to me from a window, fearing apparently that the tiger would overhear, 'He is there.' The finger of this hero pointed cautiously to an iron-worker's shop, the door of which stood open. I rushed in.

"It was black as night; for ten seconds I could see nothing. Then in a corner, crouched ready to spring, his jaws open, his eyes on fire, I saw the runaway. A second more, and he would have bounded forward, seized and torn me. I was ahead of him; it was I who sprung. Then what roaring, what foaming at the mouth, what anger! That hand to hand struggle in the twilight, I breathless, he mad with rage, was short. If it had not been, I should have been lost.

"I seized him with both hands by the skin of his back, raised him on my back, and under this enormous weight, without stumbling or flagging, I walked with a firm and equal step toward the menagerie. You may imagine how I was congratulated!"

COMMAS.

The London *Journal of Education* says that a Prussian school inspector appeared at the office of the burgomaster of a little town to ask him to accompany him on a tour of inspection through the schools.

The burgomaster was out of sorts, and was heard to mutter to himself, "What is this donkey here again for?"

The inspector said nothing, but waited his time, and with the unwilling burgomaster set out on his tour. At the first school he announced his wish to see how well punctuation was taught.

"Oh, never mind that," said the burgomaster. "We don't care for commas and such trifles."

But the inspector sent a boy to the blackboard, and ordered him to write, "The burgomaster of R—— says, the inspector is a donkey."

Then he ordered him to transpose the comma, placing it after R——, and to insert another one after inspector, and the boy wrote, "The burgomaster of R——, says the inspector, is a donkey."

It is probable that the refractory official gained a new idea of the value of "commas and such trifles."

OLD AND YOUNG.

There is no surer antidote for the effect which time has over us all, in making our age evident, than a young heart.

"I should like to live to be as old as you are, grandmamma," said little Helen, "but I don't want to be as old as Aunt Susan, *ever!*"

"Why, why," said grandmamma, looking over her spectacles, "what do you mean, my dear child? Your Aunt Susan is a great many years younger than I am!"

"I don't see how that can be," said Helen, much perplexed. "You always remember the plays you had when you were a little girl; but when I asked Aunt Susan one day, she said, 'For pity's sake, child, you don't expect me to remember any of the games I had as a little girl. It's so long ago I've forgotten whether I ever played any!'"

SAD PREDICAMENT.

Ten-year-old William is a chronic grumbler; nothing has ever been known to meet with his unqualified approval.

Not long ago a new suit came from the tailor's. The cutter, knowing how fastidious was his young customer, had exercised the utmost care.

William donned the new clothes, and walked up and down the room several times. He was strangely silent, but his face soon assumed a serious aspect.

"Why, Willie," finally asked his mother, "what is the matter?"

"Well," he replied, almost ready to cry from disappointment and vexation, "these clothes are either too loose or too tight, and I can't tell which."

HIS DISCHARGE.

A touching instance of the humor which never deserts a true Irishman, even in his worst troubles, is recorded in an exchange.

A soldier was seen in the trenches holding his hand above the earthwork. His captain asked:

"What are you doing that for, Pat?"

He replied with a grin as he worked his fingers:

"I'm feelin' for a furlough, sure!"

Just then a rifle-ball struck his arm below the wrist. He drew it down quickly, and grasped it with the other hand to check the blood. Then a queer expression of pain and humor passed over his face, and he exclaimed:

"An' faith it's a discharge!"

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For the Companion.

ZULEIKA.

In Three Chapters. — Chapter II.

Claude and His Mare in Germany.

Neither Claude nor Zuleika suffered any injury from their experience in the Bosphorus, but both had to keep out of sight for a week, until the excitement caused by the wild ride through the city had subsided.

There was at one time a certain danger of a riot, for Mudir Pasha, the Master of the Horse, who was a fanatical Turk, did not lose this opportunity to inflame the people against the hated "Giaours," who had already, as he believed, too much influence in the City of the Faithful.

The Sultan, he said, was completely in their power; and now he had ventured to insult his people by presenting the most precious horse in the Turkish Empire to a dog of a Christian!

Moreover, there was a law, always rigidly enforced, which forbade the exportation of Arabian mares. As long as this foreign youth, Claude Ring, remained in Stamboul, his possession of Zuleika might, perhaps, be tolerated; but if he attempted to take her beyond the borders of the Empire, he must discover that he was engaged in a dangerous business.

Colonel Ring, when the rumors of the people's indignation reached his ears, made haste to communicate to the Sultan the true story of the affair; and the Sultan, being satisfied that it was Mudir, and not Claude, who was at fault, sternly commanded the pasha to refrain from exciting the people. He refused to take Zuleika back, or to force Claude to exchange her for another horse. He had given his royal word, which he would not break.

Colonel Ring, who found it hard to comprehend why all this excitement should have arisen about a horse, now took pains to inquire into the history and pedigree of Zuleika. He learned that she had been procured with infinite trouble as a colt from the Goumussa tribe of Arabs, who cherish their horses with especial pride, and that she came of the very choicest strain of the desert. Her pedigree had been scrupulously kept for more than a century, and there was a tradition that she was descended from the renowned stallion ridden by that scourge of nations, Genghis Khan, in all his battles.

The Goumussa tribe had never before been willing to part with horses of this strain, because they believed that the sale of a single colt would bring bad luck. They had a superstitious faith in the virtue and excellence of these beautiful animals, and imagined that their own star would be eclipsed when they lost exclusive possession of them.

Claude knew the Turk well enough to be aware that it was only a question of time when he should lose his treasure, if he remained in Stamboul. Mudir Pasha, his declared enemy, was as unscrupulous as he was powerful.

Claude begged his father to give up his commission in the Turkish army, and return to the lands of Christians; but the Colonel had much at heart certain reforms in the infantry drill which he was trying to introduce, and would not listen to his son's entreaties.

A year, therefore, passed, during which Claude devoted himself chiefly to guarding Zuleika and keeping her from harm. He spent, to be sure, three hours with his tutor every morning, and rode with Prince Ishmael three or four times a week; but Zuleika was his first thought when he awoke, and his last when he closed his eyes in sleep.

He wisely hesitated to show off the mare before the Prince. Strictly speaking, it was not proper for him to be better mounted than the heir to the throne of the Moslems. As long as Ishmael had all he could do to keep in the saddle it did not matter much; but now, thanks to Claude's example and teaching, he had not only acquired fair skill in riding, but there was a certain military swing in his bearing, and he conversed with perfect ease while cantering over the smooth roads at a rattling pace.

The Prince's mother and head tutor were delighted with the improvement in him, and his mother sent Claude costly presents, which he was obliged to accept. What to do with all the jewelry he accumulated became, after a while, a problem. He could not sell the gifts of a Sultana, nor could he, according to European notions, wear them upon his person without making himself ridiculous. One day Prince Ishmael met

In Zuleika's Stall.

Claude as he was riding Zuleika on a retired road outside the capital.

"That's a fine raking mare you have got," said the Prince.

He had never before appeared to be aware of Zuleika's existence, and as he was not very observing, this had not surprised his friend.

"I am glad you think so, Prince," was Claude's careless reply. "I think myself she is a fine beast. She has a good, light pace and easy action."

"She is a trifle ragged-hipped," said Ishmael, scanning the mare curiously.

"I beg your pardon, Prince!" cried the hot-headed Claude, forgetting all his prudence. "She is as smooth as satin, and there isn't a flaw in her whole beautiful body."

The words had scarcely escaped from his mouth before he felt how foolish they were; but then he could not bear to have any one find fault with Zuleika, and the incautious praise sprang to his lips before he could weigh its consequences.

"How much will you take for her?" inquired the Prince, who was more impressed by the ardor of Claude's speech than by the fine points of the mare.

"If your Highness will pardon me," answered Claude, "I should not willingly consent to sell her, because I am very fond of her."

Ishmael's face darkened, and he looked away with a cloudy brow. He was not accustomed to being crossed in his wishes. Claude rode in silent apprehension at his side.

"It is not fair!" began the Prince, moodily, turning his worthy face to his companion. "It is not proper that you should have a better mount than I. I will pay you any reasonable price you may ask for your mare, but I want you to make no difficulty about it. Do you understand?"

"I understand, Prince," murmured Claude.

He was about to add something more, but happily restrained himself in time.

But the world looked no longer the same to him. The brightness had gone out of the sunshine, and the song of the birds beat upon his ears with a weary and stale monotony. To oppose the Prince, if he had really made up his mind to possess Zuleika, was simply madness; but to part with Zuleika in order to gratify an idle whim of a pampered favorite of fortune was more than he could bear. Claude rode home in bad humor, and told his father what had occurred.

"My dear boy," said Colonel Ring, "you'll have to give up your mare or leave the Turkish Empire. The Prince will be sure to get the better of you."

"I would rather lose my life than lose Zuleika!" cried Claude, hotly.

"That is foolish talk, Claude," said his father, with grave kindliness. "I can well understand your feelings for Zuleika, but you are old enough now to consult your reason rather than a blind impulse. You know I cannot leave the Sultan's service at the present time, and you have always refused to go without me, although I have urged you again and again to enter the military academy at Lichterfelde."

"I'll go now, if you'll let me take Zuleika with me!" ejaculated the boy, eagerly.

"Am I to understand that you care more for your horse than you do for your father?" asked the Colonel.

"No, father," answered Claude, warmly. "But it is not a question of losing you, as it is with Zuleika. You'll join me soon, and then we shall both be happier than we ever could be here, where all foreigners are hated and despised."

Claude obtained his father's permission to start that very night for Athens. The Colonel knew well the captain of a Greek steamer which sailed early the next morning, and he agreed to assist his son in getting Zuleika aboard before daylight.

Claude packed his trunk in haste, and roused his German groom, accompanied him to the stable.

Zuleika, when she heard her master's voice, greeted him with a friendly neigh. She was standing quietly in her roomy box-stall, and her beautiful head was lifted over the railing, while her dark eyes peered with eager surprise through the dusk which the light of the lantern dimly penetrated.

Claude found a lump of sugar in his pocket, and in order not to excite the mare by his unwonted visit, stood by her and patted her on the neck while she ate the sugar.

"We are going travelling, you and I, Zuleika dear," he said, after a while, "and now I want you to get on your hooded overcoat and your whole travelling costume."

He ordered the groom to draw the hood over her head, and the blanket, which was of one piece with the hood, covered all the rest of her body except her legs below the knees. She was so completely disguised that her own master would not have recognized her if he had met her elsewhere. Only her black eyes were visible, gazing through the eye-holes bordered with red.

"Now," said Claude to the groom, "you may prepare a carriage, and as soon as my father and I start, you will ride Zuleika slowly behind us."

The groom obeyed promptly. Within an hour all the preparations for the journey were completed.

It was about eleven o'clock in the evening, and the weather was fair. There was still a little traffic in the streets, and the inconspicuous carriage and the hooded horse, therefore, attracted no attention. It was a common thing for people to drive in the evening, and for grooms to exercise their horses in the cool night air.

In half an hour they had reached the quays, and drove out on a pier to which the Greek steamer was moored. A Turkish custom-house officer who sat cross-legged, with a long pipe in his mouth, close to the gangway, proved to be fast asleep; and Zuleika was led aboard without so much as being challenged.

Luck had attended him so far, and Claude was in high spirits. His father spent the night in the saloon of the steamer, giving his son good advice, and writing letters of introduction to some of his best friends in Germany.

At six o'clock in the morning, as the whistle was blowing for the last time, the Colonel took leave of his son. Claude and Zuleika reached Athens in safety, and made their way thence by steamer to Palermo and Marseilles, and thence by rail to Paris.

No sooner had he appeared in the Bois de Boulogne with Zuleika than he found himself a personage of importance, and was approached with a dozen offers of the most extravagant kind for the mare.

Much embarrassed by the attention he attracted, and fearful that the Turkish embassy would hear of the mare, Claude hastened across the Rhine into Germany, and to Lichterfelde. There he passed his entrance examination to the military academy.

He was now obliged to appear in the costume of a Prussian cadet, and to submit himself to discipline; and to a boy of Claude's disposition who had had his own way in most things, the inflexible rules and the harsh tone of command which prevailed in this school of Spartan simplicity and sternness were doubly hard to bear.

He was thoroughly homesick, and in moments of loneliness often wished that he had not so rashly given up the companionship of his dear and affectionate father.

The only consolation he had in his solitude was Zuleika. Nearly all the time he could spare from his duties he spent with her. Though he was not a noble, like so many of his comrades, he was by special permission granted leave to keep a horse.

It was entirely owing to Zuleika that Claude found himself again a person of distinction, the moment he appeared on horseback. People stopped all along the sidewalks to gaze at him, as he made Zuleika dance away over the ground with a pace so light and dainty that it seemed the very spirit of airy speed and grace.

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"What a beautiful creature!" exclaimed the ladies, enthusiastically.

"And how superbly the fellow rides," ejaculated others; "he sits in the saddle as if he were born in it."

"The young man is an Arab," an officious person explained. "That is the reason he rides so well. His father is an Arab sheik, and this mare is his chief treasure; and so to speak, a friend of the family. For you know the Arabs associate with their horses as we do with our friends; call upon them, invite them to tea, and drink a glass with them."

Claude heard only part of this explanation, and it amused him exceedingly. He did not object particularly to being taken for an Arab; and that Zuleika was his friend he never would have thought of denying.

Early in the morning, before eating his breakfast, he went to the stable to pet her, talk to her, and inquire for her health. No sooner did Zuleika hear his footsteps without, than she whinnied toward him her joyous greeting. Long before he spoke, she felt by instinct his approach, and it was touching to see the eagerness with which she lifted her lovely head to catch the first glimpse of him when he opened the stable door.

She sulked if she was neglected, and she was extremely jealous. Once, when Claude, instead of going straight toward her, as was his wont, stopped to speak to the groom and incidentally patted another horse, she turned impulsively about in her box stall, and made no response to his advances, except an angry whisking of her tail. Two days passed before he regained her favor.

Claude attached himself with his whole heart to this beautiful and intelligent creature. His fellow-cadets called him "the Arab," because of his devotion to Zuleika.

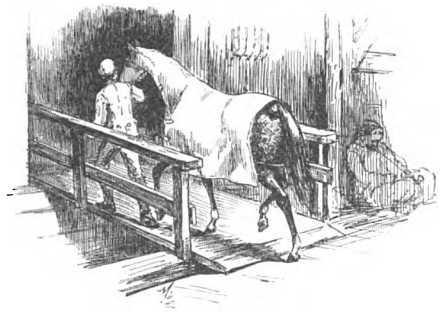
The story was told by some wag that he kissed her good morning and good night, and had his breakfast served in the stable with her. The latter was, to be sure, a pure invention, but the former had some slight foundation in fact. For Zuleika had learned, whenever Claude said, "Kiss me," to touch his face with her soft nose, and when he said, "Pat me," gently to rub her head against his cheeks.

A year passed rapidly. Claude made many friends in the military academy. He took good-naturedly all the banter of his comrades. All the extravagant offers he received for Zuleika he refused, declaring freely that no money could buy her.

A year after Claude's departure, Colonel Ring resigned his commission in the Turkish Army, receiving at the same time the honors due to his services. He had taken good care not to divulge Claude's place of residence, and had even had his letters addressed to Galbraith Effendi.

He had found the separation very hard, and was eager to see his son. As soon, therefore, as he had made his farewell visit to the Sultan, he started by rail for Vienna, and thence to Berlin, where Claude had leave to meet him.

It seemed to him that, at a station where the train stopped for dinner, he caught sight of the squat figure and dark beard and features of Mudir Pasha, the Sultan's Master of the Horse. He wondered what this surly Turk was doing in Germany, and concluded that he had been sent abroad to buy horses for the army. The Colonel



had no desire to renew his acquaintance with him, and therefore appeared not to see him.

After the train was well under way, it occurred to him as a curious thing that Mudir was dressed in European costume, even dispensing with the fez—which in an orthodox, old-fashioned Turk was rather extraordinary.

The Colonel soon fell into a pleasanter train of thought, as he rolled northward toward Berlin.

There is no need of describing the happy meeting between father and son. It was late when they thought of retiring, and late when they had finished breakfast the next morning.

Claude rose with a sudden pang, before he had finished his meal. It was the first time in his life that he had forgotten Zuleika.

"Excuse me, father," he said, hurriedly; "I'll be back in five minutes."

He rushed, with a nameless oppression, to the stable of the hotel.

Ah! to be sure, there stood Zuleika, as usual. But she was in a pet, of course, at having been forgotten. She gave him no greeting, nor did she even turn her head to look at him. Claude did not wonder.

"Don't sulk now, Zuleika," he said, in his most cajoling tones, "come here and let me talk to you. You know father has come —"

The mare stood as stolid as a post, munching her oats, and betrayed not even by a look or a pricking up of her ears, or an extra whisking of her tail, that she heard Claude's voice.

Claude's heart sank within him. He felt as if a great calamity had overtaken him. He seized a hay-fork, and thrust open the two shutters which covered the windows. The light poured in.

Then with a slow, deliberate motion, the mare turned her head; but what was that? Surely that was not Zuleika's head!

Claude leaped over the railing, unhooked the door, and pulled the mare out into the full glare of the daylight. He felt chilly and half-benumbed.

He tied the mare to the stable door, and stared straight into her face. She made no response. Could he trust his eyes? It was not Zuleika! Some one had stolen his treasure in the night and substituted this dull beast, which was outwardly not unlike her, but lacked her airy grace, her fiery spirit, and her perfect beauty.

Claude had still a vague hope that he might be dreaming, and that he would presently wake and find that it was all a horrible mistake.

But he was indeed awake. The dapple-gray mare did not become Zuleika. His mare was gone.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

(To be continued.)

IN AN OLD TUNE.

Song and laughter of long ago,
Sad and sweet as a far-blown flute
Echo low in the music's flow,
And the shadows listen and winds are mute.

Portland Transcript. —*Anna Boynton Averill.*

For the Companion.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Celia Bonner, coming over the hill from Gatesborough to West Gatesborough in the teeth of a keen November storm, wondered why this particular storm affected her so disagreeably. Generally in such weather she beguiled the way with cheerful thoughts and calculations, all overspread by calm complacency that she had at last gained this position as teacher, so long coveted; but to-night she found herself wishing that the school were at West Gatesborough instead of Gatesborough, or else that her mother and the small house and farm which was their sole estate could be moved nearer to the school.

This wishing was all so unlike Celia's matter-of-fact reasonableness in general that she sought hard for the reason why she should be taken with such a desire. She soon found it in the fact that she was undeniably hungry.

She was wet, cold and bedraggled, but most of all she was hungry, with the keen, uncompromising hunger of healthy young girlhood. Surely this of itself was enough to induce gloomy thoughts and futile wishes.

"I was silly not to think of it sooner," she half-laughed to herself. "I had begun to forget that I had such a very meagre lunch this noon. But never mind; mother will have a hot supper waiting for me."

Then she turned the last bend in the road, and seeing the light in her mother's kitchen, stumbled along more quickly than ever. A feeble light it was, and typical in a measure of everything within the house, from the mother down, except when Celia was there. Even the fires Mrs. Bonner kindled had a trick of burning weakly and uncertainly.

When, a few moments after she saw the light, Celia burst into the kitchen, with her cloak and umbrella held out before her, the savory supper she had so keenly anticipated was in no way apparent to her senses. The table was provided with no other edibles than cold Graham gems, a very few slices of cold corned beef, and the inevitable dish of apple-sauce.

Heedless now of the drip which bespattered the home-made carpet, Celia stood still.

"Mother! You don't mean to say this is all you have for supper!"

Affecting intense preoccupation with the tea-kettle, her mother responded, "I don't see but it's pretty good, Celia."

"But, mother! We've had nothing else for the last week, and I told you I was starving for something hearty and warm. I gave you money this morning to buy a steak."

"Well, you see, there's so many other things to get," Mrs. Bonner pleaded, weakly. There was something so furtive and insincere in her manner that Celia, without difficulty, jumped to a conclusion.

"Mother, I believe you've spent that money for another lottery ticket!"

This abrupt statement revealed the skeleton which had stood in the closet of this poor little household for more than a year. It was a subject so repulsive to Celia that she hated to speak of it, but so dear to the mother that she loved to enlarge upon it.

"And supposing I did, Celia?" she said, more confidently. "Fortune's going to turn sometime, and I'll be bound you'd be glad enough if we came into fifteen thousand dollars all at once, as that young man did up in Massachusetts."

The lines of the argument were all wearily familiar to Celia, but hunger gave an added vigor to her protest.

"I might be demoralized by it," she said, "but I'd never be glad! Whether you gain or lose, the principle is the same. It's nothing but gambling, and though you'd feel pretty badly to hear that our Joe out in Colorado had become a gambler, you think it no harm to be one yourself, though you are a church-member."

Mrs. Bonner remained silent a little while, and then began to cry softly.

"It's too bad for you to scold in that way, Celia," she said, "when all I'm thinking of is your good and Joe's. And even if I am a church-member, I don't see that I'm committing any sin. Aint lotteries as old as the days of Moses, and didn't he consent to them? And didn't the early settlers in Maine and New Hampshire make use of them to build churches as well as schools?"

This was again familiar ground to Celia, but she took it up as if it were quite new.

"Yes, mother, but we don't live under the Mosaic law now, and our forefathers did many things which we don't imitate. Because they hanged innocent women as witches, we should not consider it right to do it. Lotteries began in corruption, and they corrupt wherever they go. I'm sure every Christian must condemn them at heart, and to win in them is more dangerous than to lose.

"You've never been the same, mother, since you bought that first ticket two years ago. It's like dram-drinking; you want to keep on at it. I don't mean to be unkind, but I can't make it seem anything less than wicked."

The stern young preacher softened a little here, and a plaintive sniffle by way of acknowledgment prefaced Mrs. Bonner's reply:

"I don't believe I'll ever need to go into them again, Celia. I feel it that I'm going to get something this time. I had a dream last night, and in it I was counting out fifteen bags of gold!"

It was useless to argue further. Celia moodily set about clearing away the dishes, and said no more.

A few weeks later, coming over the hill in a snow-storm, Celia found the little light absent from her mother's window. Filled at once with a vague alarm, she hurried over the remaining part of the road and into the house, calling as she went, "Mother! Where are you, mother?"

No answering voice greeted her, but groping to the mantel, she lighted a lamp. Then turning to examine the room, she saw her mother sitting in her accustomed chair by the window.

"Why!" Celia began, half-relieved, half-provoked; and then the question which was to follow died on her lips, for it became apparent that, though death did not yet confront her, she was looking upon its strange similitude, paralysis.

Her mother's whole body was rigid and motionless. The poor hands, quieted forever, hung down beside it. The tongue, whose irrelevancy had so often wearied poor practical Celia, was now forever stilled.

For what seemed an hour, though in reality it was hardly more than a moment, Celia stood almost as motionless; then, running down the road to their nearest neighbor, she brought her back, pitying and exclaiming as she came.

Together they lifted the limp figure to the lounge, upon which they wheeled Mrs. Bonner to the bed in the room off the sitting-room.

Only when they laid her there did Celia, bending above her in agonized appeal, discover that the eyes alone were instinct with life. They looked up to Celia with pitiful intelligence, seeming to respond to her cry.

Then wandering through the door in their gaze, they fixed themselves on Mrs. Denny with a total change of expression.

Celia turned around in startled surprise, to discover that the kindly neighbor, with the instincts of a housekeeper, was "tidying up" the sitting-room, and, as part of the effort, was now examining an envelope. Celia remembered that she had seen this lying on the floor beside her mother's chair, but she had been too sadly lacking in curiosity to examine it.

"What is it, Mrs. Denny?" she now asked. Then she covered her face with her hands, as Mrs. Denny replied:

"For mercy's sake! The poor thing! If it isn't one of those lottery lists! Now that's what's given her this stroke, I suppose. She's been disappointed again, and she set so much store by it. Shall I burn it, Celia?"

"Yes," Celia answered, with sorrowful energy; and then corrected herself, as the haunting eyes on the pillow caught hers with a sudden fierce protest.

"No, Mrs. Denny. She doesn't want it burned, I think. Put it in the top left-hand drawer of the secretary, please."

Soon after, and all through the days which intervened before the end came, that mournful gaze concentrated itself most of all on the old family Bible which rested on a stand in the corner of the room where she lay, and this, too, Celia interpreted.

"She wants me to read the Bible to her. Oh, poor mother! you know now, don't you, that your truest riches are in that?"

So hour after hour during the few short weeks in which her mother lingered on, the daughter read and reread the promises which relate to eternal life. Sometimes peace fell like a veil upon the dim windows of that fast darkening tabernacle, and again such restless entreaty looked out from them that Mrs. Denny interrupted the reading:

"Celia, she's got something on her mind that we don't know of yet. It seems sometimes as though her eyes would pierce through that Bible as you sit there reading, and when you aint at it, she's still staring at it."

But always Celia's reply was the same:

"It's only that she's growing more eager for it all the time. It seems the greatest comfort I have that she loves it so. Yes, mother, I'll read more!"

The final summons came very quietly at the last. Celia, going away for a much-needed nap, had smiled down upon her, saying:

"Good-by, mother! I'm going to lie down just for a little while. God bless you, mother dear!"

The poor, pathetic eyes had seemed almost to smile in return, but when Celia woke from her nap, they were closed in their last long slumber. Whatever was the secret they had yearned to disclose, all opportunity was now forever gone by.

Two days later they laid Mrs. Bonner in the family burying-ground at the back of the little farm, and Celia returned to her teaching with a new tombstone as the immediate object of her ambition.

The blinds were closed in the old house, and the doors locked up, and for the present Celia engaged board in Gatesborough.

The weeks wore on until the winter term was nearly over. Then Celia's brother, Joe wrote from Colorado, begging her to join him there. He was well, and was lonely. Why should not Celia let or sell the old place, and come out to this new country, which was so much fairer than that bleak little corner of Maine?

Celia loved Maine with the deep-rooted attachment often noticeable in plants which flourish on rocky soil. It was home to her, and she was essentially home-loving; but it had been a very dreary home of late, and she missed the poor weak mother, sorely grieving for her with that admixture of remorse to which all strong natures are subject.

The little house under the hill could never be the same to her again. Whether there or in Gatesborough, her living was but scanty at best, and most of all she longed to be with dear old Joe.

Almost as soon as the wish was expressed, a tenant was found for the house, whereupon Celia with Mrs. Denny's help began the task of clearing away and putting things in order.

Mrs. Denny offered to take care of any such relics as Celia chose to keep.

"If I have room in my trunk," Celia said, "I shall certainly take the old Bible. I can't bear to leave that behind."

Then, being alone and somewhat tired, she began to turn over the pages of the sacred book, stopping to read here and there.

She opened, all unaware, at two pages where she was not accustomed to read; and there, between them, lay a lottery ticket bearing the number—68,498.

Celia looked down upon it for a moment with the half-fascinated and yet wholly disgusted gaze which she might have bestowed upon an intruding snake. Then, suddenly a thought which she found almost equally venomous darted into her mind.

"Was this the reason mother used to look so longingly at the Bible?" she thought. "Oh, surely not!"

Then, leaving the book open on the stand, she rushed in a tumult of fear and apprehension to the secretary, and opened the top left-hand drawer.

There, where Mrs. Denny had placed it, still lay the well-remembered fatal envelope. Opening it, Celia scanned the list of numbers which had won the principal prizes at the December drawing.

32,413, 59,162, 44,122, 58,227—and then, dancing before her eyes—68,498!

The poor futile dream had come true. The fifteen thousand dollars, represented by the fifteen bags of gold, had for one moment flashed before the dreamer's eyes; and then, before her feet could carry her from one room into the next, before her eager hand could grasp the small blue slip, the hand of death had arrested her.

Just in the first painful shock of her discovery, Celia wondered if her conscience could stand the strain. It seemed as if fate, not Providence, had been at work, and had wrought this bitterly cruel piece of irony.

For a long hour she groped amid darkened thoughts. Then, material darkness having also come upon her, she rose; and again, as on that fatal night, groped her way to the mantel. She lighted the lamp, and stood looking down into the smouldering logs upon the hearth. While she looked, a new thought came to trouble her—a new though very feeble temptation assailed her.

"Your mother wanted it most of all for Joe and you," the tempter whispered. "She would have been happier dying if she had thought you would have had it."

But, with some of the old-time fire in voice and eyes, Celia answered aloud, as though to a visible

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opponent: "I will not do it! It was like one of those poisonous marsh damps which lure people on to death. It led her there; she would have been alive now if this weakness had not taken hold of her. And I would rather die than profit by it now. I will burn the thing, so that the mean temptation may not come to me again!"

In another moment the small blue slip of paper curled and shrivelled over the dying logs, then burst into a mocking flame, and in a moment more was a thin little sheet of ashes.

HESTER VICKERY BROWN.

HAVE A MIND TO.

He that *thinketh* good may *do*,
And God will help him thereunto;
For never was a good work wrought
Without beginning of good thought.
—*Bunyan.*

For the Companion.

ON THE NORTH SEA BANKS.

I. — The Great Snow-Storm.

The weather grew very cold toward the end of the first week in January, 1881, and the fishermen on board the smack *Maria* were a good deal pinched by the frost. They had been out a long time, and their stores were running short.

The sea had been bad for a month, and every man had worked, on an average, twenty hours a day.

People may stare at that, but it is the fisher's usual day's work in winter time, and the men do not know what an outcry would be made on shore if it were known that about twelve thousand human beings are forced to work twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

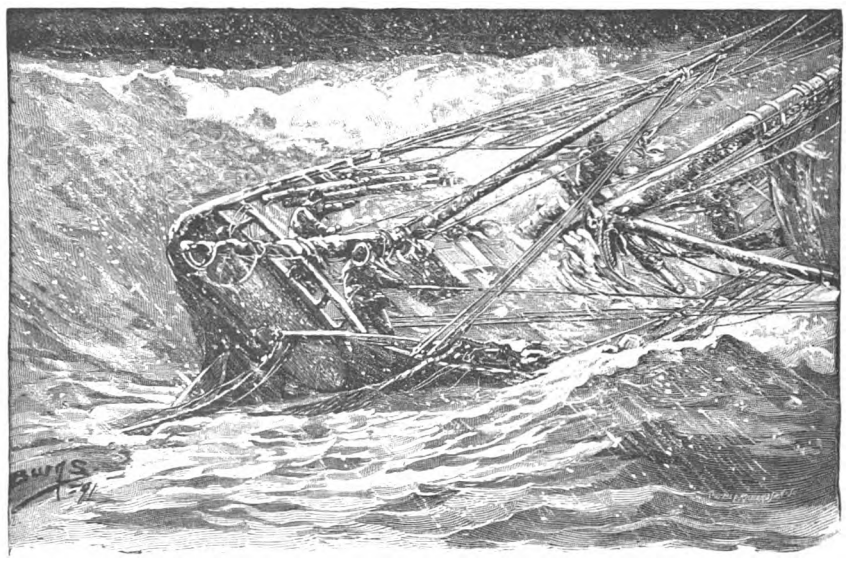
If the kindly landsmen were also told that these men never go to bed during the four hours which they have for sleep, there would be still more astonishment; and if it were proved that the good fellows never take their clothes off and never wash in fresh water for eight weeks on a stretch, I fancy there would be signs of something more than amazement.

There is rarely a calm winter's day on the Banks, and the water is so shallow that the seas dance up into sharp hillocks, like those which one may make in a basin by jerking it. The seamen are aware that they cannot remain on the shelf of their poor bunks, and they will tell you:

"We all turns in on the cabin floor, sir, because then she don't pitch us about quite so dangerous. If you was to get off hard asleep, and she rolled her rail right on under, you might get a smash out of your bunk as 'ud break your bones."

Then I must point out that men cannot very well use fresh water for washing when there is only the stock of water for drink which such small vessels can carry. They are washed with salt water many times a day, and that has to content them.

Well, and now as to the twenty hours' work. All the hands do not have so much to do every day, but to make up the balance they are often kept awake for forty or fifty hours at a stretch.



A Fearful Snow-Storm.

At five in the afternoon the fleet begins to sail, and then the signal comes to let go the trawl. It sounds easy to say, "Let go," but then that monstrous beam has to be so secured and balanced by a multitude of ropes and gearings that the piece of work is anything but easy.

Supposing that you had to run along a parapet for thirty feet, and pass a rope round a beam ten feet below you; and suppose that you had only a telegraph wire to cling to with one hand until you reached a post. Suppose, if you possibly can, that the parapet reared like a restive horse all the time you were making your journey.

Then you have a very nice idea of the job that a smacksman undertakes four times a day.

When the dead drag of the monster net is felt, and the vessel begins to rear into the waves as if she were wild at being held back, the fishers cannot go down to turn in at once, for there are many little things to do, and if anything important has been smashed, it is very likely that the men may just have time to eat their dinner like famished dogs, and rush back to business again.

Things are always getting smashed on board the trawlers in that swift sea, and any carelessness as to repairs might send a crew to their deaths. So that is why no sleep must be thought of if a block or reef-earing has to be put right.

If a man can get below by nine o'clock, he may count himself rather fortunate. Then he squats on the floor, and devours his huge tinful of yellow cabbage, stiff pudding and fat beef,—all of which have been boiled together in salt water,—and then he sinks back, his clasp-knife is put away, and he is like a log.

How they sleep! I have seen a fellow stretch himself out before he had removed his oil-stains. His hair was drenched and streaming, his sea-boots were streaming, and his clothes were sodden; but he went off like a little infant.

At midnight the terrible work of fetching in the trawl must be done.

A man may be over the side, perched like a seagull on the beam, while the vast swoop of the ship sends him under again and again; he may be hanging by one hand to the falls, and tearing at a fouled rope with the other; he may be dashed down at one moment as though he had been shot from a catapult, and he jumps up and flies at his work again—unless he is maimed, which mishap happens pretty often.

Still the work is not done, for the fish must be cleaned, the vessel must be set away on her fresh course, and it may be that an hour or two must be spent in reefing down. Dawn soon comes at that rate, and the tiny boat must travel away over the rushing mountains to the steamer that bears the fish to market.

I am not morbidly in love with life, but I should not accept fifty pounds per journey all the winter through if I had to take an oar in one of those small boats, for seven men out of each hundred are drowned in the year, so the odds in favor of survival are none too large.

The bold fellows laugh when they return after that cruel trip, even if they have seen some of their comrades go under, for they have no time to think about death, and they are more bent on their mounds of fish than on mourning. Their nets have to be mended and gear repaired, and at last there comes a little time for rest once more.

It is easy to see how twenty hours run away, and you may now understand that the crew of the *Maria* were in a pretty plight, after their long exposure in the bitter cold winter weather. Skipper Burley looked like a sweep; the mate was worse; the first hand was frost-bitten, and all his fingers were split across by deep cuts at the joints.

The second hand had worn out all his stockings, and his feet were wrapped in sacking, while poor little Billy, the boy, was raw from his neck to his waist, because he had no flannels, and the frost cut him so badly at night.

All the fellows craved sugar more than anything; the fishers hunger after sweet things as an Eskimo does after fat, and for the same reason. Dirty, bruised, tired and cold as they were, you may imagine how the poor souls longed for the last day of their spell at sea.

On January Eighteenth the glass fell, and the Admiral signalled to the men that something bad was coming. Nothing could be seen distinctly even at a few yards' distance, for an ugly yellow haze seemed to choke up all the space between the vault of the low sky and the sea.

The gulls screamed and babbled, and seemed to hold a sort of parliament; they swooped round the smacks, and yelled as if they were making mock of their best friends—for the seamen love the gulls. Then, like a flight of spectres, the stanch birds departed, no one knew whither; and little Billy was grieved, because he liked chatting with gulls when they swept round his head and begged for scraps.

Night fell, and silence fell also; a wicked Something was in the air, and men's hearts went chill.

Skipper Burley said, "Lads, I've seen this once before. All on us must lay out, and I'm going to put her under storm canvas."

So the vessel was left with a scrap of sail; and it was very well that she carried next to nothing, for at midnight there came a moan from all round, and then the wind dashed on the fleet, while the moan rose to a hoarse scream. The water was plucked up in lumps that flew at first with the consistency of solids, and scattered at last in a sweeping, iron kind of rain, that felled men to the decks when they had failed to lay hold of some rope.

Many vessels which had continued to show some sail had their canvas torn clean away, or were hove down and rose no more.

Within the lifetime of all those on that dreadful Bank no such breeze had ever been known. The wind gave neither warning nor quarter; it seemed to say, "I have flowed round the earth; I have wandered over fields of flowers, and I have kissed them tenderly; a little while ago, and I sang the Arabs of the desert to sleep, and I was so quiet that no one could think I had madness in me. And now I have come to murder you."

Little Billy had his back against the mizzen rigging when the first crash of the blast came, and he was carried like a feather to the lee side as the vessel lay over under the push of the wind. The boy was driven against the rail, and he must have gone with the next lurch had he not piped, "O Ned! Ned! I can't get back!"

Ned, the second hand, lay down and hauled the little fellow back upon the deck, but it was like pulling against a strong man, and Billy was nearly drowned amid the water that rushed along the channel.

Burley said, "Lash that tiller, Ned, and see if she'll lie to it. Come all below. Ned, you'll look out if anything comes down on us."

When the men were below, the skipper made his way to the cabin, and then he said, "Now, chaps, this is goin' to be a breeze—a breeze, I tell you, as has never been. We'll have a sea in an hour enough to smother her; the boy must keep the fire and the kettle goin', and you stand by, for there aint no sleep for forty-eight hours and the rest.

"If it's as I expect, and the water's too heavy for her, you've got to help me to get her away afore it, and I'm going to run for home. Mind *you* that; I'll run and chance it."

The volleys of wind bellowed on; the sea sprang up like magic, and soon the *Maria* appeared to be dodging a succession of mountains which came at her as though they knew what they wanted—as though they meant murder indeed.

It is most weird to see how a blind wave seems to acquire malignant intelligence as it curls down toward you; it is your personal enemy.

When the dawn came, a few vessels could be dimly seen, but the drift was so thick that each ship only loomed in spectral fashion through it; the *Maria* was being twisted and wrenched badly, and the gaff of the mizzen finally fell.

Burley called all hands to secure the broken spar, and Billy peeped up to see what was the matter. The boy gave a look over the plunging bow, screening his eyes the while, and he screeched, "Skipper, look ahead! O Lor', she's boomin'!"

A man's voice could not have been heard, but the shrill treble pierced through the crash of the storm. Burley's face grew stern; he left the unruly wreck of the spar, and sprang to the tiller. A collier brig came on under bare poles, and as the wind drove her forward until a continuous pile of white water surged over her, she cleared the smack by two yards.

Bare as the ugly bulk was, she travelled like a railway train, and she would have gone over the smack had she hit her.

By six o'clock there was a strange trouble above, and then, like a river, came the snow. The fishermen dread snow more than anything, because their lives depend on a lottery when it comes.

"We must take half an hour at a time for'a'd, chaps. Tom, you go first."

So Tom dodged up till he had hold of the boat's stern, and tried to look out; but he might as well have tried to look through a wall. The galloping hurricane brought the masses of snow down without giving time for gaps to be made, and Tom could have looked out quite as well from the cabin.

Only the rush of the seas on board prevented the drifts from forming a solid mass on the deck level with the rail; and those seas were more and more like big hammers as the hours went by. They raised their huge bulk; the topmost folds crumbled over; there was a dreadful silence, and then the liquid thunder of the fall.

"I never heerd water like that afore, skipper," said Billy, timidly.

"No, boy, and you never will again," said Burley, grimly; and Billy trembled, for the skipper's tone was queer.

At eleven o'clock the skipper came below to thaw himself after his spell at the lookout, and Ned went up.

"My God! What's this?" he growled, starting up as a silence that could be felt seemed to still the very pulses of the storm.

He had reason for wonder; when he got on deck, he saw something that men can only picture in frantic dreams.

The wave was coming; it was far, far above the smack, and he could tell that it was a giant despite the snow, for even the snow lost velocity under the lee of the terrific hill.

All passed in a second; Burley prayed a little; he heard a confused crashing, then a ripping sound, and then he knew he was under black water.

When the *Maria* miraculously came up, the skipper was half drowned, but he had a grip of the winch; the mate was knee-deep in water in the cabin, the boat was smashed to matchwood—and Ned was far away astern, and dead. They die very easily, poor lads, for the cold of the water stuns them, and a man will put his arms out stiffly and lie as if he were asleep, as you catch sight of him on the bulge of the felon wave that slew him. Poor Ned!

Little Billy tried not to cry when the skipper came for Tom and the mate.

"It's bad for you, boy; still, you'll miss a lot of trouble," said Burley, by way of comfort to Billy, and the game little man faltered, "I don't want for to die, skipper, I don't; but I go with Tom and the mate and you."

"Now, chaps, we're goin' to run, and if we're done as I take her round, we're done, and there's an end."

So the three surviving men went on their forlorn errand. Once the *Maria* lay long on her broadside as she fell off, and the level of the water crept up and up. Poor Billy thought all was over, but the smack got round, and then came the race for life between her and the sea.

I wish I had the space of a book in which to tell you about that dreadful race. A lookout was impossible. Once the tearing smack hit something that made her reel, and the men saw that she had run into a floating mast.

As the second night deepened, the snow fell thicker; but before the inky blackness mixed finally with the pall of the snow, the *Maria* swept past some object that loomed grayly within ten yards of her starboard side, and a yell rose in the murk.

It was a vessel, bottom up, with one man still clinging, and Burley felt heart-broken when he rushed by, for he could no more have picked up that man by beating back than he could have picked up a stray bottle.

"Poor chap; to drown, and us within biscuit's throw!" That was the sailor's funeral oration.

By two in the morning Burley knew he was near his port, and he was half-mad with mingled joy and suspense, but he and the rest kept cool. The *Maria* tore on still till the mate cried suddenly, "Listen! There's a steamer's whistle! She's going in, and we're just home."

Sure enough, the enormous discord of a steam-whistle was heard, and they could tell the ship was making signals for the people at her wharf. Then Burley went below and knelt down.

I must tell you next week what was the result of his stay of half a minute in the cabin.

JAMES RUNCIMAN.

For the Companion.

THE SUGAR BEET.

Among the things which Napoleon Bonaparte is not remembered for is the establishment of the beet-sugar industry in Europe. It was his encouragement, given while he was the almost absolute ruler of the French Empire, which raised the making of sugar from beets from the field of struggling experiment, fitfully engaged in by men of science who were regarded as visionaries, to the practical position which has finally made it a larger and more important business, taking the world through, than the making of cane sugar.

Although the great Napoleon was not the sort of man whom it was ordinarily safe to laugh at, he was ridiculed and caricatured on account of his faith that sugar could be made profitably from beets.

In 1811 the Emperor promised the French people that they should have sugar from beets if he excluded from France the commerce of England, including the sugars of the British West Indies. This promise led to the publication of a caricature, in which the Emperor and his little son, the King of Rome, were represented.

The Emperor was shown sitting in his boy's nursery, squeezing a beet-root into a cup of coffee. The baby Prince sat near him, hard at work sucking a beet-root, while the nurse, standing close by, was represented as exclaiming, "Suck it, dear, suck it; your papa *says* it is sugar!"

This biting sarcasm did not prevent Napoleon from spending several million francs, at a time when his Empire was under a tremendous strain of expenditure, in bounties for sugar made from beets, and his sagacity has been vindicated at last by the fact that, within the past five years, the world's yearly production of beet sugar has risen above its production of cane sugar by more than a million tons.

By far the greater part of this beet sugar is raised and consumed in Europe. It is now the sugar ordinarily used there, just as cane sugar is the sort almost universally used in America.

Beet sugar may be bought in certain stores in our Eastern cities. To the taste, it cannot be distinguished from the best cane sugar, except by experts, who say it is richer in sweets than most cane sugar.

It is not made from the common red garden beet, but from a white beet—in some varieties verging upon a pink color—which has been developed by cultivation and selection until its juices yield a proportion of from ten to sixteen per cent. of sugar.

Almost a hundred years of experiment and hard work were needed before the cultivation of the beet for sugar became profitable in Europe. No crop in the world requires more painstaking and scientific cultivation to make it a success; and none rebukes easy-going methods more promptly.

The sugar-beet-raising, indeed, as practised in Europe, seems almost a science rather than an industry.

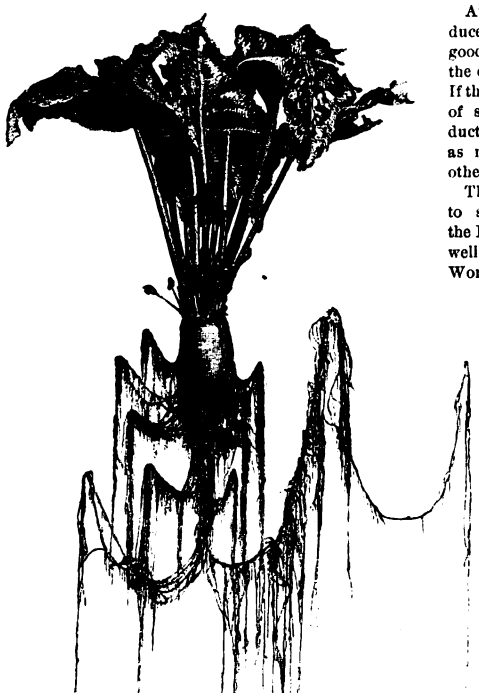
The chemist's work comes in at every turn. He must test the sweetness of the beet, the elements of the soil and the fertilizers used, and watch the successive processes of manufacture. The meteorologist must be consulted regarding conditions of climate as to heat and cold in the growing and ripening season, and the proportion of moisture in the air.

Satisfactory conditions of soil and air and seed being obtained, money must not be spared in the cultivation of the root. The soil should be deep and good to begin with, and fertilizers—not raw, but well and carefully rotted—must be generously

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applied. Then there should be subsoil cultivation, and a great deal of careful working.

The raising of the seed is a little science in itself. Five years of cultivation of "mother beets," as the beets chosen to furnish seed are called, are required before the seeds are fit to plant. That is to say, successive beets are selected



and planted for that length of time, progressing from sweet to sweetest, until the sort of seed is obtained from which will grow a profitable crop of sugar beets.

The first seed-beet in the series is called the "grandmother beet." She is chosen, to begin with, because her juice is found by a chemical test to be the sweetest of the field. Then from among her sweetest progeny is chosen a "mother beet;" from that another, and so on down.

One-fourth of the area of soil given to the raising of beets is often devoted to the production of seed; and upwards of thirty-five hundred mother beets are planted to the acre.

French farmers have in many cases succeeded in raising from twenty to thirty tons of sugar beets to the acre, which yield three and even four tons of sugar. At this rate of production, the farmer can afford, as is often done in France and Germany, to put fifty dollars' worth of fertilizer upon a single acre of land in a single year.

Unlike some other expensive crops, the cultivation of beet sugar is very good for the land. A good deal of other produce is raised at the same time; and the quality and quantity of every other crop is greatly raised by the cultivation of the sugar beet. Its benefits are twofold.

The harvesting of the beets is done just at the height of their ripeness, and often after the first frosts have fallen. They are sometimes pulled from the ground by hand labor, but oftener by means of a sort of digging machine drawn by horses, not unlike an ordinary corn cultivator. Then the beets are carefully housed in cellars or silos constructed for the purpose, preparatory to being sent to the manufactory.

At the manufactory they are sliced by machinery, and the juice, in the best factories, is extracted from the slices not by crushing them, but by a process called "diffusion," in which the sugar is drawn out by soaking them again and again in liquids. This leaves the beets, deprived of their sugar, in a condition to be fed to cattle which are being fattened. The syrup obtained by the diffusion process is boiled down to sugar.

The cultivation of sugar beets has not been generally successful in this country up to the present time for several reasons. One of these is that we have almost at our very doors the cheaply made cane sugars of tropical countries. Another reason is that our farmers, as a rule, have not the time or patience to give to a crop the thorough and scientific treatment that the cultivation of sugar beets demands.

But a more important reason still is the fact that the necessary conditions of soil and climate have not been observed. According to the statements published by the Department of Agriculture, the sugar beet is at home, and able to do its best, only in a region which has a mean temperature of seventy degrees Fahrenheit for the three months of summer.

Such a summer temperature is found in a belt of country lying one hundred miles on each side of a line beginning at New York City, running up the Hudson to Albany, then striking westward through Cleveland, Chicago and St. Paul; then southward and westward through Colorado and New Mexico to the Pacific coast, and along that coast northward to Oregon and Washington. There is an immense and fruitful region in this belt, but not all the territory within it is suited to raising the sugar beet, because the rainfall is in much of it either insufficient or not even enough; but there is, too, a good deal of country outside the belt where, owing to local differences in the climate, the right conditions for the sugar beet will be found.

American farmers, when they introduce the cultivation of the sugar beet in good earnest, will have the benefit of all the costly experience of the Old World. If they avail themselves of the assistance of science, they may surpass the products of the Old World in this respect as much as they have done in many other respects.

They will have, however, a hard task to surpass the thorough methods of the European cultivator. A single fact well illustrates the methods of the Old World farmer, who looks for his profits to his own efforts more than to nature's friendly aid.

The French Government, being in need of added revenue, and having already taxed the process of manufacturing sugar from beets, placed a tax upon the beet itself. The farmers, finding that to raise more beets meant more taxation, set about getting more sugar without increasing the number of beets.

By heightening their cultivation, they succeeded in greatly increasing the richness of the Brabant beet, which was their favorite variety, thus turning an oppressive government edict into an advantage.

In the operations of the French farmer and gardener, indeed, nature seems to play a small part compared with man's efforts. The tenant gardener of the region about Paris generally brings with him, when he hires a piece of ground, all the soil that he uses, and when he gives up his land, he takes the soil away with him. J. E. CHAMBERLIN.

NOISELESS USEFULNESS.

In silence, like the fruitful vine,
Bring forth what is in thee;
It is thy duty to be good,
And man's to honor thee.

Selected. —*R. H. Stoddard.*

A CHANGED SITUATION.

The face of political affairs in Great Britain has undergone a marked change in the past few weeks. This is mainly the result of the deaths of several personages of high political influence and position.

Almost at the same time three men passed away, two of whom, at least, had long played a notable part in the sharp struggle which has been going on between the two great English parties; while the position of the other in that struggle, though a minor one, made his death also significant.

These three were William Henry Smith, the First Lord of the Treasury, and leader of the House of Commons; Charles Stewart Parnell, for ten years the unquestioned chief of the Irish Nationalists; and Sir John Pope Hennessy.

The death of Mr. Parnell was sudden, and came upon the world with a shock. He was apparently engaged in a vigorous campaign to retain the leadership of the Irish cause and people, against heavy odds and with but a poor prospect of success, when he was stricken down.

As long as Mr. Parnell lived, indeed, it seemed as if the Irish Nationalists must continue to be divided into two hostile factions, a fact which must necessarily operate to weaken the strength of their cause, and to postpone, at least, the achievement of Home Rule.

Mr. Parnell had been deposed from his leadership as a consequence of misconduct in private life; but a minority of Irish Nationalist members had still adhered to him, and he had resolved to fight on against the majority who had deposed him to the last.

His death put an entirely new aspect on Irish politics. At first, it seemed probable that its result would be to reunite the discordant Irish factions. Then it appeared that Mr. Parnell's followers were resolved to continue the fight and keep up the division, though they had no chief left who was Mr. Parnell's equal.

The remote consequence of his death, however, must probably be gradually to unite the Irish party again. Already several Irish constituencies had, after a fair contest, pronounced against Mr. Parnell; among them North Kilkenny, which was won against his candidate by Sir John Pope Hennessy, who died, strangely enough, the very day after Mr. Parnell died.

Without Mr. Parnell's brilliant and resolute leadership, his followers can hardly hope to make a winning fight, and when this is apparent, a union of the two factions is very probable.

The death of William Henry Smith, on the other hand, caused a notable change in the Tory situation in the House of Commons. Mr. Smith had been a popular and able leader of the House, and it became necessary to supply that very important place with an efficient successor.

Two men were named for it, Mr. George J. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, the Irish Secretary.

The embarrassment of the Tories arose from the peculiar relations between the two parties which support the Tory government. For, acting with the regular Tories, are the "Liberal Unionists," that is, those Liberals who seceded from Mr. Gladstone five years ago because of his adoption of Irish Home Rule.

Mr. Goschen is a Liberal Unionist, the only member of that party in the Cabinet, where he sits especially as its representative. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he held the office of highest rank next to that of First Lord of the Treasury, vacated by the death of Mr. Smith. It seemed natural, both on this account and because he was the only Liberal Unionist Cabinet officer, that he should be promoted to the leadership of the House.

But this was not agreeable, for several reasons, to the regular Tories. Mr. Goschen's peculiar qualities did not seem to fit him for successful leadership, and it was insisted that a Tory, and not a Liberal Unionist, should take the place.

The choice of Lord Salisbury, therefore, finally fell upon his nephew, Mr. A. J. Balfour, who for some years has made a brilliant record as Irish Secretary. No young man in the House of Commons has risen more rapidly to a position of commanding influence than Mr. Balfour. He has certainly shown signal qualities of leadership which justify his selection as the chief of his party on the floor of the Commons.

The results of these important changes cannot as yet be definitely estimated. A new general election will take place in Great Britain within a few months, and then their effect will become apparent.

MY CHOICE.

Take the palace all ashine,
With its lofty halls and towers;
Let the little house be mine,
With its door-yard, grass and flowers.

Ah, for once, be kindly, Fate,
To my harmless plan agree:
Take whatever things are great,
Leave the little things to me.

Selected. —*Alice Cary.*

IMMIGRATION.

The Fifty-second Congress, the lower house of which was chosen in the very active political campaign of 1890, will assemble at Washington on the first Monday of the coming month. Many surprising political changes were effected in last year's election, and these will tend to bring about an active legislative session.

One subject which was much agitated, and not in a partisan way, during the year in which the new House of Representatives was elected, and which by no means has been lost sight of since, is likely to come forward for a more thorough consideration than it has yet received in Congress.

This subject is the further regulation and restriction of immigration from foreign countries.

Several State political conventions, not alone of one party, have pronounced in favor of legislation by Congress having this end in view. Several national conventions of important bodies outside of politics have demanded laws which shall discourage undesirable and hurtful immigration. The new Congress, chosen in the midst of such an agitation, and aware that it has become much more widespread since, may reasonably be expected to discuss the subject in a serious and dispassionate way.

The laws already adopted, intended to regulate immigration, have been enforced, and have resulted in the exclusion of a considerable number of actual paupers and criminals who have been brought to these shores. They have, no doubt, rendered steamboat companies and emigration agents much more cautious than they would otherwise have been in accepting intending passengers.

To this extent the immigration laws now in force have been beneficial; but they have not diminished the tide of immigration from foreign countries, nor have they prevented the character of that immigration from becoming, on the whole, more and more undesirable.

Indeed, it has been maintained, whether with justice or not we shall not undertake to consider, that the prohibition of the coming of individual workingmen under contracts to labor here has had a tendency to discourage immigration from comparatively intelligent and prosperous countries and districts, whence it might be desirable, and to attract it from undesirable regions—such as Southern Italy, Slavonia, and the poorest and most benighted regions of Russia.

Such questions as this it will be the function of the new Congress to consider. The facts necessary to a full understanding of the subject are not wanting. Statistics show that immigration increases rather than diminishes. The proportion of Northern Europeans and English-speaking people decreases, and that of the most ignorant and debased persons from Southern and Eastern Europe increases. Special reports to Congress have already brought out these facts. The failure of existing laws to check the flood is also plain.

The new Congress will have several proposed remedies for the evil to choose from or combine. One of these is the plan to require strict inquiry on the part of American consuls and commercial agents abroad into the character and condition of intending emigrants to this country, and to admit such only as possess consular certificates going to show that they are fit persons to become American citizens.

Another plan is to require a test of reading and writing in the country of departure, in the intending emigrants' own language; and still another to admit only such immigrants as can read and write the English language.

Another plan proposes that no immigrant shall be admitted unless he possesses a sufficient amount of resources to render him secure against becoming a public charge, and afford a degree of assurance that he will become an active, productive and law-abiding member of the community.

Meantime, the demand for some sort of restriction is almost unanimous. It is certainly grounded upon good reason; for only national deterioration, demoralization and corruption can result from unrestricted and unlimited immigration.

"GETTING HELP."

Margaret Paget was a young girl of no especial mental force, nor, on the other hand, of any decided stupidity, who was blessed, if one may so regard it in this case, with a mother of exceptional ability. The mother had written many brilliant literary papers.

Margaret's father was dead. When the child went to school, her mother began to perform her tasks for her. As the time went by, therefore, the girl became more and more dependent upon her mother. Through the failure to develop her own powers, she seemed to be able to do nothing on her own account.

All this, of course, left Margaret very ill grounded in all her studies, and reflected upon her standing in her examinations, so that she made slow progress. At last the mother, ashamed to see her lag behind, took her out of school, and made a weak pretence of instructing her at home.

Margaret was pretty and amiable, and when she had become eighteen years old, her hand was asked in marriage by a worthy young man.

The mother gave a conditional consent; and as the young man lived at some distance, a correspondence was begun, of course under the eye of the mother.

It was then that the mother realized how defective her daughter's education had been. She was unable to write a creditable letter. Her messages, as she showed them to her mother, were ill-thought, ill-expressed, even ill-spelled.

"This will never do," said the mother. She began to write her daughter's responses to the letters of the young man to whom she was betrothed. Her own wit and felicity of expression characterized them, and the young man was charmed. Once embarked upon such a course of deceit, the mother dared not make a confession. The young man himself was an excellent writer, and his letters spurred the mother to her most brilliant efforts as a correspondent.

After this charming correspondence, the young people were married. Neither the mother nor the daughter dared confess the fraud. Neither had "meant much" at the beginning, but both had gone very deep into a course of deception.

The young husband was soon astonished to find that his wife was an ignorant person, incapable of writing even a sensible letter. He questioned her sharply, and she confessed her fault.

"Mamma always does things for me," she said, helplessly.

The husband found his wife also incapable of caring for a household. She presently sent for her mother to come and live with her; though the husband, having had so forcible a lesson as to her deceitfulness, could only regard her with suspicion and dislike.

The marriage was an unhappy one. The whole lives of two young people had been utterly spoiled by this tendency on the part of a mother to spare her child unpleasant tasks and deprive her of the nourishing, inspiring wear and tear of self-help.

BETTING.

There is still a good deal of conversation in many countries upon the subject of gambling, particularly in Great Britain, where betting is a serious danger to the happiness and stability of families.

In that country there is not only an incredible amount of betting upon races, but in many households it is a custom to play cards for money. The stakes indeed are small, but it is now contended that even such trifling stakes impart to a game of whist a kind of interest and excitement that is not harmless.

An anecdote in point was related the other day by the *Times*. Lord Falmouth, a noted breeder of race-horses, made a bet of sixpence with his trainer that a certain horse would win a certain race.

He was opposed to betting on principle, but did not consider that sixpence amounted to a bet. But having lost his wager, he did not like to hand over to the winner a sum that seemed ridiculous. So he had the sixpence set as the base of a breastpin, which consisted of a large carbuncle cut into the form of a jockey cap, the button of which was a diamond. This setting raised the humble sixpence to the importance of a large bet.

Again he lost sixpence to the same trainer. This time he caused the coin to be set inside the lid of a silver snuff-box, with the monogram of the trainer handsomely carved on the outside.

Thus can a man of principle cheat himself into a gross departure from it. In the same spirit ladies who sit in the grand stand persuade themselves that pairs of kid gloves do not amount to a bet.

To many Americans, who do not feel the need

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of heightening the interest of innocent games in this way, and do not want to get other people's money for nothing, the mania for this kind of gambling seems strange and unaccountable. Accepting money under such conditions may be less disgraceful than picking a pocket, but not much less.

DEVOTED.

Napoleon Bonaparte had no more devoted and disinterested friend than Gaspard Monge, the illustrious academician and founder of L'Ecole Polytechnique. On one occasion he demonstrated his regard by giving the great general some unwelcome advice.

Napoleon announced his intention of reading a paper to the French Institute. Monge frankly expressed his disapproval of the plan.

"You have not time to write a good paper, and you cannot afford to write a poor one. The eyes of the world are upon you. Whatever you write will be severely criticised."

Napoleon was astounded and indignant at this plain speaking, but he never wrote the paper.

On the voyage in a frigate from Alexandria to France, Napoleon said to those who were in his confidence.

"I am taking two very different chances. If this vessel is captured by the English and I am thrown into an English prison, I shall be in the eyes of France a common deserter, a general who left his army without authority to do so.

"But if I reach France in safety, subdue the factions, take command of the army, and carry out my plans for the nation's good, I shall win the blessings of our fellow-countrymen.

"I will not be taken by an English vessel. If we encounter one, we will fight as long as possible, and when the enemy begins to board us, we must sink the ship."

This desperate plan was received in silence, and with evident disapproval, except by Monge, who said, when it appeared that no one else was going to speak:

"Yes, general, you have stated the situation exactly. If what you suggest happens we must sink the ship."

"I was waiting for this proof of friendship, and I charge you with executing the plan," replied Napoleon.

Not long afterward an alarm was given, and every one hastened to his post to defend the frigate against an approaching English vessel. It was soon discovered, however, that the vessel was not English nor unfriendly.

"Where is Monge?" inquired Napoleon. "Find him and tell him that the danger is past."

Monge was found at his post by the powder-magazine with a lighted lantern in his hand.

HER DISAPPOINTMENT.

A lady who was a great admirer of Horace Greeley went one evening to hear him lecture. She had never seen her hero, but was a constant reader of his paper, and had her own ideas as to how he would look and act.

The chairman of the meeting desired to air his Latin, and introduced the speaker in the following rather vague and indefinite manner:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you came very near being disappointed this evening, as Mr. Greeley has been very ill, and I trust that a slight change of programme will be excused on this account.

"As I know that you are all anxious for the lecture to begin, I will only detain you to say that I have the pleasure and honor of introducing to you the *facile princeps* of journalism."

The lady waited to hear no more, but went home in disgust.

"Well, my dear," asked the husband, who was taking care of the baby during his wife's absence, "how did you like the lecture?"

"I didn't stop to hear it," was the reply. "Greeley was sick, and they got another man to take his place who was such a queer-looking old guy that I wouldn't waste my time listening to him, so I came back."

"Who was the man?"

"I don't know," she answered, still indignant at her disappointment. "Somebody I never heard of before. His name was Facily Princes."

The lady was still more disappointed the next day when she discovered in the paper a long account of Greeley's lecture, which the great editor, although feeling quite ill, had delivered in a forcible and impressive manner.

The paper remarked that the chairman stated the truth when he called Greeley easily the first of journalists. It then dawned upon the lady that her "Facily Princes" was really the editor of the *Tribune*.

VACATION EXPEDITIONS.

A student's vacation season should be spent in such a way as to give him the best possible quality of recreation, if he is a real student, and works hard during his regular season of study; but if he can get his recreation, without impairing it, in such a way as incidentally to give him instruction, and even to add to the world's store of knowledge, just so much will have been gained.

It is not a new thing for students in vacation to make scientific expeditions on their own account, combining camping and "roughing it" with congenial study; but an expedition of the kind which was successfully carried out during the vacation season of the present year deserves to be noted as of especial importance and significance.

A party consisting of a professor and several students of Bowdoin College, in Maine, organized an expedition to Labrador, to study the vegetable and animal growths, and otherwise to gain a scientific knowledge of the country.

It was also planned, incidentally, to ascend the Grand River to the great cataract. The Grand River flows from the high plateau of northern Labrador, and the falls by which it reaches the lower level to flow into the Atlantic Ocean are among the grandest on the continent.

The Bowdoin College expedition was fitted out at the expense of alumni and friends of the college.

The Grand River was ascended, the great cataract viewed and photographed, and its height ascertained. The students who succeeded in pushing as far up as the falls suffered many privations, but won deserved honor in the successful prosecution of their enterprise.

Their achievement is a good example for other American colleges and students. Much important information remains to be gathered about the less known portions of our continent; and geological, botanical and zoölogical researches, faithfully carried on, may always be made scientifically profitable and valuable, even upon ground which has been covered before.

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COURTESIES OF THE ROAD.

A street "block" of traffic wears, near Nazareth of Galilee, a somewhat more dramatic face than among us of the West. Enter the city on a feast day and you will find the mountain track crowded with donkeys, mules and camels laden with all sorts of produce. It is all picturesque, says the author of the descriptive "In Scripture Lands," but it is not uniformly peaceable.

If a luckless donkey grazes the ribs of a camel, the respective owners of the beasts begin at once a duel of words. Watching his opportunity, the donkey lies down for a roll in the dust, and the camel, drawing up his great joints to his body, squats regardlessly in the way of all comers.

A crowd then gathers, and the track is soon barricaded. The scene grows interesting, and some fine specimens of modern Arabic are scattered to the winds.

"Fellow there!" screams Yousef to El Wafi. "We wish to reach the mosque before the evening muezzin. You will enable us to praise God the more if you will start your camels a little out of our way, and allow us to pass by."

"Hold your peace!" screams El Wafi. "Do you not see that the street is crowded?"

"I see a lot of dull and stupid idlers before me. Lend me your camel-goad, and I will soon give you a lift toward Nazareth."

"Take my advice," cries El Wafi, "and go back to Shunem or Nain, wherever you came from, and take my curse with you, for there is no room for such as you in the crowded city!"

All such converse goes on amid much gesticulation and the fierce snapping of eyes, but it is not often that any one is hurt.

RECOGNIZED.

Canadians never tire of descanting on the genial ways of the late Sir John Macdonald, his jocularity, his tact, his popular manners, and his astonishing memory for faces and names. A Manitoba correspondent tells this anecdote of The Old Man, as Sir John was more or less affectionately called by friends and opponents during the latter ten or fifteen years of his life.

In the winter of '89 Mr. Burkholder, an Ontario man who had migrated to Manitoba in '82, went to Ottawa on business. Few of his old friends recognized him, because he had grown stout, very stout, in fact, on the prairie.

At the Rideau Club "Burk," as he is popularly called, had spent several hours re-introducing himself to intimate friends of old, when Sir John entered. Burkholder had been the Old Man's host in a distant part of Ontario for two hours twelve years before, and had no other personal acquaintance with the Premier.

Sir John's eye roved round the room, and stopped at the Ontario man, to whom he instantly went with outstretched hand and:

"Why, Burk! Had you forgotten me? Glad to hear of your great luck in Manitoba. I needn't ask how you are. Plain enough you've gone West to grow with the country!"

A HUGE MAGNET.

According to the recent investigations of Prof. Frank H. Bigelow, the vast field of sunlight through which the earth careers in its annual motion around the centre of the solar system is also a field of magnetic force radiated from the sun, and the effects arising from the motion of the earth through it suffice to account not only for the variations of the magnetic needle, but also for the permanent magnetic condition of the globe.

This discovery—for it seems most probable that further investigations will confirm it as a genuine discovery—is in accordance with the recent conclusions of Professor Hertz as to the intimate relations of light and electricity.

It is a very impressive picture which science is thus beginning to present to us of the solar system—the sun and its family of planets—acting as a great magnetic system, wherein the impulses arising at the centre are communicated outward in every direction to bodies hundreds of millions of miles away.

EASY OR IMPOSSIBLE.

A remark imputed to Victor Hugo in reply to a young man, who asked him if it was difficult to write poetry, is both witty and true, but it is more witty than true.

"My dear sir," the poet is said to have replied, "it is either easy or impossible!"

But it is not always easy for true poets to write poetry. Homer nodded occasionally, and some other great poets have put forth most prosy poetry.

A sure test of greatness is to be used as a standard, and when the country doctor or cheap city grocer tells the consumer that this or that Flavoring Extract is better than Burnett's, we consider it a victory for Burnett's. [*Adv.*

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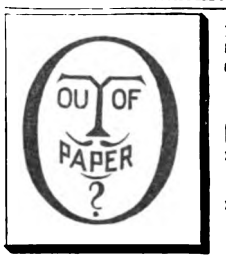
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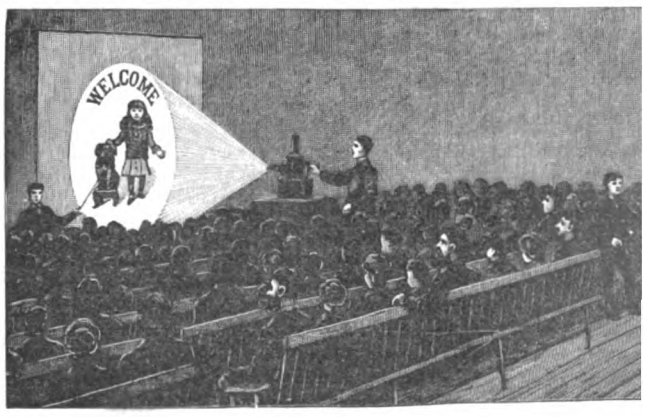
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For the Companion.

A TERRIBLE VEGETARIAN.

One of the most vivid recollections of my boyhood is that of a tall, long-haired man, with high, narrow forehead, deep-sunken eyes and strongly-marked features, who appeared in our rural town one autumn, and lectured at all the country schoolhouses upon the subject of a purely vegetable diet.

His name was Jeremias Lovewell; and he was what may be well described as a typical Yankee with a single grand idea in his head, for his lecture was something more than an ordinary discourse. It was a most extraordinary appeal; a wild, tempestuous sermon, in which a homely native eloquence and impassioned earnestness were strangely and even comically intermixed with the drollest and dryest of humor.

Moreover, the man was a born actor; although he was, no doubt, wholly unaware of the fact himself. He would undoubtedly have scorned the thought of acting; for he was far too much in earnest with his subject.

He was profoundly convinced that mankind ought to subsist wholly on vegetables, nuts and fruit. He ate nothing but bread and molasses himself, even refusing butter.

Vegetarianism, he insisted, was the original mode of life in Eden, and the only proper mode. Wars, murders, crimes of every degree, and all human sin and misery arose, in his view, from the use of flesh as food. He declared that all animals were our fellow-creatures, and the slaughter and eating of their flesh was cannibalism. No animal could be butchered and eaten without doing violence to our moral natures; and from this injury to human morals he traced all the crime and misery in the world.

His strongest points were made in his description and portraiture of the vegetarian or herbivorous animals, as contrasted with the carnivorous. It was while he depicted the mildness, meekness and inoffensiveness of the lamb, the deer, the ox, the llama, as compared with the ferocity of tigers, panthers and hyenas, which live wholly by "cannibalism" in this sense, that his qualities as an actor came out.

In confirmation of his doctrine, he showed that creatures like the bear, or the crow, or man, which live on a mixed diet of vegetable food and flesh, exhibit a "mixed" disposition, half-ferocious, half-mild. He declared that the peoples or nations who eat the most meat are the most prone to war, murder and bloodshed. With true Yankee Anglophobia, he held up the overbearing, aggressive, tyrannous Englishman, in contrast with his suffering victim, the mild, rice-eating Hindoo.

Abating none of his earnestness of purpose, he imitated the snarls of the cat tribe, contrasted with the mild cries of the graminivorous creatures; also the gruff, surly tones of the Briton, and the gentle accents of the "vegetarian peoples." He imitated the mien and bearing of Englishmen; and his representations, from the peculiar physiognomy of the lecturer and the awkwardness of his form, and his odd garb and long hair,—which he "bristled up" to an extraordinary aspect of fierceness,—were at times exceedingly striking, I had almost said terrific.

This was twenty years ago. I have heard many public lectures since from eminent speakers, but have never heard one that could compare in graphic delineation and impressiveness with this lone, unpaid effort of Jeremias Lovewell.

As may be supposed, he did not come to us from any lecture bureau. More than this, he charged no entrance fee. If the school district would not give the fuel to warm the schoolhouse for the lecture, he paid for it out of his own pocket. All he asked was an opportunity to lecture to people; and he had no book to sell.

He was a man wholly absorbed in one great idea.

It was said that he worked as a laborer during the spring and summer months, to earn the means to go about and lecture in the autumn and winter. He fully believed that mankind had fallen into sin and misery from eating flesh, and that the reign of universal peace, the scriptural millennium, would not dawn till the whole world had become a vegetarian world.

His lecture attracted so much attention in our district that a kind of lyceum, or public debate, was instituted after he was gone. It lasted three evenings. The question, as mooted, ran as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the true interests of mankind, in this world and the next, would be best promoted by a strictly vegetable diet."

I do not remember that Lovewell had said much about the next world; but our good people wished to omit nothing essential. The debate waxed hot. Such was the impression created by the recent lecture that nearly every one favored a vegetable diet, in theory, at least.

But I, then a youth in my eighteenth year, and another young man, named Winthrop Allen, took the negative view.

"Wint" and I had attended a neighboring academy for several terms; and as usual with lads of our age, we considered ourselves a pair of unusually talented persons—an opinion which we have had occasion to modify not a little since then.

We advocated the negative with great zeal, bringing forward every fact that we could find in all the histories and other books to which we had access. Undoubtedly we appeared much too bumptious and self-conceited to win popular favor, for the audience voted us down at the end of the third evening's debate, with considerable spirit, and by a large majority.

Nevertheless, we had made a good fight. We were convinced that Lovewell's vegetable diet idea was a delusion, and proved, in the case of sheep, deer and cattle, that the bucks, rams and bulls fight as savagely as carnivorous animals.

We also emphasized the fact that a South Sea savage, subsisting wholly on breadfruit and *poi*, is as disagreeable a person to fall in with as any Englishman.

But it was not till two days after the debate closed that Winthrop and I hit on what we felt sure would have been our crowning and utterly irrefutable argument. A friend in the village where we had attended school, who knew the part we had taken in the debate, sent us a copy of Du Chaillu's book of African travels, then recently published, wherein the gorilla was described at length.

This was a windfall, indeed! Du Chaillu's account of the gorilla was questioned then, by many critics, although it has since been shown to be correct in the main. Winthrop and I pounced upon it with great glee, and only lamented that it had come to us too late to be available in the long debate.

Not quite satisfied to let the subject drop, in our aggressive enthusiasm we went from house to house through the district, reading the descriptions and showing the fearful pictures of the gorilla.

Then we conceived the bold purpose of going in pursuit of Lovewell, holding a debate with him and, figuratively, setting the gorilla upon him.

The worthy lecturer was then in a town not far away. We procured some large sheets of white paper at a newspaper office, and with black, blue and red crayons drew two terrific pictures from the book, representing the gorilla, rampant; also another, showing with what ease the simian monster could overcome a man, and bend a gun-barrel double.

These were for evening illustrations, by lamplight. We rolled them on a short pole, and then, having mastered the principal points of our proposed argument, hired a horse and sleigh and drove to the town where the vegetarian champion was holding forth.

Arriving there a little before the lecture hour, we ascertained that Lovewell was to speak in the meeting-house, instead of a schoolhouse. A rather large audience had collected, and the lecturer was already in the house. We walked in with our pole, and going forward, asked Lovewell for permission to make a few remarks at the close of his lecture.

He regarded us searchingly from out his deep-sunken eyes a moment, and said:

"Sartin, sartin, my boys. This is a country of free speech; and ef you've got any truth to tell, or any new facts to bring out, you shall have the best chance I can give ye."

He then proceeded with his lecture, which, as usual, was a unique and strong performance in its way. It seemed to me that Lovewell looked even taller, more lank and long-haired than when he had been with us.

The audience listened with attention, and many applauded heartily. He spoke for more than an hour; and when he had finished, he asked the people to remain a little longer.

"For," said he, "these two young friends come along to-night, and they want to make a few remarks. They may not agree with mine; I calculate they don't. But truth is what we are all arter in this world, and I for one want to hear what they've got to say to us."

Neither Winthrop nor I was lacking in assurance in those days. Now I am quite sure it might have been better if we had had a little less. Promptly taking possession of the platform, I proceeded to unroll our drawings, and to place them in a good light. Winthrop opened fire, argumentatively speaking, on the audience. Without wasting a moment in generalities, he at once brought out the gorilla. The ferocious aspect of the pictures promptly riveted the attention of every person present, and some of the worst boys began to whistle.

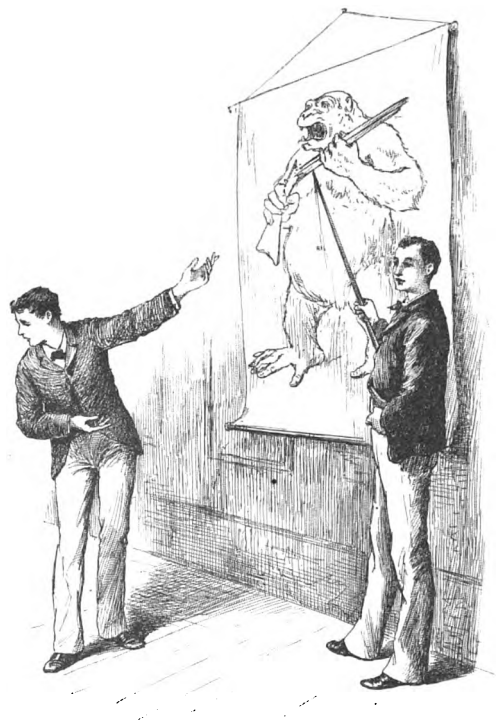
"Ladies and gentlemen," said Winthrop, "we have not a word to say against our friend, the eloquent lecturer who has just addressed you; not a word. He is a sincere man. Everybody can see that. A good deal that he has told you is true.

"We deem it our duty, however, to make you acquainted with certain recent discoveries in Africa, before which this whole vegetarian delusion goes down like a ship at sea with a hole ten feet square knocked in her bottom."

There was a sensation in the audience, and one impertinent youth exclaimed, "You don't say!"

"Fasten your eyes for a moment upon this picture of a creature which may be briefly described as one of our distant relatives," continued Winthrop. "He inhabits tropical Africa. A traveller who has just returned from there gives us a full account of him in this book which I hold in my hand. Tells all about him.

"This great traveller, whose name is Du Chaillu, hunted him, saw him in his native wilds for years, and knows all about him. The creature's name is the *Gorilla*.



"The most savage creature in the world."

"He is the most savage creature in the world. He can shake the life out of a man with one hand. Twenty men are no match for him in a rough-and-tumble fight. Even the lion gives him a wide berth. The leopard skulks away; the hyena goes yelling into the jungle. When he thumps on his chest and gives a roar, they all skedaddle.

"With those hands of his he can bend a rifle-barrel double, or snap a man's thigh-bone in two like a withered reed. Fighting is his forte. He has the most dreadful temper of any creature on the whole broad earth. He is the regular British tyrant of the woods. There is always blood in his eye.

"And look at those teeth of his! If there's two pounds of meat on a man, he will get it at one mouthful! But does he swallow it? Never. It disgusts him. It would probably poison him. In the way of eating, he never puts a particle of meat into his mouth.

"Do you ask what he does live on, ladies and gentlemen? I'll tell you. Du Chaillu was careful to find out about that. One might suppose he lived on pure gore; but he don't. Oh no, not at all!

"This most savage creature in the whole world, this fighting, scowling, raging old man-mauler of the African forests, this violent gun-barrel-bender and bone-breaker, this universal terror of the torrid zone, lives on—mark my words, ladies and gentlemen—lives on little juicy sprouts of green cane and fruit; just plain, simple green truck, and nothing stronger! Never a mouthful of meat in all his days.

"How's that for a vegetarian?

"See what a purely vegetable diet has done for him! Look at him! Do you see anything *mild* about him? Does a gentle disposition beam forth from that eye, or that hideously wrinkled brow? Does he look like the kind of fellow that would fetch on the millennium in a hurry?"

Winthrop's voice was up near to shouting pitch by this time, and he paused an instant for breath.

"Whar d'ye say that animile hails from? Did ye say Afriky?" asked a gaunt lumberman in a knit frock, who sat in one of the front pews. "An' I didn't jus'ly ketch what you called him; was it a gorry-lilly?"

"No; the gorilla," explained Winthrop. "Yes, he lives in Africa. Africa's full of them."

"Wal, but what's that ye said 'bout a distant relative?" queried the lumberman, sinking his voice. "Did I understan' ye to say 'twas some distant connection o' yourn?"

I think the fellow was actually serious; but a burst of laughter came from the audience.

"No, no," retorted Winthrop. "I said a relative of yours. Anybody can see the family resemblance."

With that the laughter changed to a shout. But before Winthrop could follow up his advantage, a snowball from far back at the door struck him in the face; and I with difficulty dodged another.

I did not obtain a chance to deliver my part of the argument, at all. There were shouts of "Lovewell! What's Lovewell got to say?"

If Lovewell had been an adroit man he could easily have turned the tables on us. A flippant or an insincere person would have done so promptly. For, truth to say, although we had made our point after a manner, we had not created a good impression. We had not inspired confidence.

After a vain effort to restore order and continue, we gave it up, and expected that Lovewell would come forward and finish us.

But the vegetarian champion sat stock-still in one of the front pews, with his thumbs under his chin and his elbows on the rail before him, and made no sign. He seemed to be in a deep study. Strange as it may seem, he of all others was the only person upon whom we had made a real impression. It must have been because of his complete sincerity.

He sat in grim silence until the people had dispersed, and we had rolled up our drawings and prepared to leave the house.

"Can ye lend me that 'ere book o' travels for a day or so?" Lovewell asked. "I want to read it quite keerful."

We told him that it was a borrowed book, but that we would take the risk of letting him have it for a time.

He was moving about, extinguishing his lecture-lamps and looking to the stove.

"I'm much obleeged to you for comin' over here to-night," he called to us, as we went out. We might have deemed this ironical, but for the kind tone of voice in which it was spoken.

I remember that, as we drove homeward, Winthrop and I were in much perplexity how to estimate the result of our effort. Not that we had any doubt as to the soundness of our gorilla argument; but the manner in which it had been received by the people, and particularly by Lovewell, staggered us. We could not wholly understand it; and we had little to say about it afterwards.

Lovewell returned the book by a special messenger a week later, and nothing further was heard from him by us for several months. Then we learned that he had died in an adjoining State, after a long illness. We heard also that he had been in a very despondent state of mind for many weeks.

It is possible that his death was promoted by the monotony of his daily bread and molasses. But Winthrop always insisted that Du Chaillu's gorilla killed him.

If that be indeed true, I should consider our anti-vegetarian crusade one of the most regrettable incidents of my life. For even truth may be too rudely spoken. C. A. STEPHENS.

For the Companion.

"FIVE GRAINS OF CORN."

Anniversary customs have no real reason for being if they do not bring to mind some event of importance or interest in the history of a people. Gog and Magog, the fabulous giants who defended England against the Romans, still figure on the Lord Mayor's day in London; the Cherry Feast of barbarous times is still observed on the banks of the Saale in Germany; and when parties of women in Boston drink "Revolutionary Tea" together, they recall the summary protest of their ancestors against British tyranny.

A very pretty custom has to some extent grown up, which is well worthy to become universal. It recalls the sufferings and sacrifices of the Pilgrim Fathers, and associates itself with our most festal holiday. It is the custom of placing on the plate of each guest five grains of corn, at the beginning of the Thanksgiving dinner.

In the winter of 1623, when Bradford was governor, and the Pilgrims shared their crops in common, the people of the Plymouth Colony were threatened with famine, and were reduced to such straits that for a time each person was allowed a cereal ration of five grains of corn a day.

Put to this test, the faith of the Forefathers in their great enterprise did not falter nor fail. The elders counselled resignation, and no one of the leaders proposed an abandonment of their purpose or a return to England or other change to more promising shores. Every one in the colony was willing to undergo every possible privation for the sake of the principle which it represented.

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In the prosperous years that followed, this event was recalled at the Thanksgiving festival by a provincial dish called *succotash*, which consisted of a palatable mixture of beans and corn. After the lapse of some two hundred years, Mrs. Hemans's "Hymn of the Pilgrim Fathers" began to be used at Thanksgiving festivals. The dish called *pandowdy*—a kind of apple pudding of colonial reputation—was similarly employed for like historical reasons at the dessert.

Recently, the placing of five grains of corn on the Thanksgiving plate before the meal has been made to recall the hardships and heroism of the founders of New England and the American commonwealths.

These things are all appropriate to Thanksgiving, the succotash, the pandowdy, the song, "The breaking waves dashed high," and the five grains of corn. The Hebrews built the green booths of the Feast of the Tabernacles for a thousand years.

For the Companion.

PRINCESSES I HAVE KNOWN.

Second Paper.

As I was driving one fine morning in Savoy, I met two ladies, who were walking. Their hands were full of wild flowers. They were plainly dressed, and wore good stout boots. I saw that one of them was young and pretty, and very



PRINCESS BEATRICE.

much entertained with a group of little peasants, who, in their long black or red woollen frocks and closely-fitting white caps, seemed to have stepped from a picture by Albrecht Dürer.

I met this group in a little village in the mountains, which was built, pavement and all, of gray stone. Very likely this village was five hundred years old, and had not been changed since the first stone was laid.

I stopped to buy some cream from an old peasant who was milking her cow, and who saved me a pitcher of cream every day for an invalid friend. As I did so I looked back and saw the children—Clemence and Charlotte, Jeanne and Pierre—all friends of mine, scampering back for wooden cups, which later on their mother filled with good, fresh milk from the cow. Then they carried the cups of milk back to the two ladies.

When I drove the next day to get my cream, I found Clemence and Charlotte, Jeanne and Pierre very happy as well as pretty.

The peasants are a handsome people in Savoy, with red cheeks, black eyes, and very white teeth. My little friends were all decorated with new crosses and hearts, a favorite ornament in that Catholic country, and Pierre had a new, sharp penknife, with which he had already cut his finger. The cup—one of the wooden cups—was thus engraved:

"Beatrice, April 11, 1885."

Then I knew what I had already surmised, that I had seen with these children, the day before, the Princess Beatrice of England, youngest and favorite daughter of Queen Victoria. I was destined to see her and the Queen every day for three weeks, driving about, making sketches, and enjoying the fine mountain air of Savoy.



PRINCESS LOUISE.

The Princess Beatrice has much artistic ability, and made many sketches of the straight and beautiful peasant women who carry their bundles on their heads. They all look comfortable and happy, with none of that pathetic misery which one sees in starving Swiss faces.

The Princess Beatrice was not then married. She was a blonde young woman, with blue eyes and very fine teeth. She looked, as we say, "very English," and it is not a bad epithet, for many English people look like the royal family, and they may be said to have established a type.

> The Ethiop gods have Ethiop lips,
> Brown cheeks and woolly hair;
> The Grecian gods were like the Greeks,
> As keen-eyed, cold and fair.

I saw the pretty Princess down by a tumultuous waterfall, looking at the monument of the Baroness Bloc, a poor young creature who was drowned there. The Baroness was a friend of Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, who had come to take the baths. The two young girls were stepping from stone to stone, when the Baroness Bloc made a false step and was swept away to instant death.

Now, in the midst of the swirling waters, as madly rushing on as those of the rapids at Niagara, stands a marble monument with this inscription:

"Here was drowned, under the eyes of her friend Hortense, who loved her, the Baroness Bloc, in her 25th year. Oh, you who visit this wonderful place, tread carefully—think of those who love you."

I have noticed one thing about princesses, and indeed all royalties. They study to say these things in an epigrammatic and neat manner. This epitaph, full of heart and feeling, has a studied French grace about it which we blunt Anglo-Saxons sometimes miss. I never could read it without tears, and I noticed that there were tears in the blue eyes of Beatrice.

Perhaps Hortense had caught the trick of being epigrammatic from Napoleon, her great stepfather, who was the master of this sort of comprehensive eloquence. He could say more in five words than most of us say in twenty. Once I entered a church in Florence, and visited the grave of "Charlotte Napoleon Bonaparte," one of the nieces of the great emperor. They had wisely let that name tell her story, and underneath was only engraved in golden letters:

"She was *worthy* of her name."

The Princess Beatrice, although she made no pretensions, had evidently a "soul touched to fine issues," for she lingered long by the monument of the drowned Baroness.

Nothing could have been simpler or more healthful than the life led by the Queen and her daughter at Aix les Bains. Very plainly dressed, even what we should call "shabby, or dowdy," the two royal ladies walked or drove in a donkey-cart about the park, or through the beautiful scenery of the sweetest spot in Europe.

The royal carriages, preceded by a pad groom, would await them to take them up when they were tired.

The Princess is very fond of painting wild flowers. She has published a volume of her studies. I saw her receive a deputation of the ladies of Aix, who brought her some flowers. She was dressed in a little black and white checked silken gown, rather the worse for wear, and looked very much frightened.

One of the great characters at Aix was Charlotte, the masseuse, a very handsome Savoyard woman. She was employed by the Princess Beatrice and became a great favorite. When the royal party arrived at Aix, Charlotte could be seen in her clean white apron and cap, walking down from her mountain home, her fine black eyes all aglow with excitement, going to the Villa Mottel, where the Queen stayed. She had many stories of the graciousness of the Princess, and told how she made a cloak for Charlotte's grandchild with her own hands, beside writing her many letters.

The next time I saw the Princess Beatrice was at the English Court. She was now married and the mother of a pretty baby. She was now the Princess Henry of Battenberg, dressed magnificently, and with five orders hanging at her neck she was a queen's daughter indeed. But I did not find her half so pretty as she was in the sweet, sequestered, enchanting lanes about Aix, with the Dauphinoise Alps covered with snow behind her, cutting her name on a wooden cup for some poor little peasants, who will ever treasure her cup as an heirloom.

On the day when I saw her at court she stood by the side of her lovely sister-in-law, the Princess of Wales, who was receiving for the Queen. The Princess of Wales is perhaps the most beautiful princess in Europe, and I afterwards saw much of her.

Particularly do I remember her at the Queen's Jubilee, at a parade of volunteers, when she stood leaning on the arm of her father, the King of Denmark, who cannot conceal his pride and delight in his royal brood,—the Empress of Russia, the King of Greece, the future Queen of England,—a very good family to lean on in one's old age!

But of all of these the Danish king looks at Alexandra of England with fondest eyes. She looked so happy and pretty at the Queen's garden-party, with all her children, and the Scotch pipers playing before her.

There I saw a little brown princess from Hindustan, the Maharanee of Kuch Behar—the first woman of her race to be introduced by her husband into society as his equal, and as a woman of high rank. She was about the color of a chocolate caramel. She is very small, very pretty, dressed in white and yellow gauze, with a turban of the same, which is becoming to her. When the Queen passed her she kissed her as a reigning monarch and her equal. It was considered a great honor. These Indian princes and princesses made everything else look poor, their dresses were so superb and so covered with jewels. The Holkar of Indore, a great "swell," wore a green turban with a network of rubies; and indeed their servants, in white turbans and black faces, were as handsome as they could be.



DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

I afterwards met the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, at a watering-place. She is very different from her quiet sister Beatrice, but she is charming.

Full of spirits and love of fun, full of talent, she can hardly tame herself down to be a quiet, pompous royalty.

I saw her paint a portrait of a young girl in an afternoon. Her conversation is very sprightly and witty, and when she chooses, very agreeable.

Another gracious princess was the Duchess of Connaught, who, with her two pretty children, was in a summer hotel where I was staying. Her lady-in-waiting, Lady Adela Larking, caused herself to be introduced to me, and said, pleasantly, "Her Royal Highness would like to have you presented." She took me up to her; I made a courtesy, and a very pleasant talk of an hour followed, with many questions about America.

This lady is the daughter of the late "Red Prince," Frederic Charles of Prussia, who was a famous soldier, and who distinguished himself in the war of 1870 between Germany and France.

She is a very sweet, happy, accomplished and simple-mannered woman, the wife of the Queen's third son.

But I had soon a more romantic and unexpected interview with another princess.

One of my friends in London is a noble lady, who had been for years in the household at Windsor Castle. She now lives in a retired way in London.

One day I said to her, "I am to be presented at court on Thursday, and I am nervous about my courtesy. I fear I shall not make it properly."

"Ah!" said she, "come and take tea with me to-morrow. One of my gossips is coming in, and I will try and help you through."



PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

So I went, and found a pretty, quiet lady taking tea with my friend. It was the Princess Christian, the Queen's third and very good daughter Helena. She was most amused at my uneasiness about the courtesy.

"It is only the 'charity bob,' with a respectful intent," she said.

Indeed that is all it is. The charity children in England bend one knee and drop a little,—"duck their heads," we should say,—as they pass their superiors. All English people do the same when they pass royalty. It is very quiet, very simple—not the grandiose courtesy of the minuet, which is a sweeping, graceful thing.

Once I went into an artist's studio in Paris, and was shown a lovely picture of two fair girls, of whom I saw something later on. These were real princesses, again. They were the daughters of the Count of Paris, the head of the French Bourbons, and the man who would to-day be King of France if either the old monarchy or the throne of the Citizen King Louis Philippe had not been overthrown.

The Princess Marie d'Orleans, their cousin, was married while I was in Paris to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, whom the foreigners call "the little pig" of that royal house. That simply means that he is the baby!

This pretty, fair girl had the luxury of three wedding dresses—one for the civil marriage, one for the signing of the contract, and one for the religious ceremony.

The Duchess de Chartres, mother of the bride, is famous for her taste, and she did not allow her delicate blonde daughter to be overloaded by her clothes.

I admired most her travelling dress of soft Nile green, with a mantle of gray, and a soft, pretty felt hat, which became her. She wore a spray of white lilac at her breast which looked exactly like her; and white is, moreover, the emblematic color of the royal family of France.

She was followed by a small bull-terrier. Around the dog's neck was a collar of alligator-skin with plates of silver, on which was engraved his name and hers, and a royal crown. He is her inseparable companion, and she seemed devoted to him.

The Orleans princesses are excellent girls, and are thoroughly educated. They have to work very hard in their study, and it is not often that they are as happy or as free as other girls, but they are almost universally religious, full of a sense of duty, thoroughly well-bred, most amiable in manner.

M. E. W. S.

For the Companion.

"WE MUST HAVE A FAIR."

When your church society or your temperance band or your "King's Daughters" feel obliged to get up a fair to raise money for the organ, or the library, or for some pet charity, you know of course how busy you must be for a long time beforehand, making fancy articles; and as the day approaches, how hard you must work preparing refreshments and decorating tables. Sometimes under such circumstances one resolves that one will never have anything to do with a fair again.

But while the fancy-work and the useful articles and the refreshments must always be at the basis of the whole thing, there are so many ways of presenting the fair itself to the public, that the spice of variety is not lacking once more to stimulate your zeal and to attract outsiders.

Last winter a "Rainbow Fair" proved to be a successful venture. Seven long tables displayed the seven colors of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. For instance, the first table was festooned above with drapings of red cambric, and three or four of those great tissue-paper balls, which look like bunches of double poppies tied up close together, were hung over the centre. Over the red table were red ones; blue ones over the blue table, and so on.

There were red flowers on the first table, and among the fancy articles those in which red was predominant were made most conspicuous. The attendants at this table wore white aprons trimmed lavishly with red ribbons.

It was not hard to carry out the same idea with each color; and then, to crown all, there was one grand table at which all the colors were rampant together, and the girls' aprons were trimmed with seven different hues on each.

At this table were sold dolls and all kinds of things used in dressing dolls, together with many sorts of toys. Here, also, tickets were sold for the "Dolls' Show" at five cents apiece.

The "Dolls' Show" was curtained off at the end of the hall. There was a door at each end of it, so that people could go in at one and out at the other.

This show was a "loan exhibition." Each little girl in the Sunday school had loaned her dearest doll, dressed in its prettiest clothes, with a card attached bearing both the doll's name and the owner's name. It might be "Helen Clara, loaned by Kitty Jones," or "Baby May, loaned by Alice Smith."

Older people, too, loaned curious and rare dolls. One was over a hundred years old, with a delicate wax face, a long, narrow waist, and a quilted petticoat.

There was an Eskimo doll, an Indian doll, a Sandwich Islands doll, and two funny old Dutch dolls with smooth, painted wooden faces.

The "Rainbow Fair" was a great success.

A smaller fair was given in the Sunday-school room of a suburban church. This was a "Fair of Days," and there were seven tables besides the flower and lemonade stands. Over each table was stretched a banner of white cotton cloth, with the name of the day upon it in large gilt-paper letters.

At Monday's table were sold clothespins and laundry soap, washboards and tubs, coils of line, packages of borax, pound-packages of starch, and bottles of blueing. There were also toy tubs, washboards and pins for the children. Gingham aprons, suitable for a laundress to wear, decorated bags for soiled clothes, and a nest of clothes-baskets, also appeared here.

Tuesday's table bore flatirons, cakes of wax, iron-stands, numberless holders, ironing aprons, bosom-boards, sprinklers, water-basins, toy irons, fluting irons, and an order for coal.

Wednesday's table held all the conveniences for mending, needle-books, work-baskets, emerys, darning-cotton, thread-cases, housewives' scissors, sewing-aprons with pockets, pin-balls, button-cards, tape-measures, shoe-bags, thimbles and bodkins.

Thursday represented leisure, with calls and fancy-work. Here were card-cases, card-receivers, crocheted laces, and every sort of fancy article that did not suit any other table; because there was nothing that might not have been made on Thursday.

Friday's table held brooms and broom-brushes with cases, feather dusters, cloth dusters, pretty bags to hold dusters, decorated dustpans, sweeping-aprons, and a lot of jaunty sweeping-caps, all colors.

Saturday's table was luscious to behold; for on it were the results of cooking and baking. Such tempting loaves of cake, such flaky jelly tarts, and such delicious home-made candy! Baked beans and brown bread dared to be there, and there were sandwiches and canned fruits.

Then the Sunday table,—what was on that? Good reading, of course; books and booklets; text-cards, bookmarks, and photographs of the pastor. This fair, too, was a great success and lasted three days, afternoon and evening.

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SUGGESTIONS

TAXATION.

Why are taxes necessary?
By whose authority can they be raised?
What are the reasons why this should be so?
Distinguish between direct and indirect taxation.
What are some ways of raising taxes indirectly?
Are our national taxes direct or indirect?
Why does the nation use this method?
Why do States and towns employ a different one?

For the Companion.

SHEPHERD LULLABY.

The silver moon high in the sky
A-through the clouds is creeping;
The soft winds sigh a lullaby
While bonnie bairn is sleeping.
Hush, baby,—hush, my darling!
Heigho; Hi—laddie!
Out in the night wee jasper-stars
Above thy cot are peeping,
And at thy side sweet angels bide,
Their silent watches keeping—
Sleep, baby, sleep!—so weary,
Thy mother loves her dearie!

Hush, little one, and take thy rest
With peaceful dreams beguiling
Upon thy breast the fairies nest,
Their dewy lips a-smiling.
Hush, baby,—hush, my darling!
Heigho; Hi—laddie!
So close thy drowsy blue-bell eyes
With never a thought of sighing!
On misty wing, while elfins sing,
Old witches are a-flying.
Sleep, baby, sleep!—nor fear thee,
Thy mother loves her dearie!

Sleep, little lambkin, softly sleep,
I hear thy father calling,
While he doth keep the gentle sheep
Ghost shadows are a-failing;
Hush, baby,—hush, my darling!
Heigho; Hi—laddie!
Up in the sky a golden web
The dream-gods are a-weaving,
With tinkling song they flit along;
Beware! They are deceiving!
Sleep, baby, sleep!—so weary,
Thy mother loves her dearie!

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

For the Companion.

NO WORD FROM HOME.

A pathetic story is told of a Russian state prisoner, who for fourteen years had been kept at hard labor in a mine in Siberia, without hearing a word from his family and home. His political offence had been great, and unusual rigor was exercised in his confinement. He was ignorant whether the cause for which he suffered had been stamped out, or was making its way in Russia; he was ignorant, too, whether his wife and children and his old mother were dead or alive.

At last his brother, after great risk and suffering, succeeded in making his way into the mine. The prisoner recognized him, but such was his terror of discovery that he feared to speak to him except as a stranger.

The two men were alone together for half an hour, but, with longing eyes fixed on each other, talked only of their work, or the trifling things about them, fearing lest the guard should overhear even a whisper. The brother was discovered, and dragged away for punishment. He finally made his escape, but the prisoner died in the mines, still uncheered by a word from home.

One reads the story almost with indignation at their cowardice. Why did they not speak? What comfort his brother might have given the prisoner in that half-hour; what loving messages from home; what high, helpful thoughts for the lonely years to follow!

Yet are we not all in somewhat the same position as these men? Exiles from a higher country, hourly needing help from it, remembrances and proofs of its love, its comfort—of the fact that, after all, it *is* our home. We meet each other day by day, our hearts full of these things, of sympathy, of comfort, of noble longings; but we rarely speak a word of them to each other. We talk instead of the weather, the news, the trifles which pass and die with the day.

It is not wise, if indeed it is not wicked, to keep our hearts and minds too closely shut against each other.

An open window has often thrown a beam out into an otherwise unlighted night, and guided some hopeless traveller back to safety and peace.

For the Companion.

HER PRAYER.

This was how it happened. The last two sleeping-cars were thrown down the embankment. I was in one of those cars. And a perfect wreck they were, a mass of broken timbers. Truly, it was kindling-wood, and it kindled.

Then arose an appalling wail of souls in agony. Human prayers and human curses; prayers to be taken, prayers to be spared; while straight into the air rose the pillar of steam and smoke.

Staggering and amazed, filled with wonder at my escape, I heard a pitiful little moan amidst a tangled mass of splintered timbers, bell-cords and velvet cushions.

Poor little girl! I remembered she had sat in the seat in front of me. Her golden curls had seemed an aureole, that enhanced the sweetness of her pure face. With the help of others, I succeeded in extricating her bruised and broken form.

She was horribly lacerated, but her face, by some rare chance, remained untouched. We laid her gently down, beyond the heat of the burning cars.

The moisture of agony was on her cold white forehead, her eyes were contracted with unutterable pain. The scarlet thread of her pure little lips was parted, her mouth was parched and dry and drawn. She did not see us—she was looking far beyond. Though she wished for death to end her agony, yet she feared to suffer greater pain. With all the sweet simplicity of a child's faith she closed her eyes and said, "Oh, take me, God, but please be easy!"

He took her. The rigor of her face relaxed, and the smile that illumined it was evidence enough to us who remained, that He had answered her prayer.

C. H. M.

JIM.

It was the first night after the Johnstown flood—the first night and the worst. "A few of us," reports one who passed through that terrible experience, "were standing on the bank overlooking the plain and the smoldering debris at the bridge, seeing nothing, and trying not to think. It was dark, and darkness then was horrible. Presently some one pulled a few pieces of the wreck together, and built a fire. We could at least see each other then. The man who had made the fire hunted around, found a battered can, and made some coffee, which he passed to the rest of us.

"'I suppose you've lost a good deal here?' I said, as he came to me. It seemed natural then to make some such remark to a stranger.

"'No,' he replied, 'I didn't lose anything.'

"'Do you live here?' was my next query.

"'No,' he answered; and then, with an odd laugh, he added, 'I'm a tramp, I s'pose. I happened to come along here, and this thing jest broke me all up. I haint been workin' for four year, but when I seen all these folks with nothin' left, an' nobody to help 'em, I jest pitched in afore I knew it, an' here I stay 's long's I can be of any help to anybody.'

"I somehow felt an interest in the fellow from that moment, and I told him to come round to headquarters the next day, and we would tell him what to do. He was on hand, and said he was willing to do anything; so we tied a white piece of cotton about his hat, with the word 'MORGUE' on it in big letters, and sent him to help handle the dead.

"It was awful work. After a day or two we noticed that he was one of the best men we had. He was patient, industrious and kindly, never shirking a task, no matter how hideous, and never wanting to stop so long as there was work to do. He gave his name simply as 'Jim,' and that was the only name we ever knew him by.

"For forty-five days there was no more faithful, honest and hard-working man than Jim among all the thousands that were there. He did his part so intelligently and uncomplainingly that we came to think a good deal of him at headquarters. One day the last of the men were paid off, and Jim received his money with the rest.

"'What are you going to do now?' I asked him.

"'Well, I'll tell you,' he said. 'I haint always been a tramp. I used to have a nice home in Massachusetts, and a wife and children; but five year ago I had some trouble with my wife, and I went away, and—well, I haint been good for much since; but I'm goin' home now. Seein' all these people so miserable, an' workin', you know, an' helpin' 'em what I could, it's kind o' changed me somehow, an' I want to see if I can't be somebody myself.'

"Later in the day I saw Jim again. You wouldn't have known him. He wore a new suit of clothes, and had had his hair cut and a clean shave. He was a big, stalwart fellow, with a waving moustache, and he really looked handsome; but there was something wrong with him, and I knew in a minute what had spoiled Jim's life.

"'Jim,' I said, 'you've been drinking.'

"'A little,' he answered. 'You see, I'm through work now, an' I haint drunk a drop since I've been here, so I thought I'd just get a taste.'

"'Now, see here, Jim,' I said, 'that isn't right. You'll spoil everything if you keep on. Quit it now for good.'

"He half-promised, and went on down the road to join some friends.

"Some time afterward one of the aides came in, looking very queer, and said, 'There's an accident happened to Jim!'

"I followed the aide, and we went up the railway track to a little group of men; in the midst of them was poor Jim, lying on the ground. He had got in the way of a freight train somehow, and both his legs were cut off above the knee.

"He was taken up gently, and carried to the hospital. We did what we could for him, but it wasn't much. Two or three of us watched by his bedside, but at dawn he was dead. In the cemetery at Johnstown the poor fellow lies buried. At the head of the grave there is a board bearing the simple inscription, 'Jim.'"

EVAPORATING METALS.

Some experiments, made recently by the celebrated Prof. William Crookes, give a very clear view of the wonderful activity that prevails among the invisible molecules of which all matter is composed. With the aid of electricity Professor Crookes undertook to evaporate a large number of different metals. It does not surprise anybody to see water turned into vapor by the application of heat, or by the rays of the sun, because the phenomenon occurs before our eyes every day, but it is different when we talk of evaporating iron, gold or platinum.

Such evaporation is carried on upon a large scale only close to the surface of the sun, where the unimaginable heat turns the hardest metals into clouds of glowing vapor. On a very small scale, however, metals can be evaporated in a most beautiful manner. A current of electricity passing between electrodes, through a vacuum tube, supplies the means.

If a piece of platinum is used for the negative electrical pole, the passage of the current drives off some of the molecules of the platinum, which afterwards condense on the inside of the glass tube, forming a beautiful mirror-like deposit.

The manner in which this action takes place is very interesting. To understand it we must recollect that the change of any substance from the solid to the liquid, and from the liquid to the vaporous condition, is accomplished by giving greater and greater velocity to the molecules of which it is composed. If the molecules of a liquid fly too far they will get beyond the molecular attraction of the liquid mass and escape into the atmosphere, or the free space around them, in which case they are said to have evaporated.

The ordinary way to increase the motion of molecules, or in other words, to produce evaporation, such as changing water into steam or vapor, is by the application of heat. Heat, as modern science teaches, is simply a form of molecular motion. But the electric current, streaming from one metal pole to the other, also affects the molecules of which the pole is composed, and by stimulating their motion, drives them beyond the sphere of attraction of the metal, whereupon they fly off until they come into contact with the surrounding glass.

In this way Professor Crookes has evaporated a dozen different metals, including that very hard substance, iridium, of which the nibs of gold pens are made. Gold and silver are very easily evaporated in this manner, while aluminium can hardly be evaporated at all, although it is so much lighter.

For the Companion.

UNDER THE BEECHES.

Below the beeches in the forest old
The golden leaves are strewn, and overhead
From sunny boughs a mellow light is shed,
And we together walk the streets of gold.
Across the blue the sunset clouds, unrolled,
Pour down pure color till the paths we tread
Are glorified, and eye and soul are fed
With mystic light and splendors manifold.
O friend, is Heaven fairer? Could we see
Into the soul of This that wraps us here,
Were it not one with Heaven's mystery?
O Earth divine! If we with spirit ear
Could catch the key-note of thy harmony,
Would not the Meaning of the Whole be clear?

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

DISOBLIGING.

In Miss French's sketch of "Plantation Life in Arkansas" in the *Atlantic Monthly* she remarks upon the exalted position still occupied by the planter. He is expected to direct all undertakings of pleasure or profit. In most cases he is postmaster, justice of the peace, free doctor, and matrimonial adviser for the neighborhood. Such a scene as this is common: Scene, the store. *Dramatis personæ*, the planter and Jeff Laughlin, whose wife has been dead for the long period of two months.

Laughlin: Well, no, sir, I aint come for tradin' to-day; I aimed to ask you' advice.

Polite but inarticulate murmur from planter, who goes on posting up his ledger.

Laughlin (whittling abstractedly on the rim of the desk): Well, you see, my mother-in-law, she's a mighty nice old lady, and she gits a pension of eight dollars a month, and spends ever' cent on it fur the children; but fact is, she's so old and so nigh-sighted she jest natchelly *cayn't* keep things up, and it's too hard fur her, and it's jest breaking her down. And I jest 'lowed I'd ask you' advice.

Planter: Well, Laughlin, I don't see anything for it but for you to marry again!

Laughlin (brightening considerably): Well, I don't see anything else I kin do. I hate to terribly; but looks like I jest natchelly ben obleeged to.

Planter: Had you anybody in your mind, Laughlin?

Laughlin: I reckon Phonetta Rose wouldn't have me?

Planter (with truthful frankness): No, I don't reckon she would.

Laughlin: I 'lowed she'd think I'd got too many children.

Planter: Yes, I dare say.

Laughlin: They're mighty nice, still children, and make a strong force for the cotton field.

Planter: They seem nice children.

Laughlin (much agitated): I—I—say, Mist' Planter, don't you guess you could write a letter to Miss Phonetta, and ask her for me?

Planter: Well, no, Mr. Laughlin, I don't think she would take kindly to having any other man do her sweetheart's courting. You speak up for yourself.

Laughlin (despondently): Yes, sir, I'll turn it over in my mind; but you see, I'd hate terribly fur to have her say no to me right to my face, and 'twudn't be nigh so bad in a letter. So I didn't know but you—

Unlucky Laughlin! He has reached the boundary line of the planter's amiability.

"I won't write love letters, and I won't pull teeth!" declares the planter, and Laughlin goes his way to propose to Phonetta in form on their way home from "playing games" at a neighbor's, to be rejected, and to feel ever afterward that if "Mist' Planter'd named it to her instead, she'd of talked different."

ATTACKED BY SAVAGES.

In dealing with the natives of the South Sea Islands one must be considerate, kindly and cautious, but at the same time quick to resent dishonesty, as otherwise these wild people will make themselves most unpleasant, to say the least. An Australian, who was cruising about these islands in a small yacht, found it necessary to make some repairs to his boat, and took advantage of a friendly harbor for that purpose. He purchased a bit of land with a small house upon it from the chief, and work was immediately begun.

Everything went well for a time, as the chief professed himself to be entirely satisfied and friendly. Soon, however, the workmen began to miss one small thing after another, and finally an irreparable loss was sustained, by the natives entering the house at night, and cutting the bellows of the forge through at the nozzle.

Hearing of this from the workmen, the gentleman decided to go ashore and demand satisfaction from the chief. The only result of the interview seemed to be a loss of temper on one side, and a display of insolence upon the other, the chief showing an offensive indifference.

"After delivering my ultimatum," says the yachtsman, "I turned round, and found about fifty armed men coming out of the bush behind me. Hallo! thought I, this looks like fighting; so I began to back down to the beach, at the same time preparing a small revolver I had in my pocket.

"The old chief, meanwhile, had taken a tomahawk and spear from behind a tree, and made a rush for me, and as he lifted his tomahawk to strike, I fired full at his breast, but the revolver missed fire, and I only saved my skull by catching his arm as it fell, and giving him a trip at the same time, which enabled me to back away faster than he could follow me.

"It was not safe to turn and run, as then I could not see to ward off any spears they might throw; but as the chief was making for me the second time, one of the others threw a spear, which I avoided by knocking it off with my hand; however, it pierced it below the first finger.

Then the chief made another rush for me, and as he struck I fell backward over the root of a tree. Again I tried to fire the revolver, but it would not work.

"At that moment I heard a rushing noise in the leaves, and a howl from the chief. My old dog Rover had him by the leg, in which he made his teeth meet; but he did not stop long enough to let the man get a blow at him, and though the natives threw many spears, they failed to hit him.

"The dog's timely assistance enabled me to get down to the beach and call H——, who jumped ashore with the muskets, when the natives cleared off. I sent for Torrootooroo, the chief, who came over with his canoes, and when he saw I meant business, he came to terms and paid the fine which I had demanded. Then I made the chief a present, he made me one, and we were good friends again, and there was no further trouble."

BONES.

The following composition on bones was actually written for a school exercise by a boy, and was thought so amusing and original by the teacher that she gave it to the editor of the *Popular Science News* for publication, from which journal we extract it.

Bones are the framework of the body. If I had no bones in me, I should not have so much motion, and grandmother would be glad, but I like to have motion. Bones give me motion, because they are something hard for motion to cling to. If I had no bones, my brains, lungs, heart and large blood-vessels would be lying around in me and might get hurted, but now the bones get hurted, but not much unless it is a hard hit.

If my bones were burned I should be brittle, because it would take the animal out of me. If I were soaked in a acid I should be limber. Teacher showed us a bone that had been soaked. I could bend it easily. I would rather be soaked than burned. Some of my bones don't grow close to my body, snug, like the branches of a tree, and I am glad they don't, for if they did I could not play leap-frog and other nice games I know.

The reason they don't grow snug to my body is because they have joints. Joints is good things to have in bones. There are two kinds. The ball and socket, like my shoulder, is best. Teacher showed it to me, only it was the thigh bone of an ox. One end was round, smooth, and whitish. That is the ball end. The other end was hollowed in deep. That is the socket, and it oils itself. It is the only machine that oils itself.

Another joint is the hinge joint, like my elbow. It swings back and forth and oils itself. It never creaks like the schoolroom door. There is another joint that don't seem like a joint. That is in the skull. It don't have no motion.

All my bones put together in their right places make a skeleton. If I leave any out, or put any in their wrong places, it aint no skeleton. Cripples and deformed people don't have no skeletons. Some animals have their skeletons on their outside. I am glad I aint them animals; for my skeleton, like it is on the chart, would not look well on my outside.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

In the early days of the Civil War, the Maine volunteer regiments were quartered at Augusta for several weeks after their organization, to be drilled and trained before going to the front. Many of the soldiers were young men from the country, in whose pockets the bounty money burned as long as it lasted, to the great advantage of Augusta store- and stable-keepers.

Two soldiers came into a livery-stable one morning, and asked the proprietor how much he would charge for a team to go to Waterville.

"Six dollars," was the reply.

The bargain was closed, and the soldiers drove off. Toward night they returned, and one of them stepped into the office and tendered the proprietor six dollars.

"Oh no!" he exclaimed. "Your bill is twelve dollars."

"How is that?"

"Why, you asked me how much for a team to take you to Waterville, and I said six dollars; but you came back, didn't you? I meant six dollars each way."

The two friends, after a little conference, paid the swindler the twelve dollars, and went away without a word.

About a week later a soldier again appeared at the stable office and inquired, "How much for a team to Waterville?"

"Six dollars," replied the proprietor, not recognizing the man upon whom he had played so mean a trick the week before.

The soldier took the team and started off. About five o'clock in the afternoon he appeared, on foot, and walking into the office, said:

"Here's your six dollars for that team I hired this morning."

"But where's the team?" was the astonished rejoinder.

"Oh, I only hired it to *go* to Waterville, you know. I left it at the hotel stable down there. It cost me six dollars to bring it back last week, so I thought I'd return by cars this time. It's so much cheaper, you see," and he left the proprietor to his meditations about the comparative smartness of civilians and soldiers.

LOG-ROLLING IN EARNEST.

An old farmer in Morgan County, Indiana, was busy in his clearing some years ago, writes a correspondent of *The Companion*, rolling logs together, stacking brush, pulling stumps and the like, when two hunters emerged unexpectedly from the bushes.

They "passed the time of day" with the farmer, and the younger of them said to his companion:

"Did you ever do any work of this sort, judge?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the second man.

"Well," said the first speaker, "so did I, a good many years ago. Let's try our hands at it now."

"Agreed," said the judge, and the two men laid aside their guns, took off their coats, and went to work upon the logs with a will. At the end of an hour they had finished their stint, and the farmer offered to pay them.

"Oh no," the strangers said; "you are welcome to what we have done."

"Well, I don't know your names, gentlemen, nor whom I have to thank, but—"

"My name is Elliot," the judge broke in, "and my friend here is Senator Harrison."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the farmer, and as the United States Senator and the judge of the Supreme Court started into the woods, he said to himself:

"Well, now, I've read a good deal in the papers about these politicians a-log-rollin', but I'm blest if I thought they ever really did it!"

VACATIONS WANTED.

The ways and sayings of the Baboos, or educated natives of India in the employ of the government, are a source of continual amusement to the English in that country. They frequently misuse the big words of which they are fond in a laughable way.

There was no misuse of English, however, in a plea for a holiday recently put forward by the Baboos employed in the Government Geological Department at Calcutta. They asked the supreme authorities to close the office because "they were suffering from perspiration and a want of enthusiasm for their work!"

It is no surprise to learn that the hard-hearted authorities denied the modest request. What long vacations some Americans would be entitled to if a plea of this kind were accounted valid!

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For the Companion.

A HOLIDAY COOK.

There was a girl in our town,
And she was wondrous wise,
For she could make a cranberry-tart
As big as two mince-pies;
And when the children ate it up,
They counted twenty-four,
And then she made another tart,
As big as two pies more.

Tommy kissed grandma very soberly, and walked slowly off to bed.

"Dear me!" sighed grandma to herself. "Whatever can I do to pacify the dear child?"

Jonas was reading a newspaper at the kitchen table. The door was open.

"Don't you worry, ma'am," said he. "I reckon I can find some nutting for him."

"O Jonas, if you only could!" said grandma, eagerly. "I wouldn't mind your leaving the work or anything. I don't feel as if I could bear to have Tommy's visit spoiled."

Jonas chuckled softly, but grandma did not hear.

He got up very early next morning. Grandma heard him go carefully down the back stairs in his stockings.

"It's real kind of Jonas," she thought. "He wants to get the chores all done, so as to have time for Tommy."

When Tommy woke he found his oldest clothes ready for him.

"Grandma, grandma! of course you thought there weren't any nut-trees," he cried, chivalrously, "but you were 'staken. There is—lots! Look here!"

He threw off the basket-cover triumphantly. Grandma gave one look, and actually turned pale.

Brazil nuts, pecans, chestnuts, almonds, English walnuts—the basket was more than half-full!

"We had to put all the kinds together," said Tommy, "'cause we didn't have baskets enough. And wasn't it funny, grandma? Lots of them were under other kinds of trees. But I saw some sweet apples once growing on a sour apple-tree—papa said it had been grafted. I guess those elms and maples must have been grafted."

Grandma looked at Jonas. He had been going to laugh, but he changed his mind and sneezed instead.

"Dinner's all ready," said grandma. "Tommy, let Susan wash your face and hands."

But when he was out of hearing, she said:

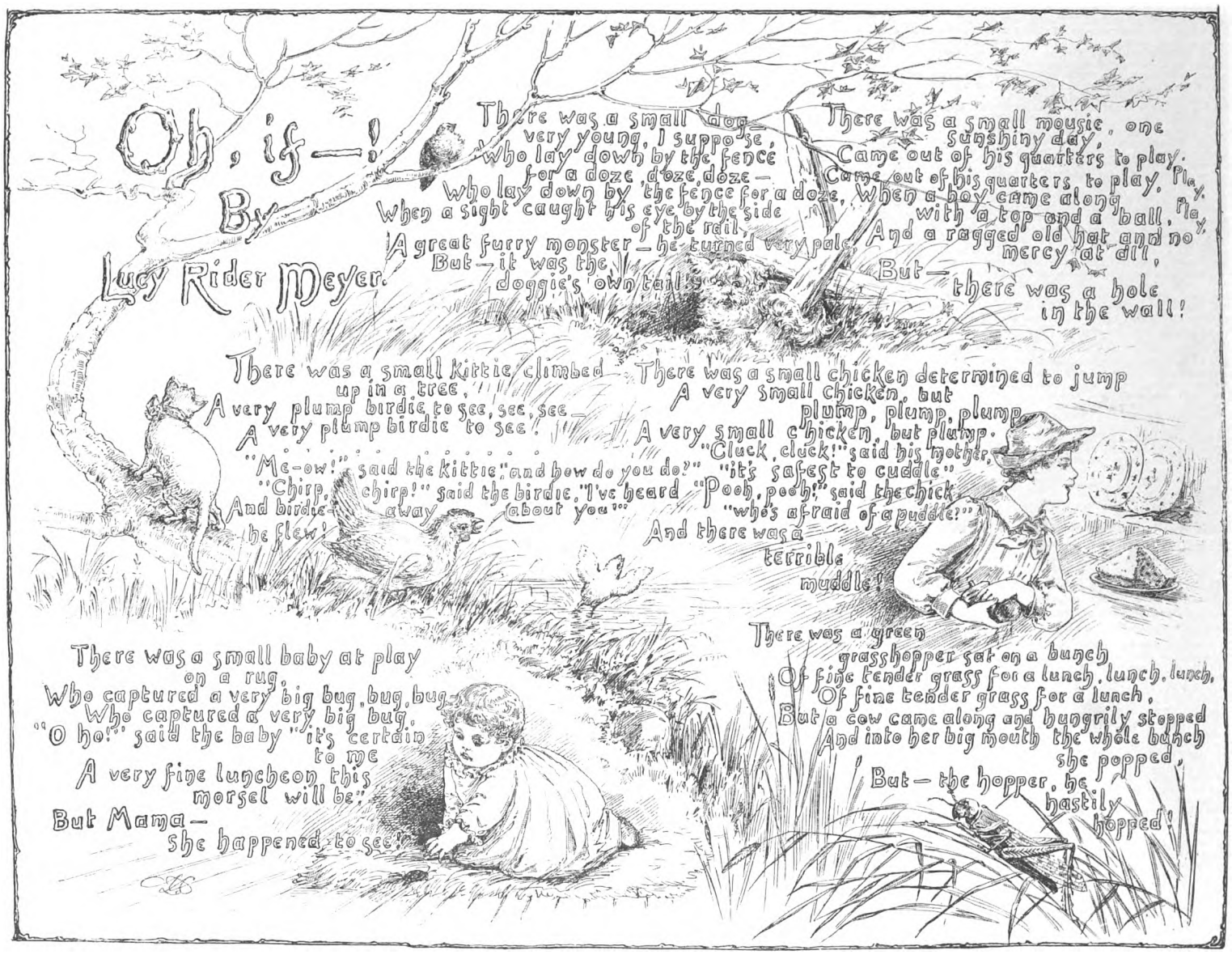


Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

ANAGRAM FOR BOYS.

In *Bromrene*, once in *our frayes* a *not quite rages* comes before the *rosvet* of the *Tested Tusani* for their *codesini*. Who shall be the next *streedpin?* Let every boy study carefully the *throisy* as well as the *untoslintoic* of our *rutnoyc* and prepare *flimshe* to act *till tyneg tine* and *ratio clapylil* when his turn shall come to take part in the *cleenoit*. Many who in 1888 were but *skoolorne*, in 1892 will find it their *givelerip* as well as their *uiyd* to *veto*.



For the Companion.

NUTTING AT GRANDMA'S.

Tommy stood at grandma's knee in his little white nightgown.

"Grandma," he said, looking wistfully into her face, "to-morrow will be Saturday, and the next day Sunday, and the next *Monday morning!*"

"Yes, dearie, I know," answered grandma, sadly.

Tommy's papa had written that Tommy was to be sent home on Monday morning.

"If I don't go nutting to-morrow, I can't go at all."

Tommy spoke so solemnly that grandma gave a little start.

"Why, dearie, grandma'd *love* to have you go! I told you so all the time, but there isn't a single nut-tree anywhere about here that I know of."

"But papa always went when *he* was your little boy."

"That was such a long time ago, Tommy! The country isn't the same now. Some of the trees have been cut down, and some have died. You'd only have your tramp and get all tired out for nothing."

"Well, I've 'xpected and 'xpected, and if I can't go, I sha'n't feel as if I'd been at your house."

To be sure, they had been quite new when he came to grandma's, but everybody knows that clothes—especially trousers—age very fast in the country.

By nine o'clock Jonas was ready. Susan had found two baskets—one much larger than the other.

"The little one is to pick up the nuts in," explained Tommy, "and the big one to turn them into."

Jonas drove Dolly and the democrat-wagon up to the side gate.

"Jump in, Tommy!" he called.

Tommy gave grandma a hug that almost knocked off her spectacles. Then he climbed up beside Jonas, and they rattled merrily away.

Grandma watched the wagon as far as the turn of the road, and then went in to finish the pair of spotted mittens she was knitting for Tommy.

It was nearly noon when she looked out of the window, and saw Dolly's white nose coming around the corner.

"Oh dear, I *hope* the precious child hasn't been disappointed!" she said, anxiously.

Five minutes later, she was sure he had not. His face was bright with smiles, his brown eyes were dancing under his yellow curls.

He sprang to the ground, and Jonas pulled the large basket from under the seat. It seemed heavy—Tommy tugged with both hands.

"Jonas, you meant well. But you must never deceive my little boy again—not even to make him happy! Remember, Jonas."

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

For the Companion.

A LITTLE PREACHER.

It was a very stormy Sunday, and mamma and the children did not go to church.

Harold, who was not yet five, and his younger brother Dorry liked to go to church and Sunday-school, and to-day they hardly knew what to do with themselves. Just before noon Harold came into mamma's room, saying:

"Mamma, Dorry is going to play store!"

"But it is Sunday," said mamma, gently; "he must not play store to-day."

"I know it," said Harold, "and please give me the preach-book, mamma; I'm going to preach to him!"

DUNIE was a little boy who was fond of climbing. "Dunie, come down," somebody was constantly saying. "What is your name, little boy?" asked a lady one day. "Dunie Come-down," he replied.

"POOR old horsey!" said Harry, when he saw blind Dobbin. "Why, he's lame in bofe eyes!"

2.

RIDDLE.

Chinamen own me and prize me dearly;
Gentlemen play with me long and late;
Without me a quarrel would run but queerly:
To be Number Seventeen seems my fate;
I am given to actors, and other folk, too,
And always you'll find me ahead of you.

3.

SQUARE WORD.

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

A precious stone of carmine red,
An animal, of grayish brown,
A group where friends will lightly tread,
Joy's time, in country or in town.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. In(n) fancy—Infancy.

2. Who will be our next president? The man who is elected.
Key-words—Whittier, Snow-Bound, Lowell, pretext, secede, mine, hah!

3. The(mis), best(ow), throw(ster), of(ten), the(fts), dice(ras), Is(lam), to(ne), throw(e), them(e), away(ward).—"The best throw of the dice is to throw them away."

4.

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  P E A B O D Y
    A T O N E
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  L U C K N O W
    T E N E T
      S O T
        W
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5. Doe, do, dough.

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FARMING APHORISMS.

"You can never put too much water in milk if you always put it through the cow's mouth." This is one of many analogous aphorisms by Professor Robertson, the Canadian Dairy Commissioner. Among his duties is that of delivering lectures to farmers throughout the country. Of late years the Dominion Government has adopted many wise measures for improving Canadian agriculture. Experimental farms have been established in widely-separated provinces, and placed under men who are at once practical and scientific farmers. They conduct and report on attempts to acclimatize new varieties of grain and fruits. They experiment on methods of feeding stock, and carefully note the results for government publication.

It is believed that a well-planned system for improving the breeds of cattle, horses and hogs throughout all Canada, will be soon taken in hand by the administration. This would add greatly to the value of the permanent "living plant" of the people, and to "practical politics" in the best sense.

Meantime the wide circulation by that government of the Dairy Commissioner's admirable lectures will go far to impress farmers with the folly of continuing some old practices. Here are a few more of his telling aphorisms.

"Some farmers are wont to think that what they call sentiment belongs to literary people alone, people who wear long hair and use a good deal of hair-oil. But if you can put right sentiment into a farmer's life and make him feel proud of his business, he will do that business the better for it, and such sentiment to him will prove a paying acquisition."

"The hog is not such an undesirable citizen if he is well fed and well kept. He is the one citizen of the American Republic that has helped most to make it wealthy. Of course I mean the kind of hog that is fed in pens. Even little pigs have a right to be well born, but they cannot be if their mother lacks a clean home and clean, sweet food."

"A man who knows well enough that unless his dairy cow be a good one he can expect no profit from her, often acts as though he believed that anything which grunts and squeals would make money for him out of its food; but the squealing and grunting are the main part of it with some hogs."

"Many of the troughs I see around the country seem to have been constructed to afford baths to the pigs, so deep and wide are they."

"There is only one way whereby a man can raise, with certainty and equity, the price of his butter. No single farmer and no combination of farmers can force the butter market up or down. But any man can raise himself from being a ten-cent-a-pound man to being a twenty-five-cent-a-pound man, by making and marketing the quality of butter for which people will pay twenty-five cents."

HOW TO "SAW BY."

Some boys do only what they have seen done by somebody else; other boys, the boys who make a mark in the world, look at things with their own eyes, and if a thing needs to be done, set about doing it. Without brag or bluster they act as if their motto were, "What man has not done, man can do." Of one such boy the Washington *Post* prints a characteristic anecdote.

A few years ago a green country boy applied to the superintendent of a Western railway for work, and, somewhat against the superintendent's wish, on account of the danger to life and limb attendant upon such occupation, was given a place as brakeman of a freight train.

On one of his first trips it happened that his train met another freight train at a station where the side track was not long enough to accommodate either of them. The conductors were debating which train should back up to a point where they could pass, when the new hand ventured to suggest that neither should back; that they could pass each other by means of the short side track if the thing was managed right.

The idea excited a good deal of laughter on the part of the old trainmen, but the boy stood his ground.

"Well, how would you go about it?" asked one of the conductors, confident that the lad would soon find himself against a stump.

The boy took up a stick and traced in the sand a diagram to illustrate his plan.

"Good gracious!" said the conductor, "I believe that will do it!"

And it did do it. To-day every trainman in America probably knows how to "saw by" two long trains on a short side track, but it is not so generally known that the thing was never done until an inexperienced country boy, who is now the manager of a great railway line, worked out the problem for himself.

GOOD AUTHORITY.

Congressmen "before the war" were somewhat accustomed to the exchange of unparliamentary language; but perhaps no American legislators were ever so practised in vituperation as the members of the much-lamented, vanished Irish Parliament on College Green. Somehow they contrived to keep on friendly private terms while treating one another to most picturesque abuse.

On one occasion a member, pointing a quivering finger across the house at his opponent, one Thaddy Burke, concluded with these words:

"And every mimber of the honorable gintleman's familee is benayth contimpt — from the white-livered hound that is shivering on the flure to the painted hag that is grinning in the gallery."

"How did you know his sister was in the gallery?" whispered a comrade as the orator sat down.

"Sure, didn't Thaddy himself tell me she was going to be prisint when we were coming down to the House afther dinner?"

NORMAL.

From an incident reported in the *Pharmaceutical Era*, it is plain that some doctors are not sufficiently on their guard against frightening their patients without good reason.

Old Lady—Doctor, do you think there is anything the matter with my lungs?

Physician (after a careful examination)—I find, madam, that your lungs are in a normal condition.

Old Lady (with a sigh of resignation)—And about how long can I expect to live with them in that condition?

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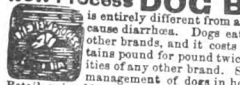
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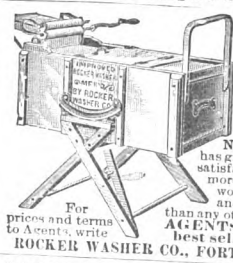
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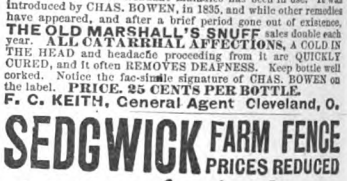
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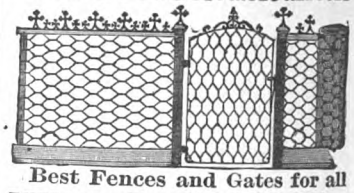
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THE SECKEL PEAR.

"He who discovers a new dish confers a greater benefit on mankind than he who discovers a new star," says a famous writer, and the majority of persons would be willing to accept the statement without dissent. Five miles from Philadelphia, at the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, there is a fine old place, once known as the Lawrence Seckel estate, afterwards the property of Stephen Girard. In the time of the Seckels the abundance and variety of its fruit, especially its fine pears, made the place famous.

Not many years ago there was still standing in a corner of the grounds an old pear-tree—a very patriarch among the trees, and the most celebrated of them all. For more than a half-century the fruit of this tree was not tasted. No one thought of eating the insignificant pears, not much larger than marbles, and the tree was contemned as worthless, while its fruit rotted on the ground or was eaten by cows or goats.

Mr. Seckel, Lawrence's father, threatened many times to cut down the tree, but years passed and it stood, biding its time. How it came there or who planted it, no one knew.

Lawrence Seckel came into possession of the estate, and the pear-tree, being in a sense an ancient landmark, was allowed to stand, although the owner had it in mind to cut it down some time.

One afternoon in early fall, Mr. Seckel was returning from a long walk and chanced to pass beneath the worthless tree. He stood for a minute resting in its shade.

Suddenly a pear dropped, struck him upon the head, from which he had removed his hat, and rolled into his open palm. Half-automatically he fumbled the fruit between his fingers, and was in the act of throwing it away when it occurred to him to bite it.

"Ah, the flavor of that pear!" Mr. Seckel used to say, in telling the incident. "I had thought myself a connoisseur in pears, but I had never tasted the equal of that aforetime despised little fruit."

Thus was the Seckel pear discovered. That year the pears were not left to rot on the ground, or to feed cows and goats. They became the favorite on Mr. Seckel's table. Scions from the tree were soon in demand, and the Seckel pear has now become a favorite.

A SOUTHERN HOLIDAY.

In some parts of Tennessee the people celebrate a monthly holiday, the name of which is apt to puzzle strangers until they find that its spelling is not what they imagine from the pronunciation given it almost universally, by "whites" as well as colored people. This holiday is called "Fuss Monday," that is, First Monday, and it is celebrated on the first Monday of every month.

It is a great day for marketing, shopping, trading and racing horses, and gossiping among all the suburban population of a large town or city.

Early in the morning the procession of men, women, children and babies, on horseback, on foot, or in wagons and vehicles of every description, begins to stream along the "pike," toward the centre where the "Fuss Monday" festivities are to be held, and late in the day the same procession wends its way back again.

The people, though many of them are undoubtedly weary from the day's excitement, almost invariably look good-natured, and well satisfied with the success of their purchases, sales, and exchanges of news.

The children, particularly the boys, learn to "sit a horse" well at an early age, and a lady who has lately spent some time in southern Tennessee says that it is by no means an uncommon sight to see a sturdy boy of eight or nine years, sitting so firmly, yet gracefully, on his horse, that it almost seems as if he had grown fast to the handsome creature's back, riding rapidly along the dusty pike, with an umbrella held easily over his head to protect him from the broiling sun.

Such a boy, if he belongs to one of the old and aristocratic families of the place, is probably riding to school, or on some errand to a neighbor's; but if it happens that, in company with some discreet older person, he is allowed to see some of the "Fuss Monday" fun, he is sure to enjoy it, and ride home when the day is over with a good stock of adventures to relate to his less-travelled brothers and sisters.

PAID HIMSELF OFF.

"When I would do good," said the apostle, "evil is present with me;" and what was true in St. Paul's day is true now. Every man has two men in him, and the question is which shall get the upper hand.

A man who was in what are called "pretty good circumstances," but who was not by nature of a generous turn, met a poor old woman while out for his afternoon ride on horseback. She stepped in front of him, and, in Scripture language, "asked an alms."

It was easier to give something than to refuse altogether, and he dropped a quarter into her hand and rode on. Presently he began to soliloquize:

"After all, now, shouldn't I have done better if I had kept that quarter and bought myself something? How do I know that the old beggar wasn't a humbug?"

When his meditations had gone thus far he wheeled his horse round and rode back quickly to where the old woman was standing.

"Give me back that money," he said.

She handed it to him without a word, wondering what sort of a customer she had fallen in with. He put the coin into his wallet, and at the same time took out of it a five-dollar bill, which he passed to the beggar.

"There, self," said he, "I guess you'll wish you'd kept still."

"BUSTED," NOT BROKEN.

Doubtless our unlettered friends have fine distinctions in the use of words, for which we do not give them sufficient credit. A new pupil in a colored school took a shattered lamp-chimney to show her teacher.

"Ah!" said he, "your chimney is broken, is it?"

"No, sir," she answered, "it's busted."

In her distinction of terms lay all the difference between a confession of guilt and an assertion of innocence. The word "broken" she understood to mean that the mishap had occurred by her own fault; and in correcting to "busted" she meant to imply that some unknown agency, a current of cold air, perhaps, had caused the break.

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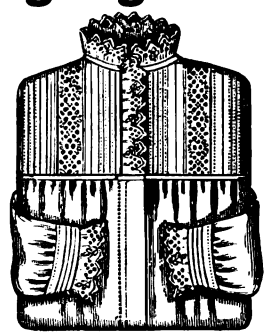


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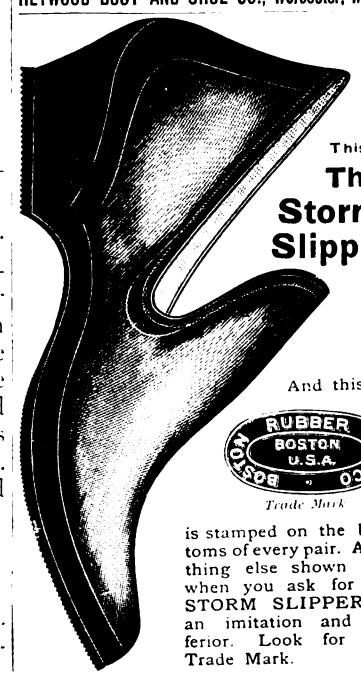


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CHOROIDITIS.

The retina, the fine network of nerves on which vision depends, lines about one-third of the interior surface of the eye. The necessary access of light to the retina may be more or less fully cut off by a cataract that destroys the transparency of the crystalline lens; by a clouding of the vitreous humor, that fills the globe behind the crystalline lens; by the enlargement and hardening of the globe, destroying by pressure the sensibility of the retina and optic nerve; and by the many serious affections to which the iris and the cornea are exposed.

Behind the retina, between it and the tough, white membrane that covers the eye outwardly—the "white of the eye"—is the choroid membrane. This secretes a black pigment, which is both a background for the absorption of excessive light, and a source of supply of "visual purple," somehow essential to the act of vision. This membrane is liable to inflammation. Hence the term choroid*itis*—the termination "itis" always denotes inflammation of that to which it is applied.

There are many different forms of this disease; the most common is "diffused" choroiditis. It is essentially chronic. What the ophthalmoscope reveals is either small, round, white spots, or larger, irregular ones scattered over more or less of the membrane, generally with accumulated masses of pigment elsewhere, the whole resembling the skin of a leopard.

These spots may be confined to the outer portion of the eye, and have little conscious effect on vision.

If they are near the centre, as they are most apt to be, they affect the vision seriously, even if they are quite small; for the "visual purple" is no longer secreted, and the nerves of the retina over the spots are wasted or destroyed.

The disease may often be arrested in time to save a large portion of the eye. It may continue for months with intervals of improvement and relapse. It should be remembered that there is always danger of its extending to the sound eye. Says Sir Erasmus Wilson:

"Cobalt blue or neutral-tinted glasses should be worn when the eye is exposed to strong light. The eyes must be used but sparingly, and such physical exertion as might increase the ocular congestion should also be avoided. The digestive functions must be kept in good condition."

An oculist should be consulted.

WATERSPOUTS.

It has frequently been asserted that a waterspout can be broken and destroyed by firing a cannon-ball through it, but this is not the opinion of Professor Cleveland Abbe, who saw many waterspouts during the United States scientific expedition to West Africa in 1889.

He did not try to shoot one, but from his study of their manner of formation and appearance, he concluded that a cannon-shot would not be likely to have much effect upon them.

Waterspouts appear to take their rise at the edge of a rain-squall where there is an ascending current of air. They are essentially small tornadoes, and it has been observed that a tornado in passing across a lake assumes the characteristic appearance of a waterspout.

There are two principal phenomena in a waterspout, the cup and the spout. The cup is a saucer-shaped mass of spray and water on the surface of the ocean, just under the place where the spout appears to be let down from above. Sometimes the spray rises to a height of a hundred feet or more.

The spout is the most singular part of the spectacle. According to Professor Abbe's recently published observations, it assumes the appearance of a rapidly whirling "axial cloud" stretching downward "by spasmodic efforts" from the lower surface of the general cloud above it. It increases its length gradually until it reaches the spray, and then begins retreating, forming and re-forming several times. Sometimes a swirling and bending tube is formed, reaching from the clouds to the sea and remaining for several minutes, and at other times the effort to form a spout proves a failure.

The most striking thing in Professor Abbe's reports is his description of "an exceedingly fine axial line" which generally preceded the shooting downward of the tubular cloud in the waterspouts that he saw, and the appearance of which "was very similar to that of the sting of a bee protruding from its sheath."

The downward stretching of the waterspout is probably to be ascribed, like the similar appearance of the funnel of a tornado, to the rapid condensation of moisture in a swiftly ascending current of air.

There is not much danger to be feared from an encounter with a waterspout except by small vessels. In fact, there is at least one instance on record in which a waterspout passed over a ship, the only damage done being the deluging of the deck with water. The spouts are only a few yards—often only a few feet—in diameter, although their height may be a quarter of a mile or more.

CHARGED BY A BUFFALO.

Every farmer's boy has seen two angry rams rush at each other, with heads almost down to the ground. It is thus that a mad African buffalo charges upon the object of his rage, be it man or lion. Such a charge is described by Mr. Herbert Ward in *Scribner's Magazine.*

While his comrade, Mr. E. J. Glave, was stalking a large herd of buffaloes, he fired at a bull, but only wounded it in the shoulder. The herd stampeded, but the wounded bull trotted into a neighboring patch of scrub, whence, as Glave approached, he rushed into the open, and for an instant stood there dazed.

Recovering himself, the infuriated animal extended his neck, stuck back his ears, stamped with his foot, sniffed the air, and with an ominous twitch of his tail charged straight for the man, who stood waiting him, fifty yards off.

Glave saw from the pace of the charging buffalo that his life depended upon the one shot. He waited, therefore, until the brute, with head close to the ground and bellowing with rage, was within a few feet. Then he fired and shot it through the heart. So sudden was the shock and so great the impulse, that the brute turned a somersault, and Glave had only time to jump aside to avoid being crushed.

While stalking the herd Glave had given a native his helmet to carry. When the man saw the infuriated buffalo about to charge he climbed up a high tree. So scared was he that even after the buffalo had been killed, he could not be persuaded to come down with the helmet, and another native had to go up and get it.

The exposure of the hunter's head to the sun gave him a severe fever, and that night he was so delirious as to require several men to control him.

AID TO MEMORY.

"Tod" Walters is a ten-year-old boy in whom the spirit of mischief and the spirit of investigation are developed to an unusual degree; at least, his suffering grandparents entertain that opinion. Tod made them a short visit a few months ago, and although they are fond and proud of their grandson, it cannot be denied that their principal feeling when they said good-by to him was one of relief.

Neither of the old people had very sharp eyesight, and they seldom used their spectacles except for reading, so it was not surprising that they failed to discover some peculiar indentations which marked the top rail of the polished balusters on the first morning after Tod's arrival, and which grew deeper with each succeeding morning.

To all appearance Tod did not notice them, either, until the last day of his visit. Then he announced in confidence to his grandmother:

"I'm *afraid*, grandma, that I've made some marks on the baluster-rails with my Waterbury, but you see I've always run down so fast that I never noticed them till this morning!"

"With your Waterbury, Tod!" echoed his grandmother in amazement.

"Why, yes'm. I've wound it by pressing the winder on the rail, you know, every morning since I came. It was such a splendid place, and saved such a lot of time, because I could do it as I ran down to breakfast. And always doing it that way, of course it kept me from forgetting to wind it, you see!"

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

The spirit of implicit obedience is always to be commended in a child, even though the too literal interpretation of instructions may occasionally have an unexpected and amusing result.

Mabel, a very circumspect and conscientious young maiden of four, was sent into the parlor to entertain a caller for a few minutes until her mother could appear.

The conversation drifted to Mabel's intellectual acquirements, and the visitor asked, "And do you know the alphabet, Mabel?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, will you say it for me?"

Mabel began very glibly; but after three or four letters she stopped abruptly and said, "If you please, ma'am, I guess I'd better not."

"Why," asked the other in surprise. "What makes you think you had better not?"

"'Cause," replied this exceptionally discreet young woman, "that's about all I know, and mamma says I mustn't tell all I know."

NARROW ESCAPE.

"An' sure," said Patrick to his friend Dennis, "I was near indade the day to bein' made a prisint of a most byootiful harse, wid the coat of a duck, the grace of a dancing-masther, and the spade of an antilawpe."

"Arrah!" said Dennis. "The loikes o' you bein' near made a prisint of a harse!"

"Sure, an' that I was, Dinnis, dear. 'Twas by a grain that I missed him. It was in a chaise he was, and dhruv by a foine gintleman of me acqua'ntance. He stopped ferninst the house of me impl'yer the day.

"'It's a fine harse ye hev thayre,' says I.

"'I belave ye're roight,' says he.

"'Wud ye give him to me?' says I.

"'Naw!' says he.

"An' begorra, if he'd said 'Yis,' I'd 'a' had him!"

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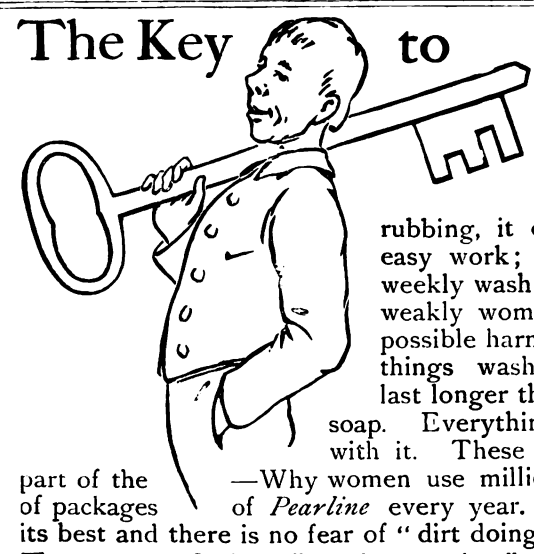
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For the Companion.

ZULEIKA.

In Three Chapters.—Chapter III.

Claude Recovers His Own.

It was plain to any one who knew Zuleika well that the mare which stood before Claude was not the splendid animal which he had brought from Constantinople with so much trouble. In his agitation he could form no idea how the substitution had taken place.

Without stopping to thrust the gray mare back into her box, Claude ran out into the stable yard, and in a hoarse and unsteady voice, called his groom.

In a moment the man came running out of the hotel, his absence even at that moment indicating that he had not been very diligent in his attendance.

"Where is Zuleika?" cried Claude.

The man stared stupidly at the mare, who had not stirred from the spot where Claude left her.

"Surely, this is Zuleika, sir," answered the groom.

"Don't dare to tell me that! Have you no eyes? Who has been here since last night?"

"No one has been here that I know of."

"Do you mean to say that Zuleika has walked off and left this substitute in her place without your knowing it?"

"I know nothing, sir, about it."

Claude could not make out from the man's manner whether he was telling the truth or not. He had a suspicion that he had been bribed to allow the exchange; but if so, he was feigning innocence very cleverly.

There were grooms in the stable during the entire night; there was no evidence that the lock had been forced or picked. A skilful burglar might, however, have picked so simple a lock without leaving any sign that it had been tampered with.

Dismayed and heartsick, Claude walked back to the dining-room and told his father of Zuleika's disappearance. The Colonel listened for a while in silence; then a ray of light suddenly broke across his face. He jumped up with a vehement gesture, and cried:

"That scoundrel, Mudir, has done it!"

"Mudir Pasha?"

"Yes. He followed me northward. I saw him on the train, but it did not occur to me then that he was tracking me in order to find you. I supposed he had gone north to buy horses. It is Prince Ishmael who has sent him. You know he was terribly angry when you left, and he swore to get Zuleika, no matter where she was."

"Then Zuleika is now on the road to Constantinople?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And I am going to Constantinople after her, unless I can catch her on the way."

"Well, I am going with you. A fraud, a theft like this, is more than I can stand. Such villany must be punished."

It was a gratification to Claude to find his father scarcely less incensed than he was himself, for when the Colonel started to do a thing, he seldom allowed any obstacle to defeat him.

Both packed their hand-trunks in haste, and drove to the Anhalt station. An express train was to leave at ten o'clock, and Claude employed the fifteen minutes he had to spare before the departure of this train in asking questions relative to Zuleika of brakemen, conductors and freight agents.

He ascertained, beyond a doubt, that Mudir Pasha had started with the Arabian mare by a freight train which left at six o'clock, and which would be overtaken by the express at Dresden in the afternoon. Unless he had taken the precaution to get off at a way-station, or unless some accident happened, they would therefore be certain to catch him; and they had no doubt that they might rely upon German justice to do its work surely, if slowly.

Both Claude and the Colonel, while speeding southward, gathered all the information they could from train-hands and station-masters, in order not to lose track of the Turk. They became convinced before they reached Dresden that Mudir had regarded extra precautions as unnecessary, and was taking the straight road southward to the Ottoman dominions.

At the great station in Dresden, where they arrived at two o'clock, Colonel Ring and his son, having obtained a permit, made their way with difficulty among the network of tracks and the puffing engines.

After five minutes' search they found a box-car with an open grating for ventilation at the top, and stopping to listen, they heard distinctly the stamping of a horse's hoofs.

"Zuleika, my beauty!" Claude cried, in a cajoling and tender tone. Instantly there came a wild whinny from within the car, followed by plunging and stamping.

"Zuleika! Zuleika, my beauty!" he called again, whereupon there was a fresh tattoo of excited hoof-beats, and Zuleika's head appeared at the grating.

A piercing whinny, which was rather a scream of pain and impatience, echoed under the wide rotunda of the station.

Claude felt as if his heart would break. With a tremendous wrench he tried to pull the sliding door aside; but it was locked.

"Patience, my son, patience!" said his father. "Do nothing rash, or you'll spoil everything."

A surprised exclamation and a slam as of a bench that was upset were heard from an adjoining car, and in another moment Mudir Pasha burst through the door and tumbled down the steps, followed by two railroad employees.

"Thieves!" he yelled, in broken German, as soon as he saw Claude and the Colonel. "Thieves! Robbers! I demand their arrest instantly!"

His coarse face was scarlet with anger and alarm. Two or three of the officers at the station came hastening up.

"It is I who demand this man's arrest," said Colonel Ring, calmly. "He has stolen my son's horse. And I tell you," he exclaimed, turning to Mudir, "that you shall not escape from this place until you have given up Zuleika!"

"You think to bully me," Mudir muttered in Turkish, glowering at the Colonel, "but if you dare interfere with me, I warn you it will go ill with you!"

Colonel Ring turned to the officials, and said, frankly and calmly, in German:

"I demand of you, gentlemen, that you keep this man in your custody until I can procure a warrant for his arrest. He has stolen the dapple-gray Arabian mare which is locked up in this car, and I shall hold you responsible for the safety both of the horse and the man until I return—which will be in an hour."

He spoke politely, but as one who was accustomed to command. He wore now the uniform of an officer in the Norwegian army—for he had been allowed to retain his rank in the army of his own country. This uniform, with the ribbons of many orders on his breast, did not fail of its effect upon the railroad officials.

Mudir, it was evident, was a coarse fellow, who might be capable of anything, while his accuser's appearance showed that he was a man of authority and rank.

They promised to keep Mudir for an hour, and not to allow him to take the horse away. To make assurance doubly sure, Claude remained at the station, now and then speaking to Zuleika through the grating, while his father went in search of the police.

It occurred to Colonel Ring, when he had sworn out a warrant for Mudir's arrest, that his former acquaintance with the King of Saxony, whose cicerone he had been during a visit to Constantinople, might now stand him in good stead. He therefore wrote a letter to the court marshal, asking for an audience on the following day.

Mudir, after fuming and storming in vain for half an hour, telegraphed to the Turkish ambassador in Berlin, and then sat down to wait. He was not treated as a common prisoner, but forcibly detained, and kept under guard in a hotel.

Zuleika was taken from the railroad car, and lodged in a stable under the custody of the police. Claude, though he longed to pet her, was not allowed to approach her, and he walked about in a state of feverish impatience and misery, knocking the scabbard of his sword against the furniture, tracing faces and animals in the pattern of the wall-paper, and drinking soda-water which he did not want from sheer desperation.

The matter was taken before a magistrate, and the examination of Mudir was set for the next day. Knowing how slow and thorough German justice is in its operations, Claude was prepared to spend a week, if not a month, in Dresden before Zuleika was restored to him. In the meanwhile, in order to leave nothing to chance, he telegraphed to his groom to come on with the false Zuleika by the next train, and called upon one of his classmates, Cadet Schwerin, who knew Zuleika well, and might be valuable as a witness.

The next day, as he was preparing to attend the trial, the Colonel received a message from the court marshal, stating that the King would grant him an audience that very morning at eleven o'clock. He hastened to the court, and asked that the trial be postponed until the afternoon; but the Turkish ambassador had already arrived from Berlin, and could not stay long. Mudir insisted upon an immediate trial of his case, and the magistrate denied the request for delay.



Zuleika Decides a Difficult Matter.

The Colonel wished heartily that he had been in less haste to renew his acquaintance with the King, for now he was obliged to be absent from the trial, where his presence was greatly needed. However, he could not break an engagement with the King without damaging his case, and cutting off his chance of appeal in case of an unfavorable decision.

With a heavy heart he arrayed himself in his gala uniform, and went to the royal palace, where the sentinels presented arms to him.

He waited a full hour in an anteroom, and was not a little startled when the Turkish ambassador was bowed out from the royal presence by two gold-laced chamberlains. It was now his turn; but he felt, for the moment, that the Turk had been too clever for him, and that his chances of setting his case right were not promising.

The King received him kindly, and after the usual polite formalities, gave him the desired opportunity to mention his errand.

The Colonel described his son's affection for Zuleika, and Zuleika's love for him; he referred to Prince Ishmael's offer to buy the mare, and his anger when Claude refused to sell her, and finally expressed his conviction that Mudir had been sent on by the Prince to steal the mare, or what amounted to the same thing, exchange for her an inferior animal, not pure Arabian.

The Colonel warmed up, as he proceeded in his narrative, and the King became intensely interested. He asked some questions about Zuleika and her false double, and finally begged the Colonel to accompany him on horseback, and let him see the two mares.

"I have a good mind to play Haroun al Raschid on a small scale," he said, laughing. "If the decision of the court goes against you, you must appeal, and I'll deliver myself of a Solomonian judgment."

Meanwhile, things had taken a bad turn in the court-room. The judge reasoned with great acuteness "in the air;" but it did not occur to him to look at the two mares, and compare their merits. Very likely the testimony of the ambassador, who swore to Mudir's high rank and excellent character, outweighed with him all the evidence on Claude's side. Moreover the groom, when he was put on the stand, greatly damaged his master's case by refusing to swear that any exchange had taken place. He was in doubt, he said; he did not think any one could take a horse out of the stable without his knowing it.

This settled the matter, as far as the judge was concerned; and neither Claude's nor Cadet Schwerin's testimony, which was equally positive on the other side, could change his conviction. It was a case of hallucination, he thought, or of mistaken identity.

He therefore determined to order the release of Zuleika, give Mudir full liberty to proceed on

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Edward D Duffield Jan92

his way, and apologize for having detained him. He was about to pronounce this judgment, when a messenger arrived from the King, bearing a large envelope. The magistrate hastily broke the seal and read the contents.

The letter commanded him to adjourn his court, and irrespective of his decision, to proceed, with the parties to the case and the witnesses, to the parade grounds outside the city.

With a solemn voice the judge read this message in the court-room, and expressed his astonishment to Mudir and the ambassador. But he said immediate obedience to the King's wishes was necessary.

Accordingly, the court, the officers and the witnesses proceeded in carriages to the parade grounds, where they found Claude and Cadet Schwerin, and a battalion of soldiers drilling.

At about three o'clock a royal carriage, preceded by outriders, was seen approaching, and the magistrate, Mudir and the ambassador hastened to pay their respects.

They were not a little surprised to see Colonel Ring seated in the King's carriage, in conversation with him.

"Your Excellency," said the King, turning to the ambassador, "I think in a case of this kind the horse is the better judge who is its master. Let Mudir Pasha and Cadet Ring place themselves about fifty yards apart, at the upper end of the parade grounds.

"Then the two horses, the ownership of which is in dispute, shall be led up to within a distance of two hundred yards of both, and loosed. I shall be much astonished if Cadet Ring's does not seek its master."

The Turk did not dare to object to this plan, though he disliked it exceedingly. Claude accepted it eagerly. After the dreadful depression and sense of outrage which had possessed him in the court-room, his spirits suddenly revived. Zuleika would not fail to greet him!

Zuleika came forward, led by a royal groom. What spring there was in her step, what grace in her motion, what nobility in the slight curve of her neck, and the shape of her head! And what a commonplace-looking animal the other dapple-gray mare was, in spite of the outward resemblance. She stepped well, to be sure, and was handsomely shaped; but all the finer points which distinguished Zuleika her rival lacked.

An officer of the royal guard received the two horses from the groom, and for a while he had very hard work to hold them. They pranced and reared, and lifted him off the ground again and again.

He managed at last to make a sign to Claude, who stationed himself at the place which the King had designated. Mudir Pasha also dragged himself forward with visible reluctance, and came to a stop about fifty yards from where the young cadet was standing.

The King gave a sign to the officer, and the two horses trotted away over the parade ground, with a proud, elastic step. Presently both came to a standstill; the false Zuleika kicked up her heels and lay down to roll; but the true Zuleika lifted her head, gazed to the right and to the left, and then with her wild, joyous whinny ran straight toward Claude.

She rubbed her nose against his face; she whisked her tail excitedly, and whinnied again, and then, with a low and friendly neighing, laid her head upon his shoulder.

The proof was absolute and unmistakable. The spectators broke into a loud hurrah; and Claude, with tears in his eyes, patted Zuleika's neck, and then swung himself lightly up on her back.

She stood still like a lamb, until he had got his seat; whereupon, with a snort and a shake of her head, she dashed across the wide parade grounds, while the soldiers and officers cheered, and the spectators waved their hats and clapped their hands.

Mudir Pasha knew that he was utterly beaten; but he still had left one means of preventing this pride of the Ottoman stables from falling into the hands of the Christians.

He walked slowly to where the ambassador stood talking with Colonel Ring and Cadet Schwerin, and paused a few steps from them.

Just then Claude came dashing at full speed toward the group, followed by the plaudits of the crowd. Mudir, with an oath, pulled a pistol from his pocket, and taking aim at Zuleika's head, fired.

But Cadet Schwerin, who saw the quick motion, struck his arm upward, so that the bullet, whistling past Claude's ear, spent itself in the air.

The King, startled at the report, ordered Mudir to be disarmed and brought to him.

"How do you dare," he asked, sternly, "to shoot in my presence?"

"Your Majesty," answered Mudir, sullenly, "I promised my Prince to bring this horse back, dead or alive. I have failed. Allah is great! His will be done!"

Then, bowing low, he begged for permission to depart, and seating himself in a carriage, drove off under the protection of the ambassador.

Claude was now introduced to the King, to whom he expressed his gratitude for his wise judgment. Under the escort of His Majesty he rode Zuleika back to the city; and it was difficult to tell which was the more admired, the handsome, high-spirited youth, who sat so well in the saddle, or the noble, proudly-stepping mare.

From that time forth no attempt was made to separate Claude and Zuleika, and she is yet Lieutenant Ring's dearest friend and companion.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

The End.

MORNING.

Rejoice! sweet messenger of light!
Rejoice! and send to all below
The sweetness of thy heavenly glow,
Dispel the darkness, scatter night,
Till we thy fuller glory know!

Delaware Gazette. —*Eben N. Baldwin.*

For the Companion.

A LOST MISER.

"Buy some toys, gen'leman? Pretty things, all made out o' beads; blind girl made 'em."

A shaking, wrinkled old hand fumbled in the basket, lifting up tiny chairs, boxes and the like, made of cheap beads strung on wire. "Only a nickel apiece. Buy one, gen'lemen?"

We declined—curtly, perhaps, for the man had interrupted a pleasant bit of talk at a street corner. He passed on, the white hair under his old cap fluttering in the wind, his shoulders bent, and his basket swinging on his arm.

"That's a queer old man," said Knox. "He goes tramping about all day, trying to sell his miserable little trinkets, and picking up any stray job that he can do. Yet folks say that he has money hoarded up—enough to keep him comfortable, probably, if he weren't too stingy to use it."

Nelson and I were late additions to the staffs of reporters of the *Budget* and *Advocate* respectively, and we felt that it was our duty to be always on the lookout for something interesting.

"A miser, eh?" said I.

"Where does he live?" Nelson asked.

Knox laughed. "Oh, you fellows can't hear anything without scenting an item," he said. "I can't be 'interviewed' in this case, for I really know nothing about the old man except what I've heard the boys tell. I suppose it is all guesswork. But I'm told he lives away over on the East Side in the edge of the country, in a queer little cabin standing off by itself, and that he has a cave under it where he hides his treasure."

Nelson and I were very much interested. Knox went on:

"When he goes home at night, they say, he often creeps around as if he were afraid of being seen, and then dives into his den, carrying his basket with him, before he even goes into the house. Sometimes late at night he will slip out with a light, fumble about for a minute or two as if removing a board, and then he and his light disappear in what the members of your profession would call 'the darksome recesses of the gloomy cavern.'"

I was determined to look this old man up; but Nelson must be thrown off the track.

"A place like this has a great many odd characters. We come across them every day," I said, carelessly, and turned the conversation with an air of indifference.

I fancy that this air was rather overdone; but I noted with satisfaction that Nelson manifested no special interest in the topic, but dropped easily into a discussion of coming elections.

I was in a fever of impatience to investigate the case of the old miser, but I chatted on for a few minutes until I thought the stranger had been forgotten, and then I sauntered away in the direction opposite from that which he had taken.

But once out of sight of my two companions, I turned a corner and quickened my steps. Up one street and down another I hastened, looking everywhere for the old cap and fluttering white hair.

I had wandered as far as the river, and had really given up the search, when I suddenly caught a glimpse of a bent form with a wicker basket trudging down toward the ferry.

There he was! I forgot my vexation and weariness, and ran to get the boat. I managed to rush on board just as it pushed off.

I resolved not to attract the old peddler's attention until I had seen his house, and gained what information I might by observation. As I drew back out of his sight, I jostled a fellow-passenger by my quick movement, and looking up to apologize, I saw Nelson. Neither of us looked as if he were in the least glad to see the other.

"Hello! Where are you bound?" I asked.

"Oh, just over to the East Side."

"Indeed! I might have inferred as much, since the boat doesn't happen to be going the other way."

"Well, where are you going?" inquired Nelson.

"Oh, I'm going to the East Side, too."

We glanced at each other for a minute, and then Nelson laughed.

"We might as well own up that we are both on a miser-hunt, my boy."

"What put you on the track?" I demanded, unamiably.

"You did. You were a little too anxious to switch the conversation to another track. I saw that you were off after the old peddler, but I don't mind admitting that I hoped you had lost the trail, until you ran into me just now. Well, shall we go shares on the discovery?"

There was nothing else to be done, except to give up the whole matter. That settled, it was pleasant to have company.

Together we watched the old man leave the boat as it touched the farther wharf, and together, at a cautious distance, we followed him.

Despite the story of age told by his gray hair and bent shoulders, he trudged forward sturdily, and led us a long walk through the outskirts of the town before he reached a poor little house standing apart from its neighbors in a narrow, unfenced lot.

Thus far he had done nothing in the least remarkable, but as soon as he entered that little lot his movements really grew peculiar. He slackened his steps, and instead of entering his house, tiptoed cautiously around it, as if he feared being overheard.

It was growing dusk, and that fact, with the proximity of a tumble-down shed, enabled us to draw near enough to watch him.

He placed his basket on the ground, stooped, and carefully pushing aside one of the boards that formed the slender support of the little cabin, crawled with evident difficulty through the aperture, drawing his basket after him.

"It must be a very vivid imagination that could call that place a cave! It isn't even a decent cellar," whispered Nelson. "Now's your time to whip around and discover what the rest of the shanty is like, while I watch proceedings here!"

I left the shed and hurried noiselessly around the house, intent upon peeping through the windows; but I found the door ajar, and in my eagerness, stepped into a dark, narrow entry. This, with the room beyond and a low loft above, constituted the dwelling, as I could see at a glance, and flattering myself that this part of my task would be brief, I pushed open the inner door.

"Grandpa?" cried a voice, startled and questioning. "Grandpa, is that you?"

I had not supposed for a moment but that my miser lived alone, as all misers should, and I drew back in dismay. At the same moment a step sounded at the outer door, and I had barely time to crouch in a dark corner of the entry before the old man entered.

"Is that you, grandpa?" asked the voice again, with a note of alarm in it that the old man caught at once, for he answered, soothingly:

"Yes, child, it's me. Course it's me! Nobody else."

"I thought it didn't sound like you first. I thought there was two steps," said the girl's voice—it was a girl's voice, I decided, though thin and somewhat tremulous.

"Nobody but me," repeated the grandfather. "An' nobody else won't come in, neither, for I'll lock the door."

He locked the outer door, and then, to my alarm, drew out the key. It served me right, for in my eagerness to get material for an article, I was committing an act very like burglary.

"You're always hearin' steps in that old hallway when the wind blows, aint you, Annie?" said the old man.

Annie laughed a faint little laugh. She seemed to find his presence and the locked door reassuring, but they were quite the reverse to me.

The old man threw a few sticks upon the coals smouldering in the uneven old fireplace, and as the flames leaped up, the light streamed out upon me through numerous cracks and crevices in the rickety boarded partition. Through these cracks I could see into the pitifully poor, bare room beyond.

"Did you have good luck to-day, grandpa? Did you have to bring many home?"

"Well, now you jus' see for yourself, Annie; that's the way to find out, little gal! Feel in the basket."

He held it toward her. Nelson and I had noticed that the basket seemed to be nearly full of the trinkets as he moved along the street outside the house, but now there were hardly any in it. The girl put out her hand with a peculiar groping motion. Then I remembered what he had said about his trinkets being made by a blind girl. The child was certainly blind; but the delicate, sensitive fingers learned what the basket held almost as quickly as sight could have done.

The plain face brightened.

"Only these? All gone but these? O grandpa, I'm so glad I can do it! so glad!"

The old man laughed—a laugh that was of the voice only, and was contradicted by the anxious look with which he watched the pale face opposite him.

Perhaps, with the keen perception which often belongs to the blind, she detected something out of harmony, for she questioned at once:

"Did you get very tired, grandpa?"

"Some—some tired, natur'ly; but then I rested a bit comin' over on the ferry, 'stead of walkin' way up to the bridge. The ferryman took one of them bead baskets for pay."

The girl's face brightened again.

"That's right, grandpa. You needn't work so hard, seein' we're doin' so well. Oh, I'm so glad I can help! Folks won't have to pity you for havin' a poor blind girl to take care of, will they?"

"No, indeed, Annie! Nobody needn't do that, child." He hesitated a little, and added slowly, "An' I'd be glad to have you, even s'posin' you couldn't help none."

"But I wouldn't be glad to stay. Seems 'sif I couldn't bear it!" she cried, with a quick look of pain and dread. "O grandpa, you don't think folks 'll get so they'll buy less by and by?"

"No, no, little gal! I was jest a-s'posin'—only jest a-s'posin'," the old man answered, soothingly. "'Taint likely, at all likely, that they'll get to buyin'—less."

My knowledge of his day's experience, and my view of his face as he answered, gave his words a meaning that they did not bear for the blind girl. Meantime, I was thoroughly ashamed of my eavesdropping. When I started on my quest in the afternoon, I had thought of the old man merely as material for an interesting article. But my experience had already greatly modified my views of a reporter's duty.

However, despite all twinges of conscience and perplexed questionings how I was to escape from my position without betraying myself or alarming the little household, I was deeply interested.

The girl, reassured by the old man's words, drew a long sigh of relief.

"But I can't hardly bear even to s'pose it," she said. "How could I ever sit here all day in the darkness, with nothin' to do—for there wouldn't be if I didn't make these—and think how I was just a burden to you, grandpa? I'm so glad I can help!"

"Course, Annie; we're both goin' to be glad. Why shouldn't we?" replied the grandfather, brightly.

Carefully avoiding all further "s'posin's," he began to recount little incidents of the day that had evidently been treasured for Annie's benefit. "An' think what I've got for your supper?" he added. "Rolls, an' a bit of butter!"

"For *our* supper, grandpa! There's two of us," interposed Annie.

"To be sure there's two of us, child! An' I hope there won't be no less in one while," declared the old man, emphatically. "Certainly there's rolls for supper, an' butter, an' a pinch o' tea."

A "pinch" was the proper word. When the poor little table was spread, the few delicacies were carefully placed at one side, near Annie's plate, while the old man sat opposite, munching a piece of dry bread and a raw onion.

"Aint these rolls good, grandpa? An' the tea?"

"Tiptop!"

He had not touched either one.

The bare old room with its stained and broken walls, the scantily spread table in the uncertain firelight, and the two who sat beside it—the girl whose worn white face told that the shadowed life would be brief, and the old man watching her so tenderly, stinting himself and hiding all anxiety while he kept up his loving little farce of prosperity and plenty—made a picture not to be forgotten.

It was the one luxury of the room, the fire, that finally released me from my captivity. The supper was out of the way, and Annie had returned to her chair, when the dying blaze suddenly reminded the old man that he had neglected to bring in fuel for the morning.

"I had a nice lot of pieces gathered up out there, an' I clean forgot 'em," he explained to Annie.

I waited only long enough for him to open the door and pass around the house before I quietly followed him. Daylight had given place to a dim moonlight, and I concluded that Nelson, who must have wondered not a little at my mysterious disappearance, had returned to the city alone.

At the risk of missing the last ferryboat, I lingered until the old man returned with his wood, and met him a little away from the house.

"May I ask," I said, "if you have on hand any of those little bead toys you sometimes sell? I am just going home, and though it is rather a late hour to trouble you, I would like to take some with me."

He was too much overjoyed at the request itself to consider the strangeness of the hour and circumstances. But even then he did not forget his caution.

"Yes, sir, yes—if you'll just please to speak soft like, so's the little girl won't hear ye," he answered, in a low tone. "They're back here."

Leading the way to the opening under the house, he drew out the store of trinkets he had concealed on his return.

"Rather an odd place to keep such things, isn't it?" I suggested.

"Oh, I've put a board in there so they'll keep dry. It's on account of Annie, ye see," he whispered. "She's blind, an' she worries so when things don't seem to be a-sellin'—seems as if it most breaks her heart when she don't feel she's helpin'. So I slip 'em under here, what I can't sell; an' findin' the basket most empty pleases her greatly. Then I take 'em to pieces after she's gone to bed—that does seem a powerful pity when they're so pretty, don't it? But I can't noways else keep her in beads, an' she takes a sight of comfort makin' 'em, an' don't ever know."

It was pretty nearly a "clearing out sale" that night, not only for the bead work, but for my pocket as well. Laden with toys, I was glad that the hour was late, and that there were few people abroad to look wonderingly at me.

Nelson, more faithful or more anxious than I had imagined, was waiting for me at the ferry; and though there was no "remarkable miser" story to grace the columns of either the *Budget* or the *Advocate*, the story of the old bead peddler was told in both offices.

There were warm hearts among these hurried

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editors, chaffing reporters and all the busy crew; and the old man gained many friends. We found for him odds and ends of light work which paid him far better than peddling, and enabled him to take home "comforts for both ends of the table," as Nelson expressed it.

But even when most steadily employed, he always brought his basket of toys in the morning, and carried home what he could not readily sell by the way, hiding them as of old away from Annie's knowledge.

"'Cause she takes such a sight of comfort in thinkin' she helps, an' it don't hurt nobody," he said, with his cheery, quavering laugh. "When times was the hardest, I used to pinch an' twist, an' say to myself, 'If I can only keep Annie from knowin'!' An' she never knowed."

She never knew. The frail life went out soon; and Annie was happy, in her last days, in the belief—so sweet to all of us—that she had done some useful work, and that her little world was the better for her having lived in it.

The old man's spirit and energy drooped with her. Not that he was despondent or broken-hearted; it was simply the relaxed effort of one whose object was attained. He was indeed altogether content when I saw him last in his comfortable bed in the hospital, which friends had provided for him. It was "a prime place to rest in," he said.

He bade me good-by with the remark that he was "likely to have moved on" before I came again. And then, with his eyes watching the spot of sunlight that danced on his coverlet, he added:

"I've been thinkin' how strong an' well Annie must be now, an' not worried no more. An' mebby, I don't s'pose there's no harm to think it? mebby when I get up yonder we'll have a good laugh together 'bout—how she never knowed!"

KATE W. HAMILTON.

For the Companion.

ON THE NORTH SEA BANKS.

II. — The Great Snow-Storm.

Burley fancied he knew where he was from the direction of the sound from the steamboat's whistle, and he took his bearings in imagination. He had to work off the shore a little, if possible, and then wait for a chance rift which might give him the glimmer of a light through the flying mass of the snow.

He was sorely tired, and the men could scarcely lift a hand, for the tiller had needed a terrible expenditure of strength to keep the *Maria* from broaching to, and at times it seemed that one of the two who hung on by the steering ropes must have his arms jerked from the sockets.

They were a weary crew but joyful, as their hearts might be, now that relief seemed near.

By the way, many stories, some of them strangely amusing, might be told about the way fishermen endure excessive fatigue. On one black night a vessel's company were having a dreadful time while hauling in their trawl; they marched round and round the capstan until they fairly ached, and the work seemed endless.

One of the crew noticed that his shipmate had been turning in the circle with mechanical precision for an hour, and stepping neatly over the warp each time he reached it; yet this man was putting on no power whatever.

The suspicious observer said, "Skipper, I believe old Ned's sound asleep!"

The skipper stepped up, and held his knotted fist right in front of the lazy man's face. Sure enough, the poor fellow marched straight against the knuckles. He was fast asleep. I am sorry to say that the knuckles were presently applied to him with much severity, for his mates considered it unfair that he should have the power of stealing a nap and keeping his feet all the time.

Men will sometimes fall sound asleep on deck on nights when the vessel is sheathed in ice, and when sleeping is dangerous to the last degree. The mortal fatigue overpowers body and soul.

The mate of the *Maria* and poor Tom could only labor very weakly when the order came to haul off from the coast; but they stood to it like men, and the *Maria* plunged slowly into the crushing seas at the rate of a quarter of a mile an hour at the most.

The gale still roared through its iron trumpet; the waves had attained their greatest height, and Death was abroad. Still Burley kept up hope.

The *Maria* was now under water all the time, and a sonorous flood poured aft as if the hull were not there. It was a question of how long her worn rigging would stand the relentless onset of wave after wave, and, indeed, an unlucky sea might burst in her decks.

During that gale a great many of the smacks were simply beaten to pieces, and one fine steam-carrier received such a blow from a dropping wave that she was shivered in a single second like a match-box.

Our three heroes watched with eager breath the coming and going of each sea, and Burley showed fine seamanship in judging by guesswork the exact direction and height of every monster that loomed through the pall of snow.

The bad moment came; the one sea that no work of human hands could resist clashed at the *Maria*, and the mainmast went like a carrot. Burley's arms almost gave way, and he was obliged to swallow much salt water before the flood swept over the poor little vessel.

Tom had one arm broken above the elbow, and when the *Maria* at last lay in the trough of the cruel sea, she was a wreck.

Inch by inch the shattered vessel drifted shoreward, while Burley and the mate toiled furiously to get rid of the mast, lest it should stab the hull and drown them all. Tom was brave enough, but he could not help, and his numb arm was full of shooting pains. He used eyes and ears with vigilance till the wreckage was cut adrift.

He heard an ominous sound from the leeward quarter. It was not a roar—it was rather like the rattle of myriads of small drums, with the booms of one large drum coming at intervals.

"There's broken water, skipper!"

Burley was gasping with exhaustion. He listened, and then a strange look of contentment came over his bleeding, battered face.

"Now I knows what the Lord meant, and I thought I was a-dreamin', chaps. We'll let go our anchor. Fetch the boy; he must risk it with us."

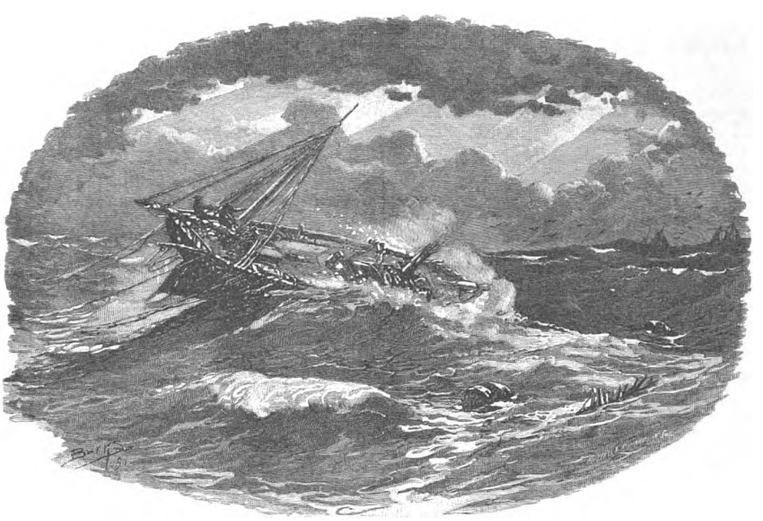
The mate was terror-stricken.

"Doan't ee go to do that, skipper!" he yelled above the clash of the wind's warfare. "She'll bury herself, and go down in two minutes. Doan't ee! There aint no wessel could anchor against that wind and sea!"

"I tell you we'll let go our anchor! When I was on my knees, the Lord says plain to me, 'Let go your anchor;' and I thought my head was wrong, but it's right."

These tarpaulins have queer notions among them. One whom I knew was persuaded that he heard the Lord say he should have a new mainsail, and we smiled at him; but he got his new mainsail by an odd chance, bent it on his vessel, and took her home safely.

Burley and the others cleared away the snow, chopped the ice from the anchor, and hove it over just in time. The *Maria* made one terrific dive; then came a strain that made every timber of her moan, and then she rode safely, while the dauntless four went below and fell down anyhow—careless of everything, and resigned to fate.



Setting a trysail under difficulties.

Little Billy came out grandly in the crisis; he had boiled a great quantity of coffee and a pinch of sugar into a kind of hot black soup, and he gave the stuff to his big mates. The warmth was comforting to them. They felt that they had done the last thing possible, and could but die at the worst. So they all went into the sombre sleep of worn-out men, while Billy clambered up and down, and listened to the snarling and booming of the broken water that was so perilously near the stern of the plunging smack.

Burley woke from his dark trance, and found his faithful mite of a boy standing on the ladder, and peering out under a mist of flying spray.

"What cheer, boy?"

"Snow's fined off, skipper; wind's round, and we aint two hundred yards off the broken water."

The three men looked at the weather. Unhappy Tom's arm was now so swollen that he was of no use, and nothing could be done; for in those days, when a man broke a limb he was obliged to wait until a carrier ran home, and then he was flung on board like a sack of coals. A man with a smashed thighbone might be a week in reaching the hospital; nay, one poor creature with the calf of his leg torn off, was delayed for three weeks owing to foul winds.

So our hapless Tom had to run his hand into the breast of his jacket, and that was all he could do.

"I see now where we are," said the skipper. "We must get this old mizzen on her, and I'll run her under the mizzen to the nor'ad of the Westerton ridge. Then we'll round and make a run straight in. There's two vessels on the Westerton, I see."

Now to sail a vessel in a strong sea with no jib, no foresail, no mainsail, and only the mizzen, needs very good seamanship; but Burley was a clever fellow, and he soon made his task easier by showing the men and Billy how to set a trysail on a stay rigged between the mizzenmast-head and the stump of the mainmast.

That helped him, and the *Maria* began to draw along quite prettily through the sullen foam, and past the manifold signs of ruin and wrath. Long afterward, the streets in the fishing towns looked on Sundays as if a great funeral had been held. Black was the only garb of the poor.

As the *Maria* drew near the fatal ridge, Burley saw that the remains of a smack and the dismasted hull of a large vessel were fixed on the deadly teeth of the rocks; so he tried hard to get near, and succeeded in spite of his unseaworthy vessel and a smooth, mountainous sea, that ran like the Sussex Downs.

Two figures appeared on the deck of the large ship, and Burley growled, "Here's a mess! We're wanted to save life, and we've got no boat."

The sight of hopeless and terrible things had grown so common to these fellows that they were callous, though no set of men in the world will risk more than the smacksmen if there is a chance of saving life.

Burley dare not go near the fatal ridge, but he said to his mates, "The Lord's pulled us out of our trouble. We shouldn't leave those poor bloods there; but what can we do, with no boat? By rights we should make for home, and save the owner's property."

"I believe he's a Norwegian, skipper," said the mate. "Very likely he has a boat on deck. Those chaps never will launch their boat, at any price."

It has often happened that, when English fishermen have pulled through a savage sea to rescue a crew of Scandinavians or Germans from a foundering vessel, they have discovered that the ship's boat was in perfectly good condition.

Burley was in a bad way. No other smack was in sight; he could not hail, and he would not desert the forlorn men. In desperation he said:

"Mate, get the lead! There's one channel between the Pits about thirty foot wide. I know how it bears, keep all on a-heaving, and tell me what's on the bottom."

Burley was bent on attempting a feat which his owner would have called criminal, and though it is possible to admire his daring, yet it is probable that he behaved like a heroic lunatic. The *Maria* would not steer well; the sea was ugly and might be worse, and this half-dead skipper meant to creep up a tortuous channel, wherein a swift change of wind might in a moment sink him and his crew.

He took his own way, and he got within hailing distance of the ridge. Then he told the men and Billy to yell "Boat," for he knew the wrecked sailors would understand that.

Sure enough, the mate's intuition was right; there was a boat, and the cowed Scandinavians got her out. Then Burley let the *Maria* drop to the leeward and out of the perilous Gut; the boat, though ill-handled, managed to live, and two long-haired sailors were hauled in safely. All the rest of the crew were gone.

When the *Maria* was put away before the wind she lunged slowly, until the skipper bethought him to rig out a boom and put a square sail on her. Then she moved well until a tug came rearing over the rounded crests of the gray hills. Then the gallant Burley thought he had done enough for his life, for his owner's property, and for humanity. So he shouted down:

"Billy, clear away the lumber from that tow-rope. I'll have that tug if she costs twenty pound."

The tug took hold of the smack, and the wrecked vessel went to take her place with the other wrecks which made the river look as if a terrific bombardment had been in progress.

The number of men and boys who succumbed to the sea and the cold in the great snow-storm was appalling; and yet such fellows as Burley went cheerfully back to the woful Banks without saying more about their escape from death than that "There was a funny old breeze."

That is the breed of men who supply English tables in the murderous months of winter.

JAMES RUNCIMAN.

(To be continued.)

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

In writing of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Francis H. Underwood speaks of the Atlantic Club of thirty years ago. He says, "The absolute loss of those conversations and encounters of wit, when Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell and others sat about the board, is greatly to be regretted.

"Lowell probably uttered more elaborate sentences—glowing with new-born images; Holmes made the swiftest play, and scored most points serious and comic. Meanwhile, Emerson's wise face was lighted by a miraculous smile that would have been the delight and despair of a painter.

"The Atlantic Club once met at Zach Porter's in North Cambridge—not a hotel, but an old-fashioned tavern. The cooking was marvellous, and was done under the landlord's eye. The ducks were brought in and carved by Porter himself. The knife was keen and was wielded by a deft hand; the slices fell about the platter like a mower's swath, until the carcass was bare as a barrel.

"'What do you do with the bird after that?' Lowell asked of the landlord.

"'Wal,' said Porter, with a curious twinkle in his eyes, 'when I've sliced off the breast and the wings and legs like that' (pointing to the shell), 'I ginrally give the carkess to the poor.'

"There were no horse-cars then, or it might have been late; at all events the whole party, including Emerson, Longfellow and the other Olympians walked down to Harvard Square through nearly a foot of snow. The impression of this feast is ineffaceable, but it seems now as far away as the Trojan War."

NOVEMBER.

The robin, poised on russet wing,
Turns southward. All the woods are brown and sere;
The skies are coldly blue; and, piping clear,
Hear down the vale the North Wind heralding
King Winter, clad in trailing robes of white.

Weekly Wisconsin. —*Paul H. Lear.*

For the Companion.

COSSACKS AND THEIR STURGEON.

Of all the great Russian family, the Cossacks are undeniably the most warlike and independent. Their peculiar and isolated position, geographically and politically, has developed these traits in their character. The Czars have never attempted to subdue them; they have been and still are too useful in repelling the Turkomans, Kirghiz and other pillaging Mongolian nomads who periodically harass the dwellers on the borderland.

Left much to themselves, but subject to frequent forays, there grew up among them that spirit of self-respect and self-reliance which distinguishes the Cossack from other Russians.

Their constant warfare with their natural enemies tended, too, to bind them more closely together than is the case with more peaceful villagers; and their separation from the rest of Russia by the great deserts between the Ural and Volga, north of the Caspian Sea, also contributed to form their independence of character, as well as to strengthen their clannishness.

All the Cossacks inhabit towns and villages called stanitzas, some of which are populous as well as prosperous communities. The mayor of each stanitza is, at the same time, a military commander; but among the Cossacks superior rank is never recognized as in any way deserving a greater share of the profits from the land or fisheries, or of personal respect.

The people retain the Russian institution of the Artil, or coöperative principle, in all trades, but they give to that principle a much broader application than is found among the large western cities.

Among these people crime is almost unknown. They are too far from civilization to be tainted by the vices which mark its progress among the cities of the world.

Every male member of the Cossack family is required to serve three years in the regular army of Russia. A certain number leave yearly the Ural and other provinces for St. Petersburg and other military stations, to relieve those of the tribe who have served their terms.

While in actual service the Cossacks must furnish their own horses and everything but food, and must do this from the ridiculously small salary allowed them by the government. The pay of a Cossack is two roubles, or about one dollar, for three months. The Cossack soldiers, indeed, are supposed to be sufficiently remunerated by the government in the possession of their lands, for which they pay no taxes save those which go to pay for the management of the Cossack territory.

As a matter of fact they enjoy certain political liberties which cannot be found among the other tribes or peoples of Russia, and this freedom they enjoy only because of their determined independence and resistance to oppression.

They inherit the custom of ownership of land in common, and have equal access, as far as practicable, to all the productive wealth of the community. This system is well exemplified in their great sturgeon fisheries on the Don and Ural Rivers, which are their chief source of income.

The River Ural takes its rise in the Ural Mountains, and flows southward about eight hundred miles into the Caspian Sea. On the lower part of this river are the largest sturgeon fisheries in the world. There are such fisheries on the Don and Volga, but by far the greatest celebrity, as well as commercial importance, is attained by those of the Ural. They increase greatly the wealth of the Cossacks of the district; for the fisheries belong to them exclusively, and no trust or syndicate can interfere with their rights.

The Ural sturgeon is cartilaginous and almost boneless. The usual length of the fish is from five to six feet, but sometimes a *Huso* or *Bielaga*—of the same family—is captured which measures more than twenty feet in length.

The method of fishing is peculiar. Hooks and lines are used, but the hooks on the sturgeon line have no barbs, as have those used for the capture of other fishes. The Cossacks stretch across the river, or from the shore outward, a long line floated with corks. Ordinarily one end of the line is fastened to the shore and the other to a boat anchored in the stream.

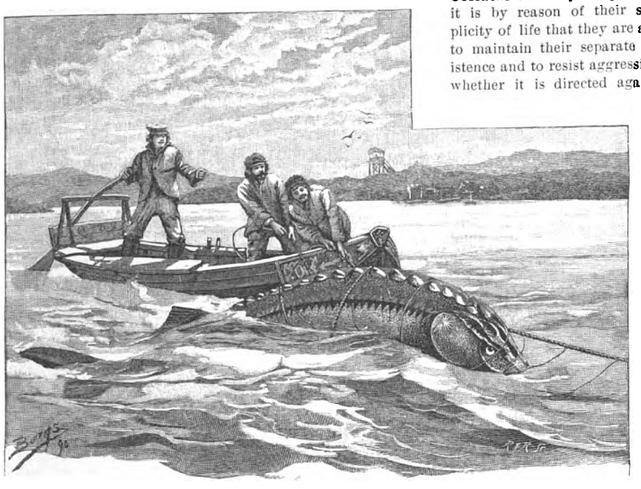
From this line descend other shorter lines, often more than a thousand in number, carrying each

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at its extremity an unbarbed hook. The hook is about four inches long and hangs in the water, about seven feet from the surface. No bait is used.

The sturgeon seek a spawning ground in the fresh water, and at the approach of the proper season, lest it disturb the up-coming spawning fish; and the people ride long distances on horseback in order to avoid agitating the waters with boats.

Men are stationed along the river banks to enforce this decree of the tribe.



Sturgeon Fishing.

The life and customs of the Cossacks are very simple, and it is by reason of their simplicity of life that they are able to maintain their separate existence and to resist aggression, whether it is directed against their communal customs and freedom of action, or against the prosperity of their fisheries.

ROB. F. WALSH.

season they swim up the river mouth, away from the salt and brackish water and toward the ground they have selected for breeding purposes.

It is during this journey that the fishing lines are set for them; and as the fish blindly make their way up the river, they strike against the hooked line, and are "gaffed"—first, perhaps, by a single hook. Upon being struck thus, they slash their powerful tails in their pain and anger so fiercely and wildly that other hooks are embedded in the infuriated fish, until at last, hopelessly hooked, it may be in a dozen places, the sturgeon is firmly held until the line is drawn in.

It often happens that nearly every one of the one thousand hooks is found embedded in some part of a fish.

In every commune or stanitza the fishing is carried on upon a coöperative basis. The fish caught are divided equally among the Cossacks of the districts. Sometimes the division of the spoils affects the direct welfare of forty or fifty stanitzas, each one of which forms in itself a separate community.

When the season opens, the great gun of the town of Uralsk is discharged as a signal for the commencement of the fishing. No one dares fish for sturgeon before this signal is given. Word is then passed from stanitza to stanitza; communal guns are discharged in all the villages, and all the male Cossacks repair to the river.

The fishery is continued about three weeks. Another gun announces its termination, and after this sturgeon-catching is an offence which is severely punished.

The most valuable products of the Cossack fisheries are the famous black caviare and the caviare made from the *sterlet*—a small species of sturgeon.

There is a common notion, even with some of our cyclopædia-makers, that caviare is simply the salted roe of the different species of sturgeon. This is a great error. The fresh roe, especially the black, is much more highly prized, more delicious, and consequently much more expensive than the salted. The price of either—black or sterlet fresh caviare—in St. Petersburg is five roubles, about two dollars and a half a pound, while a pound of the salted article costs only thirty kopecks, about twelve cents.

It is almost impossible to transport the fresh roe of the sterlet, for it is so tender that the slightest shaking will break the eggs. No perfectly prepared caviare, therefore, can be obtained except in the districts where the fish are taken.

Of course the flesh of the sturgeon itself forms a staple article of diet with the Cossacks; but the caviare, being the most valuable product, is looked after with true commercial keenness. Most of it is shipped to northern and central Russia salted, but only a small quantity reaches the great cities in a fresh state.

Usually, during the short period of the fisheries, post-horses are kept in readiness, and the tarantass, or rustic wagons, are loaded with the caviare, carefully packed in small barrels of five pounds each. It is carried with the utmost speed to the nearest railway station, generally about three or four hundred miles distant. Not an hour is lost in the transit, for the caviare would be spoiled in a very few days. Thus it finds its way to the markets of Russia.

At Astrachan a quantity of caviare is put up in small jars or bottles, hermetically sealed. In this shape the sturgeon roe reaches the epicures of western Europe and the world in general.

The Cossacks exercise the most extraordinary care to guard and foster the industry which forms so vital a part of their income. They do not allow any boats on the Ural River during or for some time previous to the three weeks' fishing

HOMELY DUTY.

If the garden you must till, then till it.
If the wood-box you should fill, then fill it.
Though the task be not so fine,
Do not fret or mope or whine.
Do your duty, line on line.

Golden Days. —*M. E. Sandford.*

FRENCH PILGRIMS AT ROME.

An occurrence took place on the Second of October at Rome which, though apparently not very grave in itself, threatened at one time to have serious results.

It seems that a number of pilgrimages, composed of various Catholic societies and organizations in France, had been arranged to go to Rome, and there pay their respects to the Pope at the Vatican. One of these societies was that of the "Catholic Youth" of France.

After the delegates from this society had had an audience with the Pope, several of them repaired to the Pantheon, the ancient edifice which stands on the other side of the Tiber from the Vatican, wherein repose the remains of the first King of United Italy, Victor Emmanuel.

Just what occurred while these young men were at the Pantheon is not yet very clear. It seems certain, however, that they committed some act of disrespect to the memory of Victor Emmanuel, and in some way manifested their friendship for the Pope, and their hostility to the Italian Kingdom.

At all events, their conduct at once gave rise to a high degree of excitement in Rome. Mobs of Italians paraded the streets with enraged exclamations, and the young Frenchmen barely escaped rough handling. They were arrested, and imprisoned to await their trial for the offence committed.

Crowds hastened to the Pantheon, and placed wreaths on Victor Emmanuel's tomb. Violent speeches were made in the streets, and the buildings of newspapers favorable to the Pope were threatened with destruction. It was only by determined effort that the authorities were able to quell the disturbance.

The serious nature of this incident lies, not in the rash and thoughtless act of these young enthusiasts in itself so much as in the sensitive relations which exist between France, Italy and the Papal court respectively.

It is well known that the Pope claims that the temporal kingdom so long held by his predecessors, and of which Pius the Ninth, whom the present Pope succeeded, was deprived, should be restored to him. This claim is strenuously opposed by the Kingdom of Italy, the capital of which has been established at Rome, and which insists that the Pope should confine himself to the Vatican and his spiritual functions over the church.

For a long time France was the protector and defender of the temporal power of the Pope. The Emperor Napoleon III. maintained French troops in Rome for that purpose, and it was only after the French Empire had fallen, and the French troops were withdrawn from the Castle St. Angelo, that the temporal dominions of the Pope were taken from him.

At the present time, the relations of France with the Italian Kingdom are not friendly. France resents the participation of Italy in the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria, which is in part directed against French ambition; and there are rivalries between France and Italy in regard to the North African States which border upon the Mediterranean.

Any sympathy, therefore, shown by France or by Frenchmen for the Pope is at once and fiercely resented by the Italians who support the throne and rule of Humbert.

It is true that France is a republic, and as such has not shown great favor to the church, either within or beyond its borders. But the Italians fear that, not indeed from religious sympathy with the Pope, but because of the French hostility to Italy, France may be inclined to encourage the desire of the Pope that his temporal kingdom be restored to him.

Herein can be seen the reason why the conduct of the young French pilgrims at the tomb of Victor Emmanuel should give rise to so much excitement in Rome, and throughout Italy.

The attitude of the French government in regard to the matter, however, has been dignified and wise, for it has disapproved of the act of the pilgrims, and the Pope has declared that this course of France is justified. On the other hand, France has refused to withdraw its embassy from the Papal court at the Vatican.

This occurrence is, therefore, mainly significant as showing once more very clearly how sensitive and strained the relations between the European powers are, and as a consequence, what apparently trifling incidents are able to produce a "war cloud."

THE GOLDEN AGE.

It is coming! it is coming! and men's thoughts are growing deeper.
They are giving of their millions as they never gave before;
They are learning the new gospel: man must be his brother's keeper;
And right, not might, shall triumph, and the selfish rule no more.

Selected. —*Sarah K. Bolton.*

PERSONAL POLITICS.

In the political campaigns which closed with the State elections held on the third day of the present month, there was visible a very general tendency to choose State officers with reference to some principle or issue at stake in national or State affairs, rather than with regard to the personal popularity or "strength" of candidates, or the question of the distribution of patronage.

In several States the question of silver or other currency, which is admitted to affect the prosperity of great numbers of people, has been the pivot upon which the election turned, and in almost all the States the tariff question—chiefly in the form whether or not the "McKinley bill" has made the country more prosperous—has cut a very considerable figure.

State questions pure and simple have occupied a commanding place in other States. In Massachusetts a public debate was held between two leading orators, one Democratic and the other Republican, as to whether the administration of the Democratic governor who was nominated for reëlection had been a good one—not whether he was a good and well-meaning man, or whether his opponent was more honest and capable than he, but whether he had administered his office, all things considered, with the best possible advantage to the people.

In no State has the election been of the peculiarly personal sort which, in many elections of the past twenty years, has tended to make of politics a series of contests of personal criticism and disparagement.

The country has seen many elections of both sorts. During the years before the Civil War, the prevailing excitement over the great question of the abolition of slavery led people to make very little inquiry about a candidate beyond his attitude on the principle for which they wished to vote. Great public questions, for the time being, completely swamped "personal politics."

Since that period, and especially at certain times within the last ten or twelve years, State elections have occurred which were decided wholly upon personal grounds. An objectionable candidate—and objectionable not on the ground of bad moral character—has resulted in the loss of a State to a hitherto dominant party by a majority of many thousand.

This was notably the case in the election in New York State in 1882, in which, after a campaign in which public issues were scarcely discussed at all, the candidate of the Democrats for governor was chosen by nearly two hundred thousand majority; though both in the year before and the year after the Republicans were successful.

The people thus resented what they deemed an unjustifiable attempt on the part of the national administration to dictate in State affairs.

Elections which are decided on personal grounds indicate either that there is no great degree of interest on the part of the people in questions of high economic, social and political importance, or else that there are no such questions at stake. Undoubtedly it has often been the case that no such question has been involved.

At the time when this is written, we are not aware how the State elections of this year have been decided. But the result of any particular election does not affect the point which we are considering. The contesting of the elections largely upon the basis of public measures and questions of administration indicates that personal issues are giving way to public ones.

It seems to indicate that we have passed into an era when financial and economic questions have become of the first importance, and are so reckoned by the people.

Other signs to the same effect have not been lacking. The great movement among the farmers which has resulted in marked changes in the politics of several States is one such indication of a disposition to take up material questions to the exclusion, in a great degree, of merely personal considerations, or considerations of official patronage.

AT HAMPTON COURT.

Two American women last summer went one day from London to Hampton Court, and spent the morning in the gardens of the old palace there. At noon they repaired to a neighboring inn for their luncheon. The waiter apologized for some trifling delay by saying that a party of thirty shop-girls from Whiteley's, on their Saturday's outing, had unexpectedly just ordered luncheon.

The Americans, annoyed at the coming of what they supposed would be a noisy party, wished they had gone to some other house; but it was too late now, their luncheon had been ordered.

They were in a front room which overlooked the gardens of the palace. It was a sunny June morning, so still that they could hear the wind rustling through the branches of the great oaks in the avenues, and the bees buzzing in the roses which climbed up outside of the window. One or two old gentlemen were busied with their meal and newspaper in the room, but no one spoke. The quiet was almost profound.

"This is very restful and pleasant," said one of the Americans, "but we must hurry away. Think of thirty giggling, shrieking girls out on a holiday! When do the young women come?" she added, turning to the waiter.

"They are here, madam," he said. "They are in that room," pointing to an open door covered with a lace portière.

The strangers looked at each other with an expression almost of incredulity. They listened, and a moment later heard the hum of gentle voices, of which not a word could be distinguished.

The mystery was easily explained. The shop-girls were in the habit of dealing with English gentlewomen of the better class, and imitating them, had caught their low, controlled habit of speech.

"If our women would but learn it!" exclaimed one of the strangers. "Imagine thirty American girls out on a holiday! The clatter of voices! The shrill bursts of laughter; the shrieks and screams!"

This little incident is a literal fact which is worthy of the consideration of girl readers. Our climate gives to all of our voices certain high nasal tones. The training of the voice in speaking is unfortunately neglected in America, except among the most carefully educated people. Hence the American in Europe is known as soon as he opens his mouth by his shrill, strident tones.

Two American women in a salon or gallery will make more noise than a large group of their French or English sisters. Yet these last are probably not a whit more gentle or modest at heart than they are. But the possession of inward and spiritual graces does not atone for the lack of the outward and visible signs of good breeding.

It is true that a woman may have Cordelia's soft, low voice with the coarseness of Regan and malice of Goneril. But on the other hand, what girl will be credited with Cordelia's tender heart if she persists in shrieking and giggling her way through life?

EXPRESSIVE FEET.

Hands, next to faces, are considered most capable of expressing character. This is no doubt true; but feet also, to a person with sharp eyes and a brain quick at an inference, often afford indications of character not to be despised.

Look at the feet, for instance, of the row of schoolgirls on the front settee in a recitation-room, beginning, appropriately, at the foot of the class.

The feet of the last and lowest girl are short, clumsy, and crowded into French kid boots with painfully narrow toes—so narrow that their owner cannot keep her feet still, but shifts them uneasily from one position to another in a vain attempt to find one that will be comfortable. It is not difficult to imagine why their owner holds no better rank; dull and vain girls do not usually lead their classes.

Her next neighbor, too, wears shabby kid boots, with high heels trodden to one side, and she must have forgotten her overshoes this morning, for her boots are wet through.

A little further up the line a daintily formed and elegantly shod foot taps the floor so nervously one feels sure its possessor does not know her lesson as she ought, and is wondering what question she will presently have to answer. Her neighbor's feet, large, well-formed and comfortably clad, rest firmly and serenely on the floor and suggest no such mental anxiety.

Glancing further up the row the eye encounters an interesting variety: stout boots, thin boots, shabby boots, showy boots, high heels, low heels, no heels; stumpy feet, slender feet, trim feet, bunchy feet.

There is a girl with square-toed number sixes, and a girl with shiny patent-leather-tipped threes. There is a pair of purplish, worn bronze dancing-shoes—party finery being used up at school.

There is a pair of laced boots with trailing shoe-strings, and a pair of button boots with nearly half the buttons gone, and a goodly proportion of the remainder hanging by a thread.

There is a pair of elaborate tan-colored slippers with ribbon bows, whose owner must have worn rubber boots and brought her slippers in a parcel. There is a pair of conspicuously patched boots upon shapely feet which are placed well forward, with no mean attempt to hide the patches in the shadow of a skirt.

There is a pair of boots which are not mates, upon feet one of which lops feebly inward at the

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ankle, while the other is crooked around the leg of the settee.

The feet which lead the class are arrayed in leather boots, stout, high, and laced up firmly and neatly. They have been blacked with men's blacking, which wears long and stands water, and their lower parts display an excellent polish, but above the line where arctics stop they are sadly muddy.

They stand well as their owner rises to recite, and she does not shift from one to the other, but rests her weight evenly and quietly on both.

She is a farmer's daughter, who has two miles to walk every morning over country roads to the train, and fifteen to ride afterward. She is a notable scholar, and there is little doubt that next summer those sturdy feet of hers will mount the platform steadily and gracefully when she delivers her valedictory.

INDEFINITELY POSTPONED.

Count von Beust, who was for a long time the Austrian chancellor under the present reign, was an accomplished diplomatist. He often circumvented his political enemies politely and amiably by some unexpected and surprisingly simple expedient. He once carried his point with Richard Wagner in a way which those interested must have characterized by a German equivalent for "neat."

When Wagner was at the height of his popularity he visited Vienna. Count von Beust was informed that the Prussian party intended to give him an immense serenade, a serenade which should have the air of German protest against the tendency of the ministry to make the union of Hungary and Austria more intimate. The demonstration promised to arouse strong feeling.

"Your excellency is warned," said the chancellor's advisers, "it is impossible to stop this manifestation unless Wagner goes away, and he loves ovations too well. Nothing will induce him to depart."

"You think so?" said Beust, with a smile.

An hour later Wagner was invited to dine with the chancellor. He was flattered by the invitation and accepted it. After dinner, at which Beust was delightfully affable and entertaining, the chancellor remarked, "Herr Wagner, are you interested in autographs? I have some very curious ones to show you," and he opened a portfolio where were letters of Palmerston, Bismarck, Napoleon III., Heine and others.

Suddenly turning to a paper dated 1848 he said, "Ah, look at this, it is very curious. What would your friend, His Highness, the King of Bavaria say if this paper, which would be significant in connection with the political serenade which the Germans are going to give you, should be published to-morrow in the Vienna papers?"

The composer examined the paper and recognized with surprise an old proclamation of one Richard Wagner, who, an ardent revolutionist in 1848, had proposed to the youth of that time to set fire to the palace of the King of Saxony. He saw his autograph, and that it might be a means of getting him into serious trouble.

"Very curious, is it not, Herr Wagner?" said the minister.

"Very curious, your excellency," replied his guest.

The next morning Richard Wagner left Vienna, recalled to Bayreuth by urgent business, and the German anti-Hungarian demonstration was indefinitely postponed.

JAMES PARTON.

The Companion rarely mentions personally those who have helped to make its columns attractive; but there is something to be said about the late James Parton which renders it necessary to transgress a rule to which heretofore we have adhered rigidly.

Mr. Parton was one of the most valued of our contributors, and hundreds of interesting articles published without his signature have been enjoyed by the readers of *The Companion*. He was one of the most fascinating and picturesque writers of his time.

But he was more than that. Although born in England of English parents, he was a most intense American. This does not mean that he disliked England, but that he looked on every question that arose with feelings and sympathies completely American, and with a preference for Republican institutions so strong that he could hardly have patience with anything like a monarchy.

Further than this, he was a most vigorous opponent of the popular vices, large and small. For years he waged war against the wine habit and the tobacco habit with great effect.

The Companion suffers a loss in his death, and so does the country of which he was a foster-child, and which he loved well.

NOT QUITE ACCURATE.

The daily newspapers are just now going through a fire of criticism for inaccuracy. Many of them deserve it. The slipshod way in which sometimes "news" is reported is a disgrace to the noble profession of journalism. A ludicrous illustration of this occurred in a Western journal, and it might be duplicated in a hundred other papers.

The evening edition of this journal printed this item of local news under the heading, "Serious Accident:"

"Yesterday afternoon the little son of John B. Harris, while playing in the street, was run over by a heavy load of hay. His right arm and ankle were broken, and he was otherwise seriously injured. The Rev. John McGuffy saw the accident, and carried the boy to his home. Doctors Smith and Jones were summoned, and set the broken arm and leg, but fears are entertained that the poor boy will not recover."

The next day the editor of this journal received the following letter, which, however, he did not publish in his paper:

"I was much interested in reading in yesterday's paper the account of a serious accident. It was a good description of a heavy load of hay, but permit me to make a few little corrections as to the rest of the account.

"I presume I am the gentleman referred to as the Rev. John McGuffy. My name is Henry McGrath, and I am a minister, and I picked up a boy who was hurt by a hay-wagon yesterday.

"So far the newspaper account is pretty close to the facts. But you will allow me to say that the boy's ankle was not broken, nor his right arm, neither did he sustain any serious injuries. His little toe was run over, and the flesh taken from the bone, and that was all.

"Allow me also to suggest that the boy's name was not Harris, but Hurst, and his father's name is not John B., but William H. I would also like to say that neither Doctor Smith nor Doctor Jones was summoned. Doctor Robinson, who lives near by, was called, and successfully bound up the injured toe, and the boy is doing well, and will be playing in the street in a day or two."

A Yard of Roses.

Many of our subscribers have written us asking for duplicate copies of the "Yard of Roses." While we can afford to give but one copy to each yearly subscriber, we will send additional copies, while the edition lasts, on receipt of ten cents each. It may interest our readers to know that the production of this beautiful picture has cost twenty thousand dollars, and that if it had been made in a small edition only, it could not have been sold at less than one dollar a copy.

RELIC OF ROYALTY.

A writer in the *Critic* tells a true story, illustrating that species of coincidence which is always happening in this prosaic world. A lady bought in Germany a ring bearing the inscription, "*A quelle heure?*" *At what hour?* Some time afterward, at a curio shop in another German capital, she found another ring closely resembling the first. On it was engraved the face of a clock, whose hands indicated five minutes before twelve. With this was the legend, "*L'heure est venue.*" *The hour has come.* This incident was told *a propos* of another story which has really an historical interest.

One day, as we were sitting on the piazza, the conversation turned by chance upon curios and relics.

"This is rather an interesting souvenir," said a young lady, displaying a charm attached to her watch chain. It was a dark blue stone, oval in shape, about an inch and a half long, and covered with hieroglyphics. It was a handsome thing, and would have delighted an antiquarian as much for its beauty as its apparent age.

"What do you suppose it is?" inquired the owner.

We rubbed our foreheads and thought.

"Pharaoh's signet-ring," suggested one.

"A charm from Washington's fob," said another.

"You would never guess," replied the young lady, "and I will tell you. It is," and she dangled it before our inquiring eyes, "it is the stone on which Napoleon Bonaparte cut his first teeth."

Before most of us had time to recover from the shock of this announcement, a practical-minded member of the party pointed to the hieroglyphics, and asked:

"Are those the prints of his teeth?"

On closer inspection, however, they appeared to be Arabic characters.

"Are you sure that the stone is really what you say?" asked a doubter.

"Perfectly," was the assured answer. "It was given to my mother by Joseph Bonaparte when he lived at Bordentown, and he told her that the baby Napoleon, when he was just beginning to take notice, clutched at the stone which his mother wore on a chain about her neck, and was so determined to have it, that she took it from her own neck, and put it round his. After that, he used to bite on it until all his little teeth had come through."

THE INSTINCTS OF TREES.

Every one has observed how certain kinds of trees in a forest reach upward and outward for the sunlight. They cannot exist without it, and amid the crowd of competitors by which they are surrounded, they have a hard struggle to obtain the life-giving beams.

Some kinds of trees which do not require much sunshine often envelop and half-smother those which require more, and which are compelled to run up their trunks to a great height in order that their crown of leaves may be exposed to the light.

Frequently such trees resemble tall columns, as no branches appear upon their trunks until they have attained the top of the surrounding foliage.

But if one would use his eyes to the best advantage, it is not enough to observe merely that some trees reach after the light more eagerly than others do. The differences in the kinds of trees that behave thus should be noticed.

Poplars, walnuts, hickories, willows, beeches, pines and locusts thirst for the sunlight, and cannot thrive unless they have plenty of it. Yews, beeches and spruces thrive in the shade.

The reader would find a most interesting study in noting the preferences shown by different trees in this respect. Their instinct in following the dictates which nature has given them sometimes appears almost as surprising as that exhibited by animals.

DRIVING ON MUDDY ROADS.

A writer in the Providence *Telegram* undertakes to show how a wagon may be kept comparatively clean when driving over a muddy road. According to him this result depends upon maintaining just the right speed, the golden mean, as it were.

If the horse is driven at a walk, say about three miles an hour, the mud which adheres to the rim of the wheel will be carried up by it as it revolves. As it gets to the top its weight will cause it to fall, spattering the spokes and the hub.

If the horse is going six or seven miles an hour, the rapid revolution of the wheels will send the mud flying, and all parts of the vehicle will receive a copious plastering.

But now, if a gait of four and a half or five miles an hour be taken, the mud carried up from the ground will neither drop nor be thrown off, and the consequence will be that with the exception of the rims of the wheels the carriage will come to the end of the journey comparatively clean.

Everything depends upon striking just the right gait and maintaining it.

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For the Companion.

ABOUT BOOKS AND READING.

By Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.

First Paper.—How to Read.

The editor of *The Youth's Companion* has asked me to write two or three articles on Books and Reading. I have hesitated about accepting this invitation; not because the subject is unimportant, but because of some doubt whether the young people read what is written on this subject, or whether, if they do, it makes much difference in their reading.

Example has a great deal more influence with all of us than preaching; and the example which the older people set the children is none of the best. We read newspapers continually, magazines habitually, books very little; much gossip, many stories, selecting little of the best literature. Neither the mother nor the father is often seen with a book in hand; and yet they will wonder that Tom and Mary do not read useful works in history, biography, and science.

Perhaps I am mistaken; I hope so; but it seems to me that there are not so many families as formerly there were who gather about the lamp in winter and read together the best and noblest literature. I know one family who last summer used to gather regularly on the porch after dinner while the mother, who is a beautiful reader, read aloud and the rest sewed or crocheted; but I do not think at this writing of another such family in the circle of my acquaintance.

If, therefore, the young people do not follow the advice of these articles, or even do not read them through, it will not be strange. We can hardly expect the boys and girls to be wiser than their fathers and mothers, or to set examples for their elders to follow, or to disregard the example which those about them set, in order to follow the advice which now and then some teacher or preacher gives to them.

Nevertheless the editor of *The Companion* is wise; for if the habits of reading are ever to be better than they are now, they must be changed, and there is most hope of changing the habit when it is least firmly fastened upon us.

Many people seem to think that reading is in itself a good thing, and the printing-press a great blessing. But reading may be a bad thing, and the printing-press a great curse. Too much is printed and too much read. The printing-presses would be twice as useful if they printed half as much, our newspapers twice as good if they were half as big, and our reading twice as valuable if there was half as much of it, and that half more intelligent and purposeful.

Reading is of four kinds; that is, it is done for four different purposes.

We may read, first, to pass away the time. A great deal of newspaper reading, some magazine reading, and much novel reading is of this description.

Reading is a great time-killer. Men and women, and probably boys and girls, read without attending to what they read, without thinking about what they read, without caring for it, without trying to remember it. Ten minutes after they have read, they cannot tell you what they have been reading.

Such reading is worse than useless. Gossip of types is no better than gossip of tongue; and to read the one in the paragraphs of the newspaper is no better than to listen to the other in the chatter of the parlor.

Sometimes, it is true, a very busy and a very tired man or woman may read at night for no other purpose than to get the overstrung mind away from the cares of the day, and prepare for sleep. But no healthful boy or girl ever ought to read except for a purpose.

Reading what is not worth remembering is worse than not reading at all.

We may read for mere entertainment. We may find in the mere act of reading, rather than in anything read which we remember and subsequently recall, all or nearly all the pleasure it gives us.

Most story-book reading is of this description; and it is an entirely legitimate kind of reading, if one does not do too much of it. The mind as well as the body needs to frolic, and some reading for frolic, for rest, for amusement, for entertainment, is quite right. But it is not useful reading, except as play is useful.

Sometimes one hears a mother say, with a mother's pride, that her boy is a great reader; she imagines that is a very good sign. But whether it is a good sign or not depends altogether upon what he reads, and why. Reading for fun is no better than doing any other innocent thing for fun. An entertaining book is no better than an entertaining game; and for most boys and girls not nearly so good as an entertaining out-of-door game.

For most of you an hour with tennis is better than an hour with a story-book. The best way to rest your mind is to exercise your body. Too much reading for entertainment sends you back to your school-books the next morning with a lazy brain and no appetite for work with books.

The third kind of reading is for useful information; the interest being not in the reading itself, but in what the reader gets from it.

A simple illustration may make this difference clear to you.

You have a garden; you spade it up, plant your seeds, watch the growth, pull out the weeds, water it in dry weather, and are interested in it for the sake of the fruits or the flowers it will give you in the summer or the fall. If you knew that you would get no fruits or flowers you would not go on with your garden. For your interest in the garden is not in the digging and the weeding, but in what the digging and the weeding will give you by and by.

You go out and play tennis all the afternoon; knock the balls back and forth over the netting; by and by pick up the balls and come in. You play more or less all summer; and at the end of the summer you have nothing to show for it, except that the tennis ground is not in quite so good a condition as at the beginning, and some of the balls are lost.

But that makes no difference; you did not play tennis for anything you expected to get out of it, but for the play itself. You toss the balls back and forth for the fun of the tossing.

But you do not toss the earth back and forth for the fun of the digging. Your interest in tennis is in the exercise; your interest in the garden is in what the exercise will give you.



Stopped by a Python.

Both are right and healthful kinds of interest. The best life has both some tennis and some garden in it. But they are different.

Now a great many persons do not find instructive reading entertaining, and so they discontinue it. They take up a history or a biography and expect to be entertained by it as if the book were a story.

Because they are not entertained, they soon abandon it, saying, "I am not interested in history."

It is as if a boy should give up his garden in May because he does not find any fun in digging and weeding. The fun does not come till July, when he picks his strawberries.

The fun of reading a story is in the reading; the fun of reading a history is in the knowledge obtained. And when you sit down to read a history, if it is to be interesting to you, it will be because you want the knowledge and are willing to do a little reading that is work in order to get the knowledge.

My wife and I are going to England next month and hope to visit the Lake country, where Wordsworth and Coleridge and De Quincey and Southey lived; and we have begun to read about that country and about those people. We shall not be as much entertained as we would be in reading one of Walter Scott's novels; but next month, when we visit Grasmere and Easdale and Borrowdale and Ullswater, we shall get a great deal more enjoyment from the visit if we have read about these places and about the men who lived there.

We are digging in our garden for the sake of the green peas and the strawberries—next month; and on the whole we enjoy digging in the garden more than playing tennis,—that is, we enjoy reading for a purpose more than reading for entertainment.

Each is good in its way, but they are different; if you read with a purpose, you must not expect the kind of pleasure which you receive when you read for entertainment. The pleasure in the one case is in the reading, in the other case in what you get from the reading.

There is still one other kind of reading: reading for power; not for entertainment at the time, nor for instruction; but reading that inspires us with better motives, and makes us wish to be better and to do better.

Most reading of poetry is of this kind; so is most devotional reading, and reading of sermons and of the Bible; but this kind of reading is mostly for older people; and there is no room left to speak of it here.

In a second paper I shall try to give you some counsel about what not to read.

For the Companion.

STRENGTH OF A PYTHON.

The elderly proprietor of a coast steamship line who, in his younger days, saw not a little of the rough side of a sailor's life, recently told a story which illustrates the great strength of certain large serpents of the East Indies.

We had been speaking of the force of elephants, whales, lions and other large vertebrata, and estimating the power which it is possible to concentrate in muscular tissue. It was this which called out my friend's story.

The Dutch, he said, who control Sumatra, Java and several smaller islands to the eastward of Java, have been accustomed to set free certain cattle in favorable localities of their possessions, in order that they may by their increase furnish a cheap beef supply, both for the natives and for government use.

When the narrator was about eighteen years old he was supercargo on board a brig which made annual voyages into the East Indian waters after sandalwood. The vessel was lying in a bay on the coast of an island to the north of Timor; and the logs, or sections of the precious wood, were drawn down to the beach from a table-land two or three miles in the interior by a Dutch proprietor who had in his service six natives and as many bullocks.

These animals were driven tandem—in single file—on account of the narrowness of the trail, which led for some distance across a marsh amongst huge trees, and then ascended through rocks and crags to the dryer plateau where the *santalum* grows. The logs were transported on a narrow boat-shaped "drag," without wheels or rollers.

The young supercargo, who was fond of hunting and adventure, often accompanied this odd team in its trips from the shore to the plateau.

On the way up he often rode upon the drag with the old Dutchman, who was stout and disinclined to pedestrian exercise.

Upon one of these occasions, when the team had passed nearly through the swampy forest tract and was near the foot of the craggy ascent, the supercargo was amazed and startled by a singular sight.

In the obscurity of the dense foliage above his head, he saw something which he could compare to nothing save a huge, animated barber's pole drop like a flash from the branches of the great trees which overhung the path, and enfold the ox next in front of the rude vehicle in which he and Mynheer Huydecoper were sitting.

It was a python of large size, superbly marked.

From a large limb, ten or fifteen feet above the ox, the snake had dropped or swung down, and had thrown a fold of its supple body about the neck of the poor animal, swift as a tiger's spring.

The natives took to their heels. The ox thus fearfully beset, bellowed with affright and, plunging headlong, jerked the drag so violently that the fat Dutchman was sent rolling over its side.

Meantime the alarm was communicated to the bullocks in advance. Erecting their tails, they bounded forward along the trail; and the drag, catching against a tree-trunk or some other obstruction, was detached and left behind the cattle in their mad flight.

For some distance they dragged their hapless mate after them. The python had kept its fold around the ox's neck, and was carried along with them. The screaming of the natives, the bellowing of the oxen, the hoarse shouts of the fleshy Dutchman, and the snapping of tackle, made the spectacle an exciting one.

The reptile, infuriated by the rough usage it was receiving, lashed right and left with the ten or twelve feet of its body that trailed after the ox.

Then was exhibited an example of its tremendous strength. Its tail came in contact with a tree beside the path. It threw a turn around the trunk, and instantly the fleeing bullocks were brought to a stand. In vain they leaped and surged irregularly forward.

Like a stiff iron hook, the tail of the python held its turn around the tree, while its shining body was stretched taut as a ship's cable. Its fold around the ox's neck tightened till the choked animal's tongue protruded and its eyes bulged; still it held fast both to ox and tree, nor could the terrified and plunging team tear it away.

The young supercargo, dashing forward, discharged his fowling-piece, loaded with shot, at the reptile's body, without producing any perceptible effect. But Mynheer Huydecoper, who by this time had gathered himself up, now ran forward with a more efficacious weapon.

He had taken from the drag a long saw which was used by the workmen for sawing the tree-trunks into logs. Raising this in both hands, he brought it down across the serpent as he would have done upon a log.

The effect was instantaneous. The python's tense body separated in two parts, and the oxen plunged forward, leaving the sundered halves of the monster writhing in the path. The two men beat the reptile's head into quietude with levers. It was found that this portion of its body measured nearly thirteen feet in length, while the tail was not quite ten feet long; and near the place where the saw had divided it, the snake was twenty-one inches in circumference.

Of course the frantic bullocks did not exert their strength in concert. They were too crazy with fright for that. Had they pulled together, and in a straight line, undoubtedly the serpent would have been torn either from the tree, or from his hold upon the bullock's neck.

For the Companion.

INDIAN FAITH IN THE FUTURE.

By Right Rev. H. B. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota.

There are no wild men who have a more certain belief in a future life than the North American Indians.

An Indian burial is impressive. The chief or warrior is clad in his war dress, his blanket wrapped around him, by his side his bow and arrows, tomahawk and spear.

Friends gather around him, the village orator or friend addresses the dead spirit briefly, speaking of his virtues, and telling him that he has left them for "the land afar off," the happy hunting-grounds of the red men; that his trail lies straight on over a narrow way; that he is not to turn to the right nor to the left; that he must listen to no evil spirit who would tempt him to turn aside, but press straight on as a true man until he reaches the land of the blest, where he shall not suffer from hunger, cold, sickness or sorrow.

If it is the burial of a child, the poor mother places the baby's toys in the grave, that it may have them in its new home; and often wild flowers are strewn in the grave.

Over Ojibway graves the Indians erect a little rude shelter, with an opening in the end for the spirit to pass in and out; they believe that the spirit lingers by the body until decomposition has done its work.

The friends bring offerings of choicest food, berries and game, and lay them on the grave. The Indian's world is peopled with spirits and spiritual influences; and while the dead cannot eat, there is in food as in everything a spiritual essence, and this the spirit receives, and feels joy that he or she is not forgotten.

I have often seen a mother sitting for hours by the grave of her child, or an old man beside the grave of his wife.

Once I asked an old man to go with me on my journey, and offered him a good reward. He said, "My old wife is sleeping here, and I cannot leave her, for she would be lonesome without me."

The Indian believes in the identity of person in the future life, in a material form. When Little Crow, the leader in the massacre of 1862, was a young man, a rival attempted to kill him. Little Crow saw his enemy when he was ready to fire his gun, and quickly folded his arms across his breast. Both hands were badly shattered by the ball.

He was taken to the surgeon of the fort. The surgeon said his hands must be cut off. "No," said the Indians, "he better die; how can he hunt in that world if he has no hands?"

They have rare skill in dressing wounds with slippery-elm and the sumach root, and Little Crow recovered, but with deformed hands.

It is this belief in the continuity of our personal existence which makes the Indian certain of the recognition of friends in a future life.

One of the noblest specimens of the Indian race that I have known is Mah-dwa-go-no-nint, the head chief of Red Lake. Nearly thirty years ago we met in a wigwam. He had walked one hundred and fifty miles in the winter to see me. He said:

"I hear you are the Indians' friend. I am a wild man. White men say they have bought my land, but I have signed no treaty. There were no cattle, no plows, no schools, no houses in the

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paper they brought me. There was money for the trader and houses for white men. In a little while the deer, the elk, the bear, the moose will be gone, and then there will be graves for my people. Will you help me?"

I have tried to be his friend. He asked for a missionary, and we sent him an Indian clergyman. He has become a Christian, and so have many of his band. They have a neat log church, and every Sunday it is filled with worshippers.

If you were present and listened to the beautiful words of that musical tongue, you would not understand one word—yes, you would know one word, for that is almost the same in every tongue—the name of Jesus. The Indians sing very sweetly, and while in their wild state their voices sound harsh, and you hear only guttural sounds, religion, which softens the heart, seems to bring out in all its beauty the sweet sounds of their language.

Our favorite hymns have been translated—"Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Lead, Kindly Light," "Abide with Me," and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." I never hear them sing that my eyes are not full of tears.

At my last visit to Red Lake, old Mah-dwa-go-no-nint, who loves me as a brother, came to me and said, "My father, since you were here, my old wife has gone to lie in the grave. We lived together fifty years. I shall some day go and lie by her side. I have heard that Christian white men ask the Great Spirit to bless the place where His children sleep. Will you ask Him to bless the place where my wife is sleeping?"

"Yes," I said.

We formed a procession—first the Indian children, then Indian men and women, then the Indian clergy, and last the old chief and myself. We marched around God's acre, singing in Ojibway, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

I then delivered a short address on the certainty of another life, and that we should know each other over there. I told them how Jesus had consecrated these graves when He slept there, and by His rising from the dead made them as God's garden, the seed bed of the Resurrection. Then we repeated the Apostles' Creed and a few earnest prayers, with the benediction.

After the service the old chief said to me, "My friend, I thank you for telling me of the Saviour. I thank you for blessing the place where my wife sleeps, and where I shall lie. I have your face on my heart. Good-by. I have done."

In their wild state the Indians manifest their griefs by loud wailing, and by cutting themselves with knives as the heathen did four thousand years ago; and often they give away all their personal property.

My good friend Doctor Daniels was the agent at the Red Cloud agency twenty years ago. The son of Red Dog, a chief, was sick. Red Dog consulted the doctor. The doctor said, "There is no cure for your son's disease. I can relieve his pain, but he cannot live."

All that the doctor could do for the sick man's comfort was done.

One day a messenger came, saying that Red Dog's son was dead. The doctor had a coffin made and covered with black cloth. He said to his clerk, "Take these blankets and goods and coffin and go to Red Dog's camp. Wait until he has given away his things and cut himself with knives, and sits down beside the body the picture of despair. Then go to him and say that his friend has heard of his sorrow, that he has sent him a coffin in which to bury his son, and has sent him some things to begin life anew.

"Then wait—you may wait all day. If he takes the things, I shall know he will be my friend forever. If he does not take them, he will go on the war-path to-morrow, and we must look out."

The young man went to the camp. He waited until Red Dog had cut great gashes in his arms, his chest, his legs, and had given away his blankets and pony and gun. He then gave Red Dog the presents and the message.

He waited six hours in silence. Then Red Dog arose and said, "The white man has made my heart like the heart of a woman. Put my son in the coffin. I shall bury him beside the white man's door; and when I go to my son's grave I will not forget that it was a white man who was kind to me in the hour of my grief."

Just at evening the doctor saw a procession coming over the hills. There was a pony traverse bearing the body, and behind it the chief, covered with blood, and with bowed head—the chief mourner.

Red Dog had been one of the most fearful foes of the white man. From that day he was our friend, and once when the doctor was in peril, Red Dog came in hot haste to defend him. If it had been needed, he would have died for him.

An Indian's heart is like a white man's heart. With them as with us, God's law is true,—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." If we sow kindness, we reap kindness; if we sow thistles, we reap thistles.

Some years ago my dear wife, who is waiting for me in Paradise, and myself parted with some Christian Indians to whom we had been kind in very dark days. We had the Holy Communion together. When they came to say good-by, each Indian woman stooped down and kissed my wife, and, calling her "Ina" (Mother), said, "*Ma-pi-ya ekta wa chi ya ki wakin.*" (In heaven to meet you is my hope.)

As friend after friend leaves me, and I look on to the other home, there will come to me sweet hopes that I shall meet there many of these poor folk, the men of the trembling eye and wandering foot, in our Father's home.

For the Companion.

THE TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

There are probably many, among the educated young men and women who read *The Companion* and are members of Christian churches, who are doing something to help the poor or criminal classes. This work is now more general than ever before, and is carried on in countless ways. Each church or community has its own methods, guilds, societies or individual effort. *The Companion* wishes to give one word of warning to its zealous readers, which probably will be most strongly expressed in the history of two events that are worth noting.



Three young men, anxious to help newsboys and messenger-boys, generously hired two or three rooms, furnished them with benches and a desk, and invited the boys to come to them in the evening.

The invitation was cordial and pressing, and on the first evening the benches were nearly full with curious lads gathered out of the streets.

The young men addressed them in turn. The boys were urged to wash their faces, to keep their clothes neat, to give up the use of tobacco, to take a pledge never to drink rum, and to refuse to read flash papers or novels, or to enter the doors of a variety theatre.



The advice was good and friendly, but it was given without tact or discretion. The boys were presented with tracts, and a personal appeal of a more direct nature made to each. After this not even the gift of apples and candy could fully win them back to good-humor.

"Candy's good. I don't like preachin'," grumbled one.

"I aint a-comin' here agin. I'm a big sinner—yes, I am!" laughingly sneered another.

On the next evening hardly a dozen returned, and on the third the benches were empty.

Then the young men who had begun their good work so zealously were discouraged and angry, and declared that the boys were ungrateful, and their condition hopeless.

In another city a small band of young men, some of whom had had long experience in the work, went about among the same class of boys, talking to them upon the expediency of forming a club of their own, and of providing rooms to which they could go when the day's work was done.

The project was well received. Each boy who joined the club paid twenty cents a year, which of course was a trifle compared with the actual cost, but enough to give him the feeling of independence and proprietorship. The rooms have bright carpets, growing plants in the windows, some cheap, good pictures on the walls, tables covered with suitable books, illustrated papers, backgammon, dominos, and other games. One room is furnished as a gymnasium, and in another room there are crayons and papers for the boys who think they can draw, and a parlor organ for the boys who think they can sing.



The secretary of the club is a motherly woman with a great deal of tact, a love of fun, and much knowledge of boys. She is always ready to listen to their troubles, to give advice and sympathy.

Twice each week there is a service in one of the rooms, when the life of Christ is read and explained in a simple, attractive way, and every-day, practical thoughts are given. Many hymns are sung. The boys crowd to these meetings and join in the hymns with tremendous noise and earnestness.



Over two hundred boys belong to "our club," as they call it, and many more are kept out for want of room.

God has countless loving, tender ways in which each day He leads and wins men to be true to each other and faithful to Him. Boys are only smaller men, and are to be won to goodness in the same way.

For the Companion.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"I wish there were more Uncle Johns in the world," said Anna Merrill as, for the fifth time last Christmas Day, she held up her silver watch and chatelaine to the admiring gaze of her mother.

"Now, mother," she went on, "just look at that generous array of homely, useful gifts. They are all nice, and no doubt a marvellous amount of good judgment was used in their selection; but truly, I would rather have this little luxury than all of them, even though you do sometimes imagine that the wolf is prowling around our door."

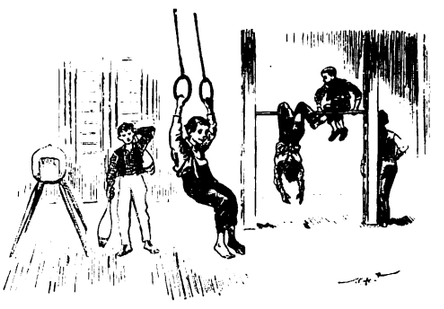
Mrs. Merrill's face assumed a shocked and grieved expression.

"Oh," the laughing girl broke in again, "I know it sounds like ingratitude and vanity, but you see I can manage somehow to buy mackintoshes, flannel skirts and handkerchiefs for myself; and at Christmas time I want something that it would be extravagance for me to think of buying with the money which I earn."

It is possible that we are often over-practical in giving.

To the struggling, needy servant or dependent it is certainly proper to give something that shall add to daily comfort; but with others a little "uncommon sense," which bestows less practically, may be very welcome.

It is not best always to consider the homely, commonplace needs of life at such a festive time as Christmas. The made or purchased luxury, which from lack of time to make it or means to buy it a friend would not otherwise possess, may be the most appropriate gift then.



Good materials for fancy-work are always costly, and before expending considerable sums upon such articles, it is well to study whether a like sum of money may not be more wisely invested in something less flimsy and fading—something that will for years be a reminder of the love that prompted the gift.

Silver is more generally favored than ever for jewelry. There are bangles of all styles, beads, ear-rings, hair ornaments and wonderfully pretty brooches; especially the enamelled ones fashioned in the form of some dainty leaf or flower.

There are few women of the present day who do not paint or embroider; and with one who has acquired either or both of these accomplishments, there is almost no limit to the beautiful gifts which can be made. Nor need she who can do neither despair; for such beautiful designs and exquisite combinations of color are now found in even inexpensive material, that really elaborate articles can be made with no other ornamentation than lace and ribbons.

Solid embroidery is now seldom attempted; but the scarcely less effective and much more quickly done long and short stitch, outline and darning, has taken its place.

Dainty tea and carving cloths may be made from fine linen stamped in a design to suit the maker; or they may be of damask, with the design outlined and touched up with long-and-short stem stitch.

If the design is stamped upon linen, clusters of red clover or buttercup branches with the petals nearly all fallen off and scattered across the lower part of the cloth are very pretty, as are also clover leaves and pansy blossoms.

Instead of being hemstitched or fringed, the edge is often finished with a narrow button-hole stitch in white linen floss, and a narrow linen, one and one-half inch, lace added.

Round and oval doilies are no longer fashionable. Either square or fancifully shaped ones are preferred. Things novel and unique in design lend dainty effects and pretty bits of color to the table.

Long and short button-hole stitch is used for the outside of flowers, and outlining and French knots for the tips of the stamens. When the embroidery is done, the doily is cut out in the shape of the design.

A handsome photograph pocket was made of two oblong sections of cardboard covered with one thickness of cotton wadding, well sprinkled with sachet powder, and then with dull olive-green plush on one side, silesia on the back of one and chamois of the other. The upper right-hand corner of the chamois section was reversed, and a spray of wild rosebuds painted carelessly on it. The bottoms of the two sections were fastened together and the proper slope given to the ends by a lacing of narrow ribbon through button-holed loops at the alternate sides.

It was suspended by two pieces and a many-looped bow of the same kind of ribbon.

A still prettier wall-pocket had a square of vellum mounted on cardboard for the foundation. A crescent-shaped pocket of the cream vellum, which, as well as the back, has ragged edges, was attached to the back by many-looped bows of narrow yellow crape ribbon drawn through holes burned at each corner of the pocket, at equal distances apart around the bottom and near them through the foundation.

Two holes were also burned at the upper corners of the back, by which it was suspended by the same kind of ribbon and many-looped bows. A holly branch with berries was painted in water-colors across the crescent, and three birds in flight across the foundation above.

Mail-cloth, which resembles bird's-eye linen, and comes in both silken and cotton texture, and fine qualities of huckaback lend themselves excellently to darning, and may be utilized for many purposes. The silken texture of mail-cloth must be worked with the fine qualities of silk, such as India and filo flosses.

Combing towels are very handsome made of huckaback, darned. They are made by folding a fine towel so that the front shall be one-third the length of the back. Cut the front at the centre lengthwise, and shape a place for the neck. Darn a border across each end, and trim the neck front and ends with torchon or hand-made lace. Close with buttons and button-holes at the centre.

Many handsome articles for the dressing-table are made of glass, which may be cut to order or purchased in sections, for baskets, trays, jewelry caskets, and so forth.

A beautiful casket is made oblong; the sides and top of glass are bound with narrow blue velvet ribbon, pasted on. The sides are then fastened to position with invisible stitches, and the cover, which has a spray of forget-me-nots painted on it, is attached at the back with two ribbon bows. Two others are placed at corresponding points of the front edge.

A pasteboard bottom four inches wider on all sides is then glued to the bottom of the casket, and a tufted blue silk pad placed inside. A blue silk puff is shirred and sewed to the edge of the pasteboard; a piece of hat elastic is run in at the upper edge; a soft roll of cotton wadding is placed on the pasteboard, and the silk puff brought over it and held close to the casket by the elastic.

A four-inch-wide piece of Oriental lace is also shirred on elastic and slipped over the casket, the gathers arranged evenly and the scallops tacked to position around the outer edge.

KATHERINE B. JOHNSON.

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SUGGESTIONS

BRICKS.

Of what are common bricks made? Learn the processes.

What gives bricks their red color?

What metal do they contain in considerable quantity?

Why is this metal so little used?

How are "fire-bricks" different from ordinary bricks?

What are "pressed" bricks?

Name several important uses for bricks.

Why are bricks more nearly fire-proof than granite?

For the Companion.

TWO SCHOOL-BOYS.

They were two playmates, sturdy boys,
Who quarrel'd sometimes in their play,
And sometimes with unseemly noise
Drove elder folks away;
Close partners in the cares and joys
Of many a summer's day.

If one were made to linger late
When school was out, in sore disgrace,
The other faithfully would wait
With sad despondingface,
And share his comrade's hapless fate
And murmur at his case.

Whatever learning either had,
In truth it was a slender store,
At lessons they were always glad
To share the scanty lore,
And seldom fretted or were sad
Because it was no more.

One tattered book was good for both,
Their pencils owned a mutual sway.
They were companions in their sloth,
And fellows in their play;
And spite of quarrels they were loth
To part a single day.

One golden summer noon it chanced
That both were truant from the school.
They rambled where the sunshine glanced
Upon a lonely pool;
Along the sloping marge they danced,
And laughed at learning's rule.

And one has launched a wooden ship
Upon the placid silver tide,
When suddenly his footsteps slip
From off the moistened side,
A stifled cry upon his lip;
The pool is deep and wide.

With frightened gaze the other stands
A moment on the shelving bank,
Then plunges in with outstretched hands
To where his playmate sank,—
His playmate pinioned by the bands
Of weed and herbage rank.

O mothers!—Neither boy can swim,
And he who plunged into the wave
Is held with frantic grasp by him
Whom he had tried to save.
They struggle in the waters dim,—
The pool becomes a grave.

Across the tide the wooden boat
Swims gaily, and the sunny air
Is cheerful with the thrush's note,
That knows not any care.
Two boyish caps, a crumpled coat—
How sad a tale is there!

And far away each mother says
Her boy is safe at school;
And far away the master sways
His kingdom from his stool,
And schemes of birchen vengeance lays—
For those beneath the pool.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

For the Companion.

SAW THEM IN A NEW LIGHT.

Jane Rogers was a good girl, devout and positive in her religious beliefs. She had always lived in a village where nearly every one belonged to the same denomination, and she had grown into the belief that every one who was outside of its pale must be wrong.

It was a subject of regret, almost of distress, to her to know that none of her cousins in New York—whom she had never seen—belonged to this church which was so dear to her. John Rogers's family were Presbyterians, James Rogers's were Methodists, and her Aunt Catharine's children differed widely from her on the subject of baptism.

When it was arranged that Jane should go to New York and spend the winter among her kinsfolk, she felt as if she were a missionary venturing among those who were almost heathen. She read books on the different creeds, and resolved to be unflinching in her defence of what she believed to be the truth.

The day came, and she started. There was a frightful railway accident. Jane, badly injured, was carried with others of the wounded to a hospital in the city.

Her friends hastened there to meet her. They would have each of them taken her to their homes, but she was too seriously injured to be moved. She saw their pale, anxious faces, and caught loving glances on every side. As days passed and she approached convalescence, these strange faces became inexpressibly dear to her.

She learned to call them by name. The kind, grave old man was Cousin Ben; the two merry girls were his nieces; the sweet-faced old lady was Aunt Mary. They all brought flowers to her, and to the poor, friendless patients in the same hospital. They went from bed to bed, comforting and cheering the wounded and the dying. Sometimes they repeated hymns, read the Bible, or prayed with some wretched sufferer.

Day after day her kinsfolk came, honest, friendly men and gentle women, each bent on doing God's work for His hurt, sick children, among whom she lay.

When Jane's mother reached the city and hurried to her, the girl told her with glad tears of their kindness.

"They have kept me hopeful. They have kept me near to God," she said.

Her mother was bewildered. "Which of these were the Baptists, and which the Methodists, and which the Presbyterians?" she asked.

Jane was silent for a moment.

"I do not know," she said in a low voice. "I did not ask what doctrines they believed. But I saw that when they came to the sick and dying God was in their hearts."

Jane learned in the hospital that the foundation of Christ's church is broader than sectarian walls when it means faith in Him and love to our brother.

WANDERERS ON THE SEA.

The discoveries of modern science have revealed monsters of the deep as terrific as any that ancient fancy created, and have shown that oceans are not mere wastes of water, but the homes of an astounding variety of living things. More than this, it has been discovered that the seas themselves have each a sort of law of existence which they obey. The Hydrographic Bureau at Washington for two years has been trying to learn something of the characteristics of the Atlantic Ocean as a great moving body of water by means of bottles, containing papers, which have been dropped overboard from vessels in many places, to drift at the mercy of the winds and waves.

Many of these bottles have been found and picked up again either in the open sea, or on shores where they had stranded.

Knowing from its records where the bottles had been thrown overboard, the Bureau has been able to trace, in a general way, the path they must have followed in order to reach the places where they were found. In a report published on the First of July this year, and accompanied by a map of the Atlantic, the adventures of a hundred and thirteen bottles are recorded.

Being partially filled with air and then securely corked, the bottles float on the surface of the water, and go wherever the wind and the currents of the sea carry them. Each bottle contains a record of the place and the date of its starting. Some of those found have floated for many months on the bosom of the Atlantic, and travelled thousands of miles.

It has been found that bottles dropped overboard between the shores of the United States and England or France generally travel toward the northeast, following the course of that great river in the ocean called the Gulf Stream. Bottles started off the coasts of Spain or Africa travel westward until they arrive among the West India Islands. Along the European side of the ocean the bottles take a southerly course, and along the American side a northerly course.

Thus, as a result of winds and currents, the whole Atlantic is shown to be slowly circulating round and round, like an enormous pool. This accounts for the stories that were current in Europe, hundreds of years ago, of strange objects of human manufacture having floated from the New to the Old World, thus giving a clue to the existence of undiscovered lands beyond the sea.

IN A BALLOON.

Gambetta, with his friend M. Spuller and M. Triquet the aëronaut, left Paris, then besieged by the Germans, in the balloon, Armand Barbes, on the Seventh of October, 1870. Gambetta had been commissioned by a public decree to go to the provinces, to inspire the people of France generally with something of the ardent patriotism that existed in Paris. The aërial journey was accomplished in the face of many dangers. A French writer describes it as *Un Souvenir de 1870.*

Hardly had the balloon passed the French lines, when the three men heard the whistling of Prussian bullets. To escape them, M. Triquet threw out ballast, and the balloon rose high in the air. But a balloon cannot rise, or even sustain itself at the height attained, unless ballast be thrown out.

The Armand Barbes began descending over a field which the Prussians had occupied but a few hours before, and not far from a German post.

More bags of sand were thrown out, however, and the balloon again took flight, amidst a shower of projectiles from the enemy.

The next time it descended Triquet kept it about two hundred feet from the ground. The country here was occupied by Wurtembergers, who began a lively firing at the balloon as soon as they could get their arms, which, fortunately for the French men, were stacked when first they saw the balloon detaching itself from a cloud. Triquet succeeded in raising it before they had received any more serious injury than a bullet in Gambetta's hand; but in accomplishing this escape much ballast was sacrificed.

When the balloon began to descend again, Triquet had nearly exhausted his supply of sand-bags. Happily for the voyagers, the Germans, who were on the outskirts of a wood, did not dare to enter it for fear of coming on a French ambuscade, and were obliged, therefore, to content themselves with following the Armand Barbes with a well-directed fire.

One more rise was produced by throwing out the last of the ballast. This took the balloon over the forest, and it descended into the upper branches of an oak. Gambetta and his companions touched solid earth again at Montdidier, and at once set out for Amiens.

NEPIGON DOGS.

"While we waited at the head of the Long Portage on the Nepigon River for our half-breeds to carry up the canoe," writes a contributor, "a wretched yellow dog crawled out of some alder bushes and looked at us. His Ojibway masters, descending with their winter's take of furs, had abandoned him to starve. Poor creature! His ribs were almost through his mangy coat, his face shrunken to a mere skull, his piteous eyes dreary with sorrow and suffering.

"'Ah, why did they leave me?' said that sad old dog as plainly as it is here written. 'Why, after I had served them so long, been kicked so much, and loved them so dearly?'

"He crawled from the thicket just to know whether there was any mercy in the two white men. My friend said, 'Poor old dog—poor fellow!' and tossed him a piece of bread. The dog slunk back, hesitated, turned, crouched low, crawled back toward the bread.

"'Poor fellow! poor old fellow!' we said.

"Perhaps the tones encouraged him. He ate, not ravenously, for he was too far gone. All the while he looked his gratitude, yet fearfully. At last he lay down by our packs, saying clearly enough, 'Let me be your dog and watch for you.' He blinked his aged thanks because we did not refuse.

"Now when Antoine arrived, he put down his end of the canoe, seized a paddle, and walloped that woebegone dog before we could hinder. Afterward we tempted the creature back out of the bushes to lick up grease poured from a frying-pan upon a flat rock. Antoine and Louis were much disgusted by this.

"At portage after portage we found one or more such forsaken dogs. Antoine invariably pelted or kicked the crouching creatures, while Louis looked on with approval.

"'Oh, dey's no good; dey's too hol',' said the old man in reply to our rebukes.

"At the Island Portage we found a fine old dog whose joy at seeing Louis was great. That stoic looked on unmoved, while Antoine kicked the poor brute away. In spite of this treatment, he followed along the eastern shore as we paddled up the river. When we camped on the western side he stood howling dismally.

"The sun was far toward evening. As the deserted dog thought of a night of starvation alone, he resolved to try the desperate passage. Away the icy current swept him. At a hundred feet out his courage faltered, and he turned back. He had been ashore but a few minutes when his longing for Louis sent him in again.

"Down, down he went, and the rapids half a mile below yelled for his life. It seemed impossible he could escape; but his chin was borne up bravely by Father Nepigon, and he managed to win the point above the Island Portage. Louis looked on with perfect indifference.

"'He's a brave dog, Louis. Why don't you keep him?' I asked.

"'He wass a good dog,' said Louis, without concern. 'He wass my brudder Narcisse dog dat's dead. Den my brudder François took him.'

"'It's a shame to leave him to starve.'

"'Oh, hee's hol' now!' said Louis, with surprise.

"Late that evening the wretched dog skulked into camp. We kept him in trout during our stay. After that? Well, one fancies him running his strength away trying to catch Nepigon hares, and at last lying his tired old bones down to molder and bleach far away on the hills."

For the Companion.

THE ABBOT BESARION.

Saintly Besarion in the burning day
Walked by the sea in a lone land accursed;
His worn disciple followed till he fell,
Crying: "Help, master, for I die of thirst!"

The holy abbot turned, some heavenly thought,
As he made answer, lighting his wan face.
"Drink here, my son," he said. "God doth not fail
Those who have trusted Him in any place."

The fainting pilgrim drank, and lo! the wave
Was sweet as mountain stream to his parched lip.
Again he drank; then praising God, he bent
Into the sparkling brine his flask to dip.

"Why dost thou this?" the watching abbot asked;
And the disciple answered: "Lest again,
Dear master, in this dreary waste we thirst,
And in the desert seek for wells in vain."

"Ah, God forgive thy stubborn unbelief!
Could not this miracle," Besarion cried,
"Teach thee that wheresoe'er He calleth us,
The Lord we serve sweet water can provide?"

ARLO BATES.

PILLS FOR TOOTHACHE.

When Captain Burnaby was travelling in Asia Minor he acquired almost before he knew it a great reputation as a hakim or doctor. He was tarrying in a Kurdish village when the owner of the house came into his room accompanied by his three sons. Presently the father pointed to one of his teeth, which was aching. "I have heard of your great skill as a hakim," he said; "perhaps you could cure my tooth." The Englishman was no dentist, and said so; but the Kurd refused to believe him.

A thought occurred to me. Three years before my servant Radford had extracted the tooth of a maid-servant in a country house in Norfolk. Why should he not extract the Kurd's tooth?

"I am not a hakim for teeth," I remarked to the patient. "I am a hakim for the stomach, which is the nobler and more important part of a man's body."

The Imaum and the Kurd's children made a sign of assent to this; the Kurd himself did not seem to see the point.

"You are in my house," he said. "You have accepted my hospitality—cure my tooth."

"Well," I continued, "I have a servant with me; he is a hakim for teeth. If you like he shall look in your mouth."

"By all means!" said the Kurd.

Radford was called in, and without moving a muscle of his countenance seized the patient by the nose with one hand; then thrusting a finger of the other into the sufferer's mouth, he looked well down the gaping orifice.

"It had better come out; but it is very tight in his 'ead," he remarked. "If I only had a pair of champagne nippers, I would have it out in a trice."

"What does he say?" said the sufferer.

"He says that the tooth had better be extracted."

"Will it hurt much?"

"Yes, a good deal."

This answer appeared to give great satisfaction to the Imaum and the Kurd's children.

"Have it out!" they all cried.

But the patient did not see the matter from their point of view. He cried in an indignant tone:

"Silence!"

Then, turning to me, he inquired if I could not give him some medicine for his stomach. What a sameness there is in human nature!

"But your tooth hurts you, not your stomach," I observed.

"Yes; but for all that, I should like some medicine."

I gave him some pills from my medicine-chest. He put three of them into his mouth, and commenced chewing them with great gusto.

"My tooth is better already," he remarked; and in a few minutes he prepared to leave the room, accompanied by his sons and the Imaum. The latter was greatly disappointed that the tooth had not been operated upon.

"If it had been my tooth, I should have had it out," he observed to me *sotto voce*, "but he is afraid."

"You would have done nothing of the kind," said the Kurd. "You would have swallowed the medicine like me!" and a whelping cry from a dog outside the door announced that the old gentleman had vented his bile on the animal in question.

NOT IN BOSTON.

It is often said that the world is a small place, and in a sense this is true; but even a city of only half a million inhabitants is hardly as small as Jim Rockel seemed to think. Jim was a hard-working but bad-tempered farmer, who lived in the western part of Maine. He frequently quarrelled with his wife, Sarah, until at last she disappeared from home.

Jim waited for her return, but in vain; then he applied to her relatives for information, but got nothing save uncomplimentary remarks concerning himself. At last he somehow got the idea that his wife had gone to Boston. So to Boston he decided to go and find her, never supposing that any difficulty would attend this operation. Accordingly he arrayed himself for travel, and set out on his journey.

A few days later he reached home, but alone. A sympathizing neighbor at once inquired in regard to the success of his mission.

"Wal, I didn't find Sarah," replied Jim, gloomily. "Fact is," he continued, "she aint in Boston at all."

"How do you know that?" asked the neighbor.

"Why, 'cause I looked for 'er, 'n' didn't see 'er. Ye see, I got there Saturday night, 'n' Sunday I started out ter find Sarah. I knew if I could find the Orthodox meetin'-house, 'n' Sarah wuz in Boston, that I'd see 'er sure. So I hunted up the meetin'-house, 'n' stood 'n' watched the folks go in ter meetin'; but I didn't see no Sarah, 'cause she wasn't there.

"If she'd been in Boston she'd ha' been there, for she's great to go ter meetin', Sarah is—allers goes, rain or shine. So when they'd all gone in, 'n' no Sarah, I just started straight fur home, 'n' here I am."

SHE REMEMBERED THEM.

Old lady Moffat could never be persuaded to make a will, much to the distress of her numerous relatives, whose feelings were very well expressed by Mr. Jonathan Swett, her sister's husband's cousin, a man of legal mind and a fine flow of language. "Alvira Moffat is so mighty changeable," he said, "that you can't place no dependence on her. She's pleasant as pie one day, and the next, like as not, she'll act as if you was trying to steal from her. Even if she had things down in black and white she'd all the time be wanting to alter 'em, I presume.

"But Alvira has a frugal eye," he went on, "and the drawing up of wills can't be accomplished without no expense or laying out of funds where-withal; and the first instrument that was drawed up and *paid for* would have a fair chance to stand for a year or two!"

So Jonathan Swett, to use Mrs. Moffat's own words, "pestered the life nigh out'n her," till she one day informed him that she had "hed Lawyer Peters draw up the instrument" at last; and she added with her peculiar smile,—which was described by her relatives as "creepy,"—"I've looked nout fer *you*, Jonathan Swett, ye've allus been so 'tentive ter me!"

The old lady had a good many valuable books and pictures, which her husband's father, "a man of parts," had collected, and it was for these things, as well as for her money, that the numerous relatives had such anxious desires.

Within a year after making her will, Mrs. Moffat died, and in due course of time the family, with all its outlying branches, assembled to hear the "instrument" read.

It then transpired, through the dry tones of Lawyer Peters, that Mrs. Moffat had left all her property to the town in which she had lived so long, for the purpose of establishing a library; her books were to help fill the shelves, and her pictures to ornament the walls.

Nothing was to be reserved save a sum of money sufficient to provide "each and every one of my relatives who may apply for the same within three months of my decease, with the sum of ten dollars to be used by them in the purchase of pens and ink wherewith to make their last wills and testaments as often as they see fit. And I furthermore bequeath to Jonathan Swett the pen used in drawing up this instrument, in memory of the advice he has so liberally bestowed on me!"

As none of the relatives were needy, some of the least grasping among them were able to enjoy the joke, but Jonathan Swett was a "turrible high tempered man," and is said to have expressed himself mind on this occasion in a way that reduced his poor little wife to tears, and caused her to tremble for days lest some visitor should refer to old lady Moffat's "instrument" in her husband's presence.

ON TIME.

The parents of a young soldier who was a private in a Prussian cavalry regiment during the Franco-Prussian War became terribly anxious about him. Several battles had been fought, and they had received no news of their boy. After some hesitation, the father went to see General von Moltke, who was understood to receive visitors at a certain hour in the early morning.

Strange to say, the father was admitted to see the great field-marshal.

"What is your business?" said Moltke. "Use as few words as possible."

The visitor explained that he wished to know the fate of his son, a private in a certain regiment. Moltke smiled, but not unkindly, and drew from his pocket a square of cardboard covered with dots, lines and crosses of various colors.

"This line," he said, "indicates the line of march of your son's regiment. These dots mark the distances of each forced march. To-morrow morning at seven o'clock the regiment must be at this point here. Take note of the situation."

He said no more, and the interview ended. Long before the hour named the father was at the point indicated on the map. Just before seven o'clock the trumpets of the advance guard were heard in the distance, and precisely at the hour the father saw his son.

WHERE HE SLEPT.

An English resident of Russia describes the merchant of that country as knowing the pecuniary value of what is called "a good position in society." He has a fine house and gorgeous furniture, and gives sumptuous feasts; but he really sighs for the simple life which he formerly led as a peasant.

The corporation of a country town honored me with a dinner, and I slept at the house of a rich merchant of the place. The old gentleman took me, according to custom, into every room of his house, and showed me all the expensive property he had stuffed it with—pictures, furniture, ornaments, clocks, carpets, silver and gold. I was called on to exhaust my vocabulary of admiration.

Among the rest he showed me his own bedroom, furnished with a very fine bed, and he asked me the invariable question,—"What did I think of that?"

I admired it properly. I thought it magnificent! It was covered with blue silk and lace.

"Yes," he said, "that cost a deal of money, but"—with a wink such as nobody but a Russian knows how to give—"I don't sleep atop of that bed. I sleep under it!"

HIGH LAND.

An English woman, in the course of a journey round the world with her father, visited Chicago and was impressed with the mercantile spirit of the inhabitants.

My father was making inquiries as to the different routes which he might pursue on his way south, and something was said about the flatness of the surrounding country.

"Then there's not much high land to be seen, whichever road we take?" remarked my father.

"Oh, yes," answered the Chicago man, "there's some that lets for as much as one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars an acre."

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For the Companion.

LITTLE JAKE'S BUMPS.

Come here, little Hop o' my Thumb,
Let me tell the bumps on your head.
We'll see if a president you'll become,
Or a lobster-man instead.

Heigho! Shall I ever find one,
Down here among the curls?
The curliest curls!—they remind one,
For all the world, of a girl's.

Yes, here's one peeping from under,
And there's another one yet.
The wee, *wee* bump is *Remember;*
The big one's the bump of *Forget.*

Oh, bless me! this head *is* a boy's,
Hide it in curls, if you will.
For I've found such a big bump of *Noise,*
But where *is* the bump of *Still?*

And I *think* he will be President—
At any rate, he'll be a *man.*
See! there's never a bit of bump *Cannot,*
But a generous bump of *Can.*

But look here, little Hop o' my Thumb,
Here's a bump as big as two;
And I'm all at sea to name it—
Bless me! it's black and blue!

"Oh, *that* one? *I* know it, gramma!"
Cried its little owner, Jake.
"I bumped it myself on the hammer;
I guess you can name it *Ache.*"

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

For the Companion.

ELSIE'S SURPRISE.

A True Story.

Elsie looked out of the window one morning, and laughed to see the bright sunshine.

It had rained for five days, and she was so tired of looking at the gray clouds and the muddy street that now she was ready to dance for joy at the sight of the clear blue sky.

"O mamma," she cried, "let's do something real nice to-day because it's so pleasant!"

Mamma smiled, and asked her what she wanted to do.

"I don't know," said Elsie, as she laughed again. "You think of something real nice, mamma, and s'prise me."

Mamma looked very wise as she said, "Well, put on your hat and coat, and we'll take a walk to begin with. Don't forget your rubbers."

As they started out Rover came bounding after them, and mamma told him he might go and be surprised, too. He splashed through the puddles till Elsie said:

"Look out, or you'll be sent home, and that will s'prise you the wrong way."

By and by they came to a little shop with pictures in the window, and mamma said, "We'll go in here. Yes, Rover may come, too," she added, as she looked back and saw him wagging his tail as if promising good behavior.

A man came forward, and Elsie heard her say, "Can you take a tintype of my little girl and the dog this morning?"

And then he replied, "Certainly, madam. Walk into the next room, and I'll attend to it at once."

"O mamma," she whispered, "how you *have* s'prised me, and it's awful nice!"

She took off her hat and coat, and called Rover to her side. The man moved her head this way, and her shoulders that way, and told her to drop her chin, and to wink as often as she wanted to, and I don't know how many other things.

Finally he said, "Now you have a good position, don't move."

But Rover didn't approve of all this, and thought it was time to express his opinion. He walked back and forth barking and growling, and making himself so disagreeable that he had to be scolded.

Even then he didn't behave well, and at last mamma went to the door with him and made him go out, saying as she did so, "You are a bad dog! You are spoiling Elsie's picture. Go home at once!"

After he was gone and it was quiet Elsie had her picture taken alone, but it was a disappointment not to have Rover's, too.

When they went home he was nowhere to be seen. Dinner-time came, but no Rover.

"Why, mamma, where do you suppose Rover can be?" Elsie kept saying.

Just at dusk she saw him come trotting along with a package tied to his collar. She ran to the door and opened it, and in he came wagging his tail as if trying to say, "I am sorry I was naughty, I'll be good now."

Elsie undid the package, and her eyes grew big as she looked at it.

"O mamma!" she cried, "this is the s'prisingest of all."

And sure enough it was, for there was Rover's picture.

He had gone back, and teased the man (who must have understood dog language) till his picture was taken, and then he lay down, and waited till it was tied around his neck.

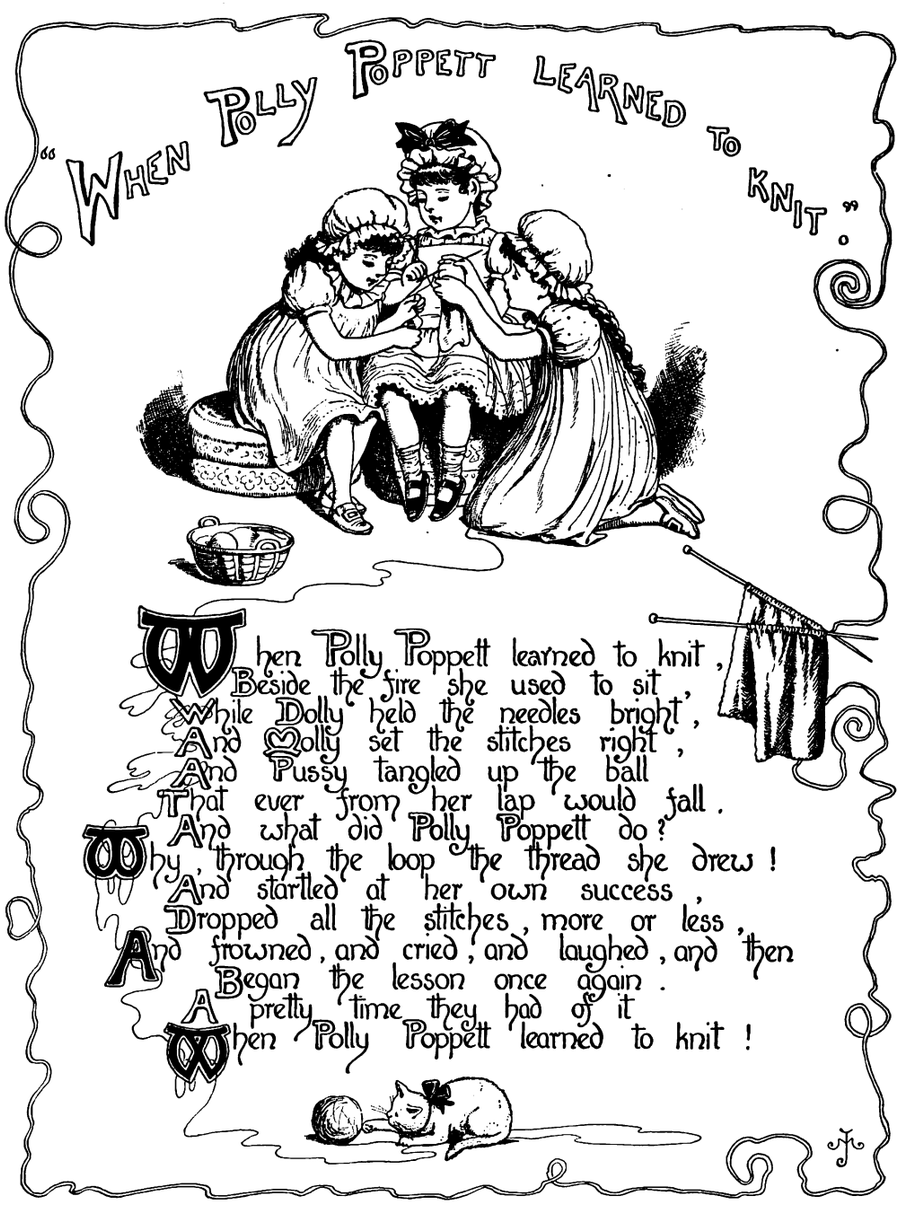
The man told mamma this the next day when she went to inquire about it, and he said as she paid him for his work:

"The dog knew he had done wrong, and wanted to make amends for it."

"Just as if he had been a little girl," said Elsie, thoughtfully, after mamma explained it to her. "That *is* s'prising I'm sure."

ANNA M. PRATT.

"MAMMA, I know what butterflies are for," cried a little boy, running into the house. "To lay butter," he added, emphatically.



For the Companion.

PAPER BAGS.

"Here's your tea!" cried Robin, rushing into the kitchen. "And—O mamma—"

"Here's your coffee!" cried Dakie, tumbling in at Robin's heels. "And—O mamma, can't we have the bags to bang off?"

"I suppose so," laughed mamma, and she brought out the tea and coffee canisters, and filled them, and gave the empty bags to the boys, who blew them as full as they could hold again of wind.

"Let me whack mine first, will you, 'cause I asked for 'em, you know!" said Dakie. "Who-op!"

"Hold on!" cried Caleb. Caleb was the chore-boy, and he had come in after a drink of water. "Mr. Willey, down to the Lower Village, gives half a cent apiece for paper bags."

"Poh! What's half a cent?" asked Robin, scornfully.

"It's half a cent," said Dakie, laughing, "and two halves make a whole one. I'm going to save mine, Caleb, all I get."

"Well, I aint," said Robin. "It's more fun to fire 'em off."

So he fired his off. It made a pretty loud noise, but that was the end of it; and Dakie put his away, and mamma smiled, and Caleb went back to his work.

Robin laughed a good deal at Dakie. He called him "Paper Bags." But Dakie didn't mind. "I'll pay him off, pretty quick," said he to Caleb.

But it was not until the morning of Robin's birthday that Dakie did "pay him off." The afternoon before, Caleb went to the Lower Village and Dakie went, too, while Robin was playing ball with Davy Gay. And in the morning when seven-year-old Robin came to his breakfast there was a little round object, wrapped in paper and tied with thread, beside his plate.

"Why, what's this?" he asked.

"Paper bags!" shouted Dakie.

But it wasn't, exactly. It was a nice morocco-covered ball.

"Why, it's ever so much prettier 'n Davy's!" cried Robin. "Where'd you get it, honest, Dakie?"

"Paper bags," laughed Dakie, again.

"Oh, you never!" said Robin.

"Yes, I did," nodded Dakie; "and there was enough to buy a treat of candy for us, beside. I saved all I got just the way I said, but I didn't know there'd be so many."

Mamma smiled. I suspect maybe she'd been helping Dakie save a little, slyly.

"Well, I'm going to, after this," said Robin. "And when your birthday comes, Dakie Thayer, you'll see!"

But Dakie hasn't seen yet, because his birthday hasn't come.

NUTS TO CRACK.

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Words of eight letters.)

1. Any preparation of opium, solid or liquid.
2. A folding shade or screen carried in the hand as a protection from the rain or the heat of the sun.
3. An almanac.
4. The firing of guns so as to cause balls to rebound from one point to another.
5. A Scripture proper name.
6. Reticent.
7. Time between events.
8. A sort of mineral lead ore.
9. A kind of small monkey.
10. One of a few in power.
11. An organ of touch, as of snails, etc.
12. The helmsman.

Primals—The name of an eminent American reformer (female), who died on Nov. 11, 1886.

Finals—The name of a celebrated German reformer, who was born on Nov. 10, 1483.

F. S. F.

2.

ENIGMA.

A lady lost 1, 2, 3 4, 5, 6, 7 overboard when crossing a ferry, and if 1 do not 2, 3, 4, it was found in a 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 the next morning.

3.

EASY UNIONS.

[Example—Join repose to a certain allowance of provisions by a vowel, and make recovery.—Rest-o-ration.]

1. Join a brewer's cistern to a tin vessel by a vowel, and make the Pope's palace.
2. Join twenty hundredweight to smaller by a vowel, and make having no tone.
3. Join a covering for the head to a large town by a vowel, and make ability.
4. Join a maxim to one united by friendship by a vowel, and form in a proverbial manner.
5. Join a harbor to an abbreviation signifying company by a vowel, and form a porch.

4.

CHARADE.

A market or your 'food may be my *first;*
My *second* sweet refreshment holds for thirst;
When friends are outward bound my *whole* is heard,
A benediction in a parting word.
Reverse my parts and easily you'll find
I mean the happiness of human kind.

A. M. P.

5.

COMMON TERMINATIONS.

The primal letters spell the name of a saint whose festival day is Nov. 25th. The last four letters of each word required are the same.

To impart; to contend in words; to cut off; the moon; to adjudge and determine; to reside in the country; complicated; to make a nest; to bring up, or instruct, as a child.

Conundrums.

How many pins will often make young people happy? Ten-pins.

When may a manufacturer be said to be conceited? When he praises the work of his own hands (employees).

What part of a schooner does a merchant like best? The sails (sales).

What reason have we for thinking that hats walk about the house alone? We often see hat-racks (hat tracks) in the hall.

Why is little four-year-old Johnny like an old man that has worked in the coal mines for fifty years? The man is a miner, and little Johnny is a minor, too.

When is a chicken kind? When it is tender.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. November, four years, great question, voters, United States, decision, president, history, constitution, country, himself, intelligently, patriotically, election, lookers-on, privilege, duty, vote.

2. Queue, cue, Q—seventeenth letter of the alphabet, and never found excepting ahead of u.

3.

R U B Y
U N A U
B A L L
Y U L E

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THE CONTINENTS.

If some geologists are correct in their opinions, nature once accomplished the feat of making a Panama canal on a scale that would stagger the very imagination of M. de Lesseps. This great water-way between the oceans is supposed to have existed at the beginning of the Quaternary period, when the surface of the earth was just putting on the appearance that it yet retains. It was formed by the effects of some vast pressure which lifted North America high above the sea, while the West Indies and the isthmus were correspondingly depressed. North and South America were thus separated by a broad arm of the sea, through which the equatorial current of the Atlantic flowed into the Pacific.

This current of warm water being thus diverted from its present course, the Gulf Stream had no existence, and Europe lacked the warmth that it now derives from that source. A period of cold consequently prevailed in Northern Europe, and ice sheets were spread far over its surface.

At the same time the great elevation of the continent of North America caused a lowering of its temperature, and it, too, suffered from an invasion of the ice. Afterwards, according to the theory, a reversal of these effects occurred, the continent sinking, while the isthmus and the islands rose, and during this change of level the crust of the globe was fissured or cracked along a line extending from Cuba across the Caribbean Sea and Mexico far out into the Pacific.

The line of this break is believed to be indicated by certain volcanic islands in the Pacific, by the great chain of the Mexican volcanoes, Colima, Jorullo, Toluca, Ixtaccihuatl, Popocatepetl, Orizaba and Tuxtla, and by the celebrated Bartlett deep and other profound troughs in the bottom of the Caribbean Sea. Volcanoes naturally form along such fissures in the earth, where communication is most readily established with the interior of the globe.

Another scene of similar changes, also attended by a long break in the earth's crust, now marked by volcanoes, is the shallow sea which divides Alaska from Siberia.

It is no new idea that land once extended across the strait separating the northwestern extremity of America from Asia, but the subject has lately assumed fresh interest from the investigations of M. Emile Blancard, who asserts, with great confidence, that America and Asia were thus connected in quite recent times, recent, that is to say, according to the geological reckoning of time. He bases his conclusion on the striking resemblances between certain species of American animals and plants and those found in Asia. The likeness extends even to some remarkable flowers and insects.

One cannot sufficiently admire a science which thus traces back for us—with many errors in detail, no doubt, but upon the whole with substantial accuracy—the history of our wonderful planet, and shows us how the slowly changing levels of its crust have united and divided the four quarters of the earth; have created broad, safe land-ways by which the living creatures that adorn the globe could migrate from hemisphere to hemisphere, and then again, as by a stroke, have severed the connected halves of the world; have directed the course of ocean currents, and have established and reëstablished the climates of continents.

The mind is broadened and the imagination both chastened and refreshed by such studies as these.

CONSCIENCE-SMITTEN.

The talk of parrots is commonly amusing rather than instructive; but as there are "sermons in stones," so the chatter of a parrot may for once strike home to the conscience of the man who hears it. Says the New York *Tribune:*

There is a parrot in St. Louis, which exclaims, whenever a man enters the room, "You're drunk, sir, and had better go away. I don't want to see you till you're over it."

Some time ago a gentleman who had called, heard this speech, and thought it came from the lady of the house. Naturally enough he hastened out of the parlor.

The lady, discovering what had taken place, sat down at once to write him a note of explanation, but to her amazement before she could finish it the servant brought in a note from the man himself.

In it he acknowledged humbly that he had perhaps taken too much wine with his dinner, but protested that he had never once dreamed of being in such a condition as to make it possible for any one to detect the fact. As she had done so, however, he offered his most abject apologies and a prayer for forgiveness.

HISTORICAL SIGNS.

Most readers must have seen the common jeweller's sign, a big, wooden watch-face hanging over the door of the shop, and perhaps some of them have noticed that the position of the hands is always or almost always alike. How this happens to be the case is explained by the New York *World.*

At 8.18 on the evening of April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated at Washington. Since that night every one of these watch signs that has gone from the shop of the only man who makes them, says the *World,* has indicated the hour of 8.18.

The maker says that he was then at work upon a sign for a Broadway jeweller, who came running in to tell him the news.

"Paint those hands at the hour Lincoln was shot," said the customer, "that the deed may never be forgotten."

The idea impressed the sign manufacturer, with the result above mentioned.

DON'T WAIT.

Monsieur Calino, the celebrated French simpleton, never wishes other people to be at all incommoded by his proceedings.

He had accepted a challenge to fight a duel, and was told that the hour had been fixed at nine o'clock for the next day.

"H'm!" said Monsieur Calino; "I'll try to be there on time, but if I'm a little late, tell the other man to begin without me."

"Who keeps the record of the games?" asked one of two young ladies who were making an afternoon's study of baseball. "Oh," returned the other, "that's done by the vampires."

A Sudden Change of Weather will often bring on a Cough. The irritation which induces Coughing is quickly subdued by *"Brown's Bronchial Troches,"* a simple, yet effective remedy, for all Throat troubles. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents. [*Adv.*

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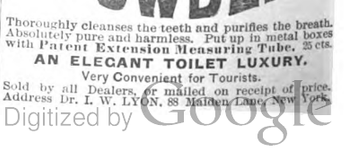
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A WONDERFUL PLANT.

Among the plants endowed with marvellous qualities, none is more wonderful than the Anastatica, or Resurrection Plant, commonly called the Rose of Jericho, which has been of much use to quacks and charlatans ever since its peculiarities were discovered. It is a wonderful sight to watch this plant, when apparently dead and dry, assuming again the color of life as soon as the root is plunged into water.

Its buds swell with new life, the leaves of its calyx open, the petals unfold, the flower-stalk grows, and the full-blown flowers appear as if by magic. It is not, properly speaking, a rose; the flowers are small, and resemble those of the white flowers, which change into round fruits; when these are ripe the leaves fall, the branches grow hard and dry, and fold inward so as to form a kind of ball.

In this state the plant is uprooted by the storms and carried toward the sea; there it is gathered and exported to Europe, where it is highly prized for its hygrometric qualities.

All that is necessary is to place the end of its root in water, when it immediately begins to show new life, develop its buds and unfold new roses. When the water is removed, the specimen sees the magical plant grow weak; its petals "lose, and the leaves pass through the last agonie of vegetable life, and die."

This plant grows in the sandy regions of Egypt, Syria and Arabia, and has long been connected in tradition with the wanderings of the Holy Family. The people of Jericho maintain that it is still believed that this marvellous rose blooms every year on the day and at the hour of the birth of our Saviour; and pious pilgrims still repair finding it in the desert, as Mary and Joseph rested on their flight into Egypt.

The natives of Mexico attached the same marvellous qualities to their Resurrection Plant, which is also found in California, on the coast. It has a more delicate leaf than the Jericho rose, and many other variety, and after drifting about for months, brown and shrivelled, it requires only a few moments in a cup of water to expand to its original form and recover its color.

SHOOTING FOR BEEF.

Some years ago a popular Western amusement was a shooting-match for beef, in which all the marksmen of the neighborhood participated. The homely sport is described by the eccentric Davy Crockett in his "Life and Adventures:"

A farmer, wishing to raise money, would advertise that on a certain day he would kill a fat ox, and would put up a first-rate beef to be shot for. After the marksmen had assembled, a subscription paper was handed round, with the following heading:

"A. B. offers a beef worth twenty dollars to be shot for at one hundred yards, for one dollar."

The paper was passed from hand to hand until the number of shots subscribed for made up the price of the beef. Two persons who had subscribed for shots were then selected to act as judges. They took their stand, and drew their own target—a board with a crown in the centre.

The shot that hit the centre, or came nearest to it, secured the hide and rump; the next nearest shot took the fore-quarter and shoulder; the third secured the other fore-quarter; the fourth took his choice of the four quarters; the fifth the remaining quarter; and the sixth got the hide and the tool in the tree to which the beef was suspended.

The judges stood near the tree, and when a man fired they shouted, "Who-dar!" and the closest gave his name. After all had shot, the judges would measure the distance of the shots, and the best each man had fired. Sometimes one man, being a good mark-man, and having subscribed for six or eight shots, would get nearly all the beef.

EXCESSIVE SHREWDNESS.

As some men are born merchants, so some women are born shoppers. They have a keen scent for a bargain, and by their shrewdness save their husbands vast sums of money every year, though the ungrateful men are often slow to exhibit the fact. Of such a woman the New York *Times* recently printed this story:

She had a look on her face that said plainly, "I am a deeper from Shoppersville, and the clerk is the biggest boob who ever yet abroad of me in a bargain."

"How much is that mosquito netting a yard?" she inquired.

"We don't sell it by the yard, but by the piece," said the clerk. "The piece is worth $1.50, and we will sell one that size."

"I will find out, madam," said the clerk. He went away, and presently returned. "You may have it for $1.25," he said.

"How many yards are there in it?" she asked.

"Fifteen yards, I think," answered the salesman.

"Will you be so good as to tell me how many yards I have measured, in her most frowning tone.

"Fifteen yards, madam," said the clerk, "and that it was a full piece, after all, and the women look it for thirty years, but the difference between thirty years and fifteen years did not by any means represent the change to her pride as a shopper.

PRACTICAL.

The present is not for age or romance, and it is well for people of an ardent, romantic and conversational spirit to remember this. It is related that a certain practical young man, who had resolved to propose marriage to a young woman, put the matter in this way:

"Eleanor, would you leave country and kindred, and go to the ends of the earth to be my wife?"

"Yes, William, I would," said Eleanor.

"Would you do evil rather and neither, and be willing to be disowned and disowned by them for my sake?"

"For your sake I would, William?"

"Then," said the young man, "I fear you are not the practical and sensible girl whom I took you for, and whom only I could take for a wife. Farewell, Leonora!"

A young fellow who had failed at one thing and another at last took up the profession of ship-marine painting. In due process he knew, but, as he expressed it, he "had to do something to keep his head above water."

The best worm medicine is "*Brown's Vermifuge Comfits.*" Sold everywhere. 25 cents a box. [Adv.

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ONE ENJOYS both the method and results when syrup of figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and gentle yet true to the kidneys, liver and bowels, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all, and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c. and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. Manufactured by
THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
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HEALTHFUL. STRENGTHENING. DELICIOUS. DEVELOPING.
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no idea how comfortable, convenient and serviceable **THE ALFRED DOLGE FELT SLIPPERS** are, until you have tried a pair yourself. They are warm, strong, and will wear longer than leather slippers. We will send a pair of the slippers shown by the above cut, postage paid, on receipt of price: First quality (black) Ladies' sizes, $1.50; Men's sizes, $1.75. Second quality (dark brown) Ladies' sizes, $1.25; Men's sizes, $1.50. Catalogue and Price List sent on application. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
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For the Companion.

DIGESTION AND SLEEP.

It is a somewhat general opinion that sleep suspends gastric activity, much as it suspends the action of the intellectual faculties. Hence the common objection to meals at late hours. This opinion is adopted by some medical writers. Says one writer:

"During sleep the medullary centres relax their activity, digestive fluids are not secreted, and the movements of the stomach and intestines are slow, and almost if not entirely cease."

The Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* takes the opposite view. It says that the stomach and intestines continue their functions during sleep, though with lessened activity; that the secretions are not suspended; that all the essential functions continue to be exercised; that while there is a diminished activity of the secreting glands, yet in healthful persons these organs are still adequate to their work, as is proved by the fact that many persons can eat a full meal on going to bed, sleep soundly, and be ready for another meal on waking.

It is true, at the same time, that many persons who take late meals suffer from restlessness and wakefulness.

This result, however, may not be due entirely to the eating of a late supper, but to the fact that the digestive system has already been overtaxed, perhaps habitually, by eating too much or too rapidly, by eating food naturally difficult of digestion, or food that has been made so by bad cooking, or by eating when harassed with care, or with overtaxed brains, that were drawing to themselves the nervous energy needed by the stomach. Persons who have offended against nature in such ways had better forego the supper entirely, and give brain, stomach and intestines a chance to recuperate their nervous energy.

So, too, if one cannot get the muscular exercise so essential to vigorous digestion, it might be well to take only a simple lunch at noon, and a full but not excessive meal at night.

As to men whose habits in life secure them a vigorous, normal digestion, they need take no particular care about their food. Some persons, in the above quoted journal says, need food that "stands by" one, such as baked beans and pork, boiled beef and cabbage, and mince-pie. Such persons sleep well despite their hearty fare.

MOUNTAIN-TOP OBSERVATORIES.

Of late the importance of getting high up in the air in order to study some phases of the weather has been specially recognized, and the number of mountain observatories constructed for that purpose is fast increasing.

There are four such observatories in France, one being on the celebrated Pic du Midi. There is a meteorological observatory on Ben Nevis in Scotland, from which full and regular reports are issued, and a very important one on the mountain called the Sonnblick in Austria.

In this country we have such an observatory on Pike's Peak, at an elevation of more than fourteen thousand feet, and another on Mount Washington, sixty-three hundred feet high. The latter has been closed during the winter for several years, but there is now a good prospect that it will soon be in operation once more the year round.

The loftiest of all observatories will be one that is to be constructed on Mont Blanc.

The great importance of these lofty weather stations arises from the fact that in lowlands and valleys the heavy, dust-laden air, while yielding to the impulses communicated to it from the freer currents above, is so much subjected to the local influences of the surface with which it is in contact, that only with exceeding difficulty can any conclusions be found as to the general causes of weather changes. On mountain-tops one stands immersed in the free atmosphere, and can study the aërial motions and currents to better advantage. One great difficulty to be overcome is the severity of the winter season at great elevations. The observers have to face winds of terrific force, to contend with enormous falls of snow, and to endure intense cold.

Electricity has partially solved the problem by enabling such instruments as the anemometer, which measures the velocity of the wind, to telegraph automatically their records to a station at the foot of the mountain. Mr. T. Proctor Hall has suggested an ingenious method by which the barometer on a mountain-top might also be made to telegraph down the changes in the pressure of the air, while a thermometer, in like manner, should transmit to the observer information as to the temperature prevailing thousands of feet above him.

But whether men have to live all winter on the mountains, or succeed in getting the required records by automatic electric signals flashed from the exposed instruments, it is evident that such observations will in future be obtained, in one way or another, with increasing regularity, because only with their aid can the science of the weather be perfected.

TOSSED BY A BUFFALO.

In Doctor Pruen's book, "The Arab and the African," he describes a nocturnal adventure of a friend of his who went out one evening in search of game, his people being in want of meat. After hunting for some time he came in sight of an antelope, and began stalking it. He was an expert hunter, and succeeded in getting well within range without attracting the antelope's attention; but in doing so he accomplished a feat which, Doctor Pruen thinks, must be almost unparalleled in the annals of hunting.

So cautiously did he approach through the long grass that he was unnoticed by a buffalo lying in the grass, an intent was he on his expected game, that, unknown to himself, he stalked right up to the buffalo, and stood, shot in front of its head, with his back to it.

In a second the astonished animal was on its feet, and, with a snort of rage, made a charge; but so close were the two, that although Cole's gun was at full-cock, the buffalo had caught him on the back before he could fire, and his gun flew from his hand as he was flying through the air.

Cole, who is a big, fine fellow, was thrown to a colossal pace and toss him before he could realize his position and restrain his shouts. Then he lay motionless and quiet, feigning death, but expecting every moment to be tossed again.

The buffalo, however, stood for a few minutes, and then, half satisfied that its work was done, trotted off and stood again to watch its victim at a short distance. Then it disappeared in the jungle, while Cole's native boy, a frightened spectator of what had happened, ran to the house two miles away, and brought assistance.

AN OBSTINATE DOG.

A Massachusetts gentleman has a large dog, a cross between an English mastiff and a St. Bernard, which is very fond of killing cats. Indeed, it is practically impossible to keep a cat at the stable, so fond is Karl of destroying them. He has been whipped and chained up, but though in general he is well behaved, he cannot in this respect be brought to reason.

Whenever Karl kills a cat, which happens every week or two, the groom is in the habit of digging a grave, and then making the dog bring the body to the spot. Karl will lead the way, and, when by his victim to the place, which has now become quite a populous cemetery, and while the grave is being dug he lies beside it, licking the cat all over, as if proud of his achievement.

When the grave is ready, he invariably gives it a vigorous nip on the spine, as if to make sure that she is really finished, and then taking her by the middle of the back, he gravely drops her into the hole prepared for her.

When all this is over, he follows the groom to the stable to be whipped. He knows what is coming, and evidently accepts it as a necessary part of the performance. It does not hurt him, and in the least prevent him from disposing of the next puny which is brought to the stables.

WHICH WAS IT?

One of the best compliments a preacher can ever have is this: "His preaches as if he meant every word he says." Nothing is quite so soon detected as insincerity in the pulpit.

A Western minister, who is not always as careful as he ought to be in making his preaching and his practice go together, was talking to a group of friends a story of adventure. It was a long story, and the minister's little ten-year-old girl was listening with deep interest. When he finished, she fastened her wide open eyes upon her father's face and said, very gravely:

"Is that true, or are you preaching now, papa?"

"IGN'ANCE."

A Georgia paper, the *Quitman Free Press*, tells a story of the odd result of an old negro's attempt to use a "big word." The old man was up before Judge Gerry of Dawson, charged with some small offence.

"Have you a lawyer?" the court asked.

"No, sah."

"Can't you get one?"

"No, sah."

"Don't you want me to appoint one to defend you?"

"No, sah; I 'fer t'o I'd leabe my case to de ign'ance ob de co't."

CITIZENS ONLY.

The desirability of care in expression can hardly be too forcibly impressed upon those who write advertisements, circulars and public announcements of all sorts.

A very peculiar effect was produced by the following announcement, contained in the advertisement of a county fair:

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The Washington *Post*, following the lead of some schoolboy, as we imagine, suggests that it is perhaps because history repeats itself that it gets to be so very dry.

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CHIP AND WAG.

By Katherine Lee Bates.

"COME here, Wag! Here! Here, sir, I say!" But off dashed Wag across the fields after that foolish, irresistible black hen, as if he had been seized with sudden deafness, as indeed he had—in his conscience.

"Here, Wag! Here!"

A clear whistle, with a keen edge of command upon it, followed the ringing call.

Wag faltered, paused, drooped his golden-brown ears very sadly, cast one longing, wistful glance toward the hen, and then came careering back at neck-break speed, the most zealously obedient dog that ever gnawed bone, to his master's bare feet, which he lapped eagerly with his little red tongue. He leaped upon the ragged gray trousers, too, and higher, up to the coarse blue blouse; but a little higher still was his master's face—a boy's tanned, hazel-eyed face, so stern and reproachful in its look as to strike penitence to Wag's doggish soul.

"Aint I told you, time an' time an' time agin, not to chase people's chickens?" asked the boy, severely.

Wag grovelled in the dust for a season; then he started up in unbearable anguish, and capered wildly about his master, uttering a succession of distressed, expostulatory barks, and exercising his tail to such a degree that no one could have questioned the fitness of his name.

"He's a pretty dog," said a laughing voice; and the boy became aware of a young lady leaning over the fence that surrounded the stately country mansion. She was not exactly young, either, the boy concluded, on a further survey, but she wore a white dress of some fleecy texture, set off by pale-blue ribbons, and she swung a lawn-tennis racket in her hand, so it was evident that she was not exactly old.

Boy and dog were both won by her sunny, breezy presence. The dog sniffed at her dainty slippers critically but approvingly, and the boy, pulling off his torn straw hat, replied with a composening frankness of manner.

"Wag's pretty enough, ma'am, as far as looks go, but he's a bird-spaniel, an' it's awful hard to teach him not to chase chickens. He's after anything that wears feathers—that dog is. I'm sorry he scared your hen."

"Oh, it's good for her!" returned the lady, still laughing. "She needs nervous discipline. All hens do, I think. They're fluttery creatures. But you look tired. Have you had lunch yet?"

"Not yet, ma'am," responded the boy, flushing through the tan.

The lady's bright eyes scanned him from uncovered head to dust-stained feet.

"Come in and lunch with me," she said, impulsively. "See! the table is being spread now out under the cherry-trees. Such a little round table! Just large enough for two."

The boy's flush burned redder yet.

"I aint fit," he murmured, casting a quick glance down over the coarse blue blouse and ragged gray trousers.

The lady laughed again, but her laugh was all sweetness, without the merest hint of bitter in it.

"But I'm so lonesome," she said, entreatingly. "I've been playing lawn-tennis all by myself to keep up my spirits. My father and my brother are both away, and I don't like to lunch alone. Strawberries, too—the first of the season, with ice-cream. And the nicest chicken-bones for—what is it you call him? Wag? He lives up to his name, doesn't he? Come; the ice-cream will get cold!"

She held the gate wide open, as she spoke, and smiled with merry eyes. Altogether the invitation was too pressing to be refused, especially by a boy who had had no breakfast.

Wag thought so, at any rate. He sat up on his hind-legs before his master, and begged with uplifted little paws trembling with eagerness. The boy scraped the sidewalk a moment with his bare foot, and yielded.

"Thanky, ma'am," he said, heartily. "You're awful good. And Wag's so hungry."

In the course of a few moments the lady privately decided that, judging from the quantity of chicken, rolls, strawberries, cream and cake which vanished into the boy's red mouth, Wag was not the only hungry guest who honored her table. But, enjoying the appetites of the young wanderers, she signed to the maid who was waiting upon the table to keep the little fellow's plate well filled, while she herself, stroking Wag's silky ears, fed him liberally with the most delicious morsels that had ever passed that happy spaniel's lips.

"Wag! Wag! What a funny name!" she said.

"But we are not introduced," she added, suddenly, turning to the boy. "I'm Miss Winterborn, and you are—"

"Chip," replied the lad, with a twinkle in his hazel eyes. Then, seeing the lady's look of bewilderment, with a gentlemanly instinct he hastened to explain. "My name's Alfred Block, ma'am, but the men always called me Chip."

"Do you mind telling me what men?" asked the lady, with puzzled brows.

"The lumbermen, ma'am," said Chip. "They're rough, you know, an' they called father Old Block. He was steady-goin', you see—not like the most. An' he trained me to keep out o' bad company. So the men they took to callin' me Chip o' the Old Block, an' Chip for short. It began when I was a little shaver, an' some way the name got rubbed in."

"Why, that was very bright in those men!" commented Miss Winterborn, brushing away an azure-winged moth with her delicate hand. "I didn't suppose lumbermen were so witty. In fact, I never thought about lumbermen before. It must be very interesting to live as they do there in the great forests, something like pirates or camping-out."

"It's a sight more like good hard work," responded Chip, laughing. Then he added, soberly, "Father was a lumberman."

"And what is he now?" asked Miss Winterborn, lightly, her attention for the moment being diverted by Wag, who had seated himself on his haunches beside her, and condescendingly offered her his paw to hold.

"Oh, forgive me!" she continued, hastily, for as her glance returned to the boy's face, she saw at once by the look upon it that his father was dead.

Before Chip could swallow the lump in his throat sufficiently to speak again, a young man who looked to Chip as if he were a man of all work crossed the lawn toward them with agitated strides. He held a crumpled bit of yellow paper in his large fingers, and his heavy face was working piteously.

"A telegram?" exclaimed Miss Winterborn. She caught it from his hand and read aloud:

"*Ellen took with the fever. Twins got the measles. Come.*"

"Why, Dennis," she exclaimed, "how unfortunate! I'm so sorry. It's from your brother-in-law, isn't it?"

"Yis, miss, and it's Ellen as has the faver,

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Ellen, miss, the darlint of me heart, and me the owenly brither at all she's got!" He began to whimper as he spoke.

"Oh, cheer up, Dennis!" said Miss Winterhorn, sympathetically. "It is probably a light case, you know. And you need not be anxious about your little nephews. The measles almost always goes easily with children."

"Sure, miss," groaned Dennis, wiping his eyes on his shirtsleeve, "it's owenly last year Lizt as they had the measles, the two of thim, and if they'd been meant to die now—the swate babbies—sure they'd have died thin. But was there iver back afther the bilses of thim, with the owld master and the young master both away the night? It's not Dennis McCarty as will lave ye here defineless—no, miss, though his heart breaks in the bosom of him."

"What nonsense, Dennis!" cried the lady, springing to her feet. "As if Biddy and Jane couldn't take care of me for ever a single night! Of course you must go, and by the very next train. I'll explain to my father that I insisted upon it. He and Mr. Neil will be back to-morrow.

"Come! Cheer up! You will be by Ellen's bedside before midnight. It's strange about the children, though. I never knew before that people could have the measles more than once."

Chip thought it would be well, since such a domestic exigency had arisen, for guests to take their leave. He whistled to Wag, and as Miss Winterhorn, forgetting boy and dog, turned to accompany the sobbing Dennis to the house, Chip called after her:

"Good-by, ma'am! Wag and I have had a first-class lunch. Thanky."

Miss Winterhorn glanced back over her shoulder, smiling brightly.

"Good-by, Chip!" she said. "I hope we may meet again some day. Good-by, Wag!"

Then Miss Winterhorn hurried on with Dennis; and Chip and Wag, half-aware of a sudden slacking of the spirits, found themselves once more out on the dusty highway.

They strolled on a mile or two further, but at a languid pace. They had eaten much more heartily than was their custom; the afternoon sun beat hot upon them, and both were thoroughly tired from the three weeks of tramping just accomplished.

Wag's drooping tail and hanging head showed plainly that he thought a nap would be in order; and his young master was inclined to agree with him. Except on the burning question of barnyard fowls, Chip and Wag usually agreed remarkably well.

The matter was settled by Chip's cutting his foot on a sharp pebble, as they were passing the village cemetery. It was not a deep cut, but enough to make walking painful. So the boy swung himself lightly up the stone wall of the cemetery, lifted Wag after him, and looked about for a resting-place in the shaded, garden-like enclosure.

Near the point where Chip entered, two small girls were playing about a tomb, which was evidently but little used for more solemn purposes, since the half-opened iron door, which swung from one rusty hinge, revealed a bare interior.

Chip quieted Wag's barking, and sat down on a flat gravestone near the tomb to bind green leaves upon his cut. Meanwhile he watched the little girls at their sport. With the innocent thoughtlessness of childhood they were using the deserted old tomb for a playhouse.

The smaller maiden, who wore a green calico frock, was the "lady of the house." She installed herself within the door, and, partly closing it, appeared to be busy about some domestic duty.

Then the other, a black-eyed little girl in brown, came walking in a stately, mincing way from behind the tomb, and rapped on the door.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Brown?" said the lady of the house.

Then the usual "calling talk" was gone through with; but the girl in green did not care to continue the sport.

"Somebody's been in our playhouse," she said, "and put horrid iron things under the bench where we were going to keep our broken china. That's not nice, and I'm tired of this old play, anyhow. Let's go house and base Mary for gingersnaps."

The children joined hands and trotted away. Wag, until recalled by Chip's whistle, frisked sympathetically at their heels.

At one side of the vault grew a weeping willow. Chip stretched himself beneath it, drew the torn straw hat down over his eyes, clasped his brown hands under his head, and fell to thinking.

The white marbles, gleaming in the sunlight, and the quiet graves, with the soft grass blowing over them, and sometimes a rosebush blooming at the foot, or a tall white lily at the head, made him recall, more by contrast than resemblance, a lonely mound under the forest trees far off in northern Maine. There his father slept—the best father a boy ever had, Chip murmured to himself. Hot tears, in the obscurity of the old straw hat, dimmed his hazel eyes.

Yet Block, the lumberman, had been able to do little enough for his motherless boy, as the world counts doing, and when the father was crushed under a fallen pine the son inherited nothing but a gold eagle, Wag and a noble memory.

That was a year ago, and the gold eagle had months since spread its shining wings and taken lingering flight. Wag had been more constant, proving a faithful, frolicsome companion on the boy's toilsome progress from the lumber-camp toward Boston, where he hoped, with the buoyancy of his disposition, to find work for the days and schooling for the nights.

It had been a slow journey, largely made on foot, and interrupted by long halts at wayside farms, where the boy, who was bright and active, had found odd jobs to help him along; but Wag's devotion had never once faltered. Yet the memory was the best of all; and in the centre of that memory shone a single sentence, like a guiding star. Under the straw hat Chip's misty eyes could see his father's bronzed, bearded face, lighted by the cheery smile, just as he had looked when he had said it.

"No luck that ever was, or will be, can put a man in so bad a fix, Chip, my boy, that there ain't a best thing for him to do; and that's our only consarn in life, when one comes to think on't a spell—to do the best thing."

Chip had never forgotten those words. On trifling occasions as on great, they sounded in his ears. Only that very noon at lunch he had dropped the knife, already half-way to his mouth, and taken, somewhat awkwardly, to eating his chicken with a fork, because, observing that this was Miss Winterhorn's way, he sagely judged that to use the fork must be the best thing to do in eating chicken.

But a tired boy, stretched on fragrant grass in the shade, does not think long; and in ten minutes Chip, with Wag's nose nestled beneath his chin, was fast

"What Do You Want with Me?"

asleep under the willow. A few hours after nightfall three men, having come one by one from different directions, were lounging together in the shadow of the tomb, waiting until all lights were out in the village before executing a well-planned burglary upon Judge Winterhorn's mansion.

One of them, in the disguise of a peddler, had pumped simple-minded Dennis until he had discovered, with other more valuable information, enough of the poor fellow's personal affairs to enable him to write the spurious telegram which had drawn him away from the house. Thus the last protector was gone on the night when, as the local newspaper had obligingly informed the burglars, the judge and his son would be the guests of the Forum Club in Lowell.

It was all cleverly planned, except for Wag. The burglars had not calculated on Wag.

Chip was awakened by a long, low, rising growl from the spaniel, which lay with his head upon the boy's breast. Even in the darkness Chip could see the dog's eyes gleaming.

Before Chip's confused senses had half grasped the tall figure of her brother, a newly-fledged attorney at law, came swinging easily up the gravel walk.

"News for your honor," the young man remarked, seating himself down upon the steps under an arching vine of clematis. "There's a fellow nabbed for horse-stealing over at the county-seat—will be up for trial before you next week—who is believed to be a member of that precious burglar gang. Meanwhile, sweet sister, your paragon, young Chip, is gone—fled, vanished."

"Where has he gone?" exclaimed Miss Winterhorn. "And when? Oh, why didn't he wait till to-morrow? Dear! dear! I fully meant to see the boy and tell him that one Winterhorn, at any rate, believed his word."

"The little rascal went off like a shot when the doctor told him that he would be able to trudge to-morrow. Not another morsel of food could he be persuaded to eat under that roof after that."

"Exactly what I should have expected of him," said Miss Winterhorn, with tears in her eyes.

"The little anacondas wouldn't even touch the shoes you sent him, father, but shook the dust of this ungrateful hamlet off his bare feet."

"The little hero!" insisted Miss Winterhorn.

"But you must admit," said her brother, "that this haughty departure puts the boy under no suspicion. He must have got wind of the capture of his pal."

"But how?"

Her brother shrugged his shoulders. "Those slippery customers have tricks to compass even harder matters. The chain of circumstantial evidence against him is very strong. His appearance at our gate just when the bogus telegram was about to be presented, so as to see whether it did its work, his evidently assumed name, his extraction that night to be allowed to follow the burglars, wounded as he was —"

"But he wanted to recover his dog," broke in Miss Winterhorn.

"A likely story that!" commented her brother, contemptuously. "As if a pack of housebreakers, who had dropped in their flight tools and lantern and even a plan of our ground-floor, would hang on to a yelping cur!"

"I'm tired of your heartless ingenuity, Ned," said Miss Winterhorn. "That boy is an honest boy; I know it by something truer and deeper than all your lawyer's logic, and the day is coming when you will see that I am right, and be desperately ashamed of yourself."

This day came sooner than even the prophetess had expected. Precisely one week afterward, Judge Winterhorn, returning from holding court at the county-seat, arrived at his house purple and breathless from the unwonted exercise to which he had been subjected by a very lively, very dirty little spaniel that he was leading by a cord.

"Wag!" exclaimed Miss Winterhorn, after a moment of astonished scrutiny. The spaniel, hearing the name, bounded upon her with joyful barks.

Then the judge related how the convicted horse-thief had begged, at the breaking up of court, for a private word with him, and the favor being granted, had commended to his kind offices this spaniel, silently admiring his own connection with the baffled gang of burglars, but giving no clue to his associates.

In every detail his story confirmed Chip's. The fellow stated, moreover, that he had the dog in his arms when the pursuit began, having been tweaking those golden-brown ears in the hope that poor Wag's yelps might stay the boy's progress.

"For I knowed," continued the jail-bird, "that a chap as 'ud rask his life by whistlin' to a dog when the whistle kep' drawin' the bullets on him, must keer a heap for that dog. But he legged it too lively for us; an' when it come our turn to skip, I jammed the dog under my coat to stop his noise, an' made off with him, more to spite the boy than anything else.

"But it's a decent little brute enough,—best company I've kep' for ten year back,—an' since ye've hooked me for a hotel wher dogs ain't allowed, maybe yer honor'll not mind, seein' as how the boy saved yer silver spoons from the meltin'-pot, takin' him back his dog."

The judge confessed to his daughter that he had felt positive embarrassment in explaining to the criminal why it was that he had no knowledge of the boy's whereabouts. The fellow had stared stupidly at first, and then broken out into a coarse laugh, saying gruffly:

" Es rogues 'ud 'ave give him a better show; an' it wouldn't be surprisin' if he come to ut arter this taste of honest folks. But it aint the boy I'm mindin', yer honor. It's the dog. Ye'll see that the dog aint left to starve!"

The gentle-hearted judge had faithfully promised to give Wag a home until he could be restored to his rightful master.

But how was that rightful master to be found? Ned, after his hour of humiliation, was zealous in the search. He inquired, he advertised, he talked of employing a detective; but November came, and still no news of Chip.

It was Thanksgiving Day, and Mr. Edward Winterhorn, warm and elegant in a new fur-lined ulster, was strolling across Boston Common with a college chum, who was also engaged in sharpening his wits on the legal grindstone.

"I know it's unprofessional," Ned was saying, with a laugh, "but since that unlucky business of Molly's ragamuffin, I go on the theory that a fellow is telling me the truth, till I have evidence to the contrary. A lawyer may as well cultivate his scent for the good in human nature as the bad. It's fairer to human nature and—"

"More wholesome for the lawyer," added his friend, pausing at a diverging path. "I turn off here. Sorry you won't come up to dinner. Mother would be delighted."

"Thanks. 'Twould be very jolly, but positively I can't. His honor would feel very badly indeed if his promising son and heir should fail to grace the Thanksgiving banquet. Good-by."

Ned swung jauntily along toward the Providence station.

"Black your boots, sir?" called a clear, boyish voice, as the young lawyer neared the station.

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"Perhaps you had better," assented Ned, gazing down critically at a mud-stain on the toe of one shoe.

The bootblack promptly dropped upon his knee and polished away at the shining leather with the zest of one who gilds refined gold or paints the lily, not breaking silence until a passer-by carelessly struck the boy's left shoulder with a valise, when he drew in his breath with a low whistle of pain.

"What's amiss with your shoulder?" asked Ned, in his good-natured fashion.

"I had it hurt a while ago," replied the bootblack, briefly, with an upward glance.

Ned Winterhorn recognized those hazel eyes, and his own face brightened with triumphant pleasure.

"You're the very boy I've been looking for," he exclaimed, clapping the kneeling figure on the sound shoulder.

The recognition was mutual. Chip had only too much reason to remember the dapper young gentleman who had come so often to his bedside and confused his aching head with all sorts of curious questions, repeating his answers after him, and twisting them into such strange and varied forms that Chip himself grew puzzled as to what they had originally meant.

Through it all the feverish boy had realized with bitter resentment that the clever gentleman neither believed him nor desired to believe him, and that what was cruel earnest to the victim seemed only merry sport to the tormentor.

So Chip sprang erect, grasping his brush in tighter hold as he turned a defiant front upon the young lawyer, asking suspiciously, "What do you want with me now?"

"To beg your pardon, first of all," replied Ned, manfully holding out his hand, "and next to thank you for saving my father's property, and then to invite you home to our Thanksgiving dinner."

Chip stood for a moment petrified with astonishment—a very grimy and ragged little statue, it must be confessed, for the world had all gone wrong with Chip since that sudden awakening beneath the willow. He had known hunger and cold before, hardship and disappointment and grief, but never injustice, and the iron had entered into his soul.

The hazel eyes had not carried out of that memorable village the frank, trustful look they had brought into it, and his shaken faith in human kindness had put Chip at odds with all the world.

As he pursued his barefoot journey, he would sleep out of doors rather than ask at wayside farmhouses, as before, for a bed of hay in the barn, in return for milking the cows or putting hand for an hour or so to hoe or axe or scythe; and this exposure to the chill night dews, which earlier in his pilgrimage he had often undergone without injury, now that his vitality was reduced by illness, resulted in colds and stiff joints and shooting, rheumatic pains.

In the city, too, the ailing, moping, solitary boy had encountered difficulties which would have vanished like smoke before the cheery whistle of the brisk, friendly, resolute Chip whom Wag had known as master.

Ah, poor Wag! If only the loving little spaniel had been left to nestle against Chip's heart, it would not have grown so cold even under that thin jacket; but as it was, Ned's cordial words were met by a dark, sullen look and the rough reply: "Keep your own Thanksgiving. I've nothin' to be thankful for."

But Ned was not made of the stuff that is easily rebuffed.

"Won't you shake hands?" he pleaded.

Chip looked at the tan kid glove stretched out to him and then at his own blackened palm, and laughed; but the laugh was not a merry one.

"Well!" said Ned, biting his lip, "I've done my best."

The bootblack started. Suddenly it flashed across his mind that he had not done his. Wronged, harmed, insulted, there was still one best thing to do—to forgive. His father's look, his father's tones, his father's words, all pressed upon him.

Ned's quick eye saw the struggle in the boy's face.

"Do shake hands with me," the young man entreated. "What more can a man do than say he was wrong and is sorry for it?"

Ned's smile was winning, his tones earnest. Chip was conquered, but not by the visible face nor the audible voice. For his dead father's sake the bootblack, wiping his hand on his jacket, yielded it to Ned's strong grasp.

Two hours later Chip, washed and brushed, but still in his rags, sat an honored guest at Judge Winterhorn's table, even his bashfulness forgotten in his joy. For the reluctant, awkward tatterdemalion had met with a welcome of which he little dreamed.

It was not the judge's stately kindness, which only brought the nervous flush to his pale cheeks, nor Miss Winterhorn's gentle cordiality, which filled his downcast eyes with boyish shyness. It was the precipitate rush upon every point of his body at once,—the battery of a curling, twisting, capering, silken ball of dog, a dog hoarse with barking, giddy with spinning, dislocated with wagging, wild with rapture,—the one thing that Chip loved best in all the living world, his own lost spaniel, Wag.

Could Chip have stolen a peep behind the dark veil of the future, he would have seen many a happy reason why he should keep the good old feast that day with a devoutly grateful spirit.

As it was, the boy, gladdened, humbled, purified, thanked God in his simple bedtime



prayer, not for the new home and new friends and new outlook into life,—gifts which were still but dimly apprehended by him,—but for the recovery of three old blessings—a clean name, a light heart, and Wag.

AUTUMNAL REWARD.

The golden rick, the bursting bin
Of rich and ripened grain
Bespeak the wealth which all may win
In industry's domain.

Bazar. —*Dart Fairthorne.*

For the Companion.

FIFFIN'S THANKSGIVING.

"Come, Fiffin! Step lively, little gal, if you want to go down to the foot o' the lake with me, this fine fall day!"

The hint was enough. The little girl did "step lively," washing up the dishes with a vigor which, if they had been made of earthenware instead of tin, would have left few whole ones among them. After the comfortable cabin had been tidied up, and her shabby straw hat and still shabbier jacket put on, there was nothing for her to do but wait, with all the patience she could muster, while her father gathered together all the moccasins that he had on hand and half a dozen fox-skins, and loaded them into his sailboat.

The cargo left plenty of room for himself and Fiffin, though the boat was small. They settled beneath the shadow of the patched sail, and were borne by the fresh, bracing morning breeze, as lightly and gracefully as the gulls that dipped, and rose, and fluttered so near, sometimes, that Fiffin thought she could almost stroke their shining backs with her hand if they would only keep still long enough.

It was a rude, solitary life that Tom Morris and his motherless child lived, in that log-built cabin upon the shore of the great lake. Tom had lived in the woods all his life, and it was only in their familiar shadow that he felt himself at home, and the peer of any, rich or poor.

By no means an idle or thriftless man, he found employment during the summers as a guide to tourists who frequented the region; while the remainder of the year was spent in hunting, trapping and fishing. With good health and steady habits, he had little difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door of his woodland cabin; nor had he failed, since his little daughter was old enough to go to school, to send her for one term at least every year, to the school kept in the little village at the foot of the lake.

These few weeks spent at school were, to Fiffin, a season of intense delight. She picked up in that time a surprising amount of knowledge of books and of the ways of civilized life.

Her nickname, Fiffin, was a tender diminutive of Josephine. Tom was very proud of her, and at her solicitation he subscribed for a weekly paper, every word of which she read aloud to him, advertisements included. By and by, as a great concession on his part, and after a great deal of persuasion on hers, he took her down the lake on an occasional Sunday morning, to attend church and Sunday School.

These rare occasions were the pride and delight of the child's heart. To see her father clean-shaven, and with his yet ungrizzled hair carefully brushed, and shining with a generous supply of bear's-oil; his flannel shirt replaced by a white one and surmounted by an immaculate paper collar and gorgeous red and blue necktie, filled her heart with pride and joy.

"We were just like other folks to-day, daddy!" she would declare, triumphantly, as they paddled leisurely home, under the glowing sunset sky, their frail birch canoe dancing from wave to wave, as if, like a thing of life, it shared in her exultation.

At the village, the minister's gentle daughter had spared no pains to win the love and confidence of her little pupil, and to see that the new influences which she sought so eagerly were good.

On this particular autumn week-day morning, when her father took her down the lake in his sailboat, Fiffin gladly took the time to pay a visit to the parsonage while her father attended to his business at the store. She found the minister's daughter, Miss Lizzie, deep in her preparations for the approaching Thanksgiving festival, and, to her intense delight, Fiffin received an invitation to help along the pleasant work.

"You may stone the raisins for me, if you like, dear."

No one else had ever called her "dear," and Fiffin would have gone through fire and water for her sake. As it was, she had only to pick out the seeds from the raisins with the tip of a dainty little penknife, which was, in itself, a treat to handle.

Miss Lizzie spiced mince-meat, which Fiffin gravely tasted and pronounced judgment on. She sliced citron and beat eggs and sugar into a rich golden cream, all so deftly and daintily that her assistant was lost in a perfect maze of delighted wonderment.

"What a slick way you have of doing things!" she remarked, timidly. "Are you looking for company?"

Her friend laughed good-naturedly.

"Why, I'm getting ready for Thanksgiving, day after to-morrow, Fiffin, and my sister and her family will spend the day with us, as they always do." She glanced curiously at the bewildered little face staring at her across the table. "Don't you keep Thanksgiving at your house?"

Fiffin shook her head and flushed deeply.

"Haven't I told you that we don't ever have anything like other folks?" she asked, somewhat bitterly.

Miss Lizzie understood it all.

"Do you know," she asked, "why the governor of the State sets apart one day in the year for a Thanksgiving Day?"

"No, I don't."

"Because it is proper and right that, at this time of the year, when all the harvests are gathered in, and people are glad over well-filled barns and cellars, they should remember to thank God, who has sent the sun and rain to ripen their crops, and take one day for a day of feasting and giving of thanks to Him for His goodness."

Fiffin had dropped her knife and sat listening to her friend's words, with a look of intelligent comprehension in her big, black eyes.

"*Course* they ought to thank Him," she said. "'Tisn't any more than fair!"

Then, after a little longer thought, came the personal application:

"Our potato crop was bigger this year than it has been for a long spell."

"That's nice!" said Miss Lizzie.

"And there's the beans, too! Dad says we've got enough to last us through the winter. And squashes and pumpkins, and a dozen head of cabbage, and—why, I put up a dozen jars of strawberries, an' dried a lot of rosb'ries, and—land sakes, alive!" warming with her subject, "if we haven't got enough to be thankful for, I should like to know who has?"

"Well?"

Fiffin jerked her head to one side, like a reflective sparrow, while she tapped thoughtfully upon the table with the fingers of one little brown hand.

Then she said sharply, "I'll do it!"

Her friend nodded a smiling approval. Then followed an animated housewifely discussion, which ended in Fiffin's taking her departure, laden with a small pail of prepared mince-meat, a jar of Miss Lizzie's tomato pickles, and several carefully copied receipts for turkey stuffing, pumpkin pie, and plum-pudding.

When his little daughter entered the store where he was waiting for her, Tom Morris looked up with a knowing smile upon his rough face and a twinkle in his eyes, that Fiffin knew meant something uncommonly pleasant for her.

"Step this way, Dotty!" He nodded mysteriously as he led the way to a long counter, where were temptingly displayed several ready-made outside garments for women and girls.

"Now, Harry!" he said to the young man behind the counter, "you fly round lively, and see what you've got here that'll suit this young woman!"

He chuckled delightedly. Fiffin's face was a sight to see, as, one after another, the warm, pretty coats were tried on and discussed, until at last the wavering fancies of both father and daughter settled upon a modest, neatly-fitting Newmarket, made of a small russet plaid.

"Just the color of the dead leaves," Fiffin remarked, as she proudly buttoned the soft, thick garment about her figure.

But when the price was announced the warm color faded from her face, and she looked doubtfully at her father.

"*Ten dollars!* That's a good deal to pay out in a lump just for a cloak."

Tom only smiled, and nodded his head reassuringly.

"Peltry has riz," he explained, in an undertone, "and Jack Burns paid me that five dollars that he's been owin' me so long; besides, I sold my moccasins for the cash down. You've arned it, little gal," he added, fondly, as he saw the cloud upon her face, "and there aint no kind o' reason why you shouldn't have as good clo'es as other gals."

But Fiffin was already unbuttoning the garment. She refolded it and laid it deliberately upon the counter. Then she said resolutely, with a little tremor in her voice:

"No, daddy, I can get along well enough without the cloak, and I'm going to have a Thanksgiving dinner instead!"

Tom's countenance fell. He looked disappointed, surprised, almost angry.

"I didn't think," he said, gruffly, "that you was one of the kind that cares more for what they put into their insides than to look neat an' decent outside."



Fiffin prepares a Thanksgiving Dinner.

Fiffin laughed as she fastened her poor little jacket, and stole a mischievous glance at her father's frowning face.

"Don't I always look 'neat an' decent'?" she demanded, straightening her figure with womanly dignity. "My clo'es are clean an' whole if they are old, and—oh, father!" she lowered her voice coaxingly, "I do so want to keep Thanksgiving like other folks. I've just set my heart on it, and I'd rather do that than have the nicest cloak in the store."

Her father yielded to her wishes, but he was puzzled, and not a little disappointed. His child's craving for human companionship, for a share in the life of the great world outside; her intense desire to be "like other folks," was a problem that he had never yet been able to solve.

For himself, he loved the woods, and their solitudes were never solitary to him. His fellowmen were a help, sometimes, but he had little need of their companionship; nor had he the least desire to adopt any of their ways and habits that conflicted with his life.

But Fiffin was his idol, and if she wanted a Thanksgiving dinner she should have it. So he followed her to the market, helped her select her turkey, and bought fruit, spices and sugar—everything, in fact, that the proud little housekeeper ordered, without a word of protest.

Better still, he remained at home all the day of the preparation. He pared and cut up the

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pumpkin, stoned the raisins, beat eggs, and chopped the pork for the stuffing with such zeal and heartiness that Fiffin was deceived into thinking that he had forgotten all about the coat.

It had been a hard, anxious day for her, but things had turned out remarkably well, and before going to bed that night, she could not forbear a parting look at the array of good things all ready for the morrow.

Lighting a candle, and followed by her father, she opened the door leading into a short, narrow entry that connected the main building with a small out-house, used as a storeroom in moderate weather, with shelves especially for Fiffin's milk-pans and cream-pot.

The one window opposite the door was open, and as the two entered, the strong draught almost blew out the candle.

"You'd better shet that winder, I guess, Fiffin," said Tom, as he sheltered the candle with his hand. "There's consid'rable of a breeze to-night, and —"

"Not enough to do any harm, I guess, daddy," said Fiffin, as she patted tenderly the turkey lying in state, all ready for the morrow's baking. "'Tisn't so very cold to-night, and there's nothing here that the night air 'll hurt. Besides, don't you remember how, when I was cleanin' in the spring, I stuck my foot right through that under sash hand it hasn't been mended yet."

"To be sure, so you did," said Tom. "Well, I must say you *have* done pretty well, for all." He looked about with pleased eyes.

"Why can't you let the 'for all' go?" retorted Fiffin, a little pettishly.

Then she laughed. Fiffin and her father understood each other perfectly.

Two hours later, when all was dark and still in the little cabin, and only the low whispering of the cold wind through the pines broke the stillness without, Fiffin awoke suddenly, with a cry and start, while her heart beat fast and hard, with a strange, frightened feeling, as if something dreadful were about to happen.

She sat up in bed and listened intently.

Everything was quiet, until an owl, perched upon the roof just over her head, sent forth his hoarse, familiar challenge. Reassured, Fiffin lay down contentedly.

"It must have been Hootie that woke me up," she thought, remembering that her pet always selected this spot from which to make his nightly observations. She had turned her face to the pillow, when all at once, loud, clear, and unmistakable, came a clash and clatter from the storehouse.

Fiffin was out of bed in an instant, and feeling her way down the dark stairway, with hasty, trembling steps.

"Daddy!" she called softly, and as Tom awoke with a sleepy growl, she hurriedly explained:

"Somebody has broken into the lean-to! I heard 'em knock some of the dishes off the shelf. It woke me up!"

Tom was wide awake now. He lighted his lantern, slipped on his moccasins, and examined the priming of his rifle as coolly as if he had been expecting this summons for a week.

"Now," he whispered, "I'll go ahead with the rifle, and you keep clost to my heels with the lantern. And the minute I open the door you pull up the slide, an' turn the light right into the shanty."



Fiffin nodded, and the two crept softly along the passage toward the building, from which now came sounds, tumblings and a strange series of thumpings, with the more or less heavy thud of falling boxes and buckets, accompanied by a low, surly growling that Tom was perfectly familiar with.

"It's sartainly a b'ar!" he whispered cautiously; "and if he don't git scairt, an' clear out too quick for me, I'll put a bullet through his thievin' carcass before he's two minutes older."

The door swung outward and with little noise, so that Fiffin had time to throw her light upon the scene, and her father to take careful aim before Bruin, who had his shaggy head deep in the molasses tank, awoke to a sense of his danger.

Encumbered as he was, the bear, with a clinging mixture of molasses, milk and Indian meal, tried desperately to make his escape through the window by which he had entered.

Tom fired.

Stung by the pain of the bullet, the clumsy brute paused an instant with open mouth and angry eyes, glaring upon his enemies as if uncertain whether to fight or run. But his natural cowardice prevailed.

With one desperate leap the intruder gained the window-sill and drew himself up with a growl, just as the hunter's second bullet struck a vital spot. Then with a groan, a groan that sounded frightfully human, he tumbled heavily upon the ground outside.

Tom caught the lantern from Fiffin's trembling hand and ran to the window. There lay the bear in a great heap, motionless except for a few spasmodic twitches of the huge limbs. The second bullet had done its work, and the four-footed burglar had met the just reward of his crime.

There was the exultation of the hunter in Tom's voice, as he exclaimed, "He's done for, the raskil!"

But poor Fiffin was gazing sadly at the wreck that the animal had left behind him, and as she looked, the big tears gathered in her eyes and rolled silently down her cheeks.

There lay portions of the turkey, the pies, the paper of raisins, sugar, butter, eggs and milk, all trampled and ground into the rough plank floor. The Thanksgiving dinner on which Fiffin had been counting so much had been completely ruined. Nothing could be rescued from the wreck.

Fiffin sobbed as if her heart would break.

"It's too bad! it's *too* bad!" was all that she could say; and finding himself unable to console her, Tom took her up in his strong, tender arms, just as he had done when she was a baby, and carried her up-stairs, where he tucked her into bed as tenderly as any mother could have done. There he left her, with an unwonted kiss upon her wet cheek.

"Mebbe 'taint so bad as it looks at first sight," he said. "Things aint ginrally, I've noticed, and—why, Fiffin, I'll bet there's a bar'l of ile in that critter's body, if there's a drop."

It was with a very sober face that Fiffin went about getting her breakfast the next morning, but there were no tears in her black eyes; she had had her cry out; and French Joe, who happened in on his way over from the village and was promptly engaged by Tom to help dress the slaughtered bear, rather wondered at her calmness after such an exciting night.

"But it ees a pitee—a great pitee!" he declared, sympathetically, as he sat down to the wholesome breakfast with Tom and watched Fiffin pour out the steaming coffee. "Ze T'anksgiving dinnare, too! It ees all despoiled—gone up, Tom tell me."

"Yes." Fiffin smiled faintly at Joe's well-meant expressions of sympathy. "I haven't had the heart even to *look* in there this morning, it was such a mess last night."

"It ees too bad!" echoed Joe; but her father interrupted cheerily:

"That b'ar is as fat as a pig, and we'll have a roast off of him for our Thanksgiving dinner that'll make your mouth water. Then there's the squash an' turnips that the b'ar didn't tech; and you must make an Injin puddin'. For *my* part, I don't want nothin' better'n a good, sweet, wheyey Injin puddin', baked till it's as red at the heart as a cherry. Land sakes! we sha'n't go hungry, I guess, if the b'ar did eat up the turkey an' step on the pies; and if I don't git enough out of his hide ter pay for all the mischief he's done, I'll miss my guess."

Both men laughed, and Fiffin brightened up hopefully. A new idea had suggested itself to her—a feature of the Thanksgiving feast that she had not thought of before.

"Joe," she said, kindly, "won't you eat your Thanksgiving dinner with us—you and your wife and little Joe?"

She was not prepared for the sudden brightness that overspread the poor fellow's swarthy face, as he accepted her invitation with a delight that betrayed how lonely and uncompanionable the little French-Canadian family had found themselves, in a foreign land.

"My wife—ah! she be too deelighted, happee, *so* glad, you call it. She haf no mate, no neighbor here, all strangers; and leetle Joe! Why, he laugh his head off, *pauvre garçon!* he so glad."

Fiffin proudly welcomed the shy little Frenchwoman and her black-eyed baby to the hospitalities of her neat cabin that afternoon. But there was something deeper than merriment or pride in her smile as Joe, with an air of delighted importance, presented her with a big basket from the kindly landlady of the hotel at the village, who sent it with her compliments and the hope that it would do something towards making up for the loss of her Thanksgiving dinner.

There was a noble turkey, all cooked and needing only to be warmed; pies, cakes, cranberry-sauce, nuts and raisins, and a box of grapes in sweet, purple clusters, with the summer's lost sunshine shut up in their glowing hearts.

It was a merry, never-to-be-forgotten dinner; and when it was all over, and the pleased and happy guests had taken their leave, Tom drew his little daughter to his knee.

"Look here, sis," said he. "This Thanksgiving has been something like. An' now do you know what I'm a-goin' to do? There's enough ile in that b'ar to pay your tuition at the school this winter, and buy that 'ar ten-dollar cloak, arter all!" MRS. H. G. ROWE.

For the Companion.

DELIA'S NOTION.

"Delia's notional. She kind o' 'minds me of Aunt Seliny back to Connecticut," said Charles Parker to his wife. "Aunt Seliny wa'n't easy satisfied. You remember her, ma?"



Delia.

"Yes, I guess I *do*," replied Mrs. Parker.

"Nothing would do Aunt Seliny but she must have a pianny, the first ever was in them parts, and her not over-able to play on the jewsharp. But she was smart for all that, Aunt Seliny was. So's Delia. Only she's notional."

"Delia aint just like the others, that's all," said the mother, indulgently.

"No, that's so. The rest of our girls is regular old-fashioned girls, just Parkers and Gorhams. Not but what Delia can step round as spry as any on 'em."

"Delia'll come out all right, pa."

"Oh, I guess I aint saying nothing against Delia," the father replied, and went off to his blacksmithing.

Meantime Delia sat with her sister Phœbe in the post-office waiting for the mail-stage. The girls attended to the duties of their father as postmaster of Higden. Forty-five years ago the rural blacksmith was usually a man of importance among his neighbors. Higden folks thought it eminently suitable that the blacksmith should be postmaster. Not only was he a responsible man, fit to be entrusted with everybody's letters, but to lounge awhile in his shop, watching clinking anvil and sparkling forge, was found consolatory by people who had not received the letter they always expected.

Delia sat on the high stool behind the railing, making up the outgoing package of Higden letters, which would cost their recipients five or ten cents apiece, according to the distance of transmission. She was "dressed up fit to kill," as had been remarked at breakfast by Barton Hobart, the "hired man," who was to drive her over to Robinson's Corners that day. The morrow would be Thanksgiving, and Delia hoped to find at the Corners some needed tableware that the Higden storekeeper could not supply.

Delia did not smile at Barton's observation. On the contrary, she threw back her head and looked at him with an air which was all the more superior because she felt dressed up indeed.

She wore a snuff-colored delaine, cut as economically as a gown could decently be, but it was "finery" then, with calico twenty-five cents a yard. Her hair circled her head, smoothly covered her ears, and held on each side one of her mother's two coral-topped combs. The lace collar she wore was Lydia's, for there were not in the Parker family enough gewgaws to go round. Lydia had cheerfully lent the collar, that Delia might be fashionably attired for the visit to Robinson's Corners.

Delia might have started with Barton Hobart just after breakfast, but she did not wish to miss the excitement of seeing the stage come in. The interest of the Parker girls in this daily event was ever fresh.

They were stirred by the blast of the driver's horn "up the road," and delighted by the whip-cracking salute with which he clattered before the post-office to throw down the mail-bag before crossing to the tavern nearly opposite their house.

When several passengers alighted to walk round while waiting for the change of horses, the Parker girls had the sensation that Higden was quite a bustling place. If there were ladies among the passengers, Delia commonly found some valid excuse for crossing the road to observe particularly the make of their hats, their coal-scuttle bonnets, or their gowns.

This day the stage did not stop at the post-office, but went straight to the tavern, and discharged there a spick-and-span young gentleman, who straightway crossed the road with the mail-bag in his hand.

"Young ladies, the driver asked me to give you this," he explained, with a smile and a bow that Delia mentally contrasted with the awkwardness of Barton Hobart. "Something's gone wrong with the stage, and the driver asked me to bring this to you while he fixes it."

The stranger was but a simple talkative youth under his manly spruceness; but he was a flitting meteor from the fashionable world to these girls sorting the mail deftly into alphabetical piles. Fourteen-year-old Phœbe scarcely breathed, and Delia thrilled with the newness of it. She was glad she had on her best, and suffered a pang of shame when Barton Hobart, coming up from the cellar trap-door outside, rolled a mammoth pumpkin in at the door, and followed it. The stranger looked surprised.

"Hello!" said Barton, meaning to impersonate the pumpkin. He was sixteen, as was Delia; awkwardly long-legged, with a face of a peculiar, girlish fairness, which blushed easily, though his hands were red and work-hardened. He flushed now to his hair at sight of the stranger. No one spoke; Delia frowned slightly, and Barton, after an abashed minute, rolled his burden on.

It had seemed to him of late that Delia was "mad" at him. Now he felt certain of it, though he was far from knowing what his offence had been; but Barton was a large-hearted boy, with a stock of patience and of what, had he been a girl, would have been called sweetness. He shut the door carefully, and made the least noise possible in rolling the pumpkin on to the kitchen.

"Our hired man," said Delia, airily, while Phœbe gaped at her.

"Thanksgiving preparations?" said the visitor.

"Yes. We are to have seventeen friends for dinner," Delia announced. "And my Uncle Daniel is coming clear from Chicago."

Now the town was drifting in for the mail. Squire Bissell and old Mr. Mullet and Mr. Billings, of the tavern. The stage-driver "tooted" for his passenger, who made his manners to the little postmistresses, crossed the road, and was soon out of sight.

Presently all the bustle of mail-time had ceased;

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the only sounds the girls could hear were their father's hammer, their mother "shooing" the chickens, and horses stamping in the forge. The Parker girls returned slowly to their usual frame of mind.

"What made you act that way to Barton?" Phœbe demanded, wonderingly. She was a practical girl and unimaginative, but it had dawned upon her that Delia had "another notion in her head."

"I said he was the hired man," replied Delia. "He *is*."

Now Phœbe had never thought of Barton as the hired man, but as Barton.

"He isn't old enough. He's the hired boy, then," she observed.

"He's hired," said her sister, in a positive way she had. "Father hires him. He's not one of our family, Phœbe."

"Barton isn't?" said Phœbe, blankly.

"No servant is." Delia's chin was high.

"Servant?" gasped Phœbe.

"It's not right, Phœbe, nor proper, the way we treat Barton—the way Barton behaves. He don't know his place at all."

"Know his place!" Phœbe's astonishment could find no lengthy expression.

"No. Why, Phœbe, you know he don't! It's just as though he was one of us; we all act so, and he does. He isn't. He's the help. It's not proper. It's not doing right by Barton, either, to encourage him so," said this young aristocrat, firmly.

Whence, in that hard-working, common-sense day, whence, in that country settlement where sons and daughters of neighbors were "helps," whence had come Delia's new inspiration? In what corner of her capricious little head had the strange idea of social inequality taken root, and how been encouraged to growth? Phœbe, far from comprehending the notion, yet made several shrewd guesses at its origin.

"You've read it, Dely! Or it's the airs of that boy on the stage. Or it's because Uncle Daniel's coming. Why, he'll like Barton!" said Phœbe, warmly. Small appreciation could Delia get from Phœbe.

Soon Barton had driven the old rockaway to the door. Delia put on her cape and quilted brown hood, lying ready. Ordinarily she would have sat with Barton for company's sake, but now she stepped up to the back seat of the rockaway, and sat there in solitary dignity.

Simple-minded Phœbe viewed this with some indignation and amusement, but chiefly with bewilderment.

Turning to serve his mail to a new-comer, Phœbe soon forgot Delia. In sorting the letters they had dropped one on the floor, and that letter was for Barton Hobart. A letter for Barton was a hitherto unheard-of thing. Phœbe studied it inquisitively as she laid it by.

Barton had been brought up by an uncle in the next State. His boyhood had been a hard one. He had worked beyond his childish strength, and had little and poor schooling. When his uncle, a driving but not a conscienceless man, had advised him to try to find work where school advantages were better, Barton had gladly struck out, and had travelled afoot until he had found a place with the Parkers in Higden. He had lived with them two years, working for his board and going to school winters.

It would have been easy, looking into the Parkers' living-room any evening, to guess at Barton's ambition, if the vague desire he knew to be hopeless could be called such. He would sit, puzzling in advance of his class over the last sums in his arithmetic. He knew there were depths of mathematics beyond these, and he knew of other sciences concerning which the Higden school would never enlighten him.

Squire Bissell's boy was going to the Ridgeville seminary, a modest institution, but as far beyond Barton's reach as the moon. He found some comfort in telling himself what he would do if he could. Meantime he was not dissatisfied to work out problems in discount. For he was contented by nature, and it seemed to him now that his lot was a happy one.

When Delia and Barton got home, shortly past noon, the kitchen was in bustling disorder. Mrs. Parker and Lydia were picking chickens and a turkey, Caroline stirring a cake, and Phœbe slicing pumpkin into the iron kettle on the crane.

Delia took the place of her mother, who had been working with an aching head bound in vinegar-soaked brown paper. Barton brought in armfuls of snowy wood, and replenished the roaring fireplace. Then he fell soberly to the task of pounding cinnamon, for he was a handy boy, ready to do anything needful.

This was singing-school night. Barton, wielding his pestle, struck up a singing-school tune. The lad sung well. With the snow drifting on the window-sills, and the warmth and clatter within, the big kitchen was a jolly place.

"Oh, I forgot. There was a letter came for you, Barton," Phœbe cried. "It dropped on the floor, and I found it when you'd gone. It's on father's desk."

"Me!" Barton ejaculated, incredulous; and went, whistling, to solve the mystery. His absence was Delia's opportunity.

"Barton's so noisy," she said, sharply. "He ought to be told to be quiet. You ought to tell him, Lydia or mother."

"Why, Delia! You've caught mother's headache," said Lydia.

So that it was somewhat hard for Delia to go on. But the "notion" of the morning was still in her head, and she nerved herself to discourse upon Barton's inferiority. Phœbe, guessing what was coming, bent over her kettle with flaming cheeks of shame.

"We don't do right about Barton, girls; we never have," Delia began. "We make too much of him. He's just as important as any of the family; you can see he thinks so by the way he acts—just like one of us! Father and mother think so, too, and all of you seem to. You ought to know better. I think, girls, just because we live in the country, we don't need to do things so different from other people, do we?"

Lydia dropped her handful of feathers, and looked at her sister. She had pleasantly clear eyes.

"How should it be, then, Delia?" she said, quietly.

"You ought to know, Lydia," said Delia, impatiently. "It's the way everybody around here does with hired help. I know that, but that's no reason people should that know better. I don't believe Barton would care if we did the way we ought to. It's because he don't know how to do that he puts himself forward so, and we ought to tell him better. We're all young ladies now," said Delia, with a characteristic straightening of herself, "and we ought to have things as we want them, when we know how they ought to be. I don't blame father and mother; they've got old-fashioned ideas. Nor Barton; nobody's told him what his—his proper place is. But *I* mean to begin."

Phœbe tittered nervously; otherwise there was stillness.

"What *is* Barton's place, Dely?" Lydia ventured in honest perplexity.

"His place—" Delia began, impressively, but hesitated.

She had a clear enough idea of what Barton's place should be. She pictured him, serenely, as prefixing "Miss" to all their names, and staying somewhere out of the living-room of an evening, and waiting for his meals till the family had finished.

Delia had never seen such an arrangement, but in books she had never known anything else. And Uncle Daniel was coming to-morrow, straight from a place where books were lived up to! How would he look upon their backwoods ways? But with those three blank faces confronting her what could she do? She looked at them in vexation.

"I hope," Lydia began, gravely, "I hope, Delia —"

"Hush, here's Barton coming!" said Phœbe.

Barton, still whistling, entered the room. His letter stuck out of a pocket. But Barton did not mention it. The only indication of his having had the strange experience of a letter was the excitement he strove vainly to suppress all that afternoon.

He frolicked with the little boys, prancing them about with long-legged strides. He sung for them lustily:

> Did you ever go up to Thanksgiving?
> What a terrible rumpus it makes!
> And your mouth is as hot as a pudding,
> They put so much spice in their cakes,
> They put so much spice in their cakes!

As a crowning act he went out through the snow to give the headless picked turkey and chickens a last roost in a tree. The little boys enjoyed his mood exceedingly. But Delia frowned on all his proceedings.

If Barton had still any doubt of Delia's being displeased with him the evening removed them. As he came home from singing-school with Phœbe, Delia marched alone and high-headed several yards in advance of them. Barton asked himself in patient anxiety what he had done.

On reaching home Delia would not condescend to speak to him. Lydia had been laughing at her sister's grand airs, and Mrs. Parker had ruthlessly remarked that she guessed Barton Hobart's folks was just as good as anybody else's. Delia's temper, not usually bad, gave way under these afflictions, and she flung herself angrily into her room. When Phœbe came to bed beside her, Delia would not speak.

There she lay awake in the dark for an hour after Phœbe had gone to sleep by her side. Delia's head was still full of the notion that Barton should be made to "know his place." But how?

Had not she herself treated him like a brother? Had she not accepted "The Chaplet of American Poetry" from him on the previous New Year's Day? That gorgeous red-covered volume had come from Barton's little savings for the year.

She was sure he had gone without a winter-cap to buy that book for her. Now the thought of it vexed her greatly. There was war in her soul. On the one side were her liking for Barton, her regard for the opinions of her people and their neighbors, and her own conscience, which did not assent to her idea of superiority to the "hired man." On the other side was her "notion." Now Delia's notions had the force of mania with her while they were new:

The more she thought, the more her conscience reproached her, and the more it told her she was wrong the angrier she became. At last the bad temper got completely the better of her. She rose from her bed, went into the kitchen, took from the "chest of drawers" that volume, "The Chaplet of American Poetry," tore out the leaves and thrust them into the kitchen stove, which still glowed with brands of hickory. Then Delia crept back to bed with a sense that she had done a very wicked thing, as indeed she had. With that consciousness the tired girl fell into sleep and troubled dreams.

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Delia woke suddenly with the sound of affrighted voices in her ears. Her grandmother had roused her. On the snow under her window lay a broad, red glare.

By its light she saw her father standing, swinging his arms, and hoarsely shouting "Fire!" She woke Phœbe, her heart pounding; they huddled something on with shaking hands and ran downstairs.

In the best room their distracted mother was pulling up her good yarn carpet; they saw the chairs flying over it. From opposite doors burst Lydia, her arms piled with clothing, and Barton with their father's books and papers.

"The house is burning up," he cried. "It's going sure."

And burn it did. Delia and her sisters watched their house dwindle to red embers. Down upon the coals came rain, and on Thanksgiving morning the Parkers looked over from the tavern upon a black space around the chimney of their home.

Had this misfortune come alone it would have been dire enough. But Delia's father lay quiet and pale on the stiff sofa in the tavern parlor. In the midst of the night's confusion he had slipped on a burning stair, and his leg had been seriously broken. This was the situation which, with such courage as a sympathizing neighborhood could give, the Parkers were called upon suddenly to face.

It was Phœbe who broke down. She sat half-lost in the dress she wore, rocking the baby. They were all in other people's clothes. Barton had just been in to survey them, and make droll remarks about their appearance and his own. He wore Mr. Billings's long-tailed Sunday coat. Barton was making a brave attempt to cheer the family. It would have seemed that as viewed by Barton the calamity was a small one.

But Phœbe, gazing after him as he went, broke out crying.

"He's going away," she wailed. "I'd like to know what we'll do without Barton now. He's going away!"

Barton faced about, warmly blushing.

"Whisht!" he begged. But Phœbe went on sobbing.

"He's going to Ridgeville with George Bissell. He's got the money for it. His uncle is going to give it to him, because Barton worked so hard when he lived there. He told me last night coming home from singing-school. There!" Phœbe's tears dropped on the baby's head.

"What's this, Barton?" said her father, his tired face brightening with interest.

"It aint much," he said, uneasily. "Uncle's made some money out of timber, and he says he'll give me a little. He's always meant to when he could, so he says. 'Twon't be much. I thought maybe I'd go to Ridgeville a term or two, but I wa'n't set on it. Now I sha'n't go, nor think of it."

Barton worked his fingers in the pockets of his long coat, swallowing hard in his embarrassment.

"There's enough to do here now, I guess, and enough ways to use what little I'll have. You didn't take me in when you didn't know much about me, and give me a good home and treat me as good as you have, for nothing. I aint going to slip off the first time you've needed me," said Barton, choking, "and you needn't think so."

If any of the Parkers had tried to speak then they would have choked, too. Delia sat quiet, and looked at him. The awkward boy with his fair, pleasant face and honest eyes seemed to tower above them all, to be the worthiest among them—and in his simple modesty not to know it.

Delia could look forward and realize what he would be to them now. He would stand in her father's place in the hard season that must follow for them all; he would take up his work and do it. She knew his steady brain was capable of it, and that his willing hands would do it faithfully; she knew his own desires would be forgotten in the task. This was Barton.

Yesterday and all it had held seemed far away and hard to recall, but something odd and incredible she did recall. Why, she had even fancied him beneath her! She had planned to degrade him to a humbler plane. Her heart sunk with shame.

"Barton!" she began, but Barton had escaped.

They had their Thanksgiving dinner in the tavern kitchen, with all the guests they had looked for and with plenty to eat, for Mr. Billings had not been behindhand in holiday preparation. Uncle Daniel, whom the stage had brought, sat at the head of the table. As regarded Uncle Daniel he was a plain sort of man, who gave most of his attention to his old mother.

But later he went with Barton to look at the charred timbers of the house, and to discuss with him the plans for the future building.

"You've got a good smart boy there," he said to his nieces, coming back. "He's just what you need right at this time. You're good girls; you've got plenty of sense and grit, and you're worth a kingdom. But right now that boy is worth the whole half-dozen of you! You'll come through this all right with him, I'll warrant."

Delia's eyes met those of her sister Lydia, who found her way to her. But "You silly little coot!" was all she ever said, and it was all Delia needed.

EMMA A. OPPER.

For the Companion.

THE BELLIGERENT TURKEY.

How pompously irate he was, and how quakingly afraid was she!

I mean, of course, Mr. Sam Johnson's big bronze gobbler—who had taken first prize at three different poultry shows during the past month—and Miss Sallie Maynard, the new teacher at Clover Hollow.

Miss Sallie was not much given to fear in a general way. Six weeks ago she had walked briskly into the Clover Hollow schoolhouse, and



the way in which she had reduced to order the turbulent company there assembled had been a source of gratification to Mr. Sam Johnson, the trustee, even though his own son had come in for a goodly share in the general discipline.

Mr. Sam Johnson admired the energetic little schoolmistress greatly—she was so plucky, so bright, so business-like, so exceedingly sensible and satisfactory. She feared neither big, mutinous boys nor tall, giggling girls; she did not mind cows in the least, was fond of horses and dogs, and would not even run from a mouse. Yet here she was, cowering and cringing in abject terror before an ill-mannered turkey!

"Quit! quit!" called the turkey, baugbtily.

"Oh, my gracious!" gasped Miss Sallie.

"Gobble-obble!" he continued, sternly. "Go back, woman, go back!"

Miss Sallie wrung her hands. It was half-past eight o'clock already; how could she go back?

"Don't be afraid," said a voice from the other side of the fence—the voice of Mr. Sam Johnson, in fact. "He'll run away, if you don't. He won't hurt you, really."

Wouldn't hurt her? Even as he uttered the words, the big bronze gobbler banged himself insolently against her skirts, and Sallie, panic-stricken, sent up a dreadful shriek.

Then, in an ecstasy of fear, and without



knowing what she was doing, she grasped her umbrella, swung it aloft with a superb gesture, and brought it down with some force upon the head of the belligerent turkey; but immediately she flung away the umbrella, and clasped her hands tragically. Then Mr. Johnson came over the fence and looked at the turkey, which lay fluttering in a heap on the ground.

"You have killed him, I'm afraid," he said, coldly.

"I'm sure I hope so!" cried Sallie, her eyes full of wrathful tears.

This was adding insult to injury, and Mr. Sam Johnson picked up the hapless gobbler, and

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stalked away in frosty silence. Miss Maynard wiped her eyes, and likewise went her way, though in deep dejection.

But the turkey was not dead—far from it. As Miss Sallie came over the brow of the hill that very night there he was, strutting back and forth in the road, evidently awaiting her with a heart full of fiery vengeance.

Sallie climbed the fence and slunk ignominiously by on the other side, gripping her umbrella convulsively, in case of pursuit.

"Aunt Martha," she remarked half an hour later, as she warmed her feet at the kitchen fire, after a full account of her adventures, "doesn't it seem really sinful for that ferocious creature to be swelling around in his insolent pride, when we haven't so much as a skinny, long-legged chicken for our Thanksgiving dinner? Oh, with what exceeding joy, Aunt Martha, I would break his big ugly wishbone with you, and hang the pieces over the front door to try my fortune! But he'd bring me bad luck, I dare say."

The next morning Mr. Sam Johnson, happening to glance out at the window opposite, as he sat at his late breakfast, observed the dignified Miss Sallie Maynard running for her life up the hill, with the big gobbler in hot pursuit. They were too far away for a rescue, so he leaned back in his chair and laughed till he shook.

"But that was too bad, though, really," he had the grace to say presently. "Sam, my boy, when you feed him to-night, you get him into the yard and shut him up for a spell. And now you skip for school, you rascal, or you'll be late; and I'd recommend you to walk pretty straight to-day, if you don't want a trouncing, sonny."

The advice was sound, but it was powerless to save Sam junior nevertheless.

"Samuel Johnson," was said in wrathful tones an hour or so later, "come this way instantly."

He came.

"Pa said I'd get licked to-day," he remarked, grinning sheepishly up at his angry schoolmistress, "'cause our old gobbler chased you up the hill."

Sallie proceeded at once to verify the prediction, remarking as she finished:

"There! Now tell 'pa' that perhaps he'd better shut your old gobbler up, if he doesn't approve of the consequences!"

Sammy nodded with a thoughtful air, put his hands in his pockets, and returned to his seat. He got into no more mischief that day, so far as Miss Maynard knew, but he lapsed occasionally into spells of deep and apparently melancholy meditation.

Nor was the ferocious turkey anywhere to be seen when she went home that night; but Sallie's heart now misgave her sorely.

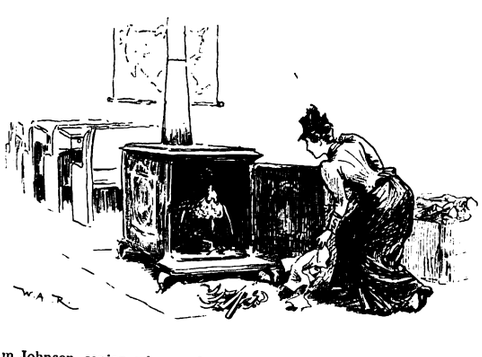
"That finishes my chance for next term, I suppose," she thought, ruefully. "I ought to have known better than to make such a speech, of course, but to think that he saw that, and kept back out of sight without caring whether I lived or died! Yes, and laughed, too. Oh, I know just how he laughed!"

She laughed a little herself, though half-inclined to cry.

"Well, it can't be helped now. There are other schools in the land, though I shall hate to leave poor Aunt Martha again."

Next morning she started very early for the scene of her daily labor. Bobby Bangs's equations were pressing her. She had forborne to worry Aunt Martha with an account of yesterday's race up the hill, and its consequences, actual and possible.

No; the big bronze gobbler was not abroad to-day, either. Instead, she encountered Mr. Sam Johnson, senior, who was leading his horses down to the watering-trough for their morning draught.



"Good morning!" said he, cheerily. "Cold, isn't it? Just right for Thanksgiving, though. I'm very sorry that ugly turkey bothered you yesterday, but it sha'n't happen again. I've got him shut up now, where he can't possibly get out."

He spoke in the gentlest of tones, and with a decidedly conciliatory smile, and though Sallie suspected raillery in his glance, she concluded to overlook that, and went on with a light heart.

A chill struck her as she entered the empty schoolhouse. What, no fire yet? Tommy Smith had orders to build that fire punctually at seven o'clock, to insure a warm house when the little ones arrived; but she had suspected him of remissness several times of late. Now he stood convicted.

"I'll see to this!" thought Miss Sallie, indignantly. "I pay for early fires, and I'm going to have them. If Tommy Smith isn't equal to the task, he must make way for some one who is. I guess Johnny Jones would be glad enough to try."



Meantime it was cold, and the fire of her wrath was by no means calculated to warm her chilled finger-tips up to the point of Bobby Bangs's equations; so the equations must wait.

Down on her knees went Sallie before the stove, caught up a handful of shavings and flung wide the great square door.

Instantly "Quit! quit!" sounded from the sooty cavern, and as she shrank back with a faint cry, a long, purplish, evil-looking head darted out, turning sideways, and a fiery eye confronted her. It was that dreadful turkey!

Not a moment was to be lost. "Gobble! gobble!" said he, and began forthwith to swell and swell, till he seemed likely to burst the iron walls that enclosed him.

More dead than alive, Sallie dashed at the stove, and after a slight scuffle, shut the door again, with the ill-looking head behind it. Then she sat on the ledge in front, and braced her back against the door for safe-keeping.

What was she to do? Wait here quietly till the tardy Tommy Smith put in an appearance?

Suppose he, too, should be afraid of prize gobblers? Besides, the story would spread throughout the district, and she—where could she hide her diminished head?

No, no, that would not do at all. Sallie bent her head on her hand and tried to think, but her brain was in a dreadful whirl.

As the moments passed her fears naturally abated, but so did not her resentment at the trick which had been played upon her.

Such an unmanly, such a cowardly thing, she thought, for Mr. Johnson to do! "Answering a fool according to her folly," she supposed. He said he had shut him up, and no doubt he was ready to burst with secret laughter as he said it.

"A man who would do this would do anything," Sallie concluded. "If he were answered according to his folly, I suppose the joke would be turned upon him some way. I suppose I could go on with Bobby's equations, and act just as if I didn't know the dreadful thing was there; but I am afraid when Tommy opened the door, all unsuspecting, poor innocent lamb, the monster would rush out and devour us both."

She paused, looking about the room with a thoughtful frown.

Presently her glance fell absently upon one or two articles which chanced to have been left on her desk. "I wonder—if—I could," she murmured. She was under the influence of a temptation, which she ought to have resisted, to turn the tables on her supposed persecutor.

She looked at her watch, hesitated a moment, and then sprang to her feet, prepared to carry out a sudden resolution to capture the turkey.

Hastily arming herself with the articles on the desk — her own large sweeping-apron, and a ball of stout cord, lately the property of Sam Johnson, junior—she resumed her former position. Then, clinching her teeth hard and bracing her back against the door in case of emergency, she opened it little by little a few inches, and awaited the event.

It came—retreated—advanced again. Now for it!

In an instant the door gripped him and held him fast, while the snaky head was quickly swathed in the folds of the apron, and firmly bound. Then, as if taking her life in her hand, she opened wide the door, and as the great turkey floundered out, flung herself upon him.

Fierce was the battle that followed, but short and decisive. At its conclusion he lay stretched out, bound hand and foot; or at least legs and wings. Sallie sat on the floor beside him, and panted.

But there was no time to spare. Carefully wrapping the voluminous folds of the apron about the turkey, she raised him in her arms, thrust his ungainly legs under her shawl, and staggered out into the road.

Right past the Johnson domicile she bore him, half-expecting an attempt at a rescue, for both Mr. Sam Johnson and his mother looked out curiously from the kitchen window. But apparently no suspicion of the truth came to them, for she marched on unmolested.

Great was Aunt Maria's amazement when her niece came staggering in, dropped her burden upon the table, and sank exhausted into a chair. Nor was her bewilderment lessened by the account she gave of herself.

"It's ours, Aunt Martha—our Thanksgiving turkey," she gasped. It was not true, but one wrong step always suggests another. "And we thought," she went on, "that we weren't going to have a turkey at all! Isn't he lovely?"

"For the land's sake!" cried her astonished aunt. "Where on earth did you get him?"

"Where, indeed!" laughed Sallie. "Isn't he a big, beautiful fellow? Aunt, ask Mrs. Brown to bring the children over to have dinner with us; he's much too big for us, and I'm sure they haven't any turkey—unless he's given them one, too—" which he hadn't. "Now, Aunt Martha, stop staring so, and don't waste any more time. You'll have to fly round, you know, to get everything ready. Off with his head! that's the first step. I must scamper back as fast as I can, or those imps will turn the schoolhouse out of the window. He might have sent him here for me, I almost think, instead of making me bring him myself. However, we won't find any fault, will we? I think he's the most generous man I know."

"Sarah Maynard, who give you that 'ere turkey?"

"Guess! No, you never could. Well, it's from Mr. Johnson."

"For the land's sake! Sam Johnson never gave you that turkey!"

"How did I get him then, unless I stole him? He was Mr. Sam Johnson's big prize turkey, and now he's mine, and we'll kill him and eat him, and think on our marcies, won't we? You fat rascal! how I shall enjoy eating you to-morrow! And the seven little Browns, won't they labor with him? Good-by, I must go now."

As soon as her niece was out of sight, Aunt Martha threw her shawl over her head and ran across to the Brown cottage, and communicated the good news to Mrs. Brown and the seven little Browns. Then she returned to her own domain, and settled down to her work. Alas, poor gobbler!

The delights of an odorous, piping-hot, done-to-a-turn Thanksgiving dinner have come to be such an old story to most of us, that it is scarcely necessary to dwell on them here. Needless to say with what vim the seven little Browns, unwontedly clean and smooth and shiny, polished off the bones of the mighty turkey and accepted second and third helpings, to the mingled confusion and delight of their perspiring mother; or with what urgent hospitality Aunt Martha plied her guests so long as there was a presentable scrap left to ply them with, and only allowed them to leave the table, finally, because it had been reduced to the condition of Jack Sprat's platter.

But I will just pause to mention that much mirth was created by Sallie's mounting the youngest Brown on her shoulder, and directing him to hang the wishbone on a nail over the door, charging him to be sure to be the first male biped to come under the charm; which Jimmie Brown, aged two and a half, promised faithfully to do.

There was a dinner on a much grander scale up at the Johnson homestead, but as the sun slowly sank and night drew on apace, the guests one and all departed, and its accustomed air of quiet returned to the old house.

Mr. Sam Johnson, with his feet on the fender, lay back in his easy-chair and meditated on the unaccountable disappearance of his prize turkey, never dreaming of the whole-souled way in which the turkey had been making himself agreeable to the seven little Browns that day.

Rap, rap, rap! went the old knocker on the big front door, as imperiously as if the Czar of Russia himself stood without and demanded admittance. Yet all that did actually stand there was just a common pasteboard box of moderate dimensions, while a small boy could be dimly seen speeding away down the road into the gathering shadows.

Grandma Johnson set the box on the table, hastily put on her glasses and inspected it curiously. It was neatly tied with blue ribbon, and addressed to "Mr. Samuel Ebenezer Johnson."

That gentleman left his comfortable chair, and also came to the table. He studied the card for a moment, then untied the ribbon and carefully removed the lid. What do you suppose that box was filled with? Feathers!

A neatly folded note lay on the top, and after a moment's hesitation he opened it and slowly read:

"With Miss Sarah Maynard's compliments!"

With Miss Sarah Maynard's compliments! The box fell to the floor, and a cloud of downy plumage arose about them as Mr. Sam Johnson stared open-mouthed at Grandma Johnson, who in her turn stared back open-mouthed at him. Sam, junior, who had been keeping modestly in the background, broke into a shrill cry: "O pa! O pa! it's the old gobbler! O pa! O pa!"

"Sure enough!" chimed in grandma, quivering.

Mr. Sam Johnson slipped the note into his waistcoat pocket, and went back to his chair, looking very thoughtful. Grandma Johnson, getting her wind again, questioned and scolded, and questioned and scolded, but her son said never a word. Sam, junior, watched his parent furtively for a few moments, then sidled up to him and laid his hand on his knee with an engaging smile.

"Say, pa!" said he.

"Well, Sam?"

"I want to tell you somethin'," giggled the boy, still keeping his eye sharply on his father.

"Well, tell away."

"But you've got to promise not to whip me, you know."

"Sam, what have you been up to, you young rascal? I know you're at the bottom of this mess."

"Well, I aint, then, pa," said Sammy, guilelessly. "It's the teacher that's to blame—mostly."

He looked thoughtfully at the scattered remains of the gobbler. "If she hadn't whipped me for most nothing, I shouldn't have tried to pay her off for it. I think she's a good deal more to blame than me, pa."

Grandma Johnson quite agreed with him, but



Mr. Sam Johnson thought differently. Perhaps there was room for difference of opinion. The boy's "joke on the teacher" turned out to be a joke upon him and his father as well; but the teacher plainly did what she had no right to do in taking the turkey home, and acting as if it were her property. Such foolish "jokes" should be rebuked, not by a new proceeding of the same sort, but by openly confounding the perpetrator.

MARY ROWE.

INSATIABLE.

Can wealth give happiness? Look round and see
What gay distress! What splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

Selected. —*Dr. Young.*

For the Companion.

JOHN MACBRIDE.

Heavy rain stopped work in the Deep Gully lock-pit about ten in the forenoon of February Thirteenth. As the engine whistled "Knock off," three hundred men threw down their drills, jumpers, striking hammers and other tools used in rock excavation. Forty cart-drivers unhitched their horses. Soon all hands, except the foreman, the engineman and two others, were following the cart-horses down the road to the boarding-houses, half a mile away.

"Toot for glycerine," said the foreman to the engineman. "There's eight long holes I'd like to fire while the pit's clear."

"How many cans?" asked the engineman, with his hand on the whistle-wire.

"One will do."

The whistle sounded five short screams and one long *too-oo-oo-t* after an interval of twenty seconds.

At that the stragglers in rear of the home-going procession ran a few steps. The men were morbidly afraid of nitro-glycerine, which the contractor insisted on using because of its shattering effect.

In 1879, when John Macbride had the adventure I am about to narrate, this explosive sprang into popularity with Blind River contractors, who abandoned it in the course of a twelvemonth almost as suddenly as they had taken it up, and resorted to giant powder, dynamite, and other preparations of nitro-glycerine that do not, like the pure article, explode easily by concussion.

Meantime "the stuff" had terribly revealed its qualities. At Williamson's Cut, ten miles above Lobb's contract, Robert Watson had carried an apparently empty can home to his wife. He, she and two children were found dead in the shattered interior of their shanty. A little girl, the only survivor of the family, said that her mother had been scraping the inside of the can when the explosion occurred.

While the foreman at Wolf's Rapid was pouring

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the contents of a can into a hole, he spilled some, and in rising, brought his iron-shod heel down on it. The man was hurled against the rock wall, with his leg twisted out of joint at the knee, though the main charge did not explode.

As many as fifty "accidents" more or less similar had occurred along the river, but few more dreadful than the death of William Burns and Louis Bigras at the Deep Gully Cut. They were seen, about three hundred yards above the excavation, coming from the magazine in the bottom of the gully, some seven hundred yards distant from the lock-pit. Each man had received two cans from the "glycerine boss," John Macbride.

Suddenly both men were blown to atoms in full view of their comrades. In and out from the swarming pit three hundred men ran howling and crying. Some fell on their knees, hiding their eyes. Others rolled in anguish. This confusion and madness of horror lasted several minutes. Probably one of the dead men had knocked the edge of a can against a boulder as he passed.

A certain mystery attending the disasters increased the terror felt for "the stuff." Men believed it would "go off of itself." Lobb's laborers insisted that the magazine should be moved out of the gully, and John Macbride elevated the whole lot to the uninhabited table-land above. Had he thrown up his place as "glycerine boss," no laborer on the job would have taken it at any wages.

Five minutes had elapsed after the "toots for glycerine," when a cry came down from the beetling precipice on the south side of Deep Gully. The foreman ran out from under the heavily roofed engine shed.

"All right, Mac! Down with her!" he cried, looking upward.

Though the distance to Macbride's face was only two hundred feet, he seemed to the men in the lock-pit as high as the sky, which, seen from below, looked like a long lane of gray, running eastward and westward. Rain, driving before a wind that had already shifted round toward the north, fell slanting into the chasm, soon lost its direction in that windless abyss and drizzled straight down. Thin sheets of water fell from the edge of the overhanging precipice on both sides of the platform whereon Macbride lay, for the surface behind him was of flat rock with a quick slope to the gully. This slope was not as steep as house-roofs usually are, but it was as steep as a man could easily walk down with security. Wet or dry, the gritty rock afforded excellent foothold.

Macbride's platform, about twelve feet wide, projected three feet beyond the rock face, and extended inward on the level six feet, till it met the slope. This platform, spiked to timbers bolted to the rock, carried a small fixed derrick.

As the foreman shouted, "All right!" Macbride threw down a light guide-rope which hung from the bottom of a two-chambered sack, stuffed thickly with coarse hair and wool. In each chamber a can of glycerine could be sent down securely. The upper edge of the sack was fastened to stout cords which joined and ran through pulley-blocks fixed to the derrick. These blocks had such a hold on the rope that the sack would not descend of its own weight.

Lying face downward, Macbride let the sack of glycerine slowly down, while the foreman kept the guiding-cord taut. No man, unaccustomed to great heights, could lie out, front down, on that platform without being tempted to go head-first over.

"Hello!" cried Macbride, when the foreman had taken the explosive from the sack.

"Hello yourself."

"Is work stopped for the day?"

"No, I guess not. D'you think it's going to clear, Mac?"

"Yes. Wind's getting colder up here. I s'pose you don't feel it down there."

"Not a breath. If it clears we'll start, if there's only a quarter-day to be made."

"All right. I'll stop up here."

"Got your dinner, daddy?" cried the engineman, Macbride's eldest son.

"Yes. All right, Tommy."

Then Macbride, who was usually called "Daddy Macbride" or "the old man," hauled up his ropes and his sack, covered them with a small tarpaulin, and ascended the slope.

His path was for fifty yards over smooth rock, always swept clear of snow by the winds of that table-land. The rain, not yet freezing as it fell, danced, shivered, flew forward in spray, and running down against the wind, poured over the precipice and the platform he had left.

In places a few scales of ice had formed on the slope. It had not yet absorbed much heat from the rain, which, had it been of a little lower temperature, would have formed a sheet of ice there.

The slope's upper edge terminated in a flat covered with broken stone and snow. There a shanty had been built for Macbride's accommodation. It contained a cooking-stove, a table and a chair. The magazine, containing a ton of nitro-glycerine, stood about sixty yards back from the shanty.

About eleven o'clock the increasing wind had shifted to straight from the north. The rain dwindled to a drizzle, and froze as it fell. By half-past twelve the air was clear, and a bitterly cold afternoon in prospect. The gale increased in strength till after the steam whistle told Macbride that work had been resumed.

Then the wind, having reached its height, became steady. At four o'clock, when "toots for glycerine—two cans" sounded, the thermometer stood at two degrees above zero. When Macbride, with two cans of glycerine in his hands, reached the upper edge of the slope, he saw it was a sheet of ice all the way down.

Macbride, a slow, sure man, doggedly devoted to the interests of his employer, knew Lobb's anxiety to push the work. The thought that he should not risk the descent never entered his mind.

Three hundred and forty men would, he knew, be dilly-dallying till they should hear his call, "Look out for glycerine!" Then they would run for shelter. Meantime they would be casting glances upward to his platform, listening for his voice, and "fooling away time" in a way that Macbride abhorred.

He was at once a cautious man, and very confident that his caution would bring him safely through whatever it allowed him to undertake. But he was one of the slowest-witted men I ever knew, though a man of very good sense.

When he devised a plan it was usually a sound plan, but he needed a great deal of time for the devising, and if he were hurried he could not plan anything. For this very emergency he had prepared long before, and it did not now occur to him that the fixture would not serve him well.

It consisted of a light rope fastened to his derrick, and hauled tight to a post planted at the slope's upper edge. This rope sagged in the middle to within a foot of the face of the slope. At the ends it was four feet high. Throughout its whole length it was now covered with ice.

Laying his cans cautiously down, Macbride shook the rope violently. The ice flew from it in a thousand pieces. Some stopped on the platform; but most slid clear over the edge and down among the men below.

The old man next stepped on the slope, holding the rope in his right hand. He went down fifteen feet without slipping, and came back reassured. Still he did not venture without more thinking.

Unfortunately his mind dwelt much upon how the waiting men must be wasting time, and little on the danger to which his descent might submit them. Old John felt that he himself would probably be blown to atoms if he should drop a can. But that the can might slip on the precipice, to explode on striking below, did not occur to him. His own risk, taken in way of duty, was the only risk present to this slow-witted laboring man.



If he should slip!

Placing one can under his right arm, and carrying the other in his left hand, Macbride, with the rope in his right hand, went cautiously about five yards when the thought of what would happen if he should slip brought him to a standstill.

If he clutched the rope to save himself, the can under his right arm would probably fall!

He fancied his son the engineman hearing the explosion and coming up from below to look for the pieces of him, as he himself had looked for the pieces of Bigras and Burns.

"I'll put one can down and come back for it," thought Macbride.

Slowly bending he put down the can in his left hand. It had barely touched the ice when he doubted that it would stand. Very cautiously he loosened his grasp. The can instantly slipped.

He clutched for and seized it, but let go the rope, slipped, and was flat on his back in a moment. By instinct he hitched up both cans on his breast so that neither experienced concussion. While falling he had a flash of expectation that he would, next instant, be blown to pieces. Stupefied with wonder and thankfulness at having come off so well, he lay on his back tightly grasping the terrible cans.

His rough frieze pea-jacket held him from slipping. After some reflection he shifted the cans to his lap and attempted to sit up.

It is not easy to raise oneself from lying flat on the floor without the aid of one's hands, but after some struggling the old man contrived to make use of his elbows and rose to a sitting position.

Then he found that his oiled canvas trousers had not enough hold on the ice to keep him from sliding. He slowly slipped down a foot before he stopped himself by digging his iron-shod heels into the thick scale of ice. Then he looked round.

From the deep gulf before him came faintly the click of striking hammers, the ring of ball-drills, the rattle of carts, the shouting of drivers, the puffing of the pumping engine driven by his son. At that moment the "toots for glycerine" sounded again.

Macbride shouted in reply, but the wind blew so fiercely into his face that he knew his call could not be heard below. Above his head the rope hung, swaying slightly. He could touch it with his right hand when he shifted both cans to his left arm. But it sagged too easily to give him much aid in rising. Nevertheless, he was almost on his feet when he thought the cans were slipping from his grasp.

To save them he threw his right hand across his body, slipped with the motion and came down again.

Once more he saved himself, sat up, and wondered what to do. It occurred to him that the cans might stand on the ice beside him. But the sounds from the thronged pit impressed him with a strong sense of what would ensue if a can should slip down.

He thought, "If I put down a can and tried to seize the rope it might start just when I'd left go, and I mightn't be quick enough to grab it again." The full horror of the situation was now upon his mind.

A panic came over him. It seemed to him he could not hold the cans securely enough while sitting up, so he lay back. Then he fancied the dreadful packages were less firmly in his arms than before.

But he lay still. He was afraid to try to sit up, lest in the effort he should drop a can, and be either instantly killed himself, or suffer the anguish of seeing it slide down to mangle men in heaps round his son.

The keen wind blew up Macbride's trouser-legs and under his coat. It searched his body. He had begun to suffer from the cold. Still he resolutely held the cans on his stomach, clasping them with his fore-arms crossed. He would freeze there, he said to himself, rather than make another risky move.

At the thought that he might take off his boots, and walk down the slope in his stocking feet, the old man ventured to sit up again. It was not easy to rise. His frieze coat had frozen to the ice a little. But he pulled it loose with a wrench of his shoulders and sat up.

Then he found he could not pull off his boots without the use of his hands, and he dared not attempt the action lest a can should fall.

"I'm a dead man," he thought. "The men will leave the pit by six at latest. But the pumping engine runs till eight, and my Tom will be there till then. By that I'll be a corpse—froze stiff. Well, the boys will take care of the old woman. I'm doin' my duty, anyhow. God 'll mind that."

This reflection gave the grim old laborer a sort of pleasure. It revived his heart.

"Well, I aint dead yet by a good bit," said he. "Mebby God's on'y trying me. He's fetched me clear till now, and I guess He will this time, too, if I do my best to help myself."

So he set about thinking again.

Then it occurred to him that a can, if started fairly, might be stopped by the tarpaulin on his platform. He managed to get out his jack-knife and let it slide. The knife stopped against the tarpaulin. But Macbride, when he pondered what would happen if the can should swerve aside on its way down, refused to submit the three hundred and forty men to so fearful a risk.

"It's the devil that's tempting me," thought the old man, "but I'll beat him, so I will." As he lay back once more he placed his arms in a new posture.

"When I'm froze stiff lying this way the cans won't move, that's sure," he said, with a satisfactory sense that the devil, of whose personal existence he had no doubt, would be defeated.

The sounds of work came merrily to him. He had a slow fancy of the men trudging home to their suppers, many thankful to be going to their wives and babies. He thought of the women bustling round in the lamplight to feed their men. He thought of his rough comrades, and their fumbling efforts to please the children at home.

"It 'ud be a poor thing for me to save mysen' and stop all that," thought Macbride, and the wholesome sounds of men striking for their daily bread came still more merrily from the chasm.

Suddenly Macbride began to laugh. But it was a very cautious laugh. He chuckled and thought, and chuckled again. Then he laughed at himself, for doubting that his plan was all right.

"It's porridge I've got in my head to-day instead of brains," said the old man as he sat up. "What sense is in me? I'm nowt but an old fool."

With that he placed the iron heel of his right foot about ten inches beyond his other heel, then he moved forward his left heel in its turn, and in two minutes was safely on his platform. Of course quick young readers saw long ago that he could easily descend in this manner. But Macbride was a very slow-witted man. He had been for an hour the prisoner of his own stupidity, as many people are, in some fashion, for their whole lives.

Nevertheless, I hold Macbride to have been a hero, because he had resolved to die rather than make a motion that might have sent death down among those men.

"What did you do next?" I asked, when he had at great length told me the story of his feelings during that bad hour.

"Well, sir, if you'll not give a whisper to the men I'll tell you. I just keeled down on me knees and cried. There was me son and all the boys all safe below, and meself as good as ever, and nobody a copper worse. And to be so near doing so much harm, and yet them to be all striking away like good fellevs—sure it was for joy I cried, so it was."

"Did you call to them?"

"Naw—never a whisper till I seen time would be saved by it. Then says I, '*Hello. Look out for glycerine.*' If you'd 'a' seen 'em scatter!

"'Have you been sleeping, Mac,' yells the foreman.

"'Ay, and dreamin',' say I to mysen, but I gev him no answer, and there's nobody but yourself, sir, knows the truth to this day."

EDWARD W. THOMSON.

For the Companion.

A HOTEL KITCHEN.

For the speedy accomplishment of a great many kinds of work at once, within a small space, few places are to be compared to the kitchen of a great city hotel at the dinner hour.

The clatter of the washing of silver and china hardly ceases for a minute. The girls who cut bread at the store-room window have just time, now and then, to lay aside the knives and straighten their deft fingers. An appetizing odor floats from the soup kettles, whose contents are being ladled into a line of tureens. There is a clashing of knives, forks, covers and plates, and a confusion of tongues about the carving-stand.

A cook at the oyster-bench is diligent enough to make an oyster stew in half a minute, and if it be a cold day, he has few half-minutes of leisure.

At a table near by salads are shaped and decorated until they are almost works of art, and the "artist" works very speedily. Clouds of steam rush out of one and another vegetable steamer, and the hands of the attendants at the vegetable kettles need to be untiring as well as steady.

In one door and out another hurry the tray-laden waiters; down this passage and through that, in line now, in a dense crowd next—in "first come, first served" race from a serving-stand here to the store-room door opposite.

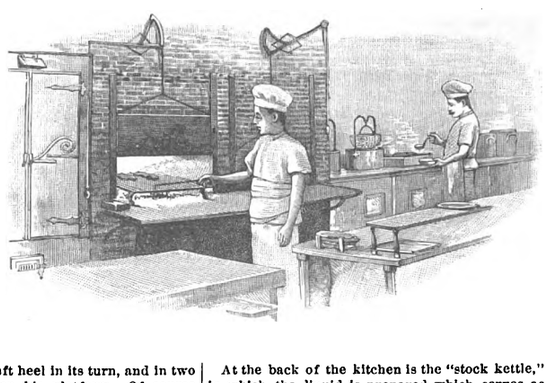
It all looks like utter confusion, and sounds even more confused. In a moment more, it seems, we shall have chaos; but that never comes. There is seldom any interruption of work; there are few collisions, and a triumphant procession of waiters laden with their orders keeps the exit door swinging.

Let us visit the kitchen of a large hotel of Boston, which may be taken as an example. It is a large, low-studded apartment, ventilated by doors and windows on all sides so that the air is kept pure and reasonably cool. The arrangements and apparatus for cooking and serving are neat and compact, with a view to the economy of time and effort.



An important feature is the carving-stand. The carver stands behind a long heater, upon which is a line of eight or ten covered platters. In the first platter is roast beef; in the next is a nicely browned chicken; farther on is a young pig, roasted to a turn, once plump, but now being sliced away to skeleton thinness, and bringing up the line are platters of lamb, mutton and the roasts of the season.

Urging the orders of their hungry patrons at the dinner-tables, the waiters keep the carver busy dealing out portions of meat from his platters. He handles his knife and fork with practised skill of fingers and wrist. In addition to the roasts he has close at hand boiled meats in kettles, set in a deep receptacle of hot water.



At the back of the kitchen is the "stock kettle," in which the liquid is prepared which serves as the basis of soups; there are the roasting ovens and the range. Here the chief cook presides.

Soups and *entrées*, appetizing and appropriate to the season, and properly harmonious with the roast and boiled dishes of the *menu*, and bearing evidence of a master hand, are ready to be served.

A mass of charcoal glows brilliantly at one end

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of the range. Over this the broiling is done. Just beyond stand the three roasting ovens, like tall tin closets with a door for each shelf.

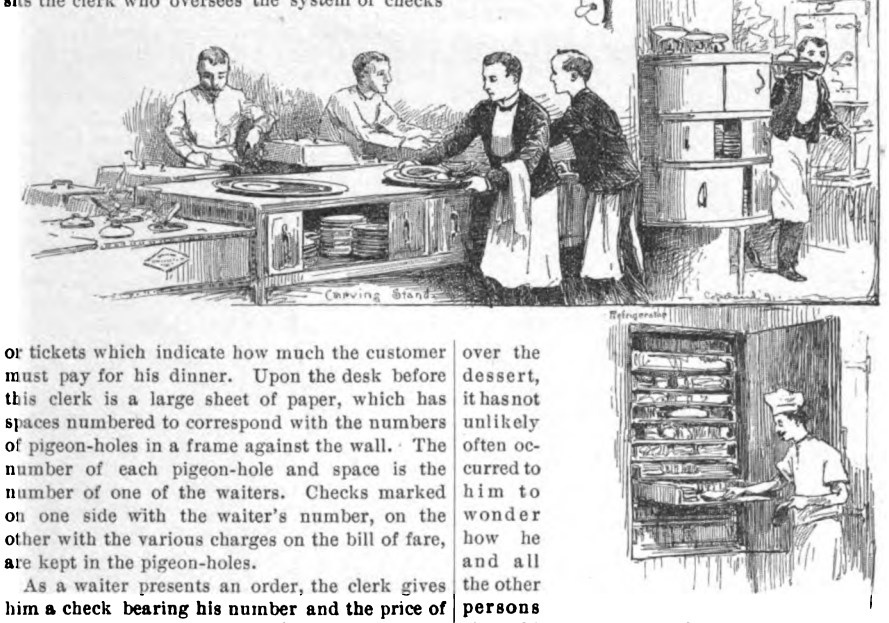
At a table, handily placed in the middle of the kitchen, the dishes are received as the waiters come from the dining-room. Here, at set tubs, and at one side of the room at sinks and shelves, the china and silver are washed.

If the waiter comes for toasted bread, griddle-cakes or coffee, he finds what he wants on the right as he enters the kitchen.

By means of a division of the coffee tank into several compartments, freshly made coffee is always kept on hand. Only one compartment is drawn from at a time, and this is marked by a ring placed on the faucet. When it is emptied, the ring is passed on to the next compartment, and the first is refilled with fresh coffee.

Against a chimney is fixed the egg-boiler—a tin or iron receptacle, like a long, narrow box without a cover. With water and steam, turned on when needed, the egg can be boiled at once, and with an iron wire dipper that hangs above it can be lifted out at exactly the proper second.

At one side, out of the busiest lines of travel, sits the clerk who oversees the system of checks



or tickets which indicate how much the customer must pay for his dinner. Upon the desk before this clerk is a large sheet of paper, which has spaces numbered to correspond with the numbers of pigeon-holes in a frame against the wall. The number of each pigeon-hole and space is the number of one of the waiters. Checks marked on one side with the waiter's number, on the other with the various charges on the bill of fare, are kept in the pigeon-holes.

As a waiter presents an order, the clerk gives him a check bearing his number and the price of his order, and at the same time writes the price of the check opposite the waiter's number on the account sheet.

In this way any irregularity in the payment of checks at the cashier's desk in the dining-room can be referred to the waiter who is responsible for it.

One of the busiest times is the morning. Then the meats are brought in, weighed, and put into the refrigerators. One refrigerator is filled with uncut meats, another with cold cooked meats, vegetables and lobsters; in one are placed trays of steaks, chops and croquettes, in another game, and into the cool, chopped-ice depths of a refrigerator built like a long, covered chest goes a tempting array of fish, crabs, frogs' legs, oysters and clams.

Close by is an indispensable feature of the hotel kitchen, the oyster bench. At one end of it are piled chopped ice and oysters in the shell; at the other, below a shelf for the tureens, are two stew kettles set in water which boils the instant steam is turned on.

A warm, steamy place, savory with whiffs from the variously filled kettles and steamers, is the vegetable-room. Vegetables ready to be served are kept in warm kettles which stand in hot water. Scores of potatoes are baked all at once on the shelves of a large oven.

Bags of coffee, barrels of sugar, cases of silver, small mountains of loaves of bread, drawers full of cakes and pies, shelves full of canned meats, spices and preserves, refrigerators stored with fruit, with milk and cheese, with salads and with ice-cream, prepare the store-room to meet an unending series of demands from cooks and waiters.

Here is the desk of the steward, whose duties include the marketing and the general management of the kitchen.

A short flight of stairs leads down to the neat bake-shop and pastry-room, the large store-room, that busy corner the knife-room, and a room as cool and damp—sometimes almost as watery as to the floor—as a grotto. This is the ice-cream room.

Great pieces of ice are piled ready for use in the ice-cream room. A machine for chopping ice is kept running almost constantly. The freezers are turned by steam power, but they require the attendance of several men as well.

Bread and cake are baked in brick ovens some twelve by eight feet square. Each oven has a "peel," which is like a long-handled, flat oar, and is shoved under the tins when they are to be drawn out from far corners of the oven.

In a little room by himself a young man is busy from morning to night rubbing knives with Bristol brick, or cleaning them in a revolving machine with emery. His is hardly an interesting occupation.

Every month about a hundred dozen water glasses and twenty dozen cups are broken, and the other dishes suffer many accidents. So the crockery-room is literally packed with shelves, boxes and barrels of all kinds of table-ware.

If our hotel waiter brings us our dinner hot, appetizing, just as we ordered it and promptly, we are apt, if we are hungry, to eat it without speculation; but when the guest sits comfortably over the dessert, it has not unlikely often occurred to him to wonder how he and all the other persons about him can be served at the same time as satisfactorily and as expeditiously as if each had been expected, and his individual dinner only awaited his arrival to be brought in.

The explanation is that the heads of departments and the "help" are skilful in their special tasks, and that the kitchen has a place for everything, and that everything is in its place.

ALICE L. CLARK.

THANKSGIVING.

Our chief holidays are, as they should be, festal occasions for all, but each has also its special appeal to some particular age or class.

Fourth of July, for instance, might be called boys' day, while May Day is much more girls' day. Arbor Day is becoming a day of school celebrations. The old New England Fast Day, which is now a feast day, is also the spring inaugural of out-door games.

Memorial Day, as time takes the poignancy from its memories, leaving only the beauty, the recognition and the high appeal, becomes, far more than the noisy and explosive Fourth, the day of serious patriotic feeling.

Christmas, of all days the best, is everybody's day; but it, too, has its special delights for lovers of imposing church ceremonial, and for little children not yet too old for Santa Claus.

Thanksgiving, like Christmas, is for all; but if Christmas is dearest to children, Thanksgiving may almost be called Old Folks' Day.

At Christmas childhood rules the hour, and the youngest is first. The tall fir, blazing with candles and gay with gifts, is the children's Liberty Tree, and beneath its magic boughs they hold undisputed sway, their elders following their fancies, sharing their sports, showering them with joys, and finding their own best joy in doing so.

But at Thanksgiving there is no such fairy-like pageantry, no such bewildering reversal of the usual order as this. The elders rule with no one to divide their supremacy, unless possibly the youngest baby of the family, with the serene dignity of infancy still upon him. He, perhaps, may share the honors of the day on grandmother's knee, with grandfather opposite, meeting his solemn eyes with a smile, and remembering the time when his father was just as little and as dimpled and as wonderful and as charming.

Children often do not appreciate Thanksgiving. How should they, when they are themselves its chief offering and delight? If it means a journey to the old homestead, and games in ancient garrets, and exploring old trunks, and having hosts of cousins to play hide-and-seek with through long halls and in mysterious closets, they can understand its charm; that is great fun.

But children who have their Thanksgiving at home with only the family and perhaps one or two relatives sometimes find it a little disappointing. It is a holiday, which of course they like, and they like a good dinner.

Nevertheless, one child no doubt expressed the feelings of a good many others when he said, half-dolefully and half-laughing, that people talked about Thanksgiving months beforehand, just as if it were Christmas; and then when it came, it was only no school and turkey and cranberry sauce and mince-pie, and two great-aunts.

It was probably the great-aunts, and the grandmother and grandfather, and the proud parents of the unappreciative boy and his rosy little brothers who found in it much more than the turkey and mince-pie.

They found family sentiment, and an opportunity to talk over old times, old companions and absent friends, to sympathize with each other's present anxieties, share each other's joys, and cheer one another with mutual good-will and affection for the duties of the coming year.

Where there are but few who can be gathered together, the family festival of New England, now widely observed throughout the whole country, may be but a simple and quiet celebration. Where a large family come together for the festal occasion beneath one roof, it is likely to be one of the merriest as well as one of the best of days.

Few or many, gay or quiet, if Thanksgiving is kept in its right spirit of cordiality and family affection—if it is the dinner where love is—there is no day better worth the keeping. It is the day when children should be most sweet and lovable, and when the old should tell each other it is good to have lived so long.

For the Companion.

HER MAJESTY.

The kingly Sun hath westward sped,
Now cometh soon,
By planet princes heralded,
The maiden Moon.

And as unto the throne of night,
She draweth near,
Each courtier star, with paling light,
Doth disappear.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

CHINESE RIOTS.

During September and October it seemed not improbable that China would soon be at war with the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy. These powers had strengthened their fleets in China, and prepared for united action in case its government should fail to protect Christian missionaries and traders in future, or fail to make reparation for the anti-foreigner riots of the summer.

As no resumption of the rioting has been reported since September Third, it appears that the menacing attitude of the Western nations has been effective, and that war will not occur. This, however, cannot be predicted with certainty.

The government at Pekin, indeed, promises to do everything in its power to secure foreigners against molestation; but it also alleges its inability to prevent the sudden assembling of rioters in the upper Yang-tse river-towns. Now the Western powers have agreed that if the occasion should arise again, they will use their own forces to protect their missionaries and traders, and punish rioters. Such an act would probably bring on war.

In May the latest series of riots began at Wuhu, where a few foreigners, mostly Roman Catholic missionaries, resided. Their whole establishment was destroyed, apparently with the connivance of the superior mandarins of the district. The Christian cemetery was desecrated, and a resolute attempt made to burn the consulates.

A similar outrage, with murder of missionaries, was perpetrated at Wusueh soon afterward. During June and July riots of like nature occurred at numerous other places on the Yang-tse. Early in September the series culminated by the destruction of the American and Catholic Missions at Ichang.

In explanation of their conduct, the instigators and leaders of the mobs placarded the walls of the disturbed towns with astonishing libels against the foreign Christians. They were accused of kidnapping, murdering and dismembering children, of drying their bodies for ceremonial uses, and of encouraging a variety of immoralities.

Early in June the Emperor of China issued a decree praising Christian ethical teaching, and ordering the local mandarins to protect foreigners and punish their assailants. Within the next few months the Pekin Government had caused the execution of a number of the rioters, the imprisonment of many more, and the indemnification of many sufferers for their property losses.

The Emperor and his Ministers have thus given evidence of a sincere wish to give the Christians protection. But the imperial government has to depend on local officials, who are almost autocratic in their spheres of action, who often share the prejudices of the people, and who always have to rely much on fanatical soldiers of Hunan.

Hunan Province is the favorite recruiting ground for the Chinese army. It is inhabited by brave and vigorous mountaineers who are said to be more deeply imbued than any other Chinese with hatred of foreigners and Christianity.

During this and recent years the riotous violence of Chinese opposition to the intrusion of foreigners has usually occurred in the interior along the Yang-tse River, the only part of the interior where foreigners are permitted to reside for commercial and missionary purposes. They have a treaty-right to establish themselves at stated places along the great river.

But the meaning of the treaty is disputed. The foreigners claim that it gives them a right to navigate the river several hundred miles higher than the Chinese acknowledge their right to go. And in ascending to the higher point they must touch on or pass around the northern angle of the Hunan Province.

This is exceedingly obnoxious to the Hunanese, who have exerted themselves to annoy foreigners in all the Yang-tse towns, until the government informed them that this behavior, if continued, would lead the foreigners to ascend the river in force.

It will be understood, then, that the spirit which led to the riots is still in existence; and the haters of the foreigners are barely held in check by a government which is not strong enough to put down disorder completely.

ACCEPTING THE SITUATION.

Some youthful reader of *The Companion* may become in the future the historian of the early days of struggle and endeavor in his country. He will find one of the most picturesque and pathetic stories that of the French refugees who fled to avoid the guillotine, and took shelter here. The details of their adventures have never yet been collected or written.

One band of followers of the Bourbons arrived in New Orleans soon after the execution of Louis XVI., and made their way to a plantation which they bought for a small sum.

There was not a mechanic or laboring man among them. The dukes, counts and marquises, penniless and rankless, began gaily to hoe, plow and cook; but the experiment ended in utter failure. They crept one by one away to the cities, or back to France.

A nobleman of high rank escaped to Philadelphia, and lived there under an assumed name. He educated Aaron Burr's brilliant daughter Theodosia, and for a time was a favorite with such men as Jefferson and Adams; but his health failed, and to hide his poverty, he removed to Wilmington, Delaware, and died there in the almshouse.

The Comte de Provenchere earned a comfortable living in Wilmington as a teacher of music, and became so much attached to his new home and friends that when he was invited to return and re-assume his rank, upon the restoration of the Bourbons, he refused, and remained in Wilmington until his death.

Perhaps among the histories of these refugees the one which would be most interesting to the readers of *The Companion* is that of a little deformed boy who, with his mother, found his way to this quiet Delaware town of Wilmington, which had given refuge to so many of his compatriots.

Louis was addressed by them as "Marquis," but his real name or history was never known to the townspeople.

He and his mother were abjectly poor. He had, however, much skill as a wood-carver, and earned many pennies by selling toy boats which he made for the school-children.

At last the little cripple was able to construct a real boat, with which he brought sand from a neighboring island to peddle to zealous housekeepers. On one of his expeditions on the bay his boat was capsized, and he was drowned.

He was entitled to as much honor for his gallant fight with poverty and disease as any of his titled ancestors had won upon the tented field.

POOR BUT CONTENT.

"The best Thanksgiving I ever spent?" said Uncle Jerry. "Oh yes. I know when 'twas.

"Thirty year ago this November the snow came early, an' by Thanksgiving Day it laid over bush and fence. I can't tell ye how many days it had been a-comin'; I only know we were out of tea an' coffee an' sugar an' flour, an' the road hadn't been broke to town."

"What did you do, Uncle Jerry?" asked one of the twins at this point, her eyes wide with interest. "Did you *starve*?"

"Yes, we did; we starved to death, and here I am to tell the tale. No, Miss Honey Blossom, we lived on fried pork an' apples, went to bed early to save oil an' candles, an' laughed to think our firewood wa'n't like to give out. An' Thanksgiving Day, what do you suppose we had for dinner?"

"Turkey!"

"No, we didn't keep turkeys."

"Chicken!"

"No, there was a sort of distemper runnin' through the flock just then, an' marm said she wouldn't resk eatin' any of 'em. Guess again."

"It couldn't have been cake, for you hadn't any flour!"

"Nor pies, either!"

"No, it was just this, a dish of baked potatoes and pork, and if you don't call it a good one when you can get your mother to cook it for you, you're no nevvies o' mine. Seems to me I can see marm as she fixed that dinner, an' we all settin' by, hungry an' contented. First, she took some good, smooth potatoes, an' washed 'em clean. Then she sliced 'em, skins an' all, an' put 'em in a bakin' pan, first a layer o' potatoes, then a few little bits o' pork, then a sprinklin' o' salt, pepper an' flour —"

"But you said there wasn't any flour!"

"I guess she must ha' scraped half a cup or so out of the barrel, young man. Well, the potatoes were fixed so,—that's all *I* know,—an' into the oven they went. At twelve o'clock they were done, an' you never see a hungrier nor a thankfuller family than we when we sat down to 'em."

"But I don't see what you were so thankful for," said little Jim, musingly.

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"Why—why—ye wooden-headed little thing! For all our blessin's, an' because we were all together and so contented, an' *for the potatoes!*"

DICKENS'S LITTLE JOKE.

Charles Dickens bought pictures, now and then, paying for them the sum the artists asked. But he once bought a picture for which he persuaded the painter to charge him a high price. The story, which illustrates both Dickens's generosity and his love of fun, is told in the memoir of Richard Redgrave, the artist.

Maclise, intending to paint a subject for which he wanted a lady as model, asked Miss Hogarth, Dickens's sister-in-law, to sit. When the work was finished the figure was thought very beautiful and very like the model.

A few days afterward a gentleman called on Maclise, and said that an old gentleman in the country, wishing to possess one of the painter's pictures, had deputed him to see what he had on the easel. The one for which Miss Hogarth had sat was admired by the visitor, who said he was sure it would please his friend, to whom he would write and describe it.

In a few days a letter came to Maclise, written in a feeble old hand. The writer, in a delightfully garrulous strain, expressed his admiration of several pictures of Maclise which he had seen, and asked the price of the one described by his friend, as he was sure he would be pleased with it.

Maclise, delighted with the letter, hurried away to show it to Dickens.

"The letter is almost worth the picture, and I am so pleased with it that I shall name a low price," said the artist.

"Oh, by no means," replied Dickens; "you are wrong; for it is evidently from some rich old enthusiast who can afford to pay well."

Maclise argued the point, and talked of putting a handsome frame to the picture without charge, but was finally persuaded to name a good price for the painting.

In a day or two the gentleman who acted as the agent called again, paid Maclise his price, asked to have the picture packed, and said a porter would call for it.

At Christmas, two weeks later, Dickens invited a large party to dinner, Maclise among the rest. But alas for the unraveling of the plot! Just as they were sitting down a note came from the painter pleading illness as an excuse for his absence. Dickens—for he was the garrulous old gentleman—had to unveil the picture without the pleasure of seeing Maclise's look of astonishment.

FIVE GRAINS OF CORN.

The pleasant custom of beginning a Thanksgiving feast by laying five kernels of corn upon the plate of each person at the table, in commemoration of the time when the Pilgrim founders of New England had but five grains of corn each day to eat, serves, so far as it is observed, a double purpose.

It must, in the first place, render the mere physical enjoyment of a festival keener to perceive the plain contrast between the fare of those hard days of the past and the plenty of the present. A little nibble at the hard kernels of corn, with a momentary attempt to fancy that this is all one is to have, gives an added zest to roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mince and pumpkin pies and things of that sort.

But the custom may also bring to mind the real meaning of the Thanksgiving festival.

It expresses the conviction that affliction, adversity, privation are merely trials of our character, as a nation and as individuals.

Sometimes it happens that a Thanksgiving seems almost inappropriate. There has been great personal loss, or some public calamity; a pestilence may have carried off thousands, or the times have been hard for the people.

But these things are the five grains of corn upon the plate; all may be sure that the account will be much more than righted; that our debt will be much greater than all our thanks can pay, our table more bountifully spread than we deserve.

WEARING OUT SHOE LEATHER.

"I have but one maxim for you," said a successful and wealthy merchant to a young man who went out of his employ to enter upon the study of a profession, "and that is never to try to save your shoe leather, but always to be economical of the cloth that forms the seat of your trousers."

The young man pondered this bit of advice a long time, but he thinks that he never fully understood it until he had been at work in his profession for several years.

He found, indeed, that "worn-out shoe leather" was a good investment. It meant, for one thing, keeping up with the times by gaining information at first hand. If he needed any facts bearing upon his profession, he said to himself, "I can buy them with a little shoe leather," and went out and saw the men who had the facts to give him.

If he had waited for them to come to him, probably they would never have come. He could not buy the information with pantaloon material. He saved much time by taking a little.

"THE SOCRATES."

Thirty years or more ago, Thomas Starr King greatly added to his wide fame as a remarkably fine pulpit orator, by delivering through the country a lecture upon Socrates.

A man who had heard the famous lecture in a neighboring city was speaking of it with much enthusiasm and pleasure to a group of friends in one of the public rooms of the hotel in which he lived.

One of the class of self-satisfied ignoramuses, who looked as if he were a mine of wisdom, but who never lost a chance to make his ignorance fully evident, dispersed the group as effectively as if a bomb had exploded on the spot, by saying, with an air which was intended to show how wise he was:

"Mr. King, very likely, has travelled amongst the Socrates!"

SOMETHING LIKE IT.

An *Atlantic Monthly*, of twenty years ago, gives an experience belonging to a time when enthusiastic dreamers made wild experiments of "living near nature," and tried to gain sweetness and serenity through earning their own bread by manual labor. In one such community, each person did a certain amount of house or farm work, and all confined themselves rigidly to vegetable food.

One of the number, however, a somewhat irreverent and sceptical lad, not approving of the prohibition of salt, kept a small box of it on his knee, during meal times, and slyly dipped his vegetables therein. His next neighbor discovered the secret, and, quietly shared the concealed treasure until a certain day when, by some luckless chance, the box fell to the floor.

"We hoped," he says, "that the incident might pass unnoticed, but Abel, the most rampant of our philosophers, stretched his long neck across the corner of the table, and caught a glimpse of what was going on.

"'What's that?' he asked.

"'Oh, it's only—only chloride of sodium,' gasped I, recklessly, giving the chemical name of common salt.

"'Chloride of sodium? What do you do with it?'

"'Eat it with onions,' I answered, boldly. 'It's a chemical substance, but I believe it's found in some plants.'

"Here one member of the party, who knew something about chemistry, grew red with suppressed laughter, but the others were as ignorant as Abel himself.

"'Let me taste it,' said he.

"I handed him the box-lid, which still contained a portion of the contents. He dipped an onion in it, bit off a piece, and chewed it gravely.

"'Why,' said he, turning to me, 'it's very much like salt!'

"Perkins, the boy, burst into a spluttering yell, and the others, catching the joke, hilariously joined him. But while we were laughing, Abel finished his onion, and the result was that salt was added to the 'True Food,' and thereafter appeared regularly on the table."

POSTSCRIPTS.

It is claimed by a good many people that the "gist" of a woman's letter is more apt to lie in the postscript (without which she is popularly supposed to consider no letter complete) than anywhere else. The author of "In a Club Corner" tells several stories which seem to indicate that there have been occasions on which members of the stronger sex have made use of the postscript to convey the most important part of a message. He says:

A spy named Palmer, sent by Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander, had been detected furtively collecting information of the force and condition of the post at Peckskill, and had undergone a military trial.

A vessel of war came up the Hudson in all haste, and landed a flag of truce at Verplanck's Point, by which a message was transmitted to Putnam from Clinton, claiming the said Palmer as a lieutenant in the British service. Putnam replied:

"Head Quarters, 7th August, 1777. Edward Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P. S. He has accordingly been executed."

Another instance is given in the reply sent to the Bishop of Norwich in acknowledgment of an invitation:

"Mr. O——'s private affairs turn out so sadly that he cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon his lordship at his agreeable home on Monday next.

"N. B. His wife is dead."

As one example of the feminine postscript the author mentions a young lady who, having gone out to India, wrote home to her friends, after a long silence, concluding her letter thus:

"P. S. You will see by my signature that I am married!"

BEAUTIFUL BUT TERRIBLE.

The study of natural laws not infrequently reveals a close relation between some of the most beautiful phenomena of the earth and sky and the most terrible exhibitions of the destructive powers of nature. A striking instance of this is the crown of light, feathery cirrus clouds that, floating high in the clear sunshine, indicates to the practised eye of the seaman the place where a West India hurricane is raging across the deep.

These clouds radiate from the centre of the hurricane where the fierce spiral currents of inblowing air, crowding together, rise to a great elevation, and then flow outward in every direction over the storm.

From the hues and texture of the distant clouds something may be learned of the character of the storm that produces them.

The United States Hydrographic Bureau informs ship-captains that when the cirrus cloud-plumes seen radiating from the storm are faint and opalescent in tint, gradually fading behind a veil of haze, the approaching storm is an old one of large area; but if the clouds are "of snowy whiteness, projected against a clear blue sky, it is a young cyclone of small area but great intensity."

The procession of clouds that accompanies a hurricane at sea is sometimes a most beautiful scene when viewed from a distance, although a fearful tragedy may be enacting beneath that glowing canopy of sun-tinted vapors.

HEAVY WOODS.

There are four hundred and thirteen species of trees found within the limits of the United States and Territories, sixteen of which, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water.

The heaviest of these is the black ironwood *(Condalia ferrea)*, found chiefly in southern Florida, which is more than thirty per cent. heavier than water.

Of the other fifteen, the best known are the *lignum vitæ (Guaiacum sanctum)* and the mangrove *(Rhizophora mangle)*.

Texas and New Mexico lands, full of queer, creeping, crawling, walking and inanimate things, are the homes of a species of oak *(Quercus grisea)*, which is about one and one-fourth times as heavy as water, and which, when green, will sink like a bar of iron. It grows only in mountain regions, and has been found westward as far as the Colorado desert, where it grows at an elevation of ten thousand feet.—*Scientific American.*

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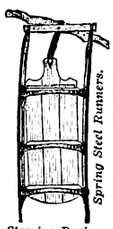
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SUGGESTIONS

THANKSGIVING.

How came Thanksgiving Day to be celebrated?

Is such a day observed in other countries?

What relation between giving thanks and feasting?

How came the turkey to be specially appropriate to this day?

What classes of officials can appoint the day?

Who appointed the first national Thanksgiving?

For the Companion.

THE FLAG THAT THE EMIGRANTS CHEERED.

I.

Gibraltar rose dark, and the sun's disc burned low,
Like a far gate of Heaven with banners aglow.
And red o'er the Pillars of Hercules blazed
The Star of the Pilots of old, as we gazed.
And swift the breeze freshened, and deep boomed the gun,
And the ships of the nations swept by, one by one.
The Red Cross of England, the Tricolor proud,
And the dark German Eagles in billows of cloud.
Then the Flag of the Stars from the Western waves came
And passed in review by the old flags of fame.
"Why are the ships shouting?" Our feet forward pressed.—
"'Tis the emigrants cheering."—"Which flag?"—"Of the West."

The Cross of St. George
Floated free o'er the main,
The black German Eagles,
The Lions of Spain,
And the flags of all seas
In the bright Straits appeared,
But, oh, 'twas my own flag
The emigrants cheered!

II.

The emigrant mothers their gladdened eyes raised,
And memories wove of the past as they gazed.
And their thin hands they waved 'neath the lone Afric Star,
And greeted the flag of the new lands afar.
Then the emigrant children laughed out with the rest
As their eyes caught the light of the Flag of the West.
Laugh on, little ones, in your star-lighted way,
To the Lakes of the States and the Georgian Bay,
Round the Flag of your birthright the sea birds are veering,
'Tis for you, not themselves, the old mothers are cheering.

The Red Cross of St. George
Waves free o'er the main,
The Gallic Tricolor,
The Lions of Spain,
And the flags of all seas
In the bright Straits appear,
But oh! 'tis my own Flag
The children's hands cheer!

III.

Young Romans were there, of the Eagles of old,
Strong Charlemagne's sons, of the helmets of gold,
The heirs of the heroes of war-making wars,
Passed outward that hour in the night march of Stars.
All thought of the friends to their bosoms most true,
Of the hearts of the Old World that beat in the New,
Of the world-weary struggles of peoples oppressed,
Of the Kingdom of God in the Suns of the West.

The Cross of St. George
Passed them by on the main,
The dark German Eagles,
The Lions of Spain,
Off Trafalgar's waters
The last flag appeared,
But mine was the last flag
That the emigrants cheered.

IV.

That scene at Gibraltar in mind lingers yet,
That eve Andalusian what heart could forget,
And where'er I may roam through the nightfall of years,
My heart will re-echo the emigrant's cheers.
Can the soldier forget the last roll of the drum?
Or the wanderer the song of his mother at home?
Or the patriot his vision of duty sublime,
As seen on the heights of the summit of Time?

I still see the Eagles
That swept o'er the main,
The leonine banners
Of England and Spain,
The African star-light,
The gray fortress crest,
And the emigrants cheering
Their flag of the West.

V.

No voice of the bugle, no war-rolling drum,
Disturbs the sweet peace of my roof-tree of home,
But the Anthem of Liberty gladdens the main,
And the chorus of hills wakes the patriot's strain.
O Flag of my own land, Hope's bow in the air,
O'er my home let me lift thee, my altar of prayer!
Many flags have the people that grand deeds recall,
But my own Flag of faith is the pride of them all.

The Red Cross of England
Waves free o'er the main,
The dark German Eagles,
The Lions of Spain,
But ever while stars
For all men shall appear
Our flag of all peoples
The pilgrims will cheer.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

For the Companion.

HIS THANKSGIVING.

"I well remember the first Thanksgiving which was kept in my native village," said a Western congressman, not long ago.

"I was then a little shaver of nine years old, trying to earn a few pennies by selling newspapers. Some one marched all the newsboys to the union meeting where all the churches of the town joined in thanking God for His mercies. There was a great deal said about the prosperity of the nation, the general peace, the abundant crops, and what not.

"I confess it puzzled and bored me. I knew nothing about the nation outside of our little city. I had no idea of war, and so I could not rejoice in peace, while as for the crops I supposed that meant Squire Potts's corn and oats, which did not concern me.

"I came out of the church indifferent and sleepy. Just then the squire himself met me. He was a portly, kindly man.

"'Hello, youngster!' he said. 'Here's something for yourself, something to keep Thanksgiving on.'

"He gave me a quarter.

"That seems a trifle to you; but I had never before had a penny that I felt was my very own. The money I made with the papers all went to my mother. We were very poor.

"I remember that I sat down on a doorstep with the quarter. I felt that I should shout aloud if I spoke. What should I buy with it? I thought of twenty things that would be a grand surprise to mother and riches to myself. I was fairly dizzy with happiness. The sun shone bright and warm, and a tree overhead rustled as I never had heard a tree rustle before. Suddenly it occurred to me that God had sent me this money through the Squire.

"I said nothing; but there was no such thankful heart in the city that day as mine. I was a living Thanksgiving."

The little story has its meaning. It is possible for us to give some one a personal reason for Thanksgiving. We may never be able to praise God with our voices or with any investment, but we can call forth thanksgiving from the poor and needy, and cause the heart of him that is ready to perish to sing for joy.

A LONELY LITTLE GIRL.

The people of Holland are very proud of their noble Rijks Museum in Amsterdam, into which are gathered the treasures which illustrate the growth of the arts and sciences in their kingdom from barbarous ages until the present time. The great corridors are usually crowded with all classes of the Dutch nation. A visitor to the Museum last summer noticed that the long procession swerved aside from the galleries of pictures and statues, to pass through a little room which held only a large blank book inscribed with the names of noted visitors.

Upon the open page of this book was written, in a child's unsteady, careful hand:

WILHELMINA.

It was a motley crowd that paused to look at this name, and a picturesque one, for the Dutch still wear many of their national costumes. There were nobles with their equerries, wealthy burghers, peasant women from Zeeland in hooped skirts and white caps with gold helmets, priests in black gowns, with white cords about their waists, maid-servants from Scheveningen, with huge golden corkscrew pins in their hair, and orphan boys from the Stadt asylum, one-half of their bodies clothed in black, the other in scarlet.

On each face, old or young, came the same amused, tender smile as they saw the childish writing, and they passed on, nodding to each other with delighted approval.

"She writes well."

"She is wonderfully clever!"

"Ah, the dear child!"

"Who is this child whom everybody loves?" asked the American visitor of a Dutch lady standing near her.

"She is die kleine Königin, our Queen, Wilhelmina," was the reply. "She is only ten years old, and not a strong child; but each of us prays every day for her life as if she was one of our own. That is not only because she is the last of the royal race, and if she dies, Holland would be torn to pieces by wars for the succession, but because we love her. She is so good, so honest and friendly a child!"

Wilhelmina is a slight, erect child, with brown hair, a smiling mouth, and dark, candid, friendly eyes. She lives with her mother, the regent, in the pretty château of St. Loo in summer, and in one wing of the royal palace at the Hague in winter. The great State ball-rooms and throne-hall are closed since her father's death, and the little maid has a wing of the palace like a cozy house to live in, full of pretty china stoves and easy-chairs, with flowers in the windows; but few girls have so lonely a life as she.

"She cannot play with other children," said one of her subjects. "Whom could she have for a companion? She is Queen. She must study, study; she must learn to rule."

Poor lonely little Queen! Yet she has her pleasures.

When her mother's last birthday arrived, Wilhelmina with great joy surprised her with her portrait, painted by a famous artist. She had contrived to keep the secret for months, and had chosen a dress to wear which her dead father had loved her.

Sometimes she gives a fête to the Stadt orphans in their queer red and black garments.

"She loves the orphans," said the Dutch frau. "When, after the King's death, all the people of Amsterdam came to pay homage to the regent mother, the little child suddenly stepped down from the throne, and going up to one of the poor girls, who, like herself, had no father, she put her arms about her and kissed her. Ah! then you should have heard the acclamations of the people! All our boys in Holland love their child-queen. They would protect her with their lives!"

While all Americans will agree in rejoicing that the well-being of our country does not depend on the life of a child, yet we can recognize the truth in the shrewd remark of the frau in Amsterdam:

"If one must have a monarch, it is best that she should be a child and a girl, for then all that is best in the hearts of her subjects will rise for her support and her defence!"

AURORA BOREALIS.

There are few more impressive spectacles than a display of the Aurora Borealis. These strange atmospheric lights, which are of nightly occurrence and great brilliancy in the Arctic regions around the north magnetic pole of the earth, are comparatively rare in our latitude. At present, however, they are becoming more frequent and beautiful, in accordance with a somewhat mysterious law which connects them with the varying condition of the sun. Whenever black spots appear in the greatest numbers upon the shining face of the sun, the Northern Lights stream and flicker across the sky at their brightest.

The sun-spots appear and disappear in recurring periods of about eleven years, and the auroral displays follow them with a fidelity which of itself is sufficient to convince the observer that the two phenomena are intimately related.

Just now, as *The Companion* has recently informed its readers, the sun-spots are becoming, from month to month, larger and more numerous, and anybody who has observed the sky at night must have noticed that the Aurora Borealis has returned with a brilliancy that it has not displayed since early in the eighties. For several years to come we shall enjoy these celestial spectacles, and it is not unlikely that some very notable displays will be witnessed.

Few things can appeal more powerfully to the mind which understands what the eyes behold than the sight of those vast arches and streamers and rolling curtains of mysterious light which this great magnet, the earth, flings like a scarf of glory around its poles when its mighty brother and ruler, the sun, wrought by contending forces to the highest tension of excitement, sends its electric impulses like telegraphic flashes to the worlds that revolve around it.

Notwithstanding the evident electrical or magnetical origin of the aurora, and its analogy in appearance with the glowing lights seen in a Geissler tube when an electric current is passed through the exceedingly rare air remaining in the tube,—resembling in its rarity the atmosphere at the great elevation where the Northern Lights appear,—many persons suppose that it is merely a reflection of the sun's light.

During a very beautiful auroral display on the night of September Third, this year, a gentleman who had travelled widely over the globe, and was well informed on most ordinary topics, gravely assured a company assembled on the lawn of a hostelry in the White Mountains, that the spectacle they were admiring was caused by the reflection of the sunbeams from the glaciers around the North Pole! He had read that preposterous statement somewhere, and had stored it in his memory on the supposition that it was a scientific fact.

There is still very much for us to learn about the aurora, and about the strange influence that the sun exerts upon it. It is probable that our knowledge will be considerably enlarged in this direction during the coming decade.

For the Companion.

"IF."

If wishing could bring it back to me,
If wishing could bring it back!
The wrathful sentence that flew away
To mar the joy of another's day:
If wishing could bring it back!

If working could bring them back to me,
If working could bring them back!
The selfish hours I dreamed away,
That made all toil-full another's day:
If working could bring them back!

If praying could bring them back to me,
If praying could bring them back!
The chilling doubts that I gave away
To cloud the light of another's day:
If praying could bring them back!

MARGARET GILMAN GEORGE.

MORE SCARED THAN HURT.

The Meadowbrook stage was not a vehicle calculated to inspire a stranger with confidence, nor were the horses that drew it over the long hills very attractive specimens of their kind. They had a depressed, humiliated appearance, and carried their heads as low as possible; but the stage-driver was a person in whose ability to drive—even such a coach and such horses—one instinctively trusted.

"There's been some strangers, off an' on, thet's looked sort of sideways at me, fust off," said the driver to a passenger who had secured the box-seat one crisp October afternoon; "but take 'em by an' large, they've none of 'em made much fuss, 'xceptin' one elderly lady that come up here t' visit some relatives o' hers that lived off on the road to West Medderville.

"It appears they was to hev met her, but ther was some mistake, an' they wa'n't there; so th' stationmaster, he told her she could come right along in th' stage, an' she seemed sat'sfied; but when she see th' stage, she capered round consid'able lively. She was a kind of slim, wiry-lookin' woman, an' she stepped round some like a pa'tridge. I reely calc'lated once that she *was* a pa'tridge.

"'Hev I got ter go in *that*?' says she.

"'This is the only conveyance I've got, marm,' says I.

"Well, she looked pooty wild-eyed; but she got in, an' I stowed all her bundles in round her, an' she calmed down some. I took all her suggestins 'bout 'drivin' with care,' an' then I closed th' door an' climb up here.

"Well, p'r'aps you noticed thet when the stage *starts*, she's apt ter bump a hair more'n common, an' I hed jest started when th' elderly lady she give a turrible screech, an' I hauled up, fer I thought likely she'd lost a bundle. But she hedn't; she was jest scat by the bumpin', an' says she, stickin' her head out an' lookin' up at me:

"'Do you know, young man, thet ef ther's any harm comes ter me, ther'll be heavy damages t' pay?'

"'Bout how much?' says I.

"'Five thousand dollars, ef it's anythin' ser'ous,' says she, quite prompt.

"'Well,' says I, 'five dollars'd suit me better, considerin' my income;' an' then she drew in her head, kind o' snappy, an' we started on again.

"The roads was hubblier'n usu'l thet spring, an' whenever we give a jounce, I'd hear a kind of a squawk fr'm her fer the fust two miles or so. After we'd got thet far she quieted down some, an' only groaned.

"At last we got t' where her relations lived, an' when we drawed up t' their gate, I stepped down an' opened the door fer her, an' I said:

"'You see, marm, I aint got no damages t' pay, an' ef you please *I'll* take thutty cents!'

"Ye never see anybody look so wilted an' meachin' as she did, an' she kind of 'pologized, but I told her 'twas all right. I spoke with her a number o' times at the post-office durin' her stay, an' when she went off she rid here, on the seat w'th me, an' was es chipper an' talkable a passenger as ever I kerried."

PERILS OF WATERS.

Fraser River, British Columbia, is named after Simon Fraser, the first English-speaking man who gave any trustworthy account having explored it. His journal of the year 1808 is a long series of descriptions of wild adventures and hair's-breadth escapes in the gorges through which the river raves in tremendous rapids. On the Fourth of May Fraser and his men were obliged to portage along the face of a declivity high above the water. Loose stones and gravel constantly gave way under their feet.

One of the men, with a pack on his back, got into such a position that he could move neither backward nor forward, nor throw off his load. Fraser crawled to the man's assistance, and cut the pack from his back. It never stopped bounding till it reached the river. On this carrying place of two miles long the stones were so sharp that the shoes of the whole party were cut.

On the Twentieth of May Fraser's party reached the place now known as Jackass Mountain—because the gold-seekers of the sixties lost so many mules there. The sure-footed animals tumbled off the precipice, and rolled into the great rapids below. Several Indians had perished in the same way shortly before Fraser arrived. When one of his men stumbled, the kettle he carried bounced into the river.

From the head of these rapids three of Fraser's canoes were accidentally swept down. The boats were smashed to pieces, but the men were all saved, mostly by Indians, at the rapids' foot. A voyager named Dalaire gave the following account of his experience:

"In the first cascade our canoe upset. The bow and stern men got on the outside and held on. But I remained under the bars. It seemed a terribly long time. My senses were almost gone when one side of the canoe raised up. The men outside had let go.

"I had swallowed a great quantity of water. I was stupid with being so nearly drowned, and had trouble in pulling myself from under the bars. When I did I held on by the bottom. The canoe was in the middle of the river then. Down I went over the second or third cascade—I don't know which. The canoe plunged from a great height, struck the bottom, and was smashed into two pieces. I was knocked senseless.

"When I recovered I found myself holding by one piece of the canoe, and drifting in an easy current. I went through three more cascades, and then lost my hold, because my strength was exhausted. A large wave washed me among the rocks, and the next one, still bigger, bolsted me ashore. There I remained unable to move for a long time, and the waves often rushed up nearly over me. At length I managed to crawl up among the rocks, and here I am just like you see."

WHY THANKSGIVING WAS LATE.

The private history of public measures is sometimes curious and interesting. A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republic* not long ago received from a venerable Methodist clergyman an account of the first Thanksgiving proclamation ever issued by the Governor of Missouri—in November, 1859. The clergyman was then the presiding elder of a large district, which on the southwest reached Fort Scott, Kansas. There were no railroads, and nearly all his time was occupied in riding the circuit.

In the summer of 1859 I was the guest of an old friend, a good Methodist down in Benton County, and during the afternoon he asked me how it happened that the Governor of Missouri never issued a proclamation appointing a day of thanksgiving and prayer, as was done by the governors of the New England States. I told him that I had never considered the matter, but would suggest it to Governor Stewart as soon as I returned to Jefferson City.

My friend then said that if the proclamation was issued, I must be his guest on Thanksgiving Day, and that a yellow gobbler should at once be put in fattening against the feast.

In course of time I got back to the capital, and called upon the Governor to suggest the advisability of issuing the proclamation.

"Well, parson," said the Governor, "that's in the religious line. Suppose you write it."

I had no objection, and at once proceeded to try my prentice hand on a State paper. When I got to the date I was puzzled. You see, I had in mind that yellow gobbler down in Benton County, and if I fixed the date at the usual time, I couldn't possibly reach it. So I made a careful calculation as to my route, and decided that the first week in December would enable me to make connections.

Without saying a word I entered Thursday, December Eighth, as the time for the first official Thanksgiving in Missouri. The Governor read the document over carefully, signed it, sent it to the Secretary of State, and in due course the day was proclaimed.

JIMMY'S COMPOSITION.

In a public school in one of the New England States, the teacher makes a practice of requiring "natural history compositions" from her pupils. She gives them as a subject something with which they are familiar, and tells them to write all they know about it. In this way she teaches them English orthography and natural history all at once.

Not long ago she asked Jimmy, one of her bright boys, if he knew anything about ants; and when he said that he did she told him to write a composition about them. Here is the result of his effort:

ANTS.

There is many kinds of Ants My ant Mary Jane is one of these kinds. She is geully good natured and when she comes to see My Mother she brings me five cents worth of Cocknuts and tells me Why James how you've growed but when I go and see her and dont only just wawlk on the Carpit without Cleening my boots she is orfly mad.

Ants like to give you Advice and scold at you like everything but their Hart is in the Wright Plaice and once I found a Ants nest in the woods I poked it with a stick and a Million Ants run out after me and Crawled up Inside my Pants and Bit me like Sixty.

Ants nests are good Things not to Poke with a stick Ants are very Industryous in Steeling Shugar.

I forgot to say that my Ant Martha lives in Main she has a boy of Just about my Aige and He can stand on his Hed Five minits and how Do you suppose he can Do It.

I Do not think of Annything more about Ants at presant.

JAMES W. MCCREERY.

A FAMILY TREE.

A pretty custom which was at one time common in some parts of New England was the setting apart of a "family tree." This tree was not of a dry, genealogical kind, but was always one of the finest in the orchard, selected with a view to its apple-bearing abilities and its beauty.

In one little village many of the orchards have trees of this description, and the older inhabitants can refresh their memories as to the number of children in the families which have occupied farms at different times, provided the period of occupancy was long enough to make the setting up of a "family tree" worth while.

On one farm there is a large old tree which bears seven different varieties of apples: Baldwins, Jeremiahs, summer sweetings, winter pippins, Astrachans, russets and gilliflowers. The grafts on this tree were made, not one at the birth of each child of the household, as was sometimes the custom, but when each boy or girl grew old enough to choose his or her special favorite among apples.

The tree is now more than sixty years old, and its present owner shows it with great pride, and gives samples of its fruit to the children of the neighborhood with a free hand.

THOUGHTFUL.

In the churches for colored people in some parts of the South, when a collection is to be taken, the box, instead of being passed from pew to pew, is deposited upon a table in front of the pulpit, and the brethren and sisters are exhorted to come forward and put their contributions into it. A writer in the *Christian Union* says:

I had slipped into a back seat of a large African church at Columbia, S. C., one Sunday evening, and was watching the taking of the offertory, when one of the deacons, with that tact which belongs to almost all the colored race, came and politely offered to carry up for me any contribution which I cared to make.

I handed him a twenty-five-cent piece, and with inimitable pomposity he marched down the long aisle, carrying the beggarly coin so that everybody could see it. Suddenly he turned on his heel and started back, while the curious eyes of the crowd all turned to follow him. Arrived within speaking distance, the good old man called out, in a whisper audible to half the congregation:

"Do you want any change?"

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For the Companion.

TOMMY'S THANKSGIVING TROUBLE.

There's going to be turkey and duck and ham,
And salad and ice-cream and pudding and jam,
And oysters and tarts and chicken pie,
And custards with frosting piled up high!

Oh dear!—how I wish I was big as a man!
For I want to eat just all that I can,
And to think of those tarts
and custards and all,
And I—oh dear, I'm so dread-
fully small!

For the Companion.

WHERE THE CHURN WENT.

"Somebody's got to stay home from church," said Hulda.

Hulda was the girl who helped in the kitchen at grandpa's.

"Home from church on Thanksgiving Day!" exclaimed grandpa, shaking his head. "How's that?"

"It's 'cause Mr. Robert's got to go in the train this afternoon," said Hulda. "We've got to have dinner earlier."

"Can't it be managed any other way?" asked grandpa.

"I don't see how," said Hulda. "I could put in the turkey and make a big fire, but somebody's got to be here to open the damper just at the right time."

This was a serious business. Grandpa and grandma wanted to go because they had never missed going on Thanksgiving as long as they could remember. Tony's father and mother wanted to go because they were at the old home on a visit, and liked to go to the old church and see old friends. Hulda wanted to go because it was Thanksgiving.

"I'll stay," said Tony.

"Oh, I don't believe you could do it, dear," said grandma. "You are so little!"

"I'm six!" said Tony, proudly. "I shall be seven next Thanksgiving."

"I do believe he could pull out the damper all right," said Hulda. "He always does just as he is told."

"Yes, always," said grandma.

And by reason of this good character Tony was allowed to stay home.

"Now I'll make my snow man," said Tony, looking with great satisfaction at the big sleigh as it drove away with its load.

The snow had fallen a foot and a half deep two or three days ago. To-day it was thawing a little, and Jacob, the farm boy, told him it was exactly right for making a snow man; and Tony was afraid that if he waited till afternoon it would be too soft.

He worked as hard as a six-year-old boy could work, remembering just at the right time to go into the great kitchen and pull out the damper as Hulda had told him; and by the time the others came from church there it was, a splendid fellow, legs, arms, head, nose, chin and all, waiting for a few finishing touches from Jacob.

The turkey in the oven was baking, too, just as a Thanksgiving turkey ought to bake.

Jacob touched up the man, while Hulda touched up the turkey. He made a hat for him, a difficult thing to do, and ended by putting a pipe in his mouth.

But Tony was a Band-of-Hope boy, and would not allow that.

It froze hard that night, and in the morning the snow man was as solid as a rock. He had come for the winter, Jacob said.

"You'll have to get along with the snow man," said Tony, when grandma was wishing him good-by; but grandma thought the snow man would very poorly fill the place of her merry, laughing little boy.

"What's become of the churn?" asked Hulda, the day after all the Thanksgiving visitors were gone. "It's gone."

"It must be in the shed just where you put it," said grandma.

"I should 'a' said so myself," said Hulda, "but I've hunted high and low and it isn't anywheres."

"We haven't churned for a week," said grandma.

"No, 'cause the company wanted all the milk and cream. But I want to churn now, and where that churn can 'a' went to beats me."

It was a most surprising mystery. Grandma and Hulda hunted through the whole house. Jacob hunted through barns, stables and granaries, and then came in declaring it couldn't be anywhere except in the shed and must be there. But his saying so did not make it so.

After every nook and corner of the place had been searched everybody declared the churn must have been stolen.

All winter long the snow man stood in the front yard. Sometimes a little thaw would come, and he lost his nose and chin and then his hat. But it always froze hard again, and it was late in March before his arms melted away.

That was the beginning of a long thaw. The sun must have thought him a funny man, for he smiled down on him till there was nothing left of him but a little heap of snow.

And then Hulda, looking out of the window one day, exclaimed: "My—land!"

"What is it?" asked Jacob.

"If there aint that churn!"

"I'm blessed if it isn't," said Jacob.

He went out, kicked the churn out of the snow and brought it into the house.

Four months ago a small boy had found it very hard to make a good beginning on his snow man.

"The snow slumps down so," he said. "I must have something to start it with."
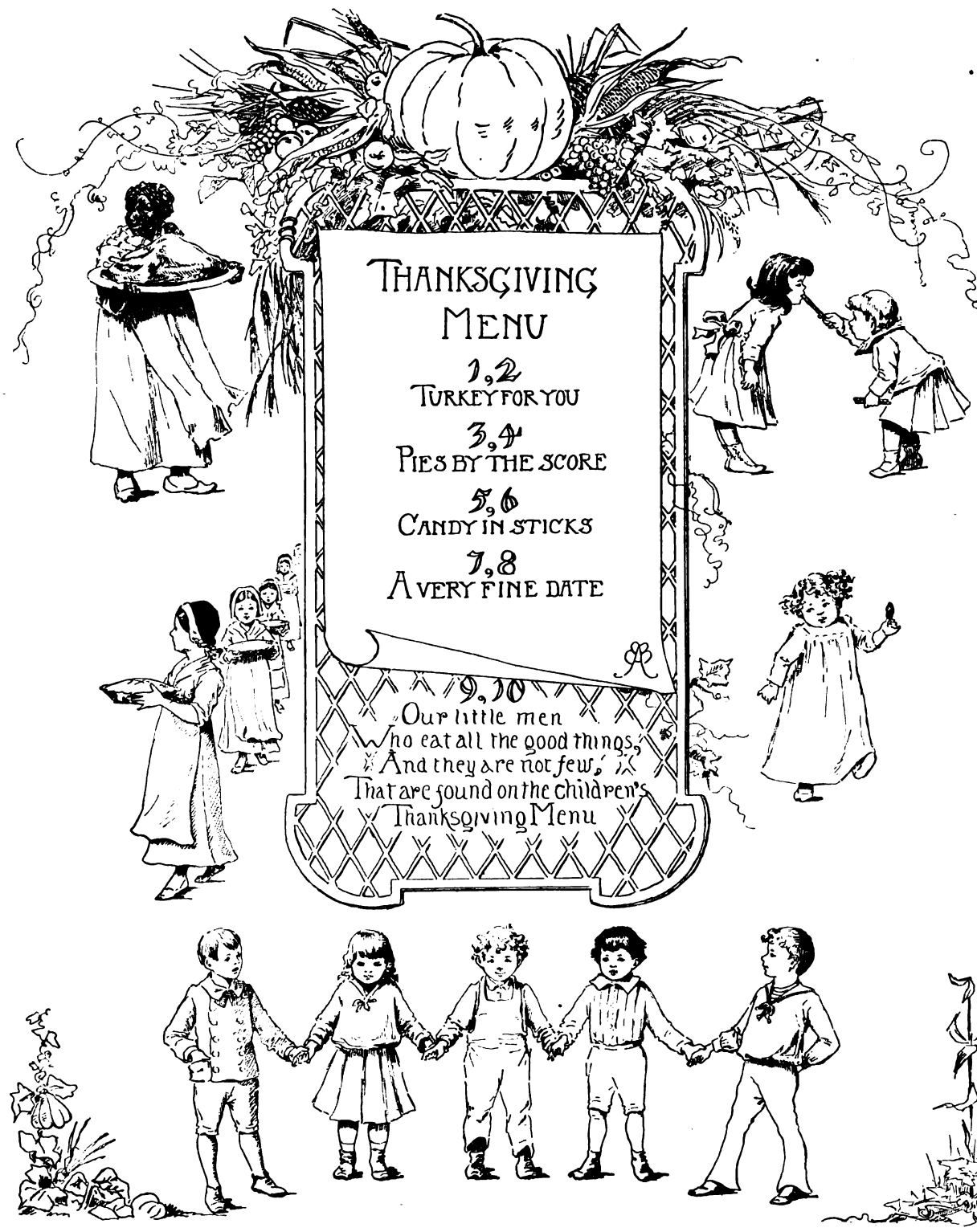
He hunted about in the barn and the shed.

"Ah, there's the very thing," he said. "It isn't so big as a barrel and will do better."

So he set it firmly down, piled the snow all around it, and had a good start for his snow man.

The hoops were rusty, and the churn soon fell to pieces, but nobody cared, for a new churn had been bought long ago.

There was a great laugh about it, but grandma wiped her eyes as she said: "I'd give another churn to have the dear little fellow here again."



For the Companion.

THE MAGIC VINE.

A fairy seed I planted,
So dry and white and old;
There sprang a vine enchanted
With magic flowers of gold.

I watched it, I tended it,
And, truly, by and by
It bore a Jack-o'-lantern
And a great Thanksgiving pie!

For the Companion.

CHUBBY AT THE TELEPHONE.

Hello, grandma! Hello! Is that grandma?

All right. This is me, grandma. We're all coming to-morrow.

Is the turkey real big? Oh, two of 'em?

That's nice. Are they undressed yet?

I'd like to sit by you at the table. I'm glad Mamie and Harry are there. Did you say Aunt Jessie was coming with Ted and Mittie?

Oh, what fun there'll be! Do you have to look at the pies? Well, good-by. We'll come real early.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

RIDDLE.

I'm round and I'm golden, and pleasant to see;
Yet short is my life if I'm good—ah, me!
My praises are sounded in rhyme and in prose;
I am truly American, every one knows;
And if I'm not present, your glad eyes to greet,
Your Thanksgiving dinner will not be complete.

2.

ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAGS.

1	*	*	*	*	*	*	11
2	*	*	*	*	*	12	*
3	*	*	*	*	13	*	*
4	*	*	*	14	*	*	*
5	*	*	*	*	15	*	*
6	*	*	*	*	*	16	*
7	*	*	*	*	*	*	17
8	*	*	*	*	*	18	*
9	*	*	*	*	19	*	*
10	*	*	*	20	*	*	*

Across.

1. A mercenary.
2. Pertaining to the opera.
3. Letters sent.
4. Beseeches.
5. Acts of a corporation, intended as permanent rules or laws.
6. A little State, consisting of a few cities or towns.
7. A fever of one day's continuance only.
8. Obvious.
9. Left a boat or ship and passed to land.
10. The act of critically examining.

Acrostic.

1 to 10. The best places at which to spend Thanksgiving.

Zigzags.

11 to 20. That which none should fail to do on Thanksgiving Day.

CYRIL DEANE.

3.

A THANKSGIVING GUEST.

One-sixth of a violet, modest and blue;
Two-tenths of a heliotrope, purple of hue;
One-fifth of a pansy; one-fourth of a rose;
One-eighth of the prettiest hawthorn that grows;
One-ninth of a buttercup, all a-shine;
One-fifth of a daisy, the true-love sign;
One-tenth of a mignonette, flower undefiled;
Two-eighths of a harebell, Nature's own child;
One-seventh of arbutus, pink as the dawn;
One-fourth of a lily, fair as the morn.

These portions of blossoms, united in one,
Make the loveliest flower seen under the sun,
And on a Thanksgiving, it must be confessed,
At the family feast 'tis the most honored guest.

4.

CHRONOSTICON.

One letter from each sentence will give the date of the first Thanksgiving Day in New England.

Thanksgiving Day is an annual religious festival observed particularly in the New England States, but also in many other parts of our country. It was suggested by the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles, a feast of ingathering at the end of the year. The occasional observance of a day of thanksgiving, formally recommended by the civil authorities, was not unusual in Europe. Such a day was observed in Leyden, Holland, Oct. 3, 1575, the first anniversary of the extraordinary deliverance of that city from siege. In 1608 the Pilgrim church, exiled from England, went to Holland and remained there till 1620, when it sent off the Mayflower colony to New England. Quite early in the history of the colony at Plymouth, Governor Bradford sent four men out fowling, after the harvest had been gathered in, that they "might after a more special manner rejoice together." God had blessed their labors, and this was to be a feast of thanksgiving. "So they met together and thanked God with all their hearts."

LILIAN PAYSON.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1.

L	A	U	D	A	N	U	M
U	M	B	R	E	L	L	A
C	A	L	E	N	D	A	R
R	I	C	O	C	H	E	T
E	L	I	O	E	N	A	I
T	A	C	I	T	U	R	N
I	N	T	E	R	V	A	L
A	L	Q	U	I	F	O	U
M	A	R	M	O	S	E	T
O	L	I	G	A	R	C	H
T	E	N	T	A	C	L	E
T	I	M	O	N	E	E	R

Primals—Lucretia Mott.
Finals—Martin Luther.

2. Herring.

3. 1. Vat-i-can. 2. Ton-e-less. 3. Cap-a-city. 4. Proverb-i-ally. 5. Port-i-co.

4. Fair, fare, well—farewell. Welfare.

5. Communicate, Altercate, Truncate, Hecate, Adjudicate, Rusticate, Intricate, Nidificate, Educate—Catharine.

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For the Companion.

ON THE NORTH SEA BANKS.

In Three Chapters.—Chapter III.

Through One Gale and Home.

Here is an experience of my own. All my other sketches are true, but I had to depend on skippers and others for matters of detail, because of course I could not be in a dozen places at once during a gale or snow-storm.

My little girl had played me some heart-breaking music of Beethoven before I came away, and on one strange night this music came into my head, and insisted on singing itself until I felt that the tears must come—or something foolish like that take place.

All day long there was a something wrong. You remember how Cowper makes Alexander Selkirk say of the animals, "Their tameness is shocking to me?" Well, the birds almost shocked me by what seemed their undue familiarity and tameness.

I was sad when some poor robin or lark or thrush became weak, and could not overtake our vessel, because I knew the wicked gulls would soon have him; and thus it was pitiful to see a little creature close its wings and float away like a dead leaf.

But when they got on board, they made up for all their troubles by excessive familiarity. A robin did not in the least mind helping himself in the cabin, and the golden-crested wrens crawled like mice about my sea-boots whenever they had the fancy, and they wound in and out among the festooned nets, and seemed sorely disappointed on finding no kind of fruit.

I could imagine them saying, "How pleasant it will be to get back to Siberia in the spring! You can fly for a thousand miles there over flowers, and you need want for nothing. Then there are three gorgeous months when you can stuff the little ones in their nests with everything that is good, and all your millions of friends are round you for miles and miles, and they all sing against each other until you are bound to join in. What makes us come to this place, where there is nothing?"

What, indeed? We set up a colony of birds during that dreary day, and I know now they all made up their minds to stay if they could, for mischief was about. When the darkness came, our men had to work, but, happily, I was on a splendid vessel, where the men were treated like human beings, and they fed well before they started their big job.

As the day was so hideous, and the bodeful feeling in the air so strong, I was not sorry to sit in the crew's cabin for a while. There four powerful fellows disposed of some little trifles, such as a cabbage, a large piece of mutton, a few pounds of pudding, and an odd loaf or so which did not count.

Had they said, "We should like to eat *you*, sir," I should not have doubted their capability, and my only appeal would have been to their sense of comradeship.

"Breeze comin', sir," said one. "You jest see how this old girl jumps at her trawl when we ketches it."

The "old girl" was jumping quite enough already for ordinary tastes, since she deposited everything—including the cook—in places for which other arrangements had been made.

A bitter, bitter night it was—clear overhead, but thick below, as the wind was working up in pressure, and the drift plucked away from the tops of the seas was like a river of fine salt, if I may employ such a queer simile. Certainly it was not like water.

We were a fleet of about one hundred sail. The roar made by our procession was very imposing, for each ship was like a great harp for the gale to play on; and if you can imagine a harp with a note as strong and deep as that of a sixty-four-pounder gun, you may fancy what a noise our orchestra managed to make.

To me it was inspiriting, but our men did not enjoy it, for they had to think of reefing, and I had not.

When the King of the Winds gave his signal-blast, and the great battle began, you might have thought that all the artillery in the world had opened together. It was no review day; it was like a great battle where the roar of the guns quells the peevish, dull rattle of musketry, and would quell the thunder if a storm began.

Then we had to put our vessel's nose up to the wind, and the men got to work with their reefing. I could understand easily how it is that so many surgical cases must be tended morning after morning. The Deep-Sea Mission people attended on eight thousand men in 1889 alone, and these were nearly all surgical or dental cases.

Many of the fishers suffer like that cool gentleman who went on board a mission vessel last year and said, "Pound o' 'bacca and two teeth out. And look sharp, for the Admiral's sailing." The Admiral was going to another fishing-ground, and this eager personage wanted to catch him; so he merely mentioned the teeth casually. But the ordinary cases are more horrifying smashes and jams and internal injuries and complicated fractures of important bones.

See the men and boys reefing in a gale, and you will wonder how any of them ever escape being injured for a week together. Our boy in this gale was a pink-cheeked fellow, with a face like the ideal picture usually painted of John Bull. He despised hats and caps. He had about twenty falls per day, and he came up smiling in spite of wind, weather and tumbles.

To see that youth whip himself up on the trembling boom and work with the reefing-tackle, while ever and again came jerks that must have made the roots of his very teeth ache—to see that was to understand a new phase of life. You could not daunt that boy, though he was not fourteen; he was born amid the talk of danger, and he learned to face death before he learned to spell.

There he lay along his swaying perch. The wind rose to a scream as it rushed out of the courses of the sail; that alone seemed enough to blow him down from his eminence, but he worked and worked, and though the wooden eyelet of the reef-earing gave way, he managed his job, and came down—of course with a fall.

The task of making safe grew wilder and wilder each minute, and one of our fellows fell off the mizzen-boom with his rope in his hand. It was lucky that the rope was there, or he must have gone forever. Drenched, chilled, shaken, he was nevertheless not scared, and went on with his business as if nothing had happened out of the way.

When I said, "What a shave, old fellow!" he grinned and answered, "Seen many men lost that same way, sir. It all depends on how you're caught."

Amid all this we were resolved to fish till the last available minute had expired. A man may go through many a risk like that endured by the one who fell from the mizzen-boom, and he may earn no more than twopence or threepence for some hours of perilous work. Yet these men stick to it, and weather can hardly be said to come within the range of their practical calculations at all.

For the entire haul which we got at the beginning of that terrible breeze, our five hands received among them about two shillings and twopence, and each of them risked his life in a way in which no circus gymnast would think of doing—even with a springy net under him instead of a roaring sea.

But the gale had to be fought at last, if we were not to be forced under water; and we put the vessel so that she could ride, while our men cleaned fish, and our chubby boy slept. The wicked days are gone when a boy was not permitted to have a bed; and my pink-faced prodigy was on a mattress which would have been quite comfortable had it been dry. Bedclothes, of course, no one would dream of using. Even in this luxurious ship of ours, all the men slept in their clothes and never changed them; and Pink-face was absolutely in a trance, despite his steaming guernsey and large wet stockings.

Death was abroad; some desolate ships were scurrying about like belated ghosts, when the sad and boding dawn arose. One brig came toward us, and the rush of the sea toward her—the tremendous effort to pile wave on wave—was such that she seemed to be coming down from a terraced Alp that loomed above us, and mingled the dirty green of its summit with the clouds.

Poor brig! We could not help her very well, and she did not ask for help, but she was hard put to it, and many another vessel fared sorely that day. It seemed as though Death, like a mighty falcon, had swooped down on a flock of weak creatures, and now each was flying for dear life from the inexorable terror.

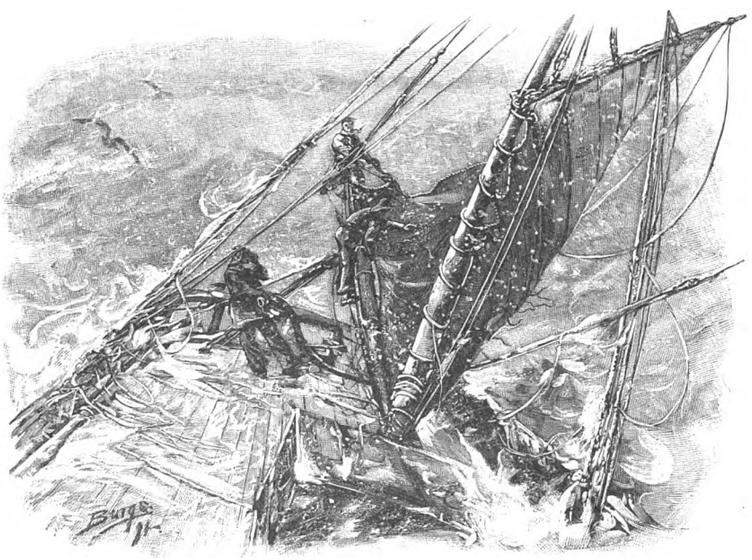
As for our fleet they were all gone, and a man at the mast-head could see nothing of them. I sneaked up on deck when I could, and watched the scene with all the fascination born of horrors.

When a steamer rolled away far to leeward of us, and lay on her broadside whenever she pitched, I knew she was doomed. She disappeared, and I knew she had foundered without making a signal of distress; yet our skipper took the business as part of the day's work.

"We have it like this off and on from October to March, and October and January are perhaps the worst."

Let me again say that work is never interrupted for an hour in all this, unless it comes to a case of foundering.

What a night was the second night! And then the morning, when at last we found our people, and watched the crippled ships draw up one by one! Death had been busy; the black flags would be sorely thick on the river, and our vessels that went home would too often be forced to put their own flags half-mast high when the crowd came to meet them.



A Terrible Gale.

We had every form of cut, wound, contusion and fracture to deal with, and I began to wonder how any fisherman ever retains his proper complement of limbs until he reaches manhood.

One poor fellow with a bruise on his side roused my pity, for his liver must have been simply disorganized by the fall which he had received. It was piteous to see his agony as he was hoisted on board.

We have beautiful swing-lifts now, and magical spring-litters, so that a man may be whisked up and down as though nothing were the matter with him. But it was not so in the old times, and I pitied the man with three broken fingers who had to climb on board of us.

The sea was sullen still, and as our sufferers came confidently up, one by one, it was hard to watch the cruel difficulty of embarking and disembarking them. They are stoics, these fishermen, and the thought of the pain they endure without flinching makes my flesh creep. Even the boys are indomitable.

Well, I left the sailing-vessel and went on board one of the steamers that make their journeys, punctually as the post, in all weathers. Then the gale was kind enough to come on again, and I stayed forty-eight hours on the bridge, while the sleet and rain and frosty gale played on me. I saw the whole panorama of the North Sea, and heard its orchestra.

My girl's Beethoven air had stayed with me all the time, and I knew that the artist to describe the sea of storms is not a prose writer, but a musician like Beethoven.

If you watch one of those sturdy steamers smashing her way by sheer power of her immense engines through seas that would make an ironclad slow down, you understand something of the resistless power of luxury, which can induce men to face the worst hurricane that ever blew only to provide an article which has become a necessity for the rich, though to the million, it is an almost unattainable luxury.

I felt as comfortable on that steamer as though I were in St. Paul's Cathedral, though the seas were knocking the life out of sailing-vessels; and as I fared home to my comfortable study, I thought kindly of the good fellows whom I had left who had no pleasant rooms to come to, and who must remain out as if there had been no gale, and as though Death had not held high revel.

JAMES RUNCIMAN.

For the Companion.

HOLIDAY RECREATIONS.

Each year the approach of the holiday season brings a demand for new recreations and forms of entertainment. The annual family gathering, the church, and the many associations of social life seek what is novel and timely in the recreative arts with which to enliven the merry-making season.

The traditional features of the Christmas-tide are the growths of centuries and of the customs of many lands, but novelties in these arts usually arise from the social changes and developments of the year.

What is there that is *new* that we may offer for young people's entertainments for 1891?

The common use of electricity in most American towns makes it possible to produce in many homes, halls and churches, the decorative effect of an *electric star*. This was done in a church in one of the suburbs of Boston last year, so successfully and beautifully as to excite the admiration of all who saw it.

The literary exercises on the occasion related to the Star that led the Magi, and the music consisted of songs of the Star.

By the use of platinum, mirrors and colored reflectors, many beautiful effects may be produced in the hands of an expert by the electric lights. The Star may be made to assume the form of the Cross, as shown in Doré's famous conception, which may be seen in many illustrated Bibles. The name of such an exercise for children's entertainment may be "Following the Star."

During the year short stories have become the popular reading. In ancient times short stories were the parables of the nations. The Hebrews expressed all spiritual truth in the form of short stories, as the Germans illustrate metaphysical thought to-day. Short stories were the literary jewels of Arabia, Persia and the East. They were recited by natural story-tellers in the courts of caliphs and kings, as the old English minstrels rehearsed the Arthurian legends. This form of story has found a sudden revival in our country, and it often takes the form of a narration in the first person and in dialect.

The reading of short stories in the first person and in dialect has also become a popular feature of the concert hall. A few years ago there were few public readers. Such entertainers are now becoming as common as the minstrels in the glittering armies of the Crusades. Schools of elocutionary art multiply, and the favorite recitation is the humorous or pathetic short dialect or character story.

But a new form of relating such a story, and one admirably adapted to holiday service, is to appear in the costume, habit and apparent condition of the character assumed. The telling of stories in costume is a growing feature of New England social life. The stories of "Uncle Remus" may be read in negro costume; those of Miss Wilkins in old New England or provincial dress, and all dialect stories related in the first person, in the same picturesque way.

We attended last winter a social entertainment given by a Spanish class, in which the speakers, singers, guitar and mandolin players all appeared in costume and related and sung the ballads and romances of Spain.

The coming year, which celebrates the American discovery, invites a revival of Spanish historical tableaux and music.

The stringed instruments of the Latin races and the South are growing in popular favor as the romances of the Great Discovery again become active in the student's experience. Among the scenes that may be effectively presented in tableaux with the music of the cavalier and *bolero*, we may suggest Columbus as a boy on the quay of Genoa, after the manner of the exquisite statuette in the Boston Art Museum, a picture of which many of our readers may have seen; Columbus at the gate of La Rabida; Columbus's first sight of Isabella; Columbus listening to the music of land birds, which music may be imitated; the *Te Deum* of Columbus at San Salvador, which music may be sung by an unseen chorus; Columbus's first interview with Indians; his second meeting with Isabella; his narration to the Spanish sovereigns on the field of Sante Fé; the Viceroy in chains, and his death.

On the field of Sante Fé at Barcelona the chapel choir of Isabella sang a *Te Deum* when Columbus had finished the narrative of the Discovery. Columbus appeared in rich court dress on this occasion and was attended by

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Indians with plumes, jewels and tropic birds. This scene would make a rich historical tableau for music. Any one of the old Te Deums might not inappropriately be chanted.

The fabulous Santa Claus as a holiday visitor has certainly lost the charm of novelty, but always welcome will be the idea of the coming of a merry Present-maker, who somehow represents the spirit and character of the festival of Good Will.

We have recently seen this personification made by a very acceptable and popular personage called "The Jolly Old Candy Man." The name suggests the character assumed. A man in the white apron and white shovel hat of a confectioner comes into the social assembly, school or festival bearing a large tray heaped with bonbons. He may also bear a pack of packages of candy on his back. He calls out his candies after the manner of street-criers, and may say:

"Here I come from Good Will, the great confectioner; here I come, with packages of candy for all good boys and girls. Is this the place? Ah! I see it is. Harry Goodyear! is he here? Yes; I knew he would be here. Here's a package for you, Harry. Candies! Candies from Good Will. Mary Manners! is she here? Candies from Good Will!"

The person to assume this character must be a wit and a ready talker. He must be able to say amusing and agreeable things to the young people as he supplies each a package of candy. We once saw this part so well sustained at a children's festival that the whole audience for nearly an hour was kept in a most delightful mood of excitement and amusement.

The character is a most popular successor of the old-time favorite, where a new feature is desired.

His steps from person to person or from class to class may be made to lively music on the piano, and he may sing the famous old song of

"I'm a jolly old quack, quack, quack,
And I carry my pack on my back,"

altered to suit the occasion, as

"I'm a jolly old candy man,
And I do the best I can
The world with sweetness and joy to fill,
And serve the people of Good Will!"

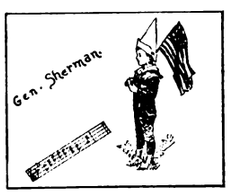
H. B.

For the Companion.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

There were two little furrows between Alice's eyes, and yet she was thinking about Christmas.

"Papa and the boys—oh dear! and mamma and Aunt Lou and Cousin Rose, and at least three of the schoolgirls and Mademoiselle Corot, and—no, do not suggest bags nor pillows nor book-marks (addressing her image in the glass), for I am sick and tired of them! I cannot paint, and I hate to sew. I can make photographs which my family do not appreciate, and I can print mottoes on cards, and—let me see! Papa wishes to have a party for his Loyal Legioners, and I heard mamma say to him, 'After the holidays, John?' Loyal Legion—soldiers—drums—flags—songs, and there's Jack's army now. Tra la!" and she shook her hand at the round face in the glass as she ran out of the room.



What she did was to get her kodak and a handful of cookies, and hurry to the sunny garden. A string of little boys with drums and whistles were following a great paper hat from under which came cries of, "March! Shoulder arms!"

"Here, Jack, want a cookie? Bring up your men. I press the button and you do the rest;" and click after click announced a soldier taken captive.

Then Alice shut herself in her dark-room, and for days was wholly occupied. The next week she came to me triumphant.

"Papa's Christmas present," she said. "Dinner cards for his party."

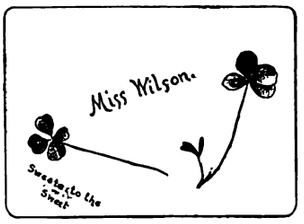
I never saw anything prettier. Fourteen squares of heavy, creamy paper, "bromide," Alice called it, each with a different picture of a boy soldier. By this bromide process the photograph needs no mounting, and looks like an etching or a steel-engraving rather than a common photograph. Some of the cards were further decorated with bars of army music, done with pen and ink, and space was left for the name of the guest. By means of a thin card and a letter-press Alice had given each card a plate impression, which added an aristocratic air.

Alice's eyes danced with delight.

"I have solved the Christmas problem. See!" and more ribbon-tied packets were drawn out. Mamma's lunch cards were decorated with lucky clover leaves.

"You know how many I am always finding. I used to stuff them in my school-books and look out for good luck to follow. And hasn't it? I stick them on to large correspondence cards with the white of an egg, which does not stain the leaf. The letters I put on with green water-color and a brush. How I hunted for quotations! Those on mamma's set are all cordial and 'homey.' I have found nine of them. Listen."

"Better be born lucky than rich."
"Well met."
"Sweet symbols."
"Favored ever be thy way."
"Welcome as a four-leaf clover."
"Good luck to ye."
"A small fortune."
"Live in clover."
"Lead on to fortune."



"Aunt Lou's quotations are from Shakespeare and Browning. I thought it would be fun at her party to have each guest read her quotation aloud, and let the others guess what play it is from. She might give a prize, too, and so bridge over the bouillon."

Nature and fortune joined.—*King John.*

Now heaven send thee good fortune.—*Merry Wives.*

A vision fair, and fortunate.—*Julius Cæsar.*

Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm.—*All's Well.*

Good luck lies in odd numbers.—*Merry Wives.*

Earnest of success.—*Macbeth.*

I am blest in your acquaintance.—*Merry Wives.*

The top of admiration.—*Tempest.*

Lucky joys and golden times.—2 *Henry IV.*

Thou art worthy to touch fortune's finger.—*Twelfth Night.*

I thank you for your ready presence.—*Luria.*

Made in a piece of Nature's madness.—*Flight of Duchess.*

"These I like even better. Jack borrowed a punch from a cobbler he knows, and with it I made two holes in each card. Only quotations are here now—see what pretty ones—but just before they are used the long stem of a flower is to be slipped through. These are for Cousin Rose's luncheon, and pink buds must be used."



For women are as roses.—*Shakespeare.*

My sweet Rose, my dear Rose.—*Shakespeare.*

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.—*Herrick.*

For this I'll blush you thanks.—*Shakespeare.*

Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds.—*Wisdom of Solomon.*

Stealing and giving odor.—*Shakespeare.*

The rose was awake all night for your sake.—*Tennyson.*

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new.—*Scott.*

She wears the rose of youth.—*Shakespeare.*

"Maud's cards are to have pansies, our class flower."

"Only a pansy blossom."
"A blossom passing fair."
"Pansies—pray you love, remember."
"Sweets to the sweet."
"I send thee pansies, flowers of remembrance."
"Fair pledges."
"Sweet symbols."
"My thoughts of gold."

"Mademoiselle may choose her own; but see, her mottoes are all in French."



"Quand le cœur est plein, il déborde."

"Qui se ressemble, s'assemble."

"On est assez riche quand on a le necessaire."



"Il n'est sauce que l'appétit."
"Plus on est de fous, plus on rit."
"Apres nous le déluge."
"Chacun son goût."
"Vive la bagatelle."
"A bras ouverts."

I held out my hand for more, and received a long box. "For Will. He always has the same boys and girls, so I put their names on now." On long, glossy magnolia leaves (those from the rubber plant are even nicer) the names were printed in fancy letters with gold paint. "How pretty they will look on the white napkins! and we must have yellow roses on the table. You like them all? And just think, I have not touched a needle to any of them!"

Lucy Elliot Keeler.

For the Companion.

AN "APRON-CHRISTMAS."

"Come around and see my aprons," said my pretty young friend, Mrs. Elliot, as we parted after a day's shopping together. "You know I had an apron-Christmas this year. I believe every one of my friends but you has been to the exhibition—and stolen all the patterns!" she added gaily, as she stepped aboard her car.

I had but just returned from a long series of travels in search of health for a dear child. Though well rewarded on that score, the settling down again into home life and housekeeping involved much work and thought. I began to find a stay-at-home wardrobe needed many things uncalled for in our family flights from hotel to hotel.

"Now there's another thing I must have. Some aprons! Bless my heart! I have not worn one for four years, and I used to have so many!" I said to myself on the way home.

So next week I called on my pretty friend. After I had seen the treasures added to her home, and heard of many things that had happened to the Elliots during my absence, my hostess said, "And now you must see my aprons!

"Charlie laughs at me," she explained. "He says the diamond ear-rings and lovely china that he and father gave me have quite lost their novelty, while the aprons are talked of and shown to somebody at least once a day!

"You see," she chatted on, as we went up-stairs, "when Emily and the girls at home were hinting and asking about what I wanted this Christmas, I didn't care to mention anything expensive for them to buy. Besides that, my wedding gifts are only two years old. I had so many that bric-à-brac and 'Jamescracks,' as Howells says, are already too numerous to mention in my rooms. So I said to the girls, 'Oh, just make me some aprons. I am entirely out of them, and baby's sewing takes so much time.'

"Well, those dear girls! They didn't think at first of making so much account of my remark. But Emily says that as they were talking together, thinking what kind of aprons to make, and each suggesting something different, Hattie cried out, 'Let's give her an apron-Christmas! Each one of us take a particular kind and see what we can do.' Now see if they did not do wonders!

"I had forgotten my own words when they came. You can't think how surprised and pleased I was with them all. Emily had feared I might be disappointed to receive only aprons from everybody at home! But you will see that these are not ordinary aprons, by any means."

We were now in her sleeping-room. Opening the drawers of a chiffonnier she took out first something shaped very much like the high-necked aprons small children wear, but without sleeves. In this she speedily enveloped herself.

"This one," said she, "is my 'chambermaid apron.' I always take care of my own room, and I keep this here to slip on every morning while making the beds. It is so pretty I quite want to wear it down-stairs."

It was made of a very yellow, unbleached cotton. The seams were corded and all the edges bound with a strip of turkey-red. At the back it was fastened with scarlet buttons and fitted rather closely.

"Hattie," she said, "made this pile of checked gingham aprons with the hems all worked in a pretty Grecian border in cross-stitch. They are for the days when Biddy takes her 'afternoons out,' and I get tea. They come to the bottom of my skirt, so my dresses are safe from spots.

"But see my bath apron!" she exclaimed. "I used to have to spread a blanket across my lap to lay baby on, after lifting him all dripping from his tub. It was so clumsy and took so long to dry every day, that I am disgusted just to remember it now! Florence made this of a square of heavy, twilled flannel, feather-stitching the hems with blue wash-silk. The top has a ribbon run in for a belt, but it can be slipped out when the apron goes to the laundry. There are blue morning-glories worked in the lower corners. And here is another like it, only with the stitching and flowers in pink silks."

The younger sisters had chosen still more fanciful aprons. One especially dainty was made of five strips of linen lawn, each five inches wide and thirty long, alternated with four rows of crocheted insertion of a pretty pattern. The strips were sewed together lengthwise, and the apron finished with broad strings of the lawn.

"One of my old school friends," said Mrs. Elliot, opening another drawer, "joined in the 'apron festival' by accident, for she sent me this beautiful one from Chicago. She was always rather stout, herself, and used to think she could not wear an apron, however handsome it might be, because it seemed to add to her size. But she writes that since she learned this way to make them she wears one on all possible occasions—they are so becoming."

This apron was the prettiest of all. The material was a plaid India linen, prettily trimmed with lace, but the peculiarity lay in the binding and the way it was applied. It was a pointed yoke shape. The V in the centre about four inches in depth sloped gradually to each side, where the width was an inch and a half. The gathers were thus brought below the line of the waist, and the effect was very good.

There was another of this pattern, but made of India washable silk with pockets and strings pointed to match the yoke binding.

"Mamma was at a loss," she said, "to find some kind no one else had chosen, until she noticed in one of the large dry goods stores in Boston the skirt-aprons of black sateen or cambric which the salesgirls wear to protect their dresses behind the counters. I have found it just the thing to put on over my dress while sweeping and dusting. It is quite full and has an extra long placket-opening, so it slips on and off easily.

"Then mamma added a set of creeping-aprons for baby, and they are such a comfort! His old ones were always pushing up and leaving his white dress and skirts to rub over the carpet. These are a quarter of a yard longer than his dresses, and sewed up like a bag across the bottom. He comes out of his 'bag' all fresh and clean when he gets tired of creeping, instead of having to be dressed all over again to be presentable."

By this time there was a veritable apron-show spread over bed, tables and chairs. As we folded them away, I not only planned to copy most of them for my own use, but to begin an apron-outfit for a next Christmas present.

Alice C. Tilden.

For the Companion.

UP IN GRANDMOTHER'S ATTIC.

Nowadays a roomy attic is a luxury with which houses are seldom provided; but our grandfathers built their homes with much consideration for their ample store-house under the rafters, which made so delightful a rainy-day playground for the boys and girls.

A good deal of space was given to these high-peaked rooms which, in the opinion of modern builders, belongs to the rooms below. Be the practical question as it may, it is rare good luck if one can get a peep into one of these old-fashioned receptacles of the household gods of a former generation; for if the attic has not been pillaged by collectors, most of the old articles are still resting there, hanging from wooden pegs driven into the timbers of the roof, or tucked snugly away under the eaves.

I shall bring out some of these things, and brush the dust from them for the benefit of present-day readers.

We shall need a light to explore the dark corners of our attic; so let us strike one with this



TINDER-WHEEL.

ancient tinder-wheel, and light that whale-oil lamp over there on the shelf.

Into the end of the tin box nearest the wheel was placed the tinder, a bit of tow, or other substance easily ignited. The wheel was made to revolve rapidly by pulling on a string wound around the shaft, as a boy spins his top. The wheel, rubbing against a piece of flint, sent a shower of sparks into the dry tinder, which quickly sprang into a blaze; and thus a fire was obtained.



OIL LAMP.

The lamp was filled with whale-oil, and had two small, round wicks which emerged through two small tubes. There was no chimney or shade, but undoubtedly a good deal of smoke.

If we need more illumination we can light another lamp, which was used at a somewhat later period. This had a broad piece of cloth for a wick, whose flame sputtered merrily beneath a gaily-painted shade. This great-great grandfather of our electric light had no chimney, and was filled with lard.

The old-fashioned candlesticks, made of brass or iron, are quite familiar objects, even at the present time. The candles used in them were of tallow, and were made in two ways.

The tallow dip was the most ancient and well-known illuminating contrivance in this country. It was made after this fashion: A great many round, slender sticks, each from ten to fifteen inches long, were provided, and upon each stick, about an inch apart, were hung cotton wicks as long as a candle. All these sticks were then hung between two long parallel bars or poles placed on chairs, each end of the stick resting upon one of the poles.

Then a large kettle of melted tallow was provided, and placed by the side of the poles.

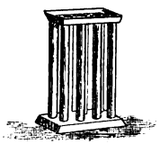
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The "dipper" then began to plunge the wicks into this hot tallow, beginning at one end of his poles, and returning each dripping stickful of wicks to its place on the poles as soon as he had dipped it.

By the time he had gone the length of his poles, the tallow adhering to the first stick of wicks had hardened sufficiently to be dipped again. It was again plunged, and the round once more gone through. The process was repeated until, upon each of all the wicks, a candle of sufficient size was formed.

A single evening, in a cold room, would suffice for the making of two hundred candles.

Later came the tin candle-molds—upright tubes, in bunches, with top and base to hold them perfectly even. A wick was suspended in each of these tubes, generally held in place by nails across the top; and melted tallow was poured in around them.

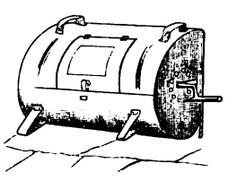


CANDLE-MOLD.

A pair of brass or iron "snuffers" in a tray was a necessary accompaniment to a candle, to remove the burned portion of the wick. Sometimes men and boys grew very expert in snuffing candles with their fingers; but this method was not approved by careful people. The light made by a tallow candle seems rather meagre to us; but it must be remembered that the huge old fireplace was the source of a very considerable illumination.



SNUFFERS.



TIN KITCHEN.

Speaking of the open fire brings to mind our grandmothers' manner of cooking. Here is the old "tin kitchen" in which the goose was cooked for Christmas. It is a square structure of tin, movable, and open on the side kept toward the fire. It has a door at the back, through which the condition of the fowl or meat can be noted from time to time.

A spit of iron runs through the centre, upon which the fowl is impaled. This spit terminates in a crank at one end which, being turned, allows all sides of the roast to cook evenly.

All kinds of meat were roasted in this way, being basted from the door at the back whenever necessary.

The tin "baker" was more simple in its construction, and was used in baking the bread, "johnny-cakes," cookies, cake and such food. The dough to be cooked was set at a slant in the baker, which was then placed before the fire on the hearth.



TIN BAKER.

Bread and other food was also cooked in a contrivance called a Dutch oven. This was simply a pan with legs of iron, and an iron cover. This oven was placed on the hearth over a bed of coals, and coals were also heaped upon the cover, after the articles to be cooked had been placed within.

Brown bread, beans and pies were cooked in brick ovens, which were first thoroughly heated by building a roaring fire in them. When the bricks had been made red hot the coals were drawn out, the week's baking put in, and the big iron door closed.

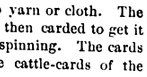
These brick ovens were usually built into one end of the great fireplace. The other end was frequently occupied in the evening by the small boy of the family who, seated upon a low stool, laboriously endeavored by the aid of pencil, slate and "'rithmetic," to find out how eight small apples could be divided equally among nine very hungry boys.



DUTCH OVEN.

Much of the housewife's time in winter was spent in transforming the wool, as it came from the backs of the sheep, into yarn or cloth. The wool was first washed, and then carded to get it into long, slender rolls for spinning. The cards used looked much like the cattle-cards of the present day, except that they were larger and had very fine teeth.

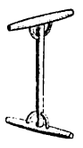
Flax was prepared for spinning on the flax-comb—a piece of wood which had many sharp nails driven through it. Across the points of these the flax was drawn, leaving the fibres all lying in one direction.



FLAX-COMB.

The spinning-wheel and the smaller flax-wheel have become quite familiar to modern eyes; flax-wheels, in particular, being regarded by some as suitable things for parlor adornment; though they are really, in such a situation, an absurd affectation of rusticity.

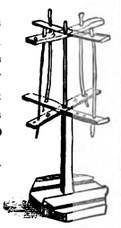
When the flax or wool had been spun, it was "reeled" off the spindle of the wheel upon a hand-reel, and thus made into skeins. When it was desired to wind these into balls for knitting, or upon shuttles for weaving, the skeins were placed upon a swift, or "swifts," as this article was commonly called. It consisted of an upright standard upon which was a revolving frame, fitted with movable uprights to accommodate large or small skeins. From the swift the yarn was wound by hand.



HAND-REEL.

The hand-looms on which the wool and flax were woven into cloth may still be seen in operation in some remote places.

Behind an old chest in the attic we shall find two curious articles that were connected with the personal comfort of the household—a warming-pan and a foot-stove. Into the round brass basin of the warming-pan were placed live coals from the hearth, and the cover was closed over them. Grasping the handle, the housewife slipped the pan deftly between the sheets, and passing it rapidly about from head to foot, soon had the beds in each cold room made agreeably warm to creep into.

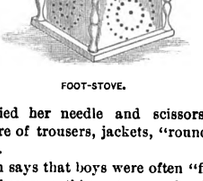


SWIFTS.

The foot-stove was a necessary companion during church services in cold weather. The "meeting-houses" of those days had no stoves nor other means of raising their frigid temperature. These foot-stoves, filled with coals before starting, went regularly to church with the family.

In the attic, near the warming-pan and foot-stove, stands a little old shoemaker's bench, with a block of pegs. These pegs had to be split off, one at a time, by hand. The shoemaker in those days was an itinerant, going from house to house once each year, and doing the shoemaking and mending for the family.

The tailoress also made yearly visits, and

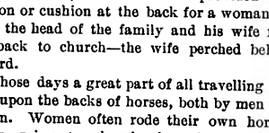


FOOT-STOVE.

nimbly plied her needle and scissors in the manufacture of trousers, jackets, "roundabouts" and gowns.

Tradition says that boys were often "fitted" by laying the boy smoothly out upon the cloth, and more or less deftly chalking a line around him. Be that as it may, the appearance of the clothing when finished would give color to this theory.

The boys and their sisters, when very young, were rocked in cradles which must have been intended to accustom them to the bumps and jars of later life. Here is one of them in this dark corner of the attic, evidently home-made, as were most of the articles used in those days.



WARMING-PAN.

Hanging above the cradle, from a stout wooden peg in the rafter, is an old saddle provided with a pillion or cushion at the back for a woman, on which the head of the family and his wife rode horseback to church—the wife perched behind her lord.

In those days a great part of all travelling was done upon the backs of horses, both by men and women. Women often rode their own horses; but in going to church the wife was most frequently seated upon the pillion.

On such occasions the men wore swallow-tailed coats, with high, rolling collar, the top of which was about level with the tops of their ears. The good dame's head was adorned with a "calash," which was a kind of telescopic sunbonnet, which was extended by pulling on a string inserted in the folds.

What a queer figure this old bonnet would cut beside one of the dainty little head adornments of to-day! It would be as an eagle beside a humming-bird.

I will venture to say, however, that it lasted longer and cost less than its modern successor; and when the next spring came around, there it was all ready to put on, "stylish" and complete, as if it were new! For in those days fashions changed slowly.

After all, many of the old-fashioned modes have much to recommend them. If we have not the courage to introduce them into our nineteenth century homes, at least we can spare them a roomy corner in the attics of our memory.

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Open the hand naturally and place the cent on the palm, then ask some one to brush it out with a whisk-broom.



After repeated efforts, it will probably be suspected that the cent is fastened in your hand in some way. In order to prove that it is not, let the sweeper place it on his own palm, and he will find it remains as immovable there as when he tried to sweep it from the hand of the other person.

A few persons have flat palms. The cent may easily be swept off from such palms, but they are not common.

To Pick up an Apple with a Spoon.

It requires not a little patience to accomplish this trick. Place a large, round apple, stem up, on a smooth floor; then try to take it up with a spoon. The very effort of trying to get the spoon under the apple starts it rolling, to the amusement

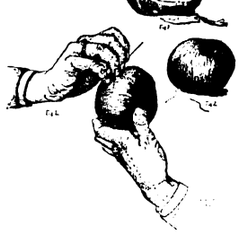


of the onlookers. If done quickly enough the apple can be taken up while in motion; but the proper way is to wait until it ceases to roll, and then carefully push the spoon far enough under the apple to get the centre of gravity over the spoon, when there is no difficulty in picking it up.

To Cut an Apple without Breaking the Skin.

Thread a needle with strong thread. Insert the needle just under the skin of the apple, take a stitch, and carefully draw the needle and thread through to within six or seven inches of the end. Then insert the needle again, this time in the exact hole it was withdrawn from.

Continue the stitches in this manner around the apple, withdrawing the needle the last time through the first hole made, as in Fig. 1. The thread is



entirely around the apple now, concealed by its skin, as in Fig. 2. Take a firm hold of each end of the thread and, holding both of the ends well together, to prevent tearing the skin, pull gently.

The thread cuts its way slowly through the apple until it is in two pieces, when the thread is withdrawn through the tiny hole made by the needle.

If this trick is done carefully enough, the breaks in the skin will not be discernible on the closest inspection. Indeed, the only convincing proof that the apple has been cut in half, will be to pare a narrow strip of skin where the needle and thread have travelled, when the apple will fall apart, as in Fig. 3.

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For the Companion.

GHOSTS.

One or more of a man's senses may play him false while his reasoning powers in general remain unaffected. He may "see" what does not exist; hear a voice where there is no utterance; smell an odor where there is none; have a bitter or nauseous taste where there is nothing to cause it.

Furthermore, all emotions are capable of being propagated from person to person, so as to assume an epidemic form. Almost every age has witnessed such epidemics.

About one hundred and fifty years ago the Convulsionnaires of France, beginning with fanatical prayers at the tomb of François de Pâris, at length threw themselves down, rolled upon the ground, imitated all sorts of animals, and finally went off into swoons.

During the witchcraft delusion in this country, in every town to which the "afflicted" were carried young girls were sure to be taken with the same fits, and see the same sights.

In the Great Revival in Tennessee and Kentucky, at every gathering hundreds fell like corpses; others went on their hands and knees and barked like dogs; others rolled on the ground, and others still shook as if in convulsions. Some were seized while swearing at the whole thing.

Generally only one of the senses is thus disordered, but sometimes more than one is affected. Blake, a distinguished English painter, who was liable to disordered sensations, describes a fairy funeral which he seemed to have witnessed. He was walking alone in his garden on a still night, when he apparently heard a low and pleasant sound, and at length saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of grasshoppers bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs and then disappeared.

Apparitions are a result of disordered sensations. They are generally seen in the dark, the nervous system being then most impressible; but whatever excites the mind puts one in a state favorable for false appearances.

In Berlin, Germany, not long ago, the pupils in one of the public schools saw a "ghost." Soon others began to see similar apparitions, and "ghost-seeing" extended from school to school as a regular epidemic.

Last year a patient came to the Vanderbilt Clinic, New York, with mental hallucinations and disorders of sight, hearing, smelling and tasting. He believed himself persecuted. He saw skeletons and various persons moving about. With his right ear he heard three voices talking to him at once, swearing at him and calling him names. He was also tortured by disagreeable odors, and by peculiar tastes in his drink and food.

WISE TOAD.

A lady used to sit after tea almost every evening on a stone step at the head of a flight of terraces which led from a bay-window down into the garden. As this window was not overlooked by any neighbor's windows, it was the family custom to leave the curtains up in the evening, and let the cheery light of the student-lamp which stood on the large reading-table shine out.

One evening, as the lady sat on the step, she saw a large toad hopping across the grass toward her. When he had come within about eight inches of the window, he suddenly settled himself into the long grass, having selected as his resting-place a little hollow, so that only the very top of his head and his gleaming eyes showed above the grass.

There he sat, without moving, until the dampness sent his observer into the house. The next evening she found that the toad had already taken his place when she seated herself on the step; and on several successive evenings he was sitting in exactly the same spot by the time the sun had fairly set.

The lady's curiosity was by this time aroused to such a degree that she determined to defy the dampness, and stay in her position on the step until she saw what the toad accomplished in his hiding-place. The next evening, therefore, she provided herself with a thick shawl, and took her accustomed seat, a little later than usual.

As the light faded the toad rose from his position and hopped toward her a little way; then, after solemnly and anxiously regarding her for some moments, he returned to his hollow, evidently deciding that she was a harmless person, not bent on making trouble for him, as he at first had feared.

When the lamp in the window was lighted, it seemed to her that the toad raised his head a little and took on an attitude of great vigilance. The cause was soon apparent.

After a few moments a large moth, attracted by the light, dashed against the window in a vain endeavor to gain entrance. After fluttering wildly against the glass, it suddenly dropped, blinded, to the ground, and the toad sprang forward and secured it.

This was only his first victim, and at the end of half an hour the watcher went into the house with her curiosity fully satisfied. Some one to whom she told the story suggested that the toad might have happened on the favorable position the first night; but his friend persisted that he had discovered it by his own unaided intelligence.

SHOOTING A BEAR.

In the "History of Athens County," Ohio, Joseph Bobo relates an adventure in which his father took a leading part. He and one of his neighbors, a Mr. Shidler, found a hole in the rocks which they thought might conceal a bear. Mr. Bobo lighted a torch and started in to explore, while Shidler stood outside ready to shoot if Bruin tried to escape.

Father went into the cave about twenty-five feet, and was on the point of giving up the search, when suddenly a bear, which had been crouching behind a rock, rose up and struck the torch with his paw. The torch fell to the floor, and was extinguished.

Father didn't wait for ceremony, but got out of the cave as quickly as possible, and told Shidler what had happened. All remained quiet, and after waiting awhile, father lighted another torch and went in again to shoot the bear. He proceeded cautiously, and the moment his eyes fell on the bear he fired, but only wounded the animal.

Bruin uttered a tremendous growl, and father saw him coming. Quick as thought father threw down the torch and lay flat on his face. The bear rushed for the mouth of the cave, clawing viciously at father's head and body as he passed over him; but Shidler was ready for the brute, and when he showed himself at the hole, gave him an ounce of lead that settled him.

Father's wounds, though not serious, were bad enough to leave scars for the rest of his life. The bear weighed three hundred and ninety pounds.

VALUABLE DEPOSIT.

One of the most remarkable of all deposits of silver is at the Broken Hill mines in Australia. At that place the precious metal is found lying in an enormous lode.

It has been suggested by Mr. George Sutherland that this great deposit of silver was left by a large salt lake that has now disappeared, but traces of whose former existence are clearly to be seen.

According to this interesting theory, the salt lake was formed of imprisoned ocean water, a large quantity of which was caught in a basin between ranges of hills when Australia was lifted out of the sea. This water gradually leaked and was evaporated away, leaving deposits of the mineral and other matter that it had held in solution.

If this view is correct, the great store of silver at Broken Hill is a rich gift bestowed by the sea upon the land; but man has discovered the precious deposit, and seized it in his capacity of the lord of the earth.

THEIR FIRST-BORN.

The following little dialogue, borrowed from the New York *Weekly*, is of course the invention of some newspaper humorist, but it may serve to point a moral:

Young father—I am amazed, my dear, that you should think of giving the baby paregoric. Don't you know that paregoric is opium, and opium stunts the growth, enfeebles the constitution, weakens the brain, destroys the nerves, and produces rickets, marasmus, consumption, and everything else that is dreadful?

Young mother—Horrors! No, I never heard a word of it. I won't give the darling a drop—no, indeedy. But something must be done to stop its crying. Can't you carry him a while?

Young father (after an hour's walk up and down the room)—My dear, where is that bottle of paregoric?

DOROTHY'S MUSIC.

Mamma thinks Dorothy's musical taste needs to be cultivated. There was company at tea one evening, a little while ago, and afterward one of the ladies played on the piano. She plays very well, but Dorothy was not interested. Presently she said:

"Now I'm going to play something especially for Dorothy."

It was a very merry kind of tune, that made us all feel like laughing. When she finished, Dorothy clapped her hands and exclaimed:

"Oh my! Wasn't it lovely? Sounded just like a hand-organ!"

THREE EXCELLENT DOCTORS.

Some of the eminent physicians of Paris were assembled about the death-bed of Dumoulin, the most celebrated doctor of his day.

To their expressions of grief at the expected loss to the profession, the dying man answered:

"Gentlemen, I shall leave behind me three excellent doctors to supply my absence." Being pressed to name them, as each man expected to be included in the trio, he said, "*Water, Exercise and Diet.*"

"DON'T you know how to do it, dear?" asked a young husband, as they gazed solemnly at the turkey. "Yes," said she, "it's all quite clear, but it says 'First clean your turkey,' and I was wondering whether one should use toilet or regular scouring soap."—*Chicago News.*

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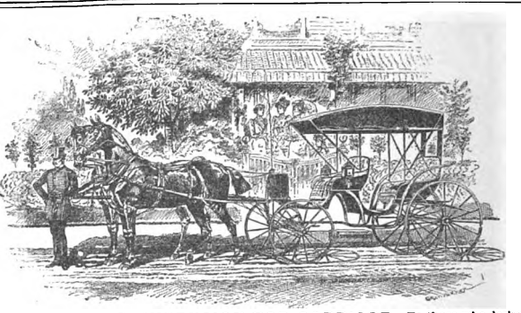


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For the Companion.

SHICK-SHACK.

In Two Chapters.—Chapter I.

A Pioneer and His Guests.

In one of the most beautiful districts of Central Illinois there stands a round-topped hill, or "bluff," called Shick-Shack Knob. This hill derived its name from a chief of the Pottawatomie tribe, well known to the early settlers, whose village once stood at its foot, or straggled up its slope.

The country had been the home of the Kaskaskias, the Kickapoos, the Pottawatomies, and other kindred tribes of the great Algonquin nation, and they were not completely dispossessed by the crowding whites until, in 1820, a government commission negotiated a treaty with the remaining remnant for the final cession of a large tract to which they still asserted a claim.

The most valuable part of this tract was known as the "Sangamo country;" and out of it eight or ten of the finest counties of Illinois have since been formed.

After this treaty the Indians slowly and reluctantly withdrew from the State; but as late as 1830 many still remained, and had become, after a fashion, civilized—the chief trouble they gave the whites being by their habit of begging.

Not many years after the opening of the Sangamo country to legal settlement, two pioneer families came from Kentucky together, and erected their cabins as near to each other as the location of their claims allowed. The price of government lands in the new country was a dollar and a quarter an acre; but small as was the price, few of the settlers who flocked to it possessed more than a hundred dollars in cash, and the early entries rarely exceeded the eighty acres which a hundred dollars would buy.

Every settler desired to obtain possession of as much as one hundred and sixty acres, or a "quarter section," and almost invariably did so as soon as his means made a further entry possible. It became from the first, therefore, a point of honor among the pioneers to respect the moral claim of each settler to the eighty acres of land on each side of the eighty which he had settled upon; and it was considered one of the most dishonorable acts of which one could be guilty to enter this land, unless the settler who had established this moral claim waived his right to it.

The two Kentuckians, whose names were Richard Monkton and Thomas Phipps, entered their eighty acres each on adjacent sections of the rich bottom-land of the Sangamon, at the foot of the bluffs, a few miles south of the river.

Immediately south of Monkton's claim rose Shick-Shack Knob, in the midst of an "eighty" which Monkton had determined to add to the land he already occupied.

He was an intelligent and industrious man, little over forty years of age, of a superior class, who had resolved to establish himself anew in life, under conditions more congenial than he found at home. He had established himself bravely in the new country; but a fever which attacked him two years after his settlement in Illinois had broken his health.

The Monktons had been in Illinois three years, when one evening in March, when the darkness had closed in early after a gloomy day of raw east wind and intermittent rain, the family sat about a crackling fire upon the hearth in their cabin. The room in which they sat was their kitchen and their sole living-room. Monkton, sitting before the fire in a cushioned chair, rested one leg upon a cushioned stool; for the cold east wind had brought his rheumatism sharply upon him.

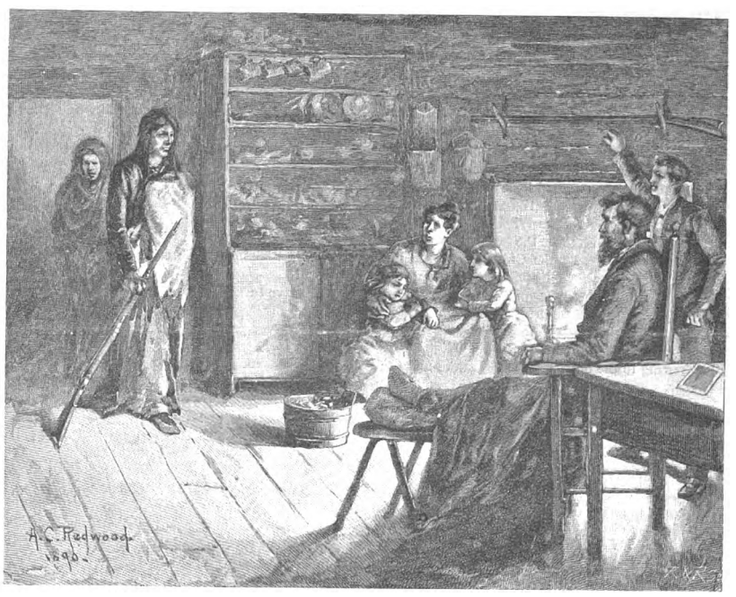
Near him sat his wife and her two little daughters, who were hard at work shelling corn for the mill; and a little beyond her sat their son Dick, seventeen years old.

Father and son were busy, each with a scrap of paper and a quill pen, upon a computation to determine how large a crib they should need to hold sixteen hundred bushels of corn.

"Eight feet wide, thirty feet long, ten feet high, and flaring a little will do, father, won't it?" Dick asked.

"Yes, I think it will. That is just about what I made it," answered Mr. Monkton. "That will certainly be large enough, more than enough, for all we can raise this year, even if we put the forty-acre piece of bluff land in corn, as we talked of doing. We shall surely be able to enter the south eighty by the time the crop is ready to gather."

"Has your Eastern friend made up his mind how much land he will enter, and where he will locate it?" asked Mrs. Monkton.



"Shick Shack asks Food and Shelter."

"I think not. He doesn't seem to be able to come to a conclusion, or he won't let me know it if he does. So far as I understand him, he sees none that suits him so well as my land. He seemed to have such a hankering after this particular quarter-section that I told him I'd waive my claim to the forty acres east of the bluff, on the south eighty."

"I would not have done that," said Mrs. Monkton, in a tone of strong disapproval.

She was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little woman, several years younger than her husband. Her alert way and positive tones were in contrast with her husband's appearance of illness and weariness.

"You are altogether too easy-tempered, Richard," she continued; "you have sacrificed your own interests to satisfy a mere whim of this stranger, who does not seem at all grateful for anything that is done for him. There is plenty of land as good as ours that he can have if he wants it. Why encourage him to crowd in almost up to our very back door? I don't think he would be a very desirable neighbor."

"Any neighbors are desirable in a country like this—particularly if the Indians should become troublesome, and Tom Phipps says there is danger of it."

"Tom Phipps has prophesied that the Indians would be upon the war-path every spring since we have been here. I'm not afraid of them. I'd like to see the Indians —"

She stopped abruptly, and the startled cry that she quickly uttered was echoed with greater alarm by the two little girls, who clung to her skirts regardless of the streams of corn which trickled from their laps as they did so.

The cabin door had been suddenly thrown open. With a dismal moan a blast of the raw outer air swept through the cabin; and with it entered a tall, dark figure, closely followed by a smaller one. The intruders moved with a noiseless step, and stood now in dead silence.

Dick Monkton had sprung to his feet at the sound of his mother's cry, and Mr. Monkton, despite his lameness, also essayed to rise.

"You 'fraid of me, Monkton?" said the voice of the foremost figure. "You don't know you friends?"

Monkton laughed. "Quiet the children, Rosa," he said. "Don't you see that you needn't be afraid? It is Shick-Shack."

Then in a sharper tone he said to the Indian: "Haven't you learned enough of the white man's ways yet, Shick-Shack, to know that it is uncivil to enter a house without knocking or asking permission? What do you want?"

"Shick-Shack asks food and shelter of his white brother," said the intruder. "He tired an' hungry, and his wife and her child cannot walk more. Give us food, and let us rest before your fire. When the sun comes we go out again, and go to our own wigwam."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Monkton, coming quickly forward. "Is that your wife? and has she a child with her? Come nearer the fire, woman, and sit down. You must be cold and wet. Why, this might kill the child. Take it out of the blanket, so that we can see it."

"Al-lu-lah no talk English," the Indian woman said. But she seemed to divine what had been said to her, for she took the chair her hostess offered, and unfolding the shapeless little bundle she had carried slung over her shoulders, revealed a wizen-faced baby seven or eight months old, whose eyes were preternaturally bright, even for an Indian baby.

Its quick, wheezing breath betrayed to the experienced matron who looked at it that it was not well. The first expression of amusement and curiosity changed to one of quick concern. She drew near, and laid her hand lightly on the babe's brow.

"It is sick now," she said. "It has fever. I will give you some warm, dry clothes to put on it."

The Indian woman looked up into her face, her own visage stolid and expressionless save for the black, bead-like eyes which, with the mute inquiry in their depths, seemed like those of a dumb animal.

Her husband said some words to her in their own language, and when the older little girl brought to her some garments for the child, she took them with evident gratitude, and began at once to put them upon the babe.

Mrs. Monkton, meanwhile, was setting out food upon a table at the opposite side of the room; and she brought milk in a pan to heat over the coals for the child.

After the three had eaten, and while the women concerned themselves with the sick child, managing in some way to make themselves intelligible to each other, Mr. Monkton and Dick, with less difficulty, sustained a conversation with their male guest. It was pleasant, there, to have even an Indian to talk to.

It had not been many years since Shick-Shack, in his village at the Knob, was master of all the country about. And yet his tribe had dwindled to insignificance even before that final cession of the Sangamo country which had taken from them all claim to the land. Shick-Shack of late years had separated himself entirely from his people, and had erected his solitary wigwam in squatter fashion upon a woodland tract about twenty miles south of his ancient home.

He had learned to speak English in the old Indian way; he had given no offence to his white neighbors, and had adopted so many of their ways and habits of life that he deserved the title of half-civilized. But he had never acquired habits of regular industry. The chief interests of his life were hunting, fishing, and trapping; and such cultivation of the soil as was necessary for the support of his family was done almost entirely by his wife.

He was now returning from a hunting excursion in pursuit of ducks and other wild fowl in the sloughs of the river-bottom. Following a custom unusual with Indians, he had taken his wife with him.

His trip had not been successful, he informed Mr. Monkton; and the cold and wet weather, and his baby's sickness, had compelled him to return to his home sooner than he had intended.

Having told this, it became his turn to question.

"More white man come to settle round here?" he asked. "Me see big wagon with squaw and many children down near creek."

"Yes," Mr. Monkton replied. "At least, I hope so. It is a man named English, hailing from the East, who is looking about here for a place to pitch his tent. I suppose he will enter land somewhere in this neighborhood. They have been here for a week or more, and Dick and I have done the honors of the country."

"He got much money? Buy much land?"

"Only an eighty, I reckon. I don't believe he has more than a hundred dollars."

"If him a Yankee, him take just what land he like; he mind nobody else," said the Indian.

"I don't suppose he will crowd any one else," Mr. Monkton replied, carelessly. "He is a decent Christian, I dare say, and the world hereabouts is big enough to allow us all plenty of elbow-room."

"He certainly can't help but feel friendly toward you, father," said Dick, "for you have done him a dozen good turns since he came among us ten days ago. You got this spell of rheumatism riding around with him to show him the country, and mother has doctored the whole family of children. They'd have almost shaken their teeth loose with the ague by this time, if it hadn't been for her bottle of bitters."

"That's what I made it for—to cure sick people," said Mrs. Monkton. Then she began to make arrangements to dispose of her guests for the night.

There was a second room in the cabin which contained the bed in which she and her husband slept, while a trundle-bed for the two little girls was pulled out from under it.

A broad bench, surmounted by a thick corn-husk mattress, in the larger room, was Dick's sleeping-place; but as his mother was bringing out all the extra bedding she owned to make up what was called "a field-bed" for her Indian guests, Dick said to her in a careless aside, "Give the squaw and her baby my cot; I'll take a blanket on the floor with Shick-Shack."

The Indian caught the remark, though uttered in a lowered tone; and though he said nothing, his eyes rested long and thoughtfully on the

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boy's face. The family retired. There was quiet two or three hours in the little home; but shortly after midnight Mrs. Monkton was awakened by the terrible cough of the Indian child choking with croup.

Shick-Shack and his wife were fully aware of the danger their baby's life was in; and the silent, hopeless grief of poor Al-lu-lah was pitiful to see. She was sitting on the edge of her couch with her babe clasped tightly to her bosom, rocking herself to and fro, murmuring to it in her own tongue words which it needed no interpreter to make intelligible to the other mother.

Shick-Shack with folded arms stood leaning against the wall, looking down silently and gloomily upon mother and child.

He looked up as Mrs. Monkton approached.

"Two other sons have we lost in the same way," he said, hoarsely. "There is no hope. The Great Spirit has called the child, and he must go."

"Maybe He has, and maybe He hasn't," said Mrs. Monkton. "We'll not give up hope so long as the poor little fellow breathes."

Dick had risen also. He had already started the fire, and was hanging the iron kettle on the crane over the blaze, knowing that hot water would be needed.

Soon the baby was lying in the bath Mrs. Monkton had prepared; a mustard poultice was applied to the chest and throat, and medicine given to clear the child's throat.

The helpless mother could only watch in voiceless anguish the vigorous treatment pursued by the experienced white woman. In a little time her anguish became transformed into an equally voiceless hope; the infant grew better as rapidly as it had grown worse.

By day-dawn the child rested on its mother's lap in a quiet sleep, the moist brow and easy breathing showing that the present attack was conquered.

"But you must not think of taking the child out of the house to-day, Shick-Shack," Mrs. Monkton said; "it will choke up again to-night sure, if you do. You will have to stay over with us another night. I don't suppose the delay in getting home will make any difference to you."

"Me stay; me thank you much. You good woman! Shick-Shack help you some day, maybe," the Indian replied.

Al-lu-lah took Mrs. Monkton's hand and pressed her cheek to it. When the hand was gently drawn away, there were tears upon it.

M. R. HOUSEKEEPER.

(To be continued.)

ANTICIPATION.

We feel the earth move sunward,
We join the great march onward,
And take by faith, while living,
Our freehold of thanksgiving.
—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

THE WHITE PINE HERALD.

It was the greatest snow blockade that the Sierra Nevada Mountains had known for years. The cañons and gorges were choked. In places the snow-sheds had collapsed. The mountain towns were practically buried.

White Pine, half-way up the eastern slope, shut out from the great world all around, was a little world by itself. So deep was the snow that of more than one small building only the chimney was visible.

The west-bound express train could fight its way no farther up the ascent, and was stalled at White Pine. Of the passengers, some were anxious and weary and impatient; a few were patiently indifferent, and others half-enjoyed the novelty. But there was one who felt himself, and apparently with good reason, the most miserable man in the mountains.

This was Mr. John Jarvis, the victim of a cruel, raging toothache. Nursing with his hand his bearded and swollen jaw, as he sat bent up in a seat removed as far as possible from the crowd who had gathered around the stove in the opposite end of the car, he seemed almost justified in growling like the traditional bear with the burnt nose.

After learning that there was no dentist at White Pine, he had tested in succession all that were practicable of the remedies suggested by sympathizing fellow-passengers. He found them all ineffectual, and had now reached the point of savage misery at which, as an irreverent young passenger put it, he was a very good man to let alone.

The car door behind Mr. Jarvis opened slowly, but he did not look round. Two little boys, a fat one and a thin one, stepped timidly in and closed the door softly behind them. An end of a bundle of newspapers, folded square, stuck out from under the faded shawl in which the fat little boy was wrapped. The thin little boy, who was almost extinguished in a man's worn coat, held a single paper in his hand. He gulped once or twice, as if frightened, and then stepped quickly forward.

"Mister," he said, with quavering bravery, shaking John Jarvis's arm to awaken him from his supposed nap, "want to buy a paper? Only five —"

Unluckily, he had shaken Mr. Jarvis's left arm. The left hand, which was pressed against the swollen cheek, gave the aching jaw a prod that brought the man suddenly to his feet with something like a roar.

"Ouch!" he cried. "What d'ye mean by —"

Then seeing, not some offensive fellow-passenger, but two strange little lads, fairly cowering before his sudden uprising, he added thunderingly:

"Get out of here!"

The tooth, in resentment of the prod, ached more cruelly than ever, and poor Mr. Jarvis did not pause to choose his words. The thin little boy dropped his paper in fright and shrank back against the fat little boy, who opened the door. Both of them ran out, forgetting for the moment to close the door behind them. John Jarvis doubled down in his seat with a groan.

A moment later the little boys bethought them of their manners, and one of them reached cautiously in and grasped the door-handle. If Jarvis had looked he might have seen tears in the lad's eyes.

"It's no use, Joe!" he heard the one outside say, in a pitifully discouraged tone.

"No," returned the other, dismally. "They don't want our papers! And, oh, Barbie will feel so —"

The door clicked as it shut.

Perhaps because his jaw ached less fiercely just then or, it may be, for some other reason, Jarvis scraped the frost from two square inches of the window beside him and looked out.

The thin little boy was rubbing his eyes with both hands as if to dash back the tears, as he trudged along a path through the drifts, followed by the fat little boy, who was the picture of melancholy. Mr. Jarvis saw what he had not seen before—that the fat boy wore a hat which was much too large for him, and which was evidently the discarded hat of a man.

Then Jarvis undoubled himself, walked out of the car, slammed the door behind him, and strode along the snowy path which the lads had followed. He was absent from the car a long time.

Presently a young passenger, bent on stretching his legs, walked the length of the car, and seeing the newspaper which the lad had dropped, picked it up and examined it. It was a small, badly-printed, poorly-composed little sheet, blurred and inky in places, very faint in others, and bearing the title, *The White Pine Weekly Herald*.

Under the heading was the legend, "Our motto: 'Hew to the Line, let the Chips fall where they may.'" Beneath this appeared the name of "Henry Rollins, Editor and Proprietor." The general appearance of the sheet would lead one to believe that the "editor and proprietor" had given more attention to something else—perhaps to hewing to the line—than to the make-up of his paper.

"Well," commented the young man, sarcastically, "this is the poorest apology for a newspaper I ever saw!"

Undoubtedly he told the truth.

John Jarvis strode along the path that wound for some distance through the settlement, and followed the little boys to the office of the *Weekly Herald*.

It was a house which contained but one room. This room was divided into two by means of a calico curtain. The smaller apartment was the publisher's sleeping-room, and the larger the kitchen, living-room, editorial-room, composing-room, and press-room. There was a small printing-press of half broken-down appearance; the type cases were few, and the "imposing-stone" was a plank mounted on a packing-box.

Mr. Jarvis found that the household, editorial, reporting, and mechanical forces consisted of but three persons—fat little Dan Rollins, thin little Joe, and their elder sister, Barbie, a slender, anxious-looking girl of, perhaps, fourteen.

When Jarvis entered, the lads regarded him with consternation; but he had a plausible excuse, though not the real one, for his intrusion.

"I've got an aching tooth," he said, "that sets me almost crazy. You haven't any liniment, or anything of that kind in the house, have you?"

It is indeed a poverty-stricken abiding-place that does not contain at least one bottle of medicament of some kind. Barbie quickly produced a vial of liquid intended to relieve rheumatism. Whether it was by reason of the virtue of this specific, or because the molar stopped aching of its own accord, no one can tell; but soon after the second application the pain diminished, and presently ceased.

Mr. John Jarvis uttered a prolonged "Um-ah!" of satisfaction, and fell to prying, with benevolent intention, into the affairs of the children.

There had been a time, soon after the founding of the settlement, when sanguine souls believed that White Pine was destined to become a great city. Then, Henry Rollins, as enthusiastic a man as any there, had established the *Herald*.

But prosperity did not come to him or to the town. With continual struggle the little family gained enough to eat and wear, and very little more. The patronage of the *Herald* was pitifully small.

All hands assisted in the struggle. The wife and mother alternated her household duties with working at the "case." Barbie learned to set type, and the boys helped in many little ways, to the best of their ability. Thus the Rollins family toiled on, hoping for the time when White Pine should grow and "boom;" when the patronage of the paper should increase, and prosperity be assured.

But the good time never came.

One bitter day the wife and mother, worn out by the work and strain, died. Then, finally, Henry Rollins was taken away by pneumonia, and the children were left alone.

He was hardly buried before the storm began which brought about the great snow blockade. No conference was required to tell the children what to do; there was nothing for them but to stay where they were and do what they could.

Soon after her father's death Barbie had written to his brother in Ohio, an uncle whom the children had never seen; but his reply, if he had replied at all, was kept back by the snow.

But the *Herald* must still be published. To the children's loyal minds the maintenance of the paper was a matter of great importance.

Barbie had clipped a few selections from exchanges which had arrived before the blockade, and had herself written three or four paragraphs on local subjects. All three had set the type as well as they were able, preserving all the eccentricities of grammar and spelling.

The trifling edition was "run off," and copies delivered to the few subscribers who could be reached.

The children had thought that they could sell a considerable number of papers on the snow-bound train. The passengers would want to read the news! And they needed the money so—even the scanty sum that half Dan's bundle would bring.

"But they didn't want the papers!" said Barbie, with quivering lip, to Mr. Jarvis.

"And there is only a little bit of bread left," said Joe, "and no meat —"

"I'm hungry!" quavered Dan.

"Sh-h-h, Dannie!" said Barbie. "We —"

"I'll sell those papers!" broke in John Jarvis, grasping the bundle, and rushing out of the house.

When Jarvis re-entered the car, the young passenger who had criticised the *White Pine Herald* was again scanning and ridiculing the smudgy paper, having nothing else to do.

"This is the poorest apology for a newspaper I ever saw!" he repeated. "Its perpetrator ought to be ashamed of —"

"This paper," said John Jarvis, sternly, as he strode toward the stove, "is splendid! And I'm selling it at five cents a copy!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the critic. "You turned newsboy?"

"No! I've turned human!"

The passengers looked at him in astonishment.

"Up here under the snow," said Jarvis, as if repeating a lesson, "are three children—a little, old-fashioned girl, a fat little boy, and a thin little boy; and they are publishing a paper, and I'm selling it. They've no father nor mother, and there's nothing to eat in the house."

The passengers were grave and interested now.

"Go on!" said the critical young man.

Jarvis told the story of the Rollins children and the *White Pine Herald*, and no one interrupted him.

"They had some liniment that stopped my aching tooth," concluded Jarvis, lamely. "And so I —"

"I'll take a copy!" said the critical young man. "I guess it is a pretty good paper, after all!"

Each person in the car bought a paper. Then Jarvis counted the few that remained, thrust them all into the car stove, and strode out. When he reached the *Herald* office the little pile of coins that he deposited on the table included the price of the papers he had burned.

"Hoo-*ee!*" cried little Joe. "They wanted 'em, after all!"

"Yes; they said it was a pretty good paper."

"And now we can have som'pin' to eat!" chirped Dan. "I can get to the store just as easy as not; the path is dug out first-rate." He put on the shawl and scudded away.

"I am glad they liked the papers," said Barbie, thankfully. "I tried so hard, but I was afraid —"

"Liked 'em?" interrupted Jarvis, heartily. "Of course they did!"

"Hoo-*ee!*" cackled Joe. "I'll bet you Dan brings som'pin' good—a can of oysters, mebby."

"I wish I had told him to be careful," said Barbie. "There isn't much money, and —"

"I say!" broke in Jarvis, suddenly. "Let's run a daily paper while the blockade hangs on!"

Barbie gasped with delight and doubt.

"Do you think they will want them?"

"Of course they will! You attend to this end, and I'll take care of the sales."

Little Joe whooped, and when Dan came in and was told of the project, he whooped, too, while Barbie smiled happily.

Sure enough, Dan, the prodigal, had brought a can of oysters, and crackers besides. They felt so rich that they invited Jarvis to share the meal, and he promptly accepted, though he pretended to eat much more than he did.

It was the pleasantest meal the Rollins children had known for many days. The canned oysters were so good, and the children were so full of the plan for the daily paper that they could hardly eat for talking, and hardly talk for eating.

Cautious Barbie, though very hopeful, had her doubts of the success of the plan; but Jarvis set them at rest by emphatic declarations to the contrary. When the meal was over he trudged back to the train. As he went he muttered:

"It's got to be successful! I haven't any more money than the law allows, but if they don't buy the papers, I will!"

When he told of the proposition to the passengers in his car, they were all in sympathy with it.

"I will help you sell them in the other cars," said the critical young man.

"And we will all contribute to the contents," said some one else.

The project was taken hold of with alacrity, and when the morrow's issue of the *Herald* appeared it was quite a literary, as well as financial, success. Mr. Jarvis had collected what news he could. The young man who had constituted himself Jarvis's assistant had gathered nearly a column of gossip about the blockade, and the opinions of the train men concerning it.

A young lady returning from boarding-school contributed some verses. A commercial traveller sent in a very funny story. A grave, reserved man, who had had not much to say, plodded to the station, and by paying what was necessary, and inducing the telegraph operator to "talk" over the line with other operators at a distance, obtained a few bits of news from the outside world—news which alone would have caused the papers to be bought eagerly.

He secured an item, too, about the attack that was being made on the blockade at either end.

It would hardly have been possible for the half-taught fingers of Barbie, Dan and Joe to set all the type, though they worked heroically. But among the passengers was a man who had been a printer; and he promptly went to the office and made the type click merrily.

John Jarvis, who had completely forgotten his toothache, undertook the manipulation of the press, and everything went off as smoothly as could be wished.

The *Herald* improved with every issue. Apart from their desire to assist the children, the passengers found recreation in aiding the paper. The amateur reporters raked and scraped items through the train till they were almost like so many news-hungry highwaymen, commanding their victims to stand and deliver at the point of the pencil. Every one was interested and enthusiastic; every one took his copy, paid his money, and was sure that he had received the worth of it.

Thus the days passed on. Meanwhile, the railroad company had been making a fierce fight to raise the blockade. Now and then a snow-shed, as if wearied at last beyond endurance, collapsed; or a great mass of snow and rock slid down a slope and greatly increased the task of clearing the track. But over the range to the westward the rotary plow, a huge affair with a great steel drum in front armed with knife-edged shovels, was cutting its way slowly and steadily through the frozen drifts, backed by four and sometimes six engines.

Upon the night previous to the raising of the blockade, John Jarvis and the quiet man who had paid for the telegrams held a conference.

"I don't see how those children will live after we are gone," Jarvis said, in the middle of it. "I haven't got much money, but I should like to buy out the paper."

"I will give half," said the quiet man. "Send me a copy of your first issue."

The passengers were as busy as bees during the following forenoon. Release was at hand. They hastened to make their last contributions to the *Daily Herald*, and its last issue was its best.

When the paper came out they read that Mr. John Jarvis had purchased it outright, and would take immediate charge. But while they were reading, the smoke of the rotary plow's six engines was sighted, and the *Herald* was forgotten.

Then presently the track was cleared to the westward; John Jarvis and the Rollins children were bidding their friends of the blockade good-by.

"Send me a copy of your first issue," said the quiet man to Jarvis, again.

The long-delayed train left White Pine, and went over the ridge and away.

Before the track was cleared, the over-due mail from the East was brought to White Pine, and in it was a letter from Henry Rollins's brother in Ohio, bidding the children come to him. He was comfortably situated, and promised them a warm welcome. But they could not have gone had it not been for the money that bought out the *Herald*—the money of John Jarvis and the quiet man.

Little time was required for preparation, the children were not burdened with possessions, and so by the time the drifts were cut through from the eastward Jarvis bundled them upon the train.

When Barbie and fat little Dan and thin little Joe had gone on their eastern way rejoicing, Mr. John Jarvis trudged up to the *Herald* office, muttering to himself:

"It's a dead loss! But what's the difference? No wife nor child to suffer by my foolishness. I'll only have to work a little harder for a few months to make up for it, and—well, what's the difference?"

The first and only edition of the *White Pine Herald* under the sole editorial charge of Mr. John Jarvis was issued next day. It did not take very long to set the small amount of type required, and just one paper was printed. Then

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John Jarvis boarded the west-bound train—holding his hand at his jaw, for the tooth had begun to ache again—and was seen at White Pine no more.

When the quiet man received the promised copy of the *Herald*, he read without comment John Jarvis's sole editorial utterance, as follows:

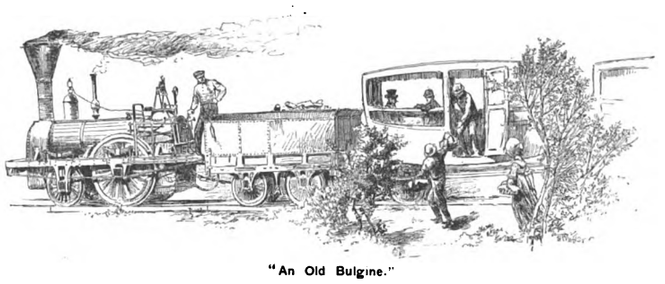
VaLiaDICTORY,
GONE UP THE SaONT!

TOM P. MORGAN.

For the Companion.

AN OLD-TIME LOCOMOTIVE.

While riding, not long ago, through the Maine wilderness in the cab of a locomotive on the Canadian Pacific Railway, I noticed that the machine seemed to be "working hard." I left the fireman's seat, and crossing over to the engineer, shouted into his ear the question: "How fast are we travelling?"



"An Old Bulgine."

Without taking his eyes from the steel rails, which seemed to be running beneath us like swift streams of metal, he answered, "Take your watch and time her. Thirty-five telegraph poles to the mile."

I took out my stop-watch, and began to count the poles as we flew past them.

Sometimes the number was thirty-six or thirty-seven to the minute; twice the total dropped to thirty-four in sixty seconds, and once we ran past forty while the hand made the circuit of the dial. To pass forty telegraph poles in one minute along that line is to go at the rate of sixty-eight and four-sevenths miles per hour. Yet I did not then marvel much, for the Canadians have a fine road, and are daring runners; and I knew of several engineers along the line of the Maine Central whose daily duty calls for a speed of sixty miles per hour on several favorable stretches of road.

Along this line President Harrison, on his way to Bar Harbor in 1889, was borne fifty-eight miles in fifty-seven minutes. In a jocular way the President remarked to the engineer, who was introduced to him, that on the return run he hoped the speed would be kept down to a mile a minute, in order that he might get a glimpse of Maine as he passed through it.

A few days after my Canadian Pacific ride I came, in the village of Oldtown, twelve miles above Bangor, upon a relic which caused me to recall the ride, and to marvel at the change which has taken place in railroads and locomotives within the recollection of men still engaged in active pursuits.

This relic was the driving-wheel of an old "bulgine," as the locomotive was then familiarly termed, which had been out of use nearly fifty years.

It was made of wood and resembled, in size and clumsiness, the old ox-cart wheel of early New England; and like that wheel, it had an iron tire which had evidently been put on hot, and was held fast by the contraction in cooling.

At a bank in Bangor, which bears the name of Mr. Veazie, who owned the second railroad in America, I learned the history of the old locomotive to which the wheel belonged. Here hung a photograph of the old "bulgine." I learned here, also, that the conductor who had run the old-time train was still at work, being now, without doubt, the oldest conductor in point of service in this country, if not in the world.

He now runs the "mail" upon the Bangor & Piscataquis Road, between Oldtown and Moosehead Lake. He is wonderfully well preserved, and gave me many and minute details of the operation of the ancient road.

This old road was eleven miles long. It was built to bring down to tide-water at Bangor the products of the lumber mills on the Penobscot in Oldtown.

At the outset of the enterprise there was, for those times, a wonderful "boom" in the stock. It sold at a premium of eighteen per cent. before the construction of the road had begun.

The road-bed was graded no better than the average New England county highway. Upon it were laid stringers of pine plank, to which were strapped iron rails twelve feet long, two and one-half inches wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick. They were more like iron straps than rails, and were held in position by spikes. The chief duty of the roadmaster was to walk over the line each day, looking for such of these spikes as had become loosened. In one hand he carried a hammer and upon his arm a basket filled with pine plugs. When he found a loose spike he drove it down, and then forced in beside it one of these pine plugs, to bind it more firmly.

The cars were built in England, and each was twelve feet long—the length of the rail. They were built after the old English pattern, with doors upon the sides; they were called "coaches," and were like them in appearance.

The engine rested upon four wheels, and had a tender to carry wood, also four-wheeled. To "make draught," the engine carried a pair of wooden bellows, like a blacksmith's. It was what is termed a "drop-hook" engine; that is, there was no "shut-off," and the engine could only run at full stroke.

The tender had a stage-coach brake, worked by the foot-power of the engineer; and there was no other brake attached to the train.

There was no cab. The engineer stood with one foot upon the machine, the other upon the tender; and when the rain and hail, or the blustering snows of winter, beat down upon him, he shielded his face with a pine shingle.

In the earliest engines the bell had hung upon the inside, attached to the bulkhead; but some American genius had suggested that its sound would be more clearly heard if it were placed upon the outside, and the suggestion had been adopted.

Upon the upper surface of the boiler was an escape pipe, and also a whistle which announced to the cows, which then ran at large in these parts, the coming of the monster. As the engine had a running capacity of twelve miles an hour on the level, it was needful that the cows should make some haste in getting out of the way.

The flues were of copper, and the total weight of the whole engine was so little that it was possible to set up the machine in England, at the works of Robert Stephenson, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and to send it across the Atlantic under the deck of one of the Black Ball Line packet ships.

The average speed attained on this ancient railroad was about the same as that of a gentleman's roadster, or nine miles an hour. In some places one could throw down a hat, jump off, pick it up and easily catch the cars again. But on down-grades tradition records that a speed of fifteen miles an hour was sometimes made. The prophecy was even heard that twenty-five miles an hour would be reached in the future, though many persons doubted this.

Farmers, berry-pickers and girls with butter and eggs stationed themselves along the up-grades, and passed their wares to the conductor, who sold the articles in Bangor, and gave back the receipts on the return trip.

When the passenger traffic was large, that is to say, when there were a dozen extra "riders," the effect of this unusual weight was visible upon the machine. Especially was this true when frost or dew were upon the rails. Under such circumstances the train often "stuck." Then the passengers got out and pushed until the machine could draw the cars without their aid.

When in the yard, or when upon a down-grade, or before going down one, it was desired to brake the train, a stick of cord-wood was inserted between the wooden spokes of the wheels. When the stick was brought up against the cars, the wheels, of course, ceased to revolve, and slid along the rails.

There were many actual dangers upon the rails then. Once a belligerent cow locked horns with the driving-wheel, and thus overturned the machine. A broken gauge-cock allowed the steam to escape, scalding one passenger to death. Sometimes, after the roadmaster had been over the line, the strap iron rail, which had a tendency to curl, would pull a spike, and then the end of this rail, catching the bottom of the cars after the locomotive had passed over, broke through with a crash, throwing the train off the track and causing a panic.

Two trips—forty-four miles—were run daily. There were no baggage cars or checks; passengers loaded and unloaded their own "luggage." The regular fare was five cents per mile, but if one rode in the forward car there was a reduction of one cent and one-quarter per mile.

Lumbermen, river drivers and others who smoked, took this car, and later it became known as the "T. D.," after a famous make of clay pipes then, as now, in common use.

The road, in spite of early hopes, did not pay its running expenses, and later came into possession of the City Bank of Boston. Traffic was interrupted, and afterward resumed with varying success.

Upon the completion of the International line into the Province of New Brunswick, known as the European & North American Railway, which was opened by President Grant, the rails were taken up, and the old and long-disused "bulgine" was sold and broken up. The cows now graze undisturbed where once the odd machine puffed through the tangled wilds.

Conductor Nathan Swan began his business life upon this road as watchman. He soon rose to the position of conductor.

In all the years which have elapsed, he has seldom been missing from his train, and now has a daily run of about one hundred and eighty miles.

Looking back over his railroad experience, he says that the development within that period leads him to believe nearly all things possible in the future, in that wonderful piece of mechanism, the American locomotive. R. H. STANLEY.

For the Companion.

THE INDIAN PIPE.

By the Right Rev. W. H. Hare, Bishop of South Dakota.

One of my first journeys in the Indian country, seventeen years ago, brought me to a band of Sioux,—or as they always call themselves, Dakotas,—known as the Minneconjou. They were living west of the Missouri River, not many miles above Fort Sully. I refer to this visit because, in the interview which followed, the Indian pipe figured quite strikingly.

Every one knows how prominent a part the pipe has played in all the intercourse of the Indians with each other and with the whites, as the emblem of peace and friendship; but all are not, perhaps, as familiar with the fact that the pipe has an important place in the religious acts and ceremonies of the Indians.

I touch upon the religion of the Indians with some diffidence, because I think nothing is more difficult for us to get at than the religion of another race, especially if it be a barbarous people. They have no books in which we may find their religion recorded, and no creed in which we may study it arranged in orderly and permanent form; and, besides, our minds work somewhat differently.

It is very likely, therefore, that as yet we are far from understanding exactly how the Indian thinks in matters of religion; but this much is certain, that his conception of powers invisible and mysterious, however distorted or hazy, is very powerful, and makes a deep impression upon his feelings and his acts.

Colonel Dodge tells us that in 1868, when Forsyth's little band, buried in their rifle-pits, were holding at bay an overwhelming force of Indians, a Cheyenne who had prepared himself by religious ceremonies, confident in their efficacy to protect him against any power or missile, dashed alone almost into the lines of the whites. He was shot and killed.



The Indian's Pipe.

The Sioux uprising of 1890 partook very largely of a religious nature. For some months the Indians had been gathering together, at points removed as much as possible from observation and interference, and there, by harangues and songs and dances, worked themselves into a frenzy of excitement.

Old heathen ideas had been invigorated with snatches of Christian truth. They taught that the Son of God would presently appear as the avenger of the cause of the wild Indian; the earth would shiver; a great wave of new earth would overspread the present face of the world, and bury all the whites and all Indians who imitate their ways; while the real Indians would find themselves on the surface of the new earth, basking in the light.

The old ways would all be restored in primitive vigor and glory, and the buffalo, antelope and deer would return.

The devotees of these ideas dressed in their exercises in special garb—a shirt made of calico and worn like a blouse called by them "the holy" or "mysterious shirt," being its chief feature—and amid harangues from their leaders and songs in which they cried, "The buffalo are coming!" the people formed rings by joining hands, and whirled themselves round and round in wild dances until they fell to the ground unconscious.

They were then said to be dead. Their leaders promised that while in this state they would be transported to the spirit world and would see their friends who had died, and the Son of God; and accordingly, when they recovered consciousness, they told of the strange visions they had enjoyed.

Their confidence in the efficacy of their new-found faith and its tokens or insignia to protect them was complete. Hence, when the military were summoned to the Indian Agencies, their appearance did not dampen zeal, but fanned the flames. Why should they fear who wore the bullet-proof sacred shirt?

When Colonel Forsyth's cavalry overtook Big Foot's band and endeavored to take from them their arms after their surrender, the commanding officer's forbearance and coolness availed nothing. The medicine man addressed words of prayer to the father,—so they call the expected Messiah,—then shouted, "No bullets will hurt you!" and stooping down, threw dirt into the air or towards the soldiers.

Instantly, although two pieces of artillery were trained upon them, and the soldiers who surrounded them outnumbered the Indian warriors three or four times, they fell upon the troops with savage fury, and often continued fighting even when wounded and dying.

It was pitiable to see one of them when the illusion was exposed. When one of the women, wounded in the fight, was approached as she lay in the church and told by Miss Goodale she must let them remove her ghost-dance shirt in order the better to get at her wound, she replied, "Yes, take it off. They told me a bullet would not go through. Now I don't want it any more."

Religious feeling, like electricity, is a tremendous force, and may be destructive; but electricity, when intelligently directed, is highly beneficial. It lights our cities and pulls our cars.

So it is with religion. In its intelligent Christian form it has proved a wonderful help and solace to our Christian Indians. This craze has not taken hold of them. The heathen have been the victims of the infatuation.

But now for a few words about the Indian pipe. The mouth-piece is very small, and in smoking is inserted only just within the lips, quite delicately. Indians never hold the pipe by grasping it with their teeth or lips.

The stem of the pipe is usually from eighteen to thirty inches long, made of wood, decorated near the mouth-piece with bright-colored down from a duck's head or neck, and covered throughout its length with brass-headed tacks, ribbons and porcupine-quill work, with a scalp-lock or horse's tail flying loose from some part of it.

The bowl of the pipe is made of a reddish stone, which is in its texture and feeling somewhat like soapstone, such as pencils are made of, but harder, capable of a high polish, and very heavy.

Though this pipestone is found only in one part of our country, in a quarry in southwestern Minnesota near the South Dakota line, about fifty miles from Sioux Falls, it has been carried from tribe to tribe all over the United States; and pipes made of it are dug up sometimes which evidently belong to prehistoric times.

The Indians have a curious legend about the pipestone. It runs as follows: A large party of Dakotas had gathered together at the quarry to dig the stone. Upon a sultry evening, just before sunset, the heavens suddenly became overclouded, accompanied by heavy, rumbling thunder and every sign of an approaching storm, such as frequently arises on the prairie without much warning.

Each one hurried to his lodge, expecting a storm, when a vivid flash of lightning, followed immediately by a crashing peal of thunder, broke over them. Looking towards the huge boulder beyond their camp, they saw a pillar or column of smoke standing upon it, which moved to and fro. Gradually the smoke settled down into the outline of a huge giant seated upon the boulder, with

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one long arm extended to heaven and the other pointing down to his feet. Peal after peal of thunder and flashes of lightning in quick succession followed, and this figure then suddenly disappeared.

The next morning the Sioux went to this boulder, and found the figures of lizards, snakes, otters, rabbits with cloven feet, muskrats with human feet, and other strange and incomprehensible things and images upon it, where before there had been nothing; and ever since that place has been regarded as *wakan* (pronounced waukawn) or mysterious.

The use of the pipe in acts of religion is very common among the Dakotas. In employing it for this purpose the pipe is pointed toward the sky or toward the four winds: "First," says the late Lieutenant Clark, "to the southwest—the place where ponies come from; second, to the southeast—the place where there are many people; third and fourth—to the northeast and northwest, whence come deep snows and buffalo."

Lieutenant Clark reports that Running Antelope, a chief of the Oncpapa Sioux, explained that the Indians, in pointing the pipestem towards heaven and to the four winds, meant to pray thus: "To the Great Spirit: Give me plenty of ponies, plenty of meat; let me live in peace and comfort with my wife, and stay long with my children. To the earth, my grandmother: Let me live long; hold me good and strong. When I go to war, give me many ponies, and let me count many 'coups.' In peace let not anger enter my heart."

Now let me conclude with the story of my visit to the Minneconjou Sioux, with a reference to which I began.

The chief of the tribe received me cautiously, but courteously, seating me in the place of honor opposite the entrance. The tepee or tent was made, not as has been the custom more lately, of tent-cloth, but of buffalo hide, adorned on the outside with grotesque figures in red. It was conical in shape, and supported by poles and would accommodate from twenty to thirty persons. A few sticks burned in the middle, and the chief and headmen of the tribe sat around the fire. My talk seemed to make slight impression. The chief occupied himself, with an air of nonchalance, in picking up beads and stringing them on a piece of tendon.

As I talked on, however, an Indian motioned to another near by to lend him his pipe. Tobacco-pouch and pipe were produced, and the owner, having filled the bowl, handed the stem to his companion and touched a live coal to the tobacco.

It was a pretty piece of good-fellowship. The second Indian took a puff or two, and as the smoke was wafted by the heat of the fire toward the sky, lifted the pipe, pointing it toward heaven, and simply but reverently said, "I smoke to God."

This evidence of religious feeling helped me somewhat as "Amen, amen," in a congregation sometimes helps a preacher, and recovering my hopefulness, I said, "Well, we want to do you good. That is what I have come for."

This remark broke the stolidity of the chief, and called out the reply, "All the white men that ever came before you said they had come to do us good; but they stole our goods and abused our women, and how are we to know you are any different?"

This was carrying the war into Africa with a vengeance; but I replied, "Well, you must watch and see how we live," and soon after I bade them good-by.

I gave up my effort as lost, for years passed and nothing seemed to come of it; but last October, after seventeen years, that chief appeared at a convocation of Christian Indians at which I presided, and made a request that the "White-robes"—so they call the Episcopal Church from the surplice which its ministers wear—would begin a mission among his people.

THE FASHION.

Marie Antoinette, history tells us, one day noticed on her toilette table some peacock feathers which had been placed there accidentally, being designed to decorate some fancy work.

She stuck one of the feathers in her hair. Being pleased with the effect she added another, and then called for some ostrich feathers. The next day she appeared in court with a beautiful headdress of feathers, a fashion which immediately spread throughout France and Europe, and which is followed in dress circles down to the present day.

Don John of Austria, the son of Charles the Fifth, and the fascinating young hero of Lepanto, had a patch of hair on one side of his head which grew upright, and to conceal this peculiarity he used to comb all his hair back from his forehead.

When he went as governor to the Low Countries, all the people of fashion imitated the mode, and from them it has descended to our own day.

Dionysius was extremely short-sighted; and his flatterers, Montaigne tells us, "ran against one another in his presence, and stumbled at or overturned whatever was under foot, to show that they were as purblind as their sovereign."

Thus in olden times, as well as now, did a few persons set the fashion. Does Worth or Felix advise trained skirts for the street, straightway we abandon our comfort and our common-sense, and sweep the crossings behind us.

Johnny Lenox, who is fifteen years old, discards the boyish knickerbockers and long stockings, and appears in his first pair of long trousers. Although knee-breeches are the most appropriate article of wear for a boy who is playing base-ball or football, who runs and jumps and rides a bicycle, every boy of John's age in his school must have long trousers at once.

Yet it is idle to rail at fashion. Human nature will not be changed by all the ridicule that can be heaped upon the absurdities of fashion. Even the silliness of awkward gait and uncouth speech, supposed to be English, survives the assault of sarcasm.

It is well to follow the fashion when the fashion is reasonable; when it is grotesque or otherwise objectionable to reject it is honorable. But it will be the fashion, still.

For the Companion.

Mechanical Trades as a Means of Livelihood.

The Printing Trade.

What it Offers to Boys and Girls.

Formerly a printer who was master of his business was supposed to be intimately acquainted with all branches of it. There were men who were thus qualified, but they were comparatively few in number. To-day important printing establishments are divided into departments, with a man of intelligence, versed in the work to be done, at the head of each. Bright boys will find these positions worth competing for.



THE COMPOSITION ROOM.

The leading position in the Printing Trade is occupied by the great printing firms that make a feature of book and magazine work. Many of them also do general job printing. They combine in their establishments the departments included in typesetting, electrotyping and press work.

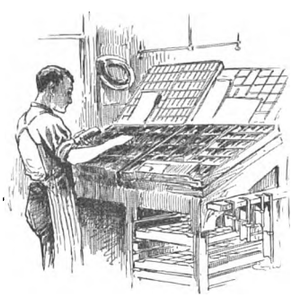
Next in grade come the large mercantile printers who do job work ranging from a visiting-card to a poster, and also print pamphlets, magazines and weekly newspapers.

Job printers, who devote their entire energies to specialties for business houses, railroad companies, theatrical managers, etc., are very numerous.

The daily newspaper office is divided into departments on the same principle as the great book establishment. In these offices typesetting, stereotyping and press work are done.

Typesetting.

In the large establishments where book, magazine and general job printing are done, there are usually two departments of typesetting, one for plain work, like that seen in an ordinary book



SETTING TYPE.

page, and the other for job work, such as business-cards, handbills, street posters, and all other printed matter composed of fancy types.

The department of plain typesetting is in charge of a foreman. The rate of wages for men of his class runs from $25.00 to $30.00 per week. Men doing plain typesetting, in nine or ten hours, working by the piece, earn from $10.00 to $15.00 per week. Women working by the piece in the same length of time earn from $8.00 to $14.00 per week.

Boys in such establishments are taken as learners between the ages of fourteen and seventeen years, and are not fully competent until they have served about five years. Wages to boys vary from $3.00 to $5.00 per week. In most cases the wages are increased according to the industry and skill shown by the boy, until they reach the prices that are paid to journeymen.

Girls are not usually taken to learn typesetting until they are from seventeen years to eighteen years of age. During the first five or six weeks they often receive no wages. In some offices the woman who instructs the girl receives the proceeds of her labor during the time mentioned. The girls learn only typesetting, and after a short time are given piece work. In six months girls can earn from $3.00 to $5.00 per week.

In the job printing department of the book and general job printing establishment, the foreman's wages run from $25.00 to $30.00 per week. Journeymen earn from $12.00 to $18.00 per week. The training of the boy is here about the same as it is in the plain typesetting department. As a rule females are not engaged in the job printing department.

The rates of wages I give throughout this article are to be understood as referring to Boston and vicinity, and may vary a little from those of the other chief cities of the United States. Boys learning the trade of compositor or job printer are subject to about the same conditions in nearly all the large mercantile printing houses. If intelligent and steady they can progress rapidly.

The proof-readers employed by book and general job printers are men and women of intelligence and technical education, who are paid according to experience and merit, from $10.00 to $25.00 per week. Some of them are practical printers.

Electrotyping.

Some of the great book and general job printing houses have a department for electrotyping, with a foreman, journeymen and boy learners.

The "form," or iron frame containing the type that is ready for printing, is given to the electrotyper, who makes a wax mold from it. This mold, after undergoing a preparatory process, is placed in a depositing tank opposite a sheet of copper. By means of electricity, sufficient copper will be deposited upon the wax to form a shell, and this is made solid and permanent by pouring fused metal upon it. This plate, when blocked on wood or metal, is ready for the printer.



ELECTROTYPING.

There are two divisions in the electrotyping department. In the great book and general job printing houses foremen receive from $25.00 to $30.00 per week; journeymen molders and journeymen finishers from $18.00 to $24.00 per week. Boys between fifteen years and seventeen years of age are taken as learners in each division. Wages begin at from $3.00 to $4.00 per week, and are advanced by degrees to those of journeymen. It takes about five years to attain proficiency in molding or finishing.

Electrotyping, like the other branches of the printing trade, is carried on as a business by itself, in which work is done for job printers who have no electrotyping departments. In such business a foreman has charge of the molding department, and there is also a foreman in the finishing department.

The wages of each are from $25.00 to $35.00 per week. Molders are paid from $20.00 to $24.00 per week, and finishers about the same.

In the molding department there are men who devote all their attention to certain branches, such as blackleading, battery work and backing up. Their pay runs from about $12.00 to $16.00 a week.

Boys in this business begin the course of training between the ages of sixteen and eighteen years, and serve from three to five years. During the first year they are paid from $4.00 to $6.00 per week, with an increased rate every six months until they reach the pay of journeymen.

The bright boy in this business can reach proficiency in the higher grade in a few years, and become so valuable that he can hold his place even in dull times, when the workman of less skill is suspended.



PROOF-READING.

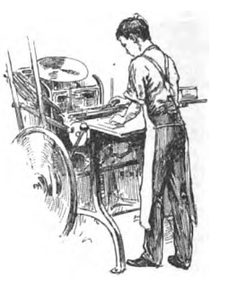
Press Work.

The department in the book and general job printing house devoted to press work in some respects is the most important branch of the trade. The wages of foremen are from $20.00 to $30.00 a week. Journeymen's wages range from $15.00 to $22.00 per week.

Boy learners are taken between the ages of fifteen and seventeen years and should give four or five years to learning the business. Their wages are from $3.00 to $5.00 per week. The wages are increased in the book and general job offices according to merit until boys are able to take charge of the presses.

Some of the leading book houses have two grades of press work. The coarser is all from plain type, and the finer includes engravings. The most promising boys at the coarse work are promoted to the press room where fine work only is done.

The firms making a special feature of coarse and fine press work for the trade pay their boys about $4.00 per week to begin, and increase this rate to $9.00 or $10.00 per week. Boys who feed job presses earn from $6.00 to $8.00 per week. They are encouraged to persevere, and advanced to journeymen's wages when competent, and when there are vacancies for pressmen.



A SMALL JOB PRESS.

Girls employed as feeders in some of the book and job printing establishments are paid about $7.00 per week.

The Daily Newspaper Office.

In the typesetting departments of daily newspapers, foremen's wages range from $30.00 to $50.00 per week. Assistant foremen receive from $25.00 to $32.00 per week.



Journeymen on morning papers earn from $20.00 to $30.00 per week, and on afternoon papers from $15.00 to $25.00 per week.

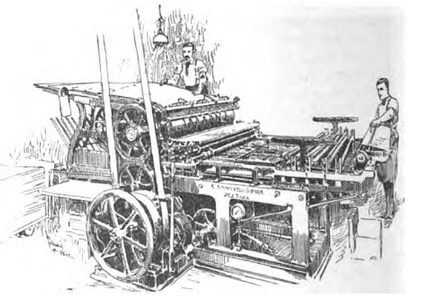
Boys taken as learners must be between the ages of sixteen and seventeen years for day or night work, but in most of the Boston offices they do day work only. According to the rule of the printers' union, a boy may go to journey-work after four years' service.

The pay of a boy runs from $3.00 to $5.00 per week, and the rate of increase from $1.00 to $2.00 per week per year. Each office has its own arrangement for learners.

Girl learners are not taken in newspaper offices, but women who are competent compositors have situations in some of the afternoon papers. They are paid the same rates as men, and earn from $15.00 to $20.00 per week.

Proof-readers for the morning papers are paid from $18.00 to $30.00 per week.

In the stereotyping department of the daily newspaper in Boston the men are paid from $3.50 to $4.00 per day. Foremen are paid from $5.00 to $6.00 per day. Learners are taken into the stereotyping department between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one years. In four years they are considered journeymen.



THE LARGE CYLINDER PRINTING-PRESS.

Foremen in the press department of the daily newspaper are paid from $30.00 to $60.00 per week, and assistant foremen from $20.00 to $40.00 per week. Journeymen's wages vary from $16.00 to $21.00 per week.

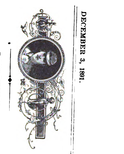
Where boys are taken as learners they begin at from fifteen to sixteen years of age, and receive wages at the rate of about $5.00 per week. It takes four years to qualify a boy to take charge of a press, and he does not reach the highest rate of pay for journeymen until he has served a term of five years. In four years he works up to from $10.00 to $12.00 per week.

The departments of printing are not overcrowded with competent workmen. There is plenty of room for intelligent, fairly well-educated boys who enter this business with the view of advancing to the most lucrative positions.

In this trade, as in most others, there are a majority of inefficient, incompetent men who have foolishly only half-learned their business. These make the transient, shifting class, who seldom remain long in any one office. But men who are steady and intelligent, and who thoroughly understand their trade, are in demand, and can always find permanent and satisfactory positions.

GEORGE HENRY BASSETT.

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LIFE AMONG THE HIGHLAND PEASANTRY.

By the Author of "A Girl's Thanks-Life."



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told among the Cree and other Indians in the American Northwest, where great elks, big beavers and fairies have been seen by mortal eyes that vouch for their existence.

These tales, whether of beasts or of men, never give any dates for the occurrence of the events they relate. It is always, "When so and so was," or "Once upon a time." They are probably often told now among the Highlanders who have gone to Cape Breton and other places in America, where the original settlers have not become mixed with others or disturbed, and have not wandered westward. It is odd to think that many of these narratives may have entertained our common Aryan ancestors in the heart of Asia, and have been brought by them across all Europe in their wanderings, as they moved ever onward and sunward, following the track of the great orb of light which their ancestors used to worship.

Indeed, there is still a great deal of sun-worship in many of the customs of peasants, as well as of peers, in the Old World. The rich man makes the wine circulate among his guests from left to right—sunwise; and the Highland peasant, when he takes to his boat for a voyage or for a fishing expedition, used until quite lately to turn his boat three times round with the sun before starting. He does it still, in some remote parts; and in the same way, when a corpse was taken for burial to a church, the mourners walked sunwise three times round the church in procession.

It was supposed to be good for the success of the voyage to pay the tribute to the sun god. It was supposed to be good for the soul of the departed, that his body should be taken with the sun three times round his place of sepulture.

The Christian church took the old heathen forms, and adapted the habits of the people to embrace the new religion, and to render unto God the things that were the idols'.

But better usages there were also. Here are old prayers on embarking:

The steersman—"Let us bless our ship."

The answer, by all the crew—"God the Father bless her."

Steersman—"What do you fear since God the Father is with you?"

Answer—"We do not fear anything."

Steersman—"What do you fear since God the Son is with you?"

Answer—"We do not fear anything."

"Be the Three in One with us day and night. On the crested wave, when waves run high, O mother, Mary, be to us nigh."

A pretty song, in speaking of the mountain sheilings says: "A lovely summer sheiling with one tree; behind the wind, in front of the sun, where we could see all the world, but where no man could see us!"

The belief in the evil eye is so strong that I have known a woman in very good circumstances, and having a good house, to implore a friend of hers who had often been hospitably received by her as he passed her house, to enter it no more, and if possible to pass another way, as she was sure he must have the evil eye. Some horse or cow or hen had died each time he had honored her by a visit.

Not long since, in one of the islands a woman brought an action for libel against another woman, because she had been told that her "gossip" had declared she had seen her changed into a hare. Yes, she had seen her become a hare, and run away from her across a field! The magistrate before whom the case was brought, found that the belief that such things were possible was so universal in the neighborhood where the women lived, that the person against whom the accusation had been brought was quite right in thinking she was damaged by it, and money as compensation was paid to her accordingly.

I have been given a flint arrow-head by a person who declared it had been shot at him by the fairies, and that it was quite hot when he picked it up!

Witches used to be feared and consulted in the Island of Mull within my memory; and once I paid a visit to the last of the ladies who was reputed to have the talent of prophecy, and to my relief got from her only the good wish, "The back of the wave to you;" for I was going on a voyage, and this was her picturesque expression of the desire that I might have a fair wind.

It is remarkable how many vestiges of heathen habits linger in some of the popular customs. It is owing to the action of many clergymen who traced too surely the origin of some of these habits that they are dying out in the Highlands, and the spread of education and the movement of the people, both of migration and emigration, are changing others.

I do not know whether an amusement is widespread which used to be in favor in my parish. On a certain night all the old bachelors' gardens were visited by the damsels, who in the darkness pulled up the cabbages. If a full-leaved cabbage was pulled, good luck would, it was believed, attend the "lifter." If the cabbage were only a poor stump of a plant, the plucker would remain in single blessedness all her days.

Sometimes and in some places, notably Aberdeenshire, the game is in this wise: The kail are picked blindfolded or in the dark, or maybe even in the day, and the one that brings most earth up with the roots will get the richest marriage. The cabbages are taken and are hung over the doorway, and the man that first enters, be he fair or dark, gives warning to the lady that her future husband will be fair or dark-complexioned.

Very common on November nights, too, is the habit of burning the hazelnuts. A young man and a young woman place two nuts close together at the fire. Each nut represents the fate of the depositor. When the nuts jump away from each other as they sometimes will, it betokens quarrelling. When the nuts remain and burn amicably together, it prophesies happiness; and the nut that burns away soonest denotes the life that will be the first to end.

Much of the picturesqueness of the old life is gone, but much yet remains, especially where along the western coasts of rock and island, and sleeping fiord and sound, the herring boats lift to the summer sun, and moving the countless banners of their brown sails, and like dark-winged butterflies float seaward to spread or gather in their nets.

Through long centuries repeated,
Live the legends told in Erse;
But a change comes swift or slowly;
Fades the language, and defeated,
Flies the faith once counted holy,
Old World ways and oral verse.
Not from men of note or learning
May we gather now these tales,
But beneath the cotter's rafter,
Or where smithy sparks are burning,
Or at sea, when hushed the laughter
Of the breeze on hull and sails.

For the Companion.

LE PARAPLUIE.

A March and Drill.

Action songs, manual exercises and marches with musical accompaniment are becoming more and more a means of educating young folks in singing, graceful movements, memory, elocution, color and art.

"Le Parapluie" is a march and drill combined, arranged for sixteen girls, who ought to be near the same height, erect, able to walk firmly and gracefully, and to keep good time. A leader to direct the rehearsals and give all needed instruction should be added to the number.

This exercise is intended for school or holiday festivals, and directions are here given for its presentation in elaborate form as an entertainment for friends, or before an audience. Yet the movements of the march and drill can well be utilized for daily practice in schools, as a pleasant and interesting means of temporary diversion during study hours. In schools parasols of ordinary cambric may be used.

The evolutions of the drill, in order to be effective, must be performed without rigidity of movement—the arms and body bending and swaying easily and naturally. The movements must be executed simultaneously.

In the march the same rules apply to the keeping of step, not the slightest deviation from strictest time being allowed. In order to do this perfectly, the performers must count the time both for the manual movements and the march. As a rule when marching the different changes occur on the seventeenth step; in the drill on the ninth count.

Parasols of medium size, either Japanese, or other parasols covered with bright-colored fabrics, are used throughout the exercise.

Costumes, whether uniform in style or not, should vary in color to match the colors of parasols. Blouse waists, peasant jackets, plain full skirts, low shoes, stockings to match color of parasols, velvet capotes to match jackets, make pretty costumes. Red, pink, blue, yellow, lemon-color and white should predominate.

Decorations for the room may be more or less elaborate, as desired. A large umbrella-shaped frame which any carpenter can easily construct, covered with bright red cambric, lined with blue or pink, then decorated with festoons of flowers,—paper flowers are best, as they do not wilt,—should be suspended by strong cords from the ceiling above the centre of the space assigned for the march and drill.

The covering of this umbrella frame may be neatly done, thus: Ascertain the exact dimensions of one section of the frame, then cut the required number of duplicate pieces and stitch them together. The lining is prettier to tack the cambric plain at the edge of the frame, then fasten it in folds at the centre. If possible there should be an opening at the apex of the umbrella, so that a hanging lamp may depend underneath its arch to bring out the desired brilliant effects.

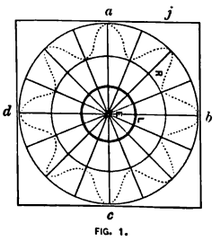


FIG. 1.

The walls of the room, chandeliers, etc., may be decorated with flowers and Japanesque designs made out of bright-colored tissue paper and buntings. The space on the floor allowed for the drill and march ought not to be less than twenty feet square.

Musical selections, simple in form yet of brilliant style, 4-4 time, with marked accent, should lead the performers. Much depends on the pianist or leader of orchestra that the time be uniform and the signals given at the right moment. Lacking music the leader must count the time.

March.

Girls enter room at *j* marching single file, the leader walking at left of first girl; parasols spread and held over right shoulders.

1. March three times around circle a-b-c-d.

2. March a-e-c. At *c* odd numbers—1, 3, 5, 7 to 15 inclusive—turn to right, marching c-d-a; even numbers—2, 4, 6 to 16 inclusive—c-b-a. At *a* numbers 1 and 2, 3 and 4, to 15 and 16 inclusive, join to march by twos a-e-c-d-a-b-c-a. At *a* first two march a-b-c, second two a-d-c; meeting at *c* first and second twos join to march by fours, followed by those remaining by fours. Fours march c-a-b-c-d-a-e. At *e* first two march e-d-a; second two e-b-a followed by others. At *a* second two fall in line behind first two, fourth behind third, etc. March a-e-c-d-a-b-c. At *c* even numbers fall in line behind odds, thus forming single file. March c-e-a-b-e-d-c-b-a-d-c, stopping at the points where the dotted lines touch the outer circle, girl No. 1 standing at *c*.

3. All march by straight lines towards *e*. Form circle *l*, which ought to define the outer edge of the hanging parasol. With parasols upon right shoulder march to right three times around circle. Right about. (Rest full weight upon heels and turn to right one-half around.) Repeat. Return to place in outer circle.

4. With parasols over left shoulder follow serpentine path indicated by dotted line past points c-d-a-b-c. Right about. Parasols over right shoulder. March past points c-b-a-d-c.

5. March single file to *e*. At *e* odd numbers march e-b-a; even numbers e-d-a. At *a* join to march by twos e-c-d-a. On line a-e first two stop near *a*, turn face to face at sufficient distance apart to permit second two to pass between first two and take places in same way until the eighth two stand face to face on line a-e-c, at equidistant points. First two march between other twos along line a-e-c, second two and others in turn following after. March by twos c-d-a. Repeat this from beginning of order 5.

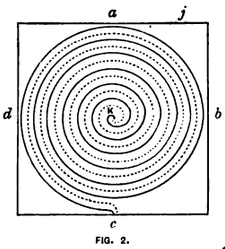


FIG. 2.

6. First, second, third and fourth twos march a-e-b. On line e-b, between circle *l* and outer circle, halt; turn face to face; lift parasols as high as possible to form a canopy. Meanwhile at *c* even numbers of remaining eight fall behind odds and march single file e-d-c-e. On line c-e numbers 9 to 16 inclusive shut parasols and lower them to almost horizontal position on right shoulder, then pass under the canopy formed by the first four twos. Those in single file march b-a-e under canopy e-b-c-d. At *d* join to form twos on line d-e. Halt. Turn face to face. Form canopy. Meanwhile other eight march single file b-c-e, under canopy, past d-c-b to e. Number nine falls in behind number eight, others following march single file d-a-e-b-c-e-d-a-e-d-c.

7. Execute the maze (Fig. 2) following line *c* to *k*. Return by dotted line to *c*. March c-b-a-d-c. Execute maze again. March c-b-a-d.

8. Execute Fig. 3. Commence at *h*; follow line as indicated. Repeat.

Drill and March.

The following changes occur on the ninth step. The parasols should, if possible, be held towards the audience, both in the march and drill. March on outer circle to left.

1. Shut parasols.
2. Hold parasols with right hand upon handle, and left for use in opening or closing parasols.
3. Point parasols at angle of forty-five degrees.
4. Shove parasols one-third the distance required to open them.
5. Shove it one-third more.
6. Shove it till fully opened.
7. Carry upon right shoulder.
8. Carry perpendicularly.
9. Carry upon left shoulder.
10. Carry perpendicularly.
11. Lift parasols three inches; six inches; nine inches. Drop same in reverse order.
12. Thrust parasols arm's-length to horizontal position with left hand; thrust to right diagonally; perpendicularly. Grasp parasol with right hand, thrust it arm's-length horizontally.
13. Reverse order 12. Repeat.
14. In same position whirl parasols to right; to left; to right; to left. (The whirling is done with right hand on handle.)
15. Raise parasols to perpendicular; whirl to right; to left; to right; to left.
16. Right about. Parasols pointed to right, the left hand grasping handle. March diminishing size of circle, approaching each time around a little nearer to circle *l*. Close parasols one-third; two-thirds; wholly.
17. Raise to left shoulder; to perpendicular; to right shoulder.
18. Raise parasols one-third; two-thirds; wholly. (By this time circle *l* is reached.)
19. Face toward outer circle. Hold parasols diagonally above face. Grasp handles with right hands. Odd numbers forward two steps; kneel; all whirl parasols to right; to left. Odd numbers rise; back two steps; even numbers forward two steps; kneel; whirl parasols to right; to left.
20. Even numbers rise, march to right with parasols brought close to right shoulder; odd numbers to left with parasols lifted perpendicularly. March three times around circle.

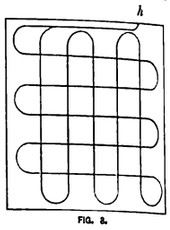


FIG. 3.

21. Odd numbers move two steps farther towards outer circle; stand at equidistant points in position not to hide even numbers. Even numbers hold parasols diagonally front; whirl rapidly. Odd numbers swing parasols rapidly. Music increases time. Number one starts with quick step, others follow in line. March around outer circle. Retire in good order, with parasols over right shoulders.

MRS. ABBIE G. LEWIS.

For the Companion.

A WINTER WINDOW.

House plants must have light and sunshine if the winter garden is expected to blossom abundantly.

It is difficult, however, to accomplish this with the usual arrangements, since shelves across the window not only obstruct the view from within, but also expose the plants to greater changes of temperature than is desirable.

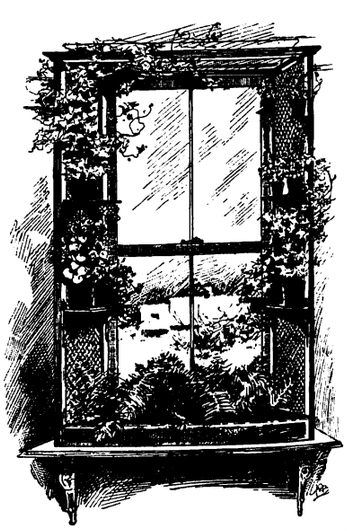
It becomes too warm for them in the middle of the day, when the sun is shining, and too cool at night from the nearness of the plants to the glass, which radiates heat rapidly.

Flower-stands below the window, moreover, are objectionable for two reasons. The spreading legs take up a good deal of room, and the plants upon the upper shelves shade those below.

To obviate these difficulties, an arrangement similar to that shown in the cut will be found very satisfactory. A broad shelf is fastened a few inches below the window-ledge by stout iron brackets, which can be procured at hardware stores. Upon this can be placed a window-box, four or five inches in height, lined with zinc or galvanized iron.

The front of this box can be made as ornamental as one pleases, either by fretwork, paint or other device. It may be used to contain the low-growing plants, the delicate little ferns, and many others that meet one's fancy.

At each end of this box, at the corners, are two uprights that are mortised into the broad shelf first mentioned, and extend upward a little higher than the window. Cross-pieces at the top complete the framework. The whole is held firmly in place by a light iron brace extending from the inner upright on either side to the casing of the window. These braces should be placed near the top, since the framework is held firmly in place at the bottom by the mortises.



The shelves that extend on each side, from upright to upright, can be placed in the manner shown in the figure, or varied in any way to suit the maker's individual taste.

Plants placed upon these will each receive a proper share of light, as will those in the box below; while the view from the window will not be obstructed, nor will the whole structure occupy much room.

This arrangement is capable of affording accommodations for climbing-vines, also. Let a light lattice-work of wire be arranged between

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the uprights and between the cross-pieces above the window. Vines can be trained over the whole, forming a beautiful arch of green around the winter landscape that is seen through the glass.

The pots from which the vines grow can be placed on each end of the broad shelf, since this should be considerably longer than the window-box.

If it is desired, other small bracket shelves can be placed upon the uprights in front. All the woodwork should be well painted, especially the shelves, since more or less water will fall upon these, be as careful as one may in watering the plants. The water will cause warping and splitting unless the grain of the wood is well filled.

LONG LIVE THE TREES.

So long as the rivers flow,
So long as the mountains rise,
May the forests sing to the skies
And shelter the earth below.

Our Dumb Animals. —*W. H. Venable.*

For the Companion.

WINTERING IN A DUG-OUT.

In Three Parts.—Part I.

"Would you advise girls to 'homestead' land in the West?"

I have been asked this question so many times since the fact found its way into a Dakota paper that I had made a home for myself under the Homestead Law, that I have come to think that the best reply I can make is a matter-of-fact description of the first twelve months of my experience while homesteading my farm.

I was twenty-six years old. The last four years of my life had been passed in the care of my father, who was a paralytic invalid. At his death my portion of his small estate amounted to three hundred and fifty dollars.

Looking about me, with this small sum in my pocket, for an opportunity to start in life, I thought and heard of many things to do. I read in the newspapers about land claims in the West which had been "homesteaded" by women, and I began to contemplate an exploit of this sort. I had good health and strength, and liked out-of-door life, and I was not afraid of domestic animals under ordinary circumstances.

One day I broached the subject to my friend Helen J——, who had for several years been supporting herself by teaching a country school. Her annual income from this source was about sixty dollars—twenty weeks of school, at three dollars a week. On this income she contrived to live and dress quite neatly. She was, moreover, unusually attractive, personally; but she knew what it is to pinch and to plan with painful closeness.

We planned it all out in advance, of course. We expected to work hard and endure privations for three or four years, but in the end, when our fine wheat farm was equipped, we fancied that we should reside on it only from April to October; and during the winters we should live in some large city.

We talked it over until we had convinced ourselves that we could do it, and then we gathered together our small means, and started for Dakota. We began our journey the last day of April.

We settled a short distance from what is now the line between the two new States of North and South Dakota.

We spent a week making inquiries as to land, probable town sites, future railroads, highways and so forth, and at last selected a surveyed quarter-section of land, along one side of which there once had been a little belt of timber. This wood had all been cut off by settlers at a distance, except eight shaggy oaks and two cottonwoods.

These ten trees were really what attracted us to the claim. It was farther from other settlers than we liked to be, but the land agent assured us that we should have plenty of neighbors before the close of the season. The trees, he remarked, would furnish logs for a house, and fuel for one winter, at least.



But Helen and I had other uses for the trees. We had resolved to preserve them all for shade.

We were assured that either a log-house or a dug-out was the proper sort of dwelling to start with, but we both disliked the idea of a sod-house, and at a cost of fifty dollars had a thousand feet of rough lumber delivered to us. Carpenters were scarce, but we succeeded in hiring one for a single day for seven dollars. His name was Andrew Phillister; he was a young man, and had recently preëmpted a claim two miles from ours.

In one day Mr. Phillister built us a house, ten feet by twelve, put in two windows consisting of a pane of glass each, hung the door, cut a hole for the stove-pipe, and put up a shelf-dresser; and with some two hundred feet of lumber which were left he constructed a cow-shed and a chicken-pen, and then with his axe trimmed up our grove, and built a cow-yard of the brush. I have never seen a man work so rapidly. He had everything complete by five o'clock, and had found time all day to chat with Helen more than I approved of.

We bought a cow and twenty hens, and begged a cat, and, rather too late, we hired a man and team to break two acres of land for us, the most of which we planted to corn with our own hands; but the greater part of this corn was soaked out by a heavy rain early in June.

A garden plot a hundred feet square near our house, which we had spaded up earlier, did better. We had brought good seed from home, and we worked very hard in that garden. Nature smiled kindly on our efforts; it is quite astonishing what a crop we raised from it.

The sun browned our skins, and Helen complained of the hard work at times; but on the whole we were very happy all summer long. We had four hens setting on about a dozen eggs each at one time, and later our yard swarmed with chickens; nor did we lose one chick from hawks, foxes or coyotes.

During the whole summer we were not troubled by wild beasts, or by ill-disposed human beings. In fact, nobody came near us. Two or three times Helen or I walked to our nearest neighbor's, three miles away, and asked him—he was a Scandinavian who spoke very little English—to bring anything we needed to us, when he went to the "store," ten miles distant. Having produced our own eggs, milk, butter and garden crop, our food cost us surprisingly little. We had more milk than we could use, and had to throw some of it away.

The weather was delightful. We were well all the time, and I can but laugh now when I think how much we played—actually played! Twenty-six years old, too! But when I was a girl I had never played half enough, and I had a great deal to make up.

I sent for scythe, rake and hay-fork, and we put up a stack of hay for winter. My first efforts with the scythe were, Helen said, extremely funny.

Three thunder-squalls, accompanied once by hail, and always by vivid lightning and wind, were about the only exciting incidents of the summer.

As I said above, I had never before been so happy; but thus far we had seen only the sunny side of pioneering.



Andrew makes us a call

September and October were busy times with us. We were preparing for a crop the following year. I had still a little money left, and we realized a little more from the sale of chickens and eggs. Six acres were prepared for wheat, although the man who plowed for us charged five dollars a day for himself and team.

We had raised enough garden vegetables, potatoes and corn, for winter. To store our vegetables safe from frost, we dug laboriously a hole five feet square beneath our house floor. It was much like a squirrel's store. We spent a great many hours gathering dry stuff for fuel from the scattered brush and timber at a distance from our cabin. Where trees had been cut the year before we gathered bushels of dry chips, till we had made a considerable woodpile beside our door.

With sods and earth we banked up the cow-shed to the eaves, and we also built a chicken-house adjoining it fifteen feet by ten, with walls of sod and a thatch roof of dry grass and poles.

Our house we also banked up to a height of three feet outside, carefully calking all the cracks, and papering the inside with the newspapers which we received occasionally from home friends. A water supply was the requisite most difficult to manage. Thus far we had brought water from a slough two hundred yards or more away, and we did not feel able as yet to dig a well.

In October came what was to me the first touch of adversity and unhappiness. As I have said, no one called on us during the summer, but one day in October, as we were fetching chips in a blanket, we saw a man approaching across the prairie. Even before he had come within a quarter of a mile Helen exclaimed, "It's that Mr. Phillister!"

"What can he want?" I said. "We paid him his seven dollars." Helen laughed, although there did not appear to be anything especially ludicrous in his coming to call on us.

He bade us good morning very cordially, and looked about approvingly on our preparations for winter. He seemed somewhat embarrassed.

He told us that, after working at his trade for other settlers till September,—during which time he had built thirteen houses, and I do not remember how many barns,—he had returned to his claim, and erected a house for himself.

His claim was out of our view, over a swell of the prairie, and he seemed quite solicitous that we should come to see his new home. He offered several times to do any job of carpenter work that we might need that fall free of charge. In short, he made himself very agreeable, and he remained with us for two hours.

"Helen," I said, when at length Andrew had taken leave, "that fellow is coming here after you! He wants you for his new house. And you will desert me and go there!"

Two evenings afterward, Andrew called again, and remained three hours. I will make what was not a very long story shorter still. Five weeks later, Helen told me that Andrew had asked her to marry him—and—would I ever forgive her, and so forth, and so forth.

I had already settled it in my mind, after a struggle with myself, and I am glad to say that I uttered no reproaches. Thenceforward, I foresaw that my life would be a solitary one.

Those were bitter days for me, but I summoned courage to go on alone. I felt the keenest of sorrow at Helen's desertion of me, for I had come to love her like a sister.

With the first snow in November came Andrew with a horse and sleigh, and carried us both to R——, thirteen miles distant, where the marriage ceremony was performed by a magistrate.

Next day we returned, they to their new home—a very comfortable little house, with a pretty set of furniture, and even a small cabinet organ—and I with them for an hour or two. They had very kindly planned to have me pass the cold season with them; but I declined,—a little grimly, I fear,—and returning in tears to my cold cabin, my pussy-cat, my cow and my poultry, I settled myself to pass the long winter.

There was a period of good sleighing in December, and every day while it lasted Helen and Andrew rode over to call on me. They were so happy that I knew I ought to be glad for them.

The day after Christmas there came what was, for Dakota, a prodigious snowfall. There were several inches of it, and the prairie was covered with white drifts. The wind blew fiercely. I had difficulty in reaching the door of my cow-shed, and for two weeks I was forced to melt snow for water. Blizzard weather was upon us, and I felt glad that Andrew did not attempt to come over to my cabin.

The fourth night after the storm, the wind blew a fearful gale. The gusts waked me, a little after midnight. The snow was sifting sharply against my little window-panes.

Suddenly I heard a wild, loud, cracking noise, followed, an instant later, by a frightful crash upon my cabin. The roof broke down, letting in an avalanche of snow.

Fragments of split boards and brush fell upon my bed. I was slightly bruised, and held partly down by the weight of what had fallen.

One of the cottonwoods, dried up by the removal of the timber around it, had blown down, and the top of it had crushed my cabin.

I was greatly terrified, but extricating myself, I tried to dress. But it was so cold that I feared I should be frozen, and crept back beneath my blankets. I covered up my head and ears, and lay still and let the snow which fell in almost bury me. In the morning, having dressed literally in a snow-drift, and found my axe, I began the cold task of clearing away the top of the tree, along with the wreck of my house.

The cabin was wholly shattered, and I now perceived how narrow my escape had been from being crushed to death. For the first time I felt thankful that Helen was in better quarters. I knew that she was not robust enough to endure what followed.

My stove-pipe and stove had been knocked down, and lay amidst the shattered boards. I had no means of making a fire, or preparing warm food. I saw that my cabin would have to be entirely rebuilt. I stood knee-deep in snow and wept.

When my feet grew so numb that I knew they must be freezing, I would go into my cow-shed and warm them on the cow. Ah, how comfortable the good creature seemed to me! Then I would sally forth, and with axe and shovel fall to work.

All that day I worked desperately. Not only did I clear away the wreck of the cabin and tree-top, but I took up the floor, and with a shovel, enlarged my cellar from a hole five feet square to the full size of the cabin. In short, I transformed my cabin to a "dug-out," and carrying up a wall of earth and turf to a height of three feet above ground, roofed it over, laid a floor, and lined the earthen sides with the cabin boards.

This may seem like a very large achievement, but to work hard was the only means by which I could keep from freezing, away from the cow. The cow, too, supplied me with milk.

I dug an incline, and set up the door-frame and door, but did not trouble about windows that day. Then I got my stove together and the pipe out through the roof and kindled a fire.

I do not think that the temperature had been higher than ten degrees below zero all day. If any poor woman ever did a harder day's work, I pity her.

All my vegetables and potatoes chilled in spite of the bedclothes which I spread over them. Nearly all my dishes were smashed, and poor pussy had been crushed to death beneath a joist.

I put a teakettle full of snow to melt, and made a basin of hot porridge for myself. Then I shook the snow out of my bedclothing, made up my bed, and sitting up in it began to drink my porridge.

I passed the night miserably. Rising and dressing, I once more kindled a fire in my stove. I then found that the "dug-out" held the heat much better than the cabin. In fact, the snow had drifted entirely over it, and the reason why my stove had been so slow in heating, was probably because the pipe was partly choked with snow.

As soon as my cow smelled the smoke of my fire she began to low plaintively to me for water. I had been unable to give her drink the previous day. I could hear her calls faintly through the snow canopy beneath which I sat.

Opening my outside door, I filled my kettle with snow, to melt. Then I made coffee, baked potatoes, and prepared myself a good breakfast. I also made warm dough, well-peppered, for my poultry; and as soon as it was light, I dug through into the cow-shed and chicken-house, where I found the fowls very stupid from cold.

The weather continued bitterly cold, and the wind blew almost constantly. It seemed that no living creature could exist abroad on the prairie; but at about ten o'clock on the third night after the accident to my cabin, I heard the wild yelping and howling of timber wolves, close at hand.

After listening awhile, I opened my door a crack and peeped out, and then distinctly heard the famished creatures digging furiously at the frozen sod walls of my cow-shed and poultry-house.

Fearing that they might break in and throttle my cow, I opened my stove, and first allowing the ends of two sticks of wood to get well afire and blazing, I ran suddenly out and threw them at the wolves.

I may add that I ran in and fastened my door quite as quickly, for I was afraid of the hungry beasts.

The sight and smell of the fire frightened them away for the time, but they returned twice, and I spent the most of the night listening at the door, and preparing brands to throw at them. It was so dark outside that I did not obtain a good view of the wolves, but I thought that there were four of them.

The snow-drift in front of my dug-out was now nearly five feet in depth; and next day I shovelled out a trench, in place of my path, from my door around to the door of the cow-shed, down to the ground. I then covered this trench over, first with cottonwood brush, then with cakes of snow to a depth of three feet, thus making a covered way about thirty feet long.

This I did to defend my premises from wolves. It proved a great convenience throughout the remainder of the winter. I could now visit my animals without wallowing in snow, or facing the cold wind. But there were far more dangerous foes than the wolves abroad that winter.

CHARLOTTE H. SMITH.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

THE MILITIA SAILOR.



The militia soldiery of our States plays so important a part in the country's military life that the standing army, vastly smaller in actual numbers, is dwarfed in comparison with it. Until very recently the regular navy of the United States has stood alone in representing the nation's powers of defence by sea. Since the beginning of the new decade, the century's last, the militia sailor has taken his place among the country's armed defenders.

The war power of a nation like ours is found quite as much in the troops it can raise at short notice as in the force actually under arms. The thorough State militia organizations of the whole country have given confidence that on land the nation could be quickly and well defended. For some time it has been felt that the navy, no less than the army, needed a volunteer force behind it.

In Great Britain, France and many other countries of Europe the Naval Reserves have long been organized, ready to respond to any call for national service.

Since Jefferson, in 1805, formed an unfulfilled plan for a United States naval reserve, several attempts in the same direction in this country have failed. At last, with the stimulus which the new war vessels have given affairs of the sea, with the feeling that something must be done to draw the navy and the people nearer together, and with a conviction that a plan of State service was more feasible than federal organization, the naval militia has been born.

In Massachusetts, whose governor, curiously enough, has always borne the title of "Captain-General, Commander-in-Chief and Admiral of the Land and Sea forces of the State," the movement first took form.

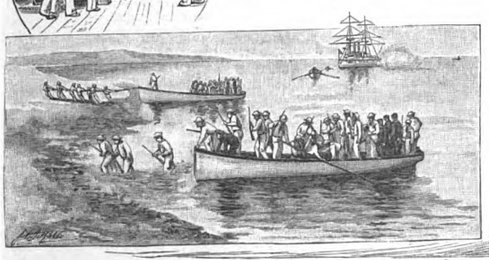
A committee of a yacht club in Boston, at the instance of the commodore of the club, a retired naval officer, in 1887 presented to the State Legislature a bill for the creation of a naval branch of the State militia, to be known as the Naval Battalion. In 1888 the bill became a law, providing most simply for the battalion organization, the

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number of officers and men, and permitting the force to be "raised as provided by law when the United States Government is ready to furnish arms and equipments and a vessel of war for performance of duty required by law."

Early in 1890 the action of the Secretary of the Navy made the accomplishment of this plan possible, and on the Twenty-eighth of February, in the Massachusetts State House, one hundred and seventy-two men were mustered in—the largest number sworn into the service of any State at one time since the Civil War.







Drill of a Naval Battalion.

The national government has further shown its sympathy with the movement by inserting in the Appropriation Bill of the last Congress an item of twenty-five thousand dollars for arms and equipments for the Naval Militia. The Secretary of the Navy has ordered a just division of this sum through the year among the companies organized in various States before July 1, 1891.

New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut and California had already passed laws for the creation of forces like that of Massachusetts.

Toward the end of June New York, and on the night of June Thirtieth Rhode Island, swore in their new Naval Battalions. In New York the battalion had been formed for some time before its admission to the State militia.

In California and Pennsylvania the movement is well under way. Other States are expected to pass Naval Militia bills in the near future. Thus it is seen the enterprise is far from local.

Through the winter months the Massachusetts battalion meets for one evening in the week in the great Boston "South Armory." In their uniforms of blue or white duck working suits, the men look as much like real tars as landsmen possibly can. The officers are so uniformed as plainly to suggest the navy without actually reproducing its dress.

In one of the armory's larger rooms, the "Boat Hall," a frigate's launch is mounted on a cradle. This is equipped with a howitzer and all the essentials, except water, for a torpedo drill.

Another room, the "Battery Hall," is arranged like the side of a modern war-ship, with a six-inch breech-loading cannon pointing forth. Though the gun and its carriage are but wooden models, they serve the purpose of teaching the men to handle the real implement of battle.

On the vast floor of the hall the command is trained in the manual of arms, broadsword practise and manœuvres peculiar to naval warfare.

On Saturday afternoons in May the drills are held on the Charles River basin in the battalion's boats, four cutters and two launches. Howitzers and small-arms are fired at an imaginary enemy; the boats advance in column and in line; and torpedoes, throwing great columns of water into the air, are exploded.

After an hour on the water the men land and go through a skirmish drill on the Common, ending, perhaps, in the bloodless capture of Monument Hill.

A day of out-door service in the fall is required. In 1890 it was devoted to landing under a supposed fire at Fort Lee, Salem, and storming—with success, be it said—its ancient battlements.

Sufficient pleasure, it may be thought, the battalion finds in these exercises; but the annual "tour of duty," the five days of July spent on the old United States frigate *Wabash*, the receiving ship at the Charlestown Navy Yard, is their crowning joy.

As in their other duties, there is no lack of hard work for the men in this period of service. From Monday till Saturday, drill at the great guns, small-boat exercise, enlivened by races between picked crews, dress parade on shore, torpedo practice, field telegraph and telephone work, response to the call of fire, and many other details of duty fill their time to the full; but the evenings aboard ship, the nights in true sailors' hammocks, the novelty of it all for landsmen give great zest to the work.

In the 1890 tour of duty the new U. S. gunboat *Petrel* was at the yard, and gave the men opportunities for actual practice with modern ordnance. This year, 1891, the famous White Squadron came to Boston during the battalion's week of service. On the decks of its four beautiful, purely modern ships the militia sailors were drilled in the naval warfare of to-day.

After two days' work at anchor with the guns, the vessels put to sea with the Massachusetts sailors on board, and gave up one day to genuine ocean target-practice, the ships steaming in column past a floating target, that the effect of broadsides might be tried.

One of the evenings of the week was devoted to the battalion's attack upon the fleet. Torpedoes for the militia, search-lights and free-firing for the regulars rendered each branch of the service the better able to attack or repel a foe.

The last night on the *Wabash* was celebrated by a ball, to which the "petty officers and men" bade their Boston friends, and the State sailor found himself in happier case than the traditional tar whose friends are far away.

The New York Battalion enjoys the same advantages of practice upon the vessels of the navy. As other States upon the seaboard form their naval militia, the Navy Department will doubtless extend like privileges to them.

With the aid which the government is plainly prepared to give, there is no reason why both seaboards, the Gulf and the Lake States, should not within a few years boast a naval battalion force which will compel the militia soldier to look to his laurels, and will prove of immense value to the country and its interests by sea.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JR.

THE NOBLE DEAD.

Let us give thanks that they have lived,
And on our lives such radiance poured
That with the sunshine of the past
Our later, lonelier years are stored.

—*Selected.*

A POLITICAL SKIRMISH.

The elections which took place in November in several of the important States of the Union may be aptly compared to a skirmish between large reconnoitering parties of two armies, facing each other on the eve of a decisive battle.

The great political contest in this country, which repeats itself once in four years, is to take place in 1892. Already the forces between which that battle is to be fought have taken their positions, and each is manœuvring to obtain every advantage that the field and the mistakes of its adversary render possible.

In themselves considered the elections of this year were of little consequence. It does not really matter much whether State officers are Republicans or Democrats. The political results depend for the most part upon President and Congress. As indications of what the result in the general elections of next year is to be the November elections are worthy of notice.

It is to be borne in mind that under the new apportionment of members of Congress, following the census of 1890, the electors of President and Vice-President in 1892 will number four hundred and forty-four. The President to be chosen must have at least two hundred and twenty-three electoral votes.

Sixteen States of the South, having one hundred and fifty-nine electoral votes, are expected to be carried by the Democratic party almost without a contest. If that party can obtain sixty-four electoral votes in the North, it will be successful.

Let us now notice the result in November to discover what it signifies with reference to the coming grand contest. New York was carried by the Democrats by so large a majority that it seems more than probable that it will give its electoral votes, thirty-six in number, to the candidates of that party. Pennsylvania, on the other hand, which was lost by the Republicans last year, has returned to its old allegiance.

In each of these States local questions had something to do with the result—enough to make it worth while for the defeated party to fight over the ground next year, but not enough to make it likely that the verdict of last month can be reversed.

In Massachusetts the Republicans were successful at every point with one exception: the governor elected is a Democrat. In Iowa, where personal and local questions were largely at issue, the Democrats were successful, enough so to make them hope that they can carry the State next year. New Jersey also elected a Democratic legislature, and seems sure for the Democrats in 1892.

Ohio was the greatest battle-ground, and much more was decided there than the question of who shall be governor. The Republicans carried the State after a very hot contest, and elected Mr. McKinley, whose name is associated with the present tariff, to be governor.

In Ohio, and in a smaller degree in other States, the question whether the Democratic party shall declare itself in favor of the free coinage of silver was more or less at stake. The Republicans opposed free coinage. The Democrats of Ohio favored it in their platform, but did not make the question prominent "on the stump." The victory of the Republicans seems to have settled it that neither party will demand "free coinage" in its national platform.

On the whole the result has not been decisive of the question which party will be victorious next year. The Republicans have won back a part, but by no means all, of what they lost in 1890. They may hope to win back the rest next year; and the Democrats also have good reason for entering upon the contest with high hope of success.

As matters stand to-day the result cannot be predicted with confidence. Very much depends upon the course of Congress during the next few months, and upon the personal qualities of the candidates who will be nominated next summer.

For the Companion.

APPRECIATION.

Not praise undue, not censure more than meet,
Giveth my twin;
But gentle blame, well-earned approval sweet,
Motive for action, courage in defeat,
And in my loftiest moods my soul doth greet
With thoughts akin.

MARY H. LEONARD.

ELECTION AND PAYMENT OF LEGISLATORS.

The questions of suffrage, of systems and methods of election, and the position, rights and duties of law-makers, are being much discussed in these days in many countries.

In this country a great change has been made within recent years in a number of the States by the introduction of the Australian ballot, and the larger security it gives to freedom of voting; and other reforms in election methods are being agitated here and there.

But there has been no proposition to disturb in this country the principle that each man is entitled to one vote, and one only, whatever his position or possessions.

One of the political cries in England to-day is, "One man, one vote." This means that the Liberals, who make the cry, desire to bring about the same principle which has always been maintained in this country.

At present some Englishmen have the right to cast several votes at a general election for Parliament. A man who lives in a borough, has a certain amount of property in a county, and is a graduate of one of the great English, Scottish, or Irish universities, has a right, for instance, to cast a vote in each capacity.

On the other hand, a proposition has recently been discussed in the Cape Colony, one of England's self-governing dependencies, to multiply votes in one person; that is, to make a distinction in classes, and to give to certain classes, according to intelligence and property, more than one vote.

Another subject which has long been agitated in England is to pay salaries to members of Parliament. Formerly members of Parliament received small salaries. At a remote period a knight of the shire was paid four shillings, and a burgess, that is a member for a borough, was paid two shillings, each being paid by his constituency; but for about two hundred years no member of the Commons has been given a salary as such.

Forty-three years ago the Chartists made it one of their "points" that members should be paid. Not to pay them, the Chartists said, was to keep the House of Commons an aristocratic body, in which only men of wealth and birth could afford to sit.

The demand for the payment of members has just been revived by the Trades Union Congress, during its session in London.

It need not be said that Senators and Representatives in Congress have always been paid, at first so much a day during the session, and afterward the annual salary, which is now five thousand dollars. Numbers of State legislatures are also paid for their services.

This is not, however, a custom peculiar to democratic countries. In nearly every constitutional monarchy in Europe, legislators receive payment for their time and labor. In Prussia, they get five dollars a day; in Bavaria, two dollars and a half is given to those Deputies who do not live in Munich; in Belgium, they receive four hundred and twenty-three francs (about eighty-five dollars) a month during the session; in Portugal they receive two and a half milreis, equal to about two dollars and sixty-five cents, a day.

In France also, Deputies have a salary of nine thousand francs, and Senators of fifteen thousand a year. But in Italy, Deputies receive no salary, but are given the right to travel free throughout the Kingdom, either by railway or steamer.

The Japanese, in constituting their new government, established salaries for their Representatives at the figure of eight hundred yen, about six hundred and forty-four dollars a year; while in Canada members receive ten dollars a day up to the end of thirty days, and for a longer session one thousand dollars, with ten cents a mile for travelling expenses.

EXCLUDED.

"Why did you and the little Brown girls go off by yourselves this morning, and leave Susie Smith crying on the corner?" asked a young girl of her little sister sharply the other day. "She wanted to go with you, and was almost heart-broken when you laughed at her and wouldn't let her come. She leaned her head against the fence-post and sobbed for nearly half an hour after you were out of sight. What made you treat her so? What had she done?"

"She hadn't done anything," answered the little sister, half-sulkily and half-apologetically, "only we had a secret, and she wasn't in it, and we didn't want her tagging round."

"Tagging round!" echoed the elder, hotly. "I should like to know what harm it would do if she did tag you round, poor child! I don't believe your precious secret was anything she couldn't have known just as well as the Brown children. Something about that Christmas fair, I suppose. It was cruel to shut poor little Susie out of the good time, and make her miserable."

A silence followed this reproof, broken by the girls' mother speaking from the next room to ask how the new Charade Club was coming on, and who had been elected at the last meeting. The answers to these questions turned the conversation in another direction, and the elder girl chattered gaily about the new scheme for some minutes before her mother asked if the Jones sisters had been invited to join.

"The Jones girls? Why, no. Nobody knows them very well, and there are enough without them."

"But perhaps they would like to belong."

"I dare say they would; and they're pleasant enough, and well-bred and clever and all that sort of thing, but they never have been exactly in our set, and the Club is a little bit exclusive; they really have no claim to be asked. It isn't ever very easy to explain that sort of thing, but you understand, don't you, mother? You see how it is?"

"I see exactly how it is," was the quiet reply. "They haven't done anything to deserve exclusion, and are particularly fitted to belong; but you have a club, and they sha'n't be in it, and you don't want them tagging round. It is perfectly safe, my dear; they are too old to enlist sympathy by crying on the corner."

Big sister and little sister exchanged startled glances, and the elder opened her mouth to speak, but changed her mind, and shut it again in silence; but little Susie Smith was initiated into the Christmas secret next day, and before the month was out the Jones girls were elected to the too-exclusive Charade Club, at the suggestion of that member who had been assisted to imagine their feelings by the sight of Susie's tears bedewing the front fence.

LIBERTY POLES.

A dramatic feature of our early history was the liberty pole so dear to American boys and boyish men a century ago, although many of their descendants have never heard of them.

Liberty poles were, for the most part, erected after the Revolutionary War was so long an acknowledged fact that the rebels could take time and breath to give it some picturesque expressions. After the republic was established we hear little more of them until the War of 1812 roused the antagonism of the people, and up went the long shafts again, each a protest against British aggression.

During the Whiskey Insurrection in the last decade of the eighteenth century, when seven counties of Pennsylvania and Virginia arrayed themselves in defiance of the national government, liberty poles shot up during the night in the rebellious towns and villages, painted a bright red as signals of war.

Liberty poles were erected during presidential campaigns in the first part of the century by both Whigs and Democrats.

They were usually made of white pines, lashed together until they reached a great height. The more fervid the zeal of the party the higher rose the pole. Sailors were often brought out from the seaboard to inland towns to assist in the erection, and to rig flags to the amazement and delight of the boys who knew nothing of ships or seamen.

Mass-meetings were held under these poles, which were often regarded with a superstitious affection. The blowing down of a pole by a high wind during a campaign chilled the hopes of one party, and cheered the others.

These singular emblems of protest against oppression have wholly disappeared of late years throughout the country, except in some remote districts where old customs still are cherished by rural communities.

DOES IT PAY?

John Hapleigh was a graduate of an Eastern college, and had studied with special reference to the teaching of rhetoric and elocution. He had brilliant powers, and armed with excellent credentials, he applied for a position in a Western university.

Pending the action of the university Board of Trustees upon his application, the young teacher spent a social evening with one of the professors. Several invited guests were present, among them the president of the university.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

For the Year 1892.

The following Announcements will enable the friends of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION to judge somewhat of the scope and character of the reading that will be given in its columns during the year 1892 — the sixty-fifth year of its issue.

A Brilliant List of Contributors.

Articles have been written expressly for the forthcoming volume by a host of eminent men and women, among whom the following may be mentioned:

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Dr. Lyman Abbott.	**Justin McCarthy.**	**Cyrus W. Field.**	**The Earl of Meath.**
Frank R. Stockton.	**Walter Besant.**	**W. Clark Russell.**	**Prof. James Bryce.**
Charles Dickens.	**Henry Clews.**	**Donald G. Mitchell.**	**Andrew Carnegie.**

Sir Lyon Playfair. **The Marquis of Lorne.** **Vasili Verestchagin.**

Dr. W. A. Hammond.	**Gail Hamilton.**	**F. Hopkinson Smith.**	**Admiral Kimberly.**
Camilla Urso.	**Lucy Larcom.**	**Kate Field.**	**Margaret Deland.**
Amelia E. Barr.	**Mary Mapes Dodge.**	**Mrs. Henry M. Stanley.**	**Mary E. Wilkins.**

Count Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Illustrated Serial Stories.

The Serial Stories for the coming year will be of rare interest as well as unusual in number, as will be seen from the following list of titles and authors:

Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gift. A New England Quaker girl's first contact with "World's People;" by . . . **Mrs. Mary Catherine Lee.**
A Tale of the Tow-Path. The hardships encountered by a boy who found life at home too hard for him; by . . . **Homer Greene.**
How Dickon Came by his Name. A charmingly written Story of the Age of Chivalry; by . . . . **Harold Frederic.**
Two "Techs" Abroad. They set off on a tour of the world in quest of profitable enterprises; by . . . . **C. A. Stephens.**
A Young Knight of Honor. The Story of a boy who stood at his post while death was all around him; by . . . **Miss Fanny M. Johnson.**
A Boy Lieutenant. A true narrative of a young Officer of a Black Regiment, in service during the Rebellion; by . . . **Free S. Bowley.**
Touaregs. A Story of the Sahara, vividly real, and full of dramatic incident, by . . . . . **Lossing G. Brown.**
Smoky Days. A thrilling Story of escape from a Canadian forest fire; by the author of "Petherick's Peril," . . . **Edward W. Thomson.**
On the Lone Mountain Route. A tale of the Tennessee hill country, very graphically told; by . . . **Miss Will Allen Dromgoole.**

Short Stories.

We have space for the titles of only a few of the one hundred or more Short Stories that will be published in THE COMPANION during the year 1892.

The Adelphi Society. How the boys carried the Town Meeting; by . . . . **F. E. C. Robbins.**
The Belles of Spruceland. A Story of a sleigh-ride; by . . . . **J. Mervin Hull.**
Dick's Scheme. How it originated, and how it worked; by . . . . **Grace Schuyler.**
Dulce. A mistake in a name leads to pleasant consequences; by . . . . **Lucy C. Lillie.**
The Great Launching at Gridley's; and why the vessel's name was changed; by . . . **Sophie Swett.**
A Girl of the Black Hills. A Story of the Little Seneca, by . . . . **Louise R. Baker.**
Joanna. A brave heart in a pauper girl; by . . . . **Mary E. Wilkins.**
A Kindly Ghost. A mystery comes into plain lives; by . . . . **Mrs. F. B. Getchell.**
Mongrels; both of them. An unusually graphic and touching Story of a negro boy and his dog; by . . **Cornelia Rathbone.**
How Santa Claus Was Actually Caught. A Story that will please the boys; by . . . **C. A. Stephens.**
The Story of a Corn Prize. An amusing as well as interesting Agricultural Experiment; by . . **John O. Todd.**
A Wild Goose Chase. An Episode of the Civil War; by . . . . **Thomas W. King.**
A Wizard from Gettysburg. What happened long after the battle; by . . . **Kate Chopin.**
Tom Crump. A Westerner who used his fists in behalf of a Sunday School; by . . . **W. Ricard.**
My Grandmother and Red Feather. An Indian's endeavor to steal a little girl; by . . . **F. H. Costello.**
The Legend of a Brass Kettle. An old colonial Story; by . . . . **C. A. Stephens.**
The Old Minister's Girl. Showing what a plucky, unselfish girl can do; by . . . **H. A. Stone.**
My Camera and a Deer. An Amateur Photographer's amusing Experience; by . . . **John H. Whitson.**
Boy's Play. An Episode of the Civil War; by . . . . **James B. Wilson.**
Captain Skaggs. An old Southerner's pathetic account of the battle of Skaggs cornfield; by . . **Frank L. Wells.**

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Several Special Features.

A Rare Young Man; by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

This is the third article which the great English statesman has written expressly for THE COMPANION. It describes the life of a young inventor of extraordinary gifts and lofty character. From the first line to the last it is deeply interesting, and is written in a most attractive style.

The Story of the Atlantic Cable; by Cyrus W. Field.

Mr. Field was the projector of the first Atlantic Cable, and his personal narrative of the enormous difficulties encountered before the enterprise succeeded has the thrilling interest of a romance.

Episodes in My Life; by the Count de Lesseps.

The venerable Count de Lesseps will contribute a delightful paper, telling in a most amusing manner how he came to build the Suez Canal.

Unseen Causes of Disease; by Sir Morell Mackenzie.

Three Admirable Articles by the Physician of the late Emperor of Germany.

How to See Famous Cities.

Practical Suggestions to Travellers in the direction of Economy of Time and Money.

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How to see Rome; by **Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani.**
How to see Paris; by **Louise Imogen Guiney.**
How to see New York; by **William H. Rideing.**

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A Series of pleasant Anecdotal Sketches of their Youth; written by

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Southern Stories.

Stories of Southern Life by Southern Writers, will be a marked feature of the next Volume. Among the authors may be mentioned:

Julia Magruder, **Elizabeth W. Bellamy,** **Kate Chopin,**
Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, **Will Allen Dromgoole,** **W. N. Harben.**

Boys and Girls at the World's Fair.

Most Valuable Paper, giving hints as to what young Americans may do as exhibitors at the World's Fair; by the Director-General of the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Col. George R. Davis.

Three Sea Stories

Will by given by W. Clark Russell, the Celebrated Sea Novelist, written exclusively and in his best vein for THE COMPANION. The titles are: "The Haunted Cliff." "A Yarn of Ramsgate Harbor." "An Ocean Stampede."

Going Abroad.

Four interesting and useful papers, giving to persons intending to travel in Europe minute information which is not found in the Guide Books.

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The Kitchen of a Big Hotel. The ingenious apparatus of cookery; novel methods of cooking; enormous larders, etc.; by . . . **Everett Blair.**
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

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During the evening, as the guests were talking together, the president overheard the following little dialogue between the young applicant for the chair of elocution and the son of the hostess.

"Do you play tennis?" asked the young fellow.

"You bet I do," replied the candidate for a professorship.

"It's a fine game, don't you think so?"

"Bang up."

"Did you play base-ball in college?"

"Well, I should smile! I was way out of sight in it."

That was all the president heard; and it was all said by the professor in a tone of fun, with an evident desire to be free and easy with the lad, and not to appear formal. But the president reflected that a man who would use such phrases was not the man the university wanted, and he took action accordingly.

When the young man's application was refused, he was much surprised, as he had fully expected to secure the position. He is to-day filling an inferior place in spite of his ability because of that little conversation.

AN ECCENTRIC ARTIST.

Turner's landscapes were radiant with poetry and power, but the artist himself was a riddle.

A brother artist, Mr. Richard Redgrave, who knew him well, wrote in his "diary" that Turner's advice to artists was worth much, if understood, but that usually it was so mysteriously given as to be an enigma. It would be conveyed to the artist by the wave of a hand, or by a poke in the ribs and a significant pointing to some part of his picture, with "Humph! Why did you do that?"

During his active life, his dress and the furniture of his house showed that he despised show. But when he was about to leave the world he expressed the desire to be buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, and carried there in a regulation hearse, followed by mourning coaches filled with artists.

The funeral was in midwinter, the hour nine o'clock in the morning, and the artists came to the house expecting—what is usual in England under such circumstances—that a luncheon would be provided for them.

They were shown into a dingy, dirty room, Turner's gallery, covered with a fusty matting, hung with stained draperies which did not conceal the broken plastering patched with newspapers.

But not a biscuit, nor a glass of water, was offered to the hungry mourners. Turner had never been known, when alive, to feed any one in his own house, and it seemed as if he was determined that no one should be fed there when he was dead.

The gallery was empty of everything except pictures painted by himself. Some of them, wonders of art, were dropping from their canvases. Turner had valued one of these so highly, that he always declared that he would be wrapped in it when he was buried. One day he asked Chantrey, the sculptor, if as his executor he would carry out his wishes on that point.

"No doubt," he bluntly answered, "I shall bury you rolled up in your picture, if it is one of the conditions of your will; and take you up the next day and unroll you."

STATE EXHIBITS.

To an American one of the most interesting features of the World's Fair of 1893, as it was also of the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, will be the exhibit made by the respective States of the Union. Every State is likely to make an appropriation to set forth its own peculiar products, and most of the States will be represented by special buildings or pavilions, each of which will, in its construction and in its contents, be characteristic of the State which erects it.

At the Centennial Exhibition thirty-seven States were represented in one way or another, for though Colorado was admitted to the Union in 1876, and is therefore called the Centennial State, it was not admitted in season to place it among the States which were represented at Philadelphia.

At the World's Fair of 1893 at Chicago at least forty-four States will be represented; perhaps the number will be larger still.

There is so much diversity among the States that no two pavilions and no two exhibits need be alike, if each is thoroughly characteristic of the State. Though Massachusetts and Connecticut, Indiana and Illinois, Oregon and Washington lie side by side, there is in each case a considerable difference in many respects one from the other—a sufficient difference to be distinctly reflected in an exhibit.

In respect to products and outward features, the difference between distant States, as, for instance, between California and Vermont, or between Florida and Montana, is as great as the difference between England and Egypt—between Europe and Africa.

It is this diversity of outward features and products, joined with an essential likeness of the people, which constitutes the peculiar strength of the American Union.

We have, in a sense, the world within our borders. In such a land, and with a people undivided in their allegiance to a single flag, patriotism seems indeed a sentiment easily acquired.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Professor Green, of Brown University, was one of the best teachers in New England, but he sometimes became so much interested in his lecture that when the noon bell rang he kept the class five or ten minutes over the hour.

Certain restless spirits in the class thought they would give the Professor a gentle hint, so they bought a small alarm-clock, set it to go off precisely at noon, and placed it on the Professor's desk when they came in to the next lecture. They knew that he was a little absent-minded, and expected that he would not notice it.

As the noon hour struck, the alarm went off with a rattling crash, and those of the class not in the secret started, and took in the joke at once. There was a round of applause.

The Professor waited until the alarm and the applause were over, and then said, deliberately:

"Young gentlemen, I thank you for this little gift. I had forgotten that it was my birthday. A clock is something my wife has also needed in the kitchen for some time. It is a very kind remembrance on your part."

The Professor then went on to finish a demonstration interrupted by the alarm, and it was ten minutes later than usual when he dismissed the class! He also took the clock home with him, and the boys never knew whether he understood the hint or not; but the probability is that he did.

Large Prizes for Serial Stories.

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ASSISTANT EDITORS,
YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

DISCOVERIES MADE BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photography applied to astronomical purposes is continually achieving unlooked-for triumphs. One of the latest is the discovery of previously unknown objects on the moon. The photographs of the moon made with the great Lick telescope on Mount Hamilton in California are the finest in the world, and last summer the ruins of a huge crater, some fifty miles in diameter, were discovered by means of one of these photographs.

The ruins lie near the celebrated crater mountain called Copernicus. With telescopes alone these rocky ruins had escaped attention, but on the exquisitely clear negative of the photograph they were discernible.

There seems to be something in the quality of the light reflected from this spot in the moon which enables its features to print their image more sharply on the photographic plate than they appear to the eye even when aided by a powerful telescope.

Apparently the ruined crater in question has had its walls broken down and nearly buried by vast outflows of lava which have burst from the interior of the moon in its neighborhood. Copernicus, although itself immensely old and long since extinct, is evidently far younger than its ruined neighbor.

More recently Professor Weinek of Prague in examining the photographic negatives of the moon made by the Lick telescope has discovered upon them the remains of another great crater wall at some distance southeast of the well-known crater named Triesnecker.

Professor Weinek finds that the negatives are so perfect that they must be strongly magnified in order that all the minute details which they contain shall be rendered visible.

No one can yet fix a limit to the power of photography to reveal what would otherwise be hidden from human eyes in the depths of space.

TRAVELLING IN GREENLAND.

Every one knows that a winter in Greenland is a cold season; but it is "pretty late in the fall" all the year round in that part of the world. Here is a description of a September day taken from "The First Crossing of Greenland."

On the morning of September Fourth the weather was glorious and the air still. There had been a light fall of snow in the night. The sun shone over the infinitely monotonous snow-field, which, rising almost imperceptibly, stretched away and away in front of us like one huge white carpet, glittering with diamonds, soft and fine in texture as down, and laid in long, gentle undulations which the eye could scarcely follow.

But in the afternoon the aspect of our landscape changed entirely. A biting wind got up from the northwest which drove the snow before it in one overwhelming whirlwind. The sky then cleared completely and the weather grew colder.

The wind increased in strength; it was bitter work toiling along against it, and we had to be careful not to get badly frozen.

First my nose hardened, but I discovered this in time to save it by rubbing it well with snow. I thought myself safe now, but then I felt a queer, chilly feeling under my chin, where I found that my throat was quite numb and stiff. By more rubbing, and wrapping some mittens and other things round my neck, I put matters straight there.

But then came the worst attack of all, as the wind found its way in through my clothes in the region of my stomach, and gave rise to terrible pains. This was met by the use of a soft felt hat as a chest-protector, and I was now armed at all points. My companions suffered as I did, and the bodily comforts of our tent were more welcome than usual that evening.

LIVE ISSUE.

Artemus Ward told in one of his papers of an enthusiastic orator who wished to take advantage of the gathering of a crowd at a hanging, to address the assembly on the subject of the tariff—"if our unfortnit feller-citizen is not in a hurry." A somewhat similar story comes from Kansas, where the Farmers' Alliance and its platform of principles are the chief topics of conversation.

A man of rather questionable character died in a remote part of Waterloo township. The nearest preacher was summoned to preach a funeral sermon. Not knowing the man, the preacher contented himself by a few general remarks on the solemn nature of the occasion, and then said he would be glad to have any of the company present say a word about the dead man if they desired.

No one moved or spoke, and again the preacher extended an invitation to the company to offer remarks, but again his invitation met with silence.

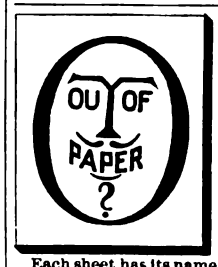
Finally an old farmer who sat in the corner of the front room rose and said, "If no one has any remarks to make about the deceased I would like to make a few remarks about the sub-treasury."

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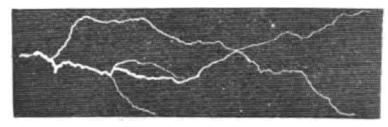
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The engraving is an exact reproduction (but reduced in size) of a FLASH of LIGHTNING that was taken with the $1.75 HARVARD CAMERA, by George W. Stetson of Woburn, Mass., on the 17th of last September at 8.15 P. M.



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.





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SUGGESTIONS

DISTANCE DETERMINED BY SOUND.

Notice a distant steam-whistle.

Why does the sound come after the puff?

At what rate does sound travel? If possible determine from whistle of known distance.)

Make a one-second pendulum, 39 1-10 inches from attachment to centre of ball. Practise counting seconds.

By counting estimate distance of lightning, trains, boats, guns, etc.

For the Companion.

THE SWEETNESS OF LIFE.

It fell on a day I was happy,
And the winds, the convex sky,
The flowers and the beasts in the meadow
Seemed happy even as I,
And I stretched my hands to the meadow,
To the bird, the beast, the tree;
"Why are ye all so happy?"
I cried, and they answered me.

What sayest thou, oh meadow,
That stretchest so wide, so far,
That none can say how many
Thy misty marguerites are?
And what say ye, red roses,
That o'er the sun-blanched wall
From your high black-shadowed trellis
Like flame or blood-drops fall?
"We are born, we are reared, and we linger
A various space, and die,
We dream, and are bright and happy,
But we cannot answer why."

What sayest thou, oh shadow,
That from the dreaming hill
All down the broadening valley
Liest so sharp and still?
And thou, oh murmuring brooklet,
Whereby in the noonday gleam
The loose strife burns like ruby,
And the branched asters dream?
"We are born, we are reared and we linger
A various space and die;
We dream, and are very happy,
But we cannot answer why."

And then of myself I questioned,
That like a ghost the while
Stood from me and calmly answered
With slow and curious smile:
"Thou art born as the flowers and wilt linger
Thine own short space and die;
Thou dreamst and art strangely happy,
But thou canst not answer why."

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

For the Companion.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

Frank Carr was a young clergyman. He was well educated, sincere, and anxious to do his duty. He called regularly upon the members of his congregation; he studied hard, and gave much thought and time to the composition of his sermons.

At the end of two years, however, he felt that neither his visits nor his sermons had brought him closer to his people. His own life had been prosperous and happy, and when death or trouble came to a house, and he tried to give consolation, he felt awkward and out of place.

His flock admired his sermons, and boasted of them as fine literary efforts, but he did not know that any word which he had spoken had really touched or elevated a human soul.

He was young; his life was full and complete; he had a wife and child whom he loved, a happy home and hosts of friends.

Suddenly, as lightning out of a clear sky, a blow fell upon him. His child, a boy two years old, sickened and died in a few hours.

The young minister was stunned. His grief seemed to him so great that none had ever before been like it in the world. Underneath this grief was a sullen amazement, a feeling almost of rage against God.

As he stood over the little grave he cried out, "Why—why has He done this thing? The boy was innocent. He would have been a useful and good man. We were so happy in our home with him, and it was a pure, noble happiness. Now the child lies there dead, and we are wretched. Why is this?"

As time passed he grew stronger, and was able once more to preach to his flock. But it seemed as if he spoke with a new voice and a new language. He had been down into the depths, and there had stood face to face with God. In the darkness of his great grief he had groped for the hand of his Heavenly Father, and had found it.

His words moved the people with a great power. No man heard him speak that day who did not feel that he had helped his soul.

A year later Mr. Carr left the village, and did not return to it until he was a gray-haired old man. In the meantime he had become one of the most helpful ministers who ever worked among the poor and criminal classes.

"He does not stand upon a height and lecture us," said a convict in a prison which he visited. "He leads us to God. He, too, has suffered and been tempted."

When he came back and stood again over the grave of his first-born son, for whom he had never ceased to mourn, he knew what had softened his nature and brought him close to his fellows.

"I know now why this grief came to me," he said, as he turned away.

However young we may be, into every life comes some time the question: "Why has God sent me this pain?"

Earlier or later we read the answer in our own lives or the lives of those whom we have influenced, for ill or for good. We have been His tool or weapon, and have been seasoned in the fire for use.

BEATING TIME.

Recent investigations into the origin of the baton, or stick for beating time, which is used nowadays by the conductor of every large orchestra, have brought out the interesting fact that the first conductor's baton was a formidable staff, about six feet long, which the old-time French musician, Lully by name, who invented it, may have used as much to intimidate the members of his orchestra as to mark the time. In the very oldest orchestras, as in Chinese orchestras of the present day, there was no conductor in the modern sense. Every performer played as well as he could, and the man who played upon the loudest instrument—the kettledrum, for instance—marked the time for the rest.

When music became more systematic and refined, the chief command of the orchestra was given to the member who was regarded as the most accomplished and skilful. He assigned the other members their parts, drilled them at rehearsals, and supervised the final performance.

To produce a good effect, it was necessary, of course, that the musicians should play in time, and the chief of the orchestra, who himself played one instrument, was accustomed to mark the beat by stamping on the floor with one foot. For this reason the conductor of an orchestra was at that period called the *pedarius*.

Afterward it became customary for him to give the time by clapping the fingers of his right hand against the hollow of his left. The beater of time after this fashion was called the *manuductor*.

Meantime experiments were made in marking the time by striking together shells and bones. The bones were soon given up as instruments to be used by the conductor of an orchestra; but they survived as an independent instrument. Boys and negro minstrels "play on the bones" with great gusto to this day.

In the early part of the seventeenth century the musician already alluded to, Lully by name, arose. He found all these instruments of leadership ineffective, and in order to reduce his performers to complete subjection, he procured a stout staff six feet long, with which he pounded vigorously on the floor to mark the time.

One day, becoming particularly impatient, and pounding with especial vigor, Lully struck his foot instead of the floor with his baton. The wound gangrened, and Lully died from its effects in 1687.

The baton continued in use throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but though it gradually decreased in size, there is no evidence that conductors marked the time in any other way than by pounding upon their music-stands or some other hard object.

All this pounding must have had an unpleasant effect upon the music, and critics and musicians began to ridicule the practice. In course of time, therefore, we find musical conductors no longer thumping upon the floor or their music-stands, but beating the time entirely in the air. It seems to have taken players a very long time to learn that they could get the time as easily by means of the eye as by means of the ear.

AT THE COLLEGE OF VANNES.

The French college or academy of Vannes was attended by poor students who came from the neighboring villages, and lodged in garrets or little bedrooms which they hired in the town. They went home for the Sunday, and usually brought back bread enough to last them through the week. When they had a little pocket money they bought soup or a bit of beef of the woman in whose house they lodged. In his "Nouveaux Mémoires des Autres," Jules Simon relates how he earned his college expenses, which by the aid of a scholarship were reduced to about fifty dollars.

I never had any pocket money, but I do not remember once regretting it. Even the indispensable fifty dollars were not easy to get.

Happily for me, it was customary for upper class students to tutor beginners, giving a daily lesson for three francs a month. I had classes from half-past six to eight in the morning, and from six to seven in the evening. Every evening in the winter I went to my class, lantern in hand, but poorly protected against the rain by my calico shirt.

After all I did not earn enough to pay my entire debt to my landlady. She was a kind-hearted woman, and urged me not to think of it, but I was terribly unhappy about it.

At commencement I took all the first prizes, and the committee made me a present of forty dollars, so that I suddenly found myself rich. I paid my debt, bought a cloth coat and some shoes, and allowed myself the luxury of new text-books in place of my ragged second-hand ones.

In 1872, when as minister of public instruction I was receiving the faculty of the University of Paris, a gentleman whose familiar face I had been trying in vain to place, was presented to me by M. Mourier, who said:

"Here is M. du Pontavice, to whom you gave lessons at Vannes."

"For three francs a month!" I cried, and greeted him with delight.

I do not count those years at Vannes among the hard ones of my life, though certainly we students were not too comfortable. In the school-room benches ran along the walls, there were no desks, and we wrote on our knees.

There was no fire. Sometimes our fingers were so cold that we could not hold our pens. Occasionally the teacher struck three blows on his desk. Then we jumped up, shouted at the top of our voices, seized each other by the hand and danced in a ring around a post. At the end of a quarter of an hour three taps on the desk recalled us to our work. It was an economical, and I believe, a healthful way of keeping warm.

ALMOST A PANIC.

It is not what a thing is, but what we think it is, that frightens us. A man walks within an inch of death without knowing it, and therefore without trembling; and then his hair stands on end at some empty noise as harmless as the buzzing of a fly. Soldiers, as often as other men, are subject to such experiences.

The Confederates had left a big forest fire burning somewhere within half a mile of us, says the historian of the Forty-third Massachusetts Regiment. It illuminated the forest all round with a dim light, and we were near enough to hear its constant dull, furnace-like roar.

My six companions were supposed to be asleep in a small hut close to me—the reserve post. I was in a sitting posture outside, dozing, but conscious. In an instant I was put upon my feet, wide awake, by one of the most tremendous crashes I ever heard. Some giant of the forest had gone down, and in its fall had dragged down an acre or two of trees with it.

I comprehended the state of the case at once, and so of course was not thrown off my balance; and so of course was not thrown off my balance; but not so my companions, all of whom were naturally cool and brave men. I judge that they were soundly asleep, but in a state of mental tension from their recent experiences, especially in blowing up some Confederate earthworks.

At any rate, they were for an instant or two scared out of their wits. Only once in my life had I seen men's hair actually rise on their heads and their eyes look like saucers, and that was in circumstances of extreme danger on board ship; but I saw it now.

The sight was ludicrous in the highest degree, and yet it was fearful. For a few seconds I thought they would get away from me, and go back to camp on the dead run without their guns; but the tones of my voice, as much as anything I could say in such a situation, soon calmed them, and then the laughter was as uncontrollable as the terror had been.

What a sight it must be to see a brave regiment stampeded in the night in a panic! This happened to regiments in both armies, from less impressive causes than this instance would have furnished.

For the Companion.

MY MARGUERITE.

I look upon her brow and see
A radiant, crystal purity,
And find within her azure eyes
The loveliness of summer skies;
She is so sweet,
My Marguerite,
I fain would kneel and kiss her feet!

If she but deign one word to say,
I hold a treasure for the day.
Doth she but smile, a halo bright
Encircles all my dreams by night;
The dusty street,
Pressed by her feet,
Becomes a royal palace seat!

My life to her dear life has grown,
Till all my being is her own.
And every thought and hope her due,
Though I am forty, she but two;
And O so sweet
Is Marguerite,
I kneel and kiss her dainty feet!

ZITELLA COCKE.

UNCLE JED'S RHEUMATISM.

The constitutional grumblers who find fault with one thing if they cannot find fault with another, and are never contented unless they have something to be discontented about, were well represented by Uncle Jed Kizer, who died some two or three years ago on the Western Reserve, full of years and imaginary infirmities. His worthy widow, Aunt Myra Kizer, was reminded of his peculiarity in the course of a conversation with a friend, long after his death.

"Yes," she said, "'twa'n't no kind o' use to undertake to lighten poor Jed's load none. The ways o' the Lord wa'n't no way satisfactory to him, and they couldn't be made so.

"I used to say to him, says I, 'Jed Kizer, you're a prayin' man, but what's the use o' you prayin'? If your prayers was all to be answered, full and square, you'd grumble 'cause the measure wa'n't heaped up and run over enough.'

"Now did you ever hear about poor Jed an' his rummatism? Well, *there* was a case. You know he used to complain a sight about his rummatism, an' took, as I said, a sight o' comfort out of it.

"But one time our nephy, Myron Kizer, he come up here to get a little rest. You know he's one of the smartest doctors in Cincinnati. He heerd Uncle Jed complainin' an' complainin' 'bout his rummatism, and says he:

"'Do you know, Uncle Jed, I can cure that rummatism?' says he.

"'I want to know!' says Jed; 'can ye? If you'll do it, I'll give ye a cow!'

"Well, Myron, he said nothin', but he went to work and give Jed a lot o' medicine that he got mixed up to a drug store down to Ashtabuly, and told him to take it reg'lar, week in an' week out. An' Jed he took it.

"Well, 'bout six weeks after that Jed come int' the house late one stormy evening; he hadn't been home to supper, an' I didn't know what was the matter, except 'twas stormin', an' Jed he was crosser 'n all git out.

"'What's the matter, Jed?' says I.

"'Matter!' says he. 'It's all the fault o' that boy Myron! I've lost five o' the best ewes I've got in the flock, and that boy's responsible for the hull of 'em!'

"'Jed Kizer,' says I, 'what do you mean?'

"'Mean?' says he, mad's a hatter. 'Why, he's gone an' cured me o' my rummatism. I haint no airthly way o' tellin' now when there's a storm comin' on, and the consequence is that them sheep all got caught out in the back pastur' in a sleet storm, and five on 'em's dead!'

"'N' he never quit complainin' for two years, 'cause he hadn't no rummatism to prophesy the weather by; and then it come on him agin, bad as ever, an' he complained steady all the rest of his life 'cause he had it!"

TAKING HIS CHANCES.

On the Colorado Midland Railroad, between Cascade and Manitou, there is a very steep grade where a runaway car or train would soon attain a frightful speed. A track, known as a safety switch, has lately been built from this down-grade *up* the mountain, and the connection with the main line is constantly kept open. When a regular train comes down the road, the switchman who is always on duty at the "safety" turns his switch, and lets the train go by on the main line.

If the engineer whistles a certain signal, however, the switchman leaves the safety switch in connection with the main line, and the runaway train runs off up the mountain, and is soon stopped by the steep grade.

A frightful accident took place just below this safety switch a short time ago through the reckless indifference of an engineer, who preferred to take his chances on the main line instead of running up the mountain track.

His train became unmanageable through some defect in the air-brake, and soon attained a fearful speed. It was a freight train of thirteen cars, heavily loaded with ore from the mines at Aspen. There were four men in the caboose, which was the last car, as usual. They soon perceived that the engineer had lost control of the train, and they succeeded in uncoupling the caboose from the rest of the train, thereby saving their lives. Applying the hand-brakes, they soon brought the car to a standstill.

The rest of the train rushed on, and as it neared the safety switch, the engineer whistled the signal to let his train pass on the main track. The switchman had nothing to do but obey orders. He saw the ill-fated train dash down the grade at the rate of a mile a minute, carrying the engineer and fireman to what proved a fearful death.

Just below Cascade is a series of tunnels, seven in number, and just before reaching the first of these the train leaped the track, going down an embankment, or rather over the side of the mountain, on which the track is built.

The entire train was dashed into fragments—as one spectator expressed it, "into toothpicks." The fireman was buried under the wreck. The engineer lived to tell his reason for keeping to the track. He said:

"I preferred to take my chances on the main line. I don't believe the switch is safe, anyhow."

Yet there was not one chance in a million, so said railroad men, of his stopping a train that was running away as his train was. There is a superstition among railroad men about leaving the main line; and notwithstanding this accident, there are probably few engineers on mountain roads who would not stick to the main track and "take their chances," just as this one did.

MADAME KNIGHT'S JOURNAL.

The great respect shown in olden times by children to their parents is often commented upon for the benefit of the present generation; and the dignified reserve and absolute authority exercised by fathers and mothers in those days were hardly less worthy of remembrance. But there is "another side" to every story, and the following scene, described in "Madame Knight's Journal," written in 1725, is enough to show that human nature changes little from generation to generation.

"Thursday about three in the afternoon I set forward with neighbor Polly, a girl about eighteen years who her father said he had been to fetch out of the Narragansetts and said they had rode thirty miles that day on a sorry lean horse with only a Bagg under her for a pillion, which the poor Girl often complained of.

"About seven that evening we came to New London Ferry, here by reason of a very high wind, we mett with great difficulty in getting over.

"The boat test exceedingly and our Horses capped at a very Surprising rate, and set us all in a fright especially poor Polly, who desired her father to say 'So Jack' to the horse to make him stand.

"But the careless parent, taking no notice of her repeated desires, She Rored out in a Passionate manner, 'Pray, Suth, father, Are you deaf? Say "So Jack" to the horse I tell you.'

"The Dutiful Parent obeyed saying 'So Jack, So Jack,' as gravely as if he had bin saying Chatchise after young Mise, who with her fright look't all the Colours of ye Rainbow."

Madame Knight gives a vivid description of her sensations upon embarking in a canoe.

"The Cannoo was very small and shallow so that when we were in she seemed redy to take in water which greatly terrified me, and caused me to be very circumspect, sitting with my hands fast on each side, my eyes stedy, not daring so much as to lodge my tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of my mouth than tother, nor so much as think on Lott's wife, for a very thought would have oversett our wherry."

PAID IN COIN.

The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* prints an ingenious little story, which it is to be hoped is an invention rather than a record of fact, but which conveys an obvious moral in a rememberable way.

A pretty young lady boarded a morning horse-car which was otherwise occupied by business men and clerks on their way down town. Her advent was, of course, a welcome incident.

She had left home in haste, as it seemed, and was engaged in pulling on a pair of long gloves, which she presently proceeded to button by means of that indispensable adjunct of the feminine toilet, a hair-pin. She had hardly begun operations when it slipped from her fingers and fell to the floor.

It landed at the feet of the young man beside her. He picked it up, but instead of returning it to its owner, he gently took her wrist in his left hand and calmly continued the buttoning process.

All the men in the car had been watching the pretty girl, some openly, others from behind their newspapers. Now all the papers dropped; every one looked and wondered what the girl would do.

She did nothing. Not a muscle moved, and she showed no consciousness of what was going on. The young man, with a look of triumph, finished his pleasing task, and the girl, with a preoccupied air and without a glance in his direction, opened her pocket-book, took out a nickel, and placed it in his hand.

His expression changed. The color came into his face, and he murmured what was evidently an apology. She listened with a perfect simulation of innocence, and handed him another nickel.

By this time his face was scarlet, and he began another low-toned but earnest protestation.

The young lady signalled the conductor, and rose to leave the car, saying at the same time in a voice audible to all the passengers, "No, I cannot. I never give more than a dime for having my gloves buttoned or my boots blacked."

MISSED HIMSELF.

A French landed proprietor and a Colonel of Dragoons quarrelled, and a challenge to a duel followed. Blood only could wash out the insult that one had put upon the other. It was determined that the duel should be "*A l'Americain*," that is, that lots should be drawn, and that the loser should retire and shoot himself.

The next morning the opponents and their seconds met at a small café outside the town. Lots were duly drawn; the landed proprietor was the winner.

The colonel took his bad fortune calmly; he wrote a few lines upon a piece of paper, which he handed to his second, took an affectionate farewell of all, and forgave his more fortunate adversary, as a Christian gentleman ought to do.

Then, accepting the loaded pistol, he retired to an adjoining room and closed the door. The rest of the party remained breathlessly awaiting the detonation which was to convey to them the finale of the tragedy.

At last it came. Eagerly they ran to the door of the fatal chamber, which was thrown open, and disclosed the supposed defunct duellist standing on the threshold grasping the smoking weapon.

"Good gracious, gentlemen!" exclaimed he, with a bland smile. "Is it not unfortunate? I have missed myself!"

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Pumpkin pie.

2.
H I R E L I N G
O P E R A T I C
M I S S I V E S
E N T R E A T S
S T A T U T E S
T O P A R C H Y
E P H E M E R A
A P P A R E N T
D E B A R K E D
S C A N S I O N

Acrostic—Homesteads.
Zigzags—Give thanks.

3. The newest baby.

4. Many, suggesteD, oCcasional, eXtraordinary, eXiled, quite, their, wIth.—MDCXXIII. (1623.)

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For the Companion.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

For Children to Make.

A Pretty Basket.

Small woven mats of grass or manilla, which can be purchased for from ten to twenty cents, make very convenient receptacles for articles of jewelry, sewing materials, or, filled with curled hair can be used for hair-pins.



FIG. 1.

This one measures seven inches in diameter, and is caught together at regular intervals with bows of ribbon, first sewing the mat with thread.

Sachet.

Take fourteen inches of China silk, fold to form a square, placing cotton wadding sprinkled with sachet powder between the silk. Turn down nicely and sew together overhand around the sides. Cover the top with artificial flowers, except in one corner where a bow of ribbon is placed, fastening with a few firm stitches.



FIG. 2.

With a green or violet silk use violets and leaves; with a blue silk, forget-me-nots. If you use violets, use violet sachet powder.

A Catch-all.

Get three baskets of different sizes, one piece of No. 1 ribbon of a pretty shade, and twelve coins or any pretty little ornaments. Cut four pieces of the ribbon, each measuring sixteen inches. Fasten one end to the largest basket a short distance from the top, then measure four inches of ribbon, and confine to the next basket, then four inches more and confine to the smallest basket, leaving eight inches of ribbon.

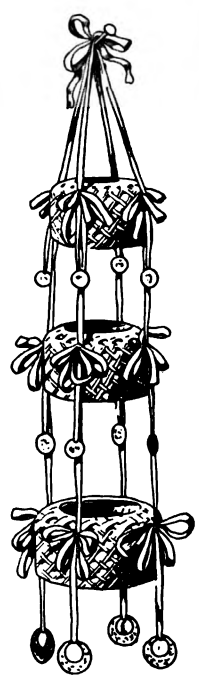


FIG. 3.

Fasten the other pieces of ribbon to the baskets in the same way at equal distances apart, around each basket. Then sew the four pieces together to form a loop by which to hang up.

Make bows of ribbon to decorate the sides, making one end long enough to hang a little below each basket, on which attach an ornament.

These baskets can be procured for three or five cents, the ribbon for twenty cents, so you see this is a very cheap as well as very pretty catch-all to hang on a gas fixture or side of bureau.

Comb and Brush Tray.

Buy one-quarter of a yard white linen duck, 1 piece twilled white cotton tape one-half inch wide,

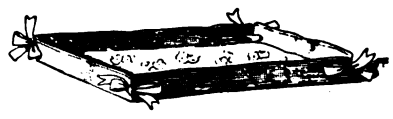


FIG. 4.

one and one-half yards No. 1 ribbon, and one skein of embroidery silk the same shade as the ribbon. Cut the duck into a piece measuring thirteen and one-half by nine inches. Cut out one inch square from each corner, bind all around with the tape, outline some simple pattern on the duck with the silk.

Make an eyelet-hole about one-quarter of an inch from each corner; turn up the edge all around about an inch; run the ribbon through the eyelets; tie together with a small bow, and you have a nice shallow box in which to keep a comb and brush on the bureau or dressing-table.

Pin-ball.

This requires two pieces of silk or satin of two pretty shades, each three and one-half inches square, seven-eighths yard ribbon one inch in width, a very little embroidery silk, two rings, and black and white pins.

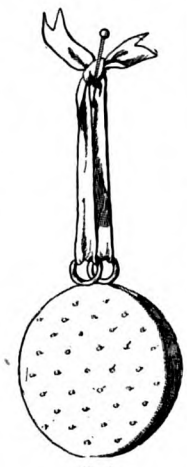


FIG. 5.

Cut flannel or other heavy material into strips one inch in width, and roll very hard until you have a flat roll three inches in diameter.

Fasten the end securely and cover with thin cloth to keep in place. Then baste nicely the pieces of satin on each side, folding a little over each edge, which is then covered with the ribbon, feather-stitched on each edge.

The two rings are crocheted with the silk and sewed one on each side of the ball, through which fasten the ribbon and tie in a small bow. On the ball stick pins, white on one side and black on the other, in rows about one-half inch apart.

Daisy Necklet.

Get three and a half yards of white satin or grosgrain ribbon a quarter of an inch wide, cut it into nine equal lengths. For each daisy take one piece of the ribbon, fold it to form eight loops, and run a draw-thread through the folds *exactly* as shown in Fig. 6 (see that the thread passes *under* the right edge of every fold and *over* the left edge); draw up the thread and the daisy will almost shape itself.



FIG. 6.

Arrange the daisies, as sketched, on a three-quarter-inch white neck-ribbon, and in the middle of each work a yellow centre with embroidery silk—like a large polka dot. Or use yellow ribbons and brown silk or chenille for centres (Fig. 7).

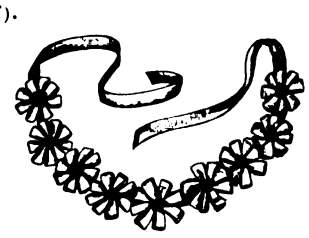


FIG. 7.

They are worn close about the throat, over a high collar, or as a border above a frill of lace on the pointed neck of an evening dress. Give one to some girl friend and she will be delighted.

Shaving-paper Case.

Take cartridge paper or fancy cardboard and mark and cut out two circular pieces, eight inches in diameter, for the covers.



FIG. 8.

On one of them paste a branch or spray neatly cut from some nice colored picture, or, if possible, paint one; lay this cover over the plain one with a thick layer of pinked tissue-paper circles, of the same size, between them. With a punch or a sharp knife make two holes,—according to the sketch,—and draw a narrow ribbon through and tie as shown.

Stand for Photographs.

Cut two pieces of cardboard (or old box cover will answer), each measuring nine inches one way and six and one-half inches the other way. Cover the outside with pretty silk or sateen, or a plain material if preferred, turning down nicely



FIG. 9.

on the edge and lining the inside with any delicate material. Sew the outside and lining overhand around the edge, then place the two pieces together and sew at the top.

Lay a piece of ribbon of a pretty shade, two or two and one-half inches wide, straight across the bottom of one side. Sew at the bottom and sides but not at the top of the ribbon, as this makes the holder into which to slip the pictures.

You can vary the other side by having the ribbon go across the corners instead of straight across. At the top of the case place a small bow of ribbon or gold thread. Inside, sew a tape to keep in place.

Burnt-Match Holder.



FIG. 10.

A very small tumbler, which can be bought for three cents, will fit into a little Japanese basket like those used in the Catchall (Fig. 3).

The illustration shows how narrow ribbons are to be fastened around the inner edge of the basket; a pretty combination is of alternate pale pink and baby blue, the ends of the ribbon finished in a point and ornamented with small coins. Add long pieces of both colors of ribbon by which to hang it to a nail or gas bracket.

Pincushion for Work-basket.

This is only the familiar little tomato pincushion, but it seems "a new thing" when made of yellow satin with narrow leaf-green ribbons sewed to the under side, which are to be passed through holes near the upper edge of a deep work-basket, drawn closely, and tied in a little bow outside. It is very pretty and handy.

Stitch together two pieces of yellow satin the size of the top of a teacup, turn and stuff with hair or wool.

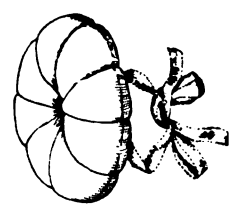


FIG. 11.

Wind coarse yellow silk four times around, draw it very closely, and confine the four threads where they cross in the middle by a tightly-drawn stitch, up and down through the centre, on both sides.

Perfumed Paper-weight.

From sheet lead cut several pieces three and a half by two inches; place one over another until the pile is an inch and a quarter thick; smooth off the corners and edges and tie in shape with thread.



FIG. 12.

Wrap perfumed wadding around it first, and then, very carefully,—as packages are wrapped in stores,—a square of bright silk, velvet or chamois, and tie with gold cord as represented in the sketch; the bow-knot is first tied, then the two loops are tied again—to prevent untying. The label, "Sweet, Weight & Co.," may be written, painted or gilded. It will be sweet and useful for a friend's writing-desk.

Hanging Penwiper.

For the shield or cover of this novel penwiper cut a seven-inch circular piece of heavy, handsome paper that is tough but flexible—gold or silver paper, tinted water-color, and cartridge are



FIG. 13.

all pretty. Double it in halves, then quarters, then eighths, then fold each side back and forth twice, like fan folds, clip a bit from the pointed end, swallow-tail the other and it will look like the figure at the right of the sketch. Crease the folds heavily and undo it.

Cut several pinked circles of chamois and flannel, a little smaller than the cover, with little holes in the centre. Sew a large button to the middle of a silk cord and slip the cord ends through the hole in each circle; then slip on the cover, tie the cord in a bow, and tip the ends with small tassels. Ribbon would do instead of cord.

This is to hang by the table or desk. The cover pushes up when in use.



FIG. 14.

Hanging Sachet.

Get one and one-quarter yards ribbon two inches wide, and one and one-quarter yards one-half of an inch wide, same shade. With the wider make five bags of equal size, stuffing with cotton, in which put sachet powder. Close the bags about one and one-half inches from the top by running together, and fringe a little at the top for a heading.

Cut the narrow ribbon into five strips, measuring thirteen, eleven, nine, seven and five inches respectively. Attach each bag to a strip of the ribbon and then join the five strips together by which to hang up.

Child's Bib.

Take a piece of fancy cotton braid, or tape, long enough to pass around a child's neck and



FIG. 15.

tie in a bow at the back; fold one corner of a pretty napkin over it, as shown by the sketch, and tack it securely at each side or corner and tack down the point.

Sew one end of a piece of the tape just above each side-corner and join the other ends to the neck-band, a little way from the neck of the bib, so they will nearly meet when the bib is tied on. They should be just long enough to hold the sides back with easy-fitting smoothness.

White or colored napkins are used or squares of Turkish toweling.

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A HORSE'S WEIGHT.

Many people, even among those who frequently make use of horses, have little idea what an ordinary horse weighs, and would have hard work to guess whether a given animal, standing before their eyes, weighed five hundred or fifteen hundred pounds. Yet they would have no such difficulty with a man, and would probably be able to guess, especially if they were good Yankees, within ten or twenty pounds of his weight.

The governments of Europe have long been purchasing and weighing horses for the military service, and transferring them from carriage or draught employment to the various branches of the cavalry and artillery. The animals are ordinarily assigned according to weight.

The French military authorities find that an ordinary light carriage or riding horse, such as in the United States would be called a "good little buggy horse," weighs from three hundred and eighty to four hundred kilogrammes—say from eight hundred and fifty to nine hundred pounds.

Such horses as these are assigned to the light cavalry corps.

The next grade above, which in civil life passes as a "coupé horse," or carriage horse of medium weight, ranges in weight up to four hundred and eighty kilogrammes, about ten hundred and fifty pounds. This horse goes to help mount the cavalry of the line.

Next comes the fashionable "coach-horse" of persons of luxury, which weighs from five hundred to five hundred and eighty kilogrammes, or from eleven hundred to nearly thirteen hundred pounds. These horses go to serve the purposes of drill for the cavalry belonging to the reserve military forces.

Above these there are still two grades of heavy horses. The first are those used for ordinary draught purposes and are commonly found drawing the omnibuses of Paris. These weigh from five hundred to seven hundred kilogrammes—eleven hundred to nearly fifteen hundred pounds.

The heaviest horses are the Clydesdales and Percherons, which are oxen in size and strength, and which weigh from six hundred to eight hundred, and sometimes even up to nine hundred, kilogrammes; that is, from thirteen hundred up to nearly two thousand pounds.

None of these Percherons of the heaviest weight are employed in the military service; but some of the lighter ones are used for draught and artillery purposes.

NAMING A MOUNTAIN.

An English tourist in British Columbia says that his sophisticated and conventional mind was captivated by the freedom and heartiness of the dwellers in that country. The first friend he made was a little girl about five years old, who "seemed to be living independently of her relatives." She announced her name as Miss Jenny Lorena Wells, and gave the stranger many interesting details as to the life and habits of her doll.

Our landlord, too, was exceedingly hospitable and agreeable. By way of conversation we asked the name of the mountain opposite the door, a peak so striking in its rugged magnificence that in Switzerland there would have been two railways and a dozen hotels planted on it. With princely generosity he replied:

"You can call it what you like. Every outfit that comes along gives it a new name, and I'll be shot if I can remember what the last one was."

It was gratifying to reflect that we were now an "outfit," but at that moment we could not think of an appropriate title for the mountain.

A name occurred to us not long afterward, however, as we began to get acquainted with one of the peculiarities of British Columbian speech, namely, the various uses of the phrase "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter with some supper?" "What's the matter with the bread?"—that is, Please pass the bread. "What's the matter with skipping out of this first thing in the morning?" These and sundry other similar expressions suggested to one of the company a name for the nameless mountain, and the world will be good enough to take notice that it is to be known henceforth as the "What's-the-Matter-horn."

NOT WHOLLY COMPLIMENTARY.

A certain Mrs. Malaprop, who lives in a large Eastern city, is noted for her skill in unconsciously embarrassing other people, while she herself remains perfectly at ease. Not long ago she was introduced to two sisters, young ladies who had long been known to her by name, though she had never met them.

"Now, my dears," she said, addressing them collectively, with her usual bland smile, and regarding them earnestly through her glasses, "I have often heard of the bright and the handsome Miss Ratcliffe. Now, I am so glad to meet you both, and I want you to tell me at once which of you is the bright and which the handsome one!"

On another occasion she was dining with her nephew and his young wife, who had just set up housekeeping. The dinner did not go off quite so smoothly as the young couple had hoped, and the cooking was by no means perfect. The hostess unwisely began to murmur apologies, and her husband joined in, half-laughing, with references to his wife's youth and inexperience.

"Don't say another word, my dear children," interrupted their kind-hearted guest. "I can assure you I've eaten a great deal worse dinners than this in the course of my life; a *great deal* worse. Yes," she added, meditatively, "I've eaten some pretty bad dinners, you may be sure!"

FINE QUESTION.

The Germans are a very philosophical and somewhat argumentative race. Two workmen in the great Krupp cannon manufactory were overheard discussing an important question.

"In your opinion, Johann," said one, "which is the more important part of a cannon—the hole or the steel?"

"The hole of course, Heinrich," said the other. "Because, what use in the world would a cannon be without any hole in it?"

"You are wrong, Johann. It's the steel that's more important; for how many men could you kill with a hole with nothing around it?"

"I AM not *generally* ill-natured," said an honest woman. "I'm *particularly* so."

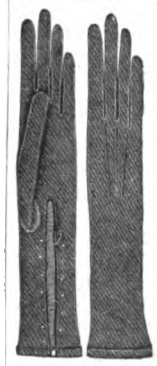
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Vaseline Cold Cream,	**15 "**
Vaseline Camphor Ice,	**10 "**
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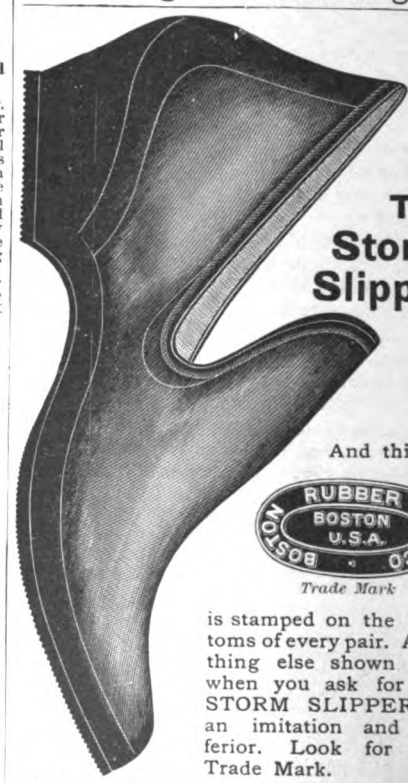
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BRAS D'OR LAKE TRAVEL.

The contrast between travelling by the inexorable time-tables of New England railways and by the steamboats which ply through the lakes permeating Cape Breton and justly giving it the bad name of "an island turned inside out," is as if one substituted fire-crackers for dynamite. A single experience is probably typical of the Bras D'Or steamboat methods.

On an evening in August last summer, two travellers had to leave Baddeck, a village most picturesquely dropped down, as it appears, in one of the lake's fairest nooks. The first information gained about the steamer's hour of leaving led the travellers to think that if they were ready by ten o'clock all would be well. They were quietly taking supper when at quarter-past seven "mine host" of the house that sheltered them remarked that half-past seven was the boat's time.

Thinking the first informant had of course been wrong, the travellers rushed to their room, threw everything into their bags, hastily paid their bill, and expected to be driven madly to the wharf. Not so; it was then admitted that though half-past seven was the steamer's nominal time, she was often as late as eight, and probably would be that night.

Her course from the stopping-place above Baddeck brought her into sight from the hotel, and the travellers were urged to abandon all anxiety, as they would be notified as soon as she appeared. One of them remarked to a boy of the village: "I suppose she'll be along about nine or after." "Yes," he said, "that's her usual time."

Here was more encouragement to believe the ten o'clock man truthful after all; yet not long before nine she was really announced. It was not conceivable that the passengers and freight of so small a hamlet could keep the steamer at the wharf more than two minutes, and the travellers hastened to embark.

Safely on board, fully fifteen minutes must have passed before the hawsers were cast off and the boat puffed out into the lake. Off at last, the travellers thought with relief; for, once obliged to leave the charming spot, they wanted to be away.

Not far from half a mile out, however, the boat began to display strange symptoms of returning to Baddeck. Yes, back she was going, and soon was safely tied up again to the wharf.

"What *is* the matter?" was asked in despair.

"Oh! a woman has left her basket."

Could that truly be all? Indeed, the purser and another man were soon seen peering behind piles of wood and barrels on the dock, unlocking and searching a dark wharf-house and at last meandering up the main street of the town. When their twinkling lights returned, five or ten minutes later, lo! the two men bore a basket between them, and very little short of ten o'clock the boat once more, this time in dead earnest, got under way.

The captain was heard to remark: "Too late now for the drawbridge at Grand Narrows." A freight train was to pass, and the custom of the region demands the closing of the draw for a full hour in the neighborhood of train-time.

The old woman had her basket, but at least fifty passengers good-naturedly endured a delay of an hour and a half to procure it. Such are the comforting ways of Cape Breton people. What wonder the island is gaining popularity as a resort for summer rest?

JAPANESE DOCTORS.

There are no doctors' bills in Japan, where the ancient idea that the practice of medicine is a labor of love still survives. Says the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

A Japanese doctor never dreams of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan, "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, then he who takes aught from that home, even though it be given him, is a robber."

"Often," said Dr. Matsumoto, "a doctor will not only give his time and his medicines freely to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide over his dire necessities. Every physician has his own dispensary, and there are very few apothecary shops in the empire.

"When a rich man calls in a physician he does not expect to be presented with a bill for medical services. In fact no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all the other modern practices are in vogue there. The doctor never asks for his fee.

"The strict honesty of the people makes this unnecessary. When he is through with a patient a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow, and thank his patron."

CONSIDERED HIS YOUTH.

Sir John Macdonald, who was Premier of Canada nearly all his political lifetime, was noted for his art of saying things that "tickled the town." No matter where he went, no matter how short the time that he stayed, he made on some matter of current gossip some genial joke that travelled from lip to lip after he was gone.

In Toronto some years ago, a hale, rich and merry old gentleman of eighty, long an acquaintance of Sir John, became engaged to a very wealthy lady a few years his junior.

When the news "got round," the town talked of little else for a week. During this time Sir John arrived. Going to his political headquarters at the Albany Club, he found the newly-engaged octogenarian there "facing the music."

"What's this I hear, Mr. ——?" said John, affectionately laying his hand on the other's shoulder. Then, in an indulgent tone, and with a slight sigh, "Well, well, boys will be boys."

IN THE WILDERNESS.

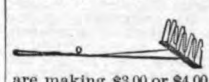
An Englishman travelling through the wilds of British Columbia waxes facetious about the appetites of himself and his companions. Plenty of hard work in the open air is well known to be a pretty good prescription for dyspepsia, and so it proved in the present case.

Jim was an invalid when he came out, and still professed to be dieting himself with great strictness under a set of rules laid down by his medical adviser. For a long time we tried in vain to detect from his behavior what those rules might be, and at last we have discovered them:

"Eat whatever you fancy; it is the only safe rule. Drink whatever you like, so long as it is the best. Do both every time you get a chance."

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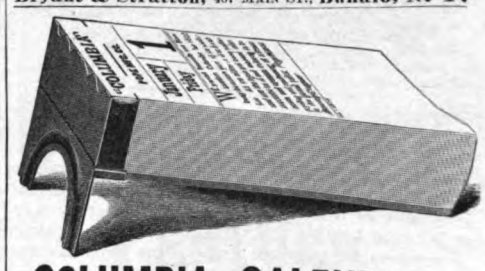
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"OUR CLIMATE."

Sometimes people boast of their own climate to visitors or strangers, comparing it with other places to the disparagement of the latter. And sometimes it happens that the boaster is overwhelmed by that unexpected bad weather which seems to be possible even in the most favored regions.

"Cousin John" and his wife were visiting relatives in the West. It was their first trip to that part of the country, and they listened respectfully and admiringly to the descriptions of the climate given by their Western host.

"There's nothing like it in the world. Why, we have days and weeks here without any moisture at night. We sit right out on our lawn until ten o'clock and never think of taking cold. We don't have fog in the morning the way you do back in New England, either. Clear, bracing air, and dry for an hour before sunrise. And then people talk about the wind in some parts of the West. I never saw any wind to compare with the east wind on Boston Common. The beauty of this climate, though, is its dry, cool, bracing atmosphere. It beats the world. Yes, sir, this is the Paradise for people suffering from lung or throat trouble."

The next morning the visitors awoke and looked out of their window. A fog or something very much like a fog, such as they were familiar with "down east," held possession of the country, and they could see nothing of the scenery.

They went down to breakfast, and the host apologized for the weather; it was the first fog he had seen for two years, he assured them, and it would lift in an hour or two.

Sure enough, it did lift, and before night it was blowing a gale. The severest wind that the "oldest inhabitant" could recollect set in and lasted three days. Several houses were unroofed and considerable damage was done to growing crops.

During the visitors' stay, several very severe rain-storms occurred. Only one or two evenings were dry enough to permit sitting "on the lawn." "Cousin John" was afflicted nearly the whole time with a hacking cough, and his wife caught cold in the head from sitting on the veranda after sunset.

The host was disgusted. "Catch me bragging again about the climate! It's as dangerous as trying to have a child 'show off.' It's sure to do just what you don't want it to. After this I don't say anything about our weather!"

CHINESE MERCHANTS.

Mr. Moule, in his "New China and Old," written after thirty years' residence in that country as a missionary, gives the native merchants an enviable reputation for integrity. Indeed, what he has to say upon this point may very well set an American reader to thinking, if not to blushing.

One general statement may be made as to the character of Chinese business men. It used to be a common dictum that the word of a Cantonese Hong merchant was worth as much as another man's bond.

Two years ago, the manager of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation [an English house] publicly avowed that in the course of a long experience he had never known, so far as his bank was concerned, a Chinese defaulter in money transactions.

Not long ago a foreigner travelled about China, leaving with native traders quantities of his goods for sale, informing them at the same time of the name of the firm in Shanghai to whom remittances should be sent. Many of these traders were in out of the way places; but so far they have regularly remitted the proceeds of their sales. One man at Tientsin had credit to the extent of a thousand dollars. He has since then retired from business; but he regularly sends money to the Shanghai agents in liquidation of his debt.

SUNDAY IN CONNECTICUT IN 1788.

The following anecdote, which appeared in the Salem (Massachusetts) *Mercury* of August 12, 1788, shows both what kind of stories was pleasing to our ancestors, and how our ancestors thought a story should be told.

A gentleman in the State of Connecticut regularly attended public worship on the Lord's day with all his family; on the Sunday evening he always catechised his children and servants on the principles of religion, and what they heard the minister deliver from the pulpit.

He had a negro man who never could remember a note of the sermon, though otherwise smart. At last his master peremptorily told him he would on Monday morning tie him up and flog him.

Next Sunday evening, when interrogated, he had forgotten all. On Monday morning his master executes his threat so far as to tie him up.

The fellow then cried out, "O master, spare me, for I remember something the minister said."

"What is it?" said the master.

The fellow replied, "This much may suffice at this time."

The master was so pleased with his wit that he forgave him.

COWARDICE.

The extent to which everything depends upon the point of view is illustrated by a little dialogue between a boy who is a mighty hunter for his age and a lady of his acquaintance.

"A rabbit," said the young hunter, "is the most awful coward that there is in the world. My! How he does run from a hunter!"

"So you think the rabbit is a coward, eh?"

"Why, of course."

"Well, let us 'suppose' a little. Suppose you were about six or eight inches tall."

"Well?"

"And had good, strong, swift legs."

"Yes?"

"And didn't have any gun, and a great big fellow came after you who did have one. What would you do?"

"What should I do? I should streak it like a whitehead!"

"I think you would. And I think, also, that you would have your own ideas as to who was the coward."

SIMPLE CURIOSITY.

"Do you want some nice pork, sir?" said a butcher to an Irishman, who was intently regarding a side of a hog, which hung outside the door.

"No, sorr! Oi was only wondherin' whin ye was goin' to kill the other half o' that pig."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

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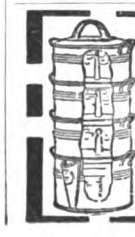
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THE CITY OF THE BEARS.

The name of Berne, the capital of Switzerland, signifies, according to the local legend, "the city of the bears;" and a curious story relates how the town came to bear this name. When Count Berthold of Zähringen had built the city of Berne, at the end of the twelfth century, he was greatly puzzled what name to give it. He called a council of the nobility to help him out; and not one of them could suggest a fitting name.

Count Berthold was a mighty hunter; and in this emergency, he resolved to go hunting for a name. He set out, with men and horses, dogs and weapons; and before he had chased long he encountered and slew a bear.

"A *bear* my city shall be," he exclaimed. It was accordingly called *Bär*, which is the German word for bear. In the course of time this name was extended by use into *Bären*, which is the plural of *bär*, and then contracted to Bern.

Whether or not the legend is true, the Swiss city has always borne a bear upon its escutcheon. And not only are sculptured and pictured bears to be seen all about Berne, but for an uncertain but very long time, the city has maintained living bears to remind its citizens that their patron is this valiant animal.

In all times these municipal bears of Berne have been well taken care of, but in the eighteenth century they—and their keepers, it may be added—were particularly fortunate.

Early in that century a rich maiden lady who was without any relatives save distant ones, and who had never in her life entertained any affection except an ardent one for the municipal bears, left by will the large sum of sixty thousand francs a year, or twelve thousand dollars, to be expended in the maintenance of the beloved animals.

This sum was greatly in excess of the bears' reasonable requirements; and the distant relatives of the testatrix at once began a lawsuit to break the will, alleging undue influence. The court appointed a lawyer to defend the interests of the bears.

A chronicle of the time records that this advocate "pleaded with such marvellous eloquence and pathos the innocence of the unfortunate animals, threatened with the despoiling of their heritage, of any attempt unduly to influence the testatrix, that their guiltlessness of the charge was publicly acknowledged, and the will was declared valid and of good effect."

The government of the city of Berne was constituted guardian of the bears, who were to be considered as "perpetual minors." The lady's fortune was turned over to the city, and the income devoted to their maintenance.

Twelve thousand dollars a year was a great sum of money in Berne in the eighteenth century. The bears began to live in a style befitting their wealth. They gave famous dinners to the city councillors and their particular friends. The keepers of the bears lived in sumptuous fashion, and their office became one which was very much coveted.

The bears even gave splendid balls and parties, which were attended by the nobility and the wealthy merchants and their families. The cherished animals themselves simply rolled in luxury.

But an end came to all this magnificence. In the height of their luxury the bears felt the hand of the conqueror. The French Revolution came, and the army of the new republic, under General Brune, took possession of Berne.

Three days afterward, a curious procession set out from Berne for Paris. At the head rode a large detachment of the cavalry of the French Republic. Then came eleven mules, laden with bags of gold. Then two very fat but crestfallen large brown bears waddled along as if unaccustomed to such vulgar exercise as walking. Another detachment of soldiers brought up the rear.

The mules were laden with the fortune of the bears of Berne, which had been seized in the name of the French Republic. The Frenchmen had also stolen two of the four municipal bears, and they were being led, in hopeless captivity, to Paris.

Great numbers of the people of Berne accompanied the bears a considerable distance on the road, sobbing and crying, and uttering adieux.

At Paris General Brune presented the Directory of the Republic with the keys of the capital of Switzerland, with the fortune of the bears, the principal of which amounted to two hundred and forty thousand dollars in gold, and the two bears themselves, now lean and haggard from their long journey.

The bears were sent to the Jardin des Plantes, or Botanic Garden of Paris, and there remained the rest of their lives. They were petted and pampered by the Parisians to such an extent that they had little cause to regret their capture.

Their fellows at Berne, however, fallen from riches to penury, lived a neglected and half-starved life until, a few years afterward, a subscription was raised among the people of the city to put them, as it were, financially once more upon their paws. But they saw no more of the magnificent luxury of the past.

To this day the people of Berne almost worship the descendants of these bears. In a great den an immense pair of old animals, with several smaller ones and cubs, are kept. A municipal law makes it a misdemeanor to throw anything to them save bread and fruit; but these articles of food they receive in great quantity.

Every visitor to the dens is told how, in the year 1861, an English captain fell into the den in the middle of the night, and was promptly torn to pieces by the great male bear.

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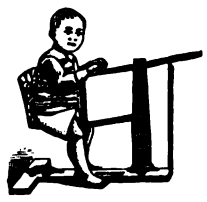
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Now, while in most parts of the United States ample provision is made for the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the feeble-minded, and indeed for nearly every class of unfortunates, there is almost no provision for epileptics. True, Massachusetts has an institution for epileptic children at Baldwinsville, but they must leave it at the age of fourteen, though there is not a place in the land to which they can go.

Other countries are far ahead of us in this matter. In Germany there has been a colony for epileptics for nearly a quarter of a century, a colony which now numbers more than one thousand patients. There are similar asylums in other countries of Europe.

Every State in the Union should provide a thoroughly well-equipped institution for epileptics. The majority of the patients would be improved; not a few, whose epilepsy results from injury to the head, would be wholly cured; all would be made comparatively comfortable and happy. They could be furnished with employment such as would be at the same time conducive to health and a help toward the expense of the establishment.

Opportunity for the more careful and continuous study of the disease would be supplied, by which its treatment would be rendered more hopeful than it now is.

MAGIC GLASS.

One of the most curious inventions of this inventive age is what is called platinized glass. A piece of glass is coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum, and is then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form a very odd kind of mirror.

The glass has not really lost its transparency, and yet if one places it against a wall and looks at it he sees his image as in an ordinary looking-glass. But when light is allowed to come through the glass from the other side, as when it is placed in a window, it appears perfectly transparent like ordinary glass.

By constructing a window of platinized glass one could stand close behind the panes in an unilluminated room and behold clearly everything going on outside, while passers-by looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror or set of mirrors, in which their own figures would be reflected while the person inside remained invisible.

In France various tricks have been contrived with the aid of this glass. In one a person seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror, approaches it to look at himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure which had been hidden behind the magic glass.

What wonders might not a magician of the dark ages have wrought if he could have had a piece of platinized glass!

SELF-POSSESSED.

Two ladies and an invalid boy who was carried on a stretcher were the last passengers on the gang-plank of a river steamer, says the Washington *Republic*. The boy and one of the ladies were successfully embarked, and the other lady was crossing the plank, which was loose and partially drawn in, when it tipped and plunged her into the river. Several young men on the boat hastily removed their coats, and were just ready to leap into the water when she came up smiling, holding fast to her bag and umbrella.

"Now don't any one jump in after me," she called to the excited passengers; "I'm all right, and will float until my clothes become soaked with water. Just throw me a rope. There's no necessity for any one else to get wet."

The rope was thrown to her, and she grasped it with one hand and was drawn to the side of the steamer, when she said:

"Now some one lie flat on the deck and reach down and take my bag and umbrella, and then help me out."

A young man followed her instructions, and she was soon standing safe on the deck.

Requesting a porter to take her trunk immediately to a state-room, she retired, and in a few minutes returned, dry-clad and cheerful, to receive the congratulations of her fellow-passengers, and to relieve the alarm of her lady friend, who had promptly fainted at sight of the accident.

A GAME OF BALL.

Emerson's saying that the child is the true democrat is illustrated by an incident in the life of Queen Victoria. Mr. Willert Beale, afterward known as a music publisher and a manager of concerts, says that when a boy he used to walk daily with his mother and sister in the gardens surrounding Kensington Palace.

A lady and her daughter were one day walking in the same direction we were going, followed by a tall footman. We were throwing a ball about, and once it happened to fall at the lady's feet. Her daughter picked it up and joined our game for a minute or two, and then returned, out of breath and laughing merrily, to her mother's side.

The lady was the Duchess of Kent; her daughter the Princess Victoria. We renewed the acquaintance the next day and the next, and were always greeted with gracious smiles of recognition when we met.

I wonder whether Her Majesty has any recollection of that game of ball played more than once in Kensington Gardens.

BROTHERLY FORESIGHT.

Little Tom was involved in the difficulties of learning to dress himself, and regarded the buttons which had to be fastened behind his back as so many devices to torment small boys.

One morning he was informed of the arrival of a baby sister, and later in the day was allowed to steal into his mother's chamber to look at the baby as she lay asleep.

Tom regarded the small creature with much interest, and the nurse, wishing to know what his thoughts were, asked him softly:

"Well, how do you like her? Isn't she a darling?"

"I don't think she looks much good," answered Tom, with uncompromising frankness. "How soon will she be big enough to fasten my back buttons?"

ON HIS MIND.

Pat was a hod-carrier. Long practice had made him an expert at threading the mazes of unfinished buildings, but it had also made him somewhat careless in his movements.

He had just stepped from a ladder to one of the landings, and after setting down his load of bricks with a sigh of relief, he straightened up. Whack! his head came smartly in contact with a heavy beam.

When the foreman passed, a few minutes after, he saw Pat sitting on a keg, holding his head in both hands.

"Hullo, Pat," he called. "What's on your mind?"

"The whole top av me head, sir. Oh my! Oh my!"

CLEVER PIGS.

Do newspapers always tell the truth? If they do, then some animals have an astonishing amount of intelligence.

The Worcester *Gazette* says that a farmer has a sow and four well-grown pigs, which have the run of an orchard where the branches of the trees hang low, and are full of apples.

The old sow springs up and catches a limb and shakes it, and then she and the pigs devour the fruit thus shaken down. When all that can be obtained in this way has been eaten, one of the pigs climbs on the mother's back and reaches a higher limb, which it shakes vigorously, and so brings down a fresh supply of apples.

HER OWN FAULT.

How true it is that none of us ever foresee all the results of even our slightest actions!

Mrs. Suburb was in trouble with her washerwoman. "Why can't you come and work for me to-morrow, as usual?" she inquired.

"'Cause I've got ter stay at home an' mend the childers' clothes—that's why. And it's your own fault, too."

"My fault! How can that be?"

"Well, what business had ye to go an' put a barbed-wire fence round your apple orchard, I should like to know?"—*Street and Smith's Good News.*

SHE HAD HEARD SO.

What numbers of facts are still unrecorded in any book!

A teacher was hearing her class in natural history recite, and asked a bright-looking little girl:

"What is a ruminating animal?"

"One that chews her cubs," was the innocent reply.—*New Moon.*

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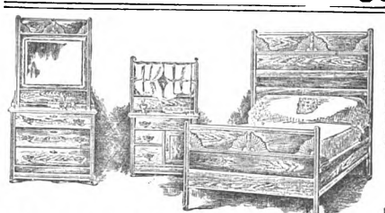
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For the Companion.

SHICK-SHACK.

In Two Chapters.—Chapter II.

A Race For a Farm.

Their disturbed night gave the Monkton family an early start on the following day. Yet before their morning meal was over the sound of a horse's hoofs approaching the cabin drew Mrs. Monkton and all her children to the window. An arrival was a very unusual thing.

"It is that Mr. English," Mrs. Monkton said to her husband, who was unable to rise. "I wonder what he wants."

The visitor came in, a tall, thin man, with a red beard which made an unusually long face look longer.

"Mornin'!" he said. "I s'posed I'd find you stirrin', though it *is* airly. Hallo! Injuns, eh? I want to know! Fust I've seen around here, and I don't care if I never see any more. They aint purty to look at, no way you can fix it."

Shick-Shack did not seem to have glanced once at the new-comer, and not a line of his countenance altered, though he understood perfectly what the man had said.

"Good morning!" returned Monkton. "Take a chair." Dick promptly pushed one forward. "What has started you out so early this drizzly morning? Nothing wrong, I hope, in the prairie schooner?"

"Naw; we're all right in the wagon. 'T any rate, there's nothin' partic'lar to complain of," Mr. English replied, as he took the chair. "But the fact is, I'm on my way to the land-office in Springfield. I calc'lated I might get there before sunset if I got an airly enough start. I haint a minute to spare, but I just thought I'd drop in to let you know. I always like to do things square and aboveboard."

"You have made up your mind where to locate, then?" Monkton asked.

"Wa-al, yes," said the man, "I ruther think I have. I believe I'll neighbor with you on the south there."

"You mean, then, to enter the forty acres I said I'd give up to you east of the bluff?" said Monkton. "Do you take the other forty east of that, or will you run south further?"

"Nary one," said English. "I calc'late to enter the forty acres east of the bluff, and the forty acres west of it, too, unless you're prepared to enter it ahead of me."

"What!" cried Monkton, almost rising from his chair in his surprise.

Mrs. Monkton and Dick uttered an exclamation of astonishment at the same time.

"You don't mean—surely, I can't have understood you, Mr. English? The land you mention joins mine on the south. I mean to enter it myself just as soon as I can raise money to pay for it."

"If you don't enter it afore this time to-morrow, I reckon you never will," the other replied. "See here now, Mr. Monkton, I stopped in here this morning, as I said, because I wanted to do the fair and square thing by you. There's nothing underhanded about me. That 'ere eighty, if I understand rightly, is as open to me, or to any other man, as 'tis to you, and I don't see why I should stand back and let you have first ch'ice, when I've as good a right to first ch'ice as you; and what's more, have got the cash in my hand to pay for it this very day.

"That's all I've got to say," he went on, as Monkton remained speechless. "If you'll look at things from a common-sense p'int of view, you'll see there's no 'casion for hard feelin' nor rough talk. I'm bound to do the best I kin for myself, in a fair and lawful way; but I've nothin' agin you, and you'll always find me and my wife ready to be neighborly and friendly if you are."

"Of all the mean, contemptible tricks!" Dick gasped out.

"That will do, Dick!" said Monkton, sharply. "Mr. English, I think there is no more to be said."

"Just so! just so!" mumbled the visitor. "I s'posed you'd take a common-sense view of it, 'specially when you found I didn't mean to do anything underhanded. I'll push on now, so good mornin' to you all."

English went out amid the total silence of the family, and started rapidly down the road on his gray horse.

"Father," cried Dick, when the door had closed, "can't we stop him? Is there nothing we can do to prevent his getting that land?"

"What can we do?" said Monkton, sadly. "He has played us a dishonorable trick, but we can scarcely call it wrong. He has a legal right to any unentered land he chooses to buy. We all know that. I really don't mind losing the land so much as I do having so mean a man for a neighbor."

"But can't we prevent it?" reiterated the boy. "Is there no way in which we can enter ahead of him?"

"The government deals only with cash customers, as you know, and I have barely thirty dollars cash in the world."

"Is there nothing we could sell or mortgage? Might we not borrow? I am sure Mr. Phipps would lend us the money, if he has it."

"Very likely he would," said his father, "and I am quite sure he has the money; but what good would it do us if English got to Springfield before we could? He is already on his way, remember, while I am here, a helpless cripple."

"But *I* am no cripple! I might get to Springfield yet ahead of English, and I could enter the land in your name. Let me go over to see Mr. Phipps about the money, and if I can get it, let me go on to Springfield. If English beats me, we will be no worse off than we are now; and I may get ahead of him. My little bay mare can beat that old gray draught horse of his any day."

"It would be ten o'clock before you could get off; you could not do it, lad," his father replied, shaking his head despairingly. "No man could."

"White man could not, but Indian could," said a deep voice in the background. The next moment Shick-Shack stepped forward, with a glitter of excitement in his eyes scarcely less eager than that which blazed in Dick's.

With his moccasined foot the Indian pushed forward some ashes on the hearth, and then, stooping, began to trace in it a rude diagram with his finger.

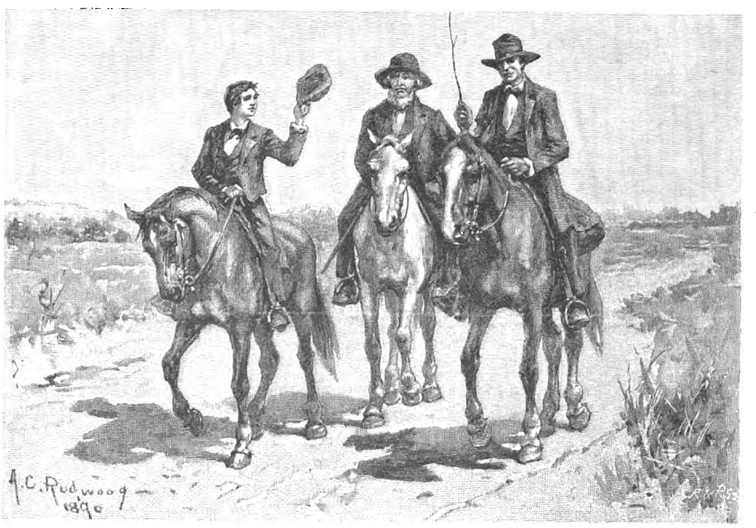
"Look!" he said. "Here Monkton's house; here Springfield; here road rascally English take to get there. He stranger here; know nothing about the country but what people tell him; he 'fraid to leave straight road.

"He go down bottom road to Gough's place; they tell him Mud Creek up so high he can't ford it; send him back to Hunter's Lane, and he follow that and come by noon to Cary's Settlement—*maybe*. Maybe he lose his way, and don't find Cary's before night. Anyway, when he get there, he bound to take State Road to Springfield; twenty-five mile yet to go, and horse tired by rough travel through the timber.

"He start; creeks all up, bridges gone; heap rain down there yesterday and day before; if English get to Springfield *this* night, Shick-Shack know nothing."

"Shick-Shack does know something," Monkton replied. "But if English can't get to Springfield, Dick can't, either. So we are no better off than we were before."

"Dick get there if Shick-Shack go with him," returned the Indian. "This Shick-Shack's own country; he know it well. In the darkest night he make his way over paths no eye can see but Indian's or wolf's. Look!"



"Good Afternoon, Gentlemen!"

He stooped to trace another path in the ashes.

"Me lead Dick this way—not down bottom road at all; off across country, southeast, like bird in the air, till we come to State Road here—only five-six miles from Springfield. Dick go on then, him alone, and Shick-Shack come back here to Al-lu-lah and boy before moon to-night."

Dick rushed over and grasped Shick-Shack's hand, too much excited to thank him in any other way. Then he cried:

"Father, you'll let me go?"

"You will let him go, Richard?" Mrs. Monkton echoed. "I do really think there is a chance."

"Be off to Phipps, then, without losing a moment," Monkton said, himself beginning to catch the excitement. "We can do nothing without the money, but if Tom Phipps has it, I know he will lend it to me!"

Dick was off before his father had ceased to speak, and in a moment was galloping down the path that led to their neighbor's. Mrs. Monkton meanwhile prepared a lunch for the travellers to take with them if Dick's efforts were successful.

Within an hour the boy was back again, gleeful and triumphant.

"I've got the cash, father, seventy-five dollars. Mr. Phipps says he'd rather make you a present of it than have that man put up his shanty in our neighborhood; but I told him he should have his money back, with good interest to boot, before we were a year older."

"Rather a rash promise," said his father, smiling. "We'll try to give him better security than that. But be off, now; you haven't a moment to lose."

A little later, with the money and his father's written application for the second piece of land in his breast pocket, Dick Monkton set out for Springfield on his bay mare. Shick-Shack, on the best of the other two horses owned by Mr. Monkton, rode by his side.

The Indian's boast of his knowledge of the country had been no vain one. Over trackless prairie and unbroken woodland, where it seemed to Dick no white man's foot had ever been set, Shick-Shack led him with unerring precision. There were several streams to cross, all much swollen by the recent rain; but the Indian knew at what points they could be forded safely.

With fair speed, and hardly an interruption to their progress, they pushed on until, when the sun stood barely half-way between the zenith and the western horizon, they emerged from the timber upon the State Road, as Shick-Shack had promised, within eight miles of Springfield.

Here Shick-Shack turned back. Dick needed no further guidance, and the Indian wished to return to his wife and child.

The journey had been a rough and wearisome one, and the bay mare was beginning to show decided signs of exhaustion. Feeling now sure of arriving in Springfield ahead of English, Dick rode at a very easy pace.

He had gone on about two miles from the point where Shick-Shack left him when his mare threw back her ears and quickened her pace. Turning about in his saddle, half-fearing to see the ungainly form of English behind him, Dick perceived two horsemen approaching him, neither of whom bore any resemblance to that person.

The strangers were on good horses, and soon overtook Dick.

"Good afternoon, my lad," said the younger of the two men.

He was a very tall and rather awkward-looking person, with a dark, homely, but honest and attractive face, with keen and kindly eyes.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen!" returned Dick, lifting his hat.

The three horsemen travelled along together. The settlers in the new country fraternized instinctively upon the road. Dick's smiling courtesy had attracted the interest of the two men who had overtaken him; and seeing this interest, he told them the story of his journey.

The younger man's sympathy was gained at once. "Are you sure you are well ahead of the man?" he asked. "He may have got over the ground faster than your Indian friend thought possible. Don't lose a moment; you ought by all means to make your application for the land before sunset; and if the agent is not in his office, you must go to his house."

"I'll push on as fast as my mare can carry me," Dick replied; "but you can see yourself, sir, she is not feeling very lively."

"That's so," said the stranger. He drew rein suddenly. "My horse is strong and fresh," he said; "suppose we change? Then you can push forward at full speed."

Dick looked earnestly into the stranger's eyes. It was no small thing to trust his bay mare to another. But he would have lost the land rather than have overridden the mare; and the thought that the crafty English, by some hook or crook, might overtake him, decided him. The honest eyes of the tall young man left him in no doubt but that the mare would be in safe hands.

At this moment Dick turned, and saw a cloud of dust far to the rear.

"Thank you, sir," he said, "I'll take your offer!"

The two dismounted, and exchanged horses. Then Dick rode away at a brisk gallop.

He found the agent in his office. His father's application was quickly entered, and the money paid. Dick, greatly elated, rode to the public square to await the coming of his friend with the mare.

Presently the two strangers rode up. Dick resumed possession of his mare, and thanking cordially the man who had befriended him, bade him good-night, without asking his name.

Not half an hour afterward, as Dick was leading his mare into the stable of an inn, he saw a gray horse come lumbering into the town, panting and covered with sweat, but nevertheless making very good speed. On the horse's back was English.

It was plain that he had not missed the road,

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and had crossed the fords safely. But, in spite of the unexpected mettle of his old horse, Shick-Shack's short cut had beaten him.

Next day Dick returned home, starting early and arriving at his father's cabin before dark. Shick-Shack was still there, and Mr. Phipps had ridden over to hear the good news. Naturally there was rejoicing in the settler's cabin.

"I tell you now, Monkton," said Phipps, after listening to the story, and examining the entry papers that proved his friend's title to the new land, "you must not lose any time in getting this property of yours surveyed. English may be smart enough to get ahead of us even yet, if there is a shadow of a chance for him to sneak in a claim upon any of the land. I shall be over in Sangamon County next week; I have a little business in Salem, and if you say so, I'll hunt up a young fellow there who has done some very good work in the surveying line, as I happen to know. I'll get him to come over here at once to see that your land is all right. Lincoln—Abraham Lincoln, I believe—is the surveyor's name."

Mr. Monkton assented. The suggestion was acted upon; and at an appointed day the young surveyor from Salem made his appearance in the pioneer's cabin.

Dick uttered a shout as he saw the young man approaching.

"Why," he said, "that's the man who lent me his horse at Springfield!"

The benevolent young stranger was, indeed, Abraham Lincoln. The man who was one day to become President of the United States surveyed, with Dick as his helper, the land upon which Shick-Shack knob stands.

M. R. HOUSEKEEPER.

The End.

TRUTH'S IMMENSITY.

Pry up thy faults with this great lever, Will!
However deeply bedded in propensity,
However firmly set, I tell thee, firmer yet
Is that vast power that comes from truth's immensity.

New York Press. —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

For the Companion.

PORTUGEE TONY.

Just out of reach of the highest tides, at the head of a rock-strewn gully on a rugged projection jutting into the Atlantic, perches the summer cottage of the rich widow, Mrs. Racewood. It is built about with wide verandas, and so close is it to the waves that, in a stiff on-shore breeze, the fine spray whips against its seaward windows.

Conspicuously guarding the ocean end of the gully is a wave-rounded boulder, so lodged that the sea just hides it at each high tide. It is thickly maned with rich brown and glossy amber seaweed, and viewed from the shore, bears a close resemblance to the head of a mighty lion.

Mortimer Racewood first came to the cottage, in advance of the season, with his invalid mother, his two sisters and their invited guest, Miss Edna Mayberry. He then pointed out Lion's Head to the girls as delightful sketching-ground, and at low tide they often visited it.

But the Racewoods met, most unexpectedly, with experiences that greatly lessened the delight of their trip. Immediately upon their arrival they were greeted with an insulting yell from a crowd of disorderly excursionists from the neighboring fishing-port of Bayswater, and soon afterward a volley of gravel was hurled against the windows of their reception-room. Other small insults and trespasses followed.

The motive of these attacks soon appeared. Many Bayswater people, including some of the most unruly among them, had for years camped out upon the grounds and fished from the rocks now wholly occupied or partially shut off by the Racewood cottage. They resented bitterly the intrusion of the house there, and were bent upon annoying its occupants so much that it would become an undesirable place of residence.

Young Mortimer Racewood, who, for the time being, was the only male member of the household, was kept from morning to night in a state of irritated suspicion toward all strangers.

Lion's Head Rock lay below high-water mark. This put it beyond the line of the Racewood property, though Mortimer, unaccustomed to the seashore, supposed that his mother's property extended to the low-water mark.

On the evening of the fifth day of the occupancy of the cottage by the Racewoods, Antonio Silva, a Portuguese fisher-boy of Bayswater, was planning to take, on the following afternoon, a trip to Lion's Head for rock perch, or "cunners," as all Bayswater called them. As he fastened on three extra hooks to his hand-line in the dark, lower room of his tenement home, down close upon Buzzell's Dock, he sat upon an inverted starch-box very near the low couch on which, under a worn counterpane, still gaudy in patchwork of orange, red and green, lay his wasted little mother, coughing her gentle life away.

She kept her bed now all the time. She would die before very long, the doctor had said.

While Antonio fastened his hooks, he watched and sometimes talked to the chubby twins, Joao and Jaymes, at play upon the floor. Queer, handsome little yellow children they were, with glowing black eyes and soot-black wavy hair. They were as like as two sand-peeps, but Joao was clothed in calico of a vivid pink, and Jaymes in chrome yellow, peppered with black.

They were playing with shells and pebbles, and with old bottles filled up with water, colored with odd dyeing material, such as the juice of spoiled berries from the grocers, crushed plantain leaf, yellow earth and so on, which Antonio had procured for them.

When Antonio had fastened his last hook, he picked up from among the playthings an old horse-radish bottle, filled with diluted sour milk, and began his lesson in English to the little boys.

"Vat cohlor dees?" he asked.

"Whita!" said both twins at once.

"So he ees. Vat cohlor dees?" He showed a pebble.

"Browna."

"You a-right. Dees?"

"'Ello!" said one twin.

"Greena!" said the other.

"Greena? No! He 'ello! Joao, he a-right."

Antonio was doing his best to teach the twins good English. The Silva family, from the half-blind grandmother, now knitting automatically, in a dark corner, to the funny twins, were pure Portuguese. They had come to Bayswater from the Azores a little less than seven months before. None of them spoke the harsh, new language well. Antonio spoke it best, though the father, Manoel Silva, did very well, too. He was away now on a long-shore mackerel trip.

Antonio would have been with him but that the twins and the fading little mother and the half-blind grandmother could not be left without protection. So he stayed ashore, looking to the twins, doing odd jobs, and in their season, catching cunners for the hotels and cottagers.

Sometimes the fish left over from his sales had been the only food of the family for the day. They had a hard time to live.

On the afternoon following, then, at the first of the flood, Antonio Silva clambered, barefooted, to the top of Lion's Head Rock. He had gleaned for his bait from the bases of neighboring boulders a canful of "rock-snails." Baiting the four hooks of his hand-line, he flung the line well out into the green sea depths, and soon began to haul in green and rust-red perch.

Presently there sauntered out upon the cottage veranda Miss Racewood, with her sister Mabel, a sweet-faced child of nine, Mortimer Racewood and Miss Edna Mayberry. Antonio was too intent upon his fishing to notice them.

Miss Mayberry gave a pettish stamp of her foot and an abrupt little cry.

"Just look!" said she. "There's that mulatto boy again on our rock. We can't sketch with him there."

"Oh dear, no!" said Miss Racewood. "He litters the rock all over with sharp bits of snail-shell, and he keeps tramping about."

"And his fish spatter salt water all over your dress and the sketches. Send him away, Mort," said Ella Mayberry.

The pert command was enough for young Racewood.

"Say, boy," he called out,—Antonio was sixteen, two years younger than Mortimer, and was quite short for his years,—"oh, I say, move off that rock, will you? We want to come there."

Antonio hauled in two flapping cunners, released them from the hooks, and re-baiting, resumed his fishing without a word or look of answer.

"Well," said Edna Mayberry, "that's cool—rather!"

Mortimer by this time was half-way down the gully; his face was flushed, his tone threatening. "Come, come!" he called again. "Are you deaf? Fly 'round—clear out!"

Then Antonio, still intent upon his fishing, answered quietly, but with firmness. "Ah, what you say? I r-r-right 'ere. I feesh a lon' time on dees rock. You own down 'ere? No. Anny man ar-right to feesh."

Mortimer felt the eyes of the girls upon him. He had gone too far, he thought, to "back out." Pressing violently forward over the slippery weed-grown rocks, his badly guarded feet slipped suddenly from under him, and he tumbled headlong into a hidden pool, out of which he scrambled, drenched from head to foot, in time to hear Miss Mayberry make a poor attempt to suppress a laugh.

He was furious, yet not so far beside himself that he could not see that the wiry young Portuguese, barefooted and sure of his hold on the slippery rock, could make him trouble if he came to close quarters.

Seizing, in his foolish rage, a heavy cobblestone, he blindly flung it—though without intent that it should really hit Antonio—forward to the ledge behind the fisher lad. Striking there on a facet of the ledge that turned obliquely, it rebounded with great force right against the back of Antonio's head.

The blow stunned the boy, and caused him to pitch headlong into the deep water below.

White with horror, Mortimer sprang forward to the rescue; but just as he reached the base of Lion's Head, Antonio, recovering his consciousness, pulled himself back to his place, pale, and with the red streak of a long cut on his cheek.

He swept the water from his face, and turned a look on Mortimer that kept the young cottager where he was.

"Come back, come back, Mort!" the girls cried from the veranda. "We're going to the flume; we've given up sketching. Come back. Let him alone."

Young Racewood felt degraded in his own eyes; his hand automatically sought his soaking, empty pocket, and muttering something about, "Make it all right!" he turned back to the cottage.

As he passed in, Miss Mayberry, with an uneasy laugh, cried out, "Why, the boy's fishing yet! He can't be hurt." Mortimer, from his chamber window, as he changed his dripping suit, noted that the plucky young Portuguese indeed still held to his work.

For half an hour longer Antonio kept at it, though his head ached and whirled; then, stringing for home use the pollock and sand-dabs he had caught, he filled up his bucket with the salable cunners and turned inland.

As he passed the Racewood cottage, little Mabel stepped out timidly toward him.

"Oh, please, does your head ache?" she asked.

"Ah, yes, she is ache-a some—oh yes, moshe!" said Antonio.

Moved by the gentle look and tone of the child, he stopped, and, in spite of his heavy pain, smiled back at her.

"Well, you mustn't go round in the sun to sell the fish; I want 'em all—see?"

The child held out some money. "Is this enough?" she asked.

The Portuguese lad set his buckets down, and though the action sent a spasm of pain through his head, made a quick, graceful bow.

"Ah, yes—too mannee—too moshe! T'anka!"

He would have cleaned the cunners and stripped off their rust-flecked jackets, leaving them pearly white for the pan, but Mabel stopped him, and summoned the cook to take them in as they were. Then, insisting that he take all the money she had offered him, she drew from him by simple questions how matters were with him at home; and as the lad turned away with another courtly bow that cost him a pang of severe pain and a spell of vertigo, Mabel cried out that she would come and "see his mamma" in the carriage, and bring her some "nice things."

"My mamma'll let me," said Mabel.

Antonio staggered over the hot, sandy mile and a half that lay between Racewood cottage and his poor home, and arriving there at last, dizzy and ill, threw himself upon the ragged lounge, and between spasms of pain and nausea, told his grandmother his story.

The old woman was alarmed, and brought in some of the neighbors. The news of the assault on "Portugee Tony," whom every one liked, spread fast. Through him a long-established fishing-right had been grossly invaded—an assault committed against a whole community.

The wiser of the neighbors advised consultation with a lawyer, but no one of the Silvas could take the necessary steps. What was everybody's business presently became nobody's, and for three days Antonio lay on the lounge, a wet rag bound about his head, while nothing was done to bring the case before the court.

Twice, however, the Racewood carriage had stopped at the Silva tenement, and Mabel had brought delicacies for the little mother. She had sent the doctor, too, to Antonio. Mortimer had given money to Mabel for these benefactions, and perhaps would have done more but that kind thoughts were driven out of his mind by the re-awakening of the malice of the worst elements of Bayswater against him and his.

Using "Portugee Tony's" wrongs as an excuse, the roughs of the neighborhood hung about the Racewood cottage off and on, by night and day reviling and threatening assault. When Mortimer went out with the girls for a stroll among the quaintly clustered boulders known as "The Giant's Chessmen," menacing yells rang out from behind the huddled masses; stones went humming across their path, and once, from a thicket of scrub-cedar, a huge shell-fish, covered with sand, was thrown into Mortimer's face.

At last, late on the third night after the assault on Antonio, a frightful serenade before the cottage, on pans and fish-horns, was followed by the entrance of a cobblestone through Edna Mayberry's window. Barely missing her at her toilet, it shattered the mirror in front of her. Then the family, thoroughly alarmed, resolved to quit the cottage by the first train next day.

And so the family hurriedly departed, leaving Harlow, the watchman, to close up the cottage tightly with its heavy winter shutters.

On his way to the railway station, Mortimer lodged a complaint with the Bayswater police, never guessing what was, nevertheless, a fact, that a smart young lawyer had already sought to secure from unwilling Tony evidence warranting Mortimer's arrest for assault upon Antonio Silva.

Before light, on the day following the departure, young Silva, still weak and giddy, though bettered by rest and the doctor's care, made his way slowly toward Lion's Head, again to try the fishing. Arrived at the head of the gully, he was about to creep down into it for bait, when he was stopped by the sound of heavy rumbling, followed by banging and clanking from the opposite side.

Cautiously creeping to a large rock at the gully's edge, he perceived that men, partly concealed by clustered rocks and the heavy fog, were rolling boulders from the opposite height down upon the great drain-pipe that ran from the cottage through the gully into the ocean, breaking off section after section of the pipe.

The kindness of Mabel had awakened in Antonio's loyal heart a resolute devotion to her and to all that she held dear. For her sake, he wished to put a stop to the destruction now going on under his eyes, though whether to call out, or to run to the house of the cottage watchman, a mile away, he did not know.

As he hesitated, other sounds blent with those of the drain-pipe's destruction. From the third story of the cottage came repeated blows, like those made by a tack-hammer smartly wielded. At intervals, also, and from the same spot, came the sharp tap of the common golden-winged woodpecker, or flicker: "*Pee*-uck!" "*Pee*-uck!"

Looking sharply toward the cottage through the dim light obscured by fog, Antonio at last made out the flicker, his feet hooked upon the cleating of the upper story, his spiked tail braced diagonally to sustain him, busy in drilling, with his pick-like beak, a hole through the cottage wall.

The house, as Antonio, who had watched its building, well knew, was mainly sheathed, not lathed and plastered. The upper story was unsheathed; the wall was a mere shell of wood.

Suddenly, something from the hole disconcerted the flicker, who stopped his work, dodged smartly to one side, bristled out the feathers of his head and body, and gave an angry hiss.

Again he sought to pick; again he was repelled; again he dodged and bristled, and then, comically jerking his head, uttered a ludicrous vocal mixture of sniff and sneeze.

The next moment he went pitching off, in great curves, inland; and after him, through the hole, came leaking out a misty stream which spread into a cloud of bluish vapor. It was smoke, and the cottage was on fire!

Antonio sprung to the top of his rock, crying out, aloud, to whom he knew not, in a strange medley of the old tongue and the new.

"*Fogo!* Fire! Ah—de cottage! *a casa*—she afire! *esta en Fogo*—Halp-eh! *Cia!*"

Then, from behind the boulders, came back a sinister response:

"Ha-ha! you there, Tony? A fire, is it? All right. Let it burn—there's no one here will stop it."

Antonio's form grew tense, and his eye alight with resolution.

"*I* stohp-eh," he shouted.

"You? Better not try it, Tony; the fellers in the dory down there are usin' the old monopoly ranch for a target. You'd get hit. Keep away!"

At the word there echoed up the gully, as from a fog-hidden dory, anchored but a few boats-length off shore, the sharp report of a rifle, followed by the "ping" of the bullet, and its thud and crash against and through the cottage wall.

"Ah, I go! Stop shoot-eh, you!" Antonio shouted.

For a moment longer he stood, considering his way of entrance. He was going into deadly peril, and he knew it.

The sun, coppery red through the fog, was showing eastward over Gannet Bar; the strong land-scent of wild rose, blended with a briny whiff of carrageen and sea-dragged kelp, floated about him, seeking, it seemed, in its tonic sweetness to draw him from his purpose back to safety. But with a cry under his breath to Heaven, not even assured that the mob would hear or heed his call of warning, Antonio scaled the veranda-roof, and then, by ready stages, reached the cottage ridge-pole; thence the skylight.

Breaking through this with his elbow, he dropped himself to the attic floor, unhurt. Down the narrow, open stairs he ran toward the burning chamber; the entry-way was filling with smoke, and he found the chamber door already hot to the touch. It had been forced open by the incendiaries, and then fastened with a rope and nail. Probably they wished the fire they had set kept down till they were well away.

There was a cistern overhead, and pipes led down close to the door. There were basins and pails at hand.

Setting the pipes running, Antonio guardedly pushed open the door; then came a puff of scorching, choking smoke, and sparks that drove him back. Recovering, he dashed in pail after pail of water upon what he dimly saw was the centre of the fire.

So he fought his way in and out. He was alone in a burning cottage of well-seasoned wood. The fire was sealed in by heavy shutters. To the skylight by which he had entered, there was no ready means of access from below; and those who had broken in had nailed up their entrance-way as they passed out.

Again and again it seemed that he must fall in the flames, and perish where he labored.

Holding to his work, using no time in scheming for escape, Antonio still dashed on the water, over wall and floor and furnishings, until, through slowly thinning smoke, he could make out what was once a pile of bed-slats now reduced to sparkless charcoal, sections of charred wall and floor, a fire-wrecked chest of drawers and wads of bedding turned to dripping tinder.

The fire was out. The closing of the cottage, which had been his greatest peril, had been, as well, the turning-point for safety, for if he had fought a draught from windows broken through by fire he never could have conquered.

With hair and eyebrows singed in places to the quick, clothing charred through, and limbs smarting with deep burns, he passed wearily down into the story below, to make sure that no spark had kindled there.

In the dory, now some forty rods from shore, were crowded the ruffianly crew who had set the fire, recruited by the gang whose leader had answered Silva's cry of discovery. It is not likely that Antonio's entrance of the cottage had been noted. He had been warned; his answer had not been heard attentively nor heeded. They had continued to fire every few minutes at the lower stories; and now, as they were moving off into the fog, another shot was fired, and then another.

The last ball, by ill chance, passed into the lower room with Antonio. Cutting first through a thin shutter, it struck upon a metal armor piece high up the wall, glanced off, and entered the body of the exhausted lad, who, without even a cry, dropped heavily, face downward, to the floor.

A rumor had meanwhile reached Mortimer in the city that a warrant was out for his arrest. With a short explanation to his mother, he started back for Bayswater. Arriving by the earliest train, he met, as he alighted, Harlow, the cottage-tender, looking pale and grave.

"They've broke things, up to the cottage, Mr. Racewood," he said. "I just sent ye a dispatch. I was 'round there long past midnight; they must 'a' done it early this mornin'. They tried to burn it, too; they would, I guess, if it hadn't 'a' ben for Portagee Tony."

Mortimer turned pale.

"Know him, don't you?" Harlow went on. "Yes I'd heard you did. Well, he put the fire out; but them scoundrels fired into the house, and shot him down. I found him lyin' right across the foot o' the stairs when I opened the cottage."

"Was he dead?"

"No; mighty nigh it, though; won't live, I don't think. He's spoke enough to tell what he's done. He's hit bad. I've had Doctor Whyte to him; he's layin' in your chamber, had to put him in there. Can't move him. Doctor's with him now. Better go right up. Here's Billy an' the buggy—get yer there quicker'n the barge."

The goldenrod had long been past its prime when the Portuguese lad left that room in the cottage. Through the long summer, young Racewood, with only brief reliefs, watched by his bedside. The doctor said that but for Mortimer, Antonio never would have lived.

"And but for me, he never would have lain here shot," said Mortimer.

Leaning on young Racewood's arm, Antonio, on a lovely day of early autumn, moved very slowly out of the cottage into the reviving sunlight. Poor, poor boy! His face was drawn and waxy, and his weight so slight as scarcely to be felt upon the arm that bore him up. He walked with stiffness and a painful limp. Never again might he scale Lion's Head with the old daring freedom.

But out of the trouble of Racewood Cottage had come at least a lesson for all life to Mortimer. He has taken a vow that from this time on,

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Antonio—and the motherless twins, now gazing on their strangely altered brother, not knowing whether to cry, to laugh or to do neither—shall be his care for life.

TO FEED THE SNOW-BIRDS.

A seed-head uplifted
Above a waste of snow
Is reason abundant
Why a weed should grow.

Wide Awake. —*William Zachary Gladwin.*

For the Companion.

WINTERING IN A DUG-OUT.

In Three Parts.—Part II.

The weather moderated a little at New Year's; and three days after the wolves had attempted to dig into my cow-shed, Andrew came to see how I was faring.

He surveyed my premises for some time, as he said afterward, without being able to "make head or tail" of them. He might have supposed that my cabin had blown away if he had not seen the smoke issuing from the top of the stove-pipe.

Then he walked upon my roof, and called to me. The creak of his snow-shoes overhead was the first intimation which I had of his presence. Then I recognized his voice.

I had felt a lingering resentment against him; but the sound of a human voice that I knew fell so sweetly on my ear, that I could scarcely keep from shedding tears as I dug a hole up out of my covered way to admit him.

He took off his snow-shoes, let himself down and came into my dug-out, and then he looked around and laughed heartily, until I grew quite indignant. When I told him of the tree-fall and the wolves, he became grave.

"I oughtn't to have let you stay here alone!" he exclaimed. "And now you are going home with me and Helen."

This offer I peremptorily declined. He threatened to carry me by main force; but seeing at last that I was wholly in earnest, he dropped the subject, unwillingly.

I suppose I had not fully realized how lonesome I had been; for I cannot describe how pleasant it seemed to me to hear a voice, and see some one sitting in Helen's chair on the other side of the stove. I prepared dinner, and Andrew remained nearly three hours, telling me all about their plans, and what a good time he and Helen were having; how she sang and played, and how they read stories aloud together in the evening. I was hungry to hear it all.

When he went away, I put my head up through the hole in my covered passage and watched him out of sight; and then I had to go inside and have a good, long cry before I was fit to clear up the table and resume my solitary life.

Another storm was at hand. The gray and dreary night shut down over the lonely wastes of snow. "Well, another fortnight!" I murmured to myself, and proceeded to stop up the breach in my covered way.

A little later I was surprised at hearing Andrew shout to me from outside, and I made haste to open the breach again.

"Is Helen sick?" I exclaimed.

"Oh no," he replied. "I've come back to bring you some novelettes which we have read, and my carbine—if those wolves should come round again, you know."

"Oh dear!" said I. "Firebrands are better for me, I think. I never fired a gun in my life, and I don't believe I should like it. I would not know how to shoot."

"It's as easy as pumping water," said Andrew, confidently. "Just see how I do it. All you have to do is to tuck these cartridges in here—one, two or seven of them. Then take hold of this lever, so—open up now, then replace it, see? It's all loaded. Now I will rest it out through the hole, and shoot at that tree-trunk over there. Watch me; raise the hammer, so. Take aim—so."

He discharged the piece, and I suppose, planted the bullet in the tree.

"Now, see how I throw out the empty shell," he continued, "and raise in another cartridge—so. It's loaded again. Now you fire it, at the same tree. Don't be afraid. It doesn't kick. It will not hurt you a bit."

I took aim and fired, in some little trepidation. Andrew said that I hit the tree. My eyes were shut. I do not think that he thought the piece "kicked;" nevertheless, it made a lump on my shoulder, although I did not let him know it.

I cannot say that I really wanted him to leave the gun with me; but he had determined to do so, and after some further explanation of the mechanism of a breech-loader, he gave it to me with two dozen cartridges. When he had gone I placed it safely behind my vegetable bin. I had not the slightest intention to touch it again; for he had, he told me, left four cartridges in it.

As much as six inches more of snow came during that night and the next day, and again the wind blew, and the cold was intense.

I kept quite comfortable, however. The snow no longer troubled me, for I was completely snowed under. I took care of my stock, and to pass the time read novelettes. I sincerely wished for better books. The trashy stories were far from satisfactory, and I resolved that week—and I have kept to my resolve—to begin a Chautauqua course of study.

The sixth night after Andrew had called last, I heard snow-shoes creaking once more, and had no doubt that he had come over to look in upon me again, although it occurred to me that it was late for him to call.

I was on the point of crying out, "I hear you!" when I perceived from the sounds that there was more than one person. "Is it possible that Helen has walked over with him?" I thought.

The sounds ceased for a moment, and I heard men's voices speaking in very low tones. Then something—a staff or a gun-stock—was thrust down through the snow against the boards of the roof.

A sense of sudden fear possessed me. Then it occurred to me that they were probably a party of hunters in search of shelter. If they were decent persons and in distress, I might feed them and allow them to sleep in my cow-shed.

All this passed through my mind in a moment; and again I heard the staff or gun-stock thrust down through the snow.

Mustering my courage I called out, "Who's there and what do you want?"

A moment of silence followed my hail; then again I heard low words; and a voice called down to me, "Say, old gal, is yer husband at home?"

Something in the tone of the speaker's voice gave me a thrill of repulsion. I felt instinctively that the men were ruffians of the worst sort; and a desperate determination to fight to the death rather than let them in, took possession of me.

Almost before I knew what I was doing, I had Andrew's gun in my hands, and was bent on fighting. At the same instant an idea occurred to me; I changed my tone to the deepest bass which I could summon from my throat, and in imitation of a man's voice, croaked out, "Who are you? What's your business here?"



Andrew makes a call.

My ruse did not answer. A roar of derisive laughter followed my effort, and a voice cried:

"Too thin, old lady! We want to come in and get warm. We're travellin' missionaries, we are, an' we've got some tracts for ye! You may as well show us in. Where's yer door, anyway?"

"You can't come in!" I said, in as firm a voice as I could muster. "I warn you to go away!"

They laughed brutally. "We'll see about that!" one exclaimed. They began to thrust down heavily through the snow again.

I knew that it was useless to utter another word. A feeling of desperation nerved me. I pulled back the hammer of the carbine, and holding the piece out at arms'-length, and with the barrel pointing upwards toward the roof, discharged it.

It jumped downward from my hands, and the stock struck the floor. I was nearly deafened.

The cabin was filled with powder smoke. The bullet no doubt passed through the board and the snow, and how closely it passed to their bodies I do not know.

They withdrew hastily from the roof. At a little distance they stopped and relieved their feelings by an outburst of shouting.

I pulled open the door into the covered way, worked the lever of the carbine as Andrew had shown me, and then pushing the barrel out through the snow, in the direction from which the shouts came, discharged it again. It recoiled violently, possibly from snow getting in the muzzle; but I worked it, and fired again and again.

I know now how soldiers feel in battle; it is a savage spirit that seems to rouse like a wild beast in its lair. I ran back and thrust more cartridges into the magazine, filled it full, and then stood at the door and listened. I expected that they would attack me, and I meant to shoot in the direction of any sound I heard.

But I heard nothing further from them. I now noticed that my wrists were covered with blood where, from the recoil of the carbine, the piece of iron around the trigger had scraped the skin from my hands. It was not till toward morning that I became calm enough to retire and fall asleep.

I was somewhat amazed at my own performance, and to tell the truth, a little ashamed of it. It did not seem to me that I had made a very brave or womanly defence; and yet, as it turned out, I no doubt did the best thing possible.

Toward evening the following day I again heard snow-shoes, and this time Andrew called, in haste and excitement, to get his gun.

A sheriff and party of eight men had reached his home, and summoned him to accompany them in pursuit of four train-robbers who had boarded an express car, fifty miles to the southeastward of us, killing the messenger and a brakeman. The sheriff was tracking them.

"And they passed right close by your cabin here!" Andrew continued.

"Yes," said I. "They called, or tried to call, on me."

I pointed to the powder-blackened boards of my ceiling. "I made free use of your gun, Andrew, and you will find your cartridges four short," I said.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "Did you hit any of them?"

"I don't suppose I did. I hope not," I replied.

"'Hope not!'" he cried. "If only you had stopped all four of them, it would have been the best job of the winter. I'll bring the gun back to you soon," he added, climbing out to set off.

"But what about Helen?" I called. "What will she do while you are gone?"

"Oh, I shall not be gone more than thirty-six hours," he said. "I wanted her to come over here, but the snow is too deep. So she is going to stay at our house."

I was anxious for Helen's sake all that night, the next day and the next, for I could imagine how she would count the slow hours. If I did not hear from her that evening, I resolved to go to her cabin somehow the following forenoon, if I had to crawl over the drifts.

But toward sunset of the second day Andrew came back to leave his gun with me. He appeared greatly exhausted, and I noticed that his face had a gray, pinched expression.

"Bad luck," said he, wearily. "No luck at all. We ought never to have started with only ten men."

I made him come in for a few minutes while I prepared a cup of coffee for him, and he told me that the posse had found the robbers entrenched within a log-hut in the valley of a creek.

"It will take a hundred men to get them out of it," he continued. "In their first volley at us they broke the sheriff's arm, and killed another of our party in his tracks. They laughed at us, and called out that they wouldn't fire again, we looked so cold and hungry! We were glad to take them at their word, and get away. They were so well fortified that we couldn't touch them. They gave us all sorts of chaff, and one of them shouted, 'Tell that wild woman back your way that we will see her later!'



"That was you, I suppose," Andrew added. "But you needn't be afraid. Our fellows have gone back to raise a big party and get soldiers, if need be. We will have them yet!"

I bade him go home to Helen, and tell her to give him a thorough sweat that evening, for I saw that he had taken a severe cold.

I kept the carbine loaded and at hand, and when, toward evening of the second day after, I heard a faint noise on the snow outside, I seized it promptly. I feared the train-robbers might make good their threat to take vengeance on me.

But instead of robbers it was Helen. A moment after I heard her call to me, and ran to show her the entrance into my covered way.

"You dear girl!" I cried. "What is the matter?"

"O Lottie!" she faltered. "Andrew is quite sick. Do you suppose we can get a doctor?"

"I'll go back with you, and we will see what we can do," said I. I drew the snowy, tired little woman inside while I fed my cow and made hasty preparations to leave.

"He is feverish and badly pressed for breath," she told me. "Do you suppose it is pneumonia?"

I had no medicines save a bottle of ipecac and a box of mustard. We took these and set off at once. Helen had tried to walk on Andrew's snow-shoes, but after many mishaps with them, had stood them up in the snow, and come on in the snow-shoe tracks which Andrew had made while going to and from my place. We did not break through these old tracks as badly as one might have supposed, but got on quite rapidly, and picking up the rejected snow-shoes, reached their cabin in the dusk.

Andrew was sitting up by the stove, and I found that he had been much opposed to Helen's going for me. "Why, it is only a bad cold," he said to me. "I didn't mean that she should go, but she slipped out before I knew it.

"I'm going after those robbers again to-morrow, when the big party comes along," he continued.

I noticed that his flesh was very hot, that his breath came rapidly, and that he frequently coughed in a particularly abrupt, harsh manner. I resolved, if he continued to get worse, to make an effort to send, or else go myself, for a physician the following morning.

At any rate I could probably reach our Norwegian friends on snow-shoes—the distance was only about three miles—and induce the man to make the trip for us.

Whether or not the physician could be prevailed on to come out to us was a little uncertain, but I hoped that he would come, if the weather held fair.

We induced Andrew to put his feet in a pail of very warm water, with mustard in it, and we prepared a mustard draught for his chest. He was presently sent to bed, buried under blankets, and tucked in with three hot flatirons and two hot-water bottles.

But he could not lie down. At first we thought it obstinacy, for he laughed at us a little; but I soon saw that he could not breathe while lying down. So we let him sit up in bed, bolstered with pillows, and covered him in as best we could with the clothes.

I noticed that an asthmatic, wheezing sound issued from his throat or lungs. Still, neither Helen nor I realized that he was dangerously ill.

About eleven o'clock, while Helen had gone out of the room for a moment, Andrew said to me:

"Now Lottie, if anything should happen to me when I'm off with the party after those scamps, I want you and Helen to live together, just as you did before I came, and have my things here between you. 'Twas too bad of me ever to separate you from her. I knew it all the time. You'll never forgive me for it in the world."

I protested that I had already forgiven him.

"No, you never will," said he, absently.

I cannot narrate the sad scenes which followed that night. Nothing which Helen or I could do availed to help her unfortunate husband. He sank rapidly and fainted, and the breath did not return to his lungs.

Helen could not comprehend it. I had to take her hands and tell her the crushing truth: "Helen, he is dead!"

CHARLOTTE H. SMITH.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

A VENEZUELAN RAILWAY.

There are few more interesting engineering achievements than the little narrow-gauge railroad running to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, from its seaport, La Guaira. The distance between the two cities, as the crow flies,—supposing for the moment that he could fly straight through the mountain,—is only six miles; but the railway connecting them is twenty-three miles in length, and constantly twists and turns on itself.

The road runs in zigzag fashion up the mountain to an altitude of about fifty-one hundred feet above its starting point, and then descends some fifteen hundred feet in the same manner into the valley of Caracas.

Twenty-two thousand rails were used in laying the track, and of these over eighteen thousand are bent. It is jestingly said that the engineer almost died of a broken heart, because he could invent no excuse for bending the remaining four thousand. He did his best, however, and no one who has to ride over the road, and finds himself shaken at every one of the three hundred and forty-six sharp twists which the track makes, will find it in his heart to condemn the poor man for not making a perfect job.

Two passenger trains each way pass over the road daily, leaving La Guaira at half-past eight in the morning, and at half-past three in the afternoon, making the journey in two hours and a half. This is a speed, exclusive of stops, of not quite ten miles an hour.

Each train consists of a locomotive, a baggage car, and two or three passenger coaches about the size of a street-car in Northern cities. The seats run lengthwise through the car—an arrangement necessitated by the narrow gauge of the road.

The fare for the twenty-three miles is two dollars and a half first-class, and one dollar and sixty cents second. The accommodations are equally bad in the cars of the two classes; the only visible difference between the two is that the first-class car is the less crowded.

The locomotive is a queer little machine, about the size of a dirt-cart. It has no bell, but the obliging engineer atones for this deficiency by keeping up an almost continuous whistling.

As we leave the little station at La Guaira, we take a serpentine course for about a mile through cocoanut groves along the sea. Why the road does not take a straight course through this first portion of the way, the constructor only knows, for the ground is perfectly level, and there are no obstructions more serious than a cocoanut palm or a banana plant.

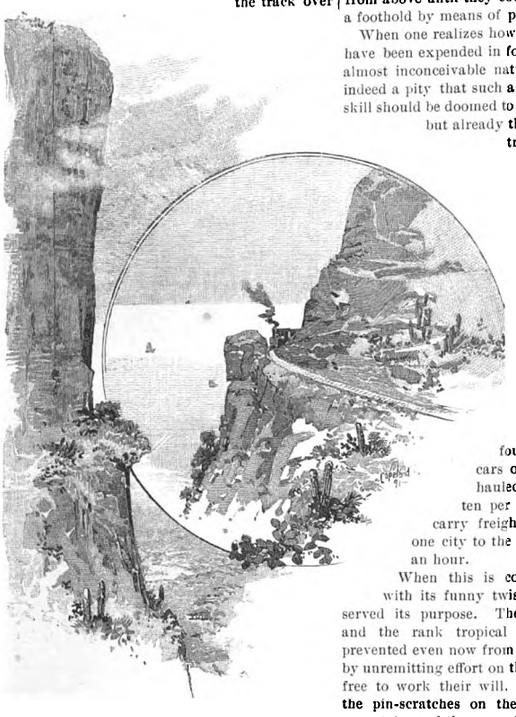
After writhing along the beach for a short time, we suddenly make a sharp turn, and then begins the climb up the face of the mountain.

Up, up, up we go, turning now to the right and again to the left, then making what seems to be an almost complete circle, now passing through a tunnel—where we are nearly stifled by the hot air and gases from the engine, which sweep through the open cars, carrying with them cinders that burn holes in the clothes, or raise blisters where they touch the unprotected skin. Then we emerge from the hole in the mountain-side in a place where we

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appear to be on the point of jumping over the precipice one or two thousand feet sheer down into the water that laps its base.

But we forget for a moment the constructor's passion for curves. We make two or three short turns, as if uncertain of our course, and then hoist sharply round, and go back the way we came. As we look down from the car window we see the track over



which we have just passed about fifty feet from us, and directly beneath us.

Suddenly we stop. We wonder what has happened, for there is no house in sight, and it would be difficult indeed for any one to find a spot on which to perch a house, so steep is the declivity. The only thing visible except trees and rocks is a large iron pipe running over wooden supports through a small ravine; and now we see that it carries water for the refreshment of our thirsty little engine.

Six times we stop in this way in our wild dance up the mountain-side, to take breath and water our engine, until we cross the highest point and begin to slide down to Caracas.

In going down the mountain on either side gravity is the only propulsive force employed, steam being kept up only to work the brakes and prevent too rapid a descent.

There is but one station, apart from the watering places, between La Guaira and Caracas, and this the railroad people have most appropriately named Zigzag. Here the trains from opposite directions meet and pass each other; and here the native passengers, who have been envying the engine its frequent potations, themselves revive their drooping spirits with brandy.

As soon as the engine has filled its boiler once more it gives one long shriek of warning, the passengers climb into the little cars, and we follow once more the giddy wake.

The scenery, as viewed from the window of our car, is grand; but in order to enjoy it thoroughly one must possess strong nerves. At our feet, a thousand metres below, we see a faint streak, which is the narrow beach on which La Guaira lies. The houses in the town look like dice, and the men and donkeys in the streets have become invisible.

Beyond, stretching away to the horizon, now vastly extended by reason of our elevation, we see the sparkling blue waters of the West Indian Ocean. A mere speck which we can hardly discern on the surface of the sea is the ship which brought us to this coast, and which left for the chilly north an hour before we began our cloudward climb.

If we turn and look ahead, we see the mountain rising up ever higher and higher until its peak is lost in the cloud that always clings to it, as if fearful of trusting itself to fly alone and without support over the distant ocean.

The air, which was so hot and sultry on the coast, is growing more and more fresh as we ascend, and it becomes almost chilly as the cloud hugging the mountain-top receives us, and draws the curtain which hides from our view the beauties of nature as well as the dangers which encompass us.

Dangerous as the ascent of the mountain appears to be, and really is, accidents are fortunately rare, owing to the constant vigilance exercised by the officials of the road over every foot of the track. Landslides do occasionally take place, nevertheless, and no amount of watchfulness can prevent them, or even give warning of their occurrence. Fortunately, they have never yet happened to strike a train.

The road-bed in many places is a mere scratch in the side of the mountain, barely wide enough to permit the passage of the narrow cars. The outer rail is often laid within a few inches of the edge of the precipice, so that in looking from the window one sees nothing but the bottom of the ravine hundreds of feet below.

While the road was building, it was frequently found necessary to lower men by long ropes from above until they could make for themselves a foothold by means of pick and shovel.

When one realizes how much labor and money have been expended in forcing this way through almost inconceivable natural obstacles, it seems indeed a pity that such a triumph of engineering skill should be doomed to an ephemeral existence; but already the freight and passenger traffic taxes the capacity of the road to its utmost, and if the present rate of increase continues, it will be but a very few years before it will be utterly unable to handle it.

Work has already been begun by an American company on a new route between La Guaira and Caracas, which is to pass under the mountain through a tunnel four miles in length. The cars on this new road will be hauled by cable power up a ten per cent. gradient, and will carry freight and passengers from one city to the other in less than half an hour.

When this is completed, the old road, with its funny twists and turns, will have served its purpose. The rains, the landslides, and the rank tropical vegetation, which are prevented even now from burying the tracks only by unremitting effort on the part of man, will be free to work their will. Nature will soon heal the pin-scratches on the face of the grand old mountain, and the crazy little railroad, in its day a mighty promoter of the commerce and prosperity of Venezuela and of its capital city, will become a memory. THOS. L. STEDMAN.

For the Companion.

A BENEDICTION.

All through the evening, like a soul in pain,
With broken sobs made moan the autumn breeze;
Then softly fell upon the suppliant trees
The tender benediction of the rain.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE RUSSIAN LOAN.

During the month of October the Russian government offered in Paris a new loan of about one hundred million dollars. There are very few transactions between men that are usually governed more by hard-headed business principles, and less by sentiment, than the borrowing and lending of money; but in this case, for once, sentiment seems almost to have gained the upper hand.

The French people and Parisian bankers subscribed for seven and one-half times as much money as the Russian finance minister proposed to borrow. Yet he had offered the loan at a lower rate of interest than his country had ever before obtained.

This success in Paris had been preceded by a refusal of the bankers of Berlin to assist in putting the bonds on the German market. Some of them were disposed to do so, but the German press, during the latter part of September, had been almost a unit in declaring that no patriotic German should lend Russia money, or help her in any way to get it.

Though the Russian government sought the loan on the strength of allegations that the money would be devoted to railways and permanent improvements, the German papers professed to believe that it would really be expended on improving Russian preparations for war. They alleged that Russia is allied with France, and that German money lent to the Czar's minister would therefore go to strengthen Germany's enemies.

Not long before that time two occurrences had specially excited German feeling against Russia. The Russian government had prohibited the export of rye, and thus raised greatly the price of that grain in Germany, where it is largely consumed in making bread for the poorer classes and the army. Though the Russians founded this prohibition on the fact that a severe famine threatened her own people, the Germans seemed to regard it as an act of hostility to themselves.

They also were vexed at the enthusiastically friendly reception given to the French fleet, not long before, at the Russian port of Cronstadt.

Hence the Berlin bankers would have nothing to do with the new loan, though they had strongly supported Russian credit so long as Bismarck's policy kept the Emperors of Germany and Russia on friendly terms.

The Cronstadt incident of course pleased the French as much as it annoyed the Germans, and Paris was all the more disposed to take the loan because Berlin scouted it.

English and Dutch capitalists profess a suspicion that Russia devotes more money to military purposes than she pretends to use in that way; and they also suspect that she pays interest on old loans out of new ones, and not out of revenue. For these reasons Russian loans have not been popular in London and Amsterdam for some years past.

Nevertheless, the credit of Russia has risen rapidly of late years. She is a frequent borrower, and owes about one thousand million dollars to foreign lenders besides, it is supposed, about five times as much to creditors within her borders.

French investors are said to hold something like half of all the bonds that Russia has given for her foreign borrowings. Hence the French are materially interested in supporting Russian credit.

But there can be no doubt that their subscription to the new loan would have been of less surprising magnitude had they not desired to signify good will to Russia, and opposition to her neighbor and their own. And on the other hand German bankers would have been by no means so suspicious as they professed to be of Russian credit, if the old friendliness between the two powers had not been somewhat weakened.

For the Companion.

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

A billowy unmoving sea of snow,
Glinting with stars of myriad fallen flakes;
In the white silence of the world awakes
The sound of winds, their flapping banners blow;
Gusty they speed, then heavy move and slow,
While yonder fir its laden fringes shakes.
The sun gleams silver on the frozen lakes,
And dazzles all the peaks with brighter glow.
Flashes the stream like sword half-drawn from sheath,
And every spray of pine-tree foliage hid
Lifts up a tiny snowy pyramid;
A burdened house-roof glimmers from beneath
The piling drifts; the hills and chasms deep,
Unfretted by the dream of summer, sleep.

VIRNA WOODS.

A YEAR OF PLENTY.

The good fortune of the United States during the present year, in respect of the products of the earth, appears in striking contrast with the misfortune of the Old World. With us the ground has yielded crops of unusual abundance.

It often happens that, in the same year and place, one crop is large and another small. A season may be unfavorable for maize which is very favorable for wheat, while a great deficiency in fruit may be balanced by a large yield of potatoes. In the present year, however, abundance is the rule in every crop; not one can be pronounced a failure.

In the Old World, on the other hand, deficiency is the rule. Russia, which is ordinarily a great source of grain supply to other European countries, is on the verge of a famine. The government has forbidden the exportation of rye, which is the bread-grain of the people.

British and French farmers have been disheartened and made poorer by rainy and stormy weather; their crops have been beaten down, and a fair yield prevented. Great Britain is forced to import one hundred and sixty million bushels of wheat.

In Central Europe not so bad a state of things has been reported, but in general the crops have fallen below last year's.

Meantime American abundance has been so marked that the government and private crop returns have been very interesting reading.

Though for a time corn was in many sections the most unpromising of all the staple crops, it turned out in the end above the average, and one of the largest in volume ever harvested. It is estimated that there has been raised in the country a total crop of two billions of bushels, or thirty-one bushels of corn for every man, woman and child in the country.

In wheat the abundance has been much more marked. In some parts of the country wheat is pronounced an exceptionally fine crop; in others it is the largest ever harvested; in still others an excellent average. In several of the Northwestern States extremely large yields have been reported.

The oat crop, an important one nowadays for human beings as well as for horses, has been the best since 1886, following a very bad crop last year. Rye, barley and buckwheat also yielded well.

The average yield per acre of that very important crop, potatoes, has been the largest reported for ten years; and the total crop is the greatest ever grown in the country. The potato crops of whole States have averaged one hundred and twenty and one hundred and twenty-five bushels to the acre, which has hitherto been regarded as an extreme yield, even in special fields.

For the most part the fruit yield has been large, with all the rest. In the States which are most dependent upon their fruit crop for their prosperity, the production has been most abundant. Pears, grapes and peaches have been plenty and cheap in the great cities of the East, and the poor have eaten more of these delicious fruits, probably, than ever before.

Even those spontaneous crops of nature, the nuts and acorns, have been, in a great part of the country if not in all, very bountiful, to the equal delight and profit of boys and squirrels.

One great staple crop, indeed, which used to be called the "king" of all, cotton, long promised to be deficient. Bad weather and killing frosts foreboded a loss of production. But the large arrivals of cotton in the New Orleans market indicate that the bad effect of the unfavorable weather had not been as great as was supposed; and the quality is everywhere reported high.

On the whole, it has been a year of wonderful abundance. It is likely to be followed by a prosperous time for our farmers, for the scarcity abroad, it is supposed, will prevent prices of certain agricultural products from being cheapened by plenty. On the other hand, the people who consume these products, and do not raise them, are likely to be more than compensated by the improved market for their own products and commodities which the prosperity of the farmers will create.

DREAMING AND DOING.

An American officer who went through the Franco-German campaign with the Prussian army in order to study the art of war lately told the following anecdote:

He became intimate with two German officers, one of whom was a grave, elderly man of undoubted courage and long experience in his profession. His knowledge of military tactics made him an authority in his regiment; all disputed points were referred to him by his brother-officers for decision.

The other, who was a young, gay fellow, fond of cards and dancing, held a higher rank in the corps.

The American one day commented indignantly on this fact to the older man.

"Why," he asked, "should P——, a man much your inferior, out-rank you?"

"Hold there!" said the old officer. "You mistake. P—— is not my inferior. Perhaps he has not studied the art of war as thoroughly as I have; but the little he knows he puts into practice. When you see us in battle you will understand the difference. *I* know what ought to be done. *He* does it. If a park of artillery is to be taken, while I am for a moment or two hesitating over scientific rules as to the best way to do it, he, with half of a rule dimly in his mind, takes it."

In every school, society or community there will be found men who have knowledge and ability, but who lack the power to use them effectively, and other men who, with narrower mental scope, know how to use their small intellectual capital, and to impress themselves and their purpose upon their generation.

Many a thoughtful, dreamy boy finds himself thrust aside in the race at school, just as he will be in life hereafter, for the want of this faculty. It is of course born with the men who have it largely, but it can be cultivated by very simple means.

See that, as far as possible, every seed of knowledge which is planted in your mind bears fruit. As soon, for example, as you begin to study German, begin to speak it.

Test your new ideas of architecture by the construction of the house you live in, and of hydraulics by its drains. If public speaking seems attractive to you, and you study the rules of oratory, put into practice, so far as you can, these rules. Join a debating club, or form one among your fellows, and speak upon such topics as interest you. Struggle vigorously against your wish to sit idle and to dream in a corner, even though your books are your companion.

Remember that when a house is burning it is not the man who understands scientifically how to put it out who is valued, but he who understands and—brings the water.

"TIRED OF LIFE."

Not many months ago the newspapers chronicled the death by suicide of a young woman, the daughter of educated, well-to-do parents. She left a letter, stating that she had no grief or trouble, but was simply "tired of life."

She said that she had become satisfied that her abilities were mediocre; that she would never acquire the fame and distinction for which she had hoped. The "public had rejected her," and she "preferred death to a commonplace life."

It was stated by her friends that she had great ambition; she had travelled in this country and Europe, had studied art, and sent many pictures to salons and exhibitions, none of which were accepted. Then she had deluged the editors of magazines with essays, poems and stories, but without success in securing their publication. "Disappointed in all of her hopes, eternal sleep seemed to be the only resource."

This feverish story suggests the inquiry whether, if this young girl had from childhood taken an interest in her father's home, and in the simple cares and duties of that home, she would not be living, busy and contented, now?

The change which forty years has brought in American social and domestic life is nowhere more marked than in the position which a young girl to-day occupies in her home. Her mother at twenty was almost sure to have been skilful with her needle, and ready and able to help her mother in the management and control of the household.

The young girl of to-day is rarely, in the old, simple, home-keeping sense, the "daughter of the house." She may attend a scientific course of cooking, or know how much farinaceous food each person should eat daily, or possibly be a member of charitable or scientific associations, but she is not fitted to take command in the kitchen, and send up a savory dinner if the cook takes an abrupt departure. Does she know how much coal the family use in a winter? Can she doctor an aching tooth, or dress a burn?

In the struggle and triumph of the opening of wider careers for women there is danger that the coming generation will overlook the fact that the old occupations are, after all, the most useful to the world and the noblest. A girl may or may not

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be qualified to be an artist, a scholar, or to enter business life, but nature fitted every woman to be a daughter, a wife, a mother, and a home-keeper. Outside of this destiny many women do lead helpful, noble lives, but they are not less exceptions to a universal law.

Let the girl who reads this sing, or paint, or write, or teach if God has given her the ability to do it; but He always gives her the ability to make the house in which she lives a happy home, and to widen its tender, holy influence.

THE RIGHT TO PRIVACY.

Two decisions have recently been rendered by important tribunals which rebuke the tendency to interfere with the right of the citizen to be let alone. The supreme court of Mississippi has decided, in the case of a black man whose cabin was entered by a party of men who came to "arrest" him, without warrant of law, for an alleged offence, and who shot and killed two of these invaders of his house, that a man has a right to defend himself under such circumstances.

The court, in setting this man free, declared its belief that the home should have every possible safeguard thrown around it.

The other decision mentioned is in a case of a very unusual character. A certain society proposed to erect a statue of a deceased and very philanthropic lady. The members of this lady's immediate family objected, on the ground that notoriety in any form was wholly distasteful to her, and that, inasmuch as she was a private citizen, the erection of a statue of her was an unauthorized invasion of privacy.

The supreme court of New York took this view of the case, and declared that the wish of her family, representing her own known desire, should be observed, and that no public representation of her should be permitted.

It is scarcely possible to take up a newspaper without finding in it invasions of the sacred right to privacy, offences which these decisions could not reach.

Not only the private affairs of persons holding public relations are pried into and falsely published forth, but those of persons who have no public functions whatever.

This tendency is a most deplorable one, and unless it is checked it will bring about a deterioration of public sentiment, and cause deserving persons to shun public relations of every sort.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

Soon after Fitz-Greene Halleck had published his stirring "Marco Bozzaris," he repeated the poem to a lady, an intimate friend of his. She expressed great admiration of the beautiful lines, but when he was in full enjoyment of what he considered her perfect appreciation she surprised him by the innocent query:

"Who was Marco Bozzaris?"

"Well," said Mr. Halleck, despondently, "what's the use of becoming martyrs for liberty or of poets celebrating heroes, if ladies won't even inform themselves about the events of the day?"

The remembrance of another incident connected with the poem never failed to elicit a groan from its author.

At a certain dinner-party, at which he was present, it was expected that each man should sing a song or make a speech. Among the guests was a Dutch Jew, whose English was execrable, and he had been previously persuaded by a joker to commit the whole of Marco Bozzaris to memory that he might recite it for the gratification of the poet and the poet's friends.

The day came, and the Dutchman was called upon to speak.

"Shentlemans," said he, rising, "I can neither make de speech nor sing de song, but I vill deliver von grand poem."

This he proceeded relentlessly to do, and Halleck, when he heard his harmonious measures delivered in a mixture of English and Dutch, was divided between the temptation to laugh and to cry.

EQUALS.

Every incident should be welcomed which, in a country where offended "honor" must be satisfied by questionable means, tends to make the practice of duelling absurd. Many a sensible man has escaped the lifelong remorse attendant on "bringing down his man" by the simple method of throwing cold water on the person's injured sensibilities in the beginning.

One day, a distinguished notary, while breakfasting with a friend at a café in Paris, indulged in some stinging comments on the public acts of Marshal Marmont. Suddenly, another gentleman, dining at a neighboring table, rose and approached them, his moustache bristling with anger.

"Sir," cried he, tragically, "you shall give me satisfaction!"

"Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly asked the notary.

"I have not that honor," was the reply, "but I am his chief aide-de-camp."

"Give me your card, then, sir," said the notary. "I will send you my head clerk."

THEIR REASONS.

A prominent singer who began his career in giving concerts about the country had some extraordinary experiences in towns where such entertainments were of rare occurrence. One night, when he was persistently applauded, he returned to sing a second song, but was surprised by a stentorian voice from the audience.

"Oh, we don't want nothin' new! Sing the fust piece right over agin!"

At another time, the audience was so wildly appreciative that it refused to consider the concert at an end, and clamored loudly for "just one more." It was given, and then another demanded. Patience failed the singer at this point, and he begged his manager to go before the curtain, and state that he really was unable to sing any more. And thus was the statement worded:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Mr. Martin can't sing no more to-night. He can't, honest. His wind's give out!"

A similar story comes from another singer who could not refrain from telling it although her seven-year-old niece, a fastidious little lady, pronounced it "not a very *pretty* story, auntie!"

The lady had been taken ill after eating some decoction of ancient lobster at the hotel, and sent her manager word that she really could not sing. He accordingly appeared before the disappointed audience, and announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Miss Merriam aint here to-night. She couldn't come. She aint in fit circumstances to sing. Her stomach's troubling her!"

Fifty Thousand Yards of Roses.

The demand for the beautiful picture, "A Yard of Roses," has been so great that the Publishers have been compelled to order another edition of fifty thousand copies.

As many of our subscribers have desired to make a Christmas present of a year's subscription to *The Youth's Companion*, and others will no doubt wish to do the same, we will in such cases send, on receipt of $1.75, the Double Christmas Number and a copy of the Yard of Roses, so as to arrive in season for Christmas, if the orders are sent to us promptly.

The subscription must be a new one. In giving *The Companion* you really give fifty-two Christmas presents.

FOR NOTHING.

The records of the Sanitary Commission, which accomplished such untold good during the Civil War, contain one story of a dear old lady who had gone to Washington to nurse her boy back to health and strength again. At length, when the invalid was really getting better, her own face grew sad, and she confessed that something was on her mind. Then it came out that her money was almost exhausted.

"I didn't think it would take so much," said she, sorrowfully. "It's farther away from home than I thought, and board here is so high that I've hardly money enough to carry me back, and by another week I shall have to leave him. I have been round to the stores to buy some little things he would eat, but the prices are so high I can't pay them, and I'm afraid if I go away, and he doesn't get anything different to eat," and the tears trickled down her cheeks, "maybe he won't—be so well."

"Come with me," said the person in whom she had confided. "We will go to a store where things are cheap."

They entered the great building assigned to the commission, and there the gentleman ordered a supply of sugar, tea, crackers, canned fruit; then jelly and wine, milk and underclothing, until the big basket he carried was quite full.

At first, the mother's face had beamed with joy; gradually it fell, and at length, she began to return the more costly articles, saying pitifully that she "really hadn't enough money."

"Hadn't you better ask the price?" said her guide.

"How much is it?"

"Nothing," replied the "storekeeper."

"Sir?" queried she, in the utmost amazement, "*nothing* for all this?"

"Have you a Soldier's Aid Society in your neighborhood?" asked the guide.

"Yes, I belong to it myself."

"Well, what do you suppose becomes of the garments you make, and the fruit you put up?"

"I hadn't thought anything about it. I supposed they got to the army *somehow*."

"Everything here, garments, fruit, milk and wine, came from your society or others just like it. Come here whenever you wish, and call for anything you need. You shall save his life yet."

And she did save his life when nothing but motherly care could have done it.

FINDING HIS BRIDE.

The custom of throwing obstacles in the pathway of the bridegroom, as a prelude to the marriage ceremony, is of very ancient origin. Mythology has its tales of suitors whose courage and skill were tested before they were allowed to take their brides; in certain remote districts, even in civilized lands, some form of such usages still exists. Says the author of "The Swiss Republic:"

In one part of the Canton of Ticino, a very quaint marriage ceremony prevails. The bridegroom dresses in his "Sunday best," and accompanied by as many friends and relatives as he can muster for the *fête*, goes to claim his bride.

Finding the door locked, he demands admittance; the inmates ask him his business, and in reply he solicits the hand of his chosen maiden.

If his answer be deemed satisfactory, he is successively introduced to a number of matrons and maids, some perhaps deformed, and others old and ugly. Then he is presented to some large dolls, all of which he rejects with scorn, amid general merriment. The bewildered bridegroom, whose impetuosity and temper are now sorely tried, is then informed that his lady-love is absent, and invited in to see for himself.

He rushes into the house, and searches from room to room, until he finds her in her bridal dress, ready to go to church. Then are his troubles over, and his state as a benedict assured.

WAR AMONG FROGS.

Many of the citizens of Vermont will remember to have seen on one-dollar bills of the Windham County State Bank a vignette representing frogs fighting. This was engraved to commemorate what is known as the Battle of the Bullfrogs.

Many years ago, when the town of Windham was newly settled, there was a very dry season. There are two large ponds in Windham, separated by a considerable strip of land. Each of these ponds was inhabited by a large number of frogs.

The smaller pond dried up, and its inhabitants started in a body for the lower and larger pond. They were met in the intervening space by a party from the larger pond, and a fierce and long-continued battle ensued between the rival communities.

The hideous clamor of the frogs during this encounter attracted the attention of several farmers, who witnessed the strange spectacle of bullfrogs engaged in a fierce and deadly battle. The contest lasted twelve hours, and nearly all the inhabitants of the little town witnessed it. The war is now one of the traditions of the place.

Good Housekeepers are fast finding out that a pure Extract made by Joseph Burnett & Co., costing a cent or two more a bottle, goes farther and makes the most delicious of dishes. Avoid goods only recommended by their cheapness. [*Adv.*

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Our First Announcement of a Bracket Saw Outfit appeared in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION of April, 1874. **Tens of Thousands** of these Outfits were obtained by our subscribers. The price asked was $1.00. To-day we offer the same Outfit to a new generation of boys and girls at a greatly reduced price.
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.



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For the Companion.

YOUNG MEN IN OUR CITIES.

Lodging-House Life.

It is estimated that not far from thirty thousand persons sleep in rented rooms in Boston lodging-houses. Most of these are young men and women from the country, a considerable proportion of whom are bravely struggling to live respectably on very small salaries.

The general interest felt in the manner of life of these lodgers induced the writer to seek interviews with many of them. What was told him is in part given below, and as nearly as possible in the language of the narrators.

One of the first of the young men seen, lived in a brick block on a street very largely filled with lodging-houses. He was a muscular young



Narrow Quarters.

fellow of eighteen who had recently come to Boston from the Provinces, and occupied a room which was hardly more than a closet-like recess at the end of an upper hall. He was very willing to talk, and expressed himself with great frankness.

Statements of a Young Man from Canada.

"I understand what you have come for, and I shall be glad to give you the information you seek. You see for yourself the room I have. It is a side room, about big enough for a small pantry. What heat it receives comes from the general heat of the house."

"You must be cold, then, sometimes."

"No. There's a good furnace in this house, and by leaving my door open, a good deal of heat gets into the room; besides, I'm from Canada, and something of an athlete, and perhaps do not feel the cold as a less rugged man would."

"Your room is certainly small?"

"Yes. That short mantel-bed, the little bureau, and my small trunk are a tight fit for it, as you see. There's no closet, so I use that row of pegs on the wall. But this room is quite ample compared with the one I got into when I first came to Boston.

"That was an attic room, with just enough space, lengthwise, for a small bed and a miniature dressing-case. One little chair was edged into it somehow. I couldn't find space for my trunk except by keeping it on end. To open it, I used to run it into the hall, or get it upon the bed.

"It's a fact, there really was hardly space enough in the room for the necessary motions in putting on and taking off one's clothes. I wanted to sleep in something bigger than a packing-box, so I got out of that and came here."

The young man continued: "I'm getting $6.00 a week in a wholesale store. I'm not disappointed as to the amount of my pay. I knew the big stories I'd heard before coming from home, of great wages in the States, were all nonsense; but for all that," he said, laughing, "I find it hard to keep alive. Nevertheless, I've lately been cutting down expenses so as to save up."

"To *save up* on $6.00 a week! How can you do that?"

"Well, in the first place, I have to spend $2.00 every week for this cupboard—my room, you know. Then by strict economy—and it has to be mighty strict I assure you, though my work don't oblige me to wear cuffs—I manage not to average over twenty cents a week for my laundry."

"Well, your meals must cost you from $3.50 to $4.00 a week, and then your clothes and extras —"

"Wait a moment. I don't pretend to furnish my clothes yet, so they don't count. When it comes to extras, I let them pretty much alone. My food is now costing me rather less than $2.50 a week. Breakfast and supper average together about seventy-seven cents a week, and dinner —"

"Wait. Tell me how you get breakfasts and suppers for five and a half cents each."

"By living on a loaf of bread and a quart—now and then three pints—of milk a day, besides my dinner. I've been doing that for a fortnight, and find I get on very well, though the milk don't seem to be so well acquainted with honest cows as our milk 'down home' seemed to be."

"And your dinner?"

"Well, for dinner I have a good square meal."

"What does that cost?"

"Twenty-five cents. At some dining-rooms you can get soup and fish and meat, vegetables and two kinds of dessert, besides tea or coffee for that sum. Sometimes, to average up the cost, I go to a restaurant where my sister gets her meals. There twenty-one meals are given for three dollars. I take a punch out of her ticket, and pay her the price: fifteen cents."

"You're lonely at times, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, sometimes. I go to church, you see, and sing in the church choir, and have made a few friends in that way. Then there are the libraries, and in the summer I take long evening walks, or play base-ball on the Common.

"Sometimes, though, of a Sunday afternoon I feel lonely, but I generally work the feeling off by writing a long letter home. That seems like talking to the folks, and helps wonderfully. But I tell you, sir, for a country boy who has been used to looking out on 'all out-doors,' such a cramped little box as my room is, with only a view of the grimy block across the way, is at times hard to bear. I'm not in the room much, though—thank Heaven! I shall have a 'raise' in my pay before long, I hope; then I'll go where there's more space for breathing and moving."

Sick in a Lodging-House.

Saving in food expense is sometimes hazardous economy, as the testimony of another worker shows.

"I came here," he said, "from Vermont. I was quite 'green,' and made some rather serious mistakes as to boarding and lodging. Soon after I commenced work I found that my wages were too small to meet my expenses, and I must be more careful about expenditures, or I should go to the wall; so I resolved to cut down on food.

"I made a few doughnuts answer for breakfast, a glass of milk and a few crackers for supper, and a cheap sandwich or two for dinner. Sometimes I was rash enough to buy baked beans at a cheap restaurant; that I deemed an extravagance.

"It was not long before I began to feel weak and depressed, and thought it was caused by my hard work. The depression continued, and at length I was utterly prostrated, and had to go back home for a six months' recruiting.

"I had a miserable time of it, too, in trying to cut down on lodging expense. I hired a cheap, rather dirty room in one of the old, shabby city houses that was managed by people who couldn't afford to be very particular in the selection of their lodgers.

"This was in winter time. The house was respectable, or tried to be; but it hadn't much else to commend it. The people who kept it were kind-hearted, but slack and ignorant. My room was cold as a barn. I tried sometimes to heat it by shutting the door and turning up as much of a blaze as I could coax out of the gas-jets. There was not much heat to be got that way.

"The children of the landlady at length 'came down with the mumps,' and were generous enough to give them to me. I couldn't very well have had a worse present. I was well aware that for an adult to have the mumps and a chill on top of it meant a trying siege of illness, if not death.

"Well, sir, I was too ill to go to work, and moped about that dark, dirty kitchen all day, hugging the stove. I didn't dare stay in my own room; it would have been sure death, it was so cold there.

"I couldn't eat; for a man with the mumps, as you know, can't swallow anything without, so to speak, cutting his neck in two; and the landlady didn't know enough to make me gruel or beef-tea. I certainly had about as wretched an experience as you can imagine. How I lived through it I don't know, but the mumps worked off at last.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that when at night I'd crawl from the kitchen to bed, and cover myself up heavily to prevent a chill, I'd have what poor sleep I got broken up by a noise—really an infernal noise—made overhead by a lodger who had spells of delirium tremens. For right-down wretchedness, it seems to me there's no situation worse than that of a poor fellow, sick and alone in a cold, squalid city lodging-house!"

"How are you living now?"

"As the majority of lodgers on low wages live. I hire a reasonably comfortable room, and get my meals at dining-rooms, on the meal-ticket plan. As to the food, well, it costs $3.50 to $4.00 for 21 meals. You may say it's as good as can be expected for the price."

Another Experience.

Another country boy opens his account of the petty annoyances, and what may be called the grim humor, of life in a cheap lodging-house as follows:

"In some respects I've had a rather funny



Breakfast and Supper in his room.

experience in lodgings. Funny? Well, perhaps I ought to say serious. When I tell you my story you can apply the proper adjective.

"My first place was a boarding and lodging-house that had a reputation for gentility, and a lady ran it who was said to be 'motherly.'

"It was a practice at this house to call out at meals the name of each boarder as he gave his order, in this manner:

"'Mr. Cobb's steak!'

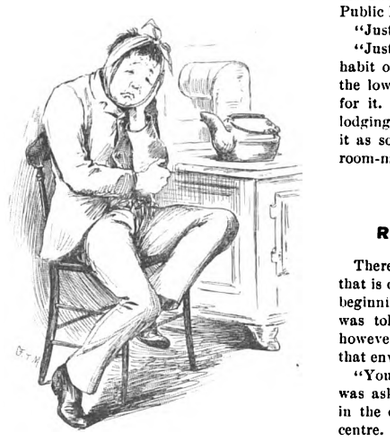
"'A chop and coffee for Mrs. Davis!'

"At table I sat near the order-slide, and could hear much of what was said in the kitchen. As a poor young fellow, trying hard to 'find himself' on next to no wages, I naturally had the cheapest room in the house, while a few who sat at the table hired suites quite elegant by comparison.

"Well, while the lodgers who paid the most for their rooms were well and promptly served, I noticed that when the order, 'Steak for Mr. Faxon!'—my name—was given at the slide, small pieces of meat, the poorest part of the cut, were almost sure to come out. If there were soggy potatoes, I was served with them.

"Well, one morning I gave my order, and to my surprise, out came a large, juicy steak with mealy potatoes, such as I had not seen since I had been in Boston. I made up my mind that the landlady had become in reality 'motherly,' and for the first time since I entered the house, I began to feel that I was cared for and thought a little of.

"I had hardly touched the steak, when a saucer of fine large blackberries was set by me. You



Afflicted.

may be sure that I then felt as if I had been nominated for a high office. But almost instantly I heard a commotion behind the slide:

"'You've been and given Mr. Highton's steak to Mr. Faxon. Go and take it away—and the blackberries, too.'

"'I can't.'

"'You must.'

"'I sha'n't!'

"'You shall!'

"The dispute was still going on, when another waiter slipped up to me, made a movement to get my steak away, but seeing I had cut off a small portion of it, and that had better not be done, she took the blackberries, and carried them to Mr. Highton at the aristocratic end of the table, leaving in their place a smaller plate of much less attractive berries.

"Of course this incident left what the romance writers might call a 'rankling wound,' but I should have accepted it without open complaint if the very next day another disagreeable event had not happened. A maiden lady sat not far from me, who was one of the most fussy and exacting persons I have ever seen. Her chair creaked somewhat at breakfast, so what did the nervous, angry woman do but stand up and tear off its cover, and then deliberately break the chair to pieces.

"This decisive action of the maiden lady, of course, left one less chair in the dining-room. Well, that night when I entered my room, I perceived that my only chair—a neat, strong little chair—had been removed, and in its place was a rickety, soiled affair, that I almost feared would break and let me down upon the floor if I sat upon it carelessly.

"I might not have made any objection to this change had not another lodger suddenly appeared and claimed it. It was, I believe, the only chair furnished to his room. The landlady, in order to make up for the deficiency in the dining-room, had taken my chair, and to satisfy me had taken my neighbor's.

"In this case I acted promptly. Allowing the other lodger to take his property, I went to the dining-room and brought up from it, for my chamber, as good a chair as I could find.

"In the midst of the era of uncomfortable feeling caused by the chair episode, I went away on a short suburban visit. Returning after an absence of three days, I knew when I entered my room that some stranger had occupied it during my absence."

"How could you be sure of that?"

"Oh, there are always certain small displacements of furnishings from their accustomed positions that the regular occupant at once detects. At any rate, I was right in this instance. During my absence, the room, for the exclusive use of which I was paying rent, was occupied by an applicant for temporary shelter, known in lodging phrase as a 'transient.'

"My neighbor, whose chair had been transferred to my room, was kind enough to give me the facts in the case, and by the way, I have good reason to be glad of that little chair difficulty, for it introduced me to a capital fellow who has been a warm friend of mine ever since."

"Well, you left that house, I suppose?"

"I did."

"And then you found a better place?"

"You can judge for yourself. Remember that I was earning a mere pittance, and could not choose my lodgings. I wandered about the 'lodging-districts' of Boston, until I found and engaged a room that was at any rate clean and within my means. But it was a mere niche. There was no place in it for my trunk, which had to stand in the hall, and the door could only be partially opened because there was no swinging space for it.

"I hired that room at the beginning of winter, and owing to its situation, I think it was the coldest I ever was in. After business hours I had to do one of two things: either go to bed in order to keep warm, or go to the reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association or to the Public Library."

"Just to keep warm?"

"Just to keep warm. I may have developed a habit of reading because of this, but if I have, the low temperature of that room is responsible for it. It is hardly necessary to say that this lodging-house had no parlor for its guests. I left it as soon as I could, and am managing, with a room-mate, to get on now quite comfortably."

Reckless and Fatal Habits.

There is still another side to lodging-house life that is often attractively presented to young men beginning city work. Only a small part of what was told me can be recorded here. Enough, however, will be given to show the fatal dangers that environ the homeless city worker.

"You say you have 'larks' in this house?" was asked of a young man, who hired a room in the older part of the city near the business centre. His room, like others that I saw, was decorated with theatre-posters, taken from restaurants.

"Larks? Yes. To be sure some of it's just boy's play, but then I must confess that most of us take a glass of wine or stronger liquor when we want it; and when it comes to a friendly game of cards,—well—say for small stakes, just enough to make it exciting,—why, *we're there*, you know, every time.

"As to larks; well, in boxing and in the fun that follows, we break chairs occasionally. Once the fellows injured a marble-topped table to the tune of $7.50. I paid my share. I don't think the other fellows did.

"We've smashed in the front door glass (that was paid for), and we've entered the room of a lodger we didn't like,—because she 'told on' us,—and pulled out all her bureau drawers, and scattered her things all over the room. She left the next morning. We are most of us smokers, and of course 'float the duck' when we feel like it."

"Float the duck? I don't understand."

"Why, we chip in the money and stand general

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treat for something to drink. Of course some fellow drinks too much and gets to feeling *high* you know, occasionally, but the rest of us are on the lookout, as a general rule, and help him up-stairs or to bed, so as not to make too much noise."

"You spoke of card-playing—"

"Oh, yes! and shaking dice; there's plenty of that going on. You may set it down, sir, as sure, that there's little reading done in lodging-houses. I say that pretty strong. I've lodged in a great many and I know."

"Why is there so little reading?"

"Well, there's the bother with noisy chums, and jolly neighbors; and there's the cold rooms. The boys, of an evening, like to crowd together into as warm a room as any of 'em have, and then they'll send out for a pitcher of beer,—or maybe for something stronger,—and then of course we must have something to amuse us, so we take out cards and chips for a game. It's not an unusual thing for some of the boys to play steady from Saturday evening up to nearly Monday morning without getting a wink of sleep meanwhile, and only stopping for their meals."

"Let me understand you. The boys, you say, play poker and the like, steadily, without sleep, all Saturday night?"

"Yes, sir."

"And all day Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"And most, perhaps all, Sunday night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Without any sleep?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you must be in a shocking condition by Monday morning."

"Yes, most dead; that's about the size of it. We fellows who've played like that aint fit for work Monday. I've been there, and know. A fellow can hardly hold his head up or keep his eyes open of a Monday morning, after that kind of a racket. Of course it's hard work to 'catch up' to full strength during the rest of the week, so it's a dead loss and worse every way."

"Do you mean to say that this sleepless all-night and all-day playing is frequent among the boys?"

"Well, yes, with some of them. Of course there are objections raised to it—especially to the Sunday part of it—in some lodging-houses."

Another Confession.

The statements of this very frank young man were confirmed by other young men. One very intelligent clerk said:

"Yes, the 'growler's rushed' in most of the cheaper lodging-houses of Boston. Now and then there are objections made by the lodging-house keepers, and then the liquors are taken into the rooms on the sly.

"The boys soon find out when it's safe to bring objectionable persons or articles into a house. They are quick to contrive ways of evasion, and there's a deal goes on in lodging-houses that isn't known by the people who keep them."

A natural inference would be that insufficient pay—while tending to lead thoughtless young women into evil ways—would serve as a check upon vice in young men. Yet, through one contrivance and another—such as the treating and borrowing practices of the young men; the postponement or evasion of the payment of debts; the occasional pawning of a trinket or article of use; the winning of small stakes at cards—many of the young men manage to degrade themselves with cheap vice to an extent that at first thought seems impossible.

Sensible Testimony.

Of a refined and sensible young man, perhaps nineteen years old, who came from Maine into Boston lodgings, the question was asked:

"How can a young man in lodgings—a total stranger in Boston—make pleasant and elevating acquaintances?"

"Through our churches," was the answer. "If a fellow got no other good by going to church, he'd be pretty sure to get the help of pleasant acquaintances among the young people; especially if he joined the Sunday school and Young People's Society."

The young man was right, and his suggestion indicates an important work that should be undertaken by churches and by benevolent individuals. Our Young Men's Christian Associations are doing what they can to throw around these young men good influences, but their means are wholly inadequate.

The knowledge gained by this investigation is almost appalling. These bright young fellows in our cities on whom to a large extent our country's future depends, and who are now living homeless and many of them tainted lives, can be reached and saved for God and humanity by special effort, rightly directed.

What men or women, what churches will undertake this Christlike work?

For the Companion.

ABOUT BOOKS AND READING.

By Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.

Second Paper.—What Not to Read.

Did you ever hear of *Punch's* advice to a young couple who were about to marry, and who asked his advice? He said, "Don't." So when the young people through *The Companion* ask my advice about reading, my first advice is "Don't."



See Article—"Young Men in Our Cities."

I think there is too much reading and too little thinking. It is quite as important to know what not to read as to know what is worth reading. This article is a kind of danger-signal; like that which you have sometimes seen put up on the boards in winter in places where the ice was thin.

There are some absolutely bad books in the world; books written to make men and women worse; to make them more animal; books that leave a bad memory in the imagination; books that teach falsehood instead of truth; books that are sometimes circulated secretly in school or neighborhood circles, shown confidentially by one boy to another.

My first danger-signal, then, is against all such books. Never look at a book that a companion shows you in secret; never take a book which is lent with the injunction, "Don't tell;" never read a book on the sly—one which you would be ashamed to read alond or to have your mother see you read.

Then there are books which are not bad for older persons but are bad for younger ones, just as there are kinds of food good for adults but not for children.

There are books of science and of literature which you may read by-and-by, but which you are not yet ready for. There are books which discuss problems in religion and philosophy which you are not yet ready to wrestle with. There are books, and there are sometimes articles in magazines, that raise questions which you are not yet ready to answer; and other books and articles that revile or scoff at what you have been taught to revere.

When you are older you will be able to estimate this scoffing at its true value, to understand the answer to these questions, or to see that, if you cannot answer them, that does not affect truth, and purity, and goodness, and love, and the duty of being true, and pure, and good, and loving. Meanwhile, it is not wise for you to read such books and articles, just as it would not be wise for you to attempt to do a man's work in laying a stone wall or building a house or holding a plow.

Then there is a great deal of what we call "trash" printed. By trash I mean books and stories the reading of which can do no one any good; and what does no one any good is sure to do some harm. There are some story papers that are filled with trash; some cheap libraries that are almost wholly made of trash.

There are stories of impossible adventure, hair-breadth escapes, romantic brigands, impossibly pious youths and maidens, pictures of life such as never were and never ought to be; stories of boys and girls and men and women such as you never saw and no one ever saw.

These books and stories are bad because they are false; they are lies. A story may not be true, and yet it may not be false; it is not false if it is a story of what might have happened; a story of such boys and girls, men and women as actually exist in life. All good stories except avowedly impossible ones, such as fairy tales, are in this sense true, that they represent life as it really is, or at least as it might be and should be, and perhaps one day will be.

Stories of unreal life, impossible life, are trash. I shall not tell you the names of the papers which publish trash, for I am sure that *The Companion* will not wish to advertise them. But there are periodicals that are free from all immoral publications and all trash, and in them you will find more than reading—good reading.

Among the things not to read are the cheap stories and the cheap story papers. There is plenty of good literature, and it is more interesting than trash.

Do not spend all your time in reading even the best newspapers and the best magazines. They contain a great deal of interesting and entertaining reading, and a great deal that is instructive and useful. But if you read only in the newspapers and magazines, you will never get acquainted with the best literature; you will form a habit of desultory and fragmentary reading; you will not remember what you have read; you will have read a great many interesting and even a great many instructive things, but you will have no order or system in your reading.

You have sometimes, perhaps, put a dissected map together. You know the difference between the map when it is put together and the same map when all the pieces are thrown together without any order in the box. But a person, all of whose reading is in newspapers and magazines, has his knowledge like the pieces of a dissected map lying in disorder in the box.

He may have taken a great deal into his mind; but it is not classified, arranged, put in order.

C. L. S. C.—do you know what those letters mean? They mean Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. It is a circle organized by Bishop Vincent to help people to read systematically, at home, the best things in literature and science. It prescribes for them a course, recommends to them the books, and gives them, at the end of a four years' reading, a diploma certifying what they have done.

It has done a great deal of good by helping people in thousands of homes throughout the United States to read systematically.

Now if one does all his reading in newspapers and magazines, though he select so good a periodical as *The Youth's Companion*, his reading will not be systematic. The reading in magazines and newspapers ought to "fill in the chinks." To read most usefully you must read systematically; and to read systematically you must read books.

Do not read dull books. Do not read—I said this before in the preceding article—for the sake of reading, or measure your reading by the number of pages you have read. The object of reading is to make us think; and if we do not think, the reading is of very little use.

Henry Ward Beecher was a wise reader. He told me once that he was a very slow reader; "because," said he, "I read a little way, and something in the book or magazine sets me to thinking, and I lay it down and just sit still and think."

Such a reader does not get over a great many pages in a day; but he gets a great many thoughts in a day; and that is the main thing. Do not read what you are not interested in, unless you can get interested in it for the sake of what you are learning from it.

And finally do not read too much. Youth is the time to get good lungs, good appetites, good digestion, good sleep. And the place to get these is out of doors, in the open air, in active work or active sports.

It is better to study botany by gathering the wild flowers in the woods than by reading about it in the parlor; to study natural history by hunting butterflies with a net of your own than by reading Wood's "Natural History;" to make your own adventures in the nearest woods than to read about Livingstone's.

A little reading is very good; too much reading is very bad. Reading what is worth remembering is very valuable; reading and straightway forgetting is worse than valueless. Reading what is both interesting and instructive is very useful; reading what interests only and does not instruct, or what does not instruct because you are not interested in it, is of doubtful value. Reading what you can put together and make part of your systematic knowledge may be of the greatest value to you; reading mere scraps and fragments may be of no value at all.

In a third paper I shall try to tell you what to read.

For the Companion.

CHINA-PAINTING FOR CHRISTMAS.

In order to decorate prettily some dainty little things for Christmas, it is not at all necessary to begin in the old way, with a full china-painting outfit.

The motive of the decorations to be used being simple in design and adapted to beginners, but few materials will be required. In every instance, however, the work, if well done, must prove very pretty in result, and of much practical use.

By completely finishing one article at a time, and by investing only in such material as is necessary to the decoration of that article, you will be able to test thoroughly your ability without expending much money for an outfit which would be worse than useless to you, should you find yourself unfitted for this branch of art-work.

With a little ingenuity and careful attention to the details of each lesson, you will find that you can achieve satisfactory results, though you may possess but little artistic talent; for a china decorator needs not so much to be an artist—though of course that is important—as to be a persevering and painstaking workman.

Let us begin with cups and saucers. Such seemingly endless variety of design is to be found in these articles that you may find it difficult to decide on the prettiest shape. Select an after-dinner coffee-cup with few flutings for our first attempt. Let it have a quaint little handle, and if you are fortunate enough to find it, one with three or four little feet to stand upon.

This will cost about thirty-five cents. Then buy a bottle of bright liquid gold, costing seventy-five cents, and a camel's-hair brush costing twelve cents—one dollar and twenty-two cents in all.

It is also well to have on hand a bottle of weak alcohol, to remove stains from the hands at the close of the lesson. Now we are ready to begin.

Pour a little of the liquid gold—a brown, strange-smelling liquid—into a small, clean dish; a small butter-plate will serve the purpose. Dip in the new brush and paint, as smoothly as possible, the inside of the cup, the tiny feet underneath it, the little twisted handle, and then the circular space in the saucer where the cup rests. Then put away cup and saucer in some place entirely free from dust.

Always avoid dust as you would a contagion. If there is sweeping in any part of the house, wait until afternoon for the painting. If the ash-men are holding their usual noisy carnival in the back alley, wait until they have passed beyond hearing.

Be sure, also, that the stoves and furnaces have been shaken before you settle down to work, for I have known the dust that came from a register to ruin a morning's work. If the dust is once burned into your work, its elegant smoothness is destroyed, and nothing can ever make it right.

When the cup and saucer are perfectly dry, they are ready to be fired. The firing will cost ten or fifteen cents, unless you should want the burner to put a line of gold on the edge of the saucer, which will cost a trifle more.

At times this is a great addition. The burner does it very deftly by means of a wheel; but it is too trying a piece of work for a beginner to undertake. At all events, do not try it on the first cup and saucer.

Mark your brush, "Bright gold," and never use it for anything else. Never wash it out. Each time before using, soften it in the tiny bottle of lavender-oil which now comes with every bottle of bright liquid gold; dry it carefully, and use as the first time.

Be very careful, too, that none of the liquid is on any part of your hand; for if you have the slightest particle on your fingers, a purple stain will come wherever they have touched the china. Sometimes, after firing, you can sandpaper such a stain away, but prevention is the best corrective.

The most beautiful of all after-dinner coffees is one of the Belleek cups and saucers, with cactus handle, Trenton make, costing about a dollar each. It has to be gilded, fired, regilded, and fired again to bring it to perfection, owing to its thin, shell-like texture.

You will find, however, that the result will more than repay you for all your trouble. One cup alone makes a most exquisite wedding-gift.

There is a very pretty custom now of sending a cup and saucer to a newly-engaged friend; and one of the white and gold ones would be just the thing.

If you are very ambitious, owing to the success of your first venture, try making a set of six. A half-dozen, different in shape, but similar in decoration, will make a most beautiful wedding gift.

A friend, not long since, striving for originality, gilded a set of six on the outside of cup and entire surface of saucer. The result was a beautiful brownish-looking gold, owing to the reflection; but though odd and unique, they were not quite as dainty as the white and gold of our first lesson.

C. E. Brewster.

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SUGGESTIONS

DISTANT OBJECTS.

Does the color of an object at all affect the distance at which it can be seen? Why?

Why can large objects be seen farther than small ones?

Why do even the largest objects finally disappear in the distance?

Distant objects often look blue. Why?

Why are lighthouses placed so high?

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh, that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, and a hardier spirit.
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoy'd with humble things,
A rank adjudged with toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learn'd of being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine—
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-fill'd past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

For the Companion.

FOUNDLINGS.

One of the legends of good King Alfred declares that when he and his huntsmen were one day riding through a forest they saw an eagle's nest. It was in a tree on the top of a steep cliff, and from it they heard a sound like the crying of an infant. A man was sent to climb to the nest, and in it he found a baby boy alive and unhurt. The King carried the little boy home, and he grew up in the royal family, and became one of Alfred's most heroic followers.

It is told as "a little romance" of the home life of Dinah Muloch Craik, the author of "John Halifax," that she adopted a baby that was found one morning "on a stone at the cross-roads." The child thrived under her careful nurture, and became a loving daughter and companion.

At a Mechanics' Fair in Boston hundreds looked with sympathizing eyes at little Hyman Pitonof, "picked up at the North End," and listened eagerly to the story of the poor deaf and dumb lad and his rescue.

It would surprise us to know how many children owe their lives to what has been called "charitable accident." Somebody found them—and pitied them. It would both surprise and grieve us to know how many neglected human creatures are never even "found."

But it is a significant fact that the quick eye to note the forsaken and friendless, and the quick heart to feel for them, belong peculiarly to the genius of the religion of Jesus of Nazareth.

The Christ-like love of man has in it the instinct of discovery. Christ himself came to *seek* the lost. His followers, too, are commanded to find them.

Not often will one take a Moses out of the bulrushes, or a Sir John Nestling out of an eagle's nest, but it is a Christian deed to save anybody or anything worth saving.

If we cannot gather up little castaways we may discover in a misguided neighbor or acquaintance something which can be nurtured to redeeming strength and beauty.

It is a noble thing to improve the condition of any fellow-being. The saying is older than the Roman republic, that they who plant trees are posterity's benefactors; and praise is always given to one who has "made two blades of grass grow where but one grew before."

No one is entirely without opportunities to be kind and humane, and to exercise practical religion in some sort of helpful service. But the useful moment, the point of need, becomes the babe in the eagle's nest only to him who sees it and improves it.

BISHOP WILSON.

In the seventeenth century Bishop Wilson was sent to the Isle of Man—then containing a lawless and ignorant community—with such unlimited power over clergy and people that it is a wonder he succeeded in doing good rather than evil. A tyrant did he prove, but a loving one, and all Manxmen to-day bless the good bishop's name. In time of famine he threw open his own house to the needy, and gave without stint, asking no man whether he were saint or sinner, but only if he hungered.

When his own means were gone, he begged from England, though he was, as one historian declares, "a man who would not have held out his hat to save his own life."

He never desired preferment, but clung to his own thorny road with the zeal of one who has renounced material good for the love of the highest.

"See, my lords," said Queen Caroline one day, as he approached the crowd of churchmen who surrounded her, "here is a bishop who does not come for translation."

"No, please your Majesty," said Wilson, "I will not leave my wife in her old age because she is poor."

His island was, indeed, a poor spot, but he had wedded it for life.

His loving-kindness was of a sort which inevitably begets love in return. One day in the market-place a little girl of seven years crossed his path. She was rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, bare of head and feet, and with a rush of love, the gray old bishop patted her head, saying, "God bless you, my child!" The little maid courtesied.

"God bless you, too, sir," said she.

"Thank you, child, thank you!" said the good old man. "I dare say your blessing is as good as mine."

It was customary in those days to employ journeymen as tailors. One, Danny by name, was making a long walking-coat for the bishop, and in trying it on, he made numerous chalk-marks to indicate the place of buttons.

"No, no, Danny," said the bishop. "No more buttons than enough to fasten it. One will do. It would ill become a poor minister like me to go a-glitter with things like these."

Now Danny had already bought the buttons, and had them at that moment in his pocket. Therefore he was sore discomfited, and said, pulling a woful face:

"Mercy on me, my lord! What would happen to the poor button-makers if everybody was of your opinion?"

"Button it all over, Danny!" said the bishop. "Button it all over!"

EASING HIS CONSCIENCE.

Old soldiers are full of foraging stories, but Mr. Watkins, in his "Johnny Reb the Private," relates one of a peculiar character. With several companions he had made a raid upon a farm-house in which lived an old woman and a sick daughter. The mistress of the house treated the soldiers kindly, but they had come in search of provender, and provender they meant to have. So they drove off her only pig, killed it, and carried it back to camp.

I had a guilty conscience, I assure you. The hog was cooked, but I could not eat a morsel of it. I think it would have choked me.

Shortly afterward my father sent me a silver watch and some Confederate money. I could not rest. I took one hundred dollars, and went alone to the old lady's house.

"Madam," said I, "some soldiers were here a short time ago, and took your hog. I was one of the party, and I wish to pay you for it. What was it worth?"

"Why, sir," she answered, "money is of no value to me; I cannot buy anything that I need; I would much rather have the hog."

"But that is impossible, madam; the hog is dead and eaten, and I have come to pay you for it."

The old lady's eyes filled with tears. She declared that she was perfectly willing to give the soldiers everything she had. If the hog had done us any good, she could not charge anything for it.

"Well, madam," says I, "here is a hundred-dollar bill, new issue. Will this pay you for the hog?"

She drew herself up to her full height, and her cheeks flushed. "I do not want your money. I should feel that it was blood money."

It was useless for me to urge the matter. I helped her to catch a chicken—an old hen, about the last one she had—for dinner, went into the garden and pulled a bunch of eschalots, brought two buckets of water, and cut and brought wood enough to last for several days.

She invited me to stay for dinner, and afterward I sat down by her side, took her old hand in mine, and told her the whole story of the hog; how sorry I was, and how I could not eat any of the pork. Then I begged her, as a special kindness, to take the hundred dollars, and so to ease my conscience. I laid the bill on the table and went away. I have never in my life made a raid upon anybody else.

DIAMONDS.

The diamond, one of the most beautiful products of nature, is at the same time one of its greatest mysteries. How can the black lead of your pencil be, so to speak, own brother to the most brilliant of gems? They are both crystallized carbon, but how unlike! The chemist who could find out the secret of turning common carbon into diamonds would be able to heap up a fortune by the side of which Monte Cristo's cave of treasures would look poor enough; and there are chemists who do not give up the hope of some day discovering the priceless secret.

Of late years the scientific study of the diamond has led into a new field of investigation. Men have found out, not how nature makes diamonds, but where she makes them, and that is a great step in advance. There is strong evidence of a connection of some kind between diamonds and volcanoes.

In the South African diamond fields the gems are found in what are called "pipes," which are round or oval stems of a peculiar kind of rock, several acres in extent at the top, and running down to unknown depths into the earth. Near the surface this rock, which is rich in iron, is disintegrated by exposure to the weather, and assumes a yellowish color. It would not be exactly true to say that it holds diamonds as a pudding holds plums, but the imagination naturally forms such a simile. The precious pebbles are readily extracted from the friable rock.

Deeper down the "pipe" changes character. The rock becomes a comparatively hard, blue mass, much more difficult to work. Yet it is still sprinkled through with diamonds, lying embedded in the molds where nature made them. This blue rock has to be exposed to the weather, or treated with water, before it will yield up its treasures.

Now it is clear from the nature and appearance of the diamond-bearing rock that it is of volcanic origin, and the "pipes" are evidently the necks of ancient volcanoes, whose fires died out probably thousands of years ago. When we consider that the diamond burns and is consumed at a high temperature, we cannot think that the gems contained in those ancient pipes of rock were brought there from the interior of the earth while the rock was in a molten condition.

It is far more probable that, under peculiar conditions of pressure and temperature, they were formed where they are now found while the rock was cooling off. It remains to be learned what the real conditions of their formation were.

It is very interesting to know that this "mother rock" of the diamonds, as it is called, bears a considerable analogy to some of the meteoric stones that fall out of the heavens.

If the ancients had known that fact, they would have invented a romantic story of some celestial forge in which the gods made gems; but we more practical-minded moderns simply draw the conclusion that some of the meteorites that fall upon the earth may possibly have been ejected from its volcanoes, or from the volcanoes of some other planet, and have gone circling through space until, meeting with the earth, gravitation brought them down again.

For the Companion.

ASPIRATION.

Fallen again! So—I give up the fight,
What boots it to strive, if forever and ever,
In spite of one's utmost of pain and endeavor,
Still to cleave to the right,
Still to follow the light,
One falls from each height?

What boots it? O better to climb and to fall,
To strive and to fail, to fight and be slain,
Than to grovel content on the soul's lowest plane.
At the spirit's clear call
Whose stirs not at all,—
His cup shall be gall!

JOSEPH B. GILDER.

AGAINST HIS OWN ORDERS.

Young Abijah Hatch was in the stable with his two brothers, Samuel and Joseph, who had been at school that day. "Bije's" schooling was finished. Mr. Hatch, who stood outside, could not but overhear his sons' conversation about the farm he-goat.

"You know," Bije was saying, "how mad it makes old Billy to shake your fist at him. You know how he puts down his head and goes for you.

"Well," continued Abijah, "this afternoon I climbed down behind the ducking-rock, where it's flat with the bank, to get a drink from the river. When I lifted myself, there was old Billy staring at me. I made up my mind to get even with him. So I shook both fists at him, and he just tore at me. When he was real close I popped down behind the rock. He was going so fast he couldn't stop. So he went right over my head into the river."

"Let's try it on him again," said Joseph.

"Yes, let's," said Samuel.

"You would, would you?" said their father, coming round the corner and looking sternly on the three.

"That was a mean trick to play on old Billy—and the water icy cold, too," continued Mr. Hatch, fixing a severe eye on Bije. "Don't you ever let me hear of your doing it again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the three boys all at once, for their father was what is called a strict disciplinarian.

That night Mr. Hatch told his wife the story.

"Did you ever see old Billy act that way?" he asked.

"Yes; he goes headlong at anybody that shakes a fist at him."

"Curious! I'd like to see him do it," said Mr. Hatch, meditatively, as he went to bed.

Next day, Bije, on his way back from the orchard, noticed Billy tearing across the field. A large man was standing on the ducking-stone, shaking his fist at the goat. Curiosity had been too much for Mr. Hatch.

He caught sight of his son at the critical moment when he should have jumped. Dismayed at being found disobeying his own orders the stern father forgot the on-rushing Billy.

A moment more, and Abijah was running to help his father out of the river.

"Here, dad, the bank's not so steep here," was all the wise boy said.

"Thank you, Abijah. Do you think your mother was watching? I'll sell that goat this week. He's getting dangerous."

ACROSS THE REEF.

The author of "A Cruise in an Opium Clipper" entertains his readers with a surf-boat adventure in which he participated off the coast of Formosa, where it had become necessary to make a landing in a new and dangerous place. Another man—Nealance—and himself were to accompany the captain, and take what soundings they could as they went through the surf. One end of a long, light manilla line was passed into the surf-boat and made fast, so that those who were left behind could draw the boat quickly back again in case of any disaster.

Each of us had a loose life-line made fast to his person, loose enough to let us get from under the boat in the event of a capsize, but still attaching us to the boat, so that when it was hauled back we should be brought back also, though probably half-drowned.

Everything being ready, the steersman carefully counted the rollers, beginning with the heaviest one. When the twenty-seventh—the heaviest—had passed, he gave the signal, and we shot ahead into the next one. Its white, hissing top covered us fore and aft, and for a second the boat was thrown into an almost vertical position. Then she came down with a thud that would have stove any lighter-built craft.

As she touched the crest of the wave, the six oarsmen let go their oars, which for a second hung well secured alongside. Then, the crest being passed, in a twinkling each oar was bent in earnest to send her through the next wave.

Getting soundings here was no joke. When the boat was in her vertical position on the crest of the wave, it took me all my time to hold on; and when she was down in the hollow, I could barely get one cast before I was again carried skyward.

About half-way across we met the twenty-seventh sea again. I shut my teeth hard, and grasped my hold tightly, as I gazed on the gigantic, white, thundering mass. Completely swamped in it, the boat was yet carried aloft so high that for a second I imagined a somersault was to end our voyage of discovery. As the captain said, "We just saved being somersaulted by the skin of our teeth."

As we recovered from the shock and fell into the hollow, I perceived a grin of satisfaction on the dark visage of our steer-oarsman.

The men pulled with new energy, and we reached the extremity of the broken water just in time to ride safely over the next twenty-seventh sea before it curled its crest to fall upon the rocky reef. Then we pulled a little away from the reef, laid in our oars and let go the anchor, to give us all a rest and a breath before we started on our perilous journey back to the ship.

THEY FOLLOWED COPY.

In the days when merchant vessels came home redolent of spices and loaded to the brim with silks and china, a certain family, described by Miss Leslie in her "Pencil Sketches," determined to send beyond seas for a dinner service which should outshine in beauty everything thus far seen on this side the Atlantic. Original designs of fruit and flowers, arranged in the form of a wreath, had been made for it by a skilful artist, and the sea-captain who undertook the commission was charged to spare no money or pains in having it properly carried out.

Spring returned, and there was much watching of the vanes by this particular family, and the ship-news furnished the most interesting column of the daily papers. At length the long-expected vessel arrived, and when she had cast anchor, the ladies of the family could scarcely refrain from walking down to the wharf, to see the ship that held the box that held the china.

Invitations were at once sent out for a long-projected dinner-party, at which the new porcelain could be displayed.

The box was landed, and conveyed to the house. The whole family were present at the opening, which was performed by Mr. A—— himself, while the servants peeped in at the door.

As soon as a part of the lid was split off, and a handful of straw removed, a pile of plates appeared, wrapped carefully in paper. Each of the family snatched up a plate, and hastily tore off the covering. There were the flowers, glowing in beautiful colors, the gold star and golden A, admirably executed. But under the gold star, on every plate, dish and tureen, were the words, "*This in the middle!*"

The literal and exact Chinese workmen had copied this direction minutely from a very crooked line which Mr. A—— had hastily scrawled on the pattern with a very bad pen, and of course, without the slightest thought of finding it inserted verbatim beneath the central ornament.

Mr. A—— laughed, his wife cried, the servants giggled, and the daughter cried first, and laughed afterward.

The only silver lining to the cloud was the fact that thereafter Mr. A—— always had something amusing to tell his guests at a dinner-party.

CROWS IN EXILE.

The crow has no friends. Every man's hand and every bird's bill is against him. Mr. B. H. Dutcher, describing in the *Auk* an ornithological trip to Great Gull Island, off the northeastern extremity of Long Island, tells a curious story of the unhappy lot of four crows who seem to have been prisoners as truly as Napoleon was at St. Helena. Mr. Dutcher's visit was in August.

Some time in the spring, before the terns arrived, —of which Mr. Dutcher estimates that he saw five thousand,—these four unlucky crows decided to take up their residence on Great Gull Island. They may have come in search of food, or perhaps they were seeking solitude.

If the first conjecture be the true one, they must have found plenty of what they sought, for the island was well stocked with the eggs and young of the terns. If they were after solitude, they were sadly disappointed, for no sooner had the terns arrived than they fell upon the crows, and persecuted them relentlessly until, several months afterward, Mr. Dutcher and his companions put an end to their misery.

All this time it had been impossible for the crows to leave the island. If one of them attempted to rise, a horde of terns was upon him almost before he was out of the grass, and screaming, diving and dashing at the unfortunate bird, soon drove him back to earth again, and then, not content with that, continued to worry him long after he had settled down.

The crows were truly in a sad plight. The terns, not satisfied with worrying their victims at a distance, even went so far as to peck out their feathers; and between the exuvie that the terns had dropped upon them, and the light places where the feathers had been pulled out, the crows presented a rather mottled appearance.

From the upper mandible of one a piece of the sheath and bone, half an inch long and an eighth of an inch deep, had been gouged out, undoubtedly by the lower mandible of a tern.

This incessant persecution had rendered the crows so tame—or so timid—that they could always be approached within twenty-five feet before they would fly, and one of them was actually caught in the hand. It preferred to be captured by a man rather than be chased by the terns.

TOO HASTY.

Jumping at conclusions often results in embarrassment to all concerned. Perhaps nobody knows this better than a certain clerk in a Court Street law office. He was sitting at his desk, writing busily, the other afternoon, when the door opened and an old negro put in his head.

"Say, cap'n, don't yoh want yoh windows washed? Dey looks kinder like dey needs it."

"No, not to-day; they were washed only last week."

"Bettah lemme touch 'em up a leetle, cap'n."

"No, no," replied the clerk, going on with his work, "come around in a couple of weeks."

With another intimation that the windows were susceptible of considerable improvement, the ancient cleaner withdrew.

But window-washers were evidently out in full force that day; for five minutes had not elapsed when the door opened again, and another sable head popped in.

"Good aftahnoon, boss."

"Good-afternoon."

"Want yoh windows cleaned?"

"No, not to-day."

"Do it cheap, boss; bettah lemme clean 'em."

"No; just engaged a man."

Three minutes later the door opened again, and a dark face surmounted by a rather rusty hat peeped in.

"Well?" asked the clerk, looking hastily up, "I suppose you want to wash windows, too, don't you?"

It was difficult to tell whose surprise was the greater, the new-comer's or the clerk's, when the senior member of the firm hastened forward from his room, and grasping the stranger affectionately by the hand, exclaimed, "Why, my dear old father, this is the most delightful surprise of my life."

HIS LAST ORDER.

A soldier's gravestone in Cochin China bears this military command, carved after the man's name and the date of his death:

"ARMS AT EASE—REST!"

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For the Companion.

WORK PAYS.

What if the lesson be hard to learn!
The greatest tasks are not done in a day,
And always the prize that work must earn
Surpasses the prize that is won by play.

For the Companion.

Miss Piper's Tea-Party.

"O mamma! mamma!" cried little Harold, running in from his perch on the front steps. "Here is a letter for me. All for my own self. The postman said, 'Does Master Harold Gray live in this house, little man?' An' I said, 'Yes, Mr. Postman, he does; he is me.' An' then he laughed, an' here's the letter.

Mamma laughed, too, at her little boy's eager face, but she opened the tiny letter and read what it said inside:

"Miss Polly Piper requests the pleasure of Master Harold's company at Rachel Stanton's nursery this afternoon from three o'clock to six. Bring an apron."

"Goody! goody! May I go, mamma, and who is Miss Polly Piper?" cried the little boy, all in one breath.

"Yes," said mamma, "you may go and find out who Miss Polly is."

So at just three o'clock Harold, with his apron under his arm, rang the doorbell of the house across the way.

Inside were a merry company; six little folks beside the baby. Nobody was late.

Rachel's mamma led the way to the nursery, and here the visitors began to see what Miss Piper's party was like.

In the middle of the room was a large tub filled with soap and water, and on the table were ever so many pipes—pipes of all kinds and sizes. Then mamma tied an apron on Molly, and they all watched her big bubble grow. Each had three trials, and Willie Stewart blew the largest bubble of all.

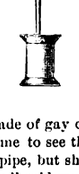
When every one had taken his turn, mamma tied on all the aprons, and the children had a regular soap-bubble frolic. They tossed their bubbles in the air, rolled them on the floor, blew them in each other's faces, and had a gay time till all at once a little bell rang, and every one stopped to listen.

"Come here!" called mamma. "Bring your pipes with you."

Over they ran to the table, and there they found more pipes still, a pile of colored tissue-papers, and a box of empty spools.

"This is Miss Polly Piper," said mamma, and the dolly she was holding in her hand made a low bow.





The children all laughed, for the doll was a very funny one. Her face was smooth and white, her nose long and round, and her turban and dress were made of gay colored paper. It took Harold some time to see that she was really only a soap-bubble pipe, but she was.

"Now," said mamma, "I will stick each one of your pipes into a spool, so that it will stand up, and you may choose what papers you want, and see who can make the prettiest dolly."

They all fell to work, mamma giving advice at one end of the table, and auntie at the other.

The mucilage bottle helped to hold on the tissue-paper clothes, and by the time the clock struck five there was a long row of queer dollies ready to keep Miss Piper company.

Archie made a one-legged soldier with a green cocked hat, Mollie a beautiful black cook, and Harold made a man with a hat "dus like my papa's," he said.



As soon as the dolls were done, the supper bell rang, and while auntie took the little folks up-stairs to have their sticky hands washed, mamma carried the dollies out and placed one standing beside each plate.

Every doll held a slip of paper, and when the children were fairly seated mamma took up Archie's dolly. This was Miss Polly Piper, herself, and on her paper were these words:

"I belong to the one who blew the biggest bubble,
May he always be happy and never in trouble."

Every doll had a rhyme to say. Mollie's was to the one who made the brightest bubble. Rachel's to the longest-lasting, and so on. Harold's was to the one who blew the smallest bubble of all.

The table was covered with good things to eat. "And, O mamma," said Harold, when he got home that night, "it was the berry lobliest party in all the world—Miss Piper's was."

GRACE BROWNELL PECK.



For the Companion.

"UP IN THE GALLERY."

The first time that little Charlotte went to church she was very quiet during the service. She had been told that she must not laugh or talk, and she remembered it.

Once the preacher said something rather funny, and some of the people smiled. Charlotte's papa smiled, too; whereupon the little girl tugged at his coat-sleeve, and looked sternly at him, shaking her tiny forefinger. Papa came near laughing outright, but he controlled himself. After church he said:

"Why did you shake your finger at me, little daughter?"

"Because," answered Charlotte, "I was 'fraid you were going to laugh, and would have to go and sit in the gallery."

"In the gallery?" repeated papa, looking puzzled.

"Why, yes!" replied Charlotte. "The minister puts all the naughty folks up in the gallery, doesn't he?"

For the Companion.

CHRISTMAS SECRETS.

You mustn't look in corners,
And you mustn't hear a sound,
Because a flock of secrets
Is flying all around.

They'll perch upon the Christmas-trees
When weary of their flight,
Or they'll build their nests in stockings
In the middle of the night.

But catch them Christmas morning—
For dear old Santa sends
In every one a sweet surprise
To his loving little friends.

ANNA M. PRATT.

For the Companion.

ONE CLOUDY MORNING.

Ray stood by the window and watched the snowflakes that filled the frosty air.

It had been such nice skating on the little brook yesterday, but now —

He flattened his nose against the window-pane, and tears filled his eyes.

"It's just the time to pull that loose tooth out, little man," said mamma. "Let me see it. Why-e-e-e! It is so loose I'm afraid you'll swallow it some time if we don't pull it."

"Oh dear! Won't it hurt, mamma? Won't it hurt awful?" faltered Ray.

"Oh no, not much," smiled mamma. "And then a nice new tooth will grow in its place. Can you pull it, or will I?"

"I—I guess I will," said Ray, hesitating a little. "Why, something grates under it."

"It is the little new tooth trying to find a place to grow," and mamma went on with her sewing, while Ray worked the loose tooth back and forth for fully five minutes.

"It won't come, mamma. I don't b'lieve it ever will. Dear me! What makes loose teeth so solid and slippery? Oh! oh! It won't come out." Ray's eyes were full of tears.

"Let me see it," said mamma. "Why, it will almost drop out itself! Let me —"

"Oh! Ow! Oh! There, you only got it off of one side! Didn't I tell you it was awful solid? I don't b'lieve it will ever come out, do you, mamma?" sobbed Ray.

"Yes it will. Let me tie a string to it, and then tie the other end to the doorknob. Then you may rest while I tell you about the first tooth I ever had pulled," and mamma carefully selected a stout linen thread.

"Did you have one pulled, mamma? Didn't you cry? Was it when you was little?" questioned Ray.

"Yes. I was little, as small as you are, and I cried louder than I want you to, I expect.

"It was a little front tooth, and it was very loose. I didn't want to have it pulled out. One night I went out for some wood for my mamma, and I tried to haul a stick in with a stout string. When I opened the door, I took the string in my mouth, and when I took a step forward, that string caught around my tooth.

"I jumped and screamed, and out it came. The stick of wood pulled my tooth for me. Wasn't that funny, Ray?" Mamma was smiling, and watching the doorknob to which Ray's tooth was tied.

"Yes. I wish mine would come out so quick. Oh—oh—oh! Why-e-e-e! It *is* out. The doorknob pulled it!" for papa had opened the door suddenly, and jerked the string smartly. "I think you knew papa was coming, mamma!"

"Well, here's a broom. You can sweep the ice, and have your skating frolic, after all," said mamma. And sure enough, the clouds had all passed. It was sunshine out-of-doors, and—the tooth was out!

E. H. S.

"OH DEAR!" sighed little Sadie, who wasn't feeling well, "my head aches, an' my feet aches, an' my gin'ham d'ess aches!"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

RIDDLE.

I'm green and I'm white,
I'm black and I'm brown,
I'm found in the forest,
I'm used in the town;
I'm worn as a garment
When chilly winds blow,
And always aspiring
I'm often brought low.

A. M. P.

2.

DOUBLE ZIGZAGS.

1	*	*	*	*	*	11
*	2	*	*	*	12	*
*	*	3	*	13	*	*
*	*	*	14	*	*	*
*	*	5	*	*	15	*
*	6	*	*	*	*	16
7	*	*	*	*	*	17
*	8	*	*	*	18	*
*	*	9	*	19	*	*
*	*	*	10	20	*	*

Across.

1. A place where butchers kill and sell meat.
2. Belonging to races.
3. To disown.
4. Rehearsals.
5. To take one in every ten.
6. A tree and its fruit which is a species of orange.
7. Primitive.
8. Common.
9. To free from fear.
10. Affliction.

Zigzags.

1 to 10. The name given to the children's friend, whose festival occurs on Dec. 6th.
11 to 20. Another name given to the same.

F. S. F.

3.

EASY AMPUTATED QUOTATIONS.

Each word is beheaded and curtailed.

1. -ono- -h- -harg- -he-ad-,
-ono- -h- -igh- -rigad-,
-obl- -i- -undre-.—*Tennyson.*
2. -ro- -reenland- -e- -ountain-,
-ro- -ndia- -ora- -tran-,
-her- -fric- -unn- -ountain-
-ol- -ow- -hel- -olde-an-.

4.

LETTER ANAGRAMS.

Ex.—$\frac{C}{L}$ { C over L—clover.

Write a line in each case describing the position of the letters toward each other, and transpose the letters used in this description to make a word that will answer the definition given.

1. $\frac{S}{W}$ { A blanket.
2. G S, Small shoots of a tree.
3. $\frac{H}{T}$ { A loud, rumbling noise.
4. S H, Part of a clock.
5. $\frac{A}{L}$ { Anything lent.
6. $\frac{D}{S}$ { Weights.

5.

PUZZLE.

I'm very sure this little word
That means to join, you've often heard.
Five letters form it, and 'tis strange
That two transposed make such a change;
It joins no more and you will find
That now it tells you to unbind.

6.

CONCEALED PROVERB.

In each of the following sentences a word is concealed. When the words are rightly guessed and read in the order here given they will form a familiar proverb.

I think Mr. Corbett errs in his statement.
My uncle wanted to buy a doll at every shop in Nuremberg.
Emerson said, "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."
He ran down the lane very swiftly, and caught the horse.

7.

BIRTHDAY LETTER.

My *first* is in carpus, but not in the thumb;
My *next* is in coccyx, but not in sacrum;
My *third* is in lens, but not in the eye;
My *fourth* in the lungs, but not in bronchi;
My *fifth* is in heart, but not in its beat;
My *sixth* is in ankles, but not in the feet;
My *next*, though in mouth, is not in the lips;
My *eighth*, though in femurs, is not in the hips;
My *ninth*, in papillæ, is not in the skin;
My *tenth* is in tibia, but not in the shin;
My *next*, though in socket, is not in the ball;
My *next*, in the liver, is not in the gall;
My *next*, in the cornea, is not in a tear;
While the *next*, though in concha, is not in the ear;
My *last* is in muscle, but not in the bone,
And now, I hope soon, my *whole* will be known.

Conundrums.

What rare and beautiful plants does every person possess? Palms.

If you ask Louisa for a drink of water, what battle may you name? Waterloo ("Water, Lou!").

What kind of keys are most mischievous? Monkeys.

What kind of a hood are thousands working to obtain? A livelihood.

When does land keep you warm? When you wear a cape.

When does a monk frown? When he has his cowl on (scowl on).

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THE WORLD BENEATH THE OCEAN.

The depths of the sea have always fascinated the human imagination. Three-quarters of the earth's surface is covered with water, and it is only natural that man, who has found the dry land so rich in wonders belonging to all the kingdoms of nature, should desire to know what is hidden under the broad bosom of the ocean. The temptation presented by the pearl fisheries, and by the wish to recover sunken treasures, has resulted in our acquiring considerable knowledge of the sea bottom in certain localities near shore.

Some interesting facts have just been brought to the attention of men of science by M. H. Fol, of the biological laboratory at Nice. M. Fol has for several years been exploring the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea along the shore near Nice, in the search for marine animals.

During his explorations in a diving dress he has carefully studied the effect of sunlight under water, and has found that the illumination of the sea is probably much less than has generally been supposed.

The world under the ocean is not only a world of mystery, but one of twilight and of night. M. Fol found that at a depth of about one hundred feet it was difficult to discover the small animals he was in search of. When the sun had begun to decline in the afternoon, darkness would suddenly envelop him when he was in thirty-five or forty feet of water, and, rising to the surface under the impression that night had actually begun, he would be astonished to find himself emerging into brilliant sunshine.

At considerable depths he found that it was ordinarily impossible to see a rock at a distance greater than about twenty-five feet. Under the best of circumstances, with very clear water and an unclouded sun overhead, a rock might be perceived eighty or ninety feet away.

He observed that the animals living on and near the bottom would, when alarmed, flee with great consternation for a distance of a few yards and then stop, believing that they had got beyond the sight of pursuers.

One of the practical conclusions drawn from M. Fol's experiences is that it will not be possible for submarine vessels to move rapidly at any considerable depth, owing to the imminent danger of collision with obstacles that are not visible beyond a very narrow range.

But those depths are not the less interesting because they are buried in almost impenetrable shadow.

CHINESE JUSTICE.

In many respects the Chinese are a most rational and practical race, though their ways are not those of Western peoples. London *Truth* relates an incident that is characteristic of Chinese methods in government. During a recent "anti-foreign-devil" riot at some place between Tong-Tu and Kaiping, the mob destroyed a good length of the railway that had recently been carried through the district.

The local mandarin, instead of using the forces under him to quell the riot, sent the soldiers to assist in the evil work. The embankments were leveled for some distance and the rails thrown into the river, and an attempt was made to destroy the bridges. Mr. Kinder, the head engineer of the line, laid the state of the case before the Tontoi of Tientsin, who is the head director of the undertaking. The Toatoi sent for the mandarin.

"To please yourself and friends," said he, "you have destroyed the railway track. To please me you will put it back just as it was before. If, in one month from to-day, the trains are not running as before, you lose your head, and your family and ancestors are disgraced."

"Mr. Kinder estimates the damage and loss by non-running of trains at fifty thousand taels, which sum you will have to pay out of your own funds to the company.

"For labor, all your officials, soldiers and townsfolk will work as you direct, receiving no money for their labor, and all salaries are stopped till the repairs are complete. I shall appoint a Board of Punishment to return with you, with power to torture and imprison any one who makes the least disturbance or trouble."

The mandarin begged for mercy on the plea that, as the country was all under water, he could not possibly get mud and stone, wherewith to build the embankments. The Toatoi saw the force of this plea, and said he would give him a chance.

He could pull down any of his forts that he liked in order to provide material for the repair of the railway, and he would give him three months after the railway was completed to rebuild his forts at his (the mandarin's) own expense.

In less than three weeks the trains were running again, and the mandarin and his agents are now rebuilding the forts.

COMPLETING THE QUOTATION.

The late Doctor Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, had a keen sense of humor, which, however, he indulged only on appropriate occasions. An amusing story is told, in the September *North American*, of his quickness of repartee.

While on a visit to a country-house a carriage party was made up for a drive, and the bishop was urged to join it, but he insisted on walking, and started off on foot by himself. On the road the carriage party passed him as he was trudging along, and one of the company shouted out to him, quoting from Watts's hymn:

"How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to *walk*."

Quick as a flash the bishop shouted back, completing the stanza:

"Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk."

DECEPTIVE APPEARANCES.

There is in the English navy a famous and valiant admiral, who, when he is on shore, likes to take his ease in his handsome house in Belgravia, at the West End of London.

Not long ago, on a pleasant afternoon, the admiral sat in front of his residence, in a somewhat neglected costume, smoking a pipe.

A policeman came past, and looked at him hard. The admiral paid no attention.

"Look 'ere!" said the policeman, presently. "Do you belong to the 'ouse, you know?"

"No," said the admiral; "the 'ouse belongs to me, you know!"

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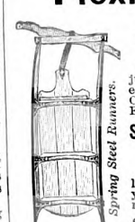
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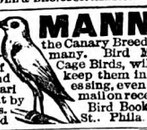
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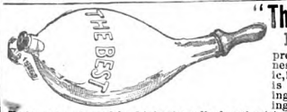


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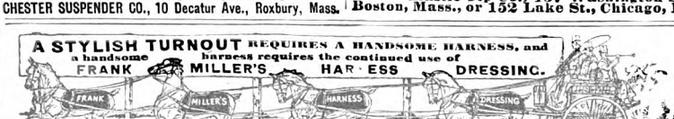
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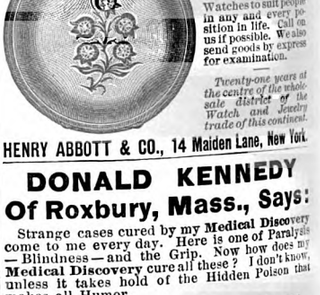
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A FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The man who boasts the loudest does not always show best under fire, writes Colonel McDowell to *The Companion*. This truth was laughably illustrated to us one day when we were encamped in New Mexico, hourly expecting an engagement with the Indians. Among the veteran Indian-fighters in our camp was Sergeant Shülter, who astonished us youngsters—I was but twenty years old then—by thrilling accounts of his daring achievements. From his talk one would have thought him equal to the task of putting a whole band of painted warriors to flight, single-handed.

My company had camped near the banks of a small brook. It was a beautiful autumn afternoon. Some of the men went in bathing, some mended their clothes, while others overhauled their guns. Strung out at a distance from the camp were a few pickets. The horses were given a chance to graze, tethered with long lariats fastened to iron pins driven into the ground.

Suddenly there came a cry of "Indians! Indians!" The men rushed in from all directions, and for a few moments wild confusion reigned. In the midst of it all we heard a series of spasmodic yells, and, turning toward the sound, beheld the fat sergeant, the bold, fearless hero of countless Indian encounters, capless, coatless, running as fast as he could toward his horse, and blowing and puffing with the exertion.

Without stopping for bridle or saddle, he scrambled upon the horse's back, seized its mane and dug his spurs into the beast's sides with all his might. Excited by the pain thus inflicted, the horse plunged forward with a sudden bound and set off at a mad gallop.

In half a minute the animal reached the end of its tether and was brought to a standstill with a tremendous jerk. And Sergeant Shülter? I verily think he was thrown forty feet over his horse's head! He came down with a thump that could be heard throughout the camp, and it was a wonder that every bone in his body was not broken.

Despite the supposed seriousness of the moment, every man of us stood still and laughed at the ludicrous spectacle. Poor fellow! His terror of the Indians had made him forget that his horse was tethered. He wasn't much hurt; and the cry of Indians turned out to be a false alarm caused by the approach of a few friendly Pawnees. Sergeant Shülter was ever after called the "flying Dutchman," a title which he did not relish.

WHAT A BABY DID IN ONE HOUR.

Uncle Will, the good-natured bachelor of the family, was left in charge of the baby one day while every one else was out, and out of curiosity he made a list of what the baby did in one hour. Here it is:

1. Yelled fifteen minutes without taking breath. (Uncle Will declares solemnly that this is a true statement.)
2. Pulled out enough hair from his uncle's head and whiskers to stuff a sofa-pillow.
3. Crocked the wall-paper as high as he could reach with the poker.
4. Broke a stereoscope by sitting down on it.
5. Swallowed six buttons and a good part of a spool of thread.
6. Emptied the contents of his mother's work-basket down the furnace register.
7. Tried to squeeze the head of the cat into a tin cup, and was scratched badly in the attempt.
8. Knocked the head off of a fine wax doll belonging to his older sister by trying to drive a tack into a toy wagon with it.
9. Fell off the edge of the whatnot, and brought down with him two costly vases which were ruined.
10. Broke two panes of window-glass with a cane which uncle let him have.
11. Fell into the coal-hod and spoiled his new white dress.
12. Set fire to the carpet while uncle was out of the room hunting up something to amuse him.
13. Crawled under the bed and refused to come out unless uncle would give him the molasses jug.
14. Got twisted into the rungs of a chair, which had to be broken to get him out.
15. Poured a pitcher of water into his mother's best shoes.
16. Finally, when he saw his mother coming, he ran out to the porch, and tumbled off the steps, making his nose bleed and tearing a hole a foot square in his dress.

And yet Uncle Will thinks that boy will make something yet!

A MOHAMMEDAN EVASION.

According to one of the tenets of the Mohammedan religion it is a sin to make a picture of any living thing. The elaborate decorations of the palaces and mosques of the East are almost exclusively made up of ingeniously interlaced geometric designs, arabesques or flowers, intermixed with sentences of the Koran.

There is a belief among Mussulmans that at the Day of Judgment Allah will demand that the artist who has made the image of a living thing shall endow that image with life, and that failing to do this the artist will be sent to perdition for his sin.

A gentleman who visited a mosque in Algiers found that the tiles with which the building is decorated, which were very old and beautiful, are adorned with flights of birds. He expressed much surprise at this, and asked if the command against such representation were a modern edict.

"Oh, no," answered the pious Algerian to whom he addressed the question. "These are not pictures of living birds."

"But they are painted as if flying across the tiles," the other said in some astonishment.

"Yes," the Mussulman replied, "but do you not see that about the neck of each there is a fine black line? That is to show that the artist painted only dead birds, and the command of the Koran is not violated."

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

A Paris correspondent sends to *The Companion* a pretty story from the Eiffel Tower, which is still one of the attractions of the city.

During the Exhibition of 1889 it was the custom of those who made the ascent to write letters there, direct them to themselves, and after tying them to little balloons, launch them into space from the immense height.

One of these letters, still fastened to its balloon, was lately discovered on an estate in Hungary, the proprietor of which put it into the post, and it duly reached the writer in Paris, who was much astonished to receive a letter written to himself more than a year before.

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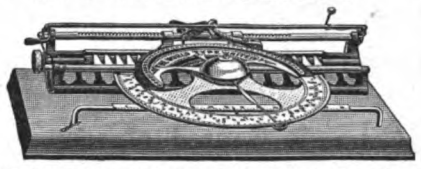
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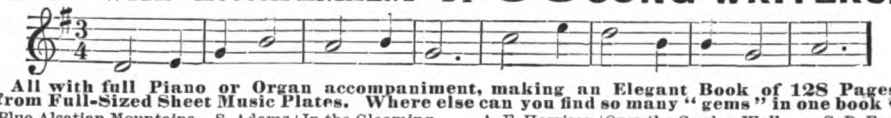
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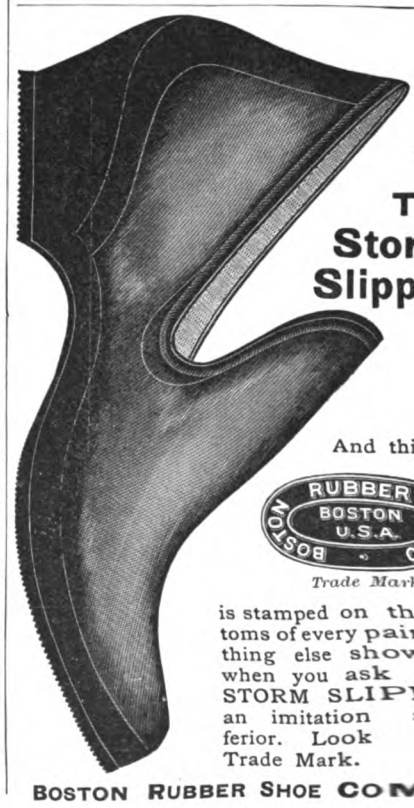


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EARLY MISFORTUNES.

Talleyrand was the greatest diplomatist of his day. His father was a military officer, and the boy would no doubt have been educated to the same profession, but for an accident which befell him in childhood.

After the fashion of the time, he was entrusted to the care of a woman, some miles away from home. While in her charge his foot was dislocated by a fall. It was not properly cared for, and his parents did not become aware of the fact until it was too late to correct the error.

The abnormal strain brought upon the other foot soon induced a lameness in that also, and the boy thus became a cripple for life. This seeming misfortune determined a change in the plans of his parents for him, and as a result the name of Talleyrand has become one of the most familiar among the great ones of modern history.

The history of a certain American family furnishes several similar examples of the beneficent results of disabling accidents.

The young son of a farmer in a small town in Massachusetts had his hand crushed in his father's cider-mill, and being thus unfitted to gain his livelihood by farming, was sent in due time to the academy, to commence a preparation for a professional life. He died a member of the United States Senate.

A boy who belonged to another branch of the same family, in the vicinity of Boston, cut his knee badly, and was long confined to the house. His kind pastor supplied him with books, and perceiving that he had a natural aptitude for study, taught him Latin, and finally induced his parents to send him to college.

The young man graduated at Harvard, and became a minister of the gospel. One of his sons was a general in the army of 1812; another served his country in Congress.

The son who entered politics had six sons who were college-educated men, all prominent in their profession, one a judge of the Superior Court of New Hampshire, and another a professor for forty years in a New England college, and eminent as an author.

All this life of education and usefulness, extending through three generations, may be said to have started in a little boy's cutting his leg!

SPEECH IN DOGS.

In a recent number of *The Companion* reference was made to the experiments of a French man of science in teaching a dog to articulate certain sounds belonging to human speech. A dog, it was stated, had been found in Paris which was able to utter a sound approaching very nearly to the word "mamma."

A correspondent of *The Companion* writes that a dog has been observed and carefully studied, much nearer home than Paris, who pronounces the word "mamma" as nearly like the sound of human speech as it is possible for it to be uttered with the wide mouth and loose lips of a dog, and who does this with conscious effort, knowing that it is required of him.

This dog, a large black Newfoundland, a little more than a year old, is the property of a person who lives at Arlington Heights, a village near Boston. He has a long head, a prominent arched forehead, and lips which are full and large, overhanging the lower jaw a little.

The dog, when called by his young master and asked, "Stanley, whom do you love?" or simply told to "Say it," shows that he is aware that something is expected of him. He begins to look around for the bit of cake or other morsel of food which is to reward him for his attempt, and it is usually shown to him.

As an introductory performance, Stanley lies down upon the floor. He never "talks" in any other attitude; but, while lying down, he keeps his head clear of the floor.

"Now say it!" says his master, snapping his fingers. The dog begins to "work his mouth," opening and shutting his great lips repeatedly. By and by he gives out a sound which is half-way between a growl and a whine, and which is continually interrupted by the opening and shutting of the lips.

The effect is much like "maw-maw-maw-maw." The dog is told that this will not do, and that he must say "mamma." He resumes the working of his lips, and reduces the number of his syllables to three.

Once more told that this will not do, he makes another attempt. His voice seems to fail, and the vocal sound to be less broad, and at last he shortens down his speech to two syllables, and utters a sound which, heard from an adjoining room, might easily be mistaken for a human voice speaking the word "mamma."

He is apparently proud of his achievement, and says his "mamma" again and again. He is rewarded with bits of cake, and is plainly elated and somewhat excited.

At times he says his "mamma" without any preliminary experimenting with a larger number of syllables. Occasionally he approaches very much nearer the vocal sound "*ah*" in the word than he does at other times, and sometimes he whispers the word rather than "speaks" it, emitting his breath without a distinct vocal sound.

His master says that the accomplishment had its beginning in what was apparently an accident. When a young puppy the dog uttered a whine, at the same time closing his lips. It occurred to the master that the sound could be developed into the utterance of the word "mamma," and he began from time to time, as occasion served, to teach him to repeat the sound, rewarding him when it was accomplished.

TEN ANXIOUS MINUTES.

While Captain Anderson, author of "A Cruise in an Opium Clipper," was trading in Formosa, he had been to the shore with some of his men, on a wild and almost unknown part of the island, to rescue the crew of a Dutch schooner. On their way they had fallen in with a band of native wreckers, and had been compelled to fire upon them. The Dutch crew was rescued, and Captain Anderson and his men started on their return to their own ship.

Our way took us in single file through a narrow pass, and as I entered it at the head of my men, for a second my heart almost ceased to beat at the startling sight that met my gaze.

The pass was lined on both sides with ferocious-looking natives, armed with pole-axes, spears, huge knives, and many other death-dealing instruments.

Although I was taken flat aback by the sight, some instinct carried me forward sword in hand, looking to the right and left with a cool, staring eye, which seemed to curb the revengeful spirit of the natives.

On arriving at the other end of the defile, I stopped, turned round, saw all the men safely through, and then told them in unmistakable English to make a clean pair of heels for the ship, while I brought up the rear at a sharp pace as soon as I had got a little way from the entrance of the pass, so that the natives might not see us in too great a hurry.

How they let us through without touching a hair of our heads, or once making a motion toward us, passes my comprehension. A kind Providence had certainly watched over us for that time, and, shame to say, not one of us returned thanks to God for our preservation.

GREAT SEVERITY.

A very estimable widow has a son who is far from estimable. Evil companions have corrupted the good manners he once had, and the ravages of dissipation are already becoming visible. His poor mother is nearly broken-hearted. She was confiding her troubles one day to an old and trusted friend.

"I am afraid," said her friend, "that you are not firm enough with John; you are too easy with him."

"On the contrary, I am sometimes afraid that I am too harsh."

"Why, what have you ever done?"

"Oh, I haven't done anything, but I have talked to him a great deal."

"What have you said?"

"Why, I have said, 'John! John!' and other severe things."

SOMETHING GOOD.

Little Marjorie is by no means fond of going to church. She has to sit too still, and "the man" talks about things she cannot yet understand.

"What's it for, mamma?" she asked one day. "What do we go to church for?"

Mamma tried to tell her the reasons, and concluded by saying:

"And when you can't understand what the minister means, you must remember he is talking about good and beautiful things; and you must make up your mind to think of something good yourself."

That day Marjorie was very quiet in church, and her mother praised her for it on the way home.

"I did just as you told me," said the wee maid. "I thought of something good."

"What was it, dearie?"

"Apple-pie!"

TOO SLOW.

Monsieur Calino was ordered by his physician to take a drive of an hour each day, and having no horse of his own, he called a cabman for the purpose.

One day he signalled a cabman, and got in for his daily drive. The horse started up at a painfully slow gait.

"Hold on!" said Calino to the driver. "I must get another cab. It would take me all day to ride an hour with such a slow plug as that!"

INSULT NUMBER TWO.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend," says the proverb; but then comes the question, Who is a friend?

"What's the reason you didn't speak to Boreham when he passed us?" said one man to another.

"He insulted me the other day—called me a freckled idiot."

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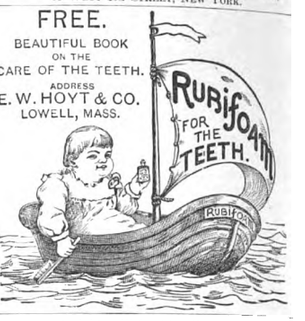
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For the Companion.

THE CLO'ES-POLE MAN.

"Clo'es-pole! Cl-o'-es-p-o-l-e! C-l-o'-es-po-ly, po-ly, po-ly, p-o-l-e!"

The long-drawn, melodious cry echoed down the narrow street, growing fainter in the distance, until it was lost in the jumble of peaked, wide-eaved, dormer-windowed roofs far down in the heart of the old French Quarter of New Orleans.

It was Christmas Day. The air was chill enough in the shadow of the tall houses to make Uncle Isr'l shiver a little in his fluttering rags; but the sunshine lay soft and warm on the opposite sidewalks; the ponderous street doors were everywhere wide open, and through the iron railings the paved court-yards were visible—gay little gardens, where banana-leaves rustled in the light wind, orange-trees in big green tubs bordered the winding walks, and honeysuckle and wisteria climbed the gray walls and festooned the overhanging balconies.

Here, too, roses and sweet-olive were abloom, their perfume rising like incense toward the clear blue sky, and children, watched by fat black mammies in high turbans and snowy kerchiefs, were at play.

Uncle Isr'l crossed over. He walked in a shambling, shuffling way, for, as he was wont proudly to declare, he was "gittin' pow'ful ole an' onstuddy on de laigs." He stooped a little, and his gray head was bent on his breast; but his eyes, beneath their shaggy brows, were keen and bright; the grasp of his knotty fingers was firm as steel; his honest black face was full of intelligence.

Over one shoulder he carried a bundle of long, rough poles, newly cut from the swamp not far from the city. These were his stock in trade, and they were much in demand. Uncle Isr'l Minor's clothes-poles were reputed the longest and stoutest that ever held up a clothes-line.

In his hand he carried a split-basket filled with fresh ferns, whose green feathery fronds set more than one care-worn passer-by that day to dreaming of moist, shady places and long-deserted wood-land nooks.

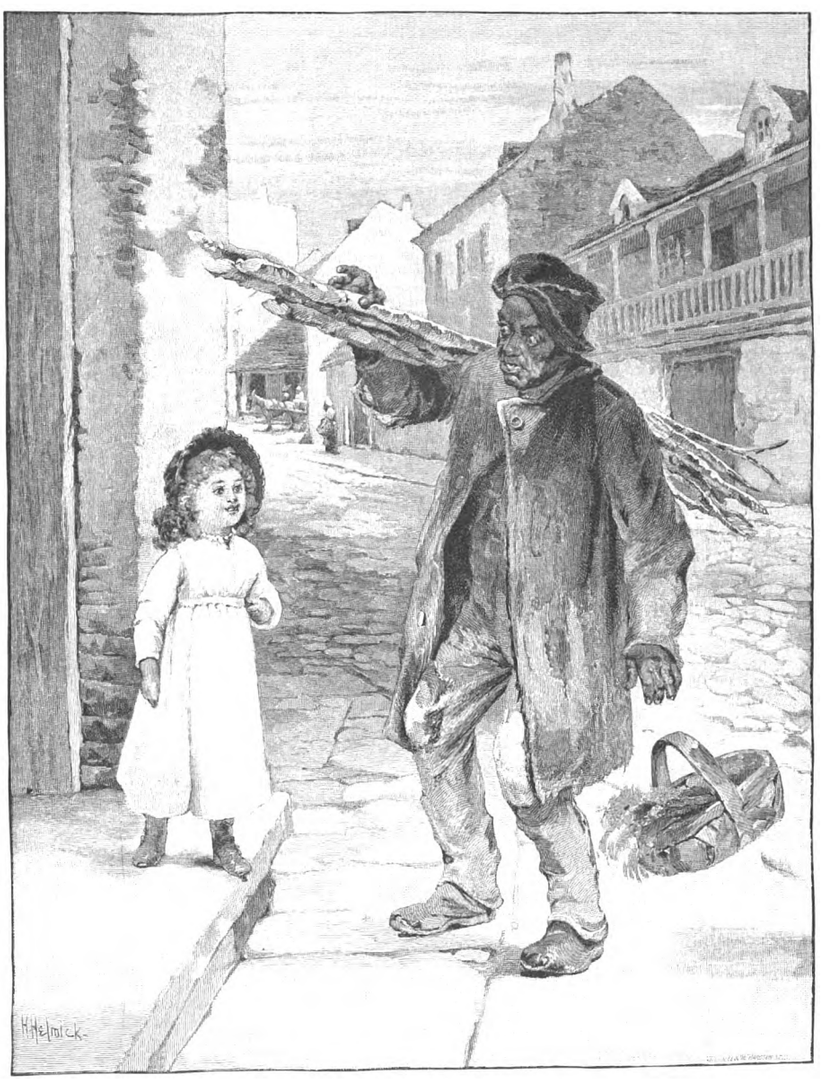
Uncle Isr'l was a familiar figure in what is known as the Garden District of the old city, where the stately houses are begirt by marvellous gardens and grassy lawns. He had pottered about there for twenty years and more, with his clothes-poles and his baskets of swamp-ferns.

His musical, prolonged cry never failed to bring the children of these great houses flying down to the gates. "Clo'es-pole, po-ly, po-ly, po-ly, p-o-l-e!" they would pipe mockingly, their little hands grasping the iron bars.

"Dass right, chillen," the old man would respond, chuckling, and scanning their faces eagerly. "Yo' Unc' Isr'l doan' keer! I knows all erbout chillen an' dey innercen' mis*cheef*, I does!"

He was also well enough known in the suburbs and the humbler neighborhoods, where his clothes-poles were in daily use; but he seldom ventured down into the French Quarter. "I ain' gwine ter fin' de chile in any o' dese ole houses dat look lak jails," he argued to himself, as he crept occasionally along the curious, foreign-looking alleys. "She gwine ter come down ter de gate fum one o' dem fine house dat look lak de gret-house at Welcome Home Plantation."

Here he was to-day, however, and it was Christmas Day. "I knows dat I ain' gwine ter sell ary one o' dese yere clo'es-pole ter-day!" he muttered, easing them down from his shoulder, and settling himself on a sunny doorstep for a rest. "I might 'a' knowed dat ain' nobody gwine ter buy clo'es-pole on a Chris'mus Day! But dey *might* 'a' tuk a shine ter de ferns! I jis' got ter fin' li'l Miss Patsy fo' I stop."



"I 'VITE YOU TO DINNER."

He shaded the ferns with his tattered straw hat, and leaned his head against the door-post.

His eyelids drooped. He seemed to be asleep; but he was only living the years over again, as he had done a thousand times before. He saw himself, "befo' de wah," a trusted head-man at the fine old Welcome Home Plantation. There was Marse Tom Minor, the master, consulting him about the horses.

"Do you think, Isr'l, that the brown filly will bear the saddle to-day?"

There was Mis' Ellinor, the mistress, asking his advice about her ferns, and above all there was the child, little Miss Patsy, following him about from morning till night, her fair hair flying in the wind, her blue eyes shining.

"Fum de minute she kin toddle," he mused, "dat chile wuz sholy de apple o' Isr'l eye. I 'members how I use ter tote her on my back down ter de Quarter ter see de black folks dance in de Chris'mus times! She wuz dat teenchy-weenchy dat I ain' hardly feel her weight!

"An' seem lak I kin see her yit, de day dat she tromp over her maw's ferm-bed! An' Mis' Ellinor ain' had de heart ter scol', caze de chile lak de ferms much ez she did."

Then the war, and Colonel Tom Minor riding away at the head of his regiment; the last good-by at the big plantation gate; the stout-hearted wife; the little girl lifted up in Isr'l's arms to be kissed by her father. "An' I done promise Marse Tom dat same day dat ef anything is ever happen ter him, I gwine ter tek keer o' Mis' Ellinor an' li'l Miss Patsy. An' de wah roll lak de cha'yot o' destruction 'cross de lan'!"

Then, the plantation trampled over, first by the blue, and then by the gray; the rack and ruin of war; the stormy night when Isr'l stole with his mistress into the garden to bury a handful of gold, the family silver, and the diamond necklace which had been Tom Minor's wedding present to his wife.

"An' de ve'y nex' day wu'd is come dat Marse Tom is been kill, an' Mis' Ellinor she saunt me fer ter try an' fotch de body home. She an' li'l Miss Patsy is follered me ter de big gate, an' de las' wu'd she say wuz, 'Unc' Isr'l, does you see dis chile?'—an' de Lord knows de chile is dat minute got her arms 'roun' my ole neck. 'Ef anything is ever happen ter me, you 'member you is done promise yo' marster ter tek keer o' de chile.'

"She wuz white ez a ghos'. An' I lif' up my han' an' swar in de sight o' de Lord an' my dead marster ter tek keer o' li'l Miss Patsy. Den I kiss de sof' han' o' Mis' Ellinor an' tu'n'd off, caze I couldn' b'ar ter tell de chile good-by.

"An' den she come a-runnin' wi' a ferm-leaf in her li'l han' an' a-hollerin', 'Tek *me*, Unc' Isr'l, tek *me!*'"

Uncle Isr'l's head sank lower on his breast; tears were running down his dark cheeks.

He saw himself again wandering about the battlefield in search of his dead master; he seemed to feel again on his brow the chill night wind, that swept over him as he dug the lonely grave. Then the receding tide of battle that had borne him irresistibly away with it.

A year later, when he came back, his beloved mistress, whose death had followed hard upon that of her husband, was sleeping in the old Minor family burying-ground. The eight-year-old child—the only child—had been taken away by distant relatives, no one knew where. One of the field-gang, who remained alone in the weed-grown and silent Quarter, said he "heerd dat li'l Miss had been tuk'n ter New Orleens."

Turning away from the grave of the mother, Uncle Isr'l had begun his long and fruitless search for the child, from plantation to plantation on the bayou, and finally about the big city.

"An' I sholy is s'arch faithful fer de chile, up an' down, high an' low. But I is gwine ter fin' her yit! An' dat's why I is always tote a baskit o' ferns, caze ef de chile sees de ferns, she gwine ter come a-runnin'! Isr'l, you fool nigger, what you cryin' 'bout?"

He shook himself as he uttered the last words half-aloud, and got up.

"I 'clar ter goodness," he added, shouldering his poles and picking up his basket, "I'se gittin' hongry! An' dey ain' so much ez a pone o' bread in de cabin yander! Law, when I 'members dem Chris'mus dinners at de Welcome Home Quarter,—spar'-ribs an' hominy an' sweet 'taters an' biscuit an' chicken gravy an' poun'-cake,—my mouf sholy do water!"

"I wish I could 'vite somebody to Chris'mas dinner!" said a fair-haired little girl in a plaintive tone to her mother, who was busy with preparations for the humble dinner.

The small room which sheltered Mrs. Ratcliffe and her two fatherless children was high up under the roof of a big house, whose dormer-windows overlooked a cobble-paved side street in the French Quarter. In earlier days, when the American District had not come into existence, and these quiet thoroughfares teemed with life and activity, some aristocratic family had probably dwelt in this roomy old mansion, for the winding stairways had carved balustrades, the doors and wainscoting were of mahogany, the quaint wooden mantels were upheld by twisted brass pillars, and the basin of the fountain in the court, green with weather-stains and long disused, was supported by marble figures.

But its glories had long since departed. A

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swarm of tenants occupied the rooms, story above story. The lower floor had become a junk-shop, where odds and ends of furniture, bits of rusty iron, broken picture-frames and heaps of dog-eared books filled the recesses where ladies once trailed their rustling silks, and powdered gentlemen made their courtly bows. The wide corridor had a damp and musty smell; the courtyard was piled with a nondescript accumulation of benches, washtubs, clothes-lines, barrels and the like.

In this cheap lodging-house Mrs. Ratcliffe, drawn by dire poverty, had come in her widow's weeds, with her two children clinging to her knees. The one ill-lighted room where they lived, and where she toiled all day long at her sewing-machine, had an air of daintiness and refinement about it, in spite of its meagre and threadbare belongings.

The simple Christmas dinner was almost ready. Mrs. Ratcliffe, fragile and pale from overwork and anxiety, was hovering over the stove with the little girl at her elbow. The ten-year-old boy, who carried his mother's work back and forth, and ran errands on the street, was setting the table.



"And did you use to hang up your stocking Christmas eve at the plantation, mother?" he asked. They had been listening with never-flagging interest to the oft-repeated story of their mother's childhood.

"Yes," Mrs. Ratcliffe said, smiling, "and early the next morning I scrambled out of bed, just as you did this morning, and ran into the sitting-room to see what Santa Claus had brought me. And with the first flash of light in the great home the negroes came swarming up from the Quarter laughing and shouting, 'Chris'mus gif', marse! Chris'mus gif', mis'!'

"They crowded on the gallery and into the doorways, their dark faces glowing with delight; and when I had distributed the presents which my father and mother had bought for them, they made a rush for me, set me on their shoulders, and marched around and around the house in the gray of morning, singing."

"O mother," cried Tom; "can't you remember what they sang?"

His mother smiled again. Old memories were thronging to her brain, and with them half-forgotten snatches of song.

"There was one," she said, "that went like this:

Set de spider on de h'arth, an' hang de kittle low!
Hi, boys, hit's Chris'mus!
Tek the banjo fum de shelf, an' bresh de cabin flo':
Hi, boys, hit's Chris'mus!
Ole marse he gin de hog-meat, ole mis' she gin de cake,
Pat er juba nigger, whils' de Chris'mus dinner bake!"

The children clapped their hands gaily.

"And the dinner, mother, the Christmas dinner!"

"When dinner-time came, the big dining-room, all hung with evergreens, was lighted up; the long table shone with glass and silver; the house-girls in their white aprons were flying about under old Aun' Jane's direction. All the family from far and near was there, and if any strangers chanced to be passing my father would send me down to the big gate to invite them in —"

"Mamma," interrupted the little girl again, "I wish I could 'vite somebody to Chris'mas dinner! Can't I 'vite somebody to Chris'mas dinner like you did when you was a little girl? Can't I, mamma?"

"Why," said her mother, patting the flushed and eager little face, "we know no one, dear. Where would you find any one to invite?"

"Oh, I can find somebody!" the child said, confidently. "May I try, mamma? May I?"

Mrs. Ratcliffe reflected a moment. "Well, yes, dear," she said, slowly. "You may try, but it must be some one who is poor, like us—and hungry," she added.

The child was already flying along the narrow passageway and down the long, dark stairways. Tom followed at a little distance to see that no harm befell his six-year-old sister.

She looked critically at the few lodgers whom she met on the stairs or in the court below. They were hurrying to their rooms, their arms filled with parcels. Evidently they had Christmas dinners of their own.

She ran down the arched corridor to the street door.

"I don't see anybody to 'vite," she said, disconsolately, peering up and down the silent and deserted street.

A lady presently passed, leading a little girl by the hand. Their rich garments almost brushed the plain, dark frock of the watcher. She shrank back into the friendly shelter of the doorway.

A moment later, a gentleman walked briskly along. He carried a huge bouquet of cape-jessamines, hummed an opera-air, and twirled a dainty cane in his well-gloved hand.

"I don't reckon *he's* hungry," commented the child.

She waited patiently for some time; no one else came by. The tears welled to her blue eyes, and she turned slowly to go.

Just then the call of the clothes-pole man rang out on the still air, "*Clo'es-pole! po-ly-po-ly-po-ly, p-o-l-e!*"

Uncle Isr'l came in sight. He looked tired and dejected, and bent wearily under the weight of his poles. The hand that held the basket hung listlessly at his side.

"Ah-h!" breathed the child, exultantly, as she waited for him to come up.

She ran out and touched the old man on the elbow.

"Uncle," piped the sweet little voice, "I 'vite you to Chris'mas dinner!"

He turned at the light touch, and looked down.

"Uncle," she repeated, "I 'vite you to Chris'-mas dinner."

"In de name ob Hebben, Miss Patsy!" he ejaculated, dropping his basket of ferns in his excitement; "whar is you come fum?"

Patsy Ratcliffe looked up at him gravely. "From my house," she returned, nodding toward the door. "It's Chris'mas, an' I 'vite you to dinner."

Uncle Isr'l laid down his poles and basket. He clasped his hands and lifted streaming eyes to heaven.

"Lord of Isr'l," he cried, fervently. "Dy name be praise'! Dou has ans'ered de pra'r. De chile is foun'! De chile is foun'!"

The little girl frowned slightly. "You mustn't cry," she said, gravely; "it's Chris'mas."

"Dass so, honey," he said, wiping his eyes on his sleeve. "I ain' nothin' but a ole fool cryin' fer joy! You sees, honey, I is been a-huntin' you fer mo'n twenty-five year, an' I done foun' you so sudden-lak dat I —" he wiped his eyes again. "I is brung you dese yere ferns," he went on, cheerfully, "caze I knows you is always lak ferns."

Her eyes sparkled as she took the basket. "Oh yes, I like ferns," she said. "Why, that's where they found me when I was a baby—in a bank of ferns! I aint seen any 'cept in pots. Mamma's got one in a pot. But mamma says at Welcome Home they was a whole bank of 'em!"

"Cert'ny dey was, cert'ny!" cried Uncle Isr'l, joyfully; "down on de slope o' de bayou, todes de home-fiel'! Does you rickolek, honey, de time dat you tromp over dat ferm-bed o' yo' maw's, an' Mis' Ellinor, she —"

Patsy was hurrying him along. "Dinner's ready," she insisted. "I spec' you'll have to wait, though," she added, eying his rags doubtfully.

"Law, chile!" he chuckled, "I ain' fitten fer ter wait on de table in dese clo'es. I kin set by de kitchen fiah twel de white folks is done, an' den when de house-gals fetch out de dishes, I be boun' I gwine ter git my sheer!"

The child, leading the way for her guest, paid no attention to what he was saying. In the court where he deposited his poles he looked around with a half-stupefied air.

"Is de chile," he gasped to himself, "a-livin'—in dish yere—tum'l'-down ole place?"

As he followed her slowly and with difficulty up the long flights of dark, ill-kept stairs, his amazement and indignation increased. "An' she a chile o' Cunnel Tom Minor!" he repeated, gravely shaking his head.

Finally, breathless and exhausted, he reached the nook where the Ratcliffes lived.

Little Tom had sped before them, and bursting with laughter, was describing to his mother Patsy's queer guest. Mrs. Ratcliffe herself laughed indulgently, and came forward to meet them.

At sight of her the old man stopped abruptly; he threw up his hands; his eyes rolled wildly. "Mis' Ellinor!" he faltered; "Mis' Ellinor Minor, is you riz fum de dead an' come out'n yo' grave?"

Mrs. Ratcliffe's pale face grew a shade paler. She began to tremble. "Ellinor Minor!" she repeated, slowly, "that was my mother's name, and—and—" she made a sudden rush forward. "Uncle Isr'l, is that you?"

Uncle Isr'l, beside himself with delight, hardly listened while she explained, through happy tears, that she herself was the little Patsy whom he had sought so long and so faithfully; and the round-faced, dimpled child who had invited him to Christmas dinner was her own little Patsy.

"Hit's ernough dat de chile o' Marse Tom is foun'! Lord o' Isr'l,' he kept saying, "Dy name be praise'! Dy name be praise'! De cup o' Isr'l is full an' a-spillin'! An' de boy dar jes' de spirit o' Marse Tom de Cunnel!"

He was fumbling, as he spoke, among his rags. He unfastened from about his waist a clumsy belt, which he handed to Mrs. Ratcliffe.

"Hit's all dar, Mis' Ellinor—I mean Miss Patsy—yo' gol'-piece, an' yo' di'mon's dat me an' you is bury dat night onder de rose-bush in de gyardin at Welcome Home. I mean, me an' yo' maw. An' de silver is onder my cabin flo', yander by de eedge o' de swamp. I gwine git it to-night. An' de Lord be praise', you ain' gwine ter stay in dish yere tum'l'-down place. Not whilse Unc' Isr'l can wu'k!"

Mrs. Ratcliffe cut the coarse canvas with trembling fingers. Half-a-dozen gold-pieces fell in her lap, and a low cry escaped her lips, as the necklace of shining stones—her mother's diamonds which she remembered so well—uncoiled its gleaming length. She laid her hand on Uncle Isr'l's shoulder, trying vainly to speak.

"Shucks, Mis' Ellinor, I mean Miss Patsy," he said, "dat ain' nothin'! Hit ain' been any treble ter tote dat belt! An' ain' I done promise Marse Tom ter tek keer o' you an' li'l' miss—I mean—" he stopped and laughed confusedly. "Law, honey, I is dat mix up in my ole no-count min' dat I doan' know one li'l' Miss Patsy fum t'other!"

Little Patsy, who had stood by, wondering and silent, threw her arms around his neck. "I'm your little Patsy," she said, jealously; "I 'vited you to Chris'-mas dinner an' you brought me some ferns!"

"Dat I did, honey!" he cried, delighted.

That very night Uncle Isr'l dug up the Minor family plate under his cabin floor on the edge of the swamp.

Now he looks after the garden around Mrs. Ratcliffe's pretty little cottage in the American Quarter. He proudly calls himself her "headman." Little Patsy follows him about from morning to night, as her mother did before her.

"Ef hit hadn' been fer dem ferns," he declares, busy in the shady corner where the swamp-ferns grow, "I wouldn' 'a' foun' de chile. I done hunted li'l' Miss Patsy fer mo'n twenty-five year, *up* an' down, *high* an' low. An' las' Christmus de chile, she was a-lookin' dis way an' dat in de street, an' when she see de ferns, she knowed her ole Unc' Isr'l, an' she jes' come, *a-runnin'!*"

M. E. M. DAVIS.

For the Companion.

HOW SANTA CLAUS FOUND KATRINKA.

Katrinka was a little girl who lived in a sod-house in Nebraska. Out on the great, treeless prairies, the people who take up claims often build houses made of sods, which are cut in thick squares, and piled one above another to form walls. A few pieces of lumber are laid across the walls, and sods are laid upon these to make the roof.



Such a house is queer to look at, but when the inside is plastered and floors are laid, the sod-house is very comfortable and warm—a thing of great importance on those wind-swept plains.

Katrinka's house stood alone on the prairie. It had one large room in which the family lived, and in which was a bed for Katrinka's sister Bertha and her husband Joseph, and a smaller room which was used for a kitchen, in which a little bed for Katrinka was made up each night.

All about the house were great fields of corn, tall and green, stretching away in seemingly endless rows. There was a little space near the house which Bertha reserved for the beets and cabbages and other vegetables which the family used.

Katrinka was sometimes very lonely out on that vast prairie, with no little girl near her, and no one to play with but Lottchen. Lottchen was the rag doll. She was not beautiful, but Katrinka loved her dearly.

In summer, she and Lottchen had great fun running up and down the long rows of corn that grew high above their heads, and making the long, crisp leaves rustle. Sometimes Katrinka played that she was a pony and Lottchen a fine lady taking a ride; and she would canter and prance up and down in a very spirited fashion.

Sometimes she played she was a railway train; and here and there a place in the corn-rows, where a hill had died or was stunted, served her as a station. At such places the engine always whistled and slowly stopped.

Katrinka had the stations named. One was Germany; one was the little town in the Fatherland where she was born; one was 'Nited States, and another New York. Those were all the places the little girl knew.

The real train passed quite near Katrinka's house. She and Lottchen always watched for it when it went up in the morning, and in summer she could see the return train when it passed at about eight o'clock in the evening.

The coming of the morning train was an event in the day for Katrinka. She always laughed and waved her hand or her apron as it passed, or, if the day was rainy, pounded on the window. Sometimes she caught sight of little girls in the car, and then she waved Lottchen. The trainmen all knew her and learned to watch for her.

But she led a different life when winter came. Katrinka and Lottchen could no longer run up and down the corn-rows, playing pony or railway train, nor pretend to help Bertha in the little garden. They had to stay closely in the house; and they did not like it. Then Katrinka thought she would like to have her playmate Gretchen, and be back in the old home in Germany.

Katrinka had not forgotten Germany. Joseph and Bertha and she had come to America only the spring before. Katrinka remembered the vast ocean, and the ship and the dreadful sickness that had come over her. And she remembered the great, noisy, crowded city where they had left the ship, and the long ride in the cars across the country to Nebraska.

And now it was the day before Christmas. Katrinka stood by the window, and when the train went by, she pounded on the glass with one hand and waved Lottchen with the other.

But after it had gone, and the sound of its puffing engine had died away, a very sober look crept over Katrinka's face. She had been perplexed for some time over a very puzzling question, and as it drew nearer to Christmas she thought about it more and more and grew more and more sober.

She knew that in a very few hours Santa Claus would start out with his reindeer. How would he know where she was?

It was a hard thing for the little girl to understand. She and Lottchen talked it over; that is, Katrinka did the talking, and Lottchen listened with flattering attention.

"How will he know where I am?" she asked Lottchen. "He always found me at the village, before. I was always at the same place—even the very same house, Lottchen—every time he came. But now, when he goes to my house in the village, I shall not be there. Do you think he will ask where I have gone?

"The Herr Pastor knows. Maybe he will think I am dead, and will give my presents to my playmate Gretchen. But I should rather have them myself.

"Maybe the reindeer cannot come across the ocean. Do you think he comes to the 'Nited States, Lottchen?"

But Lottchen did not know. She could only listen gravely to Katrinka's whispered confidences.

"There were, oh, so many little girls in the great city, Lottchen! I saw them. So Santa Claus must come to New York," she said, thoughtfully. "But do you suppose he comes away out here? It would be such a long pull for the reindeer!"

At last she asked Bertha about it, and was relieved to hear that Santa Claus went everywhere, to each city and village and house that he could find.

But how would he find that one little sod-house out on the prairie, four miles from the small town that had sprung up so quickly? Even if Santa knew of the existence of the little town, he could miss the house "just so easy," Katrinka told Lottchen, for it would be night when he went by, and the little house would be dark. How was he going to see it?

She resolved to ask Bertha how Santa Claus could find her. So, dragging Lottchen by one arm over to her sister, who sat busily knitting, she said, in her quaint, serious way:

"Sister Bertha, how will the good Santa Claus know where I am?"

"Know where thou art, *mein Liebchen!*" cried Bertha, stopping the merry click of her needles to kiss the sober, upturned face. "Is it of that thou wert thinking? Santa always knows where good girls are. There, run away, dear, and bother thy little head no more about it."

But Katrinka and Lottchen were still in doubt. If there were only a way to let Santa know that a house was there on the prairie! If she could but give some signal, so that he would come to see!

All the afternoon she and Lottchen thought about it.

Suddenly an idea popped into Katrinka's head. She whispered it to Lottchen, who appeared to listen approvingly, and Katrinka was so pleased with her plan, and so convinced that the difficulty was removed, that her yellow braids of hair bobbed about in a lively fashion as she nodded her head and laughed.

Then, feeling that in her great anxiety she had neglected her duty as a mother to Lottchen, she

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gathered the rag baby close in her arms and sang her to sleep.

"She has forgotten her troubles," thought Bertha, listening to Katrinka's sweet little voice. "Nothing bothers children long."



Poor Bertha! She, too, had been thinking since the snow came of the home in the Fatherland, of the quaint old village, with its crooked streets and thatched stone houses, and the friends of her youth. She was lonely and homesick for a sight of them all.

When Katrinka asked about Santa Claus, it made her heart ache, for she knew that the good saint would leave them very little from his wondrous store; indeed, she did not think he would come at all.

She had hinted to Joseph, when he had gone that morning to the town to get provisions and to sell her knitting, to buy a trifle for Katrinka's Christmas, if the money lasted. But she did not know how it would be. They were so poor, and every cent must be saved.

By and by she laid aside her knitting and began to prepare supper, for Joseph would soon be returning, and he would be hungry.

When the sound of the snow crackling under the wheels of the little cart was heard outside, Bertha threw a shawl over her head and ran out in the cold.

"Joseph!" she cried eagerly, as he jumped from the cart, and began to unhitch the old horse. "Didst thou do it—buy a trifle for Katrinka?"

But, alas! Joseph shook his head.

"There were so many things to buy that we needed," he said, "and the knitting brought so little. There, do not look so sad, Bertha. Katrinka is a great girl, now. She will not expect Santa Claus."

But in his heart he, too, was sad. He thought that if Katrinka seemed too disappointed, he would whittle her something from a little wooden box that Bertha had. Something could be invented that would serve for a Christmas gift.

Bertha could have cried with disappointment and vexation. He could have brought a single piece of candy, she thought. But there was no help for it; Joseph could not go back, and Katrinka must go without a Christmas.

She could scarcely bear to meet the eyes of the expectant child, who, still holding her doll, stood looking from the window.

"*Ach!* it's cold!" cried Joseph, stamping his feet at the door, and then coming in, and stretching out his hands to the fire. "But it has already begun to grow warmer, and there are signs that we shall have more snow. How good and warm it is in here!"

He rubbed his face and ears to make them glow.

Joseph's prophecy proved correct. It grew warmer, and snow began to fall. Then the wind sprang up; the air grew cold again, and the snow grew finer. The air was filled with white clouds of it. The wind shrieked and howled and swept the flakes hither and yon, and piled them in great drifts on the prairie.

But it was warm and cozy inside the little sod-house, and no one thought of the storm raging without save Katrinka, who wondered if the reindeer could get through the drifts.

But she rocked Lottchen to sleep again, in firm faith that Santa Claus would come, and sang her lullaby with a happy heart.

But Bertha could not but think of the little sister's disappointment on the morrow. She thought how different it had been the year before, when the "little mother" was alive, and they were in the dear Fatherland.

She knew that in the old German village even then they were making ready for Santa's visit; that the shops were trimmed and the streets were gay in honor of his coming, and that dozens of Christmas-trees were casting the bright rays from their tapers into the wintry streets to tell of the coming of the Christmas Day.

The tears came to her eyes so fast that it was fortunate she could knit without looking at her work; otherwise she would have been obliged to lay the stocking aside. When bedtime came, Katrinka was strangely wakeful. But she was quite willing to be put to bed in the little kitchen. After hearing her prayer, Bertha left her, thinking she would soon be asleep.

But Katrinka did not go at once to Dreamland. She kept wide awake, until she was sure Joseph and Bertha were sound asleep.

When she could hear Joseph's heavy breathing, she slipped out of bed, a little white-robed figure, and crept softly across the room. At every step or two she stopped and listened to be sure she had not awakened the sleepers. Then she crept on again.

It was dark, but she knew where everything was, and presently her little outstretched hand touched the box of candles. Then she found the matches. How her heart beat as she struck a light! Would Joseph hear her? He would think it a waste or at any rate very foolish. She desired Santa Claus's coming too much to let him run any risk of being unable to find the house.

Ach! how the match spluttered, and how long it was before the candle caught! And when it did catch, an unlucky movement made it go out, and so the whole process had to be gone over. This time it was successful, Katrinka holding her breath the while.

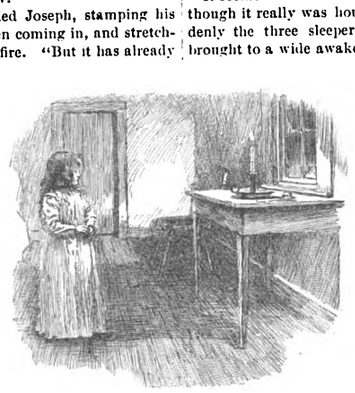
Then she placed the candle in its stick, and set it on the well-scrubbed little kitchen table, as near the window as possible.



A Letter from Santa Claus.

It was a tiny flame, but Katrinka looked at it with satisfaction. Santa would see it and come to look. With a sigh of relief, the little figure slipped back to bed again, and with a rapturous hug for Lottchen to let her know it had been done, Katrinka fell asleep at once.

It seemed as if she had hardly closed her eyes, though it really was hours afterward, when suddenly the three sleepers in the sod-house were brought to a wide awake alarm by a loud knocking against the door of the house. Katrinka's little heart, after the first jump of terror, beat hopefully. It might be Santa Claus!



"Who is there?" cried Joseph, loudly.

"Will you let me in?" came a voice from without.

"*Ach*, one moment!" Joseph cried.

When he opened the door a man stood there, white with snow that had clung to him pushing through the drifts.

"Come in, come in!" cried Joseph, heartily. "How came you to be out on such a night as this?"

"*Ach*, how warm! how good!" exclaimed the man, whose accent proclaimed him to be a German, too. "My wife is out there; may she come in?"

"*Out there!*" cried Joseph, horror-stricken; "where is she? She will freeze! we must hurry!" He was already at the door.

"Not in the snow!" cried the stranger. "She is in the train over there. We were already hours late, and now we are snow-bound. The fuel has given out, and every one is cold and miserable. When I looked out and saw the light here, I pushed my way through the snow to see if my wife might come in; for she is sick and tired with the long journey."

All this the man exclaimed hurriedly, anxious to be off. Joseph, slipping on his heavy coat, and seizing a shovel, cried, "Come! come!"

Bertha, who from the kitchen had heard the story, bustled about, preparing for the poor lady's comfort. She stirred up the fire, so that it might be warm and comfortable, and remade the bed. Then she spread a bed for herself and Joseph on the floor of the kitchen, for it was not long past midnight.

Soon Joseph and his guests appeared, the lady looking very tired and cold, and both inexpressibly thankful for the shelter. Bertha made her a cup of tea, and it was some few minutes before anything was thought about the light. Bertha, in her excitement, had not realized how queer it was that she should find a lighted candle at the kitchen window at midnight.

But when the stranger, Mr. Müller, exclaimed, "What should we have done but for that light in the window!" it suddenly came to her that it was very strange. She could not imagine how the light came there until Katrinka pulled at her dress and whispered audibly:

"I did it, sister Bertha, so Santa Claus could see the house and find me!" Then, frightened at the astonishment on Joseph's and Bertha's faces, and at the enormity of her offence, she hid her face in her sister's dress and began to cry.

But Mr. Müller caught her in his arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

"Santa Claus! Ah, yes, to-morrow—to-day—is Christmas! I had almost forgotten. God bless you, little one!"

He put her down gently, and then Bertha told her to go back to bed again.

It was morning when she awoke. Had Santa come? But the stocking was in the other room, and though she longed to run in and look, Bertha shook her head. She must wait, she said sadly, for she did not know that Santa had been there.

But soon they heard Mrs. Müller cry, "Come in, little one!" and Katrinka ran in eagerly.

There was the stocking; but alas! it was empty. It hung, limp and gaunt, in the corner where she had placed it.

Poor child, how her heart sank! Santa had not been able to find her. But maybe he had been there and left something away down in the toe, she thought with sudden hope; and she put her hand into the stocking to see.

There was something inside! She drew out a bit of folded paper, and when she opened it something bright fell out. Was it a gold penny? No; it was a gold dollar. Such a lot of money for a little girl, Bertha said, the tears springing to her eyes as she looked her thanks to Mr. Müller.

But the best part was what the bit of paper said. Mr. Müller read it to her:

DEAR LITTLE KATRINKA.—I came very near missing you. As it was, I couldn't open my pack out here on the prairie, for the reindeer wouldn't wait. So I'll just drop a trifle in the stocking to let you know I found you, and I'll leave the other things at the town for you.—Yours ever, SANTA CLAUS.

How Katrinka's eyes shone at that! She jumped up and down and hopped about on one foot, waving Santa's note in one hand and the dollar in the other.

"He came, Joseph! He did, he did! An' he's got something else! He's going to send me something else! You said he wouldn't come, and he did! he did!"

Lottchen had to be found and informed of the proceedings immediately. She did not look surprised. Perhaps she had expected it, all along; but Katrinka was radiant.

The guests remained until about ten o'clock. All the morning Bertha worked busily, baking little cakes and pies and making tea and coffee for the passengers on the train; and when, at last, the track was cleared and another engine sent to help, Bertha had a pile of dimes and half-dimes as the result of her morning's work—her Christmas present, she said, smilingly.

Mr. Müller begged them to take money for their kindness, but Joseph said, "*Ach nein!*" decidedly. They could not take pay from one who had brought a Christmas to the little Katrinka.

"Well, since you refuse this, promise me you will try to get to the next town to-day. I think Santa will keep his promise," he said, knowingly.

Then good-byes were said, after many thanks had been given, and Joseph, Bertha and Katrinka watched them take their seats in the car, and the train pull slowly off. How good it had been to see new faces! How lonely the little house on the prairie seemed when they were gone!

Soon Joseph harnessed the horse to the cart and started. It was much warmer, and he knew he could go around the deepest drifts. Besides, the old horse was tough and strong.

Katrinka and Bertha were on tiptoe with excitement and curiosity until his return. Katrinka stood at the window and watched and waited, holding Lottchen and the gold dollar very tightly. She missed the train that usually went by in the morning, for it, too, was delayed.

It seemed as if Joseph would never come. She rocked Lottchen to sleep a half dozen times and as often awoke her to read Santa's note, which she knew by heart.

At last, just when the first shadow of twilight was settling down on the waste of white on the prairie, Joseph appeared in sight. Katrinka could not stand and look patiently from the window. She had to run out of doors, and dance about with joyful curiosity until Joseph drove up to the shed and took out a box marked with her name.

And when that box was opened! It would be impossible to tell Katrinka's amazement and perfect happiness. The things which the box contained were enough to make any little girl jump up and down for joy.

First there was the most beautiful of dolls, with blue eyes and red cheeks, and the yellowest of flaxen hair. A cunning crimson hood covered these curls, and Miss Dolly's dress was also crimson.

There was a bed and a chair for her ladyship and a tiny flatiron and a wee broom and dust-pan, besides papers of candy, nuts and oranges. Lottchen was allowed to lie neglected on the floor for no one knows how long, Katrinka was so excited.

When she took the wonderful dolly in her arms to give it a rapturous hug, *it shut its eyes!* Katrinka almost dropped it, she was so surprised. Bertha was as pleased over the gifts as the little girl, and Joseph said "*Ach so!*" in true German fashion.

Down in the bottom of the box was material for pretty dresses for Bertha and Katrinka, and warm hoods for both; and a fur cap for Joseph, which he could pull down over his ears during his long rides to the town.

What a Christmas it was! Even in Germany there had never been anything like it. Bertha held up the soft folds of blue flannel and Joseph tried on the cap a dozen times. As for Katrinka, she had *her* hands full, so many things to look at and play with, and those goodies to eat.

The times she dressed and undressed the new doll and put her to bed utterly disgusted Lottchen, who sat gloomily in the new chair. But if her bran heart ached with jealousy it must have been comforted later; for when bedtime came, and the new treasures were put aside for the night, it was Lottchen that Katrinka's sleepy voice asked for, and it was Lottchen who went to sleep hugged tightly in her little mistress's arms.



MARY E. CHILD.

WORTHLESS GOLD.

An Englishwoman describing a visit to an extensive gold mine in Victoria twenty-five years ago, says that many of the workers in the mine were shareholders and very rich men. Few of them seemed to have the slightest idea of the value of money, or of how to spend it.

"Many of those who can count their money by thousands live in the same little shanties which they built on first coming to the diggings. They treat their friends on every possible occasion, and when they go to the nearest town, buy for their wives the most expensive dresses they can find. Few of them have any higher idea of the pleasure, or the advantages, or even of the comforts to be attained by the possession of wealth.

"As illustrating the characteristics of such men, a gentleman told me this story:

"He arrived at a port in Australia, and finding no one who looked like a porter by profession to take his portmanteau to the hotel, he said to a rough-looking man who was standing on the wharf, with his hands in his pockets, 'Here, my man, if you'll take this up to the hotel for me, I'll give you half a crown.'

"The man scowled at him, took a couple of

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sovereigns out of his pocket, threw them into the sea, turned away without a word, and marched off with the most contemptuous expression on his face."

EARTH'S PARABLES.

The world is full of glorious likenesses.
The poets' power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung.

Selected. —*Philip James Bailey.*

For the Companion.

CHRISTMAS IN A POCKET.

"Hullo, Mis' Clyde!"

"Come in, Mrs. Grimes," said Mrs. Clyde.

"No, I can't set down. I just run in to ask you if Seth Warner paid you up 'fore he went away?"

"Is Seth Warner gone away?" asked Mrs. Clyde, turning a shade paler.

"La, yes. Didn't you know that?"

"No. I saw him yesterday morning."

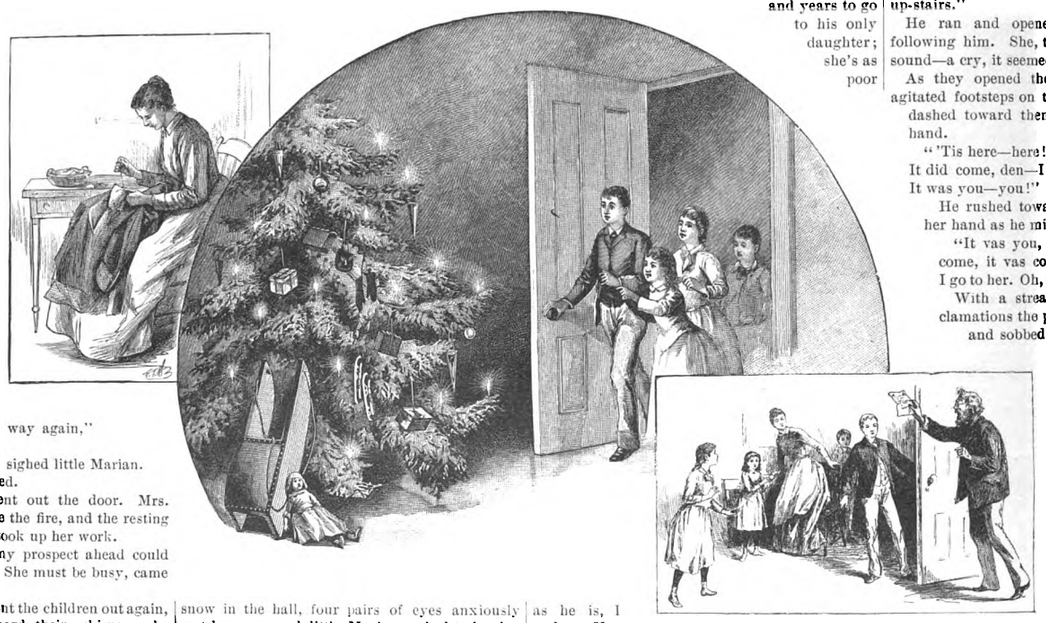
"But you aint seen him since, I reckon. And you won't see him agin, for my boys says they seen him gettin' on the cars and goin' off."

"No, he didn't pay me," said Mrs. Clyde, in a discouraged tone.

"Nor me, neither, for his board. A shame, I say, for men to cheat poor folks like me and you, that have it hard enough makin' a livin'."

Fifteen minutes later three children came to the door and peeped in at mamma, who sat before the fire with her hands folded.

It was an unusual thing to see those hands at rest, but that was not what silenced the chattering children and cast a shade over their faces, as Ruth turned to Ted and Marian with a finger held up, and the three children tiptoed through the bare hall.



"She looks that same way again," whispered Ruth.

"Yes, just the same," sighed little Marian.

"Only worse," said Ted.

The tiptoeing feet went out the door. Mrs. Clyde left her seat before the fire, and the resting which was no rest, and took up her work.

The look at the gloomy prospect ahead could not be taken at leisure. She must be busy, came things rough or easy.

She knew what had sent the children out again, even if she had not heard their whisper; she knew that the hardness within had so written itself upon her face that even her own three, coming from their play to warm themselves, had preferred to go out unwarmed rather than venture in.

But she could not help it. The sight of their innocent faces added sorrow to the sorrow in her heart in the thought that for these three, for whom she would do so much, she was able to do so little.

She had promised them gifts for Christmas which she could not now procure. Her calculations had been very closely based upon receiving all which was her due. It had failed her, and she must fail them.

"No work yet, mother dear, but it's coming in time. The longer it waits, the greater'll be the surprise and the good feeling when it does come."

A sturdy, cheery-voiced boy, older than the others, came in, and busied himself about the small cares necessary to making things comfortable for the night. Every time his step was heard it gave his mother a throb of hope that he might have found work; but only again and again to be disappointed.

She had no heart to respond to his greeting. The other children came in and talked with him, but a hush gradually descended upon them.

Mrs. Clyde laid aside her work at last, and went up-stairs to set in order the room of the man who had gone away without paying for the use of it.

Some time since, widowed and poor, she had laid out her slender capital in buying the furniture of a house and letting the rooms, managing thus to do a little more than pay her rent. For other expenses she must look to her own hands, and the willing ones which Dick held ready for the work he was so eagerly seeking.

She was glad to get for a few minutes out of reach of the eyes which so pleadingly, questioningly sought hers, and she lingered until a little stir in the hall below drew her down.

"It's a letter," said Dick, picking up something which had evidently been thrown in at the door.

"Whom is it addressed to?" asked his mother.

"Oh, nobody in particular. It says, 'A Christmas letter for you and yours.'"

"Is that all?"

"It's pretty, though!" cried little Marian, as Dick held it up before her. "See—flowers and pretty leaves! Read it to us, Dick."

Dick read:

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

"DEAR FRIEND.—This Christmas greeting comes to you with the assurance that whoever, whatever you may be, and under whatsoever circumstances placed, Christian hearts are going out toward you in loving sympathy and hearty good wishes, most of all in earnest prayer that your heart may unite in praise to the Highest, who at this time sent us His unspeakable gift, and that His peace may dwell in your heart, prompting you, as it may be in your power, to deeds of good-will to those around you.

"Think on the eternal home
The Saviour left for you;
Think on the Lord most holy, come
To dwell with hearts untrue.
So shall ye tread untired His sacred ways,
And even in darkness sing your songs of praise."

"I like it. Read it again," said Ruth.

The second reading fixed many of the words in the hearts of the listeners.

Supper was arranged by Ruth's deft little fingers, and afterward the children went out to a little meeting in which they practised singing carols for church on Christmas day.

Left alone, Mrs. Clyde again took up the Christmas greeting, with a half-formed purpose to seek its aid in a battle in her heart, in which all that was rebellious in her nature seemed to be contending against all the sweet influences of the season.

An hour later, after much stamping off of snow in the hall, four pairs of eyes anxiously met her own, and little Marian rushed to her lap with a laugh of happy confidence.

"We've had such a nice time, mamma!"

Dick poked the fire into a bright blaze, and all gathered around it.

"I have something dreadful to tell you, children," said their mother.

"What, mamma —"

"Dreadful, for Christmas?"

"I am afraid you will think so," she said, "but you are all good children, and I am sure you will bear it like little heroes. I can't get you the things I promised for your Christmas. Seth Warner has gone away without paying his rent, and your Christmas has gone with him."

There was a pause.

"Is that all?" asked Dick, bravely.

"Not any doll!" said Marian, in a half-whisper.

"Mamma," said Ruth, moving nearer to her, "will you smile and smile —"

"And not look so—so—" said Marian.

"Yes, I will—no, I won't," said mamma, pressing the darlings closely.

"Then," said Ruth, with an energetic little stamp of her foot, "I guess Seth Warner can't take Christmas away from us! Look, mamma!" she said, taking up the "Christmas letter." "We have all the glory and all the peace and good-will left."

"But can't we have anything at all, mamma?" asked Ted.

"Listen, dears," said mamma. "We can't buy any presents, and none of us have had time to make any, but we'll have the best Christmas dinner we can manage. And on Christmas eve, instead of the tree we were going to have, we'll have a merry-making without it. What shall it be, Dick?"

"Molasses candy—plenty of it," suggested Dick.

"Pop-corn!" shouted Ted. "That'll be jolly."

"And apples," said Marian.

"And sing and tell stories," chimed in Ruth.

"That will do," said mamma. "And we'll be glad and thankful —"

"That we haven't broken our legs, like poor Timmy Crane."

"And that we haven't the scarlet fever, like the Greens."

"And that we haven't run away without paying our debts, like Seth Warner," said Ruth, half under her breath.

But at this Dick doubled up his fists.

—

It was the morning of the day before Christmas eve. There was no shopping for the things so doubly delightful to the poor because in very truth they come but once a year, and not always then. Mrs. Clyde had always made a practice of getting for Christmas gifts things not quite necessary, for the necessities came somehow, and the unnecessary things so rarely.

But to-day there were no happy secrets and hidings. Mamma could not restrain a few tears as she swept the uncarpeted hall.

"De blessed Christmas is coming near," said a voice, as a step came down the stairs.

It was one of Mrs. Clyde's lodgers, who occupied a small room at the head of the stairs. He had at first taken a better room, but had soon moved into the smaller one.

He was a German—a small, slightly built man, with thin, gray hair, and eyes so blue and frank and kind that the family had always regarded him as a friend, more particularly as he never failed to have a smile or a pleasant word to the children when they came in his way.

"You never can make anything out of him," Mrs. Grimes had assured Mrs. Clyde, in the overflow of her talk. "Folks says he aint all straight in his mind, and I guess they're right. You'll hear his story of how he'd been a-savin' up money for years and years to go to his only daughter; she's as poor as he is, I reckon. You see, he'd trusted his money to Smith & Brightman to invest for him, and then, you know, that big bank in the city failed up, and that ruined them, and poor Mr. Meintz's money went with the rest. It almost broke him down, and then came the queerest part of it.

"He said he expected to get word from Germany at any time, that would set him right. He waited for months, and then his wits seemed to go astray.

"He thought he had received a letter from Germany at the post-office, and was going to read it at home; but when he got home he didn't have the letter. 'Taint likely he ever got it, is it?

"Well, it made him 'most crazy, anyway, and he had a long fit of sickness, and talked night and day about his daughter and her little children. Used to teach something or other till then, but after that he seemed to couldn't teach any longer—couldn't bring his wits to it, likely, and it would 'a' gone hard with him if some one that knew him hadn't got that little place for him to clerk.

"But folks don't believe his story about hearing from Germany. They think it's just a crazy streak he's got."

Mrs. Clyde had always felt kindly toward the forlorn-looking old man, whose wistful eyes to-day seemed to tell that his heart was almost breaking with more than its usual burthen of longing for bright faces and sweet voices, whose brightness and sweetness were not for him.

A smile lighted up his wan features as he met the children at the door.

"Goot morning, little ones! Wait —" he held Marian's hand a moment while he felt in his coat-tail pockets. Then he let it go in order to make use of both hands.

"Ah, it is old," he said, with an apologetic shake of his head, as all his efforts brought out only the ends of ragged linings. He contrived, after much fumbling, to recover a few nuts, which he distributed among the children and then went his way.

"I've never offered to take a stitch for him," said Mrs. Clyde, in self-reproach, "and he a poor old man with no one to see to his comfort!

"I wonder if I might not mend that old overcoat some time when he isn't wearing it? Perhaps he'd never notice it—men don't always realize when they're comfortable. He doesn't seem like one who would think it was taking a liberty."

It was a bright, warm day, and Mrs. Clyde observed that Mr. Meintz, on his way to Mrs. Grimes's boarding-house for his dinner, stopped and hung his overcoat on one of the hooks in the hall. Later in the afternoon she brought it into her room and examined it.

"More work about it than I thought," she said, looking half in dismay at the tattered linings. "Every pocket torn out! I wonder the man ever finds anything he puts into them."

She had little time, but a thought of the universal good-will in which she would like to be a sharer, even in such a trifle, floated through her mind as she hunted for some pieces of lining, and settled herself for a vigorous overhauling of the old coat.

"Well, well—just like a man!" she exclaimed, as she brought out a mixed mass of small stuff which had escaped from the pockets, and found its way into the tails.

There were bits of pencil, corks, a photograph of a child, slips cut from newspapers, one or two letters and other pieces of paper. Smoothing them out carefully, she laid them in Mr. Meintz's room.

She intended to tell him, as he came in, what she had done; but she chanced to be out at the time buying a few necessaries. On her return she found that Dick had come home after another unsuccessful search for work.

"What's that?" said Dick, stopping and listening as he stooped to replenish the fire in the stove. "Something's the matter with somebody up-stairs."

He ran and opened the door, his mother following him. She, too, had heard the strange sound—a cry, it seemed, either of joy or grief.

As they opened the door there came swift, agitated footsteps on the stairs, and Mr. Meintz dashed toward them, waving a paper in his hand.

"'Tis here—here! Oh, how dankful I am! It did come, den—I vas right, I vas not crazy! It was you—you!"

He rushed toward Mrs. Clyde, and kissed her hand as he might have saluted a duchess.

"It vas you, mit mein pockets! It vas come, it vas come! Oh, mein daughter! I go to her. Oh, blessed Christmas season!"

With a stream of excited German exclamations the poor man sank into a chair and sobbed. Then, seeming to gather his wits, he contrived to make Mrs. Clyde understand the wonderful thing her hands had wrought. The precious letter from Germany, which had restored him to a long-lost estate there, and which contained an ample remittance for his needs, had really arrived. In his absent-minded way he had put it in his overcoat pocket, and for long months it had lain with the accumulation of trash which had slipped down through the worn-out pocket linings.

"It never be found but for you," said the old man, as with his excitement a little calmed, he at last returned to his room.

"I should never have known it for the same face," said Mrs. Clyde, as the next morning the blue eyes beamed upon her when he hurried out, taking time to give little Marian a toss to the ceiling.

"I 'most wish I was one of the little girls he's going to see," said the child, a few hours later, as parcel after parcel was left in the hall.

Surely so many parcels had never come to the shabby lodging-house before. Mrs. Clyde looked on, with a bravely sympathetic thought for the mother and children who were to be made glad with her lodger's gifts; but she could not help realizing that her own burden was to be a little heavier, for his room would now be vacant, at least for a time.

If only she could take it for Dick! They were so inconveniently crowded below. But that could never be until he was earning his own living.

"You won't reach your daughter until Christmas is over, will you?" asked Mrs. Clyde, on one of the occasions in which Mr. Meintz excitedly bustled in and out on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth.

"Yes, I go at seven, and ride twenty-four hours. Christmas vill be dere yet!"

He turned and laughed like a child, as he caught sight of Marian peeping eagerly into a loosely wrapped parcel.

"It's a great big doll! I could just see the hair," Marian confided to Ruth, in the privacy of their own room, "and I know it's got blue eyes. And I'm not going to have any doll!"

"No," said Ruth, patting the doleful face. "And I'm not going to have any work-box, and Dick isn't going to have any books, and Ted isn't going to have a sled. But we'll have 'em all next year. And we're going to have Christmas anyway."

The short winter afternoon had closed in for an hour before Mr. Meintz had finished his running up and down-stairs. He had refused all help in his packing, and when, at half-past six, his trunk stood at the door awaiting the omnibus, his quiet knock was heard at the door of Mrs

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Clyde's room. His voice was tremulous as he answered her invitation to enter.

"Merry — merry Christmas to you all!" he faltered. "It is from you—all from you—dat I go," he repeated to Mrs. Clyde. "Dis vas for you," he said, giving Dick a letter. "It is de place in de store dat I have. Dey gives it you now."

Dick broke out into expressions of astonishment and thankfulness, but Mr. Meintz did not wait to hear him.

"I leave my little Christmas for you oop dere," he said, taking Marian in his arms, and then pointing toward his room. "It is from de little ones I go to! Good-by—good-by. Merry, happy Christmas!"

Marian whimpered, and Ruth sat down and cried, while Mrs. Clyde brushed away a tear as she looked over Dick's letter, scarcely able to believe that such good had come.

"A Christmas present, in good earnest," said Dick, waving it in his hand as he danced about.

"You were mistaken when you said we shouldn't have any, mamma," said Ted.

"What was it he said about his room?" said Dick. "The dear old fellow was in such a muddle with all he wanted to say that it was hard making out anything."

"He said he left a Christmas present for Marian," said Ruth. "Oh, perhaps he has left her a doll! I'm going to see."

Ruth ran up, and the next moment had given a scream which quickly led the others after.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Blazing in a full glory of waxen tapers was such a Christmas tree as these four, in the struggle with poverty which had come so early to them, had never dreamed of seeing. The blue eyes of the fair-haired doll beamed on Marian through a profusion of gifts, beautiful and useful. Dick gave one glance, and dashed down-stairs.

"Call him back!" cried his mother. "Tell him to let us just say 'thank you' —"

Dick called, but as the excited family rushed to the door the omnibus drove away. They caught sight of a face full of delighted affection, and a frantic waving of a hand, while in the street noises mingled the "Merry, merry Christmas! Gott bless you all!"

SYDNEY DAYRE.

For the Companion.

MISS MARSH AND BOOTS.

Christmas was at hand in the village of Marshdown, and every one was ready for it. That is, almost every one. Mr. Grimes himself, in at the store, wore as smiling a countenance as ever fell to the lot of man.

It was amusing to watch Mr. Grimes hastily glance over at the store-door whenever its latch rattled, and, if he did not see the head of the new-comer at a certain distance above the latch, cry out "Christmas gift!" It was necessary to do this as a protection against the small boys of Marshdown, to whom he would have been held pledged for a gift if he had not said the words before they did.

It was also amusing to witness the sheepish looks upon the small boys' faces when they were thus saluted; for they had no intention in the world to bestow a gift upon Mr. Grimes.

There were two people in Marshdown who were not ready for Christmas. Miss Marsh was one, and Boots Mooney was the other.

Miss Marsh was a very prim little old lady—the only "lady" in Marshdown. Marshdown looked up to her, notwithstanding her limited means.

It was pleasant to go into her trim little parlor and sit down within the range of her sweet-smelling flowers, and listen to her mocking-bird singing its curious songs. And when any one was in trouble, it was comforting to go then, too, though he might not have the heart either to smell the flowers or to listen to the bird. Miss Marsh was never chary with comforting words; she had seen so much trouble herself that she knew exactly how to sympathize with it in others.



But this Christmas the whole of Marshdown — that is, nearly the whole of it — was enjoying itself to such a wonderful degree, that Miss Marsh as a consoler was altogether in the wrong neighborhood.

Mrs. Wells, who lived in the big brick house which Miss Marsh's father had built when he owned all the land thereabout, was going to have a public Christmas tree. The children of Marshdown and the children's parents of Marshdown were in a genuine flutter of delight over the idea. Little trees with a few candles and candies were common enough; but Mrs. Wells's tree was intended to dazzle all eyes. The lady had not attempted to keep it a secret, and the joy of anticipation was certainly without bounds.

Miss Marsh sat alone in her pretty parlor, gazing out through her flowers at the house on the hill. Once she had had a Christmas tree there, too, ever so long ago. She had sent out into the highways and byways and gathered in all the children that could be found.

She smiled over the memory of it. How eager she had been, and how fearful that there wouldn't be children enough to consume the little colored bags of candy! And how her father had laughed when the crowd came trooping in!

There was to be another Christmas tree in the dear old room, and she was not to be there. Why, what a very foolish person she had become, to care for such a little thing as that! If Mrs. Wells had thought she wished to come—she brushed her hands over her eyes quickly and laughed tremulously. What a very, very foolish old person she was!

But five minutes later, Miss Marsh, still gazing out through her flowers, but beyond the brick house and over the hills, acknowledged frankly to herself that she did not wish to go to Mrs. Wells's Christmas tree, and that she would have refused politely an invitation. She concluded that was the reason why the invitation had not come.

Her mocking-bird began to sing wildly and gladly. Its voice filled the little room—such a little room that it never could have held the beautiful tree which she longed to set up.

Suddenly Miss Marsh's vision narrowed, and centred itself upon the figure of a small boy advancing down the road. There was an extremely indifferent air about the boy that a keen-eyed individual would certainly declare was assumed.

Once he turned and glanced back at the big house, and when he continued his leisurely gait he forgot just how a boy's face must appear when he is desirous of showing all the world how very little he cares.

Ever so long ago, it seemed to this twelve-year-old boy, he had lived in a neat little wooden house, which had since had its windows nailed up and been converted into the warehouse attached to the store.

His life had been altogether a different thing to him then. A Christmas day in that little house was the happiest of all his happy memories—that day when he found his little red-topped boots standing by the fireplace. Every one had made much of him, and then and there people had begun to call him Boots.

Boots could remember walking on the store-counter, so that all the men could see how very pretty were the red tops and brass toes. His mother had laughed at his new name, and late that Christmas night had waked him up, saying, ever so softly, "Come, little Boots, you must let me take them off."

The name was the only thing that was left—that and these. He knocked his big feet clumsily together, feeling the little feet grow hot inside. The men in Marshdown generously gave him their old boots, and he had to wear them. Every one said they were quite good enough for him, and that he ought to be glad to get them. But he was neither glad nor grateful.

Boots felt himself a very disreputable specimen of boyhood with all this weight of thanklessness upon his heart, as his big boots and his little feet shuffled along on this beautiful Christmas day.

He lived outside the village with a farmer named Mead. It was a good home, but he was not grateful for that either.

"It's Christmas day,"—this is the way Boots's thoughts were running, as he neared Miss Marsh's trim palings,—"it's Christmas day, an' I aint thankful fer that, neither!"

"Is that you, Boots?"

The boy started and gave a swallow before he answered, "Yes'm."

"Hasn't Mrs. Wells invited you to her Christmas tree?"

Boots swallowed twice before he said "No'm," and then—it must have been the look in Miss Marsh's eyes that caused the catastrophe—he put his ragged arm down on the gate-post, hid his head, and couldn't say another word.

Miss Marsh opened her hospitable gate and laid a soothing hand upon the lad's shoulder.

"My, my!" she said, putting her kind arm around him altogether and taking the wet hand away from his face. Then she half led and half pushed him straight into the pretty room, and made him sit down in one of the big chairs almost on the flowers.

After a while Boots stopped crying, but he was ashamed to look up. It seemed to him that the bird was making fun of him. He did not want even a bird to make fun of him.

"Have you quite finished, Boots?"

Boots shuffled around and tried to laugh.

"Because if you have, and you are sure that farmer Mead will not want you this afternoon, I am going to ask you to help me with my Christmas tree. Mrs. Wells didn't invite me either."

Boots said nothing. Miss Marsh had said this in what seemed to be a laughing voice, but if she were laughing at him he did not care. There was something pleasant to him in the sound of her voice.

"The first thing to do," she said, "will be to go out and find a tree,—a little one that will look well in my parlor."

"I seen one in the fence corner as I came along," exclaimed the boy, eagerly. "It goes up in a point, and touches clean to the ground."

Miss Marsh fetched her hatchet, and stood in the doorway smiling as the little feet took the big boots clipping down the road.

"And now for the next part," she said to herself or to her bird, one could not tell which. She talked as much to the bird as to herself. "It will require a good deal of courage, but my father was a brave soldier."

When Boots returned with the tree, Miss Marsh, shawled and bonneted, was waiting for him upon the steps.

"Just let it remain on the porch," she said, "until we pay our visit to Mr. Grimes."

Then she passed out the gate with the big boots almost skipping at her heels.

Miss Marsh fumbled the latch on the store door rather nervously before she went in. Mr. Grimes looked up quickly. In an instant his pleasant face grew more pleasant still; it was quite an honor, and Mr. Grimes felt it as such, for Miss Marsh to come, herself, to the village store. She paused in the middle of the floor, pressed her hands together, and then smoothed them one over the other. She did not know that her heart could beat so loud that she could hear nothing else.

Presently, with her pale cheeks flushing a vivid pink, she looked up at the bland and smiling countenance of Mr. Grimes and called out brightly, "Christmas gift!"

Just what she expected happened. Mr. Grimes blushed and smiled, and said, "Yes, certainly!" and "Thank you, ma'm;" and then asked Miss Marsh to look around and help herself.

This she did, with Mr. Grimes beside her, smiling generously. She helped herself from his remaining stock of candy and toys; and when she laughingly pointed out a pair of brass-toed boots, the warm-hearted storekeeper, who was beginning to comprehend her little plan, insisted upon the other Boots sitting down and being fitted, telling her how he remembered all about the first pair.

Then he looked very kindly at the only "real lady" in Marshdown, and said that he, "for a fact," considered it a shame that "a smart fellow like Boots should have to foot it about just anywheres;" and when Miss Marsh joined him in laughing over his good-natured little joke, he asked her if she didn't think he would be a pretty good boy in a store, if he were tidied up a bit.

To this she answered "yes;" and seeing her way clear, she went on to explain quite gravely that she intended arranging matters so that she might have the boy with her. Then Mr. Grimes said in that case he should be pleased to give him a chance to show what he could do in the store after Christmas.

Such a happy Christmas as Boots spent with the little laden tree in the present, and the store filling the future!

He had a singular dream that night, though he did not tell it to Miss Marsh until long afterward, when he was a tall, stalwart young fellow of whom Marshdown was very proud—for it had not been able to keep him.

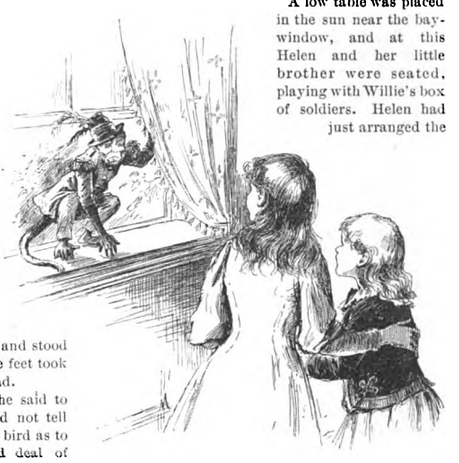
He dreamed about a large tree that could not by any possibility have been crammed into the little parlor, and yet it was there, and it was Miss Marsh's tree and his. He dreamed that a troop of angels came gliding down from Heaven, and each one found a girl and boy not in Marshdown, but around and about somewhere where they did not have much Christmas, and brought them in, and they were all pleased and happy and delightfully bewildered like himself, as they stood and looked up at the glistening branches and flickering lights of the beautiful dream-tree.

LOUISE R. BAKER.

For the Companion.

JOCKO.

Helen and Willie Marston were just getting over the measles, and though it was warm and pleasant October weather, the children were not yet allowed to go down-stairs. Their mother had been obliged to leave them in the sunny, pleasant nursery for a few hours, but Helen was so careful of her little four-year-old brother that it was quite safe to leave her in charge.



A low table was placed in the sun near the bay-window, and at this Helen and her little brother were seated, playing with Willie's box of soldiers. Helen had just arranged the soldiers in line of battle, when suddenly Willie's attention was diverted by a hand-organ, which was heard outside playing an air he recognized.

"O Helen!" he exclaimed. "It's the monkey-man! I'm sure it's the man with the little monkey he calls Jocko. I wemember the tune! I want to see the dear little monkey dance and take off his cap. Come and look out the front window."

"We mustn't, Willie, for the window is open, and mamma said neither of us must go near it. Besides, don't you remember what Katie told us? She is sure it is this very man that lives opposite her sister Bridget, for he is an Italian, and he calls his monkey Jocko; and he beats him, and treats him very cruelly to make him do his tricks. I don't feel as if I wanted to see him again."

"But *I* do!" persisted Willie. "I want to see the monkey. I don't want to see the bad man."

"Willie, dear, listen to sister. Mamma says, 'No,' just the same as if she were here; and you know papa said the other day that a good soldier obeyed orders even more faithfully when his captain was away. We are little soldiers, and mamma is our captain. Don't you want to be a good soldier, Willie?"

"Yes," Willie said, rather slowly, as he turned again to his soldiers and tried to be good. "I s'pose I do, but I do wish I could see the monkey."

Just as he said this Helen gave a sudden start, and cried out:

"O Willie, look! The monkey has come to see you!"

Willie jumped up quickly and turned to the front window. There, on the broad window-seat, where the sunlight came flickering through the leaves of a tall elm-tree, sat a little shivering black form, in red jacket and plumed hat, looking at the children with a sad and pitiful expression, as if he were saying, "Look at me! See how cold and hungry and tired I am, and take pity on me!"

The children stood still, looking at him in mute amazement. They were too much surprised to speak.

The little monkey, attracted by the warmth, came forward, politely taking off his hat as he advanced.

Just then a shrill whistle was heard outside—a sound which little Jocko had evidently learned to dread, for he fled, not away, but toward the children, and took refuge behind Helen's chair.

This was too much for the tender-hearted children. Helen took the little creature, shaking with cold and fear combined, in her arms, and sat down, and Willie began to pat the funny black face which looked so wrinkled and care-worn, and yet so baby-like.

"O Helen, how he does shake! What can we do for him?" said Willie.

"I think it would be a good plan to give him some warm milk. He seems very cold, and I dare say he's hungry," answered Helen.

"He is all dusty, too! He really ought to have a warm bath. I'll tell you what to do, Helen; we'll give him a nice bath in the little tub that belonged to Carlo. Won't that be a splendid idea?"

Carlo was a pet pug the children had owned, but he had become cross, and Mr. Marston had been obliged to give him away. His bath-tub was still in the bath-room, and his basket in the

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nursery closet. Helen pondered a moment. Then she said: "Papa always says, 'Take a warm bath, and then a good drink of hot milk, and go to bed, if you have a chill.' I think this poor little thing must have a chill, he shakes so. Yes, I think we'll give him a warm bath. You hold him, Willie, while I get it ready."

Willie took Jocko in his arms, and the monkey rested contentedly, satisfied that he was in kind hands, and thankful to be warm and at rest.



Soon the bath was ready, and the tub placed near the open fire on the mat. Helen took Jocko and unfastened his little red jacket. He resisted a little at first, but she was so gentle that the bright little creature soon seemed to understand that no harm was meant. He let her remove the gaudy uniform. Helen uttered a cry of distress when his back was bare, for there, plainly enough, were the marks of cruel blows.

"O Willie," she cried, "it must be the Jocko that Bridget told about! I am sure of it now, for see where he has been whipped! I'm glad he ran away, and I'm glad he came here to us."

"We'll never, never give him up, will we?" said Willie, with tears in his eyes.

"I hope not. I'll ask papa to buy him," answered Helen.

When Jocko was put in the tub he seemed very much astonished, and at first was inclined to jump out; but as Helen softly sponged him in the warm water, he made up his mind that he liked it, and made such funny faces that the children were much entertained and amused.

Helen was a wise little nurse, and the bath was a short one. While she was drying Jocko on an old, soft towel, Willie himself put the milk in the saucepan, and held it over the fire. Almost as soon as Helen had wrapped Jocko in a blanket which had belonged to Carlo, the milk was warm.

They gave it to Jocko in a little tin cup, which he held in one of his hands. He was given a seed-cake in the other, and began to eat and drink as if he were enjoying himself very much.

If Jocko could have told them that his master had given him no breakfast because he was tired and cold, and didn't want to move out of his bed that morning, they would have pitied him more than ever; but Jocko could not make them understand, though he chattered to them in monkey language, as if he were trying to tell them how much he needed their kindness, and how thankful he was to them for it.

"Now he has had his bath and his luncheon he must be put to bed, and then perhaps he will get a nice long nap, and wake up feeling ever so much better," said Willie. "I'll fix his bed."

Willie began with great animation to bring out and arrange Carlo's basket, even warming the blanket Jocko was to lie upon. Then he put him in the basket, and carefully covered him up—all but his little black head.

Jocko was ready enough to get into the warm basket, and he settled down and closed his eyes as if he knew what was expected of him.

Helen and Willie sat by his side and watched him, keeping as quiet as if he had been a little baby they were afraid of waking. In a few moments his breathing satisfied them that he was asleep.

The children were so much entertained by their care of Jocko that they did not notice how the time passed. When the nursery door opened, and Mrs. Marston appeared, they were quite startled. They hurried toward her on tiptoe, Helen holding up a warning finger.

"O mamma, don't make any noise," she said, in a whisper, "you'll wake him up!"

"Wake up what? Your doll? Why!" she exclaimed, suddenly, as she saw a little black head in Carlo's basket. "What have you got there?"

Helen drew her mother to the basket, and carefully turned back the quilt.

"For pity's sake, child! A monkey! Where did it come from? Who brought it here?"

"Oh dear, now you've woke him up, mamma!" said Willie. "He had just got into such a nice sleep after his bath, and he's had a chill, and oughtn't to be disturbed."

Mrs. Marston turned a most astonished and perplexed face to Helen. A monkey having chills, and taking a bath, and sleeping in Carlo's basket in the nursery, watched over carefully by her children, was too much of a puzzle for her to understand at once.

"Tell me, Helen, what it all means," she said.

Helen told her mother all about the monkey's sudden appearance through the window and his evident wish to escape from his master; and when she showed the marks of blows on his back, Mrs. Marston was as full of sympathy for little Jocko as her children. She, too, declared that Doctor Marston must buy the monkey.

When the doctor came home the whole story was told again, and Katie, the cook, added her account to that of the children.

She had seen the cross-looking man, with fierce black eyes, playing the organ in the driveway. Scotty, the collie, had rushed out at him, barking loudly, and frightened both the man and the monkey so that, in the confusion, the monkey escaped, and climbed into the trees. No one could tell which way he went, for the trees lined the whole street. The man had looked for him, and whistled for him, and then gone away, muttering angrily in his own language.

After he heard the story, Doctor Marston agreed to buy the monkey, and the next day set out to find his owner. But the man was not to be found. He had suddenly left Bridget's neighborhood.

After several days a policeman gave the information that a man, answering to the description of the organ-grinder, had been engaged in a serious fight the night after Jocko's escape, and was supposed to have fled from the city.

So Jocko became an accepted member of Doctor Marston's family.

It was a cold autumn, and a trying winter followed it. Willie did not recover quickly from the measles, and, indeed, was so delicate that his parents found it necessary to keep him almost entirely within doors.

Willie himself had no desire to go out; he dreaded the cold air, and if it had not been for Jocko it would have been difficult to get him out at all.

When a mild and pleasant day came, and Doctor Marston said, "Now, Willie, you must go out in the carriage to-day and take the air, and you must wrap Jocko up carefully and take him with you," Willie would look out the window and shiver, and reply languidly:

"I don't care about going out myself, papa, but if you think Jocko needs it, I suppose I must go for his sake."

The child and his queer pet were almost always together. When the weather was bad, and Willie was confined for days together in the nursery, Jocko never left him for an hour; and when Willie was able to run about the house, Jocko followed him like a shadow, or rode around, up-stairs and down, on his shoulder, clinging with one long, thin arm to the child's neck, or holding on with his little black paw to one of Willie's curls.



Mrs. Marston used often to say that it seemed as if the monkey was sent at that particular time to amuse and cheer her little invalid boy during his tedious confinement.

Doctor Marston had warned the children that Jocko might prove a very troublesome and mischievous pet, but this did not prove to be his character. His harmlessness and gentleness surprised every one; and the quickness with which he picked up all sorts of pretty little tricks was really wonderful.

He and Willie played ball together; they knocked down ninepins, and built up high towers of Willie's blocks. When Helen gave a little tea-party in the nursery to a few of her young playmates, the chief entertainment was Jocko.

It was a comical sight to see him then, sitting up in a little high chair, dressed in his pretty blue flannel jacket, surrounded by laughing faces, and eating and drinking with the children. He knew how to pass his cup, to use a napkin, and to bow his head politely when he was waited on.

The long, cold winter months passed on, and Willie and Jocko, although shut away from the outside world, had a little world of their own within the walls of the sunny, flowery nursery. They played happily together, and never realized that they were prisoners.

But just as winter was turning to go, and spring was advancing, an epidemic broke out in the town, and Willie was taken ill.

The day after he was taken, Jocko came down with the same symptoms. The two lay side by side, Willie on his little bed and Jocko in his basket, which Willie insisted on having so near the bed he could touch it.

Once more Jocko did good service for his little master; for when Willie was obstinate and refused to take his medicine, he was told to see how well Jocko took his spoonful from the doctor's hand. Willie, ashamed to be behind Jocko in obedience, would then take his unpleasant dose.

So, too, when he was fretful and restless, and insisted on getting up, his mother would point to Jocko, lying so patiently in his basket, and Willie would put his small, hot hand on Jocko's back and lie still again, falling into a feverish doze.

There came worse days and nights, when Mrs. Marston scarcely left her little one's bed; and then the critical hour which would determine whether or not they could keep their boy.

All night the weary father and mother had watched by Willie's bed, and just as the first flush of dawn was appearing, Doctor Marston, bending over his child, turned a pale but thankful face to the anxious, waiting mother, and whispered:

"He is much better. He will get well!"

Just then Willie opened his eyes and smiled, and asked for a drink of milk. It was given him, and as he drank it, he pointed with his feeble hand to Jocko.

"Give him some, too, papa."

Jocko drank his milk with Willie. Then both fell into a sound "getting well sleep;" and both waked together, as hungry as a bear, or even a boy or a monkey, could be.

Before long Willie was out of his bed, and Jocko out of his basket, and during the coming summer the people of a New Hampshire village were greatly interested in the arrival of a new kind of summer boarder among them—nothing less than a very funny monkey, who came up with the Marston family.

ANNA H. SMITH.

For the Companion.

SAVED BY MAXIMILIAN.

In the winter of 1866-67 Company A of the —th Regiment of United States Infantry was stationed in the Eagle Tail Pass of the Tinaja spur of the Rocky Mountains, in New Mexico. The mountain defile called the Eagle Tail Pass was on the outskirts of the Arapahoe Indian country, and through it were made many of the forays of this fierce tribe upon the scattered settlements of Colorado and New Mexico.

Early in the spring of 1866 Captain Beaubien marched his company from the regimental headquarters at Fort Union to this lonely post high in the mountains. The row of log-cabins in which the company was soon comfortably housed, and the sheds in which were kept the cattle and draught animals, constituted Fort Hoven.

It stood on a moderately high hill that commanded the pass, and could easily be defended against attack.

The country about Fort Hoven was a sportsman's paradise. Crystal brooks leaped down the sides of the mountains, and excellent trout lurked in the pools. Deer, antelope and many kinds of fowl abounded, and occasionally an encounter with a grizzly bear or panther lent a spice of danger.

On one of his fishing trips Captain Beaubien found a little grizzly cub wandering in the woods as if lost. Having tied its paws, he placed the cub on his horse's back, and rode back to camp.

The soldiers received the young bear with high favor. There was a long discussion over the matter of his name, and at the close of it he was called Maximilian, after the unfortunate prince who was then usurping the throne of Mexico. A kennel was made at some distance from the end of the line of houses, and a high post was planted in front of it, to which Maximilian was fastened by a long chain, with plenty of room for exercise.

The soldiers amused themselves by teaching the bear to beg for food, to shoulder a stick, and perform other tricks. Often he was unchained and allowed to range the whole fort—a privilege that afforded him keen delight.

Among the soldiers of the company was one Trefethen, a Cornishman, who like many another Cornishman was a great wrestler. Now and then he pitted his strength with the bear, and a bout between the two always drew the whole garrison as an audience.

The bear was not proficient in the tricks and falls of wrestlers, and quickly resorted to the hug as a means of overcoming his adversary; but Trefethen was as strong as his opponent, and his skill enabled him always to bring the bear to the ground. Though Maximilian, after each defeat, crawled crestfallen into his kennel, he was always ready for a new trial.

These wrestling matches with Trefethen at last brought Maximilian into disrepute, and made him a dangerous member of the community. If any of the soldiers unwarily ventured within his reach, he would seize and hold them until he had squeezed them well.

At night, as the officer of the day made his round of inspections, he often heard a "Houf! houf!" in his ear, and found himself encircled by Maximilian's shaggy arms. He had crossed the cub's beat without giving the countersign.

It was a startling thing to be seized in this way, for even a tame bear's forbearance cannot be depended upon. Maximilian never really injured any one, but his tight squeeze was too agreeable, and some of the men demanded that he be killed; but he had enough friends to save him.

Spring dragged into summer, and summer into autumn, and there was no sign of the Indians the soldiers had come to watch. In this "piping time of peace" Maximilian grew amazingly. Berries and wild honey were spread before him.

In November the second lieutenant of the company was promoted, and the vacancy created was filled by a new "sub," fresh from West Point. The new officer arrived in the first days of December.

He was well versed in the theory of war, but not in the soldier's round of duties as they were performed at the frontier posts. The private soldiers always try the new officers to see how far they may presume to go, treating them with much less respect than they do the older officers. The young lieutenant saw that the men were secretly ridiculing him, and it made him more harsh than he otherwise would have been.

On his second tour of duty as officer of the day, as the new lieutenant was hurrying back to his quarters from his midnight inspection of the sentries, a pair of furry arms clasped him tightly about the waist and gave him a squeeze.

If he had been forewarned, he would have kept perfectly still, and then Maximilian would have released him soon; but no one had told him of the bear's peculiarities, and he kicked and pounded his captor with desperate energy.

The bear resented such unusual treatment, and squeezed the lieutenant the harder. The pair stumbled hither and thither in their struggles, and in some way the lieutenant's sword was caught between his legs, and broken in two.

By this time the guard had been attracted by the cries for help, and Trefethen, the Cornishman, who happened to be one of the guard that night, hurried forward, and quickly forced his pet to release the unhappy officer.

The lieutenant was uninjured, but his dignity had been grievously offended, and his beloved new sword had been broken. He demanded that the bear be killed, and the Captain felt that he had no right to refuse the demand. The young officer must not be made ridiculous in the eyes of the enlisted men.

So the Captain gave orders that the bear be blindfolded and shot by a file of men, exactly as if he were a condemned soldier suffering death in the regular military manner. The Captain consented, however, at the first sergeant's request on behalf of the company, that the bear should not be killed until just before Christmas, and then should be barbecued for the Christmas dinner.

It was the Fifteenth of December when the decree of Maximilian's death went forth. He would not be killed until the Twenty-third. Those eight days were the happiest of his life. He was feasted and petted to his heart's content, for the men were sorry that he was to be killed, even for a Christmas dinner.

It had been warm all the autumn. Not a flake of snow had fallen, and no frost had touched the verdure of Fort Hoven; but on the evening of the Twenty-first a sudden norther swept down through the mountains, bringing with it a heavy fall of snow. The storm continued all the next day without abating, and the night of the Twenty-second was so wild that Captain Beaubien felt justified in releasing the sentries from the requirement of walking their beats.

During all the time Fort Hoven had been occupied, no Indians had been seen. More than that, Captain Beaubien had fought the Indians for years, and knew that it was not the custom of thinly clad savages to venture out in such weather.

Under ordinary circumstances, the Captain would have been right in his judgment; the savages would have remained at home, shivering in their smoky wigwams; but among the Arapahoes was a young chief who had gone quite out of the beaten track of his tribe.

Wichito, the son of the head chief of the Arapahoe tribe, had completed a course at an Eastern college with great credit. After finishing his studies, he had returned to his tribe, full of discontent and resentment over the wrongs of his people. Although he knew the uselessness of contending against the whites, he was impelled to make even the most hopeless fight against them to protest against further injury.

Soon after his return, in September, orders were issued by the Indian Bureau that in the spring the Arapahoes be removed to a reservation. He resolved to make a bold demonstration, and to show the danger that would attend the attempt to remove his tribe from its old home.

He decided, as his first move, to attack Fort Hoven and destroy it, as soon as snow fell, and then to make an incursion against the nearest settlements, counting upon the relaxation of vigilance at the fort growing out of severe winter weather. He saw to it that the Arapahoes laid in a good store of provisions and clothing for the winter.

With the fall of the first snow on the Twenty-first of December, Wichito was ready to march, and on the afternoon of the Twenty-second the young chief and his warriors arrived at the

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mouth of the Eagle Tail Pass. They could see dimly, through the thickly-falling snow, Fort Hoven standing on its hill a mile away, the warder of the plain country beyond. They encamped in the snow to await darkness.

At eleven o'clock that night, Fort Hoven was silent and dark. Every man of the garrison was asleep. But down at the end of the row of cabins sat Maximilian in the door of his kennel, wide awake. The snow was falling heavily, and the bear was so coated with white that he might easily have been mistaken for his polar relative.

Trefethen had stolen to his pet and presented him with a can of molasses, on this the last night he was to live. Maximilian was eating it, and this was the reason why he was not asleep.

At twelve o'clock the contents of the can had been finished, and the bear was about to turn over to go to sleep, when he heard a faint rustling sound, and saw a long line of men coming up the hill. The bear crept out of his kennel. Now for a frolic!

The foremost man passed near him. Up out of the snow rose the bear, and clasped the man in his arms. Involuntarily the Arapahoe shrieked at this sudden apparition from the snow. He struck at it with the long knife he carried in his hand. The bear snarled with rage, and buried his teeth in the man's shoulder; and high above the noise of the storm rose the death-yell of the Indian.

The men in the guard-house awoke. The bugle sounded the call to arms; the long roll of the drum echoed through the fort, and half-dressed, muskets in hand, the soldiers came running out and fell into line.

The command to charge was given, and the garrison bore down upon the little band of Indians that had gained the top of the hill. The attacking force had marched up the hill in single file, and only a few had yet reached the top. These were driven back upon their comrades, and in a moment the Arapahoes were in full flight.

The garrison remained under arms the remainder of the night, and when the morning broke, clear and cold, there was not a sign of an Arapahoe in sight—save Wichito, who lay dead in the arms of the dead Maximilian.

Maximilian had saved Fort Hoven. If he had survived the battle, the sentence of death passed upon him would have been revoked; but as he had been killed, the original intention was carried out, and he was eaten for the Christmas dinner.

Yes, the preserver of Fort Hoven was barbecued and eaten by those whom he had preserved!

WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.

For the Companion.

THE EXTRA FREIGHT.

To live within sight and hearing of a railroad; to have a big brother who is an engineer on that railroad; and to make trips with him whenever he will allow and school does not interfere, is a state of things calculated to please the average boy; and it did please Roy Kinsley, who was rather more than the average.

When he could sit on the high seat opposite Hal, he felt like a king, and the only thing he needed in order to make him perfectly happy was a chance to run the engine, if only for a few minutes. But that was something which Hal, who was a very careful engineer, never allowed.

Yet Roy seldom lacked occupation while on the engine; for if the bell was not to be rung nor the whistle to be blown, he could always help Jack Dunn at the fire.

One afternoon Hal came home, looking vexed.

"Roy, do you want to go up to Silverton with me to-night?" he asked, as his brother met him at the door. "Here I'm just back from my run, and have got orders to take an extra freight up the branch to-night, which means only four hours' sleep, if I get any. But that isn't the trouble; Dunn's sick, and not fit to be out of bed, much less at work. I can't get another man before morning, so you see how it is. Will you fire this trip for me?"

"Of course I will!" exclaimed Roy. "It's just what I want. Hooray!"

He rushed about to get his cap, overalls and heavy coat. Hal smiled at the boy's excitement.

"You won't be quite so chipper by the time we get to Silverton," said he. "It's hard, rough work enough when you have to keep at it steadily, even for a strong boy like you. It isn't like taking a turn at the shovel whenever you fancy."

"Well, I can go and will," declared Roy, following his brother toward the station, "and when I get too tired or lazy to work my passage, I want to be put off."

A few minutes later the freight train pulled out of the yard. There were only three cars, and Hal grumbled to himself that it wasn't worth the trouble it caused. This seemed to be the opinion of the conductor, also, who wore a remarkably gloomy countenance and appeared to be much out of humor, although he said nothing whatever.

The Silverton branch ran through an almost uninhabited country to a large mining settlement some thirty miles from the junction.

The single track was shut in by thick woods on both sides, throughout the greater part of the distance, and was consequently far from presenting any objects of interest along its way. But Hal Kinsley did not find fault with it on that score. He had no grade crossings, switches nor signals to watch, no stray cows nor reckless men to avoid running over, and no other trains to bother him.

"If railroading was always like this," he remarked at the end of a few miles, "there would be a good many less accidents, and a good many more engineers dying of old age. But still, there's always a drawback somewhere."

"I don't see any now," Roy objected, between two shovelfuls.

"You will, though, before we've gone much farther. Look at all this smoke! It means that the woods up the line are on fire, and that we shall have to run in a smother so thick that we sha'n't be able to see our smoke-stack half the time."

Just then a man came scrambling over the tender into the cab. It was the conductor, Tom Brainerd, who looked even more dejected than when they started.

"Bad night, isn't it, Kinsley?" said he, staring through the front windows down the smoky vista made by the road, now rapidly growing dim in the twilight. "That fire was working toward the line when I came down this morning. We shall run pretty close to it, I'm thinking, for it shows a light already."

He pointed to a place where, in the distance, the darkening sky was stained with a dingy red glow, which pulsated and flushed as the aurora does on a cold winter night.

"Well, what if we do?" returned Hal, indifferently. "It isn't the first time we've seen a brush fire. Don't you remember last fall, down on the southern branch, when we —"

"Yes, yes, I remember that well enough!" snapped the conductor, in an irritated manner, "but there's some difference between then and now, I can tell you. If we get through all right, it'll be because —"

He stopped short in what he had been about to say, took another long stare ahead, and then, without speaking again, climbed back over the tender, swung himself upon the first car, and disappeared.

"What's got into Tom Brainerd to-night?" said Hal. "I never saw him this way before. If I didn't know he never touches a drop, I should say he'd been drinking; but that can't be."

During the next half-hour Brainerd repeatedly appeared on the top of the car, gazing toward the rapidly increasing light ahead. The occasional glare from the furnace door showed the same anxious, alarmed expression upon his usually stern face.

The cars were so few that he had no brakeman with him. This fact might account for his restlessness, since it obliged him to keep watch of the train; but why did he come here? He could have kept watch as well from his proper position in the lookout on the rear car.

"What can be the trouble with him?" Hal asked, when Brainerd appeared for the tenth time above them. "He seems to be terribly afraid of that fire; but I can't see why he should be scared."

The train, making good time, had half finished its journey. The smoke had become so thick that nothing could be seen a rod away, and through it came the intermittent, nearing flashes of the great fire.

The air grew hot, and little drifts of ashes formed against the projecting parts of the locomotive. Sparks and dead cinders rattled against the cab windows.

"We are running right into it," said Hal, coughing and wiping his inflamed eyes upon his coat sleeve, without removing either hand from the machinery.

"And it looks to me as if it was sweeping up on both sides of us," added Roy. "Is there any danger, Hal?"

"N-no," answered the engineer; "that is, not unless the heat warps the rails, which isn't probable, for the roadway is too wide for that. We'll blister our paint a trifle, and maybe have to put out a blaze or two on the cars, but that'll be all. I've been in just such places before."

A few minutes passed, and then, as if a curtain had been drawn away, the smoke disappeared and the train plunged into relatively clear air, between two lines of flaming trees which sent up great gushes of fire under the hurrying clouds of black vapor that they rolled into the sky.

As far down the track as one could see, away to the vanishing point where the two burning fronts of the forest seemed to join, it was the same.

"Whew!" exclaimed Hal. "This is a scorcher! I'll let her out a bit, and make a rush through it."

Just then Brainerd leaped into the cab.

"What are you doing, Kinsley?" he shouted. "You're not going on?"

"Going on?" gasped Hal, utterly amazed. "Of course I'm going on. I'm not afraid of a little fire, I hope; but, by George, Tom Brainerd, I believe you are!"

"Reverse, quick, man, and back us out!" said Brainerd, in a harsh, vehement voice, seizing the engineer's arm with both hands. "Yes, I'm afraid! Reverse her, I tell you!"

Hal pushed the conductor aside with a thrust of his strong elbow. "Don't you know better than that?" cried he, angrily. "What's the matter with you, Tom Brainerd? You act like a crazy man!"

"I'll be a dead one, and you and the boy, too, if you don't back out!" persisted Brainerd. "Do you know what we've got for freight?"

Hal and Roy looked at him, half-frightened. He had certainly lost his senses, they thought.

"No, and I don't care!" said Hal. "But what is it?"

"Blasting powder!" screamed the conductor.

"What!" cried the brothers together.

"Yes, tons of it for the Silverton mines. And the handlers loosened the staves of two or three kegs when they loaded it, so that there's loose powder scattered all about the next car!"

Kinsley pulled the throttle wide open.

"Sit down, Tom!" he commanded, calmly, without looking at the conductor. "We can't go back! The fire's all along that way by this time. We must put her through. Coal up, Roy, but not too much. Quick, boy!"

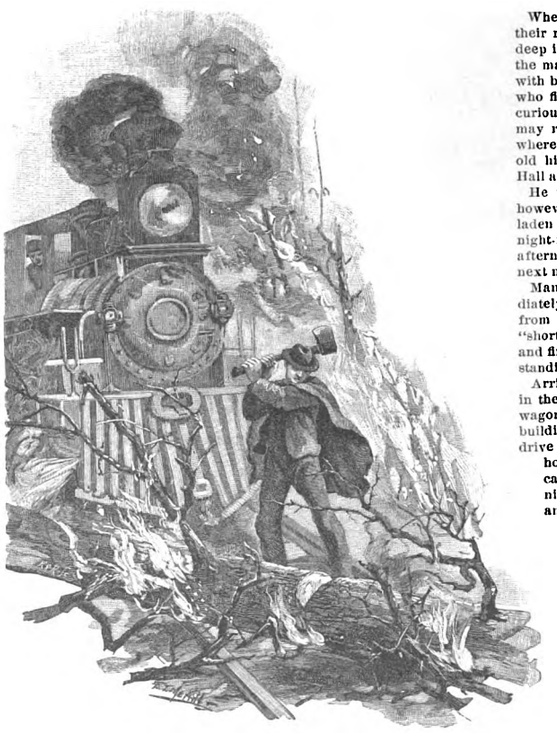
When, in a position of peril, a determined, strong-willed man makes up his mind to a certain course, there is something about him which makes all others yield to his plans. Brainerd did not attempt to assert his authority over the train, but sat perfectly still, his fists clenched, his eyes set. Roy, pale-faced but steady, fed the fire-box as if he were a part of the machinery.

The engine leaped and bounded under Hal's hard driving, crashing and rattling so fiercely that the roaring flames on either side sent no sound to the ears of those in the cab.

Suddenly Brainerd sprang up, took a spare shovel, some cotton waste and a bucket of water, and left the cab. Roy, turning, saw him on the top of the freight car, scraping off the sparks and swabbing out the little fires which started upon the dry boards of the roof.

"Tom's a brave fellow," said Hal. "It was the worry and dread that made him weaken. You see he knew what this fire was, and knew what he had got to carry through it, if he met it. But he's all right from this on."

Hal had momentarily taken his eyes off the track while saying this. When he turned them back he gave a nervous start, and then, seizing the whistle-cord, signalled "Down brakes!" while with the other hand he closed the throttle.



"Roy chopped blindly on."

"Jump, Roy, and put on our brake back there!"

A great burning tree lay across the rails ahead. Even while Roy threw his weight on the brake, he was thinking, "What shall we do now?" and before he had finished turning the iron wheel he had thought.

The drag and jar behind showed that Brainerd, obeying Hal's signal, was setting the car-brakes, and soon, the reduced speed allowing it, Hal reversed.

The locomotive, sliding and grating along, came slowly to a stand some yards from the blazing obstruction.

Before the train stopped Roy had opened his knife and cut away the leather curtain which closes the back of every engine cab. Rolling up the curtain, he plunged it into the water-tank, drew it out dripping wet, threw it over his shoulders, and with an axe in his hand, jumped down and ran forward toward the tree.

Now he felt the heat as he had not felt it before, when under cover and fanned by the current of air made by the speed at which they had moved. The hot atmosphere struck through the soaked leather, and on his bare hands it was like glowing iron.

Roy chopped blindly on, and as he did so he wondered confusedly whether he could hold out long enough to finish his task, and if he could, how the ponderous severed trunk might be moved off the track. All the time he had in mind the terrible contents of those tinder-box cars, now standing motionless beneath a shower of sparks.

"It's all up with us, I guess!" he thought, still swinging the axe.

A voice came faintly to him from the rear. It was Hal's.

"Come back, Roy!"

With one final blow he felt the tree-trunk break. Then he somehow managed to stagger to the side of the engine, and his brother lifted him on board.

"I can do the rest," said Hal.

He turned on the steam, backed some distance, and then ran full tilt at the divided tree.

The pilot caught it, tossed it aside, and it fell end over end into the ditch. Once more the train flew on with wide-open throttle.

The smoke came down again; the fire receded into the woods; the scorching heat diminished. As the train, leaping out of the forest into the cleared land around Silverton, drew up at the little station, Roy, who had lain exhausted on the footboard ever since his brother had pulled him up, looked up. He saw Tom Brainerd coming in, black, blistered, and without a particle of hair, eyebrows, or moustache remaining.

"Well, boys," said he, cheerfully, "the fast powder freight's on time!"

It was ahead of time, too, but in a badly damaged condition. The engine's gay paint and varnish were peeling off in great flakes, and the bright brasswork was tarnished and blackened. The seared, charred cars were wonders to look at, especially when one thought what they held.

Tom Brainerd must have worked desperately all the time the train was in the burning forest, in order to save them.

"Well, I did jump around rather lively," Tom admitted, "but it was no more than right for me to pay for my scare somehow."

Hal was the same as ever. The only praise he gave Roy was contained in one remark, but this remark conveyed the greatest compliment he could bestow.

"You'll make a railroad man some day, sonny," was what he said.

MANLEY H. PIKE.

For the Companion.

EARLY MARKET.

When the first of the sleepy milkmen are going their rounds, and the luxurious man lies fathoms deep in one of his half-dozen morning naps, then the markets which feed great cities are teeming with bustle and interest. If the citizen of Boston who finds a comfortable breakfast on his table is curious to trace its source beyond the kitchen, he may rise at what is called "cockcrow" in places where crowing is a daily fashion, and visit the old historic market owned by his city, Faneuil Hall and also the New Faneuil Hall.

He will hardly be among the earliest comers, however, for the wagons of the market-gardeners, laden with fruit and vegetables, often start at night-fall, and sometimes at four o'clock in the afternoon, that they may be at the market betimes next morning.

Many of these men drive in from towns immediately adjoining the city; but some of them come from places lying thirty-five miles away, seeking "short cuts" that they may be first at the ferries, and first in reaching their destination and securing standing-ground there.

Arrived at the market, whether at midnight or in the morning darkness, the men arrange their wagons in short, orderly rows beside the great building, so that plenty of space is left in which to drive and walk between the groups. Then the horses are unharnessed and stabled, and the carefully covered wagons left in charge of the night watchmen,—who also guard the boxes and barrels left outside the building,—while the sleepy drivers find some comfortable corner to drowse in until the moment of action.

With the first peep of light they are back at their posts, and begin to uncover their loads, chatting together, exchanging "chaff," and talking over the probable market prices for the day.

"That yours, Johnnie?" calls one sleepy but jovial-looking man, pointing to a cabbage which has rolled from somebody's wagon into the street.

"No," answers Johnnie, with quick wit, clapping both hands to his head. "Mine's on firm. Sure 'taint yours? It's a nice green one!"

Presently appear the picturesque figures of women, with rough, uncovered hair, tattered dresses and faded shawls, each bearing a capacious basket on one arm. They wander about, hoping to pick up a discarded vegetable here and there, and waiting for the barrels of refuse to be brought out from the stalls within.

When these barrels are deposited on the sidewalk an eager search begins, and the baskets are speedily enriched with cauliflowers which show the first brown specks of decay, bunches of celery containing one or two perfect stalks, and sweet potatoes partially spongy from age or misfortune.

"Ah! it's many a fine bit ye can pick up here to put in the soup pot!" calls one woman, glancing at an observer with a knowing look which is almost a wink; and another thrifty gleaner adds, as she seizes upon a wrinkled turnip:

"Five coorses I'll have, the day, an' if Jimmie buys a bit of liver, there'll be six!"

With every increasing ray of light, come wagons from the provision stores and smaller markets of the city, to select from the waiting carts large quantities of the vegetables and fruit needed for their daily sales. The scene becomes animated; the broad street is alive with voices. On Friday, especially, the day when suburban stores send in for their Saturday's stock of provisions, it is difficult to find one's way about, among the carts, without jostling eager bargainers.

Perhaps the most interesting season to visit the market is during the summer or early fall, when thousands of berry boxes or great loads of peaches arrive daily. A few firms sell their fruit by auction, and this naturally adds a lively excitement to the scene. Groups of Italian owners of fruit-stands are on the spot betimes. One marketman says of them, "An Italian starts a stand on nothing, but in a month he comes down here and buys whole loads of fruit for cash."

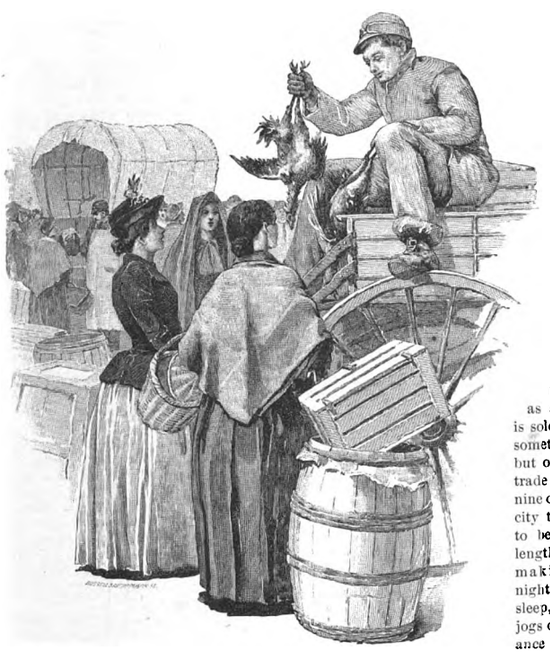
It is in the fall that the market wagons are most delightful to the artistic eye. Pale green cabbages, yellow squashes, piles of celery in varied green, and golden carrots seem actually to light the air.

Meanwhile, as this fruit and vegetable traffic is going on at one side of the market, the meat has arrived on the other, and is rapidly carried into stall and cellar. Great white-covered carts, like

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emigrant wagons, stand there, packed to the very top with pink and white carcasses; and men adorned by burlap mantles fastened with a skewer are busily tossing them into their destined places.

At sunrise a gong strikes, and the market proper — the great building lined with stalls flanking a central walk—is opened to trade. Then



the bustle within is scarcely exceeded by that without. Men hurry about, drawing on their white frocks and overalls, and begin to remove great carcasses of meat from the sacking which has protected them from dust through the night, or hang on huge iron hooks the meat which has just been brought in from the storehouses.

One man is assorting his stock of eggs by testing their freshness. A lighted candle is placed in the side of his egg box, and over this he holds each egg for a second, and looks through it, before passing it on into its appropriate place. The degree of clearness shown through the shell indicates, to his practised eye, the probable age of the egg, and its state of freshness.

Quite early in the morning come the stewards of the great hotels, to buy their supplies for the day; and then sets in the regular trade, from that of the young housekeeper who wants a steak, but privately wishes she knew "tenderloin" from "porter-house," to that of the boarding-house keeper, who buys in large quantities, expertly selected.

Meantime, while food of all sorts is magically appearing in such profusion, comes a smaller dealer, whose stock is fresh and sweet as the early morning. This is the watercress woman—a slight little creature, who comes in, tugging a big basket filled to the bale with bunches of cress, dark green in its freshness, and dripping with moisture. This she sells by the dozen bunches, at the different stalls.

There is something fascinating in the idea of her trade, so connected is it with damp fields and clear, running water.

Then, bringing an odor sweeter than that from "Araby the blest" to those who remember grandmother's garden, comes a young girl with a basket full of the mints,—"Catnip for your kitty, ma'am,"—and sage and sweet marjoram.

Outside the market are new phases of interest everywhere. A clear, triumphant sound breaks upon the air. It is the crow of chanticleer, and looking about, after recovering from the first surprise of hearing a barnyard echo in a city street, one notices, on the sidewalk, several rough coops containing live fowl.

Some of these are putting their red-combed heads through the slats, and gazing about in a very inquiring manner, and one is preening her feathers as if to be in gala costume for the sacrifice.

These fowls are bought by the Orthodox Jews, whose religion forbids them to eat meat killed by any but their own sect, and it is no uncommon sight to see a woman walking away from the market carrying under her arm a lively and very surprised-looking "biddy," whose legs have been securely tied together.

But where do the fish-stalls of the market obtain their daily supplies? To find an answer to that question one must walk to the wharf. There boats are coming in laden with the fish, which is bought on the spot by wholesale dealers, and not only supplied to various local markets, but also packed and sent away to other towns and cities.

The wharf itself, rather slimy with fish drippings, is made lively by men running about with large hand-carts, filled with the fish which they have just obtained from the boats.

The previous process of loading the carts is a rapid and picturesque one. Large baskets of cod or mackerel are filled on board the little boats, swung up and over the side by means of a rope, and dumped into the cart. The man who fills the basket is hardy and sailor-like, clad in a short jacket or a colored jersey, and the motion with which he spears several fish at a time on a small fork is suggestive of the hayfield.

Other boats have come in bringing clams, and these are shovelled into small baskets, dipped in water to be rinsed, and then handed, dripping, to the wharf.

Returning to the market proper, we shall find it full of bustle and interest all day long. The marketmen outside, as soon as their stock is sold, drive homeward, sometimes quite early, but often, on days when trade is slow, not until nine o'clock. Outside the city they are frequently to be met lying at full length on the wagon-seat, making up for their night's vigil by a sound sleep, while the old horse jogs on, needing no guidance on his accustomed way, and turning out to meet an approaching team as skilfully as his master could turn him.

The market itself closes at five o'clock, except on Saturday night, when it is open until nine. A gong strikes fifteen minutes before the closing hour to warn the keepers of stalls to do their daily "cleaning up;" and when it strikes again, its warning note embodies the old nursery rhyme:

"Home again, home again,
Market is done."

ALICE BROWN.

UNITY.

Lo, Death and Sorrow and Pain are sweet,
And Life and Pleasure and Joy are good;
And these are one, and as one shall meet
When all we feel shall be understood.

Selected. —*Henry Bernard Carpenter.*

CHILE AND BALMACEDA.

Early in November Jorge Montt was elected President of the Republic of Chile. He had been the principal member of the Junta or Council appointed by the Chilean Congress to wage war against the late President Balmaceda. In other words, he had been the chief leader of a successful revolution.

A week after President Montt took office the Junta resigned all its powers to Congress. Thus Chile has a constitutional government again, after a Civil War of eight months.

The origin of the war was a difference between two parties as to the powers conferred upon the President by the Constitution of Chile; the occasion of war was the attempt by President Balmaceda to exercise the large powers which he believed were placed by law in his hands, and the endeavor by Congress, which was controlled by the opposite party, to limit these powers.

A dispute not altogether unlike this between men who sincerely held opposing views as to the meaning of the Constitution of the United States led to a great and a long war. The Constitution of Chile seems to be so vague on the point in controversy between the two parties that either view might be taken by one who tried honestly to accept the true intention of the instrument.

While even the adherents of the Congressional party in Chile admitted that the Presidents had usually exercised the powers which Balmaceda claimed as his, they contended that Congress might at any time withdraw those powers from him. This, of course, Balmaceda did not concede.

In August, 1890, the Congress protested so strongly against the President's policy that he dismissed the ministers he had chosen, and replaced them by men acceptable to Congress. Then the Houses required him to approve a new election law.

This law was designed to prevent Balmaceda interfering with the process of electing his successor. He had come under suspicion of intending to tamper with the next elections in order to secure the presidency for a friend who shared his view of presidential authority.

Congress refused to vote money needed for the public service, or to pass an act necessary to continue the legal existence of the Chilean forces, unless the President would consent to give operation to the new law.

But he declared that law to be beyond the constitutional authority of Congress. Then he arbitrarily dissolved the Houses, an act which he excused on the ground that Congress had refused to grant money and pass the law necessary to the army and navy.

Upon this the Congressionalists denounced Balmaceda as a usurper, and declared that he had forfeited the presidency. He retorted by describing his opponents as revolutionists, and imprisoning some of them. At the same time he proclaimed that he would rule by military law; he suppressed the press of his opponents, and prohibited their public meetings.

With these decrees the Civil War began. As the greater part of the army adhered to Balmaceda, he might have succeeded had not the navy taken the other side. By their ships the Congressionalists held nearly all the seaports of Chile, and cut Balmaceda off from important supplies.

The navy seized those great nitrate mines of the coast from which a large part of the public revenue of Chile is derived. Thus the Junta was well supplied with money while Balmaceda could get little. Foreign capitalists would lend him none on the public credit of the revolted country.

With these advantages and a majority of the people on their side, the Congressionalists soon organized an army, and slowly beat Balmaceda back till he held only Santiago and Valparaiso. These cities fell as the result of a victory of the Junta near Valparaiso on the Twenty-eighth of August.

Balmaceda took refuge in the Argentine legation at Santiago, where he committed suicide on the Nineteenth of September.

It is to be hoped that the new government, which has become regular through the means of an election, will give permanent peace to the country.

WHEN CHILDREN SMILE.

O little one, smile and bless me!
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul, when children smile,
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light and the hope of that sweeter world,
Like the dawn, are breaking through.

Selected. —*Ernest W. Shurtleff.*

THE FOREIGN TRADE.

The condition of the foreign trade of the United States is always an interesting subject; it is particularly so at the present time when the chief political issue between the two great political parties concerns the tariff law.

It is admitted by men of every shade of politics that the character and the amount of the foreign trade are influenced largely by the tariff. They do not, it is true, agree upon the probable effect of the several changes proposed in the tariff; but that fact makes it all the more important that every one should be informed as to the magnitude of the commerce which the law will affect.

The value of the foreign commerce of the country during the year ended on the Thirtieth of June last was greater than that for any former year in the history of the United States.

The imports were valued at almost exactly eight hundred and forty-five million dollars, which was fifty-five millions more than that for the year 1890, up to that time the year of the largest imports. The value of exports, of both foreign and domestic goods, was eight hundred and eighty-four millions, which was eighteen millions less than that of the largest previous year, 1881.

Combining imports and exports the total for 1891 was close upon seventeen hundred and thirty millions, and this was eighty-two millions more than the value of the foreign trade in 1890, which stands next to the year ended in June, in the magnitude of the foreign commerce.

Enormous as these amounts are they bid fair to be exceeded by the trade of the present year, the total value of which in the three months ended with September exceeded that for the same time last year by more than eighteen million dollars.

Where do we buy goods, and whither do we send them? A little less than one-fourth of all imports come from Great Britain; one-eighth from Germany; one-tenth from France. These three countries send us goods to the value of forty-six dollars out of every one hundred dollars imported. From all Europe we get fifty-seven per cent.; from North America nineteen per cent.; from the West Indies ten per cent.; from South America eleven per cent.; and the rest from the other continents.

Of the exports more than one-half in value are sent to Great Britain, and eight-tenths in all to Europe; but this leaves the enormous amount of one hundred and seventy-five million dollars to be divided between the other continents.

What do we buy and what do we sell? First and second on the list of imports stand the two articles coffee and sugar, each of which counts for about ninety-six million dollars, and together for more than one-fifth of all the imports. Woolen, silk, cotton and linen goods together contributed a value of one hundred and twelve millions.

The liquors, wines and tobacco bought abroad, it is satisfactory to know, were all together of a value barely one-third of that of the coffee imported.

Of our exports almost three-fourths must be credited to agriculture. First cotton, two hundred and ninety million dollars' worth; second provisions, one hundred and forty millions; third breadstuffs, one hundred and thirty millions. About eighteen per cent. of the total value represented manufactures.

Such are a few of the leading facts relating to the foreign trade, about which the country is likely to hear a great deal during the session of Congress, and the canvass for President next year. But the facts do not teach the same lesson to all men. Some of them regret to see the imports large, others think that enormous purchases abroad are a sure sign of national prosperity.

But over one feature of the trade all men can rejoice together—the wonderful crops which have given us so much more than this country can consume, and have thus left us with a huge surplus to sell at good prices to those who need bread and meat.

THE CONVICTED WIFE.

Last summer there died in a hotel in a French city a young woman, friendless and alone. The morning journals of the town briefly stated that she was a wealthy American, the widow of a man who was unhappily lost at sea while on his way to Europe with his wife. She had never returned to her native country, and was now dead from a sudden attack of pneumonia.

Beneath these bare facts lay a domestic tragedy, which has a meaning profound enough to justify its publication.

The husband of this woman was a young physician in New York; a man of scholarly habits, refined and almost morbidly sensitive. He became suddenly deeply attached to a young girl from one of the Western States who was visiting in the family of one of his friends.

He followed her to her home, married her, and they started on their wedding journey to Europe. On the steamer they met one of her school friends, a chattering, silly woman who knew every detail of his wife's girlish history. Finding herself alone with him one evening she told them all to him, as a bit of idle fun.

He listened in silence, and then sought his wife in her stateroom.

"Is it a fact," he said, "that you were the belle of the wine-suppers for two summers at Almont Springs?"

"Yes," she said, laughing gaily. "Who told you?"

"And you were known as Madcap Molly?"

"I suppose it is true—but —"

"Stop! I have been told that—that you were engaged to two or three men at once before you knew me. They have your letters full, I presume, of expressions of regard. Don't tell me that that is true. My wife? *You!*"

She began to cry, terrified at his looks. "I suppose it is true. I only did as the other girls did. I was a little wild and thoughtless; but nobody could say a word against my character."

He stood a minute looking at her, then turned and went on deck. The night was dark and stormy. He did not return. Search was made for him, but he could not be found. It was supposed at first that he had accidentally fallen overboard. His wife in her agony knew the truth.

She remained abroad living in Paris and other capitals of Europe. The "wild" life of her girlhood had prepared her for the depths of guilt which opened before her. She was a ready victim, and the friends who cared for her were relieved when death put an end to her follies and crimes.

It is true that her husband was both weak and guilty in his death. If he had not been maddened by disappointment, he would have stood by her to the end, and perhaps by his love have made her the woman he had believed her to be.

But has any woman a right to inflict such a disappointment upon a man?

Has any girl who has made her person and her love tawdry and common in the eyes of a dozen men through a series of flirtations, the right to play the part of a pure, innocent bride in a sacred marriage?

The fast girl in a village looks upon these things as "fun," but she is playing with fire which will leave scars upon her as long as life lasts.

WHAT SHALL A GIRL DO?

Two ladies were talking not long ago of the failing health of a man whose great gifts have made him widely known and widely honored. He has used these gifts too earnestly, perhaps; and suddenly, in a day, as it seemed, health and strength have failed him.

He had lived generously,—books, pictures, bric-à-brac, all these had tempted him,—and he had been hospitality's self, a host at whose table it was a delight to sit. Now, suddenly, all power to earn has failed him, and possibly may never be restored.

"I pity the three girls most of all," said the one of the ladies who knew the family best.

"There'll be a good life insurance, I suppose?" suggested the other.

"No, not a penny. Why, he was always so strong! He was just one of the men who never thought of breaking down. No; all there will be is what the pictures and books and curios will bring—something, of course; but really nothing for three girls and their mother to live on. They've always been to school, those girls, and they're no more idea of helping themselves than babies."

"Why, can't they teach?"

"No. You know teaching is a profession nowadays, and needs special training. They have only studied as girls do who have no particular career in mind. They know a good many things pretty well, but nothing thoroughly. They play a little and sing a little and sketch a little, but no one thing any better than another. It will be hard for them, though I suppose their relations will try to help them."

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"Hard indeed!" thought the listener. But this state of things ought not to be. If only every girl who reads *The Companion* would think of the uncertainties of life, and resolve to do some one thing well enough to be able to depend on it if the need came, then these words will not have been written in vain.

No matter how prosperous you are, how petted you are, how fairly life seems opening before you, yet make yourself mistress of something that shall be as a strong staff in your hand to lean on if misfortune should some day surprise you.

IN THE CHAIR.

Max O'Rell declares in his latest book, "A Frenchman in America," that there are few of our countrymen who have not tact and a sense of humor. Being thus gifted with the lighter and more pleasing qualities of mind, he holds them to be admirably fitted to serve as chairmen in public assemblies, and quotes, as a most amusing introduction to a speech, an anecdote, told by the chairman of a lecture committee in New York.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the speaker, "the story goes that last summer a party of Americans staying in Rome paid a visit to the famous Spithöver's bookstore in the Piazza di Spagna. Now Spithöver is a most learned bookworm. You must go to him if you would have artistic and archæological works of the profoundest research and learning.

"One of the ladies in this tourists' party, however, only wanted the lively American travels of Max O'Rell, and she accordingly asked for the book.

"There came a deep, guttural Anglo-German voice from a spectacled clerk behind a desk to this purport:

"'Marcus Aurelius vos neffer in te Unided Shtates!'

"But, ladies and gentlemen, he is now, and here he is!"

There are, however, some chairmen who, like certain lecturers, insist on speaking too long.

"Sometimes," said one, on attempting to introduce this humorous Frenchman, "we see clouds of misunderstanding arise between the French—between the English—between the two.

"The lecturer of this evening makes it his business to disperse these clouds—these clouds—to—to—

"But I will not detain you any longer. His name is familiar to all of us. I'm sure he needs no introduction to this audience. We all know him. I have much pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Mosshiay—Mr. —"

Then he looked at the lecturer in despair. He had forgotten his name.

The same long-suffering Frenchman says that he was one night about to speak in a crowded hall in Lancashire, England, and observed to the chairman, who was a pompous official in the city:

"What a fine house!"

"Very fine indeed," was the reply. "Everybody in town knew I was going to take the chair."

HEALTHY GIRLS.

In the preparatory school of a large women's college, which is attended by many girls from all parts of the United States, the instructor in gymnastics recently said to the pupils, as they were assembled in the gymnasium:

"I wish that the girls here who are taller than their mothers would please raise their hands."

About three-fourths of all the girls present raised their hands. The average age of the pupils was about seventeen years, though some were not more than fifteen, and in some cases these girls had not yet completed their growth; and yet a considerable majority of all were larger than their mothers.

The majority, too, were vigorous and healthy, and capable of long walks in the open air, and of sustained and active exercise in the gymnasium.

Within the memory of the older generation, it was "fashionable" for young women to be delicate, slender-waisted, pale and incapable of much physical exertion. Bodily robustness was discouraged, and such "calisthenics" as were in vogue were of a very weak and flimsy sort.

All this reacted upon the general physical condition of women, and rendered them less vigorous and well-grown.

At the present time there are many foolish fashions, no doubt, but it is no longer unfashionable for a woman to be strong and well. Suitable kinds of athletic exercise are, on the contrary, much in vogue, and a girl who can walk ten miles without serious fatigue is admired by her companions rather than looked at askance.

This is certainly one of the respects in which the world has improved. Good exercise and plenty of life out-of-doors will not only make the women of the rising generation superior to their mothers in stature, but will make them better able to support the burdens of life, and happier in supporting them.

Nor need it render them less gentle and womanly; for a healthy woman has a better basis for gentleness and unselfishness than a weak and suffering one.

THOUGHTFUL GIFT.

Prince Bismarck, the "father of the German Empire," who, though now in retirement, is very greatly admired by the German people, often speaks lightly of his absence from power. He is a man of humor, and his witty references to his enforced retirement are sometimes taken sadly to heart by matter-of-fact countrymen.

Not long ago one of his visitors asked Prince Bismarck if he desired to return to the chancellery of the empire.

"I desire nothing more in this world," said Bismarck, "but a really becoming epitaph!"

In the company of those who heard this pleasantry there was a gentleman who felt much grieved that the ex-chancellor's modest wish should be unfulfilled. He was a journalist, it is said, and to some extent a man of letters.

He set at work, therefore, to meet the ex-chancellor's desire for an epitaph. In order that Prince Bismarck might choose one which he thought really fitted him, he wrote seventy epitaphs.

Then he had them all printed in a little book at Dresden, and sent Prince Bismarck a copy, with his compliments.

AN OLD-TIME MINISTER.

Elder James Hooper, the first settled clergyman of the Baptist church at Paris, Maine, was one of the old-time ministers, eccentric, honest, fearless in his discharge of duty, and outspoken in his opinions of right and wrong. Many characteristic anecdotes are related of his pastorate of forty years. He was a man born to lead. His political views were decided, and as he voted so voted almost without exception the members of his church.

He ruled the singers with arbitrary hand. On one occasion, when desirous of having the singing better than it usually was, he read the hymn, and then, looking up at the choir in the gallery, said:

"Deacon Mann, you needn't sing; you always flat."

At one time, when supplying the pulpit of a church in a distant town, he gave out the hymn, read it, and waited for the congregation to sing. The chorister, seeing that many had failed to understand which hymn was indicated, asked Mr. Hooper to repeat the number.

The Elder paid no attention to the request, but instead announced his text, and proceeded with his sermon. At the conclusion of his discourse he opened the hymn-book, and said:

"When I begin to speak, it's time for you to begin to hear. I hope you'll understand which hymn I mean this time."

The worthy minister's reading was confined to the Bible, Watts's hymns and the weekly *Eastern Argus*. He was a strong opponent of an educated clergy. At one time he was discussing with a friend the merits of Doctor Watts as a poet, who, Mr. Hooper maintained, was the greatest that ever lived.

To this opinion his friend demurred, remarking, "Certainly Watts has written some excellent hymns, but he has likewise written many poor ones, some of which you might as well read backwards as forward."

"Exactly so!" cried the delighted Elder, as if this last acknowledgment of his opponent had clinched the argument. "Of what other poet can that be said?"

JAPANESE FLOWER SHOWS.

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* about life in Mat-su-ye, Japan, "the chief city of the province of the gods," has one suggestive paragraph about the exquisite taste of the Japanese people in the matter of arranging flowers. As you are walking along the streets at night, he says, especially on the nights of sacred festivals, your attention will be attracted to some small booth by the sight of an admiring and perfectly silent crowd pressing before it.

As soon as one can get a chance to look, one finds there is nothing to look at but a few vases containing sprays of flowers, or perhaps some light, gracious branches freshly cut from a blossoming tree.

It is simply a little flower show, or more correctly, a free exhibition of master skill in the arrangement of flowers. For the Japanese do not brutally chop off flower-heads to work them up into meaningless masses of color, as we barbarians do; they love nature too well for that; they know how much the natural charm of the flower depends upon its setting and mounting, its relation to leaf and stem, and they select a single graceful branch or spray just as nature made it.

At first you will not, as a Western stranger, comprehend such an exhibition at all. You are yet a savage in such matters compared with the commonest coolies about you. As you study the simple little show you will discover that all the flower displays you have ever seen abroad were only monstrosities in comparison with the exquisite natural beauty of those few simple sprays.

You will also observe how much the white or pale blue screen behind the flowers enhances the effect by lamp or lantern light. For the screen has been arranged with the special purpose of showing the exquisiteness of plant shadows; and the sharp silhouettes of sprays and blossoms cast thereon are beautiful beyond the imagining of any Western decorative artist.

HER MAJESTY.

Queen Victoria is known to us not only as a monarch whose reign has been unusually long, successful and brilliant, but also as the head of a model English home, and a woman full of kindness, sympathy and simplicity. An American lady visiting in London gives the following description of a glimpse of the Queen:

The Queen looked much as her portraits had made her familiar to me, but neither photograph nor painting had succeeded in conveying the agreeable and satisfactory impression which I received.

She came up the pathway to the church with simple, modest dignity, not noticeable for any manner.

The royal family occupied a cross-pew, a spacious compartment, sunk in the side of the chancel recess.

Their manner during service was like that which we have so much reason to admire in all English people at church; their attention was given to the prayer-book, and, in devout conformity with its requisitions, they sat, stood, or knelt.

I had an opportunity now of looking at the Queen more attentively, and I was so placed that I could do so without impertinence. There was an evident honesty and directness of character, in which feminine subtilty had not even its usual proportion. No one, upon seeing her, unknown, in a group of women, would have failed to notice her before any other.

An expression of settled melancholy was upon her features. She had the look of one whose life was saddened by a grief so overwhelming that it had become irrepressible. We do not need to revive the early romance of her life to understand why.

PHILOSOPHIC.

Robert Carrick, a wealthy banker of Glasgow, was noted for his frugality. One day a friend, meeting him in the streets of Glasgow, noticed his old clothes, and advised him to get a new suit.

"Every one knows me here, so it doesn't matter what I wear," answered the banker.

A few weeks afterward the friend met the banker in London, wearing the same old clothes, and again remonstrated with him for dressing so shabbily.

"No one knows me here, so it doesn't matter what I wear!" said the philosophic banker.

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SUGGESTIONS

GREAT MUSICIANS.

What famous composers of music can you name?

Which of these excelled as players on musical instruments? On what instrument in each case?

Name three well-known compositions of each.

Were any of these persons famous except as musicians?

Which gained wealth as well as fame by their musical ability?

Have there been any "great" American composers?

For the Companion.

A BOY'S THOUGHTS OF LIFE.

The years have left me a boy no longer; yet boyhood lingers in breast and brain,
Dear careless boyhood, that soon must perish, and clothe its parting with tender pain!

A few more morrows, and I shall wonder how mirth and frolic so long could stay,—
From skies familiar the same sun shining, yet ah, not shining the same sweet way!

'Tis no real sadness that steals to warn me; it half is pleasure and half regret,
As though a welcome had met a farewell, and intermingled when they had met!

For while gay fancies may from the future delight and longing my spirit bring,
I'm like a nestling whose wings unfolded feel yet the nest-warmth about them cling!

This life that waits me, I yearn to know it; my heart is with it, my hope is there;
The large winds float it across my forehead, with tingle of nostrils, caress of hair!

It moves in mornings; it speaks in starlight; it lurks in sunset's fantastic hues;
I hear it murmur through swaying tree-tops; I watch it sparkle from roadside dews!

All nature tells me my altered impulse, my manhood's heirdoms to gifts unguessed;
Streams in their flowing and flowers in their blowing are rich with its prophecies half confessed!

I listen, I tremble with expectation; the secret answer I vainly plead!
To learn that answer is to have lived it;—to live it nobly were life indeed!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

For the Companion.

THE DOG OF THE NETHERLANDS.

Americans who travel through the Netherlands or the French provinces are shocked at the cruelty with which animals are treated by these otherwise humane and kindly peoples. Dogs are used by the poorer class as beasts of draught, instead of horses and mules, and it is not uncommon to see a half-starved cur, its bones almost protruding through its skin, dragging a huge cart, in which, on top of the load, sits the lazy owner, swearing and cracking his whip.

A pleasant story in connection with this custom is told in a Belgian village. About twenty years ago Mademoiselle Louise lived in this town. She was the daughter of the physician, a girl of eighteen, not remarkable for beauty, talent or wit; but she was anxious to do some good in the world.

She had at one time vague plans of going to Greenland as a missionary, but her health was not strong enough.

One day she saw a peasant named Cartier beating his dog brutally near her gate. The dog was weak and half-fed, and bleeding from his wounds; the load was enormous.

She could do nothing. The man had no sense of pity. The dog was his property, and he had a legal right to beat it to death if he chose.

But something she resolved to do. This one little wrong she would try to set right. She was a shrewd as well as a humane girl. She saved something from the little allowance given her by her father until she was able to buy a stout donkey, and have money enough besides to buy the peasant's dog. Then she bought the dog from Cartier, and offered to let him the donkey at a very low rate, on condition that the bargain should be annulled the moment he bought another dog or abused the donkey.

Her young friends laughed at her. After all she had rescued from misery only one dog among thousands. But the story was told throughout the village. It received favorable comments from both rich and poor. "Donkeys," thought the latter, "undoubtedly are stronger than dogs; has Mademoiselle P—— any more that can be hired on the same terms?"

The elders in the community, good people, and humane at heart, gave more thought to the fact that the dogs were cruelly tortured. They had been indifferent from custom. The abuse had been going on for centuries. Now that this girl had done something to abate it, why should not they join in her effort?

A year had hardly passed before several of the prominent citizens of the village had united to buy strong mules or draught horses, which were hired on reasonable terms by the laboring men, and the sense of humanity thus wakened began to show itself in kindly acts toward man as well as beasts.

The town is now the only one in the Netherlands in which no dogs are harnessed. There are in it also two asylums and a hospital, the outgrowth of the wider, deeper Christian feeling kindled by the simple acts of one earnest woman.

We may not have strength, ability or opportunity to do a great work for God in the world, but there is always a little task ready for us to take up, that is near at hand. He does not deny us that. Let us do it.

WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.

One of the best stories in Mr. Barrie's delightful Scotch book, "A Window in Thrums," is entitled "Waiting for the Doctor." Jess, the mother of the family, a cripple who has not been out of the house, and seldom out of the room, for twenty years, had gone early to rest, and the door of her bedroom in the kitchen was pulled to. All at once she called, "Leeby!" Leeby was the daughter. She answered, "Ay," and Hendry, the father, opened the door of the bedroom. "Yer mother's no weel," he said to Leeby. Leeby ran to the bed.

In another two minutes we were a group of four in the kitchen, staring vacantly. Death could not have startled us more, tapping thrice that quiet night on the window-pane.

"It's diphtheria!" said Jess, her hands trembling as she buttoned her wrapper.

She looked at me, and Leeby looked at me.

"It's no! it's no!" cried Leeby, and her voice was as a fist shaken at my face. She blamed me for hesitating in my reply.

Jess had discovered a white spot on her throat. I knew the symptoms.

Leeby ran off for the doctor, and after a time returned panting to say that he might be expected in an hour. He was away among the hills.

Hendry wandered between the two rooms, always in the way when Leeby ran to the window to see if that was the doctor at last. Finally he sat down by the kitchen fire, a Bible in his hand. It lay open on his knee, but he did not read much. He sat there with his legs outstretched, looking straight before him. I believe he saw Jess young again.

I sat alone at my attic window for hours waiting for the doctor. About midnight Hendry climbed the stairs and joined me. His hand was shaking as he pulled back the blind.

"She's waur," he whispered, like one who had lost his voice.

His eyes were glazed with staring at the turn of the brae where the doctor must first come in sight. I put my hand on his shoulder, and he stared at me.

"Nine-and-thirty years come June," he said, speaking to himself.

For this length of time, I knew, he and Jess had been married. He repeated the words at intervals.

"I mind —" he began, and stopped. He was thinking of the springtime of Jess's life.

The night ended as we watched; then came the terrible moment that precedes the day—the moment known to shuddering watchers by sick beds, when a chill wind cuts through the house, and the world seems cold in death.

"This is a fearsome nicht," Hendry said, hoarsely.

He turned to grope his way to the stairs, but suddenly went down on his knees to pray.

There was a quick step outside. I arose in time to see the doctor on the brae. He tried the latch, but Leeby was there to show him in. The door of the room closed on him.

From the top of the stair I could see into the dark passage, and make out Hendry shaking at the door. I could hear the doctor's voice, but not the words he said. There was a painful silence, and then Leeby laughed joyously.

"It's gone!" cried Jess. "The white spot's gone! Ye juist touched it, an' it's gone! Tell Hendry."

But Hendry did not need to be told. As Jess spoke I heard him say, huskily, "Thank God!" and then he tottered back to the kitchen. When the doctor left, Hendry was still on Jess's arm-chair, trembling like a man with the palsy. Ten minutes afterward I was preparing for bed, when he cried up the stair:

"Come awa' doon!"

I joined the family party in the room. Hendry was sitting close to Jess.

"Let us read," he said, firmly, "in the fourteenth of John."

HAZARDOUS JUMPS.

An English civil engineer, Mr. F. H. Grundy, who has spent a large part of his life in work upon railways, narrates two experiences that show the danger which even the most practised person runs in boarding or jumping from moving trains. At one time, while engaged upon some outdoor service upon a railway line, he was in the habit of taking advantage of a ballast train, which slackened speed for him, though it could not stop, at a point some half-dozen miles from his destination.

One night the train overtook him as usual, as he was plodding wearily homeward, and as usual it slackened speed, and he ran to mount the engine. But for once his hand and eye were not in accord, or a loose stone upset him, and in a moment he was dragging with his foot an inch or two in front of the great driving-wheel, hopeless of any other fate than that of being instantly crushed by the iron master.

Suddenly two strong pairs of arms seized his relaxing hand, and held him where he was, giving way not an inch. His arm felt as if it would be dragged out of its socket, but the wheel did not yet devour him. How long the train was in stopping! Somehow, at last, the guard at the rear of the train suspected there was something wrong, and plied his brake.

Then the cars stopped, and Mr. Grundy was pulled upon the engine, where a fit of trembling seized him. He was in bed for three days afterward, and for years dreamed of revolving monsters.

This experience did not cure him permanently of his carelessness, however. Some years later, in order to save a walk when he was weary, he jumped from a train moving five or six miles an hour. It was dark, and the ground could not be seen, but he knew the place, and taking the customary precautions, let go his hold.

He pitched upon a heap of fresh ballast, slipped and fell, rolling toward the train, expecting instant death; but he tumbled into a hole eight inches deep, alongside of the rail, and indeed almost under it. His head, he declares, fitted into this hole as the passing wheel brushed off his hat. His body lay away from the train. Was he safe?

The first car did not touch him, though the rattle from the loosened rail joint as the wheels crossed it jarred him horribly, and struck terror to his soul. Clank, clank, clank, the coupling-chains passed over, and the leading wheels of the second car shook him again as they rolled over the loose joint.

Then he began to feel safe; but anon he remembered that a hanging coupling or a dragging tarpaulin would be fatal to him. He listened painfully for the jangle of a loose chain, but before half-a-dozen cars had passed, he was unconscious of everything but the great fact that the footboards were travelling three inches or less above his head, and travelling, oh, so slowly! Would they never be past?

A horrible desire to raise his head took possession of him. He felt that he must raise it, even though it were to be sliced in two the next instant. He clenched his teeth and fists, and tried to pray that he might have strength to resist the infernal temptation.

Just when that temptation was becoming positively agonizing, and he was on the point of succumbing to it, he saw a red glare above his head. It was the "tail lamp," and the train had passed! But not for him; it was all going on just the same. More cars, more and still more, seemed to be rolling above him, and at last he lifted his head.

"As I live to write this," he declares, "I lifted it with a sort of wonder as to what it would all feel like soon where I was going. Nothing touched me! I stared wildly round, and then fainted."

The air revived him, and he staggered home. That night he started up shivering, rattling the very bed with his shaking, his teeth chattering, and his heart beating in terror. Brain fever set in, and it was long before he left his bed.

For the Companion.

DECEMBER.

Bleak wintry gales and cold, gray, sullen skies;
A landscape sere;
An echo of farewell in hurried cries,
As some belated traveller, feathered, flies
Across the mere.

A soughing sound among the poplar-trees;
Death's footsteps near;
A blight upon the lonely, frozen leas,
A maid'ning rush of tender memories;
The dying year.

A longing for the touch of one dear hand;
The festive cheer;
A bond of brotherhood throughout the land
Uniting close Christ's happy little band;
December's here!

NELLIE TALBOT KINKEAD.

OLD-TIME PREACHING.

Modern congregations, which often feel themselves free to criticise and condemn their ministers for very slight offences, would be ill at ease, no doubt, if the old-time authority of pastors over their flocks were restored. In the old-fashioned days, two centuries ago, it was the custom for the minister to criticise and sometimes to harass his congregation, instead of permitting himself to be harassed by them. Some stories told of an eccentric divine in Bristol, England, illustrate this.

This clergyman was given to preaching very long sermons—so long that his congregation finally made a formal remonstrance. He assured them that he would take the matter into consideration.

Next Sunday, when the hour came for the sermon, the pastor announced that he would give them a "short subject." His text, he said, was from Luke xviii, 8—"Nevertheless."

He began to preach, and the sermon had already been half an hour longer than usual when he said:

"And now I know you are all fretting and grumbling because your dinners are spoiling at home, but *nevertheless* I shall go on."

At last complaint was made to the bishop against the clergyman's "ridiculous manner of preaching," and the personal remarks which he often introduced into his sermons. The archdeacon and the bishop's chaplain were directed to go secretly to the church, and bring a faithful report to the bishop of what they heard.

The clergyman, in spite of their secrecy, got wind of their presence and errand, and preached from Genesis xlii, 9: "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come."

The sermon, it is said, was so ingenious and forcible that a good report of it was carried to the bishop, and for that time the pastor triumphed over his enemies.

Finally, however, matters went so far that the clergyman one day came to blows with several of his parishioners, and conquered them all, giving them a severe drubbing. Next Sunday he took for his text Nehemiah xiii, 25:

"And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair."

His sermons were not always long, for, having on one occasion to preach a funeral sermon on a very cold day at a long distance from his parish church, he took for his text, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble," and thus addressed the audience:

"My brethren, the weather is cold, the nights are long, the roads are bad, and we have all a considerable distance to go; wherefore I shall sum up my discourse in a few words, which you may easily bear in your memories.

"Let us, then, from the passage read consider, First, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world, and lastly, man's egress out of the world.

"Firstly of the first: Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare;

"Secondly: His progress through the world is with sorrow and care;

"Lastly: His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

"To conclude: If we live well here, we shall do very well there;

"And I could tell you no more, if I preached a whole year."

HURRICANES AT WAR.

We all remember Virgil's vivid description of the Cave of the Winds where King Aeolus sat on a lofty throne of rock, and with the waving of his potent sceptre calmed the fury of the imprisoned tempests, roaring impatiently round and round to find a place of escape from their confinement, until at the command of Juno he let Eurus and Notus and Africus and Aquilo—the southeast wind, the south wind, the southwest wind, and the north wind—loose to roll up the sea from its very bottom, and overwhelm the ships of Æneas.

This personification of the winds was universal in ancient times, and curiously enough, the modern science of meteorology seems to furnish some justification for it. There actually is a kind of individuality in winds and storms, and sometimes they contend with one another in a manner that would naturally induce a lively imagination to liken them to struggling giants of the air.

A striking instance of the aversion occasionally manifested between two great circling storms was furnished at the end of last summer by the terrible hurricane which devastated the island of Martinique on the Twenty-eighth of August, and another hurricane which, having on the day before passed Bermuda, spent its fury in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

The ordinary course of a West India hurricane is toward the northeast, up along the United States coast, but it was noticed that the Martinique storm abandoned the usual track, and moved off in an uncertain manner toward the northwest, finally dying away in the Gulf of Mexico without getting out into the Atlantic.

This extraordinary conduct, and ignominious ending, of a hurricane that had started with almost unexampled strength and fierceness, is now explained by the fact that, in attempting to move along the regular course toward the northeast, it came into collision, so to speak, with the other hurricane, that had passed east of Bermuda and was just crossing the usual track of the West India tempests.

Forming two great eddies in the atmosphere, these storms, with their flying clouds and canopies of streaming vapor, repelled one another, and the result was that the Martinique hurricane, as if baffled and weakened by the Bermuda storm-giant, retreated into the Gulf of Mexico, and there ended its career.

What a word-picture of such a battle royal in the atmosphere Virgil would have given us!

A HOT POTATO.

At an alumni dinner during the past summer a professor in a Massachusetts college told a laughable story of his boyhood. His father was president of a college, and the Commencement dinner was always held at his house. It was a grand affair, with many distinguished guests, and the little boy had to wait until they had finished dinner and returned to the parlor before he was allowed any chance at the good things of the table.

For days previous to the event there was baking and brewing, and the whole house was filled with savory odors. On the morning of the Commencement dinner there seemed no place in the house for a small urchin like myself. I was sent from the pantry, from the kitchen, and from the dining-room. So I wandered about disconsolately, growing hungry with every whiff of the roasting meats and the spicy pies and puddings.

At length dinner was ready, and Jane, one of the hired girls, went to the parlor to announce the fact, leaving the dining-room door ajar. I was in hiding under the hall table, and here was my opportunity. I rushed into the dining-room to see what there was good on the table. Alas, the only thing within my reach was a dish of hot baked potatoes!

Father and the company were approaching. I seized a potato, jammed it into my trousers' pocket, and made a rush for the door. I managed to scramble past father, who led the way with a lady on his arm, and blundered full into the Governor of the State.

The Governor laughed, and picked me up in his arms while I struggled for freedom.

"Ah, what a fine boy, Mr. President!" said his Excellency, as he held me firmly against his side. "But he's a rogue, I see, for he has stolen his father's chin."

"I didn't steal father's chin, either!" I gasped. "'Twas only a potato! And oh, it's burning me!" With that I gave a ringing scream, and, to the horror of father and mother, struck the Governor in the face with my hand.

Then it all came out. That hot potato had burst under the Governor's hug, and steaming through the thin linen trousers, had made a great red burn on my leg. And so it came to pass that, until I entered college, I never had anything for dinner on Commencement day but one baked potato.

"That is to help you remember to keep your pockets clear of stolen goods," father used to say, "for one never knows when he may meet the Governor."

MRS. BEECHER'S RING.

In her paper, "Mr. Beecher as I knew him," published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mrs. Beecher tells the story of her engagement to Mr. Beecher, and of how he earned his engagement ring. He was seventeen years old when he asked her a very important question and was referred to her parents.

"Why, you are a couple of babies!" answered the angry father. "You don't know your own minds yet, and won't for some years to come!"

But the boy won the angry father's consent. One day, not long after, Henry walked from Amherst, where he was at college, to Brattleboro, Vermont, to give a temperance lecture—his first public address. After speaking, he walked back, using the money given him to pay his fare to buy books and to purchase a simple gold ring.

"That ring," writes Mrs. Beecher, "worn out by hard labor while at the West, and mended time and again,—the mending paid for by sewing at night while others slept,—was so thin by the time we came to Brooklyn, that it could only be mended by lining. It was worn long after that until, after a quarter of a century's use, it could no longer be repaired. To-day it rests close to me as I write—sacredly kept as the result of Henry Ward Beecher's first earnings by public speaking at the age of seventeen!

"I once heard a young lady say, showing her engagement ring: 'There! I always said I would never be engaged if I could not have a diamond ring.' And then I thought of the old worn ring, so carefully treasured, which half a century ago cost eighty-five cents, and questioned if there was on earth a ring more precious."

CHINESE MAILS.

An English missionary, long resident in China, has a good word to say for the postal system in that part of the Empire where he was stationed—the neighborhood of Hang-chow and Shanghai. The mails are generally carried in foot-boats, so called because they are propelled by a single long oar which the boatman works with his feet.

The postal system is not a governmental enterprise, and so far as I know the different private offices which conduct its operations receive no official subsidy. Yet money and valuables can be entrusted to these offices, and the letters are, as a rule, delivered with great regularity.

In Hang-chow, where a purely Chinese system is in operation, there are two deliveries every day, and twice also the postman calls most obligingly for letters. Newspapers and parcels arrive a post or two later, but letters are delivered within three days between Hang-chow and Shanghai or Ningpo.

These private offices are more liberal—perhaps more audacious—than the Postmaster-General of Great Britain.

A bank draft for five hundred dollars, let us say, is sent by post. The sender writes on the outside of the envelope the amount of the draft; he pays double postage, one hundred and twenty cash—about twelve cents,—and the office holds itself responsible for the whole amount.

WHAT HE COULD AFFORD.

There is a moral worth heeding in a bit of talk which passed not long ago between two Harvard students. One of them inherited much money, and gives the best energies of his life to spending it in somewhat ostentatious fashion.

The second student, his townsman and cousin, is a steady, straightforward fellow, manly and gifted, and not in the least ashamed of the fact that he is poor.

The talk on the train, when the boys were starting together for Cambridge this fall, happened to turn upon the subject of winter clothing, and the wealthy youth said, with a little air of patronage:

"I always have my clothes made by Blank. It is true he is the most expensive tailor in Boston, but he is the best. I suppose," he added, with unconscious rudeness, "that you can hardly afford to patronize Blank."

"No," the other answered, quietly, "but then I can afford not to patronize him."

His cousin was not too dull to see the point, and the subject was dropped.

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For the Companion.

TWO LITTLE BOYS AND TWO LITTLE SLEDS.

Two little boys had two little sleds,
But neither enjoyed his treasure,
For each one thought that his brother's sled
Would be much more to his pleasure.

They exchanged their sleds, changed back again,
And quarrelled for days together,
Till on Christmas morning the sleds were gone—
All in the snowiest weather.

Then the two little boys grew grave and sad,
When papa said, "I have sent them,
By Santa Claus, to some boys so good
That the simplest things content them."

The lesson was hard, but they learned it well,
And Santa Claus brings a present
This year of two fine sleds to the boys
Who have grown to be kind and pleasant.

For the Companion.

TOTTY'S CHRISTMAS.

They call me Totty, because I am small. I had a funny Christmas, and mamma said I might tell about it.

I have the scarlet fever, and I live all alone with my mamma in her room. Nobody comes in 'cept the doctor, and he says he sha'n't come any more to see a girl who feels as well as I do.

Mamma wears a cap and an apron, and we have our own dishes, just like play, and she washes them in a bright tin pan, and then I have the pan for a drum, and beat on it till she says she shall fly.

I always stop then, for I do think I should be frightened to see mamma fly. Besides, she might fly away.

Well, yesterday was Christmas, and I could get out of bed and sit up in a chair; it was the first time.

So I sat up to dinner, and it was a partridge, but we played it was a turkey. There was jelly and macaroni, and for dessert we had grapes and oranges. Mamma made it all look pretty, and papa gave her roses through the door, and she put them all over the table.

When she had washed the dishes, she turned the big chair round so that I could look out of the window, and Hal and John came out on the lawn and made a snow man for me to look at.

It was a fine man, with two legs and two arms, and they kept playing he was the British, and knocking his head off.

Mamma told me I mustn't turn round till she said I might, but I didn't want to, anyhow, the man was so funny.

I heard papa whispering at the door, and I *did* want to see him, but I knew I couldn't, 'cause the other children haven't had the fever; and then I heard things rustle, paper and something soft, like brushing clothes.

They went on rustling, oh, a long time! and there was jingling, too, and I began to want to turn round *very* much *indeed;* but I didn't, of course, 'cause I said I wouldn't.

At last mamma came up softly and tied something over my eyes, and told me to wait just a minute; and it really didn't seem as if I could.

Then she turned the chair round, and took the thing off my eyes, and—*what* do you think was there?

A Christmas tree! A dear little ducky tree, just about as big as I am, and all lighted with red and blue candles, and silver stuff hanging like fringe from the branches, and red icicles. (No! Mamma says they are glass, but they look real. They are in a box now, and I can play with them.)

And everything on the tree was for me. That makes a rhyme. I often make them.

There was a lovely doll, all china, with clothes to take off and put on, and buttons and button-holes in everything. I have named her Christine, 'cause that's the most like Christmas of any name I know.

And a tin horse and cart, and a box of blocks, and a *lovely* white china slate to draw on, and a box of beasts, not painted, all carved just like real beasts, and a magnet-box, with three ducks and two swans and four gold-fish and a little boat, all made of tin, and lots of oranges and a lovely china box full of cream candy (the doctor said I might have it if Aunt May made it, and she did), and a box of guava jelly, and a little angel at the top, flying, all of white china.

And *everything* will wash, except the things to eat, 'cause everything I play with has to be burned up, unless it can be washed, so they all gave me washing things.

Even Christine has china hair, and all her clothes are white, so they can be boiled, and so can she, and mamma says it won't hurt her at all.

So I never had a nicer Christmas, though of course I wanted the other children; but then, *I* had mamma, and of course *they* wanted *her*, poor dears!

And nobody need be afraid to read this story, 'cause it is going to be *baked in the oven* before it goes.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.



For the Companion.

BABY ALICE.

It was just a few days before Christmas, and Baby Alice wanted to give little sister a candy dog. So papa bought one for her to give on Christmas day.

When the time came, she was not willing to part with it, and said, "No, no, me have it, me have doggie."

Then she began to eat it to make sure of it.

So Alice herself ate the Christmas present which she was to give her sister. But she was so little she did not know any better.

When Christmas came again, Alice was a year older, and had learned many things.

She was pleased to spend her pennies in buying presents for papa, mamma and sister.

When these were wrapped up, and she saw nothing for herself, she said, "But where's my p'esent to me?"

"Oh," said papa, "we do not give presents to ourselves."

"But," said little honest heart, "I want to give me a p'esent, papa; 'cause I like me better than I do *anybody else.*"

She could not be satisfied without seeing a present to herself put with the other three packages.

So her papa bought some blocks of sugar, and the little girl wrapped them up herself, with papa's help. He wrote on the package, "Alice's Present to Herself."

In the morning, when the gifts were distributed, she was as much delighted with that as with any she received.

MRS. F. H. HAZELTINE.

THERE is a street-lamp near Edna's home, and she often used to stand at the window and watch the shadows of people passing by. On Christmas eve she stood there for some time, and her mother asked her if she was watching for Santa Claus. "Yes, mamma," she replied. "I shall see the shadow of his walksteps when he comes."

For the Companion.

A CHRISTMAS SECRET.

"I know a secret," said little Belle,
"A beautiful secret, but I sha'n't tell!
You'd like to know it, I'm sure you would!
And if you'll be very, very good,
P'raps I will whisper it in your ear,
Just to make certain nobody'll hear.
I've knitted mamma some slippers—oh,
The loveliest color! There, now you know!
And don't you b'lieve she'll like them as well
As a thousand dollars? But don't you tell!"

For the Companion.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Sturdy Jack and little Ned listened eagerly, as mamma read them a story of the sweet, quaint custom of children in other lands—how they go from house to house on Christmas eve, and sing their Christmas carols of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

"Wouldn't that be just splendid?" breathed Jack, after mamma had tucked them into bed.

"Splendid!" echoed Ned.

The house grew still as they talked it all over, and the lights went out one by one.

Pretty soon they crawled out of the warm bed.

"Let's only put on our stockings; then we can get into bed quicker," chattered Ned.

Then they opened the door, and stood shivering a minute upon the mat in the hall.

"Don't make a mite of noise!" commanded Jack.

So, hand in hand, they went softly down the hall to mamma's door.

"I—I—guess we won't go out under the window," whispered Jack. "'Cause, 'cause we aint dressed, you know, Ned, and it's awful cold out there. I guess this will be just as well. Sing now, Ned. Sing 'I want to be an angel.'"

How quickly mamma's door opened, as their young voices rang out in the dark, silent hall!

"You blessed children!" she cried, as she drew them into the warm room. "You *naughty* boys! What does this mean?"

"Christmas carols!" said Jack, winking hard to keep back the tears—for he was a big boy, you know; *he* was eight years old!

"Christmas carols!" echoed Ned, who *always* echoed what Jack said; but he was only six years old, and so he *did* cry.

"You will be angels sooner than we want you to be, if you run around this way," laughed mamma, with tears in her own eyes. "Don't you know that you'll both have the croup?"

"Yes'm," said Jack, meekly.

"Yes'm," echoed Ned.

"Then run back to bed this minute," said mamma. "To-morrow you shall put on your coats and mittens, and sing carols under the window as long as you like."

And Jack and Ned, standing knee-deep in the snow under mamma's window, with the warm sun bright around them, were sure that it was the nicest way, especially when mamma gently raised the sash, and showered peanuts and candy into their caps.

"Do you know what makes wheels go so fast?" asked a five-year-old boy. "'Cause they have so many legs," meaning the spokes of wheels.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

ANAGRAM.

Lnaaatussc.

I have a treasure-house,
Greater I ween
Than any possessed
By a king or a queen.
Ho, for its pleasures!
Hey, for its joys!
How I laugh when they're scattered
'Mong girls and 'mong boys!

A. M. P.

2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer, composed of 110 letters, embodies a wish for the holiday season.

The 7, 8, 6, 1, 2, 12, 11, 9, 14 is having no equal.
The 31, 3, 4, 65, 22, 10, 24, 19, 20 is original.
The 16, 61, 34, 5, 64, 80, 42, 48, 26 is to defeat.
The 81, 40, 13, 51, 54, 95, 46, 97 is an electric message.
The 33, 56, 17, 59, 60, 62, 15, 25 is a short, broad, crooked sword.
The 50, 83, 38, 18, 23, 84, 41 is much loved.
The 21, 73, 63, 37, 93, 92, 32, 103 is one who forms a plan in painting, etc.
The 68, 27, 43, 28, 47, 104, 88 is a fire made for joy or triumph.
The 29, 66, 35, 39, 30, 74, 109, 44 is sacred.
The 36, 85, 72, 53, 76, 49, 110, 58 is starved.
The 45, 102, 101, 90, 91, 99 is a petrified plant.
The 86, 87, 98, 52, 70 is courteous.
The 89, 96, 55, 71 are natives.
The 78, 69, 57, 75, 67, 77 is to conclude.
The 79, 107, 94 is away.
The 106, 82, 105, 108, 100 is an arrangement of leaves around a common centre, upon the same plane.

FRANK SNELLING.

3.

RIDDLE.

(For very little folks.)

I'm a most mysterious person,
Some say I do not exist;
But if I'm away on a certain day
Just notice how much I am missed.

I am fat, big-hearted and jolly,
And I love little children well,
To them I bring joy, with many a toy,—
Now what is my name? Can you tell?

4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The *finals* spell a decoration used at the season of the *primals*.

Cross-Words.

1. Habitual practice.
2. One of the West Indies.
3. Large streams of water.
4. Meaning.
5. A writing formed into a roll.
6. A quick, sharp noise.
7. A place for buying and selling.
8. The god of music.
9. That from which anything proceeds.

5.

ANAGRAMS.

Good Books for Christmas Stockings.

Tottri Gill's White Toads, by Hulda Collins Mounteroe.
Ella Trip's Quince Trees, by Anne Seacroft.
Darte Dodray, the Rough, by Tom P. Galpyn
Walter DeToft's Election, by Peleg Ashon Matson.
Boston Way, by Elisha Lowe Mandwill.

Christmas Conundrums.

When is a Christmas goose like a pincushion? When it is stuffed.

Why should large dealers in cattle and sheep beware of Christmas eve? Because so many stockings (stock kings) are hung then.

What claws never scratch? Santa Claus (claws).

What young ladies are always welcome at a Christmas festival? Christmas belles (bells).

What is the wisest thing about the Christmas roast turkey? The sage.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Fir—fur.

2.

S	H	A	M	B	L	E	S
E	T	H	N	I	C	A	L
R	E	N	O	U	N	C	E
R	E	C	I	T	A	L	S
D	E	C	I	M	A	T	E
S	H	A	D	O	C	K	
O	R	I	G	I	N	A	L
P	L	E	B	E	I	A	N
R	E	A	S	S	U	R	E
P	R	E	S	S	U	R	E

Zigzags—1 to 10, St. Nicholas. 11 to 20, Santa Claus.

3. 1. Honor the charge they made,
Honor the light brigade,
Noble six hundred.

2. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand.

4. 1. S on W—Snow. 2. S after G—Grafts. 3. T under H—Thunder. 4. S and H—Hands. 5. A on L—Loan. 6. D upon S—Pounds.

5. Unite. Untie.

6. Better late than never.

7. Congratulations.

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For the Companion.

CARELESS SANTA CLAUS.

From north to south speeds Santa Claus his Christmas-crowded sleigh;
He does a wonderful amount of labor in a day;
And so, although a pity, yet perhaps it is not queer
That in his haste he chanced to make some sad mistakes last year.

It happened in a town that lies not distant from our sight—
The name I will not mention here, but if I would I might—
He passed expectant, loving friends by tens and maybe scores,
And left the presents meant for them at other people's doors.

The gloves he brought for Ella Green he gave to Emma Gray,
Who had a dozen pairs from Paris just received that day;
The doll that sickly Lulu Lane had hoped for half a year
He gave, with seven finer ones, to small Estella Greer.

The drawing tools requested by ambitious Tommy West
He sent to idle Philip Jay, who let them rust in rest;
The muff intended Hester's needle-roughened hands to hold
He gave the banker's daughter—and the sewing-girl caught cold.

None needed more than Mrs. Brown a china dinner-set;
And Santa brought it for her, but it went to Mrs. Brett;
And Mrs. Brett, who boarded, crowded it upon a shelf,
Where no one else could see, and where she seldom looked herself.

Penalian Vane, the bachelor, society's delight,
Had three fine silk umbrellas, with handles gleaming bright;
And only one was meant for him, one for the widow Moore,
And one for Jones, the coughing clerk at Irwin's trimming store.

Now you may think the riddle was not very hard to read,
That those who had too much would soon discover who had need;
But though indeed remarkable 'tis true which here I say:
Not one of them has dreamed of the mistake until to-day.

It is too late to mend it: dolls broken, gloves out-worn,
A pretty muff moth-eaten, umbrellas lost and torn;
But don't you think that all of us had better watch this year,
Lest Santa Claus should err again, and make the blunder here?

CATHARINE S. HOLMES.

For the Companion.

MATE OF A SANDAL-WOOD TRADER.

By Chas. Wm. Kennedy.

Late Commander White Star Steamer "Germanic."

In June, 1850, I arrived at the island of Erramango, one of the New Hebrides group, as chief mate of the schooner *Red Rover*. Our object was to obtain a cargo of sandal-wood. The natives of the island were among the most treacherous and bloodthirsty in the Pacific.

The schooner could approach no nearer than a mile from the shore, and we left her there in charge of the second mate.

Our small boats were lowered. The Captain took charge of one, and assigned the other to me.

My crew of four men consisted of two white men and two black natives of Aneiteum, six of whom were shipped as sailors on board the schooner. The men were all armed—the whites with small rifles and short, heavy swords, the blacks with tomahawks and clubs. Besides our rifles, the Captain and myself carried in our belts a brace of pistols and a small tomahawk.

We drew near the breakers that were surging upon the beach and dropped anchor. One white sailor was stationed in the bow to guard the rope, for the natives would have cut it at the first opportunity. The other kept his eyes fastened intently on me while I was delivering the trading goods.

As we threw out our anchor, I saw the beach swarming with black, naked, hideous-looking objects; their faces and bodies painted red and black.

The logs were floated out to us, a few at a time, by three of the natives; we permitted no more than that to approach the boat together. They plunged into the surf, pushing the wood before them until it came within our reach. Then it was hauled in and stowed away in the bottom of the boats by our blacks.

I then paid the natives on shore the price in goods agreed upon by the missionaries. They appeared perfectly satisfied with it.

The weather continued fair all day so that we were able to do a brisk trade; going back to the schooner with each load as it was finished, and returning to the shore for another.

The following morning operations were resumed. Towards noon the sea began rising and rolling in from the northwest.

At four o'clock the Captain had gone on board the ship with his last load. Mine was not yet completed.

In the meantime a heavy bank of black, threatening clouds was approaching rapidly, and we knew that a squall was near at hand. At last, loaded nearly to a level with the water's edge, we set out for the schooner.

Before I could reach the vessel the squall caught us. A deluge of rain poured down, completely shutting out the schooner from our view. An enormous wave, breaking over us, almost swamped our boat; and I was compelled to throw out half my load in order to save ourselves.

The squall lasted but a few minutes, and then passed over. Looking for the schooner I saw, to my horror, that she had been drawn by the heavy sea and wind in shore of us, and was lying very dangerously near the rocks. Every sea drew her closer on.

I made for her as fast as the men could pull. We succeeded in making a rope fast to the doomed schooner and tried to tow her out, but in vain. At last we were compelled to cut the line to save ourselves.

We were just in time. A huge wave which surely would have engulfed us if we had kept our hold, broke just clear of the stern. The same wave lifted the ill-fated schooner high on its crest and dashed her with a terrific crash broadside on the rocks.

Daylight had nearly disappeared. Just sufficient remained for us to see her go. Then darkness settled down over her and hid her from our sight.

The Captain and the remainder of the crew were still on board the schooner.

It was high water when the ship went ashore, and two hours later the sea appeared smoother. One of the sailors swam to the shore with a message to the Captain, informing him that at the first break of day I would be ready to take him with the others off the wreck.

When the squall came up, the savages had dispersed far into the interior to their huts. We knew, however, that the earliest rays of the sun would find them on the beach.

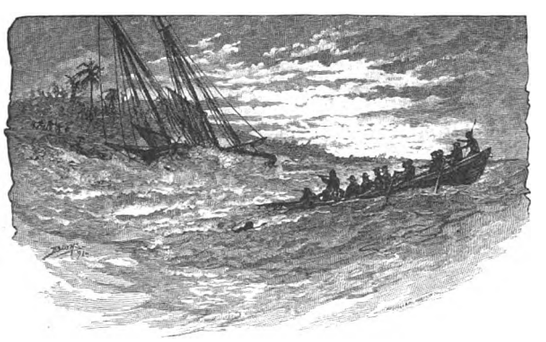
At the first glimmer of dawn, I heard a whisper from the water just at the stern of our boat. I at once recognized the voice of the native sailor whom I had sent to the Captain the night previous.

He told me that all were alive on the schooner, and that I was to draw as near to the ship as possible. I had already thrown overboard the remainder of my load, and was prepared to receive them.

The savages would now very soon make their appearance, and we loaded our rifles for their reception. Fortunately we had a large supply of ammunition.

As daylight broadened, I could distinguish the men moving about on board the schooner, evidently making preparations to leave. We accordingly pulled up as near to her as we could with safety, and waited.

Some of those on board immediately caught hold of the ropes hanging from the stern, and with one hand swung themselves off into the water and swam to the boat. They brought with them pieces of salt meat, closely secured in oil-skin to protect them from the sea-water.



Wrecked among Cannibals.

At this moment a fearful, blood-curdling yell rang out on the air. Turning around I saw that the rocks seemed alive with savages.

In the full paraphernalia of war-paint, their naked bodies presenting a hideous spectacle, they leaped from rock to rock, brandishing their spears and tomahawks, and howling and shrieking like so many demons. But their fear of our firearms kept them away from the ship.

As the Captain and remainder of the crew were about to lower themselves into the sea, I gave orders to my crew to be in readiness with their rifles, and fire the instant I gave the word.

It required a great deal of nerve and courage to accomplish what the poor fellows on the schooner were about to do; and I sat with my hands on my rifle anxiously watching them.

They had scarcely let go the ropes, when the savages with one of their horrible yells scrambled down the rocks, and plunged in after them.

The men struck out rapidly for the boat. At the same instant we raised our rifles and fired.

Two of the savages fell; and their fate caused the others to beat a retreat.

Under cover of our fire, all the men, with but one exception, reached the boat and were hauled in. When almost within our grasp the old cook's courage deserted him. Losing his strength, he was lifted high on the crest of a large roller, and as he was being carried backward towards the shore, a huge savage, seeing his helpless condition, attacked him with his tomahawk, and the old man's fears and troubles were forever ended.

At the same time, bringing my rifle to my shoulder, I fired. The cook's assailant fell back and dropped lifeless into the water.

As we pulled away with all possible speed, the schooner blew up. The Captain had set fire to her close to a small powder magazine.

Our force now consisted of the Captain, myself, second mate, four white sailors, and six blacks. The white men were all well armed and provided with plenty of ammunition.

Our blacks carried tomahawks and short, heavy clubs Nothing whatever could induce them to touch a rifle.

What course to pursue was the next thing to be considered. To attempt to land in the vicinity was madness. We should surely be overpowered, killed, and eaten by the natives. We decided to run down to the lee side of the island, with the hope of sighting some vessel on the coast.

Steering along the coast for several miles, we came to a part of the island that was apparently deserted. As we had eaten nothing since the day previous, and had only raw salt meat and a keg of water with us, we decided to go on shore, make a fire, and cook our dinner. We had nearly reached the shore, and were on the point of jumping from the boat, when our attention was arrested by a slight rustle in the bush.

In a flash our pistols were in our hands. Looking in the direction from which the sound proceeded, we saw four natives, two men and two women clothed in European costume, coming towards us.

We at once surmised that they were missionaries; and such indeed they proved to be. Addressing us in very fair English, they informed us that a few weeks since they had been landed there by a schooner belonging to the missionary society. We also learned that just before their arrival, a powerful inland tribe had made a descent on the natives who had lived here, killed nearly all the men, and carried the remainder, with the women and children, into captivity.

Finding that we could land with safety, we all went ashore. Two of the men were ordered to prepare our food. Yams and cocoanuts were kindly supplied by the missionaries.

We were cautioned by these good people against remaining for any great length of time in the vicinity. But it was impossible for us to attempt to reach Aneiteum in our small boat until the wind changed to a more favorable quarter, and we decided to wait a few days at least.

A short distance from the shore we found a deserted hut, and immediately took possession of it. Our rifles and pistols were carefully kept loaded. Our boat was drawn up in the bush. Our food consisted of yams, cocoanuts, and the salt meat brought from the wreck.

On the afternoon of the fifth day, while sitting outside our hut, we heard, in the bush, voices drawing near our camp. The crashing of branches and tramping of feet indicated that the number of visitors was by no means small.

Springing up, we seized our rifles and made preparations for action.

In a few moments a dozen armed and painted savages burst through the bush, and appeared before us. Instantly our weapons were raised, and pointed at their heads. This quickly brought them to a standstill.

Making signs that they had no evil intentions, they informed us that a large tribe was advancing to make an attack upon us; adding, that unless we stopped them at a certain pass in the valley, a short distance off, we should be overpowered and killed.

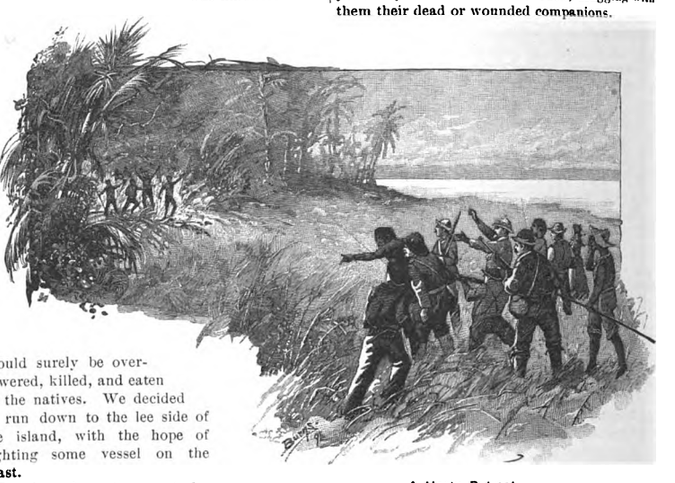
A similar report had been conveyed to us by the missionaries, and, feeling that there might be some truth in what they had said, the Captain determined to send a part of our force with the savages to the place designated.

Our party was then equally divided, and I was accordingly sent with the savages at the head of one party, while the other remained at the hut.

We had scarcely proceeded a quarter of a mile, when, upon looking for our conductors, we found that they had disappeared as if by magic.

Realizing that we had been deceived, I gave the order to return to camp as rapidly as each man's legs could carry him. We rushed and tore through the thick bush and foliage as fast as we could push our way towards the hut. We had just sighted it, when we saw our treacherous guides appearing from another quarter.

As they came into full view, without waiting for an explanation I ordered my men to fire. We raised our rifles, and sent a volley of bullets among them. With their customary shrieks and yells they retreated into the bush, dragging with them their dead or wounded companions.



A Hasty Retreat.

We were now convinced that the time had come for us to leave the island. The missionaries had brought us the information that on the night following, a grand religious festival would be held, at which every member of the tribe must be present.

We determined to avail ourselves of this opportunity. Under cover of the darkness, we stole softly down to the place where our boat was concealed, laden with cocoanuts and a small keg of water. On these we must subsist until more could be obtained, but from whence it was to come, it was impossible for us to say.

We got in and took our places. The Captain was at the stern to do the steering; the blacks manned the oars. The remainder of our party held our rifles, ready to fire at an instant's warning.

The order was whispered to the men to give way at the oars, when a yell came from the bush, accompanied by a perfect shower of spears, arrows and stones, proving that the savages had discovered our escape.

They had doubtless been to the hut, and, finding it deserted, had rushed down to the shore, hoping to head us off before we reached our boat.

Several of the arrows came near hitting us, but fortunately did no harm. The men stopped pulling, and, raising our rifles, we fired in the direction of the lights that were seen moving about in the bush. The shrieks of rage and pain that followed, proved that some of the bullets at least had not failed to hit the mark.

We loaded and fired twice; then hoisting the sail, we were soon fairly embarked on the open ocean on our way to Aneiteum. Our feelings of relief and thankfulness were beyond description.

For four days and nights we sailed and rowed, making but little progress. Our food was now nearly exhausted, and we began to feel the pangs of hunger. Much has been said and written of the horrors of being in an open boat in mid-ocean, but the half has not been told, nor ever can be.

At the dawn of the fifth day there came a cry of "Light on the larboard bow!" We all started up and strained our eyes in that direction.

There it was; clear, bright, shining across the expanse of ocean, and sending into our hearts such joy as only those can feel who are reduced to the extremity that we were. There was no land in that quarter; and we knew it was a ship's light and that we were saved.

With strength and courage renewed we pulled towards her, and when within hearing distance, fired one of our rifles. Our signal was heard, and shortly after a voice reached our ears, calling to us to pull for the ship.

We needed no urging, and were soon alongside. Catching hold of some ropes we climbed up on deck, and found ourselves on board the *Intrepid*, of Hobart Town, a whaler, bound for the island of Tanna.

We received a kind and hearty welcome from the Captain and crew, and were soon seated at a table enjoying a delicious breakfast. Our boat was passed astern, and secured.

On learning that we were anxious to reach Aneiteum, the Captain kindly offered to beat

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landward, and drop us under the lee of the island about five miles from the trading station.

This he accordingly did, and at daylight of the following morning we were in smooth water, and at our destination.

My enthusiasm had by this time considerably abated, and I made up my mind to avail myself of the first opportunity that offered, and return to Australia. However remunerative the trade in sandal-wood might be, I discovered that I had a decided preference for an occupation attended with more tranquillity of mind.

For the Companion.

VENETIAN PIGEONS.

Every one in Venice feeds the pigeons. The gondoliers, as they eat their frugal meal on the quays, drop a few grains of *polenta*. The school-boy turns his pockets inside out, and watches the birds as they pick up the crumbs of his lunch. In early morning the birds flock about certain windows, long before the shutters are opened, as if they had reason to expect charity there.

At two o'clock they are fed from one of the royal palaces, but the amount of grain thrown to them daily is little for so many. Before the clock strikes, the pigeons cluster around the window, as the Venetians collected about the royal palace on great festival days in the time of the Doges. When the food is thrown, there is a fluttering and scuffling truly Venetian, after the manners of the people when the Doge threw handfuls of gold and silver amongst them as he passed to embark on the *Bucentaur*.

The Venetians tell you some one left a legacy to feed the pigeons daily, but who this some one was, and when he lived, they cannot tell. In truth, the few handfuls of golden corn thrown amongst the birds are only symbolical of the donats and oecile distributed by the ancient Doges in largess.

None but strangers feed the pigeons liberally. When they first arrive in Venice they find it an enjoyable novelty to do so. As men are always about the piazza offering paper cornucopias filled with maize for a few soldi, the pigeons fare well during the travellers' season.

The first handful of corn thrown, or even a gesture as of throwing, brings a cloud of birds down from their perches on the neighboring buildings. They settle at the feet of the giver in such numbers that the individual birds are scarcely distinguishable in the mass of agitated feathers.

The boldest of the flock light on the head and shoulders of their benefactor, and eat from the outstretched hand, but not unless it be held perfectly still. The pigeons, like the people, though they have the appearance of being bold, are really shy, timorous, and always on the alert.

Soon the stranger becomes familiar with the ever present pigeons, the novelty of feeding wears off, and he forgets all about them as he becomes interested in other things. But luckily for the birds, there are always fresh arrivals, and always men anxious to sell little packets of corn.

Many persons who have fed these birds never forget them. A Venetian, living in a distant land, sends each winter a small sum of money to a friend in Venice, with the request that it may be expended in feeding the pigeons in St. Mark's Square on Christmas day.

When and how the pigeons of Venice acquired veneration and were taken under the protection of the authorities, is still an unsettled question.

There is a tradition often repeated in the guide-books, that Admiral Dandolo, when he was besieging Candia at the beginning of the Thirteenth Century, received intelligence from Venice, by means of carrier pigeons, which greatly facilitated his conquest.

"He then despatched the birds back to Venice with news of his success, and since that period their descendants have been carefully tended and highly revered by the citizens." So says tradition.

There are two points in this legend difficult to understand. It may be true that the Admiral received intelligence from Venice by means of carrier pigeons." But that he "despatched the birds back to Venice with news of his success" will be doubted by any boy who has a dovecote.

A double voyage is too much to expect, even of well-bred carriers. The messenger birds fly by instinct to their homes, after having been carried away confined in some cage for the journey. They will not carry a message away from home any quicker than a rat will bring back a bell that has been tied to his tail.

Again, the Venice pigeon of to-day does not resemble the carrier pigeon. It is the rock or moon pigeon—as familiar on our public buildings in America as on the palaces of Venice. Naturalists, indeed, say that all varieties of pigeon have been developed from the common rock, and will revert to that form unless bred under human direction.

Nevertheless it is not easy to believe that the pigeons of Venice are descendants from carriers of the Middle Ages.

Another tradition purports to explain why the birds are held sacred:

On the festival of Palm Sunday, so runs the legend, the Doge made the tour of the piazza accompanied by all the officers of State, the Patriarch, the foreign ambassadors, the silver trumpets, all the pomp of ducal dignity. Among

A Friend of the Pigeons.

other largesses of that day a number of pigeons, weighted by pieces of paper tied to their legs, used to be let loose from the gallery where the bronze horses stand, above the western door of the church.

Most of the birds were easily caught by the crowd and kept for their Easter dinner; but

some escaped and took refuge in the upper part of the palace and among the domes of St. Mark's. The superstition of the people was easily touched, and the birds that had sought the protection of the saints were henceforth dedicated to the patron of Venice.

Whether this explanation be true or false, the pigeons are carefully guarded by the municipal authorities, and add much to the gaiety of Venice. As there are no other animals roving about, excepting a few dogs and cats, the fluttering flocks give needed life to the quiet place, and help to furnish and decorate the city of forty islands.

A person found guilty of capturing or killing one of these birds is not only fined but sometimes condemned to imprisonment—seven months' imprisonment, the people tell you. Last winter a man was arrested for poaching within the city limits.

Before the magistrates he insisted that, as the pigeons were public property he, being one of the public, had a right to help himself to his share. But the judge locked the man up for three months to digest his pigeon pie.

Notwithstanding the severe penalty, many of the pigeons get into the pot and the butchers go unpunished.

Not long ago a commotion was occasioned on the Riva by a boy who accidentally knocked down a bird. Having a stick in his hand he had thoughtlessly struck at a flock that went flying past. No policeman was in sight. An old gondolier picked up the victim, showed it to the crowd that quickly gathered, and threatened the culprit with a beating.

The frightened boy made his escape while the gondolier, having spoken according to his duty as a citizen, pocketed the pigeon and went his way. Let it be hoped he invited the boy to supper.

Going home one evening through one of the side squares, I found a wounded pigeon, entangled with a piece of cord that looked much like a snare. The bird was stiff, cold, and unable to move after I had released it from the cord. Not liking to leave it a victim for some prowling cat, I took it home.

It was late when I let myself in. No one was awake except my dog, who seemed to believe I had brought the pigeon home especially for his amusement.

I knew what would happen if I kept the bird in my room, so, much to my Skye terrier's disgust, I left it in the long entry where it could safely perch and have plenty of air.

Next morning when the servant brought my hot water, I asked:

"Did you see my pigeon in the hall?"

"No, signor. What pigeon?"

"What pigeon? Why, the one I brought home last night, wounded."

"Oh! was that signor's?"

"Certainly. Where is it?"

"Wait a moment." The old woman slipped out, and quickly returned holding up a plucked pigeon.

"Is this the one?"

"Yes," I answered as boldly as if one could identify a plucked fowl. "Why could you not let the bird live?"

"You see," explained the servant, astonished at my anger, "you see, we did not know how it came in, and being a pigeon—we plucked it."

How my dog did enjoy those bones!

HENRY BACON.

For the Companion.

REMINISCENCES OF A VIOLINIST.

By Julius Eichberg.

In the winter of 1830 the Rhine was frozen over for miles, and I, with other small boys of my age, took a keen delight in crossing the river on the ice, peeping, occasionally, into the cosy cabins of the vessels that were frozen in, hard and fast. Among these vessels were several freighters from Holland.

Our favorite among these vessels was the *Fine Anselmus*. She was almost as broad as she was long, and was on the way, with a full cargo of Dutch cheeses, to some city far up the Rhine, when she was frozen in. The master, a kindly and grave Hollander, was always smoking a huge meerschaum pipe, the bowl of which was artistically carved in the likeness of a Harlem tulip.

Sometimes the Captain gave us permission to clamber on board, where his wife, who was always darning very large stockings, treated us hospitably to hot baked potatoes and tea. Their little cabin was a model of neatness. The single table in it, as well as the few chairs, was brilliant with hard rubbing. In every corner were pots of struggling tulips, placed so as to catch their share of the pale rays of a winter's sun.

Quite early in life I was sent to an elderly musician, a member of our theatre orchestra, to take my first lessons in violin-playing. My music-master was a very poor man. He occupied, with his wife and large family, a little tenement of three small rooms at the top of an ancient, high-gabled house.

Poor as my master was, he was perfectly contented with his lot. He often told me that, since even the great Mozart had been often in want for the commonest necessaries of life, no musician had a right to complain, but should submit patiently to hardship and privations.

My master had three friends, also members of the orchestra, who came regularly to see him every Sunday afternoon, and brought their stringed instruments with them. I was sometimes permitted to listen. They played quartets by Haydn, Mozart, and the earlier ones by Beethoven. I do not know whether they played well or not, but I know that I looked forward to these Sunday afternoons with delight and impatience.

I went to a day-school kept by a veteran whose left leg had been shot away at Waterloo. He was quite an expert with the rattan, as several of my old fellow-scholars remember to this day. He taught us nothing in particular, and did not like, in teaching us this, to be interrupted by questions.

He was, however, very fond of reading to us, from a well-worn volume, all sorts of stories and adventures of travel. Among the number was one called "The Sailor and the Shark," which, although we had heard it read dozens of times, delighted us still at every repetition.

One day, after he had re-read this famous story, a timid little fellow—I am not sure but it was I—raised his hand and said, "Mr. Teacher, what is a shark?"

For an answer, the little searcher after knowledge received a severe flogging, and was sentenced to write the word "shark" fifty times upon his slate.

It was about this time—in 1832 or 1833—that the celebrated French violinist, Alexandre Boucher, was expected in Cologne to give a concert. A friend of our family took me to that city to hear this noted artist. We spent a whole night in the post-coach on the way, and when we arrived I was almost benumbed with cold, in spite of the fact that an old lady, a fellow-passenger, had successfully resisted any attempt to open a window for a little fresh air.

By special favor we were present at the rehearsal for Monsieur Boucher's concert. Quite a number of people were scattered through the room, and when Boucher advanced to try his concerto with the band, he was received with great applause.

His celebrity was due, as I afterwards learned, as much to his wonderful resemblance to the first Napoleon as to his talent as a performer. He affected to pose in the French Emperor's well-known manner, walked like him with his head bowed forward, and took snuff from a golden snuff-box given him, so he said, by Napoleon, after he had offered to take the Emperor's place on board of the English man-of-war that was to convey Napoleon to St. Helena.

Boucher's playing astonished me in the highest degree, although he moved about, while playing, in a most comical and startling manner.

Our return trip to Düsseldorf that night was enlivened by a sharp altercation between the same old lady and an irascible old gentleman, who, upon the lady's persistent refusal to allow a window to be lowered, broke one of the panes, which gave us plenty of fresh air during the

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night. But when we arrived, the window-breaking passenger had to pay a fine of half a thaler for damaging a mail-coach of His Royal Prussian Majesty.

I met Boucher some fifteen years later at a musical soirée in Frankfort-on-the-Main. During the evening we were favored once more with his impersonations of the great Corsican, with bent head, snuff-box and all.

The next violinist of celebrity whom I heard was Lafont. Singular to say, Lafont was far more proud of his singing than of his violin-playing. At the concert of which I speak his playing electrified the audience. He was called out again and again. The musicians in the orchestra cheered him to the echo. Lafont received this homage in a dignified manner, like the high-bred Frenchman that he was.

A moment later he reappeared upon the platform, leading very courteously an elderly French-woman to the piano to accompany him in some sentimental French romances. The lady took no little time to adjust a pair of large silver-bowed spectacles to her nose, after which Lafont began to sing, in a thin and nasal tenor voice, several songs which had been fashionable under the first Napoleon.

It was a sad sight to see one of the greatest living masters of the violin exhibiting his weakness to an audience which he had delighted a few moments before with his unrivalled playing.

The story of Lafont's first meeting with Paganini—who was then but little known outside of Italy—will be new to many readers. Lafont, arriving in Milan on a concert tour, learned that Paganini was in town. He called upon him, and met with a very friendly reception.

Paganini accepted with alacrity Lafont's invitation to perform, with him, a duet for two violins and orchestra, by Viotti, saying that he felt greatly honored to play with Lafont. When the Frenchman offered to send him the music so that he might make himself familiar with it, Paganini declined with thanks, and promised to be at the rehearsal the next morning.

The rehearsal was to begin at nine o'clock. Half an hour later Paganini arrived. He borrowed a violin from one of the orchestra violinists, and the performance began. A long and brilliant solo was to be played, first by one of the two violinists and then by the other. Lafont began, and acquitted himself of his task with grace and purity, being loudly cheered at the end by the orchestra.

Then Paganini followed, and it must be said that his playing did not do him much credit. He stumbled repeatedly, committed several errors of time and intonation, and at last had to begin his solo again, to Lafont's surprise.

At night, after an overture by the orchestra, Lafont and Paganini advanced upon the platform to play their concertante. Lafont was in the gold-laced court uniform, which he wore as first solo violinist to the King of the French. Paganini came on with his livid face and ungainly, shuffling gait, his long, dark hair hanging in disorder down his back.

Lafont played his solo admirably and took the audience by storm. Then Paganini began. He had played only a few notes when a sharp crack apprised the audience that his *E* string had broken; but the general hum of disappointment was quickly hushed to an amazed stillness, when Paganini was seen performing the difficult solo upon three strings only, with the utmost ease and in an absolutely masterly manner. The roar of applause that followed this exploit was acknowledged by Paganini with his usual modest grin, and, we may suppose, with a more or less sardonic side-glance at his discomfited rival.

A few years later I heard two artists as widely different in their playing as in their musical tendencies. Louis Spohr was at that time not only the greatest German violinist and orchestra conductor but also, during the interregnum that took place between Beethoven's death and the advent of Mendelssohn, its greatest dramatic and symphonic composer.

My violin teacher, an enthusiastic admirer of Spohr, came to me one morning in a very excited condition. "Spohr has come! Spohr has come!" he exclaimed, "and you are to go at once with me to play before him. He is willing to hear you."

It took us but a few minutes to reach the mansion of Baron von Sybel, whose guest Spohr was. As we ascended the stairs leading to his rooms, we heard some one playing on the violin in so full, noble and grandiose a manner, that I had to listen with all my mind and ears.

It was wonderful playing. I had never heard anything like it. The violin seemed to sound by itself, without the intervention of the bow; at least it produced that effect upon me.

Then my teacher took me by the hand and knocked at the door. Near a window, holding a violin and bow, stood an unusually tall and stoutly-built man, who advanced toward us, greeting my teacher very pleasantly, and asked him, "Is this your young pupil who is going to play to me?"

He looked so kindly that all fear left me at once, and I played a part of a concerto by Rode, not too badly. Then Spohr took his violin and began to play to us. The splendor and tenderness of his tone haunts my memory even now, after having heard all the great violinists of the last fifty years. It was perfection.

He permitted me to come every morning to hear him practise, and I need not say that I was the punctual. As long as Spohr remained in the city, his counsel and advice did not fail me.

At this period, Spohr occupied the position of Musical Director at the court of the Prince-Elector of Cassel, a worthy descendant in every way of that wicked prince who sold his subjects to the English to use in their wars in America.

The next noted violinist I heard was Ole Bull, who gave a concert in Elberfeld, a large manufacturing city some fifteen miles from Düsseldorf, while I was there on a visit. I well remember the sensation caused by a small negro boy, who carried Ole Bull's violin case upon the platform. Most of the audience had probably never seen an African before.

Certainly Ole Bull's execution was extraordinary. If we add the fact that he was very handsome, young, tall, straight as a pin and with an abundance of light hair, his prodigious success is easily explained.

The audience grew quite frantic over his playing, and called him out several times. After he had withdrawn from the stage, the little African reappeared to carry off the violin case, and got quite an ovation, the report having spread that he was an African prince kept out of his kingdom by a usurping uncle.

When I was about ten years old, a young musician and most distinguished composer, Norbert Burgmüller, took some interest in me, and asked me to visit him at his rooms near our theatre. Burgmüller, who had formerly been a fine violinist, had been compelled by an injury to his right arm to give up this instrument, and became one of the viola players in our orchestra. He was a man of true genius; and had he lived longer, he would have taken rank among the greatest composers of the century.

About this time Mendelssohn was appointed musical director of our symphony concerts and of our opera. My teacher, who was the leading violinist in our orchestra, spoke of me to Mendelssohn as a tolerably good reader, and in consequence I found myself installed as one of the second violinists.

The musicians did not receive me cordially. No one seemed to care to play from the same music-stand with so small a boy as I was, and at last I obtained a stand of my own, to my great satisfaction.

I have a very vivid remembrance of Mendelssohn as he looked then. No picture that I have ever seen does him justice. He was of a slight frame and of middle height. His face, which was one of almost ideal beauty, was surrounded by a fringe of black whiskers. His intensely black hair half covered his lofty forehead. His eyes were dark and luminous, and he had a way of half closing them when talking or looking at an object.

One afternoon a great number of musicians and lovers of music went to the Church of the Franciscans, where the well-known Chevalier Neukomm was to give an organ concert. I found a place quite near the organ, and saw Mendelssohn talking with the organist. After Neukomm had finished his playing, several musicians asked Mendelssohn to play. At first he declined, but a little later he began to improvise upon a theme by Neukomm quite marvellously, to Neukomm's evident discomfort.

Our orchestra was not a very good one, being in part composed of amateur players. At the same stand with my teacher, who was the concert-master, an old gentleman played. He was not less than eighty years old, and could under no circumstance be made to play in time. He had an unhappy mania of imitating the chirping of little birds upon his violin.

Our first oboe-player had a little dog, Fido by name, which generally accompanied its master to the rehearsals, and had been trained to give the A when it was required. As the director asked the oboist one day to sound the A, this little dog, incited, I suppose, by some wag among the musicians, gave it in a shrill whine that convulsed the orchestra, and caused Fido's instant expulsion from the hall.

At the occasion of a musical festival in Düsseldorf I witnessed a scene that produced a general and not unjustifiable excitement among those present.

It was on the occasion of the last rehearsal of Beethoven's ninth or choral symphony, and the great hall was filled with people from near and far, anxious to hear the then but little known work. While the orchestra played the first movement we all noticed a dark-bearded, spectacled, middle-aged man in the audience, who had a score before him and was gesticulating wildly, being evidently very much dissatisfied with the performance. Suddenly he rose, advanced toward the orchestra and began to shout:

"This is all wrong! It is not thus that my immortal friend, Beethoven, wanted his masterpiece to be played. You ought to play it much slower, and in this way."

He began to beat time vigorously to the astonished musicians, entirely ignoring Mendelssohn, who conducted the symphony. At this moment several people forcibly ejected the disturber from the hall.

The man was the well-known Professor Anton Schindler, Beethoven's constant friend during the last years of his life, and the author of a "Biography of the Master."

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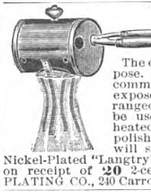
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PAST BELIEF.

In Mr. Herbert Barry's account of things as he saw them in Russia, during his residence there, he remarks upon the simplicity of the peasant character as it appears in "quiet, self-sufficient little villages, whose inhabitants never wander far from the place of their birth, and scarcely know the name of the nearest town." One such village he used to visit on occasional shooting expeditions after bear and elk, which were to be found in the neighboring forests.

I always stayed at the house of one Starosta, a very old man, whose wife was still active and lively at seventy years of age. She used to interest herself vastly in the conversation that passed between me and her husband.

This man, a forester, was a remarkable character. By intelligent industry and perseverance he had raised himself from the station of a common serf to the management of woods greater in extent than many a German principality.

He had given his son a liberal education, and was himself a man of inquiring disposition, anxious to get information on all sorts of subjects. Our long discussions of things in general, and the world's recent history in particular, were highly amusing, if a little perplexing, to the old lady who sat and listened to them.

One morning I was sitting before the stove, talking with the forester about the British Constitution, and happened to mention our gracious Queen. At that moment the old lady broke into the conversation.

"You will excuse me," she said, "that I do not speak English. I hear you always talking about your Queen Victoria; now, I want to know what does she do for our Emperor, because of course she lives at Petersburg?"

"At Petersburg?" I said. "No, she lives in her own country,—my country,—England."

"What part of Russia is England?" asked the old lady.

"England is not in Russia at all. It is another country by itself."

But I could not convince her of that. She had never heard of any other country that was not Russia, and nothing would make her believe in its existence. She could not get over it for a long time, and continually repeated to her husband: "Only fancy, the Barrin trying to tell me there is another country beside Russia!"

MISTAKEN PLEASANTRY.

"In selling goods," said a successful canvasser, "you must not be content with selling to the people who want them; you must persuade the rest to want them also." Many a crafty salesman feels that the secret of success lies in describing his goods so that they shall seem "all things to all men," and woe be to the innocent and jocose buyer who brings down upon himself the flood of such a man's pertinacity. Says a traveller in Malta:

Going to the quay, we made our passage, by energetic pushing, through the lines of venders of cigars, tobacco, lace, oranges and sponges. One man, with canaries in cages, stopped us at the water's edge with:

"Want a canary, sir?"

"Are they for eating?" I asked him, to get rid of his importunity, and in a spirit of Mark Twain jocosity.

"No, no! They are for singing."

"Ah, if that's what they're for we don't want them."

A brilliant thought struck the man, and he bolted after us, shouting, "Yes, yes! They are for eating. Very good pie! Buy the lot!"

Leaving his cages in charge of an assistant, he made off to tell the canary-venders that here was a man who ate canaries, and might buy all there were in Malta, and a fine time we had with cages until we steamed away.

STRANGE THINGS IN THE AIR.

When a flash of lightning darts through the air, it vaporizes any minute particles of floating matter that may be in its path. By examining the light of the lightning with a spectroscope, the nature of these vaporized substances may be determined, because every known element in nature shows in its spectrum certain lines that belong to it alone.

By studying the spectrum of lightning in this way, Mr. W. E. Wood, of Washington, has recently been able to show that sodium, which is the element from which common salt is formed, exists in the air.

He suggests various ways of accounting for the presence of sodium in the atmosphere, one of which is particularly interesting, and that is that it may have come there from interstellar space.

It is known that meteoric dust is continually falling upon the globe from beyond the atmosphere, and if it should turn out that microscopic particles of sodium are included in this strange, unending shower with which the heavens salute the earth, it would be only another proof of the unity of composition that extends from the earth to the sun, and from the sun to the stars.

FOUR CLASSICS.

A name or a thing not at all ridiculous in itself may be made so by being put in some false position. Mr. Barrett Wendell, in his "English Composition," says:

"Some years ago a gentleman died hereabouts, whose literary style was much admired by the friend who wrote an obituary notice of him.

"'His English,' ran the sentence, which I have remembered for years, 'was purified by constant study of the best models: the English Bible, Shakespeare, Addison and Fisher Ames!'"

THEIR PUNISHMENT.

What is learned at home comes out at school, as in this case reported by the New York *Tribune*.

In the infant class the lesson was about disobedience and its penalties.

"Little children have to mind, or they are not nice," said the teacher. "Older people have to obey laws or be punished. Do any of you know how older people are punished?"

"Oh, yes, I know," answered one little girl. "The husbands scold their wives and the wives scold their husbands."

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MALIGN PASSIONS.

The most prominent of the malign passions are anger, hatred, envy, jealousy, moroseness, selfishness and avarice. All of them tend to social disorder and individual demoralization. The seat of the affections is in the brain, and the harm done by evil passions is first upon the brain itself. It is not confined there, however, since the brain controls the other organs.

Outbursts of anger disturb the action of the heart. Many an angry person has fallen dead in his rage, as did one of the greatest medical experts of England. The character of the secretions may be changed under its influence so that the mother's milk may become poisonous; or the process of secretion may be arrested, causing the stomach to lose its digestive power.

Envy and jealousy often give rise to anger with all its bad physical results. They kill out the healthful influence of the benign affections, and permanently disfigure the "human face divine."

Avarice, long indulged, destroys the normal balance of the brain, and at length shrivels it up by concentrating nourishment on the part which is concerned with getting and holding. Its final result is that wretched being, a miser.

Moroseness is often worse in the home than an occasional outburst of violent anger. The one expends itself in the act; the other tends to perpetuate its evil influence indefinitely. Its effect on others reacts on itself.

A home with a morose mother is worse than one with a morose father. The father may get rid of his ill-humor in the outdoor sunshine, or in the excitement of business, or under the influence of his associates. At all events, he takes it away with him. A morose mother, on the other hand, enshrouds the whole house in gloom from morning till night.

Such moroseness is often the effect of disease, but when it is not, it tends directly to produce disease, especially by its action upon the liver and digestive tract.

All the passions are strengthened by indulgence, and at a late stage are exceedingly hard to overcome. Hence it is very important to begin gaining mastery over them early. A strong will, backed by a strong moral purpose, is equal to the task. Mothers should seek to cultivate in their children the opposites of the malign emotions—patience, cheerfulness, charity and beneficence.

"DEAR OLD BESS."

The storekeeper of a little country town in Connecticut, writes a correspondent, drove a nondescript colored mare whose peculiarities of gait and figure were a source of constant merriment to the village people. "Old Bess" cared nothing for their talk, however, though her master often declared that "she knew what folks said about her" as well as he did. "But then," he used to add, "she has too much horse-sense to mind that sort of thing!"

Opposite the store, across the road, was a steep ascent leading up into a farm-yard, where was a shed under which Bess was in the habit of standing when not actively employed. Up to this shelter she was in the habit of going alone when the wagon had been unloaded at the store door, and Mr. P——, her owner, had accustomed her to come down again at his call; or rather, as he said, "She took up the notion herself; I didn't teach her to do it."

The whole manœuvre was somewhat complicated. She had to back the wagon out of the shed, turn it partly round, pick her way carefully down the rather steep decline, cross the road, and then come up and turn again to bring the wagon into proper position before the door. It was a constant pleasure for us boys to witness the performance, and we often lingered for that purpose when we heard the well-known call, "Come, Old Bess, it's time to go to work!"

One day the call was again and again repeated, and still she did not come. We could just see a part of the rim of the hind wheels, and at each call we saw them push out an inch or two, and then draw up again, as if Old Bess had started and then changed her mind.

At last, after loud and impatient calls, Mr. P—— went over to see what was the trouble. We followed, and there, standing directly in front of the wheel with her hand on the shaft, stood little May, Mr. P——'s three-year-old daughter.

Poor Bess, divided between her duty to her master and her concern for her master's daughter, was irresolutely drawing the wagon forward and back, as far as she could without lifting her feet, evidently conscious that any further movement might involve danger to the little one.

"Dear Old Bess!" said May, and "Dear Old Bess!" echoed Mr. P——, with tears in his voice, while Bess, with a whinny of relief, no sooner saw him take the child in his arms—she was looking back at the child when we came up—than she proceeded to back out and go down to the store, just as if nothing had happened.

There the small boys patted her fondly, while the larger ones, some of them with strange lumps in their throats, after a timid glance at the tears still to be seen in the father's eyes, silently turned away to tell at home the story of Old Bess's "knowingness."

ALMOST DROWNED.

Mr. F. H. Grundy, an Englishman, who afterwards had plenty of adventure at home and abroad, tells us how near he came to missing them all. He was a small boy, and with his brother and another mate, was playing upon the seashore. They were on a sandbank, and knew that the incoming tide would fill the lower levels behind them before the bank itself would be covered.

We knew, but heeded not. We heard distant shouts, but did not turn. Between the ever rising water and the dam of sand the battle waged. Something startled us—we looked round—lo! a great sea shut us off from the main land!

A crowd upon the farther side was shouting at us. My two sisters stood at the water's edge, fast becoming desperate. A mounted man, far away, galloped furiously toward us over the sands.

My brother, with that presence of mind in danger which makes each Englishman a hero, started off at once by himself, and was soon far ahead. Tom Royle, my senior by three years, with the brave, hot blood of a Welsh gentleman, dashed after him. I, with the sight of these gallant actions before me, cried and followed. I saw my brother, the water to his waist, cross safely.

Tom Royle jumped in with a run and disappeared; he had fallen, but was out again directly. I passed him meanwhile, and was in the water.

How far it looked to safety! The water rose to my neck—I swayed to and fro—but that I had held on to my spade, I must have gone over.

Surely I am in the middle now—I cannot stand much longer or any deeper. I am lost! No! I see my jacket button. The horseman dashes up to me and stoops to lift me; I wave him on, saying, "I am safe; go to Tom!"

Another step or two and I am out. The horseman brought Tom Royle over, but it was a close thing.

NOT ON THE MAP.

The word "Christmas" brings such a crowd of associations to almost every English-speaking person that it seems difficult to credit a story recently told in a German periodical, which proves that to at least two people in the world "Christmas" had no such meaning as we attach to it.

They were two old people living in a little German village. Their daughter had gone to the United States, or as they said, to America, to seek her fortune some months before. They had waited in patience to hear from her, and at last, at Weihnachts (Christmas) time, they received a pretty card bearing the words, "A Happy Christmas." On the back of the card the sender had signed her name with a loving word or two, but gave no address.

To the minds of the simple old couple, however, she had given address enough. They took the card for an advertisement or notice of their daughter's employer in this country, and forthwith sent a card of thanks,—not to be outdone in politeness by an American,—which they directed to "Herr A. Happy Christmas, America."

It is needless to say that the card never reached this country. It is preserved in a German city among the "curiosities of the post."

SAFE TO REMAIN.

The fact is not stated, but this little occurrence, reported by the New York *Sun*, must have taken place in the good old times when ministers were more eloquent, or congregations more patient, than is the case at present.

A stranger entered the meeting-house in the middle of the service, and took a seat in the back pew. Presently he whispered to the man at his side, evidently one of the old members:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," answered the elderly man. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay, then," said the stranger. "He must be nearly done."

HER HEART'S DESIRE.

There comes a time once in every year, when children may without impropriety give their loving friends a hint in season.

Uncle William was talking with Lucy, his best little niece, about Christmas. He wished to know her mind upon a certain highly interesting subject, but preferred to get at it indirectly.

"Now, Lucy," said he, in a casual manner, "if I were going to buy a doll for a little girl, what kind of a one do you think she would like?"

"O Uncle William," answered Lucy, with undisguised interest, "there is nothing like twins!"

POMOLOGICAL.

Wise men are not above asking questions, and often pick up valuable information in places where it would be least expected.

Stranger: This tree seems to be loaded with apples.

Rural Miss: Yes, sir, papa says this is a good year for apples.

Stranger: I am glad to hear that. Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?

Rural Miss: Oh, no. Only the apple-trees.—*Street and Smith's Good News.*

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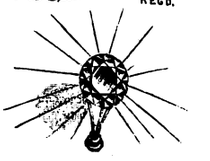
While thousands within the last decade have enjoyed the sport of cycling, the fact is nevertheless obvious that many thousands more have been deterred from enjoying it in consequence of the high prices demanded for a really good wheel.

It remained for the John P. Lovell Arms Company of Boston to change this state of affairs. It was last year that the public first became aware that there was a new low-priced safety bicycle on the market, a wheel strictly high grade, and equal in every particular to any manufactured in America or Europe. As previous to this all manufacturers had charged a very large price for a first-class wheel, the John P. Lovell Arms Company is therefore the first house that has ever offered the public such a wheel at a price that does not place it beyond the reach of the average person's purse. The company that manufactures this wheel (the Lovell Diamond Safety) is one of the oldest of all the manufacturing and mercantile houses in New England, having been established in 1840.

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For the Companion.

BURT COLBY'S ASSISTANT.

Down in the great tobacco region of North Carolina the people will tell you that a tobacco-grower is born—not made. John Colby must have failed in natural qualifications, for his life was a miserable failure. He had sacrificed everything to one idea—the purpose of raising tobacco, "curing it yellow," selling it at a high price, and thus retrieving his fallen fortunes, which, ever since the war, had steadily declined.

Year after year Colby planted neither corn, nor wheat, nor potatoes. Year after year his stock decreased, and his orchards failed. His land was mortgaged to buy expensive flues and fixtures for curing tobacco yellow, and year after year the patient old mule transported to the nearest market town, to be disposed of for a pittance, the poor, half-cured crop that represented all Colby's toil and dreams.

When he returned, to be jeered at by his neighbors, the look on his face melted his wife's heart. She could see, if no one else could, through the pitiful weakness of his nature the love and unselfishness which redeemed it.

"Next year, when I sell the crop," he would say, "you shall have a silk dress, and the boy shall go to school, Margaret."

But that year never came, and the silk dress ceased to be mentioned. The boy's schooling, however, was never forgotten, and one day, when, after a worse crop and a smaller sale than ever, Colby came home, sick and despairing, to die, it was remembered.

"The boy shall go to school, Margaret," he said suddenly, with a solemn brightness in his face and a ring of decision in his voice.

When the old mule had been sold to pay the funeral expenses, there was nothing left but the wretched household furniture, and the few dollars which the last crop had brought.

"What do you think of doin'?" one of the neighbors asked the widow, when she had returned from burying her husband.

"I had thought some of going to town," she said, slowly. "I might find something to do there, and Burt could go into the factory. He isn't strong enough yet to farm it, and he's all I've got."

She looked over, with a dumb anguish in her eyes, at the boy, who sat in a distant corner wiping his tears away with the sleeve of his jacket.

An old dog, the last animal on the place, crouched close at his side, licking his hands with an occasional whine. The man's cold eyes followed her glance.

"Yes, Burt is puny," he said. There was a kind of contempt in his way of utterance which stung the boy. "Still, he might do something, I reckon. I'll go to town to-morrow, as it's Saturday. If you get your truck together, I reckon I can take it in, with you an' the boy."

So Burt Colby and his mother went to town.

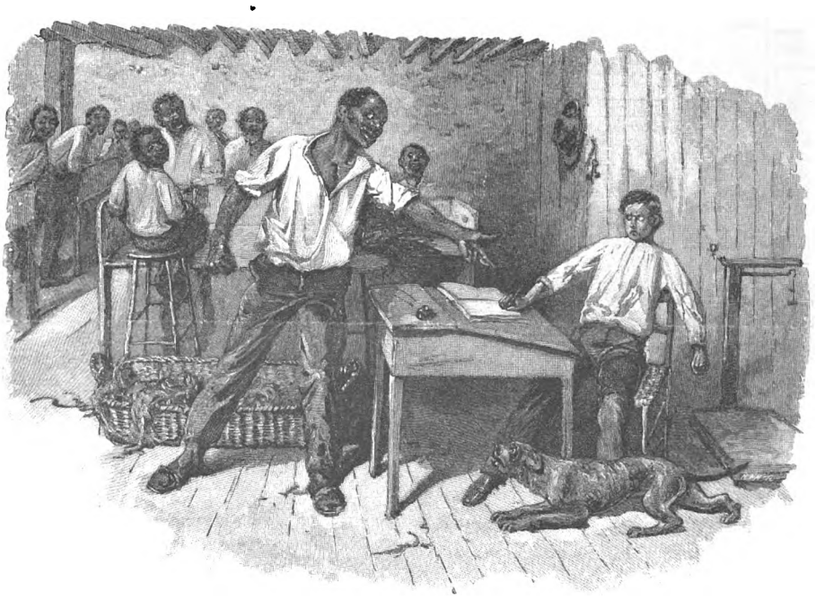
As the wagon rolled away from the door of the empty hut, the old dog trotted out from the pine thicket that sheltered her master's new-made grave, and took up her station under the vehicle. When night came, and a one-roomed house had been found and rented, and the few household goods arranged with some degree of order, old Jule, stretched out before the fire, seemed trying to give an air of comfort to the strange surroundings.

"She's a faithful creature," the widow said, stroking the dog's massive head. "Your father always allowed she had good blood in her,—a little bloodhound, maybe,—and he said her broad mouth, and yellowish hair streaked with black, showed a mastiff strain. I could always trust you with her when you was little, and she loved your father to the last. She's all we've got now; poor Jule! poor Jule!"

Mrs. Colby crouched down beside the dog, and gave way to such bitter weeping that the boy sprang up frightened.

"Don't, ma, don't!" he cried, putting his arms around her neck. "Don't you know I'm going to work for you? Look at the folks that make a living in the factories! I'm going to get a place early Monday morning; now see if I don't."

Very early Monday morning Burt was out, full of ambition and hopefulness. Already everything was astir in the great tobacco mart. The summer season was just beginning. Swarms of negroes were hurrying through the streets to their work, while the bells far and near clanged out a warning to the tardy. It was all so confusing and bewildering to Burt, fresh from a quiet farm, that he knew not which way to turn.



Big Jim threatens Burt.

Borne along by the shifting crowd, he found himself before an immense brick building. Burt had learned to read enough so that he could make out "Clayton Bros., Factory 49," painted in white letters over the entrance.

When the crowd of hands entered the building, the boy stood back, fearing that he had no right to go in, yet half-resolved to try to seek employment here. As he hesitated, a tall man, with a dark but kindly face, walked up briskly on his way into the factory. Burt gathered his courage with a sudden resolution, and taking off his cap as the gentleman came up, said:

"Can you tell me, sir, where I could find Mr. Clayton?"

"What do you want of him?" said the man. His keen eyes searched the boy narrowly, going from him to Jule, who stood stiffly at her master's side.

"I wanted work," Burt faltered, his heart beating violently.

"I am Mr. Clayton, but I have no use now for green hands."

He was about to go on, but the despairing expression in the boy's face—or perhaps it was the sudden sympathetic droop of Jule's tail—stopped him.

"Look here!" he said. "Do you know anything about tobacco?"

"I used to help drop plants," the boy said, with a gulp, "and worm it and cut it, and when 'twas curing I kept the fires going." His eyes glistened with eagerness.

Mr. Clayton smiled.

"But you know nothing about it after it is cured?" he asked.

Burt shook his head.

"Well, come in here, anyway,"—Mr. Clayton led the way into the building,—"and we'll see. Here, Mr. Brown!" he called, to a young man with a round, good-natured face, who was crossing the great space within. "Here's a raw recruit. See if you can't find something for him to do, will you?"

So it was under young Mr. Brown's direction that Burt commenced factory work. The "something" for him to do proved to be many things. All the morning he ran errands, clumsily and falteringly, about the factory, and helped carry tobacco-baskets, and waited upon Brown, who was a book-keeper.

The weeks passed. Burt went daily to the factory, and almost always the old dog went with him, curling up in a corner and keeping out of the way.

Burt learned quickly, and Brown, who had but lately been a stranger in the place, took a liking to the lonely boy.

When, at length, regular work in the "rolling-room," with regular wages, was given him, Burt's joy was great. He felt that he was beginning to lift his mother's burdens, and every day she looked at him with growing love and pride.

But one thing constantly weighed upon their minds. Burt was supporting his mother, but he was not getting the schooling which his father had so much desired for him.

One evening after work hours, when Burt, as he often did, went into the office where young Brown sat at his desk, with his beautifully kept ledgers before him, the boy, seeing some of Brown's handsome writing, said, with a sigh:

"Father meant me to have some schooling if he'd lived. I can read and write some, and cipher a little, but that's all."

The eager look in his face recalled to Brown the first day he had seen him.

"Here, Burt," he said, kindly, pushing a pen and some paper toward him. "Sit down there, and let me see what you can do." Then and there Burt's "schooling" began. It was very irregular, and young Brown was a somewhat eccentric teacher, though by no means a bad one.

First, there was a course in arithmetic, and Burt developed a marvellous taste for figures. Brown labored verbally to mend the boy's English, and give him some idea of grammar. Then he found a spelling-book and a United States history, and occasionally there was a dip into book-keeping.

The lessons were sometimes given at noon, and sometimes in the little hot office after the factory was closed. Sometimes they were given by word of mouth during the long, delightful evening rambles in the country which Brown took with the boy, while old Jule followed close at their heels. Never was there a more studious pupil; never a more earnest teacher.

But Burt had many troubles from which even Brown's friendship could not protect him. His youth, poverty and "greenness" were all against him. He was for a time at every one's bidding. The foremen scolded him, and he was often made the scapegoat for offences of which he was entirely innocent.

Worse than all, the rough "hands" used him as the butt of their hostility and ridicule. The majority of the employees were of this rough and ill-disposed sort, much inclined to be turbulent and even rebellious in their work.

From these black men Burt received many insults, and narrowly escaped rough treatment. He was now in his second year of factory life, but he still held an inferior position, side by side with his tormentors. His growing intelligence and manliness, and his consciousness of superior skill, made endurance very hard; but he was wisely determined to stick to his place.

"Never mind, Burt," Brown would say. "If you mean to make a man of yourself, now is the time. There's nothing like hard knocks for shaping a fellow up, and you'll have to be disciplined before you can discipline others. If there's anything in you, Mr. Clayton's keen eyes will see it; and if he thinks you deserve something better, you'll get it, sooner or later, you may be sure."

Burt never saw his employer unless he was sent to his office upon an errand. It was to deliver a message that he tapped at the door one morning. Mr. Mott, the foreman of the rolling-room, was ill, and there was no one to fill his place.

"How long have you worked in the rolling-room?" Mr. Clayton asked, when the message was delivered.

"This is my second year, sir."

"Do you understand the work pretty well?"

"I think so, sir," the boy answered.

"Very well, I have heard good accounts of you. Here, Wilburn,"—Mr. Clayton turned to a waiting employee,—"go back with this young man to the rolling-room, and introduce him as Mott's substitute for the day."

There was a peculiar smile on his face as the bewildered boy followed Wilburn from the room.

Burt was too much astonished to utter a protest or even to think; and it was not until he found himself at his new post, with Wilburn uttering a few words of explanation, that he realized what was before him. Then the mocking surprise of the fifty black faces turned toward him recalled him to a sense of his position.

It had not been an easy place, even for Mott—a cool fellow, and a good disciplinarian. If Mr. Clayton had meant to see what stuff the boy was made of, he had chosen a severe test.

As Burt faced the defiant glances that met him on all sides, the quiet courage of his nature asserted itself.

There was no open outbreak among the employees. At first they made no demonstration at all. Talking was forbidden, and the hands needed a leader, and a precedent if they were to be insubordinate. The routine of the work kept them busy for the time being, and at the same time quieted Burt's nerves.

But, as the morning wore on, Burt noticed their growing impatience. The most skilful workman in the room—a man known among the hands as "Big Jim"—was the most disorderly. Given to drinking and rebellious conduct, he had been discharged many times, and as often reëmployed on account of his skill, and his remarkable producing capacity while at work.

He had been one of Burt's chief tormentors. He was of almost gigantic size, with a well-made frame, and small, restless, bloodshot eyes.

The morning passed, with no marked trouble

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When the noon bell rang, the hands, instead of quietly filing out, as usual, broke into disorderly groups; and when they had passed out, and Burt happened to glance up, he saw Big Jim stop to grin defiance at him through an open window, as if mischief were meant.

At noon he went to see Brown, but learned that he had been sent into the country, and also that Mr. Clayton had left the office. Burt must face the situation alone.

As he returned to the empty rolling-room and sat down, the place appalled him. To give up meant cowardice, and perhaps the loss of the one chance of his life. If he faced it—for a moment the boy grew dizzy. He could hear nothing, in the wide, hot room with its discolored, begrimed floor and empty work-benches, but the sick throbbing of the blood in his temples. The hot air, filled with floating clouds of tobacco dust, stifled him.

He threw up one of the sashes, and looked up into the fierce Southern sky. As he did so, he remembered that a Father dwelt in that wondrous space; and a prayer went out from his desperate, boyish heart, "O Lord God, help me!"

He could think of no other words, but these seemed to cover all his needs. Somehow the simple repetition of them calmed him.

He did not know how time was passing. Presently Jule crept in, and looked up in his face and licked his hands; and when the bell clanged out, crept behind his desk and lay down, with a long sigh.

When the hands came trooping in, Burt saw that Big Jim was not among them. As they settled to their work in an orderly manner, he felt that they might be controlled without their leader.

But about the middle of the afternoon, the door was burst rudely open, and Big Jim entered. As he swaggered up the room, and threw himself noisily into his seat, Burt saw that he had been drinking. He took no notice of the man's tardiness, except to turn to the day-book before him, and enter it upon the pages.

A derisive laugh from Big Jim, which was echoed by a few of the hands immediately around him, greeted this action. As the offenders met the boy's steady eye, they quieted down, but Big Jim was not to be awed. He had come to make trouble. He laughed and talked in defiance of rules, and openly invited his companions to disorder.

As Burt's patience ebbed, his courage rose steadily. When at last the man gave up all pretence of working, and leaned back in his seat, with his arms defiantly folded, Burt said, firmly:

"Get to your work, Jim, or leave at once. You are docked already."

The negro leaped to his feet, and sprang toward the boy.

"I'se docked, is I?" he panted. "I'll show yer how ter dock hands! You take de dockin' off er dat book, or I'll break every bone in yo' po' white trash body!"

As he towered above the boy, his hot breath upon his cheek, and one brawny arm stretched toward the day-book, there was a moment in which Burt faltered. As he did so, there was a rush behind him, and a low, threatening growl. The negro fell back terror-stricken.

Burt turned, and saw old Jule crouched for a panther-like spring, with her lips drawn back from her glittering teeth, and every nerve in her body quivering.

"Down, Juley!" he shouted. "Don't stir, Jim, or she'll kill you!"

He threw himself before the dog, but Jule had given him an advantage which he meant to keep.

"Get to your work at once, or leave," he repeated; and as the negro backed to his seat, Jule growled another warning.

Big Jim was conquered. There was perfect quiet as he set at work, and the hands had never been more quiet than they were when, at the ringing of the bell an hour afterward, they filed out of the room.

As they reached the door a "halt" was called; and as they faced about, they saw Mr. Clayton's keen, stern face looking in upon them from a side entrance.

"For the rest of the season," he said, quietly, "this room will be managed by Mr. Colby, instead of Mr. Mott, who has resigned on account of illness. If any one among you is dissatisfied with this arrangement, and feels that he cannot obey all of Mr. Colby's orders, he had better leave my employment at once, and report at the office for the wages due him."

There was a moment's silence, and then the hands filed slowly out.

When the last footstep had died away, Mr. Clayton turned to Burt, who sat, white and totally unnerved, upon a seat beside him.

"Brace up, my boy," he said, kindly. "This has been a little trying for you, I know. If the dog hadn't been so prompt, I think I should have come to the rescue myself, for I happened to be passing a window and saw the affair. What do you say to your new position, with Juley as assistant?"

"I can't begin to thank you, Mr. Clayton," Burt began.

"I shouldn't begin to try, my boy; but I have been thinking, after what Mr. Brown has told me, that you would be well worth a course at some good business college. When the fall comes, I suggest that you resign your position for the time being. I will undertake to arrange the matter for you; you shall go to the school, and you shall not be asked to accept a charity. We shall need you in the factory as soon as you have finished the course; and you can pay back the cost out of your wages after you go to work again."

When September came, there was an odd-looking group on the platform at the station, one bright afternoon, waiting for the north-bound train—Mrs. Colby, happy but tearful; Burt, radiant in a becoming suit of new clothes, with a valise in his hand; and Juley, who pressed closely to her master's side.

As the boy took his seat in a car, a black face looked in at the open window, and its owner's hand was thrust toward him.

"Good-by, Marse Burt; you don' bar me no ill-will, I hope?"

The smile on Big Jim's face was a sincere one.

"Indeed I don't, Jim. You've turned out a good hand—the best one I've had this season. I couldn't have done without you. And Jim, drop around, once in a while, won't you, and see if mother wants anything done? You sha'n't lose anything by it, and look after Juley, too—don't let anything happen to her."

"I won't, Marse Burt, I won't!" The negro laughed long and loud at the thought of the dog being left to his care. "Bless yo' life," he said, "I won't let nothin' happen to Juley!"

As the train moved off, and Burt strained his eyes from the car window, he saw Jim speaking respectfully to his mother, with his hat in one hand, and the other resting upon Juley's friendly head.

SALLIE PATE STEEN.

THE KEYBOARD.

Five-and-thirty black slaves,
Half-a-hundred white,
All their duty but to sing
For their queen's delight,
Now with threats of thunder,
Now with dulcet lips,
While she rules them royally
With her finger-tips!

—*Illustrated London News.*

For the Companion.

ON THE TOWN.

Mrs. Knapp was standing before her molding-board making some of the mince-pies for which she was famous throughout the village.

She had just taken three of them from the oven, and the spicy, savory odor rising from them filled the spotlessly clean and cozy little kitchen.

"There aint quite enough left to make another whole pie," said Mrs. Knapp, as she deftly pinched together the edges of the one she was making. "I believe I'll make a nice little turnover, and take it to poor old Nancy Gregg. Well, if there aint Nancy herself coming in here! She can take the turnover home with her."

Nancy was always slight, and she was growing old. She seemed smaller than ever, and her age was more evidently telling on her, as she came hurrying up the frozen path.

The wind blew her garments about her thin form, and locks of iron-gray hair straggled under the shawl thrown over her head.

"It's too cold to stand on cer'mony," she said, as she hurried up to the shining kitchen stove and spread her hands out over it. "I declare if I aint 'most froze. It's awful nice and warm in here."

"Come round here and set down in this rocker, Nancy, and put your feet up before the grate. I was just saying to myself that I'd take this mince-meat I've got left and make you a turnover."

"I'm obliged to you, Mary," replied the old woman, as she took the proffered rocking-chair. "If everybody had been as good to me as you've always been, I shouldn't be miserable as I am now."

Her voice had a plaintive note, and a tear stood in her eye.

"You haven't heard the news, have you, Mary Knapp?" she asked suddenly, with averted face.

"No, I don't know as I have, unless it's about their having the diphtheria over to Deacon Baxter's."

"No, it isn't that. It's about—me."

"You, Nancy?"

"Yes, me. I'm—I'm—Mary Knapp, I'm on the town!"

"Why, Nancy!"

"I am, Mary, I am!" The old woman leaned forward in her rocking-chair, her elbows on her knees, and her face in her hands.

Then she lifted her head and said, in a choking voice, "Think of it, Mary Knapp! Think of being the first of your name to come on the town! None of my folks ever had such shame put on 'em before. It doesn't seem to me that I can bear it. I don't know what to do."

"I'm dreadful sorry for you, Nancy; but if I were you now, I'd try to make the best of it. It's one of those things that can't be helped, and you know the old saying, 'What can't be cured must be endured.' I've heard that Mr. and Mrs. Bates are real nice folks, and that they're real kind to the—the—"

"The paupers, Mary!" cried the old woman, with a wail and a sob. "You might as well say it right out; I'm a pauper now!"

She drew her old shawl up about her face, quivering and trembling with emotion, while Mrs. Knapp wiped the tears from her own eyes.

The villagers who chanced to be at their front windows at about ten o'clock the next morning saw a sorrowful sight. It was the poor-farm wagon rattling along over the frozen streets, and in it was Nancy Gregg and her few poor belongings—an old bedstead, a rocking-chair, a bundle of bedding, a hair-covered trunk and a pine table.

Ezra Bates, the keeper of the almshouse, was driving, and by his side sat poor old Nancy, a picture of humiliation and despair.

It was still very cold, and the old woman was bundled as she had been the day before; but to-day a black crape veil was thrown over her bowed head, and no one could see the tears running down her cheeks, or note the tremulous quiver of her thin lips.

As the wagon was passing Mrs. Knapp's house, Nancy's old friend Mary came running out, a shawl thrown hastily over her head, to speak a word of comfort and cheer. "Do you see?" said Mrs. Gregg, touching the dingy crape of her veil. "I'm in mournin' for Nancy Gregg. Her useless old body still 'cumbers the earth, but her heart and her spirit are dead. I'm going to her funeral."

Time was when Mrs. Gregg had not known the need of a dollar, and when a husband and sons had stood between her and want. She had seen them die one by one, and, a few years later, had seen the savings they had left her swept away in a moment by the failure of the business in which they were invested.

For years she had led a hand-to-mouth existence, supporting herself by weaving rag-carpets, piecing quilts, knitting stockings, and even going out by the day in house-cleaning times.

But she no longer had the strength required for the work of weaving carpets, her sight had failed her, and her sewing days were done. She could not support herself by knitting, and at last there was nothing left for her to do but to be supported at the expense of the town.

From the time of her arrival at the poor-farm, Mrs. Gregg seemed to be a woman without hope, and yet there were times when she felt that the shame of being a pauper might be taken from her.

Those times were when she took from her old hair-covered trunk a worn leather wallet of a kind not often seen now.

The wallet contained nothing but a small piece of writing paper, yellow with age, and almost ready to fall to pieces along the creases where it had been folded and unfolded again and again.

The poorer old Nancy had become, the oftener had she taken this limp and folded bit of paper from the purse that was once her husband's, and the oftener had she read and re-read what was written on it. And this was what she always read:

One year from date, for value received, I promise to pay to Jason T. Gregg the sum of one thousand dollars, with interest at eight per cent.

FRANK M. WARE.

The note was dated January 10, 1855, and it was on the tenth day of January, 1885, that Mrs. Gregg, in the secrecy of her cold and cheerless little bedroom at the poorhouse, took out this note and read it for perhaps the thousandth time.

"I don't know why I don't throw this into the fire," she said. "It's outlawed long ago, and Frank Ware, even if he's living, has proved that he is not the man to pay anything he isn't forced to pay.

"I've hoped for years that I might finally get something from this note, given for money my husband and I earned and saved dollar by dollar, but it's no use to hope so any longer. I've written to Frank Ware again and again, an' I tried to collect it by law before it ran out; but he had nothing to pay it with then, and now, when he could, he won't pay it.

"I've heard that he has got property now, and I think he ought to pay me at least enough to keep me from being what I've do need to be if I had my own.

"I might as well burn the note, and stop hoping for what can never be—no, I'll send it to Frank Ware, and tell him I'm on the town as a pauper, an' he can keep the note an' put it where it'll remind him of my shame and of his dishonesty every time he looks at it."

Filled with this new determination, she went to Mrs. Bates, and asked for writing material.

"I haven't written a letter for three or four years," she said, "and I never expect to write another. So, if you'll let me have a stamp for this it'll be the last time I shall ever ask for one."

"Oh, I'll give you as many postage stamps as you want, Nancy," said the kind-hearted matron.

During the first ten years of married life, Nancy Gregg and her husband had through unceasing industry and self-denial saved one thousand dollars with which to buy a small farm.

Not intending to use this money for a year or two, they had been induced to lend it to Mr. Ware, who was then a prosperous village merchant. He wanted the money to increase his business. The investment seemed a perfectly safe one, but before the year was done Ware had failed so disastrously that there was nothing left for his creditors.

He had then gone West, and many were the letters sent to him by Mrs. Gregg in the days of her poverty and widowhood; but for years no reply had come to her letters.

"And this is the last one I'll ever trouble him with," she said, as she slowly wrote the following lines with a cramped and trembling hand:

MR. FRANK WARE.—*Dear Sir:* I send you this from the poorhouse, where I have been brought to end my days, which I don't think will be many, and I send this to you, to let you know that I am here because you don't pay your just debts. I send you your old outlawed—

Mrs. Gregg laid down her pen while she sat for a moment in silent reflection, her elbow on the table, and her chin in her hand.

There was an old, leather-covered Bible on the table at which Mrs. Gregg sat. Her eyes rested on the book when she put down her pen. She drew it slowly toward her, and opened it at the sixth chapter of Matthew. One of her fingers ran up and down the yellow page until she had found the twelfth verse. She bent low over the book, and read:

"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

Nancy Gregg said the words over again and again, slowly nodding her head to and fro. Then she softly closed the book, and leaned forward, her face in her hands. Her gray head dropped lower and lower until it at last touched the book, and her tears fell on its cover.

Finally she took up her pen again, and drew it many times across the last lines she had written, so that it was impossible to read them. Then she wrote:

To let you know that I have no hard feeling against you now, though I have had in the past, especially when I first came on the town. But it's all right now, and in this, the last letter I shall ever write to anybody, I freely forgive you everything, and wish you well. So no more till death,

NANCY GREGG.

Folding this letter she put it and the note into an envelope, and asked Mrs. Bates to "back it" for her. When the letter had been sent to the post-office, Mrs. Gregg said to herself:

"I'm glad I didn't write what I set out to. Any one old as I am ought not to hold spite against anybody."

Three weeks passed, and no answer had come to the letter. Mrs. Gregg expected none. She had determined to dismiss the whole matter entirely from her mind, and had almost succeeded in doing so, when one cold and snowy afternoon, Mrs. Bates came into the cheerless sitting-room of the poorhouse, and said:

"Nancy, there's somebody to see you down in the parlor."

"To see me? Who in the land has come to see me on such a day as this? Not Mary Knapp or any one from the village?"

"No; it's some one I never saw before."

"Why, I can't imagine who it can be."

She went hastily down-stairs to Mrs. Bates's parlor, and there came forward to meet her a tall, broad-shouldered and manly-looking young fellow of about twenty-two or twenty-three years. He had an honest, kindly face, and a friendly smile as he came forward with outstretched hand.

"Is this Mrs. Gregg?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; that's my name."

"I am very glad to see you. My name is Sydney Ware. I received your letter."

"What letter?" asked Mrs. Gregg, in a tone of bewilderment.

"The letter you sent to my father. He has been dead several years, Mrs. Gregg. I am his only child. I advertised for all claims against his estate to be sent in at the time of his death, and yours would have been considered with the others, old as it was.

"I never knew anything about it until your letter came with that old note in it, and I want to thank you first for the kindly and generous tone of your letter. I have come to pay you every dollar due you on the note, and to tell you how sorry I am that the money was not paid long ago, and how sorry I am to find you here."

"Well, I—I—I'm sure you're real good," said Mrs. Gregg, still bewildered. "But of course I have no legal claim on you. I know that."

"But you have a moral claim on me, Mrs. Gregg, and that is more binding in my estimation than any legal claim could be. I would pay you if it took every dollar I have."

He drew out a purse as he spoke, and took from it the faded and yellow scrap of paper Mrs. Gregg had sent him.

"The note," he said, "is for one thousand dollars with thirty years' interest at eight per cent., making a total of thirty-four hundred dollars, and I think I'd better put in another hundred for good measure, making it an even thirty-five hundred."

Again the villagers saw the poor-farm wagon rattling down the street, and again its occupants were Ezra Bates and Nancy Gregg.

But old Nancy held her head high now, and the old black veil was gone. A smile was on her face, and her dim eyes were shining.

Again Mrs. Knapp came running out with outstretched hand.

"I've heard all about it, Nancy," she said, "and I'm so glad for you. I've just been up to the little house that young Mr. Ware has rented for you, and you've no idea how nice and cozy everything is up there, and I'm coming up again pretty soon to help you get settled. You look real happy, Nancy."

"I am," said the old woman, with a childish little laugh. "It'll be so grand to be in a home of my own again; an' I'm so glad to know that

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there's some honest folks in the world yet. If there wasn't, Mary Knapp, I'd still be—be—a pauper."

J. L. HARBOUR.

STARS BETWEEN.

Wherefore do the branches sigh
That lose their leaves of green?
When boughs are bare we see the sky
And stars between.

—*Selected.*

For the Companion.

WINTERING IN A DUG-OUT.

In Three Parts.—Part III.

A Wet Spring.

The pioneer, in the presence of death, is not surrounded by friends whose sympathy is in some measure a consolation. The calamity must often be faced alone.

There was no one nearer than the distant Norwegian settler to whom Helen and I could look for aid. We were alone with the dead, confronted with solemn duties which we scarcely knew how to perform. I had these things to think of as I strove to calm and comfort my heart-broken companion during those strangely silent hours of the waning night after Andrew's death.

Never did a colder, grayer, more desolate morning dawn. The sternest necessities of life seemed to be closing in around us.

Toward noon a large party of armed men passed the house at a little distance on snow-shoes. They were the avengers, in pursuit of the train-robbers.

One of them came down to the door and rapped loudly—a stern-visaged frontiersman, girt about with cartridge belt and revolvers, and with a carbine in his hand.

"Where's Phillister? Is he ready to go?" he asked, when I opened the door.

"No," I replied, with downcast head. "He cannot go with you."

"But he must! He's pledged!" exclaimed the man, with a trace of excitement in his voice.

"Come in and see," I said.

He followed me briskly in. I opened the door of the little inner room, and pointed silently to the bed. The man started, gazed fixedly for an instant, and then, with a movement that appeared to be wholly instinctive, pulled off his cap, and turned his face toward Helen and me with a glance of genuine compassion.

"That's hard on you two women folks," he said, briefly. Then, after a moment's thought, he added, "Hadn't I better carry him out for ye? There's only one thing that we can do in such a case out here. We have to put the dead in the snow until we can get a coffin."

"Oh no, no, no!" sobbed Helen.

"Well, I wish I could help ye," said the man, compassionately. "If we come back this way, and I'm alive, I'll look in and do all I can for ye."

With a short "Good day!" he went out and hurried on after his fellow-regulators.

It was a cold, bright afternoon, and after attending to the wants of the horse, the cow and poultry in the little stable, I took Helen with me, and went back to my home to look after my animals. The walk in the fresh, cold air was good for her. Her mind rallied somewhat from the paralyzing weight of her grief as we walked over the frozen snow.

We prepared supper at my dug-out, and remained till evening, intending to return by the light of a nearly full moon which had risen, and shone brightly on the snow.

But as we were setting out, we heard the howling of wolves, and did not dare face them. We retreated indoors. The hungry creatures came about the place, yelping wildly as they dug once more at the frozen walls of my little stable. I frightened them away by discharging the carbine.

As we sat beside my little stove that evening, we took our circumstances under calmer consideration. I wrote a letter to Andrew's parents, who lived in West Virginia, telling them of his death, and of the wish which he had expressed during the last few hours of his life, that Helen should have what he possessed in the way of property.

As soon as we had returned to Helen's house the following forenoon, and had attended to the animals, I put on Andrew's snow-shoes, and taking a part of our money, set off to walk to the cabin of the Norwegian settler. I had but one thought—to make arrangements for a proper and seemly funeral.

It was my first experience upon snow-shoes. The tracks which I made would probably have disqualified me, *prima facie*, for admission to any Good Templars' association. I had left Helen silently weeping; but months afterward she confessed to me that, as she watched my surprising antics, she had difficulty in refraining from laughing outright.

The Norse settler, whose name was Bjornson, had great difficulty in understanding what I wanted, but finally I made him comprehend, as I thought, and concluded a bargain with him to take our letter to the next town, and ask the clergyman who resided there to come to us if possible.

I entrusted ten dollars to Bjornson with which to purchase a coffin, and then returned to Helen.

We waited in much distress for two days and three nights before Bjornson came to us. Then, in his broken English, he endeavored to tell us that he had been to the town and posted our letter, but that the clergyman was absent from home, and that, worse still, some rascally fellows whom he met there had lured him into a building and robbed him of the money. Probably he told us the truth.

Bjornson certainly posted the letter, for I may here add that during the following June a reply was received from Andrew's old mother, in West Virginia, expressing a mother's grief for her boy, and declaring that she wished that his property should go, as he desired, to his wife, whom she would like dearly to see.

Compelled by necessity, I took down a part of one of the partitions inside of the house, and with Andrew's tools constructed a coffin. In a secure place outside the house we left Andrew's remains to the care of the kindly frost until spring, and then we buried them in a shady spot under one of the oaks near my cabin.

The exigencies of our rude life again resumed their sway over us. The winter was snowy and cold beyond all precedent in Dakota. The snow-drifts were so deep that I could not drive my cow to Helen's cabin, or her horse and cow to mine. In midwinter, therefore, we had to care for two claims, separated by two miles of well-nigh impassable walking.

Every day a trip must be made from one place to the other, although sometimes, during storms, the poor animals went without water for two or three days. We left water in tubs where they could reach it, but often the water froze. It was easy to place sufficient fodder from the stacks where they could eat their fill, but this, too, was attended by much waste.



"Where's Phillister?"

We tried to make the trip every day, when the weather permitted, and for a long time we passed alternate nights at each place. One forenoon during the first fortnight we were caught out in a furious snow squall,—almost a blizzard,—and were so near to losing our way that we were greatly frightened. To obviate this danger in part we cut bundles of sticks and branches, which we carried along our beaten path and stuck in the snow at distances of about forty feet apart, to guide us in case of sudden storms.

These constant trips added greatly to our hardships, but both Helen's health and my own continued good, though we became somewhat weather-beaten from facing the winds so much.

The frontiersman who had promised to "look in" upon us, on his return, never appeared. We learned afterward that the robbers were pursued in the direction of the Montana line, and that two men were killed and several wounded. The man who called on us may have been one of these victims.

Another source of anxiety and excitement with us was "Nero," Andrew's horse, a young animal which had never been well broken either to halter or harness. Our attempts to care for him were attended by stirring episodes.

The poor creature tired of his stall; and I, fearing that some harm would come to him from inaction, often attempted to lead him out. I quite expected that he would disable me before spring, and I wonder that he did not. He bit my arm one day, through my dress sleeve, in a most painful manner. In fact, it was the last of a long series of bites which he had habitually given me.

February and the greater part of March passed by, the weather continuing steadily cold for the most part. Then came a great rain-storm and general thaw of the snow. During this downpour, equipped in rubber boots which we had been careful to bring with us, we made the trip from Helen's house to my cabin, where we passed the night.

It rained all night. Next morning we found that my covered way had fallen in, and that the snow had settled surprisingly and grown very soft. My roof leaked badly, and as my dug-out had not been constructed with a view to the careful exclusion of water, a puddle had gathered beneath the boards of the floor.



Still the rain fell in floods. It seemed useless to attempt to return to Helen's. Toward evening, however, the water came into my dug-out to such a depth that we began to wish we had done so. With much difficulty we hoisted the floor, and placed blocks beneath it.

Our heads now touched the low roof. As much as two feet of water had collected in the hole beneath the floor.

By daylight next morning we were literally drowned out; not more than four feet of space was left between the submerged floor and the roof. We escaped out of doors, from our damp bed, with some difficulty.

Fortunately the weather continued warm, and the rain had now ceased. The clouds were breaking away, and the ground was bare in spots. The air was very refreshing.

We hurriedly fed old Spot and the fowls, and leaving the doors of the shed and the poultry-house open, set off for Helen's.

I had remained behind for a moment; but as I emerged from the oaks, following our now icy old path, I saw that Helen had stopped short.

"Just look at the water!" she exclaimed to me. "How are we ever to get across?"

Down in the hollow beyond, the little creek, previously mentioned, was swollen to a veritable river, which roared as it rushed along.

We went slowly forward and gazed upon it in great perplexity. Where two days before we had crossed on the snow, with scarcely a thought of water beneath, there was now a yellow, snow-clogged torrent fully sixty feet in width.

For a mile or more we ascended the hither bank, looking in vain for some narrower place, where possibly the ice still spanned it; but nowhere did we find a passable spot. There was little prospect that the waters would subside for several days, and yet we must cross it.

I set at work to build a raft. I cut two logs, each about eight feet in length, from the fallen cottonwood tree, and these we dragged down to the creek with my clothes-line.

The logs were green and heavy; but they served as frame for the floor of the raft, which we laid on them, using the boards and joists of the floor of my dug-out, which was now afloat.

At last we completed a float which I was sure would sustain our weight. Then, providing ourselves with two narrow strips of board, each about ten feet in length, to use as paddles, we put off.

The raft moved without difficulty, and we soon gained the middle of the creek. There the current proved too strong for us. Helen, growing frightened, sat down suddenly, and clutched the sides.

I was dizzy myself; for the raft revolved two or three times, and was carried swiftly down stream. Something—either the rotary movement, or the sight of the banks and bushes, gliding past us—rendered us both actually "sea-sick."

I think we were carried down a hundred yards or more, still turning around. Recovering my head a little, I then made a vigorous effort to pole the raft ashore, and so far succeeded that I ran it upon a bunch of submerged brush, ten or a dozen feet from the bank, on the side of the stream toward Helen's claim.

Then the raft canted suddenly over with a very tipsy movement, and spilled us both off into the icy water. It is quite likely that we screamed; for although the water was not more than three feet deep there, it was terribly cold. I had seized Helen, and we scrambled to land, gasping for breath.

Helen declared that she would "never go on that horrid thing again." But I still had hopes of it; and as I was as wet already as I could be, I again waded in, drew the raft ashore and secured it.

We had crossed the creek, although not wholly in the manner that we had anticipated; and with chattering teeth we now ran to Helen's house, where we hastened to change our clothes, kindle a fire, and prepare a warm breakfast.

I feared that we had taken severe colds, but neither of us experienced any ill effects from the adventure. Hardships had inured us to such exposures.

Later in the day, after I had recovered my courage a little, I went back to the creek, tied a stone to the end of my line, and threw it across the stream several times, until I succeeded in lodging it amidst the brush on the other bank. Then, making the hither end of the line fast, I pulled the raft across the creek by aid of the line.

Thus I established a sort of rude rope-ferry, which answered our purpose very well. We crossed and recrossed by it twenty times during the next two weeks.

Spring had now returned. My "winter in a dug-out" had ended. Much more might be told of my subsequent experiences as a homesteader, but by far the worst of my troubles were over.

The season which followed was a very favorable one, and Helen and I did our best with our poultry, our dairy products and our garden.

The wheat crop which we raised from twelve acres of land returned scarcely ten dollars above the expenses of cultivation; and we learned that we could not make money in raising wheat on so small a scale.

The ambition to possess a large wheat farm still possessed us. Not only did we resolve to retain both our claims, under the Homestead Law, but we took steps to preëmpt each a quarter section of the land which lay between these claims.

Availing ourselves still further of the generous land laws of our country, we entered each a claim, under the Timber Culture Act, and thus obtained possession of all the available land lying between our two original claims, uniting the whole tract into one farm.

In fact, three years were required to make a beginning in wheat. Fortunately for us, our first wheat crop, on a larger scale, was a good one. It set us on our feet.

Last year we had three hundred acres in wheat. We have to hire several laborers, but I can truly say that we are doing well. At present I see no reason why we may not realize the plans and the hopes which led us to seek a home in the Northwest. Meantime, there are many settlers about us, a railroad and a post-office near, and we are very comfortable.

CHARLOTTE H. SMITH.

The End.

For the Companion.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BURROS.

Stupid, sleepy and slow-moving as he is, the Mexican donkey, or "burro," has been an important factor in the development and growth of many mountainous districts in the West.

He has anticipated the service of the railroad train and the stage-coach in the transportation of freight and supplies to the most remote mountain camps. He is one of the most patient and faithful of all beasts of burden, although he is seldom promoted above the position of a common drudge.

His slowness and sureness of movement enable



him to go up and over the loftiest mountain summits, around the sharpest, rockiest curves, on the narrowest of trails. He plods sleepily along at the very edge of the most frightful precipices without once "losing his head," or making a single misstep. He goes fearlessly along where his bigger brother, the mule, could not go, and where his other relative, the horse, would not go if he could.

He is never "skittish;" his temperament is too phlegmatic for that. He is serenely indifferent to the things that affright the soberest horse.

At his very first sight of a locomotive under full headway, the donkey might prick up his ears slightly, and the sleepy look in his eyes might give way to one of mild curiosity; but all the puffing and screeching it could do would not make him run away.

But this calm indifference is, I fear, more the result of stupidity than of courage.

The traveller to the remote mining camps of the West is likely to meet many burro trains going up long, steep and winding trails, heavily laden with merchandise of every kind, or coming down with bags of ore strapped to the animals' backs.

It is surprising to see under what heavy burdens these little creatures can plod along. The one shown in the illustration has the greater part of a cord of wood on his back. I have seen a family moving from one town or camp to another with all of their household goods on the back of a single burro, and these effects included a small cook-stove, a bedstead and bedding, two chairs, a grindstone and frame, and many pots, kettles, pans and dishes.

At the top of this prodigious pile was a baby, snugly and securely fastened to the mattress of the bed.

Thus heavily and clumsily burdened, the patient little donkey stepped meekly along, seemingly indifferent to the lowliness of his estate, or quite satisfied with it.

Nothing but actual necessity ever induces the traveller, or any one else, to ride the burro from one place to another. The little animal's usefulness

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in this direction is greatly impaired by his diminutive size, and his unalterable determination never to go faster than a slow walk.

Indifferent alike to blows, kicks, threats and pleadings, he plods slowly along even on the best of roads. His gait is so tedious that the man who mounts him is soon glad to dismount, and go farther and faster on his own legs.



The Stubborn Burro.

A tall man makes himself especially an object of ridicule when astride a burro. His feet barely escape the ground, and he is likely to hear many amusing but mortifying comparisons and remarks.

"How do you find the walking to-day?" is the ordinary satirical salutation to a long-legged man thus mounted.

Children, however, do not seem at all out of place on burro-back; and some of the Rocky Mountain boys and girls, with plenty of time for such modes of locomotion and childhood's capacity for enjoying it, find great pleasure in riding over mountain roads or the streets of mountain towns on the backs of these queer, stupidly submissive little animals.

Some years ago, at the close of a summer day, I was riding on a stage-coach toward a new mining camp. Within a mile of the camp we suddenly came upon three noisy, rollicking boys, of from ten to twelve years of age, astride a single little mouse-colored burro.

The little animal seemed to have come suddenly to a realizing sense of the fact that he was being imposed upon, and was flatly refusing to take another step with such a load upon his back.

The burro was in the middle of the narrow pass directly ahead of the coach, which had to come to a standstill until the obstinate animal could be made to move on.

"Come, come, get out of this!" called out the driver, by whose side I chanced to be sitting.

"He won't get out!" replied one of the three riders, as he beat the donkey about the ears with his fist.

"Lick him up," retorted the stage-driver, briefly.

"We've been licking him an hour!" replied the boy.

"Well, now, see here," said the driver, in a tone of decision, "you've either got to make that little jackass carry you out of the way, or else you've got to get off and carry him out of the road. If you don't do one or the other, I'll have to run over the whole lot of you!"

Then the three riders began to belabor poor Jack with their legs and fists, while they shrieked out, "G'lang! g'lang! Get up! Go on out o' here!"

But the burro would not "g'lang" nor "get up." He stood perfectly still with half-closed eyes, wagging his ears to and fro, a comical picture of calm and dignified firmness.

"We don't want to get off an' give up to him!" called out one of the boys, obstinately. "We've been sitting here about two hours, and we'll sit here all night before we'll give up!"

"No, you won't!" retorted the driver. "This is Uncle Sam's coach; it's got the mail on board, and that gives it the right of way over this road. See? Now you hop off that Jack instantly."

He spoke so sharply that the boys silently obeyed. The moment they touched the ground the burro slowly walked along ahead of us until it came to a little turnout in the road. Then it stepped to one side, and we drove on ahead of it.

I looked back as we turned a curve in the road, and saw the three boys again astride the burro, which was standing perfectly still. I never knew which side yielded the palm of stubbornness to the other, but I am inclined to think that the donkey came out victorious.

"Shaggy" was the name given to a very small burro which was something of an anomaly among his kind. He was very black, with rough, shaggy hair like a bear. He was fleet of foot, tricky, treacherous and unwilling to work.

"Shaggy" belonged to a train of burros used in carrying freight to a mining camp fifty miles from a railroad. He did not have the sleepy eye of his mates; he had a sly, comical way of looking out of the corners of his eyes, and his driver declared that there were times when Shaggy "laughed right out loud."

He was always biting or kicking some of his mates, shying from the road, racing madly on ahead, or lagging lazily behind, or doing something else to bring upon himself the lash and the reproaches of his master.

He made so much trouble, and his influence on the rest of the train was so demoralizing that Shaggy was finally disowned by his master, and turned out to shift for himself in one of the gulches through which the train was passing.

The children of a miner living in the gulch adopted this incorrigible animal, and it is to be hoped that, under their gentler influences, he reformed at last.

Docile and sluggish as he commonly is, the burro rises to great heights of wrath and activity when engaged in battle with one of his own kind. Then his dull eyes flame, his ears lie back, all his shining teeth are revealed; his hoofs fly up and out, and he fights valiantly.

These combats do not often occur, however. At other times the burro is one of the meekest and most faithful little burden-bearers in the world.

J. H. Lewis.

For the Companion.

HUMILITY.

Behold the narrow sphere, but half illumed,
That yonder candle fills. Yet without shame,
Unenvious of the stars, it lends its flame,—
Content to serve until itself consumed.

Mathew V. Flail.

THE CZAR'S CHARACTER.

A good illustration of the different points of view from which men observe the same question or condition of things is afforded by some recent utterances by well-informed writers on the present situation in Europe.

These writers, while believing a general European war to be probable at no distant date, differ as to which of the European rulers is the most likely to begin it. A well-known correspondent of the London *Times* declares that the issue of war hangs upon the life of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Should the Emperor die, he would be succeeded by his nephew, who is represented as a vicious and incompetent prince. His accession, the correspondent thinks, would be likely to result in the disruption of the Austrian Empire, and a consequent scramble by Germany and Russia for various portions of it, from which war would result.

An eminent London editor believes that a European war depends upon the caprices of the young German Emperor. At present that restless potentate is strongly inclined to peace, but he is subject to frequent changes of mind, is fond of the science of war, and may any day alter his policy to a warlike one.

Still another writer, not less well known, is strongly of opinion that the maintenance of peace or the initiation of war depends upon the will of the Russian Czar.

He asserts that as long as the Czar keeps a check on his ambitious soldiers and statesmen no collision will take place between the powers. When an event so momentous as a general war depends upon the life or will of any man, or of two or three men, the personal qualities of those men become a subject not only of deep interest, but of much public importance.

The Czar of Russia has long been more or less of a mystery to the world in general. His life is so secluded and apart that even his own subjects can know but little of him. He is only seen in public when he drives hurriedly through the streets to his palaces or the railway stations.

A recent description of the Czar by one entitled to belief in his accuracy presents in a somewhat new light the character of this mighty ruler, who holds sway over so many millions of his fellow-beings, and by a word could plunge Europe into war.

The contrast between the Czar and his remote cousin, the young German Emperor, is a very strong one. The Kaiser shows an almost morbid activity of mind and body. He seems never to be at rest. He is constantly travelling, speaking, reviewing, issuing proclamations, devising policies, and working at important State problems. He clearly desires to appear as a broad statesman, an effective orator, and as a skilful warrior.

The Czar, on the other hand, is described as being very "slow-minded." His mind works with difficulty upon the State questions which come up before him. He finds it hard to make his way through the mass of business which his ministers submit to him from day to day; he is said to work at his papers often until two or three o'clock in the morning, without having finished his task.

Alexander the Third did not receive the special education usually given to heirs to the Russian crown. His elder brother Nicholas, who was the heir, did not die until Alexander had reached young manhood. Probably, if Alexander had been specially trained to fill the throne, he would have found his work less difficult.

One aspect of the Czar's character which will inspire the respect and liking of Americans is his undoubtedly deep and devoted affection for his family. His happiest hours are those which he spends with his wife and children, and he is always relieved when his royal tasks are done, and he can return to his domestic circle.

The marriages of princes, which are usually dictated by reasons of State and not by mutual affection, are by no means always happy ones, and it is gratifying to see so powerful a ruler as the Russian Czar presenting to his people an example of domestic happiness and fidelity.

TO AN OLD CLOCK.

Ancient timepiece! nameless years
Mark the hours since first you stood
Rich in mellow, inlaid wood,
Ready to tell off the life
Of ancestral man and wife.
Was the life you ticked away
Better than the life to-day?

—*Portsmouth Journal.*

THE TEMPERANCE UNION.

"The home against the saloon" was the animating principle of the great convention of the National and World's Women's Christian Temperance Unions which was lately held in Boston. This convention, which represented more than ten thousand local unions in America alone, with a membership in this country of more than one hundred and fifty thousand, was attended by delegates from all parts of the world. Not only were England and other European countries represented, but also Canada, Australasia, Japan, China and India.

The objects of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, as stated in the resolutions adopted by the convention, are diverse, but they group themselves about the central purpose to use the influence of women, through the home, the church, and such public functions and relations as women possess or may obtain, against vice, and chiefly against the vice of drink, which the members regard as the central vice of all—the "sum of all villanies."

Few great conventions have ever met which showed so complete an absence of disagreement, and yet, as we have said, the programme of the Union is a very extensive and varied one, which must provoke sharp discussion unless the members were practically of one mind.

This programme demands, first of all, total abstinence from alcoholic drinks for the individual, and legal prohibition of the manufacture of and traffic in such liquors for the State. In order that women may work more effectively for these things, they are formally advised by the Union to use every practicable means to obtain the ballot and secure "equal governmental rights."

The local unions are given leave to render any assistance which they deem best to any political organization which is acting in harmony with the principles of the society. In several ways in its resolutions the National Union commits itself, and urges its members, to work along the line of politics.

In one of its resolutions it protests against license or leniency toward lotteries, and condemns various public manifestations of vice and immorality.

Following its purpose to pursue its objects through as great a degree of influence upon legislation as it can exert, the general convention of the Union petitioned Congress for several things. One of these is the ratification by the Senate of a treaty which was proposed to the governments of civilized countries by a Congress of Nations held at Brussels last year, and which has for its object the exclusion of intoxicating liquors from large parts of Africa, and the more complete stamping out of the slave-trade there.

Congress was also asked to appoint two commissions, composed of men and women, one to investigate social vice, and one to make inquiry into the alcoholic liquor traffic; and to settle all difficulties, at home and with foreign countries, by arbitration.

The convention also memorialized the commissioners of the World's Fair of 1893 at Chicago to close the gates of the Fair on Sunday, and to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks on the grounds.

The influence of the Women's Christian Temperance Union upon public affairs has already been considerable. Largely through its efforts, in thirty-five States of the Union special instruction with regard to the physiological effects of alcohol has been introduced into the public schools. It is estimated that thirteen millions of children have come under the influence of instruction of this sort.

But the great mass of the work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union is not along the lines of public agitation. There is, besides this, a great deal of direct benevolent and evangelistic work. Many neglected children—the majority of them, no doubt, neglected because their parents love drink better than they do their children—are cared for and put upon the right road. In many ways the members of this great body continually work to protect society at large against drunkenness and vice, or to repair the ravages caused by them.

The delegates to this great convention were earnest and manifestly united in their purpose. Their deliberations were of a calm and systematic sort, though they were at the same time characterized by a great deal of enthusiasm.

JOHNSON'S SUCCESS.

A great funeral had just passed through the city streets. The city councilmen had taken part in the ceremonies for the dead man, who, in addition to his other honors, had recently been elected Mayor.

"I have known Johnson since he was a lad," one of them said, as they drove back from the cemetery. "Did you ever hear how he got his first step upward?"

"No," said his companion, who happened to be the doctor who had attended Johnson for years.

"He and his brother kept a little shop in a village on the Jersey coast. Wright, the broker, was sent down there one summer for the sea-bathing, and lodged with them. He noticed that while one of the young men ate and slept like other folks, took part in the affairs of the village, and had no higher aim apparently than to earn enough to buy a little farm and to marry, James, the other brother, was always busy until late at night, and up again before day at work over his books. During the day he developed plans for making money.

"It is true that the field in which he worked was narrow and the profits small, but Wright saw that he had strong mental qualities, and that his ambition was enormous. He watched him closely, and at the end of the summer offered him a position in his office. That was Johnson's first start. It was the reward of his own efforts. No 'luck.'

"Once in town, he pushed his own way. He gave himself up to business. He wanted first fortune, and then position. He was wealthy when he died, and he had held every office with which his fellow-citizens could honor him; but he was as industrious to the last as when he was a poor lad. That man, sir, was in his office at work every day long before his servants or clerks had left their beds."

"He will be greatly missed, I suppose?"

"In business, yes; but he has no children, as you know, and he was an unpopular man. The fact is, he had no time to make friends, or to do good to others."

"Do you know his brother?"

"No. I have heard he was a farmer in New Jersey."

"I know him," said the physician, thoughtfully. "He has taken life simply and leisurely; has married and brought up a family of honest, happy men and women. He has had no inordinate ambition, and has done no excessive work; but he has paid his debts and helped his neighbors. He never will be rich, nor probably hold an important office, but he is alive, sound and healthy, and his influence for good has been a blessing to his townsmen, while Johnson, worn out, lies *there*. After all," he added, after a moment's silence, "which was the successful man?"

"Johnson would have been preëminently so had he used his wealth for the benefit of others," said his companion. "As it was, his nature was not enlarged. That which was the highest and the best in him—that would have made the world richer in noble thoughts and deeds—was not developed.

"He worked for himself. His ambitions were selfish, and his heaps of gold are left for others to squander in idleness and folly. He did his work like an intellectual machine, and his soul, shrivelled and undeveloped, has gone to its reward. In the best sense his life was not a success."

MARRYING A TITLE.

Not long ago, a young man of elegant manner and appearance arrived at a Western city, and registered himself at a hotel as the Prince de C— from Florence.

He spoke English with a foreign accent, dressed simply but richly, and spent money freely. It soon became rumored that he had vast possessions in Italy, including a palace on the Arno.

Fashionable men called upon him, and introduced him to their families, and dinner-parties were thought to be honored by his presence. When it was known that he was not averse to marriage with an American, young girls took care to appear before him with all the advantage which dress or luxurious surroundings could add to their beauty.

The Prince proved to be an ignorant man, and babbled foolishly when he talked. But an Italian palace and the rank of a princess were strong temptations to be blind to these defects.

In two months from his first appearance in the city, he married the only daughter of a man of wealth. One of the wedding gifts was a check for a large sum from the father of the bride.

Two days after the wedding satisfactory proof was brought to the family of the young girl that her husband was not a prince, but a barber in an Eastern city, who, having come into possession of a sum of money, resolved to use it and his personal attractions as capital to earn a fortune by marriage. The father of the bride followed them to New York, and succeeded in buying her release from the sharper, who already had begun to treat her with indifference.

These miserable facts are not given to warn our girl readers against marriages with foreign noblemen, real or pretended. They probably have already a belief that a bargain and sale is always implied in such unions; the American girl paying her money for the title which she receives.

Like all popular prejudices this is unjust. There is no reason why genuine affection should not be

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the motive of a marriage, however great the wealth of the wife, or high the rank of the husband.

Nor is it only wealthy women and foreign noblemen who make in this country a trade of marriage.

When the little chambermaid accepts the baker at the corner for whom she has so affection, that she may escape work and "have a house of her own," she sells herself.

When the proud, refined daughter of a poor professional man brings her beauty and accomplishments before the notice of a man whom she neither loves nor respects, simply because he is worth much money, she brings herself into the market as absolutely as any ware that is offered for sale in the shops.

Marriage is at the base of all society, and when that base is so often a false sham, ought we to wonder if the whole structure becomes fraudulent and unstable?

DUTIFUL.

Moore, the poet, was devoted to his mother, a plain and almost uneducated woman. He wrote to her his first letter, and ended it thus:

"Your absence all but kill endure,
And none so ill as—THOMAS MOORE."

Even when his songs and poems had made him famous, and his society was sought by England's highest and best, he used to write to her twice a week. At his death she possessed four thousand of his letters.

He told her of everything that interested him, from the purchase of a pocket-handkerchief to his introduction to the Prince of Wales, subsequently George IV., and his visit to Niagara Falls.

"You, dear mother, can neither see frivolity nor egotism in these details," he writes at the conclusion of one letter, knowing that nothing is uninteresting to a mother that concerns her boy.

Mr. S. C. Hall, in his monograph on Moore, says that the poet had given him a small manuscript volume of early poems, which he had written out for his mother, and prefaced by these sentences, among others:

"For her who was the critic of my first infant productions, I have transcribed the few little essays that follow. . . . The critic praises from the heart—the mother praises from the heart. With one it is a tribute of judgment; with the other it is a gift from the soul."

"TURN OVER."

"Great minds think alike," yet it is singular that two Lord Chancellors of England should have made the turning over of a sheet of note paper a device for executing their neatest joke.

Lord Chancellor Eldon, having been asked by a clerical friend to give him a certain living, wrote on one side of a sheet of paper:

"DEAR FISHER. I cannot to-day give you the preferment for which you ask. I remain your sincere friend, ELDON.

"Pray see."

[On the other side:] "I gave it to you yesterday."

Sir John Sinclair, who had done much for the agriculture of England and Scotland, thought the nation should present him with a testimonial, and wrote to Lord Chancellor Erskine, inviting him to subscribe to it. On one side of a sheet of paper Erskine replied:

"MY DEAR SIR JOHN. I am certain there are few in this Kingdom who set a higher value on your services than myself, and I have the honor to subscribe—

[On the other side the note concluded:]

"Myself,

"Your obedient, faithful servant, "ERSKINE."

CICERO.

Cardinal Newman was a master in the art of writing English. In one of his published letters, he expressed the following opinion:

"As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I ever had is Cicero; I think I owe a great deal to him, and so far as I know, to no one else."

Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, another masterly writer of English, says in his autobiography:

"So far as I have derived benefit from any one in the matter of composition, it has been from Cicero.

"I do not underrate the advantage of a combined study of authors such as Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, Johnson, Burke, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, and I may add Horace Walpole; but I must repeat that I believe I got more good, not only in writing Latin but for writing English, from reading Cicero, and learning him by heart, than from any other source."

FOR THE LOVE OF IT.

At a recent county fair in New England there was, according to the reports in the local newspapers, a continual crowd around one agricultural exhibit, which excited a great deal of substantial, and was the occasion of many remarks.

The exhibit was marked, "Raised on an Abandoned Farm."

The articles shown were grown by a man who had formerly followed another occupation, upon a farm in a rough hill town, which he owner had found an undesirable piece of property, and had practically deserted.

The exhibit included twenty-two varieties of potatoes, several varieties of wheat, oats, barley, rye and beans, onions, pumpkins, squashes, melons, beets, carrots and turnips.

"It was such a display," the local paper says, "as might be made by a carefully attended farm, with all the advantages of cultivation."

The people kept the proprietor of the "abandoned farm" busy explaining how he produced such wonderful results. His reply was that he took delight in farming, and did the best he could.

"Oh yes," said one bystander, somewhat contemptuously, "he's farming for the love of it."

"And I imagine," said another bystander, "that if the farmer who had the place before this man took it had farmed a little more for the love of it, he wouldn't have had any occasion to go off and leave it."

There was sound philosophy in this remark. Many an "abandoned farm," if its true history were known, would be found to be deserted simply because the owner did not enter with zest upon the work needed to make it profitable. He did not know how, and was too indolent to learn; or he knew, and was too indifferent to adopt the means necessary to ensure success.

An enthusiast might make a rocky pasture yield him a living, while a lazy man might starve upon the richest soil.

Prizes Awarded

For the Best Folk-Lore Stories.—Competition of 1890-91.

In competition for the Prizes offered one year ago for the best Local and Folk-Lore Stories, more than two thousand stories were offered. After a careful examination of them the prizes have been awarded and paid as follows:

First Prize, One Thousand Dollars, to Miss Marie Louise Whiting, Knoxville, Tenn., for her story entitled "Slow Joe's Freedom."

Second Prize, Three Hundred Dollars, to Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, Pittsfield, Mass., for her story entitled "Mother's Doughnuts."

Third Prize, Two Hundred Dollars, to Mr. Albert Hervis, Boston, Mass., for his story entitled "The Silver Tankard."

USE OF A PASSPORT.

"Mine is rather a hard case," said a discouraged graduate of a young ladies' seminary. "I can't get a position as a teacher because I haven't had experience, and if I am never allowed to teach, how am I to get my experience?" A somewhat similar paradox was perpetrated by a German officer, mentioned by Mr. Henry W. Wolff in "The Country of the Vosges." This traveller had been wandering about Metz, asking questions and seeing the sights, and he says:

On my return to the station, I found a surprise awaiting me. The German police had found me out, not a difficult task, since I purposely went about quite openly.

The fact, as it appeared, made no difference. There, at the entrance to the station, stood a Prus-sian gendarme, all on the alert, looking very ferocious with what the German song calls the moustachioed air." He was on the lookout for me, and he knew it, and said:

"Have you a passeavolant about you?" he asked, rather gruffly.

"Sir, no; but do I want one? Am I not entitled to travel in my country without a passport?"

He looked angry, eyeing with disgust my "Murray," which here, all too plainly, upon its cover the title "Prusse."

"Then, sir, I suppose you have been about the town looking at things and asking questions."

"It is true; that is what I am travelling for."

"I must see your passport."

"What? In defiance of the Emperor's regulations?"

"Do you not understand," said he, pompously, "that I must see your passport in order to be able to judge whether or not you are entitled to travel without one?"

This was logic, but logic which, however feeble, must be heeded. I produced my passport, and after having studied for a terrible interval, he gravely announced that I was fitted to travel without one.

HOW HIGH IS THE ATMOSPHERE?

One would hardly think of looking to the moon for information about the height of the earth's atmosphere. Yet it is in just that way that evidence has recently been obtained that the atmosphere extends much higher than has commonly been assumed.

Observations of lunar eclipses made at the Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, in California, have shown that the amount of heat received from the moon, which best is, of course, merely reflected sun heat, just as moonlight is only reflected sunlight, begins perceptibly to diminish several minutes before the shadow of the earth reaches the moon.

The inference is that the earth's atmosphere partially cuts off the sun's heat as it comes between the moon and the sun ahead of the edge of the earth's shadow, and that during the whole length of time during which the line of heat from the moon is felt before the eclipse begins, indicates that our atmosphere reaches a height of at least one hundred miles above us.

How different this is from the height usually stated may be seen by consulting a popular school-book on physical geography, published within a few years, in which it is affirmed that beyond a height of forty miles the amount of air remaining would be too small to affect the sun's rays perceptibly in any way.

So in the most unexpected, and sometimes unlooked for, ways we are continually learning something new about this time-worn globe on whose surface we dwell.

CONSIDERATE.

The Chicago *Tribune* says—perhaps truly—that a solicitor lately paused in the midst of his discourse, evidently determined that for once the more thoughtful of his hearers should not suffer for their good behavior.

"There were five or six persons in the congregation," he remarked, "when I began, but when I got here each one of them left. I'll wait now. For their benefit I will state that the sexton has just informed me that the purpose of which I am a solicitor is for the benefit of the church, to secure a cushion over one eye. I remark, fourthly, that this clause in the text," etc.

FOREIGN ENGLISH.

The difficulties and dangers of using a foreign language are exemplified anew in a paragraph quoted from *Notes and Queries*.

In a hotel not a hundred miles from the top of the Rigi, the following notice is posted:

"Misters and venerable voyagers are advertised that when the sun him rise a horn will be blowed.

"After that the visitor is sufficiently prepared for to see the sun him rise.

"In this hotel the wines leave the travellers nothing to hope for."

For an ache, pain or cramp, internal or external, use *Brown's Household Panacea.* "A superior remedy. Last. leave it."

EASTMAN COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. Offers both sexes the best advantages for a practical business education at the lowest cost. Open all the year. Enter any time. Circulars free. Mention this publication. No charge for situations furnished. Open equally to both. Address as above for Illus. Catalogue.

"SHORT STORIES." The new magazine of cosmopolitan fiction. Send ten cents in stamps for sample copy to THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 31 West 23d Street, New York.

SHOPPING BY MAIL. We can sell you DRY GOODS and please and profit you wherever you live. Write for samples and catalogues. Your letters are always responded to by return post. JOS. HORNE & CO., 607-621 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

THE FAMOUS
Plymouth Rock $3 Pants
CUT TO ORDER.

We have seven stores in Boston and a store in Washington, D. C., Chicago, 111., Toledo, O., Dayton, O., Little Rock, Ark., Cincinnati, O., Providence, R. I., Worcester, Mass., Fort Worth, Texas, Dallas, Texas, Nashville, Tenn., Memphis, Tenn., Atlanta, Ga., Montgomery, Ala., Columbus, Ga., Galveston, Texas, Waco, Tex., New Orleans, La., Peoria, Ill., Springfield, Ill., Manchester, N. H., Concord, N. H., Rochester, N. Y., New Haven, Conn., Springfield, Mass., Bar Harbor, Me., Columbus, O., Macon, Ga., Vicksburg, Miss., Kansas City, Mo., Jacksonville, Fla., Austin, Tex., San Antonio, Tex.

BUT you can mail your address to us on a postal and receive a full line of Samples and directions how to measure, and we can send the clothing you order by **Mail** or **Express** to any part of U. S.

Plymouth Rock Pants Co.
Incorporated Capital, $1,000,000.
Address all Headquarters, 11 to 15 Eliot St., Boston, Mass.
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Edwards' Orange Spoon.

PATTERNS:
Jac Rose,
Minnehaha,
Hiawatha, Warner, Windsor.
Send for Catalogue showing Patterns.

The Orange is cut across the sections. The bowl is then used to dip out the pulp, which is easily removed. The only way to eat an Orange.

JUST WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.

STERLING SILVER INLAID Spoons and Forks will not show wear. Silver alone will not wear long. You can get them of your Jeweler only. Ask for Catalogue.
The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

How bright and shining are the gold and silver gifts that Santa Claus brings! Nothing like them to be had at ruinous rates. You can keep them so if you will use Stillmona—a chemically prepared chamois skin that cleans and polishes without scratching. Sold by jewelers everywhere. Can't you make your friend a gift that will last now.

A large sample of Stillmona will be sent to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen and inclose 10 cents in stamps to THE CHAMOIS & SPONGE CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

PALMER'S Piano Primer. Endorsed by Dr. Mason, Mr. Root, Mrs. Hopekirk, Mr. Perkins and other Pianists. Dr. Hochmeyer of 1,500 Musical Terms, &c. Book of 64 pages. Send for it. Palmer, Lock Box 965, N. Y. City.

A Christmas Specialty for Ladies.

On Page 38 of THE PREMIUM List our **Kensington Art Embroidery and Stamping Outfit** is fully illustrated. With this Outfit, home can be made more beautiful. This Stamping Outfit should be in every home where there are girls.

This Outfit consists of the following list of the Stamping Patterns; the size of each is given: Splasher, 9 x 25; Lambrequin, 8 x 25; Flannel Skirt or Blanket, 2 3-4 x 10; Repeating Border, 3 1-2 x 9; Umbrella Bag, 12 x 12; Cane Pocket, 2 x 24; Fine Pillow, "Rainy Sleep," 14 x 15; Corner Piece, 7 1-2 x 7 1-2; Dressing-Case Scarf, 4 x 18; Sideboard Scarf, 4 x 15; Table Scarf, 4 x 17; Sofa Pillow, 12 x 15; Baby Blanket Corner Piece, 7 x 7; Table-Spread Corner, 14 x 14; Chair or Sofa Tidy, 9 x 12; Slipper Pattern, 8 x 11; Tea or Tray Cloth, 6 x 8; Apron Corner, 8 x 10; Large Table Scarf, 9 x 18; "Good Morning" Pillow Sham, 12 x 13; Duster Pocket, 4 1-2 x 9; Small Spray, 4 1-2 x 4 1-2; Panels or Tidies, 7 x 15; Doilies, new style, 4 x 4; Braiding Pattern, repeating, 3 1-2 wide; Apron, 9 x 17; Braiding Pattern, repeating, 3 wide; Doilies, 4 x 4; Carver's Tray Cloth, 5 1-2 x 13; Wreath, for Hat Crowns, Centres, etc., 5 x 5; Laundry Bag, 6 x 8; School Bag, 3 1-2 x 9; Shoe or Slipper Pocket, 6 x 10; and Complete Alphabet, 2 inch initial; Slumber Roll, 7 x 13; Beautiful Spray, 7 x 9; Rose, 7 x 8; Outline Design, 5 x 18; Outline Design, 7 x 18.

The Outfit now contains the entire assortment of Perforated Stamping Patterns mentioned above, 3 Boxes of the F. M. Indelible Stamping Powder, 3 Distributing Pads, Chart, with Lessons, 1 Illustrated Lesson in Art Embroidery, 1 Set of 2inch Alphabets.

Price of the complete Outfit, $1.00. Postage and packing 15 cents additional.

A SPECIAL OFFER. When you order the Stamping Outfit, and enclose 10 cents additional, we will send you a copy of the Jenny June 50-cent "Lady's Manual of Fancy Work," containing 500 illustrations.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

DECISIVE
Baking Powder Tests

The United States Official

Investigation of Baking Powders, made, by authority of Congress, in the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., furnishes the highest authoritative information as to which powder is the best. The Official Report

Shows the ROYAL to be a cream of tartar baking powder, superior to all others in leavening power (*U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Bulletin 13, p. 599.*)

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For the Companion.

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

His Work among the London Poor.

By Archdeacon F. W. Farrar.

During Lord Shaftesbury's lifetime, in speaking at gatherings of the working-classes or of poor children, I used sometimes to ask my humble audiences whom they regarded as their greatest living friend? The answer always used to come promptly and heartily, "The Earl of Shaftesbury!"

If the question were to be asked in these days, a different and by no means unanimous answer might be given by assemblages of artisans; and schools of children would probably remain dumb. It is not, indeed, the case that Lord Shaftesbury's example has fallen fruitless into the soil of our national life. It would be disheartening and distressing if such lives left no imitators and followers. But self-sacrifice is always fruitful, and as some one has said, "It is astonishing how much goodness goodness makes." The most precious thing about unselfishness is that it is so prolific to multiply itself. When the disguised prince in Tennyson's "Princess" mourns over the failure of human endeavors, Ida answers him:

"And let me tell you, girl,
Howe'er you babble, good deeds cannot die;
They, with the sun and moon, renew their light,
Forever blessing those that look on them."

The ideal of life which Lord Shaftesbury worked out for himself has become the ideal of life to multitudes of blessed toilers who are lifting their strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to this, our earth. Cowper wrote years ago:

And we can boast, in these degenerate days,
Of one who wears a coronet and prays.

He was alluding, I suppose, to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon; but in these times the number of those who wear coronets and pray is perhaps as large, relatively, as the number in any other class. Not a few of the rich and the noble have been led by the records of Lord Shaftesbury to see that

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

and that the happiness which we win by doing good is incommensurate with, because it infinitely transcends, the happiness which men vainly imagine that they can derive from the selfish hoarding or the luxurious squandering of wealth.

There are two ways in which men can help mankind—by giving and by serving. Something may be done by charitable gifts, by public-spirited munificence and ready contributions to the furtherance of good.

If men can do—or think that they can do—no direct, immediate work by which their neighbors or their race may be made proportionately better and happier, then it becomes overwhelmingly incumbent on them at least to set aside some portion of their substance for other than selfish ends.

Lord Shaftesbury was far from being a rich man, but he gave what he could spare of his income, and in doing so he was blessed.

Carlyle describes how, when he was a little Scotch child in the hut of his peasant father, one wintry day a poor, ragged beggar came shivering to the door. Moved by the divine instinct of pity, the child climbed up to the mantel-piece where stood the little earthen jar—the "thrift-pot," as it used to be called—in which was stored the little treasure of his pennies and halfpennies. "I emptied it," he says, "into the hands of the beggar, and I felt at that moment what the bliss of heaven was like."

Yet the bliss to be derived from any form of personal service for the good of our fellow-men is far greater than that of mere almsgiving. To the delight of giving, it adds the delight of sympathy and conscious self-sacrifice. We are apt to pity the great heroes of unselfishness; to bewail the persecutions to which Adoniram Judson was subjected, the hardships borne by John Howard, the leprosy of Father Damien, the premature death of Coleridge Patteson. But the selfish are far more deserving of pity. God's faithful workmen may be "destitute, afflicted, tormented," but they are rarely unhappy.

Lord Shaftesbury was not habitually cheerful; he was often deeply depressed and disheartened. Nevertheless his life was a very happy one, for

The high desire that others should be blessed
Savours of heaven.

It is interesting to notice how many great careers have sprung from some strong impression made in childhood, or from the vow of a boy's heart. The slave-trade was practically doomed, the first stroke of the hour of emancipation had sounded in England, when the youth Thomas Clarkson sat down on the hillside on his way from Cambridge, and made up his mind that, if the slave-trade was evil, it was his duty to devote his life to the struggle against it.

Abolition in America practically became a certainty when the youth, William Lloyd Garrison, living on bread and water with one negro lad in an ink-stained garret, issued the first number of the *Liberator*.

Most persons have heard the incident which decided the destiny of Lord Shaftesbury. He was a schoolboy at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and as he stood on the hill he noticed, with disgust and generous indignation, the brutal levity with which some low undertakers were conducting a pauper's funeral:

Rattle his bones
Over the stones;
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

Early teaching, aided by the grace of God, had instilled into the boy's mind a deep sense of the awful sacredness of man as man. In every human being he had learned to recognize the gift of immortality, the potential grandeur of eternal holiness, the infinitude of capacities which might hereafter be developed. In the poorest and humblest he saw a soul for whom Christ died.

Then and there he vowed a vow that he would



Lord Shaftesbury.

dedicate and consecrate his life to the service of his fellow-men, and above all, of those who needed his service most. Something taught him that a true Christian must follow the example of his Saviour Christ, who loved those whom none had loved before, and loved them as none had ever loved before.

The distinctiveness, the divine originality of the love of Christ, consisted in this, that He not only loved the lovable but also the unlovely. He not only loved sweet little children and men of tender and generous and candid natures, but also the ugly, the blind, the halt, the maimed, the fallen, the corrupted. He was the friend of publicans and sinners, and Samaritans. He stooped to save not only priests and Pharisees, but

Every soul now dragging through the slime
Of some corrupted city, his dim life
Blighted with famine, swoll'n with luxury.

Lord Shaftesbury understood this element in the divine example as it has been understood by others of the world's purest and sweetest benefactors. He knew the meaning of the words, "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick."

This large-heartedness of sympathy brought him into contact with men of all classes, and so created in him a wide and invaluable experience. Hence his boyish vow must ever be reckoned as an era in the history of philanthropy.

I will mention first some of the good works in which I witnessed his activity, and then the general characteristics of his labors for the world of sorrow, poverty, and sin.

We used to have in Westminster a little society called "The Window-gardening Society." It was intended to encourage the poor in the habit of brightening their rooms and houses with plants and flowers. Cuttings of plants were largely given away at the proper season, which the poor were to keep and care for; and towards the close of the summer our Abbey Garden was thrown open, and prizes of some value were given to all the poor and to the boys and girls who could produce the best and most flourishing plants.

On these occasions superb shows of roses and hothouse flowers used to be sent by ladies of wealth and rank to decorate the tents in which the humble geraniums or carnations of the poor were ranged. All St. James's, in silks, used to come to meet all St. Giles's—or rather all Westminster—in frieze. The band of some Boys' Refuge used to play, and the little waifs and strays and street Arabs of the neighboring lanes and purlieus were admitted free into the garden, a privilege of which they availed themselves in hundreds, and which they hugely enjoyed.

The object of the society was to encourage in the poor a sense of beauty, a love for the works of God, and a desire to brighten and beautify their dingy and squalid homes.

Year after year Lord Shaftesbury used to come to that distribution of prizes, and year after year, even when the rain was falling, the ragged and the indigent gathered in crowds around him, to hear the kindly words of wisdom which none knew how to utter so well as himself. And, generally speaking, I may say that whenever I heard Lord Shaftesbury speak at any charitable gathering, he not only spoke weightily and to the point, but generally said something better worth remembering than any other speaker, even when other speakers surpassed him in eloquence.

I was once asked to a supper given to London thieves and others—the lowest of the low, the most wretched of the miserable, nay, even the criminal and depraved. Lord Shaftesbury was to address them, as well as myself. His speech struck me as chiefly remarkable from the depth of its sympathy. He gave to those poor, fallen, despairing people good advice, but he gave it in the kindliest way; in the way least likely to pain their susceptibilities, and to touch their hearts and consciences.

He did not preach at them; he did not denounce them; he did not speak to them with irritating condescension; he did not adopt the tone of a Pharisee and a superior who stepped down to them out of a higher atmosphere. He spoke to them courteously, genially, never forgetting their dignity as human beings, and as sharers with him of the common mysteries of life and death, of corruption and immortality.

Among other things he amused them with the story of a friendship which he had struck up with a crossing-sweeper, who one day stopped him as he crossed the road, and, with some apologies, gave him an invitation to be present at his wedding.

"Of course I will come to your wedding," said Lord Shaftesbury. "I should think myself a very bad sort of fellow if I refused."

So the great Earl, the descendant of many earls, whom ignorant and malevolent detractors described as "the proudest man in England," went to the crossing-sweeper's wedding, and by doing so probably received a great deal more happiness than he conferred. But here lay the secret of his power. He could feel genuine sympathy. He honored men as simply men, and not for adventitious circumstances and extraneous honors.

I more than once invoked his assistance in the endeavor to do good. When I first came to work in London, in 1876, I was specially struck with the almost total absence of any provision for the care of the youth in our great cities.

I incessantly called attention to this neglect. I pointed out that the nation spent millions of pounds on the education of the children, and then turned them loose at the age of fourteen or fifteen to survive or perish, as the destinies might decree, in the burning, fiery furnace of temptation in the streets. I even ventured to summon a meeting of eminent men—representative laymen and clergymen—to consider whether something could not and should not be done to remedy this strange neglect.

It was a cause which I have incessantly pleaded, and I feel it a privilege to have been permitted to take my share in the formation and support of the Diocesan Council for the benefit of young men, of the London Sea-side Camp for boys, of the Finsbury Polytechnic, and of various youths' institutes which have gone far to remedy the old state of things.

The meeting of which I speak was summoned in the famous Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey—the room from which have proceeded the Authorized English Bible, the Revised Version, the Westminster Confession, and the last form of the English Prayer Book. I asked Lord Shaftesbury to take the chair. He consented willingly and at once, for neither age, nor weariness, nor the incessant demands upon his time, were ever allowed to stand in the way of his efforts to do good.

In his opening speech he made a remark of the utmost importance. He said that he was frequently led to consult the police in order to avail himself of their experience. He had learned from them the striking fact that, with scarcely an exception, every criminal career begins between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Let the church or the State or the exertions of private influence get hold of the youths of a nation during those perilous years, and, though crimes might of course still be committed, yet the existence of a well-known class of professional criminals would be eliminated from Christian communities.

I have often repeated that remarkable testimony, and it has had its weight in stirring up the efforts which are now, happily, being made on all sides to promote the welfare of our growing boys.

It used to be said that we provided for the people schools and churches, but left it to the devil to provide their amusements. That reproach is not wholly removed, but it is less true than once it was.

It would take me too long to describe Lord Shaftesbury's noble and almost numberless efforts on behalf of missions, home and foreign, for the protection of climbing boys, for the suppression of the opium trade, for poor curates, for homes for inebriates, for idiots and the insane, for prisoners, for the blind, for needle-women, for railway servants, for cripples, for shoe-blacks, for costermongers, for cabmen, for early closing, for the Saturday half-holiday, for orphans, for the temperance movement, for destitute children.

His was an all-embracing charity. What man ever received, as he did, such homely presents as slippers worked by indigent boys, and a donkey driven by struggling costermongers? Of what other man could it be said that two such benefits to the poor as the liberation of women and children from the horribly degrading slavery of mines and factories, and the foundation of ragged schools, which led ultimately to compulsory national education, owed everything to his exertions?

Westminster Abbey has witnessed many glorious and pathetic spectacles; but probably it never presented an aspect so dear to angels and the King of Angels, as when the representatives of the sick, the suffering, and the destitute—the alleviators of every form of human misery—were gathered under its "high, embowed roof" to witness the funeral service in Lord Shaftesbury's honor.

Jeremy Bentham wrote of his friend, John Howard, and it may be written even more truly of Lord Shaftesbury, "For departed kings there are appointed honors, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies. It was his nobler fortune to clothe a nation with spontaneous mourning, and to go down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

For the Companion.

"KEEPING UP."

"When I was a young girl," said Aunt Sabrina, "I was vain of appearances, as a great many young girls are." She glanced over the rim of her spectacles in the direction of her two nieces. "And of all things, I was most afraid of being laughed at.

"I was passing the store corner one winter day. The walking was very treacherous. Dry snow had fallen over ice, and it was hard work to keep up. Some people whom I knew were standing in the store porch talking, and just as I bowed to them one of my feet slipped, and I started to fall.

"Now probably it would not have hurt me much if I had fallen. There was enough snow over the ice to prevent a contusion, and nine times out of ten, in falling, it is better to let one's self come down easily than to strain one's self in trying to keep up.

"But there were all those people! I thought I should rather die than fall. So I gave a great wrench, and just saved myself.

"Perhaps the people in front of the store did not see that I had slipped at all. But presently my back began to give me very sharp pain, and by the time I had reached home I was suffering intensely.

"Well, there's no need to go into particulars; but the upshot of it was that I was in bed all winter, and mother had to take care of me, besides doing all the rest of her work and mine, and to this day, if I turn myself about too suddenly, I'm reminded of that slip.

"As I lay on my back all that winter, I did a deal of thinking—especially on the nights when I couldn't sleep. And I made up my mind, very firmly, never again to hurt myself by a foolish attempt to keep up.

"The next winter father died, and mother and I were left alone, with barely enough money to keep us. Then the philosophy which I had pondered on my sick-bed came to my aid. I said to my mother:

"'Suppose we just keep house in the sitting-room this winter, mother, and have a fire in the cook-stove only. We could move the drum that is over the kitchen now and my little bed into the room over the sitting-room, and sleep there. It would be warm enough with the drum.'

"I could see that she didn't like the plan, but she thought it over and saw the wisdom of it. We carried it out, and did it honestly, too. We didn't scramble to light the parlor fire when we saw company coming, and then freeze our guests in a shut-up room. We just took them in where we lived, and as we took care of the rooms carefully, things were always neat and clean.

"By spring we had put by a little money, and

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had been well and as comfortable as if we had kept three fires burning.

"That was the first time I tried 'letting myself go easy,' instead of wrenching myself to keep up; but I've tried it many a time since, and always have been glad that I did.

"When I have had to choose between a new winter bonnet and new flannels, I always took the flannels. When we've had to give our company plain food or else half-starve ourselves after they were gone, we have let them share with us. When the parlor sofa and the sitting-room lounge both gave out in the same year, we bought a nice new lounge, and made a chintz cover for the sofa.

"I couldn't tell you all the things that wrench in my back has helped me to—and from, but it's a good thing, my dears, when folks don't need to wrench their own backs to learn the lesson. I didn't tell you this by accident."

The girls looked at each other, laughing and blushing; but that afternoon they came home from a shopping expedition and rushed up to Miss Sabrina's room with their parcels.

"We've been buying our winter things, aunty," said Belle, the older one, adding, with a meaning smile, "Of course you didn't know anything about it; but instead of the black silks we each got a nice merino and a pretty brown worsted for mornings, and some good woolen underwear. Just feel!"

She pulled out of her bundle the soft, warm garments, adding, "Father could spare us only just so much, you know, and we thought we'd let your wrench answer for us, too!"

"I've never been able to say that I was wholly sorry I did it," said Aunt Sabrina, "and now—well, I declare if I'm not glad!"



Aunt Sabrina's Story.

For the Companion.

CHIEF GOOD THUNDER.

By Right Rev. H. B. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota.

I made my first visit to the Lower Sioux agency in June, 1860. One day the head chiefs, Wa-lea-sha (White Dog) and Wa-ke-an-washta (Good Thunder), came to see me. I still can see their earnest faces as they told me the story of their wrongs. They said that they had sold to the government eight hundred thousand acres of land, in order to obtain help to become like white men; that they had waited three years and had not received one penny. Under their old treaty they were to receive two thousand dollars a year for schools; but not one Indian child had learned to read.

Then Wa-lea-sha added, "White men would not have a Great Father who is a thief and a liar. I suppose that he has sent the money; but the cars go very fast, and it must have been shaken off. Ask him to send men to look it up, for his red children are weary waiting for it."

They urged me to send them a missionary and a teacher. I sent them the Rev. Samuel D. Hinman.

Good Thunder was very earnest in pleading for a school. He had a beautiful little girl, ten years old. She was one of the loveliest children I have ever seen. Her hair was black as a raven's wing, her eyes gentle as a fawn's, and her face of clear brown, with just a blush of pink.

Good Thunder said, "I want my child to become like the white man's daughters. Will you take her to your home?"

At Faribault we had an Indian school, named Andrews Hall, after the first missionary to the Mohawks. Here we took the chief's pretty daughter, whom we named Lydia Sigourney, after the gentle poetess whose heart went out in pity to the Indians.

None of our Indian children grew more rapidly in grace and wisdom than Lydia. But in the spring of 1862 the child was taken very ill, and we wrote to her father. When the wild Indians heard this news they came to see Good Thunder and called him a fool. "You let your child go to a school where there are children of our enemies, the Ojibways. They have poisoned her, and she will die. You see what comes of trusting the white man."

The poor Indian came to Faribault with a sad heart. He came to my house and repeated to me the story the wild Indians had told him. I said, "Good Thunder, go and see your child and ask her if she has been poisoned."

He saw Lydia. She heard the story and said, "Father, these Ojibway children are my sisters. There are no enemies among those who love Jesus. Do you see these flowers and these berries? They brought them to me."



Chief Good Thunder.

It was evident that the child could not live long, and upon my advice her father took her home. In June Mrs. Whipple and I visited the Sioux Mission. We found the child near her other home, and on the second day of July she died. I never saw a more beautiful death-bed.

The death of Lydia made Good Thunder a Christian hero; and all through the dreadful Sioux massacre, which came on August 18, 1862, he and his friends faced death and the fury of their savage kindred to save the lives of the white women and children who were prisoners.

Good Thunder, Paul Ma-za-kute, and others were threatened with death if they resisted the other Indians. They threw back their blankets and said, "Shoot me! You can't keep me from speaking the truth or doing right." It was due to these friendly Indians that over two hundred women and children were saved and delivered to General Sibley at Camp Release. Good Thunder became his chief of scouts, and no soldier of our army has a nobler record.

I have often been asked if our Indian scouts can be trusted. I have never heard of a single instance where they proved faithless.

After the massacre of 1862, and when General Sibley had driven the hostile Indians across the Missouri River, the General stationed camps of scouts, twenty miles apart, along our Western border. He told these scouts to shoot any Indian who came into the State to murder white people.

A party of seven Indians murdered a family of whites near Mankato. Three of these seven marauders were captured by whites and hanged. One of the others was killed, one escaped, and one was brought a prisoner into a camp of Indian scouts.

The captured Indian's own uncle was chief of scouts in that camp. The young man said, "My uncle, I am glad you are here; you will save my life." The chief said, "Do you see my uniform? I am not your uncle. I am a soldier, to kill men who commit murder. Soldiers obey orders."

He took up his gun and shot the young warrior with his own hand.

Nearly eight years ago Good Thunder bought eighty acres of land near his old home in Minnesota. He came at once to see me, and said, "I cannot live without the Tipi-Wakon (the church). I want to bring here all of the friendly Christian Indians who are living in Minnesota. I will give you all of my land if you will build me a church."

I refused, but he repeated the offer again and again, until at last I accepted twenty acres of his land for the erection of a church, school and parsonage.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the church, Good Thunder handed to me a paper signed by all the Indians. "We were once heathen wild men," it said. "We are now Christians. It is you who brought this new path to us. You have been our Father; your wife has been our Mother. Will you name this Tipi-Wakon, this sacred house, for her—Saint Cornelia?"

Soon after the Sioux outbreak of 1862, some white settlers in Blue Earth County, Minnesota, named their village Good Thunder, in honor of this brave Christian chief. In the summer of 1889 the people of the town invited him to celebrate the Fourth of July with them. He accepted. Meantime, a man who had no love for Indians told the people of the town that the original Good Thunder was dead, and that this man was an impostor, who had stolen his name. The statement was made so positively that the people believed it, and wrote to the chief withdrawing their invitation, stating the reason.

Good Thunder came to my house—a journey of one hundred and fifty miles—and told me his trouble. I said, "We will prove to these people that you are the real hero."

General H. H. Sibley and myself sent letters to the people at Good Thunder, and told them that we had known the chief thirty years, and that this was the brave hero who saved so many captives. They then sent another invitation and a committee to welcome their Indian guest.

The village outdid itself in generous hospitality. Good Thunder rode with his wife in a separate carriage, and had the seat of honor at the banquet. Asked to address the people, he rose and said:

"My friends, I thank you for the honor you have given me. You have named your town Good Thunder. Perhaps, some day, when we are all dead, some one will ask, 'Why did these white men give their village this name?' They will hear the story of an Indian who did not forget the kindness of white men, who in the time of trouble saved their women and children.

"I am glad. We do not like to be forgotten. My name will live. But, my friends, if this is a town where people go to saloons and not to church, where they swear and do not pray, where they live bad lives, I do not think it will be any honor to have your town bear my name.

"I hope you will be good people. I have done."

Good Thunder pays his old bishop a visit every year, and not one of my friends has a warmer place in my heart.

IN OLD TIMES.

In the older and smaller New England towns, where everybody's affairs are known to everybody else, a courtship, even to-day, is a matter of hardly less than universal interest. As a result many amusing traditions of odd courtships are handed down for the entertainment of the young people of to-day. Some of these lovers seem to have been characterized by more fidelity than ardor.

It is related that in one village there was a couple whose courtship lasted for forty years. During this long period, Obed, unless in rare cases of sickness or family troubles, never failed to go every Saturday evening, carefully arrayed in his best, to call on Maria.

Maria, on her part, never failed to respond in person to his knock, and hold the front door open a crack with one hand while the other grasped her knitting. Their dialogue, which never varied by more than a word or two, ran thus:

"Evenin', Maria."

"Evenin', Obed."

"I kinder thought I'd call. I thought maybe you was lonely."

"Well, I aint lonely, Obed, so you better go right home agin!"

Then the door and the conversation closed. But at the end of forty years the two were married, Maria giving as her reason for consenting that she was so tired of Obed's ridiculous behavior she thought she had better marry him to be rid of him.

Of a younger but scarcely less placid couple it is related that the wedding day having come, the guests assembled at the bride's house, and the bride herself made her appearance. All was ready for the ceremony; but the bridegroom did not appear.

It was a wild and stormy winter night and the country roads were bad. He might have been thrown from his carriage and injured, or else he had been seized with sudden sickness. Two of the guests at last started in search of him.

On reaching his home they were told that he was within, and were shown to his room. There he sat, his shoes and stockings off, and his feet soaking in a tub of hot water!

He looked up in great surprise at their entrance, and when asked why he had failed to come and be married, replied that the weather was so all-fired bad, he thought of course the wedding would be put off. He was assisted to make a hasty toilet and hurried away to the wedding.

For the Companion.

HOW TO CURE FURS.

By an Old Trapper.

First catch the animal. After its death take the skin off as soon as possible unless the creature was drowned. In that case wait till the fur is dry.

Hold the animal up by the hind-legs. Stretch them apart and make a cut from each hind-foot along the top or back of the leg to near and under the tail. Leave the tail uncut with the back of the skin.

Work the fingers under the skin around and over the back near the tail. Pull this out of the skin by placing a split stick on the tail, while the other hand holds the body.

After the tail fur is pulled off the inner stump, pull the skin off whole from the hind-legs toward the head. Do not cut down the belly. On coming to the fore-legs work around them with the fingers and pull them out of the skin.

Then work the skin off to the tip of the nose. Cut this off so it will hold on or over the end of the board, to keep the skin stretched properly.

At the beginning cut carefully around all the natural openings of the skin, so as to save all the fur and not tear the skin. Work off the hide with the fingers, using the knife as little as possible. Thus you will keep the skin white.

To stretch the skin. The best way is to use a board. Cut it a little longer than the stretched skin is from the tip of the nose to the tip of the hind-leg. Make the board as wide as can well be pushed into the skin. The board should be not more than three-eighths of an inch thick in the middle, and tapered to a thin edge at each side.

Most of the small animals are one-third head, or one-third forward of the fore-legs. Make the board tapering slightly, narrowing from the hind end to the fore-legs. Then cut it in the shape of a tapering flatiron to the tip of the nose.

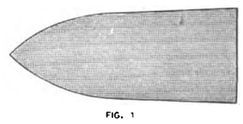


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG 3.



FIG. 4.

Pull the skin on the board fur inside. Then take off all grease and flesh possible. Make two "swords," or strips of wood as long as the board. Run one under the skin down the middle of the back, and the other down the belly side. Thus the skin is raised from the board and stretched.



FIG. 5.

Catch the under lip on the end of the belly sword, so as to draw it well up to the nose. Pull the hind-feet back tight and tack them in place to the edge of the board. Pull at the roots of the tail with one hand and at the same time rub the skin backwards with the other, so as to stretch it without tearing. Tack it to the sword, and tack the edge of the belly side likewise.

To cure the skin. Hang the skin up by the nose in the shade. It should not be near a fire nor any other object. Fresh air should be all around it.

These directions carefully followed will give the best-ventilated, least-tainted, dryest and whitest skin possible, of any given kind. No chemicals being used, the peltry will bring the highest market price.

These directions are for animals from the size of the beaver down, except as to otter tails, which must be split open, spread out and tacked on a board to prevent tainting. Fold the skin of the otter's fore-legs across the chest and tie so that they will dry flat.

The illustrations show some forms of boards and swords commonly used. Fig. 1 is a plan of a board for the skin of a musk-rat or other short animal. Fig. 2 represents the "sword" or strip of wood which goes with it. Fig. 3 is the board needed for the skin of a mink or other slim animal, and Fig. 4 is the sword which must accompany it.

Fig. 5 is an end view or section of the board and swords, with the skin stretched upon them.

WILLIAM BELL.

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SUGGESTIONS

PHASES OF THE MOON.

In what part of the sky do you first see the new moon? Are its horns towards or away from the sun?

At what time does the full moon rise? Why?

On which edge does it begin to wane?

Does the old moon rise before or after the sun?

To a person on the moon would the earth have phases? Would they be like the moon's?

For the Companion.

ELODEA.

[The Marsh St. John's-wort.]

Comest thou once more my sight to cheer,
Elodea?
Along the fairy-like morass,
Mid rushes small and withering grass,
Thou dost thy crimson signal rear,
Elodea.

Thy myriad clusters far and near,
Elodea,
In the long sunbeam's slanting ray
Glow with sweet color, quaintly gay,
Tho' Autumn's breath makes all things sere,
Elodea.

Still art thou fresh, thy blush burns clear,
Elodea.
Prim as some pretty Puritan,
When Summer's flowers wax pale and wan,
In smooth green robes thou dost appear,
Elodea.

When winds grow cool and skies austere,
Elodea,
Like some New England maiden's grace
Thy radiance gladdens all the place,
Though Autumn sits by Summer's bier,
Elodea.

Dear humble friend! Lend me thine ear,
Elodea!
Listen—I love thee better far
Than golden-rod or frost-flower's star,
Thy beauty crowns for me the year,
Elodea!

CELIA THAXTER.

For the Companion.

HER ARROGANCE.

Helen Fitzhugh on her nineteenth birthday became a member of the church to which her mother belonged. When the service was over, Mrs. Fitzhugh lingered at the church door. Her heart was full, and she longed to touch her child's hand, and feel that henceforth they would walk together under God's eye in company; but Helen escaped from her, and went home through the fields alone. She wanted, she said, to give part of this day to self-examination.

The sermon had been on the subject of "the sin which doth so easily beset us."

"I wonder what mine is?" thought Helen, as she walked home.

Mrs. Fitzhugh was a widow who had brought up her four children on somewhat straitened means. Helen had just returned from boarding-school, and had already concluded that it was her duty to reform the habits of her somewhat disorderly home.

She was neat, composed, and orderly in her dress, conversation and thoughts. She never was angry. She was sure that all her opinions were correct. In church she listened to the hymns and the sermon with pleasure, which pleasure she mistook for religious devotion.

On Monday morning following the Sabbath she began, therefore, her work of reform.

"Mother," she said, "let us have done with these American meat breakfasts. I approve of the French plan: a roll and a cup of coffee in the morning, and a heavy meal at eleven."

"That might suit you, Nell," said Joe, who worked on the farm. "It would not do for me, who often plow a field before you are out of bed."

Helen reiterated her opinion dogmatically. Joe replied, and at last left the table in anger.

"He should control his temper," said Helen, calmly. "It is easy to see *his* besetting sin."

"I suppose," said Jem, who was a pert school-boy, "you see all of our besetting sins quite plainly?"

"It is easy to see that yours is a want of truthfulness," replied his sister, coolly.

"O Helen!" exclaimed her mother.

Jem's face grew fiery with rage.

"I heard him tell Lucy a story last night, which I am sure was more than half a lie," said Helen. "I intended to reprove him for it."

A silence fell upon the group around the table. James, in a moment, laid down his fork and without a word, but with fury in his heart, went out.

The oldest son, Walter, who was at home from college on vacation, shook his head meaningly.

"You certainly do not lack courage to fight sin, Helen. But as for discretion —"

Helen looked at him steadily. His face was flushed, and his eyes dull. "Do *you* fight sin with courage," she said, "or discretion? I am afraid not, Walter. Oh, for shame! For shame! I did not expect to find my brother a slave to a brutal taste for liquor!"

Walter sprang to his feet with a smothered oath. Helen regarded him with cool contempt, and then went calmly to her own room.

Her brother looked after her with a bitter laugh. "If that is Christianity, I will have none of it!" he said, as he went out slamming the door after him.

His mother stood stunned and almost despairing. She knew well Joe's fierce temper, and Jem's habit of untruthfulness, and Walter's love of liquor. She had talked to her children alone with tears and tender love, and with prayers to God to help them. Each of the boys was fighting against his sins. Some day, with God's help, and with a mother's hopefulness and love, she knew they would conquer them.

"But how will Helen conquer hers," she cried, "when she does not see it—when she holds it as a virtue?"

CHARITY BEFORE BUSINESS.

Prescott, the historian, was a man of exceptional kindness and generosity. Not only did he give away money,—which ought to be no very difficult task for one who has inherited a fortune,—but he could put aside his own comfort, and even his own pressing occupations, for the sake of doing a charitable deed. Mr. Robert Carter, his private secretary, says that one bitter cold day Mr. Prescott was at work upon two long and important letters, which he was very anxious to have finished in season to go by that week's mail to Europe. There was barely time to prepare them. They were about half-done when twelve o'clock, the historian's hour for exercise, arrived.

Mr. Prescott was so anxious to get the letters off that he did what I had never known him to do before; he relinquished his walk, and kept at his writing-case, telling me to go out and stretch my legs, but to be sure and return at one o'clock, when he would have the letters ready for copying.

I offered to remain and copy as he wrote, but he said there would be time enough if I came back at one o'clock.

I strolled about the city for half an hour, and on my way back, passing through Broad Street, met one Michael Sullivan, whom I knew. He seemed to be in trouble, and I inquired what ailed him. He said he had been sick and out of work, and his family were starving with cold.

I went with him to the den where he lived, and found his wife and three or four small children in a warehouse loft, where they were lying on the floor huddled in a pile of straw and shavings, with some rags and pieces of old carpet over them. The mercury was below zero out of doors, and the dilapidated apartment was not much warmer than the street.

I had no time to spare, and the detention, slight as it was, prevented me from getting back to Mr. Prescott till a quarter-past one. His manuscript lay on my desk, and he was walking about the room in a state of impatience, I knew, though he showed none, except by looking at his watch. As I warmed my hands over the fire, I told him, by way of apology, what had detained me.

At once he took a scrap of paper and told me to write an order for a ton of coal, to be delivered without delay to Michael Sullivan, Broad Street. He then went to his bell-rope, and gave it a vehement pull. A servant entered as I finished the order.

"Take this," Mr. Prescott said, "as quick as you can to Mr. ——, and see that the coal is delivered at once. What is the number of the house in Broad Street?"

I had neglected to notice the number, though I could find the place readily myself. I therefore suggested that, as there were probably twenty Michael Sullivans in Broad Street, the coal might not reach the right man, unless I saw to it in person, which I would do when I went to dinner at half-past two o'clock.

"Thank you! thank you!" Mr. Prescott said. "But go at once; there will be time enough lost in getting the coal."

I reminded him of the letters.

"Go! go! Never mind the letters. Gayangos and Circourt will not freeze if they never get them, and Mrs. Sullivan may if you don't hurry. Stay! Can the man be trusted with money, or will he spend it all for drink?"

He pulled out his pocket-book. I told him that Sullivan could be trusted. He handed me five dollars.

"See that they are made comfortable, at least while this cold spell lasts. Take time enough to see to them. I shall not want you till six."

CHINA'S EMPEROR.

The Emperor of China, who has been in some degree the object of recent riotous demonstrations in that country, is the representative upon the throne of the Tartar conquerors of China. The conquest of the country was made more than two hundred and fifty years ago, and the Tartar conquerors have in that period become thoroughly assimilated with the Chinese; but the emperors are still really, as well as nominally, of the Tartar blood. Their wives are chosen from among the daughters of the Manchoo Tartar nobility, and the strain of blood is thus kept measurably pure.

The present Emperor of China is named Kuang-Sii. He is twenty years old, having been born August 15, 1871. His person is treated with the utmost respect. No self-respecting Chinaman ever speaks flippantly of the person of the sovereign. Outwardly at least he is regarded as the vicegerent of Heaven, and the earthly interpreter of divine decrees.

In official documents he is sometimes styled merely the "most august Emperor," but his formal and official title is the "Son of Heaven." The common people, even though there are signs that they are beginning to turn against the Tartar rule, often are found to regard the Emperor as an incarnation of divinity.

For this reason he is called "The Lord of the ten thousand years," and is saluted by those who appear before him, with the words, "O Emperor, live forever!"

The Chinese Emperor is the source of all authority and honor in the empire, the head of the religion, the nominal author of the laws, and the dispenser of all pardons.

All the empire is his property; and yet he must not venture to govern as a cruel despot. He is himself subject to what may be called the immemorial constitution of the empire. He is powerless to destroy the ancient customs and institutions of the realm. Some of these customs have almost a republican character. The Emperor is himself a subject of these ancient regulations.

The crown is inherited in the male line, but the Emperor may choose his successor from among his children or his near relatives. Sometimes it is not known during the life of the Emperor, or until his last moments, who his successor will be. Naturally all his male relatives are rendered, by this uncertainty, very anxious to serve him.

The life of the Emperor of China is supposed to be arranged upon this routine: He rises, winter and summer, at three o'clock in the morning. He takes a very light collation or lunch, and goes to pray in one of the imperial temples. Afterward he reads the reports of his high functionaries.

At seven he breakfasts, and then receives, in a sort of levee, his ministers and the mandarins who may be called the heads of the departments of the government.

At eleven o'clock he visits the women's apartment, or takes a walk in the gardens. He dines at three in the afternoon, and then retires to his cabinet or private room, where he often writes steadily until bedtime, which is always the hour of the setting of the sun.

The Empress is, after the Emperor, the most important person of the court. She is called the "mother of the State." In recent times a custom has grown up under which there are often two Empresses of equal rank, each one occupying a wing of the palace. They are called, according to the portion of the palace which they occupy, the Western Empress and the Eastern Empress respectively.

The life of the Emperor of China is one of the most monotonous which it is possible for a man to live. He is practically a prisoner in his palace, and is denied the wholesome recreations and pleasures which are open to the poorest. The few journeys which he takes are for the sake of visiting the tombs of his ancestors, where he is supposed to spend hours in solemn meditation.

Sometimes, indeed, the Emperor of China has gone hunting; but on these occasions his enormous suite must go with him, and all the formalities and reserve of the court must be adhered to. Hunting, under such circumstances, is likely to be so much a vexation and a weariness that it is not surprising that few Chinese Emperors ever seek relaxation in the chase.

For the Companion.

A NAMELESS ROSE.

Nobody knows this little rose,
It might a pilgrim be,
Did I not take it from the ways,
And lift it up to thee.

Only a bee will miss it,
Only a butterfly,
Hastening from far journey
On its breast to lie;

Only a bird will wonder,
Only a breeze will sigh;
Ah! little rose, how easy
For such as thee to die!

EMILY DICKINSON.

DISCIPLINE TRIUMPHANT.

The commandant of a certain division of the British army in India, some years ago, having a very considerable degree of authority vested in him, and perceiving that his command included many men who were illiterate, issued an order that one of the younger lieutenants should be detailed in each regiment to teach soldiers who could not read or write. In each regiment, therefore, an officer was duly detailed for this purpose. In the Two Hundredth, the man assigned to this duty was Lieutenant Beacham, a young officer who had just joined the regiment.

After taking the introductory steps as regimental schoolmaster, Beacham came to the Colonel one day with a significant smile on his face.

"I have to report," he said, "that there is not a single illiterate in the Two Hundredth. Every man has been to school in England, and every one of them can read and write perfectly well."

The Colonel, who was an unbending old martinet, frowned severely.

"No matter," said he. "Orders are orders, and must be obeyed. You must teach the illiterates of this regiment."

"But there are no illiterates!"

"Never mind! You will organize some at once."

"But how am I going to make them —"

"No further questions, Mr. Beacham. I shall issue an order to the captains of Companies A, B and C to detail five men from each company to act as illiterates, and you will give them daily instruction in the alphabet."

The Colonel's order was issued at once. Fifteen soldiers of the Two Hundredth were detailed as illiterates. Once a day they were marched out upon the parade, with "partners" in their hands of the same sort from which they had studied in school many years before, and were gravely taught their letters by young Lieutenant Beacham, though the alphabet was as familiar to them as it was to him, or to the commanding general himself.

The soldiers of the regiment gathered about and enjoyed the scene.

After this pleasing farce had been going on for several days, the Colonel strolled up one day to the place where "Beacham's babies," as the regiment called the "illiterate detachment," were reciting their lessons.

"Mr. Beacham," he asked, "is your class making favorable progress?"

"Very favorable, indeed," said the Lieutenant, saluting.

"The men are now able to read and write?"

"Perfectly well."

"You are able to report, then, that your duty is fully accomplished?"

"I am."

"Then an order will be issued terminating the detail, and returning the men to their duty."

Thus the "illiterates" of the Two Hundredth were no longer called upon to take daily instruction in their A, B, C's; but it was many months before their comrades ceased to rally them in quarters upon their school-going.

IN A BALLOON.

The unprofessional aëronaut might doubtless own, if he would, to many an unpleasant sensation on the occasion of his first ascent in a balloon. One such daring adventurer is honest enough to avow that she felt decidedly "queer," and would fain have been elsewhere than "up above the world so high." She says, writing to the London *World*:

We were off. Ballast was thrown out just as we came crashing on to the top of a pagoda, among the electric lights surmounting its summit. I thought we were killed, but we swept on, and dashed through another electric wire. After that we flew away over the Thames, quite steadily, without further accident, but I must confess that I was terrified by every movement made by the other occupants of the car.

When we were at a height of four thousand feet, and going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, Mr. Spencer, the aëronaut, said he would come into the car, from the ropes above, where he had been busy. How I wished he would stay quietly where he was! However, I could not say so; I only begged him not to shake the car more than he could help, and I made room for the other passenger on the little seat where I had been placed.

Then, as we were gliding serenely along, another dreadful thing happened, and my terror reached its climax. The end of the seat suddenly gave way, but I thought the bottom of the car had gone, and we with it. It was a horrible moment, but it was the climax of all feeling; after I was assured that nothing terrible had happened, I began to feel more settled, and had it not been for the uncertainty of landing, I should have been almost happy.

We sailed away from London into the country, and as we began to descend toward the earth, we could see cows creeping over the green meadows, and tricycles, like little fleas, bowling along the dusty roads. The descent now became rapid, and we searched for a desirable landing-place. I looked with longing eyes at a large field of corn, and wished myself safe in the middle of it, but as my fears sprang to life again as we passed it, we floated over woods, lakes and homesteads.

It now began to grow dusk, and we saw ahead of us a large, open heath. Mr. Spencer evidently approved of this, and pulled a string, which opened a valve and let out the gas in short puffs that sounded like the crack of a pistol.

As we flew swiftly over the heath, my spirits began to rise, but they soon fell again when I saw that what had seemed level ground was in reality made up of gorse bushes, gravel pits and pools.

Then came a good bump, and we rose again; the grapnel caught, and pulled us down. Men and boys who had been rushing from all quarters at sight of the balloon were told to hold the car, and the moment it stopped, I stepped on its edge and jumped, safe and sound, into a bank of heather.

"SHIRT-SLEEVE" CHRISTIANS.

It was Wednesday night—the regular night for the weekly prayer-meeting—and the lecture-room was uncommonly full. The pastor had taken for his subject the necessity of Christian work, and he grew more than usually eloquent over his theme. He exhorted his hearers to put the same earnestness and force into their spiritual labors that they did into their business.

"Why," he continued, "when I come round to see you in your working hours, in your offices and shops, or on your farms, I don't find you with kid gloves on. No, your hands are bare, and your coats are off, and sleeves turned well back out of the way; you're working then. Now we want the same thing in the church; we want more shirt-sleeve Christians."

Having reached this climax, the homely force of which made a visible impression upon his hearers, he called upon good old Deacon Shepard to lead in prayer.

The Deacon, as usual, sat in the front row, and his long, spare form rose slowly and with characteristic dignity. The seat was near the big wood stove, and the fire was a hot one. He thought it wise, therefore, before beginning his petition, which was always of liberal length, to remove his heavy overcoat.

But as the Deacon's overcoat was too small, while the undercoat was too large, it was easier to take off the two garments than the outer one alone. The Deacon knew this, and was accustomed to button the inner coat before removing the other.

Unfortunately, on this occasion he neglected the precaution. The congregation was waiting. He gave a quick tug at either sleeve, closed his eyes and began to pray.

Some irreverent boys whose eyes were open quickly observed the Deacon's strange conduct, the smiles became broader and more audible, and presently the minister himself glanced up and saw that the soberest and most dignified officer of the church had taken him literally at his word, and was standing up before the whole house, on a cold winter night, praying in his shirt-sleeves.

"JACKO."

"Jacko" is a tame rook, whose owner, a lady, writes to the London *Spectator* that she had kept him for five years, when one afternoon she noticed him march by her two or three times with a stick in his mouth. He was hard at work on the foundations of a nest. For a fortnight he worked almost without cessation all day long.

I really felt sorry for him, and sometimes tried to help him by holding up sticks one at a time, which he took from my hand as he wanted them. When at last the nest was finished he often had his afternoon nap in it.

There is a small rookery here, and this year, instead of building on his own account, Jacko tried to help the wild rooks. He followed them about with a twig in his beak, and kept with them all day, often running after them on the lawn with some of his dinner in his beak, wanting to feed them as he feeds the tame jackdaw, between whom and himself there is a strong affection. But they snubbed him dreadfully.

One day poor social Jacko must have thought he had at last found a responsive companion, for I found him bowing and cawing to the rook in the looking-glass! And more than once since then he has been seen going up-stairs with some delicacy in his beak evidently intended for his shadowy love.

Once while I was calling on a friend, a lady whom I did not know came in. She owns a rookery, and my friend told her of mine, adding that I was fond of rooks.

"Ah," said she, "so am I. I often say that through the season we almost live on rook pie."

When I suggested that I should not like seeing my rooks in a pie, her really delightful answer was, "No, some people prefer them stewed."

THE BORDER-LAND OF SCIENCE.

A great deal of interest has been awakened by some remarks made at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science by Professor Oliver J. Lodge. Professor Lodge holds a high rank among men of science in England. Whatever he says is, therefore, entitled to respectful consideration.

Speaking of the limitations of man's knowledge of nature, he referred to the phenomenon known as "thought transference," and after recalling the fact, which of course everybody knows, that a thought can be transferred from one mind to another either by the agency of sight, as in writing, or of sound, as in speaking, he uttered these remarkable words:

"Is it possible that an idea can be transferred from one person to another by a process such as we have not yet grown accustomed to, and know practically nothing about? In this case I have evidence. I assert that I have seen it done, and am perfectly convinced of the fact."

Professor Lodge, who has devoted particular attention to this subject for a number of years, suggests that the ether which pervades space and conveys the waves of light, electricity, and so forth, may serve as a medium of communication between mind and mind. In this way many mysterious and apparently miraculous phenomena could be explained without resorting to supernatural agencies.

COLLEGE EXPENSES.

In these days of newspaper enterprise educational intelligence is not to be looked for exclusively in educational journals. Here, for instance, is an item clipped from *Texas Siftings*:

Mr. Manhattan Beach has just been paying sundry bills contracted by his son, a student at Yale College.

"I had no idea," said the old man to his son, "that studying was so expensive."

"Oh yes, it costs money," replied the young gentleman, "and I didn't study so very much, either."

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For the Companion.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

Christmas is a merry time,
Merry time!
Full of rhymes and full of chimes,
Full of toys and full of joys!
Merry time!

Christmas is a festal time,
Festal time!
Full of wreaths and glittering trees,
Bright surprise and sparkling eyes,
Festal time!

Christmas is a holy time,
Holy time!
Full of lays and full of praise,
Full of songs by happy throngs,
Holy time!

M. J. H.

nursery, Frank and Beatrice and all the rest of us rushed after Kitty? Sure enough, the ribbon stopped behind the sheet, at one of the nicest pianos you ever saw. It was just what Kitty had been wanting, and it was Aunt Katharine's gift. Of course there is a grand piano in the music-room, but Kit wanted a small one all her own, and she was so delighted.

I found lots of crimson ribbons, and they led me to beautiful things; but the very best of all went right out of the kitchen window. The window was low, and I went out with the ribbon, and what do you suppose I found? The prettiest pony alive! How Aunt Katharine knew just what I wanted most, I don't see. But I believe she knows everything.

After everybody had been to the end of his ribbons, papa whispered to me that he wanted to borrow my bow, and then he pinned it on Aunt Katharine's shoulder, and told her to "follow her color." He had fastened my crimson ribbons to all her presents, and we had such fun running all over the house after her, for papa had put them in such queer places. She found a beautiful oil painting in the attic stairway, and the cape that Kitty had knitted for her was in the nursery closet; the paper-cutter from Frank was in the dolls' house, and in her own room was a china dinner service from papa and mamma. I knew that meant that Aunt Katharine is going to a home of her own soon, and I don't like to think of that time. She is the loveliest aunt that ever a boy had, and I never thought so more than on Christmas eve, when she gave us all so much pleasure by her new way of arranging our presents.

For the Companion.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

"If you could make a wish, my dear,
And make but one," said I,
"Just one sweet wish, for all the year,
What should it be? now, try."

She thought a minute, gave a twirl,
Her eyes began to shine;
"I'd wish that every little girl
Could have a doll, like mine."

ADA C. H. STODDARD.

THEY were talking of the coming holidays in Edie's class, at Sunday school. "What do you remember last Christmas by?" asked Miss Lane. "What was the nicest thing about it?" Edie is a very little girl, but she does like good things to eat as well as anybody. She put up her hand. "I know," she answered, quickly; "plum-pudding."



For the Companion.

"FOLLOW YOUR COLOR."

That is what Aunt Katharine said when she pinned the little ribbon bows upon our shoulders.

We had been waiting in the parlor while Aunt Katharine arranged the Christmas tree in the sitting-room. We had all helped to hang on the apples and oranges and bananas and grapes and bright-colored bags of candy, that were to be distributed after it was all over with the presents; but not a single gift was in sight then, and Aunt Katharine had charge of them, as she said she had a new way of arranging them. Everybody had given their presents for everybody else into her keeping, except those intended for Aunt Katharine herself, and papa said he would manage about them.

Well, Aunt Katharine finally came into the parlor, and said that the tree was ready, and she pinned a bow of ribbon on everybody's right shoulder, and told us to follow our colors.

The color of my bow was crimson; Kitty had blue; mamma's was olive; little Stanley's was yellow; everybody had a different color.

Oh, you don't know how pretty that tree looked! There were dozens and dozens of ribbons, of every color imaginable, suspended from the branches, and leading out of the room through the open doors. Some were tied to packages in the hall, some to bundles on the dining-room table, and some led up-stairs. All we had to do was to find a ribbon of the same shade as our bow, and to follow it to the end.

A sheet had been hung across one corner of the nursery since the day before, and we had longed to know what was behind it. But papa had told us that we were not to take even a peep, and we had not. Do you wonder, then, that when one of Kitty's blue ribbons led straight into the

For the Companion.

MY DOLLY HUNG HER STOCKING UP.

My dolly hung her stocking up,
And Santa filled it full;
There were some nuts and sugar-plums,
And a pretty gown of wool,
The sweetest lace-trimmed handkerchief,
And a painted china set!—
Did your dolly hang her stocking up?
What did your dolly get?

For the Companion.

WINNIPEG.

Daisy is a little brown-haired, rosy-cheeked girl scarcely five years old.

Her real name is Winifred Marguerita Westmoreland, for her two grandmothers; but this is such a very long name for such a very short little girl, that nearly everybody calls her Daisy.

Her mamma calls her Winnie, and her papa calls her Peg, but brother Charley calls her Winnipeg, and when she cries, which she sometimes does for very trifling causes, he always names her Lake Winnipeg.

Daisy doesn't mind the Winnipeg, but she thinks Lake Winnipeg is just awful, so she has learned to think that the wisest and best thing a little girl can do when she is hurt or angry or frightened is not to cry.

She has the warmest and tenderest heart in the world, full of love and pity for those in trouble.

Winifred Marguerita, or Daisy, or Winnie, or Peg, or Winnipeg Westmoreland, whichever *you* may choose to call her, is the daughter of an army officer living at a post in Indian Territory.

Last Christmas the wives of the officers determined to celebrate the day in grand style.

A hall was decorated and lighted, and everybody assembled in it Christmas eve.

The little Indian children were invited, and came with their mothers.

There was music on the piano, and singing and recitations, to all of which the little Indians, huddled in a corner, listened with perfect quiet and stolidity; but when Santa Claus appeared through a trap-door with a sack of toys on his back, they all took fright and stampeded like a herd of young broncos.

The squaws, their mothers, followed them, herded and drove them back, and made them go up to Santa Claus to get their presents. But they did it in great terror, hiding their faces with their arms and scanty clothing.

Daisy was sitting in her papa's lap, cuddling a lovely wax doll, which Santa Claus had just given her, when she saw the tiniest Indian of them all, holding tightly with both hands to her mother's dress, while two great tears stood in her frightened black eyes.

Slipping from her papa's knee, she ran over to the little Indian, laid the doll in her dusky arms, and tenderly wiping the tears from her eyes, said:

"There, little Indian! Take my boo'ful dollie to love and to keep. And don't you cry. If you do, Charley will call you a lake, and that is perfetly dreffful."

MEDDY is a very inquisitive boy, especially at Christmas times. "Mamma," he asked, "was Santa Claus a little boy, once?" "I think so!" answered mamma. "Just like me?" "Very much like you, I shouldn't wonder, dear."

"Well, then," burst forth Meddy, after a moment's study, "who filled his stocking for him?" Mamma couldn't answer that question. Can you?



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In "Christmas," with its joys so bright;
In "Holiday," filled with delight;
In "Mistletoe," hung in the halls;
In "Holly" fine, to deck the walls;
In "Ladies" fair, with satin gowns;
In "Gentlemen," all free from frowns;
In "Children," who sweet carols sing;
In "Mothers," who rare pleasures bring;
In "Characters," which we perform;
In "Snowflakes," mingling with the storm;
In "Candles" that are placed o'erhead;
In "Chapters" from the Bible read;
In "Youngsters," loath to go to bed;
And now a certain time please name,
Though different words, they mean the same.

2.

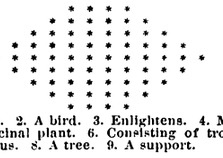
RIDDLE.

I am nearly nineteen hundred years old, and I visit the world once every year. I come to bring happiness where there is sorrow, and peace where there is strife. I am greeted with many sweet-sounding instruments and songs of praise. All Christian nations are glad because of me, and there is mirth and feasting and joy wherever I go.

3.

ACROSTIC.

The *primals* spell a word that all love; and the *finals* are what all strive to make it.



1. A cap. 2. A bird. 3. Enlightens. 4. Motive. 5. A medicinal plant. 6. Consisting of trochees. 7. Numerous. 8. A tree. 9. A support.

4.

REVERSED HALF SQUARE.

Down.—1. A consonant. 2. An exclamation. 3. To wager. 4. Most good. 5. Untrue. 6. Higher in stature. 7. A Scotch festival occurring in December.

Across.—1. A consonant. 2. Towards. 3. A laborious drudge. 4. An ointment. 5. A feminine name. 6. To diminish. 7. A distribution of prizes by chance.

FRANK SNELLING.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Santa Claus.

2. Christmas tells of love divine,
Of hope fulfilled and faith benign;
And Christmas bids me wish for thee
A blessing from all sorrow free.

Key-Words.—Matchless, primitive, frustrate, telegram, falchion, beloved, designer, bonfire, hallowed, famished, fossil, bland, sons, finish, off, whorl.

3. Santa Claus.

4. 1. CustoM. 2. HaltI. 3. RiverS. 4. IntenT. 5. ScrolL. 6. TinkIE. 7. MarkeT. 8. ApolIO. 9. SourcE.—Christmas, Mistletoe.

5. Stories Told at Twilight, by Louise Chandler Moulton; A Queer Little Princess, by Frances Eaton; Dear Daughter Dorothy, by A. G. Plympton; Two Little Confederates, by Thomas Nelson Page; A Boy's Town, by William Dean Howells.

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HIS BLUE BAG.

Dr. Frank Buckland, the naturalist, was one of the men about whom it is natural for anecdotes to cluster. Wherever he went he carried an umbrella and a blue bag. Of the bag he used to say that the greatest honor it ever had received was when Lord Grenville once insisted on carrying it; and the worst disgrace it had ever suffered was when its owner called upon Sir Humphry Davy three or four times in one day, and always found him not at home. At last Sir Humphry said to his servant, "Has Doctor Buckland not called to-day?" "No, sir," answered the servant, who evidently believed himself a judge of human nature; "there has been nobody here to-day but a man with a bag, who has been here three or four times, and I always told him you were out."

The foregoing anecdote is related in Doctor Richardson's biography of Thomas Sopwith, and Mr. Sopwith himself, in his diary, relates another.

Soon after the opening of the Great Western Railway public attention was called to the inclination of the Box Tunnel, which was said to be nearly in the same direction as the bedding of the strata. The thin, wedge-shaped edges of the stratified rock were liable to scale off, it was thought, and there was danger that the vibration which accompanies the passing of the train might bring them down upon the carriages.

On this subject Doctor Buckland made some observations at a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and this was followed by comments in the *Times* and other papers.

Shortly afterward an elderly gentleman was travelling in a first-class carriage between Bristol and the Box Tunnel, which latter place the train was approaching. Several persons were in the carriage, and the conversation turned on the alleged insecurity of the roof of the tunnel.

A smart young gentleman, who sat opposite the gentleman already mentioned, said there was no danger, and freely ridiculed the nonsense which Doctor Buckland had uttered and written about it.

"So ignorant is the doctor about the matter," said the young man, "that he does not even know the shape of the tunnel, for he wrongly describes it."

"You appear to be well acquainted with the subject," remarked the elderly gentleman.

"Yes," was the reply, "I certainly ought to be, for I am one of the engineers employed on the line."

"Is this, then, the shape of the tunnel?" asked the elderly gentleman, at the same time exhibiting a drawing of it on one of the pages of a memorandum book.

"Oh, dear, no!" said the youth, "nothing like it. That's the shape Doctor Buckland has described, and he is all wrong; he knows nothing about it."

"Well," said the elderly gentleman to the listening passengers, "I suppose we must pay great deference to this young gentleman, as he is an engineer on the line, and perfectly well acquainted with the tunnel. At the same time let me say that I am Doctor Buckland, and that this sketch was drawn for me this morning by Mr. Brunel."

Mr. Brunel was at the time the greatest engineering authority in England!

OUT OF SIGHT.

Harry is a ten-year-old boy who indicates a disposition to become an artist. In this he is assiduously encouraged by his father. The lad has a "box of paints," brushes, pencils, and plenty of rough paper. Harry's father is devoted to the theory of realism in art and literature, and occasionally lectures his little boy on the duty of trying to represent things just as he sees them.

"If you are always accurate, faithful, true to the fact, if you try to give in miniature a representation of what your eyes really behold, you will be always in the right way. Do you understand what I mean, Harry?" said the father, recently.

"Yes, papa, I think I do."

Not long afterward Harry invited his father to come and see his picture of a mountain. It consisted of a considerable quantity of sand and gravel shovelled around and upon the projections of a rough boulder in the back yard.

"You have not quite caught my meaning, Harry, though you are certainly very conscientious," said the father, jocularly. "It's magnificent, but it's not art. You should not use the materials of your original in copying it. That would be to make a model. You must try to draw a picture of what you see; draw it with pencil and paper, and colors, too, if you like. Don't draw anything you don't see. I dare say that is the easiest way of telling you the sound artistic rule."

Soon Harry came back with his drawing pad.

"Here's a picture of a pigeon, papa."

"Pigeon! I don't see any pigeon. Why, there is nothing but a straight up and-down line, and two others meeting it at right angles."

"Well, papa, that's the corner of the fence. The pigeon went around the corner just when I was going to begin. You told me not to draw anything I couldn't see."

LITTLE MAN.

The Boston *Transcript* prints an anecdote of a gentleman who was given to making friends with children wherever he met them, and who one day tried to scrape acquaintance with a little fellow-passenger in a street-car.

The child wore a crimson plush cloak, and had long yellow curls, so the gentleman began with much confidence:

"How do you do, little girl?"

"I'm not a little girl," was the shy response.

"Oh! Aren't you? Well, then, how do you do, little boy?"

"I'm not a little boy," was the unexpected answer.

"Indeed! Who are you, then?"

"I'm my papa's little man," said the youngster, with perfect dignity.

DESERVED A MEDAL.

Mr. Richard Redgrave, the artist, records in his diary this amusing recommendation from an Irishman appointed to examine students competing for medals:

I should also recommend Margaret —— for a reward. Being very young, she naturally missed the point of *all* the questions in the papers, but her answers were so ladylike that I think the medal should be given to her.

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Donald Kennedy — Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your Discovery, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your Discovery was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye — perhaps some twenty of them — but since I have been using your Discovery they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my *left* eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your Medical Discovery.

Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

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BREAKING A BRONCO.

A loose, sandy spot is chosen for the breaking of the "bronco," the name by which the wild horses of California and Arizona are known. Squealing, struggling, biting, kicking, bucking, rolling in the dust, and a double back somersault—these are parts of the grand performance whenever a bronco is broken to the saddle. Captain Bourke describes in his book, "On the Border with Crook," the fun and excitement associated with breaking "broncos" by a troop of United States cavalry.

The animal was first thrown, blindfolded, and then the bridle and saddle were put on, the latter girthed so tightly that the horse's eyes started from the sockets. Then, armed with a pair of spurs of the diameter of a soup-plate and a mesquite club big enough to fell an ox, the Mexican "vaquero" got into the saddle, the blinds were cast off, and the circus began.

There would be one moment of doubt as to what the "bronco" was going to do; now and then it might seem for a few seconds as if a really mild-mannered steed had been sent to the post by some mistake of the quartermaster's department. But this doubt never lasted very long. The genuine "bronco" can always be known from the spurious one by the fact that when he makes up his mind to "buck," he sets out upon his work without delay, and with a vim that means business.

If there were many horses arriving in a "bunch," there would be lots of fun. The men would mount, and amid the encouraging comments of the lookers-on would begin the task of subjugation.

The bronco nearly always looked around and up at his rider with an expression that was benignant; then he would roach his back, get his four feet bunched together, and await developments. If the rider foolishly listened to the suggestions of his critics, he would always mistake this temporary paroxysm of docility for fear or lack of spirit.

"Arrah, thin, shtick yer sphurs int' him, Moriarty," some foolish bystander would call out. No sooner did the rider heed this evil advice and strike the bronco's flanks with his rowels than the air would be filled with a revolving mass of mane and tail and flying hoofs, while the Irishman would shoot like a meteor into the sand and plow it up with his chin.

HARD TRAVELLING.

It is not to be expected that men should fully appreciate comforts to which they have always been accustomed. In America, for example, people get from one part of the country to another with so much ease and convenience that it all seems a matter of course. But if one undertakes a journey in China he is likely to set a new value upon carriages with springs, and some other every-day mercies of a kindred sort.

In North China, according to an English missionary, you may perhaps have your choice of three methods of travel. You may, if you will, take your place in a springless Pekin cart, a kind of box or cage, with no seat. The passenger is obliged to squat on the floor cross-legged, or to sit with legs stretched out at right angles with his body, and as the cart jolts over great stones or through the deep ruts in the road, he is liable to be bruised black and blue.

If such a cart looks uninviting, you may conclude to try a mule-litter. This consists of an oblong box slung between two mules, which never keep step, and not infrequently quarrel, and the swaying, unsteady motion is as bad as that of a ship in a heavy squall. Or, once more, you may prefer to ride a donkey with a backbone like a razor, and probably with no saddle, and a single rope for bridle.

As for travel in Southern China, some of the tribulations of it may be gathered from what the same author says of his own experience as he approached a great city.

"The tide was out, and we had to avail ourselves of buffalo-carts in order to reach the ferry-boat. These carts are most rickety and unstable vehicles. You sit leaning forward on the broad rail to avoid a jerk backwards. A Chinese in a cart near the one I rode in, entranced by the sight of a foreigner, incautiously turned to gaze, and in an instant he was on his back in the mud, and was greeted with a roar of laughter from his unfeeling compatriots."

ABSENT-MINDED.

A very absent-minded man was Lord X——, who prided himself upon being very indulgent and considerate to his servants. His coachman had been suffering from a light attack of lung fever, but returned to work during the prevalence of some rough weather.

"Do you think, James," said Lord X——, "that you are well enough to drive me to-day?"

"Oh, yes, your lordship, if I wrap myself well."

"Ah! Well, I will tell you what I will do, James. I intended to go out in the victoria to-day, but, in order that you may escape the exposure, I will go in the coupé instead!"

So he drove out in the coupé, which, although it was a covered vehicle for himself, left the unfortunate coachman as much out in the rain as if he had been driving the victoria.

But Lord X—— had the complacent air, as he drove, of doing a very kind and merciful thing.

IOWA CORN.

The extraordinary crops of the past season throughout the greater part of the West have been matters of constant mention in the newspapers, and have inspired some funny man with the following tale, as reported in the Washington *Star*:

A man recently from Iowa says that he saw a farmer standing at the foot of an enormous cornstalk.

"How big is your corn?" asked the stranger.

"I don't know," answered the farmer. "I sent one of my boys up to see a little while ago, and I'm worried to death about him."

"How so? Can't he get back?"

"No; that's the trouble. The cornstalk's growin' up faster than he can climb down."

"MARY could not go to school this forenoon," read the teacher from the pile of notes left on her desk, "because her mother has broken her leg and I hope she will be excused for it.—HER FATHER, J. SMITH."

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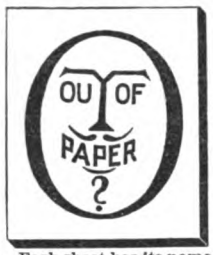
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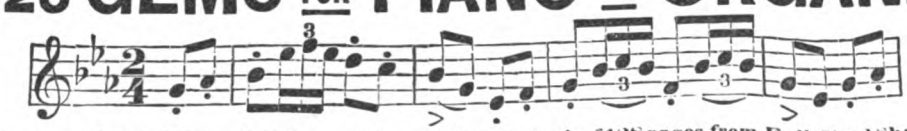
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DIPHTHERITIC PARALYSIS.

Paralysis, more or less extensive, is one of the most common sequels of diphtheria. The parts oftenest affected are the palate and pharynx. The paralysis generally comes on only some weeks after the beginning of convalescence. In moderate cases it shows itself in a nasal tone, some difficulty in swallowing and the regurgitation of liquids through the nostrils.

The paralysis sometimes affects the muscles of the face, rendering articulation difficult, and suction and gargling impossible. It may affect the muscles of the eye, causing a squint and preventing the adjustment of the eye to varying distances.

The effects may extend to the muscles of the limbs, especially the lower, either on one side or on both. Indeed, the paralysis may be general, and, in rare cases, says Flint, it involves not only all the extremities, but also the muscles of the face, throat, mouth, neck, trunk, and certain of the involuntary muscles.

Formerly diphtheritic paralysis was regarded as due to an extension of the inflammation to the nerves. This view is now abandoned. It was found ten years ago that the diphtheritic poison gave rise to a degeneration of the spinal nerve-cells, but this injury is temporary and susceptible of repair.

It is now believed that diphtheria is not caused directly by microbes, but by a poison secreted by them. For this reason the paralysis does not generally occur at the same time as the diphtheritic membrane, but even after the disappearance of the microbes, and after the poison has had time to alter the constitution of the blood.

The poison acts first on the nerves nearest the point of inoculation, and is often limited to this region. "But," says the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*, "we have to do with something more than a mere local impregnation with poison, as, in the majority of cases, we see the paralytic symptoms diffuse themselves progressively. It is certain that the poison acts exclusively on the nervous system by determining [giving rise to] functional, rather than destructive, modifications."

Hence diphtheritic paralysis may be expected to pass away with time and care, and this is what we see.

COMETS' TAILS.

The tails of comets are evidently composed of finely divided matter driven off from the bodies of the comets, perhaps by the effects of evaporation or of electrical repulsion, as they approach the sun. From the kind of curve that the tail describes inferences have been drawn as to the nature of the substances which the comet contains.

Sometimes a comet has a long, straight tail pointing directly away from the sun, and almost at a right angle to the path in which the comet travels when it is near the sun. Such tails are believed to be composed of hydrogen which, on account of the lightness of its molecules, would be driven off by the repulsive force with great velocity.

Other comets have splendid sword-shaped or scimetar-shaped tails, bending gradually backward on the side away from the sun. It is inferred that the particles composing such tails are driven off with a smaller relative velocity, as would be the case if they were the molecules of carbon combined with hydrogen. Many combinations of carbon and hydrogen are known to chemists, so that the constitution of such comets presents, in some respects, a likeness to things familiar to us upon the earth.

Still other comets have short bushy tails bending sharply backward from the direction of the comets' motion. These tails, it is thought, may be composed of the molecules of iron. Probability is lent to this view by the fact that meteorites are largely composed of iron, and there is an undoubted connection between meteors and comets.

A few years ago a comet appeared whose tail presented such a peculiar curvature that it seemed to be composed of particles heavier than the molecules of iron, and it was suggested that, in this case, gold was the element concerned! A golden visitor from the mysterious realms of space, shining for a short time in our skies while it paid its respects to the sun!

Quite recently a new line of inquiry into the nature of comets has been pointed out by Mr. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory. He has called attention to the fact that comets of short period—that is those which travel in comparatively short orbits, and appear again and again in the neighborhood of the sun after only a few years' absence—bear a striking resemblance to one another, and differ in appearance from other comets.

They are large, round and diffuse, becoming very gradually brighter in the middle but possessing no decided nucleus, and they have no tails. Recently upon the appearance of a previously unknown comet which possessed these peculiarities he predicted that it would prove to be a comet of short period, and so it has turned out.

Comets are subjected to forces that gradually scatter their substance as they swing time after time around the sun, and in this way they are eventually changed into swarms of meteors. The peculiar appearance noted by Mr. Barnard in short-period comets may simply arise from the gradual disintegration of those bodies, which, in the course of ages, may disappear and never again be seen by man, unless perchance a meteoric fragment that once formed part of their substance should encounter the earth, and fall upon its surface.

OPERATING ON A TIGER.

Dr. Haughton, the Curator of the Dublin Zoölogical Society, discovered that one of the tigers was lame. Upon examining its paws through the bars of the cage he found that a claw was growing inwards into the ball of the foot, causing the poor brute great agony whenever it tried to walk. The doctor determined to cut out the claw.

Five keepers assisted him, three in front of the cage and two behind. The tiger was lassoed and, much against his will, tied down, the five keepers firmly holding the rope. The doctor then raised the bars, entered the cage, and began operating.

But he had forgotten to guard himself against the tigress in the cage adjoining. She managed to reach him with one paw and knocked off his hat. The keepers, seeing this, took fright, let go the rope and fled, leaving the doctor at the mercy of his patient. The tiger jumped up and prepared to spring, but the doctor jumped through the raised bars and pulled them down. Against them the tiger dashed, gnashing and foaming with fury.

The doctor called the keepers together, and reprimanded them for their cowardice; then he locked the doors, put the keys in his pocket, and said:

"I intend to perform this operation whatever happens. You will fix the lasso again, and if you let go the rope this time, I can escape and you will be left with the tiger."

The men behaved bravely, the troublesome claw was successfully removed, and was afterwards worn by the doctor as a scarf-pin.

From that time, whenever the tiger heard its friend's footstep it would throw itself on its back, purr, roll about to attract his attention, and would never be satisfied till he approached and recognized it.

PATRICK'S HIGH STANDING.

Patrick O'Reilly is one of those men who achieve greatness at an early period in life; at least, so said his sister.

"Oh, Brother Pat's doin' well," announced she, as she scrubbed away over the tub, and entertained her employer. "He's just doin' illigant. Why, when he went up to Boston, he had just one shirt to his back, an' me sewin' till twelve o'clock to make him another for a change.

"Oh, but he's the bye for luck! And now from bein' a newsbye he's jist rollin' in money, and he sends me a tidy bit besides. He writes to me, too, an' tells me about his horses an' what colors they be."

"Horses, Bridget? Does he keep horses?"

"'Deed, thin, he does, ma'am; he's a driver on a car. They think a lot o' Pat up there, they do. Why, what did they do but put his pictur', foine as life, in the paper."

"I *am* surprised!"

"Surprised ye may be, ma'am, but it's true. There it was, and over it Pat's letter, signed wid his own name, sayin' how he'd been cured of his cough by Bilkins's Balm."

HE TOOK PRECAUTIONS.

The phrase "quicker than lightning" has commonly been understood hyperbolically, but here was a boy who took it in a literal sense.

Anxious Mother—What in the world did you do during the terrible thunder-storm?

Little Dick—I got under a tree.

Mother—Horrors! Don't you know that the shade of a tree is the most dangerous of all places in a thunder-storm?

Little Dick—Oh, yes; but I jumped out every time it thundered.—*Good News.*

WELL SAID.

A certain well-known truth has perhaps never been more neatly and pointedly expressed than in the following instance, reported in *Harper's Magazine.*

A youthful Harvard graduate was arguing with a hard-headed, self-taught man of business, and it is fair to suppose, was getting the worst of the argument. At all events, he was driven to saying: "Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. ——, you don't know half as much as I do."

"That's so," said the business man; "but then, as far as that is concerned, neither do you."

AT LAST.

Perseverance and devoted affection sometimes have their reward, in spite of croakers.

Tom—Why, Charley, how beaming you look to-day! What has happened to cheer you up so?"

Charley—I've been courting a girl for a long time, but she would never admit that she loved me. She would only say that she respected me; but last night she confessed that she respected me no longer—that she loved me.—*Exchange.*

To prevent trousers from bagging at the knee, always get up and give the lady your seat.—*Boston Herald.*

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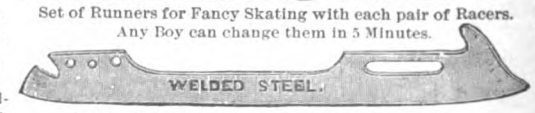
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For the Companion.

THE LAST OF RAVENSHOE.

Until within the last year Ravenshoe Grange was one of the principal landmarks of the Norfolk fens—that part of the North Sea coast of England which is so much like Holland. Built on a narrow island that lies between the Raven's Broad and the sea, it was visible for miles in every direction.

Since the beginning of the present century it had been in the tenacious grasp of the Court of Chancery, and as nobody could be induced to live in such a desolate place, everything about the old country house had fallen into decay.

The great lantern tower where, in Elizabethan days, a Spanish prince was imprisoned, fell forward into the marsh fifty years ago, and carried with it much of the east wing. The other sides, the building was quadrangular, were left to the bats and owls, and to every wind that blew; for nearly all the mullions had given way, and save for a few drooping lattices loosely fitted with diamond-shaped panes, every window left a wide and lofty means of entrance.

To the inhabitants of Barnborough Regis, the village whose Saxon spire just overtops the firs on the shore, the Grange had a somewhat evil repute. Smugglers had dwelt there once, and by getting themselves up as ghosts had originated such terrible legends that even in the heat of mid-day no fisherman could be induced to land his boat on the "spit," as the island was called.

So the Grange was entirely renounced to the elements, and never visited except by inquisitive tourists, who were under the necessity of rowing themselves over to wander alone through the untenanted rooms. Moreover, it was possible to land only at high tide, for between the waves and the terrace walls lay what had once been a garden, but was now a dark and ill-smelling mud-flat, covered by the water for half an hour only.

On an oppressively hot June evening, when the Raven's Broad was veiled with a thin web of silver mist, and the declining sunlight so powerful that even the birds had not sufficient energy to sing, a gaily painted boat, whose name—the *Swan*—was inscribed in gilt letters, rocked beside the small private jetty that belongs to Barnborough Park—the manor-house. Two lads stood together on the planks, looking down into the clear waters of the Wennet, a slowly moving stream that passes through the Broad.

The taller of the two, Jack Loughton, was about fifteen—a pale youth, with blue eyes and curly light brown hair; the other, Austin Holderness, a year older, slighter of limb and dark-complexioned.

They were the son and nephew of Squire Loughton, the lord of the manor, and had been bosom-friends and mates from early childhood.

This evening, to judge from the rather furtive look on their faces, they were setting out upon some expedition which their consciences did not altogether approve. Squire Loughton and his wife and daughter had gone the day before to attend a wedding party at a distance, and the boys, thrown on their own resources, had resolved to carry out a long cherished plan to spend a night at Ravenshoe Grange.

"I say, Austin," Jack said, as he thrust out one foot to steady the boat, "do you think there's really any harm in going there when they're all away? There seems something not quite open about it."

"Come!" his cousin cried. "I really believe you're getting afraid of the idea! Uncle never objected to our doing it. I am sure when he hears of our pluck he'll be as pleased as —"

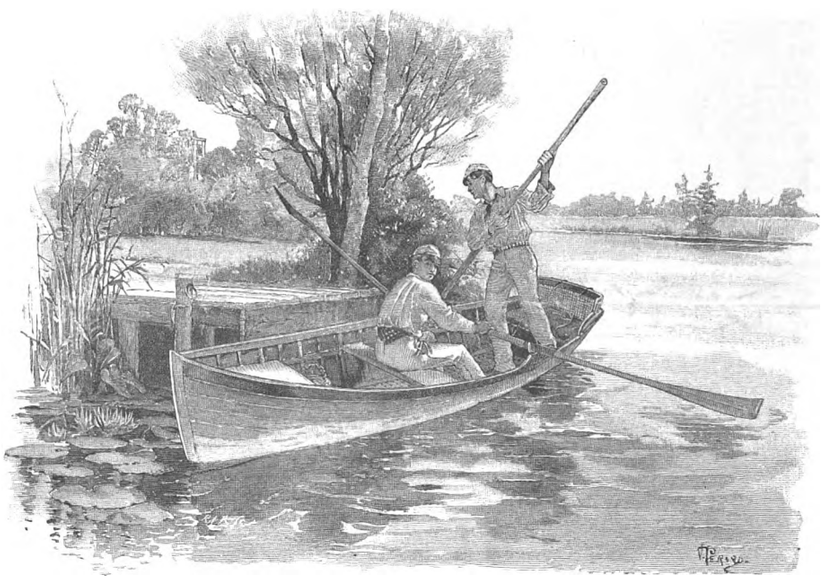
Here he paused for want of a simile. He was right in saying the Squire had never forbidden their visit. Such an idea had never entered his head. But if he had known of their trip, he would have forbidden it decisively.

"Well, I'm ready," Jack said, rather reluctantly. "You take the rudder. I'll row. Are you ready? Off!"

So they began to glide down the wide, sleepy current. The Broad was nearly a mile long, and was rendered quite invisible from the highway that led to Barnborough Regis by a sloping plantation of firs and maples.

Soon they reached a sharp corner where stood a thatched cottage. Jack rested his oars just as they came in sight of it.

"You're sure Cranberry told you that he was going to the goose-market?" he inquired. "He might make us trouble if he saw us. You remember how he grumbled about those decoys we altered."



Setting out for Ravenshoe.

Cranberry was Squire Loughton's keeper. He was an old, very tall and lean, and very crusty bachelor, who did all his own housework, and was wont to declare that no woman could either wash or bake half so well as he. He had the management of the decoys,—long wicker tunnels into which wild fowl were lured by dogs,—and some time before Austin, by attempting to improve the mechanism of one of these, had incurred the old man's extreme displeasure.

"I'm quite sure he said he was going. Whew! There he is!"

While he spoke the keeper's bent figure issued from the doorway. Instead, however, of looking in their direction, he threw his gun over his lank shoulder, and turning round the cottage, was soon out of sight.

As soon as he had disappeared, Jack began to row more vigorously, and before many minutes had passed they had reached the terrace of Ravenshoe Grange, and had steered through a gap in the wall to the broken stone-work of the portico.

Here they disembarked. The cargo consisted of a small spirit stove and kettle, a luncheon-basket filled with provisions, and several travelling rugs, all of which they had taken out of the manor without informing any one.

After fastening the boat to an iron stanchion in the door-post, they deposited the stores on a window-seat, and began to roam from chamber to chamber.

Since the garden embankments had given way, the sea had entered every room at high tide, rotting the panelling, and covering the broken oaken planks with wrack and shells. Up-stairs some of the chambers were in comparatively habitable condition.

Meanwhile black clouds had gathered in the west, and the hot air grew more oppressive. A numbed whistling crept through the deserted rooms. The place was so hollow and so empty that it murmured like a shell at the least sound.

After a while a few heavy drops of rain fell.

"It looks as if we were going to have a bad night," Austin said, as he stood peering out from the central window of what had once been the picture-gallery. "The sea is as choppy as it can be, and there isn't a smack in sight."

Jack looked grave. "We'd better get the boat higher, then," he said. "We should be in an awkward fix if she were to be swamped."

They descended together to the hall. To their great surprise the *Swan* was no longer where they had left her. The rope by which she had been fastened had evidently become loose, and before long they discovered the tiny boat about thirty yards away, quite out of their reach, half-filled with water, and being carried out by the retreating tide.

Austin turned to his cousin with a scared face. "How are we to get back to-morrow?"

"Oh," said Jack, very encouragingly, but a little weakly, "there are sure to be plenty of fishermen we can signal to in the morning. Let's lose no more time, but look again for some place to sleep in. You take the rugs. I'll carry the provisions."

Up in the octagonal turret they found a room which was called the "Lady's Oratory," and had been used in former times for devotional purposes.

The windows here were still glazed, and contained much ancient stained glass which depicted scriptural scenes.

An elaborately carved reading-desk was fitted into the wall. The ceiling was parquetted with designs of roses and crowns—the badge of the Ravenshoes—and the seven lattices commanded all the points of the compass.

Jack lighted the spirit lamp, and filling the kettle out of a large stone bottle they had brought, proceeded to boil the water for tea. It was now almost dark outside, and the rain was pattering on the roof. The tea was exceedingly strong, and as cream and sugar had been forgotten, it was drunk unalloyed.

Neither of the boys did more than make a pretence of eating; for although they would not have confessed it under any penalty, the loss of the boat had unnerved them.

Two candles were lighted and fixed on the mantelpiece. Their dim, quivering light only served to make the gloom more weird. The storm was beginning to rage with violence. There is nothing in the world so indescribably wild as the whistling of the wind through an old ruin; and more than once the boys were startled by pieces of stone that were dislodged, and fell cracking loudly on the large, open hearth.

Unrolling the rugs, they spread them on the floor and lay down.

An hour passed in vain seeking for rest. The boys were silent, and probably would have remained so had not a wonderfully brilliant flash of lightning rent the sky from end to end; then after an ominously short pause, a loud peal of thunder followed. Before it had ceased reverberating, they were at the window looking seaward. The now flowing tide was angrily perturbed. Enormous billows, flecked with long white plumes, were beating against the terrace wall.

A few sea-gulls, whose glittering wings shone through the blackness, were swooping over the surface as though hunting for carrion. Loose clots of sea scum were caught by the wind, and dashed furiously against the windows.

The cousins sat on the step of the reading-desk, and gazed into each other's eyes. Each one saw in the tremulous candle light that the other's face was ghastly.

Another fork of lightning rent the outer darkness, and simultaneously with it came a deafening crash of thunder.

Jack drew Austin more closely to him.

"I say, Austie," he whispered, going back to the name he had used in childhood, "do you—do you think it struck the place? It looked exactly as if it had cut the wing in two!"

"Nonsense!" Austin replied, with parched lips. "Let us lie down again. It only upsets one to look out on such a fearful sight. We'll try again to get some sleep."

They returned to their hard couch. Jack, who was now thoroughly exhausted, soon fell into a heavy slumber; but Austin was unable to close his eyes, and lay watching the bright flashes and listening to the sullen roar of sea and skies.

Before many minutes had passed he was alarmed by a sort of glare in the room that was more steady and less brilliant than the lightning. He rose quietly, and opening the door, looked into the corridor. A strong smell of burning wood met him there, and at the furthest end he saw a thin tongue of flame licking the panelling.

He ran back to his cousin, and kneeling beside him shook him roughly.

"What's wrong? Is it time to get up?" Jack muttered, drowsily.

"Be quick and waken, for heaven's sake!" Austin cried. "The lightning has struck the place! The east wing's on fire! We shall have to get down the staircase as quickly as we can!"

Without a word they passed hurriedly along the corridor. The fire was burning openly now in the old wood-work, and the many draughts made the flames strong and hungry. When they reached the first landing Austin gave a sudden exclamation.

"It's wet here! The tide must have come right up. Just strike a light—you have the matches."

The match was struck. The storm had driven the waters much higher than their wont, and inside the immense hall was a foaming current which found outlet in the many side passages.

The fire was beginning to crackle in the room overhead; and as the tempest was lulling the noise grew more and more distinct.

The fear upon both deepened. There seemed no possible means of escape, for the boat was gone and the tide could not yet be at the full.

"Well, Austie," Jack said, quietly. He looked up. The roof was glowing above their heads. "Well, Austie, if we have to die here we'll die together. Don't loosen your hold of my hand;

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let's keep close. I'd sooner die with you than —" The sentence was never finished. A curious, measured, thumping sound fell on the boys' ears. Just outside the open doorway, they saw a tall, very thin figure dimly defined in the flickering light of the fire within. As they looked, the figure seemed to be standing upon the surface of the water, and yet to be gliding toward them.

"What's that?" the boys gasped together, clutching each other's hands more tightly.

The figure moved slowly toward them. Then the shape of a boat was defined underneath it, and as it came into the light, the boys saw that their extraordinary visitor was none other than Cranberry, who was forcing his way in with his fowling boat into the flooded entrance, thrusting his oar now and then against the stones below.

"Hi!" said he; "here you are." His face was purple with exertion.

"It's been a hard job to get here, young gentlemen," he went on, "but maybe you'll row me back. Get in quickly; there's not a minute to lose. I saw you a-comin' but I didn't let on, for I thought you might get into what mischief you pleased; but when I saw th' fire I couldna rest without comin'. The tide's on the turn, and this old rookery's nearly tumblin'! It's a grand sight at th' other end—nought but a sheet o' flame."

They were in the open air before he had finished speaking. It was a comparatively easy matter to reach the Broad, and once there, all danger was over.

Cranberry wished very much to pause and view the burning Grange, but the boys had had quite enough of it. Nothing could induce them to rest their oars until they had reached the little jetty at Barnborough Manor.

Squire Loughton, who returned that day, could not find it in his heart to rebuke the boys too sharply.

"I think they've been punished enough for their disobedience," he said, and never referred to the subject again.

As for Cranberry, he is made so much of that, to quote his own words, he "scarcely knows whether or no his head's on his shoulders."

R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

For the Companion.

"SPIEL!"

Nowhere have I found the German devotion to music more marked than it was in a town largely settled by people of that race in central Minnesota, where, several years ago, I went in the autumn to shoot prairie-chickens and water-fowl. Music seemed the one passion of the people. In every dwelling was a flute, a violin, or a clarinet, and in several houses there were pianos of good make.

I lodged with a well-to-do old farmer, whose large family of grown-up sons and daughters filled the big farm-house with music of some kind from one week's end to another.

One evening my host led me down to the great cellar-kitchen, where a dozen or more of the boys and young men of the neighborhood had met to organize a brass band, and to practise for the first time.

The young men gathered about the long kitchen table, upon which were spread sheets of printed music, and at the word "*Spiel!*" from their leader, each blew a blast upon his instrument.

The result was somewhat startling. I had never heard such a discordant strain before. It lasted but a moment, however; then all the players dropped their instruments, and laughed long and heartily at the outcome of their first effort.

"Neffer mind, poys!" said my host, encouragingly, speaking in English in my honor. "Der vas vorse music as dat, und py und py you blays vary fine."

Turning to me, he added, "Mine frient, dat vas terriple, eh? Vell, it vas shust such music ash dat vot safe dis settlement from pein' scalluped py der Inchuns. Shust you gome up-shtairs now, und I tells you about it."

Seated before a cheery fire of oak logs, at one side of which the good wife played a merry tune with her knitting-needles, my host told his story. I will relate it in my own words, and not in the German farmer's faltering English.

Just before the Civil War a colony of about a dozen well-to-do families came from Bavaria, bringing with them many household goods and their beloved musical instruments, and established a settlement upon the Minnesota River. Tempted by the rich lands along that stream, they pushed up the river beyond existing settlements, and finally selected a site near a large grove on the southern bank.

The Sioux had been very troublesome through the section. Fearing their depredations, the German settlers at Zeigler's Bend, as the place came to be called, built a strong block-house of logs on the bank of the river, large enough to shelter all the families, and surrounded it by a palisade of logs set endwise in the ground as closely as possible.

This completed, each family proceeded to erect buildings upon its own land round about the grove, using the block-house as a common residence in the meantime, and reserving it as a general storehouse and rendezvous in case of attack.

The settlers worked all summer without being molested by the Indians. Now and then detached parties strayed through the place, but they committed no acts of violence. Meanwhile, however, the Sioux were in a very unquiet state, and were meditating vengeance for what they regarded as encroachments upon their land.

Quite separated from other white settlers, the Germans knew nothing of this threatening state of things.

No precautions had been taken in the little settlement. The cows and other stock were allowed to graze upon the prairie to the southward in one large herd, which the boys of the different families took turns in seeking out and driving home at night. As the season advanced, the grass became short for some distance around the grove, and the herd sometimes wandered several miles in search of better feed.

On one warm September evening the task of bringing home the cows fell to Hans and Carl Zeigler and Fritz Tohmer. They were all boys from twelve to sixteen years of age. Their fathers had built their houses close together on the outskirts of the settlement.

It was an hour before sunset when the boys started off across the prairie to drive home the herd. The stock had wandered farther than usual, and the sun had set when the searchers, guided by the tinkle of the bells, found the cows in a deep swale four miles from the river.



"Spiel!"

It was impossible to hasten the milch cows, and before the boys were half-way home darkness set in.

Probably it was the coming of darkness which saved their lives, for when they reached the top of a low ridge a mile from the grove, the blaze of burning buildings and savage yells, mingled with the crack of rifle-shots, told them too plainly that the Sioux had descended suddenly upon the settlement.

"It's the Indians!" gasped Hans, the eldest of the three.

"Yes, and they've killed everybody at home!" sobbed Fritz and Carl, as they clung to Hans in the darkness. "They'll kill us too, Hans! What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"No, they haven't killed everybody," replied Hans, manfully trying to choke down his own fears for the sake of the younger boys. "They're not all killed, or there wouldn't be so much shooting. Some of the folks must be in the block-house fighting the Indians back; and there must be a good many of them, too, to do all that shooting. Come, boys," he shouted, "follow me, and be quick! We must get around the cattle, and turn them back before the Indians hear the bells. If we don't, they'll catch us, sure."

Hastily heading off the cattle, the boys drove them back over the ridge and far out on the prairie. Then the boys went back toward the settlement, moving very cautiously, to reconnoitre.

The blaze of the burning buildings, by the light of which they could see the Sioux dodging about from tree to tree, served to intensify the surrounding darkness, rendering it quite safe for the boys to creep up close enough to get an idea of the situation.

"See that!" whispered Hans, as half a dozen flashes lighted up the loop-holes in the upper story of the block-house, and a sharp volley rang through the grove. "They're there yet, and enough of them to keep the Indians off for one while!"

"So they are!" said Fritz. "Can't we do something to help them, Hans? Let's run down the river for help!"

"It's too far," replied Hans, "and we should be too late. But we must do something, or all will be killed and scalped, for they can't hold out much longer."

"Why can't they?" asked Carl.

"O Hans!" gasped Fritz, as a sudden thought struck him. "I know what you mean. It's the powder! It's almost gone! That's why you didn't take your gun to-night to shoot prairie-chickens, and why none of the men have been out hunting lately, too."

"That's just it, Fritz," replied Hans, in a trembling voice. "At the rate they are firing, it won't last till midnight."

This was only too true. The settlers, tempted by the abundance of game, had used their ammunition unsparingly in providing themselves with meat during the summer.

Beguiled by the seeming harmlessness of the Sioux, and over-busy with cultivating the soil and with building and preparing for the winter, they had neglected to replenish their stock of powder, and at last it was almost exhausted.

That very day their two carpenters had begun the construction of a large row-boat, which, as soon as it was finished, was to be sent down to Fort Snelling to obtain powder and other necessaries.

Hans saw it would be madness to attempt to reach the block-house through the line of Indians that surrounded it.

He noticed, too, as all three boys lay upon the ground just outside of the grove, that there was no blaze in the direction of their own homes. The cabins of the Zeigler and Tohmer families, standing far back and apart from the rest of the settlement, had as yet escaped destruction.

It was impossible for the boys to lie still. They must do something. As soon as they saw that their own houses were untouched, they all crept stealthily toward the place, in the hope of finding some of the inmates still about the houses.

All was silent within; but the boys were not a little comforted to find both cabins standing, though the flying inmates had left everything inside tumbled about in dire confusion.

Hans's hopes rose, as he reasoned that if the two most remote families had been warned in time, all the rest must have been safely within the stockade before the attack began.

Still, they could not hold ont there if they had no powder. Soon after the guns of the brave defenders had ceased to flash, the savages would storm the palisade, and men, women and children would be massacred.

Hans searched both cabins for a gun; but every rifle and shot-gun had been taken.

As the boys stood crouching by the window, they saw a dark form approaching, from the direction opposite to the village, and not many yards distant. The manner of movement told the boys that it was an Indian.

With beating hearts, they crept up the ladder into the little loft, and lay down flat upon their faces on the floor, expecting presently to be dragged out.

But, through the chinks between the logs in the gable of the little house, they saw the figure halt an instant before the cabin, and then, as if bent upon a more important purpose, press on toward the rest of the tribe.

Evidently it was a belated redskin, intent upon rejoining his fellows. The boys breathed more freely. Hans rose upon his elbow, and glanced around the loft, which was dimly lighted by the flaring light from the burning cabins shining through the chinks.

His eye caught a flash of something bright hanging from a rafter. It was his father's brightly polished brass cornet. He gazed idly at it, as if he were wondering if it could possibly help him to solve the terrible problem that was confronting him. As he gazed at the bright spot gleaming there, a sudden inspiration seized him.

"Ach!" he shouted; "it shall help us!"

He sprang up, snatched down the cornet, handed it to Fritz, who wondered if Hans had suddenly turned crazy, and then rushed back to a corner of the loft for the big bass drum, with brass cymbals attached, which his older brother Chris used to play in the village band back in Germany.

"Boys!" said he to Fritz and Carl, as he clambered down the ladder, "there's just one thing for us to do; we might take to the prairie and hide ourselves in some hollow, but what do we want to save ourselves for, if all the rest of our folks are murdered? For my part I'd rather get killed trying to help them than run away and leave them."

"So should I!" said Fritz.

"And I!" echoed Carl.

"Come on then!" said Hans, leading the way to the other cabin. "You take the cornet, Carl! You can blow that as loud as any one; and you run in and get your father's trombone, Fritz!"

Fritz went in to get the trombone, while the others crouched in the shadow of the house. In a moment he came back with it, and the three ran out upon the prairie, creeping hurriedly along until they reached the river bank, a short distance below the grove.

Hans tightened up the drum, slung the strap over his shoulders, and adjusted the loose cymbal to his left hand.

"Now, boys," said he, as he started up the river toward the settlement, "follow me, and don't make a sound till I give the word. Then blow as hard as ever you can!"

Carefully picking their way, the boys approached the settlement.

The shots came much less frequently from the block-house, and the boys could see from the little hill, at the edge of the grove, that the Indians had closed up until their line was within a few rods of the stockade.

"Keep close to me, boys, and don't be afraid!" whispered Hans, as they started down the hill.

"We're here!" whispered Fritz.

"And all ready!" said Carl.

Then, just as they entered the grove, Hans raised aloft his drumstick and cymbal, and bringing them down with all his might shouted, "Spiel!" in a voice that could be heard plainly by the Indians.

The great drum boomed like a cannon; the cymbals came together with a mighty clang, while the cornet and trombone united in a terrible blast, as the brave lads marched straight for the block-house, their leader taxing his strong lungs to the utmost with hoarse commands, as if giving orders to an army.

If the German settlers had been too busy during the short summer to replenish their stock of powder, they had also been too busy to give any attention to their music; and the Indians had heard such sounds only at the forts, or on the march, as bodies of troops passed from one frontier post to another.

The fearful crash, coming so suddenly out of the darkness in their rear, struck terror to the hearts of the redskins, who were in no wise reassured by the deafening cheer that went up from the block-house.

"Soldiers! Soldiers!" was the one thought in the minds of the Sioux, as without waiting to see who or what their unseen enemy might be, they dashed panic-stricken past the stockade in mad retreat; while the settlers within, catching sight of the boys' faces in the light of the burning buildings, and spurred on to desperate bravery by the heroism of the lads, rushed out of the block-house, threw open the gates of the stockade, and charged upon the Indians.

The Sioux were now in headlong flight toward the river. The boys double-quicked after their fathers and big brothers, making the woods resound with fearful music.

Firing at the retreating forms as fast as they could load their pieces, the settlers drove the Indians out of the grove, and over the neck of open prairie between that and the river. Arriving there, the Sioux sprang into the water and swam with all their might for the opposite bank; but before they could reach the shore and get out of range, the rifles of the settlers had considerably diminished their numbers.

Sending a parting volley accompanied by a defiant cheer at the discomfited Sioux, the men formed in line, and in honor of their young deliverers, marched back to the block-house to the beat of Hans's drum, and the discordant blare of the two brass instruments.

Once within, the boys were almost smothered with the embraces of the rescued people. They soon learned that Hans's father, made anxious by the boys' long absence, had set out just at dusk to look for the boys, and had happened to see a knot of Indians crouching on the summit of a ridge in the distance. He had hastened back and warned the settlement. Thus, instead of taking them by surprise, the Sioux found all the people in their stronghold, prepared for the

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attack. This fact had caused them to suspect that the whites had in some way got wind of their expedition. They feared a relief party; and for this reason, the sudden onslaught of Hans's band was all that was needed to throw them into a panic.

After listening to the old man's tale of this adventure, I did not wonder that the people of Zeigler's Bend were extravagantly fond of martial music.

MYRON B. GIBSON.

LUCK.

Luck never made a martyr strong
To suffer for the true and right;
Luck never wrote a deathless song,
Or armed a chieftain for the fight.

Selected. —*Thomas F. Porter.*

For the Companion.

SQUIRE MACK'S ESCAPE.

In the town in which I live there is an old frontiersman whom every one calls "Squire Mack." In the early days he went to California, and had many curious adventures there which he delights in recounting.

At the breaking out of the Civil War he was making shingles near some mining town in the Sierra Nevada. The news from home filled him with patriotic fire, and with several comrades, he turned his face eastward, and travelled as rapidly as possible toward the "States."

Arriving at Salt Lake City, he learned that Indians had been raiding the trail ahead, firing upon wagon trains, and burning express and stage stations. This news disheartened his companions, who resolved to stop at Salt Lake City until the trouble was over.

Not so with Mack. He was of the sort of men who are bound to go through when they have begun a thing. He pressed on, taking his chances, on the "Cherokee Trail."

Mack had been a wagon-master along this trail, and knew the ground well. He had heard that the Indians were raiding about Green River, but he knew that at the crossing of the trail over this stream he had a good friend in the person of Bat Lavigne, an old French-Canadian trader who lived here.

Lavigne had a great deal of influence among the surrounding tribes of Utes, Uintahs, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. He was married to an Arapaho woman, and was reckoned a member of that tribe. He must be aware of the movements of the Indians.

So Mack, riding an excellent cayuse and leading a good-sized pack mule, pushed boldly on to Green River Crossing, and brought up at Bat Lavigne's adobe dwelling one evening at sundown. Lavigne made him welcome heartily.

The trader told him that a big war party of Arapahoes had "mixed medicine" at Green River two days before, and had set out from there upon an expedition to the east. He had been with them during the powwow, but did not know whether they had "excepted white blood" in mixing their medicine or not. If they had not, the trail would be extremely dangerous.

But there were no other Indians to be feared at present, he said, if one kept straight upon the old Cherokee Trail, which passed over a line of neutral ground between the mountain tribes. If the Arapahoes were again to go plundering and killing whites, as they had done a few weeks before, they would keep to this trail to avoid other enemies.

Mack's strong desire to get forward upon the way home got the better of his prudence, and he again took the trail eastward.

At about noon on the third day he came upon the smouldering ruins of an old freight or "way" station.

Mack knew very well, from certain signs which he saw in the neighborhood, that the building had been fired by Indians. If people had been living in it, they had probably been killed or taken prisoners.

Whither the Indians had gone Mack could not determine. The ground was hard and baked, and no tracks of any sort could be discovered; but the party could not be far distant.

Mack picketed his animals among some sage bush near at hand, and ate his noon lunch while considering whether it was best to go back or go ahead. He had now no doubt that the building had been burned by the Arapahoes, and that they had not "excepted white blood" in making up their protective medicine.

As he sat in this meditative mood, the traveller, happening to cast his eyes back upon the trail over which he had come, saw two horsemen leading pack animals, and riding toward him at a gallop.

They proved to be young men who were on their way home to Tennessee. They had heard of Mack at Lavigne's three days before, and had been trying to overtake him.

They, too, were on their way eastward, to take part in the great struggle then going forward; but they intended to join the Southern army, while he was going to join the Union forces.

"Partner," said one of the Southerners, "let's stick together and fight together through this here Indian country, and after we get home we'll fight each other."

"All right," said Mack; "it's agreed. Northerners is Northerners, and Southerners is Southerners, but Injins is pizen."

So these deadly enemies of the near future went on together, comrades in danger. Every man of the three was equipped with a stout muzzle-loading rifle and a large Colt's revolver.

They set out together on the trail, and had advanced but a few miles from the burned station when they sighted a squad of mounted Indians, who had just broken camp at a mountain spring beside the trail. They were several hundred yards in advance when they were discovered, and were just riding out of the depression which gave rise to the spring.

On account of his long experience in the country, Mack had been given the leadership by the Tennesseeans. He came to a halt, and told his companions to get off their horses, hoping they might possibly escape notice; but even while they were dismounting the Indians caught sight of them, and wheeling their ponies about, came back at a gallop straight down the trail. They spread out in a sort of fan shape as they came, and Mack counted twenty-six.

"Git ready for business, boys," said he, quietly. "Behind your horses, revolvers handy, and rifles across saddles!"

The Indians came on at a reckless pace until within about a hundred yards, when Mack, stepping out from behind his horse, shouted and motioned them back.

They pulled up suddenly. One of them slipped from his pony, and handing the rein and his gun to a comrade, came forward on foot, gorgeous in a colored blanket, a white slouch hat stuck with ravens' feathers, and a variety of brilliant paints daubed upon his face and breast.

He was a big fellow, and walked with a swinging stride.

"How! how!" said he, as he halted a few paces distant, and grinned hideously through his paints.

"How do you do?" answered Mack. "What do you want?"

The Indian shook his head in token that he did not understand English.

"*Hablan ustedes Español?*" (Do you speak Spanish?) asked the Indian.



Mack, who had picked up a smattering of Spanish, answered that he did. In this tongue, the Indian asked where they were going.

Mack answered that they were going home to the land where the sun rose, and asked in turn what the chief—for such the Indian undoubtedly was—wanted.

The Arapaho told him that if the white men would surrender their horses, mules, guns and ammunition, they might keep their blankets and go on, and he would not let his warriors molest them.

For reply Mack indicated, partly in Spanish and partly by gestures, that the Indians might have the ammunition through the muzzles of the guns, and the weapons and animals after their owners were dead.

At this the Indian grinned, and tried to turn the matter off as a joke. He then asked if Mack and his party were going to camp at Big Medicine Springs that night, and upon being told that they were, said that his camp was there, and that he and his braves would keep the white men company.

But the white men might, he said, travel in advance, since in this way they would escape the dust the Indians' horses would make.

Mack declined this courteous offer, but told the Indian that he and his companions would follow. They did not mind travelling in the dust at all, especially as there was no dust on the sun-baked plain.

The Arapaho laughed again, "mighty onpleasant," as one of the Tennesseeans put it, and wheeling about, strode back to his men.

After a moment's conversation with them, he sprang into his saddle, and with a beckoning motion to the white men, headed his cavalcade back upon the trail.

Mack's companions looked at him inquiringly.

"We've got to follow, boys," he told them. "There's no use bucking agin it. If we turn tail now, we're goners. Our only hope is to go on with 'em fearlessly, and camp not far from 'em to-night, and then trust to darkness to get away from 'em."

Without a moment's hesitation, they mounted and followed the Arapahoes, who jogged along at a dog-trot.

All that afternoon the three whites rode close behind the Indians, talking and laughing with an unconcern which they did not feel, but which undoubtedly did much to render the savages more certain of outwitting and capturing or killing the little party at their leisure.

Big Medicine was reached about sundown. The chief had spoken truly with regard to his camp, for there were twelve or fifteen lodges near the springs on the lower slope of the hill, near the base of which the water came to the surface.

As they rode down to the springs the chief dropped back, and asked Mack where he would camp. Mack told him they would picket their horses among the sage brush on the side of the hill above the spring. This seemed to satisfy the Indian; he turned away, and rode with the others down to their camp.

After watering their animals and bringing a pailful from the springs, the white men moved up the side hill some two hundred yards above, and picketed their animals in a little depression out of sight of the Indian camp. A sentinel, however, whom they could see posted upon a rock upon the opposite bluff, had them in full view.

"Now, boys," said Mack to his companions after they had lighted a fire, "git out your Dutch oven, and I'll git out mine and my self-raisin' flour, and while you take the hatchets and cut a big lot of sage brush for a bonfire, I'll mix and bake bread enough to last us three days.

"Then after that's done we'll eat a big supper, and light a big fire, and behind the blaze of it we'll crawl to our horses and get out of these diggin's. It'll take us three days or three nights to reach Fort Collins, and those fellows 'll follow us clean through unless we can dodge them somewhere on the trail."

In three hours everything was in readiness for departure. No Indians had ventured near them. Evidently the Indians were trying to throw the white men off their guard by a show of indifference.

It had grown quite dark. Mack resolved to trust to a not unfamiliar ruse. He first allowed the fire to sink low, and then gathered a quantity of sage brush, and wrapped it up in three of their extra blankets.

These bundles were then placed near the fire so that they should look, at a distance, like the figures of men squatted before the blaze.

Then Mack and his comrades piled on brush until the flames leaped high; and behind this blaze they crept away to the horses, mounted them, and leading the repacked mules, rode straight up the side hill until out of range of the firelight.

They then turned and rode several miles parallel with the trail, guiding their course by faintly seen stars. By and by they struck into the trail, and urged their animals forward. They had heard no sound of Indians in pursuit.

Before daylight, they turned off and rode about four miles to the left, where they hid their animals in a little pocket which had grass and water, and betook themselves to a quaking-asp thicket near at hand for rest, and by turns, for sleep. Here they proposed to remain all day, and to go on again at night. One of them kept guard at the edge of the thicket, overlooking the route and the surrounding country.

Late in the afternoon a squad of Indians were discerned in the distance, looking for their trail. Crowded behind tufts of buffalo grass, they watched this band closely and anxiously.

At sundown a signal-fire about three miles away announced that their tracks had been discovered. But it would yet be an hour or more before the Indians would overtake the little party.

As soon as it grew dark enough to cover their retreat, Mack and his companions started. They crossed the trail, and rode until midnight on the other side. Then they crossed back again, rode two miles out to the left, and camped until daylight.

Rising again, they took the trail direct, and rode at as rapid a pace as their animals could be expected to sustain.

Mack thought they had gained a lead during the night which would make it impossible for the Indians to come up with them; but at about ten o'clock they discovered a signal-fire upon a hill not more than a mile off at the left, and somewhat in advance of them.

The building of this fire was proof that the party ahead were scouts, and that the main body of the Indians was behind. Mack kept his men to the trail, and they urged their animals forward.

All that day they rode, but the Indians who were signalling kept steadily in advance of them. During the day they counted no less than seventeen fires, all built at no great distance from the trail; but during all this time not an Arapaho was seen.

That night, when their horses and mules were almost exhausted, the white men made out the dim forms of two mountains, a few miles in advance. Mack knew that these marked the passage of the trail out upon the open plains, within a three or four hours' ride of Fort Collins. Hidden in the mouth of a cañon, they escaped observation. They rested and fed their horses, took food, and before daylight were again in the saddle.

"If we have any trouble it will come in the pass between the mountains," Mack told his comrades. "If we don't run against a party of 'em there, we're out of the woods. If we do, it'll take a good bunch of 'em to clean us out, for there's no cover—only open ground."

As they rode into the pass they saw five Indians in the distance, seated upon their horses near the trail. These were undoubtedly the scouts, who, riding the swiftest ponies in their band, had kept ahead, and were now stationed in the pass hoping to hold the white men in check until others of their party came up.

"Nothin' to do but brush 'em one side, boys," said Mack.

Tightening their girths and looking to their weapons, the little party charged forward at a stiff gallop.

The Indians slipped off their horses and made a show of standing their ground; but as the white men pressed straight on and came nearly within rifle-shot, they lost their courage and fled.

Five hours later Mack and the Tennesseeans were in Fort Collins, where a strong detachment of regular troops was stationed.

The Tennesseeans looked queerly at Mack as they rode up to the fort. They seemed to be satisfied with his look, and said nothing. Nor did Mack say anything to the officers at the post concerning his companions' rebellious intentions.

FRANK WELLES CALKINS.

For the Companion.

BÊCHE-DE-MER.

The oldest fishery known is, perhaps, that of bêche-de-mer. Its origin is lost even to Chinese tradition, which takes refuge in saying that it existed always. The demand for the article has always exceeded the supply in every part of the Flowery Land.

New Guinea, North Australia, and the islands in and about Torres Straits were at first the Chinese fishing-grounds, to the neglect of a thousand other haunts of the much sought for delicacy in the Southwestern Pacific, which were afterward developed by the numerous European waifs and strays who had taken up their abode in the lovely islands of the South Seas.

These fellows and their descendants are a very mixed lot. Most of them are deserters from whalers or marooned offenders against discipline, though others bear the record of having honestly arrived at their location.

The first thing these new-comers learn is that, if they wish to live in peace with their native companions, they must not be mean or ungenerous in their dealings. The Polynesian creed is that everything belongs to everybody, and individual good fortune must be shared all round.

Many of the "beach-combers," as the white sojourners are called, have accumulated considerable sums of money by keeping a private account with the traders who buy their fish and native produce, and who, while apparently paying full value to the tribe, in reality withheld a large percentage for their white friends.

These men in time obtain great influence, and taking native wives, are admitted fully to all the privileges of the tribe. As chiefs they claim and use labor according to their rank and station.

In crazy boats they start on adventurous voyages, cruising from one desert island to another, trusting entirely to luck for provisions when the few eatables brought with them from home are consumed.

Arrived at the selected place, and having with them all the necessary apparatus, such as large iron try-pots, knives, forks, etc., the fishing gang immediately proceed to erect huts for their own shelter, and trellised smoke-houses in which to cure the fish. They take great care that the roofs of these houses shall be water-tight, for although salt water does not much harm the drying fish, fresh water is entirely destructive to it.

Inside the huts, two or three sets of open-work stages are erected above the smoke-producing fire-places, and on them the cooked fish is laid for drying.

"Bêche-de-mer," called "trepang" by the Chinese, is a species of echinoderm, or invertebrate marine animal. It is also called the "sea cucumber" from the warty appearance of some of the sorts. It is a hideous slug of uniform thickness its entire length, with no discoverable eyes, and a triangular mouth containing many sharp teeth. These teeth can be of little use, for in the creature's simple, transparent intestines nothing has ever been found but sand and water.

These fishes, when dried, are considered a great delicacy by the Chinese. The four kinds, brown, black, spotted and red, are esteemed as in the order placed.

The brown is attached to shore localities. It grows, when matured, about two feet long by fourteen inches in circumference, and frequents only the flat reef bottoms of shallow lagoons.

The black is found in deep water, and is often dived for at a depth of six or eight fathoms. But it is only to be found on a sandy bottom. This species is a shiny jet in color; it is as thick as a man's leg, and sometimes exceeds two feet in length.

The spotted slug is a repulsive-looking monster—a sort of dirty green in color, covered with dull orange-hued blotches. It is even larger than the black, and possesses a vicious quality not found in its fellows. When handled it throws out a quantity of filmy, sticky threads, which burn the flesh.

The red, the smallest and least valuable species, rejoices in the stormy waters of the outside reef on the rough coral rocks, and consequently can only be fished for at low tide.

From the appearance of the ugly, torpid slug, one would think that movement through its own agency was impossible; yet it is a fact that fish taken from one spot, and placed in separate heaps far away, have travelled back to the exact locality from which they were taken.

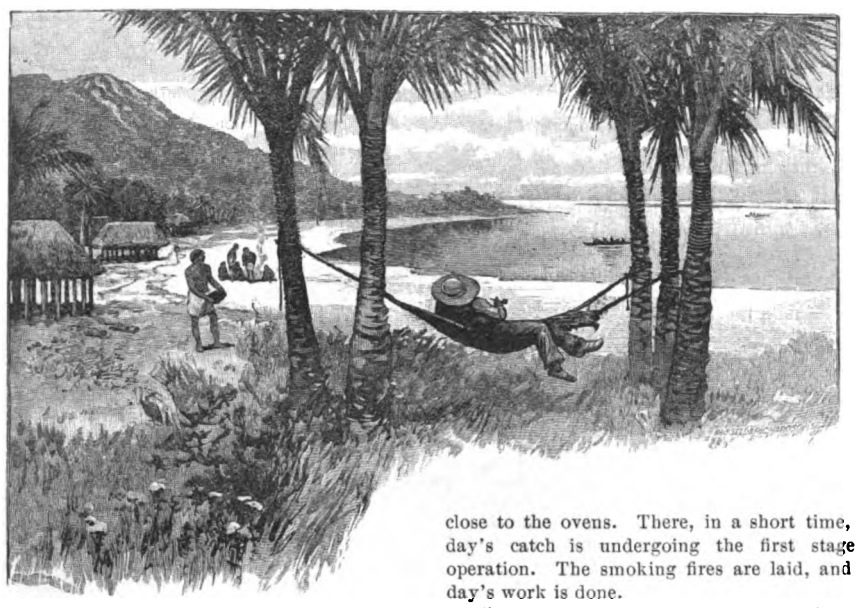
When a bêche-de-mer fishing party is honestly conducted, nothing can be more joyous and light-hearted than the mob of dusky men and women spread all over the bright blue lagoon, under a cloudless tropic sky, laughing, singing and playing, yet mingling a very fair share of labor with their innocent gambols.

To the white men engaged, there is a sort of fascination about this life that cannot be realized

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by those who have not actually gone through it —a total oblivion of all the trammels of civilization which for the time is charming.

With a mind relieved of all responsibility, with no debts to bother, or tiresome engagements to keep; with the present so peacefully enjoyable that the future never causes a single troubled



thought, there may well be in the life of a beach-comber a strong and poetic attraction.

To a man who has buffeted about the world in poverty and pain, what can be more restful than to drift into one of those havens of tranquillity, where the winds and waters never rage, and where nature is so bountiful that hunger can be satisfied almost without exertion, and the eye never rests upon anything that is not fair and glad!

The storm may rage outside, but what does the beach-comber care? His lagoon is still placidly slumbering in all its calm beauty; and the wind that dashes the huge swells upon the distant coralline breakwater, and flings their scattered atoms high in air in snowy wreaths of radiant spray, but serves to fan his slumbers beneath the shade of feathery palms.

The haunts of the bêche-de-mer are often miles away from the fisher's camp. So a light canoe generally accompanies the party, which, when full, is paddled quietly back, all unemployed hands occupying themselves in splitting and generally preparing the fish.

These fish must be cooked immediately on arrival, or else they will speedily run together into a glutinous mass.

It is first semi-boiled in a native oven, which, all over the Pacific, is merely a hole in the ground lined with stones, in which a large fire is kindled. When the stones are thoroughly red-hot, the ashes are scraped out, and the fish, enveloped in green leaves or damp coarse mats placed in, and the whole covered over with a mound of stones. Should more heat be thought necessary, another fire is lit on its top.

When the flesh has acquired a sufficient solidity, it is spread on the smoke-house stages, and the fires started with all sorts of pungent woods.

After about eight days of continual care in turning the fish and keeping up a regular supply of smoke, the curing is finished, and nothing remains but to pack the now marketable commodity. On its arrival at its destination it is readily sold at prices ranging from two hundred and fifty to six hundred dollars per ton.

Bêche-de-mer, when properly "saved," is, in appearance, about the most impossible article of food imaginable. It bears a close resemblance to old shoe leather, and looks as hard and unmelting. This notion, however, is pleasantly dispelled when one makes its better acquaintance in soup or stew.

A bêche-de-mer fishing community at work on one of the lovely Pacific Isles, where there is mutual confidence between the white "boss" and his simple dusky assistants, presents one of the pleasantest pictures of life in the South Seas.

Camped, perhaps, on the banks of a busy little stream, springing gladly from the dark bush background, dashing along in pretty pertness to add its puny contribution to the world of water beyond, are the huts of the fishers nestling beneath the protecting arms of the graceful cocoanut palms.

Away to one side of these brown beehive houses blue and silvery wreaths of smoke from the curing sheds entwine their feathery sprays round and through the thick, tangled foliage, till, clear of its shady roof, they are lost in the immensity above.

Squatting round and about the cooking fires are the stay-at-homes for the day, preparing the evening meal for the toilers whose dark forms are visible far off on the reef sharply silhouetted against the sky-line.

Close by, in the shadiest retreat of all, where the cool breeze blows strongest, the "boss" of the expedition reclines in his hammock, puffing lazily at his never absent pipe, and calculating how long it will be before that pretty little craft he sees in the offing, snugly anchored under the reef, will have her cargo and he the dollars for it. As the sun dips toward the western reef, the merry canoeing song is heard, keeping time with the splash of the paddles as the rowers urge their swift course for shore.

With a great shout, willing hands haul the boat with her gristly cargo far up, high and dry, close to the ovens. There, in a short time, the day's catch is undergoing the first stage of operation. The smoking fires are laid, and the day's work is done.

All now go to bathe, never ceasing the song and laugh they started with so early in the morning, and then take their evening meal.

By and by the moon rises from out the surfy ring encircling the happy island. The natives now squat round the fires and repeat their stock of stories, tales of goblins, ghosts and demons, or former deeds of tribal bravery. Far into the still, bright night they talk and sing, and then slip away, one by one, to their huts, and rest till the first glimpse of dawn.

Then the call of the sea-birds, going forth to seek their food, awakens them to one more day of harmless and unregretted toil.

W. B. CHURCHWARD.

JUST OUR LIVING.

What riches give us, let us first inquire;
Meat, fire and clothes. What more? Meat, clothes and fire.

—*Pope.*

TWO NEW TYPES OF BOATS.

Although the American flag does not, to the same extent, as it once did, float over merchant ships trading in every part of the world, yet this country has reason to be proud of present as well as past achievements on the ocean.

It is a remarkable fact that in spite of the decline of the American merchant marine, some of the most important and useful reforms in naval architecture have their origin now, as formerly, in the United States. The tea clippers, the monitor type of war vessels, the centre-board yacht, are examples of what has been done heretofore, and we have now to record the production of two new types of boats, radically different from those in common use, and each successful in the purpose for which it was designed.

The first and more important is the "whale-back" steamer and barge. It is a circumstance worthy of note that the origin of this new type of vessel, which may yet revolutionize ocean traffic, was a small Wisconsin town. The whale-back was devised with a view to the grain trade of the Lakes only, but the new type of vessel was speedily found to be adapted for general use.

The boat looks like a colossal floating cigar. It is made of steel, with sides rounding above as well as below the water-line. The small deck-house round the smoke-stack near the stern is its only superstructure. This alone presents the resistance ordinary vessels make to breaking waves. Over the rest of the log-shaped craft, without masts or other obstruction, the seas may wash as completely as they will.

The whale-backs have enormous carrying capacity for their draught and the amount of coal required to propel them. They tow barges of similar design without engines. The world's attention was drawn to these vessels by the *Charles W. Wetmore*, which last summer took a huge cargo of grain across the Atlantic.

On the broad ocean her seaworthiness was proved beyond the power of the Lakes to test it. People interested in shipping went to Liverpool from all over Great Britain to see her. In American harbors she has since met with like receptions.

There is little doubt that her type will become more and more familiar in the world's ports. When there is direct communication between the Lakes and the Atlantic for vessels of all draughts, these curious steamers and their barges may confidently be expected to render the transportation of Western grain to Europe a far more simple thing than it now is.

The other new type of boats is seen in the Herreshoff sloop-yacht *Gloriana*. The designer of the *Gloriana* held that the old idea of a bow for speed, namely, that the water should be turned away on either side, was wrong. He therefore drew the forward lines of the yacht so that most of the water displaced by motion should be pushed under the boat. Her bow at the water-line is consequently rather blunt, and to eyes accustomed to former models, heavy.

Above the water-line it reaches far forward, and in shape somewhat suggests the nose of a shark. The stern, too, has a great over-hang, so that the difference between the forty-six feet of water-line, and seventy feet of measurement over all, gives a gain of nearly twenty-five feet in deck-room.

This over-hang, to be sure, is only an extreme example of a general tendency in modern yacht-building. Nor can the careful rigging and sailing, which no doubt helped the *Gloriana* immensely in her races, be called new departures. But her extraordinary speed, her unbroken record of eight victories over the fastest yachts from other builders prove almost beyond a doubt the soundness of the new theory upon which her model is constructed. Its further development may well be watched in all branches of naval architecture where speed is to be considered.

America's business and pleasure on the seas may thus have received an impetus in 1891 which shall make that year always memorable.

For the Companion.

TWILIGHT.

Above the Arno.

It is the hour when Arno turns
Her gold to chrysoprase,—
When each low-hanging star out-burns
Its soft mysterious rays,
As from the prison of faery urns
Which faery hands upraise.

It is the hour when life's constraint
A moment's ease is given,—
When Earth is like a holy saint,
Stilled, sanctified, and shriven;
And the deep-breathing heart grows faint
To be so near to heaven.

GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

A GLANCE BACKWARD.

The year whose end is now so near that we measure its duration by hours, has been crowded with interest. No great war has devastated a continent, or changed the boundaries between nations. Yet the record of the year past contains events that will be memorable in the history of every continent.

Let us begin at the Antipodes. In Australasia—a century ago almost an unknown world, now a great collection of populous, self-governing British colonies—a movement toward confederation has made great progress. A form of constitution has been proposed. The very obstacles that have been met by those who favor the union only make it more evident that a nation with a mighty future before it already exists on the great southern continent.

South America has been the scene of revolution. In Brazil, after a short contest which threatened to become a serious affair, the President of the Republic resigned. In Chile the victors in a sharp and bloody civil war overturned the government. Argentina has passed through a year of great depression, uncertainty and anxiety.

In far Asia a rebellion has broken out in China, the bursting into flame of long-smouldering embers, and the consequences may be of a most serious character.

"The peace of Europe has been assured" by the six great Powers ranging themselves in two semi-hostile camps: Russia and France on the one side; while Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, on the other, have renewed the Triple Alliance, to which Great Britain lends support so long as its purpose is really peaceful.

The continued persecution of the Jews in Russia, the financial stress, and the famine that exists over a part of the country as the year closes, have drawn the attention of the world to the great northern despotism.

Except that Portugal has suffered a great loss of credit, and has seemed to be, during the whole year, on the brink of revolution, the internal state of Europe has been quiet. France, Germany, Austria, even the Balkan States, have been undisturbed; and Italy has witnessed nothing more exciting than a cabinet crisis, when the ministry of Signor Crispi was defeated.

The state of Ireland still occupies much of the attention of British statesmen. The most important political events in the United Kingdom were some elections to fill vacancies in Parliament, in which the Liberals were for the most part successful.

Not much has occurred at home to stir popular passions or to excite political antagonisms. The conclusion of reciprocity agreements with Spain, Brazil and other countries, the new apportionment of Representatives under the census of 1890, and the going into effect of the International Copyright law are the only public matters that need be mentioned here. The crops of the United States were almost universally good; those of the rest of the world were either barely up to the average, or below it. The consequences of this condition of things will be seen far more distinctly in the record of 1892, than in that of the year just closing.

The list of the dead of the year is a long one, and includes many illustrious names. General Sherman, Admiral Porter, General Joseph E. Johnston, Field Marshal von Moltke, George Bancroft, James Russell Lowell, Meissonier, the artist, P. T. Barnum,—these are a few of the names that will come to every mind.

Royalty has lost King Karl of Würtemberg, King Kalakaua of Hawaii, Dom Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil, and the Crown Prince of Belgium.

Of statesmen the United States has lost Mr. Windom, Secretary of the Treasury; Great Britain, Lord Granville and Mr. William Henry Smith; Ireland, Mr. Parnell; Germany, Herr Windhorst; France, Jules Grévy; Canada, its veteran Premier, Sir John MacDonald.

How shall we classify Charles Bradlaugh; and Balmaceda, of Chile; and Prince Napoleon, the Imperialist pretender, of France; and General Boulanger? They were not statesmen, but each of them filled for a time a large space on the page of current history, and all these names are now erased from the roll of the living.

PAID HER WAY.

Every middle-aged Philadelphian can remember a wild, picturesque figure that thirty years ago was as familiar a sight to the inhabitants of the Quaker city as the Liberty Bell or the wooden statue of Franklin over the door of his famous library.

"Irish Sheelah," as the town called her, was a gaunt woman nearly six feet in height whose vacant eyes told her story before she spoke.

Since she was a child, the children with sound brains had hooted at her and stoned her. She was a child still, with white hair and wrinkles. She knew nothing; she did not even know that the learning and thought and pleasure was in the world in which other people found their life.

Her only enjoyment was in the tags of bright ribbons stitched to her old skirt, which the children gave her from their doll-rags. These were all that she would accept from them; she was never known to take money. That was the one sound spot in her poor, crazed brain—a fierce pride of independence.

Her old mother became helpless. Sheelah could not work, but she would take no alms. She donned a man's coat and high hat, and set out "to earn money like a man," only to be followed by larger crowds of children than before. Charitable friends attempted to send the two helpless women to asylums. But Sheelah declared that no one but herself should support her mother. On this point she was resolute and—sane.

It occurred to some one to make of her a street debt-collector. When a creditor despaired of payment of a small bill, he gave it to her. She stationed herself with it silently on the curb-stone in front of the debtor's house. She made no disturbance, and could not be driven away. But every passer-by understood why the well-known grotesque figure was there.

The delinquent seldom was able to bear the mortification for more than one day.

For twenty-five years the poor, flighty creature steadily pursued this strange calling in order, as she persisted, to "pay her way." After her mother's death, she grew rapidly more feeble and wild.

But she had one solid comfort. "I'm no beggar. I pay my way."

The poor demented woman, at whom so many people had laughed, died at last. Under her pillow was left money enough to bury her.

Even into the grave Sheelah proudly paid her own way.

How many of those who laughed at her could make her boast?

PARNELL.

An American who was taken by some friends in Dublin to a mass-meeting held in the outskirts of that city to welcome Parnell, tells the following anecdote of the great Irish leader.

There were more than eight thousand persons present. Mr. Parnell was then under the ban both of the church and of public opinion, and had called on the citizens to hear him in his own defence.

Everything had been done by his political supporters to kindle the enthusiasm of the people. The trees of the great park were draped with green banners; pictures of the Irish harp hung from the platform; bands discoursed all the national music, but the crowd was stolidly indifferent. When he spoke, only the little group of politicians listened or applauded.

"Do you not believe in Parnell?" the American asked of a knot of peasants standing with their backs to the platform.

"No. His day's over," said one, with a shrug. "I knew how it would be when he built his model cottages on the Danish forts."

The American asked his friends for an explanation of the remark.

"On many of the hills in Ireland," was the reply, "there are earthworks supposed to be the fortifications of the Danes. The people believe them to be under the protection of the fairies. In all these thousand years they have never been tilled.

"Mr. Parnell destroyed some of them a year ago to erect the model cottages intended for the peasants, instead of their peat cabins. They have never forgiven him for it.

"The act was characteristic. He is a man without superstition, without passionate emotions of any kind, and he has a contempt for them in others as weakness and folly. These people would be more grateful to him for humoring their fancy about the Danish forts than for all the money invested in model cottages. He has never won the hearts of his supporters."

"Why do they support him, then?"

"Because he is a strong, shrewd, skilful leader, and the Celt likes to be led. Sooner than any other man he falls into line, and submits to his commander. However men may differ as to Mr. Parnell's motives or sincerity, nobody can deny

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that he is a born commander; but as soon as he drops the sceptre his followers will desert him."

This hint may serve to throw a little fresh light on the mysterious character of the notable man whose life has just passed into history.

POWDERED HAIR.

The poet Arnault tells in his "Souvenirs d'un Sexagenaire" of an amusing experience which he had at Marseilles after the French Revolution. He and his friend Lenoir were cordially received by the circle of aristocrats at Marseilles, among whom were many other exiles from Paris.

But the community of aristocrats regarded the costume of the new-comers with dislike and distrust. They themselves wore long coats, full trousers and low shoes; Arnault and Lenoir wore short coats, tight trousers and boots. They adhered to the old custom of wearing the hair long and parted, brushed over the ears, and tied in a braid at the back and powdered, while the strangers had short hair, without powder.

The old aristocrats associated their own garb with the royal institutions which had been abolished, and looked upon all who dressed differently as infected with revolutionary sentiments.

Arnault and Lenoir were determined not to yield to a prejudice, but when a lady, in sending them an invitation to her reception by a friend, asked that friend to try to persuade them to powder their hair, they decided to act. They appeared at the reception in gigantic wigs—the ugliest, most awkward and ill-fitting they could find—loaded with pomade and powder.

When they appeared, the incongruity of their costume caused the company to break into boisterous but good-natured laughter. The host, after the merriment had subsided, said:

"My friends, you have produced the desired effect. I fear that those wigs are uncomfortable. Would you like to retire and remove them?"

"Remove our wigs? We know too well what we owe to society."

"Well, wear them through luncheon if it amuses you," said the host.

"Through the day and always. Since you judge us by our garb we shall wear wigs and powder as long as we stay in Marseilles."

But their friends protested so earnestly that this was not the fact that at last they allowed their aristocratic locks to be burned in the fireplace, and the company adjourned to the dining-room.

FREE PASSES.

A farmer occupied a seat in a railroad car with a lawyer. The conductor came; the farmer gave him his ticket, which he had purchased at his station. The lawyer took a card out of his pocket, and showed it to the conductor, who glanced at it and went on.

The lawyer saw the farmer eye his card askance. "Don't you find tickets pretty cheap on this road?" asked the lawyer.

"Tolerably cheap, I suppose," answered the farmer, "considering that I have to pay your fare as well as my own!"

The lawyer knew very well what the other meant. He was aware that in his State, as well as in several others, public meetings had been held in which the railroad companies had been denounced as enemies of the public interest, and corrupters of legislation.

It had been found that the charges against the railroad companies of obtaining or preventing legislation had little foundation in the shape of evidence; but it had also been found that nearly every person who possessed any influence had received a free pass.

Among those who were favored in this way were members of the legislature, State officers, judges, county, city and town officers, editors and publishers of newspapers, lawyers, large merchants, and even clergymen.

In a few instances, these free passes were given in return for services which had been rendered. In a much greater number they were given as a sort of "retaining fee," to secure friendly influence or to prevent unfriendly influence.

Though this practice may not actually influence legislative action, it has an appearance of doing so. Public confidence in the fairness and fearlessness of legislators is greatly lessened.

There is, besides, a distinct injustice in it. In the long run, those who travel upon railroads without free passes must pay the expense of the transportation of those who travel with them.

"GETTING EVEN."

The Duke of Edinburgh is the least popular of all the royal family of England, and if half the stories told of him are true, he stands as high in the people's estimation as he deserves to stand.

It is told of him that when a junior officer in the English navy he once fell into disgrace, and the Captain of the ship, who was also Admiral of the Fleet, felt obliged to devise special discipline.

One day the Captain ordered the officer of the deck ashore—they were at a Spanish station, and the Duke was officer of the deck—to dig and bring off to the ship, without assistance, a boat load of sand. This was his Royal Highness's punishment.

Two boats were lowered, a very angry royal sailor took his place in one of them, and towing the other in its wake, pulled ashore and began his labor.

Some time later word was given the Captain of the approach of a craft flying the royal standard. For two minutes he gave orders without stopping for breath, and in less time than it takes to tell it bunting was run up, the men were at the guns, the Marine Corps in line on deck, the yards manned, and all necessary preparation made for the reception of the approaching man-of-war

The Captain, also Admiral, after getting himself into full dress uniform,—cocked hat, gold lace and dangling sword,—took the deck, chest extended and shoulders made up, as if he felt the honor of the entire British navy resting upon them. Behold! alongside the big Britisher a gig, containing the commander of the little fleet, and in its wake a second gig carrying a load of Spanish sand, in the centre of which fluttered the royal standard!

The youthful Duke forced his Captain through regulation evolutions, and when he thought he had gone far enough, he went aboard, apparently well pleased with his morning's work.

Before going ashore he had buttoned the standard under his uniform, for the express purpose of "getting square" with his superior officer! It was a silly joke, but then this Prince was never credited with having either tact or consideration for others.

A New Serial.

In the next issue of *The Companion*, the Double New Year's Number, will be begun a fine new story by the popular author, Homer Greene, entitled

"A Tale of the Tow-Path."

THE ROSE OF GORZE.

The story of the "Red Rose of Gorze," as charming as it is true, is often told by Germans to illustrate the touching loyalty of a subject and the grateful remembrance and appreciation of his sovereign. In August, 1870, a German officer was lying wounded in the house of a French family, near the little town of Gorze in Lorraine. He had received six wounds in the battle of Mars-la-Tour, five of them as he lay on the ground, while the fight surged around him; and he was scarcely expected to recover.

The French family in whose house he was quartered nursed their wounded enemy with much kindness and skill.

One morning the officer found placed in a glass by his bedside a beautiful red rose, just opening, which the daughter of the house had brought in from the garden while he slept. Its scent and beauty were refreshing to the sick man, but instead of keeping it, he sent his soldier-servant at once with it to Gorze, where the King of Prussia's headquarters were, and told him to give that rose to the King, with the message that one of his wounded officers had sent it to him.

The King put the rose in his button-hole, and inquired the name of the officer.

"Captain von Zedwitz, 72d Regiment of the Line," was the reply.

When Captain von Zedwitz was sufficiently recovered to be moved to Berlin, he found that his red rose had become quite famous, for showers of roses—red roses—were sent to him from all sides, so that his rooms were full of them.

In March of the next year, six months after the original rose had faded, Zedwitz had occasion to ask an audience of the Emperor King.

He was received most graciously, and at the Emperor's request told the story of the battle of Mars-la-Tour. Then, to Captain von Zedwitz's surprise, the Emperor spoke of the rose which had been sent to him at Gorze, and again thanked the officer for it. As Zedwitz was leaving the Emperor, he met the Crown Prince, who in his conversation also recalled the rose with a smile.

Even then Captain von Zedwitz had not heard the last of his famous rose, for on the following Christmas he had the pleasure of receiving an autograph letter from the Emperor enclosing an emblematical picture—a stone bearing the date, August 19, 1870, Gorze; partly covered by the tricolor of the Confederation, a Prussian infantry helmet with oak-wreath below, and the Iron Cross with ribbon. A rose in dull silver was introduced in the gold frame.

MUSICAL SIGNALLING.

It is a theory which seems to have been confirmed by practical experiment that a pure tone of voice, such as that used in singing, penetrates to a much greater distance than mere noise. This idea has given rise to a new system of marine signalling, to be used either at night or in foggy weather, and based entirely upon the action of successive musical tones.

A limited number of combinations of notes can be made to carry on all the conversation necessary between approaching vessels to avoid collision, or between light-houses and dangerous points of the coast, in order to prevent wrecks.

Four notes, for example, serve to ask, "Which way are you heading?" and two others mean, "I am steering southeast."

The system can be employed on a large scale by means of machinery consisting of a keyboard, on which the operator would play, and "speaking apparatus." It is expected that by such apparatus communication may be established at a distance of two miles. The invention can be adapted to the Morse code of signals when it becomes necessary to spell out names or words.

EXPENSIVE, AFTER ALL.

It makes little or no difference how low the price of a thing may be, if one has no money with which to buy it. Many a "ne'er-do-weel," searching for a land where he may live in luxury for almost nothing, has discovered that there is sure to be some obstacle to his success in every country to which he goes.

"I can tell you," said a recently returned traveller, who was clad much after the fashion of Mr. Richard Swiveller, "I tell you, Argentina's the place to go! Everything is dirt cheap there! Why, you can get a splendid fat turkey for twenty cents!"

"Whew!" said one of the interested bystanders. "If I'd been in your place, I should have stayed there!"

"Would you now!" remarked the traveller, eying his friend meditatively. "Well, then, since you'd have stayed, probably you can tell me how I was to get the twenty cents, in Argentina?"

BROTHERLY CRITICISM.

It is unwise, as a general thing, to ask other people what they think of our work. The result may be unpleasant both for them and for us.

Two ministers were discussing the process of sermon-writing.

"Now with me," said one of them, "the only really hard things to manage are the introduction and the conclusion. You remember the sermon I preached at the installation of Brother So-and-So not long ago? Well, I flattered myself that the exordium and the peroration of that sermon were pretty well done. Do you remember what you thought of them?"

"Yes," said the other minister. "I remember thinking they were very good, but too far apart."

Burnett's Cocoaine has earned a just reputation for promoting the growth and preserving the beauty of the human hair. Instead of possessing the heating and rancid qualities of all animal preparations, such as bear's grease, etc., it is a cooling vegetable oil, extremely agreeable and cleanly. [Adv.



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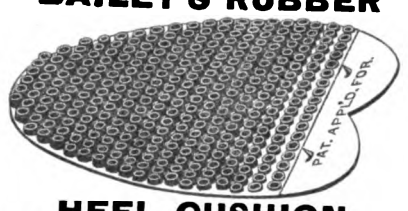
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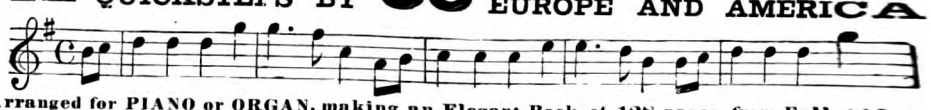


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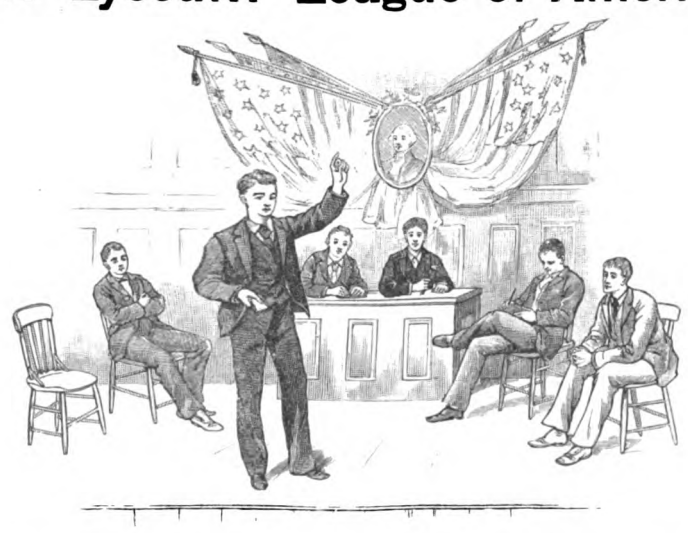


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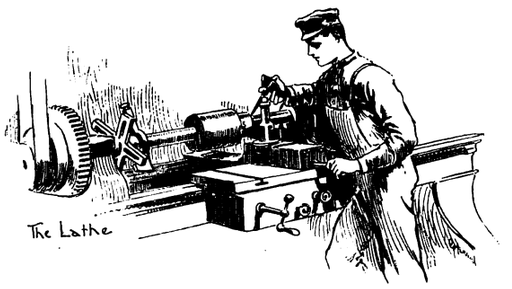
For the Companion.

THE MACHINIST.

What the Trade Offers to Boys.

A thorough machinist is supposed to know how to manufacture all kinds of machinery in accordance with drawings. His field of work is mainly in the machine shop. This is equipped with the tools that enable him to work with precision.

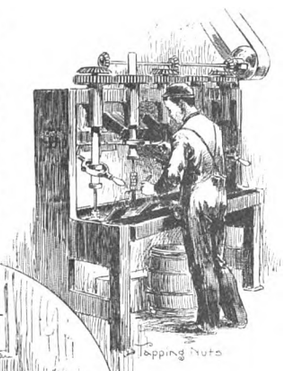
Chief among these are the lathe, the planer and the drill. He should be competent to use each with facility. Taking the castings as they come from the foundry, and the forgings from the blacksmith's shop, he shapes them to the detailed drawings, and is successful in proportion to the skill which he shows in measurement and taste in finishing.



In Boston, machinists of ordinary ability are paid from $12.00 to $18.00 per week, of ten hours per day; Saturday, nine hours. Superior men receive from $19.50 to $21.00 per week. The trade is not crowded with first-rate men.

Assistant foremen are paid about $1.00 to $3.00 per week more than the workman of the highest class. Foremen are paid from $24.00 to $30.00 per week.

The foreman must have the ability to calculate the time taken in completing a job. It is his duty to inspect the work in progress so as to prevent errors of construction. He also lays out all classes of work and is expected to exercise good judgment in having it done economically as well as satisfactorily.





In large machine works to which an iron foundry is attached, the most responsible position is filled by the superintendent.

The first-rate superintendent is a mechanical engineer; in this country a man who can design, draw and estimate the cost of machinery. He is also a practical machinist, and has a general knowledge of foundry operations. He gives orders to the heads of the several departments, and is constant in supervision. The pay of a superintendent varies from $2,000 to $5,000 per year. In very extensive works it goes much higher.

Boys of from sixteen to eighteen years of age are taken to learn the trade of machinist. A preference is given to those of eighteen years for the reason that the limit of service is only three years.

In many of the important shops the boy is indentured, and good faith assured by retaining $1.00 per week out of his wages until the completion of the term. Then the back money is paid in full. The punishment for running away is the loss of back money.

Boys beginning are paid from $3.00 to $5.00 per week. In most cases where a portion of the weekly pay is retained by the employers, the first year rate is $5.00 per week. Some don't give any increase during the period of the indenture, but the majority of employers add to the pay from $1.00 to $1.50 per week per year. At the end of the third year the rate of wages runs from $10.00 to $12.00 per week.

The average boy in a machine shop is not expected to become competent until he has had an experience of at least five years. At the end of three years, if zealous and intelligent, he is advanced by degrees to the full pay of journeymen.

As he is independent at the end of three years, his future rests upon himself. If he has the ambition to qualify for the position of foreman or that of superintendent, the way lies open.

Most of those whose opinions are of value believe that the apprentice system is the best for a boy learning the trade. If he is smart he finds opportunities to attain proficiency in the use of every tool in a shop.

The course of instruction for the complete trade varies according to the ideas of the heads of the different shops. But however arranged, the knowledge acquired is about the same.

The boy learns to dress rough castings, to drill holes in castings or bars, to thread nuts and bolts, to do filing and chipping, which mean the plain shaping of metals having flat surfaces.

With the lathe he learns the art of turning. This gives him the power to shape any circular body that is intended to form a part in the construction of a machine.

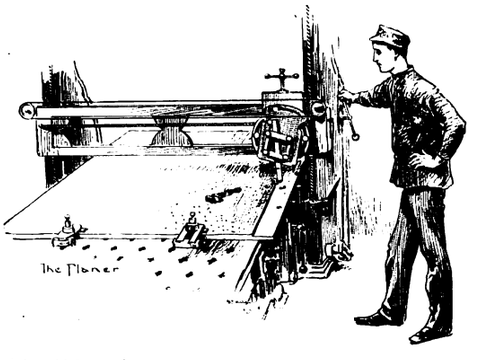
With the planer he acquires skill in dressing off large flat surfaces, as a carpenter planes wood. He is also taught how to adapt, in the erection of a complete machine, those parts that he has made.

As he must understand mechanical drawing, he is supposed to learn it at a night school. He is encouraged to take home from the shop the parts of machinery on which he may be working, in order to make drawings of them.

If he intends to qualify for the position of superintendent, he can study mechanical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, or at any kindred school.

The best place for a boy to learn the complete trade of machinist is the large, first-rate job-shop, where work of every sort is done, new work and repairs of machinery.

On entering he is sent at once to help some journeyman at either planing, drilling or fitting, and by passing from one to another, according to the requirements of the job in hand, learns how to use all the tools. When a boy is not bound, unless very bright, the employer, finding that he proves useful with any particular tool, lets him continue to work with it while he remains in the shop. The result is that he eventually becomes a specialist as a planer, lathe-hand or fitter, and goes no further toward the attainment of the complete trade.



There are thousands of shops where special machines only are built and repaired, and there are shops specially for repairing certain machines.

Owners of patents, to save expense, set up shops to manufacture their own machines. In few, if any of such, can a boy learn the complete trade of machinist. The utmost he can do is to become a specialist.

Many of the employers, who are practical machinists, and many of the superintendents, believe that a boy cannot do better than learn the principles of the complete trade in a trades' school. By working at a low rate of wages he will then be able to finish up in a regular machine shop. There are several schools of this kind in existence, and the city of Boston is now getting up one.

GEORGE HENRY BASSETT.

For the Companion.

TWO MERRYTHOUGHTS.

In an old English cook-book, a recipe for dressing a hare begins, "First catch your hare!" So in this case we will suppose a pair of nice plump chickens to have been caught, slain, dressed, cooked and eaten, and the "wish-bones"—the tidbit which generally falls to the children's share—nicely polished, every bit of meat and tissue scraped off, and while warm, a string tied tightly around the lower part or legs, to draw them closer together. Drying in that position, they will not look, as one of our children said of the first one we experimented with, "so much like a straddle-bug." Next obtain some sealing-wax, flesh-color, if possible, for the head, feet and hands; small piece of quaker-gray, or any color preferable, flannel for the suits; a tiny piece of white cotton-wadding for the hair; a little fine white nainsook or muslin for the collars and old lady's kerchief; a straight twig an inch and a half long for the old man's cane, and your "outfit" is complete.

Take the larger wish-bone for the old man. Soften your sealing-wax over a lamp, and make a round head on the top of each bone, molding

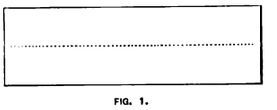


FIG. 1.

the features with your moistened thumb and finger; being sure to keep them wet, else the wax will stick and burn. The wrinkles, eyes, etc., can be made with the heated end of a hairpin.

Hold the back of the head over the light for a second, and immediately apply the cotton hair, while the wax is soft,—just a mite at the back for the bald-headed man, but well covering the old lady's cranium, and twisting the surplus in a pug behind. The heated hairpin will give her a "parting." Apply a piece of wax like shoes at the end of each leg. Cut from the nainsook two tiny strips (Fig. 1), double and sew firmly around the neck of each wish-bone, for a collar. Then from the gray flannel cut the old lady's dress (Fig. 2). Sew up the back, turn and gather at the neck and waist-line.

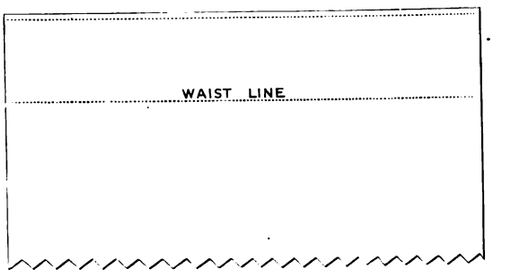


FIG. 2.

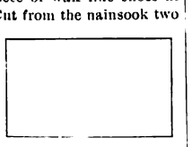


FIG. 3.

Annie, Mamie and Jennie, you who love to dress those tiny china dolls, will know just how to do it. Next cut two pieces of flannel from Fig. 3, roll each tightly, sew up, and after sticking a little piece of sealing-wax at one end of each for hands, sew firmly but neatly to the old lady's shoulder-place. Cut from the nainsook a three-cornered kerchief (Fig. 4), fasten it over her shoulders, and our old lady "Joan" is finished.

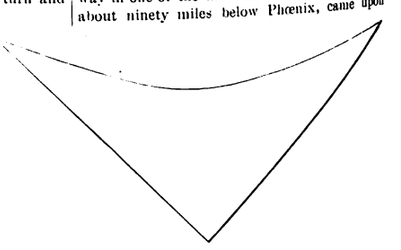


FIG. 4.

Now from the gray stuff cut the old man's trousers (Fig. 5). Cut the line A B. Double E C and D F to A B, and sew up. Turn, and putting them on the old gentleman, sew firmly. Cut the coat and coat-collar according to pattern (Figs. 6 and 7).

After attaching them neatly, make the arms from Fig. 3, in the same manner as the old lady's, fastening the cane to the right hand by softening the wax. The buttons on back and front of coat can be applied with specks of yellow paint.



DARBY. JOAN.

Here you have a happy-looking old couple—"Darby and Joan." Send them as "good wishes" for Christmas, birthdays or valentines, or utilize them as penwipers. Ingenuity will suggest plenty of uses for them. Sent on a birthday with this rhyme, they were greatly appreciated.

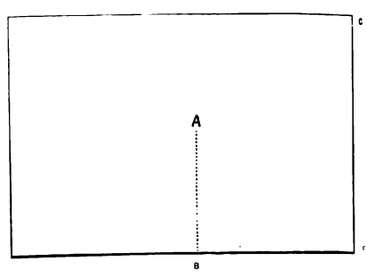


FIG. 5.

Two Merrythoughts I send to thee
On this thy natal day;
Keep them as memories of me,
When far, thou art, away.

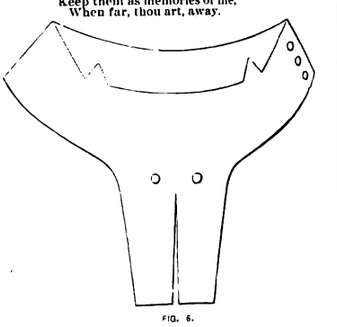


FIG. 6.

Any boy or girl with a spark of "poetry in their souls" will readily originate countless jingles to accompany their Merrythoughts.

Here are a few for those born without the "divine afflatus," and consequently unable to write "doggerel by the yard:"

This jolly old couple, Darby and Joan,
My heartiest greetings convey;
With a sweet, loving wish with each wish-bone,
For "happy returns" of the day.

These Merrythoughts, my Valentine,
With joy to thee I send,
Trusting this love of thine and mine
May never have an end.

Christmas greetings with "Darby and Joan,"
And Christmas wishes with each wish-bone.

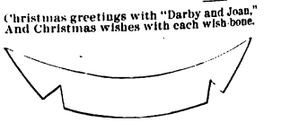


FIG. 7.

HANNAH SEDGWICK.

ON THE DESERT.

Not long ago some miners who had lost their way in one of the most desert parts of Arizona, about ninety miles below Phœnix, came upon the ruins of an "Indian fort" which had hitherto been unknown to white men. It was in the midst of a desert so waterless and uninhabitable, and so nearly impassable on account of the absence of any growing thing, that no white man had ever passed there before. But these ruins, upon examination, turned out to have once been the

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habitation of a great number of people. They were at least a square mile in extent. In the midst was a lofty structure which was half-dwelling, half-fortification.

It was in a series of walls and terraces, the lowest one of which had evidently been the site of extensive gardens. Upon the top of a smaller terrace within, there were hundreds of boulders brought from the Gila, four miles distant, and evidently intended to roll down upon the heads of enemies below.

In the topmost terrace or inclosure were found many skeletons and human bones. Probably the place had been besieged, and the people had died of starvation.

To this place water had been brought from the Gila in a ditch thirty feet wide, the remains of which were found.

These people understood the art of making the deserts which they occupied "blossom as a rose." By patience and their own efforts they obtained water for their gardens, and lived in plenty until, perhaps, the encroachments of the Spaniards brought upon them the enemies who destroyed them.

For the Companion.

THE OLD STRAGGLER'S STORY.

"There's an old straggler-man out at the door," was the whisper which ran around among the children at a little country schoolhouse, twenty years ago.

It was nearing time for the forenoon recess on a warm day in June. The doors and windows were open. Peeping out, we could catch glimpses of a person of very strange appearance, who seemed to be looking round him in a meditative mood.

"Boys may have their recess," said the teacher.

But instead of the usual rush for the open air, all the boys walked cautiously to the threshold to reconnoiter the very odd-looking straggler-man. Not only were his grizzly hair and beard of phenomenal length and abundance, but his garb was strange; and he leaned upon an old brass-bound rifle. We were all too timid to proceed farther. "It's an Indian," one whispered. "He'll shoot us."

Some of us hurried back to the protection of our seats. Then the schoolmistress came to the door to view our singular caller.

His clothes seemed to be made from worn, yellowed leather; the trousers laced up at the outside of the leg. In one side of his belt hung a powder-horn, on the other what seemed to be the bone handle of a long knife. On his head was a large, pouchy cap of long brown fur.

"You had all better come in and let me shut the door," said the startled schoolmistress, in a low voice. "I believe the poor old man is crazy."

But at this juncture he spoke.

"Don'ty be afeard! Don'ty be afeard of me! My ole gun aint loaded," he said, in a creaking but cheery voice. And he smiled so encouragingly and looked so pleased to see us grouped round the door that some of the boldest of us laughed.

"Pooty good schoolhus you've got here nowadays, miss," he went on. "Better'n bigger'n the old un uster be that I went tu. The old schoolhus got burnt up long 'fore you remember of. It burnt up one night while school was a-keepin'. All the marster's books and his old green-hide and ruler burnt up with it! Haw! haw! They said I sot it afire!" Here the strange old man creaked off a long, hearty laugh.

These declarations seemed to alarm our good schoolmistress anew. She drew us inside, closed the door and locked it. After a time the man went along the road to the next farm-house, the old Bancroft homestead.

At the noon intermission Phil and May Bancroft, who went home with the schoolmistress for lunch, brought back much information about the eccentric stranger. Grandpa Bachelder knew him. His name was "old Billy Dennett."

He and Grandpa Bachelder had been boys together, and went to the same school. One winter they had trouble with the schoolmaster; and a few nights later the schoolhouse burned. Billy Dennett, then a youth of eighteen, was accused of setting it on fire, and for that reason had run away. Now, when nearly seventy years old, he had come wandering back to his childhood's home, all the way from "the Upper Missouri region," where he had been a trapper. Few of his youthful acquaintances survived; some of these had wholly forgotten him, the others had thought of him as fifty years dead. But he was a good-natured old soul, and soon gained a host of admiring friends among the boys, to whom his stories of adventure proved an endless delight.

Grandpa Bachelder gave him an old cooper shop at the edge of the sugar-maple grove to live in, and there I passed some of the pleasantest hours of my boyhood. In that old shop, of a rainy holiday or an evening, we lads would gather to listen to Old Billy's tales of Indians, grizzly bears and panthers.

For forty years the old man had trapped beaver on the tributaries of the Upper Missouri, generally with a partner. He had lost a great many partners. Indeed, a partner seemed to have no long tenure of life in that wild and lawless country. Old Billy's favorite way of beginning a story was, "One time when me and my pardner was a-trappin'."

"Same pardner as before, Uncle Billy?" some lad would interrupt.

"No, not that one; he got killed the spring arter, by the Blackfeet. 'Twas 'nother one as called himself Peter Michel," or some similar voyageur name. I am still inclined to believe that the most of Old Billy's narratives were true in the main. They were chiefly accounts of escapes from or fights with the ever-present Blackfeet. Not the most thrilling of the old trapper's stories, yet the one which now comes first to my mind, was that of a singular accident whereby his life was saved on the Missouri River.

"Me and my pardner had bad luck that season," said the old man. "Somethin', or some disease, got amongst beaver. We wintered on Milk River, and had only a hundud and forty pelts in the spring. My pardner didn't like it, and said he was goin' down on the Yallerstone."

"What partner was he, Uncle Billy? Was it Peter, or Jaques?"

"No, none of them pardners, but a kind of ord'nary little feller who called himself Jean Baptist Gadette. He was no great shakes of a pardner; hadn't no luck with traps. So as it come along April I bought him out and started down river alone with the fur in a bateau that we owned.

"There was a trading post near whar Fort Union was afterwards built; and I meant to make a quick run of it, on high water. Allus when trappin', you must get out to a tradin' post once in a while, boys, fer supplies and things. "I'd picked my time fer a late moon, fer I meant to float along mostly in the night-time when I got out on the ole Missouri, so as to keep clear of the Indians that was allus watchin' about in the spring-time.



A Terrible Fall.

"Now I want ter tell ye about the Missouri, boys. 'Taint like no other livin' river as ever I saw. 'Tis allus riley and a-burrowin' into the mud; allus a-shiftin' its bed and a-rootin' down its banks, like an ole yaller hog; allus a-boilin' and a-turnin' itself over and under.

"When I got out of Milk River onto the Missouri it was rollin' along as full as it could be, an' a-plowin' out the bends and bars of last year, makin' a whole new set. It's the most discontentedest stream with its bed in all the world, allus a-shakin' it up and makin' it over again. It's no use fer a man as has been up and down it ever so many times ter think he knows the way; fer it seems as though the more a man boats it on the ole Missouri, the less he knows whar ter steer.

"But as my long-nosed old bateau was light-loaded and hard ter swamp, I floated along pooty comfortable on the flood water, pullin' up in the diamon' willer and cottonwood coves through the daytimes. I had got down ter within eighty miles of the post, when 'bout four o'clock one mornin', after I'd been on the water all night, I steered into a little cove of willers to take a rest. Thar war a few old stumpy cottonwoods a little back of the willers that looked as if some dry stuff fer a fire might be picked up.

"Fust I hauled the bateau partly out on the mud and bent the willers down over it, so that it couldn't be seen from the stream side. Then I started in through the bushes with my axe and camp things, ter find a good place ter kindle a little fire and get a bite ter eat.

"All of a sudden, just as I'd laid down my things, what should I see but an Injin lodge, not fifty fut off!

"It was jest gittin' daylight a little. I peeked at the lodge like a hen in the dark, and then I spied out another one close by. I'd run head fust 'mongst a whole grist of redskins.

"Thar warn't none of the Indians in sight, but I was sure thar war plenty of 'em asleep inside; fer thar war the smoking brands of their fire. The lodges looked like Mandans, but I couldn't be sure but what they was Ogallah Sioux, fer that tribe war great rangers in them days.

"Boys, I warn't long a-tiptoeing behind one of them cottonwood stubs! My rifle was back at the bateau; fer I'd no thought of runnin' onto Injins thar. 'Twas a thing as wouldn't happen once in a thousand times. Besides, I war never a big Injin fighter. When Injins war plenty I allus laid as low as I poss'bly could.

"Then I picked up my axe and my camp things as gentle like as if they'd ben soft-shelled eggs, and tiptoed back through the willers to my boat. 'Twar too airly in the day ter be makin' a call on strangers. I didn't want ter disturb their mornin' dreams.

"I got back ter the bateau, put in my things and tried ter shove her back into the water. But she'd settled into the mud some. I couldn't move her fer a long spell. I didn't dare ter tug at her fer fear of makin' a noise. So I kept pushin' steady, and keepin' a sharp eye back toward the Injin camp. And as I was a-pushin' and a-pushin', what should come a-trottin' through the willers but one of their poor little peeked-nosed, mangy Injin dogs.

"The little varmint had smelt me, I s'pose, and had come a-trottin' out with his nose down on my track. When he looked up and saw me, he guv a suddint jump 'bout a foot into the air. But he didn't bark; he only growled.

"I tell ye, boys, the sweat kinder started out on me then. I expected every minute the ugly little cur wud bust out a-barkin'. I patted my leg to him and tried hard ter 'tice him up ter me and git his confidence. But he kept brustled and showed his teeth. Then along come another one of 'em, and he brustled and begun ter growl, too.

"I throwed scraps of dried buffalo meat to 'em. They war so starved and hungry that they picked it up. But they knew the smell of a white man, and wouldn't come near me. Pooty quick 'long come another one; that was three! Soon's this last one saw me he up nose and howled.

"With that I sot my shoulder ter the bateau in good airnest, and she started. I hopped in and got out of that cove jest as quick and easy as I could. I didn't see nor hear a lisp of the Injins, 'cept their dogs. But I knowed they'd be pooty sure to find my tracks in the course of an hour or two, so I shoved my paddle into the ole Missouri, and slid away down river as fast as I could.

"By sun-up I was four or five mile below, and kinder hoped I was out of the scrape. Thar war a good many bends, and I couldn't see very far back up stream. Still I 'magined I'd git a couple of hours the start of 'em, and that if they did come on arter me, they'd prob'ly git tired of the chase and give it up.

"So arter a spell I didn't look back quite so often; fer I had ter keep a sharp eye ahead, the river war so full of big, boilin' eddies and drift stuff. When I did look over my shoulder agin, I ketched sight of a canoe with four Injins comin' round a bend, 'bout half a mile behind."

"Warn't you scared then, Uncle Billy?" a boy called.

"Wal, boys, I war some put out. Fact, I donno when I ever seen my chances look slimmer.

"Thar didn't seem but one thing I could do, and that war ter git into the willers at a bend and du what shootin' I could. I warn't long makin' up my mind on that p'int. But I couldn't see no good place to land. All 'long ahead there war gravelly, cavin' bluffs. But I saw a kind of gap whar I 'magined a crick come in.

"'Twar nigh a mile down to the crick. But arter a look both ways, I made fer it. Thar didn't seem no other chance. If I could slip inter that crick-mouth where there war plenty of cottonwoods and willer fringe I'd have a chance of standin' the redskins off. So I headed for it and pawed water, 'thout even lookin' round, though I was expecting every minute the Injins would begin shootin'. I knowed they war gainin' on me two feet every jump.

"The current war swift, and I warn't long openin' up that crick mouth. I headed in towards it, but pooty soon found that 'twarn't all clear sailin'. Thar was a big drift-rick outside, grounded on a shaller. Howsomever, I saw that a side current from the main river war settin' into the crick mouth on the upper side of the big drift-rick, 'tween it and the high, cavin' bank whar a tuft of cottonwoods stood up high.

"This 'ere current swept me in 'twixt the bank and the drift-rick at a great rate, but I'd no sooner turned the p'int than I got caught in a tremenjus eddy whar the current met the crick water. The eddy war full of logs and brush.

"In a minute my ole bateau was a-turnin' round and round. When I tried to head out of it I found that the brush war the tops of green trees which had fell in and sunk.

"The current war a-pressin' me onto it, and I got so tangled up that I couldn't move one way nor 'tother. The yaller water roared and foamed. 'Twas no use paddling. The bateau war jammed into the green tree-tops.

"By that time the Injin canoe came round the p'int. Seein' what a fix I was in, they sot up a yell and pulled in ter the foot of the steep bluff. Thar they held on and looked me over. We warn't more'n a stone's throw apart. At that distance they didn't look a mite purty.

"As soon as I saw their canoe I dropped into the bottom of my ole boat, with my rifle ter shoulder. I wasn't anxious ter begin the fuss, though. Thar war four strappin' bucks. One held the canoe with his paddle. The other three had guns in their hands, and kept callin' out, ter tarnt me, 'Haw-hee! haw-hee!'

"I knew I could fire and prob'ly knock over one of 'em. But the other three would be sure ter riddle me 'fore I could load. I didn't stand no sight at all of gittin' out of it, so far as I could see. But I had 'bout concluded that I might as well begin, fer it war no use ter let them fire fust. 'Twar sure ter come ter that. They didn't even sign ter me ter surrender. Not that I'd a-done it, ef they had. I warn't no sich fool as that.

"'Twar 'ain that they didn't altogether like the looks of my gun. They sot and pecked at me a bit. Then they looked up the bluff, and arter a minute begun to back water 'long the foot on't. At fust I couldn't think what they was up to. But I soon saw.

"They worked their canoe back a hundud foot or so. Then one of 'em jumped out and started ter clamber his way up the steep, fresh gravel bank, whar the current had been gnawin' it away. He meant ter git up ter the cottonwoods on top, and shoot down at me in the bateau.

"Thinks I, 'I must stop you 'fore you get up thar,' and I was gettin' as good aim as I could, fer I expected 'twould be the last shot I'd ever git a chance ter fire. He'd clawed his way up 'bout fifty foot by the time I was just goin' ter pull trigger on him, when all of a sudden the gravel under him begun ter slide down. No sooner war it started sliding below him than it began coming down from above.

"Clean from the top of the bluff—sods, sand and stones—down it come, and swept the Injin 'long with it. Then more started; looked like the bluff was all coming down. I saw them tall cottonwoods up thar on the edge of the bluff sag over. With that the redskins guv a yell, and tried to paddle off from the bluff. But down come them trees and struck the river and the canoe with a tremenjus sudge. I kind of thought I heard the Injins yell just before they was swamped down.

"Then they war all gone. Even the Injin as war climbin' the bank war kerried into the water and swept under.

"I stood up in my bateau and stared at the spot. It give me a strange feelin'; they went out of sight so quick! The bank stopped slidin'. All was quiet again. I watched the stream and the bank, but not one of 'em crawled out.

"Then with my axe I cut away the brush in which I was hung up, and paddlin' round in the lee of the drift-rick, worked up stream and came in near ter the foot of the bank, whar the trees fell. I wanted ter see what had become of them reds, and so I did. One end of their canoe stuck up in sight a little 'mongst the green branches: and down in the roily water I could see the scalp-lock of one of the Injins wavin' in the current. The green brush held 'em down and had drownded 'em.

"Wal, boys, they warn't my Injins, you know. I didn't go into mournin' fer 'em. And I couldn't linger long with them, either, fer the current war powerful strong thar. But I've allus considered them cottonwoods 'bout the best pardners I ever had."

"Did ye see any more Indians, Uncle Billy?"

"Didn't see no more that time; and I got down ter the post with my beaver pelts the next day."

CLARENCE W. KIMBALL.

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SUGGESTIONS

ASHES.

Of what do ashes consist? What uses for them?

What useful chemical do we get from wood-ashes?

How is "bone-ash" made? Its uses?

What inflammable element is obtained from "bone-ash?" How?

What valuable substance is procured from the ashes of certain sea-weeds? How and where is this done?

What rare metal in the ashes of tobacco and similar plants? How was its presence discovered?

For the Companion.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

With the whirling and drifting of snows
Comes breathless, the wild New Year,
While bitter the North wind blows
O'er the fields that lie stark and drear.

Yet Hope is alight in her eyes
As she looks from the heart of the storm,
"Earth sleeps in her shroud," she cries,
"But the life in her breast is warm.

"Death is but a dream of the night,
And the hymn of joy is begun,
For slowly seeking the light
The great globe turns to the sun.

"Behold, I will bring delight
In place of the darkness and cold
Safe under the meadows so white
Is hiding the buttercup's gold.

"The blush of the sweet-briar rose,
Where is it treasured to-day?
I will call it from under the snows
To bloom on its delicate spray.

"I will fling all the flowers abroad,
And loose in the echoing sky
The beautiful birds of God,
To carol their rapture on high.

"And the summer's splendour shall reign
In place of the winter's dearth,
Her color and music again
Shall gladden the patient earth.

"Look but with eyes that are pure
On the gifts in my hand that lie,
And your portion of bliss is sure
In the beauty no wealth can buy."

Hark to the New Year's voice
Through the murk of the winter drear;
O children of men, rejoice
At the tidings of hope and cheer!

CELIA THAXTER.

For the Companion.

THIS SIDE THE GATE.

Nowhere perhaps in the Old World does the past face the American with more sudden and startling power than in Westminster Abbey. There lie the rulers and leaders of men through many ages; not only the kings, but the captains, the singers, the thinkers, who have, to a great degree, made English-speaking people what they are.

When the visitor has had time to grow a little familiar with this mass of tombs, he will feel for a moment a grim amusement at the strange bed-fellows here brought together, made to slumber side by side in their last resting-places.

Here "bloody Queen Mary" sleeps quietly a few feet from the Cromwells and Iretons. They cannot burn nor hang each other now.

Here, without a shudder, rests poor Arabella Stuart, very near to James I., who, out of jealous fear of her claims to the throne, kept her a prisoner until she went mad and died.

Here lie Queen Anne and her sister Mary, their bitter squabbles silenced. Here are sovereigns of the houses of York and Lancaster, gathered after all their wars around the feet of old John of Gaunt, yet dumb as to the question of succession. Here the bones of haughty Catholic kings are jostled by the monuments of the Wesleys, and neither king nor preacher utters a single protest.

Perhaps the most dramatic effect in the Abbey is that produced by the tombs of Queen Elizabeth and her victim, Mary Queen of Scots, which stand exactly parallel with each other in the north and south aisles almost side by side. Above each grave is a recumbent marble figure of the Queen who sleeps beneath. Elizabeth wears her regal robes; Mary her close-fitting coif and a mantle. The hands of each Queen are clasped in prayer.

There, through the long centuries they have lain silent close together, the slayer and the slain. Their quarrel has been fought over ten thousand times for generation after generation, but there has been no accusation of murder, no cry of remorse, nor prayer for forgiveness between them.

The force of this dumb historic drama is so overpowering that the visitor is in danger of neglecting its more direct and tremendous meaning.

It is, that some day, some day certain to come, he and his best friends and bitterest enemies will lie down like these two queens, dumb and still, side by side, beneath the heavy, immovable clay.

They cannot hurt each other then. They cannot help each other.

He cannot stretch out his hand then to caress the child he has neglected, or the mother, lying but a foot away, whose heart he may have wrung with sorrow. No matter how great the mistakes he made while living, or how harmful the evil work which he left behind him, he cannot come back for an hour, or speak a single word to set them right.

Death, when he turns the key, never unlocks the gate again, neither for the laborer, nor for the great king lying crowned in the Abbey.

What is it, then, that we are doing now, on this side of the gate?

FORESTS AS FRIENDS OF MAN.

The value of forests in the preservation of water during times of drought, in the prevention of destructive floods and in the regulation of climates is gradually being recognized on all sides. We see the result of this recognition in the various movements for the planting of trees and the setting aside of forest reservations. Just as man's existence upon this planet would have been impossible had not the preëxisting forests furnished a rich vegetable mold to give fertility to the soil, so the entire extinction of the forests now would in time bring mankind to a disastrous end.

In order to understand how important forests are in regulating the water supply let us imagine a scene which has been realized in thousands of places in our country. Picture to yourself a broad hill, with long, sloping sides, surrounded with pleasant meadows, fruitful orchards and rich grain fields.

A majestic forest covers the hill, and clear brooks that never run dry come dancing and sparkling down its flanks, carrying refreshment to the surrounding country. In the forest, with its deep bed of leaves and moist soil, there is a perpetual reservoir that absorbs the rain when it falls plentifully, and that retains some to feed the brooks when long, dry seasons come.

But the scene changes; lumbermen invade the forest, and rob it of its noblest trees. What the lumberman leaves, the farmer, as if he would kill the goose that laid his golden eggs, destroys and feeds to the flames. The great hill is bared, and the plow turns up its soil to the sun. The farmer has gained many acres of cultivable land, and presently he will learn what he has lost.

A dry season comes, and in a little while the brooks are empty, and the neighboring valleys are suffering from an unprecedented drought. Nature's great reservoir on the hill has been destroyed; there is no water to be had to give renewed life to the perishing crops, and for the first time in its history this once fertile country-side falls to give a bountiful return to its cultivators.

Then follows a rainy reason. Floods of water pour down upon the bare back of the great hill, and being no longer retained, as they once were, by the soft, root-matted soil of the forest, they fill the dry brooks and instantly swell them into raging torrents, which plow huge gullies through the land, turn the fertile soil into mud and sweep it away, and spread ruin and destruction on all sides.

When the floods are past, the farmer finds that his hill-top has become a barren waste of rock and gravel, and that his meadows and grain lands have been robbed of their power to bestow wealth and plenty upon him. Neither he nor his children nor his children's children may be able to repair the damage done. It may require two or three centuries to restore the scene as it once was.

It is plain, then, that everybody must be interested in preserving the forests that are left to us, for they help to maintain the prosperity of the whole country.

QUIETING A MOB.

The world will never know how much of the boldness of the press has been inspired by the editorial "we." It is too common an experience in all the relations of life that men begin to "back out" when they are asked to fortify an assertion with a signature, or to "stand up and be counted." Even revolutionists do not always have the courage of heroes. An amusing story of a collapse is told by the author of "Les Mémoires de Paris."

On the evening of August 7, 1884, there was a meeting of disaffected persons to discuss the action of the French legislature, then in session. The meeting became more and more noisy. After some comparatively temperate speeches by the ex-deputies Maret and Laisant, the anarchists took the floor, and one of them proposed that those present should go in a body to Versailles, invade the hall of Parliament, and turn out the *Opportunistes*, who, according to the speaker, were nothing but Orleanists in disguise.

Then Lisbonne, leaning on the stick which he was obliged to use, one of his legs having been nearly paralyzed by a wound received in battle, mounted the platform and cried, "Citizens, you wish to go to Versailles?"

"Yes! yes!" they shouted, fiercely.

"Very well! I am ready to go. You know me, and where I live. I am Lisbonne. You know my record. I am not content to talk, I act also. In May there were in Paris two hundred thousand persons who shouted '*Vive la Commune*;' only ten thousand of these did any fighting. It must not be like that now!"

"No! no!" roared the mob.

"Good!" went on Lisbonne; "here are nine hundred of you who cry, 'We will go to Versailles!' Do you mean it?"

"Yes, to Versailles!" thundered the anarchists.

"We go soon then. But you can understand, since you all know me, that I wish to know you also. I will take down your names and addresses. Will all those who will go with me to-morrow morning to Versailles come to this side of the hall? Come, citizens, right file, right!"

There was a quick movement, and several citizens placed themselves on the side of the hall named by the orator.

Lisbonne counted them. There were nineteen! With an eloquent gesture he said:

"I salute you, heroes! I admire you, and in the name of our great cause I thank you; but you perceive that we twenty are not enough to clear the hall of Parliament."

Then turning to the others, he said:

"Get out, chatterers! I believe you will keep still for a while. Go home to your wives. Since there is nothing to be done, I am going on to the café. You can find me there, if you are not content," and he limped away.

There were murmurs of indignation among the crowd, but no one mentioned Versailles again.

NOT SATISFIED.

Octave Thanet, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* about "Plantation Life in Arkansas," says that the negro women have a hard life. They work in the fields and in the house, and die when they should be in their prime. This explains why so many men have three, or four, or five wives "without," as one honest fellow said, "never fighting with none of 'em. I kep' 'em all decent," said he, "an' buried 'em all in a store coffin."

They are very fond of their children and kind to them; unwisely kind, perhaps, as we Americans are inclined to be. To all the other hardships of a woman's life here is added her mourning for her little children, for the careless life bears hard on them, especially in overflow seasons.

Sometimes we are reminded of this in a homely yet affecting way, as yesterday, when in buying some chickens and asking for more, I was told by the little merchant:

"They aint no more, only but one old rooster; and we don't aim to sell him, 'cause my little brother that died, he always claimed him, and maw sayed she never *would* sell him!"

A queer expression—which is nevertheless a common one here—used by a poor woman whose little girl had been burned to death, sticks in my memory: "It ben ten years now, but I aint got *satisfied* with it yit."

And a poor man, who clung desperately to a wretched mortgaged little farm in the swamp, excused himself for the unwisdom that even he could see by the plea that his two dead children were buried there, and "My woman, she hated terribly to have them die, and she cayn't git satisfied to leave 'em, nohow!"

For the Companion.

THE NIGHT RIDE.

To-night we rode beneath a moon
That made the moorland pale;
And our horses' feet kept well the tune,
And our pulses did not fail.

The moon shone clear; the hoar-frost fell,
The world slept, as it seemed;
Sleep held the night, but we rode well,
And as we rode we dreamed.

We dreamed of ghostly horse and hound,
And flight at dead of night;—
The more the fearful thoughts we found,
The more was our delight.

And when we heard the white owl fly,
And hoot with mournful tone,
We thought to see dead men go by,
And pressed our horses on.

The merrier then our riding song
Upon the homeward road,—
O, whether the way be short or long
Is all in the rider's mood!

And still our pulses kept the tale,
Our gallop kept the tune,
As round and over hill and vale
We rode beneath the moon.

ERNEST RHYS.

PHILANTHROPY ON CREDIT.

The late Horace Leland, who for many years kept the Leland Hotel at Springfield, Ill., was a generous man and a lover of children. One day, says a writer in the New York *Tribune*, he and John A. C. Andrews, then Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, were walking out together, when they met a man with a cluster of toy balloons. School was just out, and hundreds of boys and girls came pouring from a building near at hand.

"Hold on, Ace," said Mr. Leland, "there's a joyous sight;" and the two stopped and watched the children, all gazing with longing eyes at the balloons.

"Fi' cent apiece."

"How much for the lot?" asked the philanthropist.

The man counted them. There were twenty-one.

"One doll' for de lot."

Mr. Leland took them all, and distributed them among the children with as much fairness as possible. Then he put his hand into his pocket and said, "I declare, Ace, I haven't a cent with me. Lend me a dollar."

"Oh no," said Judge Andrews, seriously; "you can't play philanthropist at my expense."

"Well, my man," said Mr. Leland, "I guess you'll have to call at my hotel for your money."

"No, sir," said the man; "you give me my money, or you give me back my balloons."

"But don't you see I can do neither? Come to the Leland House and ask for Mr. Leland, and I will pay you."

"No, sir," persisted the man, "you pay me my money or give me back my balloons. I haf see dat hotel trick before."

"Come, Ace," said Mr. Leland from the depths of his troubled soul, "give me a dollar."

"Not a cent," said the judge, with assumed gravity, "I wouldn't trust you with a dime."

"See," said the man, "your own friend no will trust you. You give me my money, or I will call de policeman."

Just then there happened along an old beggar woman who had lived upon the bounty of the good people of Springfield for many a year. She stopped and heard enough of the conversation to know what it was about.

"Hould on, Misther Layland," said she; "if yer foine friend there won't lave ye the loan av a dollar, Oi'm the friend that will," and as she lectured Judge Andrews for the "stingiest ould thing out o' jail," she unrolled the money from a dirty rag, and gave it to the philanthropist.

Judge Andrews says he never tried to play just that kind of a joke on Horace Leland again.

BENIGHTED IN THE ALPS.

In August, 1880, Mr. J. Baumann, with two guides, attempted the ascent of the Aiguille du Plan, a peak which had then never been scaled from the Chamonix side. The party left Chamonix shortly after midnight, depending at first upon the light of the moon, and later, when the moon had set, upon the light of a lantern. Their expectation was to reach the summit in season to go down upon the other side in the afternoon. After seventeen hours of work they found themselves at the base of impossible crags. Says Mr. Baumann:

The whole position flashed upon me. We must spend the night where we were; but what a prospect! We had attained an elevation of about eleven thousand five hundred feet; shelter there was none; our stock of provisions was low. The weather looked threatening, and if it should become really bad, I shrank from measuring what might follow.

At that very moment a volume of heavy clouds rolled down, and hid Chamonix from our view. The sound of the bells tolling for vespers was very weird, and seemed of evil omen. For a few moments we stood irresolute, then crawled to the brink of the ridge and peered over. Our last hope was gone, for the rocks descended in sheer, smooth precipices.

Fortunately there was a cleft in the rocks on the other side, into which we packed ourselves. We then cut three flat places in the ice on which to stand, fixed the end of our rope to a projecting knob of rock to prevent ourselves from slipping over the ledge of the precipice, and tried to resign ourselves to circumstances.

To be benighted high up on a mountain is not an unusual occurrence; but our situation was aggravated by well-grounded fears, and I must confess that I felt despondent.

If fresh snow fell, which the state of the sky warned us was by no means improbable, our steps would be obliterated, the rocks would be glazed with ice, and our retreat would be cut off. Cloud-like mists were chasing each other with fantastic energy, chilling us to the marrow, and I feared that we should not be able to withstand their benumbing influence through the long watches of the night.

There we stood back to back, our teeth chattering with cold—ceaselessly stamping our feet and clapping our hands until the movement became almost mechanical. We rarely spoke; each was too much occupied by his own thoughts, and when we tried to cheer each other up, our voices had an unnatural tremor, due to our chilled and exhausted condition.

The one feeling that prevailed above all others was an intense desire for warmth. I believe I dozed occasionally, and awoke now and then with a start out of pleasant dreams, perhaps of some cozy fireside, to find myself still on that infernal ledge. But all things must have an end. The dawn came at last, and our spirits rose. After all, were we not still safe and sound?

At five o'clock we nerved ourselves for a start. One never knows what one can accomplish until one is put to it. We were obliged to descend places which the day before we had pronounced impossible to descend, and the impossibility vanished, and about eight hours after leaving our night-quarters we eagerly clutched once more the rocks of the Blaitière.

UNPREJUDICED WITNESS.

In the days when firearms were part of the personal outfit considered necessary in certain very youthful and very active Western towns, one man could scarcely bear testimony against another, in this respect, since all were alike guilty. The author of the military experiences entitled "On the Border with Crook" speaks of an eccentric character named Duffield, a man who was one night persuaded, in a good-humored mood, to produce all the weapons with which he was loaded.

He drew them from the armholes of his waist-coat, from his boot-legs, from his hip pockets and the back of his neck; there they were, eleven weapons, mostly small Derringers, with one knife. Comment was useless, for none of those present thought it wise to criticise.

The next day, however, Judge Titus had Duffield arrested, and brought before him on the charge of carrying concealed deadly weapons. The court-room was packed with a very orderly crowd, listening to a long exordium from the judge on the enormity of the practice of carrying concealed deadly weapons. When this very sensible address was concluded, he said:

"Call the first witness. Call Charles O. Brown."

Mr. Charles O. Brown under oath stated his name, residence and occupation, and was then directed to show the judge and jury how the prisoner had drawn his revolver the day pre viously.

"Well, jedge," said he, "the way he drawed her was jest this," and suiting the action to the word, this main witness for the prosecution drew a six-shooter, fully cocked, from the holster on his hip.

There was a ripple of laughter through the court-room. Every one saw at once the absurdity of holding one man responsible for the misdemeanor of which a whole community was guilty, and the trial proceeded no further.

TRUE PATHOS.

Four long years had Jack the sailor been away, and his ship was reported "lost, with all on board." The news seemed to pile years on his father's bent shoulders; his mother's smile faded out, and wrinkles seamed her cheeks. One summer day, however, as the two came slowly out of church with their pretty daughters,—all three scarcely balancing the loss of the one dear son,—a shabby, bronzed and handsome fellow rushed up to the group, and took his mother in his arms.

"It's my boy! my own boy!" cried she, throwing her arms about him and smothering him with kisses, while the father managed to get possession of one brown, sinewy hand.

"Come, mother, give us a chance!" cried the girls in chorus, and by this time the entire congregation had surrounded the wanderer, and claimed his greeting.

"But you were drowned, Jack!" exclaimed the youngest sister, and Jack laughed as he explained:

"No, only partly. Two of us floated for days, reached an island in the Pacific, fell in with friendly savages, and then—waited for a ship. Got my belt full of money, father, but couldn't wait to buy a rag of decent clothes."

Then the minister said, solemnly, "Let us pray," and there under the trees, with uncovered head, he offered thanks for the wanderer's return. When he had finished every one was softly weeping, and not a soul dreamed that the tragic joy of the occasion could be turned into mirth. Suddenly Jack's mother, wrought up beyond endurance, opened her lips and spoke.

"Jack," said she, sharply, "aint you ashamed to come to meetin' with such a ragged old handkercher as that?"

Jack roared, and so did the neighbors. Tears were wiped away, and laughter reigned.

HIS REAL WORTH.

Among the many advantages possessed by a man who reaches a "good old age" in a small country place, is the respect and admiration of all the right-minded younger members of the community. Unless he is undeniably "feeble-minded," his advice is in great demand.

It was conceded by all who were present at the time, that Abijah Stokes made "th' neatest-turned speech" in regard to Mr. Wilson Fawcett, the ninety-four-year-old pride of Brambleville, that could well have been imagined. It was at the County Fair at Highbury Centre. A former resident of the place inquired of Abijah about the people whom he used to know.

"Let's see," he said, meditatively, "how long ago did Wilson Fawcett die? He was a pretty old man, wasn't he?"

"Wilson Fawcett," said Abijah, deliberately, as if he enjoyed the probable effect of his speech, "is still livin', or *was* when I left home this mornin'. I set aout t' fetch him over here t' th' Fair, along with me, ef 't hedn't been sech a sharp mornin'. He enj'ys a jaunt naow an' then, with th' best on 'em."

"You don't mean to say he's still alive!" ejaculated the other, in a tone of gratifying amazement.

"Why, how old *is* he?"

"We c'nsider, over t' Brambleville, thet Wilson Fawcett's a reel ornyment t' all on us," said Abijah, with much earnestness. "He's turned ninety-four; he's all his fac'lties, is hale an' chipper, an' liable t' be spared fer some years yet, we're hopin'. In Brambleville," concluded Abijah, with his slow smile, "Wilson Fawcett is reck'ned t' be full 's good es real estate!"

SOME ONE THERE.

On one occasion, when Alexander Dumas was at the height of his prosperity, a friend ventured to say to him:

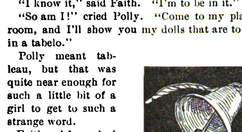
"Come, come, Dumas, you ought not to go on forever throwing money out of the window."

"Why not?" he asked, with eyes wide open.

"Why, because it is wasted!"

"Wasted?" said Dumas. "Not at all. There's always somebody under the window to pick it up!"

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For the Companion.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

"Santa C'aus is comin' to our house. His own very self! Here! To-night!"

This was what Polly screamed to her little cousins Faith and Janey, when they came to spend the day before Christmas with her.

"I know it," said Faith. "I'm to be in it."

"So am I!" cried Polly. "Come to my play-room, and I'll show you my dolls that are to be in a tabelo."

Polly meant tableau, but that was quite near enough for such a little bit of a girl to get to such a strange word.

Faith and Janey had brought their dolls to take part, and the little girls were soon very busy seeing that they were in proper order.

"I need a new doll *dreadfully*," said Polly, with a very sober face. "I told Cousin Phil so, and he says I better speak to Santa C'aus about it. But I should be afraid to, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," said Faith. "He's kind, you know."

"Yes; and when he's comin' right here p'raps I might. Just see. Betsy Bobolink's hair is all comin' out, and Little Miss Muffet's eyes won't shut any more."

"I'd ask him," said Faith, encouragingly.

Early in the evening a number of other little children came with their mothers, and no house ever held a merrier Christmas eve party than that was. As it got a little later some of the papas quietly stole into the front parlor and looked on, which made everybody more anxious than ever that everything should go off well.

It was great fun getting ready for the dolls' tableau!

"My doll won't do," said little Bessie Plummer. She was looking at the fine dresses of the other dolls, and Polly saw that Bessie's doll was very poor-looking, and shabbily dressed.

"Oh yes, dear," said Polly's mamma. "She'll do for a nurse. She'll make a very nice nurse."

"Why didn't you bring some other doll?" asked Polly.

"I haven't got any other," said Bessie.

Polly looked around on her dolls, saying to herself:

"I do believe I'll give one of my old dolls to Bessie. I sha'n't want it if Santa C'aus brings me a new one."

The dolls' tableau was a great success. Not one of the actors in it moved a single limb.

(But I must confess to you, my little Christmas pets, that I do rather prefer a tableau in which little feet and hands will jerk a bit, and little eyes wink with staring so long one way.)

If this page were larger I might take more time to tell about the other tableaux, and of the dance with song and laugh around the Christmas tree, at the end of which Santa Claus himself stood behind it, and in kindly, gruff tones invited each little boy and girl to come and receive a Christmas gift.

Polly tried hard to get a good peep at him, but he kept behind the branches, and only showed a long white beard and a fur cloak which covered him all up.

The last tableau was the very thing to wind up a Christmas eve. It was a picture of a room at midnight. Even the hands of the clock were fixed to show half-past twelve. One or two small white beds were in the room, on the pillows of which could be seen little curly heads and closed eyes, just as yours look at that hour.

But one pair of blue eyes were still watching for Santa Claus. At a half-open door stood a cunning white-robed little figure peeping out as the dear old fellow knelt before the fireplace. Some stockings hung above it, and he was in the very act of filling some he had taken down.

And then—what *do* you think that darling, funny little marplot of a Polly did?

All the evening her head had been full of the doll she had been wishing to ask for. But since she had seen poor little Bessie Plummer's shabby doll, a new idea had come to her.

And now as she peeped through the door, still wondering if she dared, she saw that Santa Claus had laid aside his long cloak. There was something in the curly head above the fur-trimmed jacket which looked very familiar.

Forgetting all about being in a tableau, and all the people looking at it, out bounded the little bare, dimpled feet.

"O Cousin Phil!" she shouted, running up to him, "won't you give the very nicest doll you've got to Bessie Plummer?"

"Oh-h-h-h!" exclaimed Faith to Janey in a shocked whisper. "She's moved! She's spoiled the tabelo."

But the papas and mammas said, as the party broke up with a great deal of laughing, and a great many good-bys and Merry Christmases:

"It was the sweetest, prettiest thing we have seen."

I think they were right. Don't you?

Harry drove over a very hilly road with papa and mamma to see a friend in the country. "How did you enjoy the drive, my boy?" asked the host, at dinner. "Oh," answered Harry, "I liked it; only there were so many big lumps to go over that it took a good while to get here."



For the Companion.

A NEW RELATION.

Now, Dolly, listen! what you s'pose
I've got for you to-day?
It's sumfin that will joint my nose—
That's what I heard 'em say—
I'm sure you'll like it, 'cause it's new,
A little uncle just for you. A. M. P.

For the Companion.

LITTLE HAROLD.

Harold had a bad habit of crying at bedtime, and saying he didn't want to go to bed.

One afternoon, about four weeks before Christmas, his Aunt Lizzie came into the room where Harold was playing, and told him she had just been hearing a letter from Santa Claus read, and in the letter Santa Claus said that every night about six o'clock he heard some little boy crying and making a great disturbance because he didn't want to go to bed, and he was going to try and find out who the little boy was, because he shouldn't bring any presents to such a child as that.

Harold hung down his head a minute and then said, "Aunt Lizzie, you can tell Santa Claus *I* was that boy, but tell him I am not going to cry any more."

He kept his word, and I know that on Christmas morning he found a stockingful of presents by his crib.

For the Companion.

WHAT HE WOULD SAY.

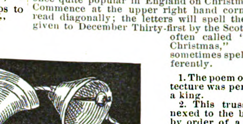
Dick is a sunshiny boy, always good-natured and full of fun, and nearly always ready to do his share of helping; but he doesn't like his nightly task of getting kindling for the next day's fires, and is pretty sure to shirk it when he can. One day, before Christmas, Aunt Nell was lecturing him a little.

"St. Nicholas doesn't like lazy boys," said she. "What would you say if he should put a stick in your stocking?"

Dick's brown eyes twinkled. "I'd say, 'Hello! here's a piece of kindling-wood for Aunt Nell!'" he laughed.

Aunt Nell laughed, too; how could she help it? And Dick didn't get a stick in his stocking; but he found a bright, new hatchet, sharp enough to cut kindlings with, hanging up beside it.

Milly, just recovering from a fever, had that morning breakfasted on a new-laid egg, and hearing the hen cackle a second time, exclaimed, "Mother, mother, that hen's had a *relapse*!"



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

In each of the following sentences there is a word of seven letters concealed, the definition of which is given in the same sentence. When these words are found, they are to be written one underneath the other in regular order. Commence at the upper left hand corner and read diagonally; the letters will form the name of an amusement once quite popular in England on Christmas eve. Commence at the upper right hand corner and read diagonally; the letters will spell the name given to December Thirty-first by the Scotch, and often called "Scotch Christmas," though sometimes spelled differently.

1. The poem on architecture was penned by a king.
2. This truss I annexed to the building by order of a gentleman who is a native of Russia.
3. No, madam, age does not lower the value of an article unless it is hurt.
4. Ethel met Simon and Silas, and they wore armor for the head.
5. Philip resides in Boston, and often will act as President.
6. There still remains tan to be removed, and I desire you to remove it this moment.
7. I am using my crayons for the sake of entertaining my scholars.

C. D.

2.

AN ESCUTCHEON.

```
* * * * * 1 * * * * *
  * * * * 2 * * * *
      * * 3 * *
      * * 4 * *
      * * 5 * *
      * * 6 * *
      * * 7 * *
        * 8 *
          9
```

Across.

1. Chastisement.
2. Polished.
3. The hard wing of a beetle.
4. A coin with a device.
5. Relish.
6. A species of pepper growing in the East Indies.
7. Inclining.
8. A hotel.
9. A vowel.

Centre Row of Letters.

1 to 4. Delighted.
5 to 9. A mass of mineral matter.
1 to 9. The name of a distinguished statesman who was born on Dec. 29, 1809.

FRANK SNELLING.

3.

PUZZLE.

Now all the children long for me,
Be I a book or velvet frill;
Behead,—I'm what your mail may be,
If wandering from your own door-sill,
Or what some people often do
When others treat them very ill.

4.

MELANGE.

1. Behead a succession of cars, and leave a shower.
2. Syncopate a succession of cars, and transpose and find a mountain lake.
3. Syncopate a shower, and leave fled.
4. Syncopate a mountain lake, and leave bark of the oak.
5. Curtail a mountain lake, and leave a sailor.
6. Transpose bark of the oak, and find an insect.
7. Transpose a sailor, and find a small animal.

5.

RIDDLE.

Through me the crystal waters flow,
With men I travel to and fro,
I carry harmful things away
From human haunts and sight of day.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. "Childermas Day." "Holy Innocents."
2. Christmas.
3.

```
      C O I F
    H O O P O E
  R A D I A T E S
I N D U C E M E N T
S A R S A P A R I L L A
T R O C H A I C A L
  M A N I F O L D
    A C A C I A
      S T A Y
```

Christmas, Festal day.

4.

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            H
          T O
        F A G
      B A L M
    B E L L A
  L E S S E N
L O T T E R Y
```

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CRAFT AGAINST SCIENCE.

Captain John G. Bourke says that during his stay in Arizona with General Crook a great deal of amusement was had at camp by means of an old electrical machine. A silver dollar was placed in a pail of water, and announcement made to the Indians that any one might become its owner who would take it out, while holding in his hand, at the same time, the innocent-looking cylinder of the battery. Everybody tried, and everybody was "shocked" and failed. Then High Wolf, a great "medicine man," accepted the challenge.

High Wolf took one of the poles, and of course felt no shock. He looked at the glittering dollar in the bucket, and then at the extra prize of five dollars just contributed by the officers, and in a second his brawny arm was plunged up to the elbow in the water.

I am not prepared to say exactly how many hundred thousand volts he received in the back of the neck, but he certainly had as thorough an experience with electricity as ever fell to the lot of any aboriginal; and the worst of it was that he couldn't let go. Suddenly, however, he began kicking, and smashed the poor, rickety battery all to pieces, a proceeding which involved sad loss to us.

He was neither conquered nor humiliated, and boldly announced his readiness to repeat the trial, a proposal which could not in honor be declined. So the battery was patched up, and we allowed him to try again.

This time, as the crafty rascal had expected, the wheezy machine furnished almost no current, and he fished out the money, though the moisture gathered upon his face and neck, and his fingers were doubled upon the wrists.

So High Wolf retained his reputation as a powerful "medicine man," since he alone, of all the Indians in the region, had been able to compete with the white man's mysterious "medicine box."

LIGHTING UP THE CAVE.

Among the lately discovered wonders of Tasmania are some large and beautiful caverns, near the town of Southport. While these caves have been explored for less than a mile, it is believed that they extend several miles underground. They contain large chambers ornamented with splendid stalactites and stalagmites.

One of the most interesting facts about them is reported by a recent visitor, who says that when the lights carried by the explorers were extinguished, the ceilings and sides of the caverns seemed to be studded with diamonds! This was found to be due to the presence of millions of glow-worms.

It is known that the phosphorescent light of the glow-worm is emitted only by the female insects, which are wingless, while the males, being provided with wings, lack the power of making light. Naturalists formerly explained the exercise of this strange power by the female glow-worms as an effort to attract the attention of the males, or literally to shine in their eyes.

Of late, however, the explanation has been advocated by Mr. Wallace and others that glow-worms shine in order to save themselves from capture by animals, such as birds, which feed upon insects. These animals, it is argued, have learned by experience that glow-worms are not good food, and accordingly avoid them when their light enables them to be recognized.

But is it for such a purpose that the glow-worms light their diamond lamps in the caves of Tasmania? If those caves are also inhabited by many insect-feeding animals, the answer may be yes; but in the absence of information as to the existence of such animals, it would seem to be more interesting, at any rate, to adopt in this case the other view, namely, that the glow-worms shine to give light to members of their own race. And if so, what a little wonder-world they have there in the darkness of those underground chambers!

SAFER AT HOME.

Some men are naturally of an adventurous turn. They love the sight of new things, and enjoy a spice of danger. Others seem to be born stay-at-homes. If they venture now and then into the world, they are glad to get back again into their safe little corner. The Chicago *Mail* prints an amusing story of an aged couple of this class, who had gone to Chicago to see the sights.

They stepped upon the southern end of the drawbridge at Dearborn Street, and were admiring a steam-tug which was just then snorting up the dirty Chicago River. They did not notice a schooner coming up behind them, and when the warning bell of the bridge-tender rang, it might have been an old-fashioned summons to dinner, so far as they were concerned.

A moment later the bridge was under full swing. A startled look flashed from the old man's eyes, while his wife scarcely repressed a scream. They clung to the railing, the bridge swung slowly in behind the vessels and came to place, leaving the old couple on the north side of the river.

"Well, I vum!" exclaimed the man.

"Don't that beat everything?" said the woman.

"'Mandy," and the old man's voice was full of suppressed excitement, "'Mandy, we've just fell down seven stories in that elevatin' thing down at the tavern, and now we've been slung right across this here river. 'Pears you can't trust your foot anywhere. The fust thing you know we shall git onto somethin' that'll telegraph us right out of Chicago. We'd better go home."

And they did, by the next train.

NO ALCOHOL.

Scientific knowledge is not half so necessary in practical life as sound principle, even though the latter, unaided, may not be a satisfactory guide.

There is a certain old gentleman in the country who is an ardent believer in the temperance movement, and who, by his earnest counsel, has helped many a man in reforming his mode of life. Yet this good man not long ago offered some guests cake and wine.

"Why, Uncle John," said a niece who was visiting him, "I thought you were temperance!"

"So I be," was the reply, "strict temperance."

"But here you are givin' us wine."

"Currant wine, dear, currant wine. Made in this house out o' my own currants."

"But, uncle, it's wine just the same."

"No, it aint, my dear. There aint a drop of alcohol in it. I see to its makin', an' you'd better believe I didn't have any put in!"

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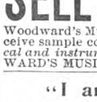
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GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; cures Constipation.

ASTHMA Our Theses for '91 report 50 cases of Asthma and Hay Fever. Of these, Mr. Mills has stayed cured **Eleven Years!** Mr. Sawyer has stayed cured **Seven Years!** Others have stayed cured from Four to Six Years. These patients testify from personal experience that Asthma and Hay Fever can be cured to stay cured. Folders Nos. 1, 2, and 3, give reports from 185 other patients, in their own words, many of whose cases are no less remarkable than those given in the Theses. We receive hundreds of similar reports. Theses, Folders, Examination Papers, and full information *sent free* on application. *Mention this paper.* We will be glad to examine the case of any sufferer, and render, *without charge,* our opinion as to its curability. **CURED TO STAY CURED** P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

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TOOTH POWDER Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Absolutely pure and harmless. Put up in metal boxes with **Patent Extension Measuring Tube.** 25 cts. **AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.** Very Convenient for Tourists. Sold by all Dealers, or mailed on receipt of price. Address Dr. I. W. LYON, 88 Malden Lane, New York.



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LUCKY FORGETFULNESS.

The doctrine of a "squl of goodness in things evil" has many and various manifestations. Even a treacherous memory has been known to serve its unhappy possessor an excellent turn. A writer in the Chicago *Herald* relates an anecdote of a friend of his who many years ago travelled through Colorado and the adjoining country as salesman for a hardware house. In many of the newer mining towns the hotels were rough-seeming places, and were haunted by swaggering visitors who caroused till midnight.

At one time, when Billings had collected a considerable sum of money, he put up at a hotel, the proprietor of which was a thoroughly dangerous-looking customer. It would be folly, Billings thought, to trust such a man with valuables, and he determined to keep his purse under his pillow.

Many men who looked like desperados were about the place, and the guest was really in fear of his life. Yet there was nothing to do but to make the best of things, and accordingly he retired to his room, after instructing the hotel-keeper to call him at four o'clock.

When he was called in the morning and found that he had not been murdered, he smiled at his fears of the night before, hastily dressed, and was soon on his way to the station. As he was hurrying along through the semi-darkness two men suddenly jumped upon him and threw him to the ground.

He fought with all his might, till a six-shooter was placed at his head. Then he yielded. The robbers went through his pockets quickly, seized his watch, his revolver and his satchel, and made off.

It was useless to follow them, and he kept on to the railway station. He informed the station-master of what had occurred, and at the next town, twenty miles away, sought out the sheriff and put him on the track of the thieves.

The watch and papers were of comparatively little value. What he cared most about was the loss of the money. What a pleasure it would be to see that hotel-keeper, who he felt sure was at the bottom of the affair, safely behind the bars!

But just as the officers of the law were about setting forth in pursuit of the thieves, Billings received a telegram from the station-agent. It read thus:

"I have recovered your grip and many papers found near where the robbery was committed. I have also your pocket-book containing nearly five hundred dollars, which was handed me by the landlord of the hotel. You left it under your pillow. Will send all by next train."

ARE THE RED SUNSETS RETURNING?

There have been reports recently of the appearance of brilliant red sunsets resembling those that ornamented the evening skies for many months after the tremendous eruption of the volcano of Krakatoa, in the East Indies, in 1883. The fine dust thrown into the higher regions of the atmosphere on that occasion was distributed by aërial currents all over the earth, and had the effect of producing strangely beautiful sunrise and sunset effects, the phenomenon assuming, in our latitudes, the appearance of a fiery glare like the reflection of a distant conflagration.

There has certainly been no general return of such skyey spectacles this year, and yet reports from various sources seem to indicate that some increase in the redness of the sunset colors may have taken place. If so, the explanation remains to be found.

When the splendid sunsets that followed the Krakatoa eruption began to make their appearance in this country and Europe, it was at first suggested that they might be the result of an encounter between the earth and a cloud of cosmical dust. There was, perhaps, nothing essentially impossible in that idea, but it was quickly abandoned when the evidence began to accumulate that the strange dust came from Krakatoa.

If now a new series of red sunsets should make their appearance, without being preceded by any extraordinary volcanic explosion, it is probable that the cosmical dust theory and other perhaps equally interesting theories would again be put forth to account for it.

But the first thing to be done is to make certain that the sunsets are really any redder than usual; and anybody who chooses to look can help to settle that question, while at the same time making his eyes familiar with some of the most attractive phenomena in the reach of human vision.

AN IMPORTANT PERSON.

There are not a few men who fancy that, because they are persons of wealth and consequence in a community, they are exempt from the duties and liabilities of the ordinary citizen. A man of this sort was drawn to serve upon a jury, and did not appear when his name was called in court. The court ordered that he be fined twenty-five dollars.

About half an hour afterward the man appeared in the court-room to answer tardily to his name.

"You have been fined twenty-five dollars for non-attendance," said the judge.

"But I had a very important business engagement!" said the man.

"Did you suppose that an engagement would excuse you for not answering the summons of the court?" asked the judge, rather angrily.

The juror, who was a pompous man with an important air, began to grow indignant at being addressed in this way.

"I would have your honor understand," he exclaimed, "that I am one of the most prominent business men in this community!"

"Oh! in that case," said the judge, quietly, "you will be able to stand a larger fine. Mr. Clerk, you will increase this gentleman's fine for non-attendance to fifty dollars!"

NEXT TO IT.

Peter, who goes to the public school, is not by any means a bad boy, but he is heedless about his lessons, and seldom obtains any prizes or rewards.

One day, returning home, he wore a pleased sort of expression which filled his mother with hope.

"You haven't got a prize to-day?" she asked.

"No," said Peter, gleefully, "but I came within one of it!"

"What! Do you mean you were next to the head?"

"Oh no; but the boy who sits in the seat with me, he got the prize, you see!"

A Good Reputation. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are world-renowned as a superior remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and Bronchial affections. Containing nothing injurious, they may be used at all times with perfect safety, and are especially adapted for children and invalids. Sold only in boxes. [*Adv.*

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A delicious remedy for all forms of indigestion, and
THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
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the safest
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It should be in every family.
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The
Daylight
"Keep cool," said the burner to the oil fount. "Don't hug me so tight then," it replied. We heard their conversation, and so make our burner in two pieces, between which the air circulates freely, and our oil fount is cooler than that of any other lamp.
Send for our A B C book on Lamps. Craighead & Kintz Co., 33 Barclay St., N. Y.
Lamp.

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NO OTHER
Leaves a Delicate and Lasting Odor After Using.
If unable to procure SHANDON BELLS SOAP send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.
SPECIAL.—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popula Society Waltz) sent FREE to anyone sending u three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.



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The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to the face
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may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft and clear. It is harmless, costs little, and saves its user money. It prevents and tends to REMOVE WRINKLES, and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, with proofs and full particulars, mailed free by
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Just dizzy! There is a pressure on the brain, owing to a clogging of the system.
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will remove the obstruction and permits the vital functions to act naturally. They cure Sick Headache, and all Bilious and Nervous Disorders, arising from Weak Stomach, Indigestion, Constipation and Disordered Liver.
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The loss of flesh is a trifle. You think you need not mind it.
But, if you go on losing for some time or lose a good deal in a short time, you are running down. Is that a trifle?
Get back to your healthy weight and generally you get back to health.
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We perspire a pint a day without knowing it; ought to. If not, there's trouble ahead. The obstructed skin becomes sallow or breaks out in pimples. The trouble goes deeper, but this is trouble enough.
If you use Pears' Soap, no matter how often, the skin is clean and soft and open and clear.
All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Pride of the West TRADE MARK.
Bleached Muslin.
This brand of muslin is unsurpassed for fineness and excellence of manufacture being particularly adapted for ladies' undergarments, gentlemen's shirts and nightshirts. In purchasing garments ask for this brand and take no substitute. Sold by all leading Dry Goods Dealers in 36, 41 and 45-inch widths.

DONALD KENNEDY
Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:
Strange cases cured by my **Medical Discovery** come to me every day. Here is one of Paralysis — Blindness — and the Grip. Now how does my **Medical Discovery** cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humor.
VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, *Sept.* 9, 1891.
Donald Kennedy — Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your **Discovery**, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your **Discovery** was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye — perhaps some twenty of them — but since I have been using your **Discovery** they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my *left* eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your **Medical Discovery.**
Yours truly, HANK WHITE.



SYRUP of FIGS.
ONE ENJOYS both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects. Prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all, and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c. and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. Manufactured only by
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derived from men who are not ornithologists, represents them as building in the branches of cypress-trees—sometimes as many as forty or fifty nests being found in one small tree. As Mr. Hasbrouck remarks, it seems hard to reconcile the two statements, but perhaps the parrakeet, like some owls, nests either in hollows or on branches, as circumstances favor.

However destructive the parrakeet may once have been, it is certainly deplorable that so handsome and interesting a bird, our only representative of so interesting a family, should be persecuted to utter extermination.

HARDENED TO COLD.

How much usage will do in toughening the human body is well shown by some facts about the natives of Siberia, as recorded by the author of "Reindeer, Dogs and Snow-shoes." Cold, he says, seemed to have no effect upon them.

Frequently, when we could not expose our ears for two minutes without having them frozen, the natives would go for an hour at a time with their hoods thrown back from their heads; and when it required constant watchfulness to keep our noses from freezing, they did not appear to notice the temperature at all.

One morning in January I stood in perfect amazement at their disregard of the low temperature. They worked for at least half an hour with bare hands, packing up the tent and utensils, handling the packages and lashing them together with icy seal thongs, without experiencing the least apparent inconvenience, while I partly froze my fingers striking a light for my pipe with a flint and steel, the whole operation taking not more than three minutes.

The night before, happening to go out of the tent after our men had retired, I passed their camp, which was near by. Their fire had burned to a pile of embers, barely affording me light enough to distinguish the sleepers. They were lying coiled up on small deerskins, with their backs to the embers, and their fur coats thrown loosely over their naked bodies.

The coat of one of them had slipped almost entirely off his body, leaving his back and shoulders exposed to a temperature of eighteen degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, and though his hair was frosted, he snored as soundly as if in comfortable quarters.

HEROISM.

The little fishing port of Peel, on the west coast of the Isle of Man, looks out on the Irish Sea. A rocky headland, called Contrary Head, juts out south of the harbor, while in front is a rugged island rock, on which stand the ruins of Peel Castle. It is a perilous place for ships, and a splendid place for the display of the heroism of the Manxmen.

One afternoon in October, 1889, a Norwegian ship, in a fearful tempest, was drifting upon Contrary Head. All Peel was down at the beach watching her. The lifeboat was got out, and there were so many volunteers that the harbor-master had no difficulty in selecting a crew.

The Norwegian had lost her masts, and the spars were floating around, so that she was dangerous to approach; but the lifeboat reached her.

"How many of you?" cried out the coxswain to the Norwegian captain.

"Twenty-two."

The coxswain counted them as they hung on the ship's side, and said:

"I only see twenty-one; not a man shall leave the ship until you bring the odd one on deck."

The odd one, a disabled man, had been left below to his fate. He was brought up, and all were taken aboard the lifeboat and safely landed on the beach. The Norwegian Government struck medals for the lifeboat men, and sent them to the Governor of the island for distribution.

TOO LITTLE.

Children very soon learn the ways of their elders, and catching their methods of thought, use them, in childish fashion, to evolve conclusions of their own. Sometimes these results show a baby wisdom, and again they are only worth a smile.

Freddy is the son of a millionaire, and has from his earliest childhood lived in an atmosphere of pomp and pretence. He hears a great deal about money and what it will buy, and he is under the impression that "poor folks" really have very little business in the world at all.

One day, his long-suffering governess gave him a little sum in percentage, the result of which should show how much capital a man must have to live in a certain income. Freddy worked away with determination, but evidently to no purpose. The answer would not come, and his face contracted an earnest scowl.

"Well, Freddy," said his teacher at the end of fifteen minutes, "how are you getting on?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "I can't make it come out right. I don't know how I can do it any differently, and I keep getting the same answer every time."

"What answer do you get?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"Why, that's right! What made you think it wasn't?"

Freddy looked at the figures in some disgust.

"Anybody would *know* it couldn't be right," said he, haughtily. "Nobody would think of having such a small capital as fifty thousand dollars!"

SOMEWHAT PARTICULAR.

A story which is told of the late Charles Jamrach, a naturalist and dealer in wild animals, who died in England last summer, is so well vouched for that it may be accepted as worthy of belief.

Mr. Jamrach was married more than once, and the story is to the effect that when a friend condoled with him on the loss of his second wife, the naturalist answered, with a heavy sigh:

"Yes, yes; as you say, she was a good wife. But," he added, as if he felt compelled to speak the whole truth, "she never took kindly to the animals. Why, even in winter, she wouldn't let the snakes sleep under the bed."

HE KNEW THE DIFFERENCE.

The Boston papers continue to report anecdotes which show that the children of the city are not likely soon to lose their reputation for superior size and intelligence.

A four-year-old girl created a laugh the other night in one of the public parks. The band did not arrive so promptly as she expected, and she began to fear that it would not come at all.

"Never mind," said her father, consolingly, "if it doesn't come I'll sing you a song."

"I don't want you to sing," persisted the discriminating child, "I want some music."—*Boston Transcript.*

Decayed Teeth will cause an offensive breath. To sweeten the breath and cleanse the teeth use "*Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.*" [*Adv.*

Itching Piles.

Burnett's Kalliston is a sure relief. A quarter pint bottle by mail only for 50 cts. Joseph Burnett & Co., 27 Central St., Boston, Mass. Regular size by druggists, $1.

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Ulsters sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination before paying. If you can't wait for our Catalogue and samples of cloth, send us your chest measure in inches, drawing measure snugly over vest and under the coat, and we will send the Ulster at once, fit guaranteed.

Boys' sizes of the Monarch Frieze (ages 14 to 18), **$10.**

32-page Illustrated Catalogue of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats and Furnishings sent free to any address.

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JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

Edwards' Orange Spoon.



PATTERNS:
Jac Rose,
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Send for Catalogue showing Patterns.

The Orange is cut across the sections. The bowl is made to fit each section and the meat is easily removed. The only way to eat an Orange.

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STERLING SILVER INLAID Spoons and Forks

will not show wear. Silver always bright. If you cannot get them of your Jeweler send for Catalogue.

The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

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giving particulars of some of the remarkable cures resulting from the use of

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IN CASES OF
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This Illustrated Pamphlet is issued at the Springs, and will be sent free to all readers who are themselves, or who have friends subject to above or kindred troubles, and who will write mentioning Companion and enclose stamp for postage.

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Instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, heals raw and irritated surfaces, cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from a simple baby blemish to scrofula.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston. "How to Cure Skin, Scalp, and Blood Humors" mailed free. A book of priceless value.

Pimply Skin, Red, rough hands, painful finger ends, shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP, greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps.

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Royal Baking Powder

Perfect and uniform success in making finest food is more certain with Royal Baking Powder than with any other. Use it in every receipt calling for a baking powder, or cream of tartar and soda, and the best results in pure, wholesome, appetizing food are assured. Experts use it because it adds to their success. Physicians and Health Officers recommend it because it adds to the wholesomeness of the food.

MARION HARLAND: "I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best in the market. Since its introduction into my kitchen I have used no other."

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MRS. BAKER, Principal of Washington, D. C., School of Cookery: "I say to you, without hesitation, use the 'Royal.' I have tried all, but the Royal is the most satisfactory."

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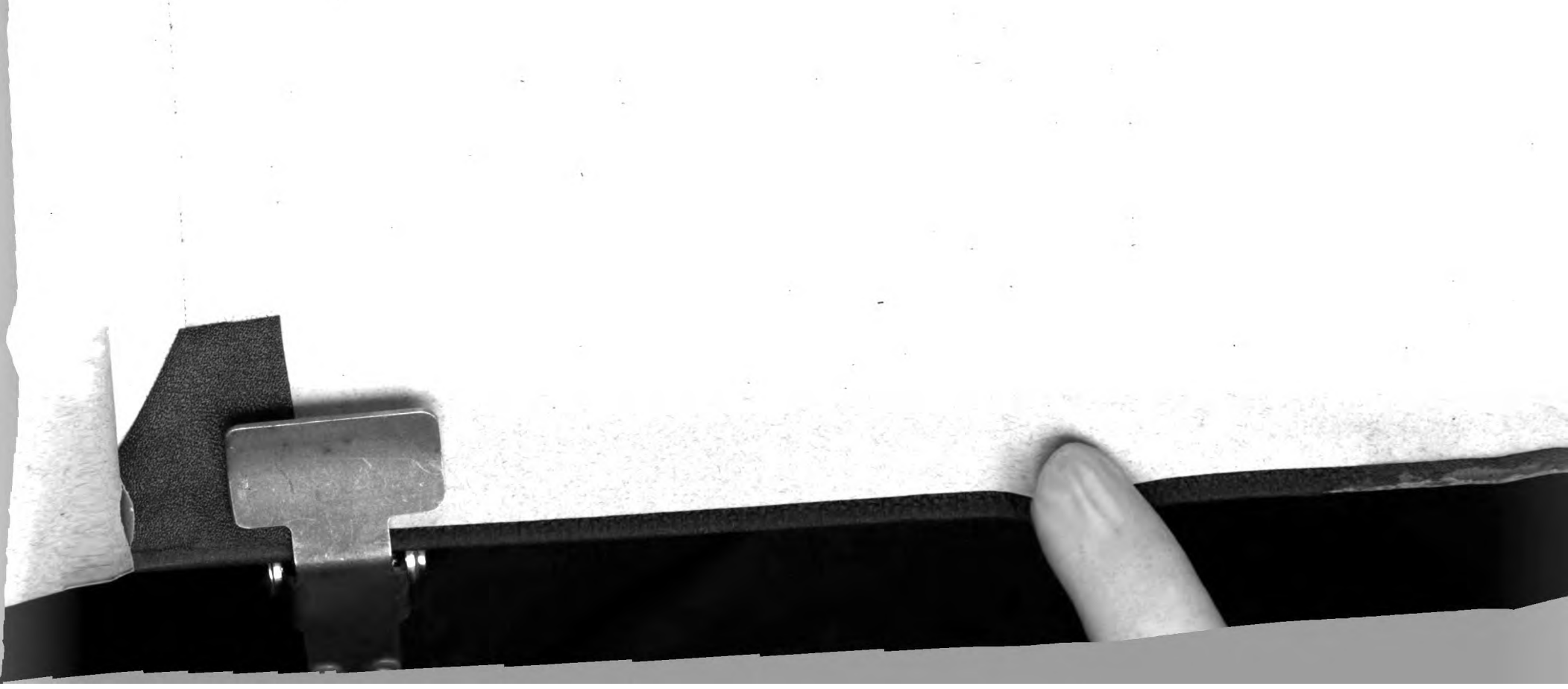
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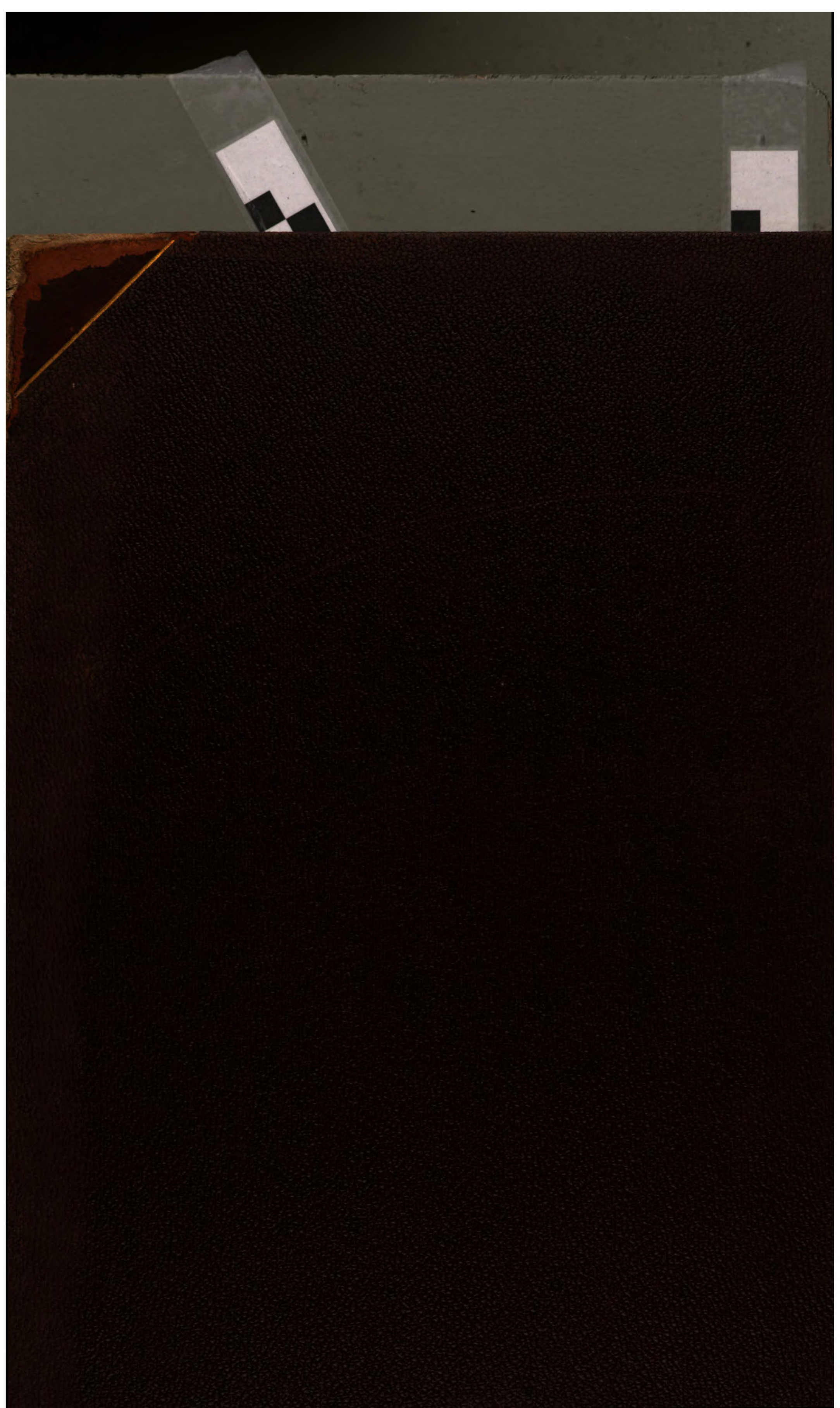
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